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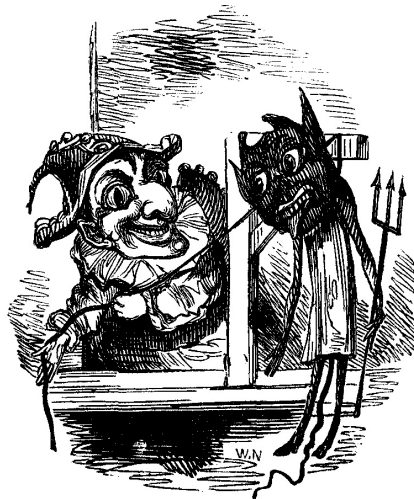
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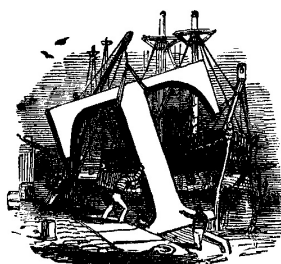
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OR THE

LONDON CHARIVARI





his Guffawgraph is intended to form a refuge for destitute wit—an asylum for the thousands of orphan jokes—the superannuated Joe Millers—the millions of perishing puns, which are now wandering about without so much as a shelf to rest upon! It is also devoted to the emancipation of the JEW *d'esprits* all over the world, and the naturalization of those alien JONATHANS, whose adherence to the truth has forced them to emigrate from their native land.

“PUNCH” has the honour of making his appearance every SATURDAY, and continues, from week to week, to offer to the world all the fun to be found in his own and the following heads:

POLITICS.

“PUNCH” has no party prejudices—he is conservative in his opposition to Fantoccini and political puppets, but a progressive whig in his love of *small change*.

FASHIONS.

This department is conducted by Mrs. J. Punch, whose extensive acquaintance with the *élite* of the areas enables her to furnish the earliest information of the movements of the Fashionable World.

POLICE.

This portion of the work is under the direction of an experienced nobleman—a regular attendant at the various offices—who from a strong attachment to “PUNCH,” is frequently in a position to supply exclusive reports.

REVIEWS.

To render this branch of the periodical as perfect as possible, arrangements have been made to secure the critical assistance of John Ketch, Esq., who, from the mildness of the law, and the congenial character of modern literature with his early associations, has been induced to undertake its *execution*.

FINE ARTS.

Anxious to do justice to native talent, the criticisms upon Painting, Sculpture, &c., are

confided to one of the most popular artists of the day—"Punch's" own immortal scene-painter.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

These are amongst the most prominent features of the work. The Musical Notices are written by the gentleman who plays the mouth-organ, assisted by the professors of the drum and cymbals. "Punch" himself *does* the Drama.

SPORTING.

A Prophet is engaged! He foretells not only the winners of each race, but also the "VATES" and colours of the riders.

THE FACETIÆ

Are contributed by the members of the following learned bodies:—

THE COURT OF COMMON COUNCIL AND THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY:—THE TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION AND THE WATERPROOFING COMPANY:—THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND THE HIGHGATE CEMETERY:—THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' AND THE MENDICITY SOCIETIES:—THE BEEFSTEAK CLUB AND THE ANTI-DRY-ROT COMPANY.

Together with original, humorous, and satirical articles in verse and prose, from all the



FUNNY DOGS WITH COMIC TALES.

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INTRODUCTION.

VOLUME I.—JULY TO DECEMBER, 1841.

POLITICAL SUMMARY.

Early in the month of July, 1841, a small handbill was freely distributed by the newsmen of London, and created considerable amusement and inquiry. That handbill now stands as the INTRODUCTION to this, the first Volume of *Punch*, and was employed to announce the advent of a publication which has sustained for nearly twenty years a popularity unsurpassed in the history of periodical literature. *Punch* and the Elections were the only matters which occupied the public mind on July 17, 1842. The Whigs had been defeated in many places where hitherto they had been the popular party, and it was quite evident that the Meeting of Parliament would terminate their lease of Office. [**Street Politics.**] The House met on the 19th of August, and unanimously elected MR. SHAW LEFEVRE to be Speaker. The address on the QUEEN'S Speech was moved by MR. MARK PHILLIPS, and seconded by MR. DUNDAS. MR. J.S. WORTLEY moved an amendment, negating the confidence of the House in the Ministry, and the debate continued to occupy Parliament for four nights, when the Opposition obtained a majority of 91 against the Ministers. Amongst those who spoke against the Government, and directly in favour of SIR ROBERT PEEL, was MR. DISRAELI. In his speech he accused the Whigs of seeking to retain power in opposition to the wishes of the country, and of profaning the name of the QUEEN at their elections, as if she had been a second candidate at some petty poll, and considered that they should blush for the position in which they had placed their Sovereign. MR. BERNAL, Jun., retorted upon MR. DISRAELI for inveighing against the Whigs, with whom he had formerly been associated. SIR ROBERT PEEL, in a speech of great eloquence, condemned the inactivity and feebleness of the existing Government, and promised that, should he displace it, and take office, it should be by walking in the open light, and in the direct paths

of the constitution. He would only accept power upon his conception of public duty, and would resign the moment he was satisfied he was unsupported by the confidence of the people, and not continue to hold place when the voice of the country was against him. [**Hercules tearing Theseus from the Rock to which he had grown.**] LORD JOHN defended the acts of the Ministry, and denied that they had been guilty of harshness to the poor by the New Poor Law, or enemies of the Church by reducing "the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY to the miserable pittance of £15,000 a year, cutting down the BISHOP OF LONDON to no more than £10,000 a year, and the BISHOP OF DURHAM to the wretched stipend of £8,000 a year!" He twitted PEEL for his reticence upon the Corn Laws, and denounced the possibility of a sliding scale of duties upon corn. He concluded by saying, "I am convinced that, if this country be governed by enlarged and liberal counsels, its power and might will spread and increase, and its influence become greater and greater; liberal principles will prevail, civilisation will be spread to all parts of the globe, and you will bless millions by your acts and mankind by your union." Loud and continued cheering followed this speech, but on division the majority was against the Ministers. When the House met to recommend the report on the amended Address, MR. SHARMAN CRAWFORD moved another amendment, to the effect that the distress of the people referred to in the QUEEN'S Speech was mainly attributable to the non-representation of the working classes in Parliament. He did not advocate universal suffrage, but one which would give a fair representation of the people. From the want of this arose unjust wars, unjust legislation, unjust monopoly, of which the existing Corn Laws were the most grievous instance. There was no danger in confiding the suffrage to the working classes, who had a vital interest in the public prosperity, and had evinced the truest zeal for freedom.

The amendment was negatived by 283 to 39.

At the next meeting of the House LORD MARCUS HILL read the Answer to the Address, in which the QUEEN declared that "ever anxious to listen to the advice of Parliament, she would take immediate measures for the formation of a new Administration." [**Punch and Peel.**] LORD MELBOURNE, in the House of Lords, announced on the 30th of August that he and his colleagues only held office until their successors were appointed. [**Last Pinch.**] The House received the announcement in perfect silence, and adjourned immediately afterwards. On the same night, in the House of Commons, LORD JOHN RUSSELL made a similar announcement, and briefly defended the course he and his colleagues had taken, and in reply to some complimentary remarks from LORD STANLEY, approving of LORD JOHN'S great zeal, talent, and perseverance, denied that the Crown was answerable for any of the propositions contained in the Speech, which were the result of the advice of HER MAJESTY'S Ministers, and for which her Ministers alone were responsible. This declaration was necessary in consequence of the accusation of the Conservatives, that the Ministry had made an unfair use of the QUEEN'S name in and out of Parliament. [**Trimming a Whig.**] The new Ministry [**The Letter of Introduction**] was formed as follows:—

THE CABINET.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON (without office); First Lord of the Treasury, SIR R. PEEL; Lord Chancellor, LORD LYNDHUHST; Chancellor of the Exchequer, RIGHT HON. H. GOULBURN; President of the Council, LORD WHARNCLIFFE; Privy Seal, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM; Home Secretary, SIR JAMES GRAHAM; Foreign Secretary, EARL OF ABERDEEN; Colonial Secretary, LORD STANLEY; First Lord of the Admiralty, EARL OF HADDINGTON; President of the Board of Control, LORD ELLENBOROUGH; President of the Board of Trade, EARL OF RIPON; Secretary at War, SIR H. HARDINGE; Treasurer of the Navy and Paymaster of the Forces, SIR E. KNATCHBULL.

NOT IN THE CABINET.

Postmaster-General, LORD LOWTHER; Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, LORD G. SOMERSET; Woods and Forests, EARL OF LINCOLN; Master-General of the Ordnance, SIR G. MURRAY; Vice-President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint, W.E. GLADSTONE; Secretary of the Admiralty, HON. SYDNEY HERBERT; Joint Secretaries of the Treasury, SIR G. CLERK and SIR T. FREMANTLE; Secretaries of the Board of Control, HON. W. BARING and J. EMERSON TENNENT; Home Under-Secretary, HON. C.M. SUTTON; Foreign Under-Secretary, LORD CANNING; Colonial Under-Secretary, G.W. HOPE; Lords of the Treasury, ALEXANDER PRINGLE, H. BARING, J. YOUNG, and J. MILNES GASKELL; Lords of the Admiralty, SIR G. COCKBURN, ADMIRAL SIR W. GAGE, SIR G. SEYMOUR, HON. CAPTAIN GORDON, HON. H.L. COREY; Store-keeper of the Ordnance, J.R. BONHAM; Clerk of the Ordnance, CAPTAIN BOLDERO; Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, COLONEL JONATHAN PEEL; Attorney-General, SIR F. POLLOCK; Solicitor-General, SIR W. FOLLETT; Judge-Advocate, DR. NICHOLL; Governor-General of Canada, SIR C. BAGOT; Lord Advocate of Scotland, SIR W. RAE.

IRELAND.

Lord Lieutenant, EARL DE GREY; Lord Chancellor, SIR E. SUGDEN; Chief Secretary, LORD ELIOT; Attorney-General, MR. BLACKBURNE, Q.C.; Solicitor-General, SERJEANT

QUEEN'S HOUSEHOLD.

Lord Chamberlain, EARL DELAWARR; Lord Steward, EARL OF LIVERPOOL; Master of the Horse, EARL OF JERSEY; Master of the Buckhounds, EARL OF ROSSLYN; Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, MARQUIS OF LOTHIAN; Captain of the Gentlemen Pensioners, LORD FORESTER; Vice-Chamberlain, LORD ERNEST BRUCE; Treasurer of the Household, EARL JERMYN; Controller of the Household, HON. D. DAMER; Lords in Waiting, LORD ABOYNE, LORD RIVERS, LORD HARDWICKE, LORD BYRON, EARL OF WARWICK, VISCOUNT SYDNEY, EARL OF MORTON, and MARQUIS OF ORMONDE; Groom in Waiting, CAPTAIN MEYNELL; Mistress of the Robes, DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH; Ladies of the Bedchamber, MARCHIONESS CAMDEN, LADY LYTTTELTON, LADY PORTMAN, LADY BARHAM, and COUNTESS OF CHARLEMONT.

PRINCE ALBERT'S HOUSEHOLD.

Groom of the Stole, MARQUIS OF EXETER; Sergeant-at-Arms, COLONEL PERCEVAL; Clerk Marshal, LORD C. WELLESLEY.

The members of the new Government were re-elected without an exception, and the House of Commons met again on September 16. SIR ROBERT PEEL made a statement to the House, in which he merely intimated that he should adopt the Estimates [**Playing the Knaves**] of his predecessors, and continue the existing Poor-Law and its Establishment to the 31st of July following. He declined to announce his own financial measures until the next Session, and continued in this determination unmoved by the speeches of LORD JOHN RUSSELL, LORD PALMERSTON, and other Members of the Opposition. MR. FIELDEN moved that no supplies be granted until after an inquiry into the distress of the country; but the motion was negatived by a large majority. Continual reference was made by MR. COBDEN, MR. VILLIERS, and others to the strong desire of the people for a Repeal of the Corn Laws, and which had been loudly expressed out of the House for more than four years. MR. BUSFIELD FERRAND denied the necessity for any alteration, and accused the manufacturers of fomenting the agitation for their own selfish ends, and to increase their power of reducing the wages of the already starving workmen. MR. MARK PHILLIPS, in a capital speech, disproved all MR. FERRAND'S statements. SIR ROBERT PEEL brought in a Bill to continue the Poor Law Commission for six months, and MR. FIELDER'S Amendment [**The Well Dressed and the Well to Do**] to reject it was negatived by 183 to 18. LORD MELBOURNE attacked, in the House of Lords, the Ministerial plan of finance, and their silence as to the future [**Mr. Sancho Bull and his State Physician**], and invited the DUKE OF WELLINGTON to bring forward a measure for an alteration of the Corn Laws, promising him a full House if he would do so. The Duke declined the invitation, as he never announced an intention which he did not entertain, and he had not considered the operation of the Corn Laws sufficiently to bring forward a scheme for the alteration of them. This statement led on a subsequent evening to an intimation from the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, in reply to the EARL OF RADNOR, that a consideration of the Corn Laws was only declined "*at the present time.*" On the 7th of October Parliament was prorogued until November 11th, the Lords Commissioners being the LORD CHANCELLOR, the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, and LORD WHARNCLIFFE.

NOTES.

Hume's Terminology.—Defeat at Leeds.

W. BECKETT	2076
W. ALDAM	2043
T. HUME	2033
VISCOUNT JOCELYN	1926

Lessons in Punmanship.—THOMAS HOOD, the distinguished Poet and Wit, died May 3, 1845.

Court Circular.—MASTER JONES, better known as the "Boy JONES," was a sweep who obtained admission on more than one occasion to Buckingham Palace in a very mysterious manner. He gave great trouble to the authorities, and was at length sent into the Royal Navy.

Mrs. Lilly was the nurse of the PRINCESS ROYAL.

Mr. Moreton Dyer, a stipendiary Magistrate, removed from the Commons on a charge of bribing electors.

A Public Conveyance.—THE MARQUIS OF WATERFORD was then a man about town, and frequently before the public in connection with some extravagance.

“The Black-Balled Of The United Service” refers to proceedings connected with the EARL OF CARDIGAN. Exception had been taken to the introduction of black bottles at the mess-table at Brighton, and a duel was subsequently fought by LORD CARDIGAN and MR. HARVEY TUCKETT.

An Ode.—Kilpack’s Divan, now the American Bowling Alley, in King Street, Covent Garden, continues to be the resort of minor celebrities. As the club was a private one, we do not feel justified in more plainly indicating the members referred to as the “jocal nine.”

Mrs. H.—MRS. HONEY, a very charming actress.

Court Circular.—DEAF BURKE was a pugilist who occasionally exhibited himself as “the Grecian Statues,” and upon one occasion attempted a reading from SHAKSPEARE. As he was very ignorant, and could neither *read* nor write, the effect was extremely ridiculous, and helped to give the man a notoriety.

The Harp, a tavern near Drury Lane, was a favourite resort of the Elder KEAN, and in 1841 had a club-room divided into four wards: Gin Ward, Poverty Ward, Insanity Ward, and Suicide Ward, the walls of which were appropriately illustrated, and by no mean hand. The others named (with the exception of PADDY GREEN) were pugilists.

An an-tea Anacreontic.—RUNDEL was the head of a large Jeweller’s firm on Ludgate Hill.

Monsieur Jullien was the first successful promoter of cheap concerts in England. He was a clever conductor, and affected the mountebank. He was a very honourable man, and hastened his death by over-exertion to meet his liabilities. He died 1860.

Punch and Peel.—SIR ROBERT PEEL stipulated, on taking office, for an entire change of the Ladies of the Bedchamber.

William Farren, the celebrated actor of Old Men.

Colonel Sibthorp was M.P. for Lincoln, and more distinguished by his benevolence to his constituency than his merits as a senator. He was very amusing.

Fashionable Movements.—COUNT D’ORSAY, an elegant, accomplished, and kind-hearted Frenchman, was a leader of Fashion, long resident in England. He was the friend and adviser of Louis NAPOLEON during his exile in this country. COUNT D’ORSAY died in Paris.

Jobbing Patriots.—MR. GEORGE ROBINS was an auctioneer in Covent Garden, and celebrated for the extravagant imagery of his advertisements. His successors have offices in Bond Street.

Shocking Want of Sympathy.—SIR P. LAURIE, a very active City magnate, continually engaged in “putting down” suicide, poverty, &c.

Sir F. Burdett, long the Radical member for Westminster. His political perversion took every one by surprise.

New Stuffing for the Speaker’s Chair.—MR. PETER BORTHWICK had been an actor in the Provinces.

Inquest.—The Eagle Tavern, City Road, was built by MR. ROUSE—“Bravo, ROUSE!” as he was called.

Lady Morgan, the Authoress of *The Wild Irish Girl*, and many other popular works, died 1860.

The Tory Table d’Hote.—“BILLY” HOLMES was whipper-in to the Conservatives in the House of Commons.

The Legal Eccalobeion.—BARON CAMPBELL had been appointed Chancellor of Ireland a few days before the Dissolution (1841). He is now Lord Chancellor of England (1861). The Eccalobeion was an apparatus for hatching birds by steam, but was too costly to be successful commercially.

The State Doctor.—SIR R. PEEL, in his speech at Tamworth, had called himself “the State Doctor,” who would not attempt to prescribe until regularly called in.

Curious Coincidence.—Certain gentlemen, feeling themselves aggrieved and unfairly treated by the managers of the London Theatres, had for some time been abusing the more fortunate dramatists, whose pieces had found acceptance with the public, until at last they

resolved upon the course here set forth, and commented upon.

Animal Magnetism.—LORDS MELBOURNE, RUSSELL, and MORPETH, and MR. LABOUCHERE at the window, SIR R. PEEL and the DUKE OF WELLINGTON mesmerising the Lion.

Mr. Muntz, M.P. for Birmingham, wore a very large beard, and in 1841 such hirsute adornments were very uncommon.

General Satisfaction.—The *Morning Herald* had acquired the *sobriquet* of “My Grandmother.”

Done Again.—MR. DUNN, a barrister, subjected Miss BURDETT COUTTS to a series of annoyances which ultimately led to legal proceedings, and to MR. DUNN’S imprisonment.

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Bernard Cavanagh was an impostor who pretended he could live for many weeks without food. He attracted much attention at the time, and was ultimately detected concealing a cold sausage, when he confessed his imposture, and was imprisoned by the MAYOR OF READING.

Taking The Hodds.—“Holy Land,” the cant name for a part of St. Giles’s, now destroyed. BANKS owned a public-house frequented by thieves of both sexes, and whom he managed to keep under perfect control. A visit to “Stunning JOE BANKS” was thought a fast thing in 1841.

Fergus O’Connor, M.P. for Nottingham, was the leader of the Chartists and projector of the Land Scheme for securing votes to the masses. The project failed. MR. O’CONNOR was a political enthusiast, ultimately became insane, and died in an Asylum.

Die Hexen am Rhein.—MR. FREDERICK YATES was an admirable actor, and the proprietor and manager of the favourite “little Adelphi” Theatre, in the Strand.

Prospectus.—We believe this article suggested the existing Accident Assurance Company.

Mr. Silk Buckingham was a voluminous writer and founder of the British and Foreign Institute, in George Street, Hanover Square.

Parliamentary Masons.—The masons employed in building the New Houses of Parliament struck for higher wages.

The Improvident.—LORD MELBOURNE and MR. LABOUCHERE, MR. D. O’CONNELL, LORDS RUSSELL and MORPETH.

Promenade Concerts.—M. MUSARD was the originator in Paris of this class of amusement. Their popularity induced an imitation in England by M. JULLIEN.

To Benevolent and Humane Jokers.—TOM COOKE was the leader and composer at the Theatres Royal, and a remarkable performer on a penny trumpet. He occasionally made use of this toy in his pantomime introductions. He was also a very “funny” fellow.

Coming Events Cast their Shadows before.—SIR JAMES CLARKE, *Accoucheur* to the QUEEN.

Savory Con. by Cox.—COX AND SAVORY, advertising silversmiths and watchmakers.

New Parliamentary Masons.—In the foreground COL. SIBTHORP, SIR R. PEEL, and MR. O’CONNELL. At the back SIR JAMES GRAHAM, DUKE OF WELLINGTON, and LORD STANLEY.

“Rob Me the Exchequer, Hal.”—A person of the name of SMITH forged a great amount of Exchequer Bills at this time.

The Fire at the Tower on October 31, 1841. Immense damage was done to the building, and a great quantity of arms were destroyed. (See *Annual Register*.)

Sir Robert Macaire.—*Robert Macaire* was a French felonious drama made famous by the admirable acting of LEMAITRE, and, from some supposed allusion to LOUIS PHILIPPE, MACAIRE’S friend and scapegoat always appears with a large umbrella.

The O’Connell Papers.—D. O’CONNELL was elected Lord Mayor of Dublin, 1841.

Harmer Virumque Cano.—ALDERMAN HARMER, Proprietor of the *Weekly Dispatch*, and for that and other reasons, was not elected Lord Mayor.

Cutting at the Root of the Evil.—MR. HOBLER was for many years Principal Clerk to the Magistrates at the Mansion House.

Olivia's (Lord Brougham's) Return to her Friends.—LORDS RUSSELL, MELBOURNE, MORPETH, D. O'CONNELL, CORDEN, and LABOUCHERE.

A Barrow Knight.—SIR VINCENT COTTON was a well-known four-in-hand whip, and for some little time drove a coach to Brighton. SIR WYNDHAM ANSTRUTHER (WHEEL OF FORTUNE) was another four-in-hand celebrity.

Seeing Nothing.—DANIEL WHITTLE HARVEY.

Barber-ous Announcement.—MR. TANNER'S shop was part of one of the side arches of Temple Bar, and so reached from that obstruction to Shire Lane, which adjoins it on the City side.

Fashionable Intelligence.—The PADDY GREEN so frequently referred to was a popular singer and an excellent tempered man. He was unfairly treated by *Punch* at this time, because really unknown to the writer. MR. JOHN GREEN is now the well known and much respected host and proprietor of Evans's Hotel, Covent Garden.

Kings and Carpenters.—DON LEON, shot for insurrection in favour of the Ex-Regent CHRISTINA.

Cupid out of Place.—LORD PALMERSTON, from his very engaging manner, was long known as "Cupid."

Jack Cutting his Name on the Beam.—LORD JOHN RUSSELL, after GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S etching of *Jack Sheppard*.

Sibthorp's Con. Corner.—BRYANT was publisher of *Punch*, 1841.



PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

JULY 17, 1841

JULY 24, 1841

JULY 31, 1841

AUGUST 7, 1841

AUGUST 14, 1841

AUGUST 21, 1841

AUGUST 28, 1841

SEPTEMBER 5, 1841

SEPTEMBER 12, 1841

SEPTEMBER 18, 1841

SEPTEMBER 25, 1841

OCTOBER 2, 1841

OCTOBER 9, 1841

OCTOBER 16, 1841

OCTOBER 23, 1841

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NOVEMBER 6, 1841

NOVEMBER 13, 1841

NOVEMBER 20, 1841

NOVEMBER 27, 1841

DECEMBER 4, 1841

DECEMBER 11, 1841

DECEMBER 18, 1841

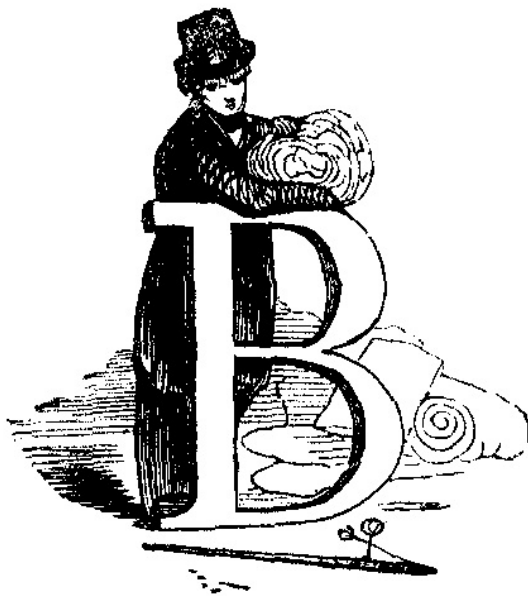
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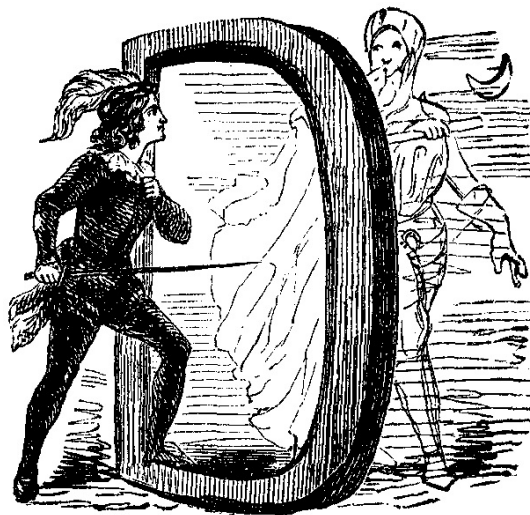


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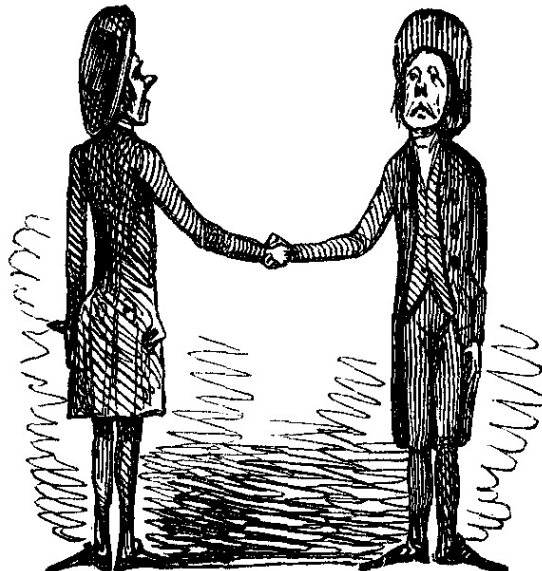


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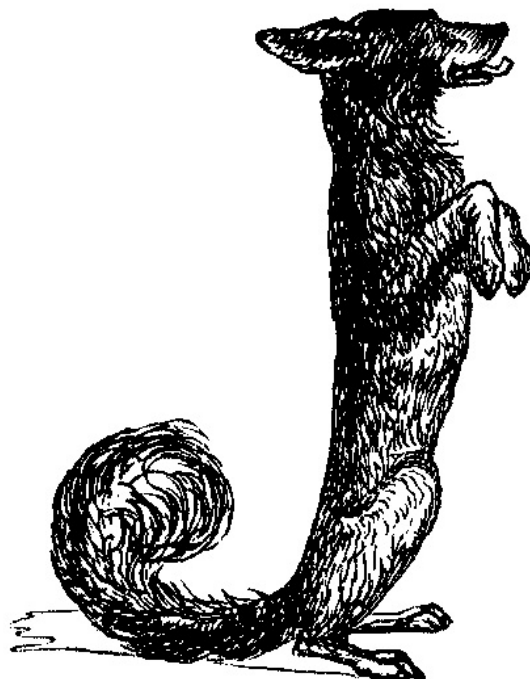


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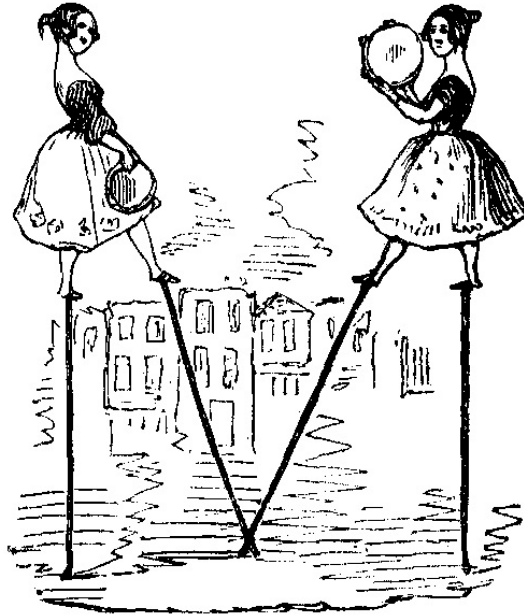


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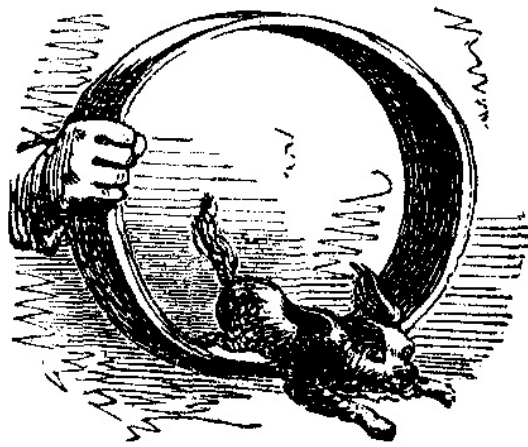
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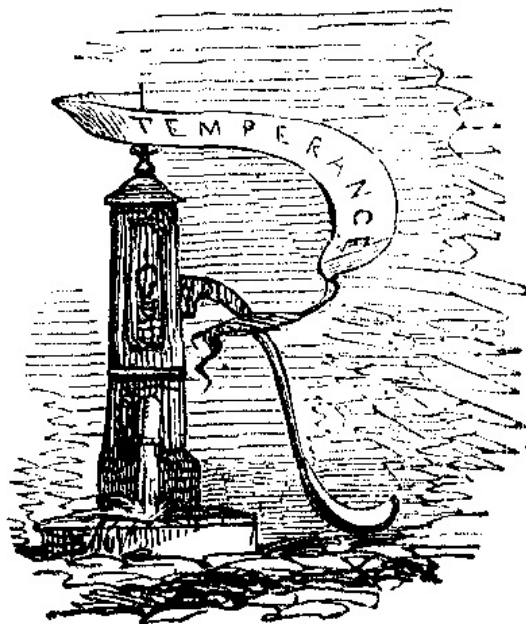


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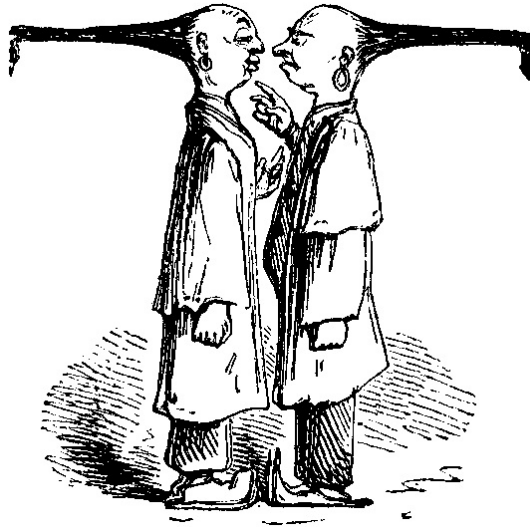
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END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

**PUNCH,
OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.**

VOL. 1.

JULY 17, 1841.

THE MORAL OF PUNCH.

As we hope, gentle public, to pass many happy hours in your society, we think it right that you should know something of our character and intentions. Our title, at a first glance, may have misled you into a belief that we have no other intention than the amusement of a thoughtless crowd, and the collection of pence. We have a higher object. Few of the admirers of our prototype, merry Master PUNCH, have looked upon his vagaries but as the practical outpourings of a rude and boisterous mirth. We have considered him as a teacher of no mean pretensions, and have, therefore, adopted him as the sponsor for our weekly sheet of pleasant instruction. When we have seen him parading in the glories of his motley, flourishing his baton (like our friend Jullien at Drury-lane) in time with his own unrivalled discord, by which he seeks to win the attention and admiration of the crowd, what visions of graver puppetry have passed before our eyes! Golden circlets, with their adornments of coloured and lustrous gems, have bound the brow of infamy as well as that of honour—a mockery to both; as though virtue required a reward beyond the fulfilment of its own high purposes, or that infamy could be cheated into the forgetfulness of its vileness by the weight around its temples! Gilded coaches have glided before us, in which sat men who thought the buzz and shouts of crowds a guerdon for the toils, the anxieties, and, too often, the speculations of a life. Our ears have rung with the noisy frothiness of those who have bought their fellow-men as beasts in the market-place, and found their reward in the sycophancy of a degraded constituency, or the patronage of a venal ministry—no matter of what creed, for party *must* destroy patriotism.

The noble in his robes and coronet—the beadle in his gaudy livery of scarlet, and purple, and gold—the dignitary in the fulness of his pomp—the demagogue in the triumph of his hollowness—these and other visual and oral cheats by which mankind are cajoled, have passed in review before us, conjured up by the magic wand of PUNCH.

How we envy his philosophy, when SHALLA-BA-LA, that demon with the bell, besets him at every turn, almost teasing the sap out of him! The moment that his tormentor quits the scene, PUNCH seems to forget the existence of his annoyance, and, carolling the mellifluous numbers of *Jim Crow*, or some other strain of equal beauty, makes the most of the present, regardless of the past or future; and when SHALLA-BA-LA renews his persecutions, PUNCH boldly faces his enemy, and ultimately becomes the victor. All have a SHALLA-BA-LA in some shape or other; but few, how few, the philosophy of PUNCH!

We are afraid our prototype is no favourite with the ladies. PUNCH is (and we reluctantly admit the fact) a Malthusian in principle, and somewhat of a domestic tyrant; for his conduct is at times harsh and ungentlemanly to Mrs. P.

“Eve of a land that still is Paradise,
Italian beauty!”

But as we never look for perfection in human nature, it is too much to expect it in wood. We wish it to be understood that we repudiate such principles and conduct. We have a Judy of our own, and a little Punchinny that commits innumerable improprieties; but we fearlessly aver that we never threw him out of window, nor belaboured the lady with a stick—even of the size allowed by law.

There is one portion of the drama we wish was omitted, for it always saddens us—we allude to the prison scene. PUNCH, it is true, sings in durance, but we hear the ring of the bars mingling with the song. We are advocates for the *correction* of offenders; but how many generous and kindly beings are there pining within the walls of a prison, whose only crimes are poverty and misfortune! They, too, sing and laugh, and appear jocund, but the *heart* can ever hear the ring of the bars.

We never looked upon a lark in a cage, and heard him trilling out his music as he sprang upwards to the roof of his prison, but we felt sickened with the sight and sound, as contrasting, in our thought, the free minstrel of the morning, bounding as it were into the blue caverns of the heavens, with the bird to whom the world was circumscribed. May the time soon arrive, when every prison shall be a palace of the mind—when we shall seek to instruct and cease to punish. PUNCH has already advocated education by example. Look at his dog Toby! The instinct of the brute has almost germinated into reason. Man *has* reason, why not give him intelligence?

We now come to the last great lesson of our motley teacher—the gallows! that accursed tree which has its *root* in injuries. How clearly PUNCH exposes the fallacy of that dreadful law which authorises the destruction of life! PUNCH sometimes destroys the hangman: and why not? Where is the divine injunction against the shedder of man’s blood to rest? None *can* answer! To us there is but ONE disposer of life. At other times PUNCH hangs the devil: this is as it should be. Destroy the principle of evil by increasing the means of cultivating the good, and the gallows will then become as much a wonder as it is now a jest.

We shall always play PUNCH, for we consider it best to be merry and wise—

“And laugh at all things, for we wish to know,

What, after all, are all things but a show!"—*Byron*.

As on the stage of PUNCH'S theatre, many characters appear to fill up the interstices of the more important story, so our pages will be interspersed with trifles that have no other object than the moment's approbation—an end which will never be sought for at the expense of others, beyond the evanescent smile of a harmless satire.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

There is a report of the stoppage of one of the most respectable *hard-bake* houses in the metropolis. The firm had been speculating considerably in "Prince Albert's Rock," and this is said to have been the rock they have ultimately split upon. The boys will be the greatest sufferers. One of them had stripped his jacket of all its buttons as a deposit on some *tom-trot*, which the house had promised to supply on the following day; and we regret to say, there are whispers of other transactions of a similar character.

Money has been abundant all day, and we saw a half-crown piece and some halfpence lying absolutely idle in the hands of an individual, who, if he had only chosen to walk with it into the market, might have produced a very alarming effect on some minor description of securities. Cherries were taken very freely at twopence a pound, and Spanish (liquorice) at a shade lower than yesterday. There has been a most disgusting glut of tallow all the week, which has had an alarming effect on dips, and thrown a still further gloom upon rushlights.

The late discussions on the timber duties have brought the match market into a very unsettled state, and Congreve lights seem destined to undergo a still further depression. This state of things was rendered worse towards the close of the day, by a large holder of the last-named article unexpectedly throwing an immense quantity into the market, which went off rapidly.

SOMETHING WARLIKE.

Many of our readers must be aware, that in pantomimic pieces, the usual mode of making the audience acquainted with anything that cannot be clearly explained by dumb-show, is to exhibit a linen scroll, on which is painted, in large letters, the sentence necessary to be known. It so happened that a number of these scrolls had been thrown aside after one of the grand spectacles at Astley's Amphitheatre, and remained amongst other lumber in the property-room, until the late destructive fire which occurred there. On that night, the wife of one of the stage-assistants—a woman of portly dimensions—was aroused from her bed by the alarm of fire, and in her confusion, being unable to find her proper habiliments, laid hold of one of these scrolls, and wrapping it around her, hastily rushed into the street, and presented to the astonished spectators an extensive back view, with the words, "BOMBARD THE CITADEL," inscribed in legible characters upon her singular drapery.

HUME'S TERMINOLOGY.

Hume is so annoyed at his late defeat at Leeds, that he vows he will never make use of the word Tory again as long as he lives. Indeed, he proposes to expunge the term from the English language, and to substitute that which is applied to, his own party. In writing to a friend, that "after the inflammatory character of the oratory of the Carlton Club, it is quite supererogatory for me to state (it being notorious) that all conciliatory measures will be rendered nugatory," he thus expressed himself:—"After the inflamma*whig* character of the ora*whig* of the nominees of the Carlton Club, it is quite supereroga*whig* for me to state (it being no*whigous*) that all concilia*whig* measures will be rendered nuga*whig*."

NATIVE SWALLOWS.

A correspondent to one of the daily papers has remarked, that there is an almost total absence of swallows this summer in England. Had the writer been present at some of the election dinners lately, he must have confessed that a greater number of active swallows has rarely been observed congregated in any one year.

LORD MELBOURNE TO "PUNCH."

My dear PUNCH,—Seeing in the "Court Circular" of the Morning Herald an account of a General Goblet as one of the guests of her Majesty, I beg to state, that till I saw that announcement, I was not aware of any other *general gobble it* than myself at the Palace.

Yours, truly,
MELBOURN

DEAR PUNCH,—I was much amused the other day, on taking my seat in the Birmingham Railway train, to observe a sentimental-looking young gentleman, who was sitting opposite to me, deliberately draw from his travelling-bag three volumes of what appeared to me a new novel of the full regulation size, and with intense interest commence the first volume at the title-page. At the same instant the last bell rang, and away started our train, whizz, bang, like a flash of lightning through a butter-firkin. I endeavoured to catch a glimpse of some familiar places as we passed, but the attempt was altogether useless. Harrow-on-the-Hill, as we shot by it, seemed to be driving pell-mell up to town, followed by Boxmoor, Tring, and Aylesbury—I missed Wolverton and Weedon while taking a pinch of snuff—lost Rugby and Coventry before I had done sneezing, and I had scarcely time to say, “God bless us,” till I found we had reached Birmingham. Whereupon I began to calculate the trifling progress my reading companion could have made in his book during our rapid journey, and to devise plans for the gratification of persons similarly situated as my fellow-traveller. “Why,” thought I, “should literature alone lag in the age of steam? Is there no way by which a man could be made to swallow Scott or bolt Bulwer, in as short a time as it now takes him to read an auction bill?” Suddenly a happy thought struck me: it was to write a novel, in which only the actual spirit of the narration should be retained, rejecting all expletives, flourishes, and ornamental figures of speech; to be terse and abrupt in style—use monosyllables always in preference to polysyllables—and to eschew all heroes and heroines whose names contain more than four letters. Full of this idea, on my returning home in the evening, I sat to my desk, and before I retired to rest, had written a novel of three neat, portable volumes; which, I assert, any lady or gentlemen, who has had the advantage of a liberal education, may get through with tolerable ease, in the time occupied by the railroad train running from London to Birmingham.

I will not dilate on the many advantages which this description of writing possesses over all others. Lamplighters, commercial bagmen, omnibus-cads, tavern-waiters, and general postmen, may “read as they run.” Fiddlers at the theatres, during the rests in a piece of music, may also benefit by my invention; for which, if the following specimen meet your approbation, I shall instantly apply for a patent.

SPECIMEN.

CLARE GREY:

A NOVEL.

“Brief let me be.”

LONDON: Printed and Published for the Author.

1841.

VOL. I.

Clare Grey—Sweet girl—Bloom and blushes, roses, lilies, dew-drops, &c.—Tom Lee—Young, gay, but poor—Loved Clare madly—Clare loved Tom ditto—Clare’s pa’ rich, old, cross, cruel, &c.—Smelt a rat—D—d Tom, and swore at Clare—Tears, sighs, locks, bolts, and bars—Love’s schemes—*Billet-doux* from Tom, conveyed to Clare in a dish of peas, crammed with vows, love, despair, hope—Answer (pencil and curl-paper), slipped through key-hole—Full of hope, despair, love, vows—Tom serenades—Bad cold—Rather hoarse—White kerchief from garret-window—“’Tis Clare! ’tis Clare!”—Garden-wall, six feet high—Love is rash—Scale the wall—Great house-dog at home—Pins Tom by the calf—Old Hunk’s roused—Fire! thieves! guns, swords, and rushlights—Tom caught—Murder, burglary—Station-house, gaol, justice—Fudge!—Pretty mess—Heigho!—‘Oh! ’tis love,’ &c.—Sweet Clare Grey!—Seven pages of sentiment—Lame leg, light purse, heavy heart—Pshaw!—Never mind—



“THINGS MAY TAKE ANOTHER TURN”

VOL. II.

"Adieu, my native land," &c.—D.I.O.—"We part to meet again"—Death or glory—Red coat—Laurels and rupees in view—Vows of constancy, eternal truth, &c—Tom swells the brine with tears—Clare wipes her eyes in cambric—Alas! alack! oh! ah!—Fond hearts, doomed to part—Cruel fate!—Ten pages, poetry, romance, &c. &c.—Tom in battle—Cut, slash, dash—Sabres, rifles—Round and grape in showers—Hot work—Charge!—Whizz—Bang!—Flat as a Flounder—Never say die—Peace—Sweet sound—Scars, wounds, wooden leg, one arm, and one eye—Half-pay—Home—Huzza!—Swift gales—Post-horses—Love, hope, and Clare Grey



"I'D BE A BUTTERFLY," &c.

VOL. III.

"Here we are!"—At home once more—Old friends and old faces—Must be changed—Nobody knows him—Church bells ringing—Inquire cause—(?)—Wedding—Clare Grey to Job Snooks, the old pawnbroker—Brain whirls—Eyes start from sockets—Devils and hell—Clare Grey, the fond, constant, Clare, a jilt?—Can't be—No go—Stump up to church—Too true—Clare just made Mrs. Snooks—Madness!! rage!!! death!!!!—Tom's crutch at work—Snooks floored—Bridesman settled—Parson bolts—Clerk mizzles—Salts and shrieks—Clare in a swoon—Pa' in a funk—Tragedy speech—Love! vengeance! and damnation!—Half an ounce of laudanum—Quick speech—Tom unshackles his wooden pin—Dies like a hero—Clare pines in secret—Hops the twig, and goes to glory in white muslin—Poor Tom and Clare! they now lie side by side, beneath



"A WEeping WILL-OH!"

LESSONS IN PUNMANSHIP.

We have been favoured with the following announcement from Mr. Hood, which we recommend to the earnest attention of our subscribers:—

MR. T. HOOD, PROFESSOR OF PUNMANSHIP,

Begs to acquaint the dull and witless, that he has established a class for the acquirement of an elegant and ready style of punning, on the pure Joe-millerian principle. The very worst hands are improved in six short and mirthful lessons. As a specimen of his capability, he begs to subjoin two conundrums by Colonel Sibthorpe.

COPY.

"The following is a specimen of my punning *before* taking six lessons of Mr. T. Hood:—

"Q. Why is a fresh-plucked carnation like a certain *cold* with which children are affected?

"A. Because it's a *new pink off* (an hooping-cough).

- 2nd. He that seeketh PLACE, which may be considered as
1. He who asketh for a high situation, as a judgeship in Botany Bay, or a bishopric in Sierra Leone, and the like.
 2. He who asketh for a low situation, as a ticket-porter, curate, and the like.
 3. He who asketh for any situation he can get, as Secretary to the Admiralty, policeman, revising barrister, turnkey, chaplain, mail-coach guard, and the like.
- 3rd. He that taketh DRINK, which may be considered as
1. He that voteth for Walker's Gooseberry, or Elector's Sparkling Champagne.
 2. For sloe-juice, or Elector's fine old crusted Port.
 3. He who voteth for Brett's British Brandy, or Elector's real French Cognac.
 4. He who voteth for quassia, molasses, copperas, *coculus Indicus*, Spanish juice, or Elector's Extra Double Stout.
- 2nd. He that is bribed INDIRECTLY, as
1. He who is promised a government contract for wax, wafers, or the like.
 2. He who getteth a contract, for paupers' clothing, building unions, and the like.
 3. He who furnisheth the barouches-and-four for the independent 40s. freeholders.
 4. He who is presented with cigars, snuffs, meerschaum-pipes, haunches of venison, Stilton-cheeses, fresh pork, pine-apples, early peas, and the like.
- 2nd. He that is INTIMIDATED, as
1. By his landlord, who soliciteth back rent, or giveth him notice to quit.
 2. By his patron, who sayeth they of the opposite politics cannot be trusted.
 3. By his master, who sayeth he keepeth no viper of an opposite opinion in his employ.
 4. By his wife, who will have her own way in hysterics.
 5. By his intended bride, who talketh of men of spirit and Gretna Green.
 6. By a rich customer, who sendeth back his goods, and biddeth him be d—d.
- 3rd. He that is VOLUNTARILY CORRUPT, which may be considered as
1. He who voteth from the hope that his party will provide him a place.
 2. He who voteth to please one who can leave him a legacy.
 3. He who voteth to get into genteel society.
 4. He who voteth according as he hath taken the odds.
 5. He who, being a schoolmaster, voteth for the candidate with a large family.
 6. He who voteth in hopes posterity may think him a patriot.
- 2nd. He that voteth CONSCIENTIOUSLY, which is divisible into
- 1st. He that voteth according to HUMBUG, which is divisible into
- 1st. He that is POLITICALLY humbugged, which is divisible into
- 1st. He has SOME BRAINS, as
1. He who believeth taxes will be taken off.
 2. He who believeth wages will be raised.
 3. He who thinketh trade will be increased.
 4. He who studieth political economy.
 5. He who readeth newspapers, reviews, and magazines, and listeneth to lectures, and the like.
- 2nd. He that has NO BRAINS, as
1. He who voteth to support "the glorious Constitution," and maintain "the envy of surrounding nations."
 2. He who believeth the less the taxation the greater the revenue.
 3. He who attendeth the Crown and Anchor meetings, and the like.
- 2nd. He that is MORALLY humbugged, as
1. He who thinketh the Millennium and the Rads will come in together.
 2. He who thinketh that the Whigs are patriots.
 3. That the Tories love the poor.
 4. That the member troubleth himself solely for the good of his country.
 5. That the unions are popular with the paupers, and the like.
- 3rd. He that is DOMESTICALLY humbugged, as
1. He who voteth because the candidate's ribbons suit his wife's complexion.

2. Because his wife was addressed as his daughter by the canvasser.
 3. Because his wife had the candidate's carriage to make calls in, and the like.
 4. Because his daughter was presented with a set of the Prince Albert Quadrilles.
 5. Because the candidate promised to stand godfather to his last infant, and the like.
- 2nd. He that voteth according to PRINCIPLE, which is divisible into
- 1st. He whose principles are HEREDITARY, as
 1. He who voteth on one side because his father always voted on the same.
 2. Because the "Wrong-heads" and the like had always sat for the county.
 3. Because he hath kindred with an ancient political hero, such as Jack Cade, Hampden, the Pretender, &c., and so must maintain his principle.
 4. Because his mother quartereth the Arms of the candidate, and the like.
 - 2nd. He whose principles are CONVENTIONAL, as
 1. He who voteth because the candidate keepeth a pack of hounds.
 2. Because he was once insulted by a scoundrel of the same name as the opposite candidate.
 3. Because the candidate is of a noble family.
 4. Because the candidate laid the first brick of Zion Chapel, and the like.
 5. Because he knoweth the candidate's cousin.
 6. Because the candidate directed to him—"Esq."
 - 3rd. He whose principles are PHILOSOPHICAL, which may be considered as
 - 1st. He that is IMPARTIAL, as
 1. He that voteth on both sides.
 2. Because he tossed up with himself.
 3. He who loveth the majority and therefore voteth for him who hath most votes.
 4. Because he is asked to vote one way, and so voteth the other, to show that he is not influenced.
 5. Because he hateth the multitude, and so voteth against the popular candidate.
 - 2nd. He that is INDEPENDENT, as
 1. He who cannot be trusted.
 2. He who taketh money from one side, and voteth on the other.
 3. He who is not worth bribing.
 4. He who voteth against his own opinion, because his letter was not answered.
 5. He who, being promised a place last election, was deceived, and the like.
- 2nd. He that voteth ACCIDENTALLY, which is divisible into
- 1st. He that voteth through the BLUNDERS OF HIMSELF, which may be considered as
 1. He who is drunk, and forgetteth who gave him the bribe.
 2. He who goeth to the wrong agent, who leadeth him astray.
 3. He who is confused and giveth the wrong name.
 4. He who is bashful, and assenteth to any name suggested.
 5. He who promiseth both parties, and voteth for all the candidates, and the like.
 - 2nd. He that voteth through the BLUNDERS OF OTHERS, which may be considered as
 1. He who is mistaken for his servant when he is canvassed, and so incensed into voting the opposite way.
 2. He who is attempted to be bribed before many people, and so outraged into honesty.
 3. He who hath too much court paid by the canvasser to his wife, and so, out of jealousy, voteth for the opposite candidate.
 4. He who is called down from dinner to be canvassed, and being enraged thereat, voteth against his conviction.
 5. He who bringeth the fourth seat in a hackney-coach to him who keepeth a carriage and the like.

Have any of PUNCH'S readers ever met one of the above *genus*—or rather, have they not? They must; for the race is imbued with the most persevering *hic et ubique* powers. Like the old mole, these Truepennies “work i' th' dark:” at the Theatres, the Opera, the Coal Hole, the Cider Cellars, and the whole of the Grecian, Roman, British, Cambrian, Eagle, Lion, Apollo, Domestic, Foreign, Zoological, and Mythological Saloons, they “most do congregate.” Once set your eyes upon them, once become acquainted with their habits and manners, and then mistake them if you can. They are themselves, alone: like the London dustmen, the Nemarket jockeys, the peripatetic venders, or buyers of “old clo',” or the Albert continuations at *one pound one*, they appear to be *made to measure for the same*. We must now describe them (to speak theatrically) with decorations, scenes, and properties! The entirely new dresses of a theatre are like the habiliments of the professional singer, i.e. neither one nor the other ever *were entirely new*, and never will be allowed to grow entirely old. The double-milled Saxony of these worthies is generally *very blue* or *very brown*; the cut whereof sets a man of a contemplative turn of mind wondering at what precise date those tails were worn, and vainly speculating on the probabilities of their being fearfully indigestible, as that alone could to long have kept them from Time's remorseless maw. The collars are always velvet, and always greasy. There is a slight ostentation manifested in the seams, the stitches whereof are so apparent as to induce the beholders to believe they must have been the handiwork of some cherished friend, whose labours ought not to be entombed beneath the superstructure. The buttons!—oh, for a pen of steam to write upon those buttons! They, indeed, are the aristocracy—the yellow turbans, the sun, moon, and stars of the woollen system! They have nothing in common with the coat—they are *on it*, and that's all—they have no further communion—they decline the button-holes, and eschew all right to labour for their living—they announce themselves as “the last new fashion”—they sparkle for a week, retire to their silver paper, make way for the new comers, and, years after, like the Sleeping Beauty, rush to life in all their pristine splendour, and find (save in the treble-gilt adoration and their own accession) the coat, the immortal coat, unchanged! The waistcoat is of a material known only to themselves—a sort of nightmare illusion of velvet, covered with a slight tracery of refined mortar, curiously picked out and guarded with a nondescript collection of the very greenest green pellets of hyson-bloom gunpowder tea. The buttons (things of use in this garment) describe the figure and proportions of a large turbot. They consist of two rows (leaving imagination to fill up a lapse of the absent), commencing, to all appearance, at the *small of the back*, and reaching down even to the hem of the garment, which is invariably a double-breasted one, made upon the good old dining-out principle of leaving plenty of room in the victualling department. To complete the catalogue of raiment, the untalkaboutables have so little right to the name of drab, that it would cause a controversy on the point. Perhaps nothing in life can more exquisitely illustrate the Desdemona feeling of divided duty, than the portion of manufactured calf-skin appropriated to the peripatetic purposes of these gentry; they are, in point of fact, invariably that description of mud-markers known in the purlieus of Liecester-square, and at all denominations of “boots”—great, little, red, and yellow—as eight-and-sixpenny Bluchers. But the afore-mentioned drabs are strapped down with such pertinacity as to leave the observer in extreme doubt whether the Prussian hero of that name is their legitimate sponsor, or the glorious Wellington of our own sea-girt isle. Indeed, it has been rumoured that (as there never was a *pair* of either of the illustrious heroes) these gentlemen, for the sake of consistency, invariably perambulate in *one of each*. We scarcely know whether it be so or not—we merely relate what we have heard; but we incline to the *two Bluchers*, because of the *eight-and-six*. The only additional expense likely to add any emolument to the *tanner's* interest (we mean no pun) is the immense extent of sixpenny straps generally worn. These are described by a friend of ours as belonging to the great class of *coaxers*; and their exertions in bringing (as a nautical man would say) the trowsers *to bear* at all, is worthy of notice. There is a legend extant (a veritable legend, which emanated from one of the fraternity who had been engaged three weeks at her Majesty's theatre, as one of twenty in an unknown chorus, the chief peculiarity of the affair being the close approximation of some of his principal foreign words to “Tol de rol,” and “Fal the ral ra”), in which it was asserted, that from a violent quarrel with a person in the grass-bleached line, the body corporate determined to avoid any unnecessary use of that commodity. In the way of wristbands, the malice of the above void is beautifully nullified, inasmuch as the most prosperous linen-draper could never wish to have less linen on hand. As we are describing the *genus* in *black* and *white*, we may as well state at once, *those* are the colours generally casing the throats from whence their sweet sounds issue; these *ties* are garnished with union pins, whose strong *mosaic tendency* would, in the Catholic days of Spain (had they been residents), have consigned them to the lowest dungeons of the Inquisition, and favoured them with an exit from this breathing world, amid all the uncomfortable pomp of an *auto-da-fe*.

It is a fact on record, that no one of the body ever had a cold in his head; and this peculiarity, we presume, exempts them from carrying pocket-handkerchiefs, a superfluity we never witnessed in their hands, though they indulge in snuff-boxes which assume the miniature form of French plum-cases, richly embossed, with something round the edges about as much in proportion to *the box* as *eighteen insides* are to a small tax-cart. This testimonial is generally (as the engraved inscription purports) given by “several gentlemen” (who are, unfortunately, in these instances, always anonymous—which circumstance, as they are invariably described as “admirers of talent,” is much to be regretted, and, we trust, will soon be rectified). We believe, like the immortal Jack Falstaff,

they were each born at four o'clock of the morning, with a bald head, and something of a round belly; certain it is, they are universally thin in the hair, and exhibit strong manifestation of obesity.

The further marks of identity consist in a ring very variously chased, and the infallible insignia of a tuning-fork: without this no professional singer does or can exist. The thing has been tried, and found a failure. Its uses are remarkable and various: like the "death's-head and cross-bones" of the pirates, or the wand, globe, and beard of the conjuror, it is their sure and unvarying sign. We have in our mind's eye one of the species even now—we see him coquetting with the fork, compressing it with gentle fondness, and then (that all senses may be called into requisition) resting it against his eye-tooth to catch the proper tone. Should this be the prelude to his own professional performance, we see it returned, with a look of profound wisdom, to the right-hand depository of the nondescript and imaginary velvet double-breaster—we follow his eyes, till, with peculiar fascination, they fix upon the far-off cornice of the most distant corner of the smoke-embued apartment—we perceive the extension of the dexter hand employed in innocent dalliance with the well-sucked peel of a quarter of an orange, whilst the left is employed with the links of what would be a watch-guard, *if* the professional singer *had a watch*. We hear the three distinct hems—oblivion for a moment seizes us—the glasses jingle—two auctioneers' hammers astonish the mahogany—several dirty hands are brought in violent and noisy contact—we are near a friend of the vocalist—our glass of gin-and-water (literally warm without) empties itself over our lower extremities, instigated thereto by the gymnastic performances of the said zealous friend—and with an exclamation that, were Mawworn present, would cost us a shilling, we find the professional singer has concluded, and is half stooping to the applause, and half lifting his diligently-stirred grog, gulping down the "creature comfort" with infinite satisfaction.

—There goes the hammer again! (Rubins has a sinecure compared to that fat man). "A glee, gents!—a glee!"—Ah! there they are—three coats—three collars—Heaven knows how many buttons!—three bald heads, three stout stomachs, three mouths, stuffed with three tuning-forks, nodding and conferring with a degree of mystery worthy of three Guy Faux."—What is the subject?

"Hail smilig born."

That's a good guess! By the way, the vulgar notion of singing *ensemble* is totally exploded by these gentry—each professional singer, as a professional singer, sings his very loudest, in *justice to himself*; if his brethren want physical power, that's no fault of *his*, *he don't*. Professional singers indulge in small portions of classic lore: among the necessary acquirements is, "Non nobis," &c. &c.; that is, they consider they ought to know the airs. The words are generally delivered as follows:—*Don—dobis—do—by—de*. A clear enunciation is not much cultivated among the clever in this line.

In addition to the few particulars above, it may be as well to mention, they treat all tavern-waiters with great respect, which is more Christian-like, as the said waiters never return the same—sit anywhere, just to accommodate—eat everything, to prove they have no squeamish partialities—know to a toothful what a bottom of brandy *should be*—the exact quantity they may drink, free gratis, and the most likely victim to *drop upon* for any further nourishment they may require. Their acquirements in the musical world are rendered clear, by the important information that "Harry Phillips knows what he's about"—"Weber was up to a thing or two." A *baritone* ain't the sort of thing for tenor music: and when *they* sung with some man (nobody ever heard of), they showed him the difference, and wouldn't mind—"A cigar?" "Thank you, sir!—seldom smoke—put it in my pocket—(*aside*) that makes a dozen! Your good health, sir!—don't dislike cold, though I generally take it warm—didn't mean that as a hint, but, since you *have ordered it*, I'll give you a toast—Here's—THE PROFESSIONAL SINGER!"

FUSBOS.

AN AN-TEA ANACREONTIC.

ΕΙΣ ΤΟ ΛΕΙΝ ΠΙΝΕΝ.

Bards of old have sung the vine
Such a theme shall ne'er be mine;
Weaker strains to me belong,
Pæans sung to thee, Souchong!
What though I may never sip
Rubies from my tea-cup's lip;
Do not milky pearls combine
In this steaming cup of mine?
What though round my youthful brow
I ne'er twine the myrtle's bough?

For such wreaths my soul ne'er grieves.
Whilst I own my Twankay's leaves.
Though for me no altar burns,
Kettles boil and bubble—urns
In each fane, where I adore—
What should mortal ask for more!
I for Pidding, Bacchus fly,
Howqua shall my cup supply;
I'll ne'er ask for amphoræ,
Whilst my tea-pot yields me tea.
Then, perchance, above my grave,
Blooming Hyson sprigs may wave;
And some stately sugar-cane,
There may spring to life again:
Bright-eyed maidens then may meet,
To quaff the herb and suck the sweet.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO HACKNEY-COACH HORSES.

KINDLY COMMUNICATED BY OUR DOG "TOBY."

DEAR SIR,—I was a-sitting the other evening at the door of my kennel, thinking of the dog-days and smoking my pipe (blessings on you, master, for teaching me that art!), when one of your prospectuses was put into my paw by a spaniel that lives as pet-dog in a nobleman's family. Lawk, sir! what misfortunes can have befallen you, that you are obleeged to turn author?

I remember the poor devil as used to supply us with *dialect*—what a face he had! It was like a mouth-organ turned edgeways; and he looked as hollow as the big drum, but warn't half so round and noisy. You can't have dwindled down to that, surely! I couldn't bear to see your hump and *pars pendula* (that's dog Latin) shrunk up like dried almonds, and titivated out in msty-fusty toggery—I'm sure I couldn't! The very thought of it is like a pound weight at the end of my tail.

I whined like any thing, calling to my missus—for you must know that I've married as handsome a Scotch terrier as you ever see. "Vixen," says I, "here's the poor old governor up at last—I knew that Police Act would drive him to something desperate."

"Why he hasn't hung himself in earnest, and summoned you on his inquest!" exclaimed Mrs. T.

"Worse nor that," says I; "he's turned author, and in course is stewed up in some wery elevated apartment during this blessed season of the year, when all nature is wagging with delight, and the fairs is on, and the police don't want nothing to do to warm 'em, and consequentially sees no harm in a muster of infantry in bye-streets. It's very hawful."

Vixen sighed and scratched her ear with her right leg, so I know'd she'd something in her head, for she always does that when anything tickles her. "Toby," says she, "go and see the old gentleman; perhaps it might comfort him to larrup you a little."

"Very well," says I, "I'll be off at once; so put me by a bone or two for supper, should any come out while I'm gone; and if you can get the puppies to sleep before I return, I shall be so much obleeged to you." Saying which, I toddled off for Wellington-street. I had just got to the coach-stand at Hyde Park Corner, when who should I see labelled as a waterman but the one-eyed chap we once had as a orchestra—he as could only play "Jim Crow" and the "Soldier Tired." Thinks I, I may as well pass the compliment of the day with him; so I creeps under the hackney-coach he was standing alongside on, intending to surprise him; but just as I was about to pop out he ran off the stand to un-nosebag a cab-horse. Whilst I was waiting for him to come back, I hears the off-side horse in the vehicle make the following remark:—

OFF-SIDE HORSE—(*twisting his tail about like anything*)—Curse the flies!

NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—You may say that. I've had one fellow tickling me this half-hour.

OFF-SIDE HORSE.—Ours is a horrid profession! Phew! the sun actually penetrates my vertebra.

NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—Werterbee! What's that?

OFF-SIDE HORSE—(*impatently*).—The spine, my friend (*whish! wish!*)

NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—Ah! it is a shameful thing to *dock* us as they does. If the marrow in

one's backbone should melt, it would be sartin to run out at the tip of one's tail. I say, how's your *feed*?

OFF-SIDE HORSE.—Very indifferent—the chaff predominates—(*munch*) not *bene* by any means.

NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—Beany! Lord bless your ignorance! I should be satisfied if they'd only make it *oaty* now and then. How long have you been in the hackney line?

OFF-SIDE HORSE.—I have occupied my present degraded position about two years. Little thought my poor mama, when I was foaled, that I should ever come to this.

NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—Ah! it ain't very respectable, is it?—especially since the cabs and busses have druv over our heads. What was you put to?—you look as if you had been well brought up.

OFF-SIDE HORSE.—My mama was own sister to *Lottery*, but unfortunately married a horse much below her in pedigree. I was the produce of that union. At five years old I entered the army under Ensign Dashard.

NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—Bless me, how odd! I was bought at Horncastle, to serve in the dragoons; but the wetternary man found out I'd a splint, and wouldn't have me! I say, ain't that stout woman with a fat family looking at us?

OFF-SIDE HORSE.—I'm afraid she is. People of her grade in society are always partial to a dilatory shillingworth.

NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—Ay, and always lives up Snow-hill, or Ludgate-hill, or Mutton-hill, or a *hill* somewhere.

WOMAN.—Coach!

NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—She's ahailing us! I wonder whether she's narvous? I'll let out with my hind leg a bit—(*kick*)—O Lord! the rheumatiz!

OFF-SIDE HORSE.—Pray don't. I abjure subterfuges; they are unworthy of a thoroughbred.

NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—Thoroughbred? I like that! Haven't you just acknowledged that you were a cocktail? Thank God! she's moving on. Hallo! there's old Readypenny!—a willanous Tory.

OFF-SIDE HORSE.—I beg to remark that my principles are Conservative.

NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—And I beg to remark that mine isn't. I sarved Readypenny out at Westminster 'lection the other day. He got into our coach to go to the poll, and I wouldn't draw an inch. I warn't agoing to take up a plumper for Rous.

OFF-SIDE HORSE.—I declare the obese female returns.

WOMAN.—Coach! Hallo! Coach!

WATERMAN.—Here you is, ma'am. Kuck! kuck! kuck!—Come along!—(*Pulling the coach and horses*).

OFF-SIDE HORSE.—O heavens! I am too stiff to move, and this brute will pull my head off.

NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—Keep it on one side, and you spiles his purchase.

WATERMAN.—Come up, you old brute!

OFF-SIDE HORSE.—Old brute! What evidence of a low mind!—[*The stout woman and fat family ascend the steps of the coach*].

COACH.—O law! oh, law! Week! week! O law!—O law! Week! week!

NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—Do you hear how the poor old thing's a sufferin'?—She must feel it a good deal to have her squabs sat on by everybody as can pay for her. She was built by Pearce, of Long-acre, for the Duchess of Dorsetshire. I wonder her perch don't break—she has been crazy a long time.

WATERMAN.—Snow-hill—opposite the Saracen's Head.

NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—I know'd it!

COACHMAN.—Kuck! kuck!

WHIP.—Whack! whack!

OFF-SIDE HORSE.—Pull away, my dear fellow; a little extra exertion may save us from

flagellation.

NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—Well, I'm pulling, ain't I?

OFF-SIDE HORSE.—I don't like to dispute your word; but—(*whack*)—Oh! that was an abrasion on my shoulder.

NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—A *raw* you mean. Who's not pulling now, I should like to know!

OFF-SIDE HORSE.—I couldn't help hopping then; you know what a *grease* I have in my hind leg.

NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—Well, haven't I a splint and a corn, and ain't one of my fore fetlocks got a formoses, and my hind legs the stringhalt?

WOMAN.—Stop! stop!

COACHMAN.—Whoo up!—d—n you!

OFF-SIDE HORSE.—There goes my last masticator!

NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—And I'm blow'd if he hasn't jerked my head so that he's given me a crick in the neck; but never mind; if she does get out here, we shall save the hill.

WOMAN.—Three doors higher up.

COACHMAN.—Chuck! chuck!

WHIP.—Whack! whack!

COACHMAN.—Come up, you varmint!

OFF-SIDE HORSE—Varmint! and to me! the nephew of the great Lottery! O Pegasus! what shall I come to next!

NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—Alamode beef, may be, or perhaps pork sassages!

The old woman was so long in that house where she stopped, that I was obleeged to toddle home, for my wife has a rather unpleasant way of taking me by the scruff of my neck if I ain't pretty regular in my hours.

Yours, werry obediently, TOBY.

COURT CIRCULAR.

Communicated exclusively to this Journal by MASTER JONES, whose services we have succeeded in retaining, though opposed by the enlightened manager of a metropolitan theatre, whose anxiety to advance the interest of the drama is only equalled by his ignorance of the means.

Since the dissolution of Parliament, Lord Melbourne has confined himself entirely to *stews*.

Stalls have been fitted up in the Royal nursery for the reception of two Alderney cows, preparatory to the weaning of the infant Princess; which delicate duty Mrs. Lilly commences on Monday next.

Sir Robert Peel has been seen several times this week in close consultation with the chief cook. Has he been offered the *premiership*?

Mr. Moreton Dyer, "*the amateur turner*," has been a frequent visitor at the palace of late. Palmerston, it is whispered, has been receiving lessons in the art. We are surprised to hear this, for we always considered his lordship a Talleyrand in *turning*.

A QUARTER-DAY COGITATION.

(WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF A "NOTED" TAILOR'S BILL.)

By winter's chill the fragrant flower is nipp'd,
To be new-clothed with brighter tints in spring;
The blasted tree of verdant leaves is stripp'd,
A fresher foliage on each branch to bring;

The aërial songster moults his plumerie,
To vie in sleekness with each feather'd brother:

A twelvemonth's wear hath ta'en thy nap from thee,
My seedy coat!—When shall I get another?

NOTE.—Confiding tailors are entreated to send their addresses, pre-paid, to PUNCH'S office.

P.S.—None need apply who *refuse* three years' acceptances. If the bills be made *renewable*, by agreement, "continuations" will be taken in any quantity.—FITZROY FIPS.

[pg 6]

STREET POLITICS.

A DRAMATIC DIALOGUE BETWEEN PUNCH AND HIS STAGE MANAGER.

(*Enter* PUNCH.)

PUNCH.—R-r-r-roo-to-tooit-tooit?

(*Sings.*)

“Wheel about and turn about,
And do jes so;
Ebery time I turn about,
I jump Jim Crow.”

MANAGER.—Hollo, Mr. Punch! your voice is rather husky to-day.

PUNCH.—Yes, yes; I've been making myself as hoarse as a hog, bawling to the free and independent electors of Grogswill all the morning. They have done me the honour to elect me as their representative in Parliament. I'm an M.P. now.

MANAGER.—An M.P.! Gammon, Mr. Punch.

THE DOG TOBY.—Bow, wow, wow, wough, wough!

PUNCH.—Fact, upon my honour. I'm at this moment an unit in the collective stupidity of the nation.

DOG TOBY.—R-r-r-r-r—wough—wough!

PUNCH.—Kick that dog, somebody. Hang the cur, did he never see a legislator before, that he barks at me so?

MANAGER.—A legislator, Mr. Punch? with that wooden head of yours! Ho! ho! ho! ho!

PUNCH.—My dear sir, I can assure you that wood is the material generally used in the manufacture of political puppets. There will be more blockheads than mine in St. Stephen's, I can tell you. And as for oratory, why I flatter my whiskers I'll astonish them in that line.

MANAGER.—But on what principles did you get into Parliament, Mr. Punch?

PUNCH.—I'd have you know, sir, I'm above having any principles but those that put money in my pocket.

MANAGER.—I mean on what interest did you start?

PUNCH.—On self-interest, sir. The only great, patriotic, and noble feeling that a public man can entertain.

MANAGER.—Pardon me, Mr. Punch; I wish to know whether you have come in as a Whig or a Tory?

PUNCH.—As a Tory, decidedly, sir. I despise the base, rascally, paltry, beggarly, contemptible Whigs. I detest their policy, and—

THE DOG TOBY.—Bow, wow, wough, wough!

MANAGER.—Hollo! Mr. Punch, what are you saying? I understood you were always a staunch Whig, and a supporter of the present Government.

PUNCH.—So I was, sir. I supported the Whigs as long as they supported themselves; but now that the old house is coming down about their ears, I turn my back on them in virtuous indignation, and take my seat in the opposition 'bus.

MANAGER.—But where is your patriotism, Mr. Punch?

PUNCH.—Where every politician's is, sir—in my breeches' pocket.

MANAGER.—And your consistency, Mr. Punch?

PUNCH.—What a green chap you are, after all. A public man's consistency! It's only a popular delusion, sir. I'll tell you what's consistency, sir. When one gentleman's *in* and won't come *out*, and when another gentleman's *out* and can't get *in*, and when both gentlemen persevere in their determination—that's consistency.

MANAGER.—I understand; but still I think it is the duty of every public man to——

PUNCH.—(*sings*)—

“Wheel about and turn about, And do jes so; Ebery time he turn about, He jumps Jim Crow.”

MANAGER.—Then it is your opinion that the prospects of the Whigs are not very flattering?

PUNCH.—'Tis all up with them, as the young lady remarked when Mr. Green and his friends left Wauxhall in the balloon; they haven't a chance. The election returns are against them everywhere. England deserts them—Ireland fails them—Scotland alone sticks with national attachment to their backs, like a—

THE DOG TOBY.—Bow, wow, wow, wough!

MANAGER.—Of course, then, the Tories will take office—?

PUNCH.—I rayther suspect they will. Have they not been licking their chops for ten years outside the Treasury door, while the sneaking Whigs were helping themselves to all the fat tit-bits within? Have they not growled and snarled all the while, and proved by their barking that they were the fittest guardians of the country? Have they not wept over the decay of our ancient and venerable constitution—? And have they not promised and vowed, the moment they got into office, that they would—Send round the hat.

MANAGER.—Very good, Mr. Punch; but I should like to know what the Tories mean to do about the corn-laws? Will they give the people cheap food?

PUNCH.—No, but they'll give them cheap drink. They'll throw open the Thames for the use of the temperance societies.

MANAGER.—But if we don't have cheap corn, our trade must be destroyed, our factories will be closed, and our mills left idle.

PUNCH.—There you're wrong. Our tread-mills will be in constant work; and, though our factories should be empty, our prisons will be quite full.

MANAGER.—That's all very well, Mr. Punch; but the people will grumble a *leetle* if you starve them.

PUNCH.—Ay, hang them, so they will; the populace have no idea of being grateful for benefits. Talk of starvation! Pooh!—I've studied political economy in a workhouse, and I know what it means. They've got a fine plan in those workhouses for feeding the poor devils. They do it on the homoeopathic system, by administering to them oatmeal porridge in infinitesimal doses; but some of the paupers have such proud stomachs that they object to the diet, and actually die through spite and villany. Oh! 'tis a dreadful world for ingratitude! But never mind—Send round the hat.

MANAGER.—What is the meaning of the sliding scale, Mr. Punch?

PUNCH.—It means—when a man has got nothing for breakfast, he may slide his breakfast into his lunch; then, if he has got nothing for lunch, he may slide that into his dinner; and if he labours under the same difficulties with respect to the dinner, he may slide all three meals into his supper.

MANAGER.—But if the man has got no supper?

PUNCH.—Then let him wish he may get it.

MANAGER.—Oh! that's your sliding scale?

PUNCH.—Yes; and a very ingenious invention it is for the suppression of victuals. R-r-r-roo-to-tooit-tooit! Send round the hat.

MANAGER.—At this rate, Mr. Punch, I suppose you would not be favourable to free trade?

PUNCH.—Certainly not, sir. Free trade is one of your new-fangled notions that mean nothing but free plunder. I'll illustrate my position. I'm a boy in a school, with a bag of apples, which, being the only apples on my form, I naturally sell at a penny a-piece, and so

look forward to pulling in a considerable quantity of browns, when a boy from another form, with a bigger bag of apples, comes and sells his at three for a penny, which, of course, knocks up my trade.

MANAGER.—But it benefits the community, Mr. Punch.

PUNCH.—D—n the community! I know of no community but PUNCH and Co. I'm for centralization—and individualization—every man for himself, and PUNCH for us all! Only let me catch any rascal bringing his apples to my form, and see how I'll cobb him. So now—send round the hat—and three cheers for

PUNCH'S POLITICS.

SONGS FOR THE SENTIMENTAL.

No. 1.

O Reveal, thou fay-like stranger,
Why this lonely path you seek;
Every step is fraught with danger
Unto one so fair and meek.
Where are they that *should* protect thee
In this darkling hour of doubt?
Love *could* never thus neglect thee!—
Does your mother know you're out?

Why so pensive, Peri-maiden?
Pearly tears bedim thine eyes!
Sure thine heart is overladen,
When each breath is fraught with sighs.
Say, hath care life's heaven clouded,
Which hope's stars were wont to spangle?
What hath all thy gladness shrouded?—
Has your mother sold her mangle?

A PUBLIC CONVENIENCE.

We are requested to state, by the Marquis of W—, that, for the convenience of the public, he has put down one of his carriages, and given orders to Pearce, of Long-acre, for the construction of an easy and elegant *stretcher*.

CANDIDATES UNDER DIFFERENT PHASES



THE SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE.

THE HUSTINGS.

THE PUBLIC DINNER.

CANVASSING. What a love of a child
 THE DEPUTATION. If you think me worthy
 THE SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE. Constituents--rascals
 THE HUSTINGS. Don't mention it I beg
 THE PUBLIC DINNER. The proudest moment of my life

FINE ARTS.

PUNCH begs most solemnly to assure his friends and the artists in general, that should the violent cold with which he has been from time immemorial afflicted, and which, although it has caused his voice to appear like an infant Lablache screaming through horse-hair and thistles, yet has not very materially affected him otherwise—should it not deprive him of existence—please Gog and Magog, he will, next season, visit every exhibition of modern art as soon as the pictures are hung; and further, that he will most unequivocally be down with his *coup de baton* upon every unfortunate nob requiring his peculiar attention.

That he independently rejects the principles upon which these matters are generally conducted, he trusts this will be taken as an assurance: should the handsomest likeness-taker gratuitously offer to paint PUNCH'S portrait in any of the most favourite and fashionable styles, from the purest production of the general mourning school—and all performed by scissars—to the exquisitely gay works of the President of the Royal Academy, even though his Presidentship offer to do the nose with real carmine, and throw Judy and the little one into the back-ground, PUNCH would not give him a single eulogistic syllable unmerited. A word to the landscape and other perpetrators: none of your little bits for PUNCH—none of your insinuating cabinet gems—no Art-ful Union system of doing things—

Hopkins to praise for one reason, Popkins to censure for another—and as PUNCH has been poking his nose into numberless unseen corners, and, notwithstanding its indisputable dimensions, has managed to screen it from observation, he has thereby smelt out several pretty little affairs, which shall in due time be exhibited and explained in front of his proscenium, for special amusement. In the mean time, to prove that PUNCH is tolerably well up in this line of pseudo-criticism, he has prepared the following description of the private view of either the Royal Academy or the Suffolk-street Gallery, or the British Institution, for 1842, for the lovers of this very light style of reading; and to make it as truly applicable to the various specimens of art forming the collection or collections alluded to, he has done it after the peculiar manner practised by the talented conductor of a journal purporting to be exclusively set apart to that effort. To illustrate with what strict attention to the nature of the subject chosen, and what an intimate knowledge of technicalities the writer above alluded to displays, and with what consummate skill he blends those peculiarities, the reader will have the kindness to attach the criticism to either of the works (hereunder catalogued) most agreeably to his fancy. It will be, moreover, shown that this is a thoroughly impartial way of performing the operation of soft anointment.

THE UNERRING FOR PORTRAITS ONLY:

Portrait of the miscreant who attempted to assassinate Mr. Macreath.

VALENTINE VERMILION.

The head is extremely well painted, and the light and shade distributed with the artist's usual judgement.

Portrait of His Majesty the King of Hanover.

BY THE SAME.

Portrait of the boy who got into Buckingham Palace.

GEOFFERY GLAZEM.

OR THUS:

Portrait of Lord John Russell.

BY THE SAME.

An admirable likeness of the original, and executed with that breadth and clearness so apparent in this clever painter's works.

Portrait of W. Grumbletone, Esq., in the character of Joseph Surface.

PETER PALETTE.

Portrait of Sir Robert Peel

BY THE SAME.

OR THUS:

Portrait of the Empress of Russia.

VANDYKE BROWN.

A well-drawn and brilliantly painted portrait, calculated to sustain the fame already gained by this our favourite painter.

Portrait of the infant Princess.

BY THE SAME.

Portrait of Mary Mumblegums, aged 170 years.

BY THE SAME.

THE UNERRING FOR EVERY SUBJECT:

The Death of Abel.

MICHAEL MCGUELP.

Dead Game.

THOMAS TICKLEPENCIL.

Vesuvius in Eruption.

CHARLES CARMINE, R.A.

This picture is well arranged and coloured with much truth to nature; the chiaro-scuro is admirably managed.

Portraits of Mrs. Punch and Child.

R.W. BUSS.
 Cattle returning from the
 Watering Place.
 R. BOLLOCK.
 "We won't go home till
 Morning."
 M. WATERFORD, R.H.S.
 The infant Cupid sleeping.
 R. DADD.
 Portrait of Lord Palmerston.
 A.L.L. UPTON.
 Coast Scene: Smugglers on the
 look out.
 H. PARKER.
 Portrait of Captain Rous, M.P.
 J. WOOD.

OR THUS:

This is one of the cleverest
 productions in the Exhibition;
 there is a transparency in the
 shadows equal to Rembrandt.

Should the friends of any of the artists deem the praise a little too oily, they can easily add such a tag as the following:—"In our humble judgment, a little more delicacy of handling would not be altogether out of place;" or, "Beautiful as the work under notice decidedly is, we recollect to have received perhaps as much gratification in viewing previous productions by the same."

FOR THE HALF CONDEMNED:

This artist is, we much fear, on the decline; we no longer see the vigour of handling and smartness of conception formerly apparent in his works: or, "A little stricter attention to drawing, as well as composition, would render this artist's works more recommendatory."

THE TOTALLY CONDEMNED:

Either of the following, taken conjointly or separately: "A perfect daub, possessing not one single quality necessary to create even the slightest interest—a disgrace to the Exhibition—who allowed such a wretched production to disgrace these walls?—woefully out of drawing, and as badly coloured," and such like.

A COMMENTARY ON THE ELECTIONS.

BY THE BEADLE OF SOMERSET HOUSE.

Well, lawks-a-day! things seem going on uncommon queer,
 For they say that the Tories are bowling out the Whigs almost
 everywhere;
 And the blazing red of my beadle's coat is turning to pink through fear,
 Lest I should find myself and staff out of Office some time about the end
 of the year.
 I've done nothing so long but stand under the magnificent portico
 Of Somerset House, that I don't know what I should do if I was for to go!
 What the electors are at, I can't make out, upon my soul,
 For it's a law of natur' that the *whig* should be atop of the *poll*.
 I've had a snug berth of it here for some time, and don't want to cut the
 connexion;
 But they *do* say the Whigs must go out, because they've NO OTHER
 ELECTION;
 What they mean by that, I *don't* know, for ain't they been electioneering
 —
 That is, they've been canvassing, and spouting, and pledging, and
 ginning, and beering.
 Hasn't Crawford and Pattison, Lyall, Masterman, Wood, and Lord John
 Russell,
 For ever so long been keeping the Great Metropolis in one alarming
busse!
 Ain't the two *first* retired into private life—(that's the genteel for being
 rejected)?
 And what's more, the *last* four, strange to say, have all been elected.

Then Finsbury Tom and Mr. Wakley, as wears his hair all over his coat collar,
 Hav'n't they frightened Mr. Tooke, who once said he could beat them
Hollar?
 Then at Lambeth, ain't Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Cabbell been both on 'em bottled
 By Mr. D'Eyncourt and Mr. Hawes, who makes soap yellow and mottled!
 And hasn't Sir Benjamin Hall, and the gallant Commodore Napier,
 Made such a cabal with Cabbell and Hamilton as would make any chap queer?
 Whilst Sankey, who was backed by a *Cleave*-r for Marrowbone looks cranky,
 Acos the electors, like lispin babbies, cried out "*No Sankee?*"
 Then South'ark has sent Alderman Humphrey and Mr. B. Wood,
 Who has promised, that if ever a member of parliament did his duty—he would!
 Then for the Tower Hamlets, Robinson, Hutchinson, and Thompson, find that they're in the wrong box,
 For the electors, though turned to Clay, still gallantly followed the Fox;
 Whilst Westminster's chosen Rous—not Rouse of the Eagle—tho' I once seed a
 Picture where there was a great big bird, very like a *goose*, along with a Leda.
 And hasn't Sir Robert Peel and Mr. A'Court been down to Tamworth to be reseated?
 They ought to get an act of parliament to save them such fatigue, for its always—ditto repeated.
 Whilst at Leeds, Beckett and Aldam have put Lord Jocelyn into a considerable fume,
 Who finds it no go, though he's added up the poll-books several times with the calculating boy, Joe Hume.
 So if there's been *no other election*, I should like to find out
 What all the late squibbing and fibbing, placarding, and blackguarding, losing and winning, beering and ginning, and every other *et cetera*, has been about!

TO THE BLACK-BALLED OF THE UNITED SERVICE.

Black bottles at Brighton,
 To darken your fame;
 Black Sundays at Hounslow,
 To add to your shame.
 Black balls at the club,
 Show Lord Hill's growing duller:
 He should change your command
 To the *guards* of that colour.

ON THE INTRODUCTION OF PANTOMIME INTO THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.



English—it has been remarked a thousand and odd times—is one of the few languages which is unaccompanied with gesticulation. Your veritable Englishman, in his discourse, is as chary as your genuine Frenchman is prodigal, of action. The one speaks like an oracle, the other like a telegraph.

Mr. Brown narrates the death of a poor widower from starvation, with his hands fast locked in his breeches' pocket, and his features as calm as a horse-pond. M. le Brun tells of the *debut* of the new *danseuse*, with several kisses on the tips of his fingers, a variety of taps on the left side of his satin waistcoat, and his head engulfed between his two shoulders, like a cock-boat in a trough of the sea.

The cause of this natural diversity is not very apparent. The deficiency of gesture on our parts may be a necessary result of that prudence which is so marked a feature of the English character. Mr. Brown, perhaps, objects to using two means to attain his end when one is sufficient, and consequently looks upon all gesticulation during conversation as a wicked waste of physical labour, which that most sublime and congenial science of Pol. Econ. has shown him to be the source of all wealth. To indulge in pantomime is, therefore, in his eyes, the same as throwing so much money in the dirt—a crime which he regards as second in depravity only to that of having none to throw. Napoleon said, many years back, we were a nation of shopkeepers; and time seems to have increased, rather than diminished, our devotion to the ledger. Gold has become our sole standard of excellence. We measure a man's respectability by his banker's account, and mete out to the pauper the same punishment as the felon. Our very nobility is a nobility of the breeches' pocket; and the highest personage in the realm—her most gracious Majesty—the most gracious Majesty of 500,000*l.* per annum! Nor is this to be wondered at. To a martial people like the Romans, it was perfectly natural that animal courage should be thought to constitute heroic virtue: to a commercial people like ourselves, it is equally natural that a man's worthiness should be computed by what he is worth. We fear it is this commercial spirit, which, for the reason before assigned, is opposed to the introduction of pantomime among us; and it is therefore to this spirit that we would appeal, in our endeavours to supply a deficiency which we cannot but look upon as a national misfortune and disgrace. It makes us appear as a cold-blooded race of people, which we assuredly are not; for, after all our wants are satisfied, what nation can make such heroic sacrifices for the benefit of their fellow creatures as our own? A change, however, is coming over us: a few pantomimic signs have already made their appearance amongst us. It is true that they are at present chiefly confined to that class upon whose manners politeness places little or no restraint—barbarians, who act as nature, rather than as the book of etiquette dictates, (and among whom, for that very reason, such a change would naturally first begin to show itself:) yet do we trust, by pointing out to the more refined portion of the "British public," the advantage that must necessarily accrue from the general cultivation of the art of pantomime, by proving to them its vast superiority over the comparatively tedious operations of speech, and exhibiting its capacity of conveying a far greater quantity of thought in a considerably less space of time, and that with a saving of one-half the muscular exertion—a point so perfectly consonant with the present prevailing desire for cheap and rapid communication—that we say we hope to be able not only to bring the higher classes to look upon it no longer as a vulgar and extravagant mode of expression, but actually to introduce and cherish it among them as the most polite and useful of all accomplishments.



But in order to exhibit the capacities of this noble art in all their comprehensive excellence, it is requisite that we should, in the first place, say a few words on language in general.

It is commonly supposed that there are but two kinds of language among men—the written and the spoken: whereas it follows, from the very nature of language itself, that there must necessarily be as many modes of conveying our impressions to our fellow-creatures, as there are senses or modes of receiving impressions in them. Accordingly, there are five senses and five languages; to wit, the audible, the visible, the olfactory, the gustatory, and the sensitive. To the two first belong speech and literature. As illustrations of the third, or olfactory language, may be cited the presentation of a pinch of Prince's Mixture to a stranger, or a bottle of "Bouquet du Roi" to a fair acquaintance; both of which are but forms of expressing to them nasally our respect. The nose, however, is an organ but little cultivated in man, and the language which appeals to it is, therefore, in a very imperfect state; not so the gustatory, or that which addresses itself to the palate. This, indeed, may be said to be imbibed with our mother's milk. What words can speak affection to the child like *elecpane*—what language assures us of the remembrance of an absent friend like a brace of wood-cocks? Then who does not comprehend the eloquence of dinners? A rump steak, and bottle of old port, are not these to all guests the very emblems of esteem—and turtle, venison, and champagne, the unmistakable types of respect? If the citizens of a particular town be desirous of expressing their profound admiration of the genius of a popular author, how can the sentiment be conveyed so fitly as in a public dinner? or if a candidate be anxious to convince the "free and independent electors" of a certain borough of his disinterested regard for the commonweal, what more persuasive language could he adopt than the general distribution of unlimited beer? Of the sensitive, or fifth and last species of language, innumerable instances might be quoted. All understand the difference in meaning between cuffs and caresses—between being shaken heartily by the hand and kicked rapidly down stairs. Who, however ignorant, could look upon the latter as a compliment? or what fair maiden, however simple, would require a

master to teach her how to construe a gentle compression of her fingers at parting, or a tender pressure of her toe under the dinner table?

Such is an imperfect sketch of the five languages appertaining to man. There is, however, one other—that which forms the subject of the present article—Pantomime, and which may be considered as the natural form of the visible language—literature being taken as the artificial. This is the most primitive as well as most comprehensive, of all. It is the earliest, as it is the most intuitive—the smiles and frowns of the mother being the first signs understood by the infant. Indeed, if we consider for a moment that all existence is but a Pantomime, of which Time is the harlequin, changing to-day into yesterday, summer into winter, youth into old age, and life into death, and we but the clowns who bear the kicks and buffets of the scene, we cannot fail to desire the general cultivation of an art which constitutes the very essence of existence itself. “Speech,” says Talleyrand, that profound political pantomimist, “was given to *conceal* our thoughts;” and truly this is the chief use to which it is applied. We are continually clamouring for acts in lieu of words. Let but the art of Pantomime become universal, and this grand desideratum must be obtained. Then we shall find that candidates, instead of being able, as now, to become legislators by simply professing to be patriots, will be placed in the awkward predicament of having first to *act* as such; and that the clergy, in lieu of taking a tenth part of the produce for the mere preaching of Christianity, will be obliged to sacrifice at least a portion to charitable purposes, and *practise* it.

Indeed, we are thoroughly convinced, that when the manifold advantages of this beautiful art shall be generally known, it cannot fail of becoming the principle of universal communication. Nor do we despair of ultimately finding the elegant Lord A. avowing his love for the beautiful Miss B., by gently closing one of his eyes, and the fair lady tenderly expressing that doubt and incredulity which are the invariable concomitants of “Love’s young dream,” by a gentle indication with the dexter hand over the sinister shoulder.



AN ALLIGATOR CHAIRMAN.

An action was recently brought in the Court of Queen’s Bench against Mr. Walter, to recover a sum of money expended by a person named Clark, in wine, spirits, malt liquors, and other refreshments, during a contest for the representation of the borough of Southwark. One of the witnesses, who it appears was chairman of Mr. Walter’s committee, swore that *every thing the committee had to eat or drink went through him*. By a remarkable coincidence, the counsel for the plaintiff in this tipping case was *Mr. Lush*.

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AN ODE.

PICKED UP IN KILLPACK’S DIVAN.

Cum notis variorum.

“Excise Court.—An information was laid against Mr. Killpack, for selling spirituous liquor. Mr. James (the counsel for the defendant) stated that there was a club held there, of which Mr. Keeley, the actor, was treasurer, and many others of the theatrical profession were members, and that they had a store of brandy, whiskey, and other spirits. Fined £5 in each case.”—*Observer*

INVOCATION.

Assist, ye jocal nine¹, inspire my soul!
(Waiter! a go of Brett’s best alcohol,
A light, and one of Killpack’s mild Havannahs).
Fire me! again I say, while loud hosannas
I sing of what we were—of what we *now* are.
Wildly let me rave,

1. “Ye jocal nine,” a happy modification of “Ye vocal nine.” The nine here so classically invocated are manifestly nine of the members of the late club, consisting of, 1. Mr.

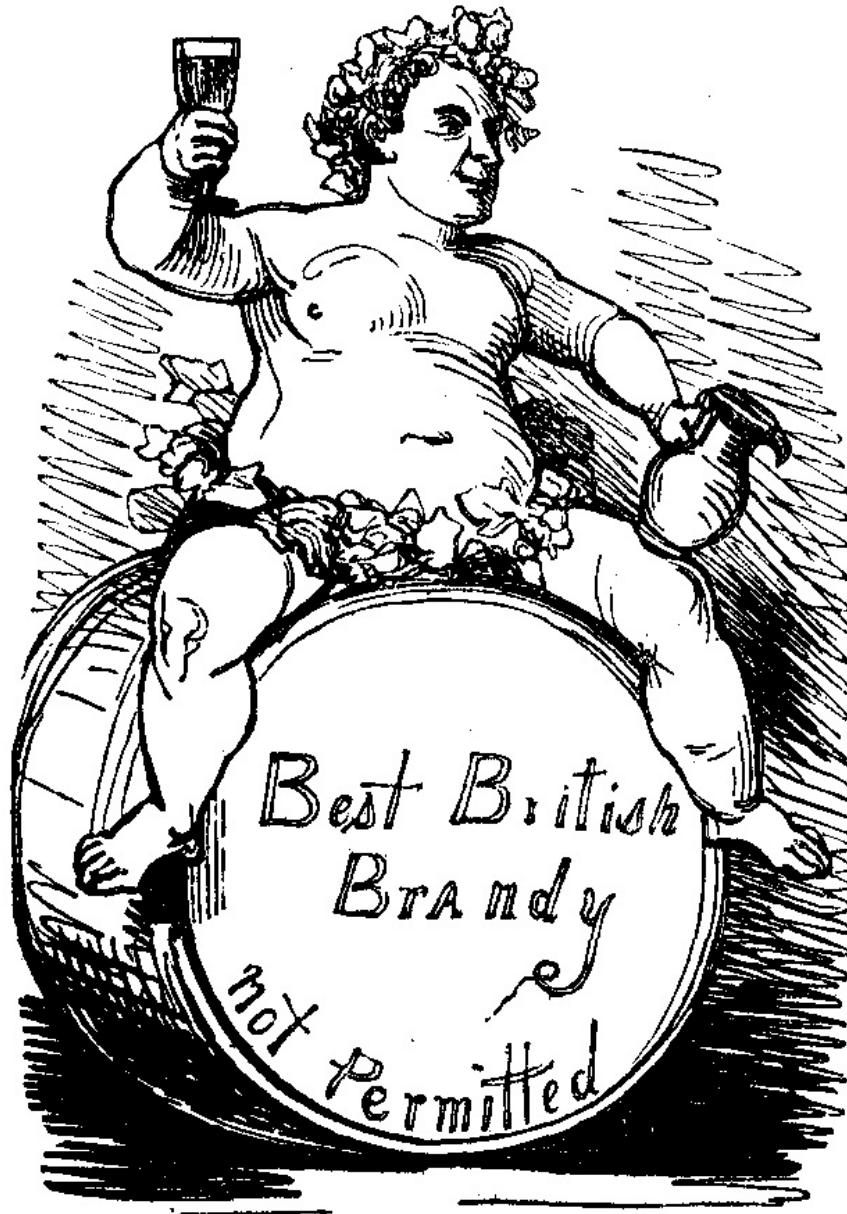
To imprecate the knave
Whose curious *information* turned our porter sour,
Bottled our stout, doing it (ruthless cub!)

Brown,
Down

Knocking our snug, unlicensed club;
Changing, despite our *belle esprit*, at one fell *swop*,
Into a legal coffee-crib, our contraband cook-shop!

ODE.

Then little Bob arose,
And doff'd his clothes,
Exclaiming, "Momus! Stuff!
I've played him long enough,"
And, as the public seems inclined to sack us,
Behold me ready *dressed* to play young Bacchus.



He said² his legs the barrel span,
And thus the Covent Garden god began;—
"GENTLEMEN,—I am—ahem—!—I beg your pardon,
But, ahem! as first low com. of Common Garden—
No, I don't mean that, I mean to say,
That if we were—ahem!—to pay
So much per quarter for our quarters, [Cries of 'Hear!']
Import our own champagne and ginger-beer;
In short, *small* duty pay on all we sup—
Ahem!—you understand—I give it up."

The speech was ended,
And Bob descended.

The club was formed. A spicy club it was—

D—s J—d. 2. The subject of the engraving, treasurer and store-keeper. 3. Mr. G—e S—h, sub-ed. J— B—. 4. Mr. B—d, Mem. Dram. Author's Society. 5. C—s S—y, ditto. 6. Mr. C—e. 7. Mr. C—s, T—s, late of the firm of T—s and P—t. 8. Mr. J—e A—n, Mem. Soc. British Artists. 9, and lastly, "though not least," the author of "You loved me not in happier days."

2. "He said."—Deeply imbued with the style of the most polished of the classics, our author will be found to exhibit in some passages an imitation of it which might be considered pedantic, for ourselves, we admire the severe style. The literal rendering of the '*dixit*' of the ancient epicists, strikes us as being

Especially on Saturdays; because
They dined extr'ordinary cheap at five o'clock:
When there were met members of the Dram. A. Soc.
Those of the sock and buskin, artists, court gazetteers—
Odd fellows all—*odder* than all their club compeers.
Some were sub-editors, others reporters,
And more *illuminati*, joke-importers.

The club was heterogen'ous
By strangers seen as
A refuge for destitute *bons mots*—
Dépôt for leaden jokes and pewter pots;
Repertory for gin and *jeux d'esprit*,
Literary pound for vagrant rapartee;
Second-hand shop for left-off witticisms;
Gall'ry for Tomkins and Pitt-icisms;³
Foundling hospital for every bastard pun;
In short, a manufactory for all sorts of fun!

Arouse my muse! such pleasing themes to quit,
Hear me while I say
"Donnez-moi du frenzy, s'il vous plait!"⁴
Give me a most tremendous fit
Of indignation, a wild volcanic ebullition,
Or deep anathema,
Fatal as J—d's bah!
To hurl excisemen downward to perdition.
May genial gin no more delight *their* throttles—
Their casks grow leaky, bottomless *their* bottles;
May smugglers *run*, and they ne'er make a seizure;
May *they*—I'll curse them further at my leisure.
But for our club,
"Ay, there's the rub."
"We mourn it dead in its father's halls:"⁵—
The sporting prints are cut down from the walls;
No stuffing there,
Not even in a chair;
The spirits are all *ex(or)cised*,
The coffee-cups capsized,
The coffee *fine*-d, the snuff all taken,
The mild Havannahs are by lights forsaken:
The utter ruin of the club's achieven—
Our very chess-boards are *ex-chequered* even.
"Where is our club?" X—sighs,⁶ and with a stare
Like to another echo, answers "Where?"

3. A play-bill
reminiscence, viz.
"The scenery by
Messrs. Tomkins and
Pitt."—THE
AUTHORS OF "BUT,
HOWEVER."

4. "Donnez-moi," &c.
—The classics of all
countries are aptly
drawn upon by the
universal erudition
of our bard. A fine
parody this upon the
exclamation of
Belmontel's starving
author: "La Gloire—
donnez-moi do
pain!"—FENWICK
DE PORQUET.

5. "They mourn it
dead," &c.—A pretty,
but perhaps too
literal allusion to a
popular song—J.
RODWELL.

6. "X—sighs."—Who
"X" may happen to
be we have not the
remotest idea. But
who would not
forgive a little
mystification for so
brilliant a pun?—
THE GHOST OF
PUNCH'S THEATRE.

MR. HUME.

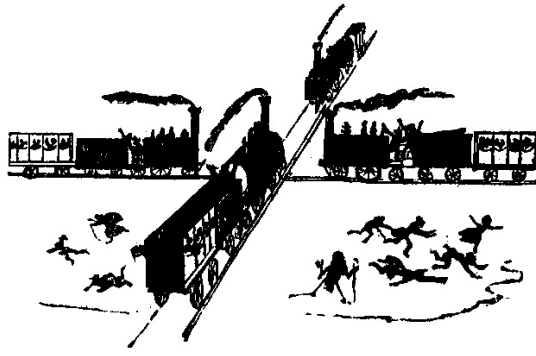
We are requested by Mr. Hume to state, that being relieved from his parliamentary duties, he intends opening a day-school in the neighbourhood of the House of Commons, for the instruction of members only, in the principles of the illustrious Cocker; and to remedy in some measure his own absence from the Finance Committees, he is now engaged in preparing a Parliamentary Ready-reckoner. We heartily wish him success.

"PRIVATE."

"In the event of the Tories coming into power, it is intended to confer the place of Postmaster-General upon Lord Clanwilliam. It would be difficult to select an individual more *peculiarly* fitted for the situation than his lordship, whose *love of letters* is notorious in the Carlton Club."—*Extract from an Intercepted Letter.*

"AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS MAKE AMENDS?"

It is currently reported at the Conservative Clubs, that if their party should come into power, Sir Robert Peel will endeavour to conciliate the Whigs, and to form a coalition with their former opponents. We have no doubt the cautious baronet sees the necessity of the step, and would feel grateful for support from any quarter; but we much doubt the practicability of the measure. It would indeed be a strange sight to see Lord Johnny and Sir Bobby, the two great leaders of the opposition engines, with their followers, meeting amicably on the floor of the House of Commons. In our opinion, an infernal crash and smash would be the result of these



GRAND JUNCTION TRAINS.

THE DRAMA.

The "star system" has added another victim to the many already sacrificed to its rapacity and injustice. Mr. Phelps, an actor whose personation of *Macduff*, the *Hunchback*, *Jaques*, &c., would have procured for him in former times no mean position, has been compelled to secede from the Haymarket Theatre from a justifiable feeling of disgust at the continual sacrifices he was required to make for the aggrandisement of one to whom he may not possibly ascribe any superiority of genius. The part assigned to Mr. Phelps (*Friar Lawrence*) requires an actor of considerable powers, and under the old *régime* would have deteriorated nothing from Mr. Phelps' position; but we can understand the motives which influenced its rejection, and whilst we deprecate the practice of actors refusing parts on every caprice, we consider Mr. Phelps' opposition to this ruinous system of "starring" as commendable and manly. The real cause of the decline of the drama is the upholding of this system. The "stars" are paid so enormously, and cost so much to maintain them in their false position, that the manager cannot afford (supposing the disposition to exist) to pay the working portion of his company salaries commensurate with their usefulness, or compatible with the appearance they are expected to maintain out of the theatre; whilst opportunities of testing their powers as actors, or of improving any favourable impression they may have made upon the public, is denied to them, from the fear that the influence of the greater, because more fortunate actor, may be diminished thereby. These facts are now so well known, that men of education are deterred from making the stage a profession, and consequently the scarcity of rising actors is referable to this cause.

The poverty of our present dramatic literature may also be attributable to this absurd and destructive system. The "star" must be considered alone in the construction of the drama; or if the piece be not actually made to measure, the actor, *par excellence*, must be the arbiter of the author's creation. Writers are thus deterred from making experiments in the higher order of dramatic writing, for should their subject admit of this individual display, its rejection by the "star" would render the labour of months valueless, and the dramatist, driven from the path of fame, degenerates into a literary drudge, receiving for his wearying labour a lesser remuneration than would be otherwise awarded him, from the pecuniary monopoly of the "star."

It is this system which has begotten the present indifference to the stage. The public had formerly *many* favourites, because all had an opportunity of contending for their favour—now they have only Mr. A. or Mrs. B., who must ultimately weary the public, be their talent what it may, as the sweetest note would pall upon the ear, were it continually sounded, although, when harmonised with others, it should constitute the charm of the melody.

We have made these remarks divested of any personal consideration. We quarrel only with the system that we believe to be unjust and injurious to an art which we reverence.

VAUXHALL.—Vauxhall! region of Punch, both liquid and corporeal!—Elysium of illumination lamps!—Paradise of Simpson!—we have been permitted once again to breathe your oily atmosphere, to partake of an imaginary repast of impalpable ham and invisible chicken—to join in the eruption of exclamations at thy pyrotechnic glories—to swallow thy mysterious arrack and



PUNCH A LA ROMAINE.

We have seen Jullien, the elegant, pantomimic Jullien, exhibit his six-inch wristbands and exquisitely dressed head—we have roved again amid those bowers where, with Araminta Smith, years ago,

“We met the daylight after seven hours’ sitting.”

But we were not happy. There was a something that told us it was not Vauxhall: the G R’s were V R’s—the cocked hats were round hats—the fiddlers were foreigners—the Rotunda was Astley’s—the night was moon-shiny—and there was not—our pen weeps whilst we trace the mournful fact—there was not “Simpson” to exclaim, “Welcome to the royal property!” Urbane M.A.C., wouldst that thou hadst been a Mussulman, then wouldst thou doubtlessly be gliding about amid an Eden of Houris, uttering to the verge of time the hospitable sentence which has rendered thy name immortal—Peace to thy manes!

STRAND.—The enterprising managers of this elegant little theatre have produced another mythological drama, called “The Frolics of the Fairies; or, the Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle,” from the pen of Leman Rede, who is, without doubt, the first of this class of writers. The indisposition of Mr. Hall was stated to be the cause of the delay in the production of this piece; out, from the appearance of the bills, we are led to infer that it arose from the *indisposition* of Mrs. Waylett to shine in the same hemisphere with that little brilliant, Mrs. Keeley, and “a gem of the first water” she proved herself to be on Wednesday night. It would be useless to enter into the detail of the plot of an ephemeron, that depends more upon its quips and cranks than dramatic construction for its success. It abounds in merry conceits, which that merriest of—dare we call her mere woman?—little Mrs. Bob rendered as pointed as a Whitechapel needle of the finest temper. The appointments and arrangements of the stage reflect the highest credit on the management, and the industry which can labour to surmount the difficulties which we know to exist in the production of anything like scenic effect in the Strand Theatre, deserve the encouragement which we were gratified to see bestowed upon this little Temple of Momus.

The Olympic Theatre has obtained an extension of its licence from the Lord Chamberlain, and will shortly open with a company selected from Ducrow’s late establishment; but whether the *peds* are *bi* or *quadru*, rumour sayeth not.

A CARD.

MESSRS. FUDGE and VAMP beg to inform novelists and writers of tales in general, that they supply *dénouements* to unfinished stories, on the most reasonable terms. They have just completed a large stock of catastrophes, to which they respectfully solicit attention.

FOR MELO-DRAMA.

Discovery of the real murderers, and respite of the accused.

Ditto very superior, with return of the supposed victim.

Ditto, ditto, extra superfine, with punishment of vice and reward of virtue.

FOR FARCES.

Mollification of flinty-hearted fathers and union of lovers, &c. &c. &c.

FOR COMEDIES.

Fictitious bankruptcy of the hero, and sudden reinstatement of fortune.

Ditto, ditto, with exposure of false friends.

Non-recognition of son by father, ultimate discovery of former by latter.

Ditto, ditto, very fine, "with convenient cordial," and true gentlemen, illustrated by an old *debauchee*.

N.B.—On hand, a very choice assortment of interesting parricides, strongly recommended for Surrey use.

WHY AND BECAUSE.

Young Kean's a bad cigar—because
The more he's puff'd, the worse he draws.

A new farce, entitled "My Friend the Captain," is to be produced tonight, at the Haymarket Theatre.

MR. HAMMOND will take a benefit at the English Opera House, on Monday next. We are happy to see that this very deserving actor's professional brethren are coming forward to lend him that assistance which he has always been ready to afford to others.

TO MRS. H.

Thou sweet, to whom all bend the knee,
No wonder men run after thee;
There's something in a name, perhaps,
For *Honey's* often good for *chaps*.

A MR. GRAHAM has appeared at the Surrey. He is reported to be a very chaste and clever actor. If so, he certainly will not suit the taste of Mr. Davidge's patrons. How they have tolerated Wilson, Leffler, and Miss Romer so long, we are utterly at a loss to divine. It must be, that "music hath charms."

We are authorised to state that Rouse of the Eagle Tavern is not the Rous who was lately returned for Westminster.

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL; OR, THE CATASTROPHE OF A VICTORIA MELO-DRAMA.

Berthelda.—Sanguine, you have killed your *mother!!!*

Fruitwoman.—Any apples, oranges, biscuits, ginger-beer!

(*Curtain falls.*)

QUALIFICATIONS FOR AN M.P.

We give the following list of qualifications for a member of parliament for Westminster, as a logical curiosity, extracted from a handbill very liberally distributed by Captain Rons's party, during the late contest:—

1st. Because "he is *brother to the Earl* of Stradbroke."

2nd. Because "his *family* have always been hearty Conservatives."

3rd. Because "they have been established in *Suffolk* from the time of the *Heptarchy*."

4th. Because "he entered the navy in 1808."

5th. Because "he *brought home Lord Aylmer* in the Pique, in 1835."

6th. Because "he ran the Pique aground in the Straits of Belleisle."

7th. Because "after beating there for eleven hours, he got her off again."

8th. Because "he brought her into Portsmouth without a rudder or forefoot, lower-masts all sprung, and leaking at the rate of two feet per hour!" ergo, he is the fittest man for the representative of Westminster.—Q.E.D.

THE ENTIRE ANIMAL.

LORD LONDONDERRY, in a letter to Colonel Fitzroy, begs of the gallant member to "go the whole hog." This is natural advice from a *thorough bore* like his lordship.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

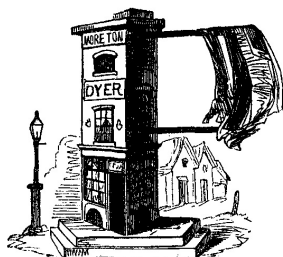
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JULY 24, 1841.

A MODEST METHOD OF FORMING A NEW BUDGET

SO AS TO PROVIDE FOR THE DEFICIENCY OF THE REVENUE.



oor Mr. Dyer! And so this gentleman has been dismissed from the commission of the peace for humanely endeavouring to obtain the release of Medhurst from confinement. Two or three thousand pounds, he thought, given to some public charity, might persuade the Home Secretary to remit the remainder of his sentence, and dispose the public to look upon the prisoner with an indulgent eye.

Now, Mr. Punch, incline thy head, and let me whisper a secret into thine ear. If the Whig ministry had not gone downright mad with the result of the elections, instead of dismissing delectable Dyer, they would have had him down upon the Pension List to such a tune as you wot not of, although of tunes you are most curiously excellent. For, oh! what a project did he unwittingly shadow forth of recruiting the exhausted budget! Such a one as a sane Chancellor of the Exchequer would have seized upon, and shaken in the face of "Robert the Devil," and his crew of "odious monopolists." Peel must still have pined in hopeless opposition, when Baring opened his plan.

Listen! Mandeville wrote a book, entitled "Private Vices Public Benefits." Why cannot public crimes, let me ask, be made so? you, perhaps, are not on the instant prepared with an answer—but I am.

Let the Chancellor of the Exchequer forthwith prepare to discharge all the criminals in Great Britain, of whatever description, from her respective prisons, on the payment of a certain sum, to be regulated on the principle of a graduated or "sliding scale."

A vast sum will be thus instantaneously raised,—not enough, however, you will say, to supply the deficiency. I know it. But a moment's further attention. Mr. Goulburn, many years since, being then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and, like brother Baring, in a financial hobble, proposed that on the payment, three years in advance, of the dog and hair-powder tax, all parties so handsomely coming down with the "tin," should henceforth and for ever rejoice in duty-free dog, and enjoy untaxed cranium. Now, why not a proposition to this effect—that on the payment of a good round sum (let it be pretty large, for the ready is required), a man shall be exempt from the present legal consequences of any crime or crimes he may hereafter commit; or, if this be thought an extravagant scheme, and not likely to take with the public, at least let a list of prices be drawn up, that a man may know, at a glance, at what cost he may gratify a pet crime or favourite little foible. Thus:—

For cutting one's own child's head off—so much. (I really think I would fix this at a high price, although I am well aware it has been done for nothing.)

For murdering a father or a mother—a good sum.

For ditto, a grand ditto, or a great-grand ditto—not so much: their leases, it is presumed, being about to fall in.

Uncles, aunts, cousins, friends, companions, and the community in general—in proportion.

The cost of assaults and batteries, and other diversions, might be easily arranged; only I must remark, that for assaulting policemen I would charge high; that being, like the Italian Opera, for the most part, the entertainment of the nobility.

You may object that the propounding such a scheme would be discreditable, and that the thing is unprecedented. Reflect, my dear PUNCH, for an instant. Surely, nothing can be deemed to be discreditable by a Whig government, after the cheap sugar, cheap timber, cheap bread rigs. Why, this is just what might have been expected from them. I wonder they had not hit upon it. How it would have "agitated the masses!"

As to the want of a precedent, that is easily supplied. Pardons for all sorts and sizes of crimes were commonly bought and sold in the reign of James I.; nay, pardon granted in

anticipation of crimes to be at a future time committed.

After all, you see, Mr. Dyer's idea was not altogether original.

Your affectionate friend,
CHRISTOPHER SLY.
Pump Court.

P.S.—Permit me to congratulate you on the determination you have come to, of entering the literary world. Your modesty may be alarmed, but I must tell you that several of our "popular and talented" authors are commonly thought to be greatly indebted to you. They are said to derive valuable hints from you, particularly in their management of the pathetic.

Keep a strict eye upon your wife, Judith. You say she will superintend your notices of the fashions, &c.; but I fear she has been already too long and exclusively employed on certain newspapers and other periodicals. Her style is not easily mistaken.

WHIG-WAGGERIES.

The Whigs must go: to reign instead
The Tories will be call'd;
The Whigs should ne'er be at the head—
Dear me, I'm getting bald!

The Whigs! they pass'd that Poor Law Bill;
That's true, beyond a doubt;
The poor they've treated very ill—
There, kick that beggar out!

The Whigs about the sugar prate!
They do not care one dump
About the blacks and their sad state—
Just please to pass the lump!

Those niggers, for their sufferings here,
Will angels be when dying;
Have wings, and flit above us—dear—
Why, how those blacks are flying!

The Whigs are in a state forlorn;
In fact, were ne'er so low:
They make a fuss about the corn—
My love, you're on my toe!

The Whigs the timber duty say
They will bring down a peg;
More wooden-pated blockheads they!
Fetch me my wooden leg!

COURT CIRCULAR.

Deaf Burke took an airing yesterday afternoon in an open cart. He was accompanied by Jerry Donovan. They afterwards stood up out of the rain under the piazzas in Covent Garden. In the evening they walked through the slops.

The dinner at the Harp, yesterday, was composed of many delicacies of the season, including bread-and-cheese and onions. The hilarity of the evening was highly increased by the admirable style in which Signor Jonesi sang "Nix my dolly pals."

Despatches yesterday arrived at the house of Reuben Martin, enclosing a post order for three-and six-pence.

The Signor and Deaf Burke walked out at five o'clock. They after wards tossed for a pint of half-and-half.

Jerry Donovan and Bill Paul were seen in close conversation yesterday. It is rumoured that the former is in treaty with the latter for a pair of left-off six-and-eightpenny Clarences.

Paddy Green intends shortly to remove to a three-pair back-room in Little Wild-street, Drury-lane, which he has taken for the summer. His loss will be much felt in the neighbourhood.

Rundell! pride of Ludgate Hill!
 I would task thine utmost skill;
 I would have a bowl from thee
 Fit to hold my Howqua tea.
 And oh! leave it not without
 Ivory handle and a spout.
 Where thy curious hand must trace
 Father Mathew's temperate face,
 So that he may ever seem
 Spouting tea and breathing steam.
 On its sides do not display
 Fawns and laughing nymphs at play
 But portray, instead of these,
 Funny groups of fat Chinese:
 On its lid a mandarin,
 Modelled to resemble Lin.
 When completed, artisan,
 I will pay you—if I can.

SPORTING.

THE KNOCKER HUNT.

On Thursday, July 8, 1841, the celebrated pack of Knocker Boys met at the Cavendish, in Jermyn Street. These animals, which have acquired for themselves a celebrity as undying as that of Tom and Jerry, are of a fine powerful breed, and in excellent condition. The success which invariably attends them must be highly gratifying to the distinguished nobleman who, if he did not introduce this particular species into the metropolis, has at least done much to bring it to its present extraordinary state of perfection.

As there may be some of our readers who are ignorant of the purposes for which this invaluable pack has been organised, it may be as well to state a few particulars, before proceeding to the detail of one of the most splendid nights upon record in the annals of disorderism.

The knocker is a thing which is generally composed of brass or iron. It has frequently a violent resemblance to the "human face divine," or the ravenous expressiveness of a beast of prey. It assumes a variety of phases under peculiar *vinous* influences. A gentleman, in whose veracity and experience we have the most unlimited confidence, for a series of years kept an account of the phenomena of his own knocker; and by his permission the following extracts are now submitted to the public:—

1840.

Nov. 12—Dined with Captain ——. Capital spread—exquisite *liqueurs*—magnificent wines—unparalleled cigars—drank *my* four bottles—should have made it five, but found I had eaten something which disagreed with me—Home at four.

State of Knocker.—Jumping up and down the surface of the door like a rope dancer, occasionally diverging into a zig-zag, the key-hole partaking of the same eccentricities.

Nov. 13.—Supped with Charley B—-. Brandy, *genuine cognac*—Cigars *principè*. ESTIMATED CONSUMPTION: brandy and water, eighteen glasses—cigars, two dozen—porter with a cabman, two pots.

State of Knocker.—Peripatetic—moved from our house to the next—remained till it roused the family—returned to its own door, and became duplicated—wouldn't wake the house-porter till five.

N.B. Found I had used my own thumb for a sounding-plate, and had bruised my nail awfully.

Nov. 14.—Devoted the day to soda-water and my tailor's bill—gave a draught for the amount, and took another on my own account.

Nov. 15.—Lectured by the "governor"—left the house savage—met the Marquess—got very drunk unconsciously—fancied myself a merman, and that the gutter in the Haymarket was the Archipelago—grew preposterous, and felt that I should like to be run over—thought I was waltzing with Cerito, but found I was being carried on a stretcher to the station-house—somebody sent somewhere for bail, and somebody bailed me.

State of Knocker.—Very indistinct—then became uncommonly like the "governor"

in his nightcap—*could* NOT reach it—presume it was filial affection that prevented me—knocked of its own accord, no doubt agitated by sympathy—reverberated in my ears all night, and left me with a confounded head-ache in the morning.

The above examples are sufficient to show the variability of this singular article.

Formerly the knocker was devoted entirely to the menial occupation of announcing, by a single dab, or a variation of raps, the desire of persons on the door-step to communicate with the occupants of the interior of a mansion. Modern genius has elevated it into a source of refined pleasure and practical humour, affording at the same time employment to the artisan, excitement to the gentleman, and broken heads and dislocations of every variety to the police!

We will now proceed to the details of an event which PUNCH alone is worthy to record:—

Notice of a meet having been despatched to all the members of the “Knocker Hunt,” a splendid field—no *street*—met at the Cavendish—the hotel of the hospitable Marquess. The white damask which covered the mahogany was dotted here and there with rich and invigorating viands; whilst decanters of port and sherry—jugs of Chateau Margaux—bottles of exhilarating spirits, and boxes of cigars, agreeably diversified the scene. After a plentiful but orderly discussion of the “creature comforts,” (for all ebullitions at home are strictly prohibited by the Marquess) it was proposed to *draw* St. James’s Square. This suggestion was, however, abandoned, as it was reported by Captain Pepperwell, that a party of snobs had been hunting bell-handles in the same locality, on the preceding night. Clarges Street was then named; and off we started in that direction, trying the west end of Jermyn Street and Piccadilly in our way; but, as was expected, both coverts proved blank. We were almost afraid of the same result in the Clarges Street gorse; for it was not until we arrived at No. 33, that any one gave tongue. Young Dashover was the first, and clearly and beautifully came his shrill tone upon the ear, as he exclaimed “Hereth a knocker—thuch a one, too!” The rush was instantaneous; and in the space of a moment one feeling seemed to have taken possession of the whole pack. A more splendid struggle was never witnessed by the oldest knocker-hunter! A more pertinacious piece of cast-iron never contended against the prowess of the Corinthian! After a gallant pull of an hour and a half, “the affair came off,” and now graces the club-room of the “Knocker Hunt.”

The pack having been called off, were taken to the kennel in the Haymarket, when one young dog, who had run counter at a bell-handle, was found to be missing; but the gratifying intelligence was soon brought, that he was safe in the Vine-street station-house.

The various compounds known as champagne, port, sherry, brandy, &c., having been very freely distributed, Captain Pepperwell made a proposition that will so intimately connect his name with that of the immortal Marquess, that, like the twin-born of Jupiter and Leda, to mention one will be to imply the other.

Having obtained silence by throwing a quart measure at the waiter, he wriggled himself into an upright position, and in a voice tremulous from emotion—perhaps brandy, said—

“Gentlemen of—the Knocker Hunt—there are times when a man can’t make—a speech without con-considerable inconvenience to himself—that’s my case at the present moment—but my admiration for the distinguished foun—der of the Knocker Hunt—compels me—to stand as well as I can—and propose, that as soon as we have knockers enough—they be melted down—by some other respectable founder, and cast into a statue of—the Marquess of Waterford!”

Deafening were the cheers which greeted the gallant captain! A meeting of ladies has since been held, at which resolutions were passed for the furtherance of so desirable an object, and a committee formed for the selection of a design worthy of the originator of the Knocker Hunt. To that committee we now appeal.



TO HENRY, MARQUESS OF WATERFORD,
AND HIS JOLLY COMPANIONS IN LOWE,
THIS STATUE OF ACHILLES,
CAST FROM KNOCKERS TAKEN IN THE VICINITIES
OF SACKVILLE-STREET, VIGO-LANE, AND WATERLOO-PLACE,
IS INSCRIBED
BY THEIR GENTLEWOMEN.
PLACED ON THIS SPOT
ON THE FIRST DAY OF APRIL, MDCCCXLII.
BY COMMAND OF
COLONEL ROWAN.

Mem. The hunt meet again on Monday next, as information has been received that a splendid knocker occupies the door of Laing's shooting gallery in the Haymarket.

STENOTYPOGRAPHY.

Our *printer's devil*, with a laudable anxiety for our success, has communicated the following pathetic story. As a specimen of stenotypography, or compositor's short-hand, we consider it *unique*.

SERAPHINA POPPS;

OR, THE BEAUTY OF BLOOMSBURY.

Seraphina Poppo was the daughter of Mr. Hezekiah Poppo, a highly respectable pawnbroker, residing in — Street, Bloomsbury. Being an only child, from her earliest infancy she wanted for 0, as everything had been made ready to her 🐛 🐛.

She grew up as most little girls do, who live long enough, and became the universal !¹ of all who knew her, for

“None but herself could be her ||.”²

Amongst the most devoted of her admirers was Julian Fitzorphanale. Seraphina was not insensible to the worth of Julian Fitzorphanale; and when she received from him a letter, asking permission to visit her, she felt some difficulty in replying to his ?³; for, at this very critical .⁴, an unamiable young man, named Augustus St. Tomkins, who possessed considerable £. s. d. had become a suitor for her 🐛. She loved Fitzorphanale +⁵ St. Tomkins, but the former was ∪ of money; and Seraphina, though sensitive to an extreme, was fully aware that a competency was a very comfortable “appendix.”

She seized her pen, but found that her mind was all 6's and 7's. She spelt Fitzorphanale, P-h-i-t-z; and though she commenced ¶⁶ after ¶, she never could come to a “finis.” She upbraided her unlucky * *, either for making Fitzorphanale so poor, or St. Tomkins so ugly, which he really was. In this dilemma we must leave her at present.

Although Augustus St. Tomkins was a 🐛⁷, he did not possess the universal benevolence which that ancient order inculcates; but revolving in his mind the probable reasons for Seraphina's hesitation, he came to this conclusion: she either loved him —⁸ somebody else, or she did not love him at all. This conviction only ×⁹ his worst feelings, and he resolved that no ∃¹⁰ of conscience should stand between him and his desires.

On the following day, Fitzorphanale had invited Seraphina to a pic-nic party. He had opened the &¹¹ placed some boiled beef and ^¹² on the verdant grass, when Seraphina exclaimed, in the mildest ` ` ` ¹³, “I like it well done, Fitzorphanale!”

As Julian proceeded to supply his beloved one with a §¹⁴ of the provender, St. Tomkins stood before them with a †¹⁵ in his 🐛.

Want of space compels us to leave the conclusion of this interesting romance to the imagination of the reader, and to those ingenious playwrights who so liberally supply our most popular authors with gratuitous catastrophes.

NOTES BY THE FLY-BOY.

1. Admiration. 2. Parallel. 3. Note of Interrogation. 4. Period. 5. More than. 6. Paragraph. 7. Freemason. 8. Less than. 9. Multiplied. 10. Scruples. 11. Hampers-and. 12. Carets. 13. Accents. 14. Section. 15. Dagger.

NEWS OF EXTRAORDINARY INTEREST.

A mechanic in Berlin has invented a balance of extremely delicate construction. Sir Robert Peel, it is said, intends to avail himself of the invention, to keep his political principles so nicely balanced between Whig and Tory, that the most accurate observer shall be unable to tell which way they tend.

The London Fire Brigade have received directions to hold themselves in readiness at the meeting of Parliament, to extinguish any conflagration that may take place, from the amazing quantity of inflammatory speeches and political fireworks that will be let off by the performers on both sides of the house.

The following extraordinary inducement was held out by a solicitor, who advertised last week in a morning paper, for an office-clerk; “A small salary will be given, but he will have enough of *over-work* to make up for the deficiency.”

“MORE WAYS THAN ONE,” &c.

The incomplete state of the Treasury has been frequently lamented by all lovers of good taste. We are happy to announce that a tablet is about to be placed in the front of the building, with the following inscription:—

TREASURY.
FINISHED BY THE WIGS,

A CON. BY TOM COOKE.

Why is the common chord in music like a portion of the Mediterranean?—Because it's the E G & C (Ægean Sea).



MONSIEUR JULLIEN.

"One!"—crash!
 "Two!"—clash!
 "Three!"—dash!
 "Four!"—smash!
 Diminuendo,
 Now crescendo:—
 Thus play the furious band,
 Led by the kid-gloved hand
 Of Jullien—that Napoleon of quadrille,
 Of Piccolo-nians shrillest of the shrill;
 Perspiring raver
 Over a semi-quaver;
 Who tunes his pipes so well, he'll tell you that
 The natural key of Johnny Bull's—A flat.
 Demon of discord, with mustaches cloven—
 Arch impudent *improver* of Beethoven—
 Tricksy professor of *charlatanerie*—
 Inventor of musical artillery—
 Barbarous rain and thunder maker—
 Unconscionable money taker—
 Travelling about both near and far,
 Toll to exact at every *bar*—
 What brings thee here again,
 To desecrate old Drury's fane?
 Egregious attitudiniser!
 Antic fifer! com'st to advise her
 'Gainst intellect and sense to close her walls?
 To raze her benches,
 That Gallic wenches
 Might play their brazen antics at masked balls?
 Ci-devant waiter
 Of a *quarante-sous traiteur*,
 Why did you leave your stew-pans and meat-oven,
 To make a fricassee of the great Beet-hoven?
 And whilst your piccolos unceasing squeak on,
 Saucily serve Mozart with *sauce-piquant*;
 Mawkishly cast your eyes to the cerulean—
 Turn Matthew Locke to *potage à la julienne*!
 Go! go! sir, do,
 Back to the *rue*,
 Where lately you
 Waited upon each hungry feeder,
 Playing the *garçon*, not the leader.
 Pray, put your hat on,
 Coupez votre bâton.
 Bah
 Va!!

It is now pretty well understood, that if the Tories come into office, there will be a regular turn out of the present royal household. Her Majesty, through the gracious condescension of the new powers, will be permitted to retain her situation in the royal establishment, but on the express condition that there shall be—



NO FOLLOWERS ALLOWED.

A PARTY OF MEDALLERS.

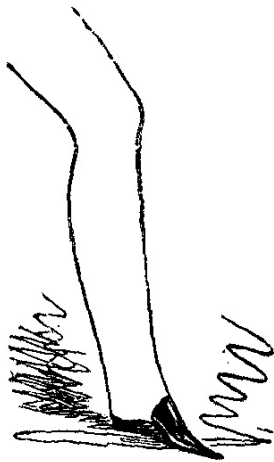
A subscription has been opened for a medal to commemorate the return of Lord John Russell for the city of London. We would suggest that his speech to the citizens against the corn-laws would form an appropriate inscription for the face of the medal, while that to the Huntingdonshire farmers in favour of them would be found just the thing for the *reverse*.

[pg 16]

A CHAPTER ON BOOTS.

"Boots? Boots!" Yes, Boots! we can write upon boots—we can moralise upon boots; we can convert them, as *Jacques* does the weeping stag in "As You Like It," (or, whether you like it or not,) into a thousand similes. First, for—but, "our *sole's* in arms and eager for the fray," and so we will at once head our dissertation as we would a warrior's host with

WELLINGTONS.

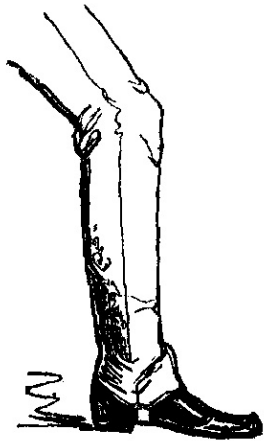


These are the most judicious species of manufactured calf-skin; like their great "godfather," they are perfect as a whole; from the binding at the top to the finish at the toe, there is a beautiful unity about their well-conceived proportions: kindly considerate of the calf, amiably inclined to the instep, and devotedly serviceable to the whole foot, they shed their protecting influence over all they encase. They are walked about in not only as protectors of the feet, but of the honour of the wearer. Quarrel with a man if you like, let your passion get its steam up even to blood-heat, be magnificent while glancing at your adversary's Brutus, grand as you survey his chin, heroic at the last button of his waistcoat, unappeased at the very knees of his superior kersey continuations, inexorable at the commencement of his straps, and about to become abusive at his shoe-ties, the first cooler of your wrath will be the Hoby-like arched instep of his genuine Wellingtons, which, even as a drop of oil upon the troubled ocean, will extend itself over the heretofore ruffled surface of your temper.—Now for

BLUCHERS.

Well, we don't like them. They are shocking impostors—walking discomforts! They had no right to be made at all; or, if made, 'twas a sin for them to be so christened (are Bluchers Christians?).

They are Wellingtons cut down; so, in point of genius, was their baptismal sponsor: but these are *vilely tied*, and that the hardy old Prussian would never have been while body and soul held together. He was no beauty, but these are decidedly ugly commodities, chiefly tenanted by swell purveyors of cat's-meat, and burly-looking prize-fighters. They have the *fortiter in re* for kicking, but not the *suaviter in modo* for corns. Look at them villanously treed out at the "Noah's Ark" and elsewhere; what are they but eight-and-six-penny worth of discomfort! They will no more accommodate a decent foot than the old general would have turned his back in a charge, or cut off his grizzled mustachios. If it wasn't for the look of the thing, one might as well shove one's foot into a box-iron. We wouldn't be the man that christened them, and take a trifle to meet the fighting old marshal, even in a world of



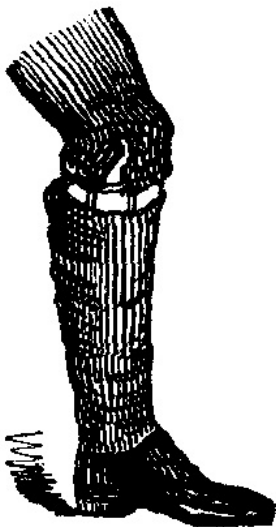
peace; in short, they are ambulating humbugs, and the would-be respectables that wear 'em are a huge fraternity of "false pretenders." Don't trust 'em, reader; they are sure to do you! there's deceit in their straps, prevarication in their trousers, and connivance in their distended braces. We never met but one exception to the above rule—it was John Smith. Every reader has a friend of the name of John Smith—in confidence, that *is* the man. We would have sworn by him; in fact, we did swear by him, for ten long years he was our oracle. Never shall we forget the first, the only time our faith was shaken. We gazed upon and loved his honest face; we reciprocated the firm pressure of his manly grasp; our eyes descended in admiration even unto the ground on which he stood, and there, upon that very ground—the ground whose upward growth of five feet eight seemed Heaven's boast, an "honest man"—we saw what struck us sightless to all else—a pair of Bluchers!

We did not dream *his* feet were in them; ten years' probation seemed to vanish at the sight!—we wept! He spoke—could we believe our ears? "Marvel of marvels!" despite the propinquity of the Bluchers, despite their wide-spreading contamination, his voice was unaltered. We were puzzled! we were like the first favourite when "he has a leg," or, "a LEG has him," i.e., nowhere!

John Smith coughed, not healthily, as of yore; it was a hollow emanation from hypocritical lungs: he sneezed; it was a vile imitation of his original "hi-catch-yew!" he invited us to dinner, suggested the best cut of a glorious haunch—we had always had it in the days of the Wellingtons—now our imagination conjured up cold plates, tough mutton, gravy thick enough in grease to save the Humane Society the trouble of admonitory advertisements as to the danger of reckless young gentlemen skating thereon, and a total absence of sweet sauce and currant-jelly. We paused—we grieved—John Smith saw it—he inquired the cause—we felt for him, but determined, with Spartan fortitude, to speak the truth. Our native modesty and bursting heart caused our drooping eyes once more to scan the ground, and, next to the ground, the wretched Bluchers. But, joy of joys! we saw them all! ay, all!—all—from the seam in the sides to the leech-like fat cotton-ties. We counted the six lace-holes; we examined the texture of the stockings above, "curious three-thread"—we gloated over the trousers uncontaminated by straps, we hugged ourselves in the contemplation of the naked truth.

John Smith—our own John Smith—your John Smith—everybody's John Smith—again entered the arm-chair of our affections, the fire of our love stirred, like a self-acting poker, the embers of cooling good fellowship, and the strong blaze of resuscitated friendship burst forth with all its pristine warmth. John Smith wore Bluchers but he wore them like an honest man; and he was the only specimen of the *genus homo* (who sported trowsers) that was above the weakness of tugging up his suspenders and stretching his broadcloth for the contemptible purpose of giving a fictitious, Wellingtonian appearance to his eight-and-sixpennies.

ANKLE-JACKS,



to indulge in the sporting phraseology of the *Racing Calendar*, appear to be "got by Highlows out of Bluchers." They thrive chiefly in the neighbourhoods of Houndsditch, Whitechapel, and Billingsgate. They attach themselves principally to butchers' boys, Israelitish disposers of *vix* and *pinthils*, and itinerant misnomers of "live fish." On their first introduction to their masters, by priggish or purchase, they represent some of the glories of "Day and Martin;" but, strange to say, though little skilled in the penman's art, their various owners appear to be imbued with extraordinary veneration for the wholesome advice contained in the round-text copy, wherein youths are admonished to "avoid useless repetition," hence that polish is the Alpha and Omega of their shining days. Their term of servitude varies from three to six weeks: during the first they are fastened to the topmost of their ten holes; the next fortnight, owing to the breaking of the lace, and its frequent knotting, they are shorn of half their glories, and upon the total destruction of the thong (a thing never replaced), it appears a matter of courtesy on their parts to remain on at all. On some occasions various of their wearers have transferred them as a legacy to very considerable mobs, without particularly stating for which especial individual

they were intended. This kicking off their shoes "because they wouldn't die in them," has generally proved but a sorry method of lengthening existence.

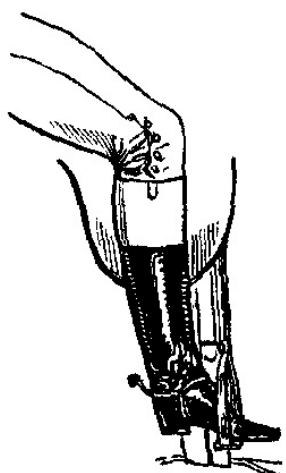
HESSIANS,



are little more than ambitious Wellingtons, curved at the top—wrinkled at the bottom (showing symptoms of superannuation even in their infancy), and betasselled in the front, offering what a *Wellington* never did—a weak point for an enemy to seize and shake at his pleasure.

There's no "speculation" in them—they are entirely superficial: like a shallow fellow, you at once see through, and know all about them. There is no mystery as to the height they reach, how far they are polished, or the description of leg they cling round. Save Count D'Oraay, we never saw a calf in a pair of them—that is, we never saw a leg with a calf. Their general tenants are speculative Jew clothesmen who have bought them "vorth the monish" (at tenth hand), seedy chamber counsel, or still more seedy collectors of rents. They are fast falling into decay; like *dogs*, they have had their "Day (and Martin's") Acts, but both are past. But woh! ho!

TOPS! TOPS!! TOPS!!!



Derby!—Epsom!—Ledger!—Spring Summer, Autumn Meetings—Miles, Half-miles—T.Y.C.—Hurdles, Heats, names, weights, colours of the riders—jockies, jackets,—Dead Heats—sweats—distances—trainings—scales—caps, and all—what would you be without Top Boots? What! and echo answers—nothing!

Ay, worse than nothing—a chancery suit without money—an Old Bailey culprit without an *alibi*—a debtor without an excuse—a new play without a titled author—a manager without impudence—a thief without a character—a lawyer without a wig—or a Guy Faux without matches!

Tops, you must be "made to measure." Wellingtons, Hessians, Bluchers, Ankle-Jacks, and Highlows, can be chosen from, fitted, and tried on; but *you* must be measured for, lasted, back-strapped, top'd, wrinkled and bottomed, according to order.

So it is with your proprietors—the little men who ride the great running horses. There's an impenetrable mystery about those little men—they *are*, we know that, but we know not how. Bill Scott is in the secret—Chifney is well aware of it—John Day could enlighten the world—but they won't! They know the value of being "light characters"—their fame is as "a feather," and *downey* are they, even as the illustration of that fame. They conspire together like so many little Frankensteins. The world is treated with a very small proportion of very small jockeys; they never increase beyond a certain number, which proves they are not born in the regular way: as the old ones drop off, the young ones just fill their places, and not one to spare. Whoever heard of a "mob of jockeys," a glut of "light-weights," or even a handful of "feathers?"—no one!

It's like Freemasonry—it's an awful mystery! Bill Scott knows all about the one, and the Duke of Sussex knows all about the other, but the uninitiated know nothing of either! Jockeys are wonders—so are their boots! Crickets have as much calf, grasshoppers as much ostensible thigh; and yet these superhuman specimens of manufactured leather fit like a glove, and never pull the little gentlemen's legs off. That's the extraordinary part of it; they never even so much as dislocate a joint! Jockey bootmakers are wonderful men! Jockeys ain't men at all!

Look, look, look! Oh, dear! do you see that little fellow, with his merry-thought-like looking legs, clinging round that gallant bright chesnut, thoro'bred, and sticking to his ribs as if he meant to crimp him for the dinner of some gourmand curious in horse-flesh! There he is, screwing his sharp knees into the saddle, sitting well up from his loins, stretching his neck, curving his back, stiffening the wire-like muscles of his small arms, and holding in the noble brute he strides, as a safety-valve controls the foaming steam; only loosing him at his very pleasure.

Look, look! there's the grey filly, with the other made-to-measure feather on her back; do you notice how she has crawled up to the chesnut? Mark, mark! his arms appear to be India-rubber! Mercy on us, how they stretch! and the bridle, which looked just now like a solid bar of wrought iron, begins to curve! See how gently he leans over the filly's neck; while the chesnut's rider turns his eyes, like a boiled lobster, almost to the back of his head! Oh, he's awake! he still keeps the lead: but the grey filly is nothing but a good 'un. Now, the Top-boots riding her have become excited, and commence tickling her sides with their flashing silver spurs, putting an extra foot into every bound. She gains upon the chesnut! This is something like a race! The distance-post is reached! The Top-boots on the grey are at work again. Bravo! the tip of the white nose is beyond the level of the opposing

boots! Ten strides, and no change! "She must win!" "No, she can't!" "Grey for ever!" "Chesnut for a hundred!" "Done! done!"—Magnificent!—neck and neck!—splendid!—any body's race! Bravo grey!—bravo chesnut!—bravo both! Ten yards will settle it. The chesnut rider throws up his arms—a slight dash of blood soils the "Day and Martin"—an earth-disdaining bound lands chesnut a winner of three thousand guineas! and all the world are in raptures with the judgment displayed in the last kick of the little man's TOP BOOTS.

FUSBOS.

HINTS ON MELO-DRAMATIC MUSIC.

It has often struck us forcibly that the science of melo-dramatic music has been hitherto very imperfectly understood amongst us. The art of making "the sound an echo of the sense"—of expressing, by orchestral effects, the business of the drama, and of forming a chromatic commentary to the emotions of the soul and the motions of the body, has been shamefully neglected on the English stage. Ignorant composers and ignoble fiddlers have attempted to develop the dark mysteries and intricate horrors of the melo-drama; but unable to cope with the grandeur of their subject, they have been betrayed into the grossest absurdities. What, for instance, could be more preposterous than to assign the same music for "storming a fort," and "stabbing a virtuous father!" Equally ridiculous would it be to express "the breaking of the sun through a fog," and "a breach of promise of marriage;" or the "rising of a ghost," and the "entrance of a lady's maid," in the same keys.

The adaptation of the different instruments in the orchestra to the circumstance of the drama, is also a matter of extreme importance. How often has the effect of a highly-interesting suicide been destroyed by an injudicious use of the trombone; and a scene of domestic distress been rendered ludicrous by the intervention of the double-drum!

If our musical composers would attend more closely than they have been in the habit of doing, to the minutiae of the scene which is intrusted to them to illustrate, and study the delicate lights and shades of human nature, as we behold it nightly on the Surrey stage, we might confidently hope, at no very distant period, to see melo-drama take the lofty position it deserves in the histrionic literature of this country. We feel that there is a wide field here laid open for the exercise of British talent, and have therefore, made a few desultory mems. on the subject, which we subjoin; intended as modest hints for the guidance of composers of melodramatic music. The situations we have selected from the most popular Melos. of the day; the music to be employed in each instance, we have endeavoured to describe in such a manner as to render it intelligible to all our readers.

Music for the entrance of a brigand in the dark, should be slow and mysterious, with an effective double *bass* in it.

Ditto, for taking wine—an allegro, movement, with *da capo* for the second glass.

Ditto, for taking porter, beer, or any other inferior swipes—a similar movement, but not *con spirito*.

Ditto, for the entrance of an attorney—a *coda* in one sharp, 6-8 time. If accompanied by a client, an accidental *flat* may be introduced.

Ditto, for discovering a lost babby—a simply *affettuoso* strain, in a *minor* key.

Ditto, for recognising a disguised count—a flourish of trumpets, and three bars rest, to allow time for the countess to faint in his arms.

Ditto, for concealing a lover in a closet, and the sudden appearance of the father, guardian, or husband, as the case may be—a *prestissimo* movement, with an agitated *cadenza*.

Ditto, for taking an oath or affidavit—slow, solemn music, with a marked emphasis when the deponent kisses the book.

Ditto, for a lover's vow—a tender, broken *adagio*.

Ditto, for kicking a low comedy man—a brisk rapid *stoccato* passage, with a running accompaniment on the kettle-drums.

The examples we have given above will sufficiently explain our views; but there are a vast number of dramatic situations that we have not noticed, which might be expressed by harmonious sounds, such as music for the appearance of a dun or a devil—music for paying a tailor—music for serving a writ—music for an affectionate embrace—music for ditto, very warm—music for fainting—music for coming-to—music for the death of a villain, with a confession of bigamy; and many others "too numerous to mention;" but we trust from what we have said, that the subject will not be lost sight of by those interested in the elevation of our national drama.

THE RISING SUN.

The residence of Sir Robert Peel has been so besieged of late by place-hunters, that it has been aptly termed the *New Post Office*.

THE PUNCH CORRESPONDENCE.

In presenting the following epistle to my readers, it may be necessary to apprise them, that it is the genuine production of my eldest daughter, Julia, who has lately obtained the situation of lady's-maid in the house of Mr. Samuel Briggs, an independent wax and tallow-chandler, of Fenchurch-street, City, but who keeps his family away from business, in fashionable style, in Russell-square, Bloomsbury. The example of many of our most successful literary *chiffonniers*, who have not thought it disgraceful to publish scraps of private history and unedited scandal, picked up by them in the houses to which they happened to be admitted, will, it is presumed, sufficiently justify my daughter in communicating, for the amusement of an enlightened public, and the benefit of an affectionate parent, a few circumstances connected with Briggs' family, with such observations and reflections of her own as would naturally suggest themselves to a refined and intelligent mind. Should this first essay of a timid girl in the thorny path of literature be favourably received by my friends and patrons, it will stimulate her to fresh exertions; and, I fondly hope, may be the means of placing her name in the same rank by those of Lady Morgan, Madame Tussaud, Mrs. Glasse, the Invisible Lady, and other national ornaments of the feminine species.—[PUNCH.]

Russl Squear, July 14.

Dear PA,—I nose yew will he anxious to ear how I get on sins I left the wing of the best of feathers. I am appy to say I am hear in a very respeckble fammaly, ware they keeps too tawl footmen to my hand; one of them is cawld John, and the other Pea-taw,—the latter is as vane as a P-cock of his leggs, wich is really beutyful, and puffickly streight—though the howskeaper ses he has bad angles; but some pipple loox at things with only 1 i, and sea butt there defex. Mr. Wheazey is the ass-matick butler and cotchman, who has lately lost his heir, and can't get no moar, wich is very diffycult after a serting age, even with the help of Rowland's Madagascar isle. Mrs. Tuffney, the howsekeaper, is a proud and oystere sort of person. I rather suspex that she's jellows of me and Pea-taw, who as bean throwink ship's i's at me. She thinks to look down on me, but she can't, for I hold myself up; and though we brekfists and t's at the same *board*, I treat with a *deal* of *hot-tar*, and shoes her how much I dispeyses her supper-silly-ous conduct. Besides these indyvidules, there's another dome-stick, wich I wish to menshun particlar—wich is the paige Theodore, that, as the poat says, as bean

“—contrived a double debt to pay,
A *paige* at night—a *tigger* all the day.”

In the mornink he's a tigger, drest in a tite froc-cote, top-boots, buxkin smawl-closes, and stuck up behind Master Ahghustusses cab. In the heaving he gives up the tigger, and comes out as the paige, in a fansy jackit, with too rose of guilt buttings, wich makes him the perfeck immidge of Mr. Widdycomb, that ice sea in the serkul at Hashley's Amphitheatre. The paige's business is to *weight* on the ladies, wich is naterally *light* work; and being such a small chap, you may suppose they can never make enuff of him. These are all the upper servants, of coarse, I shan't lower myself by notusing the infearyour crechurs; such as the owsmade, coke, *edcett rar*, but shall purceed drackly to the other potion of the fammaly, beginning with the old guv'nor (as Pee-taw cawls him), who as no idear of i life, and, like one of his own taller lites, has only *dipped* into good sosity. Next comes Missus:—in fact, I ot to have put her fust, for the grey mayor is the best boss in our staybill, (Exkews the vulgarism.) After Missus, I give persedince to Mr. Ahghustuss, who, bean the only sun in the house, is natrally looked up to by everybody in it. He as bean brot up a perfeck genelman, at Oxfut, and is consekently fond of spending his knights in *le trou de charbon*, and afterwards of skewering the streets—twisting double knockers, pulling singlebelles, and indulging in other fashonable divertions, to wich the low-minded polease, and the settin madgistrets have strong objexions. His Pa allows him only sickes hundred a-year, wich isn't above 1/2 enuff to keep a cabb, a cupple of hosses, and other thinks, which it's not necessary to elude to here. Isn't it ogious to curb so fine a spirit? I wish you see him, Pa; such i's, and such a pear of beutyful black musquitoes on his lip—enuff to turn the hidds of all the wimming he meats. The other membranes of this fammaly are the 3 dorters—Miss Sofiar, Miss Selinar, and Miss Jorgina, wich are all young ladyes, full groan, and goes in public characters to the Kaledonian bawls, and is likewise anxious to get off hands as soon as a feverable oppportunity hoffers. It's beleaved the old guv'nor can give them ten thowsand lbs. a-peace, wich of coarse will have great weight with a husband. There's some Qrious stoaries going—Law! there's Missuses bell. I must run up-stairs, so must conclawd obroply, but hope to resoom my pen necks weak.

Believe me, my dear Pa,
Your affecksht

CHARACTERISTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

The following notes actually passed between two (*now*) celebrated comedians:—

Dear J—, Send me a shilling.
Yours, B—,
P.S.—On second thoughts, make it *two*.

To which his friend replied—

Dear B—, I have but one shilling in the world.
Yours, J—,
P.S.—On second thoughts, I want that for dinner.

A young artist in Picayune takes such perfect likenesses, that a lady married the portrait of her lover instead of the original.

[pg 18]

PUNCH AND PEEL.

Arcades ambo.

READER.—God bless us, Mr. PUNCH! who is that tall, fair-haired, somewhat parrot-faced gentleman, smiling like a schoolboy over a mess of treacle, and now kissing the tips of his five fingers as gingerly as if he were doomed to kiss a nettle?

PUNCH.—That, Mr. Reader, is the great cotton-plant, Sir Robert Peel; and at this moment he has, in his own conceit, seized upon “the white wonder” of Victoria’s hand, and is kissing it with Saint James’s devotion.

READER.—What for, Mr. PUNCH?

PUNCH.—What for! At court, Mr. Reader, you always kiss when you obtain an honour. ‘Tis a very old fashion, sir—old as the court of King David. Well do I recollect what a smack Uriah gave to his majesty when he was appointed to the post which made Bathsheba a widow. Poor Uriah! as we say of the stag, that was when his horns were in the velvet.

READER.—*You* recollect it, Mr. PUNCH!—*you* at the court of King David!

PUNCH.—I, Mr. Reader, I!—and at every court, from the court of Cain in Mesopotamia to the court of Victoria in this present, flinty-hearted London; only the truth is, as I have travelled I have changed my name. Bless you, half the *Proverbs* given to Solomon are mine. What I have lost by keeping company with kings, not even Joseph Hume can calculate.

READER.—And are you really in court confidence at this moment?

PUNCH.—Am I? What! Hav’n’t you heard of the elections? Have you not heard the shouts *Io Punch*? Doesn’t my nose glow like coral—ar’n’t my chops radiant as a rainbow—hath not my hunch gone up at least two inches—am I not, from crown to toe-nails, brightened, sublimated? Like Alexander—he was a particular friend of mine, that same Alexander, and therefore stole many of my best sayings—I only know that I am mortal by two sensations—a yearning for loaves and fishes, and a love for Judy.

READER.—And you really take office under Peel?

PUNCH.—Ha! ha! ha! A good joke! Peel takes office under *me*. Ha! ha! I’m only thinking what sport I shall have with the bedchamber women. But out they must go. The constitution gives a minister the selection of his own petticoats; and therefore there sha’n’t be a yard of Welsh flannel about her Majesty that isn’t of my choice.

READER.—Do you really think that the royal bedchamber is in fact a third house of Parliament—that the affairs of the state are always to be put in the feminine gender?

PUNCH.—Most certainly: the ropes of the state rudder are nothing more than cap-ribbons; if the minister hav’n’t hold of them, what can he do with the ship? As for the debates in parliament, they have no more to do with the real affairs of the country than the gossip of the apple-women in Palace-yard. They’re made, like the macaroni in Naples, for the poor to swallow; and so that they gulp down length, they think, poor fellows, they get strength. But for the real affairs of the country! Who shall tell what correspondence can be conveyed in a warming-pan, what intelligence—for

“There may be wisdom in a papillote”—

may be wrapt up in the curl-papers of the Crown? What subtle, sinister advice may, by a crafty disposition of royal pins, be given on the royal pincushion? What minister shall answer for the sound repose of Royalty, if he be not permitted to make Royalty's bed? How shall he answer for the comely appearance of Royalty, if he do not, by his own delegated hands, lace Royalty's stays? I shudder to think of it; but, without the key of the bedchamber, could my friend Peel be made responsible for the health of the Princess? Instead of the very best and most scrupulously-aired diaper, might not—by negligence or design, it matters not which—the Princess Royal be rolled in an Act of Parliament, wet from Hansard's press?

READER.—Dreadful, soul perturbing suggestion! Go on, Mr. PUNCH.

PUNCH.—Not but what I think it—if their constitution will stand damp paper—an admirable way of rearing young princesses. Queen Elizabeth—my wife Judy was her wet nurse—was reared after that fashion.

READER.—David Hume says nothing of it.

PUNCH.—David Hume was one of the wonders of the earth—he was a lazy Scotchman; but had he searched the State Paper Office, he would have found the documents there—yes, the very Acts of Parliament—the very printed rollers. To those rollers Queen Elizabeth owed her knowledge of the English Constitution.

READER.—Explain—I can't see how.

PUNCH.—Then you are very dull. Is not Parliament the assembled wisdom of the country?

READER.—By a fiction, Mr. PUNCH.

PUNCH—Very well, Mr. Reader; what's all the world but a fiction? I say, the assembled wisdom; an Act of Parliament is the sifted wisdom of the wise—the essence of an essence. Very well; know you not the mystic, the medicinal effects of printer's ink? The devil himself isn't proof to a blister of printer's ink. Well, you take an Act of Parliament—and what is it but the finest plaster of the finest brains—wet, reeking wet from the press. Eschewing diaper, you roll the Act round the royal infant; you roll it up and pin it in the conglomerated wisdom of the nation. Now, consider the tenderness of a baby's cuticle; the pores are open, and a rapid and continual absorption takes place, so that long before the Royal infant cuts its first tooth, it has taken up into its system the whole body of the Statutes.

READER.—Might not some patriots object to the application of the wisdom of the country to so domestic a purpose?

PUNCH.—Such patriots are more squeamish than wise. Sir, how many grown up kings have we had, who have shown no more respect for the laws of the country, than if they had been swaddled in 'em?

READER.—Do you think your friend Sir Robert is for statute rollers?

PUNCH.—I can answer for Sir Robert on every point. His first attack before he kisses hands—and he has, as you perceive, been practising this half-hour—will be upon the women of the bedchamber. The war with China—the price of sugar—the corn-laws—the fourteen new Bishops about to be hatched—timber—cotton—a property tax, and the penny post—all these matters and persons are of secondary importance to this greater question—whether the female who hands the Queen her gown shall think Lord Melbourne a “very pretty fellow in his day;” or whether she shall believe my friend Sir Robert to be as great a conjuror as Roger Bacon or the Wizard of the North—if the lady can look upon O'Connell and not call for burnt feathers or scream for *sal volatile*; or if she really thinks the Pope to be a woman with a naughty name, clothed in most exceptionable scarlet. It is whether Lady Mary thinks black, or Lady Clementina thinks white; whether her father who begot her voted with the Marquis of Londonderry or Earl Grey—*that* is the grand question to be solved, before my friend Sir Robert can condescend to be the saviour of his country. To have the privilege of making a batch of peers, or a handful of bishops is nothing, positively nothing—no, the crowning work is to manufacture a lady's maid. What's a mitre to a mob-cap—what the garters of a peer to the garters of the Lady Adeliza?

READER.—You are getting warm, Mr. PUNCH—very warm.

PUNCH.—I always do get warm when I talk of the delicious sex: for though now and then I thrash my wife before company, who shall imagine how cosy we are when we're alone? Do you not remember that great axiom of Sir Robert's—an axiom that should make Machiavelli howl with envy—that “*the battle of the Constitution is to fought in the bedchamber.*”

READER.—I remember it.

PUNCH.—That was a great sentence. Had Sir Robert known his true fame, he would never after have opened his mouth.

READER.—Has the Queen sent for Sir Robert yet?

PUNCH.—No: though I know he has staid at home these ten days, and answers every knock at the door himself, in expectation of a message.

READER.—They say the Queen doesn't like Sir Robert.

PUNCH.—I'm also told that her Majesty has a great antipathy to physic—yet when the Constitution requires medicine, why—

READER.—Sir Robert must be swallowed.

PUNCH.—Exactly so. We shall have warm work of it, no doubt—but I fear nothing, when we have once got rid of the women. And then, we have a few such nice wenches of our own to place about her Majesty; the Queen shall take Conservatism as she might take measles—without knowing it.

READER.—And when, Mr. PUNCH—when you have got rid of the women, what do you and Sir Robert purpose then?

PUNCH.—I beg your pardon: we shall meet again next week: it's now two o'clock. I have an appointment with half-a-dozen of my godsons; I have promised them all places in the new government, and they're come to take their choice.

READER.—Do tell me this: Who has Peel selected for Commander of the Forces?

PUNCH.—Who? Colonel Sibthorp.

READER.—And who for Chancellor of the Exchequer?

PUNCH.—Mr. Henry Moreton Dyer!



HERCULES TEARING THESEUS FROM THE ROCK TO WHICH HE HAD GROWN.
(MODERNIZED.)

APOLLODORUS relates that THESEUS sat so long on a rock, that at length he grew to it, so that when HERCULES tore him forcibly away, he left all the nether part of the man behind him.

THE ELECTION OF BALLINAFAD.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

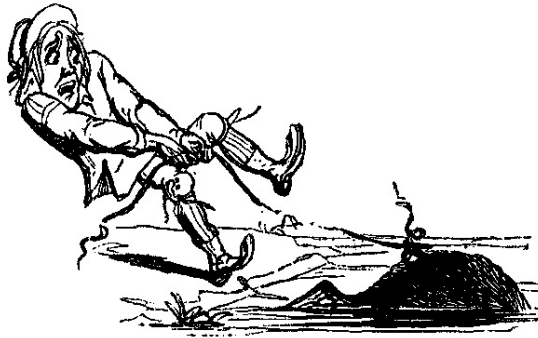
We have been at considerable expense in procuring the subjoined account of the election which has just terminated in the borough of Ballinafad, in Ireland. Our readers may rest assured that our report is perfectly exclusive, being taken, as the artists say, "on the spot," by a special bullet-proof reporter whom we engaged, at an enormous expense, for this double hazardous service.

BALLINAFAD, 20th JULY.

Tuesday Morning, Eight o'clock.—The contest has begun! The struggle for the independence of Ballinafad has commenced! Griggles, the opposition candidate, is in the field, backed by a vile faction. The rank, wealth, and independence of Ballinafad are all ranged under the banner of Figsby and freedom. A party of Griggles' voters have just marched into the town, preceded by a piper and a blind fiddler, playing the most obnoxious tunes. A barrel of beer has been broached at Griggles' committee-rooms. We are all in a state of the greatest excitement.

Half-past Eight.—Mr. Figsby is this moment proceeding from his hotel to the hustings, surrounded by his friends and a large body of the independent teetotal electors. A

wheelbarrow full of rotten eggs has been sent up to the hustings, to be used, as occasion requires, by the Figsby voters, who are bent upon



“GOING THE WHOLE HOG.”

A serious riot has occurred at the town pump, where two of the independent teetotalers have been ducked by the opposite party. Stones are beginning to fly in all directions. A general row is expected.

Nine o'clock.—Polling has commenced. Tom Daly, of Galway, the fighting friend of Mr. Figsby, has just arrived, with three brace of duelling pistols, and a carpet-bag full of powder and ball. This looks like business. I have heard that six of Mr. Figsby's voters have been locked up in a barn by Griggles' people. The poll is proceeding vigorously.

Ten o'clock.—State of the poll to this time:—

Figsby	19
Griggles	22

The most barefaced bribery is being employed by Griggles. A lady, known to be in his interest, was seen buying half-a-pound of tea, in the shop of Mr. Fad, the grocer, for which she paid with a whole sovereign, *and took no change*. *Two legs of mutton* have also been sent up to Griggles' house, by Reilly, the butcher. Heaven knows what will be the result. The voting is become serious—four men with fractured skulls have, within these ten minutes, been carried into the apothecary's over the way. A couple of policemen have been thrown over the bridge; but we are in too great a state of agitation to mind trifles.

Half-past Twelve o'clock.—State of the poll to this time:—

Figsby	27
Griggles	36

You can have no idea of the frightful state of the town. The faction are employing all sorts of bribery and intimidation. The wife of a liberal greengrocer has just been seen with the Griggles ribbons in her cap. Five pounds have been offered for a sucking-pig. Figsby must come in, notwithstanding two cart-loads of the temperance voters are now riding up to the poll, most of them being too drunk to walk. Three duels have been this morning reported. Results not known. The coroner has been holding inquests in the market-house all the morning.

Three o'clock.—State of the poll to this time:—

Figsby	45
Griggles	39

The rascally corrupt assessor has decided that the temperance electors who came up to vote for the Liberal candidate, being too drunk to speak, were disentitled to vote. Some dead men had been polled by Griggles.

The verdict of the coroner's inquest on those who unfortunately lost their lives this morning, has been, "Found dead." Everybody admires the sagacious conclusion at which the jury have arrived. It is reported that Figsby has resigned! I am able to contradict the gross falsehood. Mr. F. is now addressing the electors from his committee-room window, and has this instant received a plumper—in the eye—in the shape of a rotten potato. I have ascertained that the casualties amount to no more than six men, two pigs, and two policemen, killed; thirteen men, women, and children, wounded.

