

A Peep into "Punch."

By J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

[The Proprietors of "Punch" have given special permission to reproduce the accompanying illustrations. This is the first occasion when a periodical has been enabled to present a selection from Mr. Punch's famous pages.]

PART I. — 1841 TO 1849.



R. PUNCH has, perhaps, never given a better proof of his ability to gauge the public mind of this country than that contained in the following lines, quoted from the issue dated November 5, 1898:—

A WARNING WORD.

[From Mr. Punch's "Vagrant."]

Dear Punch,—I am not one to bellow
Nor am I much on bloodshed bent;
I'm not a tearing Jingo fellow,
All fuss, and froth, and discontent.

[Here follow some verses relating to political affairs, and then come the lines printed below. J. H. S.]

We have another, sterner matter—
The Frenchman posted on the Nile.

Not his to reason? True! I like
him,
His skill to act, his pluck to dare.
I'd sooner cheer him, far, than strike
him—

But why did others send him there?
In truth, they did not mean to please
us;

'They must have realised with joy
That MARCHAND on the Nile must
tease us,
And sent him merely to annoy.

So be it then: we know what's what
now,
And what the Frenchmen would be
at.

Though Major MARCHAND'S on the
spot now,
He's got to pack and go—that's flat.
We're tired of gracefully conceding,
Tired, too, of jibe and jeer and
flout;

Our answer may show lack of breed-
ing,
But there it is—a plain "Get out."

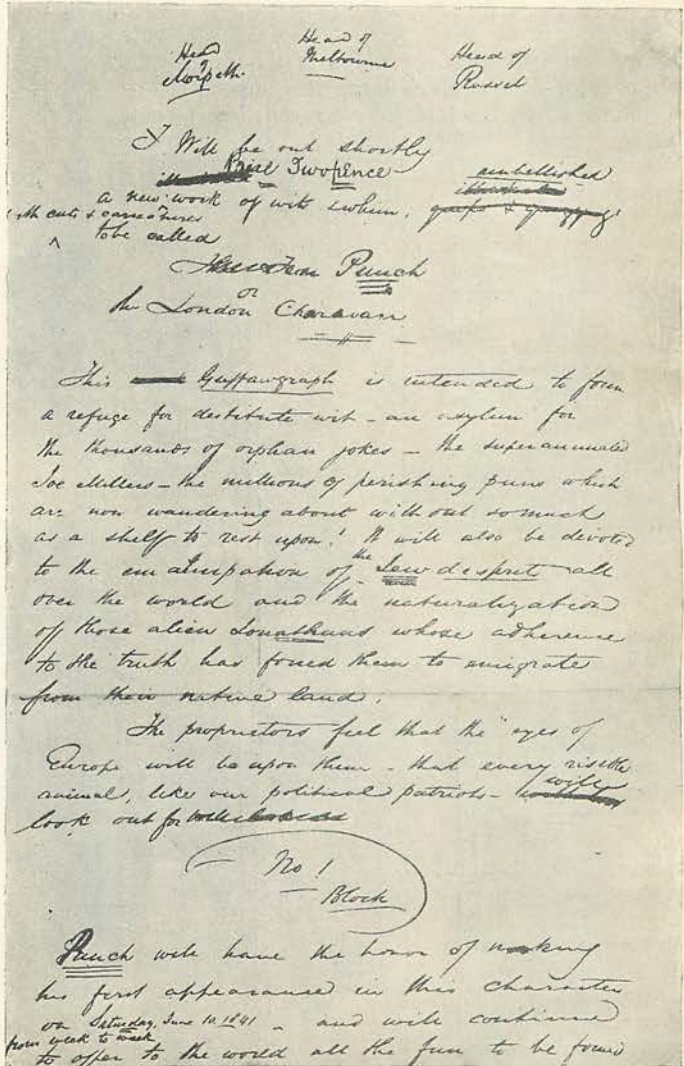
If one should, thinking I am weak,
Sir,
Smite me on one cheek black and
blue,

I'm told to turn the other cheek, Sir,
But not both cheeks and forehead
too.

Year in, year out, they've tried to
spite us,
We've borne it with a sorry grin;
And now—well, if they want to fight
us,
Coats off, and let the fun begin!

Punch published these lines just before Lord Salisbury announced at the Mansion House dinner, given in honour of Lord Kitchener on November 4, that France had come round to our view of the Fashoda ques-

tion, and Punch's neat verses just quoted give an excellently succinct and pithy expression to the feeling of the average peace-loving Briton, who has become quite weary of being diplomatically played with by France in our colonial affairs, and who was, and is, quite ready to "take off his coat."



L.—THE FIRST PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL PROSPECTUS OF "PUNCH," IN THE HANDWRITING OF MARK LEMON. 1841.

The preceding illustration of Mr. Punch's terse and true expression of public opinion is the most recent that can now be given, but



2.—THE FIRST PICTURE IN "PUNCH." 1841.

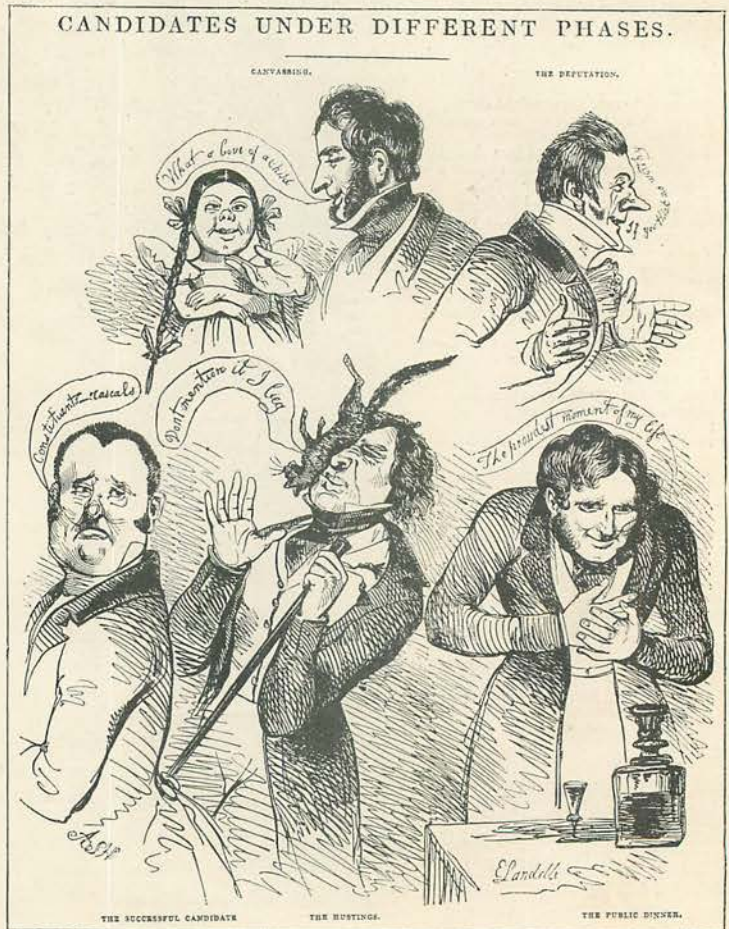
as one looks through the pages of the 113 Volumes of *Punch*, which bring this famous periodical to the end of the year 1897, one notices many other examples of Mr. Punch's acute discernment and pithy expression of the public mind, which have been stepping-stones of fame to him during his long life of nearly sixty years, quite apart from the weekly dish of good things offered by Mr. Punch to his public.

Thanks to the kindness of Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew, the proprietors of *Punch*, I am able to give to the general public some of the pleasure that comes from the possession of a complete set of *Punch*. In reading one's *Punch* the pleasure is much enhanced by Mr. M. H. Spielmann's most admirable book, "The History of *Punch*" [*Cassell and Company, Limited, 1895*], for Mr. Spielmann is probably the best living authority on this subject, and his researches, which extended over four years, enable the ordinary *Punch*-lover to find

many points of great interest [specially in the early Volumes] which, without Mr. Spielmann's book, might be passed over without notice. Some of the *Punch* engravings now shown have been found by the aid of Mr. Spielmann's book, which is a thoroughly reliable and quite indispensable Text-Book on *Punch*, while, on other points, I have been privileged to consult Mr. W. Lawrence Bradbury and Mr. Philip L. Agnew as well as Mr. Spielmann himself.

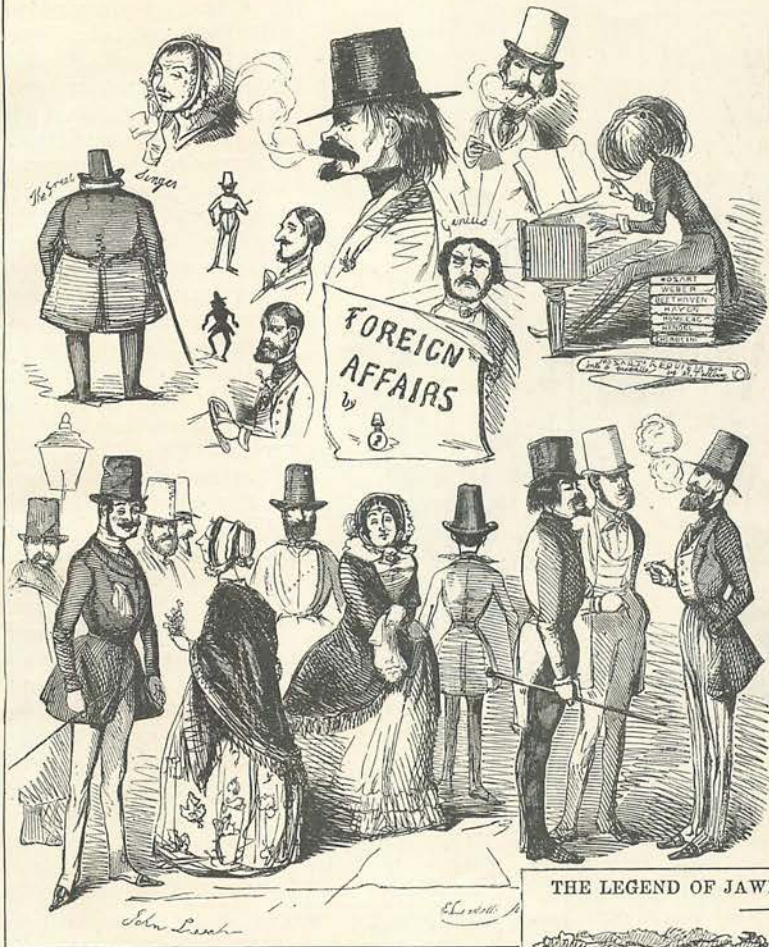
When the Queen came to the throne there was no *Punch*. He was conceived in circumstances of much mystery, for many have claimed the honour of his paternity. The historian of *Punch* has devoted a long chapter to this matter of *Punch's* paternity, and has judicially weighed the evidence for or against each claimant. Mr. Spielmann writes:—

Yet although it was not . . . Henry Mayhew who was the actual initiator of *Punch*, it was unques-



3.—THE FIRST OF MR. PUNCH'S CARTOONS. 1841.

PUNCH'S PENCILLINGS.—N^o. IV.



4.—THE FIRST PICTURE BY JOHN LEECH. 1841.

tionably he to whom the whole credit belongs of having developed Landells' specific idea of a "Charivari," and of its conception in the form it took. Though not the absolute author of its existence, he was certainly the author of its literary and artistic being, and to that degree, as he was wont to claim, he was its founder.

Thus, the opinion of the best authority is that Henry Mayhew and Ebenezer Landells were the real founders of *Punch*.

Early in 1841, after several discussions between the members of the first staff of *Punch*, the original prospectus was drawn up by Mark Lemon. The first page of this three-page foolscap document is shown in reduced facsimile in illustration No. 1 of this article. An excellent facsimile, on the original blue foolscap paper, is bound up in a little anonymous pamphlet published in

the year 1870, "Mr. Punch: His Origin and Career"; but Mr. Bradbury told me that many of the statements about *Punch* in this pamphlet are erroneous, although the document is an exact copy of the original in Mr. Bradbury's possession, which happens just now to be packed away in a warehouse, and so cannot be photographed.

It is interesting to see in No. 1 that the name *Punch* was substituted for the struck-out title, "The Fun——." It has been suggested that the title thus cut short in favour of the single word *Punch* was to have been "The Funny Dogs

THE LEGEND OF JAWBRAHIM-HERAUDEE.



HERE once lived a king in Armenia, whose name was Poof-Allee-Shaw; he was called by his people, and the rest of the world who happened to hear of him, Zuberdust, or, the Poet, founding his greatest glory, like Bulwer-Khan, Monckton, Milnes-Sahib, Rogers-Sam-Bahawder, and other lords of the English Court, not so much on his possessions, his ancient race, or his personal beauty (all which, 'tis known, these Frank emirs possess), as upon his talent for poetry, which was in truth amazing.

He was not, like other sovereigns, proud of his prowess in arms, fond of invading hostile countries, or, at any rate, of reviewing his troops when no hostile country was at hand, but loved letters all his life long. It was said, that, at fourteen, he had copied the Shah-Nameh ninety-nine times, and, at the early age of twelve, could repeat the Koran backwards. Thus he gained the most prodigious power of memory; and it is related of him, that a Frank merchant once coming to his Court, with a poem by Bulwer-Khan called the Siamce-Geminee (or, Twins of Siam). His Majesty, Poof-Allee, without understanding a word of the language in which that incomparable epic was written, nevertheless learned it off, and by the mere force of memory, could repeat every single word of it.

Now, all great men have their weaknesses; and King Poof-Allee, I am sorry to say, had his. He wished to pass for a poet, and not having a spark of originality in his composition, nor able to string two verses together, would, with the utmost gravity, repeat you a sonnet of Hafiz or Saadee, which the simpering courtiers applauded as if it were his own.

5.—THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE FIRST LITERARY CONTRIBUTION BY THACKERAY, WHO ALSO DREW THIS INITIAL SKETCH. 1842.



THE LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

6.—THE FIRST PICTURE OF THE QUEEN IN "PUNCH." 1841.

with *Comic Tales*," and the prospectus ends with the words, "Funny dogs with comic tales." The price was written "Twopence," although the price of *Punch* has always been Threepence.

As regards the sudden change of title to *Punch*—a change made, as we see from the facsimile, while Mark Lemon was in the very act of writing the title—Mr. Spielmann has recorded that there are as many versions as to the origin of *Punch's* name as of the origin of the periodical itself.

Hodder declares that it was Mayhew's sudden inspiration. Last asserted that when "somebody" at the *Edinburgh Castle* meeting spoke of the paper, like a good mixture of punch, being nothing without Lemon, Mayhew caught at the idea and cried, "A capital idea! We'll call it *Punch*!"

There have been many other claimants to the distinction of having thought of the title "*Punch*," which is certainly an infinitely better title than "*Funny Dogs with Comic Tales*" and much better than "*The Funny Dogs*," which I suggest may have been the title Mark Lemon began to write, judging from the place on the paper (see No. 1),

where he began with the words, "*The Fun—*"; for if he had intended to write the longer title, "*The Funny Dogs with Comic Tales*," he must have run the last part of this long title too far to the right of his paper to be consistent with the symmetrical position given to his other headings, etc., on the sheet of foolscap: a practised writer unconsciously allows enough space for the symmetrical setting out of his head-lines, etc., and that Mark Lemon was a specially practised writer is very clearly shown by inspection of this interesting facsimile.

The first number of *Punch* came out on the 17th July, 1841, at 13, Wellington Street, Strand. There was a good demand for it, two editions of five thousand copies each being sold in two days. This demand was caused by advertising in various ways, including the distribution of 100,000 copies of a printed prospectus that was nearly identical with the draft whose first page has been shown here.

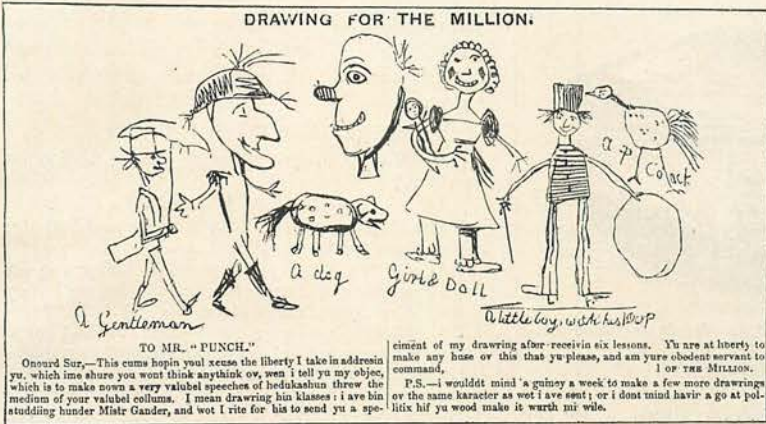
THE PRINCE OF WALES.—HIS FUTURE TIMES.

A PRIVATE letter from Hanover states that, precisely at twelve minutes to eleven in the morning on the ninth of the present November, his Majesty King ERNEST was suddenly attacked by a violent fit of blue devils. All the court doctors were immediately summoned, and as immediately dismissed, by his Majesty, who sent for the Wizard of the North (recently appointed royal astrologer), to divine the mysterious cause of this so sudden melancholy. In a trice the mystery was solved—Queen Victoria "was happily delivered of a Prince!" His Majesty was immediately assisted to his chamber—put to bed—the curtains drawn—all the royal household ordered to wear list slippers—the one knocker to the palace was carefully tied up—and (on the departure of our courier) half a load of straw was already deposited beneath the window of the royal chamber. The sentinels on duty were prohibited from even sneezing, under pain of death, and all things in and about the palace, to use a bran new simile, were silent as the grave!

"Whilst there was only the Princess Royal there were many hopes. There was hope from severe teething—hope from measles—hope from hooping-cough—but with the addition of a Prince of Wales, the hopes of Hanover are below par." But we pause. We will no further invade the sanctity of the sorrows of a king; merely observing, that what makes his Majesty very savage, makes hundreds of thousands of Englishmen mighty glad. There are now two cradles between the Crown of England and the White Horse of Hanover.

We have a Prince of Wales! Whilst, however, England is throwing up its million caps in rapture at the advent, let it not be forgotten to whom we owe the royal baby. In the clamorousness of our joy the fact would have escaped us, had we not received a letter from Colonel STRIBORP, who assures us that we owe a Prince of Wales entirely to the present cabinet; had the Whigs remained in office, the infant would inevitably have been a girl.

7.—THE FIRST MENTION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES. 1841.



8.—A SUPPOSITITIOUS OFFER TO "PUNCH." 1842.

reproducing an artist's work to any scale; the work had to be cut on the wood-block and shown the same size as the original drawing. Hence, in a weekly paper such as *Punch*, there was often not much time to spend on the wood-engraving, and so many of the drawings, especially the early ones, are wanting in finish.

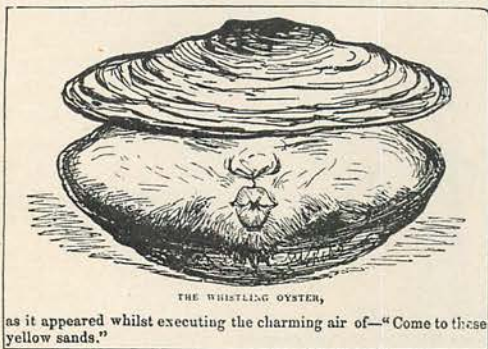
From the first Volume of *Punch* I have chosen the five pictures here numbered 2, 3, 4, 6, and 7. No. 2 is the first picture in *Punch*, a distinction that gives importance to this little sketch [the same size as the original] of a broken-down man at work on the tread-mill. By the first picture, I mean the first that was printed on the numbered pages of *Punch*—this is on page 2 of Vol. I.—for the *Introduction* contained three woodcuts, and there was the outside wrapper—of which I shall speak later. But this little cut in No. 2 is really the first of Mr. Punch's famous gallery of black-and-white art. It was drawn by William Newman, and this is one of his so-called "blackies"—little *silhouettes* that were paid for at the rate of eighteen shillings per dozen.

No. 3 is the first of Mr. Punch's long series of cartoons. This was done by A. S. Henning, and it makes a much nicer picture in its present reduced size than in its original large size, where the work is too coarse in texture. In the forties, there were no ingenious photographic processes for

Picture No. 4 is the first by famous John Leech—Mr. Punch's first great artist—and in addition to the signature "John Leech"



9.—THE FIRST PICTURE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, 1842.



THE WHISTLING OYSTER,

as it appeared whilst executing the charming air of—"Come to these yellow sands."

10.—A FANCIFUL DISCOVERY BY "PUNCH." 1843.

at the bottom of the block, there is in the middle of the design the curious sign-manual, a leech in a bottle, which John Leech often used to mark his work. This first design by Leech was in the fourth number of *Punch*, August 7, 1841, and its title "Foreign Affairs" has reference to the groups of foreign refugees who at that time were specially numerous in Soho and Leicester Square — places that even nowadays are characterized by the presence of numerous and not too desirable foreigners.

The facsimile in No. 5 is from the commencement of Thackeray's first literary contribution to *Punch*, and the sketch which forms the initial letter T is also by Thackeray. Mr. Spielmann says this sketch is "undoubtedly" by Thackeray; the full contribution is on page 254 of Volume II.

The cartoon shown in No. 6 contains the first picture of Queen Victoria in *Punch*, and it represents Sir Robert Peel sent for by the Queen to form an Administration in place of the beaten Ministry of Lord Melbourne. This was in the autumn of 1841. The words, The Letter of Introduction, at the bottom of

the cartoon, are the title of "a MS. drama, called the 'Court of Victoria,'" on page 90 of Volume I. of *Punch*, which commences:—

SCENE IN WINDSOR CASTLE.

[Her Majesty discovered sitting thoughtfully at an *escritoire*.]

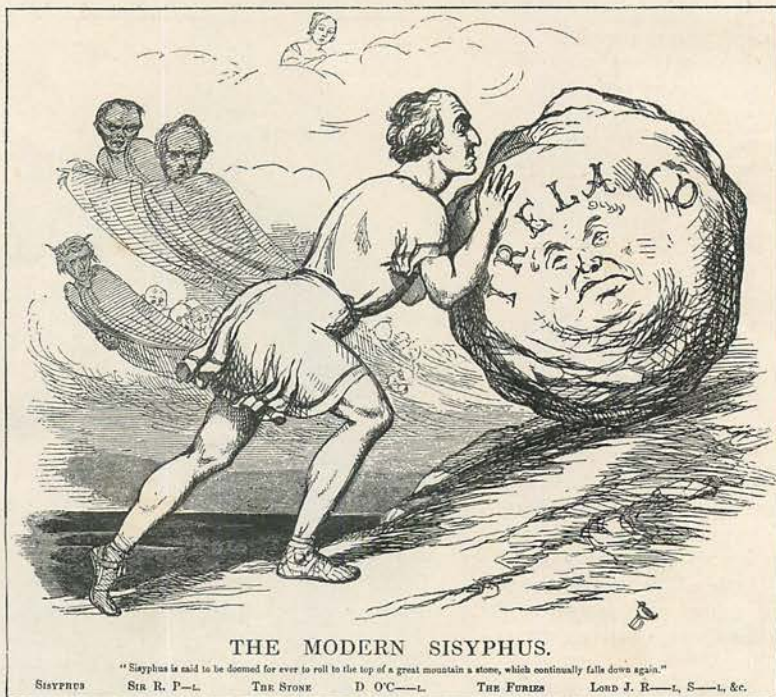
Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN: May it please your Majesty, a letter from the Duke of Wellington.

THE QUEEN (*opens the letter*): Oh! a person for the vacant place of Premier—show the bearer in, my lord. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

THE QUEEN (*muses*): Sir Robert Peel—I have heard that name before, as connected with my family. If I remember rightly he held the situation of adviser to the Crown in the reign of Uncle William, and was discharged for exacting a large discount on all the State receipts; yet Wellington is very much interested in his favour. Etc., etc., etc.

In facsimile No. 7 we see the first mention in *Punch* of the Prince of Wales.



THE MODERN SISYPHUS.

"Sisyphus is said to be doomed for ever to roll to the top of a great mountain a stone, which continually falls down again."

SKETCHES BY SIR R. P.—L. THE STONE BY D. O'—L. THE FURIES BY LORD J. R.—L. S.—L. &c.

11.—RICHARD DOYLE'S FIRST CARTOON. 1844.

It is the first part of a full-page article on page 222 of Volume I., which records the birth of the Prince on November 9, 1841, and which also refers to the disappointment caused to the King of Hanover by the birth of the Queen's second child. *Punch* writes: "There are now two cradles between the Crown of England and the White Horse of Hanover." How many British Royal

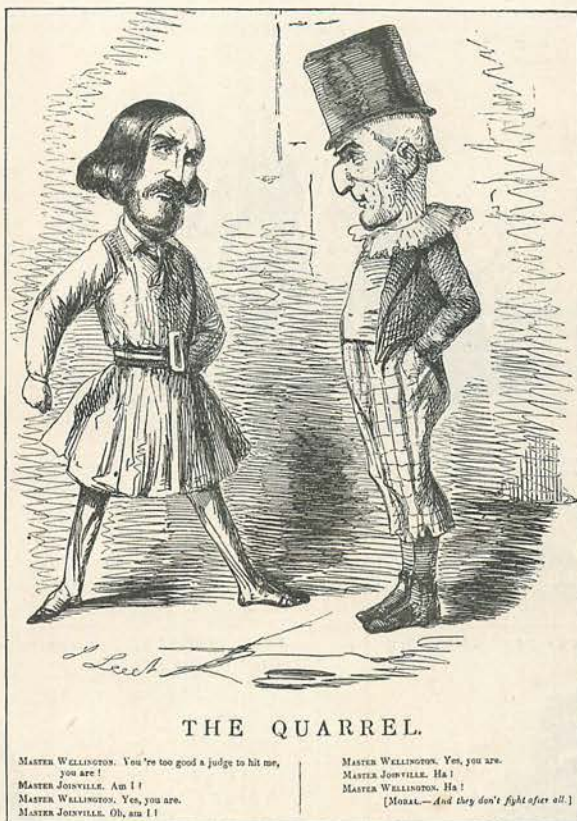
"cradles" are there now between the two things named by *Punch*?

This comical sketch in No. 8 was, I suspect, suggested to Mr. Punch by one of the many offers of unsolicited "outside" contributions which have always been severely discouraged. Mr. Punch prefers to rely upon his own staff, although he is always on the alert for fresh talent, and amongst the clever men who have thus been invited to contribute to *Punch* are Mr. H. W. Lucy ("Toby, M.P."), Mr. R. C. Lehmann (who wrote "The Adventures of Picklock Holes"), Mr. Bernard Partridge (the brilliant successor to Mr. du Maurier), and Mr. Phil

May.

We see in No. 9 the first *Punch* picture of the Prince of Wales. This cartoon was drawn by Kenny Meadows. The Queen is standing at the left of the infant Prince, and points to the first tooth, the doctor blows a toy-trumpet and offers some soldiers, while the lady who kneels is offering a baby's coral with a *Punch*'s head as its chief attraction.

No. 10 is a very clever sketch of "The Whistling Oyster." A full account of this



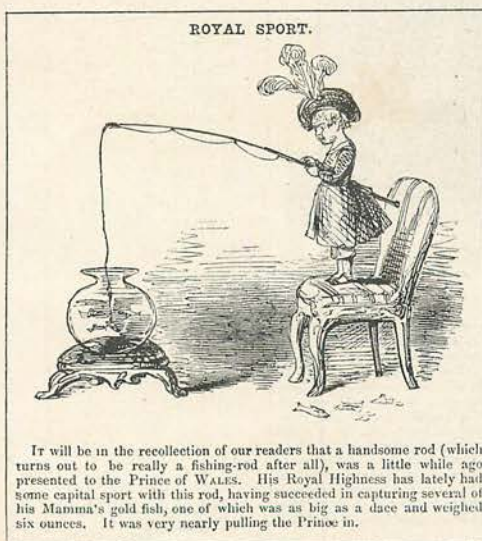
12.—A SUPPOSITITIOUS CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND THE DUKE OF JOINVILLE (OF THE FRENCH NAVY). 1844.

supposititious discovery is given on page 142-3 of Volume V. of *Punch*, in the year 1843, and this curiosity was stated to be "in the possession of Mr. Pearkes of Vineyard Yard, opposite the gallery door of Drury Lane Theatre."

