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**PUNCH,  
OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.**

**Vol. 62.**

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**January 13, 1872.**

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**A STRAIGHTFORWARD VIEW.**

*High Church Curate.* "AND WHAT DO YOU THINK, MR. SIMPSON, ABOUT A CLERGYMAN'S TURNING TO THE EAST?"

*Literal Churchwarden.* "WELL, SIR, MY OPINION IS, THAT IF THE CLERGYMAN IS GOODLOOKIN', HE DON'T WANT TO TURN HIS BACK TO THE CONGREGATION!"

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## POKES IN PANTOMIMES.

*Non omnia possumus omnes*; we are not all Popes, nor should we be omnipotent even if we were infallible. The *Daily News* is a journal of ability; but there is a certain inconsistency, the cause of which it declares itself unable to fathom:—

"That all personal allusions to the private lives of individuals should be eschewed on the stage, we readily admit. Indeed, we sympathise with DR. JOHNSON, who, on hearing that FOOTE, the actor, intended to imitate his mien and gestures, inquired the price of a good thick stick; but why, in the name of common sense, when caricatures of MR. GLADSTONE and MR. LOWE weekly appear in humorous journals, and when scarcely a day passes without these gentlemen being attacked in print on account of one or other of their public acts, every harmless joke upon their official doings should be expunged from the pantomimes, surpasses comprehension."

Our excellent contemporary forgets that there is in theatres a place called the Gallery. This place is occupied by a peculiar description of audience and spectators. In the theatre, by physical position, they constitute the higher orders, but in common talk are contrariwise named. Of old, bloated aristocrats were wont ironically to style them "the Gods." Enlightened Statesmen, however, with a just appreciation of their value as British voters, use to call them the People. Now the People of the Gallery are not accustomed to read humorous journals in which caricatures of the People's WILLIAM, and the People's ROBERT, appear weekly. If they were, it would be necessary for the humorous journals to be very careful in caricaturing those popular Ministers, lest caricatures should endanger their popularity. The People of the Gallery are our flesh and blood, but they are as yet uneducated, and apt to take jokes too seriously. If the *Clown* in a Pantomime were to tread upon a match-box, and get blown up sky-high, or if, assisted by the *Pantaloön*, he presented a working man in an arsenal with a sack, these performances, to the occupants of the boxes indeed, would be harmless jokes, but the effect produced by them in the electoral way would probably be mischievous, in a gallery filled with friends and relations of match-venders and dockyard labourers.

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### The Best Tonic.

THE DOCTORS disapprove of alcohol, but they are as alive as ever to the cheering effect of "good spirits" on their patients.

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### PROBABLE INTELLIGENCE.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, being thoroughly convinced of the injustice of the Income-tax, is maturing a measure for its total abolition. To prove that he is perfectly sincere in the task he undertakes, he has resolved to throw up office if the tax again be voted.

MR. AYRTON is engaged in studying the Fine Arts, with a view to being able to lecture LORD ELCHO and others on the subject, and also to defend the action of the Government in resisting all attempts to improve the National Gallery.

In the fear lest His Holiness be forced to quit the Vatican, MR. WHALLEY, M.P., has written, very generously, to offer his own residence as an asylum for the POPE, while exiled from his kingdom.

It is proposed, at the conclusion of the Tichborne trial, to treat the Judge and Jury to a trip upon the Continent, in order to prevent them from becoming monomaniacs, through having their minds occupied so long with one subject.

It is considered almost certain that M. THIERS will seize a very early opportunity to vacate his seat, as President, in favour either of the COMTE DE PARIS or of M. GAMBETTA.

The game slaughtered at the *battues* of eleven noble sportsmen (all members of the Legislature), has been carefully distributed among the East-End poor.

It has been ascertained, by an accurate survey in London and the provinces, that no fewer than one pantomime has been produced this season, without containing any humorous allusion to "the Claimant."

MR. GLADSTONE has received one hundred and twelve letters, from Peterborough, Hanwell, Colney Hatch, and other places, asking for a confirmation of the rumour that his great-great-grandmother embraced the Jewish faith.

More than a hundred noble members of the Gun Club have withdrawn their names this season, and have transferred their subscriptions to the Humane Society.

Among the measures likely to be introduced by Government are: (1) a Bill for the Reduction of the Prices charged by Butchers; (2) a Bill to Compel Londoners to Clean their Streets in Dirty Weather; and (3) a Bill to Disafforest Primrose Hill and the Brighton Cliffs and Racecourse.

The First Lord of the Admiralty has been taking a few lessons in political navigation, with the view, upon emergency, of taking chief command of the vessel of the State.

It is considered highly probable that, following the good example of some Dramatic Managers, certain Barristers and Doctors in the very highest practice intend to decorate their waiting-rooms with little placards of "No FEES!"

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## JUST A HINT.

Is there not a bit of SYDNEY SMITH'S, wherein that divine, describing a Scottish rising against English tyranny, says that SAWNEY betook himself to the heather, and, having scratched himself with one hand, and cast up an account with the other, suddenly waxed furious, and drew his sword? We hope that certain Transatlantic friends of ours will not bring in so tremendous a bill against us, as to make it cheaper for us to fight than to pay. For we love them very much, but we are obliged to be awfully economical in these Gladstonian days.

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## Mathematical Intelligence.

