

HOW TO WORK YOUR MEDALS: HIT OR MISS.



HOUGH all the contributors to the late Exhibition could not expect to take honours in the Great Industrial Tripos of 1851, some may feel disappointed at having missed a medal. A simple plan is hereby proposed, by which the winners may make all the use they can of their success, and the losers derive as much advantage as possible from their failure. Let the medallists on the one hand, and the medalless on the other, put announcements in their shop-windows like the following:—

No. 1.—For the Medallist's Shop-window.

MR. ROBSON, having had the good fortune to have gained a ROYAL MEDAL by the award of a jury of his country, and several others, for the utility, beauty, cheapness, durability,

and adaptation to the Little Puffington market, of the ARTICLES CONTRIBUTED BY HIM TO THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF ALL NATIONS, 1851, under the immediate PATRONAGE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN and HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, will continue to merit the approbation of his Friends and Patrons, by combining in all the GOODS supplied AT HIS SPLENDID ESTABLISHMENT, those qualities which have earned for him the TESTIMONIAL OF ROYALTY at the RECOMMENDATION OF EUROPE.

No. 2.—For the Shop Window of the Medalless.

MR. ROBSON, having not succeeded in obtaining a MEDAL ALLOTTED BY THE ROYAL COMMISSIONERS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851, for the merits of the ARTICLES SELECTED FROM HIS EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT, and which elicited the ADMIRATION OF MILLIONS at the WORLD'S FAIR, considers the exclusion as no ALARMING FAILURE. It will only stimulate him to study to the very utmost that COMBINATION OF UTILITY, BEAUTY, &c., in the SPLENDID BARGAINS comprised in the MAGNIFICENT STOCK of his EMPORIUM OF ALL NATIONS, by which he hopes to secure the Patronage and Support of Little Puffington, and DEFTY COMPETITION.

Thus, medallist or no medallist, the advertiser's goods will equally sell.

THE LAST DAYS OF BATTY'S HIPPODROME.

NATURE took care that MR. BATTY should finish a brilliant and successful season with a regular splash; for the rain poured down in torrents during the last two or three closing performances, and gave the spirited proprietor the benefit of a few—too literal—overflows. The Grecian youths, on their Thracian steeds, had their faces literally poulticed with mud, kicked up by the heels of each other's horses; and it may be said, without a pun, that on their arrival at the winning-post, the children of Greece were dripping. The fiery coursers of Barbary might have felt their fire quenched by the pelting showers that fell upon them; and though unfettered by bit or bridle, they were exposed to the heaviest rains. Happily the season had been too prosperous to be marred by the *contretemps* of a little bad weather at the close; and we shall look forward to meet MR. BATTY again, in all his glory, according to his promise, in the summer of 1852. It may be cited as a proof of the loyalty of the company, and the good nature of the horses, that when called on to perform in the wet, the former never said "No," and the latter never said "Neigh."

Humours of the Rail.

"A BARRISTER," complaining in the *Times* of the gross want of punctuality of the London and North-Western Railway, writes thus:—

"On going into the Station, I beheld a placard, stating that the company would not be responsible for any delay either in the starting or arrival of the trains as stated in the books, nor for any inconvenience which might ensue. I think, Sir, you will agree with me that this out-Herods HEROD."

Indeed it does out-Herod HEROD: as is likely to be proved by a greater slaughter than the massacre of the Innocents.

SHALL THE CRYSTAL PALACE STAND?

ARE we to take to ourselves the closing ceremonies of the Exhibition as sad, dull presages of the doom of the wondrous fabric itself—a doom resolved upon, and relentlessly pursued by the stern wisdom of the great PAN of the Woods and Forests? If so, most pertinently, most admirably, were those ceremonies ordered: for the very genius of dumpishness, of sullen wilfulness, presided on the Saturday, and on the final Wednesday. Not a man appeared in the lack-a-daisical pageant, not one, from the Prince to the Bishop, but dullness marked him for her own. Authority seemed to be remorseful of the jocund bearing held on the 1st of May; and therefore did a sort of droop-penance on the 15th of October. Humdrum was paramount! And the skies sympathised with human gloom, making all as dim and comfortless without the crystal walls, as authority was dark and glumpy within. A loyal superstition attributed the wet and murky weather to the absence of the QUEEN. Had she graced the pageant, all would have been light and *debonnaire*; HER MAJESTY, according to the cheerful faith, being a concentration of sunbeams.

But the fact is now unalterable; and let us, as sober, melancholy, mind-the-main-chance Britons, rejoice thereupon. We have redeemed our character—our inalienable right—of dullness. If we did let loose somewhat in unseemly gaiety on the 1st of May; have we not recovered ourselves in the substantial stupidity of the 15th of October? If we did mum and flaunt it in the spring, to the astonishment of the stranger—who wondered much at jocund BULL!—have we not returned to our national sackcloth, our characteristic ashes, in autumn? Yes; we hope we have redeemed ourselves in the doubtful opinion of the foreigner. We have every faith that the stranger will depart from our shores with the strengthened conviction, that when JOHN BULL in authority makes up his mind to be freezingly cold, and substantially sullen, he may triumphantly compete with all the human race. There was, as the closing ceremonial was acted, one prize medal wanting. A medal, with a whole pig of lead in it—for the dumps. And this medal—who can doubt it?—must have been carried off by the Royal Commission.

