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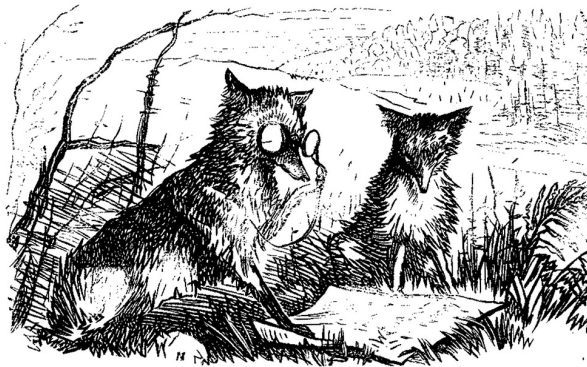
**PUNCH,
OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.**

Vol. 62.

February 3, 1872.

PRIVATE SCHOOL CLASSICS.

(Letter from a Lady.)



DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THOUGH you love to laugh, and we all love to laugh with you, I know that you are kindness itself when an afflicted woman throws herself upon your sympathy. This letter will not be quite so short as I could wish; but, unless you have my whole story, you will not understand my sorrow.

My boy, JOHNNY, is one of the dearest boys you can imagine. I send you his photograph, though it does not half justice to the sweetness and intelligence of his features; besides, on the day it was taken, he had a cold, and his hair had not been properly cut, and the photographer was very impatient, and after eight or nine sittings, he insisted that I ought to be satisfied. I could tell you a hundred anecdotes of my boy's cleverness, but three or four, perhaps, will be enough.

[More than enough, dear Madam. We proceed to the paragraph that follows them.]

His father, I regret to say, though a kind parent, does not see in JOHNNY the talent and genius which I am certain he possesses. The child, who is eleven years and eleven months old, goes

(alas, I must say went) to a Private Academy of the most respectable description. Only twelve young gentlemen are taken, and the terms are about £100 a-year, and most things extra. The manners of the pupils are strictly looked after; they have no coarse amusements; and, to see them neatly dressed, going arm-in-arm, two and two, for a walk, was quite delightful. I shall never see them again without tears.

My husband was desirous that JOHNNY should have a sound classical education, and we believed—I believe still—that this is given at the Private School in question. One evening during the holidays, my husband asked JOHNNY what Latin Book he was reading. The child replied, without hesitation or thought—"Horace." "Very good," said his father, taking down the odious book. "Let you and me have a little go-in at *Horace*." I went to my desk, *Mr. Punch*, and, as I write very fast, I resolved to make notes of what occurred, for I felt that JOHNNY would cover himself with glory and honour. *This* is what occurred. Of course, I filled in the horrid Latin, afterwards, from the book, which I could gladly have burned.

Papa. Well, let us see, my boy, suppose we take Hymn number xiv. You know all about that? *Ad Rempublicam*. What does that mean?

Johnny. O, we never learn the titles.

Papa. Pity, because they help you to the meaning. But come, what's *Rempublicam*?

Johnny. I suppose it means a public thing. *Rem's* a thing, and *publicus* is public. [Was not that clever in the dear fellow, putting words together like that, *Mr. Punch*? Will you believe it, his Papa did nothing but give him a grunt?]

Papa. Go on.

*O navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus. O quid agis?*

Johnny.

O, navy, referring to the sea. I have known thee.
What will the waves do?

[I thought this quite beautiful, like "*What are the Wild Waves Saying?*"]

Papa. Ah! Proceed.

—*fortiter occupa
Portum. Nonne vides*—

Johnny.

Bravely occupy the door.
You see a nun.

Papa. A nun, child. What do you mean?

Johnny. A nun is a holy but mistaken woman, Papa, that lives in a monastery, and worships graven images. [You see he had been *beautifully* taught.]

Papa. But what word, in the name of anachronisms, do you make a nun?

Johnny. *Nonne*. O, I forgot, Pa, that's French. [Instead of being pleased that the child knew three languages instead of two, his Papa burst out laughing.]

Papa. Try this:—

*Et malus celeri saucius Africo,
Antennæque gemant? ac sine funibus
Vix durare carinæ
Possint imperiosius
Æquor?*

Johnny.

And celery sauce is bad for an African,
And your aunts groan though there is no funeral,
And they could not be more imperious
If they had to endure a sea-voyage.

Myself. Darling! Why don't you say something to encourage him, TOM? It's delightful.

Papa. Yes, it's encouraging. Go on, Sir.

—*non tibi sunt integra lintea;
Non di, quos iterum pressa voces malo.*

Johnny.

You have no large pieces of lint.
Do not die, though they again press you to say apple.

Papa.

*Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus
Fidit!*

Johnny. No sailor is frightened at the dogs in a picture he sees.

Papa. *Fidit's*, he sees, eh?

— *Tu, nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium, cave.*

Johnny.

If it wasn't for the wind,
You ought to play in a cave.

Papa. Ha! Well, here's the last; we may as well go through it.

Myself. Papa! don't be so cross.

Papa. Mind your letter-writing, will you? [But *I wasn't* letter-writing. I was making notes.]

Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tædium.

Johnny. Lately a solicitor was a great bore to me.

Papa. [To do him justice, he recovered his good-humour and roared.]

A great bore, was he? They *are* bores sometimes. Now then—

Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis.

Johnny. I do not care for the light of the stars.

Papa. Hang it, JOHNNY, how do you get at "stars" in that line?

Johnny. *De*, of, *siderium*, dative, no, genitive plural of *sidus*, a star, Papa, and *levis* is light.

Papa. Finish.

*Interfusa nitentes
Vites æquora Cycladas.*

What do you make of that? "With an infusion of nitre the vines are equal to Cyclops"—is that it?

Johnny. I think so, Papa dear. The Cyclops were great giants, who poked out the eye of Achilles with a hot stick, for throwing stones at their ship.

Papa. Go to bed!

Johnny. What for, Papa?

Myself. Yes, what for, TOM? I'm sure the dear fellow has done his best to please you.

Papa. You are right. It is I who ought to be sent to bed. All right, JOHNNY. Let us have a game at the *Battle of Dorking*—get the board. That's good fun. But £100 a-year, and *sollicitum*, a solicitor, isn't. However, we'll alter that.

And, dear *Mr. Punch*, he gave notice the very next day that JOHNNY should not go back to the Private School, and is going to send him to a College, to be starved, fagged, beaten, knocked down with cricket-balls, trampled down at football, and taught to fight.

Believe me, yours,

AN UNHAPPY MOTHER.

True Thomas of Chelsea.

IT WAS MR. CARLYLE who first revealed the existence of Phantasm Captains, which many people refused to believe in, and laughed at the notion of. What do they say now that a Board of Captains in command over Captains and Admirals too is called by its own Secretary a Phantom

Board? Surely that THOMAS of Chelsea is a true Seer, and long since saw through Simulacra which have, in truth, at last been discovered to be transparent Shams.

[pg 044]



"THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STARE."

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

Mr. BARLOW, with MASTERS HARRY SANDFORD and TOMMY MERTON, visits ASTLEY'S THEATRE, to see the Pantomime of "LADY GODIVA."

"THIS," exclaimed HARRY, "is an exhibition which affords me, and indeed appears to give to a vast number besides myself, the greatest gratification.

Tommy. I see, Sir, that *St. George* appears in this story with *Lady Godiva*; pray, Sir, who was *St. George*?

