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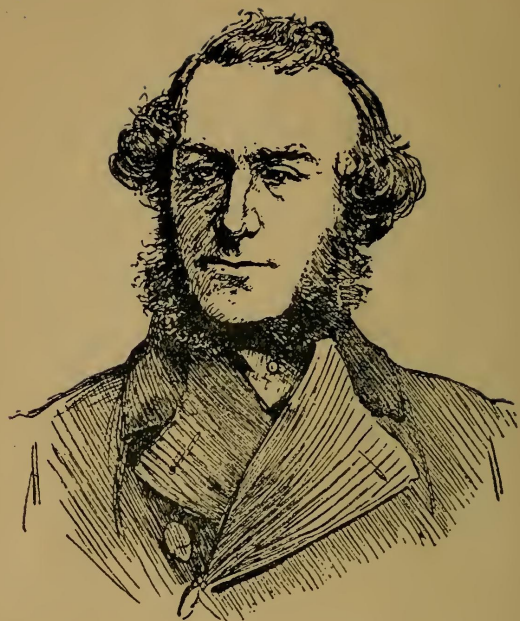
*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK FOUR HUNDRED HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATIONS ***

**FOUR HUNDRED HUMOROUS
ILLUSTRATIONS**

By John Leech

With Portrait and Biographical Sketch.

1868



*Yours Faithfully
John Leech.*

Medium-Size

72855

FOUR HUNDRED HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

JOHN LEECH

With Portrait and Biographical Sketch.

LONDON
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO
GLASGOW: THOMAS D. MORISON

[Medium-Size](#)

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

John Leech was born in London, on the 29th August, 1817. His father, John Leech, was an Irishman, a man of fine culture, and a good Shakespearean scholar. He was the landlord of the London Coffee House on Ludgate Hill, one of the most important of the city hotels at that time. For a while the father was successful in his vocation, but ultimately, through financial embarrassment, was obliged to give up the hotel.

The father was a man of real ability, possessing considerable skill with the pencil, and from him, no doubt, the son inherited his special talent. And, again, on the mother's side there was relationship with the great scholar Richard Bentley, so that on both sides of the house young Leech had considerable advantages so far as mental heredity was concerned.

At a very early age the mother observed the extraordinary aptitude for drawing that her boy possessed, and did all in her power to encourage it. When young Leech was only three years old, he was found by the family friend, the great artist, Flaxman, seated on his mother's knee, drawing with much gravity. The sculptor pronounced his sketch to be remarkable, and gave the following advice:—"Do not let him be cramped with lessons in drawing, but let his genius follow its own bent. He will astonish the world." A few years after this, some more of the youthful artist's drawings were shown to the celebrated sculptor, and, after examination, he said—"The boy must be an artist; he will be nothing else or less."

At seven, the boy was sent to Charterhouse. This early departure from home was, of course, a sore trial to the fond mother, who was bound up in her child, but, knowing that it was for her son's future welfare, she threw no obstacles in the way of his departure from home. She was, however, resolved that somehow she would see her child frequently. With this object she hired a room in one of the houses commanding a view of the playground, and there frequently she sat behind a blind, happy in getting an occasional glimpse of her boy—sometimes at play, and sometimes strolling about in the grounds with his school mates. During his stay of nine years at Charterhouse, the boy did not distinguish himself in classical studies. Indeed, all that can be said, is that he acquired a thoroughly sound English education. He was, however, liked by everyone at school for his good temper and winning ways. Among his fellow pupils was the famous William Makepeace Thackeray, with whom he formed a warm friendship that lasted throughout life.

At sixteen years of age, young Leech left Charterhouse, and, notwithstanding Flaxman's advice that the boy should follow the profession of an artist, his father put him to the medical profession at St. Bartholomew's, under Mr Stanley, the surgeon of the Hospital. After a time he was placed under Mr Whittle, an eccentric practitioner at Hoxton, and subsequently under Dr John Cockle, afterwards physician to the Royal Free Hospital. Throughout his various situations, young Leech became famous among his fellow students and friends for his extremely clever—and, at the same time, always good-natured—caricatures. He was for ever drawing scenes, characters, and incidents in daily life. About this time, young Leech's liking for horses probably received its first development, through his friendship with Mr Charles Adams. Mr Adams was the owner of two horses which it was his delight to drive tandem fashion, and in his excursions Leech was his constant companion. To this circumstance we are, no doubt, partially indebted for many of the clever bits of driving and country road life depicted by the pencil of the artist. At this early period of his career, Leech made numerous life friendships with men who afterwards became distinguished. Notable among these men were Albert Smith and Percival Leigh.

At eighteen years of age, Leech published his first work, entitled "Etchings and Sketchings by A. Pen, Esq." It was a small work of four quarto sheets. As he got more and more engrossed in artistic work, the young student seems to have gradually given up his medical studies, and to have resolved to live by his pencil. In course of time he turned his attention to lithography, and, having drawn pictures upon lithographic stones, he has been known to spend many a weary day in carrying such heavy stones from publisher to publisher in search of a buyer. But as his fame increased, the difficulty of getting remunerative employment rapidly diminished. A good deal of Leech's early work, among other things, was in connection with *Bell's Life in London*, the best-known sporting paper of the time. Here he was associated with Cruikshank, Madons, "Phiz," and Seymour. It was when at work for *Bell's Life* that he first imbibed a taste for field sports, which developed into a strong feature in his pictorial career. He joined the hounds in Herefordshire, where Millais became his fellow pupil in acquiring the arts of the chase. Among the schemes of drollery that our artist participated in about this time was the *Comic Latin Grammar*, Leigh contributing the text, and Leech the illustrations. This was followed by the *Comic English Grammar*, and likewise by the *Children of the Mobility*, a parody on a well-known work devoted to the serious glorification of our juvenile aristocracy.

But in August of 1841 Leech began the great work of his life—a work, indeed, which he never quitted but with life—namely, his connection with *Punch*. The first number of *Punch* was issued on the 17th July, 1841, and Leech's first contribution to it appeared on the 7th August, in the fourth number. For about twenty years, it may be said, he was its leading spirit, and, by his contributions to its pages, got in all about £40,000. Political caricatures he produced by the score, and held up to ridicule many of the absurd customs of the pretentious and exclusive sections of Society. Like Thackeray and Dickens, Leech detested snobbery in all walks of life, and depicted it unsparingly in a way that it never had been dealt with before. Week after week there flowed from his pencil an endless stream of scenes of high life and low life, of indoor life and street life, now of England, and then of foreign lands, and of all times, seasons, and occasions, as also numerous scenes of deer-stalking and fishing, and of horses and hounds, in all cases depicting whatever he undertook with extraordinary accuracy combined with infinite humour. Also, when social or national wrong called for grave censure, Leech knew how to administer it, not only without giving unnecessary offence, but in the way best calculated to bring about reform and redress. In all circumstances he was essentially a humorist, and he found his most genial vocation in depicting life and character in the social circles he frequented. As a keen observer of the everyday life around him, he delighted to depict the corporation magnate, the artist, the medical student, the spendthrift, the policeman, the cab driver, the coster, the carman, and hundreds of other such phases of everyday life and character, seeing humour and drollery where others failed to observe anything but the commonest aspects of everyday monotony. Of course it should not be forgotten that, if Leech did great things for *Punch*, his connection with that journal gave him great opportunities, and brought him into the very forefront of British artists. He was considered the most successful humorist of the day, and his pencil was in constant request. In the course of years he became the illustrator of about eighty volumes. When it is realised that the sketches in *Punch* and the illustrations in these eighty volumes combined amount to some thousands in number, the mind is much impressed with the great amount of industry and application that Leech displayed throughout life. Even a tour to the Highlands, or to Ireland, or an outing to any portion of the country, was at all times turned to practical account for work later on.

This incessant brain-work produced an extreme nervous sensitiveness. In this state he was much affected by noise and was literally driven from his house in Brunswick Square by street music. He removed to Kensington, where he hoped to obtain a release from this annoyance by adopting a device of double windows. But he had no peace. He often introduced in the pages of *Punch* the barrel-organ nuisance. The public, however, at that time had no idea what these sketches from real life cost the artist. In 1864, Leech was ordered to take a holiday on the Continent. Upon his return to his London home in the autumn of the same year, although better in health, he was still strangely susceptible to noise. He spoke with more than his usual earnestness about the sufferings which the street organs gave him, and about the smallness of the sympathy which he received from people who had no weakness in the same direction. This extraordinary sensitiveness to noise was only a secondary phase or symptom of the real ailment. The real malady from which he suffered was breast-pang, or spasms of the heart, a form of angina pectoris. Although it was necessary to warn Leech against all excitement, riding, quick walking, or overwork, it was not supposed that he was in immediate

danger, and, if he could only find rest and quiet, great hopes were entertained of his recovery. However, the sad end came when quite unexpected. In the morning of the 29th of October, 1864, he spoke hopefully of the future to his wife. In a few hours afterwards he whispered into the same living ear—"I am going," and fell into his father's arms in a faint. Three hours afterwards he expired. The news of his death went over the country with a dismal shock; for in what house was John Leech not an inmate in one form or another?

Leech was tall, with an elegant figure, over six feet in height, graceful and gentlemanly in manner, with a fine head and a handsome face. In action he was nimble, vigorous, and yet gentle, capable of the heartiest mirth, and yet generally quiet. He was singularly modest, both as a man and an artist. The perpetual going to nature kept him humble as well as made him rich. His consideration, too, for others was apparent at all times, and the gentleness of his nature was remarkable. When it is considered that all these beautiful traits of character were accompanied by such extraordinary talent and wisdom, one is profoundly impressed with the greatness of the man. No wonder so many mourned when such a great, gentle, and graceful spirit passed away. It was a national loss, and as such was realised throughout the homes of the United Kingdom.



ALARMING SYMPTOMS AFTER EATING BOILED BEEF
AND GOOSEBERRY PIE.

Little Boy—"Oh Lor, Mar. I feel just exactly as if my
jacket was buttoned."

Original Size -- Medium-Size



GREAT WANT OF VENERATION.

Little Boy—"I say, Lobster, shall I go and fetch you a cab?"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



SOMETHING LIKE A HOLIDAY.

Pastry Cook—"What have you had, sir?"

Boy—"I've had two jellies, seven of them, and seven of them, and six of those, and four bath buns, a sausage roll, ten almond cakes—and a bottle of ginger beer."



[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



INNOCENT AND AMUSING TRICKS FOR BOYS.

An old lady is crossing the street, when a little boy shouts out—"Hi!" at the top of his voice. The old lady starts and is greatly agitated, and imagines she is run over by an omnibus.

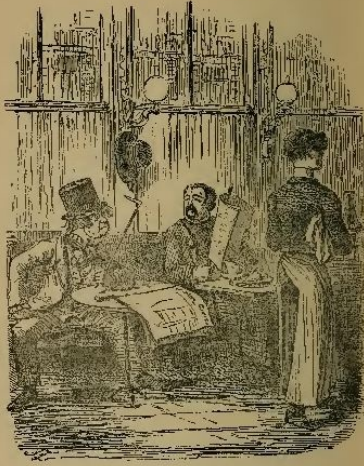
Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



ANOTHER.

A little boy rushes past an old gentleman and "yowls" like a dog. The old gentleman is terrified beyond measure, thinking a mad dog is going for him.

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



A LONDON GENT ABROAD.

London Gent.—"Garcong, tas de corfee."
Garcong—"Bien, M'sieur—would you like to see *see Times*?"
London Gent.—"Hang the feller! Lor I wonder how he found out I was an Englishman!"

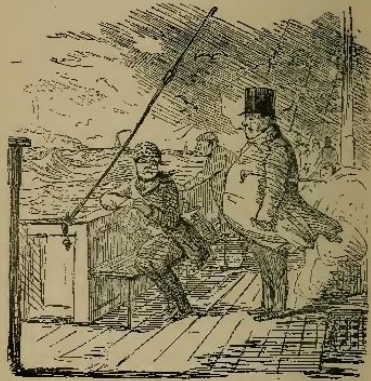
[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



UNFEELING OBSERVATION.

Vulgar Little Boy—"Oh, look here, Bill! Here's a poor boy bin and had the *binfluenza*, and now he has broken out all over buttons and red stripes."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



SAILING *VERSUS* RAILWAYS.

Smith—"Well, Brown, this is better than being stewed up in a railway—Eh?"
Brown (faintly)—"Oh, im-meas-urably su-perior."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



INNOCENCE:

Little Boy—"Oh, sir! No, sir! Please, sir, it aint me, sir! It's the other boys, sir!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



NEVER SATISFIED.

Old Gent.—"Good gracious me! What with orangepeel and slides, life is not safe."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



LIVING IN HOPE.

Medical Student—"Well, old fellow, so you've past at last?"
Consulting Surgeon—"Yes; but I don't get much practice, somehow—although I am nearly always at home in case any one should call."



[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



JEALOUSY.

Betrothed—(who does not dance the polka)—“I should like to punch his head—a conceited beast!”

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A PUZZLING ORDER.

“I’ll trouble you to measure me for a new pair of boots.”

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



HOW TO GET RID OF A GRATIS PATIENT.

"So you have taken all your stuff and don't feel better. Eh? Well, then, we must alter the treatment. You must get your head staved; and if you call here to-morrow at eleven, my pupil here will put a seton in your neck."

Original Size -- Medium-Size



HOOKING AND EYEING.

Angelina (the wife of his bussum)—"Well, Edwio, if you can't make the things, as you call them, meet, you need not swear so. It's really quite dreadful!"

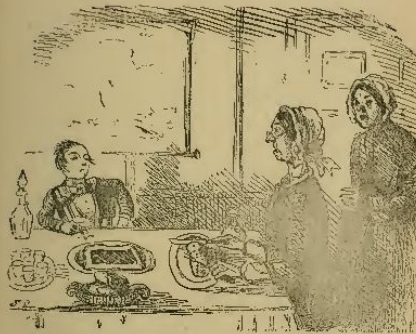
Original Size -- Medium-Size



IN FOR IT.

"Hallo, sir! Are you aware that you are trespassing there?"

Original Size -- Medium-Size



BLESS THE BOY!

Old Lady—"Now, Arthur, what will you have—some of this nice pudding or some jam tart?"

Juvenile—"No pastry, thank ye, aunt. It spoils one's wine so. I don't mind a devilled biscuit, tho', by and by, with my claret."



