

"THE STEAMER THAT NONE STOW'D."

(A Versified Version of the Report of the Commission appointed to inquire into the irregularities in the Transport of Stores, &c., to the East.)



Here is the Steamer that None stow'd.



Here is the Freight, Higgle-piggledy placed, Aboard of the Steamer that None stow'd.



Here are the Cylinders, heavy and vast, That should have come first, but somehow came last, As part of the Freight, Higgle-piggledy placed, Aboard of the Steamer that None stow'd.



Here are the Medical Stores, ground to paste, Underneath the Cylinders, heavy and vast, That should have come first, but somehow came last, As part of the Freight, Higgle-piggledy placed, Aboard of the Steamer that None stow'd.



Here are the Bedsteads, all leglessly cast, Pell-mell with the Medical Stores, ground to paste, By the weight of the Cylinders, heavy and vast, That should have come first, but somehow came last, As part of the Freight, &c., &c.



Here are the Legs, by the Board not yet past, That belong to the Bedsteads, all leglessly cast,

Pell-mell with the Medical Stores, ground to paste, By the weight of the Cylinders, heavy and vast, That should have come first, &c., &c.



Here's the Ordnance Department, standing aghast, At sight of the Legs, by the Board not yet past, That belong'd to the Bedsteads, all leglessly cast, Pell-mell with the Medical Stores, ground to paste, By the weight of the Cylinders, &c., &c.



Here's the Ordnance Lighterman, summon'd in haste, By the Ordnance Department, standing aghast, At sight of the Legs, by the Board not yet past, That belong'd to the Bedsteads, all leglessly cast, Pell-mell with the Medical Stores, &c., &c.



Here's the Ordnance Bargemen, not caring the least, For the Ordnance Lighterman, summon'd in haste, By the Ordnance Department, standing aghast, At sight of the Legs, by the Board not yet past, That belong'd to the Bedsteads, &c., &c.



Here's the Ordnance Stevedore, much too high caste, To report Ordnance Bargemen, not caring the least, For the Ordnance Lighterman, summon'd in haste, By the Ordnance Department, standing aghast, At sight of the Legs, &c., &c.



Here's the Skipper, for work with no taste, Spite of Ordnance Stevedore, much too high caste, To report Ordnance Bargemen, not caring the least, For the Ordnance Lighterman, summon'd in haste, By the Ordnance Department, &c., &c.



Here's the Crew drunk as fiddlers, before the mast, Thanks to the Skipper, for work with no taste, Spite of Ordnance Stevedore, much too high caste, To report Ordnance Bargemen, not caring the least, For the Ordnance Lighterman, &c., &c.



Here's the Steamer at Scutari, moored at last, With her Crew drunk as fiddlers, before the mast, Thanks to the Skipper, for work with no taste, Spite of the Ordnance Stevedore, much too high caste, To report Ordnance Bargemen, &c., &c.



Here's the Caique, heeling o'er to the blast, By the Steamer at Scutari, moored at last,

With the Crew drunk as fiddlers, before the mast,
Thanks to the Skipper, for work with no taste,
Spite of Ordnance Stevedore, &c., &c.



Here's the aged Purveyor, in cap gold laced,
From the Caique, heeling o'er to the blast,
By the Steamer at Scutari, moored at last,
With her Crew drunk as fiddlers, before the mast,
Thanks to the Skipper, &c., &c.



Here's the Captain's thumb, to his nostril placed,
At the aged Purveyor, in cap gold-laced,
From the Caique, heeling o'er to the blast,
By the Steamer at Scutari, moored at last,
With her Crew drunk as fiddlers, &c., &c.



Here's England's Best Blood, that has run to waste,
While the Captain's thumb to his nostril's placed,
At the aged Purveyor, in cap gold-laced,
From the Caique, heeling o'er to the blast,
By the Steamer at Scutari, &c., &c.



Here's JOHN BULL, atoning by prayer and fast,
For England's Best Blood, that has run to waste,
While the Captain's thumb's to his nostril placed,
At the aged Purveyor, in cap gold-laced,
From the Caique, &c., &c.

JENKINS IN AMBER.