Mr. Barlow. There have been, my dear TOMMY, various opinions on this interesting subject, and some honest folks have sought to identify the celebrated personage in question with a Butcher, who served bad meat to the Christians in Palestine, while others have gone equally far towards proving that he was no Butcher, but an Arian Bishop of Alexandria. Whether Butcher, or Bishop, it was for a long time most difficult to determine.

Harry. But pray, Sir, why did not the antagonistic parties bring the case into a Court of Law so as to obtain a decision.

Mr. Barlow. Your own experience, HARRY, will, doubtless, one of these days furnish you with sufficient reason for the persons interested not having given employment to the gentlemen of the long robe. There was no claimant to the title living, and there was nothing beyond a title to be claimed; for, whether on the one hand (with EUSEBIUS) revering him as a Saint, or, on the other (with GIBBON) abusing him as "the infamous GEORGE," both sides admitted the object of their contention to have been long since deceased. He is, however, the patron Saint of England, and owes his great reputation in modern times to managers of Theatres at Christmas, and writers of extravaganzas and of Pantomimes, to whom his history is invaluable, as affording marvellous opportunities for great scenic display, and spectacular effect, while the Saintly Knight himself seldom fails to find an admirable representative in either a young lady of considerable personal attractions (as here at ASTLEY'S) or in some eccentric and grotesque gentleman like one of the lithsome PAYNES, or the agile MR. VOKES, whose extraordinary feats, with his legs, we have already witnessed at Drury Lane Theatre. I confess, however, that I do not perceive by what process *St. George* has been brought into the comparatively modern legend of *Lady Godiva*.

Harry. It seems to me, Sir, that you intended us just now to remark some diverting jest in your use of the words "feats" and "legs," which TOMMY, I fear, has failed to comprehend.

Mr. Barlow. Indeed, HARRY, you are quite right, and I trust that both you, and TOMMY, will be able to utter such pleasantries yourselves with a full appreciation of their value. I regret to notice that MISS SHERIDAN, who, with much discretion, performs the part of the *Lady Godiva*, is suffering from cold, and is, consequently, a little hoarse. This is natural at ASTLEY'S.

Then, turning to TOMMY, and smiling in his usual kind manner, MR. BARLOW said, "My dear TOMMY, although you have not yet mastered the amusing puns which I made in my recent discourse, you can, it may be, tell me why MISS SHERIDAN resembles a pony?"

TOMMY, whose whole attention was now given to the scene, expressed his intention of at once renouncing all attempts at solving this problem. Whereupon MR. BARLOW cheerfully replied that MISS SHERIDAN so far resembled a pony, inasmuch as she was, unfortunately, on that evening, "a little hoarse." HARRY laughed at this sally, and, indeed, considered his beloved tutor a prodigy of wit and ingenuity; but it was otherwise with TOMMY, who remained silent and depressed during the greater part of the entertainment; and, indeed, it was not until the very effective Transformation Scene that TOMMY'S unbounded pleasure and admiration once more found vent in the most unqualified applause, in which the entire audience joined.

Harry. These expressions of delight remind me of the story you read to me the other day, Sir, called *Agesiläus and the Elastic Nobleman*. As TOMMY has not heard it I will—

But at this moment a vast assemblage of children on the stage, habited as soldiers, commenced the National Anthem at the top of their voices, which for the time put an end to further conversation.

On quitting the theatre, TOMMY, who from having been in a state of the greatest elation had once more resumed the sober and saddened aspect with which he had listened to his tutor's discourse during the play, took HARRY aside, and declared to him, with tears in his eyes, that from that day forward he would never rest till he had made himself thoroughly acquainted with all the jokes in the English language, and had perfected himself in the art of constructing new ones.

"Your determination, MASTER TOMMY," replied his young friend, "reminds me of the story of *Darius and the Corrugated Butcher*; but, as I am too fatigued to-night to remember its main features, I will defer the recital of it till to-morrow morning."

TOMMY evinced a great curiosity to know whether there were in this tale any puns, upon which he might at once exercise his intelligence, but on HARRY'S repeating his promise, he allowed him to go to bed without further question.

Being thus left to his own resources, TOMMY MERTON, in pursuance of his new resolution, went to the book-shelves and commenced a search which was not destined to be altogether fruitless.

MR. BARLOW had scarcely been in bed two hours, when he was aroused from a most peaceful and refreshing slumber by a loud hammering and knocking at the door of his chamber. Unable to imagine what had happened, and, indeed, fearing lest the premises should have unfortunately caught fire, he was on the point of gathering together such articles of clothing as he considered strictly necessary, when TOMMY burst into the room half-undressed, and bawling out, "I've seen it! I've seen it!"

"What have you seen?" asked MR. BARLOW.

"Why, Sir," answered TOMMY, "I had a mind to discover, before I went to bed, what you meant by your two jokes at Astley's. So, Sir, I got down your book of *Joseph Miller's Jests*, a dictionary, and a grammar; and I find that the fun you had intended lies in the similarity of pronunciation in the case of the substantive *horse* and of the adjective *hoarse*, and also in *feat* and *feet* possessing a like sound."

"Well," said MR. BARLOW, pausing, with a boot-jack in hand, "you are indeed right. And if you will approach a little nearer——"

But TOMMY, anticipating the purport of his revered tutor's invitation, had speedily withdrawn himself from the apartment, being careful at the same time to lock MR. BARLOW'S door on the outside.

"To-morrow," said MR. BARLOW quietly to himself as he returned to his bed—"To-morrow we will talk over these things."

He now perceived that he was in a condition of unwonted restlessness; and it was not until he had twice repeated to himself the story of *The Laplander and the Agreeable Peacock*, that he fell asleep.

Doctors in Court.

MEDICAL men, experts and others, in the witness-box, are unfortunately apt to use technical terms for which there are no equivalents in plain English. For this pedantry the Judge usually

snubs them. Quite right. There are no hard words or phrases, of which the use, by Judges or Counsel, is sometimes unavoidable, in Law.

[pg 045]



AFTER THE PARTY.

Mater (aroused by the Horse pulling up). "WHIT'S THE MATTER, GUIDMAN?—ONYTHING WRANG?"

Pater (bringing his Faculties to a Focus). "LET US JUST CONSIDER THE RECENT CIRCUMSTANCES. WAS OOR JOHN IN THE GIG WHEN WE STARTET FRAE ARDRISHAIG?"



"OOR JOHN" WAS IN THE GIG—WHEN THEY STARTED!

OWLS THAT IS NOT HORGANS.

MR. PUNCH has—need he say it?—the profoundest admiration for the skill and zeal of the great Healers who have conducted H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES out of the region of bulletins. But he hopes that should any member of the Royal Family again need medical advice (which good fortune forefend for many a long day), no name belonging to a member of the illustrious trio may be signed to the *affiches*. It was not for *Mr. Punch* to complain while bulletins issued, but now all else is happiness, he makes his moan, or rather (as MR. ROEBUCK says Birmingham is always doing) makes his howl. How many thousand idiots have sent *Mr. Punch* jests on the names of the Doctors, he cannot say, but the changes have been rung, *ad nauseam*, on a "Jennerous diet," a "Lowe fever," a "bird of good omen—a Gull," until—But not one goose was gratified; ha! ha! Fire, not vanity, was fed. Still, *Mr. Punch* has suffered; and therefore he begs leave to suggest that all the three Doctors be raised to the Peerage. They have richly deserved it, and so has SIR JAMES PAGET (whose name happily does not help the small wits); but *Mr. Punch's* comfort is the

thing to be considered. N.B. He likes to give those who are "blest in not being simple men" an occasional peep—as thus—at the circumjacent world of donkeyism.

