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January 6, 1872, by Various**

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,
VOLUME 62, JANUARY 6, 1872 ***

**PUNCH,
OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.**

Vol. 62.

January 6th, 1872.

PUNCH



VOL LXII.

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"GENTLEMEN Arbitrators, I salute you in the concrete," said Mr. PUNCH, walking up to the table of the Hall of Congress at Geneva. "I also salute you specially. COUNT SCLOPIS, *una voce poco fà*; M. STAEMPFLI, my Merry Swiss Boy, *point d'argent, point de Suisse*; BARON ITAJUBA, I hope your *sangre azul* is cool this hot weather."

"Really, Mr. PUNCH," said the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN—

"And really, my dear SIR ALEXANDER," was Mr. PUNCH's lightning-like repartee. "How are you? and DAVIS, my BANCROFT, how are you? Have you seen MRS. BANCROFT in *Caste*? Capital, isn't she? And now to business, and after that we'll go for a row on the Lake, my Allobroges. Know they settled here, DAVIS?"

"I know several things," said Mr. DAVIS, "and one is that you have no business in this chamber."

"*Rem acu tetigisti*, my Occidental. My visit is strictly on pleasure. And I reckon to have the pleasure of sticking these here Negotiations in a greased groove before I quit."

"Porter!" exclaimed the COUNT SCLOPIS, angrily.

"Not a drop, I thank you," said Mr. PUNCH, smiling. "We should not get it good here. A bottle of Seltzer, if you please, with a slight dash of the liquid named after yonder lake, but unsweetened."

His exquisite good-temper—he associates with GRANVILLE and DISRAELI—was too much for the dignitaries. They all shook hands with him, said he was welcome, and begged that he would go away until dinner-time.

"Not a bit of it, my Beamish Boys," said Mr. PUNCH. "I am going to earn that dinner."

"But, dear Mr. PUNCH," pleaded Mr. DAVIS, "we can't admit another British Representative, especially so omnipotent a one as yourself."

"You are polite, and I'm cosmopolite, my dear DAVIS. *Non ubi nascor, sed ubi pascor*, and being asked to an international repast I shall behave internationally."

"You will have to let him speak," laughed BARON ITAJUBA.

"You open your mouth to drop Brazilian diamonds, my Baron."

"*He'd better remain, for I don't think he'll go*," gaily carolled the Chief Justice, with a reminiscence of a burlesque written at a time when burlesques were comic.

"*Take your brief, and belabour away*," sang the Merry Swiss Boy.

"Come, Mr. PUNCH," said the Count, "you and I have a common Italian ancestry. Do us credit."

"*Con rispetto parlando*, Count, you ought not to doubt that I shall. Arbitrators! Have you all read

RABELAIS?"

"There's a question!" shouted Everybody, indignantly. "Have five great nations sent clowns to represent them?"

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"I will soon see about that," said MR. PUNCH. "When the good PANTAGRUEL was asked to decide a most tangled, knotty, and vast law-suit, over which a hundred lawyers had wrangled and fattened for years, what was his first order? Nay, answer me not in words, but let me take my cooling draught, and see whether you know RABELAIS."

As with one impulse all sprang up, delight in each face. Secretaries and porters were summoned, and every scrap of paper, from the smallest Note to the most gigantic Case was removed into the court-yard. In five minutes all the painted glass in the windows was richly illuminated, and the flames roared like Vesuvius.

"In these circumstances," said MR. PUNCH, "and as thinking of the 'frozen Caucasus' will not enable one to bear roasting, M. the Count, you might order me some ice."

"Icebergs to MR. PUNCH till further notice," said the magnificent Italian, in a style worthy of COSMO himself.

"You *have* studied RABELAIS," said MR. PUNCH, when the fire had subsided, "and I am sure that you will continue to be guided by his wisdom. Do you accept my sentence, in this Anglo-American business, as final. No 'understandings,' mind. Swear it, with good mouth-filling oaths."

They all sent out fervent voices, but MR. DAVIS (who has had the advantage of knowing MR. GREELEY) discharged a kuss so terrific that it tore all the other sounds to tatters.

"Hear, and record the oath, immoral Gods!" exclaimed MR. PUNCH, in a manner like that of JOHN KEMBLE, only superior in impressiveness. "And now I shall give you a judgment like that of the good PANTAGRUEL. Stenographers!"

Then said PANTAGRUEL-PUNCH, "and the pauses amid his speech were more awful than the sound:"

"Not having read one word of the cackle just combusted, and knowing and caring nothing about the matter in question, I hereby give sentence that England shall pay to America, on the first of April last, nineteen thousand bottles of hay with a needle in each. Shall, on the very first Sunday in the middle of the week, further pay to America eleven millions of pigs in pokes; and finally, and without fail, Shall, in the next Greek Kalends, remit to Washington two billions of bottles of smoke, and one thousand casks of the best pickled Australian moonshine, deodorised and aërated.

"But seeing that America, in her turn, has reparation to make, I hereby give sentence that she shall send to England, on the day of the election of the first Coloured President, twelve thousand barrels of the best pearl-oysters, the pearls to be set with emeralds and rubies. Shall, on the day of celebration of the utter and entire extinction of Bunkum, further pay to England eighty thousand barrels of Columbian Hail, and as many Birds o' Freedom, potted with truffles; and lastly, Shall, on the recognition of the Independence of Mormonism, remit to London a hundred boxes of the letters of which the United States have robbed the Queen's English; a thousand of the ropes which ought to have been used in accelerating the quietude of Fenianism, and finally, and without fail, shall pay 30 per cent. on the profits of 'annexed' English literature.

"And this I give for final judgment and decree indissoluble."

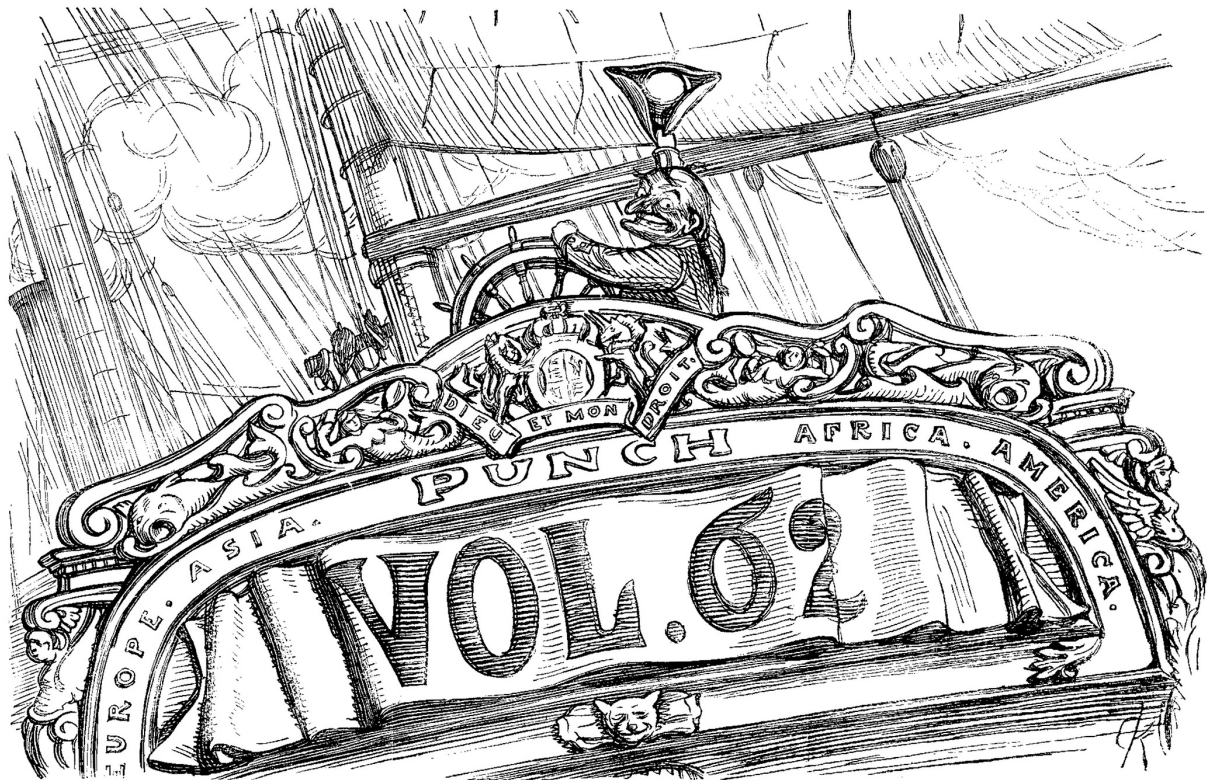
Everybody remained wrapt, in speechless admiration at the ineffable wisdom of PANTAGRUEL-PUNCH, who had thus SETTLED THE AMERICAN QUESTION. But what a shout went up to the Empyrean when he gently added:—

