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THE LORD DUNDREARY, LOQUITUR.

P—P—PR—PREFACE, Mr. Punch! Come, I say, that's chaffing a fellah, and old birds in the hand are not to be caught in the bush—stop, if you're in the hand you can't be caught by putting salt upon the bush—I haven't quite got it, but the moral is the same. A P—P—Preface. What's a Preface? A fellah can't be expected to know that without being told; can he?—ridiculous, at least if he hasn't heard of it in some other way; you must see that. I w—w—wonder whether my brother Sam could write a Preface. I shouldn't think he could; because nobody knows what his brother can't do until he has tried, and Sam's never been tried, you know; at least he's never been tried for writing Prefaces, so he's not guilty of that, Sam isn't, and it's a c—c—comfort to be able to say a fellah's not guilty of anything, especially if you are his brother. I don't mean that you're Sam's brother, because if you were, you would be me, which would be ridiculous: we couldn't both be the same person and different, could we? Only you might be a man and a brother, and then you and Sam would be cousins; but, I say, then you would be a nigger, and you mightn't like that, eh? and have to wash your face with a b—b—blacking brush; very objectionable idea that. But, I say, I wish you'd ask Sam to write your Preface for you; he lives in America, he does, and if you write to the North and your letter comes back, I dare say he'll answer it from the South. Stop, no, he can't do that if it's back and he don't get it; can he?—but you might make it a d—d—double letter, and put two heads on it, and then it would do for either North or South America. Two heads are better than one, don't you know—stop, is that right? A fellah gets these epitaphs into his head till—stop, are they epitaphs? No, no, an epitaph was what they put on my Aunt Sally—not that she had two heads, quite the reverse, and I never saw a two-headed aunt in all my life—ridiculous, how could she kiss my uncle if she had two heads?—why she'd be a s—s—Cerberus, and you don't think my uncle, who was a most respectable man, would marry a Cerberus—he was quite another kind of person. Now he could have written a Preface for you if you like, he could, and I should advise your going to him, only he's dead, that's one thing, so I suppose it wouldn't be quite—no, of course, you can't go to a late lamented uncle and b—b—bother him for Prefaces—quite absurd. Besides, we don't know whether he's dead or not,
because he went to Australia and never wrote to say he was dead, or anything in the nug—nug—nugget line, you know, and—I'll tell you what—an idea—yes. When you write your double letter to my brother Sam you might put a p—p—postscript telling him that if he doesn't get it he might send it on to uncle if he isn't dead, and if he is, tell uncle to send it back. Of course he can't do that if he's dead, unless—ha—unless you wrote a d—d—dead letter—not bad that. But alive or not, he's quite a gentleman, my uncle, I assure you, and if you think he would marry a Cerberus you don't know the man. Quite incapable of marrying Cerberus or any other heathen goddess. Was Cerberus a goddess though?—no, I should say not—didn't M—M—Morpheus go after his wife and give him sop—Cerberus must have been a b—b—baby—a two-headed baby—wonder which face they k—k—christened, awkward for the godfathers not to know which half they answered for, eh? Well, I don't know what's to be done though, because you say you want the Preface to-morrow, and the mail don't go out till next week, so you couldn't hear in time unless you put more stamps on, and then the letter would weigh too much, and he'd send it back unopened, Sam would, for he's a d—d—deuced economical fellah, is Master Sam. I call him Master because there's no Mistress Sam, and I wish there was, as marriage would steady him, a pair goes much steadier than a single horse, not that Sam's a horse, if he was I wouldn't send you to him to write Prefaces; horses don't do that I'm given to understand, though he might draw the p—p—picture for you; horses can draw, you must see that joke, and you might put it in the Preface when Sam sends it over. Sam will laugh at that, he always laughs, does Sam, except when he's asleep, and then he wh—wh—wh—whistles through his nose to show he isn't afraid of ghosts, though I don't know whether they understand it as such, but if my lamented uncle's a ghost he understands it, because he understood everything, and I think you'll get a better Preface out of him than Sam. I tell you what, if the gh—gh—ghost don't answer you, and Sam don't, you come to me to the Haymarket at Christmas and—you'll remember Christmas—hot c—c—cross buns, you know—and then I'll do it for you, and you can hark back and put it in your

F-F-F-Forty-Second Volume.
THE CABMAN AND HIS ENEMY.

A CHRISTMAS Meeting of the Cabman's Club took place last week, when very gratifying statements were made as to the prosperity of the association, and the noblest sentiments were freely venti
dated. The cabmen declare themselves resolved to stand by their order, and, as one of them witly remarked, the public will never be able to get them off this stand.

Some painful stories were, however, narrated, which serve to show the brutality of the cab-hiring public towards the meritorious men who convey them to their business or their pleasure.

Mr. John Thong, driver, stated that he was hired by a lady and her sister, the other night, to convey them from the Hanover Square Rooms to Spring Gardens. There had been a charity concert at the Rooms, and he humbly thought that the spirit of charity should have actuated these ladies even beyond the precincts of the rooms. (Hea
ture, here.) He had, on arriving at Spring Gardens, demanded half-a-crown, when the elder lady, in the meanest manner evading a reply until the door was open, and she and her sister were in the hall, called out her husband, who was lurking over his newspaper in the parlour, men
tioned the demand, and said, "Pay him, dear." The cowardly trick was successful, and he, Mr. Thong, was obliged, from terror of the oppressive law, to say that he had asked eighteen-pence only, which was but three times his fare. (Claps of "Shaun.")

Mr. E. Starlish Raw, driver, could relate a worse case. A man, so elegantly dressed that he supposed he must call him a gentleman, but a man was a man for a' that (cheers), hired him at the door of the Reform Club, and directed him to drive to Berkeley Square. It was raining hard. On arriving at the house, his fare desired him to ring the bell. He was a cab-driver, not a servant, and he flatly refused to descend for any such purpose. Why should he let his seat get damp? What was the husband's revenge of his fare? He got out, rang the bell, and when the door opened, looked at his watch, and the clock in the hall. "Keep that man waiting thirteen minutes," he said to the pampered meidid, "and then pay him," he added, putting a coin into the latter's hands, and going up-stairs. He, Raw, waited, and at the thirteenth minute the savage vessel, with a cruel grind hauled him—silence. (References to "Silence!"")

Mr. Flanker Fitzhacker, driver, was hailed by a gentleman at the door of the Princess's Theatre, just after Christmas, and took him and two ladies up. He was told to go first to Baker Street, and having set down one of the females, was desired to proceed to the Regent's Park. He drove a little way, when, recollecting that the theatre was nearly over, and that it should lose other fares, he pulled up, and represented that the ground was too slippery for his horse.

The gentleman preposterously ordered him to proceed, asserting that there was a thaw and the road was all right. But he was proud to say that he stood by his order, and the gentleman and lady had to get out (applause) in the cold. (Renewed applause.) The action, how
ever, was its own reward, for the gentleman refused to pay him a farthing (cheers), and delivered him to summon him ( Charms), which, for reasons that might occur to them (laughter), he did not do. He could impress on his friends the necessity of demanding from all fares an exact statement as to where they wanted to go. (Cheers.)

Mr. Slangby Knox, driver, had to take a lady and two children from a doctor's house in Cavendish Square to Compton Square, Edgware Road. As one of the children was ill, he thought the woman's heart would have been softened, but she refused to pay him three shillings, and sent out her brother, who blessed him up for half an hour, and sent him away with a shilling, taking his ear, and humili
ating him in full view of a public-house. (Sensation.) He thought it ought to be law that the person as hired a cab were to pay for it, and it should be misdemeanor for anybody else to interfere. (Lord Chorv.)

Other heart-rending cases were narrated, and the indignation of the meeting was greatly excited. Strong resolutions were passed.

POETRY FOR A BISHOP.

The Bishop of Salisbury's opening attack upon the Rev. Row
land Williams, in respect of the latter's share in Essays and Reviews, was rather unceremoniously handled by Dr. Deane, and denounced as clumsy. We suppose the Bishop is aware that there was such a person as Shakespere, and if his Lordship had condescended to search King John, he would have found, ready framed for him by the poet, and actually put into the mouth of Sylvania, a better description of the objectionable volume than any which Dr. Phillimore could frame. Salisbury says,

"In this, the antique and well noted face
Of plain old form is much disguised,
And like a shrewd wind made a suit,
It makes the course of thought stick about
Mentally; as on a heath among the wild
Sausages, and such fond things you speak of
With a very old fashioned rob,"

If the divine Williams, we do not mean the divine, Williams, whom the Bishop is persecuting, ever hit exactly upon anything, it was upon the Essays and Reviews, when he was pouring the above lines, Bishop Punch commends them to his brother Bishop, and with them the other Salisbury's resolution to abandon a mistaken course, to eschew the use of misspelled force, and abide by

"A happy newness that intends old right."
PROPOSED EQUESTRIAN STATUE.

E hear that the friends of Cox and total abstinence intoxicated by their recent triumph, and not less elated than surprised at getting their little Permissive Bill so promptly discounted, propose to celebrate the victory by erecting an Equestrian Statue of that political hero. We believe it is scarcely consistent with etiquette to put M.P. upon a bronze Dying Painters, royal personages and Wellington claiming exclusively such an equine distinction. In Finsbury, however, while friendship is preserved in marble, such antiquated notions are buried with animosity in dust. Cox has studied history and has profited by his researches. Taking for his model his illustrious namesake William the Conqueror, as that fierce warrior sprang with a pole at the head, so this.orator leaps unfeelable dittos to the head of the poll! The irving Dudgeon of politicians, what is recorded of that learned soldier might be written of this doughy solider, who rushes into the world broadening his Mowgreen, and comes fresh out of it with flying water colours. "And pray, Captain Dolgey," said his Lordship, "since the pretensions of both parties seem to you so equal, will you please to inform us by what circumstances your preference will be determined?" — "Simply upon two considerations, my Lord," answered the soldier; "being, first, on which side my services would be in most honourable request; and, secondly, which is a corollary of the first, by which party they are likely to be most gratefully required." Dov Quixote could not have displayed a more romantic eagerness than Cox exhibited to attack and vanquish Wind Mills. A gladiator by nature and education, wherever there is need of fighting, Cox, we may rest assured, will never show the white feather.

MANCHESTER SCHOOL.

The annual Examination of Pupils in this popular Establishment for Young Gentlemen, took place on Christmas Eve. Several Friends from Pennsylvania were present, and a few proso-pig graziers who were indulged for their celebrity to this genus. Principal Bright, S.C.D. (Severely Cool Legislator) conducted the examination and distributed the rewards of merit after a long address, in which he made some pertinent remarks on National Economy, contrasting that a grateful country like a prudent couple, should not spend a single shilling on Bulls or Shears, and that an Unprotected People, like an Unprotected Female, in this age of chivalrous forbearance, when most destitute was most secure.

Dancy Dwanler was then examined by Principal Bright.
Q. What is Grammar?
A. The art of telling your mind without exposing yourself to ridicule or persecution.
Q. How many parts of speech are there?
A. Two—one for general and one for provincial and parliamentary purposes.
Q. What is an indefinite Article?
A. A foggy Leader in a Weekly Paper.
Q. What is a disjunctive conjunction?
A. An extra-judicial separation—a one-sided dissolution of the United state attended by a warlike suit for the restitution of conjugal rights.
Q. Give briefly an illustration of Newton's law of attraction?
A. American-dollar.
Q. In like manner with reference to repulsion?
A. Gun-cotton.
Q. How is Peace to be permanently maintained?
A. By separating the cotton from the gun.
Q. Why is calico so dear to every poor man?
A. Because it comes house to his bosom.
Q. What are the colours of the United States?
A. Stars and Stripes.
Q. Have they any military significance?
A. Yes.
Q. Define it.
A. They indicate that the troops who bear them consider that the chances are equal when they go to battle, whether they will be glorified or whipped.

(An interval of ten minutes—Examination resumed.)

Q. Give an historical, geographical, and commercial summary of America, that has never been accurately determined, greater latitude being given to it by England than by any other nation.
A. What are the natural products of that remarkable country?
Q. Rowdies, Caucasus, and Benkana.
A. Have these terms any equivalents in our tongue?
Q. No. They are the watchwords of civil and religious liberty, and will find their place in our Lexicon by which the institutions which they represent are naturalised in our hearts.

(Wanted of five minutes—Examination resumed.)

Q. What is an affirmation?
A. A Friend's substitute for a Lord's honour.
Q. Then honour may be dispensed with if affirmations are preserved?
A. Yes.
Q. In what character does Discretion most gracefully appear?
A. As the better half of Valour.
Q. What proof is there that she is lawfully married?
A. Because she always gives a kiss for a growl.

The domestic felicity of this reply elicited loud and animated expressions of praise.
Principal Bright, with some slight emotion, then presented the fortunate student with a Silver of pure lead, and a Book which he stated had been got up at considerable expense, but which appeared to have very fantastic lands upon it, and was disfigured by a bad case.

PRETTY LITTLE PUPILS.

Some people have curious domestic pets. Such evidently are they who put the subjoined advertisement into a country newspaper:—

WANTED, in a Farm House, a NURSERY GOVERNNESS, to take charge of three young children. Salary not to exceed £10. — Apply K., Gazette Office, York.

The three young children in a Farm House mentioned in the foregoing notice, are evidently piggings, for whom their fond and eccentric owners propose to hire a nursery governness to commence educating them for learned pegs—al rather few wages. Any young lady accepting the situation of instruktress of those little swine, may, of course, expect to be treated as one of the family.

Christmas Waits.

Yes, and so does England too, and that most anxiously, for an answer from America. We trust with all our patriotic and cosmopolitan heart that it may be favourable and of a peaceful tendency, so that it may prove an auspicious commencement of a Happy New Year!

JUSTICE TO IRELAND.—The O'Donoghue customs to be a Justice.
OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

EALY, BY my dear Punch, Mr. BOUCHICAYT is somewhat of an enviable man. Not many stage-writers have hit the public with more success than he, or have jumped to such high favour by a single leap. His Coletter Buena has been the talk of the past four months; even MONSEIGNEUR FECHTER's Dramatist has not been so much talked about. A play was put out, for the production of the Octo-

ber, everybody wondered at the premature withdrawal. With a house crowded to the ceiling every evening as it was, the attraction of the Coletan was clearly unabated. Indeed, I believe it was the general belief that, if such had been his pleasure, its author might with ease have won the title of 'the Hero of Five Hundred Nights.' Some-

low, people never seemed to tire of seeing that 'terrible header,' and went over and over again until they were worn out by heart. After all, the public is itself the best advertisement. Once get a good name for no matter how indifferent a play, and there is no saying how long you may hang out your flaming posters on the outer side of the door. I still hold 'the Hatter,' and some people have fancied that the success of the Coletter is due chiefly to the Eyes Scene, I think the Ship on Fire, the Slave Slave, and the Arkansas Duel ought to give the Octoletter a like protracted run.

"ONE WHO PAYS."

TO THE LADIES OF BRITAIN

(Impertinent.)

The British manufacturers complain that they are allowed very in-

sufficient space at the International Exhibition, and that they shall be able to do no justice to themselves. The directors do not know what to do, and heartily wish that they had constructed the building of India-
rubber, so that it might have been stretched out to Hammersmith, if the ladies has never thought of the same, where steel is chiefly manufactured, is earnest in its complaints of want of room. The directors appealed to the ladies of England on behalf of the town that

"Forgets those bars of steel
That aim Aurelia with the snake to kill."

In a word, it is in contemplation to announce, that room must be made for the exhibition by the exclusion of Crinoline. The official body will have to be cut down, if our manufacturers are to do justice to themselves, and one gives them lucky friends the hint. Surely, between this and May, their exquisite taste will enable them to devise a dress that shall not, like Mars, cover nine acres of ground. Why should Venus—but we have missed our laurel wreath, and many gallant compliments. We trust, however, that the ladies will do us the justice to admit that we told them what was coming, and if they don't believe us, let them wait till they see the turn-stiles now in course of erection. They are those from the Principal Bourne, turn-stiles which the Crown has ordered to be taken away, and which M. Forth has disposed of to the Commissioners here.

"ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO."

We copy the following from the Pluton, which gives it as "a curious specimen of the tolerance of the police authorities of Warsaw, being a permission signed by the Prefect of Police.":

"I authorize the bearer of this present card, Mr. , to carry a cane, even with an iron fork at the end, and this on account of his advanced age and the weakness of his legs."

Some countries, like Austria, are priest-ridden; others, like poor Poland, are police-ridden. We wonder if permission is required from the Polish Prefect to carry an umbrella, even with an iron fork at the end.

"Some said:

"Let them be crushed to pieces at once, and if any move, smash their heads against the walls, and scatter their brains like snow from the roofs of the universe."

But, by the way, the Prefect has now a new job, and is appointed to a post in St. Petersburg.
"No Cards."

We observe that our sensible friends in Scotland are adopting a very wise plan. When a happy pair has been made a happy couple, the announcement is duly made in the papers, and after the notification that Archibald Cameron Macfarlane has been wedded to Jessie Flora Farquharson, comes the second notification "No Cards." This is, Mr. Punch repeats, a very proper thing. The troubadory of a couple of cards, fastened together with a bit of glorified twine, has, we believe descended to the inferior creation; but cards are still sent, and the consequence is, that at every wedding mortal offence is sure to be given to somebody, who has been accidentally forgotten in the excitement, and who has read in the book of Etiquette that the non-reception of cards implies that you are to be dropped—you are not, a sort of person whom the husband wishes his wife to know. But if No Cards are sent, no grievance can arise. Mr. Punch only wishes that people would have the sense to apply a similar rule in the case of visits, and that it was not thought necessary to go rushing over the Province of Brick to London to leave a piece of pasteboard card at a door which you have not the least idea of entering. Why not do away with the card nonsense? At all events, if these reminders are necessary, why not make Sir Rowland Hill carry them? Surely it is a higher compliment to send a card by a knight than to hand it to your vessel. Let us Post our Cards, until we abandon them altogether. Then the ladies will have time to go to such a number of pleasant places with their husbands, instead of being obliged to irritate the latter by eternal reminders, based on the necessity of leaving cards at the Dr. Biles', or the Fitzrothers'. Mrs. Punch means, henceforth, to send all her cards by the post, and invites all her lady-friends to imitate her example until the time when No Cards shall be the universal rule.

Apt Quotation.

At a Piscatorial, that is, an Anglers' Dinner the other night, a speaker, eulogising the pursuit of fishing, declared that nothing made him faster friends than a common taste for angling. "True," remarked Mr. Punch, "and this is what Polonius meant when he said,"

"The friends thou hast,
Grapple them to thy heart with hooks of steel."

A quotation which Mr. Punch hereby sends to M. Fechter as a New Year's gift, and in testimony of high Shaksperian regard.
Mr. Disraeli. "Now then! Which end will you have, Jonathan?"
SIXTY-TWO ON THE SHORE.

(December 31, 1861.)

Breathless and blue stood Sixty-Two
On the brink of Time's great ocean,
While the Past and the Future are cast
In a whirl of wild commotion.

The poor little fellow looked blue and yellow,
With breath and with fear he shivered,
As wave on wave did roar and rave,
Till the very rock it quivered.

"Jump in! Jump in!" said Sixty-One,
As out of the spray he struggled,
With battered legs and bleeding feet,
And salt hair oozed-bedraggled.

"Jump in! Jump in!" said Sixty-Two,
The waves beat strong,
The spring-tide ruts a brimmer;
The sky is dark and the night is long,
Brave times for a sturdy swimmer!"

"Now out and all!" said Sixty-Two,
"That I this sea must swim:
Above me the shroud of the storm-swept cloud,
Around me the sea-enn dim!"

"The Past flows out in sorrow and doubt,
Dark rolls the Future in;
Through the merry music of Christmas time
I bear the death-ball's din.

"Oh, woe is me that my lot should be
This night to put from shore
Against the wrath of a darkling sea,
With this baby arm for oar!

"With never a moon to give me light,
And never a pilot-star:
Only the white of the foam-crests bright,
And the harbour-lamps afar!"

Oh, scat of faith!—In mild rebuke,
E'en as he spoke, o'er head
Out burst the light of the gentle moon,
And broad on the waters spread.

Then Sixty-Two his trust he knew,
That still there was light on high—
And with sudden leap he took the deep,
And breastared the surges high!

ELECTORAL FACTS.

(Not Mr. Don's.)

The Nottingham election has ended in the election of Sir Robert Clifton, who has beaten Lord LINCOLN. The New York Herald (which is honestly earning the pay it receives from the South to irritate the North against England) will probably say that the beaten candidate would certainly have won, being a lord, in an aristocrat-loving country, but that the name of Lincoln is hateful to John Bull just now. This we must bear. The truth seems to be that neither candidate was one of whom a constituency would have any reason to be violently proud, and that Clifton came in, like Cox, by making wilder professions than his rival. He was, we see, appropriately proposed by Mr. Alderman RECKLESS, LORD LINCOLN being seconded by Mr. HEARD, who was not heard, from the "violent hooting and yelling." Nottingham is proverbial for its riots, and furnishes the HATTONS with the title of Earl, whereas it used to be called Hatton Garden, but is now known as Bear Garden. We'll make the New York Herald a present of the fact that this is the second American defeat connected with Nottingham, for GENERAL HOWE, who defeated the Americans at Bunker's Hill, as every American schoolboy knows, sat for Nottingham for twelve years. Surely here are materials for a stunning anti-English leading article, BENNETT, and you may head it "LINCOLN and BENNETT," and keep your Hat-on; yes, Sir!}

Falsifying a Proverb.

There is a saying about a certain party looking over Lincoln. But if LINCOLN is wicked enough to provoke a war with England, we dare not prophesy for him the good luck of being ultimately overlooked by the party in question.

A MISS-USE OF MUSIC.

The Doctor BLISSBER style of teaching is adopted, one would fancy, at the Young Ladies' Establishment referred to in this notice, which we copy from the columns of an influential paper called the West London Observer, by which the mind of Hammersmith and the surrounding suburbs is every week enlightened, instructed, and improved:

"Some Misses at Blimber House.—As an instance of the great improvement in the management of the young ladies at board-rate schools, we refer with pride to the example set in our immediate neighbourhood. We have before us a board-rate school programme of visitation vocal and instrumental music for the young ladies of this establishment by its professors, and performed by the young ladies themselves, powerfully and agreeably aided by their tutors. The programme included the most exquisite and scientific music of the day, rendered with most credit and (in most cases) faultless execution. Vulgarly assisted to musical culture. This will be accepted as a welcome innovation on the frigid and character generally shown on such occasions, such as Dancing, Hunt the Slipper, &c., &c., amusements which have been heretofore selected by schoolmistresses for the distraction of their scholars.

From the mention of the "powerful" assistance of the tutors, and the generally "faultless execution" of their pupils, one infers to think this notice was put forth as an advertisement, and of course paid for as such by the mistress of the school. In that case one little values the opinion which is uttered as to the excellence of music, as an assurance for young ladies, compared with "Hunt the Slipper" and other girlish games. The mistress of a school where such pastimes were thought "frivolous" might be naturally expected to say so in her advertisements, that people who approve of the Blimber way of teaching might be induced thereby to send their daughters to her school.

But if the opinion that a lengthy list of "vocal and instrumental gems" (we wonder if "Jen Crow" were included in the number) is "vastly assistive to the culture of girls' minds," and a "welcome innovation" on such pleasant things as dancing and other social pastimes, if this opinion emanate not from Mrs. BLIMBER, but a writer of the press, it may be worthy the while of Mr. FASH to answer it. That there's "a time for all things" is not a new assertion; but there are people in the world who seem never to have heard of it. Each age has its pleasures, as it has its work and duties; and to deprive youth of its dancing and its games of Hunt the Slipper is to rob it of amusements peculiarly its own, and which in after life it cannot properly enjoy. Such tender such pastimes "frivolous" is uncalled-for and unjust. They are suited for the age which is by human nature fitted to enjoy them, and are natural, wholesome ways of relaxation, for youthful minds and bodies which should not be overworked.

Don't let it be thought that FASH would undervalue music, or think it other than a charming means of entertainment when properly employed. But it is one thing to have music merely for amusement, and it is quite another to sit down and perform with a master at one's elbow, in all the awful silence of a drawing-room at school. As for saying this is "welcome" to the girls who are afflicted by it, you might as well affirm that they like school bread and butter; and as for opining that it aids their "mental culture," it is difficult to fancy what improvement to their minds can result from a long evening of scientific music, which the chance is they won't listen to, or, if they do, will grumble at as being a bore.

Viewed merely as an exercise, dancing is a healthy sort of relaxation, and not one to be sneered at, or neglected, at a girls' school, where, if pastimes such as "Hunt the Slipper" are prohibited, the only mode of exercise will most likely be the cheerful one of walking two and two. To expect a lot of school-girls to enjoy a solemn evening of scientific music is as preposterous as thinking they would sit down to a rubber like a parcel of old dowagers whose dancing days are over, and whose tastes are for amusements of a sedate kind. No, while girls are girls, let their sports be girlish. Vulgarity unduly like as it may seem to some people, a go of blind man's buff or a good smart game of couples, is far better relaxation for the girls who get up in school than sitting round a room and twiddling their young thumbs while waiting for their turn to thump away at the piano.

POOR RICHARD'S MAXIMS.

Respectfully dedicated to all true Americans.

By the Shade of Benjamin Franklin.

The best way of checking the extravagant cost of war is to pay ready money for it.

Ignorance is known by the noise it makes, as children cry the loudest in the dark.

The cost and cruelty of civil war are never properly known until peace is proclaimed, and the two contending sides settle down to pay their civilties.

A split in a sovereign is a proof of its being cracked,—and so it is in a republic.
AMENITIES OF THE SEASON.

Gigantic Soldier. "Take to your Troupery, Old Man, and give us a Light to say Prize."

ASYLUM FOR DECAYED FUNAMBULISTS.

Monarchs like mountebanks, says some spiteful philosopher, divide into two classes—still-walkers and rope-walkers. Charles the First went upon stilts till he came to grief and broke down. James the Second and little Bomba started on very tall timber, but were soon glad, for their personal security, to cut their sticks. Louis Philippe adopting the postulata, obtained considerable applause by his performance on the horizontal rope, but his balance-pole suddenly snapping, he fell floundering among the soup-tureens of a Reform banquet.

It is not every man that is qualified to shine in Funambulism. Poeta nunculor non fit mai, slightly modified, he applied to the lines of a circus, as well as of a Divyen. Statesmen and gymnasts are alike stimulated by that vaulting ambition which occasionally ocreeps itself and falls on the other side. The Minister, constrained to walk on the high rope, sedulously strives to avoid slips, but, like the acrobat, he sometimes has a hard struggle to keep his place.

Funambulism at Astley's is most artistic—at St. Stephen's most perilous. Blackmore, with his star and spangles, gave a charming illustration of a kitten walking on wavy tiles. Madame Saget, in her eightieth year,庶haled a grace beyond the altitude of art. Blondin, that walking monument of Funambulism, thrilled the nerves, but did not impair the appetite of his most fastidious admirers, as the Crystal Palace Chef de Cuisine can vouch by the enormous consumption of real pies.

The Irish patriotic professor of Funambulism belongs to a less dignified order of artistes. His career is at once romantic and ridiculous. Smitten in early life by a burning desire for national admiration, he joins a strolling troupe, where in the equestrian arena, his awkward experiments on the extended cord provoke universal derision, and, after some heavy spills in the sympathising sawdust, he retires from a profession which nature has not qualified him to adorn, with concealed but fierce disgust.

Clown to the rope, he could be but rise to that itinerant censorship, would now unaptly gratify his thirst for fame, but wanting natural sagacity, knowledge of the world, ability to balance himself, and a proper estimate of his own strength, in vain he boasts of his talent for blowing a child's trumpet, and that agility in jumping at conclusions which every fool exhibits who clings to a horse's tail.

There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Disinguing himself as an Irish rebel, the worthy Merriman leaps with rope and prop into a widow's cabbage-garden, resolved at any sacrifice—nay, not personal—to enter upon the haute ecole of political Funambulism. Need we record the wild catastrophe, and relate how he descends with a tremendous shiver, his head as by a miracle escaping from the noose which he had unwittingly tied for its reception?

Among those charitable institutions is it not painful to think there are none to which the broken-down political high-rope-walker is admissible? If such an asylum now existed, an O'Brien might cultivate, in loyal obscurity, the historical savage, and Erin's lamp might be incised by a trimmer's touch nor despised for sounding over the Atlantic a note of preparation very like a wail.

CHEAP AT THE PRICE.

(The English of M. Tholozé's French.)

Says Trollope to the French—

"What! Pull up or retreat?
Go for defects sorrowing!
Make bones about hercrowing!
Complain of themillions,
The billions, the trillions,
That go in equipping
Such troops and such shipping!
You noodles, you ninny,
What's a few pultry guineas
Compared to our glory,
Our status in every
When one capital's tripped,
Our enemies crippled,
Schistopel shattered,
The Austrians scattered,
The Chimmans battered,
His dragon-flag tattered,
Our vanity tattered,
As if the price mattered!
With our honey-bees living,
Our public works thriving,
New Boulevards a driving,
New Companies thriving,
New Bubbles a-blowing,
Debits and shares still a-growing,
Drones, you talk of the money,
That's my luck to make honey!
If I dy a few kites
To keep up the fights
Of the Exiles Imperial;
The mount's immortality,
Compared with the Globe,
That from Sune unto Leire,
From Souse to Gouanners,
Lights our Liberty up,
Then silence, each grumer,
And pay up your taxes;
And shvet yourselves humbler.
To L'Empereur that axes,
While our Gallic cock crows
Cock-a-doodles so pleasing,
His throat, the world knows,
Must need oining and greasing.
Let John Bull's rulers want;
Leave the ass to his whistle;
But let France own she can't
Pay too dear for her whistle,
While its music's ' Pictoire;
Vive l'Empereur, Vive la Gloire!"

"As Mad as a Hatter."

We are curious to know what is the particular madness that latters are so subject to, and why they should display above all other classes and professions such excellence in that department of the fine arts, which accunts with special shelter and protection at Bollan. We intend instituting a Commission of Inquiry into this subject some day, and shall get Mr. Samuel Warren (Q.C.), or Warren, to more equally commend Master in Lunacy, to try the question for us. In the meantime, we think we venture to observe that the madness of a hatter must be, from the nature of his calling, peculiarly one of those things that are said to be more easily felt than described.
A PROPOSITION THAT WE TRUST WILL QUICKLY BE CARRIED OUT.

The embarkation of the Guards has taken place. The next thing we hope to hear, and which will give us equal satisfaction, will be the embarkation of the Blackguards— we mean those treasurable Irishmen of the Mitchell and Meagher school, who have lately been pouring their virulent abuse on England. The best place to embark them for would be some good convict settlement. This time, too, there should be no hope of pardon held out to any one of them, as the ungrateful wretches have only abused the latter grace in every sense. If the fools are wise, they will leave the country at once before they are summarily sent out. We are not so vindictive against Yankee Land as to wish they would join the Americans. We should pity any cause, let it be ever so bad, that had the damnable effect of their friendship.

ANOTHER AUTHOR'S APPEAL.

To Mr. Punch.

"Sir, "Day after Boxing Day, "Those who live to please must please to live," as our great moralist, Dr. Samuel Johnson, has observed, and I feel that as a dramatic creator it is my duty to conform to the expressed wishes of my public. At the same time I confess that very grave questions arise in my mind.

"In the Pantomime in which I have the honour of performing as Clown, I have introduced a Baby (an artificial one), which infant, after undergoing various dramatic vicissitudes of fortune, is finally sat upon by myself and another character in the drama, I allude to the Puddles. "In the conception of this incident I was partially guided by my sense of the artistic fitness of the catastrophe, and partially by my recollection that in former dramas of the class the same incident aroused an excited interest, and that cries of 'Poor little thing' have more than once emanated from impassioned females in the gallery.

"Sir, the fate of the infant is now received either with shouts of laughter, or with indifference. "Uncertain, at present, at what decision reflection on the subject may induce me to arrive, I would venture to call your attention to a consideration which seems to me a very grave one. Has the public mind undergone a change upon the question of Infanticide? Why has the excitement disappeared, and why, when I and my friend alternately sit down upon that baby, does a London audience remain unmoved, or else go into convulsions of laughter?

"This is a grave question, Sir, and one which a conscientious dramatic creator cannot view with unemotion.

"I am, Sir, yours obediently,

Theatre Royal.

"Tom Matthews."

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Whether with an "S, I."
or a "C, E."

TREASON.

The one predominating Reason which an Irishman of the Smith O'Brien stamp and howl and ingratitude, carries out literally to a t.

THE CURE WORSE THAN THE DISEASE.

The remedy Mr. Seward means to apply to Jonathan's bleeding extremities.—Canada-Balsam.

BEAUTY GOING A-BEGGING.

"My dearest C. L., "Let me address you by your initials, since I can only guess the names you stand for. What are those pretty names? Caroline, or Chloe, Letitia, or Laodamia?— whose first letters are prefixed to the surname in the subscribed advertisement, which caught my eye, and set my heart on fire, when I read it in the Yorkshire Gazette:—

WANTED, a HUSBAND, by the advertiser, who can bring forward the most unexceptionable references as to character. I am twenty years of age. I have no fortune, but is considered very beautiful. Age not considered; but must prove that he has three hundred a year, and is in a respectable position. Letters, containing name and address, to be addressed C. L. Curzon, Post Office, Hull.

N.B. This is a real, genuine, bona-fide advertisement.

"Beloved being, my references are first-rate. Inquire of my parish clergyman, my bankers and my solicitor, whose addresses are hereewith enclosed. I can prove to you that I have much more than three hundred a-year, and that I am a person far above mere respectability. I am an old gentleman, dearest. Age is not considered, you say, and delight me by saying so, for I am a very old gentleman. I am eighty-four, love, and, as you are twenty, we shall suit one another exactly. "Your wish of fortune is no defect in my estimation, as I trust my want of hearing, and want of teeth, and want of temper, and all my other wants, are no defects in yours. My chief wish is the want of a nurse to take care of me, and I hope to find a nice one in you. I suffer from paralysis, and have one foot in the grave, so that if you marry me, you will be a widow in a very short time, and come into the enjoyment of the handsome settlement which of course I mean to make on you—and also, I wish you may get it. It is me, dearest, till death, which cannot be far distant, yours devotedly,

"Narcissus Shakeshanks."

"Address to The Humane, care of Mr. Walker."

HOMEOPATHY IN HYDROPHOBIA.

A Paper was lately read by M. Trottmann, before the Académie des Sciences, on the proposed treatment of hydrophobia on the homeopathic principle that like cures like. M. Trottmann reminded his hearers that the morbid poison which operates in the production of canine madness is a substance so extremely attenuated by dilution as to elude the researches of chemistry, and that the venom of the serpent tribe entirely defies analysis. M. T. proposes, in cases of bite inflicted by a mad dog, to inoculate the patient with the poison of a rattlesnake. If a rattlesnake or a cobra, which would have the same purpose, cannot be procured, he suggests that a substitute might be sought in the common viper. The distinguished second concluded his essay with the expression of regret at not having been able to find any person willing to undergo himself the subject of experiment by submitting to be inoculated with the canine virus first and to let a venemous reptile bite him afterwards.

AMERICAN REAPING MACHINE.

America, it seems, will not sleep on her laurels. A temperate ambition would have felt no hunger after producing a sewing-machine and a lock-stitch on the Potomac. The red-lipped Amazon, however, weary of bending over embroidery, forsakes the needle for the spear, and standing at a reaping machine, looks forward to a harvest of carnage as copiously as a New England farmer to a crop of Indian wheat. Her large eyes blaze on a field of ghastly men—she smiles at the prospect of gathering sheaves on a crimson plain—the tears of the widow will give renewed fertility to the land over which she passes—her harvest-home will be gladdened by the cries of the fatherless, and the gleaners, Hate, Pain, and Ruin, tingling joyously about their dishevelled trusses, will sing pastoral as they follow in her train, America has sown the Wind and will reap the Whirlwind.

contract for dust.

The Federal Government, we understand, have arranged with certain parties interested in the waste-paper trade, for the purchase of a large quantity of dust. It is not intended to be taken out, but will as opportunity offers, be thrown into the eyes of the people of this country.

STRETCHING IT.

If M. Troplong was not too long in his speech to the Senate on the glories of the Empire, he was certainly too large.

NEGRO EMANCIPATION.—Columbia's Black Draught.
ART AT A CATTLE SHOW.

FIRST SALT. "I say, Bill, what's he a doing off!"
SECOND SALT. "Can't you see he's a taking that old cat's Picture, and isn't it like him?"

"A CERTAIN STAR SHOT MADLY FROM ITS SPHERE."

The American organ, the Morning Star, has put itself into one of those violent rages which are peculiar to journals that preach peacemaking peace, and quote Scripture at random. This awful fury has been caused by Mr. Punch's mild little allusion to the fact that on the day when all the London journals came out with black borders, the Star did not manifest that token of respect. So the Christian Star scatters on us a valley of Billingsgate. "Bollocks," "ungeschmack," "a fool," "a liar," "a malicious and silly liar," "disgrace," "insolence," are among the phrases with which the Star endeavours to express its wrath, and at the same time to show that Mr. Punch's gentle rebuke was unfeigned. The outbreak takes the form of a letter, which was probably intended for a leading article, as it begins with a sentence of nineteen lines; but we do not think that this composition is the production of one of the regular leader-writers, because it is in very fair grammar, and lacks the provincial and smart-young-Dissenting-student tone which usually pervades the Star disquisitions. Besides, the writer is honest enough to quote the little paragraph that has caused such heavenly rage, and unless in a paroxysm of unthinking fury, a regular Star writer would hardly have offered the Punch out- dotage along with the brighter flame. However, as we have shown the Star into protesting that it meant nothing, and is as profound as it ought to be, we will accept the rather amusing excuse about its machinery (an excuse at which the intelligent workmen who manage Mr. Punch's machinery are irrevocably enough to smile in a most rude manner), and will add that there is now a very fitting way for the Star's great patron at once to show his sense of his own self-complacent as to American matters, and to atone for his organ's forgetfulness of funeral decorum. Let Mr. Bright be—Mate.

Conscientious Assurance.

"It" says the New York Times, in allusion to the Trent affair, "popular passion is to be allowed to controvert a right in the law of nations, we accept any issue that may result." Indeed! If popular passion is allowed to insist on refusing the surrender of Stedell and Mason, is our Yankee contemporary prepared to accept the bombardment of New York?

THE DINNER À LA RUSSE.

BY A RUSTIC.

I hast bin up to London Town,
Sir Thomas was spendin' the sazon there;
I wanted to see un afore a come down:
I called upon un in Belgrave Square.

Ri too ral loo, &c.
There was that ther matter about the barn,
And 'tother affair o' cutton the copse;
I'd got sum rent in my pocket for 'n,
Which I thought 'ood zet un a smaekun his chips.

Ri too ral loo, &c.

Sir Thomas succeeded to my design,
And altogether I come off winner;
For he made me drink a bottle o' wine;
And axed me to come next day to dinner.

Ri too ral loo, &c.

The dinner hour was seven at night;
(The "Later" classes I calls the "Upper")
But there, thinks I, 'twi'll be all right:
I'll ate my dinner, and think 'is supper,

Ri too ral loo, &c.

Zo on I puts my best black spod,
I've had sum time but seldom worn un,
And ties a white neckcloth round my dhroat,
Pattun myself into decent mounran.

Ri too ral loo, &c.

A footman ushered me all up stairs,
In a livery suit of blu and yellow,
A plamainde like what a kingfisher wears.

"Mr. Solomon Homegerees!" bawls the feller.
Ri too ral loo, &c.

I'd got to hand a lady down,
Bigged out in her Crimsonine, full feather.
What wi' my broad back, and her wide gown,
We had zanmung to do to git down together.

Ri too ral loo, &c.

Horwomedeever we rached the dinner-room,
And there was the table, without e'er a cover,
But wi' basons and baskets o' flowers in blossom,
A greenery like, a was spread all over!

Ri too ral loo, &c.

There was apples, and raisins, and grapes, and pears,
Foreign fruit and preserves from every quarter;
It's the fashion, thinks I, as I gapes and stares,
Is first the dessert and the dinner arter.

Ri too ral loo, &c.

The feller he brought me a plate o' fish
As soon as he zee the zoup I'd sloverred,
Then French freauesses, dish arter dish,
And slicez o' beef and mutton followd.

Ri too ral loo, &c.

There was plenty to drink as well as to eet,
As much as ever a chap was able;
But I'd rather see my jinte o' mate,
And told un to serve in the same greans, on my table.

Ri too ral loo, &c.

Next time we dines at the Fox-and-Goose,
I'll stick a flowerpot 'fore my platter,
And zay I be dinun "allow Roose;"
As they calls da new style in their foreign chatter.
Ri too ral loo, &c.

THE HEIGHT OF GRATITUDE.—Mr. Cox returning thanks for being elected for Finsbury! :

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BUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIOT. January 11, 1862.


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OPPOSITE THE PANTHEON.
THE JONATHAN LUNACY CASE.

The inquiry was resumed this morning. Mr. Pam, Q.C., instructed by Mr. Punch, appearing for the Bull family, whilst Mr. Bright watched the case for the alleged lunatic.

The first witness called was Mrs. Bull, examined by Mr. Pam: said she had known Mr. Jonathan for many years. He used to shunt about the house, swear a great deal, and make a noise like an ophelide. She considered him decisively incapable of managing his own affairs. He was fond of assuming military rank, and would call himself Colonel Jonathan, General Jonathan, and so on. Could not give much information respecting Mr. Jonathan's marriage with Miss Virginia South, but knew that at present there were domestic quarrels. The lady wished for a separation, but Mr. Jonathan would not hear of it, and got dreadfully excited whenever the subject was alluded to.

One of his fancies was to dress like a policeman, and in this disguise he was often very mischievous. On several occasions he has torn the cotton dress witness was in the habit of wearing off her back, and using very bad language, has sworn he would whip her. Recently he had dressed himself up like a sort of sea-captain, and taken into custody two friends of Miss V. South's, who were coming on a visit to witness. Could not say that she had seen him drunk, but he was very fond of tipping (or licking as he called it), and would threaten to shoot any one who declined to drink with him. He would sing snatches of nursery melodies, such as Old Dan Tucker, and finish by cutting at a piece of stick he always carried in his pocket.

The next witness called was Mons. Louis, examined by Mr. Punch:

"I keep a large pension and garnished lodgings. I have known Mr. Jonathan since many years. I should say that he was what we call tiède. I have had the habit of furnishing him with wine. He seems to know the use of money. He sometimes will fling his dollars about, and then he will borrow large sums. He thinks himself the richest proprietor in the world. He has quarrelled with his dear half, Mrs. Jonathan, with Virginia South, and is a great enemy to Madame Bull. He will not interfere in his unhappy. Two andets, Sir Worlady and Sir Erbont, have had the happy idea to make the peace between Mr. Jonathan and Madame Bull, but Mr. Jonathan will have no arbitration. I am as for that will Madame B. M. Jonathan has shown himself of great politeness towards me lately, but I regard him as a great sily, and if I were in the place of Madame Bull, I would shut him up."

The inquiry was again adjourned.

A PRIZE INCOME-TAX FOR 1862.

Why should the Exhibition of 1862 be limited to material articles? If it included political and social inventions, it would tend to the promotion of objects at least as important as Art and Manufacture. Contributions of a moral and scientific character would have the great recommendation of taking up very little room.

While there is time, therefore, let the world be advertised that the Exhibition will be open to receive contributions of that kind already, for the promotion of the arts and sciences, the arts of government, laws, statutes, and so forth.

In particular, let Europe be invited to send in schemes of taxation framed on the principle of equal and insensible pressure, so as to institute every body as little as possible, and to cheat nobody at all.

A prize might be founded by subscription to reward the producer of an equitable Income-Tax, or, if that is impossible, some other tax which shall be a substitute for that. Is there any financier, mathematician, or mathematician on the face of this earth able to solve the problem of taxing everybody in proportion to his means?

Even if a war with America should be averted, the pressure for the event of that war already made will probably cut us into some aggravation of the national curse under which we are assured by eminent authorities that we shall have to groan hopelessly for ever. We might as well have at least the load of everlasting calamity impartially distributed, and rendered as tolerable as such an eternal bore can any-how be.

A THUMB FOR A TRIFLE.

If the proverb, "Set a thief to catch a thief" is true, we may, with equal truth perhaps, say "Set a ruffian to collar a ruffian." In that case the prisoner named in the subjoined police-report is a very fit person for the office which he aspires to undertake:

"HAMPTONSHE-} JAMES SHEE, a young Irish laborer, who it was stated is a candidate for the police, who charged with committing a savage assault.

"It appeared from the evidence that on the night of Saturday, the 14th ult., the complainant, William Kenny, and some friends were together at the bar of the George public-house, in the Broadway. The prisoner began to quarrel with a man named Malony, upon which the complainant went up and endeavoured to pacify the disputants. On his doing so, the prisoner caught hold of the complainant's thumb between his teeth and bit the top completely off. It was found necessary at the West London Hospital to amputate it.

"Mr. Logan sentenced the prisoner to a fine of £1 and 6s. costs, or to four weeks' imprisonment, with hard labour.

"The prisoner was locked up in the morning."

But really thumbs are very moderate at the rate of only £1 6s., or four weeks at the treadmill. A pocket handkerchief could hardly have been apprehended at a lower rate, had Mr. Shee flinched one instead of biting a man's thumb off. He not only bites off a thumb like a dog, but he does it dog-cheap. Some peculiarity in this case not reported must be supposed to account for the Magistrate's exceedingly low valuation of the member by which the human hand is distinguished from that of the monkey, or else his Worship computed the cost of that member by a most inadequate rule of thumb.

Questions in Lunacy Cases.

Q. Did the Party ever drive an Engine on the Eastern Counties Line?
A. I don't know.
Q. Did he ever travel on that line if he could help it?
A. Yes, he did.
JUDGE. Gentlemen, the lunacy is clearly made out.

All is Serene.

The latest telegram from Bombay has two announcements:

"NA NA SAMIR has been detected and captured."

"REMUS is in demand's.

The news seems exceedingly satisfactory, and is, we hope, authentic.
MYSTERY AND MUSIC.

PUNCH, don't I think it at the moment of the women of genius and vastly different than well-doing girls. That love of such a lady was not the professional as well as private life, the following advertisement sufficiently will prove—

MRS. STENTOR. Historical Singer, not only appeared at the SHAKESPEARE MUSIC HALL, Grosvenor, on the 20th of October, but made herself at once a permanent Ticket of that Establishment. She met with the warmest entertainment of the Establishment, and appears in her turn with satisfaction to her and the audience.

One would almost think the slave trade were flourishing among us when one finds a lady vocal in the "proprietor," and when the "proprietor" calls herself a "ticket," one inclines almost to view it as another name of "chattel," which she holds herself to be. What on earth she means by telling those who "wish a Novella" to apply to "the Ticket and not the Card," we reluctantly own our inability to guess. We say reluctantly, because one's self-esteem is somewhat lowered when one meets with any problem that one's intellect can't solve. What constitutes a "ticket," and in what respects a "ticket" differs from a "card" are questions which to some people may seem quite unimportant; but while they are maneuvered, they clearly are in some measure raised into significance by having puzzled even Punch.

WHO IS AN AMERICAN?

Simple as it may seem, this question, we confess, has perplexed us much of late. It has been hard to escape talking about Transatlantic matters, and it has been harder, when so doing, to avoid saying a word or two of either blane or ridicule, much as one may try to keep them from both. But whenever one has happened to find fault with the misconduct of American affairs, one has been told "Oh, but you know that it's no fault of the Americans," "it's those damned Irish," or "these insolent Germans" who have done the mischief; or else it's "the Rowdies," or "the Indians" who are to blame for it. But as for the Americans, they have had no hand in it. Whatever may have chanced amiss has been no fault of theirs. If their Government be governed by unscrupled King Mob, his Majesty is not true of American extraction. The Mob is of mixed breed, partly Irish, partly German, partly anything you please, existing aught that can be anyhow regarded as American.

Who then are Americans? And if they exist, why don't they interfere to save the good name of their nation? The country that is boasted the most free and most republican, is now most under the despoilment of a tyrannous democracy, composed, it is alleged, of aliens and emigrants, who are no more real Americans than the Turks are Portuguese. The Rowdies, it is true, are living in America, and have most of them been born there; still one must on no account regard them as Americans. They are virtually the rulers of America; and while they are so, the Americans are a really enslaved people, governed by the Rowdies, whom nevertheless they make no effort to dethrone.

This at least is the conclusion that one is forced to come to, if one believes there are such people as genuine Americans, neither Irish, French, nor Germans, but Americans par excellence. Their existence must however be considered somewhat doubtful, and we ourselves incline to place them in the list of extinct races, unless they submit to the alteration native of viewing them as slaves under the dominion of the Rowdies and the Lulghs.

THE DEBATES ON THE GRAND REMONSTRANCE.

DECEMBER, 1861, AND JANUARY, 1862.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY ON AN ENGLISHMAN'S FREEDOM UNDER CONJUGAL, FAMILIAL, AND MENTAL SOVEREIGNTY.

BY MR. PUNCH.

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

An Englishman has no Freedom under the Sovereignty above mentioned.

THE DEBATES.

Paterfamilias at Breakfast. Present: Mrs. Paterfamilias, and curious Oddities. The Times Newspaper, Maud in waiting.

Paterfamilias. I tell you what it is, my dear. We spend a great deal of money. Here's a defect in the Revenue and—

Mrs. Paterfamilias. Take your coffee, dear.

P. There's a defect in the revenue—

Mrs. Jolly. And a fly in the eggs—

P. Hold your tongue, Sir.

Mrs. Jolly. But a fly in your soup. It's a sexual hermaphroditism, and you ought to send it to the Gaol. (Great laughter.)

P. Will you hold your tongue, Sir?

Mrs. Jolly. Don't snub the child at Christians, Pa.

P. I don't, but I ought not to interrupt me. I was saying that there is a defect in the revenue.

Mrs. Jolly. Well, if there is, I dare say Mr. Gladstone will take it out—you are always saying that he is the cleverest man in the world. Try that boiled haddock—it's a great delicacy.

Sister. Yes, Ma'am, at least I believe so. I think (innocently, of course) cook's cousin was telling her to boil it.

Mrs. Jolly. (darkly). Cook's cousin! (Reproaching herself.) That will do, Sarah, and shut the door after you.

[Exit Sarah, with a slight smile.]

P. And we shall very likely be in a war with those Yankees.

Master Bob. And won't we lick 'em handsome, yes, Sir-clee.

P. Don't talk so, Bob. You don't know what wickedness all war is. It means murder, and hatred, and sorrow, and I won't have you speak lightly about it—and don't spill that egg over the cloth, that's a dear boy.

Master Bob. It's only yellow, Ma, and that's a pretty colour on white.

Miss Laura. Nasty pig you are. You learn those ways at school, and nothing else.

Master Bob. Don't I, Miss. Heer! Pardleachersmen upon the same base and between the same parallels are equal to another, and equal triangles upon equal bases in the same straight lines, and towards the same parts, are between the same parallels, and I am equal to the whole go of mankind. Thank you, Miss Happiness. I now, I don't think that I'm getting on uncommon, and I couldn't leave old Squall's till I've looked Tom Slapper; it wouldn't be the thing, you want see that for yourself. And I'm sure Miss Squall looks after my manners as well as 3s 3d could do.

P. The bills are very heavy, and if we're to have more Income-Tax, it will be my duty to refund expenses. In justice to your sisters, we must regulate our outlay,—

Three Girls, O, Pa, never mind us, and pray don't anything to bring that Plague house officer than Christians and Missusminor.

Master Bob. Your healths, young ladies. Variae et mutabile sequor forisam, as the immortal bard expresses it, and didn't you say yesterday that I was to come home some time?—

P. Some more beer, Margaret.

Mrs. P. (helping him.) Extravagant man, you have had four lumps. It must be economical, I tell you. Girls, you ought to know music enough by this time to do without Stovios Pipi(Apolepitin), and I shall pay off.

Miss Laura. And what are the little ones to do, Pa?

P. You are to teach them, to be sure.

Master Jacky. O, my eye! (Drowsy into week laughter.) Won't there be a slapping of backs and a boxing of ears, O, no!

P. There will be something like it, Sir, if you intrude your nonsense when I am speaking—eat this sardine for me, and hold your tongue.

Mrs. P. My dear Charles, it's out of the question. The Staxon is bringing the girls on famously, and you should have seen how cross Mrs. Belton looked on Tuesday when theiruet was played just after her own girls had made their unmelodic display.

P. (Placed.) Was it so? Well—if we'll see all about it. What's the use of it all?
January 11, 1862] PUNCH, or the London Charivari.

Mrs. P. You shall see, on Wednesday. You are making no breakfast, dear, in the least bit. But what's Wednesday?

P. Why, our party.

Mrs. P. Why, never heard of it, and I am engaged. (General uproar.) I tell you never heard of it, and I ought to be told before these things are fixed. And I said I would have no parties this year.

Mrs. P. (charging hotly) Why, Pa, dear, you have often said that Wednesday was always the day you liked best for parties, and you declared you would not give up any more this Christmas, and I supposed you knew your own mind, and meant what you said, as you are always recommending the children to do, and it is nonsense to talk about no parties, as if we could receive people's hospitality and make them go return. I am sure you have sometimes talked to the people in the face if I were so silly as that, and you know that you yourself the other morning were holding up Mr. Scraben to ridicule for his stigmata in dining with everybody and making no return. I don't care about parties, you know better than I do; and you know you cannot, and you should not speak one thing one day and another another. Let me give you some hot tea, that must have got quite cold while you kept talking over it.

P. (Marc Antony, hides himself under the "Times," like Mr. Smith O'Brien under the cabbage-lice]) Humph!

(The victorious enemy dances over his body.

Master Bob. No end of fun we've to have, Pa. I've ordered the magic lantern and a double go of disseveling views, etail in spectator, don't you know?

Master Jacky. I'm to make the snap-dragon.

Miss Laure. All the Miss Elliotts are coming and their cousins, and the young ladies of you like.

Master Bob. And that Maggie don't late.

Mrs. P. (severely) Silence, Robert, I desire you. A repetition of such nonsense will compel me to exclude Mr. Clatterbox from my house, which I should regret, as he is a very agreeable young man of excellent prospects, and his uncle is a bishop.

P. Humph?

(Winks at his daughter MARGARET behind the newspaper.

Miss Marian. We shall be fifty at least.

P. (plucking up and rending to make the best of it). Pa, fifty, at already, and I don't approve of such riots.

Master Jacky. Only one a year, Pa. Please to remember the groat.

P. Cape, Madeira and pale ale, mind. No wine from me.

General Laughing Chorus. O! O! O! O!

Miss Maggie. You'll do what's right, Papa, I know. And if you know anybody you would like to bring, you may bring him, and if it isn't a Guy, I'll dance a quadrille with him. (Pulls her parent's whiskers.)

P. (Rises.) You're very good, I'm sure. Well, have you asked the Vernons, and the Harpers, and the Montgomerys, and old Trapham, and Mrs. Wisbeach? Do the thing properly, while you are about it. And I'll make James Clarkson come, he's good at brewing Cups.

Master Bob. And that will save your wine, you know. We must retreat in these days, if we can.

P. (giving a tug.) Ah, my boy, when you have to pay bills—by Jove, it's ten o'clock. I must be off, for I've got some port to taste at one o'clock, and I must get my work done first. Good-bye, dears. Chorus. Good-bye, Daddy long-legs. [Exit the Grand Reformer.

Scene in Kitchen.

Sarah (in continuation). So master says, says he, I've got nine minds, says he, to cut things a good bit closer, says he, than I've been doing, says he.

Best of Domestic. All stuff! Missis knows better than to stand any nonsense of that kind. She's—

[Bullet Mrs. Paterfamilias just in time to stop the analysis of her own character, to read Cook a lecture on unhealthful hospitality to cousins, and to make preliminary arrangements for Wednesday. "And it will bode ill to the domestic institutions of England when Paterfamilias has a chance against the household board brought together in one common cause."

DIRECTION-POSTS FOR THE POPULACE.

Ornament in various public objects—lamp-posts, gates, drinking-fountains, and so forth, is now, in a measure, generally combined with utility. A finger-post in some cases is furnished with a hand and finger painted with a degree of consecutiveness and attention to the rules of colouring and design. Now, in such a finger-post is all very well in its way, namely any fashionable thoroughfare; for the better classes always point with the forefinger after the manner of the post. But the lower orders, for the most part, use a different and peculiar mode of pointing; and since, in all Art, keeping and congruity are carefully to be observed, let all the posts and boards, serving to direct the passenger in the slums, be provided with a hand issuing out of a plain fustian coat instead of a swell cloth one with a wristband, the fingers being closed, and the way indicated with the thumb.

AMATEUR ENGINE-DRIVERS.

It does not appear from the letter of Mr. J. B. Owen, Secretary to the Eastern Counties Railway, addressed to the Times in answer to that of "An Eastern Counties Railway Traveller," that the office of the engineer-driver on that line had not been once, if not oftener, performed by young Mr. Windham, the state of whose mind is now under legal investigation.

It does appear that on a particular day "Mr. Windham had endeavoured to interfere with the duties of the guard—not the driver—by calling out the names of some of the stations and asking the passengers to take their seats." But whether this eccentric young gentleman had, or had not, been previously allowed to take the driver's place and discharge his duty, "hath not appeared." The public would like to know what the fact is in that particular.

The public would also like to know if it has, or not, been the practice, unknown of course to directors, on the Eastern Counties Railway, if not on other railways, for fast young men, to procure by bribery, the amusement of driving the engine? If so, what an escape some of the public have had, and what an escape the fast young men have had; either from getting themselves, together with the passengers, smashed, or getting sentenced to penal servitude for manslaughter: as they, at least, of all unlucky engine-drivers, would have richly deserved to be, had they caused a fatal accident.

With reference to the minor offence of playing the guard—dressed, according to "An Eastern Counties Railway Traveller," in something like a guard's uniform, it is some comfort to be told in Mr. Owen's florid language, that, as soon as this fool's trick came to the knowledge of his directors' officers—:

"Prompt and decisive steps were immediately taken to prevent the recurrence of such irregularity, and a communication on the subject addressed to Mr. Windham's relatives."

Mr. Owen, we hope, means to say, that the policemen of the Eastern Counties Railway have been ordered to keep a sharp look out for booby on that line, and prevent them from acting as guards, engine-drivers, or other servants of the Company, any more.
A COMFORTER.

Sympathetic Smell (devoted to the Noble Science). "Got a Wretched Cold! No, really! That's a Bad Job, old Fella.—Might hav' been worse, though.—Horse might have had it, you know!"

A FAIR OFFER FROM JOHN BULL TO MISS COLUMBIA.

Shall we kiss and be friends? Why not? Sister Columbia,
No more ugly faces let you and me pull;
Though we both have our tempers, our worries and troubles,
Let "bygones be bygones" for me, says John Bull.

You must own that you're given me a deal of good language,
And have been far too free with your bunkum and brag:
That I'll pocket, if now, like a sensible woman,
You'll disclaim your friend Wilkes, and salute the old flag.

Fools may sneer and call family feelings all humbug,
But I feel that one blood in the veins of us flows;
Our tongues are the same, though I don't like your fashion
Of talking, (as you'd make me pay) through the nose.

We snarled and we scratched, in the days of our folly,
When you wanted to leave me and start for yourself;
To think of those times makes me quite melancholy—
The blood that we wasted—the temer and pelt!

When I vowed that I'd tame you, and make you knock under,
And you dared me and hit, like a vixen as well;
I did think by this time we had both seen our blunder;
Meant to live as good friends and in peace buy and sell.

But of late I can't think what the deuce has come o'er you,
First, you turn your own house out of window, and then,
Declare that I want to o'erreach you and floor you,
Stop my ships, seize my passagiers, bully my men!

I can stand a great deal from my own blood-relations,
And I know that your troubles your temper have soured;
But I can't take a blow, in the face of all nations,
And consent to see law by brute force overpowered.

Only own your friend Wilkes is a blundering bully,
And make over Mason and Slidell to me.
And all that is past I'll condone, fair and fully,
Kiss you now, and in future, I do hope, agree!

THE RESIGNATION OF MR. BRIGHT.

(From the "Morning Star."

We blush for Birmingham. It is unworthy to be represented by the greatest orator, noblest patriot, and soundest statesman in the world. Mr. Bright owes it to himself and the universe to resign his seat for blundering, bloodshedding, boastful Birmingham. A vast meeting has taken place, at which the working classes, those for whom he has laboured so generously, were present in thousands, and in answer to the moderate demand that they should call on the Government to sacrifice what is called the honour of England, they have in the most brutal, uneducated, and un-Christian way, passed by an overwhelming majority, a resolution that they have confidence in Lord Palmerston. Confidencio in Lord Palmerston! This from Birmingham, after Mr. Bright has expressly commanded them to have no confidence in Lord Palmerston. Monstrously ungrateful and insolent as mobs have ever been, we did not expect this, even from the dingy rabble of the Toy-shop of Europe. They are more fearfully demoralised than we could have believed. It must be that the large number of aristocratic minions in Warwickshire have exerted a poisoning influence upon the masses. The lordly halls in those beautiful scenes must have sent out their gorged maws, with beer in one hand and bribe in the other, and the thousands of Birmingham blockheads have yielded to idle debauchery. But as they have made their bed, they must lie. We can scarcely commiserate them, Christmas time though it be. But they have repudiated Mr. Bright and his teaching, and chosen to stand up for a false honour, and now in his turn, he stands up for his own honour, and repudiates them. We are authorised to state that Mr. Bright, reluctant as he is even to seem to take office under the Crown, has applied for that lying sham, the Chiltern Hundreds, and Birmingham may go where good intentions make the pavement.
“UP A TREE.”
Colonel Bull and the Yankee 'Coon.

'Coon. “AIR YOU IN AR'NEST, COLONEL?”
Colonel Bull. “I AM.”
'Coon. “DON'T FIRE—I'LL COME DOWN.”
A SMALL VOICE FOR THE SMALL BIRDS.

"Les Sportsmen" have been having a fine time of it in France. How many thousands of hares, rabbits, wild fowl, portridges and pheasants, they have bagged in the last three months, has been set forth in a paragraph which our papers have re-printed, and which doubtless does not exceed the facts. How many hares, lillens, sparrows, wagtails, wrens and titmouses, "Les Sportmen" have been likewise so lucky as to bag, we have not at present any data to inform us; but judging by the pockets we have seen turned out in France, and the number of small birds with which each portridge was surrounded, we should say that many millions must have recently been shot.

Now, some few months ago the Times republished a petition from a number of French naturalists, clearly showing to their Government what havoc must ensue from the ravages of insects, if their natural defenders—the small birds—were destroyed. It was stated that a very young family of sparrows demolished their nest-bird a whole colony of caterpillars, while the quantity of cockchafer consumed by Master and Miss Tittimouse before they left off being fished out and came out in full feathers, was in very ravenous quantities, which it could not swallow it, and could scarcely fancy that so very small a bird could have so very large an appetite and crop. Naturalists, however, are not men to speak at random, or without full proof, if it be anywhere procurable; and when it was stated that the wings of all these cockchafers were found about the nest, and were actually counted, it would have been ungenerously to dispute the fact. Kill the little birds, said the observant naturalists, and you let live, increase, and multiply the cockchafers and caterpillars, and thereby to other hungry and horrid-making members of the insectal tribe. As these increase, the crops of corn and wheat diminish; and as flies, and slugs, and grubs, are very much difficult for man to catch and kill them as are for wrens and sparrows, it is not wise to hinder his natural allies, who can best assist him in the warfare for the welfare of his crops that he must wage.

This being so, "Les Sportmen" were petitioned (through the Government) to cease their murderous assaults on titmice, lillens and insects, and to reserve their small shot for rather larger game. And that some such a petition might with fitness be addressed to certain English gunners also, this extract from a letter to the Times appears to show—

"It has been obvious to all who have had the opportunity and the excuse to observe, that during the last few years the small birds have decreased considerably. In a like ratio insects of the most destructive kinds have increased. I have had excellent means of knowing that in various parts of the county of Kent whole crops of fruit, vegetables, and grain have been swept off entirely by various kinds of minute insects which the birds alone are competent to detect and destroy, and which not one man in a hundred knows anything about. Men see their hopes blasted, but they believe some ill wind has blown 'a blight,' for under that vague term they designate all such evils. In no localities have insects done so much injury to the fruit as where 'sparrow clubs' are established and where birds are indiscriminately and systematically exterminated. For example, at a village in Kent pears are given for the hedges, sparrows, tittimouses, and other birds which feed almost exclusively on insects and their larvae. The gardens in that locality are kept up with pincers and, in 1858 they promised an extraordinary crop, but long before the fruit was matured the larvae of the 'sparrow clubs' and especially on which birds, the sparrow clubs, consumed almost the entire crop. The birds had been destroyed."

All ye who love plum tart send in your names at once as Putters Down of Sparrow Clubs, and eat sumptuously the acquaintance of all idios who belong to them. "Live and let live" is a good human motto, and, as applied to little birds, there is especial truth in it. In a country where all facts appears to be that if we kill the sparrows, their deaths will somewhat tend to the destruction of ourselves, for all our fruit and crops will be demolished by the insects which the small birds now destroy. Therefore let this suicidal hedgerow warfare cease, and let the sparrow clubs seek no longer to exterminate the sparrows, lest by so doing they exterminate ourselves.

Mr. Punch's aim is usually to shoot folly as it flies; but if Mr. Punch this winter catches any sneaking fool, clawing behind hedges to get pot-shots at the sparrows, Mr. Punch will have a shot with his cudgel at the knave, without giving him a chance of flight from his just punishment.
PUNCH, "All new for but dropping George to illegal, violence ever dictated knowledge come rascality. be 18 Queen England. to Punch, Edwin (Nervous in James that from and perhaps Mb). have are Mb, have not would convict of treason, and traitor is, Mb, has been Mb, was an honest and honourable gentleman, as much as he was a patriot.

Whether a British jury would actually convict him of treason, may be questioned; but we have as much right to claim him as a traitor to his Queen and country, as the Yankee Skipper had to apprehend the Southern Commissioners on the same ground.

Christianity is part and parcel of the law of the United States. What the Americans do unto others is always strictly that which they would wish others to do to them. The deck of the Trent was as much British ground as the pavement of the Broadway, New York, is American. President Lincoln, Mr. Seward, the Government and people at large of the Federal States, will of course not object in the least to the arrest of an alleged British rebel on any portion of their territory.

Let A. B. C., and other members of the Police Force, constituting a sufficient detachment, proceed to New York, or any other city in the States which may be honoured by numbering the celebrated ex-Q. C., Mr. Edwin James, amongst its residents; let them there lie in wait for that ornament of the American Bar, of whom the British showed itself unworthy. As soon as they can catch Mr. James let them collar him on an accusation of high treason and convey him on board a British man-of-war. The American multitude, Ministers, and Chief Magistrates, will all be glad to allegiance in subservience to this repeal, whereby British honour will be satisfactorily vindicated; and then arrangements can be peaceably made, between the United Kingdom and the remainder of the United States, for the final adjustment of the question about the rights of neutrals.

In the mean time, Mr. Edwin James, if his indictment for treason should appear unadvisable, might be quietly released, unless he should be wanted by his captors on some other score; for perhaps it is not too much to say that he is not likely to be wanted here by anybody else, unless by certain gentlemen at the Bar, mostly with an alias to their names; members of that bar which dishars no barrister for swindling, but hails him, on the contrary, as a smart fellow; like the bar of Yankeedom.

"The Doecode, Jun. 1862." "I am, &c, Pax."
OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

EKR PUNCH, Etc. (from Colonna.)

Here's the Colonna Box again! I don't mean at the Adelphi, but the Gallery of Illustration, where Mr. Parry is now playing. He (upon the piano), and taking headers to her rescue from the tip-top of the treble to the bottom of the bass. Charles Halli, charmed us all last summer with his Beethoven recitals, but I doubt if ever he delighted more his hearers than does John Parry. His in the audience with the Colonna Box recital which he duly repents. Without in my way confounding Bocaccio with Beethoven, I at least may say that ears which have been charmed by Mr. Halli may hear with no small pleasure Mr. Parry's graceful playing; the real excellence of which, in point of skill and taste, people are in general without apt to overlook. Mr. Parry is so funny in what may be described as his pantomimic playing, and the comical sly looks and droll expressive gestures with which he illustrates the polyphonies cleverly sustains, that one hardly can fair thought of his brilliant execution and his delicacy of touch. The Irish airs which form a prelude to his song are as gracefully performed as they are prettily combined, and he so nearly has the power to make pianos speak, that one almost hears the words of the old melodies he plays. By the way, I hope to succeed in getting something for you from the platform at the Gallery that I can no more see her on the stage, where no one yet has filled her place.

"In other respects than this the entertainment at the Gallery has been touched up and improved since I last reviewed it. A couple of songs for Mrs. Reed have with good effect been added; and her droll new character of little Lily (Dolly Chiltern), an infantile young lady whose 'Mamma won't bring her out,' is just one of those parts of funny whimsical extravagance which are sure to please the public when acted with good taste. In this point Mrs. Reed has ever been conspicuous; and indeed my sole regret in seeing her on the platform at the Gallery is that I can no more see her on the stage, where no one yet has filled her place.

"No doubt I may be thought eccentric for my obscurity, but I have let Christmas almost pass without my going to a pantomime, although there are some dozen played to tempt me every evening. But pantomimes, like penny buns, are relished most in youth, and when one gets out of a jacket one is apt to lose one's taste for them. Moreover, pantomimes have nowadays lost that fun knocked out of them, the splendour of their scenery being far more cared for than the humour of their scenes. I would a new Grimmold would arise, and change all this, and make people go to pantomimes to have a hearty laugh at the antics of the ridiculous characters, leaving when the 'comic business' should, but don't begin.

"Still, pantomimes will always be popular at Christmas time, if only for the sake of old associations, which at this special season are fresh in every memory, and which nobody of sense would wish men to forget. Indeed, as a sure proof of how much pantomimes are cared for, the Sunday papers before Christmas sought an extra flew of custom by unravelling beforehand the 'plots' which would be box-office the public, chanted. I saw announced in one great poster, 'Plots of all the Pantomimes' in letters larger far than the 'War Anticipations,' and other less prominent topics of the week. But, I have heard that one great author asked payment for the privilege of divulging thus beforehand his pantomime story, though who can find much interest in the mere plot of a pantomime, it answers my powers of conception to conceive.

"Mr. Fachter has retired for a while from the Princess's (when he reappears I hope his face will not be blackened), and Mr. Wigan has now ceased to manage the St. James's, his place being supplied by Mr. George Vining, whom few know better how to strengthen a weak part. Mr. Wigan in stage parlance is now 'starring in the provinces,' which phrase might make one think he had taken to broken windows and was resident in France. But you know he stays in that manner, and the great public is still enjoying his remarkable powers, and particularly his violin playing. The 'London Stage, and really good actors are not so abundant on it that we can afford to lose one who we like. Before Christmas I saw him play in the Poor Nobleman, one of those commonplace plays taken from the French, in which Mr. Wigan especially excels. And I must here add a word of retrospective praise for Mrs. Wigan's natural acting of the rich, good-hearted vulgar widow, and for Miss Herbert's graceful bearing as the daughter of the ruined nobleman; a slight part, but requiring a lady-like demeanour, which is not too common just at present on our stage."

"ONE WHO PAYS."

SURGE, CARNIFEX!

To his Honour My Brother the Saturday Review.

The Indignant Protest of Mr. Punch, Sternly Complaining,

SHEWETH unto your Honour,

That there are Twenty-three articles in the Saturday Review for the last week of 1861.

That not one of them is a Damming Smash into Anybody.

That it may be labelled as follows:—

1. Foreign affairs are pretty smooth.  
2. The American difficulty will be peacefully solved.  
3. The Italian Parliament is commenced.  
4. The Americans will be hard up.  
5. Ballet agitation hollow and mischievous.  
6. The Americans quite wrong about the Trust.  
7. The Policy of France is peaceful.  
8. The Americans are not like men.  
9. Review of the Year.  
10. Educate the poor, or rather, don't.  
11. Friendship in commenced.  
12. The Americans as Privateers.  
13. Manxmusique London is a graceful fencing.  
15. Festival of the Indian Government.  
17. Praise of Professor Clark.  
18. Opinions to Professor Clark.  
19. Mild objections to Mr. A. Alison.  
20. Praises of Mr. W. Blades.  
22. Praises of Mr. W. M. Monk.  
23. Praises of Dr. P. and Mr. Ott.  

That this sort of thing will not do, and is totally apart from and diametrically opposed to the other sort of thing which made the Saturday Review such pleasant reading.

That your Honour is requested to turn over a new leaf, and Smash people every week, as heretofore, for the delight of mankind.

Or your Protestant will discontinue taking you in.

"B N C U R ."

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

At this present festive season people are expected to be particularly complimentary. It is not everybody, however, that is apt to complume with his friends off-hand, whenever he meets them. To do so one must have either a natural genius for saying pleasant things, or else a stock of compliments, at command, cut and dried. This latter, if wanting, is a want that may be supplied, to which end some help may be afforded by the following hints, for your kind and gentlemanlike complements, which you may address to those who have the advantage of knowing you, as opportunity shall serve you to gratify them. Such are the compliments of every season.

There is not merely that some persons like to be playfully told of personal defects of which you suppose them unconscious, but they are peculiarly pleased by the friendly interest and sympathy which they discern to be the motives that induced you to take so much notice of them. By merely making use of their deformities and imperfections, you should impress them with the desire that you should have trodden on their corns; an appreciation, of course, which would grieve you.
**A SEASONABLE SPREE.**

We have much pleasure in commending the subjoined extract from the *Times* to the notice of fast young men of all ages:

"NEW YEAR FEASTS—On Thursday, the 2nd inst., Miss BURDETT COOTEs entertained at a New Year's dinner more than 300 poor people in the school rooms of St. Stephen's, Westminster. The Bishop of London was present, with several obsercoms connected with the Abbey and neighbouring parishes of Westminster."

For a "bark," what bit of fun could be finer than that of entertaining a lot of poor people at dinner, after the manner of Miss Burdett Coutts? Such an act of generosity would be just as good a joke as treating worse than worthless persons in the Haymarket and the purrions of that objectionable thoroughfare. SHEREFE wanted to see how an ass would eat a maccaroni. It would be full as interesting to observe with what relish a number of paupers would devour turtle-soup, and drink champagne. To procure the attendance of a Bishop or two, and some Clergymen, as Miss Coutts did, would be quite a cheery idea, and perfectly feasible, for divines cannot but approve of a banquet arranged exactly according to the directions for a dinner-party given in a certain professional book supposed to form the peculiar subject of their studies. Most revolting gentleman, moreover, like good dinners, according to DEAN SWIFT, whose lady's maid in Hamilton's Barons observes—

"I never knew a person without a good one."

and a dinner combining material with moral goodness would be an irresistible attraction to the cloth. For want of any more exciting kind of amusement, it might really be worth the while of any fortunate youth about Town to try feeding the hungry.

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**HUMPHREY AND HUMBUG.**

ASTROLOGY seems to have an attraction for Alderman Humphrey. One day we find him pulling Zadkiel, the next pulling Raphael to his purgation. We are half inclined to let the one deed balance the other, and to forgive the Alderman for his burst of admiration at the impudent Quack, in consideration of the sharp and steady jobbing he bestowed upon the impudent Jew. In the first case Humphrey called the attention of the reporter to the fact that the humbug Zadkiel, who has been "guessing" at everybody's death for the last dozen years, at last was right in saying that a distinguished person would be removed in 1861. We were in a rage when we saw Humphrey excited by such trash, and had just given orders to our own astrologer to prophesy "a fearful misfortune" for Humphrey himself on the 15th August next, only we could not make up our minds whether we should announce that he would lose his watch, make his nose bleed, or have his hair cut too short. While we were perplexing, we received the report of the Raphael case. Here an old Jew, who was interrogated by the Alderman as to the details of a queer looking case, and who contradicted himself in the most flagrant manner, tried to bully the Alderman, talked about being insulted, threatened to refuse to reply, and generally behaved so ill, that it was pleasant to see Humphrey tackle him. The Alderman was like Rodman, in the *Shipwreck*, with the harpoon over the dolphin:

"Humphrey, unerring, our life's head suspends
The harried stock, and every turn attempts,
Back, for a better cast, a moment drew,
Then, plunging, struck the unconverted Jew."

The process was so well managed, and Raphael was so neatly pinned, that we resolved to forgive the Zadkiel housewreck. But no more pulling of quacks, Alderman Humphrey, or we may have the gift of prophecy on us.

---

**One for the American Organ.**—If there were any rebel Sepoys, and they set up a paper, why would it resemble an Order of Knight—hood?—Because it would be the Star of India.
MR. MARK LEMON
ABOUT LONDON
AT THE ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14, REGENT STREET, WATERLOO PLACE.
EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND FRIDAY, AT THREE O'CLOCK; AND EVERY SATURDAY EVENING AT EIGHT.
WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.
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THE YAHOOSES OF THE YANKEE PRESS.

The ridiculous want of conscientiousness, consistency, and shame, evinced by the American Press in discussing the Treat aff'or has led the Times to the conclusion that the articles in certain Yankee journals most remarkable for deficiency in morality, modesty, and logic, are the work of other than American hands; of hands such as those which may be conceived to have registered the autobiography of Barry Lyndon; hands which appear to have exchanged the shillings for the pen. That this view is, at least, correct, nobody can doubt who considers the subjoined extract from that highly respectable family newspaper, the New York Herald:—

"There are five millions of Irish ready to throw off the British yoke, and to aid the American republic when she gives the signal for the retribution of British wrongs, never to be forgiven till they are repressed and avenged."

The wrongs described as never to be forgiven till they are avenged can possibly have been so described by nobody but a fanatical Irishman. Any other savage, the stupidest in the world, would have known that a wrong could not be avenged first and forgiven afterwards. The passage above quoted is as genuine a specimen of a Bull as ever was exhibited by an Irish Member in the House of Commons. It is a purely Irish bull, not Americanised in the least; a bull without a cross of the buffalo. It proclaims the nationality of its author as plainly as it could if he had uttered it, by word of mouth, in the richest brogue. It denotes him to be an Irishman of a peculiar class; one which exists, and is more or less numerous in every nation, but is much less numerous in Ireland now than it was before its numbers had been greatly reduced by emigration to the United States. This particularly mad bull, and all the other characteristic effusions of Irish malignity which render the Federal papers ludicrous, can only be regarded—or disregarded—as the utterances of Irish blackguards.

However, we must recollect that it was a genuine American statesman who, in haranguing on the fisheries question some years ago, assigned, as one reason why his countrymen should persist in poaching in our waters, the circumstance that "they were very valuable." That paralysis or absence of the moral sense, which is so diverting when exhibited by a Clown in a pantomime, is a complaint or a defect at least as prevalent among native Yankees as it is among the reinforcements which the American populace derives from the refuse of Ireland. Would that the complaint may be always curable without bleeding!

MAGIC SAILORS.

We have for some weeks past been haunted by a certain "Magic Sailor," who has stared us in the face in almost every newspaper, and even has been present to us in our own fly-leaf. He is said therein to be "a characteristic figure, which dances, keeping time to music (and that's more than some young swells do) "creating roars of laughter, defining detection," and another of his good qualities is, that he "can be sent post free for eighteen stamps." But for this latter statement we might have thought this Magic Sailor formed one of those belonging to our Naval Reserve; for this body really seems to have sprung up by magic, so suddenly and swiftly has it grown to a great force. It "deeds detection," too, of any want of loyalty, as has been shown by the alienity with which it has stepped forward, and has made the Government an offer of its services, whenever there be need to call them forth. Indeed this insult to our flag has flown like magic through our fleet, and there is no doubt that at any time, should it be repeated, our sailors one and all will act as Magic Sailors, and, as though touched by wizard's wand, will do whatever bidding may be needful for our honour, as well as for their own.

After-Dinner Playfulness.

 Innocent Wife. How very beautiful those American apples are! What a lovely complexion they have to be sure! Do you know what part of America they come from?

Wag of a Husband. Annapolis, dear.
Mr. Britton and Mr. Corden have been publishing poetry in their respective or- gan, and that of America, Morning Star. The American crisis has brought out the poetical powers of the two gentlemen, and they naturally assail the English journals, that have taken the English view of the late difficulty. To this course there can be no fair objection; the Star and the New York Herald are as much entitled to their side of the question as English newspapers are to their own. To all fair play Mr. Punch offers the advantage of his vast circulation and the immense resources of the Union. The poetical effusions of Messrs. Bright and Corden, which have been mightily read only in a limited and unmechanized circle. He regrets that he has not space for the whole of the poems, but has selected the very best verses. The one poet attacks the Times, the other ventures upon Mr. Punch. We give the gas to Mr. Britton's onslaught upon the elder poet."

"WAR.

"Morning Star, January 7."

"Last year it was the French, / Lay like a couchant yond, / To keep upon our head, / If he caught us off our guard.

"The fancy came and went, / And now we're bounded on, / Our annual bides to visit / On prostate Jonathan (shud).

"Blood! give us blood to trust! / No matter what the cost!"

"O, Michael, when a man is in a fury, / He hasn't time to think of Lindsey Murray."

The delicacy and grace of the poem, its truthfulness, and its logic, are worthy of the school whence it emanates, and should elevate it above the sphere of aristocratic criticism, which fastidiously refuses, as George Herkert says, "to pick out treasures from an earthen pot," and distorts sentiment clothed in bad grammar. Congratulating Mr. Bright on his poetical success, let us pass on to the more cherub and humorous strains of his friend Mr. Corden, who, justly regarding Mr. Punch as addicted to fun, deems it proper to be funny in remonstrating with him.

"THE COUNTRY COUSIN'S ADDRESS TO PUNCH."

"Morning Star, January 9.

"Why, Punch, what makes you bust and rile / About the Yankees so? / Sure you have got a fit of bile, / That makes you furious, oh!"

"Now you have been bitten by the Times, / Or what has roused your choler? / Now take it easy, Punch, my boy, / And do not come and holler."

Now this, as comic poetry, appears to Mr. Punch to be very meritorious. The "oh," in the first verse may not seem exactly called for; but it is more as despotic as democrats, and "so" demanded "oh," though "so!" the carter's exclamation, or "bo," the Suffolk endearment, and many other words will occur to Mr. Corden, under similar difficultes, when he shall have had more practice in composition. We regret to see that both poets are unaware that the same syllables should not be used twice, and Mr. Bright's "complain" and "plain" are paralleled by Mr. Corden's "critical" and "fulminations." Still, the verses do the authors credit. The American Muse has almost invariably (not that we forget you, Longus Cornes) been a Mocking Bird, and we must not be hypercritical.

The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo, and Mr. Punch will abstain from any further announcements, regretting that his humble efforts have been the means of eliciting such delightful music from the American Lyre.

NO FUSS WITH SLIDELL AND MASON.

To the People of Southampton.

My dear People,

HURRAH! Slidell and Mason are surrendered—and Queen Anne is no more. Hip, hip, hurrah! We shall soon have the Southern Commissioners over here. They will very likely land at your port: and that is why I now address you. You are a most hospitable People, a highly enthusiastic People, a People much addicted to demonstrations of all kinds, especially to demonstrations complimentary to distinguished foreigners who do themselves the honour of paying you a visit. You glorify them and give them grand dinners, on which occasions your orators make the most eloquent speeches, in honour of your guests, on things in general.

You feasted Koscius some years ago, and the other day you feasted the Archduke of Austria. Apparently you don't much mind whom you feast, provided it is a celebrity. But pray don't go feasting Slidell and Mason.

We have narrowly escaped from being involved in a war because of a notion on the part of the Yankees that we sympathise with the South. It is advisable for us to abstain from any act which may tend to confirm that absurd but inavertent persuasion. They are as mad as sakes because the New York Herald is lying in your docks. If you ask Slidell and Mason to dinner, and drink their healths, and have them in your orators spotting and speakingifying, and extolling the British Lion, Yankee Doodle, who does not understand your enthusiastic hospitality, and his demonstrations, will assuredly regard your welcome of the Southern Commissioners as a declaration on the part of the people of England for the Confederate side. Invite those gentlemen to dine at your own houses if you like, but beware lest, by giving them what Continental editors call an "ovation," you cause all of your country-men to be hapless一次 Confederates with the Southern Confederacy. Be pleased, therefore, to deny yourselves on this occasion, for once, the gratification of feasting illustrious strangers, and oblige your obedient humble servant.

P.S. My advice to you is also my advice to Liverpool. N.B. Slidell and Mason can have little power to promote the commercial interests of Southampton.

ENDLESS RESOURCES.

Is that organ of parity and honour, the New York Herald, we will find the following promise to pay:—

"The storms may blow over, but it will leave a debt of abuse from England to be repaid hereafter by Americans."

We must say that "a debt of abuse" would be about the very last debt that America would be ever likely to repudiate. In fact, why need she be guilty of dishonesty, when the resources she has must always be considered as to be more than sufficient to meet every claim of that nature that might be made upon her? Were the entire World her customers in abuse, we have not the slightest doubt but that she would pay every one of the full. Thanks to its Press, it is the one source of wealth that America is never likely to be bankrupt in. When the hour of payment, as generously indicated above by the New York Herald, does arrive, we propose that in considera- tion of his superior efficiency in that department, Mr. Gordon Bennett be appointed pay-master. Only let him draw upon his imagination, and we will back him to repay any amount of abuse. He is so liberal in this respect, that it must have been a mistake on the part of Nature when she made him a Scotehman. The O'Donahoo might fairly claim him as a brother.
OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

RETAIN, my dear Punch, for fathers of large families and for kind old bachelor or infrequently the actual case, (may the bumps^

like to see a pantomime not alone to hear them themselves. I knew that certain solemn, staid and sober people, affect to fancy that our age is too enlightened for such pastimes, and that an evening with an Orrery or some stale Dissolving Views, or a nice long-ning lecture about Optics or Pneumatics, or the Divining-ball, is now far more to the taste of the rising generation than the frivolous and ministraneous pleasures of the stage. But I never shall believe that such can really be the case, while I see such happy faces every Christmas at the Theatre; and if ever meet a child (I have never met one yet) who will profess to hate a pantomime and the Divining-ball, I shall look upon that infant as a pitable object, or else a young impostor whom I should wish to pinch.

"There must be grown up children who retain a lingering remnant of their liking for a pantomime, as there are men who yet enjoy and a hot cross bun. Indeed, I can't help fancying their number is increasing, for every year the theatres are more and more attended for their pantomimes alone, and the largest is kept open solely by the profits of its pantomimic season. I suppose that it must be the grown-up children that the scenery each Christmas is more prominent and splendid, and every year the stage effects are made more highly spiced.

Children not grown up are by nature inexpensive and simple in their tastes, and a touch of the hot poker will more change an infant mind than any quantity of tinfoil, gas and glitter and red fire. Watch the house while a Gorgon Transformation Scene unfolds itself, and see the little look that pervades the younger faces, followed by the actual gape. But directly Cleo appears and floors and jumps upon old Pantaloons, the little eyes all sparkle, and the little hands are clapped, and the little lips are parted by the joyous little laugh.

Of all pieces of amusement there are few more fit for children than the Crystal Palace, and at Christmas it is made especially attractive to them, and this year more than ever such has been the case. That giant Christmas Tree alone is worth a trip to Sydenham, and every Parent family either cannot or won't afford the cost and care of having one in his own house ought to take his olive-branches to the Crystal Tree, and treat them to a fair share of its crystallised as well as its less edible, yet doubtless more nutritious, fruits. There is, besides, a Christmas Fair, so stocked with pretty playthings that fathers with full pockets are half tempted to infanticide, by loading their small children with more toys than they can carry, and buying them more shillingworths of sugarplums and sweeties than their young digestions are fitted to consume. Moreover the "Great Mackney" is there in its blacked face, to wrangle neger songs which would fill the flat without it; while the wondrous 'Perfect Cure' with its incessant foot-high jumps throughout a song that lasts five minutes, shows that lungs when helped by legs may make the worst of music popular. And then, as a climax, there's the 'pantomimic drama,' wherein Monsieur Blondin in the character of a monkey does such tricks as must delight all the 'young monkeys' who behold him, and may tempt them when at home to practise walking up the bannisters, or play at football with the baby, or take a lot of flying leaps from chair to chair across the drawing-room, in imitation of the acrobats when doing the trapeze.

ONE WHO CATS,

A PRETTY SITE FOR A KING.

M. Thourneau is again impressing upon Cardinal Antonelli the expediency of getting rid of Francis the Second. He wishes that dethroned monarch (or King of the Holy, as we might now call him) to take any place but Rome for his residence. Of course, if Borromello could have his choice, he would give the preference to Naples over every other capital. We think we can meet his wishes in this respect. At Burodon's Panorama, there is at present exhibiting a capital view of Naples. It is so like the real that the eldest Lazaroom would not be able to tell the difference. There is the Bay, Vesuvius, St. Angelo, everything complete. The contour locale is so charming that it is difficult to believe one is in Leicester Square. There is, also, a ship afloat, and the whole scene is set amidst a deep blue sky already up, and it could be hailed as quickly as a cab in case there was any necessity for immediate escape. Why then doesn't Francis take up his quarters at this Panorama? By this means, he could still live in Naples without being in the slightest danger. If he has any anxiety in his soul, he might easily cheat himself into the belief that he was the monarch of all he surveyed. We have no doubt that Mr. Burodon would allow him to live there rent free, if His Majesty would but consent to have himself advertised amongst the other attractions of the place.

Without a question, a live King would draw. It is not every day that one has a chance of seeing a monarch with so many claims to public admiration as young Boma! When Francis was getting a little stale, his wife might be thrown in to revivify the trade. She would appear in male costume, and every now and then smoke a cigar. All London would be sure to run after her. Care, however, should be taken that the Royal Lola Montez is not permitted to have a horse, and may offensive weapon in her hand. The public might fear to approach her playful Majesty as dutifully as they otherwise would.

We think the great sound sense of our proposition will recommend it to the notice of all politicians, as it very happily gets over an enormous difficulty. It removes Boma from Italy, and yet enables him to live once more in his own capital. However, as we should like his Majesty to be as comfortable as possible in his new quarters, we suggest that one little obstacle be instantly removed. In this same panorama, Garibaldi is the principal figure. Now, as it is clear that Francis would take immediately to his legs the moment he saw the shadow of the Saviour of Italy, the latter must be induced to retire from the mimic scene before the illusion can be made perfect in the eyes of the former. The two never could come to terms, and besides, Garibaldi has the red Naples to console himself with. We hope, therefore, soon to be able to announce the departure from Rome of the ex-King of Naples and smile, and their safe arrival at Burodon's Panorama, Leicester Square.

THE PAPAL PEDIGREE.

The Pope has been indulging in another of his usual profanities, things which make it necessary for the heads of Catholic families to be very careful in polishing his image down to the children and of the family to see. He has been comparing himself to David, and Louis Napoleon, the son of the Church, to Absalom, and reminding his audience that Absalom was slain hanging from a tree. But for sailing levity with revered history, we should say that judging by appearances, it is the Pope himself who is "up a tree" just now. But the Holy Father did not say, he only implied, that Absalom was not killed by the tree, but was assassinated, stabbed, by a blood-thirsty friend of David himself. Has Pope Pius blessed the danger of a Joan? Or has his Holiness sent out so many assassins into his own dominions that he has no more to spare. Truly this Evil old man must come of the blood of the Borgias.

A Masonic Ditty.

Sing high diddle diddle,
The Colleague of Siddell,
Released from the Stone Jug, or bason,
And by England received,
May now he believed.

"A Free, and an accepted Mason."

N.B. Mr. Punch would have liked to make this last line better, but the false accent is dear to the Craft.

A STATIONARY CORPS.

We hear of a constitutional force in Canada entitled the Sedentary Militia. Were it composed of rasely Roundies instead of gallant Canadians, we would propose that the Sedentary Militiamen should receive the name of "The Squatters."
THE BATTUE.

Smell Keeper (to party unsculled). "Now, I wants a couple o' Lords, pourad—a couple o' Lords on the right, and a couple o' Lords on the left! (Turning to humble Commoners in Knickerbockers and Zouave gaiters.) You try the high stuff with the Beatles, and take your chance of a Hare Kick."

WHAT WE OWE TO WILKES.

We hope, when Parliament meets, that it will pass a vote of thanks to brave old Captain Wilkes, for his gallant and undismayed seizure of the Trent, and heroic capture of two unresisting "rebels." But for this bold exploit we really should have passed a very dreary winter. There is generally a dearth of news in the dull season, and this year would have formed no exception to the rule, had not the brave Wilkes come and seen and conquered as he nobly did. He has gained the thanks of his own country, it is true, and has been speedily and feasted doubtless to his heart's content. But something surely might be done to testify our thanks, for his having given us a most prolific topic for daily conversation. Would he like a statue? or a spitoon? or a whistling knife? or, as he seems expert in blowing his own trumpet, shall we invite him over here to our next Brass Band Concert, and salute him upon entering with "See the Conquering Hero Comes?" The Captain certainly has not a small amount of brass about him, and as he has proved himself a man of metal, a contest of this kind would be doubtless to his taste. His aim throughout has been to make a noise in the world, the same as other trumpeters, and in this he has in some degree succeeded, though the noise which he has made has been a rather empty sound. Still, as we have said, something must be done for him to testify our thanks; and meanwhile, until the right thing is suggested, we beg leave to present him with the Freedom of the Punch Office—that is to say, we shall make free to poke our weekly fun at him as long as we think fit.

Extravagance of the Law.

Loud has been the public outcry against the shameful waste of money in a still-pending lunacy case. However, great as the outlay undoubtedly has been, it must appear comparatively small to a Judge, who, unaided, and with his own single hand, successfully managed in a very short space of time to run through his Ten Thousand a Year!

FIGHTS TO COME.

(From the "Belligerent Life.")

Great excitement prevails in the magnanimous world at this moment on account of the expected fight between Toceurora, the Northern pet, and the Southern Dodger, Nashville. It may be remembered that Nashville met Harvey Birch some short time ago and entirely demolished him after a round or two. Harvey Birch went down, having received "a hot one," which knocked him out of time. Nashville was much the stronger party, and came off without a scratch. Toceurora promises to be a very different customer to Harvey Birch, and is superior in science, and power of hitting to Nashville; but please go a great way, and the Southern Dodger does not appear down on its luck. We hear that Swater, the American Slasher, is on his way to Southampton to challenge Toceurora should Nashville get the worst of it in the anticipated encounter. The police are on the alert, and may perhaps put the kibosh on this little affair.

NEEDED TROUBLE.

"The singers composing the Lyddington and Llandovery harmonists shall be entertained to dinner and tea at the Rev. W. Williams's residence at Tyddyn, on New Year's Day. We recommend our English friends not to attempt to read this paragraph aloud."—Sweeney Advertiser.

The Oswestry Advertiser is a very nice paper, and its recommendations are, we are sure, offered in the kindest spirit. But we beg to assure our friend that we have not the slightest intention of reading the above paragraph aloud. We are tired of the Du Chaillu controversy, and do not wish to bother our friends with any more information about the Gorilla countries, two of which we suppose the above-named places to be. The Rev. W. Williams's zoological investigations, and kindness to the creatures in question, however, deserve all praise, and we suppose that a paper by him will be read at the next meeting of the Regent's Park Society.
THE PRECIPICE.

"Thence, John! He says he is very sorry, and that he didn't mean to do it--so you can put this back into--"

NAUGHTY JONATHAN.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—JANUARY 18, 1863.
GEMS FROM THE WEST.

Everything being now serene in the American direction, Mr. Punch propounded a small plate of excited misrepresentations of an admirer of a good many American institutions. And in the first place he begins to signify his entire admiration of the kindness of the trans-Atlantic journals in forwarding the private views of citizens and citizensesses. Our papers are mercenary and hostile, but we must say that when an admirer of a gentleman, who can put his advertisements into a decently decorous and tradesmanly form, can advertise as much and as long as he likes. But affairs of the heart are treated with much harshness; and any advertisement that might be called a Gusher, would almost certainly be rejected by the clergymen. But under the softer skies of America the clerks are gentler. Here is a little list of advertisements which Mr. Punch cuts from a New York paper sent him by Lord Lytton:—

EDWIN.—MEET ANNIE WITH THE HUNDRED CURLS at 214, Wooster Street, between this and Tuesday.

If the young lady dressed in black silk dress, heavy black cloak, black velvet hat, walking with young lady wearing stone coloured dress, also with gentlemen, and who particularly recognized a gentleman corner of Broadway and Eleventh Street, who afterwards passed at New York Hotel and there stopped, would favour the said gentleman with an acquaintance, address Tom Fenelon, Union Square Post-office, stating when and where.

Julia D. F. CAN OBTAIN HER PORTMANNIA, which she dropped in a Fourth Avenue omnibus on Saturday evening, by addressing a line to Charlie, station D, Post-office.

Lieutenant—To-day, at 4, in Amity Street.

Please call for a letter at the office. Do not be discouraged. Hope for the best.

Sally.—You will find a letter for you in the Broadway post office, addressed as above.

The lady who walked down Broadway in company with a gentleman, last Friday night about 7 o'clock, and who passed near Houston Street the gentleman whom she saw last Monday a week ago, about 6 o'clock, while stopping before Ball, Black & Co.'s store, would greatly oblige that gentleman by granting him an interview through Persuasals.

Charley M.

The Lady who crossed the Ferry yesterday afternoon about 1 o'clock, from Jersey City, wearing a black plaid bonnet, trimmed with a green and black feather; brown cloth bodice, plume black silk dress, trimmed with two rows of red velvet, in carrying a mink muff in her hand, allow the gentleman who sat almost opposite to her in a Broadway and Fourth Avenue stage, and then passed her again on the side walk on Fourth Avenue, between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth streets, the pleasure of her acquaintance. If so, address Henry Arnold, Union Square, post-office.

V. T. F. LA CROSSE,—YOUR BEAUTIFUL LITTLE THOUGHT came, so fine, so valuable now. “Meeting” N. K. Y. is good policy. Don't think I forget. Here and yonder.

Zaidee.

Will the lady who yesterday shook hands with the gentleman in Grand Street, near Broadway, kindly grant him an address and interview. Address California, box 144 Herald office.

Wynona.—Pale face will be prompt. Seven o'clock, Sunday.

Why did not maroon colored dress meet me to-day? Meet me on Monday, same time and place, without fail.

Hudson River Railroad, Friday.

A young man, 24 years of age, well off, owns a large farm, clear of debt, wants to marry some young lady who is well educated, virtuous, handsome, and voluptuous in form, and not over 20. Address Harless S. Wilson, Dover, Morris county, New Jersey.

A young gentleman with a warm heart and comfortable independence, wishes to become acquainted with a young lady not over eighteen, with a view to matrimony; a sweet face, cheerful heart, and a small figure, are desirable. The advertiser is considered handsome, and is full of life and fun. Address Maxwell, Herald Office.

A captain in the army is desirous of corresponding with a lady of refinement and education, with the view of forming an acquaintance with her, which, should he survive the war, might lead to a happy union. He would request a carta de visita of the correspondent to be enclosed, which will be returned by mail, and, with compliment, keep strictly private, upon his honour. Address Capt. Batchelor, Newport, Va.

A widow, called desirable, possessing means, would like to correspond with a middle-aged or elderly gentleman comfortably situated, with a view to matrimony. Address Stranger, Station D, Bible House Post Office.

Matrimony.—Persons of either sex wishing to acquire the art of physiognomic fascination, enabling them to win the affections of anyone they wish to marry, can do so by enclosing a stamped envelope to T. Williams & Co., Publishers, Box 2,900 Post-Office, Philadelphia.

This last is a clinker, and applies to all the advertisers. Can we not shame our own cold press into something more like heart? Suppose our American friend, the Star, sets the example, and opens a column to this sort of thing. We will be a frequent contributor.

WHERE SUCH THINGS ARE BOUGHT.

E acknowledge that the Gorgon Portrait Sell is not a bad one; but nearer than the Sell was the classical reply of one of Mr. Punch's Young Men, to whom a stranger offered the Portrait. Putting it aside, unopened, and smiling with lofty superiority, Mr. Punch's Young Man said:—"No Lisa in Arcadia."—"I, too, have been in the Lowther Arcade!"

Laudatur ab Hiss.

There has been a row at the Odéon in Paris, which row, being led by the friends of the Old Pope, may be called an O.P. row. It seems eminently ridiculous. M. Edmond About writes a play, called Guettasmi, and because M. About has elsewhere written against Rome, a cabal condemns his drama, without hearing it. This is a small revenge by the priest-party, but the Master of France has had an opportunity of comprehending what the clerical faction would do if it dared. It is a great comfort, and a safeguard for mankind, that priests can seldom keep their tempers long, and that they begin barking before they can bite. We doubt whether the Odéon has done much for the Vatican—meanwhile we will do the Pope's work, and canonise M. About as Edmond the Confessor and Martyr.

Work for Penwomen.

The possibility of successfully employing young ladies in situations which have hitherto been monopolised by young men, has been much canvassed lately. There seems to be no sufficient reason why girls should not be eligible to undertake the occupation of hankers' clerks, albeit at present many of them perhaps understand a cheque to mean a pattern. Would they do as well for solicitors' copying clerks? We don't see why they should not, with proper instruction, which might possibly induce them to use penknife enough to draw out a dead coffin, and when they had fairly filled one skin to take another, and go on writing thereupon, instead of making the sheet already engrossed twelve times over, by the expedient of "crossing" it.

A Matter of Time.

Care, we are told, killed the Cat. "The Society for the Abolition of Flogging in the Army and Navy" should take comfort from the above fact. Let them but persevere in their good endeavours, and, with Care, they may, also, succeed in killing the Cat.
A ROAR FROM JOHN BULL.

I am a Bull, a quiet Bull;
Wish not to quarrel any more:
No lambkin sulder walks in wool;
Until provoked, I never gore:
And that's just why, when forced to fight,
To push and toss I do not cease,
With all my soul and strength and might,
Until I re-establish peace.

A Bull I am besieg'd with brutes,
Wolves, bears, and tigers, beasts of prey,
I wish they'd mind their own pursuits,
And not keep getting in my way.
My aim is ever to stand clear
Of all concerns with their affairs;
But not a bit I'll yield, for fear
Of any tigers, wolves, or bears.

Those Yankees, when they knew that I
Don't like it, oh! how could they be
Such stupid creatures as to try
To injure and impose on me?
They've seen what I can bear, and spend,
Aggressive insolence to stem,
War I should rae; but, in the end,
'Twould be a great deal worse for them.

Would aliens only not molest!
Me, and each other here alone,
No more for self-defence assessed
Should I beneath taxation groan;
On this or that, or other side,
Some neighbour always encircled by,
Armed to the teeth I'm forced to hide;
Oh, what an ill-used Bull am I!

The American Complaint.

We read that the New York Banks have suspended cash payments. Coin is becoming so scarce that Barnum is about to advertise "A DOLLAR ON VIEW!" at his Museum. Poor America never was in such a fearfully low state, and, with her credit and constitution shaken as they are, we are sorely puzzled to know however she will get over this terrible attack of cash-dollars?

PREACHING AND PLAYING.

"Sir," A Correspondent of the Times, under the signature of 'An English Churchman,' complains that the Bishop of Rochester's test for ascertaining the ability of clergymen to read, is inadequate. The bishop requires candidates for ordination to produce certificates of the sufficiency of their voice from their parish priest, or some personal friend, and to stand a trial of their audible powers in a church, by a reverend examiner appointed by the primate himself for that purpose. The success of this plan is intimated by the 'English Churchman' to be small.

"If the Bishop of Rochester, and his brethren in law, were astonished to patronise the drama as much as they might, considering the highly respectable and moral character which it now bears, they would see how the voice of a young actor, if inaudible, very soon gets raised to the required pitch; Cries of 'Speak up!' resounding from both the upper and lower regions of the house generally produce an immediate rise of tone. The would-be performer soon learns how to render the remotest unnoticeable, or perceives the necessity of retiring from the stage. Now, could not the stage be used as a school for the pulpit? We do sometimes observe ability in the pulpit which would have made a fortune on the stage?"

"I don't mean, Mr. Peach, to propose that young clergymen should, as a condition to ordination, be required to go through a series of representations of such performances as Pernoing the Tables, High Life Below Stairs, or Box and Cox, as these are indulged with a connivance, perhaps rather too broad, to be consistent with the decorum expected of a candidate for orders, though they would serve admirably to train up a youth intended for the Tebermacle in the way he should preach, or lecture on Shrews and the Gordia. Nor do I even suggest Macbeth or Othello, or Richard III; though the bishops surely might think Hamlet. But why not let the practice parousy practise elocution in the performance of mysteries and miracle-plays, which some of your young men might write as well as any of Cardinal Wiseman's, who dramatized his Faustode for him—unless he did it himself. Let us have a new clerical playhouse, built, if necessary, in one of the mediæval styles of architecture, to be called 'The Bishops' or 'The Bishops' Theatre,' and further styled 'Theatre Episcopal.' This might be a High Church Theatre; the opposite party might give their series of serious performances in Exeter Hall; the one taken at the doors might, after defraying the necessary expenses, go to purposes of Church Extension; High Church Extension on the one hand, and Low Church Extension on the other; whilst the Broad Church likewise might open a House of its own, and, raise funds with a view to Broad Church Extension. Each House might play its own peculiar class of pieces, and, contemporary dramatic talent failing to yield a suitable supply, they might all at any time fall back upon the Sacred Drama of Mrs. Hannah More.

"One important advantage of the establishment of clerical theatres would be, that they would afford employment in the capacities of walking reverend gentlemen, supernumeraries, and scene-shifters, to those necessary clergymen now out of work, for whom the Church can find nothing better to do, and cannot afford the out-door relief; it might as well provide them with theatrical engagements at any rate as leave them to starve. What would the spiritual peers say just now to a Serious Passionate, in which poor young Curates might appear as Clowm and Harlequin, their wives as Columbine, and aged and decrepit clergymen as Pantaloons? That the idea is absurd! Not so absurd, Mr. Peach, as the starvation of clergymen amidst ecclesiastical plenty. Such at least is the opinion of your constant subscriber and devoted admirer."

"Great DJs."

"P.S. A sort of clerical dramatic entertainment is now in course of performance in the Court of Archery. I allude to the farce of Sarae e. Williams, which secures rather likely to have a run."

MOTTO FOR A ROPE-WALKER.

"Pars coronal opus.
or Scottish, to speak by the Caledonian card. The perusal of the subjoined extracts from the Professor's discourse will suggest the question, since he delivered it after dinner, How much todidy had Blackie had? This is such spirit in its very commencement; Blackie is opening with a flourish of bagpipes—

"Professor Blackie, who on rising was warmly received, said it gave him great pleasure to be allowed to speak on the subject of Scottish nationality in what he held to be the capital of Scotland, so far at least as Scottish life and national feeling were concerned. He did not speak merely as a fluing, bluing, smoking Scotch patriot, but as a thinker, and as a philosopher; and whatever the Cockerneys might say against Scotland, they did not and could not deny that one Scotchman had much thinking and speculation in his noodle as twenty or a hundred Englishmen."

So Professor Blackie by his own account speaks as a thinker and a philosopher, and as a fluing, bluing, smoking Scotch patriot too. Shall we say that he confutes his countryman Macbeth, who asserts that no man can be temperate and furious in a moment? Well, the temperance is doubtful. The patriot must have been drinking as well as smoking. The Professor was nue foe, certainly, use foe, but surely had just a drappie in his ce when he propounded the above comparative estimate of Scottish and English brains. In the ensuing passage, conceived in the same potent spirit, there is a certain wild ness, sorcerery, that reminds one of the mist, of the sky, of the vision, through which the lecturer, under circumstances of moonshine, would have been able to ken the horn of the moon, or rather perhaps the horns of the moons:

"He did not see any advantage at all, either for practical use, or as a principle on which the whole was to be constituted, of having all men alike—of inventing Irishmen and Scotchmen into Englishmen—that the Cockney brain, capable of only paltry ideas, should find nothing to dispute in his absolute dispersion, or trouble his small circles of conception out and beyond itself."

The obscurity of the concluding sentence relative to the Cockney brain might be thought due to a drappie which had just a wee obscurated the ce, at any rate of the main.

Professor Blackie perhaps was inadequately reported by the paper from which we quote him. Surely he lectured in his mother tongue, and did not bark or yelp like one of the "Englishified puppies" denounced hereunder—

"He did not know what the young gentlemen in Glasgow thought of themselves, but he knew there were many in Edinburgh, who, like the editor of the Covenant, were 'Englishified' puppies—they had no Scottish ideas, and knew nothing of the Scottish language; even the servand girls were now forgetting to speak Scottich."

According to Blackie, Scotland has a language of her own, second to no other of the Germanic tongues—

"The Scotch dialect was one that had its own characteristics, its own distinctly marked peculiarities, its own capacities, and its own beauties, as much as the Doric language in which Purcell wrote, as distinguished from the dialect in which Hoghton wrote."

The language in which Shakespeare wrote was not that wherein he ought to have lived; it has been far more strongly above alluded to, Macbeth, of course, should have been composed in broad Scotch. Could Professor Blackie recite that work in the national mould? It may, however, be respectfully questioned whether broad Scotch, fine as it may be, is very much finer than broad Hampshire. The clowns of North and South Britain may, in respect of speech, be considered to stand at opposite extremes of latitude.

The sample of eloquence is rather in the style of a New York stump-orator than in that of one of Her Majesty's subjects—

"He always called himself a Scot, and not an Englishman, while abroad. On the Continent, the English had such a fine, polished character, talker from their pride, formality, insolence, and conceit—he appealed to any gentleman who knew anything of the Deil—that it was true or not, beyond his understanding. He knew they had such a bad character, and were so much hated, that he always found that he had got the right hand of his host when he said: 'I am a Scot—countryman of Burns and Washington.'"

Although Professor Blackie says that—

"The practical tendency of his lecture was to show that they ought to encourage young men at school, college, and elsewhere, to grow up as Scotchmen, in pride and joy as Scotchmen—glorying with an intelligent joy as Scotchmen—"

he reduces the Scot to a level below that at which he was estimated by Dr. Johnson, or is classed by that special object of the Professor's admiration, Mr. Buckle. Lord Cromeodo only ascribed tails to Scotchmen, in common, as all mankind. See what Professor Blackie says of that race to which he glorifies in belonging:—

"He had found eight points in which, so far as he could discern, the peculiarity of the animal Scotian Scotorum consisted. These were:—the Scot was essentially a woman, who came after this grievous inundation, as it were, a ficken animal, and philosophical animal; the Scotchman 4th, a practical and utilitarian animal; 5th, a sure and a just animal; 6th, he was an earnest, serious, devout, and religious animal; 7th, a fervent impassioned animal; 8th, a Scotchman—Scotorum, and 9th, a Scotchman, an impassioned animal."—thus was he a jolly, happy animal, and not the grim kind of creature made of iron that Mr. Buckle seemed to think."

So, after all, the Scot is an animal: a religious animal, for one thing. Well, certainly it may be said that Calvism was the religion of a brute. What kind of animal is the Scot? A despicable Cockney might be urged to reply to that, if Professor Blackie is a specimen of the breed, the Scot is an animal ordained by nature to graze on the prickly herbage of the Land of Thistles.

O UR DEAR BROTHER JONATHAN.

This delightful ebullition of fervent brotherly love has most fittingly appeared in a Philadelphia paper:

"It may be, in view of all these grave considerations and the sad necessities of the case, that, in order to avoid a war which could only end in our disadvantage, the Administration may be compelled to concede the demands of England, and perhaps declare war. We are now, or may be, in a state of war, yet not only to ourselves but our children's children. If we are in a state of war, we are one, and must act as one."

"Greedily, insolently, and cowardly, these are nice fraternal terms; and what a truly loving spirit is evinced by swearing "fearful vengeance" upon the "assassins," and handing to posterity the keeping of the oath! No whit less affectionate is the feeling of war—

"If we do concede the demands of England, however, it will only be because we cannot prevent this rebellion, as a duty we owe to mankind. It will be because we prefer to master the great evil, and do not wish to be disallowed from our duty by an international and comparatively unimportant quarrel; it will be because we prefer national salvation at the sacrifice of any feeling of national pride. It will be a great act of self-denial. But when we come from this rebellion it will be with a magnificent army, educated and organized, and with the sense of this wrong weighing upon us. It will be with a navy competent to meet any navy upon the globe. It will be for us then to remember how England was our enemy in the day of our misfortune, and to make that recompense a dark and fearful page of her history, and an eternal memory in our own."

That these are the opinions of most people in America on this side the Atlantic will believe. But that there are roughs and rowdies in the States, who as they have nothing they can lose by war, will be for us to remember how England was our enemy in the day of our misfortune, and to make that recompense a dark and fearful page of her history, and an eternal memory in our own.

One of the Compliments of the Season.

"I've been turning my thoughts hourly a great deal lately," said an M.P., notorious for his virtiliousity, to his friend, who inquired how he was doing, "and my dear fellow, I'll never do to gaze on vacancy in that way."
THE LESSON.

Disgusted Instructor of Pilgrims, "There you go again! "Stick out your Toes like a Infantry Habituant!"

THE TWO CASES.

"Dear Mr. Punch,

I wish that you would use your influence with the daily newspapers, and ask them not to go on printing those awfully long reports of the Two Trials. Day after day come in parallel (is that the right word?) columns, reports upon reports of the disagreeable nonsense until one is perfectly confused and bewildered; and when I send away my paper, I really do not know whether Mr. Windham is trying to prove that the Bishop of Salisbury is cracked, or the Reverend Rowland Williams wants to look up Sir Hugh Cairns, or Mr. Samuel Warren is not fit to have the spending of Ten Thousand a Year. I don't want to know anything about either case; but when they both come together, it is downright aggravating. I submit the report of the united case as it is at present pestering my memory, and beg that you will exert yourself to stop what is really dazzling me dizzy.

Yours most affectionately,

Haymarket Theatre, 

Dundreary.

"THE WINDHAM-WILLIAMS CASE.

"This is the Office of the Master into which people will come and promoting him to be something else, if he will come out of the Arches under Waterloo Bridge and speak to the Bishop of Salisbury about driving railway-engines through the thirty-nine Articles. The case is very objectionable, and Mr. Williams is not Williams of Kars, though General Windham fought with the Russians. So long as a clergyman takes the money of the Church, he has no business to black his face and sing Old Bob Ridley, and neither Ridley nor Latimer would approve his conduct, but would refer him to Burney. Also he ought not to laugh in a foolish manner, like a natural, which is precluding in a non-natural sense, and if he goes to a Review, whether Prussian or not, he ought to respect the bishop's Charges. The Council of Nice had nothing to do with it any more than Louis Napoleon, in fact there is nothing nice in the business, and there is no proof that if he was an Elan boy he was a drunken man. Anybody may eat eggs, and if he eats nineteen, the Church does not object to fast-days, and St. Cyprian lays down no rules as to the company he is to keep, but Lewellyn is a Welsh name and so is Williams, though Mr. Fitzjames may not be the knight of Snowdon. There is nothing in the Articles to prevent a clergyman giving thirty-nine articles of jewellery to his wife, if he can pay for them, though it might be held evidence of not having his brain set clear, and Lord Claude Hamilton was quite right in telling him to go to bed, and might as well set the example the next time he himself is tempted to speak in the House. There is no proof that Dr. Williams ever rode in the guard's van, though he is in the van of theological reformers, and, if he likes the African savages, was not St. Oliver born in Africa? As for the Kirk of Scotland, that had nothing to do with it, and if he bought cigars at Kirk's they were very good ones, and it is not excess to smoke a dozen a day if he takes plenty of exercise and the headle does not smell tobacco, but he ought not to shout and send Valentines, though St. Valentine is in the Anglican list of saints. On the whole, therefore, Dr. Lushington ought to declare General Windham duly elected and Sir George Armitage ought to depose the Bishop of Salisbury and everybody pay his own costs, with liberty to speak to the prosecutor and turn it into a special verdict without prejudice to the Asylum for Idiots or the Court of Arches."

French Polish.

The Emperor, who had been thought to have designs of fighting Switzerland, is said to have used on New Year's Day some particularly civil and reassuring words to the Swiss representative. Dr. Kern. They might have been reassuring, but we are blest if they were very civil. His Majesty, who is a great Shakespearean, simply smiled, and quoted Macduff: "I cannot strike at wretched Kernes."

Brutus Bull to the Blacks.-" Not that I love Caesar less, but that I love England more "— eh, you see dat, darkey?

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THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY

Offices—No. 30, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—January 25, 1862.

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PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—January 25, 1862.
THE CRACKER BON-BON.

Two Little Steeples (with one voice). "I know I shall Scream—I'm sure I shall!"

SALISBURY AND JEROBOAM.

Our excellent friend, Mr. ROEBUCK, has been getting into strange company. He, John Arthur, the Radical, ex box-O'KEAN (as Mr. COX means to say when he has learned Greek), has been delivering an address at Salisbury on popular education, and has given it in the presence of divers clergymen, and among them the Bishop of Salisbury, anxious of the Church upon the Essays and Reviews. Mr. Punch has nothing particular to say about the address generally, except it was sensible and practical. We leave him to settle with the men in the north the question of the necessity of the following sketch of the life of a skilled mechanist there:—

"How is the life of a man in the north passed who earns wages of a high character? He gets up in the morning and goes to work. He comes home, and the first thing he usually does is to swear at his wife. Perhaps he beats his children, and then he goes out to his dog. His whole life is passed in more sensual enjoyment—gutting drunk is his chief business in life, and when he has got drunk, his next business is to get sober. Now that is man's life, and I ask you to compare that life with the life of an educated man."

Let us hear what the men of the north say to that. If it be false it should be contradicted; and if, true, the northerners ought to be very much ashamed of themselves. But what Mr. Punch does want to advert to is this. Mr. ROEBUCK was insisting upon the necessity of teaching the children of the poor in a practical manner, of calling their attention to the productions of nature, and the things around them, instead of cramming their heads with ancient history, and dates, and all that sort of scholarship. And he said:—

"It is the habit of very well-intended people to go into a school and say, 'Well, what shall we teach these children? We will teach them the events of past ages. Pretty nearly the first thing they say is, 'Don't you think this child John Brown should learn who were the Kings of France and Jack?' By dint of driving hard, they teach the child the order in which Jeroboam comes, and who succeeded him; but what earthly good is it to him?"

He then told a story of a friend of Dr. ARNOTT, who—

"Felt it his business to exercise the mind of the children, and one morning he called all the boys and girls together, and said, 'I want every one of you to take a skate, and on Monday morning to bring me an account of all the four-legged animals on the farm.' On Saturday my friend walked through the village, and saw the little fellows sitting before the door, with their eyes cocked up, and thinking of cows, horses, and sheep; and not only that, but it spread through the household, and all the fathers and mothers in the village were up in arms, wondering how many four-legged things there were on the farm. (Laughter.) A prize was given to the cleverest boy, who gave the greatest number. Now that is exactly what the people now-a-days don't do. They talk of Jeroboam or Jehoshaphat, but who cares about Jehoshaphat or Jeroboam? (Laughter.) They have not only long passed away, but they have left no trace of their existence behind. To tell me how many four-legged animals there are on the farm is a thing all can understand, and will go clearly to exercise the mind of the children."

AN AMERICAN PAPAL. A Tiny bit of American news, just published, is this:—

"Three British statesmen who had been captured for a breach of morality, had been refused to take an oath that they would never enter into an engagement to perform a similar proceeding. Mr. SEWARD absolves them from their oath."

The absolution must be a great comfort to Jack, whose conscience upon the subject of swearing is known to be excessively tender. But the more interesting point is the new function assumed by the American Minister. It seems that he has the power of granting absolution from oaths. This is satisfactory, because when the compromise with the South has to be arranged, Mr. SEWARD, as a bishop, would be able to absolve them from an oath, can surely release them from disputed allegiance. The announcement shows that the Dollar is not the only supernatural authority in America.

Enough to Ruin any Place.

We read that Torpo del Greco is, in consequence of Vesuvius hotly contesting the city, nothing better than a mass of ruins. It would seem that in Italy, as in England, whenever there is a rotten borough, there is sure to be a Torp at the bottom of it!

STONE-BLIND.—We suppose that an old hunter may be said to be stone-blind, when the poor beast has got what is called a 'full-eye.'

THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY followed Mr. ROEBUCK, complimented him for his 'truthfulness,' and thanked him heartily.

Do you hear that, Dr. ROWLAND WILLIAMS? Do you hear that, Record? Do you hear that, Christian Observer, new series? This novel bishop, who is firing into an unfortunate part of who cannot help himself, actually sat still and heard Jeroboam and Jehoshaphat spoken slightly of by a Member of Parliament? Why didn't the bishop stand up for Jeroboam, before the ARCHEEOUS HONEY, as he does, per Dr. PHILIPMORE, before Dr. LUSITCHING? When the people laughed at Jeroboam, why did not the bishop give it 'em, hot and bold? "Who cares about Jeroboam?" said Mr. ROEBUCK. Was it not the bishop's business to jump up and protest against the son of Nebat being spoken of in that manner, as if he were only a Capt. or an ALEER? What is right before the Court of Arches is right in the Salisbury Assembly Rooms, and vice versa, and we shall feel much less satisfied with the Record than we like to be, if it does not call upon the bishop for an explanation. No wonder that after such courtesy Mr. ROEBUCK said:—

"There was a dash, I thought, in your lordship's speech which implied I had wished to convey something like进来 upon a body I very much honour—namely, the reversal class to which I belong. I think this country is greatly indebted to the Church of England for her attempt to educate the people. I am well known—and nobody knows it better than our lordship—to be what is called a Radical; but still I have that feeling in my own mind which induces me to admire and heartily thank those reverend gentlemen who have striven in the great cause which I have honestly advocated to-night. (Cheers.) I beg your lordship to believe that there is no body of men for whom I have a more hearty and a more complete respect and admiration than the class to which your lordship belongs." (Cheers.)

All very fine, but what the bishop ought to have gone in for was justice to Jeroboam.

One of the Great Objects of Travelling is bringing about it afterwards, and boring all your friends with prose-fact-loaded accounts of your wonderful ascents and hair-breadth perils and miraculous escapes. If it pays the members of the club, called the 'Travellers,' they are incessantly talking about their travels, what a superlative set of colossal boxes they must be, to be sure! By the bye, now that we think of it, "The Travellers' Club," strictly speaking, is an Aiken-stock.

HISTORICAL FICTIONS.

Sir Archibald Alison, in his Life of Castlereagh, has made the old blunder of placing among the attendants at the DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S funeral, "PEREGRINE PICKLE." The kagem phrase is not strange in an historian whose wild statements savour of Roderick Random.
SLIGHT ON A SOVEREIGN PEOPLE.

Our ally the Emperor of the French—he has deserved that name—will probably come in for some of that vituperation on the part of the Yankee press, of which the lion's share has hitherto fallen to the British Lion. What abuse will the newspapers of the United States not heap upon the head of his Imperial Majesty in commenting on the circumstances thus recorded in the Post?

"It appears that Mr. Dayton, the American Minister at Paris, sent in a list of some twenty to thirty American citizens for presentation at the Tuileries on New Year's Day. The representative of the United States thereupon received a note from M. Thouvenel, Minister of Foreign Affairs, requesting to know what was the rank and social position of the gentlemen and ladies who deserved the honor of being presented to their Imperial Majesties."

