

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

**NEW YORK VIEWS.**—The view of the port of New York presents a busy scene, while the sketch of the Woman's Hotel, built by the munificence of the late Alexander Stewart, shows one of the finest monuments of practical philanthropy ever exhibited to the world.

**H.M.S. "BOXER" SURROUNDED BY WATER-SPOUTS.**—The sketch, writes Navigating Lieutenant C. B. Clark, "represents one of Her Majesty's Cruisers off the Gold Coast on the edge of a 'tornado,' while on a passage from the Palmas to Cape Coast Castle, where she had been to settle about the disposal of the palm oil paid by the King of Dahomey in June last year, which was lost on its passage to England in the steamer *Gambia*, and afterwards washed on shore. This coast, which usually enjoys fair weather, is occasionally visited by violent revolving storms, called 'tornadoes'—luckily of short duration—which are very dangerous. On this occasion several waterspouts formed around our vessel, the *Boxer*, under the command of Commander Arthur F. Alington. The ship was under all plain sail, when the weather began to assume a threatening appearance, and waterspouts were seen forming in all directions, revolving and travelling at a high rate of speed. One of them appeared to be coming straight for the ship. 'Hands, shorten sail! Clear away the bow gun!' were the orders. In a very short time the little craft was under bare poles, and the gun ready with a blank charge; but our friend took a sudden curve, the water at the base roaring in a very unpleasant manner, and was soon seen dissolving with the others, rendering the fire of the bow gun unnecessary, a blank charge from which would have been sufficient to have broken any waterspouts coming too close; but, happily, they all passed clear. A perfect calm ensued; steam was soon got up, amidst a perfect deluge of rain, which lasted about an hour, and the little ship steamed away on her passage."

**THE LOSS OF THE "EURYDICE."**—The news of the dreadful disaster which happened off the Isle of Wight on Sunday, the 25th ult., cast a gloom over the whole country. H. M. S. *Eurydice* was a wooden sailing frigate of 1,000 tons, fitted out as a training-ship for ordinary seamen, and was returning from her winter cruise in the West Indies, when about four o'clock on Sunday afternoon she was seen passing Dunnoose, a headland on the south-east coast of the Isle of Wight, with all sail set. Shortly afterwards a sudden squall came on, accompanied by a blinding snowstorm, and the ill-fated vessel capsized and foundered almost immediately. Only five persons were picked up, and but two of these are alive—namely Benjamin Cuddiford, able seaman, and Sydney Fletcher, of Bristol, a first-class boy. From the statements of the survivors, and the condition in which the wreck was subsequently found, it would seem that the orders given by Captain Hare for shortening sail were being carried out when the accident happened. The ship heeled over to starboard and then went down by the bow, those on board being carried down by the vortex which she created. A trading schooner, the *Emma*, of Padstow, which happened to be passing close by at the time, rescued the survivors and landed them at Ventnor, where on Wednesday an inquest was held on the bodies of Lieutenant Tabor, Captain Ferrier, R.E., and Mr. Bennett, petty officer belonging to the ship. An endeavour was, of course, made to ascertain how it happened that such experienced officers as those in command of the *Eurydice* could have ventured in such treacherous weather as that of Sunday, 25th inst., to let the vessel proceed with open ports under such a heavy press of canvas, but the evidence of the survivors convinced the jury that no blame could be attached to captain, officers, or men of the ship, and that the catastrophe was entirely due to the unprecedented suddenness and strength of the squall. Professor Airy's report from Greenwich tends to confirm this view. From about 1.30 to 3 o'clock the wind was variable, rising four times to a pressure of 1½ lb. to the square inch; but from 3 to 3.55 it was nearly a calm, being scarcely ½ lb. to the foot, and at 3.36 it suddenly shifted in direction and increased to 4 lb. pressure, and at 4.3 to 9 lb. pressure per square foot. On Monday, 26th inst., Ministerial statements were made in both Houses of Parliament in reference to the disaster, and Her Majesty the Queen telegraphed to Mr. W. H. Smith, desiring him to make known her grief at the calamity, and her heartfelt sympathy with the afflicted relatives. The *Eurydice* is now lying some two miles off the Culver Cliff, her masts being visible at low water. Preparations are being made for raising her, and as many of the bodies of the hapless crew are expected to be found between decks a large number of coffins have been ordered. The body of Lieutenant Tabor was taken to his late home at Cheam for interment, and that of Captain Ferrier to Edinburgh. Cuddiford and Fletcher, who are at Portsmouth, are to be formally tried by court-martial. A fund for the benefit of the widows and relatives of those on board has been opened at Portsmouth by Lord Charles Beresford, to which members of both Houses of Parliament have already subscribed. The Admiralty list of the lost includes 15 officers, 16 marines, 73 petty officers and others forming the ship's company, and 220 supernumeraries—in all, 323 souls.