Original Size -- Medium-Size



PITY THE SORROWS OF THE POOR POLICE.

"Lor', Soosan! how's a feller to eat meat such weather as this? Now, a bit of pickled salmon and cowcumber, or a lobster salad, might do."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



SPECULATORS.

"This aint such a wery bad idea, is it, Jim? Here's the stockbroker offers me 100 shares for five bob advance, and wants the name of my bank."



[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

"Oh! if you plaxz, zur, doant you want zome fine active young men for the Fourth Light Dragons?"

Original Size -- Medium-Size



EARLY BEGINNINGS.

Old Gentleman—"I want some shaving soap, my good lad."
Boy—"Yes, sir; here's an harticle I can recommend, for I always use it myself."

Original Size -- Medium-Size



MAY DIFFERENCE OF OPINION NEVER ALTER
FRIENDSHIP.

Dumpy Young Lady—"Well, for my part, Matilda, I like long waists and short lounces."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



THE TEST OF GALLANTRY.

Conductor—"Will any gent be so good as for to take this young lady in his lap?"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)

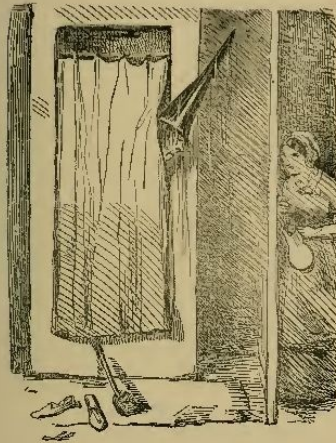


INTERESTING SCENE DURING THE CANVAS FOR
MR. —, NOT A HUNDRED MILES FROM —.

Wife of Free and Independent—"Oh! ain't he a haffable gentleman, Thomas?"

Free and Independent—"Ah! just ain't 'im, I should'n't wonder if I warn't able to pay my rent to-morrer!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



MAI-APROPOS.

Gentleman (in Shower Bath)—"Hollo! Hollo! Who's there? What the douce do you want?"

Maid—"If you please, sir, here's the butcher, and missus says, what will you have for dinner to day?"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A LITTLE BIT OF HUMBUG.

Shoemaker—"I think, mum, we had better make a pair. You see, mum, your's is such a remarkable long and narrow foot!"

Original Size -- Medium-Size



ALARMING.

The old lady is supposed (after a great effort) to have made up her mind to travel, just for once, by one of those new-fangled railways, and the first thing she beholds on arriving at the station is the above most alarming placard.

Original Size -- Medium-Size



AN IMPUDENT MINX.

Lady of the house—"Hoity, toity, indeed! Go and put up these curls directly if you please. How dare you imitate me in that manner? Impertinence!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



VERY ACUTE.

Mr—"So your name is Charley, is it now? Charley doesn't know who I am?"

Sharp Little Boy—"Oh, yes, but I do, though!"

Mr—"Well, who am I?"

Sharp Little Boy—"Why, you're the gentleman who kissed sister Sophy in the library the other night, when you thought no one was there."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



MEN OF BUSINESS.

MONEY.—Wanted, from £300 to £400, to bring forward an article that must in a few years realise a handsome fortune to the proprietors. To any young man who is not of business habits, with the above sum at command, this is an opportunity for investment seldom met with. References exchanged. No professed money-lender need apply.

Original Size -- Medium-Size



DELICACY OF THE SEASON.

Testy Old Uncle (unable to control his passion)—“ Really, sir, this is quite intolerable! You must intend to insult me. For the last fourteen days, wherever I have dined, I have had nothing but saddle of mutton and boiled turkey, boiled turkey and saddle of mutton. I’ll endure it no longer.”
 [*Exit* old gent, who alters his will.]

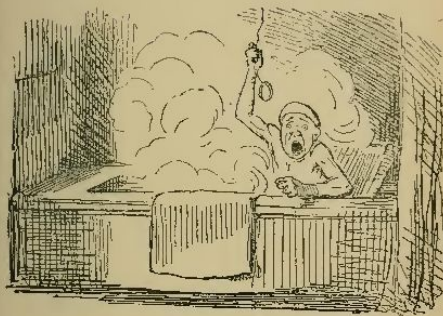
Original Size -- Medium-Size



UNLUCKY.

"Vat's the matter, ch?"
"Oh, there's always a somethink. Vy, I've been and left
my hopera glass in a cab now."

Original Size -- Medium-Size



NOTHING LIKE WARM BATHING.

"Hollo! Hi! Here! Somebody! I've turned on the hot
water, and I can't turn it off again!"

Original Size -- Medium-Size



THE RULING PASSION.

"Now, tell me, dear, is there anything new in the fashions?"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



DIFFERENT PEOPLE HAVE DIFFERENT OPINIONS.

Housebreaker—"Wot a shame for people to go leaving coal-scuttles about for people to go stumbling over."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



THE ALDERMAN'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

Mr. Gobble—"You see, Sam, you are a werry young man, and when I am took away, you will have a great deal of property. Now I have only one piece of advice to give you. It's this—lay dawn plenty of port in your youth, that you may have good bottle of wine in your old age."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



AN OMNIBUS INCIDENT.

Man (thrusting his hand into the window)—"Will you buy a knife with 100 blades?"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



VERY PROPER DIET FOR WARM WEATHER.

Mrs Turtledove—"Dearest Alfred, will you decide now what we shall have for dinner?"

Mr Turtledove—"Let me see, Poppet. We had a wafer yesterday; suppose we have a roast butterfly to-day."

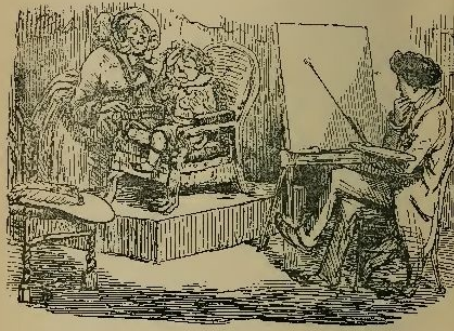
[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



MR. VERDANT'S ATTEMPT AT BOOKMAKING.

Verdant's Friend—"Well, as near as I can make out, you must lose £150, and may lose £300!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



EASILY SATISFIED.

Fond Parent—"I don't care, Mr. Medium, about its being highly finished; but I should like the dear child's expression preserved."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



THE CHATALAINE -- A REALLY USEFUL PRESENT.

Laura—"Oh, look, ma, dear; see what a love of a chatelaine Edward has given me."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



DOMESTIC BLISS.

Mistress—"Well I'm sure! And, pray, who is this?"
Cook—"Oh, if you please'm, it's only my cousin, who has just called to show me how to boil a potato."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



RATHER DISAPPOINTING.

Page—"Fancy dress ball, sir! Yes, sir; was last Thursday, sir."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



DOMESTIC BLISS. TIME 3.30. THERMOMETER 30° Dzo.

William—"What a violent ringing there is at the street-door bell!"

Maria—"Oh, I know what it is, dear. It's the sweeps, and I dare say the maids don't hear. Just run up and knock at their room door."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A DUMB WAITER.

Old Gentleman—"What the deuce is the reason, sir, you don't answer when you are called?"

[The reason is obvious. The poor child has his mouth full of green peas and jam tart.]

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



MURDER WILL OUT.

Mrs Smith—"Is Mrs Brown in?"
Jane—"No, mem, she's not at home."
Little Girl—"Oh, what a horrid story. Jane! ma's in the kitchen helping cook!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



DIFFERENT PEOPLE HAVE DIFFERENT OPINIONS.

Flunkey—"ApoHo? Hah! I dessay it's very cheap, but it aint my idea of a good figger!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



ADVICE GRATIS.

Ellen—"Oh, don't tease me to-day, Charley; I'm not at all well!"

Charley (a man of the world)—"I tell you what it is, cousin; the fact is, you are in love. Now, you take the advice of a fellow who has seen a good deal of that sort of thing, and don't give way to it."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



GRANDMAMMA IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE GIVEN MASTER TOM SOME PLUMS.

Master Tom—"Now, then, granny, I've eaten the plums, and, if you don't give me sixpence, I'll swallow the stones!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



THE RISING GENERATION.

Tom—“ Ah, Bill, I'm quite tired of the dissipation of the gay and fashionable world. I think I shall marry and settle.”
Bill—“ Well, I'm sick of a bachelor's life myself, but I don't like the idea of throwing myself away in a hurry.”

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



SOUR GRAPES.



Elderly Spinster—“ So you're going to be married dear, are you? Well, for my part, I think nine hundred and ninety-nine marriages out of a thousand turn out miserably; but of course everyone is the best judge of her own feelings.”

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



DOG DAYS.

Old Lady—"John Thomas!"
John Thomas—"Yes, my lady!"
Old Lady—"Carry Emeralds; she's getting tired, poor darling."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



HALL ALONG OF THE BETTING OFFICES.

Betting Flaukey—"Lost? I believe yer! And lost a hat-ful of money on the hoaks, too; and how I'm to settle without parting with my jewellery I don't know. Ah, Mr Bottles, it's hard lines to wait at table with such cares and hanxieties!"

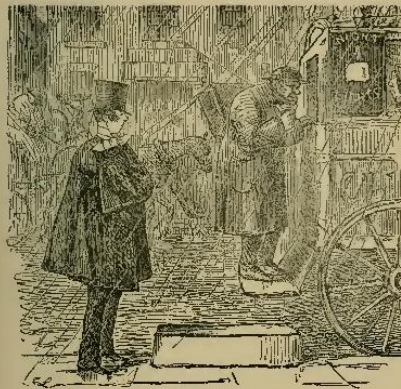
[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A ROMANCE OF ROAST DUCKS.

"My darling, will you take a little of the---a---the stuffing?"
"I will, dear, if you do; but, if you don't, I won't."

Original Size -- Medium-Size



DELICATE.

'Bns Conductor.--"Would any lady be so kind as to ride outside to oblige a gentleman?"

Original Size -- Medium-Size



A GREAT LOSS.

Rapid Undergraduate—Well, Jackson! You see they've plucked me again."

Porter of St. Boniface—"Ye'es sir, I was very sorry when I 'eard of it, sir."

Undergraduate—"Ah! I did intend going into the Church and being an ornament to the profession; but, as they won't let me through, I think I shall cut the whole concern."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



RATHER A BAD LOOK-OUT.

Young Sister—"I should so like to go to a party, ma."

Mamma—"My dear, don't be ridiculous. As I have told you before (I am sure a hundred and fifty times), until Flora is married, it is utterly impossible for you to go out, so do not allude to the subject again, I beg."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



CURIOUS EFFECT OF RELAXING AIR.

[*N.B.*—Mr So-and-So hopes by a strict attention to business to merit a continuance of those favours, etc., etc.]

Traveller (much excited)—“Bless my heart! there’s the bell ringing on the pier. Holloa! why, where’s the carpet bag I left in the passage?”

Hotel Proprietor (faintly)—“Oh, how should I know? Don’t ask me; I’m only the landlord. You had better try if you can’t wake one of the waiters.”

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



OH! THE CURTAINS.

Objectionable Child—“Lor, pa! Are you going to smoke? My eye! Won’t you catch it when ma comes home, for making the curtains smell?”

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENT.

Shoemaker (with great feeling)—“Oh no, sir! Don't have Napoleons; have tops, sir! Yours is a beautiful leg for a top boot, sir!” [*Young Nimrod* is immensely pleased]. “Beautiful leg, sir! Same size all the way down, sir!” [*Young Nimrod* is immensely disgusted].

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

Uncle—“So, you have been at the Crystal Palace, have you, Gus?”

Gus—“Yes, uncle.”

Uncle—“Well, now, I'll give you sixpence if you tell me what you admired most in that temple of industry.”

Gus—“Vcal and 'am pies and the ginger beer. Give us the sixpence.”

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



THE OPERA.

Boy-Keeper—"Stalls 216 and 17. This way, ma'am. Last row, ma'am."

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



FISHING OFF A WATERING PLACE.

Perhaps (?) the jolliest thing in the world.



Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



THE CONVERSATORY.

Gentle Sunday Observer—"What the people can want with a crystal palace or a picture gallery on Sundays I can't think! Surely they ought to be content with their church and their home afterwards."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



THE GARRET.

The other side of the subject.

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



LATE HOURS.

As the servants are gone to bed, the master of the house endeavours to get a little bit of supper for himself. Is surprised at the amount of live stock on the premises.

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



PLACE LIKE HOME, WHEN THE FAMILY ARE AT A WATERING PLACE.

Old Party (who is taking care of the house)—"Oh, yes sir, he will find the room nice and clean—and I am sure the fire is laid—for I have been an' step in it, my own self every night."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A BRITISH RUFFIAN.

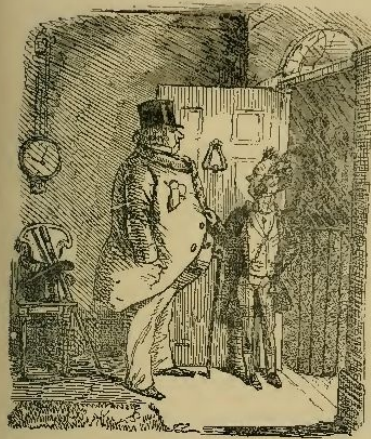
Lady—"If you are not satisfied with what I have given you, there's a gentleman here who will settle with you."

Cabman—"No, there ain't! There ain't no gentleman here!"

Lady—"I tell you there is. There is a gentleman in this house."

Cabman—"Oh, no, there ain't, not if he belongs to you!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



VERY CONSIDERATE.

Affable Little Gentleman—"Dear, oh dear! How it rains! I'm afraid you'll get very wet—can I offer you a great coat for anything?"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



FILLING UP THE CENSUS PAPER.

Wife of his bosom—"Upon my word, Mr Peewitt! Is this the way you fill up your Census? So you call yourself the 'Head of the Family'—do you—and me a female!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



REWARD OF MERIT.

Ragged Urchin—"Please, give dad a short pipe."
Barman—"Can't do it. Don't know him."
Ragged Urchin—"Why, he gets drunk here every Saturday night."
Barman—"Oh! Does he, my little dear? Then 'ere's a nice long 'un, with a bit of wax at the end."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



DOING A LITTLE BILL.