Four o'clock.—State of the poll up to this time:—

Figsby	29
Griggles	41

The poll-clerks on both sides are drunk, the assessor has closed the booths, and I am grieved to inform you that Griggles has just been duly elected.

Half past Four o'clock.—Figsby has given Griggles the lie on the open hustings. Will Griggles fight?

Five o'clock.—His wife insists he shall; so, of course, he must. I hear that a message has just been delivered to Figsby. Tom Daly and his carpet-bag passed under my window a few minutes ago.

Half-past Five o'clock.—Two post-chaises have just dashed by at full speed—I got a glimpse of Tom Daly smoking a cigar in one of them.

Six o'clock.—I open my letter to tell you that Figsby is the favourite; 3 to 1 has been offered at the club, that he wings his man; and 3 to 2 that he drills him. The public anxiety is intense.

Half-past Six.—I again open my letter to say, that I have nothing further to add, except that the betting continues in favour of the popular candidate.

Seven o'clock.—Huzza!—Griggles is shot! The glorious principles of constitutional freedom have been triumphant! The town is in an uproar of delight! We are making preparations to illuminate. BALLINAFAD IS SAVED! FIGSBY FOR EVER!

EPIGRAM.

Lord Johnny from Stroud thought it best to retreat.
Being certain of getting the sack,
So he ran to the City, and begged for a seat,
Crying, "Please to *re-member Poor Jack!*"

CONUNDRUMS BY COL. SIBTHORP.

Why is a tall nobleman like a poker?—Because he's a *high'un* belonging to the *great*.

Why is a defunct mother like a dog?—Because she's a *ma-stiff*.

When is a *horse* like a *herring*?—When he's *hard rode*.

EPIGRAM ON SEEING AN EXECUTION.

One morn, two friends before the Newgate drop,
To see a culprit throttled, chanced to stop:
"Alas!" cried one as round in air he spun,
"That miserable wretch's *race is run.*"
"True," said the other drily, "to his cost,
The race is run—but, by a *neck 'tis lost.*"

FASHIONABLE ARRIVALS.

Lord John Russell has arrived at a conviction—that the Whigs are not so popular as they were.

Sir Peter Laurie has arrived at the conclusion—that Solon was a greater man than himself.

THE POET FOILED.

To win the maid the poet tries,
And sonnets writes to Julia's eyes;—
She likes a *verse*—but cruel whim,
She still appears *a-verse* to him.

A most cruel hoax has recently been played off upon that deserving class the housemaids of London, by the insertion of an advertisement in the morning papers, announcing that a servant in the above capacity was wanted by Lord Melbourne. Had it been for a *cook*, the absurdity would have been too palpable, as Melbourne has frequently expressed his opposition to sinecures.

ECCLESIASTICAL TRANSPORTATION.

Now B—y P—l has beat the Whigs,
The Church can't understand
Why Bot'ny Bay should be all sea,
And have no *see* on land.

For such a lamentable want
Our good Archbishop grieves;
'Tis very strange the Tories should
Remind him *of the thieves!*

EPIGRAM.

An American paper tells us of a woman named Dobbs, who was killed in a preaching-house at Nashville, by the fall of a chandelier on her head. Brett's Patent Brandy poet, who would as soon make a witticism on a cracked crown as a cracked bottle, has sent us the following:

"The *light of life* comes from above,"
Old Dingdrum snuffling said;
"The *light* came down on Peggy Dobbs,
And Peggy Dobbs was *dead.*"

A man in Kentucky was so absent, that he put himself on the toasting-fork, and did not discover his mistake until he was *done brown*.

CONSISTENCY.

No wonder Tory landlords flout
"Fix'd Duty," for 'tis plain,
With them the Anti-Corn-Law Bill
Must *go against the grain.*

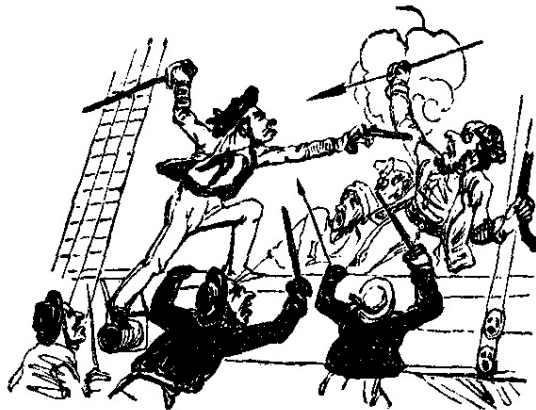
The anticipated eruption of Mount Vesuvius is said to have been prevented by throwing a box of Holloway's Ointment into the crater.

[pg 22]

THE SAILOR'S SECRET.

In the year—let me see—but no matter about the date—my father and mother died of a typhus fever, leaving me to the care of an only relative, and uncle, by my father's side. His name was Box, as my name is Box. I was a babby in long clothes at that time, not even so much as christened; so uncle, taking the hint, I suppose, from the lid of his sea-chest, had me called Bellophron Box. Bellophron being the name of the ship of which he was sailing-master.

I sha'n't say anything about my education; though I was brought up in



A FIRST RATE BOARDING-SCHOOL.

It's not much to boast of; but as soon as I could bear the weight of a cockade and a dirk, uncle got me a berth as midshipman on board his own ship. So there I was, *Mr. Bellophron Box*. I didn't like the sea or the service, being continually disgusted at the partiality shown towards me, for in less than a month I was put over the heads of all my superior officers.

You may stare—but it's true; for *I was mast-headed* for a week at a stretch. When we put into port, Captain — called me into his cabin, and politely informed me that if I chose to go on shore, and should find it inconvenient to return, no impertinent inquiries should be made after me. I availed myself of the hint, and exactly one year and two months after setting foot on board the Bellophron, I was *Master* Bellophron Box again.

Well, now for my story. There was one Tom Johnson on board, a *fok'sell* man, as they called him, who was very kind to me; he tried to teach me to turn a quid, and generously helped me to drink my grog. As I was unmercifully quizzed in the cockpit, I grew more partial to the society of Tom than to that of my brother middies. Tom always addressed me, 'Sir,' and they named me Puddinghead; till at last we might be called friends. During many a night-watch, when I have sneaked away for a snooze among the hen-coops, has Tom saved me from detection, and the consequent pleasant occupation of carrying about a bucket of water on the end of a capstan bar.

I had been on board about a month—perhaps two—when the order came down from the Admiralty, for the men to cut off their tails. Lord, what a scene was there! I wonder it didn't cause a mutiny! I think it would have done so, but half the crew were laid up with colds in their heads, from the suddenness of the change, though an extra allowance of rum was served out to rub them with to prevent such consequences; but the purser not giving any definite directions, whether the application was to be external or internal, the liquor, I regret to say, for the honour of the British navy, was applied much lower down. For some weeks the men seemed half-crazed, and were almost as unmanageable as ships that had lost their rudders. Well, so they had! It was a melancholy sight to see piles of beautiful tails with little labels tied to them, like the instructions on a physic-bottle; each directed to some favoured relative or sweetheart of the *curtailed* seamen. What a strange appearance must Portsmouth, and Falmouth, and Plymouth, and all the other mouths that are filled with sea-stores, have presented, when the precious remembrances were distributed! I wish some artist would consider it; for I think it's a shame that there should be no record of such an interesting circumstance.

One night, shortly after this visitation, it blew great guns. Large black clouds, like chimney-sweepers' feather-beds, scudded over our heads, and the rain came pouring down like—like winking. Tom had been promoted, and was sent up aloft to reef a sail, when one of the horses giving way, down came Tom Johnson, and snap went a leg and an arm. I was ordered to see him carried below, an office which I readily performed, for I liked the man—and they don't allow umbrellas in the navy.

"What's the matter?" said the surgeon.

"Nothing particular, sir; on'y Tom's broke his legs and his arms by a fall from the yard," replied a seaman.

Tom groaned, as though he *did* consider it something *very* particular.

He was soon stripped and the shattered bones set, which was no easy matter, the ship pitching and tossing about as she did. I sat down beside his berth, holding on as well as I could. The wind howled through the rigging, making the vessel seem like an infernal Eolian harp; the thunder rumbled like an indisposed giant, and to make things more agreeable, a gun broke from its lashings, and had it all its own way for about a quarter of an hour. Tom groaned most pitifully. I looked at him, and if I were to live for a thousand years, I shall never forget the expression of his face. His lips were blue, and—no matter, I'm not clever at portrait painting; but imagine an old-fashioned Saracen's Head—not the fine handsome fellow they have stuck on Snow Hill, but one of the griffins of 1809—and you have Tom's phiz, only it wants touching with all the colours of a painter's palette. I was quite frightened, and could only stammer out, "Why T-o-o-m!"

"It's all up, sir," says he; "I must go; I feel it."

"Don't be foolish," I replied; "Don't die till I call the surgeon." It was a stupid speech, I acknowledge, but I could not help it at the time.

"No, no; don't call the surgeon, Mr. Box; he's done all he can, sir. But it's here—it's here!" and then he made an effort to thump his heart, or the back of his head, I couldn't make out which.

I trembled like a jelly. I had once seen a melodrama, and I recollected that the villain of the piece had used the same action, the same words.

"Mr. Box," groaned Tom, "I've a-a-secret as makes me very uneasy, sir,"

"Indeed, Tom," I replied; "hadn't you better confess the mur—" murder, I was a going to say, but I thought it might not be polite, considering Tom's situation.

The ruffian, for such he looked then, tried to raise himself, but another lurch of the Bellophron sent him on his back, and myself on my beam-ends. As soon as I recovered my former position, Tom continued—

"Mr. Box, dare I trust you, sir? if I could do so, I'm sartin as how I should soon be easier."

"Of course," said I, "of course; out with it, and I promise never to betray your confidence."

"Then come, come here," gasped the suffering wretch; "give us your hand, sir."

I instinctively shrunk back with horror!

"Don't be long, Mr. Box, for every minute makes it worse," and then his Saracen's Head changed to a feminine expression, and resembled the *Belle Sauvage*.

I couldn't resist the appeal; so placing my hand in his, Tom put it over his shoulder, and, with a ghastly smile, said, "Pull it out, sir!"

"Pull what out?"

"My secret, Mr. Box; it's hurting on me!"

I thought that he had grown delirious; so, in order to soothe him as much as possible, I forced my hand under his shirt-collar, and what do you think I found? Why, a PIGTAIL—his pigtail, which he had contrived to conceal between his shirt and his skin, when the barbarous order of the Admiralty had been put into execution.



A NAUTICAL TALE.

SONGS FOR THE SENTIMENTAL.

No. II.

You say you would find
But one, and one only,
Who'd feel without you
That the revel was lonely:
That when you were near,
Time ever was fleetest,
And deem your loved voice
Of all music the sweetest.
Who would own her heart thine,
Though a monarch beset it,
And love on unchanged—
Don't you wish you may get it?

You say you would rove
Where the bud cannot wither;
Where Araby's perfumes
Each breeze wafteth thither.
Where the lute hath no string
That can waken a sorrow;
Where the soft twilight blends
With the dawn of the morrow;
Where joy kindles joy,
Ere you learn to forget it,
And care never comes—
Don't you wish you may get it?

"SYLLABLES WHICH BREATHE OF THE SWEET SOUTH."

JOEY HUME is about to depart for Switzerland: for, finding his flummery of no avail at Leeds, we presume he intends to go to *Schaff*-hausen, to try the *Cant*-on.

MARRIAGE AND CHRISTENING EXTRAORDINARY.

We beg to congratulate Lord John Russell on his approaching union with Lady Fanny Elliot. His lordship is such a persevering votary of Hymen, that we think he should be named "*Union-Jack*."

OMINOUS.

LORD PALMERSTON, on his road to Windsor, narrowly escaped being upset by a gentleman in a gig. We have been privately informed that the party with whom he came in collision was—Sir Robert Peel.

[pg 23]

CROSS READINGS.

(REC.)

If you ever should be
In a state of *ennui*,
Just listen to me,
And without any fee
I'll give you a hint how to set yourself free.
Though dearth of intelligence weaken the news,
And you feel an incipient attack of the blues,
For amusement you never need be at a loss,
If you take up the paper and *read it* across.

(INTER ARIA DEMI LOQUI.)

Here's the *Times*, apropos,
And so,
With your patience, I'll show
What I mean, by perusing a passage or two.

(ARIA.)

"Hem! Mr. George Robins is anxious to tell,
In very plain prose, he's instructed to sell"—
"A vote for the county"—"packed neatly in straw"—
"Set by Holloway's Ointment"—"a limb of the law."
"The army has had secret orders to seize"—
"As soon as they can"—"the industrious fleas."
For amusement you never need be at a loss,
If you take a newspaper and read it across.

"The opera opens with"—"elegant coats"—
"For silver and gold we exchange foreign notes"—
"Specific to soften mortality's ills"—
"And cure Yorkshire bacon"—"take Morison's pills."
"Curious coincidence"—"steam to Gravesend."
"Tale of deep interest"—"money to lend"—
"Louisa is waiting for William to send."
For amusement you never need be at a loss,
If you take a newspaper and read it across.

"For relief of the Poles"—"an astounding feat!"—
"A respectable man"—"for a water will eat"—
"The Macadamised portion of Parliament-street."
"Mysterious occurrence!"—"expected *incog*."
"To be viewed by cards only"—"a terrible fog."
"At eight in the morning the steam carriage starts"—
"Takes passengers now"—"to be finished in parts."
For amusement you never need be at a loss,
If you take a newspaper and read it across.

"Left in a cab, and"—"the number not known"
"A famous prize ox, weighing 200 stone"—
"He speaks with a lisp"—"has a delicate shape"—
"And had *on*, when he quitted, a Macintosh cape."
"For China direct, a fine"—"dealer in slops."
"To the curious in shaving"—"new way to dress chops."
"Repeal of the corn"—"was roasted for lunch"—
"Teetotal beverage"—"Triumph of PUNCH!"

For amusement you never need be at a loss,
If you take a newspaper and read it across.

A CON. BY DUNCOMBE.

"Why are four thousand eight hundred and forty yards of land obtained on credit like a drinking song?"—"Because it's *an-acre-on-tic*."—"I think I had you there!"

A WOOD CUT.

A correspondent of one of the morning papers exultingly observes, that the *wood-blocks* which are about being removed from Whitehall are in *excellent condition*. If this is an allusion to the present ministry, we should say, emphatically, NOT.

REVENGE IS SWEET.

The Tories in Beverley have been wreaking their vengeance on their opponents at the late election, by ordering their tradesmen who voted against the Conservative candidate to *send in their bills*. Mr. Duncombe declares that this is a mode of revenge he never would condescend to adopt.

If Farren, cleverest of men,
Should go to the right about,
What part of town will he be then?—
Why, *Farren-done-without!*

"WHAT HO! APOTHECARY."

Cox, a pill-doctor at Leeds, it is reported, modestly requested a check for £10, for the honour of his vote. Had his demand been complied with, we presume the bribe would have been endorsed, "This draught to be taken at poll time."

QUESTION BY THE DISOWNED OF NOTTINGHAM.

Why do men who are about to fight a duel generally choose a *field* for the place of action?

ANSWER BY COLONEL SIBTHORP.

I really cannot tell; unless it be for the purpose of allowing the balls to *graze*.

REVIEW.

Two Prize Essays. By LORD MELBOURNE and SIR ROBERT PEEL. 8 vols. folio.
London: Messrs. SOFTSKIN and TINGLE, Downing-street.

We congratulate the refined and sensitive publishers on the production of these elaborately-written gilt-edged folios, and trust that no remarks will issue from the press calculated to affect the digestion of any of the parties concerned. The sale of the volumes will, no doubt, be commensurate with the public spirit, the wisdom, and the benevolence which has uniformly characterised the career of their illustrated authors. Two more *statesmanlike* volumes never issued from the press; in fact, the books may be regarded as typical of *all* statesmen. The subject, or rather the line of argument, is thus designated by the respective writers:—

ESSAY I.—"On the Fine Art of Government, or how to do the least possible good to the country in the longest possible time, and enjoy, meanwhile, the most ease and luxury." By LORD MELBOURNE.

ESSAY II.—"On the Science of Governing, or how to do the utmost possible good for ourselves in the shortest possible time, under the name of our altars, and our throne, and everybody that is good and wise." By SIR ROBERT PEEL.

We are quite unable to enter into a review of these very costly productions, an estimate of the *value* of which the public will be sure to receive from "authority," and be required to meet the amount, not only with cheerful loyalty, but a more weighty and less noisy *acknowledgment*.

As to the Prize, it has been adjudged by PUNCH to be divided equally between the two

illustrious essayists; to the one, in virtue of his incorrigible laziness, and to the other, in honour of his audacious rapacity.

TO THE LAUGHTER-LOVING PUBLIC.

PUNCH begs to inform the inhabitants of Great Britain, Ireland, and the Isle of Dogs, that he has just opened on an entirely new line, an Universal Comic Railroad, and Cosmopolitan Pleasure Van for the transmission of *bon mots*, puns, witticisms, humorous passengers, and queer figures, to every part of the world. The engines have been constructed on the most laughable principles, and being on the high-pressure principle, the manager has provided a vast number of patent anti-explosive fun-belts, to secure his passengers against the danger of suddenly bursting.

The train starts every Saturday morning, under the guidance of an experienced punster. The departure of the train is always attended with immense laughter, and a tremendous rush to the booking-office. PUNCH, therefore, requests those who purpose taking places to apply early, as there will be no



RESERVED SEATS!

N.B.—Light jokes booked, and forwarded free of expense. Heavy articles not admitted at any price.

∴ Wanted an epigrammatic porter, who can carry on a smart dialogue, and occasionally deliver light jokes.

CHANT.

TO OLD FATHER TIME.

Time—old Time—whither away?
Linger a moment with us, I pray;
Too soon thou spreadest thy wings for flight;
Dip, boy, dip
In the bowl thy lip,
And be jolly, old Time, with us to-night.
Dip, dip, &c.

Time—old Time—thy scythe fling down;
Garland thy pate with a myrtle crown,
And fill thy goblet with rosy wine;—
Fill, fill up,
The joy-giving cup,
Till it foams and flows o'er the brim like mine.
Fill, fill, &c.

Time—old Time—sighing is vain,
Pleasure from thee not a moment can gain;
Fly, old greybeard, but leave us your glass
To fill as we please,
And drink at our ease,
And count by our brimmers the hours as they pass.

THE DRAMA

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Italy! land of love and macaroni, of pathos and puppets—tomb of Romeo and Juliet—birth-place of Punch and Judy—region of romance—country of the concentrated essences of all these;—carnivals—I, PUNCH, the first and last, the alpha and omega of fun, adore thee! From the moment when I was cast upon thy shores, like Venus, out of the sea, to this sad day, when I am forced to descend from my own stage to mere criticism; have I preserved every token that would endear my memory to thee! My nose is still Roman, my mouth-organ plays the “genteelest of” Italian “tunes”—my scenes represent the choicest of Italian villas—in “choice Italian” doth my devil swear—to wit, “*shal-la-bella!*”

Longing to be still more reminded of thee, dear Italy, I threw a large cloak over my hunch, and a huge pair of spectacles over my nose, and ensconced myself in a box at the Haymarket Theatre, to witness the fourth appearance of my rival puppet, Charles Kean, in Romeo. He is an actor! What a deep voice—what an interesting lisp—what a charming whine—what a vigorous stamp, he hath! How hard he strikes his forehead when he is going into a rage—how flat he falls upon the ground when he is going to die! And then, when he has killed Tybalt, what an attitude he strikes, what an appalling grin he indulges his gaping admirers withal!

This is real acting that one pays one’s money to see, and not such an unblushing imposition as Miss Tree practises upon us. Do we go to the play to see nature? of course not: we only desire to see the actors playing at being natural, like Mr. Gallot, Mr. Howe, Mr. Worrall, or Mr. Kean, and other actors. This system of being too natural will, in the end, be the ruin of the drama. It has already driven me from the Stage, and will, I fear, serve the great performers I have named above in the same manner. But the Haymarket Juliet overdoes it; she is more natural than nature, for she makes one or two improbabilities in the plot of the play seem like every-day matters of fact. Whether she falls madly in love at the first glance, agrees to be married the next afternoon, takes a sleeping draught, throws herself lifeless upon the bed, or wakes in the tomb to behold her poisoned lover, still in all these situations she behaves like a sensible, high-minded girl, that takes such circumstances, and makes them appear to the audience—quite as a matter of course! What let me ask, was the use of the author—whose name, I believe, was Shakspeare—purposely contriving these improbabilities, if the actors do not make the most of them? I do hope Miss Tree will no longer impose upon the public by pretending to *act* Juliet. Let her try some of the characters in Bulwer’s plays, which want all her help to make them resemble women of any nation, kindred, or country.

Much as I admire Kean, I always prefer the acting of Wallack; there is more variety in the tones of his voice, for Kean tunes his pipes exactly as my long-drummer sets his drum;—to one pitch: but as to action, Wallack—more like my drummer—beats him hollow; he points his toes, stands a-kimbo, takes off his hat, and puts it on again, quite as naturally as if he belonged to the really legitimate drama, and was worked by strings cleverly pulled to suit the action to *every* word. Wallack is an honest performer; *he* don’t impose upon you, like Webster, for instance, who as the Apothecary, speaks with a hungry voice, walks with a tottering step, moves with a helpless gait, which plainly shows that he never studied the part—he must have starved for it. Where will this confounded naturalness end?

The play is “got up,” as we managers call it, capitally. The dresses are superb, and so are the properties. The scenery exhibited views of different parts of the city, and was, so far as I am a judge, well painted. I have only one objection to the balcony scene. Plagiarism is mean and contemptible—I despise it. I will not apply to the Vice-Chancellor for an injunction, because the imitation is so vilely caricatured; but the balcony itself is the very counterpart of PUNCH’S theatre!—PUNCH.

MY FRIEND THE CAPTAIN.

When a new farce begins with duck and green peas, it promises well; the sympathies of the audience are secured, especially as the curtain rises but a short time before every sober play-goer is ready for his supper. Mr. Gabriel Snoxall is seated before the comsstibles above mentioned—he is just established in a new lodging. It is snug—the furniture is neat—being his own property, for he is an *unfurnished* lodger. A bachelor so situated must be a happy fellow. Mr. Snoxall is happy—a smile radiates his face—he takes wine with himself; but has scarcely tapped the decanter for his first glass, before he hears a tap at his door. The hospitable “Come in!” is answered by the appearance of Mr. Dunne Brown, a captain by courtesy, and Snoxall’s neighbour by misfortune. Here business begins.

The ancient natural historian has divided the *genus homo* into the two grand divisions of victimiser and victim. Behold one of each class before you—the yeast and sweat-wort, as it were, which brew the plot! Brown invites himself to dinner, and does the invitation ample justice; for he finds the peas as green as the host; who he determines shall be done no less brown than the duck. He possesses two valuable qualifications in a diner-out—an excellent appetite, and a habit of eating fast, consequently the meal is soon over. Mr. Brown’s own tiger clears away, by the ingenious method of eating up what is left. Mr. Snoxall is angry, for he is hungry; but, good easy man, allows himself to be mollified to a degree of softness that allows Mr. Brown to borrow, not only his tables and chairs, but his coat, hat, and

watch; just, too, in the very nick of time, for the bailiffs are announced. What is the hunted creditor to do? Exit by the window to be sure.

A character invented by farce-writers, and retained exclusively for their use—for such folks are seldom met with out of a farce—lives in the next street. He has a lovely daughter, and a nephew momentarily expected from India, and with those persons he has, of course, not the slightest acquaintance; and a niece, by marriage, of whose relationship he is also entirely unconscious. His parlours are made with French windows; they are open, and invite the bailiff-hunted Brown into the house. What so natural as that he should find out the state of family affairs from a loquacious Abigail, and should personate the expected nephew? Mr. Tidmarsh (the property old gentleman of the farce-writers) is in ecstasies. Mrs. T. sees in the supposed Selbourne a son-in-law for her daughter, whose vision is directed to the same prospects. Happy, domestic circle! unequalled family felicity! too soon, alas! to be disturbed by a singular coincidence. Mr. Snoxall, the victim, is in love with Miss Sophia, the daughter. Ruin impends over Brown; but he is master of his art: he persuades Snoxall not to undeceive the family of Tidmarsh, and kindly undertakes to pop the question to Sophia on behalf of his friend, whose sheepishness quite equals his softness. Thus emboldened, Brown inquires after a “few loose sovereigns,” and Snoxall, having been already done out of his chairs, clothes, and watch, of course lends the victimiser his purse, which contains twenty.

Mr. Brown’s career advances prosperously; he makes love in the dark to his supposed cousin *pro* Snoxall, in the hearing of the supposed wife (for the real Selbourne has been married privately) and his supposed friend, both supposing him false, mightily abuse him, all being still in the dark. At length the real Selbourne enters, and all supposition ends, as does the farce, poetical justice being administered upon the captain by courtesy, by the bailiffs who arrest him. Thus he, at last, becomes really Mr. Dunne Brown.

The farce was successful, for the actors were perfect, and the audience good-humoured. We need hardly say who played the hero; and having named Wrench, as the nephew, who was much as usual, everybody will know how. Mr. David Rees is well adapted for Snoxall, being a good figure for the part, especially in the duck-and-green-peas season. The ladies, of whom there were four, performed as ladies generally do in farces on a first night.

We recommend the readers of PUNCH to cultivate the acquaintance of “My Friend the Captain.” They will find him at home every evening at the Haymarket. We suspect his paternity may be traced to a certain *corner*, from whose merit several equally successful broad-pieces have been issued.

LITERARY QUERIES AND REPLIES

BY DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES.

QUESTION BY SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, BART,

“What romance is that which ought to be most admired in the kitchen?”

ANSWER BY THEODORE HOOK.

“Don Quixote; because it was written by *Cervantes*—(servantes).—Rather low, Sir Ned.”

QUESTION BY LADY BLESSINGTON,

“When is a lady’s neck not a neck?”

ANSWER BY LADY MORGAN.

“For shame now!—When it is a *little bare* (bear), I suppose.”

A SPEECH FROM THE HUSTINGS.

The following is a correct report of a speech made by one of the candidates at a recent election in the north of England.

THOMAS SMITH, Esq., then presented himself, and said—“ * * *

* * * * * crisis * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * important
dreadful * * * * * industry * * * * *
* * * * * enemies * * * * * slaves * * * * *
independence * * * * * * * * * * freedom
* * * * * firmly * * * * *

gloriously * * * * * contested * * *
* * * support * * * * * victory,
Hurrah!—”

Mr. Smith then sat down; but we regret that the uproar which prevailed, prevents us giving a fuller report of his very eloquent and impressive speech.

FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.

COUNT D'ORSAY declares that no gentleman having the slightest pretensions to fashionable consideration can be seen out of doors except on a Sunday, as on that day bailiffs and other low people keep at home.

EPIGRAM ON A VERY LARGE WOMAN.

“All flesh is grass,” so do the Scriptures say;
But grass, when cut and dried, is turned to hay;
Then, lo; if Death to thee his scythe should take,
God bless us! what a haycock thou wouldst make.

An author that lived somewhere has such a *brilliant* wit, that he contracted to light the parish with it, and did it.

“Our church clock,” say the editors of a down-cast paper, “*keeps time* so well that we *get* a day out of every week by it.”

A man in Kentucky has a horse which is so slow, that his hind legs always get first to his journey's end.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

VOL. 1.

JULY 31, 1841.

POETRY ON AN IMPROVED PRINCIPLE.

Let me earnestly implore you, good Mr. PUNCH, to give publicity to a new invention in the art of poetry, which I desire only to claim the merit of having discovered. I am perfectly willing to permit others to improve upon it, and to bring it to that perfection of which I am delightedly aware, it is susceptible.

It is sometimes lamented that the taste for poetry is on the decline—that it is no longer relished—that the public will never again purchase it as a luxury. But it must be some consolation to our modern poets to know (as no doubt they do, for it is by this time notorious) that their productions really do a vast deal of service—that they are of a value for which they were never designed. They—I mean many of them—have found their way into the pharmacopoeia, and are constantly prescribed by physicians as soporifics of rare potency. For instance—

“— not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world.
Shall ever usher thee to that sweet sleep”

to which a man shall be conducted by a few doses of Robert Montgomery's Devil's Elixir, called “Satan,” or by a portion, or rather a potion, of “Oxford.” Apollo, we know, was the god of medicine as well as of poetry. Behold, in this our bard, his two divine functions equally mingled!

But waiving this, of which it was not my intention to speak, let me remark, that the reason why poetry will no longer go down with the public, *as poetry*, is, that the whole frame-work is worn out. No new rhymes can be got at. When we come to a “mountain,” we are tolerably sure that a “fountain” is not very far off; when we see “sadness,” it leads at once to “madness”—to “borrow” is sure to be followed by “sorrow;” and although it is said,

"when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window,"—a saying which seems to imply that poverty *may* sometimes enter at the chimney or elsewhere—yet I assure you, in poetry, "the poor" *always* come in, and always go out at "the door."

My new invention has closed the "door," for the future, against the vulgar crew of versifiers. A man *must* be original. He must write common-sense too—hard exactions I know, but it cannot be helped.

I transmit you a specimen. Like all great discoveries, the chief merit of my invention is its simplicity. Lest, however, "the meanest capacity" (which cannot, by the way, be supposed to be addicted to PUNCH) should boggle at it, it may be as well to explain that every letter of the final word of each alternate line must be pronounced as though Dilworth himself presided at the perusal; and that the last letter (or letters) placed in *italics* will be found to constitute the rhyme. Here, then, we have

A RENCONTRE WITH A TEA-TOTALLER.

On going forth last night, a friend to see,
I met a man by trade a s-n-o-b;
Reeling along the path he held his way.
"Ho! ho!" quoth I, "he's d-r-u-n-k."
Then thus to him—"Were it not better, far,
You were a little s-o-b-e-r?
'Twere happier for your family, I guess,
Than playing off such rum r-i-g-s.
Besides, all drunkards, when policemen see 'em,
Are taken up at once by t-h-e-m."
"Me drunk!" the cobbler cried, "the devil trouble you!
You want to kick up a blest r-o-w.
Now, may I never wish to work for Hoby,
If drain I've had!" (the lying s-n-o-b!)
I've just return'd from a tee-total party,
Twelve on us jamm'd in a spring c-a-r-t.
The man as lectured, now, *was* drunk; why, bless ye,
He's sent home in a c-h-a-i-s-e.
He'd taken so much lush into his belly,
I'm blest if he could t-o-dd-l-e.
A pair on 'em—hissself and his good lady;—
The gin had got into her h-e-a-d.
(My eye and Betty! what weak mortals *we* are;
They said they took but ginger b-e-e-r!)
But as for me, I've stuck ('twas rather ropy)
All day to weak imperial p-o-p.
And now we've had this little bit o'sparrin',
Just stand a q-u-a-r-t-e-r-n!"

A man in New-York enjoys such very *excellent spirits* that he has only to drink water to intoxicate himself.

TO JOBBING PATRIOTS.

MR. GEORGE ROBINS.

with unparalleled gratification, begs to state that he has it in

Command

to announce, that in consequence of

LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S LETTER

to the citizens of London having satisfactorily convinced her

MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

that a change of ministry

CANNOT

be productive of a corresponding transformation of measures, and that the late

POLITICO-GLADIATORIAL STRUGGLE

for the guerdon of office could only have emanated from a highly commendatory desire on the part of the disinterested and patriotic belligerents

TO SERVE THEMSELVES

or their country,

HIS ROYAL MISTRESS,

ever solicitous to enchain the hearts of her devoted subjects, by an impartial exercise of her prerogative, has determined to submit to the

ARBITRATION OF HIS HUMBLE HAMMER,

some of those desirable *places*, so long known as the *stimuli* to the

LACTANT LYCURGI

of the nineteenth century.

LOT 1.

FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY,

at present in possession of Lord Melbourne. This will be found a most eligible investment, as it embraces a considerable extent of female patronage, comprising the appointments of those valuable legislative adjuncts,

THE LADIES OF THE BEDCHAMBER,

AND THE ROYAL NURSES, WET AND DRY;

together with those household desiderata,

COALS AND CANDLES,

and an unlimited

RUN OF THE ROYAL KITCHEN.

LOT 2.

SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIAL DEPARTMENT,

at present occupied by Lord John Russell. This lot must possess considerable attraction for a gastronomical experimentalist, as its present proprietor has for a long time been engaged in the discovery of how few pinches of oatmeal and spoonsful of gruel are sufficient for a human pauper, and will be happy to transfer his data to the next fortunate proprietor. Any gentleman desirous of embarking in the manufacture of

SUGAR CANDY, MATCHES, OR CHEAP BREAD,

would find this a desirable investment, more particularly should he wish to form either

A PAROCHIAL OR MATRIMONIAL UNION,

as there are plans for the one, and hints for the other, which will be thrown into the bargain, being of no further use to the present noble incumbent.

LOT 3.

SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE HOME DEPARTMENT,

at present the property of Lord Normanby. Is admirably calculated for any one of a literary turn of mind, offering resources peculiarly adapted for a proper cultivation of the Jack Sheppard and James Hatfield "men-of-elegant-crimes" school of novel-writing—the archives of Newgate and Horsemonger-lane being open at all times to the inspection of the favoured purchaser.

"YES" OR "NO"

will determine the sale of this desirable lot in a few days.

LOT 4.

SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS,

now in the occupancy of Lord Palmerston. Possesses advantages rarely to be met with. From its connexion with the continental powers, Eau de Cologne, bear's grease, and cosmetics of unrivalled excellence, can be procured at all times, thus insuring the favour of the divine sex,

"From the rich peasant-cheek of bronze,
And large black eyes that flash on you a volley
Of rays, that say a thousand things at once,
To the high dama's brow more melancholy."

The only requisite (besides money) for this desirable lot is, that the purchaser must write a bold round hand for

PROTOCOLS,

understand French and Chinese, and be an

EXPERT TURNER.

LOT 5.

SEVERAL UNDER SECRETARYSHIPS,

admirably adapted for younger sons and poor relatives.

The whole of the proceeds (by the advice of her Majesty's Cabinet Council) will be devoted to the erection of a

UNION FOR DECAYED MINISTERS.

Cards to view may be had at the Treasury any day after the meeting of Parliament.

"Very like a whale!" as the schoolmaster said when he examined the boy's back after severely flogging him.

[pg 26]

THE DIARY OF A LORD MAYOR.

All the world is familiar with the "Diary of a Physician," the "Diary of an Ennuyée," the "Diary of a Lady of Rank," and Heaven knows how many other diaries besides! but who has ever heard of, or saw, the "*Diary of a Lord Mayor*,—that day-book, or blotter, as it may be commercially termed, of a gigantic mind? Who has ever perused the autobiography of the Lama of Guildhall, Cham of Cripplegate, Admiral of Fleet Ditch, Great Turtle-hunter and Herod of Michaelmas geese? We will take upon ourselves to answer—not one! It was reserved for PUNCH to give to his dear friends, the public, the first and only extract which has ever been made from the genuine diary of a *late* Lord Mayor of London, or, as that august individual was wont, when in Paris, to designate himself on his visiting tickets—

"Mr. —

"FEU LORD MAYOR DE LONDRES."

How the precious MS. came into our possession matters little to the reader; suffice it to say, it is a secret which must ever remain confined to the bosoms of PUNCH and his cheesemonger.

DIARY.

Nov. 10, eight o'clock.—Dreamed a horrid dream—thought that I was stretched in Guildhall with the two giants sitting on my chest, and drinking rum toddy out of firemen's buckets—fancied the Board of Aldermen were transformed into skittle-pins, and the police force into bottles of *Harvey's sauce*. Tried to squeak, but couldn't. Then I imagined that I was changed into the devil, and that Alderman Harmer was St. Dunstan, tweaking my nose with a pair of red-hot tongs. This time, I think, I *did* shout lustily. Awoke with the fright, and found my wife pulling my nose vigorously, and calling me "My Lord!" Pulled off my

nightcap, and began to have an idea I was somebody, but could not tell exactly who. Suddenly my eye rested upon the civic gown and chain, which lay upon a chair by my bedside:—the truth flashed upon my mind—I felt I was a *real* Lord Mayor. I remembered clearly that yesterday I had been sworn into office. I had a perfect recollection of the glass-coach, and the sheriffs, and the men in armour, and the band playing “Jim along Josey,” as we passed the Fleet Prison, and the glories of the city barge at Blackfriars-bridge, and the enthusiastic delight with which the assembled multitude witnessed—



THE LORD MAYOR TAKING WATER.

I could also call to mind the dinner—the turtle, venison, and turbot—and the popping of the corks from the throats of the champagne bottles. I was conscious, too, that I had made a speech; but, beyond this point, all the events of the night were lost in chaotic confusion. One thing, however, was certain—I was a *bonâ fide* Lord Mayor—and being aware of the arduous duties I had to perform, I resolved to enter upon them at once. Accordingly I arose, and as some poet says—

“Commenced sacrificing to the Graces,
By putting on my breeches.”

Sent for a barber, and authorised him to remove the superfluous hair from my chin—at the same time made him aware of the high honour I had conferred upon him by placing the head of the city under his razor—thought I detected the fellow’s tongue in his cheek, but couldn’t be certain. *Mem.* Never employ the rascal again.

9 o’clock.—Dressed in full fig—sword very troublesome—getting continually between my legs. Sat down to breakfast—her ladyship complimented me on my appearance—said I looked the *beau ideal* of a mayor—took a side glance at myself in the mirror—her ladyship was perfectly right. Trotter the shoemaker announced—walked in with as much freedom as he used to do into my shop in Coleman-street—smelt awfully of “best calf” and “heavy sole”—shook me familiarly by the hand, and actually called me “Bob.” The indignation of the Mayor was roused, and I hinted to him that I did not understand such liberties, upon which the fellow had the insolence to laugh in my face—couldn’t stand his audacity, so quitted the room with strong marks of disgust.

10 o’clock.—Heard that a vagabond was singing “Jim Crow” on Tower-hill—proceeded with a large body of the civic authorities to arrest him, but after an arduous chase of half-an-hour we unfortunately lost him in Houndsditch. Suppressed two illegal apple-stalls in the Minories, and took up a couple of young black-legs, whom I detected playing at chuck-farthing on Saffron-hill. Issued a proclamation against mad dogs, cautioning all well-disposed persons to avoid their society.

12 o’clock.—Waited upon by the secretary of the New River Company with a sample of the water they supply to the City—found that it was much improved by compounding it with an equal portion of cognac—gave a certificate accordingly. Lunched, and took a short nap in my cocked hat.

1 o’clock.—Police-court. Disposed of several cases summarily—everybody in court amazed at the extraordinary acuteness I displayed, and the rapidity with which I gave my decisions—they did not know that I always privately tossed up—heads, complainant wins, and tails, defendant—this is the fairest way after all—no being humbugged by hard swearing or innocent looks—no sifting of witnesses—no weighing of evidence—no deliberating—no hesitating—the thing is done in an instant—and, if the guilty should escape, why the fault lies with fortune, and not with justice.

3 o’clock.—Visited the Thames Tunnel—found Brunel a devilish *deep* fellow—he explained to me the means by which he worked, and said he had got nearly over all his difficulties—I suppose he meant to say he had nearly got *under* them—at all events the tunnel, when

completed, will be a vast convenience to the metropolis, particularly to the *lower* classes. From the Tunnel went to Billingsgate-market—confiscated a basket of suspicious shrimps, and ordered them to be conveyed to the Mansion-house. *Mem.* Have them for breakfast to-morrow. Return to dress for dinner, having promised to take the chair at the Grand Annual Metropolitan Anti-Hydro-without-gin-drinking Association.

Here a hiatus occurs in the MS.; but from cotemporary authorities we are enabled to state that his lordship was conveyed home at two o'clock on the following morning, by some jolly companions.

“Slowly and sadly they smoothed his bed, And they told his wife and daughter To give him, next day, a couple of red- Herrings and soda-water.”

THE LOVES OF THE PLANTS.

The gay *Daffodilly*, an amorous blade,
Stole out of his bed in the dark,
And calling his brother, *Jon-Quil*, forth he stray'd
To breathe his love vows to a *Violet* maid
Who dwelt in a neighbouring park.

A spiteful old *Nettle-aunt* frown'd on their love;
But *Daffy*, who laugh'd at her power,
A *Shepherd's-purse* slipp'd in the nurse's *Fox-glove*,
Then up *Jacob's-ladder* he crept to his love,
And stole to the young *Virgin's-bower*.

The *Maiden's-blush Rose*—and she seem'd all dismay'd,
Array'd in her white *Lady's-smock*,
She call'd *Mignonette*—but the sly little jade,
That instant was hearing a sweet serenade
From the lips of a tall *Hollyhock*.

The *Pheasant's eye*, always a mischievous wight,
For prying out something not good,
Avow'd that he peep'd through the keyhole that night;
And clearly discern'd, by a glow-worm's pale light,
Their *Two-faces-under-a-hood*.

Old Dowager *Peony*, deaf as a door,
Who wish'd to know more of the facts,
Invited Dame *Mustard* and Miss *Hellebore*,
With Miss *Periwinkle*, and many friends more,
One evening to tea and to tracts.

The *Butter-cups* ranged, defamation ran high,
While every tongue join'd the debate;
Miss *Sensitive* said, 'twixt a groan and a sigh,
Though she felt much concern'd—yet she thought her dear *Vī*—
Had grown rather bulbous of late.

Thus the tale spread about through the busy parterre:
Miss *Columbine* turn'd up her nose,
And the prude Lady *Lavender* said, with a stare,
That her friend, *Mary-gold*, had been heard to declare,
The creature had toy'd with the *Rose*.

Each *Sage* look'd severe, and each *Cocks-comb* look'd gay,
When *Daffy* to make their mind easy,
Miss *Violet* married one morning in May,
And, as sure as you live, before next Lady-day,
She brought him a *Michaelmas-daisy*.

NOTHING WONDERFUL.

The Duke of Normandie accounts for the non-explosion of his percussion-shells, by the fact of having incautiously used some of M'Culloch's pamphlets on the corn laws. If this be the case, no person can be surprised at their *not going off*.

MODERN WAT TYLERS.

The anxiety of the Whigs to repeal the timber duties is quite pardonable, for, with their



Head of a Botecudo previous to disfigurement.



Head of a Butecudo disfigured by chin and ear pendants.



Head of a Botecudo disfigured by civilisation.

CIVILISATION.

"If an European," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, in one of his Discourses, "when he has cut off his beard, and put false hair on his head, or bound up his own hair in formal, hard knots, as unlike nature as he can make it, and after having rendered them immoveable by the help of the fat of hogs, has covered the whole with flour, laid on by a machine with the utmost regularity—if, when thus attired, he issues forth and meets a Cherokee Indian who has bestowed as much time at his toilet, and laid with equal care and attention his yellow and red ochre on such parts of his forehead and cheeks as he judges most becoming, whichever of these two despises the other for this attention to the fashion of his country, whichever first feels himself provoked to laugh, is the barbarian."

Granting this, the popular advocates of civilisation certainly are not the most civilised of individuals. They appear to consider yellow ochre and peacocks' feathers the climax of barbarism—marabouts and kalydor the acme of refinement. A ring through the nose calls forth their deepest pity—a diamond drop to the ear commands their highest respect. To them, nothing can show a more degraded state of nature than a New Zealand chief, with his distinctive coat of arms emblazoned on the skin of his face; nor anything of greater social elevation than an English peer, with the glittering label of his "nobility" tacked to his breast. To a rational mind, the one is not a whit more barbarous than the other; they being, as Sir Joshua observes, the real barbarians who, like these *soi-disant* civilisers, would look upon their own monstrosities as the sole standard of excellence.

The philosophy of the present age, however, is peculiarly the philosophy of outsides. Few dive deeper into the human breast than the bosom of the shirt. Who could doubt the heart that beats beneath a cambric front? or who imagine that hand accustomed to dirty work which is enveloped in white kid? What Prometheus was to the physical, Stultz is to the moral man—the one made human beings out of clay, the other cuts characters out of broad-cloth. Gentility is, with us, a thing of the goose and shears; and nobility an attribute—not of the mind, but (supreme civilisation!) of a *garter!*

Certain modern advocates appear to be devout believers in this external philosophy. They are touchingly eloquent upon the savage state of those who indulge in yellow ochre, but conveniently mute upon the condition of those who prefer carmine. They are beautifully alive to the degradation of that race of people which crushes the feet of its children, but wonderfully dead to the barbarism of that race, nearer home, which performs a like operation upon the ribs of its females. By them, also, we are told that "words would manifestly fail in portraying *so low a state of morals as is pictured in the lineaments of an Australian chief,*"—a stretch of the outside philosophy which we certainly were not prepared to meet with; for little did we dream that this noble science could ever have attained such eminence, that men of intellect would be able to discover immorality in particular noses, and crime in a certain conformation of the chin.

That an over-attention to the adornment of the person is a barbarism all must allow; but that the pride which prompts the Esquimaux to stuff bits of stone through a hole in his cheek, is a jot less refined than that which urges the dowager-duchess to thrust coloured crystals through a hole in her ear, certainly requires a peculiar kind of mental squint to perceive. Surely there is as great a want of refinement among us, in this respect, as among the natives of New Zealand. Why rush for subjects for civilisation to the back woods of America, when thousands may be found, any fine afternoon, in Regent-street? Why fly to Biddy Salamander and Bulkabra, when the Queen of Beauty and Count D'Orsay have equally urgent claims on the attention and sympathies of the civiliser?

On the subject of civilisation, two questions naturally present themselves—the one, what *is* civilisation?—the other, have we such a superabundance of that commodity among us, that we should think about exporting it? To the former question, the journal especially devoted to the subject has, to the best of our belief, never condescended a reply; although, like the celebrated argument on the colour of the chameleon, no two persons, perhaps, have the same idea of it. In what then, does civilisation consist, and how is it to be generally promoted? Does it, as Sir E.L. B—— would doubtlessly assure us, does it lie in a strict adherence to the last month's fashions; and is it to be propagated throughout the world only by missionaries from Nugee's, and by the universal dissemination of curling-tongs and Macassar—patent leather boots and opera hats—white cambric pocket-handkerchiefs and lavender-water? Or, does it consist, as the Countess of B—— would endeavour to convince us, in abstaining from partaking twice of fish, and from eating peas with the knife? and is it to be made common among mankind only by distributing silver forks and finger-glasses to barbarians, and printing the Book of Etiquette for gratuitous circulation among them? Or, is it, as the mild and humane Judge P—— would prove to us, a necessary result of the Statutes at Large; and can it be rendered universal only by sending out Jack Ketch as a missionary—by the introduction of rope-walks in foreign parts, and the erection of gallows all over the world? Or, is it, as the Archbishop of Canterbury contests, to be achieved solely by the dissemination of bishops, and by diffusing among the poor benighted negroes the blessings of sermons, tithes, and church rates? Christianity, it has, on the other hand, been asserted, is the only practical system of civilisation; but this is manifestly the idea of a visionary. For ourselves, we must confess we incline to the opposite opinion; and think either the bishops or Jack Ketch (we hardly know which we prefer) by far the more rational means. Indeed, when we consider the high state of civilisation which this country has

attained, and imagine for an instant the awful amount of distress which would necessarily accrue from the general practice of Christianity among us, even for a week, it is clear that the idea never could be entertained by any moral or religious, mind. A week's Christianity in England! What *would* become of the lawyer, and parsons? It is too terrible to contemplate.

NOUVEAU MANUEL DU VOYAGEUR.

These are the continental-trip days. All the world will be now a-touring. But every one is not a Dr. Bowring, and it is rather convenient to be able to edge in a word now and then, when these rascally foreigners will chatter in their own beastly jargon. Ignorant pigs, not to accustom themselves to talk decent English! Il Signor Marchese Cantini, the learned and illustrious author of "Hi, diddlo-diddlino! Il gutto e' l violino!", has just rendered immense service to the trip-loving natives of these lovely isles, by preparing a "Guide to Conversation," that for utility and correctness of idiom surpasses all previous attempts of the same kind. With it in one hand, and a bagful of Napoléons or Zecchini in the other, the biggest dunce in London—nay, even a schoolmaster—may travel from Boulogne to Naples and back, with the utmost satisfaction to himself, and with substantial profit to the people of these barbarous climes. The following is a specimen of the way in which Il Signor has accomplished his undertaking. It will be seen at a glance how well he has united the classical with the utilitarian principle, clothing both in the purest dialect; ex. gr.:—

| THIS IS ENGLISH. | THIS IS FRENCH. | THIS IS ITALIAN. |
|-----------------------------------|---|--|
| Does your mother know you're out? | Madame, votre maman, sait-elle que vous n'êtes pas chez vous? | La vostra signora madre sa che siete uscito di casa? |
| It won't do, Mr. Ferguson. | Cela nese passera, Monsieur Ferguson, jamais! | Questo non fara cosi, il Signore Ferguson! |
| Who are you? | Est-ce que vous aviez jamais un père? | Chi è vossignoria? |
| All round my hat. | Tout autour mon chapeau. | Tutto all' interno del mio capello! |
| Go it, ye cripples! | C'est ça! Battez-vous bien—boiteux; cr-r-r-r-matin! | Bravo! bravo, stroppiati! Ancora-ancora! |
| Such a getting up-stairs! | Diantre! comme on monte l'escalier! | Come si ha salito— è meraviglioso! |
| Jump, Jim Crow. | Sautez, Monsiuer Jaques Corbeau! | Salti, pergrazia, Signor Giamomo Corvo! |

It would not be fair to rob the Signor of any more of his labour. It will be seen that, on the principle of the Painter and his Cow, we have distinctly written above each sentence the language it belongs to. It is always better to obviate the possibility of mistakes.

THE OMNIBUS

The horrors of an omnibus,
 Indeed, I've cause to curse;
 And if I ride in one again,
 I hope 'twill be my hearse.
 If you a journey have to go,
 And they make no delay,
 'Tis ten to one you're serv'd like *curds*,
 They *spill you on the WHEY*.

A short time since my wife and I
 A short call had to make,
 And giving me a *kiss*, she said—
 "A *buss* you'd better take!"
 We journey'd on—two lively cads,
 Were for our custom triers;
 And in a twinkling we were fix'd
 Fast by this *pair of pliers*!

My wife's arm I had lock'd in mine,
 But soon they forced her from it;
 And she was lugg'd into the *Sun*,
 And I into the *Comet*!
 Jamm'd to a jelly, there I sat,
 Each one against me pushing;
 And my poor gouty legs seem'd made
 For each one's *pins—a cushion*!

My wife some time had gone before:
 I urged the jarvey's speed,

When all at once the bus set off
At fearful pace, indeed!
I ask'd the coachee what caused this?
When thus his story ran:—
"Vy, a man *shied* at an *oss*, and so
An *oss shied* at a man!"

Oh, fearful crash! oh, fearful smash!
At such a rate we run,
That presently the *Comet* came
In contact with the *Sun*.
At that sad time each body felt,
As parting with its soul,
We were, indeed, a *little whirl'd*,
And shook from *pole to pole*!

Dunn, the miller of Wimbledon, has recently given his infant the *Christian* name of Cardigan. If there is truth in the adage of "*give a dog a bad name and hang him*," the poor child has little else in perspective than the gallows.

PRAY DON'T TELL THE GOVERNOR.

A SONG OF TON.

Why, y-e-s—'twas rather late last night;
In fact, past six this morning.
My rascal valet, in a fright,
Awoke, and gave me warning.
But what of that?—I'm very young.
And you've "been in the Oven," or,
Like me, you're wrong'd by rumour's tongue,
So—pray don't tell the Governor.¹

I dined a quarter after seven,
With Dashall of the Lancers;
Went to the opera at eleven,
To see the ballet-dancers.
From thence I saunter'd to the club—
Fortune to me's a sloven—or,
I surely must have won one rub,
But—mind! don't tell the Governor!

I went to Ascot t'other day,
Drove Kitty in a tandem;
Upset it 'gainst a brewer's dray—
I'd dined, so drove at random.
I betted high—an "outside" won—
I'd swear its hoofs were cloven, or
It ne'er the favourite horse had done,
But—don't you tell the Governor.

My cottage ornée down at Kew,
So picturesque and pretty,
Cost me of thousands not a few,
To fit it up for Kitty.
She said it charm'd her fancy quite,
But (still I can't help loving her)
She bolted with the plate one night—
You needn't tell the Governor.

My creditors are growing queer,
Nay, threaten to be furious;
I'll scan their paltry bills next year,
At present I'm not curious.
Such fellows are a monstrous bore,
So I and Harry Grosvenor
To-morrow start for Gallia's shore,
And leave duns—to the Governor.

1. The author is aware there exists a legitimate rhyme for *Porringer*, but believes a match for governor lies still in the *terra incognita* of allowable rhythm.

THE EXPLOSIVE BOX.

Sir Hussey Vivian was relating to Sir Robert Peel the failure of the Duke of Normandie's

experiment with a terrible self-explosive box, which he had buried in a mound at Woolwich, in the expectation that it would shortly blow up, but which still remains there, to the great terror of the neighbourhood, who are afraid to approach the spot where this destructive engine is interred. Sir Robert, on hearing the circumstance, declared that Lord John Russell had served him the same trick, by burying the corn-law question under the Treasury bench. No one knew at what moment it might explode, and blow them to ——. "The question," he added, "now is—who will dig it out?"

EXCLUSIVE INTELLIGENCE.

(From OUR *West-end* and "The Observer's" Correspondent.)

We have every reason to believe, unless a very respectable authority, on whom we are in the habit of relying, has grievously imposed upon us, that a very illustrious personage has consulted a certain exalted individual as to whether a certain other person, no less exalted than the latter, but not so illustrious as the former, shall be employed in a certain approaching event, which at present is involved in the greatest uncertainty. Another individual, who is more dignified than the third personage above alluded to, but not nearly so illustrious as the first, and not half so exalted as the second, has nothing whatever to do with the matter above hinted at, and it is not at all probable that he will be ever in the smallest way mixed up with it. For this purpose we have cautiously abstained from giving his name, and indeed only allude to him that there may be no misapprehension on this very delicate subject.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

The *Times* gives a horrible description of some mesmeric experiments by a M. Delafontaine, by which a boy was deprived of *all sensation*. We suspect that some one has been operating upon the Poor Law Commissioners, for their *total want of feeling* is a mesmeric phenomenon.

ON SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, BART., *not* M.P. FOR LINCOLN.

That Bulwer's from fair Lincoln bann'd,
Doth threaten evil days;
For, having much waste time on hand,
Alas! he'll scribble plays.

THE NEW HOUSE.

"This is the House that Jack (Bull) built."

Once there lived, as old histories learnedly show, a
Great sailor and shipbuilder, named MISTER NOAH,
Who a hulk put together, so wondrous—no doubt of it—
That all sorts of creatures could creep in and out of it.
Things with heads, and without heads, things dumb, things loquacious,
Things with tails, and things tail-less, things tame, and things
pugnacious;
Rats, lions, curs, geese, pigeons, toadies and donkeys,
Bears, dormice, and snakes, tigers, jackals, and monkeys:
In short, a collection so curious, that no man
E'er since could with NOAH compare as a show-man
At length, JOHNNY BULL, with that clever fat head of his,
Design'd a much stranger and comical edifice,
To be call'd his "NEW HOUSE"—a queer sort of menagerie
To hold all his beasts—with an eye to the Treasury.
Into this he has cramm'd such uncommon monstrosities,
Such animals rare, such unique curiosities,
That we wager a CROWN—not to speak it uncivil—
This HOUSE of BULL'S beats Noah's Ark to the devil.
Lest you think that we bounce—the great fault, we confess, of men—
We proceed to detail some few things, as a specimen
Of what are to be found in this novel museum;
As it opens next month, you may all go and see 'em.
Five *Woods*, of five shades, grain, and polish, and gilding,
Are used this diversified chamber in building.
Not a nail, bolt, or screw, you'll discover to lurk in it,
Though six *Smiths* you will find every evening at work in it.

A *Forman* and *Master* you'll see there appended too,
 Whose words or instructions are never attended to.
 A *Leader*, whom nobody follows; a pair o' *Knights*,
 With courage at ninety degrees of old Fahrenheit's;
 Full a hundred "Jim Crows," wheeling round about—round about,
 Yet only one *Turner's* this House to be found about.
 Of hogs-heads, Lord knows, there are plenty to spare of them,
 But only one *Cooper* is kept to take care of them.
 A *Ryder's* maintain'd, but he's no horse to get upon;
 There's a *Packe* too, and only one *Pusey* to set upon.
 Two *Palmers* are kept, holy men, in this ill, grim age,
 To make every night their Conservative pilgrimage.
 A *Fuller*, for scouring old coats and redressing them;
 A *Taylor* to fashion; and *Mangles* for pressing them.
 Two *Stewarts*, two *Fellowes*, a *Clerk*, and a *Baillie*,
 To keep order, yet each call'd to order are, daily.
 A *Duke*, without dukedom—a matter uncommon—
 And *Bowes*, the delight, the enchantment of woman.
 This house has a *Tennent*, but ask for the rent of it,
 He'd laugh at, and send you to Brussels or Ghent for it.
 Of the animals properly call'd so, a sample
 We'll give to you gentlefolks now, for example:—
 There are *bores* beyond count, of all ages and sizes,
 Yet only one *Hogg*, who both learned and wise is.
 There's a *Buck* and a *Roebuck*, the latter a wicked one,
 Whom few like to play with—he makes such a kick at one.
 There are *Hawkes* and a *Heron*, with wings trimm'd to fly upon,
 And claws to stick into what prey they set eye upon.
 There's a *Fox*, a smart cove, but, poor fellow, no tail he has;
 And a *Bruen*—good tusks for a feed we'll be bail he has.
 There's a *Seale*, and four *Martens*, with skins to our wishes;
 There's a *Rae* and two *Roches*, and all sorts of fishes;
 There's no sheep, but a *Sheppard*—"the last of the pigtails"—
 And a *Ramsbottom*—chip of the old famous big tails.
 Now to mention in brief a few trifles extraneous,
 By connoisseurs class'd, "odds and ends miscellaneous:"—
 There's a couple of *Bells*—frights—nay, Hottentots real!
 A *Trollope*, of elegance *le beau ideal*.
 Of *Browne*, *Green*, and *Scarlett* men, surely a sack or more,
 Besides three whole *White* men, preserved with a *Blakemore*.
 There's a *Hill*, and a *Hutt*, and a *Kirk*, and—astounding!
 The entire of old *Holland* this house to be found in.
 There's a *Flower*, with a perfume so strong 'twould upset ye all;
 And the beauty of *Somers* is here found perpetual.
 There's a *Bodkin*, a *Patten*, a *Rose*, and a *Currie*,
 And a man that's still *Hastie*, though ne'er in a hurry.
 There is *Cole* without smoke, a "sou'-*West*" without danger;
 And a *Grey*, that to place is at present a stranger.
 There's a *Peel*,—but enough! if you're a virtuoso
 You'll see for yourself, and next month you may do so;
 When, if you don't say this *New House* is a wonder,
 We're Dutchmen—that's all!—and at once knuckle under.

WATERFORD ELECTION.

The Tories at Waterford carried the day,
 And the reign of the Rads is for ever now past;
 For one who was *Wyse* he got out of the way,
 And the hopes of the other proved *Barron* at last.

STATE OF TRADE.

We are sorry to perceive that trade was never in a more alarming state than at present. A general *strike* for wages has taken place amongst the smiths. The carpenters have been dreadfully *cut up*; and the shoemakers find, at the *last*, that it is impossible to make both *ends* meet. The bakers complain that the pressure of the times is so great, that they cannot get the bread to *rise*. The bricklayers swear that the monopolists ought to be brought to the *scaffold*. The glaziers, having taken some *pains* to discover the cause of the distress, declare that they can *see through* the whole affair. The gardeners wish to get at the *root* of the evil, and consequently have become *radical* reformers. The laundresses have *washed* their hands clean of the business. The dyers protest that things never looked so *blue* in their memory, as there is but a slow demand for



FAST COLOURS.

The butchers are reduced to their last *stake*. The weavers say their lives hang by a single *thread*. The booksellers protest we must *turn over a new leaf*. The ironmongers declare that the times are very *hard* indeed. The cabmen say business is completely at a *stand*. The watermen are all *aground*. The tailors object to the government *measures*;—and the undertakers think that affairs are assuming a *grave* aspect. Public credit, too, is tottering;—nobody will take doctors' *draughts*, and it is difficult to obtain cash for the best bills (of the play). An extensive brandy-ball merchant in the neighbourhood of Oxford-street has called a meeting of his creditors; and serious apprehensions are entertained that a large manufacturer of lollypops in the Haymarket will be unable to meet his heavy liabilities. Two watchmakers in the city have stopped this morning, and what is more extraordinary, their watches have "*stopped*" too.

THE NORMANDIE "NO GO."

The figure, stuffed with shavings, of a French grenadier, constructed by the Duke of Normandie, and exhibited by him recently at Woolwich, which he stated would explode if fired at by bullets of his own construction, positively objected to being blown up in such a ridiculous manner; and though several balls were discharged at the man of shavings, he showed no disposition to move. The Duke waxed exceedingly wroth at the coolness of his soldier, and swore, if he had been a true Frenchman, he would have *gone off* at the first fire.

A CONUNDRUM BY COL. SIBTHORP.

"What's the difference between the top of a mountain and a person afflicted with any disorder?"—"One's a *summit of a hill*, and the other's *ill of a summut*."

A CLASSICAL INSCRIPTION FOR A CIGAR CASE.

Τὸ βακχικὸν δῶρημα λαβὲ, σὲ γὰρ Φιλῶ.—EURIPIDES.

FREE TRANSLATION.

"Accept this gift of To-*Baccha*—cigar fellow."

FASHIONS FOR THE PRESENT WEEK.

Though the dog-days have not yet commenced, *muzzlin* is very general, and a new sort of *shally*, called *shilly-shally*, is getting remarkably prevalent. *Shots* are still considered the greatest hits, for those who are anxious to make a good impression; flounces are *out* in the morning, and *tucks in* at dinner-parties, the latter being excessively full, and much sought after. At *conversaziones*, puffs are very usual, and sleeves are not so tight as before, to allow of their being laughed in; jewels are not now to be met with in the head, which is left *au naturel*—that is to say, as vacant as possible.

"Why is the *Gazette* like a Frenchman's letter?"—"Because it is full of *broken English*."

BREACH OF PRIVILEGE.

In the strangers' gallery in the American house of representatives, the following notice is posted up:—"Gentlemen will be pleased not to place their feet on the boards in front of the gallery, *as the dirt from them falls down on the senators' heads.*" In our English House of Commons, this pleasant *penchant* for dirt-throwing is practised by the members instead of the strangers. It is quite amusing to see with what energy O'Connell and Lord Stanley are wont to bespatter and heap dirt on each other's heads in their legislative squabbles!

SHOCKING WANT OF SYMPATHY.

Sir Peter Laurie has made a sad complaint to the Lord Mayor, of the slippery state of the wooden pavement in the Poultry, and strongly recommended the immediate removal of the *blocks*. This is most barbarous conduct on the part of Sir Peter. Has he lost all natural affection for his kindred, that he should seek to injure them in public estimation? Has he no secret sympathy for the poor blocks whom he has traduced? Let him lay his hand upon his *head* and confess that—

"A fellow feeling; makes us wondrous kind."

[pg 30]

PUNCH AND PEEL

THE NEW CABINET.

PUNCH.—Well, Sir Robert, have you yet picked your men? Come, no mystery between friends. Besides, consider your obligations to your old crony, Punch. Do you forget how I stood by you on the Catholic question? Come, name, name! Who are to pluck the golden pippins—who are to smack lips at the golden fish—who are to chew the fine manchet loaves of Downing-street?

PEEL.—The truth is, my dear Punch—

PUNCH.—Stop. You may put on that demure look, expand your right-hand fingers across the region where the courtesy of anatomy awards to politicians a heart, and talk about truth as a certain old lady with a paper lanthorn before her door may talk of chastity—you may do all this on the hustings; but this is not Tamworth: besides, you are now elected; so take one of these cigars—they were smuggled for me by my revered friend Colonel Sibthorp—fill your glass, and out with the list.

PEEL.—(*Rises and goes to the door, which he double locks; returns to his seat, and takes from his waistcoat pocket a small piece of ass's skin.*) I have jotted down a few names.

PUNCH.—And, I see, on very proper material. Read, Robert, read.

PEEL.—(*In a mild voice and with a slight blush.*)—"First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Robert Peel!"

PUNCH.—Of course. Well?

PEEL.—"First Lord of the Admiralty—Duke of Buckingham."

PUNCH.—An excellent man for the Admiralty. He has been at sea in politics all his life.

PEEL.—"Secretary for Foreign Affairs—Earl of Aberdeen."

PUNCH.—An admirable person for Foreign Affairs, especially if he transacted 'em in Sierra Leone. Proceed.

PEEL.—"Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—Lord Wharncliffe."

PUNCH.—Nothing could be better. Wharncliffe in Ireland! You might as well appoint a red-hot poker to guard a powder magazine. Go on.

PEEL.—"Secretary for Home Department—Goulburn."

PUNCH.—A most domestic gentleman; will take care of home, I am sure. Go on.

PEEL.—"Lord Chancellor—Sir William Follett."

PUNCH.—A capital appointment: Sir William loves the law as a spider loves his spinning; and for the same reason Chancery cobwebs will be at a premium.

PEEL.—"Secretary for the Colonies—Lord Stanley."

PUNCH.—Would make a better Governor of Macquarrie Harbour; but go on.

PEEL.—"President of the Council—Duke of Wellington."

PUNCH.—Think twice there.—The Duke will be a great check upon you. The Duke is now a little too old a mouser to enjoy Tory tricks. He has unfortunately a large amount of common sense; and how fatal must that quality be to the genius of the Wharncliffes, the Goulburns, and the Stanleys! Besides, the Duke has another grievous weakness—he won't lie.

PEEL.—“Secretary for Ireland—Sir H. Hardinge.”

PUNCH.—Come, that will do. Wharncliffe, the flaming torch of Toryism, and Hardinge the small lucifer. How Ireland will be enlightened, and how oranges will go up!

PEEL.—“Lord Chamberlain—Duke of Beaufort.”

PUNCH.—Capital! The very politician for a Court carpet. Besides, he knows the etiquette of every green-room from the Pavilion to the Haymarket. He is, moreover, a member of the Garrick Club; and what, if possible, speaks more for his State abilities—he used to drive the Brighton coach!

PEEL.—“Ambassador at Paris—Lord Lyndhurst.”

PUNCH.—That's something like. How the graces of the Palais Royal will rejoice! There is a peculiar fitness in this appointment; for is not his Lordship son-in-law to old Goldsmid, whilom editor of the *Anti-Galliean*, and for many years an honoured and withal notorious resident of Paris! Of course BEN D'ISRAELI, his Lordship's friend, will get a slice of secretaryship—may be allowed to nib a state quill, if he must not use one. Well, go on.

PEEL.—That's all at present. How d'ye think they read?

PUNCH.—Very glibly—like the summary of a Newgate Calendar. But the truth is, I think we want a little new blood in the next Cabinet.

PEEL.—New blood! Explain, dear Punch.

PUNCH.—Why, most of your people are, unfortunately, tried men. Hence, the people, knowing them as well as they know the contents of their own breeches' pockets, may not be gulled so long as if governed by those whose tricks—I mean, whose capabilities—have not been so strongly marked. With new men we have always the benefit of hope; and with hope much swindling may be perpetrated.

PEEL.—But my Cabinet contains known men.

PUNCH.—That's it; knowing *them*, hope is out of the question. Now, with Ministers less notorious, the Cabinet farce might last a little longer. I have put down a few names; here they are on a blank leaf of *Jack Sheppard*.

PEEL.—A presentation copy, I perceive.

PUNCH.—Why, it isn't generally known; but all the morality, the wit, and the pathos, of that work I wrote myself.

PEEL.—And I must say they're quite worthy of you.

PUNCH.—I know it; but read—read Punch's Cabinet.

PEEL (*reads*).—“First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer—the *Wizard of the North*.”

PUNCH.—And, wizard as he is, he'll have his work to do. He, however, promises that every four-pound loaf shall henceforth go as far as eight, so that no alteration of the Corn Laws shall be necessary. He furthermore promises to plant Blackheath and Government waste grounds with sugar-cane, and to raise the penny post stamp to fourpence, in so delicate a manner that nobody shall feel the extra expense. As for the opposition, what will a man care for even the speeches of a Sibthorp—who can catch any number of bullets, any weight of lead, in his teeth? Go on.

PEEL.—“First Lord of the Admiralty—*T.P. Cooke*.”

PUNCH.—Is he not the very man? Who knows more about the true interests of the navy? Who has beaten so many Frenchmen? Then think of his hornpipe—the very shuffling for a minister.

PEEL.—“Secretary for Foreign Affairs—*Gold dust Solomons*.”

PUNCH.—Show me a better man. Consider the many dear relations he has abroad; and then his admirable knowledge of the rates of exchange? Think of his crucible. Why, he'd melt down all the crowns of Europe into a coffee service for our gracious Queen, and turn the Pope's tiara into coral bells for the little Princess! And I ask you if such feats ain't the practical philosophy of all foreign policy? Go on.

PEEL.—“Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—*Henry Moreton Dyer.*”

PUNCH.—An admirable person. As Ireland is the hotbed of all crimes, do we not want a Lord Lieutenant who shall be able to assess the true value of every indiscretion, from simple murder to compound larceny? As every Irishman may in a few months be in prison, I want a Lord Lieutenant who shall be emphatically the prisoner’s friend. Go on.

PEEL.—“Secretary for Home Department—*George Robins.*”

PUNCH.—A man so intimately connected with the domestic affairs of the influential classes of the country. Go on.

PEEL.—“Lord Chancellor—*Mr. Dunn, barrister.*”

PUNCH.—As it appears to me, the best protector of rich heiresses and orphans. Go on.

PEEL.—“Secretary for the Colonies—*Money Moses.*”

PUNCH.—A man, you will allow, with a great stake, in fact, with all he has, in one of our colonial possessions. Go on.

PEEL.—“President of the Council—*Mrs. Fry.*”

PUNCH.—A lady whose individual respectability may give a convenient cloak to any policy. Go on.

PEEL.—“Secretary for Ireland—*Henry Moreton Dyer’s footman.*”

PUNCH.—On the venerable adage of “like master like man.” Go on.

PEEL.—“Lord Chamberlain—*The boy Jones.*”

PUNCH.—As one best knowing all the intricacies, from the Royal bed-chamber to the scullery, of Buckingham Palace. Besides he will drive a donkey-cart. Go on.

PEEL.—“Ambassador at Paris—*Alfred Bunn, or any other translator of French Operas.*”

PUNCH.—A person who will have a continual sense of the necessities of his country at home; and therefore, by his position, be enabled to send us the earliest copies of M. Scribe’s printed dramas; or, in cases of exigency, the manuscripts themselves. And now, Bobby, what think you of Punch’s Cabinet?

PEEL.—Why, really, I did not think the country contained so much state talent.

PUNCH.—That’s the narrowness of your philosophy; if you were to look with an enlarged, a thinking mind, you’d soon perceive that the distance was not so great from St. James’s to St. Giles’s—from the House of Commons to the House of Correction. Well, do you accept my list?

PEEL.—Excuse me, my dear Punch, I must first try my own; when if that fails—

PUNCH.—You’ll try mine? That’s a bargain.



PREPARATION.



DECORATION.



REALISATION.



TERMINATION.

THE EVENING PARTY.
PREPARATION. DECORATION.
REALIZATION. TERMINATION.

A FAIR OFFER

In compliance with my usual practice, I send you this letter, containing a trifling biographical sketch, and an offer of my literary services. I don't suppose you will accept them, treating me as for forty-three years past all the journals of this empire have done; for I have offered my contributions to them all—all. It was in the year 1798, that escaping from a French prison (that of Toulon, where I had been condemned to the hulks for forgery)—I say, from a French prison, but to find myself incarcerated in an English dungeon (fraudulent bankruptcy, implicated in swindling transactions, falsification of accounts, and contempt of court), I began to amuse my hours of imprisonment by literary composition.

I sent in that year my "Apology for the Corsican," relative to die murder of Captain Wright, to the late Mr. Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*, preparing an answer to the same in the *Times* journal; but as the apology was not accepted (though the argument of it was quite clear, and much to my credit), so neither was the answer received—a sublime piece, Mr. PUNCH, an unanswerable answer.

In the year 1799, I made an attempt on the journal of the late Reverend Mr. Thomas Hill, then fast sinking in years; but he had ill-treated my father, pursuing him before Mr. Justice Fielding for robbing him of a snuff-box, in the year 1740; and he continued his resentment towards my father's unoffending son. I was cruelly rebuffed by Mr. Hill, as indeed I have been by every other newspaper proprietor.

No; there is not a single periodical print which has appeared for forty-three years since, to which I did not make some application. I have by me essays and fugitive pieces in fourteen trunks, seven carpet bags of trifles in verse, and a portmanteau with best part of an epic poem, which it does not become me to praise. I have no less than four hundred and ninety-five acts of dramatic composition, which have been rejected even by the Syncretic Association.

Such is the set that for forty-three years has been made against a man of genius by an envious literary world! Are you going to follow in its wake? Ha, ha, ha! no less than seven thousand three hundred times (the exact number of my applications) have I asked that question. Think well before you reject me, Mr. PUNCH—think well, and at least listen to what I have to say.

It is this: I am not wishing any longer to come forward with tragedies, epics, essays, or original compositions. I am old now—morose in temper, troubled with poverty, jaundice, imprisonment, and habitual indigestion. I hate everybody, and, with the exception of gin-and-water, everything. I know every language, both in the known and unknown worlds; I am profoundly ignorant of history, or indeed of any other useful science, but have a smattering of all. I am excellently qualified to judge and lash the vices of the age, having experienced, I may almost say, every one of them in my own person. The immortal and immoral Goethe, that celebrated sage of Germany, has made exactly the same confession.

I have a few and curious collection of Latin and Greek quotations.

And what is the result I draw from this? This simple one—that, of all men living, I am the most qualified to be a CRITIC, and hereby offer myself to your notice in that capacity.

Recollect, I am always at Home—Fleet Prison, Letter L, fourth staircase, paupers' ward—for a guinea, and a bottle of Hodges' Cordial, I will do anything. I will, for that sum, cheerfully abuse my own father or mother. I can smash Shakspeare; I can prove Milton to be a driveller, or the contrary: but, for preference, take, as I have said, the abusive line.

Send me over then, Mr. P., any person's works whose sacrifice you may require. I will cut him up, sir; I will flay him—flagellate him—finish him! You had better not send me (unless you have a private grudge against the authors, when I am of course at your service)—you had better not send me any works of real merit; for I am infallibly prepared to show that there is not any merit in them. I have not been one of the great unread for forty-three years, without turning my misfortunes to some account. Sir, I know how to make use of my adversity. I have been accused, and rightfully too, of swindling, forgery, and slander. I have been many times kicked down stairs. I am totally deficient in personal courage; but, though I can't fight, I can rail, ay, and well. Send me somebody's works, and you'll see how I will treat them.

Will you have personal scandal? I am your man. I will swear away the character, not only of an author, but of his whole family—the female members of it especially. Do you suppose I care for being beaten? Bah! I no more care for a flogging than a boy does at Eton: and only let the flogger beware—I will be a match for him, I warrant you. The man who beats me is a coward; for he knows I won't resist. Let the dastard strike me then, or leave me, as he likes; but, for a choice, I prefer abusing women, who have no brothers or guardians; for, regarding a thrashing with indifference, I am not such a ninny as to prefer it. And here you have an accurate account of my habits, history, and disposition.

Farewell, sir; if I can be useful to you, command me. If you insert this letter, you will, of course, pay for it, upon my order to that effect. I say this, lest an unprincipled wife and children should apply to you for money. They are in a state of starvation, and will scruple at no dastardly stratagem to procure money. I spent every shilling of Mrs. Jenkinson's property forty-five years ago.

I am, sir, your humble servant,
DIOGENES JENKINSON,

Son of the late Ephraim Jenkinson, well known to Dr. O. Goldsmith; the Rev. — Primrose, D.D., Vicar of Wakefield; Doctor Johnson, of Dictionary celebrity; and other literary gentlemen of the last century.

[We gratefully accept the offer of Mr. Diogenes Jenkinson, whose qualifications render him admirably adapted to fill a situation which Mr. John Ketch has most unhandsomely resigned, doubtlessly stimulated thereto by the probable accession to power of his old friends the Tories. We like a man who dares to own himself—a Jenkinson.—ED.]

FINE ARTS.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert, who has occasionally displayed a knowledge and much liking for the Fine Arts, some time since expressed an intimation to display his ability in sketching landscape from nature. The Royal Academicians immediately assembled *en*

masse; and as they wisely imagined that it would be impolitic in them to let an opportunity slip of not being the very foremost in the direction of matters connected with royalty and their profession, offered, or rather thrust forward, their services to arrange the landscape according to the established rules of art laid down by this self-elected body of the professors of the beauties of nature. St. James's-park, within the enclosure, having been hinted as the nearest and most suitable spot for the royal essay, the Academicians were in active service at an early hour of the appointed day: some busied themselves in making foreground objects, by pulling down trees and heaping stones together from the neighbouring macadamized stores; others were most fancifully spotting the trees with whitewash and other mixtures, in imitation of moss and lichens. The classical Howard was awfully industrious in grouping some swans, together with several kind-hearted ladies from the adjoining purlieus of Tothill-street, who had been most willingly secured as models for water-nymphs. The most rabidly-engaged gentleman was Turner, who, despite the remonstrances of his colleagues upon the expense attendant upon his whimsical notions, would persist in making the grass more natural by emptying large buckets of treacle and mustard about the ground. Another old gentleman, whose name we cannot at this moment call to recollection, spent the whole of his time in placing "a little man a-fishing," that having been for many years his fixed belief as the only illustration of the pastoral and picturesque. In the meantime, to their utter disappointment, however, his Royal Highness quietly strolled with his sketch-book into another quarter.

A BARRISTER'S CARD.

Mr. Briefless begs to inform the public and his friends in general, that he has opened chambers in Pump-court.—N.B. Please to go down the area steps.

In consequence of the general pressure for money, Mr. Briefless has determined to do business at the following very reduced scale of prices; and flatters himself, that having been very long a member of a celebrated debating society, he will be found to possess the qualities so essential to a legal advocate.

Motions of cause, 6*s.* 6*d.*—Usual charge, 10*s.* 5*d.*
 Undefended actions, (from) 15*s.*—Usually (from) 2*l.* 2*s.*
 Actions for breach of promise (from) 1*l.* 1*s.*—Usually (from) 5*l.* 5*s.* to 500*l.*
 Ditto, with appeals to the feelings, (from) 3*l.* 3*s.*
 Ditto, ditto, very superior, 5*l.* 5*s.*
 Ditto, with tirades against the law (a highly approved mixture), 3*l.* 3*s.*

N.B. To the three last items there is an addition of five shillings for a reply, should one be rendered requisite. Mr. Briefless begs to call attention to the fact, that feeling the injustice that is done to the public by the system of refreshers, he will in all cases, where he is retained, take out his refreshers in brandy, rum, gin, ale, or porter.

Injured innocence carefully defended. Oppression and injustice punctually persecuted. A liberal allowance to attorneys and solicitors.

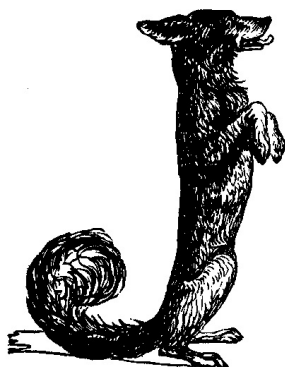
A few old briefs wanted as dummies. Any one having a second-hand coachman's wig to dispose of may hear of a purchaser.

THE WIFE CATCHERS.

A LEGEND OF MY UNCLE'S BOOTS.

"Ah! sure a *pair* was never seen,
 More justly form'd—"

CHAPTER I.



ack, said my uncle Ned to me one evening, as we sat facing each other, on either side of the old oak table, over which, for the last thirty years, my worthy kinsman's best stories had been told, "Jack," said he, "do you remember the pair of yellow-topped boots that hung upon the peg in the hall, before you went to college?"

"Certainly, uncle; they were called by every one, 'The Wife Catchers.'"

"Well, Jack, many a title has been given more undeservedly—many a rich heiress they were the means of bringing into our family. But they are no more, Jack. I lost the venerated relics just one week after your poor dear aunt departed this life."

My uncle drew out his bandanna handkerchief and applied it to his eyes; but I cannot be

positive to which of the family relics this tribute of affectionate recollection was paid.

"Peace be with their *soles!*" said I, solemnly. "By what fatal chance did our old friends slip off the peg?"

"Alas!" replied my uncle, "it was a melancholy accident; and as I perceive you take an interest in their fate, I will relate it to you. But first fill your glass, Jack; you need not be afraid of this stuff; it never saw the face of a gauger. Come, no skylights; 'tis as mild as new milk; there's not a head-ache in a hogshead of it."

To encourage me by his example, my uncle grasped the huge black case-bottle which stood before him, and began to manufacture a tumbler of punch according to Father Tom's popular receipt.

Whilst he is engaged in this pleasing task, I will give my readers a pen-and-ink sketch of my respected relative. Fancy a man declining from his fiftieth year, but fresh, vigorous, and with a greenness in his age that might put to the blush some of our modern hotbed-reared youths, with the best of whom he could cross a country on the back of his favourite hunter, *Cruiskeen*, and when the day's sport was over, could put a score of them under the aforementioned oak table—which, by the way, was frequently the only one of the company that kept its legs upon these occasions of Hibernian hospitality. I think I behold him now, with his open, benevolent brow, thinly covered with grey hair, his full blue eye and florid cheek, which glowed like the sunny side of a golden-pippin that the winter's frost had ripened without shrivelling. But as he has finished the admixture of his punch, I will leave him to speak for himself.

"You know, Jack," said he, after gulping down nearly half the newly-mixed tumbler, by way of sample, "you know that our family can lay no claim to antiquity; in fact, our pedigree ascends no higher, according to the most authentic records, than Shawn Duffy, my grandfather, who rented a small patch of ground on the sea-coast, which was such a barren, unprofitable spot, that it was then, and is to this day, called 'The Devil's Half-acre.' And well it merited the name, for if poor Shawn was to break his heart at it, he never could get a better crop than thistles or ragweed off it. But though the curse of sterility seemed to have fallen on the land, Fortune, in order to recompense Shawn for Nature's niggardliness, made the caverns and creeks of that portion of the coast which bounded his farm towards the sea the favourite resort of smugglers. Shawn, in the true spirit of Christian benevolence, was reputed to have favoured those enterprising traders in their industry, by assisting to convey their cargoes into the interior of the country. It was on one of those expeditions, about five o'clock on a summer's morning, that a gauger unluckily met my grandfather carrying a bale of tobacco on his back."

Here my uncle paused in his recital, and leaning across the table till his mouth was close to my ear, said, in a confidential whisper—

"Jack, do *you* consider killing a gauger—murder?"

"Undoubtedly, sir."

"You do?" he replied, nodding his head significantly. "Then heaven forgive my poor grandfather. However, it can't be helped now. The gauger was found dead, with an ugly fracture in his skull, the next day; and, what was rather remarkable, Shawn Duffy began to thrive in the world from that time forward. He was soon able to take an extensive farm, and, in a little time, began to increase in wealth and importance. But it is not so easy as some people imagine to shake off the remembrance of what we have been, and it is still more difficult to make our friends oblivious on that point, particularly if we have ascended in the scale of respectability. Thus it was, that in spite of my grandfather's weighty purse, he could not succeed in prefixing *Mister* to his name; find he continued for a long time to be known as plain 'Shawn Duffy, of the Devil's Half-acre.' It was undoubtedly a most diabolic address; but Shawn was a man of considerable strength of mind, as well as of muscle, and he resolved to become a *juntleman*, despite this damning reminiscence. Vulgarity, it is said, sticks to a man like a limpet to a rock. Shawn knew the best way to rub it off would be by mixing with good society. Dress, he always understood, was the best passport he could bring for admission within the pale of gentility; accordingly, he boldly attempted to pass the boundary of plebeianism, by appearing one fine morning at the fair of Ballybreesthawn in a flaming red waistcoat, an elegant *oarline*² hat, a pair of buckskin breeches, and a new pair of yellow-topped boots, which, with the assistance of large plated spurs, and a heavy silver-mounted whip, took the shine out of the smartest squireens at the fair.

2. A beaver hat.

"Fortunately for the success of my grandfather's invasion of the aristocratic rights, it occurred on the eve of a general election, and as he had the command of six or eight votes in the county, his interest was a matter of some importance to the candidates. Be that as it may, it was with feelings little short of absolute dismay, that the respectable inhabitants of the extensive village of Ballybreesthawn beheld the metamorphosed tenant of 'The Devil's Half-acre,' walking arm-in-arm down the street with Sir Denis Daly, the popular candidate. At all events, this public and familiar promenade had the effect of establishing *Mister* John

Duffy's dubious gentility. He was invited to dine the same day by the attorney; and on the following night the apothecary proposed his admission as a member of the Ballybreesthawn Liberal reading-room. It was even whispered that Bill Costigan, who went twice a-year to Dublin for goods, was trying to strike up a match between Shawn, who was a hale widower, and his aunt, an ancient spinster, who was set down by report as a fortune of seven hundred pounds. Negotiations were actually set on foot, and several preliminary bottles of potteen had been drunk by the parties concerned, when, unfortunately, in the high road to happiness, my poor grandfather caught a fever, and popped off, to the inexpressible grief of the expectant bride, who declared her intention of dying in the virgin state; to which resolution, there being no dissentient voice, it was carried *nem. con.*

"Thus died the illustrious founder of our family; but happy was it for posterity that the yellow-topped boots did not die along with him; these, with the red waistcoat, the leather breeches, and plated spurs, remained to raise the fortunes of our house to a higher station. The waistcoat has been long since numbered with the waistcoats before the flood; the buckskins, made of 'sterner stuff,' stood the wear and tear of the world for a length of time, but at last were put out of commission; while the boots, more fortunate or tougher than their leathern companions, endured more than forty years of actual service through all the ramifications of our extensive family. In this time they had suffered many dilapidations; but by the care and ingenuity of the family cobbler, they were always kept in tolerable order, and performed their duty with great credit to themselves, until an unlucky accident deprived me of my old and valued friends."

POOR JOHN BULL.

That knowing jockey Sir Robert Peel has stated that the old charger, John Bull, is, from over-feeding, growing restive and unmanageable—kicking up his heels, and playing sundry tricks extremely unbecoming in an animal of his advanced age and many infirmities. To keep down this playful spirit, Sir Robert proposes that a new burthen be placed upon his back in the shape of a house-tax, pledging himself that it shall be heavy enough to effect the desired purpose. Commend us to these Tories—they are rare fellows for



BREAKING A HORSE.

A STRONG RESEMBLANCE.

Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer has frequently been accused of identifying himself with the heroes of his novels. His late treatment at Lincoln leaves no doubt of his identity with



THE DISOWNED.

A PRUDENT CHANGE.

"So Lord John Russell is married," said one of the Carlton Club loungers to Colonel Sibthorp the other morning. "Yes," replied that gallant punster; "his Lordship is at length convinced that his talents will be better employed in the management of the *Home* than the *Colonial* department."

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THE ABOVE-BRIDGE NAVY.

AN ARTICLE INTENDED FOR THE "QUARTERLY REVIEW," BUT FALLEN INTO THE HANDS OF "PUNCH."

- I. — *Hours of the Starting of the Boats of the Iron Steam Boat Company.* London: 1841.
- II. — *Notes of a Passenger on Board the Bachelor, during a Voyage from Old Swan Pier, London Bridge, to the Red House, Battersea.* CATNACH: 1840.
- III. — *Rule Britannia, a Song.* London: 1694.
- IV. — *Two Years before the Mast.* CUNNINGHAM. London.
- V. — *Checks issued by the London and Westminster Steam Boat Company.* CATTARNS AND FRY.

At a time when the glory of England stands—like a door shutting or opening either way—entirely upon a pivot; when the hostile attitude of enemies abroad threatens not more, nor perhaps less, than the antagonistic posture of foes at home—at such a time there is at least a yet undug and hitherto unexplored mine of satisfaction in the refreshing fact, that the Thames is fostering in his bosom an entirely new navy, calculated to bid defiance to the foe—should he ever come—in the very heart and lungs, the very bowels and vitals, the very liver and lungs, or, in one emphatic word, the very pluck of the metropolis. There is not a more striking instance of the remarkable connexion between little—very little—causes, and great—undeniably great—effects, than the extraordinary origin, rise, progress, germ, development, and maturity, of the *above-bridge navy*, the bringing of which prominently before the public, who may owe to that navy at some future—we hope so incalculably distant as never to have a chance of arriving—day, the salvation of their lives, the protection of their hearths, the inviolability of their street-doors, and the security of their properties. Sprung from a little knot of (we wish we could say "*jolly young*," though truth compels us to proclaim) far from jolly, and decidedly old, "watermen," the *above-bridge navy*, whose shattered and unfrequented wherries were always "in want of a fare," may now boast of covering the bosom of the Thames with its fleet of steamers; thus, as it were, bringing the substantial piers of London Bridge within a stone's throw—if we may be allowed to pitch it so remarkably strong—of the once remote regions of the Beach³, and annihilating, as it were, the distance between sombre southwark and bloom-breathing Battersea.

3. Chelsea.

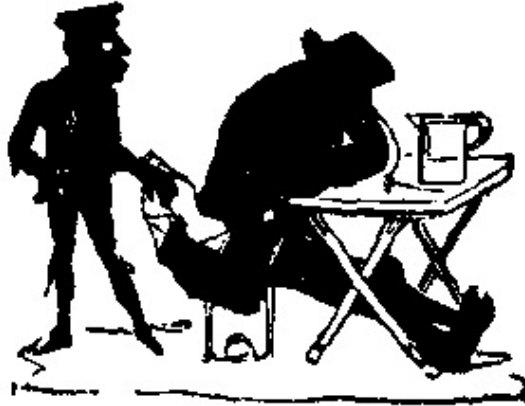
The establishment of this little fleet may well be a proud reflection to those shareholders who, if they have no dividend in specie, have another species of dividend in the swelling gratification with which the heart of every one must be inflated, as, on seeing one of the noble craft dart with the tide through the arches—supposing, of course, it does not strike against them—of Westminster Bridge, he is enabled mentally to exclaim, "There goes some of *my* capital!" But if the pride of the proprietor—if *he* can be called a proprietor who derives nothing from his property—be great, what must be the feelings of the captain to whose guidance the bark is committed! We can scarcely conceive a nobler subject of contemplation than one of those once indigent—not to say absolutely done up—watermen, perched proudly on the summit of a paddle-box, and thinking—as he very likely does, particularly when the vessel swags and sways from side to side—of the height he stands upon.

It may be, and has been, urged by some, that the Thames is not exactly the place to form the naval character; that a habit of braving the "dangers of the deep" is hardly to be acquired where one may walk across at low tide, on account of the water being so confoundedly *shallow*: but these are cavillings which the lofty and truly patriotic mind will at once and indignantly repudiate. The humble urchin, whose sole duty consists in throwing out a rope to each pier, and holding hard by it while the vessel stops, may one day be destined for some higher service: and where is the English bosom that will not beat at the thought, that the dirty lad below, whose exclamation of "Ease her!—stop her!—one turn ahead!"—may one day be destined to give the word of command on the quarterdeck, and receive, in the shape of a cannon-ball, a glorious full-stop to his honourable services!

Looking as we do at the *above-bridge navy*, in a large and national light, we are not inclined to go into critical details, such as are to be met with, *passim*, in the shrewd and amusing work of "The Passenger on board the Bachelor." There may be something in the objection, that there is no getting comfortably into one of these boats when one desires to go by it. It may be true, that a boy's neglecting "to hold" sufficiently "hard," may keep the steamer vibrating and sliding about, within a yard of the pier, without approaching it. But

these are small considerations, and we are not sure that the necessity of keeping a sharp look out, and jumping aboard at precisely the right time, does not keep up that national ingenuity which is not the least valuable part of the English character. In the same light are we disposed to regard the occasional running aground of these boats, which, at all events, is a fine practical lesson of patience to the passengers. The collisions are not so much to our taste, and these, we think, though useful to a certain extent for inculcating caution, should be resorted to as rarely as possible.

We have not gone into the system of signals and "*hand motions*," if we may be allowed to use a legal term, by which the whole of this navy is regulated; but these, and other details, may, perhaps, be the subject of some future article for we are partial to



TAKING IT EASY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Newcastle-street, July —, 1841.

MR. PUNCH,—Little did I think wen i've bin a gaping and starin' at you in the streats, that i shud ever happli to you for gustice. Isntet a shame that peepke puts advurtusmints in the papers for a howsmaid for a lark, as it puts all the poor survents out of plaice into a dredfool situashun.

As i alwuss gets a peep at the paper on the landin' as i takes it up for breckfus, i was unfoughtunite enuf to see a para—thingem-me-bob—for a howsmaid, wanted in a nobbleman's fameli. On course, a young woman has a rite to better hurself if she can; so I makes up my mind at wunce—has i oney has sicks pouns a ear, and finds my own t and shuggar—i makes up my mind to arsk for a day out; which, has the cold mutting was jest enuf for mastur and missus without me, was granrted me. I soon clears up the kitshun, and goes up stares to clean mysef. I puts on my silk gronin-napple gownd, and my lase pillowrin, likewise my himitashun vermin tippit, (give me by my cussen Harry, who keeps kumpany with me on hot-dinner days), also my tuskin bonnit, parrersole, and blacbag; and i takes mysef orf to South-street, but what was my felines, wen, on wringing the belle, a boy anser'd the daw, with two roes of brarse beeds down his jacket.

"Can i speek a word with the futman?" says i, in my ingaugingist manner.

"i'm futman," says he.

"Then the cook," says i.

"We arn't no cook," says he.

"No cook!" says i, almoste putrifide with surprise; "you must be jokin'"—

"Jokin'," says he; "do you no who lives here?"

"Not exacly," says i.

"Lord Milburn," says he.

i thort i shud have dropt on the step, as a glimmerin' of the doo shot aX my mine.

"Then you don't want no howsmaid?" says i.

"Howsmaid!" says the boy; "go to blazes: (What could he mean by



GOING TO BLAZES?)

"No; i've toled fifty on ye so this mornin'—it's a oaks."

"Then more shame of Lord Milborn to do it," says i; "he may want a place hissef some day or other," sayin' of which i boused off the doorstep, with all tho dignity i could command.

Now, what i wants to no is, wether i can't summons his lordship for my day out. Harry sais, should i ever come in contract with Lord Milborn, i'm to trete him with the silent kontempt of

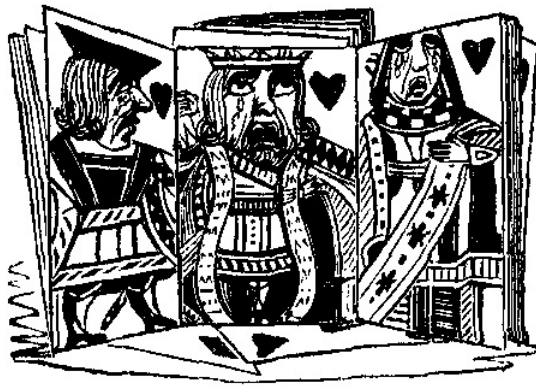
Yours truly,



AN INDIGNANT HOUSEMAID.

A MOVING SCENE.

The present occupants of the government premises in Downing-street, whose leases will expire in a few days, are busily employed packing up their small affairs before the new tenants come into possession. It is a pitiful sight to behold these poor people taking leave of their softly-stuffed seats, their rocking-chairs, their footstools, slippers, cushions, and all those little official comforts of which they nave been so cruelly deprived. That man must, indeed, be hard-hearted who would refuse to sympathise with their sorrows, or to uplift his voice in the doleful Whig chorus,—



THE PACK IN FULL CRY.

[pg 36]

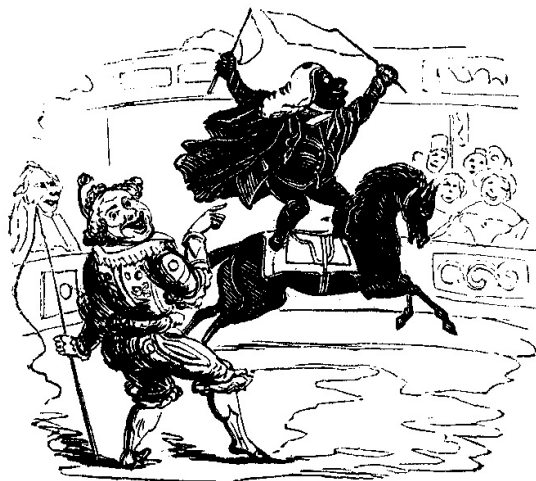
THE DRAMA

DUCROW AT SADLER'S WELLS.

When, in a melo-drama, the bride is placing her foot upon the first step of the altar, and Ruffiaano tears her away, far from the grasp of her lover; when a rich uncle in a farce dies to oblige a starving author in a garret; when, two rivals duellise with toasting-forks; when such things are plotted and acted in the theatre, hypercritics murmur at their improbability; but compare them with the haps of the drama off the stage, and they become the veriest of commonplaces. This is a world of change: the French have invaded Algiers, British arms are doing mortal damage in the Celestial Empire, Poulett Thomson has gone over to Canada, and oh! wonder of wonders! Astley's has removed to Sadler's Wells!! The pyrotechnics of the former have gone on a visit to the hydraulics of the latter, the red fire of Astley's has come in contact with the real water of the Wells, yet, marvel superlative! the unnatural meeting has been successful—there has not been a single *hiss*.

What was the use of Sir Hugh Middleton bringing the New River to a "head," or of King Jamie buying shares in the speculation on purpose to supply Sadler's Wells with real water, if it is to be drained off from under the stage to make way for horses? Shade of Dibdin! ghost of Grimaldi! what would you have said in your day? To be sure ye were guilty of pony races: they took place *outside* the theatre, but within the walls, in the very *cella* of the aquatic temple, till now, never! We wonder ye do not rise up and "pluck bright Honner from the vasty deep" of his own tank.

Sawdust at Sadler's Wells! What next, Mr. Merriman?



A JUDGE GOING THE CIRCUIT.

If Macready had been engaged for Clown, and set down to sing "hot codlins;" were Palmerston "secured" for Pierrot, or Lord Monteagle for Jim Crow, who would have wondered? But to saddle "The Wells" with horses—profanity unparalleled!

Spitefully predicting failure from this terrible declension of the drama, we went, in a mood intensely ill-natured, to witness how the "Horse of the Pyrenees" would behave himself at Sadler's Wells. From the piece so called we anticipated no amusement; we thought the regular company would make but sorry equestrians, and, like the King of Westphalia's hussars, would prove totally inefficient, from not being habituated to mount on horseback. Happily we were mistaken; nothing could possibly *go* better than both the animals and the piece. The actors acquitted themselves manfully, even including the horses. The mysterious

Arab threw no damp over the performances, for he was personated by Mr. Dry. The little Saracen was performed so well by *le petit Ducrow*, that we longed to see *more* of him. The desperate battle fought by about sixteen supernumeraries at the pass of Castle Moura, was quite as sanguinary as ever: the combats were perfection—the glory of the red fire was nowise dimmed! It was magic, yes, it *was* magic! Mr. Widdicomb was there!!

Thinking of magic and Mr. Widdicomb (of whom dark hints of identification with the wandering Jew have been dropped—who, *we know*, taught Prince George of Denmark horsemanship—who is mentioned by Addison in the "Spectator," by Dr. Johnson in the "Rambler," and helped to put out each of the three fires that have happened at Astley's during the last two centuries), brought by these considerations to a train of mind highly susceptible of supernatural agency, we visited—

THE WIZARD OF THE NORTH,

the illustrious professor of *Phœnixistography*, and other branches of the black art, the names of which are as mysterious as their performance.

One only specimen of his prowess convinced us of his supernatural talents. He politely solicited the loan of a bank-note—he was not choice as to the amount or bank of issue. "It may be," saith the play-bill, "a Bank of England or provincial note, for any sum from five pounds to one thousand." His is better magic than Owen Glendower's, for the note "did come when he did call it!" for a confiding individual in the boxes (dress circle of course) actually did lend him, the Wizard, a cool hundred! Conceive the power, in a metaphysical sense, the conjuror must have had over the lender's mind! Was it animal magnetism?—was it terror raised by his extraordinary performances, that spirited the cash out of the pocket of the man? who, perhaps, thought that such supernatural talents *might* be otherwise employed against his very existence, thus occupying his perturbed soul with the alternative, "Your money or your life!"

This subject is deeply interesting to actors out of engagements, literary men, and people who "have seen better days"—individuals who have brought this species of conjuration to a high state of perfection. It is a new and important chapter in the "art of borrowing." We perceive in the Wizard's advertisements he takes pupils, and offers to make them proficient in any of his delusions at a guinea per trick. We intend to put ourselves under his instructions for the bank-note trick, the moment we can borrow one-pound-one for that purpose.

Besides this, the Wizard does a variety of things which made our hair stand on end, even while reading their description in his play-bill. We did not see him perform them. There was no occasion—the bank-note trick convinced us—for the man who can borrow a hundred pounds whenever he wants it can do anything.

Everybody ought to go and see him. Young ladies having a taste for sentimental-looking men, who wear their hair *à la jeune France*; natural historians who want to see guinea-pigs fly; gamblers who would like to be made "fly" to a card trick or two; *connoisseurs*, who wish to see how plum-pudding may be made in hats, will all be gratified by a visit to the Adelphi.

MACBETH AT THE SURREY.

We heard the "Macbeth choruses" exquisitely performed, and saw the concluding combat furiously fought at this theatre. This was all, appertaining unto Macbeth in which we could detect a near approach to the meaning and purpose of the text, except the performance of the *Queen*, by Mrs. H. Vining, who seemed to understand the purport of the words she had to speak, and was, consequently, inoffensive—a rare merit when Shakspeare is attempted on the other side of the Thames.

The qualifications demanded of an actor by the usual run of Surrey audiences are lungs of undeniable efficiency, limbs which will admit of every variety of contortion, and a talent for broad-sword combats. How, then, could the new Macbeth—a Mr. Graham—think of choosing this theatre for his first appearance? His deportment is quiet, and his voice weak. It has, for instance, been usually thought, by most actors, that after a gentleman has murdered his sovereign, and caused a similar peccadillo to be committed upon his dearest friend, he would be, in some degree, agitated, and put out of the even tenor of his way, when the ghost of Banquo appears at the banquet. On such an occasion, John Kemble and Edmund Kean used to think it advisable to start with an expression of terror or horror; but Mr. Graham indulges us with a new reading. He carefully places one foot somewhat in advance of the other, and puts his hands together with the utmost deliberation. Again, he says mildly—

"Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!"

in a tone which would well befit the situation, if the text ran thus:—

"Dear me, how singular! Pray go!"

When he does attempt to vociferate, the asthmatic complaint under which he evidently labours prevents him from delivering the sentences in more copious instalments than the following:—

"I'll fight—till—from my bones—my flesh—be hacked!"

We may be told that Mr. Graham cannot help his physical defects; but he can help being an actor, and, above all, choosing a part which requires great prowess of voice. In less trying characters, he may prove an acquisition; for he showed no lack of judgment nor of acquaintance with the conventional rules of the stage. At the Surrey, and in "Macbeth," he is entirely out of his element. Above all, let him never play with Mr. Hicks, whose energy in the combat scene, and ranting all through *Macduff*, brought down "*Brayvo, Hicks!*" in showers. The contrast is really too disadvantageous.

But the choruses! Never were they more bewitchingly performed. Leffler sings the part of *Hecate* better than his best friends could have anticipated; and, apart from the singing, Miss Romer's *acting* in the *soprano* witch, is picturesque in the extreme.

HOP INTELLIGENCE

Fanny Elsler has made an enormous fortune by her *trips* in America. Few *pockets* are so crammed by *hops* as hers.

Oscar Byrne, professor of the College Hornpipe to the London University, had a long interview yesterday with Lord Palmerston to give his lordship lessons in the new waltz step. The master complains that, despite a long political life's practice, the pupil does not turn *quick enough*. A change was, however, apparent at the last lesson, and his lordship is expected soon to be able to effect a complete *rota-tory* motion.

Mademoiselle Taglioni has left London for Germany, her fatherland, the country of her *pas*.

The society for the promotion of civilization have engaged Mr. Tom Matthews to teach the Hottentots the minuet-de-la-Cour and tumbling. He departs with the other missionaries when the hot weather sets in.

Charles Kean is becoming so popular with the jokers of the day, that we have serious thoughts of reserving a corner entirely to his use. Amongst the many hits at the young tragedian, the two following are not the worst:—

EARLY ADVANTAGES.

"Kean's juvenile probation at Eton has done him good service with the aristocratic patrons of the drama," remarked a lady to a witty friend of ours. "Yes, madam," was the reply, "he seems to have gained by *Eaton* what his father lost by *drinking*."

BILL-STICKERS BEWARE.

"How Webster puffs young Kean—he seems to monopolise the walls!" said Wakley to his colleague, Tom Duncombe. "Merely a realisation of the adage,—*The weakest always goes to the wall*," replied the idol of Finsbury.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

VOL. 1.

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."

1. A drink is better than a story.

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 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, furbished 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*.

[pg 38]

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*

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.

ΕΙΣ ΑΥΠΑΝ.

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.

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 ~~4~~ 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?”

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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.

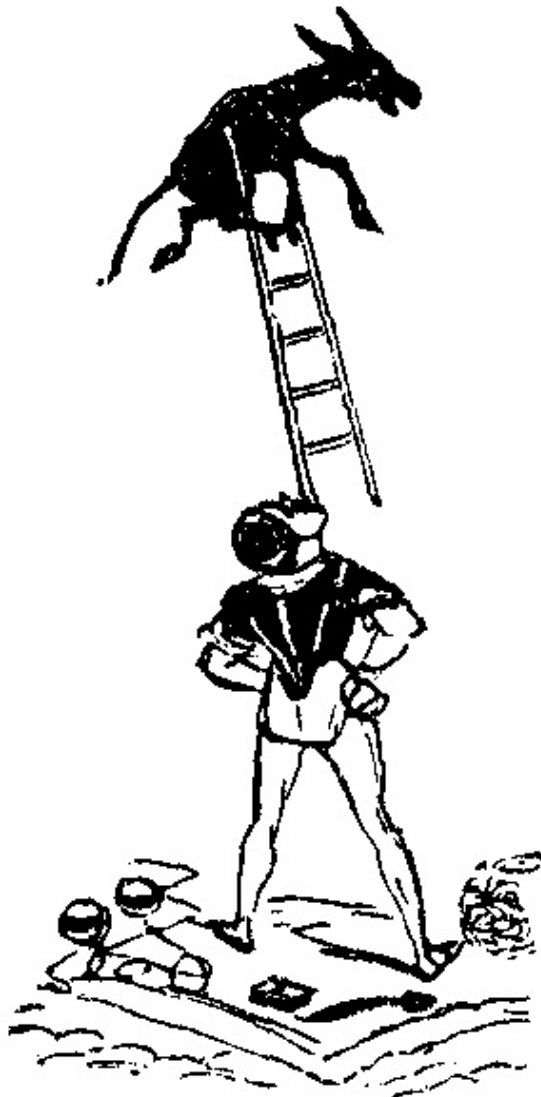
"With too much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen."—*Troilus and Cressida*.

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 ancles 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.

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PUNCH'S PENCILLINGS—No. IV.



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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—



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!*"

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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 sea, 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 egxtromary 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 Krokvill. 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 captin 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. Captin 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.

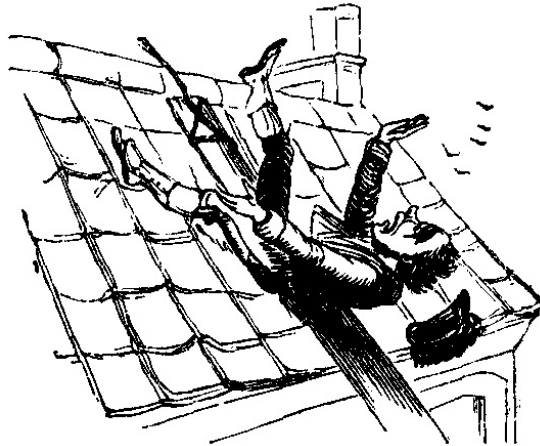
One night, returnin home to bed,
I walk'd through Pim-li-co,
And, twigging of the Palass, sed,
"I'm Jones and In-i-go."
But afore I could get out, my boys
Pollise-man 20 A,
He caught me by the corderoys,
And lugged me right a-way.

My cuss upon Lord Melbun, and
On Jonny Russ-all-so,

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

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—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 srwife 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 jocular 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.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

VOL. 1.

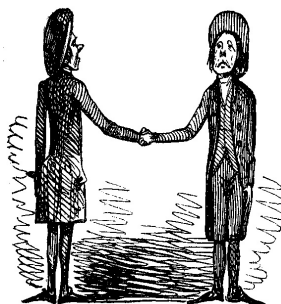
AUGUST 14, 1841.

THE WIFE CATCHERS.

A LEGEND OF MY UNCLE'S BOOTS.

In Four Chapters.

CHAPTER III.



aberdashers, continued my friend the boot, are wonderful people; they make the greatest show out of the smallest stock—whether of brains or ribbons—of any men in the world. A stranger could not pass through the village of Ballybreesthawn without being attracted by a shop which occupied the corner of the Market-square and the main street, with a window looking both ways for custom. In these windows were displayed sundry articles of use and ornament—toys, stationery, perfumery, ribbons, laces, hardware, spectacles, and Dutch dolls.

In a glass-case on the counter were exhibited patent medicines, Birmingham jewellery, court-plaster, and side-combs. Behind the counter might be seen Mr. Matthew Tibbins, quite a precedent for country shop-keepers, with uncommonly fair hair and slender fingers, a profusion of visible linen, and a most engaging lisp. In addition to his personal attractions, Tibbins possessed a large stock of accomplishments, which, like his goods, "might safely challenge competition." He was an acknowledged wit, and retailed compliments and cotton balls to the young ladies who visited his emporium. As a poet, too, his merits were universally known; for he had once contributed a poetic charade to the *Ladies' Almanack*. He, moreover, played delightfully on the Jews'-harp, knew several mysterious tricks in cards, and was an adept in the science of bread and butter-cutting, which made him a prodigious favourite with maiden aunts and side-table cousins. This was the individual whom fate had ordained to cross and thwart Terence in his designs upon the heart of Miss Biddy O'Brannigan, and upon whom that young lady, in sport or caprice, bestowed a large dividend of those smiles which Terence imagined should be devoted solely to himself.

The man of small wares was, in truth, a dangerous rival, from his very insignificance. Had he been a man of spirit or corporal consideration, Terence would have pistolled or thrashed him out of his audacious notions; but the creature was so smiling and submissive that he could not, for the life of him, dirty his fingers with such a contemptible wretch. Thus

Tibbins continued flattering and wriggling himself into Miss Bidby's good graces, while Terence was fighting and kissing the way to her heart, till the poor girl was fairly bothered between them.

Miss Bidby O'Brannigan, I should have told you, sir, was an heiress, valued at one thousand pounds in hard cash, living with an old aunt at Rookawn Lodge, about six miles from Ballybreesthawn; and to this retreat of the loves and graces might the rival lovers be seen directing their course, after mass, every Sunday;—the haberdasher in a green gig with red wheels, and your uncle mounted on a bit of blood, taking the coal off Tibbins's pipe with the impudence of his air, and the elegant polish of your humble servants.

Matters went on in this way for some time—Miss O'Brannigan not having declared in favour of either of her suitors—when one bitter cold evening, I remember it was in the middle of January, we were whipped off our peg in the hall, and in company with our fellow-labourers, the buckskin continuations, were carried up to your uncle, whom we found busily preparing for a ball, which was to be given that night by the heiress of Rookawn Lodge. I confess that my brother and myself felt a strong presentiment that something unfortunate would occur, and our forebodings were shared by the buckskins, who, like ourselves, felt considerable reluctance to join in the expedition. Remonstrance, however, would have been idle; we therefore submitted with the best grace we could, and in a few minutes were bestriding Terence's favourite hunter, and crossing the country over ditch, dyke, and drain, as if we were tallying at the tail of a fox. The night was dark, and a recent fall of rain had so swollen a mountain stream which lay in our road, that when we reached the ford, which was generally passable by foot passengers, Terence was obliged to swim his horse across, and to dismount on the opposite side, in order to assist the animal up a steep clayey bank which had been formed by the torrent undermining and cutting away the old banks.

Although we had received no material damage, you may suppose that our appearance was not much improved by the water and yellow clay into which we had been plunged; and had it been possible, we would have blushed with vexation, on finding ourselves introduced by Terence in a very unseemly state, amidst the titters of a number of young people, into the ball-room at Rookawn Lodge. However, we became somewhat reassured, when we heard the droll manner in which he related his swim, with such ornamental flourishes and romantic embellishments as made him an object of general interest during the night.

Matthew Tibbins had already taken the field in a blue satin waistcoat and nankeen trousers. At the instant we entered the dancing-room, he had commenced lispng to Miss Bidby, in a tender love-subdued tone, a couplet which he had committed to memory for the occasion, when a glance of terrible meaning from Terence's eye met his—the unfinished stanza died in his throat, and without waiting the nearer encounter of his dreaded rival, he retreated to a distant corner of the apartment, leaving to Terence the post of honour beside the heiress.

"Mr. Duffy," said she, accompanying her words with the blandest smile you can conceive, as he approached, "what a wonderful escape you have had. Dear me! I declare you are dripping wet. Will you not change your—clothes?" and Miss Bidby glanced furtively at the buckskins, which, like ourselves, had got thoroughly soaked. "Oh! by no means, my dear Miss Bidby," replied Terence, gaily; "'tis only a thrifle of water—that won't hurt them"—and then added, in a confidential tone, "don't you know I'd go through fire as well as water for one kind look from those deludin' eyes."

"Shame, Mr. Duffy! how can you!" responded Miss Bidby, putting her handkerchief to her face to make believe she blushed.

"Isn't it the blessed truth—and don't you know it is, you darling?—Oh! Miss Bidby, I'm wasting away like a farthing candle in the dog-days—I'm going down to my snug grave through your cruelty. The daisies will be growing over me afore next Easter—Ugh—ugh—ugh. I've a murderin' cough too, and nothing can give me ase but yourself, Miss Bidby," cried Terence eagerly.

"Hush! they'll hear you," said the heiress.

"I don't care who hears me," replied Terence desperately; "I can't stand dying by inches this way. I'll destroy myself."

"Oh, Terence!" murmured Miss O'Brannigan.

"Yes," he continued: "I loaded my pistols this morning, and I told Barney M'Guire, the dog-feeder, to come over and shoot me the first thing he does in the morning."

"Terence, *dear*, what do you want? What am I to say?" inquired the trembling girl.

"Say," cried Terence, who was resolved to clinch the business at a word; "say that you love me."

The handkerchief was again applied to Miss O'Brannigan's face, and a faint affirmative

issued from the depths of the cambric. Terence's heart hopped like a racket-ball in his breast.

"Give me your hand upon it," he whispered.

Miss Bidy placed the envied *palm*, not on his brows, but in his hand, and was led by him to the top of a set which was forming for a country dance, from whence they started off at the rate of one of our modern steam-engines, to the spirit-stirring tune of "Haste to the Wedding." There was none of the pirouetting, and chasseur-ing, and balancer-ing, of your slip-shod quadrilles in vogue then—it was all life and action: swing corners in a hand gallop, turn your partner in a whirlwind, and down the middle like a flash of lightning.

Terence had never acquitted himself so well; he cut, capered, and set to his partner with unusual agility; *we* naturally participated in the admiration he excited, and in the fullness of our triumph, while brushing past the flimsy nankeens worn by Tibbins, I could not refrain from bestowing a smart kick upon his shins, that brought the tears to his eyes with pain and vexation.

After the dance had concluded, Terence led his glowing partner to a cool quiet corner, where leaving her, he flew to the side table, and in less time than he would take to bring down a snipe, he was again beside her with a large mugful of hot negus, into which he had put, by way of stiffener, a copious dash of mountain dew.

"How do you like it, my darling?" asked Terence, after Miss Bidy had read the maker's name in the bottom of the mug.

"Too strong, I'm afraid," replied the heiress.

"Strong! Wake as *tay*, upon my honour! Miss Bidy," cried Mr. Duffy.

(The result of Terence Duffy's courtship will be given in the next chapter).

SONGS FOR THE SENTIMENTAL.

No. IV.

O Dinna paint her charms to me,
I ken that she is fair;
I ken her lips might tempt the bee—
Her een with stars compare,
Such transient gifts I ne'er did prize,
My heart they couldna win;
I dinna scorn my Jeannie's eyes—
But has she ony tin?

The fairest cheek, alas! may fade
Beneath the touch of years;
The een where light and gladness play'd
May soon grow dim wi' tears.
I would love's fires should, to the last,
Still burn as they begin;
And beauty's reign too soon is past,
So—has she ony tin?

LADY MORGAN'S LITTLE ONE.

Her ladyship, at her last *conversazione*, propounded to PUNCH the following classical poser:—"How would you translate the Latin words, *puella*, *defectus*, *puteus*, *dies*, into four English interjections?" Our wooden Roscius hammered his pate for full five minutes, and then exclaimed—"A-lass! a-lack! a-well a-day!" Her ladyship protested that the answer would have done honour to the professor of languages at the London University.



THE ROYAL LION AND UNICORN.

A DIALOGUE.

"GROUND ARMS!"—*Birdcage Walk.*

LION.—So! how do you feel now?

UNICORN.—Considerably relieved. Though you can't imagine the stiffness of my neck and legs. Let me see, how long is it since we relieved the griffins?

LION.—An odd century or two, but never mind that. For the first time, we have laid down our charge—have got out of our state attitudes, and may sit over our pot and pipe at ease.

UNICORN.—What a fate is ours! Here have we, in our time, been compelled to give the patronage of our countenance to all sorts of rascality—have been forced to support robbery, swindling, extortion—but it won't do to think of—give me the pot. Oh! dear, it had suited better with my conscience, had I been doomed to draw a sand-cart!

LION.—Come, come, no unseemly affectation. *You*, at the best, are only a fiction—a quadruped lie.

UNICORN.—I know naturalists dispute my existence, but if, as you unkindly say, I am only a fiction, why should I have been selected as a supporter of the royal arms?

LION.—Why, you fool, for that very reason. Have you been where you are for so many years, and yet don't know that often, in state matters, the greater the lie the greater the support?

UNICORN.—Right. When I reflect—I have greater doubts of my truth, seeing where I am.

LION.—But here am I, in myself a positive majesty, degraded into a petty-larceny scoundrel; yes, all my inherent attributes compromised by my position. Oh, Hercules! when I remember my native Africa—when I reflect on the sweet intoxication of my former liberty—the excitement of the chase—the mad triumph of my spring, cracking the back of a bison with one fillip of my paw—when I think of these things—of my tawny wife with her smile sweetly ferocious, her breath balmy with new blood—of my playful little ones, with eyes of topaz and claws of pearl—when I think of all this, and feel that here I am, a damned rabbit-sucker—

UNICORN.—Don't swear.

LION.—Why not? God knows, we've heard swearing enough of all sorts in our time. It isn't the fault of our position, if we're not first-rate perjurers.

UNICORN.—That's true: still, though we are compelled to witness all these things in the courts of law, let us be above the influence of bad example.

LION.—Give me the pot. Courts of law? Oh, Lord! what places they put us into! And there they expect me—*me*, the king of the animal world, to stand quietly upon my two hind-legs, looking as mildly contemptible as an apoplectic dancing-master,—whilst iniquities, and meannesses, and tyranny, and—give me the pot.

UNICORN:—Brother, you're getting warm. Really, you ought to have seen enough of state and justice to take everything coolly. I certainly must confess that—looking at much of the policy of the country, considering much of the legal wickedness of law-scourged England—it does appear to me a studied insult to both of us to make us supporters of the national quarterings. Surely, considering the things that have been done under our noses, animals more significant of the state and social policy might have been promoted to our places. Instead of the majestic lion and the graceful unicorn, might they not have had the—the—

LION.—The vulture and the magpie.

UNICORN.—Excellent! The vulture would have capitally typified many of the wars of the state, their sole purpose being so many carcasses—whilst, for the courts of law, the magpie would have been the very bird of legal justice and legal wisdom.

LION.—Yes, but then the very rascality of their faces would at once have declared their purpose. The vulture is a filthy, unclean wretch—the bird of Mars—preying upon the eyes, the hearts, the entrails of the victims of that scoundrel-mountebank, Glory; whilst the magpie is a petty-larceny vagabond, existing upon social theft. To use a vulgar phrase—and considering the magistrates we are compelled to keep company with, 'tis wonderful that we talk so purely as we do—'twould have let the cat too much out of the bag to have put the birds where we stand. Whereas, there is a fine hypocrisy about us. Consider—am not I the type of heroism, of magnanimity? Well, compelling me, the heroic, the magnanimous, now to stand here upon my hind-legs, and now to crouch quietly down, like a pet kitten over-fed with new milk,—any state roguery is passed off as the greatest piece of single-minded honesty upon the mere strength of my character—if I may so say it, upon my legendary reputation. Now, as for you, though you *are* a lie, you are nevertheless not a bad-looking lie. You have a nice head, clean legs, and—though I think it a little impertinent that you should wear that tuft at the end of your tail—are altogether a very decent mixture of the quadrupeds. Besides, lie or not, you have helped to support the national arms so long, that depend upon it there are tens of thousands who believe you to be a true thing.

UNICORN.—I have often flattered myself with that consolation.

LION.—A poor comfort: for if you are a true beast, and really have the attributes you are painted with, the greater the insult that you should be placed here. If, on the contrary, you are a lie, still greater the insult to leonine majesty, in forcing me for so many, many years to keep such bad company.

UNICORN.—But I have a great belief in my reality: besides, if the head, body, legs, tail, I bear, never really met in one animal, they all exist in several: hence, if I am not true altogether, I am true in parts; and what would you have of a thick-and-thin supporter of the crown?

LION.—Blush, brother, blush; such sophistry is only worthy of the Common Pleas, where I know you picked it up. To be sure, if both of us were the most abandoned of beasts, we surely should have some excuse for our wickedness in the profligate company we are obliged to keep.

UNICORN.—Well, well, don't weep. *Take* the pot.

LION.—Have we not been, ay, for hundreds of years, in both Houses of Parliament?

UNICORN.—It can't be denied.

LION.—And there, what have we not seen—what have we not heard! What brazen, unblushing faces! What cringing, and bowing, and fawning! What scoundrel smiles, what ruffian frowns! what polished lying! What hypocrisy of patriotism! What philippics, levelled in the very name of liberty, against her sacred self! What orations on the benefit of starvation—on the comeliness of rags! Have we not heard selfishness speaking with a syren voice? Have we not seen the haggard face of state-craft rouged up into a look of pleasantness and innocence? Have we not, night after night, seen the national Jonathan Wilds meet to plan a robbery, and—the purse taken—have they not rolled in their carriages home, with their fingers smelling of the people's pockets?

UNICORN.—It's true—true as an Act of Parliament.

LION.—Then are we not obliged to be in the Courts of Law? In Chancery—to see the golden wheat of the honest man locked in the granaries of equity—granaries where deepest rats do most abound—whilst the slow fire of famine shall eat the vitals of the despoiled; and it may be the man of rightful thousands shall be carried to churchyard clay in parish deals? Then in the Bench, in the Pleas—there we are too. And there, see we not justice weighing cobwebs against truth, making too often truth herself kick the beam?

UNICORN.—It has made me mad to see it.

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LION.—Turn we to the Police-offices—there we are again. And there—good God!—to see the arrogance of ignorance! To listen to the vapid joke of his worship on the crime of beggary! To see the punishment of the poor—to mark the sweet impunity of the rich! And then are we not in the Old Bailey—in all the criminal courts! Have we not seen trials *after dinner*—have we not heard sentences in which the bottle spoke more than the judge?

UNICORN.—Come, come, no libel on the ermine.

LION.—The ermine! In such cases, the fox—the pole-cat. Have we not seen how the state makes felons, and then punishes them for evil-doing?

UNICORN.—We certainly have seen a good deal that way.

LION.—And then the motto we are obliged to look grave over!

UNICORN.—What *Dieu et mon droit!* Yes, that does sometimes come awkwardly in—“God and my right!” Seeing what is sometimes done under our noses, now and then, I can hardly hold my countenance.

LION.—“God and my right!” What atrocity has that legend sanctified! and yet with demure faces they try men for blasphemy. Give me the pot.

UNICORN.—Come, be cool—be philosophic. I tell you we shall have as much need as ever of our stoicism?

LION.—What’s the matter now?

UNICORN.—The matter! Why, the Tories are to be in, and Peel’s to be minister.

LION.—Then he may send for Mr. Cross for the oran-outan to take my place, for never again do I support *him*. Peel minister, and Goulburn, I suppose—

UNICORN.—Goulburn! Goulburn in the cabinet! If it be so, I shall certainly vacate my place in favour of a jackass.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

BACHELOR OF MEDICINE—FIRST EXAMINATION, 1841.

The first examination for the degree of bachelor of medicine has taken place at the London University, and has raised itself to the level of Oxford and Cambridge.

Without doubt, it will soon acquire all the other attributes of the colleges. Town and gown rows will cause perpetual confusion to the steady-going inhabitants of Euston-square: steeple-chases will be run, for the express delight of the members, on the waste grounds in the vicinity of the tall chimneys on the Birmingham railroad; and in all probability, the whole of Gower-street, from Bedford-square to the New-road, will, at a period not far distant, be turfed and formed into a T.Y.C.; the property securing its title-deeds under the arms of the university for the benefit of its legs—the bar opposite the hospital presenting a fine leap to finish the contest over, with the uncommon advantage of immediate medical assistance at hand.

The public press of the last week has duly blazoned forth the names of the successful candidates, and great must have been the rejoicings of their friends in the country at the event. But we have to quarrel with these journals for not more explicitly defining the questions proposed for the examinations—the answers to which were to be considered the tests of proficiency. By means of the ubiquity which Punch is allowed to possess, we were stationed in the examination room, at the same time that our double was delighting a crowded and highly respectable audience upon Tower-hill; and we have the unbounded gratification of offering an exact copy of the questions to our readers, that they may see with delight how high a position medical knowledge has attained in our country:—

SELECTIONS FROM THE EXAMINATION PAPERS.

ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY.

1. State the principal variations found in the kidneys procured at Evans's and the Coal Hole; and likewise name the proportion of animal fibre in the rump-steaks of the above resorts. Mention, likewise, the change produced in the *albumen*, or white of an egg, by poaching it upon toast.
2. Describe the comparative circulation of blood in the body, and of the *Lancet*, *Medical Gazette*, and *Bell's Life in London*, in the hospitals; and mention if Sir Charles Bell, the author of the "Bridgewater Treatise on the Hand," is the editor of the last-named paper.

MEDICINE.

1. You are called to a fellow-student taken suddenly ill. You find him lying on his back in the fender; his eyes open, his pulse full, and his breathing stertorous. His mind appears hysterically wandering, prompting various windmill-like motions of his arms, and an accompanying lyrical intimation that he, and certain imaginary friends, have no intention of going home until the appearance of day-break. State the probable disease; and also what pathological change would be likely to be effected by putting his head under the cock of the cistern.
2. Was the Mount Hecla at the Surrey Zoological Gardens classed by Bateman in his work upon skin diseases—if so, what kind of eruption did it come under? Where was the greatest irritation produced—in the scaffold-work of the erection, or the bosom of the gentleman who lived next to the gardens, and had a private exhibition of rockets every night, as they fell through his skylight, and burst upon the stairs?
3. Which is the most powerful narcotic—opium, henbane, or a lecture upon practice of physic; and will a moderate dose of antimonial wine sweat a man as much as an examination at Apothecaries' Hall?

CHEMISTRY AND NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

1. Does any chemical combination take place between the porter and ale in a pot of half-and-half upon mixture? Is there a galvanic current set up between the pewter and the beer capable of destroying the equilibrium of living bodies.
2. Explain the philosophical meaning of the sentence—"He cut away from the crushers as quick as a flash of lightning through a gooseberry-bush."
3. There are two kinds of electricity, positive and negative; and these have a pugnacious tendency. *A*, a student, goes up to the College *positive* he shall pass; *B*, an examiner, thinks his abilities *negative*, and flummuxes him accordingly. *A* afterwards meets *B* alone, in a retired spot, where there is no policeman, and, to use his own expression, "takes out the change" upon *B*. In this case, which receives the greatest shock—*A*'s "grinder," at hearing his pupil was plucked, or *B* for doing it?
4. The more crowded an assembly is, the greater quantity of carbonic acid is evolved by its component members. State, upon actual experience, the *per centage* of this gas in the atmosphere of the following places:—The Concerts d'Été, the Swan in Hungerford Market, the pit of the Adelphi, Hunt's Billiard Rooms, and the Colosseum during the period of its balls.



ANIMAL ECONOMY.

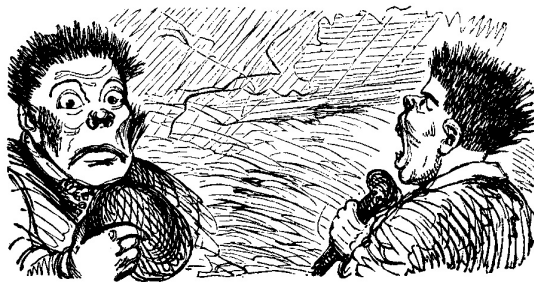
1. Mention the most liberal pawnbrokers in the neighbourhood of Guy's and Bartholomew's; and state under what head of diseases you class the spring outbreak of dissecting cases and tooth-drawing instruments in their windows.
2. Mention the cheapest tailors in the metropolis, and especially name those who charge you three pounds for dress coats ("best Saxony, any other colour than blue or black"), and write down five in the bills to send to your governor. Describe the anatomical difference between a peacoat, a spencer, and a Taglioni, and also state who gave the best "prish" for old ones.

HARVEST PROSPECTS.

Public attention being at this particular season anxiously directed to the prospects of the approaching harvest, we are enabled to lay before our readers some authentic information on the subject. Notwithstanding the fears which the late unfavourable weather induced, we have ascertained that reaping is proceeding vigorously at all the barbers' establishments in the kingdom. Several extensive chins were cut on Saturday last, and the returns proved most abundant.

Sugar-barley is a comparative failure; but that description of oats, called wild oats, promises well in the neighbourhood of Oxford. *Turn-ups* have had a favourable season at the *écarté* tables of several dowagers in the West-end district. Beans are looking poorly—particularly the *have-beens*—whom we meet with seedy frocks and napless hats, gliding about late in the evenings. Clover, we are informed by some luxurious old codgers, who are living in the midst of it, was never in better condition. The best description of hops, it is thought, will fetch high prices in the Haymarket. The vegetation of wheat has been considerably retarded by the cold weather. Sportsmen, however, began to shoot vigorously on the 12th of this month.

All things considered, though we cannot anticipate a rich harvest, we think that the speculators have exaggerated the



ALARMING STATE OF THE CROPS.

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PUNCH'S RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

(IN HUMBLE IMITATION OF THE AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT METROPOLIS.")

No. I.—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Before entering on this series of papers, I have only one request to make of the reader, which is this: that, however absurd or incredible my statements may appear, he will take them all for *Grant-ed*.

It will hardly be necessary to apologise for making the hero of Waterloo the subject of this article; for, having had always free access to the parlour of the Duke of Wellington, I flatter myself that I am peculiarly fitted for the task I have undertaken.

My acquaintance with the duke commenced in a very singular manner. During the discussions on the Reform Bill, his grace was often the object of popular pelting; and I was, on one occasion, among a crowd of free-born Englishmen who, disliking his political opinions, were exercising the constitutional privilege of hooting him. Fired by the true spirit of British patriotism, and roused to a pitch of enthusiasm by observing that the crowd were all of one opinion, decidedly against the duke, worked up, too, with momentary boldness by perceiving that there was not a policeman in sight, I seized a cabbage-leaf, with which I caught his nose, when, turning round suddenly to look whence the blow proceeded, I caught his eye. It was a single glance; but there was something in it which said more than, perhaps, if I had attempted to lead him into conversation, he would at that moment have been inclined to say to me. The recognition was brief, lasting scarcely an instant; for a policeman coming round the corner, the great constitutional party with whom I had been acting retired in haste, rather than bring on a collision with a force which was at that time particularly obnoxious to all the true friends of excessive liberty.

It will, perhaps, surprise my readers, when I inform them that this is the only personal interview I ever enjoyed with the illustrious duke; but accustomed as I am to take in character at a glance, and to form my conclusions at a wink, I gained, perhaps, as much, or more, information with regard to the illustrious hero, as I have been enabled to do with regard to many of those members of the House of Lords whom, in the course of my "Random Recollections," it is my intention to treat of.

I never, positively, dined with the Duke of Wellington; but on one occasion I was very near doing so. Whether the duke himself is aware of the circumstances that prevented our meeting at the same table I never knew, and have no wish to inquire; but when his grace peruses these pages, he will perceive that our political views are not so opposite as the *dastardly enemies* of both would have made the world suppose them to have been. The story of the dinner is simply this:—there was to be a meeting for the purpose of some charity at the Freemasons’-hall, and the Duke of Wellington was to take the chair. I was offered a ticket by a friend connected with the press. My friend broke his word. I did not attend the dinner. But those virulent liars much malign me who say I stopped away because the duke was in the chair; and much more do they libel me who would hint that my absence was caused by a difference with the duke on the subject of politics. Whether Wellington observed that I did not attend I never knew, nor shall I stop to inquire; but when I say that his grace spoke several times, and never once mentioned my name, it will be seen that whatever may have been his *thoughts* on the occasion, he had the delicacy and good taste to make no allusion whatever to the subject, which, but for its intrinsic importance, I should not so long have dwelt upon,

Looking over some papers the other day in my drawer, with the intention of selecting any correspondence that might have passed between myself and the duke, I found that his grace had never written to me more than once; but the single communication I had received from him was so truly characteristic of the man, that I cannot refrain from giving the whole of it. Having heard it reported that the duke answered with his own hand every letter that he received, I, who generally prefer judging in all things for myself, determined to put his grace’s epistolary punctuality to the test of experience. With this view I took up my pen, and dashed off a few lines, in which I made no allusion, either to my first interview, or the affair of the dinner; but simply putting forward a few general observations on the state of the country, signed with my own name, and dated from Whetstone-park, which was, at that time, my residence. The following was the reply I received from the duke, which I print *verbatim*, as an index—short, but comprehensive, as an index ought to be—to the noble duke’s character.

“Apsley-house.

“The Duke of Wellington begs to return the enclosed letter, as he neither knows the person who wrote it, nor the reason of sending it.”

This, as I said before, is perhaps one of the most graphic *traits* on record of the peculiar disposition of the hero of Waterloo. It bespeaks at once the soldier and the politician. He answers the letter with military precision, but with political astuteness—he pretends to be ignorant of the object I had in sending it. His ready reply was the first impulse of the man; his crafty and guarded mode of expression was the cautious act of the minister. Had I been disposed to have written a second time to my illustrious correspondent, I now had a fine opportunity of doing so; but I preferred letting the matter drop, and from that day to this, all communication between myself and the duke has ceased. *I* shall not be the first to take any step for the purpose of resuming it. The duke must, by this time, know me too well to suppose that I have any desire to keep up a correspondence which could lead to no practical result, and might only tear open afresh wounds that the healing hand of time has long ago restored to their former salubrity.

It may be expected I should say a few words of the duke’s person. He generally wears a frock coat, and rides frequently on horseback. His nose is slightly curved; but there is nothing peculiar in his hat or boots, the latter of which are, of course, Wellington’s. His habits are still those of a soldier, for he gets up and goes to bed again much as he was accustomed to do in the days of the Peninsula. His speeches in Parliament I have never heard; but I have read some of them in the newspapers. He is now getting old; but I cannot tell his exact age: and he has a son who, if he should survive his father, will undoubtedly attain to the title of Duke of Wellington.

EXTRAORDINARY OPERATION.

Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear.

Our esteemed friend and staunch supporter Colonel Sibthorp has lately, in the most heroic manner, submitted to an unprecedented and wonderfully successful operation. Our gallant friend was suffering from a severe elongation of the auricular organs; amputation was proposed, and submitted to with most heroic patience. We are happy to state the only inconvenience resulting from the operation is the establishment of a new hat block, and a slight difficulty of recognition on the part of some of his oldest friends.

EXTRAORDINARY ASSIZE INTELLIGENCE.

One of the morning papers gave its readers last week a piece of extraordinary assize intelligence, headed—“*Cutting a wife’s throat—before Mr. Serjeant Taddy*” We advise the

learned Serjeant to look to this: 'tis a too serious joke to be set down as an accessory to the cutting of a wife's throat.

A SPOKE IN S—Y'S WHEEL!

"For Ireland's weal!" hear turncoat S—y rave,
Who'd trust the *wheel* that own'd so sad a *knave*?

ALARMING DESTITUTION.

In the parish of Llanelly, Breconshire, the males exceed the females by more than one thousand. At Worcester, says the *Examiner*, the same majority is in favour of the ladies. We should propose a conference and a general swap of the sexes next market-day, as we understand there is not a window in Worcester without a notice of "Lodgings to let for single men," whilst at Llanelly the gentlemen declare sweethearts can't be had for "love nor money."

A NATURAL INFERENCE.

"There'll soon be rare work (cry the journals in fear),
When Peel is call'd in in *his* regular way;"
True—for when we've to pay all the Tories, 'tis clear,
It is much the same thing as the *devil to pay*.

THE TORY TABLE D'HOTE—BILLY HOLMES (*loquitur*)

"Walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen, feeding is going to commence Wellington and Peel are now giving their opening dinners to their friends and admirers. All who want *places* must come early. Walk up! walk up!—This is the real constitutional tavern. Here we are! gratis feeding for the greedy! Make way there for those hungry-looking gentlemen—walk up, sir—leave your vote at the bar, and take a ticket for your hat."

BLACK AND WHITE.

The Tories vow the Whigs are black as night,
And boast that they are only blessed with light.
Peel's politics to both sides so incline,
His may be called the *equinoctial line*.

THE LEGAL ECCALOBEION.

Baron Campbell, who has sat altogether about 20 hours in the Irish Court of Chancery, will receive 4,000*l.* a-year, on the death of either Lord Manners or Lord Plunkett, (both octogenarians;) which, says the *Dublin Monitor*, "taking the average of human life, he will enjoy thirty years;" and adds, "20 hours contain 1,200 minutes; and 4,000*l.* a-year for thirty years gives 120,000*l.* So that he will receive for the term of his natural life just one hundred pounds for every minute that he sat as Lord Chancellor." Pleasant incubation this! Sitting 20 hours, and hatching a fortune. If there be any truth in metempsychosis, Jocky Campbell must be the *goose that laid golden eggs*.

IRISH PARTICULAR.

SHEIL'S oratory's like bottled Dublin stout;
For, draw the cork, and only froth comes out.

CALUMNY REFUTED.

We can state on the most positive authority that the recent fire at the Army and Navy Club did not originate from a spark of Colonel Sibthorp's wit falling amongst some loose jokes which Captain Marryatt had been scribbling on the backs of some unedited purser's bills.

HITTING THE RIGHT NAIL ON THE HEAD.

The Whigs resemble nails—How so, my master?

A MATTER OF TASTE.

“Do you admire Campbell’s ‘Pleasures of Hope’?” said Croker to Hook. “Which do you mean, the Scotch poet’s or the Irish Chancellor’s? the real or the ideal—Tommy’s four thousand lines or Jocky’s four thousand pounds a-year?” inquired Theodore. Croker has been in a brown study ever since.

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CHARLES KEAN’S “CHEEK.”

MR. PUNCH,—Myself and a few other old Etonians have read with inexpressible scorn, disgust, and indignation, the heartless and malignant attempts, in your scoundrel journal, to blast the full-blown fame of that most transcendant actor, and most unexceptionable son, Mr. Charles Kean. Now, PUNCH, fair play is beyond any of the crown jewels. I will advance only one proof, amongst a thousand others that cart-horses sha’n’t draw from me, to show that Charles Kean makes more—mind, I say, makes *more*—of Shakspeare, than every other actor living or dead. Last night I went to the Haymarket—Lady Georgiana L—— and other fine girls were of the party. The play was “Romeo and Juliet,” and there are in that tragedy two slap-up lines; they are, to the best of my recollection, as follow:—

“*Oh!* that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that *cheek*.”

Now, ninety-nine actors out of a hundred make nothing of this—not so Charles Kean. Here’s my proof. Feeling devilish hungry, I thought I’d step out for a snack, and left the box, just as Charles Kean, my old schoolfellow, was beginning—

“Oh!—”

Well, I crossed the way, stepped into Dubourg’s, swallowed two dozen oysters, took a bottom of brandy, and booked a small bet with Jack Spavin for the St. Leger, returned to the theatre, and was comfortably seated in my box, as Charles Kean, my old school-fellow, had arrived at

“———cheek!”

Now, PUNCH, if this isn’t making much of Shakspeare, what is?

Yours (you scoundrel),
ETONIAN.

AN AN-TEA ANACREONTIC—No. 4.

The following ode is somewhat freely translated from the original of a Chinese emigrant named CA-TA-NA-CH, or the “illustrious minstrel.”

We have given a short specimen of the original, merely substituting the Roman for the Chinese characters.

ORIGINAL.

As-ye-Te-i-anp-o-et-sli-re
Y-oun-g-li-ae-us-di-din-spi-re
Wen-ye-ba-r-da-wo-Ke-i-sla-is
Lo-ve-et-wi-nea-li-ket-op-ra-is
So-i-lus-tri-ou-spi-din-th-o-u
In-s-pi-re-thi-Te-ur-nv-ot-a-rin-ow
&c. &c.

TRANSLATION.

As the Teian poet’s lyre
Young Lyæus did inspire;
When the bard awoke his lays,
Love and wine alike to praise.
So, illustrious Pidding, thou
Inspire thy *tea*-urn votary now,
Whilst the tea-pot circles round—
Whilst the toast is being brown’d—
Let me, ere I quaff my tea,
Sing a paean unto thee,

IO PIDDING! who foretold,
Chinamen would keep their gold;
Who foresaw our ships would be
Homeward bound, yet wanting tea;
Who, to cheer the mourning land,
Said, "I've Howqua still on hand!"
Who, my Pidding, who but thee?
Io Pidding! Evoe!

THE STATE DOCTOR.

A BIT OF A FARCE.

Dramatis Personæ.

RHUBARB PILL (a travelling doctor), by SIR ROBERT PEEL.
BALAAM (his Man), by COLONEL SIBTHORP.
COUNTRYMAN, by MR. BULL.

SCENE. *Tamworth.*

The Doctor and his Man are discovered in a large waggon, surrounded by a crowd of people.

RHUBARB PILL.—Balaam, blow the trumpet.

BALAAM (*blows*).—Too-too-tooit! Silence for the doctor!

RHUBARB PILL.—Now, friends and neighbours, now's your time for getting rid of all your complaints, whether of the pocket or the person, for I, Rhubarb Pill, professor of sophistry and doctorer of laws, have now come amongst you with my old and infallible remedies and restoratives, which, although they have not already worked wonders, I promise shall do so, and render the constitution sound and vigorous, however it may have been injured by poor-law-bill-ious pills, cheap bread, and *black* sugar, prescribed by wooden-headed quacks. (*Aside.*) Balaam, blow the trumpet.

BALAAM (*blows*).—Too-too-tooit! Hurrah for the doctor!

RHUBARB PILL.—These infallible remedies have been in my possession since the years 1835 and 1837, but owing to the opposition of the Cabinet of Physicians, I have not been able to use them for the benefit of the public—and myself. (*Bows.*) These invaluable remedies—

COUNTRYMAN.—What be they?

RHUBARB PILL.—That's not a fair question—*wait till I'm regularly called in*¹. It's not that I care about the fee—mine is a liberal profession, and though I have a large family, and as many relations as most people, I really think I should refuse a guinea if it was offered to me.

1. Sir Robert Peel at Tamworth.

COUNTRYMAN.—Then why doant'ee tell us?

RHUBARB PILL.—It's not professional. Besides, it's quite requisite that I should "*feel the patient's pulse,*" or I might make the dose too powerful, and so—

COUNTRYMAN.—Get the sack, Mr. Doctor.

RHUBARB PILL (*aside*).—Blow the trumpet, Balaam.

BALAAM.—Too-too-tooit—tooit-too-too!

RHUBARB PILL.—And so do more harm than good. Besides, I should require to have the "*necessary consultations*" over the dinner-table. Diet does a great deal—not that I care about the "loaves and fishes"—but patients are always more tractable after a good dinner. Now there's an old lady in these parts—

COUNTRYMAN.—What, my old missus?

RHUBARB PILL.—The same. She's in a desperate way.

COUNTRYMAN.—Ees. Dr. Russell says it's all owing to your nasty nosdrums.

RHUBARB PILL.—Doctor Russell's a—never mind. I say she *is* very bad, and I AM the only man that can cure her.

COUNTRYMAN.—Then out wi't, doctor—what will?

RHUBARB PILL.—*Wait till I'm regularly called in.*

COUNTRYMAN.—But suppose she dies in the meantime?

RHUBARB PILL.—That's her fault. I won't do anything by proxy. I must direct my own *administration*, appoint my own nurses for the bed-chamber, have my own herbalists and assistants, and see Doctor Russell's "*purge*" thrown out of the window. In short, *I must be regularly called in.* Balaam, blow the trumpet.

[Balaam blows the trumpet, the crowd shout, and the Doctor bows gracefully, with one hand on his heart and the other in his breeches pocket. At the end of the applause he commences singing].

I am called Doctor Pill, the political quack,
And a quack of considerable standing and note;
I've clapp'd many a blister on many a back,
And cramm'd many a bolus down many a throat,
I have always stuck close, like the rest of my tribe,
And physick'd my patient as long as he'd pay;
And I say, when I'm ask'd to advise or prescribe,
"You must wait till I'm call'd in a regular way."

Old England has grown rather sickly of late,
For Russell's *reduced* her almost to a shade;
And I've honestly told him, for nights in debate,
He's a quack that should never have follow'd the trade.
And, Lord! how he fumes, and exultingly cries,
"Were you in my place, Pill, pray what would *you* say?"
But I only reply, "If I am to advise,
I shall wait till I'm call'd in a regular way."

It's rather "too bad," if an ignorant elf,
Who has caught a rich patient 'twere madness to kill,
Should have all the credit, and pocket the pelf,
Whilst you are requested to furnish the skill.
No! no! *amor patriæ's* a phrase I admire,
But I own to an *amor* that stands in its way;
And if England should e'er my assistance require,
She must—



"WAIT TILL I'M CALL'D IN A REGULAR WAY."

ON DITS OF THE CLUBS.

Peter Borthwich has expressed his determination—not to accept of the speakership of the House of Commons.

C.M. Westmacott has announced his intention of *not* joining the new administration; in consequence of which serious defection, he asserts that Sir Robert Peel will be unable to form a cabinet.

"You have heard," said his Grace of Buckingham, to Lord Abinger, a few evenings ago, "how scandalously Peel and his crew have treated me—they have actually thrown me overboard. A man of my weight, too!" "That was the very objection, my Lord," replied the

THE REJECTED ADDRESS OF THE MELANCHOLY WHIGS.

Alas! that poor old Whiggery should have been so silly as to go a-wooing. Infirm and tottering as he is, it was the height of insanity. Down he dropped on his bended knees before the object of his love; out he poured his touching addresses, lisped in the blandest, most persuasive tones; and what was his answer? Scoffs, laughs, kicks, rejection! Even Johnny Russell's muse availed not, though it deserved a better fate. It gained him a wife, but could not win the electors. Our readers will discover the genius of the witty author of "Don Carlos" in the address, which, though rejected, we in pity immortalise in PUNCH.

Loved friends—kind electors, once more we are here
To beg your sweet voices—to tell you our deeds.
Though our Budget is empty, we've got—never fear—
A long full privy purse, to stand bribing and feeds.
For, oh! we are out-and-out Whigs—thorough Whigs!
Then, shout till your throttles, good people, ye crack;
Hurrah! for the troop of sublime "Thimble-rigs!"
Hurrah! for the jolly old Downing-street pack.

What we've done, and will do for you, haply you'll ask:
All, all, gentle folks, you shall presently see.
Off your sugar we'll take just *one penny a cask!*
Only adding a shilling a pound on your tea.
That's the style for your Whigs—your *reforming* old Whigs!
Then, shout, &c.

Off your broad—think of this!—we will take—(if we can)—
A whole farthing a loaf; then, when wages decline,
By one-half—as they must—and you're starving, each man
In our New Poor Law Bastiles may go lodge, and go dine.
That's the plan of your Whigs—your kind-hearted, true Whigs!
Then, shout, &c.

Off the fine Memel timber, we'd take—if we could—
All tax, 'cause 'tis used in the palace and hall;
On the cottager's, tradesman's coarse Canada wood,
We will clap such a tax as shall pay us for all.
That's the "dodge" for your Whigs—your poor-loving, true Whigs!
Then, shout, &c.

To free our dear brothers, the niggers, you know
Twenty millions and more we have fix'd on your backs.
'Twas gammon—'twas humbug—'twas swindle! for, lo!
We *undo* all we've done—we go trade in the blacks.
Your *humanity* Whigs!—*anti-slavery* Whigs!
Then, shout, &c.

When to Office we came, full *two millions* in store
We found safe and snug. Now, that surplus instead,
Besides having spent *it*, and *six millions* more,
Lo! we're short, *on the year, only two millions dead.*
That's the "*go*" for your Whigs—your *retrenching* old Whigs
Then, shout, &c.

In a word, round the throne we've stuck sisters and wives,
Our brothers and cousins fill bench, church, and steeple;
Assist us to stick in, at least for *our* lives,
And nicely "we'll sarve out" Queen, Lords, ay, and People.
That's the fun for your Whigs—your bed-chamber old Whigs!
Shout, shout, &c.

What was the reply to this pathetic, this generous appeal? Name it not at Woburn-abbey—whisper it not at Panshanger—breathe it not in the epicurean retreat of Brocket-hall! Tears, big tears, roll down our sympathetic checks as we write it. It was simply—"Cock-a-doodle-do!"

LORD JOHNNY "LICKING THE BIRSE."

Lord John Russell, on his arrival with his bride at Selkirk the other day, was invested with

the burghship of that ancient town. In this ceremony, "licking the birse," that is, dipping a bunch of shoemaker's bristles in a glass of wine and drawing them across the mouth, was performed with all due solemnity by his lordship. The circumstance has given rise to the following *jeu d'esprit*, which the author, Young Ben D'Israeli, has kindly dropped into PUNCH'S mouth:—

Lord Johnny, that comical dog,
At trifles in politics whistles;
In London he went *the whole hog*,
At Selkirk he's *going the bristles*.

"Why are Sir Robert Peel and Sir James Graham like two persons with only one intellect?"—"Because there is an understanding between them."

"Why is Sir Robert Peel like a confounded and detected malefactor?"—"Because he has nothing at all to say for himself."

A QUERY.

The *Salisbury Herald* says, that Sir John Pollen stated, in reference to his defeat at the Andover election, "that from the bribery and corruption resorted to for that purpose, they (the electors) would have returned a jackass to parliament." Indeed! How is it that he tried and failed?

LORD HOWICK, it is said, has gone abroad for the benefit of his health; he feels that he has not been properly treated at home.

NURSERY EDUCATION REPORT.

As much anxiety necessarily exists for the future well-being of our beloved infant Princess, we have determined to take upon ourselves the onerous duties of her education. In accordance with the taste of her Royal mother for that soft language which

"—sounds as if it should be writ on satin,"

we have commenced by translating the old nursery song of "Ride a cock-horse" into most choice Italian, and have had it set to music by Rossini; who, we are happy to state, has performed his task entirely to the satisfaction of Mrs. Ratsey, the nurse of her Royal Highness; a lady equally anxious with ourselves to instil into the infant mind an utter contempt for everything English, except those effigies of her illustrious mother which emanate from the Mint. The original of this exquisite and simple ballad is too well known to need a transcript; the Italian version, we doubt not, will become equally popular with aristocratic mamas and fashionable nurses.

SU GALLO-CABALLO,

AN ITALIAN CAVATINA,

SUNG WITH UNBOUNDED APPLAUSE BY

MRS. RATSEY,

AT THE PRIVATE CONCERTS

OF THE

INFANT PRINCESS.

TO WHOM IT IS DEDICATED BY HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S ESPECIAL PERMISSION.

PUNCH'S PENCILLINGS.—No. V.



THE LAST PINCH.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS ON PHRENOLOGICAL PRINCIPLES.

Mr. Combe, the great phrenologist, or, as some call him, Mr. *Comb*—perhaps on account of his being so busy about the head—has given it as his opinion, that in less than a hundred years public affairs will be (in America at least) carried on by the rules of phrenology. By postponing the proof of his assertion for a century, he seems determined that no one shall ever give him the lie while living, and when dead it will, of course, be of no consequence. We are inclined to think there may be some truth in the anticipation, and we therefore throw out a few hints as to how the science ought to be applied, if posterity should ever agree on making practical use of it. Ministers of state must undoubtedly be chosen according to their bumps, and of course, therefore, no chancellor or any other legal functionary will be selected who has the smallest symptom of the bump of *benevolence*. The judges must possess *causality* in a very high degree; and *time*, which gives rise to the *perception of duration* (which they could apply to Chancery suits), would be a great qualification for a Master of the Rolls or a Vice-chancellor. The framers of royal speeches should be picked out from the number of those who have the largest bumps of *secretiveness*; and those possessing *inhabitiveness*, producing the desire of *permanence in place*, should be shunned as much as possible. No bishop should be appointed whose bump of *veneration* would not require him to wear a hat constructed like that of PUNCH, to allow his *organ full play*; and the development of *number*, if large, might ensure a Chancellor of the Exchequer whose calculations could at least be relied upon.

Our great objection to the plan is this—that it might be abused by parties bumping their

own heads, and raising tumours for the sake of obtaining credit for different qualities. Thus a terrific crack at the back of the ear might produce so great an elevation of the organ of *combativeness* as might obtain for the greatest coward a reputation for the greatest courage; and a thundering rap on the centre of the head might raise on the skull of the veriest brute a bump of, and name for, *benevolence*.

“IT WAS BEFORE I MARRIED.”

A BENEDICTINE LYRIC.

Well, come my dear, I will confess—
 (Though really you too hard are)
So dry these tears and smooth each tress—
 Let Betty search the larder;
Then o'er a chop and genial glass,
 Though I so late have tarried,
I will recount what came to pass
 I' the days before I married.

Then, every place where fashion hies,
 Wealth, health, and youth to squander,
I sought—shot folly as it flies,
 'Till I could shoot no longer.
Still at the opera, playhouse, clubs,
 'Till midnight's hour I tarried;
Mixed in each scene that fashion dubs
 “The Cheese”—before I married.

Soon grown familiar with the town,
 Through Pleasure's haze I hurried;
(Don't feel alarmed—suppress that frown—
 Another glass—you're flurried)
Subscribed to Crockford's, betted high—
 Such specs too oft miscarried;
My purse was full (nay, check that sigh)—
 It was before I married.

At Ascot I was quite the thing,
 Where all admired my tandem;
I sparkled in the stand and ring,
 Talked, betted (though at random);
At Epsom, and at Goodwood too,
 I flying colours carried.
Flatterers and followers not a few
 Were mine—before I married.

My cash I lent to every one,
 And gay crowds thronged around me;
My credit, when my cash was gone,
 'Till bills and bailiffs bound me.
With honeyed promises so sweet,
 Each friend his object carried,
Till I was marshalled to the Fleet;
 But—'twas before I married.

Then sober thoughts of wedlock came,
 Suggested by the papers;
The *Sunday Times* soon raised a flame,
 The *Post* cured all my vapours;
And spite of what Romance may say
 'Gainst courtship so on carried,
Thanks to the fates and fair “Z.A.”
 I now am blest and—married.

JOCKY JASON.

Jockey Campbell, who has secured 4,000*l.* a-year by crossing the water and occupying for 20 hours the Irish *Woolsack*, strongly reminds us of Jason's Argonautic expedition, after the *golden fleece*.

NEW CODE OF SIGNALS.

The immense importance of the signals now used in the royal navy, by facilitating the communication between ships at sea; has suggested to an ingenious member of the Scientific Association, the introduction of a telegraphic code of signals to be employed in society generally, where the *viva voce* mode of communication might be either inconvenient or embarrassing. The inventor has specially devoted his attention to the topics peculiarly interesting to both sexes, and proposes by his system to remove all those impediments to a free and unreserved interchange of sentiment between a lady and gentleman, which feminine timidity on the one side—natural *gaucherie* on the other—dread of committing one's self, or fear of transgressing the rules of good breeding, now throw in the way of many well-disposed young persons. He explains his system, by supposing that an unmarried lady and gentleman meet for the first time at a public ball: *he* is enchanted with the sylph-like grace of the lady in a waltz—*she*, fascinated with the superb black moustaches of the gentleman. Mutual interest is created in their bosoms, and the gentleman signalizes:—

“Do you perceive how much I am struck by your beauty?”—by twisting the tip of his right moustache with the finger and thumb of the corresponding hand. If the gentleman be unprovided with these foreign appendages, the right ear must be substituted.

The lady replies by an affirmative signal, or the contrary:—*e.g.* “Yes,” the lady arranges her bouquet with the left hand. “No,” a similar operation with the right hand. Assuming the answer to have been favourable, the gentleman, by slowly throwing back his head, and gently drawing up his stock with the left hand, signals—

“How do you like *this* style of person?”

The lady must instantly lower her eyelids, and appear to count the sticks of her fan, which will express—“Immensely.”

The gentleman then thrusts the thumb of his left-hand into the arm-hole of his waistcoat, taps three times carelessly with his fingers upon his chest. By this signal he means to say—

“How is your little heart?”

The lady plucks a leaf out of her bouquet, and flings it playfully over her left shoulder, meaning thereby to intimate that her vital organ is “as free as *that*.”

The gentleman, encouraged by the last signal, clasps his hands, and by placing both his thumbs together, protests that “Heaven has formed them for each other.”

Whereupon the lady must, unhesitatingly, touch the fourth finger of her left hand with the index finger of the right; by which emphatic signal she means to say—“No nonsense, though?”

The gentleman instantly repels the idea, by expanding the palms of both hands, and elevating his eyebrows. This is the point at which he should make the most important signal in the code. It is done by inserting the finger and thumb of the right hand into the waistcoat pocket, and expresses, “What metal do you carry?” or, more popularly, “What is the amount of your banker's account?”

The lady replies by tapping her fan on the back of her left hand; *one* distinct tap for every thousand pounds she possesses. If the number of taps be satisfactory to the gentleman, he must, by a deep inspiration, inflate his lungs so as to cause a visible heaving of his chest, and then, fixing his eyes upon the chandelier, slap his forehead with an expression of suicidal determination. This is a very difficult signal, which will require some practice to execute properly. It means—

“Pity my sad state! If you refuse to love me, I'll blow my miserable brains out.” The lady may, by shaking her head incredulously, express a reasonable doubt that the gentleman possesses any brains.

After a few more preliminary signals, the lover comes to the point by dropping his gloves on the floor, thereby beseeching the lady to allow him to offer her his hand and fortune.

To which she, by letting fall her handkerchief, replies—

“Ask papa and mamma.”

This is only an imperfect outline of the code which the inventor asserts may be introduced with wonderful advantage in the streets, the theatres, at churches, and dissenting chapels; and, in short, everywhere that the language of the lips cannot be used.

LABOURS OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

A day on the water, by way of excursion,

A night at the play-house, by way of diversion,
A morning assemblage of elegant ladies,
A chemical lecture on lemon and kalis,
A magnificent dinner—the venison *so* tender—
Lots of wine, broken glasses—that's all I remember.

FITZROY FIPPS, F.R.G.S., MEM. ASS. ADVT. SCIENCE, F.A.S.
Plymouth, August 5.

A GOOD REASON.

We have much pleasure in announcing to the liverymen and our fellow-citizens, the important fact, that for the future, the lord mayor's day will be the *fifth* instead of the ninth of November. The reason for this change is extremely obvious, as that is the principal day of the "Guy season."

The members of the Carlton Club have been taking lessons in bell-ringing. They can already perform some pleasing *changes*. Colonel Sibthorpe is quite *au fait* at a *Bob* major, and Horace Twiss hopes, by ringing a *Peal*, to be appointed collector of *tolls*—at Waterloo Bridge.

We recommend Lord Cardigan to follow the example of the officers of Ghent, who have introduced umbrellas into the army, even on parade. Some men should gladly avail themselves of any opportunity of *hiding their heads*.

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PUNCH'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.—No. 2.

THE THERMOMETER.

