

A DIRTY FINGER IN THE PIE.

THE story goes that once upon a time a small, impudent chimney-sweeper entered a pastrycook's shop, and laying his sooty finger amid the jam of a raspberry-tart, inquired knowingly—"What do you ax for this spiled tart?" MR. FEARGUS O'CONNOR, like the chimney-sweeper, would spoil almost every political and social pie he thrusts his finger into. He has put his finger in the Kossuth pie, and if not with damaging effect, it is not his fault. He attended the Hanover Rooms meeting, and in allusion to that "infernal old ruffian, HAYNAU," benevolently remarked that BARCLAY AND PERKINS' draymen "really ought to have put him into a brewing vat, and boiled him." Boiling HAYNAU, and welcoming Kossuth, have, of course, one and the same social inference. When we consider what the brewers' men merely did, with what FEARGUS O'CONNOR would not have left undone,—how much exalted are the draymen above the chimney-sweeper!

PORTRAITS FROM THE LATE EXHIBITION.

As a popular contemporary has given a number of highly interesting portraits and biographies of gentlemen connected with the Exhibition, whose families and friends will naturally provide themselves with copies of their relatives' lives and countenances, *Mr. Punch*, ever anxious to benefit self and public, has it in contemplation to ornament his journal with

LIVES AND PORTRAITS OF THE EXHIBITORS

Who have not gained Prizes at the Exposition of 1851.

And to this highly interesting class he strongly recommends his publication, of which if but six copies weekly be taken by every Exhibitor, a decent remuneration cannot fail to attend the labours of Mr. P.

As specimens taken at hazard merely, *Mr. Punch* offers for the present week, pictures and biographies of—



SAMUEL PODGERS, Esq., EXHIBITOR IN THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT: AN IMPROVED SPUD, NOT IN THE LEAST NOTICED BY THE COMMITTEE.

MR. PODGERS is the eldest son, though the *third child*, of MAJOR PODGERS, of the Horse Marines, which he commanded on the death of their Colonel, in the flotilla action in the Bay of Fundy. The Major married BELLA, seventh daughter of SIR MUFFTON WROGGLES, of Wrogglesby, Northamptonshire, in which county the old Saxon family of WROGGLES, or WOROGLES, has been located since the days of ALFRED. The PODGERS family, though ancient, is not of such antiquity. MR. PODGERS received his elementary education under the care of the REVEREND DR. GRIG, at Northampton, whence he was removed to Harrow-on-the-Hill, where he would have been a contemporary of DR. PARR, SIR WILLIAM JONES, LORD BYRON, and SIR ROBERT PEEL, had he been placed at this famous school while those eminent individuals

were studying there. It does not appear that MASTER PODGERS took any prizes at Harrow, any more than at the Exhibition of 1851; his genius, though useful, not being brilliant, and his powers of application being only trifling.

MR. PODGERS was removed from Harrow to Coppernose College, Oxford, in the year 18—, and here, though not distinguished for classical attainments, he was very near gaining the prize of valour in a single combat with a gigantic bargeman at Illey Lock; but the *mariner* proved the better man, and an injury to MR. PODGERS's nose was the only permanent consequence of the rencontre.

It was not till 1823 that he inherited, by the demise of the gallant Major, his father, his estate of Hodgers-Podgers, Hants, where he now resides, occupying himself with agricultural pursuits, and with hunting, although increasing years and weight have rather wearied him of that occupation. MR. PODGERS is a magistrate and a married man; the father (by EMILY, daughter of the REVEREND FELIX RABBITS) of thirteen children.

His spud was invented towards the close of the year 1850, and it is unnecessary to particularise this invention, which has not been found to answer better than, or indeed to differ greatly from, implements of a like simple nature.

MR. PODGERS's opinions as a politician are well known. Not noisy, he is consistent; and has often been heard to say, that if all England were like him, we should get Protection back again. England being of the contrary opinion, no such result is expected. He is three score years old, and weighs, we should think, a good fourteen stone ten.



MRS. FREDERICA GLINDERS, AUTHOR OF A COUNTERPANE.

MRS. GLINDERS retained, by marrying her cousin, her own maiden and respectable name. MR. GLINDERS, her father, has long been known as a distinguished medical practitioner 'at Bath. MR. FITZROY GLINDERS, her husband, is a solicitor in that city.