And yet there may have been a kindness intended in the gloom of the ceremony: benevolence may have lurked in the doldrums of authority. The utter blankness of meaning with which the Exhibition was declared at an end, may have been studiously, yet, withal, tenderly affected to prepare us for the grand consummation of the most profound, the most triumphant, and most barbarous stupidity (spiced somewhat with wickedness), that ever made ape kind gape at mankind;—to wit, the destruction of the last wonder of the world, the marvellous fabric that, at a glance, has won the homage of millions.

Not that the sensibility, masked in coldness, of authority, was all undignified by a high, patrician philosophy; a stoicism that would see the crystal wonder break into nothing, like a prismatic soap-bubble. Not, moreover, that LORD SEYMOUR is to be thought the great original of official insensibility: oh, no—

"Ere wild in Woods that noble savage ran,"—

we had many and many high examples of the rabid contempt of office for the wishes and sympathies of the people. LORD SEYMOUR, able as he is in his way, is only a large contributor, not an originator. However, when the Palace shall have passed away, we trust that among the statues to be raised to commemorate its once whereabouts, there will be some effigy to eternize the condescension and urbanity radiant in the head Minister of Woods and Forests for 1851. May we propose a statue of—The Snarling Faun?

However, taking it as foolishly and wickedly determined by authority—and no less stupidly and criminally granted and accepted by the country—that the wondrous fabric shall be broken up, having served its turn, like a child's money-box—how about the reward for the inventor of the new marvel? Great was the perplexity of the Royal Commission, blinded and smothered by visions of bricks and mortar—no more to be got together by the appointed time than the final bricks of Babel—when JOSEPH PAXTON shot like a sunbeam upon the darkened council. An outrolling of a sheet of paper—a few master words—and JOSEPH PAXTON became the deliverer of his Prince and his Prince's Magi from difficulties that threatened to be inextricable—making for himself a world-wide renown, and leaving his name, "like a wild-flower to his land."

Well, JOSEPH PAXTON, at this writing, has been offered knighthood. What beside? Knighthood may or may not be a valuable nominal property: the word—the sound—takes its worth from the estimation of its bearer. Some men may make no more account of such title than of the jingling of pebbles in a tin-pot: others may consider it still to vibrate with ravishing music.

But knighthood—mere knighthood! Have we not accidental knights—knights of good luck? Royalty goes into the City; and, lo! by virtue of that happy incident, two aldermen blow into knights. "Wings at our shoulders seem to play!" On a sudden, spurs jingle at our civic heels, delighting our civic ears.

Majesty makes a progress, in pelting shower, visiting Liverpool, and—for the time—sunny Manchester. And a bran fire-new knight presses

the Liverpool bolster—a knight, of newest print, is stamped upon the cotton city. And it may be well, with our institutions, that this should be. Where the Queen of Beauty set her foot, flowers sprang at the touch; where QUEEN VICTORIA travels, let honours blossom. But these are honours of ceremony—Court Circular glories—hardly of marked account, when vouchsafed upon men whose official life is not an accident; but whose position in the eye of mankind has been won by the inspiration and the labour of their souls. Surely, the case of JOSEPH PAXTON is a case of "Genius *versus* Mayors and Aldermen."

All dues paid, the Exhibition Commission are encumbered with a quarter of a million of money. How much of this is owing to the felicitous genius, inspired at the happiest moment, of JOSEPH PAXTON? Beautiful as were the contents of the glass, the glass itself was the prime glory; bearing the same relation to the things it covered, as does the shell

"— that lustre has imbibed
In the sun's palace-porch, where when unyoked
His chariot-wheel stands mid-way in the wave,"

to the fish within it. Of the millions of visitors to the Exhibition, how many came to the sight, brought thither by what they had heard and read of the wonderful Crystal Palace? That Palace, dimly shown in pictures—darkly outlined in printers' ink? Displace that beautiful fabric from the mind, and in its stead place the brick-and-mortar mountain that was to have been—granting it could have been piled by the 1st of May—and how many tens of thousands may be deducted from the millions of pilgrims who for the past five months have thronged our streets wending to Hyde Park; there, at one glance, to acknowledge a wonder of beauty that seemed to realise [the fiction of fairy-land: a structure raised rather by the genii of SINDBAN, than the materialised thought of human genius?

Why, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is, in his pride of office, a smiling debtor to JOSEPH PAXTON. Run through the items of the increasing revenue—as last made up—and the fiscal influence of the Crystal Palace brightens in almost every numeral. All folks with commodities to sell—or sights to show—whatever was the lull for the month of May—have reaped a ten-fold harvest. There can be no sulky denial of this truth; the Exchequer possesses proof of it—playhouse managers, in thankful closing speeches, confess it. But leaving all this profit apart, come we to the hard, glittering fact of a quarter of a million made beneath the roof of the Crystal Palace.