Such a question might be excused on the supposition that it proceeded from invincible ignorance. Their Imperial Majesties and M. Thouvenel may be conceived not to have known that every American citizen is the freeman of a Sovereign State, and thus a member of a Royal family, indeed a Sovereign in his own person; consequently the equal of any crowned head in Europe. This information might have been imparted to the minister in answer to his unnecessary question. But, continues the writer above quoted:—

"I believe I am correct in saying that Mr. Dayton simply replied that the persons for whose presentation he had applied were ladies and gentlemen who would be received by the President of the United States. It resulted that no Americans were presented at all at the reception in question. I believe that the presence at Court of persons of American origin would scarcely presentable in any society, was the cause of M. Thouvenel's note to Mr. Dayton."

The effect of this intelligence on the American public will be that of profound sensation. The organs of popular opinion will furiously declare that France must be whipped. They will threaten her with sending a square mile of men to invade and overrun Algeria, and another million to sack Paris and rape the exclusive Tuileries. They will menace the everlasting blockade of French ports with sunken ships, laden with galleys. As if every American citizen were not presentable in any society! Jerusalem! The sermons of the insulted Bird of Freedom will probably be terrible, and we shall see how much they will frighten the French Eagle.

LENITY PROPERLY REBUKED.

A Telegram from Naples states that the Bu-grund Chief, Chiafone,

"Has been deprived by the Bourbon Committee of the command of the brigades, for having disobeyed instructions by shooting prisoners."

Telegrams are usually incomplete, but we understand that this meretricious manner of murdering the prisoners has given great offence at the Vatican, and that the successor to Chiafone has imperative instructions either to burn his epistles, or to put them to death gradually, in the Chinesè fashion. As the Pope justly remarks, these are not times for sentimental mercy to the enemies of the Church."
PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

INSANITY IN THE FEDERAL CAMP.

In an article in the London Charivari, a gentleman propounds the following argument:—

"General McClellan is slowly recovering from an attack of fever of a mild typhoid type, which has been treated homoeopathically, and was probably much exaggerated in consequence. General Marcy, his father-in-law, and other members of his family, have also been undergoing homoeopathic treatment and an attack of some other illness, from which he is getting better, but neither is fit at present to direct operations."

So we should think. Anybody capable of submitting himself to homoeopathic treatment must be far too weak to direct military operations, or do anything else the performance of which requires strength of body. General McClellan and General Marcy have been "undergoing homoeopathy," they will never be strong enough for their situations. It will be all gone goose with the Federal cause unless such geese as they must be are sent about their business; which might be that of carrying placards for Barnum instead of hoisting the star-spangled banner.

What, then, do we discern in the statement above quoted to warrant the admission that there is anything but humbug in the homoeopathic system? Why, Mr. Russell suggests that McClellan’s fever was aggravated by homoeopathic treatment. That treatment, we presume, consisted in the administration of infinitesimal globules. That these globules are capable of making a patient worse, is the opinion of Mr. Russell. If they are, then they can produce some kind of effect; whereas we always believed that they could have none whatever. We still think it most likely that homoeopathy allowed the fever of Young Napoleon to run its course. If, however, homoeopathic doses really do exert the action which they are supposed by Mr. Russell, to have exerted in the case of General McClellan, he has good reason for calling homoeopathy a disease, that is to say, a cause of disease, as he does when he says that General Marcy had been undergoing that and some other illness. The other illness we conceive to have been mental derangement.

EXPOSING A LAZY MINISTER.

Mr. Punch, who likes to see people grateful (a liking not often indulged in this objectionable world), received from Earl (late Lord John) Russell a letter which was so nicely and properly expressed, that Mr. Punch perused it with satisfaction, and had almost made up his mind to ask John to dinner. But, looking into the Monthly Telegraph, he perceives that the Earl has been using the letter again, in writing to Haifax, or some such place, about some address or other, and this is a liberty which Mr. Punch has no idea of allowing to pass unreproved. He will therefore not ask John to dinner, and he prints the epistle in order to prevent its being used any more:

"Sir, "I have to acknowledge the receipt of your number of the 16th instant, expressing your cordial approval of the prompt and energetic measures taken by Her Majesty’s Government to protect the honour of the British flag. It is a great satisfaction to my colleagues and to myself to receive so flattering an expression of approval of the course which we have felt it our duty to take on this occasion; and I beg you to have the goodness to return our thanks to all your contributors, and to assure them how highly Her Majesty’s Government appreciate the generous support which they have tendered us at the present crisis. "I am, &c., 
(Signed) "Russell."

Different Views at Different Times.

Much as we may have hated a man before, it is very strange what a very different view we take of him the moment we are going to ask a favour of him!

Friendly Advice to the Pope.—"Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once."
THE RISING GENERATION.

Small Boy. "Going to the Pantomime, Clara, this afternoon?"

Clara. "A—No—I'm at home—and have a Kettlecharged at three o'clock!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mrs. Bobbins has arrived in town, and is residing at the Green Pig Hotel, Borough, until she can suit herself with a housemaid.

We are authorised to contradict the rumour that Mr. Glueg, of Storrall, has met with a serious accident. He merely fell over the door-mat and dislocated his spectacles.

The difficulties which arose between Mr. and Mrs. Chinaster, of Poppins Court, originating, we understand, in the residence of the Dowager Mrs. Chinaster in the house of her son, have been removed by the temporary removal of the latter lady to Brixton, at the suggestion of Mr. Arnold.

Mr. Munkey has refused the part of Jack Gizzard in the new piece, The Bladder of Lard.

There is no truth in the statement that the worthy and estimable head of Brompton has applied to be knighted at the opening of the International Exhibition, though there is no doubt that the conferring of such a distinction upon him would much gratify the inhabitants of that elegant district.

A project is on foot for presenting a testimonial to M. Blondin, on the part of the visitors to the Crystal Palace, in proof of their admiration of his noble conduct in not tumbling off the rope and breaking his neck, as an inferior artist might have done.

Herr Von Joel has finally declined the crown of the Southern States of America.

In pulling down an old wash-house in the garden of Mr. Smith, of Islington, the workmen discovered the remains of an a decayed waistcoat, marked W. C. It is supposed to have belonged to William the Conqueror.

An ingenious American mechanic has just invented a machine for enabling a man to wash, shave, and dress himself, say a hymn, brush his hat, comb his wife, and air his newspaper, without waking himself, and it will call him at any given hour, so that the first thing he will do in the morning will be to find himself at his breakfast table.

The liberal and kind-hearted proprietor of the Punch that exhibits in Stratford Place has intimated to the Blue Coat Boys, that during the holiday month they may stand upon the kerb-stone and look at the entertainment for nothing.

By the recent census it appears that the majority of the inhabitants of Poppleby-in-the-Mire, Dorsetshire, are Idiots. There was reason for believing this, some years ago, when they petitioned Parliament to prevent eclipses.

A wealthy inhabitant of Kensington has offered a prize of £5 for the worst poem upon the Great Exhibition of 1862. Betting is strongly in favour of the author of Professional Philosophy, but the author of the Fictitious Love has many friends—one this occasion.

A new comedy, by the writer of As Fresh as Paint, has been read, Green Room report states that it is worse than his last piece, but this we believe to be impossible.

As Mr. Bumble, the respected landlord of the Cucumber's Arms, Wapping, was crossing the street near his own residence the other night, he was run up against by a fiend in human form and knocked into the gutter. The police are upon the traces of the miscreant, but that such a thing could happen is a comment upon the boasted civilisation of the nineteenth century.

We deeply regret to hear that the meagre use of firearms has again resulted in a melancholy catastrophe. On Tuesday night last, Mr. Timothy O'Leary, of Ireland, but lately residing at No. 34, Snitch Court, St. Giles', hastily and in a fit of impetuousity shot the moon, and the landlord is not likely to recover.

Labour Thrown Away.

Clever as Austria is acknowledged to be in making her dependencies feel the iron weight of her despotism, we doubt if she will ever succeed in taking the rise out of Italy; and the same may be said of Hungary, both of which may be characterised as two of the most rising kingdoms in Europe.
Of a glorious Oyster season for the Lawyers.

LAW AND LUNACY.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHRONICL—JANUARY 25, 1865.
OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

Second hearing, my dear Punch, has not raised my opinion of Mr. Balfe's new Operetta. Though it contains much pleasant music I still readily admit; but that, as has been stated, it is really his best work, I am now by no means quite so ready to allow. The ballads certainly are charming, and most admirably suited to the voices they were written for; nor are the concerted parts less cleverly composed, or adapted with less taste to the dramatic situations; while on the whole the work is instrumented far more skilfully than is common with composers of the English school. What, then, is amiss? Well, it is difficult to say; but there can scarcely be that freshness in the music I first fancied, or I surely should have enjoyed a second hearing. A really good work is relished more, the more one knows it; the fulness of its beauty is rarely learnt at first. Who ever tires of hearing Guiauline Tell, or Des Giovanni? and without comparing Balfe to Mozart or Rossini, his music may be no unfairly judged by the same test. Moreover, his new opera, in certain of the scenes is rather noisy than melodious; and though the accompaniments are skilful and elaborate, there is at times a rather Verdi-like preponderance of bass. Still, there is no doubt that the work, if it do not much enhance, will in no degree diminish his justly high reputation, and as little question is there it finds favour with the public, or it would not have been played, as it has been, for upwards of six weeks.

Well as it may seem to pay, I question if this plan of running a new opera without change or cessation, while its novelty attracts, be not hurtful in the end to the pockets of a manager, as well as most injurious to singers and to art. To sing nightly the same music for upwards of a month becomes a strain upon the patience as well as on the strength; and instead of singers growing better by such practice, they are tempted to get careless, and to sing as though their singing were a mere work of routine. Even Jenny Lind could scarcely throw her soul into a song, were she for weeks required to sing it, or by that means be able to do nothing else; and besides the bad effect which the monotony produces, there is in the case of the Royal English Opera the no less evil consequence of vocal overwork. How Miss Pyne has contrived to sing six nights a week, and retain still all the brilliancy and sweetness of her voice, is a marvel that provokes my admiration and my wonder, and makes me view her as the Giant of the English stage. But for her sake, and for Art's sake, I wish she were relieved from so much wearing over-labour, which can hardly fail to terminate in premature decay. Miss Pyne's delicious voice is of far too high a value thus to be imperilled; and I for one protest against her so destructively and clumsily employing it. Its riches rightly hoarded, ought twenty years to come to give a pleasure to the public; but if she squanders them, half that time will hardly pass ere we may be lacqueting the treasure we have lost.

It is my fervent wish that English opera may flourish in the lands that now support it, which makes me anxious that such faults as I have noticed be removed. A harsh word now and then is in reality a kind one; for without it blemishes would perhaps escape correction, which becomes an easy matter when the faults are pointed out.

Of the pantomime at this house I shall say more in my next. For the present it suffices to remark that Mr. Payne, the prince of pantomimists, enacts the part of Gallilean in a way that adds new lustre to DEAN SWIFT'S immortal traveller; and after escaping from a Brod- dingsag big lobster, reviews the volunteers of Lilliput, and lets them march between his legs. I must add too, that if people who like transformation scenes allow the Covent Garden one to pass without their seeing it, they will most sincerely desire to find themselves the victims of a lunacy commission, issued for the purpose of deciding on their madness and devoting their estates.

I shall have, too, in my next to speak of the Olympic, more fully than at present I have the space to do. The burlesque is neatly written and pleasantly performed, Miss Gottrell and Miss Hughes both doing their best to make their singing by no means as their looks; while Mr. Romson carries the audience with one of those quaint songs, in which the lugs are not more held in requision than the legs, Mr. Romson, although suffering severely from a cold, moreover plays his part of Worswood with all his wonted humour and people who love laughing will find the Lottery Ticket provoke that healthy exercise to their full heart's content.

"ONE WHO PAYS."

LAYS FOR AMERICAN LAWYERS.

THE INSTINCTS OF THE HEART.

There is an iron power
To which cold men succumb,
Before which worldlings cower
And sellish souls are damped.

Let such severe, proud Justice
And steer by her old chart,
My guides are, where no dust is—
The Instincts of the Heart.

If hured by yellow Avarice
To clutch Life's sweetest balm,
Stand not on being overwise,
Nor check your tingling palm.

If urged by stern severity
With others' goods to part,
Or pause and let your counsel be
The Instants of the Heart.

Mark Nature's teaching, ruled by that
No qualm your mind perplexes,
The solemn salmon snags the sprat,
The fox the fowl annexes.

Say popularly, you prize
The World's an Auction Mart,
Go there, bid high, and don't dey
The Instants of the Heart.

THE GREAT MORNING CALL NUISIBLE.

In little social matters it very often happens that our French friends are ahead of us. Is it not so, Mr. Smith? Do pray, just look at this

"Two million visiting cards passed through the Paris Post-office the first three days of the year, besides the ordinary letters."

Now, why can't we make calls by post in England, as they do in France? Surely, to have one's card delivered by the post would be just as good as having it delivered by a footman, supposing that one goes one's rounds at all, and that if a Houmas be the vehicle employed. What can it matter to receivers of one's pasteboard whether it be handed by the servants of Her Majesty, or simply by our own? Of course, when one makes calls one hopes people will be out, and goes just at the time it is most likely they will be so. And supposing that unluckily they chance to be at home, of course one always views it as a most untoward circumstance, and about the last thing in the world that one would wish. As for making morning calls with the intent to see one's friends, clearly that is nowadays a quite exploded notion. If they are at home the chances are they are employed in some more profitable work than merely clasping with chance visitors; and when this is the case your intrusion is a nuisance, as of course you come with nothing particular to say. Your call is a mere form, and might be just as well transmitted by the post; and indeed far better, as you would then take up half a moment of the time which now is wasted in exchanging stupid vapid common-placelets, if you are ever so unlucky as to find your friends at home, when you do them the great honour of a morning visit.

THE NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN STATES OF LONDON.

It seems that London, like America, is to be divided into a North and a South, and that the two are to be rivals. PRESIDENT THWAITES is the Constitutional Monarch in the North, and PRESIDENT DOLTON seems to be the JEFF DAVIS of the Borough; and, as over the sea, the Banks are the great question of the day. Our sympathies are with THWAITES; but we don't wish to see him vanquish the South by force of arms. The sooner the dirty street called after the name of the Union is broken up the better, and we conclude with the outrageous pun and fervent aspiration that the North, which has so long missed her sewer, will find a good MISTER Seward to protect her.
BREAKING A LIMB OF THE LAW.

In the Court of Queen's Bench, the other day, Mr. Gibbons—

"Moved for a rule, calling upon an attorney of that Court to answer certain matters contained in an affidavit. The attorney had received £30 in an action. Repeated applications had been made to him for the return of the money to the applicant, the attorney stating that he had spent the money and could not do otherwise." (Laughter.)

We see nothing to laugh at, and we hope that nothing harsh will be done to this attorney. It may be a little irregular to take one's client's money, and spend it oneself, but this is a mere error in practice, and when handsomely and frankly admitted by his "gent," anything like severity is uncalled for. What more can the correspondent say? If he has not got the money he can't pay it. Would the Court force him to rob some other client in order to pay the complainant? When a gentleman explains, and says he is sorry, an affair is over, and why not have the same courtly rule in case of a gent instead of applying for a rule of Court. We consider that SIR ALEXANDER CORKER should give Gibbons, or his instructors, a good blowing up for being so ill-conditioned.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

We read in a morning paper, which gives us the information in a report of an admirable lecture delivered last Wednesday at the Society's of Arts, that Dr. Marts, the London surgeon, was the Minister of the Interior in Paris. We confess we do not particularly recollect the name, but must admit that Buffet was just the man for the Interior, more especially, if the Buffet in question happened to be at all well-natured. How the hungry, the tired, the poor, would always be rushing up to him for relief! What keeves he would hold—what crowds of admirers he would be continually hanging round him to partake of the good things he would be able to lay before them! Never would the Interior have been so well filled before! Properly speaking, and adapting the means to the end, this man should have adorned the Cabinet of a Provisional Government. Half Paris would have been stretching out their hands to him to greet him on his elevation to office.

OUR ROVING CORRESPONDENT.

"My dear Punch,

"There is a well known building in Oxford Street, dignified by a Classic name, sometimes dedicated to the Temple Museum, but now a Temple of all the Gods. The rotundities of its shrine are chiefly women, and it would be a matter of curious speculation how many times the grand-cast midshipman who opens the door so civilly on your entrance and exit—how often, I say, this jolly Cerberus has fallen a victim to the tender passion and their charms. Who knows? Perhaps amid such a galaxy of beauty he cannot recognize no 'bright particular star.' His affections may be divided into infinitesimal portions. If I were to see—say five hundred angels in eminence daily, should I know which to choose for my divinity? No, depend on it, if he underwent severe trials once, he suffers nothing now. How long do you suppose that pastrycock's boy at the shop round the corner cared for cheeses? No doubt he suffered himself at first, and—you conceive—suffered in consequence. At present he is a misologist, and can look at the most delicious pastrycake without emotion. And so with our friend in livery. Female beauty with him is a ghu in the market. He can see as many pretty faces as he pleases, every day. Here comes Bellinda tripping from her carriage on the daintiest of Balmoral boots. The door swings open and she enters. The string by which this feat was performed is not more insensible than the chords in Mr. Porter's heart. Presently, exit Clarinda—Clarinda of the golden hair and azure eyes—darely lipped, smiling nymph. Again the string is pulled and she floats out. Bang goes the door and—would you believe it—Cerberus begins to howl.

"I watched this little incident from the staircase in the Temple to which I refer, and you may draw what moral from it you will. For my part, I own it produced on me rather a melancholy effect, which the picture-galleries, with all its charms and endless variety of colour, failed to dissipate."

"Indeed, if it must be confessed, the admiration with which I once gazed on these works of art, has been modified in later years. Still, I respect them for old association's sake. Is not this King Alfred, in a blue togs, burning the cakes to a ruddy-brown, while a pea-green peasant upwards the Royal and curulean fugutive? Yonder is Acteon going to the dogs, in consequence of his ungenteel-like behaviour to Diana (you remember the anecdote—Ovid: Met. iii. Feb. 3). See how beautifully his horns are sprouting.

"What do we discover in this next picture? The Dead Body of Harold, as I am alive. Alack! how many times has the Saxon chief been exhumed before, and since, by brother innings? Formerly no R.A. Exhibition was complete without it. Let us sing a requiem over this gloomy subject, and trust the Royal corpse is now finally interred."

"What! my youthful and pious Eneas, are your wanderings not yet over? Does your shade still linger in the precincts of Soho? Ah, Polyphemus, old friend, Selve! how is your eye?"

"I wag my head knowingly at each familiar canvas, and pass on to the Bazaar.

"They may talk as they will of the Tesseine and the picturesqueness of Oriental Mart, presided over by snuffy, turbanned gentlemen, but I say give me the P—th—n, with a Lady merchant at each counter, for my money when I want to buy anything in the paper-mache work-box, or canine pen-wiper line. Sure, such an assemblage of wondrous knick-knacks and cheap bijouterie and indelible prettiness is seldom seen. The only wonder to me is, that young gentlemen in their first decade, and young ladies of any age at all can ever leave the place.

"The fact is that my nephew Tott (just then home from Dr. Tickle —tail's Seminary) who wished to make a few presents to his brothers and sisters, did actually keep me there two mortal hours and a-half before he finally made up his mind what to buy; and even then went away torn by conflicting emotions, because he thought the doll which reluctantly shut its eyes when placed in a recumbent position, would, perhaps, on the whole, have pleased Miss Totty more than the infant which emitted a peculiar cry on being pinched in the dorsal region.

"If that miserable philosopher who (most impostibly as I think) remarked to the friar, whose book he inspected, "Here you have here everything which I do not want—if that wretched utilitarian, I say, were to utter any of his platitudes aloud in this Bazaar, what would be his fate? I think he could not be condemned to a better punishment than to be forced to write the following account of the Picture Gallery; then, to eat all the stale buns which could be found on the establishment; and, finally, to be chained to the porch of the
oldest and most ill-tempered macaw in the aviary until he recanted his gloomy doctrine.

"Now if, on the contrary, you ask yourself what you do want here, and of course prepare to pay for it, could you leave a single wish ungratified? Have you a fancy for an ornamental dressing-case? A tortoise-shell cigar-holder? A malacca tooth-pick? Would you like a silver gilt corkscrew? An India-rubber pen? or one of J. Smith's patent corner machines? (Remember to ask for "Smith's" because J. S. regrets to find that certain unprincipled manufacturers adopting the name of Smith and bought up a spurious imitation on the unsophisticated British public, whereas none are genuine, unless &c. &c.). Or is it the celebrated 'Tasmanian toffee' you are commissioned to purchase? Third turning to the right, first left-hand counter past the china-stall, and so on. There is nothing that you can't buy here—Antique vases, anti-assassins, bull caskets, boulevarde, china-candlesticks, cheesecakes, daguerreotypes, decanters, Gothic go-carts, German glass, ray dolls &c &c—the wished-of Portunates himself couldn't have produced such a multiplicity of treasures.

"In exchange for a small coin you may procure a biscuit in the hall, armed with which you are at liberty to enter the Aviary, a small but delightful retreat in the neighbourhood of Marblechuch Street. There await you the perfume of exotic flowers, and the wobble of a hundred foreign birds. Fairy fountains charni you with their ripple old and silver fish, while the genial warmth of a southern clime is ingeniously effected by means of Mr. Somebody's heating apparatus; in short, nothing will enable you to enjoy your confidence over you may dispel yourself so long as you think fit, and feed the feathered songsters to repletion. Master Tom found great pleasure in this innocent pursuit; and it was not until the 'Calyptor' (a remarkably fine but ravenous cockatoos), not content with a wraulation of 'Aberny,' snapped at the unlucky youth's thumb, that I could persuade him to leave this little paradise.

"What a pity that some early tastes don't last for ever! Why can't we always relish certain things as we do in our youth? I went to a famous penultimate the other night, and vow the only thing I enjoyed during the whole performance was a fairy's laugh—I don't mean that insipid gris of Madame Corephile as she emerges from a tangle in the 'Boney of Bliss,' but a merry little peal which rang out on this side of the foot-lights. Mine was a little domestic fairy, and she sat on her father's knee in one of the upper boxes.

"Now, then! Just cab!" remarks the waterman, as we step out into the street. First Tom gets in (to whom I hand in numerous parcels which he deposits with the greatest care on the opposite seat). Then follows his devoted Uncle and your obedient Servant,

"Jack Easel."

JONATHAN AND HIS ASS.

Once on a time, as prattling Poets say,
An Ass went wailing duly on his way:
When suddenly with his breast a flame
Shot up, and he began to pant for fame.
But how with safety to secure that prize?
In ev'ry nifty fierce resemblance lies—
So the stubble straight he plunged his hoof,
Of pluck and prudence, positive proof plain.
Past the foul fountain flushing furious flew,
And splashed a lady—fair Britannia's shoe.
The Asslook'd proudly on his daring feat,
Then bowed, while rowdies raised their voices sweet.
Aha! such triumphs may not long endure,
Full soon his Master kneels with look demure:
And while he chews a leek to break his fast,
Removes the spot his foolish beast had cast.
The Ass slinks back, meek miserable mute,
A sadder—good men hope—a wiser brute.
Laughed by each refection, not to injure these
Who shrink from staves, as Donkeys blink from blows.

The Stamp of Impudence.

The Imprudent man carries postage stamps in his pocket-book, the Prudent man never does—for he knows well enough that he can always borrow of the man who has them.

CON FOR EXETER BAIL.

Why are American Treasury-notes like the Jews? Because one has to pay a great deal to effect their Conversion.

The Stamp-ing-Room of the British Museum.—Fanciously known as "The Author's Crib."
CABBY. "What, take the hat, Sir? Well, I ain't no objection, personally, myself, but Sir Richard Mayne mightn't like me carrying 'Natums through the Street.'"

### PROGRESS IN CASE OF PEACE.

A Prospect unpleasant has passed for the present,

Shall we, ceasing war-preparations,

So costly already, return to our steady,

Pacific, and useful vocations?

We’re piquet of work and must do it,

And somehow contrive to get through it,

To hold a position in our Exhibition

Since we have asked all nations to it.

Our leisure regaining, all London to draining

We now must devote our attention,

And the Thames’s embankment, amongst wonders to rank meant,

A scheme of such vast comprehension!

The purified River, a new age

Will use for its drink and its brewage.

'Twill run no more muddily, and then we've to study

The utilisation of sewage.

Poured out in our waters, the fish that which slaughters,

With plenty will crown all our acres;

We'll economise it, and deodorise it,

To be of its produce partakers.

Then Beauty shall touch the piano,

And warble in dulcet soprano,

"Now rich in house-treasure, exceeding all measure,

No longer we'll roam for our guano."

There's work for next Session; by means of compression,

Of speech it may vanquish its labours;

Make new laws, old cohle, if out of a squabble

We manage to keep with our neighbours.

Oh, let not their turbulent courses

Force us to re-marshal our forces!

And pile shot and shell up, but may we develop

In peace our internal resources!

### ACCIDENT MAKES ADVERTISEMENTS ACQUAINTED WITH STRANGE COMPANIONS.

We borrow the following advice from the advertising columns of a morning contemporary, who has had the good fortune of winning not less proudly than ourselves the bad opinion of the Monday Star:

Gazette of Bankruptcy, No. 25, 24.

**SUNDAY READING. Monthly Parts, only 3d.**

We long to read the beautifully abusive article that is almost sure to appear in our Yankee friend, the Star, vehemently denouncing the Times for profanely recommending, as indicated above, the Gazette of Bankruptcy for "Sunday Reading"—more especially as there is such a charming paper published on that same day as the Dox. Please, be particular in asking for the Sunday edition of that paper. Moreover, we confess we agree for once with our invaluable denunciator, the Star, in doubting whether the Gazette of Bankruptcy is the best style of reading for Sunday, or indeed for any other day, inasmuch as such a publication must necessarily consist of nothing but column after column of "broken English."

**Very Sharp.**

What have the smaller wits been about to miss this:

"On Friday last the wife of a working Cutler, residing at 27, John's Terrace, Hackney Road, was safely delivered of three sons.

A Cutler, mind. Well—three sons? No—three blades—ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! What, the joke would make a young man's fortune in the suburbs. Three blades! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Who says there's no wit nowadays? Ha! ha! ha! &c, &c, &c, &c.

**New American Work.**—Just Published, Dr. Darwin on the Extinction of Species, dedicated to the Secretary of the Treasury and the Bankers of New York.
PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—February 1, 1862.

MR. MARK LEMON—About London and Westminster, at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14 Regent Street, Waterloo Place, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at Three o’clock; and every Saturday evening at eight. With numerous Illustrations.

Stalls, 3s. Unreserved Seats, 2s. 6d. can be secured at the Gallery, without fee; and at Mr. Batey, St. James Street, and Mr. M’Reynolds, 83, Haymarket.

* * *

**WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS, &c.**

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The VICE REGAL OF DANTZIG, Translated, with an Introd., by the same, Second Edition, with Additions. To which is Prefixed, Translated, into English Verse, with Notes, by E. Hawthorne. London: L. Parker, S. & R. Beeson, West Strand. Now ready, Copperplate, price 3s. 6d.


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The best remedy for indigestion. They are scientifically and accurately made, and the most decided beneficial effects are obtained from their use. Sold in Bottles at 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 5s. each. Camomile pills have now become the most decided and beneficial remedy for all cases of indigestion. Sold at NORTONS, 5, Cheapside, London. Established 1749.

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CAMOMILE PILLS.

Camomile pills are the best and most effectual remedy for indigestion. They are scientifically and accurately made, and the most decided beneficial effects are obtained from their use. Sold in Bottles at 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 5s. each. Camomile pills have now become the most decided and beneficial remedy for all cases of indigestion. Sold at NORTONS, 5, Cheapside, London. Established 1749.

THE CHARGE FOR THIS UNIQUE HEAD OF HAIR, ONLY 21s. 10d.
GOVERNSES FOR THE IMBECILE.

"Dear Mr. Punch,

"From fifteen to twenty thousand pounds wasted in trying whether a young man is in his senses or out of his mind! What a wicked waste! If it is the Law's fault, I am sure the Law is the worst lunatic in the case. Either the Law must be very stupid, or the judge a great J., or the lawyers a set of shocking R's, to plunder a poor fellow between them of £20,000. If he is not able to manage his own affairs, are they fit to manage them for him?

"How silly to take so much trouble to find out whether a man is insane or no in order to decide as to his fitness for managing his affairs! As if nobody was unfit to manage his own affairs but a downright lunatic. Every wild young man almost is unfit to manage his affairs, and if he has a fortune, ought to be prevented from throwing it away. Not that he should be shut up, and prevented from going about under certain restrictions, but proper people should be appointed to take care of his estates, lay out his money for him on reasonable things, and allow him so much a week. He should be made incapable of running into debt or of marrying without the consent of his guardians.

"With the consent of his guardians, however, a wild young man unable to manage his own affairs should not only be allowed, but also encouraged and persuaded, and even urged to enter into matrimony, having a suitable match provided for him, and then he would be unable to make a miscarriage. Many sensible girls would be glad of such a partner, who might be more agreeable personally than one more steadily disposed, and being kept from breaking out would make her very happy. Even if a little weak of intellect he might prove a very good husband. As his wife could have her own way with him, and the care of any helpless object is a pleasing duty to our tender and affectionate natures. A weak-minded man appears to be intended by Nature for the mate of a strong-minded woman.

"On marriage, of course, the management of the incapable young man's property should be transferred to his wife, supposing her equal to the task, and to have no Mamma living. Otherwise to whom could the care of his estates be better entrusted than to the Mamma? A double arrangement might be made, making the Mamma Committee of the Estate—don't the lawyers call it?—and the Wife Committee of the Person. So one would save him from squandering his property, and the other would keep him from getting into mischief.

"I have seven of them, Mr. Punch—marriageable daughters I mean, and not sons of large property and weak intellect. Happy, indeed, should I be to have seven sons-in-law of that description under the circumstances above-mentioned! One such, indeed, would be a treasure that I should embrace with thankfulness as an ample provision for my eldest, whilst his superfluous means, with my management, would be a great help for the rest. A husband of that sort who would keep regular hours and dine early, and go to bed betimes, except when his wife had an evening party, and give no trouble, and do what he was told, would lead a woman a much more pleasant life than a man of superior intellect, with his likes and dislikes, and pursuits and tastes, of one kind and another, wanting to go to clubs and come home when he chose, and bring friends with him, and be master there when he did come. Such a man might be kind and generous, and all that, but he would not have the recommendation the other would of not interfering, and not having a will of his own, and not making a woman alter her domestic arrangements to suit his convenience. Married to a nice good-natured simpleton, she might pass her life comfortably, without excitement except now and then, in the quiet enjoyment of her ordinary meals. I am, dear Mr. Punch, your constant borrower, a lady now in the first society, and residing in a most fashionable neighbourhood at

"Number One."

"P.S. Do you know any rich imbecile young man that would suit my child? Oh! believe me, the only true Asylum for Idiots is Woman's Heart."

Thanks for the Cue.

"A fashionable party assembled at Willey Court, on Wednesday evening, to witness a grand billiard tournament, which the Earl of Dudley had got up.—Worcester Paper."

"The printing such matters gives Mr. Punch a right to print his own idea about them, which is that no stroke struck at the billiard 'tournament' was half so remarkable as the one made by Lord Dudley himself, when his Pocket got the five Balls of an Earl's coronet. Is Willey the right spelling?"
QUACK AGAINST QUACK.

UNJOINED, with a change of names only, is part of one paragraph and part of another, which two paragraphs actually stand side by side in the columns of a contemporary. This is part of one:

"Why should invalids and persons suffering from gastric disorders waste their money and utterly destroy their health by taking pills and other medicines? These, it is well known, aggra-
vate and perpetuate disease, and frequently we discover the sacrifice, even by the highest medical skill, of remarkably strong patients who would recover if kept clear of the harmful and
mysterious influence of drugs. Their appearance, danger, disappointment, and expense may be saved, and all those notorious and apocryphal tills nullified, by invalids taking Du Bexouque's Pol-
elsien Heart Rester, other Polkien Syrena Food, which saves fifty times its cost in physic, cold liver oil, and all other remedies."

This is part of the other:

"GLOWOWAY'S PILLS—WORTHY OF EMPIRE NOTE.—These purifying pills excel every other medicine for regulating digestion, acting beneficially on the liver and bowels, invigorating the internal system, and facilitating the lost
The above extracts are taken from the news, and not from the advertising columns of the journal which contains them. No heading declares them to be advertisements, and doubtless many women and fools who read them suppose them to be editorial statements, as fools and old women were probably meant to do by the quacks who prepared their insertion. But the worst idea of all is that the simplest old woman not absolutely in her dotage, will be puzzled by the answer which the second constitutes to the question of the first. The question implies the assertion that people ruin their health and waste their money by taking pills instead of Du Bexouque's Polkien Syrena Food. The answer to it declares that GLO-
WOWAY'S pills excel every other medicine. The weakest mind must see the
contradiction of clashing statements thus lying, in every sense of the word lying, close together. Every quack who puts a paragraph into a paper should stipulate for the insertion of his own puff at a reasonable distance from any other which gives it the lie direct. Old women and others who have read the foregoing contradictory specimens of piffery, will be as much puzzled as wiser persons are by the opposite tenets of numerous gentlemen who sign the Thirty-nine Articles, and yet make in con-bundening DU BOWLAND WILLIAMS.

HELMETS FOR PEACE HEROES.

It is of great importance to the public, and of some to the police, that policemen should have their heads protected in the execution of their duty. The present police-hats are answers to this purpose in a measure, if the ruffian who is resisting capture, will be so considerate as to keep hitting his adversary on the crown of it, instead of first knocking it off, and then beating him on the head; but the latter course is usually adopted.
The hat now worn by the police is very thick, heavy, and hot. It has been likened to a chimney-pot, because of its shape, and it further resembles a smoking flue in the temperature of its interior.

Considering these disadvantages of the existing police-hat, a certain Mr. Cutlets, according to a city paper, has recommended as a substitute for it a kind of helmet, being a modification of the Greek galea, without the plume, so as not to look too warlike for an officer whose duty consists in keeping the peace. This head-piece, however, possesses one quality of the plume, namely, the lightness of a feather, which is combined with the strength of an arch. It also unites ventilation with elegance, and protects the eyes, neck, and ears. Lastly, it is described as in keeping with the wearer's dress, which it will be, perhaps, when the boots and coats of the police-force are exchanged for tunics and greaves.

We trust that the authorities will adopt the classical improvement suggested as a protection for the heads of a valuable body of men. No skull can be proof against a life-preserver, or, rather, a life-destroyer, but one which is much thicker than that of an intelligent police officer ought to be.

Ad Ovo Jasque ad Domum.

Among the persons who, following Mr. Punch's example, have sent appropriate presents to Garibaldi, is a confidante of a picturesque character, who has forwarded to the Italian Liberator a great quantity of Salmon's Eggs. We accept the offering. May it imply that he will soon occupy the Chair of the Fisherman.

"TALL WRITIN';"

OR, "SEWARD SET TO MUSIC."

I guess them saxy Britishers
Won't easy get to bed
Of such an all-fired smart old 'coon
As William H. Seward.

When short o' corn, he'll give 'em hucks;
Where he can't bite, he'll budge
Sockdolage, stump, spread-cagle, splurge,
And circumvent Lord Russell;

That's that despatch he's just fired off,
It ready's a moderate
The 'cuteness and the smartness out'
Whip a European nodde;

Your statements of the damned old world,
For forms and facts a stickler,
Had ought to skin his eyelids, d'eer;
He'd turn out such a tickler!

The outworn holds of pulky law
Round which the British rally,
Beyond the plug that's in his jaw
He don't conclude to tally.

On critics that 'ad set up rights,
Agin' this mighty nation,
Like a true hoss and citizen;
He hurls expectation.

Five law-p'ints international
He states in language polished—
What odds if they are p'ints that 's been
Repeatedly destroyed?

They're p'ints we want to prove we're right,
So Seward he upholds 'em;

And in our Stars and Stripes sublime
Magnanimously folds 'em.

How calm and grand his address,
His utterance so heroic,
Enough to wake up a brawl,
Or 'lectrify a Stone;

When he declares the nearer bounds
Of old-world Law o' erloppin',—
Mason and Slidell he 'd 'd
If they 'd been worth the keepin'.

But though the law be on our side,
(Or, if it ain't, no matter)—
Though with a breath the Britisher
We in our might could scatter—
The cause is too contemptible
Our war-dogs to unloose,
We hurl back Mason in your teeth,
And after Mason, Slidell.

A moral triumph we have gained
(There's Charles H. Summer, 'll swar it);
But if then prisoners remained
In custody, they 'd 'd nor it,
Shall proud Columbia grudge to shake
Pollution off her garbain?

No! rather let her joy to gil
Rid of such cursed varain.

We've dray the Britisher to plead
The plan of law 'fore us,
And universal duty crys;
At such a sight, in chorus,
We've 'g'n here what be gra to us—
Spit on the British Lion;
Open wide Port Warren's gates, and set
The Stars and Stripes a flyin'!

Juss-Davis, he's well-nigh characterized,
Rebellion is 'erlin'
For mussy and for pork and corn,
The hungry South is cravin'.
From what he goes at the sun,
No rat' and no-cattin'
The Northern Eagle's wakin' up,
And kinder wrathly gettin'?
PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

LORD PUNCH TO LORD RUSSELL, GREETING.

Bravo! Lord Russell! PUNCH puts you on the back with mingled praise and admiration. Admiration of your language anent the Treat

are, and praise of that, PUNCH, was the name you taught it to write

letters. Excellently well has your Lordship profited by the instruction which has been vocalised you gratis in these columns. Notably, some since, when you wrote your Durham letter, PUNCH felt it was his duty to tender you advice in the modest art, and your late despatches and letters to Lord Lyons prove fully how lately you have let alee a locus to receive. Your style is now perspicuous, clear, simple, and straightforward. There is no beating about the bush in the plain English you write. What have you to say you own without leaving a loophole of escape from what you mean. You clearly state your case, and name your terms for satisfaction of the injury received. You plumply call a spade a spade: and leave no shadow of a chance to publicly wound it. You may set, if the proper, and very neatly put. When a blackguard pricks one's handkerchief one can "dispense with compliments," as coming as they would from a less humble quarter, and, if simply want, is made even a very elegant and proper. And, whereas a blackguard pricks one's handkerchief one can "dispense with compliments," one is not quite anxious to get back what one has lost. There are, however, compliments which no one can dispense with; and these are the compliments bestowed on men of worth and merits, like your Lordship, by your Lordship's very faithful friend and tutor,

PUNCH.

AN UNENDING REED.

Mr. Punch begs to congratulate Mr. Charles Reade, author of Never Too Late to Mend, upon having illustrated the title of his book by vanquishing the people who mutilated it for the stage. It is never too late to mend bad manners, and he has obtained, after a gallant struggle, a legal recommendation to theatrical backs to mend theirs. A certain class of playwrights has hitherto deemed it quite lawful to pounce upon the work—finished or unfinished—of any novelist, to strip away any artistic advantage or in which the writer may have drawn his characters, and to send them on the stage, either made or in tawdry stage garments, to say, do, and mean anything but the sayings, doings, and meanings of their creator. Some dramatic gentlemen have kindly finished the story for the writer, and then gone off for themselves; others have only rejected his Aide, and stuck on a new one more likely to be pleasing to the gallery. And such is the lovely state of the law that the more outrageous the violence done to the author, the less chance he has to receive reparation. Too much money is made by plundering and mangling the books of the living and the dead to make it probable that the practice will be abandoned; but Mr. Reade has done much towards assering an author's right to some little consideration in the business, and Mr. Punch rewards him with the following elegant compli-

pliment, namely, that in this case Mr. Reade's defeated adversary being named Conquest, Mr. Reade is what Lord Chesterfield was told by Dr. Johnson that the latter had hoped to be, namely, le centurion du vainqueur.

The best Way to put it.

An old verse, respectfully recommended to Mr. Seymour, as an excuse for settling the question.

It says the North to the South, "Though it costs much pain, we must break up the U ; For your character's totally lost, And I've not sufficient for two."

Woman's work.

Signora Mario, (not our dear Mrs. mind,) has been lecturing at the Whittington Club, and the point of her lecture seems to have been the announcement that "red shirts were coming into fashion in Italy in the Spring." We are glad to see the lady at last turning her attention to subjects legitimately within her sphere, and we hope that Signor Mario has buttons on all his shirts, red or not.
THE I. O. U. INDIAN.

A very interesting paper was read before the Ethnological Society on Tuesday night. It was upon the manners, habits, and destinies of the American tribe of I. O. U. Indians, and was prepared from notes taken by several travellers, and also from native records. It appears that the I. O. U. Indian was originally English, and that his ancestors passed over to the New World in the seventeenth century. For many years he preserved the noble characteristics of his stock, and showed himself wise, brave, and independent. But the deteriorating influences of climate, and still more a vast infusion of inferior animalism, in the form of convict Irish, debased Germans, and the accumulated seeds of other nations, combined to demoralise the Englishman, and a few generations have brought him more and more closely into assimilation with the aboriginal Indians of the Western Continent. We now find that he has lost nearly all traces of his English descent, and has acquired the propensities but not the savage virtues of the aborigines. Instead of the dignified silence which is so picturesque a feature in them, he cultivates the art of talk in its simplest and noisiest form, infinitely prefers the longest to the shortest oration or letter, and has recently chosen a Chief Magistrate because there was more of him than of any of his rivals. The I. O. U. Indian is excessively fond of smart dress, and attires himself early in the morning in the costume worn by civilised persons as full dress, and upon his females especially he loves to heap every conceivable piece of incongruous finery, in imitation, as he fancies, of the fashionable ladies of France. He is very extravagant, but entirely unconscious as to the payment of debts, and when such payment is demanded, he whoops, leaps, and declares that his debt is in the setting sun, which he considers a good plea. Formerly a warlike character, he seems to have lost this attribute, and though irritable and revengeful, he displays no aptitude for the combinations which make war a science. But, in common with the aboriginal Indian, he delights in safe mischief, and his exultation at burning a house, or choking up a harbour, is very demonstrative. He has acquired the name of I. O. U. from his latest expedients to raise money, when refused it by bankers and others who have declined to trust him. Of his religion not much seems to be known, except that he swears a good deal, never laughs, and refers to something which he calls Dollar as the Great First Cause of all his actions. He has a strange hatred for the black man, whom he illtreats, either physically or morally, as much as he can. But he is not without many redeeming points, and often evinces generosity and humanity, and is so desirous to learn better things, that he plunderers foreigners of their books upon all occasions. These are good signs, and there is no reason for despair of his future, if he can be brought into contact as much as possible with European civilisation, the same remedy which, indeed, he himself, in his calmer moments, advocates as the means of elevating the negro, though the I. O. U. Indian has never sincerely tried that experiment. We have to thank the Ethnological Society for the above heads of a most instructive paper.

JUST THE VERY NAME FOR HIM.

The following appeared (go and buy the paper, sceptic) in the Times of Thursday last:

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges the receipt of a Bank-note for £5 on account of Income-tax from a A.S.S."

Magna est veritas, et protegat eam! No doubt the advertiser thought, by sending merely his initials, to conceal his real name. However, it has slipped out, spite of his attempts to hide it. For there is no doubt that a person, sending conscience-money to the Chancellor "on account of Income-tax," only tells the real truth when he writes himself down that which Degenery was anxious that his clerk should write him down.

Juvenile Art-Treasures.

The young gentlemen of Mr. Decane's Classical and Commercial Academy propose to send a contribution of marbles to the Great National Exhibition of 1859.
RETROGRESSION (A VERY SAD PICTURE).

War-Dance of the I. O. U. Indian.
THE SHEPHERD OF SALISBURY PLAIN.

("I passed a small Cot.")

I passed a small Court where the lawyers abode,
And a singular change met my view;
Unconscionably pica their faces I found,
And their studies remarkably new.
They seemed Catechumens who'd come to repeat
Their task from the Testaments twain;
And who, I exclaimed, has accomplished this feat?
"The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain."

For one on the Thirty-nine Articles gazed,
A second the Pentateuch bore,
A third (who I own looked excessively dazed)
Was coming the Fathers of yore.
Another compared Doctors Hooker and Lowe,
While his friend worked at Watts and Rome;
But the name that I found was in every one's mouth,
Was "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain."

And what is the work that the Shepherd has set,
That leads to the scene I behold?
Cried one, on whose forehead was written To Let,
"To hunt out a sheep from his fold.
The sheep has been bleating and breaking the peace
An orthodox sheep should maintain,
So we'll soon have him out, and he'll forfeit his ease
To the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain."

My heart it waxed soft, I was ready to weep,
That seems a severe thing to do,
Suppose the kind Shepherd had thrown the poor sheep
Controversiast carrots to chew.
If those didn't silence his noises, old man,
He'd deserve castigation and pain?
"That's not, Sir," he answered, "the pastoral plan
Of the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain."

"Our Shepherd's a piper—his sheep, if they hecat,
Must bleat to the tune of his pipe;
Or the sheep-dog you see on that well-cushioned seat
Will give them a snap and a gripe."
Then his whistle was blown, and away they all bowled,
To haunt the schismatic again;
And I said, "I am glad that I'm not of the fold
Of the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain."

DIAMONDS FROM THE WINDHAM MINE.

Some folks are always finding fault. Growling is made about the expense of the Windham inquiry. Mr. Punch begs to say that he thinks that the result of thirty days trial and an expenditure of £50,000, has been amply repaid both the trouble and the outlay. At present all that has been ascertained is the knowledge of three facts; but then, what facts they are. Newton's discoveries are more's tests in comparison. They are—

1st. That Mr. Coleridge would rather be a Magdalen than a Mazarin.
2nd. That Mr. Warren does not know what is meant by "Skittles."
3rd. That Mr. Chambers has read the Bible.

These three statements the case has called forth from the lips of the gentlemen named, and though that is all that has been done, Mr. Punch considers that the interests of society have been immensely advanced, and so he hopes Sir George Justice will think, when they have to settle who shall bear the costs.

Rumoured Change of Fashion.

A Report has been current for some days, in well-informed circles, that the preposterous framework of hoops and cages, which has so long been in use to extend female dress to extravagant dimensions under the name of Crinoline, is going out of fashion in Paris. We sincerely trust this rumour is true. English society takes its tone from Parisian; and good taste has too long been outraged by the social nuisance, not to say the social evil, Crinoline.

A STANDING CALUMNY.

We are afraid the Nelson Column will never fall within our experience to be able to say conscientiously that the Pillar is a finished work of art.
A NEWFAL CASE.

What a nuisance the Police are! Really their tyranny is insupportable. The very Rag-Pickers are rising against the despotism. A heart-rending caseclamours for vengeance against the minions, and being worked by the penny press. A poor woman, who drives about with a cart, in the country, a sort of moving Marine-Storekeeper, has actually been taken up for "possessing" a sack that did not belong to her, the right owner of which had the ferocity to land her over to the police. Heavenly powers, do we live in the nineteenth century? When we consider the encouragement which the Marine-Storekeeper in London offers to youth to cultivate its powers of observation, and how he teaches the value of the smallest article, and gives a practical lesson on the convertibility of property, he, and his country imitator, ought to be considered as Public Instructors, and ought not to be tyrannised over by a brutal Police. In this case the abominable Magistrates actually fined the unoffending woman ten shillings and costs for having a sack that did not belong to her, and though the haggard and insolent tyrants did not exactly say so, we believe that in the depth of their black souls they thought her very little better than a Thief. As if a Marine-Storekeeper ever did a dishonest thing. We blush for these Bugbearers, we blush for the Police, we blush for the civilization of the century; in fact, we propose to go on blushing generally until further notice.

THE WAY THE WORLD GOES.—You know a gentleman by his gait—and a blackguard by his Billingsgate.

THREE HUNDRED WORDS.

Mr. Punch, observed the other day, a very ill-founded Lament on the part of a clerical Philologist. In writing upon the use of the English language by English people, he stated that very few persons were aware of the resources of their native tongue; that so-called educated people had a very limited vocabulary, and among the humble classes the riches of the language were unknown. And he held up as subjects for pity the inhabitants of his own village, very few of whom, he said, knew more than Three Hundred Words.

Mr. Pruck, whose nose testifies that he knows "Canan's rich language, in perfection," and who also—

"Knows the Greek, plentiful in words and sense,
The Chaldean wise, the Arabic profound,
The Latin, pleasuring with its copiousness,
The brevity Spanish with its lofty round,
The Hoping French that fits a lady vain,
The German, like the people, rough and plain,
The English, full and rich, his native country's strain,"

replies, authoritatively, "Book!" And he commends the villagers who can manage to get through life with Three Hundred Words, as Leonidas has got through the Ages with Three Hundred Spartans.

What would our Clerical Philologist have? If Three Hundred Words suffice a man to say his prayers, court, wed, and thenceforth blow up his wife, scold his children, direct a stranger the shortest way out of that village, demand beer at the Blue Pig, and state which way the fox went—what more does the man want? If a wandering circus comes round, and the villager wishes to go to the show, he can ask, as a lady would, "When do they begin," and would be no better off, if he could ask, as her lady's maid would do, "At what hour does the performance commence." If a friend has been up to the Crystal Palace, our villager can say, "What was the best thing thee saw?" and this is a straight way of getting at the fact that would be employed by the Beggar who stops at the Blue Pig aboresaid, and who would say, "And what article in that miscellaneous assortment struck you as most remarkable?" Was not—as hath been written of ole—"the famous "Thon art the man," which would have been the villager's phrase, far better than "Why, you yourself are the very individual to whom I have been alluding all this time?" Is not "Main good times for the crops, master," worth a dozen of "I really think, Sir, that the continuance of this delightful weather promises favourably for the harvest," and would you not sooner talk to a man who saw you looking at a stream, and said, "There's chalk in them pools, Sir," than to one who smirked out: "I declare he looked as if he thought that he should judge that the river at our feet offered an inviting prospect to the angler?" Finally, and as the crucial test—Mr. Pruck is a married man, and does not want another wife, but if instead of being an elegant middle-aged gentleman of the highest accomplishments, he were a handsome honest young rustic, asking a pretty girl a certain question, he would very considerably prefer the rose lips that said, "I love thee, Jack," to the equally rose petal that said, "Must I confess, although, that you have inspired a sincere affection in this bosom?"

Parson—shut up—or rather don't, for you are a good fellow. Go and make a sermon which can be understood by the men of Three Hundred Words.

A POPULAR WANT.

The entertainment annually given to the inmates of the Asylum for Idiots, Earlswood, came off on Monday last, consisting in a distribution of prizes from Christmas-trees, a treat to ten and cake, and a series of "special amusements," in the coarse whereof, according to the newspapers, was performed a musical interlude, "in which the attitude of the officers of the institution to amuse and interest the subjects of their care was specially brought out"—very specially indeed, thus:—

"Negro melodists made their appearance in a 'London Street,' and were encountered by great applause."

So we should think.

The popularity of Negro melodists is very great. Asylums for idiots are by no means so numerous as they ought to be.

A GUARANTEE.

"The Olybume states that the Emperor of the French is taking steps with Russia for the recognition of the Kingdom of Italy by that Power."

Quite correct, and we understand that the Emperor's most cegent argument is delivered in the words of Lord Byron:—

"And with the addition of a slight Polone.
Turbo's and Moscow's climes are of a piece."

MISSUS-ISM, OR WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE SERVANT CALLS?

Proud Mother (to the new Maid). "We parted with Sowth, because she was so sharp with our door sweet little Harry, who has such outward spirits, you know: throwing anything about, or kicking his football through the window—perhaps he'll kick you, too—but you must not wish it, for he's a lion-hearted, sensitive little fellow!"
OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

EELY, friend Punch, there be stranger things now happening in the dramatic world than are dreamt of, even in Pueblo Philosophy. Fancy a pack of vestrymen hired with the object of inducing Mr. Critchley to subscribe for a share of Shakespeare from foreign innovation, and jumping up like Britons to protect from Frenzy invasion, who would call him his 'sacred text!' No wonder Monsieur Foucher for awhile has fled to Paris, to escape the virulent wrath of such all-powerful assailants.

Here is the threat of vengance, hurled forth as with a trumpet-note:

VESTRY HALL, KENSINGTON.—A men lately performing Othello on Wednesday, January 22nd. They neither affect the 'Staggy' nor the 'French School,' but with vigour, with reverence of the sacred text such an interpretation as common sense dictates. Admission by Invitation Tickets only.

"I have heard of 'Miracle Plays,' and I really think Othello, performed by a few vestrymen, must have been a play well worthy of the name. It surely must have been a miracle if they got through with it at all, and, taking the looks at their capacity for a slight of hand, the specimen of Vestrydom whom I have chance to meet; and if they much relied on 'common sense' to help them, I, sadly fear they found such aid fall rather short. I wonder, was there some such reliance on the Dutch School, and did his Majesty any longer than that upon the sacred text, such an interpretation as common sense dictates. Admission by Invitation Tickets only.

"Speaking thus of opera reminds me that I promised to say another word or two concerning Covent Garden, where Mr. Barnett's new work, all in the words when this is published, have reached its fifth night. Call me, if you please, a 'play-billious' critic (I thank thee, Punch, for teaching me that word), I still must say this opera does not improve upon acquaintance; partly because excrescences, which should have been trimmed and snipped away, have been kept, and an audience attracted chiefly by the pantomime, and who care less for good singing than for getting a good laugh. This end has been gained by cutting out some pleasant music and giving prominence to dialogue; more, I think, the glory of the work. Much is to be recommended Mr. Harrison's clear utterance and musical delivery (very actors know how to make their words tell more than they do), should not object to find his small talk somewhat shortened; and for the credit of our ancestry, let Lord Rochester present with his tipness a little more toned down.

"Although written by one of our most entertaining facet-wrights, and the one who so luxuriates in hard-hitting, bustling fun, there is not much to laugh at in the Covent Garden pantomime; and one sighs for the vivacity once which we so admired, and the intensely clown-like drolleries that are the sourest cynic laugh! Flare and finery are held now in more account than fun, and the brightness of a splendid Transformation Tableau (and that at Covent Garden really is a splendid one) is deemed too much for the attention than that upon the grand glory and brilliance of wit. Hence, while scene painters are flourishing, there is small encouragement extended to good clowns; and as any common cartoon is hired to play the character, there has been gradually induced a desire for artistic talent, and the race of the Gargoyles has well and truly become extinct.

"ONCE WHO PATHS?"

KING CABBAGE IN CHANCERY.

SMITH O'BRIEN, of the Cabbages, unlike his friend MEAGER, of the Sword, has got a real grievance at last. When he had committed the felony for which he was transported, he prudently determined to cheat the Crown he could not have obtained to find his property to trustees for his family. The pardoned felon now wants his property back. But the trustees, who seem sensible men, consider that whereas the interests of persons who are not yet of an age to act for themselves are involved, the best plan will be to get the property to the next of kin, and to let that if Irish giant took to discounting Mr. Seward's bills, or otherwise scattering the money in further attempts against hated England, the infants might unpatriciologically grumble, and be down on the trustees for not taking care of the time. So the matter is referred to the Court of Chancery. The Irish giant proposes a compromise, and demands an "adequate annuity." If this is granted, he promises to settle near Dublin and "devote himself to literature and politics." If not, he means to rush into a foreign land, and seek an honourable death in a premature adventure—"stay, we have misplaced his adjectives. He is, I say, a silly fellow, but we cannot wish him any harm, and we hope that he will get his annuity, and study literature and politics, of which he is capable, and his arts should as well as any other help the country. We should be sorry that the full measure of contemptuous pardon were not dealt out to him. In a similar case, in any of the other countries which Mr. O'Brien considers so superior to England, he might, I am assured, have his landing out of the way and his family would have had as much chance of his property as he has of being king of Orkney. Let the lesson be read to all small culprits—England can not only afford to forgive them, but returns the money found on their persons by the police.

TRUE PATRIOTISM.

The American orators, the New York Herald and the Morning Star, have taken the lead; not the lead a Continent, enters upon, proposes the plan to the new Federal codes are as good as gold and the youthful. In future the whole of the staff of the daily journals are to be paid in the Seward shu-plasters. The notification has given the livelett satisfaction to the contributors and other employees.

A CLOUDY PASSAGE.

It is said that there is a silver lining to every cloud, but the cloud that has lately hung over England has now lost its silver lining only with tissue-paper, and to look upon that as an acceptable substitute for a currency of species, is nothing better than a tissue of absurdity.
A MERE TRIFLE.

Gertrude. "But, my dear Arthur, how came you to get such a 'Chopper' as you call it?"

Arthur. "Well! It was just the little bit of a place where a fellow does get spit sometimes—there was a ditch about a couple of yards wide, and then a highish bank, you know, with a stiffish quickset on the top—and a narrow post and rail just beyond—and then another wider sort of a ditch and into a field where they had been draining—and so, you see, somehow or other we came to grief!"

IMPOLITIC PERSECUTION IN SPAIN.

Great excitement has been produced among the Roman Catholic portion of Her Majesty's subjects, by the intelligence that out of upwards of thirty Protestants of the south of Spain, who, many months ago, were committed to prison for the mere exercise of their religion, some of those most noted have been brought to trial and condemned to seven years of the galleys. The chief offenders committed by Matamoros and his companions is said to have consisted in reading a translation of the Bible. The law of Spain punishes this offence with seven years of penal servitude. But who set the law in motion? It is whispered that the prosecutors, or the instigators to the prosecution, of these men are actually the Spanish priesthood; and there in this country some people of understanding and education who quite believe the Catholic clergy of Spain capable of such gross intolerance!

It is felt by the Roman Catholic body, that if the charge of such abominable persecution as that above stated could be sustained against their Church in Spain, it would justify British Protestants in believing that Cardinal Wiseman and his ecclesiastical subordinates would do precisely the same thing here, if they only got the upper hand; a supposition likely to deprive those estimable divines of any concession or advantage they may expect to derive from the progress of the principles of religious liberty. The Roman Catholics are, therefore, most anxious to discover the bigots and fanatics, whoever they may be, that have caused the impeachment and condemnation of the Spanish Protestants; and we are in a position to state that they are going to hold an indignation meeting, in order to get up a petition to the Pope to command the Queen of Spain to set them at liberty.

In the Sister Island the excitement which this Spanish scandal has created among the faithful is immense. They are all up in arms; and what has particularly incensed and disheartened them is the consideration that the prime minister of Queen Isabella's Government is Marshal O'Donnell. They are unanimous in intending to invoke him by the names of his ancestors to insist on the immediate liberation of the prisoners condemned to the galleys for the crime of Protestantism, and also forthwith to propose to the Cortes the repeal of all laws affecting freedom of conscience. They feel that, but for making some demonstration against the bigotry which has been practised in an eminently Catholic country, they would be unable to go on enjoying, with quiet minds, the liberty of worship which they possess, much less ask, with any hope, the least further advance of justice to Ireland.

A requisition to Lord Palmerston, urging him to interfere for the deliverance of the Spanish Protestant galleys-slaves, drawn up by the Roman Catholic hierarchy, will lie for signature at every chapel of that denomination both in London and the country, and also at Punch's Office. The number of signatures attached to these requisitions will correspond exactly to that of the Roman Catholic population—infants excepted. Adults who cannot write will make their mark, and by thus testifying against intolerant brutality, convince the Protestant Association that it is not the mark of the Beast.

ONLy ONE WORD.

Those sad Survivors! Make them Miners too,
To work, through life, a gold-mine oped by you.

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The Clerk of the Weather. With Diagrams.
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DAUNTLESS BRAVERY OF COUNSEL.

Among the natural qualifications necessary to success at the Bar, one of the principal is that of courage. Mr. Chambers, Q.C., is endowed with a large share of this forensic requisite, if, in the course of his address to the jury on the Windham case, the ensuing passage, reported as part of that oration, really occurred:

"He was quite convinced that the jury, understanding, as they now did, the principles which were to govern them in their decision, must inevitably come to the conclusion, that it was their duty to guard Mr. Windham by their verdict in his present state of mind from being victimized, and injured, and destroyed, by persons who were ever ready to prey upon weakness, especially when that weakness was accompanied by wealth or moderate means."

The courage which General Windham has had the credit of having displayed at the Redan, nay, that which the boldest of British grenadiers undoubtedly did display at Alma and Inkermann, is less remarkable than that instanced by General Windham’s counsel in the above remark if he made it. Nelson on the quarter-deck of the Victory with his decorations on his breast, the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo, a walkin’ about amongst the red-hot cannon-balls, regard less of circumstances, as the showman says, are nothing in comparison to Mr. Chambers at the Sessions House, Westminster, before Master Sam. Warren. When the fact is considered that, at the time when the foregoing words were uttered the lawyers concerned in the Windham Lunacy Commission had already nearly eaten up Mr. Windham’s estate, and devoured a vast deal more of his property than any of the rogues, blackguards, and improper persons with whom he wasted it in notorious living, the courage which could enable one of the chief of those lawyers, and of those particular lawyers, moreover, by whose agency the proceedings were instituted, to allude to people by whom his client’s nephew was in danger of being “victimized, injured, and destroyed,” appears immense. Talk no more of Alexander, or Pericles, or Cohn, or Lyvander, or Alcibiades. Of all the gallant heroes, whether of antiquity or modern times, there’s no one to compare with Mr. Chambers, except the Gracchi complaining of sedition, provided always that Mr. Chambers really did ask the jury to protect Mr. Windham, by dehlics from being victimized, or removed, and destroy him. There ought to be a Cross of an Order of Forensic Valour instituted to reward the daring of learned gentlemen who venture to say such things. It is needless to add that such a decoration should be made out of the brightest brass.

HOPELESS JUSTICE.

Mr. Hubbard is the man for Chancellor of the Exchequer, if the plan of taxation which he proposes is as practicable as the principle whereon he bases it is just. At Buckingham, the other day, he told his audience that—

"His scheme provided that men should be taxed according to their power of paying."

In these few words lies the answer to the pedantic moral idiots who keep insisting, in the face of common sense, that all incomes ought to be taxed at equal rates. Ability to buy is ability to pay. It is folly to live up to an uncertain income as nearly as prudence would allow if it were a certain one. The folly of such expenditure is immense, and just equal in magnitude to the injustice of correcting taxation. The measure of the fools on the one hand is that of the rogues on the other. But these are trumperies which Mr. Hubbard must not expect to persuade gentlemen of independent property to consider.

Specially Retained.

Dr. Gwyn, according to the reports in the Windham nuisance, seems to have appeared in Court for the sole purpose of laughing at Mr. Chambers. The Doctor was removed. This was unfair. In all important cases somebody should attend to represent the feeling of the public.
APPENDIX TO DARWIN'S ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

Several scientific observers of natural history have noticed the fact, that the physiognomy of the American of the United States is being transformed, and that the clothing, habits, and language of the Red Indian are disappearing before that of the new and increasing population. The barbarous act of sinking a stone-fleet at the entrance of Charleston Harbour, and the fury with which the permanent ruin of that port and city was anticipated by the inhabitants—demonstrates an internal and moral change corresponding to that of the exterior. Violent war is characteristic of a development of textures, or a slow conclusion. It may be that the Duke of Cambridge—after having visited Loudon Bridge—would extend his perversion to New York, he will find the site of that once populous city to have reverted to hunting-grounds; their inhabitants living in wigwams, wearing top-knots and moosekins, and having their copper-coloured faces tattooed. The representatives of the present generation will then perhaps be armed with tomahawks, rash to the fight with a war-whoop, scalp their enemies slain in battle, and torture their prisoners at the stake. Such is the level of humanity to which the people who have outraged civilisation by a crime against the commerce of the world are too evidently descending. Their posterity when about to go another circuit round the globe, and even now, perhaps, the Government of Mr. Lincoln might supply a powerful stimulus to valour, by issuing some pots of that ornamental material to the Federal army.

A LUNATIC PROCEEDING.

Gentlemen of the long robe, Punch will put a case. Supposing it be questioned (by an interested relative) if A. B. had mentally fit to manage his own property. What, then, is the proper course to be pursued? Clearly, is it not to take away his property? And what so sure a way to do this as a law-suit, the costs whereof are so enormous that the property is certain to be swallowed? This is the case prescribed by the Wisdom of the Law, and no lunatic would ever doubt its efficacy.

ANIMAL SPIRITS.

One of the distinguishing traits of animal spirits must be, we fancy, a horae laugh. Now Mrs. Punch has very little to say upon all this, and that little shall not be long. He was always partial to his friend George, and when a gentlemaness is being made an object of the utmost attention to a gentleman's feelings. It was done, if the statements in this article be accurate, in a handsome and chivalrous manner. But—Which view of the case was the right one, that elicited from a famous and accomplished leader a torrent of angry rebuke, or that on which the General Order was based? If the latter, of course, the Duke did quite right in retrenching the rebate, and prancing up the Portsmouth Garrison. But if the former, let the Duke consider that if the situation is as described by Lord displays, that John Pennefather tendered his resignation of the Aldershot command on more than one occasion, because of the language used to him by the Duke, and that the resignation was only withdrawn on an apology being made. It is also said that on one occasion some officers fought his Royal Highness with his own weapons, and returned his coat with compound interest.

Well, Mr. Punch applauds this last paragraph because he would much prefer to believe that a gallant and lusty Prince is in the habit of giving his tongue the rein in an old-fashioned and desirable manner, than that the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army would look over important faults for the sake of making things pleasant. Swearing in the presence of the King is a very bad habit, and very wrong, very wrong, very wrong. When a wrong is done to a gentleman—especially an eminent gentleman—Sir John Pennefather tendered his resignation of the Aldershot command on more than one occasion, because of the language used to him by the Duke, and that the resignation was only withdrawn on an apology being made. It is also said that on one occasion some officers fought his Royal Highness with his own weapons, and returned his coat with compound interest.

On the part of Mr. Punch he would much prefer that the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army would look over important faults for the sake of making things pleasant. Swearing in the presence of the King is a very bad habit, and very wrong, very wrong, very wrong. When a wrong is done to a gentleman—especially a nobleman—Mr. Punch would much prefer that the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army would look over important faults for the sake of making things pleasant. Swearing in the presence of the King is a very bad habit, and very wrong, very wrong, very wrong. When a wrong is done to a gentleman—especially a nobleman—Mr. Punch would much prefer that the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army would look over important faults for the sake of making things pleasant. Swearing in the presence of the King is a very bad habit, and very wrong, very wrong, very wrong. When a wrong is done to a gentleman—especially a nobleman—Mr. Punch would much prefer that the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army would look over important faults for the sake of making things pleasant. Swearing in the presence of the King is a very bad habit, and very wrong, very wrong, very wrong. When a wrong is done to a gentleman—especially a nobleman—Mr. Punch would much prefer that the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army would look over important faults for the sake of making things pleasant. Swearing in the presence of the King is a very bad habit, and very wrong, very wrong, very wrong. When a wrong is done to a gentleman—especially a nobleman—Mr. Punch would much prefer that the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army would look over important faults for the sake of making things pleasant. Swearing in the presence of the King is a very bad habit, and very wrong, very wrong, very wrong. When a wrong is done to a gentleman—especially a nobleman—Mr. Punch would much prefer that the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army would look over important faults for the sake of making things pleasant. Swearing in the presence of the King is a very bad habit, and very wrong, very wrong, very wrong. When a wrong is done to a gentleman—especially a nobleman—Mr. Punch would much prefer that the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army would look over important faults for the sake of making things pleasant. Swearing in the presence of the King is a very bad habit, and very wrong, very wrong, very wrong. When a wrong is done to a gentleman—especially a nobleman.
Stage. Of Mrs. Conway, Mrs. Bowers, Mr. Sothern, Mr. Booth, I have already spoken as recently arriving; and half a score of others I might easily have named, had I found a suitable occasion so to do. Among these Miss Jane Coombs, I think, deserves a word of notice, if only for the reason that the newspapers in general, without pointing out her faults, have given her such faint praise as has been held since condemnation. I did not see her in the Love Chance, for I still have Mrs. Nilseit too much in my eye to give a quite unbiased look at any newly-arrived successor; and having seen her in the Honeymoon I can well conclude Miss Coombs could not have given full force to such a character as Constable, that 'ebullient heroine,' as I find one critic calls her. But Miss Coombs is very clearly an actress of much promise, and this promise one may hope for in distant date to see her realise in performance. She has a pleasant face and person, and a full rich voice, which she uses without any masking, and that quiet tenderness with which she paid her husband's first praise with a kiss was womanlike in its impatience, and touching in its contrast to her previous wilder mood.

"Miss Coombs's place is now supplied by Mr. Sothern, whose quizzically funny Lord Dowleycar is as humorous a novelty as one would wish to see. Whether Mr. Sothern can play other parts than those of stupid-witted stammering dandies, it remains yet to be seen; but he at least deserves our thanks for having shown us a new specimen of the genus Swell, quite different from any we have yet seen on the Stage. To the loving William Nunzi, as purified by Mr. Heath, imported likewise from the States, is the genuine Yankee Girl that Mrs. Florence was. I fancy, the first to introduce us to this name of Othello not long since apostrophised his looking-glass, and feared to make the chaste stars blush for his complexion. To the lovely Ethel Dean, as parson's wife, by being sung as a street-churl, have succeeded "Bodding Aground," "O My Morning Light," and "melodies which clearly must have something more in them than cynics seem to think, or an enlightened British public would surely not have been so smitten with them when they first came out, nor be still content to listen whenever they are sung. It is scarce too much to say, that Miss. Florence sings these gems as no one else can sing them, for she can squeak at least six octaves higher than most vocalists, and the sharp shrill notes she utters are quite enough to save her songs from falling flat.

"I suppose her Yankee Gal is no likelier to be met with in American society than is the Irish Boy presented by her husband; who in that vilely stupid, trashy piece, the Irish Emigrant, failed to draw a laugh so well as Mr. Drew. But the character is one of those eccentric whimsicalities, which by way of novelty may now and then be tolerated, and need not be much criticised so long as they amuse. What such couples might do had they good pieces to work upon, is a problem that remains for futurity to solve. The rule at present seems to be, that any sort of rubbish will serve them as a groundwork; and I never yet have witnessed an exception to this rule. Certainly, whatever is the failing of Miss Coombs, no one can accuse her countrywoman, when acting as the Yankee Gal, of 'anathetic effrontery.' Her drolleries are somewhat cut-and-dried, may be; but she acts in real nunnery, and the force of her six coups would pull through a worse piece than the one she has been playing in, if it be conceivable there could be a worse piece. Her humour is as broad as a fashionable petticoat, but to carry out the simile, though one may not much admire it, at least it serves to make one laugh. The silliest of small talk is somehow sure to win a smile, when spoken in that high-pitched nasal Yankee voice, and the quaint, over-witty gesture, and odd looks by way of curtesy, whereby the Yankee Housekeeper accompanied her words, made a critical even break into a grin. The house was most hilarious the evening I attended, and as laughing is infectious, I felt compelled to join in it. But even had I been in the most vinegary of moods, I think I must have smiled to hear those wondrous little squeaks which Mrs. Florence now and then so drollily introduces; and which would almost make one fancy she had been taking lessons from the tiniest of kittens, and that the squeakiest of gamecocks had long formed her daily food.

Of the pantomime at this house I have scarce room now to speak; except to say Miss Harris is a lovely young Dick Whittington, and Master Harley a most active and intelligent Tom Cat. His feats on the trapeze are such as I, suppose, no cat has ever yet attempted, even on the tiles; and the dearest of a child's tabbies has never yet displayed more affection for its mistress, than the feeling for his master this extremely faithful animal in his feline way displays.

"One who pays.

THE "TUSCARORA." (Arie, "The Am佐am.")

Come list my song, you sailors bold,
Beneath both Stars and Stripes enrolled,
—The original Stars and Stripes whose fold
Flies aboard of the Tuscarora;
And the younger flag at the Nashville's peak,
And a characteristic Dixie Dock for this many a week,
With fewer stars and scantier bars—
Both Captains Peagrin's gallant bars,
And those with Craven, brave as Mars,
Aboard of the Tuscarora.

'Gainst unarmed ships both craft are brave,
But how in fighting they'd believe,
Is just the point both captains waive—
Of Nashville and Tuscarora;
There's Peagrin, like a 'cate old fox,
Still berthed in snug Southampton Docks,
Not a step he'll budge from the safe lock-sludge,
For he's up to Craven's cruising ludge,
And he knows that they owe him a tidy grant,
Aboard of the Tuscarora.

There's Craven swears he don't care a straw
For Old World international law,
And British rights are called "shack-jaw,
Aboard of the Tuscarora;
"His signal-son he'll send ashore;
He'll cruise the Solent o'er and o'er":
But the Danube too free, she says, and she,
"Here's Captain Leopold Heath, C.B.,
That sort o' thing won't stand—not he—
Not even from the Tuscarora.

Give England a wide enough berth, we say,
And yard-arm to yard-arm you're free to try,
And hammer and togs you may pound away,
Both Nashville and Tuscarora.
We don't see any great call to brag
Of the deeds done under either flag—
The Nashville may search the Harvey Birch,
Or Craven may Peagrin's laurels wish,
The Nashville go down with a roll and a hurch,
To the guns of the Tuscarora.

But one thing we don't mean to stand
Within short hail of England's strand,
That's a brother's blood on a brother's hand,
In Nashville or Tuscarora.
Whichever craft the fight begin,
No honour in such a striito she'll win;
And Peagrin will rue, and Craven, too,
(If, as I think, they're good men and true)
The first of a race in the Nashville's two,
Or the ten of the Tuscarora.

Delusive Puffery.

Old boys are beginning to complain that jam-puffs are not what they used to be. The puffs of the present day are almost all paste and hardly any jam. There exists a correspondence of tastes and fashions. As the paste is to the jam of a puff, so is the muslin to the person of a fashionable lady. A raspberry jam-puff is a sham and an illusion. It is hardly too bad to say, such is woman!
“PULLING UP IN TIME.”

There was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And he spent too much on powder and on lead, lead, lead:
And the constable so far Outran for ships of war,
And soldiers, that quite dry his purse he bled, bled, bled.

Then his neighbours all began To abuse this little man,
For a nuisance and a mischief and a pest, pest, pest;
And his tenants they all swore They would stand the screw no more,
And “L'Empire c'est la peur” was ought but jest, jest, jest.

Till at last this little man,
Not a bit too soon, began
His in-comings and out-goings to o'erhaul, haul, haul;
And this truth he did perceive,
Those who spend cro they receive,
Will wind up with no revenue at all, all, all.

Then he summoned Monsieur Foulds,
An Israelite well schooled
In debtor and in creditor accounts, 'counts,' counts;
And he said, "Pray let me know
Exactly what I owe;
I'm afraid to something heavyish it amounts, 'mounts,' 'mounts?"

Monsieur Foulds went through his books,
With extremely serious looks,
And a long face at the balance-sheet did pull, pull, pull;
"Forty millions, Sir," said he,
"As far as I can see,
Is the sum to your discredit, stated full, full, full.

There's the funded debt beside,
But 'tis that a man can hide,
(As witness Mr. Bull, across the way, way, way):
But you really ought to get
Kid of all this floating debt,
And pull up, if you ever mean to pay, pay, pay.

"Oh, dear, it costs a wrench,
One's expenses to retrench!"
The little man exclaimed with a tear, tear, tear:
"But if I must, I must;
So I'll cut down with the dust,
Which in Europe I've kicked up this many a year, year.

"I'll give up my drums and noise,
And my military toys,
I'll do with fewer soldiers, ships and guns, guns, guns;
And I'll lay a nice new tax
On my loving subjects' backs,
And 'twixt two screws, up and down, pay off my dues, dues, dues.

"Wars and war-intrigues I'll cease,
Take to trade and arts of Peace,
Be a moral, mild and quiet little man, man, man;
Till even Mr. Bull,
Gives me confidence, as full
As before "Le Vol de l'Aigle" first began, 'gan, 'gan."

Latest from Washington.

By our Clairvoyant Correspondent.

Notice of Motion, April the First.—In the House of Representatives Mr. Lovejoy, otherwise Loveloe, the honourable representative of Rowdyloud, to move—that Great Britain be blotted out of the map of Europe, and that the respected Editor of the New York Herald be forthwith commissioned to supply the ink.
THE OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

From the "Times," Friday, May 2, 1862.

The above heading is rather Hibernian. Yesterday was appointed for the opening of the International Exhibition, and the magnificent show was ready in all its arrangements. But as there cannot be a dinner without guests, there can hardly be a show without visitors. The officials had all arrived overnight, and by dint of cigars and an early breakfast (whose goodness was, we hope, an omen of the way in which the event will be speedily disposed of) the doors were opened until the doors were open. Then they calmly awaited the anticipated rush. But no rush took place. Nobody came in. At first it was apprehended that some amiss policemen must have exerted their usual intelligence, and opened everything except the outer barriers, and after a pause, secretaries rushed out to behold. But all was open, including the mouths of the astonished officials themselves. Not a visitor arrived. Almanacs were hastily consulted, lest by some wild mischance the wrong day had been fixed on. No, the day was all right. After a time scouts were sent out, and presently a dismal rumour, travelling with the accustomed speed of bad news, revealed the awful mystery. The whole World had stuck fast in Brompton. The expected lock had occurred, and the terrible array of vehicles, extending from the Narrows to Bov, had pressed forward, and the fix had become inextricable. Various suggestions were made in the despair of the moment. The military naturally recommended artillery, the lawyers wished to dispense the crowd by paying all the fees, and the Secretary of the Society of Gentlemen were for throwing cold water on everything by means of fire-engines. What will be done we know not. The beautiful day passed, the night descended, and the World was still stuck in Brompton. We shall see what to-day brings forth.

From the "Telegraph."

"Open, Sesame!" was all very well, but when the cave was open what use, if the band would not, or could not advance? The Oriental story was a glorious one. In the International Exhibition was ready, but nobody could get into it. The army of visitors was irrepressibly blocked up in the lobbies of Brompton, and but for supplies, hospitably furnished at extortionate rates, by the tradesfolk of the neighborhood, might have perished from want. It was impossible to advance, and a retreat was still more impossible. Non causessse colo, that is to say, the dense columns could make no concessions. Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, was the Lord of Misrule on the day, that is to say, he was the man in Brompton, though not in the Exhibition. Louis Napoleon has been telegraphed for, and replies that he is coming with his Superos, a righteous reproof to the Saps who ought to have provided against such a national disgrace. Meanwhile, the World is stuck in Brompton.

From the "Morning Advertiser."

"Proprii que Maribus tributum; facceae faces," as Horace says, but neither watch nor horoscopes, to speak facetiously, had a chance yesterday in that great city, Brompton. There was a dead lock, and the key had not been found by a living soul up to midnight, when, liking early hours, we left the hospitality of that excellent Licensed Victualler (and governor of the schools) Mr. Bunce, of the Blue Pig. It is truly disgraceful that no approaches should have been made, and we feel inclined to exclaim with Catiene, Nausicaa laudaw, only the thought of a tempest or any other vehicle aggravates us into irritation. The Exhibition is a splendid success, but what is the use of the finest show of XXX if you cannot tap it? The whole World is stuck in Brompton.

From the "Morning Star."

We secured as much! The demon Mars has achieved another of his brutal victories. The International Exhibition stands a towering monument of our wickedness. Now, perhaps, the haughty aristocrats who adopted the design of a military man, a Captain in the Engineers, instead of taking the beautiful plan furnished by a Sunday-school teacher (when Monsieur Delay has permission in the confusion) had a dead lock, and the key had not been found by a living soul up to midnight, when, liking early hours, we left the hospitality of that excellent Licensed Victualler (and governor of the schools) Mr. Bunce, of the Blue Pig. It is truly disgraceful that no approaches should have been made, and we feel inclined to exclaim with Catiline, Nausicaa laudaw, only the thought of a tempest or any other vehicle aggravates us into irritation. The Exhibition is a splendid success, but what is the use of the finest show of XXX if you cannot tap it? The whole World is stuck in Brompton.

A POLITE NOTE TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE CORPS LEGISLATIF. Mr. John Bull presents his compliments to Count Morny, and begs the Count to correct a statement made by him in the "Charivari" that Brompton is "the finest show of XXX if you cannot tap it." The World is stuck in Brompton.

YANKEE CLASSICS. Mr. Loveloy, the Hater of Englands, the Hamlet who swears all his little expletives into the statement made by him in the "Charivari," that Brompton is "the finest show of XXX if you cannot tap it." The World is stuck in Brompton.
A LAST WORD ON THE WINDHAM CASE.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"In common, I imagine, with the rest of my profession, I have taken a great interest in this delightful trial, and have especially been pleased to see that no pains have been spared to make it as expensive as possibly could be. The way in which a score of witnesses have been brought to give the evidence that one would have sufficed to give, has appeared to me a triumph of professional ability; and indeed, the utter recklessness of cost which has on both sides marked the conduct of the case, has afforded me the greatest satisfaction and delight. In fact, the whole proceedings have been, with one exception, a source of unalloyed pleasure to me; and for upwards of six weeks, while the case has been continued, I have almost daily had an extra relish for my breakfast in reading how the trial has been cleverly protracted.

"The exception I allude to is, however, a most painful one, and I much regret to say that a lawyer is the cause of it. If I believe the Times reporter, Mr. Chambers, in the course of his last speech for the petitioners (which he skilfully contrived to extend over three days), by a sad accident let fall the remark that—

"Mr. Windham, since he came of age, had enjoyed the services of no fewer than seven attorneys, which was in itself a proof of weakness of mind."

"Of course I cannot but regard this as a slip of the tongue, for which I doubt not Mr. Chambers would most readily apologise were an apology demanded on behalf of those malign'd. For surely, Sir, a barrister who has to thank attorneys for giving him his work, would never cast a shadow of a shade of ill opinion on them, except by some such accident as must have here occurred. It is an ill bird that fouls its own nest; and though Mr. C. be now at the top of the tree, he should not throw bad words on those who are beneath him, and who have been his support.

"As for saying that employing six or seven of us attorneys is "in itself a proof of weakness of mind," that surely is a dictum which no good lawyer would make, not merely because it casts an odium upon his profession, but because it is, I think, ill-founded and untenable as a point of law. If Mr. Chambers really thought what he lastly alleged, why did he not advise the seven attorneys who have his witnesses, if the fact of their employment was a "proof of Mr. Windham's weakness of mind"? But no, of course he spoke in haste, and I doubt not since some felt ashamed of what he said. Had he been on the jury and such evidence had been brought, I should have held it quite conclusive of Mr. Windham's sanity, and a proof of more than common, rather than deficient, strength of sound good sense, and highly-cultured faculties of judgment and of mind. Some young men delight in boughsman, and some in baaing race-horses; but to spend one's money freely among a lot of lawyers is surely a more sensible and proper way of getting rid of it. Indulgence in the costly luxury of law is clearly far more rational than keeping packs of hounds, and so by gradual extravagance going to the dogs. A man who spends his income chiefly on his lawyer's is a wise, judicious, noble benefactor of his species, and could not possibly employ it to any better end.

"Viewed merely as a charity, such a course, it must be owned, deserves the highest praise. We poor attorneys have of late been terribly impoverished, and are almost all of us reduced well nigh to starving. What are called "reforms" have ruined us by hundreds, and yet the public cruelly abstains from compensation. Many a legal web would be closed in grim despair, were it not kept open for the chance of some such fat young bluebottle as Windham shipping into it, and helping to replenish the exhausted legal larder. In short, more deserving objects for compassion and for charity it were impossible to name, than the poverty-stricken creatures, seven of whose number he has nobly helped to feed; and while offering him my gratitude for aiding my poor brothers, I can only add my most sincere regret that I was not one of them. Had I only been so, I had I only been so, I had have been delighted to propose a Testimonial to our common client, as a mark of our respect, admiration, and esteem; say, for instance, a full schedule of the costs, or rather charges, we had all received from him, with the words "Sir, yours and Mr. Windham's great admirer,""

"SIX AND EIGHTPENCE,"
THE HUBBARD MYTH.

Dear Mr. Punch,

The Times begins a leader. Mr. Hubbard is great at a twinge. This does not mean that the M.P. for Buckingham is a photographer, but refers to the character of his politics. But he is hardly to be blamed for this characteristic. It is hereditary. The distinguished lady who founded the house of Hubbard, or at all events whose history invariably occurs to us when the name is mentioned, was in the same line. She is first presented to us in connection with a double negative, as every child will remember. Perhaps the whole story is a myth, symbolising the Church Rate question on which her descendant is busied. The poor Dog who wanted a Bone may symbolise the Dissenter who very properly wished to finish the Bone of Contention. Mr. Hubbard sought in his Cupboard, that is, his intellectual resources, but the Cupboard was Bare, that is, his scheme was futile, and so the poor Dog got no Bone, or rather, the Church Rate question was left unsettled.

"ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF ESSAYS AND REVIEWS."

"Court of Arches."

Philidor in Arms.

Mr. Paul Morphy, the wonderful American Chess-player, has abandoned the Chess-board, in order to enter the Federal Army. He will find his own tactics already in use there, with a slight variation. The leaders have been playing a dozen different games, blindsfold—only they have not won any of them. The last moves, by telegraph, are White takes Castle (useless move) and Black gives check. Of course Queen cannot interpose.

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POEM BY VICTOR HUGO.

"Victor Hugo has just sent a piece of poetry to the King of the Belgians, in which he seeks the pardon of nine assassins recently condemned to death in the province of Hainault."—French Paper.

"Mr. Punch has been favoured with a copy of the poem, and submits a close translation."—Mr. Punch.

Enter, graceful, beads
Beside her radiant friends
Erato ample, and Thalia spares,
And Polyhymnia springs,
And cool Urania brings
The wisdom that informs all heavenly things,
While, sipping sweetestchiosey,
The star-armed Terpsichore
Her dew-gemmed tresses to the wild wind flings.

O! Léopold,
Once young, now rather old,
Bid thy grim-visaged executioner hold
The hand that seems to beg
To pull the peg
Of that dark guillotine at which I scold.
Nine Murderers lie in yonder prison cell,
Nine Muses on Beovia's mountain dwell
It is a Poet's Plea
Which I address to thee,
O, let them off, accept my simple letter,
And reason, for I have not got a better.


There is no truth in the rumour that Frangatelli, the gastronome, is to be raised to the dignity of Senator, with the title of Duke of Ragusa (Ragoule)—the appointment offered and declined was that of Sous-Prefet (Sous Prefet)?!

A WOODEN HOMEOPATHIST.

A New Medical Man has appeared, a Tree Doctor. He announces a course of treatment by which he can restore sick trees to health. But, as we understand his process, he prescribes nothing but a course of Bark.
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"*" Any Volume, or Double Volume, may always be had separately.

ONCE A WEEK.
The Number (135) for this week contains—The Fifth and Sixth Chapters of a New Story, by the Author of "Agnes Tremain;" The Woman I Loved, and the Woman who Loved Me; A Dreadful Ghost, by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman;" A Look at the Federal Army; Madame Bonjour's Protégés, by Anna Blackwell; The Victorian Exploring Expedition; with other articles; and Illustrations by C. Keene, F. Walker, and Hablot K. Browne. Price 3d.

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THE GUARDIAN


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PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

THE BIGGEST OF BUTCHER BOYS.

The author of a new life of Shakespeare, Mr. S. W. Fullon, thinks there is no truth in the late Lord Campbell's supposition that the great dramatist was employed, during his youth, in a lawyer's office. Shakespeare, according to his latest biographer, was a butcher's apprentice, and learned what he knew of legal forms and technicalities by attending the borough courts of Stratford-on-Avon, and witnessing those law proceedings in which his father was often involved. But he is far too minute and coyous in his law slang to have picked it up in that way, and besides he shows immense knowledge of sea-slang, military slang, and many other slangs. His knowledge of slang, in fact, was only part of his knowledge of things in general, which he either acquired by the study of everything, or possessed by intuition, or else Shakespeare was a "medium," and spirits put universal information into his head. A great objection to this latter theory is that it is the height to which his genius towers above the mediocrity that marks the utterances of the most eminent "mediums."

A hypothesis on which the extent of Shakespeare's legal knowledge may be as satisfactorily accounted for, as the success of his poetic work, consists very well with the fact, that he was a butcher-boy. As such he must have been conversant with sheep-skins. We have only to suppose him endowed with the gift of natural clairvoyance, in order ourselves to be able to see clearly what was revealed to him by his familiarity with the law, and its phraseology. The sheep-skins presented themselves to his revision in the state of parchment, and he foresaw all the deeds which were destined to be engraved on them.

The clairvoyance of Shakespeare may be supposed to have enabled him to look into all manner of things, besides the sheep-skins which he was accustomed to handle, and thus obtain that acquaintance with human actions as well as documentary deeds manifest in his writings. In a state of trance or ecstasy, having his mind's eye open, and scenes of the past, present, or future revealed before him, how often may Master William Shakespeare have stood beside a street-door in his native town, with a blue hook on, and a wooden tray containing a leg of mutton upon his shoulder, abstractedly whistling an old English melody, and shouting "Butcher!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

1862. February 6, Thursday. Parliament re-assembled. The first paragraphs in the Royal Speech (delivered by the CHANCELLOR) and such portion of the debates as referred to them, demand graver than is usually made in these columns. The opening sentences of the Speech alluded, with but little grace of expression, to the event of the Fourteenth of December last. Leading speakers in the two Houses offered tributes to the memory of the departed.

The Earl of Derby said—

"In the Prince Consort the Queen has lost the familiar friend, the trusted councillor, the never-failing adviser to whom she could look up in every difficulty and in every emergency, and to whom she did look up with that trust binding which none but a woman's heart can know, relying in the intellectual superiority of him to her own will and her own judgment were freely put in antipathy."

Earl Granville said:—

"I can remember no one in any class of life who seemed so fully alive to keep before him the highest standard of duty. His intellectual faculties and his power of conversation were remarkable. But though a man of strong will, conception, and character, he never obstructed his sentiments, nor sought to apply any objection he might entertain unless desired to do so."

Earl Russell said:—

"I happen to know from himself the views which he entertained upon the duty of the Sovereign. He stated to me not many months ago that it was the common opinion that there was only one occasion upon which the Sovereign ought to exercise a decided power, and that was in the choice of the First Minister of the Crown; that, in his opinion, was no occasion upon which the Sovereign ought to exercise a control or to pronounce a decision. One party having received power from being unable to carry on the Government, there was at all times another party to whom the transfer of power might reasonably be made, and the transfer having once been made, no matter to what political party the Minister happened to belong, the Sovereign was bound to communicate with him in the most confidential and unreserved manner."

Mr. Disraeli said:—

"The Prince whom we have lost not only was eminent for the fulfilment of his duty, but it was the fulfilment of the highest duty: and it was the fulfilment of the highest duty under the most difficult circumstances. Yet, under these circumstances, so difficult and so delicate, he elevated even the Throne by the dignity and purity of his private life. He fostered and partly originated a scheme of education for the poor of England which proves how completely its august protector had contemplated the office of an English king. He observed that there was a great deficiency in our national character, and which, if neglected, might lead to the impairing not only of our social happiness, but even the sources of our public wealth, and that was the deficiency of culture. As a man of science, he resolved to supply it. Those who more must change, and those who change must necessarily disturb and alarm prejudice; and when he determined was only a demonstration that he was a man superior to his age. Prime Minister was not a politician. He was not one of those who, by their smiles and by their gold, reward excellence or stimulate exertion. His contributions to the cause of progress and improvement were far more powerful and far more precious. He gave to it his thought, his time, his life."

Lord Palmerston said:—

"The Right Hon. gentleman, with an eloquence and a felicity which, I am sure, must excite the sympathy and admiration of those who have heard him, dilated on the eminent qualities of his late Royal Highness. It is no exaggeration to say that, so far as this word 'perfect' can be applied to human imperfection of character, the Prince deserved the description, because he combined qualities the most eminent, and sometimes the most difficult to harmonize. He was a man of both worlds, and nobody in any condition of life. In domestic life he was most exemplary. It is an exaggeration to say, that the domestic life of the Court has been of the greatest value to the interests of the country, but it is a fact that from the day the Prince lived in the Court the link which unites the people to the Throne, and has rendered the most important services to the country. Such being the Prince whom we have lost, we can easily imagine what must be the grief and the sorrow to her who has lost him."

The evening was one of funereal oration rather than of debate—the exceptions are mentioned elsewhere. The Addresses were unanimously voted, and the Houses adjourned early.

Lord Westbury informed us,

That we are at peace with all European powers and "trust" to remain in that pacific condition.

That we have had a "question" between us and the United States, which has been satisfactorily settled by the restoration of the seized men and the disavowal of the "act of violence."
That the conduct of our North American colonists on this occasion had been admirable.

That we have entered into a convention with France and Spain for regulating a combined operation on the coast of Mexico, in order to obtain information from that country.

That the Chinese are behaving very well, and do not want much looking after heretofore.

That we have, by a convention, helped the Sultan of Morocco to pay his debt to Spain, and so avoid more fighting with the Isabelline Spaniards.

That the Estimates, &c. &c. &c.

That some Law reforms will be introduced, especially one for reforming that which the wise call Convoying, though Shakespeare mentions a shorter name for it.

That, despite local distress from temporary causes, the general condition of the country is "sound and satisfactory."

Brief speech was never spoken, and it is only to be hoped—certainly not to be believed—that such heresy will be the characteristic of the speeches which will flavour the next six months with the odour of essence of Parliament.

Lord Derby, an Irish lord and a Florentine, moved the Address in Council, and it was seconded by Lord Shelburne, son of the venerable Marquis of Lansdowne. Then came Lord Derby, who promised to give the warmest and most brotherly support to the Government, if they would behave properly themselves, and discourage other European claims. The American subject was introduced into the speech as a promise for which the gratitude of certain ultra-reformers may not be unconventionally demonstrative and enthusiastic. He was perfectly safe, for the Government had done in the American business, but begged that there might be some nonsense imputed to him—he regarded the American submission as having been made in the most grandly and tardy fashion, and simply because the Yankees knew that if they delayed, fight, they would have been blown out of the water. He did not think the time had yet come for recognising the South, and that Government must be wary, and be quite assured that the South was strong enough to hold its own before they recognised it. He was much pleased that the Lord Chancellor had already warned generally in connection with this affair. As there was no saying what might be going to happen, he begged the Government to stick to their bellicose rights, and not be drawn into any negotiations which might limit them. As to Mexico and Morocco he made no doubt that all was right, but he should like to have a fight on some of the Education Minutes. If Lord Granville would say where his money was to be heard of, and when his training would be over. Lord Granville in the cheeriest manner fixed that until for the following Thursday, as did Lord Robert Lowe in another place. Earl Russell did not speak very complimentarily of the American blockade, but thought we must continue to try to respect it, as a few months would show whether the New Government in the Union, and it was better that they should tire themselves out than be interfered with. Lord Kingsborough (a learned, calm old lawyer of the highest class) thought our flag had been grossly insulted, and that the repudiation had been insufficient, and so the evening closed.

In the Commons Lord Palmerston was loudly cheered on entering. Mr. Cox of Finchbury took the place of Thomas Duncobe, and Mr. Mackick Milnes gave notice of renewing the Wife's Sister Marriage battle.

Mr. Portman and Mr. Western Wood moved and seconded the Address, and Mr. Disraeli delivered an elaborate and eloquent oration, upon certain scholarly topics whereas Mr. Punch, in the interest of literature, bestows plaudits, rather than such elegancies are little studied in these days of universal sensation. He did not exactly follow Lord Derby's lead in regard to the American matter, but he thought that the Lord Chancellor had been sufficiently met with great domestic difficulties, and had met them manfully, and said that we ought to extend a generous interpretation to what they might say. There were no immediate means of deciding at what time the interminable contest should terminate, but "the instinct of the human heart, which shrinks from unnecessary carnage, was stronger than the law of nations." This was a febrile reference to the phrase of the Gushing Judge in America who justified Wilkes's piracy by the instincts of the laudable American. To this Disraeli was not disposed to make any warm-hearted exultation over, whether our convention with Morocco meant guaranteeing the interest on her debts, as if we might look out for awkwardnesses. Lord Palmerston declared that strict neutrality was still to be our rule as regards the Mexican interminable contest, and that the instinct of the human heart, which shrinks from unnecessary carnage, was stronger than the law of nations.

Poor Richards' Maxim.

Addressed equally to Federals and Confederates.

By the Shade of Benjamin Franklin.

War is a most expensive game, as you'll find when it comes to the shelling out.

When men's passions rise, the funds generally fall.

A park of artillery is one that, properly speaking, should have a dead head, for the present.

Glory is a piece of sugar that oves all its sweetness to having been refined with blood. It is generally given to stupid children, when they are noisy and obstreperous, to keep them quiet.

The field of Glory is a place where the less it pays—we persevere, the more it is cultivated, the more it yields.

A shopkeeper is a husbandman of the counter who finds his profit in the number he can sell according to the price.

What a pity that the dogs of war are ever allowed to go at large without having their muzzles on. Whoever lets one of these dogs loose endangers the lives of hundreds and thousands of his fellow creatures. If a dog of cinders there would have been saved to the world, if they had always been kept strongly chained up at home!

A Literary Pedigree.

It was undoubtedly Maria, of the Sentimental Journey, who first had what Mr. Hornen calls a "Sneer Pariah."
PITTY THE POOR HEATHEN!

The Paris correspondent of the Star, a paper that takes a very proper interest in the affairs of the heathen world, says,—

"MADEMOISELLE FOUDI will come out in unparalleled magnificence in one ball, in which she means to commence all her efforts, as it will be the only one given in the Hotel Foudi this season, where there will neither be public rehearsals nor receptions. This is not very well received by the Parisians. They ascribe it to the English habits of MADEMOISELLE FOUDI, who, according to them, think that the whole entertainment lies in the richness of the stalls provided for the guests. Whatever epicurean tendencies may be displayed in dinners and dinners by the natives over here, they care very little about spectacles, and would enjoy more a brick concentration in the evening than the finest statues that the vast accomplished court is capable of providing."

O brethren, what a melancholy state of things do these little sentences convey! The Parisians prefer Addison to Joubert à la St. Etienne, Chattering to colle-tette semi-Proseque, Gabbling to Gibber à la Georges Sand! They would sacrifice high art for the sake of ventilating low wit. Alas, alas! And we send missionarics to Tiubuctoo! But persevere, dear Sister FOUDI, and in due time your efforts will be rewarded, and these poor Parisians brought to a knowledge of better things.

"VOLENTI NON FIT INJURIA." (Legal Maxim.)

"Demand for mis-fit can't be recovered, if you like to read it."—(Free Translation.)

OR, SIR EDWIN AND THE COATS.

"(At the Court of Exchequer, Feb. 1.)"

"The plaintiffs are tailors, carrying on business at 39, Old Bond Street, and sought to recover from the defendant, SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, the celebrated artist, the sum of £10 8s., the price of a sartorial coat and dress coat supplied to him."

"The coat being in court, SIR EDWIN was asked to put them on, which he readily consented to do.

"'One of the jurymen, being a tailor, was requested to go round to the witness-box and examine the coats on the defendant's back. A very short examination seemed to satisfy him."

"His Lordship summed up, saying that there was an obligation upon a tradesman charging, as the plaintiffs appeared to have done, a full west-end price, to supply a suitable article. The coat ought to be a properly fitting coat, and the question for the jury was, under all the circumstances, whether the plaintiffs had fulfilled that obligation. They had seen the coats on, and could judge for themselves."

"The jury found a verdict for the defendant."

SAY shall a sleeve-board's sooty dare defy Our man of men—our own R.A., SIR EDWIN? Shall one, no kin to things that run afly (Save the ignoble goose, that doth his broad win)— Assail the lord of feather and of fur, The king of hoof and horn, of fag and foldlock? Shall cat (c'mon with nine tails) ungaist lion pur? Shall shimmer a cock-salmon in his net lock? No! In the name of Japaudence and Dignity! Nor scales nor sword for this let Justice draw: Jurymen, teach sartorial malignity Its hope from Martin's Laying down the Law.

SIR EDWIN being human must wear clothes. Were he but bird or beast—in fur or feather! Presto! the poodle flies, the poodle soars. And lo! a coat defying time and weather, From his own magic hand. Then, what a fit! Then, to what velvet gloss the nap had grown! Nowhere a crease to show the uneasy sit, Fine-drawn all over, yet no botching shown. Alas! He'll clothe our horses and our lap-dogs; Make fur-coats for our "Monarchs of the Glen." In wily Highland droog-nought he'll enwrap dogs, Terriers and colliers—but he won't dress men.

Not 'c'en himself, so used to th' tailor drop: Stand to be measured just like you or me. Hear girth, and length, bawled out to all the shop: Stoop to the yoke of tape both neck and knec. Mething when such an artist desigins to give His limbs, dear to the Muses and Apollo, To mere sartorial hands, these hands should live With skill unwatched: suits sublime should follow. Each suit set to the job, from ninth of May. Should grow nine men, and each man good as nine, In honour of the Muses, bent to scan His clothes, loved of that sisterhood divine. But not such inspiration—woe is me!— Flowed from the Muse on Haldane or his Co. Sir Edwin's coat—what a sight! If he could stand in them, he could not go.

Beneath the arms they fretted his axilae: Behind the neck they chafed his cerebellum. Buttoned,—as in a vice squeezed his mamillae; Unbuttoned,—dangled limp as rain-soaked yelum. Sir Edwin groaned: they laughed his plaints to scorn! The coats returned, they sent them, altered, back: Worse waxed the fit, each time the coats were worn: More shack what tight should be, more tight, what shack. They said, the faults he found in fit and cut, Were not faults of the coat, but him that wore: Bode change his postures, nor their garments put To tests coats were never put to before. What may these postures be? (he asks that sings) Isn't that Sir Edwin in his longer hours, Goes on all fours, stirs, perches, squats, or springs, Like the dumb things, that take life from his powers? Strains be his coat-sleeves, eagle-like for flight Spreading his vains? cracks his continuations? By bounding stag-like do the heathcy height? Or bursts his buttons in hare's-breadth salutations? Or is it simple playfulness beget Strange feats and bids him through an empty frame Take headers a la Boucicaut, or acts The cumbrous cased, and o'erwaists the same? Or is't such inspiration doth o'erbear His body, as the Pythianus bade speak: To Delphic tripod turns his painting-chair, And plants him in the middle of next week? These things I know not—ne'er perseverance shall know, Wherefore Sir Edwin doth to antics fall! What or his antics are when he doth so? Or whether he, in truth, doth so at all? Haldane avouched it. But my faith is small In him or in his Co.; our fathers' plan Required two witnesses for proof, and lo, These two but make up two-ninths of a man. And what is the ear's witness to the eye's? But here the eye was ready: for behold, Among the jury that the issue tries, A Tailor in the panel, brisk and bold! "Try on the coat!" sudden the expert cried— "Try on the coat!" echoed his brethren all. Stern Martin bowed approval: on "twas tried: And stood modestly confessed, here large, here small— Who buys a coat," summed up the awful judge, "Buyeth a fit, or buys what none may wear." The tailor jurymen approving nod: Gave, at the words, to ribs of foreman near. "Is this a fit?"—for a reply I pause— Be there that think so let them say so now, Or hereof forth, ever after, their words. Now, speak? "None!" said the foreman, with a bow. "Ye find for the defendant?" and again The foreman bowed, and gleaned the twinkling eye Of that sly tailor-jurymen, as fan To prick this rival sartor on the sly. "Verdict for the defendant—so you say, And so say all of you!" and so they said— And Haldane and his Co. went their sad way, And home Sir Edwin took his laurelled head!
THE BALL.

HARRY BULLFINCHER, who is ever so much better across country than when he mixes in the Merry Dance, (especially after supper) has come to grief over a stool during a Polka, and is shouting for some one to "Catch his horse!"

COMFORTABLE CONCERTS.

Clapping with both hands and stamping with both feet, Punch applauds with all his might the very sensible suggestion which is put forth in the programmes of the Monday Popular Concerts, and which every concert audience would do wisely to attend to——

"NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance may leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption."

Punch so often has been plagued at a musical performance by people catering, or leaving, in the middle of a piece, that he is elated to see this notice taken of the nuisance, and he trusts ere long to find the rule most rigidly enforced. There really is a call for legislation in the matter, if the law be insufficient to protect the British public from offenders of this sort. A creaky-booted brute who stamps out of a concert-room while music is proceeding robs those whom he disturbs of a pleasure they have paid for, and should by rights be handed, as a third, to the police. Such a Gorilla is a monster whom it were gross flattery to call a selfish brute; and Punch cries bravely to all champions who fight against these monsters, and lend a helping hand to make their race extinct.

In other points the programmes of the Monday Popular Concerts are models that all concert-givers would do well to profit by, and fairly are entitled to the praise of Punch. The music is well chosen, well varied, well performed; and there is no time wasted (as the case is far too commonly) by pieces merely introduced to lengthen out the Concert, and attract those who like quantity in the lieu of quality, being of the latter barely competent to judge. Two hours and a half is the limit which is rigidly adhered to at these Concerts, and a feast of this duration is as much as minds in general are able to digest. Better send away an audience somewhat hungering for more, than stuffed with such a surfeit as may end in sheer disgust.

Chamber music may not seldom be called "Bed Chamber music," from its power, when ill played, to send listeners to sleep. But there is no fear of this consequence at any of these Concerts, for the programme is too short for people to be weary, and the pieces are so briskly and so cleverly performed that no one ever feels the least somnolent effect. The night Punch last attended he saw scores among the audience sitting with the scores of the music in their hands, and following the leader all through the performance in a way which showed them thoroughly awake to all the beauties of the pieces that were played. In fact, regarded merely as a means of education, such Concerts should be patronised by fathers of a family; for young ladies by attending them may cultivate their taste, and learn that there is better work for a piano than the thumping out of polkas and the juggling of quadrilles. To hear Hallé play Beethoven is a lesson a young pianist can hardly fail to profit by; and while such music may be heard at them, and there is such care to the comfort of the people who attend them, these Concerts will continue to deserve to be as Popular as it was doubtful hoped they would be when they were so named.

Art Treasures of Guildhall.

As touching the Exhibition of 1862 a city paper suggests "conjectures of what the City of London will do—how it will comport itself; in what way it will utter an opinion, develop a fact, or institute an example." The City of London will probably develop a fact, or rather two facts, and at the same time utter an opinion, and institute an example into the bargain. It will disengage those great facts, Gog and Magog from the obscurity of Guildhall; it will express the opinion that they excel anything in the Louvre; and it will send them to the Exhibition to exemplify British sculpture.

Unjenious Objection.

The Statue of Dr. Jenner has been moved from Trafalgar Square to Kensington Gardens. Some journals complain of his being moved about. But surely the inventor of vaccination has the best possible right to make experiments on various spots.
A VERY JUST OBSERVATION.

ADFIELD (Mr.), M.P., for Sheffield, says that being a Dissenter, of course he does not approve the vindictiveness of the Yankees in suppling the Arbourns, but that it does not so much matter, as in this weather people can't want to take tea in them.

European Cards.

The Emperor of the French has been considered a dubious card; but in the game which we have just had to play with the Yankees he has proved himself a trump.

The Pope is a dowry old hand at cards. His Holiness says that he awaits events; but wants to see what will turn up; he will not deal, but he is ready to advise.

ANTONELLI is supposed to be at work, digging pitfalls. He may be regarded as the Knave of Spades.

O U R R O V E N G E R E S P O N D E N T.

"My dear Punch,—In this uncertain climate of ours which may freeze or thaw us at scarce an hour's notice, which may cause us to throw open our windows on Twelfth Night, and kindle our fires in July, we require other signs than the weather to remind us of the time of year. At Christmas, for instance, the appearance of mince-pies at dinner or my tailor's little bill at breakfast, is a pretty certain indicator of the festive season. When I am asked by little boys in the street to 'remember the grotto' (which by the way I had forgotten) whom does my honest Englishman remind us of? Amidst all the base imposition consisting of a heap of oyster-shells and a lightened end of tallow candle, perhaps I reply warmly that the grotto may be consigned to oblivion. But if I do not remember the grotto, I am at least reminded of the month.

"And thus peries communis, when I read Pam's circular to his young friends expressing a hope that they would be ready to reassemble with punctuality at St. Stephen's academy, Westminster, I knew that February was at hand, and straightway I recalled in the most constitutional manner, to see the opening of Parliament.

"You see I had been supping at Evan's on the previous night, and my friend Slopere, who has a snug little berth near the 'Fields Amelioration Society,' and possesses a highly cultivated taste for bitter ale, had invited me down to what he calls his 'den,' ostensibly for the purpose of seeing the procession, but chiefly, I take it, with an eye to derviled kidneys (in the preparation of which light and wholesome food his handiness certainly excels) and the contemplation after lunch, of those fair subjects of Her Majesty who rush on these occasions to pay their respects in every charming variety of bonnet, boot, and mantle.

"Palace Yard at first sight is not, I admit, a very fascinating place. If Henry the Seventh's Chapel is invested with historic interest, it is also enshrouded by a thick coat of London blacks. Looking opposite at the Houses of Parliament, the 'pillars of Gothic mould' appear very mordately indeed, and the vistas down the Strand Street is not cheerful. Sometimes, indeed, a Westminster boy may be seen sauntering towards his Alma Mater, or an inebriated barge emerges from the 'Chequer's, otherwise, I say, the scene is generally dull. But to-day (February 6th), what a change! far as the eye can reach (well to say the truth, is only a moderate distance), all is bustle and animation; heaps of yellow sand lie at intervals along the road (Flavus arena)—ahem! firmly, ready to be scattered at the first approach of pageantry. Squirrel and salmon-white-gloved crackers line the pavement, while their gallant chief gaiters to and fro with great grace, and apparently unnecessary zeal. Carriages begin to arrive and their contents to be deposited. Good gracious, can they really be Perescers tripping up those steps? Oh, for Sir EDMUND BURKE to tell us Who is Who among that gentle crowd! Here is an angel in Mantua, and there a Sable syren. 'Perescers? pooh!' says Slopere, who goes by way of knowing the haut ton; "tis Miss, and Miss—; and here he mentioned two names which I must decline to repeat, but which I can never, no never forget, so long as I remain a bachelor.

Under the Victoria Tower there is an iron gate on either side of which are posts high above the pavement, and on these posts the expression on their countenances being such as one might suppose would result from the combined effects of an ecstatic and a surprise. Under the arch and to the left hand we see a carpet being spread for Prince Albert. This excited pavement is occupied by sundry old ladies under the impression, I suppose, that something is on the tapi, rush and peep through the gate.

"Presently they start back, dazed, for emerging from the dark recesses of the porch, issue Yeomen in single file, rich in scarlet and gold, and wearing the low-crowned beaver of the period. 'Who's your hatter?' cry a dozen littleurchins, in an ecstasy of satire, and even a 2d. cannot express a smile as he looks at that wondrous headgear decked with a garland of artificial flowers—a perfect filet de bouquet—beef-eater I mean. Ano we hear the sound of martial music, and the Foot Guards march upon the scene. Their advent is hailed by the three boys who immediately volunteer their services to hold the music-books and thenceforth consider themselves part of the Show.

"Carriages now roll in from all directions. White-winged coachmen, pink-legged finkly, gorgeous hammer-cocks appear and vanish in rapid succession. Whose equipage is that which is so loudly cheered? It is not more gorgeous than a dozen others which have passed. Surely the Turkish Ambassador's, and the mob are amused at the scarlet 'pic' (the only oriental element in the white turn out) which unarmour'd, but handsome, figures we see. If he had been disguised as a Pasha, I could have sworn he was a Saxon. He a Mussulman, indeed! I only wish you could have seen him at 'The Chequers.'

"Meanwhile the wind has been scattering dust in the eyes of Her Majesty's loyal subjects who look anxiously up at the Clock Tower. Five minutes past two, and the policemen throw open the gates. 'Here they are!' at last we say, as a dozen swell carriages roll up. 'The first is of course, of course,' says Slopere; 'who thinks he knows all about these things.' All eyes are accordingly bent on it as it rolls under the archway. The door is opened, and out steps, Not the Lord Chancellor, but a venerable Staff officer (bless him!) in full dress. Another vehicle, from which two pages descend, for all the world like Princes at a Christmas piece. 'Little dears! muraum some female voices below, and I full a speculative view of these young gentlemanies at football, and whether either has a weakness for tartlets in private life.

"Another carriage, and another, and last. 'You have heard it described a dozen times. Eight cream-coloured horses, tastefully caparisoned, indeed, but drawing oh! such a coach! Who built it? who designed it? (why isn't there a 'What's What? as well as who's who?) Where did that vile combination of gilt trees and dyspeptic lictors come from? It is surely of the Georgian era, and should be preserved with other specimens of that glorious epoch in Brighton Pavilion. Or stay! Why not sell it? Madame de la Reine would give something handsome for the ugliest carriage in Christendom. Verbos sep.

"But who is this in crumified robes who jumps from the chariot? That well-known form—that beaming eye—Can it be he? No!—yes!—it is the SNIPPER GREEN! I was sure I should see him, but with Slopere, and thence to be impelled by one impulse, we rush to the door.

"To bountiful six policemen, overturn a file of beef-eaters and make our way to the Strangers' corridor, seemed with us the work of a moment.

"Yes! there he stood at the steps of the Throne, and was just about to address the House, when a loud rapping was heard, proceeding from the Peersers' gallery and a female voice in hurried accents exclaimed—'Please, Sir, it's late o'clock, and Missus says, would you like vertott water?'

"I awake and find myself in bed at Slopere's lodgings. It was SAREY-JAX, knocking at the door. Kildilies—Evans—those amusing ballads. Ah! why, why was I tempted by that charlet cup? I go to see Parliament opened! I must indeed have been dreaming.

"Yours truly with a bad headache.

"JACK EASEL."

This portion of the dress is derived from a medieval fashion:—

"All around my botte I've ware a wreath of roses, All around my hatte, the's only for a day."

"And every one should say, the reason I will tell him, 'Tis just because 'y Parliament will meet and say their say.'—Old Ballad.

FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY.—An Irishman knows how to null expletive, except claret.
PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI. [February 15, 1862.

**BUTTERFLIES PINNED DOWN.**

Our gay contemporary *Le Follet* is coming out in a new and rising character. No longer the simply stolid chronicler and implicit adherer of the fashions that be, it has now become their discerning censor, and pugnent if not crushing satirist. Witness the remark ensuing, under the head of Fashions for February—

"The more aerial a ball-dress is, the greater the elegance of the effect."

Keen, but delicate irony. A common critical would have said, in plain coarse words: "The more like a balloon a ball-dress now is, the more it is admired by every fool in the room." But a neat poke with a paradox tells better on insanity than a blow with a sledge-hammer. In the same caustic but lightsome vein of banter our humourist continues—

"A drawback, however; to these clouds of lace and tulle is that, although the ruffles, bouillonnés, and flounces look so fairy-like at the commencement of the evening, before it is finished the skirt appears ch篱manic and ragged."

Authors are often praised for the excellence of their word-painting. Great merit in that line must be conceded to the writer of the foregoing passage. It is admirable word-sketching. To the mind's eye, in a few strokes, so to speak, it presents quite a vivid illustration of social life amongst the fashionable classes. The deception is twofold. On the one side we admire "the ruffles, bouillonnés and flounces," which "look so fairy-like at the commencement of the evening." On the other, we smile at "the skirt," as it has come to appear before the evening is finished, "chiffonnée and ragged." All that imagination has to supply is the thing inside of the ruffles, bouillonnés, and flounces; a flouncy young woman of elegant contour, practised in her attitudes, with a full, smooth face, a small forehead, and large ox-eyes brilliant with animal spirits, and nothing else except the council of looking pretty, at the beginning of the evening, but dull towards four o'clock in the morning, the rest of the features likewise clouded with fatigue and somewhat of vexation. This is what is called the belle of the ball-room, whom "swells" survey through eye-glasses, and want to dance with, or even to marry, regardless of expense, and not considering what she will turn into at forty. *Le Follet* has a still further poke at the prevalent absurdities of costume. It observes that:

"The question of discontinuing Crinolines has been much discussed; but when we mention that the skirts of dresses are five yards wide, and that to steel cages two or three petticoats are added, it will be perceived that there is no very great change as to circumstances."

It will indeed. Comment is needless. When we mention that skirts of dresses are five yards wide, and that two or three petticoats are added to sedate cages, the cages enclosing the lower halves of females considered to be highly-fashionably attired. Can it be said that we are saying more about such an intolerable deal of clothes? Nothing that can find a place in pages which exclude strong language; substantives and adjectives of which the utterance would occasion syncope, and participles that ought never to be pronounced under five shillings.

**SPARE THE WOODS AND FORESTS.**

(by shellfungus.)

*Preserve the trees, do, if you please, By any means you can For they are dear as beef and beer To every Englishman*.

The woodman's stroke too many an oak And chis is laying foul and good And woe the day when the rest decay, And all the forests go!

There dwells no joy where churls destroy The timber off the land, Where the merry greenwood for ages stood, And groves of chimneys stood But where's the fun in your woods? says one Of Polly's mocking brood.

Thou'rt right, fool, very; it was the merry, And not the coarse greenwood.

Then every lover of cope and cover, The noble and the clown, Lamenting seems, with falling trees, Wild creatures hunted down. The buzzard and kite have passed from sight, Though yet on memory given There's hardly a hawk, and old folks talk Of having seen a raven.

The pleasant scene of the village green, In building-lots disposed, We sorely rue; and the commons, too, Are getting all reduced. And meadows old, on all sides sold, Are raised, and stuccoed villas Usurp their place; as though our race Were sinking to Gorillas.

Our fields and downs o'er part when towns, The rest town sewage, spread. Once fresh with flowers this land of ours Will be a close hothed; Wherein I trust have left my dust, This land, all smoke and sooty? Fullrain to quit; and to live in fit. The world has not another.

But can't we check the ruin and wreck Of all old English beauty, Though traffic and trade so much invade, And strip here, and turn and sooty? Oh, cease to spoil your native soil At Maumoun's mere persuasion, And hold the earth that gave you birth Against that fiend's invasion.

**WHERE IS THE POLICE?**

We fancy the Irish Members were fighting, this Session. It looks very much as though they had decided made up their minds, at the very earliest opportunity, to go into Peer.

**CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.**

By an Order in Council, dated the 5th, the prohibition against exporting brimstone and saltpetre was removed. On the 6th, Mr. Roebeck was thinking of going to Austria!
OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

Punch: The Pantomime at the Princess's is the best that I have seen this season; but as I have presented only seen two others, may need that these are not profound, and that the actors are not thought extravagant in praise. That at Covent Garden has not been so fine as to please me, even though (as it sounds) I own it always gives me pleasure to see the pantomime. Nor is Miss Moffatt at the Haymarket vastly entertaining, though Miss Louise Leclercq is a most lively little heroine, and skips about so briskly that she needs the longest-legged of daddles-long-legs to catch hold of her. I cry out Pantomime! moreover because this pantomime is written for children than are most, and does not put their young heads with puns or puns, which they are not mature enough as yet to comprehend.

"Puns fall thick as hail in the opening of Robert Whittington, which savours less of pantomime to my mind than burlesque. This I think as the same, with what is the best in their way and better kept distinct. Puns in a burlesque are permissible enough, although it is too much the fashion now to stuff one's ears with them, and make the gunstone for any lack of puns in working up the story which is taken for a plot. But smart writing in a pantomime to me seems out of place. I prefer a good hot poker to the pungetpest of puns, because I think the poke is most proper to the piece. Pantomime, says Johnson, is a tale exhibited only in gesture and dumb-show; its actors should be funny in their actions, not in words, and win laughter not by punning but by gesture and grins. The lover should make love not with his lungs but with his legs: and the maiden (afterwards Columbine) should be a dumb bell, and trust to 'speaking' glances to say what she would wish. King John was the last pantomime I saw played of this sort: and they who recollect it must remember how they laughed at it.* To see the king pulled by the nose out of his own carpet-bag, wherein he had concealed himself all except his nose: and to see the haughty Barons unbonneting themselves by unbuttoning their coats, and displaying words of terror in big letters on their breasts: such scenes were proper pantomime, and are far more likely to leave pleasant memories than any quantity of word-torture by means of painful puns.

"However, notwithstanding the drawback of its dialogue, the pantomime at the Princess's is really quite superior, the action is a good deal that is fairly worth a laugh. There is no hot poker, but there is a baby in it; though this is treated by the Clown with far more gentle usage than babies in a pantomime in general receive. It is dropped and set upon as usual; it is true; but it does not get its head thumped on the stage to stop its crying, nor is it pitched up in the air, or poked into Clown's pocket, or torn in halves between him and a member of the police. The transformation scene is pretty, and not tedious: and, therefore, more rope was drawn for a pantomime, and the only fun they offer is in the queer mixtures that sometimes they present: as in the Great Puff and Poster Scene at Covent Garden, which represents New Bond Street as a part of Ludgate Hill. The ballet girls at the Princess's are the best-drilled corps in London, else perhaps I might complain that the pantomime has somewhat of a surfeit of dancing, and it is this which makes it just a whit too hot. I am bound to add, however, that the coming of the last scene took me by surprise: and the trick which just preceded it—a Turkish bath turned into a snow-storm, was so smartly worked a change that I felt half a wish for more. By the way the Turkish baths have scarce been made the most of. I expected to see Clowns dressed up as Turkish cooks, and stirring down about people to mere skeletons and scarecrows, adding, after semi-boiling, the torture of shampoo.

"Mr. D'Oyly Carte" has lately issued his royal proclamation, and has signified what pieces it will please him to perform, and for which period the public will be very graciously permitted to attend them. The Octoroon and Colonus Areus are this month to be withdrawn until next July, to make room for a new play, which is to run till Easter, when a "domestic fairy tale" and a "romantic drama" are to be produced: and with this "group of plays" the readers are to be content. Perhaps to some old-fashioned play-goers it may smack somewhat of coolness thus to fix a limit to the run of a new piece, without noticing the chances that it may be ill received. But it should be remembered that these plays though new in England have been acted in America, and so their author has fair ground on which to base his estimate, when he puts forward so confident a hint at their successes. Besides, a man who is so clever in hitting public taste is not very likely to make a fault that his playgoers should prove a failure, he will doubtless so re-write them, that the public will all flock to see the excursions, he will say, it has 'composed' and which he has simply had the happiness to 'edit.'

"LET THE SWAN ALONE."

"A Shakespeare Cyclopaedia is projected to be published in twenty parts. It will consist of a classified summary of Shakespeare's knowledge of the phenomena of nature, and of his allusions to zoology, botany, mineralogy, meteorology, medicine, agriculture, hunting, fasting, &c. The first part is promised in March, and will contain 'Shakespeare's Natural History of Man.'

Mr. Punch yields to no man (and to no woman, dear Mrs. Cowden Clarke) in the many valuable and inestimable favours of the Press. A study of Mr. Punch's pages will show how intimate is his acquaintance with those of the D.W., and how exquisite his gift at adapting the habiliments of the latter to the niceties of the day. In fact, he is the Greatest Shaksperean who ever lived. But he has also another faculty, which is that of detecting Humbug, and a third faculty, which is that of exposing and casting aside it. The above scheme is Humbug, and leaves me no other course but to show him downstairs.* Which office, in the absence of the said D.W. Mr. Punch hereby begs to perform, in the interest of the reputation of the Poet and of the lovers of his work. D. W. was something a good deal better than a Cyclopaedia, and deserves something better than having his glorious name made a peg for Humbug."

ONE WORD FOR HIM, TWO FOR US.

When one does not like a person, one is curiously sensitive of the wit of anybody else who pitches into our Black Beast. This profound truth has just been illustrated by our amiable friend the Mr. Punch, which happens to dislike M. Du Chailly, of Girardot. A publisher issuing a long poem, which he christens, 'The Goat's Pudding,' and which his contemporaries are in such a hurry to read and find anything that looks like a scoot at M. Du Chailly, that it gives a long quotation from the poem, and describes it as a "droll and spirited" reading of the controversy to which the subject of the latter is the incident of the day. In praise which no doubt the composition deserves, seeing that it was the work of the late Thomas Moore—an obsequious author, not without his merits. The enterprising publisher merely "borrowed" the lines, and sold the critics. Mr. Punch refers to the matter, not from an unkind wish to show infallibility at fault, but in self justification, because any living person who can write verses like Tom Moore's, has long ago been one of Mr. Punch's Sacred Band, and not at the orders of a "borrowing" publisher.

