

PUNIANA

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PUNJANA
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Dec 12/87
THOUGHTS WISE AND OTHER-WISE

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CANTO I.



TO THE READER.

WE like to sit, on a bleak cold night,
One of winter's bringing ;
And watch the rushing, roaring flames
Go past a kettle singing.

[With an eye to the LL whisky, lemons,
&c. by our side.]

We like to sit in a low arm-chair,
Our book placed on our knees ;
Reading, and yet listening
To the wind among old trees.

[Reading to ourselves, not to the old trees.]

PUNIANA.

We like, on August's glorious 12th,
The brown grouse to be potting ;
And, if one's friend has a pooty good cook,
We don't object to yachting.

We like to watch a little child
With a wee, wee kitten play ;
And we like to stand on a good ship's deck,
And be splashed by the salt sea spray.
[In this case a waterproof and goloshes are
positively indispensable.]

We like to sit, our eye fixed on
[Both of our eyes.]
Some loved and loving face ;
And like to list to an old clock tick,
As it did to a bygone race.

in our very, very good moments
We like to strive with evil thoughts,
And each bad passion strangle,—
And like our shooting-boots pulled off
After a day in mangle.
[Or turnips, or bog, as the case may happen
to be]

We like a float on Egypt's Nile,
And smoke our hubble-bubble.—
But think we rather prefer a clay,
It—gives one much less trouble.

We like to glide in a droshky fast
O'er Petersburg's wood *pavé*,
To stand and dream on Tiber's edge,—
But *not*—to fight a navy.

We like to gaze on an old oak bed,—
One that's old, quite old, antique ;
And think o'er the stories it could tell,
Had it but power to squeak—

[Creak, no—speak.]

Of grief and woe, of youth and age,
Of sickness, love, and joy,—
Of p'raps the birth of a little girl,
Or p'raps of a little boy.

[Poor little feller! he couldn't help, being
born there; but we object strongly to
sleeping in that style of bed. B flats,
don't you know !]

We like to hear the glorious bells
Of a distant church come pealing ;
And we like to see the rich and poor
Within that structure kneeling.

We like our seat in a race grand-stand,
And on a drag our dinner,—
And don't at all object to lay
A poney on the winner.

PUNIANA.

We like to hear some sweet fair girl
By her first-born called "Mamma,"—
And one of the things we're partial to
Is a five-inch long cigar.

We like to hear the cannon roar
In the deadly breach when there ;
The cannon—on a field-day fired,
The breech—so much per pair.

[It was Miles and his sixteen shilling
businesses that put this idea of the soldier
and the breech into our head.]

We pause to read the words of love
On tombs in churches' still yards ;
And rather like, *with a man we know*,
A cannon game, or billiards.

[We don't play with a man who's a fluker—
for lucre.]

We like to see the wild waves rise

[When we are standing on some exceedingly
strong pier.]

And the mariner keep his legs,
Whilst the wind cuts off their foaming tops
Like a knife does those of eggs.

[The tops of the waves, not the poor sailor-
man's legs, don't you know !]

TO THE READER.

We love—the warrior's martial strain,
His soldier-heart that cheers ;
To see him—when his duty's done—
Partake of bitter beers !

Lastly, we're proud to tread the earth
With feet quite free from bunions,
To still enjoy that half-and-half,
THAT RUMPSTEAK WITH FRIED ONIONS !

“So far so good,” the Reader may exclaim. Well, we thought it advisable at the outset of our book to say what we *did* like, for, as this is an “Introduction,” how better could we have introduced ourselves to the Reader?

Dear madam, or sir—as the case may be—there are moments when the learned cease to criticise, when little word-follies are readily forgiven, when even the most taciturn of moralists, the most self-denying of philosophers—as well as more genial people—have their moments of playfulness, their little seasons of humorous folly, subject to no criticism, and liable to no moral sermonizing. Well, this book was compiled in just these moments, and was intended for just those people who

can occasionally drop the book, pen, sword, gun, or whatever they may happen to have in hand, and amuse themselves with the young, or, in their absence, with those who can *affora* to be young now and again. We suppose we are not doing anything very wicked in sending forth such a collection to the world. Only a few months ago a learned Scotch professor—and a very sensible man—published his little “Rhymes without Reason.” Though we don’t profess to be “a professor,” and don’t in the least set up for being “a sensible man,” if this work is received in a similar spirit, we ask nothing further of the critic or the reader. It is not that we object to our riddle-book being criticised. That would be absurd. But we *do* ask that it may be reviewed from the same standpoint occupied by ourselves during its compilation. The book was not intended to be pondered over in the study. On the drawing-room table, or in the hands of the young gentleman who has undertaken to amuse the assembled party—that is its place. In either of the latter positions it may, the writer believes, afford an occasional half-hour’s amusement.

On no matters of small moment is there more diversity of opinion than on the relative excellency, the general effectiveness, the momentary value of riddles and puns—as agents for the production of surprise and laughter. The most trifling

pleasantry spoken at the fitting moment, with effective voice and telling action, is a success. The best joke, the most successful riddle, is lost, falls flat upon the ear, if it is not met half-way by a proper state of mind or temper.

A few riddles, we must confess, find a place in the collection—not from any taste of ours, but from one of far more importance, *i.e.* general taste. Some we were strongly inclined to omit; but, rather than the absence of a few mediocre pleasantries should condemn the book as incomplete, they have been added. The critic will, of course, soon find them; but it is ten to one if he does not set his mark against some which would be regarded by Critic No. 2 as passable, if not excellent, so variable is the estimate formed of these trifles. Thus much for the critical aspect of our subject.

In the book now before the Reader, we have endeavoured to give a *réchauffé*—a warming up—of all the best (only the best) old riddles that we could remember, with some three or four hundred new ones, together with thousands of—we fondly believe—new puns, making a pun a-pun a pun whenever the occasion offers; and winding up the collection with a riddle that we will back against any other known specimen for the number of answers it affords to one simple question.

PUNIANA.

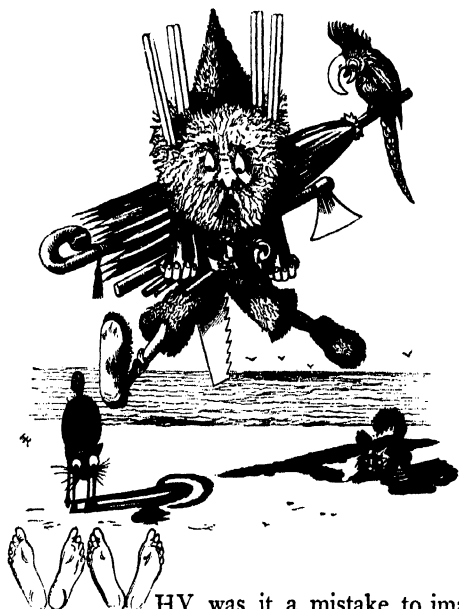
The puns, dear Reader, attempted throughout the volume are, it is hoped, of sufficiently varied excellence to please most people. Those who like the pun "outrageous," so much in fashion just now, and those who prefer milder word-twistings, may each and all find examples of their favourite hobby; but those who don't care a straw for jokes of any kind can pass them over—they are not compelled to read them; and those who hate riddles, and think puns odious, can shut up the book without more ado. No harm done, we hope! But if, Reader, you *are* fond of puns, turn in a merry mood to the next page, and, like the gentleman whose portrait will there be found depicted—in what we hope you will call H R-ming manner—begin your voyage of discovery.

H. R.

LONDON,

November 1866.

CANTER I.



HY was it a mistake to imagine that Robinson Crusoe's island was uninhabited?

Because the very first thing he saw upon landing was a great swell a pitchin' into a little "cove" on the shore.

Pray tell us, apropos of this amusing Crusoe fiction, what piece of music the Romans, in the time of the early Christians, most enjoyed?

A stab at martyr!

[Çan't you fancy some old Roman Rossini with a Rose-in-'is button-hole—if he had a button-hole in his toga-ry—looking on and beating time; the old beast!]

Why was Robinson Crusoe after one of his long walks like a Zulu Kaffir labouring under a mistake?

Because he was one hot an' tott-ering (Hottentot erring), and one of those Zulu's (who lose) flesh.

[N. extremely B. We do think the Kaffirs most sensible to prefer new-ditty and fresh air to wearing skins of beasts, as the great heat of— of the Cape must indubitably make Kaf-fir (make a fur) coat quite unneces-hairy.]

Why are there more marriages in winter than in summer?

Because then men seek comforters, and ladies seek—muffs!

How do young ladies show their dislike to moustaches?

By setting their faces against them!

[Although this may certainly be termed a salute-hairy proceeding, it 's-lip-hairy ground to stand joking upon.]

Why are young ladies bad grammarians?

Because you seldom find one who can decline
——Matrimony.

[Especially, as some one says, when it really is a matter o' money.]

Where is it that all women are equally beautiful?

[A sly friend promptly replies,] "Why, in the dark, of course."

Why do girls like looking at the moon?

Because there's a man in it.

[And we also, do not *we* like watching the moon as the drifting clouds pass away, and leave it fully exposed, glorious, bright, beautiful, in a scarlet-tie—no, no, a starlit-sky we mean; very sorry.]

Why are stars the best astronomers?

Because they have studded the heavens since the creation.

[Tho' this studied pun is hardly a start(ell)er, it at any rate may be looked upon as a self ex-planet-ory one.]

Why are stars like an old barn?

Because there are r, a, t, s, in both.

Why is a comet more like a dog than the dog-star ?

Because it has a tail and the dog-star hasn't !

[Oh yes, but the comet is merely a temporary institution, while the dog-star, you know, is a real sky-tarrier.]

Why is a watch-dog bigger by night than by day ?

Because he is let out at night, and taken in in the morning.

[This really is a terrible—we might almost say a terrier-bull—joke, &c. et-setter-ra., &c.]

Why is a dog biting his own tail like a good manager ?

Because he makes both ends meet !

[Meat, to be sure · it was a greyhound who ran after his own tail, whilst his mind was intent upon—upon hairs !]

When is a black dog not a black dog ?

When he's a grey-hound.

[Wonderful, isn't it, the pace greyhounds run ? Did you ever run against one ? We did once, on board a Yankee ship ; at least, they said, "they reckoned we'd run a grey'ound" (aground). It wasn't such *very* good fun !]

Talking of greyhounds reminds us to ask you, Why rabbits can never be enfranchised ?

Because their boroughs are not big enough.

[Never mind ; we still say, "Hurrah for the hiding rabbit and the riding habit, for—they're both *so* shuitable."]

The following is a rabbit—of fun ; we think we should use No. 8 shot if we were you, but you know best. How can you shoot 120 hares at one shot ?

Fire at a wig !



CANTOE II.



O U never heard this before, so pray pay attention. What's the difference between your foot and the first two words of the song in *Lucrezia Borgia*, "Il segreto per esser felici," &c. ?

Your foot begins with great toe and ends with (h)eel ;
the other begins with (h)eel
and ends with great toe (*il segreto*).

Why should we look for a wife—that is, a young lady whom we *intend* making our wife—possessing pretty feet ?

Because " All's well that ends well ! "

When ought a man to look most carefully after his " better half ? "

When his next-door neighbour, or near neighbour, is " on the look-out for a wife ! ! "

If a man's wife run away, when would be an appropriate, we may say a *most* appropriate, occasion to pity him ?

When—she comes back again !

When is a blow from a lady welcome ?

When she strikes you agreeably.

When you give a lady a lock of your hair, what else does she receive from you at the same time ?

Why, a key to your feelings.

Why is a pretty girl like a locomotive engine?

Because she sends off the sparks, transports the mails, has a train following her, and passes over the plain!

[And, like a locomotive, she requires tender attention.]

What is the difference between an accepted and a rejected lover?

One kisses his missis, the other misses his kisses.

What part of speech is kissing?

A conjunction!

[You are aware that we should never be frank, because there is a sin in sincerity; well, then, we should never conjunctionise, as there is a sin in kissin'.]

How do you call the ship that carries more passengers than the Great Eastern?

Courtship!

Why is a ship like a woman?

Because she is often tender to a man-of-war; often running after a smack; often attached to a great buoy; and frequently making up to a pier!

[And doesn't she just *make-up*—to appear!]

Why is a very demure young lady like a steam-packet?

Because she pays no attention to the swells that follow her.

[We a-steamer for it.]

When does the captain of a penny steamer deny his identity?

When he says "he's a bacca stopper" (Ease 'er, back 'er, stop 'er).

Why is a person afflicted with lumbago like one smoking a penny cigar?

Because his baccy's bad (His back is bad).

[There was a gentleman, lived in our street last year, had terrible lumbago; poor fellow, he lived at number-four, but was always numb behind. It was very painful—especially for him.]

Apropos of lumbago, what smells most in a chemist's shop?

The nose!

Who is your greatest friend?

Your nose, because it will run for you till it drops.

[If, *nota bene*, you don't "blow him" too soon!]

When is it allowable to smoke in a railway carriage?

When "no(se) smoking is allowed."

[You know what is the correct thing to do when your nose itches, don't you? Why, scratch it, to be sure.]

Talk about railways—which travels fastest, heat or cold?

Heat; because you can easily catch cold!

What did the engine-whistle say to the stoker?

Don't touch me, or I'll scream!

What did the muffin say to the toasting-fork?

You're too pointed!

What is it we all say we will do, recommend others to do, and yet no one has ever done it?

Stop a minute!

[Yes, we do; we meet two friends in Piccadilly, and stop 'em-in-it to talk.]

I am for ever, yet was never?

Eternity!

[A Cockney remarks, "Heat urn at tea! that ain't enuff unless yer makes the water bile."]

Why is it impossible for a man to boil his father thoroughly?

Because he can only be par-boiled.

What soup would cannibals prefer?

The broth of a boy!

[We had a soup-son, as the French say, that was the answer.]

When was the Princess Royal a cannibal?

When she'd Eton boys enough—to draw her carriage.

[When a cannon-ball—pshaw, cannibal we mean—has eaten a young lady, we do hope he does not afterwards—when fatigued with his exertions—suffer from any unpleasant feelings of lassie-chewed; but is it not too awful to think of, a poor done-for, dished lassie-ate on *l'assiette* of a foreign savage !]

What is the only form in this world which all nations, barbarous, civilized, and otherwise, are agreed upon following?

The female form !

What is the greatest instance on record of the power of the magnet?

A young lady, who drew a gentleman thirteen miles and a half every Sunday of his life !

[What a magnetificent creature she must have been !]



CANTER III.



VERY silly shilly - chalet joke!
When are handcuffs like knap-
sacks?

When made for two-
wrists.

[P.S. and N.B.—When you go to the valley of Sham-money (Chamouni),
look well to the small change they give you.]

What is the best colour for a guide-book?

Murray.

What are the best letters of recommendation?

£ s. d.

What is that which, when you are going over the Mont Cénis,
goes up-hill, and down-hill, and all over everywhere, yet never
moves?

The road.

Why is a coach going down a steep hill like St. George?

Because it's always drawn with the drag-on.

When are babies travelling abroad?

When going to Brest.

Name the most unsociable things in the world.

Milestones; for you never see two of them
together.

When should a foreign hotel-keeper visit an English iron-foundry?

When he wants an English bar-maid.

What sort of a musical instrument resembles a bad Continental hotel?

A vile-inn.

[You wouldn't like a foreign vile-inn very long; you must return to your Bass-soon!]

What is the cheapest way of procuring a fiddle?

Buy a rhubarb draught, and you will get a vial-in.

[We have great faith in a rhubarb draught, given with the accompaniment of a vial-in, and a great deal of bow-ing and scraping by its polite vendor; we believe it to be a friend on whose fiddle-ity you may rely when you have a violin-twinge of st-m-ch ache, and so on. Ah! Reader, you may well say, "Are you, oh are-rhu-barberous enough to joke on such a subject!"]

Why does South Afric sherry rhyme with stomach?

Because it's rum muck.

If I buy four oranges for a penny, and give one of them away, why am I like a telescope?

Because I make a far-thing present.

[Four oranges for a penny sounds rather stomachache-ified, which feeling, however, many a confectioner must absolutely revel in, as his most earnest desire is stomachache (is-to-make-cake) for his customers,—not for himself, oh no, by no means; he knows better than that!]

What is the toughest dish in the world?

A bit of stew-d-eel.

[Ah! we pity the unfortunate one who has to swallow this-chewed-deal, as that must indeed be abhor'd (a board); nevertheless, there is no accounting for taste, as we once knew a man who—from inclination solely—was, what his servant termed, a pianoforte hammer-chewer (amateur)!]

What is that which every one wishes for, and yet wants to get rid of as soon as it is obtained?

A good appetite.

Mind when you get a Pâté de Foie gras given you to keep (,) you wrap it tight up (to keep your appetite up).]

If a spider were late for dinner, what would he do?

Take a fly.

[This sounds good—for spiders; but we should recommend that interesting insect, as both meat and drink, a blue-bottle. Whilst on this subject, can anybody say why a blue-bottle bangs his head against the window so mercilessly; is it that he, being a bottle, wishes thus to show his partiality for the glass?]

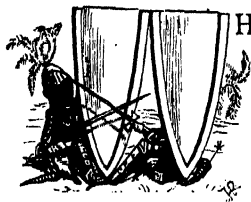
When is an old lady like a trout?

When she takes a fly that brings her to the bank.

[Ha! ha! very good; but the trout has the pull though, as he, with an eye to his dinner, takes a fly, which brings him to the bank-wet.]



CANTER IV.



HY was Richard I.—Cœur de Lion—
in Palestine like a peeler taking a
garotter to prison?

Because he wanted to
take their Ascalon
(take the rascal on).

[The noble Worrier did so.]

Why is a broad-sword combat like using a sand-ball?

Because it's sand to hand.

What celebrated battle was fought in a dirty slum?

The battle of A-gin-court!

[We hope the *Constable* of France was there; at any rate, he ought to
have been.]

At what battle was it most likely Charles I. caught a cold in
the head?

At 'Ead-chill (Edge-hill).

[This, and the fact that Hengist's brother, on his arrival in England, was
Horsa (hoarser), are, we believe, the only influenzas mentioned in
history.]

What sort of a cold is necessary to insure your getting on well
at Court?

Influence-sir.

[Singing through your nose, as an accompaniment to this slight catarrh
(this light guitar), is by no means musical. *Don't do it.*]

What is the differdce betweened ad orgadist ad the influedza ?

Wud dose the stops, the other stops the dose.

What is it gives a cold, cures a cold, and pays the doctor's bill ?

A draught.

What is a good sleeping draught ?

Taking a doze.

[The following was a-nappy thought. Some wit used to say, "he never took a nap, for the nap always took him."]

Why is a man clearing a hedge at a single bound like one snoring ?

Because he does it in his-leap.

[Juvenile reminiscence ! As a lady was lying on the sofa once, we, with one of the colours from our paint-box, easily aroused her, that is, with a yell awoke her (with a yellow ochre). She, we are happy to say, did not sofa any inconvenience from it afterwards.]

Why are ladies—whether sleeping on sofas or not—like hinges ?

Because they are things to a-door !

Why is a door that refuses to open or shut properly like a man unable to walk, his leg being broken ?

Because both cases are the result of a hinge-awry !

What is that which never asks questions, yet requires many answers ?

The door-knocker.

What relation is the door-mat to the door-step ?

A step-farther.

Why is a door always in the subjunctive mood ?

Because it's always wood (would)—or should be !

There was a carpenter who made a cupboard door ; it proved too big : he cut it, and unfortunately then he cut it too little : he thereupon cut it again, and made it fit beautifully : how was this ?

He didn't cut it enough the first time.

O'Donoghue came to the hermit's cell ;
He climbed the ladder, he pulled the bell ;
" I have ridden," said he, " with the saint to dine
On his richest meal and his reddest wine."

The hermit hasted my *first* to fill
With water from the limpid rill ;
And " Drink," quoth he, " of the juice, brave knight,
Which breeds no fever, and prompts no fight."

The hermit hasted my *second* to spread
With stalks of lettuce and crusts of bread ;
And " Taste," quoth he, " of the cates, fair guest,
Which bring no surfeit, and break no rest."

Hasty and hungry the chief explored
My *whole* with the point of his ready sword,
And found, as yielded the latch and lock,
A pasty of game and a flagon of hock.

Cup-board.



CANTER V.



AY we inquire, what is the best motto
for a postman on Valentine's day?

Rap-tap Amor!

[The postman on that day must adore NOX
beginning, and a door knocks ending.]

Take away my first letter, I remain un-
changed; take away my second letter,
there is no apparent alteration in me;
take away all my letters, and I still
continue unaltered?

The postman!

Why is love always represented as a child?

Because he never reaches the age of discretion!

[Folly-age, that is foliage, is ever green!]

Why is love like a canal boat?

Because it's an internal transport!

[Once, when listening to a child, a little child, whimpering pathetically,
we remarked, in a burst of fine poetic simile, that our heart was like a
canal barge!—as it was moved by a puling pathos (a pulling path-horse).]

Why is a new-born baby like a storm?

Because it begins with a squall!

[This must be an error, as it invariably begins with a gale—that is, a gal
and a 'e; and thus we go gail-y on!]

If I show my legs, I lose my character. What am I?

Kit-cat ! *

[It may be asked, apropos of this, when do generals try and show me backwards to the enemy in battle? They show a kit-cat backwards when they exhibit a forward tac-tic !]

The late Duke of Wellington never dotted his i's ; if the i's could have spoken, what ancient author's name would they have mentioned?

They would certainly have said, "Hero-dot-us !"

[Perhaps, but not if they had been made aware that the reason the Duke didn't dot his *eyes* was because the French d'd (did) them for him !]

When does a schoolboy's hand resemble the Iron Duke?

When it's a Well-ink't-un !

[This boy had better start at once to Wash-ink't-un.]

Who is the strongest and most privileged boy in the world?

The boy who, after being punished by his tutor,
holds the Prints of Whales in his hand !

[What a pity the Prints of Whales were not applied by "Mr. Birch,"
H.R.H. quondam tutor.]

When is a schoolmaster like a man with one eye?

When he has a vacancy for a pupil !

[Certainly ; quite right ; let your son have a fine education ; by all means send him to school ; for only think of the ignorant boy at the play, who thought "Harry Boleyn" was a direct lineal descendant of Henry VIII. and Ann Boleyn ! Shocking ! !]

Why are dogs and cats like schoolmasters and their pupils?

Because one is of the canine (canin'), the other
of the feline (feelin') species.

[A school where the master's name is Richard is *the* place for unruly boys to get a proper feeling of Dick-o'er-em.]

Why will seeing a schoolboy being thoroughly well switched bring to your lips the same exclamation as seeing a man lifting down half a pig, hanging from a hook?

Because he's a pork-reacher (poor creature) !

[You know what the schoolmaster said to the boy he was about flogging :
—"If it's wishing won't make you learn, perhaps it's swishing will !"]

* A portrait is so called when not quite full-length.

Apropos of pork hanging, what should a man about to be hung
have for breakfast?

A hearty-choke and a hoister!

Why is a wainscotted room like a reprieve?

Because it saves hanging.

Why is the hangman's noose like a box with nothing in it?

Because it's hemp-tie.

[Some wit has remarked that "a(c)cord" is occasionally made up not of
hemp, but of heart-strings; very pathetic, isn't it?]

My first is a thing, though not very bewitchin',
Is of infinite use when placed in a kitchen;
My second's a song, which, though a strange thing,
No one person living could ever yet sing;
My whole is a man, who's a place in the City,
But the last of his race you'd apply to for pity?

Jack Catch!

[Jack Catch! Why, if you were to apply to him for pity, he'd only trim
your jackcatch (jackets) for you.]

One more apropos of "the place in the City."

The public credit and the public shame,
Though widely different, differ not in name?

The Stocks!

[If your father doesn't see this, don't say, "those stocks are above pa," as
that would be a *faux pas*, pr'aps make a foe of pa, to say nothing
of mar'-ing, or, as an Irishman would call it, murther-ing, the harmony
of your family circle.]



CANTER VI.



ENTION the name of an object which has two heads, one tail, four legs on one side, and two on the other.

A lady on horseback.

Why is a four-quart jug like a lady's side-saddle?

Because it holds a gall-on.

[We knew a man once, who, when he went out riding with a certain young lady, sat quite crooked and side saddle-y (sighed sadly), as she gave him such stingers with her tongs and hammer! No, no, we don't mean tongs an' hammer, but Amazon tongue.]

How do angry women prove themselves strong nerved?

They exhibit their "presents of mind" by
"giving you a bit of it!"

How is it you can never tell a lady's real hystericks from her sham ones?

Because, in either case, it's a feint.

[Hys-t'ricks are *her* tricks, so a woman can always beat a man with her own weepin', all through her superior knowledge of feints (fence).]

When may ladies who are enjoying themselves be said to look wretched?

When at the opera, as then they are in tiers.

When is a man like a green gooseberry?

When a woman makes a fool of him.

[Yes, indeed, then he is like a green gooseberry—or rather—berry like a green goose!]

What kind of a book might a man wish his wife to resemble ?

An almanack; for then he could have a new one every year.

[By Jingo ! what a job he would have with the seedy-vuns,—*ci-devants*, we mean, especially if they all stuck to his name !]

There is a noun of plural number,
Foe to peace and tranquil slumber,
But add to it the letter *s*,
And, wondrous metamorphosis,
Plural is plural now no more,
And sweet what bitter was before?

Cares—caress.

If you were kissing a young lady who was very spooney (and a nice ladle-like girl), what would be her opinion of newspapers during the operation ?

She wouldn't want any *Spectators*, nor *Observers*,
but lots of *Times*.

[Now if you had asked *us*, we should have given it as *our* opinion that she would have ardently admired *the entire Press* !]

Look in the papers, I'm sure to appear ;
Look in the oven, perhaps I am there ;
Sometimes I assist in promoting a flame,
Sometimes I extinguish—now, readers, my name ?

Puff.

Why is *Punch* like the aerial ship ?

Because he hasn't made a trip yet.

[*Punch* being emery paper (a merry paper) is very useful for brightening up dull things !]

Why is the summary of to-day's paper like a "sweet thing in cloaks ?"

Because it's the bare noos !

[A Scotch friend suggests that what with Burn-ooses and deevil-ope'd skirts, he wonders the ladies don't burn 'ouses all down over their heads : as for myself, when I see a young lady going along with her greasy curls hanging on to the hood of her burnouse, my heart throbs, vain regrets sadden me, and I dream of halcyon days for ever gone ; in fact, I think of—of much-oil'd-hood (my childhood).]

If a bear were to go into a linendraper's shop, what would he want?

Muzzlin'.

[Yes, muslin *at once*, and not muzzlin' delayin', as Delaine would be of no use in those "Times," unless he was a good head-hitter (editor).]

What, as linendrapers say, is "the sweetest thing in bonnets?"

A lady's two-lips.

[We know a very agreeable way to fasten up a lady's tulips for her; if we tell you, will you say "Thankye, sir?" Then kiss her!]

When is a bonnet not a bonnet?

When it becomes a pretty woman.

[Don't you sit a bonnet to make it flatter, it flatters quite enough already].

When my first is broken it stands in need of my second, and my whole is part of a lady's dress?

Rib-band.

[Yes; but when "my first" is broken, you don't want "my second" to be a German one under your windows, do you?]

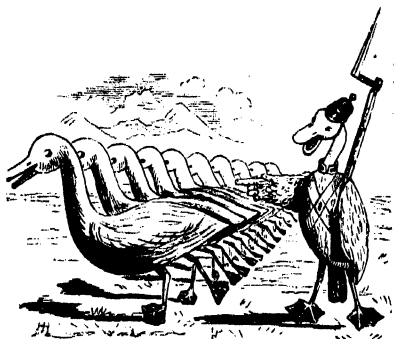
Who is the most tender-hearted man in the world?

The bell-man, because he will cry if you give him a shilling.

[Always makes us feel warlike, that Bell-owner!]



CANTER VII.



ET us inquire why a
vine is like a soldier?

Because it is 'listed,
trained, has ten-
drils, and then
shoots !

[Permit us to hope that
no English soldiers
will ever turn what
some Irishmen now call
Fainéant (Faynian).]

What is the only dish the French can't cook ?
The English goose !

Trois voyelles sans consonne,
Lecteur, et tu verras mon nom,
Et je porte sur ma personne
De quoi l'écriture sans crayon ?
Oie !

[They call a goose " war " (oie) in French ; can that possibly have anything
to do with our learning the art of war (oie) with a goose-step ? Never
mind, war to the knife, or rather knife to the oie, is our motto, so we
return to the Fenians.]

Who were the original bog-trotters ?
The Fen-ians.

Why is the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland
beneficial to the Fenians ?

Because it quickens their apprehension.

Who was hung for not wearing a wig?

Absalom!

[This, you see, was a suspension not of the A-B-S (Habeas) Corpus, but of the A-b-s-*alom* Corpus!]

Why is Truefitt, of Bond Street, like Stephens, the Fenian chief?

Because he's a great head-scenter.

When are Fenians only fit to look after cattle?

When they are but cow-herds.

What parts of what animals are like the spring and autumn gales?

The equine hocks.

[The extraordinary part of a horse is that he wears his socks over his shoes; have you ever remarked this peculiarity in his-'ocks?]

Which eat most grass, black sheep or white?

White, because there are more of them!

[This is not unlike the story of the long-tailed horse and the short-tailed horse—one whisked the flies off with his tail whilst eating, the other had to stop and bite them off. Marvellous arrangement of nature, isn't it?]

What two animals have often only one leg between them?

Two posters,—and the leg is the postilion's.

When may a Devonshire farmer's wife be said to "possess an evil spirit?"

When she has an apple liein' in cyder (an Apol-lyon * inside her).

[At any rate, if she is possessed of an evil spirit, she can go for a good ten-mile walk, and so exorcise the demon a trifle.]

Talking of Devonshire, what county, if you dislike it extremely, would you run the chance of being stifled in?

If you hate Suffolk, you would, very naturally, Suffolk-hate when in it.

If you don't know who Apollyon was, look at your Bunion; and if you have got one, you must well know it to be the very "old gentleman." if you haven't, look at your other Bunyan.

Why is a drover's goad like the county of Berks ?

Because it runs into Oxon and Herts.

My *first* is a circle, my *second* a cross ;

If you meet with my *whole*, look out for a toss ?

OX.

[Talk about the Rhinderpest, why we absolutely encourage the ox-itchin' in the hair? You can't gas what we mean? Why, we mean oxygen in the air !]

Why should you always choose white cows ?

Because it is of no use milking those that are dun
before you begin !

Why are the English the worst judges of cattle in the world ?

Because the Pope sent them a bull and they
thought it a bore !

[Perhaps, because in reality it was but a bore-bull (bauble).]



CANTER VIII.



OW should love come to the door?

With a ring—but not without
a rap!

[Ah! indeed, that is too true; O! how often, O! how often is a love-song the effect solely of Cupid-ditty; look at the enamoured swain in our picture; watch his rolling eye; look at his monetary legs; observe his pecuniary arms; but,

above all, notice what he accompanies his serenade with—'tis not a lyre, 'tis a money-gram of—of—I O U.]

How is it that the pronoun I and the interjection O are always represented by a capital, and that when U is added, it is the representation of no capital at all?

I O U!

If a mercenary man were to ask a girl to marry, what flower would he name?

Any money! (anemone).

[We heard of a poetical policeman once, who said his cook-love—when watching for him—was like a flower, as she then was Cineraria! (was in her area).]

What sort of tune do we all enjoy most?

For-tune, made up of bank-notes!

D, d ; which of these two letters is the more valuable ?

The little one, as the big D stands for pence only,
while the less one being £ s. d. (a less d) stands
for pounds, shillings, and pence as well !

When is the letter L like a piece of unparalleled generosity ?

When it enables a lady to make over a lover.

[N as much B as you can, when a lover IS made over by a lady, she has
generally first taken away his £—(s. d.).]

Why is a miserly uncle with whom you have quarrelled like a
person with a short memory ?

Because he is ever for-getting, and never for-
giving.

[He will assure you that what he gives is "nothun to nobody," but what
a thing it is to have a none-for-giving uncle who, like a dense fog, cuts
off any view (a nephew) ; it flushes one up red as a carb-uncle to think
of him !]

What is the difference between the last riddle and a man's aunt
who squints ?

One is a query with an answer, the other an
aunt, sir, with a queer eye !

What is the best way to kill ants ?

Hit your uncle's wife on the head with a
hammer !

Two brothers, A and B, walking in Rotten Row, met three
charming little fair haired, prattling children. "I must speak
to those children," said A ; "they are my nephews and
nieces." "Ah !" said B, "as I have no nephews and nieces,
I shall walk on." How was this ?

They were B's children.

Why are worn-out clothes like children without parents ?

Because they are left off 'uns.

[This rather off-hand riddle about the orphans is one which we hear very
orphan ; it's becoming quite orphansive from its staleness.]

Why is a worn-out shoe like ancient Greece?

Because it once had a Solon (sole on).

[Which Solon, by the way, was no goose.]

Why is swearing aloud like an old coat?

Because it's a bad habit.

[As it's (s)wearing right out, we presume; but don't swear here, do it elsewhere, or you will prevent us from giving you the following invaluable recipe. When you want a glass of one of the most charming foreign wines, put your coat near, very near the fire—a large fire; this method produces, without trouble or expense, most excellent coat roti. Try it! You won't find any-body in it to hurt you.]

What's the difference between a man and his tailor, when the former is in prison at the latter's suit?

He's let him in, and he won't let him out!

[The unfortunate "latter" is in that nondescript position termed "taken in" and "put out."]

When does a man double his capital?

When he makes one pound two every day!

[The man who does this must be an Irishman, as, to borrow the old joke every one knows, his capital is always Dublin.]

You don't know what the exact antipodes to Ireland is? You mean to say you don't? Nonsense. Why, suppose we were to bore a hole exactly through the earth, starting from Dublin, and you went in at this end, where would you come out?

Where would you come out? why, out of the hole, to be sure!

What is the difference between a Roman Catholic priest and a Baptist?

One uses wax candles—the other dips!

What is the difference between a really religious Roman Catholic priest and Signor Mario?

One sings mass in white, and the other mass in yellow (Masaniello).

[And you may add, if you please, that the Neapolitan his macaroni worships, but the priest worships his Maker on'y!]

CANTER IX.



E hope you will find the following artistic production palette-able :—If Britannia were deformed, what public institution would she be like?

The National gal-awry !

[At any rate, it's far better to have a National gal awry than for it to be you awry (or I), eh ! reader? However, there is one thing quite certain, which is, that we can never look at the pepper-box cupolas over the National Gallery without thinking of two letters constantly used in history, A D, for do they not stand for, for, for —an odd dome on high (anno Domini) ?]

Why, when you paint a man's portrait, may you be described as stepping into his shoes?

Because you make his feet-yours.

What is the very best and cheapest light, especially for painters?

Daylight !

[As a dauber we pronounce it daylightful.]

Why should Gustave Doré never come over to mix in musical society in London?

Because Do Ré is said to be C D (seedy) in England.