What, then, for the architect? Mere knighthood? Court gingerbread, with *no* gilding? This will never do. Some small per-centage from that quarter of a million is as much the due of JOSEPH PAXTON as was his day's wage to any JOSEPH the glazier who worked at the fabric. All England must grant this truth; and to the will of England to insist upon its application, we hopefully leave it.

Finally, shall the Crystal Palace stand? This is a question to be answered, once and for all, by the people. A certain knot of the aristocracy, strong in their faith of official sympathy towards all that is exclusive, all that is contemptuous of the masses, already rejoice in the certainty of the demolition of the five months' wonder of the world. If the people do not speak with one loud, unshattering voice, LORD SEYMOUR and his merry men will rush to the destruction; jolly, and full-blooded as the Goths rushed into Rome. And they will do Goths' work, to the disgrace of England, and the scorn and the amazement of the nations; if the voice of the country do not with one acclaim cry,—"**HOLD!**"

A FEW WORDS ON WINES.

"At this season of the year," as the advertisements and puffing circulars have it, we feel it a duty to give the world a little advice upon wines, and if we cannot tell them exactly what to drink, or what to buy, we can at least inform them what to avoid. We therefore offer the following hints:—

1. When you see wine advertised as "an excellent wine to lay down," be sure it is not worth picking up.
2. When you read of a wine that is described as "full of body," you may conclude that it is half spirit.
3. When you hear of a wine being particularly "racy," you may set it down as sloe.
4. When you are asked to purchase a fine old sherry with a nutty flavour, the notion of the nut may suggest the idea of what is commonly termed a cracker.
5. When you read of a wine with much beeswing, you may fairly say, "buzz!"

Comicalities of the Corn-Market.

In a recent Birmingham Trade Report, it was stated,
"We had a fair consumptive demand for beans at the rates of this day se'night.
"Peas were less inquired for."
What unsophisticated mind would not conclude from the above, that beans were in a bad way, and peas were better?

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA TO HIS TREE.

Oh! lovely Tree, whereon, delighted, gloats
Fond Memory's vision; oh! thou only Tree
Of Austria's Constitution, that by Croats
And Cossacks ruling, I permit to be;
Brave fruit have hung upon thy bough:
I fancy they adorn thee now.

My wondrous Tree—that blossom'st not to bear—
There was a sad shortcoming in thy load:
I miss'd a LOUIS BATTHYANY there,
Cheated of half the debt to vengeance owed;
I hoped in vain to pluck a BEM,
Ripe, also, from thy hempen stem!

But worst of all, my own Imperial Tree,
The choicest burden that thou should'st have borne
Hath 'scaped my clutch, and now defieeth me,
Safe in a mightier fortress than Comorn.
Ha! what avails thy heap of fruit,
Since, Tree, thou could'st not bear KOSSUTH?*

My Christian curse upon the Moslem fall,
That, like a blight, hath robbed me of my hope!
Thy looked-for produce I had gather'd all,
But for the Turk; and he has cut the rope
Which fondly I believed would be
A bond between himself and me.

Woe for thy branch that bore me not KOSSUTH!
I dread the vengeance of a coming day;
I fear the axe is laid unto thy root,
Oh Tree, thou chief supporter of my sway!
I profit nothing by thy crop;
So much the worse for us, my Drop!

THE JOKE MARKET.



OST happy are we to be able to record a better feeling in the Joke Market this week; and we have seen some specimens of very fair middlings or seconds, which are likely to command some attention. The following are the latest quotations in dry humour—a species of dry goods that will always be in demand, if the quality is respectable:—

"A FEE SIMPLE.—The Guinea paid to a Quack."

"A 200 GUINEA CHALLENGE TO MR. HOBBS.—To pick one of the Dead Locks in Fleet Street."

The Conundrum Market has not yet recovered from its flatness, and, indeed, the facility with which any stuff can be manufactured, will give rise to those constant gluts which the public taste naturally revolts against. In this way some of the most respectable manufactories are often left with a large stock of a really good quality of Conundrum on hand, with no means of getting rid of it. The following are some of the best samples we

have lately met with:—

"Why is a very old umbrella, that has been lost, as good as new when found?" "Because it's re-covered."

There is no doubt that the excessive depression in the Conundrum trade arises partly from the ignorance of many of those who embark in it, and who inundate the markets with worthless paper, which no respectable house will look at. The following stuffs have been offered; and we only give the quotations for the purpose of warning young beginners against having anything to do with them:—

"Why is a Review like an inferior species of tobacco-pipe?" "Because it's a meerscham (mere sham)."

It will be seen that all the first principles of orthography, on which every literary transaction ought to be based, are entirely disregarded in this dishonest attempt to gain credit for an article which is really worth nothing. We have ourselves been sometimes asked to make advances on produce similar to this; but we have always avoided doing business of any kind with the parties who have applied to us.

* KOSSUTH is properly pronounced to rhyme with FRUIT.