In Bath, or its charming neighbourhood, the chief part of the existence of MRS. GLINDERS has been passed. It was here that she contracted, in the year 1836, that matrimonial engagement with the REVEREND MR. FIDDLEBURY, which was so scandalously broken off by the Reverend Gentleman, (who married MISS BLUFF. The jury of an offended country awarded Miss GLINDERS £500 for the damage thus done to her affections, which sum she brought as dowry to her cousin, the (then) young FITZROY GLINDERS, who conducted her case. Their union has been blessed with a considerable family: and indeed MR. GLINDERS's *quiver* is so full of them, that he has been obliged to take another pew at church.

The washerwoman of Bath has ever had a constant friend in MRS. GLINDERS. The thoughtless chimney-sweep, the ignorant dog's-meat man of her own city have always been plentifully supplied by her with means for bettering their spiritual condition. The Caffres and Mandingoes have found her eager in their behalf.

The counterpane sent for *previous* exhibition to the national Exposition is intended finally as a present for the King of Quacco. It is woollen, striped blue and pink, with a rich fringe of yellow and pea-green. It occupied MRS. GLINDERS two hundred and seventy-four evenings, and the prime cost of the wool was £17 14s. 6d. For a web which was to pass under the eyes of her own Sovereign, over the feet of another, though a benighted, monarch, MRS. GLINDERS thought justly that expense was not to be regarded. She had fits on not finding her name in the prize list, and had even entertained an idea that MR. GLINDERS would receive a public honour. But time and her own strong spirit will console MRS. GLINDERS under these disappointments: and for the sake

of her family and friends, it is to be hoped that she will be, in the words (slightly altered) of our immortal bard, "herself again."



PROFESSOR SLAMCOE:—"A KALONATURE," OR "SLAMCOE'S GENT'S OWN HEAD OF HAIR."

HORATIO NELSON SLAMCOE WAS BORN in the New Cut, Lambeth, in the year when England lost her greatest naval hero. His mother having witnessed the funeral procession of Trafalgar's conqueror, determined to bestow on her child, if a son, the glorious names of the departed; hence, in due time, the two Christian names of the subject of this memoir. The parents of MR. SLAMCOE were in humble life; and for the eminence which he has subsequently acquired, he has to thank his genius rather than his education, which was neglected for the labours necessary to one whose own hands must work his own livelihood.

Well and skilfully, through five-and-thirty years, have the hands of HORATIO SLAMCOE toiled. Early taken under the roof of a tonsorial practitioner in the Waterloo Road, MR. SLAMCOE learned the rudiments of a trade which by him has been elevated to an art; for if to imitate beautiful Nature be Art, what man deserves the proud name of artist better than the elegant perruquier? At twenty-one years of age, MR. SLAMCOE had the honour of attending at L—mb—th Palace, with a wig made by his young hands, and offered to a late reverend Prelate of our Church. PROFESSOR S. augured ill for Episcopacy when those ornaments of our dignified divines fell into desuetude.

As NAPOLEON crowned himself King and Emperor, so it was, we believe, that HORATIO SLAMCOE dubbed himself Professor. His inventions are known to the world, and their beneficent influence is exemplified in his own person. Before he ever attempted continental travel, his "Balsam of Bohemia" was discovered; just as America was discovered by COLUMBUS before that philosophic Genoese put foot on shipboard. His Tuscan Dentifrice; his Carthaginian Hair-dye; his Fountain of Hebe, are world-celebrated cosmetics, without which (he says) no toilet is complete. They are to be procured at his establishment, "The College of Beauty," with the usual liberal allowance to the trade, who should beware of unprincipled imitators, only too eager to adopt the discoveries of the Professor.

That the Kalonature, or Gent's own Head of Hair, should have been unrewarded by a Medal, is one of those instances which cries shame on the awards of the Committee. Let us hope it was not a conspiracy on the part of rival wig-makers (enemies of MR. SLAMCOE through life), which defeated the object of his ambition. But if there be any individuals blighted like himself, whose hair turned white in a single night, as some men's have through disappointment, the Professor recommends to such his Carthaginian dye, which will prevent the world, at least, from guessing what ravages grief has caused, and manly pride would hide; though it will scarcely be credited, the Professor's own hair is indebted for its rich jelly colour solely to the Carthaginian discovery.