MRS. MALAPROP has lately been studying Latin, with success. But, as a good Church-woman, she cannot hold with the rule *Festina lentè*. She disapproves of feasting in Lent.

GUILDED LADIES.

LADIES, look at this proposal to promote what some of you may call the millineryennium:—

"A Guild of Ladies is proposed to be formed to promote modesty of dress to do away with extravagance, and substitute the neatness and sobriety suitable to Christian women."

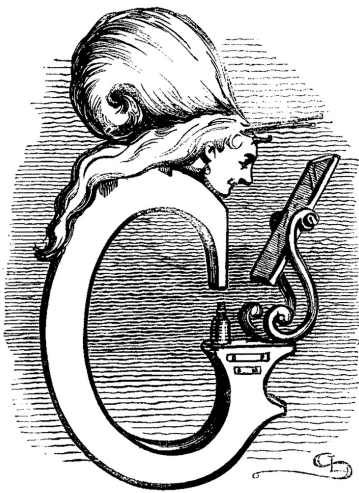
A guild formed to promote the sobriety of women ought to have SIR WILFRID LAWSON for a patron, and should be supported by every Teetotaller now living in the land. But the sobriety here mentioned is that of dress, not drink; and total abstinence from finery and flummery of fashion is doubtless the chief aim of the promoters of the guild. Well, if they succeed in reducing even chignons to reasonable dimensions, they will deserve the thanks of every one afflicted with good taste; and if they further are successful in reducing the enormous bills which ladies owe their milliners, they will earn the heartfelt gratitude of many a poor husband, who can ill afford to pay them. All is not gold that glitters, but we may guess there is true metal, and not merely specious glitter, in these Guilded Ladies.

French and British Budgets.

M. THIERS has been censured by some of our contemporaries for his fiscal policy of seeking to impose heavy duties on raw materials. At any rate, however, France will not be saddled (like an ass) with an Income-tax; so the taxation to which that country will be subjected, will be comparatively light, even if it should have the effect of making butchers' meat as frightfully dear there as it is in England.

[pg 046]

A TEMPERANCE HOSPITAL.



o to! The anti-alcoholic manifesto lately put forth by the two hundred and fifty first-class Doctors is already producing the effect which a demonstration, fortified with names some having handles to them, seldom fails to produce on a portion of the generally intelligent British Public. It has caused "a movement." The *Daily News* announces that:—

"A movement has been started to establish a hospital in London 'for the treatment of diseases apart from the ordinary administration of alcoholic liquors.'"

The object of the movement does not appear from the words in which it is stated quite so clearly as the thinking persons who may attach importance to it must desire. Do not, in fact, most Doctors, as it is, treat diseases "apart from the ordinary administration of alcoholic liquors?" Are not all patients but those labouring under diseases of debility, as a rule, enjoined by their medical attendant to abstain, totally or comparatively, from wine, beer, and spirits? In hospitals, where this abstinence can always be enforced, the treatment of diseases apart from the ordinary administration of alcoholic liquors is especially usual. Do the enlightened promoters of a movement for the establishment of a hospital, whereat diseases shall be so treated still more especially, mean to say that, in that new institution alcohol, in diseases in which it has hitherto been wont to be ordinarily administered as a tonic or stimulant requisite for their cure, shall not be given—and if so, why? Because alcohol is a poison? Then why stop at alcohol? Why not also proscribe, instead of prescribing, opium, henbane, hemlock, deadly nightshade, arsenic, and prussic acid; and indeed—for what active medicine is not a poison in an over-dose?—nearly every article in the *Materia Medica*?

Truly the great Two-Hundred-and-Fifty Against Alcohol, themselves even, leave some room for question as to their meaning when they proclaim that "it is believed that the inconsiderate prescription of large quantities of alcoholic liquids by Medical Men for their patients has given rise, in many instances, to the formation of intemperate habits." Believed by, and of whom? By the Two-Hundred-and-Fifty Doctors of their Profession at large, or by Society in general of it, including them? One would like to know who the believers are, in order to be enabled to appraise the belief, and it would also please one to be informed whether or no the belief includes a

confession, which the Two-Hundred-and-Fifty make for themselves. Did you, gentle reader, in the course of your experience, ever happen to meet with a victim of the Bottle who dated his intemperance from taking port wine or brandy, prescribed for him when convalescent, for example, from typhus fever?

One can indeed understand and appreciate the advice that "alcohol, in whatever form, should be prescribed and administered with as much care as any powerful drug," and peradventure this will create another movement, a movement of a speculative nature, for the manufacture of graduated physic glasses, of various sizes, to replace the sherry, champagne, hock, and claret glasses now in use at table: a minim-glass to be the new glass for liqueurs and brandy. This practical improvement in Social Science may be shortly introduced by some of our leading medical men at their own tables. And when they exhibit alcohol, in whatever form, perhaps, in future, they will always take care to combine it with something very nauseous; gin, for instance, with the most horrible of bitters. This will effectually prevent the administration of alcohol from originating the formation of intemperate habits.

Doubtless, on the whole, the Two-Hundred-and-Fifty have spoken wisely; but the echo of their speech in some quarters has sounded like cackle, and the "movement," which their utterance has set on foot among gregarious persons, very much resembles the march of an analogous kind of birds, under leadership, across a common.

RURAL INTELLIGENCE.

SPLICINGHAM.

INTERESTING EVENT.—On Thursday the 25th inst. this pretty little village was early astir, and thrown into a state of pleasurable excitement, it being the nuptial morn of MISS SELINA SUNNISMILE, daughter of Mr. SUNNISMILE, gardener and florist, with Mr. ROBERT GRUBBINS, pork-butcher, both of this parish. The parents of the happy couple being held in high esteem, triumphal arches were erected, decked with appropriate mottoes, and the front of the bride's residence was festooned with early cauliflowers and other floral ornaments which her father had purveyed. The choral service terminated with the *Wedding March* of MENDELSSOHN, performed on the harmonium by Mr. JOSEPH THUMPER with his accustomed skill. An elegant *déjeûner*, consisting of pork-pies, pickled herrings, trotters, tripe, and wedding-cake, was then done ample justice to by a select party of guests; the bride's health being drunk in bumpers of champagne, expressly made for the occasion from her father's famous gooseberries, which gained a prize last summer at the exhibition of the Splicingham Pomological Society. After this affecting ceremony, the happy pair departed, in a shower of old slippers, on a trip to the metropolis, to spend their honeymoon.

WOBBLESWORTH.

LITERARY ENTERTAINMENT.—The second of the series of Halfpenny Readings was held last Tuesday evening at the Literary Institute, the REV. MR. MILDMAN being voted to the Chair. It will be noticed from the programme that something more than mere amusement is the aim of these small gatherings; and, as a means towards the better education of the country, we need hardly say we wish them all manner of success:—

READING, " <i>Old Mother Hubbard</i> "	MISS BROWN.
RECITATION, " <i>Humpty Dumpty</i> "	MASTER JONES.
SONG, " <i>Twinkle, twinkle, little Star</i> "	MRS. ROBINSON.
RECITAL (in costume), " <i>Grilling a Grizly</i> "	MR. SMITH.
READING, " <i>The Humours of Joe Miller</i> "	REV. Z. SNOOKS.
COMIC SONG, " <i>O, did you twig her Ankle?</i> "	MR. LARKER.
RECITAL, " <i>My Name is Norval</i> "	MASTER WIGGINS.
GLEE, " <i>The Cock and Crow</i> "	WOBBLESWORTH WARBLERS.
READING, " <i>The Bandit's Bride</i> "	REV. H. WALKER.
SONG, " <i>I seek thee in every Shadow</i> "	MR. GROWLER.
RECITAL, " <i>The Haunted Hottentot</i> "	DR. BLOBBS.
COMIC SONG, " <i>Jolly Miss Jemima</i> "	MR. LARKER.
CHORUS, " <i>Ri fol de riddle ol</i> "	WOBBLESWORTH WARBLERS.