"To enable you to interpret this sentence aright, I present you with my

“Sixty-Second Volume.”



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OUR QUEEN TO HER PEOPLE.

WE open our New Volume with a record that will become historical. No more acceptable Christmas gift could have been bestowed upon a loyal and affectionate people than that which QUEEN VICTORIA has been pleased to present. It is the simple, warm, graceful expression of a Mother's "deep sense of the touching sympathy of the whole Nation on the occasion of the alarming illness of her dear son, the PRINCE OF WALES." Thus writes our Sovereign, dating, happily, from Windsor Castle:—

"The universal feeling shown by her people during those painful, terrible days, and the sympathy evinced by them with herself and her beloved daughter, the PRINCESS OF WALES, as well as the general joy at the improvement in the PRINCE OF WALES'S state, have made a deep and lasting impression on her heart which can never be effaced. It was,

indeed, nothing new to her, for the QUEEN had met with the same sympathy when just ten years ago a similar illness removed from her side the mainstay of her life, the best, wisest, and kindest of husbands.

"The QUEEN wishes to express at the same time, on the part of the PRINCESS OF WALES, her feelings of heartfelt gratitude, for she has been as deeply touched as the QUEEN by the great and universal manifestation of loyalty and sympathy.

"The QUEEN cannot conclude without expressing her hope that her faithful subjects will continue their prayers to God for the complete recovery of her dear son to health and strength."

"What can he do that cometh after the King?" is the language of the Book. He who cometh after the QUEEN will vainly seek to write worthy comment on these words. But comment will be supplied by all the hearts that are rejoicing in the happiness of a Mother and of a Wife, and in the deliverance of a Nation from a great sorrow.

The Festive Bored.

IN olden time the boar's head was a common Christmas adjunct to the board. The custom, it appears, has not entirely yet died out. If one believes one's eyes and ears, one can hardly ever join a family Christmas party, without finding at least one, if not more than one, boar's head there.

THE NATIONS' NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

BENEATH the fading mistletoe in Time's wide-echoing Hall,—
The Yule-log's light still brisk and bright, on storied roof and wall—
The Spirits of the Nations, some strange, some kith and kin,
Are met to flout the Old Year out and *fête* the New Year in.

With war-stains dim on robe and limb, fresh scars on cheek and brow,
France strives to look as though no pains could crush, no losses bow:
But her glance is quick and restless, and her hands are never still,
As one that, fevered inly, masks but masters not her ill.

As if in mock of Christmas wreaths,—their "peace, good-will to men"—
What fierce hate in her eyes whene'er proud Prussia meets their ken!
Prussia that, stern and stately, her great sword, laurel-wreathed,
Bears wary, so, 'tis hard to know if bare the blade, or sheathed.

So light and lithe that stalwart frame in movement or at rest,
You scarce would deem you caught the gleam of steel below her breast;
Beneath the wide imperial robe, that, fire-new, sweeps the ground,
With what now seems a diadem, and now a helmet, crowned.

But mark yon maid, of loveliness more radiant and more rare
Than all the showers of gems and flowers that star her night of hair;
For strength and grace to fit that face, what music but the tongue
Wherein stern DANTE chaunted, and silvery PETRARCH sung?

Queen among Queens! But never Queen full-robed and crowned till now,
The double diadem of Rome on her exultant brow!
Who notes the dust, who recks the rust, that dulls or dims its sheen,
Or asks how she came by it, or through what mire it has been?

From sleep or strife new roused to life that lights her antique face,
No monkish train nor slavish chain to cramp her strength and grace,
What wonder if she hardly know in soberness to still
The throbbing of late-loosened blood, the stir of waking will?

Others are there, though notable, less notable than these:
See Russia, blue-eyed giantess, still rude and ill at ease:
But who can tell what undrawn wells of power and strength are there,
Under the brow that looms so broad below her fell of hair?

And Austria, motley madam, 'twixt Vienna *demi-monde*,
Tyrolian *mädchen*, Magyar *brune*, and rough Slavonian *blonde*:
Of look more gracious than her mood, more potent than her power,
Trying all arts, and changing trick and toilet with the hour.

And Spain, still proud as when she walked New World and Old a Queen,
Beneath her soiled and frayed brocades the rags plain to be seen,

Stately of speech, but beggarly of all but sounding phrase,
Slattern at home and shrew abroad, in worse as better days.

With sidelong and suspicious looks on Russia, Austria cast,
Which scarce her yashmak serves to hide, see Turkey gliding past.
A harem-beauty out of place 'twixt angers and alarms
At the hot looks of would-be Lords, that lust to own her charms.

Casting about for shelter she draws where, hand in hand,
Fair England and Columbia, proud child, proud mother, stand:
Time was upon each other they had turned less friendly eyes,
But of late both have grown wiser than let angry passions rise.

To the side of stout BRITANNIA I see scared Turkey creep,
Though BRITANNIA lifts no finger her foes at bay to keep:
But, for all her quiet bearing, there is something in her air
That brings to mind the good old saw, "Of sleeping dogs beware!"

Twelve struck—and I saw grey Old Time his wassail-bowl uprear,
As he called on all the Nations to drink in the New Year;
But first to drink the Old Year out, that to his end has come,
With small cause to regret him, as he passes on to doom.

And looking on those Nations, scarce a single face I saw
But over it lay such a cloud as doubt and fear might draw:
As if all wished the Old Year gone, while yet all doubted sore
If their welcome to the New Year should be hopefuller, therefor.

Some, thinking of disasters past, worse sorrows seemed to see,
In the near or farther future, up seething gloomily:
Some thinking of advantage won, seemed scarce to trust their hold
On that advantage, lest their prize turn dust, like fairy gold.

Only methought that Britain and Columbia, 'mid their peers,
Showed eyes more hopeful, calmer brows, and lips less pale with fears:
As having clearer view than most where surest faith should lie—
To put their trust in Providence, and keep their powder dry.

As being bent to fight the fight of common sense and truth:
Nor yield the faith therein to fear, the rights thereof to ruth:
Not give knaves, fools, or fanatics, the driving seat and reins:
Worthy his hire to own each man who works, with hand or brains.

To recognise the Heavenly rule that various lots assigns,
But ranges high and low alike 'neath Duty's even lines:
To do to others as we would that they to us should do,
To prize the blessings that we have, and others help thereto.

While Britain to this faith is firm, and puts this faith in deed,
Little to her how plenteous or how poor the years succeed.
She holds a hope good fortune reared not up, ill casts not down;
Trusting the Power whose hand alike is o'er Red-Cap and Crown.



UTILE CUM DULCE.