"You see, old boy, it's the merest form in the world. You have only to—what they call—accept it, and I'll find the money when it comes due."
Victim—"Come along—give us the pen."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



ALARMING.

Hairdresser—"They say, sir, the cholera's in the hair, sir!"
Gent., very uneasy—"Indeed! Ahem! Then I hope you are particular about the brushes you use."
Hairdresser—"Oh! I see you don't understand me, sir. I don't mean the 'air of the 'ed, but the hair of the hatmosphere!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



DOMESTIC BLASS.

Domestic (soliloquising)—"Well! I'm sure missus had better give this new bonnet to me, instead of sticking such a young-looking thing upon her old shoulders."
(The impudent minx has immediate warning.)

Original Size -- Medium-Size



RETURNING FROM THE SEA-SIDE.—A LITTLE COMMISSION.

"If you please, sir,—Mrs General Slowcoach's compliments, and she says if you're going by the train this morning, she would feel particler obliged by your taking charge of this little cask of sea-water as far as her 'ouse."

Original Size -- Medium-Size



A JOILY DOG.

"Look here, James! Old missus is gone out of town, and I've got her beast of a dog wot's fed upon chickings to take care of.—Won't I teach him to swim, neether."

Original Size -- Medium-Size



A BON-BON FROM A JUVENILE PARTY.

First Juvenile—"That's a pretty girl talking to young Algernon Binks!"
Second Juvenile—"Hm—Tol-lol! You should have seen her some seasons ago."

Original Size -- Medium-Size



THROWING STONES THROUGH ICE.

A delightful recreation for youth, which combines healthful exercise with the luxury of window-breaking, without danger or expense.

Original Size -- Medium-Size



TRUE RESPECTABILITY.

First Costermonger—"I wonder a respectable cove like you, Bill, carries your own collyflowers! Why don't yer keep a carridge like mine?"

Second Costermonger—"Why don't I keep a carridge! Why because I don't choose to waste my hincum in mere show and fashionable display!"

Original Size -- Medium-Size



A YOUNG GENTLEMAN AND SCHOLAR.

Fond Mother—"Why, he doesn't write very well yet, but he gets on nicely with his spelling. Come, Alexander, what does D-O-G spell!"
Infant Prodigy (with extraordinary quickness). "Cat!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



PERFECT SINCERITY; OR THINKING ALOUD.

Medical Man—"Stupid old fool! Why, there's nothing the matter with him, except what arises from his over-eating and drinking himself—only I can't afford to tell him so."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



PERFECT SINCERITY; OR THINKING ALOUD.

Mamma—"You are a disagreeable old bachelor, and generally hate children, I know—but isn't dear little Wormwood a fine, noble little fellow?"

Old Gent.—"Well, if you want my candid opinion, I may as well tell you at once—that I think him the most detestable little beast I ever saw—and if you imagine I am going to leave him anything because you have named him after me, you are entirely mistaken."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



PERFECT SINCERITY; OR THINKING ALOUD.

"Are you going?"

"Why, ye-es. The fact is, that your party is so slow, and I am weally so infernally bored, that I shall go somewhere, and smoke a quiet cigar."

"Well, good night, as you are by no means handsome, a great puppy, and not in the least amusing, I think it's the best thing you can do."

W. Leech del.

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



NO DOUBT.

"Now, I dare say Bill, that air beast of a dog is a good deal more potted, than you or I shall ever be."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



VERY LOW PEOPLE.

Purveyor of Poultry—"What sort of people are they at number twelve, Jack?"

Purveyor of Meat—"Oh! a rubbishin' lot. Leg o' mutton at Mondays, and 'ash an' cold meat the rest o' the week."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A WEIGHTY MATTER.

Cavalry Officer (who rides about five stone)—"I'm dooed glad we are in the heavies, ain't you Charlie? It would be a horrid bore to be sent out to the Cape like those poor light Bobs."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A CHEAP DAY'S HUNTING.
No. 1.

First get your seasoned "screw."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A CHEAP DAY'S HUNTING.
No. II.

About four miles "down the road" get properly splashed
at a public house.

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A CHEAP DAY'S HUNTING.
No. III.

And return home smoking a cheroot, to the admiration of
the populace

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



THE GENTLE CRAFT.

Contemplative Man in Boat—"I don't so much care about the sport, it's the delicious repose I enjoy so."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



APPROVS OF BLOOMERISM.

No. 1 (who is looking at the print of the bloomer costume)
—"Well now, upon my word, I don't see anything ridiculous in it. I shall certainly adopt it."
No. 2—"For my part, I so thoroughly despise conventionality, that I have ordered all my things to be made in that very rational style!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



ONE OF THE DELIGHTFUL RESULTS OF BLOOMERISM.
THE LADIES WILL POP THE QUESTION.

Superior Creature—"Say! Oh, say, Dearest! Will you be mine?"
Dearest—"Ask Mamma."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



BLOOMERISM IN A BALL-ROOM.

Bloomer—"May I have the pleasure of dancing the next polka with you?"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



BARRACK LIFE.

First Heavy Swell (lately absent)—"Well, Gus my boy—how did you keep it up here on Christmas day?"
Second Do.—"Oh! it was terribly slow—for all the world like a Sunday without 'Bell's Life'!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



BON-BON FROM A JUVENILE PARTY.

Doctor—"Ahem! Well! And what's the matter with my young friend Adolphus?"

Fond Mother—"Why, he's not at all the thing, Doctor. He was at a Juvenile party last night, where there was a twelfth cake; and it pains me to say, that besides eating a great deal too much of the cake, he was imprudent enough to eat a harlequin and a man on horse-back, and, I am sorry to add, a Cupid and a birdcage from the top of it!"



[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



DOMESTIC BLISS.

Head of the Family—"For what we are going to receive make us truly thankful.—Hem! cold mutton again."

Wife of his blissum—"And a very good dinner too, Alexander. Somebody must be economical. People can't expect to have Richmond and Greenwich dinners out of the little house-keeping money I have."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



SOLICITUDE.

Child (screams on without any stops)—"Hanner Maria yer tressome Haggerwatin' little ussy come out of the road do with yer little brother did yer want to be runned over by Omnibustes and killed dead oh dear oh dear who'd be a nuss?"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



FLUNKIANA.

Serious Flunkiey—"I should require, madam, Forty Pounds a year, two suits of clothes, two 'ats, meat and hale three times a day, and piety hindispensable."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A HORRIBLE BUSINESS.

Master Butcher—"Did you take old Major Dumbledore's ribs to No. 12?"

Boy—"Yes, sir."

Master Butcher—"Then cut Miss Wiggles's shoulder and neck, and hang Mr Foodle's legs till they're quite tender!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT.

Little Hairdresser (mildly)—"Yer 'air's very thin on the top, sir."

Gentleman (of ungovernable temper)—"My hair thin on the top, sir? And what if it is! Confound you, you puppy, do you think I came here to be insulted and told of my personal defects? I'll thin your top!!"

Original Size -- Medium-Size



FLUNKEIANA.

(Enter THOMAS, who gives warning.)

Gentleman—"Oh, certainly; you can go of course; but, as you have been with me for nine years, I should like to know the reason."

Thomas—"Why, sir, it's my feelins. You used always to read prayers, sir, yourself—and since Miss Wilkins has been here, she bin a'reading of 'em. Now I can't beinca myself by sayin' 'Amen' to a Guv'nness."

Original Size -- Medium-Size



FLUNKIANA.

Flunkey—"How dare you bring me a steel fork, sir!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



DOMESTIC BLISS.

Servant Maid—"If you please, meem, could I go out for half-an-hour to buy a bit of ribbin, meem?"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



SPLENDID DAY WITH THE "QUEENS."

First Sporting Snob—"Well, Bill, what sort of a day have yer had?"

Second ditto.—"Oh, magnificent, my boy! I see the 'ounds several times; and none of yer nasty 'edges an' ditches, cither; but a prime turnpike road all the way."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



DOMESTIC BLISS.

Wife of your Bossum.—"Oh, I don't want to interrupt you, dear. I only want some money for baby's socks—and to know whether you will have the mutton cold or hashed."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



DOMESTIC BLISS.

Scene—THE KITCHEN.

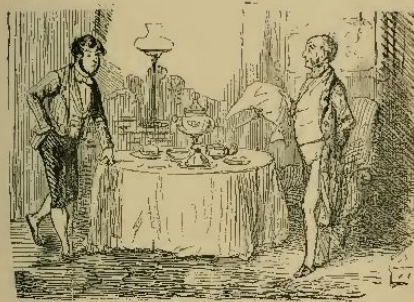
Cook—"Who was that at the door, Mary?"

Mary—"Oh! Such a nice-spoken gentleman with moustaches. He's a'writin a letter in the drawing room. He says he's n old schoolfeller of master just come from India."

Scene—THE HALL.

The nice-spoken gentleman is seen departing with what greatcoats and other trifles he may have laid his hands upon.

Original Size -- Medium-Size



FLUNKEIANA.

Flunkey—"I beg your pardon, sir—but there is one thing I should like to mention at once. I am afraid—a—that I am expected to clean the boots."

Gentleman—"Bless me! Oh dear no! There must be some mistake; I always clean them myself, and if you will leave your shoes outside your door, I will give them a polish at the same time."

Original Size -- Medium-Size



HUNKFIANA.

(Scene.—A public-house in Bury St. Edmunds.)

Country Footman meekly enquires of London Footman—
"Pray, sir, what do you think of our town? A nice place, ain't it?"

London Footman Condescendingly—"Vell, Joseph I likes your town well enough. It's clean; your streets are hairy; and you have lots of Rewins. But I don't like your champagne; it's all Gowsberry."

Original Size -- Medium-Size



SUBJECT FOR A PICTURE.

Irritable Gentleman disturbed by a bluebottle.

Original Size -- Medium-Size



FISHING OFF BRIGHTON.

'Oh yes! It's very easy to say 'Catch hold of him!''

Original Size -- Medium-Size

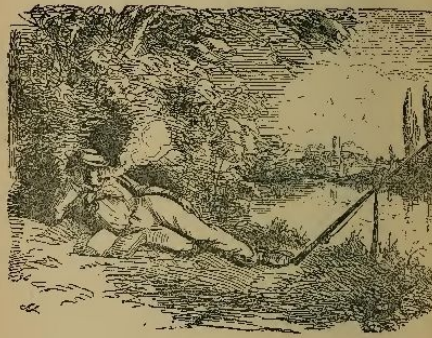


FUNKIANA.

Lady—"You wish to leave—Really it's very inconvenient. Pray—have you any reason to be dissatisfied with your place?"

Funkiey—"Oh, dear no, Ma'am—not dissatisfied exactly. But—a—the fact is, Ma'am, you don't keep no vehicle, and I find I miss my carriage exercise."

Original Size -- Medium-Size



AN ENTHUSIASTIC FISHER.

"What a bore! Just like my luck. No sooner have I got my tackle ready, and settled down to a book, than there comes a confounded bite!"

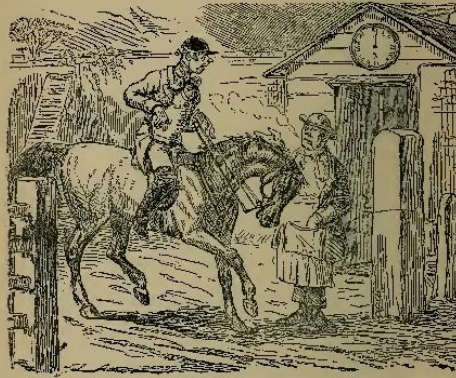
Original Size -- Medium-Size



THE WORST OF EVENING PARTIES.

Ned—"Hallo Bill, are you going to the Eagle to-night?"
Bill—"Why, no! it's such a bore to dress."

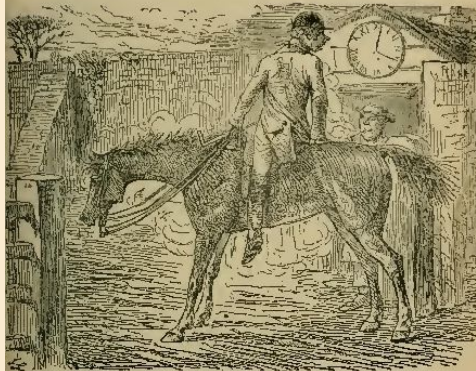
Original Size -- Medium-Size



SPORTING YOUTH WHO HAS LOST THE HOUNDS.

Youth—"Seen the hounds go through here, Pikey?"
Pikey—"E-as, A have—tuppence!"
Youth pays the twopence and gallops on.

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



A LAPSE OF TWENTY MINUTES HAS TAKEN PLACE,
WHEN SPORTING YOUTH RETURNS.

Youth (in a high state of excitement)—"Why, confound you! I thought you told me that you had seen the hounds go through here?"
Pikey—"E-as, so a did. Seed 'em yesterday!"

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



FLUNKRIANA.

Gentleman—"Sixty Pounds a Year!! Why, man, are you aware that such a sum is more than is frequently given to a curate?"

Flunkey—"Oh, yes sir, but then you would hardly, I hope, go for to compare me with the heuferior order of clergy."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



DOMESTIC BLISS.

Edwin—"Now, upon my life, Angelina, this is too bad—no buttons again."

Angelina—"Well, my dear, it's of no use fidgetting me about it. You must speak to Ann. You can't expect me to do everything."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



THE OPERA.

"Please, sir, give us your ticket, if you aint agoin' in again."

Original Size -- Medium-Size



HOW TO DRESS A LOBSTER.

Rude Boy—"Oh, look 'ere Jim!—If 'ere aint a lobster bin and out-growed his cloak!"

Original Size -- Medium-Size



AN EXCLUSIVE.

Enter small Swell (who draws as follows)—“A—Bwown. a—want some more coats.”

Tailor—“Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. How many would you please to have?”

Small Swell—“A—let me see, a’ll have eight. A—no, a’ll have nine. Look here! a—shall want some trowzers.”

Tailor—“Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. How many would you like?”

Small Swell—“A—I don’t know exactly. Spose we say twenty-four pairs; and look here! Show me some patterns that won’t be worn by any snobs!”

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



FLUNKEIANA.

Old Gent—“Thomas I have always placed the greatest confidence in you. Now tell me, Thomas, how is it that my butcher’s bills are so large, and that I always have such bad dinners?”