The company separated at the somewhat advanced hour of half-past nine o'clock, after spending an enjoyable and instructive evening.

DUFFERTON AND BLUNDERBURGH.

SPARROSHOOTING EXTRAORDINARY.—The annual meeting of the Dufferton and Blunderburgh Sparrow Club was held on Monday last at the Goose and Gridiron, Dufferton, the President, Mr. BOOBIE, again occupying the chair. It appeared from the report that, during the past twelvemonth, no fewer than 5937 sparrows had been slaughtered by the honourable members of the club. Complaints had been received of increasing devastation by fly, and slug, and caterpillar, and it

was said that this was owing to the great decrease of small birds effected by the club. The Chairman, amid cheers, pooh-pooched these allegations, and, after presenting a new powderflask to MR. JONAH JOWLS, for having made the largest bag of small birds in the twelvemonth, the Chairman humorously adjourned the meeting to the supper-room, where mine host served up an elegant light supper, the *menu* whereof consisted of sausages, black puddings, Welsh rarebits, and pork-chops.

SCIENCE GOSSIP.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ has discovered "a fish which builds a nest." Wonders are only just beginning. Other Professors, envious of AGASSIZ'S good fortune, will be stimulated to renewed study of the Animal Kingdom; and the result will be that at no distant day we shall see the great Zoological collections, here and in America, enriched by the addition of a glowworm which lives in a hive, a tortoise which hops from bough to bough, an oviparous rabbit, and a lobster whose diet consists exclusively of salad. The fable which deluded our childhood may yet be realised, and pigeon's milk take its place amongst the common articles of a free breakfast table.

[pg 047]

NEW SCHOOL FOR NOBS.



AND *Mr. Punch*, a happy change has come over the character of our Public Schools. The chief of them, I have been told, of what is called mediæval foundation, were originally intended to educate the sons of poor gentlemen. But now, Sir, the purpose they have come to serve is just the reverse of that. A correspondent of the *Morning Post*, signing himself PAVIDUS—evidently a mean, shabby, needy sprig of gentility, afraid, as his signature means, if I am not misinformed, which, by the tenor of his letter, he plainly confesses himself to be, of having to fork out more than he is able—writes to complain, forsooth, of "the growing abuse of 'tips' and pocket-money allowance." This contemptible indigent fellow says:—

"It is within my knowledge that at one of the chief public schools—and I am told that the same rule holds good at the other schools of this class—a boy who does not bring back £5 each half is set down by 'the house' as a 'duffer' and as of 'no use.' In other words, he is under the cold shade of his fellow-boarders, and is subject to constant and galling humiliation."

Very well. Let him be off, then. A first-class Public School is no place for him any more than a first-class carriage. Let the beggar who doesn't like it, leave it—go second or third class, and be taught the three R's under FORSTER'S Education Act. But now read what PAVIDUS has the insolence to say further:—

"It is not every lad that can bear lightly the gibes and jeers of the young cotton lords whose home ethics teach them to measure the quality of a gentleman by the amount of money he can spend. The result is inevitable. The 'soc' shop gives credit. A loan is soon and easily contracted, and the boy, smarting under the results of his comparative poverty, begins his career of debt and deceit in order to hold his own among his more pecunious fellows."

MR. PAVIDUS, in his pride and poverty, seems very indignant at the idea of wealthy young cotton lords treating poor young pedigree lords with contempt. I dare say he is some poor nobleman's relation himself, the HONOURABLE PAVIDUS, perhaps, or RIGHT HONOURABLE PAVIDUS.

When he wrote the above sneer at cotton lords probably he turned up his nose. That is, I mean, he tried to, for it is a nose that don't turn up by nature, I'm sure. I'll be bound it's one of those aquiline hook-noses which your bloated aristocrats are so vain of, none of your jolly button-mushroom snub. I fancy I see PAVIDUS—LORD PAVIDUS, perhaps—looking down upon myself and sniffing at me, like a footman with too strong a bouquet in his buttonhole. He and his, and such as they, had best keep themselves to themselves. If our boys are too well-off at school for theirs, and yet theirs are above being sent to regular pauper schools, why don't your Nobs and Swells get up poor's schools of their own, poor gentlemen's schools, if they like to call them so? At such schools the rule might be that no boy was to come from home to school with more than five shillings in his pocket, nor be allowed above sixpence a week.

Dress and board could be cut down to the same plain, poverty-stricken scale. Such regulations would keep the high-bred paupers what they call select enough without any necessity, which they that pride themselves so on their pronunciation might perhaps imagine, for an entrance examination to try if new-comers could pronounce their h's. And so, poor nobility and gentry, being brought up in that frugal sort of way, would continue in it, because able to afford no better,

and by-and-by, I dare say, get to pride themselves upon it, and make a merit and a boast of their despicable economy; so that plain living and dressing and eating and drinking will some day perhaps be considered the particular tokens of high birth and breeding, and of class-distinction between PLANTAGENET MOWBRAY FITZ-MONTAGUE NORFOLK HOWARD and

SHODDY.

TICHBORNE V. LUSHINGTON.

BOYLE'S *Court Guide* is, as all who dwell or have friends in the Court District know, as accurate and convenient a book of reference as possible. No library table can be without this manual. It is with great reluctance, therefore, that *Mr. Punch*, in the exercise of stern duty, devotes the new volume of the *Guide* to the vengeance of LORD CHIEF JUSTICE BOVILL. But respect for the Bench compels *Mr. Punch* to offer this sacrifice. In the issue for January, 1872, on page 797, this may be read:—

"TICHBORNE, SIR ROGER C. D., *Bart.*, 10, Harley Road West, Brompton, S.W."

Now *Mr. Punch* appeals to the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, and to the Universe to say whether the desire expressed by the former that there should be no comment on the Tichborne case, *pendente lite*, has not been scrupulously complied with. Dull as the season has been, there has been no yielding to the temptation to make smart articles out of the Australian Romance. *Mr. Punch* himself, who is above all laws, has set the most noble example to his contemporaries, and even when he has borrowed an illustration from the big trial, he has carefully avoided any expression of opinion as to the merits. But, in the *Court Guide*, the Claimant, or somebody else, has inserted an entry which prejudges the case. The name and title of SIR ROGER TICHBORNE are claimed as calmly as if the ownership were as well established as that of the name and title of SIR WILLIAM BOVILL, which appear in another page, or as *Mr. Punch's* own name and title would be cited, but that it pleases him to occupy his family mansion East of Temple Bar. This is Contempt of Court. The Attorney-General has stated his belief that the Claimant is a cunning and audacious conspirator, a perjurer, a forger, an impostor, and a villain. He may be all these things, and not SIR ROGER TICHBORNE. He may be none of these things, and be SIR ROGER TICHBORNE. He may be only so many of these things as are compatible with his being SIR ROGER TICHBORNE. No person, except an advocate, has the least right to state an opinion until the jury shall be finally locked up, and out of the way of being prejudiced. Whoever took on himself to decide the case, by sending to the *Court Guide* a statement that SIR ROGER TICHBORNE exists, and resides at the above address, did that for which he should be called on to answer at the bar of the Common Pleas. Roo-ey, too-ey, too-ey-too-ey too!