The cartoon in No. 11 is the first by another of Mr. Punch's great guns—the famous Richard Doyle. This appeared on March 16, 1844; and "The Modern Sisyphus" is Sir Robert Peel, then Premier, seen in the task of rolling up the great stone

[Daniel O'Connell, the Irish orator, who was then agitating for the repeal of the union between Ireland and Great Britain], while Lord John Russell and others represent "The Furies" who are watching Peel's unavailing exertions.

The sign-manual at the right of this cartoon—a dicky-bird perched on a D—was often used by Richard Doyle, and may be seen on the present wrapper of *Punch*. Although No. 11 is the first cartoon contributed by Doyle, it is not the first work he did for *Punch*, for Doyle commenced his association with the paper by drawing comic borders for the



It will be in the recollection of our readers that a handsome rod (which turns out to be really a fishing-rod after all), was a little while ago presented to the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness has lately had some capital sport with this rod, having succeeded in capturing several of his Mamma's gold fish, one of which was as big as a dace and weighed six ounces. It was very nearly pulling the Prince in.

13.—ANOTHER PICTURE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, 1844.

Christmas number of 1842.

John Leech's cartoon, in No. 12, was published September 14, 1844; the Prince de Joinville was in command of the French Navy, and there was some foolish talk in the French papers about an invasion of England. The expression of the Duke of Wellington's face in this cartoon is simply perfect, as he stands with his hands in his pockets calmly looking at the threatening



GENTLEMEN.—Seed a little dog, ma'm I no ma'm. This here's the bonny dog I've seed to-day, and he don't answer to the name of Fido.

14.—A PICTURE OF INNOCENCE. 1845.

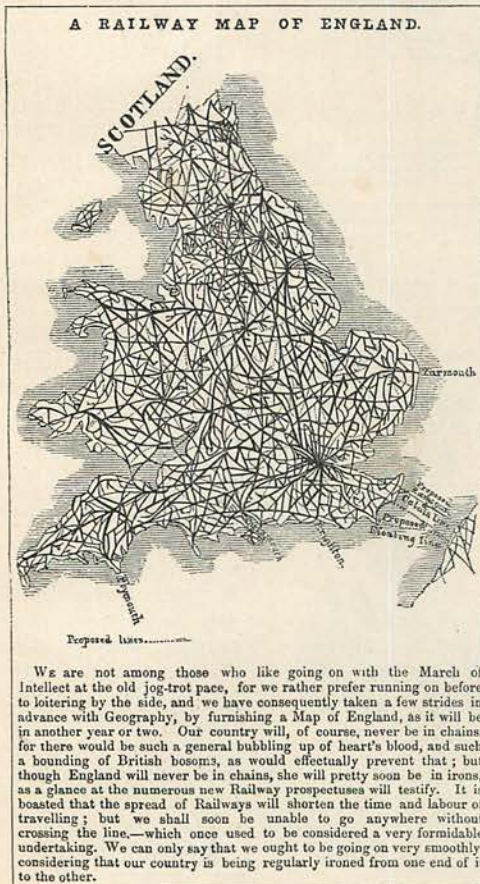
Joinville, and quietly says to the Frenchman, "You're too good a judge to hit me, you are!" One is irresistibly reminded by this clever cartoon of a quite recent affair with our French neighbour, in which the relative positions were not unlike those here shown, and to which the climax was [at any rate, up to date, November, 1898]

the same as in Leech's cartoon — *And they don't fight after all!*

No. 13 is from page 157 of Volume VII., October 5, 1844. It represents the Prince of Wales, then not quite three years old, "capturing several of his Mamma's gold fish, one of which was as big as a dace, and weighed six ounces. It was very nearly pulling the Prince in."

In the "Innocence" picture, No. 14, observe that the little dog *Fido*, which is being sought by the lady, is just visible in the left coat-pocket of the Bill - Sikes - looking rough.

The Railway Map of England, No. 15, is one of Mr. Punch's prophecies that has



15.—MR. PUNCH POKES FUN AT THE RAILWAY MANIA OF 1845.



YOUNG BEX he was a nice young man,
An author by his trade,
He fell in love with Polly-Tier
And was an M.P. made.
He was a Radical one day,
But met a Tory crew;
His Polly-Tier he cast away,
And then turned Tory too.
Now Bex had tried for many a place
When Tories 'ven wore out;
But in two years the turning Whigs
Were turned to the right about.
But when he called on Rosser Peas,
His nabote to employ,
He answer was, "Young Englander,
For me you're not the boy."
Oh, Rosser Peas! Oh, Rosser Peas!
How could you serve me not!
I've met with Whig rebuffs before,
But not a Tory blow.
Then rising up in Parliament,
He made a ferce to do
With Peas, who merely wibled his eyes,
Bex wank'd like winking too.
And then he tried the game again,
But couldn't, though he tried;
His party turn'd away from him,
Nor with him would divide.
Young England died when in its birth;
In Party-five it fell;
The papers told the public, but
None for it toll'd the bell.

16.—AN EARLY PICTURE OF LORD BEACONSFIELD, AS BENJAMIN DISRAELI. 1845.

become fact. It is in the issue of October 11, 1845, and refers to the precipitate influx of new lines just then taking place. To us, nowadays, there is nothing remarkable in this Railway Map, which might be mistaken for a genuine railway map of England and Wales; but in 1845, when this map was made by Mr. Punch, he no doubt intended it as a piece of satire.

No. 16 introduces us to a very early *Punch*-picture of Benjamin Disraeli [June, 1845]; not the first, which was, Mr. Philip Agnew tells me, in the year 1844, but this is the more interesting picture of the two. Mr. Punch was sometimes very severe in his treatment of Disraeli, and this sketch with the accompanying verses is a good example of *Punch's* early satire. As regards Mr. Punch's politics, it is interesting to quote the following words from "The History of *Punch*":—

"The Table" [*i.e.*, the weekly *Punch* dinner-table at which the cartoons, etc., are discussed.—J. H. S.] has always shown an amalgam of Conservative and Liberal instincts and leanings, although the former have never been those of the "pre-dominant partner." To the constant effort of the Staff is to be fair and patriotic, and to subordinate their personal views to the general good.



PORTRAIT OF THE RAILWAY PANIC.

17.—AT THE END OF 1845.



Boy. "MR. PESTLE'S OUT OF TOWN, MEM. CAN I GIVE YOU ANY ADVICE

19.—THE DOCTOR'S ASSISTANT. 1846.



THE LAST NEW RAILWAY SCHEME.

Our modern projectors having exhausted the old world of railways above ground, have invented a new world of a subterranean kind, in which they propose to construct lines "under the present wide, leading streets of London." This is a magnificent notion for relieving the over-crowded thoroughfares, and at the same time relieving any particularly over-crowded pocket from its oppressive burden. The prospectus states that the thing "can be accomplished without any serious engineering difficulties." The difficulties, instead of being serious, will, we suppose, be merely laughable. If any great dilemma should arise, it will of course be overcome by a little jocularly.

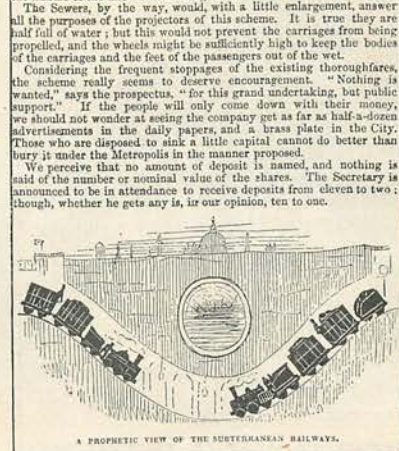
We understand that a survey has already been made, and that many of the inhabitants along the line have expressed their readiness to place their coal-collars at the disposal of the company. It is believed that much expense may be saved by taking advantage of areas, kitchens, and coal-holes already made, through which the trains may run without much inconvenience to the owners, by making a judicious arrangement of the time-table. It will certainly be awkward if a family should be waiting for a scuttle of coals, and should not be able to get it until after the train had gone by; but a little domestic foresight, seconded by railway punctuality, will obviate all annoyances of this kind.

As the contemplated railway must in several places be carried through the sides and centre of a street, it will be necessary to arrange with the gas and water companies, so that they may all co-operate in this great national work. If the atmospheric principle should be adopted, arrangements could perhaps be entered into to obtain the use of the principal main belonging to the water-works as a continuous valve; for if we are to judge by the arrangements on the Croydon line, this continuous valve is a tremendous pipe, which merely lies in the middle of the line without being used.

The Sowers, by the way, would, with a little enlargement, answer all the purposes of the projectors of this scheme. It is true they are half full of water; but this would not prevent the carriages from being propelled, and the wheels might be sufficiently high to keep the bodies of the carriages and the feet of the passengers out of the wet.

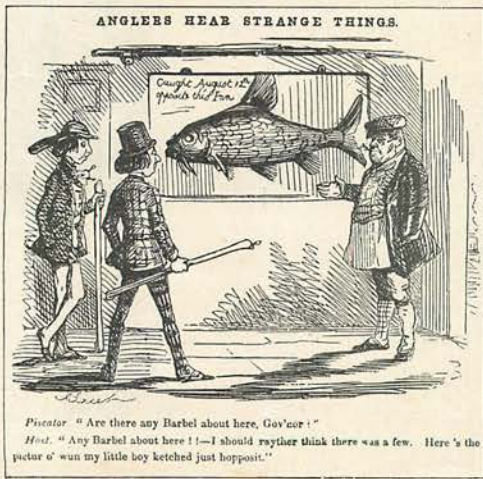
Considering the frequent stoppages of the existing thoroughfares, the scheme really seems to deserve encouragement. "Nothing is wanted," says the prospectus, "for this grand undertaking, but public support." If the people will only come down with their money, we should not wonder at seeing the company get as far as half-a-dozen advertisements in the daily papers, and a brass plate in the City. Those who are disposed to sink a little capital cannot do better than bury it under the Metropolis in the manner proposed.

We perceive that no amount of deposit is named, and nothing is said of the number or nominal value of the shares. The Secretary is announced to be in attendance to receive deposits from eleven to two; though, whether he gets any is, in our opinion, ten to one.



A PROSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE SUBTERRANEAN RAILWAYS.

20.—MR. PUNCH SCOFFS AT THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY SCHEME. 1846.



Presentor "Are there any Barbel about here, Gov'ner?"
 Host. "Any Barbel about here!—I should rather think there was a few. Here's the picture o' wun my little boy ketcht just hopposit."

18.—ONE OF MR. PUNCH'S FISHING TALES. 1845.

For, whatever the public may think, neither Editor nor Staff is bound by any consideration to any party or any person, but hold themselves free to satirise or to approve "all round."

When No. 16 was published, Disraeli was the leader of the "Young England" party,



21.—ONE OF LEECH'S SKETCHES. 1847.

having some years previously been converted from a Radical into a Tory: hence the allusions contained in the lines below this sketch.

In a later part of this article Mr. Punch's



22.—A JOKE DRAWN BY THACKERAY, THE POINT OF WHICH HAS NEVER BEEN DISCOVERED. 1847.



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

23.—A PICTURE OF DOMESTIC BLISS. 1847.

treatment of Disraeli's great rival Gladstone will be illustrated.

The vivid "Portrait of the Railway Panic,"

by Doyle, No. 17, was published November 8,

1845, and refers to the depression in railway-

dividends then being caused by over-competi-

tion in railway-promo-

tion; No. 20 also refers to the railway-schemes

of that time, and is Mr. Punch's ironical notice

[dated September 26, 1846] of "The Last New

Railway Scheme," i.e., the proposal for making an

Underground Railway, which, as we here read,

was scoffed at by Punch

—"The Secretary is announced to be in

attendance to receive deposits from eleven to two;

though, whether he gets any is, in our opinion,

ten to one." But immediately below these words

Mr. Punch gives a sectional diagram of the

Underground Railway as he conceived it, and it is

not a bad shot at "A prophetic view of the

subterranean railways." As a matter of fact, the

works for the now familiar Metropolitan (Under-



MR. JOHN BULL AFTER AN ATTACK OF COVING-PAIN.

24.—A SKETCH BY DOYLE. 1848.

AUTHORS' MISERIES. No. VI.



Old Gentleman. Miss Wiggets. Two Authors.

Old Gentleman. "I AM SORRY TO SEE YOU OCCUPIED, MY DEAR MISS WIGGETS, WITH THAT TRIVIAL PAPER 'PUNCH.' A RAILWAY IS NOT A PLACE, IN MY OPINION, FOR JOKES. I NEVER JOKE—NEVER."
 Miss W. "So I SHOULD THINK, SIR."
 Old Gentleman. "AND BESIDES, ARE YOU AWARE WHO ARE THE CONDUCTORS OF THAT PAPER, AND THAT THEY ARE CHARTISTS, DEISTS, ATHEISTS, ANARCHISTS, AND SOCIALISTS, TO A MAN! I HAVE IT FROM THE BEST AUTHORITY, THAT THEY MEET TOGETHER ONCE A WEEK IN A TAVERN IN SAINT GILES'S, WHERE THEY CONCOCT THEIR INFAMOUS PRINT. THE CHIEF PART OF THEIR INCOME IS DERIVED FROM THREATENING LETTERS WHICH THEY SEND TO THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY. THE PRINCIPAL WRITER IS A RETURNED CONVICT. TWO HAVE BEEN TRIED AT THE OLD BAILEY; AND THEIR ARTIST—AS FOR THEIR ARTIST
 Guard. "SWIN-DUR! STA-TION!"

[Execut two Authors.]

25.—DRAWN BY THACKERAY, AND CONTAINING AT THE LEFT PORTRAITS OF THACKERAY AND OF DOUGLAS JERROLD. 1848.

ground) Railway were commenced in 1860; fourteen years after this ironical prophecy by *Punch*.

No. 18 is one of John Leech's jokes on fishermen's tales, and No. 19 is another joke probably based on fact. The amusing picture, No. 21, illustrating "The Rising Generation," is also by John Leech.

No. 22 is a curiosity. It was drawn by Thackeray and published on page 59 of Volume XII., February 6, 1847. From that day to this more than fifty years, no one has discovered the point of this joke by Thackeray. "The History of *Punch*" records that on the appearance of this sketch the "Man in the Moon" offered "a reward of £500 and a free pardon" to anyone who would publish an explanation. The reward was never claimed.

What does this sketch mean? Is the shorter female a servant caught in the act of trying on

her mistress's best cap? But if so, why is the "scene" placed in a room that seems to be a library and not a bedroom? And is the object on, or near, the front of the taller woman's dress, the falling cap of the servant? But if so, how does the servant's cap come to be falling as the figures are placed—there is no sign on the part of the servant [?] that she has just dropped the cap [?] from her left hand? This is truly a puzzle and will probably never be solved, although when one remembers that this was drawn by Thackeray, and passed, as one may suppose, by Mark Lemon, the Editor of *Punch* in the year 1847, both men of keen wit, it is scarcely possible to think that this joke does not contain any point.

A sketch of "Domestic Bliss" is shown in No. 23, and No. 24 is a picture by Richard Doyle of "Mr. John Bull after an attack of Income-Tax." This was published in the spring of 1848, and must I think have been the outcome of a then-recent smart from an ordinary income-tax payment by Mr. Punch, for on turning up the income-tax records I find that the rate was not unusually high in the year 1848, the tax being 7d. in the £ for the years 1846 to 1852.

No. 25 was drawn by Thackeray, in 1848.

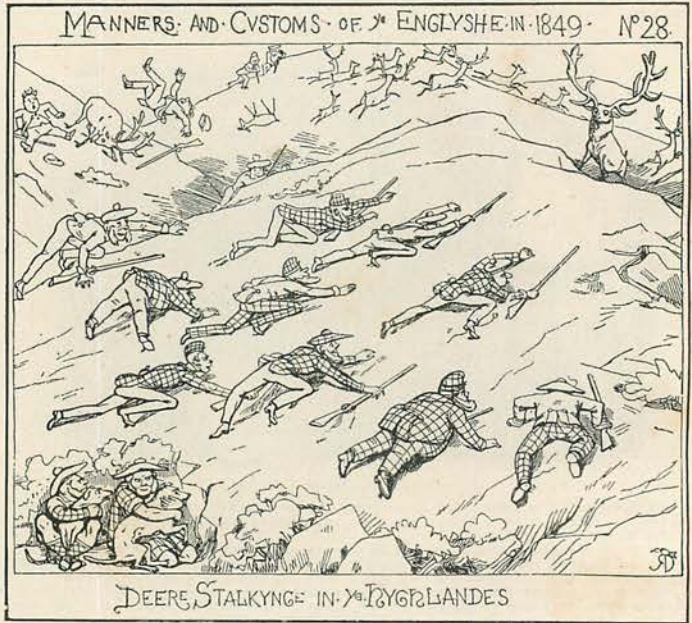


Affectionate Husband. "COME, POLLY—IF I AM A LITTLE IRRITABLE, IT'S OVER IN A MINUTE!!!"

26.—MORE DOMESTIC BLISS. 1848.

and the "Two Authors" at the left are portraits of Thackeray, who is reading the *Sunday Times*, and of Douglas Jerrold, who is leaning against the padded division of the railway compartment, while both authors are listening to the denunciations of themselves and of their fellow-Punchites which are being poured out by the reverend gentleman at the other end of the compartment.

Glancing at Nos. 26 and 27, we come to No. 28, which is one of Richard Doyle's very funny serial sketches, entitled "Manners and Customs of ye Englyshe." This is one of the funniest, although, where all are so good, it is difficult to single out



28.—BY RICHARD DOYLE. 1849.



27.—A STREET-ARAB OF 1849.

seen consulting Dr. Punch. There are now available one hundred and fifteen of these volumes, and actual experience of Dr. Punch's advice to his patient enables me to thoroughly indorse the soundness of the advice given by the wise and genial old doctor of Fleet Street.

any one of this remarkably clever series. Every bit of this sketch, No. 28, is worth looking at; the climbing positions of the deer-stalkers are most comical, and look at the two gillies holding back the dogs, and at the stag who is surveying the approaching attack. This was published September 22, 1849.

When No. 29 was published there were only eleven (half-yearly) volumes of *Punch* available for use by the patient who is here



John Bull. "Such a tightness in my chest."
Mr. Punch. "Tightness in your chest. Oh! Poor, Poor! Read my book!"

29.—A PIECE OF GOOD ADVICE BY DR. PUNCH. 1847.

(To be continued.)

A Peep into "Punch."

By J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

[The Proprietors of "Punch" have given special permission to reproduce the accompanying illustrations. This is the first occasion when a periodical has been enabled to present a selection from Mr. Punch's famous pages.]

PART II. — 1850 TO 1854.



OME while ago, in the pantomime "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," Ali Baba's brother, who had found his way into the secret cave, ran about in a most ludicrous manner eagerly picking from the floor diamonds, rubies, and emeralds as big as ostrich-eggs: as fast as he picked up another

Ali Baba's wicked brother to leave so many fine big gems behind him in the richly-stored cave. However, Mr. Punch's whole store of riches is, after all, accessible to anyone whose Open Sesame! is a little cheque, and so one has some consolation for being able to show here only a very small selection from Mr. Punch's famous gallery of wit and art which that discerning connoisseur has been collecting during the last sixty years.

The year 1850 was a notable one for *Punch*, for then John Tenniel joined the famous band of Punchites. His first contribution is shown in No. 1, the beautiful initial letter L with the accompanying sketch, which, although it is nearly fifty years old, and is here in a reduced size, yet distinctly shows even to the non-expert eye the touch of that same wonderful hand which in this week's *Punch* (November 26th, 1898) drew the cartoon showing Britannia and the United States as two blue-jackets in jovial comradeship under the sign of the "Two Cross Flags," with jolly old landlord *Punch* saying to them, "Fill up, my hearties! It looks like 'dirty weather' ahead, but you two—John and Johnathan—will see it through—together!"

Glancing at Nos. 2 and 3—Leech's sketch in No. 3 is, by the way, a truthfully graphic reminder to the writer of the first time



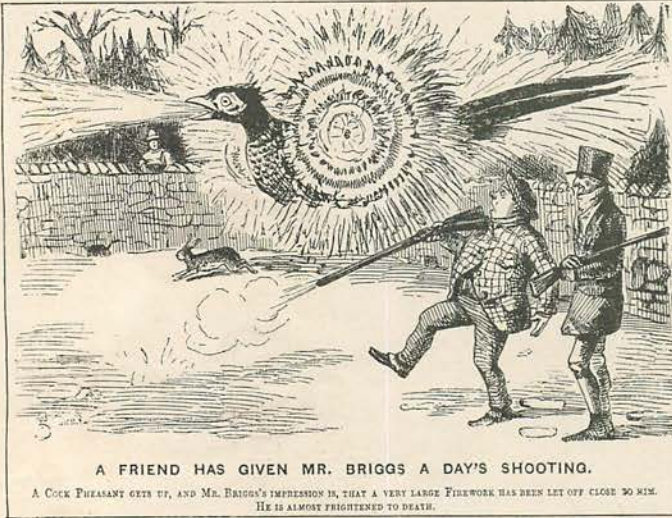
1.—THIS INITIAL LETTER "L" IS SIR JOHN TENNIEL'S FIRST "PUNCH" DRAWING; NOVEMBER 30, 1850.

gem he let one fall from his already loaded arms. I laughed at Ali Baba's brother, but did not feel sympathetic.

Now, I do not laugh, and I do feel sympathetic with A. B.'s brother—for in choosing these pictures from *Punch*, one no sooner picks out a gem, with an "I'll have you," than on the turn of a page a better picture comes, and the other has to be dropped. It goes as much against my grain to leave such a host of good things hidden in *Punch* as it went against the covetous desires of



2.—JUSTIFIABLE HESITATION. 1850.



A FRIEND HAS GIVEN MR. BRIGGS A DAY'S SHOOTING.

A COCK PHEASANT GETS UP, AND MR. BRIGGS'S IMPRESSION IS, THAT A VERY LARGE FIREWORK HAS BEEN LET OFF CLOSE TO HIM. HE IS ALMOST FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.

3.—BY LEECH. 1850.

he [unexpectedly] heard and saw a strong Cornish cock-pheasant get up close at his feet—we come to No. 4, which represents the British Lion (as taxpayer) looking askance at the Prince of Wales, aged nine, on whose behalf application had just been made for the purchase of Marlborough House as a residence for the Prince. The portly man in the picture on the wall is a former Prince of Wales, the Regent who became George IV. in 1820, and who is here seen walking by the Pavilion at Brighton, built in 1784-87 as a residence for this Prince of Wales.

No. 5 is very funny, and it is one of the many *Punch* jokes which are periodically served up afresh in other periodicals. I have read this joke somewhere quite lately, although it came out in *Punch* nearly fifty years ago.

On this score, does anyone know if the following is a *Punch* joke? It was lately told to me as a new joke, but I was afraid to send it to Mr. Punch:—

Two London street-Arabs. One is eating an apple, the other gazes enviously, and says, "Gi'e us a bite, Bill." "Sha'n't," says the apple-eater. "Gi'e us the core, then," entreats the non-apple-eater. "There ain't

goin' to be no core!" stolidly replies the other, out of his stolidly munching jaws.

The very clever drawing No. 6 is by Richard Doyle; it was published in 1850, and at the close of that year Doyle left *Punch* owing to *Punch's* vigorous attack on "Popery"—the Popery, scare got hold of the public mind in 1849, and for some while *Punch* published scathing cartoons against Roman Catholicism. Doyle being of that faith resigned his position and a good income through purely conscientious motives. Although Doyle left in 1850 his work was seen

in *Punch* as lately as 1864, for when he resigned some of his work was then unpublished.



THE ROYAL RISING GENERATION.

British Lion. "YOU WANT MARBORO' HOUSE, AND SOME STABLES!!—WHY, YOU'LE BE WANTING A LATCH KEY NEXT, I SUPPOSE!!"

4.—THE PRINCE OF WALES AT AGE NINE. BY LEECH, 1850.

This funny illustration of "A meeting to discuss the principles of Protection and Free Trade" was an outcome of the intensely



Old Gentleman (politely). "Oh, CONDUCTOR! I SHALL FEEL GREATLY OBLIGED TO YOU IF YOU WOULD PROCEED, FOR I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT IN THE STRAND, AND I AM AFRAID I SHALL BE TOO LATE."
Conductor (slamming the door). "GO ON, JIM! HERE'S AN OLD COVE A CUSNIN AND A SWARING LIKE ANY THINK!!!"

5.—A CLEAR CASE OF LIBEL. 1851.

bitter feeling between the partisans of both sides which marked the carrying-on by Lord John Russell of the system established by Sir Robert Peel in 1846 for throwing open our market-doors to free trade with foreign nations.

No. 7 is one of the minor hits at "Papal



Oratorian. "IS YOUR MISTRESS WITHIN, MY DEAR?"
Maid-of-All-Work. "OH, HELP! HELP! HERE'S A BOOIX, MISSES! HELP! HELP!"

7.—THE APPARITION. 1850.

Aggression" made by *Punch* fifty years ago, and it is irresistibly funny.



A MEETING TO DISCUSS THE PRINCIPLES OF PROTECTION AND FREE TRADE.

If we are to judge by the reports of the meetings now being held in different parts of the country, the kind of Protection most needed at these assemblies is the protection of the police, or self-protection of a decided character. That the Protectionists and free-traders are determined on making a fight for their respective cause is quite evident. If the question is to be fought out, the better way would be for a champion on each side to take up and put on the gloves, so that, after a fair contest, the combatants might remain hand and glove on friendly terms for the future.

6.—BY RICHARD DOYLE. 1850.



LORD JACK THE GIANT KILLER.

8.—THIS IS SIR JOHN TENNIEL'S FIRST CARTOON; FEBRUARY 8, 1851.

Sir John Tenniel's first cartoon is shown in No. 8. It represents Lord John Russell as David, backed by Mr. Punch and by John Bull, attacking Cardinal Wiseman as Goliath, who is at the head of a host of Roman Catholic archbishops and bishops. A very interesting mention is made by Mr. Spielmann, in his "History of Punch," of the circumstances which caused Tenniel to join *Punch*, and to become the greatest cartoonist

the world has produced:—

Had the Pope not "aggresed" by appointing archbishops and bishops to English sees [This caused all the exaggerated pother and flutter of 1849.—J. H. S.], and so raised the scare of which Lord John Russell and Mr. Punch really seem to have been the leaders, Doyle would not have resigned, and no opening would have been made for Tenniel.

Sir John, indeed, was by no means enamoured of the prospect of being a *Punch* artist, when Mark Lemon [the editor in 1850.—J. H. S.] made his overtures to him. He was rather indignant than otherwise, as his line was high art, and his severe drawing above "fooling." "Do they suppose," he asked a friend, "that there is anything funny about *me*?" He meant, of course, in his art, for privately he was well recognised as a humorist; and little did he know, in the moment of hesitation before he accepted the offer, that he was struggling against a kindly destiny.

Thus we may say that the "Popish Scare" of fifty years ago was a main cause of the Tenniel cartoons in the *Punch* of to-day.

The picture in No. 9,



THE NEW SIAMESE TWINS.

9.—ILLUSTRATING THE CONNECTION BY ELECTRIC CABLE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.
BY LEECH, 1851.

"The New Siamese Twins," celebrates the successful laying of the submarine cable between Dover and Calais, November 13, 1851: the closing prices of the Paris Bourse were known within business hours of the same day on the London Stock Exchange. The use by Leech of the words in the title, "Siamese Twins," refers to the visit to this country of a Barnum-like natural monstrosity—a pair of twins whose bodies were joined—a freak that

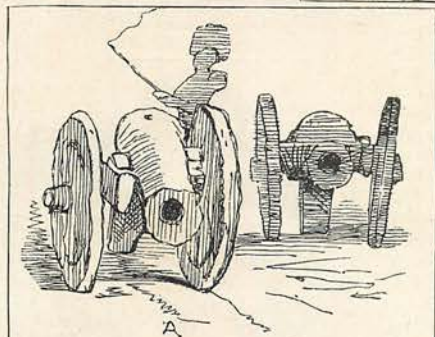


SUBJECT FOR A PICTURE—IRRITABLE GENTLEMAN DISTURBED BY BLUEBOTTLE.

12.—BY LEECH. 1851.

Punch secured another of its most famous artists—Charles Keene—whose first contribution is shown in No. 10.

This sketch has little of a joke in it—the



SKETCH OF THE PATENT STREET-SWEEPING MACHINES LATELY INTRODUCED AT PARIS.

Taken on the Spot (A, the Spot) by our own Artist.