The Right of Translation is Anything but Reserved.

The Yankee translate the Port's police defence of "Nous Pouvons" into a patriotic and pathetic supphication of "Don't Pussify me!"—meaning thereby that they don't want the Confederates to put up a gun-tree.

THE BRIGHT PARTICULAR STAR.

There is one star which the Yankees may add to the Stars and Stripes. It is the Morning Star and Dial.

LOST.—TWO BILLS, for the sums respectively of 424 £6, and 67 £5, lost. The one is to Talbot's, and the other to Tavern Hill. If the fortunate finder of them will only be kind enough to pay the amount of each, and then restore them both (both (due receiv'd) to the original owner, he may confidently rely upon being unreservedly exalted the liberties, besides making himself perfecty happy that no further steps shall be taken, or questions asked, in the matter. Apply to Cartes of Dover, to the care of the shoemaker at the corner of Penny Court, Temple, N.B.—There will be no increase whatever in the terms offered above.
DIMINUTIVE YOUNG SWELL (on the best of terms with himself). "Oh!—a— I've suddenly recollected I was to have the happiness of— a— taking you down to Supper!"

TALL YOUNG LADY. "Oh, certainly! Let me see, shall I take your arm, or will you— a— take mine?"

DIMINUTIVE YOUNG SWELL wishes himself back at Trin. Coll. Cam.

TAXATION GREAT TYRANNY.

It is not often that Mr. Punch has the happiness of agreeing with that august body, the St. Pancras Vestry. But in its last protest against tyranny he begs cordially to concur. The Vestry cannot comprehend why the expense of the new road that is to be cut across Kensington Gardens should be thrown upon London. Nor can Mr. Punch. The road is made because provincials want to come to London to see the May Show, and because there will be no room for them to get along unless a new cut is made. Then they ought to pay for it. We have room enough, and we could get to the Exhibition easily enough if the rustics would keep at home and mind their cows and apple-trees. It would be thought cool for a country friend to write to a Londoner, and beg that he will have his house enlarged, as the countryman wants to come and stay with him. What is the difference? However, nobody accuses Londoners of inhospitality (though the yokels do sometimes think us "cold," because we can't exactly abandon all our pursuits in order to take them to the Thames Tunnel and Almack's), and we'll compromise. Let London bear its share in the general taxation for this New Cut, but let the expense be charged on the country at large. Mr. Punch is ashamed that the mean idea of taxing the Metropolis for the benefit of the provincials should have been entertained at all, and he begs the St. Pancras Vestry to agitate their hardest—upon this occasion only.

Order is Mayne's First Law.

Heaps of knighthoods and the like will of course be conferred in connection with the International Exhibition. But the most honourable title of all will be bestowed by the popular voice on the men who widen the approaches. Those men will be known as the Knights of Rhodes, and the Order will be the Order of Your Going.

"The Almighty Dollar."—No wonder it has gone. The melancholy truth is, it has been "willed" to death.

THE INFALLIBLE RAILWAY.

The solemn inauguration of the railway from Rome to the Neapolitan frontier took place the other day when, according to an eye-witness:

"Mass being concluded, holy water was presented in a silver vase to the officiating prelates, who, dipping his aspersory instrument therein, sprinkled the rails as he walked along the line, followed by his cross and train-bearers."

Of course after the performance of the process above described no train will ever go off the rails on the Rome and Naples line. If the carriages, engines, and boilers were also sprinkled with holy water, perhaps they have been secured from all danger of collision or bursting.

Statistics relative to this line will be very interesting. If accidents are found never to occur on it, the Roman line will be demonstrated to be the only safe one. England will be reconciled to the Holy See, and arrangements made therewith by the Eastern Counties and other Railway companies for the effectual prevention of those terrible catastrophes which effect such a serious diminution of dividends.

WANTED:

To know what is the present height of Captain Wilkes (of the U.S. navy) compared with what he was only a few weeks ago. We are informed that he is several inches shorter, and indeed we have heard even from impartial-minded Americans, that this mighty fire-eating hero of seven days has already sunk down to the very smallest dimensions. It wouldn't at all surprise us to hear that Wilkes had by this time disappeared altogether, having fallen an unhappy victim to spontaneous combustion of vanity. Information may be sent with the greatest safety to the "Punch" office when it will be immediately published for the benefit of the world. Two photographs, young Wilkes as he now is in his diminished glory, and Wilkes as he was at the latter end of December in the full height of his popularity, would be about the best way of testing the truth. We wonder if he would mind sitting for his portrait. We shall only be too happy, fallen giant as he is, to publish it for him.
ONCE A WEEK.

The Woman I Loved, and the Woman who Loved Me. A Story in Twelve Chapters. Illustrated by C. Keene.
The Prophecy of Jacques Cazotte. By Lascelles Abercrombie.

THIS WEEK'S NUMBER CONTAINS:

- The Fair Jacobs. By J. E. Millais.
- An Extraordinary Story. By Joseph Helsham.
- "All Down the River." A Photograph of Pesth.
- Syrian Legends. No. I. — The Ants' Rock, and the Fisherman who thought he was wiser than God. By George Grove.

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PARFUM DE ROME.

Our old friend Veuillot has published a book under the above suggestive title, which is principally devoted to heaping coals of fire on the head of Cavours, and vilifying M. l'Abbé Passaglia, through as many varieties of temper, mood, and figure, as ever the Archbishop of Rheims cursed his sacrilegious jacobin—according to the mockish chronicle, Thomas de Engolinsky:

"In holy anger, and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that measly thief!
He cursed him at beard, he cursed him in bod;
From the side of his foot, to the cover of his head;
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night,
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright;
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in laughing, in sneezing, in winking;
He cursed him in sitting, in running, in a project;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying;
He cursed him in living, he cursed him dying."

Indeed, we may go on, with the chronicle—

"Never was heard such a terrible curse!
but what gave rise
To no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one young the worse!"

But Veuillot is not satisfied with common-place cursing. He has his own peculiar graces of execration—a private communion service for his special use. Thus, after hurling at poor Abbé Passaglia, such wild objuries as "infa- mious wretch," "pariahe," "Judas Iscariot," he goes on to pray that Heaven "may accumulate on him the load of the sins which he has committed and those which he may have remitted;" that "his robe may become a robe of fire," and that Heaven "may refuse him a single tear to temper its burning."

Taking the matter and title of Veuillot's pamphlet, together, it would seem that his "Parfum de Roue" is a compound of the smell of roasted heretic and bristowine, with a dash of Orion de Bélloguer. Veuillot would do well to remember the Arabic proverb, that "curses, like young chickens, always come home to roost."

MOVE ON THERE!—The way to open the approaches to the Great Exhibition—Mayave Force.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

February 10, Monday. By way of instructing the Peers in natural history, Lord Carnarvon had some uncommonly fine specimens of Mare's Nests upon the table of the House, and read Earl Russell a lecture thereon. The subject was the detention of certain English subjects by the United States Government, on suspicion that these Englishmen were "suspicious.

Lord Russell picked the lecture to pieces rather satisfactorily, and though Lord Derby thought that the lecturer deserved a vote of thanks, the Peers were not sedate. A point was made out of the fact that one of these Englishmen had not renounced his allegiance to Queen Victoria, but it turned out that he had given the legal notices of his intention to perform that graceless act, and he did not seem a client of whom Lord Carnarvon had much cause to be proud. Lord Malmesbury then complimented the Ministers on the way in which they have managed the American difficulty, but was particularly anxious to know what was the real state of the blockade. Lord Russell was much obliged for the support he had received from the Opposition, and replied that he could not exactly say whether the blockade were real or not, but that he had ordered every kind of information to be sent home, and would speedily produce the results. Lord Granville then as politely invited the Conservative leaders to explain whether they had intended to signify that the Declaration of Paris, in 1856, which proclaims the inviolability of enemy's goods in neutral ships, ought to be disregarded in case of war. Lord Malmesbury would not say that it "ought" to be disregarded when we or the French had our respective enemies, or to speak more heroically, our blood, Up—but he certainly thought that it Would.

Lord Granville then announced—and the statement will be received by the country with no satisfaction—that the promoters of the Memorial to the late Prince Consort are seeking to evade the admitted difficulty of deciding upon its character, by throwing the task of selection upon the most Illustrious Person in the realm. This is no time for intruding such a question in that quarter, and moreover, the Memorial is intended—and we contribute to it because it is intended—to signify national and not individual appreciation of the merits of a departed Prince. A word used by Lord Granville sufficiently indicates the feeling which those who tender advice in the highest quarter entertain upon the subject. "If the application be made, the Sovereign will not 'shrink' from giving Her views."

Sir George Grey announced that the Government had no intention of trying to settle the Church Rate question, so all parties may have a Free Fight. The Abolition Bill has been re-introduced, and other plans are pushed forward, so Ecclesia and Little Bethel must have it out on an early call.

Some protests were made against the Income-Tax, which was pronounced detestable in itself, and doubly detestable from the way in which it is collected. The Bill was introduced, and other plans are pushed forward, so Ecclesia and Little Bethel must have it out on an early call.

Mr. Hankey moved for a Committee to inquire into the subject of Fires in London. Mr. Punch begs to illustrate the present state of the case by an example which is in everybody's eye. There is, in the City, a Cathedral, built by Sir Christopher Wren, and dedicated to the Apostle St. Paul. We are all rather proud of it. Near this Cathedral have lately been built some huge and damnable warehouses, which horrifyingly interfere with the perfect effect of this national beauty. These warehouses have threatened the Cathedral with destruction, if for they catch fire, as warehouses generally do, and the wind should blow from the east or thereabouts, as it generally does, the flames will in all probability take the sacred edifice. Thus be it. The proprietors of these laudable nuisances have no doubt insured them. Fire breaks out. The Fire-Engines belong to the Assurance Offices, and it would be the duty of the gallant firemen to exert themselves to the utmost to save the horrid warehouses, but it would be no part of their duty to save St. Paul's. Apply the same rule all over London, and recolect that if an insured house is afire, and the National Gallery also, Claude and Rembrandt must burn while the house is saved. Clearly it is time to consider whether we ought not to have some National Engines, for the protection of national property; and the Committee is appointed.

Tuesday. A most touching Reply to the Lords' Address was delivered.
in the name of the Royal Mourner. A Reply was also made to the Address from the Counties.

Some cotemporary novelists have described their own experiences as a 'moral education.' The author of this work is an example of such a novelist. The story of his life is a series of moral lessons, and the moral lessons are interwoven with the narrative of his life. The story is a study in ethics, and the author is a moralist. He is a master of the art of moralizing, and his work is a masterpiece of the art of moralizing.

Thursday. The first night of anything like real discussion. In both Houses the new Educational Minute was the subject. Lord Granville and Mr. Disraeli being the Ministerial speakers. Government have very considerably modified the original modifications, and it was felt that Ministers offered a very satisfactory defence of what they had done. The Earl of Derby must have urged an immense lot of clamorous persons and intransigent teachers, by deliberately declaring that all the alterations in the new system had been made in the right direction. Mr. Disraeli only complained that the explanations had not been given sooner. It was understood that the whole question was to be taken up again, one of the worst things, for an election section, but the Reform, which was far more necessary than any other which could be suggested, is an accomplished fact, and the people will find out the benefit of it before long.

Friday. President Seward having caused King Lincoln to send over his subject to complete the terms of the Lords' Amendment, Harbour, Earl Russell manfully declared the act a Barbarous one. We shall be curious to hear how the chief Barbarian will justify the deed. If there is much more of this sort of thing, it may be a question whether the Fortieth Congress ought to break such a blockade, not in the interest of commerce, but of humanity.

Then exploded in the Lords the bombshell of nonsense which had been loading in Convocation touching the allowing the London theatres to open. The Lords were made to believe. Puseyite notions on the subject, and Mr. Peach was sorry to see his own right reverend brother, the excellent Bishop of London, supporting Lord Dungannon, though on somewhat more rational grounds. Every place of amusement, in and out of London, except the theatres, is open at the period in question, and why an Ethiopian scenerist should be permitted to cackle nonsense, while the other black man, Othello, must not utter the language of the Divine Williams, perhaps the bishop will privately inform Mr. Peach. The fact is that the observation of days, with the exception of Fifty Two, and Two others, is no longer an English habit, and it is useless to cling to rags of an extinct ritual. A pleasing illustration was given of the way in which Lords talk of what they do not understand. Lord Dungannon thought that there was a very great hardship on actresses from the rule which shut up the theatre in Passion Week, because they must be employed in preparing the entertainments for Easter. Certainly, our dear lord, and do you know any other word besides Dungannon which begins with an H? He said he had to the politician who made the above speech, and did not know that though the happy artists may have to rehearse day and night, they are never paid a shilling by their generous employers except in respect of public performances. There are plenty of lords who know quite as much as is good for them about all such matters. Why did nobody tell Dungannon not to talk nonsense? Sir Robert Peel gave M. Magnier another knock or two, and promised him a light whenever he liked. Mr. Cooper said there must be a road made from the north of London to the International Exhibition, and he meant to make one, and spend money out of the coal duties in doing it, so that the Tyburnian people may secateur along comfortably.

BRAVO, BOTH OF YOU! Since Greek Professor Dr. Jowett's death, What salutary should for the work he paid? Twixt new endowment of four hundred clear, And old endowment, forty thousand, elsewhere, and still a good deal about the theatres being open in the week in which Good Friday occurs.

OUTLANDISH INTELLIGENCE.

The following is an item of foreign news which has been judged to be sufficiently high importance to be worth transmitting in a distinct telegram:

A Sorbonne agent having given to the Porte explanations in reference to the protest which it addressed to the Powers on the resolutions recently passed by the Kafkaskia of Servia, the Porte has declared itself to be better satisfied with regard to the further intentions of Servia.

O! for the good old times when we should have asked who, or what, is the Skrufskia of Servia?—when we had no foreign politics to bother us and involve us in controversy—how happy we should be, if we could still exclaim with contented ignorance, that we didn't know and didn't care whether the Skrufskia of Servia was a potentate, or a parliament, or a parish vestry, or a pack of stuff!

A Compliment by Way of Novelty.—Why is the Hebrew Persuasion the best of all persuasions? Because it is a persuasion that admits of no prudence.

[February 22, 1862.]

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.
Y DEAR PUNCH, 

Or a truth, I must declare, that Mr. Phelps upon his Shakespeare Gallery. I must see the pit, but I do not refer to any Shakespeare pictures he may have in his possession. The gallery is the theatre itself, in which I saw the other evening to see him play Macbeth. That crowd of eager faces all turned upon the scene is a sight that any Shakespeare lover must be pleased to see; and if I were Mr. Phelps I would not care much for mere pictures, while I had such a living gallery to look at.

"The players of Peptonville are in this respect peculiar, that they go to see the play, and not to flirt and chatter. Between the acts, I have seen plenty of conversation, and at times a cheerful cut and cackle to recognize a friend. But the moment the bell rings you hear the cry of 'Silence! Order!' and then every tongue is hushed, and every cough is smothered till the curtain drops. The gallery becomes a model of 'still life,' and the falling of a pin would disturb the solemn silence. Here is a gallery that the pit, although the entrance-fees are only sixpence and a shilling, the frequenter of these seats pay thorough reverence to Shakespeare, and listen to his words with the attention they deserve. And surely few can fail to be the better for such hearing, and to bear in memory some few of the thousand noble thoughts he has expressed. In these sensation-craving times, when murders by moonlight in the midst of splendid scenery, and ships on fire, and slave sales, and great headers are so sought after, I rejoice to find a theatre where Shakespeare is still popular, and is loved and reverenced for his own intrinsic sake, and not by reason of the adjutants which the paint-pot can supply.

"Macbeth at Sadler's Wells is decidedly worth going to, if only for the sake of seeing how attractive the play is in itself, without the gorgeous up-getting supplied at the Princess's a season or two since. There is just a trifle more than the murder scene, and the pleas are caused so obviously by rolling cannon-balls about the floor just over-head that they do not much enhance the horrors of the scene. The rain comes down too in such torrents that I really almost feared that the New River had burst its banks. At the end of Mr. Mackay's soliloquy of Lady Macbeth, there is a good eye to the half-crowd, which seems to even better casts at Sadler's Wells for this great play. Miss Glynn and Mr. Marston were actors to be missed; and their pieces just at present are but ill supplied. In the sleep-walking scene Miss Atkinson spoke too low to be well audible, and she has besides no force enough to make the scene of Lady Macbeth's murder memorable. Mr. Edmund Phelps is pains-taking, and certainly improves; but he has very much to learn ere he can hope to do full justice to Macbeth. I well remember how his father played the character on the stage; and how, when hearing the loss of 'all his pretty ones at one fell swoop,' he gave his sorrow words with such a quivering lip and choked and tearful utterance that there was scarcely left a dry eye in the house. Mr. Macready had his faults; he 'pumped' too much, cried some; he 'mouthed' too much, said others; but I for one shall ever reverence his memory. Whatever his shortcomings, he was a man who did good service to the drama in his day. Mr. Phelps as his successor continues his good work; and, although at times too ponderous and dragging in his speech (in soliloquy especially is this defect observable), he is really now the only English actor (your personal, Mr. Kean, or I have my forgotten you) who can play a Shakespeare tragic part.

"The pantomime at Sadler's Wells of Merry and Fair Star is not much to my taste, though I am bound to say the audience in general seemed pleased by it. But it has a burlesque opening, which I think is a mistake; and this is more punny than funny, and drugs somewhat slowly through its surfeitage of small talk, "Action, action, action!" is as requisite in burlesque as Demosthenes considered it needful in a speech. Besides, the story (what there is of it) is not remarkable for cleverness; the burlesquize has no hot poker, and a parody of tricks. The only entire change is that of an excursion-train for Brighton being turned into a 'pleasure' boat, with everybody ill in it; and this I rather fancy I have somewhere seen before. Generally at Sadler's Wells one finds a good old-fashioned pantomime, full of comic business, battle, and bickery. This year the event is not a very wise one; and though the audience now do their best to laugh at the bad puns, I rather think they would more relish butter-slices and red-hot poker, and other fine old pantomimic ways of tickling the house.

"I have not yet seen the Lily of Killarney, as our old friend the Colleca Bows is operationally called; and so I will not venture, as a bolder critic might, to draw upon my fancy, assisted by mere hearsay, to put up my sweeping praise or condemnation of the work, and merely to detail its every beauty and defect. As Mr. Harrison is certainly a bigger man than Mr. Boothby, I should imagine the great 'header' will be even more so than it was at the Adelphi; and, whatever be the adverb's function of the new music, any lover of old melody would surely never miss the chance of hearing Miss Louisa Emily O'Connor Pyn in her sweet voice that charming air, the Orkney Lass.

"Old Phil's Birthday is a piece well worth seeing at the Strand, if only because it shows that Mr. Rogers can do better than play the mere buffoon. That his buffoonery is funny I most readily admit: his trumpet-sounding Mr. Addison, and the pranks he played with Mr. Great Tragedian Clarke, in that absurdity of absurdities, the New Chatsworth, are really things to make one's side ache, absurdly out-burlesquing burlesque as they might be. Still, a touch of quiet humour is better than broad farce; and a bit of genuine pathos lives longer in the memory than many a horse-hoarse.

"I hope before my next to give a look at the St. James', which I hear is doing bravely under the new management, thanks to a neat play and pretty classical burlesque. I mean, too, if I can find space in the Lyceum, where they have learned to understand since Christian people have been permitted to put their children on their knees; so crowded has the house been to see the Peep of Day, and catch a peep o' nights at Mr. Elphinstone Miss Lydia's lively legs and pretty smiling eyes and lips. As for Drury Lane, Mr. Atkinson, I am told, is at present only passable by those who take their stand there at six o'clock, A.M.; such is the attraction of the new Miss, I command for his good sense in leaving the better stock Shakespeare, and stuck to plays like Louis Ouche, which are not beyond his grasp.

"ONE WHO PAYS."

I ONCE HAD A TAILOR.

(SONG OF A WALLFLOWER)

"My Lodging is on the Cold Ground." I once had a Tailor; 'tis some time ago.

More years than I care to confess.

But then I delighted in personal show,

And paid some attention to dress.

My dress suit has lasted from that time to this;

For service it only butts seen

On occasions like visits of friends from Bliss.

Not many, and distant between.

Its nap is as yet but a little failled;

And that you want daylight to see.

But the cool of my youth is too small in the waist,

So the trousers and vest are, for me.

Costumes oft have changed since this old one was new;

But its style may revive in our day.

So I yet may appear in the fashion like you,

Once again, ere I cast it away.

The Claims of Kindred.

The greatest marvels in the world are kind relatives. Truly kind relatives will never oppose your inclinations, but on the contrary, encourage you to follow them, and will take all unpleasant consequences of your doing so on themselves. They will lead you money to speculate with, and as often as you fail they will allow you to fall back upon them, and lend you more, and so on until they have no more to lend, and then they will lend you their names and their credit, and apologize to you for having done so little for you.—NEEDSWELL ON GOODNESS.

CASTOR ON THE COLONIES.

Mr. Goldwyn Smith thinks we should give up Canada, and let the Yankees have all they want of us. We are now convinced of the transmigration of souls. Mr. Smith, in a former state of existence, was evidently a beaver.
A HUNTING APPOINTMENT.—VIVE LE SPORT AGAIN!

Distinguished Foreigner (who does not comprehend why a frst should stop Hounds), "Aha! no host zis morning—mons dieu!—zen zare is no dog's meet to-day!"

PYTHON PARTURIENS.

"The Python at the Zoological Gardens is now incubating more than 100 eggs."—

Zoologists, this great egg-sample baffle on,
Let Fellows who come to endorse their tickets,
With kind inquiries after Mrs. Python."'
Strange birds and beasts within these Gardens' bound,
In their confinement daily may be seen:
Even more's nests pernoche might here be found
By one who carefully should sweep the green.
(Or if the Gardens no such nests afford,
The House of the Society, I'll swear
Will yield you plenty, if you'll search the Board,
What time the Council may be sitting there.)
A viper here once had an egg, 'tis said,
And duly from it reared a viper small;
But now we boast a Pythoness, instead,
Who lays a hundred eggs and sits on all!

We'll trump the "Sure as there's snakes in Virginia,"
With which the Yankee nailing a "tall" remark,
By "Sure as there are snakes in Regent's Park!"
A hundred eggs! In each a baby Python!

Delightful moment, when a Gray or Owen,
This large though scaly family broods bizzle on,
And marks, week after week, his charges growing,
And still unwinding, à la Wilkie Collins,
Such closely-woven tails, one feels perplex

To make cut head from tail, yet unews cogens,
Waits the "continuation in our next."
Or shall I say, like an Attorney's bill,
"In boats of linked sweetness long drawn out,"
As that Attorney strong to squeeze at will,
With coils as slippery as their gripes is stout?
Rare privilege to lend such aid as Owen's
To Mrs. P. in her maternal soil!
To have the ordering of Small Pythons' goings,
And teach their young ideas how to coil!

Our Python class at length from school uncealed,
Youth's gay slough cast for manhood's darker skin,
To see them introcet into the world,
As visions as the wildest of their kin.
Till, from this single pair of Python kind,
Eons shall be as thick as boxes are now;
And snakes to lookups not as now confined,
Shall swing, delightful fruit, from every bough
Adieu, proud mother, his thine hopes fulfilled,
To help thee hatch, some sunshine may we see;
Phebus Apollo's shafts the Python killed,
The want of them seems likelier to kill thee.

Done on both Sides.

The attempt by the new Imperial Finance Minister to keep up French rates by rigging the market having failed, the would-be borrowers on the Bourse, and the would-be leaders on our own Stock Exchange are equally be-Fould,—whether you pronounce the word, "be-fouled," or "be-fooled."
THE POLICE AND THE CRUSHERS.

PUNCH.—"Eureka! See what I found—in a Police Report, under the head of 'Hammersmith,' of a case in which a rag-and-bone-man was pulled up by the police for wheeling a barrow on the pavement at Kensington, and pleaded that it was an old-fashioned child's four-wheeled chariot:—"

"Mr. Dayman looked at the Act of Parliament, and said the words were 'any conveyance,' and therefore held that a perambulator would come within the meaning of the Act; however, the police interfered. They must exercise their discretion, and if they thought perambulators were not to be meddled with, he could not interfere. He fixed him 5s. and 2s. costs."

"So the police have the power of interfering with perambulators, if they please to use it. Now that they know they possess that salutory power, I trust they will exercise the same. The defendant in the case wherein that point was ruled by Mr. Dayman, urged that in the High-street, Notting-hill, 'the public had to walk in the road in consequence of the perambulators on the pavement at St. Richard's Port, in a most unreasonable manner. The man is thinking of his greens or other contents of his barrow; the girl of some soldier, or policeman, or the baker's man; or more commonly still her thoughts are fixed on vacancy and her two eyes on opposite quarters of the heavens. The former sings out 'By the bye,' and steams at you; the other gives you no warning, and crushes your toes. You will rejoice with me to find that there exists a Corn Law to afford them protection against those Juggernaut-cars in which the little idols of their doting Mammas are accustomed to be dragged over our bunsens; and if you will just send Sirs Richard Mayne a pressing invitation to endorse it with the utmost rigour, you will much oblige your old friend, "Pantaloon."

"Feast of St. Valentine (Cof's Heart for dinner), 1862."

A SATIRE IN THE SATURDAY REVIEW

The Saturday Review contains an article on "Flogging at Public Schools," founded on a case the statement of which includes, or at least implies, what, we trust, is a very serious mistake. Let the tale be told in the Saturday Review's own language, which, however, that now and then occurs in police reports and assize-intelligence, may perhaps be quoted for explanatory purposes without offence.

After a classical allusion to the custom practised by certain persons in Ancient Rome, of exposing in the forum, for a particular purpose, "the traces of the patrician scourgery," the Saturday Review proceeds in the following strain:—

"A Mr. George Jackson, who, in the persons of two hopeful sons, has suffered a similar indignity, and has similar scenes to show, is following the precedent. The New Police Act, indeed, more than the laws of Numa, precludes him from exhibiting, in the Royal Exchange or Charing Cross, the evidence of his offspring furred by the cruel twofold. He is restricted by the less dramatic laws of modern days, and the exigencies of modern clothing, and can only display their blinding force in print."

Although, as touching that same display, the laws of Numa may be less prudish than the New Police Act, they are perhaps considerably more prudish than the foregoing remarks, if prudish is exactly the right epithet to apply to any excess of delicacy relative to a very peculiar exhibition. Prudery is hardly the word which most men would use to qualify the extreme sense of the objectionable in that respect. That is an excess of refinement which gentlemen do not generally consider old-maidish and express themselves as if they did. A licence, however, very much the opposite of such prudery, most manifest in the case of the Times, as well as the preceding jeers elaborated at the expense of Mr. Jackson and his sons. The Saturday Review continues, ridiculing that gentleman:—

"In other words he has published and circulated a pamphlet, detailing, in the form of a somewhat lengthy correspondence, how his two boys, aged eighteen and nineteen, went from Uppingham School to see their grandfathers for the Easter holidays—how the charms of their society tempted them rashly to delay their return till the last allowable hour—how an imperfect induction into the mysteries of their discipline, and how, in consequence, they were ordered by their grandfathers to be whipped as they were Ordering them to be whipped. Mr. Jackson, feeling his own nerves tingling violently at the castigation, first emits a voluminous correspondence upon the Dysonic schoolmaster—and then, leaving two denials of his boys from the wrathful master's mouth and various apologies on the Bumner or London—and finally, in the form of a pamphlet, upon each of the sons of the school, without apparently obtaining the satisfaction he seeks.

In the same vein of mockery devoid of candour, the Saturday Review pursues the young Jacksons, also; thus:—

"The dooms have been executed and cannot be recalled. These youthful martyrs to grandfathers' lashments cannot have restored to them the abridged chivalry they have lost. Their blood-stained morning can never be washed out of their memory. It may be doubted whether this is a sort of martyrdom of which any publicity will mitigate the suffering. At least these high-spirited young men must not much less slim shamed morally than they appear to have been physically. If they enjoy the privilege which parental fondness has secured for them of making their first public entry into English society in the character of grandfathers' logged sets.

Stinging words. They are, however, perhaps, a little too like the leonine taunts of a rabid woman. Savage words to apply to young lads.

The Saturday Review goes on to scoff at the lads, in the aggravating reader's style because they were "rified for ability to tear themselves "from the side of their grandmama," and have incurred an "accumulation of comical ignominy compared to which, in the opinion of most young men, the punctures of the buds of birds would smart but little. Yet its attack upon them coupled with the following observations, very much indeed the reverse of prudish:—

"'Pleasant but wrong,' is recorded by the proverb to have been the remark of the chimney-sweep when he kissed his grandmother: but he did not employ the words of a pamphlet. Whatever may be the feelings of the Heavens, if these young men have been when next they took an unseen seat by the side of their too seductive mistress, they had better have perused upon their literary parent to keep their borrowings and their conclusions to himself. Certes it is, they must make the most of her now, for if they go either into the Army or a University, they will in a few years deface her very name."

The last clause of the above paragraph is simply an invitation of any regiment to college to which the young Jacksons may go to bicker, insult, and torment them out of their lives. The Saturday Review might as well content itself with attacking established reputations: and spare the prospects of young men just entering life.

The great mistake, however, made—as we hope—by the Saturday Review is especially evident in that part of the extract just quoted which represents the Jacksons, respectively eighteen and nineteen years old, as having been flogged after the manner of children. According to the Saturday Review, moreover, the flogging of adult youths in that infamous manner is an ordinary practice at Uppingham School. Here, surely, the Saturday Review is in error. The fact must be that the young men, if flogged at all, are flogged after the manner of men. Otherwise, the Uppingham School had a place in the Treatise on the object to mention, and any schoolmaster exercising the birch at that establishment would be a person whom we should unwillingly name. Strangely enough the Saturday Review follows up its sarcasms on the young fourteen and nine by expressing disapproval of their discipline, with whose shameful circumstances, and the essentially odious condition involved in them, it had been dailying and sporting in socieities which any prudery or sort of nicety would shirk from.

VICTIMS OF PROGRESS.

The Times, in an awakening leader on the sleepy subject of Education, observes, with reference to the sacrifice of vested interests to the public utility:—

"Every graveyard in this Metropolis is a vested interest in the death disregarded for the sake of the living. That two millions might breathe a purer atmosphere, we reduced the fees of two or three hundred clergyman."

Other nuisances have been abated to the detriment of interests vested in them, besides intramural graveyards. Reform in Doctors' Commons, for example, destroyed the business of certain proctors. But in this case did we not hear something of some small amount of compensation allowed those learned persons for the removal of the offense and destruction of their interest, as they had enjoyed the possession of a long-lived feeling of? Clergymen are not vernin of less consequence than proctors. We should perhaps breathe our purer atmosphere with greater complacency if we had purified it at our own expense and not out of the pockets of a few unfortunate persons.

Important Fact for Orange Lodges.

The annual consumption of oranges in England is, so it appears, not less than 650,000,000 a year. We only allude to this valuable statistical fact, that it may be recorded in the next edition of Pirs' Diary.
A COMPANION TO THE PEERAGE.

Among recent announcements of medical books, the following will perhaps, have excited curiosity amongst the habitual students of Doo and Debrett:—

*THE BLOOD OF THE ARISTOCRACY.*

On Pure Blood: Its Origin, Diseases of the Alimentary Canal, Stomach, Intestines, Chronic Diarrhoea (even of many years standing), Spinal Complaint, and Asthma; their successful treatment. Digestion, its Derangements and Remedy. Skin Diseases, &c. In this work is original thought.

From the above title and list of contents we should be disposed to conclude that the author of *The Blood of the Aristocracy* means to say that the circulating fluid of the superior classes is exceptionally pure, and very generally contaminated with morbid agencies; it would appear that aristocratic blood for the most part contains the seeds of eruptive complaints, of diseases of the nervous system and respiratory and digestive organs, insomuch that chronic diarrhoea, especially, runs in the blood. Gent, everybody knows, is comprehended under the natural law of entail, and often descends in association with high honours and broad lands; though it does not go all to the eldest son.

Does the blood of the aristocracy, examined under the microscope, exhibit finer globules than that of the common people; and does chemical analysis detect in it any peculiar principle of honour, which might be named Stirpium or the principle of Race, or Spermatic, or, more familiarly, Pedigree; or, more familiarly still, Noblesse, or Swelling?

Transfusion of blood is practiced in cases of dangerous exhaustion from haemorrhage. Suppose Lord Reginald Fitzurse at death's door, in consequence of bleeding in his country's cause from a wound received on the field of glory. Lieutenant Larkins, whose father was a line-dymer, volunteers to supply the deficiency in his lordship's circulating medium. Will the vital fluid of Larkins kill Fitzurse, as that of an ox or other lower animal would? Will it make Fitzurse a Snob?

The origin of pure blood, the blood of the aristocracy, whole and unmingled, as it flowed in the veins of the primary aristocrat, would be an interesting subject of inquiry, if there were any scientific reason for believing that personage to have been a king of men, who are supposed to have chipped the flints in the drift, and not that more modern patriarch, who, till lately, has had the credit of having been "the first that ever bore arms."

UTILISATION OF ROSEWATER.

I, therefore, treasure some soupsonge else destined to sink, And mix with the River which Londoners drink, And keep it in store to refresh Dixies' Land, Or the Blackamoor's Air, What wind is blowing everywhere, In the Strand! Then come, if thou wilt, dingy Pirro, and gruid, From the pathways of study disintering my mind; And an engine shall wash thee with dew from the rose. But thou'll smile in the rain, Which will cleanse thee, and pain Not thy nose.

How to Train up a Child.

The best plan of training a child is to allow him to put on a railway-guard's uniform, to jump up behind the engine, do stoker's work, slam the doors, call out the names of the stations, and to start the train by blowing the whistle, taking good care that he pays well for the latter. Such training may lead him eventually to a commission of lunacy, but that is no fault of his tutors, more especially as the charge is even a queer method than the railway of allowing the young man to run through his property.

What is both Food for the Body and Food for the Mind?—Bacon.
A RARE CHANCE FOR THE ORGAN-GRINDERS.

Whether "Yanke Doodle" be a "good national tune," or likely to afford much martial inspiration, is a question upon which we must decline just now to arbitrate. While Brother Jonathan continues in so titly a condition, it is better for us neutrals to abstain from mediating upon which he may be sensitive; and, for ought we know, the noble air of "Yanke Doodle" may be accounted in his ears a far sublimer composition than Handel, Messiah, or Beethoven ever heard. We want the point open then for future contemplation, let us see what is the course suggested by the Herald in case the Federal army be deprived by the economists of the aid of its brass bands:

"Suppose, then, that we purchase a system instrument—a mammoth calliope—and to the music for the army by machinery and whistles or if it be objected that it would be difficult to average the melody so that each regimental band should share it equally, suppose we have a large donkey organ, of the kind used by vagrant circuses, attached to each division! These wind instruments might perhaps, during parades when political columnists and brigadiers make dangerous excursions; and, for hand to hand fights, skirmishes, and sorties, hand or double-barrelled organs might be useful."

Then, "Whyisn't that a rare suggestion for you! Don't you feel your buzzards busting with gratitude to worthy Mister James Gordon Bennett, the noble-minded editor of the New York Herald, for putting forward in his columns so tasteful and good a hint? Macaroni—wouldn't it be grand to march to battle the grading of a barrel-organ, and hire a donkey one to carry the hot coals of your foemen, and make the boldest of them tremble to hear the dismal blast of Apple-squash and earthquakes? You ought to raise a statue to your benefactor Bennett, and crown it with the laurels that you win in your campaign."

Well, certainly, if Mr. Bennett's hint be acted on, it will bring us strong temptation to break through our neutrality, and to supply the Federals with some of these new musical munitions for the war. We should only be too happy to ship them a good cargo of our surplus organ-grinders, and would be content to bargain that they never be sent back to us. At a moderate calculation there must be now in London at least ten thousand of these players whom we very well might spare; and we should have the satisfaction of knowing that their exportation would "do the States some service," while it certainly would prove of marked advantage to ourselves.

A REGULAR FRENCH BRICK.

Here is one of the best things that Punch has heard for many a day, and, as good things ever find a place in Punch, its insertion in these columns becomes a matter of course:

"ENGLISH SUBJECTS ABROAD.—Any person who requires evidence of the solicitude with which England watches over and protects her subjects, even the most distant of them, in whatever part of the world they may be, will find it in the following occurrence.—At the last meeting of the Bexleys-Beane Two English soldiers were brought to justice for murder. The Court appointed M. Boutelle to advocate for them, and they were acquitted. The English Government had offered M. Boutelle 1000 florins to take the case, but he refused it. He then offered 500 florins, but he declined it, and the Consul left with the two sailors, whom he sent to England. Shortly afterwards, M. Boutelle received a case containing the collection of English laws, in four volumes, richly bound, and bearing Queen Victoria's arm, and the inscription: 'The English Government to M. Martin Boutelle, advocate at Aix, in recognition of the talent, zeal, and disinterestedness, with which he defended its subjects.'"

"—Gouverneur de Provence."

Bravo! M. Boutelle! (And Bravo! too, Lord Palmerston!) Here's your health, Monsieur. Punch looks towards you, Sir; You're a jolly good fellow; in fact, a regular brick. "Use less vintage, you good grog! N'est ce que c'est que c'est? Eh, don't you twit, old rook? Well, Punch will not attempt to offer a translation of what is untranslatable. But real assured, Monsieur, that Punch has given you the title that all Englishmen are proud of, and which a Frenchman should think himself solidly ticked to obtain. But you are really worthy of the honour, good Monsieur. It is by such Bricks as you are that the golf of national prejudices may most surely be bridged over, and the Anglo-French Alliance may be most securely built. Bricks like yours, foundation of national good-feeling, and when cemented by the sympathies of grateful fellow-countrymen form the finest groundwork for a most enduring peace. English arts are yours, Monsieur; and such a recognition of them, so more to bring together the hearts of two great countries than any amount of banknote oratory and frothy champagne internations.

The designer who lends a hand to help a British sailor in distress is deserving of the thanks of every British subject. Our Government has given you its gratitude, Monsieur, and now, the mouthpiece of the nation—We, Punch, speak the nation's thanks.

One more then, your health, Sir: in a bumper of good duty-reduced Gladstone-brought-in Burgundy; the best liquid for moistening the Anglo-French cement. You are a brick, M. Boutelle. And if you be a Brouteille, you are one of right good stuff. Pulvenses te praestatis sedulis.
OLD SCHOOL.

Mr. Grapes (helping himself to another glass of that fine old Motien). "Hark! we live in strange times—what the dooce can people want with drinking fountains!"

WHAT ARE THE BISHOPS ABOUT?

Clergymen in general are wont to be extremely active in sending round the list; but in Ireland there appear to be exceptions to the rule, at least if one may judge by a letter put forth lately by a Dublin paper.

"—Will the inhabitants of Dublin believe what I am about to state? Yesterday a person having a foreign aspect called on me to inquire who had charge of the ruins of St. Andrew's Church, as he wished to hire our Protestant place of worship for a Crewn (1) and exercised himself by saying he observed it in the same condition when here twelve months ago. It is not disgrace sufficient to see such a ruin in our city, without the mournful result of a stranger, induced by its longneglected, to profiteer money for its use for such a purpose? I would earnestly call the attention of the committee of management and our parishes to this circumstance, to save us for the future from such humiliating proposals."

A church in ruins for a twelvemonth! What a splendid theme for clerical petitions to beg upon! How is it that the persons have neglected to lay hold of it? Had it been that funds were needed for a church in Oladice, Timbuctoo, or Madagascar, we doubt not Exeter Hall would long ere this have called a meeting and have poured forth floods of eloquence to demonstrate the pressing nature of the chain. But Dublin—pooh! the Dublinites may take care of themselves. Let their churches go to ruin, and their persons go in rags. Ireland of course is much too near at home to be seen by Exeter Hall, with its far-sighted philanthropy.

And so, in a country where the Catholics abound, the Protestants are suffered to see their church in ruins. How the Poor's Pence Band must joy to sound a note of exultation at the fact! For who can well expect to see conversions to a faith that thus allows its temples to fall into decay? It has long been a stigma upon Protestants in general, that while they happily their houses they leave their churches bare. But worse still is the odium reflected on the body by the fact of churches left to fall about its ears. Whether or no, the "Committee of Management" he faulty in the case of St. Andrew's, Peach knows not. But whoever be he to blame, Peach, as a true Protestant, must here record his protest against another twelvemonths being let to pass, without steps being taken to prevent the chance of offers to make a foreign circus of a British church.

ADVICE TO THE CHARLESES OF CHARLESTOWN.—Why don't you engage Deerfoot to run the blockade for you, for he has the reputation of being able to run anything?"

A SUBLIME SULTAN.

His Majesty the Emperor of Morocco is raising a loan in London, by virtue of a treaty concluded with Her Majesty the Queen, through his Majesty's Plenipotentiary, commissioned by a warrant which bears the Emperor's royal signet, and begins thus:

"In the name of God, the merciful and exultation! There is no strength or power but in God, the most high and mighty! Be it known by this our letter, elevated and protected by God, and luminous as the sun and moon, that we have, by the help of God, granted to our employed, the Honorable Haid Abdurahman el-Amit, full power and authority to conclude with the Minister, Mr. John Hare, Plenipotentiary for England, and to treat with the creditors, regarding the arrangements relative to the loan of £25,000,000 to be advanced by the British capitalists."

The foregoing anticlimax beats "In the name of the Prophet—who's it?" A Yankee, however, who worships the dollar, would not perhaps see the drop. The instrument above quoted reads like the ode of some such a sovereign as Chironaxontolitoxonomia. It is worded in bombast which must be ascribed to some absurd minister, or would indicate the Emperor of Morocco to be a most consummated monarch. Fancy a national creature calling his letter "luminous as the sun and moon." Impossible! As Lord Dundonald would say—"The EMWA of Morocco must be a lunatic!"

Approaching Union.

We understand that Lord Bayswater is shortly to be united to the lovely Miss Kensington, whose enormous wealth will be made a public exhibition of shortly after the two have been made one. All good wishes follow this happy union, which we confess, has been too long deferred. As much as £35,000 will be spent, we understand, in bringing the two together. This is great extravagance at their first starting in life, but we trust that the fair couple, in spite of it, will be able eventually to make both ends meet.

COMMON JUSTICE.

The Government intend to provide the means for making the new road to the International Exhibition, out of the duties on Coal. Surely they must now give his baronetcy to "Cole, C.B."

KLEPTOMANIA.—Aristocratic pigging.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF PROPERTY.

We are told that "Property has its duties as well as its rights." Amongst its various duties, we suppose, may be safely enumerated the legacy-duty, the succession-duty, to say nothing of innumerable Custom-house duties, if Property prefers supporting its own wars, &c. Another duty is one that your relatives think it incumbent upon them to take of trying to prove you to be a lunatic, if they fancy you are spending more money than in prudence you ought to do, and so are cutting down the value of your Property.

We don't know so much about "its rights," excepting the right that Property always has of serving on a Jury when summoned, and of giving as many dinners and evening parties, conversations, and pic nics as it pleases, all of which sundry rights, we conclude, may be fairly classed under the head of inviting the utmost hospitality. Another of "its rights," however, and it is a strong and cavilling one, is, so often as Property gives offence to, or will not comply with the exacting requests of one inferior in station to himself, to be called "a blotted aristocrat." For ourselves, we must say, if we had any choice in the matter, that we would sooner see "a blotted aristocrat," than "a blotted democrat," as we have generally found the latter to be the most intolerable, and least tolerating, aristocrat in the world.

Judicious and Tender Reproof. 

Ligious Child (praying), "Oh! papa, I've hurst my soul!" 

Clergy Pope, "I see you have, my dear, you've knocked an h off it."
ONCE A WEEK.

THIS WEEK'S NUMBER CONTAINS:

"Little Wife." By R. F. Sketchley.
Cromer's Queen Anne's Farthings. By Fred. W. Madden.
Syrian Legends.—No. II.—The Grapes of Barlyns. By George Grove.

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HASTINGS, March 6th.

BIRMINGHAM, March 4th.

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SOMETHING LIKE LAND REFORM.

The following Correspondence has passed between Lords Punch and Westbury upon the subject of the Reform in Conveyancing:

"My dear Westbury,

"I have read your Speech, and it is a very good one. I do not think so well of your Bill, because it is not a regular Root-and-Brancher. I suppose, however, that it is the strongest which you think the Titled Obstructives and the Certified Attorneys will allow to pass, so you may as well go on with it.

"But if it be defeated, something else must be done for the unhappy Land.

"Just look at the following draft of a Bill which I have prepared. If you think it will do, I shall lay it on the table in the event of your Bill being rejected.

"As for Clancy's two, and Chelmsford's two, and any others that may be poked before us, be good enough, as Major-domo, to tell the laundress to light our smoking-room fire with them.

"Ever yours,

"The Lord Westbury.

"Punch."

Bill (referred to in the above letter) for putting all the Real Property of the country on a safe basis, so that buying and selling may be easy.

Wherases the present system of Conveyancing is kept up for the sake of enriching a pack of Lawyers.

And Wherases it time that the aforesaid system of plunder should cease.

Be it enacted,

That on the 30th April next, every piece of written punctum in the United Kingdom be consumed by fire.

That the Possessors of Property on that day be declared by Parliament to have a perfectly good Title to the property they possess, except as next mentioned.

That any person who claims anybody else's property shall give notice to that effect before the 1st June, and that his right shall be tried before Lord Punch, who will sit in Ire if any sham claim be brought forward, and will give his judgment right slip off.

That by way of slightly discouraging any sham claims or unjust defences, it be understood that when Lord Punch shall have decided against any person, the Counsel who argued the loser's case shall be declared, the Attorney fogged, and the Party transported.

That as fast as Lord Punch decides a case, the Title to the Property in question shall be considered as finally settled.

That all Property shall be catalogued, with the owner's name, by the active and intelligent gentlemen who are now cooking the International Catalogue, and that this second edition of Domesticky Book shall be printed at Mr. Punch's office, and sold at the rate of Fifty Guineas per copy, and that every attorney, counsel, and laudator in the kingdom shall be bound to take a copy, under penalty of the confiscation of his certificate, wig, or property respectively.

That this Act shall apply to Everywhere.

That Lord Punch shall apply his ballot to Everybody who raises any difficulty or evil in the premises.

REPLY.

"My dear Punch,

"Court of Chancery, Feb. 20.

"I am glad you liked my speech. I myself think that it was a good one. I should have liked to put in a little more pepper for the Pumps, but there is nothing like civility. If they defeat my Bill, I pledge myself to support yours, which I can only say is Beautiful, and that I would be Punch if I were not.

"The Lord Punch.

"His faithfully,

Westbury."

Litterary Intelligence.

In the Chief Rabbi had an "Index Expurgatorius" as well as the Pope, we naturally conclude that such works as the following would be included amongst its prohibitions—Hogg, Bacon, and Fenwick de Porquet.

Imaginary Birthplace of Deerfoot?—Cape Race.
PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

FEBRUARY 17, Monday.

"Register! register! register!" said the late Sir Robert to the territorial aristoarcy. So cried the late Sir Richard, now Lord Westbury, to the bail owners, and those who wish to be declared such. To-night his honor introduced us to the conveyancing reform bill. Having to expound the necessity for the Bill, and its character, to an audience of coronets, the Chancellor had to be very hard indeed, and to explain himself in the broad fashion in which Professor Faraday lectures the juveniles in Albermarle. In consequence, the attorney mind has been promptly down upon him, and a head attorney, who should, considering his position, have a little larger intellect, has actually pronounced to believe that one of the greatest and keenest lawyers in England did not know as much about probate as Mr. Paul Conventer himself. He ought to have been able to state at his examination in the Head Attorney's own hall in Wickedness Lane. It would have been as reasonable to allege that Faraday would probably tell the young ladies and gentlemen that the earth is round, he does not know that it is flattened at the poles. The attack is valuable, as showing the spirit in which attorneyism is eager to deal with conveyancing reform, but is it not a short-sighted policy on the part of the small lawyers? Surely it is better to try and multiply jobs, as making conveyancing reasonably cheap will do, than to cling to the old system, which parishes a few attorneyism per mile. Perhaps, in London, which prevents thousands of clerks from having anything to do with the purchase of land.

Lord Westbury proposes, as hath been intimated, a three-fold registration. The attorneys say that if they had three cars they'd hear him, but the longitude rather than the number of their cars is illustrated in their resistance to his Bill. He wishes to establish:

1. A register of out-and-out good titles.
2. A register of titles that will be out-and-out good if they are left alone long enough.
3. A register of mortgages and indentures, the dupliciters, as it were, which show that hard-up territorial aristocrats have been to their uncle.

The mode in which the registration is to be effected is mere of detail, as the man in the street says of the question whether the Bill he has accepted so readily will be paid or not.

Then, all deeds are to be printed.

Lord Westbury, with a fine sense of human nature, observing that this will marvellously abbreviate them, for though an attorney may not hesitate to hand over pound after pound of waste-paper conveyances and provisos and rubbish to a tallow-nosed law-stationer to engross, even attorneyism would recoil from the idea of printing and editing such trash. The composer has been found to shorten chancery pleadings in a wonderful manner. Next—

Deeds may be as short as they used to be in the good old times, when the lovers of precedent are bound to admire. There lies before Mr. Punch at this moment a dingy little deed of the time of Richard the Third (who was killed in Powder Castle, Mr. Cox, and who afterwards gained the name of Cevor du Loun, because his wife Philisota sucked the poison from a wound he received at Nassau), and this—of which he can read one word only, namely, do—contains nineteen lines and conveys ninety acres of first-rate Gloucestershire lead. Let us, Lord Derby, go back to the customs of the good days—what would your respected ancestress, Joane de Petit gate, have said to a marriage settlement on twenty-nine skins—do you not think that high-spirited young lady would have made that number thirty, by adding the wretched attorney's to the lot?

But there is nothing compulsory in the matter. If a man has the sense to let his title be examined by first-class auditors, and certify to be good, he need not, if he has lucky holes in his parchments, or benevolently prefers to go on making the fortunes of the Tulkingtons, have no casement to prohibit his wisdom or folly from having full play.

And that is Lord Westbury's Bill, for the which Mr. Punch, in the interest of common sense and commonsense honesty, begs to thank him. Whether the attorneyism of their obedient servants, the territorial aristocracy, pass the Bill, remains to be seen. Lord St. Leonards sees objections, Lord Cranworth cannot understand the measure, Lord Chelmsford wants to send it, with two Bills of his own and two of Lord Cranworth's, to a Select Committee, and we all know what that means. But the Bill was lately in the language of Alexander Pope, (the same as Pope Alexander, you know, Mr. Cox) "heard Bithell's sermon," and Mr. Punch, again, and with equally exquisite fitness, quoting the same poet, will add,—

"Let lands and houses have what Lords they will,

Let us be fixed, and our own masters still."
The House laughed. The Star says that it is "the fashion to laugh at Mr. Cox," and as the House of Commons is of course dressed to the last political Le Follet, the result was inevitable. Sir George Lewis means to bring in a Bill for making short work with soldiers who shoot their officers. Mr. Scully brought in a Bill, in which there is really some sense, to enable land-owners in Ireland to raise money on debentures charged on the land. The House has done nothing towards the present greater and more assistance to raise money. Mr. Adfield said that legislature was "running wild" on local subjects, but he did not propose to "angrily bore this evening. The member of whom Sheffield need not be ashamed, and who was brought in for supporting the bill of trade-marks, a system whereby a foreigner is deluded into buying, for instance, a wretched Brummagem steel article under the idea that it is made by Tudor, or some equally celebrated manufacturer. Mr. Massey said that he was glad to hear the House of Commons was at work, and that the bill of the Pythones of Parliament will not add.

With a gratification not usually experienced by Mr. Punch when boiling down the Parliamentary bucket of spinach into the delicate dish he sets before the Queen and the public, he recalls that Mrs. Cox and Chilvers called attention to the exploit of the gallant Burke and Wells and their companions, who crossed the Australian continent, and, as Mr. G. F. Fortescue said, performed heroic acts which practically added territories to the British Crown, and provided a space for new colonies. These brave men underwent a slow martyrdom, compared to which the deeds of the soldier, with his blood on fire, and his courage cheery by the companionship of his comrades and the excitement of battle, are small matters. Australia can never forget their names, nor should others.

Wednesday, Mr. Adfield, who is a grievance-smoother, brought on for Second Reading a Bill for ending an awful grievance—the law that persons admitted to corporate offices must declare that they will not use their official power towards the ruin of the Church of England. Miss Bunting was glad to think such a declaration a mighty bulwark of the Church. Sir George Grey smiled somewhat contemptuously on the bigotry on both sides, and the second reading was carried by 63 to 54. Then we had the Wife’s Sister business all over again—sorrowing widowers, beloved aunts, London Maids, sentiments, bereaved children, destruction of conjugal confidences, habits of Jews, Tatties, the House of Lords, restrictions on marriage, the late Bishop of Durham, colonial practices, prohibited degrees, and all the rest. The wife’s sister was made a legal person, and if your sister-in-law to be a relation, if you want to marry her, but no relation if you want to leave her a legacy, but a Stranger in Blood, and therefore charged by the law with a heavy legacy duty. The Second Reading was carried by 144 to 133.

Thurday being the anniversary of the Coronation of King Edward the Ninth, or for some other reason, the Lords did no business. The Commons read a Second Time, by 142 to 39, a Bill for dealing with the St. Giles’s Burial Ground. The Pancreas Vestry had been making a row against the Bill, which nearly convinced Mr. Punch that it was a bad one, but he was convinced by Mr. Massey. Mr. G. F. Fortescue announced that the glorious story of the gold in British Columbia had not been exaggerated—the gold lies about in heaps—but the difficulty is getting to the place, which is at the mouth of the Fraser River. Fraser’s Mews is a want in the colony. Wicklow Gloucester and wicked Wakefield, so long hung up, pro criminals, are again to be trusted with elections; and it is wittily suggested, that the electors will demand two years’ interest on the bribe which have been withheld from Mrs. Robert Peel brought in a Bill for Registration of Births and Deaths in Ireland. The police are to work it; but even Peel and the Peckers are afraid to attempt a registration of Irish marriages. Mr. Hennessy said the most furious thing against his countrymen that we have ever heard. He declared that Sir R. Peel was unpopular in Ireland chiefly because he had taken the head of the Constabulary with him on his late tour, because, in Ireland, himself must be either idiots or savages; but we prefer believing the latter. Mr. Hennessy is a gentleman with a sartorial mind, but one that leaps to wrong conclusions.

Friday. There is to be a grand Volunteer Review at Brighton on Easter Monday, and by way of preventing any jealously as to the command on that occasion (for Volunteer officers, though the ladies very properly write a young boy), Governor of a Crown Colony, Governor of any Colony, Governor asked Lord Clyde, who is a Volunteer and something else, to be the Commander. Jones the Avenger, otherwise and favourably known as Lord Ranelagh, is to signify his entire approval of the scheme, and be highly amused at this evening. Sir George Grey did not see any reason for amending the Cab Laws. He is quite right. We only wish that he had been at the Zoological Gardens a Sunday or so back, and had seen the long line of cabs which the Government have their hair in. If they are allowed in the Pythones. He would have been struck with the delicate attention which the cabmen were preparing for their lady employers. Footmen could not be procured, but it was a cold day, and inside every cab (its windows carefully closed) sat the driver, smoking with all his might at a black pipe of tobacco, so strong that the proudest beside the line was a Valley of Incense. While such chivalry is displayed, who desires a change?

Mr. Maguire and Sir Robert Peel had another duel, under pretence of discussing the question whether distress exists in Ireland. Various Irish Members eagerly became seconds. The House seemed to think that there were Irish, but that it arose from natural causes, and that there was far more in England, where it is not the custom to come begging to Parliament upon every possible occasion.

Lord Palmerston made a little speech which will be read all over Europe, to the delight of sneery parties. He said that in almost every part of Italy, and especially in Rome, there had been a strong manifestation of desire that Rome should be the capital of Italy, and that the temporal power of the Pope should cease. The Queen’s will was the law of the land, and whatever was done in that regard was his. Perhaps not; but we should like to hear Cardinal Antonelli on the question whether such a statement by the Premier of England was altogether an insidious aid to the consolidation of European opinion on the subject. Of course Pam meant nothing of the kind, and of course Napoleon the Third and Pitt the Last will comprehend this. Mr. Punch would deeply regret any misunderstanding.

Mr. Cowper said that he could do nothing to abate the nuisance called Leicester Square, and then brought in his Bill for the New Road. The Members did not seem interested in the matter, and actually divided in insufficient force to make a House, the two sides neaking but 29. Mr. Bernal Dacron was having cutting some good jokes against the Bill, and as the assembly broke up, remarked, "Well, by Jove, if the Minister can’t cut a road the House can cut a way."

"These Young Folks."

"There is, we believe, every probability of a Royal Matrimonial Alliance, more important than even that of the Princess Alice, being announced at no distant date. The Prince of Wales is likely, we understand, to make choice of a Danish Princess; and his Royal Highness will probably have his first interview with his pretended—who is said to be possessed of great personal attractions—in the course of his present tour."

To the above interesting paragraph, in the columns of a well-informed contemporary, Mr. Punch will only append the remark that he has very good maps, but cannot make out that Denmark is exactly in the road to Switzerland, and that it has been authoritatively stated, probably without the least reason, that the Prince will return through the Tyrols. Perhaps, however, this may bear upon the fact. Mr. Punch has written to Lord Cowley, in the words of Voltaire:

"Inspire me now what Beholders are in Paris."

"Place aux Dames!"

The French are always exclaiming with the utmost heartiness, "Place aux Dames!" Not less heartily do we join in the exclamation. But how comes it then, we wish to know, that whereas they, in addressing an audience, always say, "Messieurs de Monsieurs," we, with a gallantry that not even the greatest sob de deviates from, make a point invariably of saying, "Ladies and Gentlemen." The truth is, the French are exceedingly clever at theorising, but the English, far cleverer than they (be it), always beat them most handsomely in carrying their theories into practice.

Wine from the Wood.

From statistical returns it appears that all the exports from Mexico, except one, have considerably increased of late years. That one, which on the contrary shows a great falling off, is Lozwood. A simultaneous decrease has taken place in the consumption of Port wine.

All Ultramontanes’ Day.

The Pope has invited all his Bishops throughout the world to attend at a canonisation to take place at Rome in May; when the prelates may take an opportunity of ascertaining to the last new dogmas of the inviolability of the temporal sovereignty. May—it that may be too late. The Roman difficulty may be solved by that time. His Holiness should issue cards for the first of April.

"As mad as a March hare."

We have often heard a person accused of the above madness, whatever it may be, and we suspect that such a one usually turns up in that of a harum-scarum young fellow runs through his property "like mad," and his reason, as well as his property, thereby becomes fortified. (Good graces.)

The Roman Catholic Collect. — St. Peter’s Pence.
"A WARNING TO WESTBURY."

Pass, please, my Lord Westbury, "are you lost—
Think twice 'ere you press your Bill,
To clip the wings of Land-transfer's cost,
And dissile conveyancers' skill.
A Bill, which if passed, will take title to Land
From that region of fruitful doubt,
Where under the nursing attorney's hand,
Quirk-crops and quibble-crops golden stand,
And with thals of conveyancing counsel bland
Are in nourishing fees thrashed out.
A Bill cur legal beavers to fleece,
And lay off their parchment skins;
That to limbo consigns ancient Lease and Release,
Bills Satisfied Terms depart in peace,
To Fines and Recoveries brings sad surcease,
And of Trusts and Covenants nips the increase,
And "queries" and "searches" thus.

What were his fate, who a hornet's swarms
Should assail, without brimstone's aid?
Or his, who should thrust his unguarded arm
In a knot of rattlesnakes, calling war?
To yours, who, defiantly, sound the alarm
To the lawyers' black brigade?
'Tis war to the knife, and no quarter given,
Till either the other kills:
The North and the South have savagely striven,
But mild is the mallew with which they're riven,

Compared to the hate that the feud will leave
'Twixt yours and the lawyer's Bills.
"And who is it," they'll ask, "who dares encroach
On our snug ring-fenced site farm?"
No stranger—but one at whose welcome approach,
As he rolled to our gates in his Chancery-Coach,
Fattest calves we've shorn, set best liquor abroad—
'Tis he who would be us harm!"

The sweetest wine—'tis a fact well known—
Deth to sourset vinegar turn:
The hatred of lovers proverbial have grown:
Of all rows, a husband's with bone of his bone—
Of all wars, those with folks of our blood with our own—
Are still those that most fiercely burn.

Then think what a strife this Bill will breed,
'Twixt you and the Limbs of the Law!
For a priest of their own most orthodox creed,
Who've practised their myst'ry—word and deed—
For, whose bag they have filled, and whose clerk they have fed,
For, who know their each fence, and each row!

"He who gives us this fall is one, whom our trips
We taught—how to grip and to guard:
We picked the rods and we platted the whips,
And furnished the knotty points to the tips
Which he plies on legal small ribs and hips—
We are hoised by our own petard!"

Oh, lawyers' revenge is a terrible thing!
So let Westbury have a care!
I know not yet when or how they'll bring
Their "acting considerate" visions, or snug,
From their vials of wrath on your wig to flag—
But I know that the vials are there!

In my mind's eye prophetic I see a sight,
That doth more my soul appall
Than even Bishop Hatto's terrible plight,
When the rats assaulted him from left and right,
By terrify, and hiss, and charge, till flight.
Was out of the question, they plagued him so tight,
And eat him, robes, mitre, and all!

To the woodsack I see my Lord Westbury stick
Like a drowning man elapsed to a board,
Vain all his attempts to dodge or to cluck.
From theLegal, lasts that leap round in a rack.
At his robes and the body beneath them to pluck,
Till they've served him exactly as schoolboys serve "tuck,"
And no vestige is left of my Lord!

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

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OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

Oedipus, my dear Punch, as every schoolboy knows, has in that well-thumbed little volume, the Greek ed Parthenopaean, the epithets applied to her of "paledrach" and "Parvane;" and I think these adjectives may fitly be given to the Oedipus now acting at the St. James' theatre.

Besides her personal attractions, Miss Herbert has, moreover, the somewhat rarer gift of knowing how to walk and talk somewhat like a lady, even when assuming a part in a burlesque; and does not think it needful to lay aside all grace, in order to bring out the humour of her part.

Whether her example be infectious, I know not; but it is certain that the piece in which she is now acting is played without a trace of coarseness or vulgarity, and freedom from these blots is not so common as it should be in the acting of burlesques.

Ears and eyes, the most fastidious and delicately sensitive may find an hour or so's amusement in Proserpina and Andromeda, without the slightest risk of their annoyance by the slightest shadow of offense.

For this commendable result not the actors merely, but the author must be thanked; and I here record my gratitude to Mr. William Brown for the neat and pretty piece his fancy has suggested, and the tasteful way in which he has worked his subject out. Steering clear of stale and stupid Negro songs, which surely have by this time been parodied to death, he has introduced some pleasant operatic music; and though somewhat more profane in praise that I could wish, he has not sacrificed it to the least vulgar or coarse, by too exclusively care to the smartness of his small talk. Then, again, great pains have been given by the management to getting up the piece; and although no puffs are published in the playbill as to who devised the dresses, what great genius made the properties, and who lit up the gas, the mounting is throughout both pretty and appropriate, and nothing is left wanting to win deserved success. Though not, perhaps, so striking as the last scene in Lydia, the final act is very charmingly arranged; while, for a hundred and thousands of picturesque effect, the petrification of Greek soldiers by the showing of Medusa's head, has rarely in my memory been equalled in burlesque.

King Frank Matthews Polydeuces is a most amusing monasque, and the solemnity with which he sings his "Serious Sentiment" loss to Mr. Charles Prince's "I'd Choose to be a Daisy" toser, is a thing to make one split. Soreless entertaining is his leader and then terrible demeanour to poor Danae, whose sharp words Mrs. Matthews delivers with great point. Somehow these old stagers make a joke go farther than most young ones now know how to do. And somehow, some old faces are more sure to make one laugh than several of the new ones are. I saw that fine one, the Requiem School, a few days before Christmas, and again the other night, and I was as much amused the last time as I was the first. Trashy as in some respects assuredly it is, it always seems to me a piece that actors must enjoy the most set with real relish, because they feel assured it will be relished by the house. What goes on at a girl's school any man must like to know; and to see a lot of school-girls at their lessons or their room must surely be amusing to eyes of either sex. And when Mrs. Frank Matthews assumes the part of teacher, and has such pretty pupils as Miss Herbert and Kate Terry, a peep into her school-room is surely worth one's while.

The new drama here, Self-Made, I have not yet found time to see. That call on the Princess's is a task he has taken from the hands of the older and more earnest part of us, and with a great loss to us as they had kept it to themselves. To personify the Angel of Death upon the stage may be pleasing to a French taste, but it is revolting to an English one; and a play where this is done, no matter how well mounted, I hope will never become popular upon our purer stage. I am not thin-skinned, and not affected easily by seeing sudden deaths in melodrama, or gruesome ghastly ghosts. But to personate an angel is to my mind most objectionable, and becomes almost properly when the object is to serve a dramatic purpose, and excite a ghastly sensation by some highly spiced effects. There are angels in a play by Shakespeare, it is true; but they are presented merely in a vision, and are not brought forward to chatter and make trivial speeches, and then that is a thing too coarse for the majestic and grand material shape. It outrages the holiest feelings in our nature to see such subjects coarsely handled, and merely introduced to give a spurious effect. Such things are not fit to be presented came papale, even if they may be done with the profoundest reverence, and not, as in this French play, in a manner low and coarse. To see the Destroying Angel depicted in procerous disguise: coming out in one scene as a devout lawyer's clerk, and in the next as a smart quick-tongued beauty in a ball-room, anon dressed as a maid in a humble cottage, then in a duel-scene, and next assuming wedding raiment and a bridesmaid's wreath; to witness this excites no reverence, and savours of profanity, and can but tend to make people disgusted with the stage.

The management of the Princess's is in several respects in a very curious and elegant selection of its pieces, and so sedulously anxious to avoid giving offence, that I cannot but regard the production of this French play as an accidental slip. For the credit of the theatre, I most sincerely hope to see no more such accidents; while for the credit of the audience, that the applause which I once heard, and heard again, will be given sooner simply to the really good up-getting, and not to the bad piece. It is a pity, in my thinking, to see so much good secuity wasted on a drama of such extreme bad taste, and it is only kindness to speak harshly to prevent the repetition of what must serve to bring discredit on a theatre, and lower the high standing of the English stage.

"One who Pays."

HOAX ON THE SERIOUS PAPERS.

The Bishop of Exeter has not hitherto been very popular in the Hall which is synonymous with his diocese; but if a newspaper paragraph may be trusted, the name of Henry Fieldtott will be received with delight at some of the approaching school-versions. For the Reverend Julian Young, of Torquay, a short time since, got £15 15s. for the Torbay Infirmary, by reading at the request of the Managers of that Charity, the play of Hamlet at the Mechanics' Institute. It is stated that the Bishop of Exeter has therefore prohibited Mr. Young from preaching in his diocese. This is too good news for Mawworm, Stiggins, Chadbrand, and Co., to be true. The Bishop of Exeter has himself read Hamlet, so as to know in what respect differs from You and Jerry, and is aware that Shakespeare was a respectable writer. The truth is probably just the reverse of what is stated. The Bishop, most likely, went to hear Mr. Young read Shakespeare, and was so pleased with his delivery of the text that he persuaded him to a good living, so as to enable him to exemplify Hamlet's advice on the subject of eloquence in the pulpit.

Good at Fielding—and at Ritting.

In the immortal conversation, in Joseph Andrews, between Parson Adams and the grumbling and vengeful Peter Ponsonby, everybody must remember this bit:—

"You will pardon me, Sir," returned the Parson, "I have read of the Omnipotence, but I have not read of the Omniscience; which is a very different thing."}

The Bishop of Salisbury is a well-read man. Did the above scrap come into his head when he was meekly listening to Mr. Rodbucks?
AN INFANT'S WINE BILL.

A Comic action came on the other day in the Court of Common Pleas. This was Rose and another v. Hoop, brought to recover £201 11s. 6d., a balance of £726 for wines and spirits supplied between the 15th July, 1829, and the 21st June, 1831, by the plaintiffs, liquor-merchants in Oxford Street, to the defendant, a young man who has lately come into property. Mr. Sedgley Parry and Mr. Wood appeared for the plaintiffs, whose interests may be represented as it were in the Wood, though Parry, one would think, might have been more appropriately retained for the defence. The defendant's counsel were Mr. Heddleston and Garsd, of whom it may be sufficient to remark, that if the former of these gentlemen, instead of being Heddleston, had been Peddlestone, Mr. Garsd would have had a senior nominally better qualified to lead him in defending an action for a heavy tipple-bill.

According to the report of this interesting case:—

"A good deal of discussion took place between counsel, and it was stated that there was a plan of infancy upon the record, and therefore the question whether this quantity of wine was necessary for an infant might arise."

Mr. Justice Byles directed this question to be referred. Of course, no British Judge would venture hastily to pronounce what quantity of wine might be necessary for an infant. If the child is the father of the man, the quantity of wine which the child should drink must bear some relation to that which the man will be able to stand. That man, for instance, may be a Judge. In that case he will walk steady and keep a clear head with twice as much liquor inside of him as would make an ordinary person drunk and incapable. The infant destined to the criminie will accordingly be able to suck in a considerably greater allowance of wine than most other infants, and remain sober as a Judge. There is no knowing what infants will turn out, and therefore no saying exactly how much drink may be necessary for any particular one. The Band of Hope would decide that no amount of wine is necessary for any infant; but whilst this must be regarded as a wild opinion, moderate men will admit that £726 worth of intoxicating fluid in two years is rather too much for any infant but an infant Bacchus.

The Future of Yankeeedom.

Mr. Russell remarked some time ago that the Northern States were contending for Empire. They may ultimately realise Empire in a sense which they do not yet contemplate. Some of us will perhaps live to see an Emperor of the Yankees. "Shouldn't his name be Bucus the First?"

A NON-CONFEDERATE.

The Pope keeps answering every reasonable requisition with Non possumus. Would not his Holiness with greater correctness reply, Non computes sumus—nec estus understood?

THE BILL to amend the law relating to the fraudulent marking of merchandise should contain a clause providing that the employer of a false trade-mark should himself be marked with a twin brand, as deserters are with the letter D, and bear about him the indelible impression of a broad R.

HEIGH! BACCH!—Charles Kingsley.

Considering (as L. N. would say) that the greatest and grandest fun at the International Exhibition has been made about the Drinks for the public, it is not surprising that the first contribution should be from Liberia, i.e., in honour of Bacchus—alias Liber.

([Cox, M.P., called and saw this in type, and we had so much trouble in making him understand that Bacchus was called Liber a Horneato, and that Liberia had a similar origin, that we had a good mind not to print the above, only the paragraph just fits this corner of the page. He wanted us to print it Liberum, and put the joke in italics.]
THE PENNY-ALINER'S CYCLOPÆDIA, AND PARAGRAPHER-MAKER'S COMPANION.

Under the above title, it is the intention of Mr. Punch to issue, at such dates as may suit himself, a work which, in the present age of easy writing and hard reading, seems to him to be equally required by the professors of both the arts.

He proposes that the work shall appear in double columns, and that on the left shall be given to that class of composition which is known as Newspaper English, while on the right he will give the interpretation into the Queen's English.

Subscribers' names may be sent to 55, Fleet Street, and no further notice will be taken of them.

SPECIMEN.

A person rejoicing in the cognomen of Smith.

Who lives not a thousand miles from Brixton.

Great excitement was occasioned throughout the entire district of Marylebone by a report that—Employment will be given to gentlemen of the long-acquainted with the gallant gay Lathario that had passed his grandNE籀er.

The devouring element extended its ravages to the adjacent edifice.

The forthcoming racing meeting is a most engaging topic of conversation among the racing fraternity.

The audience manifested their appreciation of the effort made for their entertainment by frequent and hearty plaudits.

The commodious cæcum for the accommodation of the vaccine attendants at the market was yesterday inaugurated.

The performance of the National Anthem brought a delightful evening to an appropriate termination.

The worthy Magistrate, who seemed horrorstruck at the revolting details which were presented to his attention, addressed the prisoner in the most impressive manner.

Finally, the electric wire flashed the welcome message that we had not to chronicle an additional item to the records of railway casualties.

One of those gratifying exceptions which tend so happily to diversify the relations between employers and employed, was witnessed on Tuesday, when the well-known hostelry at Highgate, under the charge of "wine boss," Mr. Butler, opened its hospitable doors, &c.

Mr. Tweedle eliminated fresh beauties from this song.

A project, originating in the inventive talent of Mr. William Skoors, of Poppal, has been ventilated, and may tend to the facilitating the traffic of that busy vicinity.

When at that moment, horrible to relate,—

The traveller who passed through the pleasant scenery of Bobbington on Wednesday last, and heard a merry peal burst from its icy-wafted and heaven-directed spire, was informed that an heir to the house of Blooms had that day arrived to receive his parents and their well-wishers.

As he has only got some scratches, the doctor says he will be at work again in a week.

The clients of St. Ann.

We earnestly beseech all those of our readers who have more money than they know what to do with, to subscribe as much as ever they can afford, for our charitable Institution, which seems to have been beautiful in design, and to have been executed with perfect regard to the comfort and amusement of the inmates, and to have been provided with purpose to mitigate the operation of the Income Tax. This is the "Royal Asylum of St. Ann's Society, affording comfort, clothing, maintenance, and education to orphans and other necessitous children of respectable parents, in order to procure for them, as far as possible, the means and ability to maintain themselves and their families in a condition of comfort and usefulness, and to provide for the future of the children under the care of the Society amounts to 300. They are mostly the children of parents once in affluent circumstances—of officers in the Royal Navy—of officers in the Army—of clergymen, physicians, surgeons, and solicitors. Others are the children of once prosperous merchants, farmers, or tradesmen. Of the majority of such persons the income is very small; those of all except the soldiers and sailors, and some of the persons, are very liable to cease, and then there is only the workhouse for themselves, and for their children there would be nothing but the national school, if it were not for St. Ann's Society.

This idea is almost entirely without endurance—supported, as Mrs. Metephrop would say, by spontaneous combustion. Its debts have been reduced from £5,000 to £500. In order to wipe off its remaining score, and extend its benefits—for what are 300 children to the number of those who are qualified to share them?—its committee are in hopes that the opulent subscribers of Mr. Punch will also subscribe to the institution under their management, and induce many other millionaires to follow their example, observing that the Secretary of the Royal Asylum of St. Ann's Society is Edward Frederick Leeks, Esq., F.L.S., Solicitor, 3, Wallbrook, E.C., to whom all communications may be addressed.

People who send the Chancellor of the Exchequer conscience-money for Income Tax unpaid, that is of course, with personal necessities, may feel that they have paid more in proportion to their income than people earning their bread, had much better send the difference to Mr. Leeks, on account of St. Ann's Society.

MILTON ILLUSTRATED.

The Pope has received from Lyons the not unmistakable sum of 300,000 francs, which had been collected there under the title of St. Peter's Peace. The collection is considerably more than a third greater than the sums collected in the same town for the finishing operations. A correspondent, who has assumed for the occasion the signature of Walter Savage Landor, writes to say that Pius, when at Bologna, entered into the munificence of the most liberal and generous manner, to have at his disposal so comfortable a sum of money, and charmed at the thought of depriving of it such a large number of poor, who had so much a better right to it. In short, our correspondent surmises that the Pope, on the occasion alluded to, was a charming living illustration of the two beautiful, though opposite, poems—the Alcibiades, and the Penelope.

LE VÉRITABLE "OPÉRA COMIQUE."

We read that Herr Wagner is about to compose a comic opera—music, and words. We agree with our facetious contemporary, the Musical World, that we never heard an opera of Wagner's yet that was not more, or less, comic. In fact, so intensely comic is he, that he might, with perfect harmony of justice, be called the original "Jolly Waggoner!" As this gentleman's music is said to belong to "The Future," and certainly as a Present it is not worth having—we suppose he generally gets it executed by the celebrated Blond of "Hope?"
THE HOOKS AND EYES OF CHARITY.

Charity covers a multitude of other people's rents, but somehow finds it difficult to conceal those little fissures of her own, for which she is so heavily rated. The mantle is comfortable and neat, but it takes a handsome penny to fasten it. What with secretaries, pens, pads, and rubber, collectors, board-rooms, board-men, coals and seattles, printers, charwomen, testimonials, toast-masters, vocalists, wax and tallow chandlers, &c. &c. Charity is surely pressed to make both ends meet—and much as we feel for widows and orphans, we often think that their hands are so full of domestic troubles, that we can scarcely marvel if she not only begins, but finishes her eleemosynary mission at home. To get the out of a hint you must put it hard, and to elicit donations your appeal must be striking. At first sight there appears but little difference between a mendicant who, to excite compassion, unprofitably endorses a pair of borrowed babies, and an Institution which nurses a skinny schoolmaster with spindle shanks, and a puffy barrister with water on the brain, to induce testamentary relief; but there is a distinction, and a wide distinction, wide enough to accommodate hundreds who every day fall into the gap, with their eyes serenely closed.

Swift, in his humane proposition to relieve the destitution of his country by making a banquet of its juvenile population, showed great but pardonable ignorance. The philanthropist in fact swallowed up the philosopher. He saw a mass of misery, and he felt nervously anxious to dispose of it, as an alderman would a dish of whitebait. Judy, his cook, could have taught him better. Did she sweep out the refuse of the culinary stores, or did she carefully collect the almsman's remains, and by a process of alchemy well known to her order, transmute them into refined gold? Is not the aristocratic Eun de Cologne of Jean Maria Farina more than suspected of a plebeian origin; and are there not legendary bends of affection between coal tar and our most exquisite dyes? Are not old horse-ails of priceless value for gun

metal? Who, then, will profusely declare that penury has not its mission, and that destitution is a bore—an excrescence—an impracticable crap—when by judicious management it can be made to brighten a secretary's smile, or soften a treasurer's gratifying squeeze?

But cavillers will say, is the mantle made for the fastenings, or the fastenings for the mantle? How do we know? What man contemplating the topsy-turviness of things upon this dim spot called Earth, would misjudgingly affirm that hats were made for heads, and not heads for hats. Unlucky Joe, of Tylney Hall, was firmly of opinion that had he been apprenticed to a hatter, people would have been without a capital ornament. Probably mantles are made for hooks and eyes—at all events, if there is any doubt about it, let us be charitable and not put the easy-cushioned almoner on short commons, simply because a posse of sharp-set travellers are clamoring and kicking at the refectories doors.

Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eatin' College Pudding.

By a Very Young Gentleman Who has been Told He shall Come into the Dining-Room By-and-by.

Boo-loop! Boo-loop!
There are but Two,
And Willi likes 'em, so does Sue.
Boo-loop!

A more Difficult Task.

Mr. Milnes may carry his Bill for enabling a man to marry his Wife's Brother. But when shall we see a Bill passed for enabling a man to exist in the same house with his wife's Mother?

Cheapest Advertisement.—A Profound Secret confided to your Wife.
THE RE-ISSUE OF PUNCH.

Just published, THE THIRTEENTH VOLUME, in boards, Price 5s. The following are already published:

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MR. MARK LEMON

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BIRMINGHAM, MARCH 4th.

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MR. LEVER'S NEW WORK, ILLUSTRATED BY H. E. BOWEN.

On March 1st, No. 2, Price One Shilling, of

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BY CHARLES LEVER.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 192, PICCADILLY.

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HEAL AND SON.

WE HAVE patented a method of making a Spring Mattress portable. The great objection to the usual Spring Mattress is its being so heavy and cumbersome. The "Sommier Elastique Portatif," on the other hand, is so light and strong that it can be carried by one person.

In the ordinary Spring Mattress, the springs are so placed that they rest upon each other at the points of contact, the springs in the centre being only partly shrouded by the other springs. As a result, the central springs have to sustain the weight of the body, and the outside springs are subjected to shock and vibration, with the result that the lower springs are disarranged, the springs have to constantly be adjusted, and the mattress is therefore not only uncomfortable, but also impermanent in shape. The "Sommier Elastique Portatif," on the other hand, is so constructed that the springs do not rest upon each other, but are shrouded and guarded by the springs above and below, so that the central springs are not subjected to the weight of the body, and the outside springs are not subjected to shock.

The "Sommier Elastique Portatif," therefore, combines the advantages of elasticity, durability, cleanliness, portability, and comfort, and is an illustrated catalogue of Bedsteads, Bedding, and Bed-Room Furniture, sent free by post on application.

HEAL & SON, 192, Toledo Court Row, W.

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In Packets, 9d., and Tins, Is.

As double profit is obtained upon the sale of numerous imitations, families would discontinue the substitution of inferior kinds for receiving and using, but the packages which bear BROWN AND POLSON's name in full.

Many Grocers, Chemists, &c., who supply the best quality in preference to the best profit articles sell none but BROWN and POLSON.

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HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Almost any case of cold shows a decided improvement with the above preparations. They are suitable for both young and old, - so much so that there is a steady demand for them. Sold by all Mercantile Establishments.

OLD BOTTLED PORT.

GEORGE SMITH, 68, Great Tower Street, E.C.

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Extra old Wines and Spirits, by the Decanter or Bottle.

Amongst the above is a supply of the following GLENROTHES, always on hand in stock: - Sours, Dry, old, perfect, and old, and of every quality, waxes, oils, and waxes, including all kinds of drinking and smoking devices. Sandwiches, buns, and pastries are also on hand.

Philipson & Co., 16, Old Street, London.

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Agents.-All purchasers in every Country Town.

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ANGE, PARIS, London Depot, 67, St. James's Street, S.W., or at any of the Agents, Reference: The Rev. Sir F. G. Ovenden, Bart., London, W., or to the nearest Agent, London, S.W.

10s. TROUSERS, ALL WOOL, of a novel and superior finish, and of the highest quality, and of the highest quality, and of the highest quality. Sold by all the principal Houses, and by the nearest Agent. London, S.W.

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The most delicious and wonderful confectionery ever produced. The price of each Box is 18d. per box. Sold by all the principal Houses, and by the nearest Agent. London, S.W.

THE HALF-GUINEA WREATH. A beautiful choice assortment of Roses, Red Cherry, Cape, Etc., at the best price ever offered. Price, 18s. per box. Country Orders promptly attended to.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE OF TO-MORROW.

THE ROMAN DIFFICULTY.

We expect very soon to read in the morning journals the following extracts from the Moniteur, among—

Reuter’s Telegrams. Page. This Day.

Discussions, arrested by interpellations of which the continuance is admissible in the presence of legislative necessities, have precipitated the solution of the Roman question.

The logic of facts demands the adoption of measures which will have for their object the consolidation of the Kingdom of Italy on a basis of security to the Holy See.

The populations of the Roman States will be invited to declare by universal suffrage their choice between permanence under their existing government, and incorporation with the Italian Kingdom.

Should their vote be the preference of continued subjection to existing authority, which claims to dominate them under divine sanction by a papal commission, negotiations will be at once initiated for defining the respective limits of Italy and the popedom.

If they shall elect solidarity with the Italian people, stimulations will be effected for the formation of arrangements which will assure the independence of the Holy See, and the stability of the Chair of Peter.

In either case the French troops will immediately evacuate Rome.

The accomplishment of these decisions will terminate a situation which could not be prolonged without the negation of just demands, and the disturbance of consciences, continually giving rise to grave complications, of which it would be difficult to find a pacific solution.

"Playing with Fire."

With £500,000,000 worth of property at stake in London, it does seem to us that our present insufficent organisation of the Fire Brigade System is (to borrow the title of Mr. John Brougham’s comedy) literally Playing with Fire.

Juries have only to refuse to convict duelists indicted for murder, in order to empower your crack dragoon officers, and your Irish brigadiers, to restore the code of false chivalry, and enable every breaker amongst them to present a pistol at the head of the worthiest person, and demand his honour or his life. The formation of a public opinion in favour of duelling ought to be checked at once.

I wish you would tell your Happpy ATTORNEY GENERAL, to bring in a Bill, renders the mere act of lighting, or aiding and abetting in, a duel, a crime punishable by penal servitude, and subjecting any person, sending, conveying, or accepting, a challenge to a heavy fine, and imprisonment with hard labour of long continuance, in the House of Correction.

If you have this law made, the result of it will be that gentlemen betrayed into the use of unjustifiable words will be enabled to apologise for them with unquestionable credit, whilst fools who refuse to retract insolent language will be expelled from Society.

May it please your Lordship to think over the above project of a law to prevent duelling, respectfully proposed to your consideration by your Lordship’s almost constant supporter,

PAPER.

Sentiment; or, Lines Written in a Reformatory.

Bill e’s in Queul and e don’t care;
Oh! oh! oh!

Bill’s in the Jagg, got six months there:
Oh! oh! oh!

Whilest this cre lock on my art i’ll wear,
Witch, won ed ad crapat lace,
I got from the Barber as Cut is Air.
Oh! oh! oh! oh!

A scottish title.

The Pope has been accused more than once of encouraging brigandage. So popular is this belief at Rome that the French soldiers speak of him, now, with the most familiar contempt, as "Oe scro sebrigad de Pope!"
PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

FEBRUARY 25. Monday.

There being already Five Convoyment Bills before the Peers, LORD ST. LEONARDS introduced Two more. As Seven is the number of perfection, we may now hope for a rational system, and as those who live on hopes of despatches, the House, according to the proverb is something rusty.

But the fun was in the Commons. DANIEL O'DONAGHE, member for Tipperary, also called the O'DONAGHE, because (as we trust) there are no more of the species, made himself ridiculous, some time ago, by spousalising in Dublin against the Queen. Sir Robert Peel took an opportunity, in a recent debate, to summarily refer the said O'D. to the same, and, writing him as Manukia Traitor, and void of respectability. The species of which the O'D. is a type cannot speak, as is well known to the House, from the action and other particulars.

naturalists, but can right. So the O'D., in order to show that he was not a Manukia Traitor, and was highly respectable, sought to murder Sir Robert Peel, and sent to him MAJOR GAYN, who being Member for Lancaster, celebrated for gloves, was a fighting person to throw down the glove to Peel. But gentle wore seer in ade Loo, and the Premier, whose sleep is more wakable than most folks' staring, foresaw the coming row, wrote to Peel to refer the accomplish to him, and the astounding GAYN was handed over accordingly to PEEL. The Premier smiled at the idea of a duel, and coolly inferred the Meyer that the matter would be brought before the House, whose privilege of speech had been violated. To-night PEEL mentioned the business, and of course there was an end of it, save that the O'DONAGHE, for once inspired with eloquence, like the horse of Achilles, did manage to say one thing that Mr. Peel heartily end-eyes, although he would do nothing to whatever on the occasion which it was delivered. He said,—

"I am perfectly well aware that the ancient code of arbitration has fallen into disuse; but it has, those unceremonious manners that rendered it almost necessary have also disappeared. (Cheers.)"

Now, judicial severity when an officer is denounced does not come into the category of "nonsense manners," and the Queen's Secretaries, Ireland, was bound to use the most effective language in condemning a would-be rebel. But the above speech is, abstractedly, a sensible one, and gives us hope that the being who could make it will one day improve himself, as Mr. DAVIES might say, into positive Rationality.

A very important discussion on the Navy Estimates occupied the House till midnight. LORD CLARENCE PAGER says that our Fleet is in splendid condition. He had better keep it so, for M. DE BOSSY, in the French Senate, declares that England ought to be invaders of France, and he has a great mind to do it himself. To be sure the French Senate laughed at him, but he may attack us for that.

TUESDAY. The Earl of Derby usually shows himself a Keen Party; but ubiquitously Housemen. It is customary with divers writers, whose minds are more emotional than accurate, to pounce upon any newspaper paragraph or letter that alleges a grievance; to pour out a flood of indignation thereon, and to be unkindly laughed at when, after a few days, the real facts come out. To wait for inquiry would spoil the gush of vituperation. But people who call themselves Statesmen should know better. LORD DERBY, who can read Italian, saw in a Neapolitan paper a statement that a proclamation of a most savage character had been put forth in Naples, and so to-night he gave notice of a question on the subject, and on Thursday he fired away good stores of indignation against a Government that could issue such a brutal menace. EARL RUSSELL requested time to inquire. Having inquired, he was able to state on Friday that the proclamation had been put forth by an inferior officer, and that the instant his superiors knew of it, they had cancelled it. The explanation was perfectly satisfactory, and Lord Derby might have waited for it, and saved a speech. But it may be observed that the Duke of AROVL, with that excess of zeal peculiar to subordinates, admiringly by the late M. DE TALLEYRAND, took upon himself to dash out with the information that the paper was a mere copy of an old paper of 1810, and that it was too absurd to suppose it referred to the present time. For the which zeal you may perhaps attribute the LORD of DERRY don't forget, when the Sunbeams come, to give the Duke a pleasing little box on his duellist ear.

The Bores are making desperate efforts to protect themselves against the natural hostility of the House. To-night MR. BENTINCK of Norfolk tried to carry a motion for discouraging the Count Oat, by printing the name of the Member who does that service. Whether you thank you, BENTINCK, said the House emphatically, that is, by 219 to 13.

MR. LINDSAY elicited a promise from SIR GEORGE ADDISON to deliver to the Treasury certain papers—Mr. SIR RUDOLPH PALMER resisted, and urged the Government to partial action upon the subject.

Government then indulged themselves in the luxury of a little defeat. Mr. COWPER was compelled to withdraw his Bill for putting a road through Kensington Gardens. The Nymphs thereof, who had very properly begun to be turbulent, may now use their pocket-handkerchiefs.

WEDNESDAY. Mr. ADIEFIELD'S Bill, for taking away from Visiting Justices the power of whipping criminals, came on for Second Reading. It was opposed, except by one portion, by Sir Robert GREY, who, as we are informed, Mr. ADIEFIELD adopted a singularly wise observation, as might be expected. He said that whipping was a punishment inflicted on the children of the poor, and not on the children of the rich. This will be useful for women who send their sons to Eton and Harrow. Mr. Pecht begs distinctly to state that he has an adultery crying to the system of corporeal punishments, save under certain exceptional circumstances, but he disclaims the alliance of reformers who talk nonsense. Mr. ADIEFIELD ad to withdraw the intimated Haed.

Our COX made a little speech on a Bill for improving our Metropolitan Local Management, and urged the necessity of still further lowering the qualification for Vestrymen. Our COX thinks that a man's being rated is enough to constitute him a parochial Senator. Considering what circumstances our COX has found sufficient to obtain the votes of 4556 electors in a Parliamentary contest, it is not remarkable that he should think anybody good enough to be a Vestryman.

Government then indulged themselves in the luxury of another little defeat. The taste for luxury grows with indulgence. The Bill making it unlawful for a candidate to convey voters to the poll was thrown out by 190 to 29.

Mr. ADIEFIELD opposed a Bill of Mr. Yarrow for abolishing the declaration by corporate officials that they will not destroy the Church of Ireland was carried by 119 to 137. The declaration is as ridiculous as its abolition is unimportant, and such declarations, with the Yarrow Oath downwards, are now expanded by the light of common sense and conscience. But it is as well to get rid of absurdities, and so the mover "shall be Jack again," as he was described, until his next offence against Mr. ADIEFIELD.

THURSDAY. One of the Seven Bills (a production of LORD ST. LEONARDS') having been read a Second Time, one of MR. ZACKEL-URIEL-RAPHAEL-CUMMING POUCH'S Proposals was fulfilled. The CHANCELLOR brought it in, as predicted by Mr. Pouch, a Bill for Amending the Law of Lunacy.

1st. MR. SAMUEL WARREN and gentleman of his station are no longer to have their souls vouch with Lunacy investigations, as such matters are to be handed over to the consideration of the sterner Judges of the Law.

2ndly. The alleged lunatic is to be examined at the beginning of the inquiry instead of the end thereof, according to the present lunatic practice.

3rdly. The doctors are not to be sent for, except when other evidence as to facts cannot be had, and then they are to swear as to what they know, instead of delivering highly improving and scientific lectures on the theory of insanity.

4thly. Laws of inquiring into an alleged lunatic's whole history, and asking whether when he was a little boy he did not prefer dirt pies to jam.
tarts, and when a young man he did not speak respectfully of *Proverbial Philosophy*, the investigation is to extend over two years only—the two years preceding the inquiry.

These propositions were favourably received by the Law Lords. Reference was of course made to the Windham Case, touching which Lord St. Leonards sweetly remarked, in defence of the proceedings therin, that "It was a matter of perfect indifference to the Court whether Mr. Windham was ruined or not; all that could be regarded was the due administration of justice." A nobler and more philosophical observation was made by Mr. Peach, who observed that, perhaps, Lunacy Reform was the Final Cause of Windham.

Wicked Gloucester, having been once more permitted to elect Members, showed its gratitude by giving the Labellers a sensation which they have not had for a long time, namely, that of victory. An Honourable Broughton and Mr. J. Powell were returned good candidates. Wicked Wakefield, however, did not follow the liberal example, but elected Sir J. D. Hay, a Conservative. The North Riding and Canterbury have now each to choose a man, so our elegant new Dob has already to receive candidature and inscriptions. Let us take this opportunity of thanking its author for its indispensable Parliamentary Annual, the only omission in which is the name we beg to supply.

**Punch, Viscount.**

Eld, son of John Bull, esq. of Everywhere, and Britannia, d. of blue Neptune, esq., of Submarine Castle. E. in London, m. Judy d. of Britannia, and heir of Street Corners, esq., of London. Educated, double first-class, and all the medals everywhere. L.L.D., D.C.L., D.D., and F.A.S. for his services in the Crimean War. K.T. for ditto in kicking donkeys. G.C.B. for honesty and respectability of character. (Mr. D. is certainly something as he likes, because he knows that must be the best thing in the world to do.

Voted against Hambrough ever since his first election in 1811. St. Fleet Street, E.C. Windsor Castle, and all the Cliffs.

**CAPTAIN DOG,** put that into your next edition, and your book will be quite perfect.

Mr. COWPER announced that the beautiful new bridge at Windham would be opened in May, and that the Bridge Street houses were being defended down as the dwelling of one of the late Vassal Anti-drainists. A long squabble followed as to when the Education Question should come up. Mr. Walpole intoning a field-night thereupon. Then came Navy Estimates. And then a Bill which demands respectful notice, and which every one will desire to see passed as rapidly as possible. An immense number of Commissions require the Royal Signature. The hand that relieved the Queen from this drudgery can relieve her no longer, and it is proposed to render the sign-manual unnecessary.

**Friday Earl Russell** said that Mr. Seward did not mean to sink an idea, but to revive facts—especially as all the members of the Lords were introduced to Lord Lyons, that though the Blockade is frequently broken, there is no present intention to consider it as imperative. Perhaps, when the Ninety Days are to extinguish the Southern Confederacy, they shall hear more on this subject. Just now, the White game looks better than it has done since the chess-board was opened.

More preliminary Education squabbling in the Commons, and Quarter Deans seems to be the date on which parties will come to close quarters. Mr. L. G. G. is on the side of America for laying down a new Atlantic Cable, but that Brother Jonathan has expressed a wish that such a thing should be done. Our friend the Star, in urging the project, says that young America is beginning to be felt towards the Atlantic. Our friend the Star, in urging the project, only want the Electric Telegraph to complete their union. This would make them more like the Scandinavian States. But if We are to believe the Star, who is a powerful advocate of such a project, they must make a mistake.

**STAGNATION AT WINCHESTER.**

AMERSHAM'S capital, Winchester, in the language of its ancient inhabitants, was called the White City, because it stood on the chalk, and chalk is the emblem of purity; and so pure is Winchester still, physically and politically, that its Town Council the other day agreed by a majority of 7, to resist inquiry into the probable cost of the severance of the town from the rest of the county. A memorial praying for the inquiry thus rejected, had been signed by 539 persons, including the Dean and the Archdeacon of Winchester, the Warden, and the Head Master of the College, the canons of the Cathedral, twelve physicians and surgeons, thirty-six clergymen, and one dissenting minister—only one dissenting minister, so many dissenters! This document was brought before the Council by Mr. Woolridge, representing, apparently, the intelligence and respectability of Winchester, in whose name he moved for inquiry. They would not have it. The cost of the proposed investigation had been estimated at £5. Dr. Crawford and the Dean undertook to pay for the survey, should the Council refuse to act upon it. In vain. The idea of draining Winchester, as if Winchester needed drainage, was not to be entertained. One old alderman—according to the Hampshire Independent—"Rose to present a memorial adopted at a meeting of the burgesses of St. Maurice, held at the Bell and Crown Inn, on the 6th of January, which deprecated an inquiry into the expense of under-ground sewers as unnecessary, as the health of the town was good, and more attention to services was all that was necessary. The worthy alderman said the memorial had 200 names attached to it, and he believed they were all burgesses. He, amidst great laughter and cheering, con

**Another old alderman was equally funny. He said that:**

As Alderman of the Ward of St. John, he had a memorial agreed to at the Five Bells, and the purport of the resolution of the burgesses was the same as those presented from St. Maurice. He had new street in Winchester for nearly fifty years, and till within the last ten years it was always considered a good old city, remarkable for its healthiness, and one to which medical men sent patients from all parts to regain their health. It seemed to him very remarkable that it should lately have come to be regarded as filthy and dirty, with a cloud of insanitary hanging over it, which the sun never penetrated, and he could not help thinking if such descriptions as he had recently been applied to it had been given some years ago, his friend below (Mr. H. Mosely) would run rampant with indignation. And if they were to believe some of the statements which had appeared in the paper, not only had the City, but millions of pounds were lost, not by the people in it, but by the people out of it. Perhaps they should have used the drainists were good, and intelligent, and exemplary; their opponents were very bad, and quite unfit to be admitted into their company. He would have to ask himself whether or not the drainists had not been passed in this matter. For himself he believed that drainage would be very beneficial and a very great convenience to those who asked for it.

The "drainists" to wit. From the foregoing remarks it appears that drainage is looked upon as a sort of heresy at Winchester, inasmuch that its advocates are stigmatised as "drainists."

The word occurs also in the speech of another sage Councillor who forcibly observed:

"They ought to pass a very strong resolution on this matter."

So they did; and Winchester is the stronghold of anti-drainists: a very strong place, indeed. Pity it! If it does not become also the stronghold of typhus and scarlatina, the Board of Health is a great mistake.

The speaker last quoted proceeded to say:

"The majority of the burgesses were anti-drainists, and the majority of the Council were anti-drainists; therefore he called upon them to vote against the proposition of Mr. Woolridge, which was only to let in the end of the wedge, and they, after having spent £500 in inquiry, would say, this can be done for so little. Don't let this money be spent for nothing. Why did Dr. Crawford come to them? He knew why he came. It was because he wanted to put them into it, but he was not going to be obliged into drainage. He did not say that they might not have a perfect drainage for convenience, mind! not on account of health. He believed there was a part of the High Street which would be well to be done, and he had some houses in the South that would be a great thing if got rid of, but that might all be done by the Paved Board."

The notion for inquiring into the possibility of draining Winchester, will perhaps to most minds less nearly reconcile an attempt to get in the thin end of the wedge than an endeavour to introduce the thick end of the broom. We wish we could present the world with a portrait of the gentleman who was not going to be obliged into drainage, and who admits that a partial drainage might be done for convenience, mind, would not act upon it, because he thought it would be a great thing. "It might perhaps be considerable endearment by those treasures which now waste their sweetness on the Winton air, unless indeed that fragments is rather pleasing than otherwise, to the majority of the burgesses" who are "anti-drainists."
PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.  

[March 1862]

From Whose Drive and Plant He From The 
How Spoleto's Three How Of 
But Godless—whom played brings 
How like all to the Sardinian's floor, 
And his laurels are new, as his pedigree's old! 
From his father's domestic— where a beautiful hobby 
He played in the illustrious halls of Knock Abbey—
From the fields of his prowess on Italy's marches—
He brings you his valor, his voice, and his virtues. 
Will Erin forget all he said and he done?
The Brigade that he thrilled—and the pace that they run?
How like water their blood for the Pope it was split,
Yet—thanks to the Saints—sorr' one of them kill!
How long without rations—not e'en a potato—
Three hundred to thousands, they held out Spoleto:
Wid' all the Sardinian log guns at 'em blowin',
And poundin' away, in a manner amazin'.
Such a chief as O'Reilly it's idle to seek—
Not Leonidas' self—that immortal old Greek;
To whom Godless Colleges give the monopoly
Of glory 'ginst odds, in the straits of Thermopoly.

And the best Maymood scholars has settled that, only
For base Saxon thiefs, he'd be known as "Molony."
O'Reilly's three hundred—it's proved clear as print—
From the boys of Thermopoly tak' their descent:
But more 'cute,—of the Greek, the three hundred all blest,
Whin not one of the Orish got knocked on the head.
'Twas a miracle wrought by the Saints of the Church,
That 'ud ne'er see his Holiness left in the lurch.
So they upped every man the Sardinians and o'er,
As brave as a Lion, as bold as a Lord!
The able-heard Saxon he scoffs at thin boys,
Casts their valor all before our eyes and legs;
But if Saxons saw miracles, how would they know 'em?
More by token, the Saints they would ne'er stoop to show 'em.

Then it's up wid' O'Reilly and down wid' the scoffers!
You've heard his adorableness and you see what he offers—
To the Saxons a curse, to Sardinia a rope,
Respect to the Church, and more power to the Pope!
Oh, had cess to the Saxon—his scoffs and his meanness!
And more strength to O'Donoghue's hand and Pope Hennessy's!
The Pope wants more members—we'll soon cure that want if
You'll act like good sons of that ill-used old Pontiff.
The Saxons would brood you wid' wages and work:
To tin up to college and school-house they lurk;
Of your grievances rob you, till none you've to show,
Any more than the shrunken that thumples you low!

But prove to them Erin has made of her mind;
Those she hated when cruel, she 'll hate now they're kind:
For Carlisle a howl, for Sir Robert a rope—
Here's O'Reilly for Longford—and Long Live the Pope!
THE O'MANNIKIN.

Policeman Pam. "DON'T LET HIM PUT YOU OUT.—I'LL QUIET HIM PRESENTLY."
file and tropical indweller to elp in building of a House of Refuge for sick lunatics which its purposed to erect it Edinburg he says for the feeulms as may appear to turn regal tipsemane es coose in you see the Ladys eccn art to be eloped first

"The time cannot be too distant when at least miscellaneous drunkards confirmed dyspeptics will be brought to the experience of the law. But surely something may be due for this rack of persons at their earlier stages of the disease, and while they are themselves so conscious of their danger, as to be willing to assent to any remedy for their cure."

Some few private asylum exist where individuals are boarded at considerable cost for loss or paralysis. The directors of the House of Refuge propose a few years ago to establish an asylum of the kind, within the boundary walls of the Queen'sberry House premises, for two or three hundred circumstances (such establishment for persons placed in the country), and opened a subscription for that purpose. The scheme was to be a public moving to have the will raising the sum required to enable them to commence operations. In the meantime our limited accommodation compels us to refuse numerous most distressing applications. It is proposed to call the new building (which would be out of the House of Refug and have an entrance of its own) the Queenberry Lodgings. It will be simply a retreat, uniting sacred charity, the best medical aid, kind treatment, and cheerful employment, where the insane member of a household may be placed (with her own consent) for the purpose of education, or even simply security. The large experience of the directors and officers of the House of Refuge in this class of cases extending over so long period enables them to proceed with confidence in the proposed undertaking. What they require is only money to build and furnish. Once erected, the institution will be wholly self-supporting. The sum in hand is somewhat more than £2,000. A few hundred more would justify them in commencing operations. I earnestly hope that the scheme will not proceed from the purse of philanthropists to the individuals who have both the will and the means to promote such an object.

"When I come to read this ear Bill says to me says he, I wonders what the cow means by his 'public provision,' cos if he mean to say that these here Tipseymania are to keep pared with provisions at a public bye who'll ever can to do to find the cash to keep em. cos is so many howevr is as boor as cack the same. Well Sir, as I were sayin, we see in the Times newspaper a letter from a party as appear to live in Scetland, leastways he writes from edinburg and this is what he writes to say: Whiz: that at one for the Destitute in Edinburg, air besides diseased criminals and others who has wondered from the Paths of Virtue (as he bewly expresses of it).

"A large number of persons, nearly all women, placed under our charge by their friends on account of their Intemperate habits."

"For the last ten years we have seldom had fewer than 150 persons under our roof, requiring moral restraint, with their own consent.""

"He then proceeds to say that these here pussons is all Manics through their ables of him temperance, which as Shakespeare says their brains is stole by an ancomoe they pus into their mouths whereby they aint no more Re son left them than a Lunitc and the only way to keep em sober is by locking of em up so that they canot get nothing as may make em drunk."

"Dipsomania, or the peculiar form of insanity brought on by many constitutions by long indulgence in intoxicating liquors, is now frequently spoken of among medical men as requiring a mode of treatment not hitherto adopted. While the duty of providing information for the sick and asylums for the insane has been universally recognised, it is remarkable that for this large class of patients, whose condition is equally urgent, no public provision of any kind has been made. Let no one startled at the idea of habitually intemperate persons being ranked with the sick and insane. The opinion of the whole medical faculty is decided upon this subject, and the truth is at length being forced upon the community at large. If the love of intoxicating drink, especially ardent spirits, shall have obtained an ascendency over man, it is well known that no consideration whatever will keep him from it. He becomes incapable of managing his own affairs, careless of the obligations of social life, and, in fact, as mad as, often more so than any lunatic in a lunatic asylum. He may attempt his own life, he may put the lives of his family in daily jeopardy, and for years; but the law does not recognise it as a case for compulsory seclusion. Philanthropy, even, has not as yet stepped forward to effect a refuge. Strange to say, he is allowed to run his course, just as if to destroy himself, to bring his family to ruin, to have his wife a burden upon the parish, and to train up his children thieves, beggars, or worse, were a matter of ater necessity and by no means to be interfered with.""

"And he says that as their numbers is now annwily increasing there ort to be a Norspeal or Intiaite Asylum erected for these maniax to keep em from Arms way which he therfor makes a Cail on
A NECKLACE OF PEARLS.

For Morning and Evening Wear.

DANCING is all important to a girl entering life. Ce n'est que le premier pas (de danser) qui coûte!

Give with discretion. It is not because it is less valuable than pure gold, that women have a strong dislike to imitation jewellery; but rather, because their highly sensitive nature abhors a sham.

At sixteen a woman prefers the best dancer in the room; at two-and-twenty, the best talker; at thirty the richest man.

"Love me, love my dog," is old, and exploded. Love me, love my milliner—is the modern version.

Accomplishments are more useful in married life, than domestic qualities. The wife who sings divinely feeds the pride of her husband; whereas she who is only a hand at a light crumb, merely contributes to his comfort. There are wretches who ask why the hand that raffles off The Shorer of Pearls should be a stranger to pastry. Conceive Nonsense dabbling with apple-dumplings!

The honeymoon is sober marriage tricked out in peacock feathers.

To slave, and toil, and fret, is wretched woman's lot. She is ever dressing, lunching, receiving visitors, paying visits; at ball, theatre, or rout—or, hapless creature, doomed to spend an evening with her husband.

A gentleman who is courting a lady, is paying his respectful addresses to her. Let the grocer's man fall in love with Betty at the area-gate, and he merely "follows" her.

"Interesting events" are occasions when a nurse takes absolute possession of the house; and the husband sleeps on the sofa.

Babies are the tyrants of the world. The Emperor must tread softly; baby sleeps. Mozart must hush his newest requiem; baby sleeps. Phidias must drop his hammer and chisel; baby sleeps. Demosthenes, be dumb—baby sleeps!

The woman who tickles a man's palate, has a stronger hold on him than the sentimental creature who merely touches his heart.

UNSOUFFLICATED UNCLE. "Lupus Street, Lupus Street? Dova Pinzino royal, isn't it?"

NEPHEW (shuddering). "No or, my dear Sir—South Blyfean-hia!"

SHAKSPÆRIUS RESTAURATUS.

A Mr. Samuel Bailey has written a book On the Received Text of Shakespeare's Dramatic Writings and its Improvement. Mr. Bailey, like many other critics of logical and limited intellect, runs his little head against that stone of offence to the correct dulness of commentators, the "gross inconsistency," as he calls it, in the famous lines:

"Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them."

Of this portion of the received text of Shakspeare's dramatic writings, Mr. Bailey proposes an improvement, which he thus praises:

"The emendation is not inferior in tone of thought or force of expression to what it displaces, or to the context in which it is inserted. It does not take the tension of the soliloquy, notwithstanding its taking away what may be dear to the ear of many an admirer, the sounding phrase, 'a sea of troubles.'"

Mr. Bailey may call a sea of troubles a sounding phrase, but others who can distinguish sense from sound feel it to be a grand metaphor. How has "a sea of troubles" come to be a stock expression, Mr. Bailey, if it is only a sounding phrase? There is doubtless a bull in the figure of speech which makes a man think "to take arms against" an enemy so very impersonal as "a sea of troubles:" but would not a bull be very likely to be made: by anybody talking to himself in that state of mind in which he would be when meditating the commission of snuff? Shakespeare's text, as it stands above, omits a natural confusion of fine ideas. As improved by Martinus Schillerius—no, by Samuel Bailey, it stands thus:

"Or, to take arms against the sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them."

Quite correct. A great improvement on Shakspeare, no doubt, in the opinion of every stolid pedant. The play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out is matched by the speech of Hamlet divested of Hamlet's poetry.

O Sam Bailey!—unfortunate Sam Bailey!

ENGLAND'S ILL-WISHERS.

Among Reuter's telegrams the other day, there came from Paris one, euphonizing a speech in the Senate, which struck us with the force of a flash of lightning, and we wonder that it had not produced on the electric wire through which it ran, the effect of fusion. According to that thundering telegram:

"M. de Bossy regretted that France had assisted England in revenging herself on the Chinese. He was of opinion that the money expended in the Crimean and in Italy would have been better applied towards a descent upon England."

M. le Marquis de Bossy is a violent Ultramontane, and his religion, or the passion of abject servility to the Pope which supplies the place of it, is the cause of his hatred to England. It is that which inspires him with the wish that we might be robbed and murdered.

There are perhaps too many gentlemen of M. de Bossy's persuasion in the French Senate, and certainly there are too many in the British House of Commons, unless it may be said that their ravings in either assembly serve to disgust humanity with them and their cause. Should Major Myers O'Reilly be returned for Longford, we shall rejoice to see him exhibit an excessive rationality.

Why do the Ultramontanes detest England so bitterly? England has not despoiled the Pope or persecuted his adherents in these times; has allowed them to talk as much nonsense and sedition as they please, and in her foreign policy has carefully let the Holy Father alone. England does not even enforce the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, and there is no other Act by which she can have given the Pope's people any offence. The offence, however, which that Act has given them is mortal, no doubt because it was a defeat which has greatly damaged Papal consequence and credit in Europe. Political wisecarcs sner at the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill and its authors, but Ultramontanes curse them.

A "SELECT" Joke.

We hear that the Grand New Joint Stock Library Company have at last selected their motto. It is Sec transit gloria Mundi.
PUNCH TO THE PITMEN.

Punch, or the London Charivari.

SIR, and they speak of the wealthiest magnates amongst the commoners of the two counties without the prefix 'Mister' or 'Squire.' But we found them intelligent, local, generous, and sensitive. Happily we partook of their 'good cheer,' their dark bread and tea, their cheese and ale, and the only occasion of our giving thanks to one of them was when we offered to pay for the loan of a sheep for our share of a meal which we had consumed together on terms of equality.

'Hand away, hinnies, that shows your the chefs o' the rest, an' knew better than meek money war yor hospitality. A drink o' yell's a man's thing, an' a bit breed an' cheese dizzint cost much; but gie'd war a kind hand, it wun't be forgot. Lucke here noo, this rithum chef minds how ye treated him, an' smash now Gooe'y, ye was wond for thou noo i' pret. But lak a daw, hinnie, here's a bonny tale he's telled about yor awf widous Pooch—'

We spoke with them on a variety of subjects, and at length they warmed to the question of our being a National portrait. More than once an honest fellow, chucking his hat and sending out a flash of indignation from beneath contracted eyebrows, said, 'In deep pit-habit, 'tis what does Pooch mean by telling all the world that we're makes better than yours?' There are some who will smile, and some who will be pained at learning that Northumbrian miners possess the Punch caricatures which have excited universal admiration. Of course we always endeavoured to pacify our sensitive friends by explaining that the Pooch illustrated is Northumberland, not in the Northern mining districts. But usually this explanation was regarded as nothing better than a kindly attempt to heal the wounds of their affections. 'Ay,' they boast very smooth, 'observed one old lady (a fine specimen of a pit village dame) an' that makes away, it's the suggestion; 'but they can't free the South, an' they that does free the South is very smooth.'—Here, lad,' interjected in deep guttural notes the woman's son, 'whers the punch back to London, Joo is noo than Pooch with his' other face, an' but a bigging in Newcastle or G'thead, an' let em, like thee, coo we an' see us. We shall be war gud frinds than.'—'

'Wed maw eanly chefs, aw'd coon myself wi' pleasure, an' tak maw breed an' cheese among thee for a bit; for there's not i' the world aw'd like better than to hear a crack wi' yee. But smash maw, aw'se fear'd the South caan spare us warry wed, noo Parliament's an', them munbers has the ripe gib o' the gob. Begogs! there's seen many minutes noo in London for M'ter, charge to look after, that, lawks, the toon wan gane clean dirt, if he war leave it the noo. But mebbes aw'll meet some on ye next summer an' we'll give a cell theither at the Great Exhibition, an' then aw'll explain tae ye what that little chaps's seed about Pooch's very true, aw lawks, hinnies, it wasn't the Newseal huns, it was them hulkin lubber's of Staffordshire aw was weykin fun on. Noo there's black sheep is ivry lokey thon know, aw when Pooch coons across a bubbly gree cocked rule, who'd speak ruff to a pison, or have a break in a horseshoe, a stranger instead o' being civil, Smash maw! but Pooch's fingers itch to skelp the creator's jaws, an' sic Pooch hands the hagard's likeness down, that a' his friends knauss an' hand him i' contempt.

'The Despatch's isn't a paper over given to praise, aw ha' had next that what it sees aboot yor war o' life's true; an' aw'm in glad to hear that i' the pairts about Newseal—'

'Bull-baiting has been discontinued. Cockfighting is no longer the regular holiday pastime of the miners. Forboding ducks and butcher-baiting are now only the sacred amusements of a fast diminishing minority. Fatal horse-fights and chance pailliette encounters, which once were the regular events of every hopping and open-air jollification are now of rare occurrence.'

'An aw'm pleased to find that the chefs about Newseal divent spend a' ther money in sylvia an' stuffin', aw has other pets to please them forby the pic-dish an' the yell-pot:—'

'The fondness of the Northumbrian miner for such live pets as camars and wild creatures whose charms are altogether independent of brute force and animal qualities is one of the many fine traits that give the lie to his careless trademans. A snacker through a pit village will be enough to convince the curious how general and strongly marked is that amiable feature of teabowl-country life. Window after window he will see blocked up with birds and pots of flowering geraniums, and through the open doors will see other pets—not large bull-bulls, but the more delicate of domestic animals, and the cheerful life that goes with cuttin' which, in Northumbria, always glows with a bright fire when the wind blows cold.'

'When he speaks o' dogs aw think he mae hae hied o' famous dog Cuppy:—'

"His tail pitcher handled, his colour jet black, Just a fat and a half was the length o' his book; Just a fat and a half and the length o' his shoe. And his legs like two stockless bows over his jays. Weel done Cuppy."

'He goes on to say forby, that the pitmen are more gied to precisie grim music than any other class o' workmen, an' at i' many districts—'

'Each large colliery village has its own band, and the musical contests between the bands of adjacent villages are periodic festivities, looked forward to with much interest, and criticised with as much zest as the performances of metropolitan operas are welcomed and discussed by more refined amateurs.'

'Haud away, hinnies, aw cry agen! Waur the bow maw eanly kids. If Muse's the fuid o' love, or not, aw's sure aw divent kent; but it's better to spen an oor or two wi' sic fud, than i' sylva yer like wi' a' yer winnot over an' yer nephews and nieces. Stick to keepin' yor yorks, an' to' te' trainin plants instead o' trainin for prize lites, an' ye wun't be final fawt wi' yor awf widous Pooch. Ye' ne'er will hie' o' his gien, thee a bushes wi' the cudged and ye wun't be likelie to hear him gree wi' th' in' stin the awd sang:—'

"Hur Colliers for a' they can say, Waur' thys heads by hearts that are soound: An if we'er bot tyrn f' war way. There's few better chefs above ground."

'An' se' meiur at present fra' yer rungusshows awf reedred—'

'Poosen.'

COPYRIGHT IN THE COUNCITANCE.

The Lord Chief Baron the other day, standing up in Mayall & Hogg, thus laid down the law:

"It had been said that a man had a sort of copyright in his own face, and that if he had his picture taken it could not be published without his consent; but we doubt if a person who could take the likeness of another, in the jury-box or witness-box for instance, would not be at perfect liberty to publish it if he thought it worth while."

A man would have a copyright of his own face, and might be entitled to an injunction against anybody for infringing it, if anybody could do so. But there seems no method by which it would be possible for one man to pirate another man's face, and publish it. A book accurately pirated is the same as the original, but my copy of a piece can be equal to the face itself. A frontispiece may be pirated, but a frontispiece is not a face, except in the dialect of popular. The thief who steals your works may mutilate them and hurt you, but no rogue can rob you of your face and cut out and sell it. The man's face which he has stolen. If a man is not the author of his own face how can he claim any copyright in it? It is true he may make a face, but there is no law to hinder anybody else from copying another like it, or else one clown in a dungeon might use another man for copying his grimmer and grinning himself. If, on the other hand, a man composes his countenance, that circumstance alone does not give or tend to give him any copyright therein, unless he composes it in order to have a likeness of it taken, and gets that from the artist who produces it, and in whose alone is originally vested all possible copyright in faces. A caricaturist can take off a man's face against his will without being liable to indenment for doing so; nor would any assault be committed in damaging anyone's face, except in damaging the face with which he was born, although a person damaging another's face anyhow might be liable for damages.

Grounds of Tenderness.

The ex-Queen of Naples may be occasionally a little wild and eccentric as her passion for horseback riding, horse-chasing, shooting cats, and the like; but we shall not be too hard upon her. If her Majesty is a little flighty now and then in her head, we should make every generous allowance for one who is still labouring under the shadow of her crown. Royal, or otherwise, that would be exactly sound, having lost its crown?"

"Romantic Generosity."—Mr. Newby has given a young lady for a three-volume romance half-a-dozen copies and a half share in the profits!
A CORDIAL FORM OF INVITATION.
SECRETLY ADORED ONE'S PAPA, "Well, my dear Young Friend, I suppose you won't come to and eat your Sunday Dinner with us, hoy? So I'll wish you good bye—many thanks for coming so far, . . . . ."

VIVE LA GAETA!
We notice that some English ladies of high distinction, sympathising with the ex-Queen of Naples, have presented her with a testimonial in the form of a turret-shaped diadem, that was intended to be "eunuchatorial of Gaeta." We should have thought ourselves that something adapted for masculine use would have been more appropriate to her deposed Majesty. A diadem is an ornament that ladies generally wear, and it is well-known that Marie Sophie Amélie is above such petty effeminate weaknesses. Now if our aristocratic sisters had presented the maiden wife of Francis the Second with a brace of gold pistols, or a silver cigar-case, or a diamond-studded ridig-whip, or a beautifully-enriched poniard, we could have understood the meaning of the offering. There would have been point and purpose in the testimonial. There would have been both utility and ornament combined. But where is the object of giving a diadem to one who has lost her crown? It looks as though there was a run of mockery round the gift. However, we are pleased beyond expression to find, so universal has the practice of charity become, so extended is the range of benevolence in the present day towards the very meanest things, that there are actually human beings who can find sympathy and heart-tribute for a Bourbon! It will be Frances' turn next, of course—and we do not even despair of the King of Dahomey being some day presented with a testimonial. Cruelties like theirs really shouldn't go unrewarded.

AN OILY CANDIDATE FOR ROYALTY.
A Mr. Bertron, who resides in the Département of the Seine (or insane, rather, as the reader will presently exclaim), has put himself forward in opposition to the Archduke Maximilian, as a candidate for the throne of Montezuma. In his electioneering address, which he has just published to the "Mexicans," he says wisely enough:

"I have been told that you absolutely want a King. If you do, take me. (That's cool!) I am not of royal race. I am only a proprietor of Seine (there seems a slight contradiction here, for we do not see how the Seine and the Seine can be possibly combined in the same department), and attract oil from the fifth of Paris."

The only things we know "extracted from the fifth of Paris" are French novels and romances. That oil could be got out of the gutter is certainly to us a completely new extract from the "Mysteries of Paris." We suspect that Mr. Bertron is himself only a romance writer in disguise, of the very poorest and lowest-sounding, and one that is certainly not worth a sue. When he talks of extracting "oil from the fifth of Paris," he evidently means "the midnight oil." It is only a figurative way of saying, that he sits up all night to write his plays and romances.

Mr. Bertron must have a formidable rival in M. Louis Veuillot. The latter has been all his lifetime extracting a variety of things "from the fifth of Paris." Lately he has even contrived to extract a perfume from it. It is called Le Parfum de Rose, and is a very sweet thing of its kind. The only fault that we find with it, is, that M. Veuillot has not altogether succeeded in disguising the source of its origin. The genius loci is a trifle too apparent. Too strong a stopper cannot be applied to this Perfume.

Mr. Bertron signs himself "Humanitarian Candidate." He forgets to tell us whether he purposes making a personal canvas or not, of Mexico. He is having a handsome card printed to the following effect:

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST ARE RESPECTFULLY REQUESTED FOR M. ADOLPHE BERTRON, HUMANITARIAN CANDIDATE FOR THE THRONE OF MEXICO.

Not knowing the precise adult population, Mr. Bertron has had two million copies of the above struck off, so as to enable him to commence electioneering operations immediately. They are to be distributed all over the country from the ear of a barley. At present, the only humanitarian is busily engaged in mastering the rudiments of the Mexican language. We have reasons for believing that the Archduke Maximilian, will demand a poll. It is expected that the election will be a very warm one, more especially if it is mixed up with any of the fighting that is going on there. Mr. Bertron has resolved not to solicit the suffrages of the rebels.

A woman should never be taken unawares. Venus was never surprised—making out the washing-bill.

The Right Place for the Right Man.
Supposing it were necessary to remove Dr. Jenner from Trafalgar Square at all, we think some more appropriate locality might have been selected to have carried his brownen remains to. If ever there had been consulted on the subject, we should have given it as our advice that for the discoverer of vaccination the best place in the world would have been Cowes.

THE LOVE OF COMPARISON.
The Americans are seemingly fond of comparisons. We are told by the Times correspondent, that it is no wonder they should be so. He asks:—

"Why should they not measure by the standard of the Old World, from which they came, all the men and deeds of the New World, which, so soon, has created no standard of its own?"

We will not talk of standards, but just now they haven't even a flag of their own. The one they once had is now rent in two. The "Star-spangled Banner" is shorn at present of many of its stars and stripes. Jonathan should look to our Union Jack. Leave off fighting, make it up, and try to have a Union."

However, Jonathan is welcome to measure himself by our standard as much as he pleases, but so long as he does not behave better than he has lately done, we must beg that he will not think of reducing us to his.
A Story by MISS MARTINEAU, Illustrated by J. E. MILLAIS, commences in this Week's Number of ONCE A WEEK.