LIQUOR LAWS SUPERSEDED.

MOUthing, spouting, declamatory, meddlesome agitation for the compulsory enforcement of total abstinence from invigorating, comforting, cheering, and restorative drinks on people to whom it would be intolerable, is the very staff of life to the United Kingdom Alliance. Therefore it is taking the bread out of their mouths to enter into combination for any purpose like that described by the *Post* in a paragraph announcing:—

"ANOTHER SOCIAL MOVEMENT.—The working-men of the West End have set on foot a new social movement, the main object of which is to enable them to hold meetings with their trade and friendly societies away from public-houses. A body of earnest working-men have been exerting themselves for some months past to raise funds for the purpose of building a central hall, in which the trade and friendly societies of Chelsea, Brompton, and Kensington may meet, instead of at public-houses. There are upwards of seventy such societies in the districts named."

If working-men generally take to courses like these, they will very soon vindicate their order from the accusation of drunkenness which Liquor LAWSON, DAWSON BURNS, and their followers, put forward as a pretext for soliciting the whole people to let themselves be placed under restraint, like idiots or babies. The sober and earnest working-men, drinking their beer in moderation, will show themselves to be really the same flesh and blood with the gentlemen who sip their claret soberly, and are so kind as to interest themselves in the promotion of schemes for withholding their poorer kind from indulgence in "intoxicating liquors." But then the occupation of the United Kingdom Alliance will be gone. That is to say, they will be deprived of all excuse for vociferating, plotting, and conspiring to have the pleasure of regulating the habits of others.

Parental Present.

THOUGH we have thus far entered on January, the window of a shop in Fleet Street still exhibits a card bearing the legend of "Presents for Christmas." This appears amid a lot of walking-sticks, where it is somewhat suggestive. Perhaps too many schoolboys generally come home for the holidays would receive the most suitable Christmas-box a fond Father could present them with if



"HOUSEHOLD WORDS."

Young Person (on taking a Situation with Maiden Lady). "IN THE COURSE OF CONVERSATION, SHALL I ADDRESS YOU AS MISS OR MUM?!"!

THE "PHANTOM BOARD."

(See MR. VERNON LUSHINGTON'S evidence before the Megæra Commission.)

A DARKLING place, of shadowy space,
Reached by a silent stair;
A skeleton clock, with a dusty face,
That marks time in the air,
To five grey ghosts, in blue and gold lace,
Each in ghost of a board-room chair.

Their red-tape is dust, their penknives are rust,
The ink in each standish is sere;
Their ghost-quills glide betwixt margins wide
Of foolscap, that blanks appear;
And their dead tongues' prose into dead ears goes,
And out at as dead an ear!

But on file and floor, and the tables o'er,
And in pigeon-holes well stored,
Are letters many, and papers more—
An ever-growing hoard!
No phantom of business, albeit before
My Lords of a Phantom Board!

So much work to be done, and, alive, but one
To utter five phantoms' will!
The hours they run, but on LUSHINGTON
The papers are pouring still—
And how record for a Phantom Board,
With a merely mortal quill?

Those letters come by messengers dumb—
A hundred thousand a year—
To this room or that, for ghost-clerks to thumb,
And be opened, here and there:

Who registers? None, all; all, some:
Who minutes? Ghost-hands in air.

So, registered or unregistered,
As haste or hap may be;
Minuted or un-minuted,
As ghost, or none, may be free;
The gathering letters have come to a head
That a Phantom Board can see!

Alive but one,—Lone LUSHINGTON
Among that ghostly five,
And all this business to be done—
Needs must when phantoms drive!
"Enough to sign," he sighs, "not mine
To read, and still survive."

And while he signs, and signs, and signs,
Its ghost of work upon,
In its red-tape toil the navy to coil,
The Phantom Board sits on:
Essay to seize, your grasp 'twill foil,
Looms, shadowy, and is gone!

Gone but to meet, in order neat,
As ghost-like as before,
In the navy blue, and cock'd hat a-slue,
That ancient DUNCAN wore,
The Phantom First Lord at the head of the Board,
And, below, the Phantom Four!

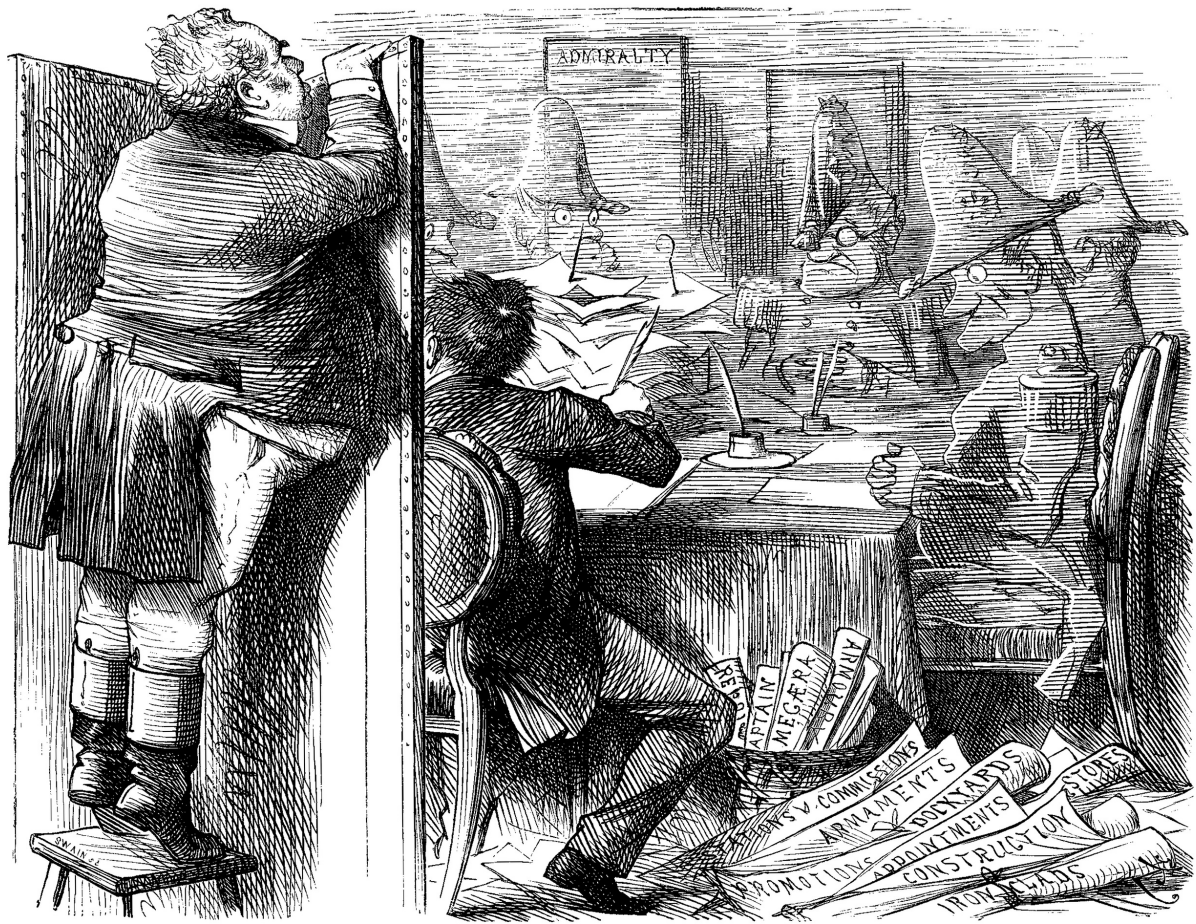
Their ghosts of orders they have sped,
Their ghosts of minutes they sign;
But of ship ill-found, or fleet ill-led
The discredit all decline,
To the shrill "Not mine!" of their phantom-head,
Echoing their "Not mine."