Why is Mr. Stansfield, R.A., like the *Great Eastern* ?

Because he draws so much water.

[Water good idea !]

Why should painters never allow children to go into their studios?

Because of them easles (the measles) which are there.

[A reply which should be easle-y understood.]

Why is it not extraordinary to find a painter's studio as hot as an oven?

Because it is there he makes his bread.

[A proud thought, which does not throw a shade over his shade-overs (chef d'œuvres).]

Why may a beggar wear a very short coat?

Because it will be long enough before he gets another.

[People talk with pity of "a man who *dies* a beggar;" they ought to talk with far greater pity of a man who *lives* one.]

Where should you feel for the poor?

In your pocket, to be sure!

What is the best way of making a coat last?

Make the trousers and waistcoat first.

Apropos of waistcoats, why was Balaam like a Life-guardsmen?

Because he went about with his queer ass (cuirass).

In what tongue did Balaam's donkey speak?

Probably in he-bray-ic.

[Here you ought to observe, brayvo.]

If you become surety at a police-court for the re-appearance of prisoners, why are you like the most extraordinary ass that ever lived?

Because you act the part of a donkey to bail'em.

Why is a cock-sparrow like a culprit brought up before a magistrate?

Because he is brought up before the beak!

[We are painfully aware that this is by no means a beak-coming tone in which to speak of a magistrate.]

What female bird is it which expectorates so strongly that she can spit clean through a turkey or any other bird?

It is the cook who (cuckoo) does!

Any difference between a milkmaid and a swallow?

Yes; one skims the milk, the other the water.

When does a shilling act like a razor?

When a man cuts off his heirs with one.

[A shilling act like a racer, indeed, we should rather think it did; goes so fast, out of sight in an instant.]

What grows bigger the more you contract it?

Debt!

Why is a spendthrift, with regard to his fortune, like the water in a filter?

Because he soon runs through it, and leaves many matters behind to settle!

[Oh yes, he leaves money matters behind—to settle—themselves: oh, ye idiotic spendthrifts! why are ye spendthrifts, for you water filter-ribly afraid of wanting a-cisterns from your friends, for perhaps you—you wouldn't get it.]

Why are birds melancholy in the morning?

Because their little bills are all over dew!

[A gentleman, once acquainted with a sovereign—that is £1—says that the connexion has long since resolved itself into Adieu!]

When is a sovereign not a sovereign?

When it's a guinea, that is, one pound won.

Why is the English grammar like gout?

Because it's torture (taught yer).

Yes; for gout, unfortunately, like a stall at the opera, costs you a guinea (agony) to sit in it!

CANTER X.



HEN does a man drive a pair in his sleep?

When he has a night-mare, he generally has a night-toss ('orse) as well.

Why is kissing your lady-love's last
(eight pages carefully crossed,
quite illegible) billet-doux like the nightmare?

Because it's the ink-you-buss.

What maid-servant, going in an omnibus to Kew, is likely to prove a burden to her friend?

Ann ; because she is then Ann in-Kew-'bus.

[Pray remark that we said "a burden," not a hen-bird ; we are dealing with an incubus, not an incubation.]

Apropos of indigestion,

My first is a bit of butter,
My next a bit of mutton,
My whole a little shutter,
Put on to pinch a glutton?

A but-ton.

Now, what *is* a button?

A small event that is always coming off!

What's the difference between your last will and testament and a man who has eaten as much as he can ?

One is signed and dated, the other dined and sated.

[But in either case we advise you "to do the other thing." If you have made your will, eat as much as you like ; and if you *do* eat as much as you like, by all means, make your will.]

If you sit near a very stout young lady at dinner, how can you, by telling a servant to give her a slice more lean, introduce into your order the names of two historical personages, and the country they lived in ?

By saying, "Carry a morsel less fat to this hearty Miss, here " (Caria, Mausolus, Artemisia).

[The reader can, if he think fit, consider us re-Maus'lus, for making such a pun.]

What is the greatest feat, in the eating way, ever known ?

That recorded of a man who commenced by bolting a door, after which he threw up a window, and then sat down and—and swallowed a whole story !

[Quite true, quite true ; we knew the man who did it ; he became so enormous that he was an entire parish in himself, that is to say—he was a Clerkunwell ! We wonder he didn't parish in the attempt.]

When is the soup most likely to run out of the saucepan ?

When there's a leek in it.

[This is unlucky ; so is upsetting the salt,—especially when it goes into your apricot tart !]

What country does eating chillies remind you of ?

Hibernia !

[Funny that chillies should be so hot ; we suppose it's the trop-pickle climate does it.]

Why is an imaginary office—one with lots to get, and no work to do—like a good dinner eaten by an invalid ?

Because it's a sign-o'-cure !

Why are the clerks in a Government office (fellahs supposed to haive nothing to do, lots of taimé to do it in, and plenty of people to *help* them) like the fountains in Trafalgar Square?

Because they play from ten till four.

What's the difference—Prince of Wales—water in a fountain?

One is heir to the throne, the other thrown to the air.

What is that which works when it plays, and plays when it works?

A fountain.

[Now, we really wish to know, *is* there any connexion between the La Fontaine's fables in Paris, and the Laugh-(f)able fountains in Trafalgar Square! We think not.]

Why is Niagara like the pulverized particles in a disused fish-kettle?

Because it's stew-pan-dus(t)!

[This is stupandously bad; but a German friend makes it worse, by saying, apropos of waterfalls, that "He so very much likes washing the Irish;" we *presume* he means "watching the Iris!"]

Why are the actions of men like great rivers?

Because we see the course they take, but not the source from whence they spring.

Apropos of sources, here's a saucy one. Why is Monti, the sculptor, one of the cheeky-est men that ever lived?

Because he unblushingly sent to be exhibited a poor "Reading Girl," whom he had chiselled out of all her clothes except her ch—m—se!

Why is the Apollo Belvidere like a piece of new music?

Because it's a new ditty in it's—tone (a nudity in stone).

I am white, and I'm brown ; I am large, and I'm small ;
Male and female I am, and yet that's not all—
I've a head without brains, and a mouth without wit ;
I can stand without legs, but I never can sit.
Although I've no mind, I am false and I'm true,
Can be faithful and constant to time and to you ;
I am praised and I'm blamed for faults not my own,
But I feel both as little as if I were stone ?

A bust.

When does a sculptor explode in strong convulsions ?

When he makes faces—and—busts !

[Sculpturing must be very popular, for every morning, after our matutinal tub, we have—not exactly a statue-wet—but a floor all wet, through our servant's inordinate love of Can-over!]



Apropos of these trees—in what respect do modern customs differ materially from ancient ones?

Formerly there were hewers of wood and drawers of water; now we have drawers of wood and ewers of water!

Why does a man who has been all his life a hewer of wood, that is, a woodcutter, never come home to dinner?

Because he's not only bre(a)d there, but he's always a chop(p)in' the wood!

Why should the poet have expected the woodman to "spare that tree?"

Because he thought he was a good feller!

When is a cabman like a carpenter's implement?

When he's a screwdriver!

What trees has fire no effect upon?

Ashes, as, when burned, they're ashes still.

[This rather reminds us of our cook, as she's ashes in our hashes, which is cinderin' to digestion!]

If a tree were to break a window, what would the window say?

Tree-mend-us!

[In allusion to its pane, of course.]

What is the difference between a Royal Academician's picture of a palm-tree and the palm-tree itself?

One is R-A-by-an (Arabian), the other by-an-R-A!

[But in making this joke, we well knew the above tree to be quite an anomaly, as it is to the painter at one and the same time his palm-tree and his high deal fir-tree (his ideal 'f a tree)!]

And when is a charade like a fir-tree?

When you get a deal bored from its length!

CANTER XVII.



H A T flower is a fresh-looking Irish lad
like when driving in Dublin ?

A rosy chap on a car (*Rosa japonica*).

[We never hear of the Japanese without thinking
of wax-works and Two-swords !]

What did the rose say to the sun ?

Blow me !

Ah ! but what did the sun say to the rose ?

You be blowed !

What flowers (*besides* crow-curse) would crows mention if they
could speak ?

D—n us crows (*damask rose*).

What is the first and only instance on record of a fruit
speaking ?

When the apple d—d the pair !

[Un-apple-ly for Adam and Eve it was so ; oh ! the damp air, the dampair,
how many people will for ever suffer from it ! !]

Why is a gardener dissipated ?

Because he's continually raking, and hoes a good
deal !

What two fish make the very best apple pudding?

Cod-ling!

[A very beautiful fish, indeed, is a Ling. We remember once in one of the Dutch galleries seeing a celebrated painting of a quantity of fishes, amongst them the Ling. We absolutely stood looking at and admiring it so long,—couldn't bear to leave it, in fact,—that at last we tried to walk off with the painting—ling;—yes, with the pain tingling concealed in our boot;—you know, pins and needles, what-you-may-call-it, cramp!]

How many peas are there in a pint?

One P!

Why are potatoes and corn like certain sinners of old?

Because, having eyes, they see not, and having ears, they hear not!

[Pot-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o's (pot eight o's) of course are very nought-y; and as corn *is* (s) corn, why their wickedness is easily understood.]

Why was Ruth very rude to Boaz?

Because she pulled his ears, and trod on his corn!

[And yet, genteel reader, he was a Bo-az suited her; and as for him, why he couldn't have had a sweeter, gleaner, or nicer young woman.]

What is the best flower for a doctor to cultivate?

Sickly-men (cyclamen).

[It is even thus cooks and housemaids look after and tenderly nurture—nourish, we mean—their favourite "plant," the Peeler go nigh 'em (Pelargonium)!]

What is the difference in the treatment of a child by its mother and a doctor?

One whacks an' loves it, the other whacks an' 'ates it.

[What an un-Jenner-us thing to say apropos of vaccination!]

What is the difference between a cloud and a whipped child?

One pours with rain, the other roars with pain!

[And you *might* add, one pours all over—lowing flocks, the other roars from under—flowing locks. Give him a good strong black dose!]

Why is a doctor an anomaly?

Because you *may* have an opinion of him, and yet have no opinion of him.

[They say the Patriarchs attained such great ages because they took no physic; isn't it cruel to our friends the doctors!]

Why are doctors always wicked men?

Because the worse people are, the more they are with them!

[Generous, though, to a fault; so fond of giving—ahem! physic; which, extraordinary to say, though *it is* given you, you must absolutely pay for. Never mind, it's sometimes necessary for a man, if he's sick (physic).]

If a dirty sick man be ordered to wash to get well, why is it like four letters of the alphabet?

Because it's soapy cure (it's o-p-q-r!).

What sort of a medical man is a horse that never tumbles down like?

An 'ack who's sure!

What is the difference between your going to the Crystal Palace expressly to hear Mr. Coward perform on the Great Festival Organ, and a corn doctor with a nervous patient?

You cut away TO a Coward's big tone hail with pleasure; he cuts away AT a coward's big toenail with pleasure!

[We beg to inform Mr. Coward, that there is a charming little organ morceau—more so perhaps than **any** other—called, we think, in German, "The blowing organ" (Blauen Augen), in English blue eyes, but not being quite sure, we should be glad to hear from any learned lady, **who** is herself blue-wise, on the subject.]



CANTER XVIII.



H Y is a jeweller like a screeching
florid singer?

Because he pierces the
ears for the sake of
ornament!

[Ah, lovely woman! glorious creature!
and what do you call the specimen in
our drawing? Isn't *she* a glorious
screecher?]

What sort of music should a girl sing whose voice is cracked
and broken?

Pieces!

Why is an old man's head like a song "executed" (murdered)
by an indifferent singer?

Because it's often terribly bawled!

[Ah! par exemple, cher Lecteur, voilà un calembour poor song (pur sang).]

What is better than an indifferent singer in a drawing-room
after dinner?

A different one!

Why is a piano like an onion?

Because it-smell-odious!

[We like to see the men skin it at a morning concert! The piano, we
mean, and its oil-skin case, don't you know, not the onion.]

Why is a schoolmistress like the letter C?

Because she forms lasses into classes.

[Pardon us for saying that every time we hear the word "Alas" we can't help thinking of long stockings, because—as some one says—are they not heigho's (high hose)?]

If an egg were found on a music-stool, what poem of Sir Walter Scott's would it remind you of?

The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

[Apropos of eggs, eat as many savoury omelets as you like, but no unsavoury ones made of bad eggs, it is exceedingly unpleasant so to do; and don't believe that nonsense you are told about an egg not being poachable unless it be fresh. Pshaw! they can poach a full-grown pheasant; why not an incipient chicken?]

Why would an owl be offended at your calling him a pheasant?

Because you would be making game of him!

[Pheasant-shooting! Magni-pheasant fun!]

John Smith, Esq., of Smith Hall, Smithshire, went out shooting, and took his interestingly sagacious pointer with him; this noble quadrupedal, and occasionally graminivorous specimen, went not behind, went not before, nor on one side of him; then where did the horrid brute go?

Why, on the other side of him, of course!

Why is a bad hat like a fierce snarling pug dog?

Because it snarps (its nap's) awful.

[Especially, my poor reader, when it's felt!]

Why is a hunted fox like a Puseyite?

Because he's a tracked-hairy-un.

Why did Du Chaillu get so angry when he was chaffed about the gorilla?

Because his monkey was up!

What's the difference between the cook at an eating-house and Du Chaillu?

One lives by the gridiron, the other by the grill.

What sort of medicine is most like a sick monkey?

Ape-ill.

My *first*, loud chattering, through the air,
Bounded 'mid tree-tops high,
Then saw his image mirror'd, where
My *second* murmur'd by.

Taking it for a friend, he stray'd
T'wards where the stream did roll,
And was the sort of fool that's made
The first day of my *whole*?

Ape-ri(1).

Which would you rather, look a greater fool than you are, or be
a greater fool than you look?

[Let a person choose, then say,] "That's impos-
sible."

What was Joan of Arc made of?

She was—we have every reason to believe—Maid
of Orleans!

[Perhaps this was the reason the *Pucelle*-animous English soldiers wished
to all lay hands (Orleans) on her.]

Which would you rather, that a lion ate you or a tiger?

Why, you would rather that the lion ate the
tiger, of course!

When does a leopard change his spots?

When he moves from one spot to another!

By a Frenchman, whose pronunciation of English must be
allowed for:—Vat ees ze diffaronce bet-ween ze correspondong
of a news-papa when 'ee 'as eaten ze meat out of savoural
mouton shops, and luffy Angland?

Ze correspondong ees a contree-butur full, and ze
luffy Angland ees a butur ful contree!

[This is not worse than the Englishman in Paris, who said he guessed a
certain French lady to be mad, as her husband continually addressed
her as March Hare (ma chère)!]

CANTER XIX.



H Y was it, as an old woman in a scarlet cloak was crossing a field in which a goat was browsing, that a most wonderful metamorphosis took place ?

Because the goat turned to butter, and the antique party to a scarlet runner !

[Pooar old thing ; she wasn't caper-ble of bearing a great goat as well as a scarlet cloak ; of course not. So she ran away and cut a *caper*.]

What vegetable does a lady's tongue resemble ?

The scarlet runner !

[Ah ! well, we prefer to call it "La fleur des pois."]

What is the most wonderful animal in the farm-yard ?

A pig, because he is killed and then cured !

[What a pig-cure-liar animal he must be. However, as bacon is the only thing which "if it can't be cured need NOT be endured," never mind.]

Why does a stingy German like mutton better than venison ?

Because he prefers "zat vich is sheep to zat vich is deer !"

Which animal is the heaviest in all creation ?

A le(a)d horse.

Why has the beast that carries the Queen of Siam's palanquin nothing whatever to do with the subject?

Because it's her elephant! (irrelevant.)

[We strongly recommend any one who really wishes to see a *bonâ fide* palanquin, to go and see Mr. Charles Kean as Hamlet, as if *he* is not then one Pale an' Kean by which we are carried away, we shall be glad to learn what is!]

Why is an elephant's head different from every other head?

Because, if you cut his head off his body, you don't take it from the trunk.

Behead Mr. Ludlam of Piccadilly, and you may make a basket of his remains?

(H)osier!

[What a treat!!!]

What small animal is turned into a large one by being beheaded?

FOX—ox.

[Ah! sly fox—Guy Fox, you were beheaded, we think.]

Which has most legs, a cow or no cow?

No cow has eight legs.

Why is a ha'penny like a cow—an Ayrshire cow?

Because it has a head and a tail and two sides.

[It's only a "toss up" if they are both air shiers, this cow, and the ha'penny.]

When a hen is sitting across the top of a five-barred gate, why is she like a penny?

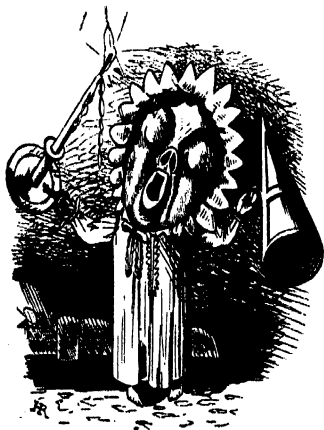
Because she has a head one side and a tail the other.

[Goodness gracious! why she is then quite in a *novel* position, Hen ridin' bar; or, more correctly, Henry Dunbar!]

When is Mr. Smith not Mr. Smith?

When he has lost a penny, 'cos then he's Mr. Brown! Don't you see?—missed a brown! Very good, isn't it?

CANTER XX.



PORTRAIT of a dry nurse having just finished her day's work, and going to her "tent" bed (which though a tent has not any (y)awning over it, except of her own making), will well illustrate the following riddle, especially as she is more fierce (Morpheus) at

being kept up so late. Who are generally most sick of children?

The people who "bring them up."

Who are children most sick of?

The mothers that bore them.

[The mothers that bare them, you will say, is more correct. You are quite right, their mothers do bare them, and slap them too.]

What is one of the greatest, yet withal most melancholy wonders in life?

The fact that it both begins and ends with—an 'earse (a nurse).

What is the difference between the cradle and the grave?

The one is for the first born, the other for the last bourn !

Why is a wet nurse like Vulcan?

Because she is engaged to wean-us (Venus).

[Only fancy—if you can stretch that playful faculty so far—a wet nurse rising from the sea. No, no, no. Venurse, we mean : we are confusing Margate and Cythera.]

What great astronomer is like Venus's chariot?

Her-shell (Herschell).

[And Venus's chariot is like another learned party, namely, Lie-big !]

Why does a woman residing up two pairs of stairs remind you of a goddess?

Because she's a second Floorer.

[Should she get behind the door, when you visit her, you may address her as "You're hid, I see" (Eurydice) ; adding, "But come out, I'm not o'er fierce" (Orpheus).]

If a young lady were to wish her father to pull her on the river, what classical name might she mention?

You-row-pa !

[Wherry good ; yes, ferry good indeed. But apropos of this classical rowing, we knew a man once who always paid us visits of about four hours' duration. Horrid brute, we used to term him ; one who his chair onto sticks (one who is Charon to Styx).]

How do we know that Jupiter wore very pinching boots?

Because we read of his struggles with the tight-uns (Titans).

[You know, don't you, that Jew-peter's wife had a beautiful Roman nose, for was it not in-Jupiter-bly Juno's?]

What hairy Centaur could not possibly be spared from the story of Hercules?

The one that is—Nessus-hairy !

[Apropos of Nessus and Dejanira, isn't this rather a dejanirate sort of story for boys to learn at school?]

[To be said to your *inamorata*, your lady love :] What's the difference between Jupiter and your very humble servant?

Jupiter liked nectar and ambrosia ; I like to be next yer and embrace yer !!

Reader, if your golden tresses, or jet-black curls (it is really difficult to say which at this distance), be in disorder, the name of what heathen deity should you gently murmur?

Comus (comb us).

[You might go so far even, if you can guit-ar guitar, as to sing, from "Don Pasquale," "Comb it genteely, tum tum, tum tum, tum tum;" any amount of tum tums--the tum-tum-ming is *ad lib.*]



CANTER XXI.



OW does a tipsy man gineraly look?

Dizzy-pated !

Why is a drunkard hesitating to sign the
pledge like a sceptical Hindoo?

Because he is in doubt whether
to give up his jug or not
(Juggernaut).

What does a man who has had a glass too much call a
chronometer?

A watch-you-may-call-it !

[This is when he walks in that tortuous zig-zag way of his ; isn't it so?
Yes, zig-zactly so !]

What is the difference between a chess-player and an habitual
toper?

One watches the pawn, the other pawns the
watch.

[Really ; well, we suppose he got that idea from drinking like a fish, as we
often hear of fishes (s)pawning—worse than watches—their young ones
even. Thank goodness ! all that is now ova.]

Why does a salmon die before it lives?

Because its existence is ova before it comes to
life.

What does a salmon breeder do to that fish's ova?

He makes an egg-salmon-nation of them.

[Yes, quite true, but they are first beautifully arranged all in a roe, for his inspection.]

The ova of what fish do we frequently have for breakfast?

The ova which is ham an' eggs (is-salmon eggs).

When is a fish-kettle like a city omnibus?

When it's block-tin.

Why are policemen seldom run over?

Because they are never in the way!

When is a policeman very like a rain-beau?

When he appears after the storm is over!

When are we most likely to find the sky blue?

The nearer we go to the Milky Way!

Why are "invisible blues," policemen, particularly required in a hop ground?

Because there are always so many people picking pockets there.

[However, if your wife ever find a policeman—which is not improbable—in your kitchen, and tell you of it, don't rush off to your looking-glass, because she regards you in a frightened manner, and says hurriedly, "Erysipelas face" ('ere is a peeler's face).]

Apropos of peelers' faces, when you kiss the book and swear that your laundress has stolen six of your cambric shirts, the name of what foreign town does it put into your mouth?

Book caressed!

What is the difference between an honest and a dishonest laundress?

One irons your linen, the other steals it.

[Some one says that laundresses, like railroads, have their irons all over the country, and occasionally do a little mangling; but this, you know, is speaking iron-ically.]

Why are artists like washerwomen?

Because they are not satisfied until their works are "hung on the line."

Why is a portrait of Queen Elizabeth like a wager which is neither lost nor won?

Because it is a drawn Bet!

Why is a man who never lays a wager as bad as a regular gambler?

Because he's no better.

[The most respectable sort of a wager is—a dowager.]

Now comes a riddle, the answer to which—as it is about a horse's stable—you will perhaps be able to four-stall. What's the difference between a fish dinner and a racing establishment?

At the one a man finds his sauces for his table, and in the other he finds his stable for his horses.

[And yet he wouldn't, on any account, get accustomed to Harvey's sauces with his friends. He wouldn't give you a horse to call your roan for anything.]

What is the difference between an oyster supper and your acquaintance with a box-keeper?

One is superficial, the other a supper all fish.

[You know the old joke about the man who lived over Grove's, in Bond-street, and was said, in consequence, to be always over a-fish 'ouse (officious); and that other brilliant witticism, of calling Horace's "delphinum in sylvis" a dolphin at Grove's. But you never heard us say that we don't consider the "fluctibus aprum," also of Horace's, a bit more impossible than the "delphinum in sylvis;" however, we do say it. For don't we just call it "a bore on the waters," when a man will insist on being—*ill to windward*? Of course we do, especially if the steamer we are on is crowded.]

Why can you never expect a fishmonger to be generous?

Because his business makes him sell fish.

[And crabbed, that is shell-fish.]

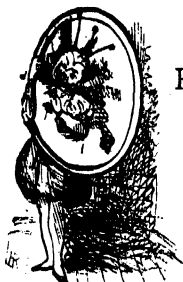
It sported in the calm blue sea,
It graced the feast right daintily ;
It toiled o'er summer's dusty plains,
It braved the winter's mire and rains ;
It is not good for man to be,
Young ladies, don't you think with me ?

Sole !

[And on "summer's, dusty plains" a pair o' sole—serves to parry
Sol's rays.



CANTER XXII.



RAY state where that celebrated tragedian,
the late Mr. Grimaldi, went on his tenth
birthday?

Into his eleventh year.

[And in infantile accents began his splendid career
by pithily observing, "Year we are again!"]

When is a baby like a breakfast cup?

When it's a tea thing (teething).

[This is infant-ly the funniest joke we ever heard.]

What part of a lion is a new-born infant like?

His tail, because it was never seen before.

[May we, might we, make so bold as to suggest that the lion's tail ought
—apropos of the "newly-born cherub"—to be a RED lion's tail? We
don't put much redlions in the tails of unicorns, and so on, which are
re(a)d, but we do think, for this once only, we may venture on a fabulous
beast—that is, venture on recommending a fabulous beast. You know
what we mean.]

When is a baby most like a cherub?

When it continually doth cry.

[A fact not calculated expressly to cheer-up its nurse, though.]

Where ought children to be sent who bite their fingers?

Why, to gnaw-thumb-erland, of course.

Why is repeating the motto of the Order of the Garter to a little boy like showing him a place from whence he may jump when out for play?

Because it's telling him—*on-his-walk-he-may-leap-hence!*

[Please in the above *bon-mot* to give the French *pense* a pence-ive English pronunciation, or you will spoil our pun. You will? Thanks.]

Apropos of "Honi soit qui mal y pense," we beg you to let that be *your* motto in the following: How did Katherine—afterwards queen of Henry VIII.—come to England?

She positively came without a rag on! (Aragon).

[But in her after years she had such powerful enemies, Katherine round her, that their power to tease (two t's) made Katherine of Aragon, Katherine oft arrogant. We need hardly add, that we merely say this from our knowledge of history—that is, her-story—as, of course, we didn't know her Majesty personally; but we *have* seen Mrs. Charles Kean, and, though we may "put no faith in princes," we put the very greatest in the Princess's!]

There has been but one king crowned in England since the Conquest. What king was he?

James I. He was King of Scotland before he was King of England.

What ancient king was often literally in his contemporaries' mouths?

A-gag!

[What a splendid subject for a picture—companion one to "Ajax defying the lightning"—A gag defying the tightening! The R.A.'s ought to look to this, gag some wretched model and paint him—a nice light blue all over; wouldn't that make a muddle of him?]

What game did Cleopatra play besides billiards?

Skittles!

[There Antony harm meant in our Cleopatra-witticism.

CANTER XXIII.



O W is it that the affections
of young ladies, notwithstanding they may protest
and vow constancy, are
always doubtful ?

Because they
are only miss
givings.

'Twas whispered in Heaven, 'twas muttered in Hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell ;
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed.
'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder.
'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
Attends at his birth, and awaits him in death :
It presides o'er his happiness, honour, and health,
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion be drowned.

In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
 But is sure to be lost by his prodigal heir.
 'Twill not soften the heart, and though deaf to the ear,
 'Twill make it acutely and instantly hear.
 Without it the soldier and sailor may roam,
 But woe to the wretch who expels it from home !
 So in shade let it rest, like a delicate flower :
 Oh, breathe on it softly, it dies in an hour !

The letter H.

A parody on the above.

I dwells in the Hearth, and I breathes in the Hair ;
 If you searches the Hocean you'll find that I'm there.
 The first of all Hangels in Holympus am Hi,
 Yet I'm banished from 'Eaven, expelled from on 'igh.
 But, though on this Horb I'm destined to grovel,
 I'm ne'er seen in an 'Ouse, in an 'Ut, nor an 'Ovel.
 Not an 'Orse nor an 'Unter e'er bears me, alas !
 But often I'm found on the top of a Hass.
 I resides in a Hattic, and loves not to roam,
 And yet I'm invariably absent from 'Ome.
 Though 'Ushed in the 'Urricane, of the Hatmosphere part,
 I enters no 'Ed, I creeps into no 'Art.
 Only look, and you'll see in the Heye Hi appear ;
 Only 'Ark, and you'll 'Ear me just breathe in the Hear.
 Though in sex not an 'E, I am (strange paradox)
 Not a bit of an 'Effer, but partly a Hox.
 Of Heternity I'm the beginning ! and mark
 Though I goes not with Noar, I'm first in the Hark.
 I'm never in 'Ealth, have with Fysic no power,
 I dies in a month, but comes back in a Hour.

A gentle hint on the use of V and W.

The Vide World you may search, and my fellow not find,
I dwells in a Vacuum, deficient in Vind :
In the Wisage I'm seen, in the Woice I am heard,
And yet I'm invisibile, gives Went to no Vurd.
I'm not much of a Vag, for I'm Vanting in Vit,
But distinguished in Werse for the Wollums I've writ.
I'm the head of all Willains, yet far from the Vurst—
I'm the foremost in Wice, though in Wirtue the first.
I'm not used to Veapons, and ne'er goes to Vor,
Though in Walour inwincible, in Wictory sure ;
The first of all Wiands and Wictuals is mine,
Rich in Wenison and Weal, but deficient in Vine.
To Wanity given, I in Welwets abound,
But in Voman, in Vife, and in Vidow ain't found ;
Yet conspicuous in Wirgins, and I'll tell you (between us),
To persons of taste I'm a bit of a Wenus.
Yet none take me for Veal, or for Voe, in its stead,
For I ranks not among the sweet Vood, Vun, and Ved.



CANTER XXIV.



H A T does the Trovatorey sing about
when imprisoned in the turret?

“ Ah ! Jailor, more tea ! ”

[Oh, yes, thank you, we are quite aware that
the correct pronunciation is ah kay la,
&c. &c. ; but you see we make the jailor
take the place of the kay, or, more
properly speaking, of the key.]

If you took off your boot and put
your foot in the fire, why would it instantly make you an
(h)opper-a of Verdi's ?

Because it would make you Rigoletto (wriggle
a toe), and no mistake !

[What a droll thing it is in the story of Rigoletto, that the “Gilder”
should be polished off by the carver ! By the by, do you like the
quartette which precedes the scene we allude to ? You don't ! Ah !
then you are one of those men who prefer a quart drunk to a quart-ette !]

By an Irishman. “ If a faymale offer ye the loan of a bad
half-crown, what opera is she loike ? ”

She's a Linder of Sham Money (Linda of Cha-
mouni) !

[By the way, is not an Irishman, when burning his clothes, something—
just *something*—like what an opera-singer is when singing the “Frei-
schutz” (singeing the frieze suits) ! !]

Why do you suppose Jenny Lind would make good soup ?

Because she's neither Grisi nor Alboni.

[This joke about Madame Lind is in-jenny-ous, but whilst on the greasy and all bony theme, let us not forget that charming little Patti—a paté sur ma foi(e) gra(s)cieuse—who is, and has, Adelina (a deal in her). As for her gifted sister, why, we think Carlotta her also !]

What trio in the "Barber of Seville" reminds you of a 'bus cad's cry ?

City ! City ! (Zitti ! Zitti !)

[Except that 'bus cads, though barber-us to a degree, seldom have anything Seville-ised about them.]

Why would you imagine the Barber of Seville was married by proxy ?

Because, when he got his wife, he had the Nozze de Figaro ! (he had then not see'd her figure, oh !)

What would be the most appropriate work for Mr. Charles Hallé to perform on the piano ?

The Hallé-lulah !

[Yes ; it would be unusu-Hallé charming (H)andel-lightful !]

Why are omnibuses and cabs injurious to theatricals ?

Because they contribute to the decline of the stage.

[And yet, if on a very wet day you can't get an omnibus or a cab, and have no umbrella, you feel theatrical (the hat trickle) all over.]

What can you see at the Adelphi—by the kind permission of Benjamin Webster, Esq.—besides capital acting ?

You can see a charming Woolgathering (Woolgar therein).

[And this is not all, for can you not also see the "Ultima Toole" of drollery ? P.S.—We trust, after the above compliment, that Mr. J. L. Toole will pardon us for saying that we can never hear his name mentioned without getting another Jael tool into our head. We allude, of course, to the nail which killed Sisera.]

Who had the first free entrance into a theatre?

Joseph, when he got into the pit for nothing.

[You know they never would allow a many-coloured coat in the boxes.]

When is going to hear English opera like taking a dose of medicine?

When it's for the benefit of Miss Pyne! (my spine).

[What a comp-Harrison—shocking!]

Why can't the Irish perform the play of "Gimlet"—beg pardon—"Hamlet?"

Because they can't help making "Aphalia" of the heroine!

What was Othello's "occupation" in Venice?

Why, that of a lawyer—because he was a tawny-general!

[The opera of "Otello" is the greatest anomaly in the musical world, as there *is* a Moor I know in it, and yet *not* any-Moor-I-know in it, as he—a Nemorino—is in the "Elisir d'Amore."]

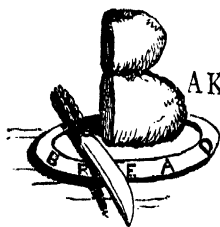
If a man ask us our opinion of Jupiter, and all the other gods and goddesses, why would our reply be like that which one of the chorus at Covent Garden Opera would probably say if his salary were not paid?

Because we should say, "He then might hollow Gye is a humbug! (heathen myt-holo-gy is a humbug)."

[As Mr. Gye keeps the temple of Apollo, no Apollo-Gye is needed for this remark.]



CANTER XXV.



BAKERS will appreciate this: Why is a chrysalis like a hot roll?

Because it's the grub that makes the butter fly.

[One of the best riddles that ever was made; but may we ask you, whilst on the butterfly theme, would not flutter-by be a butter name for this insect than butterfly? But stop, *this* is levity, the personification of lightness, and our drawing is meant as a serious warning to the giddy human moth, to remind him that half a loaf is better than no bread, whether brown, aerated, or otherwise.]

Why is a baker a most improvident person?

Because he is continually selling that which he kneads himself!

Why is a good husband like dough?

Dough'nt you know? Why, it is because a woman needs him!

[And when a woman has got the husband she has kneaded, "I chews that man," she says, "because I think he is soft and good, and will easily be made dough-masticated! !"]

Why does the sun rise in the east?

Because the (y)east makes everything rise.

Why is the French cook at the Reform Club like a man sitting on the top of St. Paul's?

Because they are both in a high cool an' airy (culinary) situation!

[You know what the Latin proverb says about this—"Cook alas non facit money come"—so look at your monkthly bills!]

If a Frenchman were to tumble into a tub of grease, by "Vart von Angleesh vord voold he eggspraise hees meesehrarbler poseececon?"

'E vood say, "In de fat I gabble!"

[The reader is here permitted to exclaim, "This joke is by man hid i' grease (many degrees) the stupidest I ever heard." We entirely agree with the reader; quite so. We may be happy yet!]

Why is this charming book like giving you your choice of two sorts of meats for dinner?

Because it's beef or ewe (before you).

What is the difference between a sweet *bread* and a sugar *loaf*?

Well, you see, many authors differ on this subject; Cicero laid down one theory, Confucius another; and as for Gibbon, though we may Gibbon reading him over and over again, we learn nothing; so you see the upshot of it all is that we—don't know anything at all about it!

State the difference between a grocer selling a pound of sugar, and an apothecary's boy with a pestle and mortar?

One weighs a pound, the other pounds away.

[Now, *does* an apothecary ever give his wife medicine to prove if she's pestle and mortar—psbaugh! we mean, to prove if she is mortal and pest her!]

Apropos of this poor woman, who would soon be under ground, why is gritty coffee like the Metropolitan Railway?

It may be considered underground.