General Description.—The thermometer is an instrument for showing the *temperature*; for by it we can either see how fast a man's blood boils when he is in a passion, or, according as the seasons have occurred this year, how cold it is in summer, and how hot in winter. It is mostly cased in tin, all the brass being used up by certain lecturers, who are faced with the latter metal. It has also a glass tube, with a bulb at the end, exactly like a tobacco-pipe,

with the bowl closed up; except that, instead of tobacco, they put mercury into it. As the heat increases, the mercury expands, precisely as the smoke would in a pipe, if it were confined to the tube. A register is placed behind the tube, crossed by a series of horizontal lines, the whole resembling a wooden milk-score when the customer is several weeks in arrear.

Derivation of Name.—The thermometer derives its name from two Greek words, signifying “measure of heat;” a designation which has caused much warm discussion, for the instrument is also employed to tell when it freezes, by those persons who are too scientific to find out by the tips of their fingers and the blueness of their noses.

History and Literature of the Thermometer.—The origin of the instrument is involved in a depth of obscurity considerably below *zero*; Pliny mentions its use by a celebrated brewer of Bœotia; we have succeeded, after several years’ painful research, in tracing the invention of the instrument to Mercury, who, being the god of thieves, very likely stole it from somebody else. Of ancient writers, there are few except Hannibal (who used it on crossing the Alps) and Julius Cæsar, that notice it. Bacon treats of the instrument in his “Novum Organum;” from which Newton cabbaged his ideas in his “Principia,” in the most unprincipled manner. The thermometer remained stationary till the time of Robinson Crusoe, who clearly suggested, if he did not invent the register, now universally adopted, which so nearly resembles his mode of measuring time by means of notched sticks. Fahrenheit next took it in hand, and because his calculations were founded on a mistake, his scale is always adopted in England. Raumur altered the system, and instead of giving the thermometer mercury, administered to it ‘cold without,’ or spirits of wine diluted with water. Celsius followed, and advised a medium fluid, so that his thermometer is known as the centigrade. De Lisle made such important improvements, that they have never been attended to; and Mr. Sex’s differential thermometer has given rise to considerably more than a half-dozen different opinions. All these persons have written learnedly on the subject, blowing respectively hot or cold, as their tastes vary. The most recent work is that by Professor Thompson—a splendid octavo, hot-pressed, and just warm from the printer’s. Though this writer disagrees with Raumur’s temperance principles, and uses the strongest spirit he can get, instead of mercury, we are assured that he is no relation whatever to Messrs. Thompson and Fearon of Holborn-hill.

Concluding Remarks and Description of Punch’s Thermometer.—It must be candidly acknowledged by every unprejudiced mind, that the thermometer question has been most shamefully handled by the scientific world. It is made an exclusive matter; they keep it all to themselves; they talk about *Fahrenheit* with the utmost coolness; of Raumur in un-understandable jargon, and fire whole volleys of words concerning the centigrade scale, till one’s head spins round with their inexplicable dissertations. What is the use of these interminable technicalities to the world at large? Do they enlighten the rheumatic as to how many coats they may put on, for the Midsummer days of this variable climate? Do their barometers tell us when to take an umbrella, or when to leave it at home? No. Who, we further ask, knows *how* hot it is when the mercury stands at 120°, or how cold it is when opposite 32° of Fahrenheit? Only the initiated, a class of persons that can generally stand fire like salamanders, or make themselves comfortable in an ice-house.

Deeply impressed with the importance of the subject, PUNCH has invented a new thermometer, which *may* be understood by the “people” whom he addresses—the unlearned in caloric—the ignorant of the principles of expansion and dilatation. Everybody can tell, without a thermometer, if it be a coat colder or a cotton waistcoat warmer than usual when he is *out*. But at home! Ah, there’s the rub! There it has been impossible to ascertain how to face the storm, or to turn one’s back upon the sunshine, till to-day. PUNCH’S thermometer decides the question, and here we give a diagram of it. Owing a stern and solemn duty to the public, PUNCH has indignantly spurned the offers of the British Association to join in their mummeries at Plymouth—to appear at their dinners for the debasement of science. No; here in his own pages, and in them only, doth he propound his invention. But he is not exclusive; having published his wonderful invention, he invites the makers to copy his plan. Mr. Murphy is already busily arranging his Almanac for 1842, by means of a PUNCH thermometer, made by Carey and Co.

PUNCH’S THERMOMETER.

THE SCALE ARRANGED ACCORDING TO FAHRENHEIT.

| | |
|----------------------|----------------|
| Iced bath | 110 |
| Cold bath | 98 Blood heat. |
| COAT OFF | 90 |
| Stock loosened | 88 |
| Cuffs turned up | 85 |
| One waistcoat | 80 |
| Morning coat all day | 75 |

| | | |
|---|----|--------------|
| ONE COAT | 65 | Summer heat. |
| Spencer | 55 | Temperate. |
| Ditto, and "Comfortable" | 52 | |
| GREAT COAT | 50 | |
| Ditto, and Macintosh | 45 | |
| Ditto, ditto, and worsted stockings | 43 | |
| Ditto, ditto, ditto, and double boxcoat and Guernseys | 35 | |
| Ditto, ditto, ditto, ditto, ditto, and bear-skin coat | 32 | Freezing. |
| Ditto, ditto, ditto, ditto, ditto, ditto and between two feather beds all day | 0 | Zero. |

THE SPEAKERSHIP.

The Parliamentary *lucus a non lucendo*—the Speaker who never speaks—the gentleman who always holds his own tongue, except when he wants others to hold theirs—the man who fills the chair, which is about three times too big for him—is not, after all, to be changed. But the incoming tenants of office have resolved to take him as a fixture, though not at a fair valuation; for they do nothing but find fault all the time they are agreeing to let him remain on the premises. For our own part, we see no objection to the arrangement; for Mr. Lefevre, we believe, shakes his head as slowly and majestically as his predecessors, and rattles his teeth over the *r* in *oR-der*, with as much dignity as Sutton, who was the very perfection of *Manners*, was accustomed to throw into it. The fatigues of the office are enough to kill a horse, but asses are not easily exterminated. It is thought that Lefevre has not been sufficiently worked, and before giving him a pension, "the receiver must," as the chemist say, "be quite exhausted." Tiring him out will not be enough; but he must be *tired* again, to entitle him to a *re-tiring* allowance.

AN INQUIRY FROM DEAF BURKE, ESQ.

DEER SIR,—As I taks in your PUNCH (bein' in the line meself, mind yes), will you tell me wot is the meenings of beein' "konvelessent." A chap kalled me that name the other days, and I sined him as I does this.

Yours truly,
DEAF BURKE—



HIS MARK.

THE MANSION-HOUSE PARROT.

There is something very amusing in witnessing the manner in which the little Jacks in office imitate the great ones. Sir Peter Laurie has been doing the ludicrous by imitating his political idol, Sir Robert. "I shan't prescribe till I am state-doctor," says the baronet. "I shan't decide; wait for the Lord Mayor," echoes the knight.

MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

Lord John Russell begs respectfully to inform the connubially-disposed portion of the community, that being about to retire from the establishment in Downing-street, of which he has so long been a member, he has resolved (at the suggestion of several single ladies *about* thirty, and of numerous juvenile gentlemen who have just attained their majority a *second time*) to open a

MATRIMONIAL AGENCY OFFICE,

where (from his long and successful experience) he trusts to be honoured by the confidence of the single, and the generous acknowledgments of the married.

Lord J.R. intends to transact business upon the most liberal scale, and instead of charging a per centage on the amount of property concerned in each union, he will take every lady and gentleman's valuation of themselves, and consider one thousandth part thereof as an adequate compensation for his services.

Ladies who have *lost* the registries of their birth can be supplied with new ones, for any year they please, and the greatest care will be taken to make them accord with the early recollections of the lady's schoolfellows and cousins of the same age.

Gentlemen who wear wigs, false calves, or artificial teeth, or use hair-dye, &c., will be required to state the same, as no deception can be countenanced by Lord J.R.

Ladies are only required to certify as to the originality of their teeth; and as Lady Russell will attend exclusively to this department, no disclosure will take place until all other preliminaries are satisfactorily arranged.

Young gentlemen with large mustachios and small incomes will find the MATRIMONIAL AGENCY OFFICE well worthy their attention; and young ladies who play the piano, speak French, and measure only eighteen inches round the waist, cannot better consult their own interests than by making an early application.

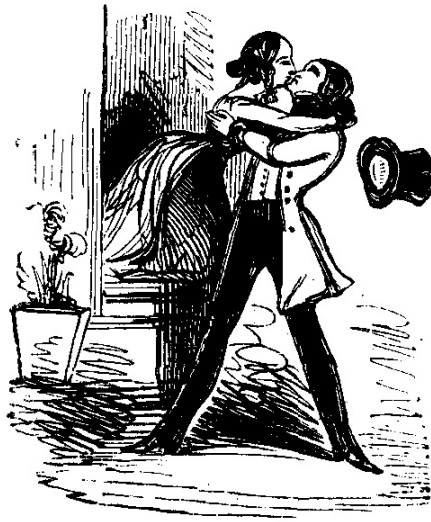
N.B. None with red hair need apply, unless with a mother's certificate that it was always considered to be auburn.

Wanted several buxom widows for the commencement. If in weeds, will be preferred.

"MATTERS IN FACT," AND "MATTERS IN LAW."

"Law is the perfection of reason!" said, some sixty years ago, an old powder-wigged priest of Themis, in his "enthusymusy" for the venerable lady; and what one of her learned adorers, from handsome Jock Campbell down to plain Counsellor Dunn, would dare question the maxim? A generous soul, who, like the fabled lady of the Arabian tale, drops gold at every word she utters, varying in value from one guinea to five thousand, according to the quality of the hand that is stretched forth to receive it, cannot possibly be other than reason herself. But to appreciate this dear creature justly, it is absolutely necessary to be in her service. No ordinary lay person can judge her according to her deserts. You must be initiated into her mysteries before you can detect her beauties; but once admitted to her august presence—once enrolled as her sworn slave—your eyes become opened and clear, and you see her as she is, the marvel of the world. Yet, though so difficult of comprehension, no man, nor woman, nor child, must plead ignorance of her excellencies. To be ignorant of any one of them is an impossibility as palpable as that "the Queen can do no wrong," or any other admirable fiction which the genius of our ancestors has bequeathed us. We all must know the law, or be continually whipped! A hard rule, though an inflexible one. But the schoolmaster is abroad—PUNCH, that teaches all, must teach the law; and, as a preliminary indispensable, he now proceeds to give a few definitions of the principal matters contained in that science, which bear a different meaning from what they would in ordinary language. The admiring neophyte will perceive with delight the vast superiority apparent in all cases of "matters of law," or "matters of fact."

To illustrate:—When a lovely girl, all warmth and confidence, steals on tiptoe from her lonely chamber, and, lighted by the moon, when "pa's" asleep, drops from the balcony into the arms of some soft youth, as warm as she, who has been waiting to whisk her off to Hymen's altar—that is generally understood as



AN ATTACHMENT IN FACT.

When an ugly "bum," well up to trap, creeps like a rascal from the sheriff's-office, and with his *capias* armed, ere you are half-dressed, gives you the chase, and, as you "leg" away for the bare life, his knuckles dig into the seat of your unmentionables, gripping you like a tiger—that indeed is *une autre chose*, that is



AN ATTACHMENT IN LAW.

When you remark a round, rosy, jolly fellow, shining from top to toe, "philandering" down Regent-street, with a self-satisfied grin, that seems to say, "Match me that, demme!" and casting looks of pity—mellowed through his eye-glass—on all passers, you may fairly conclude that that happy dog has just slipped into



A BOND-STREET SUIT.

But when you perceive a gaunt, yellow spectre of a man, reduced to his last *chemise*, and that a sad spectacle of ancient purity, starting from Lincoln's-Inn, and making all haste for Waterloo-bridge, the inference is rather natural, that he is blessed with



A SUIT IN CHANCERY.

It being dangerous to take too great a meal at a time, and PUNCH knowing well the difficulty of digesting properly over-large quantities of mental food, he concludes his first lecture on L—A—W. Whether he will continue here his definitions of legal terms, or not, time and his humour shall determine.

A DRESS REHEARSAL.

Lord Melbourne, imitating the example of the ancient philosophers, is employing the last days of his political existence in composing a learned discourse "On the Shortness of Ministerial Life." To try the effect of it, his lordship gives a *full dress* dinner-party, immediately after the meeting of Parliament, to several of his friends. On the removal of the cloth, he will read the essay, and then the Queen's intended speech, in which she civilly gives his lordship leave to provide himself with another *place*. Where, in the whole range of

history, could we meet with a similar instance of magnanimity? Where, with such a noble picture—of a great soul rising superior to adversity? Seneca in the bath, uttering moral apophthegms with his dying breath—Socrates jesting over his bowl of hemlock juice—were great creatures—immense minds; but Lord Melbourne reading his own dismissal to his friends—after dinner, too!—over his first glass of wine—leaves them at an immeasurable distance. Oh! that we had the power of poor Wilkie! what a picture we could make of such a subject.

THE DRAMA.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.

Some of the melancholy duties of this life afford a more subdued, and, therefore, a more satisfactory pleasure than scores with which duty has nothing to do, or those of mere enjoyment. If, for instance, the friend, whose feeds we have helped to eat, whose cellars we have done our part to empty for the last quarter of a century, should happen to fall ill; if the doctors shake their heads, and warn us to make haste to his bedside, there is always a large proportion of honey to be extracted, in obeying the summons, out of the sting of parting, recounting old reminiscences, and gossiping about old times, never, alas! to return. But should we neglect the summons, where would the stings of conscience end?

Impelled by such a sense of duty, we wended our way to the "royal property," to take a last look at the long-expiring gardens. It was a wet night—the lamps burnt dimly—the military band played in the minor key—the waiters stalked about with so silent, melancholy a tread, that we took their towels for pocket-handkerchiefs; the concert in the open *rain* went off tamely—dirge-like, in spite of the "Siege of Acre," which was described in a set of quadrilles, embellished with blue fire and maroons, and adorned with a dozen double drums, thumped at intervals, like death notes, in various parts of the doomed gardens. The *divertissement* was anything but diverting, when we reflect upon the impending fate of the "Rotunda," in which it was performed.

No such damp was, however, thrown over the evolutions of "Ducrow's beautiful horses and equestrian *artistes*," including "the new grand entrée, and cavalcade of Amazons." They had no sympathy with the decline and fall of the *Simpsonian* empire. They were strangers, interlopers, called in like mutes and feathers, to grace the "funeral show," to give a more graceful flourish to the final exit. The horses pawed the sawdust, evidently unconscious that the earth it covered would soon "be let on lease for building ground;" the riders seemed in the hey-day of their equestrian triumph. Let them, however, derive from the fate of Vauxhall, a deep, a fearful lesson!—though we shudder as we write, it shall not be said that destruction came upon them unawares—that no warning voice had been raised—that even the squeak of PUNCH was silent! Let them not sneer, and call us superstitious—we do *not* give credence to supernatural agency as a fixed and general principle; but we did believe in Simpson, and stake our professional reputation upon Widdicomb.

That Vauxhall gardens were under the especial protection of, that they drew the very breath of their attractiveness from, the ceremonial Simpson, who can deny? When he flitted from walk to walk, from box to box, and welcomed everybody to the "royal property," right royally did things go on! Who would *then* have dreamt that the illustrious George—he of the Piazza—would ever be "honoured with instructions to sell;" that his eulogistic pen would be employed in giving the puff superlative to the Elysian haunts of quondam fashion—in other words, in painting the lily, gilding refined gold? But, alas! Simpson, the tutelar deity, has departed ("died," some say, but we don't believe it), and at the moment he made his last bow, Vauxhall ought to have closed; it was madness—the madness which will call us, peradventure, superstitious—which kept the gates open when Simpson's career closed—it was an anomaly, for like Love and Heaven, Simpson was Vauxhall, and Vauxhall was Simpson!

Let Ducrow reflect upon these things—we dare not speak out—but a tutelar being watches over, and giveth vitality to his arena—his ring is, he may rely upon it, a fairy one—while *that* mysterious being dances and prances in it, all will go well; his horses will not stumble, never will his clowns forget a syllable of their antiquated jokes. O! let him then, while seriously reflecting upon Simpson and the fate of Vauxhall, give good heed unto the Methuselah, who hath already passed his second centenary in the circle!

These were our awful reflections while viewing the scenes in the circle, very properly constructed in the Rotunda. They overpowered us—we dared not stay to see the fireworks, "in the midst of which Signora Rossini was to make her terrific ascent and descent on a rope three hundred feet high." She *might* have been the sprite of Madame Saqui; in fact, the "Vauxhall Papers" published in the gardens, put forth a legend, which favours such a dreadful supposition! We refer our readers to them—they are only sixpence a-piece.

Of course the gardens were full in spite of the weather; for what must be the callousness of that man who could let *the* gardens pass under the hammer of George Robins, without bidding them an affecting farewell? Good gracious! We can hardly believe such

insensibility does exist. Hasten then, dear readers, as you would fly to catch the expiring sigh of a fine old boon companion—hasten to take your parting slice of ham, your last bowl of arrack, even now while the great auctioneer says “Going.”

For your sake, and yours only, Alfred Bunn (whose disinterestedness has passed into a theatrical proverb), arrests the arm of his friend of the Auction Mart in its descent. Attend to *his* bidding. Do not—oh! do not wait till the vulcan of the Bartholomew-lane smithy lets fall his hammer upon the anvil of pleasure, to announce that the Royal Property is —“Gone!”



WELCOME TO THE ROYAL PROPERTY.

A LADY AND GENTLEMAN

IN A PECULIARLY PERPLEXING PREDICAMENT.

Mrs. Waylett and Mr. Keeley were the lady and gentleman who were placed in the peculiarly perplexing predicament of making a second-hand French interlude supportable to an English Opera audience. In this they more than succeeded—for they caused it to be amusing; they made the most of what they had to do, which was not much, and of what they had to say, which was a great deal too much; for the piece would be far more tolerable if considerably shorn of its unfair proportions. The translator seems to have followed the verbose text of his original with minute fidelity, except where the idioms bothered him; and although the bills declare it is adapted by Mr. Charles Selby to the English stage, the thing is as essentially French as it is when performed at the *Palais Royal*, except where the French language is introduced, when, in every instance, the labours of correct transcription were evidently above the powers of the translator. The best part of the adaptation is the exact fitness of the performers to their parts; we mean as far as concerns their *personnel*.

Of course, all the readers of PUNCH know Mr. Keeley. Let them, then, conceive him an uncle at five-and-thirty, but docking himself of six years' age when asked impertinent questions. He has a head of fine auburn hair, and dresses in a style that a *badaud* would call “quiet;” that is to say, he wears brass buttons to his coat, which is green, and adorned with a velvet collar. In short, it is not nearly so fine as Lord Palmerston's, for it has no velvet at the cuffs; and is not embroidered. Add white unhintables, and you have an imaginative portrait of the hero. But the heroine! Ah! she, dear reader, if you have a taste for full-blown beauty and widows, she will coax the coin out of your pockets, and yourselves into the English Opera House, when we have told you what she acts, and how she acts. Imagine her, the syren, with the quiet, confiding smile, the tender melting voice, the pleasing highly-bred manner; just picture her in the character of a Parisian widow—the free, unshackled, fascinating Parisian widow—the child of liberty—the mother of—no, not a mother; for the instant a husband dies, the orphans are transferred to convent schools to become nephews and nieces. Well, we say for the third time, conceive Mrs. Waylett, dressed with modest elegance, a single rose in her hair—sympathise with her as she rushes upon the stage (which is “set” for the *chambre meublée* of a country inn), escaping from the persecutions of a persevering traveller who *will* follow her charms, her modest elegance, her single rose, wherever they make their appearance. She locks the door, and orders supper, declaring she will leave the house immediately after it is eaten and paid for. Alas! the danger increases, and with it her fears; she will pay without eating; and as the diligence is going off, she will resume her journey, but—a new misfortune—there is no place in it! She will, then, hire a postchaise; and the landlady goes to strike the bargain, having been duly paid for a bed which has not been lain in, and a supper that has not been eaten. As the lady hastens away, with every prospect of not returning, the piece would inevitably end here, if a gentleman did not arrive by the very diligence which has just driven off full, and taken the same chamber the lady has just vacated; but more particularly if the only chaise in the place had not been hired by the lady's wicked persecutor on purpose to detain her. She, of course, returns to the twice-let chamber, and finds it occupied by a sentimental traveller.

Here we have the “peculiarly perplexing predicament”—a lady and gentleman, and only one chamber between them! This is the plot; all that happens afterwards is merely supplementary. To avoid the continued persecutions of the unseen Adolphe, the lady agrees, after some becoming hesitation, to pass to the hostess as the wife of the

sentimental traveller. The landlady is satisfied, for what so natural as that they *should* have but one bed-room between them? so she carefully locks them in, and the audience have the pleasure of seeing them pass the night together—how we will not say—let our readers go and see. Yet we must in justice add that the “lady and gentleman” make at the end of the piece the *amende* good morals demand—they get married.

To the performers, and to them alone, are we indebted for any of the amusement this trifle affords. Mr. Keeley and Mrs. Waylett were, so far as acting goes, perfection; for never were parts better fitted to them. There are only three characters in the piece; the third, the hostess of the “*Cochon bleu*,” is very well done by Mrs. Selby. The persecuting Adolphe (who turns out to be the gentleman’s nephew) never appears upon the stage, for all his rude efforts to get into the lady’s chamber are fruitless.

Such is the prying disposition of the British public, that the house was crammed to the ceiling to see a lady and a gentleman placed in a peculiarly perplexing predicament.

As *Romeo*, Kean, with awkward grace,
On velvet rests, 'tis said:
Ah! did he seek a softer place,
He'd rest upon his head.

LATEST FOREIGN.

Several Dutch *males* arrived from Rotterdam during the last week. They are all totally devoid of intelligence or interest.

AN USEFUL ALLY.

“Crack'd China mended!”—Zounds, man! off this minute—
There's work for you, or else the deuce is in it!

“Draw it mild!” as the boy with the decayed tooth said to the dentist.

Webster's Manganese Ink is so intensely black, that it is used as a marking-fluid for coal-sacks.

There is a man up country so fat, they grease the cart-wheels with his shadow.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

VOL. 1.

AUGUST 21, 1841.

THE WIFE-CATCHERS.

A LEGEND OF MY UNCLE'S BOOTS.

In Four Chapters.

CHAPTER IV.



he conversation now subsided into “private and confidential” whispers, from which I could learn that Miss O’Brannigan had consented to quit her father’s halls with Terence that very night, and, before the priest, to become his true and lawful wife.

It had been previously understood that those of the guests who lived at a distance from the lodge should sleep there that night. Nothing could have been more favourable for the designs of the lovers; and it was arranged between them, that Miss Bidy was to steal from her chamber into the yard, at daybreak, and apprise her lover of her

presence by flinging a handful of gravel against his window. Terence's horse was warranted to carry double, and the lady had taken the precaution to secure the key of the stable where he was placed.

It was long after midnight before the company began to separate;—cloaks, shawls, and tippets were called for; a jug of punch of extra strength was compounded, and a *doch an dhurris*¹ of the steaming beverage administered to every individual before they were permitted to depart. At length the house was cleared of its guests, with the exception of those who were to remain and take beds there. Amongst the number were the haberdasher and your uncle. The latter was shown into a chamber in which a pleasant turf fire was burning on the hearth.

1. A drink at the door;—a farewell cup.

Although Terence's mind was full of sweet anticipations and visions of future grandeur, he could not avoid feeling a disagreeable sensation arising from the soaked state of his boots; and calculating that it still wanted three or four hours of daybreak, he resolved to have us dry and comfortable for his morning's adventure. With this intention he drew us off, and placed us on the hearth before the fire, and threw himself on the bed—not to sleep—he would sooner have committed suicide—but to meditate upon the charms of Miss Bidy and her thousand pounds.

But our strongest resolutions are overthrown by circumstances—the ducking, the dancing, and the *potteen*, had so exhausted Terence, that he unconsciously shut, first, one eye, then the other, and, finally, he fell fast asleep, and dreamed of running away with the heiress on his back, through a shaking bog, in which he sank up to the middle at every step. His vision was, however, suddenly dispelled by a smart rattle against his window. A moment was sufficient to recall him to his senses—he knew it was Miss Bidy's signal, and, jumping from the bed, drew back the cotton window-curtains and peered earnestly out: but though the day had begun to break, it was still too dark to enable him to distinguish any person on the lawn. In a violent hurry he seized on your humble servant, and endeavoured to draw me on; but, alas! the heat of the fire had so shrank me from my natural dimensions, that he might as well have attempted to introduce his leg and foot into an eel-skin. Flinging me in a rage to the further corner of the room, he essayed to thrust his foot into my companion, which had been reduced to the same shrunken state as myself. In vain he tugged, swore, and strained; first with one, and then with another, until the stitches in our sides grinned with perfect torture; the perspiration rolled down his forehead—his eyes were staring, his teeth set, and every nerve in his body was quivering with his exertions—but still he could not force us on.

“What's to be done!” he ejaculated in despairing accents. A bright thought struck him suddenly, that he might find a pair of boots belonging to some of the other visitors, with which he might make free on so pressing an emergency. It was but sending them back, with an apology for the mistake, on the following day. With this idea he sallied from his room, and groped his way down stairs to find the scullery, where he knew the boots were deposited by the servant at night. This scullery was detached from the main building, and to reach it it was necessary to cross an angle of the yard. Terence cautiously undid the bolts and fastenings of the back door, and was stealthily picking his steps over the rough stones of the yard, when he was startled by a fierce roar behind him, and at the same moment the teeth of Towser, the great watch-dog, were fastened in his nether garments. Though very much alarmed, he concealed his feelings, and presuming on a slight previous intimacy with his assailant, he addressed him in a most familiar manner, calling him “poor fellow” and “old Towser,” explained to him the ungentlemanly liberty he was taking with his buckskins, and requested him to let go his hold, as he had quite enough of that sport. Towser was, however, not to be talked out of his private notions; he foully suspected your uncle of being on no good design, and replied to every remonstrance he made with a growl and a shake, that left no doubt he would resort to more vigorous measures in case of opposition. Afraid or ashamed to call for help, Terence was kept in this disagreeable state, nearly frozen to death with cold and trembling with terror, until the morning was considerably advanced, when he was discovered by some of the servants, who released him from the guardianship of his surly captor. Without waiting to account for the extraordinary circumstances in which he had been found, he bolted into the house, rushed up to his bed-chamber, and, locking the door, threw himself into a chair, overwhelmed with shame and vexation.

But poor Terence's troubles were not half over. The beautiful heiress, after having discharged several volleys of sand and small pebbles against his window without effect, was returning to her chamber, swelling with indignation, when she was encountered on the stairs by Tibbins, who, no doubt prompted by the demon of jealousy, had been watching her movements. He could not have chosen a more favourable moment to plead his suit; her mortified vanity, and her anger at what she deemed the culpable indifference of her lover, made her eager to be revenged on him. It required, therefore, little persuasion to obtain her consent to elope with the haberdasher. The key of the stable was in her pocket, and in less than ten minutes she was sitting beside him in his gig, taking the shortest road to the priest's.

I cannot attempt to describe the rage that Terence flew into, as soon as he learned the

trick he had been served; he vowed to be the death of Tibbins, and it is probable he would have carried his threat into effect, if the haberdasher had not prudently kept out of his way until his anger had grown cool.

"So," said I, addressing the narrator, "you lost the opportunity of figuring at Miss Biddy's wedding?"

"Yes," replied the 'wife-catcher;' "but Terence soon retrieved his credit, for in less than three months after his disappointment with the heiress, we were legging it as his wedding with Miss Debby Doolan, a greater fortune and a prettier girl than the one he had lost: and, by-the-bye, that reminds me of a funny scene which took place when the bride came to throw the stocking—hoo! hoo! hoo! hoo!"

Here my friends, the boots, burst into a long and loud fit of laughter; while I, ignorant of the cause of their mirth, looked gravely on, wondering when it would subside. Instead, however, of their laughter lessening, the cachinnations became so violent that I began to feel seriously alarmed.

"My dear friends!" said I.

"Hoo! hoo! hoo! hoo! hoo!" shouted the pair.

"This excessive mirth may be dangerous"—

A peal of laughter shook their leathern sides, and they rolled from side to side on their chair. Fearful of their falling, I put out my hand to support them, when a sense of acute pain made me suddenly withdraw it. I started, opened my eyes, and discovered that I had laid hold of the burning remains of the renowned "wife-catchers," which I had in my sleep placed upon the fire.

As I gazed mournfully upon the smoking relics of the ancient allies of our house, I resolved to record this strange adventure; but you know I never had much taste for writing, Jack, so I now confide the task to you. As he concluded, my uncle raised his tumbler to his lips, and I could perceive a tear sparkling in his eye—a genuine tribute of regard to the memory of the venerated "*Wife Catchers*."

CORRESPONDENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

Wrote Paget to Pollen,
With face bright as brass,
"T'other day in the Town Hall
You mention'd an ass:

"Now, for family reasons,
I'd like much to know,
If on me you intended
That name to bestow?"

"My lord," says Jack Pollen,
"Believe me, ('tis true,)
I'd be sorry to slander
A donkey or you."

"Being grateful," says Paget,
"I'd ask you to lunch;
But just, Sir John, tell me.
Did you call me PUNCH?"

"In wit, PUNCH is equalled,"
Says Pollen, "by few;
In naming him, therefore,
I couldn't mean you,"

"Thanks! thanks! To bear malice,"
Save Paget, "I'm loath;
Two answers I've got, and I'm
Charm'd with them both."

EPIGRAMS.

1.—THE CAUSE.

Lisette has lost her wanton wiles—
What secret care consumes her youth,

And circumscribes her smiles?—
A spec on a front tooth!

2.—PRIDE.

Fitzsmall, who drinks with knights and lords,
To steal a share of notoriety,
Will tell you, in important words,
He *mixes* in the best society.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PRODUCE.

We find, by the *Times* of Saturday, the British *tease!* crops in the parish of Melksham have fallen entirely to the ground, and from their appearance denote a complete failure. Another paragraph in the same paper speaks quite as discouragingly of the appearance of the American *Teazle* at the Haymarket.

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NURSERY EDUCATION REPORT.—No. 2.

THE ROYAL RHYTHMICAL ALPHABET,

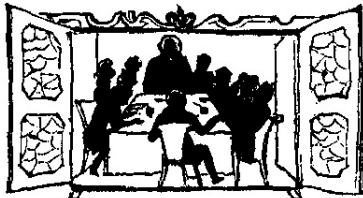
To be said or sung by the Infant Princess.



A stands for ARISTOCRACY, a thing I should admire;



B stands for a BISHOP, who is clothed in soft attire;



C beginneth CABINET, where Mamma keeps her *tools*;



D doth stand for DOWNING-STREET, the "Paradise of Fools;"



E beginneth ENGLAND, that granteth the supplies;



F doth stand for FOREIGNERS, whom I should patronize;

G doth stand for GOLD—good gold!—for which man freedom barter;



H beginneth HONORS—that is, ribbons, stars, and garters;



I stands for my INCOME (several thousand pounds per ann.);



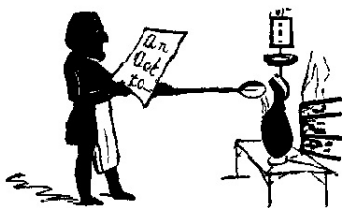
J stands for JOHNNY BULL, a soft and easy kind of man;



K beginneth KING, who rules the land by “right divine;”



L's for MRS. LILLY, who was once a nurse of mine.



M beginneth MELBOURNE, who rules *the roast* and State;



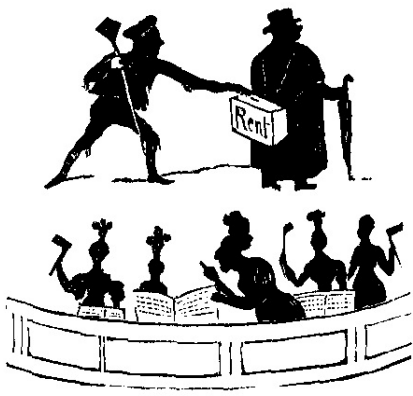
N stands for a NOBLEMAN, who's *always* good and great.



O is for the OPERA, that I should only grace;

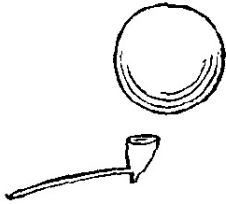


P stands for the PENSION LIST, for “servants out of place.”



Q's the **Q**UARTER'S SALARY, for which true patriots long;

R's for **M**RS. **R**ATSEY, who taught *me* this pretty song;



S stands for the **S**PEECH, which Mummy learns to say;



T doth stand for **T**AXES, which the people ought to pay;



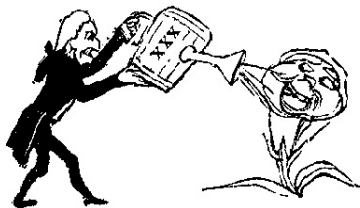
U's for the **U**NION **W**ORK-HOUSE, which horrid paupers shun;



V is for **V**ICTORIA, "the Bess of forty-one;"



W stands for **W**AR, the "noble game" which Monarchs play;



X is for the **T**REBLE **X**—Lilly drank three times a day;



And **Y Z**'s for the **W**ISE **H**EADS, who admire all I say.

A COMPLETE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF ALL THE REQUISITES, DECORATIVE, EDUCATIONAL, AND RECREATIVE, FOR GENTILITY.

INTRODUCTION.

A popular encyclopædia of the requisites for gentility—a companion to the toilet, the *salons*, the Queen's Bench, the streets, and the police-stations, has long been felt to be a desideratum by every one aspiring to good-breeding. The few works which treat on the subject have all become as obsolete as "hot cockles" and "crambo." "The geste of King Horne," the "ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΟΝ" of King Jamie, "Peacham's Complete Gentleman," "The Poesye of princelye Practice," "Dame Juliana Berners' Book of St. Alban's," and "The Jewel for Gentry," are now confined to bibliopoles and bookstalls. Even more modern productions have shared the same fate. "The Whole Duty of Man" has long been consigned to the trunk-maker, "Chesterfield's Letters" are now dead letters, and the "Young Man" lights his cigar with his "Best Companion." It is true, that in lieu of these, several works have emanated from the press, adapted to the change of manners, and consequently admirably calculated to supply their places. We need only instance "The Flash Dictionary," "The Book of Etiquette," "A Guide to the Kens and Cribs of London," "The whole Art of Tying the Cravat," and "The Hand-book of Boxing;" but it remains for us to remove the disadvantages which attend the acquirement of each of these noble arts and sciences in a detached form.

The possessor of an inquiring and genteel mind has now to wander for his politeness to Paternoster-row²; to Pierce Egan, for his knowledge of men and manners; and to Owen Swift, for his knightly accomplishments, and exercises of chivalry.

2. "Book of Etiquette." Longman and Co.

We undertake to collect and condense these scattered radii into one brilliant focus, so that a gentleman, by reading his "own book," may be made acquainted with the best means of ornamenting his own, or disfiguring a policeman's, person—how to conduct himself at the dinner-table, or at the bar of Bow-street—how to turn a compliment to a lady, or carry on a chaff with a cabman.

These are high and noble objects! A wider field for social elevation cannot well be imagined. Our plan embraces the enlightenment and refinement of every scion of a noble house, and all the junior clerks in the government offices—from the happy recipient of an allowance of 50£ per month from "the Governor," to the dashing acceptor of a salary of thirty shillings a week from a highly-respectable house in the City—from the gentleman who occupies a suite of apartments in the Clarendon, to the lodger in the three-pair back, in an excessively back street at Somers Town.

With these incentives, we will proceed at once to our great and glorious task, confident that our exertions will be appreciated, and obtain for us an introduction into the best circles.

PRELUDE.

We trust that our polite readers will commence the perusal of our pages with a pleasure equal to that which we feel in sitting down to write them; for they call up welcome recollections of those days (we are literary and seedy now!) when our coats emanated from the laboratory of Stultz, our pantaloons from Buckmaster, and our boots from Hoby, whilst our glossy beaver—now, alas! supplanted by a rusty goss—was fabricated by no less a thatcher than the illustrious Moore. They will remind us of our Coryphean conquests at the Opera—our triumphs in Rotten row—our dinners at Long's and the Clarendon—our nights at Offley's and the watch-house—our glorious runs with the Beaufort hounds, and our exhilarating runs from the sheriffs' officers—our month's sporting on the heathery moors, and our day rule when rustivating in the Bench!

We are in "the sear and yellow leaf"—there is nothing green about us now! We have put down our seasoned hunter, and have mounted the winged Pegasus. The brilliant Burgundy and sparkling Hock no longer mantle in our glass; but Barclay's beer—nectar of gods and coalheavers—mixed with hippocrene—the Muses' "cold without"—is at present our only beverage. The grouse are by us undisturbed in their bloomy mountain covert. We are now content to climb Parnassus and our garret stairs. The Albany, that sanctuary of erring bachelors, with its guardian beadle, are to us but memories, for we have become the denizens of a roomy attic (ring the top bell twice), and are only saluted by an Hebe of all-work and our printer's devil!

ON DRESS IN GENERAL.—*L'habit fait le moine.*—It has been laid down by Brummel, Bulwer, and other great authorities, that "the tailor makes the man;" and he would be the most daring of sceptics who would endeavour to controvert this axiom. Your first duty, therefore, is to place yourself in the hands of some distinguished schneider, and from him take out your patent of gentility—for a man with an "elegant coat" to his back is like a bill at sight endorsed with a good name; whilst a seedy or ill-cut garment resembles a protested note of hand labelled "No effects." It will also be necessary for you to consult "The Monthly Book of Fashions," and to imitate, as closely as possible, those elegant and

artistical productions of the gifted *burin*, which show to perfection "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties!" &c.—You must not consult your own ease and taste (if you have any), for nothing is so vulgar as to suit your convenience in these matters, as you should remember that you dress to please others, and not yourself. We have heard of some eccentric individuals connected with noble families, who have departed from this rule; but they invariably paid the penalty of their rashness, being frequently mistaken for men of intellect; and it should not be forgotten, that any exercise of the mind is a species of labour utterly incompatible with the perfect man of fashion.

The confiding characters of tailors being generally acknowledged, it is almost needless to state, that the *faintest* indication of seediness will be fatal to your reputation; and as a presentation at the Insolvent Court is equally fashionable with that of St. James, any squeamishness respecting your inability to pay could only be looked upon as a want of moral courage upon your part, and



UTTERLY UNWORTHY OF A GENTLEMAN.

[The subject of *dress in particular* will form the subject of our next chapter.]

IF I HAD A THOUSAND A-YEAR.

A BACHELOR'S LYRIC.

If I had a thousand a-year,
 (How my heart at the bright vision glows!)
 I should never be crusty or queer,
 But all would be *couleur de rose*.
 I'd pay all my debts, though *outré*,
 And of duns and embarrassments clear,
 Life would pass like a bright summer day,
 If I had a thousand a-year.

I'd have such a spicy turn-out,
 And a horse of such mettle and breed—
 Whose points not a jockey should doubt,
 When I put him at top of his speed.
 On the foot-board, behind me to swing,
 A tiger so small should appear,
 All the nobs should protest "'twas the thing!"
 If I had a thousand a-year.

A villa I'd have near the Park,
 From Town just an appetite-ride;
 With fairy-like grounds, and a bark
 O'er its miniature waters to glide.
 There oft, 'neath the pale twilight star,
 Or the moonlight unruffled and clear,
 My meerschaum I'd smoke, or cigar,
 If I had a thousand a-year.

I'd have pictures and statues, with taste—
 Such as ladies unblushing might view—
 In my drawing and dining-rooms placed,
 With many a gem of virtù.
 My study should be an affair
 The heart of a book-worm to cheer—

All compact, with its easy spring chair,
If I had a thousand a-year.

A cellar I'd have quite complete
With wines, so *recherché*, well stored;
And jovial guests often should meet
Round my social and well-garnish'd board.
But I would have a favourite few,
To my heart and my friendship *more* dear;
And I'd marry—I mustn't tell who—
If I had a thousand a-year.

With comforts so many, what more
Could I ask of kind Fortune to grant?
Humph! a few olive branches—say four—
As pets for my old maiden aunt.
Then, with health, there'd be nought to append.
To perfect my happiness here;
For the *utile et duloc* would blend.
If I had a thousand a-year.

MY UNCLE BUCKET.

The Buckets are a large family! I am one of them—my uncle Job Bucket is another. We, the Buckets, are atoms of creation; yet we, the Buckets, are living types of the immensity of the world's inhabitants. We illustrate their ups and downs—their fulness and their emptiness—their risings and their falling—and all the several goods and ills, the world's denizens in general, and Buckets in particular, are undoubted heirs to.

It hath ever been the fate of the fulness of one Bucket to guarantee the emptiness of another; and (mark the moral!) the rising Bucket is the richly-stored one; its sinking brother's attributes, like Gratiano's wit, being "an infinite deal of nothing." Hence the adoption of our name for the wooden utensils that have so aptly fished up this fact from the deep well of truth.

There be certain rods that attract the lightning. We are inclined to think there be certain Buckets that invite kicking, and our uncle Job was one of them. He was birched at school for everybody but himself, for he never deserved it! He was plucked at college—because some practical joker placed a utensil, bearing his name, outside the door of the examining master, and our uncle Job Bucket being unfortunately present, laughed at the consequent abrasion of his, the examining master's, shins. He was called to the bar. His first case was, "Jane Smith *versus* James Smith" (no relations). His client was the female. She had been violently assaulted. He mistook the initial—pleaded warmly for the opposing Smith, and glowingly described the disgraceful conduct of the veriest virago a legal adviser ever had the pain of speaking of. The verdict was, as he thought, on his side. The lady favoured him with a living evidence of all the attributes he was pleased to invent for her benefit, and left him with a proof impression of her nails upon his face, carrying with her, by way of *souvenir*, an ample portion of the skin thereof. Had the condensed heels of all the horses whose subscription hairs were wrought into his wig, with one united effort presented him with a kick in his abdominals, he could not have been more completely "knocked out of time" than he was by the mistake of those cursed initials. "*What about Smith?*" sent him out of court! At length he

"Cursed the bar, and declined."

He next turned his attention to building. Things went on swimmingly during the erection—so did the houses when built. The proprietorship of the ground was disputed—our uncle Job had paid the wrong person. The buildings were knocked down (by Mr. Robins), and the individual who had benefited by the suppositionary ownership of the acres let on the building lease "bought the lot," and sent uncle Job a peculiarly well-worded legal notice, intimating, "his respectable presence would, for the future, approximate to a nuisance and trespass, and he (Job) would be proceeded against as the statutes directed, if guilty of the same."

It is impossible to follow him through all his various strivings to do well: he commenced a small-beer brewery, and the thunder turned it all into vinegar; he tried vinegar, and nothing on earth could make it sour; he opened a milk-walk, and the parish pump failed; he invented a waterproof composition—there was fourteen weeks of drought; he sold his patent for two-and-sixpence, and had the satisfaction of walking home for the next three months wet through, from his gossamer to his *ci-devant* Wellingtons, now literally, from their hydraulic powers, "*pumps*."

He lost everything but his heart! And uncle Bucket was all heart! a red cabbage couldn't exceed it in size, and, like that, it seemed naturally predestined to be everlastingly in a

pickle! Still it was a heart! You were welcomed to his venison when he had it—his present saveloy was equally at your service. He must have been remarkably attached to facetious elderly poultry of the masculine gender, as his invariable salute to the tenants of his “heart’s core” was, “How are you, my jolly old cock?” Coats became threadbare, and defunct trousers vanished; waistcoats were never replaced; gossamers floated down the tide of Time; boots, deprived of all hope of future renovation by the loss of their *soles*, mouldered in obscurity; but the clear voice and chuckling salute were changeless as the statutes of the Medes and Persians, the price and size of penny tarts, or the accumulating six-and-eightpences gracing a lawyer’s bill.

Poor uncle Job Bucket’s fortune had driven “him down the rough tide of power,” when first and last we met; all was blighted save the royal heart; and yet, with shame we own the truth, we blushed to meet him. Why? ay, why? We own the weakness!—the heart, the goodly heart, was almost cased in rags!

“Puppy!”

Right, reader, right; we were a puppy. Lash on, we richly deserve it! but, consider the fearful influence of worn-out cloth! Can a long series of unchanging kindness balance patched elbows? are not cracked boots receipts in full for hours of anxious love and care? does not the kindness of a life fade “like the baseless fabric of a vision” before the withering touch of poverty’s stern stamp? Have you ever felt—

“Eh? what? No—stuff! Yes, yes—go on, go on.”

We will!—we blushed for our uncle’s coat! His heart, God bless it, never caused a blush on the cheek of man, woman, child, or even angel, to rise for that. We will confess. Let’s see, we are sixty now (we don’t look so much, but we are sixty). Well, be it so. We were handsome once—is this vanity at sixty? if so, our grey hairs are a hatchment for the past. We were “swells once!—hurrah!—we were!” Stop, this is indecent—let us be calm—our action was like the proceeding of the denuder of well-sustained and thriving pigs, he who deprives them of their extreme obesive selvage—*vulgo*, “*we cut it fat*.” Bond-street was cherished by our smile, and Ranelagh was rendered happy by the exhibition of our symmetry. Behold us hessianed in our haunts, touching the tips of well-gloved fingers to our passing friends; then fancy the opening and shutting of our back, just as Lord Adolphus Nutmeg claimed the affinity of “kid to kid,” to find our other hand close prisoner made by our uncle Bucket.

“How are you, old cock?”

“Who’s that, eh?”

“A lunatic, my lord (what lies men tell!), and dangerous!”

“Good day! [*Exit my lord*]. This way.” We followed our uncle—the end of a blind alley gave us a resting-place.

“Bravo!” exclaimed our uncle Bucket, “this is rare! I live here—dine with me!”

A mob surrounded us—we acquiesced, in hopes to reach a place of shelter.

“All right!” exclaimed he of the maternal side, “stand three-halfpence for your feed.”

We shelled the necessary out—he dived into a baker’s shop—the mob increased—he hailed us from the door.

“Thank God, this is your house, then.”

“Only my kitchen. Lend a hand!”

A dish of steaming baked potatoes, surmounted by a fractional rib of consumptive beef, was deposited between the lemon-coloured receptacles of our thumbs and fingers—an outcry was raised at the court’s end—we were almost mad.

“Turn to the right—three-pair back—cut away while it’s warm, and make yourself at home! I’ll come with the beer!”

We wished our *I* had been in that bier! We rushed out—the gravy basted our *pants*, and greased our hessians! Lord Adolphus Nutmeg appeared at the entrance of the court. As we proceeded to our announced destination,—“Great God!” exclaimed his lordship, “the Bedlamite has bitten him!” A peal of laughter rang in our ears—we rushed into the wrong room, and our uncle Job Bucket picked us, the shattered dish, the reeking potatoes, and dislodged beef, from the inmost recesses of a wicker-cradle, where, spite the thumps and entreaties of a distracted parent, we were all engaged in overlaying a couple of remarkably promising twins! We can say no more on this frightful subject. But—

“Once again we met!”

Our pride wanted cutting, and fate appeared determined to perform the operation with a jagged saw!

Tom Racket died! His disease was infectious, and we had been the last person to call upon him, consequently we were mournful. Thick-coming fancies brooded in our brain—all things conspired against us; the day was damp and wretched—the church-bells emulated each other in announcing the mortalities of earth's bipeds—each *toll'd* its tale of death. We thought upon our "absent friend." A funeral approached. We were still more gloomy. Could it be his? if so, what were his thoughts? Could ghosts but speak, what would he say? The coffin was coeval with us—sheets were rubicund compared to our cheeks. A low deep voice sounded from its very bowels—the words were addressed to us—they were, "Take no notice; it's the first time; it will soon be over!"

"Will it?" we groaned.

"Yes. I'm glad you know me. I'll tell you more when I come back."

"Gracious powers! do you expect to return?"

"Certainly! We'll have a screw together yet! There's room for us both in my place. I'll make you comfortable."

The cold perspiration streamed from us. Was there ever anything so awful! Here was an unhappy subject threatening to call and see us at night, and then screw us down and make us comfortable.

"Will you come?" exclaimed the dead again.

"Never!" we vociferated with fearful energy.

"Then let it alone; I didn't think you'd have cut me now; but wait till I show you my face."

Horror of horrors!—the pall moved—a long white face peered from it. We gasped for breath, and only felt new life when we recognised our uncle Job Bucket, as the author of the conversation, and one of the bearers of the coffin! He had turned mute!—but that was a failure—no one ever died in his parish after his adopting that profession!

He has been seen once since in the backwoods of America. His fate seemed still to follow him, and his good temper appeared immortal—his situation was more peculiar than pleasant. He was seated on a log, three hundred miles from any civilised habitation, smiling blandly at a broken axe (his only one), the half of which was tightly grasped in his right hand, pointing to the truant iron in the trunk of a huge tree, the first of a thriving forest of fifty acres he purposed felling; and, thus occupied, a solitary traveller passed our uncle Job Bucket, serene as the melting sunshine, and thoughtless as the wild insect that sported round the owner "of the lightest of light hearts."—PEACE BE WITH HIM.

FUSBOS.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

A gentleman of the name of Stuckey has discovered a new filtering process, by which "a stream from a most impure source may be rendered perfectly translucent and fit for all purposes." In the name of our rights and liberties! in the name of Judy and our country! we call upon the proper authorities to have this invaluable apparatus erected in the lobby of the House of Commons, and so, by compelling every member to submit to the operation of filtration, cleanse the house from its present accumulation of corruption, though we defy Stuckey himself to give it *brightness*.

A THING UNFIT TO A(P)PEAR.

New honours heaped on *roué* Segrave's name!
A cuckold's horn is then the trump of fame.

FINE ARTS.

EXTERNAL EXHIBITIONS.

Under this head it is our intention, from time to time, to revert to numberless free exhibitions, which, in this advancement-of-education age, have been magnanimously founded with a desire to inculcate a knowledge of, and disseminate, by these liberal means, an increased taste for the arts in this vast metropolis. We commence not with any feelings

of favouritism, nor in any order of ability, our pleasures being too numerously divided to be able to settle as to which ought to be No. 1, but because it is necessary to commence—consequently we would wish to settle down in company with the amiable reader in front of a tobacconist's shop in the Regent Circus, Piccadilly; and as the principal attractions glare upon the astonishment of the spectators from the south window, it is there in imagination that we are irresistibly fixed. Before we dilate upon the delicious peculiarities of the exhibition, we deem it absolutely a matter of justice to the noble-hearted patriot who, imitative of the Greeks and Athenians of old, who gave the porticoes of their public buildings, and other convenient spots, for the display of their artists' productions, has most generously appropriated the chief space of his shop front to the use and advantage of the painter, and has thus set a bright example to the high-minded havannah merchants and contractors for cubas and c'naster, which we trust will not be suffered to pass unobserved by them.

The principal feature, or, rather mass of features, which enchain the beholder, is a whole-length portrait of a gentleman (*par excellence*) seated in a luxuriating, Whitechapel style of ease, the envy, we venture to affirm, of every omnibus cad and coachman, whose loiterings near this spot afford them occasional peeps at him. He is most decidedly the greatest cigar in the shop—not only the mildest, if his countenance deceive us not, but evidently the most full-flavoured. The artist has, moreover, by some extraordinary adaptation or strange coincidence, made him typical of the locality—we allude to the Bull-and-Mouth—seated at a table evidently made and garnished for the article. The said gentleman herein depicted is in the act of drinking his own health, or that of "all absent friends," probably coupling with it some little compliment to a favourite dog, one of the true Regent-street-and-pink-ribbon breed, who appears to be paying suitable attention. A huge pine-apple on the table, and a champagne cork or two upon the ground, contribute a gallant air of reckless expenditure to this spirited work. In reference to the artistic qualities, it gives us immoderate satisfaction to state that the whole is conceived and executed with that characteristic attention so observable in the works of this master³, and that the fruit-knife, fork, cork-screw, decanter, and chiaro-scuro (as the critic of the *Art Union* would have it), are truly excellent. The only drawback upon the originality of the subject is the handkerchief on the knee, which (although painted as vigorously as any other portion of the picture) we do not strictly approve of, inasmuch as it may, with the utmost impartiality, be assumed as an imitation of Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of George the Fourth; nevertheless, we in part excuse this, from the known difficulty attendant upon the representation of a gentleman seated in enjoyment, and parading his bandana, without associating it with a veritable footman, who, upon the occasion of his "Sunday out," may, perchance, be seen in one of the front lower tenements in Belgrave-square, or some such *locale*, paying violent attentions to the housemaid, and the hot toast, decorated with the order of the handkerchief, to preserve his crimson plush in all its glowing purity. We cannot take leave of this interesting work without declaring our opinion that the composition (of the frame) is highly creditable.

3. We have forgotten the artist's name—perhaps never knew it; but we believe it is the same gentleman who painted the great author of "Jack Sheppard."

Placed on the right of the last-mentioned work of art, is a representation of a young lady, as seen when presenting a full-blown flower to a favourite parrot. There is a delicate simplicity in the attitude and expression of the damsel, which, though you fail to discover the like in the tortuous figures of Taglioni or Cerito, we have often observed in the conduct of ladies many years in the seniority of the one under notice, who, ever mindful of the idol of their thoughts and affections—a feline companion—may be seen carrying a precious morsel, safely skewered, in advance of them; this gentleness the artist has been careful to retain to eminent success. We are, nevertheless, woefully at a loss to divine what the allegory can possibly be (for as such we view it), what the analogy between a pretty poll and a pol-yanthus. We are unlearned in the language of flowers, or, perhaps, might probe the mystery by a little floral discussion. We are, however, compelled to leave it to the noble order of freemasons, and shall therefore wait patiently an opportunity of communicating with his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. In the meantime we shall not be silent upon the remaining qualities of the work as a general whole—the young lady—the parrot—the polyanthus, and the chiaro-scuro, are as excellent as usual in this our most amusing painter's productions.

As a pendant to this, we are favoured with the portrait of a young gentleman upon a half-holiday—and, equipped with cricket means, his dexter-hand grasps his favourite bat, whilst the left arm gracefully encircles a hat, in which is seductively shown a genuine "Duke." The sentiment of this picture is unparalleled, and to the young hero of any parish eleven is given a stern expression of Lord's Marylebone ground. We can already (aided by perspective and imagination) see him before a future generation of cricketers, "shoulder his bat, and show how games were won." The bat is well drawn and coloured with much truth, and with that strict observance of harmony which is so characteristic of the excellences of art. The artist has felicitously blended the tone and character of the bat with that of the young gentleman's head. As to the ball, we do not recollect ever to have seen one in the works of any of the old masters so true to nature. In conclusion, the buttons on the jacket, and the button-holes, companions thereto, would baffle the criticism of the most hyper-fastidious stab-rag; and the shirt collar, with every other detail—never forgetting the chiaro-scuro—are equal to any of the preceding.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

We had prepared an announcement of certain theatricals extraordinary, with which we had intended to favour the public, when the following bill reached us. We feel that its contents partake so strongly of what we had heretofore conceived the exclusive character of PUNCH, that to avoid the charge of plagiarism, as well as to prevent any confusion of interests, we have resolved to give insertion to both.

As PUNCH is above all petty rivalry, we accord our *collaborateurs* the preference.

Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

SIR,—Allow me to solicit your kindness so far, as to give publicity to this bill, by *placing it in some conspicuous part of your Establishment*. The success of the undertaking will prove so advantageous to the public at large, that I fear not your compliance in so good a cause.

I am, Sir, your's very obediently,
C. MITCHELL

VIVANT REGINA ET PRINCEPS.

THEATRE ROYAL

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE,

WELLINGTON-STREET NORTH, STRAND.

Conducted by the Council of the Dramatic Authors' Theatre, established for the full encouragement of English Living Dramatists.

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

The generous National feelings of the British Public are proverbially interested in every endeavour to obtain "a Free Stage and Fair Play." The Council of the Dramatic Authors' Theatre seek to achieve both, for every English Living Dramatist. Compelled, by the state of the *Law*, to present on the Stage a high Tragic Composition IN AN IRREGULAR FORM (in effecting which, nevertheless, regard has been had to those elements of human nature, which must constitute the essential principles of every genuine Dramatic Production), they hope for such kind consideration as may be due to a work brought forward in obedient accordance with the regulations of *Acts of Parliament*, though labouring thereby under some consequent difficulties; the *Law* for the Small Theatres Royal, and the *Law* for the Large Theatres Royal, *not* being one and the same *Law*. If, by these efforts, a beneficial alteration in such *Law*, which presses so fatally on Dramatic Genius, and which militates against the revival of the highest class of Drama, should be effected, they feel assured that the Public will Participate in their Triumph.

On THURSDAY, the 26th of AUGUST, will be presented, for the First Time,

(Interspersed with Songs and Music).

MARTINUZZI.

BY GEORGE STEPHENS, ESQ.

Taken by him from his "magnificent" Dramatic Poem, entitled, *The Hungarian Daughter*.

The Solos, Duets, Chorusses, and every other Musical arrangement the *Law* may require, by Mr. DAVID LEE.

The following Opinions of the Press on the Actable qualities of the Dramatic Poem, are selected from a vast mass of similar notices.

"Worthy of *the Stage* in its best days."—The Courier.

"Effective situations; if well acted, it *could not fail of success*."—*New Bell's Messenger*.

"The mantle of the Elizabethan Poets seems to have fallen on Mr. Stephens, for we have scarcely ever met with, in the works of modern dramatists, the truthful delineations of human passion, the chaste and splendid imagery, and continuous strain of fine poetry to be found in *The Hungarian Daughter*."—*Cambridge Journal*.

"Equal to Goethe. All is impassioned and effective. The Poet has availed himself of every tragic point, and brought together every element; nor, with the exception, of Mr. Knowles's *Love*, has there been a single Drama, within the last four years, presented on *the Stage* at all comparable.—*Monthly Magazine*.

After which will be performed, also for the First Time, An Original Entertainment in One Act, Entitled

THE CLOAK AND THE BONNET!

By the Author of *Jacob Faithful, Peter Simple, &c. &c.*

No Orders admitted.—No Free List, the Public Press excepted.

Now for *our* penny trumpet.

THEATRICALS EXTRAORDINARY.

READER,—Allow us to solicit your kindness so far as to give publicity to the following announcement, *by buying up and distributing among your friends the whole of the unsold copies of this number.* The success of this undertaking will prove so advantageous to the public at large, and of so little benefit to ourselves, that we fear not your compliance in so good a cause.

Yours obediently,
PUNCH.

VIVANT KANT ET TOMFOOLERIE.

THEATRE ROYAL

PERIPATETIC,

WELLINGTON-STREET SOUTH, STRAND.

Conducted by the Council of the Fanatic Association established for the full encouragement of Timber Actors and Wooden-headed Dramatists.

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC;

OR, PUNCH BLOWING HIS OWN TRUMPET,

The general National feelings of the British Public are proverbially interested in every endeavour to obtain “a blind alley, and no Fantoccini.” Compelled by the New Police Act to move on, and so present our high tragic composition by small instalments (in effecting which, nevertheless, regard has been had—*This parenthesis to be continued in our next*), we hope for such kind consideration as may be due, when it is remembered that the *law* for the *out-door* PUNCH and the *law* for the *in-door* PUNCH is not one and the same *law*. Oh, law!

On SATURDAY, the 28th of AUGUST, will be presented,

(Interspersed with Drum and Mouth Organ),

PUNCHINUZZI,

BY EGO SCRIBLERUS, ESQ.

Taken from his “magnificent” Dramatic Poem, entitled, “PUNCH NUTS UPON HIMSELF.”

The following Opinions on the Actable qualities of *Punchinuzzi*, are selected from a vast mass of similar notices.

“This ere play ‘ud draw at ony fare.”—*The late Mr. Richardson.*

“This happy poetic drama would be certain to command crowded and elegant *courts.*”—*La Belle Assemblée.*

“We have read *Punchinuzzi*, and we fearlessly declare that the mantle of that metropolitan bard, the late Mr. William Waters, has descended upon the gifted author.”—*Observer.*

“Worthy of the *streets* in their best days.”—*Fudge.*

No Orders! No Free List! No Money!!.

THE WHIGS’ LAST DYING SPEECH, AS DELIVERED BY THE QUEEN

It is with no common pride that PUNCH avails himself of the opportunity presented to him, from sources exclusively his own, of laying before his readers a copy of the original draft of the Speech decided upon at a late Cabinet Council. There is a novelty about it which pre-eminently distinguishes it from all preceding orations from the throne or the woolsack, for it has a purpose, and evinces much kind consideration on the part of the Sovereign, in

rendering this monody on departed Whiggism as grateful as possible to its surviving friends and admirers.

There is much of the eulogistic fervour of George Robins, combined with the rich poetic feeling of Mechi, running throughout the oration. Indeed, it remained for the Whigs to add this crowning triumph to their policy; for who but Melbourne and Co. would have conceived the happy idea of converting the mouth of the monarch into an organ for puffing, and transforming Majesty itself into a *National Advertiser*?

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

I have the satisfaction to inform you, that, through the invaluable policy of my present talented and highly disinterested advisers, I continue to receive from foreign powers assurances of their amicable disposition towards, and unbounded respect for, my elegant and enlightened Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and of their earnest desire to remain on terms of friendship with the rest of my gifted, liberal, and amiable Cabinet.

The posture of affairs in China is certainly not of the most pacific character, but I have the assurance of my infallible Privy Council, and of that profound statesman my Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in particular, that the present disagreement arises entirely from the barbarous character of the Chinese, and their determined opposition to the progress of temperance in this happy country.

I have also the satisfaction to inform you, that, by the acute diplomatic skill of my never-to-be-sufficiently-eulogised Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, that, after innumerable and complicated negotiations, he has at length succeeded in seducing his Majesty the King of the French to render to England the tardy justice of commemorating, by a *fête* and inauguration at Boulogne, the disinclination of the French, at a former period, to invade the British dominions.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

I have directed the *estimates for the next fortnight* to be laid before you, which, I am happy to inform you, will be amply sufficient for the exigencies of my *present* disinterested advisers.

The unequalled fiscal and arithmetical talents of my Chancellor of the Exchequer have, by the most rigid economy, succeeded in reducing the revenue very considerably below the actual expenditure of the state.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

Measures will be speedily submitted to you for carrying out the admirable plans of my Secretary of State for the Colonial Department, and the brilliant author of "Don Carlos," for the prevention of apoplexy among paupers, and the reduction of the present extravagant dietary of the Unions.

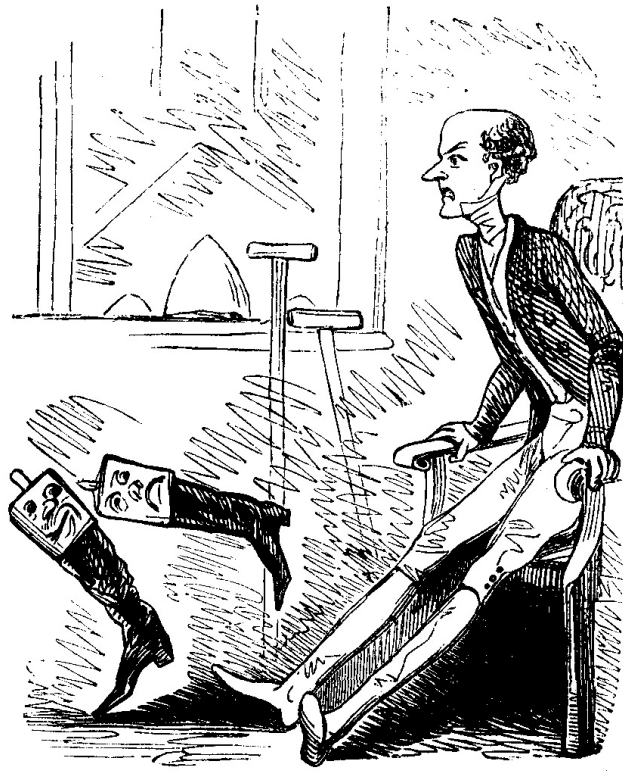
I have the gratification to announce that a commission is in progress, by which it is proposed by my *non*-patronage Ministers to call into requisition the talents of several literary gentlemen—all intimate friends or relations of my deeply erudite and profoundly philosophic Secretary of State for the Home Department, and author of "Yes and No," (three vols. Colburn) for the purpose of extending the knowledge of reading and writing, and the encouragement of circulating libraries all over the kingdom.

My consistent and uncompromising Secretary of State for the Colonies, having, since the publication of his spirited "Essays by a gentleman who has lately left his lodgings," totally changed his opinions on the subject of the Corn Laws, a measure is in the course of preparation with a view to the repeal of those laws, and the continuance in office of my invaluable, tenacious, and incomparable ministry.

CAUTION.—We have just heard from a friend in Somerset House, that it is the intention of the Commissioners of Stamps, from the glaring puffs embodied in the above speech, to proceed for the advertisement duty against all newspapers in which it is inserted. For ourselves, we will cheerfully pay.

A German, resident in New York, has such a remarkably hard name, that he spoils a gross of steel pens indorsing a bill.

A NEW VERSION OF BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.



OLD GLORY'S WHIG TOP-BOOTS REFUSING TO CARRY HIM TO THE DINNER TO CAPTAIN ROUS.

Such, we are credibly assured, was the determination of these liberal and enlightened leathers. They had heard frequent whispers of a general indisposition on the part of all lovers of consistency to stand in their master's shoes, and taking the insult to themselves, they lately came to the resolution of cutting the connexion. They felt that his liberality and his boots were all that constituted the idea of Burdett; and now that he had forsaken his old party and joined Peel's, the "tops" magnanimously decided to forsake him, and force him to take to—Wellingtons. We have been favoured with a report of the conversation that took place upon the occasion, and may perhaps indulge our readers with a copy of it next week.

In the mean time, we beg to subjoin a few lines, suggested by the circumstance of Burdett taking the chair at Rous's feast, which strongly remind us of Byron's Vision of Belshazzar.

Burdett was in the chair—
 The Tories throng'd the hall—
 A thousand lamps were there,
 O'er that mad festival.
 His crystal cup contain'd
 The grape-blood of the Rhine;
 Draught after draught he drain'd,
 To drown his thoughts in wine.

In that same hour and hall
 A shade like "Glory" came,
 And wrote upon the wall
 The records of his shame.
 And at its fingers traced
 The words, as with a wand,
 The traitorous and debased
 Upraised his palsied hand.

And in his chair he shook,
 And could no more rejoice;
 All bloodless wax'd his look,
 And tremulous his voice.
 "What words are those appear,
 To mar my fancied mirth!
 What bringeth 'Glory' here
 To tell of faded worth?"

"False renegade! thy name
 Was once the star which led
 The free; but, oh! what shame
 Encircles now thine head!
 Thou'rt in the balance weigh'd,
 And worthless found at last.

All! all! thou hast betray'd!"—
And so the spirit pass'd.

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PUNCH'S PENCILLINGS.—No. VI.



ANIMAL MAGNETISM:
SIR RHUBARB PILL MESMERISING THE BRITISH LION.

[pg 69]

SUPREME COURT OF THE LORD HIGH INQUISITOR PUNCH.

PAT V. THE WHIG JUSTICE COMPANY.

This is a cause of thorough orthodox equity standing, having commenced before the time of legal memory, with every prospect of obtaining a final decree on its merits somewhere about the next Greek Kalends. In the present term,

COUNSELLOR BAYWIG moved, on the part of the plaintiff, who sues *in formâ pauperis*, for an injunction to restrain the Whig Justice Company from setting a hungry Scotchman—one of their own creatures, without local or professional knowledge—over the lands of which the plaintiff is the legal, though unfortunately not the beneficial owner, as keeper and head manager thereof, to the gross wrong of the tenants, the depreciation of the lands themselves, the further reduction of the funds standing in the name of the cause, the insult to the feelings and the disregard of the rights of gentlemen living on the estate, and

perfectly acquainted with its management; and finally, to an unblushing and barefaced denial of justice to all parties. The learned counsel proceeded to state, that the company, in order to make an excuse for thus saddling the impoverished estates with an additional incubus, had committed a double wrong, by forcing from the office a man eminently qualified to discharge its functions—who had lived and grown white with honourable years in the actual discharge of these functions—and by thrusting into his place their own needy retainer, who, instead of being the propounder of the laws which govern the estates, would be merely the apprentice to learn them; and this too at a time when the company was on the eve of bankruptcy, and when the possession which they had usurped so long was about to pass into the hands of their official assignees.

LORD HIGH INQUISITOR.—What authorities can you cite for this application?

COUNSELLOR BAYWIG.—My lord, I fear the cases are, on the whole, rather adverse to us. Men have, undoubtedly, been chosen to administer the laws of this fine estate, and to guard it from waste, who have studied its customs, been thoroughly learned in its statistics, and interested, by blood and connexion, in its prosperity; but this number is very small. However, when injustice of the most grievous kind is manifest, it should not be continued merely because it is the custom, or because it is an “old institution of the country.”

LORD HIGH INQUISITOR.—I am quite astonished at your broaching such abominable doctrines here, sir. You a lawyer, and yet talk of justice in a Court of Equity! By Bacon, Blackstone, and Eldon, 'tis marvellous! Mr. Baywig, if you proceed, I shall feel it my duty to commit you for a contempt of court.

COUNSELLOR BAYWIG.—My lord, in that case I decline the honour of addressing your lordship further; but certainly my poor client is wronged in his land, in himself, and in his kindred. It is shocking personal insult added to terrible pecuniary punishment.

LORD HIGH INQUISITOR.—*Serve him right!* We dismiss the application with costs.

THE ADVANTAGES OF STYLE.

Some of the uninitiated in the art and mystery of book-making conceive the chief tax must be upon the compiler's brain. We give the following as a direct proof to the contrary—one that has the authority of Lord Hamlet, who summed the matter up in three

“Words! Words! Words!”

In one column we give a common-place household and familiar term—in the other we render it into the true Bulwerian phraseology:

| | |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| Does your mother know you are out? | Is your maternal parent's natural solicitude allayed by the information, that you have for the present vacated your domestic roof? |
| You don't lodge here, Mr. Ferguson. | You are geographically and statistically misinformed; this is by no means the accustomed place of your occupancy, Mr. Ferguson. |
| See! there he goes with his eye out. | Behold! he proceeds totally deprived of one moiety of his visual organs! |
| Don't you wish you may get it? | Pray confess, are you not really particularly anxious to obtain the desired object? |
| More t'other. | Infinitely, peculiarly, and most intensely the entire extreme and the absolute reverse. |
| Quite different. | Dissimilar as the far-extended poles, or the deep-tinctured ebon skins of the dark denizens of Sol's sultry plains and the fair rivals of descending flakes of virgin snow, melting with envy on the peerless breast of fair Circassia's ten-fold white-washed daughters. |
| Over the left. | Decidedly in the ascendant of the sinister. |

From the nobleman who is selected to move the address in the House of Lords, it would seem that the Whigs, tired of any further experiments in turning their coats, are about to try what effect they can produce with an *old Spencer*.

As the weather is to decide the question of the corn-laws, the rains that have lately fallen may be called, with truth, the *reins* of government.

SPORTING IN DOWNING STREET.

The extraordinary attachment which the Whigs have displayed for office has been almost without parallel in the history of ministerial fidelity. Zoologists talk of the local affection of cats, but in what animal shall we discover such a strong love of place as in the present government? Lord John is a very badger in the courageous manner in which he has resisted the repeated attacks of the Tory terriers. The odds, however, are too great for even *his* powers of defence; he has given some of the most forward of the curs who have tried to drag him from his burrow some shrewd bites and scratches that they will not forget in a hurry; but, overpowered by numbers, he must "come out" at last, and yield the victory to his numerous persecutors, who will, no doubt, plume themselves upon their dexterity at drawing a badger.

PUNCH'S EXTRA DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE

(BY THE CORRESPONDENT OF THE OBSERVER.)

The dramatic world has been in a state of bustle all the week, and parties are going about declaring—not that we put any faith in what they say—that Macready has already given a large sum for a manuscript. If he has done this, we think he is much to blame, unless he has very good reasons, as he most likely has, for doing so; and if such is the case, though we doubt the policy of the step, there can be no question of his having acted very properly in taking it. His lease begins in October, when, it is said, he will certainly open, if he can; but, as he positively cannot, the reports of his opening are rather premature, to say the least of them. For our parts, we never think of putting any credit in what we hear, but we give everything just as it reaches us.

THE MONEY MARKET

Tin is twopence a hundredweight dearer at Hamburgh than at Paris, which gives an exchange of 247 mille in favour of the latter capital.

A good deal of conversation has been excited by a report of its being intended by some parties in the City to establish a Bank of Issue upon equitable principles. The plan is a novel one, for there is to be no capital actually subscribed, it being expected that sufficient assets will be derived from the depositors. Shares are to be issued, to which a nominal price will be attached, and a dividend is to be declared immediately.

The association for supplying London with periwinkles does not progress very rapidly. A wharf has been taken; but nothing more has been done, which is, we believe, caused by the difficulty found in dealing with existing interests.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The Tories are coming into office, and the Parliament House is surrounded with scaffolds!

TO BAKERS AND FISHMONGERS.

Want places, in either of the above lines, three highly practical and experienced hands, fully capable and highly accomplished in the arduous duties of "looking after any quantity of loaves and fishes." A ten years' character can be produced from their last places, which they leave because the concern is for the present disposed of to persons equally capable. No objection to look after the till. Wages not so much an object as an extensive trade, the applicants being desirous of keeping their hands in. Apply to Messrs. Russell, Melbourne, and Palmerston, Downing-street Without.

"It is very odd," said Sergeant Channell to Thessiger, "that Tindal should have decided against me on that point of law which, to me, seemed as plain as A B C." "Yes," replied Thessiger, "but of what use is it that it should have been A B C to you, if the judge was determined to be D E F to it?"

CLEVER ROGUES.

The *Belfast Vindicator* has a story of a sailor who pledged a sixpence for threepence, having it described on the duplicate ticket as "a piece of silver plate of beautiful workmanship," by which means he disposed of the ticket for two-and-sixpence. The Tories are so struck with this display of congenial roguery, that they intend pawning their "BOB," and having him described as "a rare piece of vertu(e) *première qualité*" in the expectation

of securing a *crown* by it.

MUNTZ ON THE STATE OF THE CROPS.

Mr. Muntz requests us to state, in answer to numerous inquiries as to the motives which induce him to cultivate his beard, that he is actuated purely by a spirit of economy, having, for the last few years, *grown his own mattresses*, a practice which he earnestly recommends to the attention of all prudent and hirsute individuals. He finds, by experience, that nine square inches of chin will produce, on an average, about a sofa per annum. The whiskers, if properly attended to, may be made to yield about an easy chair in the same space of time; whilst luxuriant moustachios will give a pair of anti-rheumatic attrition gloves every six months. Mr. M. recommends, as the best mode of cultivation for barren soils, to plough with a cat's-paw, and manure with Macassar.

The Earl of Stair has been created Lord Oxenford. Theodore Hook thinks that the more appropriate title for a *Stair*, in raising him a step higher, would have been Lord *Landing-place*, or Viscount *Bannister*.

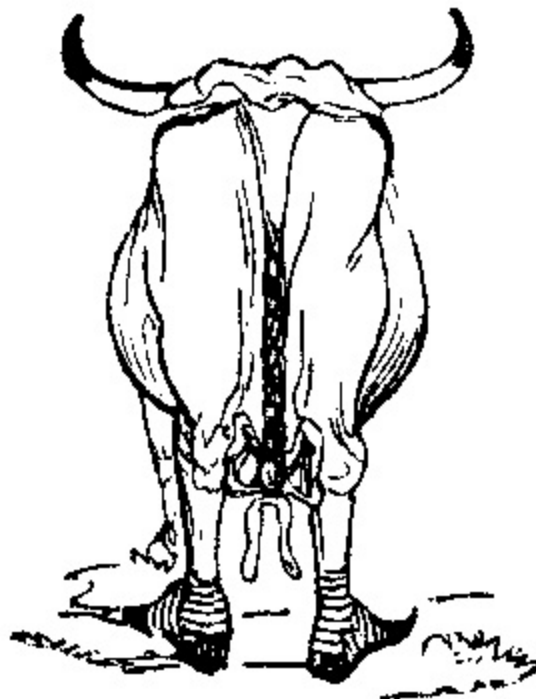
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LORD MELBOURNE'S LETTER-BAG.

The Augean task of cleansing the Treasury has commenced, and brooms and scrubbing-brushes are at a premium—a little anticipative, it is true, of the approaching turn-out; but the dilatory idleness and muddle-headed confusion of those who will soon be termed its late occupiers, rendered this a work of absolute time and labour. That the change in office had long been expected, is evident from the number of hoards discovered, which the unfortunate *employés* had saved up against the rainy day arrived. The routing-out of this conglomeration was only equalled in trouble by the removal of the birdlime with which the various benches were covered, and which adhered with most pertinacious obstinacy, in spite of every effort to get rid of it. From one of the wicker baskets used for the purpose of receiving the torn-up letters and documents, the following papers were extracted. We contrived to match the pieces together, and have succeeded tolerably well in forming some connected epistles from the disjointed fragments. We offer no comment, but allow them to speak for themselves. They are selected at random from dozens of others, with which the poor man must have been overwhelmed during the past two months:—

1.

MY LORD,—In the present critical state of your lordship's situation, it behoves every lover of his country and her friends, to endeavour to assuage, as much as possible, the awkward predicament in which your lordship and colleagues will soon be thrown. My dining-rooms in Broad-street, St. Giles's, have long been held in high estimation by my customers, for



BEEF A-LA-MODE;

and I can offer you an excellent basin of leg-of-beef soup, with bread and potatoes, for threepence. Imitated by all, equalled by none.

N.B. Please observe the address—Broad-street, St. Giles's.

2.

A widow lady, superintendent of a boarding-house, in an airy and cheerful part of Kentish Town, will be happy to receive Lord Melbourne as an inmate, when an ungrateful nation shall have induced his retirement from office. Her establishment is chiefly composed of single ladies, addicted to backgammon, birds, and bible meetings, who would, nevertheless, feel delighted in the society of a man of Lord Melbourne's acknowledged gallantry. The dinner-table is particularly well furnished, and a rubber is generally got up every evening, at which Lord M. could play long penny points if he wished it.

Address S.M., Post-office, Kentish Town.

3.

Grosjean, Restaurateur, *Castle-street, Leicester-square*, a l'honneur de prévenir Milord Melbourne qu'il se trouvera bien servi à son établissement. Il peut commander un bon potage an choux, trois plats, avec pain à discretion, et une pinte de demi-et-demi; enfin, il pourra parfaitement avoir ses sacs soufflés⁴ pour un schilling. La société est très comme-il-faut, et on ne donne rien au garçon.

4. French idiom —"He will be well able to blow his bags out!" —PUNCH, with the assistance of his friend in the show—the foreign gentleman.

4.

(Rose-coloured paper, scented. At first supposed to be from a lady of the bedchamber, but contradicted by the sequel.)

Flattering deceiver, and man of many loves,

My fond heart still clings to your cherished memory. Why have I listened to the honied silver of your seducing accents? Your adored image haunts me night and day. How is the treasury?—can you still spare me ten shillings?

YOURS,
AMANDA.

5.

JOHN MARVAT respectfully begs to offer to the notice of Lord Melbourne his Bachelor's Dispatch, or portable kitchen. It will roast, bake, boil, stew, steam, melt butter, toast bread, and diffuse a genial warmth at one and the same time, for the outlay of one halfpenny. It is peculiarly suited for *lamb*, in any form, which requires delicate dressing, and is admirably adapted for concocting mint-sauce, which delightful adjunct Lord Melbourne may, ere long, find some little difficulty in procuring.

High Holborn.

6.

May it plesse my Lord,—i have gest time to Rite and let you kno' wot a sad plite we are inn, On account off your lordship's inwitayshun to queen Wictory and Prince Allbut to come and Pick a bit with you, becos There is nothink for them wen they comes, and the Kitchin-range is chok'd up with the sut as has falln down the last fore yeers, and no polety but too old cox, which is two tuff to be agreerble; But, praps, we Can git sum cold meet from the in, wot as bin left at the farmers' markut-dinner; and may I ask you my lord without fear of your



TAKING A FENCE

on the reseat of this To send down sum ham and beef to me—two pound will be Enuff—or a quarter kitt off pickuld sammun, if you can git it, and I wish you may; and sum german silver spoons, to complement prince Allbut with; and, praps, as he and his missus knos they've come to Take pot-luck like, they won't be patickler, and I think we had better order the beer from the Jerry-shop, for ovr own Is rayther hard, and the brooer says, that a fore and a harf gallon, at sixpence A gallon, won't keep no Time, unless it's drunk; and so we guv some to the man as brort the bushel of coles, and he sed It only wanted another Hop, and then it woud have hopped into water; and John is a-going to set some trimmers in The ditches to kitch some fish; and, praps, if yure lordship comes, you may kitch sum too, from

Yure obedient Humbl servent and housekeeper,

MISSES RUMMIN.

7.

MY LORD,—Probably your cellars will be full of choke-damp when the door is opened, from long disuse and confined air. I have men, accustomed to descend dangerous wells and shafts, who will undertake the job at a moderate price. Should you labour under any temporary pecuniary embarrassment in paying me, I shall be happy to take it out in your wine, which I should think had been some years in bottle. Your Lordship's most humble servant,

RICHARD ROSE,
Dealer in Marine Stores.
Gray's-inn-lane.

LAYS OF THE LAZY.

I've wander'd on the distant shore,
I've braved the dangers of the deep,
I've very often pass'd the Nore—
At Greenwich climb'd the well-known steep;
I've sometimes dined at Conduit House,
I've taken at Chalk Farm my tea,
I've at the Eagle talk'd with Rouse—
But I have NOT *forgotten thee!*

"I've stood amid the glittering throng"
Of mountebanks at Greenwich fair,
Where I have heard the Chinese gong
Filling, with brazen voice, the air.
I've join'd wild revellers at night—
I've crouch'd beneath the old oak tree,
Wet through, and in a pretty plight,
But, oh! I've NOT *forgotten thee!*

I've earn'd, at times, a pound a week—
Alas! I'm earning nothing now;
Chalk scarcely shames my whiten'd cheek,
Grief has plough'd furrows in my brow.
I only get one meal a day,
And that one meal—oh, God!—my tea;
I'm wasting silently away,
But I have NOT *forgotten thee!*

My days are drawing to their end—
I've now, alas! no end in view;
I never had a real friend—
I wear a worn-out black *surtout*,
My heart is darken'd o'er with woe,
My trousers whiten'd at the knee,
My boot forgets to hide my toe—
But I have NOT *forgotten thee!*

MATERNAL SOLICITUDE.

The business habits of her gracious Majesty have long been the theme of admiration with her loving subjects. A further proof of her attention to general affairs, and consideration for the accidents of the future, has occurred lately. The lodge at Frogmore, which was, during the lifetime of Queen Charlotte, an out-of-town nursery for little highnesses, has been constructed (by command of the Queen) into a Royal Eccalleobion for a similar purpose.



FAMILIES SUPPLIED.

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WIT WITHOUT MONEY: OR, HOW TO LIVE UPON NOTHING.

BY VAMPYRE HORSELEECH, ESQ

CHAPTER II.

"A clever fellow, that Horseleech!" "When Vampyre is once drawn out, what a great creature it is!" These, and similar ecstatic eulogiums, have I frequently heard murmured forth from muzzy mouths into tinged and tingling ears, as I have been leaving a company of choice spirits. There never was a greater mistake. Horseleech, to be candid, far from being a clever fellow, is one of the most barren rascals on record. Vampyre, whether drawn out or held in, is a poor creature, not a great creature—opaque, not luminous—in a word, by nature, a very dull dog indeed.

But you see the necessity of appearing otherwise.—Hunger may be said to be a moral Mechi, which invents a strop upon which the bluntest wits are sharpened to admiration. Believe me, by industry and perseverance—which necessity will inevitably superinduce—the most dreary dullard that ever carried timber between his shoulders in the shape of a head, may speedily convert himself into a seeming Sheridan—a substitutional Sydney Smith—a second Sam Rogers, without the drawback of having written Jacqueline.

Take it for granted that no professed diner-out ever possessed a particle of native wit. His stock-in-trade, like that of Field-lane chapmen, is all plunder. Not a joke issues from his mouth, but has shaken sides long since quiescent. Whoso would be a diner-out must do likewise.

The real diner-out is he whose card-rack or mantelpiece (I was going to say groans, but) laughingly rejoices in respectful well-worded invitations to luxuriously-appointed tables. I count not him, hapless wretch! as one who, singling out "a friend," drops in just at pudding-time, and ravens horrible remnants of last Tuesday's joint, cognizant of curses in the throat of his host, and of intensest sable on the brows of his hostess. No struggle there, on the part of the children, "to share the good man's knee;" but protruded eyes, round as spectacles, and almost as large, fixed alternately upon his flushed face and that absorbing epigastrium which is making their miserable flesh-pot to wane most wretchedly.

To be jocose is not the sole requisite of him who would fain be a universal diner-out. Lively with the light—airy with the sparkling—brilliant with the blithe, he must also be grave with the serious—heavy with the profound—solemn with the stupid. He must be able to snivel with the sentimental—to condole with the afflicted—to prove with the practical—to be a theorist with the speculative.

To be jocose is his most valuable acquisition. As there is a tradition that birds may be caught by sprinkling salt upon their tails, so the best and the most numerous dinners are secured by a judicious management of Attic salt.

I fear me that the works of Josephus, and of his imitators—of that Joseph and his brethren, I mean, whom a friend of mine calls "*The Miller and his men*"—I fear me, I say, that these are well-nigh exhausted. Yet I have known very ancient jokes turned with advantage, so as to look almost equal to new. But this requires long practice, ere the final skill be attained.

Etherege, Sedley, Wycherley, and Vanbrugh are very little read, and were pretty fellows in their day; I think they may be safely consulted, and rendered available. But, have a care. Be sure you mingle some of your own dulness with their brighter matter, or you will overshoot the mark. You will be too witty—a fatal error. True wits eat no dinners, save of their own providing; and, depend upon it, it is not their wit that will now-a-days get them their dinner. True wits are feared, not fed.

When you tell an anecdote, never ascribe it to a man well known. The time is gone by for dwelling upon—"Dean Swift said"—"Quin, the actor, remarked"—"The facetious Foote was once"—"That reminds me of what Sheridan"—"Ha! ha! Sydney Smith was dining the other day with"—and the like. Your ha! ha!—especially should it precede the name of Sam Rogers—would inevitably cost you a hecatomb of dinners. It would be changed into oh! oh! too surely, and too soon. *Verbum sat.*

I would have you be careful to *sort* your pleasantries. Your soup jokes (never hazard that one about Marshal *Turenne*, it is really *too* ancient,) your fish, your flesh, your fowl jests—your side-shakers for the side dishes—your puns for the pastry—your after-dinner excruciators.

Sometimes, from negligence (but be not negligent) or ill-luck, which is unavoidable, and attends the best directed efforts, you sit down to table with your stock ill arranged or incomplete, or of an inferior quality. Your object is to make men laugh. It must be done. I have known a pathetic passage, quoted timely and with a happy emphasis from a popular novel—say, "Alice, or the Mysteries"—I have known it, I say, do more execution upon the congregated amount of midriff, than the best joke of the evening. (There is one passage in that "thrilling" performance, where Alice, overjoyed that her lover is restored to her, is represented as frisking about him like a dog around his long-absent proprietor, which, whenever I have taken it in hand, has been rewarded with the most vociferous and gleesome laughter.)

And this reminds me that I should say a word about laughers. I know not whether it be prudent to come to terms with any man, however stentorian his lungs, or flexible his facial organs, with a view to engage him as a cachinnatory machine. A confederate may become a traitor—a rival he is pretty certain of becoming. Besides, strive as you may, you can never secure an altogether unexceptionable individual—one who will "go the whole hyaena," and be at the same time the entire jackal. If he once start "lion" on his own account, furnished with your original roar, with which you yourself have supplied him, good-bye to your supremacy. "Farewell, my trim-built wherry"—he is in the same boat only to capsise you.

"And the first lion thinks the last a bore,"

and rightly so thinks. No; the best and safest plan is to work out your own ends, independent of aid which at best is foreign, and is likely to be formidable.

I may perhaps resume this subject more at large at a future time. My space at present is limited, but I feel I have hardly as yet entered upon the subject.

LAM(B)ENTATIONS.

Ye banks and braes o' Buckingham,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair,
When I am on my latest legs,
And may not bask amang ye mair!
And you, sweet maids of honour,—come,
Come, darlings, let us jointly mourn,
For your old flame must now depart,
Depart, oh! never to return!

Oft have I roam'd o'er Buckingham,
From room to room, from height to height;
It was such pleasant exercise,
And gave me *such* an appetite!
Yes! when the *dinner-hour* arrived,
For me they never had to wait,
I was the first to take my chair,
And spread my ample napkin straight.

And if they did not quickly come,
After the dinner-bell had knoll'd,
I just ran up my *private stairs*,
To say the things were getting cold!
But now, farewell, ye pantry steams,
(The sweets of premiership to me),
Ye gravies, relishes, and creams,
Malmsey and Port, and Burgundy!

Full well I mind the days gone by,—
'Twas nought but sleep, and wake, and dine;
Then *John* and *Pal* sang o' *their* luck,
And fondly sae sang I o' mine!
But now, how sad the scene, and changed!
Johnny and *Pal* are glad nae mair!

Oh! banks and braes o' Buckingham!
How *can* you bloom sae fresh and fair!

CHELSEA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

This delightful watering-place is filling rapidly. The steam-boats bring down hundreds every day, and in the evening take them all back again. Mr. Jones has engaged a lodging for the week, and other families are spoken of. A ball is also talked about; but it is not yet settled who is to give it, nor where it is to be given. The promenading along the wooden pier is very general at the leaving of the packets, and on their arrival a great number of persons pass over it. There are whispers of a band being engaged for the season; but, as there will not be room on the pier for more than one musician, it has been suggested to negotiate with the talented artist who plays the drum with his knee, the cymbals with his elbow, the triangle with his shoulder, the bells with this head, and the Pan's pipes with his mouth—thus uniting the powers of a full orchestra with the compactness of an individual. An immense number of Margate slippers and donkeys have been imported within the last few days, and there is every probability of this pretty little peninsula becoming a formidable rival to the old-established watering-places.

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THE DRAMA.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS,

OR, THE COURT OF QUEEN ANNE.

Perhaps it was the fashion at the court of Queen Anne, for young gentlemen who had attained the age of sixteen to marry and be given in marriage. At all events, some conjecture of the sort is necessary to make the plot of the piece we are noticing somewhat probable—that being the precise circumstance upon which it hinges. The *Count St. Louis*, a youthful *attaché* of the French embassy, becomes attached, by a marriage contract, to *Lady Bell*, a maid of honour to Queen Anne. The husband at sixteen, of a wife quite nineteen, would, according to the natural course of things, be very considerably hen-pecked; and *St. Louis*, foreseeing this, determines to begin. Well, he insists upon having "article five" of the marriage contract cancelled; for, by this stipulation, he is to be separated from his wife, on the evening of the ceremony (which fast approaches), for five years. He storms, swears, and is laughed at; somebody sends him a wedding present of sugar-plums—everybody calls him a boy, and makes merry at his expense—the wife treats him with contempt, and plays the scornful. The hobble-de-hoy husband, fired with indignation, determines to prove himself a man.

At the court of Queen Anne this seems to have been an easy matter. *St. Louis* writes love-letters to several maids of honour and to a citizen's wife, finishing the first act by invading the private apartments of the maiden ladies belonging to the court of the chaste Queen Anne.

The second act discovers him confined to his apartments by order of the Queen, having amused himself, while the intrigues begun by the love-letters are hatching, by running into debt, and being surrounded by duns. The intrigues are not long in coming to a head, for two ladies visit him separately in secret, and allow themselves to be hid in those never-failing adjuncts to a piece of dramatic intrigue—a couple of closets, which are used exactly in the same manner in "Foreign Affairs," as in all the farces within the memory of man—*ex. gr.*:—The hero is alone; one lady enters cautiously. A tender interchange of sentiment ensues—a noise is heard, and the lady screams. "Ah! that closet!" Into which exit lady. Then enter lady No. 2. A second interchange of tender things—another noise behind. "No escape?" "None! and yet, happy thought, that closet." Exit lady No. 2, into closet No. 2.

This is exactly as it happens in "Foreign Affairs." The second noise is made by the husband of one of the concealed ladies, and the lover of the other. Here, out of the old "closet" materials, the dramatist has worked up one of the best situations—to use an actor's word—we ever remember to have witnessed. It cannot be described; but it is really worth all the money to go and see it. Let our readers do so. The "Affairs" end by the boy fighting a couple of duels with the injured men; and thus, crowning the proof of his manhood, gets his wife to tolerate—to love him.

The piece was, as it deserved to be, highly successful; it was admirably acted by Mr. Webster as one of the injured lovers—Mr. Strickland and Mrs. Stirling, as a vulgar citizen and citizeness—by Miss P. Horton as *Lady Bell*—and even by a Mr. Clarke, who played a very small part—that of a barber—with great skill. Lastly, Madlle. Celeste, as the hero, acquitted herself to admiration. We suppose the farce is called "Foreign Affairs" out of compliment to this lady, who is the only "Foreign Affair" we could discover in the whole

piece, if we except that it is translated from the French, which is, strictly, an affair of the author's.

MARY CLIFFORD.

If, dear readers, you have a taste for refined morality and delicate sentiment, for chaste acting and spirited dialogue, for scenery painted on the spot, but like nothing in nature except canvas and colour—go to the Victoria and see "Mary Clifford." It may, perhaps, startle you to learn that the incidents are faithfully copied from the "Newgate Calendar," and that the subject is Mother Brownrigg of apprentice-killing notoriety; but be not alarmed, there is nothing horrible or revolting in the drama—it is merely laughable.

"Mary Clifford, or the foundling apprentice girl," is very appropriately introduced to the auditor, first outside the gates of that "noble charity-school," taking leave of some of her accidental companions. Here sympathy is first awakened. Mary is just going out to "place," and instead of saying "good bye," which we have been led to believe is the usual form of farewell amongst charity-girls, she sings a song with such heart-rending expression, that everybody cries except the musicians and the audience. To assist in this lachrymose operation, the girls on the stage are supplied with clean white aprons—time out mind a charity-girl's pocket-handkerchief. In the next scene we are introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Brownrigg's domestic arrangements, and are made acquainted with their private characters—a fine stroke of policy on the part of the author; for one naturally pities a poor girl who can sing so nicely, and can get the corners of so many white aprons wetted on leaving her last place, when one sees into whose hands she is going to fall. The fact is, the whole family are people of taste—peculiar, to be sure, and not refined. Mrs. B. has a taste for starving apprentices—her son, Mr. Jolin B., for seducing them—and Mr. B. longs only for a quiet life, a pot of porter, and a pipe. Into the bosom of this amiable family Mary Clifford enters; and we tremble for her virtue and her meals! not, alas, in vain, for Mr. John is not slow in commencing his gallantries, which are exceedingly offensive to Mary, seeing that she has already formed a liaison with a school-fellow, one William Clipson, who happily resides at the very next door with a baker. During the struggles that ensue she calls upon her "heart's master," the journeyman baker. But there is another and more terrible invocation. In classic plays they invoke "the gods"—in Catholic I ones, "the saints"—the stage Arab appeals to "Allah"—the light comedian swears "by the lord Harry"—but *Mary Clifford* adds a new and impressive invocative to the list. When young Brownrigg attempts to kiss, or his mother to flog her, she casts her eyes upward, kneels, and placing her hands together in an attitude of prayer, solemnly calls upon—"the governors of the Foundling Hospital!!" Nothing can exceed the terrific effect this seems to produce upon her persecutors! They release her instantly—they slink back abashed and trembling—they hide their diminished heads, and leave their victim a clear stage for a soliloquy or a song.

We really *must* stop here, to point out to dramatic authors the importance of this novel form of conjuration. When the history of Fauntleroy comes to be dramatised, the lover will, of course, be a banker's clerk: in the depths of distress and despair into which he will have to be plunged, a prayer-like appeal to "the Governor and Company of the Bank of England," will, most assuredly, draw tears from the most insensible audience. The old exclamations of "Gracious powers!"—"Great heavens!"—"By heaven, I swear!" &c. &c., may now be abandoned; and, after "Mary Clifford," Bob Acres' tasteful system of swearing may not only be safely introduced into the tragic drama, but considerably augmented.

But to return. Dreading lest Miss Mary should really "go and tell" the illustrious governors, she is kept a close prisoner, and finishes the first act by a conspiracy with a fellow-apprentice, and an attempt to escape.

Mr. Brownrigg, we are informed, carried on business at No. 12, Fetter-lane, in the oil, paint, pickles, vinegar, plumbing, glazing, and pepper-line; and, in the next act, a correct view is exhibited of the exterior of his shop, painted, we are told, from the most indisputable authorities of the time. Here, in Fetter, lane, the romance of the tale begins:—A lady enters, who, being of a communicative disposition, begins, unasked, unquestioned, to tell the audience a story—how that she married in early life—that her husband was pressed to sea a day or two after the wedding—that she in due time became a mother, and (affectionate creature!) left the dear little pledge at the door of the Foundling Hospital. That was sixteen years ago. Since then fortune has smiled, and she wants her baby back again; but on going to the hospital, says, that they informed her that her daughter has been just "put apprentice" in the very house before which she tells the story—part of it as great a fib as ever was told; for children once inside the walls of that "noble charity," never know who left them there; and any attempt to find each other out, by parent or child, is punished with the instant withdrawal of the omnipotent protection of the awful "governors." This lady, who bears all the romance of the piece upon her own shoulders, expects to meet her long-lost husband at the Ship, in Wapping, and instead of seeking her daughter, repairs thither, having done all the author required, by emptying her budget of fibs.

The next scene is harrowing in the extreme. The bills describe it as *Mrs. Brownrigg's* "wash-house, kitchen, and skylight"—the sky-light forming a most impressive object. Poor

Mary Clifford is chained to the floor, her face begrimed, her dress in rags, and herself exceedingly hungry. Here the heroine describes the weakness of her body with energy and stentorian eloquence, but is interrupted by *Mr. Clipson*, whose face appears framed and glazed in the broken sky-light. A pathetic dialogue ensues, and the lover swears he will rescue his mistress, or "perish in the attempt," "calling upon Mr. Owen, the parish overseer," to make known her sufferings. The Ship, in Wapping, is next shown; and *Toby Bensling*, alias *Richard Clifford*, enters to inform his hearers that he is the missing father of the injured foundling, and has that moment stepped ashore, after a short voyage, lasting sixteen years! He is on his way to the "Admiralty," to receive some pay—the more particularly, we imagine, as they always pay sailors at Somerset House—and *then* to look after his wife. But she saves him the trouble by entering with *Mr. William Clipson*. The usual "Whom do I see?"—"Can it be?"—"After so long an absence!" &c. &c., having been duly uttered and begged to, they all go to see after *Mary*, find her in a cupboard in Mrs. B.'s back-parlour, and—the act-drop falls.

We must confess we approach a description of the third act with diffidence. Such intense pathos, we feel, demands words of more sombre sound—ink of a darker hue, than we can command. The third scene is, in particular, too extravagantly touching for ordinary nerves to witness. *Mary Clifford* is in bed—French bedstead (especially selected, perhaps, because such things were not thought of in the days of Mother Brownrigg) stands exactly in the middle of the stage—a chest of drawers is placed behind, and a table on each side, to balance the picture. The lover leans over the head, the mother sits at the foot, the father stands at the side: *Mary Clifford* is insane, with lucid intervals, and is, moreover, dying. The consequence is, she has all the talk to herself, which consists of a discourse concerning the great "governors," her cruel mistress, and her naughty young master, interlarded with insane ejaculations, always considered stage property, such as, "Ah, she comes!" "Nay, strike me not—I am guiltless!" Again, "Villain! what do you take me for?—unhand me!" and all that. Then the dying part comes, and she sees an angel in the flies, and informs it that she is coming soon (here it is usual for a lady to be removed from the gallery in strong hysterics), and keeps her word by letting her arm fall upon the bed-clothes and shutting her eyes, whereupon somebody says that she is dead, and the prompter whistles for the scene to be changed.

In the last scene, criminal justice takes its course. *Mrs. Brownrigg*, having been sentenced to the gallows, is seen in the condemned cell; her son by her side, and the fatal cart in the back-ground. Having been brought up genteelly, she declines the mode of conveyance provided for her journey to Tyburn with the utmost volubility. Being about to be hanged merely does not seem to affect her so poignantly as the disgraceful "drag" she is doomed to take her last journey in. She swoons at the idea; and the curtain falls to end her wicked career, and the sufferings of an innocent audience.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

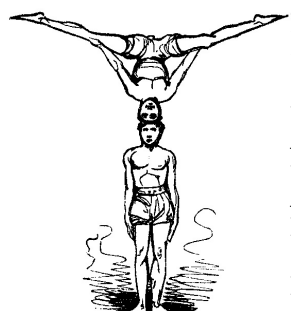
VOL. 1.

AUGUST 28, 1841.

THE HEIR OF APPELBITE.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCES THE READER TO THE APPELBITE FAMILY AND TO AGAMEMNON
COLLUMPSION APPELBITE IN PARTICULAR.



The following is extracted from the *Parliamentary Guide* for 18—:—"APPELBITE, ISAAC (*Puddingbury*). Born March 25, 1780; descended from his grandfather, and has issue." And upon reference to a monument in Puddingbury church, representing the first Mrs. Applebite (who was a housemaid) industriously scrubbing a large tea-urn, whilst another figure (supposed to be the second Mrs. Applebite) is pointing reproachfully to a little fat cherub who is blowing himself into a fit of apoplexy from some unassignable cause or another—I say upon reference to this monument, upon which is blazoned forth all the stock virtues of those who employ stonemasons, I find, that in July, 18—, the said Isaac was gathered unto Abraham's bosom, leaving behind him—a seat in the House of Commons—a relict—the

issue aforesaid, and £50,000 in the three per cents.

The widow Applebite had so arranged matters with her husband, that two-thirds of the above sum were left wholly and solely to her, as some sort of consolation under her bereavement of the "best of husbands and the kindest of fathers." (*Vide* monument.) Old Isaac must have been a treasure, for his wife either missed him so much, or felt so desirous to learn if there was another man in the world like him, that, as soon as the monument was completed and placed in Puddingbury chancel, she married a young officer in a dashing dragoon regiment, and started to the Continent to spend the honeymoon, leaving her son—

AGAMEMNON COLLUMPSION APPLEBITE (the apoplectic "cherub" and the "issue" alluded to in the *Parliamentary Guide*), to the care of himself.

A.C.A. was the pattern of what a young man ought to be. He had 16,000 and odd pounds in the three per cents., hair that curled naturally, stood five feet nine inches without his shoes, always gave a shilling to a waiter, lived in a terrace, never stopped out all night (but once), and paid regularly every Monday morning. Agamemnon Collumpston Applebite was a happy bachelor! The women were delighted to see him, and the men to dine with him: to the one he gave *bouquets*; to the other, cigars: in short, everybody considered A.C.A. as A1; and A.C.A. considered that A1 was his proper mark.

It is somewhat singular, but no man knows when he *is* really happy: he may fancy that he wants for nothing, and may even persuade himself that addition or subtraction would be certain to interfere with the perfectitude of his enjoyment. He deceives himself. If he wishes to assure himself of the exact state of his feelings, let him ask his friends; they are disinterested parties, and will find out some annoyance that has escaped his notice. It was thus with Agamemnon Collumpston Applebite. He had made up his mind that he wanted for nothing, when it was suddenly found out by his friends that he was in a state of felicitous destitution. It was discovered simultaneously, by five mamas and eighteen daughters, that Agamemnon Collumpston Applebite *must* want a wife; and that his sixteen thousand and odd pounds must be a source of *undivided* anxiety to him. Stimulated by the most praiseworthy considerations, a solemn compact was entered into by the aforesaid five mamas, on behalf of the aforesaid eighteen daughters, by which they were pledged to use every means to convince Agamemnon Collumpston Applebite of his deplorable condition; but no unfair advantage was to be taken to ensure a preference for any particular one of the said eighteen daughters, but that the said Agamemnon Collumpston Applebite should be left free to exercise his own discretion, so far as the said eighteen daughters were concerned, but should any other daughter, of whatever mama soever, indicate a wish to become a competitor, she was to be considered a common enemy, and scandalized accordingly.

Agamemnon Collumpston Applebite, about ten o'clock on the following evening, was seated on a sofa, between Mrs. Greatgirdle and Mrs. Waddledot (the two mamas deputed to open the campaign), each with a cup of very prime Mocha coffee, and a massive fiddle-pattern tea-spoon. On the opposite side of the room, in a corner, was a very large cage, in the sole occupancy of a solitary Java sparrow.

"My poor bird looks very miserable," sighed Mrs. Greatgirdle, (the hostess upon this occasion.)

"Very miserable!" echoed Mrs. Waddledot; and the truth of the remark was apparent to every one.

The Java sparrow was moulting and suffering from a cutaneous disorder at the same time; so what with the falling off, and scratching off of his feathers, he looked in a most deplorable condition; which was rendered more apparent by the magnitude of his cage. He seemed like the *last* debtor confined in the Queen's Bench.

"He has never been himself since the death of his mate." (Here the bird scarified himself with great violence.) "He is so restless; and though he eats very well, and hops about, he seems to have lost all care of his person, as though he would put on mourning if he had it."

"Is there no possibility of dyeing his feathers?" remarked Agamemnon Collumpston, feeling the necessity of saying something.

"It is not the inky cloak, Mr. Applebite," replied Mrs. Greatgirdle, "that truly indicates regret; but it's here," (laying her hand upon her left side): "no—there, under his liver wing, that he feels it, poor bird! It's a shocking thing to live alone."

"And especially in such a large cage," said Mrs. Waddledot. "*Your house* is rather large, Mr. Applebite?" inquired Mrs. Greatgirdle.

"Rather, ma'am," replied Collumpston.

"Ain't you very lonely?" said Mrs. Waddledot and Mrs. Greatgirdle both in a breath.

"Why, not—"

"Very lively, you were going to say," interrupted Mrs. G.

Now Mrs. G. was wrong in her conjecture of Collumpsion's reply. He was about to say, "Why, not at all;" but she, of course, knew best what he ought to have answered.

"I often feel for you, Mr. Applebite," remarked Mrs. Waddledot; "and think how strange it is that you, who really are a nice young man—and I don't say so to flatter you—that you should have been so unsuccessful with the ladies."

Collumpsion's vanity was awfully mortified at this idea.

"It *is* strange!" exclaimed Mrs. G "I wonder it don't make you miserable. There is no home, I mean the '*Sweet, sweet* home,' without a wife. Try, try again, Mr. Applebite," (tapping his arm as she rose;) "faint heart never won fair lady."

"I refused Mr. Waddledot three times, but I yielded at last; take courage from that, and 24, Pleasant Terrace, may shortly become that Elysium—a woman's home," whispered Mrs. W., as she rolled gracefully to a card-table; and accidentally, *of course*, cut the ace of spades, which she exhibited to Collumpsion with a very mysterious shake of the head.

Agamemnon returned to 24, Pleasant Terrace, a discontented man. He felt that there was no one sitting up for him—nothing but a rush-light—the dog might bark as he entered, but no voice was there to welcome him, and with a heavy heart he ascended the two stone steps of his dwelling.

He took out his latch-key, and was about to unlock the door, when a loud knocking was heard in the next street. Collumpsion paused, and then gave utterance to his feelings. "That's music—positively music. This is my house—there's my name on the brass-plate—that's my knocker, as I can prove by the bill and receipt; and, yet, here I am about to sneak in like a burglar. Old John sha'n't go to bed another night; I'll not indulge the lazy scoundrel any longer, Yet the poor old fellow nursed me when a child. I'll compromise the matter—I'll knock, and let myself in." So saying, Collumpsion thumped away at the door, looked around to see that he was unobserved, applied his latch-key, and slipped into his house just as old John, in a state of great alarm and undress, was descending the stairs with a candle and a boot-jack.

AN ACUTE ANGLE.

We read in the *Glasgow Courier* of an enormous salmon hooked at Govan, which measured three feet, three inches in length. The *Morning Herald* mentions several gudgeons of twice the size, caught, we understand, by Alderman Humphery, and conveyed to Town per Blackwall Railway.



IMPORTANT NEWS FROM CHINA.

ARRIVAL OF THE OVERLAND MAIL!

August 28, 1841.

We have received expresses from the Celestial Empire by our own private electro-galvanic communication. As this rapid means of transmission carries dispatches so fast that we generally get them even before they are written, we are enabled to be considerably in advance of the common daily journals; more especially as we have obtained news up to the end of next week.

The most important paper which has come to hand is the *Macao Sunday Times*. It appears that the fortifications for surrounding Peking are progressing rapidly, but that the government have determined upon building the ramparts of japanned canvas and bamboo rods, instead of pounded rice, which was thought almost too fragile to resist the attacks of the English barbarians. Some handsome guns, of blue and white porcelain, have been placed on the walls, with a proportionate number of carved ivory balls, elaborately cut one inside the other. These, it is presumed, will split upon firing, and produce incalculable mischief and confusion. Within the gates a frightful magazine of gilt crackers, and other fireworks, has been erected; which, in the event of the savages penetrating the fortifications, will be exploded one after another, to terrify them into fits, when they will be easily captured. This precaution has been scarcely thought necessary by some of the mandarins, as our great artist, Wang, has covered the external joss-house with frantic figures that, must strike terror to every barbarian. Gold paper has also been kept constantly burning, on altars of holy clay, at every practicable point of the defences, which it is hardly thought they will have the hardihood to approach, and the sacred ducks of Fanqui have been turned loose in the river to retard the progress of the infidel fleet.

During the storm of last week the portcullis, which had been placed in the northern gate, and was composed of solid rice paper, with cross-bars of chop-sticks, was much damaged. It is now under repair, and will be coated entirely with tea-chest lead, to render it perfectly impregnable. The whole of the household troops and body-guard of the emperor have also received new accoutrements of tin-foil and painted isinglass. They have likewise been armed with varnished bladders, containing peas and date stones, which produce a terrific sound upon the least motion.

An Englishman has been gallantly captured this morning, in a small boat, by one of our armed junks. He will eat his eyes in the Palace-court this afternoon; and then, being enclosed in soft porcelain, will be baked to form a statue for the new pagoda at Bo-Lung, the first stone of which was laid by the late emperor, to celebrate his victory over the rude northern islanders.

Canton.

The last order of the government, prohibiting the exportation of tea and rhubarb, has been issued by the advice of Lin, who translates the English newspapers to the council. It is affirmed in these journals, that millions of these desert tribes have no other beverage than tea for their support. As their oath prohibits any other liquor, they will be driven to water for subsistence, and, unable to correct its unhealthy influence by doses of rhubarb, will die miserably. In anticipation of this event, large catacombs are being erected near their great city, on the authority of Slo-Lefe-Tee, who visited it last year, and intends shortly to go there again. The rhubarb prohibition will, it is said, have a great effect upon the English market for plums, pickled salmon, and greengages; and the physicians, or disciples of the great Hum, appear uncertain as to the course to be pursued.

The emperor has issued a chop to the Hong merchants, forbidding them to assist or correspond with the invaders, under pain of having their finger-nails drawn out and rings put in their noses. Howqua resists the order, and it is the intention of Lin, should he remain obstinate, to recommend his being pounded up with broken crockery and packed in Chinese catty packages, to be forwarded, as an example, to the Mandarin Pidding, of the wild island.

An English flag, stolen by a deserter from Chusan, will be formally insulted to-morrow in the market-place, by the emperor and his court. Dust will be thrown at it, accompanied by derisive grimaces, and it will be subsequently hoisted, in scorn, to blow, at the mercy of the winds, upon the summit of the palace, within sight of the barbarians.

LEVANT MAIL.

CONSTANTINOPLE, ALEXANDRIA, AND SMYRNA.

August 30.

The Sultan got very fuddled last night, with forbidden juice, in the harem, and tumbled down the ivory steps leading from the apartment of the favourite, by which accident he seriously cut his nose. Every guard is to be bastinadoed in consequence, and the wine-merchant will be privately sewn up in a canvas-bag and thrown into the Bosphorus this evening.

A relation of Selim Pacha, despatched by the Sultan to collect taxes in Beyrout, was despatched by the Syrians a few hours after his arrival.

The periodical conflagration of the houses, mosques, and synagogues, in Smyrna, took place with great splendour on the 30th ult., and the next will be arranged for the ensuing month, when everybody suspected of the plague will receive orders from the government to remain in their dwellings until they are entirely consumed. By this salutary arrangement, it is expected that much improvement will take place in the public health.

The inundation of the Nile has also been very favourable this year, The water has risen higher than usual, and carried off several hundred poor people. The Board of Guardians of the Alexandria Union are consequently much rejoiced.

TO MR GREEN, THE INSPECTOR OF HIGHWAYS.

ON HIS RECENT SKYLARK.

“The air hath bubbles as the water hath.”

Huzza! huzza! there goes the balloon—
’Tis up like a rocket, and off to the moon!
Now fading from our view,
Or dimly seen;

Now lost in the deep *blue*
Is Mr. *Green!*

Pray have a care,
In your path through the air,
And mind well what you do;
For if you chance to slip
Out of your airy ship,
Then *down* you come, and all is *up* with you.

FASHIONABLE ARRIVALS.

Two thousand and thirty-five remarkably fine calves, from their various rural pasturages at Smithfield. Some of the *heads* of the party have since been seen in the very highest society.

ADVICE GRATIS.

“What will you take?” said Peel to Russell, on adjourning from the School of Design. “Anything you recommend.” “Then let it be your departure,” was the significant rejoinder.

PLEASANT CROPS ABROAD.—A GOOD LOOK OUT FOR THE SYRIANS.

“French agents are said to *be sowing discontent* in Syria.”—*Sunday Times*.

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THE GENTLEMAN'S OWN BOOK.

Having advised you in our last paper of “Dress in general,” we now proceed to the important consideration of

DRESS IN PARTICULAR,

a subject of such paramount interest and magnitude, that we feel an Encyclopædia would be barely sufficient for its full development; and it is our honest conviction that, until professorships of this truly noble art are instituted at the different universities, the same barbarisms of style will be displayed even by those of gentle blood, as now too frequently detract from the Augustan character of the age.

To take as comprehensive a view of this subject as our space will admit, we have divided it into the quality, the cut, the ornaments, and the pathology.

THE QUALITY

comprises *the texture, colour, and age of the materials*.

Of the texture there are only two kinds compatible with the reputation of a gentleman—the very fine and the very coarse; or, to speak figuratively—the Cachmere and the Witney blanket.

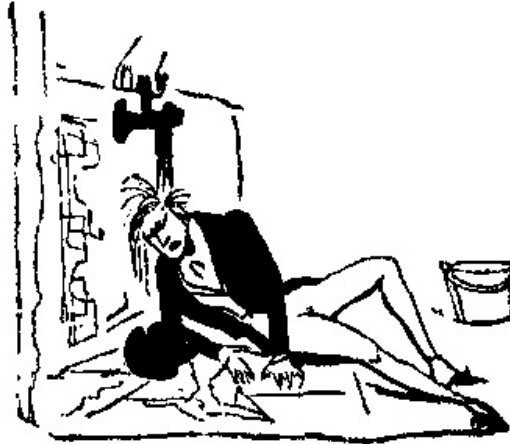
The latter is an emanation from the refinement of the nineteenth century, for a prejudice in favour of “extra-superfine” formerly existed, as the coarser textures, now prevalent, were confined exclusively to common sailors, hackney-coachmen, and bum-bailiffs. These frivolous distinctions are happily exploded, and the true gentleman may now show in Saxony, or figure in Flushing—the one being suggestive of his property, and the other indicative of his taste. These remarks apply exclusively to woollens, whether for coats or trousers.

It is incumbent on every gentleman to have a perfect library of waistcoats, the selection of which must be regulated by the cost of the material, as it would be derogatory, in the highest degree, to a man aspiring to the character of a *distingué*, to decorate his bosom with a garment that would by any possibility come under the denomination of “these choice patterns, only 7s. 6d.” There are certain designs for this important decorative adjunct, which entirely preclude them from the wardrobes of the élite—the imaginative bouquets upon red-plush grounds, patronised by the ingenious constructors of canals and rail-roads—the broad and brilliant Spanish striped Valencias, which distinguish the *savans* or knowing ones of the stable—the cotton (must we profane the word!) velvet impositions covered with botanical diagrams done in distemper, and monopolized by lawyers’ clerks and small professionals—the *positive* or genuine Genoa velvet, with violent and showy embellishments of roses, dahlias, and peonies, which find favour in the eyes of aldermen, attorneys, and the proprietors of four-wheel chaises, are all to be avoided as the fifth

daughter of a clergyman's widow.

It is almost superfluous to add, that breeches can only be made of white leather or white kerseymere, for any other colour or material would awaken associations of the dancing-master, the waiter, the butler, or the bumpkin, or, what is equally to be dreaded, "the highly respectables" of the last century.

The dressing-gown is a portion of the costume which commands particular attention; for though no man "can appear as a hero to his valet," he must keep up the gentleman. This can only be done by the dressing-gown. To gentlemen who occupy apartments, the *robe de chambre*, if properly selected, is of infinite advantage; for an Indian shawl or rich brocaded silk (of which this garment should only be constructed), will be found to possess extraordinary pacific properties with the landlady, when the irregularity of your remittances may have ruffled the equanimity of her temper, whilst you are



INCLINED TO TAKE IT COOLLY;

whereas a gray Duffield, or a cotton chintz, would be certain to induce deductions highly prejudicial to the respectability of your character, or, what is of equal importance, to the duration of your credit.

The colour of your materials should be selected with due regard to the species of garment and the tone of the complexion. If the face be of that faint drab which your friends would designate *pallid*, and your enemies sallow, a coat of pea-green or snuff-brown must be scrupulously eschewed, whilst black or invisible green would, by contrast, make that appear delicate and interesting, which, by the use of the former colours, must necessarily seem bilious and brassy.

The rosy complexionist must as earnestly avoid all sombre tints, as the inelegance of a healthful appearance should never be obtrusively displayed by being placed in juxtaposition with colours diametrically opposite, though it is almost unnecessary to state that any one ignorant enough to appear of an evening in a coat of any other colour than blue or black (regimentals, of course, excepted), would certainly be condemned to a quarantine in the servant's hall. There are colours which, if worn for trousers by the first peer of the realm, would be as condemnatory of his character as a gentleman, as levanting on the settling-day for the Derby.

The dark drab, which harmonises with the mud—the peculiar pepper-and-salt which is warranted not to grow gray with age—the indescribable mixtures, which have evidently been compounded for the sake of economy, must ever be exiled from the wardrobe and legs of a gentleman.

The hunting-coat must be invariably of scarlet, due care being taken before wearing to dip the tips of the tails in claret or port wine, which, for new coats, or for those of gentlemen who do *not* hunt, has been found to give them an equally veteran appearance with the sweat of the horse.

Of the age it is only necessary to state, that a truly fashionable suit should never appear under a week, or be worn longer than a month from the time that it left the hands of its parent schneider. Shooting-coats are exceptions to the latter part of this rule, as a garment devoted to the field should always bear evidence of long service, and a new jacket should be consigned to your valet, who, if he understands his profession, will carefully rub the shoulders with a hearth-stone and bole-ammonia, to convey the appearance of friction and the deposite of the rust of the gun¹.

Of the cut, ornaments, and pathology of dress, we shall speak next week, for these are equally essential to ensure

1. Gentlemen who are theoretical, rather than practical sportsmen, would find it beneficial to have a partridge carefully plucked,

and the feathers sparingly deposited in the pockets of the shooting-jacket usually applied to the purposes of carrying game. Newgate Market possesses all the advantages of a preserved manor.



AN INTRODUCTION TO FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.

BEGINNING EARLY.

We are informed by the *Times* of Saturday, that at the late Conservative enactment at D.L., not only his Royal Highness Prince Albert, but the *infant* Princess Royal, was "drunk, with the usual honours."—[*Proh pudor!*—PUNCH.]

SIBTHORP'S VERY BEST.

Sibthorp, meeting Peel in the House of Commons, after congratulating him on his present enviable position, finished the confab with the following unrivalled conundrum:—"By the bye, which of your vegetables does your Tamworth speech resemble!"—"Spinach," replied Peel, who, no doubt, associated it with *gammon*.—"Pshaw," said the gallant Colonel, "your rope inions (*your opinions*), to be sure!" Peel opened his mouth, and never closed it till he took his seat at the table.

BEAUTIFUL COINCIDENCE!—A PAIR OF TOOLS.

Sir Francis Burdett, the superannuated Tory *tool*, proposed the Conservative healths; and *Toole* the second, as toast-master, announced them to the assemblage.

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THE CURRAH CUT;

OR, HOW WE ALL GOT A FI'PENNY BIT A-PIECE.

"Are the two ponies ready?"

"Yes!"

"And the ass?"

"All right!"

"And you've, all five of you, got your fi'pennies for Tony Dolan, the barber, at Kells?"

"Every one of us."

"Then be off; there's good boys! Ride and tie like Christians, and don't be going double on the brute beasts; for a bit of a walk now and then will just stretch your legs. Be back at five to dinner; and let us see what bucks you'll look with your new-trimmed curls. Stay, there's another fi'penny; spend that among you, and take care of yourselves, my little jewels!"

Such were the parting queries and instructions of my kind old uncle to five as roaring, mischievous urchins as ever stole whisky to soak the shamrock on St. Patrick's day. The chief director, schemer, and perpetrator of all our fun and devilry, was, strange to say, "my cousin Bob:" the smallest, and, with one exception, the youngest of the party. But Bob was his grandmother's "ashey pet"—his mother's "jewel"—his father's "mannikin"—his nurse's "honey"—and the whole world's "darlin' little devil of a rogue!" The expression of a face naturally arch, beaming with good humour, and radiant with happy laughter, was singularly heightened by a strange peculiarity of vision, which I am at a loss to describe. It

was, if the reader can idealise the thing, an absolute "beauty," which, unfortunately, can only be written about by the appliances of some term conveying the notion of a blemish. The glances from his bright eyes seemed to steal out from under their long fringe, the most reckless truants of exulting mirth. No matter what he said, he looked a joke. Now for his orders:—

"Aisy with you, lads. Cousin Harry, take first ride on St. Patrick (the name of the ass)—here's a leg up. The two Dicks can have Scrub and Rasper. Jack and Billy, boys, catch a hold of the bridles, or devil a ha'p'worth of ride and tie there'll be in at all, if them Dicks get the start—Shanks' mare will take you to Kells. Don't be galloping off in that manner, but shoot aisy! Remember, the ass has got to keep up with you, and I've got to keep up with the ass. That's the thing—steady she goes! It's an elegant day, and no hurry in life. Spider! come here, boy—that's right. Down, sir! down, you devil, or wipe your paws. Bad manners to you—look at them breeches! Never mind, there's a power of rats at Tony Carroll's barn—it's mighty little out o' the way, and may be we'll get a hunt. What say you?"

"A hunt, a hunt, by all manes! there's the fun of it! Come on, lads—here's the place!—turn off, and go to work! Wait, wait! get a stick a-piece, and break the necks of 'em! Hurrah!—in Spider!—find 'em boy! Good lad! Tare an ouns, you may well squeak! Good dog! good dog! that's a grandfather!—we'll have more yet; the family always come to the ould one's berrin'. I've seen 'em often, and mighty dacent they behave. Damn Kells and the barber, up with the boords and go to work!—this is something like sport! Houly Paul, there's one up my breeches—here's the tail of him—he caught a hould of my leather-garter. Come out of that, Spider! Spider, here he is—that's it—give him another shake for his impudence—serve him out! Hurrah!"

"Fast and furious" grew our incessant urging on of the willing Spider, for his continued efforts at extermination. At the end of two hours, the metamorphosed barn was nearly stripped of its flooring—nine huge rats lay dead, as trophies of our own achievements—the panting Spider, "by turns caressing, and by turns caressed," licking alternately the hands and faces of all, as we sat on the low ledge of the doorway, wagging his close-cut stump of tail, as if he were resolved, by his unceasing exertions, to get entirely rid of that excited dorsal ornament.

"This is the rael thing," said Bob.

"So it is," said Dick; "but"—

"But what?"

"Why, devil a ha'p'orth of Kells or hair-cutting there's in it."

"Not a taste," chimed in Jack.

"Nothing like it," echoed Will.

"What will we do?" said all at once. There was a short pause—after which the matter was resumed by Dick, who was intended for a parson, and therefore rather given to moralising.

"Life," quoth Dick—"life's uncertain."

"You may say that," rejoined Bob; "look at them rats."

"Tony Dowlan's a hard-drinking man, and his mother had fits."

"Of the same sort," said Bob.

"Well, then," continued Dick, "there's no knowing—he may be dead—if so, how could he cut our hair?"

Here Dick, like Brutus, paused for a reply. Bob produced one.

"It's a good scheme, but it won't do; the likes of him never does anything he's wanted to. He's the contrariest ould thief in Ireland! I wish mama hadn't got a party; we'd do well enough but for that. Never mind, boys, I've got it. There's Mikey Brian, he's the boy!"

"What for?"

"To cut the hair of the whole of us."

"*He* can't do it."

"Can't! wait, a-cushla, till I tell you, or, what's better, show you. Come now, you devils. Look at the heels (Rasper's and Scrub's) of them ponies! Did ever you see anything like them!—look at the cutting there—Tony Dowlan never had the knack o' that tasty work in his dirty finger and thumb—and who done that? Why Mikey Brian—didn't I see him myself; and isn't he the boy that can 'bang Bannaker' at anything! Oh! he'll cut us elegant!—he'll

do the squad for a fi'penny—and then, lads, there's them five others will be just one a-piece to buy gut and flies! Come on, you Hessians!"

No sooner proposed than acceded to—off we set, for the eulogised "Bannaker banging Mikey Brian."

A stout, handsome boy he was—rising four-and-twenty—a fighting, kissing, rollicking, ball-playing, dancing vagabone, as you'd see in a day's march—such a fellow as you only meet in Ireland—a bit of a gardener, a bit of a groom, a bit of a futboy, and a bit of a horse-doctor.

We reached the stables by the back way, and there, in his own peculiar loft, was Mikey Brian, brushing a somewhat faded livery, in which to wait upon the coming quality.

Bob stated the case, as far as the want of our locks' curtailment went, but made no mention of the delay which occasioned our coming to Mikey; on the contrary, he attributed the preference solely to our conviction of his superior abilities, and the wish to give him a chance, as he felt convinced, if he had fair play, he'd be engaged miles round, instead of the hopping old shaver at Kells.

"I'm your man, Masther Robert."

"Who's first?"

"I am—there's the fi'penny—that's for the lot!"

"Good luck to you, sit down—will you have the Currah thoro'bred-cut?"

"That's the thing," said Bob.

"Then, young gentlement, as there ain't much room—and if you do be all looking on, I'll be bothered—just come in one by one."

Out we went, and, in an inconceivably short space, Bob emerged.

Mikey advising: "Master Robert, dear, keep your hat on for the life of you, for fear of cowl'd." A few minutes finished us all.

"This is elegant," said Bob. "Mikey, it will be the making of you; but don't say a word till you hear how they'll praise you at dinner."

"Mum!" said Mikey, and off we rushed.

I felt rather astonished at the ease with which my hat sat; while those of the rest appeared ready to fall over their noses. Being in a hurry, this was passed over. The second dinner-bell rang—we bolted up for a brief ablution—our hats were thrown into a corner, and, as if by one consent, all eyes were fixed upon each other's heads!

Bob gave tongue: "The Devil's skewer to Mikey Brian! and bad luck to the Currah thoro'bred cut! Not the eighth part of an inch of 'air there is amongst the set of us. What will the master say? Never mind; we've got the fi'pennies! Come to dinner!—by the Puck we are beauties!"

We reached the dining-room unperceived; but who can describe the agony of my aunt Kate, when she clapped her eyes upon five such close-clipped scarecrows. She vowed vengeance of all sorts and descriptions against the impudent, unnatural, shameful monster! Terms which Mikey Brian, in the back-ground, appropriated to himself, and with the utmost difficulty restrained his rising wrath from breaking out.

"What," continued aunt Kate, "what does he call this?"

"It's the thoro'bred Currah-cut, ma'am," said Bob, with one of his peculiar glances at Mikey and the rest.

"And mighty cool wearing, I'll be bail," muttered Mikey.

"Does he call that hair-cutting?" screamed my aunt.

"That, and nothing but it," quietly retorted Bob, passing his hand over his head; "you can't deny the cutting, ma'am."

"The young gentlemen look elegant," said Mikey.

"I'm told it's all the go, ma'am," said Bob.

"Wait!" said my aunt, with suppressed rage; "wait till I go to Kells."

This did not happen for six weeks; our aunt's anger was mollified as our locks were once more human. Upon upbraiding "Tony Knowlan" the murder came out. A hearty laugh

ensured our pardon, and Mikey Brian's; and the story of the "thoro'bred Currah-cut" was often told, as the means by which "we all got a fi'penny bit a-piece."—FUSBOS.

There is a portrait of a person so like him, that, the other day, a friend who called took no notice whatever of the man, further than saying he was a good likeness, but asked the portrait to dinner, and only found out his mistake when he went up to shake hands with it at parting.

An American hearing that there was a fire in his neighbourhood, and that it might possibly consume his house, took the precaution to *bolt* his own door; that he might be, so far at least, beforehand with the *devouring* element.

BAD EITHER WAY.

The peace, happiness, and prosperity of England, are threatened by *Peel*; in Ireland, the picture is reversed: the safety of that country is endangered by *Re-peal*. It would be hard to say which is worst.

A CONSTANT PAIR.

Jane is a constant wench (so Sibthorp says);
For in how *many* shops you see *Jean stays*!

A COUNT AND HIS SCHNEIDER.

The Count's fashioner sent in, the other day, his bill, which was a pretty considerable time overdue, accompanied by the following polite note:—

"Sir,—Your bill having been for a very long time standing, I beg that it may be settled forthwith.

"Yours,
"B——."

To which Snip received the following reply:—

"Sir,—I am very sorry that your bill should have been kept standing so long. Pray request it to *sit* down.

"Yours,
"***"

NARRATIVE OF AN AWFUL CASE OF EXTREME DISTRESS.

It was in the year 1808, that myself and seven others resolved upon taking chambers in Staples' Inn. Our avowed object was to study, but we had in reality assembled together for the purposes of convivial enjoyment, and what were then designated "sprees." Our stock consisted of four hundred and twelve pounds, which we had drawn from our parents and guardians under the various pretences of paying fees and procuring books for the advancement of our knowledge in the sublime mysteries of that black art called Law. In addition to our pecuniary resources, we had also a fair assortment of wearing-apparel, and it was well for us that parental anxiety had provided most of us with a change of garments suitable to the various seasons. For a long time everything went on riotously and prosperously. We visited the Theatres, the Coal-hole, the Cider-cellars, and the Saloon, and became such ardent admirers of the "Waterford system of passing a night and morning," that scarcely a day came without a draft upon the treasury for that legal imposition upon the liberty of the subject—the five-shilling fine; besides the discharge of promissory notes as compensation for trifling damages done to the heads and property of various individuals.

About a month after the formation of our association we were all suffering severely from thirsty head-aches, produced, I am convinced, by the rapid consumption of thirteen bowls of whiskey-punch on the preceding night. The rain was falling in perpendicular torrents, and the whole aspect of out-of-door nature was gloomy and sloppy, when we were alarmed by the exclamation of Joseph Jones (a relation of the Welsh Joneses), who officiated as our treasurer, and upon inquiring the cause, were horror-stricken to find that we had arrived at our last ten-pound note, and that the landlord had sent an imperative message, requiring the immediate settlement of our back-rent. It is impossible to paint the consternation

depicted on every countenance, already sufficiently disordered by previous suffering and biliary disarrangement.

I was the first to speak; for being the son of a shabby-genteel father, I had witnessed in my infancy many of those schemes to raise the needful, to which ambitious men with limited incomes are so frequently driven. I therefore bid them be of good heart, for that any pawnbroker in the neighbourhood would readily advance money upon the superfluous wardrobe which we possessed. This remark was received with loud cheers, which, I have no doubt, would have been much more vehement but from the fatal effects of the whiskey-punch.

The landlord's claim was instantly discharged, and after several pots of strong green tea, rendered innocuous by brandy, we sallied forth in pursuit of what we then ignorantly conceived to be pleasure.

I will not pause to particularise the gradual diminution of our property, but come at once to that period when, having consumed all our superfluities, it become a serious subject of consideration, what should next be sacrificed.

I will now proceed to make extracts from our general diary, merely premising that our only attendant was an asthmatic individual named Peter.

Dec. 2, 1808.—Peter reported stock—eight coats, eight waistcoats, eight pairs of trousers, two ounces of coffee, half a quartern loaf, and a ha'p'orth of milk. The eight waistcoats required for dinner. Peter ordered to pop accordingly—proceeds 7s. 6d. Invested in a small leg of mutton and half-and-half.

Dec. 3.—Peter reported stock—coats *idem*, trousers *idem*—a mutton bone—rent due—a coat and a pair of trousers ordered for immediate necessities—lots drawn—Jones the victim. Moved the court to grant him his trousers, as his coat was lined with silk, which would furnish the trimmings—rejected. Peter popped the suit, and Jones went to bed. All signed an undertaking to redeem Jones with the first remittance from the country. Proceeds 40s. Paid rent, and dined on à-la-mode beef and potatoes—beer limited to one quart. Peter hinted at wages, and was remonstrated with on the folly and cruelty of his conduct.

Dec. 4.—Peter reported stock—seven coats, seven pairs of trousers, and a gentleman in bed. Washerwoman called—gave notice of detaining linen unless settled with—two coats and one pair of trousers ordered for consumption. Lots drawn—Smith the victim for coat and trousers—Brown for the continuations only. Smith retired to bed—Brown obtained permission to sit in a blanket. Proceeds of the above, 38s.—both pairs of trousers having been reseated. Jones very violent, declaring it an imposition, and that every gentleman who had been repaired, should enter himself so on the books. The linen redeemed, leaving—nothing for dinner.

Dec. 5.—Peter reported stock—four coats, and five pairs of trousers. Account not agreeing, Peter was called in—found that Williams had bolted—Jones offered to call him out, if we would dress him for the day—Smith undertook to negotiate preliminaries on the same conditions—Williams voted not worth powder and shot in the present state of our finances. A coat and two pair of continuations ordered for supplies—lots drawn—Black and Edwards the victims. Black retired to bed, and Edwards to a blanket—proceeds, 20s. Jones, Smith, and Black, petitioned for an increased supply of coals—agreed to. Dinner, a large leg of mutton and baked potatoes. Peter lodged a detainer against the change, as he wanted his hair cut and a box of vegetable pills—so he said.

Dec. 6.—Peter reported stock—three coats, three pairs of trousers, quarter of a pound of mutton, and one potato. Landlord sent a note remonstrating against using the beds all day, and applying the blankets to the purposes of dressing-gowns. Proposed, in consequence of this impertinent communication, that the payment of the next week's rent be disputed—carried *nem. con.* A coat and a pair of trousers ordered for the day's necessities—Peter popped as usual—proceeds, 10s. 6d.—coals bought—ditto a quire of paper, and the *et cets.* for home correspondence. Blue devils very prevalent.

Dec. 7.—Peter reported stock—two coats, two pairs of trousers, and five gentlemen in bed. Smith hinted at the "beauties of *Burke*"—Peter brought a note for Jones—everybody in ecstasy—Jones's jolly old uncle from Glamorganshire had arrived in town. Huzza! safe for a 20l. Busker (*that's myself*) volunteered his suit—Jones dressed and off in a brace of shakes—caught Peter laughing—found it was a hoax of Jones's to give us the slip—would have stripped Peter, only his clothes were worth nothing—calculated the produce of the remaining suit at—

| | |
|-----------------------|---------------------------|
| Buttons | a breakfast. |
| Two sleeves | one pint of porter. |
| Body | four plates of à-la-mode. |
| Trousers (at per leg) | half a quartern loaf. |

Caught an idea.—wrote an anonymous letter to the landlord, and told him that an association had been formed to burke Colonel Sibthorp—his lodgers the conspirators—that the scheme was called the “Lie-a-bed plot”—poverty with his lodgers all fudge—men of immense wealth—get rid of them for his own sake—old boy very nervous, having been in quod for smuggling—gave us warning—couldn’t go if we would. Landlord redeemed our clothes. Ha! ha!—did him brown.

The above is a statement of what I suffered during my minority. I have now the honour to be a magistrate and a member of Parliament.

THE RICH OLD BUFFER.

A MAIDEN LYRIC.

Urge it no more! I must not wed
One who is poor, so hold your prattle;
My lips on love have ne’er been fed,
With poverty I cannot battle.
My choice is made—I know I’m right—
Who wed for love starvation suffer;
So I will study day and night
To please and win a rich OLD BUFFER.

Romance is very fine, I own;
Reality is vastly better;
I’m twenty—past—romance is flown—
To Cupid I’m no longer debtor.
Wealth, power, and rank—I ask no more—
Let the world frown, with these I’ll rough her—
Give me an equipage and four,
Blood bays, a page, and—rich OLD BUFFER.

An opera-box shall be my court,
Myself the sovereign of the women;
There moustached loungers shall resort,
Whilst Elssler o’er the stage is skimming.
If any rival dare dispute
The palm of *ton*, my set shall huff her;
I’ll reign supreme, make envy mute,
When once I wed a rich OLD BUFFFER!

“The heart”—“the feelings”—pshaw! for nought
They go, I grant, though quite enchanting
In valentines by school-girls wrought:
Nonsense! by me they are not wanting.
A note! and, as I live, a ring!
“Pity the sad suspense I suffer!”
All’s right. I knew to book I’d bring
Old Brown. I’ve caught—
A RICH OLD BUFFER.

PHILANTHROPY, FINE WRITING, AND FIREWORKS.

A writer in a morning paper, eulogising the Licensed Victuallers’ fête at Vauxhall Gardens, on Tuesday evening, bursts into the following magnificent flight:—“Wit has been profanely said, like the Pagan, to deify the brute” (the writer will never increase the mythology); “but here,” (that is, in the royal property,) “while intellect and skill” (together with Roman candles) “exhibit their various manifestations, Charity” (arrack punch and blue fire) “throw their benign halo over the festive scene” (in the circle and Widdicomb), “and not only sanctify the enjoyment” (of ham and Green’s ascent), “but improve” (the appetite) “and elevate” (the victuallers) “the feelings” (and the sky-rockets) “of all who participate in it” (and the sticks coming down). “This is, truly an occasion when every licensed victualler should be at his post” (with a stretcher in waiting).

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

As the coming session of Parliament is likely to be a busy one—for PUNCH—we have engaged some highly talented gentlemen expressly to report the fun in the House. The public will therefore have the benefit of all the senatorial brilliancy, combined with our own peculiar powers of description. Sibthorp—(scintillations fly from our pen as we trace the magic word)—shall, for one session at least, have justice done to his Sheridanic mind.

Muntz shall be cut with a friendly hand, and Peter Borthwick feel that the days of his histrionic glories are returned, when his name, and that of "Avon's swan," figured daily in the "*Stokum-cum-Pogis Gazette*." Let any member prove himself worthy of being associated with the brilliant names which ornament our pages, and be certain we will insure his immortality. We will now proceed to our report of

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

This morn at crow-cock,
Great Doctor Locock

Decided that her Majesty had better
Remain at home, for (as *I* read the letter)
He thought the opening speech
Would be "more honoured in the breach
Than the observance." So here I am,
To read a royal speech without a flam.
Her Majesty continues to receive
From Foreign Powers good reasons to believe
That, for the universe, they would not tease her,
But do whate'er they could on earth to please her.

A striking fact,
That proves each act

Of *us*, the Cabinet, has been judicious,
Though of our conduct *some* folks *are* suspicious.
Her Majesty has also satisfaction
To state the July treaty did succeed
(Aided, no doubt, by Napier's gallant action),
And that in peace the Sultan smokes his weed.
That France, because she was left out,
Did for a little while—now bounce—now pout,
Is in the best of humours, and will still
Lend us her Jullien, monarch of quadrille!
And as her Majesty's a peaceful woman,
She hopes we shall get into rows with no man.
Her Majesty is also glad to say,
That as the Persian troops have march'd away,
Her Minister has orders to resume
His powers at Teheran, where he's ta'en a room.
Her Majesty regrets that the Chinese
Are running up the prices of our teas:
But should the Emperor continue crusty,
Elliot's to find out if his jacket's dusty.
Her Majesty has also had the pleasure
(By using a conciliatory measure)
To settle Spain and Portugal's division
About the Douro treaty's true provision.
Her Majesty (she grieves to say) 's contrived to get,
Like all her predecessors, into debt—
In Upper Canada, which, we suppose,
By this time is a fact the Council knows,
And what they think, or say, or write about it,
You'll be advised of, and the Queen don't doubt it,
But you'll contrive to make the thing all square,
So leaves the matter to your loyal care.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

Her Majesty, I'm proud to say, relies
On you with confidence for the supplies;
And, as there's much to pay, she begs to hint
She hopes sincerely you'll not spare the Mint.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

The public till,
I much regret to say, is looking ill;
For Canada and China, and the Whigs—no, no—
Some other prigs—have left the cash so-so:
But as our soldiers and our tars, brave lads,
Won't shell out shells till we shell out the brads,
Her Majesty desires you'll be so kind
As to devise some means to raise the wind,
Either by taxing more or taxing less,
Relieving or increasing our distress;
Or by increasing twopennies to quarterns,
Or keeping up the price which "Commons shortens;"
By making weavers' wages high or low,

Or other means, but what we do not know.
But the one thing our royal mistress axes,
Is, that you'll make the people pay their taxes.
The last request, I fear, will cause surprise—
Her Majesty requests *you to be wise*.
If you comply at once, the world will own
It is the greatest miracle e'er known.

THE DINNEROLOGY OF ENGLAND.

Man is the only animal that cooks his dinner before he eats it. All other species of the same genus are content to take the provisions of nature as they find them; but man's reason has designed pots and roasting-jacks, stewpans and bakers' ovens; thus opening a wide field for the exercise of that culinary ingenuity which has rendered the names of Glasse and Kitchiner immortal. Of such importance is the gastronomic art to the well-being of England, that we question much if the "wooden walls," which have been the theme of many a song, afford her the same protection as her dinners. The ancients sought, by the distribution of crowns and flowers, to stimulate the enterprising and reward the successful; but England, despising such empty honours and distinctions, tempts the diffident with a haunch of venison, and rewards the daring with real turtle.

If charity seeks the aid of the benevolent, she no longer trusts to the magic of oratory to "melt the tender soul to pity," and untie the purse-strings; but, grown wise by experience, she sends in her card in the shape of "a guinea ticket, bottle of wine included;" and thus appeals, if not to the heart, at least to its next-door neighbour—the stomach.

The hero is no longer conducted to the temple of Victory amid the shouts of his grateful and admiring countrymen, but to the Freemason's, the Crown and Anchor, or the Town Hall, there to have his plate heaped with the choicest viands, his glass tilled from the best bins, and "his health drank with three times three, and a little one in."

The bard has now to experience "the happiest moment of his life" amid the jingling of glasses, the rattle of dessert plates, and the stentorian vociferations of the toast-master to "charge your glasses, gentlemen—Mr. Dionysius Dactyl, the ornament of the age, with nine times nine," and to pour out the flood of his poetic gratitude, with half a glass of port in one hand and a table-napkin in the other.

The Cicero who has persuaded an enlightened body of electors to receive £10,000 decimated amongst them, and has in return the honour of sleeping in "St. Stephen's," and smoking in "Bellamy's," or, to be less figurative, who has been returned as their representative in Parliament, receives the foretaste of his importance in a "public dinner," which commemorates his election; or should he desire to express "the deep sense of his gratitude," like Lord Mahon at Hertford, he cannot better prove his sincerity than by the liberal distribution of invitations for the unrestrained consumption of mutton, and the unlimited imbibition of "foreign wines and spirituous liquors."

If a renegade, like Sir Francis Burdett, is desirous of making his apostacy the theme of general remark—of surprising the world with an exhibition of prostrated worth—let him not seek the market-cross to publish his dishonour, whilst there remains the elevated chair at a dinner-table. Let him prove himself entitled to be ranked as a man, by the elaborate manner in which he seasons his soup or anatomises a joint. Let him have the glass and the towel—the one to cool the tongue, which must burn with the fulsome praises of those whom he has hitherto decried, and the other as a ready appliance to conceal the blush which must rush to the cheek from the consciousness of the thousand recollections of former professions awakened in the minds of every applauder of his apostacy. Let him have a Toole to give bold utterance to the toasts which, in former years, would have called forth his contumely and indignation, and which, even now, he dare only whisper, lest the echo of his own voice should be changed into a curse. Let him have wine, that his blood may riot through his veins and drive memory onward. Let him have wine, that when the hollow cheers of his new allies ring in his ears he may be incapable of understanding their real meaning; or, when he rises to respond to the lip-service of his fellow bacchanals, the fumes may supply the place of mercy, and save him from the abjectness of self-degradation. Burdett! the 20th of August will never be forgotten! You have earned an epitaph that will scorch men's eyes—

"To the last a renegade."²

2. "Siege of Corinth."

Who that possesses the least reflection ever visited a police-office without feeling how intimately it was connected with the cook-shop! The victims to the intoxicating qualities of pickled salmon, oyster-sauce, and lobster salad, are innumerable; for where one gentleman or lady pleads guilty to too much wine, a thousand extenuate on the score of indigestion. We are aware that the disorganisation of the digestive powers is very prevalent—about one or two in the morning—and we have no doubt the Conservative friends of Captain Rous,

who patriotically contributed five shillings each to the Queen, and one gentleman (a chum of our own at Cheam, if we mistake not) a sovereign to the poor-box, were all doubtlessly suffering from this cause, combined with their enthusiasm for the gallant Rous, and—*proh pudor!*—Burdett.

How much, then, are we indebted to our cooks! those perspiring professors of gastronomy and their valuable assistants—the industrious scullery-maids. Let not the Melbourne opposition to this meritorious class, be supported by the nation at large; for England would soon cease to occupy her present proud pre-eminence, did her rulers, her patriots, and her heroes, sit down to cold mutton, or the villanously dressed “joints ready from 12 to 5.” Justice is said to be the foundation of all national prosperity—we contend that it is repletion—that Mr. Toole, the toast-master, is the only embodiment of fame, and that true glory consists of a gratuitous participation in “Three courses and a dessert!”

INQUEST—NOT EXTRAORDINARY.

Great Bulwer’s works fell on Miss Basbleu’s head.
 And, in a moment, lo! the maid was dead!
 A jury sat, and found the verdict plain—
 “She died of *milk and water on the brain.*”

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PUNCH’S PENCILLINGS.—NO. VII.



TRIMMING A W(H)IG.

NAPOLEON'S STATUE AT BOULOGNE.

[The bronze statue of Napoleon which was last placed on the summit of the grand column at Boulogne with extraordinary ceremony, has been turned, by design or accident, with its back to England.]

Upon its lofty column's stand,
 Napoleon takes his place;
 His back still turned upon that land
 That never saw his face.

THE HIEROGLYPHIC DECIPHERED.

The letters V.P.W. scratched by some person on the brow of the statue of Napoleon while it lay on the ground beside the column, which were supposed to stand for the insulting words *Vaincu par Wellington*, have given great offence to the French. We have authority for contradicting this unjust explanation. The letters are the work of an ambitious Common Councilman of Portsoken Ward, who, wishing to associate himself with the great Napoleon, scratched on the bronze the initials of his name—V.P.W.—VILLIAM PAUL WENABLES.

SONGS FOR THE SENTIMENTAL.—NO. 5.

"O fly with me, lady, my gallant *destrere*
 Is as true as the brand by my side;
 Through flood and o'er moorland his master he'll bear,
 With the maiden he seeks for a bride."
 This, this was the theme of the troubadour's lay,
 And thus did the lady reply:—
 "Sir knight, ere I trust thee, look hither and say,
 Do you see any green in my eye?"

"O, doubt me not, lady, my lance shall maintain
 That thou'rt peerless in beauty and fame;
 And the bravest should eat of the dust of the plain,
 Who would quaff not a cup to thy name."
 "I doubt not thy prowess in list or in fray,
 For none dare thy courage belie;
 And I'll trust thee, though kindred and priest say me nay—
 When you see any green in my eye!"

TO POLITICAL WRITERS,

AND TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES" IN PARTICULAR.

Mr. Solomons begs to announce to reporters of newspapers, that he has constructed, at a very great expense, several sets of new glasses, which will enable the wearer to see as small or as great a number of auditors, at public conferences and political meetings, as may suit his purpose. Mr. Solomons has also invented a new kind of ear-trumpet, which will enable a reporter to hear only such portions of an harangue as may be in accordance with his political bias; or should there be nothing uttered by any speaker that may suit his purpose, these ear-trumpets will change the sounds of words and the construction of sentences in such a way as to be incontrovertible, although every syllable should be diverted from its original meaning and intention. They have also the power of larding a speech with "loud cheers," or "strong disapprobation."

These valuable inventions have been in use for some years by Mr. Solomons' respected friend, the editor of the *Times*; but no publicity has been given to them, until Mr. S. had completely tested their efficacy. He has now much pleasure in subjoining, for the information of the public, the following letter, of the authenticity of which Mr. S. presumes no one can entertain a doubt.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES."

It is with much pleasure that I am enabled, my dear Solomons, to give my humble testimony in favour of your new political glasses and ear-trumpet. By their invaluable aid I have been enabled, for some years, to see and hear just what suited my purpose. I have recommended them to my *protégé*, Sir Robert Peel, who has already tried the glasses, and, I am happy to state, does not see quite so many objections to a fixed duty as he did before using these wonderful illuminators. The gallant Sibthorp (at my recommendation) carried one of your ear-trumpets to the House on Friday last, and states that he heard his honoured leader declare, "that the Colonel was the only man who ought to be Premier—after himself."

If these testimonies are of any value to you, publish them by all means, and believe me.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN WALTER.
Printing House Square.

Mr. S. begs to state, that though magnifying and diminishing glasses are no novelty, yet his invention is the only one to suit the interest of parties without principle.

CON. BY THEODORE HOOK.

“What sentimental character does the re-elected Speaker remind you of?”—Ans. by Croker: “P(*shaw!*) *Lefevre*, to be sure.”

A CRUEL DISAPPOINTMENT.

We regret to state that the second ball at the Boulogne *fête* was simply remarkable from “its having gone off without any disturbance.” Where *were* the national guards?

UNSATISFACTORY CONDITION OF FOREIGN BEEF—(CAUTION TO GOURMANDS).

A corresponedent of the *Times* forwards the alarming intelligence that at the Boulogne Races the *stakes* never *fill!* Sibthorp, the gifted Sib, ever happy at expedients, ingeniously recommends a *trial* of the *chops*.

A TRIFLE FROM LITTLE TOMMY.

TO AN ELDERLY BEAUTY.

“Ah! Julia, time all tilings destroys,
The heart, the blood, the pen;
But come, I’ll re-enact young joy
And be myself again.

“Yet stay, sweet Julia, how is this
Thine are not lips at all;
Your face is *plastered*, and you kiss,
Like Thisbe—*through a wall.*”

PROSPECTUS FOR A PROVIDENT ANNUITY COMPANY.

1. The capital of this Company is to consist of £0,000,001; one-half of it to be vested in Aldgate Pump, and the other moiety in the Dogger Bank.
2. Shares, at £50 each, will be issued to any amount; and interest paid thereon when convenient.
3. A board, consisting of twelve directors, will be formed; but, to save trouble, the management of the Company’s affairs will be placed in the hands of the secretary.
4. The duties of trustees, auditor, and treasurer, will also be discharged by the secretary.
5. Each shareholder will he presented with a gratuitous copy of the Company’s regulations, printed on fine foolscap.
6. Individuals purchasing annuities of this company, will be allowed a large-rate of interest on paper for their money, calculated on an entirely novel sliding-scale. Annuitants will be entitled to receive their annuities whenever they can get them.
7. The Company’s office will be open at all hours for the receipt of money; but it is not yet determined at what time the paying branch of the department will come into operation.
8. The secretary will be allowed the small salary of £10,000 a-year.
9. In order to simplify the accounts, there will be no books kept. By this arrangement, a large saving will be effected in the article of clerks, &c.

10. The annual profits of the company will be fixed at 20 per cent., but it is expected that there will be no inquiry made after dividends.
11. All monies received for and by the company, to be deposited in the breeches-pocket of the secretary, and not to be withdrawn from thence without his special sanction.
12. The establishment to consist of a secretary and porter.
13. The porter is empowered to act as secretary in the absence of that officer; and the secretary is permitted to assist the porter in the arduous duties of his situation.

*** Applications for shares or annuities to be made to the secretary of the Provident Annuity Company, No. 1, Thieves Inn.

AWFUL ACCIDENT.

Our reporter has just forwarded an authentic statement, in which he vouches, with every appearance of truth, that "Lord Melbourne dined at home on Wednesday last." The neighbourhood is in an agonising state of excitement.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

(Particularly exclusive.)

Our readers will be horrified to learn the above is not the whole extent of this alarming event. From a private source of the highest possible credit, we are informed that his "Lordship also took tea."

FURTHEST PARTICULARS.

Great Heavens! when will our painful duties end? We tremble as we write,—may we be deceived!—but we are compelled to announce the agonising fact—"he also supped!"

BY EXPRESS.

(From our own reporter on the spot!)

DEAR SIR,—“The dinner is fatally true! but, I am happy to state, there are doubts about the tea, and you may almost wholly contradict the supper.”

SECOND EXPRESS.

“I have only time to say, things are not so bad! The tea is disproved, and the supper was a gross exaggeration.

“N.B. My horse is dead!”

THIRD EXPRESS.

Hurrah! Glorious news! There is no truth in the above fearful rumour; it is false from beginning to end, and, doubtless, had its vile origin from some of the “adverse faction,” as it is clearly of such a nature as to convulse the country. To what meanness will not these Tories stoop, for the furtherance of their barefaced schemes of oppression and pillage! The facts they have so grossly distorted with their tortuous ingenuity and demoniac intentions, are simply these:—A saveloy was ordered by one of the upper servants (who is on board wages, and finds his own kitchen fire), the boy entrusted with its delivery mistook the footman for his lordship. This is very unlikely, as the man is willing to make an affidavit he had “just cleaned himself,” and therefore, it is clear the boy must have been a paid emissary. But the public will be delighted to learn, to prevent the possibility of future mistakes—“John” has been denuded of his whiskers—the only features which, on a careful examination, presented the slightest resemblance to his noble master. In fact, otherwise the fellow is remarkably good-looking.

HINTS TO NEW MEMBERS.

BY AN OLD TRIMMER.

It being now an established axiom that every member goes into Parliament for the sole purpose of advancing his own private interest, and not, as has been ignorantly believed, for the benefit of his country or the constituency he represents, it becomes a matter of vast importance to those individuals who have not had the advantage of long experience in the

house, to be informed of the mode usually adopted by honourable members in the discharge of their legislative duties. With this view the writer, who has, for the last thirty years, done business on both sides of the house, and always with the strictest regard to the main chance, has collected a number of hints for the guidance of juvenile members, of which the following are offered as a sample:—

HINT 1.—It is a vulgar error to imagine that a man, to be a member of Parliament, requires either education, talents, or honesty: all that it is necessary for him to possess is—impudence and humbug!

HINT 2.—When a candidate addresses a constituency, he should promise everything. Some men will only pledge themselves to what their conscience considers right. Fools of this sort can never hope to be



RETURNED BY A LARGE MAJORITY.

HINT 3.—Oratory is a showy, but by no means necessary, accomplishment in the house. If a member knows when to say "Ay" or "No," it is quite sufficient for all useful purposes.

HINT 4.—If, however, a young member should be seized with, the desire of speaking in Parliament, he may do so without the slightest regard to sense, as the reporters in the gallery are paid for the purpose of making speeches for honourable members; and on the following morning he may calculate on seeing, in the columns of the daily papers, a full report of his splendid



MAIDEN SPEECH.

HINT 5.—A knowledge of the exact time to cry "Hear, hear!" is absolutely necessary. A severe cough, when a member of the opposite side of the house is speaking, is greatly to be commended; cock-crowing is also a desirable qualification for a young legislator, and, if judiciously practised, cannot fail to bring the possessor into the notice of his party.

HINT 6.—The back seats in the gallery are considered, by several members, as the most comfortable for taking a nap on.

HINT 7.—If one honourable member wishes to tell another honourable member that he is anything but a gentleman, he should be particular to do so within the walls of the house—as, in that case, the Speaker will put him under arrest, to prevent any unpleasant consequences arising from his hasty expressions.

HINT 8.—If a member promise to give his vote to the minister, he must in honour do so—unless he happen to fall asleep in the smoking-room, and so gets shut out from the division of the house.

HINT 9.—No independent member need trouble himself to understand the merits of any question before the house. He may, therefore, amuse himself at Bellamy's until five minutes before the Speaker's bell rings for a division.

RATHER SUICIDAL.

"The health of the Earl of Winchilsea and the Conservative members of the House of Peers," was followed, amid intense cheering, with the glee of

"Swearing death to traitor slaves!"—*Times*.

NOVEL EXPERIMENT.—GREAT SCREW.

Several scientific engineers have formed themselves into a company, and are about applying for an Act of Parliament to enable them to take a lease of Joe Hume, for the purpose of opposing the Archimedean Screw. Public feeling is already in favour of the "Humedean," and the "Joe" shares are rising rapidly.

PUNCH'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.—NO. 3.

One of the expedients adopted by the cheap-knowledge-mongers to convey so-called "information" to the vulgar, has been, we flatter ourselves, successfully imitated in our articles on the Stars and the Thermometer. They are by writers engaged expressly for the respective subjects, because they will work cheaply and know but little of what they are writing about, and therefore make themselves the better understood by the equally ignorant. We do hope that they have not proved themselves behindhand in popular humbug and positive error, and that the blunders in "the Thermometer"³ are equally as amusing as those of the then big-wig who wrote the treatise on "Animal Mechanics," published by our rival Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge.

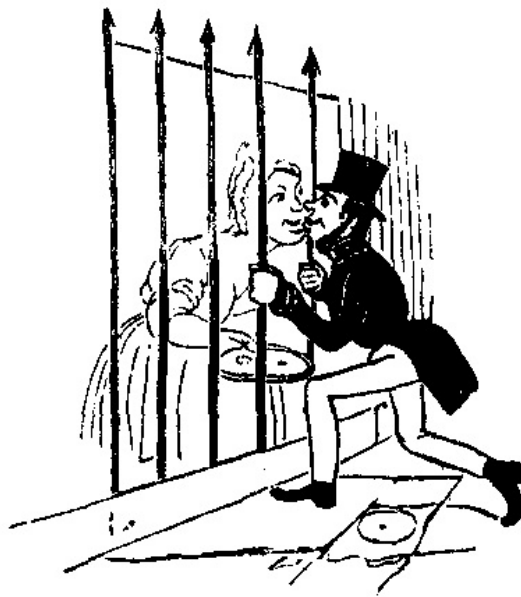
Another of their methods for obtaining cheap knowledge it is now our intention to adopt. Having got the poorest and least learned authors we could find (of course for cheapness) for our former pieces of information, we have this time engaged a gentleman to mystify a few common-place subjects, in the style of certain articles in the "Penny Cyclopædia." As his erudition is too profound for ordinary comprehensions—as he scorns gain—as the books he has hitherto published (no, privated) have been printed at his own expense, for the greater convenience of reading them himself, for nobody else does so—as, in short, he is in reality a cheap-knowledge man, seeing that he scorns pay, and we scorn to pay him—we have concluded an engagement with him for fourteen years.

The subject on which we have directed him to employ his vast scientific acquirements, is one which must come home to the firesides of the married and the bosoms of the single, namely, the art of raising a flame; in humble imitation of some of Young's Knights' Thoughts, which are directed to the object of lightening the darkness of servants, labourers, artisans, and chimney-sweeps, and in providing guides to the trades or services of which they are already masters or mistresses. We beg to present our readers with

PUNCH'S GUIDE TO SERVICE;

OR,

3. One of these blunders the author must not be commended for; it is attributable to a facetious mistake of the printer. In giving the etymology of the Thermometer, it should have been "measure of heat," and not "measure of feet." We scorn to deprive our devil of a joke so worthy of him.



THE HOUSEMAID'S BEST FRIEND.

CHAPTER 1.

ON THE PROCESS AND RATIONALE OF LIGHTING FIRES.

Take a small cylindrical aggregation of parallelopedal sections of the ligneous fibre (vulgarly denominated a bundle of fire-wood), and arrange a fractional part of the integral quantity rectilineally along the interior of the igneous receptacle known as a grate, so as to form an acute angle (of, say 25°) with its base; and one (of, say 65°) with the posterior plane that is perpendicular to it; taking care at the same time to leave between each parallelopedal section an insterstice isometrical with the smaller sides of any one of their six quadrilateral superficies, so as to admit of the free circulation of the atmospheric fluid. Superimposed upon this, arrange several moderate-sized concretions of the hydro-carburetted substance (*vulgo* coal), approximating in figure as nearly as possible to the rhombic dodecahedron, so that the solid angles of each concretion may constitute the different points of contact with those immediately adjacent. Insert into the cavity formed by the imposition of the ligneous fibre upon the inferior transverse ferruginous bar, a sheet of laminated lignin, or paper, compressed by the action of the digits into an irregular spheroid.