JOHN BULL, outside, may groan and gride,
May fume and fret at will;
If he deems live heads his navy guide,
His sea-behests fulfil,
The works and the words of these Phantom Lords
No wonder he taketh ill.

For our ships we know how the sovereigns go.
Hard cash in hard hulls should end:
Why troop-ships are worked till they rotten grow,
We cannot comprehend;
Nor why squalls that blow about REID & CO.
To the bottom should *Captains* send.

Some day, I think, with a sneeze and a wink,
Shocked wide-awake again,
JOHN BULL will make free with the Board-room key,
Grope his way to the door, and then,
Round the Board-screen peep at the ghosts that keep
The seats of living men!

We wouldn't hold posts among those ghosts—
Nor of Sea, nor of Civil Lord—
That to build JOHN's ships, and to guard JOHN's coasts,
Have borrowed his shield and sword:
If Ghosts *can* be kicked, kicked out of their posts
Will be the PHANTOM BOARD!



THE "PHANTOM BOARD."

MR. BULL. "GHOSTS, BY JINGO!"

[What else did he expect to see at the Admiralty, after MR. VERNON LUSHINGTON'S awful Revelation?

[pg 051]

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

MRS. LORIMER STACKWORTHY is busy with a new life of one of our earliest Queens, BOADICEA, based on contemporary documents and family papers, many of which are in cipher. The publishers, (SPORLE AND MUSSITT) will be glad to hear of an authentic portrait of the subject of MRS. STACKWORTHY'S interesting monograph.

The article, in the *Pedantic Review*, on "Pies and Puddings," which has caused such a stir in literary and culinary circles, bears strong internal evidence of the practised pen of PROFESSOR PORRINGER. That on "Extraordinary Ebullitions," in the *Impartialist*, is understood to emanate from DR. JULIUS TEEZER.

JEWINI'S great classic Opera—*La Vecchia Madre Ubardio*—will be revived next season at La Scala.

A new weekly periodical is announced. It will be printed, published, edited, written, illustrated, stitched, and sold exclusively by women, and the type, ink, and paper, will be supplied by manufacturers who employ none but female artificers. Men will not be allowed to interfere with this journal in any way, except as purchasers. The title is *Superior Wisdom*.

SIGNOR ZAFFERANO-COLLINA has resumed his (open air) Organ performances on Campden Hill. The Signor's *répertoire* has not received any accession during the recess.

In the course of the ensuing season, MESSRS. BRANE AND BOOKER will bring to the hammer the valuable Library formed by the late JONATHAN BELL DIVER, M.A., F.A.S., F.E.L.S. It is remarkably rich in nursery rhymes, cookery books, gipsyana, and treatises on dentistry and fireworks, and includes a unique series of privately printed publications relating to the County of Rutland.

The result of more extended investigations goes to prove that the *Octopus* will not attack man, except in defence of its religion.

MR. GRANBY FUSSFORTH has completed his arrangements for the delivery of a course of Six Lectures on "Winds and Windfalls," in the North of London. He will afterwards make a tour through Lambeth, Surrey, Southwark, and the Tower Hamlets, and will probably conclude his labours in the Old Kent Road.

Telegrams from Trebizond say that MADAME CORALIA VOLANTI has created a perfect *furore* there, by her extraordinary performances on the high rope.

Bertha's Black Box is the title of a new Serial Story, by a popular and prolific writer, to be commenced in an early number of *Alsatia*. It will be illustrated by BANNOCKS.

MR. WYCHERLEY BIBB has a farcical comedy in preparation which will be produced at the "Sheridan" in the course of the season. The plot turns on one of the principal characters mistaking a private mansion for an hotel. FACEY SMILES has a wonderful part in it.

MR. SALVATOR ROSE, R.A., is working hard to get all his pictures ready for the forthcoming Royal Academy Exhibition. Perhaps, the most striking is a scene from SMITH'S *Classical Dictionary*, in which AGAMEMNON is represented as blowing a kiss, across the Prytaneum, to CLYTEMNESTRA, who is pacing the Bema, in the absence of her guardian on a secret expedition. ÆGISTHUS appears in the background, detained by some law business, and the Chorus is endeavouring to convince him that he is in the wrong. This powerful painting, with its subtle *nuances*, its harmonious play of light and shade, its truthful rendering of the Piraeus, and the splendid drawing of the Chorus's left leg, will carry conviction to all who can reverence a conscientious manipulation of another of the grand old trilogies of the Athenian stage.

The new metal, Fluozinium, is steadily making its way against the current of scientific prejudice. It has been discovered in almost limitless quantities in conjunction with tufa and hæmatite; and the most delicate persons may inhale its fumes with perfect safety. In specific gravity Fluozinium is superior both to nickel and cobalt; it will ignite nowhere but on the box, and not often there; and for porosity, frangibility, and opalescence, no metal in our time has approached it.

The Dryrot Society have at the present time two more volumes of unusual interest ready for their subscribers, who, it must be said, regretfully, are much in arrear with their subscriptions. One is the Foundation Deeds, in abbreviated Latin, of the Monastery of St. Kilda, in Kincardineshire, dating as far back as the fourteenth century; the other, a list of all persons holding *in capite* a carucate of land and upwards, who were in fief to the Crown in the Border Wars. A few copies will be struck off on large paper, and six on vellum.

THE SPEAKER-ELECT.



THE details supplied by the newspapers give but an inadequate idea of the interesting rites and ceremonies which cluster round the election of a new SPEAKER, and have been observed, with undeviating fidelity, since those early times, when the original SPEAKER received the sanction of his Sovereign under the shade of the "Parliament Oak" in "Merry Sherwood."

From the first moment that he gets a post-card informing him he is to be proposed to the House for the vacant Chair, the SPEAKER-designate gives up the sports of the field, dinner company, and all other pleasures and amusements, and devotes himself, night and day, to the perusal of the journals of the House of Commons, the investigation of the Standing Orders, and the study of the Constitutional History of England, Parliamentary precedents and privileges, and the Biographies of his predecessors.

He reads a fixed portion of *Hansard* every morning and evening.

He sees no one but the Clerk of the House and his Assistants, who call to give him daily private tuition.

He forms a collection of the photographs of all the Members, that his recognition of them may be immediate and unerring.

During the week before the meeting of Parliament he visits all his old haunts for the last time, and takes leave of his friends, with whom, of course, as First Commoner, he can never again mix on the same familiar terms.

The day before his election he has his hair cut.

On the eve of the great event he retires to rest early, and on the morning of the most momentous day in his life he rises with the first streak of dawn in the east, and paces to and fro on Constitution Hill, to collect his thoughts and prepare his speech.