[Do you take sugar? "Yes, please, two knobs." Ah! then we may as well tell you that the word sugar is derived from the *Sanscrit* "sacchar," which, perhaps—in some measure—accounts for the *sands-gritty* sugar we not unfrequently meet with.]

When can an Irish servant answer two questions at the same time?

When asked, "What's o'clock, and where's the cold chicken?" if she replies, "Sure it's ate!"

[This rather reminds us of the German who, on being asked his and his wife's age, answered, "I am dirty, and she's dirty two!"]

Riddle for a "Pell Mell" couple: When does a lady think her husband a Hercules?

When he can't get on without his "club!"

[She ought to try Omphale's plan, to tri-umpha'ly conquer him.]

Apropos of Pall-Mall, who first introduced walking sticks?

Eve gave Adam a little Cain.

[Who again, in his turn, was the introducer of clubs. Probably he had "White's" in his eye; at any rate, we may, without disrespect, say it wasn't a Jok(e)y club for Abel.]

When Cain slew his brother, what suitable ejaculation from his lips would have also expressed his liability to punishment?

Amen-abel (amenable).

[The *extreme coldness* between the two brothers gave rise, we believe, to the first instance of *slighting* on record!]

Why was the Giant Goliath very much a-stone-ished when David hit him with a stone?

Because such a thing had never entered his head before!



CANTER XXVI.



PRIZE toy will be given to the child who guesses the following: What kin is that child to its own father who is not his own father's son?

His daughter.

If Dick's father is Tom's son, what relation is Dick to Tom?

Tom is his grandfather.

[Yes, that is our dick-tom (dictum).]

If Joab was Zeruiah's son, what relation was Zeruiah to Joab?

His smother, his maternal parient!

Who were your grandfather's first cousin's sister's son's brother's forefathers?

Why, his aunt's sisters, of course.

[You didn't auticipate this aunt sir, did you?]

What's the difference between the milky-whey—way, we should say—and a room full of great-grandfathers?

One is a lot of pale stars, the other a lot of stale pa's.

When did Moses sleep five in a bed?

When he slept with his forefathers.

How do we know Moses wore a wig?

Because he was sometimes seen with Aaron, and
sometimes without 'air on.

[Ah, now we are speaking Aaronically.]

What would be a proper verdict to pass on an old buck's black
moustache?

Dyed by his own hand.

[Some young men, however, have such stiff points to their moustaches
that we should moustache-surely say they must-starch them !]

Why is it easy to break into an old man's house?

Because his gait is broken and his locks are few.

[In fact, poor old feller, he lacks the new wig-our which is only to be
obtained from fresh (h)air.]

When may a man be said to be really over head and ears in
debt?

When he hasn't paid for his wig.

[Oh ! for shame, the wig-head naughty old man !]

What is the difference between your dividing your hair in the
dark through not having time to wait for candles, and a man's
running in debt to send his visitors away contented?

The former is, the parting guessed owing to
speed ; the latter is, owing to speed the parting
guest.

Now for a teaser : Why is painting the hair red like a part of
your throat?

Because it's the carrot dyed art hairy !! (carotid
artery.)

[We were in the "jocular vein" when we made this horrat pun.]

What is the difference between the Prince of Wales, an orphan,
a bald-headed old man, and the gorilla?

The first is an heir apparent, the second has ne'er
a parent, the third has no hair apparent, and
the fourth has an hairy parent.

When does a son not take after his father?

When his father leaves him nothing to take.

[This is the man, we presume, who was said to have at last happily come to the end of his cares, because he had nothing left to care for.]

Why are poor relations like fits of the gout?

Because the oftener they come the longer they stay.

[We are a poor relation, but certainly not a stay-maker.]

Why is blindman's-buff like sympathy?

Because it's a fellow feeling for another!

[By all means encourage a fellow feeling in your breast, but a fellow feeling in your pocket doesn't deserve any sympathy, as pur-robber-bly he would be a thief!]

What was it a blind man took at breakfast which restored his sight?

He took up a cup and—saw, sir.

[Regular case of saucer-eye, which craft we are sorry to say we know nothing of.]

Why is a man practising a "peculiar branch of surgery" allied to a wizard?

Because one is a cupper, the other a sorcerer.

[N.B. The Sir-John above is *not* a baronet, although accustomed frequently to—a "Red hand."

Apropos of practising a peculiar branch of surgery, when do you think you could eat a lady's hand?

When it's a warm muff in!

[We don't want to blow our own crumpet (the correct word, we believe), but we dote on devouring a lady's hand; yes, absolutely devouring it—with kisses!]

Safe on a fair one's arm my *first* may rest,
And raise no tumult in a husband's breast;
To those who neither creep, nor run, nor fly,
The want of legs my *second* will supply.
My *whole's* a rival of the fairest toast,
And when I'm liked the best I suffer most?

CANTER XXVII.



UST inform us, please, why the children of a swash-buckler (!) robber should be burnt?

Because their pa-steals!

[What rubbish! You might as well say a tailor's son should be eaten with cod-fish, because his pa-snips.]

Why can't a thief easily steal a watch?

Because he must take it off its guard!

[Nota in a peculiarly Bene manner. Whenever, dear reader, you are about visiting any neighbourhood where you run any chance of losing your watch, choose the very darkest night possible, as, if there be not one single small star visible, *asterisk (as to risk) there is none!]

If you bite a man's nose off, what are you bound to do?

Keep the piece!

Why is the treadmill like a true convert?

Because its turning is the result of conviction!

Why are convicts like old maids going to be married?

Because they go off in transports!

[Don't you think it would be a good business to light up garrotter'd neighbourhoods with patrol-eum?]

Why is tea more generally drunk now than a year or two back?

Because, having got rid of the garotters, we are less accustomed to choke-o'-late.

[Believing this chocolate joke to be original, we trust no one will say it is ro-coco(a).]

Why is a whisper like a forged £5 note?

Because it's uttered—but not aloud!

What are the most disagreeable articles for a man to keep on hand?

Hand-cuffs.

[And yet a policeman who travels—ahem! after somebody—will tell you that handcuffs are most charmingly adapted to two-wrists.]

What is the difference between homicide and pig sticking?

One is assault with intent to kill, the other a kill with intent to salt.

How can you, by changing the pronunciation of a word only turn mirth into crime?

By making man's laughter man-slaughter!

[After two such murderously red-hand-ed jokes as the above, we are afraid our readers will cry with the Russian soldiers at the Red-(h)an—"Don't, we've had'quite enough of Crime-'ere!"]

What's the difference between a person who visited the Crimea after the war and a publican?

The former went to See-bass-topped-down (Sebastopol down), the latter wants to see Bass tipped down.

Why is a publican's trade a profitable one to follow?

Because, by conducting it with good spirits, he has more bar-gains than most others, and all the pull is on his side.

[Spirit mediums tell you that "the spirits they have Marshall-ed come with a rap;" why should they be so private? why not be publicans and come with a tap?]

If Old Nick were to lose his tail, where should he go to supply the deficiency ?

To a gin palace, because there bad spirits are re-tailed.

[We always had an idea, however, that Old Nick was already living in an *hotel*.]

The night was dark, the night was damp ;
St. Bruno read by his lonely lamp :
The Fiend dropped in to make a call,
As he posted away to a fancy ball ;
And "Can't I find," said the Father of Lies,
"Some present a saint may not despise ?"

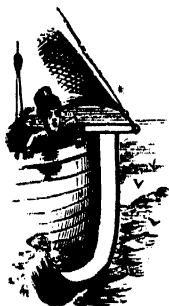
Wine he brought him, such as yet
Was ne'er on Pontiff's table set :
Weary and faint was the holy man,
But he crossed with a cross the tempter's can,
And saw, ere my First to his parched lip came,
That it was red with liquid flame.

Jewels he showed him—many a gem
Fit for a Sultan's diadem :
Dazzled, I trow, was the anchorite ;
But he told his beads with all his might ;
And, instead of my Second, so rich and rare,
A pinch of worthless dust lay there.

A lady at last he handed in,
With a bright black eye and a fair white skin ;
The stern ascetic flung, 'tis said,
A ponderous missal at her head ;
She vanished away ; and what a smell
Of my Whole she left in the hermit's cell !

Brim-stone.

CANTER XXVIII.



UST state the difference between an auction
and sea-sickness ?

One is a sale of effects, the other
the effects of a sail !

[Something mor(e)-*bid* in both, though, eh? You are
averse to them, you say ; well, then, here is a verse (?) to them, too—

Oh ! a dirty deck, oh ! a swindling auction,
What a fitting compound to make a vile *dec-otion*.]

Why is credit not given at an knocktion ?

Because all goods brought to the hammer must
be paid for—on the nail !

[And very *dirty* nails too ; for we make the incontrovertible assertion that
seedy brokers at auctions invariably look for-bidding.]

What's the difference “between living in marble halls” and
aboard ship?

In the former you have “vassals and serfs at
your side,” and in (what the Greeks call
thalatta) the latter you have vessels and surfs
at your side !

If all the seas were dried up, what would Neptune say?

I really haven't an ocean (a notion).

[We may perhaps take this opportunity of stating that we don't at all believe in going out fishing at Brighton; for after the trouble, sea-sickness, and expense you are thereby put to, catching a few rock-whiting can be by no means rock-whiting to you.]

Why must a Yankee speculator be very subject to water on the brain?

Because he has always an ocean (a notion) in his head.

[We think we are correct in saying that water on the brain makes a man silly or *soft*; probably it is so because it must b'rain water. Alas and alas, how much worse than water on the brain is brandy and water on the brain!]

Why is a man looking for the philosopher's stone like Neptune?

Because he's a sea-king what never was!

What's the difference between the sea and soap liniment?

One is a beautiful ocean for ships and a cruise or two, the other a beautiful lotion for chips and a bruise hurt too.

[It was whilst reading our Pliny that we made this riddle, as some of his descriptions of the sea, when correctly translated, clearly showed us it was so Pliny meant (soap liniment).]

Why was the surrender of Mason and Slidell like Bass's pale ale?

Because it was a bitter draught for the English brewed on the Trent!

[It was simply a case of rendering unto seizer the men then at sea, sirs.]

Who do they speak of as the most delicately modest young man that ever lived?

The young man who, when bathing at Ramsgate, swam out to sea and drowned himself because he saw two ladies coming!

What is the characteristic of a watch?

Modesty, as it keeps its hands before its face and
runs down its own works!

When is a clock on the stairs dangerous?

When it runs down?

What were the odds at the battle of Aliwal?

They were six (Sikhs) and we one (won).

What Indian battle tried the metal of our soldiers?

The battle of Assay(e)!

[Assaye (I say), though, don't you go and give your ass hay to try *his* metal; don't metal with him at all, or say to him apropos of Indian battles, "So bray on;" it would be merely a waste of time.]

One more pun-job as a *pongdong* to the last. If Captain Cuttle had been describing a cold night to old Sol's nephew, what Indian battle would he have mentioned?

He would have said, "It's a Chilly'un Wall'er!"



CANTER XXIX.



HAT is the difference between a *première danseuse* and a duck?

One goes quick on her beautiful legs, the other goes quack on her beautiful-eggs.

[Nota very Bene.—Though a *première danseuse* is sometimes called a duck, a duck is *never* called a *première danseuse*.]

Watching which dancer reminds you of an ancient law?

Seeing the Taglioni's legs reminds you forcibly of the legs Taglioni's (*lex talionis*).

[We beg to remind hunting men that a singular nominative of Taglioni's is Tally Ho! also, we beg to add, for general information, that in perpetrating a pun, the words simply require to twist about and turn about,—that is, to Taglioni (*tally on'y*).]

My *first* is what all mortals ought to do ;
My *second* is what all mortals have done ;
My *whole* is the result of my first.

Love-err (lover).

My whole is the result of my first : is it? Well, yes, perhaps it is ; but we humbly, very humbly, venture to suggest that it is the result of my *second* also—sometimes.]

Why is fashion like a blank cartridge?

Because it's all powder and puff!

Why is a very pretty, well-made, fashionable girl like a thrifty housekeeper?

Because she makes a great bustle about a small waist.

Why are ladies' dresses about the waist like a parochial meeting?

Because there is a gathering there, and always more bustle than necessary.

Why is a young lady's bustle like an historical tale?

Because it's a fiction founded on fact.

[Never mind, it is a fiction which sometimes leads to affection.]

What game does a lady's bustle resemble?

Back-gammon!

[What a marvellous preternaturally funny thing it is that "Gammon" should be the Greek *accusative* of Marriage!]

Why does a girl lace herself so tight to go out to dinner?

Because she hears much stress laid upon "Grace before meat!"

[We hope, however, no one ever speaks of young ladies being "tight" at dinner!]

Why are women's *corsets* the greatest speculators in the bills of mortality?

Because they contract—to kill.

[Of *cors'et* girl won't believe this, though.]

A stranger comes from foreign shores,

Perchance to seek relief:

Curtail him, and you find his tale

Unworthy of belief;

Curtailed again, you recognise

An old Egyptian chief.

Alien—A lie—Ali.

[This repetition of "cur-tail" makes us think the old chief must have come not from Egypt, but from Mongrel-ia.]

We are afraid of giving you too much poetry, or, like a man perpetually talking about Gro-tius, we shall gro-tius-some, and, instead of being your pun-mentor, become your tormentor, and bore you ; but the following is not bad :—
From a number that's odd cut off the head, it then will even be ; its tail, I pray, next take away, your mother then you'll see.

Seven—even—Eve.

What piece of coin is double its value by deducting its half?

Halfpenny !

[Of course you have seen the new coins, three for a penny? No ! really, haven't you, upon your word? What, not two farthings and a half-penny? We should have thought you had !]

Make V. (five) less by adding to it.

IV. (four).

And we do not grudge the following a-corn-er in our page.
What is the difference between a tight boot and an oak tree?

One makes acorns, the other—makes corns ache.

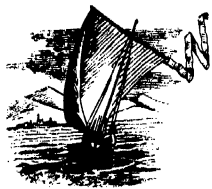
[Ache-utely !]

Why does the east wind never blow straight?

Because it blows oblique (blows so bleak).

[The other day we implored the east wind to forsake us, and, wasn't it kind? it did—it did faceache us then and there !]

CANTER XXX.



HAT would be an appropriate exclamation for a man to make when cold, in a boat, out fishing?

When, D. V., we get off this *eau*, we'll have some eau-d-v.

[If you say you think this riddle about the man who was bold in coat—that is, cold in a boat—pretty fair, our answer is eau de vie (is so do we).]

How would you increase the speed of a very slow boat?

Make her fast!

[We believe the Greek for an outrigger is “*zunoris*” (soon o’er is); we can easily understand its being so—when you don’t keep steady.]

What should put the idea of drowning into your head if it be freezing when you are, on the briny deep?

Because you would wish to “scuttle” the ship if the air was coal’d.

If, during your voyage to Boulogne-sur-mer, you take a very small light luncheon, hoping to dine off French chickens on your arrival, why are you like the steamer you go in?

Because your rope is in the pulley (your ‘ope is in the *poulet*).

[Poulet voo Frongcy? we, Merseer! Very good; then use in Boulong the language which boulongs to you, and don’t speak beastly French to a lot of people who perfectly well speak English.]

What sort of an anchor has a toper an anchoring after?

An anker (just ten gallons) of brandy.

[To speak naughty-cally of this wicked man, would'n't he, by the time he had finished off this anchor, just want to undo or let go his bower anchor chief (bow or handkerchief)? But we do not wish it to be thought by our joking that we anchorage this sort of thing—oh dear, no !]

Apropos of wicked men, why was Moses the wickedest man that ever lived?

Because he broke all the Ten Commandments at once.

Why should a candle-maker never be pitied?

Because all his works are wicked, and all his wicked works, when brought to light, are only made light of.

Why can a fish never be in the dark?

Because of his paraffins (pair o' fins).

When is a candle like an ill-conditioned, quarrelsome man?

When it is put out before it has time to flare up and blaze away.

Why is love like a candle?

Because the longer it burns the less it becomes.

[Though this is (s)candle-us, you may dip-end upon its truth.]

Why is the blessed state of matrimony like an invested city?

Because when out of it we wish to be in it, and when in it we wish to be out of it.

[After all the above candle-ey riddles we are almost inclined to whale, and cry out with the besieged general in this riddle,—Spare-my-city.]

Why did Lady Wellesley do a very unladylike action when she married the late Lord Raglan?

Because she turned a Somerset.

Let's see—wasn't Lord Raglan a *Field Marshal*? if so, his wife's action in turning a somerset wasn't at all like his title, as it doesn't sound *F M* in it (effeminate).]

Why are sentries like day and night ?

Because when one comes the other goes.

When does the eagle turn carpenter ?

When he soars (saws) across the woods—and
plains.

We beg leave to axe you, which of a carpenter's tools is coffee
like ?

An axe with a dull edge, because it must be
ground before it can be used.

[Nota as much Bene as possible.—If you can't handsaw this carpentry
question about the axe, you ought to ca-hatchet (catch it).]

What artist was an anomaly ?

The one who, though twenty-one years old, was
only Teniers of age.

[We don't know what puts painters, &c. into our head at this moment,
unless it be the dull edge mentioned in the last riddle, which has
caused us to think of Dull-edge Gallery.]

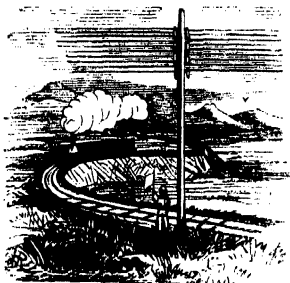
What painter must have two eyes more to make him like an
Irishman sitting on a tenpenny nail point upwards ?

Paul Veronese ; for, with two y's more he would
be extremely uncomfortable—no, no, we mean
he would be Paul Very-onesey.

[As the last riddle alluded to a dull edge, we now vary it by touching
lightly upon a sharp point.]



CANTER XXXI.



ELL us why it is vulgar to
send a telegram?

Because it is making use
of flash language.

Why is a spider a good correspondent?

Because he drops a line by every post.

[Poor spider, his lines must indeed be rea-ched (wretched), as they always
cause (s)weeping.]

What is the difference between a correspondent and a co-
respondent?

One is a man what does write, and the other a
man what does wrong!

Why is hailing a cab like marriage?

Because it's for weal or woe (four wheeler, wo)!

How many young ladies does it take to reach from London to
Brighton?

Fifty-two, because a miss is as good as a mile!

[A great deal better, so pity 'tis some misses ever become missis, as 'tis
only then they are amiss.]

O tell us what kind of servants are best for hotels?

The Inn-experienced !

Why is a waiter like a racehorse ?

Because he runs for cups, and plates, and steaks !

[We can quite understand the association of the waiter and the racehorse, for are not "tips" needful with both? And how many racehorses (resources) has not the waiter for making money ; does he not run for cup and make you fork up for his running? Of course he does.]

What sort of a day would be a good one to run for a cup ?

A muggy one !

Why are sugar-plums like racehorses ?

Because the more you lick them the faster they go !

Apropos of sugar, plums, &c.—If mince-pies could speak, what quotation would they make on being warmed up ?

They would say of the warmer, " Here he is crispin' us again " (Ecce iterum Crisp-pie-nus).

[Don't call it a-rum joke, this one.]

What extraordinary kind of meat is to be bought in the Isle of Wight ?

Mutton from Cowes !

[But, more wonderful still, you can get apricot tart from Mutton at Brighton.]

Why ought a greedy man to wear a plaid waistcoat ?

To keep a check on his stomach.

[We think this sort of check has been plaid upon before.]

What wine is both food and drink ?

Port wine with a crust !

Quels morceaux de chante n'exécute-t-on bien qu'en France ?

Les trios, parce qu'ils ne peuvent se chanter qu'à Troyes (à trois).

Here we are organ, once more in England. When a church is burning, what is the only part that runs no chance of being saved ?

The organ, because the engine can't play upon it !

Why was Rarey, the horse-tamer, a fine engineer ?

Because he could, without the least trouble, make a Gibber-alter !

[Yes, he was a Rarey avis, and made money by his clever engineering, though that cannot always pay, for there is an engineer (Indian here) in London, who positively sweeps a crossing for his bread ; but then he is—to finish the Rarey avis quotation—much more like a black this swan (this one).]

Why is a donkey a most unfortunate creditor ?

Because he gets nothing in the pound !

When are sheep stationary ?

When turned into pens, and into paper when fold-ed.

Why is a sheep like a professional gambler ?

Because he is brought up on the turf ; gambols in his youth ; herds with blacklegs ; is fleeced at last ; and—some one adds, not us, we assure you—when his mother dies he isn't worth Adam !

Why is Yorkshire so celebrated for quiet horses ?

Because, though you may there get three ridings, you will only find one shier !

Why are circus-horses such slow goers ?

Because they are taught-horses !

A Bachelor of Arts and a Royal Marine

Were once in a "vessel" together,

But some busybody therein, it would seem,

Slyly fastened them both with a tether :—

Perhaps too close approximation

Induced a little fermentation.

BA-RM (Barm).

What key in music will make a good officer?

A Sharp Major.

[This—we speak seriously for once—is a key in music we—though musical—are not acquainted with ; we know very well a flat Major, in fact several flat majors ; but the only sharp major of our acquaintance is Major F Sharp, sometimes called a—flea.]

What is the key-note to good manners?

B Natural.

[Which, however, is *anything* but be in a state of nature.]

In what key should a declaration of love be made?

Be mine, ah ! (B minor.)

[A flat more likely—who is a minor.]

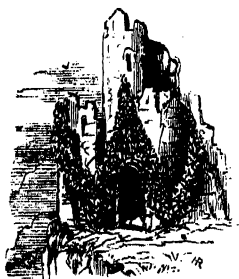
Why is Hymen drawn with a torch?

Because he's a link-boy !

[No, no, not at all ; it's because of the torchure he too frequently brings with him.]



CANTER XXXII.



H Y are good women like ivy ?

Because the greater the
ruin the closer they
cling !

Why are bad women like ivy ?

Because the closer they cling the greater the
ruin !!

Why is an extremely religious Roman Catholic lady only a very
virtuous goose ?

Because she is so faithful to her proper gander
(propaganda).

[And yet, don't you know, there is no one can be faithful to their "propaganda" without loving that which is exactly half Pagan ! (pro-paganda) ; this quite accounts for the missionaries.]

Was our mother Eve High or Low Church ?

Adam thought her Eve-angelical !

[Therefore he thought her *boot*-iful, whether *high-low* or anything else.]

Why are free sittings in church very immoral ?

Because you are then made good—for nothing.

What do ladies look for when they go to church?

The hims (hymns)!

[Especially the Sams—this is another new version of the Psalms—a version which we know ladies as a rule treat with anything but a-version.]

To what chap-el ought those ladies to go who are so fond of looking out for the hims?

A chapel of he's!

Why *are* ladies so wicked?

Because they not only bone their stays, and steel their petticoats, but they positively crib their babies!

["Crib their babies!" in-cradle-us people will exclaim, "that's too much." We, however, assure them it's as true as that a beer bottle's bass-in-it (bassinette) for a baby!——when he grows up.]

What is the difference between a coat and a baby?

The one I wear, the other I was!

[That, ah! must be the reason why, ah! ladies like them both, as they are all given to, ah! pet a baby, also to a (h)! pet-a-coat.]

When may a man's coat-pocket be empty, and yet have something in it?

When it has a hole in it.

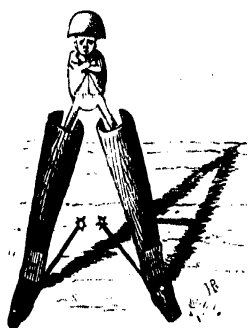
[If he lose his note-case through that hole, might he not almost coat—that is, quote—"Hæc hole-him meminisse (non) *juvabit*?"]

What is the difference between a sweep and a man in mourning?

One is blacked with soot, the other is suited with black.

And the Moor-ner, the disconsolate black-suited one, he cries when he's-weeping, the other keeps his mouth shut when he's sweeping—at least we simply imagine so, not having ever, as yet, swept a chimney.]

CANTER XXXIII.



ANSWER this if you can:—Like the music for what instrument is a grand genius who has given much uneasiness in the “eternal city?”

A tromboney part (at Rome Bonaparte).

If you wish a very religious man to go to sleep, by what imperial name should you address him?

Nap-holy-un.

Why is the Emperor Napoleon III. like a retired Vauxhall waiter?

Because he remembers HAM, and when he cut it!

When was Napoleon I. most shabbily dressed?

When out at Elba.

Why is the palace of the Louvre the cheapest ever erected?

Because it was built for one sovereign—and finished for another.

Why is the Empress of the French always in bad company?

Because she is ever surrounded by Paris-ites.

[We wish to empress one fact on your recollection, which is, that *we* are extremely fond of Paris-sights.]

Why ought the patriot Garibaldi to be now called simply "Garidi?"

Because they have extracted the bal(l) from Garibaldi long ago!

[We think this suggestion of ours, about the hero of Liberty, is now re(a)d cap-Italy apropos!]

What sea would a man most like to be in on a wet day?

Adriatic.

[Of course a dry attic without a hole in the roof, or, to mention another sea, that would have made-it-a-rainy-un in it.—P.S. Unnecessarily long word, "Mediterranean," as we don't suppose it's a bit more beautiful now than when it was spelt in only three letters, namely E G an' C (ÆGÆAN SEA).]

Riddle as P.P.S. to the last. What two most extraordinary things did the inhabitants of ancient Greece see every evening?

They got quite accustomed to see a little larkey peeler go in the sea, and to a ticker that couldn't be made to go (a little archipelago —Attica).

Riddle as P.P.P.S. What is the difference between a stewardess of a modern steam-packet and an ancient vessel?

One *is* frequently an old gal layin' amongst the sick-ladies, the other *was* an old gal-ley in amongst the Cyc-lades!

What young ladies won the battle of Salamis?

The Miss Tocles (Themistocles).

[Unless this history of the battle of Salamis is-al'-a-mis-take, one of these girls at Sally-miss must have been Miss Sally; which idea of ours will perhaps in some slight degree account for the Miss-Sally-ance (més-alliance) The-Miss-Tocles afterwards made with the Persians.]

Pourquoi les Carthaginois portaient-ils toujours des gants ?

Parce qu'ils n'aimaient pas l'air aux mains (les Romains) !

Quand un gant ressemble-t-il au numéro vingt-cinq ?

Quand il est neuf et très étroit (et treize et trois) !

[Many people who buy "gants" in London go to Hou-bi-gants ; very natural.]

Why is your thumb, when putting on a glove, like eternity ?

Because it's ever-last-in'.

[We wish the glove was !]

Why are the Royal Academicians the greatest swells ever known ?

Because Solomon, even in all his glory, was not R.A.'d (arrayed) like one of these.

[And yet he lived in R-A-bia ! You may, if you like, observe of this Arabian pun, "C'est très bien !" (c'est Arabien).]



CANTER XXXIV.



What period of his sorrow does a widower recover the loss of his dear departed?

When he re-wives!

What would be a good motto to put up at the entrance of a cemetery?

“Here lie the dead,
and here the living lie!”

Why, asks a disconsolate widow, is venison like my late and never sufficiently-to-be-lamented husband?

Because—oh dear! oh dear!—it's the dear departed!!

Why is an expensive widow—pshaw! pensive widow, we mean—like the letter X?

Because she is never in-consolable (!!).

When is a rushlight like a tombstone?

When it's put up for a *late* husband.

[This is almost tomb much.]

Give us a good definition of white-bait?

Widows'-caps!

Why is an orange like a church steeple?

Because we have a peel from it.

[This is by no means the only reason of the similarity, inasmuch as when "the peel" is a marriage peal, it has been known, also like an orange, to pro-juice a hip, pip, pip, pip, in fact any amount of them; and then again under the peel in a church, as in an orange, the pulp it's (pulpit's) there.]

Why are women like churches?

Firstly, because there is no living without one; secondly, because there is many a-spire to them; thirdly, because they are objects of adoration; and lastly, but by no means leastly, because they have a loud clapper in their upper story.

[Wonderfully painted some of the old ones are!]

Why is the tolling of a bell like the prayer of an hypocrite?

Because it is a solemn sound by a thoughtless tongue.

[There is a bell in our neighbourhood, an awful alarming tocsin—we don't want to toc-sin-fully—but sometimes in the early morning when it *does* toll we wish it was in the dust-hole!]

What moral sentence does a weathercock suggest?

"It's a vane thing to a-spire."

Give the positive, comparative, and superlative degrees of the adjective solemn, with illustrations of the meaning of the word?

Solemn, being married; solemnner, not being able to get married; solemnnest, wanting to be unmarried when you are married!

Give the pos. comp. and sup. degrees of getting on in the world?

Get on; get honour; get honest!

[Yes, honesty is the best policy, and will best assist, when you *have* got a nest, to feather it well!]

We hear pleasant people speak of "the land of the living;" what do they mean?

Why, the parson's glebe, to be sure!

Why is a correct knowledge of grammar indispensable to young clergymen?

Because it leads to a(c)curacy!

What is a very frequent mistake clergymen make in their sermons?

Their being too long.

What should a clergyman preach about?

About a quarter of an hour!

Who is the best pew-opener in London?

One bob!

[“Pro Pew-door!” for shame.]

Why shouldn't you go to church if you have got a cough?

Because, don't you see, you will be sure to disturb the *rest* of the congregation!

When is a man's pastor really and truly his brother?

Why, because he's his pa's son!

[Very poor pass on.]

The following is the very parson-ification of a good riddle:—
When is it dangerous to enter a church?

When there is a canon in the reading-desk, a great gun in the pulpit, and a bishop charges the congregation!

Why are the bishops like superannuated washerwomen?

Because they wear lawn dresses (were laundresses).

Why can no clergyman have a wooden leg?

Because, although a chaplain may be a plain chap, a parson can't be a lame un (layman).

[Really we are most sorry for our anything but M-A-culate B-A-viour in thus playing with so grave a subject as the clergy.]

CANTER (!) XXXV.



HAT is the difference between Nineveh
and a donkey-boy ?

One is in Assyria, the other
is an ass hurrier !

Why does a donkey eat a thistle (thistle
puzzle you) ?

Because he's an ass !

What is the difference between a donkey and a postage-stamp ?

One you lick with a stick, the other you stick
with a lick !

How do we know that the Queen approves of the penny
postage ?

Because she gives her countenance to it !

When is a schoolboy like a postage-stamp ?

When he is licked and put in the corner, to
make him stick to his letters !

[Ah, indeed ! yes, to be sure : some schoolmasters are much given to be at
times going—ahem !—going to a place near (H)ip-switch : we forget
the name of the spot, but we do remember that before you can arrive
they have to let down the drawbridges which protect the environs.]

What is the difference between an engine-driver and a school-master?

One minds the train, the other trains the mind !

[But it's bad to be near either of them when they're blowing up ; a kind schoolmaster, however, is safe to retain his steam (esteem), for we never yet heard of one bursting, except once, but that doesn't count, as he only burst into tears.]

At two days old good Latin I speak,
Though for it I ne'er went to school ;
Arms I have three, which come out of my back,
And in yellow I'm dressed like a fool ?

A sovereign. The three arms are those of
England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Je suis ce que je suis,
Mais je ne suis pas ce que je suis ;
Car si j'étais ce que je suis,
Je ne serais pas ce que je suis.

Un Berger.

Je ne suis pas ce que je suis ; car si j'étais ce que je suis, je ne
serais pas ce que je suis, cependant je suis ce que je suis :
devinez qui je suis ?

Un domestique qui suit sa maîtresse.

Why is one French egg quite sufficient for breakfast ?

Because it is un œuf (enough).

Apropos of eggs, what historical name should you whisper to
your cook when ordering liver and bacon, or a common weal
cutlet, for breakfast ?

You should breathe gently in her ear, " Oh !
liver crumb well ! " (Don't forget this, it's
worth knowing.)

Ha ! ha ! apropos of *break-fast*, very fast : What public building
in London is like a celebrated historical character ?

The Houses of Parliament ; for are they not—
all-of-a crumble !

When is an M.P. ferocious?

When he inserts his claws into the Bill of another member!

Why is Mr. Bright like a shrimp?

Owing to the M.P. at the end of his name!

When does the House of Commons present one of the most ludicrous spectacles?

When its ayes (eyes) are on one side, and its noes (nose) on the other!

[At any rate, *some* cheek goes on both sides, and adds to the chin-dy—that is, shindy—as kicked up by the eyes and nose.]

After these three last delightful M.P.-real riddles, we beg you to state what three acts comprise the chief business of some women's lives?

Attr-act, contr-act, deir-act!

And now tell us when a policeman is like the good Samaritan?
When he comes out of some area (Samaria).

[Though the "peeler" in London be unacquainted with Samaritans' faces, he probably well knows some Mary Anns' faces; and as they all no doubt gladly give him a tea when he feels disposed for that refreshment, why, that is all that is needful; for in the peeler's, no doubt correct, judgment, some Mary Ann and t(ea)'s equal to any Somemaryan that ever was born.]



Yet this to my parents but seldom gives pain,
 For they with a touch can call life back again.
 Now, ye fair girls, and ye cheerful young swains,
 Come search for my name, and take me for your pains.

A kiss !

When—in your innermost soul—yearning for love—you wish
 —you ardently crave, even—to cull one honeyed kiss from
 the ripe, dewy lips of THAT (!) tender and blushing girl—
 whose head is even now pillowed on your breast ! whose
 eyes but now reflected your image—oh ! then what name—
 'tis that of one of the feathered songsters of the grove (!)
 —oh ! what name should you imploringly—cooingly—mur-
 muringly whisper, with zephyr-breath, in her greedy-for-love
 list'ning ear ?

Do ! Do !

[Dodo ! why, a dodo's a beastly ugly bird, big as a donkey !]

Why is a kiss like rumour ?

Because it goes from mouth to mouth !

[So also—but this isn't sentimental—does a pickled ox tongue.]

What shape is a kiss ?

A-lip-tickle !

[And it ought always to be written in funny-tickle language !]

My first is myself in a short little word,
 My second's a puppet, and you are "my third."

I-dol !

[Bub—bub—but you'd want to pup—pup—pup-pet your "third," wouldn't
 you ? as Lord Dundreary would say.]

Why is a fair-haired doll like jelly ?

Because it's made with eyes-in-glass !

Lead up to this by talking about the colours of bonnets and
 gowns ; then ask, But what is most likely, do you think, to
 become a fair-haired woman ?

A fair-haired little girl !

[It is very sad that there has been such a great deal of dye-her-(h)air and
 colourer about in London lately !]

Yet this to my parents but seldom gives pain,
 For they with a touch can call life back again.
 Now, ye fair girls, and ye cheerful young swains,
 Come search for my name, and take me for your pains.

A kiss !

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 become a fair-haired woman ?

A fair-haired little girl !

[It is very sad that there has been such a great deal of dye-her-(h)air and
 colourer about in London lately !]

And what becomes every woman ?

A blush !

But why is a blush an anomaly ?

Because a woman who blushes is admired for her
cheek.