BRADBURY & EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET, FLEET STREET, E.C.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

March 3, Monday, Lord Cranworth, whose motto is Post nobila Petrus, came out like Apollo from behind his cloud, and proceeded to throw such light as he could upon the subject of Conveyancing Reform. Phileas Cranworth had his plan, which is to enable every person who has the fee simple in land to get a declaration of his title to such fee simple by paying a simple fee to the Court of Chancery. He then shone out a second time, with a Bill for the Security of Purchasers, by which, on the principle on which a Magistrate marks (not half often enough) a criminal's conviction on the back of his licence, it is enacted that any dealing with the property shall be noted on the aforesaid Chancery declaration. Then came Lord Chelmsford with his plan, which is to create a Landed Estates Court, to consist of eminent conveyancers, and he also proposes a Registeration, of which course he thinks is a better one than that of Lord Westbury. The Chancellor did not coincide in that opinion, and castigated the two ex-Chancellors for endeavouring to undermine his Bills while they pulled their own. Lord Kingdon made, as usual, a sensible remark, condemning the system that paid a conveyancer, not for the artistic skill he was called upon to exhibit, but by the length of the deeds which he perpetrated. Finally, Six out of the Seven Bills on this subject were referred to a Select Committee. Lord Punch feels that one of these days it will fall to his lot to settle this question, and he intends upon that occasion to follow the precedent of the good and great Panteagreel, when he ended the controversy between the two Lords, whose quarrel had occupied "a rabble of old lawyers for six and forty weeks." And he doubts not that the result of the decision will be similar, and that "the counsellors and all the learned doctors in the law will be so ravished with admiration at the more than human wisdom of Panteagreel-Punch, as to fall into a trance and sudden ecstatic and to remain so for three hours, until revived with vinegar and water." However, let the Committee try its hand first.

In the Commons the Church-Rate fight was postponed until the 14th May, which is the anniversary of the Battle of Hotham, where, as Mr. Cox rightly supposes, Hexameters were first used as weapons of conflict. Mr. Layard stated that the Moors at Tangiers had, on demand of the American Consul there, arrested two persons who had landed from the Southern pirate vessel the Swarthy, and had let them go again; but the special object of the operation was not expounded.

French and feminine influences have upset the Baron Ricassol, and Signor Raffi is the Italian Premier. So, of course, it is the business of journalists to show that the woman who could not succeed in keeping his place was unfit for it. As Punch, like true Thomas, suffers (unfortunately for a good many persons) under a total inability to say untrue things, he observes, on this passage of history, that Baron Ricassol is a perfectly honourable, proud, stern, impertinent nobleman, and just the personage to be insufferably objectionable in the circle whence he has been extruded. But he will be waited again when the wind gets up.

Army matters were then discussed, and as Mazzinianism may like to have a figure or two to poke in the face of Paterfamilias, when duly instructed by his journal, he is pompous at breakfast about our "magnificent military establishments, my dear," that lady, whose arithmetic is so sound—witness the way she keeps those little red books, and is down upon the dodgy tradesmen who make such accidental mistakes in their own favour—should know this. Sir George Lewis, one of the Queen's Ministers, is the authority. We spend Seventy Millions of Sovereigns every year. We pay Twenty-six of these Millions for interest on the National Debt—Bank of England, you know, M'ta, Aunt's dividends, smart stockbrokers, and all that—and then, M'ta, the Army, including the Militia, costs us Sixteen Millions, Two Hundred and Fifteen Thousand Sovereigns every year. Did you ever see a pretty penny, M'ta, except the silver one which pity Kiddooms wears on the blue ribbon round her fat neck. If not, perhaps you will look at the last-mentioned sun, and say whether you see the prettiness of that penny. The House of Commons sees it, and voted 145,450 men to spend a good deal of it in soliciting. And Mr. Punch is afraid that we can't do the work, and protect your teacups and geraniums from a hostile world, for a less figure. Mr. White proposed to knock off Ten Thousand men, but instead of causing a retreat of the Ten Thousand, he had to retreat himself, in a very dilapidated condition, on the head of a select party of Eleven—who fled before an overwhelming force of 139.

A strong appeal was made in behalf of the Volunteer forces, for whom some Government aid was asked, in consideration of the heavy expenses they were obliged to incur. Mr. Buchanan, of Glasgow, declared that unless Government did something specifically, they could not keep the Volunteer force. Governments have often made strange nautical blunders, but the worst they make is when, as often is the case, they spoil a ship to save a harbor of tar.
PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI. [March 15, 1862.

Tuesday. Mr. HEADEN in a note to a correspondent of the "Times" charges the Editor of the "Times" with the grossest libel. The 'Times' has been libelled by the "Punch" for the libel which it published upon the "Times" a few weeks since. The libel was: "The "Times" is a paper of the greatest importance. It is a paper of the greatest influence. It is a paper of the greatest power. It is a paper of the greatest wealth. It is a paper of the greatest talent. It is a paper of the greatest learning. It is a paper of the greatest thought. It is a paper of the greatest wisdom. It is a paper of the greatest knowledge. It is a paper of the greatest influence. It is a paper of the greatest power. It is a paper of the greatest wealth. It is a paper of the greatest talent. It is a paper of the greatest learning. It is a paper of the greatest thought. It is a paper of the greatest wisdom. It is a paper of the greatest knowledge."

"But, Mr. Headen, the "Times" is a paper of the greatest importance. It is a paper of the greatest influence. It is a paper of the greatest power. It is a paper of the greatest wealth. It is a paper of the greatest talent. It is a paper of the greatest learning. It is a paper of the greatest thought. It is a paper of the greatest wisdom. It is a paper of the greatest knowledge."

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MILITARY MAWWORMISM.

When you are at Rome, be a Roman, and when you are at Edinburgh do your best to be a Mawworm. This seems to be the notion of Major General Walker, the commanding officer of the Forces of Her Majesty in Scotland: for at a religious meeting in Edinburgh the other day, he occupied the chair, and took occasion thus to open pious fire:

"Before reading the first Psalm, General Walker rose to make a statement expressive of regret at having allowed his name to appear recently as a patron of private theatricals among the military, as he had heard that this had been a stumbling block to many Christians."

In excuse for his backsliding the gallant Mawworm said that the theatricals were given for a charitable purpose (and doubtless charity will cover even the great sin of going to the play), and that he was not present at them, although assured that nothing in the least degree objectionable would be introduced, but for which assurance perhaps he might have gone. In further plea moreover he put forth his opinion, that whereas it was profanity to see a play in public, theatricals in private it was no sin to see:

"While he advisedly called a theatre a den of iniquity, he did not wish it to be supposed that he said the name of private theatricals." So, according to this Mawworm, it is not the play itself but its being acted publicly that is so pernicious. When the tickets are sold privately there is no harm in the drama; but when vended by advertisement they are passports to the devil. For this logic the best comment is simply to expunge the filling name of the Queen.

In his list of plea figures, Major General Mawworm very probably forgot the soldier in the saint, or he would not have called a theatre a "den of iniquity." The Queen, whose uniform he wears, has ever been a patron and frequenter of the playhouses; and, let the saints say what they will, Her Majesty has done good service to her country by so leading her best influence to purify its plays. Had she abstained from being present at well-conducted theatres, the effect of her discomfiture would have been to bring discredit and discomfiture on the stage. The influence of the playhouse on the people is undoubted, and the nation has in great measure, we think, to thank its Sovereign for the purity with which its plays are now performed. Who is this General Mawworm that he should call a theatre a "den of iniquity," well knowing as he does that his Queen has been so often in it? By letting drop such mawkish outcry to please a Mawworm meeting, he uses words unworthy of a loyal British subject; he disgraces his profession and insults his Queen.

A Woman's eye-brows are her triumphant arches, under which she carries the citadel of a man's heart.

RECOVERY OF OSBORNE.

In the debate on the Army Estimates, on the discussion that took place relating to the alteration of cavalry uniforms, Bernal Osborne is reported to have said, "This is a matter which ought not to be joked away." It is a rich thing to hear the member for Liskeard complaining of "a matter being joked away." Of course, he never by any accident jokes himself. He is the very last man to do it. For example, is he jealous of any one else joking? It may be that he is envious of Whalley, or of the O'Donoghues, and wishes to have the exclusive monopoly himself. In other respects, we must sympathise with the sensitiveness of our injured friend, Bernal. He is quite right in complaining of the joking that takes place in the House. It is generally detestable; and, if it is painful to read, we can easily understand that it must be doubly painful to listen to. If he can only put a stop to the nuisance, all those who, like ourselves, are compelled to read the debates, will be everlastingly his debtors. To carry out so benevolent a purpose, let him be the first to show a good example, and for the future heroically refrain from joking himself. We defy you, Bernal, to do it.

THE SENSITIVENESS OF OSBORNE.

A Son so styled, threatening the Emperor with the wrath of "the youth of the Schools," has lately been seen broadcast in the streets of the Quartier Letto. Of this high-flying lyric, Mr. Punch ventures a version of his own. Artificer, Mlle Faucon.

My Lion! There's one time for roaring, Another for holding the tongue, At the Eagle yourselves set a-scurrying In vain paper-pellets are flung, These workmen dragged on with flammery. These troops won with praises and pay, These trials so summary, Dispensed with all legal sumnery, Make your roar very much like a bray.

"The student," you say is, "the forlorn hope That leads on the masses unjustly: But how, when the best have forewarned hope, And the rest prefer slavery to riot? When the power of the purge is surrendered, And the power of the sword given away, When the yoke's on the necks that you tendered, And the habit engendered Of kissing the rod day by day?"

My Lion, bethink you in season, If Frenze bow the heart and the head, Is not this the most operatic reason, That riot reaction has bred? Vain your song, though you sang like Apeiron, While society, weary of shocks, Your sublime aspirations looks shy on, And flies from The Lion, To put itself under The Fox, For your Lion's a terrible wild fowl To be led to go loose in the streets. If Fox do now and then beg a mild fowl, What are vulpine to lenane feats? dull bonpoucos who've seen constitutions Worn out ere they were tried on, Sick of red, white, and blue revolutions, (To the vile Lothians!) Only say to the Lion—"begone!" In a fight between Lion and Eagle— Should it really come to a fray,—Republican creature and Real, A truly consummate of weep. A plague upon both of your houses. Says the bonpouco—"I care not two pins— So you'll leave us at peace with our spouses,— To the market that browses— What matter which sheep-eater wins? Either rise, or your bout de coton, Draw down, say young Lion, once more: Get off the high rope that you've got on, Or show you can read while you roar, If you wish, as your complements acknowledge, To "eat Buonaparte," why then, In Yankee phrase, no more "sock-dolage." My Cocks of the College!— But "Up Boys and at him!" like men. Till you do, you'll excuse me for thinking,— Through the notion may seem unpolite For a Lion who talks of blood-drinking.— Your bark is much worse than your bite. At least the Elect of December Has shown himself game for a blow; And the old wolf of grape you remember, That swept round the chamber, And Thrandes Rider's Lions laid low!

THE SENSITIVENESS OF OSBORNE.
THE VULPECIDE—BASE INDEED!

FoxHunter. "There, do you see that Fellow—Well! to my certain Knowledge, he has destroyed two Foxes—and yet he walks about with a Hymn Book under his arm!"

THE MAY MEETING AT ROME.

Cardinal Wiseman cannot understand why the Emperor Napoleon should prohibit the French bishops from attending the solemn canonisation of Japanese Martyrs to come off in May next, when the Pope has invited the prelates of France, and all the rest of the world who own his supremacy, to repair to Rome in order to assist at that imposing ceremony. To the Cardinal the Imperial veto is unintelligible. How strange that a Wiseman should be so dull! His Eminence is his ignorance. Does he not see that Herod, alias Pontius Pilate, alias Judas Iscariot, as some of the Ultramontane French clergy call their Sovereign, may entertain some apprehension that if the Pope were to succeed in getting all the bishops of the Roman Catholic Church congregated at Rome, his Holiness, whilst their hands were in at the canonisation, might induce them to join him in an obiter decrees establishing the last new dogma of the temporal sovereignty, and pronouncing all who dare grumble it anathema? Cannot Cardinal Wiseman conceive Napoleon to be possibly of opinion that the best way of keeping the French Church Gallican is to keep the French bishops in Gaul?

The Holy Father will not invite infallible policy in canonising the Japan Martyrs whilst his own live subjects are kept under by liability to a cannonade. He will give thinking people occasion to observe that the martyrs contrived to propagate the faith unprotected by artillery and bayonets, and that their example seems to be much rather extolled than imitated by the author of their beatification, who, always complaining of the lacerations of his paternal heart, keeps, and long may he continue to keep, that injured vital organ in a whole skin.

A Remonstrance.

We are requested by the Hon. T. D.—so to state that he is not "the tyrant Bux" who was adjudged in a theatrical trial a few days ago. He may have ruled with a rod of brass, but never with a rod of iron. The Toole, from whom the statement in question proceeded, had never the honour of belonging to the Tory party.

CONSERVATIVES AND DERBYITES.

Advice to Electors.

Canterbury has returned a Conservative candidate, and it is of the utmost importance to the ex-King of Naples, the Emperor of Austria, the Pope, and Chaloner, the chief of the Bourbon brigands, that the North Riding and Wycombe should follow Canterbury's example. It is sometimes asked, what is a Conservative? Many honest but ignorant electors imagine that a Conservative is what a Conservative always was—an upholder of all valuable old English institutions. A Conservative is no longer any such kind of person. A Conservative means a Derbyite, and what a Derbyite is was made manifest the other night by the Earl of Derby himself in the House of Lords, when he took occasion to put a question to Earl Russell calculated to elicit an admission damaging to Italian unity: a question which if we had had to guess who put it, we should have named the venerable Normandy. A Conservative, so called, is a gentleman who wishes to reverse the foreign policy of this country, and reduce rebellious Italy under subjection to its Bourbon, and Ducelings, and Kaiser, and Holy Father. A real Conservative, in the obsolete sense of the word, is a supporter of Lord Palmerston and Earl Russell, for whose removal from the Establishment in Downing Street, to be succeeded by Derby and Co., so many pious Irishmen of the O'Donoghue's persuasion, and so many Roman Catholic priests on the Continent, are praying and preaching, with a view to the humiliation of proud England. Let all electors who wish to contribute to this result rush to the poll, and record their votes for the Derbyite candidate who calls himself a Conservative.

Gradually Making Way.

The Secretary for War has actually been making a joke. Our notions of time and space will soon be overturned, since here is Lewes actually going to Brighton!
MEMO. "I can move that Eliza Daily and her chair whenever and wherever I please."

Miss Lady: "Oh! I wish he would."

THE GREAT FRENCH MEDIUM.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—March 15, 1862
OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

EAR PUNCH.—It is astonishing when once a play has hit the public taste, how it is relished in whatever form it is presented. The ever-lasting Colleen Bawn has been 'reduced' as opera, and turned into a burlesque, and adapted as an opera, and in each form proves attractive. It remains now to serve it up as a 'sensation' bullet, and let the business of the Court Scene be transacted in a graceful pas de deux by Danny Mama and Eily; or else to represent it in the bosom of a hopodroma, and let the gallant Males-at-Arms gallop their heater upon horseback, a la Marcus Curtius his jump into the gulf. In this case the hunting chorus introduced by Mr. Benedict might be made still more effective by being sung on horseback, and a red fox might break away in terror at the row. Everybody knows that when a wind is up and a cloudy sky proclaim a hunting morning, our hunting men are wonted to assemble in long red coats reaching to their heels, and to sing a stunning chorus with a whap-cracking accompaniment, precisely as they do in Mr. Benedict's new opera, or as in the French, "Freischetzte, do, as doubtless he has heard. And this hunting scene would certainly be far more like life, were the singers all on horseback, as at Astley's they might be, and their prancing steeds all trained to beat time with their hoofs.

"By the newspapers I see that the "Lily of Killarney" is an opera far cleverer than Weber could have written, even if Rossini had helped to guide his hand, and Meyerbeer or Mozart had been by to give a hint. No praise is extemned too high for such a work; for nothing has been wanting by the management or audience to ensure for the 'chef-d'œuvre' a most rapturous success. Eight pieces, with the overture, were re-demanded the first night; and if you fancy that the song-sellers had say hand in all this clapping, the critics declare ready to make an affidavit such could not have been the case. Poor Mr. Benedict! How he has been battered! What a nuisance it must be to any rightly thinking mind to find oneself the object of so much soft soap! Were he a business and impostor who gained his bread by pulifier, the critics scarce could have desolated him much more than they have done. And being as he is, a really good musician, and therefore fully competent to feel his own shortcomings and to judge of others, it must be to the laurels he is now given a fulsome praise, well-knowing that the public were too wise to be misled by it.

"Despite defects, however, which the critics have not snubbed at (and of which there is such a delicious precis if it fails to point out errors which thereby may be stopped?), the "Lily of Killarney" is likely to attract: not so much because it has much pleasant music, as from the fact that doubtless most people who have seen the Colleen Bawn will like to take a look at their old pet in her new vocal dress. There is nothing very striking, or startling, in the opera: and one does not come away from it whitening the tunes. Sentimental butcher-boys will not find it quite so easy to lay hold of Mr. Benedict as they do of Mr. Dalke; and though "Eily Mervenwen" is a fairly pretty air, it will not, thank goodness! be so popular with organ-men as the melodies which haunted us when first the famed Bohemian Girl was by Ben the Great produced. Still, the music is well written, and adapted to the drama which it has been the task of the librettist to adapt; and this perhaps is plainer English than saying that the music is marked by 'characteristic local colouring throughout'; which, as it is difficult to see the colour of what one only hears, I fear that people's ears in general will be too blind to perceive. Indeed it may be doubted if any one in England could have written better music than Mr. Benedict has done, considering the subject on which he had to write. To compose 'sensation' music to accompany the Cob Scene would of course have been difficult; but the chances are, unfortunately, that even Miss Dubb, the boatman is made a sentimental tearer-headed ruffian, with an exquisite voice. His duet with Harpers is another charming piece, and still more tuneable and lovely is the ballad "I'll beg my life". In all this our Mr. Benedict is worthy of the best praise, and all who can read will feel that Mr. Benedict well knows the resources of the orchestra, so I need not say how cleverly his work is instrumented; and as the Coventry Garden Band is worth taking pains to write for, he has perhaps been more than usually careful with his story.

"For the manner of production of the work, I give full praise, and I think no one will doubt it is being very well put on. As the good run, when, as it is sure to be, it is next season reproduced. Miss Louis Emily Pine never can sing badly, though she might sing even more if she gave herself more rest. Doubtless her late illnesses have not yet completely left her; but the voice reassures the public must feel anxious to have her take more care of it. Next year I hope to hear more of her deputy Miss Thirkwell, who is a pains-taking and improving singer, although (as critics say) not 'gifted with an organ' so powerful in tone. Mr. Saxty's scene is a thing that should be heard by all who have a taste for good music well sung; and as for Mr. Harrison, who as head man of the theatre, of course undertakes the 'header,' I think he well deserves full credit for the manner in which he struggles through his part. It is no joke to crack jokes that have been cracked by Mr. Boucicaut, in a house so large that half their pith is lost in the expance. What becomes of 'quiet humour' when speakers have almost to shout to make their talking audible; and who can find much drollery in a delicate 'aside,' when, to reach one's ear, it must be given forth with rotund month?

"As I have been lately entertaining country visitors, gifted with insatiable appetic for plays, I have, besides the Lily, seen the Dublin Boy and Red Riding Hood. As touching the Adelphi, if such boys as Mrs. Boucicaut's now running about in Dublin, I'm sure it is no wonder that the girls should fall in love with them as soon as they grow up. In such a part the pathos seemed less natural than the fun, but few could speak harshly of such prettily pleading looks and sweetly sympathetic voice. As for the burlesque, it has much lovely Irish scenery, and many wretched English parts; but the story is so twisted that I was quite gone over as the first to the end to Mrs. Boucicaut's, till Easter; and so I need say no more about it for the present, except to throw out a mild hint that the man who has an eye, and likes to see a pretty face (and pretty lissome legs to boot), and who yet neglects to go and see "The Polly" at the Lyceum, and Miss Lucy Red Riding Hood, is a fool whom it were flattery to call a brainless ass.

"One Who Pays!"

CONSCIENCE MONEY.

We are glad to read that the Polly, out of the 300,000, which were collected for him by the Polly's Peace Committee at Lyons, has returned 20,000. The refunded money was for the benefit of the Lyonnaise operatives now destitute of employment. It is true the Pope still retains the Lyons' share. A handsome balance of 280,000, is not a bad thing, in the hour of trouble, to have by one to draw consolation from. Some ill-natured people may say, with the distress existing in the town where the money was collected, that the Pope might have remitted more, but we mean to say that it only proves how keenly alive to the sufferings of his fellow creatures, when he sends so much as 20,000. It has always been a staunch principle with the Church, and one to which generally every man of all denominations adhere with the most tenacious fidelity, that there is to be, at the church doors, a "cause collected," and according to the point upon which all creeds agree. In spite of this, however, and in spite of his own pressing wants, for which he must require every penny that St. Peter can scrape together for him, he still has the magnanimity to part with the above princely sum. Nothing but conscience could have prompted this sacrficial parting, and it is, therefore, under the head of "Conscience Money" that we embalm the precious act. The surrender may be simply le cassement d'enfant. Having restored the 20,000, the Pope's next act of surrender may be that of his temporal power. So good a beginning should be followed up by even greater sacrifices. In the meantime, how agreable to note down, amongst the marvels of this wonder-exiting age, that a Pope is not destitute of a Conscience!

"THE RIVER TO THE OCEAN OF HIS THOUGHTS."

At the grand fancy ball given in Paris by the Countess Walewski we read that a certain Count Lopez (or some such name), went about in the dress of a river-god. At first we hardly knew what to think of, unless it be a sort of a bathing-dress, and that would hardly be the thing for a ball-room, even though it were place'd for the occasion. If the ball had been inside a theatre, of course we could understand the river-god would have retired into a lariguecer at once. Did he walk about with that traditional arm tucked under his arm all the evening? We have heard of "dancing waters," but a dancing river is something quite new on the tepeis, and we shouldn't think it would have the effect of keeping away "the water virtue." Well, if this is the case, perhaps the dress of an aquatic god in order to be able to display what the French call "leurs de danseurs," which of course were all of the very first water. At what time, we wonder, did this river retire to its bed?
THE HAPPIEST OF MEN!

We copy the subjoined letter of introduction from the French papers. It certainly deserves being included among the choicest belles-lettres of France—

"My Dear Victor-Emmanuel,

Becque Dumas. He is my friend—as well as yours, Garibaldi.

"The above is on exact Copy. Alexandre Dumas"

Happy Dumas! Not only does he associate with kings, but with great men like Garibaldi. The latter takes an honest pride in calling him his "friend." It must be a proud title for the same man to be called "the author of Monte Christo, and the friend of Garibaldi." However, such an accumulation of honours, under which any other pair of shoulders, less Atlas-like, would be weighed down to the earth, does not make Alexandre in the least proud, and, in giving a friend a facsimile of the above letter, he takes particular care to testify, for fear of the world, or posterity, being deceived, that it is "an exact copy." And the world does now know, as posteriorly will, that Dumas is Garibaldi's friend, Victor-Emmanuel's friend, everybody's friend. In short: of everybody, at least, who has read his immortal books. He is, in truth, everybody's friend, even among the bullfights, for they seem to run after him more than any one else. Indeed, the attributions of the latter almost take the form of persecutions. In spite of the kaiserians, however, Dumas is the happiest of men. Not a day passes, but some paper says something about him. He is uniformly successful in making people talk about him. It is true that it is not always praise that is bandied about in public in connection with his name; it is equally true that, when his character is canvassed in print, it is not always sugar that is sprinkled over it. But what of that? is he not perpetually talked about? and do we not know that to be perpetually talked about is considered in France the very greatest height of human happiness attainable in this world? 

Yes, Alexandre, thou art the happiest of men. The above letter is for thee a sure passport to Fame, and fortunately thy modesty does not prevent thee showing it. Great genius, we envy thee! Indeed, so great is our envy, that we feel prompted to borrow the words of Diogenes, and, basking in the blaze of thy world-illuminating splendour, reverently to exclaim: "If we were not Punch, we would be Alexander!"

OSBORNE ON ARMY CLOTHIERS.

Oh! poor Bernas Osborne, oh! Durst you touch the theme of clo'?

Government, you, goose of tailers, Twit with turned army tailors;

"Monster Moses and Sons" name them!

PALMERSTON a monster Moses?

What if we compare your noses?

"Amongst the Sons of Moses who

Has a brother, if not you?

But, perhaps you mean, those others

Counterfeit your Sire and Brothers.

You then, Bernas, may we term

Sleeping partner in the Firm?

Drove unworthy persuation,

Drew forth your denunciation

Of the rival Shop—and learn

That it's not "the same Couerian?"

FEARFUL RETRIBUTION.

On Thursday last we read that an order for release from custody was allowed by Mr. Commissioner Evans to a Bankrupt, who was described as a "Manufacturer of Cribolin." This is a punning play on Bankruptcy, as well as in Morality, of what a perverse indulgence in confirmed bad habits will ultimately lead a man to. He cannot long escape his doom. He is sure to be edged at last. In other words, the Bankrupt above punished, on whose meagre fate we will not be too severe, is, in consequence of his cribolin propensities, a living evocation with the slight variation of one bar, of the old distich:

"He v'rt steally yet isn't his'n,

Ven he's caught he goes to prin'!"

HESITATION IN A GENTLEMAN'S SPEECH.

The proceedings in the Court Martial which has been held at Dublin on Captain Robertson of the Fourth Dragoon Guards, on a charge which, in substance though not in terms, is that of not having promptly enough challenged a person who had insulted him to fight a duel, have been reported at full length in the Morning Post. The subjoined extract from that journal is an example of faithful reporting which we should like to see generally followed. A "Round Robin," having for its object the removal of Captain Robertson, signed by the officers of the regiment, and addressed to the Colours, is the document alluded to in the President's question, addressed to the witness, Colonel Bentinck himself—

"By unanimous, did you mean that Lieutenant Rintoul ought to get the other officers to sign it, or did you mean that it would be no use unless it were unanimous?"

"Witness. I have only a faint recollection of speaking to Lieutenant Rintoul on the subject, and to the best of my belief my idea at that time was that it ought to be—ah—ah—unanimous, in fact, that—ah—ah—every officer ought to sign it."

Colonel Bentinck's explanation of the word unanimous as applied to the signature of a document, reminds one of that which Barzun voluneeered to give the word of good accomodation, "Unanimous, in fact, that—ah—ah—every officer ought to sign it?" is a definition as well as the gallant Colonel could have pronounced if he had clothed it in the very words of Falstaff's red-nosed follower:—

"Unanimous; That is, when officers are, as they say, unanimous; or, when officers are,—being—whereby—they may be thought to be unanimous; which is an excellent thing."

What a pity it is that Parliamentary speeches cannot be taken down by a sort of phonography, so that they might be published in the papers, and read as they were actually spoken! If Honourable Members knew that their eloquence would be faithfully reproduced next morning for the amusement, perhaps, as much as for the instruction of the British public, they would soon unlearn their labious and unnecessary aspires, and would learn to sound the letter b in its place.

Dry debates and proceedings are culminated for the reader by being reported with the literal fidelity above indicated; a living evocation of the grotesque character of a reply which, pruned of redundancies, might have been a straightforward answer to a simple question, and not at all diverting, but which, as it stands, comprises and combines the fun of Bardolph and Lord大道正义.
WELL WORTH THE MONEY.

RUGBY Board of Health, wanting a water supply for the town, at the suggestion of Mr. Hawkesley, bored down to the use of sands and stones to get it. They got to the water-bearing strata of that formation, and also to an unsuspected deposit of rock-salt, by which the water is impregnated, and not only that, but is found to be getting saltier and saltier, containing, besides a large quantity of comminations of other salts such as are commonly found in mineral springs. However, if they dig down to the perimetric stratum, geology says that they may perhaps get fresh water, but they will have to dig very deep, which will be a great bore, and the bore will consummate all the medical and medicinal properties, and might do for a Spa, or else for a salt-works. Thus, though the sanitary reformers of Rugby are afraid they have sunk all the money in this well that they have spent in digging it, perhaps, like the souls of the old gentlemen in the fable, they will find that whilst they have been disappointed of the treasure they dug for, they have discovered a richer. We like to console the disappointed of useful undertakings and encourage sanitary enterprise.

JOHN BULL'S PUZZLE.

I can't make a statue, but that I don't mind; To a thing I can go on without; And ornament, save with willing hand, Is what I don't care much about. But in bridges and railways my genius you see; And I can make machines that make money for me.

But there's one thing I ought to be able to do, And can't, I'm ashamed to confess; A scheme of taxation construct, with a screw timer. On each payer that duly pays. No; I can't for my life make the Income-Tax fair, Or a tax in its steady frame by compass and square.

A DUEL AMONGST THE POTHERRIES.

According to the Express —

"Mr. Smith O'Brien has challenged Sir Robert Peel to meet him to hostile combat in France or Belgium for his reflections on the cabbage-garden fighters."

Of course this is a hoax at Mr. Smith O'Brien's expense. The descendant of Brian Boru will not dream of playing second fiddle to the rival pretender to the throne of Ireland. One fool makes many; and the O'Donoghues may have imitators; but Smith O'Brien will not be one of them. He does not want to add to the glory of which he has earned for himself, to light a duel, and getting his name, already compromised with respect to cabalists, into further ridiculous association with Brussels Sprouts.

WISEMAN OR WALKER?

In the Lenten Pastoral just issued by Cardinal Wiseman, a composition fuller of flowery speech than a schoolboy's thesis, there is one particular flourish that looks very much like the figure hyperbole. The Cardinal tells his flock that to the imperfect observances of individuals are added, on their behalf, at this season of mortification, the oblations, prayers, and penances of "noble souls," "clerical var- gius," and "religious convalidates;" —

"But more than all, the uncomplaining minds of clergy and people crushed and despised, of homeless monks and roofless nunns cast out, expressly to perish— as a class that must be destroyed."

Name! name! your Eminence. What clergy and what people are crushed and despised? What homeless monks and roofless nunns are cast out, or rather, to put your question into intelligible English, what monks and what nuns are cast out of the houses and convents, expressly with the intent that they may perish, as a class that must be destroyed? Do you mean the people, or any of the people and clergy of Italy? Is it true that the inmates of suppressed convents and nunneries have been actually turned out of their houses without provision or compensation, and left to starve? If it is true, and you can prove that it is, you will deserve Victor Emmanuel of any moral support that he can derive from Puichl. If it is not true, whom do you accuse? Mr. Punch prompts a reply, and trusts, in the mean time, that Feuditho is your Eminence's last romance.

Yet one more question, by favour of your Eminence. What portion of the Roman Catholic clergy and people is that which utters uncomplaining moans? Is it the French ultramontane Bishops who call the Emperor Napoleon, Herod, and Judas Iscariot, and Pontius Pilate; is it they and their spokesmen in the Senate? Is it the refractory Italian prelates and the Bourbonist brigands? If not, who are your uncomplaining moans? Who? Why— bless me!—how could we be so dull as not to twig your Eminence's illusion! Sure, and it's Archbishop Cullen that your Eminence is in your eye, and Archbishop M'Ale, and the faithful Irish.

A Nuisance that requires being told to "Move on."

Mr. Whalley is denerfully of a noise, always beating that Maynooth grum of his, until he fairly deafens us, and frightens all the old women of the island out of their property. He evidently is not what Mr. Jess Baggs, in the Wandering Harlot, calls "the W(w)allet of peace and quietness."

PHILOSOPHY STOOPING TO PICK UP A PUN.

There never will be so brilliant a Session as the present. It has, in addition to other attractions, for which we are kindly indebted to Messrs. Peel, O'Donoghue, Whalley, Osborne, and a large talented comic company, been illuminated with a witicism from the lips of the War Secretary. We should as soon have expected a joke to drop from the mouth of a ramant! Such a thing has never occurred before, and probably never will occur again. Here it is, in all its effulgence, uninamished of a single ray —

"Sir G. C. Lewis asked the Hon. Gentleman wished to detail his opinion as to the relative merits of a large bore and a small bore. (Laugh rip.) Experiments were still going on. (Round laugh.)"

What a pity Sir George Cornwall did not describe the nature of these experiments. Why did he not give us examples of "the large bore" and "the small bore"? It can only have been the eumabros du choix that puzzled him. Sir George should have followed his success up, and have given us a description of the "smooth bore." If he had not been so nervious, and hurried with the aphorism, he would doubtless have pointed to the First Commissioner of Works as a very good specimen of the latter.

Sir George was complimented on all sides for his successful first attempt. Amongst others by—

"Mr. Griffith, who was glad he (the War Secretary) had been fortunate enough to elicit a joke from so dry a subject. (Laugh rip.)"

It strikes us vividly that Griffith is looking out for an appointment. We wonder how the poor astonished philosopher felt at receiving an encouraging pat on the shoulder from the hands of a Griffith. Wouldn't he have liked to have recalled his petty little punning witicism?

However, anxious to encourage rising merit, we shall be only too happy to engage Sir George as a constant contributor. If he can let us have a couple of puns every week (only a tribe of jour- neyman superior to the sample above quoted), we have no doubt we shall be able to come to terms. We can promise him that his salary shall be better than his present one, and moreover he will have a rare opportu- nity, one that does not often present itself, of packing for himself a great reputation. It is a pity that unseen talent like his should be allowed to remain dormant.

HOW TO LAY A GOOD FIRE.—Contradict your Wife.
GREAT BRITAIN IN BANKRUPTCY.

That highly estimable newspaper, the New York Herald, has been keeping up its character for truthful information by putting forth a statement that this country is now standing on the brink of national bankruptcy, citing as authority for making this assertion the paragraph that follows from our Western Pages —

"Bankruptcy,—The enormous length of the list of bankrupts trenching so much on our space, we omit it. The Gazette of Bankruptcy will afford a great treat to those fond of this sort of reading."

The Gazette of Bankruptcy is a most useful publication, and one that stands unequalled for sticking to plain facts. There is no romancing in the statements which it publishes, and every word in it can be supported by positive full proof. But, truthful as its statements indisputably are, the Gazette of Bankruptcy does not afford quite a true picture of our national condition to those who may be unacquainted with the state of English law. If the writer in the New York Herald, whose comments we subjoin, would take the trouble to consult his learned fellow-citizen Mr. Edwin James, he might learn that by an Act which was passed in our last Session the distinction between trader and non-trader was abolished, and the Insolvent Debtors' Court and the insolvent jurisdiction of the County Courts were stopped. The effect of this has been that every small debtor who gets into a mess has his affairs adjudicated by the Court of Bankruptcy, and his name is promptly brought before the public, which under the old law would not have been the case. If the New York Herald writer would take in the Gazette whose words he uses for a text, he would see that fully nine-tenths of its list of bankrupts are made up of entries such as "John Stevens, chimney sweep" or "Timothy Smith, tinker," and the like names of small note, which a year ago could not have had the proud distinction of being publicly presented at the British (Bankrupts) Court.

But not having the advantage of subscribing to and reading the Bankruptcy Gazette, the New York writer, on the faith of the extract we have quoted, acquaints his readers with the following by this time world-known facts —

"The truth is that England, financially and commercially, was never in a more rotten condition than she is at the present moment. Her people are staggering under such a load of taxation that they are unable to support any further burdens. With her cotton mills closed or working on short time, her exports to this country reduced by one-half, famine decimating the Irish portion of her population, and starvation trenching over her English operatives, she was in no condition to pick up the gauntlet had we chosen to fling it to her. She might, it is true, have damaged our navy, temporarily obstructed our commerce, and wrought us some injury on our seaboard; but the cost of all this, like 'the last straw that breaks the camel's back,' would have squared down her people and bankrupted her resources that rebellion and revolution at home would have been the inevitable result."

How true is the "truth" which this ingenuous writer tells us, the dullest of observers with half an eye may see. Of the "famine" now in Ireland all our newspapers are full, and the way in which the people there are daily being "decimated" the sad debates in Parliament abundantly attest. In England too "starvation" stores us in the face. Our work-houses are all as full as they can hold, and not the "operatives" only, but many who were lately the most splendid of our swells, may daily be seen shamouring for entrance at their gates. Our soup-kitchens are thronged with a crowd of hungry applicants, some of whom were a while since the greatest gourmets of the day. By the present dearth of food, the Lord Mayor is reduced to a bread-and-water diet; while dozens of the Aldermen, and other lovers of good dinners, may daily be seen chalking "We are starved" in the streets. Every one is looking for rebellion to break out, and some of our more sanguine revolutionary organs have fixed the fatal day for the beheading of Lord Palmerston, and for proclaiming a republic under Mr. Rобеспьер BRIGHT. In fact, the New York Herald but very faintly pictures our miserable plight; and we only hope that next this frank and friendly paper talks of us, it will try to speak more nearly to the actual truth.

Bernal's First this Season.

Ossorne (our Ossoone) upon being asked by a lady, "To what particular class of reptiles the Python belonged?" at once nobly confessed his ignorance; but quickly recovered himself in the lady's estimation by observing with his usual readiness, "that, from the number of eggs the one in the Zoological Gardens has laid, he should say it must be an Adder."
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BOY. "You-look-naw-a-wing? I have a tooth took out too!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

March 12. Monday, Lord Campbell (as Lord Strathearn) has been elected to be called) raised the Blockade question. He insists that we are not Neutral in the American quarrel, for that we recognise an ineffective Blockade, and that this is unfair to Richmond. New York may muzzle up a quotation and say —

"If a play wants a true one
More than to Richmond, for the sake our England
That hurts at me, looks sadly upon it."

Lord Aberdeen made a statement which must excite the Americans, both North and South. He had travelled in the States, and had formed a favourable opinion of both populations, and therefore he did not wish us to raise the Blockade, but thought that the time is coming when the South will come. The Foreign Secretary defended his conduct, urged that the Federals had certainly done their utmost to make the Blockade effectual, and that these British miles of coast are not easily guarded so closely as to make infringement impossible. But the vessels that have run the Blockade were few, and of no important character, and a better proof still was, that somehow the Southern Cotton did not get out, although England and France were eager for it. The Earl hoped that in three months, or sooner, we might see an end of the war, and that the separation of North and South, whose old feelings it would be impossible to renew, might be accomplished peacefully. We hope so too; but the North, after a series of disasters and disasters, is now coming down on the South, in such an overwhelming force, that we fear there for a time at least we shall have to say, "For victors,"

Mr. Disraeli called on the Premier to state whether another edit which breathes out threats and dangers against the Neapolitan brigands, and those who may assist them, were genuine. Lord Palmerston spoke of the document with disgust, and hoped to be able to learn that it had been disavowed and censured by the King of Italy. Readers of journals will observe that just now it is the Conservative game to be very pathetic on behalf of the poor pauper of the districts from which the despots have been ejected, and it is remarkable that when the liberators, very wickedly, take a leaf out of the cruel book of the old dynasty, our Opposition is affected even to tears, though in the old days, ten times as much atrocity was wrought without notice from the tender-hearted Tories. Now, the latter are quite right in protesting against cruelty, but they have been a good while in finding out that it hurts.

Army matters again, and Sandhurst College (which has been rather neatly termed a Horse Guards' Preserve) came up again. Sir G. Lewis proposed to the House to reverse the decision against the enlargement of the College, and after a debate, carried his motion that the subject should be reconsidered on the following Thursday. It seems that the authorities of our Universities are desirous to assist in promoting military education, in connection with Sandhurst, and having the streets of Oxford and Cambridge will resound to the sonorous voices of the Don's, classically calling to the young soldiers Grandis soldati invenire, presenting a Jupitor, with the warning Magnas perdere certat eum, bowing to them in armis se tuleris? to resist cavalry, and perhaps bestowing as dyers a coron ornatus, or valoris. If Albequerque street can spare the William Smith for half an hour, that learned gentleman might advantageously dash off a classic manual for the soldier-scholar, so that the ingenious youth could learn at once his drill and his dictionary.

Tuesday was clearly marked for the beginning of a little duel between two of the most accomplished duelists in the legislature. It happened that the Second Reading of the Chancellor's Lunacy Bill came on, and that Lord Chelmsford thought proper to take summary objections thereto. They were not very objectionable, and one especial piece of nonsense was Lord Chelmsford's fear lest the public examination of a lunatic might scandalise the modest and virtuous audience in court. In the first place, the Judge could and would stop or remove any unlawful conduct who might be wont to the utterances in question, and in the second place, on the principe de minimis non, it is a little ridiculous for the law to be considering the
feet of the idle, dirty, lounging, gapawing crowd that chokes up our courts of justice, instead of minding its own business, which is a serious factor to morrow's session. Some 6000 have defended the Bill, and sensibly, except that he contended that it was no proof of folly to subscribe to a society for converting the Jews. Then came Lord Westbury in defence of his Bill, and charged Lord Coleridge to my knowledge, the word which the conviction to the provocation for trying lunatics by Judges, when the same provision was introduced into a Bill brought forward by Sir Hugh Cairns when Lord Derby's law-officer. Lord Derby instantly rejoined that the changes found in Sir Hugh's was peremptory, whereas Sir Hugh's was permissive only. There was some smart spotting, Lord Westbury accusing Lord Derby of speaking on "imperfect information."

"Friends meet to part. Love laughs at fault. True foes, once met, are joined till"

the next meeting of the upper division of the legislature. The Bill was read a Second Time.

At length the Chinese Rebels are to be prevented from destroying every place they can lay their hands on. They have ruined one of our Treaty Ports, Ningpo, though the cruel destitute could have been blown into Tartarus by a few volleys from our marines. But now that they threaten Shanghai, orders have been given, as Mr. Layard stated to-day, that this place, which contains millions of British property, shall be protected. The strange inconsistency which drives off these savages at one time, and at another permits every outrage, is only to be explained by the fact that Chinese arms are for hire. And now you might just as well expect Honourable Members' wives to give up ermine (unanimously ordered to do so by their milliners) as to expect Honourable Members to give up their time to watching the disposal of such money, he evasively proposes to support a Committee to do the duty supposed to be done by the House, and to revise the accounts and estimates. Needless to say that all the Men of Business were up in arms, Sir F. Baring, Fred Peel, Glaseval, all opposing the plea, or how it was done. But it is also a matter of history, and long, that Mr. Horsfall, who is seen to fit to extend it. The question is one of International Maritime Law. Privatizing has been abolished—the abolition being confirmed by the Declaration of Paris in 1856, which Seven European Powers are parties, and America. The neutral ship covers an enormous field of commerce, and the so-called Emancipating system, with the same exception. Now just remember this, Cox, because it is a bone to have to always explaining to you that a neutral ship was never declared by the sea, and the ground, and that a privateer does not mean the Private Tier of boxes, now, observe. Mr. Horsfall, for Liverpool, and Messrs. Corden and Bright, for others who recognize nothing except the interests of trade, desire to see, and prove that private property is an enemy shall not be taken out of an enemy's ship. Do you see what this means? It means that Britain, who rules the waves, shall not rule them any more, and that it shall cease to concern anyone. The body's save the professional combatants, whether war goes on or does not. Lord Palmerston declared that the principle, if carried out, would deal a fatal blow to the naval power of England, and be an act of political suicide. So it was arranged to have a long debate on the subject, and the following Munday was fixed for that event, Mr. Corden having the floor.

Wednesday. The wife's Sister was disposed of. The Widow is not to marry her. There was a short debate. Mr. Monnell stated his view of the marriage tie in the language of the poet,—

"Wielded love with loyal Christian lady is a mystery rare, lovely, heart, and soul make one loving pair," but he didn't say whether "love" meant "seldom found," or that the difference between a boyfriend and a love apple, though he talked some other nonsense, and, instead, as a possible result of an alteration of the present marriage laws, a case like that of the gentleman in Prussia, who sat down to play with his cat, to another ladies who has been his wife, by not quoting whereby, without any particular application, he should have cited from Sir Bulver Lytton touching this interesting parti cœræ.

Sir William Jolliffe gave support to the Bill, Mr. Gregson said that a million had petitioned for it, and only 100,000 against it, and Lord Heneage put the Bill down.

Mr. Bouverie brought in a Bill for relieving a clergyman, who should happen to turn Dissenter, from his canonical obligations. At present a Bishop can serve out such a schismatic rather severely. By all means relieve conscientious from all canonical duties, but the fact that a Bill could be passed for allowing Dissenting ministers to become clergymen somewhat more simply than now, the Church would gain a good many more recruits than it will lose by the above Bill. The fact is that Dissent is not genial, and Churchians is, and when a man gets on in the world, and marries a lady, they find out that they owe it to their family to get among the superior classes. Can't the Bishops see this?

Thursday.—Lords Derby and Westbury went at it again, and after some very sharp exchanges on both sides, delivered with the utmost mendacity and surity, Lord Derby, Westbury reproving the fact of being able to sit still while he was speaking, and Lord Derby ironically observing that the Chancellor could not speak from imperfect information, Lord Westbury felt compelled to allow that "a small occasion" was due to the Earl. This is the first turn-up that occurred between the two most fearless fighters and hardest hitters in the House, and gives promise of much sport for the legislatorial Fancy.

The Commons availed themselves of Sir G. C. Lewis's polite invitation, and rescued the State from Sandhurst. By Sir C. Forbes's explanation a system of local self-government is to be given to the New Zealanders, and Mr. Henley, in speech of education, ventilated an opinion of his, describing the present system as "Grand and Specious." What was and, is not in the pages of Stables.

Friday. A short and decorous debate on the Revised Code. Lord St. Leonards does not like the grouping of children by age, for examination, and the Bishop of London thinks that there should be two grants, one based on examination, the other on attendance. The Bishop then proceeds to explain that he has always been for the principle, and he believed it had undergone a great change, lately, in favour of the Revised Code, which, with some modifications, would be perfectly satisfactory. Such testimony is simply invaluable, and should settle the question for all clerical malcontents—of course it must be fought out with persons who make it a money discussion.

The Miscellaneous of Friday night did not comprise much interesting matter. Mr. Layard declined to ask the Italian Government any more questions as to whether the Emperor of the French was trying to obtain Italian territory, as satisfactory assurance to the contrary had been already given. Mr. Layard also had an opportunity of declaring his belief that Turkey was going on well, that the new Sultan was a wise man, that the discussion had not been 

A Printing-House of Correction.

"There is but one Journalist in France (said M. Jules Favre), and that is the Emperor." He is sometimes known, also, by the name of "Monseigneur Communiqué." However, not only is Louis Napoleon a Journalist in his way, but he is likewise a Printer on the very largest scale, for one possesses in France to the same extent as himself the power of stopping the press whenever he likes. But then this must be said in the Emperor's favour, he never thinks of stopping the press, unless it is with the humane object of correcting it.

In more senses than one, Louis Napoleon is the Moniteur of France.

The Schoolmaster's Abroad.

At the time of his going, (and the Schoolmaster has been absent now so long, that many the long he returned home), he wrote in the following tone of his "Back again, Mr. Horace!" in an Educator's Voice."

But, that month, like a lady's, when she says she won't be a minute putting on her bonnet, is such a precious long one, that we could we have nearly lost all patience in waiting.
A PLAINT BY A PITMAN.

AND O' THE ABD SCHULE.

A curse for pollises, aw swear,
When aw was young:

Ah man! but aw remembers well
The feeghts we had o' Gyst developp;  
Hoo many? lawsks, aw canna tell.
Poor Geordy Stammers, nacn end liek him
'Twas Swallwell, Benton, or I Whikham,
When aw was young.

Ba gun! aw mind naw bulldog Bet,
She neer get gan her hand, the pet!
Aw never see'd her hammer'd yet.
An' wonst, gudd lass! when o' the mange ill
She drayed the badger like a angel!
When aw was young.

On pay days when we dru wor cash,
At Helt's kitchen hoo we wad blash,
Sing, sweer, an' kirk up a strawwash
Feeght, drink, univ the cash wor dunce,
Smash man! them was the days for fun,
When aw was young.

An' lawsks! the feastin we'd hev then,
The beef an' pudding, yell an' gin,
Eh, them was days when men war men!
Four poonds o' meat a man we'd stuff
Afore we'd cry oot "Hand caff!"
When aw was young.

Aw mind us when wor Meg got wed,
"Aw'll hev some drink te neet," aw sed,
An' aw aw never went to bed
For nabbies* twas a month an' or more,
But sleep! awhiles upon the floor;
Then aw was young.

An' lawsks! hoo many times aw've see
Twe poond o' candles for a bet;
An' when aw've see'd aw for dinner set,
Forsbye o' beef a greet big eat,
Of sausages aw've gorged six fut!
When aw was young.

The coeks, the bonnie coeks! ah sors!
The thot o' them mav awd bluid stores:
To see them strike wi' nebs an' spoors
Wad plees the son o' any mammy,
For 'mang them neer was fund a hanny,
When aw was young.

Newcasel races war a seeght,
We drank byeth mornin', noon, an' neight,
Deeps! we maist did nowt but feeght:
An' nicker when te sleep we'd lye,
We woke up drunk, an' nowt agyen,
When aw was young.

But noo! — Byeth coeks an' dogs forgotten,
Of rows an' sprees a' nearly shutten; 4
Aw'm sooch the styte o' things gan rotten;
For 'steed o' drink an' fights, the fules
Hev noboot lectures, buks, an' skules,
Noo aw'm not young.

I'steed o' treynin' lads te fite,
Tha trygus them noo te rendan' rite,
An' when their dad wared lye an' nite
I'steed o' drinking, row, an' striif,
He plays the fiddle tiv his wife!
Noo aw'm not young.

I'steed o' bulldogs for his pets,
Cannacies, doos 5 an' hens he gets,
An' if the buy te dig, he frets:
Then whiles the bairns thor supper moonch,
He gars them grin wir reading Poonch! 6
Noo aw'm not young.

An' noo wor cheeps can read an' rec,
P buks, not badgers, tha detect,
An' divint care te see dogs feeght;
Smash man! aw think this edification
Ull be the vain o' the nation,
Noo aw'se not young.

Aw'm glad aw'se gettin Age's blinkers,
For noo wor hewers, putters, sinkers, 6
Hov turned philosophers an' thinkers,
An' divint nowt I drinkin' spend,
Ba gun! the world is near its end,
An' aw'se not young! 7

1 Policemen. 2 Muse. 3 May be. 4 Rid.

A WHISPER IN THE EAR OF THE EMPEROR.

A French newspaper receives a warning for what is called a "déli de la prese." So arbitrary are many of these punishments that we think it would be much better if, in printer's language, which any one connected with the Press will instantly understand, all these déli were for the future "deleted"—that is to say, struck out, and done away with altogether. That would be literally a "correction" of the Press—a correction in the light of a great improvement. We fancy that Louis Napoleon's government would gain greatly in popularity by adopting the hint we are now generously giving it. At present, any one would imagine that the French Editors were no better than his servants, for he is always giving them warning. In England, the position is rather reversed, for, with us, it is the ministers and public men who are rather the servants of the Press. It is we who are always giving them warning, and, if they are troublesome after that, we tell them very plainly to go about their business. In this way, many a provoking Premier have we made leave his place at a moment's notice. It was our painful duty about a fortnight ago to warn the The O'Donoghue, and you see he has been very quiet ever since.

Useful and Ornamental.

There is a celebrated Sculptor, well known for the joviality of his suppers, who opens the oysters with his chisel, and makes beautiful cameos out of the shells afterwards.
A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

Grandpapa. "BLESS his HEART—JUST LIKE ME!—Spare the NYMROD—spoil the CHILD, I SAY."

WHISTLING FOR A WIND.

A Nautical Ballad.

It's of the good ship Gue'ment, and how becalmed she lay,
In Eighteen hundred and sixty-two, at her berth in Sessions Bay;
It's little we expected, when articles we signed,
That we'd be lying here becalmed, and whistling for a wind.

CAPPEN PAM was our Commander, and a pleasant man was he,
For more nor fifty year he'd been a fiddler of the sea;
And if so be he warn't so young, mayhap, as he had been,
His timbers still was tough enough for years to serve the Queen.

He had been a dashing Captain as ever cracked along,
With all sail set, aloft, though the gale was piping strong:
He'd hauk at reefs and breakers, at white squall and typhoon;
And caught the trades, when lubbers would get ketched in the onisoon.

There was some folks called him risky, and he did think danger fun:
He'd hauk the hard Commodore close sometimes to make a run;
Sometimes he'd shore his ship in where the sharks lay thick about,
As if to show his seamanship in bringing on her out.

But now he walks the quarter-deck, and he looks from sky to sea,
"The lucky haven't got way enough to steer," he says, says he.
"Sooner than lie like this, until we grounds on our beef-bones,
I'd see it blow great guns, and have it out with Davy Jones."

"Under bare poles at fifteen knots I've run the gale afore,
I've filled and backed, and wore and tacked and clawed off a lee-shore;
I've often faced salt-water, with breakers' heads my boys,
But we'er lay like a log, afore, as we're a fryin' now!"

"We aren't no good to nobody: both officers and crew,
For want of occupation, will go to blazes blue;
They jaws and jokes and grumbles, and quarrels with their grab,
Turns up their noses at the grog that's served out at the tab.

"I ketches Gunner Lewis, at his guns when he should be,
A studyin' of the Ancients and their Astronomie;
And Purser Gladstone, paying out Greek lingo just like winkin',
When of cheese-parrings and mast-end he'd ought to have been thinking.

"I sets 'em to pick oakum, and overhaul old stores,
To mend the sails, and holy-stone the decks, like dairy floors;
To polish every ringbolt, round-shot, and carronade,
But can't find work to keep 'em out o' mischief I'm afraid.

"There's that sea-lawyer Bright, he goes palaverin' at his ease:
He calls nos Queen's hard bargains, and lubbers out A.B.s;
Tells the waisters and loblolly boys, each officer's a rip,
That if they'd pluck they'd mutiny, and seize upon the ship!

"A wind, a wind, oh for a wind! No odds what wind it be—
So I see the cat'spaw creepin' like a ripple o'er the sea!
I've set Bon Lowe on the look-out to whistle strong and clear,
If he don't raise the wind, I know, 'twill never blow this year.

"Methinks on the horizon I spy a little cloud—
And hark, a tiny whisper that pipes in stay and shroud!"

Now, whistle Lowe and Grayville, now whistle once again—
Here comes the wind—a creepin' on in flaws across the main.

"Turn up all hands! Lay out aloft, and let the braky feel
Each yard of duck, from deck to truck—clap on, until she red,
We're moving now! about her bow once more I hear the sea!
Here comes the Education gale—reef, boys—and Heave-a-lee!"

A Matter of Liquidation.

Next door to the Union Bank in Argyle Place, and quite close to the entrance, there has been recently scooped out of the wall a drinking-fountain. Over the flowing tap, some would-be wag has been writing:

"ALL DRAFTS HERE PAYABLE ON DEMAND."
THE VOICES OF THE DEEP.

MONO other interesting news, that "amiable pirate" Galigani prints the following:—

"The Voice of Fish.—Dr. Durossé, who has lately given us details on this curious subject, which we have mentioned before, has addressed another letter to the Academy of Sciences, in which he lays down the following propositions:—1. The sounds of fish, resulting from the vibration of the intrinsic muscles of the plectramus, are distinctly heard from the others by their purity, their duration, and the variety of their gongs. In those kinds of fish which emit such sounds, the mullet, for instance, the plectramus constitutes a distinct apparatus for the generation of sound. 2. The intrinsic muscles of the apparatus are different from the others, and the nerves which animate them are peculiar to it. 3. These muscles which produce the sounds in question. 4. The plectramus has a very perceptible motion, frequently repeated when the sounds are heard. 5. The plectramus is the organ of the sound-production of a large mullet or other fish of the Trigla or Zegen genus, may be heard from a distance, and also possibly from the bottom of the sea. 6. The pitch of the note varies not only according to the individuals, species, and genera, but also during the same emission. 7. The Trigla externa possesses the gift of sound-production in the highest degree.—Our author seems not yet to haveEVENT his subject."—

Exhausted his subject! No, we should think not. We trust that before long the learned Dr. Durossé will be enabled to oblige us with some samples of fish talk, and let us know what sort of language it is that they converse in. For of course if fish have voices, they must be big enough to talk: and no doubt, they can sing, if by singing they can vary so their tone of voice as to compass the emission of a full octave of notes. We did not hear the Talking Fish that was shown here long since, but we think that piscine orator could scarce have been so "perfectly endowed" with vocal gifts as is supposed by some finny families in the statement we have quoted. If we remember rightly, his vocabulary was limited to the words "Papa," "Mamma," and though these no doubt are highly useful in their way, they would clearly scarce suffice to carry on a conversation for any lengthened time.

We recollect that in that highly scientific book which, as translated, is now known to us as the *Archives Nights*, there is given a report of the speeches of some fish, who actually talked while they were being fried. Perhaps if Dr. Durossé would make his investigations, we might well interpret the sounds that fish emit, as to acquaint us with their language, and enable us to understand the current talk in all our trout streams, and ascertain what are the standing topics in our standing pools. Quite a new source of interest might be open to us, if only we could discover who of all the fish in them can understand the conversation of their captives. How old Isaac Winton would have rejoiced to hear the dialogues that took place in his trout-basket, and how pleasantly would he have moralized on what he overheard!

Shakespeare speaks of books being found in running brooks, and, perhaps if fish can talk, they can also read and write. Indeed there is no saying how well they may be educated, or what labour they may take for the improvement of their voice. For aught we know, the turbot we had yesterday for dinner may have been a music-master in a family of flatfish, and have assisted many a mullet in the practice of its scales. Every one has heard of the Whistling Oyster; and after what has been revealed to us by Durossé, we should daily expect to hear a singing salmon, and perhaps a warbling wheal. We only hope that any funny vocalists that come before the public will, like good cold-blooded creatures, take care to keep their tempers cool; and if they feel disposed by jealousy or quarrel, we shall care how they give their feelings vent in words, for of all talkers alive surely fish are the most likely to know something of "Billingsgate."

That a cod-fish can produce a sound, we certainly do not dispute; and we are quite willing to take evidence to show it has a voice. Any of our readers therefore who may have the curiosity to hold the fish in question in this description, and feel a doubt if it can speak, are, in the interests of science, begged to forward it at once, carriage paid, to us in Fleet Street, and they may rest assured the matter shall be carefully discussed.

**The Privileged Organ nuisance.**

"Mr. Punch, Has it blower yer mortal his just is to Hall and Wol is Sarce for Guse for Sarce for Gular, your kind attention is requisite to ward off the many, the Contrary, the witch, as the Savin His, wun man may Steele a ois wile another mussat Look over an Edge. Sir i me. Hues dustman interfered in learn and labor to Gitt their home Linin in That shasbati, Ol be. sir, i me. We have an agreement to let Hurtles excuse without Indrance nor Hnipold in that Lorfull, cir. sir we goso our rounds were oblige'd to Rapp at heevyin dose witch is a Greet increase of Time and trubel and wy? becomes us. An't allowed to Ring no bell to let the servans no, a coin Buy, the swells won't ave no Dustmen be says it disturbs their Rest so we dussat Ring; do, wear Add hup afore the Beke and Find. Wol that the ere's Ard we student Compel on it ill Everybody lies was cursed the Seum for making Anays in the Streets but we folish our own Belts. They let them estation Organstrings go about Kicken hup as much Row as they Plesces and Letel or Nuthin dun to un leven in Cases they relieves to seve Hone Wol Requird. haunted, punch ser just look at the difference between the 2 we only wrong our Belts goin along. We never stuck Ourselves hosiap a gendil's Our witch we nod al a Objecction to Bellies and ring ring til co en and guy us. Monny to be Or! like them tawny faced greasy dunkey forners with their Gendil Hopgen and munkys stop on un a grumin and chattering like themselves, wy is forners alseal to ave Leg and Licence them and Noboddy els the ole Advantage i ax the Swels witch their own Country side? Enjoy? Wy i spere per. Punch the Trewth is naugy of Swels. They are so acamy meestly his, orating from of of the Compliments in the instantaneous, vocabulary of them. We think you'll not be taken in by their false show of Rotting Roe let em put that in their Pip and Snaoo it if they wont dele fare and Doo justs to an Arb warkin Boddy of Menn not favour them Lazy foren beggars whose Likeness in your Valuable Husbands, i've reckon you'll be to be able to make your way to conclude as with duty bound and your obegent unble Searcant."

"Adam Bell."

"We think that our correspondent, whose signature we recognize as that of the Literary Dustman is still in the lead of the living, has omitted an argument calculated materially to strengthen his case, which is certainly one of great hardship and injustice. His modesty perhaps prevented him from observing, that the Dustman's Bell is, to any musical ear, considerably more agreeable than the grinding-organ.—Editor."

**One of Shaftesbury's Characteristics.**

The Earl of Shaftesbury is known to be a serious nobleman, but few, perhaps, know how very serious the noble lord is. The subjoined extract from a speech which his Lordship is reported to have delivered in the Lower House of Parliament exhibits a seriousness so profound as to be impertinent to a joke:—

"He recollected perfectly well, as showing how little the greatest radical authorities were acquainted with what was going on in the world, that when the unity or insanity of a lady was in question, he [the EARL of SHAFTESBURY] was maintaining strongly that she was sane and fully capable of managing herself and her affairs, when a medical gentleman came up to him and said. 'But, my Lord, you do not know that that lady has subscribed to the conversion of the Jews' (Laudato). If that gentleman had been acquainted with the world he would have known that hundreds of thousands of persons of the most sound minds had done the same thing."

Innocent Lord Shaftesbury! If that nobleman had been better acquainted than he is with a wicked world, he would have discerned that the question insinuating subscription to the conversion of the Jews to be an act of insanity was banter; that the practicitioner who ventured to put it to the ear was in danger of being flung, as the common people say, chaffing him. It is most likely that the medical mag was sufficiently well acquainted with the world not only to know that hundreds of thousands of perfectly sane persons had subscribed money towards the conversion of the Jews, but also to conjecture that the number of those subscribers included the Earl of Shaftesbury himself. The doctor, doubtless, was perfectly aware that hundreds of thousands of pounds had been subscribed for the conversion of the Jews, and that, as there were very few converted Jews to show for the money, nearly all of it had been thrown away. He did not however seriously mean to intum their opinion, that people who only throw their money away are so very unwise as to be absolutely unfit to be let go about."

**Punch, or the London Charivari.**

**The Daybreak News.**

Lord Redesdale (after). If you please, sir, I'll take the Globe after you, sir, as soon as you have done with Punk.
MEANS FOR A GREAT MONUMENT.

It is proposed that the British public should go to Mull for the monolith to be erected under the form of an obelisk in Hyde Park. If they do, it is to be hoped that the name of the place whence that national monument will have been derived may not turn out to be a term of all denominations to the most applicable to the memorial when completed. Wheresoever they have been begat, most of our testimonials, whether to departed or living worth, have hitherto ended in a Mull.

It is said that not enough money has as yet been subscribed for the purpose of hewing the monolith at Mull, and conveying it to Kensington. Heretofore we have at least been always able to pay handsomely for a failure: can we no longer do even that? If we have not the will to carve a stone of moderate size handsomely, have we not the wealth sufficient to cut out and host a huge ugly one?

If there is any limit to the subscription for the contemplated monolith but that which is determined by the expense of the undertaking, it must be that of insufficient means to meet that expense. All classes of persons will gladly contribute to so popular an object, in proportion to their means. The means of some are slender; but that consideration will not prevent them from subscribing a certain amount, if only those means are certain. Others, however, there are, whose means are not only slender, but precarious, and these persons, who may live to be old and lost their employment, and many of whom have families to provide for, feel bound to save every farthing of which they are not deprived by Schedule D.

The House of Commons is mainly constituted of gentlemen of fixed property, and always must be, notwithstanding what Mr. Bright says, until its majority is composed of people who live by their earnings, which it is not likely ever to be, even the working classes are numerically represented. Who can earn his bread, and at the same time represent his constituents, unless they pay him well enough to make it worth his while? Cheap luxuries compensate an independent gentleman's income-Tax, but not the income-Tax of those who can afford no luxuries at any price. A generous demonstration in the form of a monolith is a luxury. In that luxury, however, great numbers of persons now abstain from it might be enabled to indulge if the Government could possibly manage to effect an equitable adjustment of direct taxation.

Perhaps the Most Impertinent Thing on Record.

Street Boy. "Carry yer Scarey 'one for yer, Sir!"

A well-meaning writer.

The subjoined curiosity of construction occurs in a leader in a contemporary journal relative to the working classes:—

"...[insert text]

The foregoing paragraph may be said to afford a butt to the critical sharpshooter. But for the "but" in it we should of course suppose it to express the hope of a speedy cessation of the still remaining privations of the past winter. We will cherish that supposition. We will not allow ourselves to be misled by a superfluous conjunction. We will believe that the writer of the passage above quoted, intended to represent himself and his coadjutors as trusting that the privations of the past winter will soon be at an end, and not as trusting that there will soon be an end of the patience and fortitude with which the working classes are bearing them.

Something "in Nubibus."

A short time ago we were distressed to read that Saturn had lost his rings! Whether that steady-going old star had dropped them at one of his periodical Saturnalia, or whether he was obliged to part with them under a temporary financial pressure, our telescope mind is at a loss to say; but we are sure our readers will rejoice with us at learning that Saturn has got his rings back again. They shine as brilliantly as ever, (in fact, many of the diamonds are to the full as big as stars, and sparkle not less lustrously,) and from their increased brilliancy, we draw the bright reflection that Saturn may probably have only sent his rings to be cleaned; or it may be, since Saturn is the wearer of the belt, and consequently is the Champion of the Celestial Ring, that his love of fair play made him take his rings off, insomuch as he had been challenged to have a round or two with some refractory star, who was out skylarking. We wish Professor Airy would throw a light on this misty subject, for we are forced to confess that at present it is terribly clouded in obscurity.

The Ears of Dionysius.

Advertisement.

Mr. Dion Boucicault feels it necessary to give notice to the Public that he prohibits them, for the future, from speaking of any of the group of dramas invented or edited by himself, in language which may imply that such work is dependent upon scenery, action, effects, or anything else but the genius of Mr. Dion Boucicault for its unequalled success. Any violation of this regulation will be punished by Mr. Dion Boucicault by giving orders to the managers of the theatre not to admit any person who may have been guilty of such supercilious remarks. Mr. Dion Boucicault begs further to announce that the police have instructions to take into custody any person who may have the presumption to retire from the theatre until the fall of the curtain and the appearance of Mr. Dion Boucicault before the same. Mr. Dion Boucicault earnestly hopes that the populace of London will see the wisdom of obeying his instructions, and not subjecting him to the unpleasant necessity of punishing disobedience.

3rd Monday in Sept., 1862.

Dion Boucicault.

A Respectful Query.

If every gipsy who haunts our areas and inveigles silly servant-maids into having their fortunes told, or every tuppenny-b'penny impostor who professes to cast natalies for halfpenny devils, and discover stolen goods for shillings, is liable to, and frequently suffers punishment as a rogue and vagabond—why should Mr. Forster, who is now turning over the circulating medium to such a very handsome tune, pocketing his hundreds from the silly swells of both ends, and who attend his spiritual services, be allowed to go scot-free? It would be curious to ascertain if this ingenious gentleman would find the spirits as ready to turn the ernac, or work the treadmill for him, as they are to spin the commoner articles of furniture. Someone has turned over some tables, deserves to have the tables turned, at last, on him, till he has tested how long spiritualism can be kept up on a diet of skill, and whether spirit-hands are amenable to "the darbies."
CUMMING EVENTS.

The following notice has appeared in a corner of the Morning Post:—

"The Rev. Dr. Cumming's new Volume, The Millennial Ros, which is announced to appear immediately, will complete the series of three works. In the first, The Great Prediction, Dr. Cumming says he endeavored to describe what St. John calls, 'The tribulation of the great,' through which we must pass, and in which the world has already entered. In his second work, The Millennium, he has labored to set forth that nether brightness, that bridal of heaven and earth to perfect a world that will never fail."

The purchaser of the works named in the foregoing paragraph will have the advantage of knowing what Dr. Cumming thinks or imagines about the inscrutable mysteries subjects to which they relate. What are the ideas and opinions of Dr. Cumming on those subjects worth? That is one question. Another question is, what are they offered for? This question the above announcement—in all other respects a wonderfully close imitation of a publisher's advertisement—fails to answer. By people who contemplate buying the books, and there are probably many who do, believing in Dr. Cumming, it is, nevertheless, a question to be asked, as well as by other people who would not have them at a gift on the condition of being obliged to read them instead of applying them to material purposes. It is a plain man's question; some will even consider it a Glorious question. "How much?" That is the inquiry which naturally suggests itself to the reader of a pull of volumes of prophetic speculation perhaps in part deserving the title which has been appropriated to certain other publications of a serious nature: Pearls of Great Price: the pearls, however, being manufactured articles, and their price much greater than their value.

Don't Confound the Parties.

We wish to warn our readers against confounding Mr. Forster, the Medium, with the distinguished author of the Great Revelation, The Statesmen of the Commonwealth, and the Life of Goldsmith. Both deal with supernatural matters, but in a different way. The one protects them, the Medium, Mr. Forster, the Commissioner in Lunacy, helps to guard the property of the insane. Mr. Forster, the practitioner of imposture, gets it out of their pockets. The former visits lunatics; the latter is visited by them.

REAL PAPER MONEY.

In the Court of Bankruptcy, the other day, there occurred a case wherein the bankrupt was described as a "literary author," the liabilities being declared to be "about £2000; no assets." It was stated that "some arrangements were in progress for paying the creditors a composition." If there were no assets to meet the liabilities of this literary gentleman, the composition which arrangements are in progress for paying his creditors must, one would think, be some kind of literary composition. It would be a pleasant thing for gentlemen following literature as a profession if their butcher and baker would take their paper, that is to say their MS. in payment for loaves and legs of mutton, and the grocer would accept the same consideration in exchange for such articles as tea and sugar.

A Pleasant Prospect.

The Prophetic Doctor has published another of his catch-penny apocalyptic volumes, entitled the Millennial Ros; or, The World as it Will Be. No doubt this is "The good time Cumming," of which we have heard so much.

SEPARATION OF MAN AND WOMAN—CRINOLINE.

THE GALVANIC CRINOLINE!

The French admire ideas. Their Empress, according to the subjoined extract from the Almanach, is about to astonish them with a brilliant one:—

"Among the curious Items of Paris society is a statement that the Empress, desirous of shining even more brightly than before set in diamonds, is having a corona constructed that will be irradiated by electric light. It is to consist of a row of small glass bulbs, each of which will send forth electric light when we pass. This is easy of comprehension, but, as we are not told whence the electric light is to be derived, it is not so easy to understand how her Majesty is to carry about the necessary battery. Perhaps a voluminous steel hoop may be made substituent to the purpose.

We are about to make a man's fortune. There are several conceivable contrivances by which a lady might manage to carry about her person the battery necessary to illuminate the diamonds on her head. One, for example, might consist, not, indeed, as above suggested, of a steel hoop, but of a series of double hoops, each of them formed by a zinc and copper hoop in combination. The hoops might be enclosed in gutta percha or India-rubber tubes, containing diluted sulphuric acid, and, properly connected by wires, it is conceivable that a battery would be formed, whose electro-motive force would be sufficient to cause a current to pass through the glass bulbs, and illuminate her Majesty."

"Who's dat Knocking at the Door?"

Speaking of the new Ministry in Italy, the Patrie says the following:—

"Signor Ratazzi has decided to take the initiative in all European combinations which may bring about a diplomatic solution of the Venetian question."

Stripped of surplus verbiage this statement simply means that at every council chamber where he thinks he can get audience for his views regarding Venice, Signor Ratazzi will soon be giving a rat-tat.

WORKING THE ORACLE.—Let the Pythoness say:—

How many of her own eggs will be addled?
CURIOSITIES OF COMMERCE.

In Thursday's intelligence from India, we read:

"Grey shirts-idull and unchanged."

No wonder that their shirts are dull, if they never change them! Fancy two in a hot climate like India! We always said that there was dreadfully wanted a change for the better in India.

In the same paper we read:

"Water twists firm."

The undue it does! Then all we can say is, if water twists at all, that it must be extremely soft water. With such a facility, however, it would be the easiest matter, when one was thirsty, to take a "pull of water." We have heard of "poies of soda," but it would seem that in India they would be able to show us cables made of aqua pura. It would be the very stuff we should think, for making tea with, as necessarily it stands to reason that the water that twists firm would be the best adapted for "drawing."

"The Coming Man."

We fancy the Coming Man must be that New Zealander who, at some future day, (may it be as distant as the repeal of the Income Tax,) is to rise from one of the broken arches of London Bridge, (sole remaining Judge of the Arches Court,) to pronounce sentence on the ruins of this little village. We are so bored with the promised advent of this foreign gentleman, that we feel inclined to push even further the celebrated caution once forcibly laid down by Talleyrand, and most emphatically to exclaim to all future writers: "Monsieurs, surtout Point de Zèle-sieur!"

THE DESPOTISM OF DRESS.

Not all the powers of ridicule, nor the appeals of common sense, nor the remonstrances of affection have been able to beat down that inflated absurdity, called Crinoline! It is a living institution, which nothing seemingly can crush, nor compress. Even sensible women have been dragged into this silly vortex of Fashion. We know a classical Blue-stocking, who resisted it ever so long, but who at last has been drawn madrigell elle into the midst of its hollow fashions. Every morning, as she puts on this despotic cage, in which Le Noble, like a cruel another, delights in shutting up her most dutiful children, she says to herself, with a sigh, "Nolla dies sine Crinolind!"

A New Specimen of Parliamentary Natural History.

It has been wisely suggested that the new Member for Longford should, truthfully to represent the class he properly belongs to, change his name. To give an idea of true classification, it should be by not O'Reilly, but O'Reilly, which, in course of time, would be beautifully soothed down to Gorilla. In sober sadness, is not the new Irish M.P., the Pope's Gorilla! We think the above is a Major which no Irishman even will be illogical enough to deny.

A CARDINAL VIRTUE (a whisper to the Pope).—Resignation.

WHAT IS THE AMERICAN SOIL.—Chivalry A-robable.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BEASLY, AT NO. 12, UPPER WOBURN PLACE, AND FREDERICK MALLET BROWN, AT NO. 9, QUEEN'S ROAD WEST, REGENT'S PARK, BOTH IN THE PARISH OF ST. PANCRAS, IN THE COUNTY OF MIDDLERSEX, PUBLISHED AT THEIR OFFICE IN LOMBARD STREET, IN THE FREQUENT OF WHITEHALL, IN THE CITY OF LONDON, AND PUBLISHED BY THEM AT NO. 93, FLEET STREET, IN THE PARISH OF ST. BRIDE, IN THE CITY OF LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1862.
THE MEETING OF THE MONTH.

The boisterous month of March is one in which no anniversary can be more appropriately celebrated than that of the Life Boat Institution, whose annual meeting was held on Wednesday last week at the London Tavern; the Lord Mayor in the chair. In March, old Bucephalus gives his boys, the Winds, a holiday; and they, being thus let loose, play wild games with the shipping, and strew the coasts with wrecks. What is fun to them is death to sailors, and in the destruction of many more, if it were not for the exertions of the brave crews which man the Life Boats; exertions which are stimulated, whilst the means of making them are afforded, by the Life Boat Institution.

In providing Life Boats where they are wanted, and in rewarding the valour which renders them available, the Life Boat Institution spends a considerable amount of money. It therefore itself necessarily seeks to raise the wind; and doubtless the very seasonable appeal which it has made for this purpose in the stormy mouth of March will prove to have had the desired effect.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

March 17. Monday. Lord Normandy expressed his belief that the late Governments of Italy still reigned in the hearts of the people, and he abused the Government of Victor-Emmanuel. It is needless to say that, still less how, Lord Russell disposed of the Normandy twaddle, but it had also the effect of calling up Lord Malmsbury, who declared that when in office he did all things to promote peace in the south of Europe, and that if his advice had been taken, at least one hundred thousand men, killed in the Italian war, would have been alive. He had been charged with Austrian partialities, but both Austria and Italy had found fault with him. Upon which we may remark, with all deference to the amiable Malmsbury, that though doubtless a judgment from the bench ought to displease both sides, it is not an irrefragable proof of a man's having done his duty by two parties that both agree that he has done it to neither.

An explanation by Mr. Layard shows that the Americans have had a little Mason and Slidell affair at Tanger. He had, on a former night, mentioned that two persons from the Steamer had been seized at Tanger on the demand of the U.S. Consul, but that they had afterwards been set at liberty. The only error in the statement lay in the last little sentence. Instead of being set at liberty they were set on board a Federal war-vessel, the Java, and by her transferred to a merchant ship, to be sent off to the United States. The act was a gross violation of the right of asylum, and Mr. Layard hoped that the American Government would act rightly. After the M. and S. affair it would be premature to say that they will not—only the fleet of Moghrib-el-esna (quite right, Cox, that is the native name of Morocco, or, as you accurately say, Morocco) is not a very large one, and we are not aware that there is a Molly Ben Russell to intimate clearly that the "fellows" must be given up.

Mr. Mofat, the tea-dealer, demanded when the Budget would be brought in. Mr. Gladstone replied, that he hoped to let his cat out of the bag on the third of April.

Then was resumed the Horsfall debate on International Maritime Law. But Mr. Corben, who was to have begun, was loosed, so Mr. Lindsay, for the shipowners, contended that all private property ought to be respected in time of war, but he only asked that the present state of the law might be declared unsatisfactory. The Lord Advocate, in a very able speech, exposed the absurdity of the first proposition, and declared the second to be vague and useless. After several speeches, in which the same things were repeated with more or less effect, Mr. Bright signified his adhesion to the Horsfall proposition, and charged Lord Palmerston with having, when "starring in the provinces," uttered glowing admiration of the Declaration of Paris, and expressed a hope that its principle would be carried further. Sir Roundell Palmer made an able onslaught upon the innovators, and Lord Palmerston frankly admitted that he had entirely altered his opinion since his speech at Liverpool. Needless to say that Mr. Disraeli made the most of this admission, and informed the Parliament that in future his most solemn warnings could have little weight in the House. But no battle was given, and Mr. Horsfall withdrew his resolution.

Tuesday. After a strong and valuable testimony by Lord Overstone in favour of the Revised Code, there was a slight conversation on the Second Reading of a Bill for making it unnecessary to send (as in the case of Anderson, the escaped slave) writs of habeas corpus to any colony in which the Habeas-Carceas is in use. Lord Chelmsford—notice this—made a gentle suggestion for improving the language of that Bill, and Lord Westbury—notice this—as gently assented. But this amability was only—

"The torrent's smoothness can it dash below."

A few minutes later, and Lord Chelmsford, in the presence of a large House and a good many ladies, who had mustered on the understanding that something objectionable was to take place, was well into a savage attack upon the Lord Chancellor, nominally on behalf of those officials of the late Insolvent Court who have been losers in their incomes through an omission in the new Bankruptcy Act. Lord Chelmsford must have imagined himself back into Mr. Thesiger, for he quite forgot his coronet manner, and implored to Lord Westbury, whom he must have regarded as only Mr. Disraeli, ignorance, insincerity, untruthfulness, inexcitability, tyranny, slander, and a great many other bad things, of which a nobleman must be entirely incapable. But Lord Westbury is not entirely incapable of self-defence, and when Lord Chelmsford had done, and his backers had finished applauding, the Chancellor rose—

"With eye, though calm, determined not to spare."

And it cannot be said that he exactly spared either Mr. Thesiger, or the rod. His Lordship accused his assistant of lating the Lord
CHANCELLOR, of having been in daily and confidential intercourse with him for weeks, without hinting at an intention of making this grander by a declaration of his intention, or by being guilty of any overtures of fact and truth, of violence, and of insinuations which the respondent was ashamed to hear. As in the old days, a scholasticator expended the germs and supplies to the neglige scholar, between the chapters of his old book, LORD CHELMSFORD explained the clerks, every now and then warming up LORD CHELMSFORD with a stinging slash. When LORD WESTBY had done with the offender, LORD DERBY rose to protest against such severity of punishment, and until LORD CHELMSFORD decided the doubts of being made and especially of not making use of language intimating his belief that he was infinitely the superior of those whom he was addressing. LORD GRANVILLE, in return, described this interjection as undeserved and said he would be entitled to a glad admission of the same in the presence of the Lords and that the conduct of the members of the Commons was simply incredible. In blasting, they would not use the patent fuse, and would smoke amid barrels of powder, and their reckless charge of the safety lamp is notorious. The Bill was regarded as a bit of a free for all in Hamlets elegances, and treated accordingly.

Thursday, The ground-swell after Tuesday's storms still felt in the Lords, the CHANCELLOR advancing a series of dates to show that he had not such knowledge of the case of the afflicted clerks as was alleged, and LORD DERBY replying that he ought to have had. The Lords then applied themselves to the question of the Education of the People, and the BISHOP OF OXFORD had another flag at the Revised Code, but was promptly tripped up. Also some inconceivable joke was exchanged between the rough and proper Bills, which latter to the Lords about a parcel and a parcel of curiously, which joke MR. PEACH invites the Prelate and the President to put in writing and send to him, for at present he cannot see either its fun, or its connection with the religious education of the poor.

MR. COWPER explained that the people in Hamilton Place had no idea of permitting their quiet eau de vie to be eaten through to let people come down Park Lane to the Exhibition, but that he should like to visit the lane itself. The House then went into Committee on the Irish Eas Bill, which related to weights and measures. It does not seem to allure specifically to Donnybrook, nor is there the least reason why it should. The Bill for giving Copyright in Works of Art went through Committees, and if Cox was facetiously inclined to move a Question on the Bill with the words, "Is this Bill just?" he was aptly hissed by the laws of copyright.

Friday, As regards him, Wrenhouse has been carried by MR. REMINGTON MILLS, who was vaunted by the tergetic Cox in Finsbury. This leaves parties as they were. But a Conservative, Mr. MORRIS, has come in, viz. MR. CAYLET, Liberal, for the North Riding — do you observe that, Mr. BRANDY, the brandy.

Nothing to-night in the Senate, except that LORD ELLENBOROUGH in presenting some ridiculous petitions against the Revised Code, took care to state that he had not the slightest sympathy with the prayers of the eccentrics. Certainly not. As the morning book says,

"The Elephant is Wise."

LORD NORMANY, a lifting messenger to send on—well, an unwise man's ground, brought in a motion from MR. BILLING AGAINST THE BILL for relieving the QUEEN from the clerkly drudgery of signing commissions. USHERWORTH has probably some crack-brain notion that the abolishing the signature is a device of Russia, who will, in war-time, and when he is no longer the master of his own, make him to do what he has actually signed his warrant to serve her. "How best are we that are not simple men."

That delightful pieces of recreation, the Phoenix Park, is to be fenced with trees and other confinements in the height of elegance, and at the expense of Government.

Came a debate on the question whether English ought to pay for Colonial fortifications. Sir GEORGE LAWRENCE was charged with what he held down the names and biddings of the day arise from attempts to lay down rules for everything. If MR. PEACH had leisure for codification, the thing might be done, but nobody else should speak dogmatically. Everything depends upon circumstances, though, in circumstances there are surroundings, we consider that phrase to be an Irishism. As a finish to the week, MR. MILNER GLASGOW brought in a Bill for amending the Merchant Shipping Acts. The subject is observed to be most important, viz. the demand for legal-maries, who have MR. PEACH's liberty to read MR. GINSON’s speech—the civilised reader need only be told that it was about pilots, and lights at sea, and damage to cargo, and lions on freights, and all that sort of stuff.

UNPARALLELED EPIDEMIC

In a leading article in the Star (a sensible one too) upon the Ivan of London's guild, or rather its Englishmen, who resolve on such transcendent efficacies that we must set it clear. Speaking of the Earl of Shrewsbury's tact in giving his name to a scheme in which he took care not to be entangled, the writer says—

"The Earl was shrewd as well as Shrewsbury."

Will the writer who performed this extraordinary feat come over to us immediately on persuading these lines, and if we are not in, will he go upstairs, consider himself engaged for the rest of his life, and begin the account of his similar feats in the Reform and in the Howard, as well as Shrewsbury! We have laughed one hour by the clock of the capitol of Sarophine.
"DOUBLE, DOUBLE, TOIL AND TROUBLE."

Curiosities of Literature are plentiful as ever, though we have no Dismal Hall ready to record them. Here is one for instance culled from the advertisements of dramatic print:—

WANTED, Three Good Double-headed Musicians, that play a Double Corotet, or Rial Soprano, first Tenor Horn and Bombardon, first Violin, Flute, or Clarionet, and Double Bass. The Band will make a short tour previous to opening in a Watering Place. Address, &c.

Is manual mutilation ever practised by musicians, that such special note is made be "double-handed?" From the loose wording of the notice one is almost led to think that these double-headed persons are asked to play some half-a-dozen wind instruments apiece, besides performing on the violin and double bass. If this be so, we think that they had need be double-headed as well as double-handed; so that each might play a simultaneous concerto on the horn and clarionet, cornet and bombardine, out of the four corners of his brace of mouths.

THE PRINCE AND THE PYRAMID.
A Poem composed upon reading in the Times (a daily newspaper), dated Monday, the 7th of March, 1863, a description of the Prince of Wales's Egyptian Tour.

BY MARTYR FAKER CUPPER.

Now Sol from yonder grey horizon winks, And Albert Edward rises near the Sphinx. He leaves the tent the Pasha's care had raised, And looks upon the desert quite amazed. Grazes, brave Prince, the thought must strike, That in your country there is nothing like Unto that Pyramid whose curious pile Has stood so many years beside the Nile, Or like the sand that makes the thought occur, How fast our sands of life are fleeting, Sir. You now are far from Windsor's hoary towers, Saint James's brick, and Osborne's beauteous bowers, And on your aim must come this feeling high, That land and sea 'twixt you and England lie, And yet what is it practically, sir? (I should say, Sir) with that electric wire? O, when the Pharaohs swayed this region fine; Or Cleopatra dropped that fishing line; Or the young Memnon by Achilles' hands Fell, though his bust in the Museum stands; Or when Ammonitis, the fierce and brave, With all his chariots sank beneath the wave, (Here let me scorn the Essays and Reviews, That seek to steal that victory from the Jews). Or when in later times stern Menehut Slaughtered the Mamelukes, ungrateful set, There was small thought, O Prince of England, then, That lightning e'er should write with iron pen. 'Tis sweet to think that standing on these sands You can send messages to distant lands; And while they go, can muse, on Shakspere's plan, And say, "O what a piece of work is man!"

But up, young Prince, before the hour is late, Behold you string of domedracies wait, The matinal meal discussed and done, Now for the Pyramid, and meet the Sun. How many sand dunes have shown since this was built, And shone, alas, on many scenes of guilt. We reach the base; ascend as well you may, That corner's broken stones present the way.

For youth like yours exertion hath its charms, And you repulse those Arabs' dingy arms, You climb alone, and swift the height you gain, Your pouting suite toil after you in vain; And now upon the apex, Sir, you stand, And rapidly survey old Egypt's land. Yonder is Cairo, as you may suppose, And at your feet the Nile river flows. No English Heir Apparent to the Crown Ever before upon that scene looked down. Omens are heathen things, but O permit A thought from Poet-lip not all unit. Even as the platform on that mighty block Rests on a basis firm as any rock, So may the Throne of England long endure, Built on foundations solid and secure. Come back, my muse, and wear a sober brow, That dazzling flight of Fancy's over now. Pail is the visit. On you loftiest stone Names are cut deep—our Prince has cut his own, Or modestly (lest he might seem to claim What's ABRAS PASHA's, by his full writ name) Cuts his initials—Vowels—then descends Accompanied by his respectful friends. And so to Cairo. On the带你 way What thoughts arose 'tis not for me to say, But for myself, delighted and amazed, The story of his journey I persued. Crook, "Might I join his party? could I? A proverb now and then might do him good," But circumstance e'er which I have no control Prohibits what I wish with all my soul, (That I'll seek, or have, with curious teeth To tear a leaf from CAXON STANLEY's wreath), "No," I exclaimed, "but I shall do no wrong If I embalm the tale in deathless song, And nath a Prince's Vowels bid folks see A Poet's Consomants, his M. E. C."

NOTES.
Line 3. New Sol. The Latin word for the Sun. Luce is Latin for the Moon respectively.
Line 4. Quite essential. I hasten to disavow the slightest idea of implying that the Prince's announcement was unqualified, but I believe that no person, however well educated and prepared by reading and reflection for beholding a new scene, can gaze upon it for the first time without sensations of a novel character.
Line 12. Bounteous bowers. I have not had the advantage of examining the beauty, but from the good taste of the Royal Family, and the scenery of the Isle of Wight, I am justified in the use of the phrase.
Line 13. That fishing line. The angling contest between Antony and Cleopatra, and the diverting stratagem by which the Roman hero was made ridiculous, are fully described in Rollin's Ancient History.
Line 23. Essays and Reviews. At the same time I am far from asserting that it is impossible that some of the authors should not be unfurnished with convictions that they are not unjustified.
Line 33. Before the Hour. It would be much to my regret were this passage supposed to inspire indulgence to the Prince, whose activity is as proverbial as my philosophy.
Line 44. After you in vain. I mean no disrespect to the physical capabilities of the guests in attendance, but it must be borne in mind that they should be outstripped by a young man. Indeed the line is a compliment, as recognizing their being grave and reverent seniors.
Line 51. O permit. If I have ventured too high into the realms of fancy, the generous reader will remember that the Pyramids are one of the very highest edifices in the world, and will allow for the excess of fancy excitation.
Line 60. Has ever his own. This passage has given me much uneasiness. I have no knowledge that the Prince did anything of the kind. Yet several persons of my acquaintance, and of a precisely character, have done it. The very shall stand: if the statement be erroneous, it can do little harm, and if not, in a few years the circumstance will be forgotten, as when the base stones on the top of the Pyramids are covered with inscriptions, the Arabs turn them over to offer a tablet for new arrivals, thus leaving no stone unturned to obtain back-kneel.

John Bright in his Place.

It seems a pity that so clever a man as Mr. Bright should remain excluded from office; yet he could hardly be a member of any Cabinet resolved to maintain the national independence and defences. Should the Derbyite opposition turn out Lord Palmerston's Government, as by the help of Irish priestly, maiden, abettors, abetted by English Conservative electors, they will do, if Conservative electors continue to return Derbyite representatives,—then, indeed, there would be a chance for the Member for Bottimagh, who should supersede Malmsbury. Mr. Bright, no doubt, would prove himself a truly Foreign Minister.

"HERE, I SAY, TOU—"

Why is a certain sporting newspaper, folded in another, like a pretty girl's first ball? Because, don't you see, it is an Eros in a Belle's Life.
A SHORT 'CUT THROUGH THE WOOD.

SPORTING GENT. "OYDUS BEEN THROUGH HERE, OLD MAN!"
OLD MAN. "Y'AS!"
SPORTING GENT. "'OW LONG?"
OLD MAN. "FIVE-AND-TWENTY MINNIT'S ABOUT!"

REVIVAL OF THE CANINE-FANCY.

Great Match at the Smell Westminster Pit, between Lord D.'s dog "Chelmsford" and the "Westbury Pop." From the Westminster Bell's Life.

This aristocratic place of sporting-resort for the tip-top nob and swell, who encourage the true British sports of the canine-fancy, which have lately gone sadly down in the world, owing to the spoonyism of modern milk-and-water manners, which precludes such sports as "low"—Heaven save the mark! ("an ounce of civet, good apothecary!") is once more, we rejoice to say, on its legs, and is now the scene on two or three nights weekly, of canine "mills," which recall the palmy days of 1833, and the old days of the famous dogs of the "Reform" breed, whose game "sets-up" used to gather such crowds of aristocratic backers about the venerable pit, which preceded the present rather "gingerbread" erection. Since those halcyon days, the memorable matches between those game old bull-dogs Broughham and Campbell, have reflected a temporary lustre on the faded glories of the canine-fancy, in this its aristocratic "crith", but still it was not to be denied, the "sport" had waned, and our "nobs" were growing too dainty to handle dugskin without kid gloves. Biting a tail was voted low, and aching off a bitter not to be thought of. Few indeed would even confess to breaching, much less backing, canine combatants of the old "Terra" strain—dogs that would pin anything on four legs, and dealt human force to tail or choke 'em off, when once their tusks had met in their adversary's "best."

But a change has come o'er the spirit of our dream," and the game's alive again," in the noble new Westminster Pit. A bull-terrier of extraordinary game and go, has lately been entered for matches at this pit, who certainly recalls the best performances of the celebrated dog Broughham, and is, if anything, a quicker dog on his legs, sharper in his bite, stronger in the jaw, and incommensurably natter in temper, than that old canine hero. The Westbury Pop, as the new dog is christened, gained his early laurels in a long series of combats in the numerous pits about Lincoln's Inn Fields and Westminster Hall, at which he won every match he was entered for. Here the Westbury Pop, then known as Kemp, was backed at long odds against many dogs who had tried their day—vixen of the regular hard-mouthed, long-winded, artful sort, most in requisition for the butchering style of game carried on in these well-known sporting neighbourhoods. Thence the Pop worked his way up, victory by victory, till he fell into the knowing hands of the "Bottleholder," who then supervised the matches in the Saint Stephen's Pit, next door to the noble crib at which the Pop is now figuring. The "Bottleholder" was very cocky about his new dog. He kept him dark at first—entering him as Little Bottle, and backing him heavily for all sorts of performances—from monkey-worrying to rat-killing—to say nothing of a host of matches against the gamiest and wickedest dogs that could be brought into the Pit, any breed, or weight. Under the "Bottleholder's" judicious handling, the Pop's style of fighting improved; he got less "racy," and less given to snap right and left, and waste his strength in biting without purpose, which is the danger with him, for he is so fond of fighting, that rather than not fight, he'd go in at an old woman's petticoat, or a French poodle. The Pop is still understood to be under the "Bottleholder's" charge, but now that he has been entered at the noble crib where he now figures, the "Bottleholder" no longer handles him in the Pit, or appears personally as his backer. This task has devolved on little Johnny Russell and George Gower, alias "The President," who are understood to make matches for the Pop, and await him in the Pit. An impromptu match was made the other day, to light the Pop against Respect, the well-known and high bred British bull-dog, which ended in a worry and a wrangle, the stakes being claimed on both sides, but retained by the umpire. Since this little event there have been a series of matches on the topic between the Westbury Pop's backers and those of the well-known
game dogs St. Leonard's, Cranworth, and Westleydale, and some very exciting little "mills" are understood to have come off in the private-rooms attached to the crib, from which the public have been excluded. But the interest of all these encounters is thrown into the shade by the great match which came off on Thursday, the 15th ultimo, between Pup and Chelsford, a highly-favoured, and still game, though not fresh, dog, the property of a nobby lot, who have started an opposition, in the canine line, to the "Boltheadler.

Chelsford had been heavily backed by this lot, at evens, but Johnsey and Gowerer were set at on their jet, the Pup, and tabled their money freely. It was whispered the Pup had suffered heavy punishment in one of the private matches we have already alluded to, in which Chelsford and the Bell-farmed, and though the latter is a powerful, and sharp dog, there is nothing in his public performances to warrant his backers in laying odds on him against so terrible a punisher as the Pup, who never uses his teeth without leaving his mark. The "crib" is not generally employed by a large majority of the aristocracy of Fancy, and keeping up the House; but on Wednesday night there was an unusually large attendance, and great interest was shown in the match, and a good deal of money changed hands, Chelsford being, if anything, the favourite, but the Pup's backers getting on, whenever they could, and benefitting a good deal.

On the dogs being brought into the pit, Chelsford stood higher in the leg, and showed less beef about him; but he is a less powerful dog than the Pup, and his jaw is not so well made for gripping, nor did his grinders, as far as we could see, look so formidable. He is, however, an uncommonly quick dog on his legs, works round like a skip jack, and sticks well to his work, showing both dash and bottom, but these will not compensate for want of heart and sinew, in horse or dog. It might be possible to say that old dog, and having fought no end of matches, he does not show any marks of punishment about the nob, but looks good tempered and inoffensive.

The Westbury Pup is a shorter, thicker, roomier dog, with a good deal of the terrier mixed up with the bull in his degenerate aristocratisation. His jaw is tremendous, and his range of irones in splendiferous order. He looks like fighting, every inch from stern to muzzle. He has less dash in his action than his adversary, but gets into his dog in a quiet, insidious, easy style, which it is a treat to watch, but when he does get within grip, the way he makes his teeth, is not what our transatlantic friends would call, a caution.

A TILT AT THE TURNPIKES.

If all the fish the pike is the most greedy and voracious. And certainly these eels, may well with equal justice be applied to the turnpike.

The regularities of this monster every keeps its jaws open to receive its proper amount of victims ever seem to satisfy it. What myriads on the Derby Day are grabbed to fill its maw, and yet who ever heard of its showing signs of surfeit? The other day a deputation called on Sir George Grey to present a memorial from people in South London, praying that the Surrey turnpike-gates might be abolished. Our good friend Viscount William introduced the deputation, and showed himself much more at home in the geography of South London and parts adjacent than he seemed the other night to be in that of South America, when, in a debate on the Packet Service estimate, he doubted whether Buenos Ayres and Callao were in the latter country, a doubt which Mr. Greyroad and we cleared up. In the course of his remarks, which were very much more sensible than are so much now and then is wont to let drop in the House, the Viscount said that the memorialists—

"Felt that the remittance of these gates constituted a peculiar grievance in the midst of a populous neighborhood, and what they asked was, that these gates and these side-roads might be omitted. From the Concession Act of the Eastern Counties Turnpike Trust the grounds on which they did so were that those seven years ago, an Act was passed which continued those roads; but under the pressure of certain circumstances, the Trust for these roads. All the debts had now been paid off, and the Trust was anxious to have the Act of 1847 continuing these bars; for the purpose the inhabitants were not aware. They were prepared to take and maintain the roads on a common rate. They were now elected to pay for the curvses and stone pavements, and the Trust only asked to do what was legal and reasonable. A great nuisance, and a vast number of vehicles went over the by roads, which had to be maintained by the parishes, in order to avail paying the tolls, and they thus broke up the roads and caused a great additional expense to the parishes over which they would have to pay if the traffic were allowed to take its natural course. The Trust meant to introduce a clause for the continuance of these Trusts in the Annual Session of the Turnpike Acts, and what this depreciation asked, which, that the Right Hon. the Barntow would be so good as to prevent them from doing so."
LURES FOR LADIES.

WEET MRS. SMITH,
Aren’t you like most ladies a reader of advertisements? If so, I make no doubt your eye has fallen on the following, which has formed the subject of past weekly insertions in the Lady’s Newspaper:

AN EASY FOR-TENE, guaranteed by various Continental governments, may be made by a small outlay. For particular enucleate applications addressed to Messrs. G, Hamilton & Co., 3, Clerkenwell Green, City, London, Agents to Messrs. Harris and Vossey in Hamburg.

This sounds tempting, does it not? And if so appears to you who have a well-filled purse and a carriage at command, how lure might it seem to our poor friend Mrs. J—es, who, we know, must have lost many a thousand pounds, and therefore much less than it, to poor friends, of any connection, have been known to offer, and pointing out the many benefits she may derive from the said scheme. Likewise it will refer to a business firm in London for satisfaction that the lottery is a legitimate affair, and really guaranteed by the Government of Hamburg, having actually been in operation 120 years. How many easy fortunes have in all that time been made by it, Mrs. J——es is left at liberty to guess. But as the highest prize obtainable is two hundred thousand marks, which Mrs. J—es will very likely take to mean two hundred thousand pounds, the chances are she will not trouble herself with any calculations of the odds there are against her pocketing that sum, but will forward at once the price requested for a ticket, and will consider it a certainty that the “easy fortune” will very soon be hers. Two hundred thousand anything, whether pounds or punnies, she will think so let it go a sum, that she will scarcely give a thought to the “small outlay” required to secure the chance of getting it. What are a few shilling losses to such a princely sum? for doubtless Mrs. J—es, like many other fair accountants, is in the habit of making a fortune for an income, and of considering that any sum which falls into her hands will become a yearly income equal to itself. So away will go the shillings, and back won’t come the lookeds—

LADY’S NEWSPAPER.

The celebrated transparent Medium, I. M. Poster, Esq., may be seen through daily at his fashionable residence in Bryanstone Street, Bryanstone Square, where Mrs. I. M. P. continues to charm his numerous and aristocratic admirers by changing the widow’s mourning to gold, drawing draughts from orphan’s eyes, and notes from the vibrating chords of affection. His practical application of the vivisection of bleeding hearts is recommended to bereaved parties as a precious consolation under recent losses. Spirit Hands of departed relatives prepared from measurements, drawings, or essays, and warranted warm. Decease friends, whose names are recorded in Newspaper Obituaries, Elegies, and History (sacred as well as profane), will give the dates of their births, deaths, and marriages, and any other information which may be communicated to I. M. Poster; either before or during the meeting. I. M. P., to prevent disappointment, has to request that where such information is required, it should be supplied in time for use, as he cannot be expected to keep it on hand himself in the quantities required. All is far and above board. Mrs. I. M. P. lays upon the tableau openly, and reads and writes above as easily as he does below it, and both without any attempt at concealment. Sceptics need not take the trouble to attend. Mrs. I. M. P. does not ask for their money, and they will learn nothing. Sharp children not admitted; idiots half-price; lunatics free. N.B. No connection with the rival Medium, Mr. Hoot-Eye, whose manipulations, if parties wish it, may doubtless be seen through at his residence. I. M. Poster flatters himself that the spirits supplied by this are the only genuine articles, and are warranted fresh drawn from the wood.

P.S. Parties wishing to raise their own spirits may learn terms on application to Mr. I. M. P. To save trouble, I. M. Poster, Esq., begs to say that the only Medium through which he can be communicated with is, the circulating one, or, in other words, “the current coin of the realm.”

THE BLEACHING ACT.—Any Act that detains one in a hot theatre after ten o’clock.

SHALT WE DO AS WE’RE BID.

DICTATION is the order of the day. Mr. Bouchicalt dictates to the critics what they are to say about his writings, besides intimating on it, that newspaper articles are obtained by giving the Unionists dictate to workmen as to what wages they are to accept, and blow up the houses of the disobedient with gunpowder. Sir Archibald Almond dictates all his histories, and hence sends Peregrine Pickle to a modern funeral, and Mr. Express to the Glasgow Sheriff’s Court. Here is another bit of declaration, which seems to Mr. Pickle both insolent and unconstitutional. It is an advertisement signed by a person called Bونдст—

NORTH RIDING OF YORKSHIRE ELECTION, 1862.—As the Government of the day are considerably interested in the North Riding elections, they are the subject of the Ballot Society. The electors have to choose between the three candidates, the most able of whom is Mr. Bouchicalt, who was the subject of the Ballot Society. The critics are obedient to Mr. Bouchicalt, and the workmen are obedient to the Unionists, Sir A. Almond’s amanuensis is obedient to him. But either the electors of the North Riding resent the insolence of Bondst—, or the Ballot must have very few friends to 1. In the close of the poll, the number of voters was 113,091, while there are in the registry but about 12,000. We are glad to see that all Britons will not be slaves.

THE BEST ABUSED SCIENCE OF THE DAY.

Political Economy has long been a Science that has been much talked about, but very little understood. It has been the subject of many discussions that have been very strangely ignored by Governments. Can you point to any one existing Government that practically enforces its doctrines? In fact, does Political Economy exist at all in the present day, excepting in our Universities? With our enormous expenditure of resources, this most important science in twenty years—we think it is time that this scientific impostor should in honesty throw off its libellous cognomen, and, instead of being called Political Economy, should with greater truth be for the future only alluded to as the Science of Political Extravagance.
RESERVED SEATS WITH A RESERVATION.

Most visitors of the theatre go there to be amused; but they very often meet with diversion besides amusement. Sented in the second or third row of the boxes, after the play has begun, whilst they are closely following the performance in a peculiarly effective part of it, their attention is suddenly diverted therapeutically by a party of people who have taken places in front, and who, coming in late, oblige everybody intervening between their seats and the door, to get up and make room to let them pass. This is a diversion which is not only additional, but entirely opposite to the amusement afforded by the players; it provokes gits and not laughter; clenched teeth, which hold in language that if uttered would perhaps incur the penalty of a crown.

Ladies and gentlemen who prefer the amusement of listening to the drama to the diversion of mind occasionally, as above described, experienced in theatres, will read with some satisfaction the annexed brief report of a little lawsuit, the result of which affords them hope of future deliverance from that unwelcome diversion:—

"MANAGERS AND PLAYGOERS.—On Saturday, at the Westminster Court of the Haymarket Theatre, was tried an action of Young v. Buckstone, which, on the 3rd of February, took place in one of the boxes, for which he paid 3s., and received a printed receipt bearing on it the numbers of the seats. Plaintiff and his friends arrived at the theatre after the first act was over, and found his engaged seats occupied. He was offered others, but he declined, and demanded back his money, which was paid, and he brought his action for the amount. The attendance of the Judge was called, on the part of the defendant, to a note in the receipts, which said, 'Places reserved until the end of the first act only.' The Judge, Mr. F. Bailey, held this to be fatal to the plaintiff's case, and entered judgment for the defendant, having the opinion that the costs of four witnesses who were in attendance from the theatre to give evidence, if necessary."

Playgoers, who are accustomed to go to the play really for the purpose of seeing and hearing it, ought to be greatly obliged to Mr. Young, the plaintiff in the above-mentioned case of Young v. Buckstone, for having brought his own personal suit, and obtained a decision which, if Mr. Buckstone's good example is generally followed by managers, will, in some measure secure them in the undisturbed pursuit of their object. Of course the plaintiff did not happen to notice the condition under which the seats were reserved, noted for his 3s., and his lawyer, doubtless, overlooked it also. Mr. Young, doubting never expected, or was advised, that the letter of the law would bear him out in ignoring so just a stipulation. Otherwise we should most heartily congratulate him on having lost his cause, and had to pay Mr. Buckstone's costs as well as his own, and the costs of Mr. Buckstone's four witnesses, besides losing his £1 15s., and being deservedly laughed at for his failure in a mean and shabby attempt to "County-Court." Mr. Buckstone.

THE VULPISCIDE.

(A Hunting Song.)

The month was March, and South the wind,
Light clouds overspread the sky,
The fox before, the hounds behind,
Were chasing in full cry.
For many a mile o'er hills and dales
The hunters course had been,
O'er hedge and ditch, and double rails,
With pricked fierce between.

A sportsman gay from London town,
Was roaming with his gun;
He brought the tuned thrushes down,
And blackbirds doored like fan.
A fine hon-pheasant charged to stray,
From out a neighbouring wood;
With steady aim he blazed away,
And bagged her where she stood.

Ah! hark the music of the pack,
And huntsman's sounding horn,
On craky Reynard's devious track,
Upon his car borne.
They come, o'er yonder corn-field green!
He lists the wild hallow,
And now sees what these curries mean:
The fox is in their view.

Exhausted by the lengthened chase,
Sly Reynard comes that way,
With pouting sides and swelled pace,
Which sore fatigue betray.
Five minutes more, and then the hounds
Their prey will surely gain;
When pop! the Sportsman's piece resounds,
And lo! the fox is slain.

The hunters keen, not at the death,
Come in, but after that;
And each man shouts with all his breath,
And waves his cap or hat.
For with the fox's brush they hew
From wheresoe'er that tail had grown;
And fix the same our Sportsman to,
So as to seem his own.

THE ORGAN GRINDING NUISANCE.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As master and mistus knowasters Master takes Ian yure paper reglar, I wish and please be So gard as Putt im in posch so as for im go in a sell in a Tru lif. His e appere a poor Italian orgin man to play His a toon at the Airy, runnin out in the Strete stormin and Raven horderen the poor fela orf and giv Ian in charg to the pige. And why? al for nothink Save and Steep Master bein a Stroner or Somthink of that sort and bizzy with Rithmatic and Mathew Matticks and al that nonas o c Mustent be disturbed at is Bokes and rightin.

Please sey wants to No wot write master ave got to order me and susan ain our Music? e a issu when c and mistus goye to consorts and Italin Theather and wy ain't we to ave our itel Italian Uproar as well.

<i>Stanekcers Crescunt, March 1862.</i>"

"MARY."

There is no reason why Mary should not enjoy her little uproar, or as much uproar as she likes, if she will only go to hear it when she can have that pleasure unattended by anybody else's annoyance. When she gets a holiday, or leave out, that is her time to enjoy the recreation of uproar. Her master, when engaged in professional calculations, probably earning the income out of which her own wages are paid, that alone is a sufficient reason why she has no right to the enjoyment of an uproar which distracts his attention from his labours.—Ed.

The Pope’s own Peer.

We are in a position to state that his Holiness the Pope has written an autograph letter to the MARQUIS OF NORFOLK, thanking the noble Marquis for the zeal and devotion which he has displayed on the right side in the questions which he has put, and the speeches he has made in the House of Lords touching Italian affairs. The Holy Father tells Lord Normandy that the bitterness he is obliged to taste continually is sweetened by his Lordship's sympathy, which affords sherry to the bitters.

Classical Association.

Under the signature of "A Wykehamist," a correspondent of the Morning Post suggests the establishment of "another first-class club," to consist of "Eton, Winchester, Charterhouse, Rugby, and Harrow men," and to be called "the Old Public Schools Club." That seems a roundabout and rather clumsy name. The proposed society had better be called "The Birch Club."

Mike Impertinence.—Mr. Disraeli says that the Declaration of Paris ought to be altered. Well, Paris declared for Venice. Would Mr. Disraeli have him declare for Jovis?
DEATH OF A NONOGENARIAN.

Died, on Wednesday, March 10, at her residence in the Strand, Mrs. Morning Chronicle. Born in 1769, the deceased has had a long and a varied career. Her father was the celebrated William Woodville, who did all that a fond parent could do for a child, and after her alliance with Mr. James Perry, she became a notoriety for her wit and spirit. For many years she was connected with many of the most distinguished politicians of the Liberal side, and her album boasts the autographs of Lord Brougham, Lord Campbell, Mr. Thomas Moore, and numerous other illustrious persons. Later in life, her connections became of a somewhat different kind, and she was understood to have indulged some of the then fashionable religious tenets of what was called Fanaticism, but it is due to the sacred sense of the departed lady to add that these never led her into absurdities in connection with secular matters, in which she was always true to her ancient convictions. During this period of her history she lived very expensively, and took great pleasure in surrounding herself with younger persons of intellect, whose prospects she forwarded very materially. With the close of this epoch in her life ended the brightness of her career, and it would have been well for her reputation had her career itself then terminated. But she became connected with a lawyer of no great eminence or talents, and her position in society was materially deteriorated, after which the scale caprices of old age made her addict herself to a favourite who happened to be a foreigner, and under whose dictation she did not scruple to avow shameless and unworthy sentiments. Abandoned by her French protegé, the unfortunate old lady fell into the hands of the owner of a penny picture-paper, and it is painful to linger over the later scenes of her life. Her death has been excessive, and she would delight to tell long and dreary stories acquired from the journal belonging to her last connection. It was felt that the end was coming, and this person's bankruptcy was the final blow. On Wednesday the poor old lady spoke for the last time. When we are not aware that any persons are placed in mourning by her demise, but what relics of fortune she may have possessed will probably fall to M. Starr, Esq., formerly her neighbour, or to D. Teallyraff, Esq., of Fleet Street. It would be pleasant could we draw the curtain over the last part of her life, as we should then have only to biographise her as of honourable parentage and marriage, and as having acquired herself with courage, honour, and intellect, in the difficult relations of her life. But her misfortunes were not her faults, and many are living who will preserve a respectful recollection of the departed. Her mortal remains will be interred in Basinghall Street after a post mortem examination.

PRAISE WHERE LEAST EXPECTED.

The New York Herald has been kind enough to allude to us in terms that we feel to be almost too complimentary. It talks of "shabby wit, low sarcasm, and serious caricatures." We hardly know what we have done to deserve so much kindness, for to be abused by the New York Herald we consider the very highest praise that any conscientious journalist, who does not scruple boldly to speak the truth and expose humbug, can possibly receive in this ungrateful world. We accept it as the fitting reward of a long life honestly spent. After having been abused by James Gordon Bennett, Punch feels with glowing pride that he hasn't lived in vain! We could wish for no greater token of the above abuse to be inscribed on our tombstone. But only fancy if this Barnard Gregory of the Yankee Press had malignantly presumed to praise us! What mortal, with any degree of self-respect, could have survived the humiliation? What number of cowards could possibly have avenged the burning insult? May all the little cherubs that sit up aloft save us from so degrading a calamity!

Extreme Blackness of the Cloth.

The Clergy have been up in a large body to the Lord Chamberlain to protest against the opening of the theatres during Passion week. We call this extremely ungrateful on the part of our clergymen, considering that not one of the London Managers made any fuss about leading them their theatres to preach in on the Sunday. No one would think of characterising this clerical movement as enunating from the Liberal Church.
From its Commencement in 1841, to the end of 1860. In Volumes 5s. boards, uncut, monthly; and in Double Volumes, 10s. 6d. cloth gilt, every other month.

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PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—April 3, 1862.

MR. MARK LEMON

ABOUT LONDON AND WESTMINSTER.

BOSTON, April 2nd.

BRADFORD, April 10th.

PRESTON, April 8th.

OLDHAM, April 14th.

LONDON, May 5th, and after, at the GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.

Prescribed by the most eminent Medical Men throughout the world as the safest, specialmost, and most effectual Remedy for:

CONSUMPTION, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, COUGHING, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, GENERAL DEBILITY, DISHARMS OF THE SKIN, RICKETS, INFANTILE WASTING.

It incomparably Superior to every other Variety.

FROM "THE ANONET."

"Some of the deafness of the Palsy Oil are attributable to the method of its preparation, and especially to its filtration through charcoal. In the PRESCRIPTION OF THE LITTLE BROWN OVER THE OIL ALLEY, WE FULLY CONCEIVE TO IT, and have carefully tested a specimen of the "John’s Light Brown Cod Liver Oil. We find it to be genuine, and rich in iodine and the elements of the bite."

Dr. De Jonge’s Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil is sold only in imperial half-pints, 2 ½d.; pints, 6d.; quarts, 4s.; and bottled with his stamp and signature, without which none can be sold or given, by respectable Chemists.


T. A. SIMPSON & CO., 156, Regent Street, and 2, Beak Street, and Paris, Rue de Rivoli.

GLENFIELD PATENT DOUBLE-REFINED POWDER

EXCLUSIVELY USED, AND PROCEEDED BY HER MAJESTY’S LAUNDRESS, AND PROCLAMED BY HER MAJESTY’S LAUNDRESS TO BE THE FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED.

The great and ever increasing demand for this world renowned Starch is the best proof of its superiority over every other kind. The GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH, which is adapted for all classes—from Her Majesty downwards—possesses, in an eminent degree, the following properties:—Great Strength; uniform with Great Elasticity; purity of Colour and Penny Transparency. It does not impart the yellow tinge to Fabrics which other Starches do; but has on the contrary, the effect of removing them in Colour and Stains in Patterns. The Manufacturers have no hesitation in affirming that the GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH is the Most Perfect, and, in the same time, the Most Economical, starch that has ever been made, and are now ready to supply it in all the amounts of nature; also an elegant assortment of other Alumina, containing from 30 to 200 Pounds; folding Photograph Frames in various prices at prices, much below the usual rate.

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THE POCKET SYMPHONIA DEPT.—EDMISTON AND SON.

1. CHARRY CROWN, late 69, STRAND.

The GENTLEMEN'S BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR, OR INVISIBLE PERRUKE. —The principle upon which this PERRUKE is made is so simple to every gentleman and lady, that we believe no description will be necessary. The manufacturers have been so kind as to send us a specimen, which we shall be happy to show to any gentleman who may be curious to inspect it. It is made in two sizes, one for men, and the other for ladies, and is very light, and can be worn under any dress, and is so easily taken off and adjusted, that it will not be necessary to have a hairdresser's attendance. A specimen of the PERRUKE is exhibited in the hands of Mr. P. BROWN, of 11, New Bond St., London.

P. BROWN'S INFALLIBLE MODE OF MEASURING

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT is the subject of the notice of several of our learned friends, and on scores of hands which have been examined, the same has been pronounced to be healthy, and beneficial. It abounds in astringent power, and is prepared with the greatest care and attention. It is sold by all respectable Chemists, and is now in great demand.

WATERSTATION'S COLOURED SILK AND NOBLE STAGS

WATERSTATION’S COLOURED SILK AND NOBLE STAGS, of various quality, are now in great request. They are sold by all respectable Chemists, and are now in great demand.
Punch's Essence of Parliament.

March 9th, Monday. Mr. Punch has to remark that whether the cause be the impending Exhibition, or the great news from America, or the contemplation of Mr. Peabody's amnesia, or the appearance of Mr. Gye's programme, or the inspection of the Pythoons, or some other disturbing influence, the originality of the country is in a state of stagnation. He would really hardly consider it worth his while to issue any Essence at all this week, were it not for a somewhat important fact which occurred on the Friday in connection with this description. Mr. Warton, rather helpfully described the stagnation of things political, when he said that chuckweed was upon the face of the Session.

The Chancellor has pushed his Lunzey Bill through Committee, defeating his beloved strumpet Lord Crewe, in an attempt to knock out the two years and no-doctor clause, but declining to insert a provision suggested by Lord Shaftesbury, who seems to dislike physicians, and who wished to declare that no "opinion" of a medical man should be taken as proof of insanity.

It seems that the promoters of the Edinburgh, Dunfermline and Perth Railway Bill, have decidedly decided the Standing Orders, but hoped to be forgiven on the ground of the extreme desirability of the occasion. Mr. Punch, wisely refraining from any attempt to seize the Queen's Ferry, instead of buying it, savours more of the days of the King above-mentioned than those of Queen Victoria, and Mr. Punch must recommend to the Dunfermline a course of dieting, which, together with the dispassionate and effete notions of justice. The Bruce, that is to say Mr. Cumming Bruce, led them upon this occasion, but not to a Buchanan (save that their own bannocks were burned) but rather to a Flobban. But never mind—"it was no weed boddit, weed boddit, weed boddit."

The Attorney-General stated the reason why the Bankruptcy Bill had not worked last year so as it should have done was, that there were "five hundred thousand attended verra irregurally, and because more Registrars were wanted. New Registrars can easily be had; and, unless the other parties mend their manners, Mr. Punch would also recommend new Commissioners."

A Bill for the Improvement of the House "to be considered for in these days, and the House was quite pleased when a debate arose on a modest proposition that Irish housewives chaplains, of the Catholic religion, should not be appointed or dismissed until the Government had ascertained the wish of the people of Roman Catholic Principles on the point."

A good bit of downright audacious impudence does one good, and the House warmed up, and Mr. Maguire talk nonsense about a "badge of slavery," and a Catholic who did not desire the change being a "slave." In fact, of course, Sin Peal "respectfully" declined any such concession, and those who asked it did not carry their assurance into the lobby.

On the Matiny Bill Sir Mr. White moved the omission of the clause which authorizes flogging in the Army. Sir G. C. Lewis stated that this punishment was becoming rarer and rarer, in consequence of what we may call the filtering arrangement by which soldiers are divided into classes, and encouraged not to rebel. But he declined to take away the power of inflicting the lash; and, on division, there were 67 for the Government, and 14 for Mr. White.

Tuesday. A Bill for enabling the Trustees of that queer-looking place in Lincoln's Inn Fields, called Sir John Soame's Museum, to lend to the International some of the articles hoarded in that den by the crabs of art, was forwarded in the Lords. Lord Canning made a speech in favour of Poland, to which Lord Russell replied at great length, but to the effect that we could do nothing, that much might be hoped from the benevolence of the Emperor. If all this, he said, is as it should be, "we are all Baggins." Among the directors of this museum, Lord Palmerston, unusually troubled with the gout, should come down on the following Monday, and say something pleasant. Of course, Mr. Walpole was all smiles, and Mr. Disraeli was the Quintessence of Parliament, solemnly complimentary, in his very best manner.

The debate, which occupied Tuesday and Thursday night, was extremely dull, and was almost entirely left to the Boves. Perhaps the Wesleyan bishops, who ordered their flocks to put the screw on, were right, and few Members had opinions of their own upon the Education question. Mr. Punch merely places on record his protest against certain Caunt which has been talked during the discussion, and utterly refuses to assent to the proposition that it is not a Religious Education that people can buy clean, honest, and efficient. But the agitation has done invaluable service in making the schools will be electrified into wholesome life than they have ever enjoyed.

Wednesday's proceedings were perfectly unimportant, except to unfortunate young persons who may incur the punishment of being whipped in good, and who may be interested in knowing that their offences will be visited in future, not with the instrument that ensignifies our callow soldiers, but that which chastises our youthful aristocracy—Betelna, eice Fels.

Thursday, Except as aforesaid, and a intimation by Sir George Bowyer that certain questions asked here in the interest of the Italian Britons had better be asked in the free Parliament of Turin, there was nothing worthy of crystallisation.

Friday, Another blank, save that Mr. Lowe "came down" as it has been mentioned. Mr. Henley remarked that it would be "almost a sin" to make the Education question one of party. We shall probably see how near to sin a good many good people are not afraid to come. With which remark Mr. Punch concludes the abstract and brief chronicle of the Parliamentary Week, his work resembling that of the respected ancestors of M.M. Rothschild, M.P., Sackmore, M.P., and Goldsmith, M.P., when one of the Amenæhizies required them to make theks without straw.
MERRY AND DREARY ENGLAND.

"Mr. Punch,

'The lamentable statement subjoined has perhaps met your eye, and extracted a tear from it, as it did from mine. Inasmuch as it appeared in more than one morning paper, no doubt it has spoiled the breakfast of many a lover of nature:—

"Enclousers.—The Enclosure Commission report that the following proposed enclosures are expedient, and that a Bill will be prepared for sanctioning them:—2,360 acres in the township of Kirkwall, Cumberland; 32 acres in the parish of Great Aumwell, Herts; Llandecelli Mountain, Anglesey, containing 292 acres; waste land of the Manor of Huntingfield, Suffolk, about 30 acres; about 400 acres in the parish of Chigwell, formerly part of Rainwaite Forest; 159 acres at Willand, Kent; Thingwall Common, Cheshire, 35 acres; Fennelther Common, Northumberland, 6,128 acres; Barking Common allotments, 1,029 acres; and Denham Common allotments, Essex, 47 acres. These ten enclosures amount together to 7,118 acres. The commissioners state that since the passing of the Acts (in 1845) enclosures of 899,188 acres have been confirmed."

"All this enclosure of waste lands, so called, that is to say the conversion of so much wild country into cultivated soil and building-ground is very melancholy. There will soon not be an acre of heather and gorse, of forest, swamp, or supe-hog, in all England. One half of the face of the earth will be crowded with human dwellings, coated mostly with stucco and compo, interspersed with smoky factories and still worse nuisances, and the other half covered with agricultural produce:—corn, kohl-rabi and mangold wurtzel, or overspread with the guano, or its native equivalent, whence that produce will be raised to fatten cattle and feed human beings little above the cattle. For what, much better than animals, are the human beings likely to be, amply provided with hotly meat and drink, but destitute of needful spiritual refreshment? How are you to have any poet, when the wild primroses, cowslips, violets, cuckoo-flowers, marsh-marigolds, dog-roses, woodbine, barmbles, ferns, lichens, mosses, oak, elm, beech, ash, and other timber, woodland, covert, thicket, and hedgegrows, bug, swamp, moors, and mountain wilderness, are all gone? 'We don't want poets,' says your shrewd man of business, and so does your man of the world, who thinks, with poor purblind old Johnson, that a grove of chimneys is better than a grove of trees, who likes the hum and, indeed, the humbug, of men rather than the hum of bees, has no reverence for the sylvan gods, but worships his own stomach daily at his club. These fellows may not want poets to help them get money, or cook for them, and otherwise pander their bodily appetites; but, not wanting poets, they are insipid brutes, and their posterity, without any poets whatever to keep humanity up in them, will ultimately descend nearly to a level with the beasts—not of the field but—of the sty. They will become, as it were, pigs; creatures that, when turned out in a forest, see nothing in it but the acorns and mast which they hunt among the fallen leaves, and the roots which they turn up with their snouts out of the earth. Their very features will most probably by degrees acquire a hogstrach type, so that their eyes at last will come to be set obliquely in their heads, the British cast of countenance resembling the Chinese; all along of the want of poets and the extirpation of poetry from the British soil, occasioned by the total enclosure of waste lands.

