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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI, VOLUME 1, AUGUST 7, 1841 ***

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

VOL. 1.

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AUGUST 7, 1841.

THE WIFE-CATCHERS.

A LEGEND OF MY UNCLE'S BOOTS.

In Four Chapters.

"His name 'tis proper you should hear,
'Twas Timothy Thady Mulligin:
And whenever he finish'd his tumbler of punch,
He always wished it full agin."

CHAPTER II.



ou can have no idea, Jack, how deeply the loss of those venerated family retainers affected me."

My uncle paused. I perceived that his eyes were full, and his tumbler empty; I therefore thought it advisable to divert his sorrow, by reminding him of our national proverb, "*Iss farr doch na skeal*¹."

The old man's eyes glistened with pleasure, as he grasped my hand, saying, "I see, Jack, you are worthy of your name. I was afraid that school-learning and college would have spoiled your taste for honest drinking; but the right drop is in you still, my boy. I mentioned," continued he, resuming the thread of his story, "that my grandfather died, leaving to his heirs the topped boots, spurs, buckskin-breeches, and red waistcoat; but it is about the first-mentioned articles I mean especially to speak, as it was mainly through their respectable appearance that so many excellent matches and successful negotiations have been concluded by our family. If one of our cousins was about to wait on his landlord or his sweetheart, if he meditated taking a farm or a wife, 'the tops' were instantly brushed up, and put into requisition. Indeed, so fortunate had they been in all the matrimonial embassies to which they had been attached, that they acquired the name of 'the wife-catchers,' amongst the young fellows of our family. Something of the favour they enjoyed in

1. A drink is better than a story.

the eyes of the fair sex should, perhaps, be attributed to the fact, that all the Duffys were fine strapping fellows, with legs that seemed made for setting off topped boots to the best advantage.

“Well, years rolled by; the sons of mothers whose hearts had been won by the irresistible buckism of Shawn Duffy’s boots, grew to maturity, and, in their turn, refurbished up ‘the wife-catchers,’ when intent upon invading the affections of other rustic fair ones. At length these invaluable relics descended to me, as the representative of our family. It was ten years on last Lady-day since they came into my possession, and I am proud to say, that during that time the Duffys and ‘the wife-catchers’ lost nothing of the reputation they had previously gained, for no less than nineteen marriages and ninety-six christenings have occurred in our family during the time. I had every hope, too, that another chalk would have been added to the matrimonial tally, and that I should have the pleasure of completing the score before Lent; for, one evening, about four months ago, I received a note from your cousin Peter, informing me that he intended riding over, on the following Sunday, to Miss Peggy Haggarty’s, for the purpose of popping the question, and requesting of me the loan of the lucky ‘wife-catchers’ for the occasion.

“I need not tell you I was delighted to oblige poor Peter, who is the best fellow and surest shot in the county, and accordingly took down the boots from their peg in the hall. Through the negligence of the servant they have been hung up in a damp state, and had become covered with blue mould. In order to render them decent and comfortable for Peter, I placed them to dry inside the fender, opposite the fire; then lighting my pipe, I threw myself back in my chair, and as the fragrant fumes of the Indian weed curled and wreathed around my head, with half-closed eyes turned upon the renowned ‘wife-catchers,’ I indulged in delightful visions of future weddings and christenings, and recalled, with a sigh, the many pleasant ones I had witnessed in their company.”

Here my uncle applied the tumbler to his face to conceal his emotion. “I brought to mind,” he continued (ordering; in a parenthesis, another jug of boiling water), “I brought to mind the first time I had myself sported the envied ‘wife-catchers’ at the *patron* of Moycullen. I was then as wild a blade as any in Connaught, and the ‘tops’ were in the prime of their beauty. In fact, I am not guilty of flattery or egotism in saying, that the girl who could then turn up her nose at the boots, or their master, must have been devilish hard to please. But though the hey-day of our youth had passed, I consoled myself with the reflection that with the help of the saints, and a pair of new soles, we might yet hold out to marry and bury three generations to come.

“As these anticipations passed through my mind, I was startled by a sudden rustling near me. I raised my eyes to discover the cause, and fancy my surprise when I beheld ‘the wife-catchers,’ by some marvellous power, suddenly become animated, gradually elongating and altering themselves, until they assumed the appearance of a couple of tall gentlemen clad in black, with extremely sallow countenances; and what was still more extraordinary, though they possessed separate bodies, their actions seemed to be governed by a single mind. I stared, and doubtless so would you, Jack, had you been in my place; but my astonishment was at its height, when the partners, keeping side by side as closely as the Siamese twins, stepped gracefully over the fender, and taking a seat directly opposite me, addressed me in a voice broken by an irrepressible chuckle—

“‘Here we are, old boy. Ugh, ugh, ugh, hoo!’

“So I perceive, gentlemen,” I replied, rather drily.

“‘You look a little alarmed—ugh, ugh, hoo, hoo, hoo!’ cried the pair. ‘Excuse our laughter—hoo! hoo! hoo! We mean no offence—none whatever. Ugh, hoo, hoo, hoo! We know we are somewhat changed in appearance.’

“I assured the transformed ‘tops’ I was delighted in being honoured with their company, under any shape; hoped they would make themselves quite at home, and take a glass with me in the friendly way. The friends shook their heads simultaneously, declining the offer; and he whom I had hitherto known as the *right* foot, said in a grave voice:—

“‘We feel obliged, sir, but we never take anything but water; moreover, our business now is to relate to you some of the singular adventures of our life, convinced, that in your hand they will be given to the world in three handsome volumes.’

“My curiosity was instantly awakened, and I drew my chair closer to my communicative friends, who, stretching out their legs, prepared to commence their recital.”

“‘Hem!’ cried the right foot, who appeared to be the spokesman, clearing his throat and turning to his companion—‘hem! which of our adventures shall I relate first, brother?’

“‘Why,’ replied the left foot, after a few moments’ reflection, ‘I don’t think you can do better than tell our friend the story of Terence Duffy and the heiress.’

“‘Egad! you’re right, brother; that was a droll affair.’ and then, addressing himself to me, he continued, ‘You remember your Uncle Terence? A funny dog he was, and in his young

days the very devil for lovemaking and fighting. Look here,' said the speaker, pointing to a small circular perforation in his side, which had been neatly patched. 'This mark, which I shall carry with me to my grave, I received in an affair between your uncle and Captain Donovan of the North Cork Militia. The captain one day asserted in the public library at Ballybreesthawn, that a certain Miss Biddy O'Brannigan had hair red as a carrot. This calumny was not long in reaching the ears of your Uncle Terence, who prided himself on being the champion of the *sex* in general, and of Miss Biddy O'Brannigan in particular. Accordingly he took the earliest opportunity of demanding from the captain an apology, and a confession that the lady's locks were a beautiful auburn. The militia hero, who was too courageous to desert his *colours*, maintained they were red. The result was a meeting on the daisies at four o'clock in the morning, when the captain's ball grazed your uncle's leg, and in return he received a compliment from Terence, in the hip, that spoiled his dancing for life.

"I will not insult your penetration by telling you what I perceive you are already aware of, that Terence Duffy was the professed admirer of Miss Biddy. The affair with Captain Donovan raised him materially in her estimation, and it was whispered that the hand and fortune of the heiress were destined for her successful champion. There's an old saying, though, that the best dog don't always catch the hare, as Terence found to his cost. He had a rival candidate for the affections of Miss Biddy; but such a rival—however I will not anticipate."

SONGS FOR THE SENTIMENTAL, NO. 3.

I am thine in *my* gladness,
I'm thine in *thy* tears;
My love it can change not
With absence or years.
Were a dungeon thy dwelling,
My home it should be,
For its gloom would be sunshine
If I were with thee.
But the light has no beauty
Of thee, love bereft:
I am thine, and thine only!
Thine!—over the left!
Over the left!

As the wild Arab hails,
On his desolate way,
The palm-tree which tells
Where the cool fountains play,
So thy presence is ever
The herald of bliss,
For there's love in thy smile,
And there's joy in thy kiss.
Thou hast won me—then wear me!
Of thee, love, bereft,
I should fade like a flower,
Yes!—over the left!
Over the left!

A gentleman in Mobile has a watch that goes so fast, he is obliged to calculate a week back to know the time of day.

A new bass singer has lately appeared at New Orleans, who sings so remarkably *deep*, it takes nine Kentucky lawyers to understand a single bar!

A NATURAL DEDUCTION

Why S—e is long-lived at once appears—
The ass was always famed for *length of ears*.

WIT WITHOUT MONEY; OR, HOW TO LIVE UPON NOTHING. BY VAMPYRE HORSELEECH, ESQ.

"Creation's heir—the world, the world is mine."—GOLDSMITH.

Philosophers, moralists, poets, in all ages, have never better pleased themselves or satisfied their readers than when they have descanted upon, deplored, and denounced the pernicious influence of money upon the heart and the understanding. "Filthy lucre"—"so much trash as may be grasped thus"—"yellow mischief," I know not, or choose not, to recount how many justly injurious names have been applied to coin by those who knew, because they had felt, its consequences. Wherefore, I say at once, it is better to have none on't—to live without it. And yet, now I think better upon that point, it is well not altogether to discourage its approach. On the contrary, lay hold upon it, seize it, rescue it from hands which in all probability would work ruin with it, and resolutely refuse, when it is once got, to let it go out of your grasp. Let no absurd talk about quittance, discharge, remuneration, payment, induce the holder to relax from his inflexible purpose of palm. Pay, like party, is the madness of many for the gain of a few.

Unhappily, vile gold, or its representation or equivalent, has been, during many centuries, the sole medium through which the majority of mankind have supplied their wants, or ministered to their luxuries. It is high time that a sage should arise to expound how the discerning few—those who have the wit and the will (both must concur to the great end) may live—LIVE—not like him who buys and balances himself by the book of the groveller who wrote "How to *Live* upon Fifty Pounds a Year"—(O shame to manhood!)—but live, I say—"be free and merry"—"laugh and grow fat"—exchange the courtesies of life—be a pattern of the "minor morals"—and yet: all this without a doit in bank, bureau, or breeches' pocket.