Inquisitive Gent. "YOU WILL—A—THINK ME VERY INDISCREET—
BUT I CANNOT HELP WONDERING WHAT THIS ELABORATELY-CARVED AND
CURIOSLY-RAMIFIED STRUCTURE IS FOR. IS IT FOR ORNAMENT ONLY,
OR INTENDED TO HEAT THE HOUSE, OR SOMETHING?"

Fastidious Host. "O, IT'S THE *DRAINS!* I LIKE TO HAVE 'EM WHERE
I CAN LOOK AFTER 'EM MYSELF. POOTY DESIGN, AIN'T IT? MAJOLICA, YOU
KNOW.... HAVE SOME CHICKEN?"

OLD GHOSTS AND NEW.

OF old, around the whitening embers,
One, here and there, as yet remembers
The tales of Ghosts, at Christmas season,
Which once were wont to stagger Reason.

Those tales are told no more at Christmas,
Whose Ghosts are laid beyond the Isthmus
Of Suez, all beneath the billows
Of the Red Sea, on sandy pillows.

The Ghosts with eyes of flame and saucer
Are now as obsolete as CHAUCER;
No Ghosts now rattle chains, nor blue light
Emit, but "Spirit Lights"—a new light.

White-sheeted Ghosts have grown mere fables.
Instead of groaning, Ghosts rap tables:
With smells of sulphur ne'er assail us;
With curious perfumes oft regale us.

They "mediums" raise by "levitation,"
And subject them to elongation,
And in and out of windows float them,
Two stories high, lords vow, we quote them.

Fruit, flowers, ice, other forms of matter,
On tables, in the dark, Ghosts scatter;
Live lobsters, wriggling eels, and so forth:
Thus their "so potent art" they show forth.

There is a lady, MRS. GUPPY,
Mark, shallow scientific puppy,
The heaviest she in London, marry,
Her, Spirits three miles long did carry.

Upon a table down they set her,
Within closed doors. What! you know better?
And we're all dupes or self-deceivers?
Yah, Sadducees and unbelievers!

Some Ghosts, do, mortal hands compelling,
Write letters in phonetic spelling.
Some others, on accordions, cunning
In music, *Home, Sweet Home*, play, punning.

The grisly Ghosts of old have vanished;
The ancient Bogies all are banished.
How much more credible and pleasant
Than the old Spirits are the present!

Memorandum for Lords of the Manor.

A GAME which, when played on Commons, becomes illegal, is the Game of Cribbage.

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MEDICAL BARS.

MR. PUNCH,

A PRETTY dodge that is of the doctors and sawbones which have signed that there declaration respectin' Halcohol has as bin publish'd in the Papers. Wot I refers to moor partickler is their sayin that "Alcohol, in whatever form, should be prescribed with as much care as any powerful drug." Take this here along with their likewise sayin as they thinks the sale of liquors ought to be restricted by "wise legislation." Yah! What's the legislation as them medical gentlemen would call wise? I won't say, I should like to know, cos why I do know, and which therefore please allow me for to state, for to put a inliten'd Brittish Public on their gard agin a Doo. A liquor law for to shut up all the publichouses, and confine the sale of liquors—Halcohol in wotsomedever form, mind yer—to the 'pothecaries, chemists, and druggists, to be sold hunder conditions, like assnic or strikenine, or only wen horder'd by a fisitian's perscription. That's their objeck. That's wot they're arter. Anybody may see with arf an i they're all leged together to get the ole of the licker trade away from the legitimit Licens'd Wittlers into their own ands.

Now, Sir, just fancy under that sistim, if so be ever it passes, witch Evin forbid, what a halteration we should see direckly in doctors' shops. In coarse they'd ave to be a good deal enlarged to make room for the Bar and Beer-engine. Then, my i, what a variety of rum labels there would be on the big bottles, and the reseavers, and resevoys witch praps would do dooty amongst the fizzic for caskes and barrels. A young doctor chap, as uses my ouse, and promises to be a horniment to his perfession, rote me down a few names of liquors; he says, in Doctors' lattin, along with Pil: Colocynth Comp:, and Mist: Camph:, and sitch as we shall then see—Cerevis: Fort: XXX Burton:; Barel: Perk: etSoc: Integr:; Aq: Vitæ Gallic:; Sp: Junip: Batavorum:; Vin: Rubr:; Vin Alb: Hispan:; Sp: Sacchari Jamaicens: Opt:; Vetus Thomas:; Ros Montan:; &c.; all witch you and your honour'd readers, bein scollards, will hunderstand. Yes; and you'll have medickle men perscribin wine, beer, and sperrits in quantities of Oj., and ʒj. or ʒij., and ʒifs., and ℥ij.; and patients will be payin extry fees to ave the same perscribed for 'em—dram drinkin in drams order'd medisinally.

Wich, afore that state of things is brought to pass, with defence not defiance for our motter, wot I say is, let's nale our cullers to the mast, No Surrender, and take to supplyin our customers with the werry best rubub, senna, and prerogative drugs, and likewise pillicotia, bark, prussic hacid and pizon of hevery description, as well as Halcohol in watever form, wich they pertends is so pernishus.

The Doctors' liquor shops, I dare say, will shut up on Sundays—but then no doubt but wot a short Notis outside will hinform you that "Medicine may be obtained by ringing the bell," the medsin including anything on draught you may choose to name, not exceptin punch, which cures the gout, the collect, and the tizzic—And it is allowed to be the werry best of fizzic. So no more at present from your obegent umbel Servant,

BUNG.



TOILETTE

(DARE WE SAY À LA BEEFEATER?) SUITABLE FOR LADIES OF ROBUST FIGURE.

MILITARY ECONOMY.

HERE is a fine specimen of Army Reform. We cite it from that Military authority, the *Civilian*:—

"The expense of providing and maintaining window blinds for officers' quarters is not chargeable against the public. Blinds now fixed, which have been supplied free of charge, may remain, provided they be maintained at the occupants' expense. Any

occupant not wishing to retain the blinds at his own cost, will make a notification to this effect to the Controller of the district, in order that they may be removed and taken into store."

Officers' better halves are hardly likely to approve of this retrenchment in officers' quarters. Faded furniture and carpets will probably not find much favour in their eyes, nor will those eyes shine any brighter for being dazzled, as they will be, when the sunbeams stream in blindingly through the blindless windows. In rooms that face due South, a parasol will be a useful adjunct to a breakfast table, and we may even hear of officers with weak eyes being attacked by sharp ophthalmia, and, all owing to their blindless quarters, becoming helpless inmates of the Blind Asylum.

A Minor Cannon.

THE new 35-ton gun, or 700-pounder, is called The Woolwich Infant. Sweet Innocent! Let us hope that affairs may allow it long to remain such. Is the Woolwich Infant supposed to be a boy or a girl? If a boy, it must be admitted that there was never yet before such a Son of a Gun.

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EVENINGS FROM HOME.

A NEW PLAN.—*To Everyone whom it may Concern.*



is a gratification to *Mr. Punch*, to be able to announce that he has entered into an arrangement with descendants of the celebrated *Masters Sandford and Merton*, who, with their admirable preceptor, the grandson of the illustrious *Mr. Barlow*, will, during the present Christmas Holidays, visit most of the Metropolitan amusements.

One morning, as they were sitting, after breakfast, in their lodgings in the Strand, TOMMY said to MR. BARLOW, "May I ask you a question, Sir?"

MR. BARLOW considered for a few moments, and then granted the desired permission.

Tommy. What, Sir, is a Pantomime?

Mr. Barlow (smiling). Perhaps HARRY can tell you.

Harry. Willingly, MASTER TOMMY.

Tommy. I should like very much to hear.

