



Here's a Baltimore "blood tub," drawn from the life,
The foremost in blasphemy, treason and strife,
The gorilla of mankind, whom nothing can check,
But a good hempen neck-tie placed tight round the neck.
Uncle Sam's just the boy, though, such rascals to tickle,
And for each he has got a nice rod placed in pickle;
And when he applies that same rod to their shoulders,
We don't think they'll attack any more of our soldiers.



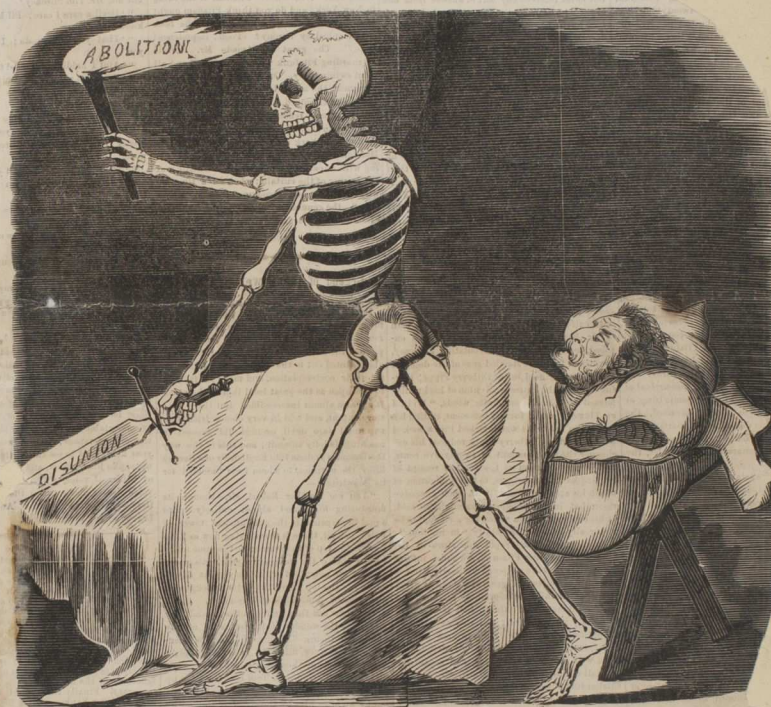
This is L. L. D. Russell, the great English blunderer,
And streak of gaudy lightning for Albion's thunderer;
A learned quondam, whose er grammar transgresses,
His "Haltch" aspirates and is 'ell on his fesses.
He's one of a number who'll ne'er be content
Till blood blots hout the insults bin' eaped on the Trent.
So be ware, Cap'n Vilkes, hor p'raps you may rue
The day ven you stopped H. B. Majesty's crew.

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OLD BROWN'S EXECUTOR.



DEATH WILL CARRY OUT HIS ATTEMPT MORE EFFECTUALLY THAN HE DID IN LIFE, AND TO AN EXTENT AS YET UNANTICIPATED.



THE NEW ZOOLOGICAL SPECIMENS.

(Scene in the Zoological Gardens, London.—JOHN BULL is showing his Foreign Friend, NAPOLEON, the wonders of the place, and they are standing at an enclosure looking at Two Extraordinary Creatures—a compound of Fox and Rattlesnake—MAMON and SLIDELL.)

NAPOLEON. "Diab!e! Vat Strange Beasts! Vat you call him, Me BULL?"
JOHN BULL (mournfully). "There is two HAMBARSABORS I just got from Hamerica. Nasty Hexpensive Hanimals! I could 'ave laid the Atlantic Cable with what they cost me."



REBEL MARKETING.

"WHAT'S THE PRICE OF CHICKENS?"