IT would puzzle a Senior Wrangler to find out how to square a circle. Yet TOMKINS Junior says that, though he is only twelve years old, he will back himself on any given morning to get round a square.

[pg 014]



---"WE ARE SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS  
ARE MADE OF---"

*Tempest.*

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## EVENINGS FROM HOME.

THE next place of Amusement to which MR. BARLOW took his two young pupils was the STRAND THEATRE. Here they saw *Arion, or the Story of a Lyre*, and were highly diverted with the two Showmen, played by MESSRS. PAULTON and TERRY, whose duet of "*Walk Up and See my Show*," they so vehemently applauded as to draw forth a reproof from their worthy preceptor, who, however, on observing that these comedians seemed to be possessed of an inexhaustible stock of fresh verses applicable to the circumstances of the times, was induced to join TOMMY and HARRY in the commendations which were most liberally bestowed by the audience upon this portion of the performance. On returning to their lodgings both TOMMY and HARRY, neither of whom had up to this time ever evinced any musical capacity, attempted to recall the pleasing airs they had heard at the Strand Theatre, and only ceased from their praiseworthy endeavours on receiving MR. BARLOW'S promise that he would take them again to witness the same piece, if TOMMY (whose father, being a very wealthy man, had recently bestowed upon his son a handsome Christmas gratuity) would pay for three stalls, or at least three places, in the Dress Circle.

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On the following night they went to the PRINCESS'S, to see MR. WATTS PHILLIPS'S play of *On the Jury*, followed by a Pantomime called *Little Dicky Dilver*.

At the entrance to the Stalls a civil person relieved them of their overcoats and hats; and TOMMY, upon whom his tutor's example, on the occasion of their visit to Drury Lane, had not been lost, expressed his gratitude to the honest stranger in the most affectionate manner.

TOMMY now discovered a further opportunity of making himself acquainted with the science of Astronomy, which he had already set himself diligently to learn.

*Mr. Barlow.* At this theatre you will behold a constellation of talent.

*Tommy.* But pray, Sir, what is a "constellation"?

"Persons," answered MR. BARLOW, "have observed certain stars remarkable either for their brightness or position, or both. These stars, joined together, are termed 'constellations.' Here you have three Stars—MR. WEBSTER, MR. PHELPS, and MISS FURTADO."

*Tommy.* Then these are, as you say, Sir, "remarkable for their brightness or position."

*Mr. Barlow.* Yes. And in time, no doubt, I shall be able to make you acquainted with the names and the appearance of all the Stars in London.

*Tommy.* Sir, I am much obliged to you, indeed. But of what use is it to know the Stars?

*Mr. Barlow.* There are some, and those very important, uses to be derived from an acquaintance with the Stars. HARRY, do you tell MASTER MERTON the story of *The Free Admission and the Grateful Turk*.

HARRY was commencing the story when the curtain, being drawn up, disclosed to them the First Scene of *On the Jury*.

*Mr. Barlow.* This would indeed be a very good piece, but for faulty construction. Yet, for epigrammatic dialogue and dramatic situations, it has not, at this present moment, its equal in town. You have been silent, TOMMY, for some time.

*Tommy.* Indeed, Sir, I never was more surprised or diverted; and as for one of your Stars, MISS FURTADO,—Dear Heart! I protest I could watch her every evening with the greatest delight.

MR. BARLOW, observing his pupil's excitement, laughed at TOMMY in his usual good-natured manner, and pointed out to him the example of the poor Greenlanders as worthy of his imitation.

"What is that, Sir?" inquired TOMMY.

"They are brought up to so much moderation and self-command," said MR. BARLOW, "that they never give way to the sudden impulses of passion so common among Europeans. And see, you have split your new white kid gloves in applauding this young lady." Then turning to HARRY, he asked him if he had not been touched by the acting of MR. WEBSTER in this piece.

*Harry.* Indeed, Sir, I pitied him from my heart. *Mr. Tibbetts* was a hardly-used gentleman. And I think that no one could have played more admirably than the gentleman who took the part of *Dexter Sanderson, Esq.*

*Mr. Barlow.* You mean MR. PHELPS, and you are right. It is indeed a fine piece of acting. There is so much breadth, and yet such a thorough finish, in this performance, that it would be worth the while of many of our younger actors (who flatter themselves on their consummate art, in consequence of having been unduly praised for their few achievements) to come here and take a lesson from MR. PHELPS.

MR. BARLOW added that it was a pity so excellent a piece should be wellnigh spoiled by the introduction of a vulgar Sensation Scene, and its construction marred by the awkward contrivance in the last Act. He further complained that it should be thought necessary to commence it at seven, and to supplement such an attraction, as this ought to be, with a Pantomime.

TOMMY and HARRY were not, however, of his mind upon this point, and insisted upon stopping to see the *Clown*. They were somewhat disappointed with the Pantomime, but professed themselves prodigiously delighted with MR. LLOYD'S scenery.