I am that sage. Let none deride. Haply, I shall only remind some, but I may teach many. Those that come to scoff, may perchance go home to prey.

Let no gentleman of the old school (for whom, indeed, my brief treatise is not designed) be startled when I advance this proposition: That more discreditable methods are daily practised by those who live to get money, than are resorted to by those who without money are nevertheless under the necessity of living. If this proposition be assented to—as, in truth, I know not how it can be gainsaid,—nothing need be urged in vindication of my art of *free* living. Proceed I then at once.

Here is a youth of promise—born, like Jaffier, with "elegant desires"—one who does not agnize a prompt alacrity in carrying burdens—one, rather, who recognizes a moral and physical unfitness for such, and indeed all other dorsal and manual operations—one who has been born a Briton, and would not, therefore, sell his birthright for a mess of pottage; but, on the contrary, holds that his birthright entitles him to as many messes of pottage as there may be days to his mortal span, though time's fingers stretched beyond the distance allotted to extreme Parr or extremest Jenkins. "Elegant desires" are gratified to the extent I purpose treating of them, by handsome clothes—comfortable lodgings—good dinners.

1st. *Of Handsome Clothes.*—Here, I confess, I find myself in some difficulty. The man who knows not how to have his name entered in the day-book of a tailor, is not one who could derive any benefit from instruction of mine. He must be a born natural. Why, it comes by instinct.

2nd. *Of Comfortable Lodgings.*—Easily obtained and secured. The easiest thing in life. But the wit without money must possess very little more of the former than of the latter, if he do not, even when snugly ensconced in one splendid suite of apartments, have his eye upon many others; for landladies are sometimes vexatiously impertinent, and novelty is desirable. Besides, his departure may be (nay, often is) extremely sudden. When in quest of apartments, I have found tarnished cards in the windows preferable. They imply a length of vacancy of the floor, and a consequent relaxation of those narrow, worldly (some call them prudent) scruples, which landladies are apt to nourish. Hints of a regular income, payable four times a year, have their weight; nay, often convert weekly into quarterly lodgings. Be sure there are no children in your house. They are vociferous when you would enjoy domestic retirement, and inquisitive when you take the air. Once (*horresco referens!*) on returning from my peripatetics, I was accosted with brutally open-mouthed clamour, by my landlady, who, dragging me in a state of bewilderment into her room, pointed to numerous specimens of granite, which her "young people" had, in their unhallowed thirst for knowledge, discovered and drawn from my trunk, which, by some strange mischance, had been left unlocked! In vain I mumbled something touching my love of mineralogy, and that a lapidary had offered I knew not what for my collection. I was compelled to "bundle," as the idiomatic, but ignorant woman expressed herself. To resume.

Let not the nervous or sensitive wit imagine that, in a vast metropolis like London, his chance of securing an appropriate lodging and a confiding landlady is at all doubtful. He might lodge safe from the past, certain of the future, till the crash of doom. I shall be met by Ferguson's case. Ferguson I knew well, and I respected him. But he had a most unfortunate countenance. It was a very solemn, but by no means a solvent face; and yet he had a manner with him too, and his language was choice, if not persuasive. That the matter of his speech was plausible, none ever presumed to deny. "It is all very well, Mr. Ferguson,"—*that* was always conceded. I do not wish to speak ill of the dead; but Ferguson never entered a lodging without being compelled to pay a fortnight in advance, and always



EXPECTED TO BE OUT SHORTLY.

3rd. *Of Good Dinners.*—Wits, like other men, are distinguished by a variety of tastes and inclinations. Some prefer dining at taverns and eating-houses; others, more discreet or less daring, love the quiet security of the private house, with its hospitable inmates, courteous guests, and no possibility of “bill transactions.” I confess when I was young and inexperienced, wanting that wisdom which I am now happy to impart, I was a constant frequenter of taverns, eating-houses, oyster-rooms, and similar places of entertainment. I am old now, and have been persecuted by a brutal world, and am grown timid. But I was ever a peaceable man—hated quarrels—never came to words if I could help it. *I do not recommend the tavern, eating-house, oyster-room system.* These are the words of wisdom. The waiters at these places are invariably sturdy, fleet, abusive rascals, who cannot speak and will not listen to reason. To eat one’s dinner, drink a pint of sherry, and then, calling for the bill, take out one’s pocket-book, and post it in its rotation in a neat hand, informing the waiter the while, that it is a simple debt, and so forth; this really requires nerve. Great spirits only are equal to it. It is an innovation upon old, established forms, however absurd—and innovators bring down upon themselves much obloquy. To run from the score you have run up—not to pay your shot, but to shoot from payment—this is not always safe, and invariably spoils digestion. No; it is not more honourable—far from it—but it is better; for you should strive to become, what is commonly called—“A Diner Out”—that is to say, one who continues to sit at the private tables of other men every day of his life, and by his so potent art, succeeds in making them believe that they are very much obliged to him.

How to be this thing—this “Diner Out”—I shall teach you, by a few short rules next week. Till then—farewell!

Lord William Paget has applied to the Lord Chancellor, to inquire whether the word “jackass” is not opprobrious and actionable. His lordship says, “No, decidedly, in this case only synonymous.”

THE POLITICAL QUACK.

Sir Robert Peel has convinced us of one thing by his Tamworth speech, that whatever danger the constitution may be in, he will not proscribe for the patient until he is *regularly called in*. A beautiful specimen of the old Tory leaven. Sir Robert objects to give *Advice gratis*.

TO FANCY BUILDERS AND CAPITALISTS.

A large assortment of peculiarly fine oyster-shells, warranted fire-proof and of first-rate quality; exquisitely adapted for the construction of grottoes. May be seen by cards only, to be procured of Mr. George Robins, or the clerks of Billingsgate or Hungerford markets.

N.B.—Some splendid ground at the corners of popular and well-frequented streets, to be let on short leases for edifices of the above description. Apply as before.

LITERARY RECIPES.

The following invaluable literary recipes have been most kindly forwarded by the celebrated Ude. They are the produce of many years’ intense study, and, we must say, the very best things of the sort we have ever met with. There is much delicacy in M. Ude leaving it to us, as to whether the communication should be anonymous. We think not, as the peculiarity of the style would at once establish the talented authorship, and, therefore, attempted concealment would be considered as the result of a too morbidly modest feeling.

HOW TO COOK UP A FASHIONABLE NOVEL.

Take a consummate puppy—M.P.s preferable (as they are generally the softest, and don’t require much pressing)—baste with self-conceit—stuff with slang—season with maudlin

sentiment—hash up with a popular publisher—simmer down with preparatory advertisements. Add six reams of gilt-edged paper—grate in a thousand quills—garnish with marble covers, and morocco backs and corners. Stir up with magazine puffs—skim off sufficient for preface. Shred scraps of French and small-talk, very fine. Add “superfine coats”—“satin stocks”—“bouquets”—“opera-boxes”—“a duel”—an elopement—St. George’s Church—silver bride favours—eight footmen—four postilions—the like number of horses—a “dredger” of smiles—some filtered tears—half-mourning for a dead uncle (the better if he has a twitch in his nose), and serve with anything that will bear “*frittering*.”

A SENTIMENTAL DITTO.

(By the same Author.)

Take a young lady—dress her in blue ribbons—sprinkle with innocence, spring flowers, and primroses. Procure a Baronet (a Lord if in season); if not, a depraved “younger son”—trim him with *écarté*, rouge et noir, Epsom, Derby, and a slice of Crockford’s. Work up with rustic cottage, an aged father, blind mother, and little brothers and sisters in brown holland pinafores. Introduce mock abduction—strong dose of virtue and repentance. Serve up with village church—happy parent—delighted daughter—reformed rake—blissful brothers—siren sisters—and perfect *dénouement*.

N.B. Season with perspective christening and postponed epitaph.

A STARTLING ROMANCE.

Take a small boy, charity, factory, carpenter’s apprentice, or otherwise, as occasion may serve—stew him well down in vice—garnish largely with oaths and flash songs—boil him in a cauldron of crime and improbabilities. Season equally with good and bad qualities—infuse petty larceny, affection, benevolence, and burglary, honour and housebreaking, amiability and arson—boil all gently. Stew down a mad mother—a gang of robbers—several pistols—a bloody knife. Serve up with a couple of murders—and season with a hanging-match.

N.B. Alter the ingredients to a beadle and a workhouse—the scenes may be the same, but the whole flavour of vice will be lost, and the boy will turn out a perfect pattern.—Strongly recommended for weak stomachs.

AN HISTORICAL DITTO.

Take a young man six feet high—mix up with a horse—draw a squire from his father’s estate (the broad-shouldered and loquacious are the best sort)—prepare both for potting (that is, exporting). When abroad, introduce a well-pounded Saracen—a foreign princess—stew down a couple of dwarfs and a conquered giant—fill two sauce-tureens with a prodigious ransom. Garnish with garlands and dead Turks. Serve up with a royal marriage and cloth of gold.

A NARRATIVE.

Take a distant village—follow with high-road—introduce and boil down pedlar, gut his pack, and cut his throat—hang him up by the heels—when enough, let his brother cut him down—get both into a stew—pepper the real murderer—grill the innocent for a short time—then take them off, and put delinquents in their place (these can scarcely be broiled too much, and a strong fire is particularly recommended). When real perpetrators are *done*, all is complete.

If the parties have been poor, serve up with mint sauce, and the name of the enriched sufferer.

BIOGRAPHY OF KINGS.

Lay in a large stock of “gammon” and pennyroyal—carefully strip and pare all the tainted parts away, when this can be done without destroying the whole—wrap it up in printed paper, containing all possible virtues—baste with flattery, stuff with adulation, garnish with fictitious attributes, and a strong infusion of sycophancy.