(Who being naturally rather a nervous man, confesses that the peculiarity of his position certainly did make him feel a little shaky; and, looking at his sketch, we think our readers will not be disinclined to believe him.)

10.—THIS IS CHARLES KEENE'S FIRST "PUNCH" DRAWING; DECEMBER 20, 1851.

was also the origin of a toy sold in later years with the same title. In the year 1851



FILLING UP THE CENSUS PAPER.

Wife of Sir Ebenezer. "UPON MY WORD, MR. FERRIS! IS THIS THE WAY YOU FILL UP YOUR CENSUS! SO YOU CALL YOURSELF THE 'HEAD OF THE FAMILY'—DO YOU—AND ME A 'FEMALE!'"

13.—AN INCIDENT OF THE 1851 CENSUS.

shakiness of drawing is intentional [see the description given in No. 10], and the following account of this poor little picture, so interesting as the first by Keene, is given by Mr. G. S. Layard in his "Life and Letters of Charles Samuel Keene":—

In 1848, Louis Napoleon had been elected to the French Presidency. . . ; 1849 witnessed the commencement of those violent political struggles which were the forerunners of internal conspiracies; and 1851 saw this practical anarchy suddenly put a stop to by the famous, or infamous, *coup d'état* of December 2nd.

Towards the end of that month a very modest wood-cut, bearing the



ANGLING IN THE SERPENTINE.—SATURDAY, P.M.

Puncher, No. 1. "HAD EVER A BITE, JIM?"
Puncher, No. 2. "NOT YET—I ONLY CAME HERE LAST WEDNESDAY!"

11.—BY LEECH. 1851.



FIRST DESIGN.



SECOND DESIGN.



THIRD DESIGN.

legend "Sketch of the Patent Street-sweeping Machines lately introduced at Paris" appeared on p. 264 of "Mr. Punch's" journal. It represented a couple of cannon drawn with the waviest of out-lines, and the letter "A" marked upon the ground directly in their line of fire [see No. 10.—J. H. S.]

This was the first appearance of Keene's pencil in the pages which he was destined to adorn with increasing frequency as time went on for nearly forty years. The sketch is unsigned. Indeed, it was only at the urgent request of his friend, Mr. Silver, in whose brain the notion had originated, that the drawing was made, the artist bluntly expressing his opinion that the joke was a mighty poor one.

Pictures 11 to 13 bring us to No. 14, which contains small facsimile reproductions of the six designs on the front of the *Punch*-wrapper, which preceded the well-known design by Richard Doyle, now used every week. These little pictures have been made direct from the original *Punch*-wrappers in my possession, as it was found impossible to get satisfactory prints in so small a size as these from the much larger blocks that Messrs. Cassell and Company



FOURTH DESIGN.



FIFTH DESIGN.



SIXTH DESIGN.

14.—MR. PUNCH'S "WARDROBE OF OLD COATS," BEING THE SIX DESIGNS FOR THE FRONT PAGE OF THE WRAPPER OF "PUNCH" WHICH PRECEDED THE DESIGN NOW IN USE.

very kindly lent to me, impressions from which can be seen by readers who may like to study the detail of these designs in Mr. Spielmann's "History of Punch," which contains a full account of them. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that when these designs were made it would have been impossible to obtain from them the excellent reduced facsimiles now shown, which, by the way, have only now been obtained after several attempts—as each of these pretty little pictures has been reduced from the full size of the ordinary *Punch*-page.

The first design was made in 1841 by A. S. Henning, Mr. Punch's first cartoonist. In the early years of *Punch* the design for the wrapper was changed for each half-yearly volume, and early in 1842 the second design was adopted: this was drawn by Hablot K. Browne ("Phiz"), who worked for *Punch* during 1842-1844, leaving *Punch* in 1844, because the paper could not at that time stand the financial strain of the two big guns, Leech and "Phiz." H. K. Browne went back to Mr. Punch in later years, and Mr. Spielmann has recorded that this "brave worker, who would not admit his stroke of paralysis, but called it rheumatism, could still draw when the pencil was tied to his fingers and answered the swaying of his body."

The third wrapper is by William Harvey, and was used for Vol. III. of *Punch* in the latter part of 1842. The artist "spread consternation in the office by sending in a charge of twelve guineas" for this

Vol. xvii.—24.



SOUND ADVICE.

Master Tom. "HAVE A 'TID, GRAN'PA!"
 Gran'pa. "A WHAT! SIR!"
 Master Tom. "A WEED!—A COB, YOU KNOW."
 Gran'pa. "CERTAINLY NOT, SIR. I NEVER SMOKED IN MY LIFE."
 Master Tom. "AW! THEN I WOULDN'T ADVISE YOU TO BEGIN."

15.—BY LEECH. 1852.

third wrapper—twelve guineas being, by the way, nearly one-half of the total capital with which *Punch* was started in 1841.

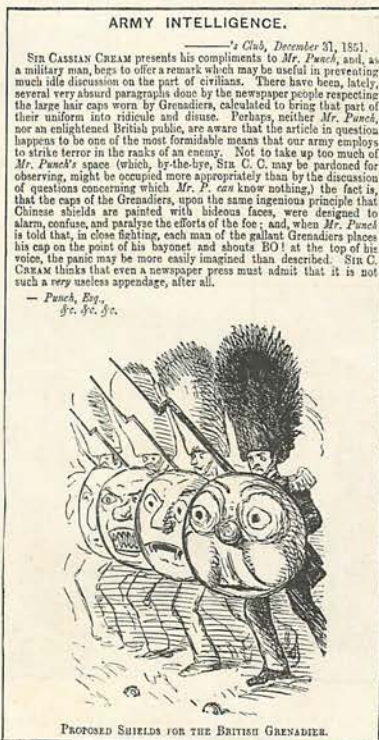
The fourth wrapper was designed by Sir John Gilbert, whose work for *Punch*, although greatly intermittent, and small in quantity, was spread over a longer period than that of any other *Punch* artist—save Sir John Tenniel. This wrapper covered the first part of 1843, and it was used until recent years as the pink cover of *Punch's* monthly parts.

The fifth wrapper is by Kenny Meadows—you can just see his signature on the lower rim of the drum—and it was used in the latter part of 1843. Then, in January, 1844, Richard Doyle, Mr. Punch's latest recruit, was employed to design the new wrapper—the sixth of our illustration No. 14. This design was used until January, 1849, and then Doyle made the alterations which distinguish this sixth wrapper from the one now in use and which has been used ever since.

A little boy's advice to his grandfather is illustrated by Leech in No. 15, and No. 16 suggests an added horror of war. The humorous prospectus in No. 17 concludes with the words:—

Something turns up every day to justify the most sanguine expectation that an *El Dorado* has really been discovered. In the meantime, the motto of the Company is "*Otium Sine Dig.*" [*Ease without dignity*]. Applications for Shares to be made immediately to the above addresses, as a preference will be shown to respectable people.

By the way, when Mr. Punch wrote this skit about "Gold in England," he and his public were



ARMY INTELLIGENCE.

SIR CASSIAN CREAM presents his compliments to Mr. Punch, and, as a military man, begs to offer a remark which may be useful in preventing much idle discussion on the part of civilians. There have been, lately, several very absurd paragraphs done by the newspaper people respecting the large hair caps worn by Grenadiers, calculated to bring that part of their uniform into ridicule and disuse. Perhaps, neither Mr. Punch, nor an enlightened British public, are aware that the article in question happens to be one of the most formidable means that our army employs to strike terror in the ranks of an enemy. Not to take up too much of Mr. Punch's space (which, by-the-by, Sir C. C. may be pardoned for observing, might be occupied more appropriately than by the discussion of questions concerning which Mr. P. can know nothing) the fact is, that the caps of the Grenadiers, upon the same ingenious principle that Chinese shields are painted with hideous faces, were designed to alarm, confuse, and paralyze the efforts of the foe; and, when Mr. Punch is told that, in close fighting, each man of the gallant Grenadiers places his cap on the point of his bayonet and shouts BO! at the top of his voice, the panic may be more easily imagined than described. Sir C. CREAM thinks that even a newspaper press must admit that it is not such a very useless appendage, after all.

—Punch, Esq.
 Sr. Sr. Sr.

PROPOSED SHIELDS FOR THE BRITISH GRENADIER.

16.—TO TERRIFY THE ENEMY. 1852.

GOLD IN ENGLAND!!!

THE PRIMROSE-HILL GOLD AND SILVER MINING COMPANY

Conducted on the Get-as-much-as-you-can Principle, in 5,000,000 Shares, of 5s. each.

NO LIABILITY TO SHAREHOLDERS.

COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT:

The names of the Committee will be published in a few days, and will be found to comprise some of the most illustrious Captains in the late Spanish Legion, as well as a large number of Irish M.P.s, of the most independent character. A few Clergymen have also consented to lend their imposing names.

THE CONSULTING ENGINEER

is at present in Australia, but as soon as he returns, his name will be announced.

BANKERS:

Directly all the money is paid up, the names of the Bankers will be published. Before then, it would evidently be premature, and highly injurious to the successful carrying out of the Concern.

N.B. The name objection applies to the publication of any other names.

How. Sec.—**JEREMY DIDDLE, ESQ.**

Chancellor of Industry, Grand Master of the Orders France, etc., &c., &c.

OFFICES:—**COZENAGE CHAMBERS, CITY,**

AND **BOULEVARD**

ABSTRACT OF PROSPECTUS.

The great absence of Gold in England has long been felt to be a general want. It is the object of this Company to supply that want.

Gold exists in large quantities in England is a truth beyond all doubt. The only difficulty is to know where to find it. The Directors of this Company pledge themselves not to rest till they have ascertained that point.

Public rumour has long pointed to Primrose Hill as being a mine of hidden wealth. The only wonder is, that the mine has never been worked before. Deposits have been found there of the richest description. Pieces of copper as big as a penny have been repeatedly picked up; and one old man recollects vividly, as if it were only yesterday, his finding a morsel of gold, which, when washed from the earthy matter that surrounded it, weighed not less than a sovereign. This fact proves, stronger than any evidence, that Gold has been found on Primrose Hill, and, with a little search, may be found there again.

There is a remarkable peculiarity in the nature or quality of the soil, which presents strong indications of quartz, being composed partly of the broken ends of pipes, and partly of fragments of oyster-shells, for it is an infallible law in nature, that wherever pipes and oysters abound, that is a rich neighbourhood for Quartz.

In fact there is no telling, until Primrose Hill is fairly worked, what there may be inside it. For what we know, it may be an immense money-box, that only requires to be broken open to astonish our eyes with its long-secreted stores of wealth.

The true locality of "Tom Tiddler's Ground" has never been ascertained yet. It will not be strange if Primrose Hill should turn out to be the ground in question, and from the above facts, there is the best ground for believing that it will. We have been walking over ingots without knowing it. There has been a fortune lying at London's door, and for generations we have been doing nothing but kick it away. The Regent's Canal, at the foot of Primrose Hill, may also be a Façade; that is actually running with streams of Gold, and we do not even send a bucket to help ourselves!

We think we have said enough to prove that there is Gold in England, and plenty of it. In a few days we shall be ready to commence operations, and in the meantime the Directors invite with pride the attention of the public to the following assay on its credibility:—

"This is to certify, that I have examined the sample marked 'Primrose Hill Gold, No. 2.' I find it contains 15.00 per cent. of the purest gold, small traces of silver, a trace of copper, phosphate of iron, the sulphate of zinc, and several other products too numerous to mention."
"THOMAS SPOCKE."

Future workings of Primrose Hill, however, may afford yet more astounding revelations of its internal treasures. Something turns up

17.—MR. PUNCH'S ACCOUNT OF A COMPANY-PROMOTING SWINDLE. 1852.

alike unaware that gold is really in this country—gold ore worth £15,000 was dug up in 1894 out of this country: 1894 being the most recent year for which I have the official return of mining. No. 18 depicts a moment of half-delightful, half-aw-



A PICTURE.

Showing what Master Tom did after Seeing a Pan-to-mime—But you would not do so—Oh, Dear no!—Because you are a good Boy.

18.—BY LERCH. 1853.

stricken, anticipation by the amateur clown, pantaloon, and colombine of the exact result that will follow the application of the (real) red-hot poker to the old

Wellington.

All bring their tribute to his name—from her
Who wears the crown to him who plies the spade
Under those windows where his corpse is laid,
Taking its rest at last from all those years of stir.

Years that re-moulded an old world in rust
And furnace-dress of strife—with hideous clang
Of battle-hammers; where they loveliest sang.
His clear sharp voice was heard that never will be heard more.

Courts have a seemingly sorrow for such loss:
Orators politics regret: the great
Will miss his princely presence at their state—
The shade of such eclipses even lowly hearts will cross.

But I, a jester, what have I to do
With greatness or the grave? The man and theme
The comment of my page may ill become;
So be it—yet not less do I pay tribute true.

For that in him to which I would bow down
Comes not of honours heaped upon his head,
Comes not of orders on his breast outspread—
Nor yet of captain's nor of councillor's renown.

It is that all his life example shews
Of reverence for duty: where he saw
With commanding word or act, her law
Duty him was absolute, and brooked no quibbling gloss.

He followed where she pointed; right ahead—
Unbending what might sweep across his path,
The cannon's volley, or the people's wrath;
No hope, how'er's follow, but at her call he led.

Peace to him! Let him sleep near him who fell
Victor at Trafalgar; by NEAPOLEON'S side
WELLINGTON'S ashes duly may abide.
Great captain—nobler heart!—Hail to thee, and farewell!

Hard as a blade so tempered needs must be,
And, sometimes, scant of courtesy, as one
Whose life has dealt with stern things to be done,
Not wide in range of thought, nor deep of sublimity!

Of most distrustful; sparing in discourse;
Himself untrifling, and from all around
Claiming that force which in himself he found—
He lived, and asked no love, but won respect perform.

And of respect, at last, came love unthought,
But not repaid when offered; and we knew
That this rare sternness had its softness too,
That woman's charm and grace upon his being wrought:

That underneath the armor of his breast
Were springs of tenderness—all quick to flow
In sympathy with childhood's joy or weal:
That children climbed his knees, and made his arms their seat!

For fifty of his eighty years and four
His life has been before us: who but knew
The short, spare frame, the eye of piercing blue,
The eagle-beak, the finger reared before

In greeting?—Well he bore his load of years,
As in his daily walk he paced along
To early prayer, or 'mid the admiring throng,
Passed through Whitehall to counsel with his Peers.

He was true English—down to the heart's core;
His sternness and his softness English both:
Our reverence and love grew with his growth,
Till we are slow to think, that he can be no more.

19.—THE OBITUARY NOTICE IN "PUNCH" ON THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. SEPTEMBER 25, 1852.

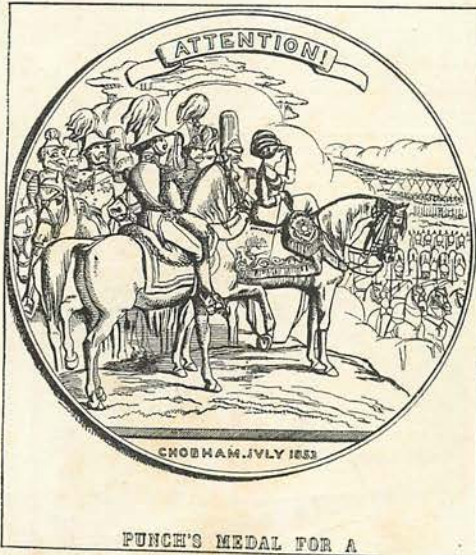
gentleman's legs. No. 19 is Mr. Punch's tribute to the Duke of Wellington which, a week later (October 2nd, 1852), was followed by a cartoon by Tenny containing in



PORTRAIT OF A DISTINGUISHED PHOTOGRAPHER, WHO HAS JUST SUCCEEDED IN FOCUSING A VIEW TO HIS COMPLETE SATISFACTION.

20.—THE COMING OF PHOTOGRAPHY [AND OF THE BULL] BY "CUTHBERT BEDE," 1853.

a mournful pose one of Tenny's splendid British lions that have intermittently during so many years been a prominent feature of his cartoons. No. 20 is by "Cuthbert Bede" [the Reverend Edward Bradley], the author of



PUNCH'S MEDAL FOR A



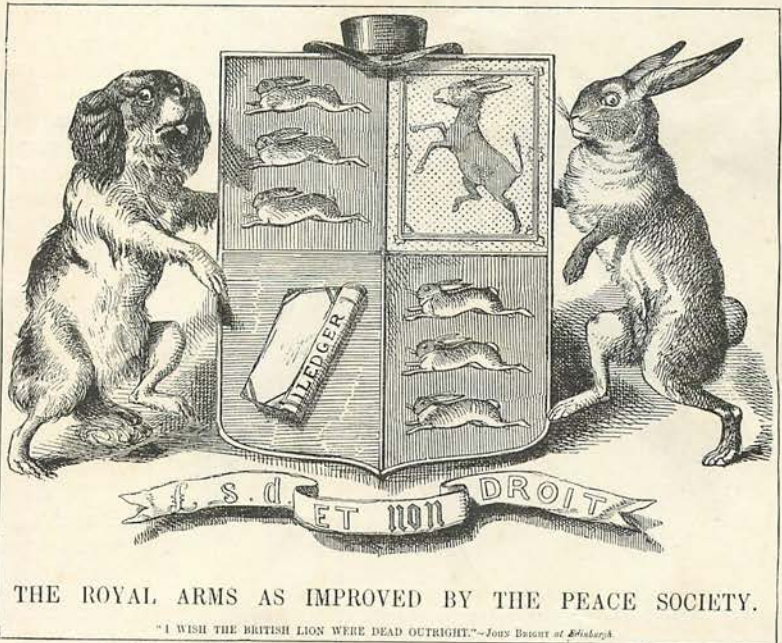
PEACE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

21.—SUGGESTED BY THE MILITARY AND NAVAL REVIEWS HELD BY THE QUEEN IN 1853.

"Verdant Green," and this is one of four caricature illustrations of the then novel art of photography, which Mr. Bradley did for *Punch* in the year 1853. We read just now how we are indirectly indebted to a Pope [Pius IX.] for Sir John Tenniel's cartoons, and in connection with the Rev. Edward Bradley's picture in No. 20, it may be noted that six clergymen, at the least, have contributed to Mr. Punch's pages.

No. 21 shows *Punch's* "Medal for a Peace Assurance Society," a pictorialization in 1853 of the still true old saying: "To secure peace be prepared for war." An unhappy necessity, as some people think, but without doubt the only practical way to assure peace, and, as usual, Mr. Punch puts the thing in a nutshell with his two mottoes on the medal: "Attention" and "Ready, aye Ready." Our "attention" and "readiness" of 1853 did not,

however, keep us out of the Crimean War, which began in the spring of 1854, despite the efforts of the Peace Society and of John Bright, who are caricatured in No. 22. But modern authorities generally believe that the Crimean War might have been prevented by a more vigorous policy than that of Lord Aberdeen, whose Administration is chiefly remembered by what is now thought to have been a gross blunder. This



THE ROYAL ARMS AS IMPROVED BY THE PEACE SOCIETY.

"I WISH THE BRITISH LION WERE DEAD OUTRIGHT."—John Bright at *Edinburgh*.

22.—MR. PUNCH'S HIT AT JOHN BRIGHT AND THE PEACE SOCIETY. 1853.



23.—A SINISTER INVITATION. 1854.

No. 22 is also interesting as a forerunner of Mr. E. T. Reed's remarkably witty modern designs, "Ready-made coats (-of-arms); or, giving 'em fits."

"I wish the British Lion were dead outright," said John Bright, at Edinburgh, in 1853, and Mr. Punch's comment on these

words was the funny "Improvement" of the Royal Arms depicted in No. 22.

With a glance of sympathy at the belated traveller in No. 23, we pass to No. 24, which shows the "Bursting of the Russian Bubble."



A PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURE.
Old Lady (who is not used to these new-fangled notions). "Oh, Sir! Please, Sir! don't, Sir! Don't for goodness' sake Fire, Sir!"

25.—IN THE EARLY DAYS OF PHOTOGRAPHY; BY "CUTHBERT BEDE," 1853.



BURSTING OF THE RUSSIAN BUBBLE.

24.—A REFERENCE TO THE CRIMEAN WAR. BY LEECH, 1854.

This was published in *Punch*, October 14th, 1854, after the Battle of the Alma had been fought and badly lost by Russia and part of the Russian fleet sunk at Sebastopol. Leech here shows very graphically the shattering of the "irresistible power" and of the "unlimited means" which were to have led the Emperor Nicholas I. of Russia to an easy victory over the British and French allied forces.

No. 25 is another of the caricatures of photography in its early days by "Cuthbert Bede," and very funny it is.

The next picture, No. 26, is one of *Punch's* classics. It is that well-known joke illustrating manners in the mining districts in the early fifties:—

First Polite Native: "Who's 'im, Bill?"

Second ditto: "A stranger!"

First ditto: "'Eave 'arf a brick at 'im."

By the way, speaking of Mr. Punch's jokes which have become classic, the one which is the best known is the following:—

Worthy of Attention.

Advice to persons about to marry—
Don't!

This famous *not* appeared in *Punch's* Almanac for 1845, and Mr. Spielmann states that it was "based upon the ingenious wording



FURTHER ILLUSTRATION OF THE MINING DISTRICTS.
 First Polite Native. "Who's 'im, Dill!"
 Second ditto. "A stranger!"
 First ditto. "EAT' AN' A DRINK AT 'IM."

26.—MINERS' MANNERS. 1854.

of an advertisement widely put forth by Eamons & Co., well-known house furnishers of the day."

As regards the source of this famous joke, Mr. Spielmann, with characteristic thoroughness, gives a long account of the many claims to its paternity, and finally makes this statement:—

... chance has placed in my possession the authoritative information; and so far from any outsider,



SCENE.—WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.—TIME, TWO ON A FOGGY MORNING.
 Reduced Tradesman (to little party returning home). "DID YOU WANT TO BUY A GOOD RAZOR!"

27.—PLEASANT FOR THE YOUTH. BY LEECH, 1853.

ALL UP WITH ENGLAND.

(From the Journal de St. Petersburg.)



INCREDIBLY do we congratulate our readers on the extreme distress and misery in which the English are involved by reason of the impious war which they have dared to wage against our august Lord and Master, NICOLAUS. We have the happiness to assure the subjects of HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY that those wicked islanders are in a state of absolute starvation. The price of bread has increased to a sum which places it beyond the means of all classes but the most opulent of the nobility: and the scarcity of all other provisions is equally severe. Mutton-cloves are a sovereign spice, and thirty pounds are demanded for a joint of meat by the few butchers who manage to keep their shops open. There is not a cat to be seen: and everything would be eaten up by rats and mice if there were any: and if those vermin had not all perished of famine, as many as have not been caught, and applied to the same purpose as the cats. The dogs also have disappeared from the streets, and even from the kennels of the aristocracy: thus foxes can no longer be hunted for food, and there is not a basin of soup to be had, or a sausage.

Owing to the imposition of the Malt Tax, the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER and BARON ROTHSCHILD are the only persons in the country besides the QUEEN and PRINCE ALBERT, who can afford beer: and consequently all the cab-drivers and coalwhippers are in a state bordering on revolt. Whitebait and minnows are sixpence each: whilst aldermen, who this time last year were rolling in wealth, may now be seen fighting in the City gutters for a bone. The few hides imported have been entirely devoured; so that boots and shoes are not procurable, and the population is going barefoot. The same statement applies to fallow: inasmuch that the nobility's balls are illuminated by rubbish, and soda and polish being equally deficient, there is now such a terrible meaning in the popular outcry, "How are you off for soap?" Such is the want of hemp, that CALCICAP, the executioner, is reduced to the employment of hay-ropes, and the death of paper is so extreme that not only can the boys fly no kites, but accommodation hills cannot any longer be drawn, for lack of material. Nay, it has been found impossible, for the same reason, to carry into effect the issue of bank-notes, by which it was in contemplation to establish an artificial currency: for paper in England is now more valuable than gold. It is obvious that the expenses of this unallowed contest cannot be sustained much longer by the British infidels: in the meantime we may reflect on the gratifying circumstance that they are subsisting on offal, and beginning to think seriously about eating their talices.

28.—A SUPPOSITITIOUS RUSSIAN ACCOUNT OF OUR DISTRESS DURING THE CRIMEAN WAR. 1854.

anonymous or declared, paid or unpaid, being concerned in it at all, the line simply came in the ordinary way from one of the Staff—from the man who, with Landells, had conceived *Punch* and shaped it from the beginning, and had invented that first Almanac which had saved the paper's life—Henry Mayhew.

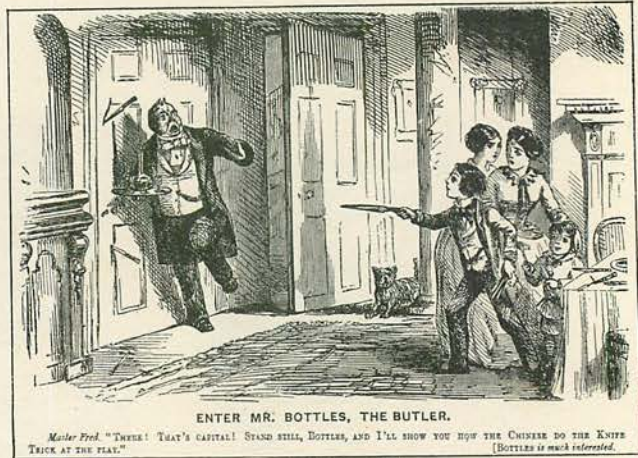
No. 27 is a very clever drawing by Leech—they are all clever of course, but this seems



THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.
 Blackguard Little Boy (to Queen's Coachman). "I SAT, COACH, ARE YOU ENGAGED!"

29.—A STREET-ARAH OF 1854.

specially good. The youth [on Westminster Bridge—time, two on a foggy morning] white with fear walks on perfectly straight without taking any notice of the rough who asks: "Did you want to buy a good razor?"—but he is taking a lot of notice though. The youth walks exactly like one does walk when a beggar pesters as he slouches alongside just behind one, but here the frightened youth has good cause indeed for the shaking fear that Leech has by some magic put into these strokes of his pencil. The "Reduced Tradesman" too is exactly good—but let the picture speak for itself, it wants no words of mine.



31.—BY LEECH, 1854.

THE BATTLE OF BALAKLAVA.

[Nine verses, on the battle generally, precede the lines below, which refer to the charge of the Light Brigade, illustrated by Leech, in No. 32.—J. H. S.]

But who is there, with patient tongue the sorry tale to tell,
How our Light Brigade, true martyrs to the point of honour, fell!
"Twas sublime, but 'twas not warfare," that charge of woe and wrack,
That led six hundred to the guns, and brought two hundred back!

Enough! the order came to charge, and charge they did—like men:
While shot and shell and rifle-ball played on them down the glen.
Though thirty guns were ranged in front, not one drew bated breath,
Unflinching, unquestioning, they rode upon their death!

Nor by five times their number of all arms could they be stayed;
And with two lives for one of ours, e'en then, the Russians paid;
Till torn with shot and rent with shell, a spent and bleeding few,
Life was against those fearful odds,—from the grapple they withdrew.

But still like wounded lions, their faces to the foe,
More conquerors than conquered, they fell back stern and slow;
With dinted arms and weary steeds—all bruised and soiled and worn—
Is this the wreck of all that rode so bravely out this morn?
Where thirty answered muster at dawn now answer ten,
Oh, woe's me for such officers!—Oh, woe's me for such men!

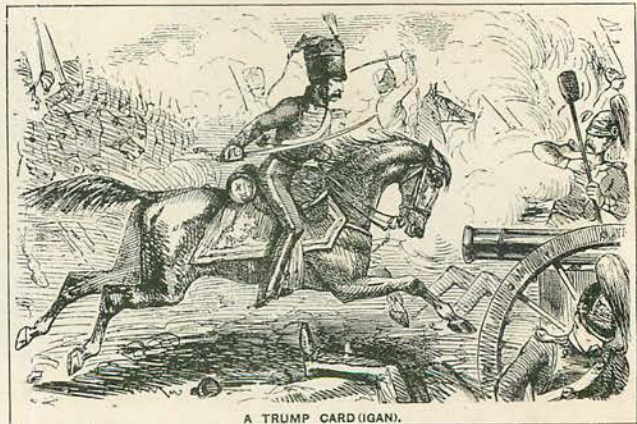
Whose was the blame? Name not his name, but rather seek to hide.
If he live, leave him to conscience—to God, if he have died:
But you, true band of heroes, you have done your duty well:
Your country asks not, to what end; it knows but how you fell!



