



### THE BALLAD OF HORNBEE HALL.

O, bailiff, buttoned to the nose  
And booted to the knee,  
Answer true what I ask of you,  
But tell no fibs to me.

The ladder hoisted from the wall,  
The flag at half-mast high,  
What bodes you signal? tell me all,  
The wherefore and the why.

The flag, old gent, at half-mast high,  
And the ladder from the wall,  
Are signs of money that's owing by  
The lord of Hornbee Hall.

The little bills came thronging in  
Like bees about a hive,  
Until the bowers of Hornbee  
With bees wuz all alive.

Then rose the lord of Hornbee,  
And fled from his castle halls;  
He mizzled, and left you brave ladye  
Alone for to keep the walls.

So we wuz ordered blockade to make  
Before the castle gates,  
No rest, nor sleep, but watch to keep,  
Me and my bully mates.

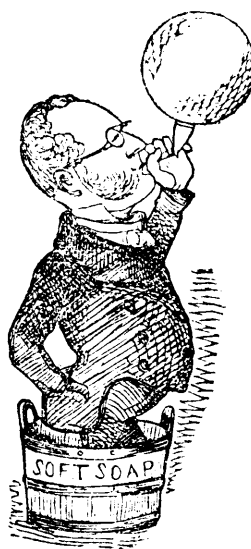
O, cold the rain beats on my hat,  
The wind goes whistling by;  
But harder, O, harder to stand than that  
Is the flash of yon ladye's eye!

And from the battlements, night and day,  
Horrid she slangs at we:  
Bill Barlow's hair is gone quite grey,  
From the language she used to he.

And this is the way, old gent, old gent,  
The wherefore and the why,  
From hour to hour we watch that tower,  
My bully mates and I.

The poor folks suffer for the rich,  
The great ones crush the small,  
A story old, and often told,—  
The lay of Hornbee Hall.

### OUR ABSENT FRIEND.



WING to the press of political matter into which we have latterly been plunged—a press which, unlike the cupboard of domestic life, contains none of those saccharine creations of culinary fancy which render the bolus of life less bitter to its involuntary swallower,—a press in which a regular jam, however, is generally to be found, and from which the intruder frequently comes forth in a pretty pickle;—owing, we say, to this particularly unpleasant description of press, we have, for some time back, been unable to bestow those little delicate attentions upon our dear Gugs, which his importance in a Punch point of view, as well as our own sense of propriety, should otherwise have prevailed upon us to offer. But does our Gugs, therefore, think that his Punch has forgotten him? does he bring up the well-educated tear at the reminiscence of the jokes that gave

him a standing in society, and the cuts that rendered his mug the property of the million? does his large waistcoat heave with emotion as he caresses the stray charge of some wandering nursery-maid, to think how Punch had once been a father to him? Such misgivings have sometimes darkened the soul of Punch. Remorse has stabbed him to the core with her embittered bodkin, and he hastens to acknowledge his remissness, and to remedy it as far as possible, by this brief pictorial notice. Small as the tribute is, Punch treads with a lighter step as he presents it to his dear Gugs. The penning of these few lines, is to Punch as a bu-hel of filberts; and he divides his nuts with his valued Gugs, hoping that the latter will find them wholesome, and pleasant to crack. And when the mellow face of the festive mahogany blushes at the reflections cast upon it by the ruddy port and the boisterous sherry, at that mesmeric hour will Punch drain off a brimmer to his “absent friend;” while Gugs, touched with the secret magnetism of the moment, will swallow a sympathetic bumper to the health of Punch.

### THE INDEPENDENT GENTLEMAN.

*A Sketch in the style of H. B.*