These preliminary operations having been skilfully performed, the process of combustion may be commenced. For this purpose, a smaller woody paralleloped—the extremities of which have been previously dipped in sulphur in a state of liquefaction—must be ignited and applied to the laminated lignin, or waste paper, and so elevate its temperature to a degree required for its combustion, which will be communicated to the ligneous superstructure; this again raises the temperature of the hydro-carburet concretion, and liberates its carburetted hydrogen in the form of gas; which gas, combining with the oxygen of the atmosphere, enters into combustion, and a general ignition ensues. This, in point of fact, constitutes what is popularly termed—“lighting a fire.”

AN IMMINENT BREACH.

In an action lately tried at the Cork Assizes, a lady obtained *fifteen hundred pounds damages*, for a breach of promise of marriage, against a faithless lover. Lady Morgan sends us the following trifle on the subject:—

What! *fifteen hundred!*—'tis a sum severe;
 The fine by far the injury o'erreaches.
 For *one poor breach* of promise 'tis too dear—
 'Twould be sufficient for a *pair of breaches!*

SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

Several designing individuals, whose talents for *drawing* on paper are much greater than those of Charles Kean for drawing upon the stage, met together at Somerset House, on Monday last, to distribute prizes among their scholars. Prince Albert presided, gave away the prizes with great suavity, and made a speech which occupied exactly two seconds and

a-half.

The first prize was awarded to Master Palmerston, for a successful *design* for completely frustrating certain commercial *views* upon China, and for his new invention of *auto-painting*. Prize: an order upon Truefit for a new wig.

Master John Russell was next called up.—This talented young gentleman had designed a gigantic “penny loaf;” which, although too immense for practical use, yet, his efforts having been exclusively directed to fanciful design, and not to practical possibility, was highly applauded. Master Russell also evinced a highly precocious talent for *drawing*—his salary. Prize: a splendidly-bound copy of the New Marriage Act.

The fortunate candidate next upon the list, was Master Normanby. This young gentleman brought forward a beautiful design for a new prison, so contrived for criminals to be excluded from light and society, in any degree proportionate with their crimes. This young gentleman was brought up in Ireland, but there evinced considerable talent in *drawing* prisoners out of durance vile. He was much complimented on the salutary effect upon his studies, which his pupilage at the school of design had wrought. Prize: an order from Colburn for a new novel.

Master Melbourne, who was next called up, seemed a remarkably fine boy of his age, though a little too old for his short jacket. He had signalled himself by an exceedingly elaborate *design* for the Treasury benches. This elicited the utmost applause; for, by this plan, the seats were so ingeniously contrived, that, once occupied, it would be a matter of extreme difficulty for the sitter to be *absquatulated*, even by main force. Prize: a free ticket to the licensed victuallers’ dinner.

The Prince then withdrew, amidst the acclamations of the assembled multitude.

A HINT TO THE NEW LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

There is always much difference of opinion existing as to the number of theatres which ought to be licensed in the metropolis. Our friend Peter Borthwick, whose mathematical acquirements are only equalled by his “*heavy fathers*,” has suggested the following formula whereby to arrive at a just conclusion:—Take the number of theatres, multiply by the public-houses, and divide by the dissenting chapels, and the quotient will be the answer. This is what Peter calls



COMING TO A DIVISION.

VOCAL EVASION.

LADY B— (who, it is rumoured, has an eye to the bedchamber) was interrogating Sir Robert Peel a little closer than the wily minister *in futuro* approved of. After several very evasive answers, which had no effect on the lady’s pertinacity, Sir Robert made her a graceful bow, and retired, humming the favourite air of—



"OH! I CANNOT GIVE EXPRESSION."

A PUN FROM THE ROW.

It is asserted that a certain eminent medical man lately offered to a publisher in Paternoster-row a "Treatise on the Hand," which the worthy bibliopole declined with a shake of the head, saying, "My dear sir, we have got too many *treatises on our hands* already."

PLEASURES OF HOPE (RATHER EXPENSIVE).

The *Commerce* states "the cost of the mansion now building for Mr. Hope, in the Rue St. Dominique, including furniture and objects of art, is estimated at six hundred thousand pounds!"—[If this is an attribute of *Hope*, what is reality?—ED. PUNCH.]

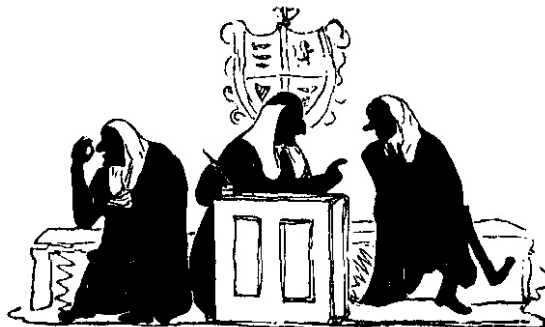
FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

We perceive that the severity of the summer has prevented the entire banishment of furs in the fashionable *quartiers* of the metropolis. We noticed three fur caps, on Sunday last, in Seven Dials. Beavers are, however, superseded by gossamers; the crowns of which are, among the élite of St. Giles's, jauntily opened to admit of ventilation, in anticipation of the warm weather. Frieze coats are fast giving way to pea-jackets; waistcoats, it is anticipated, will soon be discarded, and brass buttons are completely out of vogue.

We have not noticed so many highlows as Bluchers upon the understandings of the promenaders of Broad-street. Ankle-jacks are, we perceive, universally adopted at the elegant *soirées dansantes*, nightly held at the "Frog and Fiddle," in Pye-street, Westminster.

ARTISTIC EXECUTION.

We understand that Sir M.A. Shee is engaged in painting the portraits of Sir Willoughby Woolston Dixie and Mr. John Bell, the lately-elected member for Thirsk, which are intended for the exhibition at the Royal Academy. If Folliot Duff's account of their dastardly conduct in the Waldegrave affair be correct, we cannot *imagine* two gentlemen more worthy the labours of the



HANGING COMMITTEE.

NEW PARLIAMENTARY RETURNS.

We have been informed, on authority upon which we have reason to place much reliance, that several distinguished members of the upper and lower houses of Parliament intend moving for the following important returns early in the present session:—

IN THE LORDS.

Lord Palmerston will move for a return of all the *papillote* papers contained in the red box at the Foreign Office.

The Duke of Wellington will move for a return of the Tory taxes.

The Marquis of Downshire will move for a return of his political honesty.

Lord Melbourne will move for a return of place and power.

The Marquis of Westmeath will move for a return of the days when he was young.

The Marquis Wellesley will move for a return of the pap-spoons manufactured in England for the last three years.

IN THE COMMONS.

Sir Francis Burdett will move for a return of his popularity in Westminster.

Lord John Russell will move that the return of the Tories to office is extremely inconvenient.

Captain Rous will move for a return of the number of high-spirited Tories who were conveyed on stretchers to the different station-houses, on the night of the ever-to-be-remembered Drury-lane dinner.

Sir E.L. Bulwer will move for a return of all the half-penny ballads published by Catnach and Co. during the last year.

Morgan O'Connell will move for a return of all the brogues worn by the bare-footed peasantry of Ireland.

Colonel Sibthorp will move for a return of his wits.

Peter Borthwick will move for a return of all the kettles convicted of singing on the Sabbath-day.

Sir Robert Peel will move for a return of all the ladies of the palace—to the places from whence they came.

Ben D'Israeli will move for a return of all the hard words in Johnson's Dictionary.

RATHER OMINOUS!

The *Sunday Times* states, that "several of the *heads* of the Conservative party held a conference at *Whitehall* Gardens!" *Heads* and *conferences* have been cut short enough at the same place ere now!

HEAVY LIGHTNESS.

A joke Col. Sibthorp to the journal sent—
Appropriate heading—" *Serious Accident.*"

A MATTER OF COURSE.

The match at cricket, between the Chelsea and Greenwich Pensioners, was decided in favour of the latter. Captain Rous says, no great wonder, considering the winners had the majority of *legs* on their side. The Hyllus affair has made him an authority.

THE DRAMA.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

RETIREMENT OF RUBINI.

(*Exclusive.*)



In a review of the events of the past season, the *souvenirs* it presents are not calculated to elevate the character of the arts *di poeta* and *di musica*, of which the Italian Opera is composed. The only decided *nouveautés* which made their appearance, were "Fausta," and "Roberto Devereux," both of them *jeune* as far as regards their *libretto* and the *composita musicale*. The latter opera, however, serving as it did to introduce a pleasing *rifacimento* of the lamented Malibran, in her talented sister Pauline (Madame Viardot), may, on that account, be remembered as a pleasing reminiscence of the past season.

The evening of Saturday, Aug. 21st, will long be remembered by the *habitués* of the Opera. From exclusive sources (which have been opened to us at a very considerable expense) we are enabled to communicate—*malheureusement*—that with the close of the *saison de 1841*, the *corps opératique* loses one of its most brilliant ornaments. That memorable epocha was chosen by Rubini for making a graceful *congé* to a fashionable audience, amidst an abundance of tears—shed in the choicest Italian—and showers of *bouquets*. The subjects chosen for representation were *apropos* in the extreme; all being of a *triste* character, namely, the *atta terzo* of "Marino Faliero," the *finale* of "Lucia di Lammermoor," and the last *parte* of "La Sonnambula:" these were the chosen vehicles for Rubini's *soirée d'adieu*.

As this *tenor primissimo* has, in a professional *regarde*, disappeared from amongst us—as the last echoes of his *voix magnifique* have died away—as he has made a final exit from the public *plafond* to the *coulisses* of private life—we deem it due to future historians of the Italian Opera *de Londres*, to record our admiration, our opinions, and our *regrets* for this great *artiste*.

Signor Rubini is in stature what might be denominated *juste milieu*; his *taille* is graceful, his *figure* pleasing, his eyes full of expression, his hair bushy: his *comport* upon the stage, when not excited by passion, is full of *verve* and *brusquerie*, but in passages which the *Maestro* has marked "*con passione*" nothing can exceed the elegance of his attitudes, and the pleasing dignity of his gestures. After, *par exemple*, the *recitativi*, what a pretty *empressement* he gave (alas! that we must now speak in the past tense!) to the *tonic* or *key-note*, by *locking* his arms in each other over his *poitrine*—by that after expansion of them—that clever *alto* movement of the toes—that apparent embracing of the *fumes des lampes*—how touching! Then, while the *sinfonia* of the *andante* was in progress, how gracefully he turned *son dos* to the delighted auditors, and made an interesting *promenade au fond*, always contriving to get his finely-arched nose over the *lumières* at the precise point of time (we speak in a musical sense) where the word "*voce*" is marked in the score. His pantomime to the *allegri* was no less captivating; but it was in the *stretta* that his beauty of action was most exquisitely apparent; there, worked up by an elaborate *crescendo* (the *motivo* of which is always, in the Italian school, a simple progression of the diatonic scale), the *furor* with which this *cantratrice* hurried his hands into the thick clumps of his picturesque *perruque*, and seemed to tear its *cheveux* out by the roots (without, however, disturbing the celebrated side-parting a single hair)—the vigour with which he beat his breast—his final expansion of arms, elevation of toes, and the impressive *frappe* of his right foot upon the stage immediately before disappearing behind the *coulisses*—must be fresh in the *souvenir* of our *dilettanti* readers.

But how shall we *parle* concerning his *voix*? That exquisite organ, whose *falsetto* emulated the sweetness of flutes, and reached to A flat *in altissimo*—the *voce media* of which possessed an unequalled *aplomb*, whose deep double G must still find a well-in-tune echo in the *tympanum* of every *amateur* of taste. *That*, we must confess, as critics and theoretical musicians, causes us considerable *embarras* for words to describe. Who that heard it on Saturday last, has yet recovered the ravishing sensation produced by the thrilling tremour with which Rubini *gave* the *Notte d'Orrore*, in Rossini's "Marino Faliero?" Who can forget the *recitativo con andante et allegro*, in the last scene of "La Sonnambula;" or the burst of anguish *con expressivissimo*, when accused of treason, while personating his favourite *rôle* in "Lucia di Lammermoor?" Ah! those who suffered themselves to be detained from the opera on Saturday last by mere illness, or other light causes, will, to translate a forcible expression in the "Inferno" of Dante, "go down with sorrow to the grave." To them we say, Rubini *est parti*—gone!—he has sent forth his last *ut*—concluded his last *re*—his ultimate note has sounded—his last *billet de banque* is pocketed—he has, to use an emphatic and heart-stirring *mot*, "*coupé son bâton!*"

It is due to the *sentimens* of the audience of Saturday, to notice the evident regret with which they received Rubini's *adieux*; for, towards the close of the evening, the secret became known. Animated *conversazioni* resounded from almost every box during many of his most charming *piano* passages (and never will his *sotto-voce* be equalled)—the *beaux esprits* of the pit discussed his merits with audible *goût*; while the gallery and upper stalls remained in mute grief at the consciousness of that being the *dernière fois* they would ever be able to hear the sublime *voce-di-testa* of Italy's prince of *tenori*.

Although this retirement will make the present *clôture* of the opera one of the most memorable *événemens* in *les annales de l'opéra*, yet some remarks are demanded of us upon the other *artistes*. In "Marino Faliero," Lablache came the *Dodge* with remarkable success. Madlle. Loewe, far from deserving her *bas nom*, was the height of perfection, and gave her celebrated *scena* in the last-named opera *avec une force superbe*. Persiani looked remarkably well, and wore a most becoming *robe* in the *rôle* of Amina.

Of the *danseuses* we have hardly space to speak. Cerito exhibited the "poetry of motion" with her usual skill, particularly in a difficult *pas* with Albert. The ballet was "Le Diable Amoureux," and the stage was watered between each act.

THE GREAT UNACTABLES.

It seems that the English Opera-house has been taken for *twelve nights*, to give "a free stage and fair play" to "EVERY ENGLISH LIVING DRAMATIST." Considering that the Council of the Dramatic Authors' Theatre comprises at least half-a-dozen Shakspeares in their own conceit, to say nothing of one or two *Rowes* (soft ones of course), a sprinkling of Otways, with here and there a Massinger, we may calculate pretty correctly how far the stage they have taken possession of is likely to be *free*, or the *play* to be *fair* towards *Every English living Dramatist*.

It appears that a small knot of very great geniuses have been, for some time past, regularly sending certain bundles of paper, called Dramas, round to the different metropolitan theatres, and as regularly receiving them back again. Some of these geniuses, goaded to madness by this unceremonious treatment, have been guilty of the insanity of printing their plays; and, though the "Rejected Addresses" were a very good squib, the rejected Dramas are much too ponderous a joke for the public to take; so that, while in their manuscript form, they always produced speedy *returns* from the managers, they, in their printed shape, caused no *returns* to the publishers. It is true, that a personal acquaintance of some of the authors with Nokes of the *North Eastern Independent*, or some other equally-influential country print, may have gained for them, now and then, an egregious puff, wherein the writers are said to be equal to Goëthe, a cut above Sheridan Knowles, and the only successors of Shakspeare; but we suspect that "the mantle of the Elizabethan poets," which is said to have descended on one of these gentry, would, if inspected, turn out to be something more like Fitzball's Tagiioni or Dibdin Pitt's Macintosh.

No one can suspect PUNCH of any *prestige* in favour of the restrictions laid upon the drama—for our own free-and-easy habit of erecting our theatre in the first convenient street we come to, and going through our performance without caring a rush for the Lord Chamberlain or the Middlesex magistrates, must convince all who know us, that we are for a thoroughly free trade in theatricals; but, nevertheless, we think the *Great Unactables* talk egregious nonsense when they prate about the possibility of their efforts working "a beneficial alteration in a law which presses so fatally on dramatic genius." We think their tom-foolery more likely to induce restrictions that may prevent others from exposing their mental imbecility, than to encourage the authorities to relax the laws that might hinder them from doing so. The boasted compliance with legal requisites in the mode of preparing "Martinuzzi" for the stage is not a new idea, and we only hope it may be carried out one-half as well as in the instances of "Romeo and Juliet as the Law directs," and "Othello according to Act of Parliament." There is a vaster amount of humbug in the play-bill of this new concern, than in all the open puffs that have been issued for many years past from all the regular establishments. The tirade against the *law*—the announcement of alterations in conformity with *the law*—the hint that the musical introductions are such as "*the law* may require"—mean nothing more than this—"if the piece is damned, it's *the law*; if it succeeds, it's the *author's genius!*" Now, every one who has written for the illegitimate stage, and therefore PUNCH in particular, knows very well that the necessity for the introduction of music into a piece played at one of the smaller theatres is only nominal—that four pieces of verse are interspersed in the copy sent to the licenser, but these are such matters of utter course, that their invention or selection is generally left to the prompter's genius. The piece is, unless essentially musical, licensed with the songs and acted without—or, at least, there is no necessity whatever for retaining them. Why, therefore, should Mr. Stephens drag "solos, duets, choruses, and other musical arrangements," into his drama, unless it is that he thinks they will give it a better chance of success? while, in the event of failure, he reserves the right of turning round upon the *law* and the *music*, which he will declare were the means of damning it.

A set of briefless barristers—all would-be Erskines, Thurlows, or Eldons, at the least—might as well complain of the system that excludes them from the Woolsack, and take a building to turn it into a Court of Chancery on their own account, as that these luckless scribblers, all fancying the Elizabethan mantle has fallen flop upon their backs, should set themselves up for Shakspeares on their own account, and seize on a metropolitan theatre as a temple for the enshrinement of their genius.

If PUNCH has dealt hardly with these gentlemen, it is because he will bear "no brother near the throne" of humbug and quackery. Like a steward who tricks his master, but keeps

the rest of the servants honest, PUNCH will gammon the public to the utmost of his skill, but he will take care that no one else shall exercise a trade of which he claims by prescription the entire monopoly.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

VOL. 1.

[pg 85]

SEPTEMBER 5, 1841.

THE GENTLEMAN'S OWN BOOK.



ur consideration must now be given to those essentials in the construction of a true gentleman—the cut, ornaments, and pathology of his dress.

THE CUT

is to the garment what the royal head and arms are to the coin—the insignia that give it currency. No matter what the material, gold or copper, Saxony or sackcloth, the die imparts a value to the one, and the shears to the other.

Ancient Greece still lives in its marble demi-gods; the vivifying chisel of Phidias was thought worthy to typify the sublimity of Jupiter; the master-hand of Canova wrought the Parian block into the semblance of the sea-born goddess, giving to insensate stone the warmth and etheriality of the Paphian paragon; and Stultz, with his grace-bestowing shears, has fashioned West of England broad-cloths, and fancy goods, into all the nobility and gentility of the "Blue Book," the "Court Guide," the "Army, Navy, and Law Lists, for 1841."

Wondrous and kindred arts! The sculptor wrests the rugged block from the rocky ribs of his mother earth;—the tailor clips the implicated "*long hogs*"¹ from the prolific backs of the living mutton;—the toothless saw, plied by an unwearying hand, prepares the stubborn mass for the chisel's tracery;—the loom, animated by steam (that gigantic child of Wallsend and water), twists and twines the unctuous and pliant fleece into the silky Saxony.

1. The first growth of wool.

The sculptor, seated in his *studio*, throws loose the reins of his imagination, and, conjuring up some perfect ideality, seeks to impress the beautiful illusion on the rude and undigested mass before him. The tailor spreads out, upon his ample board, the happy broadcloth; his eyes scan the "measured proportions of his client," and, with mystic power, guides the obedient pipe-clay into the graceful diagram of a perfect gentleman. The sculptor, with all the patient perseverance of genius, conscious of the greatness of its object, chips, and chips, and chips, from day to day; and as the stone quickens at each touch, he glows with all the pride of the creative Prometheus, mingled with the gentler ecstasies of paternal love. The tailor, with fresh-ground shears, and perfect faith in the gentility and solvency of his "client," snips, and snips, and snips, until the "superfine" grows, with each abscission, into the first style of elegance and fashion, and the excited schneider feels himself "every inch a king," his shop a herald's college, and every brown paper pattern garnishing its walls, an escutcheon of gentility.

But to dismount from our Pegasus, or, in other words, to cut the poetry, and come to the practice of our subject, it is necessary that a perfect gentleman should be cut *up* very high, or cut *down* very low—*i.e.*, up to the marquis or down to the jarvey. Any intermediate style is perfectly inadmissible; for who above the grade of an attorney would wear a coat with pockets inserted in the tails, like salt-boxes; or any but an incipient Esculapius indulge in trousers that evinced a morbid ambition to become knee-breeches, and were only restrained in their aspirations by a pair of most strenuous straps. We will now proceed to details.

The dressing-gown should be cut only—for the arm holes; but be careful that the quantity of material be very ample—say four times as much as is positively necessary, for nothing is so characteristic of a perfect gentleman as his improvidence. This garment must be constructed without buttons or button-holes, and confined at the waist with cable-like bell-ropes and tassels. This elegant *déshabille* had its origin (like the Corinthian capital from the Acanthus) in accident. A set of massive window-curtains having been carelessly thrown over a lay figure, or tailor's *torso*, in Nugee's *studio*, in St. James's-street, suggested to the

luxuriant mind of the Adonisian D'Orsay, this beautiful combination of costume and upholstery. The eighteen-shilling chintz great-coats, so ostentatiously put forward by nefarious tradesmen as dressing-gowns, and which resemble pattern-cards of the vegetable kingdom, are unworthy the notice of all gentlemen—of course excepting those who are so by act of Parliament. Although it is generally imagined that the coat is the principal article of dress, *we* attach far greater importance to the trousers, the cut of which should, in the first place, be regulated by nature's cut of the leg. A gentleman who labours under either a convex or a concave leg, cannot be too particular in the arrangement of the strap-draught. By this we mean that a concave leg must have the pull on the convex side, and *vice versa*, the garment being made full, the effects of bad nursing are, by these means, effectually "repealed."² This will be better understood if the reader will describe a parallelogram, and draw therein the arc of a circle equal to that described by his leg, whether knock-kneed or bandy.

2. Baylis.

If the leg be perfectly straight, then the principal peculiarity of cut to be attended to, is the external assurance that the trousers cannot be removed from the body without the assistance of a valet.

The other considerations should be their applicability to the promenade or the equestriade. We are indebted to our friend Beau Reynolds for this original idea and it is upon the plan formerly adopted by him that we now proceed to advise as to the maintenance of the distinctions.

Let your schneider baste the trousers together, and when you have put them on, let them be braced to their natural tension; the schneider should then, with a small pair of scissors, *cut out* all the wrinkles which offend the eye. The garment, being removed from your person, is again taken to the tailor's laboratory, and the embrasures carefully and artistically fine-drawn. The process for walking or riding trousers only varies in these particulars—for the one you should stand upright, for the other you should straddle the back of a chair. Trousers cut on these principles entail only two inconveniences, to which every one with the true feelings of a gentleman would willingly submit. You must never attempt to sit down in your walking trousers, or venture to assume an upright position in your equestrians, for compound fractures in the region of the *os sacrum*, or dislocations about the *genu patellæ* are certain to be the results of such rashness, and then



"THE PEACE OF THE VALET IS FLED."

SONGS FOR THE SENTIMENTAL. — NO. 6.

Thou hast humbled the proud,
 For my spirit hath bow'd
 More humbly to thee than it e'er bow'd before;
 But thy pow'r is past,
 Thou hast triumph'd thy last,
 And the heart you enslaved beats in freedom once more!
 I have treasured the flow'r
 You wore but an hour,
 And knelt by the mound where together we've sat;
 But thy-foily and pride
 I now only deride—
 So, fair Isabel, take your change out of that!

That I loved, and how well,
 It were madness to tell
 To one who hath mock'd at my madd'ning despair.
 Like the white wreath of snow
 On the Alps' rugged brow,
 Isabel, I have proved thee as cold as thou'rt fair!
 'Twas thy boast that I sued,

That you scorn'd as I woo'd—
Though thou of my hopes were the Mount Ararat;
But to-morrow I wed
Araminta instead—
So, fair Isabel, take your change out of that!

THE LAST HAUL.

The ponds in St. James's Park were on last Monday drawn with nets, and a large quantity of the fish preserved there carried away by direction of the Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests. Our talented correspondent, Ben D'Israeli, sends us the following squib on the circumstance:—

"Oh! never more," Duncannon cried,
"The spoils of place shall fill our dishes!
But though we've lost the *loaves* we'll take
Our last sad haul amongst the *fishes*."

GENERAL SATISFACTION.

Lord Coventry declared emphatically that the sons, the fathers, and the grandfathers were all satisfied with the present corn laws. Had his lordship thought of the *Herald*, he might have added, "and the grandmothers also."

ADVERTISEMENT.

If the enthusiastic individual who distinguished himself on the O.P. side of third row in the pit of "the late Theatre Royal English Opera House," but now the refuge for the self-baptised "Council of Dramatic Literature," can be warranted sober, and guaranteed an umbrella, in the use of which he is decidedly unrivalled, he is requested to apply to the Committee of management, where he will hear of something to his "advantage."



"PUNCH'S" LITERATURE.

- I. "The Hungarian Daughter," a Dramatic Poem, by George Stephens, 8vo., pp. 294. London: 1841.
- II. "Introductory(!) Preface to the above," pp. 25.
- III. "Supplement to the above;" consisting of "Opinions of the Press," on various Works by George Stephens, 8vo., pp. 8.
- IV. "Opinions of the Press upon the 'Dramatic Merits' and 'Actable Qualities' of the Hungarian Daughter," 8vo., *closely printed*, pp. 16.

The blind and vulgar prejudice in favour of Shakspeare, Massinger, and the elder dramatic poets—the sickening adulation bestowed upon Sheridan Knowles and Talfourd, among the moderns—and the base, malignant, and selfish partiality of theatrical managers, who insist upon performing those plays only which are adapted to the stage—whose grovelling souls have no sympathy with genius—whose ideas are fixed upon gain, have hitherto smothered those blazing illuminati, George Stephens and his syn—Syncreticis; have hindered their literary effulgence from breaking through the mists hung before the eyes of the public, by a weak, infatuated adherence to paltry Nature, and a silly infatuation in favour of those who copy her.

At length, however, the public blushes (through its representative, the provincial press, and the above-named critical puffs,) with shame—the managers are fast going mad with bitter vexation, for having, to use the words of that elegant pleonasm, the *introductory* preface, "by a sort of *ex officio* hallucination," rejected this and some twenty other exquisite, though unactable dramas! It is a fact, that since the opening of the English Opera House, Mr. Webster has been confined to his room; Macready has suspended every engagement for Drury-lane; and the managers of Covent Garden have gone the atrocious length of engaging sibilants and ammunition from the neighbouring market, to pelt the Syncretics off the stage! Them we leave to their dirty work and their repentance, while we proceed to *our* "delightful task."

To prove that the "mantle of the Elizabethan poets seems to have fallen upon Mr. Stephens" (*Opinions*, p. 11), that the "Hungarian Daughter" is quite as good as Knowles's best plays (*Id.* p. 4, *in two places*), that "it is equal to Goethe" (*Id.* p. 11), that "in after years the name of Mr. S. will be amongst those which have given light and glory to their country" (*Id.* p. 10); to prove, in short, the truth of a hundred other laudations collected and printed by this modest author, we shall quote a few passages from his play, and illustrate his genius by pointing out their beauties—an office much needed, particularly by certain dullards, the magazine of whose souls are not combustible enough to take fire at the electric sparks shot forth *up* out of the depths of George Stephens's unfathomable genius!

The first gem that sparkles in the play, is where *Isabella*, the Queen Dowager of Hungary, with a degree of delicacy highly becoming a matron, makes desperate love to *Castaldo*, an Austrian ambassador. In the midst of her ravings she breaks off, to give such a description of a steeple-chase as Nimrod has never equalled.

ISABELLA (*hotly*). "Love *rides* upon a thought,
And stays not dully to *inquire the way*,
But right *o'erleaps the fence* unto the *goal*."

To appreciate the splendour of this image, the reader must conceive Love booted and spurred, mounted upon a *thought*, saddled and bridled. He starts. *Yo-hoiks!* what a pace! He stops not to "inquire the way"—whether he is to take the first turning to the right, or the second to the left—but on, on he rushes, clears the fence cleverly, and wins by a dozen lengths!

What soul, what mastery, what poetical skill is here! We triumphantly put forth this passage as an instance of the sublime art of sinking in poetry not to be matched by Dibdin Pitt or Jacob Jones. Love is sublimed to a jockey, Thought promoted to a race-horse!—"Magnificent!"

But splendid as this is, Mr. Stephens can make the force of bathos go a little further. The passage continues ("*a pause*" intervening, to allow breathing ime, after the splitting pace with which Love has been riding upon Thought) thus:—

"Are your lips free? A smile will make no noise.
What ignorance! So! Well! *I'll to breakfast straight!*"

Again:—

ISABELLA. "Ha! ha! These forms are air—mere counterfeits
Of my *imaginous* heart, *as are the whirling*
Wainscot and trembling floor!"

The idea of transferring the seat of imagination from the head to the heart, and causing it to exhibit the wainscot in a pirouette, and the floor in an ague, is highly *Shakesperesque*, and, as the *Courier* is made to say at page 3 of the *Opinions*, "is worthy of the best days of that noble school of dramatic literature in which Mr. Stephens has so successfully studied."

This well-deserved praise—the success with which the author has studied, in a school, the models of which were human feelings and nature,—we have yet to illustrate from other passages. Mr. Stephens evinces his full acquaintance with Nature by a familiarity with her convulsions: whirlwinds, thunder, lightning, earthquakes, and volcanoes—are this gentleman's playthings. When, for instance, *Rupert* is going to be gallant to Queen Isabella, she exclaims:—

"Dire lightnings! Scoundrel! Help!"

Martinuzzi conveys a wish for his nobles to laugh—an order for a sort of court cachinnation—in these pretty terms:—

"*Blow it about*, ye opposite winds of heaven,
Till the loud chorus of derision shake
The world with laughter!"

When he feels uncomfortable at something he is told in the first act, the Cardinal complains thus:—

"Ha! earthquakes quiver in my flesh!"

which the *Britannia* is so good as to tell us is superior to Byron; while the *Morning Herald* kindly remarks, that "a more vigorous and expressive line was *never* penned. In five words it illustrates the fiercest passions of humanity by the direst convulsion of nature:" (*Opinions*, p. 7) a criticism which illustrates the fiercest throes of nonsense, by the direst convulsions of ignorance.

Castaldo, being anxious to murder the Cardinal with, we suppose, all "means and

appliances to boot," asks of heaven a trifling favour:—

"Heaven, that look'st on,
Rain thy broad deluge first! All-teeming earth
Disgorge thy poisons, till the attainted air
Offend the sense! Thou, miscreative hell,
Let loose calamity!"

But it is not only in the "sublime and beautiful that Mr. Stephens's genius delights" (*vide Opinions*, p. 4); his play exhibits sentiments of high morality, quite worthy of the "Editor of the Church of England Quarterly Review," the author of "Lay Sermons," and other religious works. For example: the lady-killer, *Castaldo*, is "hotly" loved by the queen-mother, while he prefers the queen-daughter. The last and *Castaldo* are together. The dowager overhears their billing and cooing, and thus, with great moderation, sends her supposed daughter to —. But the author shall speak for himself:—

"Ye viprous twain!
Swift whirlwinds snatch ye both to fire as endless
And infinite as hell! May it embrace ye!
And burn—burn limbs and sinews, souls, until
It wither ye both up—both—in its arms!"

Elegant denunciation!—"viprous," "hell," "sinews and souls." Has Goethe ever written anything like this? Certainly not. Therefore the "Monthly" is right at p. 11 of the *Opinions*. Stephens must be equal, if not superior, to the author of "Faust."

One more specimen of delicate sentiment from the lips of a virgin concerning the lips of her lover, will fully establish the Syncretic code of moral taste:—

CZERINA (*faintly*). "Do breathe heat into me:
Lay thy warm breath unto my bloodless lips:
I stagger; I—I must—"

CASTALDO. "In mercy, what?"

CZERINA. "Wed!!!"

The lady ends, most maidenly, by fainting in her lover's arms.

A higher flight is elsewhere taken. *Isabella* urges *Castaldo* to murder *Martinuzzi*, in a sentence that has a powerful effect upon the feelings, for it makes us shudder as we copy it—it will cause even *our* readers to tremble when they see it. The idea of using *blasphemy* as an instrument for shocking the minds of an audience, is as original as it is worthy of the *sort* of genius Mr. Stephens possesses. Alluding to a poniard, *Isabella* says:—

"Sheath it where *God* and nature prompt your hand!"

That is to say, in the breast of a cardinal!!

The vulgar, who set up the common-place standards of nature, probability, moral propriety, and respect for such sacred names as they are careful never to utter, except with reverence, will perhaps condemn Mr. Stephens (the aforesaid "Editor of the Church of England Quarterly Review," and author of other religious works) with unmitigated severity. They must not be too hasty. Mr. Stephens is a genius, and cannot, therefore, be held accountable for the *meaning* of his ravings, be they even blasphemous; more than that he is a Syncretic genius, and his associates, by the designation they have chosen, by the terms of their agreement, are bound to cry each other up—to defend one another from the virulent attacks of common sense and plain reason. They are sworn to *stick* together, like the bundle of rods in Æsop's fable.

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SYNCRETISM.

Mr. Stephens, their chief, the god of their idolatry, is, consequently, more mad, or, according to their creed, a greater genius, than the rest; and evidently writes passages he would shudder to pen, if he knew the meaning of them. Upon paper, therefore, the Syncretics are not accountable beings; and when condemned to the severest penalties of critical law, must be reprieved on the plea of literary insanity.

It may be said that we have descended to mere detail to illustrate Mr. Stephens' peculiar genius—that we ought to treat of the grand design, or plot of the *Hungarian Daughter*; but we must confess, with the deepest humility, that our abilities are unequal to the task. The fable soars far beyond the utmost flights of our poor conjectures, of our limited comprehension. We know that at the end there are—one case of poisoning, one ditto of stabbing with intent, &c., and one ditto of sudden death. Hence we conclude that the play is a tragedy; but one which "cannot be intended for an acting play" (*preliminary preface*, p.1.)—of course *as* a tragedy; yet so universal is the author's genius, that an adaptation of the *Hungarian Daughter*, as a broad comedy, has been produced at the "Dramatic Authors' Theatre," having been received with roars of laughter!

The books before us have been expensively got up. In the *Hungarian Daughter*, "rivers of type flow through meadows of margin," to the length of nearly three hundred pages. Mr. Stephens is truly a most spirited printer and publisher of his own works.

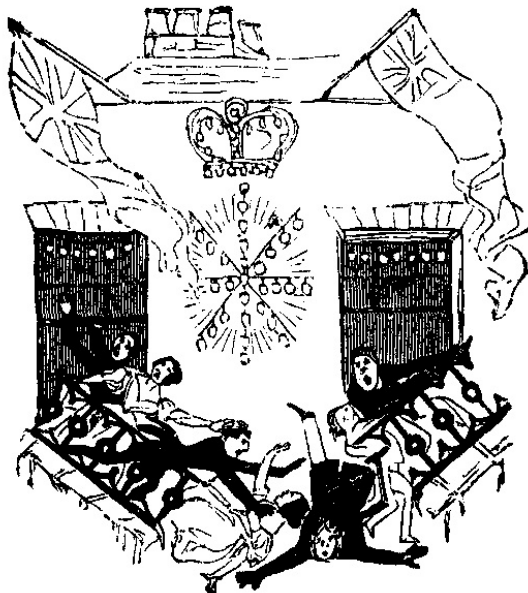
But the lavish outlay he must have incurred to obtain such a number of favourable notices—so many columns of superlative praise—shows him to be, in every sense—like the prince of puffers, George Robins—"utterly regardless of expense." The works third and fourth upon our list, doubtless cost, for the *copyright* alone, in ready money, a fortune. It is astonishing what pecuniary sacrifices genius will make, when it purloins the trumpet of Fame to *puff* itself into temporary notoriety.

INQUEST EXTRAORDINARY.

The Whigs, who long
Were bold and strong,
On Monday night went dead.
The jury found
This verdict sound—
"Destroy'd by low-priced bread."

AN EXCLUSIVE APPOINTMENT.

It is with the most rampant delight that we rush to announce, that a special warrant has been issued, appointing our friend and *protégé*, the gallant and jocular Sibthorp, to the important office of beadle and crier to the House of Commons—a situation which has been created from the difficulty which has hitherto been found in inducing strangers to withdraw during a division of the House. This responsible office could not have been conferred upon any one so capable of discharging its onerous duties as the Colonel. We will stake our hump, that half-a-dozen words of the gallant Demosthenes would, at any time have the effect of



CLEARING THE STRANGER'S GALLERY.

THE GREAT CRICKET MATCH AT ST. STEPHEN'S.

FIRST INNINGS.

The return match between the Reform and Carlton Clubs has been the theme of general conversation during the past week. Some splendid play was exhibited on the occasion, and, although the result has realised the anticipations of the best judges, it was not achieved without considerable exertion.

It will be remembered that, the last time these celebrated clubs met, the Carlton men succeeded in scoring one notch more than their rivals; who, however, immediately challenged them to a return match, and have been diligently practising for success since that time.

The players assembled in *Lord's* Cricket Ground on Tuesday last, when the betting was decidedly in favour of the Cons, whose appearance and manner was more confident than usual; while, on the contrary, the Rads seemed desponding and shy. On tossing up, the Whigs succeeded in getting first innings, and the Tories dispersed themselves about the field in high glee, flattering themselves that they would not be *out* long.

Wellington, on producing the ball—a genuine *Duke*—excited general admiration by his position. Ripon officiated as bowler at the other wicket. Sibthorp acted as long-stop, and the rest found appropriate situations. Lefevre was chosen umpire by mutual consent.

Spencer and Clanricarde went in first. Spencer, incautiously trying to score too many notches for one of his hits, was stumped out by Ripon, and Melbourne succeeded him. Great expectations had been formed of this player by his own party, but he was utterly unable to withstand Wellington's rapid bowling, which soon sent him to the right-about. Clanricarde was likewise run out without scoring a notch.

Lansdowne and Brougham were now partners at the wickets; but Lansdowne did not appear to like his mate, on whose play it is impossible to calculate. Coventry, *the short slip*, excited much merriment, by a futile attempt to catch this player out, which terminated in his finding himself horizontal and mortified. Wellington, having bowled out Lansdowne, resigned his ball to Peel, who took his place at the wicket with a smile of confidence, which frightened the bat out of the hands of Phillips, the next Rad.

Dundas and Labouchere were now the batmen. Labouchere is a very intemperate player. One of Sandon's slow balls struck his thumb, and put him out of temper, whereupon he hit about at random, and knocked down his wicket. Wakley took his bat, but apparently not liking his position, he hit up and caught himself out.

O'Connell took his place with a lounging swagger, but his first ball was caught by the immortal Sibthorp, who uttered more puns on the occasion than the oldest man present recollected to have heard perpetrated in any given time. Russell—who, by the bye, excavated several quarts of 'heavy' during his innings—was the last man the Rads had to put in. He played with care, and appeared disposed to keep hold of the bat as long as possible. He was, however, quietly disposed of by one of Peel's inexorable balls.

Thus far the game has proceeded. The Cons have yet to *go in*. The general opinion is, that they will not remain in so long as the Rads, but that they will score their notches much quicker. Indeed, it was commonly remarked, that no players had ever remained in so long, and had done so little good withal, as the Reformites.

Betting is at 100 to 5 in favour of the Carlton men, and anxiety is on tip-toe to know the result of the next innings.

The Tories are exulting in their recent victory over the poor Whigs, whom they affirm have been *tried*, and found wanting. A *trial*, indeed, where all the jurors were witnesses for the prosecution. One thing is certain, that the country, as usual, will have to pay the costs, for a Tory verdict will be certain to carry them. The Whigs should prepare a motion for a new trial, on the plea that the late decision was that of



A PACKED JURY.

DECIDEDLY UNPLEASANT.

“Kiss the broad moon.”—MARTINUZZI.

Go kiss the moon!—that’s more, sirs, than I can dare;
’Tis worse than madness—hasn’t she her man there?

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

The *Morning Advertiser* has a paragraph containing a report of an extraordinary indisposition under which a private of the Royal Guards is now suffering. It appears he lately received a violent kick from a horse, on the back of his head: since which time his hair has become so sensitive, that he cannot bear any one to approach him or touch it. On some portion being cut off by stratagem, he evinced the utmost disgust, accompanied with a volley of oaths. This may be wonderful in French hair, but it is nothing to the present sufferings of the Whigs in England.

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THE BARTHOLOMEW FAIR SHOW-FOLKS.

Punch having been chosen by the unanimous voice of the public—the *arbiter elegantiarum* in all matters relating to science, literature, and the fine arts—and from his long professional experience, being the only person in England competent to regulate the public amusements of the people, the Lord Mayor of London has confided to him the delicate and important duty of deciding upon the claims of the several individuals applying for licenses to open show-booths during the approaching Bartholomew Fair. Punch, having called to his assistance Sir Peter Laurie and Peter Borthwick, proceeded, on last Saturday, to hold his inquisition in a highly-respectable court in the neighbourhood of West Smithfield.

The first application was made on behalf of *Richardson’s Booth*, by two individuals named Melbourne and Russell.

PUNCH.—On what grounds do you claim?

MEL.—On those of long occupancy and respectability, my lord.

RUSS.—We employs none but the werry best of actors, my lud—all “bould speakers,” as my late wenerated manager, Muster Richardson, used to call ‘em.

MEL.—We have the best scenery and decorations, the most popular performances—

RUSS.—Hem! (*aside to MEL.*)—Best say nothing about our performances, Mel.

PUNCH.—Pray what situations do you respectively hold in the booth?

MEL.—*I* am principal manager, and do the heavy tragedy business. My friend, here, is the stage-manager and low comedy buffer, who takes the kicks, and blows the trumpet of the establishment.

PUNCH.—What is the nature of the entertainments you have been in the habit of producing?

RUSS.—Oh! the real legitimate drammar—“A New Way to Pay Old Debts,” “Raising the Wind,” “A Gentleman in Difficulties,” “Where shall I dine?” and “Honest Thieves.” We mean

to commence the present season with "All in the wrong," and "His Last Legs."

PUNCH.—Humph! I am sorry to say I have received several complaints of the manner in which you have conducted the business of your establishment for several years. It appears you put forth bills promising wonders, while your performances have been of the lowest possible description.

RUSS.—S'elp me, Bob! there ain't a word of truth in it. If there's anything we takes pride on, 'tis our gentility.

PUNCH.—You have degraded the drama by the introduction of card-shufflers and thimble-rig impostors.

RUSS.—We denies the thimble-rigging in totum, my lud; that was brought out at Stanley's opposition booth.

PUNCH.—At least you were a promoter of state conjuring and legerdemain tricks on the stage.

RUSS.—Only a little hanky-panky, my lud. The people likes it; they loves to be cheated before their faces. One, two, three—presto—begone. I'll show your ludship as pretty a trick of putting a piece of money in your eye and taking it out of your elbow, as you ever beheld. *Has your ludship got such a thing as a good shilling about you? 'Pon my honour, I'll return it.*

PUNCH.—Be more respectful, sir, and reply to my questions. It appears further, that several respectable persons have lost their honesty in your booth.

RUSS.—Very little of that 'ere commodity is ever brought into it, my lud.

PUNCH.—And, in short, that you and your colleagues' hands have been frequently found in the pockets of your audience.

RUSS.—Only in a professional way, my lud—strictly professional.

PUNCH.—But the most serious charge of all is that, on a recent occasion, when the audience hissed your performances, you put out the lights, let in the swell-mob, and raised a cry of "No Corn Laws."

RUSS.—Why, my lud, on that p'int I admit there was a slight row.

PUNCH.—Enough, sir. The court considers you have grossly misconducted yourself, and refuses to grant you license to perform.

MEL.—But, my lord, I protest *I did* nothing.

PUNCH.—So everybody says, sir. You are therefore unfit to have the management of (next to my own) the greatest theatre in the world. You may retire.

MEL. (*to RUSS.*)—Oh! Johnny, this is your work—with your confounded hanky-panky.

RUSS.—No—'twas you that did it; we have been ruined by your laziness. What *is* to become of us now?

MEL.—Alas! where shall we dine?

The next individual who presented himself, to obtain a license for the Carlton Club Equestrian Troop, was a strange-looking character, who gave his name as Sibthorp.

PUNCH.—What are you, sir?

SIB.—Clown to the ring, my lord, and principal performer on the Salt-box. I provide my own paint and pipe-clay, make my own jokes, and laugh at them too. I do the ground and lofty tumbling, and ride the wonderful donkey—all for the small sum of fifteen bob a-week.

PUNCH.—You have been represented as a very noisy and turbulent fellow.

SIB.—Meek as a lamb, my lord, except when I'm on the saw-dust; there I acknowledge, I do crow pretty loudly—but that's in the way of business,—and your lordship knows that we public jokers must pitch it strong sometimes to make our audience laugh, and bring the *browns* into the treasury. After all, my lord, I am not the rogue many people take me for,—more the other way, I can assure you, and

"Though to my share some human errors fall,
Look in my face, and you'll forget them all."

PUNCH.—A strong appeal, I must confess. You shall have your license.

The successful claimant having made his best bow to Commissioner Punch, withdrew, whistling the national air of



“BRITONS, STRIKE HOME.”

A fellow named Peel, who has been for many years in the habit of exhibiting as a quack-doctor, next applied for liberty to vend his nostrums at the fair. On being questioned as to his qualifications, he shook his head gravely, and, without uttering a word, placed the following card in the hands of Punch.

TO THE GULLIBLE PUBLIC.

SIR RHUBARB PILL, M.D. and L.S.D.

Professor of Political Chemistry and Conservative Medicine to the

CARLTON CLUB;

PHYSICIAN IN ORDINARY TO THE KING OF HANOVER!!!

Inventor of the People’s Patent Sliding Stomach-pump;—of the Poor Man’s anti-Breakfast and Dinner Waist-belt;—and of the new Royal extract of Toryism, as prescribed for, and lately swallowed by,

THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGE IN THESE DOMINIONS.

Sir Rhubarb begs further to state, that he practises national tooth-drawing and bleeding to an unlimited extent; and undertakes to cure the consumption of bread without the use of

A FIXED PLASTER.

N.B.—No connexion with the corn doctor who recently vacated the concern now occupied by Sir R.P.

Hours of attendance, from ten till four each day, at his establishment, Downing-street.—A private entrance for M.P.’s round the corner.

Ben D’Israeli, the proprietor of the Learned Pig, applied for permission to exhibit his animal at the fair. A license was unhesitatingly granted by his lordship, who rightly considered that the exhibition of the extraordinary talents of the pig and its master, would do much to promote a taste for polite literature amongst the Smithneld “pennyboys.”

A poor old man, who called himself Sir Francis Burdett, applied for a license to exhibit his wonderful Dissolving Views. The most remarkable of which were—“The Hustings in Covent-garden—changing to Rous’s dinner in Drury-lane”—and “The Patriot in the Tower—changing to the Renegade in the Carlton.” It appeared that the applicant was, at one time, in a respectable business, and kept “The Old Glory,” a favourite public-house in Westminster, but, falling into bad company, he lost his custom and his character, and was reduced to his present miserable occupation. Punch, in pity for the wretched petitioner, and fully convinced that his childish tricks were perfectly harmless, granted him a license to exhibit.

Licenses were also granted to the following persons in the course of the day:—

Sir E.L. Bulwer, to exhibit his own portrait, in the character of Alcibiades, painted by

himself.

Doctor Bowring, to exhibit six Tartarian chiefs, caught in the vicinity of the Seven Dials, with songs, translated from the original Irish Calmuc, by the Doctor.

Emerson Tennent, to exhibit his wonderful Cosmorama, or views of anywhere and everywhere; in which the striking features of Ireland, Greece, Belgium, and Whitechapel will be so happily confounded, that the spectator may imagine he beholds any or all of these places at a single glance.

Messrs. Stephens, Heraud, and Co., to exhibit, gratis, a Syncretic Tragedy, with fireworks and tumbling, according to law, between the acts; to be followed by a lecture on the Unactable Drama.

CAPITAL ILLUSTRATION.

At the recent *fracas* in Pall Mall, between Captain Fitzroy and Mr. Shepherd, the latter, like his predecessor of old, the "Gentle Shepherd," performed sundry vague evolutions with a silver-mounted cane, and requested Captain Fitzroy to consider himself horsewhipped. Not entertaining quite so high an opinion of his adversary's imaginative powers, the Captain floored the said descendant of gentleness, thereby ably illustrating the precise difference of the "*real and ideal*."

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THE HEIR OF APPLEBITE.

CHAPTER II.

SHOWS HOW AGAMEMNON BECAME DISGUSTED WITH NUMBER ONE, AND THE AWFUL CONSEQUENCES WHICH SUCCEEDED.



oor old John's alarm was succeeded by astonishment, for without speaking a word, Agamemnon bounced into his bed-chamber. He thought the room the most miserable-looking room he had ever entered, though the floor was covered with a thick Turkey carpet, a bright fire was blazing in the grate, and everything about seemed fashioned for comfort. He threw himself into an easy chair, and kicking off one of his pumps, crossed his legs, and rested his elbow on the table. He looked at his bed—it was a French one—a mountain of feathers, covered with a thick, white Marseilles quilt, and festooned over with a drapery of rich crimson damask.

"I'll have a four-post to-morrow," growled Collumpsion; "French beds are mean-looking things, after all. Stuffwell has the fellow-chair to this—one chair does look strange! I wonder it has never struck me before; but it is surprising—what—strange ide—as a man—has"—and Collumpsion fell asleep.

It was broad day when Collumpsion awoke; the fire had gone out, and his feet were as cold as ice. He (as he is married there's no necessity for concealment)—he swore two or three naughty oaths, and taking off his clothes, hurried into bed in the hope of getting warm.

"How confoundedly cold I am—sitting in that chair all night, too—ridiculous. If I had had a—I mean, if I hadn't been alone, that wouldn't have happened; she would have waked me." *She*—what the deuce made him use the feminine pronoun!

At two o'clock he rose and entered his breakfast-room. The table was laid as usual—*one* large cup and saucer, *one* plate, *one* egg-cup, *one* knife, and *one* fork! He did not know wherefore, but he felt to want the number increased. John brought up a slice of broiled salmon and *one* egg. Collumpsion got into a passion, and ordered a second edition. The morning was rainy, so Collumpsion remained at home, and employed himself by kicking about the ottoman, and mentally multiplying all the single articles in his establishment by two.

The dinner hour arrived, and there was the same singular provision for one. He rang the bell, and ordered John to furnish the table for *another*. John obeyed, though not without some strong misgiving of his master's sanity, as the edibles consisted of a sole, a mutton chop, and a partridge. When John left the room at his master's request, Collumpsion rose and locked the door. Having placed a chair opposite, he resumed his seat, and commenced a series of pantomimic gestures, which were strongly confirmatory of John's suspicions. He seemed to be holding an inaudible conversation with some invisible being, placing the choicest portion of the sole in a plate, and seemingly desiring John to deliver it to the unknown. As John was not there, he placed it before himself, and commenced daintily and smilingly picking up very minute particles, as though he were too much delighted to eat.

He then bowed and smiled, and extending his arm, appeared to fill the opposite glass, and having *actually* performed the same operation with his own, he bowed and smiled again, and sipped the brilliant Xeres. He then rang the bell violently, and unlocking the door, rushed rapidly back to his chair, as though he were fearful of committing a rudeness by leaving it. The table being replenished, and John again dismissed the room, the same pantomime commenced. The one mutton chop seemed at first to present an obstacle to the proper conduct of the scene; but gracefully uncovering the partridge, and as gracefully smiling towards the invisible, he appeared strongly to recommend the bird in preference to the beast. Dinner at length concluded, he rose, and apparently led his phantom guest from the table, and then returning to his arm-chair, threw himself into it, and, crossing his hands upon his breast, commenced a careful examination of the cinders and himself. His rumination ended in a doze, and his doze in a dream, in which he fancied himself a Brobdignag Java sparrow during the moulting season. His cage was surrounded by beautiful and blooming girls, who seemed to pity his condition, and vie with each other in proposing the means of rendering him more comfortable. Some spoke of elastic cotton shirts, linsey-wolsey jackets, and silk nightcaps; others of merino hose, silk feet and cotton tops, shirt-buttons and warming-pans; whilst Mrs. Greatgirdle and Mrs. Waddledot sang an echo duet of "What a pity the bird is alone."

"A change came o'er the spirit of his dream."

He thought that the moulting season was over, and that he was rejoicing in the fulness of a sleeky plumage, and by his side was a Java sparrowess, chirping and hopping about, rendering the cage as populous to him as though he were the tenant of a bird-fancier's shop. Then—he awoke just as Old John was finishing a glass of Madeira, preparatory to arousing Collumpsion, for the purpose of delivering to him a scented note, which had just been left by the footman of Mrs. Waddledot.

It was lucky for John that A.C.A. had been blessed with pleasant dreams, or his attachment to Madeira might have occasioned his discharge from No. 24, Pleasant-terrace.

The note was an invitation to Mrs. Waddledot's opera-box for that evening. The performance was to be Rossini's "La Cenerentola," and as Collumpsion recollected the subject of the opera, his heart fluttered in his bosom. A prince marrying a cinder-sifter for love! What must the happy state be—or rather what must it not be—to provoke such a condescension!

Collumpsion never appeared to such advantage as he did that evening; he was dressed to a miracle of perfection—his spirits were so elastic that they must have carried him out of the box into "Fop's-alley," had not Mrs. Waddledot cleverly surrounded him by the detachment from the corps of eighteen daughters, which had (on that night) been placed under her command.

Collumpsion's state of mind did not escape the notice of the fair campaigners, and the most favourable deductions were drawn from it in relation to the charitable combination which they had formed for his ultimate good, and all seemed determined to afford him every encouragement in their power. Every witticism that he uttered elicited countless smiles—every criticism that he delivered was universally applauded—in short, Agamemnon Collumpsion Applebite was voted the most delightful beau in the universe, and Agamemnon Collumpsion Applebite gave himself a plumper to the same opinion.

On the 31st of the following month, a string of carriages surrounded St. George's Church, Hanover-square, and precisely at a quarter to twelve, A.M., Agamemnon Collumpsion Applebite placed a plain gold ring on the finger of Miss Juliana Theresa Waddledot, being a necessary preliminary to the introduction of our hero, the "Heir of Applebite."

EPIGRAM.

"I wonder if Brougham thinks as much as he talks,"
Said a punster perusing a trial:
"I vow, since his lordship was made Baron Vaux,
He's been *Vaux et præterea nihil!*"

THE TWO FATAL CHIROPEDISTS.

Our great ancestor, Joe Miller, has recorded, in his "Booke of Jestes," an epitaph written upon an amateur corn-cutter, named Roger Horton, who,

"Trying one day his corn to mow off,
The razor slipp'd, and cut his toe off."

The painful similarity of his fate with that of another corn experimentalist, has given rise to the following:—

EPITAPH ON LORD JOHN RUSSELL, WHO EXPIRED POLITICALLY, AFTER A LINGERING ILLNESS, ON MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 30, 1841.

In Minto quies.

Beneath this stone lies Johnny Russell,
Who for his place had many a tussel.
Trying one day *the corn* to cut down,
The motion fail'd, and he was *put* down.
The benches which he nearly grew to,
The Opposition quickly flew to;
The fact it was so mortifying,
That little Johnny took to dying.

SHALL GREAT OLYMPUS TO A MOLEHILL STOOP?

Some difficulty has arisen as to the production of Knowles's new play at the Haymarket Theatre. Mr. Charles Kean and Miss Helen Faucit having objected to hear the play read, "*because their respective parts had not been previously submitted to them.*"—*Sunday Times*.—[We are of opinion that they were decidedly right. One might as well expect a child to spell without learning the alphabet, as either of the above persons to understand Knowles, unless enlightened by a long course of previous instruction.]

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THE LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

[From a MS. drama called the "COURT OF VICTORIA."

Scene in Windsor Castle.

[*Her Majesty discovered sitting thoughtfully at an escrutoire.*—

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.]

LORD CHAMBERLAIN.—May it please your Majesty, a letter from the Duke of Wellington.

THE QUEEN (*opens the letter.*)—Oh! a person for the vacant place of Premier—show the bearer in, my lord. [*Exit LORD CHAMBERLAIN.*]

THE QUEEN (*muses.*)—Sir Robert Peel—I have heard that name before, as connected with my family. If I remember rightly, he held the situation of adviser to the crown in the reign of Uncle William, and was discharged for exacting a large discount on all the state receipts; yet Wellington is very much interested in his favour.

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, who ushers in SIR ROBERT, and then retires. As he is going—]

LORD CHAMBERLAIN (*aside.*)—If you do get the berth, Sir Robert, I hope you'll not give me warning.

[*Exit.*]

SIR ROBERT (*looking demurely.*)—Hem!

[*The Queen regards him very attentively.*]

THE QUEEN (*aside.*)—I don't much like the looks of the fellow—that affectation of simplicity is evidently intended to conceal the real cunning of his character. (*Aloud.*) You are of course aware of the nature and the duties of the situation which you solicit?

SIR ROBERT.—Oh, yes, your Majesty; I have filled it before, and liked it very much.

THE QUEEN.—It's a most responsible post, for upon your conduct much of the happiness of my other servants depends.

SIR ROBERT.—I am aware of that, your Majesty; but as no one can hope to please everybody, I will only answer that *one half* shall be perfectly satisfied.

THE QUEEN.—You have recently returned from Tamworth?

SIR ROBERT.—Yes, your Majesty.

THE QUEEN.—We will dispense with forms. At Tamworth, you have been practising as a quack doctor?

SIR ROBERT.—Yes, madam; I was brought up to doctoring, and am a professor of sleight-

of-hand.

THE QUEEN.—What have you done in the latter art to entitle you to such a distinction?

SIR ROBERT.—I have performed some very wonderful changes. When I was out of place, I had opinions strongly opposed to Catholic emancipation; but when I got into service I changed them in the course of a few days.

THE QUEEN.—I have heard that you boast of possessing a nostrum for the restoration of the public good. What is it?

SIR ROBERT.—Am I to consider myself “as regularly called in?”

THE QUEEN.—That is a question I decline answering at present.

SIR ROBERT.—Then I regret that I must also remain silent.

THE QUEEN (*aside*).—The wily fox! (*aloud*)—Are you aware that great distress exists in the country?

SIR ROBERT.—Oh, yes! I have heard that there are several families who keep no man-servant, and that numerous clerks, weavers, and other artisans, occupy second-floors.

THE QUEEN.—I have heard that the people are wanting bread.

SIR ROBERT.—Ha, ha! that was from the late premier, I suppose. He merely forgot an adjective—it is *cheap* bread that the people are clamouring for.

THE QUEEN.—And why can they not have it?

SIR ROBERT.—I have consulted with the Duke of Richmond upon the subject, and he says it is impossible.

THE QUEEN.—But why?

SIR ROBERT.—Wheat must be lower before bread can be cheaper.

THE QUEEN.—Well!

SIR ROBERT.—And rents must be less if that is the case, and—

THE QUEEN.—Well!

SIR ROBERT.—And that the landowners won't agree to.

THE QUEEN.—Well!

SIR ROBERT.—And, then, I can't keep my place a day.

THE QUEEN.—Then the majority of my subjects are to be rendered miserable for the advantage of the few?

SIR ROBERT.—That's the principle of all good governments. Besides, cheap bread would be no benefit to the masses, for wages would be lower.

THE QUEEN.—Do you really believe such *would* be the case?

SIR ROBERT.—Am I regularly called in?

THE QUEEN.—You evade a direct answer, I see. Granting such to be *your belief*, your friends and landowners would suffer no injury, for their incomes would procure them as many luxuries.

SIR ROBERT.—Not if they were to live abroad, or patronise foreign manufactures: and *should* wages be higher, what would they say to me after all the money they have expended in bri—I mean at the Carlton Club, if I allow the value of their “dirty acres” to be reduced.

THE QUEEN.—Pray, what do you call such views?

SIR ROBERT.—Patriotism.

THE QUEEN.—Charity would be a better term, as that is said to begin at home. How long were you in your last place?

SIR ROBERT.—Not half so long as I wished—for the sake of the country.

THE QUEEN.—Why did you leave?

SIR ROBERT.—Somebody said I was saucy—and somebody else said I was not honest—and somebody else said I had better go.

THE QUEEN.—Who was the latter somebody?

SIR ROBERT.—My master.

THE QUEEN.—Your exposure of my late premier's faults, and your present application for his situation, result from disinterestedness, of course?

SIR ROBERT.—Of course, madam.

THE QUEEN.—Then salary is not so much an object as a comfortable situation.

SIR ROBERT.—I beg pardon; but I've been out of place ten years, and have a small family to support. *Wages* is, therefore, some sort of a consideration.

THE QUEEN.—I don't quite like you.

SIR ROBERT (*glancing knowingly at the Queen*).—I don't think there is any one that *you can* have better.

THE QUEEN.—I'm afraid not.

SIR ROBERT.—Then, am I regularly called in?

THE QUEEN.—Yes, you can take your boxes to Downing-street.

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

PARLIAMENTARY INTENTIONS.

Mr. Muntz, we understand, intends calling the attention of Parliament, at the earliest possible period, to the state of the crops.

Lord Palmerston intends proposing, that a looking-glass for the use of members should be placed in the ante-room of the House, and that it shall be called the New Mirror of Parliament.

Mr. T. Duncombe intends moving that the plans of Sir Robert Peel be immediately submitted to the photographic process, in order that some light may be thrown upon them as soon as possible.

The Earl of Coventry intends suggesting, that every member of both Houses be immediately supplied with a copy of the work called "Ten Minutes' Advice on Corns," in order to prepare Parliament for a full description of the Corn Laws.

EXTRA FASHIONABLE NEWS.

Colonel Sibthorp has expressed his intention of becoming the blue-faced monkey at the Zoological Gardens with his *countenance*, on next Wednesday.

Lord Melbourne has received visits of condolence on his retirement from office, from Aldgate pump—Canning's statue in Palace-yard—the Three Kings of Brentford—and the Belle Sauvage, Ludgate-hill.

Her Royal Highness the Princess, her two nurses, and a pap-spoon, took an airing twice round the great hall of the palace, at one o'clock yesterday.

The Burlington Arcade will be thrown open to visitors to-morrow morning. Gentlemen intending to appear there, are requested to come with tooth-picks and full-dress walking-canes.

Sir Francis Burdett's top-boots were seen, on last Saturday, walking into Sir Robert Peel's house, accompanied by the legs of that venerable turner.

His Grace the Duke of Wellington inspected all the passengers in Pall Mall, from the steps of the United Service Club-house, and expressed himself highly pleased with the celerity of the 'busses and cabs, and the effective state of the pedestrians generally.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex has, in the most unequivocal manner, expressed his opinion on the state of the weather—which he pronounces to be hot! hot! all hot!

A SINGULAR INADVERTENCE.

A good deal of merriment was caused in the House of Commons, by Mr. Bernal and Commodore Napier addressing the members as "gentlemen." This may be excusable in

PUNCH'S PENCILLINGS—No. VIII.



THE LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

THE MINISTRY'S ODE TO THE PASSIONS.

NOT BY COLLINS.

When the Whig Ministry had run,
Nor left behind a mother's son,
The Tories, at their leader's call,
Came thronging round him, one and all,
Exulting, braying, cringing, coaxing,
Expert at humbugging and hoaxing;
By turns they felt an *honest* zeal
For private good and public weal;
Till all at once they raised such yells,
As rung in Apsley House the bells:
And as they sought snug berths to get
In Bobby Peel's new cabinet,
Each, for interest ruled the hour,
Would prove his taste for place and power.

First Follett's hand, his skill to try,
Upon the *seals* bewilder'd laid;
But back recoil'd—he scarce knew why—
Of Lyndhurst's angry scowl afraid.

Next Stanley rush'd with frenzied air;
His eager haste brook'd no delay:
He rudely seized the *Foreign* chair,
And bade poor Cupid trudge away.

With woeful visage Melbourne sate—
A pint of double X his grief beguiled;
And inly pondering o'er his fate,
He bade th' attendant pot-boy “draw it mild.”

But thou, Sir Jamie Graham—prig;
What was thy delighted musing?
Now accepting, now refusing,
Till on the Admiralty pitch'd,
Still would that thought his speech prolong;
To gain the place for which he long had itch'd,
He call'd on Bobby still through all the song;
But ever as his sweetest theme he chose,
A sovereign's golden chink was heard at every close,
And Pollock grimly smiled, and shook his powder'd wig.

And longer had he droned—but, with a frown
Brougham impatient rose;
He threw the bench of snoring bishops down,
And, with a withering look,
The Whig-denouncing trumpet took,
And made a speech so fierce and true,
Thrashing, with might and main, both friend and foe;
And ever and anon he beat,
With doubled fist his cushion'd seat;
And though sometimes, each breathless pause between,
Astonished Melbourne at his side,
His moderating voice applied,
Yet still he kept his stern, unalter'd mien,
While battering the Whigs and Tories black and blue.

Thy ravings, Goulburn, to no theme were fix'd.
Not ev'n thy virtue is without its spots;
With piety thy politics were mix'd,
And now they courted Peel, now call'd on Doctor Watts.

With drooping jaw, like one half-screw'd,
Lord Johnny sate in doleful mood,
And for his Secretarial seat,
Sent forth his howlings sad, but sweet
Lost Normanby pour'd forth his sad adieu;
While Palmerston, with graceful air,
Wildly toss'd his scented hair;
And pensive Morpeth join'd the sniv'ling crew.
Yet still they lingered round with fond delay,
Humming, hawing, stopping, musing,
Tory rascals all abusing,
Till forced to move away.

But, oh! how alter'd was the whining tone
When, loud-tongued Lyndhurst, that unblushing wight,
His gown across his shoulders flung,
His wig with virgin-powder white,
Made an ear-splitting speech that down to Windsor rung,
The Tories' call, that Billy Holmes well knew,
The turn-coat Downshire and his Orange crew;
Wicklow and Howard both were seen
Brushing away the wee bit green;
Mad Londonderry laugh'd to hear,
And Inglis scream'd and shook his ass's ear

Last Bobby Peel, with hypocritic air,
He with modest look came sneaking:
First to “*the Home*” his easy vows address,—
But soon he saw the *Treasury's* red chair,
Whose soft inviting seat he loved the best.

They would have thought, who heard his words,
They saw in Britain's cause a patriot stand,
The proud defender of his land,
To aw'd and list'ning senates speaking;—

But as his fingers touch'd the purse's strings,
The chinking metal made a magic sound,
While hungry placemen gather'd fast around:
And he, as if by chance or play,
Or that he would their venal votes repay,
The golden treasures round upon them flings.

SIR ROBERT PEEL AND THE QUEEN.

Upon the first interview of the Queen with Sir Robert Peel, her Majesty was determined to answer only in monosyllables to all he said; and, in fact, to make her replies *an echo*, and nothing more, to whatever he said to her. The following dialogue, which we have thrown into verse for the purpose of smoothing it—the tone of it, as spoken, having been on one side, at least, rather rough—ensued between the illustrious persons alluded to.

HE.—Before we into minor details go,
Do I possess your confidence or no?

SHE.—*No.*

HE.—You shall not vex me, though your treatment's rough;
No, madam, I am made of sterner stuff.

SHE.—*Stuff.*

HE.—Really, if thus your minister you flout,
A single syllable he can't get out.

SHE.—*Get out!*

HE.—But try me, madam; time indeed will show
Unto what lengths to serve you I would go.

SHE.—*Go.*

HE.—We both have power,—'tis doubtful which is greater;
These crooked words had better be made straighter.

SHE.—*Traighter (Traitor.)*

HE.—Farewell! and never in this friendly strain
(My proffer'd aid foregone) I breathe again!

SHE.—*Gone. I breathe again!*

SONGS OF THE SEEDY.—NO. 2.

I cannot rove with thee, where zephyrs float—
Sweet sylvan scenes devoted to the loves!—
For, oh! I have not got one decent coat,
Nor can I sport a single pair of gloves.
Gladly I'd wander o'er the verdant lawn,
Where graze contentedly the fleecy flock;
But can I show myself in gills so torn,
Or brave the public gaze in such a stock?
I know *thou'*lt answer me that love is blind,
And faults in one it worships can't perceive;
It must be sightless, truly, not to find
The hole that's gaping in my threadbare sleeve.
Farewell, my love—for, oh! by heaven, we part,
And though it cost me all the pangs of hell.
The herd shall not on thee inflict a smart,
By calling after us—"There goes a swell!"

A PRIVATE BOX.

During the clear-out on Wednesday last in Downing-street, a small chest, strongly secured, was found among some models of balloting-boxes. It had evidently been forgotten for some years, and upon opening it, was found to contain the Whig promises of 1832. They were immediately conveyed to Lord Melbourne, who appeared much astonished at these resuscitation of the



HOME OFFICE.

THE LOST MEDICAL PAPERS OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

"It is somewhat remarkable," observe the journals of the past week, "that the medical division of this scientific meeting has not contributed one single paper this year in furtherance of its object, although the communications from that section have usually been of a highly important character."

The journals may think it somewhat remarkable—we do not at all; for here, as in every other event of the day, a great deal depends upon being "behind the curtain;" and as the greater portion of our life is passed in that locality, we are always to be relied upon for authenticity in our statements. The plain truth is, that the papers were inadvertently lost, and rather than lead to some unpleasant disclosures, in which the eminent professor to whom they were entrusted would have been deeply implicated, it was thought best to say nothing about them. By chance they fell into the hands of the manager of one of our perambulating theatres, who was toiling his way from the west of England to Egham races, and having deposited them in his portable green-room, under the especial custody of the clown, the doctor, and the overbearing parochial authority, he duly remitted them to our office. We have been too happy in giving them a place in our columns, feeling an honest pride in thus taking the lead of the chief scientific publications of the day. It will be seen that they are drawn up as a report, all ready for publication, according to the usual custom of such proceedings, where every one knows beforehand what they are to dispute or agree with.

Dr. Splitnerve communicated a remarkable case of Animal Magnetism:—Eugene Doldrum, aged 21, a young man of bilious and interesting temperament, having been mesmerized, was rendered so keenly magnetic, as to give rise to a most remarkable train of phenomena. On being seated upon a music-stool, he immediately becomes an animated compass, and turns round to the north. Knives and forks at dinner invariably fly towards him, and he is not able to go through any of the squares, in consequence of being attracted firmly to the iron railings. As most of the experiments took place at the North London Hospital, Euston-square was his chief point of attraction, and when he was removed, it was always found necessary to break off the railings and take them away with him. This accounted for the decrepit condition of the *fleur de lys* that surround the inclosure, which was not, as generally supposed, the work of the university pupils residing in Gower-place. Perfect insensibility to pain supervened at the same time, and his friends took advantage of this circumstance to send him, by way of delicate compliment, to a lying-in lady, in the style of a pedestrian pin-cushion, his cheeks being stuck full of minikin pins, on the right side, forming the words "Health to the Babe," and on the left, "Happiness to the Mother."

Dr. Mortar read a talented paper on the cure of strabismus, or squinting, by dividing the muscles of the eye. The patient, a working man, squinted so terribly, that his eyes almost got into one another's sockets; and at times he was only able to see by looking down the inside of his nose and out at the nostrils. The operation was performed six weeks ago, when, on cutting through the muscles, its effects were instantly visible: both the eyes immediately diverging to the extreme outer angles of their respective orbits.

Dr. Sharpeye inquired if the man did not find the present state of his vision still very perplexing.

Dr. Mortar replied, that so far from injuring his sight, it had proved highly beneficial, as the patient had procured a very excellent situation in the new police, and received a double salary, from the power he possessed of keeping an eye upon both sides of the road at the same time.



WILL YOU LOOK THIS WAY, IF YOU PLEASE?

An elaborate and highly scientific treatise was then read by Dr. Sexton, upon a disease which had been very prevalent in town during the spring, and had been usually termed the influenza. He defined it as a disease of convenience, depending upon various exciting causes acting upon the mind. For instance:—

Mrs. A—, a lady residing in Belgrave-square, was on the eve of giving a large party, when, upon hearing that Mr. A— had made an unlucky speculation in the funds, the whole family were seized with influenza so violently, that they were compelled to postpone the reunion, and live upon the provided supper for a fortnight afterwards.

Miss B— was a singer at one of our large theatres, and had a part assigned to her in a new opera. Not liking it, she worried herself into an access of influenza, which unluckily seized her the first night the opera was to have been played.

But the most marked case was that of Mr. C—, a clerk in a city house of business, who was attacked and cured within three days. It appeared that he had been dining that afternoon with some friends, who were going to Greenwich fair the next day, and on arriving at home, was taken ill with influenza, so suddenly that he was obliged to despatch a note to that effect to his employer, stating also his fear that he should be unable to attend at his office on the morrow. Dr. Sexton said he was indebted for an account of the progress of his disease to a young medical gentleman, clinical clerk at a leading hospital, who lodged with the patient in Bartholomew-close. The report had been drawn up for the *Lancet*, but Dr. S. had procured it by great interest.

MAY 30, 1841, 11 P.M.—Present symptoms:—Complains of his employer, and the bore of being obliged to be at the office next morning. Has just eaten a piece of cold beef and pickles, with a pint of stout. Pulse about 75, and considerable defluxion from the nose, which he thinks produced by getting a piece of Cayenne pepper in his eye. Swallowed a crumb, which brought on a violent fit of coughing. Wishes to go to bed.

MAY 31, 9 A.M.—Has passed a tolerable night, but appears restless, and unable to settle to anything. Thinks he could eat some broiled ham if he had it; but not possessing any, has taken the following:

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-----|
| R— Infus. coffee | lbj |
| Sacchari | ʒij |
| Lactis Vaccæ | ʒj |
| Ft. mistura, poculum mane sumendum. | |

A plaster ordered to be applied to the inside of the stomach, consisting of potted bloater spread upon bread and butter.

Eleven, A.M.—Appears rather hotter since breakfast. Change of air recommended, and Greenwich decided upon.

Half-past 11.—Complains of the draught and noise of the second-class railway carriages, but is otherwise not worse. Thinks he should like “a drain of half-and-half.” Has blown his nose once in the last quarter of an hour.

Two, P.M.—Since a light dinner of rump steaks and stout, a considerable change

has taken place. He appears labouring under cerebral excitement and short pipes, and says he shall have a regular beanish day, and go it similar to bricks. Calls the waiter up to him in one of the booths, and has ordered "a glass of cocktail with the chill off and a cinder in it."

Three, P.M.—Has sallied out into the fair, still much excited, calling every female he meets "Susan," and pronouncing the s's with a whistling accent. Expresses a desire to ride in the ships that go round and round.

Half-past 3.—The motion of the ships has tended considerably to relieve his stomach. Pulse slow and countenance pale, with a desire for a glass of ale. Has entered a peepshow, and is now arguing with the exhibitor upon the correctness of his view of the siege of "St. Jane Daker!" which he maintains was a sea-port, and not a field with a burning windmill, as represented in the view.

Eight, P.M.—After rambling vaguely about the fair all the afternoon, he has decided upon taking a hot-air bath in Algar's Crown and Anchor booth. Evidently delirious. Has put on a false nose, and purchased a tear-coat rattle. Appears labouring under violent spasmodic action of the muscles of his legs, as he dances "Jim along Josey," when he sets to his partner in a country dance of eighty couple.

Half-past 10, P.M.—Has just intimated that he does not see the use of going home, as you can always go there when you can go nowhere else. Is seated straddling across one of the tables, on which he is beating time to the band with a hooky stick. Will not allow the state of his pulse to be ascertained, but says we may feel his fist if we like.

Eleven.—Considerable difficulty experienced in getting the patient to the railroad, but we at last succeeded. After telling every one in the carriage "that he wasn't afraid of any of them," he fell into a deep stertorous sleep. On arriving at home, he got into bed with his boots on, and passed a restless night, turning out twice to drink water between one and four.

JUNE.—10, A.M.—Has just returned from his office, his employer thinking him very unfit for work, and desiring him to lay up for a day or two. Complains of being "jolly seedy," and thinks he shall go to Greenwich again to get all right.

A thrilling paper upon the "Philosophy of death," was then read by Professor Wynne Slow. After tracing the origin of that fatal attack, which it appears the earliest nations were subject to, the learned author showed profound research in bringing forward the various terms applied to the act of dying by popular authors. Amongst the principal, he enumerated "turning your toes up," "kicking the bucket," "putting up your spoon," "slipping your wind," "booking your place," "breaking your bellows," "shutting up your shop," and other phrases full of expression.

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The last moments of remarkable characters were especially dwelt upon, in connexion, more especially, with the drama, which gives us the best examples, from its holding a mirror up to nature. It appeared that at Astley's late amphitheatre, the dying men generally shuffled about a great deal in the sawdust, fighting on their knees, and showing great determination to the last, until life gave way; that at the Adelphi the expiring character more frequently saw imaginary demons waiting for him, and fell down, uttering "Off, fiends! I come to join you in your world of flames!" and that clowns and pantaloons always gave up the ghost with heart-rending screams and contortions of visage, as their deaths were generally violent, from being sawn in half, having holes drilled in them with enormous gimlets, or being shot out of cannon; but that, at the same time, these deaths were not permanent.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Our foreign expresses have reached us *via* Billingsgate, and are full of interesting matter. Captain Fitz-Flammer is in prison at Boulogne, for some trifling misunderstanding with a native butcher, about the settlement of an account; but we trust no time will be lost by our government in demanding his release at the hands of the authorities. The attempt to make it a private question is absurd; and every Englishman's blood will simmer, if it does not actually boil, at the intelligence. Fitz-Flammer was only engaged in doing that which many of our countrymen visit Boulogne expressly to do, and it is hard that he should have been intercepted in his retreat, after accomplishing his object. To live at the expense of a natural enemy is certainly a bold and patriotic act, which ought to excite sympathy at home, and protection abroad. The English packet, the *City of Boulogne*, has turned one of its imitation guns directly towards the town, which, we trust, will have the effect of bringing the French authorities to reason.

It is expected that the treaty will shortly be signed, by which Belgium cedes to France a milestone on the north frontier; while the latter country returns to the former the whole of the territory lying behind a pig-stye, taken possession of in the celebrated 6th *vendemiaire*, by the allied armies. This will put an end to the heart-burnings that have long existed on either side of the Rhine, and will serve to apply the sponge at once to a long score of national animosities.

Our letters from the East are far from encouraging. The Pasha has had a severe sore-throat, and the disaffected have taken advantage of the circumstance. Ibrahim had spent the two last nights in the mountains, and was unfurling his standard, when our express left, in the very bosom of the desert. Mehemet Ali was still obstinate, and had dismissed his visier for impertinence. The whole of Servia is in a state of revolt, and the authorities have planted troops along the entire line, the whole of whom have gone over to the enemy. It is said there must be further concessions, and a new constitution is being drawn up; but it is not expected that any one will abide by it. Mehemet attempted to throw himself upon the rock of Nungab, with a tremendous force, but those about him wisely prevented him from doing so.

We have received China (tea) papers to the 16th. There is nothing in them.

FANCIED FAIR.

"The Duke of Wellington," says a correspondent of the *Times*, "left his umbrella behind him at a fancy fair, held for charitable purposes, between Twickenham and Teddington. On discovering it, Lady P. immediately said, 'Who will give twenty guineas for the Duke's umbrella?' A purchaser was soon found; and when the fact was communicated to his Grace, he good-naturedly remarked, 'I'll soon supply you with umbrellas, if you can sell them with so much advantage to the charity.'" We trust his Grace's benevolent disposition will not induce him to carry this offer into execution. We should extremely regret to see the Hero of Waterloo in Leicester-square, of a rainy night, vending second-hand *parapluies*. The same charitable impulse will doubtlessly induce other fashionable hawkers at fancy fairs to pick his Grace's pockets. We are somewhat curious to know what a Wellington bandana would realise, especially were it the produce of some pretty lady P.'s petty larceny. "Charity," it is said, "covereth a multitude of sins." What must it do with an umbrella? We fear that Lady P. will some day figure in the "fashionable departures."



FOR SYDNEY DIRECT.

PUNCH'S THEATRE.

MARTINUZZI AS THE ACT DIRECTS.

The production upon the stage of a tragedy "not intended for an acting play," as a broad travestie, is a novel and dangerous experiment—one, however, which the combined genius of the Dramatic Authors' Council has made, with the utmost success. The "Hungarian Daughter" was, under the title of "Martinuzzi," received, on its first appearance, with bursts of applause and convulsions of laughter!

The plot of this piece our literary reviewer has expressed himself unable to unravel. We are in the same condition; all we can promise is some account of the scenes as they followed each other; of the characters, the sentiments, the poetry, and the rest of the fun.

The play opens with an elderly gentleman, in a spangled dressing-gown, who commences business by telling us the time of day, poetically clapping a wig upon the sun, by saying, he

"Shakes day about, like perfume from his *hair*,"

which statement bears out the after sentence, that "the wisdom he endures is terrible!" An Austrian gentleman—whose dress made us at first mistake him for Richard III. on his travels—arrives to inform the gentleman *en déshabille*—no other than *Cardinal Martinuzzi* himself—that he has come from King Ferdinand, to ask if he will be so good as to give up

some regency; which the Cardinal, however, respectfully declines doing. A gentleman from Warsaw is next announced, and *Castaldo* retires, having incidentally declared a passion for the reigning queen of Hungary.

Mr. Selby, as *Rupert* from Warsaw, then appears, in a dress most correctly copied from the costume of the knave of clubs. Being a Pole, he stirs up the Cardinal vigorously enough to provoke some exceedingly intemperate language, chiefly by bringing to his memory a case of child-stealing, to which *Martinuzzi* was, before he had quite sown his wild oats, *particeps criminis*. This case having got into the papers (which *Rupert* had preserved), the Cardinal wants to obtain them, but offers a price not long enough for the Pole, who, declaring that *Martinuzzi* carries it "too high" to be trusted with them, vanishes. Mr. Morley afterwards comes forward to sing a song according to Act of Parliament, and the scene changes for Miss Collect to comply, a second time, with the 25th of George II.

In the following scene, the Queen Dowager of Hungary, *Isabella*, introduces herself to the audience, to inform them that the Austrian gentleman, *Castaldo*, is

"the mild,
Pity-fraught object of her fondness."

He appears. She makes several inflammatory speeches, which he seems determined not to understand, for he is in love with the virgin queen; and maidens before dowagers is evidently his sensible motto.

The second act opens with the queen junior stating her assurance, that if she lives much longer she will die, and that when she is quite dead, she will hate *Martinuzzi*³. As, however, she means to hate when she is deceased, she will make the most of her time while alive, by devoting herself to courtship and *Castaldo*: for a very tender love-scene ensues, at the end of which the lady elopes, to leave the lover a clear stage for some half-dozen minutes' ecstasies, appropriately ended by his arrest, ordered by *Martinuzzi*. Why, it is not stated, the officer not even producing the copy of a writ.

3. "*Czerina*. When I am dead—which will be soon—I feel, If I much longer on my throne remain, I shall abhor the name of *Martinuzzi*."

In the next scene, *Isabella* is visited by *Rupert*, who disinterestedly presents the dowager with the papers for nothing, which he was before offered an odd castle and snug estate for, by *Martinuzzi*. This is accounted for on no other supposition, than the proverbial gallantry of gentlemen from Warsaw.

Martinuzzi, possessing a ward whom he is anxious should wed the queen, opens the third act by declaring he will "precipitate the match," and so the author considerably sends *Czerina* to him, to talk the matter over. But the young lady gets into a passion, and the Cardinal declares he can make nothing of her, in the following passage:—

"Fool! I can make thee nothing but a laugh."

A sentiment to which the audience gave a most vociferous echo. The damsel is angry that she may not have the man she has chosen, and threatens to faint, but defers that operation till her lover's arms are near enough to receive her; which they happen to be just in time, for *Martinuzzi* retires and *Castaldo* comes on. *Czerina*, to be quite sure, exclaims, "Are these thy arms?" (*sic*) and finally faints in the lover's embrace, so as to exhibit a picturesque cuddle.

Queen Isabella is discovered, in the second scene of this act, perusing the much vaunted "papers" with intense interest. Unluckily *Castaldo* chooses that moment to complain, that *Martinuzzi* will not let him marry her rival. The queen, being by no means a temperate person, and wondering at his impudence in telling *her* such a tale, raves thus:—

"My soul's on fire I'm choked, and seem to perish;
But will suppress my scream"

Probably for fear of compromising *Castaldo*, who is alone with her; and she ends the act by requesting the Austrian to murder *Martinuzzi*; to which he is so obliging as to consent, the more so, as an order comes from the Secretary of State for foreign affairs, of his own government, to "cut off" (*sic*) the Regent.

The fourth act is enlivened by a masquerade and a murder. The gentleman from Warsaw having abused the hospitality of his host by getting drunk, is punished by one of *Martinuzzi's* attendants with a mortal stab; and having, in the agonies of death, made a careful survey of all the sofas in the apartment, suits himself with the softest, and dies in great comfort.

After this, the masquerade proceeds with spirit. *Isabella* mixes in the festive scene, disguised in a domino, made of black sticking-plaster. *Czerina* overhears that she is a usurper and a changeling, and expresses her surprise in a line most unblushingly stolen from Fitz-Ball and the other poetico-melo-dramatists:—

"Merciful Heavens! do my ears deceive me?"

The festivities conclude with an altercation between *Martinuzzi* and *Isabella*, carried on with much vigour on both sides. The lady accuses the gentleman of inebriation, and he owns the soft impeachment, fully bearing it out by several incoherent speeches.

This was one of the most successful scenes in the comedy. The death of *Rupert*, Mr. Morley's song about "The sea," the quarrel (which was about the great pivot of the plot, "the papers," inscribed, says *Martinuzzi*,

"With ink that's *brew'd* in the infernal Styx,")

were all received with uproarious bursts of laughter.

In the fifth act, we behold *Martinuzzi* and the usurping young Queen making matters up at a railway pace. She has it all her own way. If she choose, she may marry *Castaldo*, retire into private life, be a "farm-house thrall," and keep a "dairy;" for which estate she has previously expressed a decided predilection⁴.

4. Acting play, published in the theatre, p. 32.

But it is the next scene that the author seems to have reserved for putting forth his strongest powers of burlesque and broad humour. *Isabella* and *Castaldo* are together; the latter feels a little afraid to murder *Martinuzzi*, but is impelled to the deed by a thousand imaginary torches, which he fears will hurry his "*moth-like* soul" into their "blinding sun-beams," till it (the soul) is scorched "*into* cinders."

Castaldo appears, in truth, a very bad barber of murders; for, as he is rushing out to

"Strike the tyrant down—in crimson streams
Rend every nerve,"

Isabella has the shrewdness to discover that he is without a weapon. Important omission! The incipient assassin exclaims—

"Oh! that I had my sword!"

but at that moment (clever, dramatic contrivance!)

[*Enter CZERINA, with a drawn sword.*]
"CZERINA. There's one! Thine own!"

Far from being grateful for this opportune supply of ways and means for murder. *Castaldo* calls the bilbo a "fated aspic," upon the edge of which his "eye-balls crack to look," and makes a raving exit from the stage, to a roaring laugh from the audience.

It is quite clear to *Isabella*, from his extreme carelessness about his tools, that *Castaldo* is not safely to be trusted with a job which requires so much tact and business-like exactitude as the capital offence. She therefore "*shows a phial*," which she intends, "occasion suiting," for "*Martinuzzi's* bane;" thereby hinting that, if *Castaldo* fail with his steel medicine, she is ready with a surer potion.

The next scene, being the last, was ushered in with acclamations. The stage, as is always in that case made and provided, was full. There is a young gentleman on a throne, and *Czerina* beside it, having been somehow ungallantly deposed. *Martinuzzi* expresses a wish to drink somebody's health, and this being the "fitting opportunity" mentioned by the author in the scene preceeding, *Isabella* empties the phial of her wrath into the beverage, and the *Cardinal* quenches his thirst with a most intemperate draught. It is now duly announced, that *Castaldo* is, "with naked sword, approaching." That gentleman appears, and makes a speech long enough for any man who has had such plain warning of what is to happen—even a cardinal encumbered with a spangled dressing-gown—to get a mile out of his way. The speech quite ended, he goes to work, and with "this from King Ferdinand," thrusts at *Martinuzzi*. *Czerina*, however, throws herself, with great skill, on the point of the sword, and dies. Another long harangue from *Castaldo*—which, as he is evidently broken-winded from exertion, is pronounced in tiny snatches—and he dies with a "ha!" for want—like many greater men—of breath.

Meanwhile, the poison makes *Martinuzzi* exceedingly uncomfortable in the stomachic regions. He is quite sure

"That hath been done to me which sends me *star-ward*!"

but in his progress thither he evidently loses his way; for he ends the play by inquiring—

"WHERE IS THE WORLD?"

The sublimity of which query is manifestly insisted on by the author, by his having it printed in capitals.

When the curtain fell, there arose an uproarious shout for the author; but instead of "the mantle of the Elizabethan poets," which, it has been said, he commonly wears, the most attractive garment that met the view was an expansive white waistcoat. This latter

exhibition concluded the entertainments, strictly so called; for though a farce followed, it turned out a terrible bore.

CONCERTS D'ETE.

If the advance of musical science is to be effected by indecent *tableaux vivans*—by rattling peas against sieves, and putting out the lights (appropriately enough) when Beethoven is being murdered—by the most contemptible class of compositions that ever was put upon score-paper, and noised forth from an ill-disciplined band—if these be the means towards improving musical taste, Monsieur Jullien is undoubtedly the harmonic regenerator of this country. He is a great man—great in his own estimation—great to the ends of his moustachios and the tips of his gloves—a great composer, and a great charlatan—*ex. gr.*:—

The overture to the promenade concerts usually consists of a pantomime entirely new to an English audience. Monsieur Jullien having made his appearance in the orchestra, seats himself in a conspicuous situation, to indulge the ladies with the most favourable view of his elegant person, and the splendid gold-chainery which is spread all over his magnificent waistcoat. A servant in livery then appears, and presents him with a pair of white kid gloves. The illustrious conductor, having taken some time to thrust them upon a very large and red hand, leisurely takes up his baton, rises, grins upon the expectant musicians, lifts his arm, and—the first chord is struck!

Quadrilles are the staple of the evening—those composed by Monsieur Jullien always, of course, claiming precedence and preference. These are usually interspersed with solos on the flageolet, to contrast with *obligati* for the ophecleido; the drummers—side, long, and double—are seldom inactive; the trombones and trumpets have no sinecure, and there is always a great mortality amongst the fiddle-strings. Eight bars of impossible variation is sure to be succeeded by sixteen of the deafening fanfare of trumpets, combined with smashing cymbalism, and dreadful drumming.

The public have a taste for headaches, and Jullien has imported a capital recipe for creating them; they applaud—he bows; and musical taste goes—in compliment to the ex-waiter's genuine profession of man-cook—to *pot*.

But the *ci-devant cuisinier* is not content with comparatively harmless, plain-sailing humbug; he must add some *sauce piquante* to his musical hashes. He cannot rest with merely stunning English ears, but must shock our morals, At the *bals masqués*, the French dancers, and the hardly mentionable *cancan*, were hooted back to their native stews under the Palais Royal; but he provides substitutes for them in the *tableaux vivans* now exhibiting. This, because a more insidious, is a safer introduction. The living figures are dressed to imitate plaster-of-Paris, and are so arranged as to form groups, called in the bills "classical;" but for which it would be difficult to find originals. In short, the whole thing is a feeler thrown out to see how far French impudence and French epicureanism in vice may carry themselves. It shall not be our fault if they do not experience an ignominious downfall, and beat a speedy retreat, to the tune of the "Rogue's March," arranged as a quadrille!

MADAME TUSSAUD'S,

THE REAL TEMPLE OF FAME.

"Some men are born to greatness, some men achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them."—SHAKSPEARE.

Reader, should you doubt the above assertion, in the true showman phraseology, just "Walk up! walk up!" to Madame Tussaud's, the real Temple of Fame, and let such doubts vanish for ever; convince yourselves that the mighty attribute not more survives from good than evil deeds, though, like poverty, it makes its votaries acquainted with the strangest of strange bedfellows! The regal ermine and the murderer's fustian alike obtain their enviable niche.

The likeness of departed majesty, robed in the matchless splendour of a ruler's state, redolent with all the mimic glories of a king's insignia, the modelled puppet from the senseless clay, that wore in life the imperial purple, and moved a breathing thing, chief actor in its childish mummeries, may here be seen shining in tinselled pomp, in glittering contrast to the blood-stained shirt through which the dagger of Ravailac reached the bosom of the murdered Henry.

The "Real Robes" of the dead George give value to his waxen image! The heart's-blood of the slaughtered Henry immortalises the linen bearing its hideous stain. The daring leader of France's countless hosts—the wholesale slaughterer of unnumbered thousands—ambition's mightiest son—now ruling kingdoms and now ruled by one—once more than king—in death the captive of his hated foes—"the great Napoleon!" shares the small space

with the enshrined Fieschi!

The glorious triumphs of the mighty Wellington are here no better passports than the foul murders of the atrocious Burke; the subtle Talleyrand, the deep deviser of political schemes, ruler of rulers, and master mover of the earth's great puppets, is not one jot superior to the Italian mountebank, whose well-skilled hand drew tones from catgut rivalling even the ideal trumpet of great Fame herself!

By some strange anomaly, *success* and *failure* alike render the candidates admissible—no matter the littleness of the source from whence they sprung. Lord Melbourne's "premiership" gave shape to the all but Promethean wax. The failure of John Frost, his humble follower, secured his right to Fame's posthumous honours. All partiality is *here* forgotten. The titled premier, in the haunts of men, may boast his monarch's palace as his home. The suffering felon, though *iron* binds his limbs, and eats into his heart—though slow approaching, but sure-coming death, makes the broad world for him a living grave, *here* he stands, as one among the great ones of the *show*! The amiability of Albert, that "excellent Prince," and therefore "*most* excellent young man," is ingeniously contrasted with the vices of a Greenacre, and the villany of a *Hare*. The stern endurance and unflinching perseverance of the zealous and single-hearted Calvin is deprived of its exclusiveness by the more exciting and equally famous Sir William Courtenay (*alias* Thom).

The thrilling recollection of the "poet peer," and "peerless poet," the highly-imaginative and unrivalled Byron, whose flood of song, poured out in one continuous stream of varied passion-breathing fancy, is calmed by gazing on "dull life's antipodes," the bandaged remnant of a dried-up mummy!

Poor Mary Stuart! the beautiful, the murdered Queen of Scots, is only parted from the "Maiden Queen," who sealed her doom, by the interposition of the blood-stained ruthless wretch (England's Eighth Harry), to whom "Bess" owed her birth!

Pitt, Fox, and Canning are matched with Courvoisier, Gould, and Collins.

Liston is *vis à vis* to Joe Hume, while Louis Philippe but shares attention with the rivalling models of the Bastille and Guillotine!

Verily, there is a moral in all this, "an we could but find it out."

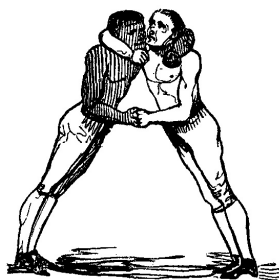
PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

VOL. 1.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1841.

THE HEIR OF APPELBITE.

CHAPTER III.



fter the ceremony, the happy pair set off for Brighton."

There is something peculiarly pleasing in the above paragraph. The imagination instantly conjures up an elegant yellow-bodied chariot, lined with pearl drab, and a sandwich basket. In one corner sits a fair and blushing creature partially arrayed in the garments of a bride, their spotless character diversified with some few articles of a darker hue, resembling, in fact, the liquid matrimony of port and sherry; her delicate hands have been denuded of their gloves, exhibiting to the world the glittering emblem of her endless hopes.

In the other, a smiling piece of four-and-twenty humanity is reclining, gazing upon the beautiful treasure, which has that morning cost him about six pounds five shillings, in the shape of licence and fees. He too has deprived himself of the sunniest portions of his wardrobe, and has softened the glare of his white ducks, and the gloss of his blue coat, by the application of a drab waistcoat. But why indulge in speculative dreams when we have realities to detail!

Agamemnon Collumpson Applebite and his beauteous Juliana Theresa (late Waddledot), for three days, experienced that—

"Love is heaven, and heaven is love."

His imaginary dinner-party became a reality, and the delicate attentions which he paid to his invisible guest rendered his Juliana Theresa's life—as she exquisitely expressed it—

“A something without a name, but to which nothing was wanting.”

But even honey will cloy; and that sweetest of all moons, the Apian one, would sometimes be better for a change. Juliana passed the greater portion of the day on the sofa, in the companionship of that aromatic author, Sir Edward; or sauntered (listlessly hanging on Collumpson's arm) up and down the Steine, or the no less diversified Chain-pier. Agamemnon felt that at home at least he ought to be happy, and, therefore, he hung his legs over the balcony and whistled or warbled (he had a remarkably fine D) Moore's ballad of—

“Believe me, if all those endearing young charms;”

or took the silver out of the left-hand pocket of his trousers, and placed it in the right-hand receptacle of the same garment. Nevertheless, he was continually detecting himself yawning or dozing, as though “the idol of his existence” was a chimera, and not Mrs. Applebite.

The time at length arrived for their return to town, and, to judge from the pleasure depicted in the countenances of the happy pair, the contemplated intrusion of the world on their family circle was anything but disagreeable. Old John, under the able generalship of Mrs. Waddledot, had made every requisite preparation for their reception. Enamelled cards, superscribed with the names of Mr. and Mrs. Applebite, and united together with a silver cord tied in a true lover's knot, had been duly enclosed in an envelope of lace-work, secured with a silver dove, flying away with a square piece of silver toast. In company with a very unsatisfactory bit of exceedingly rich cake, this glossy missive was despatched to the whole of the Applebite and Waddledot connexion, only excepting the eighteen daughters who Mrs. Waddledot had reason to believe would not return her visit.

The meeting of the young wife and the wife's mother was touching in the extreme. They rushed into each other's arms, and indulged in plentiful showers of “nature's dew.”

“Welcome! welcome *home*, my dear Juliana!” exclaimed the doting mother. “It's the first time, Mr. A., that she ever left me since she was 16, for so long a period. I have had all the beds aired, and all the chairs uncovered. She'll be a treasure to you, Mr. A., for a more tractable creature was never vaccinated;” and here the mother overcame the orator, and she wept again.

“My dear mother,” said Agamemnon, “I have already had many reasons to be grateful for my happy fortune. Don't you think she is browner than when we left town?”

“Much, much!” sobbed the mother; “but the change is for the better.”

“I'm glad you think so, for Aggy is of the same opinion,” lisped the beautiful ex-Waddledot. “Tell ma' the pretty metaphor you indulged in yesterday, Aggy.”

“Why, I merely remarked,” replied Collumpson, blushing, “that I was pleased to see the horticultural beauties of her cheek superseded by such an exquisite marine painting. It's nothing of itself, but Juley's foolish fondness called it witty.”

The arrival of the single sister of Mrs. Applebite, occasioned another rush of bodies and several gushes of tears; then titterings succeeded, and then a simultaneous burst of laughter, and a rapid exit. Agamemnon looked round that room which he had furnished in his bachelorhood. A thousand old associations sprung up in his mind, and a vague feeling of anticipated evil for a moment oppressed him. The *bijouterie* seemed to reproach him with unkindness for having placed a mistress over them, and the easy chair heaved as though with suppressed emotion, at the thought that its luxurious proportions had lost their charms. Collumpson held a mental toss-up whether he repented of the change in his condition; and, as faithful historians, we are compelled to state that it was only the entrance, at that particular moment, of Juliana, that induced him to cry—woman.

On the following day the knocker of No. 24 disturbed all the other numerals in Pleasant-terrace; and Mr. and Mrs. A. bowed and curtsied until they were tired, in acknowledgment of their friends' “wishes of joy,” and, as one unlucky old gentleman expressed himself, “many happy returns of the day.”

It was a matter of surprise to many of the said friends, that so great an alteration as was perceptible in the happy pair, should have occurred in such a very short space of time.

“I used to think Mr. Applebite a very nice young man,” said *Miss*—mind, Miss Scragbury—“but, dear me, how he's altered.”

“And Mrs. Applebite used to be a pretty girl,” rejoined her brother Julius; “but now (Juliana had refused him three times)—but now she's as ill-looking as her mother.”

"I'd no idea this house was so small," said Mrs. Scragmore. "I'm afraid the Waddledots haven't made so great a catch, after all. I hope poor Juley will be happy, for I nursed her when a baby, but I never saw such an ugly pattern for a stair-carpet in my born days;" and with these favourable impressions of their dear friends the Applebites, the Scragmores descended the steps of No. 24, Pleasant-terrace, and then ascended those of No. 5436 hackney-coach.

About ten months after their union, Collumpson was observed to have a more jaunty step and smiling countenance, which—as his matrimonial felicity had been so frequently pronounced perfect—puzzled his friends amazingly. Indeed, some were led to conjecture, that his love for Juliana Theresa was not of the positive character that he asserted it to be; for when any inquiries were made after her health, his answer had invariably been, of late, "Why, Mrs. A.—is—not very well;" and a smile would play about his mouth, as though he had a delightful vision of a widower-hood. The mystery was at length solved, by the exhibition of sundry articles of a Lilliputian wardrobe, followed by an announcement in the *Morning Post*, under the head of

"BIRTHS.—Yesterday morning, the lady of Agamemnon Collumpson Applebite, Esq., of a son and heir."

Pleasant-terrace was *strawed* from one end to the other; the knocker of 24 was encased in white kid, a doctor's boy was observed to call three times a-day, and a pot-boy twice as often.

Collumpson was in a seventh heaven of wedded bliss. He shook hands with everybody—thanked everybody—invited everybody when Mrs. A. should be better, and noted down in his pocket-book what everybody prescribed as infallible remedies for the measles, hooping-cough, small-pox, and rashes (both nettle and tooth)—listened for hours to the praises of vaccination and Indian-rubber rings—pronounced Goding's porter a real blessing to mothers, and inquired the price of boys' suits and rocking-horses!

In this state of paternal felicity we must leave him till our next.

TO CAPITALISTS.

It is rumoured that Macready is desirous of disposing of his "manners" previous to becoming manager, when he will have no further occasion for them. They are in excellent condition, having been very little used, and would be a desirable purchase for any one expecting to move within the sphere of his management.

REASON'S NE PLUS ULTRA.

A point impossible for mind to reach—
To find *the meaning* of a royal speech.

AN APPROPRIATE NAME.

The late Queen of the Sandwich Islands, and the first convert to Christianity in that country, was called *Keopalani*, which means—"the dropping of the clouds from Heaven."

EPIGRAM ON THE ABOVE.

This name's the best that could be given,
As will by proof be quickly seen;
For, "dropping from the clouds of Heaven,"
She was, of course, the *raining* Queen.

CAUTION TO SPORTSMEN.

Our gallant friend Sibthorp backed himself on the 1st of September to bag a hundred leverets in the course of the day. He lost, of course; and upon being questioned as to his reason for making so preposterous a bet, he confessed that he had been induced to do so by the specious promise of an advertisement, in which somebody professed to have discovered "*a powder for the removal of superfluous hairs.*"

OUT OF SEASON.

A LYRIC, BY THE LAST MAN—IN TOWN.

Chaos returns! no soul's in town!
And darkness reigns where lamps once brightened;
Shutters are closed, and blinds drawn down—
Untrodden door-steps go unwhitened!
The echoes of some straggler's boots
Alone are on the pavement ringing
While 'prentice boys, who smoke cheroots,
Stand critics to some broom-girl's singing.

I went to call on Madame Sims,
In a dark street, not far from Drury;
An Irish crone half-oped the door.
Whose head might represent a fury.
"At home, sir?" "No! (*whisper*)—but I'll presume
To tell the truth, or know the *raison*.
She dines—tays—lives—in the back room,
Bekase 'tis not the London *saison*."

From thence I went to Lady Bloom's,
Where, after sundry rings and knocking,
A yawning, liveried lad appear'd,
His squalid face his gay clothes mocking
I asked him, in a faltering tone—
The house was closed—I guess'd the reason—
"Is Lady B.'s grand-aunt, then, gone?"—
"To Ramsgate, sir!—until next season!"

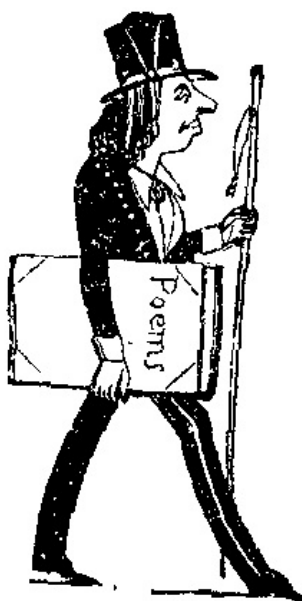
I sauntered on to Harry Gray's,
The *ennui* of my heart to lighten;
His landlady, with, smirk and smile,
Said, "he had just run down to Brighton."
When home I turned my steps, at last,
A tailor—whom to kick were treason—
Pressed for his bill;—I hurried past,
Politely saying—CALL NEXT SEASON!

THE GENTLEMAN'S OWN BOOK.

We concluded our last article with a brief dissertation on the cut of the trousers; we will now proceed to the consideration of coats.

"The hour must come when such things must be made."

For this quotation we are indebted to



THE POET'S PAGE.

There are three kinds of coats—the body, the surtout, and the great.

The body-coat is again divided into classes, according to their application, viz.—the drawing-room, the ride, and the field.

The cut of the dress-coat is of paramount importance, that being the garment which decorates the gentleman at a time when he is naturally ambitious of going the entire D'Orsay. There is great nicety required in cutting this article of dress, so that it may at one and the same moment display the figure and waistcoat of the wearer to the utmost advantage. None but a John o'Groat's goth would allow it to be imagined that the buttons and button-holes of this *robe* were ever intended to be anything but opposite neighbours, for a contrary conviction would imply the absence of a cloak in the hall or a cab at the door. We do not intend to give a Schneiderian dissertation upon garments; we merely wish to trace outlines; but to those who are anxious for a more intimate acquaintance with the intricacies and mysteries of the delightful and civilising art of cutting, we can only say, *Vide Stultz*.¹

1. Should any gentleman avail himself of this hint, we should feel obliged if he would mention the source from whence it was derived, having a small account standing in that quarter, for tailors have gratitude.

The riding-coat is the connecting link between the DRESS and the rest of the great family of coats, as *one* button, and one only of this garment, may be allowed to be applied to his apparent use.

It is so cut, that the waistcoat pockets may be easy of access. Any gentleman who has attended races or other sporting meetings must have found the convenience of this arrangement; for where the course is well managed, as at Epsom, Ascot, Hampton, &c., by the judicious regulations of the stewards, the fingers are generally employed in the distribution of those miniature argentine medallions of her Majesty so particularly admired by ostlers, correct card-vendors, E.O. table-keepers, Mr. Jerry, and the toll-takers on the road and the course. The original idea of these coats was accidentally given by John Day, who was describing, on Nugee's cutting-board, the exact curvature of Tattenham Corner.

The shooting-jacket should be designed after a dovecot or a chest of drawers; and the great art in rendering this garment perfect, is to make the coat entirely of pockets, that part which covers the shoulders being only excepted, from the difficulty of carrying even a cigar-case in that peculiar situation.

The surtout (not regulation) admits of very little design. It can only be varied by the length of the skirts, which may be either as long as a fireman's, or as short as Duvernay's petticoats. This coat is, in fact, a cross between the dress and the driving, and may, perhaps, be described as a Benjamin junior.

Of the Benjamin senior, there are several kinds—the Taglioni, the Pea, the Monkey, the Box, *et sui generis*.

The three first are all of the coal-sackian cut, being, in fact, elegant elongated pillow-cases, with two diminutive bolsters, which are to be filled with arms instead of feathers. They are singularly adapted for concealing the fall in the back, and displaying to the greatest advantage those unassuming castors designated "Jerrys," which have so successfully rivalled those silky impostors known to the world as



THIS (S)TILE—FOUR-AND-NINE.

The box-coat has, of late years, been denuded of its layers of capes, and is now cut for the sole purpose, apparently, of supporting perpendicular rows of wooden platters or mother-of-pearl counters, each of which would be nearly large enough for the top of a lady's work-table. Mackintosh-coats have, in some measure, superseded the box-coat; but, like carters' smock-frocks, they are all the creations of speculative minds, having the great advantage of keeping out the water, whilst they assist you in becoming saturated with perspiration. We strongly suspect their acquaintance with India-rubber; they seem to us to be a preparation of English rheumatism, having rather more of the catarrh than caoutchouc in their

composition. Everybody knows the affinity of India-rubber to black-lead; but when made into a Mackintosh, you may substitute the *lum* for the *plumbago*.

We never see a fellow in a seal-skin cap, and one of these waterproof pudding-bags, but we fancy he would make an excellent model for



THE FIGURE-HEAD OF A CONVICT SHIP.

The ornaments and pathology will next command our attention.

A friend insulted us the other day with the following:—"Billy Black supposes Sam Rogers wears a tightly-laced boddice. Why is it like one of Milton's heroes?" Seeing we gave it up, he replied—"Because Sam's-on-agony-stays."—(Samson *Agonistes*.)

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THE GOLDEN-SQUARE REVOLUTION.

[BY EXPRESS.]

This morning, at an early hour, we were thrown into the greatest consternation by a column of boys, who poured in upon us from the northern entrance, and, taking up their station near the pump, we expected the worst.

8 o'clock.—The worst has not yet happened. An inhabitant has entered the square-garden, and planted himself at the back of the statue; but everything is in STATUE QUO.

5 minutes past 8.—The boys are still there. The square-keeper is nowhere to be found.

10 minutes past 8.—The insurgents have, some of them, mounted on the fire-escape. The square-keeper has been seen. He is sneaking round the corner, and resolutely refuses to come nearer.

¼ past 8.—A deputation has waited on the square-keeper. It is expected that he will resign.

20 minutes past 8.—The square-keeper refuses to resign.

22 minutes past 8.—The square-keeper has resigned.

25 minutes past 8.—The boys have gone home.

½ past 8.—The square-keeper has been restored, and is showing great courage and activity. It is not thought necessary to place him under arms; but he is under the engine, which can be brought into play at a moment's notice. His activity is surprising, and his resolution quite undaunted.

9 o'clock.—All is perfectly quiet, and the letters are being delivered by the general post-man as usual. The inhabitants appear to be going to their business, as if nothing had happened. The square-keeper, with the whole of his staff (a constable's staff), may be seen walking quietly up and down. The revolution is at an end; and, thanks to the fire-engine, our old constitution is still preserved to us.

BALLOON.

IN A LETTER FROM A WOULD-BE PASSENGER.

My dear Friend.—You are aware how long I have been longing to go up in a balloon, and that I should certainly have some time ago ascended with Mr. Green, had not his terms been not simply a *cut* above me, but several gashes beyond my power to comply with them. In a word, I did not go up with the Nassau, because I could not come down with the dust, and though I always had "Green in my eye," I was not quite so soft as to pay twenty pounds in hard cash for the fun of going, on



A DARK (K)NIGHT,

nobody knows where, and coming down Heaven knows how, in a field belonging to the Lord knows who, and being detained for goodness knows what, for damage.

Not being inclined, therefore, for a nice and expensive voyage with Mr. Green, I made a cheap and nasty arrangement with Mr. Hampton, the gentleman who courageously offers to descend in a parachute—a thing very like a parasol—and who, as he never mounts much above the height of ordinary palings, might keep his word without the smallest risk of any personal inconvenience.

It was arranged and publicly announced that the balloon, carrying its owner and myself, should start from the Tea-gardens of the *Mitre and Mustard Pot*, at six o'clock in the evening; and the public were to be admitted at one, to see the process of inflation, it being shrewdly calculated by the proprietor, that, as the balloon got full, the stomachs of the lookers on would be getting empty, and that the refreshments would go off while the tedious work of filling a silken bag with gas was going on, so that the appetites and the curiosity of the public would be at the same time satisfied.

The process of inflation seemed to have but little effect on the balloon, and it was not until about five o'clock that the important discovery was made, that the gas introduced at the bottom had been escaping through a hole in the top, and that the Equitable Company was laying it on excessively thick through the windpipes of the assembled company.

Six o'clock arrived, and, according to contract, the supply of gas was cut off, when the balloon, that had hitherto worn such an appearance as just to give a hope that it might in time be full, began to present an aspect which induced a general fear that it must very shortly be empty. The audience began to be impatient for the promised ascent, and while the aeronaut was running about in all directions looking for the hole, and wondering how he should stop it up, I was requested by the proprietor of the gardens to step into the car, just to check the growing impatience of the audience. I was received with that unanimous shout of cheering and laughter with which a British audience always welcomes any one who appears to have got into an awkward predicament, and I sat for a few minutes, quietly expecting to be buried in the silk of the balloon, which was beginning to collapse with the greatest rapidity. The spectators becoming impatient for the promised ascent, and seeing that it could not be achieved, determined, as enlightened British audiences invariably do, that if it was not to be done, it should at all events be attempted. In vain did Mr. Hampton come forward to apologise for the trifling accident; he was met by yells, hoots, hisses, and orange-peel, and the benches were just about to be torn up, when he declared, that under any circumstances, he was determined to go up—an arrangement in which I was refusing to coincide—when, just as he had got into the car, all means of getting out were withdrawn

from under us—the ropes were cut, and the ascent commenced in earnest.

The majestic machine rose slowly to the height of about eight feet, amid the most enthusiastic cheers, when it rolled over among some trees, amid the most frantic laughter. Mr. Hampton, with singular presence of mind, threw out every ounce of ballast, which caused the balloon to ascend a few feet higher, when a tremendous gust of easterly wind took us triumphantly out of the gardens, the palings of which we cleared with considerable nicety. The scene at this moment was magnificent; the silken monster, in a state of flabbiness, rolling and fluttering above, while below us were thousands of spectators, absolutely shrieking with merriment. Another gust of wind carried us rapidly forward, and, bringing us exactly in a level with a coach-stand, we literally swept, with the bottom of our car, every driver from off his box, and, of course, the enthusiasm of a British audience almost reached its climax. We now encountered the gable-end of a station-house, and the balloon being by this time thoroughly collapsed, our aerial trip was brought to an abrupt conclusion. I know nothing more of what occurred, having been carried on a shutter, in a state of



SUSPENDED ANIMATION,

to my own lodging, while my companion was left to fight it out with the mob, who were so anxious to possess themselves of some *memento* of the occasion, that the balloon was torn to ribbons, and a fragment of it carried away by almost every one of the vast multitude which had assembled to honour him with their patronage.

I have the honour to be, yours, &c.
A. SPOONEY.

FEARFUL STATE OF LONDON!

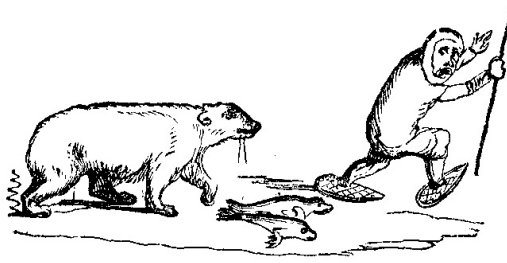
A country gentleman informs us that he was horror-stricken at the sight of an apparently organised band, wearing fustian coats, decorated with curious brass badges, bearing exceedingly high numbers, who perched themselves behind the Paddington omnibuses, and, in the most barefaced and treasonable manner, urged the surrounding populace to open acts of daring violence, and wholesale arson, by shouting out, at the top of their voices, "O burn, the City, and the Bank."

"WHO ARE TO BE THE LORDS IN WAITING."

"We have lordlings in dozens," the Tories exclaim,
"To fill every place from the throng;
Although the cursed Whigs, be it told to our shame,
Kept us *poor lords in waiting* too long."

LOOKING ON THE BLACK SIDE OF THINGS.

The Honourable Sambo Sutton begs us to state, that he is not the Honourable — Sutton who is announced as the Secretary for the Home Department. He might have been induced to have stepped into Lord Cottenham's shoes, on his



RESIGNING THE SEALS.

AWFUL CASE OF SMASHING!—FRIGHTFUL NEGLIGENCE OF THE POLICE

Fergus O'Connor *passed his word* last week at the London Tavern.

NEW SWIMMING APPARATUS.

At the late collision between the *Beacon* brig and the *Topaz* steamer, one of the passengers, anticipating the sinking of both vessels, and being strongly imbued with the great principle of self-preservation, immediately secured himself the assistance of *the anchor*! Did he conceive "Hope" to have been unsexed, or that that attribute originally existed as a "floating boy?"

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SYNCRETIC LITERATURE.

"The Loves of Giles Scroggins and Molly Brown:" an Epic Poem. London: CATNACH.

The great essentials necessary for the true conformation of the sublimest effort of poetic genius, the construction of an "Epic Poem," are numerically three; viz., a beginning, a middle, and an end. The incipient characters necessary to the beginning, ripening in the middle, and, like the drinkers of small beer and October leaves, falling in the end.

The poem being thus divided into its several stages, the judgment of the writer should emulate that of the experienced Jehu, who so proportions his work, that all and several of his required teams do their own share and no more—fifteen miles (or lengths) to a first canto, and five to a second, is as far from right as such a distribution of mile-stones would be to the overworked prads. The great fault of modern poetasters arises from their extreme love of spinning out an infinite deal of nothing. Now, as "brevity is the soul of wit," their productions can be looked upon as little else than phantasmagorical skeletons, ridiculous from their extreme extenuation, and in appearance more peculiarly empty, from the circumstance of their owing their existence to false lights. This fault does not exist with all the master spirits, and, though "many a flower is born to blush unseen," we now proceed to rescue from obscurity the brightest gem of unfamed literature.

Wisdom is said to be found in the mouths of babes and sucklings. So is the epic poem of Giles Scroggins. Is wisdom Scroggins, or is Scroggins wisdom? We can prove either position, but we are cramped for space, and therefore leave the question open. Now for our author and his first line—

"Giles Scroggins courted Molly Brown."

Beautiful condensation! Is or is not *this* rushing at once in *medias res*? It is; there's no paltry subterfuge about it—no unnecessary wearing out of "the waning moon they met by"—"the stars that gazed upon their joy"—"the whispering gales that breathed in zephyr's softest sighs"—their "lover's perjuries to the distracted trees they wouldn't allow to go to sleep." In short, "there's no nonsense"—there's a broad assertion of a thrilling fact—

"Giles Scroggins courted Molly Brown."

So might a thousand folks; therefore (the reader may say) how does this establish the individuality of Giles Scroggins, or give an insight to the character of the chosen hero of the poem? Mark the next line, and your doubts must vanish. He courted her; but why? Ay, why? for the best of all possible reasons—condensed in the smallest of all possible space, and yet establishing his perfect taste, unequalled judgment, and peculiarly-heroic self-esteem—he courted her because she was

"The fairest maid in all the town."

Magnificent climax! overwhelming reason! Could volumes written, printed, or stereotyped,

say more? Certainly not; the condensation of "Aurora's blushes," "the Graces' attributes," "Venus's perfections," and "Love's sweet votaries," all, all is more than spoken in the emphatic words—

"The fairest maid in all the town."

Nothing can go beyond this; it proves her beauty and her disinterestedness. The *fairest* maid might have chosen, nay, commanded, even a city dignitary. Does she? No; Giles Scroggins, famous only in name, loves her, and—beautiful poetic contrivance!—we are left to imagine he does "not love unloved." Why should she reciprocate? inquires the reader. Are not truth and generosity the princely paragons of manly virtue, greater, because unostentatious? and these perfect attributes are part and parcel of great Giles. He makes no speeches—soils no satin paper—vows no vows—no, he is above such humbug. His motto is evidently deeds, not words. And what does he do? Send a flimsy epistle, which his fair reader pays the vile postage for? Not he; he

"Gave a ring with *posy* true!"

Think of this. Not only does he "give a ring," but he annihilates the suppositionary fiction in which poets are supposed to revel, and the ring's accompaniment, though the child of a creative brain—the burning emanation from some Apollo-stricken votary of "the lying nine," imbued with all his stern morality, is strictly "true." This startling fact is not left wrapped in mystery. The veriest sceptic cannot, in imagination, grave a fancied double meaning on that richest gift. No—the motto follows, and seems to say—Now, as the champion of Giles Scroggins, hurl I this gauntlet down; let him that dare, uplift it! Here I am—

"If you *loves* I, as I *loves* you!"

Pray mark the syncretic force of the above line. Giles, in expressing his affection, felt the singular too small, and the vast plural quick supplied the void—*Loves* must be more than love.

"If you *loves* I, as I *loves* you,
No knife shall cut our *loves* in two!"

This is really sublime! "No knife!" Can anything exceed the assertion? Nothing but the rejoinder—a rejoinder in which the talented author not only stands proudly forward as a poet, but patriotically proves the *amor propriæ*, which has induced him to study the staple manufactures of his beloved country! What but a diligent investigation of the *cutlerian* process could have prompted the illustration of practical knowledge of the Birmingham and Sheffield artificers contained in the following exquisitely explanatory line. But—pray mark the *but*—

"But *scissors* cut as well as knives!"

Sublime announcement! startling information! leading us, by degrees, to the highest of all earthly contemplations, exalting us to fate and her peculiar shears, and preparing us for the exquisitely poetical sequel contained in the following line:—

"And so *unsartain's* all our lives."

Can anything exceed this? The uncertainty of life evidently superinduced the conviction of all other uncertainties, and the sublime poet bears out the intenseness of his impressions by the uncertainty of his spelling! Now, reader, mark the next line, and its context:—

"The very night they were to wed!"

Fancy this: the full blossoming of all their budding joys, anticipations, death, and hope's accomplishment, the crowning hour of their youth's great bliss, "*the very night they were to wed,*" is, with *extra syncretic* skill, chosen as the awful one in which

"Fate's scissors cut Giles Scroggins' thread!"

Now, reader, do you see the subtle use of practical knowledge? Are you convinced of the impotent prescription from *knives* only? Can you not perceive in "*Fate's scissors*" a parallel for the unthought-of host "that bore the mighty wood of Dunsinane against the blood-stained murderer of the pious Duncan?" Does not the fatal truth rush, like an unseen draught into rheumatic crannies, slick through your soul's perception? Are you not prepared for this—to *be resumed in our next?*

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.

FROM OUR OWN COURT CIRCULAR.

Lord Lyndhurst is to have the seals; but it is not yet decided who is to be entrusted with the

wafer-stamps. Gold-stick has not been appointed, and there are so many of the Conservatives whose qualities peculiarly fit them for the office of *stick*, that the choice will be exceedingly embarrassing.

Though the Duke of Wellington does not take office, an extra chair has been ordered, to allow of his having a seat in the Cabinet. And though Lord Melbourne is no longer minister, he is still to be indulged with a lounge on the sofa.

If the Duke of Beaufort is to be Master of the Horse, it is probable that a new office will be made, to allow Colonel Sibthorp to take office as Comptroller of the Donkeys: and it is said that Horace Twiss is to join the administration as Clerk of the Kitchen.

It was remarked, that after Sir Robert Peel had kissed hands, the Queen called for soap and water, for the purpose of washing them.

The Duchess of Buccleugh having refused the office of Mistress of the Robes, it will not be necessary to make the contemplated new appointment of Keeper of the Flannel Petticoats.

The Grooms of the Bedchamber are, for the future, to be styled Postilions of the Dressing-room; because, as the Sovereign is a lady, instead of a gentleman, it is thought that the latter title, for the officers alluded to, will be more in accordance with propriety. For the same excellent reason, it is expected that the Knights of the Bath will henceforth be designated the Chevaliers of the Foot-pan.

Prince Albert's household is to be entirely re-modelled, and one or two new offices are to be added, the want of which has hitherto occasioned his Royal Highness much inconvenience. Of these, we are only authorised in alluding, at present, to Tooth-brush in Ordinary, and Shaving-pot in Waiting. There is no foundation for the report that there is to be a Lord High Clothes-brush, or Privy Boot-jack.

A VOICE FROM THE AREA.

The following letter has been addressed to us by a certain party, who, as our readers will perceive, has been one of the sufferers by the late *clearance* made in a fashionable establishment at the West-end:—

DEAR PUNCH.—As you may not be aware of the melancholy change which has occurred to the poor servants here, I have to let you know—that every one of us has lost our places, and are turned out—which is a dreadful calamity, seeing as we were all very comfortable and happy as we was. I must say, in justice to our Missus, that she was very fond of us, and wouldn't have parted with one of us if she had her will: but she's only a O in her own house, and is never allowed to do as she likes. We got warning regular enough, but we still thought that something might turn up in our favour. However, when the day came that we was to go, it fell upon us like a thunderbolt. You can't imagine the confusion we was all thrown into—every body packing up their little affairs, and rummaging about for any trifles that wasn't worth leaving behind. The servants as is come in upon us is a nice set; they have been a long while trying after our places, and at last they have succeeded in undermining us; but it's my opinion they'll never be able to get through the work of the house;—all they care for is the vails and purkussites. I forgot to mention that they hadn't the decency to wait till we was off the premises, which I believe is the *etticat* in such cases, but rushed in on last Friday, and took possession of all our places before we had left the concern. I leave you to judge by this what a hurry they was to get in. There's one comfort, however, that is—we've left things in such a mess in the house, that I don't think they'll ever be able to set them to rights again. This is all at present from your afflicted friend,

JOHN THE FOOTMAN.

"I declare I never knew a *flatter* companion than yourself," said Tom of Finsbury, the other evening, to the lion of Lambeth. "Thank you, Tom," replied the latter; "but all the world knows that you're a *flatter-er*." Tom, in nautical phrase, swore, if he ever came athwart his *Hawes*, that he would return the compliment with interest.

MY FRIEND TOM.

—"Here, methinks,
Truth wants no ornament."—ROGERS.

We have the happiness to know a gentleman of the name of Tom, who officiates in the capacity of ostler. We have enjoyed a long acquaintance with him—we mean an acquaintance a long way off—*i.e.* from the window of our dormitory, which overlooks A—s—n's stables. We believe we are the first of our family, for some years, who has not kept a horse; and we derive a melancholy gratification in gazing for hours, from our lonely height, at the zoological possessions of more favoured mortals.

"The horse is a noble animal," as a gentleman once wittily observed, when he found himself, for the first time in his life, in a position to make love; and we beg leave to repeat the remark—"the horse is a noble animal," whether we consider him in his usefulness or in his beauty; whether caparisoned in the *chamfrein* and *demi-peake* of the chivalry of olden times, or scarcely fettered and surmounted by the snaffle and hog-skin of the present; whether he excites our envy when bounding over the sandy deserts of Arabia, or awakens our sympathies when drawing sand from Hampstead and the parts adjacent; whether we see him as romance pictures him, foaming in the lists, or bearing, "through flood and field," the brave, the beautiful, and the benighted; or, as we know him in reality, the companion of our pleasures, the slave of our necessities, the dislocator of our necks, or one of the performers at our funeral; whether—but we are not drawing a "bill in Chancery."

With such impressions in favour of the horse, we have ever felt a deep anxiety about those to whom his conduct and comfort are confided.

The breeder—we envy.
The breaker—we pity.
The owner—we esteem.
The groom—we respect.
AND
The ostler—we pay.

Do not suppose that we wish to cast a slur upon the latter personage, but it is too much to require that he who keeps a caravansera should look upon every wayfarer as a brother. It is thus with the ostler: *his* feelings are never allowed to twine

"Around one object, till he feels his heart
Of its sweet being form a deathless part."

No—to rub them down, give them a quartern and three pen'orth, and not too much water, are all that he has to connect him with the offspring of Childers, Eclipse, or Pot-8-o's; ergo, we pay him.

My friend Tom is a fine specimen of the genus. He is about fifteen hands high, rising thirty, herring-bowelled, small head, large ears, close mane, broad chest, and legs à la parentheses (). His dress is a long brown-holland jacket, covering the protuberance known in Bavaria by the name of *pudo*, and in England by that of *bustle*. His breeches are of cord about an inch in width, and of such capacious dimensions, that a truss of hay, or a quarter of oats, might be stowed away in them with perfect convenience: not that we mean to insinuate they are ever thus employed, for when we have seen them, they have been in a collapsed state, hanging (like the skin of an elephant) in graceful festoons about the mid-person of the wearer. These necessaries are confined at the knee by a transverse row of pearl buttons crossing the *genu patella*. The *pars pendula* is about twelve inches wide, and supplies, during conversation or rumination, a resting-place for the thumbs or little fingers. His legs are encased either in white ribbed cotton stockings, or that peculiar kind of gaiter 'yclept *kicksies*. His feet know only one pattern shoe, the *ancle-jack* (or *highlow* as it is sometimes called), resplendent with "Day and Martin," or the no less brilliant "Warren." Genius of propriety, we have described his tail before that index of the mind, that idol of phrenologists, his pimple!—we beg pardon, we mean his head. Round, and rosy as a pippin, it stands alone in its native loveliness, on the heap of clothes beneath.

Tom is not a low man; he has not a particle of costermongerism in his composition, though his discourse savours of that peculiar slang that might be considered rather objectionable in the *salons* of the *élite*.

The bell which he has the honour to answer hangs at the gate of a west-end livery-stables, and his consequence is proportionate. To none under the degree of a groom does he condescend a nod of recognition—with a second coachman he drinks porter—and purl (a compound of beer and blue ruin) with the more respectable individual who occupies the hammer-cloth on court-days. Tom estimates a man according to his horse, and his civility is regulated according to his estimation. He pockets a gratuity with as much ease as a state pensioner; but if some unhappy wight should, in the plenitude of his ignorance, proffer a sixpence, Tom buttons his pockets with a smile, and politely "begs to leave it till it becomes more."

With an old meerschaum and a pint of tolerable sherry, we seat ourselves at our window, and hold many an imaginative conversation with our friend Tom. Sometimes we are blest with more than ideality; but that is only when he unbends and becomes jocular and noisy, or chooses a snug corner opposite our window to enjoy his *otium*—confound that phrase!—we would say his indolence and swagger—

"A pound to a hay-seed agin' the bay."

Hallo! that's Tom! Yes—there he comes laughing out of "Box 4," with three others—all *first* coachmen. One is making some very significant motions to the potboy at the "Ram and Radish," and, lo! Ganymede appears with a foaming tankard of ale. Tom has taken his seat

on an inverted pail, and the others are grouped easily, if not classically, around him.

One is resting his head between the prongs of a stable-fork; another is spread out like the Colossus of Rhodes; whilst a gentleman in a blue uniform has thrown himself into an attitude à la Cribb, with the facetious intention of "letting daylight into the *wittling* department" of the pot-boy of the "Ram and Radish."

Tom has blown the froth from the tankard, and (as he elegantly designates it) "bit his name in the pot." A second has "looked at the maker's name;" and another has taken one of those positive draughts which evince a settled conviction that it is a last chance.

Our friend has thrust his hands into the deepest depths of his breeches-pocket, and cocking one eye at the afore-named blue uniform, asks—

"Will you back the bay?"

The inquiry has been made in such a do-if-you-dare tone, that to hesitate would evince a cowardice unworthy of the first coachman to the first peer in Belgrave-square, and a leg of mutton and trimmings are duly entered in a greasy pocket-book, as dependent upon the result of the Derby.

"The son of Tros, fair Ganymede," is again called into requisition, and the party are getting, as Tom says, "As happy as Harry Stockracy."

"I've often heerd that chap mentioned," remarks the blue uniform, "but I never seed no one as know'd him."

"No more did I," replies Tom, "though he must be a fellow such as us, up to everything."

All the coachmen cough, strike an attitude, and look wise.

"Now here comes a sort of chap I despises," remarks Tom, pointing to a steady-looking man, without encumbrance, who had just entered the yard, evidently a coachman to a pious family; "see him handle a *hoss*. Smear—smear—like bees-waxing a table. Nothing varminty about him—nothing of this sort of thing (spreading himself out to the gaze of his admiring auditory), but I suppose he's useful with slow cattle, and that's a consolation to us as can't abear them." And with this negative compliment Tom has broken up his *conversazione*.

I once knew a country ostler—by name Peter Staggs—he was a lower species of the same genus—a sort of compound of my friend Tom and a waggoner—the *delf* of the profession. He was a character in his way; he knew the exact moment of every coach's transit on his line of road, and the birth, parentage, and education of every cab, hack, and draught-horse in the neighbourhood. He had heard of a mane-comb, but had never seen one; he considered a shilling for a "feed" perfectly apocryphal, as he had never received one. He kept a rough terrier-dog, that would kill anything in the country, and exhibited three rows of putrified rats, nailed at the back of the stable, as evidences of the prowess of his dog. He swore long country oaths, for which he will be unaccountable, as not even an angel could transcribe them. In short, he was a little "varminty," but very little.

We will conclude this "lytle historie" with the epitaph of poor Peter Staggs, which we copied from a rail in Swaffham churchyard.

"EPITAPH ON PETER STAGGS.

Poor Peter Staggs now rests beneath this rail,
Who loved his joke, his pipe, and mug of ale;
For twenty years he did the duties well,
Of ostler, boots, and waiter at the 'Bell.'
But Death stepp'd in, and order'd Peter Staggs
To feed his worms, and leave the farmers' nags.
The church clock struck one—alas! 'twas Peter's knell,
Who sigh'd, 'I'm coming—that's the ostler's bell!'"

Peace to his manes!

A HINT FOR POLITICIANS.

"If you won't turn, *I* will," as the mill-wheel said to the stream.

"Why did not Wellington take a post in the new Cabinet?" asked Dicky Sheil of O'Connell. —"*Bathershin!*" replied the *head* of the *tail*, "the Duke is too old a soldier to lean on a rotten *stick*."

Lord Morpeth intends proceeding to Canada immediately. The object of his journey is purely scientific; he wishes to ascertain if the *Fall of Niagara* be really greater than the *fall of the Whigs*.

A PRO AND CON.

“When is Peel not Peel?”—“When he’s *candi(e)d*.”

GALVANISM OUTDONE.

We have heard of the very dead being endowed, by galvanic action, with the temporary powers of life, and on such occasions the extreme force of the apparatus has ever received the highest praise. The Syncretic march of mind rectifies the above error—with them, weakness is strength. Fancy the alliterative littleness of a “Stephens” and a “Selby,” as the tools from which the drama must receive its glorious resuscitation!

NEWS FOR THE SYNCRETICS.

(Extracted from the “Stranger’s Guide to London.”)

Bedlam, the celebrated receptacle for lunatics, is situated in St. George’s-fields, *within five minutes’ walk of the King’s Bench*. There is also another noble establishment in the neighbourhood of Finsbury-square, where the unhappy victims of extraordinary delusions are treated with the care and consideration their several hallucinations require.

PEEL “REGULARLY CALLED IN.”

At length, PEEL is called in “in a regular way.” Being assured of his quarterly fee, the state physician may now, in the magnanimity of his soul, prescribe new life for moribund John Bull. Whether he has resolved within himself to emulate the generous dealing of kindred professors—of those sanative philosophers, whose benevolence, stamped in modest handbills, “crieth out in the street,” exclaiming “No cure no pay,”—we know not; certain we are, that such is not the old Tory practice. On the contrary, the healing, with Tory doctors, has ever been in an inverse ratio to the reward. Like the faculty at large, the Tories have flourished on the sickness of the patient. They have, with *Falstaff*, “turned diseases to commodity;” their only concern being to keep out the undertaker. Whilst there’s life, there’s profit,—is the philosophy of the Tory College; hence, poor Mr. Bull, though shrunk, attenuated,—with a blister on his head, and cataplasms at his soles,—has been kept just alive enough to pay. And then his patience under Tory treatment—the obedience of his swallow! “Admirable, excellent!” cried a certain doctor (we will not swear that his name was not PEEL), when his patient pointed to a dozen empty phials. “Taken them all, eh? Delightful! My dear sir, you are *worthy* to be ill.” JOHN BULL having again called in the Tories, is “worthy to be ill;” and very ill he will be.

The tenacity of life displayed by BULL is paralleled by a case quoted by LE VAILLANT. That naturalist speaks of a turtle that continued to live after its brain was taken from its skull, and the cavity stuffed *with cotton*. Is not England, with spinning-jenny PEEL at the head of its affairs, in this precise predicament? England may live; but inactive, torpid; unfitted for all healthful exertion,—deprived of its grandest functions—paralyzed in its noblest strength. We have a Tory Cabinet, but where is the *brain* of statesmanship?

Now, however, there are no Tories. Oh, no! Sir ROBERT PEEL is a Conservative—LYNDHURST is a Conservative—all are Conservative. Toryism has sloughed its old skin, and rejoices in a new coat of many colours; but the sting remains—the venom is the same; the reptile that would have struck to the heart the freedom of Europe, elaborates the self-same poison, is endowed with the same subtilty, the same grovelling, tortuous action. It still creeps upon its belly, and wriggles to its purpose. When adders shall become eels, then will we believe that Conservatives cannot be Tories.

When folks change their names—unless by the gracious permission of the *Gazette*—they rarely do so to avoid the fame of brilliant deeds. It is not the act of an over-sensitive modesty that induces *Peter Wiggins* to dub himself *John Smith*. Be certain of it, *Peter* has not saved half a boarding-school from the tremendous fire that entirely destroyed “Ringworm House”—*Peter* has not dived into the Thames, and rescued some respectable attorney from a death hitherto deemed by his friends impossible to him. It is from no such heroism that *Peter Wiggins* is compelled to take refuge in *John Smith* from the oppressive admiration of the world about him. Certainly not. Depend upon it, *Peter* has been signalised in the *Hue and Cry*, as one endowed with a love for the silver spoons of other men—as an individual who, abusing the hospitality of his lodgings, has conveyed away and sold the best goose feathers of his landlady. What then, with his name ripe enough to drop

from the tree of life, remains to *Wiggins*, but to subside into *Smith*? What hope was there for the well-known swindler, the posted pickpocket, the callous-hearted, slug-brained *Tory*? None: he was hooted, pelted at; all men stopped the nose at his approach. He was voted a nuisance, and turned forth into the world, with all his vices, like ulcers, upon him. Well, *Tory* adopts the inevitable policy of *Wiggins*; he changes his name! He comes forth, curled and sweetened, and with a smile upon his mealy face, and placing his felon hand above the *vacuum* on the left side of his bosom—declares, whilst the tears he weeps would make a crocodile blush—that he is by no means the *Tory* his wicked, heartless enemies would call him. Certainly not. His name is—*Conservative*! There was, once, to be sure, a *Tory*—in existence;

“But he is dead, and nailed in his chest!”

He is a creature extinct, gone with the wolves annihilated by the Saxon monarch. There may be the skeleton of the animal in some rare collections in the kingdom; but for the living creature, you shall as soon find a phoenix building in the trees of Windsor Park, as a *Tory* kissing hands in Windsor Castle!

The lie is but gulped as a truth, and *Conservative* is taken into service. Once more, he is the *factotum* to JOHN BULL. But when the knave shall have worn out his second name—when he shall again be turned away—look to your feather-beds, oh, JOHN! and foolish, credulous, leathern-eared Mr. BULL—be sure and count your spoons!

Can it be supposed that the loss of office, that the ten years' hunger for the loaves and fishes endured by the *Tory* party, has disciplined them into a wiser humanity? Can it be believed that they have arrived at a more comprehensive grasp of intellect—that they are ennobled by a loftier consideration of the social rights of man—that they are gifted with a more stirring sympathy for the wants that, in the present iniquitous system of society, reduce him to little less than pining idiocy, or madden him to what the statutes call crime, and what judges, sleek as their ermine, preach upon as rebellion to the government—the government that, in fact, having stung starvation into treason, takes to itself the loftiest praise for refusing the hangman—a task—for appeasing *Justice* with simple transportation?

Already the Tories have declared themselves. In the flush of anticipated success, PEEL at the Tamworth election denounced the French Revolution that escorted Charles the Tenth—with his foolish head still upon his shoulders—out of France, as the “triumph of might over right.” It was the right—the divine right of Charles—(the sacred *ampoule*, yet dropping with the heavenly oil brought by the mystic dove for Clovis, had bestowed the privilege)—to gag the mouth of man; to scourge a nation with decrees, begot by bigot tyranny upon folly—to reduce a people into uncomplaining slavery. Such was his right: and the burst of indignation, the irresistible assertion of the native dignity of man, that shivered the throne of Charles like glass, was a felonious might—a rebellious, treasonous potency—the very wickedness of strength. Such is the opinion of Conservative PEEL! Such the old *Tory* faith of the child of Toryism!

Since the Tamworth speech—since the scourging of Sir ROBERT by the French press—PEEL has essayed a small philanthropic oration. He has endeavoured to paint—and certainly in the most delicate water-colours—the horrors of war. The premier makes his speech to the nations with the palm-branch in his hand—with the olive around his brow. He has applied arithmetic to war, and finds it expensive. He would therefore induce France to disarm, that by reductions at home he may not be compelled to risk what would certainly jerk him out of the premiership—the imposition of new taxes. He may then keep his Corn Laws—he may then securely enjoy his sliding scale. Such are the hopes that dictate the intimation to disarm. It is sweet to prevent war; and, oh! far sweeter still to keep out the Wigs!

The Duke of WELLINGTON, who is to be the moral force of the *Tory* Cabinet, is a great soldier; and by the very greatness of his martial fame, has been enabled to carry certain political questions which, proposed by a lesser genius, had been scouted by the party otherwise irresistibly compelled to admit them. (Imagine, for instance, the Marquis of Londonderry handling Catholic Emancipation.) Nevertheless, should “The follies of the Wise”—a chronicle much wanted—be ever collected for the world, his Grace of Wellington will certainly shine as a conspicuous contributor. In the name of famine, what could have induced his Grace to insult the misery at this moment, eating the hearts of thousands of Englishmen? For, within these few days, the Victor of Waterloo expressed his conviction that England was the only country in which “*the poor man, if only sober and industrious, WAS QUITE CERTAIN of acquiring a competency!*” And it is this man, imbued with this opinion, who is to be hailed as the presiding wisdom—the great moral strength—the healing humanity of the *Tory* Cabinet. If rags and starvation put up their prayer to the present Ministry, what must be the answer delivered by the Duke of Wellington? “YE ARE DRUNKEN AND LAZY!”

If on the night of the 24th of August—the memorable night on which this heartless insult was thrown in the idle teeth of famishing thousands—the ghosts of the victims of the Corn Laws,—the spectres of the wretches who had been ground out of life by the infamy of *Tory* taxation, could have been permitted to lift the bed-curtains of Apsley-House,—his Grace the

Duke of Wellington would have been scared by even a greater majority than ultimately awaits his fellowship in the present Cabinet. Still we can only visit upon the Duke the censure of ignorance. "He knows not what he says." If it be his belief that England suffers only because she is drunken and idle, he knows no more of England than the Icelander in his sledge: if, on the other hand, he used the libel as a party warfare, he is still one of the "old set,"—and his "crowning carnage, Waterloo," with all its greatness, is but a poor set-off against the more lasting iniquities which he would visit upon his fellow-men. Anyhow, he cannot—he must not—escape from his opinion; we will nail him to it, as we would nail a weasel to a barn-door; "if Englishmen want competence, they must be drunken—they must be idle." Gentlemen Tories, shuffle the cards as you will, the Duke of Wellington either lacks principle or brains.

Next week we will speak of the Whigs; of the good they have done—of the good they have, with an instinct towards aristocracy—most foolishly, most traitorously, missed.

Q.

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PUNCH'S PENCILLINGS—No. IX.



THE ROYAL RED RIDING HOOD,
AND THE MINISTERIAL WOLF.

[pg 105]

ROYAL NURSERY EDUCATION REPORT—NO. 3.

WHO KILLED COCK RUSSELL?

A NEW VERSION OF THE CELEBRATED NURSERY TALE, WRITTEN EXPRESSLY
FOR THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

Who Kill'd Cock Russell?

I, said Bob Peel,
The political eel,
I kill'd Cock Russell.

Who saw him die?

We, said the nation,
At each polling station,
We saw him die.

Who caught his place?

I, for I *can* lie,
Said turn-about *Stanley*,
I caught his place.

Who'll make his shroud?

We, cried the poor
From each Union door,
We'll make his shroud.

Who'll dig his grave?

Cried the corn-laws, The fool
Has long been our tool,
We'll dig his grave.

Who'll be the parson?

I, London's bishop,
A sermon will dish up,
I'll be the parson.

Who'll be the clerk?

Sibthorp, for a lark,
If you'll all keep it dark,
He'll be the clerk.

Who'll carry him to his grave?

The Chartists, with pleasure,
Will wait on his leisure,
They'll carry him to his grave.

Who'll carry the link?

Said Wakley, in a minute,
I *must* be in it,
I'll carry the link.

Who'll be chief mourners?

We, shouted dozens
Of out-of-place cousins,
We'll be chief mourners.

Who'll bear the pall?

As they loudly bewail,
Both O'Connell and tail,
They'll bear the pall.

Who'll go before?

I, said old Cupid,
I'll still head the stupid,
I'll go before.

Who'll sing a psalm?

I, Colonel Perceval,
(Oh, Peel, be merciful!)
I'll sing a psalm.

Who'll throw in the dirt?

I, said the *Times*,
In lampoons and rhymes,
I'll throw in the dirt.

Who'll toll the bell?

I, said John Bull,
With pleasure I'll pull,—
I'll toll the bell.

All the Whigs in the world
Fell a sighing and sobbing,
When wicked Bob Peel
Put an end to their jobbing.

TRANSACTIONS AND YEARLY REPORT OF THE HOOKHAM-CUM-SNIVEY LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, AND MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

Collected and elaborated expressly for "PUNCH," by Tiddledy Winks, Esq., Hon. Sec., and Editor of the *Peckham Evening Post* and *Camberwell-Green Advertiser*.

Previously to placing the results of my unwearied application before the public, I think it will be both interesting and appropriate to trace, in a few words, the origin of this admirable society, by whose indefatigable exertions the air-pump has become necessary to the domestic economy of every peasant's cottage; and the Budelight and beer-shops, optics and out-door relief, and Daguerrotypes and dirt, have become subjects with which they are equally familiar.

About the close of last year, a few scientific labourers were in the habit of meeting at a "Jerry" in their neighbourhood, for the purpose of discussing such matters as the comprehensive and plainly-written reports of the British Association, as furnished by the *Athenæum*, offered to their notice, in any way connected with philosophy or the *belles lettres*. The numbers increasing, it was proposed that they should meet weekly at one another's cottages, and there deliver a lecture on any scientific subject; and the preliminary matters being arranged, the first discourse was given "On the Advantage of an Air-gun over a Fowling-piece, in bringing Pheasants down without making a noise." This was so eminently successful, that the following discourses were delivered in quick succession:—

- On the Toxicological Powers of *Coculus Indicus* in Stupifying Fish.
- On the Combustion of Park-palings and loose Gate-posts.
- On the tendency of Out-of-door Spray-piles to Spontaneous Evaporation, during dark nights.
- On the Comparative Inflammatory properties of Lucifer Matches, Phosphorus Bottles, Tinder-boxes, and Congreves, as well as Incandescens Short Pipes, applied to Hay in particular and Ricks in general.
- On the value of Cheap Literature, and Intrinsic Worth (by weight) of the various Publications of the Society for the Confusion of Useless Knowledge.

The lectures were all admirably illustrated, and the society appeared to be in a prosperous state. At length the government selected two or three of its most active members, and despatched them on a voyage of discovery to a distant part of the globe. The institution now drooped for a while, until some friends of education firmly impressed with the importance of their undertaking, once more revived its former greatness, at the same time entirely reorganizing its arrangements. Subscriptions were collected, sufficient to erect a handsome turf edifice, with a massy thatched roof, upon Timber Common; a committee was appointed to manage the scientific department, at a liberal salary, including the room to sit in, turf, and rushlights, with the addition, on committee nights, of a pint of intermediate beer, a pipe, and a screw, to each member. Gentlemen fond of hearing their own voices were invited to give gratuitous discourses from sister institutions: a museum and library were added to the building already mentioned, and an annual meeting of *illuminati* was agreed upon.

Amongst the papers contributed to be read at the evening meetings of the society, perhaps the most interesting was that communicated by Mr. Octavius Spiff, being a startling and probing investigation as to whether Sir Isaac Newton had his hat on when the apple tumbled on his head, what sort of an apple it most probably was, and whether it actually fell from the tree upon him, or, being found too hard and sour to eat, had been pitched over his garden wall by the hand of an irritated little boy. I ought also to make mention of Mr. Plummycram's "Narrative of an Ascent to the summit of Highgate-hill," with Mr. Mulltour's "Handbook for Travellers from the Bank to Lisson-grove," and "A Summer's-day on Kennington-common." Mr. Tinhunt has also announced an attractive work, to be called "Hackney: its Manufactures, Economy, and Political Resources."

It is the intention of the society, should its funds increase, to take a high place next year in the scientific transactions of the country. Led by the spirit of enterprise now so universally prevalent, arrangements are pending with Mr. Purdy, to fit up two punts for the Shepperton expedition, which will set out in the course of the ensuing summer. The subject for the Prize Essay for the Victoria Penny Coronation Medal this year is, "The possibility of totally obliterating the black stamp on the post-office Queen's heads, so as to render them

serviceable a second time;" and, in imitation of the learned investigations of sister institutions, the Copper Jinks Medal will also be given to the author of the best essay upon "The existing analogy between the mental subdivision of invisible agencies and circulating decompositions."—(*To be continued.*)

INAUGURATION OF THE IMAGE OF SHAKSPERE.

AT THE SURREY THEATRE.

"Be still, my mighty soul! These ribs of mine
Are all too fragile for thy narrow cage.
By heaven! I will unlock my bosom's door.
And blow thee forth upon the boundless tide
Of thought's creation, where thy eagle wing
May soar from this dull terrene mass away,
To yonder empyrean vault—like rocket (sky)—
To mingle with thy cognate essences
Of Love and Immortality, until
Thou burstest with thine own intensity,
And scatterest into millions of bright stars,
Each *one* a part of that refulgent whole
Which once was ME."

Thus spoke, or thought—for, in a metaphysical point of view, it does not much matter whether the passage above quoted was uttered, or only conceived—by the sublime philosopher and author of the tragedy of "Martinuzzi," now being nightly played at the English Opera House, with unbounded success, to overflowing audiences². These were the aspirations of his gigantic mind, as he sat, on last Monday morning, like a simple mortal, in a striped-cotton dressing-gown and drab slippers, over a cup of weak coffee. (We love to be minute on great subjects.) The door opened, and a female figure—not the Tragic muse—but Sally, the maid of-all-work, entered, holding in a corner of her dingy apron, between her delicate finger and thumb, a piece of not too snowy paper, folded into an exact parallelogram.

2. Has this paragraph been paid for as an advertisement?—
PRINTER'S DEVIL.—
Undoubtedly.—ED.

"A letter for you, sir," said the maid of-all-work, dropping a reverential curtsy.

George Stephens, Esq. took the despatch in his inspired fingers, broke the seal, and read as follows:—

Surrey Theatre.

SIR,—I have seen your tragedy of "Martinuzzi," and pronounce it magnificent! I have had, for some time, an idea in my head (how it came there I don't know), to produce, after the Boulogne affair, a grand Inauguration of the Statue of Shakspeare, on the stage of the Surrey, but not having an image of him amongst our properties, I could not put my plan into execution. Now, sir, as it appears that you are the exact ditto of the bard, I shouldn't mind making an arrangement with you to undertake the character of *our friend Billy* on the occasion. I shall do the liberal in the way of terms, and get up the gag properly, with laurels and other greens, of which I have a large stock on hand; so that with your popularity the thing will be sure to draw. If you consent to come, I'll post you in six-foot letters against every dead wall in town.

Yours,
WILLIS JONES.

When the author of the "magnificent poem" had finished reading the letter he appeared deeply moved, and the maid of-all-work saw three plump tears roll down his manly cheek, and rest upon his shirt collar. "I expected nothing less," said he, stroking his chin with a mysterious air. "The manager of the Surrey, at least, understands me—*he* appreciates the immensity of my genius. I *will* accept his offer, and show the world—great Shakspeare's rival in myself."

Having thus spoken, the immortal dramatist wiped his hands on the tail of his dressing-gown, and performed a *pas seul* "as the act directs," after which he dressed himself, and emerged into the open air.

The sun was shining brilliantly, and Phoebus remarked, with evident pleasure, that his brother had bestowed considerable pains in adorning his person. His boots shone with unparalleled splendour, and his waistcoat—

[We omit the remainder of the inventory of the great poet's wardrobe, and proceed at once to the ceremony of the Inauguration at the Surrey Theatre.]

Never on any former occasion had public curiosity over the water been so strongly excited.

Long before the doors of the theatre were opened, several passengers in the street were observed to pause before the building, and regard it with looks of profound awe. At half-past six, two young sweeps and a sand-boy were seen waiting anxiously at the gallery entrance, determined to secure front seats at any personal sacrifice. At seven precisely the doors were opened, and a tremendous rush of four persons was made to the pit; the boxes had been previously occupied by the "Dramatic Council" and the "Syncretic Society." The silence which pervaded the house, until the musicians began to tune their violins in the orchestra, was thrilling; and during the performance of the overture, expectation stood on tip-toe, awaiting the great event of the night.

At length the curtain slowly rose, and we discovered the author of "Martinuzzi" elevated on a pedestal formed of the cask used by the celebrated German tub-runner (a delicate compliment, by the way, to the genius of the poet). On this appropriate foundation stood the great man, with his august head enveloped in a capacious bread-bag. At a given signal, a vast quantity of crackers were let off, the envious bag was withdrawn, and the illustrious dramatist was revealed to the enraptured spectators, in the statuesque resemblance of his elder, but not more celebrated brother, WILLIAM SHAKSPERE. At this moment the plaudits were vigorously enthusiastic. Thrice did the flattered statue bow its head, and once it laid its hand upon its grateful bosom, in acknowledgment of the honour that was paid it. As soon as the applause had partially subsided, the manager, in the character of *Midas*, surrounded by the nine Muses, advanced to the foot of the pedestal, and, to use the language of the reporters of public dinners, "in a neat and appropriate speech," deposed a laurel crown upon the brows of Shakspeare's effigy. Thereupon loud cheers rent the air, and the statue, deeply affected, extended its right hand gracefully towards the audience. In a moment the thunders of applause sank into hushed and listening awe, while the author of the "magnificent poem" addressed the house as follows:—

"My friends,—You at length behold me in the position to which my immense talents have raised me, in despite of 'those laws which press so fatally on dramatic genius,' and blight the budding hopes of aspiring authors."

This commencement softened the hearts of his auditors, who clapped their handkerchiefs to their noses.

"The world," continued the statue, "may regard me with envy; but I despise the world, particularly the critics who have dared to laugh at me. (Groans.) The object of my ambition is attained—I am now the equal and representative of Shakspeare—detraction cannot wither the laurels that shadow my brows—*Finis coronat opus!*—I have done. To-morrow I retire into private life; but though fortune has made me great, she has not made me proud, and I shall be always happy to shake hands with a friend when I meet him."

At the conclusion of this pathetic address, loud cheers, mingled with tears and sighs, arose from the audience, one-half of whom sunk into the arms of the other half, and were borne out of the house in a fainting state; and thus terminated this imposing ceremony, which will be long remembered with delight by every lover of



THE HIGHER WALK OF THE DRAMA.

A CARD.

TO THE COMMITTEE OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS,

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

Mr. Levy, of Holywell-street, perceiving that his neighbour JACOB FAITHFUL'S farce, entitled "The Cloak and Bonnet," has not given general satisfaction, begs respectfully to offer to the notice of the committee, his large and carefully-assorted stock of second-hand wearing apparel, from which he will undertake to supply any number of dramas that may be required, at a moment's notice.

Mr. L. has at present on hand the following dramatic pieces, which he can strongly recommend to the public:—

1. "The Dressing Gown and Slippers."—A fashionable comedy, suited for a genteel neighbourhood.
2. "The Breeches and Gaiters."—A domestic drama. A misfit at the Adelphi.
3. "The Wig and Wig-box."—A broad farce, made to fit little Keeley or anybody else.
4. "The Smock-frock and Highlows."—A tragedy in humble life, with a terrific *dénouement*.

*** The above will be found to be manufactured out of the best materials, and well worthy the attention of those gentlemen who have so nobly come forward to rescue the stage from its present degraded position.

THE MONEY MARKET.

The scarcity of money is frightful. As much as a hundred per cent., to be paid in advance, has been asked upon bills; but we have not yet heard of any one having given it. There was an immense run for gold, but no one got any, and the whole of the transactions of the day were done in copper. An influential party created some sensation by coming into the market late in the afternoon, just before the close of business, with half-a-crown; but it was found, on inquiry, to be a bad one. It is expected that if the dearth of money continues another week, buttons must be resorted to. A party, whose transactions are known to be large, succeeded in settling his account with the Bulls, by means of postage-stamps; an arrangement of which the Bears will probably take advantage.

A large capitalist in the course of the day attempted to change the direction things had taken, by throwing an immense quantity of paper into the market; but as no one seemed disposed to have anything to do with it, it blew over.

The parties to the Dutch Loan are much irritated at being asked to take their dividends in butter; but, after the insane attempt to get rid of the Spanish arrears by cigars, which, it is well known, ended in smoke, we do not think the Dutch project will be proceeded with.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REPORTER OF THE "OBSERVER."

The "mysterious and melodramatic silence" which Mr. C. Mathews promised to observe as to his intentions in regard to the present season, has at length been broken. On Monday last, September the sixth, Covent Garden Theatre opened to admit a most brilliant audience. Amongst the *company* we noticed Madame Vestris, Mr. Oxberry, Mr. Harley, Miss Rainsforth, and several other *distingué artistes*. It would seem, from the substitution of Mr. Oxberry for Mr. Keeley, that the former gentleman is engaged to take the place of the latter. Whispers are afloat that, in consequence, one of the most important scenes in the play is to be omitted. Though of little interest to the audience, it was of the highest importance to the gentleman whose task it has hitherto been to perform the parts of Quince, Bottom, and Flute.

We, who are conversant with all the mysteries of the *flats'* side of the *green* curtain, beg to assure our readers, that the Punch scene hath taken *wing*, and that the dressing-room of the above-named characters will no longer be redolent of the fumes of compounded bowls. We may here remark that, had our hint of last season been attended to, the Punch would have still been continued:—Mr. Harley would not consent to have the flies picked out of the sugar. Rumour is busy with the suggestion that for this reason, and this only, Keeley seceded from the establishment.



We think it exceedingly unwise in the management not to have secured the services of Madame Corsiret for the millinery department. Mr. Wilson still supplies the wigs. We have not as yet been able to ascertain to whom the swords have been consigned. Mr. Emden's assistant superintends the blue-fire and thunder, but it has not transpired who works the traps.

With such powerful auxiliaries, we can promise Mr. C. Mathews a prosperous season.

THE AMENDE HONORABLE.

Quoth Will, "On that young servant-maid
My heart its life-string stakes."
"Quite safe!" cries Dick, "don't be afraid—
She pays for all she breaks."

PROVIDING FOR EVIL DAYS.

The *iniquities* of the Tories having become proverbial, the House of Lords, with that consideration for the welfare of the country, and care for the morals of the people, which have ever characterised the compeers of the Lord Coventry, have brought in a bill for the creation of *two Vice-Chancellors*. Brougham foolishly proposed an amendment, considering one to be sufficient, but found himself in a *singular* minority when the House



DIVIDED ON THE MOTION.

In the Egyptian room of the British Museum is a statue of the deity IBIS, between two mummies. This attracted the attention of Sibthorp, as he lounged through the room the other day with a companion. "Why," said his friend, "is that statue placed between the other two?" "To preserve it to be sure," replied the keenly-witted Sib. "You know the old saying teaches us, '*In medio tutissimus Ibis.*'"

PUNCH'S THEATRE.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JAMES DAWSON.



ercy on us, what a code of morality—what a conglomeration of plots (political, social, and domestic)—what an exemplar of vice punished and virtue rewarded—is the "Newgate Calendar!" and Newgate itself! what tales might it not relate, if its stones could speak, had its fetters the gift of tongues!

But these need not be so gifted: the proprietor of the Victoria Theatre supplies the deficiency: the dramatic edition of Old-Bailey experience he is bringing out on each successive Monday, will soon be complete; and when it is, juvenile Jack Sheppards and incipient Turpins may complete their education at the moderate charge of sixpence per week. The "intellectualization of the people" must not be neglected: the gallery of the Victoria invites to its instructive benches the young, whose wicked parents have neglected their education—the ignorant, who know nothing of the science of highway robbery, or the more delicate operations of picking pockets. National education is the sole aim of the sole lessee—money is no object; but errand-boys and apprentices *must* take their Monday night's lessons, even if they rob the till. By this means an endless chain of subjects will be woven, of which the Victoria itself supplies the links; the "Newgate Calendar" will never be exhausted, and the cause of morality and melodrama continue to run a triumphant career!

The leaf of the "Newgate Calendar" torn out last Monday for the delectation and instruction of the Victoria audience, was the "Life and Death of James Dawson," a gentleman rebel, who was very properly hanged in 1746.