ON the late visit of the EMPRESS EUGÉNIE, the sensitive JENKINS seized his lyre, "strung with his powdered hair," and broke forth into melodious verse and music. We cannot—we say it with heartfelt regret—give room to all the seven stanzas; but feel it incumbent upon us as a great human duty to enshrine at least eight Jenkinsonian lines in amber. Having compared EUGÉNIE to "MARY STUART again;" and then having corrected himself, saying she is "No, not MARY! Holier Bridal," he dashes his fingers amongst the chords, and ends thus:—

"Is this only flattered Glory,
And a pageant's fair behest?
Or is it God's ordered story,
In strange portents manifest?"

Power and People! Rare alliance!
Nature on no serial duty,
And a hemisphere's alliance
In Strong Will, and Perfect Beauty."

Nature being "on no serial duty," is—we would suppose—nature taking it easy. But we forbear; it is audacious to attempt to dissect the fire-fly verse; we, therefore, reverently preserve it in the amber of *Punch's* type. It is said that the EMPEROR sent to the *Post* office a new brass-headed cane for the poetic perpetrator. We trust the cane will be well used; for JENKINS'S verse beats everything.

Counter Propositions.

It was expected that, if Russia refused the terms for limiting her powers in the Black Sea, she would make certain counter propositions. This expectation was as fallacious as it was unreasonable. Why should Russia have made counter propositions when she knew that propositions conceived in the counter-spirit would be made in our own quarter by the peace-makers of the Manchester School?

LORD RAGLAN'S ALMANACKS.

Now that the line of telegraph is open all the way from the seat of war, we may expect to have a rapid supply of those interesting records of the weather in the Crimea for which LORD RAGLAN'S despatches have already assumed a reputation second only to that of MURPHY of Almanack notoriety. We can anticipate the style of news of which we shall shortly be in receipt from the army before Sebastopol. The cries of "Sekkund Edishun" will be accompanied by shouts of "Heavy Shower by Electric Telegraph" or "Glorious Noose, Fine Weather at Sebastopol." LORD RAGLAN'S despatches will henceforth keep us so completely *au courant* with the atmospheric changes that the columns of the papers may as well be arranged in the form of barometers to be filled up according to the accounts received from the Crimea. So rapidly will facts be made known, that a telegraphic despatch informing us of a shower of rain may be dated fresh from "under the umbrella of LORD RAGLAN."

Decreed "at Windsor."

THE pen with which the EMPEROR decreed, "at Windsor," the appointment of ADMIRAL HAMELIN Minister of French Marine, is considered a most extraordinary goose-quill. Never could French Admiral have hoped to have *such* a feather in his cap!

The Return of the Traveller.

Lord John (in travelling costume, just come home, jaded and dirty, and enquiring of his Servant). "Well, JOHN, have I been wanted at all during my absence?"

Servant. "Not in the least, Sir."

WHIGS TRIMMED ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE.—For trimming an old Whig in the very best style, and giving it a regular good dressing, there is no hand in the business equal to that of A. LAYARD, Esq. Apply to any rational man, who is in the habit of reading the newspapers.

"EVERY SOLDIER HIS OWN SOYER."

IN the course of the evidence before MR. ROEBUCK'S Committee, complaint has more than once been made of the cooking in the camp; or, speaking more correctly, we should say of the want of it. "Every Soldier his own Soyer," is, it appears, the military maxim; the consequence of it has been that, from the absence of knowledge and appliances, nearly all the raw recruits have been reduced to eat their rations in a similar condition; while even old campaigners have been discovered sometimes at a loss to cook themselves a meal without making a mess of it.

But, though our troops may be accused of culinary ignorance, we do not see that they can well be blamed for it. A cook, unlike a poet, *non nascitur* but *fit*; and it is, of course, preposterous to expect that mere enlistment should be enough to make one. We would suggest, therefore, that in future a Culinary Serjeant should be added to each regiment, so that the exercise of teaching new recruits to "dress" might extend the knowledge of that process to their dinners.

Parliamentary Literature at a Low Ebb.

SOME of the Members of Parliament complain that "it requires no less than six pens to write a note in the Library of the House of Commons." We are surprised that this fact should be complained of as an instance of extravagance by the Members themselves, though we admire their candour in acknowledging (what we presume we are called on to believe) that any note written by an M.P. is not worth six-pens or even two-pens after it is written.

THE BEST PARTNERS.

FOR Whist, the cleverest and the most indulgent; for Dancing, the handsomest, and the most amusing; for Business, the steadiest, the wealthiest, and the most attentive; and for Marriage—one who combines the qualities of all the Three.