THE SORT OF LEG THAT LOOKS WELL IN BLOOMER PETTICOATS.

"SOMETHING IN THE CUPBOARD."

MR. and MRS. JOHN BULL sat by the fireside. "My dear," said MRS. BULL, "you must make me a greater allowance for housekeeping."

"Really, my dear," said BULL, in his kind, stupid way, "really I did think of proposing to take a little off."

"A little off!" exclaimed MRS. BULL.

"A little off. For, consider; bread cheap—meat going down—candles falling—soap lowering,"—and so BULL was going on, when MRS. BULL ground herself upon her chair, as she was wont when much put upon, and declared she would speak.

"Cheap or not cheap," cried MRS. BULL, "all I know is this; it takes more to keep the house than it did; things don't go half the way they used to go."

MR. BULL looked into the fire—looked down upon the hearth-rug—rubbed his knees, and said, "There must be something in the cupboard."

"Nonsense," cried MRS. BULL; and then she added, "Yet it is strange, and I can't make it out that things don't go as they did. I can't think what it is."

"Is it mice?" asked BULL.

"Is it a fiddlestick? Look at our Grey Cat: and what that cat's cost us, nobody can tell. Still, for all I keep the key, the things do go strangely."

"It must be mice," said BULL.

"It can't be mice," said BULL's wife.

"Rats, then!" said the good man.

"JOHN, my dear, you're enough to aggravate a saint. It's neither rats, nor mice, nor cockroaches, nor nothing of the sort; still, for all that, if it was the last word I had to speak, I know there's something in the cupboard."

BULL was a little touched by the earnestness of his wife, for the tears were coming into her eyes. Therefore JOHN rose from his seat, opened the cupboard door, and though MRS. BULL saw nothing, BULL himself beheld, in his mind's eye, neither rat—nor mouse—nor cockchafer; but—

But what?

A long, black, sinewy Kaffir! The savage grinned maliciously at BULL; who, with a groan, shut the cupboard door. "And that rascal savage"—said BULL to himself—"will be in my cupboard for many a day."

The Grey Cat, curled in a round, slept unconcernedly upon the hearth-rug.

"Get out of that," cried BULL, flinging out his foot.

"Why do you kick the Grey Cat?" said MRS. BULL. "If something's in the cupboard, it isn't his fault."

"Isn't it?" cried BULL, and with an unbelieving groan, he shook his head.

"YOUR VERY HUMBLE SERVANT."

THE emigration from Ireland is beginning to show its effects in a demand for servants from other countries; but the demand will be greater than the supply if the vacancies are as thoroughly vacant of all advantages as the following. The annexed advertisement certainly shows that there is an "opening" for an industrious man; but it is an opening which is only calculated to let in an unfortunate occupant. The extract is from the "Ayr Observer," and one would imagine that the servants in Ayr are expected to live on the local atmosphere.

A SCOTCH BUTLER FOR IRELAND.

WANTED A BUTLER, or General Inside Servant, who is strictly honest, sober, and orderly in his habits. He would have the assistance of a Boy to clean shoes, and bring water, &c., &c. He should be a good attendant at table, and understand the care of furniture, and keep himself neat in his person. The terms given are £20 per annum, with a suit of plain clothes; to pay for his own washing; and there is neither beer nor tea given to any of the servants. Apply to Ms. J. —, Ayr, or Mr. A. J. —, Parsonstown, Ireland.

We do not exactly understand the meaning of the term "inside" servant, unless it is intended that the butler should act also as cook, and thus promote all the "inside" arrangements of the family. He must be sober, and, indeed, he can hardly be otherwise, seeing that there is "neither beer nor tea given to any of the servants." He is to have "a suit of plain clothes, to pay for his own washing," from which it would seem that he is to be continually pawning his coat to meet his washing bill. This is an Irish mode of discharging a liability, which may answer once or twice; but if this practice were general, a suit of clothes would at length get so deeply mortgaged, that it would be necessary to extend the operation of the Encumbered Estates Act to the coats, waistcoats, and trousers of the Butlers of Ireland.

CABINET NEWS.—It is said that LORD SEYMOUR is to be called to a seat in the Cabinet. Common humanity for the other Ministers induces us to make this inquiry—Is his Lordship to be muzzled?