No rose can boast a livelier hue
Than I can when my birth is new ;
Of shorter life than that sweet flower,
I bloom and fade within the hour,
Like Marplot, eager to reveal
The secret I would fain conceal !

A blush !

[No one, by any possibility, "can boast a livelier Hugh" than our fair
readers ; we do hope we are thorowley understood.]



CANTER XXXVII.



PEOPLE in love will do well to ponder over the following :—

What is the best advice to give to parties about to marry?

Don't!!!

Why are three couples going to be married like penny trumpets?

Because they go two-two-two.

What is that which fastens two people together, yet touches only one?

The wedding-ring.

How do you define a ring?

As a hole with a rim round it.

Why is the letter D like a hoop of gold?

Because we can't be wed without it.

Which is better, getting the girl of your choice or a shoulder of mutton?

A shoulder of mutton; as nothing earthly can be better than getting her you love, and a shoulder of mutton is much better than nothing.

[Remember this, dear dainty reader, when turning up your nose, that a shoulder of mutton is a capital dinner for a hungry man, and that if a man isn't hungry he wouldn't enjoy a better.]

What confection did they have in the Ark?

Married couples—no, no, we beg pardon—we mean preserved pairs.

[We got confused thinking how the married couples often look Cross and Black and anything but well; and how the preserved pairs come from Crosse and Black-well, and look so nice. We hope this explanation of our mistake may be considered sufficient apology.]

When is a young lady not a young lady?

When she's a sweet tart (sweetheart).

[We hope an open one, and not (t)art-ful.]

When is truth not truth any longer?

When she lies at the bottom of a well.

[Charming, and we have a great mind to "leave well alone," but speaking of truth has put into our head her opposite—mendacity, which mendacity again takes us to bricklaying and "the Working Man," and to thinking of a very cheap, simple, expeditious, and salutarily agreeable way of for ever settling "the Reform Question;" therefore, although probably a hundred years ago not a few of the Reformers of to-day, we are afraid, would only have got a chop, a grille, or a little bakin', we now propose to smooth away all the difficulty there appears to be about the suffer-age, by advising that there be immediately given to the working man

A STEAK IN THE COUNTRY!!

say a couple of pounds, at the Crystal Palace, with a potato, and ask us. Surely this hint must be worth the attention of those in authority.]

Why would spouting one of Mr. Bright's speeches at a wedding breakfast be like two men talking in the street?

Because it's to(o) parley-men-tarry there.

What is that which must stand before it can sit ?

An M.P.

[What a distressing thing it is, as some one has said, that there are men who positively can't, any one of them, open their mouths without putting their foot in it !]

What is the difference between forms and ceremonies ?

You sit upon one, and stand on the other.

If a nice plump member of Parliament were eaten uncooked by savages, why would he be like Louis Napoleon ?

Because he would be served as an M.P.raw.

[Should the thought of what he was about to undergo make him warm, might he not quote "(H)ot-M.P.-raw O more ease (O tempora, O mores) ?]



CANTER XXXVIII



HY are volunteers like Lord Nelson?

Because the last thing
he did was to die for
his country, and that
is about the last thing
the volunteers intend
doing!

[Lord Nelson was such a sailor-brated man that this subject fires our
British ardour, and in-volunteerily we attack the reader again.]

Why are volunteers like old maids?

Because they are always ready, but never wanted.

Why would young ladies make good volunteers?

Because they're accustomed to bare arms!

[Yes, and also to bayonets; you mean to say they are not accustomed to
bear-nets? Why, just look at their hair.]

What is the difference between love and war?

One breaks heads, the other hearts!

What's the difference between a volunteer and an omelet?

The difference is, that one is equipped to go forth, the other is egg whipped to go froth.

[The redah cannot fail to see if there is any-quip-meant in our riddle.]

In the event of an invasion, why should we hope that our volunteer's drill-book will be like the King of Italy?

Because we trust it will be a Victory Manual.

[It's all very well to say a volunteer's motto is "Pro aris et focis," but we guess he would go through a great deal more for the heirss than the foe-cis. We trust the reader does not object to our altar-ation of aris !]

What's the difference between a potato and a volunteer?

One shoots from the eye, the other from the shoulder.

[In this we are correct ; but a very pathetic actress—we make no Missterry about whom we mean—has been known, however, to have-in-all-tears (volunteers) shooting from the eyes, as well as potatoes.]

What is the difference between a beehive and a diseased potato?

None at all ; as one is a beeholder, the other a speck'd tatur.

What's the difference between a piece of honeycomb and a black eye?

One is produced by a labouring bee, the other by a be-labouring !

What's the difference between a honeycomb and a honey-moon?

One is made up of a lot of little cells, the other is—ONE ENORMOUS SELL ONLY ! !

However, you might be worse off ; for what is the end of celibacy?

A sigh !

[Of course it is, it must be, as the beginning—in the convent-ional accep-tation of the term—is only a cel ! !]

What is a good reflection to make before going haymaking with a lot of young ladies?

Why, that many a heart-aye (ache) has been got near a hayc-art!

[This is a trump, this haycarty (écarté) riddle of ours.]

Why are country girls' cheeks like well-printed cottons?

Because they are warranted to wash and—keep colour!

What's the best kind of agricultural fair?

A very pretty farmer's daughter!

[Bravo, that's farmhouse, delightful; so here's to Alderman Make-hay—the real man to “Mehi while the sun shines”—his very good health!]

Why is the rinderpest like a mouse?

Because the cat'll catch it.

[We expect the mouse must always find that rind a pest when he wants to get into a cheese.]

Why are fowls the most economical things a farmer can keep?

Because for every grain they give a peck.

[Writing the word echo-know-my-call (economical) reminds us that once when on the Nile, or in some other spot where Echo dwells, we—ever anxious to gain information—called out to a friend, “What is it makes echc?” Echo herself instantly gave the required information by replying, “Mexico!” (makes echo).]

What is the most favourable season to have your letters from India?

The season which brings the monsoon.

Apropos of bringing them on soon, what tree bears the most fruit to market?

The axle-tree.

[And yet, as some one says, like that other celebrated and useful plant—the boot-tree—it bears no leaves!]

How is it that trees can put on new dresses without “opening their trunks”?

Because they leave out their summer clothing.

What is the most dangerous time of the year to go into the country?

When the trees are shooting, and the bull-rushes out!

Why, when you contemplate a trip into the country, should you leave the wash-hand basins behind?

Because they are not ewers!

[And if you act as a base un, and take that which is not yours, you are liable to be seized by the jug-lar vein by a Policeman; but all such thoughts are, let us soap, dis(h)tant from your mind.]



CANTER XXXIX.



H Y was the glass I drank my sherry and seltzer
out of yesterday like Nebuchadnezzar in his
debased condition ?

Because it was might humbler
(my tumbler).

[Don't you confuse Nebuchadnezzar with Nabuchadonozor ; but perhaps
these parties are mentioned 'n-a-book-ye-r-don'-know-sir.]

Why is a hoister—pshaw ! we are thinking of the tumbler in
our drawing—an oyster, we mean,—Why is an oyster an
anomaly ?

Because he grows a beard without a chin, and
you take him out of bed to tuck him in !

Tell us the difference between a good and a bad oyster.

One is a native, the other is most certainly a
settler !

[If a man were to eat one of the latter sort, "O Himmel," as an Ost(e)rian
in Vienna would say, wouldn't it just make himmel (him ill) !]

Why is setting up a shop in an unfrequented neighbourhood
like opening an oyster ?

Because, though you open it, it won't answer.

[All this is too charming, too pretty ; but as no one has an idea of the
great affinity between true love and a French oyster-bed, we don't mind
telling you. One makes days grow sweeter, the other makes days
sweet(e)r grow (des huitres grow).]

What fish is most valued by a loving wife?

Her-ring.

[And before she gets her ring, does she not impatiently listen for HIS ring? Of course she does.]

What ladies with a grace may feign,
And when you dust looks well again ;
What many a man who has a wife
Submits to for a quiet life?

Anything !

What does man love more than life,
Hate more than death or mortal strife ;
That which contented men desire,
Which poor men have, and rich require ;
The miser spends, the spendthrift saves,
And all men carry to their graves ?

Nothing.

My first expresses numbers, my second magnifies numbers,
my third adds to numbers, and my whole detracts from
Numbers ?

Co-lens-o (Colenso.)

In what respect was the Roman Catholic religion superior to
the Protestant ?

The former had a Wise-man at its head, the
latter has only one Cumming !

Why is a cracker like death ?

Because it's a debt o' natur' (detonator) !

What is the greatest instance of cannibalism on record ?

When a rash man ate a rasher !

[Only fancy a cannibal who can-nibble a rash un raw without any bakin'.
Oh ! horraw !]

Apropos of canni-bals, or anything else that is canny, here is
a Scotch joke. Why are there fewer large trees in Scotland
than there might be ?

Because so many of the Scotch cut their sticks
when young !

What's the difference between an Irishman frozen to death
and a Highlander on a mountain-peak in January?

One is kilt with the cold, and the other cold
with the kilt !

Why did the Highlanders do most execution at Waterloo?

Because every man had one kilt before the battle
began !

[If ye arrive in Aburdeen the nicht, just ye go the morn's morn, and see
a Heeland lassie dance ; heighkt, mon ! but it's grand, and she'll do't
wi' her heel and her toe (Highlander, too). Eh, mon, it's just a braw
sicght to see, so dinna lose time aboot it ; go while ye've got the oppor-
tunitee, and naiver forget the Scotch provairb, "Aburdeen the liand's
worth twa i' the bush,"*]

What country-man was Burns?

A Scorch-man !

[We should never be surprised if (F)ireland—that is, I burn yer (Hibernia)
—were to claim Burns as its off-spring.]

* It may be so, perhaps it is, a bird in the hand may be worth two in
the bush, or even three, but we make it a distinct proviso that he shall
not peck your fingers.



CANTER XL.



H A T game do the waves play at ?
At pitch and toss !

[Indeed they do ; we remember once being on a steamer
when all the passengers were at sickbeds an' heavings :
wasn't it retched ? Oh ! Marino Faliero ! Oh ! the marine failure !]

What Latin verb gives the origin of the term "Jack tar ?"

Jactari, to be tossed about !

[Yes, we agree with you ; to pitch about *is* bad, but the smell of pitch
and pitchy canvas is worse ; one is very appallin', but the other is
most tarpaulin !]

May my first never be lost in my second,
To prevent me enjoying my whole.

Friend-ship.

What is the difference between the Heraldic Office near Lincoln's Inn Fields, and the Atlantic Ocean ?

In the former it is—Her(e)-al(l)-dry and searching
for swells' crests ; in the latter it is—there
all wet with swells' crests that search for you
instead.

[Though in the Lincoln's Inn Fields' neighbourhood, as in the Atlantic,
the blue serge (surge) and the green baize (bays), which relieve the
weary traveller's eye, are not wholly unknown.]

Qui est le fils de l'Amérique ?

De fils Ick (physic) est le fils de la mère Ick !

Why do sailors working in brigs make bad servants ?

Because it is impossible for a man to serve two
mast-ers well !

[Know-tar Bene.—When sailors swear by “my Poll,” is it because, being sailors at sea, they don't wish to discontinue being a Mary-near (mariner) when on shore ?]

Why does a joint never come up cold at the sea-side ?

Because there the motto is, “Cut and don't
come again !”

[Did you ever hear of the lodging-house keeper at Portsmouth, who put one naval epaulet in his window instead of the usual notice of “Apartments to Let,” as he said that was the proper sign of a Left-tenant ?]

Why are plagiarists like Brighton lodging-house keepers with newly-married couples ?

Because they are accustomed to sea-side dears
(seize ideas), and to make the most out of
them that is possible !

[By the bye, who was it guessed all the riddles of old ? Oh, ah, yes, of course, we forgot ; we knew it had something to do with Brighton : wasn't he some old bathing man this sea dip us (this-Ædipus) ?]

Cut off my head, and singular I am ;

Cut off my tail, and plural I appear ;

Cut off both head and tail, and, wondrous fact,

Although my middle's left, there's nothing there.

What is my head ?—a sounding sea ;

What is my tail ?—a flowing river ;

In ocean's greatest depths I fearless play,

Parent of sweetest sounds, though mute for ever.

Cod.

Why have sailors cause to be thankful that it is a Queen who rules England?

Because there won't be any more Rex (wrecks) at present!

[A sailor, who has a wife, is naturally anxious to avoid REX in order that he may get home to REGINA (rejoin her).]

Why ought one not to joke about the Queen?

Because she's no subject.

What is Majesty deprived of its externals?

A jest (M-ajest-y)!

[Quite so, for the only thing—you know the old joke—which is lengthened by being cut at both ends is a ditch.]

Why does a nobleman's title sometimes become extinct?

Because, though the Queen can make a man appear (a peer), she can't make him apparent (a parent).

Why is the Prince of Wales, musing on his mother's government, like a rainbow?

Because it's the son's reflection on a steady reign!

Why was Louis Philippe like a very wet day?

Because he rained as long as he could, and then—mizzled!

[Let's see, isn't there a title in that family, the Duc Donkey lame, or d'Angoulême, or—or something like that? These French names are so troublesome; why, we absolutely knew an illiterate man once who was convinced in his own mind that Godfrey de Bouillon was simply a cup of beef-tea, a *bouillon* on Good Friday; most ridiculous thing any one ever heard of!]

When Louis Philippe was deposed, why did he lose less than any of his subjects?

Because, whilst he lost only a crown, they lost a sovereign!

Why is the final letter in Europe like a Parisian riot?

Because it's an E-mute !

[A knee mute is not so wonderful as a knee speaking would be, although hearing a man's (s)neeze is not so very uncommon an affair after all !]

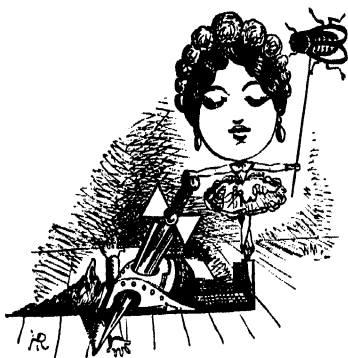
What was once the most fashionable cap in Paris?

The mob—without a crown !

[But with a tag, rag, and bobtail in its place, though : hear, hear, this is rather a Bright idea.]



CANTER XLI.



E kind enough to inform me
why ballet-women are so
wicked?

Because they are
never content
until they exe-
cute their pas.

[Look at one of the poor pa's in our
drawing, lying on his back
bleeding to death; ah! ballet-
women must indeed be ba(d)let
brought up thus to kill their

fathers! Perhaps they will go a little father, and have a turn at their
mothers some (m)other time; but let us put this matricide (matter
aside) out of the question, it's too shocking.]

What animals are admitted at the opera?

Puppies and white kids.

With what two animals do you always go to bed after the
opera?

Two calves!

[Or apologies for them, shall we say?]

Describe the real "Derby Hamper," so much talked of in
May?

It is your—your—your *wife*, when she insists
upon going with you!!

[Poor married reader! We fancy we hear you say, "Bother fuss! both-of
us are going."]

Here's another bore :

Three letters in England's wintry air
May save thy life by their warmth and care ;
But meet them 'neath Afric's burning sun,
Ah ! speed thee away, or thy race is run.

Boa !

[Ah ! indeed, and what a bore it would be, if, when you wanted to "run your race" "'neath Afric's burning sun," away from the boa, you had to ride one of Comte Lagrange's horses, and she made up her mind to act up to her name, and—being a Field delayer (*Fille de l'Air*), to stand stock still : never mind, the boa would catch you : very good : then you whistle a popular air and walk away, the boa 'll have to eat the horse, and you'll then be both glad-he-ate-her and *fille de l'air*—ious—yes—absolutely feel delirious, with delight. Sorry for Comte L., but you can't help that.]

Apropos of "England's wintry air," why does a beggar, whose trousers have been torn by a dog, resemble a Christmas juvenile party ?

Because of his snap'd-rag-on !

[Talking about Christmas, that jovial season, what tremendous fun it must be to live on the Isthmus of Panama ; for there, don't you know, every one has both a Pa—'n'—a—Ma' and America isthmus (a merry Christmas) all the year round ; how jolly ! Let's all go !]

What's the difference between cake and wine ?

One is sometimes tipsy, but the other is always drunk ! !

Why should you never venture on an orange ?

Because, unless you were Ethardo, you would roll off.

[Yes, and if you were Ethardo, you would smash the orange and spoil the carpet, so that won't do ethar.]

In my first my second sat, my third and fourth I ate ?

In-sat-i-ate !

What's the difference between a French pastry-cook and a bill-sticker?

One puffs up paste, the other pastes up puffs.

[Great pity people are allowed to go on still bickering as they do all over London—gracious, we wish to say bill stickering, not still bickering ♣ what are we about?]

If I ask a man how he is, and he reply, "Slap bang! here we are again!" or "How's yer poor feet?" or some other vulgarity, why is it, nevertheless, most musical?

Because it's a rum answer; do you see? a romanza!

A fiddler said, "My brother plays b-e-a-u-tifully on the double-bass;" but the double-bass one, on being asked, denied having a brother; how was this?

It was the double-bass one's sister said so!

Why is it vulgar to sing and play by yourself?

Because it's so-lo.

[Then don't do it!!]



CANTER XLII.



H E N is a young lady like an acrobat ?

When she shows her sleight of
hand—by refusing you !

What is a young lady who refuses you ?

Too no-ing by half !

Why is one stall of a two-stall stable like a
pretty girl ?

Because she is seldom let alone !

Pray tell me, ladies, if you can,
Who is that highly favoured man,
Who, though he has married many a wife,
May still live single all his life ?

A clergyman !

Why is a man happier with two wives than with one ?

He may be happy with one—it is not impos-
sible—but is nearly sure to be transported
with two !

[Oh ! my Christian young man, my dear friend, we implore you not to
heed this shockingly immoral advice ; pray do not imbibe Mormon
tastes ; you may be YOUNG, but for goodness' sake don't go in for
B(R)IGHAM-y ! ! !]

Apropos of bigamy and all that sort of thing, tell us this :—
The cry of what newspaper for sale reminds you of a sensational novel ?

A roar of Lloyd (Aurora Floyd).

My *first* denotes a brilliant place,
Where belles and jewels shine ;
My *next* transports the merchant's stores,
Or produce of the mine ;
Sweet pleasures in my *whole* abound
Apart from worldly strife :
By nymphs and swains it's always found
The happiest part of life.

Court-ship !

[You have only to mention "caught sheep" to some men to set them a wool-gathering at once, and to cause them to make such ewes of their eyes that they instantly look all lamb-orous and sheepish.]

Read see that me but not my got.
Up shall I love if me love for-
And you love you that love for be
Down and you if you do you shall

Read up and down and you shall see !

What sort of sympathy would you rather be without ?

You don't want to be pitted by the small-pox !

Why is the root of the tongue like a dejected man ?

Because it's down in the mouth.

[Ah, yes, the tongue is very sensitive ; oblige us, kindest of readers, by swallowing a large wasp (a bee will do), and believe us you will only feel it in the part that is-tongue (is stung).]

What part of one's head is fit to eat ?

An ear o' wry (awry).

[We can barley believe it ; an ear o'wry fit to wheat, o'wry-ble idea !
oats terrible !]

Why can't you make a venison pasty of buck venison?

Because the pasty must be made of dough (doe).

Why ought venison to be only half cooked?

Because what's done can't be helped!

[Are you fond of venison with it's stag-nant canals—Venice on the sea, we mean? We think it a dear, indeed a ve' nison (very nice un): and as for the beer there, why you absolutely have the Bass a liquor (basilica) of St. Mark.]



CANTER XLIII.



H A T would a pig do who wished to
build himself an habitation ?

Tie a knot in his tail, and
call it a pig's-tie !

[We have taken the liberty of making our pig
here a Latin sow, and also of giving her
wings, so that you may have a new and
pretty pig-ture of Pig-a-sus ! Perhaps the loved one of P'ig-male-ion (?)]

If the before-mentioned porker wished to demolish the pig's
sty he had built, what quotation would he make ?

“ I could a tail unfold ! ”

[Hamlet—the little hamlet he called his pig's sty. “ Verb : sap : porker
verba,” you know.]

Why is the letter K like a pig's tail ?

Because it's the end of pork !

My first's a dirty little brute,
My second's at the end on't ;
My third, like many an honest man,
Is on a fool dependant.

Pig-tail.

How do you spell "blind pig" in two letters?

P G—pig without an I !

What makes more noise than a pig in a sty ?

Two pigs !

[We really ought two pig your pardon for this very sow-sow riddle, and we are sure you will riddle-ey grant it.]

Pray tell us, *deet nous pork war*, as they say in Boolong, when a farmer would have the best opportunity of overlooking his pigs ?

When he has a sty in his eye !

[Should you ever, in speaking of some loved and loving girl, 'use such a poetical sentence as "When love in her eye, happy, glitters therein," be most tremendously particular about your punctuation, because if you pronounce it, "When lovein' her eye, a pig litters therein," it would give an erroneous idea that this beloved girl had a sty in her eye !]

What other edifice does a man sometimes carry about with him besides a sty in his eye ?

A castle in the (h)air !

Apropos of a castle in the air, when is a Cockney nearest heaven ?

When on a lark !

[If this lark consists in his going out for a three-and-sixpenny ride with a flower in his coat, we do hope, for the sake of the horse, that he doesn't wear lark-spurs !]

By an uneducated "gent."—What dances reminds yer hof the hexperiments hat Shoe-bury-ness ?

The Shot-tish and the Crack of iron (Crac-ov-ien) !!

[Talk about the jokes of your friends and o' quaint dances (acquaintances), what do yer think o' this 'ere ?—Why, the man's a lunatic—of course he is—go on !]

Apropos of our Cockney friend's big gun riddle-ing the plates, here's another riddle about plates big gun (begun)—When is a man most likely to get floored (flawed)?

When he's up late (a plate), and so runs the chance of becoming cracked!

[“Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise!” That's what *you* say; really: well, we're not quite so sure of this, but there is one thing we *are quite* decided about, namely—

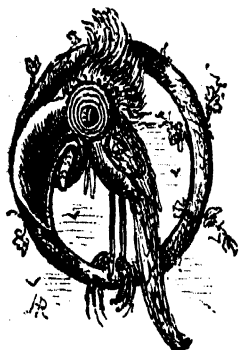
Go to bed late, and get up again early,
Makes a man Stupid, Seedy, and Surly.

It's all right: we've tried it.]

And now tell us, when a man's like a cannon-ball?

You mean to say you don't know—what, not when a man's like a cannon-ball? Why, it's when he looks round!—to be sure.

CANTER XLIV.



UERY—What's the difference between an old maid and a girl fond of a red-haired Irishman?

One loves a cat and parrots,
the other—a Pat and
carrots!

[She likes him to put his arms round her neck
and—sweetly carotte her!]

Why ought spinsters to stop at home in fine weather?

Because—to say nothing of its spoiling their
complexions—"Society" does not approve of
their having a little sun an' air until they are
married!

[Let them take up a volume and so read a-tome (at home), but they
mustn't say if interrupted, you folio (fool you).]

In what sort of syllables ought a parrot to be taught to speak?
In polly sylly-bills.

Is there any bird which can recite the "Lays of Ancient
Rome"?

Yes, certainly, Macaw-lays!

[Quite so, but not in the same Rome with us, *if* you please; we *don't*
want to hear what you may-call-his lays about Cockle's—Horatius
Cocles (s)pill!]

If a boy goes to a preparatory school, what sort of an usher will probably be there ?

At a pre-parrot-ory school a cocky-too-tor !!!

Who was Jonah's tutor ?

The whale that brought him up !

[The whale must have been very sick of him to have so brought him up, but we had better be careful, or probably the reader will observe, "Don't—Jonah's-ty creature !"]

Apropos of "Don't, you nasty creature !"—Why is a dirty man like flannel ?

Because he shrinks from washing !

What's the difference between the earth and the sea ?

One is dirty, the other tidy.

Why is geology considered a deep science ?

Because it penetrates deep into the earth.

[This is but a sorry riddle, yet there is something in the jolly jest (geologist) style about it.]

Why was our last question like a young lady sitting on Tupper's works ?

Because it was virgin on something serious !

When does an Italian young lady, in love, say "Imai" (alas) ?

She says "Imai" when her father says "she mayn't"

[Poor girl ! When we see a lady in distress, we always wish to pull up one thing and bury another ; that is, to pluck up courage and inter-fear—in her behalf.]

What is the difference between a good and a bad governess ?

One teaches Miss, the other mistakeches.

[Be good enough, as we have got on to the subject of education, to go through the present tense of the verb To Teach ; we will begin it for you. I Teach, thou Tea-chest, he, she, or it-it-ches, Wet each, and so on ; we have not time to finish it for you, as we are most anxious to get on with the Latin verb we are at present progressing so favourably with, money home an' ease (moneo, mones), &c.]

To continue our educational course, have the kindness to recite three times running, and without any mistake, the following French sentences, as rapidly as possible, if you will be so very good!—

“Le riz tenta le rat, le rat tenté tata le riz.”

“Sept chats dans chaque sac.”

“Avez-vous vu le loup?”

“Original, quand te désoriginaliseras tu? Je me désoriginaliserai quand tous les autres originaux se désoriginaliseront!”

“Ton thé t’a t’il oté ta toux?”

“Ciel! si ceci se sait, ses soins sont sans succès?”

“Combien coûtent ces six saucissons? Ces six saucissons coûtent six sous! Six sous ces six saucissons? Si ces six saucissons coûtent six sous, ces six saucissons sont trop chers!”

“Didon dina dit on sur les os du dos du dodu dindon!”

[And when you have conquered this little French lesson, kindly punctuate the following, so as to make it read grammatically correct, and you will then have done a good morning’s work.]

“That that I say is that that that that that man says is not that that that that man ought to have said!”

CANTER XLV



HAT is the difference between a professor of natation—the world-renowned Beckwith, for instance—and a Turk, the inhabitants of whose harem are getting thinner?

One watches his swimmin' lesson with pleasure,
the other watches his-women lessen with pain.

[Quite a paradox is the Turk in our drawing, as he is young and short, yet is hoary an' tall (ori-ental), and, though gentle as salaam (as a lamb), when wishing to be most polite he always shuts the door with a s'lam (salaam).]

When may a man be said to be literally "immersed in his business"?

When giving a swimming-lesson.

[Should you ever have the good luck to save a lady from drowning by poppin' a man-drag o'er her and pulling her out of the water, let her have some sleep afterwards, some natural sleep, as she will be sure to prefer that which has nothing to do with poppin' a man-drag o'er her (poppy—nor mandragora*).]

* Mandragora or mandrake is mentioned by Shakespeare and others, and is, we believe, a narcotic; we hope it is, at any rate—for the sake of our pun.

If you tumble in the Servantine—beg pardon, Serpentine ; we were thinking of the nursemaids—if you tumble in the Serpentine, why are there three objections to your taking a p'tit verre of cognac or a glass of any other spirits after your immersion ?

Because there are always three scruples to a dram.

What prevents a running river running right away ?

Why, it's tied up !!

What river is ever without a beginning and ending ?

S-ever-n !

Which is the coldest river ?

The Ice is (Isis).

Why do rusty iron spikes on a wall remind you of ice ?

Because they are so often called a "shiver de freeze."

[Mais cheveux vous dire, mon cher, that this has nothing whatever to do with cheveux à frisex ; nor is this spike rust like promises, made to be broken—*that* is pie crust, *this* is spike rust.]

What is that which lives in winter, dies in summer, and grows with its root upwards ?

An icicle.

[As your youngest child would say, "What an icicle sing it must be !"]

Water soft is my *first*, water hard is my *second*,
Sticks made of my *whole* are by many sweet reckon'd.

Liquor-ice.

Why is a pair of skates like an apple ?

Because they have both occasioned the fall of man.

[You are fond of skating ? To be sure you are ; it's immense fun—in England ; oh ! so nice ! But go where even the atmosphere is ice, and then we have the atmos-, or rather the utmos' phere, that you won't say, with the same delight—ozone-ice !]

On a frosty day, what are the best fishes to fasten together?

Skates, soles, an' (h)eels.

[Surely a nice plaice is necessary to the enjoyment of a dace pleasure, where, if you skate well, you can conger-egate, some friends round you, and call out mak(e)-a-reel all alive oh! But if, when the air becomes less bleak, and the ice is (s)melting and dirty, you should flounder, and thereby mullet, that is lose your perch-ase and tumble down accidentally—we know you wouldn't do it on porpus—we must sturgeon you the absolute necessity of at once going to make yourself again presentable: but (for we will finish this suffishyently fishy article with a moral—a balmoral) if, as you ap-roach the land, any lady be standing on the bank, pay no a-tench-un, look the other way, and so avoid giving spiteful people an opportunity of raising their voices in a perfect barbel of confusion to carp and be *ray-ling* at your ex-salmon-ing and looking at her pretty French boots, that is a turbot (at her *bottes*); but above all be grateful to us for this homily we now give you, an homily which we know contains *no* anomaly, that is—no par-haddock.]



CANTER XLVI.



HY is a pleasure-trip to Egypt fit only
for very old gentlemen?

Because it is a see-Nile
thing to do.

[But *we* are not very old, and yet are extremely fond of going up the Nile, and of getting that which you perhaps as a lover of old ale wouldn't care for, a sniff of new beer (Nubia); and each one of the dark brown stout inhabitants is accustomed to be content with (t)his dire beer, and hauls up sail (Allsopp's Ale) therein!]*

Why should you never abuse flat beer?

Because it's not right to speak ill of—the dead!

[“*De Malt-uis nil nisi bonum* ;” you know.]

In what condition is a beer-barrel when it resembles old-fashioned curtains?

When it's tap is dry (tapestry.)

[When we made this tapestry joke, though, we weren't thinking of Gobblin' so much as of drinking.]

* Dire-beer is the name given to the Nile boat. We don't know how to spell it, but it sounds (and smells very often) exactly like dire-beer!

Why can the pall-bearers at a young lady's funeral never be dry?

Because they have a gall on a bier between them.

What's the difference between a native of Ceylon and an English spinster (not exactly in her *première jeunesse*)?

One is a single he (Cingalé), the other a single she!

[One of those gushing creatures whom we Ceylonging for love! for the little blind buooooo! and whom he, Cupid—*Ceylon son goût*—has not as yet placed his much coveted seal on!]

Quel est le peuple le moins gai de l'univers?

Le peuple Persan, parce qu'il est gouverné par un schah (chat), et que le schah fait fuir les souris.

Quelle différence y a-t-il entre le souverain de la Perse et le Viceroy d'Egypte?

C'est que l'un est chat (shah), et l'autre pas chat (Pacha).

What is a good quotation to make on arriving at Alexandria?

Docks et præterea Nile.

[That, we flatter ourselves, is *something* like a quotation.]

A member of the Travellers' wants to know what dish he must have ordered for dinner to be like one journeying to Tangier?

We say he must be going to Africa see ('ave fricaseo).

[We believe Tangier is still a Tangier-ble place for tourists: it used to be.]

The above traveller's servant, who has picked up a word or two of French, as all servants you take abroad with you insist upon doing, asks, "Why, sir, ham I my marster, if so be as he sees I'm a larfin' at his eccentricishitous conduct?"

"Which the reason is, sir, that he'll be a kitchin me a cuisin'; therefore, sir, we are the same identickle article. Yes, sir."

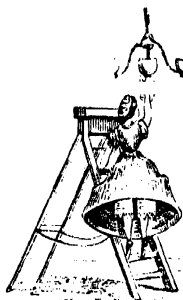
Apropos of a kitchen, what is the best day for making pan-cakes?

Fry-day!

[Of course, but allow us to add that PAN-cakes—though always eaten on a *Cherus*-day, and washed down on a Thirst-day—were once only made on a Satyr-day; but all that's long long ago, "Sic transit gloria Monday," as some one says. Perhaps the same Latinist would like to add that this article is Faunique Satyrique, both funny and satyr-ical; he may if he likes.]



CANTER XLVII.



S Sarah Ann was cleaning the lamp John Thomas tried to kiss her ; what did she say to him which regularly shut him up ?

A dungeon (Adone, John) !

[Should you ever think any of your chimneys require sweeping, be careful of your accentuation in saying to the Sarah Ann shown above, "Ann, I smell a flue house-maid," as "a nice mellifluous maid" is a name you might not absolutely feel called upon to give her.]

My first of anything is half ;
My second is complete ;
And so remains until once more
My first and second meet.
Semi-circle.

[We were nearly writing see-my-crinoline.]

Why is lip-salve like a duenna ?

Because it's meant to keep the chaps off !

[Pooh ! What a chap-eroneous idea ! She doesn't keep chaps off, that chap-erone : there are fifty ways of doin'-a duenna.]

Why are the bars of a convent like a blacksmith's apron ?

Because they keep the sparks off !

Apropos of convents, what man had no father ?

Joshua, the son of Nun !

[We would not for anything make a-nunkind remark, though some monk-kind persons may think we would : but when you tell us that a son of Nun has no father, we—we—we—well, well, never mind, let us continue.]

Why is confessing to a father confessor like killing bees ?

Because you unbuzz-em (unbosom) !

[We like to see the bees, like monks, all cloistering round their cells : it's very pretty !]

What is the difference between a celibacyous bachelor and one of the London postal districts ?

One is single you see, the other W.C.

What is the most awkward time for a train to start ?

12.50, as it's ten to one if you catch it !

Why, when you are going out of town, does a railway-guard cut a hole in your ticket ?

To let you pass through !

When is a tradesman at the sea-side, though in London ?

When he comes from Dover to *Deal* !

[One is sure to get on and Dover-y well at Deal, the neighbourhood is Walmer, and what with singing (,) "*sea shore funning*," watching the S'weeds turnup, and seeing everything with Deal-light, it's rather jolly.]

How many cows' tails would it take to reach from London to Ramsgate, upon the rule of 11½ inches to the foot, and having all the ground levelled between the two places ?

One, if it was long enough !

Why is Rowland Hill giving sovereigns to his children like the sun rising at Ventnor ?

Because he tips the little Hills with gold !

Some one says, "that a man of the name of Hill cannot be too careful of his H, as, should he drop it, he would be 'ill for the rest of his life.'"]

What is more foolish than sending coals to Newcastle ?

Sending milk to Cowes !

[N.B.—As you can't have a swim at Cowes without being in-Solent, you had better not do it.]

When is a fruit-stalk like a strong swimmer ?

When it stems the currants !

What is a man like who is in the middle of the Thames and can't swim ?

Like to be drowned.

We should not have told the reader this vapid pun, only it gives us an opportunity of informing him that a most extra-ordinary engineering feat is now in contemplation, as we understand that those in authority want to put knee-breeches on the Thames ! !—(two Putney Bridges).]



CANTER XLVIII.



H A P S you have heard this before.
What is that which a cat has, but no
other animal?

Kittens!

Can you tell me why
A hypocrite's eye
Can better descry
Than you or I
On how many toes
A pussy-cat goes?

A man of deceit
Can best count-er-feit ;
And so, I suppose,
Can best count her toes !

State the difference between happiness on earth and a kitten's
head?