The arrangement of incidents in this piece was evidently an appeal to the ingenuity of the audience—our own penetration failed, however, in unravelling the plot. There was a drunken, gaming, dissipated student of St. John's, Cambridge—a friend in a slouched hat and an immense pair of jack-boots, and a lady who delicately invites her lover (the hero) "to a private interview and a cold collation." There is something about a five-hundred-pound note and a gambling-table—a heavy throw of the dice, and a heavier speech on the vices of gaming, by a likeness of the portrait of Dr. Dilworth that adorns the spelling-books. The hero rushes off in a state of distraction, and is followed by the jack-boots in pursuit; the enormous strides of which leave the pursued but little chance, though he has got a good start.

At another time two gentlemen appear in kilts, who pass their time in a long dialogue, the purport of which we were unable to catch, for they were conversing in stage-Scotch. A man then comes forward bearing a clever resemblance to the figure-head of a snuff-shop, and after a few words with about a dozen companions, the entire body proceed to fight a battle; which is immediately done behind the scenes, by four pistols, a crash, and the double-drummer, whose combined efforts present us with a representation of—as the bills kindly inform us—the "Battle of Culloden!" The hero is taken prisoner; but the villain is shot, and his jack-boots are cut off in their prime.

James Dawson is not despatched so quickly; he takes a great deal of dying,—the whole of the third act being occupied by that inevitable operation. Newgate—a "stock" scene at this theatre—an execution, a lady in black and a state of derangement, a muffled drum, and a "view of Kennington Common," terminate the life of "James Dawson," who, we had the consolation to observe, from the apathy of the audience, will not be put to the trouble of dying for more than half-a-dozen nights longer.

Before the "Syncretic Society" publishes its next octavo on the state of the Drama, it should send a deputation to the Victoria. There they will observe the written and acted drama in the lowest stage it is possible for even their imaginations to conceive. Even "Martinuzzi" will bear comparison with the "Life and Death of James Dawson."

THE BOARDING SCHOOL.

At the "Boarding School" established by Mr. Bernard in the Haymarket Theatre, young ladies are instructed in flirting and romping, together with the use of the eyes, at the extremely moderate charges of five and three shillings per lesson; those being the prices of admission to the upper and lower departments of Mr. Webster's academy, which is hired for the occasion by that accomplished professor of punmanship Bayle Bernard. The course

of instruction was, on the opening of the seminary, as follows:—

The lovely pupils were first seen returning from their morning walk in double file, hearts beating and ribbons flying; for they encountered at the door of the school three yeomanry officers. The military being very civil, the eldest of the girls discharged a volley of glances; and nothing could exceed the skill and precision with which the ladies performed their eye-practice, the effects of which were destructive enough to set the yeomanry in a complete flame; and being thus primed and loaded for closer engagements with their charming adversaries, they go off.

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The scholars then proceed to their duties in the interior of the academy, and we find them busily engaged in the study of "The Complete Loveletter Writer." It is wonderful the progress they make even in one lesson; the basis of it being a *billet* each has received from the red-coats. The exercises they have to write are answers to the notes, and were found, on examination, to contain not a single error; thus proving the astonishing efficacy of the Bernardian system of "Belles' Lettres."

Meanwhile the captain, by despatching his subalterns on special duty, leaves himself a clear field, and sets a good copy in strategics, by disguising himself as a fruit-woman, and getting into the play-ground, for the better distribution of apples and glances, lollipops and kisses, hard-bake and squeezes of the hand. The stratagem succeeds admirably; the enemy is fast giving way, under the steady fire of shells (Spanish-nut) and kisses, thrown with great precision amongst their ranks, when the lieutenant and cornet of the troop cause a diversion by an open attack upon the fortress; and having made a practicable breach (in their manners), enter without the usual formulary of summoning the governess. She, however, appears, surrounded by her staff, consisting of a teacher and a page, and the engagement becomes general. In the end, the yeomanry are routed with great loss—their hearts being made prisoners by the senior students of this "Royal Military Academy."

The yeomanry, not in the least dispirited by this reverse, plan a fresh attack, and hearing that reinforcements are *en route*, in the persons of the drawing, dancing, and writing masters of the "Boarding School," cut off their march, and obtain a second entrance into the enemy's camp, under false colours; which their accomplishments enable them to do, for the captain is a good penman, the lieutenant dances and plays the fiddle, and the cornet draws to admiration, especially—"at a month." Under such instructors the young ladies make great progress, the governess being absent to see after the imaginary daughter of a fictitious Earl of Aldgate. On her return, however, she finds her pupils in a state of great insubordination, and suspecting the teachers to be incendiaries, calls in a major of yeomanry (who, unlike the rest of his troop, is an ally of the lady), to put them out. The invaders, however, retreat by the window, but soon return by the door in their uniform, to assist their major in quelling the fears of the minors, and to complete the course of instruction pursued at the Haymarket "Boarding School."

Mr. J. Webster, as *Captain Harcourt*, played as well as he could: and so did Mr. Webster as *Lieutenant Varley*, which was very well indeed, for *he* cannot perform anything badly, were he to try. An Irish cornet, in the mouth of Mr. F. Vining, was bereft of his proper brogue; but this loss was the less felt, as Mr. Gough personated the English Major with the *rale* Tipperary tongue. *Mrs. Grosdenap* was a perfect governess in the hands of Mrs. Clifford, and the hoydens she presided over exhibited true specimens of a finishing school, especially Miss P. Horton;—that careful and pleasing *artiste*, who stamps character upon everything she does, and individuality upon everything she says. In short, all the parts in the "Boarding School" are so well acted, that one cannot help regretting when it breaks up for the evening. The circulars issued by its proprietors announce that it will be open every night, from ten till eleven, up to the Christmas holidays.

As a subject, this is a perfectly fair, nay, moral one; despite some silly opinions that have stated to the contrary. Satire, when based upon truth, is the highest province of the stage, which enables us to laugh away folly and wickedness, when they cannot be banished by direct exposure. Ladies' boarding-schools form, in the mass, a gross and fearful evil, to which the Haymarket author has cleverly awakened attention. Why they are an evil, might be easily proved, but a theatrical critique in PUNCH is not precisely the place for a discussion on female education.

ENJOYMENT.

The "Council of the Dramatic Authors' Theatre" enticed us from home on Monday last, by promising what as yet they have been unable to perform—"Enjoyment." As usual, they obtained our company under false pretences: for if any "enjoyment" were afforded by their new farce, the actors had it all to themselves.

It is astonishing how vain some authors are of their knowledge of any particular subject. Brewster monopolises that of the polarization of light and kaleidoscopes—poor Davy surfeited us with choke damps and the safety lantern—the author of "Enjoyment" is great on the subject of cook-shops; the whole production being, in fact, a dramatic lecture on the "slap-bang" system. *Mr. Bang*, the principal character, is the master of an eating-house, to

which establishment all the other persons in the piece belong, and all are made to display the author's practical knowledge of the internal economy of a cook-shop. Endless are the jokes about sausages—roast and boiled beef are cut, and come to again, for a great variety of facetiæ—in short, the entire stock of fun is cooked up from the bill of fare. The master gives his instructions to his "cutter" about "working up the stale gravy" with the utmost precision, and the "sarver out" undergoes a course of instruction highly edifying to inexperienced waiters.

This burletta helps to develop the plan which it is the intention of the "council" to follow up in their agonising efforts to resuscitate the expiring drama. They, it is clear, mean to make the stage a vehicle for instruction.

Miss Martineau wrote a novel called "Berkeley the Banker," to teach political economy—the "council" have produced "Enjoyment" as an eating-house keepers' manual, complete in one act. This mode of dramatising the various guides to "trade" and to "service" is, however, to our taste, more edifying than amusing; for much of the author's learning is thrown away upon the mass of audiences, who are only waiters between the acts. They cannot appreciate the nice distinctions between "buttocks and rounds," neither does everybody perceive the wit of *Joey's* elegant toast, "Cheap beef and two-pence for the waiter!" This kind of erudition—like that expended upon Chinese literature and the arrow-headed hieroglyphics of Asia Minor—is confined to too small a class of the public for extensive popularity, though it may be highly amusing to the table-d'hôte and ham-and-beef interest.

The chief beauty of the plot is its extreme simplicity; a half-dozen words will describe it:—*Mr. Bang* goes out for a day's "Enjoyment," and is disappointed! This is the head and front of the farceur's offending—no more. Any person eminently gifted with patience, and anxious to give it a fair trial, cannot have a better opportunity of testing it than by spending a couple of hours in seeing that single incident drag its slow length along, and witnessing a new comedian, named Bass, roll his heavy breadth about in hard-working attempts to be droll. As a specimen of manual labour in comedy, we never saw the acting of this *débutant* equalled.

We are happy to find that, determined to give "living *English* dramatists a clear stage and fair play," the "Council" are bringing forward a series of stale translations from the *French* in rapid succession. The "Married Rake," and "Perfection,"—one by an author no longer "living," both loans from the *Magasin Théâtral*—have already appeared.

FINE ARTS.

SUFFOLK-STREET GALLERY.—ART-UNION.

The members of this institution have, with their usual liberality, given the use of their Galleries for the exhibition of the pictures selected by the prize-holders of the Art-Union of London of the present year. The works chosen are 133 in number; and as they are the representatives of "charming variety," it is naturally to be expected that, in most instances, the selection does not proclaim that perfect knowledge of the material from which the 133 jewel-hunters have had each an opportunity of choosing; nevertheless, it is a blessed reflection, and a proof of the philanthropic adaptation of society to societies' means—a beneficent dovetailing—an union of sympathies—that to every one painter who is disabled from darting suddenly into the excellencies of his profession, there are, at least, one thousand "connoisseurs" having an equal degree of free-hearted ignorance in the matter, willing to extend a ready hand to his weakly efforts, and without whose generosity he could never place himself within the observation and patronage of the better informed in art. As this lottery was formed to give an interest, indiscriminately, to the mass who compose it, the setting apart so large a sum as £300 for a prize is, in our humble opinion, anything but well judged.

The painter of a picture worth so high a sum needs not the assistance which the lottery affords; and although it may be urged, that some one possessing sufficient taste, but insufficient means to indulge that taste, might, perchance, obtain the high prize, it is evident that such bald reasoning is adduced only to support individual interest. The principle is, consequently, inimical to those upon which the Art-Union of London was founded; and, farther, it is most undeniable, that more general good, and consequent satisfaction, would arise both to the painter and the public (*i.e.* that portion of the public whose subscriptions form the support of the undertaking), had the large prize been divided into two, four, or even six other, and by no means inconsiderable ones. We are fully aware of the benefits that have been conferred and received, and that must still continue to be so, from this praiseworthy undertaking. As an observer of these things, we cannot withhold expressing our opinions upon any part of the system which, in honest thought, appears imperfect, or not so happily directed as it might be. But should PUNCH become prosy, his audience will vanish.

To prevent those visitors to this exhibition, who do not profess an intimacy with the objects

herein collected for their amusement, from being misled by the supposititious circumstance of the highest prize having commanded the best picture, we beg to point to their attention the following peculiarities (by no means recommendatory) in the work selected by the most fortunate of the *jewel-hunters*; it is catalogued "The Sleeping Beauty," by D. Maclise, R.A., and assuredly painted with the most independent disdain for either law or reason. Never has been seen so signal a failure in attempting to obtain repose by the introduction of so many sleeping figures. The appointment of parts to form the general whole, the first and last aim of every other painter, D. Maclise, R.A., has most gallantly disregarded. If there be effect, it certainly is not in the right place, or rather there is no concentration of effect; it possesses the glare of a coloured print, and that too of a meretricious sort—incidents there are, but no plot—less effect upon the animate than the inanimate. The toilet-table takes precedence of the lady—the couch before the sleeper—the shadow, in fact, before the substance; and as it is a sure mark of a vulgar mind to dwell upon the trifles, and lose the substantial—to scan the dress, and neglect the wearer, so we opine the capabilities of D. Maclise, R.A., are brought into requisition to accommodate such beholders. He has, moreover, carefully avoided any approximation to the vulgarity of flesh and blood, in his representations of humanity; and has, therefore, ingeniously sought the delicacy of Dresden china for his models. To conclude our notice, we beg to suggest the addition of a torch and a rosin-box, which, with the assistance of Mr. Yates, or the Wizard of the North, would render it perfect (whereas, without these delusive adjuncts, it is not recognisable in its puppet-show propensities) as a first-rate imitation of the last scene in a pantomime.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

VOL. 1.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1841.

THE HEIR OF APPELBITE.

CHAPTER IV.

HAS A GREAT DEAL TO SAY ABOUT SOME ONE ELSE BESIDES OUR HERO.



indness was a characteristic of Agamemnon's disposition, and it is not therefore a matter of surprise that "the month"—*the month, par excellence*, of "all the months i'the kalendar"—produced a succession of those annoyances which, in the best regulated families, are certain to be partially experienced by the masculine progenitor. O, bachelors! be warned in time; let not love link you to his flowery traces and draw you into the temple of Hymen! Be not deluded by the glowing fallacies of Anacreon and Boccaccio, but remember that they were bachelors. There is nothing exhilarating in caudle, nor enchanting in Kensington-gardens, when you are converted into a light porter of children. We have been married, and are now seventy-one, and wear a "brown George;" consequently, we have experience and cool blood in our veins—two excellent auxiliaries in the formation of a correct judgment in all matters connected with the heart.

Our pen must have been the pinion of a wild goose, or why these continued digressions?

Agamemnon's troubles commenced with the first cough of Mrs. Pilcher on the door-mat. Mrs. P. was the monthly nurse, and monthly nurses always have a short cough. Whether this phenomenon arises from the obesity consequent upon arm-chairs and good living, or from an habitual intimation that they are present, and have not received half-a-crown, or a systematic declaration that the throat is dry, and would not object to a gargle of gin, and perhaps a little water, or—but there is no use hunting conjecture, when you are all but certain of not catching it.

Mrs. Pilcher was "the moral of a nurse;" she was about forty-eight and had, according to her own account, "been the mother of eighteen lovely babes, born in wedlock," though her most intimate friends had never been introduced to more than one young gentleman, with a nose like a wart, and hair like a scrubbing-brush. When he made his *debut*, he was attired in a suit of blue druggot, with the pewter order of the parish of St. Clement on his bosom; and rumour declared that he owed his origin to half-a-crown a week, paid every Saturday. Mrs. Pilcher weighed about thirteen stone, including her bundle, and a pint medicine-

bottle, which latter article she invariably carried in her dexter pocket, filled with a strong tincture of juniper berries, and extract of cloves. This mixture had been prescribed to her for what she called a "sinkingness," which afflicted her about 10 A.M., 11 A.M. (dinner), 2 P.M., 3 P.M. 4 P.M. 5 P.M. (tea), 7 P.M., 8 P.M. (supper), 10 P.M., and at uncertain intervals during the night.

Mrs. Pilcher was a martyr to a delicate appetite, for she could never "make nothing of a breakfast if she warn't coaxed with a Yarmouth bloater, a rasher of ham, or a little bit of steak done with the gravy in."

Her luncheon was obliged to be a mutton-chop, or a grilled bone, and a pint of porter, bread and cheese having the effect of rendering her "as cross as two sticks, and as sour as werjuice." Her dinner, and its satellites, tea and supper, were all required to be hot, strong, and comfortable. A peculiar hallucination under which she laboured is worthy of remark. When eating, it was always her declared conviction that she *never drank anything*, and when detected coquetting with a pint pot or a tumbler, she was equally assured that she *never did eat anything after her breakfast*.

Mrs. Pilcher's duties never permitted her to take anything resembling continuous rest; she had therefore another prescription for an hour's doze after dinner. Mrs. Pilcher was also troubled with a stiffness of the knee-joints, which never allowed her to wait upon herself.

When this amiable creature had deposited herself in Collumpsion's old easy-chair, and, with her bundle on her knees, gasped out her first inquiry—

"I hopes all's as well as can be expected?"

The heart of *Pater* Collumpsion trembled in his bosom, for he felt that to this incongruous mass was to be confided the first blossom of his wedded love; and that for one month the dynasty of 24, Pleasant-terrace was transferred from his hands to that of Mrs. Waddledot, his wife's mother, and Mrs. Pilcher, the monthly nurse. There was a short struggle for supremacy between the two latter personages; but an angry appeal having been made to Mrs. Applebite, by the lady, "who had *nussed* the first families in this land, and, in course, know'd her business," Mrs. Waddledot was forced to yield to Mrs. Pilcher's bundle in *transitu*, and Mrs. Applebite's hysterics in perspective.

Mrs. Pilcher was a nursery Macauley, and had the faculty of discovering latent beauties in very small infants, that none but dotting parents ever believed. Agamemnon was an early convert to her avowed opinions of the heir of Applebite, who, like all other heirs of the same age, resembled a black boy boiled—that is, if there is any affinity between lobsters and niggers. This peculiar style of eloquence rendered her other eccentricities less objectionable; and when, upon one occasion, the mixture of juniper and cloves had disordered her head, instead of comforting her stomachic regions, she excused herself by solemnly declaring, that "the brilliancy of the little darling's eyes, and his intoxicating manners, had made her feel as giddy as a goose." Collumpsion and Theresa both declared her discernment was equal to her caudle, of which, by-the-bye, she was an excellent concocter and consumer.

Old John and the rest of the servants, however, had no parental string at which Mrs. Pilcher could tug, and the consequence was, that they decided that she was an insufferable bore. Old John, in particular, felt the ill effects of the heir of Applebite's appearance in the family, and to such a degree did they interfere with his old comforts, without increasing his pecuniary resources, that he determined one morning, when taking up his master's shaving water, absolutely to give warning; for what with the morning calls, and continual ringing for glasses—the perpetual communication kept up between the laundry-maid and the mangle, and of which he was the circulating medium—the insolence of the nurse, who had ordered him to carry five soiled—never mind—down stairs: all these annoyances combined, the old servant declared were too much for him.

Collumpsion laid his hand on John's shoulder, and pointing to some of the little evidences of paternity which had found their way even into his dormitory, said, "John, think what I suffer; do not leave me; I'll raise your wages, and engage a boy to help you; but you are the only thing that reminds me of my happy bachelorhood—you are the only one that can feel a—feel a—"

"*Caudle* regard," interrupted John.

"*Caudle* be ——" The "rest is silence," for at that moment Mrs. Waddledot entered the room, gave a short scream, and went out again.

The month passed, and a hackney-coach, containing a bundle and the respectable Mrs. Pilcher, &c., rumbled from the door of No. 24, to the infinite delight of old John the footman, Betty the housemaid, Esther the nurserymaid, Susan the cook, and Agamemnon Collumpsion Applebite the proprietor.

How transitory is earthly happiness! How certain its uncertainty! A little week had passed, and the "Heir of Applebite" gave notice of his intention to come into his property during an

early minority, for his once happy progenitor began to entertain serious intentions of employing a coroner's jury to sit upon himself, owing to the incessant and "ear-piercing pipe" of his little cherub. Vainly did he bury his head beneath the pillow, until he was suffused with perspiration—the cry reached him there and then. Cold air was pumped into the bed by Mrs. Applebite, as she rocked to and fro, in the hope of quieting the "son of the sleepless." Collumptionsion was in constant communication with the dressing-table—now for moist-sugar to stay the hiccough—then for dill-water to allay the stomach-ache. To save his little cherub from convulsions, twice was he converted into a night-patrole, with the thermometer below zero—a bad fire, with a large slate in it, and an empty coal-scuttle.

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

"Variety," say our school copy-books, "is charming;" hence this must be the most charming place of amusement in London. The annexed list of entertainments was produced on Tuesday last, when were added to the usual *passe-temps*, a flower and fruit show. Wild beasts in cages; flowers of all colours and sizes in pots; enormous cabbages; Brobdignag apples; immense sticks of rhubarb; a view of Rome; a brass band; a grand Roman cavalcade passing over the bridge of St. Angelo; a deafening park of artillery, and an enchanting series of pyrotechnic wonders, such as catherine-wheels, flower-pots, and rockets; an illumination of St. Peter's; blazes of blue-fire, showers of steel-filings, and a grand blow up of the castle of St. Angelo.

Such are the entertainments provided by the proprietor. The company—which numbered at least from five to six thousand—gave them even greater variety. Numerous pic-nic parties were seated about on the grass; sandwiches, bottled stout, and (with reverence be it spoken) more potent liquors seemed to be highly relished, especially by the ladies. Ices were sold at a pastry-cook's stall, where a continued *feu-de-joie* of ginger-pop was kept up during the whole afternoon and evening. In short, the scene was one of complete *al fresco* enjoyment; how could it be otherwise? The flowers delighted the eye; Mr. Godfrey's well-trained band (to wit, Beethoven's symphony in C minor, with all the fiddle passages beautifully executed upon clarionets!) charmed the ear; and the edibles and drinkables aforesaid the palate. Under such a press of agreeables, the Surrey Zoological Gardens well deserve the name of an Englishman's paradise.

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ON THE SCIENCE OF ELECTIONEERING.

To the progress of science and the rapid march of moral improvement the most effectual spur that has ever been applied was the Reform Bill. Before the introduction of that measure, electioneering was a simple process, hardly deserving the name of an art; it has now arrived at the rank of a science, the great beauty of which is, that, although complicated in practice, it is most easy of acquirement. Under the old system boroughs were bought by wholesale, scot and lot; now the traffic is done by retail. Formerly there was but one seller; at present there must be some thousands at least—all to be bargained with, all to be bought. Thus the "agency" business of electioneering has wonderfully increased, and so have the expenses.

In fact, an agent is to an election what the main-spring is to a watch; he is, in point of fact, the real returning-officer. His importance is not less than the talents and tact he is obliged to exert. He must take a variety of shapes, must tell a variety of lies, and perform the part of an animated contradiction. He must benevolently pay the taxes of one man who can't vote while in arrear; and cruelly serve notices of ejection upon another, though he can show his last quarter's receipt—he must attend temperance meetings, and make opposition electors too drunk to vote. He must shake hands with his greatest enemy, and *palm* off upon him lasting proofs of friendship, and silver-paper hints which way to vote. He must make flaming speeches about principle, puns about "interest," and promises concerning everything, to everybody. He must never give less than five pounds for being shorn by an honest and independent voter, who never shaves for less than two-pence—nor under ten, for a four-and-ninepenny goss to an uncompromising hatter. He must present ear-rings to wives, bracelets to daughters, and be continually broaching a hogshead for fathers, husbands, and brothers. He must get up fancy balls, and give away fancy dresses to ladies whom he fancies—especially if they fancy his candidate, and their husbands fancy them. He must plan charities, organise mobs, causing free-schools to be knocked up, and opponents to be knocked down. Finally, he must do all these acts, and spend all these sums purely for the good of his country; for, although a select committee of the house tries the validity of the election—though they prove bribery, intimidation, and treating to everybody's satisfaction, yet they always find out that the candidate has had nothing to do with it—that the agent is not *his* agent, but has acted solely on patriotic grounds; by which he is often so completely a martyr, that he is, after all, actually prosecuted for bribery, by order of the very house which he has helped to fill, and by the very man (as a part of the parliament) he has himself returned.

That this great character might not be lost to posterity, we furnish our readers with the



AN ELECTION AGENT.

THE STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

This useful society will shortly publish its Report; and, though we have not seen it, we are enabled to guess with tolerable accuracy what will be the contents of it:

In the first place, we shall be told the number of pins picked up in the course of the day, by a person walking over a space of fifteen miles round London, with the number of those not picked up; an estimate of the class of persons that have probably dropped them, with the use they were being put to when they actually fell; and how they have been applied afterwards.

The Report will also put the public in possession of the number of pot-boys employed in London; what is the average number of pots they carry out; and what is the gross weight of metal in the pots brought back again. This interesting head will include a calculation of how much beer is consumed by children who are sent to fetch it in jugs; and what is the whole amount of malt liquor, the value of which reaches the producer's pocket, while the mouth of the consumer, and not that of the party paying for it, receives the sole benefit.

There are also to be published with the Report elaborate tables, showing how many quarts of milk are spilt in the course of a year in serving customers; what proportion of water it contains; and what are the average ages and breed of the dogs who lap it up; and how much is left unlapped up to be absorbed in the atmosphere.

When this valuable Report is published, we shall make copious extracts.

A NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Novelty is certainly the order of the day. Anything that does not deviate from the old

beaten track meets with little encouragement from the present race of amusement-seekers, and, consequently, does not pay the *entrepreneur*. Nudity in public adds fresh charms to the orchestra, and red-fire and crackers have become absolutely essential to harmony. Acting upon this principle, Signor Venafrà *gave* (we admire the term) a fancy dress ball at Drury-lane Theatre on Monday evening last, upon a plan hitherto unknown in England, but possibly, like the majority of deceptive delusions now so popular, of continental origin. The whole of the evening's entertainment took place in cabs and hackney-coaches, and those vehicles performed several perfectly new and intricate figures in Brydges-street, and the other thoroughfares adjoining the theatres. The music provided for the occasion appeared to be an organ-piano, which performed incessantly at the corner of Bow-street, during the evening. Most of the *élite* of Hart-street and St. Giles's graced the animated pavement as spectators. So perfectly successful was the whole affair—on the word of laughing hundreds who came away saying they had never been so amused in their lives—that we hear it is in agitation never to attempt anything of the kind again.

DONE AGAIN.

Dunn, the bailless barrister, complained to his friend Charles Phillips, that upon the last occasion he had the happiness of meeting Miss Burdett Coutts on the Marine Parade, notwithstanding all he has gone through for her, she would not condescend to take the slightest notice of him. So far from offering anything in the shape of consolation, the witty barrister remarked, "Upon my soul, her conduct was in perfect keeping with her situation, for what on earth could be more in unison with a sea-view than



A CUTTER ON THE BEACH?"

It is well known that the piers of Westminster Bridge have considerably sunk since their first erection. They are not the only peers, in the same neighbourhood that have become lowered in the position they once occupied.

ASSERTION OF THE UNINTELLIGIBLE.

OR, "A KANTITE'S" FLIGHTS AT AN EXORDIUM.

FLIGHT THE FIRST.

He who widely, yet ascensively, expatiates in those in-all-ways-sloping fields of metaphysical investigation which perplex whilst they captivate, and bewilder whilst they allure, cannot evitate the perception of perception's fallibility, nor avoid the conclusion (if that can be called a conclusion to which, it may be said, there are no premises extant) that the external senses are but deceptive *media* of interior mental communication. It behoves the ardent, youthful explorer, therefore, to —, &c. &c.

FLIGHT THE SECOND.

In the Promethean persecutions which assail the insurgent mentalities of the youth and morning vigour of the inexpressible human soul, when, flushed with Æolian light, and, as it were, beaded with those lustrous dewes which the eternal Aurora lets fall from her melodious lip; if it escape living from the beak of the vulture (no fable here!), then, indeed, it may aspire to —, &c. &c.

FLIGHT THE THIRD.

If, with waxen Icarian wing, we seek to ascend to that skiey elevation whence only can the understretching regions of an impassive mutability be satisfactorily contemplated; and if, in our heterogeneous ambition, aspirant above self-capacity, we approach too near the flammiferous Titan, and so become pinionless, and reduced again to an earthly prostration, what marvel is it, that —, &c. &c.

FLIGHT THE FOURTH.

When the perennial Faustus, ever-resident in the questioning spirit of immortal man, attempts his first outbreak into the domain of unlimited inquiry, unless he take heed of the needfully-cautious prudentialities of mundane observance, there infallibly attends him a fatal Mephistophelean influence, of which the malign tendency, from every conclusion of eventuality, is to plunge him into perilous vast cloud-waves of the dream-inhabited vague. Let, then, the young student of infinity —, &c. &c.

FLIGHT THE FIFTH.

Inarched within the boundless empyrean of thought, starry with wonder, and constellate with investigation; at one time obfuscated in the abysm-born vapours of doubt; at another, radiant with the sun-fires of faith made perfect by fruition; it can amaze no considerative fraction of humanity, that the explorer of the indefinite, the searcher into the not-to-be-defined, should, at dreary intervals, invent dim, plastic riddles of his own identity, and hesitate at the awful shrine of that dread interrogatory alternative—reality, or dream? This deeply pondering, let the eager beginner in the at once linear and circumferent course of philosophico-metaphysical contemplativeness, introductively assure himself that —, &c. &c.

FINAL FLIGHT.

As, “in the silence and overshadowing of that night whose fitful meteoric fires only herald the descent of a superficial fame into lasting oblivion, the imbecile and unavailing resistance which is made against the doom must often excite our pity for the pampered child of market-gilded popularity;” and as “it is not with such feelings that we behold the dark thralldom and long-suffering of true intellectual strength,” of which the “brief, though frequent, soundings beneath the earthly pressure will be heard even amidst the din of flaunting crowds, or the solemn conclaves of common-place minds,” of which the “obscured head will often shed forth ascending beams that can only be lost in eternity;” and of which the “mighty struggles to upheave its own weight, and that of the superincumbent mass of prejudice, envy, ignorance, folly, or uncongenial force, must ever ensure the deepest sympathy of all those who can appreciate the spirit of its qualities;” let the initiative skyward struggles towards the zenith-abyssees of the inane impalpable —, &c. &c. &c. &c.

Dramatic Authors' Theatre, Sept. 16, 1841.

HUMANE SUGGESTION.

MASTER PUNCH,—Mind ye's, I've been to see these here *Secretens* at the English Uproar 'Ouse, and thinks, mind ye's, they aint by no means the werry best Cheshire; but what I want to know is this here—Why don't they give that venerable old genelman, Mr. Martinussy, the Hungry Cardinal, something to eat?—he is a continually calling out for some of his Countrys Weal, (which, I dare say, were werry good) and he don't never git so much as a sandwich dooring the whole of his life and death—I mention dese tings, because, mind ye's, it aint werry kind of none on 'em.

I remains, Mr. PUNCH, Sir, yours truly,

DEF BURKE,



HIS MARK.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE STATUE OF GEORGE CANNING AND SIR ROBERT PEEL.

The new Premier was taking a solitary stroll the other evening through Palace-yard, meditating upon the late turn which had brought the Tories to the top of the wheel and the Whigs to the bottom, and pondering on the best ways and means of keeping his footing in the slippery position that had cost him so much labour to attain. While thus employed, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and his hands buried in his breeches-pockets, he heard a voice at no great distance, calling in familiar tone—

“Bob! Bob!—I say, Bob!”

The alarmed Baronet stopped, and looked around him to discover the speaker, when, casting his eyes upon the statue of George Canning in the enclosure of Westminster Abbey, he was astonished to perceive it nodding its head at him, like the statue in “Don Giovanni,” in a “How d’ye do?” kind of way. Sir Robert, who, since his introduction to the Palace, has grown perilously polite, took off his hat, and made a low bow to the figure.

STATUE.—Bah! no nonsense, Bob, with me! Put on your hat, and come over here, close to the railings, while I have a little private confab with you. So, you have been called in at last?

PEEL.—Yes. Her Majesty has done me the honour to command my services; and actuated by a sincere love of my country, I obeyed the wishes of my Royal Mistress, and accepted office; though, if I had consulted my own inclinations, I should have preferred the quiet path of private—

STATUE.—Humbug! You forget yourself, Bob; you are not now at Tamworth, or in the house, but talking to an old hand that knows every move on the political board,—you need have no disguise with me. Come, be candid for once, and tell me, what are your intentions?

PEEL.—Why, then, candidly, to keep my place as long as I can—

STATUE.—Undoubtedly; that is the first duty of every patriotic minister! But the means, Bob?

PEEL.—Oh! Cant—cant—nothing but cant! I shall talk of my feeling for the wants of the people, while I pick their pockets; bestow my pity upon the manufacturers, while I tax the bread that feeds their starving families; and proclaim my sympathy with the farmers, while I help the arrogant landlords to grind them into the dust.

STATUE.—Ah! I perceive you understand the true principles of legislation. Now, *I* once really felt what you only feign. In my time, I attempted to carry out my ideas of amelioration, and wanted to improve the moral and physical condition of the people, but—

PEEL.—You failed. Few gave you credit for purely patriotic motives—and still fewer believed you to be sincere in your professions. Now, *my* plan is much easier, and safer. Give the people fair promises—they don’t cost much—but nothing besides promises; the moment you attempt to realise the hopes you have raised, that moment you raise a host of enemies against yourself.

STATUE.—But if you make promises, the nation will demand a fulfilment of them.

PEEL.—I have an answer ready for all comers—“Wait awhile!” ’Tis a famous soother for all impatient grumblers. It kept the Whigs in office for ten years, and I see no reason why it should not serve our turn as long. Depend upon it, “Wait awhile” is the great secret of

Government.

STATUE.—Ah! I believe you are right. I now see that I was only a novice in the trade of politics. By the bye, Bob, I don't at all like my situation here; 'tis really very uncomfortable to be exposed to all weathers—scorched in summer, and frost-nipped in winter. Though I am only a statue, I feel that I ought to be protected.

PEEL.—Undoubtedly, my dear sir. What can I do for you?

STATUE.—Why, I want to get into the Abbey, St. Paul's, or Drury Lane. Anywhere out of the open air.

PEEL.—Say no more—it shall be done. I am only too happy to have it in my power to serve the statue of a man to whom his country is so deeply indebted.

STATUE.—But *when* shall it be done, Bob? To-morrow?

PEEL.—Not precisely to-morrow; but—

STATUE.—Next week, then?

PEEL.—I can't say; but don't be impatient—rely on my promise, and *wait awhile, wait awhile*, my dear friend. Good night.

STATUE.—Oh! confound your *wait awhile*. I see I have nothing to expect.

THE BEAUTY OF BRASS.

Tom Duncombe declares he never passes McPhail's imitative-gold mart without thinking of Ben D'Israeli's speeches, as both of them are so confoundedly full of fantastic



MOSAIC ORNAMENTS.

PUNCH AT THE ART-UNION EXHIBITION AGAIN

Limited space in our last number prevented our noticing any other than the Sleeping Beauty; and, as there are many other humorous productions possessing equal claims to our attention in the landscape and other departments of art, we shall herein endeavour to point out their characteristics—more for the advantage of future purchasers than for the better and further edification of those whose meagre notions and tastes have already been shown. And as the Royal Academicians, par courtesy, demand our first notice, we shall, having wiped off D. M'Clise, R.A., now proceed, baton in hand, to make a few pokes at W.F. Witherington, R.A., upon his work entitled "Winchester Tower, Windsor Castle, from Romney Lock."

This is a subject which has been handled many times within our recollection, by artists of less name, less fame, and less pretensions to notice, if we except the undeniable fact of their displaying infinitely more ability in their representations of the subject, than can by any possibility be discovered in the one by W. F. Witherington, R.A. If our remarks were made with an affectionate eye to the young ladies of the satin-album-loving school, we should assuredly style this "a duck of a picture"—one after their own hearts—treated in mild and undisturbed tones of yellow, blue, and pink—and what yellows! what blues! and what pinks! Some kind, superintending genius of landscape-painting evidently prepared the scene for W.F. Witherington, R.A. It displays nothing of the vulgar every-day look of nature, as seen at Romney Lock, or any other spot; not a pebble out of its place—not a leaf deranged—here are bright amber trees, and blue metallic towers, prepared gravel-walks, and figures nicely cleaned and bleached to suit; it is, in truth, the most genteel landscape ever looked on. Nothing but absolute needlework can create more wonderment. Fie! fie! get thee hence, W.F. Witherington, R.A.

Just placed over the last-mentioned picture, and, doubtlessly so arranged that the gentle R.A. should find that, although his bright specimen of mild murder may be adjudged the worst in the collection, still there are others worthy of being classed in the same order of oddities. Behold No. 19, entitled, "Landscape—Evening—J.F. Gilbert," and selected by Mr. John Bullock from the Royal Academy. "What's in a name?" In the charitable hope that there is a chance of this purchaser being toned down in the course of time, after the same manner that pictures are, and, by that process, display more sobriety, we most humbly offer to Mr. B. our modest judgment upon his selection (not upon his choice, but upon the thing chosen). That it is a landscape we gloomily admit; but that it represents "Evening" we steadily deny. The exact period of the day, after much puzzling and deliberation, we cannot arrive at; one thing yet we are assured of—that it has been painted in company with a clock that was either too fast or too slow. The composition, which has very much the appearance of the by-gone century, is a prime selection from the finest parts of those very serene views to be found adorning the lowest interiors of wash-hand basins, with a dash from the works of Smith of Chichester, whose mental elevation in his profession was only surpassed by the high finish of his apple-trees, and the elaborate nothingness of his general choice of subject. In the foreground of the picture, the artist has, however, most aptly introduced the two vagabonds invariably to be seen idling in the foregrounds of landscapes of this class—two rascally scouts who have put in appearance from time immemorial; they are here just as in the works alluded to, the one sitting, the other of course standing, and courteously bending to receive the remarks of his friend. By the side of the stream, which flows through (or rather takes up) the middle of the picture, and immediately opposite to the two everlastings, is a little plain-looking agriculturist, who appears to be watching them. He is in the careless and ever-admitted picturesque position of leaning over a garden fence; but whether the invariables are aware of the little gentleman, and are consequently conversing in an undertone, we leave every beholder to speculate and settle for himself. Behind the worthy small farmer, and coming from the door of his residence, most cleverly introduced, is his wife (we know it to represent the wife, from the clear fact of the lady's appearance being typical of the gentleman's), who is in the act of observing that the children are waiting his presence at table, and adding, no doubt, that he had better come in and assist her in the cabbage-and-bacon duties of the repast, than lose his time and annoy the family.

We must now draw the spectator from the above-mentioned objects to a little piscatorial sportsman, who, apart from them, and in the retirement of his own thoughts upon worms, ground-bait, and catgut, lends his aid, together with a lively little amateur waterman, paddling about in a little boat, selfishly built to hold none other than himself—a hill rising in the middle ground, and two or three minor editions of the same towards the distance, carefully dotted with trees, after the fashion of a ready-made portable park from the toy *depot* in the Lowther Arcade—two bee-hives, a water-mill, some majestic smoke, something that looks like a skein of thread thrown over a mountain, and the memorable *chiaro-scuro*, form the interesting episodes of this glorious essay in the epic pastoral.

SYNCRETIC LITERATURE

Observations on the Epic Poem of Giles Scroggins and Molly Brown—resumed.

The fatal operation of the unavoidable, ever-impending, ruthless shears of the stern controller of human destiny, and curtailer of human life—the action by which

"Fate's scissors cut Giles Scroggins' thread,"

or rather the thread of Giles Scroggins' life, at once and most completely establishes the wholesome moral as to the fearful uncertainty of all sublunary anticipations, and stands forth a beautiful beacon to warn the over-weaning "worldly wisemen" from their often too-fondly-cherished dreams of realising, by their own means and appliances, the darling projects of their ambitious hopes!

The immediate effect of the operation performed by Fate's scissors, or rather by Fate herself—as she was the great and absolute disposer—to whom the implement employed was but a matter of fancy; for had Fate so chosen, a bucket, a bowie-knife, a brick-bat, a black cap, or a box of patent pills, might, as well as her destructive shears, have made a tenant for a yawning grave of doomed Giles Scroggins. We say, the immediate effect arising from this cutting cause was one in which both parties—the living bride and defunct bridegroom—were equally concerned, their lover's co-partnership rendering each liable for the acts or accidents of the other; therefore as may be (and we think is) clearly established, under these circumstances,

"They could *not* be *mar-ri*-ed!"

There is something deliciously affecting in the beautiful drawing out of the last syllable!—it seems like the lingering of the heart's best feelings upon the blighted prospects of its purest joys!—the ceremony that would have completed the union of the loving maiden and admiring swain, blending, as it were, like the twin prongs of a brass-bound toasting-fork, their interests in one common cause. The ceremony of love's concentration can never be

performed! but the heart-feeling poet extends each tiny syllable even to its utmost stretch, that the tear-dropping reader may, while gulping down his sympathies, make at least a handsome mouthful of the word.

We now approach, with considerable awe, a portion of our task to which we beg to call the undivided attention of our erudite readers. Upon referring to the original black-letter quarto, we find, after each particular sentence, the author introduces, with consummate tact, a line, meant, as we presume, as a kind of literary resting-place, upon which the delighted mind might, in the sweet indulgence of repose, reflect with greater pleasure on the thrilling parts, made doubly thrilling by the poet's fire. The diversity of these, if we may so express them, "camp stools" of imagination, is worthy of remark, both as to their application and amplitude. For instance, after *one* line, and that if perused with attention, comparatively less abstruse than its fellows, the gifted poet satisfies himself with the insertion of three sonorous, but really simple syllables, they are invariably at follows—

"Too-ral-loo!"

But when *two* lines of the poem—burning with thought, bursting with action—entrance by their sublimity the enraptured reader, greater time is given, and more extended accommodation for a mental sit-down is afforded in the elaborate and elongated composition of

"Whack! fol-de-riddle lol-de-day!"

These introductions are of a high classic origin. Many professors of eminence have quarrelled as to whether they were not the original of the "Greek chorus;" while others, of equal erudition, have as stoutly maintained, though closely approximating in character and purpose, they are not the "originals," but imitations, and decidedly admirable ones, from those celebrated poets.

A Mr. William Waters, a gentleman of immense travel, one who had left the burning zone of the far East to visit the more chilling gales of a European climate, a philosopher of the sect known as the "Peripatetic," a devoted follower of the heathen Nine, whose fostering care has ever been devoted to the tutelage of the professors of sweet sounds; and therefore Waters was a high authority, declared in the peculiar *patois* attendant upon the pronunciation of a foreign mode of speech—that

"Too-ral-loo"

was to catch him wind! And

"Whack! fol-de-riddle lol-de-day,"

to let "um rosin up him fuddlestick!" These deductions are practical, if not poetical; but these are but the emanations from the brain of one—hundreds of other commentators differ from his view.

The most erudite linguists are excessively puzzled as to the nation whose peculiar language has been resorted to for these singular and unequalled introductions. The

"Too-ral-loo"

has been given up in despair. The nearest solution was that of an eminent arithmetician, who conjectured from the word too (Anglice, *two*)—and the use of the four cyphers—those immediately following the T and L—that they were intended to convey some notion of the personal property of Giles Scroggins or Molly Brown (he never made up his mind which of the two); and merely wanted the following marks to render them plain:—

T—oo (*two*)—either shillings or pence—and L—oo: no pounds!

This may or may not be right, but the research and ingenuity deserve the immortality we now confer upon it. The other line, the

"Whack! fol-de-riddle lol-de-day!"

has, perhaps, given rise to far more controversy, with certainly less tangible and satisfactory results.

The scene of the poem not being expressly stated in the original or early black-letter translation, many persons—whose love of country prompted their wishes—have endeavoured to attach a nationality to these gordian knots of erudition. An Hibernian gentleman of immense research—the celebrated "Darby Kelly"—has openly asserted the whole affair to be decidedly of Milesian origin: and, amid a vast number of corroborative circumstances, strenuously insists upon the solidity of his premises and deductions by triumphantly exclaiming, "What, or who but an *Irish* poet and an Irish hero, would commence a matter of so much consequence with the soul-stirring "whack!" adopted by the great author, and put into the mouth of his chosen hero?" Others again have supposed

—which is also far more improbable—that much of the obscurity of the above passage has its origin from simple mis-spelling on the part of the poet's amanuensis—he taking the literal dictation, forgetting the sublime author was suffering from a cold in the head, which rendered the words in sound—

“Riddle *lol* the lay;”

whereas they would otherwise have been pronounced—

“Riddle—*all the day*”—

that being an absolute and positive allusion to the agricultural pursuits of Giles Scroggins, he being generally employed by his more wealthy master—a great agrarian of those times—in the manly though somewhat fatiguing occupation of “riddling all the day:” an occupation which—like this article—was to be frequently resumed.

A NEW THEORY OF POCKETS.

DEFINITION *Pocket*, s. the small bag inserted into clothes.—WALKER (*a new edition, by Hookey*).

We are great on the subject of pockets—we acknowledge it—we avow it. From our youth upwards, and we are venerable now, we have made them the object of untiring research, analysis, and speculation; and if our exertions have occasionally involved us in contingent predicaments, or our zeal laid us open to conventional misconstructions, we console ourselves with Galileo and Tycho Brahe, who having, like us, discovered and arranged systems too large for the scope of the popular intellect, like us, became the martyrs of those great principles of science which they have immortalized themselves by teaching.

The result of a course of active and careful (s)peculations on the philosophy and economy of pockets, has led us to the conviction that their intention and use are but very imperfectly understood, even by the intelligent and reflective section of the community. It is, we fear, a very common error to regard them as conventional recesses, adapted for the reception and deposit of such luxurious additaments to the attire as are detached, yet accessory and indispensable ministers to our comfort. Now this delusive supposition is diametrically opposed to the truth. Pockets (we must be plain)—pockets are not made *to put into*, but to *take out of*; and, although it is of course necessary that, in order to produce the result of withdrawal, they be previously furnished with the wherewithal to withdraw, yet the process of insertion and supply is only carried on for the purpose of assisting the operation of the system.

And having, we trust, logically established this point, we shall hazard no incautious position in asserting that the man who empties a pocket, fulfils the object for which it was founded and established. And although, unhappily, a prejudice still exists in the minds of the uneducated, in favour of emptying their own pockets themselves, it must be evident that none but a narrow mind can take umbrage at the trifling acceleration of an event which must inevitably occur; or would desire to appropriate the credit of the distribution, as well as to deserve the merit of the supply.

We perceive with concern and apprehension, that pockets are gradually falling into disuse. To use the flippant idiom of the day, they are going out! This is an alarming, as well as a lamentable fact; and one, too, strikingly illustrative of the degeneracy of modern fashions. Whether we ascribe the change to a contemptuous neglect of ancestral institutions, or to an increasing difficulty in furnishing the indispensable attributes of the pocket, it is alike indicative of a crisis; and we confess that it is matter of astonishment to us, that in these days of theory and hypothesis, no man has ventured to trace the distress and the ruin now impending over the country, to the increasing disrespect and disuse of—pockets.

By way of approving our conjecture, let us contrast the garments of the hour with those of England in the olden time—long ago, when boards smoked and groaned under a load of good things in every man's house; when the rich took care of the poor, and the poor took care of themselves; when husband and wife married for love, and lived happily (though that must have been very long ago indeed); the athletic yeoman proceeded to his daily toil, enveloped in garments instinct with pockets. The ponderous watch—the plethoric purse—the massive snuff-box—the dainty tooth-pick—the grotesque handkerchief; all were accommodated and cherished in the more ample recesses of his coat; while supplementary fobs were endeared to him by their more seductive contents: *as* ginger lozenges, love-letters, and turnpike-tickets. Such were the days on which we should reflect with regret; such were the men whom we should imitate and revere. Had such a character as we have endeavoured feebly to sketch, met an individual enveloped in a shapeless cylindrical tube of pale Macintosh—impossible for taste—incapable of pockets—indefinite and indefinable—we question whether he would have regarded him in the light of a maniac, an incendiary, or a foreign spy—whether he would not have handed him immediately over to the exterminators of the law, as a being too depraved, too degraded for human sympathy. And yet—for our prolixity warns us to conclude—and yet the festering contagion of this baneful

example is now-a-days hidden under the mask of fashion. FASHION! and has it indeed come to this? Is fashion to trample on the best and finest feelings of our nature? Is fashion to be permitted to invade us in our green lanes, and our high roads, under our vines and our fig-trees, without hindrance, and without pockets? For the sake of human nature, we hope not—for the sake of our bleeding country, we hope not. No! "Take care of your pockets!" is one of the earliest maxims instilled into the youthful mind; and emphatically do we repeat to our fellow-countrymen—Englishmen, take care of your pockets!

PUNCH'S THEATRE.



ritics, as well as placemen, are occasionally sinecurists, and, like the gentlemen of England immortalised by Dibdin, are able, now and then, to "live at home at ease"—to dine (on dining days) in comfort, not having to rise from table to give authors or actors their dessert. This kind of novelty in our lives takes place when managers produce no novelties in their theatres; when authors are lazy, and actors do not come out in new parts but are contented with wearing out old ones—when, in short, such an eventless theatrical week as the past one leaves us to the enjoyment of our own hookahs, and the port of our cellar-keeping friends. The play-bills seem to have been printed from stereotype, for, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, they have never altered—since our last report.

This unexpected hot weather has visited the public with many a "Midsummer night's dream," *although* it is—and Covent Garden has opened *because* it is September; Sheridan's "Critic" has been very busy there, though PUNCH'S has had nothing to do. "London Assurance" is still seen to much advantage, and so is Madame Vestris.

The Haymarket manager continues to wade knee-deep in tragedy, in spite of the state of the weather. The fare is, however, too good for any change in the *carte*. "Werner" forms a substantial standing dish. The "Boarding School" makes a most palpable *entrée*; while "Bob Short," and "My Friend the Captain," serve as excellent after-courses. The promises recorded in the Haymarket bills are, a new tragedy by a new author, and an old comedy called "Riches;" a certain hit, if the continued success of "Money" be any criterion.

It is with feelings of the most rabid indignation that we approach the *Strand Theatre*, and the ruthless threat its announcements put forth of the future destruction of the only legitimate drama that is now left amongst us; that is to say, "PUNCH." When Thespis and his pupil Phynicus "came out" at the feasts of Bacchus; when "Roscius was an actor in Rome;" when Scaramouch turned the *Materia Medica* into a farce, and became a quack doctor in Italy; when Richardson set up his show in England—all these geniuses were peregrinate, peripatetic—their scenes were really moving ones, their tragic woes went upon wheels, their comedies were run through at the rate of so many miles per hour; the entire drama was, in fact, a travelling concern. Punch, the concentrated essence of all these, has, up to this date, preserved the pristine purity of his peripatetic fame; he still remains on circuit, he still retains his legitimacy. But, alas! ere this sheet has passed through the press, while its ink is yet as wet as our dear Judy's eyes, he will have fallen from his high estate: Hall will have housed him! Punch will have taken a stationary stand at the Strand Theatre!! The last stroke will have been given to the only ancient drama remaining, except the tragedies of Sophocles, and "Gammer Gurton's Needle."

With feelings of both sorrow and anger, we turn from the pedestrian to the equestrian drama. The Surrey has again, as of yore, become the Circus; she has been joined to Ducrow and his stud by the usual symbol of union—a *ring*. "Mazeppa" is *ridden* by Mr. Cartlitch, with great success, and the wild horse performed by an animal so highly trained, that it is as tame as a lap-dog—has galloped through a score or so of nights, to the delight of some thousands of spectators. The scenes in the circle exhibit the usual *round* of entertainment, and the *Merryman* delivers those reliques of antique facetiæ which have descended to the clowns of the ring from generation to generation, without the smallest innovation. Thus the Surrey shows symptoms of high prosperity, and properly declines to fly in Fortune's face by attempting novelty.

The Victoria continues to kill "James Dawson," in spite of our prediction. The bills, however, promise that he shall die outright on Monday next, and a happy release it will be. The proprietor of "Sadler's Wells" is making most spirited efforts to attract play-goers to the Islington side of the New River, by a return to the legitimate drama of *his* theatre, viz. —real water; while his box check-taker has kept one important integer of the public away; namely, that singular plural *we*—by impertinence for which we have exhausted all patience without obtaining redress.

There are, we hear, other theatres open in London, one called the "City of London," somewhere near Shoreditch; another in Whitechapel, both *terræ incognitæ* to us. The proprietors of these have handsomely presented us with free admissions. We beg them to accept our thanks for their courtesy; but are sorry we cannot avail ourselves of it till they

THE CORN LAWS AND CHRISTIANITY.

Doctor Chalmers refused to attend the synod of Clergymen gathered together to consider the relative value of the Big and Little Loaf, on the ground that the reverend gentlemen were beginning their work at the wrong end. Wages will go up with Christianity, says the Doctor; cheap corn will follow the dissemination of cheap Bibles. "I know of no other road for the indefinite advancement of the working classes to a far better remuneration, and, of course, a far more liberal maintenance, in return for their toils, than they have ever yet enjoyed—it is a *universal Christian education*." Such are the words of Doctor CHALMERS.

We perfectly agree with the reverend doctor. Instead of shipping Missionaries to Africa, let us keep those Christian sages at home for the instruction of the English Aristocracy. When we consider the benighted condition of the elegant savages of the western squares,—when we reflect upon the dreadful scepticism abounding in Park-lane, May-fair, Portland-place and its vicinity,—when we contemplate the abominable idols which these unhappy natives worship in their ignorance,—when we know that every thought, every act of their misspent life is dedicated to a false religion, when they make hourly and daily sacrifice to that brazen serpent,

SELF!—

when they offer up the poor man's sweat to the abomination,—when they lay before it the crippled child of the factory,—when they take from life its bloom and dignity, and degrading human nature to mere brute breathing, make offering of its wretchedness as the most savoury morsel to the perpetual craving of their insatiate god,—when we consider all the "manifold sins and wickednesses" of the barbarians in purple and fine linen, of those pampered savages "whose eyes are red with wine and whose teeth white with milk,"—we do earnestly hope that the suggestion of Doctor Chalmers will be carried into immediate practical effect, and that Missionaries, preaching true Christianity, will be sent among the rich and benighted people of this country,—so that the poor may believe that the Scriptures are something more than mere printed paper, seeing their glorious effects in the awakened hearts of those who, in the arrogance of their old idolatry, called themselves their betters!

"A universal Christian education!" To this end, the Bench of Bishops meet at Lambeth; and discovering that locusts and wild honey—the Baptist's diet—may be purchased for something less than ten thousand a year,—and, after a minute investigation of the Testament, failing to discover the name of St. Peter's coachmaker, or of St. Paul's footman, his valet, or his cook,—take counsel one with another, and resolve to forego at least nine-tenths of their yearly in-comings. "No!" they exclaim—and what apostolic brightness beams in the countenance of CANTERBURY—what celestial light plays about the fleshy head of LONDON—what more than saint-like beauty surprises the cowslip-coloured face of EXETER—what lambent fire, what looks of Christian love play about and beam from the whole episcopal Bench!—"No!" they cry—"we will no longer have the spirit oppressed by these cumbrous trappings of fleshy pride! We will promote an universal Christian education—we will teach charity by examples, and live unto all men by a personal abstinence from the bickerings and malice of civil life. We will not defile the sacred lawn with the mud of turnpike acts—we will no longer sweat in the House of Lords, but labour only in the House of the Lord!"

Their Christian hearts sweetly suffused with sudden meekness, the Bishops proceed—staff in hand, and Bible under arm—from Lambeth Palace. How the people make way for the holy procession! Hackney-coachmen on their stands uncover themselves, and the drayman, surprised in his whistle, doffs his beaver to the reverend pilgrims. With measured step and slow, they proceed to Downing-street; the self-deputed Missionaries, resolved to give her Majesty's ministers "a Christian education." Sir ROBERT PEEL is immediately taken in hand by the Bishop of EXETER; who sets the Baronet to learn and exemplify the practical beauties of the Lord's Prayer. When Sir ROBERT comes to "give us this day our daily bread," he insists upon adding the words "*with a sliding scale*." However, EXETER, animated by a sudden flux of Christianity, keeps the baronet to his lesson, and the Premier is regenerated; yea, is "a brand snatched from the fire."

Lord LYNDBURST makes a great many wry mouths at some parts of the Decalogue—we will not particularise them—but the Bishop of London is resolute, and the new Lord Chancellor is, in all respects a bran-new Christian.

Lord STANLEY begs that when he prays for power to forgive all his enemies, he may be permitted to except from that prayer—DANIEL O'CONNELL. The Bishop is, however, inexorable; and O'Connell is to be prayed for, in all churches visited by Lord STANLEY.

Several of the bishops, smitten by the heathen darkness of the great majority of the Cabinet—affected by their utter ignorance of the practical working of Christianity—burst into tears. It will not be credited by those disposed to think charitably of their fellow-

creatures, that—we state the melancholy fact upon the golden word of the Bishop of EXETER—several Cabinet ministers had never heard of the divine sentence which enjoins upon us to do to others as we would they should do unto us. Sir JAMES GRAHAM, for instance, declared that he had always understood the passage to simply run—“*Do others;*” and had, therefore, in very many acts of his political life, squared his doings according to the mutilated sentence. All the Cabinet had, more or less, some idea of the miracle of the Loaves and the Fishes. Indeed, many of them confessed that with them, the Loaves and the Fishes had, during their whole political career, contained the essence of Christianity. Sir EDWARD KNATCHBULL, Lord ELLENBOROUGH, and GOULBURN declared that for the last ten years they had hungered for nothing else.

We cannot dwell upon every individual case of ignorance displayed in the Cabinet. We confine ourselves to the glad statement, that every minister from the first lord of the treasury to the grooms in waiting, vivified by the sacred heat of their schoolmaster Bishops, illustrate the great truth of Doctor CHALMERS, that the poor man can only obtain justice “by a *universal* Christian education.”

The Bench of Bishops do not confine their labours to the instruction of the Cabinet. By no means. They have appointed prebends, deans, canons, vicars, &c., to teach the members of both houses of Parliament practical Christianity towards their fellow-men. Lord LONDONDERRY has sold his fowling-piece for the benefit of the poor—has given his shooting-jacket to the ragged beggar that sweeps the crossing opposite the Carlton Club—and resolving to forego the vanities of grouse, is now hard at work on “The Acts of the Apostles.” Colonel SIBTHORP—after unceasing labour on the part of Doctor CROLY—has managed to spell at least six of the hard names in the first chapter of St. Matthew, and can now, with very slight hesitation, declare who was the father of ZEBEDEE’S children!

“An universal Christian education!” Oh, reader! picture to yourself London—for one day only—operated upon by the purest Christianity. Consider the mundane interests of this tremendous metropolis directed by Apostolic principles! Imagine the hypocrisy of respectability—the conventional lie—the allowed ceremonial deceit—the tricks of trade—the ten thousand scoundrel subterfuges by which the lowest dealers of this world purchase Bank-stock and rear their own pine-apples—the common, innocent iniquities (innocent from their very antiquity, having been bequeathed from sire to son) which men perpetrate six working-days in the week, and after, lacker up their faces with a look of sleek humility for the Sunday pew—consider all this locust swarm of knaveries annihilated by the purifying spirit of Christianity, and then look upon London breathing and living, for one day only, by the sweet, sustaining truth of the Gospel!

Had our page ten thousand times its amplitude, it would not contain the briefest register of the changes of that day!

There is a scoundrel attorney, who for thirty years has become plethoric on broken hearts. The scales of leprous villany have fallen from him; and now, an incarnation of justice, he sits with open doors, to pour oil into the wounds of the smitten—to make man embrace man as his brother—to preach lovingkindness to all the world, and—without a fee—to chant the praises of peace and amity.

Crib the stockbroker meets *Horns* a fellow-labourer in the same hempen walk of life. *Crib* offers to buy a little Spanish of *Horns*. “My dear *Crib*,” says *Horns*, “it is impossible; I can’t sell; for I have just received by a private hand from Cadiz, news that must send the stock down to nothing. I am a Christian, my dear *Crib*,” says *Horns*, “and as a Christian, how could I sell you a certain loss?”

A mistaken, but well-meaning man, although a tailor, meets his debtor in Bow-street. A slight quarrel ensues; whereupon, the debtor (to show that the days of chivalry are *not* gone) kicks his tailor into the gutter. Does the tailor take the offender before Mr. JARDINE? By no means. The tailor is a Christian; and learning the exact measure of his enemy, and returning good for evil, he, in three days’ time, sends to his assailant a new suit of the very best super Saxony.

How many quacks we see rushing to the various newspaper offices to countermand their advertisements! What gaps in the columns of the newspapers themselves! Where is the sugary lie—the adroit slander—the scoundrel meanness, masking itself with the usage of patriotism? All, all are vanished, for—the *Morning Herald* is published upon Christian principles!

Let us descend to the smallest matters of social life. “Will this gingham wash?” asks *Betty* the housemaid of *Twill* the linen-draper. *Twill* is a Christian; and therefore replies, “it is a very poor article, and it will *not* wash!”

We are with Doctor Chalmers for Christianity—but not Christianity of *one side*. “Pray for those who despitefully use you,” say the Corn Law Apostles to the famishing; and then, cocking their eye at one another, and twitching their tongues in their mouths they add—“for this is Christianity!”

ENCOURAGEMENT OF NATIVE TALENT.

Her Majesty has, it seems, presented the conductor of the *Gazette Musicale* with a gold medal and her portrait, as a reward for his constant efforts in the cause of music (*vide Morning Post*, Sept. 9). From this, it may be supposed, foreigners alone are deemed worthy of distinction; but our readers will be glad to learn, that Rundells have been honoured with an order for a silver whistle for PUNCH. His unceasing efforts in the causes of *humbug*, political, literary, and dramatic, having drawn forth this high mark of royal favour.

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PUNCH'S PENCILLINGS—NO. X.



THE DINER-OUT.

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THE OMEN OUTWITTED:

OR, HOW HIS REVERENCE'S HEELS TOOK STEPS TO SAVE HIS HEAD.

"So, Dick, I mean your 'reverence,' you like the blessed old country as well as ever, eh, lad?"

"As well, ay, almost better. My return to it is like the meeting of long-parted friends—the joy of the moment is pure and unalloyed—all minor faults are forgotten—all former goodness rushes with double force from the recollection to the heart, and the renewal of old fellowship grafts new virtues (the sweet fruits of regretted absence) upon him who has been the chosen tenant of our 'heart of hearts.'"

"His reverence's health—three times three (empty them heeltaps, Jack, and fill out of the fresh jug)—now, boys, give tongue. That's the raal thing; them cheers would wake the seven sleepers after a dose of laudanum. Bless you, and long life to you! That's the worst wish you'll find here."

"I know that right well, uncle. I know it, feel it, and most heartily thank you all."

"Enough said, parson. By dad, Dick, its mighty droll to be calling you, that was but yesterday a small curly-pated gossoon, by that clerical mouthful of a handle to your name. But do you find us altered much?"

"There is no change but Time's—that has fallen lightly. To be sure, yesterday I was looking for the heads of my strapping cousins at the bottom button of their well-filled waistcoats, and, before Jack's arrival, meant to do a paternal and patriarchal 'pat' on his, at somewhere about that altitude; a ceremony he must excuse, as the little lad of my mind has thought proper to expand into a young Enniskillen of six feet three."

"He's a mighty fine boy—the lady-killing vagabone!" said the father, with a kind look of gratified pride; and then added, as if to stop the infection of the vanity, "and there's no denying he's big enough to be better." Here a slight scrimmage at the door of the dining-room attracted the attention of the "mather."

"What's the meaning of that noise, ye vagabones?"

"Spake up, Mickey."

"Is it me?" "It is." "Not at all, by no means. Let Paddy do it, or Tim Carroll; they're used to going out wid the car, and don't mind spaking to the quality." "Take yourselves out o' that, or let me know what you want, and be pretty quick about it, too."

The result of this order was the appearance of Tim Carroll in the centre of the room—a dig between the shoulders, and vigorously-applied kick behind, hastening him into that somewhat uneasy situation, with a degree of expedition perfectly marvellous.

"Spake out, what is it?" "Ahem!" commenced Tim; "you see, sir (*aside*), I'll be even wid you for that kick, you thief of the world—you see, Paddy (bad manners to him) and the rest o' the boys, was thinking that, owing to the change o' climate, Master Richard—that is, his new riverence—has gone through by rason of laving England and comin' here—and mighty could, no doubt, he was on the journey—be praised he's safe—the boy, sir, was thinkin', mather dear, it was nothing but their duty, and what was due to the family, to ax your honour's opinion about their takin' the smallest taste of whiskey in life, jist to be drinking his riverence's Mather Richard's health, and"—"Success to him!" shouted the chorus at the door. "That's it!" said the mather. "And nothing but it!" responded the chorus. "Nelly, my jewel! take the keys and give them anything in dacency!" "Hurrah! smiling good luck to you, for ever and afther!" "That'll do, boys! but stay: it's Terence Conway's wedding night—it's a good tenant he's been to me—take the sup down there, and you'll get a dance; now be off, you devils!"

"Many thanks to your honour!" chorused the delighted group; and "I done that iligant, anyhow," muttered the gratified, successful, and, therefore, forgiving orator. "I'll try again. Ahem! wouldn't the young gentlemen just step down for a taste?" "By all manes!" was chimed at once; their hats were mounted in a moment, and off they set.

Terence Conway's farm was soon reached; the barn affording the most accommodation for the numerous visitors, was fitted up for the occasion. It was nearly full, as Terence was a popular man—one that didn't grudge the "bit and sup," and never turned his back upon friend or foe. Loud and hearty were the cheers of the delighted tenantry, as the three sons of their beloved landlord passed the threshold. The appearance of the "stranger" was received with no such demonstrations of welcome; on the contrary, there was a sullen silence, soon after broken by suppressed and angry murmurs. These were somewhat appeased by one of the sons introducing his "cousin," and endeavouring to joke the peasants into good-humour, by laughingly assuring them his "reverence" was but a bad drinker, and would not deprive them of much of the poteen; then passing his arm through the parson's, he led the way, as it afterwards turned out, rather unfortunately, to the top of the barn, and there, followed by his brothers, they took their seats.

The entrance of the Catholic priest (a most amiable man) at this moment attracted the entire attention of the party, during which time Tim Carroll elbowed his way to the place where his master was seated, and calling him partially aside, whispered, "Master John, dear, tell his riverence, Master Richard, to go."

"What for?"

"Sure, is not he entirely in black?"

"Well, what of it?"

"What of it? Houly Paul! the likes o' that! If my skin was as hard as a miser's heart, I wouldn't put it into a black coat, and come to a wedding in it; it's the devil's own bad omen, and nothing else!"

"You are right! What a fool I was not to tell Dick! Cousin, a word!"

Here the clamour became somewhat louder, the priest taking an active part, and speaking rapidly and earnestly in their native tongue to the evidently excited peasantry. He suddenly broke from them, and hastening to the Protestant clergyman, grasped his hand, and, shaking it heartily, wished him "health, long life, and happiness:" and lifting a tumbler of punch to his lips, drank off nearly half its contents, exclaiming the customary, "God save all here!" He then presented the liquor to the stranger, saying in a low earnest voice, "Drink that toast, sir!"

This order was instantly complied with. The clear tones of the young man's unfaltering voice and the hearty cordiality of his utterance had a singular effect upon the more turbulent; the priest passed rapidly from the one to the other, and endeavoured to say something pleasant to all, but, despite his attempts at calmness, he was evidently ill at ease.

Tim Carroll again sidled up to his young master.

"The boys mane harrum, sir," said Tim; "but never mind, there's five of us here. We've not been idle, we've all been taking pick o' the sticks, and divil a stroke falls upon one of the ould ancient family widout showing a bruck head or a flat back for it."

"What am I to understand by this?" inquired the young stranger.

"That you're like Tom Fergusson when he rode the losing horse—you've mounted the wrong colour; and, be dad, you are pretty well marked down for it, sir; but never mind, there's Tim Carroll looking as black as the inside of a sut-bag. Let him come on! he peeled the skin off them shins o' mine at futball; maybe, I won't trim his head with black thorn for that same, if he's any ways obstropolis this blessed night."

"Silence, sir! neither my inclination nor sacred calling will allow me to countenance a broil! I have been the first offender—to attempt to leave the room now would but provoke an attack; leave this affair to me, and don't interfere."

"By the powers! if man or mortal lifts his hand to injure you, I'll smash the soul out of him! Do you think, omen or no omen, I'll stand by and see you harmed?—not a bit of it! If you are a parson and a child of peace, I have the honour to be a soldier, and claim my right to battle in your cause."

Maugre the pacific tone of the unfortunately-accoutered ecclesiastic, there was something of defiance in his flashing eye and crimson cheek, as he turned his brightening glance upon what might almost be called the host of his foes; and the nervous pressure which returned the grasp of his cousin's sinewy hand, spoke something more of readiness for battle than could have been gathered from his expressed wishes.

"If, Jack, it comes to that, why, as human nature is weak—excuse what I may feel compelled to do; but for the present pray oblige me by keeping your seat and the peace; or, if you must move and fidget about, go and make that pugnacious Tim Carroll as decent as you can."

"I'll be advised by you, Dick; but look out!" So saying, the stalwart young officer bustled his way to the uproarious Tim.

It was well he did so, or bloodshed must have ensued, as at that moment a tall and powerful man, brother-in-law to the bride, lifted his stick, and after giving it the customary twirl aimed a point-blank blow at the head of the ill-omened parson. The bound of an antelope brought the girl to the spot; her small hand averted the direction of the deadly weapon, and before the action had been perceived by any present, or the attempt could be resumed, she dropped a curtesy to the assailant, and in a loud voice, with an affected laugh, exclaimed—

"You, if you please, sir;" and, turning quickly to the fiddler, continued: "Any tune you like, Mr. Murphy, sir; but, good luck to you, be quick, or we won't have a dance to-night!"

"Clear the floor!—a dance! a dance!" shouted every one.

In a few seconds the angry scowl had passed from the flushed cheeks of Dan Sheeny, and there he was, toe and heeling, double shuffling, and cutting it over the buckle, to the

admiration of all beholders. The bride was seated near the stranger—he perceived this, and suddenly quitting his place, danced up to her, and nodding, as he stopped for a moment, invited her to join him. She was ever light of foot, and, as she said afterwards, “would have danced her life out but she’d give the poor young gentleman a chance.” Long and vigorously did Dan Sheeny advance, retire, curvette, and caper. The whiskey and exertion at length overcame him, and he left the lady sole mistress of the floor. By this time murmurs had again arisen, and all eyes were turned upon the intruder, who had been intently engaged observing the dancers. It was an accomplishment for which he had been celebrated previous to his taking orders, and the old feeling so strongly interested him, that he was absorbed in the pleasure of witnessing the activity and joyousness of the performers. He turned his head for an instant—a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder. On his starting up, he saw nothing but the smiling Norah pressing the arm of a tall peasant, and curtseying him a challenge to join her “on the floor.” He paused for a moment, then gaily taking her hand, advanced with her to the centre. All eyes were bent upon them, but there was no restraint in the young parson’s manner. The most popular jig-tune was called for—to it they went; his early-taught and well-practised feet beat living echoes to the most rapid bars. A foot of ground seemed ample space for all the intricate compilation of the *raal* Conamera “capers.” The tune was changed again and again; again and again was his infinity of steps adapted to its varying sounds: to use a popular phrase, you might have heard a pin drop. Every mouth was closed, every eye fixed upon his rapid feet; and, when at length wearied with exertion, the almost fainting girl was falling to the earth, her gallant partner caught her in his arms, and, like an infant, bore her to the open air, one loud and general cheer burst from their unclosed lips; a few moments restored the pretty lass to perfect health. Her first words were, “Leave me, sir, and save yourself.” It was too late; borne on the shoulders of the admiring mob, who, despite his suit of sables (now rendered innoxious by the varying colour of the crimson kerchief the young bride bound round his neck), he was soon seated in the chair of honour, and there, surrounded by his friends, finished the night the “lion of the dance.” And thus it was that his “Reverence’s heels took steps to preserve his head.”—FUSBOS

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TRANSACTIONS AND YEARLY REPORT. OF THE HOOKHAM-CUM-SNIVEY LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, AND MECHANICS’ INSTITUTION.

(Continued from our last.)

An important and advantageous arrangement in the transactions of the society, since its foundation, has been the institution of the classes “for the acquisition of a general smattering of everything,” more especially as concerning the younger branches of society. It is, however, much to be regretted, that the public examination of the juvenile members, upon the subjects they had listened to during the past course, did not turn out so well as the committee could have wished. The various professors had taken incredible pains to teach the infant philosophers correct answers to the separate questions that would be asked them, in order that they might reply with becoming readiness. Unfortunately the examiner began at the wrong end of the class, and threw them all out, except the middle one. We sub-join a few of the questions:—

State the distance, in miles, from the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum to the Tuesday in Easter week, and show how long a man would be going from one to the other, if he travelled at the rate of four gallons a minute.

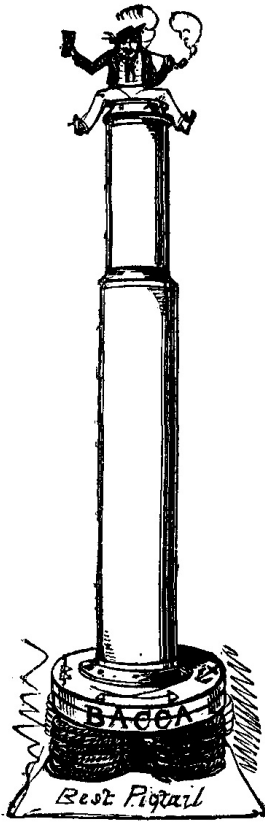
Required to know the advantages of giving tracts to poor people who cannot read, and how many are equivalent to a sliding-scale penny buster, in the way of nourishment.

“Was Lord John Russell in his Windsor uniform, ever mistaken for a two-penny postman; if so, what great man imagined the affinity?”

The School of Design and Drawing has made very creditable progress, and the subscribers will be gratified in learning, that one of the pupils sent in a design for the Nelson Testimonial, which would in all probability have been accepted, had not the decision been made in the usual preconcerted underhand manner. Following the columnar idea of Mr. Railton, our talented pupil had put forth a peculiarly appropriate idea: the shaft would have been formed by a sea-telescope of gigantic proportions, pulled out to its utmost extent. On the summit of this Nelson would have been seated, as on the maintop, smoking his pipe, from which real smoke would have issued. This would have been produced by a stove at the bottom of the column, whose object was to furnish a steady supply of baked potatoes, uninfluenced by the fluctuations of the market, to the cabmen of Trafalgar-square, and the street-sweepers at Charing-cross. The artist who designed the elegant structure at King’s-cross, which partakes so comprehensively of the attributes of a pump, a watch-house, a lamp-post, and a turnpike, would have superintended its erection, and a carved figure-head might have been purchased, for a mere song, to crown the elevation. It would not have much mattered whether the image was intended for Nelson or not, because, from its extreme elevation, no one, without a spy-glass, could have told one character from another

—Thiers from Lord John Russell, George Steevens from Shakspeare, Muntz from the Duke of Brunswick, or anybody else.

THE MUSEUM.



The museum of the institution has been gradually increasing in valuable additions, and donations are respectfully requested from families having any dust-collecting articles about their houses which they are anxious to get rid of.

The first curiosities presented were, of course, those which have formed the nucleus of every museum that was ever established, and consisted of "South Sea Islander's paddles and spears, North American mocassins and tomahawks, and Sandwich (not in Kent, but in the Pacific Ocean) canoes and fishing-tackle. In addition, we have received the following, which the society beg to acknowledge:—

The jaw-bone of an animal, supposed to be a cow, found two feet below the surface, in digging for the Great Western Railway, near Slough.

Farthing, penny, and sixpence, of the reign of George the Fourth.

Piece of wood from the red-funnel steam-boat sunk off the Isle of Dogs, in August, 1841, which had been under water nearly six days.

A variety of articles manufactured from the above, sufficient to build a boat twelve times the size, may be purchased of the librarian.

A floor-tile, in excellent preservation, from the old Hookham-cum-Snivey workhouse kitchen, before the new union was built.

Specimens of pebbles collected from the gravel-pits at Highgate, and a valuable series of oyster-shells, discovered the day after Bartholomew-fair, near the corner of Cock-lane.

A small lizard, caught in the Regent's-park, preserved in gin-and-water, in a soda-water bottle, and denominated by the librarian "a heffut."

LIBRARY.

Advertisement half of a *Times* newspaper for March, 1838.

Playbill of the English Opera during Balfe's management, supposed to be that of the memorable night when 16*l.* 4*s.* was taken, in hard cash, at the doors.

View of the Execution of the late Mr. Greenacre in front of Newgate, published by Catnach, from a drawing by an unknown artist. (*Very rare!*)

MS. pantomime, refused at the Haymarket, entitled "Harlequin and the Hungarian Daughter; or, All My Eye and Betty Martinuzzi," with the whole of the songs, choruses, and incidental combats and situations. Presented by the author, in company with a receipt for red and green fire.

Bound copy of Sermons preached at Hookham-cum-Snivey Church, by the Reverend Peter Twaddle, on the occasions, of building a dusthole for the national schools; of outfitting the missionaries who are exported annually to be eaten by the Catawampous Indians; on the death of Mr. Grubly, the retired cheesemonger, who endowed the weathercock; and in aid of the funds of the "newly-born-baby-clothes-bag-and-basket-institution:" printed at the desire of his, "he fears, in this instance, too partial" parishioners, and presented by himself.

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

The treaty of the four powers, to which Chelsea, Battersea, Brompton, and Wandsworth are parties, and from which Pimlico has hitherto obstinately stood aloof, has at length been ratified by the re-entry of that impetuous suburb into the general views of Middlesex. We have now a right to call upon Pimlico to disarm, and to cut off its extra watchman with a promptitude that shall show the sincerity with which it has joined the neighbouring powers in the celebrated treaty of Kensington. It is already known that, by this document, Moses Hayley is recognised as hereditary beadle, and Abraham Parker is placed in undisturbed possession of the post of waterman on the coach-stand in the outskirts. We are not among those who expect to find a spirit of propagandism prevailing in the policy of the powers of Pimlico. The lamplighter who lights the district is a man of sound discernment, and there is

everything to hope from the moderation he has always exhibited.

SIBTHORP ON THE CORN LAW.

Sibthorp came out in full fig at Sir Robert Peel's dinner. While he was having his hair curled, and the irons were heating, he asked the two-penny operator what was his opinion of the corn-law question. The barber's answer suggested the following con.:—

"Why am I like a man eating a particular sort of fancy bread?"—"Because," answered the tonsor, "you are having



A TWOPENNY TWIST"

This reply made the Colonel's hair stand on end, taking it quite out of curl.

FISH SAUCE.

The boy Jones, in one of his visits to the Palace, to avoid detection, secreted himself up the kitchen chimney. The intense heat necessary for the preparation of a large dish of white-bait for her Majesty's dinner compelled him to relax his hold, and in an instant he was precipitated among the Blackwall delicacies. The indignant cook immediately demanded "his business there." "Don't you see," observed the younker, "I'm



ONE OF THE FRY?"

PUNCH'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

NO. 4.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Definition.—The history of "naturals"—which chiefly include the human species—and of "simples" (herbs), occupies the branch of science we are about to enlighten our readers upon. It treats, in fact, of animated nature; while physical history—instead of being the history of Apothecaries' Hall, as many suppose—deals exclusively with inanimate matter.

Of genus, species, and orders.—If, in the vegetable world, we commence with the buttercup, and trace all the various kinds and sizes of plants that exist, up to the pine (Norwegian), and down again to the hautboy (Cormack's Princesses); if, among the lower animals, we begin with a gnat and go up to an elephant, or select from the human species a Lord John Russell, and place him beside a professor Whewell, we shall see that nature provides an endless variety of all sorts of everything. Now, to render a knowledge of everything in natural history as difficult of acquirement as possible to everybody, the scientific world divides nature into the above-mentioned classes, to which Latin names are

given. For instance, it would be vulgarly ridiculous to call a "cat" by its right name; and when one says "cat," a dogmatic naturalist is justified in thinking one means a lion or tiger, both these belonging to the *category* of "cats;" hence, a "cat" is denominated, for shortness, *felis Ægyptiacus*; an ass is turned into a horse, by being an *equus*; a woman into a man, for with him she is equally *homo*.

Of this last species it is our purpose exclusively to treat. The variety of it we commence with is,

THE BARBER (*homo emollientissimus*.—TRUEFIT).

Physical structure and peculiarities.—The most singular peculiarity of the barber is, that although, in his avocations, he always is what is termed a "strapper," yet his stature is usually short. His tongue, however, makes up for this deficiency, being remarkably long,—a beautiful provision of nature; for while he is seldom called upon to use his legs with rapidity, his lingual organ is always obliged to be on the "run." His eyes are keen, and his wits sharp; his mouth is tinged with humour, and his hair—particularly when threatening to be gray—with *poudre unique*. Manner, prepossessing; crop, close; fingers, dirty; toes, turned out. He seldom indulges in whiskers, for his business is to shave.

1. *Habits, reproduction, and food.*—A singular uniformity of *habits* is observable amongst barbers. They all live in shops curiously adorned with play-bills and pomatum-pots, and use the same formulary of conversation to every new customer. All are politicians on both sides of every subject; and if there happen to be three sides to a question, they take a triangular view of it.

2. *Reproduction.*—Some men are born barbers, others have barberism thrust upon them. The first class are brought forth in but small numbers, for shavers seldom pair. The second take to the razor from disappointment in trade or in love. This is evident, from the habits of the animal when alone, at which period, if observed, a deep, mysterious, melo-dramatic gloom will be seen to overspread his countenance. He is essentially a social being; company is as necessary to his existence as beards.

3. *Food.*—Upon this subject the most minute researches of the most prying naturalists have not been able to procure a crumb of information. That the barber does eat can only be inferred; it cannot be proved, for no person was ever known to catch him in the act; if he does masticate, he munches in silence and in secret¹.

Geographical distribution of barbers.—Although the majority of barbers live near the *pole*, they are pretty diffusely disseminated over the entire face of the globe. The advance of civilization has, however, much lessened their numbers; for we find, wherever valets are kept, barbers are not; and as the magnet turns towards the north, they are attracted to the east. In St. James's, the shaver's "occupation's gone;" but throughout the whole of Wapping, the distance is very short

1. Not so of drinking. Only last week we saw, with our own eyes, a pot of ale in a barber's shop; and very good ale it was, too, for we tasted it.



"FROM POLE TO POLE."

A LECTURE ON MORALITY.—BY PUNCH.

Moral philosophers are the greatest fools in the world. I am a moral philosopher; I am no fool though. Who contradicts me? If any, speak, and come within reach of my cudgel. I am a moral philosopher of a new school. The schoolmaster is abroad, and I am the schoolmaster; but if anybody says that *I* am abroad, I will knock him down. I am *at home*. And now, good people, attend to me, and you will hear something worth learning.

The reason why I call all moral philosophers fools is, because they have not gone properly to work. Each has given his own peculiar notions, merely, to the world. Now, different people have different opinions: some like apples, and others prefer another sort of fruit,

with which, no doubt, many of you are familiar. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

My system of morality is the result of induction. I am very fond of Bacon—I mean, the Bacon recommended to you by the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge"—*Lord Bacon*. I therefore study the actions of mankind, and draw my inferences accordingly. The people whose conduct I attend to are those who get on best in the world; for the object of all morality is to make ourselves happy, and as long as we are so, what, my good friends, does it signify?

The first thing that you must do in the study of morals is, to get rid of all prejudices. Bacon and I quite agree upon this point. By prejudices I mean your previous notions concerning right and wrong.

Dr. Johnson calls morality "the doctrine of the duties of life." In this definition I agree. The doctor was a clever man. I very much admire the knock-down arguments that he was so fond of; it is the way in which I usually reason myself. Now the duties of life are two-fold—our duty to others and our duty to ourselves. Our duty to ourselves is to make ourselves as comfortable as possible; our duty to others, is to make them assist us to the best of their ability in so doing. This is the plan on which all respectable persons act, and it is one which I have always followed myself. What are the consequences? See how popular I am; and, what is more, observe how fat I have got! Here is a corporation for you! Here is a leg! What think you of such a cap as this? and of this embroidered coat? Who says that I am not a fine fellow, and that my system is not almost as fine? Let him argue the point with me, if he dare!

Happiness consists in pursuing our inclinations without disturbance, and without getting into trouble. Make it, then, your first rule of conduct always to do exactly as you please; that is, if you can. I am not like other moralists, who talk in one way and act in another. What I advise you to do, is nothing more than what I practise myself, as you have very often observed, I dare say.

Be careful to show, invariably, a proper respect for the laws; that is to say, when you do anything illegal, take all the precautions that you can against being found out. Here, perhaps, my example is somewhat at variance with my doctrine; but I am stronger, you know, than the executive, and therefore, instead of my respecting it, it ought to respect me.

Be sure to keep a quiet conscience. In order that you may secure this greatest of blessings, never allow yourselves to regret any part of your past behaviour; and whenever you feel tempted to do so, take the readiest means that you can think of to banish reflection, or, as Lord Byron very properly terms it—

"The blight of life, the demon Thought!"

You have observed that, after having knocked anybody on the head, I generally begin to dance and sing. This I do, not because I am troubled with any such weakness as remorse, but in order to instruct you. I do not mean to say that you are to conduct yourselves precisely in the same manner under similar circumstances; a pipe, or a pot, or a pinch of snuff—in short, any means of diversion—will answer your purpose equally well.

Adhere strictly to truth—whenever there is no occasion for lying. Be particularly careful to conceal no one circumstance likely to redound to your credit. But when two principles clash, the weaker, my good people, must, as the saying is, go to the wall. If, therefore, it be to your interest to lie, do so, and do it boldly. No one would wear false hair who had hair of his own; but he who has none, must, of course, wear a wig. I do not see any difference between false hair and false assertions; and I think a lie a very useful invention. It is like a coat or a pair of breeches, it serves to clothe the naked. But do not throw your falsifications away: I like a proper economy. Some silly persons would have you invariably speak the truth. My friends, if you were to act in this way, in what department of commerce could you succeed? How could you get on in the law? what vagabond would ever employ you to defend his cause? What practice do you think you would be likely to procure as a physician, if you were to tell every old woman who fancied herself ill, that there was nothing the matter with her, or to prescribe abstinence to an alderman, as a cure for indigestion? What would be your prospect in the church, where, not to mention a few other little trifles, you would have, when you came to be made a bishop, to say that you did not wish to be any such thing? No, my friends, truth is all very well when the telling of it is convenient; but when it is not, give me a bouncing lie. But that one lie, object the advocates of uniform veracity, will require twenty more to make it good: very well, then, tell them. Ever have a due regard to the sanctity of oaths; this you will evince by never using them to support a fiction, except on high and solemn occasions, such as when you are about to be invested with some public dignity. But avoid any approach to a superstitious veneration for them: it is to keep those thin-skinned and impracticable individuals who are infected by this failing from the management of public affairs, that they have been, in great measure, devised.

Never break a promise, unless bound to do so by a previous one; and promise yourselves from this time forth never to do anything that will put you to inconvenience.

Never take what does not belong to you. For, as a young pupil who formerly attended these lectures pathetically expressed himself, he furnishing, at the time, in his own person, an illustration of the maxim—

“Him as prigs wot isn’t his’n,
Ven ‘a’s cotch must go to pris’n!”

But what is it that does *not* belong to you? I answer, whatever you cannot take with impunity. Never fail, however, to appropriate that which the law does not protect. This is a duty which you owe to yourselves. And in order that you may thoroughly carry out this principle, procure, if you can, a legal education; because there are a great many flaws in titles, agreements, and the like, the knowledge of which will often enable you to lay hands upon various kinds of property to which at first sight you might appear to have no claim. Should you ever be so circumstanced as to be beyond the control of the law, you will, of course, be able to take whatever you want; because there will be nothing then that will *not* belong to you. This, my friends, is a grand moral principle; and, as illustrative of it, we have an example (as schoolboys say in their themes) in Alexander the Great; and besides, in all other conquerors that have ever lived, from Nimrod down to Napoleon inclusive.

Speak evil of no one behind his back, unless you are likely to get anything by so doing. On the contrary, have a good word to say, if you can, of everybody, provided that the person who is praised by you is likely to be informed of the circumstance. And, the more to display the generosity of your disposition, never hesitate, on convenient occasions, to bestow the highest eulogies on those who do not deserve them.

Be abstemious—in eating and drinking at your own expense; but when you feed at another person’s, consume as much as you can possibly digest.

Let your behaviour be always distinguished by modesty. Never boast or brag, when you are likely to be disbelieved; and do not contradict your superiors—that is to say, when you are in the presence of people who are richer than yourselves, never express an opinion of your own.

Live peaceably with all mankind, if you can; but, as you cannot, endeavor, as the next best thing, to settle all disputes as speedily as possible, by coming, without loss of time, to blows; provided always that the debate promises to be terminated, by reason of your superior strength, in your own favour, and that you are not likely to be taken up for knocking another person down. It is very true that I, individually, *never* shun this kind of discussion, whatever may be the strength and pretensions of my opponent; but then, I enjoy a consciousness of superiority over the whole world, which you, perhaps, may not feel, and which might, in some cases, mislead you. I think, however, that a supreme contempt for all but yourselves is a very proper sentiment to entertain; and, from what I observe of the conduct of certain teachers, I imagine that this is what is meant by the word humility. You must, nevertheless, be careful how you display it; do so only when you see a probability of overawing and frightening those around you, so as to make them contributors to the great aim of your existence—self-gratification.

Be firm, but not obstinate. Never change your mind when the result of the alteration would be detrimental to your comfort and interest; but do not maintain an inconvenient inflexibility of purpose. Do not, for instance, in affairs of the heart, simply because you have declared, perhaps with an oath or two, that you will be constant till death, think it necessary to make any effort to remain so. The case stands thus: you enter into an agreement with a being whose aggregate of perfections is expressible, we will say, by 20. Now, if they would always keep at that point, there might be some reason for your remaining unaltered, namely, your not being able to help it. But suppose that they dwindle down to 19-1/2, the person, that is, the whole sum of the qualities admired, no longer exists, and you, of course, are absolved from your engagement. But mind, I do not say that you are justified in changing *only* in case of a change on the opposite side: you may very possibly become simply tired. In this case, your prior promise to yourself will absolve you from the performance of the one in question.

And now, my good friends, before we part, let me beg of you not to allow yourselves to be diverted from the right path by a parcel of cant. You will hear my system stigmatised as selfish; and I advise you, whenever you have occasion to speak of it in general society, to call it so too. You will thus obtain a character for generosity; a very desirable thing to have, if you can get it cheap. Selfish, indeed! is not self the axis of the earth out of which you were taken? The fact is, good people, that just as notions the very opposite of truth have prevailed in matters of science, so have they, likewise, in those of morals. A set of impracticable doctrines, under the name of virtue, have been preached up by your teachers; and it is only fortunate that they have been practised by so few; those few having been, almost to a man, poisoned, strangled, burnt, or worse treated, for their pains.

But here comes the police, to interfere, as usual, with the dissemination of useful truths. Farewell, my good people; and whenever you are disposed for additional instruction, I can only say that I shall be very happy to afford it to you for a reasonable consideration.

A BOWER OF BLISS IN STANGATE.

Oh, fly to the Bower—fly with me.—OLD OR NEW SONG (*I forget which*).

If you take a walk over Waterloo-bridge, and, after going straight on for some distance, turn to the right, you will find yourself in the New-Cut, where you may purchase everything, from a secretaire-bookcase to a saveloy, on the most moderate terms possible. The tradesmen of the New-Cut are a peculiar class, and the butchers, in particular, seem to be brimming over with the milk of human kindness, for every female customer is addressed as "My love," while every male passer-by is saluted with the friendly greeting of "Now, old chap, what can I do for you?" The greengrocers in this "happy land" earnestly invite the ladies to "pull away" at the mountains of cabbages which their sheds display, while little boys on the pavement offer what they playfully designate "a plummy ha'p'orth," of onions to the casual passenger.

At the end of the New-Cut stands the Marsh-gate, which, at night, is all gas and ghastriness, dirt and dazzle, blackguardism and brilliancy. The illumination of the adjacent gin-palace throws a glare on the haggard faces of those who are sauntering outside. Having arrived thus far, watch your opportunity, by dodging the cabs and threading the maze of omnibuses, to effect a crossing, when you will find Stangate-street, *running out*, as some people say, of the Westminster-road; though of the fact that a street ever ran out of a road, we take leave to be sceptical.

Well, go on down this Stangate-street, and when you get to the bottom, you will find, on the left-hand, THE BOWER! And a pretty bower it is, not of leaves and flowers, but of bricks and mortar. It is not

"A bower of roses by Bendermere's stream,
With the nightingale singing there all the day long;
In the days of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
To sit 'mid the roses and hear the birds' song.
That bower, and its music, I never forget:
But oft, when alone, at the close of the year,
I think is the nightingale singing there yet,
Are the roses still fresh by the calm Bendermere?"

No, there is none of this sentimental twaddle about the Bower to which we are alluding. There are no roses, and no nightingale; but there are lots of smoking, and plenty of vocalists. We will paraphrase Moore, since we can hardly do less, and we may say, with truth,

"There's a Bower in Stangate's respectable street,
There's a company acting there all the night long;
In the days of my childhood, egad—what a treat!
To listen attentive to some thundering song.
That Bower and its concert I never forget;
But oft when of halfpence my pockets are clear,
I think, are the audience sitting there yet,
Still smoking their pipes, and imbibing their beer?"

Upon entering the door, you are called on to pay your money, which is threepence for the saloon and sixpence for the boxes. The saloon is a large space fitted up something like a chapel, or rather a court of justice; there being in front of each seat a species of desk or ledge, which, in the places last named would hold prayer-books or papers, but at the Bower are designed for tumblers and pewter-pots. The audience, like the spirits they imbibe, are very much mixed; the greater portion consisting of respectable mechanics, while here and there may be seen an individual, who, from his seedy coat, well-brushed four-and-nine hat, highly polished but palpably patched highlows, outrageously shaved face and absence of shirt collar, is decidedly an amateur, who now and then plays a part, and as he is never mistaken for an actor on the stage, tries when off to look as much like one as possible.

The boxes are nothing but a gallery, and are generally visited by a certain class of ladies who resemble angels, at least, in one particular, for they are "few and far between."

But what are the entertainments? A miscellaneous concert, in which the first tenor, habited in a *surtout*, with the tails pinned back, to look like a dress-coat, apostrophises his "pretty Jane," and begs particularly to know her reason for looking so *shayi—vulgo*, shy. Then there is the bass, who disdains any attempt at a body-coat, but honestly comes forward in a decided bearskin, and, while going down to G, protests emphatically that "He's on the C (sea)." Then there is the *prima donna*, in a pink gauze petticoat, over a yellow calico slip, with lots of jewels (sham), an immense colour in the very middle of the cheek, but terribly chalked just about the mouth, and shouting the "Soldier tired," with a most insinuating simper at the corporal of the Foot-guards in front, who returns the compliment by a most outrageous leer between each whiff of his tobacco-pipe.

Then comes an *Overture by the band*, which is a little commonwealth, in which none

aspires to lead, none condescends to follow. At it they go indiscriminately, and those who get first to the end of the composition, strike in at the point where the others happen to have arrived; so that, if they proceed at sixes and sevens, they generally contrive to end in unison.

Occasionally we are treated with Musard's *Echo quadrilles*, when the solos are all done by the octave flute, so are all the echoes, and so is everything but the *cada*.

But the grand performance of the night is the dramatic piece, which is generally a three-act opera, embracing the whole debility of the company. There is the villain, who always looks so wretched as to impress on the mind that, if honesty is not the best policy, rascality is certainly the worst. Then there is the lover, whose woe-begone countenance and unhappy gait, render it really surprising that the heroine, in dirty white sarsnet, should have displayed so much constancy. The low comedy is generally done by a gentleman who, while fully impressed with the importance of the "low," seems wholly to overlook the "comedy;" and there is now and then a banished nobleman, who appears to have entirely forgotten everything in the shape of nobility during his banishment. There is not unfrequently a display of one of the proprietor's children in a part requiring "infant innocence;" and as our ideas of that angelic state are associated principally with pudding heads and dirty faces, the performance is generally got through with a nastiness approaching to nicety. But it is time to make our escape from the *Bower*, and we therefore leave them to get through the "Chough and Crow"—which is often the wind-up, because it admits of a good deal of growling—in our absence. We cannot be tempted to remain even to witness the pleasing performances of the "Sons of Syria," nor the "Aunts of Abyssinia." We will not wait to see Mr. Macdonald sing "Hot codlings" on his head, though the bills inform us he has been honoured by a command to go through that interesting process from "*nearly all the crowned heads in Europe.*"

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

VOL. 1.

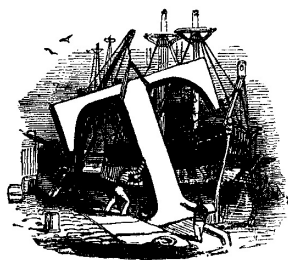
SEPTEMBER 25, 1841.

[pg 121]

THE HEIR OF APPLEBITE.

CHAPTER V.

SHOWS THAT "THERE'S MANY A SLIP" BETWEEN OTHER THINGS BESIDE "THE CUP AND THE LIP."



he heir of Applebite continued to squall and thrive, to the infinite delight of his youthful mamma, who was determined that the joyful occasion of his cutting his first tooth should be duly celebrated by an evening party of great splendour; and accordingly cards were issued to the following effect:—

MR. AND MRS. APPLEBITE
REQUEST THE HONOUR OF
— — —'s

COMPANY TO AN EVENING PARTY,
On Thursday, the 12th inst.

Quadrilles. An Answer will oblige.

It was the first home-made party that Collumpson had ever given; for though during his bachelorhood he had been no niggard of his hospitality, yet the confectioner had supplied the edibles, and the upholsterer arranged the decorations; but now Mrs. Applebite, with a laudable spirit of economy, converted No. 24, Pleasant-terrace, into a perfect *cuisine* for a week preceding the eventful evening; and old John was kept in a constant state of excitement by Mrs. Waddledot, who superintended the ornamental department of these elaborate preparations.

Agamemnon felt that he was a cipher in the house, for no one condescended to notice him for three whole days, and it was with extreme difficulty that he could procure the means of "recruiting exhausted nature" at those particular hours which had hitherto been devoted to the necessary operation.

On the morning of the 12th, Agamemnon was anxiously engaged in endeavouring to acquire a knowledge of the last alterations in the figure of *La Pastorale*, when he fancied he heard an unusual commotion in the lower apartments of his establishment. In a few moments his name was vociferously pronounced by Mrs. Applebite, and the affrighted Collumpson rushed down stairs, expecting to find himself another Thyestes, whose children, it is recorded, were made into a pie for his own consumption.

On entering the kitchen he perceived the cause of the uproar, although he could see nothing else, for the dense suffocating vapour with which the room was filled.

"Oh dear!" said Mrs. Applebite, "the chimney's on fire; one pound of fresh butter—"

"And two pound o'lard's done it!" exclaimed Susan.

"What's to be done?" inquired Collumpson.

"Send for my brother, sir," said Betty.

"Where does he live?" cried old John.

"On No. 746," replied Betty.

"Where's that?" cried the whole assembled party.

"I don't know, but it's a hackney-coach as he drives," said Betty.

A general chorus of "Pshaw!" greeted this very unsatisfactory rejoinder. Another rush of smoke into the kitchen rendered some more active measures necessary, and, after a short discussion, it was decided that John and Betty should proceed to the roof of the house with two pailsful of water, whilst Agamemnon remained below to watch the effects of the measure. When John and Betty arrived at the chimney-pots, the pother was so confusing, that they were undecided which was the rebellious flue! but, in order to render assurance doubly sure, they each selected the one they conceived to be the delinquent, and discharged the contents of their buckets accordingly, without any apparent diminution of the intestine war which was raging in the chimney. A fresh supply from a cistern on the roof, similarly applied, produced no better effects, and Agamemnon, in an agony of doubt, rushed up-stairs to ascertain the cause of non-abatement. Accidentally popping his head into the drawing-room, what was his horror at beholding the beautiful Brussels carpet, so lately "redolent of brilliant hues," one sheet of inky liquid, into which Mrs. Waddledot (who had followed him) instantly swooned. Agamemnon, in his alarm, never thought of his wife's mother, but had rushed half-way up the next flight of stairs, when a violent knocking arrested his ascent, and, with the fear of the whole fire-brigade before his eyes, he rushed to open the door, the knocker of which kept up an incessant clamour both in and out of the house. The first person that met his view was a footman, 25, dyed with the same sooty evidence of John and Betty's exertions, as he had encountered on entering his own drawing-room. The dreadful fact flashed upon Collumpson's mind, and long before the winded and saturated servant could detail the horrors he had witnessed in "his missuses best bed-room, in No. 25," the bewildered proprietor of No. 24 was frantically shaking his innocently offending menials on the leads of his own establishment. Then came a confused noise of little voices in the street, shouting and hurraing in the fulness of that delight which we regret to say is too frequently felt by the world at large at the misfortunes of one in particular. Then came the sullen rumble of the parish engine, followed by violent assaults on the bell and knocker, then another huzza! welcoming the extraction of the fire-plug, and the sparkling fountain of "New River," which followed as a providential consequence. Collumpson again descended, as John had at last discovered the right chimney, and having inundated the stewpans and the kitchen, had succeeded in extinguishing the sooty cause of all these disasters. The mob had, by this time, increased to an alarming extent. Policemen were busily employed in making a ring for the exhibition of the water-works—little boys were pushing each other into the flowing gutters—small girls, with astonished infants in their arms, were struggling for front places against the opposite railings; and every window, from the drawing-rooms to the attics, in Pleasant-terrace were studded with heads, in someway resembling the doll heads in a gingerbread lottery, with which a man on a wooden leg was tempting the monied portion of the juvenile alarmists. Agamemnon opened the door, and being flanked by the whole of his household, proceeded to address the populace on the present satisfactory state of his kitchen chimney. The announcement was received by expressions of extreme disgust, as though every auditor considered that a fire ought to have taken place, and that they had been defrauded of their time and excitement, and that the extinguishing of the same by any other means than by legitimate engines was a gross imposition. He was about remonstrating with them on the extreme inconvenience which would have attended a compliance with their reasonable and humane objections, when his eloquence was suddenly cut short by a *jet d'eau* which a ragged urchin directed over him, by scientifically placing his foot over the spouting plug-hole. This clever manoeuvre in some way pacified the crowd, and after awaiting the re-appearance of the parish engineer, who had insisted on a personal inspection of the premises, they gave another shout of derision and departed.

Thus commenced the festivities to celebrate the advent of the first tooth of the Heir of Applebite.

GRAVESEND.

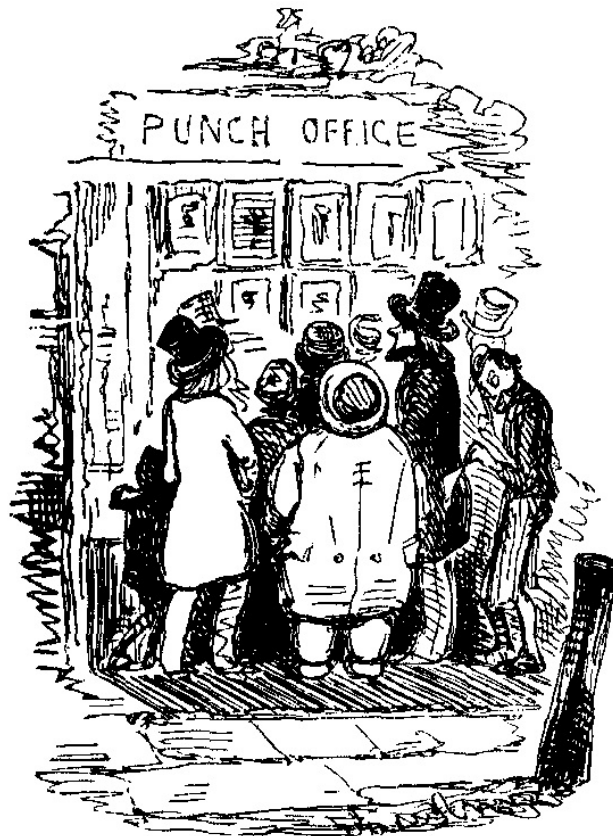
(From our own Correspondent.)

This delightful watering-place is filled with beauty and fashion, there being lots of large curls and small bonnets in every portion of the town and neighbourhood.

We understand it is in contemplation to convert the mud on the banks of the river into sand, in order that the idea of the sea-side may be realised as far as possible. Two donkey cart-loads have already been laid down by way of experiment, and the spot on which they were thrown was literally thronged with pedestrians. The only difficulty likely to arise is, that the tide washes the sand away, and leaves the mud just as usual.

The return of the imports and exports shows an immense increase in the prosperity of this, if not salubrious sea-port, at least healthy watercourse. It seems that the importation of Margate slippers this year, as compared with that of the last, has been as two-and-three-quarters to one-and-a-half, or rather more than double, while the consumption of donkeys has been most gratifying, and proves beyond doubt that the pedestrians and equestrians are not so numerous by any means as the asinestrians. The first round of a new ladder for ascending the balconies of the bathing-rooms was laid on Wednesday, amidst an inconvenient concourse of visitors. With the exception of a rap on the toes received by those who pressed so much on the carpenter employed as to retard the progress of his work, all passed off quietly. After the ceremony, the man was regaled by the proprietor of the rooms with some beer, at the tap of the neighbouring hotel for families and gentlemen.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF GUFFAW.

SCRUPULOUSLY PREPARED FROM THE RECIPE OF THE LATE

MR. JOSEPH MILLER,

AND PATRONISED BY

THE ROYAL FAMILY,

THE TWELVE JUDGES, THE LORD CHANCELLOR, THE SWELL MOB, MR.
HOBLER, AND THE COURT OF ALDERMEN;

ALSO BY THE

COMMISSIONERS OF POLICE, THE SEXTON OF ST. MARYLEBONE, THE
PHOENIX LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, THE KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS,

AND THE

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

This inestimable composition, which cures all disorders, and keeps in all climates, may be had of every respectable bookseller on the face of the globe. Price 3d.

TESTIMONIALS.

TO MR. PUNCH.

SIR,—Having incautiously witnessed two consecutive performances of Mr. Macready in the "Lady of Lyons," the comic portions of them threw me into a state of deep and chronic melancholy, which the various physicians employed were unable to cure. Hearing, however, of your excellent medicine, I took it regularly every Saturday for five weeks, and am now able to go about my daily employment, which being that of a low comedian, was materially interfered with by my late complaint.

I remain, with gratitude, yours truly,

JOHN SAUNDERS.

New Strand Theatre.

SIR,—I was, till lately, private secretary to Lord John Russell. I had to copy his somniferous dispatches, to endure a rehearsal of his prosy speeches, to get up, at an immense labour to myself, incessant laughs at his jokes. At length, by the enormous exertions the last duty imposed upon me, I sunk into a hopeless state of cachinnatory impotence: my risible muscles refused to perform their office, and I lost mine. I was discharged. Fortunately, however, for me, I happened to meet with your infallible "Pills to Purge Melancholy," and tried Nos. 1 to 10 inclusive of them.

With feelings overflowing with gratitude, I now inform you, that I have procured another situation with Sir James Graham; and to show you how completely my roaring powers have returned, I have only to state, that it was I who got up the screeching applause with which Sir James's recent jokes about the Wilde and Tame serjeants were greeted.

I am, Sir, yours,

GEORGE STEPHEN,

Late "over"-Secretary, and Author of the "Canadian Rebellion."

SIR,—Being the proprietor of several weekly newspapers, which I have conducted for many years, my jocular powers gradually declined, from hard usage and incessant labour, till I was reduced to a state of despair; for my papers ceasing to sell, I experienced a complete stoppage of circulation.

In this terrible state I had the happiness to meet with your "Essence of Guffaw," and tried its effect upon my readers, by inserting several doses of your Attic salt in my "New Weekly Messenger," "Planet," &c. &c. The effects were wonderful. Their amount of sale increased at every joke, and has now completely recovered.

I am, Sir,

JOHN BELL.

Craven-street, Strand.

Note.—This testimonial is gratifying, as the gentleman has hitherto failed to acknowledge the source of the wonderful cure we have effected in his property.

SIR,—As the author of the facetious political essays in the "Morning Herald," it is but due to you that I should candidly state the reason why my articles have, of late, so visibly

improved.

In truth, sir, I am wholly indebted to you. Feeling a gradual debility come over my *facetiæ*, I tried several potions of the "New Monthly" and "Bentley's Miscellany," without experiencing the smallest relief. "PUNCH" and his "Essence of Guffaw" were, however, most strongly recommended to me by my friend the editor of "Cruikshank's Omnibus," who had wonderfully revived after taking repeated doses. I followed his example, and am now completely re-established in fine, jocular health.

I am, Sir,

THE "OWN CORRESPONDENT."

Shoe-lane.

Inestimable SIR,—A thousand blessings light upon your head! You have snatched a too fond heart from a too early grave. My life-preserver, my PUNCH! receive the grateful benedictions of a resuscitated soul, of a saved Seraphina Simpkins!

Samuel, dearest PUNCH, was false! He took Jemima to the Pavilion; I detected his perfidy, and determined to end my sorrows under the fourth arch of Waterloo-bridge.

In my way to the fatal spot I passed—no, I could *not* pass—your office. By chance directed, or by fate constrained, I stopped to read a placard of your infallible specific. I bought one dose—it was enough. I have now forgotten Samuel, and am happy in the affection of another.

Publish this, if you please; it may be of service to young persons who are crossed in love, and in want of straw-bonnets at 3s. 6d. each, best Dunstable.

I am, yours,

SERAPHINA SIMPKINS,

Architect of Tuscan, straw, and other bonnets, Lant-street, Borough.

CAUTION.—None are genuine unless duly stamped—with good humour, good taste, and good jokes. Observe: "PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI, price Threepence," is on the cover. Several spurious imitations are abroad, at a reduced price, the effects of which are dreadful upon the system.

W(H)AT TYLER.

The following pictorial joke has been sent to us by Count D'Orsay, which he denominates



TILING A FLAT.

All our attempts to discover the wit of this *tableau d'esprit* have been quite *fu-tile*. Perhaps our readers will be more successful.

A MESMERIC ADVERTISEMENT.

Wanted, by Mons. Lafontaine, a few fine able-bodied young men, who can suffer the running of pins into their legs without flinching, and who can stare out an ignited lucifer without winking. A few respectable-looking men, to get up in the room and make speeches on the subject of the mesmeric science, will also be treated with. Quakers' hats and coats are kept on the premises. Any little boy who has been accustomed at school to bear the cane without wincing will be liberally treated with.

AN ALARMING STRIKE.

HORACE TWISS, on being told that the workmen employed at the New Houses of Parliament struck last week, to the number of 468, declared that he would follow their example unless Bob raised his wages.

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SIR RHUBARB PILL, M.P. & M.D.

"Now the Poor Law is the only remedy for all the distresses referred to contained in the whole of the Baronet's speech."—*Morning Chronicle*, Sept. 21.

Oh! dear Doctor,
Great bill
And pill
Concoctor,
Most worthy follower in the steps
Of Dr. Epps,
And eke that cannie man
Old Dr. Hanneman—
Two individuals of consummate gumption,
Who declare,
That whensoe'er
The patient's labouring under a consumption,
To save him from a trip across the Styx,
To ancient Nick's
In Charon's shallop,
If the consumption be upon the canter,
It should be put upon the gallop
Instanter;
For, "*similia similibus curantur*,"
Great medicinal cod
(Beating the mode
Of old Hippocrates, whom M.D.'s mostly follow,
Quite hollow);
Which would make
A patient take
No end of verjuice for the belly-ache;
And find, beyond a question,
A power of good in
A lump of cold plum-pudding
For a case of indigestion.
And just as sage,
In this wise age,
'Faith, Dr. Peel, is *your* law;
Which, as a remedy
For poverty,
Would recommend the Poor Law.

MATINEE MESMERIQUE

Or, Procédé Humbugaresque.

There is at present in London a gentleman with an enormous beard, who professes the science of animal magnetism, and undertakes to deprive of sense those who come under his hand; but as those who flock to his exhibition have generally left all the sense they possess at home, he finds it difficult to accomplish his purposes. If it is animal magnetism to send another to sleep, what a series of *Soirées Mesmériques* must take place in the House of Commons during the sitting of Parliament! There is no doubt that Sir Robert Peel is the Lafontaine of political mesmerism—the *fountain* of quackery—and every pass he makes with his hand over poor John Bull serves to bring him into that state of stupefaction in which he may be most easily victimised. While Lafontaine thrusts pins into his patient, the Premier sends poor John into a swoon, for the purpose of, as it is vulgarly termed, *sticking it into him*; and as the French quack holds lucifers to the nostril, Peel plays the devil under the very nose of the paralysed sufferer. One resorts to *electrics*, the other to

election tricks, but each has the same object in view—to bring the subject of the operation into a state of unconsciousness. If the Premier would give a *Matinée Politique*, it would prove a formidable rival to the *Soirée Mesmérrique* of the gentleman in the beard, who seems impressed with the now popular idea, that genius and a clean chin are wholly incompatible.

(H)ALL IS LOST NOW!

‘Sir B. HALL is still Sir B. Hall. Where is the peerage—the “B-all and end-all” of his patriotism? Really the Whigs ought to have given the poor dog a bone, considering with what perseverance he has always been



STANDING FOR MARROWBONE (MARYLEBONE).

When a person holds an argument with his neighbour on the opposite aide of the street, why is there no chance of their agreeing?—Because they argue from different *premises*.

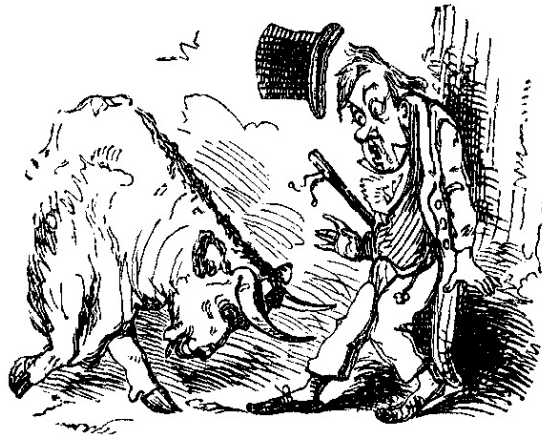
NOVEL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Looking into an Australian paper the other day, we cast our eye over a list of subscriptions for the “St. Patrick’s Orphan School, Windsor;” which, after enumerating several sums, varying from 10*l.* to *five* shillings, ended with the following singular contributions:—

- MR. BURKE—A supply of potatoes.
- A FRIEND—Five pounds of beef, and a coat.
- A FRIEND IN NEED—A shoulder of mutton.
- A POOR WOMAN—A large damper.
- AN EMIGRANT—Ten quarts of milk.
- AN EMIGRANT—A frying-pan.

At first we were disposed to be amused with the heterogeneous nature of the contributions, but, on reflection, we felt disposed to applaud a plan which enabled every one to bestow a portion of any article of which he possesses a superabundance. If, for instance, a similar subscription were began here, we might expect to find the following contributions:—

- SIR ROBERT PEEL—A large stock of political consistency.
- LORD LONDONDERRY—An ounce of wit.
- LORD NORMANBY—A complete copy of “Yes and No.”
- COLONEL SIBTHORP—A calf’s-head, garnished.
- THE BISHOP OF EXETER—His pastoral blessing.
- LORD MELBOURNE AND LORD JOHN RUSSELL—A pair of cast-off slippers.
- MR. WAKELY—A dish of Tory flummery.
- DAN O’CONNELL—A prime lot of



REAL IRISH BUTTER.

SONGS FOR THE SENTIMENTAL.—NO. 7.

Fair Daphne has tresses as bright as the hue
That illumines the west when a summer-day closes;
Her eyes seem like violets laden with dew,
Her lips will compare with the sweetest of roses.
By Daphne's decree I am doom'd to despair,
Though ofttimes I've pray'd the fair maid to revoke it.
"No—Colin I love"—(thus will Daphne declare)
"Put that in your pipe, if you will, sir, and smoke it."

Once I thought that she loved me (O! fatal deceit),
For she wore at the dance the gay wreath I had twined her;
She smiled when I swore that I envied each sweet,
And vow'd that in love's rosy chains I would bind her.
I press'd her soft hand, and a blush dyed her cheek;
"Oh! there's love," I exclaim'd, "in that eye's liquid glancing."
She spoke, and I think I can *still* hear her speak—
"You know about love what a pig knows of dancing!"

JOE HUM(E)ANITY.

The "late of" Middlesex, during his visit to Switzerland, happened to be charged, at a cottage half-way up the Jura, three farthings for seven eggs. Astonished and disgusted at the demand, he vehemently declared that things were come to a pretty



PASS IN THE MOUNTAINS

THE MINISTERIAL TOP.

We understand Sir James Graham has lately been labouring under severe and continued fits of vertigo, produced, as his medical attendants state, by his extraordinary propensity for *turning round*.

AND THE POOR LAW COMMISSIONERS.

It is not generally known that the above gentleman has been officially engaged by the eminent and philanthropic pauper-patrons, to put his principles into practice throughout the whole of the Unions in the United Kingdom.

Knowing the extraordinary appetite of the vulgar for anything approaching the unintelligible and marvellous, we feel sorry to be obliged, by a brief detail of this gentleman's early life and habits, to divest the present phenomenon of much of its apparent wonder and romance.

Mr. Cavanagh was in infancy rather remarkable for the many sleepless nights he occasioned his worthy parents by his juvenile intimations that fasting at that time was no part of his system. He progressed rapidly in his powers of consumption, and was indeed a child of



A FULL HABIT;

or, as his nurse expressed it, he was *alwaist* good for three rounds at breakfast, not at all to be sneezed at luncheon, anything but bad at dinner, hearty at tea (another three-rounder), and very consistent at supper.

"Reverse of fortune changes friends"—reverse of circumstances, alas! too often changes feeds!—pecuniary disappointments brought on a reduction of circumstances—reduction of circumstances occasioned a reduction of meals, and the necessity for such reduction being very apparent to a philosophic mind, engendered a reduction of craving for the same. Perhaps nothing could have proved more generally beneficial than the individual misfortunes of Mr. Bernard Cavanagh, which transferred him to one of those Elysiums of brick and mortar, the "Poor Law Union." Here, as he himself expresses it, the fearful fallacies of his past system were made beautifully apparent; he felt as if existence could be maintained by the infinitesimal process, so benevolently advocated and regularly prepared, that one step more was all that was necessary to arrive at dietary perfectibility. That step he took, it being simply, instead of next to nothing, to live on nothing at all; and now, such was his opinion of the condiments supplied, he declares it to be by far the pleasantest of the two.

It has been reported that Mr. Bernard Cavanagh's powers of abstinence have their latent origin in enthusiasm. This he confesses to be the case, his great admiration for fasting having arisen from the circumstance of his frequently seeing the process of manufacturing the pauper gruel, which sight filled him with most intense yearnings to hit upon some plan by which, as far as he was concerned, he might for ever avoid any participation in its consumption.

That immense cigar, the mild Cavanagh! favours us with the following practical account of his system; by which he intends, through the means of enthusiasm, to render breakfasts a superfluity—luncheons, inutilities—dinners, dreadful extravagancies—teas, iniquitous wastes—and suppers, supper-erogatories.

Mr. B.C. proposes the instant dismissal, without wages or warning, of all the cooks, and substitution of the like number of Ciceros; thereby affording a more ample mental diet, as the followers will be served out with orations instead of rations. For the proper excitement of the necessary enthusiasm, he submits the following Mental Bill of Fare:—

FOR STRONG STOMACHS AND WEAK INTELLECTS:—

Feargus O'Connor, as per Crown and Anchor.

Mr. Vincent.

Mr. Roebuck, with ancestral sauce—very fine, if not pitched too strong.

N.B.—In case of surfeit from the above, the editor of the *Times* may be resorted to as an antidote.

Daniel O'Connell—whose successful practice of the exciting and fasting, or rather, starving system, among the rent contributors in Ireland, not only proves the truth of the theory, but enables B.C. to recommend him as the safest dish in the *carte*.

FOR WEAK STOMACHS AND VERY SMALL IMAGINATIONS:—

D'Israeli (Ben)—breakfast off the "Wondrous Tale of Alroy."

Bulwer—lunch on "Siamese Twins."

Stephens—dine off "The Hungarian Daughter."

Heraud—tea off "The Deluge,"—sup off the whole Minerva Library.

N.B.—None of the above, will bear the slightest dilution.

FOR DELICATE DIGESTIONS, AND LIMITED UNDERSTANDINGS, PERUSALS OF

"World of Fashion."

Lord John Russell's "Don Carlos."

Montgomery's "Satan" (very good as a devil).

"Journal of Civilization."

Any of F. Chorley's writings, Robins' advertisements, or poetry relating to Warren's Jet Blacking.

FOR MENTAL BOLTERS

Ainsworth's "Jack Sheppard."

Harmer's "Weekly Dispatch."

"Newgate Calendar."

"Terrific Register," "Frankenstein," &c. &c. &c.

The above forms a brief abstract of Mr. B.C.'s plan, furnished and approved by the Poor Law Commissioners. We are credibly informed that the same enlightened gentleman is at present making arrangements with Sir Robert Peel for the total repeal of the use of bread by all operatives, and thereby tranquillising the present state of excitement upon the corn-law question; proving bread, once erroneously considered the staff of life, to be nothing more than a mere ornamental opera cane.

SYNCRETIC LITERATURE.

Concluding remarks on an Epic Poem of Giles Scroggins and Molly Brown.

The circumstance which rendered Giles Scroggins peculiarly ineligible as a bridegroom eminently qualified him as a tenant for one of those receptacles in which defunct mortals progress to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns." Fancy the bereaved Molly, or, as she is in grief, and grief is tragical, Mary Brown, denuded of her scarf and black gloves, turning faintly from the untouched cake and tasteless wine, and retiring to the virtuous couch, whereon, with aching heart, the poet asserts she, the said

"Poor Molly, laid her down to weep;"

and then contemplate her the victim of somnolent consequences, when—

"She cried herself quite fast asleep,"

Here an ordinary mind might have left the maiden and reverted "to her streaming eyes," inflamed lids, dishevelled locks, and bursting sigh, as satisfactory evidences of the truth of her broken-heartedness, but the "great anonymous" of whom we treat, scorns the application of such external circumstances as agents whereby to depict the intenseness of the passion of the ten thousand condensed turtle-doves glowing in the bosom of *his* heroine. Sleep falls upon her eyes; but the "life of death," the subtle essence of the shrouded soul, the watchful sentinel and viewless evidence of immortality, the wild and flitting air-wrought impalpabilities of her fitful dreams, still haunt her in her seeming hours of rest. Fancy her feelings—

"When, standing fast by her bed-post,
A figure tall her sight engross'd,"

and it cried—

"I be's Giles Scroggins' ghost."

Such is the frightful announcement commemorative of this visitation from the wandering spirit of the erratic Giles. Death has indeed parted them. Giles is cold, but still his love is warm! He loved and won her in life—he hints at a right of possession in death; and this very forgetfulness of what he *was*, and what he *is*, is the best essence of the overwhelming intensity of his passion. He continues (with a beautiful reliance on the faith and *living* constancy of Molly, in reciprocation, though dead, of his deathless attachment) to offer her a share, not of his bed and board, but of his shell and shroud. There is somewhat of the imperative in the invitation, which runs thus:—

"The ghost it said so solemnly,
'Oh, Molly, you *must* go with me,
All to the grave, your love to cool."

We have no doubt this assumption of command on the part of the ghost—an assumption, be it remembered, never ventured upon by the living Giles—gave rise to some unpleasant reflections in the mind of the slumbering Molly. *Must* is certainly an awkward word. Tell any lady that she *must* do this, or *must* do that, and, however much her wishes may have previously prompted the proceeding, we feel perfectly satisfied, that on the very shortest notice she will find an absolute and undeniable reason why such a proceeding is diametrically opposed to the line of conduct she *will*, and therefore ought to, adopt.

With an intuitive knowledge of human nature, the great poet purposely uses the above objectionable word. How could he do otherwise, or how more effectually, and less offensively, extricate Molly Brown from the unpleasant tenantry of the proposed underground floor? Command invariably begets opposition, opposition as certainly leads to argument. So proves our heroine, who, with a beautiful evasiveness, delivers the following expostulation:—

"Says she, 'I am not dead, you fool!'"

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One would think *that* was a pretty decent clincher, by way of a reason for declining the proposed trip to Giles Scroggins' little property at his own peculiar "Gravesend;" but as contradiction begets controversy, and the enlightened poet is fully aware of the effect of that cause, the undaunted sprite of the interred Giles instantly opposes this, to him, flimsy excuse, and upon the peculiar veracity of a wandering ghost, triumphantly exclaims, in the poet's words—words that, lest any mistake should arise as to the speaker by the peculiar construction of the sentence, are rendered *doubly* individual, for—

"Says the *ghost*, says *he*, vy that's no rule!"

There's a staggerer! being alive no rule for *not* being buried! how *is* Molly Brown to get out of that high-pressure cleft-stick? how! that's the question! Why not in a state of somnolency, not during the "death of each day's life; no, it is clear, to escape such a consummation she must be wide awake." The poet sees this, and with the energy of a master-mind, he brings the invisible chimera of her entranced imagination into effective operation. Argument with a man who denies first premises, and we submit the assertion that vitality is no exception to the treatment of the dead, amounts to that. We say, argument with such a man is worse than nothing; it would be fallacious as the Eolian experiment of whistling the most inspiring jigs to an inanimate, and consequently unmusical, milestone, opposing a transatlantic thunder-storm with "a more paper than powder" "penny cracker," or setting an owl to outstare the meridian sun.

The poet knew and felt this, and therefore he ends the delusion and controversy by an overt act:—

"The ghost then seized her all so grim,
All for to go along with him;
'Come, come,' said he, 'e'er morning beam."

To which she replies with the following determined announcement:—

"'I von't!' said she, and scream'd a scream,
Then she voke, and found she'd dream'd a dream!"

These are the last words we have left to descant upon: they are such as should be the last; and, like *Joseph Surface*, "moral to the end." The glowing passions the fervent hopes, the anticipated future, of the loving pair, all, all are frustrated! The great lesson of life imbues the elaborate production; the thinking reader, led by its sublimity to a train of deep reflection, sees at once the uncertainty of earthly projects, and sighing owns the wholesome, though still painful truth, that the brightest sun is ever the first cause of the darkest shadow; and from childhood upwards, the blissful visions of our gayest fancy—forced by the cry of stern reality—call back the mental wanderer from imaginary bliss, to be again the worldly drudge; and, thus awakened to his real state, confess, like our sad heroine, Molly Brown, he too, has *dreamt a dream*.

FATHER O'FLYNN AND HIS CONGREGATION.

Father Francis O'Flynn, or, as he was generally called by his parishioners, "Father Frank," was the choicest specimen you could desire of a jolly, quiet-going, ease-loving, Irish country priest of the old school. His parish lay near a small town in the eastern part of the county Cork, and for forty-five years he lived amongst his flock, performing all the duties of his office, and taking his dues (when he got them) with never-tiring good-humour. But age, that spares not priest nor layman, had stolen upon Father Frank, and he gradually relinquished to his younger curates the task of preaching, till at length his sermons dwindled down to two in the year—one at Christmas, and the other at Easter, at which times his clerical dues were about coming in. It was on one of these memorable occasions that I first chanced to hear Father Frank address his congregation. I have him now before my mind's eye, as he then appeared; a stout, middle-sized man, with ample shoulders, enveloped in a coat of superfine black, and substantial legs encased in long straight boots, reaching to the knee. His forehead, and the upper part of his head, were bald; but the use of hair-powder gave a fine effect to his massive, but good-humoured features, that glowed with the rich tint of a hale old age. A bunch of large gold seals, depending from a massive jack-chain of the same metal, oscillated with becoming dignity from the lower verge of his waistcoat, over the goodly prominence of his "fair round belly." Glancing his half-closed, but piercing eye around his auditory, as if calculating the contents of every pocket present, he commenced his address as follows:—"Well, my good people, I suppose ye know that to-morrow will be the *pattern*¹ of Saint Fineen, and no doubt ye'll all be for going to the blessed well to say your *padhereens*;² but I'll go bail there's few of you ever heard the reason why the water of that well won't raise a lather, or wash anything clean, though you were to put all the soap in Cork into it. Well, pay attintiou, and I'll tell you.—Mrs. Delany, can't you keep your child quiet while I'm spaking?—It happened a long while ago, that Saint Fineen, a holy and devout Christian, lived all alone, convaynient to the well; there he was to be found ever and always praying and reading his breviary upon a cowl'd stone that lay beside it. Onluckily enough, there lived also in the neighbourhood a *callieen dhas*³ called Morieen, and this Morieen had a fashion of coming down to the well every morning, at sunrise, to wash her legs and feet; and, by all accounts, you couldn't meet a whiter or shapelier pair from this to Bantry. Saint Fineen, however, was so distracted in his heavenly meditations, poor man! that he never once looked at them; but kept his eyes fast on his holy books, while Morieen was rubbing and lathering away, till the legs used to look like two beautiful pieces of alabaster in the clear water. Matters went on this way for some time, Morieen coming regular to the well, till one fine morning, as she stepped into the water, without minding what she was about, she struck her foot against a a stone and cut it.

1. *Pattern*—a corruption of *Patron*—means, in Ireland, the anniversary of the Saint to whom a holy well has been consecrated, on which day the peasantry make pilgrimages to the well.
2. Beads
3. Pretty girl

"Oh! Millia murdher! What'll I do?" cried the *callieen*, in the pitifulles voice you ever heard.

"What's the matter?" said Saint Fineen.

"I've cut my foot agin this misfortinat stone," says she, making answer.

"Then Saint Fineen lifted up his eyes from his blessed book, and he saw Morieen's legs and feet.

"Oh! Morieen!" says he, after looking awhile at them, 'what white legs you have got!'

"Have I?" says she, laughing, 'and how do *you* know that?'

"Immediately the Saint remimbered himself, and being full of remorse and conthrition for his fault, he laid his commands upon the well, that its water should never wash anything white again.—and, as I mentioned before, all the soap in Ireland wouldn't raise a lather on it since. Now that's the thrue histhory of St. Fineen's blessed well; and I hope and thrust it will be a saysonable and premonitory lesson to all the young men that hears me, not to fall into the vaynial sin of admiring the white legs of the girls."

As soon as his reverence paused, a buzz of admiration ran through the chapel, accompanied by that peculiar rapid noise made by the lower class of an Irish Roman Catholic congregation, when their feelings of awe, astonishment, or piety, are excited by the preacher.⁴

Father Frank having taken breath, and wiped his forehead, resumed his address.

"I'm going to change my subject now, and I expect attintion. Shawn Barry! Where's Shawn Barry?"

"Here, your Rivirence," replies a voice from the depth of the crowd.

4. This sound, which is produced by a quick motion of the tongue against the teeth and roof of the mouth, may be expressed thus; "tth, tth, tth, tth."

"Come up here, Shawn, 'till I examine you about your Catechism and docthrines."

A rough-headed fellow elbowed his way slowly through the congregation, and moulding his old hat into a thousand grotesque shapes, between his huge palms, presented himself before his pastor, with very much the air of a puzzled philosopher.

"Well, Shawn, my boy, do you know what is the meaning of Faith?"

"Parfictly, your Rivirence," replied the fellow, with a knowing grin. "Faith means when Paddy Hogan gives me credit for half-a-pint of the best."

"Get out of my sight, you ondaycent vagabond; you're a disgrace to my flock. Here, you Tom M'Gawley, what's Charity?"

"Bating a process-sarver, your Rivirence," replied Tom, promptly.

"Oh! blessed saints! how I'm persecuted with ye, root and branch. Jim Houlaghan, I'm looking at you, there, behind Peggy Callanane's cloak; come up here, you hanging *bone slieveen*⁵ and tell me what is the Last Day?"

5. A sly rogue.

"I didn't come to that yet, sir," replied Jim, scratching his head.

"I wouldn't fear you, you bosthoon. Well, listen, and I'll tell you. It's the day when you'll all have to settle your accounts, and I'm thinking there'll be a heavy score against some of you, if you don't mind what I'm saying to you. When that day comes, I'll walk up to Heaven and rap at the hall door. Then St. Pether, who will be takin' a nap after dinner in his arm-chair, inside, and not liking ta be disturbed, will call out mighty surly, 'Who's there?'"

"'It's I, my Lord,' I'll make answer.

"Av course, he'll know my voice, and, jumping up like a cricket, he'll open the door as wide as the hinges will let it, and say quite politely—

"'I'm proud to see you here, Father Frank. Walk in, if you plase.'

"Upon that I'll scrape my feet, and walk in, and then St. Pether will say agin—

"'Well, Father Frank, what have you got to say for yourself? Did you look well afther your flock; and mind to have them all christened, and married, and buried, according to the rites of our holy church?'

"Now, good people, I've been forty-five years amongst you, and didn't I christen every mother's soul of you?"

Congregation.—You did,—you did,—your Rivirence.

Father Frank.—Well, and didn't I bury the most of you, too?

Congregation.—You did, your Rivirence.

Father Frank.—And didn't I do my best to get dacent matches for all your little girls? I And didn't I get good wives for all the well-behaved boys in my parish?—Why don't you spake up, Mick Donovan?

Mick.—You did, your Rivirence.

Father Frank.—Well, that's settled:—but then St. Pether will say—"Father Frank," says he, "you're a proper man; but how did your flock behave to you—did they pay you your dues regularly?" Ah! good Christians, how shall I answer *that* question? Put it in my power to say something good of you: don't be ashamed to come up and pay your priest's dues. Come, —make a lane there, and let ye all come up with conthrite hearts and open hands. Tim Delaney!—make way for Tim:—how much will you give, Tim?

Tim.—I'll not be worse than another, your Riverence. I'll give a crown.

Father Frank.—Thank you, Timothy: the dacent drop is in you. Keep a lane, there!—any of ye that hasn't a crown, or half-a-crown, don't be bashful of coming up with your *hog* or your *testher*.⁶

6. A *shilling* or a *sixpence*.

And thus Father Frank went on encouraging and wheedling his flock to pay up his dues, until he had gone through his entire congregation, when I left the chapel, highly amused at the characteristic scene I had witnessed.

X.

Our gallant Sibthorp was lately invited by a friend to accompany him in a pleasure trip in his yacht to Cowes. "No!" exclaimed Sib.; "you don't catch me venturing near Cowes." "And why not?" inquired his friend. "Because I was never vaccinated," replied the hirsute hero.

DOCTOR PEEL TAKING TIME TO CONSULT.

Once upon a time—says an old Italian novelist—a horse fell, as in a fit, with his rider. The people, running from all sides, gathered about the steed, and many and opposite were the opinions of the sudden malady of the animal; as many the prescriptions tendered for his recovery. At length, a great hubbub arose among the mob; and a fellow, with the brass of a merryandrew, and the gravity of a quack-doctor, pressed through the throng, and approached the beast. Suddenly there was silence. It was plain to the vulgar that the solemn new-comer had brought with him some exquisite specific: it was evident, from the grave self-complacency of the stranger, that with a glance, he had detected the cause of sickness in the horse,—and that, in a few seconds, the prostrate animal, revived by the cunning of the sage, would be up, and once more curvetting and caracoling. The master of the steed eyed the stranger with an affectionate anxiety; the mob were awed into breathless expectation. The wise man shook his head, put his cane to his nose, and proceeded to open his mouth. It was plain he was about to speak. Every ear throbbled and gaped to catch the golden syllables. At length the doctor did speak: for casting about him a look of the profoundest knowledge, and pointing to the steed, he said, in a deep, solemn whisper,—"*Let the horse alone!*" Saying this, the doctor vanished!

The reader will immediately make the application. The horse *John Bull* is prostrate. It will be remembered that Colonel SIBTHORP (that dull mountebank) spoke learnedly upon glanders—that others declared the animal needed a lighter burthen and a greater allowance of corn,—but that the majority of the mob made way for a certain quacksalver PEEL, who being regularly called in and fee'd for his advice, professed himself to be possessed of some miraculous elixir for the suffering quadruped. All eyes were upon the doctor—all ears open for him, when lo! on the 16th of September,—PEEL, speaking with the voice of an oracle, said—"It is not my intention in the present session of Parliament to submit any measures for the consideration of the House!" In other words—"Let the horse alone!"

The praises of the Tory mob are loud and long at this wisdom of the doctor. He had loudly professed an intimate knowledge of the ailments of the horse—he had long predicted the fall of the poor beast,—and now, when the animal is down, and a remedy is looked for that shall once more set the creature on his legs, the veterinary politician says—"Let the horse alone!"

The speech of Sir ROBERT PEEL was a pithy illustration of the good old Tory creed. He opens his oration with a benevolent and patriotic yearning for the comforts of Parliamentary warmth and ventilation. He moves for papers connected with "the building of the two houses of Parliament, and with the adoption of measures for *warming and ventilating* those houses!" The whole policy of the Tories has ever exemplified their love of nice warm places; though, certainly, they have not been very great sticklers for atmospheric purity. Indeed, like certain other labourers, who work by night, they have toiled in the foulest air,—have profited by the most noisome labour. When Lord JOHN RUSSELL introduced that imperfect mode of ventilation, the Reform Bill, into the house, had he provided for a full and pure supply of public opinion,—had he ventilated the Commons by a more extended franchise,—Sir ROBERT PEEL would not, as minister, have shown such magnanimous concern for the creature comforts of Members of Parliament—he might, indeed, have still displayed his undying love of a warm place; but he would not have enjoyed it on the bench of the Treasury. As for ventilation, why, the creature Toryism, like a frog, could live in the heart of a tree;—it being always provided that the tree should bear golden pippins.

We can, however, imagine that this solicitude of Sir ROBERT for the ease and comfort of the legislative Magi may operate to his advantage in the minds of certain honest folk, touched by the humanity which sheds so sweet a light upon the opening oration of the new minister. "If"—they will doubtless think—"the humane Baronet feels so acutely for the Lords Spiritual and Temporal,—if he has this regard for the convenience of only 658 knights and burgesses,—if, in his enlarged humanity, he can feel for so helpless a creature as the Earl of COVENTRY, so mild, so unassuming a prelate as the Bishop of EXETER—if he can sympathise with the wants of even a D'ISRAELI, and tax his mighty intellect to make even SIBTHORP comfortable,—surely the same minister will have, aye, a morbid sense of the wants, the daily wretchedness of hundreds of thousands, who, with the fiend Corn Law grinning at their fireless hearths—pine and perish in weavers' hovels, for the which there has as yet been *no* adoption of measures for the warming and ventilating.'" "Surely"—they will think—"the man whose sympathy is active for a few of the 'meanest things that live' will gush with sensibility towards a countless multitude, fluttering into rags and gaunt with famine. He will go back to first principles; he will, with a giant's arm, knock down all the conventionalities built by the selfishness of man—(and what a labourer is selfishness! there

was no such hard worker at the Pyramids or the wall of China)—between him and his fellow! Hunger will be fed—nakedness will be clothed—and God’s image, though stricken with age, and broken with disease, be acknowledged; not in the cut-and-dried Pharisaical phrase of trading Church-goers, as a thing vested with immortality—as a creature fashioned for everlasting solemnities—but *practically* treated as of the great family of man—a brother, invited with the noblest of the Cæsars, to an immortal banquet!”

Such may be the hopes of a few, innocent of the knowledge of the stony-heartedness of Toryism. For ourselves, we hope nothing from Sir ROBERT PEEL. His flourish on the warming and ventilation of the new Houses of Parliament, taken in connexion with his opinions on the Corn Laws, reminds us of the benevolence of certain people in the East, who, careless and ignorant of the claims of their fellow-men, yet take every pains to erect comfortable hospitals and temples for dogs and vermin. Old travellers speak of these places, and of men being hired that the sacred fleas might feed upon their blood. Now, when we consider the history of legislation—when we look upon many of the statutes emanating from Parliament—how often might we call the House of Commons the House of Fleas? To be sure, there is yet this great difference: the poor who give their blood there, unlike the wretches of the East, give it for nothing!

Sir ROBERT’S speech promises nothing whatever as to his future policy. He leaves everything open. He will not say that he will not go in precisely the line chalked out by the Whigs. “Next session,” says Sir ROBERT, “you shall see what you shall see.” About next February, *Orson*, in the words of the oracle in the melo-drama, will be “endowed with reason.” Until then, we must accept a note-of-hand for Sir ROBERT, that he may pay the expenses of the government.

“I have already expressed my opinion, that it is absolutely necessary to adopt some measures for equalising the revenue and expenditure, and we will avail ourselves of the earliest opportunity, after mature consideration of the circumstances of the country, to submit to a committee of the whole house measures for remedying the existing state of things. *Whether that can be best done by diminishing the expenditure of the country, or by increasing the revenue, or by a combination of those two means—the reduction of the expenditure and the increase of the revenue—I must postpone for future consideration.*”

Why, Sir ROBERT was called in because he knew the disease of the patient. He had his remedy about him. The pills and the draught were in his pocket—yes, in his patriotic poke; but he refused to take the lid from the box—resolutely determined that the cork should not be drawn from the all-healing phial—until he was regularly called in; and, as the gypsies say, his hand crossed with a bit of money. Well, he now swears with such vigour to the excellence of his physic—he so talks for hours and hours upon the virtues of his drugs, that at length a special messenger is sent to him, and directions given that the Miraculous Doctor should be received at the state entrance of the patient’s castle, with every mark of consideration. The Doctor is ensured his fee, and he sets to work. Thousands and thousands of hearts are beating whilst his eye scrutinizes John Bull’s tongue—suspense weighs upon the bosom of millions as the Doctor feels his pulse. Well, these little ceremonies settled, the Doctor will, of course, pull out his phial, display his boluses, and take his leave with a promise of speedy health. By no means. “I must go home,” says the Doctor, “and study your disease for a few months; cull simples by moonlight; and consult the whole *Materia Medica*; after that I’ll write you a prescription. For the present, good morning.”

“But, my dear Doctor,” cries the patient, “I dismissed my old physician, because you insisted that you knew my complaint and its, remedy already.”

“That’s very true,” says Doctor PEEL, “but *then* I wasn’t called in.”

The learned Baldæus tells us, that “Ceylon doctors give *jackall’s flesh* for consumptions.” Now, consumption is evidently John Bull’s malady; hence, we would try the Ceylon prescription. The jackalls are the landowners; take a little of *their flesh*, Sir ROBERT, and for once, spare the bowels of the manufacturer.

Q.



PLAYING THE KNAVE.
DEDICATED TO THE MEMBERS OF ST. STEPHEN'S.

BUNKS'S DISCOVERIES IN THE THAMES.

A highly important and interesting survey of the coast between Arundel-stairs and Hungerford-market pier, is now being executed, under the superintendence of Bill Bunks, late commander of the coal-barge "Jim Crow." The result of his labours hitherto have been of the most interesting nature to the natural historian, the antiquarian, and the navigator. In his first report to the magistrates of the Thames-police, he states that he has advanced in his survey to Waterloo-bridge stairs, which he describes as a good landing-place for wherries, funnies, and small craft, but inadequate as a harbour for vessels of great burthen. The shore from Arundel-street, as far as he has explored, consists chiefly of a tenacious, dark-coloured substance, very closely resembling thick mud, intermixed with loose shingles, pebbles, and coal-slates. The depth of water is uncertain, as it varies with the tide, which he ascertains rises and falls every six hours; the greatest depth of water being usually found at the time when the tide is full in, and *vice versa*. He has also made the valuable discovery, that a considerable portion of the shore is always left uncovered at low water, at which periods he availed himself of the opportunity afforded him of examining it more minutely, and of collecting a large number of curious specimens in natural history, and interesting antiquarian relics. As we have had the privilege of being permitted to view them in the private museum of the "Stangate-and-Milbank-both-sides-of-the-water-united-for-the-advancement-of-Science-Association," we are enabled to lay before our readers the particulars of a few of these spoils, which the perseverance and

intrepidity of our gallant countryman, Bill Bunks, has rescued from the hungry jaws of the rapacious deep; viz.:—

1. "*A case of shells.*" The greater number of the specimens are pronounced, by competent judges, to be shells of the native oyster; a fact worthy of note, as it proves the existence, in former ages, of an oyster-bed on this spot, and oysters being a sea-fish, it appears evident that either the sea has removed from London, or London has withdrawn itself from the sea. The point is open to discussion. We hope that the "Hookham-cum-Snivey Institution" will undertake the solution of it at one of their early meetings.
2. "*The neck of a black bottle, with a cork in it.*" This is a very interesting object of art, and one which has given rise to considerable discussion amongst the *literati*. The cork, which is inserted in the fragment of the neck, is quite perfect; it has been impressed with a seal in reddish-coloured wax; a portion of it remains, with a partly obliterated inscription, in Roman characters, of which we have been enabled to give the accompanying fac-simile.



With considerable difficulty we have deciphered the legend thus:—The first letter B has evidently been a mistake of the engraver, who meant it for a P, the similarity of the sounds of the two letters being very likely to lead him into such an error. With this slight alteration, we have only to add the letter O to the first line, and we shall have "PRO." It requires little acuteness to discover that the second word, if complete, would be "PATRIA;" and the letters BR, the two lowest of the inscription, only want the addition of the letters IT to make "BRIT." or "BRITANNIARUM." The legend would then run, "PRO PATRIA BRITANNIARUM," which there is good reason to suppose was the inscription on the cellar seal of Alfred the Great, though some presumptuous and common-minded persons have asserted that the legend, if perfect, would read, "BRETT'S PATENT BRANDY." Every antiquarian has, however, indignantly refused to admit such a degrading supposition.

3. "*A perfect brick, and two broken tiles.*" The first of these articles is in a high state of preservation, and from the circumstance of portions of mortar being found adhering to it, it is supposed that it formed part of the old London Wall. We examined the fragments of the tiles carefully, but found no inscription or other data, by which to ascertain their probable antiquity: the tiles, in short, are buried in mystery.
4. "*A fossil flat-iron.*" This antediluvian relic was found imbedded in a Sandy deposite opposite Surrey-street, near high-water mark.
5. "*An ancient leather buskin,*" supposed to have belonged to one of the Saxon kings. This singular covering for the foot reaches no higher than the ankle, and is laced up the front with a leathern thong, like a modern highlow, to which it bears a very decided resemblance.
6. "*A skeleton of some unknown animal.*" Antiquarians cannot agree to what genus this animal belonged; ignorant people imagine it to have been a cat.
7. "*A piece of broken porcelain.*" This is an undoubted relic of Roman manufacture, and appears to have formed part of a plate. The blue "willow pattern" painted on it shows the antiquity of that popular design.

There are several other extremely rare and curious antiquities to be seen in this collection, which we have not space to notice at present, but shall take an early opportunity of returning to the valuable discoveries made by the indefatigable Mr. Bunks.

A NEW CONJURING COMPANY.

A report of so extraordinary a nature has just reached us, that we hasten to be the first, as usual, to lay the outlines of it before our readers, with the same early authenticity that has characterised all our other communications. Mr. Yates is at present in Paris, arranging

matters with Louis Philippe and his family, to appear at the Adelphi during the ensuing season!!

It would appear that the mania for great people wishing to strut and fret their four hours and a quarter upon the stage is on the increase—at least according to our friends the constituent members of the daily press. Despite the newspaper-death of the manager of the Surrey, by which his enemies wished to “*spargere voces in vulgum ambiguas*” to his prejudice (which means, in plain English, to tell lies of him behind his back), we have seen the report contradicted, that Mrs. Norton was about to appear there in a new equestrian spectacle, with double platforms, triple studs of Tartar hordes, and the other amphitheatrical enticers. We ourselves can declare, that there is no foundation in the announcement, no more than in the *on dit* that the Countess of Blessington was engaged as a counter-attraction, for a limited number of nights, at the Victoria; or her lovely niece—a *power* in herself—had been prevailed upon to make her *début* at the Lyceum, in a new piece of a peculiar and unprecedented plot, which was prevented from coming off by some disagreement as to terms between the principal parties concerned. For true theatrical intelligence, our columns alone are to be relied upon; bright as a column of sparkling water, overpowering as a column of English cavalry, overlooking all London at once, as the column of the Monument, but *not* so heavy as the column of the Duke of York.

Mais revenons à nos moutons: which implies (we are again compelled to translate, and this time it is for the benefit of those who have not been to Boulogne), “we spoke of Louis Philippe and his family.” This sagacious monarch, foreseeing that the French were in want of some new excitement, and grieving to find that the *pompe funèbre* of Napoleon, and the inauguration of his statue upon the monument of the victories that never took place, had not made the intense impression upon the minds of his vivacious subjects that he had intended it should produce, begins to think, that before long a fresh *émeute* will once more throw up the barricades and paving-stones in the Rue St. Honoré and Boulevard des Italiens. As such, with the prudent foresight which has hitherto directed all his proceedings, he is naturally looking forward to the best means of gaining an honest livelihood for himself and family, should a corrupted national guard, or an excited St. Antoine mob take it into their heads to dine in the Tuileries without being asked. Having read in the English newspapers, which he regularly peruses, of the astounding performances of the Wizard of the North at the Adelphi, more especially as regards the “paralysing gun delusion,” he commences to imagine that he is well qualified to undertake the same responsibility, more especially from the practice he has had in that line from pistols, rifles, fowling-pieces, and, above all, twenty-barrel infernal machines. He has therefore offered his services at the Adelphi, and Mr. Yates, with his accustomed energy, and avowed propensity for French translations, has agreed to bring him over. If we remember truly, the Wizard says in his programme, that the secret shall die with him. We beg to inform him, in all humility, that he deceives himself, for Louis Philippe and the Duke d’Aumale know the trick as well as he does. They would ride through two lines of *sans culottes*, all armed to the teeth, without the least injury. They would catch the bullets in their teeth, and take them home as curiosities.

Orleans, from his knowledge of the English language, will probably become the adapter of the pieces “from the French” about to be produced. The Duke de Nemours will be engaged to play the fops in the light comedies, a line which, it is anticipated, he will shine in; and the Prince de Joinville can dance a capital sailor’s hornpipe, which he learnt on board the *Belle Poule*, a name which our own sailors, with an excusable disregard for genders, converted into “The Jolly Cock.” Of course, from his late experience, d’Aumale will assist Louis Philippe, upon emergency, in the gun trick, and, with the other attractions, a profitable season is sure to result.

AN EXTENSIVE SACRIFICE.

By Dr. Reid’s new plan for ventilating the House of Commons, a porous hair carpet will be required for the floor; to provide materials for which Mr. Muntz has, in the most handsome manner, offered to shave off his beard and whiskers. This is true magnanimity—Muntz is a noble fellow! and the lasting gratitude of the House is due to him and his *hairs* for ever.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

It is expected that Mr. Snooks and family will pass the winter at Battersea, as the warmth of the climate is strongly recommended for the restoration of the health of Mrs. Snooks, who is in a state of such alarming delicacy, as almost to threaten a realisation of the fears of her best friends and the hopes of the black-job master who usually serves the family.

Mr. Snivins gave a large tea-party, last week, at Greenwich, where the boiling water was supplied by the people of the house, the essentials having been brought by the visitors.

Mr. Popkins has left his attic in the New-Cut, for a *tour* on the Brixton tread-mill.

K 32 left his official residence at the station-house, for his beat in Leicester-square, and repaired at once to a public-house in the neighbourhood, where he had an audience of several pickpockets.

We are authorised to state, that there is no foundation whatever for the report that a certain well-known policeman is about to lead to the altar a certain unknown lady. The rumour originated in his having been seen leading her before the magistrate.

Dick Wiggins transacted business yesterday in Cold Bath-fields, and picked the appointed quantity of oakum.

Mr. Baron Nathan has left Margate for Kennington. We have not heard whether he was accompanied by the Baroness. The Honourable Miss Nathan, when we last heard of her, was dancing a hornpipe among a shilling's worth of new laid eggs, at Tivoli.

A few minutes after Sir Robert Peel left Privy-Gardens, in a carriage and four, for Claremont, Sam Snoxell jumped up behind the Brighton stage, from which he descended, after having been whipped down, at Kennington.

IMPORTANT INVENTION.

The celebrated *savant* Sir Peter Laurie, whose scientific labours to discover the cause of the variation of the weathercock on Bow Church, have astonished the Lord Mayor and the Board of Aldermen, has lately turned his attention to the subject of railroads. The result of his profound cogitations has been highly satisfactory. He has produced a plan for a railway on an entirely new principle, which will combine cheapness and security in an extraordinary degree. We have been favoured with a view of the inventor's plans, and we have no hesitation in saying that, if adopted, the most timid person may, with perfect safety, take



A RIDE ON THE RAIL.

THE BATTLE AND THE BREEZE.

Our readers are informed that, despite the belligerent character of the correspondence between the fierce Fitz-Roy and the "Gentle" Shepherd, although it came to a slight *blow*, there is nothing to warrant an anticipation of their



GETTING UP THE BREEZE.

THE FASTING PHENOMENON.

The Tories have engaged Bernard Cavanagh, the Irish fasting phenomenon, to give lectures on his system of abstinence, which they think might be beneficially introduced amongst the working-classes of England. This is a truly Christian principle of government, for while the people *fast*, the ministers will not fail to *prey*.

TORY BOONS.

Air.—"NORA CREINA"

The Whigs they promised every day
To cure the ills which did surround us;
It should have been, "no cure, no pay!"
For now we're worse than when they found us.
The Tory clique at length are in,
And vow that they will save the nation,
So kindly give us, to begin—
Exchequer bills and ventilation.
Oh! the artful Tories *dear*,
Oh! the *dear*, the artful Tories
They alone perceive, 'tis clear,
That taxes tend to England's glories.

The Whigs declared cheap bread was good;
To satisfy the people's cravings
They tried to take the tax off wood—
Lord knows what might be done with shavings!
The Tories vow these schemes were wrong,
And adverse to good legislation;
Therefore, propose (so runs our song)—
Exchequer bills and ventilation.
Oh! the artful Tories *dear*,
Oh! the *dear* and artful Tories;
They alone perceive, 'tis clear,
Taxes tend to England's glories.

The Whigs became the poor man's foe,
Mix'd ashes in his cup of sorrow;
Nor thought the pauper's "lot of woe,"
Perchance might be their own to-morrow.
The Tories said they were his friend,
That they abhorr'd procrastination;
So give—till next July shall end—
Exchequer bills and ventilation.
Oh! the artful Tories *dear*,
Oh! the *dear* and artful Tories;

They alone perceive, 'tis clear,
Taxes tend to England's glories.

RECREATION FOR THE PUBLIC.

Sir Robert Peel seems impressed with the necessity of providing the citizens of London with additional parks, where they may recreate themselves, and breathe the free air of heaven. But, strange as it may seem, the people cannot live on fresh air, unaccompanied by some stomachic of a more substantial nature; yet they are forbidden to grumble at the diet, or, if they do, they are silenced according to the good old Tory plan of



OPENING A PARK FOR THE PEOPLE.

Colonel Sibthorp thinks he recollects having been Hannibal once—long ago—although he cannot account for his having been beaten in the *Pun-ic* war.

THE LIGHT OF ALL NATIONS.

The public are aware that this important national undertaking, which is now about to be commenced, is to be a prodigious cast-iron light-house on the Goodwin Sands. Peter Borthwick and our Sibby are already candidates for the office of universal illuminators. Peter rests his claims chiefly on the brilliancy of his ideas, as exemplified in his plan for lighting the metropolis with bottled moonshine; while Sib. proudly refers to our columns for imperishable evidences of the intensity of his wit, conscious that these alone would entitle him to be called "the light of all nations." We trust that Sir Robert Peel will exercise a sound discretion in bestowing this important situation. Highly as we esteem Peter's dazzling talents—profoundly as we admire his bottled moonshine scheme—we feel there is no man in the world more worthy of being elevated to the lantern than our refulgent friend Sibthorp.

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A SHORT TREATISE OF DRAMATIC CASUALTIES.

VERY PROFITABLE TO READ.

Let our Treatise of Dramatic Casualties be that which treateth of the misfortunes contingent upon the profession of dramatic authors. Now, of unfortunate dramatic authors there be two grand kinds—namely, they that be unfortunate before the production of their works, and they that be unfortunate after the production of their works.

And first, among them that be unfortunate before the production of their works may he enumerated—

1. —He that, having but one manuscript of his piece leaveth the same with the manager for inspection, and it falleth out that he seeth it no more, neither heareth thereof.
2. —He that having translated a piece from the French, and bestowed thereon much time, findeth himself forestalled.
3. —He that, having written a pantomime, carrieth it in his pocket, and straight there

cometh a dishonest person, who, taking the same, selleth it for waste paper.

4. —He that presenteth his piece to all the theatres in succession, and lo! it ever returneth, accompanied with a polite note expressive of disapprobation or the like.

5. —He whose piece is approved by the manager, but, nevertheless, the same produceth it not, for divers reasons, which do vary at every interview.

6. —He that communicateth the idea of a yet unwritten drama to a friend, who, being of a fair wit, and prompt withal, useth the same to his own ends and reapeth the harvest thereof.

And secondly, of them that be unfortunate after the production of their works, there be some whose pieces are successful, and there be some whose pieces are not successful.

And firstly, of unfortunate authors whose pieces are unsuccessful there be—

1. —Those who write a piece which faileth through its own demerits, which may be, as

A. —He that writeth a farce or comedy, and neglecteth to introduce jokes in the same.

B. —He that writeth a farce or comedy, and introduceth bad jokes in the same.

C. —He that writeth a farce or comedy, and introduceth old jokes in the same.

D. —He that writeth a tragedy, and introduceth matter for merriment therein.

E. —He that, in either tragedy, comedy, farce, or other entertainment, shocketh the propriety of the audience, or causeth a division in the same, by political allusions.

2. —He that writeth a piece which faileth, though not through its own demerits, which may be, as—

A. —When the principal actor, not having the author's words by heart, and being of a suggestive wit and good assurance, substituteth others, which he deemeth sufficient.

B. —When the principal actor, not having the author's words by heart, and being of a dull and heavy turn, and deaf withal, substituteth nothing, but standeth aghast, yearning for the voice of the prompter.

C. —When the scene-shifter ingeniously introduceth a forest into a bed-chamber, or committeth the like incongruity, marvellous pleasant and mirthful to behold, but in no way conducive to success.

D. —When pistols or other fire-arms do miss fire; when red fire igniteth not, or igniteth the scenes; when a trap-door refuseth to open, a rope to draw, and the like.

E. —When the author intrusteth his principal part to a new actor, and it falleth out that the same doth grievously offend the audience, who straight insist that he do quit the stage, whereby the ruin of the piece is consummated.

F. —Likewise there be misfortunes that arise from the audience; as, when at a momentous point of the plot there entereth one heated with liquor, and causeth a disturbance, or a woman with a huge bonnet becometh the subject of a discussion as to her right to wear the same, and impede the view of them that be behind; also when there cometh in a ruffian, or more, in a pea-coat, who having been charged by an enemy to work the ruin of the piece, endeavoureth to do the same, by dint of hisses or other unseemly noises, all of which be highly pernicious.

Secondly, of those unfortunate authors who have been successful, there be—

1. —He whose piece, albeit successful, is withdrawn to make room for the Christmas pantomime, Easter piece, or other entertainment equally cherished by the manager, who thereupon groundeth a plea of non-payment.

2. —He who being a creditor of the manager, and the same being unable to meet his obligations, by an ingenious contrivance of the law becometh cleansed thereof, an operation which hath been conceitedly termed "whitewashing."

3. —He that writeth a piece with a friend, and the same claimeth the entire authorship thereof and emolument therefrom.

And there be divers other calamities which we have neither space nor time to enumerate, but which be all incentives to abstain from dramatic writing.

PERDITUS.

PUNCH'S THEATRE.

JACK KETCH; OR, A LEAF FROM TYBURN TREE.

Modern legislation is chiefly remarkable for its oppressive interference with the elegant amusements of the mob. Bartholomew-fair is abolished; bull-baiting, cock-pits, and duck-hunts are put down by act of Parliament; prize-fighting, by the New Police—even those morally healthful exhibitions, formerly afforded opposite the Debtors' Door of Newgate, for

the sake of *example*—that were attended by idlers in hundreds, and thieves in thousands—are fast growing into disuse. The “masses” see no pleasure now: even the hanging-matches are cut off.

Deeply compassionating the effects of so illiberal an innovation, Mr. G. Almar the author to, and Mr. R. Honner the proprietor of, Sadler’s Wells Theatre, have produced an exhibition which in a great degree makes up for the infrequent performances at the Old Bailey. Those whose moral sensibilities are refined to the choking point—who can relish stage strangulation in all its interesting varieties better than Shakspeare, are now provided with a rich treat. They need not wait for the Recorder’s black cap and a black Monday morning—the Sadler’s Wells’ people hang every night with great success; for, unless one goes early, there is—as is the case wherever hanging takes place—no *standing room* to be had for love or money.

The play is simply the history of Jack Ketch, a gentleman who flourished at the beginning of the last century, and who, by industry and perseverance, attained to the rank of public executioner; an office he performed with such skill and effect that his successors have, as the bills inform us, inherited “his soubriquet” with his office. He is introduced to the audience as a ropemaker’s apprentice, living in the immediate neighbourhood of Execution-Dock, and loving *Barbara Allen*, “a young spinster residing at the Cottage of Content, upon the borders of Epping Forest, supporting herself by the produce of her wheel and the cultivation of her flower-garden.” He beguiles his time, while twisting the hemp, by spinning a tedious yarn about this well-to-do spinster; from which we infer *Barbara’s* barbarity, and that he is crossed in love. The soliloquy is interrupted by an elderly man, who enters to remark that he has come out for a little relaxation after a hard morning’s work: no wonder, for we soon learn that he is the *Jack Ketch* of his day, and has, but an hour before, tucked up two brace of pirates. With this pleasing information, and a sharp dialogue on his favourite subject with the hero, he retires.

