



A BLOW FOR LOUIS NAPOLEON.

On the day of the Paris fêtes, it was found impossible to light many of the Napoleonic devices which were intended to have illuminated the French capital. The Prince President must have been greatly amazed at the failure of his devices; and it must be admitted that, on the day in question, there was certainly something in the wind.

WALKING THE PLANK.

Napoleon the Great called the throne "a plank covered with velvet." Napoleon the Little is at present busy "walking this plank," and though he has kept himself up hitherto with wonderful good luck, still it would be too much for any one to say whether he will be able to maintain his equilibrium with the same steadiness until he gains his end. And when he does, who can tell whether, at that very point, he may not suddenly fall over and disappear in the "sea of difficulties" that for some time, has been raging underneath him. Far happier to be Prince Albert, and "walk the slopes" every morning!

"NO ONE KNOWS WHEN HE'S WELL OFF."

So says the popular saying; and it applies particularly to a Government steamer, for that is no sooner "off" than it is obliged to come back again for repairs; and it comes back so often, that not a soul on board can tell "when he's well off."

KENSINGTON GARDENS—A POSER FOR PAPA.

"La! Pa, dear!—What is the meaning of 'Kochruteria Paniculata'; and why should such a little tree have such a very long name?"

THE DISPUTE WITH BRITAIN.

(From the *New York Patriot*.)

"Our readers require, and indeed know well, that they may expect from us the very best and most copious details concerning the dispute with Britain. Yes!

"That this matter with regard to the fisheries may be amicably settled, is our dearest wish—but the overwhelming audacity of the British officials will probably lead to awful consequences. A bloody war may ensue!

"Webster and the British representative dined together, and played blind-man's-buff yesterday. Yet, after all, where are the thirty-two's that the War Department promised? Why has not the brig *Loader* yet emerged from the *Shooterback*?

"Peace is the dearest desire of our hearts, but the audacious British, infamous in oppression, march on us. The Volunteers are forming on the common, near our office. Jonathan loves his brother Bull, but if Bull will be grasped with a bloody hand, and squashed, his blood be on his own head.

"Amity we cry! And where are the fire-ships that Blinker invented, under the command of Captain Mogg?

"&c. &c. &c."

STOP HIM!—A Scotch gentleman puts the postage stamps wrong way up on his letters, and calls it, with a tender feeling,—Turning a penny!

OF-FISH-AL INTELLIGENCE.

Take our word for it, there will be no fighting between America and England. We have seen a letter from the President to Mr. Thomas Baring, that breathes nothing but Port and Sherry. It is an invitation to dinner, and is couched in the following terms:—"Come and discuss this matter pleasantly. There will only be a quiet little bit of fish, and a small bone to pick afterwards."

THE INFLUENCE OF DINNERS.—"There is no dispute in this world so large that it cannot be covered with a Table-Cloth!"—A diplomatist of the *Old Rocher-de-Causcote School*.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S CAMPAIGNS.—As yet they only consist of two—two grand mock battles. The first was fought last year at the Trocadero, and the second only took place the other day on the Seine. THE NEPHEW OF HIS UNCLE can now boast of his two victories: one on land and the other on water. He has thus surpassed his great relative; for it is well known that the Emperor never was triumphant on the latter!

FIRE! FIRE!—THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON'S fireworks were *feux de joie*, in commemoration of some great victory. LOUIS NAPOLEON'S are *feux d'artifice* in connection with some mock battle.