On coming out, an obliging official handed to them their overcoats, wrappers, and hats. TOMMY'S little heart was much affected by this kindly attention; so, pulling out his purse, he poured its contents (four bright new farthings and three peppermint lozenges) into the honest fellow's hand, saying, "Here, my good man, take this, and Heaven bless you!" It is impossible to express the surprise of the poor man at the sight. He stared wildly round him, and would have fallen but for the tender support of his assistant, who imagined that his companion had lost his senses. But the man cried out, "O, WILLIAM, I am not mad! See what Providence has sent us by the hands of this little angel!" Saying this, he held up the money and the lozenges. But TOMMY went up to them both, and said, "My good friends, you are very welcome to this: I freely give it to you. Spend the money soberly; and for the lozenges, give them to your children, if you have any, or suck them yourselves in your leisure moments." Before the entranced officials, who were totally unaccustomed to receive such benefactions, could dry their tears, TOMMY was out of sight, having

followed MR. BARLOW and HARRY to the door.

[pg 015]

MR. BARLOW NOW took MASTER TOMMY and HARRY to EVANS'S Supper Rooms, to enter which place they had to pay a shilling apiece. This troubled their worthy preceptor, who, indeed, was painfully struck, as he informed his young friends, by the altered aspect of the interior. MR. BARLOW explained to them that in *his* time the room was snug, cosy, and comfortable, and only one quarter of its present size. That *then* there were neither carpet nor tavern-like mirrors. "True," said MR. BARLOW, "that all that was objectionable in the entertainment of former days has long ere this disappeared, and now I see there is a gallery where the "opposite sex," in very private boxes, can, like fairy sprites, sit invisible, and listen to mortal melody. In the old time," continued MR. BARLOW, "you were welcomed by the Proprietor as a personal friend, who would call JOHN to get the hot chop or kidneys for you at once, and give the order himself, returning to see if you were comfortably served. Then the waiters flew, and to command was to have. Now, TOMMY, observe I have spoken to these waiters, and have ordered my supper more than twenty minutes since, and it has not appeared. See MR. GREEN himself" (the veteran here came up, and having affectionately greeted his dear boys, MASTERS SANDFORD and MERTON, wandered away to another part of the room), "he is no longer Proprietor; he is only nominally in authority, his occupation is, in effect, gone; he is the only connecting link between the past and present EVANS'S, 'retained,' to quote his own immortal line about the lamented VON JOEL, 'on the establishment, in consequence of his long services.'"

So affected were both HARRY and TOMMY by MR. BARLOW'S discourse that they begged to be allowed to quit a place which only aroused so much sadness in the breast of their beloved preceptor. As they were leaving, MR. BARLOW paid a shilling for some refreshment which he had taken, whereupon the waiter begged to be remembered, which MR. BARLOW, being blessed with a good memory, willingly consented to do. But the waiter candidly explaining that he was expecting a trifle for his trouble, MR. BARLOW could not refrain from expostulating with the honest fellow on the absurdity of such a system, and informed the boys, that, in the old and palmy days of EVANS'S there was no charge for admission, and the attention bestowed on visitors being admirable, it was a pleasure to bestow some gratuity upon the attendants, which was always received by the money collector at the door with a grateful "I thank you, Sir. Good night, Sir."

While MR. BARLOW was thus addressing MASTERS HARRY and TOMMY, the waiter was summoned to a distant quarter of the room, whereupon they ascended the steps, and found themselves in the Piazza of Covent Garden.

"Farewell, EVANS'S!" said MR. BARLOW, sadly; "I know not that I shall darken thy doors again!"

"What you were saying, Sir," observed HARRY on their reaching their lodgings, "reminds me of the story of *Tigranes and the Amphibious Black*."

*Mr. Barlow.* I do not think TOMMY MERTON has heard it.

*Harry.* Well, you must know, MASTER TOMMY—

But TOMMY had gone straight up-stairs to bed.

MR. BARLOW, who knew the story by heart, having, indeed, himself told it to MASTER HARRY, then took his candle, and wishing HARRY a very good night, retired.

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## VIAE ANTIQUÆ.

IT is pleasant to make honourable mention, in *Mr. Punch's* columns, of anything bearing the name of JERROLD. The latest appearance of this name is in conjunction with that of GUSTAVE DORÉ—a household word. Two artists have been making a pilgrimage through London together, and each, with his own implement, is recording his experiences, the result to be a beautiful book, whereof an inviting specimen has appeared. *Mr. Punch* is glad to welcome a new memorial of Augusta Trinobantum, especially as that city is being so rapidly "improved," especially in the parts most likely to attract the eye of M. DORÉ, that it will soon be all as colourless as a Boulevard or Regent Street. If MR. JERROLD will show M. DORÉ anything that shall call out the power lavished on the houses in the pictures to a certain book of *Contes*, the two will do the good deed of apprising posterity that London was the production of architects, and not of excessively respectable contractors for building purposes.

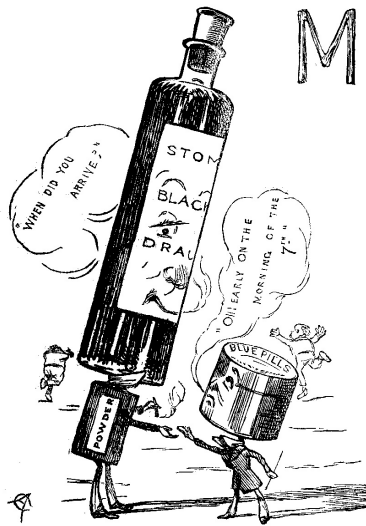
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## Royal Clemency.