The Sergeant-at-Arms conveys him, attired in a full Court suit to Westminster, in a close carriage, with the blinds drawn down, and remains with him in a vault in the Victoria Tower, where he is provided with the daily papers, writing materials, and refreshments, until his

proposer and seconder arrive to conduct him into the House. (There is a large looking-glass in the vault, before which he tries on his wig and gown, with the experienced aid of the Sergeant.)

The subsequent proceedings are pretty much as the papers have described them, except that the Proposer and Secunder wear nosegays, and carry halberds; and that the SPEAKER stands up before he takes his seat in the chair, which is draped with the Union Jack, brandishes the Mace (decked with ribbons for the occasion) three times round his head, and in a loud voice, and in Norman French, invites the whole of the officers of the House to dine with him that evening at the Albion at seven.

[pg 052]



INTERESTING DEVOTEES.

Theresa. "NO, CHARLES—NEVER! I HAVE LONG DETERMINED TO DEVOTE MY LIFE TO CHARITY; IN FACT, TO BECOME A SISTER IN AN ANGLICAN NUNNERY."

Charles. "WELL, IF YOU DO, I'LL BURY MYSELF FOR THE REST OF MY MISERABLE DAYS IN A—IN A—A MONKERY!"

JOLLY WET.

HOORAY! It rains, it pelts, it pours,
At work I shall be free from bores,
Who call and stay. The storm that roars,
The wet, will keep them all in-doors.

I've but to dread the Postman's knock,
A sharp but momentary shock,
I'll hope that it may bring no worse,
Than some attempt upon my purse.

Prospectus, Circular, or Puff,
Into the fire just won't I stuff,
And smile, as to myself I say,
"That postage-stamp is thrown away!"

INQUESTS QUITE UNNECESSARY.

On Thursday last week, at a meeting of the Middlesex Magistrates:—

"A communication was received from the guardians of the poor of the parish of St. Pancras, stating that there was an increase in the number of inquests held upon the

bodies of persons dying in the workhouse, and that a majority of them were unnecessary; but the guardians were powerless to prevent such inquests being held, and were of opinion that if the fees receivable by the medical officers of the workhouses in the metropolis were abolished, a number of such inquests would no longer be held."

The insinuation against the metropolitan Poor-Law medical officers of a charge of obtaining fees under false pretences, does credit to the shopkeepers in limited lines of business out of whose inner self-consciousness it sprang. Of course the inquests held upon many of the paupers who have died in the St. Pancras Workhouse have been unnecessary. There, not very much more particularly than in other workhouses, can the majority of paupers be supposed to perish from special neglect. Most of them, no doubt, die of mere misery.

Victoria and Hahnemann.

"The QUEEN has been pleased to send a present of game for the patients of the Hospital for Consumption, Brompton."

Similia similibus. HER MAJESTY treats, by promoting consumption. But the First of Lady Doctors does not "exhibit" infinitesimal doses. Truly Royal practice of homœopathy.

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON BAZAAR.

MR. PUNCH has seldom been more disgusted—and that is saying a good deal in these days—than by the low, sordid, Philistine, antic cosmopolitan agitation on the subject of the International Exhibitions.

He will endeavour to express himself calmly on the topic, but gives no pledge that he will not be induced to use strong language.

British manufacturers and vendors complain (he hates people that complain of anything) that the Foreigner is unduly and unjustly favoured by the directors of these Exhibitions. "Foreigner!" At the outset, that word is in itself offensive. All mankind are Brothers, more or less. But let that pass.

The Foreigner is allowed to bring to South Kensington whatever wares he pleases, and to exhibit them to the best advantage at handsome stalls, for which he pays no rent. To the Exhibition the British public is invited by every official blandishment—fête, flower-show, and music are among the attractions—and for several months the very best and most opulent portion of society is thus brought to be tempted by the Foreigner's productions.

Furthermore, the Foreigner is allowed to deprive the Exhibition of its character as an Exhibition, and to make it a shop. For he may sell anything which he has brought over (whether it be part of his show, or any other article which it has occurred to him as likely to be acceptable), and the purchaser may take it away at once. This is coarsely described as entirely departing from the theory that it was by the display and comparison of wares that the interests of Art were to be promoted. It is irreverently urged that the accomplished Prince who originally devised those Exhibitions would never have sanctioned their being converted into Shops and Bazaars.

The British manufacturers and vendors condescend to urge that this is not giving them fair play, that the Foreigner is helped in every way to sell his goods, and that the Briton who pays rent for his own shop, and heavy taxes for the support of the State, is rendered all the less able to do so, by reason that custom is drawn away from him in favour of those who pay neither rent nor taxes.

Mr. Punch regrets to find that Leading Men of business take these narrow views, and that the representatives of some of the most eminent firms in England have met under the auspices of the LORD MAYOR, also a man of business, to assert that the system is unjust. It may be thought that when such men deliberately protest against anything, they may be supposed to have good reasons for their protest. But this is a commonplace way of thinking.

Let us try and rise above mere material views, and let the holy and genial rays of the sun of cosmopolitanism warm up our insular hearts. All mankind are Brothers, as has been already observed, and who would grudge his brother anything? Why should the British person be considered in the matter? Talk of his paying taxes—well, he does not like to pay them—and if he is ruined, he will not be called upon to pay them any more. That is a detail beneath contempt. What *Mr. Punch* is so ashamed of, is the chill and callous British nature, which refuses to recognise the holiness of universal philanthropy, and clings to old-fashioned ideas of a man's duty to his own family and his own nation. The Englishman who could see in the prosperity of the Rue de Rivoli no compensation for the ruin of Regent Street, is so low in the scale of civilisation that we blush to call him countryman.

Mr. Punch has no such sordid feelings, and his noble heart will leap with generous joy to

behold the wealthy pouring out their gold on the counter or at the stall of his Foreign Brothers at South Kensington, and if his British Brother is, as he thinks, unfairly used and impoverished, let him find consolation in the thought that we are all the same "flesh and blood." Let him mention this to MR. LOWE'S tax-collector, and it is certain that the latter will, like STERNE'S angel, drop a gentle tear on the charge he was going to make, and blot it out for ever.

[pg 053]



PLEASURES OF HUNTING BY RAIL.

JONES'S NEW HORSE—FIVE MINUTES BEFORE THE TRAIN STARTS.

PAST AND PRESENT OBSTRUCTION.

WHERE now are the Parsons, with too high a hand
Who whilom were wont things to carry?
The sole Clergy known to the Law of the Land,
With charter to bury and marry,
Whose Pluralists lazily fattened, like swine;
Their rubicund joles bloomed like roses:
They were used so to soak themselves full of port-wine,
That it purpled their overgrown noses.

O where and O where are those proud Parsons gone?
O where and O where shall we find them,
With the waistcoat so full, and the shovel-hat on,
As our limners in their days designed them?
A sinecure mostly the cure of the souls
To which for attention not giving
They never feared being called over the coals,
They showed forth their fruits of good living.

To the Church they were stanch; they held on with a kind
Of a power like horseleeches' of suction,
Intolerant, bigoted, narrow, and blind,
They but lived to persist in obstruction.
They evermore voted for absolute rule,
For coercion, restraint, and repression,
And exclusion, by tests, from each College and School,
They opposed every kind of concession.