30.—OUT OF THE RAIN. 1854.

There is an amusing "Russian" account, in No. 28, of our troubles at home during the Crimean War; and No. 29 shows a street-Arab asking the Queen's coachman, "I say, Coachy, are you engaged?"

Glancing at Nos. 30 and 31, we see in No. 32 Leech's picture of the heroic charge at the Battle of Balaclava, on October 25, 1854, with Lord Cardigan leading his famous Light Brigade of Cavalry. Here are Mr. Punch's lines on this gallant charge, which was subsequently immortalized by Tennyson in his "Charge of the Light Brigade":—



32.—THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE. BY LEECH, NOVEMBER 25, 1854.

(To be continued.)

A Peep into "Punch."

By J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

[The Proprietors of "Punch" have given special permission to reproduce the accompanying illustrations. This is the first occasion when a periodical has been enabled to present a selection from Mr. Punch's famous pages.]

PART III. — 1855 TO 1859.

IN picking out these pictures from *Punch* one is guided by the common wish to get other people to share a pleasure, rather than by an acutely critical examination of the pages of *Punch*.

It is pleasant to say, as one turns over the

sins of omission, I can only hope to do justice to Mr. Punch and to please my readers who, in my fancy, are turning over his pages with me.

By the way, the present Part of this article is remarkable for containing two cartoons which are perhaps the masterpieces of John Leech and of Sir John Tenniel—I refer to Nos. 3 and 20, of which more anon.

Glancing at Leech's sketch in No. 1, we come to his picture No. 2, which brings home to us the horrible mismanagement of the War Office during the Crimean War, which left our soldiers to endure the Russian winter without proper clothing or food—a scandal that Mr. Punch handled severely in other pictures than that now shown.

In connection with this graphic picture by Leech it is interesting to refer to Mr. Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times," where under the heading "A Black Winter" the historian narrates some of the almost incredible blunders that make this picture No. 2 stand out even now as a vivid bit of truth and in no way as an exaggeration:—

The winter [1854-1855] was gloomy at home as well as abroad. The news constantly arriving from the Crimea told only of devastation caused by foes far more formidable than the Russians—sickness, bad weather, bad management. . . . On shore the sufferings of the Army were unspeakable. The tents were torn from their pegs and blown away. . . . The hospitals for the sick and wounded at Scutari were in a wretchedly disorganized condition. . . . In some instances medical stores were left to decay at Varna, or were found lying useless in the holds of vessels in Balaklava Bay, which were needed for the wounded at Scutari. . . . Great consignments of boots arrived, and were found to be all for the left



1.—BY LEECH. 1855.

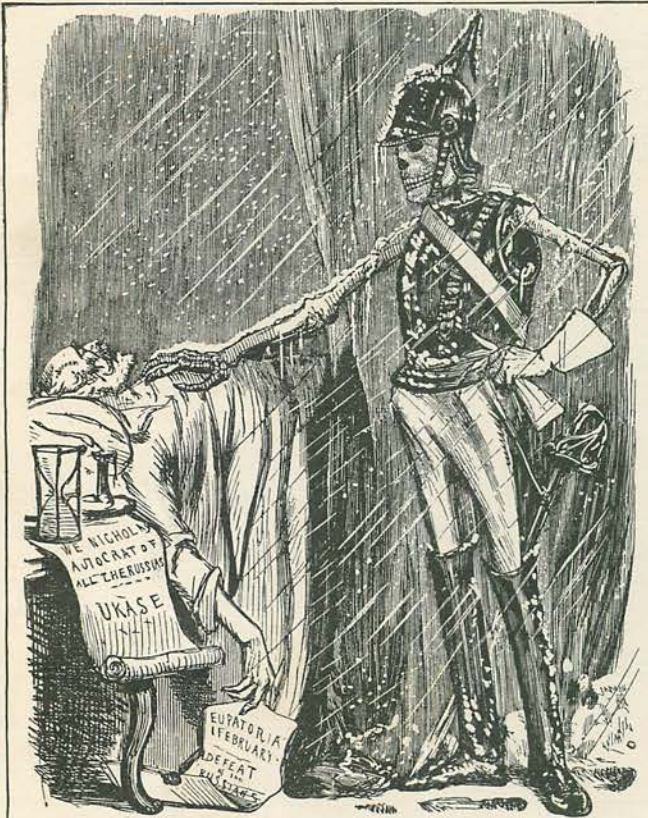
leaves of this absolutely unique periodical—"Look at this, isn't it good?" And there's a fine bit by Leech. Here's a strong cartoon by Tenniel—what d'ye think of that? This is funny—and look at the clever drawing of this one—isn't *Punch* fine? And don't you wish you had a complete set?"

Of course, the difficulty is to decide what to show, for although one gets into these pages as many of the *Punch* pictures as possible, one can show here only about three pictures, on the average, out of each of the half-yearly volumes of *Punch*, and thus there is considerable hesitation in the final choice, which is made after a process of weeding-out which runs through four or five stages of decreasing bulk, the first stage of selection including ten or twelve times as many pictures as are finally chosen.

However, the final choice from Mr. Punch's rich store has to be made, and in making it with the full consciousness of committing



2.—A REMINISCENCE OF THE COMMISSARIAT SCANDAL DURING THE CRIMEAN WAR; BY LEECH. 1855.



"GENERAL FÉVRIER" TURNED TRAITOR.

"RUSSIA HAS TWO GENERALS IN WHOM SHE CAN CONFIDE—GENERALS JANVIER AND FÉVRIER."—Speech of the late Emperor of Russia.

3.—ONE OF LEECH'S MOST FAMOUS CARTOONS. 1855. (SEE TEXT FOR DESCRIPTION.)

foot. Mules for the conveyance of stores were contracted for and delivered, but delivered so that they came into the hands of the Russians and not of us. Shameful frauds were perpetrated in the instance of some of the contracts for preserved meat. "One man's preserved meat," exclaimed *Punch*, with bitter humour, "is another man's poison."

Happily, we have learned the lesson from the miseries of our soldiers here illustrated by John Leech; and in Lord Kitchener's recent Nile campaign, home and foreign expert opinion is that the very difficult problems of supply, transport, and railway construction were as well thought out and administered as was the actual fighting part of that brilliantly successful piece of long-headed calculation, which, after three years' working out, culminated in the Omdurman victory of September 2, 1898.

The cartoon in No. 3 is a splendid conception—it is probably Leech's masterpiece among his political pictures. The Emperor Nicholas I. of Russia, whom the united public opinion of Europe regarded as the

author of the Crimean War, boasted, in a speech delivered shortly before his death, that "Russia has two generals upon whom she can always rely—General Janvier and General Février." This cynical boast of Nicholas alluded to the severity of the Russian climate during the months of January and February, upon which the Russian Emperor relied to greatly reduce by death the forces allied against him in the Crimea.

On March 2, 1855, Nicholas died of pulmonary apoplexy, after an attack of influenza—his "General Février" had turned traitor. Leech's genius seized the chance, and on March 10, 1855, *Punch* published the picture now shown in No. 3.

General February [Death in a Russian General's uniform] places his deadly hand on the Emperor's breast, and the icy cold of the Russian winter—the Emperor's trusted ally—kills the very man who lately had uttered the boast just quoted.

The splendid genius of Leech was doubtless quickened by Leech's own feelings at

that time, for we in this country were enraged to know of the unnecessary sufferings of our troops during the Crimean winter; and Leech surpassed himself when he drew this powerful and dignified picture—one of the most famous cartoons that *Punch* has ever published.



GLADSTONE'S LULLABY.

4.—AN EARLY CARICATURE OF MR. GLADSTONE. 1855.



Ignorant Youth. "Oh! such a LARK, BELL! I'VE BIN AND FILLED AN OLD COVE'S LETTER-BOX WITH GOOSEBERRY SKINS AND HOTTER SHELL,—AND HAPPED LIKE A POSTMAN!"
Old Cove. "HAVE YOU?"

5.—BY LEECH. 1855.

Picture No. 4 shows Mr. Gladstone as a fractious infant being lulled by Mr. Punch with the refrain, "Kertch-e-Kertch-e." This refers to the capture of the seaport town Kertch in the Crimea by the allied forces, an event that was thought to be not welcome to the advocates of Peace, amongst whom was Mr. Gladstone, and who was averse to continuing the war with Russia for the purpose of "prostrating the adverse party." But as the "adverse party" was Russia, against whom feeling ran strongly, the public was not in the mood to agree with the Peace party, and so Mr. Gladstone incurred the popular displeasure which had already been meted out to John Bright, to Cobden, and to the other members of what was then regarded as the "Peace-at-any-price," or "pro-Russian,"



Old Lady. "Oh, ah! yes, it's the Waits. I love to listen to 'em. It may be fancy, but somehow they don't seem to play so sweetly as they did when I was a girl. Perhaps it is that I'm getting old, and don't hear quite so well as I used to do."

6.—A ROMANCE OF 1856.

party. This No. 4 was published June 16, 1855; in September of that year we took Sebastopol, and the Crimean peninsula was not evacuated by the British and French troops until July 12, 1856.

The same number of *Punch* which contains No. 4 also contains the following humorous "Russian Account of the Lord Mayor," and relates to the siege of Sebastopol, which had then (June, 1855) lasted eight months:—



HAVING A PAIR ON!

Slater. "Hi!—HOLD!—WHAT ARE YOU ABOUT?—IT'S GOING INTO MY FOOT!"
Slater Proprietor. "NEVER MIND, SIR!—SETTLE 'AV 'EM ON FIRST!"

7.—IN FEBRUARY, 1857.

(From the "Invalide Russe.")

The visit of the Lord Mayor of London to the Hôtel de Ville confirms the report alluded to by Lord Campbell at the Mansion House dinner, that as a last resource England would put forth all her energies against the brave defenders of Sebastopol, by sending the Lord Mayor of her Metropolis in person to take the command of her troops in the Crimea. But holy Russia, in the confidence of faith, anticipates her triumph over this tremendous adversary. Our readers may desire to obtain some authentic information respecting the powerful opponent with whom our valiant army will have to contend. The Lord Mayor is the greatest man in the City of London, being of colossal stature, and proportional bulk, inasmuch that his weight amounts to many pood. He is, indeed, a giant of such enormous dimensions that more than 250 tureens (large soup dishes) of real turtle are required for the Lord Mayor's dinner. He is the chief of fifteen other monsters called Aldermen, and a head taller than any of them. His drinking vessel is termed the Loving Cup; when filled with spiced wine it takes two or three hundred ordinary Englishmen to drink up its contents. He wears a huge chain, by which he drags his captives, and besides a sword, which is as much as one man, that one being a man of his own order, can carry; he is armed with a huge mace by which he is able to level a multitude at a blow. The mere sight of this terrible weapon suffices to maintain order among the London mob.

Besides the fifteen Aldermen, there are also two other Giants under the command of the Lord Mayor, nearly as big as himself: they are called Gog and Magog, or the City Giants, and they will accompany their leader to the Crimea. Strong, however, in the orthodox faith, our soldiers will hurl back the impious defiance of this boastful Giant, and many a hero in their ranks will be found ready to go forth to meet him in single combat, nothing doubtful of gaining the victory over him, and laying his head at the feet of our august Emperor.



"PLEASE 'E, HERE'S FIDO BEEN A ROLLIN' OF HIMSELF IN THE 'KETCH 'EM ALIVE, O!' "

8.—THE INVENTION OF THE STICKY FLY-PAPER. 1855.

PHYSICIANS IN MUSLIN.



penditure to match, in that department of the household. She would also maintain, without situated at the top of the house, continually proceed the very same kind of noises with those described by the poet as first saluting the ears of the Trojan hero upon the threshold of another and a lower place.

A medical wife, moreover, would not need, on her own account, that enormous amount of cherishing in sickness which some ladies require, and which, though in itself a duty which is also a pleasure to gentlemen of independent property, is yet somewhat of an embarrassment

CONTEMPORARY states that an English lady has just completed her medical studies at Paris, and obtained a diploma to practise as a physician; so that she has now become Dr. EMILY.

The surname of lady is musical, and, moreover, it may be hoped, will speedily be exchanged for another; since it to be cherished in sickness is a important object in marriage, a wife who in her own person combines the physician with the nurse must be a treasure indeed. The difficulty, not to say impossibility, of getting the ordinary nurse to act in concert with the musical and honest physician is too well known to all who have experienced the benefits of a nursery, and have ever paid any attention to its affairs as well as paying its expenses. A consort, uniting the two characters in her ample and at the same time her married person, would insure reasonable conduct, and she would also maintain, without

for men whose duty it is to attend, at the same time, to the business whereby they have to support themselves and their families. She would save her husband all the cost of those continental doctors who beset the home of that man who has an ignorant hypochondriacal wife, continually in want, not of medicine, but of medical consolation and condolence.

She would likewise, through her sanitary knowledge—her learning in the laws of health—be enabled to dispense with much of that travelling and change of scene, which, whilst they are gratifying to the inclinations of so many, are suitable to the circumstances of so few. She, although in a station of some gentility, would manage to exist without those pompous indifferences, for the want of which it is wonderful that almost all women of the working classes do not perish.

The above considerations came us to rejoice in the embellishment of the Faculty by the fair sex. Dr. EMILY has a sister, Dr. ELIZABETH, who preceded her in walking the Turonian hospitals, and who is now practising at New York. May we venture to hope that they will prove ornaments to the female sex? We shall be glad to see the gold-handled parrot exclusively sported in Old England too; and trust that a clause will be introduced into Mr. HASTINGS's Medical Bill, providing every facility for British ladies desirous of following the praiseworthy example which has been set them by those two daughters of Esculapius.

THE EAST WIND.

LAST week, when the east wind was at its sharpest, a nursery maid, walking with her charge in the Regent's Park, had a remarkably fine baby end into twain!

9.—THE LADY-DOCTOR OF 1856.

Punch has many references to the Crimean War, which are specially interesting if one clears up the points which lapse of time may have rendered indistinct, by the aid of a good history.

Pictures 5, 6, 7, and 8 are all good, and they bring us to No. 9—"Physicians in Muslin"—which is one of the many things one finds in *Punch* that anticipated by many years recognised social items of the present day. In this No. 9, with its rather appalling picture of a lady-doctor of the year 1856, we read an account of the English lady who "has just completed her medical studies in Paris, and obtained a diploma to practise as a physician." Mr. Punch evidently approved the development of female activity about which he here discourses—see his concluding paragraph. This concluding paragraph is followed by a joke entitled "The East Wind!" which has no connection with the account of the "Physicians in Muslin," but which is included here as an amusing specimen of the quips and cranks that fill up the odd corners of Mr. Punch's pages.

We have been accustomed for so long a while to the well-known portraits of the present Duke of Cambridge, who in 1895 resigned the office of Commander-in-Chief to Lord Wolsley, that we do not recognise the bluff old Duke in the much younger general who, in picture No. 10, is seen in the act of jumping over the Prince Consort into the Horse Guards, there to take up the

post of Commander-in-Chief, which, in the year 1856, was resigned by Prince Albert to the Duke of Cambridge—then aged thirty-seven.

Mr. Punch's comment on this change is contained in the following lines, which accompany the cartoon in No. 10:—

GOOD NEWS FOR THE ARMY.

Gallant Cambridge becoming Commander-in-Chief, To the mind of the soldier how great a relief! For the Duke is expected no nonsense to stand, And let nobody over his shoulders command.

The defenders of Britain a strong hope express That no tricks will, henceforward, be played with their dress. Yes, the heroes who, save in advance, never run, Trust no more to be rigged out like figures of fun.

[Here come details of absurdities in the uniforms of soldiers, and the concluding verse is as follows.—J.H.S.]

A more soldierly taste will on uniforms tell, The connection is close of the taste with the smell. Now the perfume of powder to Cambridge is known: He'll thank those who don't know it to let him alone.

Punch at that time was and previously had



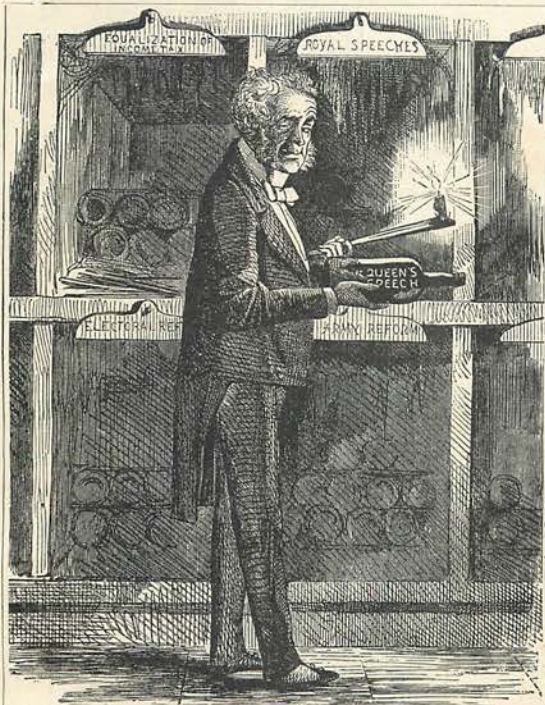
THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

10.—RECORDING THE APPOINTMENT OF THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN PLACE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT. BY LEECH, 1856.



11.—A PET DOG. 1855.

been calling attention to the necessity for military reform, and in the issue for May 19, 1855, there is a cartoon entitled "Military



12.—LORD PALMERSTON, PRIME MINISTER IN 1857.
 Vol. xvii.—33.

Reform—A Noble Beginning. H.R.H. P. A. Resigning his Field-Marshal's Bâton and Pay."

The verses accompanying this cartoon are:—

PRINCE ALBERT'S EXAMPLE.

A cankerworm was gnawing at the heart of England's Oak,
 And palsy threatened its great arms that braved the thunder-stroke;
 Its glorious crown was fading, and our foes began to hoot,
 "Behold the Oak is rotting and the axe is at its root."
 Aristocratic vermin did offices infest,
 Not the Best men, but such men as lackeys call the Best,
 Men with the very richest kind of fluid in their veins,
 But men whose little heads inclosed exceedingly poor brains.

Etc., etc., etc.

"That cry," said he (Prince Albert.—J. H. S.) "is just; it is a shame and a disgrace
 That any but a proper man should be in any place;
 An end must to this wrong be put; there is no doubt of that;
 Someone the movement must begin—myself shall bell the cat."

[Here are four verses describing how Prince Albert publicly resigned his Field-Marshal's Bâton and Pay, as not being entitled to them.—J. H. S.]

The concluding verse being:—
 Then every Lord incapable, and every booby Duke,
 Accepted at their Prince's hands a lesson and rebuke;
 They cast away their offices; their places up they threw,
 And England's Oak revived again and England thrived anew.

Punch has never hesitated to use plain speech, and as *Punch* is essentially an expresser of public opinion as well as a leader of it, plain words are the best sort of words for Mr. *Punch* to use, being, as he is, a powerful mouthpiece of an essentially plain-speaking nation.

There is a funny little sketch in No. 11, and in No. 12 we have a very



13.—BY LEECH. 1856.

good cartoon showing Lord Palmerston, who was Prime Minister in 1857, as The State Butler taking out "Another Bottle of Fine Old Smoke"

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

DO YOU WISH TO AVOID BEING STRANGLED!!



If so, try our Patent Antigarrote Collar, which enables Gentlemen to walk the streets of London in perfect safety at all hours of the day or night.

THESE UNIQUE ARTICLES OF DRESS

Are made to measure, of the hardest steel, and are warranted to withstand the grip of

THE MOST MUSCULAR RUFFIAN IN THE METROPOLIS,

Who would get black in the face himself before he could make the slightest impression upon his intended victim. They are highly polished, and

Elegantly Studded with the Sharpest Spikes,

Thus combining a most *recherché* appearance with perfect protection from the murderous attacks which occur every day in the most frequented thoroughfares. Price 7s. 6d., or six for 40s.

WHITE, CHOKER, AND Co.

14.—A REMINISCENCE OF THE LONDON GARROTTERS OF 1856.

labelled "Queen's Speech" from the special bin containing Royal Speeches.

Notice that Palmerston has in his mouth [at the right corner] the straw that was so often seen in the *Punch* portraits of him.

This insertion of a straw in Lord Palmerston's mouth is one of *Punch's* fancy touches,



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

Hector. "NOW, THEN, YOUNG FELLOW—DO YOU STARE AT?"

Hodge. "WHAT SHOULDN'T I STARE AT YER! I PAYS FOR YER!"

15.—THE HORSE GUARDS, 1857.

of which the Gladstone collar, the exaggerated lankiness of Mr. Balfour, the elephantine bulk of Sir William Harcourt, etc., are other and more familiar examples to us of the present day. Mr. Spielmann refers to this Palmerston-straw in his "History of *Punch*," and writes:—

Palmerston, of course, never did chew straws; but one was adopted as a symbol to show his cool and sportive nature. Many a time has that straw formed the topic of serious discussion by serious writers. . . . However, it is certain that the sprig of straw, which really referred only to his pure devotion to the Turf, from 1815 onwards, was first used in 1851 . . . and, as a matter of fact, added not a little to Palmerston's popularity, as not only representing the Turf, but a Sam Weller-like calmness, alertness, and good-humour.

No. 13 is by Leech, and in No. 14 we have a reminder of the garrotting-terror of



SCENE—OMNIBUS, DRAWN BY QUADRUPEDS WITH PROMINENT RIBS.

Gent. "OH, AH!—AND WHAT DO YOU FEED THE HORSES ON?"

Driver. "BUTTER-TUBS—DON'T YER SEE THE 'OOPS!'"

16.—THE OLD STYLE OF OMNIBUS HORSE, 1857.

the London streets in the year 1856. These garrote-robberies, to which *Punch* made several references with a view to their suppression, were silently committed in the



Fest Young Lady (to Old Gent). "HAVE YOU SUCH A THING AS A LOUVER ABOUT YOU, FOR I'VE LEFT MY CIGAR LIGHTS AT HOME!"

17.—A LADY-SMOKER OF 1857. BY LEECH.



UNDER THE MISTLETOE

Miss Oshington. "OH, DON'T YOU LIKE CHRISTMAS TIME, MR. BROWN, AND ALL ITS DEAR OLD CUSTOMS?" (BROWN DON'T SEEM TO SEE IT.)

18.—BY LEECH. 1858.

London streets by compressing the victim's windpipe until he became insensible. The crime was usually done at night by three men: the *fore-stall*, or man who walked before the intended victim; the *back-stall*, who walked behind the victim; and the actual operator, who was called the *nasty-man*. The part of the two "stalls" was to conceal the crime, give alarm of danger, carry off the booty, and facilitate the escape of the *nasty-man*.

Mr. Punch invented the collar

seen in No. 14, to prevent the grip of the *nasty-man* taking effect upon the windpipe of his victim.

Glancing at Nos. 15 and 16, we see in No. 17 a girl of the period [A.D. 1857] astonishing her old-gentleman fellow-passenger by pulling out her cigar-case in the railway compartment. Then, ladies preferred cigars, but now, as a rule, they smoke cigarettes.



Jenny Lady. "NOW THEN, GIRLS, JUST LET ME—"
Glad (addressing, before the word "PASS" can escape the lips of the fair Pedestrian). "OH! IT AIN'T SO USE YOUR TRING A TINK, MISS. THERE AIN'T ABOVE DOOR TO TAKE US BETTY SINGERS."

19.—A STREET INCIDENT OF 1857.

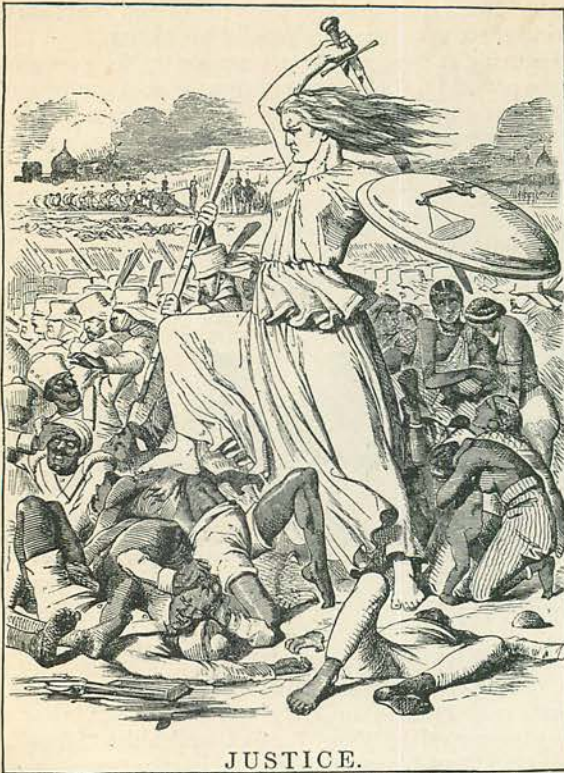
Nos. 18 and 19 bring us to Tenniel's masterpiece—No. 20. This splendid drawing was published as a double-page cartoon in *Punch* on August 22, 1857; it was suggested to John Tenniel by Shirley Brooks, one of Mr. Punch's great stars, who, in 1870, succeeded Mark Lemon as Editor.

This picture is one of the famous "Cawnpore Cartoons," in which Tenniel expressed the feelings of horror and of revenge which all England experienced



THE BRITISH LION'S VENGEANCE ON THE BENGAL TIGER.

20.—ONE OF SIR JOHN TENNIEL'S MASTERPIECES DURING THE INDIAN MUTINY. 1857.



JUSTICE.

21.—ANOTHER OF THE FAMOUS CAWNPORE CARTOONS BY TENNIEL. 1857.

at the news of the treacherous brutalities of the Sepoy mutineers. The Cawnpore massacre of women and children by the order of in-

had not then been relieved by Havelock and Outram, nor had Delhi been re-taken by our men.

Even now, more than forty years since Tenniel drew this avenging lion leaping on the snarling tiger, this picture stirs the blood, and the more when we recall that Nána Sâhib was actually asked to go into Cawnpore with his guns and men to help old Sir Hugh Wheeler against the mutineers. Sir Hugh was in command of the garrison, and he was seventy-five years old when he asked for help from the treacherous Dandhu Panth—the Nána Sâhib of the most infamous page of the world's history.

The next picture, No. 21, was published September 12, 1857, and it tells us something of what our men did to avenge Cawnpore. The country was furious for revenge, and our troops took it to the full after they had looked down the well by the trees in the garden at Cawnpore, and had seen that long pit choked up with massacred Englishwomen and children.

A soldier who was there, and who had seen things [there is no name for the things he saw], once told me that they would pile up a heap of

Sepoys dead or wounded, pour oil over them, and then set fire to the pile—our troops were simply mad with the lust of revenge, and no power on earth could have held them back, and one could not blame them after hearing,



"DID YER WANT A GOOD WARMINT DAWG, SIR!"

22.—HEAVEN FORBID! 1858.

famous Nána Sâhib had occurred in the June of 1857, and when *Punch* published this picture, we had just sent off thirty thousand British troops from home to India. Lucknow



FIELD MARSHAL PUNCH PRESENTS A "LITTLE SOUVENIR" TO COLONEL H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

23.—THE PRINCE OF WALES AS COLONEL, AT AGE SEVENTEEN. 1858.



OUR DEAR OLD FRIEND BRASS—HAVING TAKEN THE RECEIPT FOR HORSE-TAKING FROM THE PAUNCH—TRIED SOME EXPERIMENTS UPON AN ANIMAL THAT HE WAS PURCHASING!

24.—BY LEECH. 1858.

as I did at first hand, of the nameless things that were done to our kinsfolk in India.

The verses in *Punch* facing the picture in No. 21 show very plainly what the feeling was in this country, even among men who had not seen the sights that our troops in India saw:—

Who pules about mercy? The agonized wail
Of babies hewn piecemeal yet sickens the air,
And echoes still shudder that caught on the gale,
The mother's—the maiden's wild scream of despair.

Who pules about mercy? That word may be said
When steel, red and sated, perforce must retire,
And, for every soft hair of each dearly-loved head,
A cord has dispatched a foul fiend to hell-fire.

The Avengers are marching—fierce eyes in a glow:
Too vengeful for curses are lips locked like those—
But hearts hold two prayers—to come up with the foe,
And to hear the proud blast that gives signal to close.

Etc., etc., etc.

And terrified India shall tell to all time
How Englishmen paid her for murder and lust;
And stained not their fame with one spot of the crime
That brought the rich splendour of Delhi to dust.