HISTORICAL WITTICISMS.

QUIPS AND CRANKS THAT HAVE STOOD THE TEST OF TIME.

Amid her darker and sterner chronicles, history has preserved not a few jests likewise—more, perhaps, for the sake of those who uttered them than of the utterances themselves; but it is noteworthy how many of these mere verbal jingles have taken a permanent place in the world's annals, not unfrequently to the exclusion of the very term that produced them. The now forgotten Ougours of Siberia (whose grim visages Ammianus Marcellinus, in his blunt, soldierly way, defined as "not a face, but a bun") live again in the Ogres whose child-devouring exploits are the terror of every nursery. The "Non Angli sed Angeli" of St. Augustine is imperishable as the Anglo-Saxon race itself. The great Athenian teacher's true name of Aristotle has lost itself altogether in his punning cognomen of Plato (the Broad.) St. Leo, watching the goblin rout of Attila's Huns sweeping over the plains of Lombardy, prayed, in a form of wit hardly worthy a Bishop of the Empire, that "these Tartarean demons might be sent back to their native Tartarus;" and thus the word Tartar sprang into being, to be a symbol for evermore of cruelty and terror. Early in the second half of the fifth century, a young Gothic warrior entered the cell of a Christian monk to beg his blessing, announcing himself as the Herulian chief Haud-y-Wacker (Hold-ye-Stout). The recluse laid his hand on the bowed head of the towering figure before him, and said:

"Stout shalt thou be to win, and firm shalt thou hold what thou winnest."

The listening Goths laughed grimly at the uncouth jest; but they had reason to recall it fourteen years later, when, amid the ruins of imperial Rome, Haud-y-Wacker took his place in history as Odoacer.

The Middle Ages, however, were undoubtedly the era of punning *par excellence*. Grave divines, learned schoolmen, stately prelates, kings and princes indulged, without stint, in the form of wit stigmatized by Dr. Johnson as the lowest of the low. Even heraldry, in its own opinion the most exalted science on earth, tortured three languages to swell the number of the verbal juggles in which it delighted.

Even in an age of such universal pleasantry, however, it is somewhat strange to find the saturnine Charles V. uttering such a flagrant pun as that of "I could put Paris in my glove" (*gant*), with which he answered the vaunts of Francis I.—a rude play upon the name of Gand or Ghent then the largest town in the Netherlands. A much neater, as well as more practical rebuke, was given to the factious Duke of Orleans, in the preceding century, by his rival Jean "Sans-Peur," of Burgundy, who, seeing on the Orleans banner the figure of a knotty club, significantly adorned his own with a *carpenter's plane*.

Amid the countless affectations of the sixteenth century stood pre-eminent the fashion of jesting by anagram—i. e., by inverting or transposing the letters of a proper name. Every school-boy (as Lord Macaulay would have said) is familiar with Henri of Navarre's appropriate anagram upon the beautiful Marie Touchet, "Je charme tout." The Huguenots extracted "Vilain Herodes" from the name of their sworn enemy, Henri de Valois (Henry III. of France); and the Romish ecclesiastics, smarting under the sarcasms of Erasmus, satirised his humble origin with the taunt of "Eras mus" (thou wert a mouse).

The courtly and artificial witticisms which even the Louis Quatorze era prescribed to all Europe as an unalterable fashion, are too well known to need repetition; but a few manly spirits were found to resist the intellectual as well as the physical tyranny of the Grand Monarque. Few rebukes have ever been better merited than that which William III's envoy administered to a French courtier who showed him the gallery of battle-pieces in the Louvre, boastfully asking whether the English king could display the like.

"My master's deeds, sir," said the ambassador, "are not seen everywhere, except on his own palace walls."

A similar check was once given to Louis himself by the famous Dunkirk privateer, Jean Bart, whom the King greeted on his return from a successful cruise with the flattering announcement:

"M. Jean Bart, I have made you admiral of my fleet."

The rough-hewn veteran, instead of being overpowered by the royal condescension (as the brilliant circle around him doubtless expected), answered bluntly—

"Sire, vous avez bien fait."

The quiet intensity of this rebuke can be paralleled only by the famous repartee of Prince Esterhazy in our own time, when hearing a Spanish grandee boasting that he had "fifty thousand sheep," the great Hungarian remarked quietly—

"Curious coincidence—that's just the number of my shepherds."