WE have heard, with gratification, that the remainder of the sentence on JOHN POYNTZ SPENCER, who was sent to Ireland in 1868, and who has since been immured in Dublin Castle, is likely to be remitted. His admirable conduct during his exile has endeared him to all, and his return will be warmly welcomed. It will be felt that he has amply expiated the political offence of being a Whig Head-Centre, and we trust that an honourable future is in store for him.

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## SANITARY SERMONS.



MOST of our contemporaries have lately improved an alarming occasion with many monitory observations on typhoid fever. The whole of these, however, reducible into a few words, may be pretty well summed up in the caution,—Look to your drains. In addition, *Dr. Punch* begs to offer a piece of advice *gratis* to all persons in possession of his universal remedy, price 3*d.*, 4*d.* stamped, to counterfeit which is piracy. Look to yourselves.

Pestiferous as is the atmosphere of sewers, not only do rats live, but labourers work in it, the former wholly, the latter for most part with impunity. The rodents get acclimatised, unless it be that instinct impels them to take some sort of vegetable or other preventive of zymotic and mephitic diseases. As for the working-men, they smoke pipes of tobacco almost to a man, and as generally prescribe for and administer to themselves alcohol in some one or other of its forms, commonly that of something short, which, if asked to give it a name, we will call gin, or euphemistically, Old Tom, not to say, dyslogistically, blue ruin, for the useless sake of pleasing the United Kingdom Alliance; those conspirators against the potatory liberty of the subject who hate us youth, and specially abhor *Punch*. The gin-drinking, prevalent among the population of the slums, comes of a sense which is medicinal, and the medicine would, in effect, be altogether salutary but for the tendency of people to take it in over-doses.

Everybody knows how continually medical men are exposed to all manner of contagion, and how very seldom they catch any disease. They, it is true, are not in the habit of asking particularly for gin on coming out of a sick-room: but they are accustomed to take, or do, whatsoever may be requisite to maintain the bodily conditions which resist or expel poisonous or morbid effluvia.

Look to your drains, by all means; but look also to the natural gates and alleys of the body—keep them clear, and permeable, and pervious. By what means? Therein the patient may minister to himself if he can, or else should inquire of his doctor, who will let him know. There is, however, a popular panacea which he will find invariably efficacious. The prophylactic as well as therapeutic virtues of *Punch*, of *Punch's Pocket-Book*, and *Punch's Almanack*, are so universally known and so deservedly celebrated that any recommendation beyond the merest reference to those powerful tonic, stimulant, and antiseptic publications would be superfluous puffery. How much caution soever the Faculty may recommend in prescribing alcohol in whatsoever form, they are of unanimous opinion that nobody need hesitate to give or take any quantity of *Punch*.

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### FAIR PLAY FOR LOOSHAJ.

THERE is one thing worth note in the manners (or want of manners) of our present enemies the Looshai folk. The *Standard* says that they delight "in transposition of the component parts of the names of places and chiefs. Thus, SOOK-PI-LAL is often converted into LAL-PI-SOOK. A similar practice frequently prevails in British India; the lower class of natives constantly substituting Nucklow for Lucknow." Call these people savages! Why, they are as witty as most members of the Stock Exchange. What higher flight can the latter generally attain than the feat of calling "ROBINSON AND THOMSON" "TOBINSON AND ROMSON," or saying that JONES lives at "Wampton Hick?" We hope that these Orientals will be treated with as much consideration as may be. They are none so uncivilised, as times go. Perhaps they like burlesques.

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### Parallels for the People.

A BRIGHT idea is that of establishing "Public-houses without Drink." Would it not be improved upon by the institution of Restaurants without Meat?

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### VIVIFYING TREATMENT OF A PARTNER.

(A Tragedy of the last Harrogate Season.)

*Young Lady* (to Partner, instantly on their taking their Places). "Now—I'VE BEEN TO FOUNTAINS ABBEY, AND TO BOLTON, AND I'VE SEEN THE BRIMHAM ROCKS, AND THE DROPPING WELL, AND THE VIEW FROM THE OBSERVATORY, AND WE HAD A MORNING IN YORK MINSTER, AND WE HAVE BEEN HERE A FORTNIGHT, AND WE ARE GOING TO STAY ANOTHER, AND PAPA TAKES THE CHALYBEATE WATERS, AND I AM VERY GLAD THE CAVALRY ARE COMING. NOW YOU MAY BEGIN CONVERSATION."  
[Utter Collapse of Partner.]

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### "COME ABOARD, SIR!"

"Come aboard, Sir!" to the Captain  
Says JOHN BRIGHT, A.B.,  
As he touches his tarpaulin,  
Smart and sailorly.  
And the watch look pleased as Punches,  
Officers and men,  
For A.B.'s like JOHN are always  
Welcome back again!

Over deck, and spars, and rigging  
JOHN he slues his eye;  
Gives a seaman's squint to leeward,  
Scanning sea and sky;  
At the binnacle he glances,  
Notes the course she steers;  
Nought on board or in the offing,  
Scapes his eyes and ears.

For the ship has seen hard weather,  
And some people say; CAPTAIN GLADSTONE ain't the man he  
Was the other day:  
And if you believe the croakers,  
Officers and crew,  
Don't pull with a will together,  
As they used to do.

Certain 'tis, since JOHN BRIGHT left her,  
His sick leave to take,  
The old craft, in last year's cruising,  
Had an ugly shake.  
Made poor day's-works, too much lee-way;  
Badly fouled her screw:  
Scraped her copper, if she didn't  
Start a plate or two.