Serve up to prepared courtiers, who have been previously well seasoned with long-received pensions or sinecures.

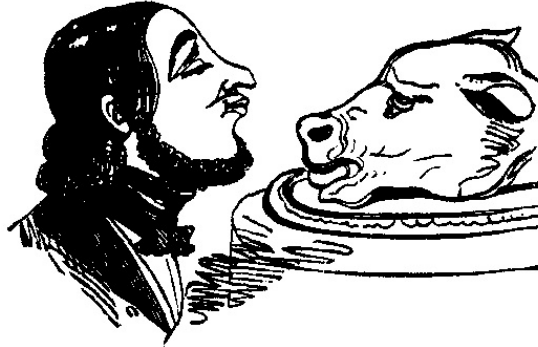
DRAMATIC RECIPES.

FOR THE ADELPHI.—VERY FINE!

Take a beautiful and highly-accomplished young female, imbued with every virtue, but slightly addicted to bigamy! Let her stew through the first act as the bride of a condemned convict—then season with a benevolent but very ignorant lover—add a marriage. Stir up with a gentleman in dusty boots and large whiskers. *Dredge* in a meeting, and baste with the knowledge of the dusty boot proprietor being her husband. Let this steam for some time; during which, prepare, as a covering, a pair of pistols—carefully insert the bullet in the head of him of the dusty boots. Dessert—general offering of LADIES' FINGERS! Serve up with red fire and tableaux.

FOR MESSRS. MACREADY AND CHARLES KEAN.

Take an enormous hero—work him up with improbabilities—dress him in spangles and a long train—disguise his head as much as possible, as the great beauty of this dish is to avoid any resemblance to the "*tête de veau au naturel*."



A TETE A TETE.

Grill him for three acts. When well worked up, add a murder or large dose of innocence (according to the palate of the guests)—Season, with a strong infusion of claqueurs and box orders. Serve up with twelve-sheet posters, and imaginary Shaksperian announcements.

N.B. Be careful, in cooking the heroes, not to turn their backs *to the front range*—should you do so the dish will be spoiled.

FOR THE ROYAL VIC.

(*A Domestic Sketch.*)

Take a young woman—give her six pounds a year—work up her father and mother into a viscous paste—bind all with an abandoned poacher—throw in a "dust of virtue," and a "handful of vice." When the poacher is about to boil over, put him into another saucepan, let him simmer for some time, and then he will turn out "lord of the manor," and marry the young woman. Serve up with bludgeons, handcuffs, a sentimental gaoler, and a large tureen of innocence preserved.

FOR THE SURREY NAUTICAL.

Take a big man with a loud voice, dress him with a pair of ducks, and, if pork is comeatable, a pigtail—stuff his jaws with an imitation quid, and his mouth with a large assortment of *dammes*. Garnish with two broad-swords and a hornpipe. Boil down a press-gang and six or seven smugglers, and (if in season) a bo'swain and large cat-o'-nine-tails.—Sprinkle the dish with two lieutenants, four midshipmen, and about seven or eight common sailors. Serve up with a pair of epaulettes and an admiral in a white wig, silk stockings, smalls, and the Mutiny Act.

OUR CITY ARTICLE.

We have no arrivals to-day, but are looking out anxiously for the overland mail from Battersea. It is expected that news will be brought of the state of the mushroom market, and great inconvenience in the mean time is felt by the dealers, who are holding all they have got, in the anticipation of a fall; while commodities are, of course, every moment getting heavier.

The London and Westminster steam-boat *Tulip*, with letters from Milbank, was planted in the mud off Westminster for several hours, and those who looked for the correspondence, had to look much longer than could have been agreeable.

The egg market has been in a very unsettled state all the week; and we have heard whispers of a large breakage in one of the wholesale houses. This is caused by the dead weight of the packing-cases, to which every house in the trade is liable. In the fruit market,

there is positively nothing doing; and the *growers*, who are every day becoming *less*, complain bitterly. Raspberries were very slack, at 2½d. per pottle; but dry goods still brought their prices. We have heard of several severe smashes in currants, and the bakers, who, it is said, generally contrive to get a finger in the pie, are among the sufferers.

The salmon trade is, for the most part, in a pickle; but we should regret to say anything that might be misinterpreted. The periwinkle and wilk interest has sustained a severe shock; but potatoes continue to be *done* much as usual.

TO SIR F—S B—T.

"A dinner is to be given to Captain Rous on the 20th inst., at which Sir Francis Burdett has promised to preside."—*Morning Paper*.

Egyptian revels often boast a guest
In sparkling robes and blooming chaplets drest;
But, oh! what loathsomeness is hid beneath—
A fleshless, mould'ring effigy of death;
A thing to check the smile and wake the sigh,
With thoughts that living excellence can die.
How many at the coming feast will see
THE SKELETON OF HONOURED WORTH IN THEE!

[pg 40]

SUPREME: COURT OF THE LORD HIGH INQUISITOR PUNCH.

"Laselato ogni speranza, voi ch' intrate!"

JOHN BULL v. THE PEEL PLACE-HUNTING COMPANY.

MR. JOBTICKLER said he had to move in this cause for an injunction to restrain the Peel Place-hunting Company from entering into possession of the estates of plaintiff. It appeared from the affidavits on which he moved, that the defendants, though not in actual possession, laid an equitable claim to the fee simple of the large estates rightfully belonging to the plaintiff, over which they were about to exercise sovereign dominion. They had entered into private treaty with the blind old man who held the post of chief law-grubber of the Exchequer, offering him a bribe to pretend illness, and take half his present pay, in order to fasten one of the young and long-lived leeches—one Sir Frederick Smal-luck—to the vacant bench. They were about to compel a decentish sort of man, who did the business of Chancery as well as such business can be done under the present system, to retire upon half allowance, in order to make room for one Sir William Fullhat, who had no objection to £14,000 a year and a peerage. They were about to fill two sub-chancellorships, which they would not on any account allow the company in the present actual possession of the estates to fill up with a couple of their own shareholders; and were, in fine, proceeding to dispose of, by open sale, and by private contract, the freehold, leasehold, and funded property of plaintiff, to the incalculable danger of the estate, and to the disregard of decency and justice. What rendered this assumption and exercise of power the more intolerable, was, that the persons the most unfit were selected; and as if, it would appear, from a "hateful love of contraries," the man learned in law being sent to preside over the business of equity, of which he knew nothing, and the man learned in equity being entrusted with the direction of law of which he knew worse than nothing; being obliged to unlearn all he had previously learnt, before he began to learn his new craft.

LORD HIGH INQUISITOR.—Don't you know, sir, that *poeta nascitur non fit*? Is not a judge a judge the moment he applies himself to the seat of justice?

MR. JOBTICKLER.—Most undoubtedly it is so, my lord, as your lordship is a glorious example, but—

LORD HIGH INQUISITOR.—But me no buts, sir. I'll have no allusions made to my person. What way are the cases on the point you would press on the court?

MR. JOBTICKLER.—The cases, I am sorry to say, are all in favour of the Peel Place-hunting Company's proceedings; but the principle, my lord, the principle!

LORD HIGH INQUISITOR.—Principle! What has principle to do with law, Sir? Really the bar is losing all reverence for authority, all regard for consistency. I must put a stop to such revolutionary tendencies on the part of gentlemen who practise in my court. Sit down, sir.

MR. JOBTICKLER.—May my client have the injunction?

LORD HIGH INQUISITOR.—No-o-o-o! But he shall pay all the costs, and I only wish I could

double them for his impertinence. You, sir, you deserve to be stripped of your gown for insulting the ears of the court with such a motion.

CRIER.—Any more appeals, causes, or motions, in the Supreme Court of the Lord High Inquisitor Punch, to-day? (A dead silence.)

LORD HIGH INQUISITOR (bowing gracefully to the bar).—Good morning, gentlemen. You behold how carefully we fulfil the letter of Magna Charta.

“Nulli vendemus, nulli negabimus, aut differemus rectum vel justitiam.”
[*Exit.*]

CRIER.—This Court will sit the next time it is the Lord High Inquisitor’s pleasure that it should sit, and at no other period or time.—God save the Queen!

AN AN-TEA ANACREONTIC.—No. 3.

EΙΣ ΑΥΡΑΝ.


Apollo! ere the adverse fates
Gave thy lyre to Mr. Yates²,
I have melted at thy strain
When Bunn reign’d o’er Drury-lane;
For the music of thy strings
Haunts the ear when Romer sings.
But to me *that* voice is mute!
Tuneless kettle-drum and flute
I but hear *one* liquid lyre—
Kettle bubbling on the fire,
Whizzing, fizzing, steaming out
Music from its curved spot,
Wak’ning visions by its song
Of thy nut-brown streams, Souchong;
Lumps of crystal saccharine—
Liquid pearl distill’d from kine;
Nymphs whose gentle voices mingle
With the silver tea-spoons’ jingle!
Symposiarch I o’er all preside,
The Pidding of the fragrant tide.
Such the dreams that fancy brings,
When my tuneful kettle sings!

2. This celebrated instrument now crowns the chaste yet elaborate front of the Adelphi Theatre, where full-length effigies of Mr. and Mrs. Yates may be seen silently inviting the public to walk in.

AUTHENTIC.

FROM EBENEZER BEWLEY, OF LONDON, TO HIS FRIEND REUBEN PIM, OF LIVERPOOL.

7th mo. 29th, 1841.

Friend Reuben,—I am in rect. of thine of 27th inst., and note contents. It affordeth me consolation that the brig *Hazard* hath arrived safely in thy port—whereof I myself was an underwriter—also, that a man-child hath been born unto thee and to thy faithful spouse Rebecca. Nevertheless, the house of Crash and Crackitt hath stopped payment, which hath caused sore lamentation amongst the faithful, who have discounted their paper. It hath pleased Providence to raise the price of E.I. sugars; the quotations of B.P. coffee are likewise improving, in both of which articles I am a large holder. Yet am I not puffed up with foolish vanity, but have girded myself round with the girdle of lowliness, even as with the band which is all round my hat! In token whereof, I offered to hand 20 puncheons of the former, as  margin.