Harry. You must know, then, MASTER TOMMY, that in London there are a great many buildings called Theatres, or Theatres, to which some people go, and, in cases where the free list is entirely suspended, and the absurd system of orders is abolished, actually pay money in the expectation of being amused by the performers. Indeed, at Christmas-time, when nearly every sort of entertainment is open to the public, it is a person's own fault if he is not constantly amused.

Tommy. But pray, HARRY, have you no more particulars to tell me about these Pantomimes?

Harry. You can judge for yourself, MASTER TOMMY.

TOMMY was so affected with this rebuke, that he only restrained his tears by a strong physical exertion, which resulted in his giving HARRY a kick on the shins underneath the table. For this, being a boy of generous disposition, he had the good-breeding and courtesy to apologise, in time to avert the severe damage which his head would have received at the hands of his friend HARRY; and, in order to propitiate the justly-aroused anger of MR. BARLOW, MASTER TOMMY offered to treat HARRY SANDFORD and their worthy preceptor to the play that very night; a proposal which, after some show of reluctance, both MR. BARLOW and HARRY SANDFORD cordially accepted.

At DRURY LANE.—On their arrival in the lobby of the Dress Circle, a kindly-spoken gentleman insisted upon relieving the party of their coats, and gave them a programme of the performance, for which they returned him their most sincere thanks; MR. BARLOW, moreover, promised him a gratuity on his leaving the theatre. This promise was accompanied by a significant look at HARRY, who fully appreciated his worthy preceptor's conduct. As to TOMMY, he was too full of wonder and admiration of all he saw to notice this transaction, and, indeed, the questions which arose to his lips during the evening were so numerous, that, with a discretion beyond his years, he determined to reserve them for a future occasion.

The Pantomime was *Tom Thumb*.

Harry. The VOKES'S are very comical people with their legs.

Mr. Barlow. Yes, truly; and, being so, it is a thousand pities any of them should attempt to sing. Their dancing is highly amusing.

TOMMY was here very much alarmed by the appearance of a Giant's head over the castle wall. His fears were not allayed when the Giant ate *Tom Thumb*, who, on his re-appearance from the Giant's mouth, was taken up in the claws of a huge bird. This made TOMMY cry; and it was not until MR. BARLOW had explained to him that the object of the Pantomime was to make little boys and girls laugh, that he at all recovered his wonted spirits. However, on seeing that HARRY was smiling, and that MR. BARLOW was composing himself to sleep, he was reassured by their demeanour, and became deeply interested in the stage representation.

At the Scene of Dresden China Watteauesque figures, TOMMY'S delight declared itself in loud applause.

Tommy. Are *those* the Clowns? I thought you said, Sir, that there was only *one* Clown!

Mr. Barlow. To the eye of the rightly constituted mind there can be but one Clown; and our mental vision is only disturbed and confused by this multiplication of drolls.

MR. BARLOW further explained that the Clown is human like ourselves; whereat TOMMY expressed himself dissatisfied.

Mr. Barlow. As the comic scenes appear to depress you, HARRY, and as TOMMY is evidently becoming tired and cross withal, it were best to leave.

Harry. Indeed, Sir, this Pantomime reminds me of what you told me about the shape of the earth.

Mr. Barlow. I do not see, HARRY, how you connect the two subjects. There is a vast difference between this planet and a Pantomime.

Harry. Indeed, Sir, there is; for our planet is entirely round, and this Pantomime is remarkably flat.

Mr. Barlow. Beware of such wholesale condemnations, my dear HARRY; this Pantomime has already given delight to some twenty thousand persons, every one, it may be, as good as yourself.

TOMMY was much pleased, however, at HARRY'S application of a scientific fact, and expressed his determination of learning Astronomy at once, in order that he might be as ready as HARRY on any suitable occasion.

On quitting the theatre, MR. BARLOW promised the box-keeper a sixpence, whereat the poor man could scarcely refrain from embracing his benefactor. So they left.

NEXT NIGHT—COVENT GARDEN.—Here they saw the Pantomime of *Blue Beard*. As each new Scene presented itself to their view, they were vehemently enraptured, and thought that no expression of praise could suffice to express their pleasure.

Mr. Barlow. Certainly the scenery is very beautiful.

Harry. The ladies are indeed lovely!

Mr. Barlow. They are mortal.

Tommy. O, here is *Blue Beard's* procession! I know the story! And here are the Camels, and—O!—a White Elephant!

Mr. Barlow. The Camel, my dear TOMMY, is found chiefly in burning climates. In his temper he is gentle and tractable, and his patience in being—

Audience. Hush! Order! Turn him out!

Harry. Indeed, Sir, they are alluding to you! Would it not be better to remain silent, and watch a Scene which gives everyone so much gratification?

MR. BARLOW perceived the sense of this remark, and confined himself to explaining to TOMMY, in an undertone, that MR. MACDERMOTT, who played *Blue Beard*, had been, till lately, an actor at the Grecian Theatre, where he was considered "funny;" but that here his humour seemed to be limited to an imitation of one MR. CLARKE, an actor of burlesque parts most favourably known to playgoers; and, indeed, the audience seemed to be largely of MR. BARLOW'S mind, for it was not until *Mr. Blue Beard* danced, which he did cleverly, that they testified their approbation of his drolleries.

Mr. Barlow. This Scene of the Amazons' Encampment will attract the whole town. It is indeed a magnificent spectacle.

Tommy. There must be thousands on the stage!

MR. BARLOW smiled at this, and was about to demonstrate, mathematically, the improbability of more than three hundred of the *corps de ballet* being on the scene at once, when his attention was attracted to the Grand Transformation Scene by vociferous applause, in which he was conscientiously able to join. On their quitting the theatre, at eleven o'clock, the boys were loud in their praises of what they had seen.

Harry. How diverting were those French dancers! and the Shadows!

Tommy. And the Clown with the two boys! and their fiddles and musical bells!

Mr. Barlow. You are right. With the comic scenes and the Clown came the fun peculiar to this species of amusement, of which there was, amid all the glitter and splendour, a lack. And perhaps this is as it should be; for why term the Harlequinade "the Comic Scenes," unless they are so by comparison with the previous portion of the Pantomime?

Harry. Your observation, Sir, reminds me of the entertaining story of *Sophronius* and *Kydaspes*, which TOMMY has not yet heard.

HARRY was about to commence the tale without further parley, when it was discovered that TOMMY had slipped out of the room, and had, it was supposed, retired to bed. MR. BARLOW therefore intimated that, as *he* had heard the story before, it would be better if they both followed their young friend's example.

HARRY submitted to this arrangement; and when the two boys were assured that their worthy preceptor was asleep, they took his latchkey, and sallied forth to enjoy themselves at EVANS'S supper-rooms.

A VIRTUOUS VESTRY.



It is known that a sort of Fair or miscellaneous Market is held in the New Cut (excuse mention of such a place) every Sunday morning. There do people of the baser sort buy their Sunday dinners, and other matters which they fancy they want. The Lambeth Vestry, justly indignant at such goings on, appealed to COLONEL HENDERSON to put a stop to them. That haughty and sarcastic official declared that he should do nothing of the sort, unless the shopkeepers who keep their shops open on Sundays were also obliged to respect the day of rest. We pity the Colonel's want of logical power. What is there in common between a respectable shopkeeper, who pays rates, and a low person who wheels a barrow, or rents the flap over a cellarge? The Vestry scorned such terms, and have been taking the names of the vendors at this fair, and such addresses as the miserable creatures could give. Summonses have been issued, but the matter stands over for a few weeks.