Certain 'tis, with crew and captain,  
Officers also,  
Things don't go on quite as pleasant  
As they used to go.  
There's been some high-handed doings,  
Some quite the reverse;  
Some's took sick, and some's took sulky;  
Some took soft, or worse.

There's sea-lawyers—donkey-engines  
Can't their slack haul in;  
You may stop their grog, you'll never  
Stop the yarns they spin:  
There's your discontented beggars,  
Nothing e'er can please;  
There's your pennywise 'uns, nibbling  
At the dips and cheese.

There's your mutineers, for mischief  
Ripe 'gainst flag and Crown;  
Never pleased unless they're turning  
'Tween-decks upside down.  
There's your Queen's bad bargains, shirking  
Work, whoever strain:  
Trimmers Cox's traverse working—  
"There and back again."

Green-hands, as can't fudge a reckoning,  
Of a watch in charge;  
Looking after the *Britannia*,  
And can't steer a barge!  
For the Captain has his fancies—  
When he's picked a man  
For a job, whoe'er can't do it,  
*He's* the chap as *can*.

Anyway the ship's the better  
By a good A.B.,  
Now JOHN BRIGHT is all a-taunto,  
And come back to sea.  
Be't to talk to the blue-jackets  
Like a 'cute old salt;  
Con the ship, or call the soundings,  
Hide or slang a fault—

On the yardarm, big guns blowing,  
Weather ear-ring take;  
With bright yarns, to keep the watches  
Spry and wide-awake;  
So as to give cyclones the go-by,  
Safest course to steer;  
Canvas when to spread, when shorten,  
With a lee-shore near—

No A.B. in the *Britannia*  
Better knows than JOHN:  
Which let's hope that CAPTAIN G. will  
Take his advice thereon.  
Well we know that now JOHN'S buckled  
To his work again,  
'Twill for officers be better,  
And for ship and men!





**"OFF GREENWICH."**

JOHN BRIGHT. "COME ABOARD, SIR!"

CAPTAIN GLADSTONE. "GLAD TO SEE YOU, JOHN. GLAD YOU'RE A.B. AGAIN. IF IT COMES ON TO BLOW, WE MAY WANT YOUR ASSISTANCE."

**CHRISTMAS BOXES FOR BEAUTY.**

A NOVEL kind of Christmas Box is suggested by a legend which *Mr. Punch* lately beheld in the window of a hair-dresser's shop—"Presents for Christmas." It was posted in the midst of a variety of Chignons. A box containing a quantity of false hair is the Christmas-Box thereby presented to the imagination of the passer-by. But who would offer it to a young lady? Such a present is equivalent to the gift of a wig. It is a Christmas-Box or a New Year's Gift of a class in which may be included several other articles of a similar description, but more useful, and much more ornamental. For instance, you might give a friend in need, personal and pecuniary, a Christmas-Box in the shape of a set of artificial teeth, or the "Guinea Jaw" of our friend the Dentist, or a glass eye, or a gutta-percha nose, or a wooden leg.

Some of the "Presents for Christmas" above referred to were Chignons which looked like horses' tails. Others of the Chignons for Christmas-Boxes exhibited a remarkable resemblance to the tail of a comet, from which eccentric luminary the idea of those prodigious top-knots may possibly have been borrowed. Astronomy, along with Geography and the Use of the Globes, has long formed a branch of female education. An intelligent girl, fresh from boarding-school, if requested to describe the *Coma Berenices* might, or might not inform her questioner that it was a celestial Chignon.

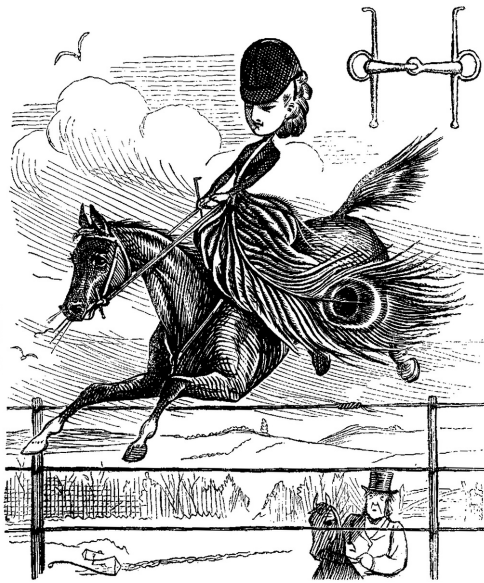
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## "Our Wig!"

Among the names of possible candidates for the Speakership was that of Mr. SAMUEL WHITBREAD, Member for Bedford. He would be an excellent Speaker, but, as matter of humanity, *Punch* must have opposed this selection. Imagine a triumph of the Anti-Liquor League, imagine the success of a Bill for putting down Porter, and imagine a grandson of WHITBREAD having to say "That this Bill do pass!"

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## MY HEALTH.



OME we return from otter-hunting. Tired, but expecting a "Nicht wi' RUDDOCK." He is to be at dinner, and a few very intimates are coming in the evening. The few "very intimates" have no distance to drive—merely a matter of eight miles or so.

From my window I hear carriages drawing up exactly at two minutes to seven o'clock. Punctuality in Cornwall is the soul of pleasure.