On the one there is "too little 'ere below," on the
other two little ears above !

["Ears, yers, yes ; we might have guessed this," you will say.]

When is a teapot like a kitten ?

When your teasin' it (tea's in it) !

Why does a puss purr?

For an obvious pur-puss.

[And when she scratches your trousers at breakfast, she is used to paws for a reply.]

What part of Spain does our cat, sleeping by herself on the hearth-rug, resemble?

Cat-alone-here!

[When we see a sleepy cat in the above position, she *rather* reminds us of a certain valuable blue stone, that is, lay-puss-lazily!!]

The cat did my first, with a curl of her tail,
When the game she had made quite secure
By means of my second, and not of my whole,
As she ought to have done, I am sure?

Pur-chase!

What is the difference—the tremendous difference—between the straw laid down for a horse's bed and a tom-cat's most excruciating cry?

The one is scat-ter'd in his stable, the other—
confound him!—is cat-heard in his mews!

Why are cats like unskilful surgeons?

Because they mew-till-late and destroy patients!

Why does hunger sharpen a cat's wit?

Because it makes an Œdipus (a needy puss) of her!

[And a greedy puss of her too, for we have known thieving cats who might be termed—operatically—The Cats' a Larderer (Gazza Ladra).]

When may you be said to literally "drink in" music?

When you have a piano for-tea.

[Some old bird adds that you can also eat music when you have a peahen o'forty for supper. This sounds very indigestible! Wouldn't you just require to use an ivory sharp (a knife very sharp) on that peahen-o'-forty?]

What's the difference between a professional pianoforte player and one that hears him?

One plays for his pay, the other pays for his play.

A boy treads on your corn ; we can't help it, we are very sorry ; we know it isn't pleasant ; but nevertheless he does. Now what musical instrument will you instantly name ?

"One that would be instrumental in his utter destruction," you say. Yes, it's very natural, but not the answer to our question, which is "Hautboy" (O ! boy).

[We have from our earliest infancy dearly loved the hautboy, and are thus therefore publicly de-clarinet.]

If Falstaff had been musical, what instrument would he have chosen after dinner ?

The sackbutt !

Why is it almost certain that Shakespeare was a broker ?

Because no man has furnished so many stock quotations.

[We see that our publisher advertises "a Shilling Shakespeare ;" we are glad it is to be in English, as we wouldn't give one single farthing to say "*f'expire*" in French !]

What was the difference between Shakespeare and Queen Elizabeth ?

One was a *wonder*, the other a *Tudor* !

[There, we have taught you something at any rate ; but you know it always *is* Shakespeare-ience which teaches.]

What did Queen Elizabeth take her pills in ?

In cyder (inside her) !

[Whilst taking pills in cyder no doubt she took two—that is, a pear as an a-perry-ent, con-cyder-ing she required them ; or mayhap she castor-oil eyes around her, looking for her M.D. to give a rem'dy, when you may be sure he gave her remedycine of some nasty sort. Pooar woman !]

Why is a thief like a bolus given to a lady ?

Because he's a pilferer (pill for her) !

Why is a dead doctor like a dead duck ?

W.

Because they have both done quacking !

[Of course we know what inference to dead-duckt from this.]

CANTER XLIX.



OVELY or lively reader, as your sex may be, let us ask you how it is quite possible to compliment an Italian by calling him a d-evil one?

When you address him as my diavolo ! (my dear fellow).

[Can't you fancy the Italian in our wood-cut—who would cut if he could—saying to our faithful and highly-trained dog (who, by the bye, doesn't hurt organ-men—only takes them into the next street), “ Ah ! diavolo, thy strength is one-devil ” (wonderful) ?]

What ought to be Sir Edwin Landseer's motto ?

Give a dog a good name and—hang him !

Why should we think the Italians would enjoy the chaff about Norfolk H. Bugg, Esq. ?

Because as the very name of a B flat makes us feel itchy, it will perhaps make them feel-leechy (felici) also.

[There is one thing quite certain, a Norfolk Howard makes an awful—coward of us !]

My *first* bites you,
My *second* fights you,
My *whole* frights you ?

Bug-bear !

Legs have I got, but seldom walk,
I backbite all, yet never talk.

A flea !

[When you see a dog pleasurably scratching himself—as we regret to say the best bred dogs will do—look sternly at him, and, before turning him out of the room, quote “*Si vis me flea-re dolendum est primum ipsi tibi.*”]

How can you distinguish a fashionable man from a tired dog ?

One wears an entire costume ; the other, the other
—simply pants !

[Ah, but that's not the sole difference, for the dog is often only a waggin' his tail, and the fashionable man (!), more often still, a wag in his stale
——— puns only.]

What is the difference between a new sponge and a fashionable man ?

If you well wet one it makes it swell, but if you
well wet the other it takes all the swell out of
him.

Why is a youth encouraging a moustache like a cow's tail ?

Because he grows down.

[Let us hope, should he fail in growing down *on* his mouth, that he will
not be down *in* it.]

If I were to see you riding in Rotten Row on a donkey, what
fruit should I be reminded of ?

A pair !

When can donkey be spelt in one letter ?

When it's U !

State why a donkey browsing in a bed of thistles appears un-
well ?

Because he's a little down in the mouth, and
looks rather seedy about the face.

Why, asks “that” Cockney, is a drowned donkey like a horse-
doctor ?

Because he's a wet-an'-hair-y-un !

Why am I, when prudently laying by money, like myself when foolishly squandering it?

Because in either case I am—ass!

What's the difference between coffee and a donkey?

One's mocha, the other's a moke!

[Yes, any *beaudet*—as a Frenchman would say—anybody can see this.]

How is it a man more thoroughly appreciates good coffee when he's smoking than at any other time?

Because then he's smoker (mocha) himself.

[We raleigh don't believe Sir Walter Raleigh introduced smoking in England, for there is one thing you may raleigh upon as being correct, which is, that every one who lived in an attic long before this epoch must have been used to a-rum-attic smoke, and to see-g-arrets whenever he went home; and there is another thing equally certain, that lots of stems like those of Pharaoh's (of-a-rose)—probably *tube-roses*—were in use in England long before Sir Walter's time.]

O and P run a race; we bet upon O, but P wins; why are we then like the fragrant Latakiah which is given us when we ask for the homely bird's eye?

Because it was wrong tobacco (to back O).

[When making the above bet, what capital "Company" we were in, "P. an' O.;" musical too, piano!]



CANTER L.



H A T celebrated French song did
Canute and courtiers sing
whilst awaiting ocean's rising
tide?

Oh Sally come up
(*cau salée*)!

[Should not our friend Canute have been called, as he faced the sea spray so pluckily, Hardy-Canute? However, whether it be so or no, we do hope that these mild jokes, the historical portrait, &c. &c. will not make the reader say,—“sea spray.”]

And now Canute-ell us the difference between two celebrated Saxon leaders of the fifth century and two others famous in these days? •

The former were Engist and Horsa, the latter are engines and horses.

[“Hawser” however still enjoys a new-rope-ean celebrity, being found appli-cable to so many purposes!]

What French number—Stratford-le-Bow French, of course—is most useful in England?

Carthorse (quatorze).

Which one of the Seven Wonders of the World are railway engines like ?

The coal-horses of roads (Colossus of Rhodes).

My *first* is England's corner-stone,

My *second* was near the cause of her decline,

My *whole* I wish it were my own,

Though some *are* apt to call it mine ?

Coal-Pitt (mine).

Why is a judge's nose like the middle of the earth ?

Because it's the scenter of gravity.

Why was Blackstone like an Irish vegetable ?

Because he was a common tatur.

[Had this Silkstone—pshaw, Blackstone—anything to do with Littleton underneath Coke, that is Coke upon Littleton ? However, we are not much up in Coke, and, as we like full measure, we don't want to do anything in the Little-ton way either : in fact, we shouldn't have mentioned the subject had it not been for the opportunity that it gives us of telling you a most amusing and economical winter employment ; viz. learn how to extract coal from chocolate and coke from cocoa ; it's easy enough to put them in—the difficulty is to get them out.]

Why is a commercial traveller whose "walk in life" is selling eggs certain to be successful ?

Because he shows a good egg-sample from egg-sell-ent motives !

[Worthy man ! May his samples never become eggsstinckt !]

Why is an egg overdone like an egg underdone ?

Because it's hardly done !

[Wishing to gain your-egg-hard, we beg to remind you of "Un œuf à la cock ;" celebrated dish in France ; highly recommended by the faculty. Try it.]

What is most like a hen stealing !

Why, a cock-robin, to be sure !

Why is a joke like a chicken ?

Because it contains a merrythought !

[If you get the merrythought stuck in your throat, you'll find it *is* a
chjoke indeed.]

By what female name would an egg—awfully stale one this is—
object to be called ?

Addle-laid.

Why have chickens no fear of a future state ?

Because, dear reader, they have their next world
in this (necks twirled in this).

Why ought cocks to be the smoothest birds known ?

Because they always have a comb a-bout them,

[And thus we put a com(b)-a, not a full stop, after this well-worn riddle.]

If an egg could speak—more stale eggs—what preserve would
it name ?

It would say, "I'm mama-laid !"

[Considering how tight they pack the eggs in straw, we should have
thought it might have alluded to straw-bury-jam also ; but really we
think we may now make that well-known int-Horace-ting quotation,
and say 'tis "*jam satis*."]]

I am neither fish, flesh, nor fowl (thank goodness for that,
we've had quite fowls enough), yet I frequently stand upon
one leg ; and if you behead me I stand upon two ; what is
more strange, if you again decapitate me I stand upon four,
and I shall think you are related to me if you do not now
recognise me ?

Glass—lass—ass. .



CANTER LI.



H Y is an egg like a colt ?

Because it isn't fit for use
till it's broken !

Apropos of colts (pistols, revolvers, &c.), how is it that guns
can kick when they have no legs ?

Why, they kick with their breeches, of course.

Why is a sporting clergyman like a soldier who runs from
battle ?

Because he departs from his sphere of action !

When is a soldier charitable ?

When he presents legs !

[There, we've soldier (sold yer) : no, it's when he presents arms !]

Inform us concerning the difference which exists between a
soldier fighting in battle and one who has had his legs
shot off ?

One will discharge his musket, the other mus'
get his discharge.

Why are (here's something *so* new !) cowardly soldiers like tallow candles ?

Because when exposed to the fire they run.

When may an army be said to be totally destroyed ?

When the soldiers are all in quarters.

[Never mind ! The brave warrior who falls for his country knows—(hear ! hear !)—well knows (applause) that his blood (cheers)—his noble blood (great applause) which is shed in battle (hear ! hear !)—is like the rain which falls (sensation) at a murderer's execution (groans and hisses), as each drop that falls is—is—is—on a rabble ! (honourable).]

Why is a defeated army like wool ?

Because it's worsted.

[This wooly-joke is very dreary, but "cur wooly view," as the French sheep-dog said, all our riddles can't be quite A 1, so though this swan is not Avon, pardon it and go on.]

What sort of men are most above board in their movements ?

Chessmen !

[We once had an Italian friend, a funny foreigner and a forerunner of fun, inasmuch as his knowledge of the English language gave him a firmly rooted opinion, that chessmen meant cheesemongers, that the correct pronunciation of pale ale was parley arley, and that it was perfectly orthodox to call a parrot a Blue Beard (bird). However, bad as he was, he was nothing to the Frenchman who, having drunk much beer whilst here in London, on his return to Paris, in answer to many kind inquiries how he did, replied, "Je me Porter Meux."]

Why should good-natured people never go to small dancing muffin-worrys, tea fights—evening parties, that is ?

Because hops produce great bitterness !

[Yes, but hops *X-ale* a charming perfume, though. O ! P.S. 'OPS—we had almost forgotten to state—has also always been associated with plenty and Guine(a)ss !]

What is tantalizing ?

Giving invitations only to teas.

Why is buttered toast like George IV. on the sofa ?

Because it's greasy (G.R.easy).

Now for a ridiculous radicalous riddle: Which four stupid kings
resemble fruit and a hayfield?

G.R.apes and G.R.asses!

What Tory do the Whigs want on their side?

The Trovatory? Oh dear no: they want victory!

A French friend wishes to know—Vai ze Keeng ov Eatalee ees
laike von seengair at ze Opéra oo ees loozeeng ees voice?

Parce qu'il a perdu sa voix (Savoie).



CANTER LII.



H Y is flirting like plate-powder?

Because it brightens
the spoons !

[Yes, it often makes them look very red
and often very white, but invariably
more "spooney" than ever.]

What, oh ! what is a kiss ?

A receipt given you by a lady on paying your
addresses.

[Also sometimes given to her husband on his paying *for* her had-dresses.]

Do you know the soldier's definition of a kiss ?

A report at head-quarters !

When are kisses sweetest ?

When sirup-titiously obtained.

When is a secret like a paint-brush ?

When it's in violet.

[N.B. very B.—A letter with a secret in it should certainly be in-fire-lit !]

Why are two young ladies kissing each other an emblem of Christianity?

Because they are doing unto each other as they would men should do unto them !

[Quite so ; therefore when we see two girls kissing, we always think it a sad waste of the—raw material.]

What flowers are there between a lady's nose and chin?

Two-lips !

[Cherries *they* ought to be called. Oh ! ye fruits and flowers ! Oh ! ye fru—, but we won't rhapsodize, though our love of fruit an' flowers has become so passionate that our very going to bed we now term a dahlia currants (a daily occurrence) !]

Why is a kiss like a sermon?

Because it requires two heads and an application !

[Does not this make kisses *rather* like a letter overweight, the two heads and the application, especially as they are applied by the mouth, or at any rate—the gum ?]

Why should a man named Benjamin marry a girl named Annie?

Because he would then be Bennie-fitted, she Annie-mated !

Another animating thought :—Why is the Prince of Wales like a nugget of gold ?

Because he comes from Victoria, and will probably one day be a sovereign.

[If we were to get a nugget, wouldn't we just take an'-(h)-ug-it ! try us.]

Why is Lord Overstone like a Britannia-metal teapot?

Because he's a-Lloyd with lots of tin !

[Isn't this rather purse-onal ?]

Yes, the possession of wealth must be intoxicating, for money is power, friends, love, everything ; let us, however, be thankful that there is still one sequestered place left where we can ever—when tired of busy life—find lasting happiness ; where is that favoured spot ?

In the dictionary !

[! WALKER !]

Where can you find every word of your last interesting conversation with Miss —— all written down, word for word ?

In Johnson's Dictionary.

[Open Sesame, or Open, says-Sammy, rather, wouldn't be a bad motto for the outside of one's Johnson, would it ?]

Why are Parliamentary reports called "Blue Books?"

Because they are never re(a)d.

Why are books your best friends ?

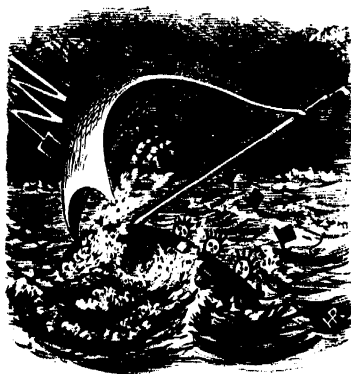
Because, when they bore you, you can shut them up without giving offence !

And—apropos of books—what is the difference between an Oxonian and an Arab ?

One gets up the dates to win the palm, the other gets up the palm to win the dates !



CANTER I.III.



EPHYRS gently blowing is one thing, Zephyrs blowing confoundedly hard is another ; which leads us to ask why, when you are out in a boat, you should never be surprised by a sudden squall ?

Because, if you go for a sale, you may expect to be sold !

[When at the sea-side we constantly see ladies go out sailing in dresses made of a sort of washing silk ; is not this a most *foularde-dy* thing to do ? Assuredly it is.]

Why is England not free ?

Because anybody is liable to be sold by auction whom it is possible for the auctioneer to take in !

Why does the lightning turn milk sour ?

Because it doesn't know how to conduct itself.

Who was the first whistler, and what tune did he whistle ?

The wind—"Over the hills and far away !"

What are the colours of the wind, and a storm ?

The wind, blue—the storm, rose.

[The rain, we believe, is generally pour-trayed in water-colours ; but if you don't think so, we won't argue the point with you, not wishing to have, as the French say, *a-quarelle* about water-colours !]

Why, if a man has a gallery of paintings, may you pick his pockets ?

Because he has picked-yours !

[Don't try it on, or you might get *tableaux* (get a blow) from the injured one, which would make you anything but "a picture."]

Why is our pipe like a water-colour artist ?

Because it draws and colours beyoutifully !

[A painter's pipe, being a provocative of thirst (?), sometimes causes him to drink his (s)malt, and thereby accustoms him to his (s)tippling ; but we love "the fragrant weed," and—with our cigar-lit on our palette, and our scarlet in our mouth—we not unfrequently allow a friend to have—as the French say—just one peep (*pipe*) over our shoulder as our work progresses ; but don't mention this tobacco propensity of ours to every one, as we sometimes rather like to make a cig'rette of it (a secret of it).]

Why are pipes all humbug ?

Because the best of them are but meer-sharns !

Why should no lady ever have a conservatory near her drawing-rooms ?

Because of the hot-water pipes tobacco and glasses, which are constantly in use therein.

If to a clique of fashionables,

An article you introduce ;

They straight become a set of tables

Arranged for special use.

Almack's ; Almanacks.

Apropos of Almack's—Why is a girl like an arrow ?

Because she is sure to be in a quiver till her beau comes, and can't go off without one.

[The reader will kindly observe our talk's-of-a-light character, as well as the toxophilite character in the riddle.]

But what is the difference between a wound from an arrow in England and a wound from an arrow in France?

In England the flesh is entered, but in France it is the *flèche* that enters !

(Caught a bost wretched cold sidce bakig that last riddle ; cad hardly prodoundce wud sidgle word properly.)—Wed is a yug Fredch lady like uddridkable wide ?

Wed she is bad—boselle !!

[There, that's the fourteedth pocket-hadkerchief we've had this bordig.]

(Yes, much better now, thanks.)—What is the difference between the liqueur called "gold water" and a conservatory door that won't shut?

One is a glass of aqua d'oro, the other is an a(w)kward door o' glass !

(Now this is Syria's, so don't laugh.)—What's the difference between an Hussar's hanging jacket and two ancient towns in Syria?

One is attire, and on one side ; the others—a Tyre and one Sidon.

[Please observe Bravo ; or, at any rate, Hussar ! if you are afraid of Bravos.]

(You'll never gas this.)—Why is a peer's fifteenth son's chance of coming into the title like the gas in a certain Regent Street café?

Because, don't you see, it's Verrey's-light !

[N.B.—The shock oh ! law ! or show-collar, or chalk-*au-lait*, or chocolate, or whatever else your knowledge of French may lead you to call it, is most drinkable at Verrey's.]

CANTER I.IV.



HAT street in London reminds
you of a tooth from which you
have suffered a great deal?

Long Acre!

[Rather a pre-carious neighbourhood
that Long Acre, eh?]

Why are teeth like verbs?

Because they are
Regular, Irregular, and Decayed—goodness
gracious! we mean Defective, not decayed!

N.B. This is *infallible*!—How can you get a set of teeth in-
serted gratis?

Go into somebody else's garden, where they keep
a big dog, and kick him!

[You will in all earthly probability further learn—whether you have
toothin trousers or not.]

What is the best plan to prevent crying out when your tooth is extracted ?

Hold your jaw !

[If your teeth are *decade* now, what *will* they be in another *ten years* ?]

Apropos of toothache, you know what comes after the sweets at dinner ?—Cheese. Yes, very good ; quite right ; then what comes after cheese ?

A mouse !

What's the difference between a mouse and a young lady ?

One wishes to harm the cheese, the other to charm the he's.

[N.B.—It is quite “the cheese” to take off your hat to a lady ; oh yes, it is still-*ton* to do so, if you are acquainted ; but if you HAVE a quaint head, we shouldn't do it if we were in your place : you please yourself, but we should stop at home.]

Why ought very young ladies to mind their P's and Q's ?

To enable them to discover the difference between being Polite and Quiet, and being Pert and Quarrelsome

[Here, you see, we give you the P-Q-liar reason, or, as a Frenchman would say, the *Parce-Que* and the *Pour-Quoi*.]

How do we know that the dove is a very cautious little dear ?

Because he minds his peas—and coos !

[Perhaps you never had a dove a pigeon into you (a pitchin' into you), or you'd have found out the exact value of “a bird in the hand ;” it isn't pleasant.]

What's the difference between a gardener and a billiard-marker ?

One minds his peas, the other his cues ?

[We never sit up over night playing billiards without having a billia(rd)s headache the next morning ; however, long rest—“*exhibit*” a blue-pill (on the chimney-piece)—soon all right again.]

What is that which denotes the state of the mind and of the body?

The tongue.

[Now, *does* a dumb man show a doctor his tongue? Does he? We pause for an *anser* from some goose or other : but we know very well the *game* he can enjoy most ; you ask him. Dumb-man-knows !!!]

Two letters often tempt mankind,
And those who yield will surely find
Two others ready to enforce
The punishment that comes of course?

X-S and D-K.



CANTER LV.



HEN you stole my *first*, I lost my *second*,
and you are the only person to give me
my *whole* ?

Hearts-ease !

[The animal in our drawing has been so long accustomed to doe, stag, and hart seize-ing, that his head—though not quite without some of the facial peculiarities of the tiger—has at last broken out into a heartsease.]

My *first*'s an airy thing,
Toying in flowers ;
Evermore wandering
In fancy's bowers ;
Living on beauteous smiles
From eyes that glisten,
And telling of loves' wiles
To ears that listen.

But if, in its first blush
Of warm emotion,
My *second* come to crush
Its young devotion,
Oh ! then it wastes away,
Weeping and waking,
And on some sunny day
Is blest in breaking ?

Heart-ache.

What two ages often prove illusory ?

Mir-age and marri-age !

[Oh Mihi beate Martine ! oh my eye and Elizabeth Martin !—as some scholar puts it—but that's a wonderful idea !]

Why is a bridegroom often more expensive than a bride ?

Because the bride is given away, but the bridegroom is often sold !

[And then, dear reader, you are, no doubt, aware—*ignis fatuus*—the fat's in the fire : never mind, for you know what some wit said, "Marry, or *not*, you'll repent it !"]

Why are a couple of first-rate breechloaders like two beautiful young ladies ?

Because they're pair-o'-guns (paragons).

[This about these two sweet young creatures may sound pair-o'-ducks-ical or anomalous ; but with your pair o' guns, a paradox (pair o' dogs) is *not* out of place, or your paragons may turn out to be simply damsels after all !]

Pourquoi les amateurs du beau sexe vont-ils souvent à l'hippodrome ?

Afin d'être en cirque assis (Circassie).

Why do young ladies in love like the circus ?

Because they've an itchin' for the ring.

[Yes, you *may* have an itchin' for the ring, but you must never have any itchin' in your back ; at any rate, you mustn't *talk* about it : talking about your back kitchen's low ; wery vulgar.]

Why, when a very fat man gets squeezed coming out of the opera, does it make him complimentary to the ladies ?

Because the pressure makes him flatter.

[We constantly hear people say, "Oh, I hate flattery ; I can't bear being flattered," &c. We, however, take the liberty of thinking that the best proof flattery *is* agreeable to ourselves lies in the fact—that *we* do it when we wish to be agreeable to others.]

CANTER LVI.



EEP this as a *bon mot* to let off either at the theatre or the sea-side :—What are the two most clinging things you know ?

A lady's well-wet bathing'-dress,
which clings to
her own legs in
the sea, and a lady's velvet evening-dress,
which clings to your legs when you want to
pass her in the stalls at the play.

Why are ladies in evening-dress like brilliants ?

'Tis not because they shine in society, no ; 'tis
not because the yellow ones are less charming
than those not "off colour," no ; 'tis not
because they are both dear and beautiful, no ;
for 'tis because—ahem !—because they go
about with their backs showing !

My *first* a baby does when you pinch it ;
My *second* a lady says when she doesn't mean it ;
My *third* exists and no one e'er has seen it ;
And my *whole* contains the world's best half within it ?

Cri-no-line !

[We hoop you like this enigma.]

Th.s by a crusty old bachelor who hates crinoline, and can't even look at balmorals :—Why is a woman's beauty like a sovereign ?

Because when once changed it soon goes !

[Our crusty friend's joke may be candi(e)d, but it is by no means a sweet one to digest.]

What herb is most injurious to a lady's beauty ?

Thyme.

[Yes, and more especially when her-b-eauty is soup-herb.]

When is a superb woman like bread ?

When given as a toast.

Why is a man in love like a lobster ?

Because he has a lady in his head !

[Not necess-arily—(we had nearly written—apropos of what follows—Narcissus-arily)—as he might be, as many men are, in love with himself.]

Why is a lover's heart like a whale ?

Because it's a secreter (sea creatur') of great size (sighs).

Why is a Cockney lover like a mongrel dog ?

Because he bows and wows.

Why is it impossible for a Cockney who lisps to believe in the existence of young ladies ?

Because he calls every Miss a Myth.

[Only fancy every young lady being Miss (S)mith.]

How many wives are you allowed by the Prayer-book ?

Sixteen : viz. fo(u)r better, 4 wors(er), 4 richer, 4 poorer ; total, sixteen.

Why is a man marrying a second time like sal volatil —sal volatily, you will observe, *not* volatile Sal ?

Because it's re-wiving !

[Talking of sal-volatil , how the Prussians and Austrians must have got accustomed to a salvo-latterly, not in bottle, but in battle.]

Why are good intentions like fainting ladies?

Because all they want is—carrying out !

When may a lady be absolutely pronounced to be quite past recovery?

When she is speechless, and can only chatter with her teeth !

Why are ladies' eyes like persons separated by the Atlantic Ocean?

Because, although they may correspond, they never meet.

Why is China a desirable country for a man to select a wife in?

Because he can make up his mind after pickin' to choose Ann (Pekin to Chusan).

[There is one thing in China which always astonishes us beyond measure when we hear it spoken of ; it is not their using bowie (Bohea) knives to cut their tea-leaves, though that is odd ; but we are assured, credibly assured, that the Chinese possess something which you CAN see and NOT smell, and yet CAN smell and NOT see : they call it a Pig-odour (I'agoda), but it's very mysterious notwithstanding.]

And if our trade with China was suddenly stopped, what would become of Twining?

He would be wining for the want of his T !



CANTER LVII.



H E tears run down that fair child's face,
My whole is in his hand ;
His little mind is sore perplexed,
That whole to understand.
Oh ! were it but my first, he thinks
He would not cry and fret,
For then he's sure that very soon
My second he could get ?

Less-on !

Why is a schoolboy being flogged like your eye ?

Because he's a pupil under the lash !

[Puer boy ! we pity the petit garçon ! What a thing is head-ache-ation !
However tired he may be, he must go on, or be flogged to make him smart.]

Why does a blow leave a blue mark ?

Because blow, when perfect, makes blew !

[Upon the same principle, nota very bene, that an active bear *present* would be a perfect bore !]

Apropos of blue marks, what liqueur would be a surer remedy,
and much nicer to rub on a lady's bruised arm, than brandy
or ammonia ?

Curaçao (cure her so) !

[You noyeau liqueur lips at this idea even ; as for people who would use
ammonia, I ammonia-stonished at their bad taste.]

When has a man brown hands?

When he's tand-'em driving !

[A thing, we should say, to drive great pleasure from. By the by, what's that line of Horace's, where he talks about an *insane major* who has a *tandem*, &c., in the *park*?—oh yes, of course, "O major tandem parcas insane etcet'ra." We thought we remembered it.]

What animal was in existence before the Creation?

The great chay-'oss !

[Oh yes ; no doubt he is very old ; but *we* knew him when quite a little boy.]

Why is the leading horse in a waggon-team like the acceptor of a bill?

Because he's the end horse, sir (endorser) !

[Ah, poor horses, poor animals ; why is any-mal-treatment of them allowed? and yet how horribly they are ill-used ! I don't believe in the Greeks when they say the sore horse (thesauros) is a treasure.]

We travel much, yet pris'ners are,
And close confined to boot ;
We with the swiftest horse keep pace,
Yet always go on foot ?

A pair of spurs !

My first is very much like my second, and my whole a shield
against both is reckoned ?

Spatter-dash !

Why does a piebald pony never pay toll?

Because his master pays it for him.

Why is a horse the most wretched of animals?

Because his mind is always on the rack !

[Crib-biter, born at Gnaw-wood, perhaps.]

When is a horse a nut?

When a cob !

[Nut when he is a chestnut, as you might have imagined.]

Why are clouds like coachmen ?

Because they hold the rains.

[Do you like to hear coachmen, like punsters, cracking quips?]

Why can't a Frenchman "conduct" a single horse, or even a pair ?

Because he never drives unless he can get his foreign hand (four in hand) before him.

[Being very fond of the genus French gentleman, we are pleased when he —bon enfant toujours en-fonds—gets esteem (his team) from others besides ourselves here in England.]

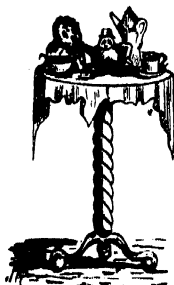
On what supposition could a pocket-handkerchief build a house ?

If it be-cam-brick !

[And just about the fireplaces we presume it would become a poker-tong-kerchief. By the by, our French friend mentioned above says of this pocket-handkerchief pun, "Zat 'ee 'as aired several mouchoirs" ! (he has heard several much worse).]



CANTER LVIII.



E L L us when two Latin pronouns agree with
each other?

When tea agrees with me.

[We remember once, when stopping in the country,
our kind hostess, who had been absent all day,
calling us and saying, "Come along, tea is ready at last;" to which we
answered, "Tea ready is he? in call you ma'am? gaudeo!" "What's
all that?" she inquired. "Only saying that we were glad you had
returned, as Tea this evening was Lat(e)in."*]

Why did the young lady return the dumb-waiter?

Because it didn't answer!

[Dumb-waiters may not answer, but we, as a painter, are constantly in the
habit of making a tray-sing.]

Mon premier est un tyran,
Mon second est un monstre,
Mon tout est l'enfer;
Mais, si j'aime mon premier,
J'accepte mon second,
Et mon tout est le ciel.

Mari-age!

"Te rediisse incolumem gaudeo."—Eton Latin Grammar.

"Why," asked Moore the poet, "is love like a potato?"

Because it shoots from the eyes, "and" (added Byron) "gets less by pairing!"

[Can't you fancy a Frenchman, on reading this, saying potater (peut-être)?]

What fruit is like a Guy Fawkes?

A fig; for is it not an F I G (effigy)?

The following *mot* is attributed to the Bishop of Oxford:—

"Pray, can you tell me why the Bishop of Oxford is always called Soapy Sam?" asked a lady of the prelate himself, she seeing him to be a clergyman of high degree, but not knowing him in his episcopal character.

"Because, ma'am," answered the Bishop, "he generally finds himself in hot water, and invariably manages to come out with clean hands!"

Why is the Bishop of Oxford never barefooted?

Because he's always S. OXON (his socks on)!

Pourquoi une très grande bouche, n'est-elle pas une bouche commune?

Parce qu'elle est une bouche comme deux.

Quel est le peuple dont les soldats sont le plus régulièrement nourris?

Au-delà du Rhin, car c'est la confédération (qu'on fait des rations).

There are twelve birds in a covey; Jones—you know Jones—man with a glass in his eye—capital shot—well, he kills a brace, then how many remain?

None; for—unless they are idiots—they fly away!

Why is a very amusing man like a very bad shot?

Because he keeps the game alive!

Apropos of keeping the game alive (?)—What is the height of folly?

Spending your last shilling on a purse?

[Or a pers-on !!]

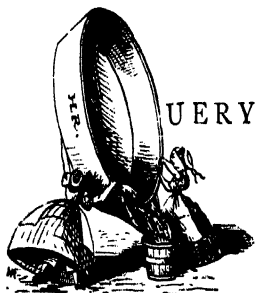
What is a very good definition of nonsense?

Bolting a door with a boiled carrot.

[The fact that the above definition of nonsense is by Ben Jonson (or Dr. Johnson, or somebody's son), shall not hinder us from giving you a new one, viz. go and water a coffee-plant with boiled milk.]



CANTER LIX.



U E R Y—In what sort of family (!) does the seventh night of the week come on the sixth?

In that sort of family where Saturday is a bath night (is Sabbath night).

[People always pretend that your butcher's bill is the most urgent debt you have; we say that your soap bill ought to be paid first, it being such a det-ergent.]

What soap is hardest?

Cast-steel!

What is the best way to prevent water coming into your house?

Don't pay your water-rates!!!

Riddle by a man who lives in lodgings: Why is my sugar like my pale brandy?

Because it is stolen by my landlady.

[Of course; she could tell you—if *she liked*—that whatever you lock up is two keysey (took easy) enough; you ought to leave her: but it is far worse when you live in a lodging where your landlord earnestly wishes to retain you as his tenant, then it becomes dangerous, positively dangerous, he having made up his mind to—stiletto you (still let to you).]

CANTER XI.



IND Reader, inform us why a black man out for a holiday is like a bandy-legged Emperor?

Because the knee-grows out.

Why is a nigger like a door?

Because he is so palpably made for an-egress.

[You must, however, be an negrorant—we mean an ignorant—person, if you do not know that a charming white woman is also an-egress, as her bewitching name—when she is in the Peri-style—is entrance 'all! However, we leave it to you to say whether you think this Entrance Hall pun Portico-larly good; we think it excellent, and in every house we go to we shall mansion it.]

Why was “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” not written by a female hand?

Because it was written by Mrs. Beecher’s toe.

If a Yankee slave-driver (are there any left?) caught a female runaway, what would be his first remark?

Let’s liquor!

[Here is the explanation of the Jamaica riots; yes, this *must* be the reason we often have vinegar (have a nigger) so sour in our Colonies.]

What would you think the easiest thing a female runaway—a negress, in fact—could do when pursued?

Keep dark!

The above female runaway wishes to know "Why intoxication is like a slop-bowl?"

She explains, "Cos it am de-basin'!"

Why is a short negro like a lady's light blue organ-dy muslin dress, when it is trimmed with poppies and cornflowers, and she wears it at a Monday Pop?

Because he is not at-all black!

[We mention organ-dy muslin as most suit-able for A. Chappel's concerts.]

Why is a black man necessarily a conjurer?

Because he's a negro-man-sir.

[We must here rid ourselves of a dark reflection. When a black juggler performs a trick he smiles, he sniggers; we detest this snigger, so it even makes us look black.]

When my first is my last, like a Protean elf,
Will black become white, and a part of yourself?

Ebon—bone.

Why has the chain of slavery in America now dropped off the negroes' arms?

Because they have no longer a link on (Lincoln).

A gentleman who has "been dining" wants to know, "What Burial Comp'ny ought to bring up, not bury, black men?"

He gives as an answer, "The Negro-polish"
(Necropolis).

[You may be as nigger-dly in your praise of this tipsy joke as you like, for it is, as one of the niggers would observe, not bury good, though 'tis cemetery-cal in form.]

Apropos of blacks, why is a shoe-black like an editor?