At the end of that time, *Mr. Punch* cordially trusts that the Lambeth Vestry will sternly carry out their plan for promoting the respectability of the New Cut, and if COLONEL HENDERSON again refuses to help them, let appeal be made to MR. BRUCE. There is not the least pretence for holding the Fair. Let the people in and about the New Cut buy their fish, meat, and the rest of their luxuries on Saturday. What is to prevent them from doing so. Wages are always paid at an early hour on Saturday, and by four o'clock on that day the wife of an artisan has always received from her husband the bulk of his earnings, less perhaps by a trifle which she playfully returns to him, that he may have a pipe and a pint before going to bed. He would be considered a bad fellow if he did not give her the money, or if she had to coax it out of him late, or to take it from his pocket when he had sunk into the gentle slumber of intoxication. That he should surlily refuse it, and strike her, and force her to wait until morning brought better temper, is too monstrous an idea. "Our flesh and blood" never does this sort of thing.

Let the Wife therefore make her purchases on Saturday. Let her take her fish and meat home. We are perfectly aware that they are perishable articles, but we suppose that they can be put into the pantry down-stairs, or that, if domestics or cats are distrusted, the food can be placed in the refrigerator. That article is cheap enough, anyhow, and a very good one can be got for three or four guineas, and it is the affectation of ignorance to say that ice is not at hand, for we know that the Wenham Lake carts go round several times a week—this we state from our own knowledge, and we hate sentimentality. By this means not only will offence to the refined natures of the Lambeth Vestry be avoided, but the vendors of the articles will be released from work, and enabled to attend places of worship. To their own declaration that but for Sunday trade they must go to the workhouse, we lend a deaf ear. Morality cannot yield to Necessity. A prudent man will earn his income in six days. If he cannot, we must echo the remark made by a conscientious person at a meeting on the subject, and say, "Let him starve."

Mr. Punch strongly upholds the Lambeth Vestry in this business, and thinks their conduct quite worthy of the reputation they have so long borne. He is much displeased with the Colonel of

Police, and hopes never to have to say, in MR. POPE'S words—

"Stern HENDERSON repented,
And gave them back the Fair."

If Vestries will enforce Sabbatarianism, and if Alliances will totally deprive the weaker classes of the Refreshments of which they mostly make bad use, we shall raise the standard of national morals, and entirely efface the discontent which some persons believe is felt with national institutions.

SEASONABLE SENTIMENT.—May the Commission of Inquiry into the Megæra business get to the bottom of it!

HOROSCOPE FOR 1872.

WITH the aid of this ingenious little instrument, the horoscope, which is simple in construction, easily cleaned, and to be had of all respectable dealers throughout the kingdom in gold, silver, mother-of-pearl, ormolu, aluminium, and other suitable materials, a clear insight may be obtained, on a fine evening, into the more salient events of the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-two.

The observations we have been enabled to make with one of these instruments (fitted with the patent self-acting forecaster) are so startling that, without loss of time, we hasten to lay them before the world, for the guidance and direction of reigning Sovereigns, Cabinet Ministers, School-Boards, Members of Parliament, Mayors, Magistrates, Mothers of Marriageable Daughters, Managers of Theatres, Newspaper Editors, Speculators, and others, who may be desirous to make their arrangements at once for the ensuing twelve months.

Parliament will meet early in February, a few days after it ceases to be legal to slaughter pheasants. It will be prorogued early in August, about the period when grouse-shooting becomes a lawful pastime.

The HOME SECRETARY will withdraw several measures in the course of the Session.

The London School-Board, by the active interposition of its Beadles, will clear the streets of from ten to twenty children.

Australian meat will appear on the bill of fare at the Lord Mayor's banquets.

In the month of February a most serious astronomical occurrence will take place, one which ought to make a great noise in the world, and is likely to be attended with disastrous consequences to those who may be unfortunate enough to be on the spot—*the full moon will fall* on Saturday, the 24th.

There will be at least one new cookery-book published during the year.

Good port wine will become scarcer and dearer than ever.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will, in his annual Budget, propose a tax upon one or more of the following articles:—calling cards, dolls, pins, perambulators, umbrellas, and wigs.

The Mines Regulation Bill will be brought before Parliament; also the COLLIER affair.

There will be a show (the first) of guinea-pigs, white mice, parrots, bullfinches, and squirrels at the Crystal Palace. The DUCHESS OF LAUNCESTON, LADY IDA DOWN, and the Honourable MRS. ALFRED WARBLEMORE will act as Judges.

Several new animals will be added to the collection in the Zoological Gardens.

The jury in the Tichborne case will retire when the trial is concluded, and, after deliberating for several days, will return into Court late at night, and deliver their Verdict amidst breathless silence. The LORD CHIEF BARON will have a sleeping apartment fitted up in the Westminster Sessions House, that no time may be lost in calling him up to receive the verdict.

Several Colonial Bishops will return home.

An eye should be kept on the Pope, the Orleans Princes, the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops, the Publicans, the Republicans, the Spiritualists, the Ritualists, SIR CHARLES DILKE, MR. WHALLEY, MR. BUTT, and MR. BROCK, the pyrotechnist, as they may all be expected to do extraordinary things.

An eminent Archdeacon of the Established Church, well known in the West of England, will conduct the services at MR. SPURGEON'S Tabernacle, and MR. SPURGEON will exchange pulpits with him.

A new Opera will be brought out on the last night but two of the season.

There will be some failures in the City, and constant stoppages in the streets.

The British Public will remit large sums of money for the relief of the Chinese, and allow charitable institutions at home to languish for want of funds.

MR. JOHN BROWN, MR. THOMAS JONES, MR. WILLIAM ROBINSON, MR. JAMES THOMPSON, MR. CHARLES JACKSON, and MR. HENRY SMITH will contract matrimonial alliances after harvest.

The Gulf Stream will be heard of again, probably for the last time, the tendency of modern scientific investigation being to show up that bugbear as a humbug.

MR. DISRAELI will deliver an address *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, at Glasgow at Easter, and on Cottage Cookery at Hughenden in the autumn.

Letters will be addressed to MR. GLADSTONE demanding explanations from him as to his religion, his relations, his favourite poet, and his private account at his banker's.

Oysters will be sixpence apiece.

Spain will have one or two new Ministries.

The estimates will include a vote for the purchase of robes and a wig for the new SPEAKER.

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A VOICE FROM THE SEA.

"O LET ME KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER!"

MARK LEMON.

It became our duty, some weeks ago, to invite the attention of our readers to the fact that a Memorial Fund, in aid of the Widow and unmarried Daughters of our late lamented friend, MARK LEMON, had been opened. On a page at the end of our present issue will be found the list of those who have subscribed to the Fund. Several donors have been generous, many have been very liberal, and thanks are due to those who have "done what they could." But the aggregate amount as yet obtained is altogether inadequate to the purpose, that of making a permanent provision for those so dear to one who never lost an opportunity of doing a kindness. It is with reluctance that, after examining the list, we admit to ourselves that very much is owed to private friendship, and comparatively little to public recognition of the noble character and the merits of MARK LEMON. Believing, as we sincerely believe, that we may account for this by supposing that thousands are still unacquainted with the fact that their aid is invited, we re-iterate our Appeal. We venture also to ask our contemporaries, who have already so ably and kindly promoted the object, again to perform that labour of love. We, lastly, call attention to the notice at the foot of the list, stating how subscriptions can be forwarded. Some misapprehension on this point may have retarded the

liberality which we refuse to believe will not be shown to those who possess such inherited and such personal claim to the kindly consideration of all.

Juvenile Gulosity.

A SAGE said to a Schoolboy, home for the holidays, "A contented mind is a continual feast." "Is it?" quoth young Hopeful, "I should rather say that a continual feast was a contented mind."

THE RETICENCE OF THE PRESS.