Odd: at the last moment I can't find either a collar or a white tie! "Come, Desperation, lend thy furious hold!" Rummage in the drawers, in the portmanteau. Staggered. Where can it be?—the collar, I mean. Rummage again. Getting hot and excited. Ought always to come down to dinner calm, cool, and collected. I shall be the only one late, and *I* hadn't to come twelve miles to dinner. No excuse except the real one,—“Couldn't find my collars, or a tie.” Only one thing for it. Ring the bell, and ask servant.

"O yes. Sir! We were changing the drawers from this room to Master's. I dessay, Sir, they're in there." They

are. Rapture!

*Flash.*—Stirring subject for operatic and descriptive music—A Gentleman's Toilet in Difficulties.

*Next Difficulty.*—Drop a stud suddenly. Hear it fall close by my foot. In fact, I feel, from some peculiar sensation *in* my foot, that it is here, on the floor, close to me. No. Hunt for it. Can't see it anywhere. [*Mem.*—Never travel without duplicate studs. Won't, another time.] Still stooping: feeling about the carpet. Hands getting dirty again, hair coming unbrushed, face growing warm and red.

*Flash.*—The stud being, as it were, an excrescence on the carpet, can be perceived by lying on the floor, (like an Indian listening to hear if anybody's coming,) and directing your eye in a right line. After this, clothes-brush required. Stud found at last exactly where I thought it had been at first.

*Another Difficulty.*—Time getting on. 7.10. PENDELL by this time anxious below. Every one arrived. I picture to myself RUDDOCK in the drawing-room, filling up the *mauvais quart d'heure* by satirical reflections on the dandy (me) who hadn't time enough to beautify himself for dinner.

I should be down now, if it wasn't for the button on my collar-band. I feel that it's all over with it, if not touched gently. Once off, and worry will be my portion for the remainder of the evening. And I know what is the result of attempting to pin it.

*Note.*—"Curses not loud, but deep." Quotation adapted to circumstances.

*Last Difficulty, I hope.*—After treating the button with suppressed emotion, dash at the white tie. I find myself asking myself, "Why the washerwoman *will* fold it all wrong, and starch it so that the slightest crinkle shows?" I have no answer. Of course at any other moment I could tie it at once, and have done with it; but now first one end's too long, then the other end's too short; then, on the third trial, the middle part somehow gets hopelessly tucked into itself, and I am pulling at it, by mistake, for one of the ends. At last I get it something like all right, but not everything that could be desired. Waistcoat. Coat. Handkerchief! Where's handkerchief? Where is—... ha! Down-

stairs.

Everybody waiting, evidently. Apology. "Ah!" says PENDELL, "um—ah—now you've come, we'll—um ——" and rings the bell.

I recognise some of our companions out otter-hunting to-day. Galaxy, too, of Cornish beauty, which means the darkest, brightest eyes and the clearest, freshest complexions. Not being introduced, I look about for Old RUDDOCK. There is an elderly gentleman sitting at a table looking over a photograph book. This is the nearest approach to Old RUDDOCK that I can see. Dinner announced. I take in MISS BODD, of Pophlanack, and follow the TRELISSACS, the TREGONIES of Tregivel, and MAJOR PENOLVER, with MRS. SOMEBODY of Somewhere. Whom RUDDOCK takes, I don't know.

*A Discovery.*—I am seated next to Old RUDDOCK of Ruddock, at dinner. PENDELL introduces us. A hale, hearty, elderly gentleman, with, if any expression at all, rather a sleepy one, as if a very little over-feeding would send him into a doze.

Now then for a "Nicht wi' RUDDOCK!"

[pg 020]



### AMBITION.

*Mr. Tittups (suggesting impossible Bank to full-sized Nimrod). "DON'T YOU THINK WE COULD HAVE IT HERE, SIR?"*

### POETRY OF FACT.

At the festive season of the year particularly, people commonly complain that the newspapers are dull. Unless in exceptional years, nothing happens of which the narration is in anywise interesting, and the dearth of news is generally so extreme that journalists are actually driven to fill their columns with theological controversies.

The dryness of grammatical details has been surmounted by the device of putting them into metre, as in the *As in Præsenti* and the *Propria quæ Maribus* of the Eton Latin Grammar. Might not the contents of the Journals, in like sort, be rendered somewhat less prosy than they sometimes are by being versified? The telegrams would, perhaps, be peculiarly susceptible of this treatment, whereunto they seem to lend themselves in virtue of their characteristic conciseness, which it would enhance. The electric wire on New Year's Day transmitted a certain message from Rome. Here it is in the form of blank verse:—

The King to-day received the Ministers.  
The Deputations Parliamentary,  
The State's great Officers, the military  
And the municipal authorities,  
And other delegates. His MAJESTY

Thanks for congratulations did return  
To those who tendered them, occasionally,  
Upon the New Year's Day; and he expressed  
His hope that, 'twixt the representative  
Great bodies of the People and the State,  
The concord, which the national unity  
Doth to complete essentially conduce,  
Would ever be maintained.

The Court Circular could be rendered in heroic rhymes. As thus:—

The QUEEN walked in the Castle Grounds this morn;  
The DUKE OF EDINBURGH, LOUISE, of Lorne  
The Princess, and the Marquis with his bride,  
For Town left Windsor after this noon-tide.  
PRINCE ARTHUR, by SIR HOWARD ELPHINSTONE  
Attended, went to Dover, too, anon.  
Right Honourable GLADSTONE here has been  
To-day, and had an audience of the QUEEN,  
The Premier, after that, remained to lunch,  
The dinner-party included *Mr. Punch*.