*Thomas—“Really, sir, I don’t know. For I am sure we never have anything nice in the kitchen that we don’t always send *some* of it up to the dining room.”*

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



SNOW-FLAKES—NO. I.

Small Boy (to his natural enemy the Policeman)—“ Snow-balls, sir! No sir! I hav'nt seen no one throw no snowballs, sir!”

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



SNOW-FLAKES.—NO. II.

Street Boy—“ Hoh! Soosanner! Don't yer cry for me! Fol de rol de riddle lol. Here's a jolly slide. Cut away, young 'un. It's all serene!”

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



SNOW-FLAKES.—NO. III.

Playful Youth—"Please, sir, I wasn't a heavin' at you—I was heavin' at Billy Jones."

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



THE HAP-MOVING EXPERIMENT.

Algernon thinks that he has seen worse experiments.

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



A FALSE POSITION.

Gentleman (who is not over strong in his head, or firm on his legs)—"D-d-d-id waltzing—ever—make—you—giddy? Because, I—shall—be—happy—to—sit—down—whenever you're—tired!"

Girl (who is in high dancing condition)—"Oh, dear, no—I could waltz all night!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



SERVANTGALISM; OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?

Servant Gal—"Well, Mam—beverythink considered—I'm afraid you won't suit me. I've always bin brought up genteel; and couldn't go nowheres where there ain't no footman kep'."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



SERVANTGALISM; OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?

Old Lady—"What is it boy?"

Boy—"Please 'm—it's a pair of white satin shoes, and the lady's fan wot's bin mended—name of Miss Julier Pearlash."

Old Lady—"Miss!!!!?????"

Voice from Area—"Oh, it's all right, mum. It's me!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



SERVANTGALISM;
OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?

Servant Gal (who has quarrelled with her bread and butter)
—"If you please, ma'am, I find there's cold meat for dinner in the kitchen. Did you expect me to eat it?"

Lady—"Of course I expect you to eat it, and an excellent dinner too."

Servant—"Oh, then, if you please'm, I should like to leave this day month."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



THE CAMP AT CHOBHAM—HOSPITALITY.

Officer—"Well, but look here, old fellow; why not stop all night?"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



THE NEW BONNET.

Frederick—"There, now, how very provoking! I've left the prayer books at home!"

Maria—"Well, dear, never mind; but do tell me is my bonnet straight?"



[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A GREAT MENTAL EFFORT.

First Cock Sparrow—"What a miwackulus tye, Fwank! How the dooce do you manage it?"
Second Cock Sparrow—"Yas. I fancy it is rather grand. But, you see, I give the whole of my mind to it."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



CRUEL.

"Remember the steward, sir, if you please."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A CAUTION TO LITTLE BOYS AT A FESTIVE SEASON.

Mamma—"Why, my dearest Albert what are you crying for?—so good, too, as you have been all day!"

Spoiled Little Boy—"Boo hoo! I've eaten so—m-much be-ef and t-turkey, that I can't eat any p-plum p-p-pudding!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A PLAYFUL CREATURE.

Cabby—"Don't be alarmed, sir, it's only his play."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A VERY VULGAR SUBJECT.

William—"Here's wishin' you good 'calth Jim, and a Happy New-Year."

James—"Thank'ye Bill, thank'ye. I had ought to be a happy cove—for I have got a wife as can thrash any man of her weight—and I've got a child of two years and an arf as can eat two pounds of beef steak at a sitting—let alone owning the smallest black and tan terrier in the world."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



STUDY OF AN ELDERLY FEMALE HAILING THE
LAST OMNIBUS.

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A LARGE BUMP OF CAUTION.

Flora—"Oh, let us sit here, Aunt, the breeze is so delightful.
Aunt—"Yes, Dove!—It's very nice I dare say. But I won't come any nearer to the cliff, for I am always afraid of slipping through those railings."

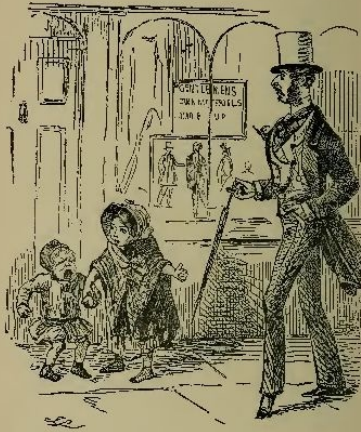
[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



LATEST FROM PARIS.

Beautiful Being—"Well, I must say, Parker, that I like the hair dressed à l'impératrice. It shows so much of the face."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A SERIOUS THREAT.

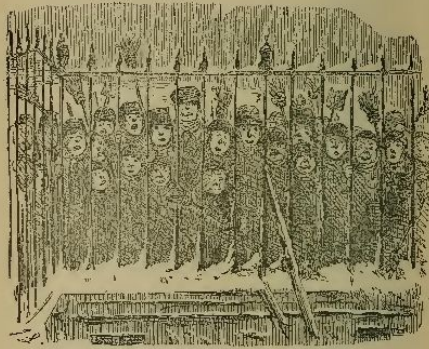
Unasophisticated Little Girl—"Now, you stop crying Billy, If you ain't quiet directly, I'll give yer to this great, big hugly man!"
[Sensation of Swell in gorgeous array.]

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



A TRIFLE THE MATTER WITH THE KITCHEN
BOILER.

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



COMPETITION.

"Want your door done, Mum?"

Original Size -- Medium-Size



GAMMONING A GENT.

Little Gent—"Ow much?"
Cabby—"Well! I d rather leave it to you, sic! And what we poor hansoms is to do when all you officers is gone abroad, goodness knows."

Original Size -- Medium-Size



ENTER MR. BOTTLES, THE BUTLER.

Master Fred—"There! that's capital! Stand still, Bottles, and I'll show you the Chinese knife trick."

Original Size -- Medium-Size



FLUNKEIANA—A FACT.

Flunkey (out of place)—"There's just one question I would like to ask your ladyship. Ham I engaged for work, or ham I engaged for ornament?"

11

Original Size -- Medium-Size



RAILWAY SMOKING.

Undergraduate—"You don't object to smoking I hope?"
Old Party—"Yes, sir, I object very much indeed!—in fact I have the strongest objection to smoking!!!"
Undergraduate—"Hm! Ha! Some people have." (Smokes for the next fifty miles).

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



HOW TO GET A CONNECTION.

Shopman (to ancient party)—"Yes Miss. Thank you Miss. Is there any other article, Miss? Can we send it for you, Miss?"
[Old lady thinks it is such a nice shop.]

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



THINKING ALOUD.

Genius—"By the way, did you glance at that article of mine on the intellect of woman? I don't care two pence about your opinion. Only if you can say something favourable, of course, I shall be pleased."

Common Sense—"Well I tried it, but I found it such rubbish that I couldn't get on. To tell you the truth, a little thing in the chessmongering line would be more in your way."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A BRUTAL FELLOW.

Policeman—"Now, Mum. What's the matter?"

Injured Female—"If you please Mister, I want to give my wretch of a 'usband in charge. He is always a knocking of me down and stampin' on me!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A DELICIOUS SAIL OFF DOVER.

Old Lady—"Goodness Gracious, Mr Boatman! What is that?"

Stolid Boatman—"That Mum! Nothin' Mum. Only the artillery a practisin', and that's one of the cannon balls that has just struck the water."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



DIVISION OF LABOUR.

Sportsman (in standing beans)—"Where to now, Jack?"

Jack—"Well let's see. I should just go up the beans again, and across the top end, beat round the other side and round by the bottom, while you're there, get over and try old Haycock's standing oats. I'll stop here and mark!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A THOROUGH GOOD COOK.

Lady.—“Then why did you leave your last place, pray?”
Cook.—“Well Ma'am, after I'm done work, I am very fond of singing and playing on the accordion, and Missus hadn't seem to like it—and so I gave notice!”

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



BOTTOM-FISHING.

Piscator No. 1 (miserably)—“Now, Tom, do leave off. It isn't of any use, and it's getting quite dark.”
Piscator No. 2—“Leave off!! What a precious disagreeable chap you are. You come out for a day's pleasure, and you are always a wanting to go home.”

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



FIRST NIGHT IN THE NEW HOUSE.
Awful discovery of black beetles.

Original Size -- Medium-Size



NO OFFENCE.
Victim—"Hope you will not be offended, sir. But I should be very glad if you would settle my little bill up to Christmas."
My Dump—"Offended, my dear boy! Not in the least! But the fact is, I have suspended cash payments for some time."

Original Size -- Medium-Size



MATRIMONIAL SOLICITUDE.

Mauaging Ma'ma—"My goodness, Ellen, how wretchedly pale you look! For goodness' sake bite your lips and rub your cheeks."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



AQUATICS.

Who is this? Why, this is Mr John Chubb pulling one of his long, slow, steady strokes. He is taking more pains than usual, because those pretty girls in the round hats are sitting on the lawn drawing from nature.

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



DIFFERENCE OF TASTE.

Chorus (of nice young ladies)—“Oh! of all and of all, I never! Isn't it the darlingest, sweetest, prettiest, dear little darling, darling! Oh! did you ever!!”

Solo (by horrid plain spoken boy,) “H'm! I think it's a nasty, ugly little beast, for all the world like a cat or a monkey.”

[Sensation.]

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



[After a great deal of coaxing and persuasion, Master Tom is prevailed on to pay a visit to the dentist. Inconsiderate and vulgar street boys unfortunately pass at the moment.]

First Inconsiderate Street Boy—“Oh crickey! If here ain't a chap going to have a grinder out. My eye, what fangs!!”

Second Ditto—“Oh, I would be 'im. Won't there be a screw winch required neether?”

(Of course Master Tom relapses into his previous very obstinate state.)

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



[Tableau representing a young gentleman, who fancies he is alone by the "Sad Sea Waves." He takes the opportunity of going through the last scene of "Lucia."]
N.B.—The Young Gentleman's voice (which HE imagines to be like Mario's) is of the most feeble and uncertain quality.

Original Size -- Medium-Size



MISS BROWN KINDLY TAKES HER COUSIN OUT FISHING.

Inferior Animal—"Oh Dear! Cousin! here's a fish taken all my bait. Do come and put on another worm."

Original Size -- Medium-Size



THE WOMAN AT THE WHEEL.

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)

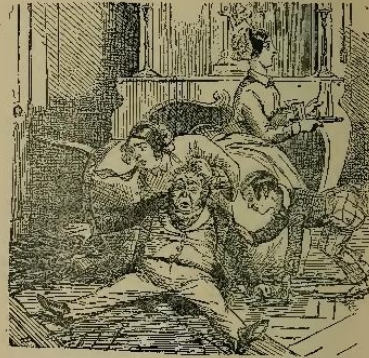


THE FEMALE OF THE FUTURE.

Father of the Family—"Come, dear; we so seldom go out together now—can't you take us all to the play to night?"

Mistress of the House and M.P.—"How you talk, Charles! Don't you see that I am too busy? I have a committee to-morrow morning, and I have my speech to prepare for the evening."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



HOW COOL AND NICE THESE FRENCH-POLISHED FLOORS ARE—BUT, OH DEAR, HOW VERY HARD!

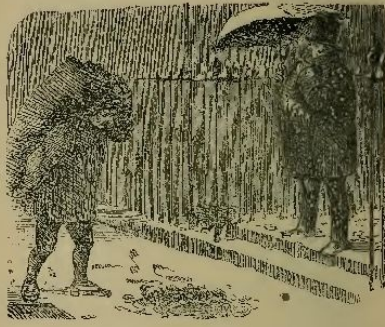
Original Size -- Medium-Size



VILLIKENS IN THE DRAWING ROOM.

Young Lady—"Now, William, you are not low enough yet. Begin at 'He took the cold Pizen.'"

Original Size -- Medium-Size



WISE MAN.

When coals are so dear, it behoves every family man to see that he gets the proper number of sacks for the money. Paterfamilias does his duty like a man, although the coals arrive just at his dinner-time, and the weather is rather inclement.

Original Size -- Medium-Size



QUITE SAFE.

Stout Party—"Ahem! I want to have a look at the hounds to-morrow. Do you think that you have got anything that would carry me?"

Stable Keeper—"Well, sir! I think I have two brown 'osses—and an omnibus as perhaps might do it!"

Original Size -- Medium-Size



A GREAT PROSPECT.

"What a stunning Meerschaum you have got, Charley!"
"Yes, I think it will be handsome by the time I've properly coloured it!"

Original Size -- Medium-Size



A GORGEOUS SPECTACLE.

Sarah Jane—"Oh, Betsy, come 'erc, and bring Johnnie!
Why, we can see the 'oofs of the 'orses!"

Original Size -- Medium-Size



SOMETHING LIKE SPORT.

Jolly Angler—"Hooray, Tom! I've got one—and, my word! didn't he pull?"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



TRADE.

Commercial Gent—"This war, sir, will be a terrible hindrance to all kinds of business."

Swell—"Ay—dessay! d'lighted to hear it—a always had the greatest aversion to all kinds of business."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



DELIGHTFUL OUT-DOOR EXERCISE IN WARM WEATHER.

Running amidst shouts of "Now then, butter-fingers"—
"Oh! Oh!"—"Throw it in, look sharp!"—"Quick! in
with it," &c., &c.

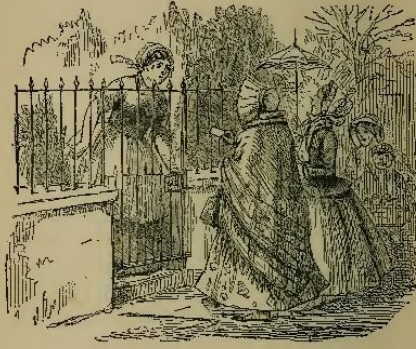
[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



SERVANTGALISM.

Housemaid—"Well, Soosan, I've made up my mind not to
stop 'ere no longer to work like negroes as we do."
Cook—"Nor I neither! But just turn the meat, will you,
please, the whilst I finish my crotchet?"

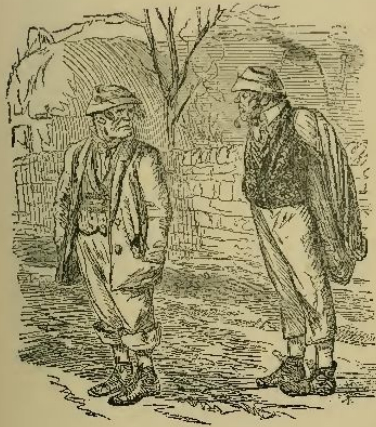
[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



SERVANTGALISM.