THE AMERICAN PRESS admires the reticence which the British Press has practised during the seventy odd days occupied in hearing one side of a cause which will be celebrated. The English Press also takes credit to itself for that reticence. It is, doubtless, exemplary. By not interfering with, we know how much it furthers, the administration of Justice. A trial such as the great lawsuit now pending, or any other in a British Court of Law, is determined, we all know, simply by the weight of evidence, in relation to which the minds of the jury are mere scales. The Counsel on either side respectively confine themselves to the production of true evidence each on behalf of his client, and the refutation of false evidence advanced for the opposite party. The Judge is the only person in Court who expresses any opinion on the case which could possibly influence the jury; his opinion being expressed under the obligation of strict impartiality. No barrister, whether counsel for the plaintiff or the defendant, ever attempts to bias their decision either by sophistry or appeals to their passions and prejudices. It is therefore highly necessary that the Press should abstain as strictly as it does from any explanation or argument with reference to a pending suit which, how sincerely soever meant to instruct, might possibly have the effect of misleading the jury sitting thereon.

If, indeed, Counsel were usually accustomed to employ the arts of oratory, and the dodges of dialectics, in order to make the worst appear the better cause in the eyes of twelve men more or less liable to be deceived and deluded, then, indeed, the reticence of a respectable and intelligent Press, in abstaining from any remarks capable of helping a jury to deliver a righteous verdict, would not perhaps be quite so purely advantageous as it is now.

Riddle for the Young Folks.

WHY are the two letters at the tail the most sensible of all the Alphabet?—Because they are the *Wise Head*.



MR. PUNCH. "PULL AWAY, MY DEAR! I'LL BET YOU A KISS IT CONTAINS SOMETHING WE SHALL BOTH LIKE. PULL AWAY!"

MY HEALTH.



ALK over all these arrangements at dinner. Then, as we have, PENDELL tells me, to be up early for otter-hunting, we determine upon going to bed early.

Process of Going to Bed Early.—MRS. PENDELL retires at nine, having seen that "everything we want" is left out on the sideboard. PENDELL observes that he shan't be half an hour at most before he's upstairs. I yawn, to show how tired I am, and corroborate his statement as to the time we intend to pass in front of the fire.

MRS. PENDELL has retired. PENDELL wishes to know what I'll take. Nothing, I thank him. PENDELL doesn't "think—um—that—he'll—um—take anything," and stands before a row of bottles with the critical air of a Commander-in-Chief reviewing the line. It almost looks as if he wanted a bottle to step out of the rank and invite him to make up his mind at once and take a drop of *him*. In order not to prevent him from enjoying himself, I sacrifice myself, and say, "Well, I'll have just the smallest glass of whiskey." PENDELL is of opinion that no one can do better than whiskey, it being, he says, the most wholesome spirit.

We whiskey. The quarter-past arrives. We take no notice of it, except that PENDELL remarks that *that* clock is about twelve minutes fast, in which case, of course, we have nearly half an hour at our disposal. Conversation commences. We somehow get upon Literature, especially upon the subject of my *Analytical History of Motion*. PENDELL quotes a line from somewhere. We can't think where it is to be found.

This leads PENDELL to the book-shelves. While he is up, would he mind just mixing me the least drop more whiskey—and water, plenty of water. He does so, and continues his search for the book, ending by bringing down the *Ingoldsby Legends*. "Do I remember this one?" he asks me. No, I have forgotten it. He thinks the line he quoted is there. He is, he says, going to give it at a Penny Reading, and has already done so with great success. He reads a few lines.

Flash.—Ask him to read. Nothing so pleasant as the sound of some one reading poetry when you're very tired, and are sitting before a good fire. Light a pipe as an aid to listening comfortably. Better than going to bed. Besides, if he reads, it's *his* fault that we don't go to bed early, as we told MRS. PENDELL we would.

He reads aloud. I interrupt him occasionally (opening my eyes to do so), just to show I am attending, and twice I dispute the propriety of his emphasis; but I don't sustain my side of the argument, from a feeling that to close my eyes and be droned to sleep, is preferable to straining every nerve in order to talk and keep awake.

11 o'clock, P.M.—PENDELL stops, and says, "Why, you're asleep!" I reply that he is mistaken (having, in fact, just been awake by feeling as if a spring had given way at the nape of my neck), but I own, candidly, to feeling a little tired.

"Um!" says PENDELL, and puts his selection for a Penny Reading away. Bed.

Morning.—Am aroused by PENDELL, who is always fresh. "Lovely morning," he says, opening the curtains. [Note.—When you're only one quarter awake there's something peculiarly obtrusive in any remark about the beauty of the day. To a person comfortably in bed and wishing to remain there, the state of the weather is comparatively uninteresting, unless it's dimly foggy or thoroughly rainy, when, in either case, you can congratulate yourself upon your cleverness and forethought in not having got up.] "Is it?" I ask. Through the window I see only mist and drizzle.

"Just the morning for otter-hunting!" exclaims PENDELL, enthusiastically. Then, as he's leaving the room, he turns, and says, "O, by the way, I've just remembered that Old RUDDOCK's pretty sure to be out with the hounds. He's great fun out hunting."

This stirs me into something like exertion. Otters and RUDDOCK. RUDDOCK, during a check, setting the field in a roar.

At Breakfast.—"Um," says PENDELL, thinking over something as he cuts a ham, "we shan't want to take anything with us, because Old PENOLVER gives us lunch. He's a picture of an Old English Squire is PENOLVER. Quite a picture of a—um—yes——" here he apparently considers to himself whether he has given a correct definition of PENOLVER or not. He seems satisfied, and closes his account of him by repeating, "Yes—um—yes—an Old English Squire, you know—quite a character in his way," (I thought so,) "and you'll have pasties and cider."

"Pasties!" I exclaim. The word recalls Bluff KING HAL's time, the jollifications—by my halidame!—gadso!—crushing a cup, and so forth. Now I have the picture before me (in my mind's eye) of the Old English Squire, attended by grooms bearing pasties and flagons, meeting the Otter Hunters with spears and dogs. Good! Excellent! I feel that My Health will be benefited by the air of the olden time. And perhaps by the pasties.

"Do any ladies come?" I ask.

"Safe to," answers PENDELL, "last day of hunting—all the ladies out—sort of show meet, and lounge."

Pasties, flagons, dames, gallants with lutes, and pages with beakers of wine. I am all anxiety to start.

The Drive.—Bleak, misty, sharp, dreary. I am in summer costume of flannels, intended for running. Hope we *shall* have some running, as at present I'm blue with cold and shivering.

Six miles finished.—We get out at a tumble-down roadside inn. Three boys, each one lankier and colder-looking than the other, are standing together with their hands in their pockets, there being evidently among them a dearth of gloves. A rough man in a velveteen coat and leggings appears, carrying a sort of quarter-staff spiked. I connect him at once with otters. PENDELL returns his salute. This is the Huntsman. The three chilly boys are the Field. We are all shivering, and evidently only half awake. Is this what PENDELL calls a "show meet, and a lounge?"

Flash.—To say brightly, "Well, it couldn't have been *colder* for an *otter* hunt." The chilly boys hearing this, turn away, the man with the spear takes it literally and is offended, "because," he says, "we might ha' had a much worse day." PENDELL says to himself, thoughtfully. "Um—*colder*—*otter*—ha! Yes, I see. I've made that myself lots of times." I thought that down here, perhaps, it wouldn't have been known. Never risk an old joke again. If I feel it's the only one I've got, preface it by saying, "Of course you've heard what the Attorney-General said the other day to (some one)?" and then, if on being told, they say, "O! that's very old," why it's not your fault.

A fly appears on the road with the Master. He welcomes PENDELL and friend heartily and courteously. Is sorry that it's the last meet. Thinks it's a bad day, and in the most genial manner possible damps all my hopes of seeing an otter. "A few weeks ago," he says, "there were plenty of otters."