There are serious ferments and heartburnings amongst the great ones of this land: and those that sit on the benches called “The Treasury” are become sore afraid, for he whom men call Lord John Russell hath had notice to quit. Thereat, the Tories rejoice mightily, and lick their chops for the fat morsels and the sops in the pan that Robert the son of *Jenny* hath promised unto his followers. Nevertheless, tidings have reached me that a good spec. might be made in Y.C. tallow, whereon I desire thy opinion; as also on the practice of stuffing roast turkey with green walnuts, which hath been highly recommended by certain of the brethren here, who have with long diligence and great anxiety meditated upon the subject.

And now, I counsel thee, hold fast the change which thou hast, striving earnestly for that which thou hast not, taking heed especially that no man comes the “artful” over thee;

whereby I caution thee against one Tom Kitefly of Manchester, whose bills have returned back unto me, clothed with that unseemly garment which the notary calleth "a protest." Assuredly he is a viper in the paths of the unwary, and will bewray thee with his fair speeches; therefore, I say, take heed unto him.

I remain thy friend,
EBEN. BEWLEY.
Mincing Lane.

TO BAD JOKERS.

Sir,—Seeing in the first number of your paper an announcement from Mr. Thomas Hood, that he was in want of a laugher, I beg to offer my services in that comic capacity, and to hand you my card and certificates of my cachinnatory powers.

T.C.

CARD.

Mr. Toady Chuckle begs to inform wits, punsters, and jokers in general that he

GOES OUT LAUGHING.

His truly invaluable zest for bad jokes has been patronised by several popular farce-writers and parliamentary Pasquins.

Mr. T.C. always has at command smiles for satire, simpers for repartee, sniggers for conundrums, titters for puns, and guffaws for jocular anecdotes. By Mr. T.C.'s system, cues for laughter are rendered unnecessary, as, from a long course of practical experience, the moment of cachinnation is always judiciously selected.

N.B. The worst Jokes laughed at, and rendered successful. Old Joes made to tell as well as new.

COMIC CREDENTIALS.

T.R.C.G.

Sir,—I feel myself bound in justice to you and your invaluable laughter, as well as to others who may be suffering, as I have been, with a weakly farce, to inform you of its extraordinary results in my case. My bantling was given up by all the faculty, when you were happily shown into the boxes. One laugh removed all sibillatory indications; a second application of your invaluable cachinnation elicited slight applause; whilst a third, in the form of a *guffaw*, rendered it perfectly successful.

From the prevalence of dulness among dramatic writers, I have no doubt that your services will be in general requisition.

I am, yours, very respectfully,
J.R. Planche.
C— C—.

Sir,—I beg to inform you, for the good of other bad jokers, that I deem the introduction of your truly valuable cachinnation one of the most important ever made; in proof of which, allow me to state, that after a joke of mine had proved a failure for weeks, I was induced to try your cachinnation, by the use of which it met with unequivocal success; and, I declare, if the cost were five guineas a *guffaw*, I would not be without it.

Yours truly,
Charles Delaet Waldo Sibthorp (Colonel).

"MY NAME'S THE DOCTOR"—(*vide Peel's Speech at Tamworth.*)

The two doctors, Peel and Russell, who have been so long engaged in renovating John Bull's "glorious constitution!" though they both adopt the lowering system at present, differ as to the form of practice to be pursued. Russell still strenuously advocates his *purge*, while Sir Robert insists upon the efficacy of *bleeding*.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

PUNCH'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.—NO. 1.

BEING A VERY FAMILIAR TREATISE ON ASTRONOMY.

Our opinion is, that science cannot be too familiarly dealt with; and though too much familiarity certainly breeds contempt, we are only following the fashion of the day, in rendering science somewhat contemptible, by the strange liberties that publishers of *Penny Cyclopædias*, three-halfpenny *Informations*, and twopenny *Stores of Knowledge*, are prone to take with it.

In order to show that we intend going at high game, we shall begin with the stars; and if we do not succeed in levelling the heavens to the very meanest capacity—even to that of



AN INFANT IN ARMS—

we shall at once give up all claims to the title of an enlightener of the people.

Every body knows there are planets in the air, which are called the *planetary* system. Every one knows our globe goes upon its axis, and has two poles, but what is the axis, and what the poles are made of—whether of wood, or any other material—are matters which, as far as the mass are concerned, are involved in the greatest possible obscurity.

The north pole is chiefly remarkable for no one having ever succeeded in reaching it, though there seems to have been a regular communication to it by post in the time of Pope, whose lines—

“Speed the soft intercourse from zone to zone.
And waft a sigh from Indus *to the pole*,”

imply, without doubt, that packages reached the pole; not, however, without regard to the *size* (SIGHS), which may have been limited.

The sun, every body knows, is very large, and indeed the size has been ascertained to an inch, though we must say we should like to see the gentleman who measured it. Astronomers declare there are spots upon it, which may be the case, unless the *savans* have been misled by specks of dirt on the bottom of their telescopes. As these spots are said to disappear from time to time, we are strongly inclined to think our idea is the correct one. Some insist that the sun is liquid like water, but if it were, the probability is, that from its intense heat, the whole must have boiled away long ago, or put itself out, which is rather more feasible.

We do not think it necessary to go into the planets, for, if we did, it is not unlikely we should be some time before we got out again; but we shall say a few words about our own Earth, in which our readers must, of course, take a special interest.

It has been decided, that, viewed from the moon, our globe presents a mottled appearance; but, as this assertion can possibly rest on no better authority than that of the Man in the Moon, we must decline putting the smallest faith in it.

It is calculated that a day in the moon lasts just a fortnight, and that the night is of the same duration. If this be the case, the watchmen in the moon must be horridly overworked, and daily labourers must be fatigued in proportion. When the moon is on the increase, it is seen in the crescent; but whether Mornington-crescent or Burton-crescent, or any other crescent in particular, has not been mentioned by either ancient or modern astronomers. The only articles we get from the moon, are moonlight and madness. *Lunar* caustic is not derived from the planet alluded to.

Of the stars, one of the most brilliant is *Sirius*, or *the Dog-star*, which it is calculated gives

just one-twenty-millionth part of the light of the sun, or about as much as that of a farthing rushlight. It would seem that such a shabby degree of brilliancy was hardly worth having; but when it is remembered that it takes three years to come, it really seems hardly worth while to travel so far to so very little purpose.

The most magnificent of the starry phenomena, is the Milky Way or *Whey*; and, indeed, the epithet seems superfluous, for all *whey* is to a certain extent milky. The *Band of Orion* is familiar to all of us by name; but it is not a musical band, as most people are inclined to think it is. Perhaps the allusion to the *music of the spheres* may have led to this popular error, as well as to that which regards Orion's *band* as one of *wind* instruments.

We shall not go into those ingenious calculations that some astronomers have indulged in, as to the time it would take for a cannon-ball to come from the sun to the earth, for we really hope the earth will never be troubled by so unwelcome a visitor. Nor shall we throw out any suggestions as to how long a bullet would be going from the globe to the moon; for we do not think any one would be found goose enough to take up his rifle with the intention of trying the experiment.

Comets are, at present, though very luminous bodies, involved in considerable obscurity. Though there is plenty of light in comets, we are almost entirely in the dark concerning them. All we know about them is, that they are often coming, but never come, and that, after frightening us every now and then, by threatening destruction to our earth, they turn sharp off, all of a sudden, and we see no more of them. Astronomers have spied at them, learned committees have sat upon them, and old women have been frightened out of their wits by them; but, notwithstanding all this, the *comet* is so utterly mysterious, that "thereby *hangs a tail*" is all we are prepared to say respecting it.

We trust the above remarks will have thrown a light on the sun and moon, illustrated the stars, and furnished a key to the skies in general; but those who require further information are referred to Messrs. Adams and Walker, whose plans of the universe, consisting of several yellow spots on a few yards of black calico, are exactly the things to give the students of astronomy a full development of those ideas which it has been our aim to open out to him.

NEW STUFFING FOR THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR.

"With too much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen."—*Troilus and Cressida*.

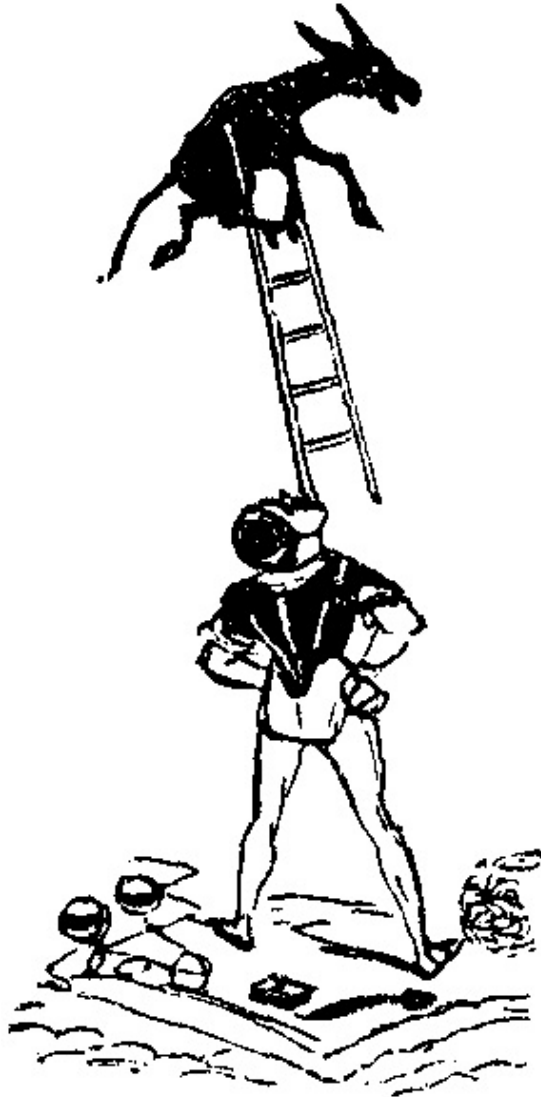
MR. PETER BORTHWICK and Colonel Sibthorpe are both named as candidates for the Speaker's chair. Peter has a certificate of being "a *bould* speaker," from old Richardson, in whose company he was engaged as parade-clown and check-taker. The gallant Colonel, however, is decidedly the favourite, notwithstanding his very ungracious summary of the Whigs some time ago. We would give one of the buttons off our hump to see



SIBTHORPE IN THE CHAIR.