'Ousemade (from town)—"Is Han Jenks at home?"
Suburban Cook—"No; she has just gone to her milliner's."
'Ousemade—"Then give her my card, please, and say,
I 'ope she got home safely from the ball."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



BIT FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

First—"Wa't tak thy quat off, then? Oi tell thee Oi'm
as good a mon as thee."
Second—"Thee a mon! Why thee be'est only walking
about to save thy funeral expenses!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



BIT FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

First Polite Native—"Who's 'im, Bill?"
Second Ditto—"A stranger!"
First Ditto—"Eave 'arf a brick at 'im."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



SERVANTGALISM.

Lady—"Wish to leave! why Thompson, I thought you were very comfortable with me?"
Thompson (who is extremely refined)—"Hoh, yes ma'am, I don't find no fault with you ma'am. But the truth is, ma'am, the hother servants is so 'orrid vulgar, and bignorant, and speaks so hungrammatical, that I reely can't live in the same 'ouse with them!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



DELIGHTFUL PRIVILEGE DURING WINTER MONTHS.

You may bathe in the Serpentine from 6 until 7 in the morning, and 7 until 8 in the evening.

Original Size -- Medium-Size



SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE.

Stout Old Gentleman—"A shower-bath make your hair in a mess! Not a bit of it, if you wear an oil-skin cap like this, as I do."

Original Size -- Medium-Size



SURPRISE FOR TOMKINS.

Railway Porter—"Now then, sir! By your leave!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



ALL RIGHT?

Master Tom (to old lady who is very nervous about fire)—
"It's all right, Granma! My candle is out. I'm only smoking
my usual weed."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



SEASIDE SATURDAY EVENING.

The Arrival of the "Husbands" boat.

Original Size -- Medium-Size



SERIOUS FOR THE MILITARY.

Edward (to his military cousin)—"No! I shan't! I shan't go and shoot blackbirds; and I tell you what, Master Charley, you dragoon swells won't have such a pull on us civilians now, for we are all going to grow beards and moustaches."

Original Size -- Medium-Size



FASHIONS FOR FAST MEN.

Tom—"Which do you like best for trousers, Bill? Checks or stripes?"

Bill—"Well, I think checks are uncommon superior, but stripes is most nobby."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A RARE TREAT.

Angelina—"Will my darling Edwin grant his Angelina a boon?"

Edwin—"Is there anything on earth that Edwin would not do for his pet?—name the boon, oh, dearest—name it!"

Angelina—"Then, love, as we dine by ourselves to-morrow, let us, oh! let us have roast pork, with plenty of sage and onions!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



ALAS FOR THE OLD INSTITUTIONS.

First Butcher-Boy—"So they've done away with Smithfel!"
Second Butcher-Boy—"Ah! they'll soon be bowling out half our old institushuns."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

"My eye, Tom! What a 'orrid bore for the horriker swells, now we've took to wearin' our moustarchers. The gals can't tell hus from them now!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



WONDERFUL EFFECT OF ETHER IN A CASE OF SCOLDING WIFE.

Patient—"This is really quite delightful—a most beautiful dream."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



RATHER AWKWARD FOR TOMKINS.

Young Diann—"I think, sir, if you would be so good as go first and break the top rail, my pony would then get over."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



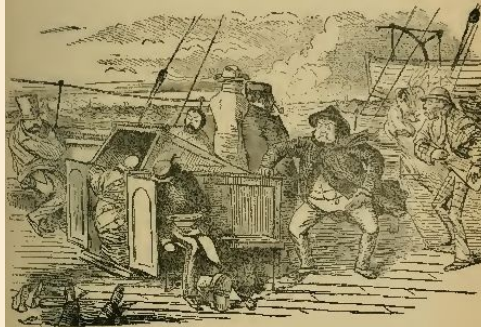
SERVANTGALISM; OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE
MISSUSES?

Servant Gal—"Oh! if you please, mam, there was one other thing I should like to have settled."

Lady—"Yes?"

Gal—"Where do you go to the seaside in the summer? because I couldn't stop at a dull place, and where the hair wasn't very bracing!!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



SAILING INSTRUCTIONS.

When the ship begins to roll, fix your gaze on some distant object, as Jones does—best plan for minimising sickness.

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A COUNTRY BALL.

First Amiable Lady (very loud)—"What a remarkably odd set of people one meets at a county ball!"
Second ditto—"Oh, very droll indeed!"
Poor Little Swell—"Yeth; and so thtwtangely dretbed!"

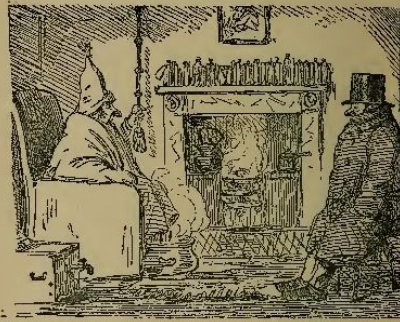
[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



AFTER PARTAKING VERY HEARTILY.

Amiable Experimentalist—"Makes a delicious side dish, doesn't it? But it is not the common mushroom. It is a large fungus called the *Agaricus Procerus*."
[General panic takes place.]

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



THE INFLUENZA.

"This is really very kind of you to call. Can I offer you anything—a basin of gruel, or a glass of cough mixture? Don't say no."

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



HOW TO FLATTER A GENT.

Mr Moser—"Got any old clothes, sir? Any left-off uniforms, captain?"

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



BEST FOOT FOREMOST.

French Official—"Have you
a passport?"
English Gent—"Nong, mos-
soo."
Official—"Your name?"

Gent—"Belville."
Official—"Christia nom?"
Gent—"Arry."
Official—"Profession?"
Gent—"Banker."

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



THE RISING GENERATION.

Juvenile—"I wonder whether that girl has got any tin - for
I feel most owdaciously inclined to cut that fellow out."

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



MEETING HIM HALF-WAY.

Young Hopeful—"Well, it's of no use, governor; I can't stick to business. I want to be a soldier, and you must buy me a commission."

Governor—"No, my boy; I can't afford to buy you a commission. But I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will go down to Chatham and enlist, I will give you my word of honour I won't buy you off."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



CONSOLS AT 90.

Husband—"Well, I declare I'm quite glad it's a wet day; it will be an excuse to stop at home with my darling little pipsy-popsey. What do you say, Dicky? Eh? Pretty Dick! Pretty Dick!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



CONSOLS AT 80.

Husband—"Go out for a walk! Nonsense! I've something else to do. I think, too, that you might pull down that blind, unless you want the sun to spoil all the furniture. And, oh dear, for goodness sake, do take that confounded canary out of the room!"

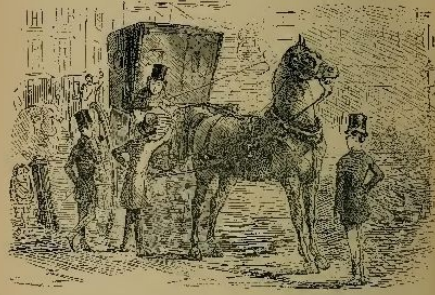
Original Size -- Medium-Size



A BRILLIANT IDEA.

Matilda—"Oh, look ye here, Tommy. S'pose we play at your being the big footman and me and Lizzerbuth 'll be the fine ladies in the carriage!"

Original Size -- Medium-Size



THE RISING GENERATION.

First Juvenile (in trap)—“Well, Charley, you have had it out with the old boy?”

Second Juvenile—“Ya-as; and—aw—what do you think the undutiful old governor sa-ays?”

First Juvenile—“Haven't the least id-eaw.”

Second Juvenile—“Why, he sa-ays I must do something to get my own living!”

First Juvenile—“Oh, Law! What a horrid Baw!”

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

Paterfamilias insists that the girls shall wear very stout boots in the wet weather. But the girls don't at all like “the nasty, great, ugly, thick things!”

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



HONEYMOON AT SEA.

"The happy pair then started for the Continent, via Folkestone, to spend the honeymoon."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A REAL DIFFICULTY.

Irritated Swell—"Ring! Yes, of course, I rung! How do you suppose I'm to do my back hair with only one candle?"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

Fox-Hunter—"Here's a bore, Jack! The ground is half a foot thick with snow, and it's freezing like mad!"

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



LITERAL.

Young Lady—"Pray, cabman, are you engaged?"
Cabman—"Lor' bless yer, miss; why, I've been married this seven years."

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



GOOD SECURITY.

Boy—"Please, sir, give me a brown."
Servant—"Sixpence is the smallest money I have, my little lad."
Boy—"Vel, sir, I'll get yer change; and if yer doubts my honour, hold my broom."

Original Size -- Medium-Size



ON THE MOORS.

Mr Puff—"My bird, I think."
Mr Muff—"Belongs to me, I fancy." &c., &c., &c.



Original Size -- Medium-Size



SPEAKS FOR HIMSELF.

Buyer—"Is he well broke?"

Seller—"Lor' bless ye! Look at his knees!"

Original Size -- Medium-Size



ONE OF THE FINE ARTS.

Mr Bungle always makes his flies on the bank of the stream.
Here is one of his most successful efforts.

Original Size -- Medium-Size

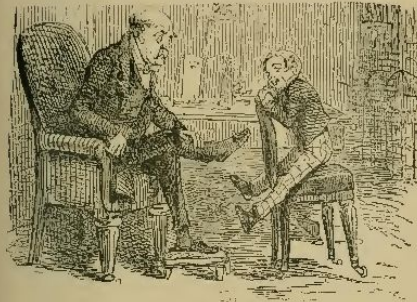


TABLE RAPPING.

"Do you believe in this table-rapping that there's such a fuss about?"

"Oh, dear, no! Why, the other evening a table was asked how old I was, and it rapped out forty! Ridiculous, when I am not three and twenty till next March!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)

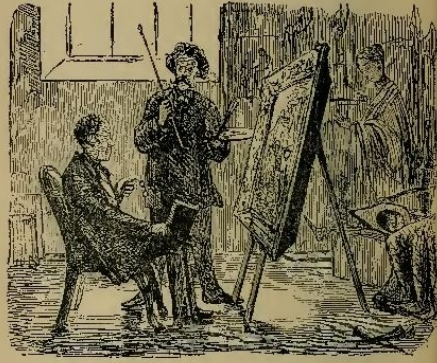


A GOOD EDUCATION.

Father—"Well, Augustus, you have had a first-rate education, and you must now choose a profession. Will you be a lawyer, a doctor, or a parson?"

Augustus—"No, I'll rather be a clown!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



THE FINISHING TOUCH TO A PICTURE.

Artist—"Now, don't hesitate to say if you see anything I can alter or improve."

Patron—"Hm! well! no! I don't see anything—except, perhaps, you—a—might repaint the principal figures; and—
[—yes—I should certainly get a new background in."

Original Size -- Medium-Size



CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

The London footman exhausted.

Original Size -- Medium-Size



BEGINNING FIRES FOR THE WINTER,
SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE CHIMNEY.

Sweep (log.)—"This chimley always was a bad un to smoke
sir; the party us lived here before you came had a deal of
trouble with it."

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



AN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF
SCIENCE ON AN EXCURSION.

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



BUSINESS LIKE.

"I say, Charley, don't you think you had better go back to your customer?"

Incipient Wine Merchant—"Not yet. Always gone a quarter of an hour for the very old port—further end of the cellar! Cellar's very extensive! Great care necessary, for fear of disturbing the crust you know—et cetera. Twig?"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



JACK ASHORE

Policeman—"Hollo, Jack. I suppose you're not sorry to come on land for a bit!"

Jack (who hasn't got his shore legs yet)—"Well, it aint such a bad place for a day or two, only it's so precious difficult to walk straight."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS (?).

First Old Fozzle—"Would you like to see the paper, sir? There's nothing in it."

Second Old Fozzle—"Then, what the devil did you keep it so long for?"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



PATERFAMILIAS SUPERINTENDS IN PERSON
THE REMOVAL OF THE SNOW
FROM THE ROOF OF HIS HOUSE.

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



PLEASING EFFECT BELOW.

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



THE BATTLE OF THE PIANOS.

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



DELIGHTFUL FOR MOTHER.

Old Lady—"Ah! I was just such another when I was her age."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A CAUTION DURING THE MISTLETOE SEASON
TO YOUNG GENTLEMEN WHO WEAR SHARP-
POINTED MOUSTACHES.

Pretty Cousin—"What a tiresome great awkward boy you are! Just see how you have scratched my chin!"
[Young gentleman apologises amply.]



[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



SCENE: DRAWING ROOM.

[Enter Horrid Boy.]

Horrid Boy (capering about)—“Oh, look here, captain I've found out what Clara stuffs her hair out with. They're whiskers like yours!”

[Sensation.]

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



FRIEND, DOCTOR, AND WIFE.

Railway Official—“You'd better not smoke, sir.”

Traveller—“That's what my friends say.”

Railway Official—“But you mustn't smoke, sir.”

Traveller—“So my doctor tells me.”

Railway Official (indignantly)—“But you shan't smoke, sir.”

Traveller—“Ah! just what my wife says.”

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A VISIT TO THE ANTEDILUVIAN REPTILES
AT SYDENHAM.

Master Tom strongly objects to having his mind improved.

Original Size -- Medium-Size



THE TOO FAITHFUL TALBTYPE.

Georgina (in riding habit)—"Well, dear, I declare, it's the very image of you! I never!"

Sarah Jane (who insists upon seeing the plate)—"Like me? For goodness sake, don't be ridiculous, Georgina. I think it's perfectly absurd! Why, it has given me a stupid little turn-up nose, and a mouth that's absolutely enormous!"

Original Size -- Medium-Size



FALSE PRETENCES.

Young Lady (whose birthday it is)—“Oh, yes! I have had a great number of nice presents; but I wonder who sent me this beautiful bouquet.”

Handsome Party (with moustaches, presence of mind, and great expression of eye)—“And can't you guess?” (Sighs deeply).

[*N.B.*—Poor Binks, who was at all the trouble and expense of getting the said bouquet from Covent Garden, is supposed to be watching the effect of his gift with some anxiety.]

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



ANOTHER BIT FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

1st Collier—“Surrey, dost thee know the Bishop's coming to-morrow?”

2nd Ditto—“Wot's that?”