Flash.—To find out if that spearing-picture is correct. Show myself deeply interested in otters.

The Master says that spearing is unsportsmanlike. Damper number two. No spears. We walk on, and get a little warmer.

More "Field" meets us: some mounted.

Note on Otter-Hunting.—Better than fox-hunting, because you trust to *your own* legs. You can't be thrown, you can't be kicked off, or reared off; and, except you find yourself alone with the otter in a corner, there's no danger.

Note Number Two. Additional.—Yes, there is one other danger. A great one.

Here it is:—

We have been walking miles along the banks of a stream, crossing difficult stepping-stones, climbing over banks eight feet high [thank goodness, impossible for horses], with drops on the other side, and occasional jumpings down, which shake your teeth, but still you land on *your own* legs, and if you fall you haven't got a brute on the top of you, or rolling over you, or kicking out your brains with his hind hoofs. We number about sixty in the Field. The shaggy, rough hounds are working up-stream, swimming and trotting, and stopping to examine the surface of any boulder which strikes their noses as having been lately the temporary resting-place of an otter. A few people on horseback are proceeding, slowly in single file, along the bank. Difficult work for them. Ladies, too, are on foot, and all going along as pleasantly as possible. Suddenly a cry—a large dog is seen shaking its head wildly, and rubbing his front paws over his ears—another dog is rolling on the bank—another plunges into the river furiously, also shaking his head as if he was objecting to everything generally, and would rather drown than change his opinions.

Another cry.

Horses plunging—one almost into the river—shrieks of ladies—exclamations from pedestrians—the field is scattered—some attempt to ford the river—some jump right in—some on horseback cross it shouting—some plunge into the plantation on the left—some are running back upon us! A panic.

Mad bull, perhaps—if so—with admirable presence of mind I jump into the water up to my waist, and am making for the opposite side, when a man, running and smoking a short pipe, answers my question as to the bull with—

"No! Wasps! Wasps' nest!!!" In a second I see them. *At* me. Pursuing me. I dive my head under

water. Wet through! Scramble up bank. One wasp is after me. One pertinaciously. My foot catches in a root, I am down. Wasp down too, close at my ear. A minute more I am up. Wasp up too, by my right ear.

An Inspiration.—It flashes across me that wasps hate mud. Don't know where I heard it. Think it was in some child's educational book. No time for thinking. Jump—squish—into the mud! Over my knees—boots nearly off. The last thing I see of PENDELL is holding on his spectacles with his left hand, and fighting a wasp with his stick in his right. Squish—flop—flosch!... Up against a stump—down in a morass. Wasp at me. Close to my ear as if he wanted to tell me a secret. I won't hear it! Now I understand why the dog shook his head. Through a bramble bush (like the Man in the Nursery Rhyme, who scratched both his eyes out and in again by a similar operation), and come out torn and scratched, but dry as a pen after being dragged through a patent wiper of erect bristles. No wasp. Gone. I am free. But still I keep on.

That's the only great danger in Otter-Hunting. At least, that I know of at present.

I pick up the man with pipe. Kindest creature in the world. He has two pipes, and he fills and gives me one. He says, "Wasps won't attack a smoker."

Flash.—Smoke.

PENDELL comes up. "Um!—aha!" he says; "narrow escape!" He has *not* been stung.

The Field is pulling itself together again. PENDELL chuckles. "Did you see Old RUDDOCK?" he asks. "There were two wasps at him."

No! It appears that Old RUDDOCK has been quite close to me throughout the day. Yet there was no laughing crowd, and I haven't heard one of RUDDOCK's jokes bruited about. Odd. Wonder how the wasps liked RUDDOCK.

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COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Squire (who interests himself with the Moral and Material Condition of his Peasantry). "HULLO, WOODRUFF! WHAT AN EYE YOU'VE GOT! HOW DID YOU GET THAT?!"

Labourer. "O, IT'S NAWTHIN' PARTIC'LAR, SIR. LAST NIGHT—AT THE WHITE 'ART, SIR. BUT—(in extenuation)—CHRISHMASH TIME, SIR—ON'Y ONCE A YEAR!"

MONODY ON M'GRATH.

MASTER M'GRATH has passed away;
He breathed his last on Christmas Day.
He quitted this terrestrial sphere,
In doghood's prime—his twice-third year.

He was a dog of high repute.

But now he'll be for ever mute.
—Though living he gave little tongue—
Ah, well! the dogs we love die young.

MASTER M'GRATH, old Ireland's pride,
The fleetest Saxon dogs defied,
Alike to run with him or kill:
His legs, once limber, now are still.

This peerless paragon of hounds,
Did win his good lord—LURGAN—pounds
By thousands; dog as good as horse—
The canine Courser is a corpse.

He was presented to the QUEEN,
As many a puppy may have been,
Who yet that honour lives to boast—
But is not worth the dog that's lost.

M'GRATH returns to his Dam Earth.
The papers mostly to his worth
Publish a tribute, not too long,
A paragraph—and here's a song.

They won't continue, for a week,
Each day about M'GRATH to speak
In memoirs, and in leading columns,
To preach of prosy sermons volumes.

Upon the Dog defunct that lies
Briefest is best to moralise,
As every dog, then, let us say,
Must have, M'GRATH has had his day.

Happy Dispatch.

WE have just read in a delightful book that "Japanese verse is for the most part lyric or descriptive." It is of two kinds, "Uta," of purely native growth, and "Shi," of Chinese origin and structure. The difference between the Japanese and the English is that nearly all the modern poetry of the latter is Shi.

RAILWAY REFORM.

AT a meeting of Railway Directors, which will probably be held in the middle of next week, it will be resolved, in order to increase the safety of the public, that no pointsman, guard, or engine-driver, shall ever be on duty much more than six-and-forty hours at a stretch; and that every such servant shall always, when on duty, be allowed at least four minutes, no less than three times daily, for enjoyment of his meals. With the like view of security, it will also be resolved that porters shall on branch lines be required to act as pointsmen, signalmen, and ticket-clerks, and that due and timely notice of the changes in the time-bills shall on no account be furnished to the drivers of goods trains.

To the Afflicted.

A WORD of comforting advice to all those—and they are many—both men and women, who are nursing a secret sorrow, grieving that they are short, small of stature, below the average size. Let them think of those more than consolatory words, in that famous passage in *Henry the Eighth*, where SHAKESPEARE speaks of—"the blessedness of being little."



EASILY SOLD.

SCENE—*Railway Station in a Town where Highland Regiment is quartered. Foxhunters taking Train for the Meet.*

Little London Gent. "HE AIN'T GOING OUT HUNTING, TOO, IS HE?"

Funny Friend. "OF COURSE HE IS."

Little London Gent. "WELL, BUT—WON'T IT BE RATHER RISKY RIDING IN THOSE—TOGS?"

HINTS ON CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

(By a good Old-fashioned Clown.)

KNOCK at a shop-door, and then lie down flat in front of it, so that the shopman, coming out, may tumble headlong over you. Then bolt into the shop, and cram into your pockets all the big things you can find, so that in trying to get out, you cannot squeeze them through the doorway. For instance, if it be a watchmaker's, clap an eight-day kitchen clock and a barometer or two, let us say, in your right pocket, and a brass warming-pan, or some such little article of jewellery (as you will take care to call it) in your left one; taking pains, of course, to let the handle stick well out of it. If it be a butcher's, pouch a leg of beef and half a sheep or so, and be sure not to forget to bring a yard or two of sausages trailing on the ground behind you. Then, if you can't squeeze through the doorway, the simplest plan will be to jump clean through the shop-front, and in doing this take care to smash as many panes of glass as you are able, crying out, of course, that you took "great pains" to do so. *En passant*, you will kick into the street whatever goods are in the window, and then run off as quickly as your heels can carry you.