Because he polishes the understandings of his patrons.

What is that which is black, white, and red all over, which shows some people to be green, and makes others look black and blue?

A newspaper.

[Some wag said that when he wanted to see if any of his friends were married, he looked in the "news of the weak!"]

Why is a newspaper like an army ?

Because it has leaders, columns, and reviews.

Why is Joseph Gillott a very bad man ?

Because he wishes to accustom the public to steel pens, and then tries to persuade them that they do write.

[What a gillotty man he must be ; worthy of the guillotine.]

ECHOES.

What must be done to conduct a newspaper right ? Write.

What is necessary to a farmer to assist him ? System.

What would give a blind man the greatest delight ? Light.

What is the best advice to give a justice of the peace ? Peace.

Who commit the greatest abominations ? Nations.

Who is the greatest Terrifier ? Fire.

Ever eating, ever cloying,
Never finding full repast,
All devouring, all destroying,
Till it eats the world at last ?

Fire !

What is that which, though black itself, enlightens the world ?

Ink !

[O yes, a little (l)ink, which you give a boy a pen-ny for holding in a fog, does serve to blacken your face well ; the reminiscence of it is torch-er ; we shall never fog-get it.]



CANTER XII.



HAT part of a lady's face in January is like a celebrated fur?

Chin-chilly !

[As we are on the subject of a lady's furs, we just take the opportunity of mentioning that her chin (urchin) chilly is sometimes a poor little beggar-boy, who, if he was (S)able, and not quite so Bear, would Beaver-y much 'Otter ; he asks every lady for charity, but '*er-mine looks black at the tail* he tells ; she says, "You are a boa, so I won't give you a wrap, and you can't be cold, for you have (v)ermine all over you." So, alas ! this wretched urchin, his diminished head he mus' skin seal.]

What's the difference between a calf and a lady who lets her dress draggle in the mud ?

One sucks milk, the other—unfortunately for our boots—mucks silk.

What is the best word of command to give a lady who is crossing a muddy road ?

Dress up in front, close up behind.

[This is all very well for a lady, but a gentleman ought not to object to wet weather, as mud is a thing greatly to add mire on his trousers.]

Why is a wood pavement an anomaly?

Because there's a smooth tho'-rough-fare over
it in a cab.

[But when it is blocked up, that makes quite a no-ther-affair of it.]

What word is it expresses two things we men all wish to get,
one bringing the other, but which if we do get them the one
bringing the other, we are unhappy?

Miss-fortune !

What is that from which you may take away the whole, and yet
have some left?

The word whole-some.

What every-day question expresses negus?

Wine 'ot (why not).

[Douglas Jerrold once said, on hearing a friend order a bottle of old port,
"Mind, waiter, old port; none of your elder!"]

Do you rem-ember ever to have heard what the embers of the
expiring year are called?

Nov-ember and Dec-ember.

[Tell this riddle to a young lady—who can't bear puns—of the name of
Jane; you will then probably have a specimen of the undisguised cold-
ness of the Jane-you-worry without any December-ling on her part.]

Complete, you'll own, I commonly am seen
On garments new, and old, the rich, the mean;
On ribbons gay I court your admiration,
But yet I'm oft a cause for much vexation
To those on whom I make a strong impression;
The meed, full oft, of folly or transgression:
Curtail me, I become a slender shred,
And 'tis what I do before I go to bed,
But an excursion am without my head;
Again complete me, next take off my head,
Then will be seen a savoury dish instead;

Again behead me, and, without dissection,
 I'm what your fruit is when in full perfection :
 Curtailed—the verb to tear appears quite plain ;
 Take head and tail off,—I alone remain.

Stripe ; strip ; trip ; tripe ; ripe ; rip ; I.

Why is it dangerous to take a nap in a train ?

Because the train invariably runs over sleepers.

[Runs over sleepers ; ah, yes. When the blood-red sun sets behind the dark curtain of night, opaque in its inky blackness, as if mourning for some lost planet, or for the brightness of the day that is for ever gone ; or when the shining moon—the “ bianca luna ”—serenely sleeps on the wide bosom of the ever-rippling sea, like a silver shield hung up in some dark old baronial hall, do we not know the bold bug-lar, who comes creepingly, steal-ingly, dressed all in brown, to rob you—of—of your rest, and to steal your—your blood ! Never mind, light a candle and catch him.]

Why is Sir J. P. Wilde like a railway accident ?

Because he often snaps the coupling-chains and separates the sleepers.

[And as he does it for divorce reasons of his own, no buffer can stop him. But when he gives a decree “ nisi,” ought he not sometimes to think of the nice-eyes that weep that decision ?]

Why ought a judge to be like high water at Liverpool ?

Because then he would be Mersey-full.

[But this river would never be Mersey-full were it not for the Mer(sea) which filled it. P.S.—You may here, if you please, say *Merci* for this French lesson, for 'tis the say *merci* (same as he) your master taught you at school.]



CANTER XIII.



O U N G man, beware of marrying a woman of the name of Susan !
Why so ?

Because, if you put your arm round her waist—once only is sufficient—you will certainly feel bent on Suey's side !
Alas ! unhappy one ! ! !

Why are suicides invariably successful people in the world ?

Because they always manage to accomplish their own ends.

[Who was it said "that suicides always showed a great want of *savoir vivre* ?"]

Apropos of drowning, and shoe and sock inside—no, no, shockin' suicide, we mean—where is the cheapest place to buy poultry ?

Why, at the baths and washhouses, as (we are informed) you may there get—a duck for a penny !

If, after taking a duck for a penny, a friend remarks, "You look very seedy, old fellow, and melancholy" (which would probably be the case after that penny duck), what would be a complete and—if not religious—really joyous answer to give him?

Say, "It's because I'm Pharisee-dy that I'm Sad-you-see; you must a Scribe it to that!"

Why are the "blue devils" like muffins?

Ha! Ha! Because they are both fancy bred!!

What would be a good epitaph on a duckling just dead?

Peas to its remains!

[And a little piece to us, please; we shall not duckline it!]

If, when dining at a Tarblydeyhotey in Paris, you have the misfortune to sit next a Cockney, why is it undesirable, not to say disagreeable, to hear him ask for bread in French?

Because you then get a "pang" in your ears, which is indeed—"pain!"

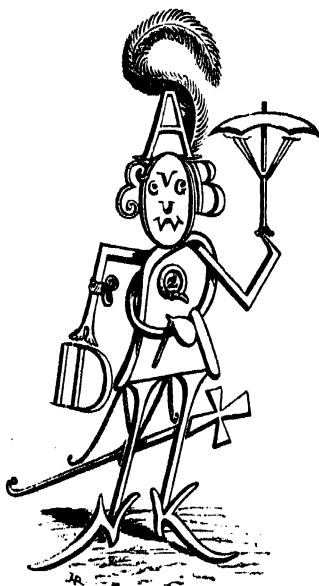
[We perpetrated this riddle under the above painful circumstances, and absolutely told it to the offending party, but he did not see it a bit. On the contrary, he said, "Garsongg, djew pangg silver plate" again, with all his might.]

Apropos of anglicised French, why would the "evil one" make a good husband?

Because the deuce can never be tray!

[The patient reader is here requested to bear with us a moment, for the French numerals, as Englishified—or otherwise—at various card-games, are real charmers to the punster. For example, the following sentence contains ten of them:—"We once dined at a restaurant in Paris, where they used to *cater* so well, and *set* on a *tray* such nice things to *eat* 'nough of (to huit neuf of), that we soon thought we must *cease*, owing to our rapidly-increasing *size*, and came to the *dix*-cision to *undo* (un deux) a button of our waistcoat before we *sank* exhausted!" We ought to add that the reason we stop our sentence here, at the number ten, is that we have no desire—whilst on the eating theme—to come to cat-horse (quatorze), said to be now in such great request at many French restaurateurs!]

CANTER XIV.



YOU are desired to state what word it is of only three syllables which combines in it twenty-six letters?

Alphabet.

[The gentleman with the parasol and the hand-portmanteau, shown in our drawing, is a monogram of the whole twenty-six letters of the alphabet, none of which are turned backwards.]

Which word in the English language contains the greatest number of letters?

Disproportionableness !

Like which four letters of the alphabet is a honey-producing insect when in small health ?

Like A B C D (a bee seedy).

[Therefore, not so much of A B C B (a busy bee) as usual. Poor little insect, what N-R-G it has in working ; what X-L-N-C has not its honey ; and as for its N-M-E's, they ought never to be X-Q-Z, but to find out the F-I-K-C of its sting.]

What words may be pronounced quicker and shorter by adding syllables to them?

Quick and short.

Je suis le capitaine de vingt-quatre soldats, et sans moi Paris serait pris?

A.

Why is a glass-blower the most likely person to set the alphabet off at a gallop?

Because he can make a D-canter.

[If he saw his D canter, it would probably soon be a tumbler.]

What letter in the Dutch alphabet will name an English lady of title?

A Dutch-S.

Your initials begin with an A,
You've an A at the end of your name,
The whole of your name is an A,
And it's backwards and forwards the same?

Anna!

What Christian name, besides Anna, reads the same both ways?

Hannah!

[This is rather a sell; we are very sorry, but we haven't Hannah More of this sort for you at present.]

Why is the isthmus of Suez like the first *u* in "cucumber?"

Because it's between two seas.

What word is there of eight letters which has five of them the same?

Oroonoko.

We are little airy creatures,
Each have different forms and features;
One of us in glass is set,
Another you will find in jet;

A third, less bright, is set in tin,
 A fourth a shining box within ;
 And the fifth, if you pursue,
 It will never fly from you ?

Vowels.

Why is O the noisiest of all the vowels ?

Because you can't make a horrid loud noise
 without it, whilst all the others are *inaudible*.

What word is it that contains the five vowels in their correct order ?

Facetious !

[Some one adds that it is a good thing to use your *facetiousness*
abstemiously !]

When were there only two vowels ?

In the days of No-a, before U and I were
 born !

Why is I the luckiest of all the vowels ?

Because it is in the centre of bliss, whilst e is in
 hell, and all the others are in *purgatory*.

What must all the letters of the alphabet be in order to possess
 infinite sagacity ?

Wise (Y's).

[Not why's—as that would be making queer-eyes of *them all*.]

Y y u r y y u b i c u r y y for me ?

Too wise you are, too wise you be,
 I see you are too wise for me.

What are those things which, though they appear twice in
 every day, and twice in every week, yet are only seen twice
 in a year ?

Vowels.

What German town is the Queen's monogram like ?

V an' R (Vienna).

[By the by, apropos of the Queen's monogram, have you ever heard that the initials of the Emperor and Empress of the French, our Queen, and the late Prince Consort, form the name of the river on which St. Petersburg is built, viz. N E V A, or did you neva hear it? But perhaps you think it's Volga to talk of Russian rivers, as two of them are called the Nipper and the Bug !]

What letter of the alphabet is necessary to make a shoe ?

The last.

[Oh yes, that is quite true, as you can't have a really neat shoe unless your boot-maker gives his mind to it—that is—his Z.]

Through thy short and shadowy span
I am with thee, child of man ;
With thee still, from first to last,
In pain and pleasure, feast and fast,
At thy cradle and thy death,
Thine earliest wail and dying breath.
Seek thou not to shun or save,
On the earth or in the grave ;
The worm and I, the worm and I,
In the grave together lie ?

The letter A.



CANTER XV.



SUPPOSE you kindly give us the origin of the term, "a writer to the Signet?"

You don't know, so we'll tell you.

Some friend of Castor or Pollux must have written to them, and, as every schoolboy knows, they were the sons of Leda, that fully accounts for the term a W. S.—writer to the cygnet.

[You will observe that our drawing shows you Castor "playing at horses" with his papa; you will likewise kindly observe that the poor old gentleman looks fatigued with the exertion. Thank you.]

If you and a friend are at the sea-side, and you sit reading the paper whilst he goes to have a header and a swim, how can you put it into appropriate, if not elegant, language?

You can say, "I am doing the Leader whilst he—like a mandrake—is doing what dux *do*;" or, "I am doing the Leda whilst he is emulating the Swan."

A Scotch friend requires an answer to the following: "What's the dee-ference between my siller teapot which is stolen, and twa rocks near Messina famed in clarsic sto-ry?"

He says, "One is siller, and is cribbed; the other's siller and cribbed is! (Scylla an' Ch'rybdis)."

What Egyptian official would a little boy mention if he were to call his mother to the window to see something wonderful?

Mammy-look!

[Mammeluke ! P(a)shaw ! unless we Abdul-asiz for readers, this is insultan to them, and they will be effendid, and gladly a-bey us when we say, pass on to the next.]

What is the difference between an English policeman—let us name B 17—and a poetic Turk ?

One is content with a single bull's eye, but the other requires a double Bul's sigh !

[The note of the nightingale is, we believe, poetically termed in the East the Bul-bul's-sigh. "Oh ! for a night-in-gale," sings the Turk ; "Oh ! not for a night-in-jail," growls the peeler. However, each is charmed with his and its (s)tone "jug !"]

What's the difference between a Bedouin Arab and a milkman in a large way of business ?

One has high dromedaries, the other has hired roomy dairies (higher dromedaries).

[Good gracious ! isn't this pun of ours a subject—to Be douin Arab, we mean—to be doin' a rhapsody about ?]

Why was the whale that swallowed Jonah like a milkman who has retired on an independence ?

Because he took a great profit out of the water !

[That whale *must* have been a she-whale, as the difference between her and a lady who has married herself to a wealthy man is so trivial, viz. the she-wale made up her mind to-carry-Jonah, the shemale, her mind made up, took-a-rich-owner !]

What's the difference between Charles Kean and Jonah ?

One was brought up at Eton, the other was eaten and brought up.

[This fine old riddle (?) is worth a C-Kean in money of Florence, to which lovely spot we recommend you to go if you wish to get into a perfect Firenzi * of delight !]

Something new at last about Mr. Charles Kean. Why was Oliver Cromwell like Charles Kean ?

Give it up, do ; you don't know it ; you can't guess it. Why ?—because he was——Kean after Charles !!

* Florence, we believe, is called frenzy by the Italians, so we call it frenzy too ; why not ?—To be sure ; of course ; go on !

CANTER XVI.



HAT is the difference between a soldier and a fisherman?

One bayonets—the other nets a bay.

What musical instrument invites you to fish?

Cast-a-net!

[You seldom see a castanet to invite you here in England—unless, perchance, it be an eye with a cast-in-it!—and that's *not* inviting!]

What is the difference between a fisherman and a lazy school-boy?

One baits his hook, the other hates his book!

What river is that which runs between two seas?

The Thames—between Chel-sea and Batter-sea.

[The effect of introducing *us* into Chelsea is truly alarming, as it instantly produces Chel-us-sea (jealousy) in the centre of that happy and salubrious suburb. What the effect of pudding *us* into Batter-sea would be—we are afraid even to think of!]

When is the river Thames good for the eyes?

When it's eye water.

[And an Irish friend suggests, that when it rises above high water, it's good for one's brains too, as it introduces us to a book of one Long-headed-fellow, viz. Higher-wather.]

Which are the lightest men—Scotchmen, Irishmen, or Englishmen?

In Ireland there are men of Cork: in Scotland men of Ayr; but in England, on the Thames, we have lighter-men!

[You have heard that *bon mot* attributed to Theodore Jerrold, or Douglas Smith, or Sydney Hook, or somebody (we always get confused amongst these people), who, on being asked if he had ever been at Cork, replied, "No, but I've seen many drawings of it!"]

What islands would form a cheerful luncheon party?

Friendly Society, a Sandwich, and Madeira.

[And you would have the sea, which is soap an' water (is *open water*), to wash your hands in afterwards. How jolly!]

Tell us the best way to make the hours go fast?

Use the spur of the moment!

And, per contra, when does a man sit down to a melancholy—we had nearly said melon-cholic—desert?

When he sits down to whine and to pine.

Give a good definition of cant.

Spirits of whine!

Who was the most wretched of all the murderers of Julius ~~Eau~~—see-saw—scissar—*six heures*—goodgracious! we mean Julius Cæsar; *c'est Ça*, let's begin again. Who was the most wretched of all the murderers of Julius Cæsar?

The miserable Cinna!

[Must he not afterwards, when he found affairs go badly with him, have looked as green as a-Brutus and a-Cassius? Pshaw! as green as arbutus and acacias, we mean; these classical names are almost too much for us.]

Formed long ago, yet made to-day,
 I'm most employed while others sleep ;
 What none would like to give away,
 Yet no one likes to keep ?

Bed.

[Who was it said, "Home's home, be it ever so homely ; and Bed's bed, be it ever so bedly" ? He was a clever man ; find him out, and invite him to dinner, and ask us to meet him.]

My body is but small, of slender size ;
 A monstrous head I have, large mouth, no eyes ;
 And, like a tadpole, seem of head and tail—
 Let one but move, the other ne'er does fail.
 I'm topsy-turvy turned, and sometimes apt
 To be hot-headed ; then to bed I'm clapp'd ?

Warming-pan.

Wipe, oh ! wipe my face, and I'm everybody : scratch, oh !
 scratch my back (a little higher, a little lower, rather more
 to the left, not quite so much, thankye), and I'm nobody ?

A mirror.

[This is perhaps one of the most mirror-culous things we ever heard.]

When is a girl like a mirror ?

When she's a good looking (g)lass !

What is the difference between some women and their looking-
 glasses ?

They talk without reflecting, and the mirrors
 reflect without talking.

My *first* is a reflection, my *second* not so much, and my *whole*
 none at all ?

Thought-less.

Why are Addison's works like a looking-glass ?

Because in them we see the *Spectator*.

[Addison, they say, like a butcher, is nothing without his Steele.]

Why is a mirror like a dissatisfied and ungrateful friend ?

Because, though you may positively load his back
with silver, he will reflect on you.

[In which case, my reader dear, you want two eyes (y's) more to make you
see that your sil-ver looks *sill-y ver-y* !]

If Lord Dundreary swore at his valet for having untidy hair,
and told him to grease it, why, in so doing, would he men-
tion a lady's morning costume ?

Because he would say, "Dem it oil it" (demi-
toilet).

[Perhaps though, apropos of the demi-toilet, the valet might plead his
deshabille-ity to spare the time.]

Why is a butler like a mountain ?

Because he looks down on the valley (valet).

[That's aw-valley good.]

Another, perhaps by Lord Dundreary :—What per-per-per-
fumer will you b-b-be after a d-d-day's hunting ?

You'll be-be-B-ridin'back (Breidenbach).

[This joke, you will observe, is not only humorous, but perf-umerous as
well, as no doubt after hunting every one is glad to return to that
charming wood-fire lit (wood violet).]

What is that which the fox has and the hare most wants ?

A brush.

I came to a field and couldn't get through it ;
So I went to a school and learned how to do it ?

Fence.

Another by Lord D. ; the old one :—Why d-d-doth a foxhound
w-w-wag hith tail ?

B-b-becaith heth stwonger than hith t-t-tail, or if
he wathn't the t-t-tail would wag him !

CANTER LX.



VARIOUS cosmetics being used for various purposes, we beg leave to offer you the following simple receipt in the form of a riddle :—What pomatum do you imagine a woman with very pretty feet uses for her hair?

Neat-foot oil !

Why is wit like a Chinese lady's foot?

Because brevity is the sole of it !

[Ah ! yes, that's very likely ; but it's *no joke* being short—at your banker's.]

Why is the letter *s* like a pert repartee?

Because it begins and ends in sauciness !

[Very good ; and now tell us why *s* is like indigestion? Because it begins and ends in sausages ! isn't this a sausagest ?]

What is the best description of a “rapid consumption”?

Bolting one's food !

How can you dine off fish, meat, and pastry for 3*d.*?

By getting one shrimp, a sausage, and a bun.

What is the difference between M. F. Tupper's stuff and pork stuffing?

The one is mincemeat made of sages' saws, the other's sau-sages made of mincemeat !

In the language of Leaden-hall, which is rather heavy, "Vot jint o' meat is like a cart-rut?"

A line o'weal!

What is the difference between a man who has nothing to do and a labourer?

The one gets a great deal of "otium cum dig.,"
the latter a great deal of dig without otium.

[This may perhaps account for an Irish labourer having once been heard to say, "It's 'ot I um with diggin' a taty!"]

Why should not ladies and gentlemen take castor oil?

Because it's only intended for working-people.

[N.B.—DON'T put *castor* oil in the cruets; it isn't good in salad!]

An urchin with a curly head
Is taken from his little bed,
Well washed and dressed; then temper soured,
Brought into dinner and—devoured?

S-alad!

[The author of the foregoing evidently means that an urchin's, a lad's, curly head is S; really this joke about a salad's curly head is but—endive-rent: one wants a very bright lamp to show how he gets Alad-in.]

An ugly little fellow, that some might call a pet,
Was easily transmuted to a parson when he ate;
And when he set off running, an Irishman was he;
Then took to wildly raving, and hung upon a tree?

Cur, cur-ate, Cur-ran, cur-rant!

Why is a gooseberry-tart, or even a plum-tart, like a bad sixpence?

Because it's not currant!

[Yes, and we might add it's sixpence-sive work taking bad sixpences which are not currant; we can only hope it is not of frequent occurrants, or it is calculated to red-juice one's income.]

You like to pay a good price and have the finest work, or course;
but what is that of which the common sort is best?

Sense!

When you go for sixpennyworth of very sharp long tin-tacks,
what do you want them for !

For sixpence !

Where did Noah strike the first nail in the ark ?

On the head !

[Unless, nota bene, he happened to first hit, as we have often done, his own finger-nail, and so, as some one says, like an unsuccessful general in directing the point of a-tack, came to grief.]

What was the difference between Noah's ark and Joan of Arc ?

One was made of wood, the other was Maid of Orleans !

[And, ha ! ha ! one went to ruin, the other to Rouen, though it's very Rouen—that is, wrong—to joke thus !]

There is a word of three syllables, from which if you take away five letters a male will remain ; if you take away four, a female will be conspicuous ; if you take away three, a great man will appear ; and the whole word shows you what Joan of Arc was ?

He, her, hero, heroine !

[We tell this to a friend, who has certainly had a *very* good *dinner* and an "un-certain" quantity of wine ; he says, "Wash 'tall about ? wash it mean ? who's he-her ? wash Hero ? wash sherry wine ? wahs't Choan 'f Arc ? wash sherry wine ? Ietshavesome !"——What's the use of telling conundrums to a man like this ?—Inebriated idiot !]

Why was Leander voluntarily drowned ?

It was through his-whim only !

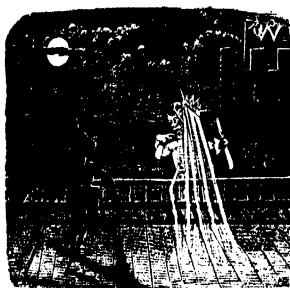
[Why didn't hero to Hero ?]

What shrub did Hero mention to her lover when he arrived from swimming the Hellespont ?

She said, "Oh ! Leander !"

[This must *not* be pronounced "oh lean dear," as that would indeed make a rum shrub of it ; some of which, however, after a long swim on a cold night, would be far more acceptable, we should guess, than any amount of oleander.]

CANTER LXI.



WHY was Hamlet so courageous in addressing his father's ghost?

Because he was not particular to a shade!

[Most on-terrace-ting subject to write about—the ghost in Hamlet.]

What's that? what's that? Oh, I shall faint!
Call, call the Priest to lay it!
Transpose it, and to king and saint
And great and good you pay it?
Spectre; respect.

[A very re-spectre-ble enigma, this one.]

Why is Professor Pepper's life a remarkably good one?

Because there appears no chance of his giving up the ghost!

[What a very un-cayenned remark to make of Pepper!]

Complete I betoken the presence of death,
Devoid of all symptoms of life-giving breath;
But banish my tail, and, surpassingly strange!
Life, ardour, and courage I get by the change?

Corpse! corps.

Ere Adam was, my early days began ;
 I ape each creature, and resemble man ;
 I gently creep o'er tops of tender grass,
 Nor leave the least impression where I pass ;
 Touch me you may, but I can ne'er be felt,
 Nor ever yet was tasted, heard, or smelt,
 Yet seen each day ; if not, be sure at night
 You'll quickly find me out by candlelight ?

Shadow.

What is the difference between a certain part of Africa and the shade of Hamlet's father stalking in winter ?

One is the Gold Coast, the other the cold ghost !

[Of course, you have heard what a haunted house really is ; it is a house with the usual amount of ordinary stories, and one extra-ordinary story ! We slept in a haunted room once ; never was so bitten before in our life ; you know !]

When is an alderman like a ghost ?

When he's a goblin' !

[Or, as some Cockney has added, when he's a 'appy rich un.]

Why is the inside of everything mysterious ?

Because we can't make it out.

Why did the ghost of one Corsican Brother appear to the other as he was *sealing* his letter ?

To see if his hand *wafered* in its purpose !

[If you, or any other man, drop some hot wax on your finger, you will then possess a specimen of seal-skin furrin' to your tastes entirely ; we trust the wax will not, like a moth, 'eat in fur.]

Why should a man troubled with gout make his will ?

Because he will then have his leg at ease (legatees).

[Poor man ! he would probably find his leg a tease after his swill was done, if he had un p'tit *gout* which he wished had been absent (absinthe).]

What is that which no one wishes to have, yet no one wishes to lose?

A bald head!

[We never hear of a "bald head" without thinking of "the Bear."]

Perfect with a head; perfect without a head; perfect with a tail; perfect without a tail; perfect with either, or neither, or both?

A wig!!!

What is the difference between a light dragoon and a lady with her head shaved?

One is careless and happy, the other hairless and cappy!

Apropos of the pe-rook which that poor lady would probably wear, what word is a crow's voice most like?

Beak-caws, beak-caws, it is beak-caws (Because).

[Although we can thus write of a crow's voice with the pen of levity, we are still sorry when we think that that crowly organ is never used in a beak-*humming* manner: though hum-ing and ha-ing are bores sometimes: for we once knew an old gentleman who said "hum" to such an indefinite extent, that at last we became convinced that he had in his early youth swallowed—a hum-ming bird.]

Why are fixed stars like wicked old men?

Because they sin till late (scintillate).

[You have heard, perhaps—although it isn't likely—of the very wicked old gentleman who had such long arms that he used to go every night to the play, and—though sitting in his stall—clap his hands on some girl dancing on the stage; wasn't it wrong?]

Why are very old people necessarily prolix and tedious?

Because they die late (dilate).

[In fact, they are die-late-ory about allowing themselves to be buried: they ought to know better.]

CANTER LXII.



A LADY asked a gentleman how old he was ?

He answered, " My age is what you do in every-
thing—excel " (XL).

[We don't like our illustration to this joke at all ; the man looks like a
wooden hairdresser, the woman like a dummy, and the scenery, trees,
&c., are all bad : 'tis in the bench alone that we—XL. !]

My first I do, and my second—when I say you are my whole—
I do not ?

Love-lie (lovely).

What is that a woman frequently gives her lovely countenance
to, yet never takes kindly ?

The small-pox.

[And yet she will take a drawing-lesson with great pleasure : very odd ;
for, like the small-pox, it itches what is catching (it teaches what is
sketching) !]

Why had Eve no fear of the measles?

Because she'd Adam!

What fur did Adam and Eve wear?

Bare skin!

[We didn't know they wore the bearskin in the *Bufs*; thought they did it only in the Guards. But let's see: oh, yes, of course, Adam *was* in the garden the early part of his career; at any rate we know he was for a long time in the Blues; or, by the by, wasn't he the *First Life Guard-in*?]

When is a lady deformed?

When mending stockings; as then her hands
are where her tootsicums, her feet, ought
to be!

What is that which a young girl looks for, but does not wish to find?

A hole in her stocking!

[Well, we don't know anything about *her* stocking—of course not—but we do know that many men take a delight, the greatest delight, in being *OUR* stocking (hours talking) about a pretty foot and a neat ankle; and only to think that they used to worship a *golden* calf long ago, and that *we* worship a—Well, well, let us see what follows.]

A quoi servent les ballons?

Les ballons? Les bas longs servent à chausser
les grandes jambes!

Why is the proprietor of a balloon like a phantom?

Because he's an airy-nought!

Why is a fool in a high station like a man in a balloon?

Because everybody appears little to him, and he
appears little to everybody!!

Why do little birds in their nests agree?

For fear of falling out!!

[What a bad style of man Mr. Glaisher or Mr. Coxwell would be to fall out with—in a balloon, eh?]

Why has a cock the ambition to become an aëronaut?

Because, as he carries about a comb with him, it
must be to make himself a Cock-swell!

Where do the sparrows go in cherry-time?

To Peck'em!

[And a very che(c)ry time they have of it; the little biggars, they're not contented with the bigger-oons, they choose the very biggest of every sort.]

What is the difference between the overture to "William Tell" and a certain bird who feeds on sparrows, mice, &c.?

One is orchestral, the other is kestrel 'awk.

[Apropos of hawks and hawk-wardness, isn't it a shame when the Prince of Wales, or any great swell, goes to the Zoo. on a Sunday, that he should be mobbed and stared at; we are sure it's snobs' ovation; that is-'n-observation—he must find a most awful bore.]

Why is the flight of an eagle *also* a most unpleasant sight to witness?

Because it's an eye-sore ('igh soar)!

[We are always soar 'igh to hear of an eagle's having been shot; it ought to be made ill-eagle to destroy them.]

What impermeable fabric is a sparrow like?

"Indian robber, because you said just now he stole cherries." Not quite right, acutest of readers, for he's more like gutter percher than Indian robber; now, isn't he?

Which of the feathered tribe can lift the heaviest weights?

The crane!

And if you saw a peach with a bird on it, and you wished to get the peach without disturbing the bird, what would you do?

Do? why—wait till he flew off!

[Nevertheless, a man who waited VERY long would probably wait till he was—was—(s)peechless.]

CANTER LXIII.



H A T is the difference between the swellest rope-dancer that ever lived, as prepared for dancing, and a bride?

One is Blondin dressed, the other dressed in blonde !

Why does Blondin invariably have to repeat his performances?

Are they not always on cord (encored)?

[Quite right ; it is only just to encore-age a truly elegant artiste.]

What's the difference between Blondin and a fillet de bœuf for breakfast?

One you SEE sauter en mid air, the other you EAT sauté en madère !

[How about Lucia de Lammermoor's madère which she treats you to at the opera? Ah ! Lammermoor indeed ! amour without any occasion for the lamb, though we say it ; for is she not made-dearer with that exquisite mad-air? And to think she died of love, like Desde-moaner, all through a-mour !]

By an Englishman whose pronunciation of French is of the very lowest possible order, and whose every French word sounds as if (f)renched out of him with some grating instrument,—Why is a calf's father, when savage, like a baker's shop in Paris?

Because he's a bull angry (Boulangerie).

For what reason ought a Frenchman who speaks imperfect English and an Englishman who is equally unacquainted with French never to converse together?

To prevent their using bad language.

[In this instance—as some wit remarks—French and English might be termed dead languages, as they are so atrociously murdered.]

In what part of the Exhibition of '62 did we enjoy ourselves most?

In the machinery department; because we positively went into Annexe-to-see about everything therein!

Why is a steam-engine at a fire an anomaly?

Because it works and plays at the same time.

[So do we; we work and play at the same time—upon words.]

Why is divinity the easiest of the three learned professions?

Because it's easier to preach than to practise!

[It *sounds*—very difficult from some pulpits.]

Un athée et un abbé tombent dans la mer; qu'en résulte-t-il?

La Thessalie et la Béotie (L'athée salé et l'abbé aussi)!

Why is a Welshman like a beggar?

Owing to the Menai Straits he goes through?

Why are cripples, beggars, and such like, similar to shepherds and fishermen?

Because they live by hook and by crook.

[We can quite understand the association of ideas between a *cripple* and a fisherman; for is not the hardy mariner used to a ripple on the sea? and what *is* the other but a *c* with a *ripple*!!]

My *first* doth affliction denote,
Which my *second* is destined to feel ;
But my *whole* is the sure antidote
That affliction to soothe and to heal ?

Wo-man !

What one word will name the common parent of both beasts
and man ?

A-dam !

What's the difference between a bee and a donkey ?

One gets all the honey, the other all the whacks !

Why is sealing-wax like a rifleman ?

Because it's often under arms.

We fancy we now see the reader turn his eyes up to the sealing, wondering
why we put so many flat, tame, stoopid riddles in our book.]

So please tell us, which season is most prolific in *bon mots* ?

Wits-untied !

[Some people appear to think one way of improving your wit is to take hot
water, lemon-peel, sugar, whisky, and then intimately blend them : they
pretend that this heterogeneous mixture is a heater o' genius drink : we
don't believe it.]



CANTER LXIV.



A K E away one letter from me, and, like
Mac what's his name—Macbeth—I murder;
take away two, and I probably
shall die, if my whole does not save me?

Kill—ill—skill !

[What a pity Macbeth had not Done sinnin' before he went to live there !
Don't you see the joke, dunceinane ?]

Where did the Witch of Endor live—and end-her days?

At Endor !

[She probably lived, when at home, Endoors, and used herself, as Witch of
Endor (a switch of fender), to clean the fire-place, &c. &c. &c. We
merely mention this to show you that there may besom joke, that is,
there may b-room for a joke, even in a hearth-brush.]

How would a witch's servant announce her carriage?

Your broom is at the door, mum !

[Used they not, in medi-evil times, to speak of "the witch riding on the
storm which she had brewed" ? If so, probably she was even then
accustomed to brew'em on purpose to ride.]

What's the difference between a middle-aged cooper and a trooper of the Middle Ages?

The one is used to put a head on his cask, and the other used to put a cask on his head!

[And, gentle reader, both have often helped to put "a head on the beer."]

Why was Charles I. a phenomenon?

Because he walked and talked half an hour after his head was cut off!

When Charles I. was beheaded, off what dish did the executioner dine, and where?

He took a chop at the King's Head.

[We wonder if it struck him to have a tomata with it; but never mind, poor Charles had nothing to do with toe-martyrs, he was a martyr at the other end; we shouldn't have thought of tomatas if it hadn't been for the chop.]

Why ought Charles I. to have preferred burning to decapitation?

Because a hot steak is always preferable to a cold chop.

[Talking of chops just reminds us to ask you, when you are taking that refreshment with a stupid swell, what two things are there of which you wish one and not the other? Why, you wish the fat of the chop, but not the chat of the fop.]

Did King Charles consent to be executed with a cold chop?

We have every reason, my young friends, to believe so, for they most assuredly ax'd him whether he would or no!

He hath seen the tempest lower,
 He hath dared the foeman's spear,
 He hath welcomed death on tide and tower,
 How will he greet him here?
 My *first* was set, and in his place
 You might see the dark man stand,
 With a fearful vizor on his face,
 And a bright axe in his hand.

Short shrift, and hurried prayer :
Now bid the pale priest go ;
And let my *second* be bound and bare,
To meet the fatal blow.
The dark man grinned in bitter scorn,
And you might hear him say,—
“ It was black as jet but yestermorn,
Whence is it white to-day ? ”
“ Rise ! thou art pardoned ! ”—Vain !
Lift up the lifeless clay ;
On the skin no scratch, on the steel no stain,
But the soul hath passed away.
The dark man laid his bright axe by,
As he heard the tower-clock chime,
And he thought that none but my *whole* would die
A minute before the time.