Those Parsons of old are no longer seen here;
Now no more do they hamper this nation.
They are all gone the way of HERR BREITMANN his beer;
They have ceased to obstruct education.

The Church has grown broad, throwing open each door,
Which, the bigot except, each one enters,
And we now, in the place of the Parsons of yore,
Behold cross-grained and jealous Dissenters.

A CARD.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES would convey, through his friend, *Mr. Punch*, warmest thanks to all his loyal and loving fellow-subjects for their sympathy, earnest interest, and kind inquiries. In due time H. R. H. hopes to make public acknowledgment of the national feeling which has been so nobly testified.

Meantime, by advice of his friend above mentioned, H. R. H. signifies that he would be particularly obliged if all Mayors, Beadles, Corporations, Cocked Hats, Town Clerks, Silver Maces, Respected Townsmen, and other Activities would kindly allow him some respite before the flood of Conventional Congratulation is turned on. Might he ask to be allowed the quiet and peace permitted to other convalescents? Would Addressers deign to remember that though he is a Prince, "a man's a man for a' that"?

A. E.

Sandringham. Respect This! **PUNCH.**

Fleet Street.

Portsmouth or Brighton.

SHALL the Easter Monday Volunteer Review be holden at Brighton or Portsmouth? This question may have been decided in favour of Brighton by the Sovereign, or by the Shilling, which would have done equally well, to determine the choice by a toss-up; and sufficient for that, indeed, would have been "skying a copper." Brighton has downs adapted for the field of military manœuvres, but so has Portsmouth; and as to either place, whether you regard the neighbourhood or the inhabitants, it is hard to say which is the more downy.

No Mistake in the Name.

As "A Thankoffering from India," a contemporary announces that on account of the recovery of the PRINCE OF WALES, a charitable donation of £200 has been sent to London by MR. COWASJEE JEHANGIER READYMONEY. Anybody would have given MR. READYMONEY credit for having earned his name, and now everybody must see that he well deserves it. Is MR. READYMONEY a Parsee? At any rate, he is the reverse of Parsi-monious.



THE CONNOISSEURS.

Groom. "WHEW'S BEER DO YOU LIKE BEST—THIS 'ERE HOM'BREWED O' FISK'S, OR THAT THERE ALE THEY GIVES YER AT THE WHITE HO'S'?"

Keeper (critically). "WELL, O' THE TEW I PREFERS THIS 'ERE. THAT THERE O' WUM'OODS'S DON'T FARE TO ME TO TASTE O' NAWTHUN AT ALL. NOW THIS 'ERE DEW TASTE O' THE CASK!!!"

EDUCATIONAL EPIGRAMS.

I.

ABOUT the Three R's views unite
 As voices blend in song.
 For the Fourth R, what some hold right,
 That all folk else deem wrong.

Of those Fourth R's as yet while none
 The right R proved can be,
 To teach them all, therein where one,
 Why can't good folk agree?

II.

Milk is for babes, wrote one that knew.
 Sectarian Educators, you
 Who dogmas teach which Doctors question,
 Are you not giving babes strong meat,
 So much too tough for them to eat,
 The upshot must be indigestion?

AN OBJECT OF SYMPATHY.

CAN a man murder his wife? The point seems doubtful, to judge by the common experience of the Courts, and the general tone of public opinion, when a charge for this questionable offence is under consideration or comment. On the whole, it would seem to be desirable that we should cease to use the term "Murder" of Wife-killing, and create a special term for that offence—if offence it can be called. May we suggest either "Wife-icide," or "Spousi-cide," or "Uxori-cide"? It would be the correlative, in cases of feminine life-taking, of "justifiable homicide" in the case of male.

It was very touching to observe the general expression of newspaper sympathy with an individual lately convicted for having pushed a little too far, perhaps, the natural feeling of exasperation and impatience with a wife who may safely be assumed to have been a very aggravating person. "Poor monomaniac," "unfortunate gentleman," and so forth, are terms which testify to the natural tenderness of the public feeling towards one who is subjected to such painful consequences for so venial an act of temporary irritation.

We are glad to see that this touching and well-directed sympathy is confined to this unfortunate victim of a rash impulse. As for the woman who provoked him, we observe only a considerate silence, or the expression of a feeling equivalent to the well-known Cornish verdict—"Sarved her right."

NEWS FROM NAPLES.

MR. PUNCH received a letter stating that in the writer's opinion it might interest *Mr. P.'s* readers to know the state of the weather in Naples. If there be one thing in the world nobody out of Naples cares one farthing about, *Mr. Punch* supposes that thing to be mentioned above. But, *respice finem*. On examining the report enclosed by his Correspondent, *Mr. Punch* discovers that the subject is very interesting indeed. Here is the faithful reprint of an official document supplied to the *Naples Observer*. Emphatically we call the weather in question queer weather. We omit barometers and thermometers, and all that stuff.

STATE OF THE WEATHER IN NAPLES FROM THE 6TH TO THE 12TH JAN. 1872.

DATE.	OBSERVATIONS.
Jan. 6	Rain and p. m
7	Rain right Clouded day.
8	Rain rlg ^{ht} off on day.
9	Heag rain thurdestorm rain d.
10	Heag rain swig right.
11	Clouded day.
12	Brigh th day.

Spiritualism for Sailors.

MR. VERNON LUSHINGTON, Permanent Secretary to the Admiralty, speaking of that body of naval administrators, doubtless, with knowledge and in sincerity, calls it a "Phantom Board." A Board of Phantoms may be said to be a Board of Ghosts, and such a Board of Admiralty sending British seamen afloat in rotten *Megæras*, is a Board of Ghosts with power to add to their number.

A MODEST DEMAND.

THE season might be milder—it could hardly be more malevolent. But here is mildness:—

A WIDOWER of middle age, of quiet and regular habits, who has three children at boarding school, desires a HOME in the house of an independent Christian widow or single lady, whose object in letting apartments is chiefly society, who would accept merely nominal terms, and where he would be the only lodger. Nice house and servant desirable.—Address, with every particular, &c., &c.

What a charming person must this advertiser be, if we may judge from the high value which he sets on his society! No doubt he has been deluged with replies to his advertisement. What independent lady could possibly decline to offer him the home which he so modestly demands, and to sacrifice her independence by accepting him as lodger, first, and finally as lord, as soon as he inclined to offer her his heart? "Beware of widows, *Sammy!*" said the elder *Mr. Weller*. Beware of widowers, ladies! adds the wiser *Mr. Punch*.

The Weather and the Paths.

Foul weather! Come on, my Macintosh
And my Boots; we'll never mind it,
While the rain the face of the Earth doth wash,
Though the dirtier still we find it.

Freshwomen of the Future.

It is proposed to transfer the Ladies' College to Cambridge. This addition, if made, to Alma Mater will, in case of future controversy between disorderly undergraduates and other inhabitants, be obviously an advantage over Town in favour of Gown. For even the Graduates and Dons of the gentler sex will all be Gownswomen.

Transcriber's Notes:

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

Errors in punctuations and inconsistent hyphenation were not corrected unless otherwise noted. For instance, a quotation mark is missing in the first main paragraph of "Evenings From Home," and the formatting and spelling of the table under "State of the Weather in Naples from the 6th to the 12th Jan. 1872" is kept as-is.

On page 51, last part of the poem "The 'Phantom Board'." was moved to page 48 so that the full page illustration "The 'Phantom Board'." would not divide the poem.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI, VOL. 62, FEB 3, 1872 ***

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