"Don't tell me that the more numerous population the soil can be made to support, the better. Quantity may be obtained at the expense of quality. I am a lover of my species, but had rather be confined with a large number of them in a small place. A crowd makes the atmosphere sultry. That of England is getting so, and if I had to live much longer, it would soon get too hot to hold me. Already it is growing difficult to find fresh air, and the trout-streams are fast becoming open sewers. The wild animals are nearly all extinct; there are no vermin but rats, mice, and pettigoffers. Oh, yes! I am behind my age, I know—averse to progress. To be sure, I am, Mr. Punch, averse to progress which is simply degeneration; but I also am your regular subscriber.

"Towcester, March, 1862."

"SMELFCOUES."

A Generous Idea.

"A'm told a Mr. Peabody," remarked a Swell, "has appropriated a hundred-and-fifty thousand pounds towards ameliorating the condition of the London poor. A hundred-and-fifty thousand pounds! Half that sum would make my wife and children happy, if a we'm married, and—a—twice as much would make me tolerably comfortable."
**CONSOLING FOR CONSOLS.**

*Young Hardman.* "**GOING TO DINGLEY CROSS ROADS!**"

*Consols.* "**YES!**"

*Y. H.* "**AH, THEN, I SUPPOSE YOU'VE SENT YOUR HORSE ON!**"

[Consols never ride upon less than 250 guineas, and thinks himself as near perfection as possible.]

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**SPITALFIELDS AND HYDE PARK.**

A *Little Weaver*, unemployed,
Choos'd in Hyde Park to stray,
And there, as best he might, enjoyed
Unwilling holiday.
The great folks being now in Town,
He strolled, and viewed their show,
Around the Ring, and up and down
The walk by Rotten Row.

What high-bred cavaliers were there,
Straight-backed, and clean of limb;
What horsewomen, superbly fair,
Displayed their airs to him!
What equipages Beauty bore,
And Consequence, reclined,
Whom portly coaches sat before;
Smart footmen stood behind!

The little man, admiring, read
The faces of the Great,
Who passed him with erect head,
And countenance elite,
High fed, from sordid want secure,
From cares and troubles mean,
How brave their bearing; to be sure,
Their aspect how serene!

A heart our little weaver had
In others' joy that shared.
Himself though hungry, he was glad
To think how well they fared.

It raised him in his self-respect
To see how riches can,
With nurture in a sphere select,
Exalt his fellow-man.

If, entering on this earthly scene,
Endowed with Fortune's boon,
His infant lips he had between
But held a silver spoon,
He thought he also might have alone
Amongst the grand and gay,
Then being out of work alone,
Not likewise out of pay.

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**MORE AMERICAN SLANG.**

Her Majesty's subjects are hereby cautioned against the use of certain American corruptions of the Queen's English, besides those which we have already warned them to avoid, newly imported into this realm. The words of which we now deprecate the employment, have appeared in divers Yankee newspapers, and in sundry accounts, by officers in the Federal army, of their own exploits, written in a style which closely resembles that wherein elever thieves are accustomed to relate their adventures. One of these vile expressions is the spurious noun-substantive "Secesh," or "Secesher," meaning a person who has seceded from the American Union, and who, in correct and established English, would be called a Secesher. The other is the genuine adverb "quite," ridiculously used as an adjective; as "quite a number," meaning a large number. It is hoped that this notice will render all loyal Englishmen careful to eschew these two abominable Americanisms.

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*The End we all Desire.*—The End of a Speech.
THE TAEPINGS AND THE RED TAEPINGS.

Now then, I'm ready, if you are.

He graver attention has been recently attracted to the Taepings, who having sacked Ningpo, very likely don’t have gone and done the ditto to Shanghai, had not the British Government thought proper to prevent them. These Taepings, it appears, are a horde of ruthless robbers, who, for the pretence of patriotism, have for ten years past been laying waste the finest provinces of China, and desolating and destroying, like a flight of locusts, wherever they have passed. In some respects they bear a family resemblance to the tribe of the Red Taepings who were rampant here in England some short while ago, whose ship P. Punch was so invaluable in leading aid to crush. Like the Taepings the Red Taepings did great damage to their country; and doubtless would have done much more had they not happily been checked. It is a matter for congratulation that England has a champion policeman in her Punch, ever ready to protect her from thieves like the Red Taepings, who tied her hands behind her with the red tape of Routine, and did their worst to rob her of her honour and her strength.

THE END OF NAVAL WAR.

(To the Peace Society.)

Gentlemen,

The action Merrimack v. Monitor, tried between the Confederate and Federalists, conclusively proves that one iron-clad ship is a match for several wooden ships carrying more and heavier guns, and that two iron-clad ships may pound one another about for hours without material result.

Iron transports big enough and numerous enough to land an invading force of any magnitude on these shores would be inconveniently expensive necessarily for the acquisition of glory or plunder by the conquest of England. Wooden transports are pious to missiles discharged from Armstrong guns, and the effect that would be produced by one of these missiles, particularly a three hundred pound bomb, in a transport full of enemies coming to rob and murder us, is something delightful to contemplate. We may rejoice in the havoc which one Warrior would create amongst a whole fleet of timber vessels crowded with invaders.

Still more pleasant is the prospect of the progress which is now likely to take place in Naval warfare. If there are no ships of war but iron ships, and iron ships are mutually shot pell-mell, how are they to fight?

Hostilities might perhaps still be carried on by means of shells, charged with fulminating silver, regardless of expense. Such shells, if big enough, would no doubt knock a hole in the iron sides of any vessel; but as fulminating silver goes off with much less friction than what will kindle a lucifer match, there would be rather too much difficulty in charging a shell with it.

It remains to be seen, if the science of reciprocal destruction should be thus arrested, what plan the human brood will then invent for amusing, burning, or sinking one another’s fleets. Some new discovery in electricity, some artificial lightning for example, which will snaffle through the sides of steel, may possibly be found to answer more benevolent purposes; but there really does seem some ground for hoping that, ships being rendered practically invulnerable, any two vessels of war belonging to hostile nations, will, hereafter, meeting on the high seas, each find herself unable to injure the other, and therefore be obliged to part in peace, the result of their collision having been as nearly as possible the opposite to that of the conflict between the Killeney Cats. Congratulations you most sincerely on the prospect of this happy result, I am, gentlemen,

Your Fellow Labourer,

PUNCH.

FRENCH POT AND ENGLISH KETTLE.

Among the protectionists in the French Legislative body, one of the leading orators is a M. POUTY-QUERTIER. Here is a remarkable passage extracted from a speech which this gentleman made the other day:

"Had the advantages accorded to England by the treaty made her a more faithful and reliable ally? The answer to that question might be found in what was now passing in the British Parliament, which was voting enormous armaments. Could they consider themselves at peace, when the coasts of France were surrounded by English graduates and plated frigates? Were these the fruits of the alliances? Let the partisans of Free Trade answer the question. The fruits of the treaty were not only commercial disasters but increased financial burdens. There could be no hope of economy while England kept on increasing her armaments. On the contrary, their burdens must be increased."

With change of names, merely, the words above quoted might have been uttered by an opponent of the French treaty in our House of Commons. Indeed, one seems to have read them over and over again in the Parliamentary debates of Free Trade. M. POUTY-QUERTIER surely is either a plagiarist, or a wag. The idea of the French statesmen surrounded by English plated frigates, and of France laden with increased financial burdens in order to keep pace with English armaments, is certainly droll. It did not apparently occur to M. POUTY-QUERTIER to ask, if it did consider, who first began this game of beggar my neighbour? Perhaps, however, his above-quoted observations were meant to suggest a question of which the proposal would have been inadmissible.

"MAY AND DECEMBER."

Sir C. Cresswell.

Sir PUNCH PUNCH seldom interferes with the Court of his friend Sir C. Cresswell Cresswell, feeling that Sir C. C. is perfectly competent to manage that tribunal without Sir P. P’s aid; and having also a natural disinclination to advert to topics of an unifying description. To the facts of a case which has just occurred before his friend, Sir P. P. is unable to make no reference at all; but as the parties appear to have been excited with some excitement, Sir P. P. desires le pèlerinages to ignore the matter altogether. Without professing to the MARQUIS OF DECEMBER any undue confidence on the undesirable result of his union with Miss May, now relegated to her own sphere in society, Sir P. P. heartily wishes him success in his matrimonial enterprise. And Sir P. P. hopes that he is not compelled to interpret this as a marriage of the HUSBAND’S OWN ORDER. Could the Marquis have imagined that he could not find in the Peerage the name of some lady, young, lovely, and pleasing as plebeian Miss May, and equally ready to become the MARCHIONESS OF DECEMBER? Could he think that because he was seventy-six, there was no aristocratic beauty of twenty, who would have devoted her spring of life to making him happy. Sir P. P. hopes—hopes that Lord December was actuated in this matter by courage only, and did not well plebeian twenty from any idea that patrician twenty would remunerate his seventy-six, and forget his coronet. We affectionately conjure him to show that such a suspicion is unfounded, and to let it be known that he desires to marry again. Let him give his Order a turn this time, and Sir PUNCH PUNCH can assure him that he may at once order the orange blossoms, and that at least a dozen Dowagers are ready to advise—were advice needed—they’re lovely young charges to collect that a Marchio...
A BIT OF HOUSEHOLD STUFF.

2nd Life Guardsman. "LOR, JEMIMER, WHY, WE'RE OUR OWN MASTERS, AND NEVER SHOW NO RESPECT TO NOBODY!"

Jemimer. "THEN I SUPPOSE YOU'VE SEEN A DEAL OF BATTLES THAT MAKES YOU SO PROUD!"
OBERON AND TITANIA.

Oberon (Mr. President Lincoln). "I DO BUT BEG A LITTLE NIGGER BOY, TO BE MY HENCHMAN."

Titania (Miss Virginia). "SET YOUR HEART AT REST, THE NORTHERN LAND BUYS NOT THE CHILD OF ME."
TALL DOIN'S.

Ain'—"Yankee Doodle.'"

YANKEE DOODLE had a time,
When his load of taxes,
Was as a feather to the ton.

That on British backs it is.
Yankee Doodle does go tick-tack-toe,
When his bread was buttered,
So, Stripe with Star, he went to war,
And paper-money uttered.

Yankee Doodle-doo is done,
Yankee Doodle dandy.
Here's Mr. Chase in bankrupt case,
And finds your dollars handy!

Quoth Yankee Doodle, "Guess I've used To live upon 'sensation'—
Darn'd if this war of mine shan't whip
All wars since creation,
I'll her the biggest heaps o' men,
The biggest masts o' Kernels,
The biggest guns, and biggest runs,
And biggest brighty parrots.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

"My victories shall the biggest be
Upon the rolls of glory,
My mountains, they the long I'm flogged—
Shall whip all told in story.
What's done in the contine'm line,
In the Old World shall dwindle,
Before each hundred horse-power job
And catawampus swindle!
Yankee Doodle, &c.

"Though not yet clear which stump I'll take,
That stump shall be colossal,
Whether I'm Slavery's advocate,
Or Liberty's Apostle.
If I conclude to free the Blacks
By cash-emancipation,
'Guess I'll run up the biggest bill
That e'er mocked liquidation!
Yankee Doodle, &c.

"For payin' out what's been ped in,
I guess it will be funny
If I don't make the biggest ducks
And drakes e'er made with money.
And last of all, I'll he a debt
On the same scale gigantic,
To which mean Old World debts shall be
Stop-bows to the Atlantic.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

"And since to pay this monster debt
The taxes must be heavy,
I guess I'll raise the biggest lot,
A Guv'ment'ed's did levy.
'Twill prove that mine's the biggest purse,
And beats the British hollow;
And that of all the great known,
Mine has the biggest swaller.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

"I guess I mean to tax myself
In every jot and title,
Of all I eat, and drink and wear,
And all I chew and whistle.
In flour and sugar, ale and wine,
In oils and in toalakers;
In paper, gas, salt, soap and skins,
And meal and salt and crackers.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

"The leather that I walk upon—
The upper and the under—
The electric fluid in the veins,
(Guess I can't ketch the thunder),
Each passenger that takes the cars,
Each 'bus that runs the tram-roads,
Advertisements and steamboats, too,
And guns,—locks, stocks and ramrods.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

"There's not a hilliard-ball shall spin,
Into Gov'ment's pockets,
No draughts or bill more human ill
Without the Guv'ment'ed dockets.
All carriages taxed-eats shall be,
No theatre its drapers,
And messages shall pay—both ends—
Who answers this who axes.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

"No banker shall shi-plasters make,
No pedlar cheat the farmers,
No liquor-store shall sell its drugs,
No theatre its drapers,
No rider spring coron circulars,
No bowling-alley roll up,
But shall to Gov'ment needs help bring
The bottle of the whole up.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

"And when they've piled the biggest pile
Of taxes ever heard on,
Upon our backs, we'll scurry on,
Is this what Gov'ment's scroved on?
For if the load's the load now,
Since taxes' first invention,
I guess this back's the biggest back
That History can mention!
Yankee Doodle, &c.

"Although in arts of war and peace
John Bull is my inferior,
Till now in taxes and in debts
I've owned him my superior,
But now my taxes reach a pint
At which he stands disconsol'd;
My debt, in one year's grownd as big
As his in half a hunderd!
Yankee Doodle, &c."
A MATTER OF ABSORBING INTEREST.

And his many grover duties while Parliament is sitting, it is but seldom Mr. Punch can spare a half-hour for indulgence in such light, pleasant reading as the articles contributed to scientific magazines. The other day, however, Mr. Punch did just find time to skim a page or two describing a novel apparatus, the use whereof is briefly summed up in these words—

The Absorberometer is intended to determine the volumes of liquid absorbed during successive intervals of time, and to find the rate at which liquids are transmitted through the pores of different absorbents.

Having naturally the cause of science much at heart, and taking a deep interest in all scientific instruments, Mr. Punch has recently been making some experiments with the view of testing practically the powers of the Absorberometer, and ascertaining how far it is likely to prove useful to the scientific world. Among many highly interesting facts he has elicited, Mr. Punch may mention, that he gave the other day a little dinner down at Greenwich, and the amount of liquid which was found to be absorbed was discovered to be nearly three bottles for each man. The rate at which the liquids were absorbed in this experiment was found to vary very much with the various absorbents, as well as with the liquids that were variously tried. For instance, port-wine was absorbed much more slowly than champagne, and to show at what pace liquids are transmitted through the pores. It may briefly here be stated that, while one of the absorbents took his elixir in small sips, another of them actually transmitted down his throat a dozen glassesful in twelve pouts.

While treating of absorption, Mr. Punch would fain suggest to his scientific friends that they would do the social state considerable service, were they to succeed in perfecting an instrument by which absorbents might beforehand determine their capacity, on occasions such as wedding breakfasts and the like, when their powers of absorption will be called into full play. For too frequently it happens, that for want of some such knowledge, absorbents take more liquor than they well can carry, and their proper equilibrium thereby is disturbed. At present it is only by experience that such knowledge is arrived at, and this experience is usually expensive to obtain. Were absorbents, by some clever scientific apparatus, to be made aware precisely how much liquid they could take without being upset by it, what a number of bad headaches would the social world be saved, and how many a good bottle would happily remain to be absorbed another day, when more appreciation might be given to its merits, and its absorption could no longer be deemed a waste of wine.

RAILWAY RAILLERY.

How prone are people to defame! What a mistake it is to call our Railway Companies grasping and ungenerous! Here have some of our contemporaries been censuring the conduct of those who have the management of lines North of the Thames, so different to those of the South, in resolving not to run excursion-trains in May, whereby people might be tempted to come and pay an early visit to the World's Exhibition. This, say the writers, clearly shows how the Railways strive to fleece the unprotected public, and how powerless are the latter to prevent such base extortion. It is very fine to sing that "Britain never will be Slaves," but the truth is that we all of us are kept under the thumb of a monstrous Railway tyranny, which has the monopoly of popular conveyance now does just exactly what it chooses with its slaves, the British people. Everybody knows that everybody out of it will have to come to London to see the Exhibition, and unless they "come early," as the showman used to say, the chances are there hardly will be room to hold them; and so these greedy grasping Railways mean to keep up their full fares, because they know full well that the public must submit to them.

This is what has been alleged by a few unthinking people; but we need hardly contradict a statement so preposterous. Of course, to say one who thinks at all about the matter, it is quite obvious that the Railways have no such end in view. They will so largely benefit by the Exhibition, and by the increase of trade which it most probably will cause, that they of course will do their utmost to make it a success, and will carefully avoid whatever may seem hurtful to it. Now as nothing can advantage it so much as cheap Excursion trains, so nought can it do injury so surely as withholding them; and the railways would simply cutting their own throats were they to refuse cheap journeys to the public. This the Railway Boards are not so wooden as to do; and we therefore view their so-called "resolution" as a joke, which, as it came out first in March, was published rather prematurely, since by rights it should have reached us on the First of April.

CLOSE, THE POET, ANTIANTHROPOPHAGUS.

And so you deemed that I was dead,
My naughty masters all;
Nor thought my name should still be spread
O'er this terrestrial ball.

Indeed, my Proud, but no such luck,
I have a trick for you.
Again the Poet's harp is struck,
And you shall hear it too.

I sing no more of base Argyl,
Or base Georgy Grey,
Who kept my books with fraud and guile,
And set would never pay.

Dishonour rogues I hold they are,
Unworthy of my Muse,
To take a Poet's precious verse.
And payment to refuse.

But to a nobler theme I turn,
And meditate to sing,
The lofty thoughts with which I burn,
Concerning of a King.

The King of Bonny is my Sir,
His Laureate I was made,
But now I feel I must retire
From that respected trade.

For if the papers don't with jokes
Seek readers to enmesh,
He has been killing several folks,
And eating of their flesh.

This is not conduct for a Chief,
To Castle's house as such,
When veal and a good beef,
Are all within his clutch.

And though I was a butcher bold,
I never was the pal
Of one who fellow creatures sold;
In fact, a Cannibal.

So King of Bonny, in your den,
'Tis fit that you should know it,
While you go on a eating men
I cannot be your poet.

But if hereafter you repent
And put away that meal,
Why then I likewise will relact
And list to your appeal.

Meantime, although a cannibal,
I think you are not worse
Than those vile fellows of Pall Mall
Who robbed the Poet's Purse.

A Quibble.

Mr. Cox, M.P., is to his honour as much de-
lighted as anybody else at the liberality of Mr.
Peadby, but wants to know whether a gift for the "amelioration" of the condition of the poor means a meal or ration. The distinction savours of attorney subtlety.
FRENCH AND ENGLISH GENERALSHIP.

When conducting any military operation, an English and French general act in concert, the latter generally gets the credit of having played first fiddle, and his division of the board is generally required to have taken the lead of the other. Whether fact in this respect is always in strict accordance with fame, may be doubted by some of our countrymen, of course from prejudice, but prejudice excusable when founded on a statement such as the following, made by the correspondent of the Morning Post at Paris, relative to General Sir Hope Grant, who has lately passed through that city on his way to India, and General (now Count) Montauban, who co-operated with him in the Chinese expedition:—

"It appears that General Sir Hope Grant proposed, with the view of having the men under his command, to attack the strong forts with his Armstrong guns, and then storm them. The French general strongly objected, and even in the presence of the staff wrote a protest against General Sir Hope Grant's plans of operation. The English commander simply put the protest in his pocket, carried out his plans, and fully accomplished all he intended. General Montauban, after the success of the attack, wished to have his protest returned, but Sir Hope Grant refused to do so. The English General complained of his men having been made in the official dispatches of the fact of the British Sikh cavalry having saved the French army when surrounded by bands of Chinese, which force, accompanied by a couple of troops of English cavalry, cut through the maze of Chinese, and delivered their French brothers in arms."

If the above account could be trusted, we should be obliged to believe that it is not always our troops that are saved from being cut to pieces by our gallant allies, but sometimes vice versa. We might also be inclined to lend an ear to the whisper which has asserted that Schastsepol would have fallen long before it did if Lord Raglan's counsels had prevailed.

General Montauban, doubtless, distinguished himself at the Sumner Palace; witness the glittering trophies which he bore away from the sack of that stronghold, and which he gave away so generously that it might have been said that fortune, in throwing diamonds in his way, made a mistake equivalent to that of casting pearls before swine. Not so. On the contrary, if the General, having been made a Count, shall, after all, obtain his dotation, there will be good reason for the observation that General Count Montauban has really driven his pigs to a very pretty market.

FRENCH FOREIGN WINE.

Speaking in the French Legislative Chamber on the condition of the manufacturers of France, M. Baroche, as reported in the Moniteur, after stating that, in 1861, there was a very large quantity of foreign wine imported into France, observed:—

"These foreign imports are demanded in France for a reason I would rather not say, and I hope you will excuse my silence. (Address.)"

Why this reticence on the part of M. Baroche; reticence of which the prudence appears to have been acknowledged by the "adhesion" of his audience? Was it the modesty of the Imperial Minister? Is it true that France, inspired with a generous idea, sends us all her own wine, the best in the world, and contents herself with a cheaper, if not inferior beverage, imported from other wine-growing countries? Certain Hungarian wines are advertised here in London at from 1s. to 2s., or 2s. a-dozen, and some of these wines are said by competent judges to be indistinguishable from choice Burgundy. Perhaps they are good enough for our frugal neighbours. Perhaps they form a considerable proportion of the large quantity of foreign wine imported into France. Of course they constitute no part of the wine exported from France to England as French produce. If they did, they would indeed be demanded in France for a reason which we can quite understand M. Baroche had rather not state. The Chambers, too, would naturally applaud him for drawing the veil over an operation which in our parlance, and their pronunciation, they would call von leetle beet of omblig. It would be worth while, however, to ascertain the quality of the foreign imports of wine which are demanded in France. If we are to have any of our Clarets and Burgundies from Hungary, we may as well get it from Hungary direct, at Hungarian prices."
PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

[April 5, 1862.]

ALLIES OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

(Reprinted with alterations from the London Times.)

The answer to the above question may be inferred from the congratulation which the well-informed Tablet offers its readers on the strength of Mr. Mórítt's return for the North Riding. The return of Mr. Mórítt for the North Riding is, for the Tablet and its faction, the same as the return of Major O'Reilly for Longford. Mr. Mórítt goes into Parliament as an auxiliary to the Irish Brigade. What, therefore, a Conservative and self-styled, has now to conserve, is the temporal power of the Pope, and the brigandage maintained at Rome in the interest of the ex-King of Naples. These are the institutions which are almost nightly advocated in the House of Lords by the Marquis of Normandy, backed by the Earl of Derry. These are the objects which Conservatives provoke in turning Members who will oppose Lord Palmerston's Government in the Commons. It is of no consequence to the Conservative a great deal of this, because many of them may imagine that, in voting for a Deserter, they are contributing to the support of the Altar and the Throne. So they are; but the altar is not the British Constitution table nor is the throne that of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. The altar which they help to maintain is the altar of the Roman Church, and, in return, the Roman Church is the seat of the Pope. Perhaps they would rather not assist in conserving these institutions if they knew it, and accordingly will in future think twice before voting for a candidate whose return will cause the Tablet to congratulate its readers.

A Question of Account.

Two Deputies were disputing about the merits of the Count de Morny. The Opposition Deputy was maintaining that he was desitute of ability and farther, was censuring that, as President, he was not accountable to any one. "Exeuse me, Sir," said the Government Deputy, "I must contradict you on both points, for there is no charging that nobleman temperamentally and in every sense a man of (a)-Countability."

A Joke by a Scotchman!

A Scottish friend of ours, whose sympathies were with the Southerners, hearing how the Merchants had foreclosed and crushed the Congress and the Counterpart, exclaimed: "Eh, Sirs! after all is a victory how they wash a dirty merry on board the "Merrimac"?

A Hit at Exeter Hall.

The Concerts given by the Sacred Harmonic Society are without exception very praiseworthy performances, and Mr. Punch feels always pleasure in lending them his ears. To hear good music well performed is so relishing to the mind as it is pleasant to the sense; and two hours once a fortnight cannot well be better spent. Time in hearing the British, Italian, or Sacred voices. Where Mr. Punch minded to evolve, which he happily is not, he might perhaps complain that the head at Exeter Hall is apt to overwhelm the chorus, and that the organ would sound better if it were less loudly voiced. It appears to Mr. Punch that what is written for "accommodation" should not be brought into such a position as to give one the idea that the singers are intended to be kept in the back-ground, and the less that they are heard by the audience the better. In a chorus the voice parts should surely be most audible; and the Exeter Hall Concerts would be certainly improved, were the choisters more numerous, and the orchestra reduced. Despite defects, however, there is plenty of inducement for a father of a family to improve his daughters' minds at this Harmonic Hall, where Mendelssohn and Haydn may be listened to with profit, and where Handel is often turned good account.

But the more tempting are the Concerts which are held at Exeter Hall, the more troublesome will it be found for families to get away from them. If Mr. Punch were a gentleman, and not so selfish as to cause annoyance to his neighbours by stopping while the music is proceeding, the chances are that he will waste some five and twenty precious minutes in scooting through the narrow labyrinths by which he less to make his exit. First a push along a passage, then a rush round a sharp corner with six elbows in his ribs, then a header down a staircase, which seems about as steep as the outside of the Monument, and at which he feels he would fall headlong if he were not so wedged in, then a blockade in an elevator where he can hardly breathe, and, to compound his fortune, a narrower grade of snow in standing near a doorway dripping, and in telegraphing to his footman, if he have one, or some single-in-waiting to hail a passage cab. Thanks to its clever archdeacon, a man who goes to Exeter Hall can secure more easily out of it than could Sterne's starting from its cove. "Sound on Alton" of fire on any crowded night (and the Sacred Harmonic Concerts are invariably crowded), and it were terrible to calculate the loss of life that might be caused by it. In such event, were Mr. Punch upon the jury, his verdict would be, manslaughter against the man who

HOMAGE TO GENIUS.

The London Review has on the "Periodical Press in Italy," from which, with the generous view of rewarding talent, we make the following extract:—

"We have frequent allusions of good genuine humour in some of the comic papers, especially the Fettolato and Pompus, both of Turin, two papers which could have been written by any of our best and greatest names, and often attain the excellence of Mr. Punch, in the happiest moments of that genius."
THE RE-ISSUE OF PUNCH.

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[Bradbury & Evans, 11, Bouverie Street.]
PUNCH's ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MARCH 31st, Monday, Mr. Smith that was, LORD LINLEY that is, Mr. Punch dislikes small suspicions and unworthy suggestions. If a person deserves to be trusted, trust him; if he does not, cut the connection. It seems that by reason of an informality the legislative acts of South Australia are of doubtful validity, and the Duke of Newcastle introduces a Bill to remove the doubt. Smith that was, LINLEY that is, hints that the error might be a studied design on the part of the colonists to frustrate the purpose of the Home Legislature. The Duke at once squashed him by stating that the error was one made not by the colonists but by the Governor, and that it was detected and pointed out by a colonel lawyer. We imagine that Smith that was, LINLEY that is, must be sorry he spoke.

LORD PALMERSTON refused to give any papers about the persecution of Protestants in South Australia, because there were no such papers. Our representative at Madrid was simply charged to lose no opportunity of hinting in a civil manner that the Spaniards ought to be ashamed of themselves. We have no idea what may be Pam's estimate of the number of social epigrams likely to be required before the unfortunate Protestants can be reprieved or pardoned, but if he really thinks such weapons will do, he is at liberty to put the Ambassador into communication with one of our young men, who will turn on wit until the prison-doors fly open. But more men have been jockeyed into gout than out of it.

Then came on an interesting and important discussion: SIR FREDERICK SMITH called attention to the flight between the Merrimac and the Monitor, American vessels, and demanded to know whether our Government were learning a lesson upon the subject of invulnerable ships, SIR G. C. LEWIS made a reply. It is not often that Mr. Punch has the pleasure of agreeing with Mr. Bright upon Military and Naval questions, but that gentleman's observations upon the flight and the speech of the War Minister were most proper. He said that the man must be particularly stupid who did not see the importance of the incident in the war, and that the speech of Sir G. C. Lewis was most unsatisfactory. SIR GEORGE thought that on the strength of a few days' experience the Government ought not to rush into costly experiments. But less than a few days have sufficed to arrive at the certain knowledge that (in smooth water) an iron clad ship can demolish a whole fleet of wooden ships as easily as Mr. Punch demolishes any enemies that may be unhappy enough to come in the way of his waked wrath. An inch as is good as a mile for a horse-thrust, as the Antiquary observes. If Sir GEORGE LEWIS is going to play the Old Fogy, and resist all improvements, the sooner he retires to some sequestered spot, and studies his Greek authors without interruption by public affairs the better. Meanwhile we beg to remind the learned man, that neither the Pyrrhic plough nor Greek fire was invented by parties who declined to advance with the military spirit of the time. Will that consideration move him—or must we move him?

Afterwards, on Estimates, Mr. Cowper recorded the solemn promise that though the Trafalgar Square Fountain is now eye-sores, they shall, in May, be something—of which every Englishman will be proud. This splendid undertaking took away the breath of the Committee. What in earth or in water, is COWPER going to do to the spouts? We are afraid too, that the man must wait for May for to be proud. The Copyright in Works of Art Bill passed the same evening, so nobody will be able to parrot COWPER's ideas of the Beautiful, be they what they may.

Tuesday. Some Tipperary jurors want to know the character of the water of the Shannon. Like Irishmen, they ask LORD CLAUNARD to ask the question. Why don't they take a heater, and find out for themselves?

A debate on the Civil Service Examinations brought up the usual nonsense about questions being asked which nobody could answer off-hand. LORD STANLEY ridiculed the objection with considerable success. We should not care to spend a week with the gentlemen who brought forward some of the examination questions as problems too deep for human solution. We should have undertaken the office, if he had not, on our ringing the bell and reading the list to him, expressed the most profound contempt for, blundered a desire to punch the head of, any Muf, as he succinctly put it, who could not analyse the character of Hanlet and state who wrote the Polonius.

Ever since Drury Lane Theatre was burned, the SHERIDANS have been so fidgety about fire that they will hardly sit down in the room with a person who happens to have a Raffa head. To-night one of them made an attack upon the duty of Fire Insurance, and though LORD PALMERSTON pleaded that some taxes must be paid, and MR. GLADSTONE angrily bewailed that the Budget might be waited for, MR. SHERIDAN pressed his point, and beat the Ministers by lazier arguments.

MR. E. P. BOUVERIE was never considered the wisest man in the world, and a much smarter person than himself called him in the
House of Commons, a Prig. But we thought that the honourable party had some brains, after all. What will be said when we relate that this Bouvier actually asked the House to provide a compendious record of Parliamentary proceedings? To have been addressed to such a functionary was too much philobasegetique to meet the proposition in the way it deserved, and indeed was actually stumped into allowing Bouvier to have a select committee on the subject—so much for his wisdom. This tongue-tied Pam sent a special messerency with an apology to Mr. Peach, but we declined to receive either "him or that." Bouvier will next be moving that there ought to be a lunacy in the heavens to give light to the earth and the other planets. Will the Secretary to the Asylum for Idiots inform us whether there is a vacancy at Earlswood?

Wednesday. An uninteresting sitting, noticeable only because the Trustees of Sr. John Soane's Museum thought it necessary to express, through Mr. Titre, the eminent architect, their reluctance to assent to the Bill enabling them to exhibit their Holbeins, which nevertheless we have almost forgotten what else they have got in that queer house of theirs, but must overhaul the place. If there is really anything worth having, they had better send it in to the British Museum, as there will be room for it now that the benches are to walk.

Thursday. His Grace of Somerset made a more satisfactory speech than that of Sir George Lewis upon the Iron Ship Question. He stated that we had four iron war-vessels which would be ready in August, that six more were being prepared, various improvements being made to the Conqueror. The Committees including that of Government were fully aware of the importance of the subject, and that we need not be alarmed, for that we had many vessels that could be converted into iron plate ships at very short notice. This statement, though by no means all that could be desired, was more to the purpose than the speech of the War Secretary, and so the Earl of Malmsbury applied the Duke.

To an inquiry, what had becomes of the Monument to the Duke of Wellington, Mr. Cowper replied that in 1855 a gentleman was desired to make a model for one, and it was supposed that he is educating himself for the purpose. People are unreasonable, as they expect to hear nothing of the Wellington Monument yet whilst, in 1850, LORD NELSON was killed in 1855, and any Monument is not yet determined or likely to be.

Then came the Budget for 1862.

First. There are to be no new taxes at present. Second. A small excise on liquor.

Thirdly. French commerce is approaching what Nature and that greatest of peace ministers, Mr. Pitt, intended it should be.

Fourthly. We must alter the wine duties a little, making two classes instead of four. (N. B. No fear lest the purchaser should benefit by this.)

Fifthly. There can be no remission of taxes now.

Sixthly. Yet the duty on playing cards must be reduced from one shilling to threepence, because the present duty is evaded.

Seventhly. We can lay on a Scottish probate duty.

Eighthly. We can lay on an eighth per cent. on public loans.

Ninthly. We can grant little licences to sell drink at Fair.

Tenthly. We must unhold the Spirit excise.

Eleventhly. We will transfer the Hop duties—the Grovener shall not pay them, and the Bowyer shall.

Twelfthly. Everybody who brends (unless his rent is under £20) must take a Licence, price twelve and sixpence.

Thirteenthly. Our national expenditure is not increasing, but diminishing.

Fourteenthly. But if you put a reduction in taxation, you must economise.

Mr. Gladstone took three hours to expose those things unto the Buzzers, and had small opportunity for making an elegant speech. We regret to say that he quoted Latin twice only, and that his quotations were so many that Sir Mox himself must have understood one, and the Act, it is true, was expected. This was not so well received, the Chancellor was complimented, and the Wine re-dedication was passed.

Ad retrospect, a taking of a Cat is out of the question. This is the very worst kitten that we ever saw emanated from a bag by a Chancellor of the Exchequer. In fact, the production of the Budget this year ought almost have been dispersed with, but that, as Miss Caroline Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs remarks, "There is a Form in these things, Mr. Whalley came out with some ultra-Protestances of the Cross of the baptism of the Saxons by S. Augustine, declaring that we were Protestants in England (and if we heard the Hon. Member right, had the Common Prayerbook and Church-rates) five hundred years before Augustine.

Sir M. W. Hume complained that the speech of Mr. Peach was a moral and adored no tale," which was unsound, because it failed the reverse of each statue. Sir Joseph Paxton very properly demanded that the place in the Victoria Tower for the reception of the House should be fixed, and we are told that it is an abode of the kind, even Cox ventured to rise and say something about the House was instantly and successfully Counted Out at 2 1/2.

Friday. After one of Lord Normandy's little Acts of Absolution against the Government of the King of Italy, it had been rather boldly disputed by Mr. Russell, who seemed to think no treason to be tolerant of nonsense, the same Earl stated in answer to Lord Kinnaid, that there were two versions of the case of M. Zamoiski, one to the effect that he had been daggered to pieces, the other to a reverse purge. As he did not know what to believe, he preferred to give credit to the less painful story—which may be regarded as a prudent and cautious course, and which has, moreover, the merit of being opposed to the usual practice of society when anything discreditable is narrated. He did not say whether the prospects of the Austrian Prince, who is the Maximilian of Mexico, were improving—the impression seems to be rather the other way.

We suppose that the reference to the Wellington Monument reminded Admiral Walscott that there had been such a person as Nelson, and he proposed that Mr. Gladstone should respond that Sir Edwin Landseer undertook the Lion's in 1835, and was still attaining, very regularly, at the Zoological Gardens, to see how his statues are like.

Mr. Denman made an able speech in favour of Poland, and Lord Palmerston replied that Poland had much to complain of, but had better wait.

Government have been fairly waked up at last, upon the subject of the ships, and a rumour that got about, we have no idea how, that Mr. Peach intended to make a demonstration upon the subject in the stage of a monstrous cartoon representing Jack in Iron, finally decided the Premier's course. Sir George Lewis was invited to hold his tongue, and Bernal Osborne was invited to come out strong upon the question. Then, Pam, choosing the right moment, as he always does, read, and declared that Government were immensely alive to the importance of the subject, that Captain Coles's Cupola was a capital statue, and that the Forts should be suspended, and the Floating Defences should be taken in hand. This was as much as could be expected, but Mr. Bentinck wanted a little more; and was told by Mr. Palmerston that when you have killed your hare with a barrel, there is no need to fire the other barrel into her. So, on the whole, Mr. Peach thinks himself justified in closing the chronicle of the present week with the remark, Honours!

GRINOLINE ASHORE AND AFLOAT.

We've meals of vessels; iron grates
Our ladies' ribs council.
Our ships' sides fenced with armoured-plates;
Our girls' with ribs of steel.
Steel riles will save from capture make.
Our Majesty's armure.
And when do you expect to take
A wife in Grinoline?

A Profitable Transaction.

According to Mr. Hubbard, out of the sum total constituting the new Turkish loan, which has been so eagerly subscribed to in this country, only 60 per cent., after deductions for interest and commission, will be applicable in Turkey. For £5,000,000, therefore, it follows that the Turkish Government will only get £2,440,000, which is about a 30 per cent. net profit. But the speech was very well received, the Chancellor was complimented, and the Wine re-dedication was passed. 
Mr. Bright and the Fine Arts.

Hat distinguished connoisseur and zealous patron of the Arts, John Bright, M.P., has felt so naturally anxious that his favourite country (as we mean, of course) America should be fairly represented at the coming International Exhibition, that we hear, he has commissioned the first artists in New York to paint for him a series of historical pictures, which he trusts to get admitted to the gallery at Kensington, before he finally receives them to decorate his own. The subjects he has chosen mostly have been selected with the view of pointing out the deeds of England, and the part she has played in history, so as to be of instruction. And in this respect, we are well pleased to state, that the following are some of them:

1. The Quaker's Dream. Grand historical cartoon, representing the election of John Bright as the perpetual President of Great Britain, consequent on the annihilation of the Throne and House of Lords. (Note. The artist will be pleased to represent J. B. in a fine heroic attitude, with a smile upon his face, and pointing to the Crown with a gesture of contempt, after the manner of O. Cromwell saying, "Take away that bell!"

2. Battle of Banker's Hill. Total defeat and utter rout of the entire British Army by a brilliant American led by General Washington. Cowardly flight of Sir John Burgoyne, leaving all his guns and wounded on the field.

3. Sinking of the Royal George: scuttled by a brave American to save his country's wrongs.

4. A Series of Marine Views, representing the scenes (as told to the Marines) of the sinking or surrender of several large English frigates, which were in reality line-of-battle-ships dismasted, when encountered by as many small American corvettes.

5. Oyster divers and General Wolfe after his attempted storming of Quebec. (Fide General Burnum's "American Company.")

6. The Glorious Signing of the famous Declaration of Independence (by a sketch by an eyewitness, who was present as reporter for the New York Penny Times). Grand historical picture of England's humiliation and America's emancipation from the British tyrant's thrall.

7. French Locomotive: with a view of the Column at Boulogne, erected to commemorate the invasion of England by the French (helped by the Yankees) in 1806. (Note by Mr. Bright. English writers have declared that the invasion, though intended, never actually took place. That no man knows the artist. There stands the Column, whatever be the fact.)

8. Picture showing the Printing of the first Penny Newspaper: invented by America to civilise the Universe; with a view in the background of some few of the many million comforters and advantages which society has gained from this inestimable blessing.

9. The Breaking of the Duke of Wellington's Window, by a few of the free citizens who were sent over the States to assist the British people in their struggle for Reform. (Note by Mr. Bright. The artist will have the goodness to depict the Iron Duke half-fainting with sheer fright, and the patriots throwing stones at him as he is being dressed in evening costume, with cussins in his button-holes and opera-glasses in left hand.)

10. The "Wooden-Vanity Merchandize." and the "Giant of Greens Spectacles," a pair of pictures showing the superior acuteness of Americans in mercantile transactions. N.B. See Hiram Choiseley's notes to the (pirated) New York edition of the "View of Wakefield," as to the proofs that the pedlar who cheated Moses was a Yankee.


12. The "Coke, Coal and the Caged Dove," a Scene from real Yankee life: by an American Pre-Raphaelite.

13. A Series of Pictures, showing the invention of some of the most useful things the world has ever seen; such, for instance, as the steam-engine, the printing-press and the electric telegraph; all of which, it is well known, were invented by Americans.

14. Heroic Rising of the Cheroakee Patriots in 1813. Flight of Special Constables before a handful of brave Rowdies who had been sent over the States, for the purpose of establishing a Great British Republic.

15. Defeat of the Great English Giant Pugilist Tom Sayers by little Bיכcaa the Bittle, the champion of Yankee featherweights.

16. Sinking of the whole British fleet by the American Armatel, A.D. 1836. (A view of the future, taken by an artist who paints in chiaroscuro.)


Invasion of England by the United States. (A prospectus, for which the artist is expected to draw on his imagination: the scene and date of the event not being yet precisely fixed.—J. B.)

April Fools.

The rites and ways of ancient days Shift with time's ceaseless flow; Old shamans are no more true Than last year, we know; But two Spring fashions hold their ground, Though change all else may rule— Still March both share its frantic lure, And April boasts her fool. The sprightly life's stirred in beast and bird, Boats burst their bawdy seams, Nor only tears, but notions brown, The freshness of their greens. From either pole, to where our waves Our own Britanny rules, I look around and see the ground Alive with April fools.

France capes to see her Emperor With Freedom's cornic crown His new Battle which he has replaced The old one she pulled down. Eyes upon thistles, ramps on thorns, Sicks, on his bidding and sound. Upon such sleeveless ercan sent, What's France but April fool? Italy, still the battlel嘚 Of Gaul and Ghiliane hands, Betwixt an Emperor and Pope, Perplexed and panting stands. Of her that trusts to Bremen's sword, Or leans on Peter's stoud, 'Tis hard to say which Italy Is greater April fool.}

Grave Germany, "twixt pot and pipe, Book-led and Kate-o'connor, Pores of the problem, still maupire, How to make many one. Professor while in Prince she'd find, Or soverigns in her schools, There's Germany, bound by law and blind, Greatest of April fools.

Turkey,—where diplomatic snips With new cloth patch the old, Banish the Great Powers' smiles and friendly Frowns of the American-Alternate hot and cold,— With Franks and Madeux she trusts With even head to rule And hopes by loans to shake off debt— Is sure an April fool.

And thou with Bankum swalla'd and fired, Oh, Jonathan, my son! Spending thy millions a-day, Half fermened, half in lour: Union who seek'st in civil war, Freedom in Shaver's school, What, oh my Jonathan, art thou, If not an April fool?

And lastly, Mother England, thou That's art wax-end and chips, While expanding thirty thousand men In soldiers and ships; If hoping to see Income tax (Instead of taxing tools) Hung silly up on Treasury walls, Thou art worst of April fools!
**IRON-CLAD JACK.**

A SEASON-SONG OF THE FUTURE.

Go, potter to soldiers and swabs not at sea,
Bout danger and fear and the like,
A full head of steam and good iron-ship give me,
And 'taint to three-deckers I'll strike!

Though such shot on our iron sides smack, smash, and smile,
As would shiver a frigate of wood.

What of that? sheathed in plate we'll right gallantly fight,
Till our foes for the fishes be food.

In armour cased for'ard, amidships, aft,
In our sides neither crevice nor crack,
All safely we steam in our blacksmith-built craft:
Naught to fear now has Iron-clad Jack.

I said to my Poll, for you see she would cry
When last we were ordered to sea,
What's the good, Poll, of sniveling and piping your eye,
When your Jack is as snug as can be?

Can't you see how we're armed; iron plates over all;
Shot-and-shell-proof from sternpost to stem?
Not a man of us now by a broadside can fall;
And for small arms, we've no fear of them.

With sheathing well shielded both for'ard and aft,
On the furnace fresh fuel we stack,
Then running stem on sink the enemy's craft,
While in safety sits Iron-clad Jack.

Why, I heard our ship's blacksmith explaining one night
That the strength of our sheathing was such
That, shiver my rivets! says he, when we fight,
Not a shot can our timbers ere touch.

Should a foe heave in sight, to our guns we may fly,
Nor of splinter nor shot feel a dread:
Pound away as he will, boys, we'll never say die!

For we're proof against steel, iron and lead.
We've no woodwork to riddle, now or aloft,
No canvas to shift or to tack;
Not an inch in the ship that is shaky or soft,
Shot and shell proof is Iron-clad Jack!

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**OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.**

By a notice in the *Gazette*, we learn that the Five Commissioners charged with the Inauguration of the Building designed as a Temple of Industry, Science and Art, are as follows:—

Mr. Faraday.
Mr. Faraday.
Mr. Richard Owen.
Mr. Alfred Tennyson.
Mr. Daniel Maclise.

The report that the Ceremonial was to be under the superintendence of a Soldier, an Arch-bishop, and some Lords, is contradicted, and the above list appears in ample vindication of the good sense of the Directors.

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**FISCAL FUTURITY.**

The Serpent used to be the emblem of Eternity. Now, however, the Serpent is superseded in that capacity by the Income-Tax, of which there is to be no end. The symbol is one which may be said to correspond to Eternity of the wrong sort.
THE BRITISH TAR OR THE FUTURE.
A Nicer Sort of Bread.

Here - score and- ten, it is said, are the years of a man; but forty and two appear to be the years of a journeyman baker. At this rate, the grand master-baker is a sort of giant, who grows his workman's beard to make him broad. According to Miss Martineau, Steveder's bread-making Machinery promises to put an end to this baker-grinding. Having pointed out the advantages of the new mechanical contrivance for economising labour in the manufacture of bread, Miss Martineau wishes as

"Putting all these things together, can there be a doubt that the journeymen bakers' grievances are coming to an end by a better means than an Act of Parliament? There will not be a speedy end, if an end at all, to home-made bread, but the knoading will not long be done by the cook's stout arm."

This is a very welcome intelligence. Eating bread of which the making kills the journeyman baker, is, in manner, eating the journeyman baker himself. This thought is calculated to create a disgust for dry bread, if not to induce us to quarrel with our bread-and-butter. Bread prepared by means of machinery will be eaten without a shudder; and the rather by reason of the consideration that, if in the case of home-made bread kneading is no longer done by the cook's stout arm, neither in that of bakers' bread can it any more be performed by a different application of muscular power exerted on the dough by several journeyman bakers.

Why Don't You Repeal Your Paper Duty?

It is said that the Stationery Office has effected a saving of £22,000 this year, owing, it is supposed, to the repeal of the Paper Duty. We are glad that the Government are the garners themselves by their own liberality. It is only right and fair that they should share the benefit in common with us and others. However, our poor bankrupt friend, Austria, if she were wise, (we grant that the "if" is a mighty big stumbling-block), would borrow a valuable hint from the above pragmatic and suggestive fact. Generosity always repays it itself, and the sooner this becomes a national maxim, the sooner we may come back to us, in some way or other, in the long run. Why, then, doesn't Austria repeal her Paper Duty? In that proper empire, eaten up with priests, police, and propagandists, the Paper Duty consists in putting as many blank-notes as she can possibly get to circulate. Let this system boldly be repealed, and (it is a system, which any one let him be ever so clever in cooking accounts, will not hesitate to confess has, long ere this, been completely " done to rags "); and who knows that the Austrian finnace may also clear £22,000 next year; and a gain like that would be a colossal fact such as has never been accomplished in those impoverished States yet, within the memory of the oldest Britonian inhabitant!

A Sea Change.

The necessary reconstruction of the British Navy will effect an entire change of national phraseology. "Shiver my timbers!" will become obsolete; and the corresponding exclamation will be, "Unrig my plates." Instead of "Seattle my coppers!" the dramatic Jack Tar will have to say " Pouly my screw!" or "Smash my ramrod!" whereas he used to utter imprecations on his bowsp说了, he will henceforth perhaps invoke injury on his bowspusher.

The Voices of the Deep.

Dr. Derrysé proves to us that fishes have voices. Lending our ears to this fact, we wonder what language are the fishes in the habit of speaking? We suppose it must be the language of the Fins.

Talk About the Telegraph.

Proper people find it difficult to amuse themselves in Leat; and this is possibly the reason why we saw announced the other morning in the Standard that:—

"Mr. and Mrs. Blank have issued invitations for a conversation on the subject of united America and England by the electric telegraphic message between Ireland and Newfoundland."

The transatlantic telegraph, and the thousands that were sunk with it, afford a fitting topic to be talked about in Leat, which is for Christian minds the apostle time for penitential preaching. But though long faces were no doubt pulled at the scene above mentioned, still persons who were interested in telegraphic matters might have found grounds for consolation in the following announcement, which had appeared a day or two before in the Observer:—

"A short time since we stated that a proposal had been made for very considerately reducing the time required for the transmission of telegraphic messages between this country and the south of Ireland. The outward and homeward American mails now touch at Queenstown, and receive or land their mails and despatches. Robert the news from America has been taken by steamer from 'Rocher's Point' at the mouth of the harbour, up to Queenstown, and thence, if intended for London, by telegraph, at Cork, Dublin, Belfast, Drogheda, Portpatrick, Dunmore, Carlisle, and Liverpool. This roundabout mode of sending telegraphic messages, of course produces many delays, so that in this electric spark when fairly on its way, it must obey the stern orders of its masters, stop at the appointed stations, and wait till the line is signaled to be 'all clear.' Of this series of delays one has already been removed. The telegraphic despatches are now sent direct from Rocher's Point. The despatches are made up at New York or Boston directed to the places where they are required to start directly to Rocher's Point..."

If we can't bridge the Atlantic with a telegraphic wire, at least we may abridge the time it takes to forward a message to Ireland; and what further steps are being taken for this end, the following will illustrate:—

"The other portions of the project, which include the construction of a telegraphic overland line between Cork and Waterford and Wexford, are being pushed forward very rapidly. From Wexford the telegraph becomes a submarine line, and will cross the Channel to St. David's Head, on the Welsh coast, and be continued to Milford to London. When completed, the average saving in point of time will be about five hours. The Cork-Wexford telegraph has already been erected by Messrs. Silver and Co., between Cork and Wexford, and the whole section will be completed in a few days. It is on a line which is over the bones, by virtue of the electric spark, of the most recent discoveries in the science of telegraphy; and the experience which has already been obtained proves that these insulators possess great superiority over those made of porcelain, glass, or other partially-conducting substances. In one part of the new telegraph route it has been necessary to cross a small field arm running into the harbour of Cork, and the cable which has been made for submerging at this point is of extraordinary dimensions. Its weight is upwards of seventeen tons to the mile, and is formed of eighteen thousand silvering steel wires, enclosing seven conductors of copper in each of which is made up of seven strands of copper wire. These are insulated with India rubber, and it furnishes one of the most perfect and complete specimens of insulators which have yet been manufactured for telegraphy; they are already in use upon insulators, and the experience which has already been obtained proves that these insulators possess great superiority over those made of porcelain, glass, or other partially-conducting substances."

If Messieurs Silver be successful in their present undertaking, we trust that before long they may be so in a larger one; and that the "superior greatness" of their porcelain insulator may enable us to hold discourse with distant countries more swiftly than at present we are competent to do. If they continue to improve their means of wire-drawn telegraphy, we may be able to make a connexion between this country and such, by telegraph, from London to the Pole, and possibly transmit a kiss (in writing) from Calcutta to Corkhill. "Speech is Silver," say the moralists; and whatever tales we have to tell the submarians, no doubt the Messieurs Silver will enable us to tell them.

Who was your Sponsor?

Among the founders of a certain political association lately formed at Berlin, the Messieurs made mention of a Prince Boguslaw de Radziwill. We are surprised at meeting with a Prince called Boguslaw. We had no idea that Boguslaw had any connection with Royalty; we always supposed that Boguslaw was an American institution.

"The Children of Wealth."

Of all the "Children of Wealth the greatest, without exception, is the Luncheon Child; for the Luncheon Child in the possession of wealth, that we are assured by a confidential clerk in their establishment, that many and many a time it has been almost beyond Baring.

Spiritual Weakness.

We have been asked why spirits, such as those that communicate with Mr. Foster, the conjuring "medium," can only write under the table. We answer, because spirits of that description are below proof.
PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI. [April 12, 1862.

A PEER AMONG THE PAUPERS.

"'Tis a rum thing to find a Peer in a Workhouse." The joke is not bad one for a poor old fellow, the recipient of in-door relief, who made it on his own name. It is a better joke, too, than it seems; for this Peer was a man of mark in his day; one who was on familiar terms indelicately with the actual Peerage. MR. PEER used to drive the *Neroed*—was it not?—fast coach between London and Southampton. JOHN PEER, once JACK PEER to his noble and gentle followers, is now an inmate of the West London Union, in which institution he was discovered by MR. M'WHINNIE, from whom a letter giving an account of the discovery appeared the other day in the *Times*. Peer was ruined by the railways, which destroyed his professional employment, for the loss whereof he got no compensation, not being an officer of the Insolvent Court, and having no CUMBERLAND to assert his claims. His generosity prevented the accumulation of any savings which the want of that virtue might possibly have enabled him to put by. He is said, on good authority, to have once given all his money to a young gentleman to get him out of a scrape, which, but for that assistance, would have ruined him.

Peer among the paupers is the model of a gentleman in difficulties, vastly distinguished from his one, vastly distinguished by the quiet dignity and patience with which he accepts his situation. But how much longer is he to remain in the workhouse? That question might easily be settled among the many noble lords and honourable gentlemen who may yet remember sitting on the box in the old coaching days, and talking with the gallant coachman of whom age and poverty have now got the whip-hand.

MR. PEER's case is noticed in DAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for April, and its statement concludes with the intimation, that any sums remitted to MESSENGERS DAILY BROTHERS, Cornhill, on Peer's behalf, will be duly acknowledged and properly applied.

A Government Office that Pays.

We read that this year, not only has the Mint paid its expenses, but even left a small margin of profit over. The same cannot be said of every public department. However, we must not express our surprise too largely, for it is clear that the Mint must necessarily contain within itself more internal resources for "making money" than any other Government Office.

A COIL OF BROODING MYSTERY.

Eternally it is all very well to take a great interest in the daily incidence of the Python, but we are anxious to know what is to become of the eggs when they are all hatched. It was considered a great miracle of St. Patrick to drive all the reptiles out of Ireland. It strikes us that we are doing the very reverse of that same miracle—for we are doing all we can to introduce the breed into this country. We believe that there are about a hundred of these said eggs. Will the Zoological Gardens kindly inform us what they intend doing with this numerous progeny, supposing every egg brings forth a live Python? A hundred serpents all playing away at once will be, of course, a very pretty exhibition for those who have a fine ear for such instruments, and we have but little doubt that every member of the "Pope's Brass Band" will make a musical study of going to hear them; but will the residents of the Regent's Park like the progeny of such slippery, and, at times, hargharious neighbours? We know that we would not live in the vicinity for any inducement. We should not be able to go to bed comfortably for fear of waking up in the middle of the night with a great ugly slavvy box-constrictor coiling round our body, and carrying us off there's no knowing whether, without even having the grace to allow us time sufficient to put on our clothes. We really hope that the Directors will see that these pretty pets are kept perfectly safe, under the strongest lock and key, or else we mean to say it will be a great singing shame; for if the whole lot of them should escape across the Park, we pity the little children and nurserymaids with their attendant life-guardsmen who usually gambol there. The cry of "Mad Bull" will be an angel's whisper compared to the noise that will be raised on that alarming occasion.

Then, there's the dread of their hiding in secret places, and breeding all over the metropolis, and so gradually stretching themselves over the entire kingdom. It's no joke when you take into consideration that a Python lays almost as heavily as any member of the letting ring. It will lay you a hundred at any time; of course, we are talking of eggs. Precautions should decidedly be taken in time to guard against the possibility of any such evil. With so strong a tendency to large families, England would be overwhelmed with Pythons in no time, and then we might defy St. Patrick himself, or the greatest serpent-charmer in the world, to rid us of such a dangerous invasion. We might be meat to them, but they would only be poison to us.

Of course, when they are duly hatched, (what a consternation there will be on that day at Oxford amongst the rabbits!) the Directors will begin to think of giving them away. As a nobleman sends game to his friends, so will the Zoological Gardens send these scaly monsters to the Jardin des Plantes, and similar congenial institutions. As for selling them, that will be total failure of the question, for when the supply is so great there will soon be a dreadful fall of serpents. We don't know whether they are good to eat, or what kind of soup they would make, or else our costermongers might drive a brisk trade with them, for doubtless they would be able to sell them quite as chem as eggs.

"Here, are your fine live Pythons two a penny! all alive, oh!" would make a nice cheering cry under one's windows, when one wakes up with a nervous headache. As for us, we must beg that the Directors of the Zoological will not, out of any study ideas of young men's compliment, think of sending us a brace of Pythons, "with their respects," or any nonsense of that sort, for we tell them candidly we would not have them in the house for any consideration. Sweet pretty things for...
essays and remarks.

NICE.—There are many persons who continually offer you unsolicited advice, which, when serious, is to do what they would do if they were in your place, and what, if they were so, they would not be doing, more probably wrong, but if you, not being they, were to do, you would certainly be a fool.

When, in difficult circumstances, you ask advice, because you really want it, you will seldom get any of the best it can supply. Few will take the trouble of trying to understand your perplexity, very few of those who try will understand it will be able, and most, if not all, of that few, will confess that they know not what to advise you. People of your age might give you off-hand advice, recommending you to do something which is either impossible for you to do, or to which it is advisable for you to do exactly the contrary.

Almost the only advice ever worth anything is that which is paid for, and that is not always worth the money. One thousand in a thousand may give you good advice. The best advice, on the whole, is that of a respectable solicitor.

mother church triumphant in spain.

(for the "tablet.")

DEFEATING as too severe the caution of eleven years' penal servitude which has been passed on Don Manuel Matamoros, Don Angel Almada, and Don Miguel Teigo, at Granda, for reading the Bible, the clerus publico asks the following imperative question:—

"What should we say if, on the plea of reprints, our brethren living in Protestant countries were compelled to renounce their religion under pain of being punished, for exercising it, with the brand of the reproacher and the chains of the carcass?"

The clerus publico, as a Spanish Journal, belies its name. The clamour of which the above quoted extract is a specimen is such as might indeed be raised by the heretical British public; but never could have been made by the faithful public of Spain. To the stake with the apostates! Let the heretics be burned alive!—"this case as that of matamoros and his accomplices, would be the natural cry of the Catholic Spanish people.

What would Spanish Catholics say if a British court of justice had condemned Mrs. Manning and Newman to perpetual servitude for singing Mass? Just what we ourselves should say if the thieves were to get the upper hand in this country and send professors of moral philosophy to the hulks for contesting against communism, and maintaining the rights of property. That would be persecution if you like; but there is no persecution in punishing thieves; still less is there any in the punishment of heretics. Heresy is worse than thiev ery, and a felon is less guilty than a man who presumes to read the Bible without the leave of his priest.

If matamoros and his companions in guilt had not been justly punished for an offence against the faith, if the punishment inflicted on them in the name of religion had not been authorized by the church, of course the Pope, ever prompt in the demolition of error, would have reproved the mistake of its infliction with the utmost austerity. The holy Father knows too well that to such acts of faith as the condemnation of the Spanish Bible readers is mainly owing the destruction in which his paternal authority is so very generally held in these evil times, to the continually extending laceration of his paternal heart.

He is also fully aware that the same causes account for the contemptuous laughter with which the house of Commons is accustomed to receive the complaints of intolerance, and the demands for power, which are so frequently preferred by Sir George Bowles, and the other warriors of his holiness's faithful parliamentary Irish Brigade. Yet the Pope is silent. Of course. How could he disapprove of the consignment of matamoros to the galleys, without condoning those acts of stronger faith, which, in ages of more glowing charity, would have consigned that heretic and his associates to the flames?

the sick man in the money market.

call the Turk, if you like it, the scicdest of men
and boast frank than Musselman wiser;
but I'll give his more roce than I would to the Pope,
to the cazar, or his neighbour, the Kaisser,
any one of the three I should just like to see,
on our stock-exchange coldly descending—
soldier, priest or civilian—to ask for four million,
and find thirty ready for lending!

though Christians can't hear him, his counsels and harem,
and the maitus and models, his masters,
these financiers blane his wild issuing of cains,
(Which is tu kish, we're told, for "slim placers").

though for pay his troops chamour, though brought to the sammer,
are the late Sultan's wives and their jewels,
let him just draw his bill, and Britannia still,
will find cash for 't, in spite of renewals.

yes, he looks very sick...is at near his last kick—
when suddenly—dicta miracole!—’

"but, oh! cured in an instant!"
he's set on his legs
by Britannia's "error potabile"!

that mystery so sought by the wits who wrote
for Alchemy's mighty Arcanum,
The Elixir of Life!—of all foods here a'scribe,
Proming draughts—for the sick man to drain 'em!

nuts for conservatives.

The subjoined extract from a weekly contemporary appears to assert the right of a people to choose their form of government for themselves:—

"we have never disguised our sympathy with the Southern States, nor our ardent hope that they may prove victorious in this great struggle for their independence in their own houses."

What very generous sentiments! If it were not for the fact that the independence of the Southern States will involve the perpetuation of negro slavery, what true Englishman would not avow the same? But why limit sympathetic generosity to the Southern Confederation? Cannot the British government rely, as the foregoing words are taken also affirm that it has never disguised its sympathy with the people, nor its ardent hope that they likewise may prove victorious in that great struggle for their independence in their own houses which they have been so long engaged in? No; for the sympathy of that contemporary with the Southern States is something peculiar; as appears from the continuation of the passage quoted above:—

"our sympathy with them is strengthened by the fact that the great Liberal Party everywhere desires the success of their enemies."

Take notice that the contemporary whose remarks we have been presenting to you is the tablet. The Romans are regarded as a very difficult sort of people. Indeed, so bad are the organs of popery. In its estimation the latter are as different from the former as white from black; and if the Southern negroes were in revolt against their masters, our Papish contemporary would probably sympathise as little with them as it does with the Romans, and as much with their masters as it does with the Pope; particularly because the emancipation of both the negroes and Romans is everywhere desired by the great liberal party. Indeed we suppose the tablet is ready to maintain that the Romans are negroes, who adds amounts to no greater absurdity than maintaining white to be black; and that is nothing to a journal holding the still more insurmountable dogma which the tablet professes.

No doubt the tablet, in the interests of its party, is prepared to confound that white is black; and the affirmative of that same proposition would, for the same purpose, be also readily voted by the representatives of that party in the House of Commons who are hanged to turn out Lord Palmerston's government, to the overthrow of our foreign policy. Over, geez, geez, conservatives, you increase your number by every Dearty when you send to Parliament!
PUNCH TO LORD CHIEF JUSTICE ERLE.

My dear Erle,

55, Fleet Street, April 8th.

I am always glad of any opportunity that brings you and me into communication, for you are, as I have had or made occasion to tell you before, no end of a brick.

But I am not quite clear that I am satisfied with the definition you had down on Friday, in the case of the Morning Post and the lady who did not like to be laughed at about that dog business. The result of the trial, and the Farthing for the ill-advised lady, were all right, and would leave nothing to regret, but that the Post has to pay its own heavy costs, and that you, my dear Erle, have emitted the unsatisfactory definition.

Definitions are difficult things. Shakespeare intimates that only very scholarly sounds should undertake them, when he makes Aramis say to D'Artagnan, "Define, define, well educated infant."

You say, my dear Erle, that a legitimate press criticism is one which does not make "a rational and sensible person less comfortable in Society." My dear L. C. J., surely you must see that this is to put down all press criticism, and to bring back the law of libel to what it was in the old days, when a libel was defined to be anything that was in the slightest degree disagreeable to anybody. Surely any person who is considered at all is thereby made less comfortable in Society. Even you, Erle, who are one of the most rational and sensible, and also one of the goodest and kindest men going, will be (momentarily only, I hope) rendered less comfortable in Society by knowing that I have signified incomplete satisfaction with one of your editors. Yet, you would not come down on me as a libeller, my dear fellow, would you?

Besides, ought not even a rational and sensible person who does an absurd thing (of course you and I don't talk of women as rational or sensible) to be visited with censure and discomfort, in his own interest and that of society? Besides, again, is not the comfort of society to be considered, and "what thing is more delightful," as Cicero says, than the seeing an acquaintance's goose artistically cooked? The greatest happiness of the greatest number, my dear Erle.

Just reconsider your definition, will you, and come and tell me that you have done so—dinner at 7 sharp.

Ever yours, my dear L. C. J.,

Most affectionately,

PUNCH.

Misapplication of Peter's Fence.

The Lamoriciere Fund has, at general Lamoriciere's request, been handed over to "Peter's Peace Association." According to the Tablet, the Secretary to the Lamoriciere Testimonial Committee has disappeared, and there is "a very considerable difference between the amount acknowledged by advertisements in the newspapers, and the amount forthcoming." At Peter's Peace have been appropriated by somebody else, we fear it will turn out that the party has not been robbing Peter to pay Paul. But suppose the peace had all reached Rome. Would Peter not have been robbed to pay Chianese?

Britannia's Shield.

The good old lady has sent it to Vulcan to have it instantly iron-plated with good four-inch iron-plate at least. She has sufficient sense to understand that, if the waves are to be ruled, it will be done for the future with an iron ruler. England's best shield is Iron. You see Britannia is no fool in the main.

The Last Report of the Python.—"Left Sitting."
Part 57 of CHARLES KNIGHT'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, will be Published on April 30.

BRADBURY & EVANS, 11, BOVERIE STREET, FLEET STREET, E.C.

A NEW NOVEL by the AUTHORESS of EAST LYNNE; with Illustrations by J. E. MILLAIS, will shortly be commenced in ONCE A WEEK.
MR. MARK LEMON
ABOUT LONDON AND WESTMINSTER.

OLDHAM, April 14th,
 | BRIGHTON, April 21st,
 | }
CROYDON, April 26th.

LONDON, May 5th, and after, at the GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION,

The Right Hon. the EARL OF DUNKENHYSTER

FOR THE PURPOSE OF DISPOSING OF:

A FAMILY TREATISE ON THE USE OF TRENCHER'S

FLOWER-GOLD OIL.

Prescribed by the most eminent Medical Men throughout the world as the safest, cheapest, and most effectual remedy for
CONSUMPTION, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, RHEUMATISM, GOUT,

GENERAL DEBILITY, SHIN-HEART, SKIN, SKIN, SKIN, SKIN, INFLAMMATIONS, INFANTS' WASTING,

AND ALL SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS.

Inconsistently Superior to every other Variety.

FROM “THE LANCET.”

Some of the deficiencies of the Pale Oil are attributable to the fact of its being manufactured in the usual method,

and especially to its admission through the RUBICITY OF THE LIGHT CANDLE, oil being darkened and hard

and in some cases even thrown into the oil itself.

On Dr. Dowson’s Light Brown Cold Liver Oil is sold only in imperial half-pint, 4s. 6d. to

per quart, 10s. 8d. and labelled with its name and stamp. We recommend the use of these

labels to be genuine, and in many cases the Best Brown Cold Liver Oil.

The Pocket Siphonia Depot—Edgworth and Son, 

Manufacturers of the 1st Class Waterproof Cut for India, guaranteed not to be stocky, no matter the climate, it is to be

either as the contents, or in the mixture of its own. Measurement required.

the length and size round the chest. Rayon for Trousers, 18d. 6d.

FISHING STOCKINGS, 1s. to 2s. per pair.

5. CHASING CROSS, late 65. STRAND.

NO CHARGE MADE FOR STAMPING PAPER ENVELOPES, 6d. per hundred, addressed with 1s. 8d., superior cream-laid adhesive ENVELOPES, 6d. per 1000, cream-laid note-paper, full-size, fine water

marks.

WEDDING CARDS, WEDDING ENVELOPES, INVITATIONS TO THE CEREMONY, ENVELOPES, PAPER PRINTED AND STAMPED IN SILVER, AND ARMS OR GRAFTS

in the latter fashion. CARDS ELEGANTLY ENGRAVED AND SUPERBLY

GARLAND PRINTED ON CARD-PAPER, 6d. per card, also.

F. BROWN'S INFLATABLE MEANS OF MEASURING

THE HEAD

Round the Head, in manner of a beret, leaving the base loose or

an inch, 10d. each, 1s. 6d.

From the Forehead over to the poll, as deep as

an inch, 1d. each, 2s.

From one Temple to the other across the size

of the Head to where the Hair grows.

THE CHARGE FOR THIS UNIQUE HEAD OF

HAIR, ONLY 1s. 10d.
with having in other days prattled about political morality, and with defending a system detrimental to the character of public men, and most injurious to the fortunes of the realm. Well, the been opposed to words and good hard charges, and if Mr. Disraeli believed them to be just (and a Member of Parliament never says anything unjust), it was his business, one might think, at least to take the sense of the House whether such a wicked Minister should be allowed to push on his nefarious schemes. Mr. Disraeli sat down.

Refreshed by a moral glass of better beer, that is, by a sensible little complaint from Mr. Bass against the new licence to Brewers, Mr. Gladstone then replied to Mr. Disraeli. He scoffed at Mr. Disraeli, and talking of the character of public men, it was not in his condemnation of rhetoric and sophistry, said that he had no faith in the financial system at which Parliament has been labouring for twenty years, called him a Ransacker of Howard, accused him of having done, in discrediting the Budget, what had been done when Gladstone did, saying that it was not difficult to bear censure from him, as better men had done, denied all his allegations, and would not have complained of the speech at all, had it been made with an honest purpose.

Hector and Achilles having fought, we presume that few desire to know what small Greeks and Trojans rushed on one another and slew or were slain. Bexting, Willochery, Cecil, Ayton, Vance, Lindsey, Northcote emitted dulness, and then Mr. Gladstone neatly culled his Income-Tax, his Fair Licences, and his Card Licences, and went home to Homer.

Sir John Shelley tried to prevent the Second Reading of the Thames Embankment Bill, and the division shows how admirably this Metropolitan Member represents the feeling of the country. The Bill was read by 116 to 9.

Tuesday. Both Houses seemed to want rest after their labours, and besides, the weather was unpleasant. Gladstone is an interesting person, but William Tell, a gentleman in the same line, has also his claims on the attention of the legislature. Nothing of the slightest importance took place in either House of Parliament, but at Mr. Gwy’s house Tamberlik was in the most magnificent voice, and in the words of a critic, “All his previous achievements paled before his magnificent rendering of the famous ‘Suisse-vou;’ and here the dear trumpet-toned vigour with which the Italian tenor hurled forth those startling at 1501b, which can never fail to raise the most passionate enthusiasm, electrified the audience as completely as though they had never before heard a C delivered from the chest.”

Wednesday was given to oysters, persons, and sewers. Touching the first, Mr. Cave fittingly asked a question about the bottom of the sea, and an equally unfashionable quarter, the Emperor of the French, and was informed that a recent decree of L. N.’s had nothing to do with our oyster fishery convention. The Bill for releasing from their canonical liabilities the clergyman who desire to abandon the surplus was debated with fairness, and was referred to a Select Committee. A Bill for giving counties taxing powers to the Metropolitan Works was discussed in committee, and some 86 clauses agreed to. Mr. Cox will be kind enough to look up the history of Athens, and see what is said about the Thirty Tyrants, as it may shortly be necessary to take some energetic steps in the direction of liberty.

Thursday. Some educational conversation in the Lords, and Peer Cran was rather weak, and asked if the subject had not been already raised by Mr. Pusey, and if the same principle, that the foundation is the same, would not be the same in this country and another country. He is glad to add, that Captain Coles is being properly treated by the Admiralty; a miracle, considering that Coles is an inventor of a valuable affair.

Inquiries were made after the health of the Big Bell. Mr. Cowper went down into the House, and this ended the discussion. Mr. Cowper did not like to risk, especially as the bell makes a most abominable noise. So the large quarter-bell gives the hour, and Mr. Cowper does not mean to do anything more with the wopper at present. Perhaps he
BEAUTY NOT WITHOUT PAINT.

BY FRANCIS BACON.

From a column of miscellaneous intelligence in The Morning Post, the following paragraph is respectfully submitted to the readers of Punch—

"The Emperor Napoleon, in his address to the people of Paris, expressed his belief that the danger of another revolution is imminent and to be feared. He warned the people to be vigilant, and to be prepared for any eventuality."

It is not likely that the Emperor Napoleon would have been as enthusiastic about the fashionable and crowd-pleasing assemblies, if it is true that the use of enamel is as much admired by the ladies of the élite who frequent fashionable and crowded assemblages, it being the only method by which they can display their matchless beauty, and the only means of adornment that is in accordance with the rules of good taste. It is a sign of refinement and good breeding in women to be seen in enamel as much as it is in wearing jewels."

Without looking closely in the mouth, it would be easy enough to tell if her teeth were enamelled by art instead of nature. If the enamel which Madame Rachez places the face with the same care that her toothbrushes, her teeth, her elbows must indeed acquire an ivory complexion. We cannot understand enamelled hair; but it must be very inevitable.

No enamelling, however, will render any woman beautiful beyond her natural beauty. One company has been known to have a young lady enamelled, but this is not an affair given to the public, and you find no mention of it in the newspapers.


Scene:—Of the Greatest Excitement.

Time:—Within 5 minutes of the closing of the Poll.

Punch, or the London Charivari.

[April 19, 1862]
THE O. AND C. BY A PINDAR IN A PUNT.

O they've covered the Water Derby,
And the Oxford men have won,
Cold, cold the day, in voice,
But there shone a bit of Sun.
The Oxford men are winners,
And the race was all their own,
The stalwart wapping sinners,
Some above a dozen stone.
Let their names be known in story
Those heroes of the Oar,
Wyne e Woodgate shared the glory.
With Jackson and Hoare,
Poole he pulled without a shirt on,
Carei pulled away like fun.
And Morrison and Perton
Made up the boat that won.
Nor was his nob, or top, wood,
Their excon. Who was he?
Which the name was William Hotwood,
And his weight was seven stone three,
So he knaves theirs, and butter,
The blowers in dark blue,
Whose well-pulled eight oared cutter
Did the trick in Sixty Two.
-

* If he didn't, we apologise to his handsomeness, but we must have a rhyme to his friend in the penultimate line.

THE SABBATARIAN POLICE.

Mr. Punch begs the Home Secretary to accept his congratulations on the manner in which the police of the northern district of this metropolis have been performing their duties in foresting out publicans offending against the Sunday Act. In the cases of three tavern-keepers pulled up for that crime before Mr. Barber, at Clerkenwell, one day last week, conviction was obtained on the evidence of constables who shrank into the public-houses in plain clothes, and then themselves called and paid for beer. "Set a thief to catch a thief" is a maxim that is more than matched by commissions officers of justice to induce people to violate the law and then accuse them. No proceeding can be better calculated to promote respect for the day without observance. The Sunday law is designed to enforce, for all concerned in the administration of that law, and for the Government which presides over them.

A Seemly Good Question.

(By a Poor Poet)

What is the difference between a coal-pit and a coal?

Why, the seams of the one always are black, and the seams of the other too often are white.

PUNCH TO THE TORIES.

(Manifesto.)

My Boys,
Don't make Asses of Yourselves.
As Representative of all parties everywhere, I feel myself specially impelled to give you the above piece of advice at this moment, when it is obvious to me that certain parties are trying to make you take exactly opposite counsel, and you yourselves are by no means disinclined to be ridiculous.

Hearken unto me.
You are told that you have gained a good many elections lately.
You are told that you have obtained a small majority in the House of Commons; that is to say, that on a division, if everybody came up to the scratch and voted according to expectation, you might defeat the Government, and make them go out.
You are told that all these means that the country desires a Tory Government; that is to say, that we should like to see Palmerston replaced by Derby, Gladstone by Disraeli, Russell by Malmesbury, and Roundell Palmer by Caffes.
Now, please hearken unto me.
There is no doubt that, by fair means or foul, you have won a good many elections.
I do not believe that you have a majority in Parliament, but if you have one it is a very little one, and certainly not one on which a Government could work.
But I do believe that if you picked a good quarrel, and Disraeli managed the battle with fact, you might, with the aid of some of the Irish, manage to place the Government in an awkward position. Your own party, assisted by Popish allies, whom your leader might buy, or indeed force into his ranks, by a judicious resolution on foreign politics, could probably walk into the lobby stronger than Pam's lot. He would have to resign, or to offer to do so.
Then you would find out how you had been done.
The country does not want your men in office.

Pam would either demand a second trial of strength, when the country would put the screw on the House, and reverse the decision you had obtained, or he would dissolve, and ask the country whether it wants Lord Derby. Then you would have the answer in a strong working majority against you, and you would be far worse off than you are at present.
Now, don't be angry and offended. Most of you are good fellows, and some of you have good sense.

You could not carry the country before, when you were actually in, and had not only all the usual club bribery at command, but Government bribery and intimidation into the bargain—your Irish allies sold you, and your own Parliament turned your Derby out. Mr. Disraeli told you on the Budget debate the other night that the operation was "patriotic," and the House laughed, not ill-naturedly. He understands the position, if you don't.

You have not even a recognised daily organ of the slightest weight, and yet you fancy yourselves a party. Of course I know there is the dear old Standard, with its feeble paper and feeble writing, and its bald provincial pulling of your notoriety; but even when one's white-brown is exhausted, the Standard seems hardly strong enough for shaving-paper. A Party without an organ is designed to enforce, for all concerned in the administration of that law, and for the Government which presides over them.

The English of this is, that we are all Conservatives.

We mean to preserve what good things we have got, and we know that the best way to do so is to improve them, whenever we can.

We hold the Constitution on a repairing lease, and we mean to point, pummel, cleanse, glaze, amend and keep the same in proper order, and if a new roof or new out-buildings are wanting, we are not the tenants to be shabby.
Your men are not Conservatives, and would be bad tenants.
The country knows all about this, and is quite satisfied with Pam, who is a better Conservative than any of your men.

If you are wise, you will be content with the situation in which you are placed, and if you are sincere you will rejoice that the country is content with true Conservatism.

Don't let a pack of Tadpoles and Tapers persuade you that your men ought to be in office. You may stop business, bother trade, and agitate the nation, and when all is done, you will find yourselves in a deeper hole than ever.

Do not say that I did not warn you.

Take things easy, and be patriotic, and let us all go and see the International Exhibition together.

Once more, Don't make Asses of Yourselves.

Your affectionate friend,

85, Fleet Street, April 16, 1862.

PUNCH.

The Pleasanitest Picture of Any.

A Picture that always maintains its price, and of which the possessor never grows tired, though he can always meet with a ready purchaser for it at a moment's notice, is that likeness of the Queen, which invariably sells for a Sovereign. In fact, there are many wealthy holders of this charming picture who are so enamoured of its beauties, that it is only with the greatest difficulty they can be prevailed upon to part with it—not, indeed, unless they can get twice what they gave for it.

LAND SOCIETIES—Wiseacres.
BUILDING SOCIETIES—Bricks.
A MOUNT IN THE MIDLANDS. APRIL, 1862. DELICIOUS!

HOW VULCAN GAVE IRON ARMOUR TO TAURUS-NEPTUNUS,

(from Punch's Homer.)

To him the artist-god: "Each fear resign,
Secure, what Vulcan can is ever thine:
For thee, O Taurus, will I forge a plate
Whose strength might seem the thunder-bolt of fate;
Much more the Daldryng hill, or courted rule
Of any Svede who ever turn'd chewed.
Go, and thy sea-nymphs hither send to bring
An armour worthy of the ocean-king."

Then Taurus went, and thought as he withdrew,
That war was foolish and expensive too,
But none might blame him, arming to defend
His loved Britannia, freedom's honoured friend.

Sudden a rush of wings, fair forms appear,
And silver voices break upon his ear:
The Nereids of the deep his eye surveyed,
Bearing the arms Vulcanic skill had made.
Thalia, Glauce, every watery name,
Nessa mild, and gentle Spio came,
Cynothea and Cynoadoce were nigh,
And the blue launchish of soft Alis's eye.
Tho, Phraus, Doto, Melpis,
Agave gentle and Amphitrite gay,
And dark Jaura, and Janassa fair,
And Amalda,irs with her amber hair;
If more than these the Minnir's skill makes seen,
He'll find more names in Iliad, B. xviii.

They brought the Iron Arms, and Taurus, glad,
Himself therein unquestionably clad.
And "Now," he said, "come on who dares or can,
Long ranges, or close quarters, I'm his man."

THE ATTACK AND THE DEFENCE.—GLADSTONE'S BUDGET AGAINST DISRAELI'S HUM-BUDGET.

ESSAYS AND REMARKS.

Admiration.—Horace was but partially right in preaching Nil admirari. To admire nothing whatever is far from being the one and only rule that can make and keep people happy. The happiest of men is he who thoroughly admires himself. Self-admiration would render a woman equally happy if she could be content with that; but women are not satisfied without the admiration of other folks. Neither are so many means might be expected to be, from being endowed with the faculty of reason, which distinguishes man from the lower animals and the fair sex.

Indifference to the admiration of others saves you from all unhappiness but what is caused by poverty, illness, domestic affliction, punishment, and the fear of it.

A man may admire himself in the mirror with much greater delight than that which a woman derives from the same contemplation of her own beauty, or the ugliness which she mistakes for beauty; because he may not care whether anybody else admires him or no, but a woman is always uneasy on that point. Suppose a man is caught by a number of his acquaintance dancing before a looking-glass, as represented in Mr. Cruikshank's caricature, he will, if regardless of others, feel no vexation, except at being interrupted in his enjoyment, and, if the spectators leave him alone, will perhaps go on dancing.

An ill-made, coarse-featured, stupid-looking man, who admires his own person, is as happy in himself as the finest young fellow in the Grenadier Guards, if he is as well off, and perhaps happier if he does not care how his clothes are made, and has no anxiety about his boots.

If you try to be admired, expect to be ridiculed. They who laugh at each other behind one another's backs laugh at you behind yours. If you are not ridiculed, you will be.envied. Very likely you will be ridiculed and envied too.

Love of admiration in a wife would be all very well if it centred wholly in her husband; but then she would want to dress every day at home as splendidly as she is drest at evening parties; which, would be too expensive for the majority of men: who, as it is, complain that the milliners' bills which they have to pay are excessive.

VULCAN ARMING NEPTUNE.
OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

EAR PUNCH,

"I think while the St. Stephens' house is open you cannot have much room for my remarks about the others; and so I shall content myself throughout our session with giving you a letter once a week or so, recording only the more striking of the pieces which may chance to be put on. What is produced at the St. Stephens' house is doubly more of consequence and interest to the nation even than a Propos'd Day or a Colored Bow, and I make no doubt that the sayings of Lord Palmerston are looked for still more eagerly than those of Lord Derby. Its patrons must however be somewhat disappointed to find, from the prospectus issued by the manager, that there are but few novelties in prospect this house, and that the season seems to promise to be a sadly dull one. Even that extremely clever actor, Mr. Gladstone, who has been playing his old part in Reviving the Wind, has failed in warming up his audience from the apathetic column with which all others to excite them have hitherto succeeded. Scugge as it must doubtless have appeared to old habits, but little interest was awakened by the dramat of The Budget, or How to Settle Accounts with your Chancellor of the Exchequer, which was revived the other night before the fullest houses that I know whose presence Mr. Gladstone took a most tremendous leader into such a sea of figures as would have clearly overmatched an actor of less strength."

"Spring's delights are now reviving,"
"Spit of East wind, rain, and hail!"
"And, boast the country, bibles are stirring!"
"To hear the Swedish Nightingale—"

—whose sweet throat, it is whispered, is next month to be 'delightful to the ravished sense,' of Jenny loving London. But alas! in vain do I search through Mr. Gye's prospectus for her name, although Roberto and La Fugina are both to be revived. Might not a petition, signed by Mr. Punch as the mouthpiece of all England, persuade them in this year of Exhibition, her marvellous creations of operatic art, to hear Jenny Lind accompanied by Mr. Costa's band was a treat we were denied when she was singing on the stage, and who that has a soul for music would not give his ears to hear the combination? I know there is a rumour about her M. Otto, and a music hall. If true, this something, for there is somebody to whom Jenny Lind's husband would, I think, offer an engagement."

"Meanwhile, the nightingales of Italy have wrung again their flight to us; and as this Exhibition year is a year of peace and harmony, the Battle of the Orpheus will this year again be fought. General Maple son has issued orders to his army, bidding them assemble at Her Majesty's on the Saturday the 26th. General Gye has, however, been the first to take the field, and as his forces are still under the command of Captain Costa, we may be pretty sure of the success of their campaign. It augured well, I thought, that Rossetti took the pos of Vened at the first night; and lovers of good music must surely have rejoiced to see how William Tell was relished by that crowded audience. I hardly saw a single vacant box or stall, and, while the music was proceeding, there was scarce a single face that showed a vacant look. Say what acrobats may, we English see improvement in the conduct of art in music; and men like Mr. Gye, who hold a musical command, will do well to note the fact, and assist in our improvement."

"Friends or Foes at the St. James's, and the World of Fashion, played at the Olympic, are two pleasant little pieces, both taken from the French, and not more to any liking than the picturesque slow-poisonings, for which, 'our lively neighbours' entertain such love. One might really be inclined to put some faith in homography, were its practitioners as skilful, ready-minded, and well-bred, as the poet Mr. Dewar so well plays in the first piece; and however much, as fox-hunters, we may condemn the act of vulpine on which the curtain falls, we cannot but be pleased to see a happy ending brought so sud-

deal by. As for the Olympic, when I say that a Court Milliner is the heroine of the play, and that the audience is permitted to see her on her throne—I mean sitting in her shop—I have surely said enough to excite the true-readers anywhere to take a tip at her, in the hope that they may spy some new fashion for a dress."

"To stamp this in our memory as an Anna Mirabilis, the Lord Chamberlain has graciously been pleased to clear away the interludes and dead headed by various so-called operatic pleasures throughout the Holy Week. (Friday properly excepted) to keep open their doors. How many a poor actor will thank him for his courage in making this wise change, and in no longer letting the Cosmones, Poses Plastiques, and Singing Super-rooms be the only pulpit pleasures throughout the Holy Week. It is no small loss to a manager to lose a week's receipts, and still less can a poor actor bear the loss of a week's salary, compelling him to fast more than he wills it during Lent. Cashbox rumours—that is to say, Cox, the empty head will enquire, but I put very little faith in such old obsolete devices for making folks devout, as this of keeping theatres all shut up during Passion Week, while dancing shops and concert-rooms were filling in full force."

"One who pays."

"I. S. P. I must just add a word than's to Mr. Griman Reed for his smart rap at the Spirit-rappers in his bright new entertainment. To see a Spirit visibly embodied, cooly smoking a cigar, and filling a censer of our fashionable dress, such as the Great Sensation and the Perfect Case), is surely far more entertaining than to hear one's old dead friends rapping underneath a table to misspell their own names, or to see the words 'John Smith,' or else 'Balbino Brown,' faintly scrawled by means of phosphores on a Medium's boris arm."

A ROMAN HOLIDAY.

For daring to publish the pastoral which announced the intended celebration of the tercentenary of the massacre of 4,000 unarmed Huguenots in cold blood and violation of a solemn vow, on the day of Pentecost, the 17th of May, 1562, at Toulouse, all honour to the Archbishop of that see. Consistency for ever! All honour to the Pope for not having condescended the pastoral of his consistent prelate. The French Government has prohibited the publication of the Huguenot massacre of 1562—are what we wretched heretics call accessories after the fact. The ex-Kings of Naples subsidise the Neapolitan brigands; the Pope harbours the ex-King of Naples, and French troops uphold the Pope. The Emperor of the French cannot be considered serious in ensuring the Archbishop of Toulouse, whilst his arms maintain the temporal power of the Holy Father.

CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Sir Edwin Landseer, who recently appeared before the public in a new suit, is now, it appears from Mr. Cooper's statement, 'studying the habits of the Lion.' The best place for studying the habits of the latter, would be, we should say, the Zoological Society's Gardens, where there is a great variety of rare and unusual lions, and where both the sexes are in full view. But, as the Zoological Society's Gardens are not open to the public, we must content ourselves with the following account of the Lion, written by Mr. G. F. Cooper, to be published in the Morning Post, must of course be understood with due reservation. The Archbishop of Toulouse and the Holy See have advised the Huguenot massacre of 1562—what we wretched heretics call accessories after the fact. The ex-Kings of Naples subsidise the Neapolitan brigands; the Pope harbours the ex-King of Naples, and French troops uphold the Pope. The Emperor of the French cannot be considered serious in ensuring the Archbishop of Toulouse, whilst his arms maintain the temporal power of the Holy Father.

THE LATEST (AND THE GREATEST) ACT OF LEGAL REFORM.

Charney Lane is closed!
MAXIM FOR EXHIBITION.

Apart from the various mechanical implements displayed at the International Exhibition, attention is invited by a wonderful moral saw. Above the space to be occupied by Mr. O'Conner's stained glass you will find these words—

"The progress of the human race, resulting from the common labour of all men, ought to be the final object of the labour of each individual."

There is no denying this exactly, inasmuch as there is no precisely understanding it. The progress of the human race—what does that mean?—progress in the arts and sciences only, or moral and spiritual progress also? Because the moral and spiritual progress of the human race does not result from the common labour of all men, but from the uncommon labour of inspired and master-minds. If human progress, in the widest sense of the word, ought to be the final object of individual labour, it certainly is not. The final object of the labour of almost every individual is, in point of fact, his own aggrandisement. The Great Exhibition owes all the treasures it contains to the acquisitiveness of the individuals who have produced them. An inscription proposing the progress of mankind as the proper object of personal exaltation is very appropriate in such a building certainly; just as a legend inciting sobriety would be in its right place over the door of a public-house.

A Split in the Camp.

We see, from the "Literary Intelligence" of the various papers, that a large portion of the staff of the Saturday Review have carried their pens and galleys over to the London Review. Well, do you think there will be learning and ill-nature enough for two papers? We don't know about the former?

Truly Offensive Taxes.

The duty on playing cards has been reduced solely for a moral reason. Nobody complain集成 of it, or is relieved by its reduction. The Chancellor of the Exchequer would no longer take tribute of gambling. The money snatched. For the same reason Mr. Gladstone will doubtless next abolish the tax on Queak Medicines.

PULL ARMSTRONG, PULL ADMIRALTY.

A PROBABLE CHRONOLOGY.

1860. Mr. Armstrong, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, invents Riddled Ordnance that will knock any ship to pieces. He is knighted and the Admiralty is delighted.

1861. The Admiralty recovers, and invents iron ships that resist any known cannon-balls.

1862. Sir William Armstrong invents a gun that smashes the Iron Ships into blacksmithereens. The Admiralty collapses.

1863. The Admiralty re-expands and invents Platina Ships fastened with diamond cement, and Sir William Armstrong's balls fly to pieces like bon-bons.

Mr. Gladstone doubles the Income-Tax.

1864. Sir William Armstrong invents Brazen Thund-rboats (supposed to be the original Jupiters) and in a pleasing experiment sends the greater part of the British Fleet to the bottom of the sea.

1865. The Admiralty invents Torpedo vessels which sail under water, and below any range of guns. Sir William Armstrong tears his hair and swears in the Newcastle dialect.

1866. Sir William Armstrong invents a Vertical gun that discharges Greek fire straight down, and a second time he destroys the greater part of the British fleet. The Lords of the Admiralty are about to hang themselves, when a thought strikes them, and they don't.

Mr. Gladstone again doubles the Income-Tax.

1867. Dr. Cumming, who has for some weeks been having in his coal by the sack only, suddenly proclaims the Millennium. As there is now to be peace everywhere, the Admiralty does not invent anything, but waits to see.

In order to test Dr. Cumming's veracity, and to find out whether lions will lie down with kids, the Zoological Society (against the advice of their excellent Secretary, Mr. Sclater) lets loose their biggest lion

while a charity school is in the Gardens. As the lion, instead of laying down with a kid, only lies down to digest him, the Admiralty thinks there is some mistake somewhere, and determines to invent a new fleet.

Mr. Gladstone once more doubles the Income-Tax.

1868. The Admiralty invents a Stone Fleet, with cork keels, and dedicates Sir William Armstrong.

1869. Sir William Armstrong invents the Hamilal, or Alp-Shell, which contains the strongest vinegar, and wets the Stone ships. Having for the third time destroyed the British Fleet, he is raised to the peerage as Lord Bomb.

1870. The Admiralty invents an Airial Fleet, which sails in the clouds, out of shot range, and the First Lord takes a double sight at Sir William Armstrong.

Mr. Gladstone a fourth time doubles the Income-Tax.

1871. Lord Bomb invents a Balloon battering-train, and in an experimental discharge brings down all the British fleet into the German ocean.

1872. The Admiralty, in desperation, invents a Subterranean Fleet, which is to be conveyed by tunnels to all the Colonies, but Mr. Gladstone blantly suggests that as everybody now pays twice his income in taxes, the people may object to further impost unless some proof of economy is given. Government therefore stop the pensions of a hundred supernumerary clerks, discharge some extra night-porters at the Treasury, and bring in Estimates for the Subterranean Fleet.

1873. Lord Bomb invents his Typhon, or Earthquake Shells, and suffocates the British Fleet in the Tasmania Tunnel.

Mr. Gladstone a fifth time doubles the Income-Tax.

1874. The Emperor of the French proclaims the Millennium, which of course immediately occurs, no more warships are wanted, and the collectors remit the quarter's Income-Tax not yet due. Lord Bomb invents his Volcano Fireworks in honour of the occasion, and by some accident burns up the Public.
PROFESSOR BLACKIE'S SENTENCE OUT OF HIS OWN MOUTH.

T he Leith Industrial School, Professor Blackie called the reporters "his greatest enemies." And why were they his enemies? Because they took down every word he said. He confessed he talked "nonsense"—which for a man, like Professor Blackie, with more than his fair share of Caledonian conceit, is a most wonderful confession to make:

"Now the word, addressing the reporters, don't take that nonsense down—(crowed laughter)—use a little discretion—the nonsense is the best part of it here, but the worst part of it when it goes abroad. (Laughter.)"

Now, doesn't Professor Blackie himself go abroad (that is to say, supposing a Scotchman ever does such a thing?) when he talks nonsense? Why blame the reporters, and call them his "enemies?" Doesn't the remedy rest rather with himself than with them? If, instead of telling them to use "a little discretion," he exercised a little more himself, he need not stand so much in fear of them. The remedy simply consists in his taking care of himself. To be sure, we are taking

it for granted that such a remedy is within the reach of the Professor, for we must acknowledge he has never yet given us any proof of it. His great forte, as it is, also, according to his admission, his great weakness, seems to be to talk nothing but nonsense.

Poor reporters, they are doubly to be pitied! Not only are they condemned to listen to Professor Blackie's speeches, but they are, also, doomed to be abused afterwards for reporting them. If they did neither, we are inclined to think that the world would continue to go round.

THE PECULIARITIES OF A SMOKY CHIMNEY.

Is a lodging-house, the following peculiar characteristics are pretty sure to be found connected with a smoky chimney:

"This is the first complaint that has ever been made about it."

"It's very strange! It never was known to smoke before!"

"It only smokes when the wind is in a particular direction" (that direction being generally all points of the compass).

"If the front kitchen door is only opened a bit, it will soon give over smoking."

"It's all owing to Jane not knowing how to light the fire. That foolish girl will never follow the instructions that are given her. Why will she persist in laying the coals at the bottom, and the wood on the top?"

"The truth is, the chimney is a little damp from the quantity of rain that has lately fallen. Only be patient with it five minutes, and it will soon give over."

"Does it want sweeping? Oh! Lor bless you—no, Sir—it's as clean as you are—why it was only swept a week or two ago!"

"It is very troublesome to be sure! (This is when the room is as full of smoke as it can hold.) If you can throw all the windows and doors open only for a quarter of an hour, you'll find it go as sweetly as possible. It never does pull properly, until it has fully warmed up to its work."

"The cause of its smoking is, because you put on too many coals, Sir. You shouldn't put on more than a handful at a time. (Of course, this is when you pay a specified sum per week for what they call "iring")."

"It always is the case, Sir, when they're taking up the gas pipes in the street opposite. The reason is, you see, Sir, it creates too strong a draught!"

[And many other reasons, equally ingenuous, and true.]

Geography Corrected.

The world, we were told at school, is divided into four quarters. This is all very well for any one who is attached, either by birth, or association, to a particular country, but your Cosmopolitan, your true Citizen of the World, soars far above such narrow limits or notions. He is able to find his quarters in any part of the globe, wherever he may be.

NEAT AND APPROPRIATE.

Considering the value of Captain Coles's new castles, or cupolas on board ship, Punch suggests that if that officer is to be knighted, it should be under the designation "Sir Newcastle Coles."

Naval Racing Intelligence.—Britannia has entered her Sea-horses for the Plate.

THE DAYS WHEN WE WORE STRAPS.

In the days when we wore straps,
MR. DUGDALE ruled the commonwealth,
Taking—we were the boys then, little fellows—
Turns with WELLINGTON and PEEL;
Most of all our rising men
Polyling in their nurses' laps:
Some were not in being then,
In the days when we wore straps.

Railways were a wonder new,
In those days, beneath the sun;
Old stage-coaches, one or two,
Did continue still to run.
Telegraphic wires were not;
Several days had not elapsed
When our foreign news we got,
In the days when we wore straps.

Indian-lubber then was dear,
Gatta-perona not yet known;
No rare thing was good strong beer,
Brewed with malt and hops above;
Beer of which the ladies wore
From but few existing taps;
None did bitter ale compose
In the days when we wore straps.

Science had not yet to bear
Brought the Sun's pictorial rays;
Photographs not any more
Published in those other days.
Every Christian's chin was shorn.
Saving only Muntz, perhaps,
Beards by none but Jews were worn
In the days when we wore straps.

Sides of ladies, robe and skirt
Moderate of dimensions, glad,
Filled no doorway, swept no dirt;
Patricians had not appeared.
Heraldic hoops revived we've seen,
Hoops, to hinder their collapse!
Folly wore no Crinoline
In the days when we wore straps.

Then Retrenchment was the word;
Estimates afforded room
For the censures, oh London,
Of unphilanthropic Joseph Home.
Fleets and troops we durst reduce,
In our armour leaving gaps;
Trousseaux were not in use
In the days when we wore straps.

Peace, if Plenty did not reign,
Britain's oaks with safety blest;
Ireland only, and insane
Chartists, troubled England's rest.
Tranquil were the United States;
France to claim o'er her neighbours' maps
Sought not at those distant dates,
In the days when we wore straps.

Then, as we were wont to boast,
Was the schoolmaster abroad,
Whipping every witch and ghost
Into nothing with his rod.
Spirits, unlooked for heard,
Through a "Median," giving raps,
Would have been thought too absurd
In the days when we wore straps.

Though fine things of every kind
Were not, as at present, cheap,
Folks of a contented mind
Moderate meats would better keep;
What they did not thrive away
They could save, against mislips;
With no Income-Tax to pay,
In the days when we wore straps.
"A CONSUMMATION DEVOUTLY TO BE WISHED."

MRS. Colley Wobble. "'How, so they are going to Tax People who make their own Beer, are they? Then I don't brew any more!"

PITY THE SORROWS OF A POOR PYTHONESS.

'Off rot the British public, thanks to whom my eggs have rotted,
Not one of all my brood preserved, except the one they've potted!
And that's a half-crown thing, that gives impression false as may be.
Of the true length, breadth, and thickness of a newborn Python baby.

Zoology's a great thing, but humanity's a greater;
Just let me get a chance, some day, of squeezing Dr. Sclater!
The coil that I'd keep about him, some small return should be,
For the coil that he's been keeping these eight months about me.

We snakes have sensibilities, and when we're in the state
A Pythoness would find to be in who loves her Python mate,
We've a horror of intrusion, from such scientific oddities,
As your A.S.S. and fellows of other learned bodies.

All a snake-mother asks is peace to warn and range and rank its
Precious ovarian treasure, safe and snug, beneath the blankets,
But if folks keep pulling, poking, peeping, prying,iddle-fuddling,
It will end, as it has ended, sure as eggs are eggs, in adding.

Think what it is, when wrapped in dreams of Pythonesses in embryo,
(With this vile English spring, too, drawing chilly and November on,) To have one's blanket whipped off by a fellow, come to get his Reading off of one's vital heat, from his Zambra and Negretti's.

Or when lapped in trance lethargic, and beatific vision,
Of tropic suns and tropic skies, and jungle-heat Elsiam,
With sudden chill to wake, and feel British north-easter blowin' Round one's bare coils, unblanketted, to please Professor Owen.

The end of all is, I lie here, unblessed—of all my batch!
Not so much as one Pythoness brought to a prosperous hatch!

* The great thermometer-makers.

INDIGNATION MAKING VERSES.

We have received a very indignant letter from an American Correspondent, who states that in his opinion Poets have no right to compose verses which will not tend themselves to paraphrase. He has been trying, he says, all the morning, (and with his coat off,) to fit the Laureate's Balaklava Poem to the subject of the Advance of the Grand Army of the Potomac, and in a perfect fury he encloses this specimen, as all that he has been able to make of it. He considers that the conduct of the English at Balaklava in being only Six Hundred, and that of the Laureate in not making verses that would do for the far more glorious Six Hundred Thousand, are perfectly offensive, and he threatens that when the South is put down, we shall hear more about it. Meantime we hasten to try and assuage his fiery wrath by printing his lines.

THE VALLEY OF MUD.

Into the Valley of Mud
Went the Six Hundred Thousand,
All of them awfully
Splashing their Trousers.
Officers on the right of them,
Officers on the left of them,
Officers in the middle of them,
Blustered and thundered;
Fat in that Virginian mud
Stuffy each hero stuck
And all at M'Clellan's pluck
Gloriously wondered.
In they went, on they went,
Fat sides and thin bones,
Till they sunk over shoes.

Here our Correspondent, apparently in the same case as the heroes he celebrates, sticks. We can but print his verses.

No Foundation for Alarm.

The Thames Embankment is to be built out of City Coals. This proves that there is no apprehension of the Board of Works ever setting the Thames on fire. Don't you see it? We can't help that.

ZODIACAL SIGN FOR THE BRITISH FLEET.—The Ram.

And all because those fellows—those so-disdian men of science, On time and kindly nature are too clever for reliance.

Like boys, who when they've sowed a seed, still of its progress doubting, Will pull it up from time to time, to see if it is sprouting, So you in your anxiety to see my Python hatching,

Have poked and pulled and fingered me, till you've got none at all.

It serves you right, of course it does—but think of me forlorn, Who captive here see chilling night succeed to sunless morn; Think of the thrill that swept me through—as the electric fire Pulses, with speed that mocks the light along the cable-wire,

When first I felt the stirrings blend, beneath my scaly skin, That told me of the mother's work at length begun within; Think of my pride, my happiness, when, guardian of my toils A hundred clustered eggs lay warm beneath my loving coals!

And now—hard-hearted fellows—but what use in these revelations? As if you men would credit a Pythoness with feelings! Sermons in stones there may be, c'en a slate turn pulpitar-prater, But in a slate who'd seek for heart, and, still more in a Sclater?

Hey, Preston, Begone!

PRESTON has been electing a Member; that is, both sides have been bribing and treating their hardest, with the understanding that neither was to prosecute, and the final purse, the then one, has won. And the place calls itself "Proud Preston." Sold. Let it retain the name, and be treated, Parliamentarily, as a doctor treats proud flesh.

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Punch, or the London Charivari.—April 20, 1862.

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ABOUT LONDON AND WESTMINSTER.

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VIVAT REGINA!

On Maundy Thursday among the customary Royal charities distributed at Whitehall, there was a number of white purses, each white purse containing the “Maundy coin,” namely, fourpenny, threepenny, twopenny, and penny pieces, in all, amounting together to forty-three pence, the age of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. We wish we may live to record a distribution of these purses for years hence, and then be enabled to state that each of them contained eight-and-fourpence.

A Peace Preserver.

We understand that the Peace Society has organized a subscription for the purpose of having a monster iron vessel with several large guns constructed by Captain Coles, their intention being to present it to Government with a request that it may be stationed at Spithead, and be called the John Bright Floating Battery.

PROMOTION WELL EARNED.

Considering what a rich reward may be obtained by acting tolerably well on the stage, we wonder to see what a comparatively poor recompense usually awaits a performer of great excellence in actual life. We suppose, however, that some good thing is in store for the meritorious officer named in the subjoined extract from the Army and Navy Gazette:

"We are gratified to find that it is the intention of the Government to recommend Captain Brown, the Registrar-General of Science to the Queen, for some mark of her Gracious Majesty's approbation for the distinguished services he has rendered to the country in connection with that admirably working institution, the Royal Naval Reserve."

Commodore Brown's exertions, literary and professional, have raised him to the eminence which he now occupies, and we rejoice to hear that he was about to occupy one a peg higher. The honour which has been conferred upon Captain Brown, will, we trust, be attended with a slice of that solid pudding without which empty praise, or distinction equally empty, is as worthless as the paper of the United States.

A Sequitur.—Jack ought to revive his pig-tail, now he is to go the whole Hog-in- armour.
A REVISED CODE FOR BOARDING SCHOOLS.

E have lately heard, Mr Punch, nearly as much about National Education, as we have about National Defences. If any subject can be more interesting than the education of charity children, it is perhaps the education of our own. Were all the fathers to be paid for results, we should some of us find the schooling of our youth one comparatively cheap.

"A young gentleman in whose studies I am interested, between nine and ten, has been supposed to be for the last two years learning Latin. I had occasion, the other day, to ask him about hoc, non, hoc, and found that his ideas on that subject were of the vaguest kind. He could not even tell me the English for hoc at all. This was not affected ignorance. He knew what Horse was Latin for, and Dominus, but not Magister. He told me all he knew.

In the education of this young gentleman the rod has been entirely dispensed with. You will suggest that its moderate use might have increased his erudition. I think not. Nor is he a young dunces; but only rather idle and insatiable. Severe and merciless flogging might have made him learn a little more; and detest learning for ever.

"I wish to propose a plan of tuition whereby the young idea may be taught to shoot independently of birchen twigs; these being left to flourish on the parent tree, or properly applied in the shape of brooms.

All people, not idiots, will learn what they need must, in order to live. I would have boys obliged to earn not exactly their bread, but their bread-and-butter. Performance of tasks should be the necessary condition to enjoyment of butter, and not only enjoyment of butter, but also enjoyment of puddin', or pie, or anything whatever so savoury than bread and meat, and skyblue. Any lesson remaining unlearned, no luxury allowed.

"The discipline of a school would thus resemble that of a workhouse, with this difference, that the latter is simply penal and vindictive, like that of a place dissimilar to a workhouse chiefly in being open not only to the Panier, but also to the Rich Man. Besides the school-system would afford a place of repentance to the delinquent, which the workhouse does not, any more than the other place. Forcement would cease on the instant of amendment. Moreover there would be no snit as to quantity of nourishment; no semi-starvation. The portion of indulgence would be a coarser kind of food, indeed, but enough of that. Since, however, a coarser kind of food is more filling than a dainty, it is altogether more economical. Therefore I should think the dietetic system of school discipline must commend itself especially to principals of Classical, Mathematical, and Commercial Academies, Establishments, and Boarding Schools in general, whose profits are in chief part derived from boarding young gentlemen, remarkable for an alacrity at alimentary consumption much exceeding their appetite for knowledge.

"As a friend of education, especially desirous of having youth well grounded in the rudiments of learning, permit me to subscribe myself,

A. B. C."

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ROGUES OF THE WORLD.

(A Bellum.)

My hand is ever in my pocket,
And ever out again as fast;
My war-bill, like an endless rocket,
Scotts up, but nothing grows more vast.
No sooner am I out of trouble,
And thank my stars that plague is gone,
When, quick, a new woe costs me double:
One down, another still comes on.

I had to reconstruct my Navy,
When canvas was deposed by steam;
Poured my riches forth like gravy,
And then indulged a pleasing dream
That now 'twas all my safety needed;
But here I'm forced, too squeamish then,
Since iron wood has superceded
To reconstrued it o'er again.

My plans of progress all are undone
By mere demands for self-defence,
How I should like to rebuild London!
And might, except for that expense,
How lain the arts of use and beauty
Would I pursue, my noble police
Not forced to keep on constant duty,
Against the world to guard my peace!

I do not care a straw for glory;
I hate and scorn the brutes who do;
Here no increase of territory,
No gain at others' loss, in view,
I seek no pretext or occasion
To vindicate a tyrant's cause;
I meditate no base invasion
Of neighbours' liberties and laws.

Then why, oh why, with exaction
Do foreign nations load my name,
And my supreme humiliation
Approaching, evermore proclaim?
Why go exhausting their resources
To injure me with selfish vain?
Superior still I make my forces;
And where they were they there remain.

I can but form one supposition;
And that the heart within me grieves.
Why they all compass my perdition
Is, I have wealth and they have thieves.
Then more I strive, the more I flourish
The more I must expect to spend.
My goods, against the rogues who nourish
Designs against me, to defend.

Easter Amusements.

A Banquet is to be given to the O'Donoghue
At Theres shortly after Easter. The greatest treat is anticipated. It is the only burlesque we shall go to this season.
ESSAYS AND REMARKS.

THEPLEASURESOFPARIS.

My dear Jones,

You will doubtless recollect how the last time that I dined with you we had a little talk, when the ladies had retired, about the nuisance of one's having to turn out at ten o'clock at night to take one's wife and daughter to a dance or an 'At Home.' We agreed, you will remember, that steps ought to be taken to stop this monstrous proceeding, which is ruining our digestion, our temperaments, and our health, and, which, unless it soon be checked, will probably be carried to a dangerous excess, and tend to bring our grey hairs prematurely to the grave. How right we were in nurturing these terrible forebodings, a glance at this brief paragraph will, I think, suffice to show:

"FARMAN DIS miss i—A Paris lady says:—"For the present every one here belonging to the upper classes seems to be bent upon pursuing a round of dissipation too fatiguing to be respectable. The Opera in Paris has brought in for the last half at midnight, a fashion in a fair way of being widely adopted, as well as one that will make the sobriety of the brilliant world more intoxicating than it ever has been. Soirees now commence long after ten, private concerts at about eleven, and balls at twelve. When they end may easily be inferred from the time of their beginning. The wearing effects of such unnatural hours on the constitution are ward off by the ladies, and, indeed, often by gentlemen, in a manner so ingenious that it deserves to be recorded. Dinner consists of half an hour earlier than they are usually served and, instead of being finished at half past seven or eight, are over at seven and half past seven, so that persons of quality can go to bed and have a long sleep before they dress to go out at midnight."—Globe.

There, my dear friend, is not this a truly fearful picture? Just imagine yourself, Jones, you who relish a good dinner, and, therefore, like to take a cozy, comfortable time at it—I say, imagine yourself daily scrambling through that meal, so as to get it over by seven or half-past seven, and then hurry off to bed in the serenity of fulness, with the certainty that nightmare will afflict you if you sleep. Then fancy the delight of having to get up again a little before midnight, and slave and wash, and dress yourself in your most gorgeous raiment, and then drive through the bleak night-trip to a suffocating soiree, where society expects you to stand for some six hours with a smile upon your face. What you'll have to do when this your martyrdom is over, whether you'll be told to go to bed again till noon, or will be started off to business with an early, hearty breakfast (the ladies taking hours of leisure some time in the afternoon)—on this point I at present cannot undertake to prophesy, and the subject is so painful that I shrink from giving thought to it more than I can help.

Meanwhile, my dear old boy, bless your stars, as I do mine, that you were born a Briton: and that, whatever social tortures cruel fate may have in store for us, we are at present not afflicted so severely as we should be were we resident in Paris, and sharing the enjoyments (?) of its fashionable world.

With kind regards to Mrs. Jones, whose little the parquet I should with rapture have attended, but my ecclesiastical scruples keep me prisoner in Lent, believe me, my dear friend, with never-ceasing sympathy,

Your fellow-countryman.

PUNCH.

P.S. I rather think I heard our dear friend Mrs. Brown projecting a small soiree for—I could not catch the night. When you receive her cards, don't forget to recollect that you are pledged to dine with me myself, (the Reysh of Rome you may have to Mrs. Jones) is only liberal in small things to the ladies whom he likes.

P.P.S. (Private.) Of course you know the R. of it, is our old school-chum Bobby Bright. He has chambers close to mine, and if I give him a day's notice he is always game for Greenwich.
A PROPER PRECAUTION.

Mistress, "There, Sir! There's a bottle of Eau de Cologne for you, and don't let me have occasion to complain again!"
Sly Fox (the Party who looks after the Horse and Cart). "Yes, Mum! But be O! to drink it!"
Mistress, "No, Sir; you will have to wait at Table to-night, and you are to sprinkle it over your best Livery, that you may not bring into the house that dreadful effluvium from the Stable that you have hitherto done!"

A WOMAN AND A CAT.

They say there is no such thing as an indisputable truth. Mr. Punch fearlessly asserts that he has found one, and here it is.
It is better to be a Cat in Zag than a Woman in London.
A short time ago, a man in Zag stole a Cat, named Ermine, and having probably acquired a taste for that kind of nutriment at two-frame restaurants during some visit to Paris, he slew Puss, and cooked her for his dinner.
For this offence he was condemned to about nine distinct punishments:—
1. He was imprisoned.
2. He was fined.
3. He was made to pay the value of the Cat.
4. He was put down in a black list.
5. He was put for two years under the eye of the police.
6. He was forbidden to leave his own parish for four years.
7. He was ordered to receive a slight flogging.
And there were two or three other punishments, which we forget, but a kind of Zag cat-o'-nine Tails descended on him.
A short time ago, a man in London beat his wife, named Elizabeth Hubbard, and dreadfully injured her eye, and she died. She was ill when he beat her, and the doctor and the jury agreed in saying that she died of fever, accelerated by disease of the heart, and the man, (who had tried to smuggle his wife into the grave, and to get rid of her child who had seen her beaten, and had been beaten himself) was neither imprisoned, fined, put on a black list, flogged, nor otherwise given to understand that he was a brute.
So it is better to be a Cat in Zag than a Woman in London, for very few Zag Cats will henceforth be stolen and eaten, whereas several London women have been beaten nearly to death since a timid doctor and a foolish jury united to acquit Mr. William Hubbard.

HOW LONG?
How long, Elect of France, must hope
Deferred Italian hearts make sick,
While troops of thine uphold the Pope,
As despot of his bishopric,
In "right divine to govern wrong?"?
How long? How long?

How long shall Bourbon Francis find
A harbour in the Holy See,
With miscreants of every kind;
Ruffians of high and low degree:
A mercenary brigand throng?
How long? How long?

How long shall he those villains hire,
And run, and with thou still connive,
While they go forth with sword and fire
Rob, maltate, and burn alive,
In thy protection only? strong?
How long? How long?

How long shall Roman sacred dones
Give shelter to the routed horde?
How long shall the Apostles' Tombs
Those rascals sanctuary afford,
Shall priests be rulers over thee,
Conspiring liberty to quantum?
And re-enslave freed Italy?
Ah, hear the burden of her song!
How long? How long?
THE POPISH ORGAN NUISANCE.

Pam to Nap. "WHY DON'T YOU MAKE HIM 'MOVE ON'? HE DISTURBS THE PEACE OF THE ENTIRE HOTEL."
AN EMBLEM OF DOMESTIC BLISS.

Hat celebrated statue, the "Tinted Venus," of Mr. Gizron, is to be shown in the Brompton International Exhibition. According to the Times:

"Mr. Gizron has represented his Venus as the Goddess of Marriage, a sublimate and beautiful matron, with a tortoise at her feet."

There is something not easily intelligible in the idea of a tortoise at the feet of Venus. That situation indeed might be suitably occupied by a turtle; still more suitably by a pair of turtles: of the winged species and not the reptile. Is the tortoise, then, as difficult to imagine the Goddess of Love standing in any relation, supposed to be a symbol of marriage? In that case the tortoise at Venus's feet will perhaps be regarded as embodying the fast man's opinion, that married life is slow.

CABMEN'S INDIGNATION MEETING.

In accordance with notice, a large meeting of London Cabmen was held on Friday last at the Cabman's Hall, Commercial Road. The object of the meeting was to consider what steps should be taken to promote the general and individual interest of the Cabmen of London, during the period of the International Exhibition.

The Earl of Shrewsbury had been invited to take the chair, but a letter from his Lordship, excusing himself, and enclosing some tracts (including the celebrated Where are you Driving to?) was read. In the absence of the noble Earl, Mr. Smout, a driver of some years sitting, was unanimously called to the office of chairman, by loud cries of "Jump in!"

The Chairman said that he did not enjoy the advantage of speaking promiscuously which was manifested by the noble Earl as he had been invited, but he flattered himself as he could come to the point. (Ories of "Make it a quick!"") There was to be a great Show, which he had heard was called the Irrational Show at Brompton, and there would be a vast concourse of folks from all parts, and mainly from foreign parts. He had also heard as there was to be the usual attempt at interferin with the vested rights of the Cabman, which attempt he hoped the Cabmen would make up its mind to drive over. He would say no more, but leave it to other gent's to come the drybacter.

Mr. Gale Winger said that the occasion was a very interesting one. There was a noble harvest about to be opened to the Cabman, and if he went to work well, and had tolerable luck, he might make a good thing of the X. But it believed them to be wide awake, and like-wise determined. He had heard of all sorts of new lists of cab fares (blue), yes, so they were called, though he thought a better name would be cab fous (laughter and cheers), and that Guides were to send on to the cabstands to see that tickets were given (shave), and that strangers knew the amount which they could legally be called on to pay. (Shave.) He should like to see a fellow like that on his stand. They mightn't agree as to a sixpence, but he'd let such an intruder know pretty clear what a kick meant. (Applause.) As for the waterman, he had nothing to say against him, he, stood in with the Cabman, told lies for him when he was away at the bar, and never knew anything about fars, or anything against cabby. But as for Guides and speck, let them give him a wade berth. What he said was, Live and Let Live (applause), and what was sauce for goose was sauce for gander, not, of course, that Cabmen knew much about sauce, (Cheers). This here X was a dodge of the swells to put money in their purses, and why shouldn't the Cabman come in for a share? Let them get what they could out of everybody. The London folks had no call to complain, they knew the fares, and weren't any was off because Cabmen might try to make a trifle out of the Provincial and foreign beggars. Was he to have no heaveing of life, and sit down calm under his own tree and smoke in peace, (Shave). Then let the swells let him make his A while the sun shone, and not make a shame about a few shillings. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Spawvis said he had read with intense disgust that Sir Richard Mayne had been asked to order the police to see the tickets given to people whether required or not. It was bad enough to have to do it at all on compulsion, and he flattered himself that nobody ever saw him in a hurry to obey. First he always said he was afraid he had left the tickets at home, then he searched all his pockets five times, looking his fare steadily in the face all the while. Then he looked in the nose bag, and under all the cushions, and at the bottom of the cab. One it looked in the oys's mouth, but that time his fare happened to be an Irish gent as gave him a topper to help him that he never tried again. Then he walked in the cab, and tried at the other door, and need not tell his friends that if it was a rainy day, it was pleasant for the fare by this time. But if the fare was stubborn, he got it at last, for he, the speaker, kept the tickets in his hat, (Cheers). Now this was a dangerous business, as he might say, to be done away, if Sir Richard Mayne was to come the arbitrary.

Mr. Slatter said that he was not much afraid of the ticket business. Several gents present knew how that could be managed, and whether the number on the back of the cab was always exactly on the card, and whether the driver showed or not what was going on in other respects. But the public was afraid to ask for tickets, it seemed like starting on the journey with a bad feeling. Sir Richard Mayne might do as he liked, but they need not care, unless there was a penalty for an informer, and then it might be awkward certainly. Ladies and gents had no time to hunt a fellow down, and hang about a dirty police court, but if an informer could do it, things would be different, and he hoped that no such barbarity and dishonest plan would be adopted.

Mr. Jumble said that there ought to be a law protecting cabmen from a great wrong; they meant from gents stopping at home in their houses in the subbubs, (Hear, hear.) He had lately been a victim to this outrage. He had driven a cab in Regent's Park, and the fare on the book was a shilling. He only charged her two shillings, and followed her into the hall to require it, thinking of course that in the middle of the day there were only women in the house. Out of a door bounded a gent who had been anonyiously spying on her, and he blew up, took the card, took the number, writing it down for fear of herrer, called him, the speaker, a cowardly thief for trying to impose on helpless women, and though he, the speaker, said he was very sorry, and offered to give back the money, he was summoned and fined. (Shave!) Now he asked if it wasn't un-British to lie in wait like that, and trap a poor core as was only trying to help hiself? (Cheers)

Mr. Flanner said that they might make up their minds that a bad time was coming. There would be some new laws soon as would make it hardly worth a fellow's while to drive a cab. At a cab fair at Brompton they will be glad to see the Cabman's Hall, commercial Road, and he charged a farthing over the rate. (Shave.) Yes he did, and therefore they had better, as another speaker said, make their A while the sun shone.

After some other speakers said it was unanimously resolved, that the Cabmen of London would get as much as they possibly could out of the British and Foreign public, during the Exhibition, and would resist either peaceably or by force, as might be advisable, any attempt to interfere with the rights of labour.

After a vote of thanks to Lord Shrewsbury, and after singing the Cabman's Hymn (What though I am a Scooting Core), the meeting went on the rank.
A FAREWELL TO THE FLEET.

BY AN OLD SALT.

Now farewell, my trim three-decker,
Sails and spars and all farewell:
Iron's proved wood is a wrecker,
Where 'twill steer us who can tell?

In glorious Nelson's days, ye mind them,
Our tars were sailors every inch:
Stout hearts, with pigtail stout behind them,
And ne'er a man to skulk or flinch.

But now—my dear eyes! British sailors
Half soldiers and half stalkers are:
And if we manned the fleet with rulers,
'Twould in a mouth be fit for war.

In battle now there ain't no danger,
Good seamanship is at an end:
To reeling every hand's a stranger,
For why?—no canvas now we bend.

Our ships are hearts of oak no longer,
But floating forts with iron cas'd:
Then Krafty strong guns used to be stronger,
Ere through our sides a shot be placed.

Bomb-proof, hull-sunk, iron-roofed, we steam on,
Nor ball nor boarder fear we now:
And when our foe we run abeam on,
He sinks at once beneath our prow.

Then Yankee swells, from shot a-shrinking,
Fight under water, so they tell's:
Dear eyes! our Navy soon, I'm thinking,
Will be a fleet of diving bells!

Law and Fact.

"No man can be twice punished for the same offence." This is a law maxim, Jones, formerly but not now a widower, denies its truth. His only offence has been Matrimony, and his experience, he says, negates the above rule.

Mr. Boucicault. Only consider, Sir, if I once were to lose the respect of the public, what would become of me? I have reckoned upon those pieces running up to my 5th year, and if they are suddenly interrupted in their career, I should be the loser, Sir, perhaps of millions. I have already made by the Colleen Bawn upwards of £60,000. Please multiply that amount by seventy-two and you can easily conceive, Sir, what my loss would be?

The Magistrate sincerely sympathised with him. He would like to be informed what was the nature of the offence?

Mr. Boucicault (violently affected). Whilst I was taking my celebrated Head the prisoner made a remark audible to the whole house, and I nearly, from rage or nervousness, lost my balance, and it was a positive miracle I wasn't precipitated into the orchestra, where I might have met with an ignominious death in the interior of a big drum. (Great Sensation.) As it was impossible the piece could proceed with such interruptions, I had the man removed. I have no wish to be vindictive, Sir, but I must insist upon the very severest penalties the law affords being enforced in this instance.