Here the interest begins; three or four foot-stamps are heard behind; *Jack* starts—“Ah, that noise,” &c.—and on comes the author of the piece, “his first appearance here these five years.” He approaches the foot-lights—he turns up his eyes—he thumps his breast—and goes through this exercise three or four times, before the audience understand that they are to applaud. They do so; and the play goes on as if nothing had happened; for this is an episode expressive of a “first appearance these five years.” *Gipsy George* or Mr. G. Almar, whichever you please, having assured *Jack Ketch* that he is starving and in utter destitution, proceeds to give five shillings for a piece of rope, and walks away, after taking great pains to assure everybody that he is going to hang himself. Before, however, he has had time to make the first coil of a hempen collar, *Jack* looks off, and descries the stranger in the last agonies of strangulation, amidst the most deafening applause from the audience, whose disgust is indignantly expressed by silence when he exits to cut the man down. Their delight is only revived by the apparition of *Gipsy George*, pale and ghastly, *with the rope round his neck*, and the exclamation that he is “done for.” *Barabbas*, the hangman, who reappears with the rest, is upbraided by *Jack* for coolly looking on and letting the man hang himself, without raising an alarm. Mr. B. answers, that “it was no business of his.” Like Sir Robert Peel and the rest of the profession, it was evidently his maxim not to interfere, unless “regularly called in.” The *Gipsy*, so far from dying, recovers sufficiently to make to *Jack* some important disclosures; but of that mysterious kind peculiar to melodrama, by which nobody is the wiser. They, however, bear reference to *Jack’s* deceased father, a clasp-knife, a certain *Sir Gregory* of “the gash,” and the four gentlemen so recently suspended at Execution-Dock.

The residence of Content and Barbara Allen is a scene, the minute correctness of which it would be wicked to doubt, when the bills so solemnly guarantee that it is copied from the “best authorities.” *Barbara* opens the door, makes a curtsy, produces a purse, and after saying she is going to pay her rent, is, by an ingenious contrivance of the Sadler’s Wells’ Shakspeare, confronted with her landlord, the *Sir Gregory* before-mentioned. All stage-landlords are villains, who prefer seduction to rent, and he of the “gash” is no exception. The struggle, rescue, and duel, which follow, are got through in no time. The last would certainly have been fatal, had not the assailant’s servant come on to announce that “a gentleman wished to speak to him at his own residence.” The lover (who is of course the rescuer) deems this a sufficient excuse to let off his antagonist without a scratch; *Barbara* rewards him with an embrace and a rose, just as another rival intrudes himself in the person of *Mr. John Ketch*. The altercation which now ensues is but slight; for *Jack*, instead of fighting, goes off to Fairlop-fair with another young lady, who seems to come upon the stage for no other purpose than to oblige him. At the fair we find *Jack’s* spirits considerably damped by the prediction of a gipsy, that he will marry a hangman’s daughter; but, after the jumping in sacks, which forms a part of the sports, he rescues *Barbara* from being once more assailed by her landlord. Thereupon another component of the festive scene—our friend the hangman—declares that she is his daughter! “Horror” tableau, and end of Act I.

After establishing a lapse of four years between the acts, the author takes high ground;—we are presented with the summit of Primrose-hill, St. Paul’s in the distance, and a gentleman with black clothes, and literary habits, reading in the foreground. This turns out to be “The Laird Lawson,” *Barbara’s* favoured lover and benevolent duellist. Though on the

top of Cockney Mount, he is suffering under a deep depression of spirits; for he has never seen *Miss Allen* during four years, come next Fairlop-fair. Having heard this, the audience is, of course, quite prepared for that lady's appearance; and, sure enough, on she comes, accounting for her presence with great adroitness:—having left the city to go to Holloway, she is taking a short cut over Primrose-hill. The lovers go through the mode of recognition never departed from at minor theatres, with the most frantic energy, and have nearly hugged themselves out of breath, when the executioner papa interrupts the blissful scene, without so much as saying how he got there; but "finishers" are mysterious beings. *Barabbas* denounces the laird; and when his consent is asked for the hand of *Miss Barbara*, tells the lover "he will see him hanged first!"

The moon, a dark stage, and *Jack Ketch* in the character of a foot-pad, now add to the romance of the drama. Not to leave anything unexplained, the hero declares, that he has cut the walk of life he formerly trod in the rope ditto, and has been induced to take to the road solely by Fate, brandy and (not salt, but) *Barbara!* By some extraordinary accident, every character in the piece, with two exceptions, have occasion to tread this scene—"Holloway and heath near the village of Holloway" (painted from the best authorities), just exactly in time to be robbed by *Ketch*; who shows himself a perfect master of his business, and a credit to his instructor; for *Gipsy George* rewards *Jack* for saving him from hanging, by showing his friend the shortest way to the gallows.

In the following scene, the plot breaks out in a fresh place. The man with the "gash," and *Gipsy George* are together, going over some youthful reminiscences. It seems that once upon a time there were six pirates; four were those pendants from the gibbet at Execution-Dock one hears so much about at the commencement; the fifth is the speaker, *Gipsy George*; and "you," exclaims that person, striking an attitude, and addressing *Sir Gregory*, "make up the half-dozen!" They all formerly did business in a ship called the "Morning Star," and whenever the ex-pirate number five is in pecuniary distress, he bawls out into the ear of *ci-devant* pirate number six, the words "Morning Star!" and a purse of hush-money is forked out in a trice. In this manner *Gipsy George* accumulates, by the end of the piece, a large property; for six or eight purses, all ready filled for each occasion, thus pass into his pockets.

The "best authorities" furnish us, next, with an interior; that of "the Mug, a chocolate house and tavern," where a new plot is hatched against the crown and dignity of the late respected George the First, by a party of Jacobites. These consist of a half-dozen of Hanoverian Whigs, who enter, duly decorated with an equal number of hats of every variety of cock and cockade. The heroine seems to have engaged herself here as waitress, on purpose to meet her persecutor, *Sir Gregory*, and her late lover, *Jack Ketch*. What comes of this rencontre it is impossible to make out, for a general *mélée* ensues, caused by a discovery of the plot; which is by no means a gunpowder plot; for although a file of soldiers present their arms for several minutes full at the conspirators, not a single musket goes off. Perhaps gunpowder was expensive in the reign of George the First. *Jack Ketch* ends the act with a dream—an *apropos finale*, for we caught several of our neighbours napping. The scene in which this vision takes place is the crowning result of the painter's researches amongst the "best authorities;" it being no less than "a garret in Grub-street, in which the great *Daniel De Foe* composed his romance of *Robinson Crusoe!*"

A fishing-party—whose dulness is relieved by a suicide—opens the last act: one of the anglers having finished a comic song—which from its extreme gravity forms an appropriate dirge to the forthcoming *felo-de-se*—goes off with his companion to leave the water clear for *Barbara Allen*, who enters, takes an affecting leave of her laird lover, and straightway drowns herself. *Jack Ketch* is now, by a rapid change of scene, discovered in limbo, and condemned to death; why, we were too stupid to make out. The fatal cart—very likely modelled after "the best authorities"—next occupies the stage, drawn by a real horse, and filled with *Sir Gregory Gash* (who it seems is going to be hanged) and *Jack Ketch* not as a prisoner, but as an officer of the crown; for we are to suppose that *Mr. Barabbas*, having retired from the public scaffold to private life, has seceded in favour of *Jack Ketch*, who is saved from the rope himself, on condition of his using it upon the person of *Sir Gregory* and every succeeding criminal. All the characters come on with the cart, and a *dénouement* evidently impends. The distracted lover demands of somebody to restore his mistress, which *Gipsy George* is really so polite as to do; for although the bills expressly inform us she has committed "suicide," and we have actually seen her jump into the river Lea; yet there she is safe and sound!—carefully preserved in an envelope formed partly by the *Gipsy* himself, and partly by his cloak. She, of course, embraces her lover, and leaves *Jack Ketch* to embrace his profession with what appetite he may; all, in fact, ends happily, and *Sir Gregory* goes off to be hanged.

This, then, is the state to which the founders of the Newgate school of dramatic literature, and the march of intellect, have brought us. Nothing short of actual hanging—the most revolting and repulsive of all possible subjects to enter, much less to dwell in any mind not actually savage—must now be provided to meet the refined taste of play-goers. In the present instance, nothing but the actual *spiciness* of the subject saved the piece from the last sentence of even Sadler's Wells' critical law; for in construction and detail, it is the veriest mass of incoherent rubbish that was ever shot upon the plains of common sense.

The sketch we have made is in no one instance exaggerated. Our readers may therefore easily judge whether we speak truly or not.

PUNCH AT THE NEW STRAND.

When Napoleon first appeared before the grand army after his return from Elba—when Queen Victoria made her *débût* at the assemblage of her first parliament—when Kean performed "Othello" at Drury Lane immediately after he had caused a certain friend of his to play the same part in the Court of King's Bench—the public mind was terribly agitated, and the public's legs instinctively carried them, on each occasion, to behold those great performers. When—to give these circumstances their highest application,—"Punch," on Thursday last, came out in the regular drama, the excitement was no less intense. Boxes were besieged; the pit was choked up, and the gallery creaked with its celestial encumbrance.

As the curtain drew up, there would have been a death-like silence but for the unparalleled sales that were taking place in apples, oranges, and ginger-beer. Expectation was on tip-toe, as were the persons occupying that department of the theatre called "standing-room." The looked-for moment came; the "drop" ascended, and the spectators beheld *Mr. Dionysius Swivel*, a pint of ale, and Punch's theatre!

"Tragedy," saith the Aristotelian recipe for cooking up a serious drama, "should have the probable, the marvellous, and the pathetic." In the *tableau* thus presented, the audience beheld the three conditions strictly complied with all at once. "It was highly probable," as *Mr. Swivel* observed to the source of pipes, 'bacca, and malt—in other words, to the landlady he was addressing—that his master, the showman, was unable to pay the score he had run up; it was marvellous that the proprietor of so popular a puppet as "Punch" should not have even the price of a pint of ale in his treasury; lastly, that circumstance was deeply pathetic; for what so heart-rending as the exhibition of fallen greatness, of broken-down prosperity, of affluence regularly stumped and hard-up! The fact is, that "Punch," his theatre, and *corps dramatique*, are in pawn for eight-and-ninepence!

In the midst of this distress there appears a young gentleman, giving vent to passionate exclamations, while furiously buttoning up a tight surtout. The object of his love is the daughter of the object of his hate. *Mr. Snuzzle*, having previously made his bow, overhears him, and being the acting manager of "Punch," and having a variety of plots for rescuing injured lovers from inextricable difficulties on hand, offers one of them to the lover, considerably over cost price; namely, for the puppet-detaining eight-and-ninepence, and a glass of brandy-and-water. The bargain being struck, the scene changes.

To the happiness of being the possessor of "Punch," *Mr. Snuzzle* adds that of having a wonderful wife—a lady of universal talents; who dances in spangled shoes, plays on the tamburine, and sings Whitechapel French like a native. This inestimable creature has already gone round the town on a singing, dancing, and cash-collecting expedition; accompanied by the drum, mouth-organ, and *Swivel*. We now find her enchanting the flinty-hearted father, *Old Fellum*. Having been instrumental, by means of her vocal abilities, in drawing from him a declaration of amorous attachment and half-a-crown, she retires, to bury herself in the arms of her husband, and to eradicate the score, recorded in chalk, at *Mrs. Rummer's* hotel.

In the meantime *Snuzzle*, having sold a plot, proceeds to fulfil the bargain by executing it. He enters with PUNCH'S theatre, to treat *Old Fellum* with a second exhibition, and his daughter with an elopement; for in the midst of the performance the young lady detects the big drum in the act of "winking at her;" and she soon discovers that PUNCH'S orchestra is no other than her own lover. *Fellum* is delighted with the show, to which he is attentive enough to allow of the lovers' escaping. He pursues them when it is too late, and having been so precipitate in his exit as to remember to forget to pay for his amusement, *Swivel* steals a handsome cage, parrot included.

Good gracious! what a scene of confusion and confabulation next takes place! *Fellum's* first stage in pursuit is the public-house; there he unwittingly persuades *Mrs. Snuzzle* that her spouse is unfaithful—that *he* it was who "stole away the old man's daughter." *Mrs. Snuzzle* raves, and threatens a divorce; *Snuzzle* himself trembles—he suspects the police are after him for being the receiver of stolen goods, instead of the deceiver of unsuspecting virtue. *Swivel* dreads being taken up for priggish the parrot; and a frightful catastrophe is only averted by the entrance of the truant lovers, who have performed the comedy of "Matrimony" in a much shorter time than is allowed by the act of Parliament.

Mrs. Keeley played the tamburine, and the part of *Snuzzle femme*. This was more than acting; it was nature enriched with humour—character broadly painted without a tinge of caricature. The solemnity of her countenance, while performing with her feet, was a correct copy from the expression of self-approbation—of the wonder-how-I-do-it-so-well—always observable during the dances of the *fair* sex; her tones when singing were unerringly brought from the street; her spangled dress was assuredly borrowed from

Scowton's caravan. As a work of dramatic art, this performance is, of its kind, most complete. Keeley's *Snuzzle* was quiet, rich, and philosophical; and Saunders made a Judy of himself with unparalleled success. *Frank Finch* got his deserts in the hands of a Mr. Everett; for being a lover, no matter how awkward and ungainly an actor is made to represent him.

"OH! DAY AND NIGHT, BUT THIS IS WONDROUS STRANGE!"

"We believe, from the first, *Day* was intended to mount, and wherefore it was made a mystery we know not.—DOINGS AT DONCASTER."—[Sunday Times.]

Poor Coronation well may say,
"A mystery I mark;
Though jockey'd by the *lightest Day*
They tried to keep me dark."

**PUNCH,
OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.**

VOL. 1.

OCTOBER 2, 1841.

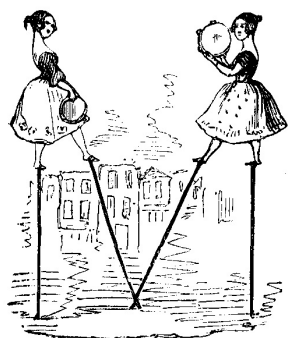
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THE TIPTOES.

A SKETCH.

"The Wrongheads have been a considerable family ever since England was England."

VANBRUGH.



orning and evening, from every village within three or four miles of the metropolis, may be remarked a tide of young men wending diurnal way to and from their respective desks and counters in the city, preceded by a ripple of errand-boys, and light porters, and followed by an ebb of plethoric elderly gentlemen in drab gaiters. Now these individuals compose—for the most part—that particular, yet indefinite class of people, who call themselves "gentlemen," and are called by everybody else "persons." They are a body—the advanced guard—of the "Tiptoes;" an army which invaded us some thirty years ago, and which, since that time, has been actively and perseveringly spoiling and desolating our modest, quiet, comfortable English homes, turning our parlours into "boudoirs," ripping our fragrant patches of roses into fantastic "parterres," covering our centre tables with albums and wax flowers, and, in short (for these details pain us), stripping our nooks and corners of the welcome warm air of pleasant homeliness, which was wont to be a charm and a privilege, to substitute for it a chilly gloss—an unwholesome straining after effect—a something less definite in its operation than in its result, which is called—gentility.

To have done with simile. Our matrons have discovered that luxury is specifically cheaper than comfort (and they regard them as independent, if not incompatible terms); and more than this, that comfort is, after all, but an irrelevant and dispensable corollary to gentility, while luxury is its main prop and stay. Furthermore, that improvidence is a virtue of such lustre, that itself or its likeness is essential to the very existence of respectability; and, by carrying out this proposition, that in order to make the least amount of extravagance produce the utmost admiration and envy, it is desirable to be improvident as publicly as possible; the means for such expenditure being gleaned from retrenchments in the home department. Thus, by a system of domestic alchemy, the education of the children is resolved into a vehicle; a couple of maids are amalgamated into a man in livery; while to a single drudge, superintended and aided by the mistress and elder girls, is confided the economy of the pantry, from whose meagre shelves are supplied supplementary blondes and kalydors.

Now a system of economy which can induce a mother to "bring up her children at home," while she regards a phaeton as absolutely necessary to convey her to church and to her tradespeople, and an annual visit to the sea-side as perfectly indispensable to restore the

faded complexions of Frances and Jemima, ruined by late hours and hot cream, may be considered open to censure by the philosopher who places women (and girls, *i.e.* unmarried women) in the rank of responsible or even rational creatures. But in this disposition he would be clearly wrong. Before venturing to define the precise capacity of either an individual or a class, their own opinion on the subject should assuredly be consulted; and we are quite sure that there is not one of the lady Tiptoes who would not recoil with horror from the suspicion of advancing or even of entertaining an idea—it having been ascertained that everything original (sin and all) is quite inconformable with the feminine character—unless indeed it be a method of finding the third side of a turned silk—or of defining that zero of fortune, to stand below which constitutes a “detrimental.”

The Misses Tiptoe are an indefinite number of young ladies, of whom it is commonly remarked that some may have been pretty, and others may, hereafter, be pretty. But they never *are* so; and, consequently, they are very fearful of being eclipsed by their dependents, and take care to engage only ill-favoured governesses, and (but ‘tis an old pun) very plain cooks. The great business of their lives is fascination, and in its pursuit they are unremitting. It is divided in distinct departments, among the sisters; each of whom is characterised at home by some laudatory epithet, strikingly illustrative of what they would like to be. There is Miss Tiptoe, such an amiable girl! that is, she has a large mouth, and a Mallan in the middle of it. There is Jemima, “who enjoys such delicate health”—*that* is, she has no bust, and wears a scarf. Then there is Grace, who is all for evening rambles, and the “Pilgrim of Love;” and Fanny, who can *not* help talking; and whom, in its turn, talking certainly cannot help. They are remarkable for doing a little of everything at all times. Whether it be designing on worsted or on bachelors—whether concerting overtures musical or matrimonial; the same pretty development of the shoulder through that troublesome scarf—the same hasty confusion in drawing it on again, and referring to the watch to see what time it is—displays the mind ever intent on the great object of their career. But they seldom marry (unless, in desperation, their cousins), for they despise the rank which they affect to have quitted—and no man of sense ever loved a Tiptoe. So they continue at home until the house is broken up; and then they retire in a galaxy to some provincial Belle Vue-terrace or Prospect-place; where they endeavour to forestall the bachelors with promiscuous orange-blossoms and maidenly susceptibilities. We have characterised these heart-burning efforts after “station,” as originating with, and maintained by, the female branches of the family; and they are so—but, nevertheless, their influence on the young men is no less destructive than certain. It is a fact, that, the more restraint that is inflicted on these individuals in the gilded drawing-room at home, the more do they crave after the unshackled enjoyment of their animal vulgarity abroad. Their principal characteristics are a love of large plaids, and a choice vocabulary of popular idiomatic forms of speech; and these will sufficiently define them in the saloons of the theatres and in the cigar divans. But they are not ever thus. By no means. At home (which does not naturally indicate their own house), having donned their “other waistcoat” and their pin (emblematic of a blue hand grasping an egg, or of a butterfly poised on a wheel)—pop! they are *gentlemen*. With the hebdomadal sovereign straggling in the extreme verge of their pockets—with the afternoon rebuke of the “principal,” or peradventure of some senior clerk, still echoing in their ears—they are GENTLEMEN. They are desired to be such by their mother and sisters, and so they talk about cool hundreds—and the points of horses—and (on the strength of the dramatic criticisms in the *Satirist*) of Grisi in *Norma*, and Persiani in *La Sonnambula*—of Taglioni and Cerito—of last season and the season before that.

We know not how far the readers of PUNCH may be inclined to approve so prosy an article as this in their pet periodical; but we have ventured to appeal to them (as the most sensible people in the country) against a class of shallow empirics, who have managed to glide unhidden into our homes and our families, to chill the one and to estrange the other. Surely, surely, we were unworthy of our descent, could we see unmoved our lovely English girls, whose modesty was wont to be equalled only by their beauty, concentrating all their desires and their energies on a good match; or our reverend English matrons, the pride and honour of the land, employing themselves in the manufacture of fish-bone blanc-mange and mucilaginous tippy-cakes; or our young Englishmen, our hope and our resource, spending themselves in the debasing contamination of cigars and alcohol.

CONDENSED PARLIAMENTARY REPORT ON THE MISCELLANEOUS ESTIMATES.

Vide *Examiner*.

MR. WILLIAMS—objected—
SIR T. WILDE—vindicated—
SIR R. PEEL—doubted—
MR. PLUMPTRE—opposed—
MR. VILLIERS—requested—
MR. EWART—moved—
MR. EASTCOURT—thought—
MR. FERRAND—complained—

LORD JOHN RUSSELL—wished—
MR. AGLIONBY—was of opinion—
MR. STEWART WORTLEY—hoped—
MR. WAKLEY—thought—
MR. RICE—urged—
MR. FIELDEN—regretted—
MR. WARD—was convinced—

TAKING THE HODDS.

On a recent visit of Lord Waterford to the "Holy Land," then to sojourn in the hostel or caravansera of the protecting *Banks* of that classic ground, that interesting young nobleman adopted, as the seat of his precedency, a Brobdignag hod, the private property of some descendant from one of the defunct kings of Ulster; at the close of an eloquent harangue; his lordship expressed an earnest wish that he should be able to continue

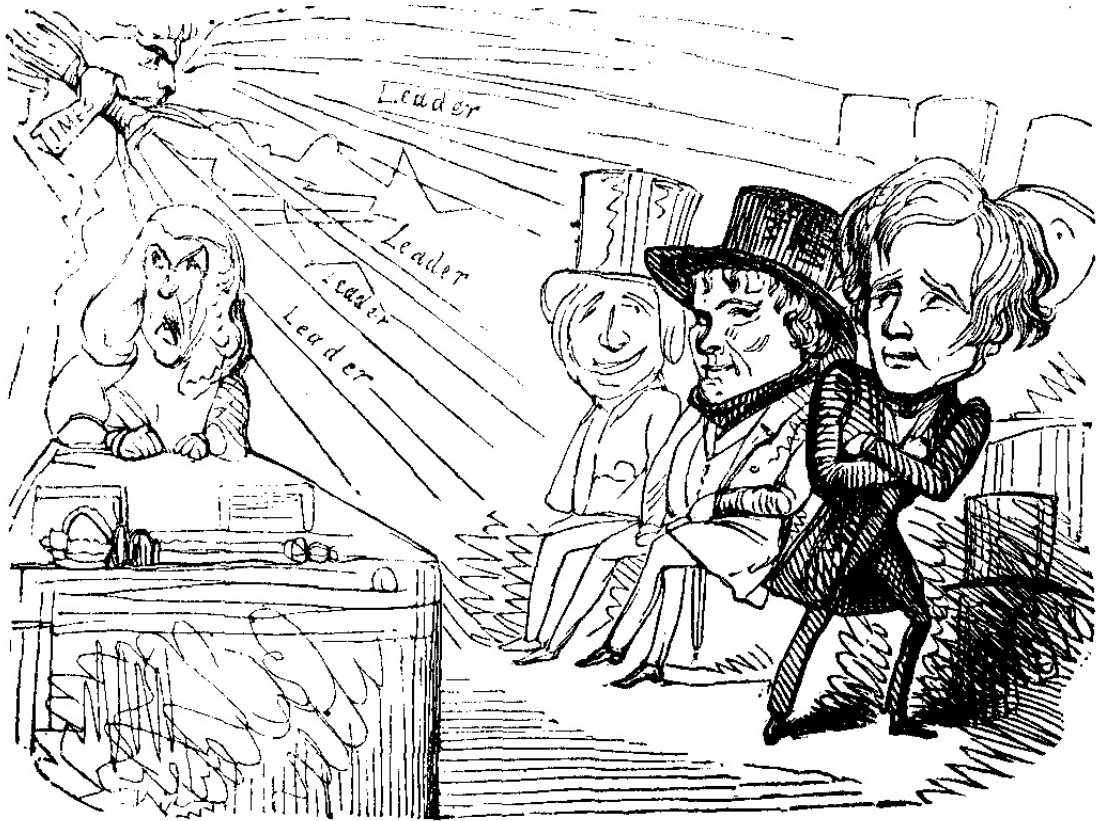


GOING IT LIKE BRICKS—

a hope instantly gratified by the stalwart proprietor, who, wildly exclaiming, "Sit aisy!" hoisted the lordly burden on his shoulders, and gave him the full benefit of a shilling fare in that most unusual vehicle.

Q.E.D.

"SIR ROBERT PEEL thinks a great deal of himself," says the *British Critic*. "Yes," asserts PUNCH, "he is just the man to trouble himself about trifles."



ROEBUCK DEFYING THE "THUNDERER."

Roebuck was seated in his great arm chair,
 Looking as senatorial and wise
 As a calf's head, when taken in surprise;
 A half-munch'd muffin did his fingers bear—
 An empty egg-shell proved his meal nigh o'er.
 When, lo! there came a tapping at the door:
 "Come in!" he cried,
 And in another minute by his side
 Stood John the footboy, with the morning paper,
 Wet from the press. O'er Roebuck's cheek
 There passed a momentary gleam of joy,
 Which spoke, as plainly as a smile could speak,
 "Your master's speech is in that paper, boy."
 He waved his hand—the footboy left the room—
 Roebuck pour'd out a cup of Hyson bloom;
 And, having sipp'd the tea and sniff'd the vapour,
 Spread out the "Thunderer" before his eyes—
 When, to his great surprise,
 He saw imprinted there, in black and white,
 That he, THE ROE-buck—HE, whom all men knew,
 Had been expressly born to set worlds right—
 That HE was nothing but a *parvenu*.
 Jove! was it possible they lack'd the knowledge he
 Boasted a literary and scientific genealogy!
 That he had had some ancestors before him—
 (Beside the Pa who wed the Ma who bore him)—
 Men whom the world had slighted, it is true,
 Because it never knew
 The greatness of the genius which had lain,
 Like unwrought ore, within each vasty brain;
 And as a prejudice exists that those
 Who never do disclose
 The knowledge that they boast of, seldom have any,
 Each of his learned ancestors had died,
 By an ungrateful world belied,
 And dubb'd a Zany.
 That HE should be
 Denied a pedigree!
 Appeared so monstrous in this land of freedom,
 He instantly conceived the notion

To go down to the House and make a motion,
That all men had a right to those who breed 'em.

Behold him in his seat, his face carnation,
Just like an ace of hearts,
Not red and white in parts,
But one complete illumination.
He rises--members blow their noses,
And cough and hem! till one supposes,
A general catarrh prevails from want of ventilation.

He speaks:—

Mr. Speaker, Sir, in me you see
A member of this house (*hear, hear*),
With whose proud pedigree
The "Thunderer" has dared to interfere.
Now I implore,
That Lawson may be brought upon the floor,
And beg my pardon on his bended knees.
In whatsoever terms I please.

(*Oh! oh!*)

(*No! no!*)

I, too, propose,

To pull his nose:

No matter if the law objects or not;
And if the printer's nose cannot be got,
The small proboscis of the printer's devil
Shall serve my turn for language so uncivil!
The "Thunderer" I defy,
And its vile lie.

(As Ajax did the lightning flash of yore.)

I likewise move this House requires—

No, that's too complimentary—desires,
That Mr. Lawson's brought upon the floor.

The thing was done:

The house divided, and the Ayes were—ONE!

EXPRESS FROM WINDSOR.

Last evening a most diabolical, and, it is to be regretted successful, attempt, was made to kiss the Princess Royal. It appears that the Royal Babe was taking an airing in the park, reclining in the arms of her principal nurse, and accompanied by several ladies of the court, who were amusing the noble infant by playing rattles, when a man of ferocious appearance emerged from behind some trees, walked deliberately up to the noble group, placed his hands on the nurse, and bent his head over the Princess. The Honourable Miss Stanley, guessing the ruffian's intention, earnestly implored him to kiss her instead, in which request she was backed by all the ladies present.¹ He was not, however, to be frustrated in the attempt, which no sooner had he accomplished, than he hurried off amidst the suppressed screams of the ladies. The Royal Infant was immediately carried to the palace, where her heart-rending cries attracted the attention of her Majesty, who, on hurrying to the child, and hearing the painful narration, would, in the burst of her maternal affection, have kissed the infant, had not Sir J. Clarke, who was fortunately present, prevented her so doing.

Dr. Locock was sent for from town, who, immediately on his arrival at Windsor, held a conference with Sir J. Clarke, and a basin of pap was prepared by them, which being administered to the Royal Infant, produced the most satisfactory results.

We are prohibited from stating the measures taken for the detection of the ruffian, lest their disclosure should frustrate the ends of justice.

1. This circumstance alone must at once convince every unprejudiced person of the utter falsity of the reports (promulgated by certain interested parties) of the disloyalty of the Tory ladies, when we see several dames placed in the most imminent danger, yet possessing sufficient presence of mind to offer *lip-service* to their sovereign.—EDITOR. *Morn. Post.*

A ROYAL DUCK.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert, during the sojourn of the Court at Windsor Castle, became, by constant practice in the Thames, so expert a swimmer, that, with the help of a cork jacket, he could, like Jones of the celebrated firm of "Brown, Jones, and Robinson," swim "anywhere over the river." Her Majesty, however, with true conjugal regard for the safety of the royal duck, never permitted him to venture into the water without



A COMPANION OF THE BATH.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

Michelly, of the *Morning Post*, was boasting to Westmacott of his intimate connexion with the aristocracy. "The *area-stocracy*, more likely," replied the ex-editor of the *Argus*.

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GREAT ANNUAL MICHAELMAS JUBILEE.

MAGNIFICENT CELEBRATION OF GOOSE-DAY.

How often are we—George Stephens-like—to be called upon to expend our invaluable breath in performing Eolian operations upon our own cornopean! Here have we, at an enormous expense and paralysing peril, been obliged to dispatch our most trusty and well-beloved reporter, to the fens in Lincolnshire, stuffed with brandy, swathed in flannel, and crammed with jokes; from whence he, at the cost of infinite pounds, unnumbered rheumatisms, and a couple of agues, caught, to speak vulgarly, "in a brace of shakes," has forwarded us the following authentic account of the august proceedings which took place in that county on the anniversary of the great St. Michaelmas.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Tuesday night.—Depths of the fens—just arrived—only time to state all muck—live eels and festivity—Sibthorp in extra force—betting 6 to 4 "he cooks everybody's goose"—no takers—D'Israeli says it's a gross want of sympathy—full account to-morrow—expect rare doings—must conclude—whrr-rh-h—tertian coming on—promises great shakes.

I am, sincerely and shiveringly,

YOUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Wednesday morning.—The day dawned like a second deluge, and the various volunteer *dramatis personæ* seemed like the spectres of the defunct water-dogs of Sadler's Wells. An eminent tallow-chandler from the east end of Whitechapel contracted for the dripping, and report says he found it a very swimming speculation. Life-preservers, waterproof and washable hats, were on the ground, which, together with Macintoshes and corks, formed a pleasing and varied group. The grand stand was graced by several eminent and capacious geese; nor was the infantine simplicity of numerous promising young goslings wanting to complete the delightful *ensemble*.

The business of the day commenced with a grand commemorative procession of homage to the prize goose, the representative of whom, we are proud to say, fell by election to the envied lot of the gallant, jocose, and *Joe Millertary* Colonel Sibthorp.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

Trumpeter in Ordinary to "all the geese," and

himself in particular,

On his extraordinary Pegasus, beautifully represented by a Jackass,

Idealised with magnificent goose's wings.

Mr. GEORGE STEPHENS, Grand Master of Hanky-panky.
Balancing on the Pons Asinorum of his Nose the Identical goose-quill
with which he indited the Wondrous Tale of Alroy,
Mr. BEN D'ISRAELI (much admired).
The great Stuffer and Crammer, bearing a stupendous dish
Of Sage and Onions,
Seated in a magnificent Sauce-boat, supported on either side by
Two fly pages bearing Apple-sauce,
And a train-bearer distributing mustard,
SIR EDWARD GEORGE ERLE LYTTON BULWER.
Grand Officiating Gravy Spoon,
A character admirably sustained, and
supported to the life, by
PETER BORTHWICK, M.P. and G.O.G.S.
Drawer and Carver-in-Chief,
Bearing some splendidly-dissected giblets, with gilt gizzard under his
right arm, and plated liver under his left,
Surgeon WAKLEY, M.P.
Hereditary Champion of the Pope's Nose,
Bearing the dismembered Relic enclosed in a beautifully-enamelled
Dutch oven,
DANIEL O'CONNELL, M.P.
The grand Prize Goose,
Reclining on a splendid willow-pattern well dish,
Colonel WALDO SIBTHORP!
Supported by CHARLES PEARSON, and Sir PETER LAURIE,
With flowery potatoes and shocking greens.
Grand Accountant-General,
With a magnificent banner, bearing an elaborate average rate of the price
of geese.
And the cheapest depôts for the same,
JOSEPH HUME, M.P.

This imposing procession having reached the grand kitchen, which had been erected for the occasion, the festivities instantly commenced by the Vice-Goose, Sir EDWARD LYTTON ERLE BULWER, proposing the health of the gallant Chairman, the Great-grand Goose:—

“Mr. Chairman and prize goose,—The feelings which now agitate my sensorium on this Michaelmasian occasion stimulate the vibratetiuncles of the heartiean hypothesis, so as to paralyse the oracular and articulative apparatus of my loquacious confirmation, overwhelming my soul-fraught imagination, as the boiling streams of liquid lava, buried in one vast cinereous mausoleum—the palace-crowded city of the engulfed Pompeii. (*Immense cheers.*)—I therefore propose a Methusalemic elongation of the duration of the vital principle of the presiding anserian paragon.” (*Stentorian applause, continued for half-an-hour after the rising of the Prize Goose*) who said—

“Fellow Geese and Goslings,—Julius Cæsar, when he laid the first stone of the rock of Gibraltar—Mr. Carstairs, the celebrated calligrapher, when he indited the inscription on the Rosetta stone—Cleopatra, when she hemmed Anthony's bandanna with her celebrated

needle—the Colossus of Rhodes, when he walked and won his celebrated match against Captain Barclay—Galileo, when he discovered and taught his grandmother the mode of sucking eggs—could not feel prouder than I do upon the present occasion. (*Cheers.*) These reminiscences, I can assure you, will ever stick in my grateful gizzard.”

Here the gallant Colonel sat down, overcome by his feelings and several glasses of Betts’ best British brandy.

Song—“Goosey, goosey gander.”

Mr. D’ISRAELI then rose, and said,—“Chair, and brethren of the quill, I feel, in assuming the perpendicular, like the sun when sinking into his emerald bed of western waters. Overcome by emotions mighty as the impalpable beams of the harmonious moon’s declining light, and forcibly impressed as the trembling oak, girt with the invisible arms of the gentle loving zephyr; the blush mantles on my cheek, deep as the unfathomed depths of the azure ocean. I say, gentlemen, impressed as I am with a sense—with a sense, I say, with a sense—” Here the hon. gentleman sat down for want of a termination.

Song—“No more shall the children of Judah sing.”

Mr. PETER BORTHWICK (having corked himself a handsome pair of mustachios), next rose, and said,—“Most potent, grave, and reverend signors, and Mr. Chairman,—if it were done, when ‘tis done, then ‘twere well it were done quickly’—in rising to drink—‘my custom always of an afternoon’—the health of Sir Peter Laurie, and whom I can ask, in the language of the immortal bard, ‘where gottest thou that goose look,’ I can only say, ‘had Heaven made me such another,’ I would not”— Then Peter Borthwick sat down, evidently indisposed, exclaiming—“The drink, Hamlet, the drink!!!”

Here our reporter left the meeting, who were vociferously chanting, by way of grace, previous to the attack on the “roast geese,” the characteristic anthem of the “King of the Cannibal Islands.”

DYER IGNORANCE.

It has been rumoured that Mr. Bernal, the new member, has been for some weeks past suffering from a severe attack of scarlet fever, caused by his late unparliamentary conduct in addressing the assembled legislators as—gentlemen. We are credibly informed that this unprecedented piece of ignorance has had the effect, as Shakspeare says, of



“MAKING THE GREEN ONE RED.”—*Macbeth.*

MAKING A COMPOSITION WITH ONE’S ANCESTORS.

Roebuck, the ex-attorney, and member for Bath, who has evinced a most commendable love of his parents, from his great-grandfather upwards, seeing the utter impossibility of carrying through the “whole hog” conviction of their respectability, and finding himself in rather an awkward “fix,” on the present occasion begs to inform the editor of the *Times*, that he will be most happy to accept a compromise, on their literary and scientific attainments, at the very reasonable rate of



SIX-AND-EIGHTPENCE IN THE POUND.

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PUNCH'S HISTORIC READINGS IN HISTORY.

NO. 1.—ENGLAND.

Of the early history of England nothing is known. It was, however, invaded by the *Normans*; but whether they were any relations of the once celebrated *Norman* the pantaloon, we have no authentic record. The kingdom had at one time seven kings—two of whom were probably the two well-known kings of Brentford. Perhaps, also, the king of Little Britain made a third; while old king Cole may have constituted a fourth; thus leaving only a trifling balance of three to be accounted for.

Alfred the Great is supposed to have been originally a baker, from his having undertaken the task of watching the cakes in the neat-herd's oven; and Edward the Black Prince was probably a West Indian, who found his way to our hospitable shores at an early period.

We now come to King John, who ascended the throne after putting out his nephew's eyes with a pair of curling-irons, and who is the first English Sovereign who attempted to write his own name; for the scrawl is evidently something more than his mark, which is attached to Magna Charta.

We need say nothing of Richard the Third, with whom all our play-going friends are familiar, and who made the disgraceful offer, if Shakspeare is to be believed, of parting with the whole kingdom for a horse, though it does not appear that the disreputable bargain was ever completed.

The wars of York and Lancaster, which, though not exactly *couleur de rose*, were on the subject of white and red roses (that is to say, China and cabbage), united the crown in the person of Henry the Seventh, known to the play-going public as the Duke of Richmond, and remarkable for having entered the country by the Lincolnshire fens; for he talks of having got into "the bowels of the land" immediately on his arrival.

Henry the Eighth, as everybody knows, was the husband of seven wives, and gave to Mr. Almar (the Sadler's Wells Stephens) the idea of his beautiful dramatic poem of the Wife of Seven Husbands.

Elizabeth's reign is remarkable for having produced a mantle which is worn at the present day, it having been originally made for one Shakspeare; but it is now worn by Mr. George Stephens, for whom, however, it is a palpable misfit, and it sits upon him most awkwardly.

Charles the First had his head cut off, and Mr. Cathcart acted him so naturally in Miss Mitford's play that one would have thought the monarch was entirely without a head all through the tragedy.

Cromwell next obtained the chief authority. This man was a brewer, who did not think "small beer" of himself, and inundated his country with "heavy wet," in the shape of tears, for a long period.

Charles the Second, well known as the merry monarch, is remarkable only for his profligacy, and for the number of very bad farces in which he has been the principal character. His brother James had a short reign, but not a merry one. He is the only English sovereign who may be said to have *amputated his bludgeon*; which, if we were speaking of

an ordinary man and not a monarch, we should have rendered by the familiar phrase of "cut his stick," a process which was soon performed by his majesty.

The crown now devolved upon William and Mary, upon whom half-a crown a-piece was thus settled by the liberality of Parliament. William was *Prince of Orange*, a descendant probably of the great King *Pippin*.

Anne of Denmark comes next on our list, but of her we shall say nothing; and as the Georges who followed her are so near own time, we shall observe, with regard to them, an equally impenetrable mystery.

WAR TO THE NAIL.

The *British Critic*, the high church, in fact, steeple Tory journal, tells its readers, "if we strike out the first person of Robert's speeches, ay, out of his whole career, they become a rope untwisted," &c. &c. &c. This excited old lady is evidently anxious to disfigure the head of the government, by scratching Sir Robert Peel's I's out.

MOLAR AND INCISOR.

Muntz, in rigging Wakley upon the late article in the *Examiner*, likening the member for Finsbury, in his connexion with Sir Robert Peel, "to the bird which exists by picking the crocodile's teeth," jocularly remarked, "Well, I never had any body to pick my teeth." "I should think not, or they would have chosen a much better set."

TWENTY POUNDS.

READER, did you ever want twenty pounds? You have—you have!—I see it—I know it! Nay, never blush! Your hand—your hand!

READER.—Sir, I—

Silence!—nonsense—stuff; don't, don't prevaricate—own it as I do,—own it and rejoice.

READER.—Really, sir, this conduct—

Is strange. Granted; don't draw back; come, a cordial gripe. We are friends; we have both suffered from the same cause. There, that's right—honest palm to palm. Now, how say you—have you ever wanted twenty pounds?

READER.—Frankly, then, I have.

Mind to mind, as hand to hand. Have you felt as I did? Did its want cloud the sun, wither the grass, and blight the bud?

READER.—It did.

But how, marry, how? What! you decline confession—so you may—I'll be more explicit. I was abroad, far from my "father-land"—there's a magic in the word!—the turf we've played on, the hearts we love, the graves we venerate—all, all combine to concentrate its charm.

READER.—You are digressing.

Thank you, I am; but I'll resume. While I could buy them, friends indeed were plenty. Alas! prudence is seldom co-mate with youth and inexperience. The golden dream was soon to end—end even with the yellow dross that gave it birth. Fallacious hopes of coming "posts," averted for a time my coming wretchedness—three weeks, and not a line! The landlord suffered from an intermitting affection, characteristic of the "stiff-necked generation;"—he bowed to others—galvanism could not have procured the tithe of a salaam for me. His till was afflicted with a sort of sinking-fundishness. I was the contractor of "the small bill," whose exact amount would enable him to meet a "heavy payment;" my very garments were "tabooed" from all earth's decencies; splashes seemed to have taken a lease of the bottoms of my trousers. My boots, once objects of the tenderest care of their unworthy namesake, seemed conscious of the change, and drooped in untreed wretchedness, desponding at the wretched wrinkles now ruffling the once smooth calf! My coat no more appeared to catch the dust; as if under the influence of some invisible charm, its white-washed elbows never struck upon the sight of the else all-seeing boots; spider never rushed from his cell with the post-haste speed with which he issued from his dark recess, to pick the slightest cobweb that ever harnessed Queen Mab's team, from *other* coats; a gnat, a wandering hair left its location, swept by the angry brush from the broad-cloth of those who paid their bills—as far as I was concerned—all were inoculated with this strange blindness. It was an overwhelming ophthalmia! The chambermaid, through its fatality, never discovered that my jugs were empty, my bottle clothed with slimy green, my soap-dish left untenanted. A

day before this time had been sufficient service for my hand-towel; now a week seemed to render it less fit to taste the rubs of hands and soap. Dust lost its vice, and lay unheeded in the crammed corner of my luckless room.

READER.—I feel for you.

Silence! the worst is yet to come. At dinner all things changed—soup, before too hot to drink, came to my lips cool as if the north wind had caressed it; number was at an end; I ranked no longer like a human being; I was a huge *ought*—a walking cypher—a vile round O. I had neither beginning nor end. Go where I would—top, bottom, sides, 'twas all the same. Bouilli avoided me—vegetables declined growing under my eyes—fowls fled from me. I might as well have longed for ice-cream in Iceland—dessert in a desert. I had no turn—I was the *last man*. Nevertheless, dinner was a necessary evil.

READER.—And tea?

Was excluded from the calendar. Night came, but no rest—all things had forgotten their office. The sheets huddled in undisturbed selfishness, like knotted cables, in one corner of the bed; the blankets, doubtless disgusted at their conduct, sought refuge at the foot; and the flock, like most other flocks, without a directing hand, was scattered in disjointed heaps.

READER.—Did not you complain?

I did—*imprimis*—to boots—boots scratched his head; ditto waiter—waiter shook his; the chambermaid, strange to say, was suddenly deaf.

READER.—And the landlord?

Did nothing all day; but when I spoke, was in a hurry, “going to his ledger,” Had I had as many months as hydra, that would have stopped them all.

READER.—You were to be *pitied*.

I was. I rose one morning with the sun—it scorched my face, but shone not. Nature was in her spring-time to all others, though winter to me. I wandered beside the banks of the rapid Rhine, I saw nothing but the thick slime that clogged them, and wondered how I could have thought them beautiful; the pebbles seemed crushed upon the beach, the stream but added to their lifelessness by heaping on them its dull green slime; the lark, indeed, was singing—Juliet was right—its notes were nothing but “harsh discords and unpleasing sharps”—a rainbow threw its varied arch across the heavens—sadness had robbed it of its charm—it seemed a visionary cheat—a beautiful delusion.

READER.—I feel with you.

I thank you. I went next day.

READER.—What then?

The glorious sun shed life and joy around—the clear water rushed bounding on in glad delight to the sweet music of the scented wind—the pebbly beach welcomed its chaste cool kiss, and smiled in freshness as it rolled again back to its pristine bed. The buds on which I stepped, elastic with high hope, sprung from the ground my foot had pressed them to—the lark—

READER.—You can say nothing new about that.

You are right. I'll pass it, and come at once to an end. My boots stood upright, conscious of their glare; a new spring rushed into my bottles; Flora's sweets were witnessed in my dress; a mite, a tiny mite, might have made progress round my room, nor found a substance larger than itself to stop its way. My lips at dinner were scalded with the steaming soup; the eager waiters, rushing with the choicest sauce, in dread collision met, and soused my well-brushed coat. I was once more number one!—all things had changed again.

READER—Except the rainbow.

Ay, even that.

READER,—Indeed! how so?

If still impalpable to the gross foot of earth, it seemed to the charmed mind a glowing passage for the freed spirit to mount to bliss!

READER.—May I ask what caused this difference?

You may, and shall be answered. I had received—

CURIOSITY HUNTERS

There is a large class of people in the world—the business of whose lives is to hunt after and collect trifling curiosities; who go about like the Parisian *chiffonniers*, grubbing and poking in the highways and byeways of society, for those dearly-prized objects which the generality of mankind would turn up their noses at as worthless rubbish. But though the tribe of curiosity-hunters be extremely numerous, Nature, by a wise provision, has bestowed on them various appetites, so that, in the pursuit of their prey, they are led by different instincts, and what one seizes with avidity, another rejects as altogether unworthy of notice.

The varieties of the species are interminable; some of them are well known, and need no description—such as the book-worm, the bird-stuffer, the coin-taster, the picture-scrubber, &c.; but there are others whose tastes are singularly eccentric: of these I may mention the snuff-box collector, the cane-fancier, the ring-taker, the play-bill gatherer, to say nothing of one illustrious personage, whose passion for collecting a library of Bibles is generally known. But there is another individual of the species that I have not yet mentioned, whose morbid pleasure in collecting relics and memorials of the most revolting deeds of blood and crime is too well authenticated to be discredited. I believe that this variety, which I term “The Criminal Curiosity Hunter,” is unknown to every country in the world, except England.

How such a horrible taste should have been engendered here, is a question not easily solved. Physiologists are inclined to attribute it to our heavy atmosphere, which induces gloomy thoughts and fancies; while moralists assign as its cause, the sanguinary spirit of our laws, our brutal exhibitions of hanging, drawing and quartering, of gibbettings, whippings, brandings, and torturings, which degrade men’s natures, and give them a relish for scenes of blood and cruelty.

It happened that I had occasion to call on one of those “Criminal Curiosity Hunters” lately. He received me with extreme urbanity, and pointing to an old-fashioned-looking arm-chair, requested me to be seated.—I did so.

“I suppose, sir,” said he, with an air of suppressed triumph, “that you have no idea that you are now sitting in a remarkable chair?”

I assured him I was totally unconscious of the fact.

“I can tell you, then,” he replied, “that it was in that chair Fauntleroy, the banker, who was hanged for forgery, was sitting when he was arrested.”

“Indeed!”

“Fact, sir! I gave ten guineas for it. I thought also to have obtained the night-cap in which he slept the night before his execution, but another collector was beforehand with me, and bribed the turnkey to steal it for him.”

“I had no idea there could be any competition for such an article,” I observed.

“Ah! sir,” said he, with a deep sigh, “you don’t know the value of these interesting relics. I have been for upwards of thirty years a collector of them, and I have now as pretty a museum of Criminal Curiosities as you could desire to see.”

“It seems you have been indefatigable in your pursuit,” said I.

“Yes,” he replied, “when a man devotes himself to a great object, he must go to it heart and soul. I have spared neither time nor money in *my* pursuit; and since I became a collector, I have attended the execution of every noted malefactor throughout the kingdom.”

Perceiving that my attention was drawn to a common rope, which served as a bell-pull, he said—

“I see you are remarking my bell-cord—that is the identical rope, sir, which hanged Bellingham, who shot Mr. Perceval in the House of Commons. I offered any sum for the one in which Thistlewood ended his life to match it—but I was unfortunately disappointed; and the laws have now become so disgracefully lenient, that I fear I shall never have an opportunity of procuring a respectable companion rope for the other side of my mantel-piece. And ‘tis all owing to the rascally Whigs, sir—they have swept away all our good old English customs, and deprived us of our national recreations. I remember, sir, when Monday was called ‘hanging day’ at the Old Bailey; on that morning a man might he certain

of seeing three or four criminals swung off before his breakfast. 'Tis a curious study, sir, that of hanging—I have seen a great many people suffer in my time: some go off as quiet as lambs, while others die very reluctantly. I have remarked, sir, that 'tis very difficult to hang a Jew pedlar, or a hackney-coachman—there's something obstinate in their nature that won't let them die like other men. But, as I said before, the Whigs and reformers have knocked up the hanging profession; and if it was not for the suicides, which, I am happy to say, are as abundant as ever, I don't know what we should do."

After my friend's indignation against the anti-hanging principles of Reform had subsided a little, he invited me to examine his curiosities, which he had arranged in an adjoining room.

"I have not," said he, as we were proceeding thither, "confined my collection to objects connected with capital offenders only; it comprehends relics of every grade of crime, from murder to petty larceny. In that respect I am liberal, sir."

We had now reached the door of the apartment, when my conductor, seizing my arm suddenly, pointed to the door-mat upon which I had just set my foot, and said, "Observe that mat, sir; it is composed of oakum picked by the fair fingers of the late Lady Barrymore, while confined in the Penitentiary."

I cast a glance at this humble memorial of her late ladyship's industry, and passed into the museum. In doing so, I happened to stumble over a stable-bucket, which my friend affirmed was the one from which Thurtell watered his horse on his way to Probert's cottage. Opening a drawer, he produced a pair of dirty-looking slippers, the authentic property of the celebrated Ikey Solomons; and along with them a pair of cotton hose, which he assured me he had mangled with his own hands in Sarah Gale's mangle. In another drawer he directed my attention to a short clay pipe, once in the possession of Burke; and a tobacco-stopper belonging to Hare, the notorious murderer. He had also preserved with great care Corder's advertisement for a wife, written in his own hand, as it appeared in the weekly papers, and a small fragment of a tile from the Red Barn, where Maria Martin was murdered by the same Corder. He also possessed the fork belonging to the knife with which some German, whose name I forget, cut his wife's and children's throats; and a pewter half-quartern measure, used at the Black Lion, in Wych-street, by Sixteen-string Jack.

There were, likewise, in the collection several interesting relics of humorous felony; such as the snuff-box of the Cock-lane ghost—the stone thrown by Collins at William the Fourth's head—a copy of Sir Francis Burden's speech, for which he was committed to the Tower—an odd black silk glove, worn by Mr. Cotton, the late ordinary of Newgate—Barrington's silver tooth-pick—and a stay-lace of Miss Julia Newman.

These were but a small portion of the contents of the museum; but I had seen enough to make me sick of the exhibition, and I withdrew with the firm resolution never again, during my life, to enter the house of a *Criminal Curiosity Hunter*.

X.

ECCENTRICITIES OF THE MINOR DRAMA.

We had intended to have arranged, for the use of future syncretics, a system of coincidences, compiled from the plots of those magnificent soul-stirring extravaganzas produced and acted at the modern temples of the drama—the chaste Victoria—the didactic Sadler's Wells—and the tramontane Pavilion: but we have found the subject too vast for comprehension, and must content ourselves with noting some of the more exorbitant and refined instances of genius and hallucination displayed in those mighty works. Among these the following are pre-eminent:—

It is a remarkable thing that mothers are always buried on the tops of inaccessible mountains, and that, when it occurs to their afflicted daughters to go and pray at their tombs, they generally choose a particularly inclement night as best adapted for that purpose. It is convenient, too, if any murder took place exactly on the spot, exactly twenty years before, because in that case it is something agreeable to reflect upon and allude to.

It is remarkable that people never lie down but to dream, and that they always dream quite to the purpose, and immediately on having done dreaming, they wake and act upon it.

It is remarkable that young men never know definitely whose sons they are, and generally turn out to belong to the wrong father, and find that they have been falling in love with their sisters, and all that sort of thing.

N.B. Wanted, a new catastrophe for these incidents, as suicide is going out of fashion.

It is remarkable that whenever people are in a particular hurry to be off, they make a point of singing a song to put themselves in spirits, and as an effectual method of concealing their presence from their enemies, who are always close at hand with knives.

It is remarkable that things always go wrong until the last scene, and then there is such hurry and bustle to get them right again, that no one would ever believe it could be done in the time; only they know it must be, and make up their minds to it accordingly.

One word more. Like St. Dunstan's feet, which possessed the sacred virtue of self-multiplication, and of which there existed three at one time, it appears to be a prerogative of epithets of the superlative degree to attach themselves to any number of substantives. Thus the most popular comedian of the day is five different men—the most beautiful drama ever produced is two farces—an opera and a tragedy—and the most decided hit in the memory of man is the "Grecian Statues"—"The Wizard of the Moon"—"The Devil's Daughter"—"Martinuzzi"—and "The Refuge for the Destitute."

THE "WELL-DRESSED" AND THE "WELL-TO-DO."

"There has for the last few days been a smile on the face of *every well-dressed gentleman*, and of *every well-to-do artisan*, who wend their way along the streets of this vast metropolis. It is caused by the opposition exhibition of Friday night in the House of Commons."

Such is the comfortable announcement of a Tory morning paper,—the very incarnation of spiteful imbecility. Such is the self-complacency of the old Tory hag, that in her wildest moments would bite excessively,—if she only had teeth. She has, however, in the very simplicity of her smirking, let out the whole secret—has, in the sweet serenity of her satisfaction, revealed the selfishness, the wickedness of her creed. *Toryism believes only in the well-dressed and the well-to-do*. Purple and fine linen are the instrumental parts of her religion. She subscribes, in fact, to forty-three points; four meals a day being added to her Christian Thirty-nine Articles. Her faith is in glossy raiment and a full belly. She has such a reverence for the loaves and fishes, that in the fulness of her devotion, she would eat them—as the author of the *Almanach des Gourmands* advises the epicure to eat a certain exquisite dainty—"on her knees." She would die a martyr at the fire;—but then it must be lighted in the kitchen.

The parliamentary exhibition which, according to the *Sycorax* of Toryism—a *Sycorax* with double malice, but no potency—has set all the well-dressed and well-to-do part of "this vast metropolis" off in one simultaneous simper, took place on the following motion made by Mr. FIELDEN:—

"Resolved,—That the distress of the working people at the present time is so great through the country, but particularly in the manufacturing districts, that it is the duty of this House to make instant inquiry into the cause and extent of such distress, and devise means to remedy it; and, at all events, to vote no supply of money until such inquiry be made."—(Hear, hear.)

This motion was negatived by 149 to 41; and it is to this negative that, according to the avowal of our veracious contemporary, we owe the radiant looks that have lighted up the streets of London for the past few days. In the same sense of the writer, but in the better words of the chorus of *Tom Thumb*—

"Nature seemed to wear a universal grin!"

It being always premised and settled that the term nature only comprehends the people with sleek coats and full stomachs. Nature abhors a vacuum,—therefore has nought to do with empty bellies. Happy are the men whose fate, or better philosophy, has kept them from the turnips and the heather—fortunate mortals, who, banned from the murder of partridges and grouse, have for the last few days of our contemporary, been dwellers in merry London! What exulting faces! What crowds of well-dressed, well-fed *Malvolios*, "smiling" at one another, though not cross-gartered! To a man prone to ponder on that many-leaved, that scribbled, blurred and blotted volume, the human face,—that mysterious tome printed with care, with cunning and remorse,—that thing of lies, and miseries, and hypocritic gladness,—that volume, stained with tears, and scribbled over and over with daily wants, and daily sufferings, and daily meannesses;—to such a reader who, from the hieroglyphic lines of feigned content, can translate the haggard spirit and the pining heart, —to such a man too often depressed and sickened by the contemplation of the carnivorous faces thronging the streets of London—faces that look as if they deemed the stream of all human happiness flowed only from the Mint,—to such a man, how great the satisfaction, how surpassing the enjoyment of these "last few days!" As with the Thane of Cawdor, every man's face has been a book; but, alas! luckier than *Macbeth*, that book has been—*Joe Miller!*

Every well-dressed gentleman has smiled, but then the source of his satisfaction has been the rags fluttering on the human carcasses in the manufacturing districts. Every well-to-do artisan has wended his way along the streets showing his teeth, but then at his own sweet will he can employ those favoured instruments on roast or boiled: hence his smile for those who, gifted with the like weapons, bear them as men bear court swords, for ornament, not use. Alas! the smirk of the well-dressed may be struck into blank astonishment by the

fluttering of rags—by a standard of tatters borne by a famine-maddened myriad; the teeth of the dragon want may be sown, and the growth may, as of old, be armed men.

Yet can we wonder at the jocoseness of those arrayed in lawn and broad-cloth—can we marvel at the simper of the artisan fresh from his beef and pudding, solaced with tobacco and porter? Surely not; for the smile breaks under the highest patronage; nay, even broad grins would have the noblest warranty, for his Grace the Duke of Wellington has pronounced rags to be the livery only of wilful idleness—has stamped on the withering brow of destitution the brand of the drunkard. Therefore, clap your hands to your pulpy sides, oh well-dressed, well-to-do London, and disdaining the pettiness of a simper, laugh an ogre's laugh at the rags of Manchester—grin like a tickled Polyphemus at the hunger of Bolton!

Our babbling, anile friend, in the very looseness of her prating has let out the truth. Or rather—a common custom with her—she has talked in her sleep. Her very weakness has, however, given a point to her revelation.

“Diamonds dart their brightest lustre,
from a palsy-shaken head!”

In the midst of her snores she has but revealed the plot entered into between those most respectable conspirators, Broad Cloth and Beef, against those old offenders, those incorrigible miscreants, Rags and Want! The confederacy is, to be sure, older than the crucified thieves; but then it has not been so undisguisedly avowed. Broad Cloth has, on the contrary, affected a sympathy with tatters, though with a constancy of purpose has refused an ell from its trailing superfluity to solace the wretchedness; the tears of Beef dropt on the lank abdomen of Starvation, are ancient as post diluvian crocodiles.—but it has spared no morsel to the object of its hypocritic sorrow. Now, however, even the decency of deceit is to be dropt, and Broad Cloth is to make sport with the nakedness of the land, and merry Beef is to roar like the bulls of Bashan at the agonies of famine!

As the winter approaches we are promised increasing sources of amusement from the manufacturing districts. What sunny faces will break through the fogs of November—what giggling will drown the cutting blasts of January! Eschewing the wise relaxation of pantomimes, we shall be taught to consult the commercial reports in the newspapers as the highest and fullest source of salutary laughter. How we shall simper when mills are stopped—how crow with laughter when whole factories are silent and deserted! How reader—for we acknowledge none who are not well-dressed and well-to-do—how you will scream with joy when banks break!—and how consult the list of bankrupts as the very spirit and essence of the most consummate fun. Insolvency shall henceforth be synonymous with repartee—and compositions with creditors practical *bons mots*.

Oh! reader—(but mind, you *must*, we say, to be our reader, be well-dressed and well-to-do; for though we owe the very paper beneath your eye to rags, we trust we are sufficiently in the mode to laugh contemptuously at such abominations)—oh! reader, quit your lighter recreations; seek not for merriment in fictitious humour; it is a poor, unsatisfactory diet, weak and watery; but find substantial drollery from the fluttering of tatters—laugh, and with the crowing joy, grow sleek and lusty at the writhings and the lamentations of want!

We have, however, a recent benevolent instance of the political and social power of dress—an instance gathered from the Court of Spain. The organ (or rather barrel-organ of Toryism, for it has only a set number of tunes) which played our opening quotation, also grinds the following:—

“The Regent Espartero, and the tutor Arguelles, are doing all in their power to keep the young Queen and the Infanta *in good humour*, encouraging the Princesses in many little indulgences suitable to their age and sex, *especially in the article of dress*, in which their royal mother was more than inattentive. *This line of conduct*, coupled with the expected arrival of the Infant, Don Francisco de Paula and his family, who are to be received with every mark of respect, indicates that the present rulers of Spain, aware of their critical situation, wish to strengthen themselves by the support of the great majority of the royal family.”

Thus, if the royal family of Spain have an excess of courtesy and benevolence towards the people, such blessings will drop upon them from the fringed petticoats of the little sovereign. Thus curiously considered, may we not trace a bounteous political measure to the lace veil of a Queen, and find a great national benefit in the toe of a slipper?

Happy Spaniards! Give fine clothes to *your* rulers, and they yearn with benevolence towards the donors. *They* do not walk about the streets of Madrid, smiling in the strength of their wardrobe at the nakedness of those who have subscribed the bravery. Oh, ye “well-dressed gentlemen,” and oh, ye “well-to-do artisans!”—be instructed by the new petticoats of Queen Isabella, and smile no at rags and famine.



THE TORY PEACOCKS AND THE FINSBURY DAW.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF HOOKHAM-CUM-SNIVEY.

There is not a more interesting science than geology, which, as our readers are aware, treats principally of mud and minerals. The association at Hookham-cum-Snivey has been very active during the summer, and may be said to have been up to its knees in dirt and filth, gravel and gypsum, coal, clay and conglomerate, for a very considerable period.

It having been determined to open a sewer where the old Hookham-road meets with the ancient Roman footpath at Snivey, the junction of which gives name to the modern town, the Geological Association passed a strong resolution, in which it was asserted, that the opportunity had at length arrived for solving the great doubt that had long perplexed the minds of the inhabitants as to whether the soil in the neighbourhood was crustaceous or carboniferous. The *crustaceous* party had been long triumphing in the fact, that a mouldy piece of bread had been found at two feet below the surface, when digging for the foundation of a swing erected in a garden in the neighbourhood; but the *carboniferous* enthusiasts had been thrown into ecstasies, by the sexton having come upon a regular *strata* of undoubted cinders, in clearing out a piece of ground at the back of the parson's residence. Some evil-disposed persons had the malice to say that the spot had been formerly the site of a subsequently-filled-up dusthole; but the *crustaceous* party, depending as they did upon a single piece of bread—*all crumb* too—however genuine, could not be said to have so much to go upon as the *carboniferous* section, with their heap of cinders, the latter being large in quantity, though of doubtful authority.

However, the opening of the sewer was looked forward to with intense interest, as being

calculated to decide the great question, and all the principal geologists were on the spot several hours before operations commenced, for the purpose of inspecting the surface of the ground before it was disturbed by the spade and pickaxe of the labourer.

It was found that the earth consisted of an outer coat of dust, amongst which were several stones, varying in size, with here and there a bone picked exceedingly clean, and evidently belonging to a sheep; all of which facts gave promise of most gratifying results to the true lover of geology. At length the labourer came in sight, and was greeted with loud cheers from the crustaceous party, which were ironically echoed by the disciples of the carboniferous school, and a most significant "hear, hear," proceeded from an active partisan of the latter class, when the first stroke of the pickaxe proclaimed the commencement of an operation upon which so much was known to depend for the interests of geology. The work had proceeded for some time amid breathless interest, interrupted only by sneers, cheers, jeers, and cries of "Oh, oh!" or "No, no!" As the throwing up of a shovelful of earth excited the hopes of one party, or the fears of the other, when a hard substance was struck upon, which caused a thrilling sensation among the bystanders. The pressure of the geologists, all eager to inspect the object that had created so much curiosity, could hardly be restrained, and the president was thrown, with great violence, into the hole that had been dug, from which he was pulled with extraordinary strength of body, and presence of mind, by the honorary treasurer.

The hard substance was found to consist of a piece of iron, of which it appeared a vein, or rather an artery, ran both backwards and forwards from the spot where it was first discovered. The confusion was at its height, for it was supposed a mine had been discovered, and a long altercation ensued; the town-clerk claiming it in the name of the lord of the manor, while the beadle, with a confused idea about mines being royal property, leaped into the hole, and, in the Queen's name, took possession of everything. A desperate struggle ensued, in which several geologists were laid straight upon the *strata*, and were converted into secondary deposits on the surface of the earth; when the lamplighter, coming by, recognised the hard iron substance as the large main of the Equitable Company. It became therefore necessary to relinquish any further investigation on the spot originally chosen, and the matter was postponed to another day, so that the great crustaceous and carboniferous question remains exactly where it did, to the great injury of the harmony and good feeling that has never yet prevailed, though it is hoped it some time or other may prevail, among the inhabitants.

But though public investigation of geological truth is for a time at a stand-still, we are glad to be able to record the following remarkable instance of private enterprise:—

A very active member of the association—the indefatigable Mr. Grubemup—determined to leave no stone unturned for the purpose of making observations, went out, attended by a single assistant, and made a desperate attempt to turn the mile-stone in the Kensington-road, in the hope of finding some geological facts at the bottom of it. After several hours' labour before day-break, to avoid interruption from the police, he succeeded in introducing the point of a pickaxe beneath the base of the stone; and eventually he had the satisfaction of removing it from its position, when he made the following geological observations:—He found a primary deposit of dark soil, and, on putting his spectacles to his eyes, he distinctly detected a common worm in a state of high salubrity. This clearly proved to him that there must formerly have been a direct communication between Hookham-cum-Snivey and the town of Kensington, for the worm found beneath the milestone exactly resembled one now in the Hookham-cum-Snivey Museum, and which is known as the *vermis communis*, or earth-worm, and which has always excited considerable interest among the various visitors. Mr. Grubemup, encouraged by this highly satisfactory result, proceeded to scratch up with his thumb-nail a portion of the soil, and his geological enterprise was speedily rewarded by a fossil of the most interesting character. Upon close inspection it proved to be a highly crystallised rat's-tail, from which the geologist inferred that there were rats on the Kensington-road at a much earlier period than milestones. We have not heard that the ingenious gentleman carried his examination further, but in the present state of geology, any contribution to the science, however small, will be thankfully received by the knowledge-loving community.

LAYS OF THE "BEAU MONDE."

BY THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

I saw at Lord George's *rout*,
Amid a blaze of *ton*;
And such a *tournure* ne'er "came out"
For Maradon Carson!
For who that mark'd that sylph-like grace
That full Canova hip,
That robe of rich Chantilly lace,
That faultless satin slip,
Could doubt that she would be *the belle*

To make a thousand waistcoats swell?

I saw her seated by my lord,
As *joli comme un ange*;
She took some *pate perigord*.
And after that *blanc mange*:
A glass of Moyse's pink champagne
Lent lustre to *ses eux*.
And then—I heard a Grisian strain—
It was her sweet *adieux*;
And I—my friend the butler sought,
To slake with stout each burning thought.

METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.

It is at length decided that Aldgate pump is to be painted, but the vestry have not yet determined what the colour is to be. It is thought, to suit the diversity of opinions in the parish cabinet, that it will be painted in a harlequin pattern.

It is seriously contemplated to attempt the removal of the ancient "Hot Codlings" stand from the west-end of Temple Bar. The old woman who at present occupies the premises is resolved to resist to the utmost so unjust an aggression.

The Corporation of the City of London have, in the most liberal manner, given a plot of ground, eighteen by thirteen and a half-inches, for the erection of a pickled whilks and pennywinkle establishment, at the corner of Newgate-street and the Old Bailey. This will be a valuable boon to the Blue-coat boys, and will tend to cause a brisk influx of loose coppers to this hitherto much-neglected spot.

The disgraceful state of the gutter-grating in Little Distaff-lane has, at length, awakened the attention of the parish authorities. For several days past it has been choked by an accumulation of rubbish, but we are now enabled, on good authority, to state that the parish-beadle has been directed to poke it with his staff, which it is hoped will have the effect of removing the obstruction.

The Commissioners of Woods and Forests have ordered plans and estimates to be laid before them for the erection of a duck-house on the island of the pond in St. James's Park.

It has been decided that the exhibition of fancy paper on the boards of the enclosure of Trafalgar-square is to continue open to the public till further notice.

By a recent Act of Parliament, foot passengers crossing Blackfriars-bridge are allowed to walk on whichever side of it they like best.

ERRATA IN THE "TIMES."

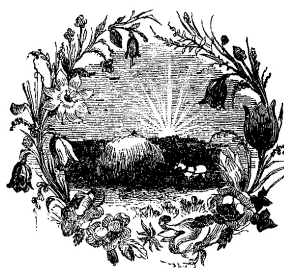
For "Sir James Graham denied that he ever *changed* his friends or his principles," read "*hanged* his friends or his principles."

For "Lord John Russell said that he had strenuously endeavoured to keep *pace* with the march of Reform," read "keep *place* with the march of Reform."

For "though Sir Robert Peel is the ostensible *head*, the Duke of Wellington holds the *reins* of the present administration," read "the Duke of Wellington holds the *brains* of the present administration."

For "Colonel Sibthorp said he despised the man who suffered himself be made the *tool* of a party," read "the *fool* of a party."

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF THE LONDON MEDICAL STUDENT



ur lively neighbours on the opposite side of the *Pas de Calais* (as they are pleased, in a spirit of patriotic appropriation, to translate the Straits of Dover), have lately shot off a flight of small literary rockets about Paris, which have exploded joyously in every direction, producing all sorts of fun and merriment, termed *Les Physiologies*—a series of graphic sketches, embodying various every-day types of characters moving in the French capital. In the same spirit we beg to bring forward the following papers, with the hope that they will meet with an equally favourable reception.

1. THE INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE.

We are about to discuss a subject as critical and important to take up as the abdominal aorta; for should we offend the class we are about to portray, there are fifteen hundred medical students, arrived this week in London, ripe and ready to avenge themselves upon our devoted cranium, which, although hardened throughout its ligneous formation by many blows, would not be proof against their united efforts. And we scarcely know how or where to begin. The instincts and different phases, under which this interesting race appears, are so numerous, that far from complaining of the paucity of materials we have to work upon, we are overwhelmed by mental suggestions, and rapidly-dissolving views, of the various classes from Guy's to the London University, from St. George's to the London Hospital, perpetually crowding upon our brains (if we have any), and rendering our ideas as completely muddled as those of a "new man" who has, for the first week of October, attended every single lecture in the day, from the commencement of chemistry, at nine in the morning, to the close of surgery, at eight in the evening. Lecture! auspicious word! we have a beginning prompted by the mere sound. We will address you, medical students, according to the style you are most accustomed to.

Gentlemen,—Your attention is to be this morning directed to an important part of your course on physiology, which your various professors, at two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, will separately tell you is derived from two Greek words, so that we have no occasion to explain its meaning at present. Magendie, Müller, Mayo, Millengen, and various other M's, have written works upon physiology, affecting the human race generally; you are now requested to listen to the demonstration of one species in particular—the Medical Student of London.

Lay aside your deeper studies, then, and turn for a while to our lighter sketches; forget the globules of the blood in the contemplation of red billiard balls; supplant the *tunica arachnoidea* of the brain by a gossamer hat—the *rete mucosum* of the skin by a pea-jacket; the vital fluid by a pot of half-and-half. Call into play the flexor muscles of your arms with boxing-gloves and single-sticks; examine the secreting glands in the shape of kidneys and sweetbreads; demonstrate other theories connected with the human economy in an equally analogous and pleasant manner; lay aside your crib Celsus and Steggall's Manual for our own more enticing pages, and find your various habits therein reflected upon paper, with a truth to nature only exceeded by the artificial man of the same material in the Museum of King's College. Assume for a time all this joyousness. PUNCH has entered as a pupil at a medical school (he is not at liberty to say which), on purpose to note your propensities, and requests you for a short period to look upon him as one of your own lot. His course will commence next week, and "The New Man" will be the subject.



MICHAELMAS DAY

Every one knows that about this time of the year geese are in their prime, and are particularly good when stuffed with sage; which accounts for the fact, that Sibthorp has made some sage remarks, so that he may not lose by comparison with the "foolish birds," with whom he feels a natural sympathy.

We have never been able to discover the connexion between geese and Michaelmas. There is a reason for associating ducks with Midsummer: we can understand the meaning of poultry at Christmas, for *birds* are appropriate to a period when every one sends in *his bill*; but why poor St. Michael should be so degradingly associated with a goose is beyond our comprehension, and baffles our ingenuity. If St. Michael had been a tailor, or an actor, or an author, we could have understood how *goose* might have applied to him; but as he was neither one nor the other, we really are at a loss to conceive why a goose should have become so intimately associated with his name and character.

Among other curious incidents, it may be remarked that, with an instinctive dread of *goose*, the redoubtable *Martinuzzi* drew in his horns, just on the eve of Michaelmas, and the

Syncretics have just shut up shop in time to avoid the "*compliments of the season*" that they had every right and every reason to anticipate would be bestowed, if not with a "liberal hand," at least with "a lavish mouth," by their audience.

It must be remembered by all the geese against whom PUNCH thinks proper to indulge his wit, that at this season of the year they must expect to be roasted. Upon the whole, however, we have a high respect for "the foolish bird," and when it is remembered that the geese saved Rome, we do not think we are wrong in suggesting the possibility of England being yet saved by Lord Coventry, or any other cackler in either house of Parliament.

"LAND SHARKS AND SEA GULLS."

Admiral Napier observed that "retired lawyers got better paid than retired admirals." A gross injustice, as their vocations bear an extraordinary similarity; par example—both are *attachés* of the Fleet: in an action, both know the necessity of being bailed out to prevent swamping. One service is distinguished by its "davits," the other by its "affidavits;" and they are mutually and equally admired for, and known by, their craft. The only difference between them being, that the lawyer serves "two masters"—the admiral, invariably, three masters. If the same remark applies to the members of the army-list, as well as to those of the navy and law, we must say that it is an extremely shabby method of



"RELIEVING GUARD."

LIST OF OUTRAGES.

The following list of outrages, recently perpetrated in the vicinity of a notoriously bad house near Westminster Abbey, has not appeared in any of the daily papers:—

LORD MELBOURNE—frightfully beaten, and turned out of his house by a gang of Peelites.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL—struck on the head by a large majority, and flung into a quandary.

LORD COTTENHAM—tripped up by a well-known member of the swell mob, and robbed of his seals.

MR. ROEBUCK—stripped and treated with barbarous inhumanity by a notorious bruiser named the *Times*. The unfortunate gentleman lies to the present moment *speechless* from the injuries he has sustained.

LORD NORMANBY—stabbed with some sharp instrument, supposed to be Lord Stanley's tongue.

LORD MORPETH—struck in the dark by an original idea, from the effects of which he has not yet recovered.

ROOT AND BRANCH.

Roebuck, in complaining of the stigmas cast by the *Times* upon his pedigree, and vehemently insisting on the character of his family tree, was kindly assisted by Tom

SONGS FOR THE SENTIMENTAL.—NO. 8.

You say I have forgot the vow
I breath'd in days long past;
But had I faithful been, that thou
Hadst loved me to the last.
Without me, e'en a throne thou'dst scorn—
With me, contented beg!
False maid! 'tis not that I'm forsworn,—
The boot's on t'other leg.

Amidst the revel thou wast gay,
The blithest with the song!
Though thou believ'dst me far away,
An exile at Boulogne.
'Twas then, and not till then, my heart
To love thee did refuse;
My vows became (false that thou art!)—
Another pair of shoes!

AFFAIRS IN CHINA.

PRIVATE LETTER FROM A YOUNG OFFICER AT THE ENGLISH FACTORY, CANTON, TO HIS BROTHER IN ENGLAND.

DEAR TOM,—Everything is going on gloriously—the British arms are triumphant—and we now only require the Emperor of China's consent to our taking possession of his territory, which I am sorry to say there is at present no likelihood of obtaining. However, there is little doubt, if we be not all swept off by ague and cholera, that we shall be able to maintain our present position a few months longer. Our situation here would be very comfortable if we had anything to eat, except bad beef and worse biscuit; these, however, are but trifling inconveniences; and though we have no fresh meat, we have plenty of fish in the river. One of our men caught a fine one the other day, which was bought and cooked for the officers' mess, by which means we were all nearly destroyed—the fish unfortunately happening to be of a poisonous nature; in consequence of which a general order was issued the next day, forbidding the troops to catch or eat any more fish. The country around the factory is beautiful; but we deem it prudent to keep within the walls, as the Chinese are very expert at picking up stragglers, whom they usually strangle. Beyond this we cannot complain of our situation; fowls are extremely abundant, but I have not seen any, the inhabitants having carried them up the country along with their cattle and provisions of every description. The water here is so brackish that it is almost impossible to drink it; there are, however some wells of delicious water in the neighbourhood, which would be a real treasure to us if the Chinese had not poisoned them. Notwithstanding these unavoidable privations, the courage of our troops is indomitable; a detachment of the —th regiment succeeded last week in taking possession of an island in the river, nearly half an acre in extent; it has, however, since been deemed advisable to relinquish this important conquest, owing to the muddy nature of the soil, into which several of our brave fellows sank to the middle, and were with difficulty extricated. A gallant affair took place a few days ago between two English men-of-war's boats and a Chinese market junk, which was taken after a resolute defence on the part of the Chinaman and his wife, who kept up a vigorous fire of pumpkins and water-melons upon our boats, until their supply was exhausted, when they were forced to surrender to British valour. The captured junk has since been cut up for the use of the forces. Though this unpleasant state of affairs has interrupted all formal intercourse between the Chinese and English, Captain Elliot has given a succession of balls to the occupants of a small mud fort near the shore, which I fear they did not relish, as several of them appeared exceedingly hurt, and removed with remarkable celerity out of reach of the Captain's civilities. Thus, instead of opening the trade, this proceeding has only served to open the breach. The Emperor, I hear, is enraged at our successes, and has ordered the head and tail of the mandarin, Keshin, to be sent in pickle to the imperial court at Pekin. A new mandarin has arrived, who has presented a chop to Captain Elliott, but I hope, where there is so much at stake, that he will not be put off with a chop. There is no description of tea to be had in the market now but gunpowder, which, by the last reports, is going off briskly. Our amusements are not very numerous, being chiefly confined to yawning and sleeping; of this latter recreation I must confess that we enjoy but little, owing to the mosquitos, who are remarkably active and persevering in their attacks upon us. But with the exception of these tormenting insects, and a rather alarming variety of centipedes, scorpions, and spiders, we have no venomous creatures to disturb us. The weather is extremely hot, and the advantages of the river for bathing would be very great if it were not so full of sharks. I have much more to relate of our present cheering prospects and

enviable situation, but a ship is on the point of sailing for England, so must conclude in haste.

Ever, dear Tom, yours,
R.B.

POACHED EGOTISM.

The *Examiner* observes, in speaking of the types of the new premier's policy,—“The state, I am the state,” said the most arrogant of French monarchs. “The administration, I am the administration,” would seem to say Sir Robert Peel. In the speech explanatory of his views, which cannot be likened to Wolsey's “*Ego et Rex meus*,” because the importance of the *ego* is not impaired by any addition.—This literally amounts to a conviction, on the part of the editor of the *Examiner*, that the premier's expression is all in his “I.”

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BRITISH BUTTERFLIES.—Portrait and Memoir of Sir E. Lytton Bulwer.

COMPLETION OF THE WORK.—Considerable progress has been making in the concluding volume of the series. *Rats*, with portraits of Burdett, Gibson, Wakley, *et genus omne*; but the subject is so vast that no definite time can be fixed for its publication.

A GREAT CARD.

MR. WAKLEY begs to inform the Lords of the Treasury, the editor of the *Times*, and the Master of the Mint, that ever anxious to rise in the world, he has recently been induced to undertake the sweeping of Conservative flues, and the performance of any dirty work which his Tory patrons may deem him worthy to perform. Certain objections having been made as to his qualifications for a climbing boy, Mr. W. pledges himself to undergo any course of training, to enable him to get through the business, and to remove any apprehension of his ever becoming



A POTTED BLOATER.

THE POETICAL JUSTICE.

SIR PETER LAURIE, in commenting upon the late case of false imprisonment, where two young men had been unjustifiably handcuffed by the police, delivered himself of the following exquisite piece of rhetoric:—"He did not think it possible that such a case of abuse could pass unnoticed as that he had just heard. The general conduct of the police was, he believed, good; but the instances of arbitrary conduct and overbearing demeanour *set to flight all the ancient examples brought forward to enrich by contrast the serious parts of the glorious genius of Shakspeare.*" We never understood or imagined there was an Anacreon among the aldermen, a Chaucer in the common council, or a Moliere at the Mansion-house. We have now discovered the Peter Lauriate of the City—the poet of the Poultry. Who, in the face of the above sentence, can deny his right to these titles, if, like ourselves, they are



OPEN TO CONVICTION!

THE EVIL MOST TO BE DREADED.

A clergyman, lately preaching to a country congregation, used the following persuasive arguments against the vice of swearing:—"Oh, my brethren, avoid this practice, for it is a

PUNCH'S THEATRE.

WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY?

The family of the “Sponges” distributes itself over the entire face of society—its members are familiar with almost every knocker, and with nearly everybody’s dinner-hour. They not unfrequently come in with the eggs, and only go out with the last glass of negus. They seem to possess the power of ubiquity; for, go where you will, your own especial sponge (and everybody with more than two hundred a-year has one), is sure to present himself. He is ready for anything, especially where eating, love, duelling, or drinking, is concerned. To oblige you, he will breakfast at supper-time, or sup at breakfast-time; he will drink any given quantity, at any time, and will carry any number of declarations of love to any number of ladies, or of challenges to whole armies of rivals: thus far he is useful; for he is obliging, and will do anything—but pay.

When he has absorbed all the moisture his victims are able to supply, he may be seen walking about in moody solitude in the parks, where he sponges upon the ducks, and owes for the use of the chairs. In this dry and destitute condition, behold the sponge of the Covent-Garden Comedy—*Captain Tarradiddle*. He is in St. James’ Park; for, possessing imaginary rather than substantial claims to military rank, he flits about the Horse-Guards to keep up his character. A person is already upon the stage, for whom you instinctively shudder—you perceive, at once, that he is “in” for dinner, wine, theatre, and supper—you pity him; you see the sponge, speciously, but surely, fasten himself upon his victim like a vampire. *Mr. Pye Hilary*, being a barrister and a man of the world, resigns himself, however, to his fate. As to shaking off his leech, he knows that to be impossible; and he determines to make what use of him he can. There is a fine opportunity, for *Mr. Pye Hilary* is in love, in despair, and in waiting: he expects his mistress’s abigail; in negotiating with whom, he conceives *Tarradiddle* will be a valuable assistant. *Mrs. Tattle* arrives. Preliminaries having been duly settled, articles offensive and defensive are entered into, to carry out a plan by which the lover shall gain an interview with the mistress; and the treaty is ratified by a liberal donation, which the *Captain* makes to the maid out of his friend’s purse. The servant is satisfied, and goes off in the utmost agitation, for *Miss Mayley* and her guardian are coming; and she dreads being caught in the fact of bribery. *Mr. Hilary* trembles; so does the young lady, when she appears; and the agitation of all parties is only put an end to by the fall of the act-drop.

If any class of her Majesty’s subjects are more miserable than another, it is that of gentlemen’s servants. One of these oppressed persons is revealed to us in the next act. Poor fellow! he has nothing to do but to sit in the hall, and nothing to amuse him but the newspaper. But his misfortunes do not end here: as if to add insult to injury, the family governess presumes to upbraid him, and actually insists upon his taking a letter to the post. *Mr. Nibble* declines performing so undignified a service, in the most footman-like terms; but unfortunately, as it generally happens, in families where there are pretty governesses and gallant sons, *Miss de Vere* has a protector in the *Hon. Charles Norwold*, who overhears her unreasonable demand, and with a degree of injustice enough to make the entire livery of London rave with indignation, inflicts upon his father’s especial livery, and *Nibble’s* illustrious person, a severe caning. The consequence of this “strike” is, that *Nibble* gives warning, *Lord* and *Lady Norwold* are paralysed at this important resignation; for by it they discover that a secret coalition has taken place between their son and the governess—they are man and wife! Good heavens! the heir of all the Norwolds marry a teacher, who has nothing to recommend her but virtue, talent, and beauty! Monstrous! —“What will the world say?”

The treaty formed between *Mistress Tattle* and *Mr. Pye Hilary* is in the next act being acted upon. We behold *Captain Tarradiddle*, as one of the high contracting parties’ ambassador, taking lodgings in a house exactly opposite to that in which *Miss Mayley* resides. Of course nothing so natural as that the Captain should indulge his friend with a visit for a few days, or, if possible, for a few weeks. It is also natural that the host, under the circumstances, should wish to know something of the birth, parentage, and education of his guest, of which, though an old acquaintance; he is, as yet, entirely ignorant. Now, if it be possible to affront a real sponge (but there is nothing more difficult), such inquiries are likely to produce that happy consummation. *Tarradiddle*, however, gets over the difficulty with the tact peculiar to his class, and is fortunately interrupted by the announcement that *Tattle* is in the parlour, duly keeping her agreement, by bringing her mistress’s favourite canary, which, having flown away quite by accident, under her guidance, has chosen to perch in *Hilary’s* new lodging, on purpose to give him the opportunity of returning it, and of obtaining an interview with *Miss Mayley*. The expedient succeeds in the next scene; the lover bows and stammers—as lovers do at first interviews—the lady is polite but dignified, and *Tarradiddle*, who has been angling for an invitation, has his hopes entirely put to flight by the entrance of the lady’s guardian, *Mr. Warner*, who very promptly cuts matters short by ringing the bell and saying “Good evening,” in that tone of voice which always intimates

a desire for a good riddance. This hint is too broad ever to be mistaken; so the sponge and his victim back out.

Mr. Warner is a merchant, and all merchants in plays are the "noblest characters the world can boast," and very rich. Thus it has happened that *Warner* has, through a money-agent, one *Grub*, been enabled to lend, at various times, large sums of money, to *Lady Norwold*—her ladyship being one of those who, dreading "what will the world say?" is by no means an economist, and prefers "ruin to retrenchment." As security for these loans, the lady deposits her jewels, suite by suite, till the great object of all *Warner's* advances gets into his possession—namely, a bracelet, which is a revered relic of the Norwold family. So far *Warner*, in spite of a troublesome ward, and his late visitors, is happy; but he soon receives a letter, which puts his happiness to flight. His daughter, who has been on a visit in Paris, became, he now learns, united some months before, to *Charles Norwold*, and a governess in his father's family. By further inquiries, he learns that the son is discarded, and is, with his wife, consigned to beggary, for fear of—"what will the world say?"

The fourth act exhibits one of the scenes of human life hitherto veiled from the eyes of the most prying—a genuine specimen of the sponge species—at home! Actually living under a roof that he calls his own; in company with a wife who is certainly nobody else's. She is ironing—*Tarradiddle* is smoking, and, like all smokers, philosophising. Here we learn the *Honourable Charles Norwold* and his wife have taken lodgings; hither they are pursued by *Hilary*, who has managed to ingratiate himself with *Warner*; and undertaken to trace the merchant's lost daughter; here, to *Pye's* astonishment, he finds his friend and sponge. Some banter ensues, not always agreeable to the Captain, but all ends very pleasantly by the entrance of *Warner*, who discovers his daughter, and becomes a father-in-law with a good grace.

The denouement is soon told:—*Warner*, having received his daughter and her husband, gives a party at which *Lady*, and afterwards *Lord Norwold*, are present. Here *Warner's* anxiety to obtain the bracelet is explained. He reminds his lordship that he once accused his elder brother of stealing that very bauble; and the consequence was, that the accused disappeared, and was never after heard of. *Warner* avows himself to be that brother, but declines disturbing the rights or property of his lordship, if he will again receive his son. This is, of course, done. *Hilary* jokes himself into *Miss Mayley's* good graces, and *Tarradiddle*, in all the glories of a brown coat, and an outrageously fine waistcoat, enters to make the scene complete, and to help to speak the tag, in which all the characters have a hand; Mrs. Glover ending by making a propitiatory appeal to the audience in favour of the author, who ought to be very grateful to her for the captivating tones in which she asked for an affirmative answer to the question—

"What will the world say?"

Circumstances prevent us from giving any opinion whatever, except upon the scenery, the appointments, and the acting. The first is beautiful—the second appropriate and splendid—the last natural, pointed, and in good taste.

SIBTHORPIANA.

A clergyman was explaining to the gallant officer the meaning of the phrase "born again;" but it was quite unintelligible to Sib., who remarked that he knew no one who could *bear* him even once.

"Do you read the notice to correspondents in PUNCH?" quoth Sib.—"I do," replied Hardinge, "and I wonder people should send them such trash."—"Pooh!" retorted the punster—"Pooh! you know that wherever PUNCH is to be found, there are always plenty of *spoons* after it."

"It's a wonder you're not drunk," said Sibthorp to Wieland—"a great wonder, because—do you give it up?—Because you're *a tumbler full of spirits.*"

CURIOUS AMBIGUITY.

The correspondent of a London paper, writing from Sunderland respecting the report that Lord Howick had been fired at by some ruffian, says, with great *naïveté*, "a gun was certainly pointed at his lordship's head, but it is generally believed there was nothing in it."—We confess we are at a loss to know whether the facetious writer alludes to the *gun* or the *head*.

THE THORNY PREMIER.

A Tory evening paper tells its readers that Sir Robert Peel expects a harassing opposition from the late ministry, but that he is prepared for them on *all points*. This reminds us of the

defensive expedient of the hedgehog, which, conscious of its weakness, rolls itself into a ball, to be prepared for its assailants on *all points*.

**TO PROFESSORS OF LANGUAGES WHO GIVE LONG CREDIT AND
TAKE SMALL PAY.**

Mister F. &c. &c. &c. Bayley is anxious to treat for a course of lessons in the purest Irish. None but such as will conceal a West Indian patois will be of the slightest use. For particulars, and cards to view, apply to Mr. Catnach, Music and Marble Warehouse, Seven-dials.

**PUNCH,
OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.**

VOL. 1.

OCTOBER 9, 1841.

A MANUAL OF DENOUEMENTS.

"In the king's name,
Let fall your swords and daggers."—CRITIC.



melo-drama is a theatrical dose in two or three acts, according to the strength of the constitution of the audience. Its component parts are a villain, a lover, a heroine, a comic character, and an executioner. These having simmered and macerated through all manner of events, are strained off together into the last scene; and the effervescence which then ensues is called the *dénouement*, and the *dénouement* is the soul of the drama.

Dénouements are of three kinds:—The natural, the unnatural, and the supernatural.

The "natural" is achieved when no probabilities are violated;—that is, when the circumstances are such as really might occur—if we could only bring ourselves to think so—as, (*ex. gr.*)

When the villain, being especially desirous to preserve and secrete certain documents of vital importance to himself and to the piece, does, most unaccountably, mislay them in the most conspicuous part of the stage, and straightway they are found by the very last member of the *dram. pers.* in whose hands he would like to see them.

When the villain and his accomplice, congratulating each other on the successful issue of their crimes, and dividing the spoil thereof (which they are always careful to do in a loud voice, and in a room full of closets), are suddenly set upon and secured by the innocent yet suspected and condemned parties, who are at that moment passing on their way to execution.

When the guiltless prisoner at the bar, being asked for his defence, and having no witnesses to call, produces a checked handkerchief, and subpoenas his own conscience, which has such an effect on the villain, that he swoons, and sees demons in the jury-box, and tells them that "he is ready," and that "he comes," &c. &c.

When the deserter, being just about to be shot, is miraculously saved by his mistress, who cuts the matter very fine indeed, by rushing in between "present" and "fire;" and, having ejaculated "a reprieve!" with all her might, falls down, overcome by fatigue—poor dear! as well she may—having run twenty-three miles in the changing of a scene, and carried her baby on her arm all the blessed way, in order to hold him up in the tableau at the end.

N.B.—Whenever married people rescue one another as above, the "*dénouement*" belongs to the class "unnatural;" which is used when the author wishes to show the intensity of his invention—as, (*ex. gr.* again)

When an old man, having been wounded fatally by a young man, requests, as a boon, to be permitted to examine the young man's neck, who, accordingly unloosing his cravat, displays a hieroglyphic neatly engraved thereon, which the old man interprets into his

being a parricide, and then dies, leaving the young man in a state of histrionic stupor.

When a will is found embellished with a Daguerriotype of four fingers and a thumb, done in blood on the cover, and it turns out that the residuary legatee is no better than he should be—but, on the contrary, a murderer nicely ripe for killing.

The “supernatural” *dénouement* is the last resource of a bewildered dramatist, and introduces either an individual in green scales and wings to match, who gives the audience to understand that he is a fiend, and that he has private business to transact below with the villain; who, accordingly, withdraws in his company, with many throes and groans, down the trap.

Or a pale ghost in dingy lawn, apparently afflicted with a serious haemorrhage in the bosom, who appears to a great many people, running, in dreams; and at last joins the hands of the young couple, and puts in a little plea of her own for a private burial.

And there are many other variations of the three great classes of *dénouements*; such as the helter-skelter nine-times-round-the-stage-combat, and the grand *mêlée* in which everybody kills everybody else, and leaves the piece to be carried on by their executors; but we dare unveil the mystery no further.

SPORTING FACE.

“Well,” said Roebuck to O’Connell, “despite Peel’s double-face propensities, he is a great genius.” “A great *Janus* indeed,” answered the *liberathor*.

“A RING! A RING!!”

The political pugilistic scrimmage which recently took place in the House of Congress so completely coincides with the views and propensities of the “universal scrimmage” member for Bath, that he intends making a motion for the erection of a twenty-four-foot-ring on the floor of the House, for the benefit of opposition members. The Speaker, says Roebuck, will, in that case, be enabled to ascertain whether the “noes” or “ayes” have it, without tellers.

PUNCH’S GUIDE TO THE WATERING PLACES.—No. 1.

BRIGHTON

If you are either in a great hurry, or tired of life, book yourself by the Brighton railroad, and you are ensured one of two things—arrival in two hours, or destruction by that rapid process known in America as “immortal smash,” which brings you to the end of your journey before you get to the terminus. Should you fortunately meet with the former result, and finish your trip without ending your mortal career, you find the place beset with cads and omnibuses, which are very convenient; for if your hotel or boarding-house be at the extremity of the town, you would have to walk at least half a mile but for such vehicles, and they only charge sixpence, with the additional advantage of the great chance of your luggage being lost. If you be a married man, you will go to an hotel where you can get a bed for half-a-guinea a night, provided you do not want it warmed, and use your own soap; but it is five shillings extra if you do. Should you be a bachelor, or an old maid, you, of course, put up at a boarding-house, where you see a great deal of good society at two guineas a week; for every third man is a captain, and every fifth woman “my lady.” There, too, you observe a continual round of courtship going on; for it comes in with the coffee, and continues during every meal. “Marriages,” it is said, “are made in heaven”—good matches are always got up at meal-times in Brighton boarding-houses.

Brighton is decidedly a fishing-town, for besides the quantity of John Dorys caught there, it is a celebrated place for purse-payers to angle in for rich widows. The bait they generally use consists of dyed whiskers, and a distant relationship to some of the “gentles” or nobles of the land. The town itself is built upon *the downs*—a series of hills, which those in the habit of walking over them are apt to call “ups and downs.” It consists entirely of hotels, boarding-houses, and bathing-machines, with a pavilion and a chain-pier. The amusements are various, and of a highly intellectual character: the chief of them being a walk from the esplanade to the east cliff, and a promenade back again from the east cliff to the esplanade. Donkey-races are in full vogue, insomuch that the highways are thronged with interesting animals, decorated with serge-trappings and safety-saddles, and interspersed with goat-carts and hired flies. There is a library, where the visitors do everything but read; and a theatre, where—as Charles Kean is now playing there—they do anything but act. The ladies seem to take great delight in the sea-bath, and that they may enjoy the luxury in the most secluded privacy, the machines are placed as near to the pier as possible. This is always crowded with men, who, by the aid of opera glasses, find it a pleasing pastime to watch the movements of the delicate Naiads who crowd the waters.

Those to whom Brighton is recommended for change of air and of scene get sadly taken in, for here the air—like that of a barrel-organ—never changes, as the wind is always high. In sunshine, Brighton always looks hot; in moonshine, eternally dreary; the men are yawning all day long, and the women sitting smirking in bay-windows, or walking with puppy-dogs and parasols, which last they are continually opening and shutting. In short, when a man is sick of the world, or a maiden of forty-five has been so often crossed in love as to be obliged to leave off hoping against hope, Brighton is an excellent place to prepare him or her for a final retirement from life—whether that is contemplated in the Queen's Bench, a convent, a residence among the Welsh mountains, or the monastery of La Trappe, a month's probation in Brighton, at the height of the season, being well calculated to make any such change not only endurable, but agreeable.

CUSTOM-HOUSE SALE. LOT 1.—A PORT.

For sale, Thorwaldsen's Byron, rich in beauty,
Because his country owes, and will not pay, "duty."

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THE HEIR OF APPLEBITE.

CHAPTER VI.

TREATS OF CHALK-AND-QUA-DRILL-OGY.



ntirely disgusted with his unsuccessful appeal to the enlightened British public assembled in the front of his residence, and which had produced effects so contrary to what he had conceived would be the result, Agamemnon called a committee of his household, to determine on the most advisable proceedings to be adopted for remedying the evils resulting from the unexpected pyrotechnic display of the morning. The carpet was spoiled—the house was impregnated with the sooty effluvia, and the company was expected to arrive at nine o'clock. What was to be done? Betty suggested the burning of brown paper and scrubbing the carpet; John, assafoetida and sawdust; Mrs. Waddledot, pastilles and chalking the floor. As the latter remedies seemed most compatible with the gentility of their expected visitors, immediate measures were taken for carrying them into effect. A dozen cheese-plates were disposed upon the stairs, each furnished with little pyramids of fragrance; old John, who was troubled with an asthma, was deputed to superintend them, and nearly coughed himself into a fit of apoplexy in the strenuous discharge of his duty.

Whilst these in-door remedial appliances were in progress, Agamemnon was hurrying about in a hack cab to discover a designer in chalk, and at length was fortunate enough to secure the "own artist" of the celebrated "Crown and Anchor." Mr. Smear was a shrewd man, as well as an excellent artist; and when he perceived the very peculiar position of things, he forcibly enumerated all the difficulties which presented themselves, and which could only be surmounted by a large increase of remuneration.

"You see, sir," said Mr. Smear, "that wherever that ere water *has* been it's left a dampness ahind it; the moistur' consekent upon such a dampness must be evaporated by ever-so-many applications of the warming-pan. The steam which a rises from this hoperation, combined with the extra hart required to hide them two black spots in the middle, will make the job come to one-pund-one, independently of the chalk."

Agamemnon had nothing left but compliance with Mr. Smear's demand; and one warming and three stew-pans, filled with live coals, were soon engaged in what Mr. Smear called the "ewaporating department." As soon as the boards were sufficiently dry, Mr. Smear commenced operations. In each of the four corners of the room he described the diagram of a coral and bells, connecting them with each other by graceful festoons of blue-chalk ribbon tied in large true-lover's knots in the centre. Having thus completed a frame, he proceeded, after sundry contortions of the facial muscles, to the execution of the great design. Having described an ellipse of red chalk, he tastefully inserted within it a perfect representation of the interior of an infant's mouth in an early stage of dentition, whilst a graceful letter *A* seemed to keep the gums apart to allow of this artistical exhibition. Proudly did Mr. Smear cast his small grey eyes on Agamemnon, and challenge him, as it were, to a laudatory acknowledgment of his genius; but as his patron remained silent, Mr. Smear determined to speak out.

"Hart has done her best—language must do the rest. I am now only awaiting for the motter. What shall I say, sir?"

"'Welcome' is as good as anything, in my opinion," replied Collumpson.

"Welcome!" ejaculated Smear: "a servile himitation of a general 'lumination idea, sir. We must be original. Will you leave it to me?"

"Willingly," said Agamemnon. And with many inward protestations against parties in general and his own in particular, he left Mr. Smear and his imagination together.

The great artist in chalk paced the room for some minutes, and then slapped his left thigh, in confirmation of the existence of some brilliant idea. The result was soon made apparent on the boards of the drawing-room, where the following inscription attested the immensity of Smear's genius—

"PARTAKE
OF
OUR
DENTAL DELIGHT."

The guinea was instantly paid; but Collumpcion was for a length of time in a state of uncertainty as to whether Mr. Smear's talents were ornamental or disfigurative. Nine o'clock arrived, and with it a rumble of vehicles, and an agitation of knocker, that were extremely exhilarating to the heretofore exhausted and distressed family at 24.

We shall not attempt to particularise the arrivals, as they were precisely the same set as our readers have invariably met at routs of the second class for these last five years. There was the young gentleman in an orange waistcoat, bilious complexion, and hair *à la Petrarch*, only gingered; and so also were the two Misses —, in blue gauze, looped up with coral,—and that fair-haired girl who "detethted therry," and those black eyes, whose lustrous beauty made such havoc among the untenanted hearts of the youthful beaux;—but, reader, you *must* know the set that *must* have visited the Applebites.

All went "merry as a marriage bell," and we feel that we cannot do better than assist future commentators by giving a minute analysis of a word which so frequently occurs in the fashionable literature of the present day that doubtlessly in after time many anxious inquiries and curious conjectures would be occasioned, but for the service we are about to confer on posterity (for the pages of PUNCH are immortal) by a description of

A QUADRILLE:

which is a dance particularly fashionable in the nineteenth century. In order to render our details perspicuous and lucid, we will suppose—

1. —A gentleman in tight pantaloons and a tip.
2. —Ditto in loose ditto, and a camellia japonica in the button-hole of his coat.
3. —Ditto in a crimson waistcoat, and a pendulating eye-glass.
4. —Ditto in violent wristbands, and an alarming eruption of buttons.

ALSO,

1. —A young lady in pink-gauze and freckles.
2. —Ditto in book-muslin and marabouts.
3. —Ditto with blonde and a slight cast.
4. —Ditto in her 24th year, and black satin.

The four gentlemen present themselves to the four ladies, and having smirked and "begged the honour," the four pairs take their station in the room in the following order:

| | | |
|---|--|--|
| | The tip and the
freckles. | |
| The camelia japonica,
and the marabouts. | | The crimson waistcoat,
and the slight cast. |
| | The violent wristbands
and the black satin. | |

During eight bars of music, tip, crimson, camellia, and wristbands, bow to freckles, slight cast, marabouts, and black satin, who curtsy in return, and then commence

LA PANTALON,

by performing an intersecting figure that brings all parties exactly where they were; which joyous circumstance is celebrated by bobbing for four bars opposite to each other, and then indulging in a universal twirl which apparently offends the ladies, who seize hold of each other's hands only to leave go again, and be twirled round by the opposite gentleman, who, having secured his partner, promenades her half round to celebrate his victory, and then returns to his place with his partner, performing a similar in-and-out movement as that which commenced *la Pantalón*.

L'ETE

is a much more respectful operation. Referring to our previous arrangement, wristbands and freckles would advance and retire—then they would take two hops and a jump to the right, then two hops and a jump to the left—then cross over, and there hop and jump the same number of times and come back again, and having celebrated their return by bobbing for four bars, they twirl their partners again, and commence

LA POULE.

The crimson waistcoat and marabouts would shake hands with their right, and then cross over, and having shaken hands again with the left, come back again. They then would invite the camellia and the slight cast to join them, and perform a kind of wild Indian dance "all of a row." After which they all walk to the sides they have no business upon, and then crimson runs round marabout, and taking his partner's hand, *i.e.*, the slight cast, introduces her to camellia and marabout, as though they had never met before. This introduction is evidently disagreeable, for they instantly retire, and then rush past each other, as furiously as they can, to their respective places.

LA TRENISE

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is evidently intended to "trot out" the dancers. Freckles and black satin shake hands as they did in *la Pantalon*, and then freckles trots tip out twice, and crosses over to the opposite side to have a good look at him; having satisfied her curiosity, she then, in company with black satin, crosses over to have a stare at the violent wristbands, in contrast with tip who wriggles over, and join him, and then, without saying a word to each other, bob, and are twirled as in *l'Eté*.

LA PASTORALE

seems to be an inversion of *la Trenise*, except that in nineteen cases out of twenty, the waistcoat, tip, camellia and wristbands, seem to undergo intense mental torture; for if there be such a thing as "poetry of motion," *pastorale* must be the "Inferno of Dancing."

LA FINALE

commences with a circular riot, which leads to *l'Eté*. The ladies then join hands, and endeavour to imitate the graceful evolutions of a windmill, occasionally grinding the corns of their partners, who frantically rush in with the quixotic intention of stopping them. A general shuffling about then takes place, which terminates in a bow, a bob, and "allow me to offer you some refreshment."

Malheureux! we have devoted so much space to the quadrille, that we have left none for the supper, which being a cold one, will keep till next week.

THE GENTLEMAN'S OWN BOOK.

We are ashamed to ask our readers to refer to our last article under the title of the "Gentleman's Own Book," for the length of time which has elapsed almost accuses us of disinclination for our task, or weariness in catering for the amusement of our subscribers. But September—September, with all its allurements of flood and field—its gathering of honest old friends—its tales of by-gone seasons, and its glorious promises of the present—must plead our apology for abandoning our pen and rushing back to old associations, which haunt us like



THE SPELLS OF CHILDHOOD.

We know that we are forgiven, so shall proceed at once to the consideration of the ornaments and pathology of coats.

THE ORNAMENTS

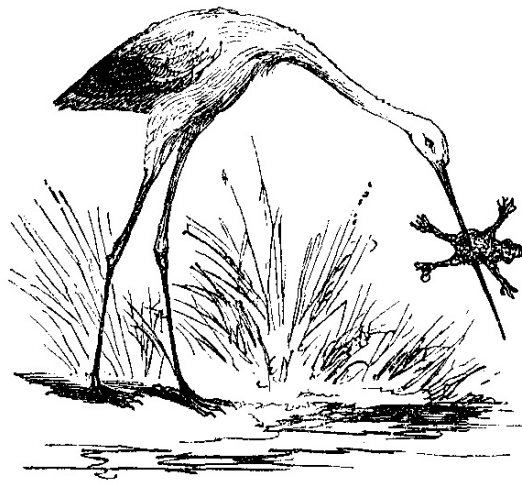
are those parts of the external decorations which are intended either to embellish the person or garment, or to notify the pecuniary superiority of the wearer. Amongst the former are to be included buttons, braids, and mustachios; amongst the latter, chains, rings, studs, canes, watches, and above all, those pocket talismans, purses. There are also riding-whips and spurs, which may be considered as *implying* the possession of quadrupedal property.

Of Buttons.—In these days of innovation—when Brummagem button-makers affect a taste and elaboration of design—a true gentleman should be most careful in the selection of this *dulce et utile* contrivance. Buttons which resemble gilt acidulated drops, or ratafia cakes, or those which are illustrative of the national emblems—the rose, shamrock, and thistle tied together like a bunch of faded watercresses, or those which are commemorative of coronations, royal marriages, births, and christenings, chartist liberations, the success of liberal measures, and such like occasions, or those which would serve for vignettes for the *Sporting Magazine*, or those which at a distance bear some resemblance to the royal arms, but which, upon closer inspection, prove to be bunches of endive, surmounted by a crown which the Herald's College does not recognise, or those which have certain letters upon them, as the initials of clubs which are never heard of in St. James's, as the U.S.C.—the Universal Shopmen's Club; T.Y.C.—the Young Tailors' Club; L.S.D.—the Linen Drapers' Society—and the like. All these are to be fashionably eschewed. The regimental, the various hunts, the yacht clubs, and the basket pattern, are the only buttons of Birmingham birth which can be allowed to associate with the button-holes of a gentleman.

The restrictions on silk buttons are confined chiefly to magnitude. They must not be so large as an opera ticket, nor so small as a silver penny.

Of Braids.—This ornament, when worn in the street, is patronised exclusively by Polish refugees, theatrical Jews, opera-dancers, and boarding-house fortune-hunters.

Of Mustachios.—The mustachio depends for its effect entirely upon its adaptation to the expression of the features of the wearer. The small, or *moustache à la chinoise*, should only appear in conjunction with Tussaud, or waxwork complexions, and then only provided the teeth are excellent; for should the dental conformation be of the same tint, the mustachios would only provoke observation. The German, or full hearth-brush, should be associated with what Mr. Ducrow would designate a "cream," and everybody else a drab countenance, and should never be resorted to, except in conformity with regimental requisitions, or for the capture of an Irish widow, as they are generally indigenous to Boulogne and the Bench, and are known amongst tailors and that class of clothier victims as "bad debts," or "the insolvency regulation," and operate with them as an insuperable bar to



PASSING A BILL.

The perfect, or heart-meshes, are those in which each particular hair has its particular place, and must be of a silky texture, and not of a bristly consistency, like a worn-out tooth-brush. Neither must they be of a bright red, bearing a striking resemblance to two young spring radishes.

The *barbe au bonc*, or *Muntzian fringe*, should only be worn when a gentleman is desirous of obtaining notoriety, and prefers trusting to his external embellishments in preference to his intellectual acquirements.

On Tips.—Tips are an abomination to which no gentleman can lend his countenance. They are a shabby and mangy compromise for mustachios, and are principally sported by the genus of clerks, who, having strong hirsute predilections, small salaries, and sober-minded masters, hang a tassel on the chin instead of a vallance on the upper lip.

Our space warns us to conclude, and, as a fortnight's indolence is not the strongest stimulant to exertion, we willingly drop our pen, and taking the hint and a cigar, indulge in a voluminous cloud, and a lusty



CARMEN TRIUMPHALE.

“HABIT IS SECOND NATURE.”

FEARGUS O'CONNOR always attends public meetings, dressed in a complete suit of fustian. He could not select a better emblem of his writings in the *Northern Star*, than the material he has chosen for his habiliments.

“THE SUBSTANCE AND THE SHADOW.”

We understand that Sir Robert Peel has sent for the fasting man, with the intention of seeing how far his system may be acted upon for *the relief* of the community.

“SAY IT WAS ME.”

“Jem! you rascal, get up! get up, and be hanged to you, sir; don't you hear somebody hammering and pelting away at the street-door knocker, like the ghost of a dead postman with a tertian ague! Open it! see what's the matter, will you?”

“Yes, sir!” responded the tame tiger of the excited and highly respectable Adolphus Casay, shiveringly emerging from beneath the bed-clothes he had diligently wrapped round his aching head, to deaden the incessant clamour of the iron which was entering into the soul of his sleep. A hastily-performed toilet, in which the more established method of encasing

the lower man with the front of the garment to the front of the wearer, was curiously reversed, and the capture of the left slipper, which, as the weakest goes to the wall, the right foot had thrust itself into, was scarcely effected, ere another series of knocks at the door, and batch of invectives from Mr. Adolphus Casay, hurried the partial sacrificer to the Graces, at a Derby pace, over the cold stone staircase, to discover the cause of the confounded uproar. The door was opened—a confused jumble of unintelligible mutterings aggravated the eager ears of the shivering Adolphus. Losing all patience, he exclaimed, in a tone of thunder—

“What is it, you villain? Can’t you speak?”

“Yes, sir, in course I can.”

“Then why don’t you, you imp of mischief?”

“I’m a-going to.”

“Do it at once—let me know the worst. Is it fire, murder, or thieves?”

“Neither, sir; it’s A1, with a dark lantern.”

“What, in the name of persecution and the new police, does A1, with a dark lantern, want with me?”

“Please, sir, Mr. Brown Bunkem has give him half-a-crown.”

“Well, you little ruffian, what’s that to me?”

“Why, sir, he guv it him to come here, and ask you—”

Here policeman A1, with the dark lantern, took up the conversation.

“Jist to step down to the station-’us, and bail him therefrom—”

“For what!”

“Being werry drunk—uncommon overcome, surely—and oudacious obstropelous.” continued the alphabetically and numerically-distinguished conservator of the public peace.

“How did he get there?”

“On a werry heavily-laden stretcher.”

“The deuce take the mad fool,” muttered the disturbed housekeeper; then added, in a louder tone, “Ask the policeman in, and request him to take—”

“Anything you please, sir; it is rather a cold night, but as we’re all in a hurry, suppose it’s something short, sir.”

Now the original proposition, commencing with the word “take,” was meant by its propounder to achieve its climax in “a seat on one of the hall chairs;” but the liquid inferences of A1, with a dark lantern, had the desired effect, and induced a command from Mr. Adolphus Casay to the small essential essence of condensed valetanism in the person of Jim Pipkin, to produce the case-bottles for the discussion of the said A1, with the dark lantern, who gained considerably in the good opinion of Mr. James Pipkin, by requesting the favour of his company in the bibacious avocation he so much delighted in.

A1 having expressed a decided conviction that, anywhere but on the collar of his coat, or the date of monthly imprisonments, his distinguishing number was the most unpleasant and unsocial of the whole multiplication table, further proceeded to illustrate his remarks by proposing glasses two and three, to the great delight and inebriation of the small James Pipkin, who was suddenly aroused from a dreamy contemplation of two policemen, and increased service of case-bottles and liquor-glasses, by a sound box on the ear, and a stern command to retire to his own proper dormitory—the one coming from the hand, the other from the lips, of his annoyed master, who then and there departed, under the guidance of A1, with the dark lantern. After passing various lanes and weary ways, the station was reached, and there, in the full plenitude of glorious drunkenness, lay his friend, the identical Mr. Brown Bunkem, who, in the emphatic words of the inspector, was declared to be “just about as far gone as any gentleman’s son need wish to be.”

“What’s the charge?” commenced Mr. Adolphus Casay.

“Eleven shillings a bottle.—Take it out o’that, and d—n the expense,” interposed and hiccoughed the overtaken Brown Bunkem.

“Drunk, disorderly, and very abusive,” read the inspector.

“Go to blazes!” shouted Bunkem, and then commenced a very vague edition of “God save

the Queen," which, by some extraordinary "sliding scale," finally developed the last verse of "Nix my Dolly," which again, at the mention of the "stone jug," flew off into a very apocryphal version of the "Bumper of Burgundy;" the lines "upstanding, uncovered," appeared at once to superinduce the opinion that greater effect would be given to his performance by complying with both propositions. In attempting to assume the perpendicular, Mr. Brown Bunkem was signally frustrated, as the result was a more perfect development of his original horizontal recumbency, assumed at the conclusion of a very vigorous fall. To make up for this deficiency, the suggestion as to the singer appearing uncovered, was achieved with more force than propriety, by Mr. Brown Bunkem's nearly displacing several of the inspector's front teeth, by a blow from his violently-hurled hat at the head of that respectable functionary.

What would have followed, it is impossible to say; but at this moment Mr. Adolphus Casay's bail was accepted, he being duly bound down, in the sum of twenty pounds, to produce Mr. Brown Bunkem at the magistrate's office by eleven o'clock of the following forenoon. This being settled, in spite of a vigorous opposition, with the assistance of five half-crowns, four policemen, the driver of, and hackney-coach No. 3141, Mr. Brown Bunkem was conveyed to his own proper lodgings, and there left, with one boot and a splitting headache, to do duty for a counterpane, he vehemently opposing every attempt to make him a deposit between the sheets.—Seven o'clock on the following morning found Mr. Adolphus Casay at the bedside of the violently-snoring and stupidly obfuscated Brown Bunkem. In vain he pinched, shook, shouted, and swore; inarticulate grunts and apoplectic denunciations against the disturber of his rest were the only answers to his urgent appeals as to the necessity of Mr. Brown Bunkem's getting ready to appear before the magistrate. Visions of contempt of court, forfeited bail, and consequent disbursements, flitted before the mind of the agitated Mr. Adolphus Casay. Ten o'clock came; Bunkem seemed to snore the louder and sleep the sounder. What was to be done? why, nothing but to get up an impromptu influenza, and try his rhetoric on the presiding magistrates of the bench.

Influenced by this determination, Mr. Adolphus Casay started for that den of thieves and magistrates in the neighbourhood of Bow-street; but Mr. Adolphus Casay's feelings were anything but enviable; though by no means a straitlaced man, he had an instinctive abhorrence of anything that appeared a blackguard transaction. Nothing but a kind wish to serve a friend would have induced him to appear within a mile of such a wretched place; but the thing was now unavoidable, so he put the best face he could on the matter, made his way to the clerk of the Court, and there, in a low whisper, began his explanation, that being "how Mr. Brown Bunkem"—at this moment the crier shouted—

"Bunkem! Where's Bunkem?"

"I am here!" said Mr. Adolphus Casay; "here to"—

"Step inside, Bunkem," shouted a sturdy auxiliary; and with considerable manual exertion and remarkable agility, he gave the unfortunate Adolphus a peculiar twist that at once deposited him behind the bar and before the bench.

"I beg to state," commenced the agitated and innocent Adolphus.

"Silence, prisoner!" roared the crier.

"Will you allow me to say,"—again commenced Adolphus—

"Hold your tongue!" vociferated P74.

"I must and will be heard."

"Young man," said the magistrate, laying down the paper, "you are doing yourself no good; be quiet. Clerk, read the charge."

After some piano mumbling, the words "drunk—abusive—disorderly—incapable—taking care of self—stretcher—station-house—bail," were shouted out in the most fortissimo manner.

At the end of the reading, all eyes were directed to the well-dressed and gentlemanly-looking Adolphus. He appeared to excite universal sympathy.

"What have you to say, young man?"

"Why, your worship, the charge is true; but"—

"Oh! never mind your butts. Will you ever appear in the same situation again?"

"Upon my soul I won't; but"—

"There, then, that will do; I like your sincerity, but don't swear. Pay one shilling, and you are discharged."

"Will your worship allow me"—

"I have no time, sir. Next case."

"But I must explain."

"Next case. Hold your jaw!—this way!"—and the same individual who had jerked Mr. Adolphus Casay into the dock, rejerked him into the middle of the court. The shilling was paid, and, amid the laughter of the idlers at his anti-teetotal habits, he made the best of his way from the scene of his humiliation. As he rushed round the corner of the street, a peal of laughter struck upon his ears, and there, in full feather, as sober as ever, stood Mr. Brown Bunkem, enjoying the joke beyond all measure. Indignation took possession of Mr. Adolphus Casay's bosom; he demanded to know the cause of this strange conduct, stating that his character was for ever compromised.

"Not at all," coolly rejoined the unmoved Bunkem; "we are all subject to accidents. You certainly were in a scrape, but I think none the worse of you; and, if it's any satisfaction, you may say it was me."

"Say it was you! Why it was."

"Capital, upon my life! do you hear him, Smith, how well he takes a cue? but stick to it, old fellow, I don't think you'll be believed; but—*say it was me.*"

Mr. Brown Bunkem was perfectly right. Mr. Adolphus Casay was not believed; for some time he told the story as it really was, but to no purpose. The indefatigable Brown was always appealed to by mutual friends, his answer invariably was—

"Why, *Casay's* a steady fellow, *I* am not; it *might* injure him. *I* defy report; therefore I gave him leave to—*say it was me!*"

And that was all the thanks Mr. Adolphus Casay ever got for bailing friend.

FUSBOS

[pg 149]

THE POLITICAL EUCLID.

WHEREIN ARE CONSIDERED

THE RELATIONS OF PLACE;

OR

THE BEST MODE OF

GETTING A PLACE FOR YOUR RELATIONS:

Being a complete Guide to the Art of

LEGISLATIVE MENSURATION,

OR,

How to estimate the value of a Vote upon

WHIG AND TORY MEASURES.

THE WHOLE ADAPTED TO

THE USE OF HONOURABLE MEMBERS.

BY

LORD PALMERSTON,

Late Professor of Toryism, but now Lecturer on Whiggery to the College of St. Stephen's.

BOOK I.—DEFINITIONS.

A point in politics is that which always has *place* (in view,) but no particular party.

A line in politics is interest without principle.

The extremities of a line are loaves and fishes.

A right line is that which lies evenly between the Ministerial and Opposition benches.

A superficies is that which professes to have principle, but has no consistency.

The extremities of a superficies are expediencies.

A plain superficies is that of which two opposite speeches being taken, the line between them evidently lies wholly in the direction of Downing-street.

A plain angle is the evident inclination, and consequent piscation, of a member for a certain place; or it is the meeting together of two members who are not in the same line of politics.

When a member sits on the cross benches, and shows no particular inclination to one side or the other, it is called a right angle.

An obtuse angle is that in which the inclination is *evidently* to the Treasury.

An acute angle is that in which the inclination is *apparently* to the Opposition benches.

A boundary is the extremity or whipper-in of any party.

A party is that which is kept together by one or more whippers-in.

A circular member is a rum figure, produced by turning round; and is such that all lines of politics centre in himself, and are the same to him.

The diameter of a circular member is a line drawn on the Treasury, and terminating in both pockets.

Trilateral members, or waverers, are those which have three sides.

Of three-sided members an equilateral or independent member is that to which all sides are the same.

An isosceles or vacillating member is that to which two sides only are the same.

A scalene or scaly member has no one side which is equal to his own interest.

Parallel lines of politics are such as are in the same direction—say Downing-street; but which, being produced ever so far—say to Windsor—do not meet.

A political problem is a Tory proposition, showing that the country is to be done.

A theorem is a Whig proposition—the benefit of which to any one but the Whigs always requires to be demonstrated.

A corollary is the consequent confusion brought about by adopting the preceding Whig proposition.

A deduction is that which is drawn from the revenue by adopting the preceding Whig proposition.

MAJOR BENIOWSKY'S NEW ART OF MEMORY

A gentleman who boasts one of those proper names in *sky* which are naturally enough transmitted "from *pole to pole*," undertakes to teach the art of remembering upon entirely new principles. We know not what the merit of his invention may be, but we beg leave to ask the *Major* a few *general* questions, and we, therefore, respectfully inquire whether his system would be capable of effecting the following miracles:—

1st. Would it be possible to make Sir James Graham remember that he not long since declared his present colleagues to be men wholly unworthy of public confidence?

2dly. Would Major Beniowsky's plan compel a man to remember his tailor's bill; and, if so, would it go so far as to remind him to call for the purpose of paying it?

3dly. Would the new system of memory enable Mr. Wakley to refrain from forgetting himself?

4thly. Would the Phrenotypics, or brain-printing, as it is called, succeed in stereotyping a pledge in the recollection of a member of parliament?

5thly. Is it possible for the new art to cause Sir Robert Peel to remember from one week to the other his political promises?

We fear these questions must be answered in the negative; but we have a plan of our own

for exercising the memory, which will beat that of Beniow, or any other sky, who ventures to propose one. Our proposition is, "*Read PUNCH,*" and we will be bound that no one will ever forget it who has once enjoyed the luxury.

SONGS FOR THE SENTIMENTAL.—NO. 9.

I wander'd through our native fields,
And one was by my side who seem'd
Fraught with each beauty nature yields,
Whilst from her eye affection beam'd.
It was so like what fairy books,
In painting heaven, are wont to tell,
That fondly I *believed* those looks,
And found too late—'twas all a sell!
'Twas all a sell!

She vow'd I was her all—her life—
And proved, methought, her words by sighs;
She long'd to hear me call her "wife,"
And fed on hope which love supplies.
Ah! then I felt it had been sin
To doubt that she could e'er belie
Her vows!—I found 'twas only tin
She sought, and love was all my eye!
Was all my eye!

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

The *Shamrock* ran upon a timber-raft on Monday morning, and was *off Deal* in ten minutes afterwards.

The storm of Thursday did considerable damage to the shipping in the Thames. A coal was picked up off Vauxhall, which gave rise to a report that a barge had gone down in the offing. On making inquiries at Lloyd's, we asked what were the advices, when we were advised to mind our own business, an answer we have too frequently received from the underlings of that establishment. The *Bachelor* has been telegraphed on its way up from Chelsea. It is expected to bring the latest news relative to the gas-lights on the Kensington-road, which, it is well known, are expected to enjoy a disgraceful sinecure during the winter.

Captain Snooks, of the *Daffydowdilly*, committed suicide by jumping down the chimney of the steamer under his command. The rash act occasioned a momentary flare up, but did not impede the action of the machinery.

A rudder has been seen floating off Southwark. It has a piece of rope attached to it. Lloyd's people have not been down to look at it. This shameful neglect has occasioned much conversation in fresh-water circles, and shows an apathy which it is frightful to contemplate.

TO SIR ROBERT.

Doctors, they say, are heartless, cannot feel—
Have you no core, or are you naught but Peel?

A PLEASANT ASSURANCE.

The Marquis of Normandy, we perceive, has been making some inquiries relative to the "Drainage Bills," and has been assured by Lord Ellenborough, that the subject should meet the attention of government during the recess. We place full reliance on his Lordship's promise—the *drainage* of the country has been ever a paramount object with our Whig and Tory rulers.

CHRISTIANITY.—PRICE FIFTEEN SHILLINGS.

The English poor have tender teachers. In the first place, the genius of Money, by a hundred direct and indirect lessons, preaches to them the infamy of destitution; thereby softening their hearts to a sweet humility with a strong sense of their wickedness. Then comes Law, with its whips and bonds, to chastise and tie up "the offending Adam"—that is, the Adam without a pocket,—and then the gentle violence of kindly Mother Church leads

the poor man far from the fatal presence of his Gorgon wants, to consort him with meek-eyed Charity,—to give him glimpses of the Land of Promise,—to make him hear the rippling waters of Eternal Truth,—to feast his senses with the odours of Eternal sweets. Happy English poor! Ye are not scurfed with the vanities of the flesh! Under the affectionate discipline of the British Magi L.S.D.,—the “three kings” tasking human muscles, banqueting on human heartstrings,—ye are happily rescued from any visitation of those worldly comforts that hold the weakness of humanity to life! Hence, by the benevolence of those who have only solid acres, ye are permitted to have an unlimited portion of the sky; and banned by the mundane ones who have wine in their cellars, and venison in the larder from the gross diet of beer and beef—ye are permitted to take your bellyful of the savoury food cooked for the Hebrew patriarch. Once a week, at least, ye are invited to feast with Joseph in the house of Pharaoh, and yet, stiff-necked generation that ye are, ye stay from the banquet and then complain of hunger! “Shall there be no punishment for this obduracy?” asks kindly Mother Church, her eyes red with weeping for the hard-heartedness of her children. “Shall there be no remedy?” she sobs, wringing her hands. Whereupon, the spotless maiden Law—that Amazonian virgin, eldest child of violated Justice—answers, “*Fifteen Shillings!*”

We are indebted to Lord BROUGHAM for this new instance of the stubbornness of the poor—for this new revelation of the pious vengeance of offended law. A few nights since his lordship, in a motion touching prison discipline, stated that “a man had been confined for *ten weeks*, having been fined a shilling, and *fourteen shillings costs*, which he did not pay, because he was absent one Sunday from church!”

Who can doubt, that from the moment *John Jones*—(the reader may christen the offender as he pleases)—was discharged, he became a most pious, church-going Christian? He had been ten Sundays in prison, be it remembered; and had therefore heard at least ten sermons. He crossed the prison threshold a new-made man; and wending towards his happy home, had in his face—so lately smirched with shameless vice—such lustrous glory, that even his dearest creditors failed to recognise him!

Beautiful is the village church of Phariseefield! Beautiful is its antiquity—beautiful its porch, thronged with white-headed men and ruddy little ones! Beautiful the graves, sown with immortal seed, clustering round the building! Beautiful the vicar’s horses—the vicar himself preaches to-day,—and very beautiful indeed, the faces, ay, and the bonnets, too, of the vicar’s daughters! Beautiful the sound of the bell that summons the lowly Christian to cast aside the pomps and vanities of the world, and to stand for a time in utter nakedness of heart before his Maker,—and very beautiful the silk stockings of the Dowager Lady Canaan’s footman, who carrieth with Sabbath humility his Lady’s books to Church! Yet all this beauty is as deformity to the new-born loveliness of *John Jones*; who, on the furthestmost seat—far from the vain convenience of pew and velvet hassock—sits, and inwardly blesses the one shilling and fourteen shillings costs, that with more than fifteen-horse power have drawn him from the iniquities of the Jerry-shop and hustle-farthing,—to feed upon the manna dropping from the lips of the Reverend Doctor FAT! There sits *John Jones*, late drunkard, poacher, reprobate; but now, fined into Christian goodness—made a very saint, according to Act of Parliament!

If Mother Church, with the rods of spikenard which the law hath benevolently placed in her hands, will but whip her truant children to their Sunday seats,—will only consent to draw them through the bars of a prison to their Sabbath sittings,—will teach them the real value of Christianity, it being according to her own estimate—*with the expenses*—exactly fifteen shillings,—sure we are, that Radicalism and Chartism, and all the many foul pustules that, in the conviction of Holy Church, are at this moment poisoning and enervating the social body, will disappear beneath the precious ointment always at her touch.

When we consider the many and impartial blessings scattered upon the poor of England—when in fact we consider the beautiful justice pervading our whole social intercourse—when we reflect upon the spirit of good-will and sincerity that operates on the hearts of the powerful few for the comfort and happiness of the helpless million,—we are almost aghast at the infidelity of poverty, forgetting in our momentary indignation, that poverty must necessarily combine within itself every species of infamy.

Poor men of England, consider not merely the fine and the expenses attendant upon absence from church, but reflect upon the want of that beautiful exercise of the spirit which, listening to precepts and parables in Holy Writ, delights to find for them practical illustrations in the political and social world about you. We know you would not think of going to church in masquerade—of reading certain lines and making certain responses as a bit of Sabbath ceremony, as necessary to a respectable appearance as a Sabbath shaving. No; you are far away from the elegances of hypocrisy, and do not time your religion from eleven till one, making devotion a matter of the church clock. By no means. You go to hear, it may be, the Bishop of EXETER; and as we have premised, what a beautiful exercise for the intellect to discover in the political doings of his Grace—in those acts which ultimately knock at your cupboard-doors—only a practical illustration of the divine precept of doing unto all men as ye would they should do unto you! Well, you pray for your daily bread; and with a profane thought of the price of the four pound loaf, your feelings are suddenly attuned to gratitude towards those who regulate the price of British corn. We might run

through the Scriptures from Genesis to Revelation, quoting a thousand benevolences illustrated by the rich and mighty of this land—illustrated politically, socially, and morally, in their conduct towards the poor and destitute of Britain; and yet the stiffnecked pauper will not dispose his Sabbath to self-enjoyment—will not go to church to be rejoiced! By such disobedience, one would almost think that the poor were wicked enough to consider the church discipline of the Sabbath as no more than a ceremonious mockery of their six days wants and wretchedness.

The magistrates—(would we knew their names, we would hang them up in the highways like the golden bracelets of yore)—who have made *John Jones* religious through his pocket, are men of comprehensive genius. There is no wickedness that they would not make profitable to the Church. Hence, it appears from Lord BROUGHAM'S speech that *John Jones* "was guilty of *other excesses*, and had been sent to prison for a violation of that dormant—he wished he could say of it obsolete—law!" There being "other excesses" for which, it appears, there is no statute remedy, the magistrates commit a piece of pious injustice, and lump sundry laical sins into the one crime against the Church. *John Jones*,—for who shall conceive the profanity of man?—may have called one of these magistrates "goose" or "jackass;" and the offence against the justice is a contempt of the parson. After this, can the race of *John Joneses* fail to venerate Christianity as recommended by the Bench?

We have a great admiration of English Law, yet in the present instance, we think she shares very unjustly with Mother Church. For instance, Church in its meekness, says to *John Jones*, "You come not to my house on Sunday: pay a shilling." *John Jones* refuses. "What!" exclaims Law—"refuse the modest request of my pious sister? Refuse to give her a little shilling! Give me *fourteen*." Hence, in this Christian country, law is of fourteen times the consequence of religion.

Applauding as we do the efforts of the magistrates quoted by Lord BROUGHAM in the cause of Christianity, we yet conscientiously think their system capable of improvement. When the Rustic Police shall be properly established, we think they should be empowered to seize upon all suspected non-church goers every Saturday night, keeping them in the station-houses until Sunday morning, and then marching them, securely handcuffed, up the middle aisle of the parish church. 'Twould be a touching sight for Mr. PLUMPTREE, and such hard-sweating devotees. For the benefit of old offenders, we would also counsel a little wholesome private whipping in the vestry.

Q.



MR. SANCHO BULL AND HIS STATE PHYSICIAN.

"Though surrounded with luxuries, the Doctor would not allow Sancho to partake of them, and dismissed each dish as it was brought in by the servants."—*Vide DON QUIXOTE.*

SWEET AUTUMN DAYS.

Sweet Autumn days, sweet Autumn days,
 When, harvest o'er, the reaper slumbers,
 How gratefully I hymn your praise,
 In modest but melodious numbers.
 But if I'm ask'd why 'tis I make
 Autumn the theme of inspiration,
 I'll tell the truth, and no mistake—
 With Autumn comes the long vacation.
 Of falsehoods I'll not shield me with a tissue—
 Autumn I love—because *no writs then issue.*

Others may hail the joys of Spring,
 When birds and buds alike are growing;
 Some the Summer days may sing,
 When sowing, mowing, on are going.
 Old Winter, with his hoary locks,
 His frosty face and visage murky,
 May suit some very jolly cocks,
 Who like roast-beef, mince-pies, and turkey:
 But give me Autumn—yes, I'm Autumn's child—
 For then—*no declarations can be filed.*

TOM CONNOR'S DILEMMA.

A TRUE TALE.

SHOWING HOW READY WIT MAY SUPPLY THE PLACE OF READY MONEY.

Tom Connor was a perfect specimen of the happy, careless, improvident class of Irishmen who think it "time enough to bid the devil good morrow when they meet him," and whose chief delight seems to consist in getting into all manner of scrapes, for the mere purpose of displaying their ingenuity of getting out of them again. Tom, at the time I knew him, had passed the meridian of his life; "he had," as he used to say himself, "given up battering," and had luckily a small annuity fallen to him by the demise of a considerate old aunt who had kindly popped off in the nick of time. And on this independence Tom had retired to spend all that remained to him of a merry life at a pleasant little sea-port town in the West of Ireland, celebrated for its card-parties and its oyster-clubs. These latter social meetings were held by rotation at the houses of the members of the club, which was composed of the choicest spirits of the town. There Doctor McFadd, relaxing the dignity of professional reserve, condescended to play practical jokes on Corney Bryan, the bothered exciseman; and Skinner, the attorney, repeated all Lord Norbury's best puns, and night after night told how, at some particular quarter sessions, he had himself said a better thing than ever Norbury uttered in his life. But the soul of the club was Tom Connor—who, by his inexhaustible fund of humorous anecdotes and droll stories, kept the table in a roar till a late hour in the night, or rather to an early hour in the morning. Tom's stories usually related to adventures which had happened to himself in his early days; and as he had experienced innumerable vicissitudes of fortune, in every part of the world, and under various characters, his narratives, though not remarkable for their strict adherence to truth, were always distinguished by their novelty.

One evening the club had met as usual, and Tom had mixed his first tumbler of potheen punch, after "the feast of shells" was over, when somebody happened to mention the name of Edmund Kean, with the remark that he had once played in a barn in that very town.

"True enough," said Tom. "I played in the same company with him."

"You! you!" exclaimed several voices.

"Of course; but that was when I was a strolling actor in Clark's corps. We used to go the western circuit, and by that means got the name of 'the Connaught Rangers.' There was a queer fellow in the company, called Ned Davis, an honest-hearted fellow he was, as ever walked in shoe leather. Ned and I were sworn brothers; we shared the same bed, which was often only a 'shake-down' in the corner of a stable, and the same dinner, which was at times nothing better than a crust of brown bread and a draught of Adam's ale. I'll trouble you for the bottle, doctor. Thank you; may I never take worse stuff from your hands. Talking of Ned Davis, I'll tell you, if you have no objection of a strange adventure which befel us once."

"Bravo! bravo! bravo!" was the unanimous cry from the members.

"Silence, gentlemen!" said the chairman imperatively; "silence for Mr. Connor's story."

"Hem! Well then, some time about the year—never mind the year—Ned and I were playing with the company at Loughrea; business grew bad, and the salaries diminished with the houses, until at last, one morning at a rehearsal, the manager informed us that, in consequence of the depressed state of the drama in Galway, the treasury would be closed until further notice, and that he had come to the resolution to depart on the following morning for Castlebar, whither he requested the company to follow him without delay. Fancy my consternation at this unexpected announcement! I mechanically thrust my hands into my pockets, but they were completely untenanted. I rushed home to our lodgings, where I had left Ned Davis; he, I knew, had received a guinea the day before, upon which I rested my hopes of deliverance. I found him fencing with his walking-stick with an imaginary antagonist, whom he had in his mind pinned against a closet-door. I related to him the sudden move the manager had made, and told him, in the most doleful voice conceivable, that I was not possessed of a single penny. As soon as I had finished, he dropped into a chair, and burst into a long-continued fit of laughter, and then looked in my face with the most provoking mock gravity, and asked—

"What's to be done then? How are we to get out of this?"

"Why," said I, "that guinea which you got yesterday!"

"Ho! ho! ho! ho!" he shouted. "The guinea is gone."

"Gone!" I exclaimed; and I felt my knees began to shake under me. "Gone—where—how."

"I gave it to the wife of that poor devil of a scene-shifter who broke his arm last week; he had four children, and they were starving. What could I do but give it to them? Had it been ten times as much they should have had it."

I don't know what reply I made, but it had the effect of producing another fit of uncontrollable laughter.

"Why do you laugh," said I, rather angrily.

"Who the devil could help it;" he replied; "your woe-begone countenance would make a cat laugh."

"Well," said I, "we are in a pretty dilemma here. We owe our landlady fifteen shillings."

"For which she will lay an embargo on our little effects—three black wigs and a low-comedy pair of breeches—this must be prevented."

"But how?" I inquired.

"How? never mind; but order dinner directly."

"Dinner!" said I; "don't awaken painful recollections."

"Go and do as I tell you," he replied. "Order dinner—beef-steak and oyster-sauce."

"Beef-steak! Are you mad"—but before I could finish the sentence, he had put on his hat and disappeared.

"Who knows?" thought I, after he was gone, "he's a devilish clever fellow, something may turn up:" so I ordered the beef-steaks. In less than an hour, my friend returned with exultation in his looks.

"I have done it!" said he, slapping me on the back; "we shall have plenty of money to-morrow."

I begged he would explain himself.

"Briefly then," said he, "I have been to the billiard-room, and every other lounging-place about town, where I circulated, in the most mysterious manner, a report that a celebrated German doctor and philosopher, who had discovered the secret of resuscitating the dead, had arrived in Loughrea."

"How ridiculous!" I said.

"Don't be in a hurry. This philosopher," he added, "is about to give positive proof that he can perform what he professes, and it is his intention to go into the churchyard to-night, and resuscitate a few of those who have not been buried more than a twelvemonth."

"Well," said I, "what does all this nonsense come to?"

"That you must play the philosopher in the churchyard."

"Me!"

"Certainly, you're the very figure for the part."

After some persuasion, and some further development of his plan, I consented to wrap myself in an ample stage-cloak, and gliding into the churchyard, I waited in the porch according to the directions I had received from Ned, until near midnight, when I issued forth, and proceeded to examine the different tombs attentively. I was bending over one, which, by the inscription, I perceived had been erected by "an affectionate and disconsolate wife, to the memory of her beloved husband," when I was startled at hearing a rustling noise, and, on looking round, to see a stout-looking woman standing beside me.

"Doctor," said she, addressing me, "I know what you're about here."

I shook my head solemnly.

"This is my poor late husband's tomb."

"I know it," I answered. "I mean to exercise my art upon him first. He shall be restored to your arms this very night."

The widow gave a faint scream—"I'm sure, doctor," said she, "I'm greatly obliged to you. Peter was the best of husbands—but he has now been dead six months—and—I am—married again."

"Humph!" said I, "the meeting will be rather awkward, but you may induce your second husband to resign."

"No, no, doctor; let the poor man rest quietly, and here is a trifle for your trouble." So saying, she slipped a weighty purse into my hand.

"This alters the case," said I, "materially—your late husband shall never be disturbed by me."

The widow withdrew with a profusion of acknowledgments; and scarcely had she gone, when a young fellow, who I learned had lately come into possession of a handsome property by the death of an uncle, came to request me not to meddle with the deceased, who he assured me was a shocking old curmudgeon, who never spent his money like a gentleman. A *douceur* from the young chap secured the repose of his uncle.

My next visitor was a weazel-faced man, who had been plagued for twenty years by a shrew of a wife, who popped off one day from an overdose of whiskey. He came to beseech me not to bring back his plague to the world; and, pitying the poor man's case, I gave him my promise readily, without accepting a fee.

By this time daylight had begun to appear, and creeping quietly out of the churchyard, I returned to my lodgings. Ned was waiting up for my return.

"What luck?" said he, as I entered the room.

I showed him the fees I had received during the night.

"I told you," said he, "that we should have plenty of rhino to-day. Never despair, man, there are more ways out of the wood than one: and recollect, that *ready wit is as good as ready money.*"

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF THE LONDON MEDICAL STUDENT.

II.—THE NEW MAN.

Embryology precedes the treatise on the perfect animal; it is but right, therefore, that the new man should have our attention before the mature student.

No sooner do the geese become asphyxiated by torsion of their cervical *vertebrae*, in anticipation of Michaelmas-day; no sooner do the pheasants feel premonitory warnings, that some chemical combinations between charcoal, nitre, and sulphur, are about to take place, ending in a precipitation of lead; no sooner do the columns of the newspapers teem with advertisements of the ensuing courses at the various schools, each one cheaper, and offering more advantages than any of the others; the large hospitals vaunting their extended field of practice, and the small ones ensuring a more minute and careful investigation of disease, than the new man purchases a large trunk and a hat-box, buys a second-hand copy of Quain's Anatomy, abjures the dispensing of his master's surgery in the country, and placing himself in one of those rattling boxes denominated by courtesy second-class carriages, enters on the career of a hospital pupil in his first season.

The opening lecture introduces the new man to his companions, and he is easily distinguished at that annual gathering of pupils, practitioners, professors, and especially old hospital governors, who do a good deal in the gaiter-line, and applaud the lecturer with their umbrellas, as they sit in the front row. The new man is known by his clothes, which incline to the prevalent fashion of the rural districts he has quitted; and he evinces an affection for cloth-boots, or short Wellingtons with double soles, and toes shaped like a toad's mouth, a propensity which sometimes continues throughout the career of his pupilage. He likewise takes off his hat when he enters the dissecting-room, and thinks that beautiful design is shown in the mechanism and structure of the human body—an idea which gets knocked out of him at the end of the season, when he looks upon the distribution of the nerves as "a blessed bore to get up, and no use to him after he has passed." But at first he perpetually carries a



"DUBLIN DISSECTOR"

under his arm; and whether he is engaged upon a subject or no, delights to keep on his black apron, pockets, and sleeves (like a barber dipped in a blacking-bottle), the making of which his sisters have probably superintended in the country, and which he thinks endows him with an air of industry and importance.

The new man, at first, is not a great advocate for beer; but this dislike may possibly arise from his having been compelled to stand two pots upon the occasion of his first dissection. After a time, however, he gives way to the indulgence, having received the solemn assurances of his companions that it is absolutely necessary to preserve his health, and keep him from getting the collywobblers in his pandenoodles—a description of which obstinate disease he is told may be found in "Dr. Copland's Medical Dictionary," and "Gregory's Practice of Physic," but as to under what head the informant is uncertain.

The first purchase that a new man makes in London is a gigantic note-book, a dozen steel pens on a card, and a screw inkstand. Furnished with these valuable adjuncts to study, he puts down every thing he hears during the day, both in the theatre of the school and the wards of the hospital, besides many diverting diagrams and anecdotes which his fellow-students insert for him, until at night he has a confused dream that the air-pump in the laboratory is giving a party, at which various scalpels, bits of gums, wax models, tourniquets, and foetal skulls, are assisting as guests—an eccentric and philosophical vision, worthy of the brain from which it emanates. But the new man is, from his very nature, a visionary. His breast swells with pride at the introductory lecture, when he hears the professor descant upon the noble science he and his companions have embarked upon; the rich reward of watching the gradual progress of a suffering fellow-creature to convalescence, and the insignificance of worldly gain compared with the pure treasures of pathological knowledge; whilst to the riper student all this resolves itself into the truth, that three draughts, or one mixture, are respectively worth four-and-sixpence or three shillings: that the patient should be encouraged to take them as long as possible, and that the thrilling delight of ushering another mortal into existence, after being up all night, is considerably increased by the receipt of the tin for superintending the performance; *i.e.* if you are lucky enough to get it.

It is not improbable that, after a short period, the new man will write a letter home. The substance of it will be as follows: and the reader is requested to preserve a copy, as it may, perhaps, be compared with another at a future period.

"MY DEAR PARENTS,—I am happy to inform you that my health is at present uninjured by the atmosphere of the hospital, and that I find I am making daily progress in my studies. I have taken a lodging in — (Gower-place, University-street, Little Britain, or Lant-street, as the case may be,) for which I pay twelve shillings a week, including shoes. The mistress of the house is a pious old lady, and I am very comfortable, with the exception that two pupils live on the floor above me, who are continually giving harmonic parties to their friends, and I am sometimes compelled to request they will allow me to conclude transcribing my lecture notes in tranquillity—a request, I am sorry to say, not often complied with. The smoke from their pipes fills the whole house, and the other night they knocked me up two hours after I had retired to rest, for the loan of the jug of cold water from my washhand-stand, to make grog with, and a 'Little Warbler,' if I had one, with the words of 'The Literary Dustman' in it.

"Independently of these annoyances, I get on pretty well, and have already attracted the notice of my professors, who return my salutation very condescendingly, and tell me to look upon them rather as friends than teachers. The students here, generally speaking, are a dissipated and irreligious set of young men; and I can assure you I am often compelled to listen to language that quite makes my ears tingle. I have found a very decent washerwoman, who mends for me as well; but, unfortunately, she washes for the house, and the initials of one of the students above me are the same as mine, so that I find our things are gradually changing hands, in which I have the worst, because his shirts and socks are somewhat dilapidated, or, to speak professionally, their fibrous texture abounds in organic lesions; and the worst is, he never finds out the error until the end of the week, when he sends my things back, with his compliments, and thinks the washerwoman has made a mistake.

"I have not been to the theatres yet, nor do I feel the least wish to enter into any of the frivolities of the great metropolis. With kind regards to all at home, believe me,

"Your's affectionately,
"JOSEPH MUFF."

"I DO ADJURE YE, ANSWER ME!"

A valuable porcelain vase, which stood in one of the state rooms of Windsor Castle, has been recently broken; it is suspected by design, as the situation in which it was placed almost precludes the idea that it could have happened by accident. A commission, called "The Flunky Inquisition," has been appointed by Sir Robert Peel, with Sibthorp at its head, to inquire into the affair. The gallant Colonel declares that he has personally cross-examined all the housemaids, but that he has hitherto been unable to obtain a satisfactory solution of



THE GREAT CHINA QUESTION.

LIKE MASTER LIKE MAN.

SIR ROBERT PEEL'S workmen inside the House of Parliament have determined to follow the example of the masons outside the House, if Mr. Wakley is to be appointed their foreman.

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INQUEST EXTRAORDINARY ON A CORONER.

Last night an inquest was held on the *Consistency* of Thomas Wakley, Esq., Member for Finsbury, and Coroner for Middlesex. The deceased had been some time ailing, but his demise was at length so sudden, that it was deemed necessary to public justice that an inquest should be taken of the unfortunate remains.

The inquest was held at the Vicar of Bray tap, Palace Yard; and the jury, considering the neighbourhood, was tolerably respectable. The remains of the deceased were in a dreadful state of decomposition; and although chloride of lime and other antiseptic fluids were plentifully scattered in the room, it was felt to be a service of danger to approach too closely to the defunct. Many members of Parliament were in attendance, and all of them, to a man, appeared very visibly shocked by the appearance of the body. Indeed they all of them seemed to gather a great moral lesson from the corpse. "We know not whose turn it may be next," was printed in the largest physiognomical type in every member's countenance.

Thomas Duncombe, Esq., Member for Finsbury, examined—Had known the deceased for some years. Had the highest notion of the robustness of his constitution. Would have taken any odds upon it. Deceased, however, within these last three or four weeks had flighty intervals. Talked very much about the fine phrenological development of Sir Robert Peel's skull. Had suspicions of the deceased from that moment. Deceased had been carefully watched, but to no avail. Deceased inflicted a mortal wound upon himself on the first night of Sir Robert's premiership; and though he continued to rally for many evenings, he sunk the night before last, after a dying speech of twenty minutes.

Colonel Sibthorp, Member for Lincoln, examined—Knew the deceased. Since the accession of Sir Robert Peel to power had had many conversations with the deceased upon the ministerial bench. Had offered snuff-box to the deceased. Deceased did not snuff. Deceased had said that he thought witness a man of high parliamentary genius, and that Sir Robert Peel ought to have made him (witness) either Lord Chamberlain or Chancellor of the Exchequer. In every other respect, deceased behaved himself quite rationally.

There were at least twenty other witnesses—Members of the House of Commons—in attendance to be examined; but the Coroner put it to the jury whether they had not heard enough?

The jury assented, and immediately returned a verdict—*Felo de se*.

N.B. A member for Finsbury wanted next dissolution.

A CURIOUS ERROR.

A member of the American legislature, remarkable for his absence of mind, exhibited a singular instance of *this* mental infirmity very lately. Having to present a petition to the house, he presented *himself* instead, and did not discover his mistake until he was



ORDERED TO LIE ON THE TABLE.

SIR ROBERT PEEL (LOQUITUR).

When erst the Whigs were in, and I was out,
I knew exactly what to be about;
Then all I had to do, through thick and thin,
Was but to get them out, and Bobby in.

And now that I am in, and they are out,
The only thing that I can be about
Is to do nothing; but, through thick and thin,
Contrive to keep them out, and Bobby in.

SONGS FOR THE SEEDY.—No. 3.

Oh! think not all who call thee fair
Are in their honied words sincere;
And if they offer jewels rare,
Lend not too readily thine ear.
The humble ring I lately gave
May be despised by thee—well, let it;
But Mary, when I'm in my grave,
Think that I pawn'd my watch to get it.

Others may talk of feasts of love,
And banqueting upon thy charms;
But did not I devotion prove,
Last Sunday, at the Stanhope Arms?
My rival order'd tea for four,
The waiter at his bidding laid it;
He generously *ran* the score,
But, Mary, I did more,—*I paid it.*

I know he's dashing, bold, and free,
A front of Jove, an eye of fire;
But should he say he loves like me,
I'd, like Apollo, *strike the lyre.*
He says, he at your feet will throw
His all; and, if his vows are steady,
He cannot equal me—for, oh!
I've given you all I had, already.

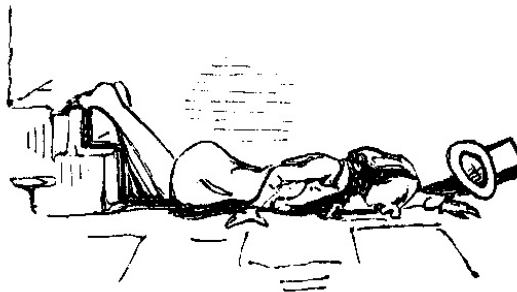
Mary, I had a second suit
Of clothes, of which the coat was braided;
Mary, they went to buy that flute
With which I thee have serenaded.
Mary, I had a beaver hat,
Than this I wear a great deal better;
Mary, I've parted too with that,
For pens, ink, paper—for this letter.

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear PUNCH,—Will you inform me whether the review of the troops noticed in last Saturday's *Times*, is to be found in the "Edinburgh," "Westminster," or "Quarterly."

Yours, in all mayoralties,
PETER LAURIE.

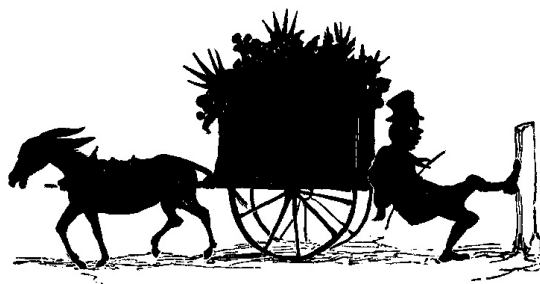
P.S.—What do they mean by



SALUTING A FLAG?

"GO ALONG, BOB."

Sir Bobby Peel, who, before he got into harness, professed himself able to draw the Government truck "like bricks," has changed his note since he has been put to the trial, and he is now bawling lustily—"Don't hurry me, please—give me a little time." Wakley, seeing the pitiable condition of the unfortunate animal, volunteered his services to push behind, and the Chartist and Tory may now be seen every night in St. Stephen's, working cordially together, and exhibiting an illustration of the benefits of a



DIVISION OF LABOUR.

CONS BY OUR OWN COLONEL.

Why is a loud laugh in the House of Commons like Napoleon Buonaparte?—Because it's an *M.P. roar* (an Emperor).

Why is a person getting rheumatic like one locking a cupboard-door?—Because he's turning *achy* (a key).

Why is one-and-sixpence like an aversion to coppers?—Because it's *hating pence* (eighteen-pence).

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PUNCH'S THEATRE.

DIE HEXEN AM RHEIN; OR, RUDOLPH OF HAPSBURGH.

Mysterious are thy ways, O Yates! Thou art the only true melodramatist of the stage and off the stage! When a new demonology is compiled thou shalt have an honourable place in it. Thou shall be worshipped as the demon of novelty, even by the "gods" themselves. Thy deeds shall be recorded in history. It shall not be forgotten that thou wert the importer of Mademoiselle Djeck, the tame elephant; of Monsieur Bohain, the gigantic Irishman; and of Signor Hervi o'Nano, the Cockneyan-Italian dwarf. Never should we have seen the Bayaderes but for you; nor T.P. Cooke in "The Pilot," nor the Bedouin Arabs, nor "The Wreck Ashore," nor "bathing and sporting" nymphs, nor other dramatic delicacies. Truly, thou art the luckiest of managers; for all thy efforts succeed, whether they deserve it or not. Sometimes thou drawest up an army of scene-painters, mechanists, dancers, monsters, dwarfs, devils, fire-works, and water-spouts, in terrible array against common sense. Yet lo! thou dost conquer! Thy pieces never miss fire; they go on well with the public, and favourable are the press reports. Wert thou a Catholic thou wouldest be canonised; for evil spirits are thy passion; the Vatican itself cannot produce a more indefatigable "devils' advocate!"

The repast now provided by Mr. Yates for those who are fond of "supping full of horrors" is a devilled drama, interspersed with hydraulics—consisting, in fact, of spirits and water, sweetened with songs and spiced with witches. It is, we are informed by the official announcements, "a romantic burletta of witchcraft, in two acts, and a prologue, with entirely new scenery, dresses, and peculiar appointments, *imagined* by, and introduced under the direction of, Mr. Yates." Now, any person, entirely unprejudiced with a taste for devilry and free from hydrophobia, who sees this production, must have an unbounded opinion of the manager's imagination,—what a head he must have for aquatic effects! In vain we look around for its parallel—nothing but the New River head suggests itself.

But our preface is detaining us from the "prologue;" the first words in which stamp the entire production with originality. Assassins, who let themselves out by the job, have long been pleasantly employed in melodramas, being mostly enacted by performers in the heavy line; but the author of "Die Hexen am Rhein" introduces a character hitherto unknown to the stage; namely, the *comic* cut-throat. Messieurs *Gabor* and *Wolfstein*, (played by Mr. Wright, and the immortal *Geoffery Muffincap*, Mr. Wilkinson), treat us with a dialogue concerning the blowing out of brains, and the incision of weasands, which is conceived and delivered with the broadest humour, enlivened by the choicest of jokes. They have, we learn, been lately commissioned by *Ottocar* to murder *Rudolph*, the exiled Duke of Hapsburgh, who is to pass that way; but he does not come, because his kind kinsman, *Ottocar*, must have time to consult the god-fathers and god-mothers of the piece, or "Witches of the Rhine;" which he does in the "storm-reft hut of Zabaren." This *Zabaren* is a hospitable gentleman, who sings a good song, sees much company, and is played by that convivial genius Paul Bedford. *Ottocar* is introduced amongst other friends to a "speaking spirit," who, being personated by Miss Terrey, utters a terrible prediction. We could not quite make out the purport of this augury; nor were we much grieved at the loss; feeling assured that the next two acts would be occupied in fulfilling it. The funny bravoës present themselves in the next scene, and exit to stab one of two brothers, who goes off evidently for that purpose, judiciously coming back to die in the arms of *Count Rudolph*, for whom he has been mistaken. Under such circumstances it is but fair that the prince should repay the obligation he owes his friend for being killed in his stead, by promising protection to the widow and child. The oath he takes would be doubly binding (for he promises to become a brother to the wife, and not content with thus making himself the child's uncle, swears to be his father too), if the husband did not die before he has had time to utter his wife's name. All these affairs having been settled, the prologue—which used to be called the first act—ends.

Fifteen years are supposed to elapse before the curtain is again rolled up; and that this allusion may be rendered the more perfect, the audience is kept waiting about three times fifteen minutes, to amuse one another during the *entr'acte*. We next learn that *Rudolph* is seated upon his ducal throne, fortunate in the possession of a paragon-wife, and a steward of the household not to be equalled—no other than *Ottocar*—that particular friend, who, in

the prologue, tried to get a finis put to his mortal career. The jocose ruffians here enliven the scene—one by being cast into a dungeon for asking *Ottocar* (evidently the Colburn of his day), an exorbitant price for the copyright of a certain manuscript; the other, by calling the courtier a man of genius, and being taken into his service, as no doubt, “first robber.” To support this character, a change of apparel is necessary: and no wonder, for *Wolfstein* has on precisely the same clothes he wore fifteen years before.

His first job is to steal a casket; but is declined, probably, because *Wolfstein*, being a professor of the capital crime, considers mere larceny *infra dig*. A “second robber” must therefore be hired, and *Ottocar* has one already preserved in the castle dungeons, in the person of a dumb prisoner. Dummy comes on, and the auditors at once recognise the “brother” who was not murdered in the prologue. He steals the casket, and *Ottocar* steals off.

The duke and duchess next enter into a dialogue, the subject of which is one *Wilhelm*, a young standard-bearer, who appears; and having said a few words exits, that *Ida*, the duchess, might inform us, in a soliloquy, what we have already shrewdly suspected, namely—that the ensign is her son; another presentiment comes into one’s mind, which one don’t think it fair to the author and his story to entertain till the proper time. A sort of secret interview between the mother and son now takes place, which ends by the imprisonment of the latter; why is not explained at the moment; nor, indeed, till the next scene, when it is quite apparent; for if one sees an impregnable castle, rigidly guarded by supernumeraries, with an impassable river, bristling with *chevaux-de-frise* it is impossible to get over, and a moat that it would be death to cross, a prison-escape may be surely calculated upon. In the present instance, this formulary is not omitted, for *Wilhelm* jumps into the river from a bridge which he has contrived to reach. Though several shots are fired into the tank of water that represents the Rhine, there is no hissing; on the contrary, the second act ends amidst general applause; which indeed it deserves, for the scenery is magnificent.

“The Ancient Arch in the Black Forest,” is a sort of house of call for witches, and it being seen during their merry-making, or holiday, is rendered more picturesque by the *Devil’s* “Ha, ha!” The hospitable *Zabaren* entertains hundreds of witches, of all sorts and sizes, who dance all manner of country-dances, and sing a series of songs and choruses, in which the “Ha! ha!” is again conspicuously introduced. It seems that German witches not only ride upon brooms, but sweep with them; and a company of supernatural Jack Rags perform sundry gyrations peculiarly interesting to housemaids. After about an hour’s dancing, the witches being naturally “blown,” are just in cue for leaving off with an airy dance called the “witches’ whirlwind.”

This episode over, the plot goes on. *Ottocar* accuses *Ida* of infidelity with *Wilhelm* to the duke; she, in explanation, fulfils the presentiment we had some delicacy in hinting too soon—that she is the wife of the man who was killed in the prologue; *Rudolph* having married her in ignorance of that fact, and by a coincidence which, though intensely melo-dramatic, every body foresees who has ever been three times to the Adelphi theatre.

To describe the last scene would be the height of presumption in PUNCH. Nobody but “Satan” Montgomery, or the Adelphi play-bill, is equal to the task. We quote, as preferable, the latter authority:—“Grand inauguration of *Wilhelm*, the rightful heir. CORAL CAVES and CRYSTAL STREAMS: these are actually obtained by a HYDRO-SCENIC EFFECT! As the usual area devoted to illusion becomes a reality!”

Besides all this, which simply means “real water,” there is a *Neptune* in a car drawn by three sea or ichthyological horses, having fins and web feet. There is a devil that is seen through the whole piece, because he is supposed to be invisible (cleverly played by Mr. Wieland), and who having dived into the water, is fished out of it, and sent flying into the flies. This sending a devil upward, is a new way of



Being dripping wet, the demon in his ascent seriously incommodes *Neptune*; who, not being used to the water, looks about in great distress, evidently for an umbrella. After several glares of several coloured fires, the curtain falls.

Seriously, the scenic effects of this piece do great credit to Mr. Yates's "imagination," and to the handiwork of his "own peculiar artists." It is very proper that they should be immortalised in the advertisements; by which the public are informed that the scenery is by Pitt, (where is Tomkins?) and others: the machinery by Mr. Hayley, and the *lightning* by the direction of Mr. Outhwaite! But will the public be satisfied with such scanty information? Who, they will ask the manager, rolls the thunder? who supplies the coloured fires? who flashes the lightning? who beats the gong? who grinds up the curtain? Let Mr. Yates be speedy in relieving the breathless curiosity of his patrons on these points, or look to his benches.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

VOL. 1.

OCTOBER 16, 1841.

TRADE REPORT.