Punch had no patience with that party at home who urged mercy, and who feared that, in avenging Cawnpore and the other horrors of the Mutiny, we should go too far and disgrace our name by treating the enemy's women as they had treated ours. Notice in the picture, No. 21, that Tenniel has been careful to show the Indian women grouped behind Justice, mourning, but unharmed by our men as these march annihilating the treacherous mutineers, with Justice leading them on.



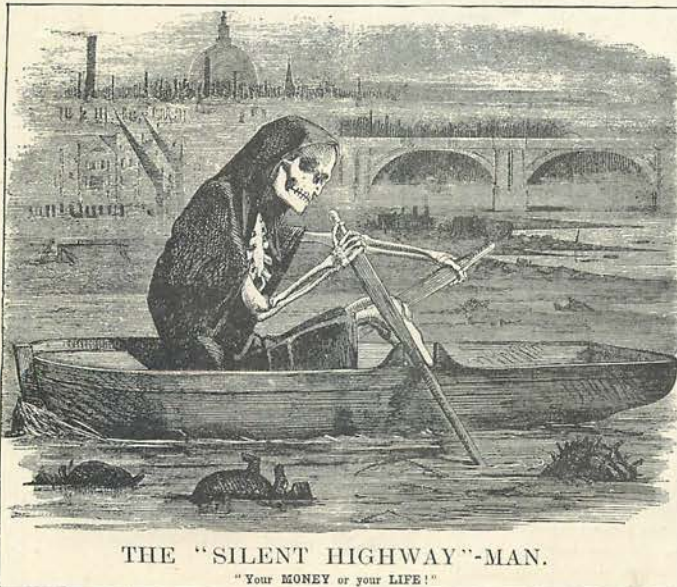
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HER?—WHY, THE FACT IS, THE STUPID AND GREEDY BOY HAS MISTAKEN FOR JAM AND WALLOWED, A RATHER FINE SPECIES OF THE ACTINIA EQUINA, OR PURPLE SEA ANEMONE, WHICH ACTY FOOSER HAS BROUGHT FROM THE COAST!

26.—BY LEECH. 1859.

However, let us follow our Mentor, *Punch*, and pass from grave to gay by looking now at the funny sketch in No. 22.

No. 23 shows Field-Marshal Punch presenting the "Life of Wellington" to the Prince of Wales, who at age seventeen became a Colonel in the British Army. This was published November 20, 1858.

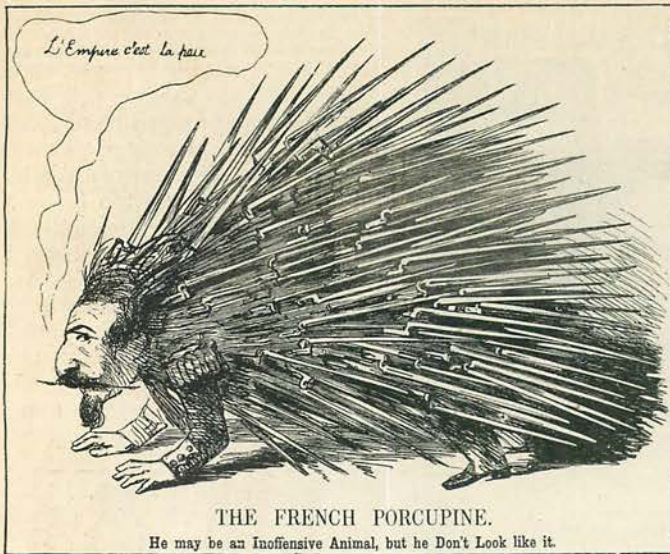
Earlier in the same Volume, No. XXXV. of Mr. Punch's long row of 115 Volumes, there is on page 53 another curious example of *Punch's* way of forecasting things or events which later become actualities. For the mention of this example I am indebted



THE "SILENT HIGHWAY"-MAN.

"Your MONEY or your LIFE!"

25.—ILLUSTRATING THE UNSANITARY CONDITION OF THE RIVER THAMES BEFORE THE EMBANKMENTS WERE BUILT. 1858.



27.—BY LEECH. 1859.

to Mr. Spielmann, and it is interesting as anticipating the Missing-Word Competitions of a few years ago which were then so popular. Here is the piece from *Punch*, published August 7, 1858:—

BIRD-FANCIERS
AND BEARD-
FANCIERS.

Omitting the first word, we print the following advertisement verbatim from the *Times*:—

To Short-Faced Beard-Fanciers.—The owner of a good stud of blue and silver beards, feeling anxious to improve the breed, is open to Show a Silver Beard Hen against all England for a match of two guineas.—Address, Mr. William Squire, Chymist, Hanwell, W.

We have not any wish to be thought a sporting character, nor to have our office mistaken for a betting-office; but we are open to a wager, with any lady reader, that she will not in six guesses name the word we have omitted;

Speculation on the points which we above have mooted might, of course, have been prevented by insertion of the word we have omitted; and we might create a spurious excitement by announcing that the word would be "given in our next." We will therefore keep our readers no longer in suspense, and without beguiling them to pay another threepence by withholding what is now within our power to print, we will state that the word "Pigeons" headed the advertisement.

The preceding statement was published, as I have said, in 1858, and thirty-four years later, in 1892, the idea here set out by Mr. Punch attained its full development in the great Missing-Word Competitions of that year.

No. 24 shows to us *Punch's* old friend, Mr. Briggs, engaged in a very unsuccessful attempt to initiate some horse-taming experiments, which just then, in 1858, were attracting public notice.

No. 25 is a rather gruesome picture of the state of the River Thames before the Embankments were built and when the river

was a common muck-receiver, and was thus a danger to life. *Punch* with his usual sagacity advocated the spending of the necessary money to remedy such a bad state of things, and here we see the position pithily summed up in the words: "Your money or your life."

No. 26 is funny.



28.—BY LEECH. 1858.



29.—AN INCIDENT OF AN AUTHOR'S LIFE. 1859.

The extraordinary cartoon in No. 27 is a very clever thing by Leech. It represents Napoleon III. as a porcupine, bristling with French bayonets in place of quills, and the cartoon refers to the contradiction between Napoleon's words "L'Empire c'est la paix" [The Empire is Peace], and the fact that simultaneously with the expression of this peaceful sentiment, a large increase was being made in the military armament of France. This military growth in France naturally attracted our attention, and Leech drew this very clever cartoon, which is additionally interesting as a *tour de force* by Leech, for he proposed the idea and drew the picture in two hours, time being very scant that week in March, 1859, owing to an exceptional postponement of the usual Wednesday *Punch*-dinner, at which the forthcoming cartoon is chosen.

Passing Nos. 28, 29, and 30, we come to the cartoon in No. 31, which was published March 5, 1859, just forty years ago. But we have



THE QUEEN IN HER STORE-ROOM.

HER MAJESTY TO HER FAITHFUL SERVANT. "I DON'T KNOW WHAT MAY HAPPEN, MR. BULL, BUT 'KEEP OUR POWDER DRY.'"

31.—FORTY YEARS AGO. PUBLISHED MARCH 5, 1859.

He has not had to do so, as regards any of his Continental neighbours, since that day of March, 1859, when *Punch* published this picture we are now looking at—and may another forty years be added to those forty which have gone without dimming the sense of this picture, before Mr. Bull has to weigh out his "dry powder" upon a large pair of scales.

No. 32 shows to us the bucolic apprecia-



"You've no call to be afraid of my Dog, Marm, if you will but keep yours off of 'em!"

30.—A ROUGH'S SARCASM OF 1859.

the same Queen who is here seen in her Store-Room, and that Queen has the same Faithful Servant to whom she says to-day, as she said forty years ago, "I don't know what may happen, Mr. Bull, but 'Keep our Powder Dry.'" And Mr. Bull, of Her Majesty's [War] Store Room, may be trusted to obey his Queen's order, although he heartily wishes that he may not have to unpack his stores for many a year to come.



AT A DINNER GIVEN BY MY LORD BROADACRES TO SOME OF HIS TENANTS, CUBACOA IS HANDED IN A BRILLIANT GLASS TO OLD TERSIPTOP, WHO, ALLOWING IT WITH MUCH RELISH, SAYS—"OZ ZAY, YOUNG MAN! OZ LE TAR ZUP O' THAT IN A MOON!"

32.—BY LEECH. 1859.

tion of curaçoa by Lord Broadacres' farmer-tenant, who wants "zum o' that in a Moog."

Leech's picture in No. 33 introduces the Duke of Edinburgh for the first time, I believe, into the pages of *Punch*. This cartoon was published May 14, 1859, when it was proposed to increase our Navy, and the young Prince Alfred was then entered on the books of the *Euryalus*. The Duke was at that time fifteen years of age, and Leech has, for some reason not known to me, represented him as quite a small boy of five or six years old.

The very funny picture, No. 34, which comes next, is probably a representation by Leech of his own sufferings from noise of all sorts. Leech had an absolute horror of street and other noises, and Mr. F. G. Kitton has recorded, in his *Biographical Sketch of John Leech*, that when



33.—THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON ENTERING THE NAVY. BY LEECH, 1859.

who had gone into the country to have a quiet night.

I have compared a good portrait of Leech with the distracted face of the man in bed, and it seems to me that Leech has here drawn a portrait of himself.



34.—BY LEECH. 1859.

(To be continued.)

A Peep into "Punch."

By J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

[The Proprietors of "Punch" have given special permission to reproduce the accompanying illustrations. This is the first occasion when a periodical has been enabled to present a selection from Mr. Punch's famous pages.]

PART IV.—1860 TO 1864.

This part contains the first of George du Maurier's "Punch" pictures, and the last by John Leech.



THE NEXT INVASION.
LANDING OF THE FRENCH (LIGHT WINES) AND DISCOMFITURE OF OLD GENERAL BEER.

1.—BY LEECH. 1860.



JOHN LEECH'S cartoon in No. 1 was published in *Punch* on February 11, 1860. It shows the then-imminent Invasion of England by the French (light wines) and the "discomfiture of old General Beer." This clever picture alludes to an important commercial treaty with France, negotiated in 1860 by Richard Cobden, who acted as British Commissioner in the affair; the trade between France and our country was greatly increased by this treaty, of which Mr. Gladstone said (in August, 1866): "I don't believe that the man breathed upon earth at that epoch, or now breathes upon earth, that could have effected that great measure, with the single exception of Mr. Cobden."

One result of the treaty was to give us the benefit of French wines, a pleasant addition to the ports, sheries, and Madeiras of forty years ago; French clarets and burgundies are in the battalions we see advancing on poor old General Beer, who, however, was not permanently discomfited by this invasion of the French, for he soon found that the British public readily assimilated both his

beer and the invading wine.

Mr. Punch's verses accompanying this cartoon are headed:—

MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT.
Ye who rejoice in beer and pipes,
You ought not to repine,
But be right glad if British swipes
Compete with light French wine;
Because the contest will be, which
Potation shall prevail,
And small beer then will grow more rich,
And men brew better ale.
Etc., etc., etc.

The picture No. 2 was suggested to Leech by one of his own children, the Discerning Child of the sketch, who, having heard some remarks made by his father as to the treatment of children, says to the new nurse, "Well, then, I'm one of those boys who can only be managed with kindness—so you had better get some Sponge Cakes and Oranges at once!"



A WORD TO THE WISE.

Discerning Child (who has heard some remarks made by Papa). "ARE YOU OUR NEW NURSE?"
Nurse. "YES, DEAR!"
Child. "WELL THEN, I'M ONE OF THOSE BOYS WHO CAN ONLY BE MANAGED WITH KINDNESS—SO YOU HAD BETTER GET SOME SPONGE CAKES AND ORANGES AT ONCE!"

2.—BY LEECH. 1860.

No. 3 refers to the great Volunteer movement of forty years ago, which followed the sending of a circular letter, dated May 12, 1859, from the Secretary for War to the Lord-Lieutenants of counties in Great Britain authorizing the formation of Volunteer corps. The enrolment of men was so rapid that during a few months in 1859-60 a force of 119,000 Volunteers was



THOSE HORRID BOYS AGAIN!
Boy (to distinguished Volunteer). "Now, CAPTAIN! CLEAN YER BOOTS, AND LET YER 'AVE A SHOT AT ME FOR A PENNY!"
 3.—BY LEECH. 1860.

Mr. Bool: "So I am, Moosoo—and these are some of the Boys who mind the Shop!—Compreenny?"

There are many amusing things in *Punch* based on the sayings of omnibus men. No. 4 illustrates the impatience of the driver, who admonishes a dilatory conductor:—

"Now then, Bill, ain't yer got 'em all out yet? Why, one would think you was picking 'em out with a *pin* like *Winkles!*"

It is necessary of course to show the pictures here in a smaller size than on the pages of *Punch*, and this reduction sometimes makes the wording at the bottom of the pictures rather small—so it may be useful to repeat the "legends" of the pictures as one comes to them. No. 6 reads:—

"Well, my little man, what do you want?"
 "Wot do I want?—Vy, Guv'ner, I thinks I wants Heverythink!"

In No. 7 we have a fancy portrait of the Prince of Wales on his return from the United States: he is speaking to his father, Prince Albert, and at the time to which this picture

refers, the Prince was just nineteen years of age.



NATURAL IMPATIENCE.
 4.—BY LEECH. 1860.

created—to one of these soldiers, Mr. *Punch's* street-arab in No. 3 says, "Now, Captin! Clean yer Boots, and let yer 'ave a Shot at me for a Penny!"

Punch in those days sometimes poked fun at the Volunteers, as did most other people, and it was not to be expected that this so-called mushroom army should escape a certain amount of ridicule, which the inefficiency of the old Volunteers of earlier times had associated with the name.

However, in No. 5, Mr. *Punch*, always patriotic, shows the Volunteers in a much more dignified light, when John Bull is replying to the Frenchman's remark:—

"Mais, Mosieu Bool, I ave all ways thought you vass great Shopkeepare!"



THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.
Foreign Party. "MAI, MOOSIE BOO, I AVE ALL WAYS THOUGHT YOU VASS GREAT SHOPKEEPARE!"
Mr. Bool. "So I AM, MOOSOO—AND THESE ARE SOME OF THE BOYS WHO MIND THE SHOP!—COMPRENNY!"

5.—A SURPRISE FOR THE FRENCHMEN. 1860.

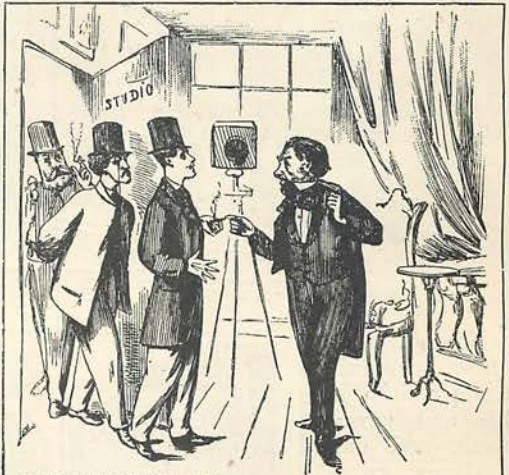


CANDOUR.
 "Well, my little man, what do you want?"
 "Well do I want!—Ye, Gawd, I think I want Hisergrin!"

6.—A STREET-ARAB OF 1860.

The verses accompanying this portrait of the Prince are called:—

AMERICAN POLISH FOR A PRINCE.
 Old boss, John Bull, take back your Prince
 From our superior nation,



PHOTOGRAPHER. "No Smoking here, Sir!"
 DICK TITTO. "Oh! A thousand pardons! I was not aware that—"
 PHOTOGRAPHER (interrupting, with dignified severity). "Please to remember, Gentlemen, that this is not a Common Artist's Studio!"—[N.B. Dick and his friends, who are Common Artists, feel shut up by this little aristocratic distinction, which had not yet occurred to them.]

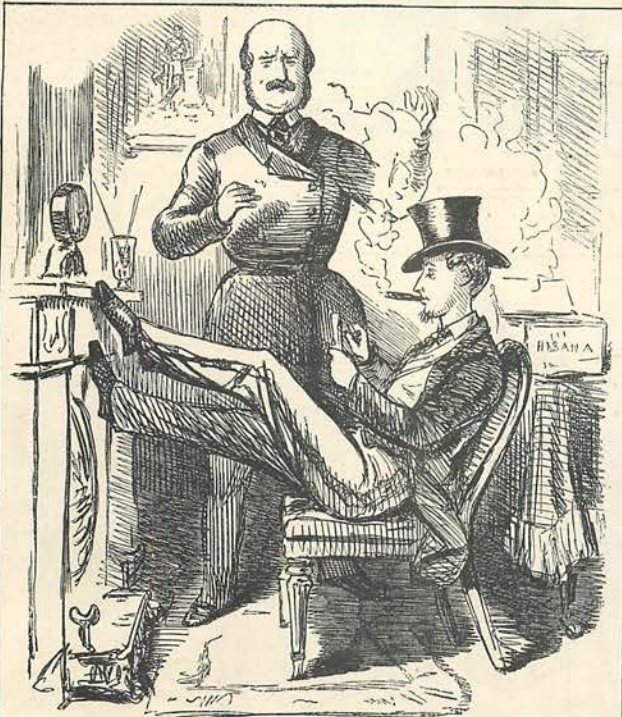
8.—MR. DU MAURIER'S FIRST PUNCH-PICTURE. OCTOBER 6, 1860.

Expect your eyes will twinkle!
 Yankee doodle, etc.

Etc. etc., etc.

No. 8 is George du Maurier's first *Punch*-picture, published October 6, 1860. This picture has little worth, either in its drawing or in its joke, but it has great interest for us because it is the first of the great number of contributions to *Punch* by Du Maurier, and because there is such immense difference between this rather poor sketch and the brilliant work for *Punch* that the most of us associate with the name Du Maurier.

Du Maurier was twenty-six years of age when this first picture by him was published in 1860, and as one looks at it, one can scarcely realize that the artist who drew No. 8 was destined to be, with Leech, Tenniel, and Keene, one of the four world-famous artists whose work built up the artistic reputation of *Punch*. Henceforward, for thirty-six years, we see Du Maurier's work in *Punch*.



LATEST FROM AMERICA.

H. H. H. JONSON (TO H. H. H. SERRIES). "NOW, SIR, REE, IF YOU'LL LIQUOR UP AND SETTLE DOWN, I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT MY TRAVELS."

7.—A FANCY PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES ON HIS RETURN FROM THE UNITED STATES IN 1860.



THE WEATHER AND THE STREETS.—1860.
Big of the Period. "Go it, Tommy! There's no Perlice, and the Old Gent's afraid to come out!"
 9.—BY LEECH. 1861.

No. 9 is very good. Leech has put into it life and movement, and one realizes completely the awkward position of the old gentleman peeping out, as one of the urchins says to the others, who are pelting the old gentleman with snowballs and sliding in front of his house: "Go it, Tommy! There's no Perlice, and the Old Gent's afraid to come out!"

The contest between two rival omnibus conductors for a "fare" is amusingly illustrated in No. 10; and the cartoon in No. 11 is specially good.

Lord Palmerston (Prime Minister in 1861) is playing "Beggars My Neighbour" with Napoleon III., and the cards held by each player represent warships built or building in the year 1861. The Emperor of the French has just played his card *GLOIRE*, and Palmerston covers it with his card *WARRIOR*, saying, as he shows the

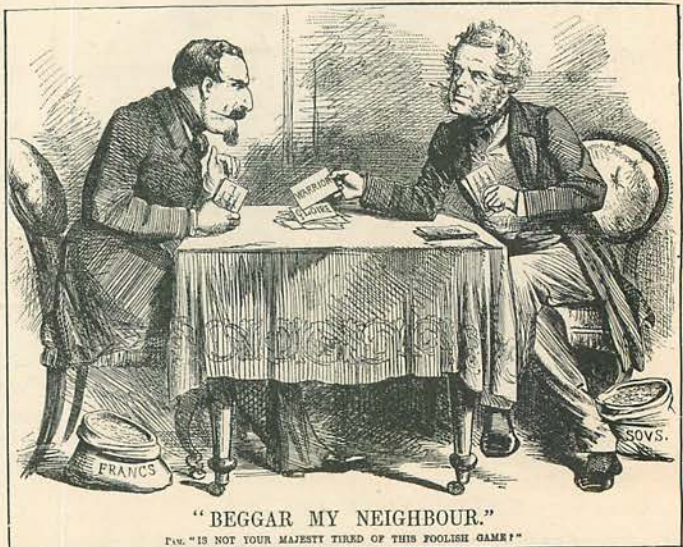
card, "Is not your Majesty tired of this foolish game?"

The facial expression of both men is very cleverly given, and we get here another excellent example of the famous Palmerston-straw, to which I alluded last month as indicating the alertness and cool imperturbability of the popular statesman, who is here making Napoleon III. "sit up." A clever bit of this cartoon is the introduction of the two bags of money from which the players draw — Palmerston's bag being marked "sovs." and Napoleon's bag "francs."

At the present time, France gives her State-finance in francs, we give ours in pounds sterling, and this difference of statement certainly imparts to the French Budget an importance not possessed by our estimates. For example, the Navy Estimates of the two countries for the year 1897-98 were:—



"SOUR GRAPES."
 OMNIBUS CONDUCTOR (after an unsuccessful struggle for the street fare). "Ya . . . a! Take your fat 'un!"
 10.—. . . "Ya . . . a! Take your fat 'un!" 1861.



"BEGGAR MY NEIGHBOUR."
 FIG.—"IS NOT YOUR MAJESTY TIRED OF THIS FOOLISH GAME?"

11.—A GAME AT BUILDING WAR-SHIPS, PLAYED BY LORD PALMERSTON AND NAPOLEON III. IN 1861.

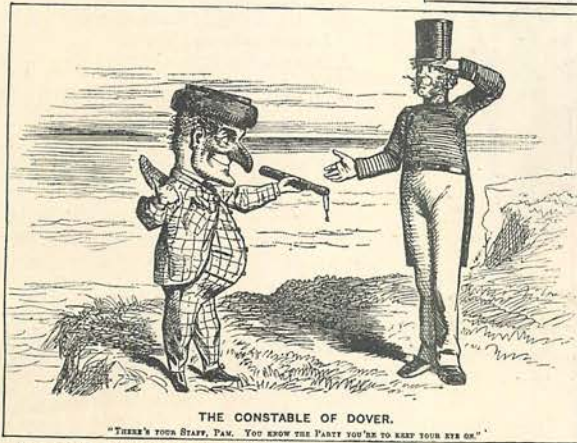
France284,795,500 francs.
 United Kingdom ... £22,338,000 sterling.

Here, despite France's important-looking array of figures, her amount given above is only worth just about one-half of our much less important-looking Navy Estimate now quoted in pounds sterling.

We see in No. 12 the cliffs of Dover, with the coast of France just visible across the Channel. Mr. Punch hands to Lord Palmerston the staff of the Constable of Dover, saying to the newly-appointed Constable: "There's your Staff, Pam. You know the Party you're to keep your eye on."



Mr. T. (to T., who has been reading the popular novel). "PRAY, MR. TOMKINS, ARE YOU NEVER COMING UPSTAIRS? HOW MUCH LONGER ARE YOU GOING TO SIT UP WITH THAT 'WOMAN IN WHITE?'"



"THERE'S YOUR STAFF, PAM. YOU KNOW THE PARTY YOU'RE TO KEEP YOUR EYE ON."

12.—LORD PALMERSTON AS CONSTABLE OF DOVER IN 1861.

The legend of No. 13 is:—

Bootmaker (affected to tears): "Then you haven't heard o' the demise o' is S'rene 'Ighness (sob) Count Pummelwitz, Sir; very old customer of ours, Sir—and when y'uv'e (sniff) made a Nobleman's Boots so many years, you feel r'el'ly like one of the Fam'ly!"



BOOTMAKER (affected to tears). "Then you haven't heard o' the demise o' is S'rene 'Ighness (sob) Count Pummelwitz, Sir—very old customer of ours, Sir—and when y'uv'e (sniff) made a Nobleman's Boots so many years, you feel r'el'ly like one of the Fam'ly!"

13.—THE SYMPATHETIC BOOTMAKER. 1862.

14.—A REMINISCENCE OF WILKIE COLLINS'S NOVEL, "THE WOMAN IN WHITE." BY LEECH. 1861.

Wilkie Collins's novel "The Woman in White" was very popular when No. 14 was published. Readers of this book will remember that it is rather ghostly, and Leech shows to us the terror of Mr. Tomkins, who has been sitting up late reading this novel, when a real "woman in white" suddenly appears, and says, "Pray, Mr. Tomkins, are you Never coming Upstairs? How much longer are



Mr. Peewit (goaded into reckless action by the impetuous Mrs. P.). "I—I—I shall report you to your Master, Conductor, for not putting us down at the corner—"
 CONDUCTOR. "Lor' bless yer 'art, Sir, it ain't my Master as I'm afeard on! I'm like you—it's my MISSUS!"

15.—BY DU MAURIER. 1861.

you going to Sit up with that 'Woman in White'?"

Another of Du Maurier's early pictures is seen in No. 15, the legend of which is:—

Mr. Peewit (goaded into reckless action by the impetuous Mrs. P.): "I—I—I shall report you to your Master, Conductor, for not putting us down at the corner—"

Conductor: "Lor' bless yer 'art, Sir, it ain't my Master as I'm afeard on! I'm like you—it's my MISSUS!"



16.—THE BEGINNING OF THE GERMAN NAVY. 1861.

Here again, we who are accustomed to Du Maurier's style in his *Punch*-drawings of more recent years than 1861 (when No. 15 was published) feel something like a shock of surprise to see his signature in the left corner of this amusing sketch, which is so entirely different from those later pictures, playfully satirical rather than funny, and in which a prominent trait is the expression of their author's great love of beauty—a quality that is happily possessed in a great degree by Du Maurier's brilliant successor in *Punch*'s "social" pictures: Mr. Bernard Partidge, whose delightful work will, one hopes, for a long while continue to enrich Mr. Punch's pages.

The cartoon in

No. 16, published in 1861, marks the birth of the German Navy. It is very funny. Look at the small German to whom Mr. Punch is giving a ship, with the remark, "There's a ship for you, my little man—now cut away, and don't get in a mess."

This was before Bismarck had "made" Germany, and in 1861 Germany did not rank as she now ranks among the European Powers. Hence *Punch*'s amusing but rather contemptuous verses which face this cartoon of October 19, 1861:—

THE GERMAN FLEET.
(To a Little Fatherland Lubber.)
And did the little German cry
I want to have a Fleet?
A Navy in his little eye?
Oh, what a grand conceit!
Well; if he'll promise to be good,
His wish he shall enjoy;
See here's a ship cut out of wood:
A proper German toy.
Etc., etc., etc.

Five years later, the Prussians defeated the Austrians at Sadowa (3rd July, 1866), and the "small German(y)" of our cartoon became, by this short but momentous war with Austria, perhaps the foremost Power in Europe, nearly all Germany being then united, and the influence and prestige of Napoleon III. being thereby greatly impaired.

The "cackle" of Du Maurier's picture in No. 17 is:—

NATURE WILL OUT AT LAST.

Well-Intentioned but Incautious Stable-Boy (in temporary disguise), to the restive and plunging blanc-mange: "Wo-ho, there! Wo-o-o-o!"

This is a funny picture, and the stable-boy (acting for the first time as a dinner-table-servant), who is in difficulties with the large and wobbling blanc-mange, is specially well done.

A remarkable incident is mentioned by Mr. Spielmann in his "History of *Punch*" with reference to this picture No. 17.



17.—BY DU MAURIER. 1861.

By a curious coincidence, as I have heard from the lips of a member of one of the great brewing firms, on the very day before the appearance of Mr. du Maurier's drawing the identical incident had occurred in his own house, and it was hard to believe on the following morning [when No. 17 was published.—J.H.S.] that the subject of his plunging blanc-mange, similarly apostrophized, had not been imported by some sort of magic into *Punch's* page.



PLEASANT—VERY!

ENRAGED TRADERMAN (knocked up at 3 a.m.) "What do you mean, Sir, by making this disturbance at this time o' night; breaking peoples' night's rest?"
 INEBRIATED WANDERER. "Hush—oh!—You've got a bite! Strike him hard. Mag—nifshnt fish, shever—I—shee—? pon my word an' honour!"

18.—THE FISHING-TACKLE SHOP. 1862.

The legend of No. 18 is:—

PLEASANT—VERY!

Enraged Tradesman (knocked up at 3 a.m.): "What do you mean, Sir, by making this disturbance at this time o' night; breaking peoples' night's rest?"