Block-head.



CANTER LXV.



✱ Y *first* if 'tis lost music's not worth a straw ;
My *second's* most graceful (?) in old age or law,
Not to mention divines ; but my *whole* cares for neither,
Eats fruit and scares ladies in fine summer weather.

Ear-wig !

[Earwigs are generally secret and private little things, seeking concealment, but the earwig in our sketch is a public-un ; never mind—earwig-o on to the next.]

Which of Pio Nono's cardinals wears the largest hat ?

Why, the one with the largest head, of course.

[Can't you fancy the poor Pope saying, "I *am* a Pio Nono, and yet I'm sure I'm *not* happy, oh ! no no !"]

What toe would you rather kiss than the Pope's ?

Mrs. Beecher S-towe.

[Well, we don't know ; this is stating rather toe much.

Si le Pape quitte Rome, pourquoi changera-t-il de religion ?

Parce qu'il quittera en Protestant !

Pourquoi Napoléon court-il le risque d'être vaincu ?

Parce qu'il a toujours un N mis (ennemi) devant,
et un N-mis derrière.

As an antithesis to Napoleon :—Why is the letter N like a pig ?

Because it makes a sty nasty.

[One of the nicest uses to put N to would be to change an eclipse into neck lips, which charms, when on a pretty woman, eclipse many others.]

What is the difference between a widow and a window ?

Little if *n-y* ; for the transparent griefs of the one, like the transparent panes of the other, are removed in course of re-pairing ; and the latter is for mankind to look out of, while the former looks out for mankind !!

[What a wonderful letter is N, for, besides making a window of a widow, it metamorphoses a leviathan into two well-known Jews, Levi *N*-athan—makes a bungle of a bugle—Norma a Norman*n*—and even causes the modest violet to become violent !]

What must you add to nine to make it six ?

S, for IX with S is six.

Twice ten are six of us,
Six are but three of us,
Nine are but four of us,
What can we possibly be ?
Would you know more of us ?
I'll tell you more of us :
Twelve are but six of us,
Five are but four, do you see ?

The number of letters contained in each numeral.

If you asked the Alphabet to come to dinner, which letters could not accept your kind invitation till later in the evening ?

The last six, as they couldn't come till after T.

If a gentleman asked his lady-love to take one kind of wine, while he drank another, what two countries would he name?

Port-you-gal; I'll have White.

[Mars(h)ala! as an Arab says, would this be a polite way of addressing his sherry (chérie), his maid-dearer, his young English *made-moselle*? No, indeed! Sauterne away from such an-Asti Chablis (a nasty shabbily) spoken idiot; yer not a-mon-till-yer-do; for we can indeed understand a girl thinking a man—when he addressed her as Port-you-gal—one of the Port you geese, or a single specimen, a Portu-goose.]

Why should a teetotaller not have a wife?

Because he can't sup-porter.

[Poor woman, that would indeed beer bore—for her; she would soon become Allsopp-ale (all so pale) and not stout, that her friends wouldn't know her, and then, in that dire living skeletonsque moment, what would be the use of her husband—the tea-total idiot—wishing her to be content with only her chin chubbier (ginger beer)?]

Why do teetotallers run such a slight risk of drowning?

Because they are so accustomed to keep their noses above water.

Hint to teetotallers!—How can you make one pound of green tea go as far as five pounds of black?

Buy the above quantities in London, and send them down to Brighton.

What is the difference between the cavalry barracks, Brighton, when "the Bays" are stationed therein, and the sponges in your salt-water tub?

The difference is, that if you see the Bays halt in Brighton, you know it is the quarter they are in; but if you see the bay salt in Bath, you know it is not thick water they are in.

Here's another bright 'un: Why is a short man struggling to kiss a tall woman like an Irishman going up Vesuvius?

Because, sure, he's trying to get at the mouth of the crater!

[Quite correct for an Irishman to go up Vesuvius; *he* won't object to the lava, he's so accustomed to one sort of lava—pa-laver—already.]

What is the greatest miracle ever worked in Ireland?

Waking the dead !

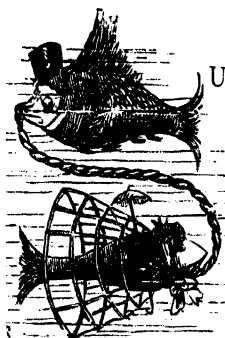
What is the difference between a ship and an Irish priest's congregation?

The former is bound to riverence he (river an' sea), the latter to riverence him.

[St. Patrick, we know, is the Irishman's tutelary genius ; but don't you think a much more appropriate patron saint for him would be St. Lower-rents (Lawrence)?]



CANTER LXVI.



UPPOSING two fishes were to feel disposed to get married, which two do you imagine would make the happiest hymeneal arrangement?

John-Doree and Ann-Chovy!

[Oh yes, the ladies always a-dore a man who belongs to what the French term "The John-esse Dorée."]

When is a man of decidedly fishy extraction?

When his father, though an odd fish, is a good old soul, and his mother a little common plaice.

Why is marriage with a deceased wife's sister like the wedding of two fish?

Because it's a-finny-tie!

A man bought two fishes, but on taking them home found he had three: how was this?

He had two—and one smelt!

[We should imagine they *all* smelt by this time!]

What would a dolphin in a sentry-box look like?

A fish out of water.

[Would not the dolphin phind it dol—that is, dull—and wish that he was once more in his usual condition of a-fish-in-sea (efficiency)?]

Tell us in what does a water-lily resemble a whale?

Why, have they not both to come up to blow?

[There is one thing quite certain, coming to blows often does leave a whale.]

How did Jonah exhibit his feelings when he was swallowed by the whale?

He was down in the mouth, and went to blubber.

[We will undertake to say Jonah was for some time after this a whale-chewed-dinner-ian a (valetudinarian), and that, even when once more convalescent, he couldn't forget the whale of sorrows he had left behind him! What a pity no friend could *bail him out* when he was imprisoned in the water!]

Dans quelle ville trouve-t-on des excellents poissons?

A Jéricho, dont les murailles sont des truites (détruites).

What part of a fish weighs most?

The scales!

[We, however, know of two marine inhabitants, which are exactly what you do *not* weigh fish with, viz. skates and whales, instead of weights and scales!]

Of what religious persuasion—if any—is the sea?

A Quaker—for has it not a broad brim?

[At any rate, whether or no, it makes quakers of us, for have you not heard the story of the man going over to Calais who said, remembering how awfully ill he had been, "that the first hour he was on board he was afraid he should die, and the second hour—the second hour—he was—afraid he should *not*!"]

What part of a fish is like the end of a book?

The fin-is!

What language should a linguist end with?

The Finnish!

[Finnish is nothing without Pol-ish.]

CANTER LXVII.



H Y is a girl's lover like the wheel
of a child's carriage ?

Because he may be seen in an 'appy ramble at
her-side (in any pe-rambul-ator's side).

[We are afraid, as this vehicle is so far-fetched, that the reader won't
either co- or go-inside with us.]

Under what circumstances would a lady refuse every scent
but one ?

When going to marry a man named Richard,
as she then would say, "O-dick-alone let me
have !"

[She herself would be Richard (wretched), and know no Peace and Lubbin'
without him, and so anxious for the above eau-de-cologne that she
would not even yield to a Frangipani (friendship-any) thing. One
would almost imagine Virgil had this idea of a scent in his mind when
he laughingly commenced the well-known scent-ence, "Titter at you,
Patchouli."]

When is love deformed ?

When it's all on one side !

[Have you heard the reply of the husband whose wife said, "You wretch,
I curse the hour we were married" ? "Pity to curse that," answered
he ; "it's the only agreeable hour we ever passed together."]

Why is a flirt like an india-rubber ball ?

Because she's empty, yet full of bounce !

What is the difference between a butcher and a flirt ?

One kills to dress, the other dresses to kill.

[Butcher mustn't tell this to a flirting lady.]

When is a butcher a thorough thief ?

When he steels a knife and cuts away with it.

Those who take me improve, be their task what it may,
Those who have me are sorrowful through the long day ;
I am hated alike by the foolish and wise,
Yet without me none ever to eminence rise.

Pains.

Why are we like caterpillars ?

Because we live in a cabbage.

[Live in a cab-age ! Nonsense ! You might as well say we live in
a band-age.]

Pourquoi les catacombes ressemblent-elles aux jardins des Tui-
leries pendant l'été ?

Parce qu'on y voit beaucoup d'os rangés (d'-
orangers).

Serious reflection apropos of catacombs. My first is the cause
of my second, and my whole ought never to be broken,
though unless it be holy, and be kept so, you can't keep
it at all ?

Sunday.

What bishop on the bench gets the most sleep ?

The Bishop of London, as he goes to bed at
eight (a Tait) and gets up a Tait in the
morning.

[Quite "at eight at eight" we are having with the reader.]

On what side of a church does a yew-tree grow ?

The outside !

Why is a field of grass like a person older than yourself?

Because it's past-your-age.

If you go to Margate, why is it sure to do you good?

Lord Dundreary says, "Becaith ith a Thanetary
pwotheeding."

[Now you know the spot that will do you good, you had better re-Margate in your memorandum-book.]

Was it Ben Jonson who, in comparing two celebrated musicians, said one was Tweedledum, the other only Tweedledee; if so, state which of these two names was the more difficult to write?

Tweedledum, because he wrote the other with more e's (ease).

How do eggs show their anger on being called Heggs?

By becoming eggs-aspirated.

[This is very good, but we are happy to say we never heard eggs AS-pie rated, though we have heard them, as an ingredient OF pie, rated very highly.]

Why is a boy like a puppy?

Because he's a younker (young cur).

[Rather unfortunate that this riddle about a pup-pie should follow the last one about the hard boy-legs in a pie.]

Apropos of these "hard boil eggs," what is that thing which we all eat and all drink, though it is often a man and often a woman?

A toast!

[Come now, we will conclude this canto by giving you a toast, a good old one thus: "Here's to all those that we love, and here's to all those that love us, and here's to all those that love them that love those that love those that love them that love us."]

CANTER LXVIII.



S we are told A was not always the first letter of the alphabet, please tell us when B was the first?

In the days of No-a!

[In the days of no (h)ay what *did* the poor ass (R's) do? However, it won't mend matters thinking about it now; so never mind the donkey, but just tell us, as an L-M-N-tarry observation, if, as these were the days of the fauns and satyrs, they were all called Satyr days?]

What step must I take to remove A from the alphabet?

B-head it!

Why is A like honeysuckle?

Because a B follows it.

[Honey suckle! to be sure he does; at least an Irish nurse says so.]

Why is it right B should come before C?

Because we *must* B before we can C.

[C-D riddle.]

Why is the letter W like scandal?

Because it makes ill will..

Why are two t's like hops?

Because they make beer better!

[Apropos of hops—you know what we mean, the "Mrs. Fitz-Collywabbles' carriage-good-night-enjoyed-myself-so-much-such-a-pleasant-evening" business—apropos of dancing, in fact, isn't waltzing at 3 A.M. rather an anomaly, as it's so whirley and yet so late?]

What composer's name can you give in three letters?

R D T (Arditi).

[Oh yes, you are quite right, O D V is not a bad composer, sometimes, but then you see that leads to "D T"* without the R, unless it be "ah" from the doctor, therefore we prefer R D T simple, as we first stated.]

Spell enemy in three letters?

No, it's not N M E; you're wrong; try again;
it's F O E!

Spell auburn locks in two letters?

S and Y.

[It comes (s)andy to know these things sometimes.]

Spell brandy in three letters?

B R and Y, and O D V.

[But you don't know how to get French brandy out of a French play; therefore listen; buy a vaudeville and cut the head and tail off—v)audevi(lle—and there you are.]

Which are the two most disagreeable letters if you get too much of them?

K N (cayenne)!

The mark of K-N (Cain) is red!! Beware!!! But hush! nothing can be known without *kn*. Go on, it's all right.]

What word is there of five letters, that by taking away two, leaves but one?

Stone.

- "D T," what Mrs. Malaprop would term "delicious trimmins," but which we may explain as meaning "delirium tremens."

What word of one syllable, if you take two letters from it,
remains a word of two syllables?

Plague; ague.

Why is the letter E a gloomy and discontented vowel?

Because though never out of health and pocket,
it never appears in spirits.

What is that which is always in-visible, yet never out of
sight?

The letter S.

Three letters three rivers proclaim;
Three letters an ode give to fame;
Three letters an attribute name;
Three letters a compliment claim.

Ex Wye Dee, L E G (elegy), Energy, and
You excel!

How can you tell a girl of the name of Ellen that she is every-
thing that is delightful in eight letters?

U-r-a-bu-t-l-n.

What is it which occurs twice in a moment, once in a minute,
and not once in a thousand years?

The letter M.

[Most indestructible letter, M; stands for a thousand years, and looks
quite fresh!]

Which is the richest and which the poorest letter in the
alphabet?

S and T, because we always hear of *La Richesse*
and *La Pauvreté*!

Why is A like twelve o'clock?

You know, middle of day.

[Twelve o'clock in France; English midshipman, *midi*, the old story.]

Why is a false friend like the letter P?

Because, though always first in pity, he is ever
last in help.

Why is the letter R like Richmond?

Because it's beyond Q.

[Yes, thankew.]

Why is the letter P like a Roman emperor?

Because its Nero (near O).

[Talk about Nero going on fiddling whilst the house was burning, haven't we seen an orchestral theatrical leader, who was a-n-(h)ero, to go on fiddling whilst the entire house was burning—yes, absolutely burning—with impatience?]

The beginning of eternity,
The end of time and space,
The beginning of every end,
The end of every race?

Letter E.

Why is the letter D like a squalling child?

Because it makes ma mad!

[And oh, please pity the poor party—the husband; the happy possessor, the proud owner of the “mad mother;” the mad owner of the child; the child and the mad owner; oh, what a picture is here, it ought to be engraved—in your-r'collection!]

Why is the letter T like an amphibious animal?

Because it lives both in earth and water.

[Why, the letter A lives in earth and water, and air too; but are not all these letter-riddles rather tame? Might you not almost as well ask why the letter O is like a man who lives at Putney and has an office in Whitechapel? Because he can be found near both ends of London. Really and truly—we say it humbly—we don't think *very* much of many of them. But we hazard yet one more, which you never heard before.]

What letter of the Greek alphabet did the ex-King Otho probably last think of on leaving Athens?

Oh!—my-crown!

He ought to have gone *instantly* to Paris, for Athenians, who are positively mumbling idiots at home, are greatly improved by the change of domicile, because—not a very bene—because many Greeks are wise in France *only* (because, man, i-grecs are y's in France *only*) !]

CANTER LXIX.



HY is an ironmonger the most likely person to make money by causing the alphabet to quarrel?

Because he makes A poke-R
and shove-L, and gets paid
for so doing.

[A monk, you know, also makes money by the alphabet; for is he not accustomed to celibacy (sell A-B-C) and so on? Of course he is.]

If the poker, shovel, and tongs cost 3*l.* 14*s.* 6½*d.*, what would a ton of coals come to?

To ashes!

What part of a lady's dress can a blacksmith make?

No, no, not her crinoline; guess again: why, her-mits.

[Nonsense, we don't mean hermits; we mean he can make an anchor right (anchorite).]

If you and a friend sit at a concert, listening to Handel's ever charming "Harmonious Blacksmith," and he—the friend, not the "H.B."—make a row, how can you, by mentioning a thing hanging over his head, tell him to be quiet?

Say to him—A chandelier (hush, Handel hear)!

[“What a lovely thing is hair-money,” as the Scotch gentleman said on paying—not for a sofa-stall at the Monday Pops, but—for a wig.]

Why is a blacksmith—an inharmonious one this time—the most dissatisfied of all mechanics?

Because he is always on the strike for wages.

Why is selling off bankrupt goods like preparing a basin of soup?

Because it is a liquidation of stock.

What is the difference between the *Times* and its principal article?

One is the Jupiter, the other the Leader.

[We never hear of Jupiter without thinking of one of the best men in the Surrey Eleven, Jupp, whose slogging is of world-wide celebrity; for, by Jupp-hitter! he is a hitter and no mistake.]

What pudding is most serviceable in a game of cricket?

A good batter!

[If you have a good digestion; otherwise that batter will prove a long stop in the same innings, and make you feel-dooood badly. Do you see the point? Pray don't let that slip, at any rate.]

What would be a good epitaph for a cricketer?

"Over." *

What would be a good epitaph for an auctioneer?

"Gone."

What would be a good epitaph for a billiard-marker?

"The long rest."

What would be a good epitaph for a drowned boat's crew?

"Easy all."

What is the difference between photography and the hooping-cough?

One makes fac similes, the other makes sick families.

[Don't forget the next time you meet a photographer to tell him that he's *something* like a moth, because he's a foe-to-grey-fur, and, if he isn't used to puns, he may think it rather droll,—at any rate he'd have to laugh.—Poor man!]

Why is a wide-awake so called ?

Because it never had a nap, and never wants one !

What is the difference between a young lady and a wide-awake hat ?

One has feeling, the other is felt.

[Wide awake-'ats indeed ! Just come and live in our neighbourhood for a week or so, and experience *how* wide awake the wide awake cats are at night : make you wide awake, too ; and, what's worse—keep you so !]

One of the most "wide awake" people we ever heard of was the "one-eyed bagman," who bet a friend he could see more with his one eye than the friend could see with two : how was this ?

Because he saw his friend's two eyes, whilst the other only saw his one.

[The fact of only having one eye appears to produce great effect sometimes, as there can be no possible doubt that a certain antediluvian animal, if he had been blind in one eye, would have been equal to two meals of the present day and some raw spirits into the bargain, all at once : as the dinoterium, with one eye out, would certainly have been equal to dinner, tea, rum, and doubtless numerous other things too.]





COME now, here is something new!—Why, if a man wears a waterproof coat, and sneers at any other protection against the rain, is he like the “Shadow Song” in Dinorah?

Because then, don't you know, he's an umbrella jeerer (ombra legiera)!

Quel est l'objet qu'on recherche le plus lorsqu'on s'en dégoûte?

L'objet qu'on recherche le plus lorsqu'on sent des gouttes, c'est un parapluie!

[Did you ever hear an umbrella speak? No? What, not when an umbrella says dance (a number o' lasses dance)?]

What is worse than raining cats and dogs?

Hailing omnibuses!

[We have very frequently—very frequently, indeed—heard of its “raining cats and dogs,” but we never hear of its snowing sheep. This is odd, extremely odd; for are we not thoroughly accustomed to 'ave all 'aunches of mutton?]

Why is an umbrella like a pancake?

Because it's seldom seen after Lent!

It's your own fault; you shouldn't lend your gingham to people who are not given to brin-gingham back again, that's all we've got to say.]

Why are laundresses no better than idiots?

Because they try to catch soft water when it rains hard !

Apropos of idiots, who is the oldest lunatic on record?

Time out of mind !

I am a good state, there can be no doubt of it ;
But those who are in, entirely are out of it.

Sane ; insane.

When is a man more than one man?

When he's one beside himself !

[We once knew some people who had a mad relation—that's not uncommon, but these people acknowledged it—well, they told us that he was quite harmiess, but that he was a tremendous sleep-walker. We gave them the advice we should give any somnambulist—*let him sleep in his boots.*]

What is better than presence of mind in a railway accident?

Absence of body !

[Ah ! a railway accident is the thing to make people alert (all hurt), though perhaps it *doesn't* make them look alive !]

What is the difference between the punctual arrival of a train and a collision?

One is quite an accident, the other—*isn't* !

Why is travelling by the Underground Railway dangerous?

Because then you are sure to be run over by cabs and omnibuses.

[There is one thing in railway travelling which ought always to be borne in mind, which is, that the proverb "Better late than never" does NOT apply to the last train at night.]

Why is a telescopic view of a certain French seaport like a parcel sent by the Pneumatic Despatch?

Because it's B'logne through a tube !!

[Ah ! we have heard people speak of Boulogne as being "Blown" very often ; also as Bull-join ; but that's not the same, though it certainly is "blown"—by flies and bluebottles, those warlike insects who lay their blows on all around ; but we don't mind that : we even look for a blow in a fly sometimes—at Brighton of course.]

CANTER LXXI.



HY is it not flattery to tell an old lady that she is "beautiful as an angel"?

Because, if we believe what we
read, the angels must be very
ancient!

Of course you remember the old, old pun—was it St. Augustine's?—
about "Angeli non Angli si Christiani forint;" wasn't it c ever in a
forin-t-ongue?]

Why are ladies who wear large crinolines ugly?

Because they are not even passable!

How many people does a termagant of a wife make herself and
worser half amount to?

Ten; herself 1, husband 0—total 10!

[Subject ten-der!]

What is the superlative of temper?

Tempest!

[We wonder if in the "*good old time*" cross people had better *tempus* than
they have now.]

When is it a good thing to lose your temper?

When it's a bad un!

[Like one of the angel's (a fallen angel's) was—Abaddon!]

Why does a scolding woman keep people at a distance?

Because she's ever a railing, and you can't get
over her style!

[That, as a most celebrated Latin Professor once remarked, may be termed
"potius aper"—rather a bore!]

On what day of the year do women talk least?

On the shortest day!

What is the best way to keep a man's love?

Not to return it!

Why is a wedding-ring like eternity?

Because it has no beginning and no end!

What may some of the non-commissioned officers of the Blues
be said to be now undergoing?

The bonds of High-men!

[A man in the Blues once said he continually had thoughts of marriage put
into his head by his servant—tall man, 6 ft. 3—as everything he did was
such a perfect high-mensial arrangement.]

Why does a young lady prefer her mother's fortune to her
father's?

Because, though she likes patrimony, she still
better likes—matrimony!

Why is love like Irish poplin?

Because it's half stuff!

Why is a deceptive woman like a seamstress?

Because she is not what she seams!

["Not bad," the friendly reader may remark, button the hole perhaps it's
sewnly sew sew; a-hem! and a needles(s) addition to our work.]

When does a man stand a good chance of being completely
sewn up?

When he has a stitch in his side!

Why does a dressmaker never lose her hooks?

Because she has an eye to each of them!

[This riddle about the dressmakers being so careful, has something of
They-adore Hooks style about it.]

What is the difference between a farmer and a seamstress ?

One gathers what he sows, the other sews what she gathers !

State the difference between a cow and an old chair.

One gives milk, the other gives—way !

If Richard Jones were milking a cow too quickly, what ancient name might that animal mention ?

Milk-easy-Dick !

[To borrow a fine old joke, the cow would want a great deal of the *suaviter in modo*, and less of the *four-teat-er in re* !]

Apropos of talking cows, if you were going to kill a conversational goose (how many of them do we not know !), what vegetable would she allude to ?

Ah !-spare-a-geese !

[This reminds us of the Cockney's celebrated conundrum—

“ My first is a little bird as hops,
My second comes with May crops,
My 'ole you eats with mutton chops ? ”

Sparrer-grass, that being his notion of asparagus ; but we don't think much of his (s)para-phrase.]



CANTER LXXII.



EGIN this Canto by telling us the best thing to do to enjoy the happiness of courting?

To get a little gal-an'-try.

[Yes, that is cheering. But there is one sort of courtin' which is most damping to the spirits, namely, to be caught-in a heavy shower of rain; that is, indeed, a true-bad-hour for serene-ading—as follows, for instance.]

If you were my first, and I were my whole,
My second might go where he pleased;
For you'd be caressed, and I should be blessed,
And the rest of my life would be eased.
(And the wheels of life's cart would be greased.)

Bride-groom.

My first, though 'tis dirty, 's a thing to a door;
My second is made into cakes and a bun;
My third is, believe me, by none thought a bore;
My whole we have frequently been led to believe by
many authors of the United States is very often
indeed called one.

Mat-ry(e)-money.

Why is a cross old bachelor like the preceding conundrum?

Because he's averse to matrimony!

My first makes company,
My second shuns company,
My third assembles company,
My whole puzzles company?

Co-nun-drum!

Apropos of conundrums, why is it not astonishing that some people laugh at the weather prophecies instituted by Admiral Fitzroy?

Because they treat them as only the effects of a cone an' drum (conundrum)!

[Admirable riddle!]

How is it England and Russia conjointly govern the ocean?

Because England rules the waves, and Russia the serfs!

[Though union is strength, we venture, nevertheless, to ob-serf that we English can wave Russia in the dominion of the seas; so hooray for Britannia and the lion, who rule the sea-rule-lion (cerulean) waves!]

What nation is it which when allied with us becomes the very home of despair?

Tartar-us!

[By the by, can Tartars sing cantatas, or do they, as some one has said, go in more for the tater-can than the cantata?]

You name me once, and I am famed
For deeds of noble daring;
You name me twice, and I am found
In savage customs sharing?

Tar-tar.

[If you name him once—disrespectfully—wouldn't a tar pitch into you? Why, you'd get what the French call a "coup de tar" at once.]

What's the difference between the Emperor of Russia and a beggar?

One issues manifestoes; the other manifests toes without 'is shoes.

Why is the Emperor of Russia like a greedy schoolboy on Christmas-day?

Because he's confounded Hung(a)ry, and longs for Turkey!

[As the Hungarians look upon this potentate as a "Pest," and the Turks think him anything but "Constant-an'-noble," in one case, you will observe, he is considered "Capital," in the other he isn't. How droll, considering he is not beloved so *very* much by either!]

What is the difference between the Emperor of Russia's policy and a cook hunting for blackbeetles?

One is (h)encroaching, the other cockroaching!

[And the one, as some funny fellow says, often orders a knouting, the other gets it—an outing—sometimes on a Sunday.]

What part of a bag of grain is like a Russian soldier?

A coarse-sack!

[Say Tar-tar, or thank you, for this piece of russialan information, or we shall of Cossack-cuse you of ingratitude!]

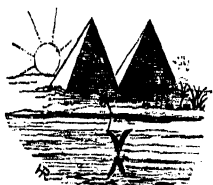
What is the difference between the Emperor of Russia and the *Times*?

One is the type of despotism, the other the despotism of type.

[The *Times* frequently makes a paraphrase, but the Emperor of Russia does more than that, for—like a cutler—he is continually making a pair of razors in a new case (a paraphrase, sirs, in an ukase) !]



CANTER LXXIII.



A Y we ask you why you can't starve in the Desert?

Because of the sand-which-is there, to say nothing of the Pyramid of Ch(e)ops!

Ah! but how did the sandwiches get there?

Because Ham was sent there, and his followers mustard and bre(a)d!

[Thus, you see, as a nation sprang from Ham, this riddle requires but little ex-Ham-a-nation to be understood.]

Why is the Hebrew persuasion the best of all persuasions?

Because it's one that admits of no gammon!

What is the most ancient mention made of a banking transaction?

When Pharaoh got a check on the Red Sea Bank, which was crossed by Moses!

[Suez-side-al act of Pharaoh to try and get Phar-aoh-ver the Red Sea in that peculiar spot.]

Why are American greenbacks like the Jews?

Because they are the produce of Abraham, and no one knows if they will ever be redeemed.

What is the difference between Abimelech and the Earl of Shrewsbury?

One's the son of a high tub (Ahitub), the other's the son of a tall butt (Talbot)!

If Abraham, when riding a hired horse, had met his wife, what medicine would he have named—always supposing the patriarch to have been in a jewcose humour?

Sal I'm on a hack!

[This sal-ammoniac pun would have been quite enough to make Sal a maniac!]

What's the difference between Hagar starting into the wilderness and a boy going to learn French?

One was going to leave Abraham, the other to leave Isaac (Levisac)!

[Hagaravating and horrid boy! If he had called Levisac leave Isaac, he wouldn't have had to leave a sack, but would certainly have got it—the sack—to take with him for making such a false quantity.]

Riddle made expressly as an example of the danger of false quantities. If you pay ready money for a dozen Malta blood oranges, and only get eight for your money, of what ancient sect may they be termed an example?

The eight in place of twelve may be termed Pithy gorŷ uns (Pythagorëans)—by reason of the false quantity!

Apropos of Malta, why were the governments of Algiers and Malta as different as light to darkness?

One, you know, was governed by Deys, the other by Knights!!

[We should imagine that this pun about a Dey must be Vizier-ble to the most obtuse intellect.]

Why is there no such thing as an entire day?

Because every day begins by breakfasting—nonsense! we mean every day begins by breaking!

[Eggs-actly.]

What is that which every living being has seen, but never will see again?

Yesterday.

This is a teaser!—What is it which *will be* yesterday, and *was* to-morrow?

Why, to-day, of course!

By well employing my second you will never regret my first, and you will the more thoroughly enjoy my whole?

Past-time!

[These “firsts” and “seconds” always remind us of a widow who is continually talking about “my dear departed first, my never-to-be-forgotten second, my late lamented third,” and so on—just as if these poor fellows were part of a great matrimonial charade!]

And what question is that to which you positively must answer *yes*?

What does y-e-s spell?



CANTER LXXIV.



WHAT prescription is the best
for a poet?

A composing
draught!

Why is an author the most
wonderful man in the
world?

Because his tail
comes out of
his head!

[This only applies to authors, and to no author sort of man!]

Why are cheese-mites like a book of Bulwer's?

Because they are the Pilgrims of the Rhine!

[The Rhin(d)—don't you understand? We shall be quite Bulwer-sé, as the
French say, if you don't see this!]

Why was Bulwer more likely to get tired of novel-writing than
Warren?

Because Bulwer wrote "Night and Morning,"
Warren only "Now and Then."

[Bulwer's works may be termed the Bulwerks of English literature.]

What author would eye-glasses and spectacles mention to the world if they could only speak?

You see by us (Eusebius)!

Why is a wax candle like Mr. Dickens's—the immortal Dickens—last book?

Because it's a cereal work.

If you suddenly saw a house on fire, what three celebrated authors would you feel at once disposed to name?

Dickens—Howitt—Burns!

[This is what you Macaulay riddle. It is brilliant by itself, and wants no salad oil (Sala, Doyle), or anything else, thrown in, to make it Burn-and-merry!]

When is a slug like a poem of Tennyson's?

When it's in a garden ("Enoch Arden")!

[You *may* possibly think "Enoch Arden" a mistake; but if you fall out with a prize-fighter, you'll find *that* he-knock-hard-an' *no* mistake!]

What question of three words may be asked Tennyson concerning a brother poet, the said question consisting of the names of three poets only?

Watt's Tupper's Wordsworth!

Name the difference between a field of oats and M. F. Tupper.

One is cut down, the other cut up!

[Fancy asking Mr. Tupper if he would enjoy being Poet-Laureate! wouldn't he just say, "I bay-leaf yer, my boy"?]

How do we know Lord Byron did not wear a wig?

Because every one admired his coarse-hair so much!

[Applause-ible riddle, and one which is by no means Baron of wit, so ap-Lord it!]

How do we know Lord Byron was good-tempered ?

Because he always kept his choler down !

How can you instantly convict one of error when stating who was the earliest poet ?

By mentioning one Prior !

[Mention this one Prior over A-bott-le. It will make it *Superior* ; so, of course, less dry !]

What is the most melancholy fact in the history of Milton ?

That he could "recite" his poems, but not re-sight himself !

Why do we speak of poetic fire ?

Because, if the ancient Scandinavians had their "Scalds," we have also had our Burns !

[And we frequently have volumes of—smoke, don't you know !]

If a tough beefsteak could speak, what English poet would it mention ?

Chaw-sir !

[We question if the answer to this riddle be not in some people's opinions —a chouser !]

Come from my First, ay, come ;

The battle dawn is nigh,

And the screaming trump and the thundering drum

Are calling thee to die.

Fight, as thy father fought ;

Fall, as thy father fell :

Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought ;

So forward and farewell !

PUNIANA.

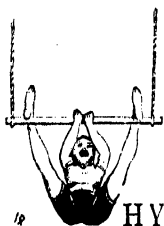
Toll ye my Second, toll ;
Fling high the flambeau's light ;
And sing the hymn for a parted soul
Beneath the silent night ;
The helm upon his head,
The cross upon his breast,
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed :
Now take him to his rest !

• Call ye my Whole, go call
The lord of lute and lay ;
And let him greet the sable pall
With a noble song to-day ;
Appell him by his name,
No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's fame
On the turf of a soldier's grave !

Camp-bell (Campbell).



CANTER LXXV.



H Y has Léotard such a wonderful digestion?

Because he lives on ropes and poles, and thrives.

[And the best of it is, O Reader, that it's your-rope he chiefly makes his money by.]

If Léotard fell off his trapeze, what would he fall against?

Why, most certainly against his inclination.

[And most *certainly* against the inclination of the people he tumbled on !]

What song did the little dog sing who was blown off the Chain Pier at Brighton?

" My Bark is on the Sea."

[Poor little feller ; it's quite a Barkarole.]

What did the sky-terrier do when he came out of the Ark?

Bark? No. Wag his tail? No. Scratch himself? No. He went smelling about for ere-a-rat that was there to be found.

What did the tea-kettle say when tied to the little dog's tail?

"After you!"

[We should have thought it more probable that it said "Kettle-long with you!"]

What did the pistol-ball say to the wounded duellist?

"I hope I give satisfaction."

What is the difference between an alarm bell put on a window at night, and half an oyster?

One is shutter-bell, the other but a shell.

[To see an' hear a window-sill rattle its bell is all very well and safe; but to see an heroine docile who, though *belle*, doesn't rattle, is much better and—safer!]

I am borne on the gale in the stillness of night,
A sentinel's signal that all is not right.
I am not a swallow, yet skim o'er the wave;
I am not a doctor, yet patients I save;
When the sapling has grown to a flourishing tree,
It finds a protector henceforward in me?

Bark!

[Bark! ah indeed, Toby sure, of course; for—to continue the poetical style—

The dog who *ought* to fright the thief with—growling,
Keeps *instead*—the whole house wide awake with—howling!
Nevertheless, we *have* heard a musical Bach.]

Why is a little dog's tail like the heart of a tree?

Because it's farthest from the bark!

[Of course we mean the bark of the canine (quinine) species.]

Why are the Germans like quinine and gentian?

Because they are two-tonics!

Oh! *German genitale*, as they say in Latin, oh ye genteel Germans, what do you think of that!]

My first is a prop, my second's a prop, and my whole is a prop?

"Dear me!" you exclaim, "this is very proper;
"what is it?" Why, a foot-stool, to be sure.

When giving a man an opportunity of using one of your footstools, say this to him—

My first I hope you are,
My second I see you are,
My whole I know you are.

Wel-come.

My first is not, nor is my second, and there is no doubt that, until you have guessed this puzzle, you may reckon it my whole?

Non-plus!

'That,' as the footman said, "reely his a knee plush hultra of a good un."}]

My love for you will never know
My first, nor get my second ;
'Tis like your wit and beauty, so
My whole 'twill aye be reckoned.

End-less!

[Not end-less,—that is unless,—you promise not to *lend* this book to people; make them buy it for themselves; they've got lots of money.]