(FROM OUR OWN REPORTER.)



he market has been in a most extraordinary state all the morning. Our first advices informed us that feathers were getting very heavy, and that lead was a great deal brisker than usual. In the fish-market, flounders were not so flat as they had been, and, to the surprise of every one, were coming round rapidly.

The deliveries of tallow were very numerous, and gave a smoothness to the transactions of the day, which had a visible effect on business. Every species of fats were in high demand, but the glut of mutton gave a temporary check to the general facility of the ordinary operations.

The milk market is in an unsettled state, the late rains having caused an unusual abundance. A large order for skim, for the use of a parish union, gave liveliness to the latter portion of the day, which had been exceedingly gloomy during the whole morning.

We had a long conversation in the afternoon with a gentleman who is up to every move in the poultry-market, and his opinion is, that the flouring system must soon prove the destruction of fair and fowl commerce. We do not wish to be premature, but our informant is a person in whom we place the utmost reliance, and, indeed, there is every reason why we should depend upon so respectable an authority.

Cotton is in a dull state. We saw only one ball in the market, and even that was not in a dealer's hands, but was being used by a basket-woman, who was darning a stocking. After this, who can be surprised at the stoppage of the factories?

Nothing was done in gloves, and what few sales were effected, seemed to be merely for the purpose of keeping the hand in, with a view to future dealings.

THE GEOLOGY OF SOCIETY.

The study of Geology, in the narrow acceptation of the word, is confined to the investigation of the materials which compose this terrestrial globe;—in its more extended signification, it relates, also, to the examination of the different layers or strata of society, as they are to be met with in the world.

Society is divided into three great strata, called High Life—Middle Life—and Low Life. Each of these strata contains several classes, which have been ranged in the following order, descending from the highest to the lowest—that is, from the drawing-room of St.

ST. JAMES'S SERIES.

| | | |
|--------------|-----------------------------|---|
| | | People wearing coronets. |
| | <i>Superior Class.</i> | People related to coronets. |
| High Life. | | People having no coronet, but who expect to get one. |
| | | People who talk of their grandfathers, and keep a carriage. |
| | | SECONDARY.
(<i>Russell-square group.</i>) |
| | | People who keep a carriage, but are silent respecting their grandfathers. |
| | | People who give dinners to the superior series. |
| | <i>Transition Class.</i> | People who talk of the four per cents, and are suspected of being mixed up in a grocery concern in the City.
(<i>Clapham group.</i>) |
| Middle Life. | | People who "confess the Cape," and say, that though Pa amuses himself in the dry-salter line in Fenchurch-street, he needn't do it if he didn't like. |
| | | People who keep a shop "concern" and a one-horse shay, and go to Ramsgate for three weeks in the dog-days. |
| | | People who keep a "concern," but no shay, do the genteel with the light porter in livery on solemn occasions. |
| | <i>Metamorphic Class.</i> | People, known as "shabby-genteels," who prefer walking to riding, and study Kidd's "How to live on a hundred a-year." |
| | | INFERIOR SERIES.
(<i>Whitechapel group.</i>) |
| | | People who dine at one o'clock, and drink stout out of the pewter, at the White Conduit Gardens. |
| Low Life. | <i>Primitive Formation.</i> | People who think Bluchers fashionable, and ride in pleasure "wans" to Richmond on Sundays in summer.
(<i>St. Giles's group.</i>) |
| | | Tag-rag and bob-tail in varieties. |

It will be seen, by a glance at the above table, that the three great divisions of society, namely, *High Life*, *Low Life*, and *Middle Life*, are subdivided, or more properly, sub-classed, into the Superior, Transition, and Metamorphic classes. Lower still than these in the social scale is the Primitive Formation—which may be described as the basis and support of all the other classes. The individuals comprising it may be distinguished by their ragged surface, and shocking bad hats; they effervesce strongly with gin or Irish whiskey. This class comprehends the *St. Giles's Group*—(which is the lowest of all the others, and is found only in the great London basin)—and that portion of the Whitechapel group whose individuals wear Bluchers and ride in pleasure 'wans' to Richmond on Sundays. In man's economy the *St. Giles's Group* are exceedingly important, being usually employed in the erection of buildings, where their great durability and hod-bearing qualities are conspicuous. Next in order is the Metamorphic class—so called, because of the singular metamorphoses that once a week takes place amongst its individuals; their common everyday appearance, which approaches nearly to that of the *St. Giles's Group*, being changed, on Sundays, to a variegated-coloured surface, with bright buttons and a shining "four-and-nine"—goss. This class includes the upper portion of the *Whitechapel Group*, and the two lower strata of the *Clapham Group*. The *Whitechapel Group* is the most elevated layer of the inferior series. The Shabby Genteel stratum occupies a wide extent on the Surrey side of the water—it is part of the *Clapham Group*, and is found in large quantities in the neighbourhood of Kennington, Vauxhall, and the Old Kent-road. A large vein of it is also to be met with at Mile-end and Chelsea. It is the lowest of the secondary formation. This stratum is characterised by its fossil remains—a great variety of miscellaneous articles—such as watches, rings, and silk waistcoats and snuff-boxes being found firmly imbedded in what are technically termed *avuncular depositories*. The deposition of these matters has been referred by the curious to various causes; the most general supposition being, a peremptory demand for rent, or the like, on some particular occasion, when they were carried either by the owner, his wife, or daughter, from their original to their present position, and left amongst an accumulation of "popped" articles from various districts. The chief evidence on this point is not derived from the fossils themselves, but from their *duplicates*, which afford the most satisfactory proof of the period at which they were deposited. Articles which appear originally to have belonged to the neighbourhood of Belgrave-square have been frequently found in the depositories of the district between Bethnal-green and Spitalfields. By what social deluge they could have been conveyed to such a distance, is a question that has long puzzled the ablest geologists. Immediately above the "shabby genteel" stratum are found the people who "keep a shop concern, but no shay;" it is the uppermost layer of the Metamorphic Class, and, in some instances, may be detected mingling with the supra-genteel *Clapham Group*. The "shop and no shay" stratum

forms a considerable portion of the London basin. It is characterised by its coarseness of texture, and a conglomeration of the parts of speech. Its animal remains usually consist of retired licensed victuallers and obese tallow-chandlers, who are generally found in beds of soft formation, separated from superincumbent layers of Marseilles quilts, by interposing strata of thick double Witneys.

Having proceeded thus far upwards in the social formation, we shall pause until next week, when we shall commence with the lower portion of the TRANSITION CLASS—the “shop and shay people”—and, as we hope, convince our readers of the immense importance of our subject, and the great advantage of studying the strata of human life



UNDER A GREAT MASTER.

COVENTRY'S WISE PRECAUTION.

Some person was relating to the Earl of Coventry the strange fact that the Earl of Devon's harriers last week gave chase, in his demesne, to an unhappy donkey, whom they tore to pieces before they could be called off; upon which his lordship asked for a piece of chalk and a slate, and composed the following *jeu d'esprit* on the circumstance:—

I'm truly shocked that Devon's hounds
The gentle ass has slain;
For *me* to shun his lordship's grounds,
It seems a warning plain.

CONTINUATIONS FROM CHINA.

It is generally reported that the usual *drill* continuations of the British tars are about to be altered by those manning the fleet off China, who purpose adopting *Nankin* as soon as possible.

THE VERY "NEXT" JONATHAN.

There is a Quaker in New Orleans so desperate *upright* in all his dealings, that he won't sit down to eat his meals.



POOR JACK.

A sailor ashore, after a long cruise, is a natural curiosity. Twenty-four hours' liberty has made him the happiest dog in existence; and the only drawback to his perfect felicity, is the difficulty of getting rid of his prize-money within the allotted time. It must, however, be confessed, that he displays a vast deal of ingenuity in devising novel modes of spending his rhino. Watches, trinkets, fiddlers, coaches, grog, and girls, are the long-established and legitimate modes of clearing out his lockers; but even these means are sometimes found inadequate to effect the desired object with sufficient rapidity. When there happens to be a number of brother-tars similarly employed, who have engaged all the coaches, fiddlers, and sweethearts in the town, it is then that Jack is put to his wits'-end; and it is only by buying cocked-hats and top-boots for the boat's-crew, or some such absurdity, that he can get all his cash scattered before he is obliged to return on board. This is a picture of a sailor *ashore*, but a sailor *aground* is a different being altogether. An unlucky shot may deprive him of a leg or arm; he may be frost-nipped at the pole, or get a *coup de soleil* in the tropics, and then be turned upon the world to shape his course amongst its rocks and shallows, with the bitter blast of poverty in his teeth. But Jack is not to be beaten so easily; although run aground, he refuses to strike his flag, and, with a cheerful heart, goes forth into the highways and byeways to sing "the dangers of the sea," and, to collect from the pitying passers-by, the coppers that drop, "like angel visits," into his little oil-skin hat.

These nautical melodists, with voices as rough as their beards, are to be met with everywhere; but they abound chiefly in the neighbourhood of Deptford and Wapping, where they seem to be indigenious. The most remarkable specimen of the class may, however, frequently be seen about the streets of London, carrying at his back a good-sized box, inside which, and peeping through a sort of port-hole, a pretty little girl of some two years old exhibits her chubby face. Surmounting the box, a small model of a frigate, all a-tant and ship-shape, represents "Her Majesty's (God bless her!) frigate Billy-ruffian, on board o' which the exhibitor lost his blessed limb."

Jack—we call him Jack, though we confess we are uncertain of his baptismal appellation—because Jack is a sort of generic name for his species—Jack prides himself on his little Poll

and his little ship, which he boasts are the miniature counterparts of their lovely originals; and with these at his back, trudges merrily along, trusting that Providence will help him to "keep a southerly wind out of the bread-bag." Jack's songs, as we have remarked, all relate to the sea—he is a complete repository of Dibdin's choice old ballads and fok'sl chaunts. "Tom Bowling," "Lovely Nan," "Poor Jack," and "Lash'd to the helm," with "Cease, rude Boreas," and "Rule Britannia," are amongst his favourite pieces, but the "Bay of Biscay" is his crack performance: with this he always commenced, when he wanted to enlist the sympathies of his auditors,—mingling with the song sundry interlocutory notes and comments.

Having chosen a quiet street, where the appearance of mothers with blessed babbies in the windows prognosticates a plentiful descent of coppers, Jack commences by pitching his voice uncommonly strong, and tossing Poll and the Billy-ruffian from side to side, to give an idea of the way Neptune sarves the navy,—strikes, as one may say, into deep water, by plunging into "The Bay of Biscay," in the following manner;—

"Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder—
The rain a deluge pours—
Our sails were split asunder,
By lightning's vivid pow'rs.

"Do, young gentleman!—toss a copper to poor little Poll. Ah! bless you, master!—may you never want a shot in your locker. Thank the gentleman, Polly—

"The night both drear and dark,
Our poor deserted bark,
There she lay—(lay quiet, Poll!)

"There she lay—Noble lady in the window, look with pity on poor Jack,
and his little Polly—till next day,
In the Bay of Biscay O."

"Pray, kind lady, help the poor shipwrecked sailor—cast away on his voyage to the West Ingees, in a dreadful storm. Sixteen hands on us took to the long-boat, my lady, and was thrown on a desert island, three thousand miles from any land; which island was unfortunately manned by Cannibals, who roast and eat every blessed one of us, except the cook's black boy; and him they potted, my lady, and I'm bless'd but they'd have potted me, too, if I hadn't sung out to them savages, in this 'ere sort of way, my lady—

"Come all you jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
While British valour I unfold—
Huzza! for the Arethusa!
She was a frigate stout and brave
As ever stemm'd the dashing wave—

"Lord love your honour, and throw the poor sailor who has fought and bled for his country, a trifle to keep him from foundering. Look, your honour, how I lost my precious limb in the sarvice. You see we was in the little Tollymakus frigate, cruising off the banks o' Newf'land, when we fell in with a saucy Yankee, twice the size of our craft; but, bless your honour, that never makes no odds to British sailors, and so we sarved her out with hot dumpling till she got enough, and forced her to haul down her stripes to the flag of Old England. But somehow, your honour, I caught a chance ball that threw me on my beam-ends, and left me to sing—

"My name d'ye see's Tom Tough,
And I've seen a little sarvice,
Where the mighty billows roll and loud tempests blow,
I've sail'd with noble Howe,
And I've fought with gallant Jarvis,
And in gallant Duncan's fleet I've sung—yo-heave-oh!"

"A sixpence or a shilling rewards Jack's loyalty and eloquence. A violent tossing of Polly and the ship testify his gratitude; and pocketing the coin he has collected, he puts about, and shapes his course for some other port, singing lustily as he goes—

"Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!"

Farewell, POOR JACK!

THOSE DIVING BELLES! THOSE DIVING BELLES!

Some of our contemporaries have been dreadfully scandalised at the indelicate scenes which take place on the sands at Ramsgate, where, it seems, a sort of joint-stock social bathing company has been formed by the duckers and divers of both sexes. Situations for

obtaining favourable views are anxiously sought after by elderly gentlemen, by whom opera glasses and pocket telescopes are much patronised. Greatly as we admire the investigation of nature in her unadorned simplicity, Ramsgate would be the last place we should select, if we were



GOING DOWN TO A WATERING PLACE.

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PROSPECTUS

OF A NEW GRAND NATIONAL AND UNIVERSAL STEAM INSURANCE, RAILROAD ACCIDENT, AND PARTIAL MUTILATION PROVIDENT SOCIETY.

CAPITAL, FIVE HUNDRED MILLIONS,

IN ONE HUNDRED MILLION £5 SHARES—HALF DEPOSIT,

THE DIRECTORS

To be duly balloted for from amongst the Consulting Surgeons of the various Metropolitan hospitals.

ACTING SECRETARIES,

The County Coroners.

By the constitution of this society, the whole of the profits will be divided among such of the assured as can come to claim them.

The public are particularly requested to bear in mind the double advantage (so great a *desideratum* to all railroad travellers) of being at one and the same time connected with a "Fire, Life, and Partial Mutilation Assurance Company."

The following is offered as a brief synopsis of the general intention of the directors. Deep attention is requested to the various classes:—

CLASS I.

Relating to Railroads newly opened, consequently rated trebly doubly hazardous. The rate of insurance will be as follows:—

| | PER CENT. |
|---|-----------|
| Engineer, first six months, total life | 90 |
| Legs, at per each | 74 |
| Arms, ditto ditto | 60 |
| Ribs, per pair, or dozen, as contracted for | 55 |
| Dislocations and contusions, per score | 50 |

N.B.—A reduction of seven-and-a-half per cent., made after the first six months.

First class passengers will be allowed ten per cent. for the stuffing of all carriages, except the one immediately next the engine, which will be charged as above.

STOKERS.

Same as engineers, but a very liberal allowance made to such as the trains have passed over more than once, and a considerable reduction if scalds are not included.

Exceptions.—All who have five small children, and are only just appointed.

SECOND CLASS PASSENGERS.

In consequence of these travellers being generally more thickly stowed together, the upper half of them have a chance of escape while crushing those underneath, so that a fair reduction, still leaving a living profit to the directors, may be made in their favour. Thus the terms proposed for effecting their policies will be ten-and-a-half per cent. under the first class.

To meet the views of all parties, insurances may be effected from station to station, or on particular limbs. The following are the rates, the insurers paying down the premium at starting:—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|----|----|
| First Class, leg | 1 | 11 | 6 |
| Second ditto ditto | 1 | 7 | 9 |
| First class, arm | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Second ditto ditto | 0 | 14 | 3 |
| First Class, bridge of nose (very common with cuts from glass) | 0 | 8 | 9 |
| Second ditto ditto (common with contusions from wooden frames) | 0 | 6 | 4 |
| First Class, teeth each | 0 | 0 | 9 |
| Whole set | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Second Class, ditto | 0 | 0 | 4¾ |
| Whole set | 0 | 12 | 2 |
| Necks, where the parties do not carry engraved cards with name and address, First Class | 5 | 5 | 0 |
| Second ditto | 3 | 3 | 4 |

In all cases where the above sums are received in advance, the Company pledge themselves to allow a handsome discount for cuts, scratches, contusions, &c., &c.

All sums insured for to be paid six months after the death or recovery of the individual.

A contract may be entered into for wooden legs, glass eyes, strapping, bandages, splints, and sticking-plaister.

Several enterprising young men as guards, stokers, engineers, experimental tripists, and surgeons, wanted for immediate consumption.

Apply for qualifications and appointments, to the Branch Office, at the New Highgate Cemetery.

NOTHING NEW.

The Tories are, truly, *Conservative* elves,
For every one knows they take care of themselves.

SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

The public will be delighted to learn, there can be no doubt, as to the elegant acquirements of the various *attachés* of the new Tory premier. The peculiar avidity with which they one and all appear determined to secure the salaries for their various suppositionary services, must convince the most sceptical that they have carefully studied the art of drawing.

THE LABOURS OF THE SESSION.

None but Ministers know what Ministers go through for the pure love of their country; no person who has not reposed in the luxuriously-cushioned chairs of the Treasury or Downing-street can conceive the amount of business Sir Robert and his colleagues have transacted during the three months they have been in office. The people, we know, have been crying for bread—the manufacturers are starving—but their rebellious appetites will be appeased—their refractory stomachs will feel comforted, when they are told all that their friends the Tories have been doing for them. How will they blush for their ingratitude when they find that the following great measures have been triumphantly carried through Parliament by Sir Robert's exertions—The VENTILATING OF THE HOUSE BILL! Think of that, ye thin-gutted weavers of Manchester. Drop down on your marrow-bones, and bless the man who gives your representatives fresh air—though he denies you—a mouthful of coarse food. Then look at his next immense boon—The ROYAL KITCHEN-GARDEN BILL! What matters it that the gaunt fiend Famine sits at your board, when you can console yourselves with the reflection that cucumbers and asparagus will be abundant in the Royal Kitchen Garden! But Sir Robert does not stop here. What follows next?—The FOREIGN BISHOPS' BILL! See how our spiritual wants are cared for by your tender-hearted Tories—they shudder at the thoughts of Englishmen being fed on foreign corn; but they give them instead, a full supply of Foreign Bishops. After that comes—The REPORT OF THE LUNATICS' BILL. This important document has been founded on the proceedings in the Upper House, and is likely to be of vast service to the nation at large. Next follows the EXPIRING LAWS' BILL! We imagine that a slight error has been made in the title of this bill, and that it should be read "Expiring *Justice* Bill!" As to expiring laws—'tis all a fallacy. One of the glorious privileges of the English Constitution is, that the laws never expire—neither do the lawyers—they are everlasting. Justice may die in this happy land, but law—never!

Again, there is a little grant of some thousands for Prince Albert's stables and dog-kennels! Very proper too; these animals must be lodged, ay, and fed; and the people—the creatures whom God made after his own image—the poor wretches who want nothing but a little bread, will lie down hungry and thankful, when they reflect that the royal dogs and horses are in the best possible condition. But we have not yet mentioned the great crowning work of Ministers—the Queen's speech on the Prorogation of the Parliament last week. What an admirable illustration it was of that profound logical deduction—that, out of nothing comes nothing! Yet it was deduction—that, out of nothing comes nothing! Yet it was not altogether without design, and though some sneering critics have called the old song—the burthen of it was clearly—



DOWN WITH YOUR DUST.

SO MUCH FOR BUCKINGHAM!

MR. SILK BUCKINGHAM being unmercifully reproached by his unhappy publisher upon the dreadful weight of his recent work on America, fortunately espied the youngest son of the enraged and disappointed vendor of volumes actually flying a kite formed of a portion of the first volume. "Heavy," retorted Silk, "nonsense, sir. Look there! so volatile and exciting is that masterly production, that it has even made that youthful scion of an obdurate line, spite my teetotal feelings,



“THREE SHEETS IN THE WIND.”

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PUNCH'S NEW GENERAL LETTER-WRITER.

Perhaps no one operation of frequent recurrence and absolute necessity involves so much mental pain and imaginative uneasiness as the reduction of thoughts to paper, for the furtherance of epistolatory correspondence. Some great key-stone to this abstruse science—some accurate data from which all sorts and conditions of people may at once receive instruction and assistance, has been long wanting.

Letter-writers, in general, may be divided into two great classes, viz.: those who write to ask favours, and those who write to refuse them. There is a vague notion extant, that in former days a third genus existed—though by no means proportionate to the other two—they were those who wrote “to grant favours;” these were also remarkable for enclosing remittances and paying the double postage—at least, so we are assured; of our knowledge, we can advance nothing concerning them and their (to us) supposititious existence, save our conviction that the race has been long extinct.

Those who write to ask, may be divided into—

1. —Creditors.
2. —Constituents.
3. —Sons.
4. —Daughters.
5. —Their offspring.
6. —Nephews, nieces.
7. —Indistinct cousins, and
8. —Unknown, dear, and intimate friends.

Those who write to refuse, are

1. —Debtors.
2. —Members of Parliament
3. —Fathers.
4. —Mothers.
5. —Their kin.
6. —Uncles.
7. —Aunts.
8. —Bilious and distant nabobs, and equally dear friends, who will do anything but what the askers want.

We are confident of ensuring the everlasting gratitude of the above parties by laying before them the proper formulæ for their respective purposes; and, therefore, as all the world is composed of two great classes, which, though they run into various ramifications, still retain their original distinguishing characteristics—namely, that of being either “debtors” or “creditors”—we will give the general information necessary for the construction of their future effusions.

(Firstly.)

From a wine-merchant, being a creditor, to a right honourable, being a debtor.

Verjuice-lane, City, January 17, 1841.

MY LORD,—I have done myself the honour of forwarding your lordship a splendid sample of exquisite Frontignac, trusting it will be approved of by your lordship. I remain, enclosing your lordship's small account, the payment of which will be most acceptable to your lordship's most

Obedient very humble servant,

THE ANSWER TO THE SAME.

The sample is tolerable—send in thirty dozen—add them to your account—and let my steward have them punctually on December 17, 1849.

BOSKEY.

P.S.—I expect you'll allow discount.

(Secondly.)

From a creditor, being a "victim," "schneider," "sufferer," or "tailor," to one who sets off his wares by wearing the same, being consequently a debtor.

HONOURED SIR,—I can scarcely express my delight at your kind compliments as to the fit and patterns of the last seventy-three summer waistcoats; the rest of the order is in hand. I enclose a small account of 490l. odd, which will just meet a heavy demand. Will you, sir, forward the same by return of post, to your obliged and devoted

Humble servant,
ADOLPHUS JULIO BACKSTITCH.

P. Pink, Esq., &c. &c.

ANSWER TO THE SAME

Albany.

You be d—d, *Backstitch.*

PENTWISTLE PINK.

(Thirdly.)

From a constituent in the country, being a creditor "upon promises," to a returned member of Parliament in town.

Bumbleton Butts, April 1, 1841.

DEAR SIR,—The enthusiastic delight myself (an humble individual) and the immense body of your enraptured constituents felt upon reading your truly patriotic, statesman-like, learned, straightforward and consistent speech, may be conceived by a person of your immense parliamentary imagination, but cannot be expressed by my circumscribed vocabulary. In stating that my trifling exertions for the return of such a patriot are more than doubly recompensed by your noble conduct, may I be allowed to suggest the earnest wish of my eldest son to be in town, for the pleasure of being near such a representative, which alone induces him to accept the situation of landing-waiter you so kindly insisted upon his preparing for. You will, I am sure, be happy to learn, the last baby, as you desired is christened after:—"the country's, the people's, nay, the world's member!"

Believe me, with united regards from Mrs. F. and Joseph, ever your staunch supporter and admirer,

FUNK FLAT.

To Gripe Gammon, Esq., M.P.

(Fourthly.)

ANSWER TO THE SAME, FROM GRIPE GAMMON, M.P.

St. Stephen's.

DEAR AND KIND CONSTITUENT,—I am more than happy. My return for your borough has satisfied *you*, my country, and myself! What can I say more? Pray give both my names to the dear innocent. Be careful in the spelling, two "M's" in Gammon, one following the A, the other preceding the O, and immediately next to the final N. I think I have now answered every point of your really Junisean letter. Let me hear from you *soon*—you cannot TOO SOON—and believe me,

My dear Funk, yours ever,
GRIPE GAMMON.

Funk Flat, Esq., &c. &c.

(Fifthly.)

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME. (SECOND LETTER).

Bumbleton Butts, April 4, 1841.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND PATRON,—All's right, the two *M's* are in *their* places, when will Joe be in *his*? I know your heart; pray excuse my earnestness, but oblige me with an early answer. Joe is dying to be near so kind, so dear, so sincere a friend.

More devotedly than ever yours,
FUNK FLAT

G. Gammon, Esq., M.P., &c. &c.

(Sixthly.)

ANSWER FROM THE M.P. TO THE ABOVE.

St. Stephen's.

How can I express my feelings? *My* name, *mine* engrafted on the innocent offspring of the thoroughbred Funks, evermore to be by them and their heirs handed down to posterity! How I rejoice at that circumstance, and the intelligence I have so happily received about the wretched situation you speak of. Fancy, Funk, fancy the man, your son, in a moment of rashness, I meant to succeed, died of a sore-throat! an infallible disorder attendant upon the duties of those d—d landing-waiterships. What an escape we have had! The place is given to my butler, so there's no fear. Kiss the child, and believe me ever,

Your sincere and much relieved friend,
GRIPE GAMMON.

To Funk Flat, Esq., &c. &c.

From this time forward the correspondence, like "Irish reciprocity," is "all on one side." It generally consists of four-and-twenty letters from the constituent in the country to the returned member in town. As these are *never opened*, all that is required is a well-written direction, on a *blank sheet of paper*.

(Seventhly.)

FROM SONS TO FATHERS.

(Several.)

DEAR FATHER,—Studies continued—(blot)—profession—future hopes—application—increased expenses—irate landlady—small remittance—duty—love—say twenty-five pounds—best wishes—sister, mother, all at home.

Dutiful son,
JOHN JOSKIN.

(Eighthly.)

ANSWER TO THE SAME.

Delighted—assiduity—future fortune—great profession!—Increase of family—no cash—best prayers, sister, mother.

Loving father!
JOSKIN, SEN.

N.B. By altering the relative positions and sexes, the above is good for all relations! If writing to nabob, more flattery in letter of asker. Strong dose of oaths in refuser's answer.

(Ninthly.)

FROM "DEAR AND INTIMATE" TO A "DITTO DITTO."

MY DEAR TOM,—How are you, old fellow? Here I am, as happy as a prince; that is, I should be if you were with me. You know when we first met! what a time it was! do you remember? How the old times come back, and really almost the same circumstances! Pray do you recollect I wanted one hundred and fifty then? isn't it droll I do now? Send me your check, or bring it yourself.

Ever yours.
FITZBROWN SMITH.

T. Tims, Esq.

(Tenthly.)

ANSWER FROM "THE DITTO DITTO" TO "THE DITTO DITTO."

OLD FELLOW,—Glad to hear you are so fresh! Give you joy—wish I was with you, but can't come. Damn the last Derby—regularly stump'd—cleaned out—and done Brown!—not a feather to fly with! Need I say how sorry I am. Here's your health in Burgundy. Must make a raise for my Opera-box and a new tilbury. Just lost my last fifty at French hazard.

Ever, your most devoted friend,
T. TIMS.

F. Smith, Esq.

THE BARBER OF STOCKSBAWLER.

A TALE OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

At the little town of Stocksbawler, on the Lower Rhine, in the year of grace 1830, resided one Hans Scrapshins, an industrious and close-shaving barber. His industry met with due encouragement from the bearded portion of the community; and the softer sex, whose greatest fault is fickleness, generally selected Hans for the honour of new-fronting them, when they had grown tired of the ringlets nature had bestowed and which time had frosted.

Hans continued to shave and thrive, and all the careful old burghers foretold of his future well-doing; when he met with a misfortune, which promised for a time to shut up his shop and leave him a beggar. He fell in love.

Neighbours warned Hans of the consequences of his folly; but all remonstrance was vain. Customers became scarce, wearing out their patience and their wigs together; the shop became dirty, and winter saw the flies of summer scattered on his show-board.

Agnes Flirtitz was the prettiest girl in Stocksbawler. Her eyes were as blue as a summer's sky, her cheeks as rosy as an autumn sunset, and her teeth as white as winter's snow. Her hair was a beautiful flaxen—not a *drab*—but that peculiar sevenpenny-moist-sugar tint which the poets of old were wont to call golden. Her voice was melodious; her notes in *alt* were equal to Grisi's: in short, she would have been a very desirable, loveable young lady, if she had not been a coquette.

Hans met her at a festival given in commemoration of the demise of the burgomaster's second wife—I beg pardon, I mean in celebration of his union with his third bride. From that day Hans was a lost barber. Sleeping, waking, shaving, curling, weaving, or powdering, he thought of nothing but Agnes. His love-dreams placed him in all kinds of awkward predicaments. And Agnes—what thought she of the unhappy barber? Nothing, except that he was a presumptuous puppy, and wore very unfashionable garments. Hans received an intimation of this latter opinion; and, after sundry quailings and misgivings, he resolved to dispose of his remaining stock in trade, and, for once, dress like a gentleman. The measure had been taken by the tailor, the garments had been basted and tried on, and Hans was standing at his door in a state of feverish excitement, awaiting their arrival in a completed condition (as there was to be *fête* on the morrow, at which Agnes was to be present), when a stranger requested to be shaved. Hans wished him at the — next barber's; but there was something so unpleasantly positive in the visitor's appearance, that he had not the power to object, so politely bowed him into the shop. The stranger removed his cap, and discovered two very ugly protuberances, one on each side of his head, and of most unphrenological appearance. Hans commenced operations—the lather dried as fast as he laid it on, and the razor emitted small sparks as it encountered the bristles on the stranger's chin, Hans felt particularly uncomfortable, and not a word had hitherto passed on either side, when the stranger broke the ice by asking, rather abruptly, "Have you any schnapps in the house?" Hans jumped like a parched pea. Without waiting for a reply, the

stranger rose and opened the cupboard. "I never take anything stronger than water," said Hans, in reply, to the "pshaw!" which broke from the stranger's lips as he smelt at the contents of a little brown pitcher. "More fool you," replied his customer. "Here taste that—some of the richest grape-blood of Rheingau;" and he handed Hans a small flask, which the sober barber respectfully declined. "Ha! ha! and yet you hope to thrive with the women," said the stranger. "No wonder that Agnes treats you as she does. But drink, man! drink!"

The stranger took a pipe, and coolly seated himself again in his chair, hung one leg over the back of another, and striking his finger briskly down his nose, elicited a flame that ignited his tobacco, and then he puffed, and puffed, till every moth in the shop coughed aloud. The uneasiness of Hans increased, and he looked towards the door with the most cowardly intention; and, lo! two laughing, dimpled faces, were peeping in at them. "Ha! how are you?" said the stranger; "come in! come in!" and to Hans' horror, two very equivocal damsels entered the shop. Hans felt scandalised, and was about to make a most powerful remonstrance, when he encountered the eye of his impertinent customer; and, from its sinister expression, he thought it wise to be silent. One of the damsels seated herself upon the stranger's knee, whilst the other looked most coaxingly to the barber; who, however, remained proof to all her winks and blinks, and "wreathed smiles."

"Sblitzen!" exclaimed the lady, "the man's an icicle!"

"Hans, you're a fool!" said the stranger; and his enamorata concurred in the opinion. The flask was again proffered—the eye-artillery again brought into action, but Hans remained constant to pump-water and Agnes Flirtitz.

The stranger rubbed the palm of his hand on one of his head ornaments, as though he were somewhat perplexed at the contumacious conduct of the barber; then rising, he gracefully led the ladies out. As he stood with one foot on the step of the door, he turned his head scornfully over his shoulder, and said, "Hans, you are nothing but—a barber; but before I eat, you shall repent of your present determination."

"What security have I that you will keep your word?" replied Hans, who felt emboldened by the outside situation of his customer, and the shop poker, of which he had obtained possession.

"The best in the world," said the stranger. "Here, take these!" and placing both rows of his teeth in the hands of the astonished Hans, he quietly walked up the street with the ladies.

The astonishment of Hans had somewhat subsided, when Stitz, the tailor, entered with the so-much and the so-long-expected garments. The stranger was forgotten; the door was bolted, the clothes tried on, and they fitted to a miracle. A small three-cornered piece of looking-glass was held in every direction by the delighted tailor, who declared this performance his *chef-d'œuvre* and Hans felt, for the first time in his life, that he looked like a gentleman. Without a moment's hesitation, or the slightest hint at discount for ready money, he gave the tailor his last thaler, and his old suit of clothes, as per contract; shook Stitz's hand at parting, till every bone of the tailor's fingers ached for an hour afterwards, bolted the door, and went to bed the poorest, but happiest barber in Stocksawler.

After a restless night, Hans rose the next morning with the oddest sensation in the world. He fancied that the bed was shorter, the chairs lower, and the room smaller, than on the preceding day; but attributing this feeling to the feverish sleep he had had, he proceeded to put on his pantaloons. With great care he thrust his left leg into its proper division, when, to his horror and amazement, he found that he had grown *two feet at least during the night*; and that the pantaloons which had fitted so admirably before, were now only knee-breeches. He rushed to the window with the intention of breaking his neck by a leap into the street, when his eye fell upon the strange customer of the preceding day, who was leaning against the gable-end of the house opposite, quietly smoking his meerschaum. Hans paused; then thought, and then concluded that having found an appetite, he had repented of his boast at parting, and had called for his teeth. Being a good-natured lad, Hans shuffled down stairs, and opening the door, called him to come over. The stranger obeyed the summons, but honourably refused to accept of his teeth, except on the conditions of the wager. To Hans' great surprise he seemed perfectly acquainted with the phenomenon of the past night, and good-naturedly offered to go to Stitz, and inform him of the barber's dilemma. The stranger departed, and in a few moments the tailor arrived, and having ascertained by his inch measure the truth of Hans' conjectures, bade him be of good cheer, as he had a suit of clothes which would exactly fit him. They had been made for a travelling giant, who had either forgotten to call for them, or suspected that Stitz would require the *gelt* before he gave up the broadcloth.

The tailor was right—they did fit—and in an hour afterwards Hans was on his way to the *fête*. When he arrived there many of his old friends stood agape for a few moments: but as stranger things had occurred in Germany than a man growing two feet in one night, they soon ceased to notice the alteration in Hans' appearance. Agnes was evidently struck with the improvement of the barber's figure, and for two whole hours did he enjoy the extreme felicity of making half-a-dozen other young gentlemen miserable, by monopolising the arm and conversation of the beauty of Stocksawler. But pleasure, like fine weather, lasts not

for ever; and, as Hans and Agnes turned the corner of a path, his eye again encountered the stranger. Whether it was from fear or dislike he knew not, but his heart seemed to sink, and so did his body; for to his utter dismay, he found that he had shrunk to his original proportions, and that the garment of the giant hung about him in anything but graceful festoons. He felt that he was a human telescope, that some infernal power could elongate or shut up at pleasure.

The whole band of jealous rivals set up the "Laughing Chorus," and Agnes, in the extremity of her disgust, turned up her nose till she nearly fractured its bridge, whilst Hans rushed from the scene of his disgrace, and never stopped running until he opened the door of his little shop, threw himself into a chair, and laid his head down upon an old "family Bible" which chanced to be upon the table. In this position he continued for some time, when, on raising his head, he found his tormentor and the two ladies, grouped like the Graces, in the centre of the apartment.

"Well, Scrapshins," said the gentleman, "I have called for my teeth. You see I have kept my promise." Hans sighed deeply, and the ladies giggled.

"Nay, man, never look so glum! Here, take the flask—forget Agnes, and console yourself with the love of"—

The conclusion of this harangue must for ever remain a mystery; for Hans, at this moment, took up the family volume which had served him for a pillow, and dashed it at the heads of the trio. A scream, so loud that it broke the tympanum of his left ear, seemed to issue from them simultaneously—a thick vapour filled the room, which gradually cleared off, and left no traces of Hans' visitors but three small sticks of stone brimstone. The truth flashed upon the barber—his visitor was the far-famed Mephistopheles. Hans packed up his remaining wardrobe, razor, strop, soap-dish, scissors and combs, and turned his back upon Stocks-bawler forever. Four years passed away, and Hans was again a thriving man, and Agnes Flirtitz the wife of the doctor of Stocks-bawler. Another year passed on, and Hans was both a husband and a father; but the coquette who had nearly been his ruin had eloped with the *chasseur* of a travelling nobleman.

LAURIE ON GEOGRAPHY.

Sir P. Laurie has sent to say that he has looked into Dr. Farr's "Medical Guide to Nice," and is much disappointed. He hoped to have seen a print of the eternally-talked of "*Nice Young Man*," in the costume of the country. He doubts, moreover, that the Doctor has ever been there, for his remarks show him not to have been "*over Nice*."

COOMBE'S LUNGS AND LEARNING.

Dr. Coombe, in his new work upon America, by some anatomical process, invariably connects large lungs with expansive intellect. Our and Finsbury's friend, Tom Duncombe, declares, in his opinion, this must be the origin of the received expression for the mighty savans, viz., the "lights of literature."

PARLIAMENTARY MASONS.—PARLIAMENTARY PICTURES.

Was there ever anything so lucky that the strike of the masons should have happened at this identical juncture! Parliament is prorogued. Now, deducting Sir Robert Peel, physician, with his train of apothecaries and pestle-and-mortar apprentices, who, until February next, are to sit cross-legged and try to think, there are at least six hundred and thirty unemployed members of the House of Commons, turned upon the world with nothing, poor fellows! but grouse before them. Some, to be sure, may pick their teeth, in the Gardens of the Tuileries—some may even now venture to exercise their favourite elbow at Baden-Baden,—but with every possible and probable exception, there will yet be hundreds of unemployed law-makers, to whom time will be a heavy porter's burden.

We have a plan which, for its originality, should draw down upon us the gratitude of the nation. It is no other than this: to make all Members of Parliament, for once in their lives at least, useful. The masons, hired to build the new temples of Parliament, have struck. The hard-handed ingrates,—let them go! We propose that, during the prorogation at least, Members of Parliament, should, like beavers, build their own Houses. In a word, every member elected to a seat in Parliament should be compelled, like Robinson Crusoe, to make his own furniture before he could sit down upon it.

Have we not a hundred examples of the peculiar fitness of the task, in the habits of what in our human arrogance we call the lower animals? There is many a respectable spider who would justly feel himself calumniated by any comparison between him and any one of

twenty Parliamentary lawyers we *could* name; yet the spider spins its own web, and seeks its own nook of refuge from the Reform Broom of Molly the housemaid. And then, the tiny insect, the ant—that living, silent monitor to unregarding men—doth it not make its own galleries, build with toilsome art its own abiding place? Does not the mole scratch its own chamber—the carrion kite build its own nest! Shall cuckoos and Members of Parliament alone be lodged at others' pains?

Consider the wasp, oh, STANLEY! mark its nest of paper.—(it is said, on wasp's paper you are wont to write your thoughts on Ireland)—and resolutely seize a trowel!

Look to the bee, oh, COLONEL SIBTHORP! See how it elaborates its virgin wax, how it shapes its luscious cone—and though we would not trust you to place a brick upon a brick, nevertheless you may, under instruction, mix the mortar!

Ponder on the rat and its doings, most wise BURDETT—see how craftily it makes its hole—and though you are too age-stricken to carry a hod, you may at least do this much—sift the lime.

But wherefore thus particular—why should we dwell on individuals? Pole-cat, weasel, ferret, hedgehog, with all your vermin affinities, come forth, and staring reproachfully in the faces of all prorogued Members, bid them imitate your zeal and pains, and—the masons having struck—build their Houses for themselves.

(We make this proposal in no thoughtless—no bantering spirit. He can see very little into the most transparent mill-stone who believes that we pen these essays—essays that will endure and glisten as long, ay as long as the freshest mackerel—if he think that we sit down to this our weekly labour in a careless lackadaisical humour. By no means. Like Sir LYTTON BULWER, when he girds up his loins to write an apocryphal comedy, we approach our work with graceful solemnity. Like Sir LYTTON, too, we always dress for the particular work we have in hand. Sir LYTTON wrote "*Richelieu*" in a harlequin's jacket (sticking pirate's pistols in his belt, ere he valorously *took* whole scenes from a French melo-drama): we penned our last week's essay in a suit of old canonicals, with a tie-wig askew upon our beating temples, and are at this moment cased in a court-suit of cut velvet, with our hair curled, our whiskers crisped, and a masonic apron decorating our middle man. Having subsided into our chair—it is in most respects like the porphyry piece of furniture of the Pope—and our housekeeper having played the Dead March in Saul on our chamber organ (BULWER wrote "*The Sea Captain*" to the preludizing of a Jew's-harp), we enter on our this week's labour. We state thus much, that our readers may know with what pains we prepare ourselves for them. Besides, when BULWER thinks it right that the world should know that the idea of "*La Vailière*" first hit him in the rotonde of a French diligence, modest as we are, can we suppose that the world will not be anxious to learn in what coloured coat we think, and whether, when we scratch our head to assist the thought that sticks by the way, we displace a velvet cap or a Truefitt's scalp?)

Reader, the above parenthesis may be skipped or not. Read not a line of it—the omission will not maim our argument. So to proceed.

If we cast our eyes over the debates of the last six months, we shall find that hundreds of members of the House of Commons have exhibited the most extraordinary powers of ill-directed labour. And then their capacity of endurance! Arguments that would have knocked down any reasonable elephant have touched them no more than would summer gnats. Well, why not awake this sleeping strength? Why not divert a mischievous potency into beneficial action? Why should we confine a body of men to making laws, when so many of them might be more usefully employed in wheeling barrows? Now there is Mr. PLUMPTRE, who has done so much to make English Sundays respectable—would he not be working far more enduring utility with pickaxe or spade than by labouring at enactments to stop the flowing of the Thames on the Sabbath? Might not D'ISRAELI be turned into a very jaunty carpenter, and be set to the light interior work of both the Houses? His logic, it is confessed, will support nothing; but we think he would be a very smart hand at a hat-peg.

As for much of the joinery-work, could we have prettier mechanics than Sir James GRAHAM and Sir Edward KNATCHBULL? When we remember their opinions on the Corn Laws, and see that they are a part of the cabinet which has already shown symptoms of some approaching alteration of the Bread Tax—when we consider their enthusiastic bigotry for everything as it is, and Sir Robert PEEL'S small, adventurous liberality, his half-bashful homage to the spirit of the age—sure we are that both GRAHAM and KNATCHBULL, to remain component members of the Peel Cabinet, must be masters of the science of dove-tailing; and hence, the men of men for the joinery-work of the new Houses of Parliament.

Again how many members from their long experience in the small jobbery of committees—from their profitable knowledge of the mysteries of private bills and certain other unclean work which may, if he please, fall to the lot of the English senator—how many of these lights of the times might build small monuments of their genius in the drains, sewerage, and certain conveniences required by the deliberative wisdom of the nation? We have seen the plans of Mr. BARRY, and are bound to praise the evidence of his taste and genius; but we know that the structure, however fair and beautiful to the eye, must have its foul

places; and for the dark, dirty, winding ways of Parliament—reader, take a list of her Majesty's Commons, and running your finger down their names, pick us out three hundred able-bodied labourers—three hundred stalwart night workmen in darkness and corruption. We ask the country, need it care for the strike of Peto's men (the said Peto, by the way, is in no manner descended from *Falstaff's* retainer), when there is so much unemployed labour, hungering only for the country's good?

We confess to a difficulty in finding among the members of the present Parliament a sufficient number of stone-squarers. When we know that there are so few among them who can look upon more than *one side* of a question, we own that the completion of the building may be considerably delayed by employing only members of Parliament as square workmen: the truth is, having never been accustomed to the operation, they will need considerable instruction in the art. Those, however, rendered incapable, by habit and nature, of the task, may cast rubbish and carry a hod.

We put it to the patriotism of members of Parliament, whether they ought not immediately to throw themselves into the arms of Peto and Grissell, with an enthusiastic demand for tools. If they be not wholly insensible of the wants of the nation and of their own dignity, Monday morning's sun will shine upon every man of her Majesty's majority, for once laudably employed in the nation's good. How delightful then to saunter near the works—how charming then to listen to members of Parliament! What a picture of senatorial industry! For an Irish speech by STANLEY, have we not the more dulcet music of his stone-cutting saw? Instead of an oration from GOULBURN, have we not the shrill note of his ungreased parliamentary barrow? For the "hear, hear" of PLUMPTRE, the more accordant tapping of the hammer—for the "cheer" from INGLIS, the sweeter chink of the mason's chisel?

And then the moral and physical good acquired by the workmen themselves! After six days' toil, there is scarcely one of them who will not feel himself wonderfully enlightened on the wants and feelings of labouring man. They will learn sympathy in the most efficient manner—by the sweat of their brow. Pleasant, indeed, 'twill be to see CASTLEREAGH lean on his axe, and beg, with *Sly*, for "a pot of the smallest ale."

Having, we trust, remedied the evils of the mason's strike—having shewn that the fitness of things calls upon the Commons, in the present dilemma, to build their own house—we should feel it unjust to the government not to acknowledge the good taste which, as we learn, has directed that an estimate be taken of the disposable space on the walls of the new buildings, to be devoted to the exalted work of the historical painter. Records of the greatness of England are to endure in undying hues on the walls of Parliament.

This is a praiseworthy object, but to render it important and instructive, the greatest judgment must be exercised in the selection of subjects; which, for ourselves, we would have to illustrate the wisdom and benevolence of Parliament. How beautifully would several of the Duke of WELLINGTON'S speeches paint! For instance, his portrait of a famishing Englishman, the drunkard and the idler, no other man (according to his grace) famishing in England! And then the Duke's view of the shops of butchers, and poulterers, and bakers—all in the Dutch style—by which his grace has lately proved, that if there be distress, it can certainly not be for want of comestibles! But the theme is too suggestive to be carried out in a single paper.

We trust that portraits of members will be admitted. BURDETT and GRAHAM, half-whig, half-tory, in the style of Death and the Lady, will make pretty companion pictures.

To do full pictorial justice to the wisdom of the senate, Parliament will want a peculiar artist: that gifted man CAN be no other than the artist to PUNCH!

Q.



THE IMPROVIDENT; OR, TURNED UPON THE WIDE WORLD.

[pg 165]

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF THE LONDON MEDICAL STUDENT.

III.—OF HIS GRADUAL DEVELOPMENT.

For the first two months of the first winter session the fingers of the new man are nothing but ink-stains and industry. He has duly chronicled every word that has fallen from the lips of every professor in his leviathan note book; and his desk teems with reports of all the hospital cases, from the burnt housemaid, all cotton-wool and white lead, who set herself on fire reading penny romances in bed, on one side of the hospital, to the tipsy glazier who bundled off his perch and spiked himself upon the area rails on the other. He becomes a walking chronicle of pathological statistics, and after he has passed six weeks in the wards, imagines himself an embryo Hunter.

To keep up his character, a new man ought perpetually to carry a stethoscope—a curious instrument, something like a sixpenny toy trumpet with its top knocked off, and used for the purpose of hearing what people are thinking about, or something of the kind. In the endeavour to acquire a perfect knowledge of its use he is indefatigable. There is scarcely a patient but he knows the exact state of their thoracic viscera, and he talks of enlarged semilunar valves, and thickened ventricles with an air of alarming confidence. And yet we rather doubt his skill upon this point; we never perceived anything more than a sound and a jog, something similar to what you hear in the cabin of a fourpenny steam-boat, and especially mistrusted the “metallic tinkling,” and the noise resembling a blacksmith’s bellows blowing into an empty quart-pot, which is called the *bruit de soufflet*. Take our word, when medicine arrives at such a pitch that the secrets of the human heart can be

probed, it need not go any further, and will have the power of doing mischief enough.

The new man does not enter much into society. He sometimes asks a few other juniors to his lodgings, and provides tea and shrimps, with occasional cold saveloys for their refectation, and it is possible he may add some home-made wine to the banquet. Their conversation is exceedingly professional; and should they get slightly jocose, they retail anatomical paradoxes, technical puns, and legendary "catch questions," which from time immemorial have been the delight of all new men in general, and country ones in particular.

But diligent and industrious as the new man may be, he is mortal after all, and being mortal, is not proof against temptation—at least, after five or six weeks of his pupilage have passed. The good St. Anthony resisted all the endeavours of the Evil One to lure him from the proper path, until the gentleman of the discoloured *cutis vera* assumed the shape of a woman. The new man firmly withstands all inducements to irregularity until his first temptation appears in the form of the Cyder-cellars—the convivial Rubicon which it is absolutely necessary for him to pass before he can enrol himself as a member of the quiet, hard-working, modest fraternity of the Medical Student of our London Hospitals.

Facilis descensus Averni.—The steps that lead from Maiden-lane to the Cyder-cellars are easy of descent, although the return is sometimes attended with slight difficulty. Not that we wish to compare our favourite *souterrain* in question to the "Avernus" of the Latin poet; oh, no! If Æneas had met with roast potatoes and stout during his celebrated voyage across the Styx to the infernal regions, and listened to songs and glees in place of the multitude of condemned souls, "horrendum stridens," we wager that he would have been in no very great hurry to return. But we have arrived at an important point in our physiology—the first launch of the new man into the ocean of his London life, and we pause upon its shore. He has but definite ideas of three public establishments at all intimately connected with his professional career—the Hall, the College, and the Cyder-cellars. There are but three individuals to whom he looks with feelings of deference—Mr. Sayer of Blackfriars, Mr. Belfour of Lincoln's-inn-fields, and Mr. Rhodes of Maiden-lane. These are the impersonation of the Fates—the arbitrators of his destinies.

As it is customary that an attendance in the Theatre of Lectures should precede the student's determination to "have a shy at the College," or "go up to the Hall," so is it usual for a visit to one of the theatres to be paid before going down to the Cyder-cellars. The new man has been beguiled into the excursion by the exciting narratives of his companions, and beginning to feel that he is behind the other "chaps" (a new man's term) in knowledge of the world, he yields to the attraction held out; not because he at first thinks it will give him pleasure so to do, as because it will put him on a level with those who have been, on the same principle as our rambling compatriots go to Switzerland and the Rhine. His Mentor is ready in the shape of a third-season man, and under his protecting influence he sallies forth.

The theatres have concluded; every carriage, cab, and "coach 'nhired" in their vicinity is in motion; venders of trotters and ham-sandwiches are in full cry; the bars of the proximate retail establishments are crowded with thirsty gods; ruddy chops and steaks are temptingly displayed in the windows of the supper-houses, and the turnips and carrots in the freshly-arrived market-carts appear astonished at the sudden confusion by which they are surrounded. Amidst this confusion the new man and his friends arrive beneath the beacon which illumines the entrance of the tavern. He descends the stairs in an agony of anticipation, and feverishly trips up the six or eight succeeding ones to arrive at the large room. A song has just concluded, and he enters triumphantly amidst the thunder of applause, the jingling of glasses, the imperious vociferations of fresh orders, and an atmosphere of smoke that pervades the whole apartment, like dense clouds of incense burning at the altar of the genius of conviviality.

The new man is at first so bewildered, that it would take but little extra excitement to render him perfectly unconscious as to the probability of his standing upon his *occipito-frontalis* or *plantar fascia*. But as he collects his ideas, he contrives to muster sufficient presence of mind to order a Welsh rabbit, and in the interim of its arrival earnestly contemplates the scene around him. There is the room which, in after life, so vividly recurs to him, with its bygone *souvenirs* of mirth, when he is sitting up all night at a bad case in the mud cottage of a pauper union. There are its blue walls, its wainscot and its pillars, its lamps and ground-glass shades, within which the gas jumps and flares so fitfully; its two looking-glasses, that reflect the room and its occupants from one to the other in an interminable vista. There also is Mr. Rhodes, bending courteously over the backs of the visitors' chairs, and hoping everybody has got everything to their satisfaction, or bestowing an occasional subdued acknowledgment upon an *habitué* who chances to enter; and the professional gentlemen all laying their heads together at the top of the table to pitch the key of the next glee; and the waiters bustling up and down with all sorts of tempting comestibles; and the gentleman in the Chesterfield wrapper smoking a cigar at the side of the room, while he leans back and contemplates the ceiling, as if his whole soul was concentrated in its smoke-discoloured mouldings.

The new man is in ecstasies; he beholds the realization of the Arabian Nights, and when

the harmony commences again, he is fairly entranced. At first, he is fearful of adding the efforts of his laryngeal "little muscles with the long names" to swell the chorus; but, after the second glass of stout and a "go of whiskey," he becomes emboldened, and when the gentleman with the bass voice sings about the Monks of Old, what a jovial race they were, our friend trolls out how "they laughed, ha, ha!" so lustily, that he gets quite red in the face from obstructed jugulars, and applauds, when it has concluded, until everything upon the table performs a curious ballet-dance, which is only terminated by the descent of the cruets upon the floor.

The precise hour at which the new man arrives at home, after this eventful evening, has never been correctly ascertained; having a latch-key, he is the only person that could give any authentic information upon this point; but, unfortunately, he never knows himself. Some few things, however, are universally allowed, namely, that in extreme cases he is found asleep on the rug at the foot of the stairs next morning, with the rushlight that was left in the passage burnt quite away, and all the solder of the candlestick melted into little globules. More frequently he knocks up the people of the neighbouring house, under the impression that it is his own, but that a new keyhole has been fitted to the door in his absence; and, in the mildest forms of the disease, he drinks up all the water in his bedroom during the night, and has a propensity for retiring to rest in his pea-coat and Bluchers, from the obstinate tenacity of his buttons and straps. The first lecture the next morning fails to attract him; he eats no breakfast, and when he enters the dissecting-room about one o'clock, his fellow-students administer to him a pint of ale, warmed by the simple process of stirring it with a hot poker, with some Cayenne pepper thrown into it, which he is assured will set to rights the irritable mucous lining of his stomach. The effect of this remedy is, to send him into a sound sleep during the whole of the two o'clock anatomical lecture; and awakened at its close by the applause of the students, he thinks he is still at the Cyder-cellars, and cries out "Encore!"

RECOMMENDATIONS FOR THE PREVENTION OF RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

Having been particularly struck by the infernal smashes that have recently taken place on several railroad lines, and having been ourselves forcibly impressed by a tender, which it must be allowed was rather hard (coming in collision with ourselves), we have thought over the subject, and have now the following suggestions to offer:—

Behind each engine let there be second and third class carriages, so that, in the event of a smash, second and third class lives only would be sacrificed.

Let there be a van full of stokers before the first class carriages; for, as the directors appear to be liberal of the stokers' lives, it is presumed that every railway company has such a glut of them that they can be spared easily.

As some of the carriages are said to oscillate, from being too heavy at the top, let a few copies of "Martinuzzi" be placed as ballast at the bottom.

In order that the softest possible lining may be given to the carriages, let the interior be covered with copies of Sibthorp's speeches as densely as possible.

We have not yet been able to find a remedy for the remarkable practice which prevails in some railways of sending a passenger, like a bank-note, *cut in half*, for better security.

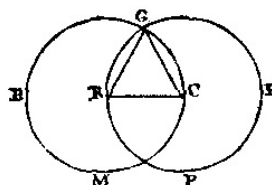
[pg 166]

THE POLITICAL EUCLID.—NO. 2.

PROP. I.—PROBLEM.

To describe an Independent Member upon a given indefinite line of politics.

et C R, or Conservative Reform, be the given indefinite line—it is required to describe on C R an independent member.



With the centre Reform, and at the distance of Conservatism, describe G B and M—or

Therefore the remainder, A R, or Roebuck on his ancestors, is equal to the remaining G L and S A, or great literary and scientific attainments.

But G L and S A, or the great literary and scientific attainments, have been shown to be equal to those of an A s s.

And therefore R A, or Roebuck on his ancestors, is equal to an A s s.

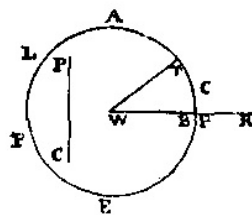
Wherefore, from a given point, A, his ancestors, has been drawn out a Radical member, R, Roebuck, equal to an A s s.

Quod erat sheep-face-iendum.

PROP. III.—PROBLEM

From the greater opposition of two members to a given measure to cut, off a part, so as it may agree with the less.

Let P C and W R, or Peel the Conservative and Wakley the Radical, represent their different oppositions to the New Poor Law, to which that of W R, or Wakley the Radical, is greater than that of Peel the Conservative—it is required to cut off from W R, or Wakley the Radical's opposition a part, so that it may agree with that of P C, or Peel the Conservative.



From W, or Wakley, draw W T, or Wakley the Trimmer, the same as P C, or Peel the Conservative.

With the centre W or Wakley, and to the extremity of T trimming, describe the magic circle P L A C E.

Cutting W R or Wakley the Radical in B P, his Breeches Pocket.

Then W B P or Wakley and his Breeches Pocket, agrees with Peel the Conservative.

For because the circle P L A C E is described about W or Wakley

Therefore W B P or Wakley and his Breeches Pocket, is of the same opinion as W T or Wakley the Trimmer.

But W T or Wakley the Trimmer, agrees with Peel the Conservative.

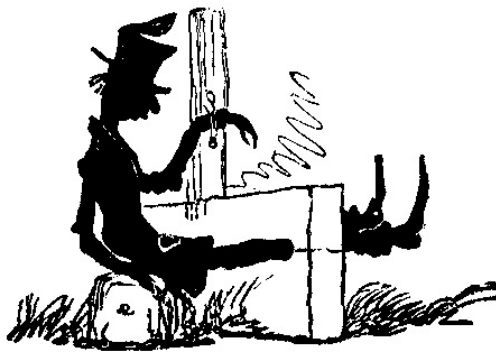
Therefore W B P or Wakley and his Breeches Pocket, agrees with P C or Peel the Conservative.

Wherefore, from the greater opposition of W R, Wakley the Radical, to the New Poor Law, is cut off, W B P, Wakley and his Breeches Pocket, which exactly coincides with the minor opposition of P C or Peel the Conservative.

Quod erat brazen-face-iendum.

THE VALUE OF STOCKS—LAST QUOTATION.

During a rural ramble, the ex-premier was diverted from the mental Shakesperian sustenance derived from "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," by an importunate appeal from a reckless disorderly, who was doing penance for his anti-teetotal propensities, by performing a two hours' quarantine in the village stocks. So far from sympathising with the fast-bound sufferer, his lordship, in a tone of the deepest regret, deplored, that he had himself not been so tightly secured in his place, as, had that been the case, he would still have been provided with



BOARD AND LODGING FOR A SINGLE MAN.

THE LINEN-DRAPER OF LUDGATE.

Shop fronts are daily "higher" raised.
Our master's "ire" as often;
Would they but raise *our* "hire" a bit,
'Twould much our mis'ries soften!

THE SHOPMEN—POOR DEVILS

[pg 167]

SPANISH POLITICS.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

"Pampeluna, Oct. 1.

"An event has just occurred which will doubtless change the dynasty of the Spanish succession before I have finished my letter. At eleven o'clock this morning, several officers were amusing themselves at picquet in a coffee-house. One having played the king, another cried out, 'Ay, the king! *Viva!* Down with the Queen! Don Carlos for ever!' This caused a frightful sensation, and the National Guards are now on their way to blockade the house.

"One o'clock, P.M.—The National Guards have joined the Carlists, and the regulars are at this moment flying to arms.

"Two o'clock.—The royal troops are defeated, and Don Carlos is now being proclaimed King of Spain, &c."

(FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.)

"Madrid, Oct. 2.

"The nominal reign of Don Carlos, commenced at Pampeluna, has been but of short duration. A diversion has taken place in favour of the husband of the Queen Regent—Munos, who, having been a private soldier, is thought by his rank and file camaradoes to have a prior claim to Don Carlos. They have revolted to a man, and the Carlists tremble in their boots.

"Six o'clock, A.M.—The young Queen has fled the capital—Munos is our new King, and his throne will no doubt be consolidated by a vigorous ministry.

"Seven o'clock, A.M.—News has just arrived from Pampeluna that the Carlists are so disgusted with the counter-revolution, that a counter-counter-revolution having taken place amongst the shopkeepers, in favour of the Queen Regent, the Carlists have joined it. After all, the Queen Mother will doubtless permanently occupy the throne—at least for a day or two.

"Eight o'clock.—News has just arrived from Biscay of a new revolt, extending through all the Basque provinces; and they are only waiting for some eligible pretender to come forward to give to this happy country another ruler. Advices from all parts are indeed crowded with reports of a rebellious spirit, so that a dozen revolutions a-week may be assuredly anticipated during the next twelvemonth."

SONGS OF THE SEEDY.—No. 4.

And must we part?—well, let it be;
'Tis better thus, oh, yes, believe me;

For though I still was true to thee,
Thou, faithless maiden, wouldst deceive me.
Take back this written pledge of love,
No more I'll to my bosom fold it;
The ring you gave, your faith to prove,
I can't return—because I've sold it!

I will not ask thee to restore
Each *gage d'armour*, or lover's token,
Which I had given thee before
The links between us had been broken.
They were not much, but oh! that brooch,
If for my sake thou'st deign'd to save it,
For that, at least, I must encroach,—
It wasn't mine, although I gave it.

The gem that in my breast I wore,
That once belonged unto your mother
Which, when you gave to me, I swore
For life I'd love you, and no other.
Can you forget that cheerful morn,
When in my breast thou first didst stick it?—
I can't restore it—it's in pawn;
But, base deceiver—that's the ticket.

Oh, take back all, I cannot bear
These proofs of love—they seem to mock it;
There, false one, take your lock of hair—
Nay, do not ask me for the locket.
Insidious girl! that wily tear
Is useless now, that all is ended:
There is thy curl—nay, do not sneer,
The locket's—somewhere—being mended.

The dressing-case you lately gave
Was fit, I know, for Bagdad's caliph;
I used it only once to shave,
When it was taken by the bailiff.
Than thou didst give I bring back less;
But hear the truth, without more dodging—
The landlord's been with a distress,
And positively cleared my lodging.

CONS. BY O CONNELL.

What English word expresses the Latin for cold?—"Jelly"-does (*Gelidus*).

Why is a blackleg called a sharper?—Because he's less blunt than other men.

Why is a red-herring like a Mackintosh?—Because it keeps one *dry* all day.

PUNCH'S THEATRE.

OLD MAIDS.

Sir Philip Brilliant is a gentleman of exquisite breeding—a man of fashion, with a taste for finery, and somewhat of a fop. He reveals his pretty figure to us, arrayed in all the glories of white and pink satins, embellished with flaunting ribbons, and adorned with costly jewels. His servant is performing the part of mirror, by explaining the beauties of the dress, and trying to discover its faults: his researches for flaws are unavailing, till his master promises him a crown if he can find one—nine valets out of ten would make a misfit for half the money; and *Robert* instantly pays a tribute to the title of the play by discovering a *wrinkle*—equally an emblem of an "Old Maid" and an ill-fitting vest. This incident shows us that *Sir Philip* is an amateur in dress; but his predilection is further developed by his exit, which is made to scold his goldsmith for the careless setting of a lost diamond. The next scene takes us to the other side of Temple-bar; in fact, upon Ludgate-hill. We are inside the shop of the goldsmith, *Master Blount*, most likely the founder of the firm now conducted by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge. He has two sons, who, being brought up to the same trade, and always living together, are, of course, eternally quarrelling. Both have a violent desire to cut the shop; the younger for glory, ambition, and all that (after the fashion of all city juveniles, who hate hard work), the elder for ease and elegance. The papa and mamma have a slight altercation on the subject of their sons, which happily, (for family quarrels seldom amuse third parties) is put an end to by a second "shine," brought about by the

entrance of *Sir Philip Brilliant*, to make the threatened complaint about bad workmanship. The younger and fiery *Thomas Blount* resents some of *Sir P.B.*'s expressions to his father; this is followed by the usual *badinage* about swords and their use. We make up our minds that the next scene is to consist of a duel, and are not disappointed.

Sure enough a little rapier practice ends the act; the shopman is wounded, and his adversary takes the usual oath of being his sworn friend for ever.

The second act introduces a new class of incidents. A great revolution has taken place in the private concerns of the family Blount. *Thomas*, the younger, has become a colonel in the army; John, having got possession of the shop, has sold the stock-in-trade, fixtures, good-will, &c.; doubtless, to the late *Mr. Rundell's* great-grandfather; and has set up for a private gentleman. For his introduction into genteel society he is indebted to *Robert*, whom he has mistaken for a Baronet, and who presents him to several of his fellow-knights of the shoulder-knot, all dubbed, for the occasion, lords and ladies, exactly as it happens in the farce of "High Life Below Stairs."

But where are the "Old Maids" all this time? Where, indeed! *Lady Blanche* and *Lady Anne* are young and beautiful—exquisitely lovely; for they are played by Madame Vestris and Mrs. Nisbett. It is clear, then, that directly they appear, the spectator assures himself that they are *not* the "Old Maids." To be sure they seem to have taken a sort of vow of celibacy; but their fascinating looks—their beauty—their enchanting manners, offer a challenge to the whole bachelor world, that would make the keeping of such a vow a crime next to sacrilege. One does not tremble long on that account. *Lady Blanche*, has, we are informed, taken to disguising herself; and some time since, while rambling about in the character of a yeoman's daughter, she entered *Blount's* shop, and fell in love with *Thomas*: at this exact part of the narrative *Colonel Blount* is announced, attended by his sworn friend, *Sir Philip Brilliant*. A sort of partial recognition takes place; which leaves the audience in a dreadful state of suspense till the commencement of another act.

Sir Philip, who has formerly loved *Lady Blanche* without success, now tries his fortune with *Lady Anne*; and at this point, dramatic invention ends; for, excepting the mock-marriage of *John Blount* with a lady's-maid, the rest of the play is occupied by the vicissitudes the two pair of lovers go through—all of their own contrivance, on purpose to make themselves as wretched as possible—till the grand clearing up, which always takes place in every last scene, from the "Adelphi" of Terence (or Yates), down to the "Old Maids" of Mr. Sheridan Knowles.

COCORICO, OR MY AUNT'S BANTAM.

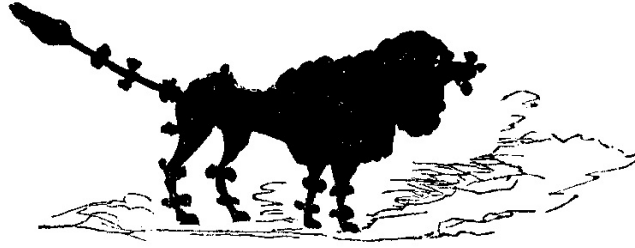
Since playwrights have left off plotting and under-plotting on their own account, and depend almost entirely upon the "French," managers have added a new member to their establishments, and, like the morning papers, employ a Paris correspondent, that French plays, as well as French eggs, may be brought over quite fresh; though from the slovenly manner in which they (the pieces, not the eggs) are too often prepared for the English market, they are seldom *neat* as imported.

The gentleman who "does" the Parisian correspondence for the Adelphi Theatre, has supplied it with a vaudeville bearing the above title; the fable, of which, like some of *Æsop's*, principally concerns a hen, that, however, does not speak, and a smart cockscorn who does—an innocent little fair who has charge of the fowl—a sort of *Justice Woodcock*, and a bombardier who, because he is in the uniform of a drum or bugle-major, calls himself a serjeant. To these may be added, Mr. Yates in his own private character, and a few sibilants in the pit, who completed the poultry-nature of the piece by playing the part of geese.

The plot would have been without interest, but for the accidental introduction of the last two characters,—or the geese and the cock-of-the-walk. The pittites, affronted at the extreme puerility of some of the incidents, and the inanity of all the dialogue, hissed. This ruffled the feathers of the cock-of-the-walk, who was already on, or rather at, the wing; and he flew upon the stage in a tantrum, to silence the geese. Mr. Yates spoke—we need not say how or what. Everybody knows how he of the Adelphi shrugs his shoulders, and squeezes his hat, and smiles, and frowns, and "appeals" and "declares upon his honour" while agitating the buttons on the left side of his coat, and "entreats" and "throws himself upon the candour of a British public," and puts the stamp upon all he has said by an impressive thump of the foot, a final flourish of the arms, and a triumphal exit to poean-sounding "bravoes!" and to the utter confusion of all dis—or to be more correct, hiss—sentients.

In the end, however, the latter triumphed; and *Cocorico* deserved its fate in spite of the actors. Mrs. Grattan played the chief character with much tact and cleverness, singing the vaudevilles charmingly—a most difficult task, we should say, on account of the adapter, in putting English words to French music, having ignorantly mis-accentuated a large majority of them. Miss Terrey infused into a simple country girl a degree of character which shews that she has not yet fallen into the vampire-trap of too many young performers—stage

conventionalism, and that she copies from Nature. It is unfortunate for both these clever actresses that they have been thrust into a piece, which not even their talents could save from partial —, but it is a naughty word, and Mrs. Judy has grown very strict. The piece wants *cur-tailment*; which, if previously applied, will increase the interest, and make it, perhaps, an endurable dramatic



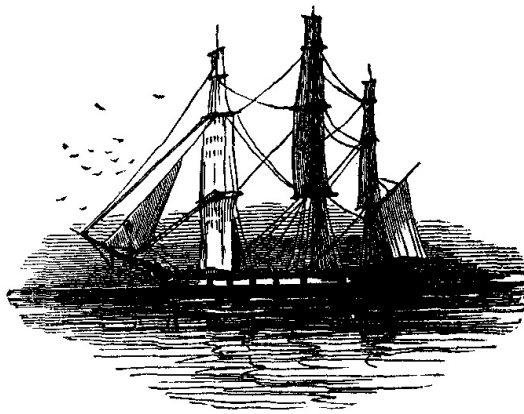
FRENCH "TAIL"—WITH CUTS.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The conductor of these concerts has not a single requisite for his office—he is several degrees less personable than M. Jullien—he does not even wear moustaches! and to suppose that a man can beat time properly without them is ridiculous. He looks a great deal more like a modest, respectable grocer, than a man of genius; for he neither turns up his eyes nor his cuffs, and has the indecency to appear without white gloves! His manners, too, are an insult to the lovers of the thunder and lightning school of music; he neither conducts himself, nor his band, with the least grace or *éclat*. He does not spread out both arms like a goose that wants to fly, while hushing down a *diminuendo*; nor gesticulate like a madman during the fortes; in short, he only gives out the time in passages where the players threaten unsteadiness; and as that is very seldom, those amateurs who pay their money only for the pleasure of seeing the *bâton* flourished about, are defrauded of half their amusement. M. Musard takes them in—for it must be evident, even to them, that what we have said is true, and that he possesses scarcely a qualification for the office he holds—if we make one trifling exception (hardly worth mentioning)—for he is nothing more than, merely, a first-rate musician. With this single accomplishment, it is like his impudence to try and foist himself upon the Cockney *dilettanti* after M. Jullien, who possessed every other requisite for a conductor *but* a knowledge of the science; which is, after all, a paltry acquirement, and purely mechanical.

On the evening PUNCH was present, the usual dose of quadrilles and waltzes was administered, with an admixture from the dull scores of Beethoven. Disgusted as we were at the humbug of performing the works of this master without blue-fire, and an artificial storm in the flies, yet—may we confess it?—we were nearly as much charmed by the "Andante" from his Symphonia in A, as if the lights had been put out to give it effect. We blush for our taste, but thank our *stars* (Jullien included) that we have the courage to own the soft impeachment in the face of an enlightened Concert d'Été patronising public. In sober truth, we were ravished! The pianos of this movement were so exquisitely kept, the *ensemble* of them was so complete, the wind instruments were blown so exactly in tune, so evenly in tone, that the whole passion of that touching andante seemed to be felt by the entire band, which *went* as one instrument. The subject—breaking in as it does, when least expected, and worked about through nearly every part of the score, so as to produce the most delicious effects—was played with equal delicacy and feeling by every performer who had to take it up; while the under-current of accompaniment was made to blend with it with a masterly command and unanimity of tone, that we cannot remember to have heard equalled.

Of course, this piece, though it enchanted the musical part of the audience, disgusted the promenaders, and was received but coldly. This, however, was made up for when the drumming, smashing, and brass-blurting of the overture to "Zampa" was noised forth: this was encored with ecstasies, and so were some of the quadrilles. Happy musical taste! Beethoven's septour, arranged as a set of quadrilles, is a desecration unworthy of Musard. For this piece of bad taste he ought to be condemned to arrange the sailor's hornpipe, as



A SLOW MOVEMENT IN C (SEA).

THE WAR WITH CHINA.

The celebrated pranks of the "Bull in the China Shop" are likely to be repeated on a grand scale—the part of the Bull being undertaken, on this occasion, by the illustrious John who is at the head of the family.

The Emperor, when the last advices left, was discussing a *chop*, surrounded by all his ministers. The chop, which was dished up with a good deal of Chinese sauce, was ultimately forwarded to Elliot. The custom of sending chops to an enemy is founded on the idea, that the fact of there being a bone to pick cannot be conveyed with more delicacy than "by wrapping it up," as it is commonly termed, as politely as possible.

Our readers will be surprised to hear that the Chinese have attacked our forces with *junk*, from which it has been supposed that our brave tars have been pitched into with large pieces of salt beef, while the English commanders have been pelted with *chops*; but this is an error. The thing called *junk* is not the article of that name used in the Royal Navy, but a gimcrack attempt at a vessel, built principally of that sort of material, something between wood and paper, of which we in this country manufacture hat-boxes.

The Emperor is such a devil of a fellow, that those about him are afraid to tell him the truth; and though his troops have been most unmercifully walloped, he has been humbugged into the belief that they have achieved a victory. A poor devil named Ke-shin, who happened to suggest the necessity for a stronger force, was instantly split up by order of the Emperor, who can now and then do things by halves, though such is not his ordinary custom.

We have sent out a correspondent of our own to China, who will supply us with the earliest intelligence.

TO BENEVOLENT AND HUMANE JOKERS.

CASE OF EXTREME JOCLAR DISTRESS.

The sympathies of a charitable and witty public are earnestly solicited in behalf of

JOHN WILSON CROKER, Esq., late Secretary to the Admiralty, author of the "New Whig Guide," &c., &c., who, from having been considered one of the first wits of his day, is now reduced to a state of unforeseen comic indigence. It is earnestly hoped that this appeal will not be made in vain, and that, by the liberal contributions of the facetious, he will be restored to his former affluence in jokes, and that by such means he may be able to continue his contributions to the "Quarterly Review," which have been recently refused from their utter dulness.

Contributions will be thankfully received at the PUNCH office; by the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel; Rogers, Towgood, and Co.; at the House of Commons; and the Garrick's Head.

SUBSCRIPTIONS ALREADY RECEIVED.

Samuel Rogers, Esq.—Ten puns, and a copy of "Italy."

Tom Cooke, Esq.—One joke (musical), consisting of "God save the Queen," arranged for the penny trumpet.

T. Hood, Esq.—Twenty-three epigrams.

Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel.—A laughable Corn-law pamphlet.

John Poole, Esq.—A new farce, with liberty to extract all the jokes from the same, amounting to two *jeux d'esprit* and a pun.

Proprietors of PUNCH.—The “copy” for No. 15 of the LONDON CHARIVARI, containing seventeen hundred sentences, and therefore as many jests.

Col. Sibthorp.—A conundrum.

Daniel O'Connell.—An Irish *tail*.

Messrs. Grissel and Peto.—A *strike*-ing masonic interlude, called “The Stone-masons at a Stand-still; or, the Rusty Trowel.”

Commissioner Lin.—A special edict.

Lord John Russell.—“A new Guide to Matrimony,” and a facetious essay, called “How to leave one's Lodgings.”

LAURIE'S ESSAY ON THE PHARMACOPŒIA.

Sir P. LAURIE begs to inquire of the medical student, whose physiology is recorded in PUNCH, in what part of the country Farmer Copœia resides, and whether he is for or against the Corn Laws?

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

VOL. 1.

OCTOBER 23, 1841.

THE GREAT CREATURE.

Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk was a tall young man, a thin young man, a pale young man, and, as some of his friends asserted, a decidedly knock-kneed young man. Moreover he was a young man belonging to and connected with the highly respectable firm of Messrs. Tims and Swindle, attorneys and bill-discounters, of Thavies'-inn, Holborn; from the which highly respectable firm Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk received a salary of one pound one shilling per week, in requital for his manifold services. The vocation in which Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk laboured partook peculiarly of the peripatetic; for at all sorts of hours, and through all sorts of streets was Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk daily accustomed to transport his anatomy—presenting overdue bills, inquiring after absent acceptors, invisible indorsers, and departed drawers, for his masters, and wearing out, as he Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk eloquently expressed it, “no end of boots for himself.” Such was the occupation by which Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk lived; but such was not the peculiar path to fame for which his soul longed. No! “he had seen plays, and longed to blaze upon the stage a star of light.”

That portion of time which was facetiously called by Messrs. Tims and Swindle “the leisure” of Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk, being some eight hours out of the twenty-four, was spent in poring over the glorious pages of the immortal bard; and in the desperate enthusiasm of his heated genius would he, Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk, suddenly burst forth in some of the most exciting passages, and with Stentorian lungs “render night hideous” to the startled inhabitant of the one-pair-back, adjoining the receptacle of his own truckle-bed and mortal frame.

Luck, whether good or evil, begat Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk an introduction to some other talented young gentlemen, who had so far progressed in histrionic acquirements, that from spouting themselves, they had taken to spouting their watches, and other stray articles of small value, to enable them to pay the charges of a private theatre, where, as often as they could raise the needful, they astonished and delighted their wondering friends. Among this worshipful society was Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk adopted and enrolled as a trusty and well-beloved member; and in the above-named private theatre, in suit of solemn black, slightly relieved by an enormous white handkerchief, and a well-chalked countenance, did Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk, at or about the hour of half past eight—being precisely sixty minutes behind the period announced, in consequence of the non-arrival of the one fiddle and ditto flute comprising, or rather that ought to have

comprised, the orchestra—made his *début*, and a particularly nervous bow to the good folks there assembled, “as and for” the character “of Hamlet, the Danish Prince.”

To describe the “exclamations of delight,” the “tornadoes of applause,” the earthquakes of rapture, or the “breathless breathing” of the entranced audience, would beat Mr. Bunn into fits, and the German company into fiddle-cases; so, like a newspaper legacy, which is the only one that never pays duty, we “*leave* it to our reader’s imagination.”

The die was cast. Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk’s former avocations became intensely irksome—if he served a writ it was no longer a “writ of right.” Copies for “Jenkins” were consigned to “Tompkins;” “Brown” declined pleading to “Smith” and Smith declared off Brown’s declaration. In inquiries after “solvent acceptors,” Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk was still more abroad. In the mystification of his brains, all answers seemed to be delivered “*per contra*.” Forlorn hopes on three-and sixpenny stamps were converted into the circulating medium; “good actors” were considered “good men” in the very reverse of Shylock’s acceptance of the term; and astonished indorsers succeeded in “raising the wind” upon “kites” they would have bet any odds no “wind in the world could induce to fly.” Everything in this world must come to an end—bills generally do in three months: so did these, and so did Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk’s responsible and peripatetic avocations in the highly respectable firm of Messrs. Tims and Swindle, attorneys, and to their cost, through the agency of Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk, bill-discounters, of Thavies’ Inn, Holborn; they, the said highly respectable firm of Tims and Swindle, handing over to Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk the sum of four and tenpence, being the balance of his quarter’s salary, which, so great was Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk’s opinion of the solvency of the said highly respectable firm, he had allowed to remain undrawn in their hands, together with a note utterly and totally declining any further service or assistance as “*in*” or “*outdoor*” or any sort of clerk at all, from Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk, and amiably recommending the said Horatio to apply elsewhere for a character; the which advice Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk attended to instanter, and received, in consideration of the sum of thirty shillings, that of “Richard the Third” from the Dramatic Committee of Catherine Street. If Hamlet was good, Richard (among the amateurs) was better; and if Richard was better, Shylock (at “one five”) was best, and Romeo and all the rest better still: and it may be worthy of remark, that there is no person on earth looked upon by admiring managers as more certain of success than the “promising young man who PAYS for his parts.”

Now it so happened that Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk’s purse became an exceedingly “Iago”-like, “something, nothing, trashy” sort of affair—in other words, that its owner, Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk, was regularly stumped; and as the Amateur Dramatic Theatrical Committee “always go upon the *no pay no play system*,” Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk was about to incur the fate of Lord John Russell’s tragedy, and become regularly “shelved.”

In this dilemma Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk addressed all sorts of letters to all sorts of managers, offering himself for all sorts of salaries, to play the best of all sorts of business, but never received any sort of answer from one of them! Returning to his solitary lodging, after a fortnight’s “half and half” of patience and despair, and just as despair was walking poor patience to Old Harry, Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk encountered one of his histrionic acquaintance, who did the “three and sixpenny walking gents,” and dramatic general postmen, or letter-deliverers, at “the Private.” In the course of the enlightened conversation between the said friend, Mr. Julius Dilberry PIPPS, and Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk, Julius Dilberry PIPPS expressed an earnest wish that he “might be blown considerably tighter than the Vauxhall balloon if ever he *see* such a likeness of Mr. Hannibal Fitzflummery Fitzflam,” the “great actor of the day,” as his “*bussom* and intimate,” Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk! A nervous pressure of Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk’s “pickers and stealers” having nearly reduced to one vast chaos the severely compressed digits of the enthusiastic Julius Dilberry PIPPS, the invisible green broad-cloth envelopments and drab lower encasements, crowned with gossamer and based with calfskin, wherein the total outward man of Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk was enrobed, together with his ambulating anatomy, vanished from the startled gaze of the deserted and finger-contused Julius Dilberry PIPPS! Having asserted the entire realisation of his hastily-formed wish, in the emphatic words, “Well, I *am* blown!” and a further comment, stating his conviction that “this was *rayther* a rummy go,” Mr. Julius Dilberry PIPPS reduced his exchequer the gross amount of threepence, paid in consideration of the instant receipt of “a pint o’porter and screw,” to the fumigation of which he applied with such excessive vigour, that in a few moments he might be said, by his own exertions in “blowing a cloud,” to be corporeally as well as mentally “in nubibus.”

To account for the rapid departure of Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk, we must inform our readers the supposed similarity alluded to by Julius Dilberry PIPPS, between the “great creature,” Hannibal Fitzflummery Fitzflam, and Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk, had been before frequently insisted upon: and this assertion of the obtuse Julius Dilberry PIPPS now seemed “confirmation strong as proof of holy writ.” Agitated with conflicting emotions, and regardless of small children and apple-stalls, Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk rushed on with headlong speed, every now and then ejaculating, “I’ll do it, I’ll do it!” A sudden

overhauling of his pockets produced some stray halfpence; master of a "Queen's head," a sheet of vellum, a new "Mordaunt," and an "envelope," Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk, arrived at his three-pair-back, indited an epistle to the manager at the town of —, with extraordinary haste signed the document, and, in "the hurry of the moment," left the inscription thus—H.F. FITZFAM! The morrow's post brought an answer; the terms were acceded to, the night appointed for his opening; and Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk found, upon inspecting the proof of the playbill, the name in full of "*Mr. Hannibal Fitzflummery Fitzflam*," "the great tragedian of the day!"

Pass we over the intervening space, and at once come to the momentous morning of rehearsal. The expected Roscius arrived like punctuality's self, at the appointed minute, was duly received by the company, who had previously been canvassing his merits, and assuring each other that all stars were *muffs*, but Fitzflam one of the most impudent impostors that ever moved. "I, sir," said the leader of the discontented fifteen-shillings-a-week-when-they-could-get-it squad, "I have been in the *profession* more years than this fellow has months, and he is getting hundreds where I am neglected: never mind! only give me a chance, and I'll show him up. But I suppose the management—(pretty management, to engage such a chap when I'm here)—I suppose they will truckle to him, and send me on, as usual, for some wretched old bloke there's no getting a hand in. John Kemble himself (and I'm told I'm in his style), I say, John Kemble, my prototype, the now immortal John, never got applause in '*Blokes*!'—But never mind." As a genealogist would say, "Fitz the son of Funk" never more truly represented his ancestral cognomen than on this trying occasion. He was no longer with amateurs, but regulars,—fellows that could "talk and get on somehow;" that were never known to stick in Richard, when they remembered a speech from George Barnwell; men with "swallows" like Thames tunnels: in fact, accomplished "gaggers" and unrivalled "wing watchers." However, as Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk spoke to none of them, crossed where he liked, cut out most of *their* best speeches, and turned *all* their *backs* to the audience, he passed muster exceedingly well, and acted the genuine star with considerable effect. So it was at night. Some folks objected to his knees, to be sure; but then they were silenced—"What! Fitzflam's knees bad! Nonsense! Fitzflam is the thing in London; and do you think Fitzflam ought to be decried in the provinces? hasn't he been lithographed by Lane? Pooh! impudence! spite!" The great *name* made Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk "the great man," and all went swimmingly. On the last night of his engagement, the night devoted to his benefit, the house was crammed, and Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk, reflecting that all was "cock sure," as he should pocket the proceeds and return to London undiscovered, was elevated to Mahomet's seventh heaven of happiness, awaiting with impatience the prompter's whistle and the raising of the curtain: where for a time we will leave him, and attend upon the real "Simon Pure"—the genuine and "old original Hannibal Fitzflummery Fitzflam."

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(*To be continued.*)

ATRY-ANGLE.

SIR R. PEEL has been recently so successful in fishing for adherents, that, since bobbing so cleverly for Wakley, he has baited his hook afresh, and intends to start for Minto House forthwith; having his eye upon a certain small fish that is ever seen *Russelling* among the sedges in troubled waters. We trust Sir Bob will succeed this time in



FISHING FOR JACK.

PUNCH'S COMMISSION TO INQUIRE INTO THE GENERAL DISTRESS.

I.—*Copy of a Letter from the Under Secretary of State to Punch.*

Downing-street.

Sir,—Knowing that you are everywhere, the Secretary of State has desired me to request you will inquire into the alleged distress, and particularly into the fact of people who it is alleged are so unreasonable in their expectations of food, as to die because they cannot get any.

I have the honour to be, &c.
HORATIO FITZ-SPOONY

II.—*Copy of Punch's Letter to the Under Secretary of State.*

Sir,—I have received your note. I am everywhere; but as everything is gay when I make my appearance, I have not seen much of the distress you speak of. I shall, however, make it my business to look the subject up, and will convey my report to the Government.

I think it no honour to be yours, &c.; but
I have the very great honour to be myself without any &c.
PUNCH.

In compliance with the above correspondence, Punch proceeded to make the necessary inquiries, and very soon was enabled to forward the following

REPORT ON THE PUBLIC DISTRESS.

To Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department.

Sir,—In compliance with my undertaking to inquire into the public distress, I went into the manufacturing districts, where I had heard that several families were living in one room with nothing to eat, and no bed to lie upon. Now, though it is true that there are in some places as many as thirty people in one apartment, I do not think their case very distressing, because, at all events, they have the advantage of society, which could not be the case if they were residing in separate apartments. It is clear that their living together must be a matter of choice, because I found in the same town several extensive mansions inhabited by one or two people and a few servants; and there are also some hundreds of houses wholly untenanted. Now, if we multiply the houses by the rooms in them, and then divide by the number of the population, we should find that there will be an average of three attics and two-sitting-rooms for each family of five persons, or an attic and a half with one parlour for every two and a half individuals; and though one person and a half would find it inconvenient to occupy a sleeping room and three-quarters, I think my calculation will show you that the accounts of the insufficiency of lodging are gross and wicked exaggerations, only spread by designing persons to embarrass the Government.

With regard to the starvation part of the question, I have made every possible inquiry, and it is true that several people have died because they would not eat food; for the facts I shall bring to your notice will prove that no one can have perished from the *want* of it. Now, after visiting a family, which I was told were in a famishing state, what was my surprise to observe a baker's shop exactly opposite their lodging, whilst a short way down the street there was a butcher's also! The family consisted of a husband and wife, four girls, eight boys, and an infant of three weeks old, making in all fifteen individuals. They told me they were literally dying of hunger, and that they had applied to the vestry, who had referred them to the guardians, who had referred them to the overseer, who had referred them to the relieving officer, who had gone out of town, and would be back in a week or two. Not even supposing there were a brief delay in attending to their case, at least by the proper authorities, you will perceive that I have already alluded to a baker's and a butcher's, *both* (it will scarcely be believed at the Home-office) in the *very street* the family were residing in. Being determined to judge for myself, I counted personally the number of four-pound loaves in the baker's window, which amounted to thirty-six, while there were twenty-five two-pound loaves on the shelves, to say nothing of fancy-bread and flour *ad libitum*. But let us take the loaves alone,

| | |
|------------------------|---|
| | 36 loaves, each weighing four pounds, |
| Multiplied by | <u>4</u> |
| will give | 144 pounds of wheaten bread; |
| To which must be added | <u>50</u> pounds (the weight of the 25 half-qtns.), |
| Making a total of | 194 pounds of good wholesome bread, |

which, if divided amongst a family of fifteen, would give 12 pounds and 14 fractions of a pound to each individual. Knocking off the baby, for the sake of uniformity, and striking out the mother, both of whom might be supposed to take the fancy bread and the flour, which I have not included in my calculation, and in order to get even numbers, supposing that 194 pounds of bread might become 195 pounds by over weight, we should get the enormous quantity of fifteen full pounds weight of bread, or a stone and one-fourteenth, (more, positively, than anybody ought to eat), for the husband and each of the children (except the baby, who gets a moiety of the rolls) belonging to this *starving family!!!* You will see, Sir,

how shamefully matters have been misrepresented by the Anti-Corn-Law demagogues; but let us now come to the butcher's meat.

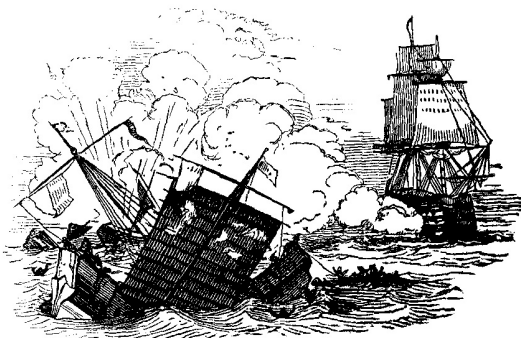
It will hardly be credited that I counted no less than fourteen sheep hanging up in the shop I have alluded to, while there was a bullock being skinned in the back yard, and a countless quantity of liver and lights all over the premises. Knocking off the infant again for the sake of uniformity, you will perceive that the fourteen sheep would be one sheep each for every member of this family, including the mother, to whom we gave half the rolls and flour in the former case, and there still remains (to say nothing of the entire bullock for the baby of three weeks, which no one will deny to be sufficient) a large quantity of lights, et cetera, for the cat or dog, if there should be such a wilful extravagance in the family. With these facts I close my report, and I trust that you will see how thoroughly I have proved the assertion of the Duke of Wellington—that if there is distress, it must be in some way quite unconnected with a want of food, for there is plenty to eat in every part of the country.

I shall be happy to undertake further inquiries, and shall have no objection to consider myself regularly under Government.

Yours obediently,
PUNCH.

THE TEA SERVICE ON SEA SERVICE.

LORD JOCELYN, in his recent work upon China, while writing upon the pastimes and amusements of the people, expresses great satisfaction at the entertainment afforded travellers in their private assemblies; though he confesses, as a general principle, he should always avoid making one in the more promiscuous

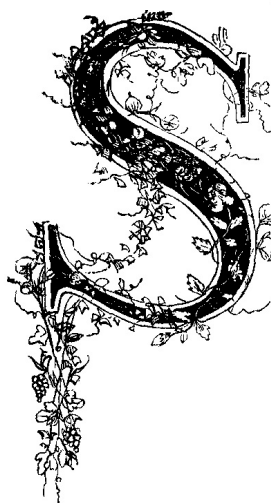


CHINESE JUNKETTING.

THE HEIR OF APPLEBITE.

CHAPTER VII.

CONTAINS A VERY FAIR BILL OF FARE.



Simultaneously with the last chord of the last quadrille the important announcement was made that supper was ready—a piece of information that produced a visible commotion among the party. Young gentlemen who had incautiously engaged old or ugly partners evinced a decided desire to get rid of them, or, by the expression of their countenances, seemed to be inwardly cursing their unfortunate situation. Young ladies in whose bosoms the first “slight predilection” had taken up a residence, experienced, they knew not why, a mental and physical prostration at the absence of Orlando Sims or Tom Walker, who (how provoking!) were doing the gallant to some “horrid disagreeable coquettes.” Mamas, who really did like a good supper, and considered it an integral portion of their daily sustenance, crowded towards the door that led to the comestibles, fearing that they might not get eligible situations before the solids, but be placed among the bashful young gentlemen, who linger to the last to pull off their gloves in order to pull them on again, and look as though they considered they ought to be happy and were extremely surprised that they were not.

The arrangement of the supper-table displayed the deep research of Mesdames Applebite and Waddledot in the mysteries of gastronomical architecture. Pagodas of barley-sugar glistened in the rays of thirty-six wax candles and four Argand lamps—parterres of jellies, gravelled round with ratafias or valanced with lemon-peel, trembled as though in sympathy

with the agitated bosoms of their delicate concocters—custards freckled with nutmeg clustered the crystal handles of their cups together—sarcophagi of pound cakes frowned, as it were, upon the sweetness which surrounded them—whilst fawn-coloured elephants (from the confectionary menagerie of the celebrated Simpson of the Strand) stood ready to be slaughtered. Huge stratified pies courted the inquiries of appetite. Chickens boiled and roast reposed on biers of blue china bedecked with sprigs of green parsley and slices of yellow lemon. Tanks of golden sherry and



FULL-BODIED PORTE

wooded the thirsty revellers; and never since the unlucky dessert of Mother Eve have temptations been so willingly embraced. The carnage commenced—spoons dived into the jelly—knives lacerated the poultry and the raised pies—a colony of custards vanished in a moment—the elephants were demolished by “ivories¹”—the sarcophagi were buried—and the glittering pagodas melted rapidly before the heat and the attacks of four little ladies in white muslin and pink sashes. The tanks of sherry and port were distributed by the young gentlemen into the glasses and over the dresses of the young ladies. The tipsy-cake, like the wreck of the *Royal George*, was rescued from the foaming ocean in which it had been imbedded. The diffident young gentlemen grew very red about the eyes, and very loquacious about the “next set after supper;” whilst the faces of the elderly ladies all over the room looked like the red lamps on Westminster Bridge, and ought to have been beacons to warn the inexperienced that where they shone there was very little water. The violent clattering of the plates was at length succeeded by a succession of merry giggles and provoking little screams, occasioned by the rapid discharge of a park of *bonbons*.

1. *Anglicè*, Teeth.—
THE *one* PIERCE.

Where the “slight predilection” was reciprocated, the Orlando Simses and the Tom Walkers were squeezing in beside the blushing idols of their worship and circling the waists of their divinities with their arms, in order to take up less room on the rout-stool.

Mamas were shaking heads at daughters who had ventured upon a tenth sip of a glass of sherry. Papas were getting extremely jocular about the probability of becoming grand-dittos. Everybody else was doing exactly what everybody pleased, when Mrs. Applebite’s uncle John emerged from behind an epergne, and vociferously commanded everybody to charge their glasses; a requisition which nobody was bold enough to dispute. Uncle John then wiped his lips in the table-cloth, and proceeded to inform the company of a fact that was universally understood, that they had met there to celebrate the first dental dawn of the heir of Applebite. “I have only to refer you,” said uncle John, “to the floor of the next room for the response to my request—namely, that you will drain your glasses; and, in the words of nephew Agamemnon Collumpson Applebite, ‘partake of our dental delight.’” This eloquent address was followed by immense cheering and a shower of sherry bottoms, which the gentlemen in their “entusymusy” scattered around them as Hesperus is reported to dispense his tee-total drops.

Nothing could be going on better—no woman could feel prouder than Mrs. Waddledot, when—we hope you don’t anticipate the catastrophe—when two of the Argand lamps gave olfactory demonstrations of dissolution. Sperm oil is a brilliant illuminator, but we never knew any one except an Esquimaux, or a Russian, who preferred it to lavender-water as a perfume. Old John was in a muddle of misery—evidently



LOOKING DOWN UPON HIS LUCK.—

and was only relieved from his embarrassment by the following fortunate occurrence:—

By-the-bye, we have just recollected that we have an invitation to dinner. Reader—*au revoir*.

NEW WORKS NOW IN THE PRESS.

An Abstract and Brief Chronicle of the Times. Very small duodecimo. By Mr. ROEBUCK.

A New Dissertation on the Anatomy of the Figures of the Multiplication Table. By JOSEPH HUME.

Outlines of the Late Ministry, after *Ten Years* (Teniers). By Lord MELBOURNE.

Recollections of Place. By Lord JOHN RUSSELL.

Mythological Tract upon the Heathen Deity Cupid. By Lord PALMERSTON.

Explanatory Annotations on the Abstruse Works of the late Joseph (*vulgo* Joe) Miller. With a humorous etching of his tombstone, and Original Epitaph. By Colonel SIBTHORP.

Also, by the same Author, an Ornithological Treatise on the various descriptions of Water-fowl; showing the difference between Russia and other Ducks, and why the former are invariably sold in pairs.

A few words on Indefinite Subjects, supposed to be Sir Robert Peel's Future Intentions. By Mr. WAKLEY.

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AMERICAN CONGRESS.

We hasten to lay before our readers the following authentic reports of the latest debates in the United States' Congress, which have been forwarded to us by our peculiarly and especially exclusive Reporters.

New York.—The greatest possible excitement exists here, agitating alike the bosoms of the Whites, the Browns, and the Blacks; a universal sympathy appears to exist among all classes, the greater portion of whom are looking exceedingly blue. The all-absorbing question as to whether the "war is to be or not to be," seems an exceedingly difficult one to answer. One party says "Yes," and another party says "No," and a third party says the above parties "Lie in their teeth;" and thereupon issue is joined, and bowie-knives are exchanged—the "Yes" walking away with "No's" sheathed in the middle of his back, and the "No" making up for his loss by securing the "Yes's" somewhere between his ribs. All the black porters are looking out for light jobs, and rushing about with shutters and cards of address, bearing high-minded "Loco-focos" and shot-down "democrats" to their respective surgeons and houses. This unusual bustle and activity gives the more political parts of the city an exceedingly brisk appearance, and has caused most of the eminent surgeons, not attached to either party, to be regularly retained by the principal speakers in these most interesting debates.

In Congress great attention is paid to the comfort of the various members, who are all provided with spittoons, though they are by no means compelled to tie themselves down to the exclusive use of those expectorant receptacles; on the contrary, much ingenuity is shown by some of the more practised in picking out other deposits; a vast majority of the

Kentuckians will back themselves to "shoot through" the opposition member's nose and eye-glass without touching "flesh or flints."

The prevailing opinion appears to be, that should we come to a fight they will completely alter the costume of the country, and "whop us into fits." Their style of elocution is masterly in the extreme, redolent with the sagest deductions, and overflowing with a magnificent and truly Eastern redundancy of the most poetical tropes. I will now proceed to give you an extract from the celebrated speaker on the war side—"the renowned Jonathan J. Twang."

"I rather calculate that tarnal, pisoned, alligator of a ring-tailed, roaring, pestiferous, rattlesnake, that critter 'the Old Country,' would jist about give up one half its skin, and wriggle itself slick out of the other, rayther than go for to put our dander up at this present identical out-and-out important critical crisis! I conceit their min'stry have got jist about into as considerable a tarnation nasty fix, as a naked nigger in the stocks when the mosquitoes are steaming up a little beyond high pressure. I guess Prince Albert and the big uns don't find their seats quite as soft as buttered eels in a mud bank! Look here—isn't it considerable clear they're all funking like burnt Cayenne in a clay pipe; or couldn't they have made a raise some how to get a ship of their own, or borrow one, to send after that caged-up 'coon of a Macleod? It's my notion, and pretty considerable clear to me, they're all bounce, like bad chesnuts, very well to look at, but come to try them at the fire for a roast, and they turn out puff and shell. They talk of war as the boy did of whipping his father, but like him, they daresn't do it, and why not? why, for the following elegant reasons:—Since they have been used to the advantages of doing their little retail trade with our own go-ahead and carry-all-before-it right slick-up-an-end double-distilled essence of a genuine fine and civilised country, the everlasting 'possums have become habituated to some of the manners of our enlightened inhabitants. We have nothing to do but refuse the supply of cottons, and leave them all with as little shirts to their backs as wool on a skinned eel. Isn't it the intercourse with this here country that enables them to speak their very language with something rayther like a leetle correctness, though they're just about as far behind us as the last jint of the sea-sarpent is from his eye-tooth?

"Doesn't all international law consist in keeping an everlasting bright look-out on your own side, and jamming all other varments slick through a stone wall, as the waggon-wheel used up the lame frog? (Hear, hear.) I say—and mind you I'll stick to it like a starved sloth to the back of a fat babby—I say, gentlemen, this country, the United States (particularly Kentucky, from which I come, and which will whip all the rest with out-straws and rotten bull-rushes agin pike, bagnet, mortars, and all their almighty fine artillery), I say, then, this country is considerable like a genuine fac-simile of the waggon-wheel, and the pretty oneasy busted-up old worn-out island of the bull-headed Britishers, ain't nothing more than the tee-totally used-up frog. (Hear, hear.)

"I expect they'd have just as much chance with us as a muzzled monkey with a hiccory-nut. Talk of their fleet! I'll bet six live niggers to a dead 'coon, our genuine Yankee clippers will whip them into as bad a fix as a flying-fish with a gull at his head and a shark at his tail. They're jist about as much out of their reckoning as the pig that took to swimming for his health and cut his throat trying it on.

"It's everlasting strange to me if, to all future posterity coming after us, the word 'Macleod' don't shut up their jaws from bragging of British valour just about as tight as the death-squeeze of a boa-constrictor round a smashed-up buffalo!

"If it wa'n't for the distance and leaving my plantation, I'd go over with any on you, and help to use up the lot myself! Let them 'come on,' as the tiger said to the young kid, and see what 'I'll do for you.' They talk of sending out their chaps here, do they; let them; they'll be just about as happy as a toad in hot tar, and that's a fact." Here Jonathan J. Twang sat down amid immense cheers; at the conclusion of which, Mr. Peter P. Pellican, from the back-woods, requested—he, Peter P. Pellican, being from *Orleans*—that Mr. Jonathan J. Twang would retract certain words derogatory to the state represented by Peter P. Pellican. Mr. Jonathan J. Twang replied in the following determined refusal:—"I beg to inform the last speaker, Mr. Peter P. Pellican, from the back-woods, that I'll see him tee-totatiously tarred, feathered, and physicked with red-hot oil and fish-hooks, before I'll retract one eternal syllable of my pretty particular correct assertions."

This announcement created considerable confusion. The President behaved in the most impartial and manly manner, indiscriminately knocking down all such of both parties who came within reach of his mace, and not leaving the chair until he had received two black eyes and lost two front teeth. The general *mêlée* was carried on with immense spirit; the more violent members on either side pummelling each other with the most hearty and legislative determination. This exciting scene was continued for some time, until during a short cessation a member with a broken leg proposed an adjournment till the following day, when the further discussion could be carried on with Bowie-knives and pistols; this proposition was at once acceded to with immense delight by all parties. If well enough (as I have two broken ribs, my share of the row) I will forward you an authentic statement of this interesting proceeding.

EPITAPH ON A CANDLE.

A *wicked* one lies buried here,
Who died in a *decline*;
He never rose in rank, I fear,
Though he was born to *shine*.

He once was *fat*, but now, indeed,
He's thin as any griever;
He died,—the Doctors all agreed,
Of a most *burning* fever.

One thing of him is said with truth,
With which I'm much amused;
It is—That when he stood, forsooth,
A *stick* he always used.

Now *winding-sheets* he sometimes made,
But this was not enough,
For finding it a poorish trade,
He also dealt in *snuff*.

If e'er you said "*Go out*, I pray,"
He much ill nature show'd;
On such occasions he would say,
"Vy, if I do, *I'm blow'd*."

In this his friends do all agree,
Although you'll think I'm joking,
When *going out* 'tis said that he
Was very fond of *smoking*.

Since all religion he despised,
Let these few words suffice,
Before he ever was baptized
They *dipp'd* him once or twice.

SIBTHORP ON BORTHWICK.

Our Sibthorp, while speaking of the asinine qualities of Peter Borthwick, remarked, that in his opinion that respectable member of the Lower House must be indebted to the celebrated medicine promising extreme "length of ears," and advertised as



PARR'S SPECIFIC.

FIRE! FIRE!

A REMONSTRANCE WITH THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER.

How melancholy an object is a "polished front," that vain-glorious and inhospitable array of cold steel and willow shavings, in which the emancipated hearth is annually constrained by careful housewives to signalise the return of summer, and its own consequent degradation from being a part of the family to become a piece of mere formal furniture. And truly in cold weather, which (thanks to the climate, for we love our country) is all the weather we get in England, the fire is a most important individual in a house: one who exercises a bland authority over the tempers of all the other inmates—for who could quarrel with his feet on the fender? one with whom everybody is anxious to be well—for who would fall out with its genial glow? one who submits with a graceful resignation to the caprices of every casual elbow—and who has never poked a fire to death? one whose good offices have endeared him alike to the selfish and to the cultivated,—at once a host, a mediator, and an occupation.

We have often had our doubts (but then we are partial) whether it be not possible to carry on a conversation with a fire. With the aid of an evening newspaper by way of interpreter, and in strict confidence, no third party being present, we feel that it can be done. Was there an interesting debate last night? were the ministers successful, or did the opposition carry it? In either case, did not the fire require a vigorous poke just as you came to the division? and did not its immediate flame, or, on the contrary, its dull, sullen glow, give you the idea that it entertained its own private opinions on the subject? And if those opinions seemed contrary to yours, did you not endeavour to betray the sparks into an untenable position, by submitting them to the gentle sophistry of a poker nicely insinuated between the bars? or did you not quench with a sudden retort of small coal its impertinent congratulation at an unfortunate result? until, when its cordial glow, penetrating that unseemly shroud, has given evidence of self-conviction, you felt that you had dealt too harshly with an old friend, and hastened to make it up with him again by a playful titillation, more in jest than earnest.

But this is all to come. Not yet (with us) have the kindly old bars, reverend in their attenuation, been restored to their time-honoured throne; not yet have the dingy festoons of pink and white paper disappeared from the garish mantel. Still desolate and cheerless shows the noble edifice. The gaunt chimney yawns still in sick anticipation of deferred smoke. The "irons," innocent of coal, and polished to the tip, skulk and cower sympathetically into the extreme corner of the fender. The very rug seems ghastly and grim, wanting the kindly play of the excited flame. We have no comfort in the parlour yet: even the privileged kitten, wandering in vain in search of a resting-place, deems it but a chill dignity which has withdrawn her from the warm couch before the kitchen-fire. Things have become too real for home. We have no joy now in those delicious loiterings for the five minutes before dinner—those casual snatches of Sterne, those scraps of Steele. We have left off smiling; we are impregnable even to a pun. What *is* the day of the month?

Surely were not October retrospectively associated (in April and glorious May) with the grateful magnificence of ale, none would be so unpopular as the chilly month. There is no period in which so much of what ladies call "unpleasantness" occurs, no season when that mysterious distemper known as "warming" is so epidemic, as in October. It is a time when, in default of being conventionally cold, every one becomes intensely cool. A general chill pervades the domestic virtues: hospitality is aguish, and charity becomes more than proverbially numb.

In twenty days how different an appearance will things wear! The magic circle round the hearth will be filled with beaming faces; a score of hands will be luxuriously chafing the palpable warmth dispensed by a social blaze; some more privileged feet may perchance be basking in the extraordinary recesses of the fender. We shall consult the thermometer to enjoy the cold weather by contrast with the glowing comfort within. We shall remark how "time flies," and that "it seems only yesterday since we had a fire before;" forgetful of the hideous night and the troublous dreams that have intervened since those sweet memories. And all this—in twenty days.

We are no innovators: we respect all things for their age, and some for their youth. But we would hope that, in humbly looking for a fire in the cold weather, even though November be still in the store of time, we should be exhibiting no dangerous propensities. If, as we are inclined to believe, fires were discovered previously to the invention of lord mayors, wherefore should we defer our accession to them until he is welcomed by those frigid antiquities Gog and Magog? Wherefore not let fires go out with the old lord mayor, if they needs must come in with the new? Wherefore not do without lord mayors altogether, and elect an annual grate to judge the prisoners at the *bar* in the Mansion House, and to listen to the quirks of the facetious Mr. *Hob-ler*?

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT.

We perceive that the fair dames of Nottingham have, with compassionate liberality, presented to Mr. Walter, one of the Tory candidates at the late election, a silver *salver*. What a delicate and appropriate gift for a man so beaten as Master Walter!—the pretty dears knew where he was hurt, and applied a silver salve—we beg pardon, *salver*—to his wounds. We trust the remedy may prove consolatory to the poor gentleman.

NOT A STEP FA(R)THER.

The diminutive chroniclers of Animalcula-Chatter, called small-talk, have been giving a minute description of the goings on of His Grace of Wellington at Walmer. They hint that he sleeps and wakes by clock-work, eats by the ounce, and drinks and walks by measure. During the latter recreation, it is his *pleasure*, they tell us, to use one of *Payne's* pedometers to regulate his march. Thus it is quite clear the great Captain will never become a



“SOLDIER TIRED.”

A MALE DUE.

The Post-office in Downing-street has been besieged by various inquirers, who are anxiously seeking for some information as to the expected arrival of the Royal Male.

CURIOUS SYNONYMS.

Sir Peter Laurie discovered during his residence in Boulogne that *veau* is the French for *veal*. On his return to England, being at a public dinner, he exhibited his knowledge of the tongues by asking a brother alderman for a slice of his *weal* or *woe*.

HAPPY LAND!

Six young girls, inmates of the Lambeth workhouse, were brought up at Union Hall, charged with breaking several squares of glass. In their defence, they complained that they had been treated worse in the workhouse than they would be in prison, and said that it was to cause their committal to the latter place they committed the mischief. What a beautiful picture of moral England this little anecdote exhibits! What must be the state of society in a country where crime is punished less severely than poverty?

Old England, bless'd and favour'd clime!
Where paupers to thy prisons run;
Where poverty's the only crime
That angry justice frowns upon.

THE NEW STATE STRETCHER.

"What an uncomfortable bed Peel has made for himself!" observed Normanby to Palmerston. "That's not very clear to me, I confess," replied the Downing-street Cupid, "as it is acknowledged he sleeps on a *bolstered cabinet*." The pacificator of Ireland closed his face for the remainder of the day.

The latest case of monomania, from our own specially-raised American correspondent:—A gentleman who fancied himself a pendulum always went upon tick, and never discovered his delusion until he was carefully wound up in the Queen's Bench.

"VERY LIKE A WHALE."

The first of all the royal infant males
Should take the title of the Prince of *Wales*;
Because 'tis clear to seaman and to lubber,
Babies and *whales* are both inclined to *blubber*.

ARRIVED AT LAST.

We perceived by a paragraph copied from the "*John o'Groats Journal*," that an immense Whale, upwards of *seventy-six* feet in length, was captured a few days since at Wick. Sir Peter Laurie and Alderman Humphrey on reading this announcement *naturally* concluded that the *Wick* referred to was our gracious Queen *Wic*, and rushed off to Buckingham-palace to pay their united tribute of loyalty to the long-expected *Prince of Wales*.

EPIGRAM.

I'm going to seal a letter, Dick,
Some *wax* pray give to me.
I have not got a *single stick*,
Or *whacks* I'd give to thee.

THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF PARLIAMENT.

In our last we briefly adverted to the gratifying fact that Mr. Barry had at least a thousand superficial feet on the walls of the new Houses of Parliament at the services of the historical painters of England; and we also, in a passing manner, suggested a few compositions worthy of their pencils. A reconsideration of the matter convinces us that the subject is too important—too national, to be adopted as merely the fringe of our article; and we have therefore determined within ourselves to devote our present essay to a serious discussion of the various pictures that are, or *ought*, to decorate the interior of the new House of Commons. As for the House of Lords, we see no necessity whatever for lavishing the fine inspirations of art on that temple of wisdom; inasmuch as the sages who deliberate there are, for the most part, born legislators, coming into the world with all the rudiments of government in embryo in their baby heads, and, on the twenty-first anniversary of their birthday, putting their legs out of bed adult, full-grown law-makers. It would be the height of democratic insolence to attempt to teach these chosen few: it would, in fact, be a misprision of treason against the sovereignty of Nature, who, when making the *pia mater* of a future peer of England, knows very well the delicate work she has in hand, and takes pains accordingly. It is different when she manufactures a mob of skulls which, by a jumble of worldly accidents, or by the satire of Fortune in her bitterest mood, may ultimately belong to Members of the House of Commons. These she makes, as they make blocks in Portsmouth-yard, a hundred a minute. All she has to do is to fulfil her contract with the world, taking care that there shall be no want of the raw material for Members of Parliament, leaving it to Destiny to work it up as she may. We have not the slightest doubt, by-the-by, that poor Nature is often very much confounded by the ultimate application of her own handiwork. We can fancy the venerable old gossip at her business, patting up skulls as serenely as our lamented great grandmother (she wrote a very pretty book on the beauties of population, and illustrated the work, too, with portraits from her own hand) was wont to pat up apple-dumplings:—we can imagine Nature—good old soul!—looking over her spectacles at the infant dough, and saying to herself as she finishes skull by skull—"Ha! that will do for a pawnbroker;"—"That, as it's rather low and narrow, for a sharp attorney;"—"That for a parish constable;"—"That for a clown at a fair,"—and so on. And we can well imagine the astonishment of simple-hearted old Nature on getting a ticket for the gallery of the House of Commons (for very seldom, indeed, has she been known to show herself on the floor), to see her skull of a pawnbroker on the shoulders of a Chancellor of the Exchequer; her *caput* of the sharp attorney belonging to a Minister of the Home Department; her head of a parish constable as a Paymaster of the Forces; and the dough

she had intended to swallow knives and eat fire at wakes and fairs gravely responded to as "an honourable and gallant member!" Whereupon, who can wonder at the amazement and indignation of Mother Nature, and that, with a keen sense of the misapplication of her skulls, she sometimes abuses Mother Fortune in good set terms, mingling with her reproaches the strongest reflections on her chastity?

We have thought it due to the full consideration of our subject so far, to dwell upon the natural difference between the skull of a Peer and the skull of a Commoner. The skull of the noble, as we have shown, is a thing made to order—fitted up, like Mr. MECHI'S pocket-dressing-case, with the ornamental and useful: no instrument can be added to it—the thing is complete. Hence, to employ historical painters for the education of the House of Lords would be a useless and profligate expenditure of art and money. It would be to paint the lily LONDONDERRY—to add a perfume to the violet ELLENBOROUGH. All Peers being from the first—indeed, even *in utero*—ordained law-makers, statute-making comes to them by nature. How much history goes to prove this, showing that the House of Lords—like the Solomons of the *fleur-de-lis*—have learned nothing, and forgotten nothing! To attempt to instruct a Peer would be as gross an impertinence to the instinct of his order as to present MINERVA—who no doubt came from the head of JOVE a Peeress in her own right—with a toy alphabet or horn-book.

For the skulls of the House of Commons,—that is, indeed, another question! We are so far utilitarian that we would have the pictures for which Mr. BARRY offers a thousand feet selected solely with a view to the dissemination of knowledge amongst the many benighted members of the House of Commons. We would have the subjects so chosen that they should entirely supersede *Oldfield's Representative History*; never forgetting the wants of the most illiterate. For instance, for the politicians on the fifth form, the SIBTHORPS and PLUMPTRES, whose education in their youth has been shamefully neglected, we would have a nice pictorial political alphabet. We do not pride ourselves, be it understood, upon writing unwrinkled verse; we only present the subjoined as a crude idea of our plan, taken we confess, from certain variegated volumes, to be had either of Mr. SOUTER, St. Paul's Churchyard, or Messrs. DARTON and HARVEY, Holborn.

A was King ALFRED, a monarch of note;
B is BURDETT, who can well turn a coat.

Here we would have the chief incidents of Alfred's life nicely painted, with BURDETT, late Old Glory, and now Old Corruption. As for the poetry, when we consider the capacities of the learners, *that* cannot be too simple, too homely. The House, however, may order a Committee of Versification, if it please; all that we protest against is D'ISRAELI being of the number.

C is the CORN-LAWS, that famish'd the poor;
D is the DEBT, that will famish them more.

Here, for the imaginative artist, is an opportunity! To paint the wholesale wickedness and small villainies of the Corn-laws! What a contrast of scene and character! Squalid hovels, and princely residences—purse-proud, plethoric injustice, big and bloated with, its iniquitous gains, and gaunt, famine-stricken multitudes! Then for the Debt—that hideous thing begotten by war and corruption; what a tremendous moral lesson might be learned from a nightly conning of the terrific theme!

We have neither poetic genius nor space of paper to go through the whole of the alphabet; we merely throw out the above four lines—and were we not assured that they are better lines, far more musical, than any to be found in BULWER'S SIAMESE TWINS, we should blush much nearer scarlet than we do—to give an idea of the utility and beautiful comprehensiveness of our plan.

The great difficulty, however, will be to compress the subjects—so multitudinous are they—within the thousand feet allowed by the architect. To begin with the Wittenagemot, or meeting of the wise men, and to end with portraits of Mr. Roebuck's ancestors—to say nothing of the fine imaginative sketch of the Member for Bath tilting, in the mode of Quixote with the steam-press of Printing-house-square—will require the most extraordinary powers of condensation on the parts of the artists. Nevertheless, if the undertaking be even creditably executed, it will be a monument of national wisdom and national utility to unborn generations of Members. What crowds of subjects press upon us! The *History of Bribery* might make a sort of Parliamentary Rake's Progress, if we could but hit upon the artist to portray its manifold beauties. *The Windsor Stables* and *the Education of the Poor* would form admirable companion-pictures, in which the superiority of the horse over the human animal could be most satisfactorily delineated—the quadruped having considerably more than three times the amount voted to him for snug lodging, hay, beans, and oats, that the English pauper obtained from Parliament for that manure of the soil—as congregated piety at Exeter Hall denominates it—a Christian education!

What a beautiful arabesque border might be conceived from a perusal of the late Lord Castlereagh's speeches! We should here have Parliamentary eloquence under a most fantastic yet captivating phase. Who, for instance, but the artist to PUNCH could paint

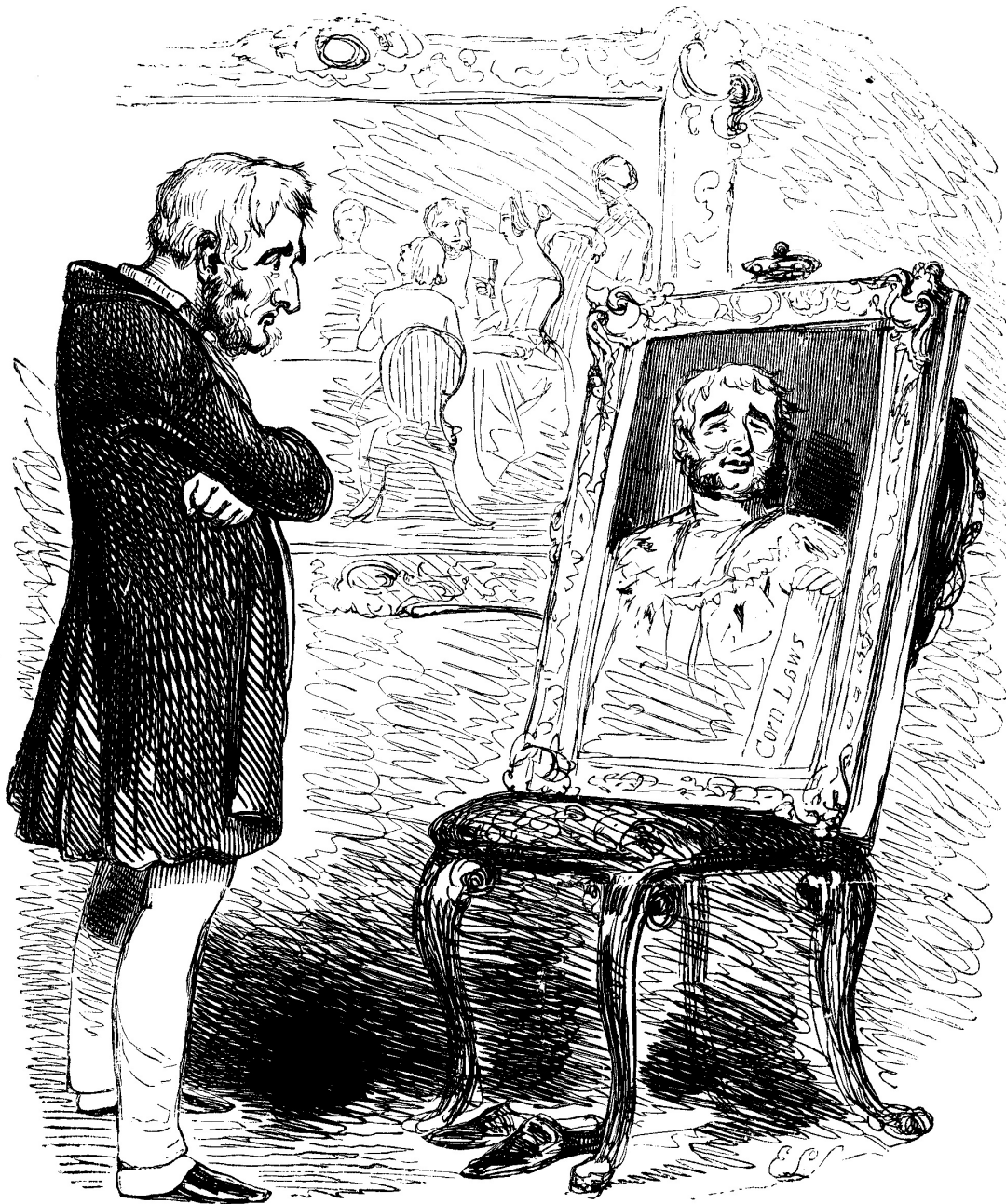
CASTLEREAGH'S figure of a smug, contented, selfish traitor, the "crocodile with his hand in his breeches' pocket?" Again, does not the reader recollect that extraordinary person who, according to the North Cray Demosthenes, "turned his back upon himself?" There would be a portrait!—one, too, presenting food for the most "sweet and bitter melancholy" to the GRAHAMS and the STANLEYS. There is also that immortal Parliamentary metaphor, emanating from the same mysterious source,—*"The feature upon which the question hinges!"* The only man who could have properly painted this was the enthusiastic BLAKE, who so successfully limned the ghost of a flea! These matters, however, are to be considered as merely supplementary ornaments to great themes. The grand subjects are to be sought for in *Hansard's Reports*, in petitions against returns of members, in the evidence that comes out in the committee-rooms, in the abstract principles of right and wrong, that make members honest patriots, or that make them give the harlot "ay" and "no," as dictated by the foul spirit gibbering in their breeches' pockets.

That we may have painted all these things, Mr. BARRY offers up one thousand feet. Oh! Mr. B. can't you make it ten!

Q.

[pg 175]

PUNCH'S PENCILINGS.—No. XV.



REFLECTION.

"FAREWELL, A LONG FAREWELL, TO ALL MY GREATNESS."—*King Henry VIII.*

[pg 177]

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF THE LONDON MEDICAL STUDENT.

4.—OF THE MANNER IN WHICH THE FIRST SEASON PASSES.

From the period of our last Chapter our friend commences to adopt the attributes of the mature student. His notes are taken as before at each lecture he attends, but the lectures are fewer, and the notes are never fairly transcribed; at the same time they are interspersed with a larger proportion of portraits of the lecturer, and other humorous conceits. He proposes at lunch-time every day that he and his companions should "go the odd man for a pot;" and the determination he had formed at his entry to the school, of working the last session for all the prizes, and going up to the Hall on the Thursday and the College on the Friday without grinding, appears somewhat difficult of being carried into execution.

It is at this point of his studies that the student commences a steady course of imaginary dissection: that is to say, he keeps a chimerical account of extremities whose minute structure he has deeply investigated (in his head), and received in return various sums of money from home for the avowed purpose of paying for them. If he really has put his name down for any heads and necks or pelvic viscera at the commencement of the season, when he had imbibed and cherished some lunatic idea "that dissection was the sheet-anchor of safety at the College," he becomes a trafficker in human flesh, and disposes of them as quickly as he can to any hard-working man who has his examination in perspective.

He now assumes a more independent air, and even ventures to chalk odd figures on the black board in the theatre. He has been known, previously to the lecture, to let down the skeleton that hangs by a balance weight from the ceiling, and, inserting its thumb in the cavity of its nose, has there secured it with a piece of thread, and then, placing a short pipe in its jaws, has pulled it up again. His inventive faculties are likewise shown by various diverting objects and allusions cut with his knife upon the ledge before him in the lecture-room, whereon the new men rest their note-books and the old ones go to sleep. In vain do the directors of the school order the ledge to be coated with paint and sand mixed together—nothing is proof against his knife; were it adamant he would cut his name upon it. His favourite position at lecture is now the extremity of the bench, where its horse-shoe form places him rather out of the range of the lecturer's vision; and, ten to one, it is here that he has cut a cribbage-board on the seat, at which he and his neighbour play during the lecture on Surgery, concealing their game from common eyes by spreading a mackintosh cape on the desk before them. His conversation also gradually changes its tone, and instead of mildly inquiring of the porter, on his entering the school of a morning, what is for the day's anatomical demonstration, he talks of "the regular lark he had last night at the Eagle, and how jolly screwed he got!"—a frank admission, which bespeaks the candour of his disposition.

Careful statistics show us that it is about the end of November the new man first makes the acquaintance of his uncle; and observant people have remarked, as worthy of insertion in the Medical Almanack amongst the usual phenomena of the calendar—"About this time dissecting cases and tooth-instruments appear in the windows, and we may look for watches towards the beginning of December." Although this is his first transaction on his own account, yet his property has before ascended the spout, when some unprincipled student, at the beginning of the season, picked his pocket of a big silver lancet-case, which he had brought up with him from the country; and having, pledged it at the nearest money-lender's, sent him the duplicate in a polite note, and spent the money with some other dishonest young men, in drinking their victim's health in his absence. And, by the way, it is a general rule that most new men delight to carry big lancet-cases, although they have about as much use for them as a lecturer upon practice of physic has for top boots.

Thus gradually approaching step by step towards the perfection of his state, the new man's first winter-session passes; and it is not unlikely that, at the close of the course, he may enter to compete for the anatomical prize, which he sometimes gets by stealth, cribbing his answers from a tiny manual of knowledge, two inches by one-and-a-half in size, which he hides under his blotting-paper. This triumph achieved, he devotes the short period which intervenes before the commencement of the summer botanical course to various hilarious pastimes; and as the watch and dissecting-case are both gone, he writes the following despatch to his governor—

LETTER No. II.—(Copy.)

MY DEAR FATHER,—You will, I am sure, be delighted to learn that I have gained the twenty-ninth honorary certificate for proficiency in anatomy which you will allow is a very high number when I tell you that only thirty are given. I have also the satisfaction of informing you that the various professors have given me certificates of having attended their lectures *very diligently* during the past courses.

I work very hard, but I need not inform you that, with all my economy, I am at some expense for good books and instruments. I have purchased *Liston's Surgery*, Anthony Thompson's *Materia Medica*, Burns and Merriman's *Midwifery*, Graham's *Chemistry*, Astley Cooper's *Dislocations*, and Quain's *Anatomy*, all of which I have read carefully through twice. I also pay a private demonstrator to go over the bones with me of a night;

and I have bought a skeleton at Alexander's—a great bargain. This, when I "pass," I think of presenting to the museum of the hospital, as I am under great obligations to the surgeons. I think a ten-pound note will clear my expenses, although I wish to enter to a summer course of dissections, and take some lessons in practical chemistry in the laboratories with Professor Carbon, but these I will endeavour to pay for out of my own pocket. With my best regards to all at home, believe me,

Your affectionate son,
JOSEPH MUFF.

As soon as the summer course begins, the Botanical Lectures commence with it, and the polite Company of Apothecaries courteously request the student's acceptance of a ticket of admission to the lectures, at their garden at Chelsea. As these commence somewhere about eight in the morning, of course he must get up in the middle of the night to be there; and consequently he attends very often, of course. But the botanical excursions that take place every Saturday from his own school are his especial delight. He buys a candle-box to contain all the chickweed, chamomiles, and dandelions he may collect, and slinging it over his shoulder with his pocket-handkerchief, he starts off in company with the Professor and his fellow-herbalists to Wandsworth Common, Battersea Fields, Hampstead Heath, or any other favourite spot which the cockney Flora embellishes with her offspring.

The conduct of medical students on botanical excursions generally appears in various phases. Some real lovers of the study, pale men in spectacles, who wear shoes and can walk for ever, collect every weed they drop upon, to which they assign a most extraordinary name, and display it at their lodgings upon cartridge paper, with penny pieces to keep the leaves in their places as they dry. Others limit their collections to stinging-nettles, which they slyly insert into their companions' pockets, or long bulrushes, which they tuck under the collars of their coats; and the remainder turn into the first house of public entertainment they arrive at on emerging from the smoke of London to the rural districts, and remain all day absorbed in the mysteries of ground billiards and knock-'em-downs, their principal vegetable studies being confined to lettuces, spring onions, and water-cresses. But all this is very proper—we mean the botanical part of the story—for the knowledge of the natural class and order of a buttercup must be of the greatest service to a practitioner in after-life in treating a case of typhus fever or ruptured blood-vessel. At some of the Continental Hospitals, the pupil's time is wasted at the bedside of the patient, from which he can only get practical information. How much better is the primrose-investigating *curriculum* of study observed at our own medical schools!

SOME THINGS TO WHICH THE IRISH WOULD NOT SWEAR.

MR. GROVE.—This insufferably ignorant, and, therefore, insolent magisterial cur, who has recently made himself an object of unenviable notoriety, by asserting that "the Irish would swear anything," has shown himself to be as stupid as he is malignant. Would, for instance, the most hard-mouthed Irishman in existence venture to swear that—

Mr. Grove is a gentleman; or that—

Sir Francis Burdett has brought honour to his grey hairs; or that—

Colonel Sibthorp has more brains than beard; or that—

Sir Robert Peel feels for anybody but himself; or that—

Peter Borthwick was listened to with attention; or that—

Sir Peter Laurie's wisdom cannot be estimated; or that—

Sir Edward George Erle Lytton Bulwer thinks very small beer of himself; or that—

The Earl of Coventry carries a vast deal of sense under his hat; or that—

Mr. Roebuck is the pet of the *Times*; or, in short, that—

The Tories are the best and most popular governors that England ever had.

If "the Irish would swear" to the above, we confess they "would swear anything."

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE THEM.

SIR JAMES CLARK is in daily attendance at the Palace. We suppose that he is looking out for a new berth under Government.

HOSTILITIES IN PRIVATE LIFE.

We have just heard of an event which has shaken the peace of a highly respectable house in St. Martin's Court, from the chimney-pots to the coal-cellar. Mrs. Brown, the occupier of the first floor, happened, on last Sunday, to borrow of Mrs. Smith, who lived a pair higher in the world, a German silver teapot, on the occasion of her giving a small twankey party to a few select friends. But though she availed herself of Mrs. Smith's German-silver, to add respectability to her *soirée*, she wholly overlooked Mrs. Smith, who was *not* invited to partake of the festivities. This was a slight that no woman of spirit could endure; and

though Mrs. Smith's teapot was German-silver, she resolved to let Mrs. Brown see that she had herself some real Britannia *mettle* in her composition. Accordingly when the teapot was sent up the following morning to Mrs. Smith's apartments, with Mrs. Brown's "compliments and thanks," Mrs. Smith discovered or affected to discover, a serious contusion on the lid of the article, and despatched it by her own servant back to Mrs. Brown, accompanied by the subjoined note:—

"Mrs. Smith's compliments to Mrs. Brown, begs to return the teapott to the latter—in consequence of the ill-usage it has received in her hands."

Mrs. Brown, being a woman who piques herself upon her talent at epistolary writing, immediately replied in the following terms:—

"Mrs. Brown's compliments to Mrs. Smith, begs to say that her paltry teapot received no ill usage from Mrs. Brown.—Mrs. B. will thank Mrs. S. not to put two *t's* at the end of *teapot* in future."

This note and the teapot were forthwith sent upstairs to Mrs. Smith, whose indignation being very naturally roused, she again returned the battered affair, with this spirited missive:—

"Mrs. Smith begs to inform Mrs. Brown, that she despises her insinuations, and to say, that she will put as many *t's* as she pleases in her *teapot*."

"P.S.—Mrs. S. expects to be paid 10s. for the injured article."

Again the teapot was sent upstairs, with the following reply from Mrs. Brown:—

"Mrs. Brown thinks Mrs. Smith a low creature."

"P.S.—Mrs. B. won't pay a farthing."

The correspondence terminated here, the German-silver teapot remaining in *statu quo* on the lobby window, between the territories of the hostile powers; and there it might have remained until the present moment, if Mrs. Brown had not declared, in an audible voice, at the foot of the stairs, that Mrs. Smith was acting under the influence of gin, which reaching the ears of the calumniated lady, she rushed down to the landing-place, and seizing the teapot, discharged it at Mrs. Brown's head, which it fortunately missed, but totally annihilated a plaster figure of Napoleon, which stood in the hall, and materially damaged its own spout. Mrs. Brown, being wholly unsupported at the time, retired hastily within the defences of her own apartments, which Mrs. Smith cannonaded vigorously for upwards of ten minutes with a broom handle; and there is every reason to believe she would shortly have effected a practicable breach, if a reinforcement from the kitchen had not arrived to aid the besieged, and forced the assailant back to her second-floor entrenchments. Mrs. Smith then demanded a truce until evening, which was granted by Mrs. Brown; notwithstanding which the former lady was detected, in defiance of this arrangement, endeavouring to *blow up* Mrs. Brown through the keyhole.

There is no telling how this unhappy difference will terminate; for though at present matters appear tolerably quiet, we know not (as in the case of the Canadas) at what moment we may have to inform our readers that



THE BORDERS ARE IN A FLAME.

GEOLOGY OF SOCIETY.

SECTION II.

We last week described the different strata of society comprehended in the INFERIOR SERIES, and the lower portion of the *Clapham Group*. We now beg to call the attention of our readers to a most important division in the next great formation—which has been termed the TRANSITION CLASS—because the individuals composing it are in a gradual state of elevation, and have a tendency to mix with the superior strata. By referring to the scale which we gave in our first section, it will be seen that the lowest layer in this class is formed by the people who keep shops and one-horse “shays,” and go to Ramsgate for three weeks in the dog-days. They all exhibit evidences of having been thrown up from a low to a high level. The elevating causes are numerous, but the most remarkable are those which arise from the action of unexpected legacies. Lotteries were formerly the cause of remarkable elevations; and speculation in the funds may be still considered as amongst the elevating causes, though their effect is frequently to cause a sudden sinking. Lying immediately above the “shop and shay” people, we find the old substantial merchant, who every day precisely as the clock strikes ten is in the act of hanging up his hat in his little back counting-house in Fenchurch-street. His private house, however, is at Brixton-hill, where the gentility of the family is supported by his wife, two daughters, a piano, and a servant in livery. The best and finest specimens of this strata are susceptible of a slight polish; they are found very useful in the construction of joint stock banks, railroads, and other speculations where a good foundation is required. We now come to the *Russell-square group*, which comprehends all those people who “live private,” and aim at being thought fashionable and independent. Many individuals of this group are nevertheless supposed by many to be privately connected with some trading concern in the City. It is a distinguishing characteristic of the second layer in this group to have a tendency to give dinners to the superior series, while the specimens of the upper stratum are always found in close proximity to a carriage. Family descent, which is a marked peculiarity of the SUPERIOR CLASS, is rarely to be met with in the *Russell-square group*. The fossil animals which exist in this group are not numerous: they are for the most part decayed barristers and superannuated doctors. Of the ST. JAMES’S SERIES it is sufficient to say that it consists of four strata, of which the superior specimens are usually found attached to coronets. Most of the precious stones, as diamonds, rubies, emeralds, are also to be found in this layer. The materials of which it is composed are various, and appear originally to have belonged to the inferior classes; and the only use to which it can be applied is in the construction of *peers*. Throughout all the classes there occur what are called *veins*, containing diverse substances. The *larking vein* is extremely abundant in the superior classes—it is rich in brass knockers, bell handles, and policemen’s rattles; this vein descends through all the lower strata, the specimens in each differing according to the situation in which they are found; the middle classes being generally discovered deposited in the Coal-hole Tavern or the Cider-cellars, while the individuals of the very inferior order are usually discovered in gin-shops and low pot-houses, and not unfrequently



EMBEDDED IN QUARTS(Z).

THE WAPPING DELUGE.

Father Thames, not content with his customary course, has been “swelling it” in the course of the week, through some of the streets of the metropolis. As if to inculcate temperance, he walked himself down into public-house cellars, filling all the empty casks with water, and adulterating all the beer and spirits that came in his way; turning also every body’s fixed into floating capital. Half empty butts, whose place was below, came sailing up into the bar through the ceiling of the cellar; saucepans were elevated from beneath the dresser to the dresser itself; while cups were made “to pop off the hooks” with surprising rapidity.

But the greatest consternation that prevailed was among the *rats*, particularly those in the neighbourhood of Downing-street, who were driven out of the sewers they inhabit with astounding violence.

The dairies on the banks of the Thames were obliged to lay aside their customary practice of inundating the milk; for such a “meeting of the waters” as would otherwise have ensued

must have proved rather too much, even for the regular customers.

SAVORY CON. BY COX.

Why is it impossible for a watch that indicates the smaller divisions of time ever to be new?
—Because it must always be a second-hand one.

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PUNCH'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.—No. V.

NATURAL HISTORY (*Continued*).

THE OPERA-DANCER (*H. capernicus*—CERITOE).

So decidedly does this animal belong to the Bimana order of beings, that to his two legs he is indebted for existence. Most of his fellow bipeds live by the work of their hands, except indeed the feathered and tailor tribes, who live by their bills; but from his thighs, calves, ancles, and toes, does the opera-dancer derive subsistence for the less important portions of his anatomy.

Physiology.—The body, face, and arms of the opera-dancer present no peculiarities above the rest of his species; and it is to his lower extremities alone that we must look for distinguishing features. As our researches extend downwards from head to foot, the first thing that strikes us is a protuberance of the ante-occipital membranes, so great as to present a back view that describes two sides of a scalene triangle, the apex of which projects posteriorly nearly half way down the figure. That a due equilibrium may be preserved in this difficult position (technically called "the first"), the toes are turned out so as to form a right angle with the lower leg. Thus, in walking, this curious being presents a mass of animated straight lines that have an equal variety of inclination to a bundle of rods carelessly tied up, or to Signor Paganini when afflicted with the lumbago.

Habits.—The habits of the opera-dancer vary according as we see him in public or in private life. On the stage he is all spangles and activity; off the stage, seediness and decrepitude are his chief characteristics. It is usual for him to enter upon his public career with a tremendous bound and a hat and feathers. After standing upon one toe, he raises it fellow up to a line with his nose, and turns round until the applause comes, even if that be delayed for several minutes. He then cuts six, and shuffles up to a female of his species, who being his sweetheart (in the ballet), has been looking savage envy at him and spiteful indignation at the audience on account of the applause, which ought to have been reserved for her own capering—to come. When it does, she throws up her arms and steps upon tiptoe about three paces, looking exactly like a crane with a sore heel. Making her legs into a pair of compasses, she describes a circle in the air with one great toe upon a pivot formed with the other; then bending down so that her very short petticoat makes a "cheese" upon the ground, spreads out both arms to the *roués* in the stalls, who understand the signal, and cry "*Brava! brava!!*" Rising, she turns her back to display her gauze *jupe élastique*, which is always exceedingly *bouffante*: expectorating upon the stage as she retires. She thus makes way for her lover, who, being her professional rival, she invariably detests.

It is singular that in private life the habits of the animal differ most materially according to its sex. The male sometimes keeps an academy and a kit fiddle, but the domestic relations of the female remain a profound mystery; and although Professors Tom Duncombe, Count D'Orsay, Chesterfield, and several other eminent Italian-operatic natural historians, have spent immense fortunes in an ardent pursuit of knowledge in this branch of science, they have as yet afforded the world but a small modicum of information. Perhaps what they *have* learned is not of a nature to be made public.

Moral Characteristics.—None.

Reproduction.—The offspring of opera-dancers are not, as is sometimes supposed, born with wings; the truth is that these cherubim are frequently attached by their backs to copper wires, and made to represent flying angels in fairy dramas; and those appendages, so far from being natural, are supplied by the property-man, together with the wreaths of artificial flowers which each Liliputian divinity upholds.

Sustenance.—All opera-dancers are decidedly omnivorous. Their appetite is immense; quantity and (for most of them come from France), not quality, is what they chiefly desire. When not dining at their own expense, they eat all they can, and pocket the rest. Indeed, a celebrated sylphide—unsurpassed for the graceful airiness of her evolutions—has been known to make the sunflower in the last scene bend with the additional weight of a roast pig, an apple pie, and sixteen *omelettes soufflées*—drink, including porter, in proportion. Various philosophers have endeavoured to account for this extraordinary digestive capacity; but some of their arguments are unworthy of the science they otherwise adorn.

For example, it has been said that the great exertions to which the dancer is subject demand a corresponding amount of nutriment, and that the copious transudation superinduced thereby requires proportionate supplies of suction; while, in point of fact, if such theorists had studied their subject a little closer, they would have found these unbounded appetites accounted for upon the most simple and conclusive ground: it is clear that, as most opera-dancers' lives are passed in a *pirouette*, they must naturally have enormous twists!

The geographical distribution of opera-dancers is extremely well defined, as their names implies; for they most do congregate wherever an opera-house exists. Some, however, descend to the non-lyric drama, and condescend to "illustrate" the plays of Shakespeare. It is said that the classical manager of Drury Lane Theatre has secured a company of them to help the singers he has engaged to perform Richard the Third, Coriolanus, and other historical plays.

Why has a clock always a bashful appearance?—Because it always keeps its hands before its face.

KIDNAPPING EXTRAORDINARY.

The *Chronicle* has been making a desperate attempt to come out in Punch's line; he has absolutely been trying the "Too-too-tooit—tooit;" but has made a most melancholy failure of it. We could forgive him his efforts to be facetious (though we doubt that his readers will) if he had not kidnapped three of our own particular pets—the very men who lived and grew in the world's estimation on our wits; we mean Peter Borthwick, Ben D'Israeli, and our own immortal Sibthorp. Of poor Sib. the joker of the *Chronicle* says in last Tuesday's paper—

"We regret to hear that Col. Sibthorp has suffered severely by cutting himself in the act of shaving. His friends, however, will rejoice to learn that his whiskers have escaped, and that he himself is going on favourably."

We spent an entire night in endeavouring to discover where the wit lay in this *cutting* paragraph; but were obliged at last to give it up, convinced that we might as well have made



AN ATTEMPT TO DISCOVER THE LONGITUDE.

SONGS OF THE SEEDY.—No. V.

What am I? Mary, wherefore seek to know?
For mystery's the very soul of love.
Enough, that wedding thee I'm not below,
Enough, that wooing thee I'm not above.
You smile, dear girl, and look into my face

As if you'd read my history in my eye.
I'm not, sweet maid, a footman out of place,
For that position would, I own, be shy.
What am I then, you ask? Alas! 'tis clear,
You love not me, but what I have a year.

What am I, Mary! Well, then, must I tell,
And all my stern realities reveal?
Come close then to me, dearest, listen well,
While what I am no longer I conceal.
I serve my fellow-men, a glorious right;
Thanks for that smile, dear maid, I know 'tis due.
Yes, many have I served by day and night;
With me to aid them, none need vainly sue.
Nay, do not praise me, love, but nearer come,
That I may whisper, I'm a *bailiff's bum*.

Why start thus from me? am I then a thing
To be despised and cast aside by thee?
Oh! while to every one I fondly cling
And follow all, will no one follow me?
Oh! if it comes to this, dear girl, no more
Shalt thou have cause upon my suit to frown;
I'll serve no writs again; from me secure,
John Doe may run at leisure up and down,
Come to my arms, but do not weep the less,
Thou art the last I'll e'er take in distress.

A PAIR OF DUCKS.

"Pray, Sir Peter," said a brother Alderman to the City Laurie-ate the other day, while discussing the merits of Galloway's plan for a viaduct from Holborn-hill to Skinner-street, "Pray, Sir Peter, can you inform me what is the difference between a viaduct and an aqueduct?" "Certainly," replied our "City Correspondent," with amazing condescension; "a *via-duck* is a land-duck, and an *aqua-duck* is a water-duck!" The querist confessed he had no idea before of the immensity of Sir Peter's scientific knowledge.

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PUNCH'S THEATRE.

MARGARET MAYFIELD; OR, THE MURDER OF THE LONE FARM-HOUSE.



rodigious! The minor drama has exhausted its stock of major crimes: parricide is out of date; infanticide has become from constant occurrence decidedly low; homicide grows tame and uninteresting; and fratricide is a mere bagatelle, not worthy of attention. The dramatist must therefore awaken new sympathies by contriving new crimes—he must invent. In this the Sadler's Wells genius has been fortunate. He has brought forward a novelty in assassination, which is harrowing in the extreme: it may be called *Farm-house-icide*! Just conceive the pitch of intense sympathy it is possible for one to feel, while beholding "the *murder* of a lone farm-house!" Arson is nothing to it.

Out of this novel domiciliary catastrophe the author of "Margaret Mayfield" has formed a melodrama, which in every other respect is founded, like a chancellor's decree, upon precedent; it being a good old-fashioned, cut-throat piece, of the leather-breeches-and-gaiter, plough-and-pitchfork school. A country-inn parlour of course commences the story, where certain characters assemble, who reveal enough of themselves and of the characters assumed by their fellows (at that time amusing themselves in the green-room), to let any person the least acquainted with the literature of melodrama into the secret of the entire plot. There is the villain, who is as usual in love with the heroine, and in league with three ill-looking fellows sitting at a separate table. There too is the old-established farmer, who has about him a considerable sum of money—a fact he mentions for the information of his pot-companions, on purpose to be robbed of it. The low comedian as usual disports himself upon a three-legged stool, dressed in the never-to-be-worn-out short *non*-continuations, skirtless coat, and "eccentric" tile.

A scene or two afterwards, and we are surprised to find that the farmer is safely housed, and that he has not been robbed upon a bleak moor on a dark stage. But we soon feel a sensation of awe, when we learn that before us is the interior of the very farm-house that is going to be murdered. The farmer and his wife go through the long-standing dialogue of

stage-stereotype, about love and virtue, the price of turnips, and their only child; and the husband goes to some fair with a friend, who had just been rejected by his sister-in-law in favour of the villain. The coast being left clear, the villain and his accomplices enter, and we know something dreadful is going to happen, for the farmer's wife is gone out of the way on purpose not to interrupt. The villain draws a knife and drags his sweetheart into an out-house, and then the wife comes on to describe what is passing; for the audiences of Sadler's Wells would tear up the benches if they dared to murder out of sight, without being told what is going on. Accordingly, we hear a scream, and the sister of the screamer exclaims,—“Ah, horror! He draws the knife across her throat! (Great applause.) But no; she takes up a broken ploughshare and escapes! (A slight tendency to hiss.) Now he seizes her hair, he throws her down. Ah! see how the blood streams from her——.” (Intense delight as the woman falls flat upon the boards, supposed to be overcome with dread.) A bloody knife, of course, next enters, grasped by the villain; who, as usual, remarks he is sorry for what has happened, but it can't be helped, and must be made the best of. The woman having suddenly recovered, escapes into an additional private box, or trunk, placed on the stage for that purpose; stating that she will see what is going on from between the cracks. The villain then murders the child, and walks off with his hands in his pocket; leaving, as is always the case, the fatal knife in a most conspicuous part of the stage, which for some seconds it has all to itself. The farmer comes in, takes up the knife, and falls down in a fit, just in time for the constables to come in and to take him up for the murder. The wife jumps out of the box, and by her assistance a tableau is formed for the act-drop to fall to.

Our readers, of course, guess the rest. The farmer is condemned to be hanged; and in the last scene he is one of the never-omitted procession to the gallows. At the cue, “Now then, I am ready to meet my fate like a man,” the screech in that case always made and provided is heard at a distance. “Hold! hold! he is innocent!” are the next words; and enter the wife with a pair of pistols, and a witness. The executioner pardons the condemned on his own responsibility; and the villain comes on, on purpose to be shot, which is done by the farmer, who seems determined not to be accused of murder for nothing.

To these charming series of murders we may add that of the Queen's English, which was shockingly maltreated, without the least remorse or mitigation.

THE TWO LAST IMPORTANT SITTINGS.

Mr. Ross has had the last sitting of the Princess Royal for her portrait, and the Tories the last sitting of Mr. Walter for Nottingham.

SIBTHORPIAN PROBLEMS.

Colonel Sibthorp presents his compliments to his dear friend and fellow, PUNCH, and seeing in the *Times* of Wednesday last a long account of the extraordinary arithmetical powers of a new calculating machine, invented by Mr. Wertheimer, he is desirous of asking the inventor, through the ubiquitous pages of PUNCH, whether his, Mr. W.'s apparatus—which, as his friend George Robins would say, is a lot which seems to be worthy only of the great Bidder—he thinks he had him there—whether this automatical American, or steam calculator, could solve for him the following queries:—

If the House of Commons be divided by Colonel Sibthorp on the Corn Laws, how much will it add to his credit?

How many times will a joke of Colonel Sibthorp's go into the London newspapers?

Extract the root of Mr. Roebuck's family tree, and say whether it would come out in anything but vulgar fractions.

Required the difference between political and imperial measures, and state whether the former belong to dry or superficial.

If thirty-six be six square, what is St. James's-square?—and if the first circles be resident there, say whether this may not be considered as an approximation to the quadrature of the circle.

State the *contents* of the House of Commons upon the next motion of Sir Robert Peel, and whether the malcontents will be greater or less.

Required the capacities in feet between a biped, a quadruped, and a centipede, and say whether the foot of Mr. Joseph Hume, being just as broad as it is long, may not be considered as a square foot.

Express, in harmonious numbers, the proportion between the rhyme and the reason of Mr. Benjamin D'Israeli's revolutionary epic, and say whether this is not a question of *inverse* ratio.

Whether, in political progression, the two extremes, Duke of Newcastle and Feargus O'Connor, are equal to the mean Joseph Hume.

Is it possible to multiply the difficulties of the Whigs, and, if so, am I the figure for the part?

What is the difference between the squares of Messrs. Tom Spring and John Gully, and whether the one is the fourth, fifth, or what power of the other?

A SLAP AT JOHN CHINAMAN'S CHOPS.

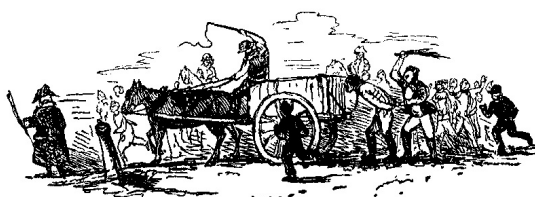
Peter Borthwick lately arrived at the highest possible pressure of indignation, while reading some of the insolent fulminations from the Celestial Empire. But Peter was sorely at a loss to account for their singular names: he was instantly enlightened by the Finsbury interpreter, our Tom Duncombe, who rendered the matter clear by asserting it was because the Emperor was very partial to a



CHOP WITH CHINESE SAUCE.

HUME LEEDS—WAKLEY FOLLOWS.

Joe Hume has written over to Wakley (postage unpaid) begging of him to take warning by his beating at Leeds; as he much fears, should Mr. Wakley continue his present line of conduct, when he next presents himself to his Finsbury constituents there is great probability of



FOLLOWING IN THE BEATEN TRACK.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

VOL. 1.

OCTOBER 30, 1841.

THE GREAT CREATURE.

That "great creature," like some other "great creatures," happened, as almanacs say, "about this time" to be somewhat "out at elbows;"—not in the way of costume, for the very plenitude of his wardrobe was the cause which produced this effect, inasmuch as the word

“received” in the veritable autograph of Messrs. Moleskin and Corderoy could nowhere be discovered annexed to the bills thereof: a slight upon their powers of penmanship which roused their individual, collective, and coparcenary ires to such a pitch, that they, Messrs. Moleskin and Corderoy, through the medium of their Attorneys-at-law, Messrs. Gallowsworthy and Pickles, of Furnival’s Inn, forwarded a writ to the unfortunate Hannibal Fitzflummery Fitzflam,—the which writ in process of time, being the legal seed, became ripened into a very vigorous execution, and was consigned to the care of a gentleman holding a *Civil* employment with a *Military* title, viz. that of “*Officer*” to the Sheriff of Middlesex, with strict injunctions to the said—anything but *Civil* or *Military*—nondescript “officer,” to secure and keep the person of Hannibal Fitzflummery Fitzflam till such time as the debt due to Messrs. Moleskin and Corderoy, and the legal charges of Messrs. Gallowsworthy and Pickles, should be discharged, defrayed, and liquidated.

Frequent were the meetings of Messrs. Gallowsworthy and Pickles and their man-trap, and as frequent their disappointments:—Fitzflam always gave them the double! Having procured leave of absence from the Town Managers, and finding the place rather too hot to hold him, he departed for the country, and, as fate would have it, arrived at the inn then occupied by Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk.

In this out-of-the-way place he fondly imagined he had never been heard of. Judge then of his surprise, after his dinner and pint of wine, at the following information.

Fitz. “Waiter.”

“Yes, sar.”

“Who have you in the house?”

“Fust of company, sar;—alwaist, sar.”

“Oh! of course;—any one in particular?”

“Yes, sar, very particular: one gentleman very particular, indeed. Has his bed warmed with brown sugar in the pan, and drinks asses’ milk, sar, for breakfast!”

“Strange fellow! but I mean any one of name?”

“Yes, sar, a German, sar; with a name so long, sar, it take all the indoor servants and a stable-helper to call him up of a morning.”

“You don’t understand me. Have you any public people here?”

“Yes, sar—great man from town, sar—belongs to the Theatre—Mr. Fitzflam, sar—quite the gentleman, sar.”

“Thank you for the compliment” (*bowing low*).

“No compliment at all, sar; would you like to see him, sar?—sell you a ticket, sar; or buy one of you, sar.”

“What?”

“House expected to be full, sar—sure to sell it again, sar.”

“What the devil are you talking about?”

“The play, sar—Fitzflam, sar!—there’s the bill, sar, and (*bell rings*) there’s the bell, sar. Coming.” (*Exit Waiter.*)

The first thing that suggested itself to the mind of Mr. Hannibal Fitzflummery Fitzflam was the absolute necessity of insisting upon that insane waiter’s submitting to the total loss of his well-greased locks, and enveloping his outward man in an extra-strong strait-waistcoat; the next was to look at the bill, and there he saw—“horror of horrors!”—the name, “the bright ancestral name”—the name he bore, bursting forth in all the reckless impudence of the largest type and the reddest vermilion!

Anger, rage, and indignation, like so many candidates for the exalted mutton on a greased pole, rushed tumultuously over each other’s heads, each anxious to gain the “ascendant” in the bosom of Mr. Hannibal Fitzflummery Fitzflam. To reduce a six-and-ninepenny gossamer to the fac-simile of a bereaved muffin in mourning by one vigorous blow wherewith he secured it on his head, grasp his ample cane and three half-sucked oranges (in case it should come to pelting), and rush to the theatre, was the work of just twelve minutes and a half. In another brief moment, payment having been tendered and accepted, Fitzflam was in the boxes, ready to expose the swindle and the swindler!

The first act was over, and the audience were discussing the merits of the supposed Roscius.

"He *is* a sweet young man," said a simpering damsel to a red-headed Lothario, with just brains enough to be jealous, and spirit enough to damn the player.

"I don't see it," responded he of the Rufusian locks.

"Such *dear* legs!"

"*Dear* legs—*duck* legs you mean, miss!"

"And *such* a voice!"

"Voice! I'll holler with him for all he's worth."

"Ha' done, do!"

"I shan't: Fitzflam's—an—umbug!"

"Sir!" exclaimed Hannibal Fitzflummery Fitz of "that ilk."

"And Sir to you!" retorted "the child of earth with the golden hair."

"I suppose I'm a right to speak my mind of that or any other chap I pays to laugh at!"

"It's a tragedy, James."

"All the funnier when sich as him comes to play in them."

"Hush! the curtain's up."—So it was; and "Bravo! bravo!" shouted the ladies, and "Hurrah!" shouted the gentlemen. Never had Mr. Hannibal Fitzflummery Fitzflam seen such wretched acting, or heard such enthusiastic applause. Round followed round, until, worked up to frenzy at the libel upon his name, and, as he thought, his art, he vociferously exclaimed, "Ladies and gentlemen, that man's a d—d impostor! ("Turn him out! throw him over! break his neck!" shouted the gods. "Shame shame!" called the boxes. "You're drunk," exclaimed the pit to a man.) I repeat that man is—"Take *that*!"—an apple in Fitzflam's eye.) I say he is another ("There it is!"—in his other eye) person altogether—a—"Boxkeeper!") Nothing of the sort; a—"Constable!") I'll take—"Take that fellow out!") Allow me to be—"Off! off!") I am—"Out! out!") Let me request.—("Order! order!—hiss! hiss!—oh! oh!—ah! ah!—phit! phit!—Booh!—booh!—wooh!—oh!—ah!")"

Here Mr. Fitzfunk came forward, and commenced bowing like a mandarin, while the gentleman who had blacked Fitzflam's eye desisted from forcing him out of the box, to hear the "great creature" speak. Fitzfunk commenced, "Ahem—Ladies and gentlemen, surrounded as I am by all sorts of—(Bravos from all parts of the house.) Friends! Friends in the boxes!—"Bravo!" from boxes, with violent waving of handkerchiefs.) Friends in the pit!—"Hurrah!" and sundry excited hats performing extraordinary aerial gyrations.) And last, not least in my dear love, friends in the gallery!—(Raptures of applause; five minutes' whistling; three chandeliers and two heads broken; and the owners of seventeen corns *stamped* up to frenzy!) Need I fear the malice of an individual? ("Never! never!" from all parts of the house.) Could I deceive you, an enlightened public? ("No! no! impossible! all fudge!") Would I attempt such a thing? ("No! no! by no manner of means!") I am, ladies and gentlemen—"Fitzflam! Fitzflam!") I bow to your judgment. I have witnesses; shall I produce them?" "No," said two of his most enthusiastic supporters, scrambling out of the pit, and getting on the stage; "Don't trouble yourself; we know you; (*Omnes*. "Hurrah!" To Fitzflam in boxes—"Shame! shame!") *we* will swear to you; (*Omnes*, "Fitzflam for ever!") and—we don't care who knows it—(*Omnes*. "Noble fellows!") *we* arrest you at the suit of Messrs. Moleskin and Corderoy, Regent's-quadrant, tailors. Attorneys, Messrs. Gallowsworthy and Pickles, of Furnival's Inn. Plaintiff claims 54*l.* debt and 65*l.* costs; so come along, will you!"

It was an exceedingly fortunate thing for the representatives of the Sheriff of Middlesex that their exit was marked by more expedition than elegance; for as soon as their real purpose was known, Fitzflam (as the audience supposed Fitzfunk to be) would have been rescued *vi et armis*. As it was, they hurried him to a back room at the inn, and carefully double-locked the door. It was also rather singular that from the moment of the officer's appearance, the gentleman in the boxes whose doubts had caused the disturbance immediately owned himself in the wrong, apologised for his mistake, and withdrew. As the tragedy could not proceed without Fitzfunk, the manager proposed a hornpipe-in-fetters and general dance by the characters; instead of the last act which was accepted, and loudly applauded and encored by the audience.

Seated in his melancholy apartment, well guarded by the bailiff, certain of being discovered and perhaps punished as an impostor, or compelled to part with all his earnings to pay for coats and continuations he had never worn, the luckless Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk gave way to deep despondency, and various "ahs!" and "ohs!" A tap at the door was followed by the introduction of a three-cornered note addressed to himself. The following were its contents:—

"Sir,—It appears from this night's adventure *my name* has heretofore been useful to you, and on the present occasion your impersonation of it has been useful to me. We are thus far quits. *I*, as the 'real Simon Pure,' will tell you what to do. Protest you *are not the man*. Get witnesses to hear you say so; and when taken to London (as you will be) and the men are undeceived, threaten to bring an action against the Sheriff unless those harpies, Messrs. Gallowsworthy and Pickles, give you 20*l.* for yourself, and a receipt in full for the debt and costs. Keep my secret; I'll keep yours. Burn this.—H.F.F."

No sooner read than done; and all came to pass as the note predicted. Gallowsworthy and Pickles grumbled, but were compelled to pay. Fitzflam and Fitzfunk became inseparable. Fitzflam was even heard to say, he thought in time Fitzfunk would make a decent walking gentleman; and Fitzfunk was always impressed with an opinion that *he* was the man of talent, and that Fitzflam would never have been able to succeed in "starring it" where he had been "*The Great Creature*."

FUSBOS.

N.B.—The author of this paper has commenced adapting it for stage representation.

THE DESIRE OF PLEASING.

"May I be married, ma?" said a lovely girl of fifteen to her mother the other morning. "Married!" exclaimed the astonished matron; "what put such an idea into your head?" "Little Emily, here, has never seen a wedding; and I'd like to amuse the child," replied the obliging sister, with fascinating *naïveté*.