Inebriated Wanderer: "Hush—oh!—You've got a bite! Strike him hard. Mag—nifshnt fish, shever—I—shee—? pon my word an' honour!"

The hanging fish, the sign of the fishing-tackle shop, which attracted the notice of this Inebriated Wanderer, still hangs, I believe, where it did in 1861 when this joke was published.

The coming of the British ironclad war-ship is depicted in No. 19. Brawny John Bull stands firm as Neptune,

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VULCAN ARMING NEPTUNE.

19.—THE INVENTION OF IRONCLAD WAR-SHIPS. 1862.

the sea-god, while Vulcan, the fire-god who is the patron of all who work in metals, arms Neptune with his iron plates. Mermaids put the iron crown on Neptune's head.

This cartoon was published in 1862, only thirty-seven years ago, and yet since that time our Navy has more than once been entirely remodelled from the primitive form of ironclads, whose advent is so well impressed upon us of to-day by this *Punch*-cartoon of April 19, 1862.

No. 20 is a funny drawing by Leech of a Frenchman, who does not quite understand English hunting:—

Distinguished Foreigner (who does not comprehend why a frost should stop hounds): "Aha! no Hont zis Morning—Mon Dieu!—Zen zare is no Dog's Meet to-day!"



A HUNTING APPOINTMENT.—VIVE LE SPORT AGAIN!

Distinguished Foreigner (who does not comprehend why a frost should stop hounds). "Aha! no Hont zis Morning—Mon Dieu!—Zen zare is no Dog's Meet to-day!"

20.—BY LEECH. 1862.

The patent extinguisher, shown in No. 21, is certainly effective in its application to the preacher, who is seen in full swing at 12.30 by the clock on the front of the pulpit, and who, two hours later, has received the hint to stop, given by the automatic descent of the extinguisher.

The Playgoer in No. 22 says to the boy selling playbills:—

"Two-pence? Oh! then I won't have a bill; I've only got a penny."



PLAYGOER. "Two-pence? Oh! then I won't have a bill; I've only got a penny." BOY. "Then pray don't mention it, Sir. Never mind the hextra penny. I respects genteel poverty."

22.—THE POLITE PLAYBILL-BOY. 1862.

Boy: "Then pray don't mention it, Sir. Never mind the hextra penny. I respects genteel poverty."

No. 23 refers to the backsliding of a



CABBY. "This won't do, Sir; it's a Temperance Medial; 'tain't a Shillin'." INTOXICATE. "Good 'a' shillin's' worth of shilver; no further wike I'me Cabby!"

23.—A BACKSLIDER. 1863.



"MY DEAR PULPIT. Amongst the many beautiful things which the Exhibition contains, I am surprised that none of the critics should have called the attention of the Public to an exquisitely carved Pulpit. The requisites on their part is more surprising, because it seems to have been expressly constituted in order to carry out the views of those gentlemen who write to the extinguisher. Now although the Catalogue does not say so (fontaineurs are so very misapprehensive about the impropriety of long sermons. Above it is suspended a beautifully formed flame that machinery inside, which will cause the extinguisher to fall at the proper moment; that is to say, when the patience of the congregation is exhausted, although their ideas of propriety may compel them to retain their seats. I trust that your insertion of this will ensure the sale of a large number of orders from metropolitan congregations before he leaves the country. Yours truly, ROBERT BOWSER."

21.—AN INVENTION FOR STOPPING LONG SERMONS. 1862.



ANCIENT MARINER (to Browne, who has just arrived by the Steamer and had quite enough of it). "Now Row or Sail this evening, Sir?"

24.—1862.

expression of timorous and fearful expectancy is well shown. The small print below the picture reads:—

BURGLARS!—"Yes, there are two of 'em, if not three, by the Footsteps, and one of 'em is Blowing into the Keyhole now."



BURGLARS! "Yes, there are two of 'em, if not three, by the Footsteps, and one of 'em is Blowing into the Keyhole now!"

25.—A FALSE ALARM. 1862.

temperance-medallist of 1863:—

Cabby: "This won't do, Sir; it's a Temperance Medial; 'tain't a Shillin'."

Intoxicate: "Good 'a' shillin's' worth of shilver; no further ushe I'me, Cabby!"

The legend of No. 24 is:—

Ancient Mariner (to Browne, who has just arrived by the Steamer and had quite enough of it): "Nice Row or Sail this evening, Sir?"

Look at the old gentleman's face in No. 25—the

In Volume XLIV., covering the first half of the year 1863, Mr. Punch commenced a series of "NURSERY RHYMES (To be continued until every Town in the Kingdom has been immortalised),"

NURSERY RHYMES.

(To be continued until every Town in the Kingdom has been immortalised.)



THERE was a Young Lady of Ayr,
And she had such very long hair,
When she crossed the Auld Brig,
People said "It 's a wig,
Which no sponssible lassie would wear."
There was a Young Lady of Crawley,
Who said "as the weather is squally,
I 'll stop at home, saug,
And lie here on the rug,
And quietly read LORD MACAULAY."
There was a Young Lady of Denbigh,
Who wrote to her confidante, "N.B.
I don't mean to try
To be married, not I,
But where can the eyes of the men be?"
There was a Young Lady of Surrey,
Who always would talk in a burry,
Being called by her Pa,
She replied "Here I are,"
And he said, "Go and read LINDLEY MURRAY."

26.—ONE OF A SERIES OF NONSENSE VERSES BY MR. PUNCH. 1863.

and one of these, relating to the town of Ayr, is reproduced in No. 26.

No. 27 gives us an idea of the



RAILWAY PORTER. "Dogs not allowed inside the Carriages, Sir!"
COUNTRYMAN. "What not a little Tooy Tarrier? Wall, the'd better tak' un oot then, young Man!"

27.—A POSER FOR THE RAILWAY PORTER. 1863.



BRITANNIA DISCOVERING THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

BRITANNIA. "AHA, MR. NILE! 'TIS I'VE FOUND YOU AT LAST!"

28.—THE DISCOVERY OF THE SOURCE OF THE NILE. BY TENNIEL, 1863.

railway carriages of 1863; notice the little window high up in the door. The wording is:—

Railway Porter: "Dogs not allowed inside the Carriages, Sir!"
Countryman: "What not a little Tooy Tarrier? Wall, the'd better tak' un oot then, young Man."

Tenniel's cartoon in No. 28 records the discovery of the source of the Nile; it is a cleverly conceived drawing, and the expression of Mr. Nilus, as Britannia pulls aside the rushes and looks at him in his quiet and



ON LAST (verbosely, but with dignity, to the Constable's scandalous suggestion). "It 's nothing of the kind, P'liceman, that I can assure you, but I have unfortunately entangled my foot in my Crinoline, and can't get it out!" 1863.

shady retreat, is particularly good. This was published June 6, 1863, it having been announced at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on May 25, 1863, that "the Nile was Settled." And, in 1864, was published the book, "What Led to the Discovery of the Source of the Nile," by Captain John Speke, the African explorer.

No. 29 is rather funny. A piece of the crinoline which has caused the policeman's scandalous

No. 29 is rather funny. A piece of the crinoline which has caused the policeman's scandalous



30.—1863.

suggestion is shown with the poor old lady's foot well through it.

The illustration of "Professional Reciprocity" in No. 30 is really very natural, and it was based, probably, upon real life, as are so many of the jokes in *Punch*. The Country Parson says to the butcher, "Robins,



31.—1863.

I'm sorry I don't see you at Church more regularly." The Conscientious Butcher replies, "Well, Sir, I knows as I did ought to come to Church oftener than I does—the lots o' meat you has o' me."

The legend of No. 31 is:—

Lady: "What on earth, Mary, have you been doing with that Dog; he is Dripping with Water?"

Mary: "It's all Master Tom; he's been and tied him to the end of a Pole, and cleaned the Winders with him!"

In No. 32 the Omnibus Conductor says to the "swell" walking alongside:—

"Vitechapel or Mile End, Sir?"

(Swell takes no notice of the insult.)

Conductor: "Deaf and Dums' Orspital, Sir?"

A smart conductor this, but not a bit more smart than many of the present-day generation of omnibus men, although I fancy the introduction of the garden-seat on the top of omnibuses has to some extent lessened the activity in roadside repartee of the omnibus driver, for he no longer has sitting on each side of him (as in the days of the box-seat omnibus) one or two passengers to whom the driver looks for special appreciation of his smartness in repartee. At any rate, the following incident happened to me lately, and the hansom-cabman who scored the point did so without a shot fired back by the driver of my omnibus.



32.—1863.

One rather cold day in the autumn I was on the outside of a Brompton omnibus sitting on the garden-seat just behind the driver—I was without an overcoat and felt rather cold and, I dare say, looked cold.



33.—BY R. T. PRITCHETT. 1864.

There was a block at Earl's Court, and a hansom pulled up just by us. The cabman glanced up at me and then, with a nod of his head to the driver of my omnibus, remarked, "Say, Bill, you've got some 'ungry 'uns up there."

It was distinctly smart, but, as I say, the omnibus driver let the quip pass without a counter-stroke of repartee, and as I did not know what to say, the cabman scored, and whipped up his horse, while my



Para (who has driven rather a hard bargain and is settling). "BOY WHY, MY GOOD MAN, DO YOU PUT THAT CLOTH OVER THE HORSE'S HEAD?" Cab-Driver. "SURE, YER HONOR, THAT—I SHOULDN'T LIKE HIM TO AKE NOW LITTLE YE PAY FOR ACH A HARD DAY'S WORK!"

35.—BY LEECH. 1864.

fighting Irishman, Leech put life and actuality into his work, and when he died it was predicted that Leech's death would be the death of *Punch*—so closely was he associated in the public mind with the rise and growth of *Punch*, since he joined the paper in its first Volume. Leech's first drawing was published in the fourth number of *Punch*, August 7, 1841; I showed this first picture by Leech in Part I. of this article, and now we have his last picture, twenty-three years later.



A STREET FIGHT.

Wife of his Buston (to Vanquished Hero). "TERRIBLE, YE GREAT UNMADMAN, WHAT DO YER GIE INTO THIS TROUBLE FOR!" Vanquished Hero (to Wife of his Buston). "D'YE CALL IT TROUBLE, NOW? WAT, IT'S KEEVERERS!"

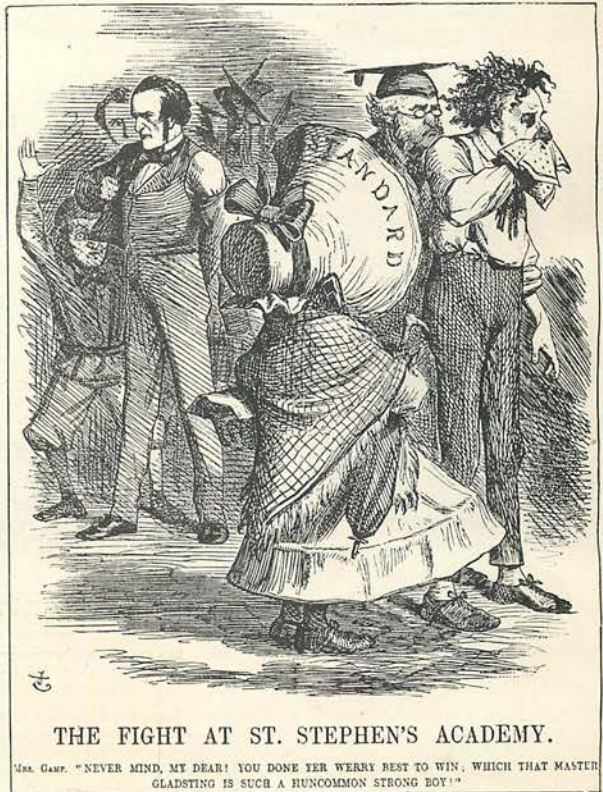
34.—THE LAST PICTURE BY JOHN LEECH. NOVEMBER 5, 1864.

fellow-passengers sniggered at my expense—that's why I suggest that the present-day omnibus driver is not so smart as he was in the year 1863, when No. 32 was published.

No. 33 shows a cat in a difficulty, who has been mistaken for a burglar.

No. 34 is the last picture by John Leech. Although there are in this part of "A Peep into *Punch*" two or three other drawings by Leech (Nos. 35 and 37) which, for convenience, are here printed later than this No. 34, these other pictures were published in *Punch* earlier than this last picture, which was in the issue for November 5, 1864; John Leech died October 29, 1864, at the early age of forty-six, just a week before No. 34 was published in *Punch*.

Up to the last, as we see by looking at this picture of the



THE FIGHT AT ST. STEPHEN'S ACADEMY.

YER GAMF. "NEVER MIND, MY DEAR! YOU DONE YER WERRY BEST TO WIN. WHICH THAT MASTER GLADSTING IS SUCH A HUNCOMMON STRONG BOY!"

36.—BY TENNIEL. 1864.



Cousin Florence. "WELL, TOMMY, AND SO YOU LIKE YOUR LITTLE FRIEND PHILIP, DO YOU? AND HOW OLD DO YOU THINK HE IS?" Tommy. "WELL, I DON'T REACTLY KNOW; BUT I SHOULD THINK HE WAS RATHER OLD, FOR HE SLEEPS HIS OWN NOSE!"

37.—BY LEECH. 1864.

The words below No. 35 are:—*Fare (who has driven rather a hard bargain and is settling)*: "But why, my good man, do you put that Cloth over the Horse's head?"

Cab-Driver: "Shure, yer Honour, thin—I shouldn't like him to see how little ye pay for such a hard day's work!"

In No. 36 we see the result of a political fight between Mr. Gladstone and Benjamin Disraeli (afterwards Lord Beaconsfield).



INCORRIGIBLE.

Clerical Examiner. "WHAT IS YOUR NAME?" Incorrigible. "BILER, SIR." Clerical Examiner. "WHO GAVE YOU THAT NAME?" Incorrigible. "THE BOYS IN OUR COURT, SIR."

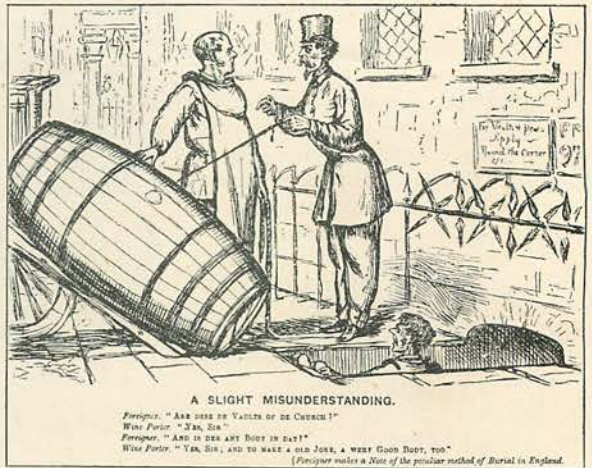
38.—A NATURAL MISTAKE. 1864.



Customer. "A SLIGHT MOURNING HAT-BAND, IF YOU PLEASE." Hatter. "WHAT RELATION, SIR?" Customer. "WIFE'S UNCLE." Hatter. "FAVOURITE UNCLE, SIR?" Customer. "YES—WELL, YEA." Hatter. "MAY I ASK, SIR, ARE YOU MENTIONED IN THE WILL?" Customer. "NO SUCH LUCK." Hatter (to his assistant, briskly). "COUPLE O' INCHES, JOHN!"

39.—AN AUTHORITY ON MOURNING HAT-BANDS. 1864.

of hatters' etiquette in the matter of the depth of mourning hat-bands, and No. 40 shows how easily a foreigner may make a grave mistake as regards the customs of a country he visits.



A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

Foreigner. "ARE THERE IN VAULTS OF THE CHURCH?" Wine Porter. "YEA, SIR." Foreigner. "AND IS DER ANY BODY IN DAT?" Wine Porter. "YEA, SIR, AND TO MAKE A GOOD JOKE, A WERT GOOD BODY, TOO." [Foreigner orders a Joke of the precise method of Burial in England.]

40.—THE WINE-VAULTS UNDER THE CHURCH. 1864.

NOTE.—In Part I. of this article, published last January, I showed in picture No. 22, "A joke by Thackeray, the point of which has never been discovered." Many readers have sent to me their solutions of this joke by Thackeray—some readers having backed their emphatic opinions with bets—but as all the solutions received are different, and as they are all possible, this joke must still be considered unsolved.—J. H. S.

(To be continued.)

A Peep into "Punch."

By J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

[The Proprietors of "Punch" have given special permission to reproduce the accompanying illustrations. This is the first occasion when a periodical has been enabled to present a selection from Mr. Punch's famous pages.]

PART V.—1865 TO 1869.

This Part contains the first of Mr. Linley Sambourne's drawings for "Punch."



Y this time, 1865 to 1869, we have come near to the middle part of Mr. Punch's sixty years' collection, and we tap the ten Volumes numbered 48 to 57, taking them from that long row of one hundred and fifteen volumes which stand on the shelves as a source of constant pleasure to the owner of them.



CONDESCENDING.—Master Tom (going back to School, to Fellow Passenger). "If you'd like to Smoke, you know, Gov'nour, don't you mind me, I rather like it!"

1.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1865.

drawings and cartoons that now for thirty-two years have been a part of *Punch* itself, although in the early years of Mr. Sambourne's connection with *Punch*, circumstances did not give opportunity for the display of the strong individuality which marks Mr. Sambourne's later work. We shall see the first contribution of this famous artist on a later page of this part of "A Peep into Punch."

Volume 48 of *Punch*,

covering the first half of the year 1865, which is here represented by pictures Nos. 1 to 6, contains the Editorial Notification to *Punch's* readers of the public sale by auction of the entire collection of John Leech's original sketches which had appeared in *Punch*. As was stated last month, when we saw his last picture, John Leech died October 29, 1864, and this sale of his sketches was promoted by the proprietors of *Punch* and by Leech's fellow-workers, to supplement the slender means left by him for the support of his wife and children. The sale took place at Christie's in April, 1865, and very high prices were realized for the work



A DELICATE CREATURE.—Mistress (on her Return from a Visit). "I don't Understand, Smithers, this Daily Item of Five Shillings for Dinners. I thought—"
Smithers. "Well, Mum, the Lower Suvvants was so Addicted to Pork, Mum, I re'ally—I thought you wouldn't Objeck to my 'aving my Meals helsewhere!"

2.—1865.

Richard Doyle has gone, John Leech has gone, and with them many less prominent artists, whose work, however, still lives in Mr. Punch's pages. We now find Charles Keene and George Du Maurier asserting their genius, with Sir John Tenniel—then plain John—as Mr. Punch's sheet-anchor for his cartoons.

This period in *Punch's* life is made notable by reason of the coming of Mr. Linley Sambourne—that clean master of pure line-work, whose vigour and decision of character no less than his power of fertile invention are so plainly shown in the



A VERBAL DIFFICULTY.—Irritable Captain. "Your Barrel's disgracefully dirty, Sir, and it's not the first time; I've a good mind to—"
Private Flannigan. "Shure, Sor, I niver—"
Captain (Irish too). "Silence, Sir, when you spake to an Officer!"

3.—1865.



RURAL FELICITY.—Scared Housemaid. "Oh! Mum! 'adn't Master better go Round with the Lantern, there's a Moanin' Gipsy somewhere in the Back Garden!" 4.—1865.

of the man who has left such a rich legacy behind him for the benefit of all the world, a small part of which has been shown in the earlier chapters of this article.

Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., in his "Life" of John Leech,



TO A GREAT MIND NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE.—Paterfamilias in Ireland (who has been detained some time in the Station collecting his Large Family and Luggage). "Why, confound you, you Fellow, what do you mean by telling me that you had a Conveyance that could take our whole Party of Ten, and getting me to send away the other Cabmen?" Car-Driver. "Well, and Shure it's the Truth I tould yer 'anner. See, now, I'll take Six on the Kyar, an' as many runnin' ather it as ye like!" 5.—1865.

has recorded that, to the surprise and regret of all who knew of the immense mass of work produced by Leech, he was unable to leave even a moderate fortune behind him, and Mr. F. G. Kitton in his Biographical Sketch of John Leech states that the artist's generous disposition had led him to undertake financial responsibilities which wore him down. Leech died at the early age of forty-six, and on the morning of his death it is recorded by Mr. Kitton that he said to his wife: "Please God, Annie, I'll make a fortune for us yet." The same writer states that

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Leech, who was the leading spirit of *Punch* for twenty years, earned the sum of £40,000 by his contributions to *Punch's* pages.

Leech's extreme sensitiveness no doubt helped to cause his early death, and on this score Miss Georgina Hogarth, the sister-in-law of Charles Dickens, once told me



TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS.—Towm Boy (to Country Acquaintance). "Who are They! Why, Customers as 'ad their 'eads brushed off by Machinery, 'cos they wouldn't 'old 'em still while they was a bein' Shampooed!" 6.—1865.

that she has seen John Leech affected nearly to tears by the imperfect reproduction of some of his work, which in those days had to be intrusted to the wood-engraver for reproduction. Also, Mr. Kitton mentions that Leech is quoted as saying to a friend who was admiring a study in pencil, "Wait till Saturday and see how the engraver will have spoiled it."



Sarah the Housemaid, who is very fond of playing practical jokes on Jeames, has made a mistake on this occasion! 7.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1865.



YOUNG, BUT ARTFUL.—*Frank.* "I say, Arthur, I wish you'd go and Kiss my Sister! There she is."
Arthur. "All right—what for?"
Frank. "Why, because then, I could Kiss yours."
 8.—BY DU MAURIER, 1865.

The "Biographical Sketch" of Leech also contains the following very interesting mention of Leech's own attitude towards his work, an attitude that no one would suspect who looks only at the results on *Punch's* pages and elsewhere:—

Leech had a melancholy in his nature, especially in his latter years, when the strain of incessant production made his fine organization supersensitive and apprehensive of coming evil. Lord Ossington, then Speaker, once met Leech on the rail, and expressed to him the hope that he enjoyed in his work some of the gratification which it brought to others. The answer was, "I seem to myself to be a man who has undertaken to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours." . . . The brain busy when the hand was unoccupied, the mind abstracted and employed when the man was supposed to be taking holiday—even when at his meals. He began to complain of habitual weariness and sleeplessness, and was advised to rest and try change of air.

From the next Volume, No. 49, which completes the year 1865, are taken our present illustrations, Nos. 7, 8, 9, 10, and 13—illustrations Nos. 11 and 12 being two of the six pictures which are here the sole representatives of the two *Punch* Volumes for the year 1866.

This Volume XLIX. contains Mr. Punch's obituary verses on Lord Palmerston, who died October 18, 1865. Palmerston was always a prime favourite of Mr. Punch's—here are two of the verses:—

He is down, and for ever! The good light is ended.
 In deep-dinted harness our Champion has died.
 But tears should be few in a sunset so splendid,
 And Grief hush her wail at the bidding of Pride.

Etc., etc., etc.

We trusted his wisdom, but love drew us nearer
 Than homage we owed to his statesmanly art,
 For never was statesman to Englishman dearer
 Than he who had faith in the great English heart.

Etc., etc., etc.

In earlier parts of this article we have seen some excellent *Punch*-cartoons in which Lord Palmerston was the leading figure, and a main cause of his great popularity at home and of his success right up to the time of his death may have been (as Mr. Justin McCarthy says it was) that "he was always able with a good conscience to assure the English people that they were the greatest and the best, the only great and good, people in the world, because he had long taught himself to believe this, and had come to believe it." Palmerston honestly believed in his own nation, and that nation honestly believed in Palmerston.



PRETTY INNOCENT!—*Little Jessie.* "Mamma! Why do all the Tunnels Smell so strong of Brandy?"
 [The Lady in the middle never was fond of Children, and thinks she never met a Child she disliked more than this one.]
 9.—1865.



EARLY PIETY.—*Matilda Jane* (catching the Pastor after Sunday School)
 "Oh, Sir, please what would you charge to Christen my Doll?"
 10.—1865.



A POSER.—*Mr. Brown.* "That Wine, Sir, has been in my Cellar Four-and-Twenty Years come last Christmas! Four—and—Twenty—Years—Sir!"
Mr. Green (desperately anxious to please). "Has it really, Sir? What must it have been when it was new?"
 11.—BY DU MAURIER, 1866.

In my collection of autograph letters there are two very interesting (unpublished) Foreign Office despatches written by Lord Palmerston, as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, to Lord Howard de Walden, the representative of this country at the Court of Lisbon. I quote some passages from one of these despatches, which relate to a difficulty with Portugal on

out of Revenge for a first Blow inflicted by somebody else. Every obstruction to commerce is an Evil, and the obstruction created by the high Duties of a foreign Country is aggravated, instead of being diminished, by the Imposition of high Duties at Home. We might raise the Duty on Portugueze wine; but that would only be imposing a Burthen on the Consumers of wine, and would afford no Relief to the Manufacturers whose goods have been burthened in Portugal, unless it forced the Portugueze to lower those Duties of which we complain; and perhaps the Measure might not succeed in accomplishing that effect.

However, we must try to get Robinson and some others to call upon us in the House of Commons to retaliate, and we must talk big, and say that we may be forced to do so.

Do you think there is any French Intrigue at the Bottom of all this? I should not be very much surprised if there were.
 Etc., etc., etc.



THE ROYAL SALUTE.—*Officer in charge of Battery (in a fever test the Time of Firing should be a Second late).* "Why, what are you about, No. 6? Why don't you Serve the Sponge?"
Bombardier McGuttie. "Hoots Toots! Can na' a Body Blaw their Nose?"
 13.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1865.



BAIN DE MER.—The Titwillows take a "Bang dy Fameel," or Family Bath. They meet some Table-d'hôte Acquaintances, consisting of an "Ancient Colonel of Cavalry in Retreat," and his Wife and Daughter, who offer to teach them the Principles of Natation. Mrs. T. doesn't Like it at all.
 12.—BY DU MAURIER, 1866.

a matter of tariff—this was prior to the Free-Trade policy of this country:—

F. O., 4 Feby, 1837.

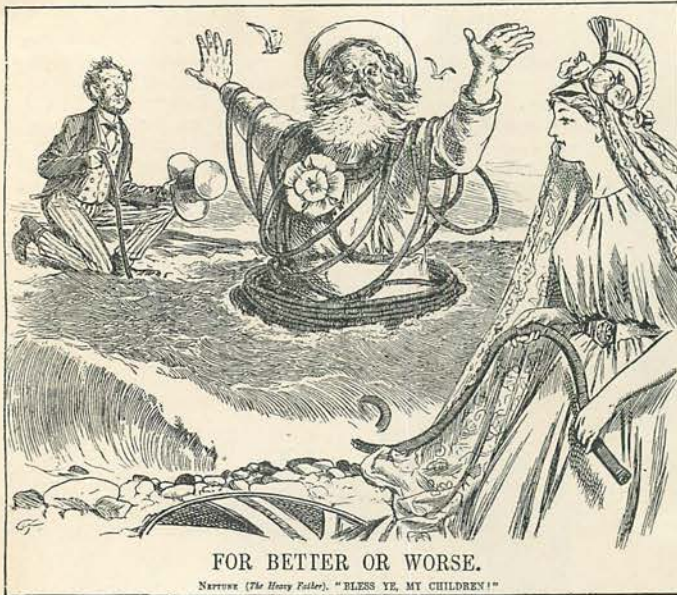
MY DEAR HOWARD,

I do not know what we can do about the Portugueze Tariff. We may threaten and bully, but it is doubtful whether we can effectually retaliate; and the Fact is that in such matters Retaliation is merely hitting oneself a Second Blow,

This despatch not only illustrates the plain, blunt, common sense of Lord Palmerston, but it



AN AWFUL DESPOT.—*Recruit (appealingly).* "But, Saargeant—"
Drill Instructor (taking him up with terrible abruptness and contempt). "'But, Saargeant! Not a War-r-d! Bah! I tell ye—ye can conceive nothin'—and yair Mind's made o' Dair-rt!"
 14.—1866.

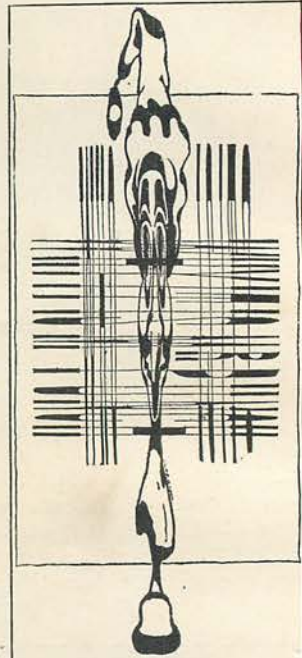


FOR BETTER OR WORSE.