If the shopman should pursue you, as most probably he will, make him a low bow, and say that it was really quite an accident, and that of course you mean to pay him—indeed, yes, "on your *honour!*" If he won't believe you, punch him in the waistcoat, and batter him about with his barometer and warming-pan, or sausages and mutton.

Should a policeman interfere, and want to know what you are up to, catch up your red-hot poker (which you will always have about you), and hold it hidden behind your back, while you beg him to shake hands with you, because you mean to "square the job" with him. Then, when he puts his hand out, slip the poker into it, and run away as fast as your stolen goods will let you.

But after a few steps, of course you must take care to let the handle of your warming-pan get stuck between your legs, and trip you up occasionally; and you will manage that your sausages become entangled so about you that, at every second step, you are obliged to tumble down and roll along the ground, and double up into a heap, till the policeman, who keeps up the chase, comes close enough to catch you. Then you will spring up again, and, jumping on his back, you will be carried off to Bow Street, with the small boys shouting after you; or, else, if you prefer it, you may "bonnet" the policeman, and run away and hide yourself ere he can lift his hat up, to see where you are gone to.

SCIENCE FOR THE SEASON.

SIR CHARLES LYELL, according to a correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, is credited with the saying that there are three things necessary for a geologist: the first is to travel; the second is to travel; and the third, also, is to travel. This seems to mean that your geologist must travel, travel, travel over the face of the earth in order to be enabled to explore its interior. The earth is round; so is your plum-pudding; the earth has a crust; so has your mince-pie. Happily, conditions like those needful for the exploration of the earth do not delay analogous researches.

Problem for the Poet Laureate.

THE KNIGHTS of KING ARTHUR'S Round Table of course formed a Circle when they sat round it. Tournaments in general used to come off in lists; but can the Author of *The Last Tournament* inform a Spiritualist whether, in a *sÉance* of ARTHUR'S Knights at Table, there was ever any table-tilting?

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MRS. WASHTUB ON TELEGRAMS.

Ah, drat them nasty telegrams that keeps folks all in sitch a flurry,
Whenever there's the least to-do, with constant worry, worry, worry!
I recollect in my young days when there was no sitch expectation,
And news to travel took its time, suspense was bore with resignation.

What was to be, we used to say, would be, and couldn't be prewented,
Which 'twas consolin' for to think, and made one happy and contented.
What would be we should live to see, if we lived long enough, 'twas certain,
And p'raps it might a mercy be the future was behind the curtain.

Misfortunes came, as come they must, in this here wale of trile and sorrow.
But then, if bad news come to-day, no news was like to come to-morrow.
No news was good news people said, and hoped meanwhile they might be
better,
Leastways until the next day's post brought 'em a paper or a letter.

'Tis true, relief as soon may come, sometimes, by artificial light'nin'.
When days and weeks of dark and storm you've undergone afore the
bright'nin':
All's well as ends well, thanks be praised, the croakers found theirselves
mistaken—
But by them plaguy telegrams how my poor old narves have bin shaken!

CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR THE CLAIMANT.—*Coleridge's Works*.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

THE closing night of the Christmas season is observed by every nation in Europe, except Switzerland, in which country the Republican form of government introduced by W. TELL (the first President), prevents the recognition of Kings and Queens.

Throughout England, particularly in those rural districts where the study of physics is yet in its infancy, great importance is attached to the weather on Twelfth Day. The occurrence of rain, or wind, or sleet, or snow, or hail, or the appearance of the Aurora Borealis over the roofs of the Bank of England is considered a most favourable augury, and in some counties determines the day on which the sowing of the Spring wheat commences. But the slightest indication of the Zodiacal light is dreaded as a sure forerunner of the turnip-fly, and the connection of a parhelion with protracted drought is established by a long series of observations, reaching as far back as the Reformation.

Most lawyers are of opinion that under the provisions of an old Act of Parliament, still unrepealed, it is illegal to solicit a Christmas box after twelve o'clock on the 6th of January.

If Twelfth Night falls on a Sunday, the harvest will be late; if on a Monday, the back door should be carefully looked to on the long evenings; if on a Tuesday, pilchards will be caught in enormous quantities; if on a Wednesday, the silkworms will suffer; if on a Thursday, there will be no skating on the Serpentine during the rest of the year; if on a Friday, the apple crop will be a failure; and if on a Saturday (as this year), you should on no account have your hair cut by a red-haired man who squints and has relations in the colonies. The sceptic and the latitudinarian may smile superciliously at these predictions, but they have been verified by inquiries conducted at centres as wide apart as Bury St. Edmunds, Rotherham, Dawlish, Rickmansworth, Kirkcudbright, and

NEW YEAR'S "*NOTE*" TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. PUNCH, in spite of his emphatic and repeated Notices and Explanations, being still copiously afflicted with Communications from Persons whom he has not invited to take the liberty of addressing him, issues the following Note, and advises such persons to study it closely.

He calls them "Correspondents," but does so only for convenience. A Correspondent means a person who not only writes, but to whom the recipient of the letter also writes. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of those who address *Mr. Punch* are, and will be, unanswered, except by this Note.

Let all understand that he is answerable for the real or supposed value of No literary or artistic matter which may be sent him, unasked. This is law. Let all understand that at the earliest possible moment after his discovery that such matter is useless to him, it is Destroyed. This is fact.

Notice also that stamped and directed envelopes, for the return of such matters, will not operate to the fracture of his rule.

After this notice, "Correspondents" will have no one but themselves to thank for the Snub *Mr. Punch's* silence implies.

But is he unwise enough to believe that the plague of foolish Correspondence will thus be stayed? Verily, no.

He expects to continue to receive—

1. Jests that have appeared in his own pages, but which are warranted to have been invented, or heard, "the other day."
2. The jest of the day, one that has been heard a million times.
3. Profane, and even lower jests, sent by creatures who pretend to be readers of *Punch*.
4. Idiomatic jests, usually laid upon the shoulders of "my little boy," or "my youngest girl." *Punch* would pity the children of such parents, but that he generally disbelieves in the existence of the innocents.
5. Sketches, to be used in his next without fail, or, if rejected, to be instantly returned. These burn well, and he prefers those on cardboard, as they crackle prettily.
6. Things, literary or artistic, that have been "dashed off." The mere word "dash" is the cue for instant fire.
7. Compositions, poor in themselves, whose insertion is prayed because the authors are poor also. Is *Mr. Punch* to perform his charities at the expense of society?
8. Aged jokes, possibly recently heard for the first time by the Stupid Sender, but more probably copied from print.
9. Post-Cards, or communications with the Halfpenny Stamp. These are all selected by his Deputy-Assistant-Under-Secretary, and destroyed unread.
10. Absolute Stupidities.

Let them come. And when a Sender getteth no answer, let him take counsel with himself, and consider to which of the above Ten Categories his work belongs. One will certainly fit it. To this Table *Mr. Punch* will make reference when he may please to do so. Let intending Contributors learn it by heart.

Now, laying down the Chopper of LYCURGUS, and putting on the Smile of PLATO, *Mr. Punch*, raising the festal goblet, wisheth to all his faithful and true Disciples, those whose handwritings ever give him joy and gladness,—



A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

TRANSCRIBER'S NOTES

At the top of page 2, there was an illustration (*Utile Cum Dulce*), a poem (*Old Ghosts and New*), and a short clip (*Memorandum for Lords of the Manor*). They have all been moved to after the poem (*The Nation's New-Year's Day*) that continued from page 1.

At the top of page 10, there was an illustration (*Compliments of the Season*), a poem (*Monody on McGrath*), and a short clip (*Happy Dispatch*). They have all been moved to after the article (*My Health*) that continued from page 9.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,
VOLUME 62, JANUARY 6, 1872 ***

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