MR. JOSEPH MUGGINS begs to inform his old crony, PUNCH, that the report of Sir John Pullon, "as to the possibility of elevating an ass to the head of the poll by bribery and corruption" is perfectly correct, provided there is no abatement in the price. Let him canvass again, and Mr. J.M. pledges himself, whatever his weight, if he will only stand "one

penny more, up goes the donkey!"



CANDIDATE AT THE HEAD OF THE POLE.

OLD BAILEY.

Robbed—Melbourne's butcher of his twelvemonth's billings.

Verdict—Stealing under forty shillings.

LEGAL PUGILISM.

The Chancery bar has been lately occupied with a question relating to a patent for pins' heads. The costs are estimated at £5000. The lawyers are the best boxers, after all. Only let them get a *head in chancery*, even a *pin's*, and see how they make the proprietor *bleed*.

INQUEST.

Died, Eagle Rouse—Verdict, *Felo de se*.

Induced by being ta'en for—Ross, M.P.

RUMBALL THE COMEDIAN.

When Mr. Rumball was at the Surrey Theatre, the treasurer paid him the proceeds of a share of a benefit in half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences, which Rumball boasted that he had carried home on his head. His friends, from that day, accounted for his *silvery* hair!

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

We beg to invite attention to the aspect of our Foreign Affairs. It is dark, lowering, gloomy—some would say, alarming. When it smiles, its smiles deceive. To use the very mildest term, it is exceedingly suspicious. Let John Bull look to his pockets.

It is, nevertheless, but a piece of justice to state, that, formidable as the appearance of Foreign Affairs may be, no blame whatever can, in our opinion, be attached to Lord Palmerston.

The truth is, that the Foreign Affairs of PUNCH are not the Foreign Affairs of Politics. They are certain living beings; and we call them Affairs, by way of compromise with some naturalists, to whom the respective claims of man and the ape to their relationship may appear as yet undecided.

In their anatomical construction they undoubtedly resemble mankind; they are also endowed with the faculty of speech. Their clothes, moreover, do not grow upon their backs, although they look very much as if they did. They come over here in large numbers from other countries, chiefly from France; and in London abound in Leicester-square, and are constantly to be met with under the Quadrant in Regent-street, where they grin, gabble, chatter, and sometimes dance, to the no small diversion of the passengers.

As these Foreign Affairs have long been the leaders of fashion, and continue still to give the tone to the manners and sentiments of the politer circles, where also their language is, perhaps, more frequently spoken than the vernacular tongue; and as there is something about them—no matter what—which renders them great favourites with a portion of the softer sex, we shall endeavour to point out, for the edification of those who may be disposed to copy them, those peculiarities of person, deportment, and dress, by which their tribe is distinguished.

We address ourselves more particularly to those whose animal part—every man is said to resemble, in some respect, one of the lower animals—is made up of the marmozet and the puppy.

Be it known, then, to all those whom it may concern, that there are, to speak in a general way, two great classes of Foreign Affairs—the shining and the dingy.

The characteristic appearance of the former might, perhaps, be obtained by treating the apparel with a preparation of plumbago or black lead; that of the latter by the use of some fuliginous substance, as a dye, or, perhaps, by direct fumigation. The gloss upon the cheeks might be produced by perseverance in the process of dry-rubbing; the more humid style of visage, by the application of emollient cataplasms. General sallowness would result, as a matter of course, from assiduous dissipation. Young gentlemen thus glazed and varnished, *French-polished*, in fact, from top to toe, might glitter in the sun like beetles; or adopt, if they preferred it, as being better adapted for lady-catching, the more sombre guise of the spider.

Foreign Affairs have two opposite modes of wearing the hair; we can recommend both to those studious of elegance. The locks may be suffered to flow about the shoulders in ringlets, resembling the tendrils of the vine, by which means much will be done towards softening down the asperities of sex; or they may be cropped close to the scalp in such a manner as to impart a becoming prominence to the ears. When the development of those appendages is more than usually ample, and when nature has given the head a particularly stiff and erect covering, descending in two lateral semicircles, and a central point on the forehead, the last mentioned style is the more appropriate. By its adoption, the most will be made of certain personal, we might almost say generic, advantages;—we shall call it, in the language of the Foreign Affairs themselves, the *coiffure à-la-singe*.

Useful hints, with respect to the management of the whiskers, may be derived from the study of Foreign Affairs. The broad, shorn, smooth extent of jaw, darkened merely on its denuded surface, and the trimmed regular fringe surrounding the face, are both, in perhaps equal degrees, worthy of the attention of the tasteful. The shaggy beard and mustachios, especially, if aided by the effect of a ferocious scowl, will admirably suit those who would wish to have an imposing appearance; the chin, with its pointed tuft *à la capricorne*, will, at all events, ensure distinction from the human herd; and the decorated upper lip, with its downy growth dyed black, and gummed (the cheek at the same time having been faintly tinged with rouge, the locks parted, perfumed, and curled, the waist duly compressed, a slight addition, if necessary, made to the breadth of the hips, and the feet confined by the most taper and diminutive *chausserie* imaginable), will just serve to give to the *tout ensemble* that one touch of the masculine character which, perhaps, it may be well to retain.

The remarkable tightness and plumpness of limbs and person exhibited by Foreign Affairs cannot have escaped observation. This attractive quality may be acquired by purchasing the material out of which the clothes are to be made, and giving the tailor only just as much as may exactly suffice for the purpose. Its general effect will be much aided by wearing wristbands turned up over the cuff, and collars turned down upon the stock. An agreeable contrast of black and white will thus also be produced. Those who are fonder of

harmony will do well to emulate the closely-buttoned sables likewise worn by a large class of Foreign Affairs, who, affecting a uniform tint, eschew the ostentation of linen.

The diminution of the width of their coat collars, and the increase of the convexity of their coat tails, an object which, by artificial assistance, might easily be gained, are measures which we would earnestly press on all who are ambitious of displaying an especial resemblance to Foreign Affairs. We also advise them to have lofty, napless, steeple-crowned hats.

He who would pass for a shining specimen, in every sense of the word, of a Foreign Affair, should wear varnished boots, which, if composed partly of striped cloth, or what is much prettier, of silk, will display the ankles to the better advantage.

With regard to colours in the matter of costume, the contemplation of Foreign Affairs will probably induce a preference for black, as being better suited to the complexion, though it will, at the same time, teach that the hues of the rainbow are capable, under certain circumstances, of furnishing useful suggestions.

It will have been perceived that the Foreign Affairs of which we have been treating are the Affairs of one particular nation: beside these, however, there are others; but since all of their characteristics may be acquired by letting the clothes alone, never interfering with the hair, abstaining from the practice of ablution, and smoking German pipes about the streets, they are hardly worth dwelling upon. Those who have light and somewhat shaggy locks will study such models with the best success.

Not only the appearance, but the manners also, of Foreign Affairs, may be copied with signal benefit. Two of their accomplishments will be found eminently serviceable—the art of looking black, and that of leering. These physiognomical attainments, exhibited by turns, have a marvellous power of attracting female eyes—those of them, at least, that have a tendency to wander abroad. The best way of becoming master of these acquisitions is, to peruse with attention the features of bravoes and brigands on the one hand, and those of opera-dancers on the other. The progress of Foreign Affairs should be attentively watched, as the manner of it is distinguished by a peculiar grace. This, perhaps, we cannot better teach anyone to catch, than by telling him to endeavour, in walking, to communicate, at each step, a lateral motion to his coat tail. The gait of a popular actress, dressed as a young officer, affords, next to that actually in question, the best exemplification of our meaning. Habitual dancing before a looking-glass, by begetting a kind of second nature, which will render the movements almost instinctive, will be of great assistance in this particular.

In order to secure that general style and bearing for which Foreign Affairs are so remarkable, the mind must be carefully divested of divers incompatible qualities—such as self-respect, the sense of shame, the reverential instinct, and that of conscience, as certain feelings are termed. It must also be relieved of any inconvenient weight of knowledge under which it may labour; though these directions are perhaps needless, as those who have any inclination to form themselves after the pattern of Foreign Affairs, are not very likely to have any such moral or intellectual disqualifications to get rid of. However, it would only be necessary to become conversant with the Affairs themselves, in order, if requisite, to remove all difficulties of the sort. “There is a thing,” reader, “which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch;” we need not finish the quotation.

To defend the preceding observations from misconstruction, we will make, in conclusion, one additional remark; Foreign *Affairs* are one thing—Foreign *Gentlemen* another.



FOREIGN AFFAIRS by

THE MINTO-HOUSE MANIFESTO

Some of our big mothers of the broad-sheet have expressed their surprise that Lord John Russell should have penned so long an address to the citizens of London, only the day before his wedding. For ourselves, we think, it would have augured a far worse compliment to Lady John had he written it the day after. These gentlemen very properly look upon marriage as a most awful ceremony, and would, therefore, indirectly compliment the nerve of a statesman who pens a political manifesto with the torch of Hymen in his eyes, and the whole house odorous of wedding-cake. In the like manner have we known the last signature of an unfortunate gentleman, about to undergo a great public and private change, eulogized for the firmness and clearness of its letters, with the perfect mastery of the supplementary flourish. However, what is written is written; whether penned to the rustling of bridesmaids' satins, or the surplice of the consolatory ordinary—whether to the anticipated music of a marriage peal, or to the more solemn accompaniment of the bell of St. Sepulchre's.