Narrator (*The Honey Father*). "BLESS YE, MY CHILDREN!"

This cartoon illustrates the joining of the United States with the United Kingdom by a submarine cable in the year 1866. 15.—BY CHARLES KEENE.

from Ireland. A remarkable feat of seamanship and skill is mentioned by Mr. F. E. Baines in his book: "Forty Years at the Post Office," concerning the broken cable that was replaced by the new cable to which our



PUNCH'S CALIGRAPHIC MYSTERY.

16.—PUBLISHED IN THE YEAR 1866.

also gives us an insight as to the way things are managed behind the scenes: the Government was to put up "Robinson and some others" to cry aloud in the House of Commons for retaliation on Portugal, and then the Government was to "talk big" about being forced to retaliate on Portugal, and the effect of such big talk upon Portugal was, no doubt, to be duly watched. Did the "bluff" come off, I wonder?

Passing illustration No. 14—a very funny picture—we come to No. 15, a cartoon by Charles Keene, which illustrates the laying of a new submarine cable between this country and the United States in the year 1866. This cartoon was published on August 11th of that year, and on July 27, 1866, the *Great Eastern* steamship had successfully completed the laying of this new cable to America, an earlier cable having broken in 1865, during the process of laying it, at a distance of 1,050 miles

illustration No. 15 refers.

The broken cable lay in mid-ocean where the water was more than two miles deep. After the *Great Eastern* had done the work shown in

Keene's cartoon, she was at once steamed back to where the former cable had broken,

the huge ship was placed without hesitation over the broken cable of 1865, and a grapnel was let down. Almost at the first haul the cable was caught—in water over two miles deep!—and pulled on board. The electricians cut it, applied a speaking instrument to the sound length, and after the silence of a year the wire awoke to



THE PET PARSON.—Aunt Constance. "What, Beatrix, not Kiss Mr. Goodchild?"
 Beatrix. "No! I won't."
 Aunt Constance. "What! not when he Asks you himself?"
 Beatrix. "No! NO!! NO!!!"
 Chorus of Aunts. "What an Extraordinary Child!!"
 17.—BY DU MAURIER, 1866.

life, and the Atlantic Company's office in Valentia, in Kerry, on the west coast of Ireland, spoke through the recovered wire to the *Great Eastern* in mid-ocean, 1,050 miles distant. A ray of light waving to and fro in a darkened cabin was the reward they had toiled for and secured.

No. 16 is one of a series of Calligraphic Mysteries published by *Punch* in 1866. To read this hold the page on a level with your eye.

Pictures 17 to 20 bring us to No. 21, which is Mr. Linley Sambourne's first contribution to *Punch*. This was published April 27, 1867, and it



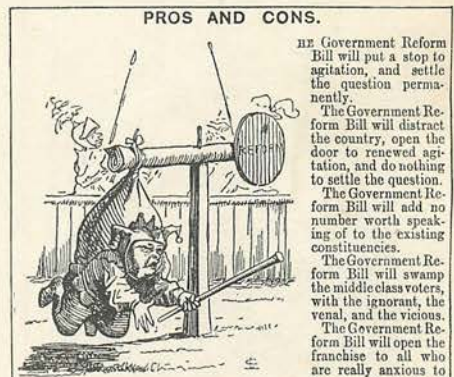
PHYSICAL STRENGTH V. INTELLECT.—Tom (who has been "shut up" by the Crichton-like accomplishments of his cousin Augustus). "I tan't Sing, and I tan't peak Frenss—but I tan Puss your 'ed!"
20.—BY DU MAURIER, 1867.



INTELLIGENT PET.—"Ma, dear, what do they Play the Organ so Loud for, when 'Church' is over? Is it to Wake us up?"
18.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1857.

represents John Bright tilting at the mark "Reform" on the quintain, and being knocked down by the swinging bag of

sand at the other end of the revolving bar. This refers to the defeated efforts of Bright (with Gladstone and others) to carry a Bill for electoral reform, which caused the resig-



21.—THIS SKETCH (FORMING THE INITIAL-LETTER T) IS MR. LINLEY SAMBOURNE'S FIRST "PUNCH" DRAWING. PUBLISHED APRIL 27, 1867.



FEARFUL ORDEAL FOR JONES.—Study of an Italian Signora, singing "Roberto, tu che adora." She is rapt in Dramatic Inspiration, and as she Sings she unconsciously fixes her ardent Gaze on the bashful Jones, who happens to be standing near. Jones's Agony is simply inconceivable.
19.—BY DU MAURIER, 1867.

nation of the Liberal Ministry, and then Disraeli, as Conservative Leader of the House of Commons, carried the Reform Bill of 1867, and by so doing completely took the wind out of the sails of his political opponents.

Nos. 22 and 23 are by Charles Keene, who at this time (1867) had had for seven years a seat at the famous *Punch* dinner-table. Keene was an outside contributor to *Punch* from 1851 to 1860; he received his first invitation to "the table" on February 6, 1860.

Keene had the habit of working late at night, and Mr. G. S. Layard in his "Life" of the artist narrates

that he was much disturbed by cats, which prowled and squalled about the window of his studio. Keene retaliated on the cats:—

Setting his wits to work, he contrived a toy weapon of offence, over which the big man showed the boyish enthusiasm which was a characteristic through life. Mr. John Clayton remembers well paying him a visit soon after he had perfected this instrument, and finding him energetically practising, so as to arrive at an accuracy of aim. He dilated with much pride upon his ingenious invention. Breaking off the side pieces of a steel pen, he fastened the centre harpoon-shaped piece on to



ARTFUL—VERY.—*Mary*. "Don't keep a Screugin' o' me, John!"
John. "Wh'oi bean't a Screugin' on yer!"
Mary (ingenuously). "Well, y' can i' y' like, John!"
 22.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1867.



A PASSAGE OF ARMS.—*Hairdresser*. "Air's very Dry, Sir!"
Customer (who knows what's coming). "I like it Dry!"
Hairdresser (after awhile, again advancing to the attack).
 "Ead's very Scurfy, Sir!"
Customer (still cautiously retiring). "Ya-as, I prefer it Scurfy!"
 [Assailant gives in defeated.]
 23.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1867.

a small shaft. This he wrapped round with tow, and propelled by blowing from a tube into which it fitted. The electrifying effect produced by these missiles upon his victims, without permanently injuring them, delighted him vastly, and he described graphically how they would come along the leads outside his window outlined *en silhouette*, and how the first moment they were struck by the little arrows they would stand for an instant stock still, whilst every hair on their bodies would stand out sharp and separate against the sky, like quills upon the fretful porcupine, and then how, with a yell, they would leap headlong out of sight into the darkness.

No. 24 is by E. J. Ellis, one of Mr. Punch's artists of thirty years ago, and No. 25

is by George Du Maurier. This fantastic drawing is one of a set illustrating poor Jenkins's nightmare, originating from a hansom-cab-accident depicted by Du Maurier in *Punch* from February 1, 1868. After letting his fancy play most extraordinary tricks, the artist concludes the set of pictures with

one entitled "Jenkins's Nightmare finally resolves itself into a beatific vision of triumph and revenge." In this picture, published February 29, 1868, Du Maurier introduces, incidentally, the name LITTLE BILLEE which, in 1895, was again used by Du Maurier for the hero in "Trilby"—a curious coincidence just now found that is of some interest to the host of Trilby-lovers. You may see this "Little Billee" picture on page 89 of Volume LIV. of *Punch*.

No. 26 is by Keene, and No. 27 by Du Maurier. The Cockney in the latter picture is evidently hesitating whether to "give away" the hunted hare who has just appealed



EVIDENTLY.—*First Youth (aged five years)*. "Ah! But s'pose he was to Run Away?"
Second Youth (aged ditto). "Run Away? Why, bless you, a Child might Manage him!"
 24.—BY E. J. ELLIS, 1867.



Ever since poor Jenkins met with that Accident in the Hansom Cab last fortnight, his nocturnal Slumbers have been agitated by a constantly recurring Nightmare. He dreams that a more than usually appalling Cab-Horse bolts with him in Hanway Passage (Oxford Street); and cannot quite make out whether he is riding in the Cab, or whether it is he who stands, powerless to move, right in front of the Infuriated Animal.

25.—BY DU MAURIER, 1868.

to him for a merciful silence, and one would like to know how the incident ended—one's sympathies are certainly with the hare.

A very famous *Punch*-joke is shown in No. 28. This "Bang went Saxpence" was drawn by Charles Keene, and published December 5, 1868. Even in its present reduced size the drawing shows very clearly the intense earnestness of expression of the returned Scot, who is narrating to his very seriously-interested friend the reason why he has so suddenly cut short his visit to London: "E-eh, it's just a ruinous Place, that! Mun, a had na' been the-erre abune Twa Hoours when—Bang—went Saxpence!!!"

Keene received inspiration from Scotland for many of his jokes, although he himself was an Englishman, born at Hornsey of English parents. Mr. Spielmann states in his "History of *Punch*," apropos of *Punch's* Scotch jokes:—

In the United Kingdom the joke-contributor is, as a rule, a disinterested person, usually seeking neither pay nor recognition; and so



DEAR, DEAR BOY!—George. "Oh! Shouldn't I just like to see Somebody in that Den, Aunt!"

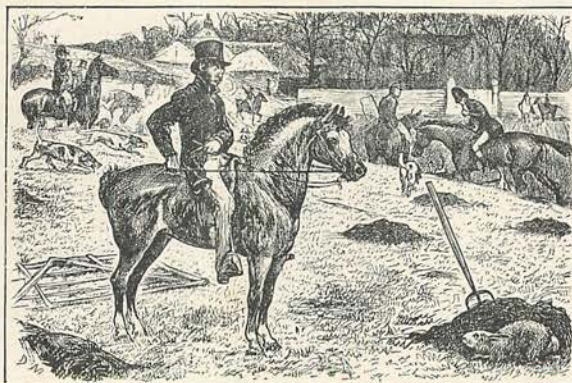
Serious Aunt. "Ye-es. Daniel, I suppose, dear?"

George. "Oh, no, Aunt; I mean 'Old Twigsby,' our Head-Master!"

26.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1868.

heard to say: "Eh, but that's a guid ane! Send that to Charlie Keene!"

Even a casual acquaintance with *Punch*



COCKNEY IN A FIX.—The Hunted Hare (as plain as eye can speak).

"Oh, Sir, Please, Sir, Pray don't Holler! Give a poor Creature a Chance!"

27.—BY DU MAURIER, 1868.

will suffice to show the genuine humour of Scotch "wut," and in reading Mr. Spielmann's interesting statement just quoted, that at least 75 per cent. of the jokes accepted by *Punch* from unattached contributors come from North of the Tweed, we must bear in mind that these

far as his estimate bears upon the value of his contribution, it must be admitted that his judgment is generally sound. But of the accepted jokes from unattached contributors, it is a notable fact that at least seventy-five per cent. come from North of the Tweed. Dr. Johnson, ponderous enough in his own humour, admitted that "much may be made of a Scotchman if he be caught young"; and it is probable that to him, as well as to Walpole—who suggested that proverbial surgical operation—is owing much of the false impression entertained in England as to Scottish appreciation of humour and of "wut." . . . Certain it is that *Punch* is keenly appreciated in the North. In one of the public libraries of Glasgow it has been ascertained that it was second favourite of all the papers there examined by the public; and it has been asserted that in one portion of the moors and waters gillies have more than once been

are the words of the leading authority on *Punch*, whose delightful "History" stands without a rival in all matters that touch the life and chronicles of Mr. Punch.

No. 29 is a cartoon by Tenniel which relates to an agitation in the year 1868 for granting to women the right to vote at Parliamentary elections. Mr. Punch's attitude in the matter is clearly seen, and the Revising Barrister (as *Hamlet*) exclaims to the female vote-claimant, "Get thee to a—*Nursery*, go! Farewell!"

Despite a few notable exceptions the male mind is now, as in 1868 when No. 29 was published, unable to see wisdom in granting the suffrage to women, and during a recent display of political activity in one of the



REVISED—AND CORRECTED.

Revising Barrister (*Hamlet*). "Get thee to a—*Nursery*, go! Farewell!"
 [Shakspeare (*slightly altered*).

29.—THIS CARTOON BY TENNIEL RELATES TO AN AGITATION IN 1868 FOR GIVING TO WOMEN A VOTE IN PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS.

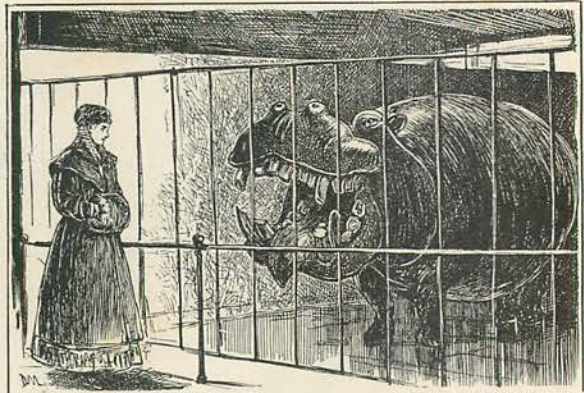


THRIFT.—*Pebbles Body* (to *Townsmen* who was supposed to be in London on a visit). "E—eh, Mac! ye're sune Hame again!"
Mac. "E—eh, it's just a ruinous Place, that! Mun, a had na' been the-erre abune Twa Hoours when—*Bang*—went *Saxpence*!!!"

28.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1868.

London suburbs, an incident came to my knowledge which is closely akin to that depicted in No. 29.

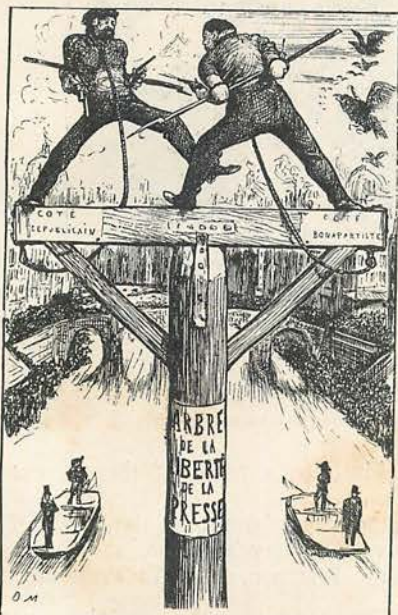
A worthy matron had after much solicitation consented to join the Primrose League and to take an active part in the canvassing for votes that was in progress, and in the instruction of the working-man voter, including the guidance of him along the right path. Accordingly, this good lady set out one afternoon to make her first attempt to influence the working-man's vote. She herself, I ought to say, was of



A GENTLE VEGETARIAN.—"Morning, Miss! Who'd ever think, looking at us two, that you devoured Bullocks and Sheep, and / never took anything but Rice?"

30.—BY DU MAURIER, 1869.

and allowed to stand, and somewhat haltingly expressed her views of the political situation to a brawny labourer who, at his ease, sat smoking. When the exhortation came to an end — there had been no interruption from the man — the labourer quietly turned his head towards the Primrose dame and ejaculated, "W'y don't yer go 'ome and mend yer children's socks?" The dame turned tail, hurried home, and declared that nothing should ever again induce her to go canvassing among the lower classes. The man had said to her, with good effect, what Mr. Punch's "Revising Barrister" says in No. 29,



THE DUEL TO THE DEATH.—Suggested to French Journalists as being still *more* certain and satisfactory than their present method of settling *Political Differences*. 31.—BY DU MAURIER, 1869.

although not in Shakespearean phrase: "Get thee to a Nursery. Go! Farewell!"

No. 30 is a rather disconcerting picture for vegetarians to contemplate, and No. 31 is another drawing by Du Maurier, that shows French journalists how they may make sure of a fatal end to a duel, and at the same time delight a large audience. *Vive l'honneur!*

No. 32, also by Du Maurier, is Vol. xvii.—74.



A LITTLE CHRISTMAS DREAM.—Mr. L. Figuiet, in the Thesis which precedes his interesting Work on the World before the Flood, condemns the practice of awakening the Youthful Mind to Admiration by means of Fables and Fairy Tales, and recommends, in lieu thereof, the Study of the Natural History of the World in which we live. Fired by this Advice, we have tried the Experiment on our Eldest, an imaginative Boy of Six. We have cut off his "Cinderella" and his "Puss in Boots," and introduced him to some of the more peaceful Fauna of the Preadamite World, as they appear Restored in Mr. Figuiet's Book.

The poor Boy has not had a decent Night's Rest ever since!
32.—BY DU MAURIER, 1868.

a remarkable piece of fantastic imagination prompted by M. Louis Figuiet's work on the World before the Flood, and illustrating the effect upon the artist's young son of the treatment advocated by Figuiet.

Charles Keene shows in No. 33 the startling effect upon a countryman who, in 1869, met at dusk in a



AWFUL SUMMUT—That Tummas met as he was a-comin' Whoam—"Ta Looked like a Man a Ridin' pon Nawthin!"
33.—SUGGESTED TO CHARLES KEENE BY THE HIGH BICYCLE OF 1869.



TO SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS DEPRESSION.—It's very well to go down for Six Weeks into the Country by yourself, to give up Tobacco and Stimulants, and to Live the Whole Day, so to speak, in the Open Air; but all this will do you no Good, unless you Cultivate a Cheerful Frame of Mind, and take a Lively View of Things.
34.—1869.

quiet lane an "awful summut," which closer inspection would have shown to be a man



EMBARRASSING.—Nervous Spinster (to wary Old Bachelor). "Oh, Mr. Marigold, I'm so Frightened! May I take hold of your Hand while we're going through this Tunnel?"
35.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1869.

riding a high spider bicycle—a sight not then familiar to the countryman.

The two Volumes of *Punch* for the year 1869, which are here represented by ten pictures, including Nos. 34 to 40, contain some cartoons which illustrate the perpetual freshness of Mr. Punch's ideas. Over and over again as one looks through the Volumes of *Punch* one is impressed by the vitality of the work and with its peculiar and almost uncanny quality of applicability to current events. Perhaps one cause of Mr. Punch's freshness

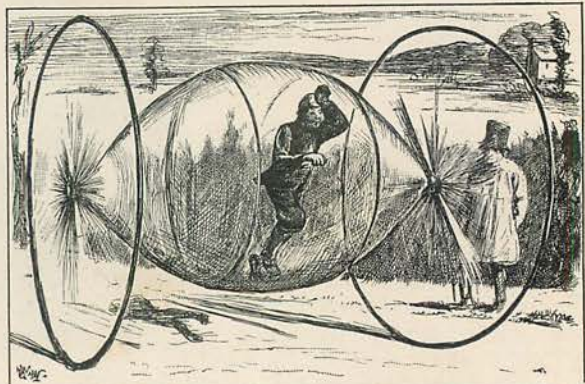
and vitality, even in his volumes of many years ago, may be that he singles out for illustration, in his cartoons especially, those incidents of national or social life which are part and parcel of the actual life of nations or of society, and which, therefore, have a constant tendency to recur in a later generation. Be this as it may, it is a fact that, look where you like in the back volumes of *Punch*, you are sure to see a strong cartoon that stands out quite as fresh as if it had been just



Philanthropic Coster (who has been crying "Perry-wink-wink-wink!" till he's hoarse—and no buyers). "I wonder what the poor unfortun'ate Creeters in these 'ere Low Neigh-b'rhoods do Live on!!"
36.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1869.

drawn to illustrate a topic of the present day.

For example, one turns over the leaves of Volume LVI. (January to June, 1869) and finds a Tenniel-cartoon, entitled "Prevention



Little Biffin, who in his Early Days has had a deal of Experience in White Mice, invents a Velocipede, Airy, Light, Commodious, and entirely free from Danger.
37.—1869.

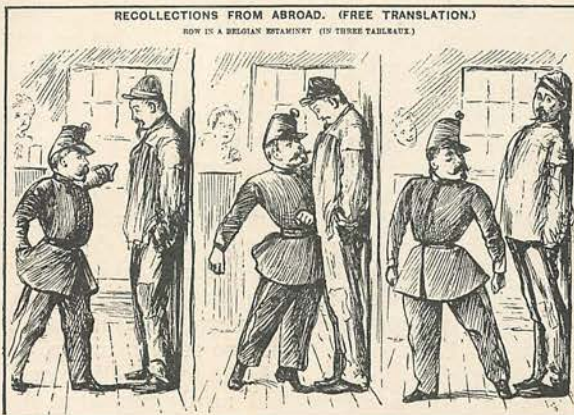


NATURE'S LOGIC.—*Papa*. "How is it, Alice, that you never get a Prize at School?"
Mamma. "And that your Friend, Louisa Sharp, gets so Many?"
Alice (innocently). "Ah! Louisa Sharp has got such Clever Parents!"
 38.—BY DU MAURIER, 1869. [Tableau.]

Better Than Cure," illustrating the application of the "cat" to the shoulders of a ruffian of that Hooligan type of rougns who have quite lately been unpleasantly active.

A few pages further on (January 30, 1869) you see a powerful Tenniel entitled "The Chambermaid of the Vatican," who says, as she looks over the stair-rail towards a group of very advanced High Church clerics, "I've warmed their beds for 'em; why don't they light their candles, and follow me?" [to Rome]. Only the other day, we read in the newspapers of Rome's exultation over the present unhappy dissensions in the Anglican Church, arising from the same cause that in 1869 prompted Tenniel to draw this cartoon.

Turn over a few more pages and you see, apropos of swindling company-mongers, a ruined shareholder supporting his grief-stricken wife as he says to her in court: "Yes, they are committed for trial; but we, my child, to *Hard Labour for Life!*" Comment is unnecessary as to the applicability of this cartoon of 1869 to the company-promoting



"Now then! you be Off!!" "What!! you Wont!!" "Then Stay where you are!!"
 "I shan't!" "No!!"
 40.—BY DU MAURIER, 1869.

events of present times, to which the Lord Chief Justice has lately referred in terms of unmeasured censure.

We turn to the last volume for 1869 (July to December), and passing over many cartoons that actually speak to us of present-day affairs, we see on page 99 (September 11, 1869) a Tenniel, entitled "Well rowed All!" with the Umpire (Mr. Punch) saying to the two oarsmen, John Bull and



ON THE FACE OF IT.—*Pretty Teacher*. "Now, Johnny Wells, can you Tell me what is Meant by a Miracle?"
Johnny. "Yes, Teacher. Mother says if you don't Marry new Parson, 'twull be a Murracle!"
 39.—1869.

Jonathan, who are just shaking hands after a race at Henley: "Ha, dear Boys! You've only to pull together, to lick all the world!"

The fact is that Mr. Punch is at the least a three-fold personality—a clean wit, a fine artist, and a prophet who "sees" true.

(To be continued.)

A Peep into "Punch."

BY J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

[The Proprietors of "Punch" have given special permission to reproduce the accompanying illustrations. This is the first occasion when a periodical has been enabled to present a selection from Mr. Punch's famous pages.]

PART VI.—1870 TO 1874.



THE LAST 'BUS.—Landlord. "What are yer Goin' to 'ave, Gen'lemen?"
 Driver (shivering). "Well—Bless'd if I ain't Famished! I should Like
 —Is there Time for a 'Rabbit'? Who 'ave yer got Inside, Bob?"
 Conductor (aloud). "Oh, all Respectable, 'Igh-minded, Well-to-Do
 People! Wouldn't 'ave no Objection, I'm sure!!"
 [Who could be "disagreeable" after this?]
 1.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1870.

WHAT a very clever drawing Charles Keene's picture in No. 1 is! Although in this small facsimile the effect is not so good as in the much larger *Punch*-drawing, it is really wonderful to see, even here, how this picture actually tells us of the exact surroundings of this journey by "the last 'bus" into a London suburb. The nip of the night air is felt as one looks at this picture, and the cold darkness ahead of the cheery inn is as real as the attitudes

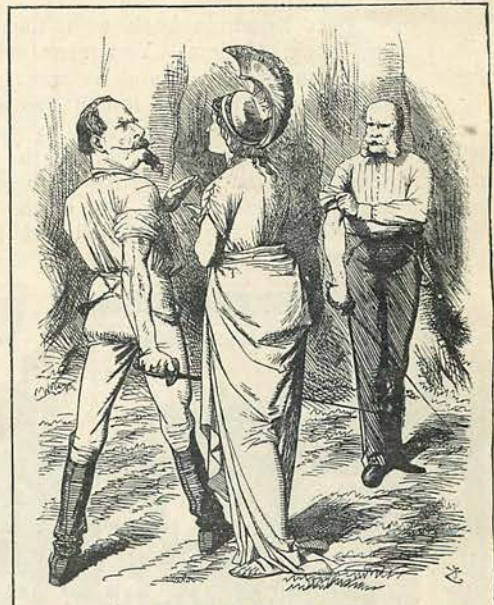


Little Ada. "I wish I'd got Teeth like yours, Aunt Lizzie, it would be so Nice to Take 'em out to Play with!"
 2.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1870.

Vol. xvii.—86.

of the passengers huddling together inside the 'bus, on the box-seat of which is a half-frozen grumpy man by the side of the driver, who wants a "Welsh rabbit," while a fat-faced and artful conductor conciliates the *inside* passengers, at any rate, by his emphatic assertion that they are "all Respectable, 'Igh-minded, Well-to-Do People," who "Wouldn't 'ave no Objection, I'm sure," to the delay caused by compliance with the driver's wish to have a "Rabbit."

Look, in No. 2, at the expression on the gentleman's face who is doing a discreet throat-cough on to the top of his hat, as, with eyes cast down, he tries to look uncon-



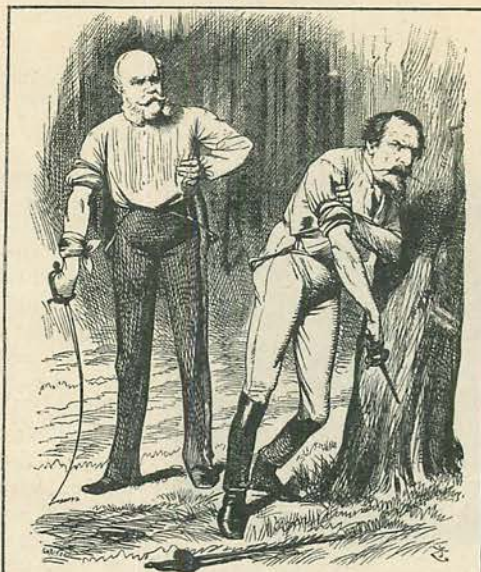
A DUEL TO THE DEATH.

FRANCE. "FRAY STAND BACK, MADAM. YOU MEAN WELL; BUT THIS IS AN OLD FAMILY QUARREL, AND WE MUST FIGHT IT OUT!"

3.—BRITANNIA'S ATTEMPT TO PREVENT THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR. BY SIR JOHN TENNIEL, JULY 23, 1870.

scious of the appalling wish just uttered by the sweet child to her Aunt Lizzie, the gentleman's hostess—Charles Keene again—inimitable, is it not?

Then in Nos. 3 and 4 are two finely-conceived cartoons drawn by Sir John Tenniel, who has never failed to do full justice to a good cartoon-idea, whether the conception come from himself or from the combined forces of the *Punch*-table, at which once a week the forthcoming cartoon is discussed and arranged. These two cartoons touch the Franco-German War of 1870: in No. 3, published July 23, 1870, Britannia tries to prevent the duel between Napoleon III. and the German Emperor William I. (then merely King of Prussia), but the Frenchman puts Britannia back with the words, "Pray stand back, Madam. You mean well, but this is an old family quarrel, and we must *fight it out!*" Napoleon III. simply forced this war on Prussia, upon a frivolous pretext, and by so doing delivered himself and his country into the hands of his enemy—stiff-backed Bismarck must have smiled a grim smile on the other side of the Rhine when, on July 16, 1870, the deluded French



THE DUEL DECIDED.

THE KING. "YOU HAVE FOUGHT GALLANTLY, SIR. MAY I NOT HEAR YOU SAY YOU HATE ENOUGH?"
THE EMPEROR. "I HAVE BEEN DECEIVED ABOUT MY STRENGTH. I HAVE NO CHOICE." (End September, 1870.)

4.—BY SIR JOHN TENNIEL, SEPTEMBER 10, 1870.

Emperor declared war against Prussia.