1st Ditto (emphatically)—“The Bishop!”

2nd Ditto—“Oi don't know what thee mean'st, but inoy bitch, Rose, shall pin her!”

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Frederick—"Now, then, William, what are yer waitin' for?"
William—"Why, I was a-thinkin' vether I should wear my moustachers like this here or like that here."

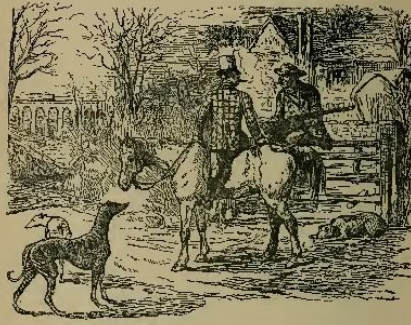
Original Size -- Medium-Size



LONG VACATION.

"Now then, Latitat, tuck in your six-and-eightpenny!"

Original Size -- Medium-Size



AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

Young Farmer, No. 1—"Well, Charley, have you had much shooting lately?"

Young Farmer, No. 2—"Why, no: what with hunting two days a week and coursing two days, I don't get much time to go out with a gun."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



FLUNKIANA.

Flunkey (who does not approve of Bloomsbury)—"No, ma'am, I don't objec' to the 'ouse, for it's hairry, and the vittles is good; but the fact is that all my connections live in Betgravia!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



THE TICKET-SHOWING NUISANCE.

Now, we do hope that this old gentleman is not going to be asked to show his ticket, because this old gentleman has just packed himself up quite comfortably, and his ticket is in the very innermost recess of his waistcoat pocket, and because, you see, this is just the sort of old gentleman who is likely to be much irritated by such a request at such a time.

Original Size -- Medium-Size

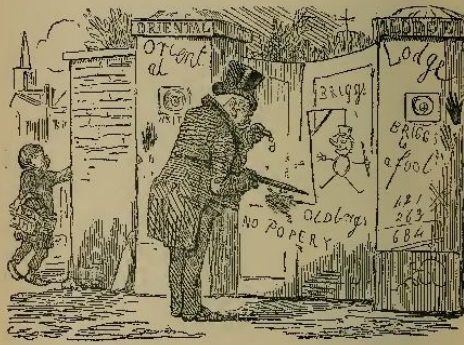


SCHOLASTIC.

Mother—"And pray, doctor, what are your terms for educating little boys?"

The Principal—"Why, my dear madam, my usual terms are seventy guineas per annum (to use the language of the ancient Romans), but, to effect my object quickly, I would take a few for what I could get, provided they be gentlemen, like your dear little boy there. But (again to use the Latin tongue) it is a *sine qua non* that they should be gentlemen."

Original Size -- Medium-Size



PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.

When Mr Briggs left for the city in the morning, his gate was clean, and just newly painted. On his return in the evening, imagine his feelings on finding that all the juvenile artists of the district had been busy with additional ornamentation.

Original Size -- Medium-Size



THESE HATS.

What happens with wearing these great round hats. Here's Flora run right into the arms of young Horace Spanker, who hasn't a penny.

Original Size -- Medium-Size



RATHER ALARMING.

Lady—"You wished, sir, I believe, to see me respecting the state of my daughter's affections, with a view to a matrimonial alliance with that young lady. If you will walk into the library, my husband and I will discuss the subject with you."

Young Corydon—"Oh, gracious!"

Original Size -- Medium-Size



THINKING ALOUD.

Railway Porter—"First class, sir?"
Unfortunate Oxonian—"No; plucked."

Original Size -- Medium-Size



GENERAL THAW AND BURSTING OF THE WATER PIPES.

Great fun for Tommy.

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



INNOCENT MIRTH.

The slide on the pavement.

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



FRIGHTFUL.

Clara—"Well, Rose, dear, how do you feel after the party?"

Rose—"Oh, pretty well. Only I have had such a horrid dream. Do you know, I dreamt that that great stupid Captain Drawler upset a dish of trifle over my new lace dress!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



BACHELOR HOUSEKEEPING.

Mr Brown—"Pray, Jane, what on earth is the reason I am kept waiting so long?"

Jane—"Please, sir, the rolls isn't come, and there is no bread in the house!"

Mr Brown—"Now, upon my word! How can you annoy me with such trifles? No bread? Then, bring me some toast."

[Exit Jane in dismay.]

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



THE SENSATIONAL.

News-vendor—"Now, my man, what is it?"

Boy—"I vants a nillustrated newspaper with a norrid murder and a likeness in it."

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



EARLY IN THE MORNING.

Oh, dear! that regular family next door are having their chimney swept again.

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



MORAL INFLUENCE OF EXECUTIONS.

"Where 'ave we bin? Why, to see the cove 'ung, to be sure."

Original Size -- **Medium-Size**



NO CONSEQUENCE.

"I say, Jack, who's that come to grief in the ditch?"
"Only the parson."
"Oh, leave him there, then. He won't be wanted until next Sunday."

Original Size -- **Medium-Size**



THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.
Mr Briggs tries his shooting pony.

Original Size -- Medium-Size



TWO ASPECTS.

Soldier—"Now, then! You must move away from here."
Rude Boy—"Ah! But you musn't, old feller!"

Original Size -- Medium-Size



THE POLICE.

"I tell yer what, Bill; I think the police are a bad lot, and I wish they was done away with altogether."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



WOMEN AND FREEMASONRY.

Affectionate Little Wife (who has made many abortive attempts to fathom the secrets of Freemasonry)—"Well, but, dear, tell me one thing. Do they put you into a coffin?"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



DID YOU EVER!

Friend—"Well, Sprat, my boy, and how do you get on now you're married?"

Sprat—"H'm! pretty bobbish. But there's one thing makes it doosed uncomfortable sometimes—*entre nous*—Mr S. is so confoundedly jealous of me."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



AWFUL RESULT OF GIVING A SEASON TICKET
TO YOUR WIFE.

Mary—"Please, sir, cook's gone hout for a holiday; and missus didn't say nothing about no dinner, sir. Missus went early to the Exhibition with some lurch in a basket, and said she shouldn't be home until tea-time."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



SUCH A LARK!

Ingenious Youth—"Oh, such a lark, Bill! I've bin and filled an old cove's letter-box with gooseberry skins and hoyster shells, and rapped like a postman!"
Old Cove—"Have you?"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.
AN ATTEMPT AT CONVERTING THE NATIVES.

Assiduous Young Curate—"Well, then, I do hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing both of you next Sunday."
Miner—"Oj, thee may'st coam if 'e will. We foight on the croft, and old Joe Tanner brings th' beer."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



MODERATE TERMS.

[Enter costermonger -- to old lady passionately fond of flowers.]
Coster—"Scuse me, marm, but did yer want yer green-'ouse smoked? No charge; only to find the 'bacca, and a drop of sumthin' to drink."

Original Size -- Medium-Size



FINE BUSINESS, INDEED! THE WRETCH!

Master of the House—"Oh, Mary, what is there for dinner to-day?"

Mary—"I think, sir, it's cold mutton, sir."

Master of the House—"H'm! Oh! Tell your mistress when he comes in that I may possibly be detained in the city on business, and she is on no account to wait dinner for me."

Original Size -- Medium-Size



OLD CLOTHES!!

Young Sholomish (to young Snobley, who is attired in his very best)—"Now, sir! Let me sell you a nish shuit of closhu. Make yer good allowance for the old uns yer've got on!"
[Snobley's feelings may be imagined.]

Original Size -- Medium-Size



SERVANTGALISM:
OR WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?

Cook—"Well, to be sure, mum! Last place I were in, missis always knocked at the door afore she come into my kitchen!"

Original Size -- Medium-Size



HOW DISACREABLE THE BOYS ARE!

Boy—"My eye, Tommy! there's the hekephant from the S'logical Gardens going a-skating!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



THE RISING GENERATION.

Old Gentleman—"Bless my heart! This vibration of the carriage is very unusual! Pray, my little man, have you any apprehension of accidents on railways?"

Juvenile—"Oh, none in the least, and especially with such a fat old buffer as you to be shot against!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



POOR MUGGINS.

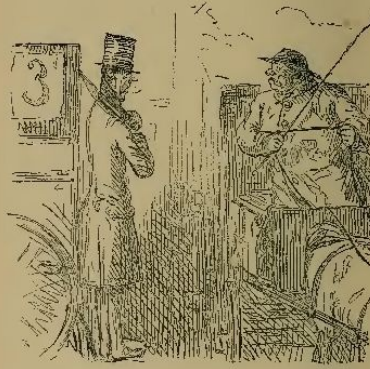
Snythe (to Muggins, who in the heat of the moment has been drinking his wine out of tumblers)—“There, my boy! that’s such a glass of champagne as you don’t get every day; and between you and me—(very confidentially)—between you—and—me—I only gave four and twenty shillings a dozen for it!”

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



OUR LITTLE FRIEND, TOM NODDY, THINKS THE SEA-WATER WILL DO HIS MARE'S LEGS A WORLD OF GOOD.

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



COARSE, BUT CHARACTERISTIC.

Cabman (whose temper has been ruffled by omnibus man)
 —“ You! Why, you hungry-looking wagaboo, you look as if you'd bin locked up for a month in a cook's shop with a muzzle on!”

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



OLD LADY AND LEVELLER.

Engineer—“ Don't be alarmed, ma'am: it's only a dumpy levellet.”

Old Lady—“ Law! Dear now! Well, I'm sure! I thought it was a blunderbust. But don't fire it off, young man, till I've got by, for I was always terrible feared of guns.”

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A PERFECT WRETCH.

Wife—"Why dear me, William; how time flies! I declare, we have been married ten years to-day!"

Wretch—"Have we, love? I am sure, I thought it had been a great deal longer."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Whipper—"Well, I wear mine because it saves trouble, and is so very 'calthy."

Snapper—"Hah! Well, there aint no humbug about me; I wear mine because they looks 'ansom and goes down with the gals."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



LIFE IN LONDON.

Isabella—"Well, aunt, and how did you like London? I suppose you were very gay?"

Aunt (who inclines to embonpoint)—"Oh yes, love, gay enough. We went to the top o' the Monument o' Sunday, and to the top o' St. Paul's o' Tuesday, and to the top o' the Dook o' York's Column o' Wednesday; but I think altogether I like the quiet of the country."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



AT THE CRIMEA.

"Well, Jack, here's good news from home. We're to have a medal."

"That's very kind. Maybe one of these days we'll have a coat to stick it on!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



FRIENDLY, BUT VERY UNPLEASANT.

Lively Party (charging elderly gentleman with his umbrella)
—“Hullo, Jones!”
[Disgust of elderly party, whose name is *Smith*.]

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



KEEPING STEP.

First Militiaman—“Jim, you bain't in step.”
Second ditto—“Bain't I? Well, change your'n.”

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Railway Official (waking old gent from a sweet sleep)—
"Tickets, please!"

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



TOO BAD.

Rude Boy—"Ah! here's the p'leece a-comin'. Won't you catch it for sliding on the pavement!"

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



PRUDENT RESOLVE.

Little Party—"Go and walk in Hyde Park? Oh! ah! I dessay! and get mistaken for a baristoerat! No, thank'e, not if I know it."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



DISGUSTING FOR AUGUSTUS.

Augustus (who was rapidly coming to the point)—"Then, Emily!—oh, may I call you Emily!—sweetest! best! say that you will not go without!"

Fish-Woman (cuts in)—"Any feesh to-day, marm?—any mackerel, soles, or whiting?"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



SERVANTCALISM.

Mistress—"Not going to remain in a situation any longer! Why, you foolish things, what are you going to do, then?"

Eliza—"Why, ma'am, you see, our fortune-teller say that two young noblemen is a-going to marry us, so there's no call to remain in no situations no more!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



FLUNKIANA RUSTICA.

Mistress—"Now, I do hope, Samuel, you will make yourself tidy, get your cloth laid in time, and take great pains with your waiting a table."

Samuel (who has come recently out of a strawyard)—"Yes, m'. But pleas, m', be oi to wear my breeches?"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A FACT.

Mistress—"I think, cook, we must part this day month."
Cook (in astonishment)—"Why, ma'am? I am sure I've let you have your own way in most everythink!"

Original Size -- Medium-Size



IN HOPE.

Mr B. as he appeared from six in the morning till three in the afternoon, when——

Original Size -- Medium-Size



HOPE REWARDED.

Having hooked a "fish," he is landed to play it. The fish runs away with him, and Mr. B. is dragged about a mile and a half over what he considers a rather difficult country.

Original Size -- Medium-Size



NOT TO BE DAUNTED.

The fish, having refreshed himself and recovered his spirits, bolts again with Mr. B.

Original Size -- Medium-Size



HOPE AND FEAR.

On arriving at "Hell's Hole," he is detained for three-quarters of an hour while the fish sulk at the bottom.

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



MOST PROVOKING.

After a long and exciting struggle, Mr B. is on the point of landing his prize, when —the line unfortunately breaks!

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



NEVER SAY DIE.

However, in much less time than it has taken to make this imperfect sketch, accoutred as he is, he plunges in, and, after a desperate encounter, secures a magnificent salmon, for which, he declares, he would not take a guinea a pound; and it is now stuffed in the glass case over the one which contains his late favourite spotted hunter.

Original Size -- Medium-Size



MARRY ON £300 A-YEAR!

Passer-by (to the crossing-sweeper) — "What's all this about?"

Sweeper — "Well, sir, I believe it's a kind of wedding; but it aint likely to be an 'appy union — only two broughams and a hack cab!"

Original Size -- Medium-Size



THE HUSBAND AS HE OUGHT NOT TO BE.

[Isn't it so, my dears?]
Angelina—"Well, E., you don't say a word about my dress."
Edwin—"Eh, what? Oh, ugh! H'm—beautiful, beautiful-beautiful!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



FAIR AND EQUAL.

Sister—"Not give a ball, Charles! Fiddle! Why not? I tell you what. If you will find the room, and the music, and the supper, and the champagne, and the ices, I'll find the ladies! Come, now!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A VERY PARTICULAR PARTY.

Mrs —— "Oh, here you are at last. Now, you must come and dance this waltz with a friend of mine. Charming girl, I assure you!"

Mr —— (who prides himself upon his dancing)—— "Haw! thank you; you're very good! But I never waltz with strange girls. I don't mind giving her a quadrille first, just to see how she moves!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



COMPARISONS.