The Magistrate inquired if Mr. Boucicault (whom he begged to congratulate on his miraculous escape, as his loss to the stage never would have been repaired, either by himself or anyone else) could prove that there was any damage done?

Mr. Boucicault. No, Sir, nothing fortunately beyond the straining to my nerves, and a slight injury inflicted on the rope, but the disrespect shown—the insult, I may call it—might have the most injurious effect upon my future works, of which I have no fewer than seventy-two, another at present on its way from America, and another so far advanced, as only to require the plot to complete it—and all of which are entirely original, being constructed with variations with the most scrupulous fidelity, from the French dramas and Irish novels—

The Magistrate (speaking loud) ventured to suggest that his question still remained unanswered,

PLAYGOER. "Perseverance! Oh then I won't have a bill; I've only got a penny."

BOY. "Then pray don't mention it, Sir. Never mind the heetra penny. I respects grved poverty."

A SENSATION POLICE CASE.

On Saturday last, a gentleman who would not give his name or address, and who seemed deeply to feel his unfortunate position, was brought up on the charge of having made some unfavourable remarks in the pit of the Adelphi Theatre, whilst the celebrated Cave Scene of the Colleen Bawn was being performed "for the last time at present."

Mr. Dion Boucicault, who could scarcely control his indignation, said he brought forward the matter purely on public grounds. It was of the most vital importance to himself that no opinion, other than favourable, should be expressed on his productions.

The Magistrate ventured to inquire what was the nature of the offence?

Mr. Dion Boucicault (violently affected). Whilst I was taking my celebrated Head the prisoner made a remark audible to the whole house, and I nearly, from rage or nervousness, lost my balance, and it was a positive miracle I wasn't precipitated into the orchestra, where I might have met with an ignominious death in the interior of a big drum. (Great Sensation.) As it was impossible the piece could proceed with such interruptions, I had the man removed. I have no wish to be vindictive, Sir, but I must insist upon the very severest penalties the law affords being enforced in this instance.

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PLUSH IN A FUSS.

ON DINER MISTER PUNCH. "You've sev'rn times been good enough to admit of my poetical contributions to your columns, and I'm obliged to you for doink so, and so I desay are your other readers. But what I am to rite just now isn't Potry, but its Hindsight—a Hinerary to Plush, and a Houtrage upon Hush—and so I thinks it best to say what I ave to say in good plain matter-of-fact prose, and not go mounsting on a Pegsaus for the mounting of Pannassus.

Sir, just you read this hear, and say if it isn't daugstink! I copy it from the outside of a printed Plushocap sheet (a cap I'd like to fit upon the Plush ed who cormonated it) which were left for Master tumer morning by the Tax-catcher, leastways in E, but one of is E Missaries, imps who say as they carot help it when they stick your Hurnie Taxes sumly in your hands. The paper's on the outside celled "Assessed Taxes," and purports to contain a "Return for the Assessment on Articles (mind that) kept between the days as you'll mention in this car, which it's a purport what's printed imnecerly below, on the houside of the plushocap:—

"TAKE NOTICE"

"That in pursuance of the Acts of Parliament relating to the Duties of Assessed Taxes, you are required, under the Penalty of Fine POUNDS, to declare a List of Lists within Twenty-one Days after the Date hereof, according to the proper Forms as within set forth, as far as the said may be applicable to your Case, containing an Account of the Greater Number of Male Servants, and other Inhabitants, in this State of Carolina. All Lists returned to, retained, employed, kept, or used at any time after the 5th APRIL, 1861, and the 6th APRIL, 1862, and deliver the same to me at my Dwelling House."—

Sir, when I'd read this here, which I couldn't elp a doink afore taking it to the Gurnor, I called a Hidgination Meetink in the Suunts Awl, for to parrtize against this hindoous and hangerwainst hinsuit. The hiele of this here bigonuc and hawked hingy resist a darnt for to speak of all we male surens as 'Harticles!' I declare it really takes my breadth away to think of it. Yet there's no mistake about the matter, as U C. The fool says plane eauft the greatest number of Male Servants, and other Inhabitants, in this State of Carolina. So I spoke if we hobjex to be hanted as 'Harticles,' we are the privit hof being so as heather 'Matters hot Things,' "

Sir, this here a Friece Country, that's what we wants to No. Cos if Survants is called 'Thigs,' one milker may as well be in the Slave states, where a nigger's called a 'chattle,' which it aint as I first thort another way of spellink 'cattle,' though no doubt there is drivers who treat their slaves like Beasts. But 'chattle' is a legit word as means the same as 'things' and if our Gunmanck clerk was tanned to talk of Hush things, why to my mind it's ekwivalink to letting it be known that in their site we're no better than a herd of slave-born niggers, we Brittings who was born on Haliou's nopy land, and ave it put to masse in our great cartier that surens who is Hinglish never never never will be Slaves!' "Mister Punch we nos you've got some inluence with Lord Parmersbroke, so we open as you'll report this Houtriage to be lordship, and get the Gunmanck clerk as cormonated that there notice kiered out of is Plaise, for the hinsult he ave parsed upon his Gentleming in Plush. Hif so he won't do that, nor take no notice of the notice, you may tell him with hour complaints as he aint! No Good, and the sooner as we are Lord Darby in the Better;"

"Yours, respectfully, Mr. Punch, halthow I am a Harticle, "

"John Tommies, "

"As were meant the Poet of Bohemia."

"P.S. We ad intended a sendink of some Consuence Money to old Glenarantick this year. Yeas, but it was shutk off; and if our packicks we'most on us been haidlink pretty regurl to hour hinkinks, with some of us as hever dreamt of paying any tacks for it. But in coarse they earnt speck as 'Things' shoud pay a hinkinkay, and as for 'Harticles' or 'Matters' aik hang Cunscenice, why U might as well exp for to hear a Poker preach a serming, or a Phootostool play a solo on the phiddle or the Phlout."—

THE GIFTS OF THE SOUTH.

"The Ladles of Charleston are contriving their plate, spoons, watches, and jewellery, to the common stock, and the planters have brought in General HABITANC'S and their plantation-bells to cast into common.—Correspondence from the Soil of War in Americu.

Let the ladles of the South give their silver plate and gold. Their bracelents and brooches to coin for soldier's pay: As once the draves of Cecinith, magnostuous and bold, Out their hair to twist for bursings, when their town bleara wed lay.

What'er the givers' cause may be, a blessing's on the gift That's offered in self-sacrifice, and faith, that moves the world ; Though brothers' blazon deck the flags these adverse hosts uplift, Though dark and dirn the struggle in peace those flags are furled.

And with their proud and earnest dames, their gifts the planters bring Their nails and shieves—their hogs and beaves—the corn their barns that fills; Into the piled-up cotton-pons themselves the torch they'll fling, Ere they shall help the Northern needs, or feed the Northern mills—

"Here's bell-metal—cast more guns—we are wearied out at last Of a tie that is a fetter on Southern souls and soil. . . .

But pause on that last gift, can good come of cannon cast From the bells that waked the slaves to their heavy hopeless toil ? Ah, there it peaks—the canker that spreads from head to head! The leprosy that mines beneath, though with no warning smart ; The ville Plantaion-bells takes edge from Southerns steel, And Slavery's base metal lies at their cannon's heart.

An ominous black shadow broods their boasts and bravery o'er, The rattle of their guns doth seem of clacking yokes to tell: And for all your daring against odds, still in your cannon's roar We hear the dreary ringing of the vile Plantation Bell.

THE PULSE OF TURKEY.

It was the fashion at one time to compare Turkey to the position of the original "Halitasis in Secuo." But Turkey, it seems, is getting quite round again, as every flat, contented Pasha probably should be. In time, perhaps, she may actually get a constitution of her own, not so robust perhaps as that of England, but infinitely stronger than that of Span. We beg to congratulate Turkey upon her change, which is certainly one for the better, considering the lot of English money which has recently been introduced into the country. Judging from her Turkish Loan, her circulation must have wonderfully improved. Never did Turkey boast of a healthier pulse. So much the better—it will be all the stronger in preventing Russia to take the field against her.

NATANT APPLES.

Since the celebrated article in the Norfolk Bifia (or whatever was the name of the distinguished journal) which took credit to itself for having compiled the House of Lords to pass the Reform Bill, we have not seen a better thing, in better English, than this, which appeared in Mr. Bright's organ of Saturday:—

"The opinions expressed in the Morning Star and Dial on Thursday last, as to the necessity of some form being imperatively fixed for the reception of goods, have length attracted the attention of the Commissioners, and an official notice has been issued that they will cancel all allotments of space for goods, &c." We had fears for the health of these Commissioners, who seem to have a good deal to do; but if they have leisure to study the Star, they are not so much to be pitied—at least on account of over-work."
THE BORE OF A BREWING LICENCE.

Mr. Gladstone tells the House of Commons that:

"The proposal of the Government with regard to a licence in respect of private brewing was not announced to the House as one of great financial importance."

"Why did he propose it then? and why has he insisted on it? His answer is:—"

"What I said to the House was, we are going to require from brewers for sale a payment in kind cash for every pound of hops they are estimated to use, and we cannot fairly make that demand upon them if we gave to persons who choose to brew in private a positive premium by telling them that they shall have their hops free of duty without any payment at all."

If the private brewing-licence is not one of great financial importance, the liberty of unlicensed brewing would have been no great premium given to private brewers. It would therefore have involved no great unfairness to brewers for sale. The private brewing-licence is a nominal tax, and will prove a source of nominal revenue. Mr. Gladstone proposed it, and insists upon it, merely out of abstract regard to fiscal symmetry. This is a cheering indication. If he cannot bear the idea of a theoretical partiality in the pressure of the brewing-licence, how will he any longer be able to stand the fact of an enormous practical injustice in the incidence of the Income-Tax? Mr. Gladstone is evidently ready to adopt the proposals of Mr. Heberd, or to produce better.

The sums to be charged for the private brewing-licences are so small that their amount will be of no great fiscal importance. The private brewing-licence will be therefore simply a bore to those who will be under the necessity of procuring one, but who will, many of them, forget to observe that precaution, and consequently expose themselves to the depredations of informers. It will be necessary to take the trouble of going and getting a licence in order to try the experiment of making a little beer! The effect of the law imposing the purchase of a licence on the private brewer will be that of entangling individuals in liability to penalties, without at all profiting the public, or even the public-house.

We will not impugn to Mr. Gladstone the atrocious design of putting a stop to private brewing, and checking instead of encouraging the production of home-brewed beer. But he has, in mere pedantry, imposed one more restraint, unnecessary by his own showing, on the liberty of the subject; and liberty, especially in the matter of beer, is better than licence.

DEPLORABLE PREJUDICE.

"Mr. Punch,

"An article in the Post upon the late trial of three unfortunate gentlemen for forging Russian bank notes, contains the following remark:—"

"The prisoners convicted on the first day's trial were Woolry Harwitz, calling himself a doctor, and Chloma Reichberg, and Abraham Josephson, jeweller—all the three being Jews, of course."

"Why of course? General Wolfe was not a Jew, and there are many people besides Jews who are called Harwitz or Harris. Chloma is not equivalent to Chloma, neither is it a corruption of Solomon, like Soman, and Reichberg is no more Hebrew than Reichensbach, a name celebrated as that of the discoverer of the Od force, and not odious through any association with clo', for it has before it the Christian name of Charles; but even if the distinguished chemist had been named Chloma, the abbreviation, Chlo, would only have suggested chloroform. There are plenty of Christian Isabacons and Josephsons, and of Christians who are named Abraham; as, for example, Abraham Lincoln. Why, then, all three Jews, of course? Because one was a quack-doctor, and another a jeweller, and a third an accomplice with the other two in a forgery? These appear to be the only premises which led to that conclusion. Such illiberality is too bad."

"I have the honour to be, Mr. Punch, your diligent reader,

"House of Commons, April, 1862."

"Philosmouchy."

Timber Superseded.

There is, or used to be, a sort of plate which was called Britannia-metal. Let us hope that the substance which our ships of war are to be plated with is destined to prove Rule-Britannia-metal.

EPIGRAPH ON AUNT SALLY.—"BABA SORA."
EXHIBITION OF PICTURES BY MR. JOHN LEECH.
MESSRS. BRADBURY AND EVANS have the pleasure to announce that they will shortly Exhibit, at the
EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY,
A Collection of Mr. John Leech's Drawings from Punch, which have been reproduced (much enlarged) on canvas by an ingenious new process, and
PAINTED IN OIL BY MR. LEECH.
The Exhibition will open in the course of the month of May. Admission, One Shilling.
MR. MARK LEMON
ABOUT LONDON AND WESTMINSTER.

MAY 5, AND EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND FRIDAY, AT 3 O'CLOCK, AND SATURDAY AT 5 O'CLOCK.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14, REGENT STREET.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

METALLIC PEN MAKER TO THE QUEEN.
BY ROYAL COMMAND,
JOSEPH GILLOTT

This most respectfully to inform the Commercial World, Schoolmistresses, and the public, that the Imperial Pen Company has acquired the entire manufacture of the Royal Pen, from the Typhon, the most costly, for excellence or beauty or utility, to the most elegant and unsual, in a variety of respects in price, he believes will enjoy universal popularity. The original Pen of Infallible Superiority, as well as the most imperially convenient, in form and size, fully adapted for penmanship and writing, with a metallic pen in the act of writing; and in consequence of the double-refined万元, which is especially adapted to the use of different degrees of desideria, and for the use of the highest class of Writing ladies in Schools, and Societies will be received by all Stationers, Bookkeepers, and other respectable Dealers in Steel Pencils. Merchants and Wholesale Dealers are supplied by retail, at 4s. 6d. each, from the IPENMAKER'S SOCIETY, No. 5, JOHN STREET, NEW YORK, and at 6, GREAT CHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.

GLENFIELD
PEN DOUBLE-REFINED WATER STARCH.

EXCLUSIVELY USED IN HER MAJESTY'S LAUNDRY, AND PROUDLY PROCLAIMED BY HER MAJESTY'S SUANDMASTERS TO BE THE FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED.

The public and ever increasing demand for the renowned Starch, is the best proof of its superiority over every other kind. THE GLENFIELD PEN STARCH, which is adapted for all classes—from Her Majesty downwards—possesses, in an eminent degree, the following properties—great Strength, continued Originality, and Pearl-like Transparency. It does not impair the yellow tints to Fabrics which other starches do, but has on the contrary, the effect of giving them a richer and more iridescent surface. The March hatters have no less sensation in affirming that the GLENFIELD Pen Starch is the Most Perfect, and, at the same time, the Most Economical, and if there be any who have not done so, they are publicly recommended to try GLENFIELD Pen Starch, which they will find it to be both a wise and a useful thing to any other, and, like the Queen's Laundress, resolve for the future to Use No Other.

WITHERSPOON & Co., Glasgow and London.

BENSON'S WATCHES.

"Perfection of Mechanism."—Morning Post.

GOLD TO 100 Gs. SILVER TO 30 Gs.

Send Two Stamps for Benson's Illustrated Pamphlet, descriptive of the town's various public, religious, and private institutions. Customers for Stamps, and especially for 1s. 6d. Wrist Watches, are respectfully reminded of the great saving in sending orders and remittances by the Post Office, as no charge is made for the Stamps.

Watches sent to all parts of the Kingdom free by Post, or to India and the Colonies for 5s. extra.

33 & 34, LUDGATE HILL, AND 46 & 47, CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.

Established 1749.

LANDSOME BRASS AND IRON BEDSTADS.—HEAL AND SON'S new room contains a splendid collection of handsome beds, and has been fitted with Bedding and Furniture complete, as well as every description of Bedroom Furniture.

HEAL AND SON'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, containing descriptions of 100 bedsteads, as well as 160 different articles of Bedroom Furniture, sent free by POST.

HEAL AND SON, Bedstead, Bedding and Bedroom Furniture Manufacturers, 156, Tottenham Court Road, W.

SECOND HAND SILVER PLATE.

292, REGENT STREET, LONDON, AND 67 & 68, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE.

MAPPIN BROTHERS

MAKE THE MOST LIBERAL ALLOWANCE FOR OLD SILVER PLATE, EITHER FOR CASH OR IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

THE GENTLEMEN'S REAL HEAD OF HAIR, OR INVISIBLE TURKISH.

The principle upon which this is done is to make the customer understand that the Manufacturer puts the stock of a store which is one of the best in London, and that the style, in a variety of respects in price, is the best in the world. TheTurkish head of hair is covered with a thin skin, and is adapted for all classes. It is manufactured by a process of distillation, no other process being used, and is of the finest quality. The hands of the best workmen are employed in the manufacture of these articles, and the result is a head of hair that is not only the most elegant and the most beautiful, but also the most durable. The price is very reasonable, and the Manufacturer insists on the beauty of a visit from the Shop and the Competition, that one may be assured, and the other of the highest order, in the set of the hair. The turkish head of hair is a perfect article, and is produced by the Celebrated Turkish Head of Hair, F. BROWNIE, 4, Fenchurch Street.

P. BROWNIE'S INVENTION AND MEASURING THE HEAD.

Round the Head, in manner of a fillet, leaving the Hair just above the Ear, and just below the Hair, the Head is measured. As described. Inches, Eighteens.

From the Frontal bone over to the poll, as deep each way and broad, suitable for the various kinds of Wigging in Society, and at the most reasonable Price.

As marked, Feet, Inches, Eights.

From one Temple to the other across the eye or Crown of the Head to where the Hair meets.

The Charge for this Unique Head of Hair, only £1 10s.
PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

IL PIO NONO.

What operatic people those foreigners are! According to a telegram from Rome on Easter Sunday:—

"The Pope gave a solemn benediction (orbi et orbis) in the Vatii-tica last Sunday."

"The whole of the French and Pontifical troops were present.

"An immense crowd assembled, and shouts were raised of

Viva il Papa!"

The scene thus described seems exactly like something that we have often witnessed at Drury Lane or Covent Garden, or Her Majesty's Theatre. We imagine the French and Pontifical troops under arms, represented by a corps of supernumeraries, with some of the chorus-singers of the establishment in the front rank, whilst the rest are stationed at the head of other supernumeraries who constitute the crowd; the double chorus singing at the top of their voices Viva il Papa! to the accompaniment of a noisy orchestra. Then, before our mind's eye out in a balcony comes the old Pope in full costume, accompanied by Cardinals, Officers, Guards, a Crossbearer, and other attendants. Then the chorus of soldiers and citizens leave off singing, and the Pontiff, stretching out his hands, opens his mouth to its utmost width, and delivers in a deep bass-crescendo a few words which we are unable to catch. We then see immediately above the mob and the military again strike up Viva il Papa! and the supers who are not musical wave their hats, or throw up their caps; all forgoing altogether a grand tableau on which down comes the Pope. There, however, the resemblance ends. What would complete it is the applause of the British public; but that is wanting. There are kisses instead. The Pope may keep the keys of a certain place, but here his own performance would be—unsuccessful. John Bull, however, would willingly shout Viva il Papa! too if his Holiness of Rome would confer a real benediction orbis et orbi, by resigning his temporal dominion over the former, and leaving the latter to perform its revolutions in peace.

CONDENSED REPORT OF A CAUSE CÉLÈBRE.

Breveity's the soul of wit.

MURS, said, quick-witted,

"You acquit, or else I split!"

And Miris is acquitted.

HOW TO MAKE A PERFECT BEAST OF YOURSELF—

We have been told of a lawyer's clerk who has succeeded in doing so by continually eating Thorley's Food for Cattle.

THE PIONEER.

MISCHIEVOUS LITTLE WIFE. "Oh, it's sweetly tempting, Dear, but I've just had a capital idea, and if you'll promise me to take good care of it, I'll lend you my Garden Roller!"

"WE WISH YOU MAY EVER SEE IT AGAIN."

The following advertisements appeared in the same day's paper of the Times:—

VERITÉ—WRITE me, either here or to K. C. Tell me where, when I can see thee. The same ever,—C. F.

It is a curious sign of the degenerate age we live in when a person is obliged to advertise for the Truth. There are many more despairing individuals, who, like C. F., would like to be told when, and where they could see la Vérité. We wonder how many answers this aspiring lover received to his advertisement? However, we have one bit of consolation for him. If C. F. is so very anxious to see the Truth, why doesn't he look in the pages of Punch every week?

The second advertisement tells the truth at once:—

MR. MARSH, 175, Piccadilly, requests the UMBRELLA may be returned, which was taken, in mistake, from his hair-cutting establishment, by a gentleman, on April 18.

The above may be cited as a proof of the old caution that it is not advisable to speak the truth at all times. Was it discreditable of Mr. Marsh to let the public into the secret that gentlemen were in the habit of taking away umbrellas from his establishment, even in mistake? We should be rather timid in such a place, lest whilst our hair was being cut off by one of the oily operators, our parapluie might be similarly treated behind our back by some other operator not less oily and cutting in his actions. Besides, there is an absurd hopelessness in the appeal. We know there are strange, punctilious persons who occasionally send "Conscience-Money" to the Chancellor or the Excisemen, but whoever heard of a man's conscience prompting him so far as to return an umbrella? The latter must have a sharp point to it indeed to prick any one to that extent. A child may be clever that knows his own father, but after all, what is his cleverness compared to that of an umbrella that knows its own owner?

A COCK THAT DIED GAME.

At the Paris International Exhibition of poultry, our farm-wives will be delighted to hear that the finest cocks and hens come from England. Amongst the former there was one of the game breed, who (we are quoting from the Morning Star)—

"Was pronounced to be a perfect nonpareil. But hearing his neighbors crow continually, irritated him to such a degree that he flung himself, trying to break the bars of his cage, and get out to fight them."

He must have been playing at the old game of French and English. As an Englishman in former days fancied he could thrash any three Frenchmen easily, so you may be sure that this cock, who was evidently one of the old school, had been brought up with similar prejudices. Spurred on by ambition, he was anxious to prove that he was game to fight any number of French cocks—even including the celebrated Cap Grisette himself, if he could but manage to get his head over his back. His pluck being bigger than his body, was clearly the death of him. He was the bravest of the brave, but none. It was reported that the fine spirited martyr of the gallant race of fowls had been bred by Sir Robert Peel, who plunged himself considerably among the fowls of various species. In our opinion, this pigmacious rooster is much more likely to have been contributed by Mr. John Bright. By the bye, the most appropriate place for this exhibition of poultry would have been the neighbouring village of Peck.
OUR ANCHOR AT THE EXHIBITION.

A RUSSIAN War, an Indian Mutiny
By strong arm, fire, and crushing steel suppressed,
The fight for Freed-on waged in Italy,
Which Austria's Vulture partly dispossessed,
And now America's inbound strife.
Brothers with brothers warring to the knife,
These horrors, following on our first World's Fair,
When saintly prophets bade us to prepare
For the Millennium's near approaching reign,
Forbid us to predict the like again.

No talk of Universal Brotherhood,
To date from this, our second vast Work-Show!
For evil still divides this world with good,
As when Cain murdered Abel long ago.

No, rather, ye Naysayers, that Greece is flaring up against its Bavarian ruler.
The Almanach de Gotha informs us he is of the family of Wittelsbach.
Surely this must be an error of the press.
Ortho's real family is that of Wittelsbach.

"Delirant Reges, plectantur Achivi."

ESSAYS AND REMARKS.

APPEARANCE.—All appearance furnishes that which you would sport if you were Robinson Crusoe, with no Friday to a spectator, is not, perhaps, mere ostentation. Other motives than vanity may induce a man to keep up a preposterous or extravagant appearance; for he may be a kind husband, and both to grive his wife. "Or, although single, he may have to get his living by customers, clients, or patients, who are attracted by splendour as much as others are allured by a candle. If he were to reduce his appearance to reasonable plainness, they would think his business was decreasing, and accordingly forsake him; for most people are apt to be quick in getting out of the way of anybody who seems going to the dogs. Many a poor and prudent person, whose calling is genteel, is obliged to maintain a corresponding appearance, which subjects him to be surcharged for Income-tax; because if it were as shabby as it ought to be, he would earn no income at all.

Be sure to cultivate a professional appearance if you are a practicing member of any profession, unless you want to get rid of your practice. Particularly observe this rule if your profession is the medical, and, for example, do not go about in a shooting-jacket and a cap or a wide-awake; for people employ you not so much for you to care them as to worship them, and they will be offended with your appearance if they imagine it to show uncourtship about their opinion amounting to unconsciousness of dependance on their favour.

An excessively sumptuous appearance is not always so necessary for purposes of business as people who are fond of display persuade themselves it is. Beware of outsuing those whom you wish to converse with, for they will either account for your magnificence by supposing that you are very rich, and then they will curry you, and, what is worse, perhaps want you to lend them money; or if they know that you are not rich, they will impute your display to vanity and folly, and, if they are nettled by the superiority of your style to their own, they will perhaps also regard it as the expression of insolence, which they will resolutely do without taking any trouble.

If he is wealthy, his appearance, if not splendid is at least decent; for it is easier to them than to affect bad, besides that anybody capable of affecting bad taste would be an uncommon fool. A rich philosopher, then, will employ the best tailor that he knows of: a poor one will be content to clothe himself with the strongest cloaks he can buy. He will dress with a simple view to cheapness and convenience, regardless of every other consideration. His clothes will last him as long as they are comfortable, and, for some considerable time before they are worn out, will give him an appearance which will have the air of exempting him from the annoyance of finding his meditations, during his walks, interrupted by beggars.

It will also ensure him against being treated with obsequious or even ordinary politeness by shopkeepers, railway-clerks and other servants, except waiters, who know that civility costs nothing, whereas incivility will forfeit the chance of a penny. It will, to be sure, render him liable to be occasionally asked to hold a gentleman's horse. When at length he comes out in a new suit, the lower orders will crane to him, and the superior classes will treat him with some respect; and he will sometimes find a chance in people's demeanour towards him produced merely by the glossy appearance exhibited by an old hat, not too much battered, that has been carefully wiped and put by after having been drenched with rain.

"How will it look?" is a woman's question, which you may as well consider when it does not imply, as it not seldom does, discontent with an appearance as fine as you can afford. But women really do not consider this question half so much as men fancy they do. They are anxious that whatever they wear should look fashionable, but for the most part do not care a pin if it also looks ridiculous, so that they are in a great measure regardless of appearance, such as that presented by Cynoline.

TAXATION AT BRIGHTON.—Cabinet: certain volunteer Lawyers, the Devil's Own, and The enemy.
A MART FOR ART.

Just opposite the Great Exhibition certain enterprising persons have established a smaller one. It is called the International Bazaar, and is intended, we understand, as a place where, when a person has seen any thing in the Big Show that he would like to buy, he may go and perform that feat, as the Bazaar is to contain its own specimens of all portable productions. We intend to buy an Armstrong Gun, a locomotive, a ring of church bells, and a Shoeburyness target, the first very day, as little presents for young lady friends. We think the Bazaar notion a very good one, and perfectly in keeping with the legitimate objects of the Great Show, and the place is filled up by a French decorative artist, in a very elegant fashion. Mr. Punch's own smoking saloon is not much more tastefully adorned with flags and banners. But why do not the promoters of the Bazaar, when they issue their public proclamation (we'll lead them a little way), and have an inauguration, an ode, and a procession? Mr. Punch would run over and take a part in the proceedings, and would write to Mr. Tupper to do a poem at the shortest notice. Then we would have it set, and get up a little quarrel on the subject, and Herr Von Joel, who might be engaged (with his whistling button) to conduct, might refuse to conduct one of the pokies, and the manager would have to engage somebody else for the purpose. Mr. Spudcock might come over and enact the Bishop, and though Brompton might find it as difficult to find a second Duke of Cambridge as Lambeth does to find a second W. Williams, the thing is not impossible. We hear that the refreshment department at the Bazaar is to be managed in capital style, and this will make enough hearts open, and so do their purses, as wives know, after a good lunch, and we would bet that most purchases are made after one o'clock. We have no idea whether the Bazaar notion originated in a freak, but the notion itself is an extremely sensible one, and Punch hereby crowns it with success.

THE CRY FOR CONSERVATIVES.

The Tories are, as well as known, stood by the Altar and the Throne; in point of Church their views were High: But their principle was evermore "No Popery!"

When Catholics, with rights denied, had reason clearly on their side, The Tories, till their throats were dry, were ordered to vociferate, "No Popery!"

But now that common cause unites The Papists and the Derbyshires: "This time for Punch to raise the cry, of Lord Palmerston for ever and "No Popery!"

THE IRON AGE AFLOAT.

There seems very little doubt that steam and iron will between them turn the sail of our Navy into stickers and se-soldiers, and effect a revolution in the component naval matter. If the Mercury and Monitor be taken as our models, our fleet will soon consist of mastless iron ships, and anything like seamanship of course will not be needed in them. The duties of a sailor on board a ship of war will be confined to work between decks, such as cleaning out the stoke hole and keeping a good fire up. He will no more be roused out to reef topsails, for there will be none to reef; nor will he ever have to go aloft and hang on by his eyelids; as, if we credit the sea-novellists, he used formerly to do.

Besides, when ships are without masts, of course the men on board of them can no more be mastheaded, and martinetts will have to turn their minds to hit upon some other kind of punishment. Funnel-heading would perhaps be a bit thing to introduce, and men might be sent up to sit upon the chimney-top until they were well smoked. We can fancy what a picture a young lady would present, after dangling his legs upon the funnel for an hour or two. Even if he had the fortune to escape suffocation, he would very certainly be soon as black in the face as though he had been choked. On the whole we think that chimmy-jotting, as it might be called, would be outlived at last and unpleasant as mastheading, and the middles will no doubt thank us for suggesting it.

A SNUFFLE FROM A SAINT.

To the Editor of the "Record:"

"Verily, my dear friend, we live in dreadful times. Calamity and innovation (words to my mind quite synonymous) attack us on all sides. One winter's snow marks the year that new danger to the State will next ailleut us. Why here the theatres have returned to us after the central period of Passion Week and yet we still continue to be called a Christian nation! Painful to relate, with your own pious exception, the Press have not protested, but with great splendour have published this new act of impiety. Hear, however, what a Bishop—lie of Oxford—has to say of it:—"

"The present was an instance of the manner in which great evils are continually creeping on. The introduction of the concert was only the first step for opening the theatres altogether, and now that the other days of Passion Week were given up, the next step would be to give up Good Friday. This was the way in which all reverence for holy seasons was swallowed up among us."

Swallowed up! yes alas! We well know who it is that promenades about the country in chains for the purpose of devotion and though the flames of the press have been quenched, we shall never cease to speak of the evil, and have not swelled up our reverence for Passion Week, there really is no saying what he next will make a meal of. Good Friday will of course next year be "given up" to him, and in the course of a brief time there will be no more horse-races, the Theatre Royal, and what is more, he will manage as Pope in the Low Countries, and, by his influence, to a great extent, the Pope in the Low Countries, and, by his influence, to a great extent, the Pope in Rome, and all the Pope's men."

"I have been told that the Bishop of Oxford has already spoken, though in a way that is not so clear, of a snuff in the face.

"Sir, I never go to theatre, and as the closing of them cannot in the least affect my comfort, I am strongly of opinion that at Christmastime and Easter, and all other holy seasons, their doors ought to be kept shut. Depend on it if playhouses are open during Passion Week, something dreadful to the nation will happen before long. I leave to Dr. Cumpus to foretell what it will be, but I really quite expect to live to see the time when our holy seasons will be treated so irreverently that we shall no longer enjoy a Christmas pudding or a hot-cross bun.

"Grouning in spirit for this fearful state of things, I do not know whether I am not right, for I have been told that we will lay down the gauntlet to you, and the Pope in the Low Countries, and the Pope in Rome, and all the Pope's men."

COSTUMES OF FEMALE NATIVES.

Japan has some name for polish, and its credit in that respect appears to have been well sustained by the Japanese Ambassadors in Paris, to whose good taste the correspondent of the Post at that capital bears the following testimony:—"

"They consider the ordinary Parisian model a wretched and painful article for defending female loveliness, and think it would be a considerable improvement if the Emperor Napoleon would bring a proclamation that no Crimson should be born, and that all the other ladies of the house shall be turned into the most exotic and exquisitely fantastic draperies, which, if worn with good effect, will be both pleasing to the eye and to the mind."

"Of course, when the Emperor Napoleon will bring a proclamation that no Crimson should be born, and that all the other ladies of the house shall be turned into the most exotic and exquisitely fantastic draperies, which, if worn with good effect, will be both pleasing to the eye and to the mind."

"The World's Fair.—"It's not true (says a confirmed cynic), for generally speaking the world's extremes unite.
A TORY PARTY! (SAVE THE MARK.)

Mrs. Harris (to struggling Newsreader). "Stanerd! Stanerd! Only a Penny! Please support an old 'oman, dear Gents!"

D'ry (to D'zg). "For goodness sake give her a Penny, and tell the old Goose we don't want her Cackle—People will think she belongs to us—just opposite the Club too!"

MRS. HARRIS'S PHOENIX.

Mrs. Gamp, as you remember, through Life's vale when we two wandered, You was then the Moravia 'Eve', I at that time, was the Standard. Which, although I say it as shouldn't, and we was jeered by some tormodiers, In them days we good old souls was two respectable old bodies.

I agree with you, Munn, no delights as trestable bein yields in To be named with sitch as we tastes in these here Elysian fieldses: Nothin nigh to this here nectar, tea, nor gin, or other spoors; Battered crumpets with hambrosiar no comporin as to merits.

Bein in this blessed state convinced as heartily life's a bubble, I'm well aware no mortal cares our buzzums, can't ought to trouble, And here, where no rheumatics ails, and grief and woe no more can't find us.

We ort'n't for to fret our sides 'bout rubidge as we've left behind us. But, Munn, I'll own to you a thought there is my cup of joy that dashes, When I thinks what a Phoenix has arose up out of my old hashes; A Phoenix which I am ashamed of bein' counted for its mother. If in my time I was a Goose, at least I wasn't sitch another.

A trubbery paper, read by few, although 'tis written for the many! A funny penny-halfpenny print!—I beg your pardon, price one penny, And dear at that, a scrap, a scrap, a shred, a rag, and nothin' better! A snadage that spikes its readers' eyes, leastways if they can read a letter!

But there, if that was all—for 'tis their fault as chooses to be blinded, And poverty's no sin, in course,—I shouldn't worry much have minded. But oh that down from 'ppeness to a penny come, and which no bargain,

My old remains should come to be converted to a Popish horgan!

The ribbies! 'Tis enough to wake the dead. The wagabones! Ah, first 'em! In these here spirrit-rappin' times they might have know'd they'd have me at 'em:

And I shall be, if sitch like games them bage aposticks further carries, About their house in Shoe Lane by-and-by as sure as my name's 'Arris!

HOW TO CHRISTEN OUR IRONSIDES.

The reconstruction of the British Navy will require a change of its nomenclature. Our oak Leviathans are now to be replaced with iron monsters of the deep. Painted, as it were, with a skin of armour, a man-of-war will henceforth resemble a pachydermatous or a crustaceous animal. For a ship of the line, therefore, the proper sort of name will be that of the Rincereor or the Elephant, or, what would be still better, the Whale, a whale being a marine pachyderm; and a steam-iron might be named the Narwhal, as the creature so called, otherwise the Sea Unicorn, is not only a whale, but is armed with a horn corresponding to the beak which steam-rams are to carry at the bows. Frigates and smaller vessels could go under the denomination of the Hippopotamus, the Porpoise, the Gruasbas, the Hog-in-Arms, the Armadillo, or even the Crab and the Lobster. Another view, to be sure, may perhaps be taken of the style of name which will be that most appropriate to our new Ironsides. It may be urged with some reason, that they would be best denominated by such titles as the Lurkhin, the Dore, and the Olive, which denote emblems of Peace, and may, it is to be hoped, be applicable to our iron fleet otherwise than ironically.

Sumptuary Regulation.

The Commissioners of the International Exhibition have revoked their first regulation, and have now decided that all salads and smorga-snares may be allowed the privilege of admission into the Exhibition without being previously full-dressed.
PEACE.

MR. PUNCH'S DESIGN FOR A COLOSSAL STATUE, WHICH OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN PLACED IN THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.
THE OPENING OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

Mr. Punch’s Chorale, (uneaccountably declined by the Commissioners, in favour of the Poet Laureate’s very much inferior Ode).

I.—THE JAM OUTSIDE.

Widen the streets! Policemen A to X, Bid the obtrusive multitudes move on; Nor ye, oh season-ticket-holders, vex Commissioners, who have bare time to do Their suits of Court, and the dress-sword, that decks Each portly side, and now hits sharp upon Silk-stocking legs, now hath betwixt them gone—
As swords unwonted wearers will perplex—
Lo! the procession waits—and COLE must walk A one.

II.—THE CLEARING OF THE NAVE.

Clear from out the lumbered Nave, Box and barrel, spar and stave, Spite of all that workmen pray, Or exhibitors essay, British, who growl and swear, Foreigners who read the air— They had time their work to press To completion and success,— Trophies to himself and rear, In their various ugliness,— Show-cases to glass and dress— Bare boards to bid disappear, Under varnish and varnisher, Flattening white, or colour queer— If they would not, could not do What our orders bade them to, They the consequence must fake—
Clear the Nave, a road to make!

III.—THE PROCESSION.

Lo! the great procession comes To the sound of trump and drums! Lo! the Pageant’s foremost actors, Sup’rintendents of Contractors! Sup’rintendents, too, of works, (Who their court-dress surely irk) Architect—great Captain Fowke, (Fam. “till jaw give by” he’d “jowk”) * Crowded with his own done in little, Like inverted semi-skillful, Or the frame wherewith he greens The careful market-gardener screens, As if the plan that makes cucumbers swell And the fruits of industry as well. With him Contractors Kelk and Lucas pace, With him the daring decorator, Grace, 

[Continues with detailed description of the procession, including various participants and their roles.]

* A wise Scotch proverb, recommends people, whose persons or works are ridiculed, to “jowk” (i.e. crouch down), till the jaw give by.

IV.—THE MUSIC IN THE ORCHESTRA.

Now lift the pealing hymn of praise, From brass, and wood, and string, And let the loud orchestra raise Two thousand thousand to sing— Though Verdi was too late, The theme to celebrate, And ostent Costa should disdain to play The Bolero unto Bennett’s melody.— And what should be our song, These crowded works of industry among, But “Welcome white-robed Peace, to this our peaceful throne.”

Where lingeresses—the neck-eyed gentle-queen Soft-floating, in her robe of olive-green, The doves that draw her car, with downy wing The noiseless air dividing, With happy hours, for harbingers, to fling Lush May-flowers on the path where she comes riding—
We cannot see her in the air, Nor hear her at the door, Nor smell the breath of May-flowers fair, That strew her pathway o’er.

V.—THE UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE.

Perhaps ye look too high— Look down, with bended eye: And see, from out your puny fall That lifteth an embattled wall, All rayed with tubes and blades of war, And many a radiant bayonet-star, Rollett a mighty Armstrong gun— Whereon, as on a car of state, Disconsolately sit:ith one, Not as a bird without her mate: “Ex Peace, poor queen, thy pain to ride Upon Bella’s iron car, Her doves reluctant wave aside, Her happy herald Hours, Unload of their flowers, Left weeping mournfully, forlorn and far: Sadly and strangely gazeth she, On us who strangely gaze on her—

“Is this Peace—can it be she, That sets this monster gun astride?”

“‘Yes, I am Peace and woe is me, That this my vehicle should be. Ten years have past, since first ye reared a hollow-capped drum in mine, And at its altar I appeared, And men to do me homage came. Since then, in East or Western world, The war-drums have not once been hushed, Across the Atlantic they now float, Where brother’s hand at brother’s throat, And here, in Europe, nations arm, In sudden, dir, unsheathed alarm: The huge steen-hammers rise and fall, To forge the great ship’s armour-wall, The workshops ring with eager toil, The cannon groans of walled out; The shell, the fuse, the rifle—those The producer of men’s industries? And I, invited here to-day, Reluctantly at home must stay, Or change seats, from my dove-drawn car’s, For this, politely bent by Mars!”

Another Illusion Gone.

We see that Japan is governed by an Emperor, like France, and not by a Monarch, like ourselves. We are deceived again, for we always laboured under the illusion that the great lustre of the country was principally derived, not from an Emperor, but from its Japan Black-King?

The French drama called Les Volontaires was produced on Wednesday in Paris, and condemned. An English drama of the same name was produced on the previous Monday at Brighton, and was triumphantly successful. Evidently the National Anthem of France is not a Voluntary.
THE PALACE OF ART.

A PARODY WHICH IT IS REQUESTED MAY NOT OCCUR TO ANYBODY DURING THE INAUGURATION OF THE EXHIBITION.

I Built my Cole a lordly pleasure house,
Wherein to walk like any Swell:
I said, O Cole, make merry and carouse,
Dear Cole, for all is well.

(Here follows an exquisite description of the said pleasure house, also known as the International Exhibition. After four hundred and ninety-seven verses comes the last.)

But Cole, C.P., replied, "'Ts long, your story,
And hang a Rummey Sign to
Dulke walks in glory with a Hand that's Gory,
While I am not a Bart."

The O'Donoghue Banquet.

The principal dish at this Tipperary entertainment will consist of Bublil and Squeak. The first will be supplied by the speakers themselves from the frothy rhodomontade of their speeches, and the second will be furnished by Mr. Smith O'Baily direct from his eclectic chow-chow, which he has nearly stripped of every leaf, leaving himself scarcely any barrels for a future occasion. However, this liberality does not so much matter in his instance, as Mr. Smith O'Baily is not one of those Irish patriots who has any necessity to say, "unaccustomed as I am to public speaking."

Some More of Professor Blackie's Nonsense.

What is the difference between a cradle and a Scotchman's infant?
The one is a Child's Cot, and the other is a Scot's Child.

[We beg to say that we will not stand any more of the Professor's nonsense.—Ed.]

BEATREGARD'S STITCH, WHEN DEFEATED NEAR PURBY.

Prettily dree.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

Mr. Punch is loth to criticise men who, like himself, work hard to please the Universe; and he is very well aware that the gentlemen who have the charge of the World's Show have had a world to do, and that their attempts to please the world, although proverbially impossible, have in most cases proved successful. Anyone who sees inside the Show a fortnight since could have scarcely thought that such a Chaos of confusion could in a dozen working days be brought to anything like order; but this has been achieved by the hearty help and handiwork of every one concerned, from that zealousness of secretaries, Mr. F. R. Sandford, down to the smallest of the small boys who have run about on errands, or have stood upon their tippoes to hand the working-men their tools.

But, while extending thus his praise to all who have had anything to do with the great work, Mr. Punch must be permitted to have a little laugh at the persons who prepared the programme of the Opening. Mr. Punch feels sure that, from the vagueness of the language which is there employed, very many of the spectators will be grievously misled by it. For instance, though it is expressly stated that "all persons in the procession will be in Official, Academic, or Court Dress, or Uniform," not a syllable is said as to who will be in which; and Mr. Punch feels sure that every lady will agree with him that this is a most interesting and important point. Of course the ladies will be anxious, if the gentlemen are not, to know the difference between official, court, and academical costume; and the most absurd mistakes will happen if some guide to recognition be not somehow pointed out. Again, although the various processionists are in the programme specially numbered and divided into groups, who, pray, is to tell Number Six from Number Seven: or Number Fifteen, the Chairmen the Juries, from H. M. Majesty's Ministers, who are Number Twenty-three? If it be too late to devise some change of dress which would make recognition easy, Mr. Punch would just suggest that a dozen of policemen should be armed with bits of chalk, to mark on every person's back the number in the programme whereunto he belongs, which extremely simple method would at least prevent young ladies from mistaking Mr. Gladstone for one of the Contractors, or Lord Farmerson, when standing in Court suit, for the Lord Mayor.

Moreover, how many of the thirty thousand visitors expected can be counted on as knowing Mr. Tennyson by sight; and is it not presumable that when the programme tells them to behold the Poet Laureate, their eyes will be rather inclined to look for Mr. Punch? Thus, too, low on earth is No. 29, the "Royal Personages," to be distinguished by spectators from No. 26, consisting of the "gentlemen who are in attendance" on them? To know at sight a Royal person from a gentleman, is what we hope not many eyes are competent to do; and as loyal minds must shrink from entertaining the idea that Royal persons are no gentlemen, the labour of distinction will be difficult enough. Royal persons, such for instance as the King of the Caumbl Islands, may be recognised perhaps by their peculiar costume; but unless they wear their crowns, or are labelled on the back, more civilised "Royal Personages" may pass along unnoticed, or be mistaken for the commonest of commoners in the crowd.

Perhaps, however, the most puzzling of all the day's proceedings (worse even than the labour of catching the eye of your own footman in the flock of powdered gentlemen in waiting at the doors) will be the problem of explaining to the fair creature in crinoline whom your bliss is to escort, the real meaning of the words "Foreign Acting Commissioners," which are set against the numbers 17 and 18. Of course, the only acting she knows anything about is that which takes place on the stage, and she will most likely look for M. Fechter to step forward as the Acting Commissioner for France, while our Lord Dundiegey, she will think the proper person to be "acting" for the States, and Mr. Benjamin Webster for the United Kingdom.

Amiable Excuses.

We don't think that Sternstall Bennett has a right to complain that Mr. Costa, will not conduct him at the Inauguration. Costa sometimes does not even know how to conduct himself. Besides, he perhaps wanted to show, by making the exception, that he was not an omission conductor—in spite of what might have been inferred, from his manners touching this matter.
ADDITIONAL REGULATIONS.

FOR THE CONDUCT OF THE PUBLIC DURING THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

One additional direction has been just issued to the Public by the Commissioners, and it is hoped that they will be understood and observed:—

1. The Public is to walk up and down, but not run against itself, that is, when some are going one way and some another, they are not to go both ways at once, but any person is to be at liberty to go anywhere he pleases (subject to the orders of the police) if there is nobody else in the way.

2. No person is to make rude remarks, in the building, about the trophies in the Nave, which are all very beautiful, and if the public does not comprehend this, it is because they have not taken a careful view of the Exhibition. But people may say what they like to one another after they have got home.

3. Persons, especially the young, are not to come to this building in an undisciplined state of mind, but for two hours at least, before leaving their homes, are to peruse improving works upon the subjects illustrated in the Exhibition. The police have orders to remove any young persons who may evidently have come for the sake of flirtation.

4. The public is not to go staring at things merely because they are pretty, or celebrated, but is to go regularly and reverently through the whole building, and is specially to make itself master of every part of the Machinery Exhibition before venturing to examine the products of machinery. The public will be directed in this matter by the police, all of whom have been properly educated for the purpose.

5. Any person who makes a remark upon the difference between the building of 1851 and the present one, and does not distinctly declare the latter to be immeasurably the superior, is to be immediately removed by the police.

6. Nothing whatever is to be said about the Crystal Palace, and any person who shall propose to go from South Kensington to the Crystal Palace shall forfeit his season ticket. If he has one, and if not, shall be at once conducted outside the building.

7. No mention is to be made of any supposed difficulty between certain musical persons. It is enough for the public to know that the Composers permitted M. Costa to dictate his own terms as to the composers whose works he would conduct, and that everything has been done properly. Infringement of this order will be followed by immediate exclusion.

8. The public is permitted to refresh itself in moderation at both the French and English restaurants, but as the International Exhibition is a place for business and for instruction, persons are not to talk of "lunch," for less of "dinner," as a feature in the visit. Any such departure from the principles of high art will be noticed by the police.

9. The public is informed that the International Exhibition is a grand success, and the noblest thing ever heard of. The police have instructions to enforce the universal acknowledgment of this sentiment.

A CATCH FOR A KING.

King of Prussia, mind your eye,
Rule not with a hand too high,
Or you'll be obliged to fly
In a hurry, by-and-by.

SOMETHING IN INITIALS, IF NOT IN A NAME.

We have little wish to crook the weakness of our Naval forces. But it is clear that our three-deckers have long since had their day, and the four c's to rely on now are Captain Cowper Coles's Cupolas.

THE INNOCENCE OF A BANKRUPTCY COMMISSIONER.

In a recent trial before Commissioner Faxe, the following elegant congratulation is reported to have taken place:—

* * * * *

'Ware, Witness. The bankrupt called them duplicates.

'The Commissioner. He talks gibberish, and you talk gibberish.

'Mr. THEANUM. The duplicate.

Is it not most charming to hear a Commissioner of Bankruptcy inquiring what is the meaning of a "duplicate"? One would imagine that Faxe had been sitting in a commercial Arcadia all his life, full of flowers and sunny purity, in which the only bills seen were those of love birds, and the only notes exchanged were those that were heard issuing from their pretty throats. Who would expect such a Paradise of simplicity in Basinghall Street? Decidedly, Commissioner Faxe must be a young man who has just come up from the country. For childish innocence, we should say, for the public are extremely difficult to find his duplicate anywhere; though, when found, we doubt if any one would feel exalted, in spite of its exceeding value owing to the rarity of the article, to make the smallest advance upon it. The next sentence is only to serve to make use of such a term as "gibberish".

To say the least, it is extremely low and vestry-like, and is about the last flower of speech that we should have thought had been gathered in the poetical garden that Commissioner Faxe has evidently been permitted its equal since he was raised to the Bench. If our Commissioners were not so much interfered with by the public, we are not disappointed at his not inquiring what a "pawnticket" was. Is the difference between a duplicate and a pawnticket so very great, that a judge can be ignorant of the one, and yet be acquainted with the other? Judge Faxe is not so much an, as is saying: "gibberish." because we know, from the character of the Bankruptcy Court, it is only natural to meet there (as the London Gazette proves to us) nothing but "broken English."

OUT WITH RUSSELL.

(From the "New York Herald.)

RELEASED, thanks to the manly and noble conduct of President Lincoln, from the humiliating presence of Russell, the British Aristocracy's spy, we venture to predict that the Star of the Republic will shine bright, and that the arms of the North have just gained nine great Victories. At least 175,000 rebels have been sacrificed upon the altar of offended Vengeance, and we have taken 215,553 prisoners, and twelve trains of Armstrong guns, sent out to the rebels by sympathising aristocrats in Belgium. The heroic M'Lellan has stormed Yorktown, and will sup in Richmond at five-and-twenty minutes to nine on Monday. New Orleans has long been in the hands of Burnside, but the news was suppressed in compliment to the gallant Prances of that House who have thrown in their lot with us; the Mississippi is on fire from Memphis to Baton Rouge, and the whole of the negroes have joined the Army of the North. Now what does the "Little Villain" say? Now what says Massa Geezley? Now what are the base thoughts of the lonely Burchen? These are some of the fruits of the brave conduct of the President in expelling the Aristocrat spy, and there are more in rapid progress. The entire rebellion will be extinct on Wednesday fortnight, and we shall then have ample leisure to consider whether Cuba or Ohio, or both, shall be annexed in the Fall.

The Head to Make a Fortune.

It is a great mistake to suppose it requires any overwhelming amount of genius to accumulate a large property. On the contrary, it is generally your plodding-headed man who dies worth a plan or two.

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION FOR THE HUNDRED EGGS OF THE PYTHONESS.—"Elegant Owner."
THE TOXICOLOGY OF SHAKESPEARE.

In a recent article, Punch has been attacked for containing extracts of a Morning Paper, which it has copied from. Verily, Punch is but not without its critics, no matter how much it may be都喜欢.

PROFESSIONAL ATTUNEMENT.

"Don't fall out, whatever you do. Don't fall out, Mr. Punch. Double up! double up!"

BRIGHTON, APRIL 21, 1862.

ADJUTANT (mounted). "Don't fall out, whatever you do. Don't fall out, Mr. Punch. Double up! double up!"

THE TOXICOLOGY OF SHAKESPEARE.

Of course nobody ever suspects Punch of joking, as gentlemen say when punch has been treading upon their toes, otherwise the subjoined extract out of a Morning Paper, which it has been faithfully copied from, would be set down at once as one of his facetious inventions:

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

SHAKESPEARE ON POISONS, anticipating the Hygeian system of JAMES MORISON, the Hygeist.

"The leprous distillate; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with the blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And with a sudden vigor it doth possess,
And curb, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome BLOOD.

Issued by the British College of Health, Euston Road, London, for the Society of Hygeists. The above sublime passage deserves to be written in letters of gold in every city of the world.

Thicken. 

† Sour.*

There can be no difficulty whatever in agreeing with the British College of Health and the Society of Hygeists that "the above sublime passage deserves to be written in letters of gold in every city of the world." To be sure, most people are sufficiently well acquainted with it to know that it occurs in the tragedy of Hamlet, and is the Ghost's description of poison. The particular poison to which it relates they also know to be henbane or hainbane, but perhaps nobody before reading it as quoted in the foregoing advertisement, had any idea that it was likewise applicable to the medicine employed in the Hygeian system of James Morison. It did not indeed, need a ghost come from the grave to tell us that people were generally aware that Morison's medicine is professed to be of a vegetable nature, and also that there is such a substance as the extract of henbane or hyoscyamus, which is poisonous, but few, if any, ever heretofore supposed that extract from a noxious herb to be the vegetable matter out of which Morison's Universal Vegetable Pills are made. If "Shakespeare on poisons" wrote the lines "issued by the British College of Health, for the Society of Hygeists," as we are told that he did, "anticipating the Hygeian system of James Morison the Hygeist," it would seem that, according to the Society of Hygeists and the British College of Health, the "juice of cursed henbane in a vial," and a box of Morison's Pills are virtually the same thing; perhaps that the pills are simply the insipid juice of the henbane. If this is so, the authors of the advertisement which is the subject of these remarks, deserve great credit for their very disinterested candour, whereas to the public is indebted for a salutary caution which will, we trust, be posted as it ought to be in golden letters at least throughout every city in her Majesty's dominions. Thus forewarned the British public would be in no danger of dragging themselves with a "leprous distillate" calculated to produce those frightful effects on the system, and especially the circulating fluid, which are mentioned by "Shakespeare on poisons, anticipating the Hygeian system of James Morison, the Hygeist."

A POLICEMAN WORTHY OF PROMOTION.

On Wednesday last, at the Westminster Police Court, a boy of 13 years of age, was brought up before Mr. Paynter, charging his master of muffins. On being searched, no les muffins were found in different pieces in his pockets. "Boy!" inquired the Magistrate. "Ragamuffin!" was the instant reply of a policeman present. As a proof how very reporters in general understand their business, will it be believed that not one of the reports that appeared in the morning's papers did the brilliant definition of that worthy functionary (L. 154) appear? In the hope that it may lead to his speedy promotion, we beg to supply the omission. COMMISSIONER MAYNE, mind you look at it!

Q. and A.

Why is the Standard like Queen Anne?

Because it is generally believed to be dead.
EXHIBITION OF PICTURES BY MR. JOHN LEECH.
MESSRS. BRADBURY AND EVANS have the pleasure to announce that they will shortly exhibit, at the
EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY,
A Collection of Mr. John Leech's Drawings from Punch, which have been reproduced (much enlarged) on canvas by an ingenious new process, and
PAINTED IN OIL BY MR. LEECH.
The Exhibition will open in the course of the month of May. Admission, One Shilling.

PICTURE

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

THE RE-ISSUE OF PUNCH.
The following Volumes are already published—In boards, price 5s. each, Vols. I. to XV. In cloth, gilt edges.

Vol. 1 (For 1841) 6s. 6d.
Vol. 2 & 3 (1842) 10s. 6d.
Vol. 4 & 5 (1843) 10s. 6d.
Vol. 6 & 7 (1844) 10s. 6d.
Vol. 8 & 9 (1845) 10s. 6d.
Vol. 10 & 11 (1846) 10s. 6d.
Vol. 12 and 13 (1847) 10s. 6d.

Just Published, Vols. 14 and 15 (1848) 10s. 6d.

Any Volume, or Double Volume, may always be had separately.

[11, Bouverie Street.]
Mr. Mark Lemon
About London and Westminster.

Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 5 o’Clock, and Saturday at 8 o’Clock.

Gallery of Illustration, 14, Regent Street.


Forwarded direct from their Manufacturing, ROYAL CUTLERY WORKS, Sheffield.

Mappin & Co’s. Unrivalled Table Cutlery.

Good. Medium. Superior.

1 dozen. Table Knives, Ivory handles. 20 13 0
1 dozen. Cheek Knives. 15 0 0
1 pair Registered Meat Coats. 8 15 0
1 pair Extra size ditto. 4 15 0
1 pair Poultry Carvers. 2 15 0
1 Steel for sharpening. 6 0 0

Completing Service. 62 0 0

These Table Knives are guaranteed the best sold in London, at the prices charged. They are made from the very best steel, and the handles are so situated that they cannot become loose in hot water. It is in consequence of Messrs. Mappin & Co., being Manufacturers, that they are enabled to offer their Prices without the least competition.

Mappin & Co., have no connection with any House of a similar name in London.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION,
1862.

Messrs. T. A. Simpson & Co.,
Anticipating a great influx of visitors to and connections with this great Metropolis, and finding them less able to the Table service of their vast business, and in the hands of the Public, have decided especially prepared for the International Exhibition. In inviting the nobility, gentry, and public to an unparalleled exhibition of goods, Messrs. Simpson & Co. feel confident that it will well repay those who may honour them with a visit.

T. A. Simpson & Co.,
Goldsmiths, Silversmiths, Jewellers, Watch & Clock Manufacturers, DRESSING-CASE MAKERS, and FOREIGN IMPORTERS,
154, Regent Street, & 6, New Bond Street, London, Rue de Rivoli, Paris.

Simpson & Co.,
The Manufacturers,

Agreed, All objects in every Country Town.
A collection of the following GOODS are always on hand:—Silver, cut and plain, and other property;—watches, silver bells, dog bells and medals;—trumpets, skis, skates, cornish causey, horns, or trumpets.

Henry's Gloucester Sauce

Harrington's Gloucester Sauce

The Lancet.

Some of the deficiencies of the Pale Oil are attributable to the method of its preparation, and especially to its elevation through charring. In the Preference of the Light Brown Cod Liver Oil, the Publishers have carefully tested the specimens of Dr. John's Light Brown Cod Liver Oil. We find it to be genuine, and rich in the qualities and the elements of the like.

Dr. de Jonn's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil is sold only in imperial half-pints, 24s. 6d.; pints, 1s. 6d.; quarts, 5s.; and sealed with his stamp and signature, which, without some care possibly be counterfeited, by respectable Chemists.


CAUTION—Beware of Pretended Substitutions.

Gallaher's Opera, Race and Field Glasses.

Great lines in power and definition, are now offered for the first time in a variety of different sizes at prices from 10s. to 25s. each, with case, and the following qualities and styles:—these glasses may be had at the Bookstall of Messrs. Gallichan, and at the following Antique Stores, viz.:—

—Abbott
—Andrew
—Barnes
—Browning
—Buchanan
—Bury
—Camberwell
—Cape
—Capester
—Craige
—Crosby
—Dawson
—Dowager
—Dugdale
—Durrant
—East
—Falkner
—Glover
—Harrington
—Hepworth
—Hollis
—Holt
—Hunt
—Jennings
—Jenks
—Johnson
—Jones
—Kemp
—Kingston
—Levis
—Levitt
—Leverett
—Leyle
—Lyon
—Malvern
—Mappin
—May
—Miles
—Miles & Co
—Munns
—Newham
—North
—Norwich
—Norton
—Oakley
—Paton
—Pequot
—Piggott
—Pilkington
—Price
—Ramsay
—Rast
—Read
—Reed
—Rice
—Robynson
—Rounds
—Ruck
—Sale
—Stoke
—Stow
—Stowick
—Stowe
—Stowton
—Strachan
—Stuart
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—Swaine
—Thorn
—Turner
—Tyler
—Vickers
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At the principal Stations in London, and at 23, Lower Orange Street, New Bond Street, W., owned by Mr. Gallichan.

Breadenbach's Wood Violet Scent.

Cocks' Celebrated Reading Sauce.

Port Royal Whiskies.

Cocks' Celebrated Reading Sauce.

COCKS' CELEBRATED READING SAUCE.

Which is highly esteemed by the Irish, Scotch, and Welsh.

In London for the
...

Simpson & Co.,
The Manufacturers,

Agreed, All objects in every Country Town.
A collection of the following GOODS are always on hand:—Silver, cut and plain, and other property;—watches, silver bells, dog bells and medals;—trumpets, skis, skates, cornish causey, horns, or trumpets.

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CAUTION—Beware of Pretended Substitutions.
A KING WITH A STRANGE TASTE FOR MUSIC.

Herr Wagner, the great composer, "for the future" (A.D. 1862), has received sharp orders from the King of Saxony to return home instantly. Is the King jealous that other parts of the Continent should have so much of the services of his Kapellmeister, and be comparatively so little? He presently wishes to have Wagner all to himself. Far from quarrelling with the desired monopoly in the cause of music we heartily rejoice at it. The royal edict will have the effect of narrowing the evil of contaminating compositions. It is tantamount to a musical quarantine. Travellers must not venture too near; or else they may be infected with one of his malignant airs, which are not so catching, perhaps, as they are lowering, leaving a fearful sense of depression behind them. Henceforth, flights of The Flying Dutchman will be restricted to one kingdom instead of half-a-dozen. We hope Wagner will be confounded to Dresden all his life. Our Philharmonic will gain from his imprisonment. It will run no further risk of being nearly knocked on the head from another blow of his erratic blow. However, it is but right that tourists should be made acquainted with the above fact. If, in their next autumnal excursions, they visit Saxony, they will know precisely what to expect.

CLOSE ULTRAMONTANE CONGRESS.

The following item of intelligence appears in the Tablet:

"The Papal Secretarysthip of State has already received notification of the intended arrival of the Bishops in Rome for the great Festival."

At this time of day the above-quoted announcement will be read without alarm. The mediaval habits of Roman bishops have been—we believe—generally discarded by their modern successors, few of whom are now suspected of wearing horsetail hairs next their skin and never having that truly Irish linen washed. The predilections of the unchanging Church, as they call it, now change their underclothing, however, and when the four hundred bishops mentioned by the Tablet meet together in Rome, there can be no reasonable fear that they will generate a pestilence whereof other people as well as themselves will die in the odour of sanctity.

MISS LEJANE (who has been slightly indisposed), is ordered to her Native Hills, and already feels the invigorating effects of the Hampstead Breaze.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

While Lord Granville was reading that long document on Thursday, Mr. Punch and Lord Palmerston were conversing, in the most affable manner, upon the beauty of the Inauguration day, upon the choice things which would be found in the Building, upon the capital music, upon the fitness of Sterndale Bennett's composition to the poetry of the Laureate, upon the different beauty of the ladies who were around, and upon other matters not now necessary to be noticed.

"By the way, Pam," said Mr. Punch, "when do the Houses meet?"

"Not bad," said Pam.

"Well, I suppose it is not bad, as you say so," returned Mr. Punch, laughing. "And what do you mean?"

"Don't sell a cove," said Pam.

"Sell be hanged," said Mr. Punch, "I never do those things."

"Don't you know that we met on Monday?" said Pam.

"Bother!" said Mr. Punch.

"Fact!" said Pam.

"Brand ought to have reminded me," said Mr. Punch.

"Well, you've lost nothing," said Pam. "On Monday we took some money for Civil Service Estimates, and Stanley suggested that one day in the week there should be a charge for entrance to the National Gallery."

"What for?"

"Because, he says, that ladies would like to see the pictures without being elbowed by private soldiers and nursery maids."

"Don't stand that. There are plenty of picture collections where ladies can go without fear of being elbowed by their inferiors."

"Of course. Well, we took money for the New Foreign Office and Westminster Bridge approaches, and Whalley tried to knock off the item of £500 for Catholic chaplains to gaols."

"That would not do, of course. Why, fifteen per cent. of the criminals in our gaols are Catholics."

"I dare say they are," said Pam. "I don't care. We didn't let Whalley carry it, you may be sure."

"I suppose not, especially as the Irish are so desperately in love with you just now. Did you get beaten?"

"Only once."

"Careless fellows you are. Majority?"

"48 to 24."

"Mr. Love! What was it?"

"Highland roads and Scotch bridges—vote for £5000!"

"Deuced careless, I tell you, and if I go North this year, and get abused on your account, I'll make no fight for you."

"One can't attend to everyone's business, you know."

"No, you're not attending to Granville's reading, for instance. But I repeat that you ought not to be at all getting yourselves beaten. Anything else?"

"Not."

"Monday. On Tuesday, Layard told Kinnaird that our Consul at Seville had been obliged to suspend Protestant Worship in his house. We'll have a row about that."

"Do—more reasons than one."

"I understand, and D'Israelli is looking at us. There was the new wrat for Oldham."

"H? O, ah. We've heard a good deal of the Last Words of Mr. Pitt, so we have the Last Words of Mr. Fox, for a change. He's a clever man, bitter, and telling. I'm sorry he resigns."

"I don't care about it," said Pam. "Then Baillie Cocrhane moved for a commission to inquire into the sale of public buildings, and was floored by 116 to 49."

"There's a good deal to be said about that, though."

"Yes, it is a relation of mine, and thought to be like me," said Mr. Punch. "What did you do?"

"Dared say there is," said Pam. "A good deal more said. I don't care. What a lovely face that woman has, the third from the column."

"Yes, she is a relation of mine, and thought to be like me," said Mr. Punch. "But I dare say there is, it."

"Nothing worth mention—squabbles over some of the clauses in the Metropolitan Management Bill. Sit to-night at six. Oh, here's Granny at the end of his tother. Now, George, up and say 'em."

"Upon looking at the papers Mr. Punch ascertained that his friend the Premier had, in his jovial way, given a very fair account of the first part of the Parliamentary week, and there has been nothing later which calls for much notice. On Thursday there was a discussion on a Bill providing a registration of births and deaths in Ireland. Mr. Punch is occasionally written to by an infuriated Hibernian who unjustly charges him with over-sverity in regard to the Irish. Look at this bit, cut out of the speech of Mr. Maguire, an editor of a leading Irish paper, and
the Mayor of and Member for the beautiful city of Cork, stultus bene fida erit?

"Mr. Maguire said the population of Ireland would do their utmost to defeat the measure, if the police were employed as registrars. It was true that Coolon

"W. What would be likely to render it popular? A Bill like the present would fill the public mind with suspicion, and raise up every man of the blunder classes in Ireland to defend it if possible.

"There! What kind of pestilent savages is Mr. Maguire talking about? Killary, or Hotentots, or escaped Sepoys anxious to commit murder with impunity?. No, the police-hating people are the Roman Catholic peasantry of Ireland, sketched by one of their own advocates, who had a word of condemnation for their wickedness. Don’t let them be appealed to again, until Mr. Maguire’s allegations have been met.

"On Friday there was little to notice in either House. On the discussion of a Bill about Dilapidations—a constant clerical grievance—the Bishop of Lincoln enunciated a proposition which appears to Mr. Peach to be almost irrefragable. His Lordship said that the Bill would not, he thought, relieve the present state of incumbrances from hardships, because, with scarcely an exception, it did nothing for them. In the Commons, the Mayor of Cork, who is the hero of the week, and who in fact quite makes an Exhibition of himself, brought forward other cases of Irish distress, and demanded public aid. Sir Robert Peel consented to drop Mr. Maguire’s case, and did so to a great extent. Clearly, knowing what is going on among the deserving operatives of Lanashire, we should pause before we leave them to starve, and relieve persons who spend their money (as shown in the debate) on masses instead of collars, and who shoot the landlords for trying to give the labourer the means of helping himself, by cultivating improved land. The subject was "dropped."

NOT HALF A WORLD’S FAIR.

N consideration we are almost inclined to question the propriety of calling the International Exhibition at the Brick Palace the World’s Fair. Several essentials, as they are generally regarded, of a Fair are there, any learned therefrom. In the first place there are no wild beasts in it; no oasis is there in a World’s Fair, of all Fairs, is very unsuitable. Then, not only is there no menagerie, but there is no circus, and nothing in the shape of Richardson’s; there is no goat, no dwarf, no fat lady, no albino; nor is there any notion of giving a concert, or allowing any one to bring an object there that may be the product of one man’s labor. The pet pig, or lamb with six legs; if there is any gingerbread it is not gilt; there are no swines nor rundabouts; there is not a dunces’-book; there is not a greased pole to climb; no jumping in sacks; no spaying at small-boxes; and although some representatives of such animals as the Mongolian races have stalls in this so-called World’s Fair, and saddlery abounds, there is no grazing through the horse-collar; and lastly, nothing is seen or heard of that well-known ingenious plaything which is indispensable to the "fun of the fair."

THE TWO SIDES OF A "SHILLING."

The police authorities at Munich have compelled a coffee-house keeper to alter the sign of his shop, which he had christened the "CAFE SCHILLING." They made him remove the "SCHILLING," as they considered it derogatory to have a name so revered in literature associated with a coffee, or beer establishment. The Commissioners of the International Exhibition clearly entertain a similar horror. From the high figure at which they have fixed for some time to come the prices of admission, it is evident they are anxious to avoid, as long as they can, the notion of anything like a Shilling being connected with a building so extremely bally and aristocratic. They unquestionably consider the "Shilling" would be too lowering.

EXHIBITION OF PROTECTIVE INVENTIONS.

Warlike implements of destruction are very properly included in the International Exhibition at the Brick Palace, because in the first place they afford a warning to those whom it may concern, and secondly they serve to remind us how very much lower we are than the angels, or at least that we partake of the same human nature with some foreigners who are very little above the hounds; considerations which should make us humble.

If, however, we exhibit engines and other weapons whereby mankind are accustomed to inflict diabolical outrages on each other, our enemies for the sake of glory and plunder, but ourselves under necessity of self-defence, why do we not also exhibit other machines and instruments which we also use for protection against our evil brethren, and which differ from arms chiefly in answering that purpose without inflicting excessive torment and hideous mutilation? There is the crank, there is the treadmill, there is the eat o’ nine tails, why don’t we show them? The world is invited to inspect a cannon which blows you into smithereens and another state of existence; but we do not offer to the contemplation of our fellow-man the apparatus whereby a murderer is launched into eternity. Everyone, almost, is eager for the display of the Armstrong Gun, but nobody says a word for the exhibition of the Gallows.

A Pedestrian Public.

On Thursday last week, by way of celebrating May Day, the London General Omnibus Company raised their fares on nearly the whole of their line; in some cases to double. The consequence is, that when the conductors cry “Bank! Bank!” the disgusted public very generally reply, “Walker!”
THE DISSENTING PROCESSION.

The Commissioners for the International Exhibition present their compliments to the Editor of the Morning Star, and have observed the following remark in his article in the procession on the opening day:

"THE CROWTH IS NO LESS WELCOME, THOUGH IT MIGHT BE BORNE IN MIND THAT THERE ARE OTHER CHRISTIAN COMMUNITIES THAN THE PROTESTANT AND EPISCOPAL."

They beg to state that, fully recognizing the fact, they have made the following arrangement by which the various dissenting bodies may form part of the procession at the close of the Exhibition:

The Beadles of the Church of England.
Methodists, with Statue of Wesley.
Independent men, walking independently.
Roman Catholics, with banner of Queen Mary I.
Rev. Dr. Adler and his congregation.
The Hebrew Congregation.
Mr. Disraeli.
The Kirk of Scotland.
The U. P. Kirk.
Dr. Guthrie, bearing his Geographical Grammar.
Rev. Norman McLeod, bearing "Good Words."
Several Ministers unable to bear anybody else.
English Presbyterians with banner of Presbyter John Brownists, in Brown.
Quakers, with Hats of the Period.
Mr. Bright.
Swedeborians, with banner inscribed 1757.
Plymouth Brethren, making Plymouth and other Sounds.
Sandsians, with sandy maces.
Distinct Baptists.
Indistinct Baptists.
Sublasparians and Superlasparians.
Keeper from Haswell.
Shakers.
Dunkers or Dunkers with wooden pillows.
F. S. Savery, with Croud.
Muggletonians, with Banner of Ludovic, and spinning wheel.
Jerkers and Borkers, jingoing and barking.
Mormonites.
Each gentleman attended by five female slaves.
Mystics, with Statue of Madame Guvern.
Mr. Rozbruck, dissenting from everybody.
More Beadles.

ESSAYS AND REMARKS.

BEAUTY.—Women, because beauty is supposed to be peculiar to them, are called the fair sex, but throughout nearly all foreign nations the women are no more beautiful than the men, and most of the men are hideously ugly. In England there are more beautiful women than there are anywhere else; but even here female beauty is so much the reverse of common, that a woman herself, meaning to say that another is ugly, will term her ordinary, or as that word is too generally pronounced, homely.

A beautiful girl, red and white, much resembles an apple tree out in bloom; only apple-bloom fades rather faster than beauty. At twenty, beauty, like the Groovedigger's tamper, "will last you nine years;" perhaps a year or two more; very likely not so many years; but its decay, though quickly observed, is slowly felt. Loss of beauty is of not much consequence to a wife; for a husband soon gets used to his wife's beauty, and then, if ever so great, it is just as if it were not; girls had therefore better not accept men who want to marry them for their beauty; and a girl able to get a husband by more durable attractions is likely to be happier in marriage without beauty than she would be with it.

Beauty is chiefly a matter of limited roundness of form, relative proportion, and colour in the right place; for colour in the wrong place is not beautiful; for instance red at the end of the nose. When rotundity overshadows a certain arch, the form which was beautiful grows funny. Beauty of figure and complexion is best preserved by modesty in eating, not to say drinking, plenty of exercise, and the use of soft water, without any other cosmetic than soap, of which the best is yellow. Beauty of features is kept longest by discarding envy, hatred, ulcers, small vanity, and anxiety about money matters; emotions which gradually muddle the eye, and pull the outlines of the face out of shape; anxiety about money matters especially having the effect of causing a dull unhappy countenance, and disturbing the mouth. Hence matronity beauty is rather often spoiled by engaging attention to domestic economy; whilst on the other hand, so very likely a beauty distinguishes unmarried girls and young wives who repose implicit confidence in the solicitude of their husbands and fathers, as many of them do although the income of those gentlemen depends upon their personal industry.

Habitual regardlessness of expense is the chief cause of the superior beauty of the superior classes, especially the aristocracy, producing that beautiful serenity of countenance which reposing in the carriages that revolve around the Ring in Hyde Park, they most of them exhibit in strong contrast with the sordid unceasingly generally remarkable in the clouded and puckered visages of those who have, as the saying is, to pull the devil by the tail. At the same time, beauty is subtained by cultivating the moral sentiments and the intellect. It is very rare indeed. The rest is merely animal beauty, and when the beauty goes the animal remains; the grace of the fawn is replaced by the clumsiness of the cow, the plump elegant young lady expands into the bulky middle-aged woman; and the fine girl that once was becomes what she and the dandies who then dallied after her used contemptuously to call an "elderly party." Here, a woman who had never any animal beauty to lose, but who has some spiritual beauty which is not to be lost, catches the other up and passes her by. Let this be a consolation to every plain sensible girl whose personal defects are the subject of satire, if such a girl can ever survive such satire.

INCONCEIVABLE FATUITY.

A man has just brought an action against a chemist for giving him medicine which did not suit the complaint. The plaintiff stated that he was recommended to go to the person in question by the Beadle! The jury, of course, burst out laughing and found for the defendant, who we trust has since been locked up, for a person who would ask a Beadle for advice on any subject cannot be one who should be trusted abroad. We are far from justifying the conduct of two low fellows who went into the other extreme, and also into the Lowther Arcade, the other night, and kicked the Beadle there, on the ground that he was only a Beadle, nay, we are very glad that they were severely dealt with. But if it be right to fine a man who kicks a Beadle, what should be done into the man who asks him to recommend a medical attendant? The only extenuating circumstance seems to have been that the Beadle in question was not also a Sexton, so the plaintiff could not exactly be charged with suicidal intentions. We have seldom read of a case where such hopeless foolishness of mind was manifested, in fact its extraordinary character knocks us into a moral Cocked Hat.

The Bare Idea!

A lady and gentleman were looking down into the bear-pit at the Zoological Gardens, when the lady (Mrs. Jones of Camden Town) exclaimed quite impulsively, "Oh! look at the dear little bears. Why, what a darling lot of 'em!" "Yes, my dear," answered the gentleman, (Mr. Jones of the same locality), "I declare it's quite an arra-ry—almost as full as our own." The lady agreed with her husband, and even laughed, though it was morally impossible she could have understood the wretched joke. We envy Mrs. Jones her ignorance.

SO VERY BECOMING.

The obstinacy with which, in spite of remonstrance and ridicule, ladies persist in wearing hoops amounts to a pig-headleness which is aptly crowned by the pork-pie hat.
A FAIR WORD FOR A FAIR PLACE.

Synchronously with the opening of the World’s Work Exhibition, the Crystal Palace on May Day began another season. We hope that no one of the thousands who were present at South Kensington lessened their enjoyment by comparisons with Sydenham. Comparisons are odorous, as Mrs. Medway does not observe, although miniquotes have continually put the words into her mouth; and to compare the Crystal Palace with the House that Fowell built would clearly not conduce to the advantage of the latter. The Crystal Palace is all brightness, both inside and out; there is nothing ugly or unseemly in the building; when first shown, in slightly different form, in 1851, we all thought it still more wondrous than the wonders it contained. But as for the New Edifice—we, as we can see how it is done, and we could wish that it were done; and we only hope all foreigners who criticise it cruelly will just jump into a cab and see our Crystal Palace, before they say that England cannot build a handsome building.

We hope too as the Palace is a pride as well as pleasure to us, that the nation will consider it a duty to support it. Now that season tickets may be had for but a guinea, stingy fathers of a family have but half the grounds they had last year to say they can’t afford one. Of course we shrink from putting forth an Christianlike advice; but if ladies and their daughters resolve to plague Papa at dinner until he buys them each a ticket, he really will be only getting his desert. And don’t let him imagine that the money will be wasted. People can’t well go to Sydenham without taking bits of exercise (if you don’t it, Mr. Paton, just go and count the stairs), and many a young lady has in our belief been saved a visit to the doctor by visiting the place where she may see the famous Fountain; at which in 1851 there were so many happy meetings, whence so many happy matchings resulted in due course.

We ask only for information.—“Mr. Gladstone” begins a journal, “has been blessing the people in the north.” We wonder what the Chancellor of the Exchequer said. Was it Terribilissima?

AFTER DUNDRARY.

First Swell, “A-a-waw! Waw! Waw! How did you like him?”

Second Do, “Waw-waw-waw. No fellow ever saw such a fellow! Gross caricature-waw!”

THE OMNIBUS TYRANTS.

“Raising of Omnibus Fares.—On Thursday, pursuant to public notice, the London General Omnibus Company raised their fares on nearly the whole of their line of omnibuses. In some cases the rise amounted to a doubling of the fares.”

Were there really free Trade in Omnibus traffic, there could be no objection to this act of caprice. Bagot’s has a right to charge a pound, instead of ten shillings, for a hat, if you can go over to Snoggin’s, and get a hat for ten bob. But the Omnibus Company have driven, or tried to drive, every competitor off the road; and, as capital must succeed in such attempts, we are at the mercy of the L. G. O. C. Now, when the Cabmen revolted, Parliament smashed them, and, pro bono publico, we are far from sure that this Omnibus extortion does not afford a case for an exceptional return to Protection. The greatest happiness of the greatest number is the true rule; and there is no happiness whatever in walking to Brompton, especially in heat and dust. Where’s Bob Lowe? If he wants to go in for a bit of popularity, of which he has not too much, let him deal with these omnibus folks. Let the cry be Lowe Fares! Go it, Bob!

What to Call It.

The long word “International” is pedantic and irrational.

“Show” is vulgar, and unfit for pomes;

So let’s silence all revilers,

And because we’ve got The Boilers,

Let us christen the new place The Domes.

TRILING ERRATUM.

By Telegram from America.

For “the Federals gained a splendid victory at Pittsburg,” read “the Confederates sustained a terrible defeat, &c.” Union journals, Please Copy.
THE TWO QUEENS IN THE EXHIBITION.

(On the Night of May 1st, 1862.)

Midnight in the monster Building,
The day's labour done,
Silence, where two thousand voices
Pealed but now like one;
For the crowd of thrice thousand, here
I pace alone,
From the orchestra deserted
To the empty throne.

Through the vast void of silence
Did I hear a sound?
Was it my own echoing foot-fall?
Fireman on his round?
Or policeman slow patrolling,
Transept, nave, and aisle?
Was that glean his bull's-eye streaming,
Or his mole-tile?—

Ne'er fell tread of mine so stately,
Walks no footman on so;
Not thus sounds policeman's blunder,
Heavy-heeled and slow.
Never flashed from blinding bull's-eye
Radiance like that;
Never moon with such an aureole
Crowned policeman's hat.

Lo, two shapes from out the darkness
Of the nave have grown!
Hand in hand they near the dais,
Cresting the throne round.
By the beauty crown that circles
Either radiant brow,
By their royal orbs and sceptres,
These be Queens I view.

Strong the one of thee and since,
Great like Thor's of yore;
Cool-black is the robe upon her,
Fire her crown doth rin;
And her sceptre is a hammer
Like Great Thor's of old;
And her feet, they clank like iron,
Nest her garment's fold.

Fair the other, with a beauty
Passing human far;
Star-bedropper her azure nimbus,
And her crown a star.
Perfect shape with perfect feature
Blest in form and face,
When she opens her lips, 'tis music,
When she moves, 'tis grace.

Straight to me, through their unlikeliness,
These two Queens were known,
And I worked each on other
Pressed the vacant throne.
Strong Queen Handicraft to honour
Fair Queen Art was fain:
Fair Queen Art, with sweet resistance,
Waved the throne again.

"Yours," quoth Art, "is this profusion
Of the fruits of toil,
Loom and forge-work, eby and crystal,
Growth of seed and soil.
Yours this spinning of men-spiders,
House of men's lives;
What crests or costs men comfort,
Makes or mars their lives."

"Nay," quoth Handicraft, "the roughing
Of the mass is mine;
But 'tis thy hand gives the beauty,
Moulding the grand scheme.
Thine the forms of eby and crystal,
Iron, brass and gold,
Textile pattern, woven colour—
Gorgeous to behold!

"Spate! thus sooth," fair Art protested,
"Thou protestest in vain;
Mine the hand which shapes the coigne,
Thine which digs the ore,
I am but a humble handmaid,
Chains to thy chain,
Thou, that in this age of iron
Dost as like thee best."

"Nay, but," Handicraft retorted,
"On the upper floor
Moved I not through long-drawn galleries,
Graced with all thy store?
Where on canvas or in marble
Thou thy might hast shown—
Man and beast, sea, earth and cloudland,
Chiming for thine own!"

So was urged these Queens' contention,
Each, in answer fit,
Giving reasons why the other
On the throne should sit.
Till at last quoth Art,—divided
Between smile and sigh,—
"Needs there proof, that to this throne
Ne'er a claim have I?"

"Look around; though all these treasures
Of thy wide domain
Bore my seal, that here I'm alien,
It would still be plain.
In the Building that contains them
Place nor part I owe,
From the domes that rise above us,
To the sheds below.

"Can I take this throne, surrounded
By so many a sign,
Whose owns this realm's allegiance,
With hall's form puritan?
These ghased-sashes, patterned-furries,
Courts of shops run wild,
And where space had left a beauty,
Hideous trophies piled!

"To my galleries I'll betake me,
There apart I'll reign;
Strive who will, no force shall make me
Own this my domain.
Lost the chance that here had thronged us,
Nay, all the Queans, sick by side;
Toil with Taste, and Use with Beauty
Empire to divide."

SOMETHING LIKE A MAYOR.

If we were not Punch, we would be Mayor of Dover. That eminent individual—we have not the faintest idea of his private name—must be always living in a state of intellectual gaiety, which, next to doing nothing at all, is the happiest state of pleasure, but it can exist. He must always be dressed, day and night, in beautiful clothes, and his mind must also be always in full dress, and his tongue prompt with allusive eloquence. For he never knows what at what hour of the Twenty-four periods into which our troubles are divided he may not have to bounce out of his house, rush down to the harbour to receive somebody, and instantly begin to thank that Party for coming to England. The study of that Mayor's mind would be an interesting one. His whole life—that is while he is Mayor—must be one constant Look Out. He must have a next sentence perpetually trembling on his lips, and we make no doubt that when he is suddenly wakened in the morning by the housemaid's knock and the announcement of slaving water, his first articulate answer shapes itself into something like a complimentary congratulation. His nightmares must be white horses moving in procession, and making such a clatter that his intention cannot be heard. And an hour on the Town, and look whether the Beadle of Dover, a private bell which will ring the Mayor up into smiles and eloquence at the smallest of the small hours, if a King, or an Archduke, or an Ambassador, or a Returned Proconsul, or a Liberator, or a Royal Sweetheart, or an ex-patriotised Patriot is signalised as feeling a little better now he is in smooth water, and wanting a speech. In short, a canvas of Mayor in ten minutes. The Mayors of other places are not annoyed in this way, and as for our Lord Mayor, no kings and liberators are in such a hurry to pay their respects—his invariable plan, in case of their not being quick enough, is to rush away. But the Mayor of Dover never knows when he will be wanted with something in the way of a speech from the throne, only in good English. It is a noble position, but a trying one, and we thought it worth while to bring it, with sympathy, to the other day the remarks of Lord Clive in a speech he made at the opening of our Exhibition. We should think that a tremendous reduction must have taken place in the Mayor's mind, and that after a year of preternaturally elaborate compliment at all hours, he must subside into a social cynic. Instead of saluting his acquaintance with a graceful "All, my dear friend," he had a presentiment of pleasure, and believed me when I assured him that the gratification of encountering you thus unexpectedly transcends my expectations," the ex-Mayor will be perfectly justified in condensing his ecstasies for the rest of his life into "110! Knockers, is that you?" Is there any special testimonial presented to the Mayor of Dover on his quitting office? There certainly ought to be a mark of distinction for the man who when Dover's Powder has been exhibited in the form of a Salute, comes forward and interprets the voice of the cannon into Queen's English. And the inscription should be Some Mayor or other, which would in the most subtle manner hint at the sweetness of his speeches, and the element whence the auditor arrives to hear them.

A COMPLIMENT TO A GALLANT COLONEL.

We understand that a subscription is in course of being raised amongst the officers of Her Majesty's troops, and other persons interested in the maintenance of the character of the British Army, for the presentation of a testimonial to Colonel Bentinck of the 4th Dragoon Guards, to mark their sense of the conduct of an officer and a gentleman whereby he distinguished himself in his treatment of Captain Robertson, and also as a witness on the Court Martial lately held on that officer. The testimonial is to consist of an ebony back-board, furnished with an inscription, and gilt letters recording its intention as a richly deserved acknowledgment. To this honourable token of respect and esteem will be affixed a round rosin wherein will be embossed the names of the donors.

The Question of Peter's Peace.—Gentleman, art yet got a copper to relieve a poor old Pope?
BIRDS AND BEASTS.

"Mr. Punch," same time as your gut Exhibition's open out there at Brompton we've got one of our own hereabouts; the leaves and flowers open out the summer, which in my pinion beats all your fine furniers; but there, I be only a clown. Besides a Exhibition, sir, we've likewise got a consort wherein the chief performers is the drum, blackbird, goldfinch, greenfinch, chink, linnet, nightingale, and other wobblers. As I be loud o' this here music o' nature, I've been plesed to see how they've bin zunden out zon birds to Australier, trans-portun of um, as I may say, to Botany Bay; and I was glad t'other day to see the follem passadise, or wotsoever you calls it, in the peeper—

"A Novel Information.—Nine magpies, seven quails, three laughing jackasses, twelve rose-breasted cockatoos, and one woadie have been imported into Australia, New Zealand, by the Acrobatisation Society. Two of the magpies were let loose and immediately commenced work by killing grubs and caterpillars in a garden.

"May be as how you'll think magpies, quails, and cockatooos, with hafun jackasses to help um, and a wallaby, wotever it is, besides, couldn't make much of a fell amusic. I dareassay the last of a hafun jackass isn't particlur musaid. But that ain't the past. I be lookun to the margies, as zoon as they was let goo, zetun to a killum the grubs and catypillers. Now, as to that there operashun, the little zingun birds is as useful as the magpies. With that fact afore a feller's eyes it puts up un o' pushance to rade stich ignorance as this here out o' the Slapford Mercury—

"In this district unemployed young labourers and itinerants are turning their attention to a new mode of obtaining a livelihood. Some of these men have appeared the last two or three market days at Yalding and Holling with hundreds of linnets, finches, sparrows, and other small birds (which they had poisoned) string around them like beads as trophies and an advertisement of their odious calling.

"And then it went on to say that wet these here wagabonds pizuns the little birds wi is mostly assine, strickinice, and foscatru—a pretty sort o' stuff to lave about for gaine and-pulguen, if not Christians, to eat as well as little birds! I wish these here goons was on cumination to Lineauscoor, but I be sorry to zay that we be flat countrymen emulf about here, zoon on us, to incedrize the zame barbarous peredocks, and pizun off all the little birds wi destroy the laasness.

"If varners don't mind, in a short time there won't be nare a lark nor a thich o' no kind, and not a thommut nor a wailerhammer left. Wot a shame and a pity to goo destroyun the party woblun quor from off the vance o' the urth just like zomun so much blight! To all along o' hein unbelievable Jews; there is no baatin into their heads that small birds baint vaintarn, but instead o' that ates the vaintarn up and zo saves the varner dree o' vower, ate, nine, or ten times as much as weat grain they puts away in their little gizzards, and why begrudge it um? In zoon pieces I understands varners has wot they calls sparre-feats to jollity over the slaughter on 'em; and I've knowed 'nun I'd goo the parish boys a varden for the head of every sparrer they brought um. I wish you 'd zend one o' your young men down in these parts to see my nabers a lectur or two on natural history, a subjeck about which they be as ignorant as vorruners, and wuss, for I see the French has a bin turen their tention to patten a stop to bird-slaughter, or as I calls ut dickyweed, with them as commits surn um right if their crops was all dewcour by cockfaier-grubs, and wite-warnum, and half bins tater's. I be, Sir, en zetter, "Megalosh, May Day, 1862.""

"Cock Robin."—The insect meant by our correspondent is conjectured to be the Aphis nortanter—En.

"This Comes Hopping."—We see that a deputation has been waiting on the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the subject of "hop drawbacks." Of course, these allude to the ladies' long dresses, expensive skirts, and monster crinolines; for such are the greatest "hop drawbacks" that we are acquainted with, inasmuch as they naturally interfere with the grace and facility of dancing. All the great celebrities connected with our Cousins, Caldwells, and Creanoreans, who make a pursuit of Terpsichore, were doubtless to be seen amongst the deputation. If poor Baron Nathan had been alive, how gracefully and pointely he would have described the entire thing with his toe! He need not have spoken—he would have danced. He would have laid his grievances at the Chancellor's feet through the great medium of his kilt, and the figures he would have brought forward would have had that evantuate force and impulsice clow in them that Gladstone must have been irresitibly carried away with them!

Good Popish News.

Cardinal de Angelis, Archbishop of Parma, has, it is said, been chosen to succeed Pope Pius the Ninth, when the latter shall be really de angelis. There is a sort of gleam of comfort in this, for Angelis is "a man履行ing a duty," and if we are to have any change in the government, it would be convenient that they should recognise such things as duties. Moreover, an Angel means one who is sent, and the name holds good omen of its owner soon being sent about his business. So, obliv Pappister in honour of his Holiness elect.
THE PROPHETE PLAYED FOR THE FIRST TIME BY A LADY.

We extract the following delicious newcomer from a recent number of Bell’s Life:—

**The Way to Make Money on the Turf.**—A Lady of five years experience on the Turf, having realised a nice income, is willing to impart her system, which is very simple, to any one who will send her one sovereign. Envelope a stamped direct to her, enclosing another.

We have had Prophets enough on the Turf, but a Propheteess is quite a new character. What can a lady’s experience on the Turf be like? We should say it ought to consist mainly in seeing that the beds are well aired, and that the lawn is properly cleared and watered, and that female occupations, Little girls should beware of the Turf, as the number of sharp blades that are generally found there makes it very dangerous sport, and they might cut their little fingers. However, if she has made a “nice income” of it, she must have had rare winning ways of her own. We do not like the request for the “stamped envelope” much. It sounds mean for a lady to ask for a penny just after she has been pocketing a sovereign. We do not call it being exactly “penny wise,” though her correspondent would have every right to be undoubtedly considered “chair foolish.” The lady does not give her name, but we presume it must be Bet. By the bye, if this new race of prophetesses meets with public encouragement, they will be wanting a paper of their own for their advertisements and correspondence. We beg to recommend to them Bell’s Life. One of its great features naturally would be the introduction of ladies, for ourselves, we do not admire ladies who have anything to do with the stable. They never should venture on the Turf, unless there should happen to be a Nursery there.

A BIG NAME FOR A BIG PLACE.

Now that we have got our World’s Fair, what are we to call it? “International Exhibition” is such a mouthful of a name, that no one but an eloquentist can easily pronounce it. “International Exhibition” may do very well for orators who like to use long words, but for “bus drivers and cabmen something shorter must be substituted. Men who are accustomed to call the City “The City,” and to speak of the Bank of England as the “Bank,” can hardly be expected to waste their breath in saying “International Exhibition.” What they will contract it into, goodness only knows; but to prevent some horrid barbarism, it is surely time for somebody to think of some short title that will suit the companies. The South Kensington Museum has been called the Brompton Bilers; and if we don’t take care, the new building may possibly get christened “Fowler’s Folly.”

“More Last Words.”

There is discussion whether the last words of William Pitt were a foolish sentimentalist, an unworthy piece of maundering, or an unnecessary oath. As all the witnesses discrediet each other, and as each report is discreditable to the memory of a great man, we may fairly reject the whole mass of sensible gossip, and believe that Mr. Pitt died like a gentleman, an idea which, strangely enough, has not occurred to any of the living gentlemen who have been protracting a not very edifying controversy. Do they think it absolutely necessary that the theatrical rule should apply, and that a man should attempt a *sed* at the moment he leaves the stage of life?

A General’s Head in Chancery.

A New York paper says that “General McClellan’s position before York-town is like that of a man who is plaintiff in the British Court of Chancery.” More like it than, probably, the writer was aware. For, on examining the map, we perceive that at the south is Sussex and Hollow, that when we have got to Half Way House we find that we have another Half Way House to reach, and then a third Half Way House, that Comfort Light House is far behind, that in full view is Jail Island, and that the whole is commanded by Big Bethel.

**Things not generally known.**

People may not be generally aware of it, but if Mr. Cowper is to be believed, Big Ben is altered in tone; they have raised him to B-quiet.

A SURE WAY OF MAKING IT RICH.

What is the best way of buying a currant-dumpling? With the current coin, to be sure.

“The Soldier’s Tear.”—It’s generally the Gallery.

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**Frozen Out Sailors.**

ow that floating iron shot-towers are to constitute our fleet, and apparently soon will be no ships used in our service, there comes the question what our naval sailors are to do to get a living, for it is clear that they will soon be no more wanted in the Navy. When there are no more ships to sail, there can be no more need of sailors; and as for paying able seamen to man a fleet of flat-irons, with neither masts nor spars, this would be no less a waste of wages than an insult to our men. Steam is bad enough in the opinion of old salts, and doubtless many a strong adjective has been hurled upon the heads of the lubbers who invented it. But though steam in a great measure has superseded sail, in the Navy it has mostly been used as an auxiliary; and until such floating forts as the Monitor were thought of, the Navy still had ships, and although they had steam-engines in them they had also masts and sails. Now, however, if the capudis succeed, the Navy will consist of shot-towers, not ships: and our sailors must look out for other means of livelihood, as their naval occupation will of course be at an end. As for getting them to serve on board of “them blanked flat-irons,” that will certainly be hopeless, and indeed it would be a waste of money if we could, for to do mere stoker’s work one does not want a skillful sailor. We can only disgusted with which a man-o’-war’s man, one of the old school, would have to serve on board a capula! We should think he would as lief be chipped in irons out and out, as be steeved up in an iron barge without a sail to reef, or a rope to handle.

When our sailors leave the Navy then, what is to become of them? We cannot have a lot of strong-hummed lusty fellows going about the streets in gangs, and bellying “Got no work to do-o-o!” like frozen-out market-gardeners. Clearly some plan must be hit upon to make use of their muscle, and the sooner we begin to think of one the better. It would be grievous to see sailors driven to drive cabs, or coming out as “bus-conductors.” Yet doubtless this too many of them will be forced to do, unless timely steps be taken to provide them with employment. We quite expect if we live long enough to hear a “What, cheer, messmate!” interchanged between two “bus-drivers, or else to hear a Hansom cabman, stopped by a big mountain of a piled up Pickford’s Van, cry out, “Now then, you lubber, leave a head with your three-decker!”

**A Wonderful Woman.**

What remarkably queer people there must be in the world! For instance, only look at this advertisement for one, which astonished us the other morning in the Times:—

Furnished Apartments to be Let, to a single lady, containing a sitting-room and bed-room in a villa residence near Westminster Grove. Apply, etc.

Now, just fancy a single lady having room enough inside her to contain a couple of rooms. What a very extraordinary person she must be! Where in the world does the advertiser think he will discover her? Perhaps when he does so he will make an exhibition of her. She would be fully as attractive as Julia Pecstrana. But we rather apprehend that these “furnished apartments” will be empty a long while before their owner finds a lady “containing a sitting-room and bed-room” to be tenant of them.

**Confederate’s Latin.**

General Beauregard has telegraphed to our office to state that there was a mistake in supposing that he said, near Purdy, tarditio deies, for he neither lost the day nor made the speech. But what he did say, and a message which he begs to send with his best regards, for the benefit of General Grant, is, Non exsul contigit eunte Cornithum.
A CLINCHER.

Little Ada (whose elder Sister and Brother have been sent for from the Drawing-room), “I don't see why I shouldn't go downstairs as well as you and Albert. I've as much Parlour Blood in my veins as you have!”

SPECULATIONS ABOUT MONEY, AND WITHOUT ANY MONEY.

The only speculations we allow ourselves are mental ones, because they are perfectly safe, and can always be indulged in without the expenditure of a single penny. Besides, if they do occasionally turn out badly, you are not compelled to put down your horse, or to drink two glasses of wine per diem instead of three, or to exchange lump sugar for moist, in consequence of the result. Neither insanity nor suicide were ever known to grow out of a continued indulgence of the practice. Mental speculations may be called the art of speculating with profit and security without any money. Amongst other harmless things, we like to launch into the wildest speculations about money. It is a kind of consolation for not possessing any one’s self. You feel all the richer at the moment, and are none the poorer when it is over. For instance, here are two little speculations in which we recently invested a very agreeable quarter of an hour whilst smoking a wild cigar:—

First Speculation. What is a Circular Note? At first, we thought it might be a milliner’s note for a lady’s crinoline; but we soon discarded that absurd idea, and taking another puff at our Havannah, came to the conclusion that a circular note must have been originally so framed for the purpose of holding a good round sum.

Second Speculation. What is a “Shin Plaster”? We had often heard of Shin-Plasters, but never having seen one, we could not very well make out what they were like. A bacy struck us that they might be plasters for the special relief of persons who had itching palms, but as the “shin” was plainly indicated, of course, that notion instantly fell to the ground as well as the succeeding one that they were probably intended to relieve persons who were labouring under a complaint of the chest. Puffing away again, we could only solve the difficulty by supposing that a shin-plaster was nothing better than a kind of poor man’s substitute when he couldn’t get the real “goldin’ ointment,” and was an ingenious specific invented in the first instance by a week government that was on its last legs, and was obliged to resort to this quack remedy with the view of maintaining anything like a footing in the money-market. The above speculation is, we confess, a most elaborate one, but the extreme ingenuity of it amused us, besides enabling us to finish in a most agreeable frame of mind our delicious cigar.

Such speculations are exceedingly harmless, and moreover they have this great merit, that they are never likely to be the ruin, much less the death, of any one. For instance, we, ourselves, after the above profitable investment of an hour, felt as happy and contented, as if we had just been making a handsome little coup of fifty thousand pounds on the Stock Exchange.

A BROKEN SAW.

When rogues fall out, our fathers said, True men come by their own.
That proverb’s now, by fact quite dead
Against it, overthrown.
Lo, North and South the sword have drawn,
And meet with bayonets crossed!
And our supply of cotton’s gone,
Our weavers living lost.

Another Q. and A.

"Have we too many Women in this England of ours at the present day?" This is a question asked, pertinently, by a contemporary. We reply, certainly not, but they take up a great deal too much room in this England of ours, and act as if they thought it was an England of theirs. Therefore we would say—off with crinoline, or off to Columbia.

THE DISTANCE FROM THE EXHIBITION BUILDING OF 1851 TO THAT OF 1862.—"From the Crystal Palace to the Cole-Hole."
EXHIBITION OF PICTURES BY MR. JOHN LEECH.
MESSRS. BRADBURY AND EVANS have the pleasure to announce that they will shortly Exhibit, at the
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Cure No. 35. 216 of the Marchioness de Briton, Paris, 17th April, 1862 — in consequence of a liver complaint, I was wasting away for many months, and was compelled to cease working. I had no more appetite, and was unable to read, write, or in fact attend to anything, with a nervous palpitation all over, bad digestion, constant sleeplessness, and the most intolerable nervous agitation which prevented even my sitting down for hours together. The noise of the street, and even the voice of my own, annoyed me. I felt dreadfully tired, and all intercourse with the world had become painful to me. Many medical men, French as well as English, had prescribed for me in vain. In perfect despair I took to Du Barry's Revalenta Arabica, and lived on this delicious food for three months. The good they procured me was so great, that I was able to make and receive visits and resume my social position. About six, the assurance of Dr. Barry's Revalenta Arabica, and upon this pleasant food, I am able to enjoy the duties of my life, which I would have already abandoned, had not this food restored me completely.

We extract a few out of many thousand cures:—
Cure No. 1,771. Lord Stuart de Decies, of many years dyspepsia. — No. 45, 518. " Fifty years indolent agent from dyspepsia, nerv. spasms, cough, constipation, flatulency, epistaxis, angina, and vomiting. Marks July:"—Cure No. 956. Field Marshal the Duke of Pimy, of dyspepsia, constipation, nervousness, and liver complaints. — Cure No. 54, 916. The Rev. James T. Campbell, Paternoster, Norfolk, value of the liver, which had resisted all medical treatment; inquiries will be cheerfully answered.

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UMBRELLAS made of Alpaca. These Umbrellas may be obtained from the manufacturers, William & J. Sangster, 186, Regent Street; 56, Front Street, 95, Exchange; and 74, Cheapside.

This company's own Manufacture have a label with the words "Sangster, Maker."
MR. SLEIGH AND THE LAND THAT'S FREE.

Nothing like true Liberalism for making root and branch work. Mr. SLEIGH, the legal candidate, who opposed Mr. DOULTON, the pottery candidate, for Lambeth, and was defeated by a slight majority of 5124 to 751, is so convinced that the people do not understand the true value of their electoral privilege, that he proposes to pass a law to make every elector present himself at the poll, and, under penalty of a fine, either vote, or declare himself Neutral. An unfortunate person in the crowd ventured to cry out "We live in a free country," and we understand that the look of scorn with which he was instantly scorned by Mr. SLEIGH was so intense, that its vividness, combined with the heat of the day, melted the rash man up like wax-work, and if he had not been greatly removed to the nearest public-house, his widow would have had, instead of a husband, only two half-boots filled with liquid human nature. Live in a free country, indeed! But we think that Mr. SLEIGH lets the offenders down too easily, and that instead of a pecuniary fine, a much severer penalty should be inflicted on electors, when a Liberal candidate looks for them in vain. Should not an elector who fails to attend at all, be solemnly degraded? Should not a vehicle, which goes only with a split vote instead of a plumper for the Liberal be sent to penal servitude? And really, while we are asking questions, should not a Liberal elector who votes for the Liberal's opponent be drawn, as of old, on a Sleigh to the place of execution, and be hanged? The only difficulty that could arise is, where, as at Lambeth, there were three Liberals, and a poor elector might not know which to support—such being, as at Lambeth, not one of the above? This is a mere question of detail, and though Mr. SLEIGH is not unfortunately chosen to be the After Epo of Mr. W. WILLIAMS, he might draw up a Bill making the desired change in the Constitution, and hand it to the Law advisers of the Crown. We shall learn the value of our privileges one of these days.

"Parting is Such Sweet Sorrow."

There has long been a most provoking talk of General Goyon leaving Rome. Why doesn't he leave at once? In auctioneer's phraseology, let us hope we shall soon hear that it is "Goyon—Goyon—House! In fact, we should rejoice to hear of a general departure on the side of the French.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

May 5th, Monday. The country attorney must be up and stirring, and hasten to put the screw upon his M.P. For LORD WESTBURY has caused the House of Lords to pass his Conveyancing Reform Bills, and if these be not defeated in the House of Commons, they will become the Law of the Land, and the Land will pay less to the Law. He is rather awful to contemplate; but we are actually at this moment in peril of being able to make a cheap and safe title to property, and to buy and sell it without paying as much for the sheep-skins as for the sheep-walk. But, thank Manemon, we have a House of Attorneys, or something that will show itself as mindful of their interests as they themselves could be. Up, Six and eight-eupoes, and at 'em!

Lambeth declared that it would not be represented by a barrister, or any other person supposed to belong to the educated classes, but would choose a member whose chief merit should lie in his being an exact facsimile of our friend VISCOUNT WILLIAMS. As Nature does not make two people alike, there was a difficulty in procuring the precise article, and, by a pardonable confusion in the Metropolitan mind, the recollection that potter's clay was easily fashioned into any desired form, sent the electors into a potter's yard to look for their man. There they found the potter himself (and a very clever and eminent potter he is); and so they invited him to potter in the House of Commons. Mr. SLEIGH, the barrister, ventured to suggest that he would be a better member, and Mr. WILKINSON, somewhat contumeliously called a Wilkinson, haughtily apprised the Lambeth public that he should neither canvass, flatter, nor carry them, but if they liked to elect him they might. They did not like, nor would they have Mr. SLEIGH, but they, that is to say 5,124, out of 21,737, voted for Mr. FREDERICK DOULTON, the Fulcis aforesaid, and to-might he took the oatsies and his seat as WILLIAMS II. We believe Mr. DOULTON to be a sensible, business-like gentleman, and we were considerably pleased with him for informing the impetuous Electors of Lambeth that if they thought he was going to start off at once at a gallop, like a tailor on horsesback, they made a mistake, as he intended to be silent, and study the manners and customs of the House, before he essayed to improve its mind. One DEAN SWIFT has a couple of lines which, without change of names, curiously apply to the debate of the night—

"Now, here's [the] ROGERS's vindication,
And Mr. HENLEY's last-fortune."

Mr. Roberts LOWE has not yet been narrow-minded that we have heard of, or the line would be completed. To-day it was announced that as the Government had submitted so very obediently on the Education Question, he should not put his foot on their necks, Mr. ROBERT LOWE, as above mentioned, "vindicated" himself, and Mr. HENLEY made an oration on the importance of Religious Education. Mr. WALTER very nearly carried a proposal for making the education of the less favoured and fortunate classes rather more easy, but was defeated by a narrow majority—seven only, in a house of 319. In the discussion on a subsequent proposal, the Honorable DOUGLAS PENNANT, a Conservative, and member for Carnarvonshire, had the courage to say that he believed the Welsh language to be the Curse of Wales, being the great obstacle to improvement. Of course it is, but while a pack of sentimentalists keep up a twitter about it, and offer prizes for Welsh odes and such like Gorilla utterances, how is the fatal jargon to be exterminated? Here's a health to EDWARD THE FIRST, though we are sorry to say that historians now disbelieve that he did expel the Welsh bands from his dominions. And now let Mr. HENLEY, who made Plinlimmon shrivel with his discount ballots, and the rest of the Welsh Bards—whose only merit was their having afforded T. G. the subject for an ode that will outlast Snowdon.

Tuesday. Mr. DARBY GRIFFITH. "Will LORD PALMERSTON say whether any hostile movements against Herat have been undertaken by the Shah?"

LORD PALMERSTON (as Echo). "Psha!"

It was all very well to say "psha" to that eternal quidnunc, Mr. DARBY GRIFFITH, but our dearly beloved PAM was a little rude to-night, and much as we love him, we cannot allow him to take liberties. He was asked a question about the Spithead forts, when he broke out...
PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI. [May 17, 1862.

quite angrily, and assumed the House of having been so completely run away with by the account of the Murrice and Monitor battle that it was no use remonstrating, so Ministers had felt it their duty to yield to the general feeling. But if they had come right, and then he sked the House for taking details out of the hands of the Government. Now, Master Pam, stand up and listen to us. You are very fond of yielding, as you call it, when you can’t stand the tide, that is to say, you concede rather than be beaten and turned out. You have thrown over a Reform Bill, and you have thrown over the Revised Code, and you would throw over two or three other things sooner than be put in a hole. All very well, but if you back yourselves up, and then there is no necessity to do what your country, your duty was to stick to them, and take the consequences.

As for the defences of the country being a detail which the House is not to meddle with, that, Master Pam, is such ridicule that it is not worth our time to think of. The first thing that came into your head. The fight between those ships is the most important thing in modern times, and though the Quarterly Review takes your tongue about “clamour” and so on (perhaps you wrote the article for your neighbours in Albermarle Street), we shall want a good many more articles, and a good many more subles, before we lose sight of the fact that the Americans have tried the experiment which we have only been talking about. You are not usually an offender in this way, and therefore we are content with a mention upon this occasion. You may sit down.

Mr. Lylall wished to hand over Ceylon to the Indian Government. This was very useful, because it made a great number of Members aware for the first time that Ceylon is not under the Indian Government, but under Sir Charles Wood as Colonel Secretary—and not as Secretary for India. Yah, Cox, did you think you had caught us out?

Mr. Whistle
Uterel Fol
All about Maynooth
Then division
And decision,
Spun ahead by filthy youth.

Whistle’s Folly was disposed of by 191 votes to 111. Mr. Lindsay was then defeated by 115 to 77 on a motion in favour of Harbours of Refuge, for which he made out a very good case, but, as Mr. Milner Gibson frankly and fairly said, please consider our taxes. We can only keep our own heads above water, and for the present the national debt must look to themselves. At the same time we would far sooner make a Harbour than an Armstrong battery, would circumstances allow.

The Red Sea Telegraph Bill went on a stage, and Mr. Punch mentions this by way of jest to laugh the statement that he reads, week by week, that the French are cutting through the Isthmus of Suez, though Pam said it would be suicidal policy in England to permit it. Will somebody question him hereon, or will we have the Sand cut, and an oil in consequence? Sand in honour of the achievement, before we know where we are.

Wednesday. The only subject of interest was a debate on Scotch Public Houses, and in the course of it the following pleasant conversation took place. Mr. Buchanan, of Glasgow, said:

"There was nothing more common than that a person in his own house should undertake his friends, and that they should be entertained. (Laughter.)"

To which Mr. Dunlop, of Greenock (where it always rains) answered that he

"Could not admit that getting drunk in a man’s own house was so common as the Member for Glasgow represented. The House, Members should speak for himself."

(Shake Laughter.)

We never dined with Mr. Buchanan, but after the above genial and jovial speech, we have no objection to inform him that we have not any dinner engagement for next week which we will not throw over in favour of the Reform Club. For Mr. Dunlop, he talked deviously, because he was the legal adviser of the Free Kirk, but we’d no wonder if he had just a taste for poultry, and we’d like line to see his taffin hen.

Thursday. Mr. Layard informed the Commons that King Abraham Lincoln of the United States, had concluded a new treaty with Queen Victoria for the suppression of the Slave Trade, and that such treaty was really valuable, because it gave as the Right of Search. The Union flag is no longer to be hoisted to save the slaver

"From the dread English cruder’s scuttling guns."

The news will astonish divers American pirates, though they had a hint of what was coming, in the solemn imaging of a villainous shavengers, in the month of April last. Let Mr. Layard be duly credited with both good deeds. The Commons cheered loudly.

Then, upon the Second Reading of the principal Budget Bill, Sir Stafford Northcote, formerly Private Secretary to Mr. Gladstone, rebelled against his late master, and charged him with mismanage- ment of our finances. The rebel’s Devonshire ears Mr. Gladstone of course boxed with considerable coolness, but then, the Chancellor being thus made safe, Mr. Disraeli thought he would have an innings. So he let off a long aspersing speech, talked of our Blazoned Armament, and implied that a Frenchman on the French, against whom we armed, while pretending to honour him as a trusty ally. Pam’s pugnacious mood availed him well upon this occasion, and no one did the value, though great, but for mischief more delightfully. He pointed out that Mr. Disraeli was labouring under the illusion that he was trying to catch support from all quarters, that he preserved his objections to the Budget until he knew they would be useless, that his own late colleague, Sir John Pakington, had, in a word, thrown the French and disarmed the French of the French, and that his whole speech was preternatural business, and was represent entered on the feelings of the nation. Never came down a better shower of blows from the fist of the old gladiator, and to borrow a popular phrase, Mr. Disraeli must have worked for that he spoke. Of couse the Commons voted Tea-Tax, Sugar-Tax, Tea-Tax, and all the rest of the little delights.

Friday. Lord Derby made a long and elaborate speech in support of a motion for a Committee to inquire whether anything could be done to avert the Evil Smells caused by certain manufactures. The Com- mittee was appointed, and we shall hear what it recommends, foundations of Eau de Cologne, monster pastilles in public squares, or any other cheap and practical remedy.

The distress of the Lancashire operatives—distress caused by the American war—then occupied the attention of the House. It was stated by Mr. Albert Edderton, of South Lancashire, that there were 35,000 operatives out of employment. Due tribute was paid to the quiet endurance with which they bore their sufferings. Mr. Bright said that he regretted the distress, though it was not so severe as some persons supposed, and that the county itself was at present able to deal with it, Mr. Villiers, for the Government, was of the same opinion. The public must be content with the statements put forward by such authorities; but the efforts of charity should not be relaxed, for it will be very long before the causes of distress are removed, and pressure upon the resources of Lancashire must not be made in undue excess. It is the policy of England, not of a county, that has refused to break the buttocks of the cottagers, and therefore we are all bound to help the sufferers by that policy.

Mr. Gladstone brought in a Bill to enable the British Museum authorities to remove their beasts; and we hope that also it contains a clause enabling Mr. Pankhurst to walk anywhere, except the legitimate student, out of the Reading Room, at present infested by a horde of idlers, and schoolboys, and cromers. We have said a good deal about this grievance, and mean to say a good deal more. But in answer to a Pazel, who complains that young ladies come there and disturb his mind by ogling and flirting, Mr. Pankhurst indignantly replies that it is untrue that there is anything of the kind; and that he should be very sorry to see the ladies cleared away by the cynical impertinence of Pankhurst. Mr. Pankhurst is addressed to the ladies, and they love him, and he don’t care who knows it.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Mr. Punch gives notice, that several tons of stale puns, all on the subjects herein described, are now lying at his elbow, So, Fleet Street, which will be returned to their owners on application, or failing such application, will be sold at the nearest rubbish station, viz.:—

500 lbs. (more or less) playing variously on the notions of "Screened Cole." "Paton Cole," "Small Cole," Suggesting that "Cole’s appearance will be general; all men will be put to the Department of Science and Art;" "Carrying Cole to Fowler’s New-Castle;" "Des- cribing the dams as Cole-skittles," suggesting the probability that "the Commissioners will give Cole the sack, for his unmediated short measures," was, nor was the other joke, laboured out of the same Cole-mine, which has furnished these not particularly fine samples of black diamonds.

And Mr. Pank further gives notice, that from this date he will be answerable for any puns Mr. Cole’s name may attract.

Lines by a High-Art Schoolboy.

(Written in the View of the Great Exhibition Building.)

Food- trophyation is vexation, The Telescope’s as bad, The furriers three, they bother me, And Cremer drives me mad.

Previous to Longfellow—Wanted in the United States. A Peck to stamp Lord Byron by pronouncing a second Siege of Corinth.
A FLYING ISLAND WANTED.

ILL somebody please invent for us an Island of Laputa?

It would save a mint of money in plated ships, and Armstrong guns, and Shoeburyness experiments. Although we are at peace, a most expensive war is raging between gun-makers and ship-builders, and so far as one can learn, there seem but little hopes of stopping it. First the guns will gain the day, and then the ships will be built stronger until they are ball-proof, then bigger guns will come, and before we know it the war is over. Thus with the sumptuousness of stopping it. First the guns will gain the day, and then the ships will be built stronger until they are ball-proof, then bigger guns will come, and so the battle will go on, and victories alternately won by either side, and the Queen's powder be burnt at a most tremendous rate, so long as the King agrees to stand the shot.

If the Invention War goes on much longer than it has done, we quite expect to see the Ball upon St. Paul's, and of a mortar that shall pitch a shell as large round as the dome. Indeed, we fancy that in course of time, conical shot will equal the Big Pyramid of Egypt, and that guns will be invented of sufficient power to throw such shot across from Brighton to Boulogne.

Now, if somebody would just invent a Flying Island, and present us with the patent, this costly fight between artillers and shield-makers would probably soon be no need then of our Army and our Navy, our big guns and our block ships, our field pieces and forts. Whenever any nation dared to pick a quarrel with us, all that we should have to do would be to let our Flying Island drop upon their heads, and squash their fleets and forces flat at one fell swoop. This is how the wise King of Laputa waged his wars, and is it not recorded how victorious he was? It is true he sometimes injured the bottom of his island, by coming down too heavily upon an enemy's domains. But no doubt thick iron plating would prevent such chance of damage; and even were this not to be done, we might follow the sage practice of the monarch of Laputa, who gained a reputation for never losing a soldier by fire or fork, and bracingly on the heads of his officers, who little knew he really did so that he might not hurt himself. As answers are usually decided by the cash-box rather than the powder-chest, the fewer human lives that are sacrificed the better; and an invention to annihilate an army at a blow would be the best of peace-makers the world has ever seen. Were the world to know that England possessed a Flying Island, ready at any moment to fall and crush her foes, the world would probably think twice before provoking her to defend herself, and England would no longer have such pulls upon her purse as she lately has been having, to defray the cost of gun-founding and ship-building, so long as the world were prepared to pay the sums and the preparations for a war the millions might spend in profitable works, did she but possess a Flying Island to guarantee her peace.

A SMACK AT DAY AND MARTIN.

According to intelligence from Rome, Pro Noxo went the other day to the camp at Porto d'Anza, where "the soldiers kneel on the approach of the Pope," and afterwards dined before him. It is to be hoped that these warriors, after having dined before his Holiness did not proceed to defile their own mouths, by the lipservice which they are thus described as having rendered to the Holy Father.

"After the of the Pontiff consecrated to accept of a Zoroaster's knapsack for a footed, resting on which he presented the feet to the knees of the officers and sub-officers of his faithful army, who were proud to point out the scars and medals they had earned in his service."

The question as to the delention which is too likely to have succeeded the of the Papal Zoroastrians, Artillery, Infantry, and Dragons, before the Sovereign Pontiff, succinctly put, is "How about Blocking?". It is said that the Pope had been walking in the grounds of his villa; and we are told that he "proceeded to the camp on the sea-shore." It would seem, then, that he went to the camp on foot, and if so, he probably wore men's strong walking boots or high-bows, for he would have hardly danced thither in the white satin shoes which (following the steps of ) he wears on state occasions, whether with or without ermine. He is not supposed to be in the habit of sporting jappanned kalashnikovs, and it may therefore be not unreasonably con- structed that his upper-laceless boots had been polished with some equivalent to Day-and-Martin, or very likely with that identical brilliant preparation itself out of a testimonial-bottle presented by the S. V. P. or St. Vincent of Paul Shoebuckle Brigade, as a pious oblation, and a specimen of the genuine article. If the Pope had had his boots or shoes thus polished, the gallant officers who, each in succession, gave one of them a kiss, must, for the space which was covered by their salute, have entirely taken the shine out of it, to the necessary delention of their lips, especially those of the first comer, which, if he was an enthusiastic and kissed close, must have been in the state of those of the Children in the Wood after they had eaten their blackberries, or have resembled those of a schoolboy who has been sucking Spanish liqueurs.

ESSAYS AND REMARKS.

BANTRY. Mutual banter is the ordinary conversation of people who easily despise one another. If you are a sensible fellow, you will take banter in good part, and gratify your banterer by laughing at the fun he has given you, which is the merest child's play. In the case of a man who thinks, considering what a ridiculous opinion of his own superiority to himself, he must entartain to have the impudence of presuming to make you his butt. Banters may irritate a rational man if he takes it unawares, as when he is talking in earnest, so as to confuse and balk him, and thus, like the sly's look when it stopped the philosopher's telescope, put him into a rage. You will be subject to be pulled by banterer if you must sufficient pressure of mind, always, when attacked with it, to think how stupid you must be to suffer your serenity to be disturbed by an ass. Still when banterer brillates a man and puts him out, it is a considerabe bore, and therefore might well be vexed with his acquaintance, brailing him to his face, although he would not care a button how much they chose to deride him behind his back.

Bantry among the lowest class of women, luminescent conduectors, and touters, and the inferior order of thieves, becomes chaff. Chaff is scorn venting itself in a guffaw. As, in banter, smiling gentlemen pleasantly twit one another with follies and fobblies; so grunting ruffians, interchanging chaff, banter imputations of depravity. It is good for a gentleman to accustom himself to stand chaff, for that will enable him to sustain banter with complacency.

The Last Fashionable Vice.

ENAMELLING is already on the spread. We suppose the of this supercilious accomplishment will soon copy the example of the photographers in the cheap neighbourhoods, and place tasters at their doors, whose business it will be to waylay ladies as they go by, and to tempt them with the insinuating inquiry of, "Please, Miss, will you have your face enamelled?"
EXHIBITORS AND THEIR ADVERTISEMENTS.

Is it, or is it not, the fact that our grandly christened International Exhibition is intended for a sale room as well as for a show place? In justice to exhibitors as well as to the public, we really think the actual truth ought to be known, and as speedily as possible; if it be not in- 
decorous to occasion such a thing as haste to persons so exalted as the Royal Commissioners. At the world-famed Exhibition of 1851 orders, we believe, were allowed to be received, but people could not 
offhand buy and take away the goods exhibited. We fancied this wise 
rule held good in 1862, and that it was by reason of this proper prohib-
ition that there has been built the International Bazar, where goods 
may be obtained to the pattern of those which are shown across the 
way. But it seems we were mistaken, or, if not, there is quite clearly 
something wrong in the wording of this notice, which we copy from 
the morning papers, merely altering the names of the seller and his 
wares—

CAUTION.—SAMUEL SHOLOMONS, JEWELLER, SILVER-
SMITH, &c. to the QUEEN, begs to CAUTION all persons against making or 
selling any articles INFRINGING on his new PATENT for Enameled Jewellery, 
and also against any imitation of his Registered Gold Water-pot. He begs likewise 
to inform the public that he has no agents for the sale of the above-mentioned 
goods, which are to be obtained only at his establishment, 5,901, Blank Street; and 
at his Trophy at the International Exhibition.