In July, France's shout was "à Berlin!" but so delusory were the French official accounts to Napoleon III. of the might of his battalions, that at once France had to act on the defensive against the sturdy, well-handled Prussians, who tramped, tramped, tramped across into France and drove the Frenchmen back at all points. In less than two months after Tenniel drew No. 3, he was called upon to show in car-



A DEGENERATE DAUGHTER.—*Shuddering Wife of Charlie's bosom.* "Promise me, Charlie, dear, O promise me, that you'll never go and let yourself be Organised into a Soldier! and that if ever the Enemy wants to come and take England, you and I and Maud and Baby will Fly to other Climes, and Let Him!!!"

His Mother-in-Law. "Don't Talk such Unwomanly Nonsense, Matilda! Why, if ever the Foreign Invader dared to set his Foot on British Ground, it would be some Compensation, at least, to me, to know that my Husband was among the very first to Confront the Foe!"

5.—BY DU MAURIER, 1870.

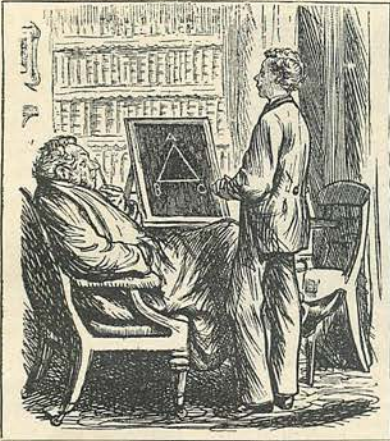


CHRISTMAS OVER THE BORDER.—*Southerner* (forgetting that Christmas Day falls on Sunday this year). "Good morning, Mr. Scarebairn. A Merry Christmas."

The Rev. Mr. S. "E-h, Mon! That's nae a fittin' Aejjective to pit afore the Sabbath!!!"

6.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1870.

toon No. 4 (published September 10, 1870) the result of the duel between the two men. The date inserted in the corner of No. 4, "2nd September, 1870," refers to the surrender on that day of the Emperor Napoleon with his army of 100,000 men, at Sedan. We see in this cartoon the beaten Frenchman staggering against the



DESPERATE CASE!—*M. A.* (endeavouring to instil *Euclid* into the mind of *Private Pupil* going into the Army). "Now, if the Three Sides of this Triangle are all Equal, what will Happen?"
Pupil (confidently). "Well, Sir, I should Say the Fourth would be Equal, too!"
 7.—PUBLISHED IN 1871.

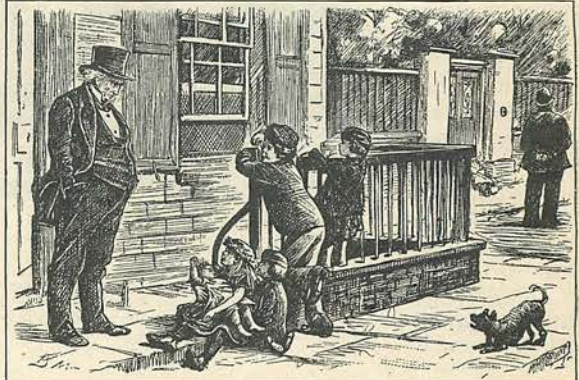
tree as he groans out, "I have been deceived about my strength! I have no' choice," in reply to the King of Prussia's words, "You have fought gallantly, Sir. May I not hear you say you *have enough?*"

An amusing echo of the then prevalent war-feeling is given by Du Maurier in No. 5. Charles Keene illustrates a good Scots joke in No. 6, and, glancing at No. 7, we see in No. 8 an interesting example of Mr. Linley Sambourne's early style, very different from the Sambourne-drawings of to-day, which have for so long a while



GUNS VERSUS TARGETS.
 8.—BY LINLEY SAMBOURNE, 1871.

been one of the best-liked features of *Punch*. This early-Sambourne drawing illustrates the rivalry in 1871 (and more recently than then) between the smashing-force of big guns and the resistive-power of armour-plates. The gun seen here has just



BRUTUM FULMEN [A HARMLESS THUNDERBOLT].—*Old Gentleman.* "Now you Children, I'll tell you what it is: if you make any more Noise in Front of my House, I'll Speak to that Policeman."
Chorus of Juveniles (much tickled). "That P'liseman! Lor' we ain't Afereed of 'im! Why, that's Father!"
 9.—BY DU MAURIER, 1870.

beaten the armour-plated target, and is receiving with a pleased grin the congratulations of the artillery officer who shakes the "hand" of the victorious big gun.

Pictures 9, 10, and 11 bring us to a very funny

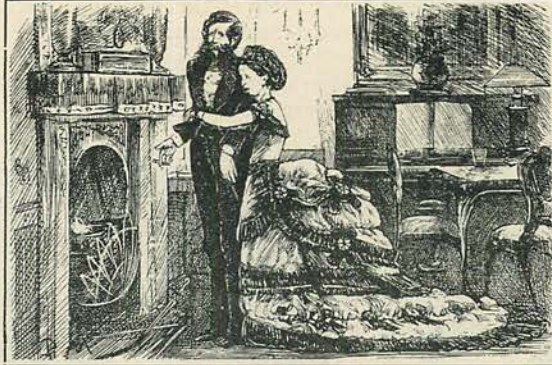


"WHILE BREATHING CHANTERS PROUDLY SWELL."—*Scott.*
Mr. McSkirliguy (beguiling the time with some cheerful pibrochs on his national instrument.)
Mr. Southdown (travelling north with his Family by the Night Mail). "Dear, dear, dear! What a Shame they don't Grease the Wheels of these Carriages! I can't get a Wink of Sleep! (*Mrs. S. groans in sympathy.*) I declare I'll Complain to the Directors."

10.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1871.

joke in No. 12, and after the next two, Nos. 13 and 14, we see a powerful cartoon by Tenniel entitled "Suspense." This No. 15, in which Britannia holds her breath in suspense as she gazes at the closed door of a sick room, relates to

the struggle for life of the Prince of Wales when in December, 1871, he was attacked by typhoid fever. At the date of this cartoon, December 23, 1871, the Prince's life was almost despaired of. But the Prince lived, and on March 2, 1872, Tenniel gave us, in *Punch*, another sequel-cartoon, a great double-

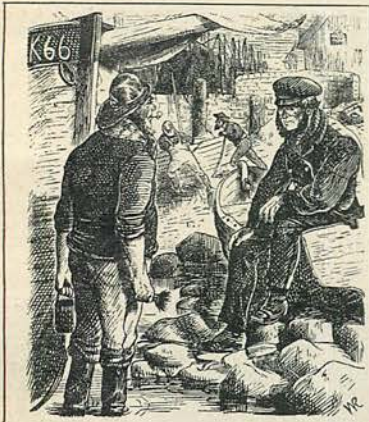


BEHIND THE SCENES (the bachelor friends of Benedick have just taken their departure).—*Benedick (who has married Money, and still smarts under some of the consequences)*. "O, I say, Mary Ann, I wish to Goodness you wouldn't Pet me in Public. I don't so much Mind it—when we're Alone, but before a Lot of Fellows, hang it all, you Know!" *Mary Ann (who is up in Mr. Anthony Trollope)*. "And why not, my Phoebe? Should not a Woman Glory in her Love?" *Benedick*. "O, Bother!—"

ILL.—BY DU MAURIER, 1871.

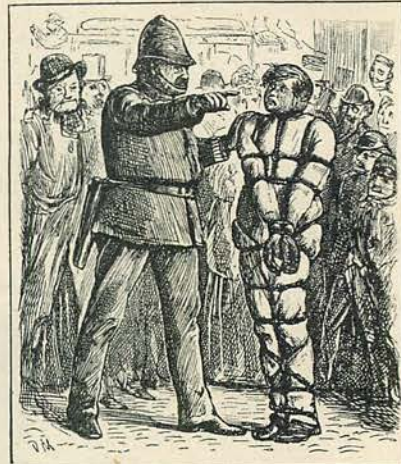
grin of the beach - minstrel and by his strident "threat"—*"O let me Kiss him for his Mother!"* No. 17 is rather funny, and in No. 18 the old gentleman is very cleverly drawn, concerning whom startled Tommy asks his mother: "Does that Old Genkleman bite, Mamma?"

There is a lot



COMMERCIAL INSTINCT.—*Dugald*. "Did ye hear that Sawney McNab was ta'en up for Stealin' a Coo?" *Donald*. "Hoot, toot, the Stipit Bodie! Could he no Bocht it an' no Paid for't?"

12.—BY W. RALSTON, 1871.



RATHER INCONSIDERATE!—*Policeman (suddenly, to Street Performer)*. "Now, then! just you Move on, will yer?"

13.—BY DU MAURIER, 1871.

page one of happy omen, showing the "Thanksgiving" at St. Paul's Cathedral on February 27, 1872.

Pictures 16, 17, and 18 are all by George Du Maurier. The little boy in No. 16 rushes to his mother terrified by the frightful



A GENERAL SALUTE.—*Captain Dyngwell, 1st R.V. (sotto voce)*. "Now, what the Dooce can these Sympson Gals mean by Looking in that ridiculous Manner?"

14.—BY W. RALSTON, 1871.

of good sense, as well as much fine artistry, in Sir John Tenniel's cartoon No. 19—*"The Real Cap of Liberty."* The British Lion, holding a crown in one hand, with the other knocks a republican cap from the head of an artisan depicted



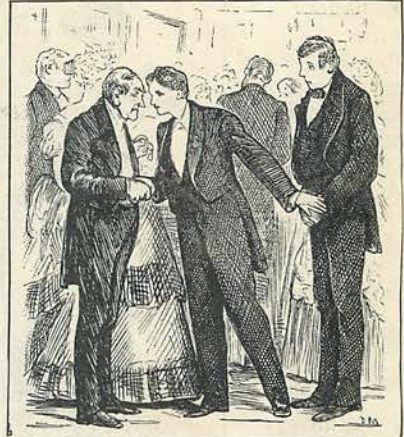
SUSPENSE.

15.—WHEN THE PRINCE OF WALES WAS HOVERING BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH. BY TENNIEL, DECEMBER 23, 1871.

as a donkey, exclaiming: "What can that *cap* promise, that my *crown* doesn't perform? Eh, stoopid?" *Punch* is always so sensible: a bit "robust," sometimes, in his plain words, as, for example, when, a few months ago, he boldly gave vent to the feelings of ninety-nine men out of a hundred, and by his literal expression of public feeling had a dissentient gentleman's umbrella struck through the glass of his famous window at 85, Fleet Street.

You will see in No. 19 that the "donkey" holds a paper in his right hand labelled, "Great * * * * * [H]ole in the Wall." Being not quite clear as to the meaning of this paper, I asked

Sir John Tenniel to explain this point, which only the lapse of years has rendered indistinct. Sir John wrote: "I fancy that the paper in the ass's hand merely indicates a 'great' meeting to be held at 'The Hole



A VALUABLE ACQUISITION.—*Dutiful Nephew*. "O, Uncle, I thought you wouldn't Mind my bringing my friend Grigg from our Office. He ain't much to Look at, and he can't Dance, and he don't Talk, and he won't Play Cards—but he's *such* a Mimic!! To-Morrow he'll Imitate you and Aunt Betsy in a way that'll make all the Fellows Roar!!!"
17.—BY DU MAURIER, 1872.

in the Wall,' a low typical public-house, frequented by a particular class of 'republican' agitators."



A VOICE FROM THE SEA.—"O let me Kiss him for his Mother!"
16.—BY DU MAURIER, 1872.



ZOOLOGICAL.—*Little Tommy Trout* (who has never seen a Respirator before). "Does that Old-Gentleman Bite, Mamma?"
18.—BY DU MAURIER, 1872.

These words by Sir John explain the paper in the ass's hand, and the general *motif* of the cartoon is, of course, a thoroughly sensible statement, based on the silly repub-

lican fads which from time to time crop up, even in this country.

The drawing of this cartoon is very fine.

The bit of social satire in No. 20 is by Du Maurier, and he also drew No. 21, where the little girl, who has for the first time discovered that even a kitten's paws are not always the velvet they seem to be, exclaims, in some dismay "O dear me! Has Tittens dot Pins in their Toes, I vunder!"

The cartoon in No. 22 is very pithy. Mr.



BARTHOLOMEW LOON. "WHAT CAN THAT CAP PROMISE, THAT MY CROWN DOESN'T PERFORM? EH, STOOPID?"

19.—BY TENNIEL, 1871.

pipe "loaded" to the tune of £200,000,000 damages said to have been caused to the interests of the Northern States of America during the war in 1863-65 with the Southern States by our action in letting the warship *Alabama* and other Southern cruisers leave British dockyards and ports to inflict damage upon the shipping, etc., of the Northerners. But Wil-yum-ew-art doesn't see it: he won't take that Peace-pipe: he says, indeed, "That is no Peace-pipe! Thy Cousin cannot smoke that!"

And then Roo-ti-tooit (*Punch* on the right) chips in with the suggestion: "Hath not our Cousin, 'The Downy Bird,' been at the fire-water of the Pale Faces?"

This claim for £200,000,000 was



CEREMONY.—"Well, good-bye, dear Mrs. Jones. I hope you will excuse my not having called—the distance, you know! Perhaps you will kindly take this as a *Visit*!"
"O, certainly! And perhaps you will kindly take this as a *Visit Returned*!"
20.—BY DU MAURIER, 1872.

Punch, Mr. Gladstone, and Cousin Jonathan squat, as North American Indians, round a fire, and they are trying to smoke the Pipe of Peace, and so to arrange the dispute between us and the United States that years ago dragged on over the *Alabama* claims for compensation made upon us by the United States.

But Jo-na-than (*The Downy Bird*) is offering to Wil-yum-ew-art (*The Cheerful Rock*) a Peace-



EXPERIENTIA DOCET.—"O dear me! Has Tittens dot Pins in their Toes, I vunder!"
21.—BY DU MAURIER, 1872.



SMOKING THE "CALUMET."—Jo-na-than (*The Downy Bird*). "Come, my Cousin! Let us smoke the Peace-pipe!" Wil-yum-ew-art (*The Cheerful Rock*). "That is no Peace-pipe! Thy Cousin cannot smoke that!" Koo-ti-tooit (*The Wise Buffalo*). "Hath not our Cousin 'The Downy Bird' been at the fire-water of the Pale Faces?" 22.—A REFERENCE TO THE EXORBITANT "ALABAMA" CLAIMS; BY TENNIEL, 1872.

of course utterly preposterous, and passing the *Punch* pictures Nos. 23, 24, 25, and 26, we see in No. 27 a very pleasing cartoon by

tive of the United States, whence have come to these islands during the years which now separate us from the year of this cartoon, 1872, so many other charming female representatives of the United States, to make their homes with us.

Nos. 28 and 29 give us a Scotch and an Irish joke drawn by Keene; No. 30 is one of Du Maurier's "socials," and No. 31 is an amusing English joke by Keene.

The *Punch*-period at which we are now peeping—the years 1870–1874—is rich in cartoons of much



"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY."—Host (*really in agony about his polished inlaid floor*). "Hada't you better come on the Carpet, Old Fellow? I'm so afraid you might Slip, you know." Guest. "O, it's all right, Old Fellow—Thanks! There's a Nail at the End, you know!" 24.—PUBLISHED IN 1873.

interest, a few of which I am able to show here, while many others must be omitted.



GENTLE PATERNAL SATIRE.—Irate Parent. "O! Yer don't want to go into Business, don't yer! O! Yer want to be a Clerk in the Post-Horifice, do yer! Post-Horifice, indeed! Why, all *you're* fit for is to Stand Outside with your Tongue hout, for People to Wet their Stamps against!" 23.—BY DU MAURIER, 1872.

Tenniel, entitled "The Loving Cup," with the words: *In this we bury all unkindness!*

This cartoon relates to the settlement of the *Alabama* claims for the relatively small amount of £3,100,000, the figures written round the edge of the cup which John Bull is very genially handing to the charming female representa-



A WARNING TO ENAMOURED CURATES.—Young Lady. "And so Adam was very Happy! Now, can you Tell me what great Sorrow fell on him?" Scholar. "Please, Miss, he got a *Wife!*" 25.—BY DU MAURIER, 1872.

But there is one cartoon which must be mentioned on account of its unique interest, although I have no space to show it.

On July 29, 1871, *Punch* published a cartoon by Tenniel entitled "Ajax Defying the Lightning," which relates to a remarkable instance of the Royal Warrant being made use of, at Mr. Gladstone's instigation, to checkmate the House of Lords upon an important measure abolishing the purchase of commissions in the Army. In the cartoon, Gladstone is depicted as Ajax who grasps in his hand a roll labelled "No Purchase," and defies the forked lightning issuing from a



"BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER."—"What is the Matter, De Mowbray? You seem Sad and Depressed!"
 "How can I Help it, my dear Fellow? It's the Anniversary of a sad Event in our Family. Young Aubrey de Mowbray (a Younger Son, but a true De Mowbray) fell this Day, by the Hand of a low-born Saxon, at the Battle of Hastings!" [*De Mowbray weeps.*]
 26.—BY DU MAURIER, 1873.

group of angry Lords, as he supports himself on a great rock labelled "Royal Warrant." The explanation of this famous departure from usual Parliamentary procedure is as follows:—

Gladstone on his accession to power in 1868 resolved to include in his list of reforms the abolition of the purchase of commissions in the Army, a system which prior to that date had been pronounced injurious by various Liberal politicians. On July 3, 1871, the Bill passed its third reading in the House of Commons, and then the Conservative peers in the Lords determined to oppose the scheme of abolition—and they of course had a majority in the Lords.

Suddenly, and while the Lords were preparing to upset the Bill, Gladstone announced that as the system of purchasing commissions



27.—THE SETTLEMENT OF THE "ALABAMA" CLAIMS WITH THE UNITED STATES. BY TENNIEL, SEPTEMBER 28, 1872.

in the Army was the creation of Royal regulation, he had advised the Queen to cancel the Royal Warrant which made purchase of commissions legal! This smart move by Gladstone was carried into effect, and the Lords were completely sold.

But smart and successful as was this move of Gladstone's, Mr. Justin McCarthy, who has a long account of this measure in his "History," records that "the hearts of many sincere Liberals sank within them as they



LIKES HIS MONEY'S WORTH.—*English Passenger (by the Night Mail North).* "Confounded Tedious Journey, this!"
Scotch Passenger. "Tejusius! Sae it ought to be! (*With a Groan.*)
 Two Pun' Twalve and Saxpence, Second Class—Maunstr's!!"
 28.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1872.



"RELAPSE."—*Squire*. "Why, Pat, what are you doing, Standing by the Wall of the Public-House? I thought you were a Teetotaller!"
Pat. "Yes, yer Honnor. I'm just listenin' to them Impenitent Boys Drinking inside!"
 29.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1873.

heard the announcement of the triumph." The dodge of using the Royal Prerogative to help the Ministry out of a hole was considered even by some of Gladstone's own adherents to be an unwise step, for as the poor, baffled Lords themselves stated in their resolution passing the unwelcome Bill, the Government had succeeded "by the exercise of the prerogative and without the aid of Parliament"—a risky thing for any Ministry to do, thus in serious legislation to put the Royal Prerogative above the procedure of Parliament.

Thus, the important measure abolishing the purchase of commissions in the Army was obtained by the exercise of the Royal Prerogative, not by ordinary Parliamentary procedure; and, strangely enough, this abnormal course was taken by a Liberal Premier, who, moreover, was not a special favourite of the Lady who held—and holds—the Royal Prerogative.

Picture 32 is by Charles Keene. How wonderfully true is the facial expression of the "Contemplative Villager" who, as he leans on the

wooden paling, slowly turns his head towards the Rector with the reply to the Rector's praise of his fine pig: "Ah, yes, Sir, if we was only, all of us, as Fit to Die as him, Sir!"

The cartoon by Tenniel in No. 33, a delightful piece of drawing, represents Germany carrying off from France the war indemnity of £200,000,000. The verses which, in *Punch*, accompany this cartoon are headed:—

VERDUN EVACUATED.
 Invaders' tread is off thy soil, fair France.
 Thou, scowling with just hate, behold'st them go,
 Indignant at unmerited mischance,
 Which brought on thee unutterable woe.
 Etc., etc., etc.



AN EXTINGUISHER.—*Forward and Loquacious Youth*. "By Jove, you know, upon my Word, now—if I were to See a Ghost, you know, I should be a Chattering Idiot for the Rest of my Life!"
Ingenuous Maiden (dreamily). "Have you Seen a Ghost?"
 30.—BY DU MAURIER, 1873.

Now she retires,
 and leaves thee
 to repair
 Thy ruins, and
 thy shattered
 strength re-
 store;
 To brood upon re-
 venge: or to
 beware
 Thy neighbours
 of assailing
 any more.

Verdun, a town of France, is also a first-class fortress, one of those forts which the Germans occupied with their troops after the end of the war as security for the payment of the big indemnity which,



"HOIST WITH THEIR OWN PETARD."—*Stern Examiner*. "For Instance, Sir, I should like to hear a Text from you."
Cheeky Commoner. "Well, fact is I haven't loaded my Memory with Texts. But in the Apocrypha (*sic*) there's mention that 'round about were four great Beasts'—"
 [Plucked.]



A RUSTIC MORALIST.—Rector (going his Rounds). "An uncommonly fine Pig, Mr. Dibbles, I declare!"
 Contemplative Villager. "Ah, yes, Sir, if we was only, all of us, as Fit to Die as him, Sir!!"
 32.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1873.

in our cartoon, Germany is carrying away in a bag, and which France got together in a marvellously short time.

I have italicized the concluding words of the verse just quoted: friendly as we were to



"AU REVOIR!"
 GERMANY. "FAREWELL, MADAME, AND IF—"
 FRANCE. "HA! WE SHALL MEET AGAIN!"
 33.—THE PAYMENT TO GERMANY BY FRANCE OF THE WAR INDEMNITY OF £200,000,000. BY TENNIEL, SEPTEMBER 27, 1873.

France when she was getting the worse of the fight, we yet did not lose sight of the fact that it was France who sought the war, not Germany. How significant these italicized words of the year 1873 read to us of the present day! Will the internal troubles of

France, which were largely responsible for that rash war, cause *Punch* in the twentieth century to repeat those words so pregnant of meaning to France—*Beware thy neighbours of assailing any more?*

Pictures 34, 35, and 36 are by Du Maurier, and No. 37 is by Charles Keene. The cunning artist, who here shows to us a portly old



A TEMPTING INDUCEMENT.—Cheerful Agent for Life Assurance Company. "The Advantage of our Company is, that you do not Forfeit your Policy either by being Hanged or by committing Suicide! Pray take a Prospectus!"
 34.—BY DU MAURIER, 1874.

gentleman struck with wonderment at the idea that he was originally a "Primordial Atomic Globule," has deftly suggested by the shape and the development of the old



THE LINE MUST BE DRAWN SOMEWHERE!—My Lady. "And why did you Leave your last Situation?"
 Sensitive Being. "Well, my Lady, I 'adn't been in the 'Ouse 'ardly a Month when I hascertained as the Ladies of the Family 'ad never even been Presented at Court!"
 35.—BY DU MAURIER, 1873.

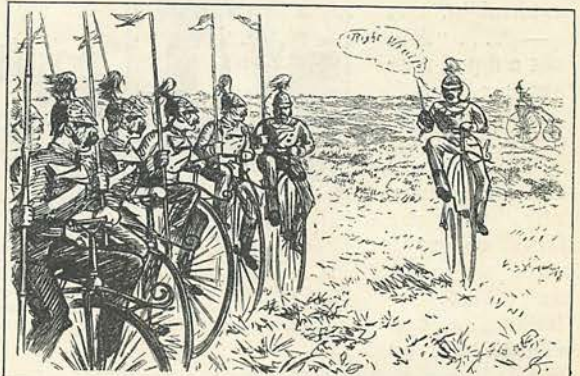


VINOUS LOGIC.—Respectable Pawnbroker (roused from his Slumbers at 3 a.m. by repeated Knockings at his Door). "Well! What is it?"
Ebriosus. "Whasth the Time?"
Respectable Pawnbroker. "What! Do you mean to Say you've got me out of Bed at this Time o' Night to ask me such a Fool's Question as that?—Police! Police!!"
Ebriosus. "Well, hang it, Governor—(hic!)—you've got my Watch!"
 35.—BY DU MAURIER, 1874.

gentleman's tummy that he has indeed evolved from a globular ancestry, atomic or otherwise—probably otherwise.

In No. 38 Keene playfully suggests a bicycle corps for the army, little thinking when, in 1874, he drew this picture, that in less than twenty years his idea would become actual fact.

Du Maurier satirizes in No. 39 the æsthetic craze of twenty-five years ago. Absurd as was this craze, yet when its extravagances had died away, the movement did useful work in bringing to our persons, homes, and furniture a condition of rational æstheticism—that had been wanting for too long. Moreover, even if the æsthetic craze did nothing else, we have to thank it for one of the most delightful of the Savoy operas.



MORE ECONOMY.—A hint to "Gover'nment." A cheap remount for Light Dragoons!
 38.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1874.

The excellent joke in No. 40 would not appeal to us if we had phonetic spelling, for the point of it is in the different spelling of two same-sounding words—*Law* and *Lor*—a trivial difference in spelling which gives great point to this very clever drawing by Keene.

In the last year of this Punch-period, 1874, was published on February 14 a Tenniel cartoon entitled "Degenerate Days." This cartoon relates to a very famous reform



"MATTER!"—Portly Old Swell (on reading Professor Tyndall's Speech). "Dear me! Is it poss'ble! Most 'str'ord'nary!—(throws down the Review)—that I should have been originally a 'Primordial Atomic Globule'!!"
 37.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1874.



THE PASSION FOR OLD CHINA.—Husband. "I think you might let me Nurse that Teapot a little now, Margery! You've had it to yourself all the Morning, you know!"
 39.—BY DU MAURIER, 1874.

carried by Gladstone in 1872—The Vote by Ballot at Parliamentary Elections. In the cartoon (not included here) an enraged publican says to a bleary "Free and Independent Voter" who is in his bar— "Call this a General Election? Why, it's all over in about a fortnight, and —".... "And not a fi-pun-note among 'em," adds the half-drunk voter.

This general election early in 1874 was the first to take place under the new Vote-by-Ballot Act, previously carried by Gladstone, who in January, 1874, suddenly decided to dissolve Parliament, and to seek for a restoration of the waning Liberal power in the Commons.

"Mr. Gladstone had surprised the constituencies," writes Mr. Justin McCarthy.

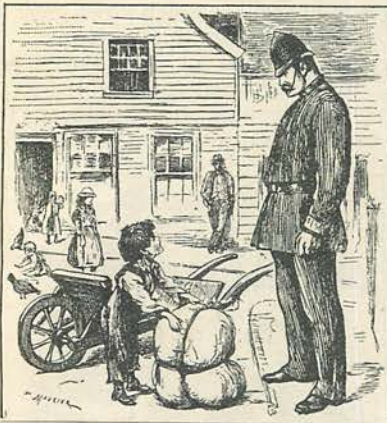
pletely the balance of power. In a few days the Liberal majority was gone."

In connection with the cartoon just alluded to, I lately came across a curious example of the extraordinary ignorance of French people about us and our ways. In January, 1899, a Parisian newspaper, *Le Patriote*, said: "In England, where the vote is frankly put up to auction, the voter receives a certain sum from the pocket of the candidate, goes and drinks it, and there's an end of the matter; but in France——," etc., etc.

This extraordinary statement was written in January of this year, mind you, not prior to the "Degenerate Days" of the *Punch* cartoon where the voter by ballot is saying: "And not a fi-pun-note among 'em."



MADDENING.—*Husband*. "If, as I said before, Matilda, you still cherished that Feeling of Affection for me which you once Professed, my Wish would be Law to you. I repeat it, Matilda—Law!"
Matilda. "Lor!"
40.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1874.



A BARGAIN.—"I say, Bobby, just give us a Shove with this 'ere Parcel on to this 'ere Truck, and next Time yer Runs me in, I'll go Quiet!"
41.—BY DU MAURIER, 1874.



THE PROVINCIAL DRAMA.—*The Marquis (in the Play)*. "Aven't I give yer the Edgication of a Gen'leman?"
Lord Adolphus (Spendthrift Heir). "You 'ave!!"
42.—PUBLISHED IN 1874.

"We do not know whether the constituencies surprised Mr. Gladstone. They certainly surprised most persons, including themselves. The result of the election was to upset com-

Pictures 41 and 42 end the series of peeps, for the years 1870—1874, into ten volumes of *Punch*, which are perhaps the most interesting we have yet looked at.

(To be continued.)