Party (who of course, doesn't think himself good-looking)——
"Really, Clara, I can't think how you can make a pet of such an ugly brute as an Isle of Skye terrier."

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



GOOD LOOKING.

"The traveller, wearied with the noonday heat, need never be at a loss to find rest and refreshment. Stretched upon the softest and cleanest of matting, imbibing the most delicately flavoured tea, inhaling through a short pipe the fragrant tobacco of Japan, he resigns himself to the ministrations of a bevy of fair damsels, who glide rapidly and noiselessly about, the most zealous and skilful of attendants."—*Times*, November 2, 1858.

And by all means let us have Japanese manners and customs here.

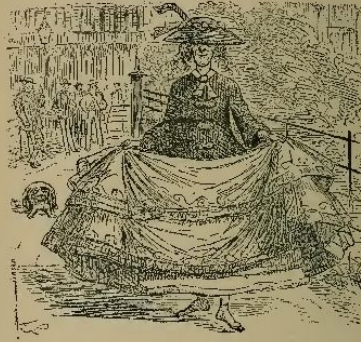
Original Size -- Medium-Size



A CAUTIOUS BIRD.

Young Lobkins—"Well, I don't know about marryin', for, yer see, after the knot was tied, some other gal might be fallin' in love with one, and that would be so dooced awkward!"

Original Size -- Medium-Size



PLEASEING DELUSION IN RE THE ROUND HATS.

Female—"Well, there can be no question about one thing; they certainly do make you look younger!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



ROASTED CHESTNUTS.

Mr Hobble-de-Hoye—"I'm very fond of 'em. There's no one looking! Don't see why I shouldn't. I will! Yes; I'll have a pen'orth!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS 'TIS FOLLY TO BE WISE."

(NEW VERSION.)

"I say, Jim, vot's a panic?"

"Blow'd if I know; but there's one to be seen in the city."

Original Size -- Medium-Size



PRIVATE OPINION.

Little Shrimpton—"Hah! they may laugh; but I mean to say that the beard is a great ornament, and gives dignity to the human figure!"

Original Size -- Medium-Size



ALWAYS BE POLITE WHEN TRAVELLING.

Affable Young Gent (who is never distant to strangers)—
"Would you like to see *Dell's Life*, sir? There's an out-and-
out stumping mill between Conkey Jim and the porky one!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



TAKEN ABACK.

Fred (affectionately taking the arm of his friend *Harry*, as he thinks)—"Oh! Do look at these beautiful diamonds. How well they would become your sweet sister!"
Coalheaver—"Come, now! Walker!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



NICELY CAUGHT.

It was in August or September (we forget which) that Amelia's scarf caught Henry's button, and now—they are married. Wasn't it odd?

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)

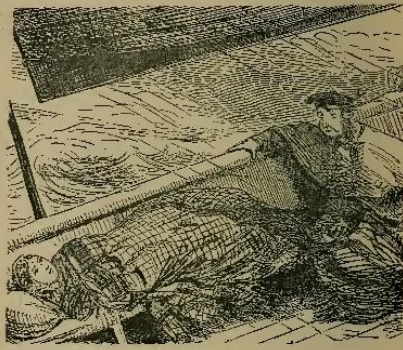


PERFECTLY DREADFUL.

Guard—"Now, sir, if you're going on by the express. Here's just room for one."

Tourist—"What! Get in with hawwid old women and squeaming children! By Jove! you know! I say! it's impawisible, you know!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



CUPID AT SEA.

Angelina (to Edwin, whose only chance is perfect tranquility)
—“Edwin, dear! If you love me, go down into the cabin and fetch me my scent bottle, and another shawl to put over my feet!”
[Edwin's sensations are more easily imagined than described.]

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



VERY CONSIDERATE.

Steward—“Will either of you, gentlemen, dine on board?
There's a capital hot dinner at three o'clock.”

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A RAILWAY COLLUSION—A HUNT TO STATION MASTERS.

Porter—"Now, then, Bill! Are you off?"

Cab Ruffian—"No; what sort of fare is it?"

Porter—"Single gent with small bag."

Ruffian—"Oh, he won't do! Can't yer find us a old lady and two little gals with lots of boxes? I'm good for a pint!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



PATIENCE REWARDED.

Piscator—"Ah! Hah! Got you at last, have I? And a fine week's trouble I've had to catch you!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A SKETCH FROM THE STAND AT SCARBORO'.

Fair Equestrian—"Oh, I want to ride on the sands with this little boy. Have you a horse disengaged for him? Any bit of a pony thing, you know, will do for me!"

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



ASTOUNDING ANNOUNCEMENT FROM THE SMALL COUNTRY BUTCHER.

(Who does not often kill his own meat).
Maid—"Please, ma'am, Mr Skewer says he's a-going to kill hisself this week, and will you have a joint?"

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



OFFENDED DIGNITY.

Small Swell (who has just finished a quadrille)—"H'm! Thank goodness, that's over! Don't give me your bread-and-butter misses to dance with. I like your grown women of the world!"

[*N.B.*—The bread-and-butter miss has asked him how old he was, and when he went back to school.]

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



AMATEUR PANTOMIME.

How does the butler like theatricals?

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE.

On the morning after the dispensary ball as Emily Deuxtens and Clara Polkington were sitting in the plantation, who should come to the very spot but Captain Pastman and young Reginald Pippis!

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



YOUNG UPHOLSTERERS.

A discreet friend having presented Master Tom with a tool-box as a New Year's gift, the furniture is put into thorough repair.

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



THE VALENTINE.

Little Foot Page—"I say, Maria, what's a rhyme to Cupid?"
Maria—"Why, stupid rhymes to Cupid; don't it, stupid?"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



TRUE GALLANTRY.

"If you want a thing done, do it yourself." Never disturb the maids in the morning, but jump out of bed the moment you hear the sweep, and let him in; it isn't much trouble, and saves a world of grumbling.

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



SELF-HELP.

"If you want a thing done, do it yourself." Having thoroughly dressed and fed the horses, you had better set to work upon the boots of the establishment. The knives, as you have a machine, you may as well do. And, while your hands are soiled, you had better help Alphonso to carry up some coals.

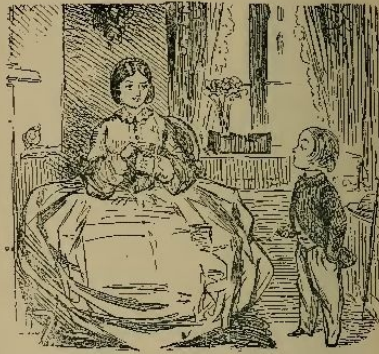
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STARTLING ADVICE.

Stodious Boy—"Johmy, I advise you not to be a good boy!"
Johmy—"Why!"
Stodious Boy—"Because in books all good boys die, you know!"

Original Size -- Medium-Size



EARLY RESPONSIBILITY.

Cousin Harriet—"Well, Alfred, will you stop and have some tea with us?"

Alfred—"Haw! you're very good, I'm sure; but I've got to take the children to see the pantomime!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A MORAL LESSON FROM THE NURSERY.

Arthur—"Do you know, Freddy, that we are only made of dust!"

Freddy—"Are we? Then, I'm sure, we ought to be very careful how we pitch into each other so, for fear we might crumble each other all to pieces!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



THE BLOATED ARISTOCRAT.

Boy—"Oh! look 'ere, Bill! 'Ere's a bloated haristocrat! There's no one looking. Let's punch his 'ed!"

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



MARRIED FOR MONEY.—THE HONEYMOON.

"Now, then, darling, put away your paper, and we'll have a nice long walk, and then come back to tea in our own little cottage, and be as happy as two little birds!" said the fair bride.

"Oh! hang it!" mentally ejaculated the captain.

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

Miss Gushington—"Oh, don't you like Christmas time, Mr Brown, and all its dear old customs?"
[Brown don't seem to see it.]

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



ALARMING PROPOSITION.

Oyster Man (to hairy gents.)—"Oysters, sir! Yes, sir! Shall I take yer beards off?"
[Gents. have an uncomfortable idea that they are being chaffed.]

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



YOUNG LADY OF THE PERIOD.

Fast Young Lady (to old gent.)—"Have you such a thing as a lucifer about you, for I've left my cigar lights at home?"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



SERVE HIM RIGHT.

Swell (who, when he is asked to dine at half-past six, thinks it fine to come at half-past eight)—"Haw! I'm afraid you've been waiting dinner for me!"
Lady of the House—"Oh, dear, no! we have dined some time! Will you take some tea?"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE.

It is quite possible to have too much of a good thing—as, for example, when you get the asparagus shot over your favourite dress coat with the silk facings.

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



A HINT TO GENTLEMEN.
CAUTION TO GENTLEMEN WALKING TO EVENING
PARTIES.

Don't forget to take off your goloshes and turn down your trousers before entering the room.

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



A HINT TO RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.

By breathing on the glass, and holding a speaking doll by way of baby to the window, you may generally keep your compartment select.

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



OH, YES; OF COURSE.

Lizzie—"Oh, Mr. Poffles, I find I have made a mistake; I see I was engaged for this dance."

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



THE QUADRILLE IN HOT WEATHER.

Stout Party (who suffers much from heat, and has in vain attempted to conceal himself)—“Oh, I believe we are engaged for this dance. I’ve been—that is—I’ve—eh—I’ve been looking for you—a—a—everywhere—pshaw!”

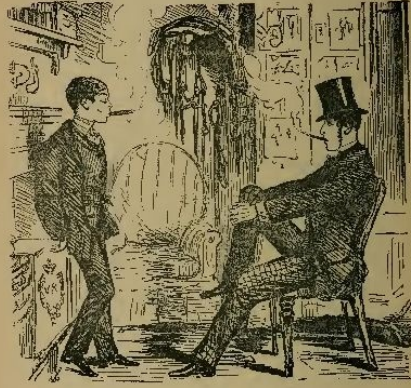
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THE NEW REGULATION MESS.

Swell Soldier—“What! dine off woast and boiled, just like snobs! No, by Jove; I shall cut the army and go into the church!”

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A PAINFUL SUBJECT.

Lieutenant Fopson (of the 121st to his elder brother, who is home for the holidays) — "A-say, old fellah! don't you wish you had left school? It must be such a horrid baw to be flogged for smoking!"

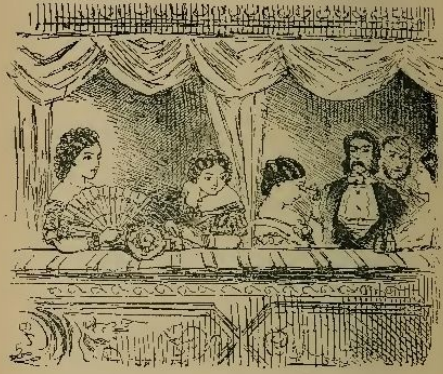
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PHOTOGRAPH BEAUTIES.

"I say, mister, here's me and my mate wants our fotergruffs took; and, mind, we wants 'em 'ansom' 'cos they're to give to two ladies."

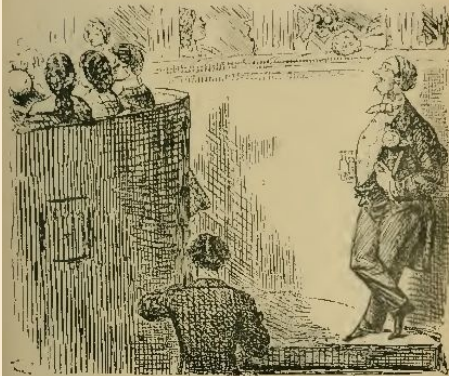
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THE OPERA.—No. 1.

Lissie—"Good gracious, Selina! look there! There's that ridiculous little man again. Did you ever see anything so absurd?"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



THE OPERA.—No. 2.

Bursby—"Ah, there she is, bless her! And looking this way, too. Oh, it's as clear as possible she has taken a fancy to me!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A SKETCH AT A RAILWAY STATION.

Respectable Citizen (reads placard)—“The public are cautioned against card-sharpers, gamblers, and pickpockets! . . . Why, I thought such people was all done away with. Didn't you, Mo?”

Original Size -- Medium-Size



THE ART.

Parent—“I should like you to be very particular about the hair.”
Photographic Artist (1)—“Oh, mum, the 'air is heavy enough: it's the hi's where we find the difficulty.”

Original Size -- Medium-Size



FLUNKIEANA.

Lady of the House—"Oh, Thomas, have the goodness to take up some coals into the nursery."

Thomas—"H'm, Ma'am! If you ask it as a favour, ma'am, I don't so much object; but I 'ope you don't take me for an 'ousemaid, ma'am!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



SERVANTGALISM.

Mistress—"Why, nurse, what a terrible disturbance! Pray, what is the matter?"

Nurse (addicted to pen and ink)—"Oh, mum, it's dreadful! Here's neither me nor Mary can't answer none of our letters for the racket!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



SYMPTOMS OF HARD READING.

Student—"Oh, Mary, have you taken up the lamp and the cigars?"
Mary—"Yes, sir."
Student—"And the whiskey, and the sugar, and the lemon, and boiling water?"
Mary—"Yes, sir."
Student—"Then, come, Jack; suppose we go into the study!"



Original Size -- Medium-Size



THE STOUT LADY.

Cabby—"Let yer out? That's a good un! Not afore you pays for breaking my springs."



Original Size -- Medium-Size



HEAD OF THE HOUSE No. 1.

Mr Pecwit has a little addition to his family. He is obliged to get his meals anyhow—and—

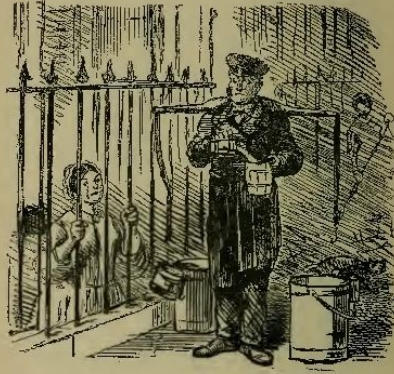
Original Size -- Medium-Size



HEAD OF THE HOUSE No. 2.

Abdicates in favour of the real master of the house.

Original Size -- Medium-Size



MILK VERSUS WATER.

Cook—"Fine day, Mr Chalks."