Other intelligence, miscellaneous or special, could be couched in lyrical measures. Take a specimen of a money article:—

The English funds, this blessed day,  
Have no fresh movement known,  
Save of one-eighth a rise had they,  
Which could not hold its own.

Consols so little looked alive,  
As quoted but to be  
At ninety-two one half, to five—  
Eighths, for delivery.

Excitement did the day throughout  
The Railway Market thrill;  
Shares have been briskly pushed about,  
And prices risen still.

A hundred thousand pounds in gold  
Came, at the Bank, to hand,  
And much for discount there, behold!  
Increased was the demand.

Police reports also could be embodied in song, as, for example:—

At Worship Street came PETER FAKE, a young thief,  
Charged with stealing a watch, unto summary grief.  
For three months, with hard labour, committed was he,  
And well whipped, in addition, was ordered to be.

The prisoner, on hearing his sentence, no doubt  
More than he had expected, burst instantly out  
In a howl, of a sort which description would mock;  
In the midst of it he was removed from the dock.

[pg 021]

And so on. The suggestion above exemplified will perhaps be adopted by some enterprising journalist, prepared to afford the necessary remuneration to competent poets. In the event of another war, the communications of Our Special Correspondent might fall naturally into the form of an Epic, shaped and determined by the course of circumstances. The title of a journal composed in verse might be, for want of a better, *The Poetical News*.

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## THE SPEAKER.

THE announcement that the present SPEAKER of the House of Commons is about to take his well-earned pension and Peerage, and that the election of a successor will be one of the first Acts of Parliament when it meets in February, has occasioned much writing in newspapers and conversation in the social circle, in competition with the Temple of Justice, Clubs for Working-Men, the State of the Streets, and the "insobriety" which accompanies the festive season.

As some misconception appears to prevail regarding the SPEAKER'S exalted office, especially amongst the young and gay, and in rural districts, *Mr. Punch*, the best "Popular Educator" has (with the valuable assistance of SIR ERSKINE MAY) compiled a few notes on the subject, which in his leisure moments he hopes to be able to expand into a voluminous treatise, worthy to take its

place by the side of *Enfield's Speaker*, or anybody else's.

The office of Speaker is as old as the Saxon Wittenagemot, but the mace now borne by the Serjeant-at-Arms is not the one which CROMWELL impetuously called a "bauble." That interesting relic of a bye-gone age is said to be in a private collection in the United States.

The SPEAKER is in the Chair whenever the House is not in Committee. If it be asked, when is the House in Committee, the answer is simple—whenever the SPEAKER is not in the Chair.

The young and the gay and the country population have been led astray by the SPEAKER'S misleading title[A]—the fact being that the SPEAKER does not speak, except on very rare occasions.

[A] *Lucus a non lucendo.*—*Sil. Ital. de Arbor.*, xv., 1019.

The SPEAKER hears all the speeches which are made during the time he is in the Chair, *for he must never sleep while on duty*; but as most of those who have filled the office have lived on, Session after Session, we may hope that they did not consider themselves bound *always* to listen. Even, however, with this relaxation, the poor composition, the defective grammar, the arid statistics, the threadbare quotations, the hesitations, the repetitions, the bad delivery, the awkward action, the wrong emphasis, MR. DENISON must have heard and seen through fifteen long years, cannot but have caused him untold suffering. It seems almost incredible that there should be any competition for the horrors of such a post.

The SPEAKER has a salary, a secretary, a chaplain, a counsel, a residence, and an allowance for keeping the Mace in order. When he retires, he has a peerage and a pension, and is allowed to take his Wig and Gown and Chair away with him.

The SPEAKER, although not one of the commoner sort, is the first Commoner in the land.

The SPEAKER is entitled to many privileges. He can show friends (not exceeding four at a time) over both Houses of Parliament without an order from the Lord Chamberlain; he can take books out of the Library on leaving a small deposit; he can call a wherry and go on the river whenever he pleases; every tenth cygnet born between Lambeth and London Bridge is his by prescriptive right; and he is at liberty to charge the Consolidated Fund with the cost of any refreshment he may require during official hours, and with all cab fares to and from the House.

The most terrible exercise of the Speaker's authority is when he "names" a Member. The miserable man is committed to the Tower for life, and allowed no book to read but *Hansard*; his estates are forfeited to the Crown, and once a year, on the day when he committed the offence for which he was "named," he is taken by the Constable of the Tower in a tumbril to Westminster, to beg pardon of the SPEAKER and the House on his knees.

The SPEAKER may be either a bachelor, a married man, or a widower, but he must be one of the three.

If a new Member shows any eccentricity in his dress, manners, speech, or general deportment, the SPEAKER asks him to tea, and quietly points out to him the impropriety of which he has been guilty.

At 2 A.M., at a moment's notice, without any opportunity of consulting authorities, the SPEAKER may be called upon to state what was the practice of the House in the reign of EDWARD THE THIRD, or to remember a precedent established during the time SIR THOMAS MORE filled the office, or to enforce a Standing Order coëval with the Long Parliament.

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### IN VINO MEMORIA.

