



BEFORE THE FIGHT.

Brother Jonathan.—What'll you have it, old Musquash? Look out for that left eye of yours, and as I'm death on stroyin' bridges, look out for the bridge of your nose.
Louis Napoleon.—By gar, hit him one between wot you call his peepers. And if you can geve his friend J. hnyone a punch in de forehead, I shall be vaw much glad.
Jeff Davis (to John Bull).—Stand by me, my dear friend, and tell where I'm to hit him. I feel so excited I'm quite out of wind.
John Bull.—Hesitated, har you, that's right. Fob him right and left, and keep it up about his ead and heers till his wot forces hup the 27th regt.



AFTER THE FIGHT.

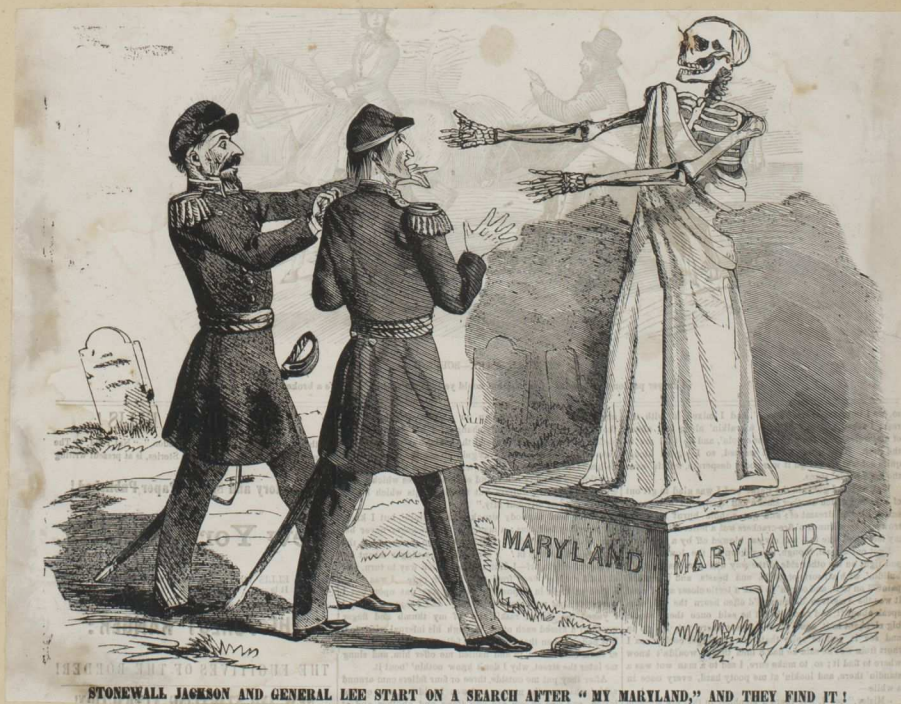
Jeff Davis.—O lord! take him away! take him away! Tell him I can't come to time. I'm all smashed to smithereens.
John Bull.—I'm going 'ome. My nose his broke—whatever did I poke it into other people's business for.
Brother Jonathan.—Oh! you're both got enough, have you, you blamed whelps? Evacuate quick, old button-buster. Leave this "sacred soil" or I'll give you another specimen of the Monroe Doctrine. And as for you, Jeff, if you don't lay still, I'll lan you till you spit cotton.
Louis Napoleon.—Hoora! Vive Columbia. You 'ave peppered dem superbe. Vavance you want a backer, call on me, Monsieur Jonasson. Perfide Anglais tink I am his friend! No, by dam—I stand at his back and see his brains blowed out!



POLICEMAN WILKES, noticing by the last Number of *Harper's Weekly*, that the well-known Rogues, MARON and SIDELL, were about to Pawn some of their late Employer's Property at Messrs. Dill, Crapaud & Co.'s Shop, kept a bright look-out for'ard, and nabbed them in the nick of time.



THE WHITE POPULATION OF BRATFORD WELCOMING THE ARMY AND NAVY OF THE U. S.



STONEWALL JACKSON AND GENERAL LEE START ON A SEARCH AFTER "MY MARYLAND," AND THEY FIND IT!