Mr Chalks—"Yes, Cookey, it's a very fine day; but if we haven't some rain soon, I don't know what we shall do for milk!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



THRILLING DOMESTIC INCIDENT.

Master Alfred—"Don't, baby! You'll spoil it! Leave go, sir! Here, nurse, he's swallowing my new watch!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



VERY ARTFUL CONTRIVANCE.

Clara—"Why, dear me! what do you wear your hat in the water for?"

Miss Walrus—"Oh, I always wear it when I bathe; for then, you see, dear, no one can recognise me from the beach!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A WINDY DAY.

Some like one thing, and some another. For example Jack likes a blow on the north cliff.

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



COMMON OBJECTS AT THE SEASIDE.

Boy—"Oh, look here, ma! I've caught a fish just like those thingamies in my bed at our lodgings!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



ASTONISHING A YOUNG ONE.

Dick (to his little brother)—"Hah! This is one of the disgraces in being grown up. Why, bless you, if I didn't shave twice a day this warm weather, I should not be fit to be seen!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.

Young Sparrow—“Oh, I'm sorry to trouble you, uncle; but could you lend me a razor? My confounded fellow hasn't packed up my dressing-case!”

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A NOTION OF PLEASURE.

Boy—“Oh, come here, Tommy! Here's such a lot o' grains bin shot down here! Let's turn 'ead over 'eels in 'em!”

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A BAD TIME FOR JOHN THOMAS.

Rude Boy—"I say, Jack, ain't he a fine un? D'ye think he's real, or only stuffed?"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



LEARNING TO SWIM.

Bathing Woman—"Teach yer to swim? Lor' bless ye, my love, why, of course, I can!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



ON THE ROOF.

Mrs Pottles sees no reason why she shouldn't go out on the roof of her house to see the fireworks.

Original Size -- Medium-Size



NOTHING BUT EATING.

Sensitive Young Lady—"Poor creatures! Nothing but eating and sleeping! What a dreadful existence!"

Stout Youth—"Dreadful existence! Oh, ah! I daresay. Why, that's just the very thing of all others I should like the best!"

Original Size -- Medium-Size



LIVELY FOR JONES.

Pheasant shooting. A Warm Corner.

Original Size -- Medium-Size



VERY ODD.

Lecturer on Electro-Biology—"Now, sir, you can't jump over that stick! Ahem!

Subject—"Jump! Eh! Ugh! Lor' bless me, jump? No, I know I can't. Never could jump. Ugh!"

[Thunders of applause from the Gentlemen in the cane-bottom chairs—i.e., believers.]

Original Size -- Medium-Size



WHOLESONE FEAST.

Jessie—"And so, Walter, you have little parties at your school, eh?"

Walter—"Ah! don't we, just! Last half there was Charley Bogle, and George Twister, and me. We joined, you know, and had two pounds of sausages, cold, and a plum-cake, and a barrel of oysters, and two bottles of currant wine! Oh, my eye! wasn't it jolly, neither!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



OF A VERY STUDIOUS TURN.

Mamma—"Who is this hamper for? Why, for poor Jerry, who is at school, you know."

Darling (reflectively)—"Oh, don't you think, ma, I had better go to school?"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A VERY GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

First Juvenile—"I wonder what can make Helen Holdfast polk with yon Albert Grig?"

Second ditto—"Don't you know? Why, to make me jealous. But she had better not go too far!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



JUVENILE DISSIPATION.

The day after the juvenile party. Awful appearance of the doctor.

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR.

Augustus—"Now I've got you!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



TIT FOR TAT.

Gent. on horseback—"Get out of the way, boy! Get out of the way! My horse don't like donkeys!"

Boy—"Doan't he? Then, why doan't he kick thee off?"

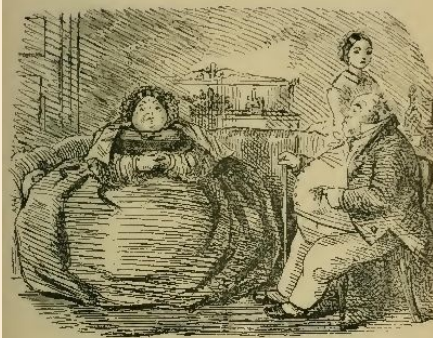
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SOLICITUDE.

Wife—"Now, promise me one thing, Adolphus. You won't go flying over any hedges or five-barred gates?"

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



SKELTONS.

Stout Gent.—"Dear! dear! So he has formed an attachment that you don't approve of! Ah, well! there's always something. Depend upon it, ma'am, there's a skeleton somewhere in every house!"

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



GREAT MINDS THINK ALIKE.

Tomkins retires to a secluded village that he may grow his moustaches, and so cut out his odious rival, Jones. Jones, it so happens, has come to the same place with the same object.
[Frightful meeting.]

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



AN ELEGANT ROW ABOUT A MACHINE.

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



WHAT A TERRIBLE TURK!

"Oh, here's a jolly snowball! Let's take and put it agin somebody's door!"

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



A SAFE CONVOY.

Small Sweeper (to Crimean hero)—"Now, captain, give us a copper, and I'll see yer safe over the crossing!"

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



IMPERTINENT CURIOSITY.

Military Man—“Well, what are yer a-starin’ at? Ain’t yer never seed a sodger before?”

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



TICKLED WITH A STRAW.

Advertising Medium—“Come, now, you leave orf, or I’ll call the perlice!”

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



HORRIBLE QUESTION AFTER A GREENWICH DINNER.

Foot-Boy—"If you please, sir, cook told me to ask you what fish you'd like to-day."

Original Size -- Medium-Size



TOUCHING APPEAL.

Testy Old Gent. (wearied by the importunities of the Brighton boatmen)—"Confound it, man! Do I look as if I wanted a boat?"



Original Size -- Medium-Size



A GREAT MISTAKE.

Youth—"Here's a nuisance, now! Blowed if I ain't left my cigar-case on my dressing-room table, and that young brother of mine will have all my best regalias!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



IT'S THE EARLY BIRD THAT PICKS UP THE WORM.

Piscator—"There, Thomas, you now see the advantage of early rising. I have got the very best place on the water, and I'll be bound to say the other subscribers are not out of bed yet!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



SERIOUS THING FOR BROWN,

Who rather prides himself upon the elegant manner in which he takes off his hat. This time, however, although the hat is removed, the lining sticks.

Original Size -- Medium-Size



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Alphonso—"You find your moustachers a great comfort, don't you, Tom?"

Tom—"Well—yes. But I'm afraid I must cut 'em, for one's obliged to dress so dooced expensive to make everything accord."

Original Size -- Medium-Size



THE BEARD MOVEMENT.

Young Snobley (a regular lady-killer)—“How the gals do stare at one's beard! I suppose they think I'm a hortieer just come from the Crimea!”

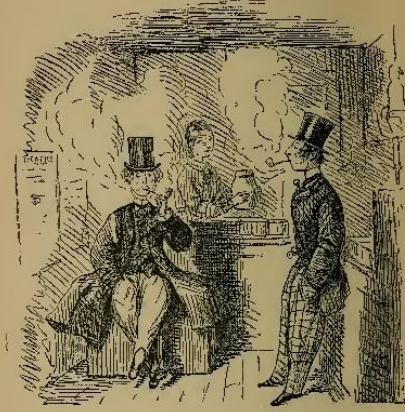
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CONSOLATION.

Young Snobley—“Ah, Jim! noble birth must be a great advantage to a cove!”
Jim (one of Nature's nobility)—“It'in! P'raps! But, cgd l personal beauty aint a bad substitute!”

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



PORTUNATE FELLOWS.

Stalwart Dyrton—"I tell yer what, Bill. We ought to be very thankful we're Englishmen, for, whether it's the climate or whether it's their habits, just see how those Americans are degenerating!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



PURSUIT OF PLEASURE.

The next best thing to keeping your own hunters is to hire "made horses" that thoroughly know their business.

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A DOMESTIC EXTRAVAGANZA.

Mamma—"Why, good gracious, nurse! what's the matter with Adolphus? He looks very odd!"

Nurse—"And well he may, ma'am! For he thought the coloured balls in Miss Charlotte's new game of solitaire was bull's eyes, and he's swallowed ever so many of 'em!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



SISTERLY LOVE.

Papa—"There, there! my little poppet. Don't cry! Don't cry! If you are going to have the measles, you will soon be well again, I hope. There, there!"

Blanche (sobbing violently)—"I-I-I-I'm not crying, papa, because I'm going to have the measles, but because I—I—I thought I was going to ride Mary's pony all the time she was ill, and now I shan't!"

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



FREEZING.

Disgusting Boy—"I say, Clara! I'm so jolly glad, I am. Do you know, all the pipes are froze, and we shan't be able to have any of that horrid washing these cold mornings! Ain't it prime!"

[Sensation.]

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A PEACE CONFERENCE.

Flora—"Oh, I am so glad, dear Harriet, there is a chance of peace. I am making these slippers against dear Alfied's comes back!"

Cousin Tom—"Hah, well, I aint quite anxious about peace for, you see, since these soldier chaps have been abroad, we civilians have had it pretty much our own way with the gurls!"

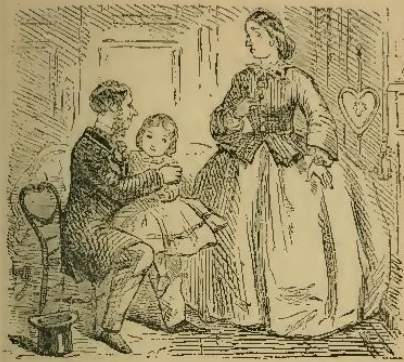
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WHEN RAILWAY COMPANIES FALL OUT THE
PUBLIC DERIVE THE BENEFIT.

For example, during some of the winter months, with a nice bracing north-east wind blowing, you may go to Manchester and back for 5s—an opportunity not to be lost. Oh dear, no!

Original Size -- Medium-Size



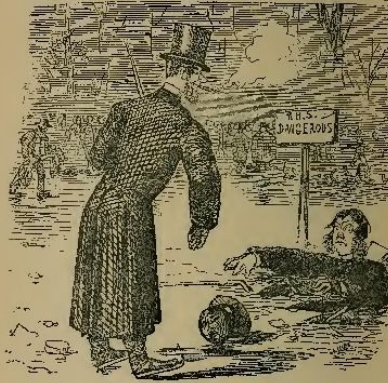
QUITE TRUE.

Fascinating Gent. (to precocious little girl)—“You are a very nice little girl; you shall be my wifey when you grow up.”

Little Girl—“No, thank you; I don't want to have a husband. But Aunt Bessy does. I heard her say so!”

[Sensation on the part of Aunt Bessy.]

Original Size -- Medium-Size



A HOLIDAY.

Of all the foolish things, the mere pun is perhaps the most foolish. Now, here's a fellow (probably a member of the Stock Exchange) who, in spite of his really perilous condition, says that he "came out for a (w)hole holiday—and has got it!"

Original Size -- Medium-Size



COLD IN THE HEAD.

For a cold in the head, there is nothing like a steam bath, and this can be had in your own bedroom with the greatest ease.

Original Size -- Medium-Size



TOUCHING.

Groom (to old coachman)—“Why, Edw'rd, what hever's the matter?”

Old Coachman (sobbing)—“Ah, William! Most affectin' sight! I've just seen the four-in-hand club going down to Greenwich! Ten on 'em! Beautiful teams! And driven by reg'lar tip-top swells! It's bin almost too much for me!”

[Is relieved by tears.]

Original Size -- Medium-Size



A FISHING ADVENTURE.

Master George and the dragon-flies, as they appeared to his excited imagination when he was out fishing the other day.

Original Size -- Medium-Size



SELF-EXAMINATION.

Party (slightly influenced)—"Question ish, an I fit to go into drawing room? Letsh altee! I can say gloriush conshyshusa! Have seen Brish inshychusion - all that sort othing. Thatledo. Here gosh!"

Original Size -- Medium-Size



DELICATE TEST.

Elevated Party—"A never think a fl'ear'shad t'much wine s'long as a windsup-ish wash!"
[Proceeds to perform that operation with a corkscrew.]

Original Size -- Medium-Size



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Old Mr What's-his-name—"Egad! I don't wonder at moustaches coming into fashion, for—ch! what! by Jove, it does improve one's appearance!"

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



CONCLUSIVE TABLE-TURNING EXPERIMENT MADE AT GREENWICH.

"There, old fella! Hope you're satisfied it goes round now!"

"Oh, yesh! There's no mistake!"

[These subjects are submitted, very respectfully, to the reverend (!) gentlemen who hold so much conversation with furniture.]

Original Size -- *Medium-Size*



THE FARMYARD.

Country Friend (to *London friend*, who is dressed within an inch of his life)—“There, my boy, come and see this lovely pig, and then we’ll go and look at the rest of the stock.”

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



A SUBURBAN DELIGHT.

Dark Party (with a ticket-of-leave, of course)—“Ax yer pardon, sir! But if you was agoing down this dark lane, praps you’d allow me and this here young man to go along with yer, ’cos, yer see, there aint no perlice about, and we’re so precious feared o’ being garrotted!”

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



JUVENILE ETYMOLOGY.

Master Jack—“Mamma, dear! Now, isn't this called kiss-mas time because everybody kisses everybody under the mistletoe? Ada says it isn't.”

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



PORTRAIT OF THE OLD PARTY WHO RATHER
LIKES ORGAN-GRINDING.

[Original Size](#) -- [Medium-Size](#)



AN INJURED INDIVIDUAL.

Sinkins (who has missed his bird, but peppered *Wilkins*)—
 "There, now, I've a dooced good mind to say that I'll never
 come out shooting with you again; you're always getting in
 the way!"

Original Size -- Medium-Size



PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

Grandmamma—"Well, Charley, and what have you been
 learning to-day?"

Charley—"Pneumatics, gran'ma! And I can tell you such
 a dodge! If I was to put you under a glass receiver, and
 exhaust the air, all your wrinkles would come out as smooth
 as gran'papa's head!"

Original Size -- Medium-Size



A SHOCK.

Mamma—"Why, Tom, what are you doing with that nasty dust-pan and broom?"

Tom—"Brother Fred told me to bring it in and sweep up all the h's Mrs Mopus had dropped about!"

(*N.B.*—Great expectations from Mrs M.)

THE END.

Original Size -- Medium-Size

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK FOUR HUNDRED HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATIONS ***

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