*Major Portsoken (a pretty constant Guest).* "I SAY, BUCHANAN, THIS ISN'T  
—(another sip)—THE SAME CHAMPAGNE——!"

*Scotch Butler.* "NA, THAT'S A' DUNE! THERE WAS THRUITY DIZZEN; AND YE'VE  
HAD YERE SHARE O'T, MAJOR!!"

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### BRAVO! BUMBLE.

"At a meeting of the Bury Town Council this week, it was stated that an address was about to be presented to Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS LOUISE of Hesse, by way of a public appreciation of her exertions on behalf of His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES. It was also stated that it was proposed to present a cabinet, containing the photographic likenesses of those signing the address—Sheriffs and other officers in their respective uniforms, and Mayors of boroughs in their robes."

A MORE interesting gallery of portraits it would be difficult to imagine, especially, if, as the encouraging words, "and other officers" incline us to hope may be the case, the macebearers, beadles, and town-criers, with possibly a selection from the police, are included in the cabinet. Perhaps it would not be advisable to admit Sheriffs' officers. A fac-simile autograph underneath each photograph, with the addition of the writer's usual formula of subscription—"Yours truly," "Ever faithfully yours," &c.—would materially enhance the value of the present. Everyone, who can appreciate good taste, in combination with retiring modesty, must be struck with this, the latest outburst of corporate zeal; and the impression such a delicate attention as the offering of a cabinet containing the likenesses of some of the most remarkable characters of their time, will produce upon foreign nations, already full of admiration of our loyalty and envying us our Mayors, cannot fail to be most gratifying to the nation's vanity.



### MORE OFFICIAL CENSORSHIP OF PANTOMIME.

*Policeman.* "I WOULDN'T HAVE MINDED A QUIET PERFORMANCE; BUT TO BEGIN INSULTIN' THE LAWR UNDER MY WERY EYES!—(Waxing wroth)—MOVE ON! OR BLOW'D IF I DON'T RUN YER IN!"

### SURPRISING A CASTLE.

THE least ancient and least interesting part of Warwick Castle has been burned. Subscriptions are tendered in aid of a restoration. Question is raised whether LORD WARWICK should accept these, lest the public should consider that by subscribing it acquires a certain right in the Castle, and that the Earl's legend will have a second meaning, when affixed over the new buildings: *Vix ea nostra voco*. The suggestion is unworthy and sordid. *Mr. Punch* would like to see a vote of the Commons in aid of the subscription for conserving about the noblest relic left to us. He would be glad to say to the Earl, in LORD WARWICK'S own words in the Temple Garden, after a certain rose-plucking,

"This blot that they object against your House  
Shall be wiped off in the next Parliament."

The cool idea that giving a nobleman help to rebuild entitles one to walk into his property, is concentrated cheekiness; and if castles are capable of astonishment, *Mr. Punch* would again quote W. S. to the Earl, and say, "Your Castle *is* surprised."

### Dirt! Dirt! Dirt!

WE have all been taught to tread the path of duty, but some of us seem to have forgotten the lesson. May we entreat Commissioners, Boards, Corporations, Vestries, Parochial Authorities, indeed, any responsible and rate-levying body which has got into bad ways, to do their duty to our paths; and if not this winter, perhaps the next—or, not to be too exorbitant, the next after that—to keep the pavements and the roadways passably clean? It would be a satisfaction to those of us who have reached middle age to think that we may yet live to see the streets of London, and other wealthy towns and cities, rather less lutulent than country lanes and rural roads. When will the scavenger be abroad?

### THE SICK MAN IN THE VATICAN.

"It is stated that VICTOR EMMANUEL sent GENERAL PRALORMO to the Vatican on New Year's Day to wish the POPE the compliments of the season on behalf of His Majesty. On arriving there, he was informed by CARDINAL ANTONELLI that the Holy Father was indisposed, and could not, therefore, receive him personally. The Cardinal undertook to

deliver the compliments of the King, and the General left. A few hours after, the POPE was completely recovered, and held his usual receptions."

THE faithful should congratulate the POPE upon his rapid, almost miraculous recovery. From the moment the wicked King's emissary was out of the precincts of the Vatican, the symptoms became more favourable, and the Court physicians were released from their attendance. We notice, only to dismiss it with scorn, an impression which appears to exist that the Holy Father was "indisposed," in the primary sense of the word, as worldly sovereigns have been before now; for it is not for an instant to be supposed that a Cardinal would put forth, and a Pope sanction, any excuse which was not in accordance with the strictest truth.

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## Theological News.

HIS GRACE the DUKE OF SOMERSET, some time First Lord of the Admiralty, has come out as a writer on theology. Needless to say that he is not ceremonious in his treatment of eminent persons. He is by no means complimentary to the Apostles. His teaching may be condensed into his own motto, *Foi pour Devoir*, translated subtly. In these days everybody seems ready to instruct us in religion—except the Bishops.

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## JUSTICE TO IRELAND.

MOTTO FOR A BOTTLE OF POTHEEN.—"Oireland! with all thy faults I love thy still."

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## Transcriber Notes:

Throughout the dialogues, there were words used to mimic accents of the speakers. Those words were retained as-is.

The illustrations have been moved so that they do not break up paragraphs. Thus the page number of the illustration might not match the page number in the original.

Errors in punctuations and inconsistent hyphenation were not corrected unless otherwise noted.

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