Now, if this be really so, if Mr. Sholomons' gold water-pot and other 
articles of jewellery are to be obtained at his Trophy in the Inter-
national Exhibition, we no longer wonder that the trade is so blocked 
with these Trophies of bad taste, built up as they are to quite the 
height of absurdity. A conspicuous position in the Exhibition building 
is about the very best site for a shop in all the world, for all the 
world, we fear, is coming to the place. If, then, the articles exhibited 
are suffered to be sold there, the building cannot be regarded as an 
exhibition merely, but sinks into a shop. Except in point of size, there 
is no difference between it and an ordinary bazaar; and exhibitors 
would do wisely to do everything they can to win the notice of the 
public, and hire shopmen with loud voices to proclaim their power to 
sell. If it be permitted to Mr. Samuel Sholomons to advertise in 
newspapers that he enjoys this privilege, why not let the proclamation 
be made within the building, and there be given forth, if not with blast 
of trumpet, at least with round voice? Had Mr. Punch a Trophy 
(which, for his reputation sake, he hardly has not) he would speak 
his shrillest roar-toot to attract the public ear, and Toby should assist 
him with his best bow-wow. If Mr. Sholomons be right to advertise 
as he has done, why should not Mr. Smith or any other shopkeeper 
hire a Steeple with a speaking trumpet to stand beside his Trophy, and 
bawl out, "Hi! look here! this is the right shop!" We can fancy 
what a pleasant vocal concert there would be, if our hint were only 
taken, and all the English show-men were to follow simultaneously 
such shop-cries as the following—"Now, gents, buy, buy, buy! Here's 
your little dustpans and your monster telescopes! Here's your bran-
new bells, and your fine old rusted obelisks! Hi! hi! hi! look here! 
Step up and inspect our mammoth muffin-maker! Here's your ugly 
toys for pretty girls and boys! Here's your steam engines and stomach 
pumps! Here's your hoops and howitzers! Now, our noble Captains,
come and have a squint at our fine five-hundred pounders, bran new 
and dirt cheap, and warranted to hit a fly at ten miles' distance. Hi! 
look here! look here! try our patent sugar-plums, warranted pure 
ssedarine and to stand a fortnight's soaking without decreasing a 
hair's breadth! Now then, walk up, gents! Don't be bashful, ladies! 
Come and see our giant Crinoline, sixty yards in width, and yet may be 
packed up in a common pill-box. Hi! look here! buy, buy, buy! 
Here's your bagpipes cheap! Here's your ducks of bounties!"

Devoutly to be Wished.

The rain-drops are the only influx of visitors that have as yet poured 
into the International Exhibition, and they came in without paying. 
Let us hope that the Shilling Visitors will come in as freely as the 
showers, and save the Guarantors from the disagreeable necessity of 
"Posting the Cole."

IRON VESSELS.—The duel between the Merrimac and the Monitor 
was a fight between pot and kettle, and indeed pot is the vessel which 
our Navy is going to.
AN "INTERNATIONAL" DIFFICULTY (FROM ROWE).

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—MAY 17, 1862.
APPEAL TO MRS. HARRISS.

My name is Becky Arians, and which England is my nation, Baltimore, was my birthplace, but there I have the habit of my 'abruption. I used to be respectable, this subject to derision.

I am a Presbyterian and True Religion. I was foppish you must know, and now I am but a penny. I do a deal of dirty work, and 'am' to get away. I go to the Conservative Club, where I lights the fires, or serves any other purpose as the Derbyshire requires.

To Malmesbury's and Normandy's I buy an 'arolin', for which I've changed my colours, now true blue no longer wearin', and my gown is Naples yellow, with my old coal-scuttle bonnet, en my gingham humbrelaire.

THE INDIFFERENCE OF LAMBETH.

The electors of Lambeth must have been amused by the following remark made to them on the hustings by Mr. Sikes:

"The smallness of the numbers who voted showed that there was great political apathy in the borough, and proved the necessity for an extension of the franchise. He had reflected on this subject since the formation of the contest, and as the franchise was a trust, he thought it should be accompanied by the condition, that every voter should record his opinion under some pecuniary fine if he did not do so, much to the expense of the election."

It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Sikes that the opinion, which the electors who abstained from voting either for himself or his opponents would have recorded under a penalty would possibly have been that there was not a pin to choose between the several candidates. If, as he says, the political apathy prevalent in the borough shows the necessity for an extension of the franchise, excess of supply is the thing to create demand, and the proper cure for defect of appetite is increase of the meat which it declines to feed on.

A Narrowing Spectacle.

One of the domes in the Brick Palace is screened by a tremendous awning, which effectually masks its height, and altogether dwarfs its proportions. It was scarcely worth while to go to the labour of such vast dimensions, if they were afterwards to be covered up. A common dome, like the one that spouts on the top of the Royal Academy, would have answered the same purpose. However, from the above fact, and also from the general parsimony and shabbiness of the Royal Commissioners, we should say it was a question with the Exhibition of its auguste Deans.

The Heat of Academic Genius.

"What is the cause of that water smoking?" inquired a Frenchman, pointing to one of the basins in Trafalgar Square. "Mon cher, Monsieur," answered the Englishman, "it is heated by the R. A.'s of the Royal Academy." Monsieur didn't see it.

"The Last Words of Pitt."—We can settle this disputed question. We were passing by the Lyceum Theatre the other evening, and we always make a point of speaking by the board) the last words were "Pitt's Full."
PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI. [May 17, 1862.]

**DISRAELI'S STORIES.**

With reference to the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Palmerston is reported to have thus spoken in reply to that honest, upright, and straightforward statesman's attack on the foreign policy of Her Majesty's Government:

"I utterly and entirely deny every word that the right hon. gentleman has said as to the writing, backing, and quarrering between the two nations. (Hear.) Whence he gets his information I cannot, of course, presume to say, but I advise him to receive with great distrust any information he may receive from the same quarter again. (Cheers and laughter.)"

No doubt Mr. Disraeli spoke from the same inspiration as that which actuated his lucubrations of imagination. His literary fame bids fair to be matched by his reputation as an orator. He evidently derives his intelligence from his genius; and as the man of genius always has faith in himself, he will probably continue, in spite of the Premier's advice, to believe as implicitly as he now does, every word of the information he may receive from that trustworthy quarter.

**WANTS OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.**

The want of order and arrangement for which the International Exhibition has acquired a worldwide celebrity; the reputation for bad and dear refreshment, which it has so deservedly gained; the want of labels appended to the pictures; the bulk and weight of the catalogue which the visitor is, therefore, obliged to lug about with him; these and other characteristics, equally agreeable, of the Brompton World's Fair, will probably render necessary, as a condition to its success, the engagement of Blondes.

Then, however inconveniently conveyed may be the necessaries of the Show, the visitors, with the rumbleballist over their heads, will at least have something to see for their money.

**Control Ye Indignation.**

We must not be surprised at Mr. Walley taking such unhealthy views of subjects. "What can you expect (tenderly inquiries) our friend HADFIELD, from such a confirmed Whalley-tudorician?" Echo answers nothing.

**THE DREAM AND THE REALITY.**

(A Private View of the Royal Academy, suggested by that Body's recent Exhibition of itself.)

We are blessed with a Royal Academy of Arts, which includes forty Academicians, and twenty Associates; which receives annually some £9000 from an exhibition of painting and sculpture, produced by its members and the body of British artists, and is quartered in an extremely mean public building, in an extremely mean square, built on one of the noblest sites of London. In front of this mean building is a pair of still meaner fountains, with hot water laid on to them, in thoughtless consideration of the wants of the Academy, whether for washing the members' own dirty-limbs, for cleaning their hands (which as painting is dirty work, cannot be expected to be always spotless), or for using in their frequent interchange of amenities with outside artists, or such organs of the British Public as stinking Members of Parliament, and irreverent newspapers. As if further to consult the feelings of the Academy, the mean square, which is bordered by the mean building appropriated to them, and ornamented by the mean hot-water spouts already referred to, is decorated with works of Art, principally the productions of Academicians, which are meaner than either the square, the building, or the fountains. It might be thought that the cliques of meanness had been attained by these statues.

But, in that mean building of this mean square, behind those mean fountains, and those still meaner statues, sits a body meaner in its collective character (for individually those who compose it are men no better and no worse than their fellows of the same classes and callings), than square, building, fountains, and statues, all together. Nor is this Academy meaner in its local habitation than in all else belonging to it. It is mean in the spirit which has animated its councils from its first establishment; mean in its schools; mean very often in the quality of the Art it has most fostered and engrafted; mean in the mode of admission to its honours; mean in the self-seeking spirit of its rules of exhibition; mean in its treatment of the greatest men who have belonged to it, and still more, of the painters outside its pale; mean in the cliques which divide its own ranks, and the jealousies which distract its councils. But it reaches the cliques of meanness once a-year—at its Annual Dinner—and at this year's dinner it has capped the climax of meanness reached by all the dinners of all the years since first the Academy was founded.

This Academy dinner is like the banquet which the poor lunatic, whose story is told by Sir Walter Scott, used to be set down to every day in his cell at the asylum. He fancied his table spread with a magnificent dinner of three courses, and eat of this imaginary feast with great gusto; but "somedown," he used to whisper to its visitors, "everything tastes of porridge." So at the Academy dinner everything tastes of toasts. And besides this arrangement of everything crapaudine, a universal sauce of fishy and melted butter is poured over every plot from the toad-stool soup to the celery à la juis cropaud. No wonder that on these dining days, a faint odour of Lord-worship may be detected steaming from between the pillars of Mr. Williams's potting-album, almost as overpowering as the rich fragrance of roast meat and gravy-soup from the underground kitchens before Simpson's or Sawyer and Strange's.

I had been reading the report of the year's Academy dinner, and had fallen into a slumber, partly provoked by the placed food of the President's eloquence, partly the faint fumes of the incense offered up before the lords and gentlemen who deign to attend the board of these 'umble artists, and partly by the monstrous bag-u-o, which seemed to my mind's eye to see some forty X, A's, performing, slowly and gravely, in the pauses of Sir Charles's measured flow of flat compliment.

So I slept and I dreamed. And in my dream I was a guest at the Royal Academy dinner. And in my dream I was surrounded by all the things I have noticed in my waking hours, and would have given, his scarlet gown and his gold chain and medal, genial, affable, and jovious, advancing with a brisk step, and a bright smile to welcome the distinguished foreign artists and men of letters brought to London by the International Exhibition. To Meister Sir Charles Eastlake paid a graceful compliment on the kinship of the Arts of Painting and Music, which the composer of Robert le Diable and Le Prophète returned in a happy allusion to Gainsborough giving one of his finest pictures
in exchange for a friend's violoncello; and "to losing," said the musician, who is Israelite as well as Immortal, "by de-bargain."

I was invited to see the cordial way in which Lyons, the great master of the Belgian school, (whose invitation to the dinner was but a poor and partial return, Sir Charles assured him, for the profound hospitality extended to the members of our own Academy who were received with great distinction last year) was welcomed by Millais, Holman, and Marlow, and a host of our historical painters, and what hearty chancy handshakings (which might have been longer) passed between M. Tissandier, the honest, but profesional and tenacious painter of those scenes of contemporary life, which are the chief ornaments of the Scandinavian Gallery at the International Exhibition, and our own Webster, East, Frith, Hook, and others. Nor was it less pleasant to see the kindly greetings exchanged between the foreign critics and men of letters—L'Angelier, Gautier, Charles Blanc, Louis Viardot, John Le Moine, Carl Hartmann, and others of their confères; only less distinguished, charged to pass in review the noble collection of the pictures of all schools and races with equal generosity, by the Académies of Paris, the city of London, and other—of course, the most famous, that of their country. Indeed, "the visible acknowledgment of the brotherhood which is enthroned by the strangest sister—Art in Painting, Architecture, and Literature, its thorough comprehension of the tie that holds them altogether!"

"Had we been the nation of shopkeepers that foreign sarcasm rejoices to prove us, should we see these tables thus surrounded? It is well that wealth at length united with culture (tardy though the union may be considered, as it is seen here, by the worthy hard-headed, north country and Birmingham manufacturers, who have replaced the aristocracy as patrons of the Arts, and in whom the Artist finds more liberal as well as punctual paymasters, than ever he did in the few Lords who have descended to give a modern picture upon their walls! It is better that the hard-headed, hard-handed, working Genius of our nation should be present in the persons of our modern, if less magnificent, MÉTRO of Leeds and Manchester, of Birmingham and Liverpool, with the Ministers and Statesmen, who own their invitations to this table less to their rank and titles, than to their public services, and their well-won distinctions.

"Here, at one English public dinner, at least, the snobbishness of John Bull reconciles to the love of our Arts. Here, the power of brain asserts its right to its own place, not lower than that assigned to official distinction, or the proudest titular rank. Here, instead of the Muse of Literature being thrust into the back ground by the enthusiasm of her sister Muse of Art, Sculpture, and Architecture, and bears her pen sceptre at an equal height with those of the pencil, the modelling tool, and the porte-crayon. Instead of limping lamely in to acknowledge herself at the tail of a string of redinante toasts—the Army and the Navy, the dignitaries of the State, and the dignitaries of the Church, the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen, our Visitors, and our noble selves, the Stewards and the Ladies, Letters are honoured only after the Sovereign, and the Sovereign's servants, her Ministers.

"I was going on, when I was interrupted by a burst of laughter—the expression of my own half-conscious amusement (as one lone of the brain will comment on the other) at the contrast presented, in obedience to the laws of association, by the reality and the fancies of my dreams."

The newspaper reports of the Academy dinner lay before me, with its small list of distinguished Statesmen, its long head-roll of Titled Nobodies who never bought a picture or gave a commission to a painter; its absence of every one of the distinguished artists rare chance assembled in London; its ignoring of foreign letters, and its scanty recognition of the respect due to native literature; its utter passing by of the claims of the sister Arts—Music and the Drama; the bosom fulness of its praises to its fortunes by way of its sycophancy of rank and title and outward form, and thus in the face of a series of cool contemptuous disclaimers of all knowledge or interest in Art by the men before whom in succession the Academic speaker knocked his forehead on the ground; and lastly, as if to sum up in one unmeaning act the stupid snobbishness that marks the whole of this Academic entertainment; the toast of "Literature and its prospects and influences on Art," relegated to the very end of the feast, by every other institution which it can enter between, a respectful and awe-stricken Academician to bow down to has been honoured, and when the lordly guests whom the bad dinner has disagreed with, or the President's eloquence has bored, have left the speechless tables, lately filled by their august heads, vacant!

Ah! if Mr. Punch could only stoop to attend an Academy dinner, and if the President would only ask him to propose that toast in that company and in that place, the Academy walls should hear for once what they only hear, except when the members are privately and confidentially expressing their opinions of each other—a hell of truth.

\begin{center}
\textbf{Punchii, Cracem Pacem Petentis Palinodia.}
\end{center}

| Or late Punch did arraign | In a contumacious strain, |
| The sheds and domes that Fowke has dared to rear | The sheds and domes that Fowke has dared to rear |
| Nor for this deft Punch do we repent | Since all he said he meant, |
| And bad architect may be good engineer | And bad architect may be good engineer |

\begin{center}
\textbf{But the same immortal lines} \textbf{That poked fun at Fowke's designs} \textbf{On Crace's colour passed a saucy sentence} \textbf{Which fairer observation} \textbf{Leads that teacher of the nation} \textbf{To recant upon more adequate acquaintance.} \textbf{Only blaneworthy is Crace,} \textbf{That on Fowke he put a face,} \textbf{And gave colour to his bald array of girders;} \textbf{For thus riding and abetting,} \textbf{The structure by its setting,} \textbf{He shares the guilt of Fowke's cruel murders.} \textbf{Fowke, who quashed Invention's note,} \textbf{Cut fair Proportion's throat,} \textbf{Smothered Symmetry beneath two big bell-glasses,} \textbf{Starved poor Beauty in his sheds,} \textbf{(Frames for huge cucumber-beds,) And tied Taste to the tails of four wild asses!} \textbf{Had Crace but made dull droller,} \textbf{To the building squared the colour,} \textbf{Murdered Muses he'd avenged, and slaughtered Graces;} \textbf{Whereas now by artful tinting,} \textbf{He beguiles our eyes into thinking,} \textbf{Thoughts of beauty, where it clearly out of place is.} \textbf{For that I should have thrashed him,} \textbf{For that I should have lashed him,} \textbf{For not sinking to the depth of the occasion,} \textbf{Crowning structure sad and stately,} \textbf{With colour drab and dingy,} \textbf{And for "dec" giving de-de-oration.} \textbf{So Punch begs hereby to cancel,} \textbf{What he said of Crace's stencil,} \textbf{And owns he's been fairly ta'en to task for it;} \textbf{But reserves leave, peace Crace,} \textbf{To regret Fowke's ugly face,} \textbf{Should in Crace's coming colour find a mask for it.} \end{center}

\begin{center}
\textbf{A Small Joke made at the Opening of the Great Exhibition.}
\end{center}

Asked the wife of a Provincial Mayor, of a stingy disposition, as she chatted him in his fur-fringed robes upon the morning of May Day, before she went to Court—"Tell me, Timmins, if thou canst, why dost thou resemble the 'beloved star' named in that pretty nigger song thou gavest me last week? Nay, dearest, don't look so dumb! 'Tis because 'thou art so near, and yet so far!"

\begin{center}
\textbf{A Caution to the Royal Commissioners.}
\end{center}

Let them clear out the Nave as soon as possible if they value their receipts. The International Exhibition Building is not the first overgrown body that has sunk rapidly under a steady
LOVE IN A HAZE.

"Miss Matilda M. Hays, writing to the Times, complains that in our present state of society Woman has no share in the world's work, and no Platform but the Childless Heart, or the Tuning Nursery."

"Miss Wink's Mission, my guardian said, was to prove that Woman's mission was man's mission, and that the only genuine mission of both man and woman was to be always morning declaratory resolutions about things in general at public meetings." —Black House.

What Platform will please Miss Matilda M. Hays, Who considers that women are gabies of a con tent with a mate, And a home éle-á-télé, Or a room full of beautiful babies?

Miss Matilda M. Hays Nobler notions displays, By convention she will not be blinded, Sewing buttons on shirts Is a business that hurts The feelings of one so strong-minded.

Miss Matilda M. Hays, Her conviction conveys That "obey" is a whisper from Hades, And that plain golden rings Are contemptible things In the eyes of all spirited ladies.

A "Platform" Miss Hays (In American phrase) Demands for our women ambitious, And when English girls choose To subscribe to her views, We'll try to comply with her wishes.

But alas! for Miss Hays, She has come in bad days To preach her Non-Conjugal Mission, And the girls, we suspect, Will all murmur "Reject That strong-minded Spinster's petition."

If Matilda M. Hays For five minutes will gaze On the Marriage Advertisement Column, She'll see what a list Still get courted and kissed, Regardless of Mission so solemn.

And till dear ones allow, (As they will not do now) That they can't find their Mission in that form, Matilda M. Hays Must go elsewhere to raise Her cry for a Yankeeed Platform.

A NEW CRY FOR CONSERVATIVES.

The Derbyites have at last got a good cry. It has been discovered by Mr. Disraeli, who proclaimed it the other night in the House of Commons. The new Derbyite cry is "The Independence of the Pope!" Conservative elec tors should understand the meaning of that cry. They must not suppose it to mean the mutual independence of the Pope and the Roman people. It means the maintenance of the Papacy by the force of French arms. How very independent his Holiness now is of Louis Napoleon! The Derbyite and Disraelite policy is to keep him so. Now, then, Conservative Members, turn out Lord Palmerston! "The independence of the Pope!" Oh, what a beautiful cry to go to the country with!

The World in Little at South Kensington.

The International Exhibition is a Microcosm, i.e., a view of the Universe through the small end of the telescope, in more senses than one. It is like the world at large in the vast improvement it would receive from clearing out the Nave, and not being left in the great disorder prevailing in most of the Foreign Courts, and the remarkable backwardness of these to clear away their rubbish.

London has met The Tyranny of the Omnibus Company in the noblest and most constitutional way. It has set up new vehicles, of the Manchester and Glasgow kind, spacious, clean, comfortable, and drawn by three good horses, instead of two cabs, and Mr. Punch rejoices. Also the ladies deserve small pity for anything that they may endure by reason of their ridiculous dresses being crushed and soiled in the abominable omnibuses in which they had hitherto had to ride, still Mr. Punch is kind, and cannot bear that a woman (at least a pretty one) should be annoyed, and he is glad that ladies can now slip easily into a saloon-like vehicle, without exciting the savage looks of the occupants in possession, without dragging behind them a wet train, which slaps and smears the knees of others, and with out the necessity of whisking suddenly into a seat, lest more of the conformation of limb be exhibited than the usages of society permit. We have in fact got something like an Omnibus, and we recommend such ladies as wish to see Mr. Punch in the flesh, to look out for the new vehicles, which moreover have the advantage of police conductors instead of slavag or surly cabs.

Mr. Punch hopes that great numbers of the new omnibuses will be launched, and that the atrocious things which at present infest London will be driven to grief. For in these Income-Tax days we must be economical, and we cannot be always in the hands and cabs of the highway robbers called Cabsmen. The Omnibus is a necessity, and why should it not be made decently comfortable? Echo answers Why, and the projectors of the new vehicles answer in a much more sensible manner by sending out the New Omnibus —its advent happily timed, for the Company, instead of improving its vehicles, only raises its prices —a process by no means so satisfactory. Omnibus nota bononi, says Horace, and the new Omnibus is noted by Mr. Punch, who is a sharer of no ordinary closeness.
EXHIBITION OF PICTURES BY MR. JOHN LEECH.
MESSRS. BRADBURY AND EVANS have the pleasure to announce that they will shortly Exhibit, at the
EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY,
A Collection of Mr. John Leech's Drawings from Punch, which have been reproduced (much enlarged) on canvas by an ingenious new process, and
PAINTED IN OIL BY MR. LEECH.
The Exhibition will open in the course of the month of May. Admission, One Shilling.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

A HAND-BOOK OF THE PICTURES, DRAWINGS, ENGRAVINGS, and SCULPTURE in the INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, by TOM TAYLOR, M.A., is in the Press, and will be Published very shortly.

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ENGLISH MANNERS TO THE FRENCH MIND.

THANKS to the polite attention of some of our lively visitors, correspondents of certain Parisian journals, we enjoy the advantage, which Robert Burns desired, of seeing ourselves as others see us. We may acknowledge the favour in enabling them to see us as we see ourselves.

They say that we all look sad, and are wholly absorbed in an eager and incessant endeavour to get money. To the sordid anxiety by which we are thus actuated they ascribe our dull and miserable looks. There is some truth in this. It is not, however, that we are avaricious, like some people who are always talking about fifty-thousand francs. We are melancholy precisely for the reason that we are compelled, against our will, to devote our whole souls to acquiring wealth; a pursuit which is repugnant to our noble natures. We are obliged to make all the money we can, in order to live decently and educate our children under the pressure of a crushing income-tax. All this load of taxation we have to bear from the necessity of providing no end of national defences, imposed upon us by those neighbours who persist in maintaining immense armaments, not only military but also naval, which can only be intended against ourselves.

Our French critics are amused in remarking the taciturnity of English fellow-passengers and travellers who are mutual strangers, associated in railway-carriages and hotels. One of these writers says that Englishmen, waiting about in a coffee-room, all seem trying to get away from each other. That is no doubt their wish; and it is a proof of their politeness. Thinking men have all some trouble, present or prospective, and don't want to inflict their dulness upon other people with whom they have no right to take such a liberty. We converse fast enough when we are all friends, and can grumble with one another. The fact that we are thinking men is just that which the Frenchman overlooks. He cannot conceive a number of people meeting together without instantly indulging the gregarious impulse to chatter. It does not occur to him that a man's mind may possibly be occupied with other things than the present moment and surrounding circumstances. Nor has he the idea that men can be silent because of not liking to talk unless they have something to say, beyond that which, if said to themselves, they would think not worth hearing. No doubt a monkey, if he possessed the gift of speech, would exercise it instinctively without reflection, and, when he came to find that we do not do likewise, would feel just the same astonishment at our silence as that which is expressed by the French journalist.

What would be the most profitable Tax of all—A Tax on Donkeys.

The Lord Chancellor, for the House of Lords, has accepted a challenge from the Speaker, on behalf of the House of Commons, to shoot a rifle-match on July 9th, at Wimbledon, ten against tea.

In ancient times with good year-bows,
Our ancestors contended,
And Agincourt displayed the sport,
When cloth-yard shafts descended.
But now the rifle takes its range,
From Wimbledon to Tooting,
And everybody, high and low,
Is going out a-shooting.

The Scotch and Irish have their corps;
The Devil's Own enrolled are;
Shoobred's and Swan and Edgar's men
For reasons English understand;
Each Civil Service Clerk turns out,
A military suit in,
The Artists hug their marmite down
For ramrods, to go shooting.

Where matches are on earpits thrown,
Of course the fire it takes,
Now, "on the targets" everywhere,
We've sought out rifle-matches,
Of companies and regiments,
The champions are disputing,
And soon Britannia's going out
With Calabria shooting.

No wonder that the flame should spread,
Nor, as all fire keeps riping,
That it should reach the "Upper Ten,"
Can it be thought surprising;
Nor, howsoever old fogydon
Such contest vote unsuiting,
That Lords and Commons like the rest,
Are going out a-shooting.

To see the Speaker, velvet shorts,
And fair full-bottomed wig in,
Arrayed against Lord Westbury,
His Chancellor's full-dig in!
"Take me that bannable heuce!" cries D.,
For rifle more commuting,
While on the wood-eek taking sights,
Lord Westbury dreams of shooting.

Let's hope like youthful spouse, immersed
In his new match's blisses,
That Denison for "Ayes" and "Nees,"
Mayn't read off "Hits" and "Misses."
Nor when the tellers near his chair,
Respectfully saluting,
Cry, "Here's the markers with the score,"
As men do out a-shooting.

Let's pray that Westbury, that great gun,
May not get overheated,
When, hit or miss, he takes to prove
TheirLadyships not de-fated;
But if they can't bear off the belt,
Some point ingenious shooting
He'll in a wrangle end the match,
And out-talk Commons' shooting.

Held in Anything but Esteem.

A Correspondent writes to the Times, complaining of the scanty supply of steam at the Exhibition. We should have thought that they could have got any supply of it with the Brompton Boilers so close at hand. We must say that the Commissioners have been most dreadfully backward all through their management of the Exhibition in keeping the steam up to the high point of the Exhibition of 1851.

A CON FOR NATURALISTS.

What creatures may be said to live on their relations? Why, the Aunt-eaters, to be sure!
PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

May 24, 1862. Monday. New Knight of the Garter Lord Shaftesbury very properly called the attention of the House of Lords to the distress among the Lancashire workpeople, and while bearing tribute to the admirable way in which their sufferings were endured, expressed his wish for the relaxation of the labour test. This, the condition on which poor law relief is granted, the Earl objected to as calculated to increase the hands of those who obtain their living by more delicate work than that given by the Unions. Lord Granville said that the question was being dealt with practically, and Lord Derby spoke very sensibly of the behaviour of the people, and declared his own belief that greater distress was prevailing than the suffering districts had ever previously undergone. With such a state of things existing, any accident that seems to help on the American War to an end, or at least to a crisis, is welcome, and the tidings that New Orleans has fallen is doubly satisfactory.

LORD CLAIRCRODDE and other Irishmen are extremely dissatisfied with the River Shannon, and Lord Carysford, or Granard, or some such personage (where's Da?) O, seventh Earl, the fourth was a distinguished admiral—stayed, no, was brother to a distinguished admiral who beat the fleets of France and Spain in 1743—very good reason, probably, why the brother should have been Earl and penned, but does not make it so clear why another serje should be anybody threatens all sorts of vengeance on the poor river, and Lord Granville bloew him up, and said he must have a weak cause or he would not use such strong language. A Committee is to sit on the Shannon, and in the meantime, the Committee may fish and smoke, it will not be unprofitably.

Lord Derby's Smell Committee was appointed, and it now appears that the grievance to be looked into is a real one, and that people and land are largely poisoned by the cuttings from certain manufactories, those of soda for instance, for soda and mus do not agree. It is not proposed to prevent the manufactures, but to invent remedies for the evil, and possibly Mr. Faraday and some of his friends may illuminate the Lords on the subject. At Glasgow the new works has been pollarded already. One gentleman was transfused with new blood, and another gentleman who makes chemical evils, having excited chimneys which are as high as the Great Pyramid, and which project their smuts right into the face of the moon, thereby not only making St. Mungo comfortable, but illustrating the architect's vaunt in the old play that he has "sent his Shaft into scared Dan's orb."

Mr. Cowper stated that he should not let cats go through the lower part of Hyde Park, near Park Lane, in order to relieve the traffic in the latter, which he said ought to be widened. Of course he ought, but does he think that it will widen itself, or grow wider by having too much put into it, like a dining-out gentleman's interior?

Mr. Layard begged that people would not believe in telegrams that come across the lines, and tell the Derby papers. He said that he did not know whether such things were sent for stockjobbing purposes or not, meaning that he knew perfectly well that they were, and who send them. It may be convenient to explain that the Moutenegrins, who are nearly on the continent of Asia, are perpetually asking their neighbours the Turks, and Ober Pacha, who gave them a terrible woping some nine years ago, is likely to do it again, if the savages do not become quiet. There can be no sentimental pity for these Black Mountainers, for they kill prisoners, carry away heads as trophies, and make their women the "beasts of burden."

A Budget debate followed, and Mr. Gladstone surrendered on the question of compelling private persons to take licences if they want to brew. Lord Punch, of course, takes Anoumillado with his dinner, and adds, at two hundred and fifty, that there are vulgarians who like beer, and if they derive any pleasure from knowing that no new obstacle is to be opposed to their obtaining this drink, he is happy, he is sure, to inform them that their pails, or whatever they use, is not to be interfered with.

There was also a discussion about selling beer at races and fairs, a subject, Lord Punch supposes, interesting to the lower creation, but on which he will not venture to give an opinion—so far as he understands the matter, Mr. Gladstone urged to prevent the licensing of persons from more than they now do, interposed some justices' certificate between the mob and the beer-trough—the eau de Ologue, if you please—thank you.

Lord Punch thought that he had done with such a topic but remembered that a drawback of seven shillings per hundredweight is to be thrown on British hops, whatever they are. Ors was the mother of Ceres, which accounts for the Sortes of grievances connected with hops.

Then came up a real grievance—the conduct of the fellow who lery the income-tax, and who charged a great deal more than even the iniquitous law permits, in the hope that folks will not take the trouble to appeal. Some of the Members said that this was less the fault of the officials than the Government, who had ordered them to put on the screw, but Mr. Gladstone declared that this was not the case, however, to give any remedy, even to people who had been abnormally surcharged, and had, on appeal, convinced the officials of cheating.

The Day, late in February, a friend Mr. Haldifield of Sheffield, who loves Mr. Punch with an intensity that does go to His el and art, got a little victory, as Mr. Punch mentioned at the time. He carried a Bill for doing away with the declaration which provincial mayors and aldermen, on taking office, have to make that they will not destroy the Church of England. The undertaking seems a little ridiculous, because the united efforts of all the mayors and corporations in England would not do a hundredth part of the mischief to the Church that one ridiculous bigot of a person, or one hard-dealing clerical Justice could inflict. The meeting of the ratepayers in the streets are in the air, and it is just two hundred years since a mass of clerarymam (who would have expumated the name of Dissenter) were turned out of the Church, and Little Bethel, Ebenezer, and Mahanipleukabona claim questions descript from these 3000 carters, who are making all the political demonstrations which they can, and this Bill of Mr. Haldifield's was one of the demonstrations. The Lords do not seem, curiously, to make sufficient allowance for the excitement of the Societies, and accordingly threw out the Bill by 57 to 55. The Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Charles Sumner, brother of the Private, and Prelate of the Garter, went into the contested lobby, as was pointed out. Lord Clancrass and Lord Longcham were allowed to be a bishop before come near his, and it turned out that Dr. Sumner had made a mistake, and was discontent. In order to rectify the error, the Lord Chancellor asked that Bishop the three sensible questions which are put on oaths, such accident in the Commonwealth that the right of Buckley took upon himself to fly into a passion, and scold the Chancellor for daring to catechise a Bishop. The descendant of Lucy Watters is quite right to stand up for the clergy. The Chancellor's second apology was simply:

The Post Office Savings Bank is too good an institution for Mr. Punch to permit its efficiency to be impaired by any official shabbiness, and he was glad to hear Frederick Peel say that the Postmasters were to be reconstituted for the increased duties thrown upon them—that he did not say so, because an official can never speak in a straightforward manner, but his answer meant it. Why, in obedience to Mr. Punch's suggestion, the saving people of England have deposited 575,293 l. 22s. 6d. (Mr. Punch's profits) in these banks. That does not look as if they thought that what Dr. Cumming thinks—well, says—is true, about the speedy extinction of this unfortunate plant.

QUINNIE D. GIFFORD again. He wanted to know why Prince Napoléon had gone to Ponson. Mr. Layard vitally told him that there were many objects of interest just now in Naples, and that anything else he might learn from the Moniteur. Mr. Gifford is Member for that clever and powerful town. Doves, and in the middle of that town he will see a monument that should warn persons against rash utterances. V. S.

CAPTAIN COLES, of the Cupola (not Cole C. B. of the Donca) complained, in type, that his inventions are not being fairly treated by the Admiralty. Lord Clarence Paget complains, in the House, that Coles, being on full pay, should write to the Times, and moreover, defies the charge officially. Knowing the sweet readiness of the staff of this paper to assent to any request from an official to outsiders, we are astonished at Captain Coles's hard-heartedness in making such an allegation—nevertheless it is just as well that it has been made. Then came a dispute about the Hall Citadell.
which Members thought the Cupola again, but the affair proved not to refer to a floating ball, but to Hull in Yorkshire—the squabble was much the same.

Then did Mr. Hubbard once more gallantly assail the Income-Tax, and debate at considerable length upon its iniquity. He went so far as to liken its wick'dness, and its exceptions, to the exceptional circumstances of our finances, and even our soldiers must bear it, and to say, if it could be removed altogether. Why insult those who are robbed, why offer Old Bailey defence of a palpable theft? You are a great orator, so was Cæcero, so is Cox, and Cæcero observes, similarly to Cox, if not to you, "Nihil tam incriabilis est quam non dicendo just probabile, nihil tam horridis sentential, quam non sapphophthalmisc, quam quae exhoratras, quam cum coquinico."

But we allege, and Cox agrees, that it is a question as to the rule your House has fixed to your House under the Income-Tax, and you can do nothing with that ugly and repugnant theme. Put your pistol to our head in a mercenary manner, and take our money, but do not preach to us upon the desirability of the transfer. Mr. Hubbard took a division on his resolution, which went to the doing away some of the wrong, and he was, of course, beaten, getting 62 against 99 votes. But the battle will be renewed again and again, and will be won some day.

The rest of the evening's performances were trivial, but we may remark—the Scotch public houses Bill being the peer—that the generous declaration by Mr. Buchanan, of Glasgow, teaching the convivial habits of his constituents, has doubtless delighted many of them, but one dissentient howls as follows at a Temperance Meeting in the City Hall.

"Was our Member of Parliament in earnest when he made that statement the other night in a Committee of the whole House on the Public Houses Bill? Oh! say coherent, the declaration of one of our city Members! Alas! alas! for the land of the Covenant and the Martyrs."

This wretched plebeian evidently does not understand that it is perfectly right for gentlemen (of whom Mr. Buchanan spoke) to do as they like in the little matter of tipple, but that the lower orders ought to be forbidden anything stronger than water or Temperance speeches.

Wednesday. This was a woful day for Little Bethel. To-day had been fixed for the battle on Sir John Hubbard's and Mr. Trevelyan's Bill for the Abolition of Church Rates. Every decent compact has been offered to Dissent, in connection with this subject, and, notably, it has been proposed that no person who will state in writing that he is a Dissenter, shall be taxed with an honest opinion. What the tax impost would want is hard to say, but, if you please, these gentlemen who on all ordinary occasions glory in the name of Dissenter, object to "ticketed," as they call it, and insist upon a law for preventing Churchmen from paying the rate. This is thought to be carrying the principle of civil and religious liberty a little too far, so the Church party rallied, and a close thing was expected. Close, because numerous "independent" Members are persuaded to swallow this trap, undertaking to vote for the rate; if there are a majority of them, the Act is obviated. The debate was of little consequence, except that all parties stormed at Government for not taking up a question of so much importance, but the division was of considerable consequence. Sir John Trevelyan's Bill was read a second time, and the closure resolution which might have been heard at York Minster. To show how well the whip had been used, see here. The above numbers, with our friend Mr. Denison, make 578, and there were 16 pairs, which make 32, and, with an increasing number, 651, whereas a long immense sum, on account of the 658, Roundell Palmer and Gladstone voted against the Dissenters, and the Peels divided against one another, the hold Robert going Church and the neck Frederick going Chapel. Now the name Bristowe will come up again, with a new significance, that word indicating the decision by which it was settled that a majority should bind a minority in a parish on a question of rates. But the minority wish to bind the majority in the country, and we cannot have Dissenters pass an Act on Dissent.

Thursday. War is proclaimed between the two Houses. The Speaker and ten Conveners have deiled the Chancellor and ten Lords to meet them at Wimbledon, where the rifle shall settle their respective merits. The daring Denison's defiance was instantly accepted by the warriors westbury. So stood the matter for two days, to the Delight of Many, but, respect briefly.

A Kentish family of "notorious poachers," who have been convicted about twenty times, and one of whom writes to a contemporary, cooly stating that he stole partridges "because he was out of employment," being charged with the opportunity to accept the humble contributions of the pays of poor-rates, had set a child to snare game. The child was detected, and the Gladstone nagistrates imposed a heavy fine, avowedly intended for the support of the poor, out of the pocket of the parents, who paid it, and said that they would have done so had it been three times as heavy. Meanwhile, there was a great burst of virtuous indignation about consigning a child to prison, and one soft-hearted goose sent up the amount to the poachers, without inquiry, probably neglecting some really meritorious needy person near him—so much pleasure is sentimental less honest.

"My dear Punch, I had one day at a tea-party, and I will not tell you that you were not in the House when I was demolishing Bux the other night on the Italian business, and you want to know what was the 'extraordinary gesture' which the papers say I used, to the delight of the fellows, when I dwelt on Bux's misuse of the word 'independence.'"

"As I used the word, I gave the most preteruntal Shrood you ever beheld. Nothing that Lomatre ever executed in Robert Meares was up to it, or rather down to it. I believe that my head sank several inches below my shirt-upon, that elegant diamond one you gave me, and which I always wear on field-nights. Bux looked as if he had seen a real Asiaan Mystery."

"Never yours, affectionately.

TO THE VISCOUNT PUNCH."

Alteration of "International" Calendar.—November 5th, Guy Fawkes' Day, to May 1st, Guy Fowke's Day.
THE BEARD MOVEMENT.

Mr. Brisken. "Then you really think it an improvement, eh?"

Miss Spikes. "Decidedly—it hides so much more of your face."

FROM THE "WESTMINSTER BELL'S LIFE."

Interesting Matches to come off.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is open to make a match for the Benech of Bishops, with the President of the Wesleyan Conference, and an even number of Local Preachers, to hop over the gravestones in St. Margaret's churchyard, Westminster; the match to come off after any Wednesday morning service in June; right legs to be tied up: the bishops to hop in cossacks.

Ben Dizzy is ready to make a match with the Duke of Argyle for £500 a side to run a mile, walk a mile, and trundle a wheelbarrow a mile. The articles to be drawn in Lord Redesdale's private room; and the running, walking, and wheelbarrow-trundling to come off in the Peers' Court of the New Houses of Parliament.

The Speaker of the House of Commons bets the Lord Chancellor, even—a sum from £100 to £1000—that he will find ten Members of the House of Commons, who will talk longer, sit closer, and earn more facts and figures in a given time than any ten Members of the House of Lords. The money to be staked, the articles to be drawn, and the umpire chosen, at Jimmy Shaw's, where the Speaker has promised to take the chair, on the evening of the Derby Day. He will be faced by Lord Redesdale. A host of come-on talent is expected to appear in the course in the evening.

N.B. A free-and-easy every night. Sparring taught Wednesday and Saturday. Batting sports as usual. Lord Palmerston has promised to take the gloves with the Earl of Derby on the occasion of Porky Clark's benefit, after his gallant maul with Mickey Hannan.

The Retrograde King.

Bleacher's motto and policy through life was "Forwards." The motto that the present King of Preests should adopt, for it is most decidedly his policy, ought to be "Backwards." "Dor Fani Ninfa Wilzett" would form a good historical pendant to "Zer Maripei Berenrett."

ST. JANUARIUS FOR ITALY!

To the Editor of the "Charivari."

Sir, Will you allow me to ask you how you account for this? I mean the fact attested in the subjoined passage out of a letter from Naples, which appeared in the Sicilia a few days ago:

"The King, accompanied by his aides-de-camp and by his military household, went yesterday to great state to the cathedral, where the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, after having once taken place at Santa Chiara, is repeated by miracle of the first time. The King, in consecutive days, has made it appear at the treasurer a magnificent diamond cross of the value of 100,000 liras. The saint, enthroned as it would appear at this present, accomplished his miracle a second time."

What explanation can you give of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius occurring, as described above, in printed and emphatic acknowledgment of a present at the hands of Victor Emmanuel, whom I think you say the Pope has excommunicated? Possibly you will deem it necessary to ascertain the fact before trying to explain it. But, as Lord Boodle would say, supposing the fact ascertained, what explanation would you give of it? Should you say that the King of Italy has really not brought himself within prejudice of the Holy Father's solemnisation, and that the thunderbolt of the Vatican, after all, has whizzed over his head?

Or do you think the truth to be, that the blood of St. Januarius always liquefies under conditions which are indicated by a certain figure to which they would raise the column of mercury in a thermometer? And is it your opinion that a given quantity of carbon, in the extremely pure form of a diamond cross equivalent to a mass of silver tantamount to 100,000 liras, could be successfully employed to produce those conditions? An answer will edit, QUACK PILLS AND POETRY.

A Periodical called the Hygeist, which is the organ of Morison's Pill-grindery, contains the subjoined reference to some remarks that lately appeared in these columns on a quotation, from a puff relative to Morison's Pills, of the description of poison given by the Ghost in Hamlet—

"The minutes of Mr. Punch must be apparent to all impartial persons."

"The passage from Hazlitt will be understood by all Hygeists as follows:—"

"The Vegetable Universal Medicine, whose effect to assimilates with the BLOOD of man, that, swift as quicksilver, it courses through the natural gales and alleys of the body; and with great vigour purges therefrom the thick and sour impurities which affect the thin and wholesome BLOOD."

"How does Mr. Punch like this true reading of the passage so sublime that it should be written in letters of gold throughout the world? We repeat, that all persons should take a lesson from our greatest poet."

"Mr. Punch has no difficulty in admitting that the effect of the Vegetable Universal Medicine assimilates with the blood of man. To assimilate is to feign, to counterfeit. It is not for Punch to deny what the Hygeist says, that the Vegetable Universal Medicine assimilates, feigns, or counterfeits, something or other in connection with the blood of man. Mr. Punch has no idea of asserting that the medicine so-called is not a counterfeit."

The foregoing paraphrase of Shakespeare, as a composition, no doubt exactly corresponds to the Vegetable Universal Medicine. The former is composed with the same regard to the laws of metre as doth, doubly, the latter is to the laws of health. That same Shakespeare says that "the devil can quote Scripture for his purpose." To the same end it appears that the quack can quote Shakespeare, and, like the devil, he corrupts the text, only with a clumsiness which the devil would be ashamed of. If Shakespeare were not an immortal bard, Punch might say that the quack murders Shakespeare, and Punch will say that he would advise him to take care that he murders nobody else.
THE NEW ORLEANS PLUM.

BIG LINCOLN HORNER,
UP IN A CORNER,
THINKING OF HUMBLE PIE;

FOUND UNDER HIS THUMB,
A NEW ORLEANS PLUM,
AND SAID, WHAT A 'CUTE YANKEE AM I!'
The Commissioner's are so well satisfied with the reception of the Handbook to the Fine Art Department of the Exhibition, that they have determined on issuing a Handbook to the Industrial Department, based on the same principles which have secured such a general acceptance of Mr. Palgrave's spirited and agreeable little brochure. They are quite agreed on the principles which should govern the composition of the Handbook, viz., the free use of the sternest severity of criticism, and an inexorable stigmatising of all contributions which do not come up to the standard applied to all the judges to whom the Commissioners now delegate the task of passing sentence upon the exhibitors. But the Commissioners have hitherto found a difficulty in selecting judges at once competent and willing to sit in infallible Hampshire judgment on all the wares exhibited at South Kensington. Though Tillotson's slyly have now been surmounted, thanks mainly to the light thrown upon the discharge of a similar critical duty by the author of the Fine-Art Handbook.

An ex-analyst of the lowest has agreed to do the Substances used for Food. The Wines will be taken in hand by the sleeping partner in one of the firms contributing most largely to this department. The Railway-plant will be reviewed by a distinguished but unpublished engineer, the proprietor of a patent for superseding steam power altogether. Mr. Whitworth has kindly consented to report on Sir W. Armstrong's inventions in gunnery; Sir William on those of Mr. Whitworth; and Captain Blackley on those of both of these distinguished inventors. The department of Projectiles and Fortifications generally will be entrusted to a gentleman who has for years past been memorialising the Ordnance department in favour of an invention of his own, which subverts the whole of our received systems of attack and defence.

A Committee of English Upholsterers has kindly undertaken to find a thoroughly qualified person to pass in review the Foreign Upholstery department, while the English porcelain will be reported on by the managers of the royal works at Stour and Dresden, and the designer of one of the Chinese works at Nottingham will judge the French and Belgian lace manufactories. Captain Ackerley has agreed to report on the philosophical and surgical instruments, and the chief agent for the sale of Morison's medicines on the Pharmaceutical Substances, &c., and peculiar apparatus.

The Commissioners, in selecting these and their other Industrial judges, have made it their object to obtain the most unbiased and best-informed opinion on the various classes of the Exhibition, accompanied by that healthy and sound-minded criticism, which will at once serve as a lesson to exhibitors, and a guide to visitors. It is needless to say that the very secondary object of information has been postponed to the higher functions of inflicting withering censure or crowning with enthusiastic approbation.

We are permitted, by favour of the Commissioners, to subjoin a few specimens, selected at random from their as yet unpublished—

**INDUSTRIAL HANDBOOK**

**CLASS 12. SUB-CATEGORY A.—NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.** (By Solomon de Caus Flitcroft, C.F.)

**2735.** "Sixteen models representing the progress of Naval Architecture from the first ship of the Royal Navy, 1185, to the present time," Contributed by Lords of the Admiralty, Whitehall. Progress! Yes—Progress—if, as Haselt says, "like crabs we could go backwards!" The model admirably illustrates the ceaseless struggle and brutal insufficiency to the suggestions of inventors which has always marked the English Admiralty from the days of the Tudors to the present time. All that can be said of the naval architecture of 1185, is that it is unsightly; but such as it is, it is immensely superior to that of 1803, which is the very last expression of human baseness, showing an ignorance of the principles of flotation, equilibrium, and hydrostatic force generally, which would disgrace the lowest boy in the worst of our National Schools. "Sickening!" is indeed the only epithet to be applied to this series.

**2650.** "Model of S. De C. F.'s Unsinkable Ship, submitted by the Inventor without effect to successive Boards of Admiralty, from 1520 to 1622."

The old story! Genius supplicating in vain to be allowed to save the nation, and official pride and apathy shutting the door in its face with brutal insolence. Here is a model in which the inventor (who modestly attributes his brain to himself by his initials only) has shown the profoundest knowledge of the great and oft-repeated laws which govern floating bodies. This model is a thing of beauty indeed—and like all things of beauty, a joy for ever, inasmuch as it defies alike the power of the elements and the prophecies of the enemy. Language fails us in the attempt to enumerate the beauties of the vessel—its swan-like lines, its superhuman majesty of strength, its fairy-like delicacy of structure. Note the mighty invention at work on the air-pumps! Dwell on the exquisite subtlety of the confluence for enabling the steersman suddenly to shift the steering apparatus from stem to stern, and to drive his wieldy craft right into the wind's eye and the enemy's teeth! Mark the thoughtful humanity of the apparatus for instantly annihilating an enemy, by which all the slow suffering of wounds is swept away, and a prompt and painless destruction descending like a cloud, gently sweeps the assault into nothingness!

And this is an invention on which a base, bloody and brutal Admiralty have failed, the preservation in imperfect, the syrup falls miserably below its proper proportion of saccharine matter. The housekeeper who trusts to such an article as this is lost!

**2721.** "Composition for preserving Ship's Bottles, S. De C. F." (Offered to the Admiralty for £10,000, but refused.)

Another marvellous invention, entirely superseding copper, yellow metal, creosote, or any of the hundred and one charlatan devices for securing our hearts of oak from the gnawing worm of the mud, and the eating teeth of the salt sea. It would have long ere this been adopted by the Admiralty, if the idiots of that department knew the A B C of their calling. It bears the same initials as the remarkable model numbered 2650.

**2692.** Ditto. By Blosso, Briston.

A base invention, which need only be seen to be detected.

2693. Ditto. By Topsides, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Worse, if possible, than 2692. Profoundly ignoble in its hideous mixture of grease, coal-tar, and carbolic, and with neither faith nor love in the manner of its application.

**CLASS 3. SUB-CATEGORY B.—SUBSTANCES USED FOR FOOD.**


A wicked, and unutterably audacious imposture. The apricots are fours, the preservation is imperfect, the syrup falls miserably below its proper proportion of saccharine matter. The housekeeper who trusts to such an article as this is lost!


Cats'-meat. The stomach turns at the thought of such intolerable exu-sag.

590. "Infants' Food—Cakes and Biscuits." ALCM AND CO., Bread Street.

Immunities when not poisonous, and involving certain indigestion when they contain any nutritive principle. It is profoundly affecting to write on such things. But how much worse to introduce them to the nursery!


It is difficult to see how the seductive loquacity of these preparatories be set against their fundamental unwholesomeness. But the thing, we believe, is popular. If so, all that can be said is, "Populus vulg dediti de decipiturus." For our own part, we have only withering indignation for such sugary falsehood. The poison is not the least destructive for its saccharine envelope—may, infinitely more so. Had STICKY AND TUCK worked in a higher and holier spirit, they could not have been thus false to the deep principles which underlie the confectionary of earlier and more faithful times.

**CLASS 4. SUB-CATEGORY A.—ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE SUBSTANCES USED IN MANUFACTURES.**

999. BOBBLES AND SON, Bleek Street. "Beached War-Caudels of various materials."

If these caudles burn anything but the fingers of those whose capital is embarked in their manufacture, we shall be indeed surprised.


We would recommend these base men to apply a little stronger soap to their conscience than that here shown, if they mean to cleanse...
them of the “ perilous stuff” which such productions as these must accumulate in their business and their bosoms. Their stairne is stamped with fraud; their paradise freighted with feter. It may explode, it can never illuminate.

These few examples will suffice to show the spirit in which the proposed Industrial Handbook will be drawn up. We need not point out how admirably calculated it will be to encourage exhibitors, and to enhance the enjoyment by visitors of the articles before them.

AN IRISH ORDERLY MEETING.

According to a morning paper, the annual meeting of the London Irish Rifles took place on Tuesday evening, at the orderly rooms, 5, Lancaster Place, Strand. The phenomena of this assembly were peculiar. In the first place:—

"The chair was not taken for nearly an hour after the appointed time, on account of the small number present. When the proceedings commenced there were not 45 present."

Not at all like Irish management! Next, after the chair had at length been taken, the Marquis of Donegal, who occupied it, announced that:—

"Out of 600 enrolled members, only 115 had, up to that day, paid their subscriptions for the current year."

How very un-Irish! The noble Chairman further stated that:—

"The falling off in the finances was exactly in keeping with the attendances at parade and drill."

In accordance with this statement:—

"Major Verney said it was absurd to march out with the muskets they recently had. He thought it would be only disgusting the corps and its countrymen to walk through the streets of London with only a dozen men out of over 600 whose names were enrolled."

With reference to the pecuniary affairs of the corps:—

"Mr. Montgomery agreed with Ensign Gourlay, that one of the most practicable ways of making the corps popular, and upholding its effective strength, was the payment of the subscriptions; and the officers would add to their own popularity by urging the payment by the men in their different companies. (并不意味.)"

This applause, to be sure, was a touch of national Irish generosity spake therein. Hear, hear! The divil by away with the diurty subscriptions! No doubt the officers of the gallant London Irish would acquire a great addition to their popularity by pressing their men assiduously on that subject.

Captain M'weeney said that the deplorable condition of the corps was owing to the proceedings of two English agitators; and—

"A scene of the most indescribable confusion followed the delivery of this statement, during which Captain Tully, Major Verney, Mr. Leach, Ensign Gourlay, Captain M'weeney, and others were speaking. It was at last put an end to by Captain M'weeney hastily leaving the room, followed by half-a-dozen friends who besought his return. He refused to do so, stating that he belonged to the Victoria Rifles, and that he would go to them. Captain Davney, the adjutant, who is an Englishman, was present during the "row," and was besieging under evident feelings of embarrassment."

What a contrast is all this to the sobriety which usually characterises Irish deliberations! Finally:—

"The proceedings, which were very stormy throughout, were brought to a close by the Marquis of Donegal stating with regret he witnessed what had taken place that evening, and expressing a hope that if he met them again, it would be when a more friendly feeling was exhibited. He dismissed the meeting. There was no balance-sheet submitted."

No balance-sheet? That is a wonder! If the corps had been a Scotch one, such an omission would have surprised nobody; but the idea of an Irish regiment's accounts wanting a balance-sheet, is strange indeed. The reader will doubtless already have noted the curious coincidence by which this meeting of the London Irish Rifles took place at their orderly rooms.

"We Haven't Come to that Yet!"

They have been erecting a monument to Amy Scheffer at Dordrecht, his native place. The idea of erecting a statue to a painter! We suppose they will be putting up one to an author next! Moreover, we have one great consolation: You won't see anything of that kind in Trafalgar Square.

ELECTIONEERING INTELLIGENCE.

The Man in the Moon has invented a dog by which he is now enabled to set Election Committees of the House of Commons at defiance. He has trained his dog to go about and bribe electors.

"Le Moniteur" des Beaux Arts.

Théophile Gautier, who is well-known for his quaint conceits, says, "The International Exhibition is certainly ugly and queer enough, but that is the very reason why I like it. It is so admirably adapted for its purpose from its extreme bazarreité."

THE MOST WORST.

When buy an American Indian be said to be rather out of sorts?—When his tom-ahawk's out of order.

A Good Inscription to be Chalked on the Door of a Female Enameller:—" Beware of the Paint."
LADIES AND THEIR VICTIMS.

One correspondent of the Mousier in a letter about the opening of the Great Exhibition (whence the building, it is stated, "unites the qualities of the terminus, the market, and the greenhouse," gives the following sad account of an occurrence: "He was assaulted in the execution of his duty, while attending to report and sketch the May Day Show:"

"While we were taking a drawing of the architecture, persons arrived so quickly that we were forced to put our pencil in our pocket. A hood raised us up and carried us off with the Charing Cross Gulf Stream from the terrace on which we were leaning to see "the procession of the Council" pass. Young ladies, fair, nay, really, only weakly, but obstinately pushed us off from where we were standing. Who could suspect that there were muscles of steel in such elegant and delicate hands?"

Poor Mossoo! We groan for him, and we lament the cruel treatment which has deprived the universe of the sketch he might have made. But do French ladies never push when they want to see a sight? Is it alone in péril d'Alibert that the fair sex are found obstinate? Else, need he have laid such stress upon the fact that when he got into a crowd he was actually crowded? Still we must sincerely sympathise with poor Mossoo, when he talks about the "steel" where with he was assaulted. Of course for "muscles" we read "ribs": a more error in translation. For there is no doubt it was Cripoline that pushed him from his place; and really while they wear it, and commit such excesses, it is a great stretch of politeness to speak of girls as being "elegant and delicate."

"RIGHT (AND WRONG) ABOUT FACE."

The practice of ladies having their faces enamelled may be highly excusable, but still we should not be too severe on the poor operator who does it to get a living. It is rather on the aristocratic gentlemen, who lend their countenances to the scandal, that we should pour all the plims of our censure. The enamellist herself is indeed to be pited and not snubbed, as from the very nature of her profession it is clear she is one who is ready at a moment's notice to blush for her entire sex.

A Frenchman's First Step in Punning.

Mr. John Lescine, the critic of the Débats, has made a joke. Speaking of a highly-elaborated picture of Sire Charles (we will not name of the same), he says, after making some playful allusion to his title, "This is not a bad specimen de peinture tax-troy (lithic)." Not bad for a Frenchman, eh? The joke is not only good, but it also implies a familiarity, and even playful, knowledge of our language, which is still more wonderful.

"HERE'S TO ALL ABSENT FRIENDS!"

The Americans have sent little, or nothing, to the International Exhibition. Supposing they had, the Annexes would, of course, have been the proper receptacles for them. An Exhibition is a little game that the Americans always enter into with the greatest spirit. They can amuse everything, seemingly, but themselves.

"REJECTED ADDRESSES."—The Dead Letter Office.

Mr. Punch most willingly emulates Mr. Arnold's wise decision; and will answer for it that the public, when they read the sentence in his columns, will be very much obliged to Mr. Buchanen for the unselfish and patient patience with which he prosecuted the three drivers whom he denounced. Cabmen usually rely upon the fact that to a gentleman the taking out a summons, and the attending to give evidence, are too much of a bore to be encountered lightly; and that there exists not one man in a hundred but will shrivish such "public duty." All honour then to men like Dr. Buchanen of Ware, who, though "far advanced in years," will put themselves to the annoyance of travelling thirty miles, in order to protect the interests of the public; that is, brother reader, your interests and mine, as well as cousin Charles's.

Discussion is Strength.

The Yankees are always fancying that every nation is filled with malice, hatred, envy, and all unamiablenesses towards them. We can assure them, and the saying can be applied with most painful truth to the North as well as to the South, that "They have no enemies in this world but themselves." As their best friend, Punch advises them to separate. At present, the "Union is Weakness." Apart from each other, probably the result may prove. "Discussion is Strength." There is an old Latin motto, which they do well to carry into practice: "Divide et impera."

"WRITE ME DOWN AN ASS"—Grant.

A Monsieur Assolant, a would-be He - he could be witty Corre - cteur du Courrier, has been writing abusive articles against the English. The next article this effacing gentleman forth - up, we should advise him (it would be a capital nom de plume for one of his peculiar style) to sign it not Assolant, but "Insolent."
HINTS FOR PENSIVE PUFFS.

I.
By Celia’s arbour all the night,
Hang, humid wreath, the lover’s vow,
And then perchance, at morning light,
My love may twine thee round her brow.
Then, if upon her bosom white
Some pearly dews should fall from thee,
Tell her they are not drops of night,
But tears of sorrow shed by me.

Then should my love begin to pont,
And state that thou hast told a lie,
And that the wet has taken out
From her pet dress Magneta’s dye.
Bid her but name the Day, nor doubt
Her loving Charles will haste to buy
The sweetest thing, for ball or rout,
That tasteful Shoolbred can supply.

II.
The Minstrel’s Watch the Standard Bearer keeps,
We know not why; perchance upon the ticker
The Standard Bearer from his hoarded keys
Hath lent the Minstrel money to buy liquor.
If so, ‘twas kindly done, and free per cent.
Is cheap for soeae to a heart that’s breaking;
But how much more that friend had safely lent,
Had but the Minstrel’s Watch been Besson’s making?

III.
I often wish that thou wert dead,
And I beside thee calmly lying;
But when I’ve named this fact, my head
Thou shop’dst, O Jane, without replying.

Well, laugh thy laugh, and rap my pate,
Continue in that bitchesome scorning:
But O, when I evaporate,
Be sure you go to JAY for mourning.

IV.
O Stars! O Stars of Silence!
O Gems in Ether Blue!
Is it vainly, is it vainly,
That Love looks up to you?
Yes, vainly, O yes vainly,
To make you out he hopes
Unless assisted, mainly,
By DOLLOND’s telescopes.

V.
I know by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Among the tall elms that my Cottage was near,
And said, if there’s peace to be found in the world,
A Nurt that is unlike night ope for it ear.
Then I sent up a smoke that so gracefully spired,
And brought to my heart the sweet peace that I sought;
From one of those fragrant Havannahs, admired
By all men of taste, and from Asterisk * bought.

P S No: dresses, and watches, and mourning, and telescopes are matters of no great consequence, and the corners of the above names can gain but a few extra thousands by their mention here. But where, where is a Cigar sold that would justify the immortalisation of its vendor? Till Echo can answer something else than Where, let Asterisk be the modest sendor.

V versus W.

An Alderman, notorious for transposing his Vs and Ws with the most profuse liberality, upon hearing a German make frequent allusions to his ‘Vaterland’, interrupted him at last by saying, ‘I presume, Sir, you mean Holland, for that is the greatest Vater-land that I know of.”
MR. JOHN LEECH'S GALLERY of SKETCHES IN OIL, from Subjects in PUNCH, will Open on Monday next, June 2nd, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Admission One Shilling.

A HAND-BOOK OF THE PICTURES, DRAWINGS, ENGRAVINGS, and SCULPTURE in the INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, by TOM TAYLOR, M.A., is in the Press, and will be Published very shortly.

[Bradbury & Evans 11, Bouverie Street, E.C.]
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The Field, the Opera, & the Sea.

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Wales and M. THOMASON, 6, Gloucester Terrace, London.

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VICTORIA STREET, near the Station, Westbourne, 
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COMPANION is the most useful article 
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Elegant ornaments that can adorn the female figure, 
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Handwashing Salve.

Which is sold only by the number, and for that reason, 
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A careful selection of the best 
and best, including 1 in 10, 1 in 15, 1 in 30, 1 in 60, 1 in 120, 1 in 240, 1 in 480, 
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To be had at all Chemists.

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Old Port, So. Great Tower-street, 
London, E.C., and at all the principal houses of 
dealers in Cordials and Vinegars, 
and are sold only by the number. 

It is laid down during the last 25 years, and is the 
result of wine. Established 1750. Cellars under 21 houses.

Illustrated from Drawings, by J. W. M. TREVES. 

MILTON'S (JOHN) POETICAL WORKS, by Sir EDWARD GILBERT. 


PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—May 31, 1865.

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FROM THE LANCET.

S. THALBERG HAS THE 
HONOUR to announce that, after a long illness, he is now able to meet his friends at the Queen's Covert Rooms, Hanover Square, on Monday, June 5, and at the Oval Rooms, on Tuesday, June 6. The house at Hanover Square is closed on Monday, June 5. As this is the last season in which the rooms at Hanover Square are to be occupied by S. Thalberg by the great master, the Committee of the Art of springing to the Piano, and the Lute, and the Irish Flute, will have the following address: Messrs. Thalberg, and the intimate friends of S. Thalberg, on Monday, June 5, 9 o'clock, at the Oval Rooms, Hanover Square, where they will be treated to tables, and tickets to be had at the principal musicellers.

S. THALBERG, 
167 B, NEW BOND ST.
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A CROW FOR OURSELVES.

The Foreign World has come over and had a look at us, and has discovered that we can do nothing. France says we can't paint China. Italy says we can't make music. Rome says we can't cut a statue. Turkey says we can't grow olives. Portugal says we can't mix port wine. Switzerland says we can't carve wood. America says we can't talk English. Bohemia says we can't make coloured glass. And every other nation says we can't do something or other that it can do. To all of which Mr. Punch begs to answer, in his own words, Very Likely, and, in the words of a deceased Italian—

"**Excusent ali substantially nolites era,**

**Tu regere imperio populus, Roman, bene esto,**

*He the deist accept.*

Which, literally translated, means, that while the rest of the world cooks, and paints, and folds, and carves, and embroiders, and all the rest of it—

"England, 'tis thine, alone with awful sway,

To rule mankind, and make the world obey,

Disposing Punch and War things own majestic way."

Roo—ey—too—ey—too—ey—too—ey—too—ey!

NOTES BY A HORRIDLY SATIRICAL CREATURE.

Women first resorted to tight-lacing, to prove to men how well they could bear squeezing.

Time works wonders on the faces of Mrs. Tittivate's friends; but Time never touches Mrs. T.

How beautiful is woman when adversity browns upon her sister. It is touching to behold the resignation with which a woman sees her best friend compelled, by circumstances, to put down the carriage, and suppress her lady's maid.

Widows! Weeds are easily got rid of by planting a late variety of the *Sorrel*—perhaps better known as orange-blossom.

Love at first sight often leads to marriage with the eyes shut.

When I see a bee in the cup of an orange-blossom, he reminds me of the day when the confectioner called for his bill for a certain wedding-breakfast.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

May 19th, Monday. This is an odd world. The novel and profound remark is suggested to Mr. Punch by a recollection that a short time back, Sir Robert Peel stated that the scenes of violence at the last Longford election (when Colonel White, who is going in for Kidderminster, was beaten by Major O'Reilly) were unparalleled, and that Government meant to prosecute the rioters, and by hearing to-night that the petition against Major O'Reilly's return was withdrawn.

"There's something in this world amiss

Shall be unriddled by—us by."

On the last stage of the Budget, Mr. Disraeli fired off a very heavy gun at Lord Pan. It was loaded to the muzzle with all kinds of missiles, and notably with charges of extravagance, jealousy of France, ignorance of treaties, and other bon-bons. Also, he was critical on Lord Palmerston's style of speaking, and said that he had no humour, but a good deal of what was called in the last century, banter, and was now called by a monosyllabic name, which the elegant Disraeli would not utter. Mr. Punch supposes that he meant buff. But if Pam does deal in buff, he fulfills an old proverb by catching a great many old birds. Needless to say that Pam returned the fire, pointed out that the last Conservative Government had given the alarm and reconducted the fleet, and were right in doing so, and added that the present Government would continue doing what they thought right, but would economise when they had an opportunity. After a little more talking, there came a fresher exposure of the injustice by which the Excorn Tax is extorted by the surveyors, who are members of all the survey their levy no man can dispute, they don't care a fig what you say, and treat you much worse than a brute. Then, the Budget Bill was passed. Mr. White, of London Super-Mare, proposed to support Mr. Disraeli, if he came in, and were economic, so that modern Radicalism has no principles, and looks only to questions of money.

Mr. Punch last week warned the Ministers that close shaving might end in their cutting themselves, and though his advice was not published until after the division he is going to mention, the moral is the same. Mr. Gladstone moved the Second Reading of the British Museum Bill. He proposed to turn the beasts out of Great Russell Street, and to send them to Kensington, where he had raised £100,000. To-come (though the thing could be done by enlarging the present place) they—that is, Nature, could be comfortably housed. Mr. Gregory opposed the Bill, contending that the animals ought not to be sent away, and that sufficient space could be obtained at the Museum. Mr. Morgan Milnes spoke for the Bill, and begged that we would not so wrap up ourselves in the Miserable Moment as to lose sight of the future. Lord Henry Lennox had the modesty to say, that he would not put his opinion against that of Professor Owen, who preternatural humility did him honour. Duty Saymore of course talked clap-trap. Mr. Scatchor Booth made the sensible suggestion, that the Bill should be read a Second Time, and the Government of the Museum should be divided. Mr. Puller wanted to send away the sculptures, and Mr. Walpole said that the Bill was a positive necessity. Our Cox was for—what do you think—yes, sending away the Books! It is true, we never mis—present anybody, even a Cox. He wanted to send the Books and MSS. to Kensington. We wonder why he would like to move the Reading Room also? Bravo, Cox. The Secretary at War supported the Bill, and hinted at the Regent's Park as a good site, but said the offer of the land at Kensington had turned the scale. Mr. Bernal Osborne made fun of Professor Owen's demand for space for whales. Colonel Styles desired that the working classes should be considered, and Lord Palmerston argued that the proposal was an economical one, but he promised to give up the whales. A final grumble from Mr. Henley brought on the division, and the Government were signally defeated, the numbers being 153 to 71, and the Bill is lost.

This is a Governmental defeat, and in the old days might have occasioned some little excitement on the Treasury benches, but in these times we don't trouble ourselves about Trifles. Ministers went on with talk about shot-proof ships and Irish crime, as pleasantly as nothing had happened. Some Members thought that the increase of murder in Ireland, and the assistance which the pauperism give to the assassins, demanded more rapid justice than is at present dealt out.

UNPARDONABLE MISTAKE.

Ignorant Flunkey (to Tomkins, who is about to leave his Carte de Visite). "Reely, we don't want nothing of the kind in your way, Young Man!"
Tuesday, Earl Russell produced the convention with the United States for connecting mutual right of search, off the African coast, and the document was received with the acclamation it merited.

Mr. Gladstone said that he would make his first speech as our fisher- men, and says that he is endeavouring to improve matters. Considering how bad is the fish one gets in Paris, it would better become our friends to promote piscatorial free trade, whereby the high cost of their eggs would be made cheap, and our fisheries would be more developed, and our more desirable.

Sir G. Lewis proposes to try military murders at the Central Criminal Court, so as to get them speedily sentenced. This course will shorten matters by our month.

Mr. Gladstone's Lunacy Bill was read a second time, but the lawyers found many faults in it, and promised that in Committee those faults should be exposed with the utmost frankness. We dare say that this Bill will not be very vehemently assailed, having interest reserve its very for the Conveyancing Reform Bills.

Wednesday, The interesting business of the house was an exposure of a great and prevailing vice among the aristocracy. It seems that the Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and other constituents of Suellitude, are in the objectionable habit of ordering in Bottles of Gin on credit, and when asked for the money, of pleading the Tippling Act. We can consider that this is by no means elevated or elegant conduct, and we quite agree in the propriety of the measure proposed a Second Time for making such a measure impossible. A Duke ought to kiss his Gin, than a Destain.

Thursday, The Chancellor spoke very well on the Second Reading of the Copyrighth in Works of Art Bill, Lord Overstone thought that the sitter and the artist should have the copyright in a picture drawn to his specification, his lordship would, we suppose, consider that the book should be the property of his respected executors. Lord Tauntin did not like the Bill, and added that he had not sympathy with people who locked up pictures from the public. Nor has Mr. Peack, whose own noble and unequalled gallery is always open to the public, at a nominal and ridiculous fee, charged only in order to preserve his rights.

Enterprising people are now anxious to go to British Columbia, and other colonies, to produce a wish, and to promise in advertisements of convivancy. The attention of the Government has been called to the circumstance, and they have actually taken steps to hold the advertisees to their promises to colonists. We do not know what this is in accordance with the principles of free trade or not, but we are very glad to see the course adopted.

Once more appealed to the Church Rate question, Lord Pam came out with such a Pam-like speech, that we really must give it in extenso:

"Lord Palmerston: Whatever may have been the wishes that the House has expressed upon this point, I think the House must at the same time have seen what are the difficulties which surround the question with a view to arriving at any satisfactory arrangement; and if I can say to the House of Lords Government are not prepared at present to undertake the task referred to by the right hon. gentleman. (Here, and a laugh.)"

What were they laughing at? A gentleman sees that there will be a good deal of trouble about a particular piece of business, and therefore he says, don't let us have anything to do with it. If we go far enough, anybody else would do the same. Only this particular gentleman happens to be paid £5000 a-year on the understanding that he will attend to such matters—whatever, one would not press a vulgar and unnecessary expense. If a ticket was made to the amount of 5000 a-year, people would have no difficulty in getting up a plan, and the vaugueness of Mr. M. Peto's speech, has given notice that he has a plan for a compromise on the Rate question, and means to ask for a committee thereon. He would do away with the present means of enforcing the rate, and give power to a vestry, in which owners as well as occupiers shall vote, to levy a rate for the purposes of the church. This proposal will do away with agitation. Mr. Estcourt will be good enough to explain when the time comes.

Mr. Fellowes read a letter from Mr. Hawkshead, the eminent engineer, who has gallantly thrown himself into the Norfolk breach, and proposes to save England from the sea, if energy and skill can do it. Mr. Layard admits that the difficulties are very great, and quietly hints that the people who make all the work of destruction for repulsing the ocean do not know what they are talking about. Personally, we do not much care about the matter, because we can swim. But if the people of this island, we shall, in the interest of friends, be rather obliged to him to do so.

Six hours of Irish educational polemics. Six words have described that waste of time and breath. Lord Palmerston then called for a light proposal to cut off his appointee. Mr. M. Peto however pledging his professional reputation that the harbour, which is to cost a million and a quarter, will be "perfectly useless."

Friday. The clamour of the Irish peasant under a distress stated not to be excessive, contrasts with the patience of the English workman under a distress which is admitted on all sides to be exceptionally severe. The Irish cottars again raised to-night, and painful stories were told, but look at Lanarkshire, where people do not murder their landlords for asking for rent, and where sufferings, moral as well as physical, are borne with true heroism.

Sir Robert Clifton thought fit to come out with a speech against everything ever done, and was briefly answered by Lord Palmerston, who was not aware of any "panic" except on the title-page of a pamphlet. For which speech Mr. Gordon will "love him one"—not that Lord Palmerston or Mr. Petch cares much for the cruelty of anybody, or any other man," as the stupid slang of the hour goth.

Sir Morton Peto alluded to the ridiculously light punishments which some of the Magistrates inflict in cases of brutal assaults. As a rule, it is unjust to impeach a Magistrate's decision, upon the brief and imperfect police reports, but it is certainly that very great radicals do get off with very small sentences. The more recently appointed Magistrates, however, do not commit this error, and some very proper punishments have lately been awarded. Sir George Grey laid the satisfactory argument to make of the thing, and generally making himself (and a vote of £300,000) pleasant.

Cabby on Insolence.

"Mr. Punch, Here's a go! As a ladswort of chas justil won't d'ye say to this ere?" Mr. Charles W. going a sort of carting up to Westonminster afoe Mr. Arnold, the Beck. Won for? Won Capt. Harrison, Rite Harilaty summonses in for overcharg and hinselence. I wotn't say mullin bow the overcharg, cos that ain't the Pint. Won't capture Maharashtra than only 1st day, and went on and stoppin and wot's that? The hinselence—that hull I'm Lookin to, and wot it was just this. Wen the caban said 1st, the caption ast In wot e meant by it, and the caban answers, as sivel as e could be, "Wot do I mean? I want 1st; and all of there is 1st. 1st, for waiting." Here the gentelman stopps In and says afoe they went further into the matter the caban had better give inn is ticket. On witch the Caban answers In there is two if you like. Whereon the caption tells him to conduct himself as a poor servant and not to apply to him, than to paritiers; wen the caban quietly tells inn:—"I don't want no more talk with you; I have given you my ticket and I want 1st."

There Mr. Petch, see, if you'll believe me, and I wish I had never driven perwer aroo, and see the papers if wot I says isn't true, that was the ole of the case. And thereupon the beck Mr. Arnold fixes the declarin 20th, or 14 days hovervage, and 10s. or 7 days hovelse Langwidge. Wot an the Caban go to say for His self? Won't indeed! Won't say more than he did say, witch was this ere:—"He didn't know what was meant by hinselout language; but he certainly told the gentleman he might have two tickets." Now I want to know if that are's what we'll say we 'gin hovelse langwidge out language can be done profit. Ort the caban man for to ave Sed offerin the Tickets 'O Certinly Sir; praps you will allow me to present you with Two—"or sum bunuity of that sort? Wot Mr. Morgan gave him plenty of his own, an' his caban on the Tower for two days. I'm Blode if I'm not, and if you can't tell me wy I sprove I must go and by studly the Abouk of Hettikett. That's wot He shal do and remain in the mene wyte your umbale savant and confirer, aubric uter to public Aunenmen in your valuable Column by the Name of 'Cabby'."

"My dear fellow, save the money which you propose to invest in the Handbook of Etiquette. When a gentleman asks you for your ticket, produce it without making any remark, unless you choose to say, "Here it is, Sir," which is preferable to "Here you are, Sir." If you are sincerely anxious that he should have a spare ticket to use for the purpose of summoning you in case he should lose the other, you may safely invite him to take two, for you will do so in language which he will not mistake for that of insolence. Your friend did not know what was meant by hinselout langwidge. But his own language was confined to othius and foul words. The thought never occurred to him that there was any insolence in a jeer. If it had, it might have saved him 10s. or seven days' imprisonment, which, if the Magistrate had awarded him that instead of a fine, would have saved him right. Take warning by his example lest you should incur the penalty which he paid, if not the punishment which he merited."

Punch.
A CONSUMMATION DEVOUTLY TO BE WISHT.

(From a Sufferer under Organic attacks.)

SIR—Mr. HELPS has published an Essay 'On Organisation in Daily Life.' If he lived where I do, he would be exposed to so many Essays at Organisation in his Daily Life, that he would certainly have paused before adding another to the number. Unluckily these Essays, which are to be periodical, he has produced and all day from six in the morning till twelve at night I am liable to the invasion of these awful grinders. I have tried the police on the pavement, frenzied gesticulation from the windows, terrific demonstrations with the hands, and malignant exhibition of a garden-engine, but all without effect.

"My daily life is in fact becoming one long and most painful organisation, and I do wish, under these circumstances that Mr. HELPS—a well-grounded and kindly man—would suppress his present Essay, and in lieu of it write one to teach me how to free my daily life from the organisation it now suffers under.

"I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

"A Distracted Disciple of Babbage."

A CAPITAL TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

In la conjure, Le Charivari, says the English are flocking to Paris in such numbers that Paris is now quite an English town. In the cafes you can get nothing but beer to drink—in the restaurants you can have only rough and plump-pushing for dinner on the Boulevards you hear nothing but English spoken—and the managers of the various theatres, to suit the tastes of the new inhabitants of the capital, intend going through an entire course of the British Drama. The Porte St. Martin inaugurates the series with Jonathan Bradford.

However, London, it goes on saying, has gained in a similar way. It has become completely a French town. Frenchmen swarm in the public-houses, the theatres, the clubs, the tabernacle circuiets, the police, everywhere. Even the Thames Tunnel is blocked up with them. The omnibus drivers, instead of dogging the back of his vehicle a thick leather-strap, and shrieking out his trade, has now gained in a similar way. It has become completely a French town. Frenchmen swarm in the public-houses, the theatres, the clubs, the tabernacle circuiets, the police, everywhere. Even the Thames Tunnel is blocked up with them. The omnibus drivers, instead of dogging the back of his vehicle a thick leather-strap, and shrieking out his trade, has now gained in a similar way. It has become completely a French town. Frenchmen swarm in the public-houses, the theatres, the clubs, the tabernacle circuiets, the police, everywhere. Even the Thames Tunnel is blocked up with them. The omnibus drivers, instead of dogging the back of his vehicle a thick leather-strap, and shrieking out his trade, has now gained in a similar way. It has become completely a French town. Frenchmen swarm in the public-houses, the theatres, the clubs, the tabernacle circuiets, the police, everywhere. Even the Thames Tunnel is blocked up with them. The omnibus drivers, instead of dogging the back of his vehicle a thick leather-strap, and shrieking out his trade, has now gained in a similar way. It has become completely a French town. Frenchmen swarm in the public-houses, the theatres, the clubs, the tabernacle circuiets, the police, everywhere. Even the Thames Tunnel is blocked up with them. The omnibus drivers, instead of dogging the back of his vehicle a thick leather-strap, and shrieking out his trade, has now gained in a similar way. It has become completely a French town. Frenchmen swarm in the public-houses, the theatres, the clubs, the tabernacle circuiets, the police, everywhere. Even the Thames Tunnel is blocked up with them. The omnibus drivers, instead of dogging the back of his vehicle a thick leather-strap, and shrieking out his trade, has now gained in a similar way. It has become completely a French town. Frenchmen swarm in the public-houses, the theatres, the clubs, the tabernacle circuiets, the police, everywhere. Even the Thames Tunnel is blocked up with them. The omnibus drivers, instead of dogging the back of his vehicle a thick leather-strap, and shrieking out his trade, has now gained in a similar way. It has become completely a French town. Frenchmen swarm in the public-houses, the theatres, the clubs, the tabernacle circuiets, the police, everywhere. Even the Thames Tunnel is blocked up with them. The omnibus drivers, instead of dogging the back of his vehicle a thick leather-strap, and shrieking out his trade, has now gained in a similar way. It has become completely a French town. Frenchmen swarm in the public-houses, the theatres, the clubs, the tabernacle circuiets, the police, everywhere. Even the Thames Tunnel is blocked up with them. The omnibus drivers, instead of dogging the back of his vehicle a thick leather-strap, and shrieking out his trade, has now gained in a similar way. It has become completely a French town. Frenchmen swarm in the public-houses, the theatres, the clubs, the tabernacle circuiets, the police, everywhere. Even the Thames Tunnel is blocked up with them. The omnibus drivers, instead of dogging the back of his vehicle a thick leather-strap, and shrieking out his trade, has now gained in a similar way. It has become completely a French town. Frenchmen swarm in the public-houses, the theatres, the clubs, the tabernacle circuiets, the police, everywhere.

"All right!" now exclaims "Couplet!" in the softest Parisian tones. The theatres are playing their pieces in the beautiful language from which they were burlesqued and borrowed. M. FECHTER has been delighting us with Ray Blas in the original version by Victor Hugo. The above is not only amusing, but is also another proof that one must go abroad to learn the news. For ourselves, we would not mind the exchange, so familiarly depicted by our continental Parisians. Paris is a much handsomer and gayer capital than London. There is only one little drawback—there is no liberty. Besides, we are not particularly fond of coups c'est.

Carrying out the fancy of this double "transformation scene," our Parisian relation winds up by observing:—

"It is said that, during the Exhibition, the office of the Times will be transferred to Paris, and the Moniteur will be brought out in London; and both Punch and Le Charivari are in treaty with one another for an exchange of offices, artists, and columns."

We feel highly flattered by the compliment, but must respectfully decline the offer that is wrapt up in it. The benefits are not exactly equal. There is a decided disadvantage in the relative positions. The Charivari of Paris has been lately warned. The Charivari of the French capital is liable to be suppressed at a moment's notice. There are certain subjects which it can only touch upon with the utmost reserve, and there are certain gentlemen of whom it can only speak in the most guarded terms. The Charivari of London runs no such risk. The Charivari of the English capital enjoys the greatest freedom to say and do what it pleases, and stands in fear of no man. We should like to see Sir George Grey daring to preach to us, or Lord PALMERSTON sending one of his satraps to tie a piece of red tape round the jugular vein of our jolly periodical existence. We confess the good dinners of Paris do tempt us a wee bit, but where is the enjoyment of eating them with a padlock on your lips, or with the nervous dread of a big gendarme bursting in every minute and snatchin the savoury plate right from under your nose?

"SENSATION" SCRIBBLING.

Call a spade a spade, is a good old English proverb. Call a spade an implement of husbandry, an instrument employed for turning up the soil, and whatever when they did so they used white cotton handkerchiefs, or whether they used silk. The only phrase with which we feel no wish to quarrel is the term "male prisoner," and that of "female prisoner." These words seem to indicate that creators who do murder cease thereby to be human, and are no longer worthy to be viewed as men, and women. This perhaps may act as a deterrent from the crime, and therefore we commend such penny-a-liner parasitology; but the expression of the dress and the demeanour of the prisoner is worthy of the Neogiate Calendar rather than the Times.

Again, we read in this to us disgusting, but to some no doubt intensely interesting case—

"While giving his evidence the witness was at times affected to tears."

If the writer had said "cried," he would quite as truthfully have described the fact. But "affected to tears" is a nicely touching phrase, and one that ladies who delight to read of murders must take pleasure in. Well, tastes differ, that we know; but for our part, if we had to write about a murderer we should try to use the plainest, coarsest English we could think of, and not weaken the effect of an appalling crime by speaking of it in the language of a three volumes romance.

VERDICT ON THE MAYSOOTH QUESTION (by any Cockney you please, any little dears).—"Quantum Valdeleyst!"

No; bien obligé, but we will stop where we are. Dear England, Punch would sooner sell his beloved Judy (the best of wives) in Smithfield-market than leave thee!
A RANDOM HIT.

BEN THE BIRD-CATCHER.

Lay your nets—bird-catcher—widely and warily;
Spread chaff for young beaks, and lay salt on young tails;
Teach your decoy-birds to warble it merrily,
New baits may do, when the ancient one fails.
With "Retrenchment! Retrenchment!" some gull you may nobble,
Who mixes Bright plumage with querky brown;
Sing "Reduction of armaments," and with a gobble,
Some day white-throat on your chaff may light down.
Chant "Solemnise your Prayer!" in good Roman metre,
The Irish black-birds of ill-omen to charm,
Storiny petrels that serenade the round the bark of St. Peter,
Portentous of tempest and ship-wreck aad harm;
Sing "Up with King Bomba!" and "Down with King Victor!"
That the Normandy daw may be drawn to your lure,
As the fascinate prey of the box-constrictor,
When first duly slavered, is gulped slow and sure.
Set your twigs, lined with rhotoric's glue, close together,
'Neath your fair flowers of speech hide your sophistry's snares,
Spread widely your clap-traps, for birds of all feather,
From the draf to the red that the cardinal wears;
But remember the while, Papageno the Second,
That only young birds can be gammoned by chaff;
That devoe-songs, though genuine music they're reckoned
By noddies and boolies, make wiser fowls laugh.

A Billingsgate Platitude.

We are told that "Use is Second Nature." This may be the case
with many, but we think with a rare number of people, inasmuch as our
enemies generally exceed our friends, it should be:—"Abuse is Second
Nature."

THE MAY MEETING AT ROME.

One of Reuter's Telegrams, the other day, conveyed the following
momentous information:—
"At the present moment there are 81 Bishops and 37 Cardinals in Rome,
"The expense of the canonisation of the Japanese martyrs will amount to 400,000f.
"Rome is full of priests and soldiers."

It would be happy for Rome to be full of all priests and soldiers,
if the priests were there to keep the soldiers in order by moral suasion,
and the soldiers were not there to keep the priests in the place by physical force.
It is too probable that if Rome, at present full of priests and soldiers together,
were to be evacuated by the soldiers, it would very soon be also empty of priests.

The number of Bishops and Cardinals now present in the Eternal City,
which the Pope is so desirous of retaining as a Temporal City,
would seem to indicate that the canonisation of martyrs cannot be
executed without the great guns of the Church; and 120 of them constitute,
one would think, a sufficient battery. Is it the ammunition necessary
for this ecclesiastical artillery which renders the process of canonisation so expensive
that it will cost 400,000f., or £16,600 13s. 4d.? At this rate a canonisation is
as dear as a cannonade ought to be, even though the ordnance should consist of the biggest Armstrong guns;
for these, although they burn fifty pounds of powder at a shot, make
short work of the enemy, and no enemy is likely to be encountered in the
canonisation at Rome, unless it is the Devil's Advocate, who necessarily
offers a certain opposition, always futile, to that ceremony.

The high figure at which the solemnity now going on, if it is not over,
without the see of Peter, has been estimated, suggests the question:
How much money it took to ennoble St. Peter himself?

In consequence of Ben Disraeli having latterly come to such awful
grief, Lord Derby has applied to have his name altered to Ben-ox,
"the son of my sorrow."
got the sack (from his regiment) awaiting orders. Now he is as smart a representative of her Majesty’s army as vermillion and horsehair can make him, and I did say and his duty as well as some, apparently, more efficient soldiers.

Then there is the model of an iron-clad steam-ram ship, which, to use the expression of the penny steam-boat’s mail-boy, can “shout the thunder and knock the stars into the water without even asking their business.” I don’t know how long I might have stayed inspecting Class 12, but changing to peep down a pretty little piece of harlequinade and humour, being fitted with a machine which things were doing something about the “bubble reputation,” which is a joke already widespread in years, I fled from the spot in dismay, and presently found myself in a wilderness of shavings, straw, and packing cases, where I was not a little amused by reading some of the addresses on the foreign goods. Fancy a British porter having to decipher the following inscription, for instance:

KARETA
Z FABRYKI POWOZOW
JOZefa RENTEL
W. WARSZAWIE

No wyszaw powozu czau Londynie

Of course “glass with care,” and “this side upwards,” were common directions, but I think the gentlemen who ordered “this side up to be kept dry” deserves some credit for the originality of his paragraphs.

All this time I had been madly turning over the leaves of the catalogue in hopes of finding what I wanted to look at. This experimental proving fruitless, I made up my mind to wander about and see everything in turn as best I could. What did I see? What didn’t I see in the course of my periphrasings? Revolving lanterns, naval beacons, huge telescopes pointing right up to the roof, and half finished fountains, which by-and-by are to throw their waters high above an admiring crowd. Spanish saddles from Valencia, stamped and stuck to that extent, that it would seem as if they sat in front of them. Gorgeous fans of Turin and wood-carving from Louvain, Minton’s Majolica, French bronze medals, Roman mosaic, Indian shells, native dresses from New Brunswick, and native herrings from Nova Scotia—how can I attempt to describe them now? To say the truth, at my first visit I could but take a general survey, and even then several bottles of Bass and Allsopp failed to sustain exhausted nature, and I came away very tired.

The intermediate letter was observed by a wooden block. This fact, however, did not much affect my translation.

PROCEEDINGS AGAINST LORD ELCHO.

We understand that in consequence of what passed in the House of Lords and Commons, in reference to the challenge conveyed to the Lord Chancellor by Lord Elcho, the following case has been submitted to the Law Officers of the Crown by Mr. Denison, the Speaker.

CASE

"I never told Lord Elcho to go and challenge Lord Westbury in the way described in the Chancellor’s speech."

"Your opinion is therefore requested.

Whether I cannot go at Elcho in some way."

ANSWER.

"We think you can. By 2 Rich. II, 1578, provision is made for punishing those who shall do wrong to any personage of the land, such as judges, peers, ministers of the Crown, and other functionaries, by the circulation of scandalous statements, false news, or Horrible Messages, by which any debate or quarrel between the Commons might arise. It is Scandalum Magnatum. Now, if Lord Elcho walked straight to the Chancellor, he did not circulate his horrible message, but if it can be shown afterwards that he went round with it, we may find that some part of the statute will enable you to serve him out. And we would if we were you."

"William Atherton, Roundell Palmer."
THE COUSINS ARE COMING.

(A Song of the Season.)

The Cousins are coming, I fear, I fear, For Cousins' Day will be as most a terrible year! By ones and by twos they'll drop in, and half-dozens, They've so many inducements—those dear country cousins! Are so anxious to see one—being planned so long, To top in on one quite what they call "sans frowning?" "Then the Great International, of course, we must visit, And it's hardly worth coming for that only, is it? But then, you're aware, there's the Royal Academy, And not to see that would be really too bad of me; And then the two Operas, both going together; And the Crystal Palace—the place in fine weather— With the Flower-shows and Saturday Concerts, and all, Whirling up with the Great Handay Festival! And then there's the week's Rifle-shooting at Wimbledon, But that, in a day, one can get (if one's minute) done, Wound up with the Volunteer Review For which your open carriage and pair will just do. Yes, we've so much to see, you've so little to do, Now the Session-work's over, the season well through, That we hope to be with you, next Wednesday, D.Y. To spend a week with you, oh, yip, yip, two or three!— Oh, the Cousins are coming, in files and in sections! For folks with town-houses and country connections, The look-out for the year wakens serious reflections!

TELEGRAHAMATIC TWADDLE.

The Franco Control announces that the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, who is about to leave that city for Rome, has declared that if the Holy Father should leave his capital, he would follow him wherever he went. This announcement, if authentic, may create a crisis, and precipitate the solution of the Roman question. In case the Emperor Napoleon believes that the Archbishop of Paris is likely, in the supposed eventuality, to be as good as his word, it is highly probable that the evacuation of Rome by the French troops will speedily become an accomplished fact. As yet, however, confirmation is needed for the rumour that accommodation for two distinguished foreign ecclesiastics has been bespoken in Leicester Square.

REFORM AND THE READERS.

We must, in this Whole and transitory Speak, take what we can get, and get rid of what we can get to go. For the moment, Mr. Panizzi has been unable to get rid of the Beasts, but he has given notice to eject the Boys from the British Museum. A proclamation has gone forth, announcing to the juveniles that as soon as their tickets are out, they must ask their parents to purchase for them the grammars and dictionaries which are at present provided at the expense of the public—and of students—and that they must go upstairs into their bed-rooms to learn their lessons for the morning, instead of lounging on the Museum chairs for which a Darwin, a Buckle, a Fair'ay, a Maurice, or a Punch may be waiting.

All very well, and the sending the young folks away will no doubt be found conducive to the quietness of the "balance" of readers, as the Americans say. But Mr. Panizzi should carry his reform much further, and clear away a whole heap of people who come chocking up the room, and who have no more business in a Library like that than they have in the hall of St. Paul's, nor so much indeed, as they might have in that airy place of recreation for idle folks. By way of supplying Mr. Panizzi with some statistics that will justify his adopting similar measures, Mr. Punch took the trouble a few days ago, to walk round the Room, and behind all the readers, and with the most perfect nonchalance and entire indifference to their astonishment and indignation, to take up a good many of the books, and see what was being read. He made some notes, and here they are. Outlining Fractions, that is the Boys, this was the account he made out, and all the readers were grown up, well-to-do people, who were simply amusing themselves, and were perfectly capable of obtaining their amusement at Mr. Murphy's, or Mr. Western's (we congratulate him on his marriage by the Hou. and Rev. Mr. Liddell, and hope we shall have no more Tractarian or Sectarian nonsense) or the New Library Company. The Tables, as everybody knows, are lettered and numbered, like a Police-man. And now please to observe what the Parties were reading.

A.
1. Dyden's Virgil.
3. Don Juan, by Lord Byron.
4. Things not Generally Known, by Tims.
6. Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy. (Apparently a sequel.)
8. Mrs. Sherwood's Stories on the Church Catechism.

B.
1. Quakers' Eusebes.
2. Ruskin's Stones of Venice.
3. A Volume of old fables.

C.
1. Quakers' Eusebes.
2. Ruskin's Stones of Venice.
3. A Volume of old fables.

D.
1. The Beauties of Shakespeare.
2. Dorothy's Greek Antiquities.
3. The Mirror, 1840, 49, 51.
9. Was copying Music into a Lady's Album.
3. Disraeli’s Trials, with Plates.
4. Shakespeare.
7. Life of William Wilberforce, by his Sons.

Mr. Punch went on, but will not add to the above list, for the accuracy of which it is unnecessary for him to say that he is prepared to vouch. He merely adds that the forty odd readers, into the secret of whose rereadings studies he has admitted the reader of Punch, (a study nobler than all) may be taken as types of the intelligent populace for whose benefit that splendid Room was built, and for whose sake the world is broken by hard by brain to bring together treasures of our English. Mr. Punch therefore respectfully recommends that such readers as the above be “invited” as our friend L. Nápoleont says, to read at home, and that such invitation be rendered a little more pressing by a general intimation that all books expire on the first of January, and that the books of January and that the books of January shall be renewed except upon better grounds than any readers like the above are likely to assign.

With tears of delight in his eyes, Mr. Punch must add, that on the 1st of January he found eleven readers perusing him. He loves them, but reform must be carried out, and they can read Punch elsewhere. If they will send him their addresses, they (and especially the young and daring angel with the golden hair, who sat at P. 5) shall come and read in his own office, until further notice.

A FRENCH CRITIC UPON CRICKET.

Every reader of our newspapers, our pamphlets and our magazines, of course is well acquainted with “the intelligent foreigner.” This exemplary person is introduced to public notice on all possible occasions, and is spoken of as one who knows our peculiar eccentricities, and has a thorough insight into all our ways. And similar to what we hear of him, the “intelligent foreigner” knows a good deal more about us than we do ourselves, and is far more fit to venture an opinion on any point connected with our government, or habits than any one who chances to be British bred and born.

It is however a sad fact that the “intelligent foreigner” very rarely condescends to put his thoughts in foreign print, or to the foreigner who publishes them in English are the last people in the world to whom the epithet “intelligent” could be with truth applied. That we English keep fierce bull-dogs, live on raw rump-steaks, and sell our wares in Smithfield — well-known facts like these our foreign friends are never tired of recording. But it is seldom they report some other of our customs, which are not less to our credit or less worthy to be known.

An exeunt how to report we have heard of noticed in a writer for the Tempo — M. Scherer by name — who, after dwelling on the magnitude of London said the value of our volunteers, admiringly reports that —

“Every Englishman who resists himself begins his day by plunging into the Exercices, we mean the cold bath, which fortifies the soul as well as the constitution.”

It is not surprising that a Frenchman should be struck by our habits of invation, which to the foreigner must surely seem a proof of no ordinary fortitude. But hear what M. Scherer says of hunting, cricket, and other English field sports.

“An Englishman would feel that he was wanting to himself if he did not give two or three hours a day, or a ride across country, of his means and his occupation permits him. He never forgets to mount on horseback, hunt, or handle the gun. He has learnt from an early age how to light a match, to shot eyes, and bring them back, by chance, his own. He has a boy, a plaster, and a bondman, to suit his occasions. He differs in a contest with a camel or a shoemaker he will have the upper hand, because he has more skill; and he thus exhibits the partial assurance of a man who trusts only to himself. We have often thought that the noblest present our France could receive, the most efficient means to regenerate and strengthen our youth, would be the introduction among us of some national sports like that of the English cricket. It is an exercise that excites emulation, requires force and address, calls into play every physical attitude, invites to wholesome exercise and to the open air, and prepares vigorous habits for vigorous souls. Without frankness, said W. M. Scott, there is no virtue; and without courage there is no frankness. He might have added, and without force there is no courage. We affirm that in a positive manner, the Englishman is a magnificent specimen of human kind, and it is cricket which has made the Englishman what he is.”

Bravo, M. Scherer! Well said, good Monsieur! That we Englishmen are magnificent specimens of human mind modesty of course will scarce allow us to agree; but that it is cricket and similar field exercises which have made us what we are, we know no reason to dispute. Strong and healthy minds in strong and healthy bodies is the aim of wholesome field sports to ensure, and Englishmen of course must feel great reverence for cricket. We suppose the French will take to playing cricket, and that international matches will annually come off, wherein for the first year or two eleven Englishmen will play some half a hundred foreigners. We shall be curious to see how our slang words are translated, and what the French equivalent will be for a “wide ball,” or “Now then, butter-fingers!”

Poetry by a Musician.

One musician is supposed to hold Poetry in considerable contempt, and when they want "words" to set, they are thought to desire that such words should be of the kind least calculated to distract the attention of the hearer from the music. Great compassion has been expressed, in music circles, for Dr. Steendal's Bennett, on account of his having been obliged to compose music to suit the "far-fetched" ideas of the Poet Laureate, and though Dr. Bennett repudiates such compassion, and considers that music and poetry may give and receive honour by alliance, he is regarded as an exceptional composer, and is one. Most music-makers like the sort of words which they would themselves write. And it is unjust to say that they would always write rubbish. Mr. Peach has received a poem, in which a gentleman who plays on an organ in the country, and advertises that he shall be happy to teach other persons to play on a similar instrument (the locality is not Hogsworth or expounds, in poetry, his views of music. And as this gentleman comes out in a way worthy of his vocation, Mr. Peach is tempted to reproduce the lines, only suppressing the writer's name for fear of exciting the jealousy of his brother professionals.

"Music is both a science and an art
That refines the mind and that cheers the heart,
And keepeth fearless paths from many a snare,
And relieves old age of many a care.

"How wonderful! how potent! O, how rare
An art to diminish old age of care,
And a science, to guard the young so fair!
Then nor wealth nor honour with it compare.

"Earth's Goddess, then dost with thy charming dart
Trumpet me, for O, thou most delightful art!
Mine ear is pleased, my soul exalted, and my heart
Is moved by thee, O, true divinest art!"

Now, this subtle employment of poetry in honour of music is so artistic that henceforth we hope there will be less readiness to believe that the musician does not appreciate the poet, and Mr. Peach is much obliged to the correspondent who has supplied him with the newspaper whence is extracted this refutation of a vulgar belief.

The Titan of Westminster Improvement.

It is said that Mr. Tree "already fills sixteen appointments." He must indeed be a great man if he really does fill all the places he holds, so as, in each of them, to constitute a Title fit.
PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

ESSAYS AND REMARKS.

Bore.—In saying that a tiresome speaker is voted a bore, allusion is apparently made to parliamentary practice. Yet neither the House of Lords nor even the House of Commons ever votes any one, albeit the dullest and most prolix, of its orators a bore.

Lord Chelmsford and Lord Cranworth have never yet been the Upper House, and the Lower House has hitherto borne from voting Mr. Scully or any of the Irish Members bores; indeed some of them are not exactly bores, because their extravagance is rather amusing. The gift of eloquence redeems the Chancellor of the Exchequer from being the principal bore in the House. The Budget is essentially a bore; the longer the speech that is made about it the greater the bore, and nearly the greatest bore on earth is the Income-Tax.

Any sort of lecture is a bore that tells you nothing but what you know already, and if every preacher bore this in mind, no congregation would ever be bored with a sermon. Some gentlemen denomine as a bore any speech or writing which informs them of what they don't want to know, and which, making them no wiser than they were, they ironically call didactic. What is one man's bore is another man's hobby. What a bore is music or poetry to a man who has none in his soul—that is to say, in his annual nature! Dancing is as great a bore to one man as moral philosophy is to another. Small talk bores some men worse than metaphysics or even than theology. The most intolerable of all bores are wife to husband and husband to wife, between whom the most ardent affection does not exist; but when it does, they are tormented with anxiety on one another's account; and that is a bore.

WORTHY THE ATTENTION OF POLITE YOUNG SWELLS.

Before you offer your Railway Wrapper to Young Ladies, be sure to see your fellow has not rolled it up in its toilet accessories, and sundry articles intended for the Workwoman, which he could not find room for elsewhere.

THE TOD-HUNTER.

O, a gentleman found in the very right box is that excellent Magistrate called Mr. Knox. And rightly be sent for a soup in quest The horse-floating cobbler of testy Miss Todd, Notwithstanding his Misus, with petulant tongue, Said her horse wanted whipping because he was young. We're glad cruel Greasy is sentenced to go. Where, if restive, be, too, have some words that will show, And we're glad that Lord Essex was smashed in pursuit Of the insolent cow who behaved like a brute. And we're glad that Miss Todd from the Magistrate drew A lecture that changed her black looks into blue, And we're glad, very glad, much disliking the red. That we're not a young horse which belongs to Miss Todd, And we're glad that she's, morally, set in the stocks, By the excellent Beak who is called Mr. Knox.

GOVERNMENT IN LODGINGS.

What blunders were English are about our public buildings! We carry comfort to perfection in our private houses, but in all our public edifices this is disregarded, and their costliness is hardly greater than their inconvenience. After voting away millions to build themselves a house, our Commons are provided with one too small to hold them, and even this, although braun new, is showing symptoms of decay, and in a year or two will probably be falling about their ears. Then, not to speak about that pepper-box affair which we degrade ourselves by calling our "National" Gallery, and not to say a word about our Brompton Bollers, or their elegant twin-brother, the new structure at South Kensington, just look at the miserable makeshifts we make use of, and the sums we yearly waste in renting wretched holes, which we dignify by grandly calling Public Offices, and wherein we transact the business of the nation. Why, it came out the other evening in communition of supply that we are annually paying £27,000 for the lodges which we hire for Government to work in; and as these lie scattered all about the town, it may be fancied what a waste of labour they occasion. In the debate that we refer to—

"Bin S. M. Peric called attention to the large amount which the Government were continuing to pay for rent of offices in various parts of the town. He thought a considerable saving might be effected by concentrating the establishments, and he would ask whether the Chief Commissioner for Works considered it were wisely in continuing a rental of £27,000, instead of having a building in which those offices could be concentrated?"

Having put this sensible question no fewer than three times, Sir Samuel was favoured with half-a-dozen highly gracious words from Mr. Corten, admitting "it was a subject that required some serious consideration," and that, if by happy accident a site could be obtained, it might possibly be proper for—av—Government to—av—think a little more about the matter, and—av—hear what honourable Members might—av—have to say about it. In other words, it is shelved until next year, when the Government again will have to ask the country for the money for their rent. The Government, it is clear, are like those hay sluggers fellows who continue to put up with lodges that don't suit them, rather than to bear the trouble of having to turn out. It is, however, to be hoped that for the credit of the country, Government ere long will be obliged to build themselves a decent block of offices, and to move their clerks out of the cellars and back stairs in which they are at present condemned to do their work. If it were known what paupers are suffered by the elegant young swells who condescend to read the newspaper at the national expense, if it were known what tortuous stairs now torturing their slim legs, and through what dark and dingy labyrinths they have to pick their daily way, ere they can reach the dismal chamber where they pore their little naps and nurture their moustache; if these sufferings were known, the just wrath of the nation would surely be aroused, and its clerks would be provided with more salubrious apartments than those where they have too long had the misery to lodge.

Lord John's Impromptu.

End to Uncle Sam in reply to the Question for the Daily St. Pierre.

My first word is my last,
You, Miss Emily fast.
And you might have looked after her better;
But, now she's eloped,
Or as you would say, "slipped,"
Pray, Sam, don't you wish you may get her?
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PUNCH, 223 to Derby astonished.

Minority what hold public-houses. in too, will for — Tavern. are bury law 26.

June 7, 1862.]

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIANDI.

223

OUR NOBLE SELVES!

All the world we invite to behold a grand sight
Of not only goods, chattels, and treasures,
But of law that's obeyed because minded or made
By men who bring forward good measures.

Let them come then, and see what a people we are, we,
Steady-going, not headlong and skittish,
What a world this of ours would be, OF FOREIGN POWERS,
If all nations behaved like the British!

See what liberal fellows we are, nowise jealous
Of our neighbours in business advancing;
We deem it a blessing when they are progressing!

Contended, not meekly dangling
If our customers furnish our connascence they nourish,
Which is good for a nation of traders,
Who keep up the forces that tax their resources,
But to guard the old shop from invaders.

This is Liberty Hall; no restriction at all
On the freedom of speaking and writing;
The result is that, say any fool what he likes,
Foolish language occasions no fighting.

'Tis the easiest job to disperse any mob;
Without being so much as pumped on
By a fire-engine hose, off the multitude goes,
Mind, Order reigns bloodless at Brompton.

Read, French friend, or German, a practical sermon,
Which your welfare will tend to increase, man,
Our Constables here behold how we revere;
The respect that we pay a Police-man.

We esteem the police for preserving the peace,
And for fence against plundering vandals;
And in just the same view as our heroes in blue,
We value our heroes in scarlet.

We hang, fight, and kill in despite of our will,
On compulsion by quite the same reasons;
War on us from without comes like deluge, or drought,
Or the bright and pleasing and the plague of bad seasons.

Come, learn how to live, and the wrongs we'll forgive
That have loaded this peaceable nation
With a mountain of debt: do be quiet and let
Us, and you, all reduce our taxation.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

May 28. Monday. The Lords read the Budget Bill a Second time. But this was only the foretaste's smoothness ere it dash below. LORD DERBY having, in some extraordinary way, become so horrified and astonished at the condition of our Finances, that he felt it a duty to MR. DISRAELI and others to expose his Lordship's views and errors. That exposition was fixed for the following Friday. It is extremely gratifying that a British nobleman should display so much conscientiousness, and it speaks well for his single-minded nature that he would not be deterred from doing his duty, by the consideration that the Ministry is thought to be just now assailable elsewhere. He is quite right, not to let chivalry over-ride conscience. We are sure that MR. DISRAELI and others will agree with us.

Great numbers of petitions are presented to both Houses in favour of a law which shall enable the majority in a parish to decide whether and what the minority shall Drink. That is to say, such part of the minority as do not keep well-stocked cellars. The sale of intoxicating drinks, at public houses, is what the virtuous petitioners desire to prevent. The Marquis of PUNCH sees no objection to such a law. His butlers have every kind of wine, from Tokay to Beaujolais, in his vast vaults, and he cannot understand why the lower orders want to go to public-houses. They had much better drink water. However, if they hold a different opinion, they may as well look after these petitioners, who are in earnest, and whose allies have been by no means powerless in Scotland. By the way, most of such petitioners are Dissenters, and are therefore consistent in carrying their Church Rate views into the Tavern. Why not have an Act of Uniformity and Abstinence in one... it would save printing?

Good, kindly ROBERT SLaney has departed. He might have lived for some years yet, to attempt many humane things, but for an accident arising from the negligence of some one who ought to have tended a portion of the International Building, and did not. A seat for Shrewsbury is vacant, and the electors may find a showier representative, but will not choose a more gentle-hearted gentleman. Let it be remembered, too, in these days when ignorant savages are slaying our Small Birds, that a quarter of a century back, Mr. Slaney denounced such barbarous folly. The next writ was moved to-night.

The LORD ADVOCATE withdrew the Scottish Education Bill. Somebody once asked an old woman, who had been expressing fervent admiration of a sermon by DR. CHALMERS, whether she understood him.

"Was I have had the presumption?" was the humble-minded old person's remonstrant reply. All MR. PUNCH's virtues are in repose, but if one is more blazing than another it is his humility, and he is inclined to put himself in the place of the old Scottish lady in reference to the LORD ADVOCATE's conduct. The only light he has been able to obtain is from a clever article in the North British Daily Mail, which said:—

"The Lord Advocate must doubtless have sounded the depths. It may have been that he had a dread of the Upper House. The aristo..."

You may make what you like out of that, but it leaves with Mr. Punch the idea (he having given and intending to give not the slightest attention to the subject) that the Bill must have had some good in it, Anyhow—fait!

Highways on land and on sea occupied the Commons for the rest of the evening—to their credit. He is said, they worked in Committee till nearly two o'clock, thus labouring to deserve the Derby holiday.

Tuesday. The Church had an innings. LORD Ebury proposes to do away with that provision in the Act of Uniformity (we do not mean that one which Little Bethel is trying to get, but that by which CHARLES THE SECOND banned the Church of which requires that a clergyman, on being put into a benefice, shall signify that he approves of the contents of the Prayer Book. As usual with weak men, he exaggerated his ease largely, and had himself open to the remonstrances of the Bishop of LONDON, and to the outcry of the Oxford, who really went at him like a good one. If anybody is scandalised at this familiar way of talking about a Bishop, which would of course be highly objectionable among ordinary circumstances (so, Mr. Cox, not "under" ordinary circumstances, for circumstances are things..."
around you, and how can you be under them?"; let those persons know that the Bishop himself selected curious illustrations, and said that he did not find universality in "tail off," or mention of the Act of Union, and likened Lord Erwy's imaginary array of excluded clergy to the superfluousaries who represent an array on the stage of a country theatre. Lord Russell came to Lord Erwy's help against the high-handedness of the Bishop of St. Asaph, but he did not think that his Bishops had no right to show fight without his leave. But the Bill was got rid of, and it appears to be the understanding amongst the heads of the Church that they are to give you your assent to the Pron. Book not as you would sign an affidavit you are going to swear to, but in a general way, and like a man of the world. Bishop Pusey may have his own ideas on that subject, but he reserves them for his next Charge.

Sir Hugh Cairns, who was Lord Derby's eloquent Solicitor, moved an address for a Commission to inquire into the working of the Patent Laws. There are about 11,000 patents, and great numbers of them are said to have been obtained by way of traps to catch the unwarried, or unexhausted rivals, and great annuities more are said to be withoutess, trivial, and in the way. Lord Stanley seconded the motion, and Sir William Atkinson thought a case had been made out for inquiry. Mr. Punch will be happy to attend before the Commissioners and explain his Patent for deluging and instructing the world, a patent which no pirate has ever been able to violate successfully, though the attempt has been made a good many times.

Then Mr. Berkeley played a trick with his celebrated composing box. He cleverly got the House to make him make one of his usual speeches upon the Ballot, when he happened to look at his audience. The mass of the Members had gone away, and he was clearly in a majority. He shut his mouth, switched a division, and actually got leave, by 83 to 59, to have the Bill, another Bill for taking votes by Ballot at municipal elections also being carried. The trick was very neatly performed, and drew good-humoured applause from Lord Palmerston, that Berkeley's wisest course would now be not to proceed with the Bill, but to trim his victory until next session. Snort, and American, but in keeping.

Mr. Whalley is growing a umine with his Anti-Catholic speeches. Dear old Mr. Spooner was all very well—"he gave us our good Maynooth day, and there was an end till next year. But Whalley noises about Maynooth like an enraged blue-fly, and is always boding in the faces of the Catholics. This is wrong, and more-over, he is the Grand said he was a good limb of the House. But does not stop, we shall have to him, and if that won't do, to scrunch. We have a go good objections to a go good many things which the Catholics say and do, but we don't nag like an ill-conditioned woman. Mr. Whalley will be good enough to accept this intimation.

The House sat a short time on the Bill about Educating Pauper Children, and then addressed itself to Scotch Salmon. O my brethren, what a good thing is a Scotch salmon! O the fineness, and O my beloved brethren, that cardinals! Bless the House of Commons if contrary to human expectation, it is doing any good in the matter of that fish.

Wednesday. Fish again, but this time it was Irish fish. Lord Fermoy caused the excellent dictum, that the best thing you can teach an Irishman is to help themselves. We always help ourselves to fish when we can. A Bill intended to improve the Irish piscatory interest was read a Second Time.

Colonel White was at Kidderminster, Mr. Hudleston with draws, having discovered that the Government candidate was to win, but another Conservative gentleman, Mr. Talbot, thought that the trade of Kidderminster—not the carpet trade—ought to be encouraged, so he good-naturedly fought the battle, and was defeated, of course, but by a very small majority, for the electors like in their turn to encourage candidates with money. One of these days Kidderminster will be hung up in terrors, as Gloucester was, and indeed so Mr. Talbot must have thought, if he dropped the following exquisit epithagram on the hustings:

"The Kidderminster Kite."

"Destined are Kidderminster's carpets
To be piled up on the face
declared for Kidderminster's borough
To be piled up against the door."

Thursday. "O most accomplished Christopheier," what is Heret to you, with a donkey?" Lord Palmerston tells you that there is nothing the matter out there but certainly the rubbish had been to Foulah. Suppose you went there also, do you think you should find yourself at home? Seriously, Darby, do attend to Darwens, and let Persives alone about it. Do you apprehend us. Do you?

Lord Palmerston "thought" it was not usual to sit on the Derby Wednesday. "Laughter." It is very usual to sit on that day while one is at lunch, as Lord Asquith shall see if he will come up to Mr. Punch to hear the Grand Secretary try his Mincemeat.

There was a long discussion on the Irish Poor Relief Bill, in the course of which it was suggested that if a deserted and unknown child were found, it should be brought up in the religion of the policeman who might discover it. The course might be as good as rational in certain other cases which are adapted in such cases.

Friday. Lord Derby is a sportsman, and probably a fisherman. At one time he knows that if he goes fishing for gudewines, we previously rake the bottom, and throw them back. There was going to be a great party-fight in the Commons, and Mr. Disraeli would like to catch all the votes he can. So on the Third Reading of the Supply Bill to-night a debate upon our Finances was got up, and Lord Derby expressed the terror and horror which he was kind enough to feel about our condition. He dwelt upon the necessity of economy, and went as near as was decent to implying promises that if a Liberal Government should come in, there should be considerable reductions in the national expenditure. The ultra-liberal gudewines began to cluster round the bait next day. The debate was a spirited one, Mr. Gladstone was severely pitched into by his enemies, and not very warmly defended by his friends, and before these lines are read by creation generally, it will know something of the result of Lord Derby's baiting.

Lord Palmerston, by way of foiling the plans of his amiable opponents, gave notice of an amendment to the motion which was to bring on the fray. Mr. Stanfield, the Radical member for Halifax, is to make a Retrenchment motion, and Lord Palmerston, the Conservative Member for Tiverton, is to move, as amendment, that the House of Commons was entitled to demand a regular statement of the national expenditure, and that the Ministry move a vote of confidence in itself.

An Irish question brought up Mr. Scully, and of course "the Honourable Member had scarcely uttered a sentence when the House was Counted Out."
THEY are now settled in our new abode, as guests of the British barbarians at the Yamam of Carlsberg, where the Bar- 

korean Government pays our bills, and give us every faci- 

lity for studying the institu-

tions of this strange country.

In dealing with barbarians, we only record our impres-

sions of these Western bar-

barians of Great Britain, who differ in every respect and 

from their near neighbours the French, but whom, on the 

whole, we prefer to their brethren across the channel as the 

narrow sea which separates the two countries of England and France is 

The English, on the contrary, appear to take pleasure in nothing so much as in grumbling at their climate, their institutions, their manners, their food and usages. Three-fourths of their journals, indeed, are filled with such complaints. Surely a people so quick-sighted to what is wrong, is worth teaching, and will repay such missionary efforts as we have opened the way for. The draughtsman to the Embassy, by my orders, makes drawings of all that happens to us worthy of record, whether for future reference at home or for confirmation of what we would hardly be believed, on the strength of description alone, however positive and precise. Thus the extraordinary ugliness of these Western races would not, I am sure, be credited in Japan, though I and all the other members of the Mission were to exhaust our language—rich as it is in epitaphs of disgust and deformity—in describing the hideous faces, the absurd dresses, and the preposterous manners which we see on every side. The "colour or complexion of the people, of all classes, from the great Tycoon PALMIERSTON 
down to the lowest coolies who minister to our wants, is a hideous red and white, Which our painter has carefully imitated in the portraits he has made wherever we go, in order to satisfy the Japanese Government and people that this colour is the common type of all their people. No such thing is here to be seen as the rich olive green, which is the complexion of manly beauty, as dead white, with a tinge of yellow, like the hue of the beechee as it approaches to maturity, is that of female loveliness. The teeth, even of the Tycoon, the Daimios and the rich, are invariably white. The nation, of course, teaches the value of betel, and indeed is convinced of the fact that teeth and gums are the chief organs of beauty. At Greenwich, however, MATSADAIRA IMAIIBE insisted that he observed betel in common use among the aged criminals of the sea-service who are shut up in that place of punishment. I cannot verify this. But, if it be true, it is only of a piece with other con-

tradictions of usage and good-sense prevalent here. To give criminals betel would not be more ridiculous than to cut off their hair, while those at liberty go about with their heads unshaven. Yet this is certainly the practice of these English barbarians. 

But the red and white clothes, the white teeth, and long hair, covering the whole head, are not the only sources of that ugliness which impresses us so painfully. The dress of the males, which envelops the whole person, is made tight to the figure, and always of thick white cloth, though the heat on some days renders even our silk dresses oppressive. Their boots envelop the whole foot, and often part of the leg. The cap and graceful slipper

is never worn abroad. Not even Daimios of the first rank carry swords, the military Daimios excepted; but even they, strange to say, are only allowed one weapon. On the unshaved head, black silk hat is worn, resembling a section from the chimney of one of those steam-engines which the English use for so many purposes, and in the construction and employment of which alone they may be said to manifest an approach to intelligence. 

At the Opening of the Great International Exhibition (which is a royal bazaar or place of sale for all sorts of merchandise, taken as plunder from all quarters of the earth, and which is kept by the agents of the Mikado Victoria), we had an opportunity of seeing not only the Tycoon of this country, LORD PALMIERSTON, and his Ministers, but the cousin of the Mikado, or spiritual sovereign, Victoria, (for they have copied our division of the duties from the honours of sovereignty who is the head Daimio the military order, and many other Daimios, civil, military and religious. Some wore dresses, some of blue, with gold lace, such as would only be tolerated on stage-players in Japan. But I must add, that they seemed, for the most part, conscious of their humiliating appearance. Some of the Daimios of the Low, (which, with the usual perversion of taste here prevalent, is honoured in this country), carried on their heads strange fabrics of white hair, resembling the grass head-coverings worn by our peasants and coolies in the rainy season. 

The women are even uglier than the men; theircomplexions more white and red, their teeth whiter, their hair longer. Their dresses are also, if possible, more frightful. They are 

erally treated. They are not allowed to chew betel, or to dye their teeth, or pluck out their eyebrows; their nails are cut close; their robes, which they are forced to put on, are black, or the person, and are distended to an enormous size by hoops of steel, in which these un pityy victimes move about very much as mallefactors do among us, under the punishment of the death or perforated skull. We have been unable to ascertain whether the women are ever let out of the houses, but, from all the observation we have been able to make, that they are condemned to this torture night and day. At least we have found them thus loaded at all the houses to which we are invited, and where the festivities continue long after midnight. It is but one of the many absurdities of this strange people to turn night into day, sitting down to the principal meal after sunset, and, later still assembling in great crowds in very small and heated rooms, where no amusement is provided beyond talking and stating, though food and drink in abundance are always to be had in an adjacent apartment. Neither are pipes smoked, nor is beef offered, on arrival or departure, as demanded by good manners. But through this repulsive in appearance, and ridiculous in dress and usages, the barbarians of Great Britain seem genteel, tractable, and willing to learn. From the curiosity with which we are met at all places, it is evident that our per-

sonal charms, and the grace and convenience of our dress have produced the strongest impres-

sions. Pictures of the members of the Mission have already appeared in the newspapers and are exposed for sale in all the streets, and we may therefore, hope that though nature has stamped the race with the ineradicable seal of ugliness, they do not long in adopting our graceful manner of dressing the body, and arranging the hair. Their machinery is certainly worthy of inspection, as is present entirely employed in the construction of war-ships, cannon, and other implements of destruction. We have been often at Woolwich, and have informed ourselves as to the manufacture of Armstrong's guns, shells, rifles, and other weapons of war. 

The manufacture of cotton, to which the barbarians were formerly devoted, is suspended at present, in order to allow the whole means of the Tycoon to be applied to warlike preparations. I cannot ascertain with certainty against whom these preparations are directed, but I am sure, however, (tho' with the reluctance among the Daimios to furnish me with information on political matters,) that these warlike preparations of the Government are being made against the 'Vo-lun-teers,' a large force of armed insurgents, who are now gathering themselves in troops, under military discipline, all over the country, like the Taupings in China. We frequently see armed bodies of these insur-

geni in the neighbourhood of London, and hear the firing which attends the attempts of the soldiers to disperse and put them down."

Picking Holes in One's Own Solvency.

We notice that there is a plan for puncturing elevenses, like the postage stamps, in order to prevent fraudulent running to the two lines that are usually run across the face of the document being erased. The plan might be well adapted for promissory notes, as it might save much of that currency (known as Notes Owed) being paid punctually!!!

CHE SÁRA, SÁRA.

The best excuse for MISS SAREY TODD is in an allegation by a writer in the Post, that she was formerly a Laundry-maid, as probably she thought that a carriage-horse had no more feeling than a clothes-horse.
LORD DUNDEARY'S DERBY PROPHETY.