The historical pleasantries of the eighteenth century, like every other form of contemporary wit, followed the bias given to them by the formidable renown of a single name. Voltaire, though in reality the topmost bough rather than the root of that fatal "Encyclopædist" tree which was one day to overshadow all Europe, reigned as absolutely in life as after death, and extended through every land the use of those verbal stilettes wherewith the wits of the day poignarded friend and foe alike. All the best

sayings of D'Alembert, Diderot, Pope, Bolingbroke, Horace Walpole and Frederick the Great bear the unmistakable stamp of the great master of mischief; Frederick's close intimacy with Voltaire himself rendering the likeness doubly conspicuous in his case. On one occasion, however, the "soldier-king" was fully matched at his own weapons. After his conquest of Saxony, in 1756, the indignant nation altered the inscription on the newly-introduced Prussian coinage—*Ein Reichs-thaler*—into *Ein Reich stahl er* (he stole a kingdom), a gibe keenly resented and terribly avenged.

It may be remarked, in passing, that the word "thaler," or dollar, is in itself a kind of historical pun. The silver yielded by the valley of Joachims—that was formerly so much esteemed that the country-folk, in taking payment for their wares, were wont to say, "Give me a Joachim's Dale one" (Joachims-thal-er); and this, shortened to "thaler," gave rise to the world-wide name.

The sanguinary pleasantries of the French Revolution have been immortalized by its greatest historian, Mr. Carlyle; but the most perfect sarcasm of that terrible period is now almost forgotten. The old Marquis de Cazotte, almost the only remaining representative of the destroyed noblesse, seeing "Brotherhood or Death!" chalked on a wall, remarked that it should be translated, "Be my brother, or I kill you."

Of Napoleon I. (certainly the most unlikely source from which to expect a pun) one such utterance is recorded—perpetrated, too, in the very height of one of his most splendid campaigns—that of 1796-97—which ended in the expulsion of the Austrians from Italy and the treaty of Campo Formio. Hearing an Italian lady observe that he seemed very young to have achieved such wonderful successes, he answered sharply:

"Demain j'aurai Milan" (Mille ans).

As for the countless historical jests of the present century, our remaining space will only permit us to indicate one or two of the best. The headlong frenzy of ambition has seldom been more keenly rebuked than in Talleyrand's criticism on the career of Napoleon:

"His watch was fast, while the rest of mankind had the right time."

Not less happy was the jest of a veteran Parisian wit on Louis Napoleon's gift of a hotel apiece to two of his marshals:

"Ah, oui! ils defendront le trone et l'hotel"—an admirable travesty of the oath of allegiance, "to defend the throne and the altar" (*l'autel*).

The remark attributed to the Emperor Nicholas on his visit to Sobieski's statue at Warsaw, although probably due in reality to his court jester, Prince Menschikoff, has a grim significance when viewed by the light of subsequent events:

"That man and I are the two greatest fools of history, for we both saved Vienna."

VARIETIES.

**LEGAL AND ILLEGAL.**—A Well-known judge not long since interested himself actively on behalf of a member of his former circuit who happened also, a contemporary tells us, to be the son of a peer, and succeeded in obtaining for him an important lucrative appointment. The noble parent, full of gratitude, called upon the judge to thank him for his exertions, and said that he felt all the more obliged because his son had never done much at the Bar, adding, with unconscious and unintentional sarcasm, "I suppose he was too much of a gentleman."

**WELSH RARE BIT.**—A Writer in a contemporary came across a charming poem the other day with this title—"Poor Nancy Jones of Llanfairpwllgwyngerbwllchlanidysylllogo." He gives one stanza as a specimen of the touching verses in which the poet laments the fate of his heroine:—

"The winter passed, the spring-time came, the summer sun shone bright—  
A green grave lies beneath the shade of Suowdon's kindly height;  
And many a tear I shed for her who lies in death so low—  
Lost Nancy Jones of Llanfairpwllgwyngerbwllchlanidysylllogo."

**A MODEL HOTEL.**—In no city in the United States is the travel-stained, weary traveller taken as good care of as he is in a San Antonio hotel. The manners and customs of the guest are carefully studied. A young man from the frontier, stopping at one of the said hotels, told the clerk the other evening that he was going to be out late. "Just wait a minute," replied the accommodating clerk as he rushed off, soon re-appearing with a large envelope, which he placed in the guest's breast-pocket with the remark, "That is a bond, properly signed, for your appearance before the Recorder. As soon as you are arrested for being incapable and disorderly, just give the bond to the policeman, mention my name to him, and he will bring you home in a hack. Good-night."

**LABLACHE.**—Planché relates of the great basso of times gone by at Her Majesty's Theatre:—"Appropos of Lablache, it was after dinner at Gore House that I witnessed his extraordinary representation of a thunderstorm simply by facial expression. The gloom that gradually overspread his countenance appeared to deepen into actual darkness, and a terrific frown indicated the angry lowering of the tempest. The lightning commenced by winks of the eyes and twitchings of the muscles of the face, succeeded by rapid sidelong movements of the mouth which wonderfully recalled to you the forked

flashes that seemed to rend the sky, the notion of thunder being conveyed by the shaking of his head. By degrees the lightning became less vivid, the frown relaxed, the gloom departed, and a broad smile illuminating his expansive face assured you that the sun had broken through the clouds and the storm was over."