Ha! Lord John, had you only spoken out a little year ago—had you only told her Majesty's Commons what you told the Livery of London—then, at this moment, you had been no moribund minister—then had Sir Robert Peel been as far from St. James's as he has ever been from Chatham. But so it is: the Whig Ministry, like martyr Trappists, have died rather than open their mouths. They would not hear the counsel of their friends, and they refused to *speak out* to their enemies. They retire from office with, at least, this distinction—they

are henceforth honorary members of the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb!

Again, the Whigs are victims to their inherent sense of politeness—to their instinctive observance of courtesy towards the Tories. There has been no bold defiance—no challenge to mortal combat for the cause of public good; but when Whig has called out Tory, it has been in picked and holiday phrase—

“As if a brother should a brother dare,
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.”

For a long time the people have expected to see “cracked crowns and bloody noses,” and at length, with true John Bull disgust, turned from the ring, convinced that the Whigs, whatever play they might make, would never go in and fight.

But have the Tories been correspondingly courteous? By no means; the generosity of politeness has been wholly with the Whigs. They, like frolicsome youths at a carnival, have pelted their antagonists with nothing harder than sugar-plums—with egg-shells filled with rose-water; while the Tories have acknowledged such holiday missiles with showers of brickbats, and eggs *not* filled with aromatic dew. What was the result? The Tories increased in confidence and strength with every new assault; whilst the battered Whigs, from their sheer pusillanimity, became noisome in the nostrils of the country.

At length, the loaves and fishes being about to be carried off, the Whigs speak out: like sulky Master Johnny, who, pouting all dinner-time, with his finger in his mouth, suddenly finds his tongue when the apple-dumplings are to be taken from the table. Then does he advance his plate, seize his ivory knife and fork, put on a look of determined animation, and cry aloud for plenty of paste, plenty of fruit, and plenty of sugar! And then *Mrs. Tory* (it must be confessed a wicked old *Mother Cole* in her time), with a face not unlike the countenance of a certain venerable paramour at a baptismal rite, declares upon her hopes of immortality that the child shall have nothing of the sort, there being nothing so dangerous to the constitution as plenty of flour, plenty of fruit, and plenty of sugar. Therefore, there is a great uproar with Master Johnny: the House, to use a familiar phrase, is turned out of the windows; the neighbourhood is roused; Master Johnny rallies his friends about him, that is, all the other boys of *the court*, and the fight begins. Johnny and his mates make a very good fight, but certain heavy Buckinghamshire countrymen—fellows of fifty stone—are brought to the assistance of that screaming beldame *Mother Tory*, and poor Master Johnny has no other election than to listen to the shouts of triumph that declare there never shall be plenty of flour, plenty of sugar, or, in a word, plenty of pudding.

However, Lord Russell is not discouraged. No; he says “there *shall* be cakes and ale, and ginger shall be hot i’ the mouth, too!” We only trust that his Lordship’s manifesto is not tinged by those feelings of hope (and in the case of his lordship we may add, resignation) that animate most men about to enter wedlock. We trust he does not confound his own anticipations of happiness with the prospects of the country; for in allusion to the probable policy of the Tories, he says—“Returned to office—they may adopt our measures, and submit to the influence of reason.” Reason from the Stanleys—reason from the Goulburns—reason from the Aberdeens! When the Marquis of Londonderry shall have discovered the longitude, and Colonel Sibthorp have found out the philosopher’s stone, we may then begin to expect the greater miracle.

The Whigs, according to Lord Russell’s letter, have really done so much when out of power, and—as he insinuates, are again ready to do so much the instant they are expelled the Treasury—that for the sake of the country, it must be a matter of lamentation if ever they get in again.

PUNCH AND SIR JOHN POLLEN.

Punch, we regret to state, was taken into custody on Monday night at a late hour, on a warrant, for the purpose of being bound over to keep the peace towards Sir John Pollen, Bart. The circumstances giving rise to this affair will be better explained by a perusal of the following correspondence, which took place between ourselves and Sir John, on the occasion, a copy of which we subjoin:—

Wellington Street, July 30, 1841.

SIR,—I have this moment read in the *Morning Chronicle*, the correspondence between you and Lord William Paget, wherein you are reported to say, that your recent defeat at the Andover election was effected by “tampering with some of the smaller voters, who would have voted for *Punch or any other puppet*,” and that such expressions were not intended to be *personally offensive* to Lord William Paget! The members of her Majesty’s puppetry not permitting derogatory conclusions to be drawn at their expense, I call upon you to state whether the above assertions are correct; and if so, whether, in the former case, you intended to allude personally to myself, or my friend Colonel Sibthorp; or, in the latter, to

infer that you considered Lord W. Paget in any way our superior.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,
PUNCH.

Sir John Pollen, Bart.

Redenham, July 30, 1841.

SIGNOR,—I have just received a note in which you complain of a speech made by me at Andover. I have sent express for my Lord Wilkshire, and will then endeavour to recollect what I did say.

I have the honour to be, your admirer,
JOHN POLLEN.

To Signor Punch.

White Hart.

SIGNOR,—My friend Lord Wilkshire has just arrived. It is his opinion that: I did use the terms "Punch, or any other puppet;" but I intended them to have been highly complimentary, as applied to Lord William Paget.

I have the honour to be, your increased admirer,
JOHN POLLEN.

To Signor Punch.

Wellington Street.

SIR,—I and the Colonel are perfectly satisfied. Yours ever,

PUNCH

Wellington Street.

MY LORD,—It would have afforded me satisfaction to have consulted the wishes of Sir John Pollen in regard to the publication of this correspondence. The over-zeal of Sir John's friends have left me no choice in the matter, I shall print.

Your obedient servant,
PUNCH.

Earl of Wilkshire.

Thus ended this—



CURIOUS CORRESPONDENCE.

HUMFERY CHEAT-'EM.—(*Vide* Ainsworth's "Guy Fawkes.")

A city friend met us the other morning: "Hark 'ee," said he, "Alderman Humfery has been selling shares of the Blackwall Railway, which were not in his possession; and when the directors complained, and gave him notice that they would bring his conduct before a full meeting, inviting him at the same time to attend, and vindicate or explain his conduct as he best might, he not only declined to do so, but hurried off to Dublin. Now, I want to know

this," and he took me by the button, "why was Alderman Humfery, when he ran away to Dublin, like the boy who ripped up his goose which laid golden eggs?"—We were fain to give it up.—"Because," said he, with a cruel dig in the ribs, "because he *cut his lucky!*"

THE BOY JONES'S LOG.

PICKED UP AT SEA.

The following interesting narrative of the sufferings of the youth Jones, whose indefatigable pursuit of knowledge, under the most discouraging circumstances, has been the cause of his banishment to a distant shore, was lately picked up at sea, in a sealed bottle, by a homeward-bound East Indiaman, and since placed in our hands by the captain of the vessel; who complimented us by saying, he felt such confidence in PUNCH'S honour and honesty! (these were his very words), that he unhesitatingly confided to him the precious document, in order that it might be given to the world without alteration or curtailment.

We hasten to realise the captain's flattering estimate of our character.

At see, on board the ship Apollo.

June 30.—So soon as the fust aggytation of my mind is woar off, I take up my pen to put my scentiments on peaper, in hops that my friends as nose the misfortin wich as *oc-curd* to me, may think off me wen I'm far a *whey*. Halass! sir, the wicktum of that crewel blewbeard, Lord Melbun, who got affeard of my rising poplarity in the Palass, and as sent me to *see* for my *peeping*, though, heaven nose, I was acktyated by the pewrest motiffs in what I did. The reel fax of the case is, I'm a young man of an ighly cultiwated mind and a very *ink-wisitive* disposition, wich naturally led me to the use of the *pen*. I ad also bean in the abit of reading "Jak Sheppard," and I may add, that I O all my eleygant tastes to the perowsal of that faxinating book. O! wot a noble mind the author of these wollums must have!—what a frootful inwention and fine feelings he displays!—what a delicat weal he throws over the piccadillys of his ero, making petty larceny lovely, and burglarly butiful.

However, I don't mean now to enter into a reglar crickitism of this egxtroinary work, but merely to observe, when I read it fust I felt a thust for litterrerry fame spring up in my buzzem; and I thort I should to be an orthor. Unfortinnet delusion!—that thort has proved my rooin. It was the *bean* of my life, and the destroyer of my *pease*. From that moment I could think of nothink else; I neglekted my wittles and my master, and wanderd about like a knight-errand-boy who had forgotten his message. Sleap deserted my lowly pillar, and, like a wachful shepherd, I lay all night awake amongst my *flocks*. I had got hold of a single idear—it was the axle of my mind, and, like a wheelbarrow, my head was always turning upon it. At last I resolved to rite, and I cast my i's about for a subject—they fell on the Palass! Ear, as my friend Litton Bulwer ses, ear was a field for genus to sore into;—ear was an area for fillophosy to dive into;—ear was a truly magnificent and comprehensive desine for a great *nash-ional* picture! I had got a splendid title, too—not for myself—I've a sole above such trumperry—but for my book. Boox is like humane beings—a good title goes a grate way with the crowd:—the one I ad chose for my *shed-oove*, was "Pencilings in the Palass; or, a Small Voice from the Royal Larder," with commick illustriations by Fiz or Krokwill. Mr. Bentley wantid to be engaged as monthly nuss for my expected projeny; and a nother gen'leman, whose "name" shall be "never heard," offered to go *shears* with me, if I'd consent to *cut-uup* the Cort ladies. "No," ses I, indignantly, "I leave Cort scandle to my betters—I go on independent principals into the Palass, and that's more than Lord Melbun, or Sir Robert Peal, or any one of the insiders or outsiders ever could or ever can say of theirselves.

That's what I said *then*,—but now I think, what a cussed fool I was. All my eye-flown bubbles were fated to be busted and melted, like the *wigs*, "into thin *hair*."