CANTER LXXVI.



O you know when a gourmand finds it impossible to bridle—we ought perhaps to say curb—his appetite?

When he wants a bit in his mouth
out of a saddle of mutton.

[Of c'horse he does !]

Why should a horse never be hungry on a journey?

Has he not a bit in his mouth !

[As Dr. Johnson says, what a sad sad-dle horse he must find it—and himself—when he is deprived of his bit !]

My first is irrational,
My second is rational,
My third mechanical,
My whole scientific?

Horse-man-ship.

[“My second” most certainly is frequently “rash-on-all” subjects connected with “my first and third.”]

Pourquoi la Reine de l'Angleterre n'assiste-t-elle jamais aux courses de chevaux ?

Parceque les chevaux en Angleterre courent toujours sur la Reine (l'arène).

[Should you ever ride, as you most probably will, a mare, and take up your bridle as usual, don't let anything earthly tempt you to lead the conversation to "Catherine de Medicis," and then—"drag in" the "*Rein(e) Mère*." It wouldn't be much of a pun, even if you got her in neatly.]

What is most like a horse's foot ?

A mare's.

[Never an alderman's, though we don't know why it shouldn't be, for he has his (s)ocks over his feet !]

Why is a horse an anomaly in the hunting-field ?

Because the better tempered he is the easier he takes a-fence (offence).

Why is a man for whom nothing is good enough like a hyena galloping ?

Because he's a fast-hideous beast !

[A bashful bachelor remarks that he rather likes hyena gallopin' (eyein' a gal hoppin'), more especially if she's a laughin' eye-in-her !]

• Why is riding fast up a steep ascent like a little pet dog's female puppy suffering from the rheumatism ?

Because it's a gal-pup-ill !! (gal(o)p up (h)ill).

[Don't say "Oh !" at this, dear Reader, as the o-h is not meant to be sounded, but just swallow the gal-pup-ill joke as fast as you would gulp a pill.]

What is a dogma—not a dog ma—a dogma ?

An opinion laid down with a snarl !

Why is an insane female dog which has been shot like the Bolero danced in England ?

Because it's a Madrid dance out of its Spain (a mad riddance out of its pain).

[Apropos of our Spanish riddle, *don't*—DO NOT—confound, as some people will *insist* on doing, a matador with a door-mat ; they really are not the same, although certainly a bull-let-in has been known to pass over both.]

Why is a turnpike like a dead dog's tail?

Because it stops a waggin'.

[Yes, like Guy Fawkes, who died in torture, that tail will have no wag any more (no agony more).]

Why is it only natural that the memory of Guy Fawkes should be execrated?

Because he was the inventor of parliamentary trains, and they are, oh! so wretchedly slow.

[As, however, James I. and his peers were *not* burnt up, Fawkes cannot correctly be termed a specimen of the toasting-forks of the peer-iod; on the contrary, he was toasted himself, cut in four, and put in the rack! Poor Forks! I think guy may add, his story and plot will never be Fork-hot—Why, that's almost poetry; isn't it pretty?]



CANTER LXXVII.



! WHY—oh! why does a duck put her head under water, and why does she bring it up again?

For divers reasons, and for sun-dry causes!

[As we have made the little duck in our sketch a sort of Lady-Good-diver, and a Sylph-evident specimen of the water sprite, she can't be a Dryad—dition to our book.]

What fashionable game do frogs play at—besides leap-frog?

Croaky!

[At any rate, the ball at croquet is frequently toad (toe'd.)]

How can you learn to love your enemies?

Play at croquet!

[“Froggy he would a-woeing go, heigho! says—” and so on—you know.]

Why is a pretty girl's pleased-merry-bright-laughing-eye no better than an eye destroyed?

Because it's an-eye-elated

There's a word composed of three letters alone
Which reads backwards and forwards the same,
It expresses the sentiments warm from the heart,
And to beauty lays principal claim !

Eye.

[Don't you take the beam out of your eye if you've a beam in it ; it's very pretty.]

What word is it which, by changing a single letter, becomes its own opposite ?

United ; untied.

Show that a simple typographical error was the cause of the late defeats of the poor Austrians ?

They sent for reserves, and got reverses !

[Correctly speaking, these latter specimens are more metagrams—transpositions of letters—than riddles, apropos of which fact did you ever hear the metagram made on “Horatio Nelson,” “honor est a Nilo” (honour is from the Nile)? It is only surpassed by one made on Antonius Magliabechius, a most celebrated book-worm, of whom it was said metagrammatically, “Is unus bibliotheca magna” (“He in himself is a great library”) ; but the following are not bad specimens of transposing :—Astronomers=no more stars, or moon-starers ! Elegant=neat leg. Impatient=Tim in a pet. Catalogues=got as a clue. Old England=golden land ! Punishment=nine thumps ! Misanthrope=spare him not. Presbyterian=best in prayer. Revolution=to love ruin ! Radical reform=rare mad frolic ! Telegraphs=great helps !! Matrimony=into my arm ! Midshipman=mind his map ! Parliament=partial men. Parishioners=I hire parsons. Sweetheart=there we sat ! Sir Robert Peel=terrible poser !!!]

Ever running on my race,
Never staying at one place,
Through the world I make my tour,
Everywhere at the same hour.
If you please to spell my name,
Reversed or forward 'tis the same ?

Noon.

What three words did Adam use when he introduced himself to Eve, which read backwards and forwards the same ?

“Madam, I'm Adam !”

At what time of the day was Adam born ?

A little before Eve !

Why was the first day of Adam's life the longest ?

Because it had no Eve !

How were Adam and Eve prevented from gambling ?

Their pair o' dice was taken away from them !

What stone should have been placed at the gate of Eden after the Expulsion ?

Adam ain't in ! (adamantine).

The following is a very fine sell if properly "led up to :"—
Who was the first man ?—Adam. Well, who was the first woman ?—Eve was. Well, then, who killed Cain ? The answer will very likely be—Abel !!

[Do you remember that delightful picture of Leech's—one which we believe Adam-ense success—"In the Bay of Biscay, oh !" the young lady with the walking-stick ; *that* was one of the most agreeable illustrations of Cain with Abel, that is, A-Belle with Cane, we ever remember to have seen.]

Why did Adam bite the apple Eve gave him ?

Because he had no knife !

[And nowhere—as a Frenchman would say—to *couteau* (go to) to get one.]

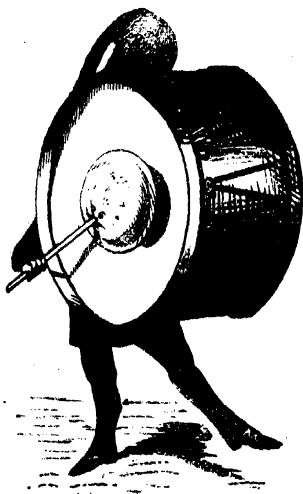
Why is Great Britain like Palestine ?

Because it's the Holy Land (whole island).

[Some waggish I.L. whisky drinker may think Ireland *still* more like Palestine ; for is it not the land of Kinahan (Canaan) ?]



CANTER LXXVIII.



E P L Y to the following grand idea. When may a gran' idea—pshaw! one of the Footguards—be said to be “tight?”

When he's a drum
(had rum)!

[This big drum joke is, as a Frenchman would say, a very *gross case* of punning, but we are sure *you can't* re-fusilier—that is, refuse a smile at it—for there are now few-sillier ideas in the book !]

What games are most played by soldiers?

Hazard and picket!

[And occasionally, on sacking a foreign town, a little “cribbage” in the “*vin tun*” and beer-barrel way, when he also goes in for a trifle in the “bag-hotel” way; and, when the warrior has a spear through him, what do you call that but a little “lance skin eh?” of course.]

What is that which is put on the table and cut, but never eaten?

A pack of cards.

What card manufacturer, asks our Cockney friend, should you imagine the most likely one to give, not sell, you cards?

Deller Roo, because it's the dealer who always gives cards!

[Don't you go and ask him to stand a few packs, however, or perhaps you'll get some diaries (dire rise) out of him instead.]

Why may not the proprietor of a forest fell his own timber?

Because no one is allowed to cut when it's his own deal.

Apropos of deal, and mahogany, and so on, we presume you have seen the Great Bed of Ware—don't say "Ware is it?" that's childish. Well, it is, or was, we believe, the *largest* bed in existence! but do you know what the *oldest* piece of furniture in the world is?

The multiplication table!

How can you take 45 from 45, and let the remainder be 45?

Thus—

$$\begin{array}{r} 9\ 8\ 7\ 6\ 5\ 4\ 3\ 2\ 1 = 45 \\ 1\ 2\ 3\ 4\ 5\ 6\ 7\ 8\ 9 = 45 \\ 8\ 6\ 4\ 1\ 9\ 7\ 5\ 3\ 2 = 45 \end{array}$$

Which is the greatest number, six dozen dozen or half a dozen dozen?

Why six dozen dozen, of course!

[This dozen-deed appear odd, dozen't it? But if we go on writing this sort of stuff much longer, we shall be half a do-zen ourselves in a minute, and this snooze wouldn't interest you a bit.]

What is that which, the more you take from it, the larger it grows?

A hole!

What is the difference between twice twenty-two, and twice wo and twenty?

One is forty-four, and the other twenty-four.

The following is an excessively clever puzzle, very amusing :—

A hundred and one by fifty divide,
And next let a cypher be duly applied ;
And if the result you should rightly divine,
You'll find that the whole makes but one out of nine ?

CI, CLI, CLIO (Clio, the Muse of History), one
of "the happy Nine"—happy nine muses, not
happy-nine mountains) !

By equal division—I know I am right—
The half of thirteen you'll find to be eight.

XIII, $\frac{viii}{xiii}$, VIII.

[It was on hearing this most elaborate proposition solved that the old gentleman of fourscore and two said "he felt in a state of be-eighty-two-d."]

If a bee could stand on its hind legs, what blessing would it invoke ?

A bee-attitude !

[The nobleman who had Ude for his cook, might have remarked to that chef of the Cordons bleus, on sitting down to his some-chew-us dinner, "Is it not thus adding a blessing to be-at-it-Ude !"]

Apropos of the tremendous bills a *chef* like that must engender, tell a man to write down, without hesitation, in figures, twelve thousand twelve hundred and twelve pounds ?

We hope he will do it correctly. Thus : £13212.

Why is a blockhead deserving of promotion ?

Because he is equal to any post !

Tell us, why was William Tell like a post ?

Because they couldn't get a bough out of him !

[Gessler—the tyrant of whom Tell spoke as your supper (usurper) which didn't agree with him—hung his cap or hat—we forget which—on a lofty pole, to make it a cap-high-tall crime not to bow to it ; therefore Tell, before they played bag-a-Tell with him, was only a man darin' hats hung high, and *not*, as some illiterate people suppose, a mandarin at Shanghai.]

CANTER LXXIX.



O U perhaps know why an artist is stronger than a horse?

Because he can draw Windsor Castle all by himself, and take it clean away in his pocket if necessary.

Many people, however, who are not artists, can also draw beautifully—corks, and more especially—bills; but then they tell you flying a kite is so innocent and childlike an amusement, there can be no harm in it.]

Why is money often moist?

Because it's frequently dew in the morning, and mist at night.

Apropos of money, &c., why are lawyers such uneasy sleepers?

Because they lie first on one side, and then on the other, and remain wide awake all the time.

And what do they do when they die?

Lie still !!

When is a lawyer like a donkey?

When drawing a conveyance.

Why is a barrister's wig like two florins and a sixpence?

Because it's four and six sir, (forensic, sir).

[For insects, sir? a barrister's wig? Oh! law! how horrid!]

What proverb must a lawyer *not* act up to?

Take the dill for the weed! Nonsense, we mean
he must not take the will for the deed!

Those who have me do not wish for me:

Those who have me do not wish to lose me:

Those who gain me have me no longer?

Law-suit.

If an attorney send his clerk to a client with a bill, and the
client tell him to "go to the d——l," where does the
clerk go?

Straight back to the lawyer!

Un filou peut-il prendre pour devise, Honneur à Dieu?

Non, car il faut qu'il dise, Adieu honneur!

What is the difference between good scenery and bad?

One is Grassmere, the other mere grass.

[Rather in the stale style of that old joke about "the maids of Cashmere,
and the maids of mere cash," this riddle, isn't it?]

"'Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on!'

Were the last words of Marmion."

If I had been in Stanley's place,

When Marmion urged him to the chase,

Your quicker sight would soon descry

The cause of tears in every eye!

On-Stanley-on—On-i-on.

Why will scooping out a turnip be a noisy process?

Because it makes it hollow!

The names of which two Greek poems will you mention on
alluding to their author's peculiar manner and indisposition?

Homer's Odd-I-see and Ill-I-add!!

What is the difference between a choir-master—say Mr. Henry Leslie—and ladies' dresses, A.D. 1866?

The one trains a choir, the others acquire trains.

[We can't think choir choirs spelt choirs, and why not quires?]

When is sugar like a pig's tooth?

When in a hog's head.

If you met a pig in tears, what animal's name might you mention to it?

Pork you pine!

[Especially as it was a *fret*-full one you met——ahem! Shakespeare.]

Why is a whirlpool like a donkey?

Because it's an-eddy.

[A neddyfying thing to know is, that if you *do* get a chance of kissing a young lady, and *don'* kiss her, she'll assuredly say, "You donkey, sir."]

When would a bed make the best hunting-ground?

When it's made a New Forest (anew for rest).

What trade was the man who killed William Rufus?

A Bill sticker.

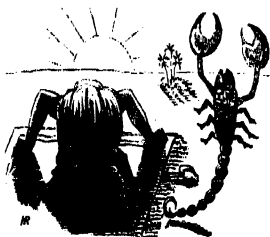
If the tops of the Tower were out of repair, what two historical names would they mention?

Wat Tyler Will Rufus .

[We always mix up Wattila with Att Tyler, that is, Wat Tyler with At-tila; the one leading his dred Huns, the other his hun-dreds. It is very stupid of us—we wish we didn't do it.]



CANTER LXXX.



EARNING ever for information, we request an answer to the following. As an Arab's religion tells him to dip his feet, and lay his head on his carpet in praying, is that *l'eau* (Low) Church in both senses?

No, it's only Allah Mode—the fashion—in the East.

[The “dips,” however, are fully accounted for if the Arab either does it (t)aller, or does it-a *l'eau* (tallow) mode, that you mus-tallow.]

The proverb says, “One swallow does not make Spring;” when is the proverb wrong?

When the swallow is one gulp at a big boiling hot cup of tea in a railway station, as, if that one swallow does not make one spring, we should be glad to hear what does.

Apropos of this spring maker, this *hirundo* (I run do), how many Spanish noblemen does it take to make one Englishman run?

Ten-dons!

[Pshaw! let us Spanish such an idea from our minds.]

What French student is most like a young English medical gent?

One of the Saw bones (Sorbonnes).

What is that which we all swallow before we speak?

Pap!

My first begins with a B, my second begins with a B, and my whole is generally said of a Ba-By.

Hum-bug!

Enigma guessers, tell me what I am.
 I've been a drake, a fox, a hare, a lamb—
 You all possess me, and in every street
 In varied shape and form with me you'll meet ;
 With Christians I am never single known,
 Am green, or scarlet, brown, white, grey, or stone.
 I dwelt in Paradise with Mother Eve,
 And went with her, when she, alas ! did leave.
 To Britain with Caractacus I came,
 And made Augustus Cæsar known to fame.
 The lover gives me on his wedding-day,
 The poet writes me in his natal lay ;
 The father always gives me to each son,
 It matters not if he has twelve or one ;
 But has he daughters ?—then 'tis plainly shown
 That I to them am seldom but a loan.

Name.

What is that which belongs to yourself, yet is used by every one more than yourself?

Your name.

[And yet a rifleman will tell you that when he takes an-aim it is entirely for his own use.]

Why is the *Warrior*, or any other of our ironclads, like Minton's fountain in the late International Exhibition?

Owing to its sea-ram-ic (ceramic) properties.

What's the difference between the fire coming out of the *Warrior's* chimney and the steam coming out of a flannel shirt airing?

One is the flames from the funnel, the other the fumes from the flannel.

[Some may think this very funnely written, others that it's infunnely bad. However, "Sam ate a gal," as the French say; we are sorry, but can't help it.]

Apropos of the French, what tongue is it that frequently hurts and grieves you, and yet does not speak a word?

The tongue of your shoe.

[Don't confuse shoe gear tongues with sugar tongs, as we know of no charm or feet-iche that can possibly connect them.]

Why is a Joint Stock Company *not* like a watch?

Because it does *not* go on after it is wound up!

When may a man be said to be personally involved?

When he is wrapped up in himself.

[You may then be almost certain he isn't worth a rap in any other way.]

Riddle for anybody who, like a great theatrical manager, is often Boozy-called. Why ought golden sherry to suit tipplers?

Because it's toppers' (topaz) colour.

[If any Cockney, who is often boozy, ever play the flute, we earnestly beseech him—when tipsy—*not* to attempt the music from the Sober-flute; he may bite his nails, and thereby have Done Chewin' (Don Juan) at his fingers' ends whenever he feels so disposed, but we implore him to leave that horrid flute of his in peace(es).]

What is the difference between a certain celebrated melodrama and the late Lord Clyde?

One was Colin born (Colleen Bawn), the other Colin christened.

[Funny to say, however, you hear ophicleid (of a Clyde) in both instances, whether you are at the play, or asking the above question about the great man who, during his life of active service, was ever more accustomed to the Camp-bell than the Clyde.]

CANTER LXXXI.



H A T was it gave the Indian eight and ten-
legged gods their name of Manitous?

Why, their many toes, of course !

[If *we* had ten legs, and lived in a happy hunting-ground, we promise you
we should not be idol for a moment.]

What should a man's wife be like?

A lamb ; young, playful, tender, nicely dressed,
and with—"mint" sauce !

[Wouldn't a cannibal like to get hold of such a wife ; wouldn't he love her
and dote upon her—roasted !]

Our Cockney friend asks us why, if 'e puts some *ile* into 'ashed mutton, it would turn it to 'ashed 'are?

He says, "Because it would make an ile 'ash (eye-lash) of it!"

Apropos of eating oil, here is a joke about people accustomed to the Colza (cold, sir): Why should we pity the young Esquimaux?

Because each one of them is born to blubber!

[And ever to be-wail fishing, and walking with his snows frozen.]

My first is of illustrious line,
Of beauteous form (!) and face divine (!!) ; *
Which when my second does assail,
Both form and beauty then do fail ;
My whole an arduous task to do
With wives who hoity-toity ways pursue?
Man-age.

Why *does* a man permit himself to be henpecked?

Because he's chicken-hearted!

[Yes, that's why his henpecker is always "cheekin'" him!]

Why is your considering yourself handsome like a chicken?

Because it's a matter of a-pinion!

[The sort of pinion we like with chicken is a Cham-pinion; there's not mushroom for improvement in that, if it isn't a sham *cham-pignon*, then it's dangerous.]

Why would a compliment from a chicken be an insult?

Because it would be in fowl language!

[Ah! then don't let's have it, for if (f)owl language be used before us we always hoot.]

"O *Pimple-er dulcis!*" as Horace puts it. Book I. Ode 26.

Why is an aristocratic—one might almost say an heiress-tocratic
—seminary for young ladies like a fulower garden ?

Because it's a place of haughty culture !

[Can't you fancy some vapid he-haw-ing swell, without a *first* idea, much less a second one, telling this joke to a lot of girls, and adding—by accident—"Haw ! I'm—haw ! very gla-ad this hawty cultchaw joke has—haw-tickled-yaw fancy !"]

Why are young ladies, born deaf, sure to be more exemplary
than young ladies not so afflicted ?

Because they have never erred in their lives !

[A more polite way to speak of a deaf person is, to say he is one rather deaf-ficient in hearing ; also, should you ever see a deaf gentleman with his—his trumpet, his speaking trumpet we mean, don't pretend to believe he's going to play a solo, because you know he isn't, unless it be on the drum—— — — of his ear.]

Why are deaf people like India shawls ?

Because you can't make them here !

[And, what's more, it's very hard work trying.]

Why is an undutiful son, like one born deaf ?

Because your voice is lost upon him !

[A deaf person should try living in Ireland for a little, as it is the Land
of 'Earin !]

What is the difference between a spendthrift and a pillow ?

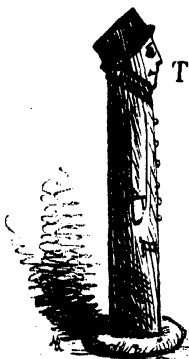
One is hard up, the other is soft down !

[Talk about feather-beds being soft ! why, you'd imagine there were lots of quill pens, and entire cocks and hens with their claws going every way, in some we have slept on. Soft indeed ! nasty stuffy things !]

And—apropos of spendthrifts—which is the more valuable, a
five-pound note or five sovereigns ?

The note, because when you put it in your pocket you double it, and when you take it out again you see it increases.

CANTER LXXXII.



It is often asked who first introduced salt pork into the Navy?

Noah, when he took Ham into the Ark!

Not a rather Bene than otherwise. Noah got so sick of ham in the ark, that he said he was ark-ustomed to see it ad Noah see Ham!! (*ad nauseam*).]

Who was the first man?

Chap. I.—mentioned in Genesis.

Who took in the first newspapers?

Cain took A-Bell's Life, and Joshua countermanded the Sun!

[The Conservative Alexander believed greatly in his Standard, and had even ideas of taking the Globe; but the chaste Susannah it was who first objected to an Observer.]

Why was Noah obliged to stoop on entering the Ark? You don't No-ah? Then I'll tell you.

Because, although the Ark was high, Noah was a higher ark (hierarch).

[Apropos of Noah's Ark, here is a pretty childish game for the winter months! When a man is asleep on the sofa listen, if he snores hark, then you may put everything beast-ly you can find in his pockets.]

In what place did the cock crow so loud that all the world heard him?

In the Ark.

What animal took most luggage into the Ark, and which the least?

The elephant, who had his trunk; while the fox and the cock had only a brush and a comb between them!

[What with that trunk, and the poultry which of course was also there, have we not a sort of new and original "Box and Cox,"—more especially as in the Ark they were no doubt frequently accustomed to hear a "buck's tone."]

Some one mentioning that "columba" was the Latin for a "dove," it gave rise to the following: What is the difference between the Old World and the New?

The former was discovered by Columba, who started from Noah; the latter by Columbus, who started from Ge-noa!

What's the difference between a specimen of plated goods and Columbus?

One is a dishcover, the other a dis(h)coverer!

If you, as a sportsman in the "Far West" (wherever that may be), are fond of bear ham for supper, what sort of bear would be the least welcome to you for food; in fact, a (Far) West-failure ham producer?

The grisly (grizzly) one!

What is the best way to hide a bear: it doesn't matter how big he is—bigger the better?

Skin him!

Why should you go to Putney Bridge to find out the answer to the next riddle?

Because there you will be told!

[And after paying your money as you walk over, remember this, you will be like an enormous diamond, because—as an Irishman would put it—it's a Koh-i-noor (goin' o'er) that ye are, my jewel!]

Why is a Jew in a fever like the Koh-i-noor?

“Because he’s not very bright?” No. “Because he wants setting up?” No. “Because there’s something about him to do with Noah?” Ah! now you’re thinking about the cow i’ Noah’s Ark. No, for it’s simply because he’s a Jew-ill!

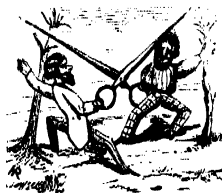
[Why on earth when a Jew *is* in small health, ill, is he written down a jew-well? Jew ill is jew well, and jew well is jew ill. It’s too confusing; let’s go on.]

Why is a rakish Hebrew like this joke?

Because he’s a Jew de spree!

[Dissipated ruffian! There’s one thing though: however dissipated he may be, he can’t walk into Guildhall under pretence of thinking it is *sine*-Gog, although many swell Jews we have seen have most certainly, each of them, been a-gog for a gilt hall! !]

CANTER LXXXIII.



Y kind Reader, the following was made by a miserable man, who had not the faintest idea of pronouncing Italian, so don't read it.—Half of what cutting instrument alone is like an Italian laqua is de place ?

A scissar on'y (cicerone) !

[You may say—and no doubt will—"this scissor joke, which is shear nonsense, and like the two couriers drawn above in full courier against each other, in putting it in your book you do-ill."]

Another courier's—that is, curious—riddle. Why are lawyers like shears ?

Because they don't cut each other, but only what comes between them !

Why is the law like a flight of rockets ?

Because there is a great expense of powder, the cases are well got up, the reports are excellent, but the sticks are sure to come to the ground.

Why is my doubled-up hand, as regards an impertinent idiot,
like one of the features on the face of the tempter of Faust?

Because it's my fist to feel his nose (Me-phisto-
pheles' nose)!

[Mephisto had such a quantity of faults, that we don't a bit mind adding
one false quantity to him.]

Which is the smallest bridge in the world?

The bridge of your nose!

[Yes, a bridge of a nose in England is smaller than—a bridge of Arno's
in Florence, for instance, though in Venice there is a bridge not one
atom larger than a Real-toe; oh yes, it's quite perfect, boats are made
small enough to go under it.]

What is the most difficult river on which to get a boat?

Arno, because they're Arno boats there!

What poem of Hood's resembles a tremendous Roman nose?

The bridge of size!

[If, however, you want to be made to *feel* small, go and hear Mr. Bellevue
read the "Bridge of Sighs;" that'll make you look B'lue in the face,
unless you are blessed with a perfectly pure conscience.]

Why is conscience like the check-string of a carriage?

Because it's an inward check on the outward
man!

I seldom speak, but in my sleep;
I never cry, but sometimes weep;
Chameleon-like, I live on air,
And dust to me is dainty fare?

The nose!

What snuff-taker is that whose box gets fuller the more pinches
he takes?

The snuffers!

[We hope that's snuff on that subject, though we might inquire why
the smoke in the snuffers is like murder? Because it's sure to come
out.]

Why are your nose and chin constantly at variance?

"At variance? I'm variance-ertain," you say.
Why should you be very uncertain?—it is
only because—words are continually passing
between them!

[Nobody with no nose need notice this nonsensical note.]

Why is the nose on your face like *v* in "civility"?

Because it's between two eyes!

Name that which with only one eye put out has but a nose
left?

Noise!

What is that which you can go nowhere without, and yet is of
no use to you?

Noise!

[Yes, noise *is* an anomaly which a noise many people, for you could, and
yet positively could not at all, read this charming work if you had no-
eyes.]

What is it which *stands* fast, yet sometimes *runs* fast?

The nose!

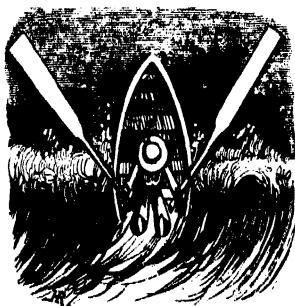
[When my nasal organ is unruly in cold weather, I am thereby made to
think of Ivanhoe—that is, I'm reminded that I've a nose there.]

Without my first you'd look very strange;
My second you much want to be;
My whole is what many a lady has worn,
At a ball, an assembly, or play?

Nose-gay!

[Vide Mr. Paul Bedford's version, "Jolly Nose."]

CANTER LXXXIV.



H E N may the sea be compared
to a laundress washing summer
trousers at a tub ?

When it makes clean
breeches over a
vessel !

[It trousers our English pride in an almost unmentionable manner to think of the achievements of science in the deep-sea telegraphic way ; why, now-a-days, should our friend Mr. Poole ever be in the cundyshun to want tailors from America, he can send a tailor-gram for them.]

Why is the Atlantic telegraph like a railway across a valley ?

Because (replies that same Cockney) it's a wire-
ducked !

Why are laundresses good navigators ?

Because they are always crossing the line, and
going from pole to pole !

[Did you ever hear the old joke about the man who built an india-rubber ship, but wasn't allowed to sail it for fear of its rubbing out the Line ? It wasn't a bad idea ; but there's one sort of line to be drawn with a common steel or quill pen and ink, which we defy you to make either perpendicular or horizontal, and yet we assure you it is simply an ink line ! Go home and try and do it.]

Why are washerwomen simply wonders ?

Because they go to bed quite worn out, and get up next morning—fine linen !

[The nicest sort of linen, however, when you're worn out is—to be tumb-linen to bed !]

What English king had a naturally great aversion to washerwomen ?

John, because of his great losses in the Wash !

[John's feelings—though his treasures, like Nubian birds, *were* all (l)ost-riches—must have been positively cheerful compared to what ours are weekly, for our laundress is a fiend, who makes every evening shirt we have a little (l)imp !]

What is the difference between Bishop Colenso and the mother of a family living in a garret ?

He is up in ma-them-atics, she is ma them attics up in.

[We sincerely hope the poor woman never feels the want of a bath, as she has always to wash in a tea-cup ! (in attic' up).]

Apropos of tea-cups, what is it which if you name it even you break it ?

Silence !

What is that which you can keep even after giving it to somebody else ?

Your word.

What is that which the dead and the living do at the same time ?

Go round with the world.

[What a nice, agreeable, cheerful, amusing, funny dog it must have been who composed this !]

Why is a printing-press like the forbidden fruit ?

Because from it springs a knowledge of good and evil.

One word of four letters : if you transpose what girls wear (good gracious ! what *is* coming ?) will show what girls ought not to be (then for decency's sake do it) ; again, if you transpose the same, you'll see an ancient Hebrew name (we don't want to see an ancient Hebrew name, much rather not) ; change it again, and it will show what all on earth desire to do (*that's* better) ; transpose it yet again, and what bad men are you'll then explain (oh bother) ?

Veil, vile, Levi, live, evil,—Brown, Jones,
Robinson, rubbish, and so on !

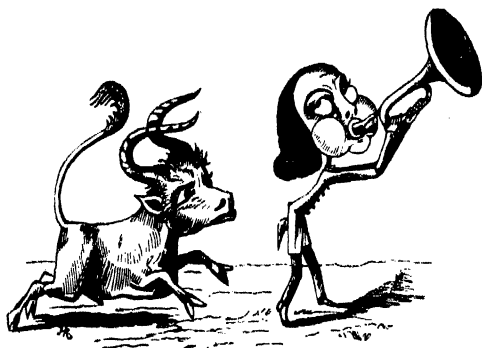
[By the bye, dear Reader, talking of these bothering Levis, evils, and so on, you of course know that one line of poetry which reads backwards and forwards the same ? Does it not begin :—

“Evil I live,” &c. ?]



CANTER LXXXV.

AND CANTER THE LAST.



Hi ! what *were* the
last words of
the poor bugler
who was gored
by the bull ?

“ Blow the horns !! ”

And now, lastly, though by no means leastly, what IS the difference between a cow and a hen ?

The cow is often bought, but the hen never has a byre (buyer) ; the hen, being peckish, is always on the look-out for a tit-bit, the cow would be very much pained to have a teat-bit ; the hen is accustomed to roosting in outhouses,

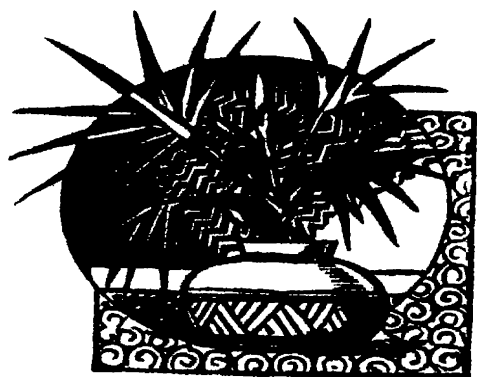
the cow to rue stinging flies (but never in cabs or omnibuses); the hen, being a bird, is ornithological, the cow is horny though *not* logical; the hen broods over many things, the cow only ruminates about one; the cow is often a brown dun, the hen more often still done browne [we have added an *e* mute to brown, but it ought to have been—apropos of the hen done brown—gravy (grave *e*). By the bye, we may as well here observe, that, as the hen knows she will, when cooked, be a female cock-ate, we can easily understand her being in a flirt-er when caught for killing]. In a cow there is kineness, and she frequently sheds tears, no hen was ever known to weep; the hen on two legs is a Hen-jist like, the cow on four *neat* legs is more like a Horsa (horse, sir); if a cow know fear, you style her a coward, but if a hen be afraid you term her a poultroon; the cow has a whey peculiar to herself, the hen in a farm-yard is I think curd (think heard) frequently; the cow is at home 'mongst the Medes, the hen, as a bird, gives her preference to the Perchians; the cow is a good mother, and never bullies and thereby crows her young, but the hen is certainly a more at-hatched parent, and therefore egg-shells in the management of her offspring; the hen does not object to a shell in her, but if a cow, grazing near a battle-field, be struck by a shell, though a cow, she finds that shell a-bomb-in-a-bull; a cow

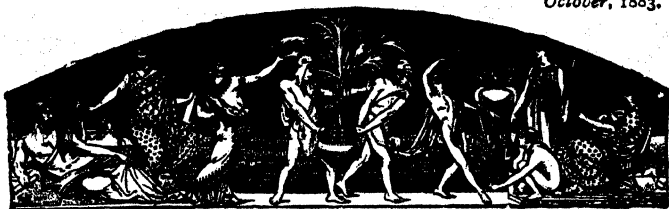
frequently goes under the yoke and gets—not much thereby, the hen sits calmly on the top of the yoke, and is then accustomed to chuckle-it, of course *au lay*; the cow, after a state of—of—ahem! of Heiffervescence, is prized for her milk by you and me, and by—as a nigger would say—any udder man, the hen is prized for a healing property, that is to say, a poultice (poult is); the cow, in eating, prefers cow chew (caouchouc), the hen is in herself a specimen of gutter percher; a cow can't eat more than a certain amount of hay for fear of hay rick in her neck, but a hen has been known to have a whole crop in her throat at once; you cannot speak of a cow as a cattle, but you can say a tom cat'll play the dooce amongst young chickens; the cow is irreligious, and goes in for the heathen Moor and infidels (the heath an' moor, and in for dells), the hen's life is far more impressive when in earnest, though of dirty scrapes she has not a few; the cow is forced to go to a pool to drink, the hen can make a *poule* come to her: the cow is much given to chaff, the hen rather more than half given to persifledge; if a cow could choose a town-house it would probably be in Gray's-Inn Lane, the hen, as a regular cockney, would prefer a nest-tablishment in the Poultry; if a cow could smoke, cut calf-in-dish would probably disagree with her entirely, if a hen were to use tobacco, she would doubtless find

bird's-eye varinasty ; the cow, when hungry, is one who-ra-ther jovially enjoys hur-'ay in her mouth, whilst the hen is most dejected at the idea of an hip hip (any pip) ; and lastly, as our subject, like a cod-fish on Good Friday, is egg-sauce-ted, the cow Jenner-ates small-pox, the hen small cocks !

HEN B.—To you, Reader, who may desire further information concerning the cow and the hen, we regret to say that we can't think cow-hen or where you are to get it ; therefore, whilst offering you the assurance of our most profound consideration, we think perhaps we had better close our book, and—so had you (adieu) !







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