**HOW THEY DO IT IN SOUTH AFRICA.**—When a young Boer—i. e., a Dutchman descended of some family long settled in South Africa—wants a wife, he puts on, Mr. A. Trollope tells us, his best clothes, mounts his horse, sticks a feather in his cap, carries with him a bottle of sugar-plums, and a candle, which ought to be wax, or, failing wax, the very best "composite," and hangs his bridle on the gate of the house where dwells the young woman he thinks will best answer his purpose. He enters, and his smart gear, feather, and candle are eloquent of his errand. To make the point quite clear however, he offers the candle to the daughter of the house; and, if she takes it, it is lighted, the mother and everybody else at once retire, but not before the mother has stuck a pin into the candle to show how long the young people may remain together without interruption. Mr. Trollope does not say that it is open to the latter to take out the pin and put it farther down the candle as soon as they find themselves alone; but he does say that a little salt is sometimes put in, to make the wick burn more slowly. As soon however as the pin is reached by the flame, in comes the mother and the "frying" is over. A day or two afterwards the pair are married.

**THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.**—The Duke of Northumberland is stated to have recounted this anecdote to Miss Banks on the 30th of October, 1813, at Spring Grove—it is taken from the Banks MSS. in the British Museum—"Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick had, when elected to the order, the command of the Allied armies then opposed to those of France in Germany, and, was, at the time when the officers of the order arrived, bringing with them the insignia for his highness investiture encamped on the crest of a ridge, separated only by a narrow valley. The prince, highly gratified by the honour he had received, resolved to have the ceremony of his investiture performed at the head of the troops, had made the necessary preparations for that purpose. The Marshal Duc de Broglie, commander of the French army, hearing of this, and guided by that animating spirit of chivalry for which the French nation was then admired by all Europe, sent a flag of truce to the Prince to inquire if the facts were as he had heard them represented, and in that case to offer the Prince a suspension of arms for the day on which the ceremony was to take place. The Prince willingly accepted this honourable and high-minded offer. The day arrived, and exhibited both the armies drawn up on their respective ridges in full view of each other. The ceremony was performed in the sight of both, and when ended both armies fired a *feu de joie* in honour of the occasion. The Prince had ordered tents to be pitched, in the intervening valley to give an entertainment in honor of the ceremony, and to this he invited the Duc and his principal officers, who accepted the invitation. They dined together, and at night returned to their respective armies to recommence on the next rising of the sun the hostilities in which they were engaged." Such a scene would have delighted the hearts of Edward III., the Black Prince, and the Founder Knights of the Order.

**BURNT BAIKNS DREAD THE FIRE.**—Amongst all the followers of field-sports, especially in the hunting-field, none had a better steed, or could more gallantly face a brake or brook, than Sir William C— of C—, near Kilmarnock. One day, when in full cry through heavy and trying fields, Sir William was told that his valuable steed had lost a shoe. The information thus tendered brought the baronet's sport to an end for that day, and, being in the vicinity of a smithy, he proceeded thither to get the lost shoe replaced. The baronet and the blacksmith were not unknown to each other, for Mungo Douglas, for his ability as a horse-shoer, as well as for his blunt, plain-speaking, was known far and near. Being somewhat rudely requested by Sir William to be quick in his movements did not add any serenity to Mungo's mind when performing his work. Having fitted a shoe on the hunter's foot by making the iron nearly red-hot, he carelessly tossed the shoe to the centre of the smithy floor. Mungo then gently lifted the nag's foot on to his knee, and began to pare and dress the foot preparatory to fixing the shoe with nails. As if to facilitate the work in hand, Mungo said, "Man, Sir William, haun me o'er that shoe." As quickly as asked, the baronet picked up the hot shoe, but dropped it suddenly, having got his fingers and thumb smartly burned. Flying into a towering passion, Sir William gave vent to his feelings in language not over-polite. With imperturbable gravity Mungo said, "Od, Sir Willie, I thoct ye wad 'a kenn'd better; the wee't laddie I hae wad 'a been mair cautious." Expressing a doubt as to the truth of the blacksmith's assertion, and daring him to the proof, Mungo said, "Aweel, ring on the study [anvil] and you'll sune see." As requested, Sir William, with a hand-hammer, played a rat-a-tat-tat on the anvil, when, in answer to the summons, a six-year-old Mungo made his appearance, and quickly said, "What are wantin', father?" "Haun me o'er that shoe, like a man." Stooping over the apparently cold shoe, the young philosopher dropped some spittle from his mouth upon it. At the cry from his father, "Leuk sharp!" young Hopeful said, "I maun hae the tangs, for it's warm."