Nong port! We gets wiser as we gets

Genteel Reader,—I beg your parding. I'm better now. Bless me, how the ship waggles! It's reelly hawful; the sailors only laff at it, but I suppose as they're all *tars* they don't mind being *pitched* a little.

The capting tells me we are now reglarly at see, having just passt the North 4 land; so, ackording to custom, I begin my journal, or, as naughtical men call it—to keep my log.

12 o'clock.—Wind.—All in my eye. Mate said we had our larburd tax aboard—never herd of that tax on shore. Told me I should learn to box the compass—tried, but couldn't do it—so boxt the cabbing boy insted. Capting several times calld to a man who was steering—"Port, port;" but though he always anserd, "Eye, eye, sir," he didn't bring him a drop. The black cook fell into the hold on the topp of his hed. Everybody sed he was gone to Davy Jones's locker; but he warn't, for he soon came to again, drank 1/2 a pint of rumm, and declared it was—



THE REAL BLACK REVIVER.

Saw a yung salor sitting on the top of one of the masts—thort of Dibdings faymos see-song, and asked if he warn't

“The sweet little cherub that sits up aloft?”

Man laff'd, and said it wor only Bill Junk clearing the pennant halliards.

1 o'clock.—Thort formerly that every sailer wore his pigtale at the back of his head, like Mr. Tippy Cook—find I labored under a groce mistake—they all carry their pigtale in their backy-boxes. When I beheld the sailors working and heaving, and found that I was also beginning to heave-too, I cuddn't help repeting the varse of the old song—which fitted my case egsactly:—

“There's the capt'n he is our kimmander,
There's the bos'n and all the ship's crew,
There's the married men as well as the single,
Ken-ows what we poor sailors goes through.”

However, I made up my mind not to look inward on my own wose any longer, so I put my head out of a hole in the side of the ship—and, my wiskers! how she did whizz along. Saw the white cliffs of Halbion a long way off, wich brought tiers in my i, thinking of those I had left behind, particular Sally Martin the young gal I was paying my attentions to, who gave me a *lock* of her air when I was a leaving of the *key*. Oh! Lord Melbun, Lord Melbun! how can you rest in youre 4-post bed at nite, nowing you have broke the tize of affexion and divided 2 fond arts for hever! This mellancholly reflexion threw me into a poeticle fitte, and though I was werry uneasy in my *stommik*, and had nothing to rite on but my *chest*. I threw off as follows in a few 2nds, and arterards sung it to the well-none hair of “Willy Reilly:”—

Oakum to me³, ye sailors bold,
Wot plows upon the sea;
To you I mean for to unfold
My mournful histo-ree.
So pay attention to my song,
And quick-el-ly shall appear,
How innocently, all along,
I vos in-weigle-ed here.

One night, returnin home to bed,
I walk'd through Pim-li-co,
And, twigging of the Palass, sed,
“I'm *Jones* and *In-i-go*.”
But afore I could get out, my boys
Pollise-man 20 A,
He caught me by the corderoys,
And lugged me right a-way.

My cuss upon Lord Melbun, and
On Jonny Russ-all-so,
That forc'd me from my native land
Across the vaves to go-o-oh.
But all their spiteful arts is wain,
My spirit down to keep;
I hopes I'll soon git back again,
To take another peep.

2 o'clock.—Bell rung for all hands to come down to dinner. Thought I never saw dirtier hands in my life. They call their dinner “a mess” on broad ship, and a preshious mess it did look—no bread but hard biskit and plenty of ship's *rolls*, besides biled pork and P-soop—

3. The nautical mode of writing—“Oh! come to me.”—
PRINTER'S DEVIL.

both these articles seemed rayther queer—felt my stommick growing quear too—got on deck, and asked where we were—was told we were in the Straits of Dover. I never was in such dreadful straits in my life—ship leaning very much on one side, which made me feel like a man



GOING OFF IN A RAPID DECLINE.

3 o'clock.—Weather getting rather worse than better. Mind very uneasy. Capting says we shall have plenty of squalls to-night; and I heard him just now tell the mate to look to the main shrouds, so I spose it's all dickey with us, and that this log will be my sad epilog. The idear of being made fish meat was so horrible to my sensitive mind, that I couldn't refrain from weeping, which made the capting send me down stairs, to vent my sorros in the cable tiers.

5 o'clock.—I'm sure we shan't srvive this night, therefore I av determined to put my heavy log into an M T rum-bottle, and throw it overbord, in bops it may be pickd up by some pirson who will bare my sad tail to my dear Sally. And now I conclwd with this short advice:—Let awl yung men take warning by my crewel fate. Let them avide bad kumpany and keep out of the Palass; and above all, let them mind their bissnesses on dri land, and never cast their fortunes on any *main*, like their unfortinet

Servant, THE BOY JONES.



THE TWO MACBETHS.

OR THE HAY MARKET GEMINI.

O, Gemini-
Crimini!
Nimini-
Pimini

Representatives of the Tartan hero,
Who wildly tear a passion into rags
More ragged than the hags
That round about the cauldron go!
Murderers! who murder Shakspeare so,
That 'stead of murdering sleep, ye do not do it;
But, *vice versa*, send the audience to it.

And, oh!—

But no—

Illustrious Mac-
Beth, or -ready,
And thou, small quack,
Of plaudits greedy!

Our pen, deserted by the tuneful Muses,
To write on such a barren theme refuses.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,

POLITICAL PROMENADE AND CONSERVATIVE CONCERTS.

The most splendid night of the season! Friday, the 20th of August.

CAPTAIN ROUS'S NIGHT!

British Champagne and the British Constitution!—The Church, the State, and Real Turtle!

The performances will commence with

FISH OUT OF WATER,

Sam Savory—Captain Rous, R.N.

After which,

HIS FIRST CHAMPAGNE;

Which will embrace the whole strength of THE STEWARDS.

In the course of the Evening, the ENLIGHTENED

LICENSED VICTUALLERS,

(Those zealous admirers of *true British spirit*) will parade the room amid

A GRAND DISPLAY OF ELECTION ACCOUNTS.

To be followed by a GRAND PANTOMIME, called

HARLEQUIN HUMBUG;

OR, BRAVO ROUS!

OLD GLORY (afterwards Pantaloon) SIR F. BURDETT,

who has kindly offered his services on this occasion.

HARRY HUMBUG (a true British Sailor, afterwards Harlequin), CAPT. ROUS.

DON WHISKERANDOS (afterwards Clown), COL. SIBTHORPE.

The whole to conclude with a grand *mélange* of

HATS, COATS, AND UMBRELLAS.

TICKETS TO BE HAD AT ANY PRICE.

Stretchers to be at the doors at half-past 2, and policemen to take up with their heads towards Bow-street.

VIVAT REGINA.

THE ADVANTAGES OF ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

The experiments of M. Delafontaine having again raised an outcry against this noble science, from the apparent absence of any benefit likely to arise from it, beyond converting human beings into pincushions and galvanic dummies. We, who look deeper into things than the generality of the world, hail it as an inestimable boon to mankind, and proceed at once to answer the numerous enquirers as to the *cui bono* of this novel soporific.

By a judicious application of the mesmeric fluid, the greatest domestic comfort can be insured at the least possible trouble. The happiest Benedict is too well aware that ladies will occasionally exercise their tongues in a way not altogether compatible with marital ideas of quietude. A few passes of the hand ("in the way of kindness for he who would," &c. *vide* Tobin) will now silence the most powerful oral battery; and Tacitus himself might, with the aid of mesmerism, pitch his study in a milliner's work-room. Hen-pecked husbands have now other means at their command, to secure quiet, than their razors and their garters. We have experimentalised upon our Judy, and find it answer to a miracle. Mrs. Johnson may shut up her laboratory for American Soothing Syrup; mesmerism is the only panacea for those morning and evening infantile ebullitions which affectionate mammas always assign to the teeth, the wind, or a pain in the stomach, and never to that possible cause, a pain in the temper. Mesmerism is "the real blessing to mothers," and Elliotson the Mrs. Johnson of the day. We have tried it upon our Punchinny, and find it superior to our old practice of throwing him out of the window.

Lovers, to you it is a boon sent by Cupid. Mammals, who will keep in the room when your bosoms are bursting with adoration—fathers, who will wake on the morning of an elopement, when the last trunk and the parrot are confided to you from the window—bailiffs, who will hunt you up and down their bailiwick, even to the church-door, though an heiress is depending upon your character for weekly payments—all are rendered powerless and unobtrusive by this inexplicable palmistry. Candidates, save your money; mesmerise your opponents instead of bribing them, and you may become a patriot by a show of hands.

These are a few of its social advantages—its political uses are unbounded. Why not mesmerise the Chinese? and, as for the Chartists, call out Delafontaine instead of the magistrates—a few mesmeric passes would be an easy and efficient substitute for the "Riot Act." Then the powers of *clairvoyance*—the faculty of seeing with their eyes shut—that it gives to the patient. Mrs. Ratsey, your royal charge might be soothed and instructed at the same time, by substituting a sheet of PUNCH for the purple and fine linen of her little Royal Highness's nautilus-shell.

Lord John Russell, the policy of your wily adversary would no longer be concealed. Jealous husbands, do you not see a haven of security, for brick walls may be seen through, and letters read in the pocket of your rival, by this magnetic telescope? whilst studious young gentleman may place Homer under their arms, and study Greek without looking at it.



MESMERISM.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

The Marquis of Waterford and party visited Vauxhall Gardens on Monday. The turnpike man on the bridge was much *struck* by their easy manner of dealing with their inferiors.

Alderman Magnay laid the first shell of an oyster grotto one night this week in the Minories. There was a large party of boys, who, with the worthy Alderman, repaired to a neighbouring fruit-stall, where the festivity of the occasion was kept up for several minutes.