Well now, I don't know how to begin with my Prophecy, and I almost wish that Mr. Punch hadn't asked me to do it for him, I mean that I don't wish I had asked him to let me. For I never made a prophecy before, you know, except after it had happened, the event I mean, and that isn't exactly a prophecy, which means the foretelling of events that never happen. I think that Dr. Cumming might have done it, only you see that reverend doesn't attend races, and so he could not be supposed to be up in the horses for you can't have races without horses, you know, except races of ginger, and it would be ridiculous to prophesy about ginger, you must see that, quite ridiculous, and you might burn your mouth like the man in the South eating the road to Norwich—he, he couldn't eat a road, could he?—that's not right. Stop, doesn't Shakespeare—great creature, Shakespeare—say something about seeming in running to devour the way? Couldn't devour whey, you know, curds you might, though; but you can't prophesy about curds, except so far as saying they are very nasty. What was I saying?—O, yes, ginger and curds and prophesies. Well, only one horse can win, that is quite certain, and he must be the winner, unless he comes in after another; then he'll be second, or more than that—second-hand in fact—a second-hand horse. You wouldn't like that, would you? Stop, though, all horses must be second hand, unless you grow them yourselves. Grow them—is that right—do horses grow? Of course they do, some are taller than others, and so of them must be shorter, it's ridiculous to say horses don't grow, like trees. Certainly they do, and blow like trees also—will anybody tell me a horse don't blow? I dare say that Miss Tomm blew—at least her horse—she only blew up when Lord Kox was had up before Essex—stop, that's not right. Essex is a county and has calves, this was a coachman, he hadn't calves, footmen have calves though, which they stick—at least they stick 'em out behind. But Epsom is not in Essex, quite the reverse; Epsom is in the Downs, where the British fleet was moored when black-eyed Straw came on board. I like black eyes, you know, not such as you get fighting, of course, but a lady's black eyes, though very few ladies have black eyes, I've remarked that, and a fellow that would strike a lady deserves to be hanged—but I don't mean that sort of eyes. All in the downs—though—how can that be? ships can't be moored on dry land, but you'll say Epsom isn't always dry. Anyhow a ship can't sail there, ridiculous. Epsom Salts are not the salt sea, you must see that. But about the horses, where's the list? List, as Haunted says to the Ghost, because a ghost on the stage walks in list slippers, very proper. Ace of Clubs—that's a queer name for a horse—horses don't go to clubs—asses do though, I believe. He's to prepare the way for a Whitwall crack. What's the good of preparing for a crack in a white wall, better stop it up, eh?—stop, yes, quite proper, then when the crack comes you won't jump. Well, he won't win, unless he's thrown down on the table, and you can't throw a horse on a table, though you can a pony. Next is a long word. Argus—dessay it's a mistake for cargo, these papers are so ignorant—stop, Arpagon. Nought means nothing and that's his chances. To be sure, Wells rides him, if he don't ride something else, and wells are deep, you know. Wells? Ah! When he's in the saddle he's Sadler's Wells, eh? I'll send that to Punch. Stop, I can't do that, because I am at Epsom and Sadler's Wells is at Islington, ridiculous. Well, here's Brighton, I don't mean the place, Park Lane super mare, you know, but the horse. I think he has done all he knows, less Brighton, and it's very pleasant to go down and dine at the Bedford, and the asparagus is monstrous good—not monstrous asparagus, I don't like that, it should be small and green like an anemist—no, anemists are not green, my aunt wears one, and she isn't green neither, quite the reverse. I suppose I mean an emerald, but emeralds are not like asparagus, you must see that. Cat—eat—yes, Caterer, that's the comparative of eat, eater or more cat, very good name, easily said, sounds like flatterer, but I shan't flat- ter this cat—this comparative cat—a horse a comparative cat, comparisons are odious, so are eats to some people, not me, I like them, when they don't scratch. I don't think Caterer will scratch—horses don't scratch, you know—I think he won't be scratched, but I don't think he'll be the first to scratch against the winning post. Clarissa Colt, she must be a daughter of Mr. Cot who revolved pistols in his mind. What would be the good of that? and what use is a pistol at a race, unless it's a predestinarian race, and you want to startle the men? at least not startle 'em, or they wouldn't run well, of course; but Clarissa—what a pretty name, rhymes to Harlowe—no, it don't neither, what made me think of that? Well, she won't win—stop, it isn't a she but a colt. But they are all colts, it's quite ridiculous calling one by a she-Christian name, it's bigamy. No, it isn't quite that, but she won't win, whether her father fires a pistol or not. Celarina, that's a good name, there used to be a polka called the Mazurka polka—what's that got to do with it? Now what put polking in my head? We don't come to Epsom to polk, do we? When I was at school I learned a Latin word—I don't mean only one, heaps, millions, but one which I think was celarina and meant very fast, and if this is a very
THE "SENSATION" STRUGGLE IN AMERICA.
fast horse the name is good, which comes of having a gentleman's education. Everybody should know Latin, then we should all be gentlemen. I don't know that there is, though, who'd mean the boots? Boots must be cleaned, you know, but the Latins didn't wear boots, which accounts for it. The Latin horse won't win. Now here's a long one. I should like to sneeze before I try it, for I shall never be able to sneeze in the middle of that horse, like a Ceutaur. But it's no use, I can't. Caroleas, I've read of him, and how he carried NAPOLEO-}

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI. 229

The Punch Counselleth King Cole.

TACTING THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

Old King Cole, you're a pot-au-feu soul, and long may you pot-au-be, To spread Mr. Fowler's design, in spite of the Nine, from the Boilers far and free,

But now that from Boilers to Dish-covers you stretch your royal away, Attend, oh King Cole, to some, or the whole, of the things PUNCH has to say!

The Nine to clear from its trophies queer, its telescopes, toys and trash—Leaving Pat and Kittie the question to settle, who made the original cash—

Was clearly a work you couldn't shrink, though pitty might wring your soul,

For the trophy-ecreators whose gaudy protectors, not they, should be hailed o'er the Cole.

Ent remember, oh King, who begged them to bring their fans, toys, stuft beasts and banners—

Poor oil and UUAVEN warehousmen! poor toy-makers, furriers, and stumpers!

How Fairbanks boro them, and Dilke implored them, how my Lords and Baring said ditto,

How they passed that Newcastle, and set out the lines these temples of taste must fit to,

By the light of facts seeing whose the acts, that this rubbish set in array,

Saw, in reason, who, the cost should bear of clearing the rubbish away?

The sons of trade who have here displayed their fans, soups, pickles, and seeck—

Or the Lords of taste, who would have them placed where they have come to grief?

If Trophy must turn to Catas-Trophe, whose task it's the Nave to rid,

The Commission who bade the Trade to build, or the Trade who but built as bid?

Next, oh King Cole, in the matter of Toll—not the bells that jingle, jingle,

But the toll upon printers, purveyors, and all, o'er whose charges the public wrangle,

Those who, here, take sticks and umbrellas, or, there, keep the doors in a snarl—

The toll that makes fussy catalogues, slide buns, weak coffee and tea,

The toll on this, and the toll on that—the pervading penny fee—Mr. Punch would suggest 'twould be obviously best, for these too keen

Sheep-breakers, as matters stand, with the acres on hand, to get rid of their puny-wise-acres.

Rejoin them, please, that this grabbing at fees, from tradespeople and printers,

Is what PUNCH has lashed play-house managers for, and other vulgar exactors,

Who not content with a fair per cent. from their shows in an honest way,

Try to force and do from their sales to screw, what at last JOHN Bull must pay.

So, if printers, purveyors, and all that tribe, must tip the Commission a fee, Why, printers, purveyors, and all that tribe, will gnaw it from you under me.

Then, mild as new milk, drop a hint to Dilke (not telling him whence you stole it),

And instil the persuasion, that, spite of Vespasian, of some coin one may say "Old!"
LEGAL PROFIT AND LOSS.

One attorney has been struck off the rolls this week. That is all very well, but on the other side 101 attorneys have also been admitted. That is a clear balance against the public of One Hundred Attorneys! This is illustrative of the continual though often unconscious attempt to know that there is one attorney the less in the world. The gain is but small (it is like destroying a single rat), but then small gains are sometimes the sweetest. By no means have we been cautiously told for a long time that the profits of the Law have been so featurally cut down that it was no longer worth any one's while to follow the toilsome path of a godless man. We must still be plenty large, when we find so many hundreds ravengiously eager to rush to the plunder. But in the meantime, we look upon the above fact of reducing the number of lawyers, though it is only by a unit, as the best bit of legal reform that we have had for a long time. We will not, however, be too hasty in condemning him off the rolls. He intended to be a punishment, though it would puzzle the wisest man to tell us wherein lies the severity of that punishment inflicted on a lawyer who consists in making an honest man of him?

A Consuming Shame.

The Southerners have been burning all their tobacco, not to smoke it, but to destroy it. We suppose they would find some justification for this under Beers’ Justices! However, it is the old story—the Torch of War always did its best as a firebrand to promote enjoying their Pipe of Peace.

LORD PALMERSTON'S COACHMAN.

(From the New York Herald.)

JEFF DAVIS (now uncommon near being hung) is not the only so-called statesman who has had his secrets betrayed when he least expected it. We were the first, and indeed the only journal to publish the revelations of his Coachman, an intelligent nigger enough, and worth a dozen, as a literary man, of such bungling writers as MASSA GREELEY. We gave the information afforded by the nigger, who, as he sat on his box, heard Davis confide his treasons to his wife, and little dreaming that such revelations would very soon instruct our enlightened citizens as to the character of his infamous criminality. Now we have caught another Coachman. Not a nigger this time, but an Irishman. He has just arrived in our free and glorious country, and hastens to repay the hospitality which has raised him from being a serf under the hood of aristocracy to the attitude of a man, by divulging what is likely to interest us in reference to one of his late masters. His name is PHELLIM O’SHANNERY, and he was for some months the Coachman to EARL PALMERSTON, while that Minister’s own old driver was ill. It was PHELLIM’S task to drive EARL PALMERSTON to the House of Lords, where he initiates those financial measures which are dragging JOHN BULL—not without his roaring like JOHN CAIL —into an abyss of bankruptcy and ruin. But that’s John’s business, only don’t let him, after insulting us in every way, apply to us for a loan to help him. Perhaps, if he can make out a good title to Ireland, and we don’t happen to take it without asking his leave, we may do a little business with him in the way of purchase, but there will be time to talk of that when we have seen how we like Canada. It will take us a year to scrap aristocratic notions out of the Canadians.

PHELLIM O’SHANNERY, as we have said, used to drive his Earl and Marchioness down to the House of Lords, for LADY PALMERSTON, like other Englishwomen, is devido of that retiring taste which makes our matrons eschew all scenes of political strife. However, poor woman, she is no worse than others, and if she chose to sit in the ventilator of the House of Lords, where our politic cousins place females, and thence to listen to the dilate budget speeches of old Pam, we may pity but cannot assail her. On the way to the House (St. Stephen’s chapel Pam used to pour into the ear of his wife all his intentions, political intrigues, hatreds, plots, and Macchiavellisms. His Coachman states, that on the box he could distinctly hear every word. He says that LORDE PALMERSTON always expresses the utmost hatred for this country and her citizens, that he never alludes to us, even in a woman’s presence without an oath against “those Yankees,” and that he has often told the Marchioness Palmerston that if he could only hear that New York had been swallowed up by an earthquake, he should die happy. He used to boast to her of the sums which he had made “grumbling Gladly” (Mr. Gladstone) take to Lord Shaftesbury to be sent over to the Jewish abolitionists here, and he expressed to her the most indecent joy at a family afflication which has recently visited the White House. When Mr. Seward’s magnificent and unequalled dispatch on the Trent question arrived, Pam burst into tears, and cried all the way down to that striking off. We presume his idea was intended as a punishment, though it would puzzle the wisest man to tell us wherein lies the severity of that punishment inflicted on a lawyer who consists in making an honest man of him.
"BIRD-CAGE WALK."

The only red Bird-Cage Walk that we are acquainted with is, not the one in St. James's Park, where there is not a care or a seen, excepting the one that perhaps accosts you at a look-up in the St. George's Barracks, but Little, and Great St. Andrew Streets, in the Seven Dials, where, from the number of birds-eyes that line neatly both sides of the streets, the Lover of Pecuniola Concerts, who is without the slightest charge, music of almost every clime. It is a large animated edition of Little Walkers. The feathered songsters are perpetually rushing, and chirruping. So intense is their rivalry that they never apparently enjoy a bird's rest. The wonder is that they do not wear their little throats out.

"A HARMONIC MEETING HELD HERE EVERY DAY" would not make a bad inscription for the vulgar streets—and it is a meeting, too, at the streets, the Exeter, the London, the St. George's Barracks, the Duke of York's Gardens, the Park, the Marlborough, the St. George's Park, or wherever you may please. That same street or street meeting, where there is not a care or a seen, excepting the one that perhaps accosts you at a look-up in the St. George's Barracks, but Little, and Great St. Andrew Streets, in the Seven Dials, where, from the number of birds-eyes that line neatly both sides of the streets, the Lover of Pecuniola Concerts, who is without the slightest charge, music of almost every clime. It is a large animated edition of Little Walkers. The feathered songsters are perpetually rushing, and chirruping. So intense is their rivalry that they never apparently enjoy a bird's rest. The wonder is that they do not wear their little throats out.

DO NOT CALL NAMES.

The Hon. and Rey. Baptist Noel, has been making a speech, in which he refuses to be comforted touching the state of religion in France. It is true that Frenchmen laugh, he says, at the priests, but this does not indicate enlightenment, but rather a hatred of all religion. France is given over, he states, to a philosophy of Pantheism. Mr. Noel is a good man, but we suspect that Exeter Hall does not quite understand all that it talks about. We know that every man who does not go to three services per Sunday is an Atheist, and that every man who is never heard to swear is a Deist. And there is a pleasant man ready for any other man who does not please anybody else. What Mr. Noel, and his friends call Pantheism may, in a great many cases, be the habit of mind that is arse to appealing to first causes and making solemn names and solemn pronouncements, and speaking in very such ones. Person who will write that they "will come to ten, D.V."

"PAY HERE."

Every little article that enters the International Exhibition is made to pay toll. Of course there is a fine tax that the refreshment contractors will have to fork out, and we should not wonder if the Exhibitors will not be made to land over a per-centum on all the goods they sell. There is no doubt that there is a scarcely a petable article that enters, or is detained at the doors, that is not charged something, even if it is only a miserable penny. It is this spirit of greedy avarice that has characterised the management of the Exhibition, and to a most envyful degree. It is perfectly to low to expect a very noble mission in the estimation of foreigners as well as Englishmen, that we think it is time to change the name of the Royal Commissioners. Out of deference to their refreshing propensities, would it not be more appropriate to call them the "Royalty" Commissioners?

Fined Five Shillings.

WHITING on the Norfolk deluge, a contemporary says:—

"The damming proceeds very slowly, and the impatience of those whose property is submerged is very great.

Are not the two statements slightly contradictory?
THE HONEYMOON.

WILLIAM (and who promised so faithfully to give it up, too!) "Oh! say beloved"—("Now for a pretty speech," thinks she)—"Pipe! What a dreadful show place the Sea-wall would be, Ducky, if a fellow hadn't his Binnacle to fall back upon!"

A SHOWER OF COPPER.

The Punch-bowl Plea may appropriately be recalled by Mr. Punch. In answer to a demand for compensation for a punch-bowl that had been lost and broken, a defendant pleaded three defences. First, that the bowl was broken when it was borrowed. Secondly, that it was whole when it was returned. Thirdly, that he never had it at all.

But instead of three contradictory pleas being put in, just now, in the case of Mr. Punch, he, to his no small amusement, finds three contradictory accusations made against him.

He happens to have excited the simultaneous wrath of Three Public Instructors, who instruct the public for the small charge of one penny per daily lesson, and do it very decently—at the price.

The Morning Advertiser has discovered, and declares, that he is an Aristocratic Swell.

Mistress Harris has discovered, and declares, that he is a Low Radical who has been lately bought by the Reform Club. And,

The Penny Gusher (it has so named itself) has discovered and declares that he has been told that it would be the decent thing to turn Tory, and that he has turned accordingly.

Perhaps it is not for Mr. Punch to seek to weld the triple allegations into a consistent charge, before meeting it. And yet, with all the chivalric courage and generosity of his nature, he will do so.

The Stor is wrath with him because he has pointed out that Peacemongering doctrines are un-English and irrational. The Standard is wrath with him because he has pointed out that the Tories may snatch a few little victories, or even a large victory, but that the country has no confidence in the Tories, and that Mrs. Harris's advocacy does them no great good. And the Daily Telegraph is wrath with him, because he has pointed out that before gentlemen go in for gushing apologies for criminals, it is well to hear the whole case, and because the Times happens to have cited Mr. Punch's mild remonstrance against "gushing," which process the Telegraph announces that it rather likes.

Thus welded, the united complaint against Mr. Punch is, that he has told the Truth.

He begs to plead a Justification.

And he begs to add, that he means to go on telling the Truth, and when the Advertiser, the Harris, or the Penny Gusher will help him to proclaim it, he will applaud them to the very echo.

And when they will not, he must tell it, and—he weepingly but firmly adds—he must tell the Truth of them—"or any other Man!"

Roo—cy—too—cy—too—cy—too—cy—too.

The Bells at the Great Exhibition.

There's Benson's Bells and Warner's Bells, and other Bells also, A-tolling long, a-tolling strong, a-tolling high and low.

How they distress my sympathies, and jar my nerves auricularly.

A ringing thus, at all hours, for no reason in particular.

Unless indeed the reason be, that as the High Commission is taking toll of all things, from the Print to the Provision, it is but right and reason, as this jingle-jangle tells, That they should, among other tolls, take tolls from all the bells.

Newly Discovered Passage in Shakspeare.

Mrs. Page, "The name of Page and Ford differs."

Punch. And trust me, Mistress Margaret, the thing differs also.

As I shall be washed by water, I swear that I would ill brook to Ford the Thames at Westminster; yet, mistress, I would as gladly cross by Page's help as I would drink this cup of sack to thy jewels, I mean thee eyes.

Mrs. Page. Come, then art an old humbug, but Page's new bridge is beautiful, and he hath well deserved not to be knighted.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.

QUIZ. But a Johnson's Dictionary. Punch adheres to the word "assimilate," but liberally presents you with the first three letters.

A Moving Question.—Why, in moving from a house, ought you to leave the washtubs basins behind? Because they are not ewes.
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PUNCH

No. 1092.
VOLUME
THE FORTY-SECOND
JUNE 14, 1862.

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Hylas to pursue Latona.

Sir Hugh Cairns gave notice of battle, and hinted that if Mr. Brand, the whip, had not been very active that evening, the Government Bills should have been dismissed there and then. The struggle will be to get the Bills to a Select Committee, or, failing that, to make mince-meat of them—in Parliamentary words, to give the most careful discussion to every clause—in Committee of the whole House.

Tuesday. Eve of the Derby.

The whips of Messrs. J. H. Greenhalgh and Asquith had a good deal to do with getting Members to London; but neither were those of Colonel Taylor and Mr. Brand idle, and the House was crowded. While Lord Palmerston was on the preceding night whistling "Oyez, yon Dever," a bright thought came upon his head. To-day, as soon as the doors were opened, the Premier rose, and with a mischievous glace at the Opposition ranks, calmly intimated that inasmuch as Mr. Walpole's amendment, if carried, would be equivalent to a vote of Want of Confidence in Government, the best thing would be to throw out other questions, and fight out the battle on the real point between parties. Then Lord Palmerston sat down.

"When this was said, no Congreve rocket Discharged into the gallery breaches;
For equalled the tremendous shock it
Produced upon the Tory benches."

With a few adroit words, the Premier had run, like the Messr. into his enemy—and the illustration holds water (as the Thunderer did), for he made a great rupture in the enemy's side. Mr. Disraeli sat still, but if it be not prologue to seek to dive into the recesses of his statesman heart, it may be supposed that his feelings were complex. He had not unsaid all that he had so carefully manifestly stated that serious face of Mr. Walpole, or displeased at the blow delivered upon the person whom the Conservatives had chosen for temporary commander, and that he rose superior to such considerations, and hoped that Mr. Walpole would pick up his own and go in for a less valiant hopes were blighted. Mr. Walpole had no orders to fight on Pam's terms, and therefore instead of opening fire, he complained earnestly of the Premier's conduct in trying to force a vote of Want of Confidence, which Mr. Walpole would certainly not endeavour to get. Mr. Bright did his best for the Conservatives, and strongly urged that this was not a party question, but a national one. Then Mr. Bright himself warned the House of the danger of charging the Government and landing over Italy to the "lender mercy" of Mr. Disraeli. Lord Palmerston answered with much decorum, suggested that his own amendment should be carried, and gave the invaluable promise, that if it were adopted, Government would feel themselves bound to look very narrowly into the Estimates for next year. This promise deals something rudely with the popular superstition that Governments were always bound to such vigilance and anxiety, but we believe it. Then he renewed his defiance, and begged the other side to be uneasy.

Mr. Disraeli was obliged to rise, and he made a speech in which it was evident that he had every desire to be mainly, but that he knew his course was not followed, and he quoted the "Respectability," and the "Geographical" of Lord Palmerston's language, and declared that his friend Mr. Walpole resembled a Derby favourite who should bolt. Mr. Horsman bestowed some impartial abuse all round, and Mr. Cobden, complimenting him on receiving his title of the Minister of the Gouernment, said Mr. Disraeli was a man of "sensibility," but neither he nor any other could save the Government. But Pam had made it all safe, and men of all sorts rushed into the lobby with the Premier, eager to prevent a catastrophe which would send them to the country. The division gave 367 for No Dissolution, and 62 for Mr. Steansfield and retrenchment. Some angry words followed. Mr. Walpole withdrew his amendment, declaring that Lord Derby had not the least desire to cast Lord Palmerston, Mr. Whitehead scolding and showing that he for one would have gone in privately for battle, Mr. O'Shaunessy describing the whole business as "a solemn sham," and saying that the favourite had not bolted, but had been "got at"—our friend B. O. is not always fastidious in his language—Mr. Disraeli said that Mr. Walpole ought to have known enough of Parliament to be sure that his amendment would be next as it had been (a well-delivered shot at the 186 who had thought themselves so clever) and Sir W. Heathcote, Conservative, rebuking Mr. Disraeli for such censure, Lord Pam's amendment was agreed to, the Government thereby saving a vote of Confidence in itself, and the House rose at 1115 in the morning of the Derby day. Lord Palmerston whistled considerably as he went home, chiefly emitting variations on "Wait a little Longer."


The question was held at Epsom, and the "resurrection" was invested with the Blue Ribbon of the Turf. The Bishop of Oxford was expected to attend as Chaplain to the Order, but his lordship had, in his own words, "told off." The customary oaths were therefore left to such of the public as were interested in . . . The Marquis, Rockwater, Neptune, or any other horse or man" in the lot of 33. The usual banquet

FANCY PORTRAIT OF THE GENTLEMAN WHO KILLED THE GREATEST NUMBER OF SMALL BIRDS.

[To be hung up in all Sparrow Clubs.]

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

June 2. Monday. In reply to a question by Lord Ravensworth about Breakwater, the gentle Duke of Somerset replied in his usual mild and affable manner, that the Breakwater Committee seemed hardly to have known their own minds when they came to a conclusion, that the Admiralty had got enough upon their minds, and if they had not would be ridiculous to try experiments on so small a scale as the Committee had recommended. Private people might try experiments, if they liked. It seems to Mr. Punch that the Duke himself would not make bad material for a Breakwater, in which all that is wanted is rough, obdurate angularity.

Mr. Punch mentioned last week that the Conservative Member for Tiverton, better known as Lord Palmerston, had met the tactics of his antagonists by giving notice of an amendment to Mr. Steansfield's economy resolution, which was to come on next day. The Tories then sought to trump Pam's card by another amendment. They wished to damage and discredit the Government, but by no means to force Pam to extremities. So they, you have once (as dear Cox, not because he was thought a hack, but had any vice) deposited Mr. Disraeli from the leadership of Opposition, and wanted Mr. Henley to take the command. But he was unable to do so, and therefore they selected Mr. Walpole, who is what the Catholics mean when they put R. I. P. after the announcement of a demise, that is, Respected in the Parish.

There was a gathering of some hundred and eighty-six Derby day followers in St. James's Square; and they agreed to support Mr. Walpole. To-day he gave his notice of amendment, which was to the effect that the House hoped that Government would endeavour to reduce the expenditure, in a way which would not only equalise revenue and outlay, but would afford the means of reducing the Income Tax. He did not name the odious tax, but alluded to impositions of a temporary and exceptional character, and we all know what that meant. This was the ingenious plan which was to make the Government as uncomfortable as possible without bringing on a crisis. Lord Palmerston is very fond of whistling as he goes, though not "for want of thought," and the policemen on duty in Piccadilly inform us that he whistled a new and choice selection of airs on his way home that night.

The Four Convening Reform Bills were read a Second Time. But
took place, and from circumstances to which it is unnecessary to refer, only that some of them were Jed, Mr. Punch has not the fanciest idea as to the proceedings of the day.

Thursday. Festival of SS. Solla and Brandy. Some Lords met, but the transaction of any business being repugnant to their feelings, they handed over the Works of Art Copyright Bill to a Select Committee, and rose for the holidays.

The Commons was livelier; but Mr. Scully attempted to revenge his incessant Counts Out by trying one for himself. This was cruel, because he knew there were lots of fellows about, lying on benches, or sleeping, and what was the good of bothering them to come from one room to another? In they came, of course, expressing the kindest wishes in reference to Scully’s ulterior prospects, and the House being once made, dragged on until one in the morning. An Irish debate woke the Members up a little, and they used some strong language, Palmerston declaring that the Irish were so fond of protecting criminals, that it was difficult to deal with Irish crime, Lord Fermoyn attacking Sir Robert Peel for insulting the priests, Sir G. Bowyer complaining of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, and other Irish Members declaring with much iteration that the priests were not to blame for the incessant murders. When a thing is asserted many times over, of course everybody is bound to believe it; but it would give a livelier colour to the case of these priests if they would all and deliver from their alters the most elaborated curse which Rome can devise against murderers. Instead of that, the Roman Catholic bishops say to the people that the clergy, “are not at all blind to the sufferings which produce these offenses,” and an Irish peasant, with a gun in his hand, is a hedge between him and the bludgeon-wielding villain who asks for rent, may not construe that euphemism with desired exactitude.

Then Mr. Rudebeck brought up the grievance of Jones, who chose to call himself Lord. Sir George Corry gave some explanations, but the question whether a man may change his name without royal licence, and how long he must have been known by his new name before officials are bound to recognize it, was left in obscurity. As Palmerston, that any man who changes his name, except in conformity with the will of a generous testator, is a goose. If he makes himself a somebody in this world, his old name will become a distinguished one, and if he remains a nobody, what in this world does it signify what he is called?

Civil Service votes, and the Museum vote were taken, and Mr. Walpole announced that at present the Library Authorities would remain content, with excluding the Boys. The course is scarcely impartial, and will certainly not be effective—it is not the boys who direct circles out of Kelly, or read the books that can be got at Mr. Mudie’s. Announce that all tickets will expire on New Year’s Day, and in the mean time prepare a revised list,” O Mr. Antonio Pantalei! And so, a little after one on the morning of the Oaks’ day, Members went home to bed, in order to be off next day to see Feu de Joie astonish the wise men of the turf by besting the favourites, another outsider in second. Nobody has been right or anything like right, this year, except Mr. Punch’s prophet, the Lord DUNMORE, who announced with a distinctness which his rivals would do well to imitate, that Corinthians might win if he could, and Corinthians could and did win, and Mr. Punch is, as usual right again; in fact he is always right, and not any other man.

PAM AND THE MATCH. (A Trooper’s Ballad of the Great War of the Parliament.)

Oh, of all the gallant explains that ever I did see.

There’s none like gallant Captain Pam, where’er the others be.

He’ll laugh and chaff before the fight, and, the hurley-burley done,

He’ll laugh and chaff as gaily as before the fight began.

’Twas in the dull year sixty-two, that we beleaguered Bay.

By Ruffet’s horse in greater force than Captain Pam’s array.

And, in our hold, lukewarm and cold we had the traitors not a few, Ready to cope a panting gent and kill the Ruffet’s through.

Black Ben he was a captain that Ruffet’s colours were,

But little cared which side he fought, or what the day he bore;

A wily blade that never staid by honest pass and guard,

But knew some wounds secret thrust to get beneath your ward.

A ready tongue, a cuddler head to strike a bargain rare

Thau to keep it, when from talking it came to doing fair;

And we knew that hand and tongue at work, a-bampering with our men;

Oh, for such mischief-making commend me to Black Ben!

We had sure ones, we had soft ones, some that doubted Captain Pam.

Some he’d spied, some he’d slighted, some that called him cheat and sham; 5

Some that liked more prayers, and some more grab, and some less money spent.

Some that swore as how the men should know which way the money went.

We knew Black Ben was at them, a poisoning their minds,

And a-spriiting up mutiny and mischief of all kinds,

And it wasn’t much surprise that soon the spark came to a flame,—

Young Stansfield ‘twas, from Halifox, that as their spokesman came.

With malcontents and mutineers, that by him swore to stand,

Some Scots and some Irish, a grin and grumbling band.

There was roaring White and crowing Cox, and nigger Ella Williams too,

And Presbyterian Baxter blew trumpet for the crew.

With broadcasts bare and matchlocks bare, came on the rebel pack,

But Captain Pam, for all their threats, he never turned his book.

Be-swinged or swing, nor cast nor cringe will I for mutineers.

Stand by your Captain who so will: he owns no faint-hearted fears!

When sudden came a flying scout, with face all white and scared,

‘Look to yourself, good captain, see your defence prepared’;

Here’s Ruffet’s horse upon us: the outer works they win;

Hard odds, I doubt, ‘gainst foes without, and mutiny within?”

Then the light thad’s high in the Captain’s eye. “Stand fast my rear-rank men;

Herein I see the impunity of that fox, Black Ben.

But if they think Old Pam’s a wick when danger’s near his post, 5

Both foes without and foes within, they count without their host.

“Front rank! right face! quick march!” a-piece up to the wall he said,

Where, all in force, bold Ruffet’s horse with Captain Walpole rode:

They had passed the outer barbarian, the advanced works they had won,

Without the swing of a sword, or firing of a gun.

Before their host up to our post Black Ben he rode alone—

Then yield the place, nor fight for grace: how ’tis profest is known.

Of Ruffet’s stalwart cavaliers ill may’st thou bear the brunt,

With the mutineer to gally thy rear, while we assail in front. 5

A scornful laugh laughed Captain Pam—“Who talks of mutineers?

What hears Black Ben from Ruffet’s men, if e’er he opens his ears?

But muttered wrath, and muffled scorn, and mutinous debate

How best to rid their ranks of one, detected but too late.

I park’t not with such as thou—but, Captain Walpole, hear—

I know you for a gentleman! Ware, ere you ride too near;

Though you to catch the old weald salpee upon your watch? 5

The platform that you stand upon is mined! I hold the match!

“You’re strong, you say, and I am weak; but weak an’ if I be

I hold your dissolution between my fingers three.

Advance a gun—though ‘twere but one—the match is to the train,

And your host is blown in fragments that ‘twere hard to knit again!

Be warned: retire, or else I’ll fire!” And, oh! ’twas rare to mark

How from man to man a paleness ran, and Black Ben’s face grew dark;

“Now charge for Ruffet!—charge!” he cried, but none struck spur in flank;

And deaf the ears they turned on him, and cold the looks and blank.

Then answered Captain Walpole, a civil-spoken man,

“Or weak or strong, you do us wrong, we’ll not storm, if we can;

We would but ask a parley, and exhort you turn your ears,

To friendly counsel; such may come, from foes or mutineers.

“Put up your match, a spark might catch—to you, where we retire! Troop! threre abouts!”’ Vain Black Ben’s shout. “Stand, cowards! Stand and fire!”

They never looked behind them; . . . the fiend the lamentost catch

The ground was cleared . . . and loud we cheered, as old Pam blew out the match!

Health and Music.

Why spend your money in paying for a Turkish Bath, when you can go to Exeter Hall and get into a copious perspiration, and be squeezed to a degree equal to any shampooing, for the small sum of from half-a-guinea to thirty shillings, and hear an oratorio into the bargain?

Rejected Medical Advice (by a Scotchman).—“Try your native air.”
PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

FARMERS KILLING THEIR FRIENDS.

ow glad we should be if an article in the Journal of Horticulture on the Utility of small Birds were printed on a card for circulation amongst all clowns and country bumpkins that are able to read the information which would give them to know better than to set a price upon the heads and eggs of sparrows and other small birds, and poison the pretty warbling quire, and feathered vocalists, as we say at a penny a line.

Are the 'Squires asleep that they allow barbourous rustics to scatter gunsmocked wheat about? What is death to small birds can do no good to partridges and pheasants.

Is there no Conservative landlord to the House to fight against the destructive policy thus pursued by clay-brained agriculturists, instead of allowing himself to be dragged through the dirt of subservience to foreign absolutism and popery by the Benjamin, who is trying to involve his party in that Benjamin's mess?

Farmers and gardeners will gape and stare when they come to learn the fact that grubs and caterpillars are now doing immense mischief in many places, and especially in the neighbourhood of Liverpool, all because the fools who cultivate the soil have had nearly all the little birds killed that would have kept them under.

And what will the British Farmer think of himself when he finds that this practice of destroying small birds is one which has been imitated from the French, whose Government have been obliged to put a stop to it in order to stay the plague of insects which it has brought upon France? He will do as he should do for himself for having taken a lesson in folly from foreigners, who, as he well knows, wear wooden shoes, and are accustomed to eat frogs. Our choolpillers labour under a sad mistake in supposing that small birds live chiefly upon fruit and grain, thus consuming large quantities of human food.

The grab which they eat most of is not good for man; it is a maggot, and a noxious one, which devours an amount of produce very much exceeding the value of the bushels of corn, currants, raspberries, and cherries which used to be swallowed by them, are few in number compared to the bushels of caterpillars, which abound in consequence of their destruction.

Goldfinches, hedge-sparrows, and other small birds, have actually been imported into Australia from this country for the express purpose of consuming a troublesome weed; for little birds, be it known to Johnny Raw, not only eat worms but roots also. The peculiar weed which they were wanted to check, is the thistle, of which unwise a Scotchman, out of nationality, had sown some seeds at the Antipodes, where, consequently, it is overrunning the land.

He was an ass, and deserved to reap the crop of what he had sown, for food, and to eat no other; but the farmer is as great an ass who tries to exterminate the sparrows, and licehens, and warblers that snap up the blight insects, the cockchafer grub, the slugs and snails, the wireworm, the green caterpillar, and the daddy-longlegs.

THE CAPITAL OF TURIN.

A LETTER from Paris, describing a banquet given by the Vicerey of Egypt to the Emperor of the French.

From which we may infer that the afore-Said Pasha possesses not only an ample supply of the circulating medium, but also a fabulous amount of Soumpartuencean wealth.

SINGING FOR SOLDIERS.

A good deal has been said about the evil state of Aldershot, and the ill condition of all our Garrison towns. The vises rampant there, are in chief degree assigned to the want of fit amusement to fill up leisure time, of which our soldiers, when in garrison, have plenty enough. We know who it is finds mischief still for idle hands to do; and doubtless soldiers are, when idle, not more proof against temptation than are other mortal men. What then, is the remedy? What wholesome recreation can be devised for the amusement of men who cannot?—like those other soldiers, who are in garrison in our own country, can read enough.

But in teaching soldiers music no great deal has yet been done, and as the practice of part-singing is a wholesome, healthy exercise, Punch most willingly will give it what encouragement he can.

To obey orders, and accustomed to be led, soldiers, properly instructed, would soon learn to sing together, and Punch feels sure that their so doing would soon become a pleasure to them. Learning to keep time is a pleasant way of spending it; and when men have studied harmony, there is surely less chance of their getting vent to discord. Nothing lightens labour so well as a good song. It makes a long way short, and would therefore be invaluable to troops when on a march. Singing Mendelssohn’s part-songs and similar good vocal music would be a better pastime for our soldiers when at leisure, than sitting in a pot-house bidding Sally to come up, or squaring specimens of stupid nigger nonsense. Men whose business is to kill are often troubled to kill time; and in this respect the practice of part-singing at least would be a help to them.

With this in his mind, Punch would fain direct the notice of his fifty million readers to the fact that now among the thousand and one concerts which are almost daily advertised, Soldiers’ Concerts are at no far distant intervals announced. In his programme the Conductor of these Concerts ‘begs to state’ and Punch hereby accord him full permission so to do, that they are given ‘with a view to create a taste for good choral music in the Army, and to encourage the practice of singing on the march, and the formation of choral classes in garrisons, whereby much of the soldiers’ leisure time might be usefully occupied.’

Held in Exeter Hall, these Concerts were by no means the least nice of the May Meetings which have this year been assembled. At the last which Punch received an invitation to attend, free admission was accorded to a couple of thousand soldiers now quartered in London; and this, to Punch’s thinking, was by no means the least pleasant of the charitable donations which have this May been announced. Without disengagement of orators who plead for funds to furnish tracts to negroes who can’t read, Punch must own a strong preference to listen to the voices that ‘discharge eloquent music’ to the soldiers at these Concerts; and at the risk of the displeasure of all truly Pious people, Punch will own he thinks encouragement of Music in the Army quite as laudable an object for the bounty of the benevolent as that of supplying straw and braces to nude natives of Natal, or providing moral polish for the black king of Japan.

A NICE WORD FOR BRIBERY.

The subjoined advertisement, which has appeared in a morning paper, is really worthy of the "Man in the Moon":—

LIBERAL THANKS will be GIVEN for introducing the Advertiser to a GOVERNMENT APPOINTMENT, in London or the Country, of not less than £350 per annum. Applicant’s age under 40, of good education, and some property. Address,—care of the Post Office, Kesington Park, S.

Liberal Thanks may be said to mean literally free gifts; but in the above advertisement probably another fee is implied. At this writing perhaps we shall have witnesses swearing that they received liberal thanks in the form of five-pound-notes, or gold, in Sovereign Alley, and it is likely as not that those liberal thanks will be offered to Liberal rogues on behalf of the Conservative candidate.

A FRENCHMAN’S GEOGRAPHY.—"Londres est la capitale de l’Angleterre, et Legislative Squer est la capitale de Londres."—MONSIEUR ASSOMMAY.
A FACT.

SMALL. "Boy! Who's Cab's this?"

Boy. "What odds is that to you? Do you 'spose my Gov'nor gives me Board Wages to tell who belongs to us?"

LETTER FROM MR. PUNCH'S SON,
DESCRIBING THE LATE SCENE AT DR. BIRCH'S SCHOOL, AND ASKING HIS FATHER'S FORGIVENESS FOR THE YOUTH'S SHARE IN THE MATTER.

"My dear Papa,

I hope that you are quite well. I hope that you will not be angry with me because it was not my fault and I am very sorry for what I have done but the Doctor has been so kind as to forgive me and I hope that you will do the same but you will say what is it my boy well I will tell you in a few words because I do not like to think of my fault well you must know Master E. Deasy who is cock of our walk had been telling us so much about how he had chaffed the masters in other halves and saying that the Doctor was too precious cookey by half and wanted to be taken down a peg that we all thought it would be a very fine thing to do but when we came to the time Master D said that we must go the whole hog if you please to excuse the words and that we might look out for expulsions which was not what we meant and I am not a bad boy my dear papa and I would not grieve you by that but we had said so much that we felt it would be sneaking not to do something so we said we would make a speech to the Doctor and tell him that too much pocket money was stopped to pay for broken windows and for fines for buying gunpowder and Master Walpole who speaks very well and you should hear him recite Cicero's Orations Selectae well we chose him to speak and he said he would which made Master Deasy very erabby because he thought he ought to have been chosen but we thought that he would say too much and he rude to the Doctor being a big boy and not liking the Doctor which we do So when we came into school on Tuesday the Doctor left his chair and before Master Walpole could speak the Doctor ordered us all to be silent and he said that he had received our letter for I forgot to tell you that we wrote down that we were going to complain and before anybody spoke we had better hear him He said that he was master of the school and master he meant to be so long as he dilled that chair and he owed no account to us but only to our parents and that he did what he thought was right about money and that he was not going to have us catching cold by having broken windows round the house and as for gunpowder he had found there was but one way of preventing that from being burned and what he said he should stick to and if after saying that we kept to our plan of speaking to him about it he should send us all home to our parents to ask them whether they thought he was right or wrong. Well my dear papa you must know this made a good many boys cry and Master Walpole said he had not meant anything disrespectful and that we all loved the Doctor and only Master Deasy and Master Whitmore who is an Irish boy and very quarrelsome said we were sneaks and I think Master Walpole will have to fight Master Deasy very soon only the head usher Mr. Deeny says he will have no lights well my dear papa we all cried out that we did not mean to be rude and the Doctor laughed in his good natured way and said he was very glad to hear it and so he would say no more but gave us a holiday to go to Epom Fair and a jolly day we had but I must tell you that when he went out of the room we all went out after him, three hundred and sixty-six of us and hoorayed which pleased him very much and all is serene my dear papa but I could not be happy till I had told you I must now conclude so no more from

your affectionate son

To Mr. Punch, Esq.

EPISTOMONDAS PUNCH

THE WREATH FOR WRINKLES.

"It," says our elegant contemporary, Le Follet, "flowers are worn as ornaments for the dress, those in the hair should, of course, be of the same kind; for elderly ladies they can be intermixed with lace or feathers." Very well. If elderly ladies must wear flowers in their hair, and would choose appropriate flowers, they should decorate it with elder-flowers. The face with which those flowers are intermixed should be antique, and the only feathers to match are those of a goose.

THE HEIGHT OF LIBERALITY.—Professor Holloway takes a box of Moreton's Pills, and believing that he has been cured by them, sends a testimonial to the proprietors.
DR. BIRCH AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS.

Dr. Birch. "OH, YOUNG GENTLEMEN! I'VE HEARD YOU HAVE SOME COMPLAINTS TO MAKE."

General Chorus of Discontents. "TWASN'T ME, SIR! TWASN'T ME, SIR!"
A BITTER EDINBURGH BAILIE.

The Edinburgh Town Council, the other day, according to the Scotsman, the Lord Provost of Scotland's metropolis gave a long account of the pains that he had taken to get the original programme of the procession at the opening of the International Exhibition altered, the Lord Mayor of Dublin ousted from the place that had been assigned him next the Lord Mayor of London, and himself, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, put in his place, as the position of honour. We are sincerely sorry to find that the meritorious and successful exertions of Edinburgh's Chief Magistrate to maintain the precedence of Scotland met with no better acknowledgment than the following effusion of cruel irony:

"BAILIE BLACKadder said that before these Boy's should parade his motion, he wished to move a vote of thanks to the Lord Provost for having represented the Council at the ceremony at the opening of the International Exhibition. He had been told by those who were present at the ceremony that his Lordship's appearance on the occasion was equal, if not superior, to the appearance of any one else there (Laughter), that his bearing, and the robe he wore, gave him more the appearance of a nobleman than anybody else. (Laughter). They were therefore much obliged to his Lordship's taking such a prominent appearance, and for the pains he took to get his proper position; and also for having exerted himself with reference to the Castle and other matters connected with the affairs of the city.

Oh, what a Bailie Blackadder thus to bite his Provost with fences sharper than a serpent's tooth—more venemous than that of a cobras or a rattlesnake! As a brother member of the same body, the bailie, a poor labourer in the field—we must not say vineyard—of permissive Maine-law legislation, one would have expected this most ungracious and unmay Bailie, in any remarks which he might have thought fit to make about his superior, the Provost, to have erred, not on the side of venom, but on that of slaver.

Innocent people, who do not see through Bailie Blackadder's satire, and take it all for serious adulation, will say that the Bailie's remark, that the bearing of the Lord Provost, and the robe he wore, gave him more the appearance of a nobleman than anybody else, shows that he never could have seen a nobleman except on the stage. But of course Bailie Blackadder has never set foot in a theatre; and so saying that the robe which the Lord Provost wore, was the appearance of a nobleman, we are afraid he intended to insinuate that the object of his mock eulogy deported himself like a pompous balloon. Yielding says that the personal appearance of Joseph Andrews was such that, to persons who had never seen a nobleman, it would have conveyed the idea of nobility. It cannot be supposed that Bailie Blackadder is so little acquainted with the aristocracy as to imagine that noblemen are accustomed to strut about in a robe like that worn at the opening of the International Exhibition by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.

A WHIMSICAL ERROR OF PEPHERY.

What strange ideas Roman Catholics of extreme opinions appear to entertain about other people! The Tablet, having mentioned that lately the Pope held a public Consistory in the Sala Regia of the Vatican, proceeds to make the incomprehensible remark which concludes the subjoined passage:

"It was one of several consistories that will be held (the rest semi-public only) preliminary to the Canonisation of the Japanese martyrs next month, which is at present arousing such mingled emotions of joy and hope, rage and fear, in Catholic and infidel hearts."

How can an infidel, who believes in no saints whatever, be inspired either with rage or fear by the Pope in proceeding to create new saints, and so, as the unbeliever conceives, perpetrating a solemn humbug, making a fool of himself? Perhaps the Tablet accounts all Protestants as infidels. The British Public, however, at any rate, views the canonisation of the Japanese martyrs with perfect good humour. It regards that proceeding, as a grotesque mediæval ceremony, with a kindly and not quite irreverent derision. If the canonisation were an auto-da-fé, pre-

ected by French laymen, then, indeed, Britons would certainly contemplate it with great rage, and perhaps with some fear; but, as it is, they consider it merely an act of credulous assumption. Nevertheless, as they suppose, in that its performance the Pope is really in earnest, the contemplation has, of course, a certain degree of respect and veneration mingled with hilarity, just as they look at a work of early Art, representing a Bishop with his head awry, in an impossible attitude, working a stupendous miracle by means of the crook which he holds between the backs of his hands.

THE GEM OF THE SHOW.

Come, grant the unfortunate Beggar's Petition, The Royal Commissioners', down on their luck, Come, let us be off to the Great Exhibition, Our shillings will count when the balance is struck; And really there's plenty to see for your money, Smart are the booths at the Kensington Fair, And when the day's decently cheerful and sunny, You lounge up an appetite pleasantly there.

First, in the East you will witness a frolic, a Mild Water-frolic," as kitchen's would say, See the girls dart past the splashing Majolica, Fountain that threatens a douche with its spray. Boom, on your left comes a somnus like thunder, In the midst of your path the grave-yard. When you've got rid of the water and wonder, Stroll with us down the kaleidoscope nave.

What is the elegant object that tickles Your fancy—those orions, and cut-ups, and soys? Hush, and don't laugh at the trophy of Pickles, But look with delight at that trophy of Toys. Beauty in both; if you cannot discern it, you're Dance of our Great International School; Well, here are walking-sticks, fenders, and furniture, Now feel aesthetic and don't be a fool.

Here's something—jewel—no, but no, pal, Think not that crinoline crowd to invade, But, if one can't get a glimpse of the Great Exhibition, The acme's a substitute freely displayed. There is a beacon, and that thing in platter; Is Milan—no—no, it's the Bourse at Berlin, That lighthouse, which looks like a great pepper-caster, Is moved by some wonderful clockwork within.

You don't seem to care—we will try if sensation From painting will touch that unamiable heart; Mr. Hawthorne remarks, in his book, Transformation, "The Shallow and Hard make best critics of art."

Now, don't pull a face at Donald Patellar; Asked you to lecture, in classical Greek.

There isn't in Europe a sight like these gallerie, Filled with a show that is work for a week.

There is British art—while a critic's true pen holds his Own, let him challenge a rival army; Look at the Lawrences, Hogarth, and Reynoldses, Look at their pupils, the Men of the Day.

Come where the foreigners' colour and action, Ought to relax that dissatisfied glance, Look at theirighting of female attraction, Costumes from Eva to the Empress of France.

Still you seem bored. We shall kick up a shindy, a Row, we may say, if you cut it so fine. See you that spot in the Gallery next "India," See you a case where some volumes recline? There is the Gem of the whole International, They find it out, and we'll give you some lunch, Excited at last! Ah, we thought you were rational. Yes, you behold the Re-Issue of Punch!

Art is Long.

We should say that Art in many cases was extremely long, for looking at the Nelson's Column and the Guards' Memorial, it would seem that we are never to see the end of them.

A HEREDITARY Peerage.—It descends, as the French would say, "de pair en file."
A FRENCH PORTRAIT OF JOHN BULL.

The English are a nation of shopkeepers, and their national business is carried on by Palmerston and Co., Gladstone is the cashier of the concern. Derby and Co. constitute the Opposition firm. Their shopman is Disraeli; he mounts a platform and offers superior articles at reduced prices, like a cheap Jaeger. The Houses of Lords and Commons employ themselves in making out bills. The Church calls itself an Establishment, like a laterianiser's shop, and the bishops and clergy everywhere recommend their cloth. Preferment is sold by a subterfuge which chides the simonies, and promontory in the Army is a recognised commodity of sale.

The British Courts of Law are almost wholly occupied in settling affairs of pounds, shillings, and pence, and the Universities have adopted a system of Free Trade, of which the soul is competition. The English never go to war but with an eye to the main chance. They disregard glory because it does not pay, and they maintain sailors and soldiers in relation to their neighbours, as among themselves they keep police to protect the shop against the dangerous classes. Mr. Corrèse is their commercial traveller, and he advises them to consult the safety of their goods by practising infinite complaisance towards their customers, and punctually executing all orders received from France.

THE GAOL AND THE WORKHOUSE.

The Newcastle Daily Chronicle contains the report of a mendacity case, in which the defendant was an old man named Michael Gason. It thus concludes:

"I, P. C. Macdonald, solicitor for the prisoner, say this morning at the bar he was on duty in the North Road, when he saw the prisoner solicit a sum of a respectable man, and he afterwards went to several houses and addressed abusive language to the servant-girls. He has been frequently in Darberry and Morpeth gaols.—MR. DOUGLAS. We shall send you to the House of Correction for three months, and if you come from your practices you will have to be sent to the Workhouse."

The remark above ascribed to Alderman Dobbs inspires us with respect for him. We regard Alderman Dobbs as quite peculiarly entitled to be styled the "Granger-sate." He is worthy of a testimonial for a sally of satire that was not to be expected of an Alderman. He sends a tramp to the House of Correction, and threatens him with the Workhouse. Thus, whilst he pronounces a satirical sentence, he administers justice with acerbity.

JAPAN AT EPSOM.

(From Také-No-Ouchi-Skimod-Zeké-No-Kami, Sr. Sr., Japanese Envoy Extraordinary, to the Head Daimio of the Department for Correspondence touching the Barbarians, Nagasaki.)

"Truly these English Barbarians are a wonderful people. We have already seen the houses and feasts of their Daimios, their Parliament, or national talking-house, their great Expedition, their Woolwich, their wax-works, their garden of wild animals, their coal-pits, and their manufactories, and we are indeed very weary, and long much for the time when we shall return to our beloved Japan. But we had not yet seen the strangest of all the strange sights here—what may indeed be called the day of the going forth of the people of London—the feast of Darbee."

Darbee is the name of one of the Great Daimios, the chief of the party opposed to the present Tycoon Par-Mee-Shoon. But how this feast comes to be called not after the name of the reigning Tycoon, but of him who is now plotting to get his place and his power from him, we, your humble slaves, cannot explain. But it is the opinion of Matsudaira Iwámé, a man of sagacity and learning, that the feast is in honour of an Ancestor of the living Daimio Darbee, who, according to the religion of the Barbarians being worshipped under the symbol of a horse, is revered with processions and races of horses, such as we yesterday beheld. The living Daimio Darbee much loves horses, and races of horses, as we are told by our attendant Macdonald.

"All the Barbarians in their chief town of London are compelled to celebrate this festival, which is held at a place called Epsom, seven li distant from the capital, situated among hills, and approached by many high roads. Those who cannot buy or hire horses to carry or draw them thither, are compelled to go on foot, and all the inhabitants of London assemble on the hills of Epsom, overlooking a smooth space of green turf, which is an enclosure sacred to the great ancestor Darbee, and is guarded by police-men in blue garments. Even the great Tycoon Par-Mee-Shoon himself is compelled to take part in these rites, and the Counsels of the Nation are closed, that all the Daimios and Counsellors, and all their servants, may go with the Tycoon to the feast of the great ancestor Darbee."

"We journeyed in two omnibus drawn each by four horses, wishing to show our respect for the religion of the Barbarians. For all the seven li, the road was full of carriages and horses carrying them that journeyed to the feast. We made prayers and sang odes to the ancestor, and played on musical instruments, like to the straight horns used by sellers of fried fish in Japan, as they moved along in procession. For all the seven li these worshippers shewed us much respect, lifting up the fore-finger to the nose, and extending the other fingers outwards, which is their greeting of honour in public, and calling out 'Hat-tee, cri-key!' meaning, 'Oh, beautiful and wonderful!' They also expressed aloud their admiration of our persons and our garments. Our hats, which I and Matsudaira Iwámé wore because of the sun, which shone this day—a circumstance not frequent in the country of England—were much praised, and many (as interpreted to us by Macdonald) asked at what place such hats could be purchased (in the Barbarian language 'One-a-year-latter?') I told him (Macd- o- nal-d) tell these inquiries Barbarians the name of the merchant in the Street of Hatters at Nagasaki, of whom we purchased our travelling supply of hats, and when I see the Daimio Res-soon, I shall propose to him the naming of this shop. They said that it was much admired. This will give exceeding satisfaction to the Barbarians, spread our manufactures, and cause great gain to the hat-makers of Japan. Also, observing us to use our nose-papers, many asked if we had sanction for it—this was confirmed, and we are off for paper!' the meaning of which words Macdonald taught us, telling us to answer in the Barbarian tongue, 'You-bee-blowe! which means, 'Thanks be unto you, O people, we have sufficient for our needs.' The Barbarians then, as your serenity will perceive, is brief, and a few words mean much.

"On their way to this feast the crowd stopped at certain small temples by the wayside called 'turn-pikes,' where invocations were uttered in loud voices by priests and laymen, dwelling in payment for prayers, or for propitiation of the great ancestor Darbee. At other temples by the wayside meat and drink..."
THE CAT'S WALK.

Did you ever, beloved reader of Punch, call a cat to you? Of course you have done so. And, supposing Puss to be afloat, and willing to keep your invitation, she has come, but how? First, she looks down at the fire, and stretches herself, and yawns, as if nothing were further from her intention than taking notice of you. Then, gathering herself together, composedly, she gives an earnest gaze out of window, at the sparrows on the house-top. Then she comes, trot-trot-trot, in your direction, now taking a circunbendibus round the leg of a chair, which she fondles, and now making an episodical tour round the up leg of the table. Still purring, she applies herself to her task, and presently comes on you on the other side.

But there Puss is at last, and you applaud her docility. RARELLAS speaketh of certain Parred Law Cats, and speaketh well concerning them. It was thought that the race had died out, and lawyers have assured us, with some emphasis, that anybody who thinks unfavourably of the Law, theoretic or practical, must be a dull fool, who takes up old conventional notions. If they say so, it must be true. Yet, Themis pursueth, we could not help thinking of the Cat's Walk when we read the able judgment in which a few days ago an admirable judge disposed of Joanna Southcote.

JOANNA was an Exeter washerwoman, who was born in 1799, and died in 1814. At the mature age of forty-two Joanna announced that she had a divine mission. Most people think that she had no grounds for that allegation. But so late as 1851 four congregations in England professed to expect her return to earth. One Ann Essam recently left her property in trust for printing and publishing Joanna's writings. Ann's family preferred to keep the property, and took the Court of Chancery on the subject.

The cat's walk is a metaphor used to describe someone's journey or path, often in a metaphorical or symbolic sense. The illustration of the cat's walk in this context might be referencing the way that Joanna Southcote navigated her life and experiences, possibly symbolizing her unpredictability, her journey through various encounters, and her eventual disappearance from public view.

The Literature of the Hastings.

Mr. Sleigh is very unfortunate in his elections. He is about to publish his experience in a volume of "Rejected Addresses." It will be a book of an important size, and will have the assistance of numerous cuts.

THE SONG OF THE STANDARD.

"I care for nobody no not I. For nobody cares for me."

Table-Turning Parliamentary.

The performances of Mr. Home, the medium, in the way of table-turning, have been surpassed by Lord Palmerston. The noble Viceroy, the Member for Tyrconnel, and Prime Minister, has completely turned the tables on the Opposition.
OUR MESS REGULATIONS.

RESUMABLE OFFICER. “Why don’t you bring me the Potatoes, Sir? How often am I to ask for ’em?”

MILITARY DOMESTIC. “Well, yer Honour, I’ve been told off to the black Cabbage!”

A NEW SONG FOR THE NAVY.

Come, cheer up my lads! if to battle we steer
We’re proof ’gainst all shot, not a foe need we fear;
With armour well shielded, all danger we brave,
For who are so safe as the sons of the wave?

Chorus.

Iron hulls have our ships, true as steel are our men,
With guns ever ready,
We steam on so steady;
We’ll fight and we’ll conquer again and again.

We’ve no masts now to lose, not a sail, not a spar,
No splinter can fly, iron-cased as we are:
Safe and snug on we steam, ne’er turn tail, never shrink,
Unharmed, a whole fleet now with ease we could sink.

Chorus. Iron hulls have our ships, &c.

But four guns we mount, yet such big guns are they,
The four shots they throw a whole broadside out-weight:
And when these we’ve poured in, be the foe swimming then,
We chop on full steam, and we give him the stern.

Chorus. Iron hulls have our ships, &c.

DIZZY'S CONSCIENCE.

In the debate on Mr. STANFORD’s motion, Dizzy is reported to have said one good thing—

“The gentleman who opened the debate to-night, and to whose resolution I will in a few minutes advert, really did not do me justice—not that I ever want anybody to do me justice. (Laughter.)”

No; we should think not. Give everybody his deserts, and an unscrupulous place-hunter at least would not escape whipping. The leader of the Conservative Opposition in the House of Commons may be quite willing that some other people should be justly dealt with, but he is far too good a judge to feel the slightest wish, and, indeed, not to entertain the greatest objection, to have justice done to himself. We should be very sorry to have justice done to ourselves if we had proposed that the Government of England should trample to foreign tyranny.

KING HANDEL AND KING PUNCH.

Unlike Rex Decus, Rex Punch never gives himself to pulling—excepting when he has a good cigar between his lips. But King Punch must remind his music-loving subjects that he will soon expect their presence at the Crystal Palace, there to pay their homage to his royal brother Handel. The mystery of Handel no one can dispute; in simple grandeur he is certainly the king of all composers; and King Punch therefore rejoices in the prospect of a festival whereat with fitting reverence his royal brother’s dignity will be properly upheld. Besides the truthful affirmations that we live on raw beef-steaks, and sell our wives in Smithfield, our foreign friends have long been pleased to say we English people have no taste for music, and that, empty as our heads may be, we have few of us a hollow place to hold a tune in. Now far the Handel Festival will dissipate this notion, may be determined by collectors of statistics on the subject. But surely some among the Herrs, the Signors, and Mossoos, who in this Exhibition year attend the Monster Exhibition of Music down at Sydenham, will find some reason to believe in the existence of some Britons who have somewhat of a liking for something like good music. A festival employing a couple of thousand voices, and giving pleasure, let us hope, to the very least a hundred thousand pairs of ears, will surely be some proof to the “intelligent foreigners,” that musicians like King Handel are revered among us, without lessening the homage that is yielded to King Punch.

NOTE ON THE DERBY.—They who depended on “prophets” have experienced a loss.
MR. JOHN LEECH’S GALLERY OF SKETCHES IN OIL, FROM SUBJECTS IN PUNCH, is Open Daily from Ten till Dusk, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Admission One Shilling.

PUNCH

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VOLUME
THE
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JUNE 21,
1862.

“ONCE A WEEK.”

WERNER’S PRIDE, a New Story by Mrs. Henry Wood, Authoress of “East Lynne,” with Illustrations by Charles Keene, will be commenced on the 25th instant in No. 157 of ONCE A WEEK (being the First Number of the New Volume); and a New Histoirette by Harriet Martineau will appear very shortly, with Illustrations by J. E. Millais.

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EDWIN AND EMMETT.

Citizen Edwin James has been delivering an address, which, but for the tedious objection that every statement in it is an impudently deliberate falsehood, would completely clear that individual's character from all the charges that induced him to transport himself. Among other parallels, he likened himself to "something somebody Emmett, of whom we never heard, and who seems, like Edwin, to have been persecuted by the conventionalities. There was, however, another Emmett, whose Christian name was Robert, and whose ultimate fortune it is far from impossible that Mr. Edwin James might have attained, had he practised in England before certain alternations in the laws affecting pecuniary transactions of a one-sided kind. The respectable lawyers in America appear to comprehend the character of the new citizen; but there is a class which, according to the reports, do not seem to be able to make him out. We refer them to the admirable Dictionary of every one of its compass, Noah Webster, for a definition that will apply—they will find it appended to the word "Skunk."

A MILITARY MYSTERY.

What do you think of Colonel Bentinck? Being put on half-pay In an underhand way Without a Court Martial? It looks rather partial, He's shifted ere his time, Unserected of erison, And so wronged not slightly, Or he's let off too lightly. Doesn't somebody wink Of Colonel Bentinck? (1)

French Literary Intelligence.

M. de St. Reuve has discovered an unpublished manuscript of Robinson Crusoe. He is going to publish it as a pendant to his Contes des Midis, under the title of Les Conversations de Vendredi.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

June 12th, Thursday. Dr. Birch's young friends reassembled after the Whitsuntide recess, and just as the Arithmetic Class was going to be called up, Master Corby begged leave to ask a question of one of the ushers, Mr. Lord C.Paget. Master Corby said that the boys had been layin' out a great deal of pocket money in ships and boats, and was getting on very well in navigation. But a very important thing connected with ships was docks, and he put it to the usher who had charge of them when they sailed their vessels, whether the school-workmen ought not to be told to make some nice large docks, as they had nothing at present but some puddles in which the new ships could not turn round. Paget, the usher, answered that Master Corby had spoken like a sensible and modest lad, and that the thing should be considered, but he did not think there was much cause for complaint. Master Lady said that at his friends' place near Liverpool they had beautiful docks, which had not cost much money. Some more boys spoke and Master J. Pakington was rather rude, and said he did not believe that the usher meant to do anything, which was a shame, in his opinion. However, as it was the first night, no notice was taken of Master Pakington's impertinence.

The Arithmetic Class was then called up, and according to the custom at Dr. Birch's, Geography questions were interspersed. Master F. Baring gave a very nice account of Lagos, now the Gold Coast, and told how Docemo, the King of Lagos, had been persuaded by the English, with the help of a few cannons, to give up his kingdom to the good Queen Victoria, who was to pay him a thousand pounds every year. It was quite right, though Master Darling did not understand it, to take this little king's power away, because he helped that wicked savage, the King of Dahomey, to steal men and women and sell them, which Docemo could not now do. Master Baring made rather a silly remark about the Queen having just as good a reason for taking Cuba, as if Cuba belonged to savages, and not to respectable persons who could be made to answer for any wrong they did. Master Gregory explained the ease very well, and nearly all the boys thought that Master Baring had learned his lesson well, but could not make a good theme out of it. A great many sums were done, and would you believe it, the boys sat up over the figures till half-past one in the morning? Master Osborne said something which he meant for fun, and added that he meant to move, but Dr. Birch reproved him rather severely for making jokes, and Master Osborne said his joke was.

Friday. Majora Commons. Our legislators were to-night engaged on matter for grown-up men. General Butler, the Yankee leader who has possession of New Orleans, has issued a proclamation to the effect that any bany of that city who shall manifest contempt for a Federal soldier shall be treated as if he were a harlot, and sent to the penitentiary. General Butler said, if your own revolution. Anything so brutal is not recorded in the history of any war in the Old World or the New, and it will be difficult for the whole of Europe not to feel itself in the position of the ladies of New Orleans, and to manifest contempt for every Federal soldier until the proclamation is disavowed and Butler dismissed. In both Houses of Parliament to-night the Ministers of England, and the American representatives, spoke with the utmost indignation of the beast Butler, but left the Federal Government a loophole by imagining a possibility of the repudiation of the proclamation.

Lord Palmerston silenced the eternal Darby Griffith very solemnly. Darby had intended to speak about the Sultan and the Pasha, and to explain that the first lived in Turkestan, and had a Seraglio, and went to the sweets, and to Mosques; while the second lived in Egypt, through which the Nile ran, and where the Pyramids were, and the Sphinx, and also many donkey boys, with other novel and valuable information collected by the said Griffith with patient study and by examination of travellers. But Pam told him that it would not be the right thing to talk about Egypt when the Pasha was staying there. So Darby shut up, and we hope that, hereafter, Pam will silence him again by telling him that it is not the right thing to talk about Egypt when the Pasha is not here to defend himself.

Then came a long and solemn debate, in which most of the best men engaged, and, as usual, the subject-matter was infinitesimal. One Taylor, an English person, took the Island of Monte Carlo, in order to reside upon it with his wife, in isolation. All was pleasant enough until the Italian outbreak came, and then Mr. Taylor got into a double scrape. He had a row with some Tuscan soldiers, his wife sedated them, and he gave one of them a shake or something of the kind,
he was prosecuted and a heavy sentence was passed, which, however, the Government remitted, pardoning Mr. Taylor, and making the prosecutors pay the expenses. Then some of the house fish also, under the auspice of Garibaldians, behaved as loose fish generally do, landed in the island and plundered. Mr. Taylor considers that as the King of Italy recognized Garibald's acts, and the latter recognized the acts of his men, the King ought to compensate the Englishmen. Hall Law and Government are appealed to, but they do not see their way. This was a capital opportunity for the enemies of the King of Italy, and they came out well, and loud Opposition cheers marked every word used against the Italian Government—cheers which it may be convenient that the people of England should remember. Mr. Layard, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Roundell Palmer, and Lord Palmerston all came out in defence of the Italians, while allowing the hardships of Mr. Taylor's case; Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, Mr. R. Booth, and Mr. Disraeli did their best on the other side. The debate was a very good one, law and argument and politics being mixed and agreeably spiced with personalities. The result is, that Lord Palmerston held out some hopes of kind treatment to Mr. Taylor, and the Conservative Opposition held out none to the Italians.

Sir Robert Peel threw over divers Irish Bills, complaining that though the Scotch can stop and light their messages till two in the morning, the Irish always want to shut up at midnight. Perhaps the Irish brew their whiskey-tody stronger than the Scotch, and consequently are more advanced at the earlier date.

**TAKING A TURN AT HANDEL.**

Of all its kind, as it may sound, Mr. Punch judgesHandel's music, but he loves the music of Handel. The music made by turning the handle of a barrel-orgue is not at all the kind of music Mr. Punch enjoys a turn at. Mr. Punch the other evening attended a rehearsal where a couple of thousand singers took a turn at Handel; and such was the effect on Mr. Punch's ears and mind, that he came away determined to make record of the fact, much as one good turn deserves another.

People cannot well be blind to the marvellous quantities of good music when they sing so well at sight as those did at this rehearsal. Choruses that long ago have passed clean out of memory, and seldom have been sure since Handel himself led them, were "rendered" in slang phrase, with a fire and a precision that a riddler might envy. One from Hercules was given with a force it would have puzzled even Hercules to give to it; and one from St. Cecilia's Day was sung in such a way that, being a good musician, the Souther would not have given her ears to hear it. There was a laughing chorus too (words written by Milton, music put by Handel—a fitting combination); and just fancy how a laugh of two thousand horse power must have startled the staid echoes of solemn Exeter Hall! The singers indeed laughed with such a hearty relish that Mr. Punch began to think that by some truant in his printing-office one of the jokes in his forthcoming number had been sent to him; and the round of applause with which the laughter ended very naturally served to strengthen this idea.

Mr. Punch knows no more of musical slanging than he does of Cockney slang, or the talk of Peepoe first men. So he will not plague his readers by describing how the contrapuntal passages were rendered, what pains were bestowed upon the melodic progressions, and how well the tempi were preserved throughout. It is enough for him to hint that if the performance at the Festival at all equal the promise, it will certainly deserve success, and will probably command it.

So Mr. Punch would say to every musical young lady, Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee Pa and Ma and sisters three; Oram thy carriage full inside, on the box; let Carissma ride Frederick, Arthur, and Augustus, if they've business to detain them, may rattled down by train and meet you in the transit. Come all ye who music love, and would its pleasures prove. Come and hear the Giant Handel, and "see what mighty strides he takes" in his great works. Listen for a while to his harmonious thunder, and let your ears be filled with sounds that for a lifetime may prove a pleasant memory.

**MRS. HARRIS.**

On the Report of a Revo in "Muster Derby's 'ose over the nave" (where she 'elped).

Quarrels indeed! Don't talk to me! Dunt such gossip, and tittle-tattle! Why it's well known I 'ates tale-bearers, and spies, and all such cattle. What is it to them what goes on in the 'ouse that I runs arraunds and chares for? I'm sure there tongues is no scandal as respectable parties cares for.

Suppose our gentlemen does fall out, wich young Walpole is that aggrovin'?

(Though you 'd better butt not melted in his mouth, his case when you hears him statin')

And suppose Muster Dizzy that 'ad the fast floors, have gone up to the cities—(Wich I'm proud to wait on him, though five pairs o' shoes do come 'ard on my rheumatics).

If our gents has had their little tiffs about their places at meals—

And suppose when they meets in the droring-room they turns upon their 'eels—

I'm sure Muster Derby (that's master) do his best to keep things quiet.

And 'taint true we've 'ad the perlice called in to put down rampage or riot.

**Muster Dizzy is free to go out and come in as he likes, with his own latch-key,**

And it can't be no business of Walpole's, the parties he chooses to see: Those Irish guys as calls on him is pleasant enough.

Though they is apt to be rumbolastic and frictions now and then.

Anyways we keeps ourselves to ourselves, and if parties will make and sales—

Of every tribe, more shame for them as breeds such worries and scandals.

I'll never say nothing to make folks think Derby-Mansion's a coming to smash,

We washes our dirty linen at home, and I DON'T TELL WHAT GOES TO THE WASH.

**"MAY THE EVENING'S AMUSEMENT BEAR," &c.**

The Pope has been giving a grand Banquet to the Cardinals and all the Bishops in Rome. Happy priests! How they must have enjoyed their mutton, as every one of them could doubtless boast of himself of having got the Pope's eye. Fancy the beverages too! We read that the Pope had no less than 240 Bishop's with his dinner that day! We wonder how ever he managed to get home to the Vatican in safety that night. We all know that Pitt is a famous good hand at making a Bishop, but we wish that he would not make some of them so strong.

Your Bishop has at all times the insidious qualities for stealing away a man's brains, but that DUPLANTOUR is enough to give the strongest man a headache for several days to come. Not only is there too much spirit, but it is of too fery a quality. We are curious to know if the Pope has yet recovered from having had 240 Bishops all on the same evening. If he has, he has a much stronger heart than we ever gave him credit for.

**Breaking the Doll.**

Woman is the Englishman's friend, the American's doll. Which destiny does she prefer when she reads that the Federals have issued a proclamation to the ladies of New Orleans, stating that any lady "who manifests contempt" for a Federal soldier shall be treated—well, as we do not treat the unfortunate creatures who infect the Haymarket at midnight? Poor Dolly, she is ruthlessly smashed the moment she even winks derision. But how do the brave, but susceptible Northerners, treat those who manifest similar contempt? GENERAL BANKS runs away from them—gives them the cut direct. Perhaps this is almost as safe a course as GENERAL BUTLER'S.

**PATIONS OF THE RING,—Ladies, cieurs-riders, publicans, clowns, noblemen, and prize-fighters.**
A REAL AMERICAN GRIEVANCE.

There is one subject on which the Yankees are especially sore, and we admit that it is a grievance. Do what they will, declare themselves, never so loudly, the Fastest nation in all creation, they still log five hours behind slow old England. When we have got to five o'clock in the afternoon, New York is only at noon. This justly curries them, and we hear that when the North is subjugated, and the English and French are driven from America, and the Count de Paris reigns at the Tuileries, and Cuba is a Territory, some action is to be taken in the matter, and the Sun is to be turned the other way, or something is to be done to maintain the honour of the Old flag—yes, No, for we ain't behind you noways, Mister.

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

"My dear Fanny,

"You always read your Times of a morning after your Papa has done with it, and therefore know that some Frenchmen, over here on account of the International Exhibition, have been writing to the Paris newspapers descriptions of our manners and customs in letters most of which are amusing from the monstrous blunders and bouncing stories which they contain. Some, however, are fair and reasonable enough; for instance, one lately quoted by the Morning Post, a paper, mind, which is written for fashionable readers. The writer of this letter extols the beauty of English girls, but thinks his countrywomen have the advantage in grace of manner, and the art of dressing. Well, my dear, this is a no small advantage—if they have it. Beauty will keep little better than mackerel, grace will last much longer, and skill in dressing will enable a girl to make the most of herself, and also of her clothes, so as, if obliged to dress cheaply, nevertheless to dress well. No, my dear, I am not one of those old fogs who affect to ridicule girls' attention to dress, especially when it is shown by them in making their own clothes. Certainly not. But now, here is a passage from one of this French gentleman's letters—"

"Let me see how I can best give you an idea of the occupations of an English lady, the daughter of a 'gentleman.' Mrs. M's Mary Augusta is, I think, about 29. I first knew her in the morning, after breakfast, writing letters. English young ladies are always writing letters. Then, later, she reads fashionable romances, which, just now, are romantic histories of the clergy; a little later she is at the pianoforte singing a German or Spanish song. The young ladies of London will learn to sing in all languages—why, I know not—it is the fashion. Later in the day she is at a flower-show or a concert, wherever there are most nobodies and mistresses. In England there are persons who will pay to be in the same room with the first aristocracy. A ride or drive in the park, dinner, and a ball or the Hoban Opera close the day as in other civilised cities."

"There, Fanny, my dear, that is an observant foreigner's description of the way in which a large class of young English ladies pass their girlhood. Pretty spinsters, so called by the rule of contrary, because they tell not, neither do they spin, except round and round in novels. Some, to be sure, there are who, although, like the rest, they can afford to be idle and worthless, lead a life much above that of a butterfly. They visit the poor, they superintend charity-schools, they attend lectures at the Royal Institution. To bear music they go generally to Exeter Hall; to the opera now and then, when something is done there a great deal better than Le Traquino. They read good books, humorous and serious; habitually in some measure exercise their intellect and higher affections, vehemently dired by grinning elegant baboons. You are the daughter of a useful man, my Fanny; you belong to the serviceable orders. You have been taught better than to frighten your time away. If you were now to rise, or sink, shall I say—into the summptuous classes, whose business is to enjoy themselves, such as this is described by the Frenchman would not be one of agreeable to you. No; that existence of frivolous monotonous would be a punishment and a bore. Some girls, after a life of stagnation, follow it as nearly as they can. It would be a life good enough for them, too, could it last a lifetime—if the butterfly could, as the silly old soap says, go on roaming for ever from flower to flower, till its extinction, poor insect! Butterflies must be butterflies as pigs must be pigs, and morally there is no difference between pigs and butterflies, and between beasts of piggery, and butterflies, which Whereas butterflies simply consume the fruits of the earth. Well, now, my dear, suppose this worse than swinish life ends, as it is meant to end, in marriage."

"What think you, does a man marry who marries a fashionable frivolous woman, however beautiful? He marries a material substance, possessing pleasant physical properties, and no others that are pleasant to anybody but a fool. The highest sentiment that inspires it is vanity. He has a poor bargain. It is plump on the bust, arms and thighs, bent till they fall not, neither do they spin, except round and round in novels, and white and red in the face. Its chief merits are such as win the prize at a cattle-show, or are highly commended by the judges. These qualities gone, there remains a mass of matter, more than innanimate, for it has to be fed and clothed, expensively. It is then like a horse eating its head off; with this difference for the worse, that the horse is put out of the way in a stable, as the wife cannot be, but must be allowed indoors. A deluded man married her for her beauty, taking her intelligence for granted, or fancying he read it in her fine eyes, the large bright windows of a little mind. Those eyes very soon grow as dull as the soul behind them. Those lips lose their form, and no longer impart a charm to all the pomposity which that mouth utters. The mouth is spoilt; and the nonsense is seen, and said, to be dashed nonsense now. The elegance of drill, dancing and deportment is replaced by natural coarseness. The splendid girl has fallen all of a heap into a lump of flesh, which is no company to its consort. Here ends domestic bliss."

"Now, my dear little Fanny, rise early, get breakfast ready, read as I have said, your Times, help make the beds, do a lot of needlework; lead a hand in the kitchen when you have done work; study the history of your country, play one or two of Beethoven's sonatas, and sing, when you do sing, 'He shall feed his Flock,' or something of that sort, go to an evening party once or twice in the year, and out for a good walk every day. You will marry a sensible fellow; for a fool would prefer the material substance, in the shape of a deceased fine girl at present, to boast hereafter into a martellous of a female. Your husband will not vote you a bore as soon as your cheeks have faded, and you have become what the sarcastic fops call possess. He will protect your society to his own, or to any other, and you will still be a happy wife, when many a bounding belle of the ball has overflowed into a flat-footed, gross fat woman, with a waist like the middle circumference of a beer-barrel, a short thick neck, and no intellect; once pursued, now neglected; formerly the object of leering gallantry, at present the subject of mocking fun; a being as ugly, almost, as your affectionate Uncle, "Mundungus.""

Out-and-out Profound.

It is not from the Prosperous dwellers in fortune's sunshine that a wise man seeks to learn true wisdom. When the philosopher wants to know the temperature he goes to the thermometer in the shade.
MISSIONARY SWELLS.

"Dear Punch,

"Now that the Social Science Congress has just been sitting, let me present you with a suggestion, which strikes me as a good idea for ameliorating the behaviour of the industrious classes. The cheap excursion trains and steamboats, just now, take loads of them in all directions, and empty them in large quantities over every spot frequented by the right sort of people, especially watering places. Of course they ought to be allowed change of air, though some fellows think that is not necessary, but they have no right to poison the air which they exchange for that of the slums with bad tobacco and onions; they should get out of the way, and their women should not carry about children in arms, and sit nursing them regardless of publicity, and perhaps eating waffles.

"It strikes me that, since there is no law to punish the common people for committing these heinous offences, it would be a good thing if fellows would unite in an endeavour to get up a reform of their horrid manners by means of practical example. I propose that some of us fellows should go among them as missionaries, to try and teach them better, which would be immensely philanthropic, and quite a charity to other fellows, who hate the sight of the People, and take no interest in elevating the masses, whilst they are inexpressibly annoyed, and disgusted beyond measure, by their peculiarities—language, voices, looks, gestures, habits and ways—which no fellow can escape from observing.

"For our benevolent fellows who are not so fastidious, it would be good fun, I say, to go and travel occasionally in the second class with the excursions who have taken 3d. return tickets to enjoy eight hours at the seaside. Having gained their confidence by entering into conversation with them in a genial and familiar spirit, we might soon be enabled to commence the attempt at their improvement. With due gentleness and delicacy we could venture to point out to them their characteristic errors in grammar and pronunciation; the employment of a double negative for a simple negation, the omission or superaddition of the letter H, and saying 'sor' for saw. We might take every available opportunity to give them a practical lesson in courtesy to the other sex, by arranging their shawls and their parcels for instance, and by considerately covering infants too coquettishly nursed with the mantle of a travelling wrapper or a pocket handkerchief. In a little while, having sufficiently ingratiated ourselves with our fellow-passengers, we might take the liberty of playfully deprecat[ing] the continual munching of bread and cheese, and the frequent recourse to the spirit-flask.

"Arrived at our destination, we might mingle with the people, in strolling about the streets, where we would try to prevail upon them to lay aside their pipes, and walk along so as not to occupy all the pavement. It would be well for us also to point out to them any adjacent objects of interest, with a view to develop intelligence in the place of gaping wonder. We might accompany them to the neighbouring park, or beach, assist them in opening their baskets and untwisting their bundles, show them how to arrange the contents of those things in the style of a pic-nic, and instruct mechanics and artisans in the mystery of attending to ladies. If necessary, we could even follow them to those unknown haunts out of which absurd personæ issue, and offer you hot water for the tea which they assume you have got in your pocket! We would school them in deportment at table; entreat them to laugh gently; and beg them not to put their knives into their mouths.

"On the sands—by the sea waver—we would make it our business to conduct them to bathing machines, not only that they might properly wash themselves, but also their infants, instead of half dipping them in the salt water, scraping them against the shingle, and then, to stop their cries and screams, giving them gin. And here, where the working man would insist on smoking, we would teach him to smoke in a proper manner, with his hands put easily and gracefully in his pockets and his hat on the right way. Arm in arm with young journeymen, we would show them how to stroll and saunter and dangle after the young women, glass in eye. As for those young women, with their aunts and mothers, we would, if possible, induce our sisters or cousins to assist our ministrations by attending and instructing them to carry their crinoline with elegance, so as not to expose its framework, but to exhibit their ankles to advantage, for which purpose it would be necessary to teach them to assume correct attitudes. Most of ourfemale relatives, doubtless, would only be too happy to co-operate.
PROTECTION FOR THE POOR ORGAN-GRINDER.

For the sake of the Italian Organ-grinders themselves, something ought to be done with a view to prevent the introduction into this country of a species of disease which would of necessity render those persons liable to be thrown by the music of those interesting foreigners. At the Lambeth Police Office, on Monday last week, a wrestling match of this nature was witnessed, and encouraged by Mr. Francis Escrino—the captain next door neighbour—who assaulted the aggregate.

This lady said, "she had been in the habit of giving the poor organ-players a few pence, but since she had discovered that the Captain, her neighbour, did not like it as she disapproved doing so." A kind and considerate lady; kind, though injudiciously so, to a poor organ-grinder, and considerate to an irritable Captain. Unfortunately she repented of her mistaken kindness too late to avoid the poor organ-grinder.

"That morning while up stairs she heard an organ playing five or six hours beyond the prisoners. In a few minutes she saw Captain Dunder strike the Complainant on the head several violent blows with what appeared to her to be the thick end of a hunting-stick. The Complainant would have fallen if some persons had not come to his assistance.

How dreadful! How painful! How much the poor organ-grinder must have been hurt! Two other witnesses attested the foregoing facts. One of them, a woman, of course, said that "seeing the Complainant bleeding profusely from what appeared to be a deep wound in the top of his head," she, like a kind creature, "took him some hot water to wash away the blood." What a truly touching act of tender charity! All is gravy to know that his head was washed. The other witness, although likewise a woman, admitted, on cross-examination, "that she had seen a young lady point towards the Complainant, and heard him play one or two tunes after that." The poor Italian, as he had dined, in these hours of his countryman Lango, "I bleed, Sir, but not killed." He does not appear to have made the remark. He bled, however, at any rate, and was seen by Police Constable, Henry Morton, 65 Lisle, on the same morning, at Tower Street, St. Peter's, where he pronounced nervous gentleman to take it blood was still flowing. Suffering victim of irritation! The last-named witness, who took Captain Dunder into custody, stated that:

The Prisoner was not the terror of the organ-grinders alone, but of his neighbours also. He was in the habit of firing off a seven-barrelled revolver, and at other times conducted himself in so seditious a manner as to alarm those living in his neighbourhood.

This statement of the policeman makes us tremble to think of the risk that was run by the poor organ-grinder in provoking a gentleman in the exercise of a firearm. The Complainant, Captain Dunder, pleaded in defence of his client that the Captain was in "a weak and nervous state." These are conditions which organ-playing is particularly apt to aggravate. Captain Dunder sent a young lady to request the musician to go away. The poor musician, as those poor musicians usually do, declined to move. "Amused by his refusal," the Captain, "in a moment struck him, and, unfortunately, with much more force than he had intended." Ulysses served Thersites in the same way—poor Thersites! But that case is no precedent; nothing can justify an assault, not even organ-grinding and refusal to stir on the part of the poor organ-grinder.

Captain Dunder was fined £5 by Mr. Elliott; who properly observed that "it was not to be permitted to persons to take the law into their own hands, and commit such outrages as cutting people's heads open with their sticks with impunity," so says the law, which a Magistrate is bound to administer. But then really the law should remove the temptation to commit such outrages. But that case is no precedent; nothing can justify an assault, not even organ-grinding and refusal to stir on the part of the poor organ-grinder.

The Mission of the Japanese Martyrs.

On, we are Japanese martyrs that three hundred years ago,
Were crucified, with delight and pride, in the streets of Fatsisio.
There's a couple of hundred of us, in the spirit, invited to Rome,
You may find us, duly distempered, all under St. Peter's dome,
We canonised Japanese martyrs,
All of the olden Time!

For the Church that we love, we gallantly strove, upon Rome's ancient plain,
St. Peter's rock that defies all shock to establish in far Japan.
With duties that winked, and figures that bled, ceremonial pomp and show
We hopped full soon to ost the Tycoon and floor the Mikado,
We canonised Japanese martyrs,
All of the olden Time.

So long as we kept to spirituals we swimmily made our way,
The Japanese liked to be preached at and didn't object to pay,
The arms and obligations were freely in, and everything promised fair,
And we hoped in the East one leg at least to add to St. Peter's chair,
We canonised Japanese martyrs,
All of the olden Time.

But when it came to osting Tycoon and flooring Mikado,
Adding temporal rule to spiritual, we were quietly told to go:
And when we refused, we were cruelly used, and strung up by twoths and threehs,
Hung, drawn and quartered, and variously martyred, as witness the effigies
Of us canonised Japanese martyrs,
All of the olden Time.

So Holy Father take warning, with the Cardinals at your side,
And Bishops, whether in parliam, or faithful flock that guide,
So long as it stuck to spirituals no risk our mission ran,
They going in for the temporals that flooded the Church of Japan,
And settled us Japanese martyrs,
All of the olden Time.

'Tis a fine thing to be canonised, beatitude's a pleasure,
And a grand sight is St. Peter's, decked with velvet and lights and treasure:
But there we see rather stronger foundations and somewhat poorer dressings,
And a good deal less of French bayonets, and more of Italian blessings,
We canonised Japanese martyrs,
All of the olden Time.

"Quod usque, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus confutetur?"
Is the rule, "Quod Cessiri Cessari, quod Dei Des datur!"
Then seek not after temporalis, or, be sure, our counsel scornings,
You'll find yourself served out, as we did, one fine morning,
We canonised Japanese martyrs,
All of the olden Time.

Extraordinary Benevolence.

Mr. Benjamin Webster (whose name is synonymous with kindness and liberality) has continued to get at odds with the tremendous Dios Boucicaut, and it appears that he is of the same opinion as Shelley, and the Lamport Eecords, that a man who is not a Wesley, so far from resuming the ingratiation of his protégés, has actually taken proceedings to prevent the Groper becoming the Lessee of Drury Lane Theatre! If that is not returning good for evil, we should be glad to be privately informed what constitutes that commendable operation.
“THE PLAGUE OF MY LIFE.”

How sweet to earm the ear the sound
Of Postman's knock at any door! (When
All his Oxford bills are paid
And donning letters come no more).
Into the morning toilet now,
He will not wait to throw his mind,
If his necktie all are new.
Nor stops to part his hair behind.
But down the stairs he rushes straight,
Eager the breakfast-tray to scan.
Letters—Harrumph! yes—one! two! three!
There must be one from Mary Anne!
First, number one—“Sir, Messrs. Spice,
Brothers, & Co., Old Street, E.C.—
Still offer at a sacrifice
A good secondhand bowler.”
Then number two comes—“Reverend Sir,
The feeling we have always shown,
The clergy bids us print for them
Some facts not generally known.
“Our Spanish Agent writes us word
(From San Flamingo) he opines,
This very year must bring about
A Crisis in the growth of wines.
“In which ease, with no other view
Than your advantage, our advice is
You should lay in a butt of Port
Still quoted at the usual prices.
“We’ve far more satisfaction, Sir,
In filling bias with wines like these,
Then offering you, (as others do)
Growing of disasters vintage

“N.B. In sherries notice ‘Three’
(A cheap wine but you may be sure
A very sound one, which we keep
For distribution to the poor.)

Enough! Enough! Oh ye M.P’s
Exact for us some kindly laws,
To save our much enduring race
From all these advertisers’ jaws.
Why should such wreathes have a right
To plague us parsons as they please,
And bother us about their wines,
And tease us with their patent teas?—A Sufferer.

PROTESTANT MONKEY’S TRICKS.

(To Cardinal Wiseman.)

My Lord Cardinal,
Your Eminence is now, I believe, in the Eternal City, but as
Cobsett said once when he wrote a letter to the Pore, if any gentle-
man happens to be going to Rome, he will perhaps be so good as to
put this letter into his pocket, and deliver it to you with his own hands.
A man signing himself “A Member of the Protestant Church of
England,” writing to the Morning Advertiser, gives an account of
some very shrewd falconry which is being practised in your district
—you know I must not say diocese—and which cannot but disgust you.
He dates from Stoke Newington, and says—

“We have in this neighbourhood a Church called St. Matthias, the interior of
which is made to resemble as much as possible a Roman Catholic place of worship.
There are an abundance of crosses, even the brass lamps are studded with them,
each burner being in the shape of a cross.”

You see, my Lord Cardinal, that this is a Protestant Church at
which the officiating clergyman amuse themselves and their congrega-
tion—I should say audience—by playing at Roman Catholics. Here is
the above-quoted writer’s description of the performance—:

“On Easter-Sunday, which we all know is a high day in the Roman Church, so
likewise was it at St. Matthias. I attended the service, and as far as the music was
concerned, I admit it was a theatrical treat, but the manner practised offended all
other considerations. The principal portion of the beautiful service of the Church of
England is what they call ‘indoors,’ so that a stranger cannot join in it; large
earns were burning on the Communion table, although it was broad daylight; a
boy carried a thurible, containing incense, the smoke from which surrounded the
officiating priest, precisely in the same manner as is practised in Popish Chapels.
They have at this Church “holy water” for the congregation to use, with the sign
of the cross, also sisters of Mercy, another name for nuns.”

Your Eminence perceives that these mountebanks don’t mince you
cleverly. They intone “the beautiful service of the Church of England.”
Why do they not intone the beautiful canon of the Mass at once, and

take you off, as the rusties say, “something like?” Why, I dare say
you would rather have your own form of worship represented at Drury
Lane, or at the Adelphi Theatre, where, by the way, the Cenami-
sion with that safe hit, ‘Fio Novo represented by Mr. Toole, and
Mr. Paul Bedford playing your Eminence.
Our hisonic parsos at Stoke Newington, however, carry their bar-
que a little too far. In continuation we are informed that:

“They adopt the debasing practice of confession, which, while it subjugates
the intellect, is repulsive to every manly feeling of our nature.”

Some foolish people, mistaking these clerical minxes for regular
Roman Catholic priests, may actually go and confess to them. Now
whatever your particular confession may be, there can be no doubt that
the Protestant imitation of it is all banbury; a practice not only de-
basing but useless. I would suggest, therefore, the expediency of
taking some step to prevent this Stoke Newington confessional from
imposing on the unwary. Couldn’t you have a few acolytes, in costume,
to stand outside of St. Matthias’s, carrying advertisement-boards, to
apprise all whom the information may concern, that you have no con-
nection with that establishment, and declare which is the genuine
shop for absolution? With all possible respect,
Your Eminence’s old acquaintance,

PUNCH.

Vacancies Wanted.

The Pore was sorely puzzled to know how to cram his new Jap-

anese Saints into the Calendar, already most inconveniently crowded with
apocryphal sanctity. He might make a little room by showing out
S. Napoleon, which would be a neat and safe insult to L. Napoleon,
in return for his efforts to shove out the Pore. Pore Pocch wonders that
the eclecsinist mind has not thought of so delightful a bit of spite.
It is not too late—though it soon may be.
THE REMOVAL OF A NUISANCE.

he hideous tents, that selfishly block up the view of the Horticultural Gardens from the windows of the Exhibition refreshment rooms, were not used on the occasion of the last Flower Show. As they are of no use then, why should not they be removed? Those who rule Ascotia should breathe nothing but gentleness and good-nature to others, even though they may be only outsiders of the Floral Kingdom. Flowers should surely teach everything that is graceful and sweet, and we think that the followers of a society so pacifying in its nature as the Horticultural might display a little more good fellowship to their fellow-creatures. The present repast of early gooseberries and unripe crab-apples, and having been drinking freely of the juice of vinegar-plants, for its unsightly growth could only have been the produce of the very essence of acidity. The sour spirit that apparently animated them was this: ‘No, gentlemen exhibitors, you may enjoy your dinners, and pay for them any price you please; but we are determined you shall not feast your eyes for nothing. Our flowers, we tell you, are not going to taste their sweetness gratis. You don’t see one of their lovely tints until we first see the colour of your money.’

However, we doubt if this monster bit of canvas has helped the sale of their season-tickets in any way. We say again, let the nuisance be instantly removed. One’s dinner is poisoned by an overflow of miserable Teat wine, that is being poured out on all sides of you on account of this huge ocular obstruction. One would as soon think of dining outside one of Algæ's Crown and Anchor booths. The only tent one would wish to dine in on such an occasion, surrounded as one is with so many foreigners, should be ex-taste cotizate.

CAROLLINGS FOR COCKNEYS.

Among other musical novelties we see announced a piece for the piano which the composer has entitled ‘Carollings at Moor.’ In this ‘morceau de salon,’ as it is called in the advertisements, one of the advertised ‘opinions of the press’ informs us that ‘the carollings of the birds, the huntsman’s joyous horn, and the chattering of the lounards are successfully rendered.’

Now, of course such morning sounds as these are familiar enough to people in the country, but we who live in London only have a limited acquaintance with them, and cannot take much interest in piano imitations, or say anything if they be like to life. We think the composer, if he aim at all at gaining a good London reputation, should write at once a sequel to his ‘morsel of the drawing-room,’ and introduce the cries and carollings at morn heard in Cockaigne. We are sure a pretty piece might be composed on such a theme, and we really feel surprised it has not long ere been thought of. How charmingly the street-cries might be introduced, and what delightful variations might be written on the melodies wherewith the various street merchants proclaim aloud their wares! How sweetly ‘Milk below—oh!’ might be tinkled in the treble, while ‘Fresh Haddick!’ or ‘Fine So-holes!’ might be blared out in the bass. The cheerful cry of ‘Suee-ee-ee-up!’ might then be melted, and an imitation given of the shrub of ‘Water-creecreecreecres!’ or the Howl of ‘Heathstone!’ Then the cry of ‘Any lornaments for your fire-store!’ ought to follow as a fugue, and the carollings might conclude with a bit of a street song, such as that infer—well, that infer—‘In the Strand!’ Every Cockney is familiar with such carollings as these, and we feel sure they might be imitated upon the piano, every whist as well as those more rural morning sounds which form the subject of the piece that has suggested these remarks.

Racing Intelligence.

A Loser on the Derby, having used explosive language in talking of his loss, endeavoured in some manner to justify his words by saying—‘Well, after all, you know the winner it’s correct-to-cuss!’ The unhappy man is thought to have meant this as a joke upon the word Corrective.

KELLY IN VERSE.

BY A PRACTICAL POET.

‘Quid nam quoque dictus Index.’—Ov. Met.

A FRIEND of mine, you understand, Said, speaking to a friend of his, ‘I know your Number in the Strand, But know not whereabouts it is.’

He seemed to name a public need: Be mine an Index to supply; By which you all can see, with speed, How that grand Artery’s numbers lie.

The Strand begins with Alnwick’s Lord, Where Percy’s Lion rears his tail, Then on we pass Hungerford, Destined as platform for the Rail, At Fifty comes a kind of notch, George Court, which cut on memory’s peg; ‘Twixt Johnson, who will set your watch, And Surgeon Joxer, who’ll set your leg.

A Hundred Houses, and behold, Where坚强 feeds your inward man, And ivory tickets too are sold, For yonder famed Cigar Divan. Pass Fifty more, and One-Five-One Shows you a statue, dark as jet; And here the Nation’s work is done, You see the House of Somerset.

Two doors before Two Hundred, see The Illustrated London News. A better journal could not be, Embellished with delightful views. Two-Thirty-Five completes the side, My worthy friend, and here you are, For whether friend, you walk or ride, Behold yourself at Temple Bar.

Now turn we west, and back we go, Only of course we cross the way; The Strand has here not much to show Whereof we pleasant things can say. Two-Sixty-Five’s the street of Wyke, Of which we hope to see the fall; For architectural fingers itch To smash that dreary, dirty wall.

Narrows the Strand, ’tis here at worst, Would that improvement’s hand were bold; And Holywell’s black dens accrue, The close behind the houses old. Two-Ninety-Eight the Spotted Dog, An ancient haunt, if not gnarled, Where drink is ’lath’ and food is ‘prog’— What matter, if you get your meal?

See the Lyceum’s pit invites Where high is writ Three-Fifty-Four, There Peep o’ Day two hundred nights Hath run—may run as many more. Now read that Greek, and answer, curt, What portal’s marked Three-Seventy-Two, Here stands the Hall that would convert Pagan and Buddhist, Turk and Jew.

Then count until at Four-Eleven You halt before a favourite spot. Performances commence at Seven; See Miss Bourgeois as Dot. Then less than fifty houses more Will bring your journey’s end, my child, Four-Fifty-Seven denotes the store Where maps are sold by Bodnair’s Wyld.

And if my next though humble rhymes Shall save some grains of Life’s fast sand, By aiding reference when the Times Mention a scarce number in the Strand: My object’s gained; my Muse so free Down from her empyrean drops, And limbs in numbers, though they be But numbers on the doors and shops.
BLONDIN IN A BREEZE.

The subjoined statement was published the other morning in the principal papers,—

"CRYSTAL PALACE.—BLONDIN made his first ascent over the fountains on Saturday, notwithstanding it was blowing a hurricane at the time."

The remark which this information naturally suggests is, What a wonder it is that BLONDIN was not blown down. The circumstance of a windy day must add very much to the excitement which is occasioned by Mr. BLONDIN's terrific ascents and performances in the sky. It is believed the Crystal Palace Company to make no extra charge for admission on hurricane days, which Admiral Fitzroy's "forecasts" in the Times would generally enable them to anticipate the day before. The crowds who go to M. BLONDIN's risk, and perhaps break, his neck, would be greatly multiplied if the public were advertised as often as the prospects of the weather would warrant, that his ascent would take place at such an hour; a heavy gale expected. When he is dancing on the tight-rope in a tempest, his spectators should give the space under his rope a wide berth, considering that if he should chance to be upset, they would not only have his blood upon their heads, in a moral sense, but likewise, in its ponderable substance, his ponderous body, which would burst for themselves as for BLONDIN, for the body would certainly smash the heads notwithstanding their thickness.

QUITE A NOVELTY IN POLITICAL ECONOMY.—Retrenchment by the Toreis.

A CONSIDERABLE SAVING IN TIME.—Shilling Clocks.

GENTILITY AND GOOD MANNERS.

There is no Royal Road to learning, and it would seem that the Royal road to learning the contents of the International Exhibition is sometimes almost as bad as no road at all. The other day the Princesses HELENA and MAUDE, with their attendants, visited the building. The young ladies were, of course, in deep mourning, and if ordinary courtesy were not enough to prevent Snobs from intruding upon them, the dress might have suggested that special delicacy was due to children who were brought to see the development of the ideas of a lost father. Hear the Daily News—

"We regret to be obliged to add, that the Royal party were forced to leave the building much earlier than they had intended, in consequence of the rude and shameless way in which they were literally "mobbed." Some of the "ladies" rushed forward, and loudly pressed under the hoods of the young Princesses, to the utter confusion and annoyance of the latter, and in defiance of the expectations of the police. The men were quite as bad, and when the police reappeared, were insolent and abusive, acting, in fact, as if they had an inward conviction that the privilege of being at the Royal Palace in a manner which, if it had been done to ladies of lower rank, would most assuredly have procured for the offenders personal chastisement from their male coverts, was a legitimate portion of the value of their admission money."

"Well, it was very low, of course, but what can you expect from the rabble? The canaille have no sense of propriety, and if ladies will go into a mob of mechanics, they must take the consequence."

If you please, Mrs. FITZPATRICK, just lower that highly ornamental and aristocratic nose for one moment, only you have read another sentence or two.

The day in question was not a Shilling day, but a Half-Crown day, the word "mobbed" in the above extract is followed in the original thus,—

"by persons wearing the garb of ladies and gentlemen," and the reporter proceeds—

"To the honour of the working classes, we have to record, on the best authority, that on the previous (shilling) day, when the building was crowded with mechanics and their wives, the Royal party passed through the various courts comparatively unmolested. A considerable crowd followed them, it is true, for a short period, after the quality of the distinguished visitors became known, but a single word from the police-sergeant in attendance was sufficient to induce the people to fall back in the most deferential manner, and during the passage of the party through the Courts the Royal ladies were wholly unobserved."

Do you see that, Mrs. FITZPATRICK? You observe that it was the "lower orders" who mobbed the Princesses, but the "gented" people, the folks who are not up to the Five Shilling day mark, but who could not for the world mix, (as PRINCESSES ALICE AND LOUISE afterwards did) with the Shilling rabble. It was the Gents and the Gentesses, Madam, the Snobs who endeavour to imitate you and the rest of the behooved and revered aristocracy, but try to do it cheaply, and certainly do it in the way indicated by the other adjective frequently coupled with cheap. Half-bred Brunswigcent Respectability mobs young ladies in mourning—the Half-croppers, Madam.

On the days reserved for the nobles as supposed to represent the aristocracy, and on the days given to the People, the children of PRINCE ALBERT may walk, unmolested, among the treasures which it was the dearest wish of their father to assemble at Kensington. But let them beware of the Prince of the Snobs, who go among the real Swells, and who think themselves too fine to go among the People. We hope that our foreign visitors, as also the police, will keep their eyes upon persons whom they may see vulgarly pressing upon such visitors to the show as the Princesses, or others in whom England has an interest. Both the males and females of the vulgar class that so misconduct itself look very smart, but should the policeman, as it is to be hoped he may, lay his hand upon the shoulder of a male Snob, let that policeman be gentle, or he may pull away a paper collar, and a dickey with brass studs, and for the sake of the snobs, let PUNCH advise persons with noses and knees to keep away from coarse perfumes and cheap ermine. A Marquis will do you no particular harm, and will make way for you when he has seen the picture before him, and a Mechanic will thank you for telling him which is the Hogarth, but the Gent who cares as much for pictures as a pig, will keep in your way if he thinks you want to move on, and the Gentesses, even more vacuous, will stare at you with all the accumulated hauteur of "Tottenham Hotspur" if you venture to press past her gentility. Mr. PUNCH is sorry that the visits of the Princesses to their father's best memorial have furnished him with a text for such a sermon, but the ladies have learned something by their annoyance, and the public should have the benefit of the lesson. Beware of the Gentled!

MOTTO FOR THE INTERNATIONAL "PRESS TABLE."—"Eat your pudding, slave, and don't hold your tongue."

"INVISIBLE GREEN."—The green in Mr. Punch's eye.
MR. JOHN LEECH'S GALLERY of SKETCHES IN OIL, FROM SUBJECTS IN PUNCH, is Open Daily from Ten till Dusk, at the EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY. Admission One Shilling.

PUNCH

No. 1094.
VOLUME
THE FORTY-SECOND.
JUNE 28, 1862.

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INGENIOUSLY PUT!

"Now Master Bobby is going to be a good boy, and watch baby, while I go and Hasl great, big, fierce, Mr. Soldier not to run away with Master Bobby."

WHO IS TO BE CORONER?

We really almost wonder that some French friend has not put it forth as his conviction that suicide is greatly on the increase in triste London, basing his opinion on the fact that we are going to appoint an extra coroner. Whatever was the work of one man is now deemed enough for two, and Middlesex is divided into West and Central districts. Further, our French friend might write home to his newspaper, that by reason of the number of suicides committed, the post of coroner is as lucrative as that of Major Mayor, as is proved by the anxiety we show to get appointed to it. No less than three candidates have offered for each office; and to show that applicants are not mere needly placemakers, our French friend might point out that for the Central District two of the three candidates are a lawyer and a doctor.

Now, Mr. Punch being a Briton, of course is a free man; and there comes to him the question for whom is he to vote? Is the doctor or the lawyer the fitter to be coroner? Both are doubtless men of substance, and of some weight in the world: by which of the two feel you any preference to be safe upon? It might perhaps be argued that the duty of a coroner is to ascertain the causes of a death; and though the law’s delay may send men prematurely to the grave, the healing art is generally viewed as the more deadly. Somehow doctors have the reputation—quite improperly of course—of having sometimes helped to shorten a patient’s life, and so it seems but right that a doctor here and there should officiate as coroner, since no men are more likely to know the cause of death than doctors. So Mr. Punch, as a free man, presents his vote to Mr. Lankester, who is a man of weight, and at the same time records his hope that it will never be the duty of the doctor to have to sit on him. Having thus voted, Mr. Punch may very safely prophesy that the doctor will come in, and so he will conclude by classically saying, Finito Coroner-at-Opsa.

SHOCKING NEWS FROM IRELAND.

On Wednesday last week we received a tremendous shock from the electric telegraph connecting London with Dublin, in the shape of the subjoined announcement, which caught our eye:

"A true bill has been found against Punch for sending a threatening letter."

The spasm, into which we were thrown by this most inconsiderably abrupt intimation, our legs being under table at the time, jolted them up with such violence that they kicked it over altogether, independently of our volition, jelling all our papers about our study and spilling our ink. As soon, however, as our convulsion had subsided, we tried back in the Irish news, and there discovered that the Ma. Punch of the startling telegram above quoted was a certain John Punch charged with sending a threatening letter to Mr. Hamilton Langley, a road contractor. Our compositor returned. But why had it been interrupted? Were we not quite secure in the certainty that Punch had not been sending anybody a threatening letter? Yes; but the telegraph relative to Punch as arraigned of that offence came from Dublin, and who was to know what might not have been done by an Irish grand jury? People in sending telegrams which may seriously affect other people, should mind how they mention other people’s names. Our own will be vitiated very much as it is, in being wildly confounded with that of this Hibernian Punch, whom justice has overtaken. The question everywhere will be, Have you heard about Punch? and the reply will be, What? and the wag’s answer to that of course will be, ‘He has got four years’ penal servitude.’

THE Q.C. AND THE OMNIBUSES.

A Ballad of Modern Brompton.*

Sing the praise of Slade, Sir Frederick, Slade, Sir Frederick, Q.C., Who bravely came and called for justice On offending ’busmen three.

Just because the Domes at Brompton All the world has come to see, ’Busmen think to fleece the public, And to swindle Slade Q.C.

So one morning without notice They raise their fares all sudden, Hoping so to catch the public, And Sir Frederick Slade, Q.C.

Breacham, John, a ’bus conductor, Fore Mr. Arnold charged was he For having cheated a penny This here gallant Q. C.

Breacham, John, had taken fourpence, Threepence being his right fee, And in answer to remonstrance, He had laughed at Slade, Q.C.

Said the Beak, ’Bus fares are painted Just where nobody can see, But for this wise regulation Blame the Government, not me.

"Breacham, John, must pay eight shillings, Or for ten days quodded be; This we will perhaps stop his grinning. At Sir Frederick Slade, Q.C."

Thomas Salters, ’bus conductor, Summoned on like charge was he; Out of three pence he had swindled This here brave and bold Q.C.

"Once we used to go to Wandsworth"—This was Thomas Salters’ joke. “So, for taking cows to Brompton I charges ’em on the Wandsworth fee."

"Oh indeed!" says Mr. Arnold, "This here dudgeon won’t do for me, Pay eight bob or go to prison."

And thank Sir Frederick Slade, Q.C.

"A sovereign too I fixe your master.’ (This was sufficient number three) "Because of fares no proper table Painted in his ’bus has he."

So come all you British public, Swindling tricks who hate to see, Come and thank good Mr. Arnold And applaud his wise decree.

But even more than Mr. Arnold, Though so wise and good is he, Come and join your Punch in thanking Brave Sir Frederick Slade, Q.C. And bravely he has fought your battle, Bravely fought and won has he, And in the cause of public justice Gone to court without a fee.

* See Westminster Police Report, Times, June 16.

Gladstone and Shakspeare.

Mr. Gladstone was caught the other day in a shower of rain, and a sudden gust of wind blew his umbrella inside out; upon which, in reproachful accents, he murmured, "I tax not you, you Elements!"

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VOL. XLIII. D D
IS THE PRESS BRIED?

Unc is not very anxious to waste his valuable time and his invaluable space upon ephemeral topics, but upon consideration resolves to sacrifice fractions of each in order to promote a little inquiry, the result whereof may be beneficial in the time to come.

There has been more discussion about the eating and drinking at the Kensington Show than about any article there exhibited. A stranger who should read the newspapers, would think that we had been erecting a great tavern, that naturally our first thought was for the kitchen and the cellar, but that in order to attract customers, we had stuck in some interesting objects, and hung some pictures on the walls. However, this is the Englishman's way, but for little in the way of amusement unless he can somehow connect it with eating and drinking, and it is the day to find fault with that part of his esthetics. He, moreover, likes good eating and drinking, and does not grudge his money for the same, though he grumbles when cheated too coarsely.

It was of the utmost concern to the persons who took the Refreshment Contracts at the Kensington Show that Bull, to say nothing of O'Paddy, M'Sandy, and Leeks, should believe that the eatables and drinkables there sold were of an excellent description, and sold at a reasonable price. Whether they are or not, Mr. Punch has the fondest idea, as he never takes anything between breakfast and dinner, and dines in Grosvenor Square at 8 p.m. Some people tell him that the things are "not bad," some say the wines are anything but what they ought to be, some affirm that the waiters are civil and honest, while others allege that they are careless and cheats, and he should be inclined to think were the matter worth his serious attention—that the whole business is a little of the Sensible kind, and that you may do tolerably well, if you have tolerance and good luck.

But it was not in human nature that the Contractors should desire that the stern, Hallam-like judgment, into which Mr. Punch hath just condensed his convictions should go forth to the million. It was a desirable, and in the interest of business, that Bull, O'Paddy, M'Sandy, and Leeks should be tempted to the Refreshments, and should be incited to bring their wives and children. And inasmuch as nobody believes newspaper advertisements, while everybody believes newspaper paragraphs, it was held desirable that the gentlemen who are supposed to write newspaper paragraphs should have the most favourable opportunity of combating the merits of the Refreshment Department, Mr. Punch is informed—he has never seen the arrangement in question—that a "Press Table" has been instituted, and that whatever the public may get at that Table at all events the cookery is admirable, and the wines are—or are in the judgment of the partakers thereof—unexceptionable.

Well, a good many gentlemen who write paragraphs spoke of things as they found them (which the song recommends us all to do), and did not speak of what they did not know (as becomes wise men), and there appeared a great number of paragraphs in which praises of the Refreshments have been enthusiastically emitted, and Bull, O'Paddy, M'Sandy, and Leeks have been assured that the arrangements are first-rate.

Had this been all, Mr. Punch might have had nothing to say. It would have been an illustration of Humbug, but not of humbug worth his salt.

But it hath been alleged that sordid gentlemen who write paragraphs do not only eat and drink at the "Press Table," but accept their meals and pay nothing. That, in fact, they are "treated" by the proprietors, and fare sumptuously, the inference being, that in return for such hospitality, flattering and valuable paragraphs are composed.

The charge was felt to be one of Bribery, and a sensation was created, and strong words were written down, and much good indignation was expressed, in many cases, no doubt, honestly. But the charge remained general, until it seemed good unto the Morning Star to designate one individual as the offender. Hence the charge was given a nowadays laudatory history of him, and accusing him of being an Irishman, and of other offences. After a time, somebody who believes himself to be the person described, though not named, comes forth with a terrifically long letter, in which he takes his own view of his history. It is not a sinner of such notables.

The only important part of this person's statement is that which follows his avowal of his own acceptance of gratis food, which he says he has eaten five times on the French side, often on the English side, but not wholly as a member of the Press Party (whatever the evasive jargon means)—

"I have frequently—very frequently—dined at the English side; twice with small partners who were not paid for, but for whom a previous consent had been obtained; other times with others who were paid for at the regulated tariff. I alone exercised the privilege which had been accorded me; I alone exceeded the number of the members of the press to which it is not necessary here to refer. Let it be understood that the privilege was given not in common with many other members of the press that I have done less in excess of this privilege than many of high position whom I could name. These are facts known to all concerned. I ask, therefore, why am I singled out for this notice?—it is not that I am a principal violator—if reproach be due—it seeks to make a scapegoat of a provincial editor, and save its victim in the unjust at the expense of that of a stranger! I do not wish to be personal."

"... Else I might name names in connection with this matter that would make people stare at the virtuous indignation so suddenly evoked. Since March or February the system of press dinners at the Exhibition has been in vogue—why is the immorality of the system only discovered in June, and then only in connection with one of his successes? Why, if there be immorality in the system, did so many parties of the grand banquet given a month ago?"

There! The man signs his name to what he writes—we have no answer to his fame, so we do not most impertinent and silly tables—but there is his statement made, as regards himself, with evident and almost ludicrous unconsciousness that he is owing to dirty and dishonest conduct. But he makes a calm and deliberate charge against the journals, and it is known that this person should be shown to be what Mr. Punch desires to believe him in regard to this matter—namely, one who knowingly makes unfounded statements. There is a shorter way of putting it, which Mr. Punch will employ when the refutation is made.

MOTHER POPE'S ALLOCATION.

On Washing Day last old Mrs. Pope the Fishwoman, calling herself successor to the Fisherman, delivered a talking-to, or Allocation, from her stall to a couple of Monarchs who have incurred her displeasure. It will perhaps be considered that Opiquration rather than Allocation is the title properly applicable to this discourse, which ran as follows:

"Sacrilegious Sovereigns. The malle which inspired a Xenia, a Diocletian, and a Julian the Apostate does not cease to inflame the persecutors of the Chair of Peter, and especially you two. Our ancient of bitterness, and our lives, all owing to your never-before-heard-of atrocity, Erodebit or urae, et feroena dilecti tamen jecur. So, then, what can you expect at our mouth? "Te vobis, sanguinis, et dominum mortuor."

"As for you, Lords, we don't thank you a bit for your pretence of protecting us. You'd betray us this moment, you Judas, if it wasn't that you daren't defy our faithful priests and brothers, for know it's as much as your crown's worth. Mind what your Missus tells you, she is going to give all lack which she knew that fellow the son of the Church! Look at you brother there; you are both children of old Harby. Abandoned reprobates. Go along with you! Vedite petri, Saduces et Beelzebub! Get out! Luspege a beech, you anti-saint, you miserable ragamuffin. Do not be afraid, you unprincipled usurpers, you heretics, you schismatics, you confounded abominable hypocrites. As you wish, you!"

It is whispered that if Mrs. Pope is obliged to remove her stall from the Eternal City, she will transfer it to Blistsigardes.

"Bar Bar, Black Sheep."

That eminent transatlantic lawyer, Mr. Edwin Jenks, complains that in England he was under the cold shade of aristocracy. Contrary to the antecedent partiality which he transferred a trifle of £3,000 or thereabouts from the pockets of one of that aristocracy to his own, we have no difficulty in admitting that there was a "coolness" as well as a "shameful" about his dealings with the British aristocracy. The strictly private transaction was preciously one of those "plants" which flourish best in the shade.
PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

June 18th. Monday. Recent Italian movements, with which the name of Garibaldi has been undesirably connected, have given great trouble not only to M. Ratuzzo, but to the Magnifici of Normandy. The former has had to make, in the Italian Parliament, a curious defence of his own conduct, and the verdict seems to be that M. Ratuzzo is an exceedingly good man. A similar verdict is not likely to result in the case of Lord Normandy, but Lord Russell admitted that N. had, for once, some grounds for asking questions about matters that did not concern him. Lord Beaufort took the opportunity of informing the world that he suspected Garibaldi as a soldier, though not as a statesman, but that he had not the least respect for Mazzini; for that as a statesman he was a mere conspirator, and as a soldier he never ventured to expose his person to danger. M. Pache has not yet heard whether Mazzini has ever performed his duty, in consequence of this intimation, to leap into Vesuvius.

The Duke of Newcastle said and regretted that the Canadian Parliament had rejected a Militia Bill, and destroyed a Ministry, but the new Premier, General Macdonald, might possibly try another Militia Bill. These are no times for our friends the Canadians to shrink from defending themselves—what is that we hear about the Yankees and the widening certain canals, so as to get gun-boats upon certain waters? That sort of Canadian Boat Song will be unpleasant to the lovers of true harmony.

Mr. Dawson wanted Sir George Giotto to promise to interfere with the Canadian Bill, so that it might not exactly what they like, Sir George refused. Mr. Darcy Griffen, addressing himself to a matter on which there is no objection to his speaking, urged that the omnibus fares ought to be pointed outside, so that people might know what they would be. Sir George said that the omnibus fares were ordered by the law directed the list to be allixed inside. Doubtless he has the subtlest contempt for such grievances as those brought forward by Messrs. Dawson and Griffen, but if Sir George will condescend to go down to the street before Wilt, and see the scene on the road, he will perceive that a good many of the folks who pay his salary have a strong interest in the subject.

Then did Sir Hugh Cairns go in for mischief to the Corresponding Reformer, and a Bill which was expected to make it better, tried to send it to a Select Committee. This pretense was exposed by Sir Rowland Palmer and others, the House defeated Sir Hugh by 150 to 131, and, going into Committee, upheld various clauses which were successively assailed.

Government are "considering" what is to be done about the British Museum and the Beasts. When the Show is cleared out of the International, why cannot the animals be put there? The longest whale will have room to stretch himself between platform and platform, and the tallest giraffe can stand up under the Domes.

Tuesday. Lord Granville announced, with much feeling, to the House of Lords, that the earthy tasks of the Son of George Canning were done. Lord Canning had expired at the age of 30. On the following Saturday he was laid with his father in the Abbey. "A great and just man," said Lord Granville, and none will gainays the words.

In the Commons there was little in which the most resolute legislator could find comfort. Scotch lentaries and salmon, and an attack upon certain features in the Income-Tax by Mr. Hubbard, who asked his plaint to a Fortificatios question, and got himself blown away by the great financial gun Gladstone, helped on the evening till half-past eight, when there was a Count. Mr. A. Smitb and the patriot Dicky Seymour, parties very likely to encounter Counts Out, tried to discourage them by having the name of the mover taken down, but the House moved out into a No-House, and were moderately defended for the Scenatural bull.

Wednesday. The Bill for preventing the aristocracy from doing the publicuses out of the price of Gin, obtained on tie, went into Committee, and Mr. Forster wanted the same rule extended to beer. He says that the Ophys who drink it do more damage than one or two cases of brown beer chalked up to them, knowing that the vendor cannot recover. But the subject was considered too important to be taken up thus lightly. Mr. Martin carried an amendment, of which Countessex and others will do well to take notice, the creation of a power to limit to spirits sold in qualities of not less than a Quat—or so our Butler may be sent round to the public for a pint of Ancient Thomas, and if he can only get hold of it, we cannot be made to pay, dear Brother and Sister!—"The Clergy Relief Bill went through Committee, and it is a mild kind of measure, intended to help those clergymen who do not like their profession, or who prefer another. It will hardly pass the House of Lords.

When Mr. Berkeley snapped his Ballot victory, a little Bill that crawled at the heels of his one, for taking secret votes at Municipal Elections, slipped in also. To-day it came on when there was something like a House, and of course was promptly ejected (by 83 to 45) a similar destiny being in store for Mr. Berkeley's own measure.

Thursday. Earl Russell upon Mexico. He had declined to ratify a separate convention made with the Mexicans, because, though it was fair enough, it connected itself with a mortgage on Mexico held by the French. Further, we had been assured that the defeat which the French have sustained out there—we had, indeed, been informed that we had never sent any, and our marines were withdrawn before the French decided on separate action. Aperogos whereof it may be mentioned that a friend L. N. L. Prize, and we were enclosed in a reinforcement of 10,000 men. This will convince Uncle Sam that the wise and noble fate of France is perfectly right in his conduct, and now that he has separated himself from the selfish and cowardly Britonians, we can watch his course with respect, and his career with admiration. Touching which uncle, Earl Russell said that we were certainly not going to give up the Emily St. Pierre. The Lords read the Highways Bill a Second Time and went their own ways.

Government are "considering" whether that gallant officer, Captain Sheard Osbourne, and some comrades, shall be allowed to accept the invitation of the Chinese authorities to go out and demolish the savage rebels who are devastating the flowery land. Some order ought to be taken with these ruffians, whose atrocities are much too frightful to be touched upon here, and a plentiful exhibition of the pill called grape-shot would be highly beneficial, as Doctor Osborne will probably think.

Some canna joke out of the discussion in Committee of the Merchant Shipping Bill. Mr. Milner Gibson, in the course of an argument, invited the attention of the Members to the Robert Lone, which he said was a Screw. The Committee, of course, broke out into laughter, and Mr. Gibson added, that the value of the Robert Lone? Mr. Disraeli looked as if he should like to be called in as appraiser. After this a debate on the very important question of Cotton supply, and it was very frankly expressed that the Indian Ministers would not do his duty in regard to the providing roads, canals, and other facilities for the conveyance of that article. Sir Charles Wodsworth was decidedly of opinion that he did. And Lord Palmerston, in alluding to the treaty with America for putting down the Slave Trade, declared that Mr. Lincoln's government had behaved to us in the most handsome manner. It is to be wished that this statement could be suppressed, as it may bring on a shower of abuse from the New York press, insomuch as to compliment a person on a particular occasion imparts, in all-qualities of people's minds, an implication that there are other occasions when compliment is undeserved.

Friday. Queen Victoria having ascended the throne on the 20th June, 1837, it was obvious that the Lords could not properly attend business on the 20th June, 1832. The Commons did not see the validity of this excuse for a holiday, and sat, off and on, from twelve at noon till one in the morning. Whether it was this long spell of work, or the detestable weather of the month facetiously called June, that made them irritable, Mr. Punch could not say. But it was observed that there were two or three bright rows of lamps which had led the parties to Womwood Scrubs a few hours later. There is a Greek newspaper published in London, and called the British Star, and this belongs to an enthusiastic Mr. Xenus. It has merits, but the Turkish authorities do not exactly appreciate his third merit, which, at least in the eyes of Russians and the Manchester School, is its incessantly suggesting to the Christian subjects of the Porte that the government of the hither is excessively bad, and a nuisance to be abated. So the Sultan's Ministers beg that England will not circulate the paper in Turkey by means of our Post-Office in Constantinople. This is a request we cannot refuse, and so the journal is refused transit in our bags. The Russo-Manchester folks of course make this a grudge, and Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Briton acted as though they were month-pieces of the Greeks. Mr. Layard made a defence which, if it had a fault, was too complete, and indeed went into counter-attack, for Mr. MacNair having abused the Turkish Government, Mr. Layard stoutly maintained that the Government of Rome was just as bad. Mr. Bright complained that the Ministers were too fond of assailing the Papists. In the course of Mr. Layard's speech, he called Mr. MacNair "a man," and though he changed this highly offensive epithet, and said that Mr. M. M. Grasse added a "touch" to the quite an up roar, and Mr. Briton had to whip both the boys. Then, in some Irish squamable or other, Mr. McManus abused the Orangemen of the north as "rowdies," and Captain Archdale gave him the lie, in the most unimpassioned manner, finally telling Mr. McManus that it would not bear translation into common parlance language. Mr. Rolbeck very properly wished that Ministers would take a leaf out of his book and try to be conciliatory and courteous. On the whole, therefore, it might have been as well that Commons omitted the Lords, and had an Accession instead of an accession of bile.

The Pope's Appeal.—Am I infallible? Or any other man?
LORD CANNING.
DIED TUESDAY, JUNE 17TH, 1862.

One more strong swimmer gone down in the deep,
But not in mist of storm and breakers' roar:
He had fought through the surf and gained the shore,—
His native England's windy whitewalled steep,
Which he had toiled, and borne so much, to reach.
Ah, little did we think, who cheered him in,
How busy Death was mining all within!
The while we gave him welcome from the beach.

He waived seckin and greetings of the crowd,
And only prayed he might be left at peace,
In pomp's eclipse and toil's well-earned surcease—
Toll that had stemmed disease, and grief o'errowed.

We who had seen him striving with the storm,
In that dread time when England's Empire reeled,
Till her foes shouted: "Lo, her doom is sealed!" And, as foul things round a sick lion swarm,
Base creatures on sore-striken England pressed,
We who then watched him, patient, calm, and strong,
Not paying hate with hate, and wrong with wrong,
But fear and fury both serene to breast,
We deemed him stealed of body as of soul,
And when Death took his partner from his side,
And left him lone, his weary lot to abide,
We said the same high heart could grief control,
That had controlled despair, and doubt, and fear;
And when we knew that his return was nigh,
We planned him labours new and honours high,
Blind that we were, nor dreamed the end was near.

Of all the gifts that England could bestow
He has received but one—an honoured grave;
Where knightly banners in the Abbey wave
O'er dust of English worthies, heaped below,
Another worthy sleeps; the black plumes waved
Above him, cold and collined, through the street
Where oft, we hoped, he would in council meet
For India's weal, the land he had saved.
Not for such council, nor speech of his peers,
Comes he to Westminster, but for his grave,
Where write, "He died for duty—modest, brave,
Mild, when the good felt wrath, calm, when the brave had fears."

A Prophet Right.

A RECENT American mail stated as follows:—
"The New York Times' Correspondent thinksthere is a probability of the Federal army going into trenches before Richmond."
The latest accounts show that the prophet was very right, at least to the extent of 2,000 or 3,000 Federals.

Monuments of Delay.
The Temple of Diana at Ephesus, we are informed by a classical scholar, took not less than 220 years in building. This is certainly a long period for the completion of a monument, but we think we know of one that, if you only give it time and fair play, will certainly beat it by half a century at least, and that is the Nelson Column.

The Tories' excuse for not turning out PAM is that the country is not ripe yet for a Conservative government. "Humbug! Dizzy. You mean it isn't green enough."
THE PROFESSOR OF ALOUCTION.