The New Cut was, as usual, a scene of much animation on Saturday last, and there was rather a more brilliant display than customary of new and elegant baked-potato stands. The well-known turn-out, with five lanterns and four apertures for the steam, was the general admiration of the host of pedestrians who throng the Cut between the hours of eight and twelve on Saturday.

A BITTER DRAUGHT.

SIR R. PEEL, in the celebrated medicinal metaphor with which he lately favoured his constituents at Tamworth, concludes by stating, "that he really believes he does more than any political physician ever did by referring to the prescriptions which he offered in 1835 and 1840, and by saying that he sees no reason to alter them." This is, to carry out the physical figure, only another version of "*the mixture as before.*" We are afraid there are no hopes of the patient.

"Why are the Whigs like the toes of a dancing-master?"—"Because they *must* be turned out."

"Why are Colonel Sibthorp and Mr. Peter Borthwick like the covering of the dancing-master's toes?"—"Because they are a *pair of pumps.*"

"Why are the Whigs and Tories like the scarlet fever and the measles?"—"Because there's no telling which is the worst."

A HINT TO THE UGLY.

My uncle Septimus Snagglegrable is no more! Excellent old man! no one knew his worthiness whilst he was of the living, for every one called him a scoundrel.

It is reserved for me to do justice to his memory, and one short sentence will be sufficient for the purpose—he has left me five thousand pounds! I have determined that his benevolence shall not want an imitator, and I have resolved, at a great personal sacrifice, to benefit that portion of my fellow creatures who are denominated ugly. I am particularly so. My complexion is a bright snuff-colour; my eyes are grey, and unprotected by the usual verandahs of eye-lashes; my nose is *retroussé*, and if it has a bridge, it must be of the suspension order, for it is decidedly concave. I wish Rennie would turn his attention to the state of numerous noses in the metropolis. I am sure a lucrative company might be established for the purpose of erecting bridges to noses that, like my own, have been unprovided by nature. I should be happy to become a director. *Revenons nous*—my mouth is decidedly large, and my teeth singularly irregular. My father was violently opposed to Dr. Jenner's "repeal of the small-pox,"⁴ and would not have me vaccinated; the consequence of which has been that my chin is full of little dells, thickly studded with dark and stunted bristles. I have bunions and legs that (as "the right line of beauty's a curve") are the perfection of symmetry. My poor mother used to lament what she, in the plenitude of her ignorance, was pleased to denominate my disadvantages. She knew not the power of genius. To me these—well, I'll call them *defects*—have been the source of great profit. For years I have walked about the great metropolis without any known or even conjectural means of subsistence; my coat has always been without a patch—my linen without spot!

4. Baylis.

Ugly brothers, I am about to impart to you the secret of my existence! I have lived by the fine arts—yes, by sitting as

A model for door-knockers and cherubim for tomb-stones.

The latter may perhaps surprise you, but the contour of my countenance is decidedly infantile—for when had a babby a bridge?—and the addition of a penny trumpet completes the full-blown expression of the light-headed things known to stone-masons as cherubim.

But it is to the art of knocker-designing that I flatter myself I have been of most service. By the elevation of my chin, and the assistance of a long wig, I can present an excellent resemblance of a lion, with this great advantage over the real animal—I can vary the expression according to circumstances—

"As mild as milk, or raging as the storm."

So that nervous single ladies need not be terrified out of their senses every time they knock at their door, by the grim personification of a Nero at feeding time; or a tender-hearted poor-law guardian be pestered during dinner by invitations afforded to the starving poor by the benevolent expression of his knocker.

Ugly ones! I have now imparted to you my secret.

ON THE POPULARITY OF MR. CH—S K—N.

Oh, Mr. Punch! what glorious times
Are these, for humbly gifted mimes;
When, spite of each detractor,
Paternal name and filial love,
Assisted by "the powers above,"
Have made C—s K—n an actor!

"'Tis true," his generous patrons say,
"Of genius he ne'er had a ray;
Yet, all his faults to smother,
The youth inherits, from his sire,
A name which all the world admire,
And dearly loves his mother!"

Stripp'd of his adventitious aid,
He ne'er ten pounds a week had made;
Yet every Thespian brother
Is now kept down, or put to flight,
While *he* gets fifty pounds a night,
Because—he loves his mother!

Though I'm, in heart and soul, a friend
To genuine talent, Heaven forefend
That I should raise a pother,
Because the philanthropic folks
Wink and applaud a pious hoax,
For one who—loves his mother!

No! Heaven prolong his parent's life
And grant that no untimely strife

May wean them from each other!
For soon he'd find the golden fleece
Slip from his grasp, should he e'er cease
To *keep* and—love his mother!

A CON. BY COLONEL SIBTHORP.

Why is a chesnut horse, going at a rapid pace up an inclined plane, like an individual in white trousers presenting a young lady in book muslin with an infantine specimen of the canine species?—Because he is giving a *gallop up* (a girl a pup).

THE DRAMA.

ASTLEY'S COMPANY AT THE OLYMPIC.

The distresses of actors distress nobody but themselves. A tale of woe told off the stage by a broad comedian, begets little sympathy; and if he is in the "heavy line," people say he is used to it, and is only acting—playing off upon you a melancholy joke, that he may judge how it will *tell* at night. Thus, when misfortune takes a benefit, charity seldom takes tickets; for she is always sceptical about the so-called miseries of the most giddy, volatile, jolly, careless, uncomplaining (where managers and bad parts are not concerned) vainest, and apparently, happiest possible members of the community, who are so completely associated with fiction, that they are hardly believed when telling the truth. *Par exemple*—nothing can be more true than that Astley's Theatre was burnt down the other day; that the whole of that large establishment were suddenly thrown out of employ; that their wardrobes were burnt to rags, their properties reduced to a cinder, and their means of subsistence roasted in a too rapid fire. True also is it, that to keep the wolf from their own doors, those of the Olympic have been opened, where the really dismounted cavalry of Astley's are continuing their campaign, having appealed to the public to support them. Judging from the night we were present, that support has been extended with a degree of lukewarmness which is exactly proportionate to the effect produced by the appeals of actors when misfortune overtakes them.

But, besides public sympathy, they put forth other claims for support. The amusements they offer are of extraordinary merit. The acting of Mr. H. Widdicomb, of Miss Daly, and Mr. Sidney Forster, was, in the piece we saw—"The Old House at Home"—full of nature and quiet touches of feeling scarcely to be met with on any other stage. Still these are qualifications the "general" do not always appreciate; though they often draw tears, they seldom draw money. Very well, to meet that deficiency, other and more popular actors have come forward to offer their aid. Mr. T.P. Cooke has already done his part, as he always does it, nobly. The same may be said of Mr. Hammond. When we were present, Mrs. H.L. Grattan and Mr. Balls appeared in the "Lady of Munster." Mr. Sloan, a popular Irish comedian from the provinces, has lent a helping hand, by coming out in a new drama. Mr. Keeley is also announced.

The pieces we saw were well got up and carefully acted; so that the patrons of the drama need not dread that, in this instance, the Astleyan-Olympic actors believe that "charity covers a multitude of sins." They don't care who sees their faults—the more the better.

"BEHIND THE SCENES."

When a certain class of persons, whose antipathy to gratis sea-voyages is by no means remarkable, are overtaken by the police and misfortune; when the last legal quibble has been raised upon their case and failed; when, indeed, to use their own elegant phraseology, they are "regularly stumped and done up;" then—and, to do them justice, not till then—they resort to confession, and to turning king's evidence against their accomplices.

This seems to be exactly the case with the drama, which is evidently in the last stage of decline; the consumption of new subjects having exhausted the supply. The French has been "taken from" till it has nothing more to give; the Newgate Calendar no longer affords materials; for an entire dramatic edition of it might be collected (a valuable hint this for the Syncretic Society, that desperate association for producing un-actable dramas)—the very air is exhausted in a theatrical sense; for "life in the clouds" has been long voted "law;" whilst the play-writing craft have already robbed the regions below of every spark of poetic fire; devils are decidedly out of date. In short, and not to mince the matter, as hyenas are said to stave off starvation by eating their own haunches, so the drama *must* be on its last legs, when actors turn king's evidence, and exhibit to the public how they flirt and quarrel, and eat oysters and drink porter, and scandalise and make fun—how, in fact, they disport themselves "Behind the Scenes."

A visit to the English Opera will gratify those of the uninitiated, who are anxious to get

acquainted with the manners and customs of the ladies and gentlemen of the *corps dramatique* "at the wing." Otherwise than as a sign of dramatic destitution, the piece called "Behind the Scenes" is highly amusing. Mr. Wild's acting displays that happy medium between jocularly and earnest, which is the perfection of burlesque. Mrs. Selby plays the "leading lady" without the smallest effort, and invites the first tragedian to her treat of oysters and beer with considerable *empressement*, though supposed to be labouring at the time *under* the stroke of the headsman's axe. Lastly, it would be an act of injustice to Mr. Selby to pass his *Spooney Negus* over in silence. PUNCH has too brotherly an affection for his fellow-actors, to hide their faults; in the hope that, by shewing them *veluti in speculum*, they may be amended. In all kindness, therefore, he entreats Mr. Selby, if he be not bent upon hastening his own ruin, if he have any regard for the feelings of unoffending audiences, who always witness the degradation of human nature with pain—he implores him to provide a substitute for *Negus*. Every actor knows the difference between portraying imbecility and *being* silly himself—between puerility, as characteristic of a part *in posse*, and as being a trait of the performer *in esse*. To this rule Mr. Selby, in this part, is a melancholy exception; for he seems utterly ignorant of such a distinction, broad as it is—he is silly himself, instead of causing silliness in *Spooney*. This is the more to be regretted, as whoever witnessed, with us, the first piece, saw in Mr. Selby a respectable representative of an old dandy in "Barnaby Rudge." Moreover, the same gentleman is, we understand, the adapter of the drama from Boz's tale. That too proves him to be a clever contriver of situations, and an ingenious adept with the pen and scissors.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,
VOLUME 1, AUGUST 7, 1841 ***

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