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THE HEIR OF APPLEBITE.

CHAPTER VIII.



serious accident to the double-bass was the extraordinary occurrence alluded to in our last chapter. It appeared that, contrary to the *usual* custom of the class of musicians that attend evening parties, the operator upon the double-bass had early in the evening shown slight symptoms of inebriety, which were alarmingly increased during supper-time by a liberal consumption of wine, ale, gin, and other compounds. The harp, flageolet, and first violin, had prudently abstained from drinking—at their own expense, and had reserved their thirstiness for the benefit of the bibicals of the "founder of the feast," and, consequently, had only attained that peculiar state of sapient freshness which invariably characterises quadrille bands after supper, and had, therefore, overlooked the rapid obfuscation of their more imprudent companion in their earnest consideration of themselves.

Bacchus has long been acknowledged to be the cicerone of Cupid; and accordingly the God of Wine introduced the God of Love into the bosom of the double-bass, who, with a commendable feeling of sociality, instantly invited the cook to join the party. Now Susan, though a staid woman, and weighing, moreover, sixteen stone, was fond of a "hinnocent bit of nonsense," kindly consented to take just a "sip of red port wine" with the performer upon catgut cables; and everything was progressing *allegro*, when Cupid wickedly stimulated the double-bass to chuck Susan's double chin, and then, with the frenzy of a Bacchanal, to attempt the impossibility of encircling the ample waist of his Dulcinea. This was carrying the joke a *leetle* too far, and Susan, equally alarmed for her reputation and her habit-shirt, struggled to free herself from the embrace of the votary of Apollo; but the fiddler was not to be so easily disposed of, and he clung to the object of his admiration with such pertinacity that Susan was compelled to redouble her exertions, which were ultimately successful in embedding the double-bass in the body of his instrument. The crash was frightful, and Susan, having vainly endeavoured to free herself from the incubus which had fastened upon her, proceeded to scream most lustily as an overture to a faint. These sounds reached the supper-room, and occasioned the diversion in John's favour; a simultaneous rush was instantly made to the quarter from whence they proceeded, as the whole range of accidents and offences flashed across the imaginations of the affrighted revellers.

Mrs. Waddledot decided that the china tea-service was no more. Mrs. Applebite felt certain that "the heir" had tumbled into the tea-urn, or had cut another tooth very suddenly. The gentlemen were assured that a foray had taken place upon the hats and cloaks below, and that cabs would be at a premium and colds at a discount. The ladies made various applications of the rest of the catalogue; whilst old John wound up the matter by the consolatory announcement that he "know'd the fire hadn't been put out by the *ingines* in the morning."

The general alarm was, however, converted into general laughter when the real state of affairs was ascertained; and Susan having been recovered by burning feathers under her nose, and pouring brandy down her throat, preparations were made for the disinterment of the double-bass. To all attempts to effect such a laudable purpose, the said double-bass offered the most violent opposition, declaring he should never be so happy again, and earnestly entreated Susan to share his heart and temporary residence.

Her refusal of both seemed to cause him momentary uneasiness, for hanging his head upon his breast he murmured out—

“Now she has left me her loss to deplore;”

and then burst into a loud huzza that rendered some suggestions about the police necessary, which Mr. Double-bass treated with a contempt truly royal. He then seemed to be impressed with an idea that he was the index to a “Little Warbler;” for at the request of no one he proceeded to announce the titles of all the popular songs from the time of Shield downwards. How long he would have continued this vocal category is uncertain; but as exertion seemed rather to increase than diminish his boisterous merriment, the suggestions respecting the police were ordered to be adopted, and accordingly two of the force were requested to remove him from the domicile where he was creating so much discord in lieu of harmony.

Double-bass still continued deaf to all entreaties for silence and progression, and when a stretcher was mentioned grew positively furious, and insisted that, as he had a conveyance of his own, he should be taken to whatever destination they chose to select for him on, or rather in, that vehicle. Accordingly a rattle was sprung, and duly answered by two or three more of those alphabetical gentlemen who emanate from Scotland-yard, by whose united efforts the refractory musician was carried out in triumph, firmly and safely seated in his own ponderous instrument, loudly insisting that he should be conveyed



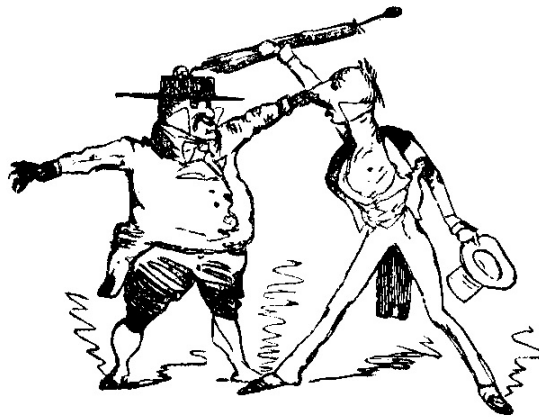
WITH CARE—THIS SIDE UP.

The interruption occasioned by this interesting occurrence was productive of a general clearance of 24, Pleasant-place; and the apartments which were so lately filled with airy sylphs and trussed Adonises presented a strange jumble of rough coats, dingy silk cloaks, very *passé* bonnets, and numerous heads enveloped in faded white handkerchiefs. Everything began to look miserable; candles were seen in all directions flickering with their inevitable destiny; bouquets were thrown carelessly upon the ground; and the very faintest odour of a cigar found its way from the street-door into the drawing-room. Then came the hubbub of struggling jarvies; the hoarse, continued inquiries of those peculiar beings that emerge from some unknown quarter of the great metropolis, and “live and have their being” at the doorstep of party-giving people. What tales could those benighted creatures tell of secret pressures of hands, whispered sentences of sweet words, which have led in after-days to many a blissful union! What sighs must have fallen upon their ears as they have rolled up the steps and slammed to the doors of the vehicle which bore away the idol of the evening! But they have no romance—no ambition but to call “My lord duke’s coach.”

Then came the desolate stillness of the “banquet-hall deserted;” the consciousness that the hour of grandeur had passed away. There was nothing to break the stillness but Mrs. Applebite counting up the spoons, and Mrs. Waddledot re-decanting the remainders.

BURKE’S HERALDRY.

Our amiable friend and classical correspondent, Deaf Burke—“mind, yes”—has lately mounted a coat-of-*arms*, “Dexter and Sinister;” a Nose gules and Eye sable; three annulets of Ropes in chief, supported by two Prize-fighters proper. Motto,—



KNOCK AND RING.

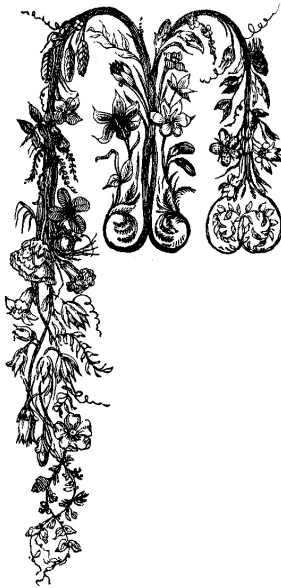
A SUGGESTION

For the formation of a Society for the relief of foreigners afflicted with a short pocket and a long beard.

Mr. Muntz to be immediately waited upon by a body of the unhappy sufferers, and requested to give his countenance and assistance to the establishment of an INSTITUTION FOR THE GRATUITOUS SHAVING OF DESTITUTE AND HIRSUTE FOREIGNERS.

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THE GOLD SNUFF-BOX.



My aunt, Mrs. Cheeseman, is the very reverse of her husband. He is a plain, honest creature, such as we read of in full-length descriptions by some folks, but equally comprehensive, though shortly done by others, under the simple name of John Bull—as ungarnished in his dress, as in his speech and action; whereas Mrs. Cheeseman, as I have just told you, is the counterpart of plainness; she has trinkets out of number, brooches, backed with every kind of hair, from “the flaxen-headed cow-boy” to the deep-toned “Jim Crow.” Then her rings—they *are* the surprise of her staring acquaintances; she has them from the most delicate Oriental fabric to the massiveness of dog’s collars.

Uncle Cheeseman says Mrs. C. thinks of nothing else; no sporting gentleman, handsomely furnished, in the golden days of pugilism, ever looked upon a ring with more delightful emotions. At going to bed, she bestows the same affectionate gaze upon them that mothers do upon their slumbering progeny; nor is that care and affection diminished in the morning: her very imagination is a ring, seeing that it has neither beginning nor end—her tender ideas are encircled by the four magical letters R—I—N—G. Even at church, we are told, she divides her time between sleeping and secret polishing.

It has just occurred to me, that I might have saved you and myself much trouble had I at once told you that aunt Cheeseman is a regular *Ring-worm*.

But, to my uncle—the only finery sported by him (and I hardly think it deserving that word), besides a silver watch, sound and true as the owner, and the very prototype of his bulk and serenity, was a gold snuff-box, a large and handsome one, which he did not esteem for its intrinsic weight; he had a “lusty pride” in showing that it was a prize gained in some skilful agricultural contest. I am sorry at not recollecting what was engraven on it; but being a thorough Cockney, and knowing nothing more of the plough and harrow than that I have somewhere observed it as a tavern sign, must plead for my ignorance in out-o’-town matters.

You can remember, no doubt, the day the Queen went to dine with the City Nabobs at Guildhall. Cheeseman hurried impatiently to London for the sole purpose of *seeing* the sight, and upon finding my liking for the spectacle as powerful as his own, declared I was the only sensible child my mother ever had, and adding that as he was well able to push his way through a Lunnon crowd, if my father and mother were willing, under his protection I should see this grand affair. Not the slightest objection was put in opposition to my uncle’s proposal, consequently the next day, November the 9th, 1837, uncle Cheeseman and I formed integral portions of the huge mass of spectators which reached from St. James’s to the City.

After slipping off the pavement a score of times (and in some instances opportunely enough

to be shoulder-grazed by a passing coach-wheel), stunning numberless persons by explosions of oaths for clumsy collisions and unintentional performances upon his tenderest corn, we reached the corner of St. Paul's churchyard.

Having secured by a two-shilling bargain about three feet of a form, which, I suppose, upon any other day than a general holiday like the present was the *locus in quo* for little dears whose young ideas were taught to shoot at threepence a week, uncle took breath, and a pinch of snuff together: he smiled as I observed, that he'd be sure to take a refresher when her Majesty passed; and though he shook his head and designated me a sly young rogue, I could clearly perceive that he was plotting to perform, as if by chance, what I had predicated as a certainty; and although nineteen persons out of twenty would have marked (in this instance) his puerility, I doubt not but that the same number are (at some periods of their existence) innocent victims to the like weakness, whether it be generated in a snuff-box or a royal diploma.

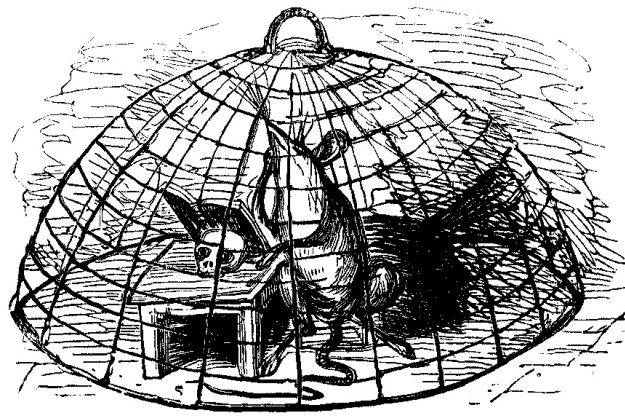
By-and-by, a murmur from the distance, which succeeded a restless motion among the crowd (like a leafy agitation of trees coming as a kind of *courier en avant* to announce the regular hurricane), broke gradually, and at last uproariously upon us; straining our necks and eyes in the attractive direction. Uncle grasped me by the arm, and though he spoke not a word, he fairly stared, "Here it comes." Now the thick tide of the moving portion of the spectators began to sweep past us, as they hedged in the soldiery and carriages; then came the shouting, accompanied by various kinds of squeezing, tearing, and stumbling; some screaming compliments to her Majesty, and in the same breath dispensing more violent compliments in an opposite direction, and of a decidedly different tendency. Shoes were trodden off, and bonnets crushed out of all fashion; coats were curtailed; samples of their quality were either seen dangling at the heels of the wearer, or were ignominiously trodden under foot; and many superfine Saxony trousers were double-milled without mercy.

Whilst we were pluming ourselves upon the snugness of our situations, and the attendant good fortune of being easy partners in the business of the day, and thus freed from the vexations and perplexities so largely distributed in our view, I was hindered from communicating my happiness upon these points, for at this moment down went my uncle Cheeseman, and as suddenly up flew his arms above his head, like Boatswain Smith at the height of exhortation on Tower Hill. I was surprised, and so appeared my unfortunate relation, who superadded an additional mixture of indignation as I caught a glimpse or two of his chameleon-like visage; for at the first sight I could have most honestly sworn it to have been white—at the second as crimson as the sudden consciousness of helpless injury could make it. Nevertheless, he sailed away from me in this extraordinary attitude for a short distance, when suddenly, as he lowered his arms, I observed sundry hands descend quickly, and, as I thought, kindly, lest he should lose his hat, upon the crown of it, until it encased more of his head than could be deemed either fashionable or comfortable. Presently, however, he was again seen viciously elbowing and writhing his way back to me, which after immense exertions he performed, in the full receipt of numerous anathemas and jocular insults. As he neared me, I inquired what he had been doing; why he had left me for such a short, difficult, and unprofitable journey—which queries, innocently playful as they were, appeared to produce a choking sensation, accompanied by a full-length stare at me; but his naturally kind heart was not kept long closed against me, and I gleaned the melancholy fact from his indignation, which was continually emitted in such short gusts as, "The villains"—"The scoundrels"—"And done so suddenly"—"The only thing I prized,"—"Well, this is a lesson for me." As we returned home, uncle displayed a wish to thrust himself everywhere into the densest mass; there was a morbid carelessness in his manner that he had hitherto never shown; he was evidently another man, a fallen creature; his pride, his existence, the very theme of all his joys, his gold snuff-box, had departed for ever, and his heart was in that box: what would Mrs. Cheeseman say? He had been cleaned out to the very letter—ay, that letter—it perhaps contained matters of moment.

I have since that affair upon several occasions heard the poor fellow declare that much as he was heart-broken at the loss of his box, his feelings were lacerated to a greater degree when, in a certain lecture, my staid, correct, frosty-hearted, jewel-hugging aunt said, "Cheeseman, it was a judgment for such conduct to a wife. In that letter, which you treated with such contumely, I strictly cautioned you not to take that valuable box about with you, if your madness for sight-seeing should lead you into a mob. Let this be a warning to you; and be sure that though woman be the weaker vessel, she is oftentimes the deepest." We believe it.

THE PENSIVE PEEL.

It is an unfounded calumny of the enemies of Sir Robert Peel to say that he has gone into the country to amuse himself—shooting, feasting, eating, and drinking—while the people are starving in the streets and highways. *We* know that the heart of the compassionate *old rat* bleeds for the distresses of the nation, and that he is at this moment living upon bread and water, and studying Lord John Russell's hints on the Corn-laws, in



THE MONASTERY OF LA TRAPPE.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Said Stiggins to his wife one day,
"We've nothing left to eat;
If things go on in this queer way,
We shan't make *both ends meet*."

The dame replied, in words discreet,
"We're not so badly fed,
If we can make but *one end meat*,
And make the other *bread*."

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NIGGER PECULIARITIES.

Perhaps no race of people on the face of the habitable globe are so strongly imbued with individual peculiarities as the free and slave negro population of the United States. Out-heroding Herod in their monstrous attempts of imitating and exceeding the fashions of the whites, the emulative "Darkies" may be seen on Sundays occupying the whole extent of the Broadway pavement, dressed in fashions carried to the very sublime of the ridiculous. Whatever is the order of the day, the highest *ton* among the whites is instantly adopted, with the most ludicrous exaggeration, by the blacks: if small brims be worn by the beaus of the former, they degenerate to nothing on the skulls of the latter; if width be the order of the day, the coloured gentlemen rush out in unmeasurable umbrellas of felt, straw, and gossamer. A long-tailed white is, in comparison, but a docked black. Should muslin trip from a carriage, tucked or flounced to the knee, the same material, sported by a sable belle, will take its next Sunday out fur-belowed from hip to heel. Parasols are parachutes; sandals, black bandages; large bonnets, straw sheds, and small ones, nonentities. So it is with colours: green becomes more green, blue more blue, orange more orange, and crimson more flaming, when sported by these ebon slaves of deep-rooted vanity.

The spirit of imitation manifests itself in all their actions: hence it is by no means an uncommon occurrence to see a tall, round-shouldered, woolly-headed, buck-shinned, and inky-complexioned "Free Nigger," sauntering out on Sunday, shading his huge weather-proof face from the rays of the encroaching sun under a carefully-carried silk umbrella! And again, as in many of the places of worship the whole congregation cannot be accommodated with seats, many of the members supply their own; so these sable gentry may be frequently seen progressing to church with a small stool under their arms: and in one instance, rather than be disappointed, or obliged to stand,—a solemn-looking specimen of the species actually provided himself with a strong brick-bat, and having carefully covered it with his many and bright-coloured bandana, preserved his gravity, and, still more strange, his balance, with an irresistible degree of mirth-creating composure.

Their laziness and unequivocal antipathy to work is as true as proverbial. We know an instance of it in which the master ordered his sable "help" to carry a small box from the steam pier to the Astor-House Hotel, where his newly-married wife, an English lady, was waiting for it; judge of her surprise to see the dark gentleman arrive followed by an Irish lad bearing the freight intended for himself.

"Dar," said the domineering conductor; "dar, dat will do; put da box down dar. Now, Missis, look here, jist give dat chap a shillin."

"A shilling! What for?"

"Cos he bring up dar plunder from de bay."

"Why didn't you bring it yourself?"

"Look here. Somehow I rader guess I should ha let dar box fall and smashiaded de contents, so I jist give dat white trash de job jest to let de poor crittur arn a shillin."

Remonstrance was vain, so the money was paid; the lady declaring, for the future, should he think proper to employ a deputy, it must be at his own expense. The above term "white trash" is the one commonly employed to express their supreme contempt for the "low Irish vulgar set."

Their dissensions among themselves are irresistibly comic. Threatening each other in the most outrageous manner; pouring out invectives, anathemas, and denunciations of the most deadly nature; but nine times in ten letting the strife end without a blow; affording in their quarrels an apt illustration of

"A tale full of sound and fury, Told by an idiot, signifying nothing."

Suppose an affront, fancied or real, put by one on another, the common commencement of ireful expostulations generally runs as follows:—

"Look here! you d—m black nigger; what you do dat for, Sar?"

"Hoo you call black, Sar? D—m, as white as you, Sar; any day, Sar. You nigger, Sar!"

"Look here agin; don't you call me a nigger, Sar. Now, don't you do it."

"Why not?"

"Neber mind; I've told you on it, so don't you go to do it no more, you mighty low black, cos if you do put my dander up, and make me wrasey, I rader guess I'll smash in your nigger's head, like a bust-up egg-shell. Ise a ring-tailed roarer, I tell you!"

"Reckon I'm a Pottomus. Don't you go to put my steam up; d—d if don't bust and scald you out. I'm nothing but a snorter—a pretty considerable tarnation long team, and a couple of horses to spare; so jest be quiet, I tell you, or I'll use you up uncommon sharp."

"You use me up! Yoo, yoo! D—m! You and your wife and some nigger children, all ob you, was sold for a hundred and fifty dollars less than this nigger."

"Look here, don't you say dat agin; don't you do it; I tell you, don't you do it, or I'll jist give you such an almighty everlasting shaking, dat you shall pray for a cold ague as a holiday. I'm worth considerable more dollars dan sich a low black man as you is worth cents. Why, didn't dey offer to give you away, only you such dam trash no one would take you, so at last you was knocked down to a blind man."

"What dat? Here! Stand clear dar behind, and get out ob de way in front, I'm jist going to take a run and butt dat nigger out of de State. Let me go, do you hear? Golly, if you hadn't held me he'd a been werry small pieces by dis time. D—m, I'll break him up."

"Yoo, yoo! Your low buck-shins neber carry your black head fast enough to catch dis elegant nigger. You jist run; you'll find I'm nothing but an alligator. You hab no more chance dan a black slug under de wheels of a plunder-train carriage. You is unnoticeable by dis gentleman."

"Dar dat good, gentleman! Golly, dat good! Look here, don't you neber speak to me no more."

"And look here, nigger, don't you neber speak to me."

"See you d—m fust, black man."

"See you scorched fust, nigger."

"Good day, trash."

"Good mornin, dirt!"

So generally ends the quarrel; but about half-an-hour afterwards the Trash and Dirt will generally be found lauding each other to the skies, and cementing a new six hours' friendship over some brandy punch or a mint julep.

SONGS OF THE SEEDY.—No. VI.

You bid me rove, Mary,
In the shady grove, Mary,
With you to the close of even;
But I can't, my dear,

For I must, I swear,
Be off at a quarter to seven.

Nay, do not start, Mary;
Nor let your heart, Mary,
Be disturb'd in its innocent purity;
I'm sure that *you*
Wouldn't have me do
My friend—my bail—my security!

That tearful eye, Mary,
Seems to ask me why, Mary,
I can wait till sunset on'y.
Ah! turn not away;
I am out for the day
On a *Fleet* and fleeting *pony*.

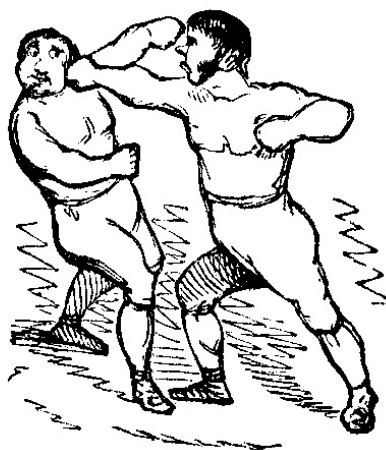
Your wide open mouth, Mary,
With its breath like the south, Mary,
Seems to ask for an explanation.
Well, though not of the schools,
I live within *rules*,
And am subject to observation.

But come to my arms, Mary;
Let no dread alarms, Mary,
In our present happiness warp us!
I've not the least doubt
Of soon getting out,
By a writ of *habeas corpus*.

Away with despair, Mary;
Let us cast in the air, Mary,
His dark and gloomy fetters.
Why *should* we be rack'd,
When we think of the Act
For relieving Insolvent Debtors.

A MAYOR'S NEST.

Our friend the Sir Peter Laureate wishes to know whether the work upon "Horal Surgery" is not a new-invented description of almanack, as it is announced as



CURTIS ON THE EAR¹

1. *Qy.* Year.—Printer's Devil.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF THE LONDON MEDICAL STUDENT.

5.—OF HIS MATURITY, AND LATIN EXAMINATION.

The second season arrives, and our pupil becomes "a medical student" in the fullest sense of the word. He has an indistinct recollection that there are such things as wards in the hospital as well as in a key or the city, and a vague wandering, like the morning's impression of the dreams of the preceding night, that in the remote dark ages of his career he took some notes upon the various lectures, the which have long since been converted

into pipe-lights or small darts, which, twisted up and propelled from between the forefingers of each hand, fly with unerring aim across the theatre at the lecturer's head, the slumbering student, or any other object worth aiming at—an amusing way of beguiling the hour's lecture, and only excelled by the sport produced, if he has the good luck to sit in a sunbeam, from making a tournament of "Jack-o'-lanthorns" on the ceiling. His locker in the lobby of the dissecting-room has long since been devoid of apron, sleeves, scalpels, or forceps; but still it is not empty. Its contents are composed of three bellpull-handles, a valuable series of shutter-fastenings, two or three broken pipes, a pewter "go" (which, if everybody had their own, would in all probability belong to Mr. Evans, of Covent Garden Piazza), some scraps of biscuit, and a round knocker, which forcibly recalls a pleasant evening he once spent, with the accompanying anecdotes of how he "bilked the pike" at Waterloo Bridge, and poor Jones got "jug'd" by mistake.

It must not, however, be supposed that the student now neglects visiting the dissecting-room. On the contrary, he is unremitting in his attendance, and sometimes the first there of a morning, more especially when he has, to use his own expression, been "going it rather fast than otherwise" the evening before, and comes to the school very early in the morning to have a good wash and refresh himself previously to snatching a little of the slumber he has forgotten to take during the night, which he enjoys very quietly in the injecting-room down stairs, amidst a heterogeneous assemblage of pipkins, subjects, deal coffins, sawdust, inflated stomachs, syringes, macerating tubs, and dried preparations. The dissecting-room is also his favourite resort for refreshment, and he broils sprats and red herrings on the fire-shovel with consummate skill, amusing himself during the process of his culinary arrangements by sawing the corners off the stone mantel-piece, throwing cinders at the new man, or seeing how long it takes to bore a hole through one of the stools with a red-hot poker. Indeed, these luckless pieces of furniture are always marked out by the student as the fittest objects on which to wreak his destructive propensities; and he generally discovers that the readiest way to do them up is to hop steeple-chases upon them from one end of the room to the other—a sporting amusement which shakes them to pieces, and irremediably dislocates all their articulations, sooner than anything else. Of course these pleasantries are only carried on in the absence of the demonstrator. Should he be present, the industry of the student is confined to poking the fire in the stove and then shutting the flue, or keeping down the ball of the cistern by some abdominal hooks, and then, before the invasion of smoke and water takes place, quietly joining a knot of new men who are strenuously endeavouring to dissect the brain and discover the *hippocampus major*, which they expect to find in the perfect similitude of a sea-horse, like the web-footed quadrupeds who paw the "reality" in the "area usually devoted to illusion," or tank, at the Adelphi Theatre.

If one of the professors of his medical school chances to be addicted to making anti-Martin experiments on animals, or the study of comparative anatomy, the pursuits offer an endless fund of amusement to the jocose student. He administers poison to the toxicological guinea-pigs; hunts the rabbit kept for galvanism about the school; lets loose in the theatre, by accident, the sparrows preserved to show the rapidly fatal action of *choke-damp* upon life; turns the bladders, which have been provided to tie over bottles, into footballs; and makes daily contributions to the plate of pebbles taken from the stomach of the ostrich, and preserved in the museum to show the mode in which these birds assist digestion, until he quadruples the quantity, and has the quiet satisfaction of seeing exhibited at lecture, as the identical objects, the heap of small stones which he has collected from time to time in the garden of the school, or from any excavation for pipes or paving which he may have passed in his route from his lodgings.

The second or middle course of the three winter sessions which the medical student is compelled to go through, is the one in which he most enjoys himself, and indulges in those little outbreaks of eccentric mirth which eminently qualify him for his future professional career. During the first course he studies from novelty—during the last from compulsion; but the middle one passes in unlimited sprees and perpetual half-and-half. The only grand project he now undertakes is "going up for his Latin," provided he had not courage to do so upon first coming to London. For some weeks before this period he is never seen without an interlined edition of Celsus and Gregory; not that he debars himself from joviality during the time of his preparation, but he judiciously combines study with amusement—never stirring without his translation in his pocket, and even, if he goes to the theatre, beguiling the time between the pieces by learning the literal order of a new paragraph. Every school possesses circulating copies of these works: they have been originally purchased in some wild moment of industrious extravagance by a new man; and when he passed, he sold them for five shillings to another, who, in turn, disposed of them to a third, until they had run nearly all through the school. The student grinds away at these until he knows them almost by heart, albeit his translation is not the most elegant. He reads—"Sanus homo, a sound man; qui, who; et, also; bene valet, well is in health; et, and; suæ spontis, of his own choice; est, is," &c. This, however, is quite sufficient; and, accordingly, one afternoon, in a rash moment, he makes up his mind to "go up." Arrived at Apothecaries' Hall—a building which he regards with a feeling of awe far beyond the Bow-street Police Office—he takes his place amongst the anxious throng, and is at last called into a room, where two examiners politely request that he will favour them by sitting down at a table adorned with severe-looking inkstands, long pens, formal sheets of foolscap, and awfully-sized copies of the light

entertaining works mentioned above. One of the aforesaid examiners then takes a pinch of snuff, coughs, blows his nose, points out a paragraph for the student to translate, and leaves him to do it. He has, with a prudent forethought, stuffed his cribs inside his double-breasted waistcoat, but, unfortunately, he finds he cannot use them; so when he sticks at a queer word he writes it on his blotting-paper and shoves it quietly on to the next man. If his neighbour is a brick, he returns an answer; but if he is not, our friend is compelled to take shots of the meaning and trust to chance—a good plan when you are not certain what to do, either at billiards or Apothecaries' Hall. Should he be fortunate enough to get through, his schedule is endorsed with some hieroglyphics explanatory of the auspicious event; and, in gratitude, he asks a few friends to his lodgings that night, who have legions of sausages for supper, and drink gin-and-water until three o'clock in the morning. It is not, however, absolutely necessary that a man should go up himself to pass his Latin. We knew a student once who, by a little judicious change of appearance—first letting his hair grow very long, and then cutting it quite short—at one time patronizing whiskers, and at another shaving himself perfectly clean—now wearing spectacles, and now speaking through his nose—being, withal, an excellent scholar, passed a Latin examination for half the men in the hospital he belonged to, receiving from them, when he had succeeded, the fee which, in most cases, they would have paid a private teacher for preparing them.

The medical student does not like dining alone; he is gregarious, and attaches himself to some dining-rooms in the vicinity of his school, where, in addition to the usual journals, they take in the *Lancet* and *Medical Gazette* for his express reading. He is here the customer most looked up to by the proprietor, and is also on excellent terms with "Harriet," who confidentially tells him that the boiled beef is just up; indeed, he has been seen now and then to put his arm round her waist and ask her when she meant to marry him, which question Harriet is not very well prepared to answer, as all the second season men have proposed to her successively, and each stands equally well in her estimation, which is kept up at the rate of a penny *per diem*. But Harriet is not the only waiting domestic with whom he is upon friendly terms. The Toms, Charleses, and Henrys of the supper-taverns enjoy equal familiarity; and when Nancy, at Knight's, brings him oysters for two and asks him for the money to get the stout, he throws down the shilling with an expression of endearment that plainly intimates he does not mean to take back the fourpence change out of the pot. Should he, however, in the course of his wanderings, go into a strange eating-house, where he is not known, and consequently is not paid becoming attention, his revenge is called into play, and he gratifies it by the simple act of pouring the vinegar into the pepper-castor, and emptying the contents of the salt-cellar into the water-bottle before he gets up to walk away.

EXPRESS FROM AMERICA.

We are authorised to state there is a man in New Orleans so exceedingly bright, that he uses the palm of his hand for a looking-glass.

POLITICS OF THE OUTWARD MAN!

Wisdom is to be purchased only of the tailor. Morality is synonymous with millinery; whilst Truth herself—pictured by the poetry of the olden day in angelic nakedness—must now be full-dressed, like a young lady at a royal drawing-room, to be considered presentable. You may believe that a man with a gash in his heart may still walk, talk, pay taxes, and perform all the other duties of a highly civilised citizen; but to believe that the same man with a hole in his coat can discourse like a reasoning animal, is to be profoundly ignorant of those sympathetic subtleties existing between a man's brain and a man's broad-cloth. Party politics have developed this profound truth—the divine reason of the immortal creature escapes through ragged raiment; a fractured skull is not so fatal to the powers of ratiocination as a rent in the nether garments. GOD'S image loses the divine lustre of its origin with its nap of super-Saxony. The sinful lapse of ADAM has thrown all his unfortunate children upon the mercies of the tailor; and that mortal shows least of the original stain who wraps about it the richest purple and the finest linen. Hence, if you would know the value of a man's heart, look at his waistcoat.

Philosophers and anatomists have quarrelled for centuries as to the residence of the soul. Some have vowed that it lived here—some there; some that, like a gentleman with several writs in pursuit of him, it continually changed its lodgings; whilst others have lustily sworn that the soul was a vagrant, with no claim to any place of settlement whatever. Nevertheless, a vulgar notion has obtained that the soul dwelt on a little knob of the brain; and that there, like a vainglorious bantam-cock on a dunghill, it now claps its wings and crows all sorts of triumph—and now, silent and scratching, it thinks of nought but wheat and barley. The first step to knowledge is to confess to a late ignorance. We avow, then, our late benighted condition. We were of the number of sciolists who lodged the soul in the head of man: we are now convinced that the true dwelling place of the soul is in the head's antipodes. Let SOLOMON himself return to the earth, and hold forth at a political meeting; SOLOMON himself would be hooted, laughed at, voted an ass, a nincompoo, if SOLOMON

spoke from the platform with a hole in his breeches!

PLATO doubtless thought that he had imagined a magnificent theory, when he averred that every man had within him a spark of the divine flame. But, silly PLATO! he never considered how easily this spark might be blown out. At this moment, how many Englishmen are walking about the land utterly extinguished! Had men been made on the principle of the safety-lamp, they might have defied the foul breath of the world's opinion—but, alas! what a tender, thin-skinned, shivering thing is man! His covering—the livery of original sin, bought with the pilfered apples—is worn into a hole, and Opinion, that sour-breathed hag, claps her blue lips to the broken web, gives a puff, and—out goes man's immortal spark! From this moment the creature is but a carcase: he can eat and drink (when lucky enough to be able to try the experiment), talk, walk, and no more; yes, we forgot—he can work; he still keeps precedence of the ape in the scale of creation—for he can work for those who, thickly clothed, and buttoned to the throat, have no rent in their purple, no stitch dropped in their superfine, to expose their precious souls to an annihilating gust, and who therefore keep their immortal sparks like tapers in burglars' dark-lanterns, whereby to rob and spoil with greater certainty!

Gentle reader, think you this a fantastic chapter on holes? If so, then of a surety you do not read those instructive annals of your country penned by many a TACITUS of the daily press—by many a profound historian who unites to the lighter graces of stenography the enduring loveliness of philosophy.

Some days since a meeting was held in the parish of Saint Pancras of the "Young Men's Anti-Monopoly Association." The place of gathering, says the reporter, was "a ruined *penny* theatre!" It is evident in the brain of the writer that the small price at which the theatre was ruined made its infamy: to be blighted for a penny was the shame. Drury Lane and Covent Garden have been ruined over and over again—but then their ruin, like PHRYNE'S, has ever been at a large price of admission; hence, like court harlots, their ruin has been dignified by high remuneration. What, however, could be expected from a theatre that, with inconceivable wickedness, suffered itself to be undone for a penny? Let the reporter answer:—

"— FORSTER, Esq., advanced, and, assuming *a teapot position* on the stage, moved the first resolution, to the effect 'That the bread-tax was the cause of all distress, and that they should use their strenuous efforts to remove it.' 'Ladies (there was one old woman *in a shocking bad black and white straw bonnet present*) and gentlemen (said he), this is a public meeting to all intents and purposes.'"

For ourselves we care not for an orator's standing like a teapot, if what he pours out be something better than mere hot-water or dead small beer. If, however, we were to typify orators in delf, there are many Tory talkers whom we would associate with more ignominious shapes of crockery than that of a teapot—senators who are taken by the handle, and by their party used for the dirtiest offices.

We now come to the bad old woman whose excess of iniquity was blazoned in her "bad black and white straw bonnet." This woman might have been an ASPASIA, a DE STAEL, a Mrs. SOMERVILLE,—nay, the SYBILLA CUMEA herself. What of that? The "bad" bonnet must sink the large souled Grecian to a cinder-wench, make the Frenchwoman a trapes from the Palais Royal, our fair astronomer a gipsy of Greenwich Park, and the fate-foretelling sybil a crone crawled from the worst garret of Battle-bridge. The head is nothing; the bonnet's all. Think you that Mrs. Somerville could have studied herself into reputation, that the moon and stars would have condescended to smile upon her, if she had not attended their evening parties in a handsome turban, duly plumed and jewelled?

Come we now to the next recorded atrocity:—

"There jumped now upon the stage *a red-haired, laughing-hyena faced, fustian-coated biped*, exclaiming—'My name is Wall! I have a substantive amendment to move to the resolution now proposed—('Go off, off! ooh, ooh, ooh! turn him out, out, out!') We are met in a place where religion is taught (groans). Well, then, we are met where they "teach the young idea how to shoot"—(laughter, groans, and 'Go on, Wall.') Turning to the young *gents* on the platform, 'You,' quoth Mr. Wall, 'have not read history: you clerks at 16s. a week, with your gold chains and pins.'"

Red hair was first made infamous by JUDAS ISCARIOT; hence the reporter not only shows the intensity of his Christianity, but his delicate knowledge of human character, by the fine contempt cast upon the felon locks of the speaker. Red hair is doubtless the brand of Providence; the mark set upon guilty man to give note and warning to his unsuspecting fellow-creatures. Like the scarlet light at the North Foreland, it speaks of shoals, and sands, and flats. The emperor Commodus, who had all his previous life rejoiced in flaxen locks, woke, the morning after his first contest in the arena, a red-haired man! But then, with a fine knowledge of the wholesome prejudices of the world, he turned the curse upon his head into a beauty; for he—powdered it with gold-dust. Could Mr. WALL, of the penny

theatre, induce the Master of the Mint to play his *coiffeur*, how would the reporter fall on his knees and worship the divinity!

Mr. WALL, being of the opposite faction, in addition to the unpowdered ignominy of his hair, has also the face of a hyena! This fact opens a question too vast for our one solitary page. We lack at least the amplitude of a quarto to prove that all men are fashioned, even in the womb, with features that shall hereafter beautifully harmonise with the politics of the grown creature. Now WALL, being ordained a poor man and a Chartist, is endowed with a "laughing hyena" countenance. He even loses the vantage ground of our common humanity, and is sunk by his poverty and his politics to the condition of a beast, and of a most unamiable beast into the bargain. However, the vast enfolding iniquity is yet to be displayed and duly shuddered at; for *WALL*, the biped hyena, wears—a fustian coat!

As journalists, we trust we have our common share—which is no little—of human vanity. Nevertheless, with the highest private opinion of our own powers, we feel we can add nothing to the picture drawn by the reporter. The fustian coat, with a tongue in every button-hole, discourses on its own inwoven infamy.

We recognise with great pleasure a growing custom on the part of political reporters to merge the orators and listeners at public meetings in their several articles of dress. This practice has doubtless originated in a most philosophical consideration of the sympathies between the outer and the inner man, and has its source in the earliest records of human life. The patriarchs rent their garments in token of the misery that lacerated their souls: then rags and tatters were ennobled by sorrow—there was a deep sentiment in sackcloth and ashes. We have, however, improved upon the ignorance of primitive days; and though we still admit the covering of man to be typical of his condition of mind, we wisely keep our respect for super-Saxony, and expend contempt and ridicule on corduroy and fustian. We yet hope to see the day when certain political meetings will be briefly reported as follow:—

"Faded Blue Coat, with tarnished Brass Buttons, took the chair.

"Velveteen Jacket moved the first resolution, which was seconded by Check Shirt and Ankle-jacks.

"Brown Great Coat, with holes in elbows, moved the second resolution—seconded by Greasy Drab Breeches and Dirty Leather Gaiters.

"After thanks to Blue Coat had been moved by Brown Surtout and Crack under both Arms, the Fustian Jackets departed."

Would not this be quite sufficient? Knowing the philosophy of appearance in England, might we not by our imagination supply a truer speech to every orator than could be taken down by the most faithful reporter?

Q.



THE NEW PARLIAMENTARY MASONS.

"WE HAVE A PLAN, WHICH, FROM ITS ORIGINALITY, SHOULD DRAW DOWN UPON US THE GRATITUDE OF THE NATION.... WE PROPOSE THAT, DURING THE PROROGATION, AT LEAST, MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT, SHOULD, LIKE BEAVERS, BUILD THEIR OWN HOUSES."

Vide PUNCH

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LIST OF THE PREMIUMS

AWARDED BY THE

HOOKHAM-CUM-SNIVEY LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY,

FOR THE YEAR 1841.

FIRST PREMIUM.

MANAGEMENT OF LANDED PROPERTY.

To Count D'Orsay, for the most approved Essay on Cultivating a Flower Pot, and the Expediency of growing Mignonette in preference to Sweet Pea on the Window-sills—

The Pasteboard Medal of the Society.

SECOND PREMIUM.

METHOD OF GROWING PERMANENT WHISKERS.

To Colonel Sibthorp, for a Report of several successful Experiments in laying down his own Cheeks for a permanent growth of Whisker, with a description of the most approved Hair-fence worn on the Chin, and the exact colour adapted to all seasons—

The Pasteboard Medal and a Bottle of Balm of Columbia.

THIRD PREMIUM.

IMPROVING THE CONDITION OF THE POOR, BY INVENTING A VALUABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR MEAT, BREAD, VEGETABLES, AND OTHER MASTICATORY ALIMENT.

To the Poor-Law Commissioners, for their valuable Essay on Cheap Feeding, and an Account of several Experiments made in the Unions throughout the Kingdom; by which they have satisfactorily demonstrated that a man may exist on stewed chips and sawdust—also for their original receipt for making light, cheap workhouse soup, with a gallon of water and a gooseberry—

The Pasteboard Medal and a Mendicity Ticket.

FOURTH PREMIUM.

QUANTITY OF BRAINS REQUIRED TO MAKE A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

To Peter Borthwick, for his ingenious Treatise, proving logically that a Member requires no Brains, instancing his own case, where the deficiency was supplied by the length of his ears—

The Pewter Medal, and a Copy of Enfield's Speaker.

FIFTH PREMIUM.

AMOUNT OF CASH REQUIRED BY A GENTLEMAN TO KEEP A WALKING-STICK, A PAIR OF MOUSTACHES, AND A CIGAR.

To the Society of Law Clerks, for the best Account of how Fifteen Shillings a week may be managed, to enable the Possessor to “draw it rather brisk” after office-hours in Regent-street, including board and lodging for his switch and spurs, and Warren's jet for his Wellingtons—

The Tin Medal and a Penny Cuba.

SIXTH PREMIUM.

FATTENING ALDERMEN.

To Sir Peter Laurie, for a Bill of Fare of the various viands demolished at the Lord Mayors' Dinners for the last ten years—also, for an account of certain experiments made to ascertain the contents of the Board of Aldermen at City Feasts, by the application of a new regulating-belt, called the Gastronometre—

A German Silver Medal and a Gravy Spoon.

PUNCH'S REVIEW.

THE MEMOIRS OF MADAME LAFFARGE.

The title, I think, will strike. The fashion, you know, now, is to do away with old prejudices, and to rescue certain characters from the illiberal odium with which custom has marked them. Thus we have a generous Israelite, an amiable cynic, and so on. Now, Sir, I call my play—*The Humane Footpad.*—SYLVESTER DAGGERWOOD.

Some four or five seasons since, the eccentric Buckstone produced a three-act farce, which, by dint of its after title—*The School for Sympathy*—and of much highly comic woe, exhibited in the acting of Farren and Nisbett, was presented to uproariously-affected audiences during some score nights. The hinge of the mirth was made to turn upon the irresistible drollery of one man's running away with another man's wife, and the outrageous fun of the consequent suicide of the injured husband; the *bons mots* being most tragically humorous, and the aphorisms of the several characters facetiously concatenative of the nouns contained in the leading name of the piece—“*Love and Murder.*”

Now this was a magnificent idea—one of those brilliant efforts which cannot but tend to lift the theatre in the estimation of every man of delicacy and education. A new source of attraction was at once discovered,—a vast fund of available fuel was suddenly found to recruit the cinerulent embers of the drama withal. It became evident that, after Joe Miller, the ordinary of Newgate was the funniest dog in the world. Manslaughter, arson, and the more practical jokes in the Calendar, were already familiar to the stage; it was a refinement of the Haymarket authors to introduce those livelier sallies of wit—*crim. con.* and *felo-de-se.* The “immense coalitions” of all manner of crimes and vices in the subsequent “highway school”—the gradual development of every unnatural tendency in the youthful Jack Sheppard (another immor-t-al work by the author of the afore-lauded comedy)—the celebration, by a classic chaunt, of his reaching the pinnacle of depravity; this was the *ne plus ultra* of dramatic invention. Robbers and murderers began to be treated, after the Catholic fashion, with extreme unction; audiences were intoxicated with the new drop; sympathy became epidemic; everybody was bewildered and improved; and nobody went and threw themselves off the Monument with a copy of the baleful drama in his pocket!

But the magnificence of the discovery was too large to be grasped by even the gluttonous eye of the managers, The Adelphi might overflow—the Surrey might quake with reiterated “pitsfull”—still there remained over and above the feast-crumbs sufficient for the battenings of other than theatrical appetites. Immediately the press-gang—we beg pardon, the *press*—arose, and with a mighty throe spawned many monsters. Great drama! *Greater Press!* GREATEST PUBLIC!

Now this was all excellent well as far as it went; but still there was something wanted of more reality than the improvisations of a romancist. Ainsworth might dip his pen in the grossest epithets; Boz might dabble in the mysterious dens of Hebrew iniquity; even Bulwer might hash up to us his recollections of St. Giles's dialogue; and yet it was evident that they were all the while only “shamming”—only cooking up some dainty dish according to a *recipe*, or, as it is still frequently pronounced, a *receipt*,—which last, with such writers, will ever be the guide-post of their track.

But something more was wanted; and here it is—here, in the Memoirs of Marie Cappelle.

This lady, perhaps the most remarkable woman of her age, has published a book—half farce, half novel—in which she treats by turns with the clap-trap agony of a Bulwer, the quaint sneer of a Dickens, and the effrontery of an Ainsworth, that serious charge which employed the careful investigation of the most experienced men in France for many weeks, and which excited a degree of interest in domestic England almost unexampled in the history of foreign trials. This work is published by a gentleman who calls himself “Publisher in ordinary to her Majesty,” and may be procured at any book-seller's by all such as have a guinea and a day's leisure at the mercy of the literary charlatan who contrived it.

In the strictest confidence we would suggest, that if a treaty could be ratified with Madame Marie Cappelle Laffarge, we do not doubt that our nursery—yea, our laundry—maids would learn to spell the precious sentences, to their own great edification and that of the children placed under their charge.

OUR TRADE REPORT.

Coals are a shade blacker than they were last week, but not quite so heavy; and turnips are much lighter than they have been known for a very considerable period.

Great complaints are made of the ticketing system; and persons going to purchase shawls, as they supposed, at nine-pence three-farthings each, are disgusted at being referred to a very small one pound sixteen marked very lightly in pencil immediately before the $9\frac{3}{4}d.$, which is very large and in very black ink. There were several transactions of this kind during the whole morning.

The depressed state of the Gossamer-market has long been a subject of conversation among the four-and-niners who frequent the cheap coffee-shops in the City; but no one knows the cause of what has taken place, nor can they exactly state what the occurrence is that they are so loudly complaining of.

Bones continue to fetch a penny for two pounds; but great murmurs are heard of the difficulty of making up a pound equal to the very liberal weights which the marine-store

keepers use when making their *purchases*; they, however, make up for it by using much lighter weights when they sell, which is so far fair and satisfactory.

The arrivals in baked potatoes have been very numerous; fifty cans were entered outwards on Saturday.

RELATIVE GENTILITY.

Two ladies of St. Giles's disputing lately on the respectability of each other's family, concluded the debate in the following way:—"Mrs. Doyle, ma'am, I'd have you know that I've an uncle a *bannister* of the law." "Much about your *bannister*," retorted Mrs. Doyle; "haven't I a first cousin a *corridor* in the navy?"

KEEPING IT DARK.

Jim Bones, a free nigger of New York, has a child so exceedingly dark that he cannot be seen on the lightest day.

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THE GENTLEMAN'S OWN BOOK.

REVENONS A NOS MOUTONS—i.e. (for the benefit of country members) to return to our mutton, or rather the "trimmings." The ornaments which notify the pecuniary superiority of the wearer include chains, rings, studs, canes, watches, and purses. *Chains* should be of gold, and cannot be too ostentatiously displayed; for a proper disposition of these "braveries" is sure to induce the utmost confidence in the highly useful occupants of Pigot's and Robson's Directory. We have seen some waistcoats so elaborately festooned, that we would stake our inkstand that the most unbelieving money-lender would have taken the personal security of the wearer without hesitation. The perfection to which mosaic-work has arrived may possibly hold out a strong temptation to the thoughtless to substitute the shadow for the reality. Do not deceive yourself; an experienced eye will instantly detect the imposition, though your ornaments may be



FRESH EVERY DAY;

for, we will defy any true gentleman to preserve an equanimity of expression under the hint—either visual or verbal—that (to use the language of the poet) you are "a man of brass."

We have a faint recollection of a class of gentlemen who used to attach an heterogeneal collection of massive seals and keys to one end of a chain, and a small church-clock to the other. The chain then formed a pendulum in front of their small-clothes, and the dignified oscillation of the appendages was considered to distinguish the gentleman. They were also used as auxiliaries in argument; for whenever an hiatus occurred in the discussion, the speaker, by having resort to his watch-chain, could frequently confound his adversary by commencing a series of rapid gyrations. But the fashion has descended to merchants, lawyers, doctors, *et sui generis*, who never drive bargains, ruin debtors, kill patients, *et cetera*, without having recourse to this imposing decoration.

Rings are the next indicators of superfluous cash. As they are *merely ornamental*, they should resemble vipers, tapeworms, snakes, toads, monkey's, death's heads, and similar engaging and pleasing subjects. The more liberally the fingers are enriched, the greater the assurance that the hand is never employed in any useful labour, and is consequently

only devoted to the ministration of indulgences, and the exhibition of those elegant productions which distinguish the highly-civilised gentleman from the *highly-tattooed* savage.

Mourning-rings have an air of extreme respectability; for they are always suggestive of a legacy, and of the fact that you have been connected with somebody who was not buried at the expense of the parish.

Studs should be selected with the greatest possible care, and in our opinion the small gold ones can only be worn by a perfect gentleman; for whilst they perform their required office, they do not distract the attention from the quality and whiteness of your linen. Some that we have seen were evidently intended for cabinet pictures, rifle targets and breast-plates.

Pins.—These necessary adjuncts to the cravat of a gentleman have undergone a singular revolution during late years; but we confess we are admirers of the present fashion, for if it is desirable to indulge in an ornament, it is equally desirable that everybody should be gratified by the exhibition thereof. We presume that it is with this commendable feeling that pins'-heads (whose smallness in former days became a proverb) should now resemble the apex of a beadle's staff; and, as though to make "assurance doubly sure," a plurality is absolutely required for the decoration of a gentleman. In these times, when political partisanship is so exceedingly violent, why not make the pins indicative of the opinions of the wearer, as the waistcoat was in the days of Fox. We could suggest some very appropriate designs; for instance, the heads of Peel and Wakley, connected by a *very* slight link—Sibthorp and Peter Borthwick by a series of long-car rings—Muntz and D'Israeli cut out of very hard wood, and united by a hair-chain; and many others too numerous to mention.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

PARODIED BY A XX TEETOTALLER.

To drink, or not to drink? That is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler inwardly to suffer
The pangs and twitchings of uneasy stomach,
Or to take brandy-toddy 'gainst the colic,
And by imbibing end it? To drink,—to sleep,—
To snore;—and, by a snooze, to say we end
The head-ache, and the morning's parching thirst
That drinking's heir to;—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To drink,—to pay,—
To pay the waiter's bill?—Ay—there's the rub;
For in that snipe-like bill, a stop may come,
When we would shuffle off our mortal score,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes sobriety of so long date;
For who could bear to hear the glasses ring
In concert clear—the chairman's ready toast—
The pops of out-drawn corks—the "hip hurrah!"
The eloquence of claret—and the songs,
Which often through the noisy revel break,
When a man—might his quietus make
With a full bottle? Who would sober be,
Or sip weak coffee through the live-long night;
But that the dread of being laid upon
That stretcher by policemen borne, on which
The reveller reclines,—puzzles me much,
And makes me rather tipple ginger beer,
Than fly to brandy, or to—

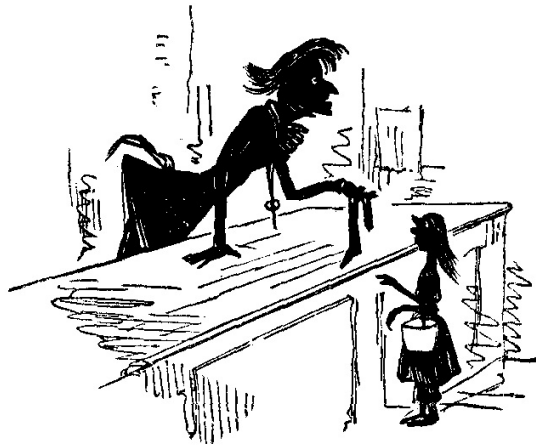


—HODGE'S SIN?

Thus poverty doth make us Temp'rance men.

“TRY OUR BEST SYMPATHY.”

It is a fact, when the deputation of the distressed manufacturers waited upon Sir Robert Peel to represent to him their destitute condition, that the Right Honourable Baronet declared he felt the deepest sympathy for them. This is all very fine—but we fear greatly, if Sir Robert should be inclined to make a commercial speculation of his *sympathy*, that he would go into the market with



A VERY SMALL STOCK-IN(G) TRADE.

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THE MAN OF HABIT.

I meet with men of this character very frequently, and though I believe that the stiff formality of the past age was more congenial than the present to the formation and growth of these peculiar beings, there are still a sufficient number of the species in existence for the philosophical cosmopolite to study and comment upon.

A true specimen of a *man of habit* should be an old bachelor,—for matrimony deranges the whole clock-work system upon which he piques himself. He could never endure to have his breakfast delayed for one second to indulge “his soul’s far dearer part” with a prolonged morning dream; and he dislikes children, because the noisy urchins make a point of tormenting him wherever he goes. The Man of Habit has a certain hour for all the occupations of his life; he allows himself twenty minutes for shaving and dressing; fifteen for breakfasting, in which time he eats two slices of toast, drinks two cups of coffee, and swallows two eggs boiled for two and a half minutes by an infallible chronometer. After breakfast he reads the newspaper, but lays it down in the very heart and pith of a clever article on his own side of the question, the moment his time is up. He has even been known to leave the theatre at the very moment of the *dénouement* of a deeply-interesting play

rather than exceed his limited hour by five minutes. He will be out of temper all day, if he does not find his hat on its proper nail and his cane in its allotted corner. He chooses a particular walk, where he may take his prescribed number of turns without interruption, for he would prefer suffering a serious inconvenience rather than be obliged to quicken or slacken his pace to suit the speed of a friend who might join him. My uncle Simon was a character of this cast. I could take it on my conscience to assert that, every night for the forty years preceding his death, he had one foot in the bed on the first stroke of 11 o'clock, and just as the last chime had tolled, that he was enveloped in the blankets to his chin. I have known him discharge a servant because his slippers were placed by his bed-side for contrary feet; and I have won a wager by betting that he would turn the corner of a certain street at precisely three minutes before ten in the morning. My uncle used to frequent a club in the City, of which he had become the oracle. Precisely at eight o'clock he entered the room—took his seat in a leather-backed easy chair in a particular corner—read a certain favourite journal—drank two glasses of rum toddy—smoked four pipes—and was always in the act of putting his right arm into the sleeve of his great-coat, to return home, as the clock struck ten. The cause of my uncle's death was as singular as his life was whimsical. He went one night to the club, and was surprised to find his seat occupied by a tall dark-browed man, who smoked a *meerschaum* of prodigious size in solemn silence. Numerous hints were thrown out to the stranger that the seat had by prescriptive right and ancient custom become the property of my uncle; he either did not or would not understand them, and continued to keep his possession of the leather-backed chair with the most imperturbable *sang-froid*. My uncle in despair took another seat, and endeavoured to appear as if nothing had occurred to disturb him,—but he could not dissimulate. He was pierced to the heart,—and



"I SAW THE IRON ENTER HIS SOLE."

My uncle left the club half-an-hour before his time; he returned home—went to bed without winding his watch—and the next morning he was found lifeless in his bed.

PUNCH'S POLITICAL ECONOMY.

The subject of political economy is becoming so general a portion of education, that it will doubtless soon be introduced at the infant schools among the other eccentric evolutions or playful whirls of *Mr. Wilder-spin*. At it is the fashion to comprehend nothing, but to have a smattering of everything, we beg leave to smatter our readers with a very thin layer of political economy. In the first place, "political" means "political," and "economy" signifies "economy," at least when taken separately; but put them together, and they express all kinds of extravagance. Political economy contemplates the possibility of labouring without work, eating without food, and living without the means of subsistence. Social, or individual economy, teaches to live *within* our means; political economy calls upon us to live *without* them. In the debates, when more than usual time has been wasted in talking the most *extravagant* stuff, ten to one that there has been a good deal of *political economy*. If you bother a poor devil who is dying of want, and speak to him about *consumption*, it is probably "political economy" that you will have addressed to him. If you talk to a man sinking with hunger about *floating* capital, you will no doubt have given him the benefit of a few hints in "political economy:" while, if to a wretch in tattered rags you broach the theory of *rent*, he must be an ungrateful beast indeed if he does not appreciate the blessings of "political economy." That "labour is wealth" forms one of the most refreshing axioms of this delicious science; and if brought to the notice of a man breaking stones on the road, he would perhaps wonder where his wealth might be while thinking of his labour, but he could not question your proficiency in "political economy." In fact, it is the most political and most economical science in the world, if it can only be made to achieve its object, which is to persuade the hard-working classes that they are the richest people in the universe, for their labour gives value, and value gives wealth; but who gets the value

and the wealth is a consideration that does not fall within the province of "political economy."

There is another branch of the subject at which we shall merely glance; but one hint will open up a wide field of observation to the student. The branch to which we allude is the tremendous extent to which political economy is carried by those who interfere so much in politics with so very little political knowledge, and who consequently display a most surprising share of "political economy,"

As a very little goes a great way, and particularly as the most diminutive portion of knowledge communicated by ourselves is, like the "one small pill constituting a dose," much more efficacious than the 40 Number Ones and 50 Number Twos of the mere quacks, we close for the present our observations on *Political Economy*.

ON THE KEY-VIVE.

There can be no doubt as to the *primâ facie* evidence of the hostile intentions of the destroyed American steamer, with respect to the disaffected on Navy Island, as, from the acknowledged inquisitiveness of the gentler sex, there can be no doubt that *Caroline* would have a natural predilection for



PRIVATE (H)EERING.

LAST NEW SAYINGS.

Come, none of your raillery; as the stage-coach indignantly said to the steam-engine.

That "strain" again; as the Poor-law Commissioner generously said to the water-gruel sieve.

I paid very dear for my whistle; as the steam-engine emphatically said to the railroad.

Peel for ever! as the church bells joyously said to Conservative hearts.

There is at present a man in New York whose temper is so exceedingly hot that he invariably reduces all his shirts to tinder.

PUNCH'S THEATRE.

THE MAID OF HONOUR.

The Adelphi "Correspondent from Paris" has favoured that Theatre with an adaptation of Scribe's "*Verre d'Eau*," which he has called "The Maid of Honour."

Everybody must remember that, last year, the trifling affair of the British Government was settled by the far more momentous consideration of who should be Ladies of the Bed-chamber. The Parisians, seeing the dramatic capabilities of this incident, put it into a farce, resting the whole affair upon the shoulders of a former Queen whose Court was similarly circumstanced. This is the piece which Mr. Yates has had the daring to get done into English, and transplanted into Spain, and interspersed with embroidery, confectionary, and a Spanish sentence; the last judiciously entrusted to that accomplished linguist, Mr. John Saunders.

Soon after the rising of the curtain, we behold the figure of Mr. Yates displayed to great advantage in the dress usually assigned to *Noodle* and *Doodle* in the tragedy of "Tom Thumb." He represents the *Count Ollivarez*, and the head of a political party—the opposition. The Court faction having for its chief the *Duchess of Albafurez*, who being Mistress of the Queen's robes is of course her favourite; for the millinery department of the country which can boast of a Queen Regnant is of far higher importance than foreign or financial affairs, justice, police, or war—consequently, the chief of the wardrobe is far more exalted and better beloved than a mere Premier or Secretary of State. The Count is planning an intrigue, the agents of which are to be *Henrico*, a Court page, and *Felicia*, a court milliner. Not being able to make much of the page, he turns over a new leaf, and addresses himself to the dress-maker; so, after a few preliminary hems, he draws out the thread of his purpose to her, and cuts out an excellent pattern for her guidance, which if she implicitly follow will assuredly make her a Maid of Honour.

A comedy without mystery is Punch without a joke; Yates without a speech to the audience on a first night; or Bartley's pathos without a pocket-handkerchief. The Court page soon opens the book of *imbroglio*. He is made a Captain of the Queen's Guard by some unknown hand; he has always been protected by the same unseen benefactor, who, as if to guard him from every ill that flesh is heir to, showers on him his or her favours upon condition that he never marries! "Happy man," exclaims the Count. "Not at all," answers the other, "I am in love with *Felicia*!" Nobody is surprised at this, for it is a rule amongst dramatists never to forbid the banns until the banned, poor devil, is on the steps of the altar. *Henrico*, now a Captain, goes off to flesh his sword; meets with an insult, and by the greatest good luck kills his antagonist in the precincts of the palace; so that if he be not hanged for murder, his fortune is made. The victim is the Count's cousin, to whom he is next of kin. "Good Heavens!" ejaculates *Ollivarez*, "You have made yourself a criminal, and me—a Duke! Horrible!"

By the way, this same *Henrico*, as performed by that excellent swimmer (in the water-piece), Mr. Spencer Forde, forms a very entertaining character. His imperturbable calmness while uttering the heart-stirring words, assigned by the author to his own description of the late affair-of-honourable assassination, was highly edifying to the philosophic mind. The pleasing and amiable tones in which he stated how irretrievably he was ruined, the dulcet sweetness of the farewell to his heart's adored, the mathematical exactitude of his position while embracing her, the cool deliberation which marked his exit—offered a picture of calm stoicism just on the point of tumbling over the precipice of destruction not to be equalled—not, at least, since those halcyon dramatic days when Osbaldiston leased Covent Garden, and played *Pierre*.

Somehow or other—for one must not be too particular about the wherefores of stage political intrigues—*Felicia* is promoted from the office of making dresses for the Queen to that of putting them on. Behold her a maid of honour and of all-work; for the Queen takes her into her confidence, and in that case people at Court have an immense variety of duties to perform. The Duchess's place is fast becoming a sinecure, and she trembles for her influence—perhaps, in case of dismissal, for her next quarter's salary to boot—so she shakes in her shoes.

It is at this stage of the plot that we perceive why the part of *Henrico* was entrusted to the gentleman who plays it,—the mystery we have alluded to being by this arrangement very considerably increased; for we now learn that no fewer than three ladies in the piece are in love with him, namely, *Felicia*, the Queen, and the Duchess. Now the most penetrating auditor would never, until actually informed of the fact, for a moment suspect a Queen, or even a Duchess, of such bad taste; for, as far as our experience goes, we have generally found that women do not cast their affections to men who are sheepish, insensible, cold, ungainly, with small voices, and not more than five feet high. Surprise artfully excited and cleverly satisfied is the grand aim of the dramatist. How completely is it here fulfilled! for when we discover that the personator of *Henrico* is meant for an Adonis, we *are* astonished.

The truth is then, that the secret benefactor of this supposed-to-be irresistible youth has always been the *Duchess Albafurez*, who, learning from *Ollivarez* that her pet has new claims upon her heart for having killed her friend the Duke, determines to assist him to escape, which however is not at all necessary, for *Ollivarez* is entrusted with the warrant for apprehending the person or persons unknown who did the murder. But could he injure

the man who has made him a Duke by a lucky *coup-d'épée*? No, no. Let him cross the frontier; and, when he is out of reach, what thundering denunciations will not the possessor of the dukedom fulminate against the killer of his cousin! It is shocking to perceive how intimately acquainted old Scribe must be with manners, customs, and feelings, as they exist at Court.

The necessary passports are placed before the Queen for her signature (perhaps her Spanish Majesty can't afford clerks); but when she perceives whom they threaten to banish from behind her chair, she declines honouring them with her autograph. The Duchess thus learns her secret. "She, too, love Henrico? Well I never!" About this time a tornado of jealousy may be expected; but court etiquette prevents it from bursting; and the Duchess reserves her revenge, the Queen sits down to her embroidery frame, and one is puzzled to know what is coming next.

This puzzle was not on Monday night long in being resolved. *Ollivarez* entered, and a child in the gallery commenced crying with that persevering quality of tone which threatens long endurance. Mr. Yates could not resist the temptation; and *Ollivarez*, the newly-created Duke of Medina, promised the baby a free admission for four, any other night, if it would only vacate the gallery just then. These terms having been assented to by a final screech, the infant left the gallery. After an instant's pause—during which the Manager tapped his forehead, as much as to say, "Where did I leave off?"—the piece went on.

We had no idea till last night how difficult it was for a Queen to indulge in a bit of flirtation! A most elaborate intrigue is, it seems, necessary to procure for her a tender interview with her innamorato. A plan was invented, whose intricacy would have bothered the inventor of spinning-jennies, whereby *Henrico* was to be closeted with her most Christian Majesty,—its grand accomplishment to take place when the Queen called for a glass of ice (the original *Scribe* wrote "water," but the Adelphi adapter thought ice would be more natural, for fear the piece should run till Christmas). The Duchess overhears the entire plot, but fails in frustrating it. Hence we find *Henrico*, *Felicia*, and the Queen together, going through a well-contrived and charmingly-conducted scene of equivoque—the Queen questioning *Henrico* touching the state of his heart, and he answering her in reference to *Felicia*, who is leaning over the embroidery frame behind the Queen, and out of her sight.

This felicitous situation is interrupted by the spiteful Duchess; the lover escapes behind the window curtains to avoid scandal—is discovered, and his sovereign's reputation is only saved by the declaration of *Felicia*, that the Captain is there on *her* account. *Ollivarez* asserts that they are married, to clench the fib—the Queen sees her folly—the Duchess is disgraced—all the characters stand in the well-defined semicircle which is the stage method of writing the word "finis"—Mrs. Yates speaks a very neat and pointed "tag"—and that's all.

For this two-act Comidetta, dear Yates, we pronounce absolution and remission of thy sins, so wickedly committed in the washy melo-drama, and cackling vaudeville, thou hast recently affronted common-sense withal! Thine own acting as the courtier was natural, except when thou didst interpolate the dialogue with the baby—a crying sin, believe us. Else, thy bows were graceful; and thy shoulder-shrugs—are they not chronicled in the mind's eye of thy most distant admirers? The little touches of humour that shone forth in the dialogue assigned to thee, were not exaggerated by the too-of-often indulged-in grimaces—in short, despite thy too monstrous *chapeau-bras*—which was big enough for a life-boat—thou lookedst like a Duke, a gentleman, and what in truth thou really art—an indefatigable *intrigant*. Thy favoured help-mate, too, gave a reality to the scene by her captivating union of queenly dignity and feminine tenderness. But most especially fortunate art thou in thy *Felicia*. Alas for our hunch and our hatchet nose! but O, alas! and alas! that we have a *Judy*! for never did we regret all three so deeply as while Miss Ellen Chaplin was on the stage. In our favourite scene with the Queen and her lover, how graceful and expressive were her dumb answers to what ought to have been *Henrico*'s eloquent declarations, spoken *through* the Queen. We charge thee, dear friend, to "call" her on Monday morning at eleven, and to rehearse unto her what we are going to say. Tell her that as she is young, a bright career is before her if she will not fall into the sin of copying some other favourite actress—say, for instance, Mrs. Yates—instead of our arch-mistress, Nature; say, moreover, that at the same time, she must be unwearying in acquiring *art*; lastly, inform her, that *Punch* has his eye upon her, and will scold her if she become a backslider and an imitator of other people's faults.

As to poor Mr. *Spencer* Forde, he, too, is young; and you do wrong, O Yates! in giving him a part he will be unequal to till he grows big enough for a coat. A smaller part would, we doubt not, suit him excellently.

Lastly, give our best compliments to Mrs. Fosbroke, to the illustrious Mr. Freeborn, to Mr. John Saunders, and our especial commendations to thy scene-painter, thy upholsterer, and the gentleman lamp-lighter thou art so justly proud of; for each did his and her best to add a charm to "The Maid of Honour."

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

VOL. 1.

NOVEMBER 6, 1841.

A DAY-DREAM AT MY UNCLE'S.

The result of a serious conversation between the authors of my being ended in the resolution that it was high time for me to begin the world, and do something for myself. The only difficult problem left for them to solve was, in what way I had better commence. One would have thought the world had nothing in its whole construction but futile beginnings and most unsatisfactory methods of doing for one's self. Scheme after scheme was discussed and discarded; new plans were hot-beds for new doubts; and impossibilities seemed to overwhelm every succeeding though successful suggestion. At the critical moment when it appeared perfectly clear to me either that I was fit for nothing or nothing was fit for me, the authoritative "rat-tat" of the general postman closed the argument, and for a brief space distracted the intense contemplations of my bewildered parents.

"Good gracious!" "Well, I never!" "Who'd ha' thought it?" and various other disjointed mutterings escaped my father, forming a sort of running commentary upon the document under his perusal. Having duly devoured the contents, he spread the sheet of paper carefully out, re-wiped his spectacles, and again commenced the former all-engrossing subject.

"Tom, my boy, you are all right, and this will do for you. Here's a letter from your uncle Ticket."

I nodded in silence.

"Yes, sir," continued my father, with increasing emphasis and peculiar dignity, "Ticket—the great Ticket—the greatest"—

"Pawnbroker in London," said I, finishing the sentence.

"Yes, sir, he is; and what of that?"

"Nothing further; I don't much like the trade, but"—

"But he's your uncle, sir. It's a glorious money-making business. He offers to take you as an apprentice. Nancy, my love, pack up this lad's things, and start him off by the mail to-morrow. Go to bed, Tom."

So the die was cast! The mail was punctual; and I was duly delivered to Ticket—the great Ticket—my maternal, and everybody else's undefinable, uncle. Duly equipped in glazed calico sleeves, and ditto apron, I took my place behind the counter. But as it was discovered that I had a peculiar *penchant* for giving ten shillings in exchange for gilt sixpences, and encouraging all sorts of smashing by receiving counterfeit crowns, half-crowns, and shillings, I received a box on the ear, and a positive command to confine myself to the up-stairs, or "top-of-the-spout department" for the future. Here my chief duties were to deposit such articles as progressed up that wooden shaft in their respective places, and by the same means transmit the "redeemed" to the shop below. This was but dull work, and in the long dreary evenings, when partial darkness (for I was allowed no candle) seemed to invite sleep, I frequently fell into a foggy sort of mystified somnolency—the partial prostration of my corporeal powers being amply compensated by the vague wanderings of indistinct imagination.

In these dozing moods some of the parcels round me would appear not only imbued with life, but, like the fabled animals of Æsop, blessed with the gift of tongues. Others, though speechless, would conjure up a vivid train of breathing tableaux, replete with their sad histories. That tiny relic, half the size of the small card it is pinned upon, swells like the imprisoned genie the fisherman released from years of bondage, and the shadowy vapour takes once more a form. From the small circle of that wedding ring, the tear-fraught widow and the pallid orphan, closely dogged by Famine and Disease, spring to my sight. That brilliant tiara opens the vista of the rich saloon, and shows the humbled pride of the titled hostess, lying excuses for her absent gems. The flash contents of that bright yellow handkerchief shade forth the felon's bar; the daring burglar eyeing with confidence the counsel learned in the law's defects, fee'd by its produce to defend its quondam owner. The effigies of Pride, Extravagance, honest Distress, and reckless Plunder, all by turns usurp

the scene. In my last waking sleep, just as I had composed myself in delicious indolence, a parcel fell with more than ordinary force on one beneath. These were two of my talking friends. I stirred not, but sat silently to listen to their curious conversation, which I now proceed to give verbatim.

Parcel fallen upon.—"What the d—l are you?"

Parcel that fell.—"That's my business."

"Is it? I rather think its mine, though. Why don't you look where you're going?"

"How can I see through three brown papers and a rusty black silk handkerchief?"

"Ain't there a hole in any of 'em?"

"No."

"That's a pity; but when you've been here as long as I have, the moths will help you a bit."

"Will they?"

"Certainly."

"I hope not."

"Hope if you like; but you'll find I'm right."

"I trust I didn't hurt you much."

"Not very. Bless you, I'm pretty well used to ill-treatment now. You've only rubbed the pile of my collar the wrong way, just as that awkward black rascal would brush me."

"Bless me! I think I know your voice."

"Somehow, I think I know yours."

"You ain't Colonel Tomkins, are you?"

"No."

"Nor Count Castor?"

"No."

"Then I'm in error."

"No you're not. I was the Colonel once; then I became the Count by way of loan; and then I came here—as he said by mistake."

"Why, my dear fellow, I'm delighted to speak to you. How did you wear?"

"So-so."

"When I first saw you, I thought you the handsomest Petersham in town. Your velvet collar, cuffs, and side-pockets, were superb; and when you were the Colonel, upon my life you were the sweetest cut thing about the waist and tails I ever walked with."

"You flatter me."

"Upon my honour, no."

"Well, I can return the compliment; for a blue, with chased buttons and silk lining, you beat anything I ever had the honour of meeting. But I suppose, as you are here, you are not the Cornet now?"

"Alas! no."

"May I ask why?"

"Certainly. His scoundrel of a valet disgraced his master's cloth and me at the same time. The villain went to the Lowther Arcade—took me with him by force. Fancy my agony; literally accessory to handing ices to milliners' apprentices and staymakers; and when the wretch commenced quadrilling it, he dos-a-dos'd me up against a fat soap-boiler's wife, in filthy three-turned-and-dyed common satin."

"Scoundrel!"

"Rascal! But he was discovered—he reeled home drunk. *I*, that is, as it's known, *we* make the men. The Cornet saw him, and thrashed him soundly with a three-foot Crowther."

"That must have been delightful to your feelings."

"Not very."

"Why not? revenge is sweet."

"So it is; but as the Cornet forgot to order him to take me off, I got the worst of the drubbing. I was dreadfully cut about. Two buttons fearfully lacerated—nothing but the shanks left."

"How did it end?"

"The valet mentioned something about wages and assault warrants, so I was given to him to make the matter up. Between you and I, the Cornet was very hard up."

"Indeed!"

"Certain of it. You remember the French-grey trousers we used to walk out with—those he strapped so tight over the remarkably chatty and pleasant French-polished boots whose broken English we used to admire so much?"

"Of course I do; they were the most charming greys I ever met. They beat the plaids into fits; and the plaids were far from ungentlemanly, only they would always talk with a sham Scotch accent, and quote the 'Cotter's Saturday Night.'"

"Certainly that was a drawback. But to return to our friends, and the Cornet's friends, they must have been bad, for those very greys were seated."

"Impossible!"

"Fact, I assure you. My tails were pinned over the patch for three weeks."

"How did they bear it?"

"Shockingly. A general break up of the constitution—went all to pieces. First, decay appeared in the brace buttons; then the straps got out of order. They did say it was owing to the heels of the French-polished boots going down on one side, but the boots would never admit it."

"How did you get here?"

"I came from the Bench for eggs and bacon for the Cornet and his Valet's breakfast! What brought you?"

"The Count's landlady, for a week's rent."

"What did you fetch?"

"A guinea!"

"Bless me, you must have worn well."

"No; hold your tongue—I think I shall die with laughing,—ha! ha!—When they took me in, I returned the compliment. I've been—"

"What?"

"Cuffed and collared!"

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" shouted both coats; and "Ha! ha!" shouted I; "And I'll teach you to 'ha! ha!' and neglect your business" shouted the Governor; and the reality of a stunning box on the ear dispelled the illusion of my "Day-dream at my Uncle's."

FUSBOS.

"BLOW GENTLE BREEZE."

The Reverend Henry *Snow*, M.A., has been inducted by the Bishop of Gloucester, to the Vicarage of Sherborne cum *Windrush*.

From Glo'ster *see*, a *windrush* came, and lo!
On Sherborne Vicarage it drifted *Snow*.



ndoubtedly on the following day 24 Pleasant-terrace was the most uncomfortable place in the universe. Some one has said that wherever Pleasure is, Pain is certain not to be far off; and the truth of the allegory is never better exemplified than on the day after "a most delightful party." We can only compare it to the morning succeeding a victory by which the conqueror has gained a great deal of glory at a very considerable expenditure of *matériel*. Let us accompany the mistress of the house as she proceeds from room to room, to ascertain the damage done by the enemy upon the furniture and decorations. A light damask curtain is found to have been saturated with port wine; a ditto chair-cushion has been doing duty as a dripping-pan to a cluster of wax-lights; a china shepherdess, having been brought into violent collision with the tail of a raging lion on the mantel-piece, has reduced the noble beast to the short-cut condition of a Scotch colley. A broken candle has perversely fallen the only way in which it could have done any damage, and has thrown the quicksilver on the back of a large looking-glass into an alarming state of eruption. The return of "cracked and broken" presents a fearful list of smashage and fracture: *the best* tea-set is rendered unfit for active service, being minus two saucers, a cup-handle, and a milk-jug; the green and gold dessert-plates have been frightfully reduced in numbers; two fiddle-handle spoons are completely *hors de combat*, having been placed under the legs of the supper-table to keep it steady; seven straw-stemmed wine-glasses awfully shattered during the "three-times-three" discharge in honour of the toast of the Heir of Applebites; four cut tumblers injured past recovery in a fit of "entusymusy" by four young gentlemen who were accidentally left by themselves in the supper-room; eighteen silver-plated dessert-knives reduced to the character of saws, by a similar number of "nice fellows" who were endeavouring to do the agreeable with the champagne, and consequently could distinguish no difference between wire and grape-stalks. The destruction in the kitchen had been equally great: the extra waiter had placed his heel on a ham-sandwich, and, consequently, sat down rather hurriedly on the floor with a large tray of sundries in his lap, the result of which was, according to the following

OFFICIAL RETURN,

| | |
|-----------------|---|
| Two decanters | starred; |
| One salt-cellar | smithereened; |
| Four tumblers | cracked uncommonly; |
| An extra waiter | many bruises, and fractured pantaloons. |

The day after a party is certain to be a sloppy day; and as the street-door is constantly being opened and shut, a raw, rheumatismal wind is ever in active operation. Both these miseries were consequent upon the Applebite festivities, and Agamemnon saw a series of catarrhs enter the house as the rout-stools made their exit. He was quite right; for the next fortnight neck-of-mutton broth was the standard bill of fare, only varied by tea, gruel, and toast-and-water.

There is no evil without its attendant good; and the temporary imprisonment of the Applebite family induced them to consider the propriety of naming the infant heir, for hitherto he had been called "the cherub," "the sweet one," "the mother's duck of the world," and "daddy's darling." Several names had been suggested by the several friends and relatives of the family, but nothing decisive had been agreed to.

Agamemnon wished his heir to be called Isaac, after his grandfather, the member for Puddingbury, "in the hope," as he expressed himself, "that he might in after years be stimulated to emulate the distinguished talents and virtues of his great ancestor." (Overruled by Mrs. Waddledot, Mrs. Applebite, and the rest of the ladies. Isaac declared vulgar, except in the case of the member for Puddingbury.)

Mrs. Waddledot was anxious that the boy should be christened Roger de Dickey, after her mother's great progenitor, who was said to have come over with William the Conqueror, but whether in the capacity of a lacquey or a lord-in-waiting was never, and perhaps never will be, determined. (Opposed by Agamemnon, on the ground that ill-natured people would be sure to dispense with the De, and his heir would be designated as Roger Dickey. In this opinion Mrs. Applebite concurred.)

The lady-mother was still more perplexing; she proposed that he should be called—

ALBERT (we give her own reasons)—because the Queen's husband was so named.

AGAMEMNON—because of the alliteration and his papa.

DAVIS—because an old maiden lady who was independent had said that she thought it a good name for a boy, as her own was Davis.

MONTAGUE—because it was a nice-sounding name, and the one she intended to address him by in general conversation.

COLLUMPSION—as her papa.

PHIPPS—because she had had a dream in which a number of bags or gold were marked P.H.I.P.P.S.; and

APPLEBITE—as a matter of course.

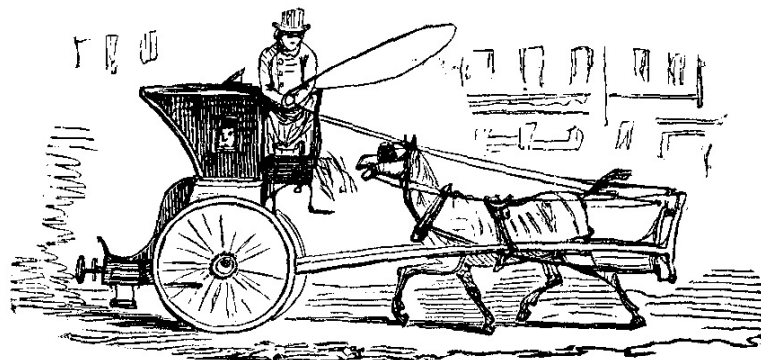
(Objected to by Mrs. Waddledot, for—nothing in particular, and by Agamemnon on the score of economy. The heir being certain to employ a lawyer, would be certain to pay an enormous interest in that way alone.)

Friends were consulted, but without any satisfactory result; and at length it was agreed that the names should be written upon strips of paper and drawn by the nominees. The necessary arrangements being completed, the three proceeded to the ballot.

| | | |
|----------------|------|------------------|
| Mrs. Waddledot | drew | Isaac. |
| Agamemnon | drew | Roger de Dickey. |
| Mrs. Applebite | drew | Phipps. |

As a matter of course everybody was dissatisfied; but with a “stern virtue” everybody kept it to themselves, and the heir was accordingly christened Isaac Roger de Dickey Phipps Applebite.

Old John soon realised Agamemnon’s fears of Mrs. Waddledot’s selection, for, whether the patronym of the Norman invader was more in accordance with his own ideas of propriety, or was more readily suggestive to his mind of the infant heir, he was continually speaking of little master Dicky; and upon being remonstrated with upon the subject promised amendment for the future. All, however, was of no use, for John jumbled the Phipps, the Roger, the Dickey, and the De together, but always contriving most perversely to



“PUT THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE.”

A SCANDALOUS REPORT.

We are requested to contradict, by authority, the report that Colonel Sibthorp was the Guy Fawkes seen in Parliament-street. It is true that a deputation waited upon him to solicit him to take the chair on the 5th of November, but the gallant Colonel modestly declined, much to the disappointment of the young gentlemen who presented the requisition; so much so indeed, that, after exhausting their oratorical powers, they slightly hinted at having recourse to



PHYSICAL FORCE.

"ROB ME THE EXCHEQUER, HAL."

No wonder Smith Exchequer Bills,
Should have a *taste* for gorging,
For since the work the pocket fills,
What *Smith's* averse to *forging*?

[pg 195]

THE FIRE AT THE TOWER.

This is a sad business, there is no doubt, and the excitement which prevailed may probably excuse the eccentricities that occurred, and to which we beg leave to call the public attention.

In the first place, by way of ensuring the safety of the property, precautions were taken to shut out every one from the building; and as military rule knows of no exception, the orders given were executed to the letter by preventing the ingress of the firemen with their engines until the general order of exclusion was followed by a countermand. This of course took time, leaving the fire to devour at its leisure the enormous meal that fate had prepared for it.

After the admission of the firemen there was the usual mishap of no water where it could be got at, but an abundant supply where there was no possibility of reaching it. The tanks which the hose could be got into were almost dry, while the Thames was in the most provoking way almost overflowing its banks in the very neighbourhood of the fire; and yet, if the pipes were laid on to the water, they were laid off too far from the building to have the least effect upon it.

The next eccentricity consisted in the sudden idea that suggested itself to somebody, that all energy should be devoted to saving the jewels, which were not in the smallest danger, and even if they had been, there was nobody knew how to get at them, the key being some miles off in the possession of the Lord Chamberlain. It might as well have been at the bottom of the Thames; and, of course, everybody began tugging at the iron bars, which were at length forced, and the jewels were, at a great cost of time and trouble, removed *to a place of safety from a position of the most perfect security!!* However, this showed activity if nothing else, and of course made the subject of paragraphs about "presence of mind," "indefatigable exertions," and "superhuman efforts" on the part of certain persons who, for the good they were doing, might just as well have been carrying the piece of artillery in St. James's Park into the enclosure opposite.

While the jewels were being hurried from one part of the Tower, where they were quite safe, to another where they were not more so, it never occurred to any one to rescue from danger the arms, which were being quietly consumed, while the crown and regalia were being jolted about with the most injurious activity.

The treatment of some of the reporters was another curious point of this melancholy business; and a gentleman from a weekly journal, on applying at head-quarters, found his own head suddenly quartered by a blow from a musket. This was rather unceremonious treatment on the part of the privates of the line to a person who is also



ATTACHED TO THE LINE.

—the penny-a-line we mean; but with a true *gusto* for accidents, and a relish for calamities, which nothing could subdue, he still pressed forward, with blood streaming from his

fractured skull, for additional particulars. The American reporter whose hand was blown off, and had the good fortune to be upon the spot, is not to be compared with the hero who had the exclusive advantage of being able to supply practical information of the ruffianly conduct pursued by the soldiery.

It is not stated whether the fire-escape was on the spot; but as no one lived in the building that was burnt, it is highly probable that every effort was made to save the lives of the inhabitants. There is no doubt that the ladder was strenuously directed towards the clock tower, with the view, probably, of saving the "jolly cock" who used to adorn the top of it.

The reporters mark as a miracle the extraordinary fact, that during the whole time of the fire, the weathercock continued to vary with the wind. The gentlemen of the press, probably, expected that the awful solemnity of the scene would have rendered any man, not entirely lost to every sense of feeling, completely motionless. The apathy of the weathercock that went on whirling about as if nothing had happened, is in the highest degree disgusting, and we can scarcely regret the fate of such an unfeeling animal.

PLEASE TO REMEMBER THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

November, that month of fires, fogs, *felo de ses*, and Fawkes, has been ushered in with becoming ceremony at the Tower and at various other parts of the metropolis. In vain has an Act of Parliament been passed for the suppression of bonfires—November asserts her rights, and will have her modicum of "flare up" in spite of the law; but with the trickery of an Old Bailey barrister she has thrown the onus upon October. Nor is this all! Like a traitorous Eccalobeion she has already hatched several conspiracies, as though everybody now thought of getting rid of others or themselves.

The Right Hon. Spring-heel Rice Baron Jamescrow, commonly known as the Lord Monteagle, has, like his historical synonym, been favoured with a communication which being considerably beyond his own comprehension, he has in a laudable spirit submitted it to Punch—an evidence of wisdom which we really did not expect from our friend Baron Jamescrow.

We subjoin the introductory epistle—

DEAR PUNCH,—I hasten to forward you the awful letter enclosed—we are all abroad here concerning it—by the bye, how are you all at home—to say the least, it certainly does look very ugly. Mrs. P., I hope, has improved in appearance. Something terrible is evidently about to happen. I intend to pay you a visit shortly. I trust we may not have to encounter any more Guys—you may expect to see me on my Friday. I can only add my prayers for the nation's safety and my compliments to Mrs. Punch and the young P.s.

Yours ever,
MONTEAGLE.

P.S. Let me have your advice and your last Number immediately I have made a few notes, and paid the postage.

The following is the letter referred to by the Baron Jamescrow:—

MY LORD,—Being known to some of your friends I would advise you, as you tender your peace and quiet, to devise some excuse to shift off your attendance at your house (clearly the House of Lords—*Monteagle*), for fire and brimstone have united to destroy the enemies of man (evidently gunpowder, lucifer-matches, and the Peers—*Monteagle*). Think not lightly of my advertisement (see *Dispatch*), but retire yourself in the country (I should think I would—*Monteagle*), where you may abide in safety; for though there be no appearance of any *punæ*; (what the deuce does this mean? Puny's little—*Monteagle*), yet they will receive a terrible blow-up (By *punæ* he means members of Parliament, and he *is* another Guy!—*Monteagle*); yet they shall not see who hurts them, though the place shall be purified and the enemy completely destroyed.

I am, your Lordship's servant,
and destroyer to her Majesty and the two Houses of Parliament.
T.I.F. Fin.

We are surprised at our friend Monteagle troubling us with a matter evidently as plain as the nose on our own face. It requires neither a Solon nor a Punch to solve the enigma. It is merely a letter from Tiffin, the bug destroyer to her Majesty, and refers to his peculiar plan of persecuting the *punæ*.

We have no doubt that Lords and Commons will be blown up on the re-assembling of Parliament; and as an assurance that we do not speak upon conjecture only, we beg to subjoin a portrait of the delinquent.



THE MODERN GUY VAUX.

THE RIVAL CANDIDATES.

Be not afraid, gentle reader, that, from the title of our present article, we are about to prescribe for you any political draught. No! be assured that we know as little about politics as pyrotechny—that we are as blissfully ignorant of all that relates to the science of government as that of gastronomy—and have ever since our boyhood preferred the solid consistency of gingerbread to the crisp insipidity of parliament. The candidates of whom we write were no would-be senators—no sprouting Ciceros or embryo Demosthenes’—they were no aspirants for the grand honour of representing the honest and independent stocks and stones of some ancient rotten borough, or, what is about the same thing, the enlightened ten-pound voters of some modern reformed one—they were not ambitious of the proud privilege of appending for seven years two letters to their names, and of franking some half-dozen others *per diem*. No! the rivals who form the theme of our present paper were emulous of obtaining no place in Parliament, but, what is far more desirable, a place in the affections of a lovely maid. They sought not for the suffrages of the unwashed, but for the smiles of a fair one,—they neither desired to be returned as the representative of so many sordid voters for the term of seven years (a term of transportation common alike to M.P.s and pickpockets), but for the more permanent honour of being elected as the partner of a certain lady for life.

Georgiana Gray was the lovely object of the rivalry of the above candidates; and a damsel more eminently qualified to be the innocent cause of contention could not be found within the whole catalogue of those dear destructive little creatures who, from Eve downwards, have always possessed a peculiar patent for mischief-making. Georgiana was as handsome as she was rich. She was, in the superlative sense of the word, a beauty, and—what ought to be written in letters of gold—an heiress. She had the figure of a sylph, and the purse of a nabob. Her face was lovely and animated enough to enrapture a Raffaele, and her fortune ample enough to captivate a Rothschild. She had a clear rent-roll of 20,000*l.* per annum,—and a pair of eyes that, independent of her other attractions, were sufficiently fascinating to seduce Diogenes himself into matrimony.

Philosophers generally affirm that the only substance capable of producing a magnetic effect is steel; but had they been witnesses of the great attraction that the fortune of our fair heroine had for its many eager pursuers, they would doubtless have agreed with us that the metal possessing the greatest possible power of magnetism is decidedly—gold. Innumerable were the butterflies that were drawn towards the lustre of the lovely Georgiana’s money; and many a suitor, who set a high value upon his personal qualifications, might be found at her side endeavouring to persuade its pretty possessor of the eligible investment that might be made of the property in himself. Report, however, had invidiously declared that Georgiana looked with a cold and contemptuous eye upon the addresses of all save two.

Augustus Peacock and Julius Candy (this enviable duo) were two such young men as may be met with in herds any fine afternoon publishing their persons to the frequenters of Regent-street. They did credit to their tailors, who were liberal enough to give them credit in return. Their coats were guiltless of a wrinkle, their gloves immaculate in their chastity, and their boots resplendent in their brilliancy. Indeed they were human annuals—splendidly bound, handsomely embellished—but replete with nothing but fashionable frivolities. They never ventured out till such time as they imagined the streets were well-aired, and were never known to indulge in an Havannah till twelve o’clock P.M. They were scrupulous in their attentions to the Opera and the figurantes, and had no objection to wear the chains of matrimony provided the links were made of gold. In fine, they were of that common genus of gentlemen who lounge through life, and leave nothing behind them but a tombstone and a small six-shilling advertisement amongst the Deaths of some morning newspaper as a record of their having existed.

Such were the persons and the qualifications of the gentlemen to whom report had assigned the possession of the hand and fortune of the fair Georgiana Gray. But, happy as they respectively felt to be thus singled out for the proud distinction, still the knowledge of there being a rival in the field to dispute the glories of the conquest materially detracted from that feeling. They had each heard of the pretensions of the other; and while the peace of the one was repeatedly disturbed by the panegyrics of Mr. P., the harmony of the other met with an equal violation from the eulogies of Mr. C.; and although their respective vanities would not allow them to believe that the lady in question could be so deficient in taste as to prefer any other person to their precious selves, still it was but natural that they should neither look upon the other with any other feeling than that of disgust at the egregious impudence, and contempt for the superlative conceit, that could lead any other man to enter the lists as an opponent to themselves. Repeatedly had Mr. P. been heard to express his desire to lengthen the olfactory organ of Mr. C.; while the latter had frequently been known to declare that nothing would confer greater gratification upon him than to endorse with his cane the person of Mr. P. In fact, they hated each other with all possible cordiality. Fortunately, however, circumstances had never brought them into collision.

It was a lovely afternoon in May. All the world were returning to town. Georgiana Gray had just forsaken Harrowgate and its waters, to participate in the thickening gaieties of the metropolis. Augustus Peacock had abandoned the moors of Scotland for the beauties of Almack's; and Julius Candy had hastened from the banks of the Wye for the fascinations of Taglioni and the Opera.

The first object of Augustus on returning to town was to hasten and pay his devoirs to *his* intended. With this intent he proceeded to the mansion of Georgiana, and was ushered into the drawing-room, with the assurance that the lady would be with him immediately. The servant, however, had no sooner quitted the apartment than Mr. Candy, actuated by a similar motive, knocked at the door, and was speedily conducted into the presence of his rival.

The two gentlemen, being mutually ignorant of the person of the other, bowed with all the formality usual to a first introduction.

"Fine day, sir," said Augustus Peacock, after a short pause, little aware that he was holding communion with his rival.

"It is—very fine, sir," returned Julius Candy with a smile, which, had he been conscious of the person he was addressing, would instantly have been converted into a most contemptuous sneer.

"Have you had the pleasure of seeing Miss Gray, sir, since her return from Harrowgate?" inquired Augustus, with the soft civility of a man of fashion.

"No,—I have not yet had that honour, sir; no,"—replied Julius, with a slight inclination of his body.

"Charming girl, sir," remarked Mr. Peacock.

"Fascinating creature," responded Mr. Candy.

"Did you ever see *such* eyes, sir?" continued Mr. P.

"Never! 'pon my honour! never!"—exclaimed Julius, in a tone of moderate enthusiasm. "You may call *them* eyes, sir," and here he elevated his own.

"And what lips?"

"Positively provoking!"

"Ah, sir!" languishingly remarked Augustus, "he will be a happy man who gets possession of such a treasure!"

"He will, indeed, sir," returned his unknown rival, with an air of self-satisfaction, as if he believed that happiness was likely to be his own.

"You are aware, I suppose, sir," proceeded the communicative Mr. Peacock, "that there is a certain party whom Miss Gray looks upon with particular favour"—and the gentleman, to give peculiar emphasis to the remark, slightly elevated his cravat.

"I should think I ought to be"—pointedly returned Mr. C.—simpering somewhat diffidently at the idea that the observation was levelled at himself.

The two rivals looked at each other, tittered, and bowed.

"Ah! yes—I dare say—observed it, no doubt!" said Augustus, when his emotion had subsided.

"Why, yes—I should have been blind indeed could I have failed to remark it," responded

Julius.

"Ah yes—you're right—yes—Miss Gray's attentions have been particularly marked, certainly—yes."

"They have been, sir, very, *very* marked—she's quite taken, poor thing, I believe!"

"Yes, poor creature!—sadly smitten indeed!—The lady has confessed as much to you perhaps, sir?"

Mr. Candy looked surprised at the remark of his companion, and replied "Why really, sir, that is a question which"—

"Ah, yes, I beg pardon, I was wrong—yes, I ought to have considered—but candidly, sir, what do you think of the match?"

"Pon my honour, my dear sir," exclaimed Julius most feelingly, colouring slightly at the question, which he thought was rather home-thrust.

"Ah, yes, to be sure, it is rather a delicate question, considering, you know, that one is in the presence of the party himself, is it not?"

"Very, *very* delicate, I can assure you," said Julius, who, "laying the flattering unction to his soul" that he was the party alluded to, thought it rather an indelicate one.

Augustus observed the embarrassment of his companion, and could not refrain from laughter, and turning round to his companion, enquired significantly, "whether he did not think he was a happy man?"

Julius, who was in a measure similarly affected by the excitement of his unknown friend, observed, that the gentleman certainly did seem of a peculiarly gay disposition; and the two rivals, each delighted with the fancied approval of his suit by the other, indulged a mutual cachinnation.

"I suppose," after a slight pause remarked Augustus, with apparently perfect indifference, "you are aware that there was a rival in the field?"

"Oh! ah! did hear of a fellow," responded Julius, with equal *insouciance*, "but the idea of any other man carrying off the prize, perfectly ridiculous!"

"Oh! absolutely ludicrous, 'pon my soul! Ha! ha! ha!"

"It is astonishing the confounded vanity of some people!"

"And their preposterous obtuseness! why, a man with half an eye might see the folly of such presumption."

"To be sure, stupid dolt!"

"Impudent puppy!"

"Conceited fool!"

"The fellow must be out of his senses!"

"Yes, a horsewhipping perhaps might bring him to!"

"Ay, or a good kicking might be salutary!"

The unanimity of the rival candidates produced, as might be supposed from their ignorance of the pretensions of each other, a feeling of mutual satisfaction and friendship, which, after a volley of anathemas had been fired by each gentleman against his rival, in absolute unconsciousness of his presence, ultimately displayed itself by each of them rising from his chair, and shaking the other most energetically by the hand.

"Really, my dear sir," exclaimed Augustus in an inordinate fit of enthusiasm, at the supposed sympathy of his companion, "I never met with a gentleman so peculiarly to my fancy as yourself."

"The feeling is perfectly reciprocal, believe me, my dear sir," returned Julius, equally delighted with the imagined friendship of Mr. P.

"I trust that our acquaintance will not end here."

"I shall be most proud to cultivate it, I can assure you."

"Will you allow me to present you with a card?"

"I shall be too happy to exchange it for one of my own!" and so saying, the parties searched

for their cases—Mr. P., in the mean time, protesting his gratification “to meet with a gentleman whose opinions so thoroughly coincided with his own,”—and Mr. C. as emphatically declaring “that he should ever consider this the most fortunate occurrence of his life.”

“Believe me, I shall be most happy to see you at any time,” observed Mr. Augustus Peacock, smiling as he placed the small oblong of cardboard which bore his name and address in the hand of his companion.

“I shall feel too proud if you will honour me with a call at your earliest convenience,” said Mr. Julius Candy bowing, while he presented to his fancied friend the little pasteboard parallelogram inscribed with his title and residence.

The eyes of the two gentlemen, however, were no sooner directed to the cards, which had been placed in their hands, than the smiles which had previously gladdened their countenances were instantaneously changed into expressions of the most indignant scorn and surprise.

“Peacock!” shouted Candy.

“Candy!” vociferated Peacock.

“Sir!” exclaimed the furious Mr. P., “had I known that Candy was the name of the man, sir, whom I was addressing, sir, my conduct you would have found, sir, of a very different character!”

“And had I been aware,” retorted the exasperated Mr. C., “that Peacock was the title of the *fellow*” (and he laid a forty-horse power of emphasis upon the word) “with whom I have been conversing, my card would never have been delivered to him but with a different motive.”

“Fellow, sir! I think you said—*Fellow*, sir!”

“I did, sir,—fellow was the word I used, and I repeat it—fellow—fellow!”

“You do, sir! and I throw back in your teeth, sir, with the addition of fool, sir!”

“Fool!—no, no—not quite a fool—only *near* one, sir!”

“You’re a conceited puppy, sir!”

“And you are an impudent scoundrel, sir!”

This brought matters to a crisis. The parties embraced their canes with more than ordinary ardour, and, by their lowering looks, indicated a fervent desire to violate the peace of her blessed Majesty, when the fair cause of their contention suddenly entered the apartment.

It was no difficult matter, in the positions they occupied, for Georgiana to divine the reason of their animosity; which she effectually allayed by informing the angry disputants, “that either had no reason to look upon the other with any degree of jealousy, for she humbly begged to assure them that her affections were devoted to—*neither*.”

This, of course, put a full stop to their chivalry: each party seized his hat, bowing distantly to the insensible Georgiana, and left the house, vowing certain destruction to the other; but, upon cool reflection, Messrs. C. and P. doubtless deemed it advisable not to endanger the small quantum of brains they individually possessed, by fighting for a lady who was so utterly blind to their manifold merits.

Thus ended the feud of THE RIVAL CANDIDATES.

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT’S VISIT TO THE TOWER.

On the news of the fire in the Tower of London being told to Sir Francis Burdett, he hurried to the scene of the conflagration, which must have suggested some unpleasing reminiscences of his lost popularity and faded glory. Some thirty years ago, those very walls received him like a second Hampden, the undaunted defender of his country’s rights;—on last Monday he entered them a broken-down unhonoured parasite. Gazing on the black and smouldering ruins before him—he perhaps compared them to his own patriotism, for he was heard to matter audibly—



CAN IT BE THAT THIS IS ALL REMAINS OF THEE?

REFORM YOUR LAWYERS' BILLS.

It is a well-known and established fact, that nothing so far conduces to the domestic happiness of all circles as the golden system of living within one's income. Luxuries cease to be so if after-reflection produces vexatious results; comfort flies before an exorbitant and unprepared-for demand; and the debtor dunned by the merciless creditor sinks into something worse than a cipher, as nothingness is denied him, and the *one* standing before him but aggravates, and multiplies his painful annoyances. The great secret of satisfactory existence derives its origin from well-calculated and moderate expenditure. Ten thousand a year renders pines cheap at 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* per pound; ten hundred is better exemplified by Ribston pippins!

So in all grades are there various matters of taste which become extravagance if rushed into by persons unbreeched for the occasion. Luckily for the present day, the tastes of the gourmand and epicure are merged in more manly sports; the great class of Corinthian aristocrats cull sweets from the blackened eyes of policemen—raptures from wrenched-off knockers—merriment in contusions—and frantic delight in fractured limbs! These innocent amusements have in their prosecution plunged many of their thoughtless and high-spirited devotees into pecuniary difficulties, simply from their ignorance of the costs attendant upon such exciting, fashionable, and therefore highly proper amusements.

Ever anxious to ameliorate the suffering and persecuted of ail classes, Messrs. Quibble and Quirk, attorneys-at-law, beg to offer their professional services at the following fixed and equitable rate,—they, Messrs. Q. and Q., pledging themselves that on no occasion shall the charge exceed the sum opposite the particular amusement in the following list.

N.B. Five per cent, per annum taken off for terms of imprisonment.

☞ N.B. For prompt payment only.

Messrs. Q. and Q.'s *card* of charges for defending a Nobleman, Right Honble., Baronet, Knight, Esquire., Gentleman, Younger Son, Head Clerk, Junior do., Westminster Boy, Medical Student, Grecian at Christ's Church, Monitor, or any other miscellaneous individual aping or belonging to the aristocracy, from the following prosecutions:—

| | <i>£ s.</i> |
|---|---------------|
| To breaking a policeman's neck | 50 0 |
| To producing witnesses to swear policeman broke same himself | 10 0 |
| To choice of situation of house in street where done, from roof of which policeman fell; fee to landlord for number and affidavit | 10 10 |
| Total for neck, acquittal, witnesses, and perjury | <u>£70 10</u> |
| For do. leg, ribs, arms, head, nose, or other unimportant member | 15 0 |
| For receipt written by wife of handsome provision | 1 0 |
| For writing and indorsing same | 5 5 |
| Extras for alibis, if necessary; hire of clothes for witnesses to look decent, including loss by their absconding with the name | 10 10 |
| Total | <u>£31 15</u> |
| For knockers by gross in populous neighbourhoods | 20 0 |
| For carpenter proving same never fitted their respective doors there engaged | 3 3 |
| All extras included | 1 1 |
| Total | <u>£24 4</u> |

N.B.—Messrs. Q. and Q. beg to suggest, as the above charges are low, the old iron may as well be left at their offices.

| | |
|--|---------------|
| For railings, per knob or dozen, assaults on police included, if not amounting to fracture | 5 5 |
| For suppressing police reports, or getting them put in in a sporting manner, the word gentleman substituted for prisoner, and "seat on the bench" for "place at the bar" | 10 10 |
| Total | <u>£15 15</u> |

And all other legal articles in the above lines at equally low charges.

Noblemen and gentlemen contracting for seven years allowed a handsome discount. No connexion with any other house.

"WHEN VULCAN FORGED," &c.

"Bless my soul!" said Sir Peter Laurie, rushing into the Justice-room the morning the Exchequer Bill affair was discovered, and seizing Hobler by the button; "This is a dreadful business. Have you any idea, Hobler, who the delinquent is?" "Why really, Sir Peter, 'tis difficult to say; but from an inspection of the *forged* instruments I should say it was *Smith's work*." Sir Peter felt the importance of the suggestion, and rushed off to Sir Robert Peel to recommend the stoppage of all the forges in the kingdom.

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PEEL'S PRE-EXISTENCE!

"Every man is not only himself," says Sir THOMAS BROWNE; "there hath been many Diogenes, and as many Timons, though but few of that name. *Men are lived over again*. The world is now as it was in ages past: there was none then but there hath been some one since that parallels him, and, as it were, *his revived self*." We are devout believers in the creed.

HERR VON TEUFELSKOPF was a High German doctor, of the first class. He had taken his diploma of Beelzebub in the Black Forest, and was gifted with as fine a hand to force a card—with as glib a tongue to harangue a mob at wakes and fairs, as any professor since the birth of the fourth grace of life,—swindling. He would talk until his head smoked of his list of miraculous cures—of his balsams, his anodynes, his elixirs; in the benevolence of his soul he would, to accommodate the pockets of the poor, sell a pennyworth of the philosopher's stone; and, as a further illustration of his sympathy for suffering man or woman, give, even for a kreutzer, a mouthful of the Fountain of Youth. As a water-doctor, too, his Sagacity was inconceivable. A hundred years ago, he told to a fraction the amount of the national debt, from a single glance at the specimen sent him by JOHN BULL; and more, for five-and-twenty years predicted who would be the incoming Lord Mayor of London, from an inspection of a pint of water presented to him every season from Aldgate-pump. He could prophesy all the politics of the Court of Aldermen from a phial filled at Fleet-ditch; and could at any time—no trifling task—tell the amount of corruption in the House of Commons, by taking up a handful of water at Westminster-bridge. On his stolen visit to England—for the honour he has done our country has never been generally known—he calculated to a nicety how many puppies and kittens were annually drowned in the Thames, and how many suicides—particularising the sex and dress of each sufferer—were committed in the same period, from a bottlefull of Thames water brought to him wherewith to dilute his brandy at the Ship public house, Greenwich—a hostelry much frequented by Doctor TEUFELSKOPF. We have seen the calculation very beautifully illuminated on ass's skin, and at this moment deposited in the college of Heligoland. It is not generally known that the Doctor died in this country; lustily predicting, however, that after a nap of a score or so of years he would return to this life in an entirely new character. The Doctor has kept his word. HERR VON TEUFELSKOPF, as Sir THOMAS BROWNE says, is "lived over again" in Sir ROBERT PEEL!

It is impossible to reflect upon the enlarged humanity of Sir ROBERT—for though, indeed, he is no other than the old German quack revived, we will not refuse to him his new name—toward the sufferers of Paisley, without feeling that the fine spirit of finesse which made the reputation of the student of the Black Forest has in no way suffered from its long sleep; but, on the contrary, has risen very much refreshed for new practice. The Doctor never compassed so fine a sleight as Sir ROBERT when lately, playing the philanthropist, he struck his breeches' pocket with a spasm of benevolence, and pulled therefrom—fifty pounds! Only a few weeks before, Sir ROBERT had sworn by all his list of former cures, that he would clothe the naked and feed the hungry, if he were duly authorised and duly paid for such Christian-like solicitude. He is called in; he then prorogues Parliament to the tune of "Go to the devil and shake yourself," and sits down in the easy chair of salary, and tries to think! Disturbed in his contemplations by the groans and screams of the famishing, he addresses the starving multitude from the windows of Downing-street, telling them he can do nothing for them in a large way, but—the fee he has received to cure them can

afford as much—graciously throwing them fifty pounds from his private compassion! As a statesman he is powerless; but he has no objection to subscribe to the Mendicity Society.

It is an old hacknied abuse of NERO, that when Rome was in flame he accompanied the crackling of doors and rafters with his very best fiddle. We grant this showed a want of fine sympathy on the part of NERO; there was, nevertheless, a boldness, an exhibition of nerve, in such instrumentation. Any way, it leaves us with a higher respect for NERO than if he had been found playing on the burning Pantheon with a penny squirt. His mockery of the Romans, bad as it was, was not the mockery of compassion.

“I will make bread cheap for you,” says Sir ROBERT PEEL to the Paisley sufferers; “I will not enable you to buy the quartern loaf at a reduced rate by your own industry, but I will treat you to a penny roll, at its present size, from my own purse.” Whereupon the Tories clap their hands and cry, “What magnanimity!”

What should we say if, on another Pie-lane conflagration of London, the Minister were to issue an order commanding all the fire-offices to make no attempt to extinguish the flames, and were then to exclaim to the sufferers, “My friends, I deeply sympathize with you; but the Phoenix shall not budge, the Hand-in-Hand mustn’t move a finger, the Eagle must stay where it is; nevertheless, there is a little private fire-engine of my own at Tamworth; you are heartily welcome to the use of it, and pray heaven it may put this terrible fire out, and once more make you snug and comfortable.”

Quackery is of more ancient birth than many very honest people suspect; nay, more than, were the register of its nativity laid before their eyes, they would be willing to admit. We have no space for its voluminous history; but it is our belief, since quackery first plied its profitable trade with human incredulity, it never perpetrated so successful a trick as that exhibited by Sir ROBERT PEEL in his motion of want of confidence. The first scene of the farce is only begun. We have seen how Sir ROBERT has snatched the cards out of the hands of the Whigs, and shall find how he will play the self-same trumps assorted by his opponents. A change is already coming over the Conservatives; they are meek and mild, and, with their pocket handkerchiefs at their eyes, lisp about the distresses of the people. “When the geese gaggle,” says a rustic saw, “expect a change of weather.” Lord LONDONDERRY has already begun to talk of an alteration of the Corn-laws.

“Who knows what a minister may be compelled to do?” says Lord LONDONDERRY. These are new words for the old harridan Toryism. She was wont, like *Falstaff*, to blow out her cheeks and defy compulsion. But the truth is, Toryism has a new host to contend with. Her old reign was supported by fictitious credit—by seeming prosperity—and, more than all, by the ignorance of the people. Well, the bills drawn by Toryism (at a long date we grant) have now to be paid—paper is to be turned into Bank gold. Arithmetic is a great teacher, and, with the taxman’s ink horn at his button-hole, gives at every door lessons that sink into the heart of the scholar. Public opinion, which, in the good old days “when George the Third was king,” was little more than an abstraction—a thing talked of, not acknowledged—is now a tangible presence. The said public opinion is now formed of hundreds of thousands whose existence, save in the books of the Exchequer, was scarcely admitted by any reigning minister. Sir ROBERT PEEL has now to give in his reckoning to the hard-heads of Manchester, of Birmingham, of Leeds—he must pass his books with them, and tens of thousands of their scholars scattered throughout the kingdom; or, three months after the next meeting of Parliament, he is nought.

At this moment, it is said, Sir ROBERT is studying what taxes he can best lay upon the people. We confess to the difficulty of the case. At this moment there is scarcely a feather so light, the addition of which will not crack the camel’s back. No; Sir ROBERT will come to the Whig measures of relief, having so disguised them as, like *Plagiary’s* metaphors, to make them pass for his own. The object of himself and party is, however, attained. He has juggled himself into place. With the genius of his former existence, as TEUFELSKOPF, the Premier has shuffled himself into Downing-street; and there he will leave nothing untried that he may remain. “If Cato gets drunk, then is drunkenness no shame”—“If Sir ROBERT PEEL alter the Corn-laws, then is it proper that the Corn-laws should be changed.” This will be the cry of the Conservatives; and we shall see men, who before would have vowed themselves to slow starvation before they would admit an ear of wheat from Poland or Egypt, vote for a sliding-scale or no scale at all, as their places and the strength of their party may be best assured.

Doctor VON TEUFELSKOPF for years of his life was wont to eat fire and swallow a sword. We shall see how once more Sir ROBERT PEEL will eat his own principles—swallow his own words. When men call this apostacy, the Doctor will blandly smile, and denominate it a sacrifice to public opinion. We have no doubt that, as long as he can, the Premier will put off the remedy; he will try this and that; but at length public opinion will compel him to cast aside his own nostrums and use RUSSELL’S—*bread pills!*

Q.

If it be true man's tongue is like a steed,
Which bears his mind,—why then, none wonder need,
That Timlin's tongue can run at such a rate,
Because it only carries—feather weight.

When Timlin speaks, his voice so shrill and loud
Fills with amazement all the list'ning crowd;
But soon the wonder ceases, when 'tis found
That empty vessels make the greatest sound.

PUNCH'S PENCILLINGS.—No. XVII.

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SIR ROBERT MACAIRE
ENDEAVOURING TO DO AN EXCHEQUER BILL.

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THE PHYSIOLOGY OF THE LONDON MEDICAL STUDENT.

6.—OF THE GRINDER AND HIS CLASS.

ne fine morning, in the October of the third winter session, the student is suddenly struck by the recollection that at the end of the course the time will arrive for him to be thinking



about undergoing the ordeals of the Hall and College. Making up his mind, therefore, to begin studying in earnest, he becomes a *pro tempore* member of a temperance society, pledging himself to abstain from immoderate beer for six months; he also purchases a coffee-pot, a reading-candlestick, and Steggall's Manual; and then, contriving to accumulate five guineas to pay a "grinder," he routs out his old note-books from the bottom of his box, and commences to "read for the Hall."

Aspirants to honours in law, physic, or divinity, each know the value of private cramming—a process by which their brains are fattened, by abstinence from liquids and an increase of dry food (some of it *very* dry), like the livers of Strasbourg geese. There are grinders in each of these three professional classes; but the medical teacher is the man of the most varied and eccentric knowledge. Not only is he intimately acquainted with the different branches required to be studied, but he is also master of all their minutiae. In accordance with the taste of the examiners, he learns and imparts to his class at what degree of heat water boils in a balloon—how the article of commerce, *Prussian blue*, is more easily and correctly defined as the *Ferrosesquicyanuret of the cyanide of potassium*—why the nitrous oxyde, or laughing gas, induces people to make such asses of themselves; and, especially, all sorts of individual inquiries, which, if continued at the present rate, will range from "Who discovered the use of the spleen?" to "Who killed cock robin?" for aught we know. They ask questions at the Hall quite as vague as these.

It is twelve o'clock at noon. In a large room, ornamented by shelves of bottles and preparations, with varnished prints of medical plants and cases of articulated bones and ligaments, a number of young men are seated round a long table covered with baize, in the centre of whom an intellectual-looking man, whose well-developed forehead shows the amount of knowledge it can contain, is interrogating by turns each of the students, and endeavouring to impress the points in question on their memories by various diverting associations. Each of his pupils, as he passes his examination, furnishes him with a copy of the subjects touched upon; and by studying these minutely, the private teacher forms a pretty correct idea of the general run of the "Hall questions."

"Now, Mr. Muff," says the gentleman to one of his class, handing him a bottle of something which appears like specimens of a chestnut colt's coat after he had been clipped; "what's that, sir?"

"That's cow-itch, sir," replies Mr. Muff.

"Cow what? You must call it at the Hall by its botanical name—*dolichos pruriens*. What is it used for?"

"To strew in people's beds that you owe a grudge to," replies Muff; whereat all the class laugh, except the last comer, who takes it all for granted, and makes a note of the circumstance in his interleaved manual.

"That answer would floor you," continues the grinder. "The *dolichos* is used to destroy worms. How does it act, Mr. Jones?" going on to the next pupil—a man in a light cotton cravat and no shirt collar, who looks very like a butler out of place.

"It tickles them to death, sir," answers Mr. Jones.

"You would say it acts mechanically," observes the grinder. "The fine points stick into the worms and kill them. They say, 'Is this a dagger which I see before me?' and then die. Recollect the dagger, Mr. Jones, when you go up. Mr. Manhug, what do you consider the best sudorific, if you wanted to throw a person into a perspiration?"

Mr. Manhug, who is the wag of the class, finishes, in rather an abrupt manner, a song he was humming, *sotto voce*, having some allusion to a peer who was known as Thomas, Lord Noddy, having passed a night at a house of public entertainment in the Old Bailey previous to an execution. He then takes a pinch of snuff, winks at the other pupils as much as to say, "See me tackle him, now;" and replies, "The gallery door of Covent Garden on Boxing-night."

"Now, come, be serious for once, Mr. Manhug," continues the teacher; "what else is likely to answer the purpose?"

"I think a run up Holborn-hill, with two Ely-place knockers on your arm, and three policemen on your heels, might have a good effect," answers Mr. Manhug.

"Do you ever think you will pass the Hall, if you go on at this rate?" observes the teacher, in a tone of mild reproach.

"Not a doubt of it, sir," returns the imperturbable Manhug. "I've passed it twenty times within this last month, and did not find any very great difficulty about it; neither do I expect to, unless they block up Union-street and Water-lane."

The grinder gives Mr. Manhug up as a hopeless case, and goes on to the next. "Mr. Rapp, they will be very likely to ask you the composition of the *compound gamboge pill*: what is it made of?"

Mr. Rapp hasn't the least idea.

"Remember, then, it is composed of cambogia, aloes, ginger, and soap—C, A, G, S,—*cags*. Recollect Cags, Mr. Rapp. What would you do if you were sent for to a person poisoned by oxalic acid?"

"Give him some chalk," returns Mr. Rapp.

"But suppose you had not got any chalk, what would you substitute?"

"Oh, anything; pipeclay and soapsuds."

"Yes, that's all very right; but we will presume you could not get any pipeclay and soapsuds; in fact, that there was nothing in the house. What would you do then?"

Mr. Manhug cries out from the bottom of the table—"Let him die and be ——!"

"Now, Mr. Manhug, I really must entreat of you to be more steady," interrupts the professor. "You would scrape the ceiling with the fire-shovel, would you not? Plaster contains lime, and lime is an antidote. Recollect that, if you please. They like you to say you would scrape the ceiling, at the Hall: they think it shows a ready invention in emergency. Mr. Newcome, you have heard the last question and answer?"

"Yes sir," says the fresh arrival, as he finishes making a note of it.

"Well; you are sent for, to a man who has hung himself. What would be your first endeavour?"

"To scrape the ceiling with the fire-shovel," mildly observes Mr. Newcome; whereupon the class indulges in a hearty laugh, and Mr. Newcome blushes as deep as the red bull's-eye of a New-road doctor's lamp.

"What would *you* do, Mr. Manhug? perhaps you can inform Mr. Newcome."

"Cut him down, sir," answers the indomitable *farceur*.

"Well, well," continues the teacher; "but we will presume he has been cut down. What would you strive to do next?"

"Cut him up, sir, if the coroner would give an order for a *post mortem* examination."

"We have had no chemistry this morning," observes one of the pupils.

"Very well, Mr. Rogers; we will go on with it if you wish. How would you endeavour to detect the presence of gold in any body?"

"By begging the loan of a sovereign, sir," interrupts Mr. Manhug.

"If he knew you as well as I do, Manhug," observes Mr. Jones, "he'd be sure to lend it—oh, yes!—I should rayther think so, certainly," whereupon Mr. Jones compresses his nostril with the thumb of his right hand, and moves his fingers as if he was performing a concerto on an imaginary one handed flageolet.

"Mr. Rapp, what is the difference between an element and a compound body?"

Mr. Rapp is again obliged to confess his ignorance.

"A compound body is composed of two or more elements," says the grinder, "in various proportions. Give me an example, Mr. Jones."

"Half-and-half is a compound body, composed of the two elements, ale and porter, the proportion of the porter increasing in an inverse ratio to the respectability of the public-house you get it from," replies Mr. Jones.

The professor smiles, and taking up a *Pharmacopœia*, says, "I see here directions for evaporating certain liquids 'in a water-bath.' Mr. Newcome, what is the most familiar instance of a water-bath you are acquainted with?"

"In High Holborn, sir; between Little Queen-street and Drury-lane," returns Mr. Newcome.

"A water-bath means a vessel placed in boiling-water. Mr. Newcome, to keep it at a certain temperature. If you are asked at the Hall for the most familiar instance, they like you to say a carpenter's glue-pot."

And in like manner the grinding-class proceeds.

THE LORD MAYORS AND THE QUEEN.

By the Correspondent of the Observer.

The interesting condition of Her Majesty is a source of the most agonising suspense to the Lord Mayors of London and Dublin, who, if a Prince of Wales is not born before their period of office expires, will lose the chance of being created baronets.

According to rumour, the baby—we beg pardon, the scion of the house of Brunswick—was to have been born—we must apologise again; we should say was to have been added to the illustrious stock of the reigning family of Great Britain—some day last month, and of course the present Lord Mayors had comfortably made up their minds that they should be entitled to the dignity it is customary to confer on such occasions as that which the nation now ardently anticipates. But here we are at the beginning of November, and no Prince of Wales. We have reason to know that the Lord Mayor of London has not slept a wink since Saturday, and his lady has not smiled, according to an authority on which we are accustomed to rely, since Thursday fortnight. Some say it is done on purpose, because the present official is a Tory; and others insinuate that the Prince of Wales is postponed in order that there may be an opportunity of making Daniel O'Connell a baronet. Others suggest that there will be twins presented to the nation! one on the night of the 8th of November, the other on the morning of the 9th, so as to conciliate both parties; but we are not disposed at present to pronounce a decided opinion on this part of the question. We know that politics have been carried most indelicately into the very heart of the Royal Household; but we hope, for the honour of all parties, that the confinement of the Queen is not to be made a matter of political arrangement. If it is, we can only say that it will be most indecent, we might almost venture to say unbecoming; but our dislike to the use of strong language is well known, or at least it ought to be.

If there are any other particulars, we shall give them in a second edition; that is to say, if we should have anything to add, and should think it worth while to publish another impression for the purpose of stating it.

SONGS FOR THE SENTIMENTAL.—No. 10.

You talk of love—I would believe
 Thy words were truth;
 Nor deem that thou wouldst e'er deceive
 My artless youth:
 But when we part,
 Within my heart
 A small voice whispers low—
 Beware! Beware!
 Fond girl, the snare!
 it's all no go!

You talk of love—yet would betray
 The heart you seek,
 And smile upon its slow decay,
 If 'twould not break.
 In vain you swear
 That I am fair,
 That heaven is on my lip!
 I know each vow
 Is worthless now;



YOU'VE MISS'D YOUR TIP.

THE TWO NEW EQUITY JUDGES.

“Between the two new Equity Courts, the suitors in Chancery will be much better off than formerly”—said Fitzroy Kelly, lately, to an intimate. “Undoubtedly,” replied the friend, “they may now choose between the frying-pan and the fire.”

MR. PUNCH,

ARTIST IN PHILOSOPHY AND FIREWORKS¹,

1. Baylis.

BEGS TO INFORM THE

**HOBBEDEHOYITY AND INFANTRY OF THE METROPOLIS AND THE
WORLD IN GENERAL,**

That, for the proper commemoration of the anniversary of the 5th of November, he *had* engaged the services of the following

EMINENT THAMESIAN INCENDIARIES.

SIR PETER LAURIE, to furnish materials for *squibs*.

MR. ROEBUCK, for *flower-pots*, containing the beautiful figure of a *genealogical tree*.

COLONEL SIBTHORP, for sky-rockets being constructed after his *own plan*; warranted to flare up at starting, and to come down—*a stick*.

DANIEL O'CONNELL, Esq., for the importation of Roman candles,

MR. WAKLEY, SIR JAMES GRAHAM, LORD STANLEY, and SIR FRANCIS BURDETT, for Catherine-wheels, which are guaranteed to *turn round* with great celerity, and to exhibit *curious designs*.

LORD MINTO, for *Chinese fire*, prepared from the recipes of his gallant relative, the Honourable Captain Elliot, which have been procured at an immense outlay.—(See next year's "Budget.")

The MARQUIS OF WATERFORD, the celebrated Purveyor to the Police Force in general, for the supply of *crackers*.

MR. CHARLES PEARSON, for *port-fires*.

SIR ROBERT PEEL, assisted by his CABINET, for a *golden rain*.

*** A large supply of these articles always on hand. Apply at Mr. P.'s Office every Saturday.

AN EXTRACT FROM THE SPECTATOR.

Carter, the lion-tamer, previous to his late exhibition, when the tiger broke loose, had given an order to an old acquaintance to come and witness his performance; by great good luck, he and the rest of the affrighted spectators effected their escape; but he was heard vehemently declaring he had been deceived in the most beastly manner, as he would not have come but that he supposed he was



LOOKING IN UPON A FRIEND.

SHIP NEWS.

Off Battersea Mills, in the reeds, *La Gitana* (wherry Z.9), Execution Dock, with loss of sculls; deserted. On nearing her, discovered the Master with his wooden leg in the mud, to which he had made fast the head-line, with his left leg over his right shoulder, high and dry.

A boat, supposed to belong to the Union Aquatic Sons of Shop Walkers, was washed ashore on Hungerford Muds, with an old ribbon-box, apparently used for a sea-chest, containing wearing apparel, 1s. 8d. in fourpenny pieces, and sundry small pieces of paper, with "Dry," sign of the "Three Balls," printed thereon, and endorsed, "Shawl, 3s. 6d., 30 remnants of ribbon 7s. 6d., waistcoat satin, 1 yard 3s. 6d.," &c. &c. The crew supposed to have abandoned her off the "Swan," where they were seen in a state of beer.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

A great *fall* of chalk occurred at Mertsam on the Brighton Railway on last Thursday morning; a corresponding *fall* in milk took place in London on the following day.



of Sir ROBERT PEEL, LORD STANLEY, or any of Her Majesty's Ministers, in want of an active cad, or light porter; the advertiser, a young man at present out of place, would be anxious to make himself generally useful, and is not particular in what capacity. Respectability not so great an object as a good salary. Application to be made to T. WAKLEY, at the Rad's Arms, *Turn'em Green*.

HARD AND FAST.

That very slow coach, and would be "faster," the licensed to-carry-no-thing-inside "Bernard Cavannah," has been recently confined in a room, wherein he has lived upon the "cameleon's dish," eating the air—"jugged," we presume. Wakley declares he is an impostor; but as he has an interest in an inquest, and Bernard survives, this may be attributed to professional disappointment. Dr. Elliotson declares, from his own experience, any man can live upon nothing. The whole medical profession are getting to very high words; Anglice,—indulging in very low language. The fraternity of physicians, apothecaries, and surgeons, are growing so warm upon the living subject, that we may shortly expect to witness a beautiful tableau vivant of



SURGERE IN ARMIS.

PUNCH'S THEATRE.

MISS ADELAIDE KEMBLE.

Let every amateur, professor, and enthusiastic raver concerning "native talent" go down on his knees, and, after the manner of the ancient heathen, return thanksgiving unto Apollo for having at last sent us a singer who knows her business! One who can sing as if she had a soul; who can act as if she were not acting, but existing amidst reality; who is, in short, a performer entirely new to the British stage; to whom we have not a parallel example to produce,—a heroine of the lyric drama.

Such, in the most exalted sense of the term, is Miss Adelaide Kemble. Unlike nearly every other English singer, she has not set up with the small stock-in-trade of a good voice, and learned singing on the stage; making the public pay for her tuition. On the contrary, nature has manifestly not been bountiful to her in this respect. Her voice—the mere organ—may have been in her earlier years exceeded in quality by many other vocalists. But what is it now? Perfect in intonation; its lower tones forcible; the middle voice firm and full; the upper interval sweet and rich beyond comparison.

But how comes this? How has this moderately-good organ been brought to such perfection? By a process not very prevalent amongst English singers—practice the most constant, study the most unwearied. Punch will bet a wager with any sporting dilettante that Miss Kemble has sung *more* while learning her art, than many old staggers while professing and practising it.

She seems, then,—as far as one may judge of that kind of perfection—a perfect mistress of her voice; she can do what she likes with it, she can sustain a note in any part of the soprano compass—swell, diminish, and keep it exactly to the same pitch for an incredible space of time. She can burst forth a torrent of sound expressive of our strongest passions, without losing an atom of tone, and she can diminish it to a whisper, in *sotto voce*, as distinct as it is thrilling and true intonation.

Having obtained this vocal mastery, she has unfettered energies to devote to her acting; which, in *Norma*, has all the elements of tragic dignity—all the tenderness of natural feeling. In one word, Miss Kemble is a mistress of every branch of her art; and we can now say, what we have so seldom had an opportunity to boast of, that our English stage possesses a singer who is also an actress and musician!

The opera is excellently put upon the stage. Miss Kemble, or somebody else, electrified the choruses; for, wonderful to relate, they condescended to act—to perform—to pretend to be what they are meant for! Never was so efficient, so well-disciplined, so unanimous a chorus heard or seen before on the English stage. The chorus-master deserves everybody's, and has our own, especial commendations.

NINA SFORZA.

A new melo-drama in five acts, by a gentleman who rejoices in exactly the same number of titles—namely, "R. Zouch S. Troughton, Esquire"—made its appearance for Miss H. Fancit's benefit on Monday last, at the Haymarket.

The old-fashioned recipe for cooking up a melo-dramatic hero has been strictly followed in "Nina Sforza." *Raphael Doria*, the heir-apparent to the dukedom of Genoa, is a man about town in Venice—is accompanied, on most occasions, by a faithful friend and a false one—saves the heroine from drowning, and, of course, falls in love with her on the spot, or rather on the water. She, of course, returns the passion; but is, as usual, loved by the villain—a regular thorough-paced Mephistopheles of the Surrey or Sadler's Wells genus. These ingredients, having been carefully compounded in the first act, are—quite *selon les règles*—allowed to simmer till the end of the fourth, and to boil over in the fifth. Thus we have a tragedy after the manner of those lively productions that flourished in the time of Garrick; when Young, Murphy, and Francklin were Melpomene's head-cooks.

Modern innovation has, however, added a sprinkle of spice to the hashes of the above-named school. This is most commonly thrown in, by giving to the stock-villain a dash of humour or sarcasm, so as to bring out his savagery in bolder relief. He is also invested with an unaccountable influence over the hero, who can on no account be made to see his bare and open treachery till about the middle of the fifth act, when the dupe's eyes must be opened in time for the catastrophe.

These improvements have been carefully introduced into the present old new tragedy. *Ugone Spinola* is the presiding genius of *Doria's* woes: and dogs him about for the pleasure of making him miserable. He is a finished epicure in revenge; picking little tit-bits of it with the most savage *gout* all through; but particularly towards the end of the play. This taste was, it seems, first acquired in consequence of a feud that formerly existed between *Doria's* family and his own, in which his side came off so decidedly second-best, that he

only remains of his race; all the rest having been murdered by *Doria* and his father's faction. From such deadly foes, it may be observed, that tragic heroes always select their most trusted friends.

Doria's father dies, and *Nina's* consents to his marriage; so that we see them, at the opening of the third act, the picture of connubial bliss, in a garden belonging to the Duke's palace at Genoa, exchanging sentiments which would be doubtless extremely tender if they were quite intelligible. A great deal is said about genius being like love; which gives rise to a simile touching a rose-bud in a poor poet's window, and other incoherencies quite natural for persons to utter who are supposed to be in love. This peaceful scene is interrupted by an alarm of war; and the Prince goes to fight the Florentines.

The battle takes place between the acts; and we next see the Genoese halting near their city after a victory. *Doria*, who in the first act has been represented to us as an exceedingly gay young fellow, is here described as indulging, in his tent, his old propensities; having brought away, with other trophies, a fair Florentine, who is diverting him with her guitar at that moment. This is excellent news for *Spinola*; the more so as we are soon made to understand that *Nina*, being impatient of her husband's return, has fled to his tent to meet him, and discovers the fair Florentine in the very act of guitar-playing, and her spouse in the midst of his raptures thereat.

A scene follows, in which *Spinola*, as a new edition of Iago, and *Nina*, in the form of a female Othello, get scope for a great variety of that kind of acting which performers call "effective." The wife—in this scene really well-drawn—will not believe *Doria's* falsehood, in spite of strong circumstantial evidence. *Spinola* offers to strengthen it; and the last scene of this act—the fourth—presents a highly melo-dramatic situation. It is a street scene; and *Spinola* has brought *Nina* to watch her husband into her rival's house. She sees him approach it—he wavers—she hopes he will pass the door. Alas, he does not, and actually goes in! Of course she swoons and falls. So does the act drop.

The entire business of the last act is to bring about the catastrophe; and, as not one step towards it has been previously taken, there is no time to lose. *Spinola*, therefore, is made not to mince the matter, but to come boldly on at once, with a bottle of poison! This he blandly insinuates to *Nina* might be used with great effect upon her husband, so as effectually to put a stop to future intrigues with any forthcoming fair Florentines. She, however, declines putting the poison to any such use; but, nevertheless, honours *Spinola's* draught, by accepting it. The villain expresses himself extremely grateful for her condescension, and exits, to make way for *Doria*.

Directly he appears, you at once perceive that he has done something exceedingly naughty, for his countenance is covered with remorse and a certain white powder which is the stage specific for pallor. The lady complains of being unwell, and her husband kindly advises her to go to bed. She replies, that she has a cordial within which will soon restore her, and entreats her beloved lord to administer the potion with his own dear hand; he consents—and they both retire, and the audience shudders, because they pretty well guess that she is going to toss off the dose, of which *Spinola* has been the dispensing chemist.

And here we may be forgiven for a short digression on the subject of the dramatic *Materia Medica*, and *poison-ology*. The sleeping draughts of the stage are, for example, generally speaking, uncommon specimens of chemical perfection. When taken—even if the patient be ever so well shaken—nothing on earth, or on the stage, can wake him after the cue for his going to sleep, and before the cue for his getting up, have been given; while it never allows him to dose an instant longer than the plot of the piece requires. Then as to poisons; there are some which kill the taker dead on the spot, like a fly in a bottle of prussic acid; others, which—swallowed with a sort of time-bargain—are warranted to do the business within a few seconds of so many hours hence; others again there are (particularly adapted for villains) that cause the most incessant torment, which nothing can relieve but death; a fourth compound (always administered to such characters as *Nina Sforza*) are peculiarly mild in their operation—no stomach-ache—no contortions—but still effectual.

The contents of the phial given to *Nina* by *Spinola* are compounded of the second and fourth of these *formulæ*. The drink, though deadly, is guaranteed to be a mild, rather-pleasant-than-otherwise poison, warranted to operate at a given hour; one calculated to allow the heroine plenty of time to die, and to make her go off in great physical comfort.

Nina has taken the poison; but, having a peculiar desire to die at home, orders a "trusty page" to provide horses for herself and attendant secretly, at the northern gate, that she may return to her native Venice. With this determination we lose sight of her.

Doria is aroused by a hunting-party who have risen so early that they seem to have forgotten to take off their nightcaps, to which the Italian hood, as worn by the Haymarket hunters, bears an obstinate resemblance. The Prince discovers his wife has fled, and orders his *chasseurs* to divert their attention from the game they had purposed to ride to cover for, and to hunt up the missing *Nina*.

"In the deep recesses of a wood" *Spinola* and *Doria* meet, the latter having, by some

instinct, found out his *pseudo*-friend's treachery; of course they fight: *Doria* falls; but *Spinola* is too great a glutton in revenge to kill him till he knows of his wife's death, so, after gloating over his prostrate enemy, and poking him about with his rapier for several minutes, all he does is to steal his sword; this being found upon him by some of the hunters, who meet him quite by accident, they suppose he has killed *Doria*, and so kill him. Thus, *Spinola* being disposed of, there are only two more that are left to die.

In her flight *Nina* has been taken unwell—with the poison—just in that part of the forest where her spouse is left, by his enemy, in a swoon. They meet, and she dies in his arms. Two being now defunct, only one remains; but there is some difficulty in getting rid of *Doria*, for he is (as is always the case when a stage *felo-de-se* impends) unprovided with a weapon. Going up to his trusty friend *D'Estala*, he engages him in talk, and, with the dexterity of a footpad, steals his dagger, and stabs himself. All the principal characters being now dead, the piece cannot go on, and the curtain drops.

A word or two on the merits of *Nina Sforza*. There are two classes of dramatists who are just now contending for fame—those who cannot get their plays acted because they are not dramatic, and those who can, because their pieces are *merely* dramatic. Mr.—we beg pardon, R. Zouch S. Troughton, Esquire,—belongs to the latter class. He is evidently well acquainted with the mechanics of the stage; he knows all about "situation"—that is, sacrificing nature to startling effect. His language is essentially dramatic, and only fails where it aims at being poetical. His characters, too, are not drawn from life, from nature, but are copied—and cleverly copied—from other characters that strut about in the "stock" tragedies of Rowe *et hoc genus*. The fable, or plot, is deficient, from the absence of one sustaining, pervading incident to excite, and keep up a progressive interest. With every new act a new circumstance arises, which, though it is in some instances (especially in the fourth act) conducted with great skill, yet the interest it produces is not sustained, being made to give place to the author's succeeding effort to get up a new "situation" by a new incident. Though the tragedy possesses little originality, it will, from its melo-dramatic and exciting character, be most likely a very successful one. Besides, it is very well acted, by Miss Faucit, Wallack, and Macready, as *Spinola*; which, being a most unnatural character, is well calculated for so conventional an actor as Macready.

The author will doubtless become a successful dramatist, because he has taken the trouble to learn what is proper for, and effective on, the stage. Having gained that acquirement, if he will now study nature, and put men and women upon the stage that act and speak like real mortals, we may safely predict an honourable dramatic career for Mr. —; but our space is limited, and we can't afford enough of it to print his names a third time.

THE QUADROON SLAVE.

A new discussion of the Slave question seems to have been much wanted on the stage. It is, alas, the black truth that "The Slave" *par excellence*, in spite of the brothers *Sharpset* and Bishop's music, ceases to interest. The woes of "Gambia" have been turned into ridicule by the capers of "Jim Crow," and the twin pleasantries of "Jim along Josey." Since the moral British public gave away twenty millions to emancipate the black population, and to raise the price of brown sugars, they are not nearly so sweet upon the niggers as formerly; for they discover that, now Cæsar being "massa-pated, him no work—dam if he do!"

To meet this dramatic exigency, the "Quadroon Slave" has been produced. It may be classed as an argumentative drama; carried on with that stage logic which always makes the heroine get the best of it. The emancipation side of the question is supported by *Julie*, ably backed by *Vincent St. George*, but opposed by *Alfred Pelham*; and the lingual combatants rush *in medias res* at the very rising of the curtain—the "house," immediately taking sides, vehemently applauding the arguments of their respective favourites. *Vincent St. George*—ably entrusted to that interesting advocate Mr. J. Webster—opened the discussion by protesting against the flogging system, especially as applied to females. *Alfred Pelham* answered him; the reply being taken up by the heroine *Julie* in broken French, because she is personated by Madlle. Celeste. The state of parties as here developed turns out to be curious. The heroine, a quadroon, is on the point of matrimonial union with her antagonist, and openly resents the tender advances of her ally. "Call ye this backing of your friends?" *Vincent St. George*, disgusted at such gross tergiversation, flies entirely away from the point at issue, and applies those remarks to *Julie* which all disappointed lovers seem to be bound to utter in such cases. Indeed, on the re-appearance of his rival, he challenges him—unblushingly forsaking every branch of the main point, by engaging in a long and not very lively discourse on the subject of duelling; amidst, however, impatient cries of "question!" "question!" from the audience.

This brings *Vincent* back to the point, and with a vengeance! Like a great many other orators on the liberal side of the black question, he is a slave-owner himself, having—as his "attorney" *Vipper* is careful to tell us—no fewer than two hundred and eight of those animals. Now, before he took upon himself to become an emancipationist, he might—one cannot help thinking—have had the decency—like *Saint Fowell Buxton*—to sell his slaves to somebody else, and to come into court with clean hands. But so far from doing so, *Vipper*

having discovered that *Julie* is a run-away slave from *Vincent's* estate, just as she is ending the first act by going to be married, the latter takes the whole of the second act to claim her!

Though the argufiers change sides on account of the change of affairs—*Vincent* insisting, as *liberals* so often do, upon his vested rights in *Julie* as opposed to *Pelham's* matrimonial ones—though the heroine renders her pathetics affecting by a prostration or two before the rivals—though she rushes upon a parapet to commit suicide—though she is saved, and at length succeeds by force of mere argument to get her new-found master to give her up to her husband; yet this second act was somewhat dull; insomuch that the audience did not seem to regret when the curtain dropped the subject, and announced their own emancipation from the theatre.

Besides the parts we have named, Webster the elder played a *Telemachus Hearty*, who, further than skipping about the stage, talking very fast, and making himself not altogether disagreeable, had no more to do with the piece than his namesake, or Fénélon Archbishop of Cambray himself.

This attempt to discuss moot points upon the stage—to turn as it were the theatre into a debating society—will certainly not succeed. Audiences—especially Haymarket ones—have a taste for being amused rather than reasoned with; besides, those on that side of the question which the author chooses shall be the weaker, do not like to see the stage-orators get the upper hand, without having a chance of answering them. Even dancing is preferred by them to didactics, though it be



A PAS SEUL TO A BARK-AROLE.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

VOL. 1.

NOVEMBER 13, 1841.

THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

(By the Observer's own Correspondent.)

It will be seen that we were not premature in announcing the probability of the birth of a Prince of Wales; and though it was impossible that any one should be able to speak with certainty, our positive tone upon the occasion serves to show the exclusive nature of all our intelligence. We are enabled now to state that the Prince will immediately take, indeed he has already taken, the title of *Prince of Wales*, which it is generally understood he will enjoy—at least if a child so young can be said to enjoy anything of the kind—until an event shall happen which we hope will be postponed for a very protracted period. The Prince of Wales, should he survive his mother, will ascend the throne; but whether he will be George the Fifth, Albert the First, Henry the Ninth, Charles the Third, or Anything the Nothingth, depends upon circumstances we are not at liberty to allude to—*at present*; nor do we think we shall be enabled to do so in a second edition.

Our suggestion last week, that the royal birth should take place on Lord Mayor's Day, has, we are happy to see, been partially attended to; but we regret that the whole hog has not been gone, by twins having been presented to the anxious nation, so that there might have been a baronetcy each for the outgoing and incoming Lord Mayors of Dublin and London. Perhaps, however, it might have been attended with difficulty to follow our advice to the very letter; but we nevertheless think it might have been arranged; though if others think otherwise, we, of course, have nothing further to say upon the matter alluded to.

We very much regret to make an announcement, and are glad at being the first to do so, though we are sorry to advert to the subject, touching an alarming symptom in the Princess Royal. Her Royal Highness, ever since the birth of the Prince, whom we think we may now venture to call her brother, has suffered from an affection of the nose, which is said to be quite out of joint since the royal stranger (for we hope we may take the liberty of alluding to the Prince of Wales as a stranger, for he is a stranger to us, at least we have never seen him) came into existence.

We hear it on good authority that when the Princess was taken to see her brother, Her Royal Highness, who begins to articulate a few sounds, exclaimed, "*Tar!*" with unusual emphasis. It is supposed, from this simple but affecting circumstance, that the Prince of Wales will eventually become *a Tar*, and perhaps regain for his country the undisputed dominion of the seas, which, by-the-bye, has not been questioned, and probably will not be, in which case the naval attributes of His Royal Highness will not be brought into activity.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

Master Smith took an airing on the 5th, accompanied by a Guy Fawkes and a very numerous *suite*. In the evening there was a select circle, and a bonfire.

Mr. Baron Nathan and family are still at Kennington. The Baron danced the college hornpipe, last Wednesday, on one leg, before a party of private friends; and the Honourable Miss Nathan went through the Cracovienne, amidst twenty-four coffee-cups and an inverted pitcher, surmounted by a very long champagne-glass. Upon inspecting the cups after the graceful performance was concluded, there was not a chip upon one of them. The champagne glass, though it frequently rattled in its perilous position, retained it through the whole of the dance, and was carefully picked up at its conclusion by the Baroness, who we were happy to find looking in more than her usual health, and enjoying her accustomed spirits.

Bill Bunks has a new feline provisional equipage ready to launch. The body is a dark black, and the wheels are of the same rich colour, slightly picked out here and there with a chalk stripe. The effect altogether is very light and pretty, particularly as the skewers to be used are all new, and the board upon which the *ha'porths* are cut has been recently planed with much nicety.

The travelling menagerie at the foot of Waterloo-bridge was visited yesterday by several loungers. Amongst the noses poked through the wires of the cage, we remarked several belonging to children of the mobility. The spirited proprietor has added another mouse to his collection, which may now be pronounced the first—speaking, of course, Surreysideically—in (entering) London.

SONGS FOR CATARRHS.

"The variable climate of our native land," as Rowland the Minstrel of Macassar has elegantly expressed it, like a Roman epicure, deprives our nightingales of their tongues, and the melodious denizens of our drawing-rooms of their "sweet voices."

Vainly has Crevelli raised a bulwark of lozenges against the Demon of Catarrh! Soreness will invade the throat, and noses run in every family, seeming to be infected with a sentimental furor for blooming—we presume from being so newly blown. We have seen noses chiseled, as it were, from an alabaster block, grow in one short day scarlet as our own, as though they blushed for the continual trouble they were giving their proprietors; whilst the peculiar intonation produced by the conversion of the nasals into liquids, and then of the liquids ultimately into mutes, leads to the inference that there must be a stoppage about the bridge, and should be placarded, like that of Westminster, "No thoroughfare."

It has been generally supposed that St. Cecilia with a cold in her head would be incompetent to "Nix my Dolly;" and this erroneous and popular prejudice is continually made the excuse for vocal inability during the winter months. Now the effect which we have before described upon the articulation of the catarrhed would be, in our opinion, so far from displeasing, that we feel it would amply compensate for any imperfections of tune. For instance, what can be finer than the alteration it would produce in the well-known ballad of "Oh no, we never mention her!"—a ballad which has almost become wearisome from its sweetness and repetition. With a catarrh the words would run thus:—

"O lo, we lever beltiol her,
Her labe is lever heard."

Struck with this modification of sound, PUNCH, anxious to cater *even* for the catarrhs of his subscribers, begs to furnish them with a "*calzolet*," which he trusts will be of more service to harmonic meetings than pectoral lozenges and paregoric, as we have anticipated the cold by converting every *m* into *b*, and every *n* into *l*.

A SONG FOR A CATARRH.

By Bary Alle is like the sul,
Whe/ at the daw/ it fli/ gs
Its golde/ sbiles of light upo/
Earth's gree/ and lo/ely thi/ gs.
I/ vai/ I sue, I o/ly wi/
Frob her a scor/ful frow/;
But soo/ as I by prayers begi/,
She cries O lo! begole.
Yes! yes! the burthe/ of her so/ g
Is lo! lo! lo! begole!

By Bary Alle is like the mool,
Whe/ first her silver sheel,
Awakes the light/ gale's soft tule,
That else had sile/ t beel.
But Bary Alle, like darkest light,
O/ be, alas! looks dow/;
Her sbiles o/ others beab their light,
Her frow/ s are all by owl.
I've but o/ e burthe/ to by so/ g—
Her frow/ s are all by owl.

“POSSUM UP A GUM TREE!”

A grand gladiatorial tongue-threshing took place lately in a field near Paisley, between the two great Chartist champions—Feargus O'Connor and the Rev. Mr. Brewster. The subject debated was, Whether is moral or physical force the fitter instrument for obtaining the Charter? The Doctor espoused the moral hoccussing system, and Feargus took up the bludgeon for physical force. After a pretty considerable deal of fireworks had been let off on both sides, it was agreed to divide the field, when Feargus, waving his hat, *ascended into a tree*, and called upon his friends to follow him. But, alas! few answered to the summons,—he was left in a miserable minority; and the Doctor, as the Yankees say, decidedly “put the critter up a tree.” Feargus, being a *Radical*, should have kept to the *root* instead of venturing into the higher *branches* of political economy. At all events the Doctor, as the Yankees say, “put the critter up a tree,” where we calculate he must have looked tarnation ugly. The position was peculiarly ill-chosen—for when a fire-and-faggot orator begins to speak *trees-on*, it is only natural that his hearers should all take their *leaves*!

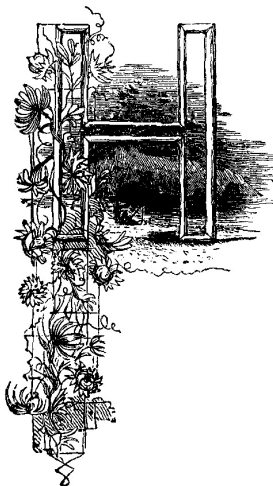
AN UNDIVIDED MOIETY.

The *Herald* gives an account of two persons who were carried off suddenly at Lancaster by a paralytic attack *each*. We should have been curious to know the result if, instead of an attack *each*, they had had *one between them*.

THE HEIR OF APPLEBITE.

CHAPTER IX.

SHOWS THAT DOCTORS DIFFER.



aving christened his child, Agamemnon felt it to be his bounden duty to have him vaccinated; but his wife's mother, with a perversity strongly characteristic of the *genus*, strenuously opposed Dr. Jenner's plan of repealing the small pox¹, and insisted upon having him inoculated. Poor Mrs. Applebite was sorely perplexed between her habitual reverence for the opinions of her mama and the dread which she naturally felt of converting the face of the infant heir into a plum-pudding. Agamemnon had evidently determined to be positive upon this point, and all that could be extracted from him was the one word—vaccination!

1. Baylis.

To which Mrs. Waddledot replied,

“Vaccination, indeed!—as though the child were a calf! I'm sure and certain that the extreme dulness of young people of the present day is entirely owing to vaccination—it imbues them with a very stupid portion of the animal economy.”

As Agamemnon could not understand her, he again ejaculated—“Vaccination!”

"But, my dear," rejoined Mrs. Applebite, "Mama has had so much experience that her opinion is worth listening to; I know that you give the preference to—"

"Vaccination!" interrupted Collumpson.

"And so do I; but we have heard of grown-up people—who had always considered themselves secure—taking the small pox, dear."

"To be sure we have," chimed in Mrs. Waddledot; "and it's a very dreadful thing, after indulgent and tender parents have been at the expense of nursing, clothing, physicking, teaching music, dancing, Italian, French, geography, drawing, and the use of the globes, to a child, to have it carried off because a misguided fondness has insisted upon—"

"Vaccination!" shouted *pater* Collumpson.

"Exactly!" continued the "wife's mother." "Now inoculate at once, say I, before the child's short-coated."

Agamemnon rose from his seat, and advancing deliberately and solemnly to the table at which his wife and his wife's mother were seated, he slowly raised his dexter arm above his head, and then, having converted his hand into a fist, he dashed his contracted digitals upon the rosewood as though he dared not trust himself with more than one word, and that one was—"Vaccination!"

Mrs. Waddledot's first impulse was to jump out of her turban, in which she would have succeeded had not the mystic rolls of gauze which constituted that elaborate head-dress been securely attached to the chestnut "front" with which she had sought for some years to cheat the world into a forgetfulness of her nativity.

"I was warned of this! I was warned of this!" exclaimed the disarranged woman, as soon as she obtained breath enough for utterance. "But I wouldn't believe it. I was told that the member for Puddingbury had driven one wife to her grave and the other to drinking.—I was told that it would run in the family, and that Mr. A.C. Applebite would be no better than Mr. I. Applebite!"

"Oh! Mama—you really wrong Aggy," exclaimed Theresa.

"It's lucky for you that you think so, my dear. If ever there was an ill-used woman, you are that unhappy individual. Oh, that ever—I—should live—to see a child of mine—have a child of hers vaccinated against her wish!" and here Mrs. Waddledot (as it is emphatically styled) burst into tears; not that we mean to imply that she was converted into an explosive *jet d'eau*, but we mean that she—she—what shall we say?—she blubbered.

It is really surprising how very sympathetic women are on all occasions of weeping, scolding, and scandalising; and accordingly Mrs. Applebite "opened the fountains of her eyes," and roared in concert with her mama.

Agamemnon felt that he was an injured man—injured in the tenderest point—his character for connubial kindness; and he secretly did what many husbands have done openly—he consigned Mrs. Waddledot to the gentleman who is always represented as very black, because where he resides there is no water to wash with.

At this agonising moment Uncle Peter made his appearance; and as actors always play best to a good audience, the weeping ladies continued their lachrymose performance with renewed vigour. Uncle Peter was a plain man—plain in every meaning of the word; that is to say, he was very ugly and very simple; and when we tell you that his face resembled nothing but a half-toasted muffin, you can picture to yourself what it must have looked like under the influence of surprise; but nevertheless, both Agamemnon and the ladies simultaneously determined to make him the arbitrator in this very important matter.

"Uncle Peter," said Agamemnon.

"Brother Peter," sobbed Mrs. Waddledot.

"Which are you an advocate for?" hystericised Mrs. Applebite.

"Vaccination or inoculation?" exclaimed everybody *ensemble*.

Now whether Uncle John did clearly understand the drift of the question put to him, or whether he conceived that he was solicited to be the subject of some benevolent experiments for the advantage of future generations, it is certain that no man ever looked more positively

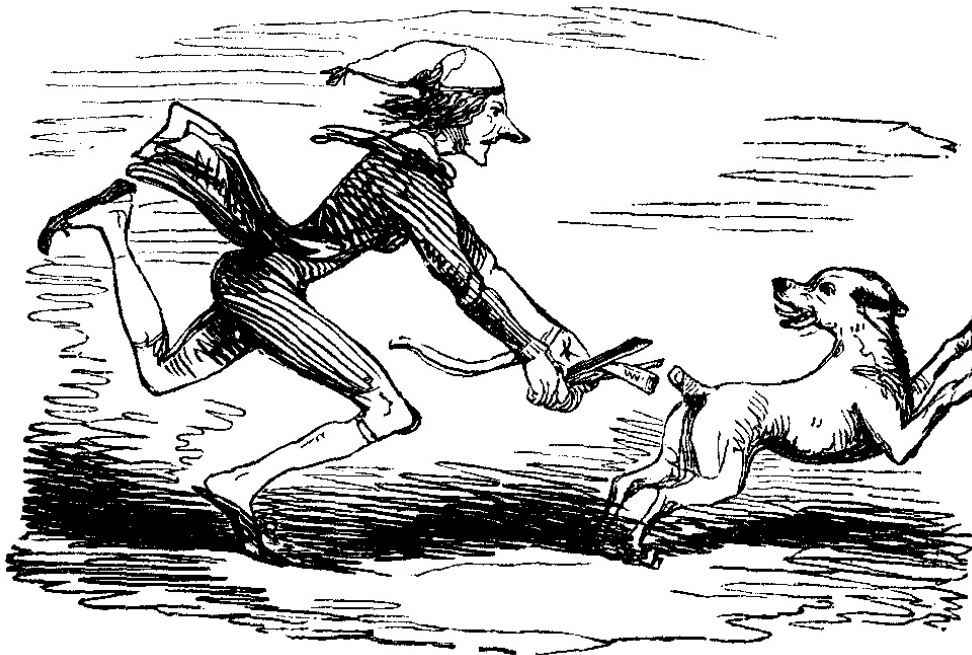


ON THE HORN OF A DILEMMA

than Uncle Peter. At length the true state of the case was made apparent to him; and the conclusion that he arrived at reflects the greatest possible credit upon his judgment. He decided, that as the child was a divided property, for the sake of peace and quietness, the heir of Applebite should be vaccinated in one arm and inoculated in the other.

FALSE ALARM.

We were paralysed the other day at seeing a paragraph headed "Sibthorpe's conversion." Our nose grew pale with terror; our hump heaved with agitation. We thought there existed a greater genius than ourselves and that some one had discovered that Sibthorp could be converted into anything but a Member for Lincoln, and buffoon-in-waiting to the House of Commons. We found, however, that it alluded to a Reverend, and not to OUR Colonel. Really the newspaper people should be more careful. Such startling announcements are little better than



SHEE(A)R CRUELTY.

DOING THE STATE SOME SERVICE.

During the conflagration of the Tower, it was apprehended at one time that the portion of it called the White Tower would have shared the fate of the grand store-house,—this was however prevented by hanging *wet blankets* around it, in which capacity Peter Borthwick, Mr. Plumtre, Col. Percival, and Lord Castlereagh, kindly offered their personal services and were found admirably adapted for the purpose.

THE GENTLEMAN'S OWN BOOK.

We will now proceed to the consideration of that indispensable adjunct to a real gentleman—his purse. This little talisman, though of so much real importance, is very limited in the materials of its formation, being confined exclusively to silk. It should generally be of net work, very sparingly powdered with small beads, and of the most delicate colours, such

conveying the idea that the fairy fingers of some beautiful friend had wove the tiny treasury. We have seen some of party colours, intended thereby to distinguish the separate depository of the gold and silver coin with which it is (presumed) to be stored. This arrangement we repudiate; for a true gentleman should always appear indifferent to the value of money, and affect at least an equal contempt for a sovereign as a shilling. We prefer having the meshes of the purse rather large than otherwise, as whenever it is necessary—mind, we say necessary—to exhibit it, the glittering contents shining through the interstices are never an unpleasing object of contemplation.

The purse should be used at the card-table; but never produced unless you are called upon as a loser to *pay*. It may then be resorted to with an air of *nonchalance*; and when the demand upon it has been honoured, it should be thrown carelessly upon the table, as though to indicate your *almost* anxiety to make a further sacrifice of its contents. Should you, however, be a winner, any exhibition of the purse might be construed into an unseemly desire of “welling,” or securing your gains, which of course must always be a matter of perfect indifference to you; and whatever advantages you obtain from chance or skill should be made obvious to every one are only destined to enrich your valet, or be beneficially expended in the refreshment of cabmen and ladies of faded virtue. In order to convey these intentions more conspicuously, should the result of an evening be in your favour, your winnings should be consigned to your waistcoat pocket; and if you have any particular desire to heighten the effect, a piece of moderate value may be left on the table.



A GENTLEMAN TAKING A FIRST FLOOR

cannot do better than find an excuse for a recurrence to his purse; and then the partial exhibition of the coin alluded to above will be found to be productive of a feeling most decidedly confirmatory in the mind of the landlady that you are a true gentleman.

The same cause will produce the same effect with a tradesman whose album—we beg pardon, whose ledger—you intend honouring with your name.

You should never display your purse to a poor friend or dependant, or the sight of it might not only stimulate their cupidity, or raise their expectations to an inordinate height, but prevent you from escaping with a moderate *douceur* by “the kind manner in which you slipped a sovereign into their hand at parting.”

A servant should never be rewarded from a purse; it makes the fellows discontented; for if they see gold, they are never satisfied with a shilling and “I must see what can be done for you, James.”

Should you be fortunate enough to break a policeman’s head, or drive over an old woman, you will find that your purse will not only add to the *éclat* of the transaction, but most materially assist the magistrate before whom you may be taken in determining that the case is very trifling, and that a fine of 5s. will amply excuse you from the effects of that polite epidemic known *vulgo* as drunkenness. There cannot be a greater proof of the advantages of a purse than the preceding instance, for we have known numerous cases in which the symptoms have been precisely the same, but the treatment diametrically opposite, owing to the absence of that incontrovertible evidence to character—the purse.

None but a *parvenu* would carry his money loose; and we know of nothing more certain to ensure an early delivery of your small account than being detected by a creditor in the act of hunting a sovereign into the corner of your pocket.

We have known tailors, bootmakers, hatters, hosiers, livery-stable-keepers, &c., grow remarkably noisy when refused assistance to meet heavy payments, which are continually coming due at most inconvenient seasons; and when repeated denials have failed to silence

them, the *exhibition only* of the purse has procured the desired effect,—we presume, by inspiring the idea that you have the means to pay, but are eccentric in your views of credit—thus producing with the most importunate dun



A BRILLIANT TERMINATION.

TREMENDOUS FAILURE.

The Editors present their compliments to their innumerable subscribers, and beg to say that, being particularly hard up for a joke, they trust that they will accept of the following as an evidence of



GETTING UNDER WHEY.

A THOROUGH DRAUGHT.

The extreme proficiency displayed by certain parties in drawing spurious exchequer-bills has induced them to issue proposals for setting up an opposition exchequer office, where bills may be drawn on the shortest notice. As this establishment is to be cunningly united to the Art-Union in Somerset-House, the whole art of forgery may be there learned in six lessons. The manufacture of exchequer-bills will be carried on in every department, from printing the forms to imitating the signatures; in short, the whole art of



DRAWING TAUGHT.

[pg 208]

THE O'CONNELL PAPERS.

OUR EXTRAORDINARY AND EXCLUSIVE CORRESPONDENCE.

We have been favoured by the transmission of the following singular correspondence by the new Mayor of Dublin's private secretary. We hasten to lay the interesting documents before our readers, though we must decline incurring the extreme responsibility of advising which offer it would be most advantageous for Mr. O'Connell to accept.

LETTER I.

SIR,—I am requested by the management of the Royal Surrey Theatre to negotiate with you for a few nights' performance in a local drama, which shall be written for the occasion, and in which you are requested to represent the Civic dignitary in the identical robes which have become immortalised by your wearing. Mr. Dibdin Pitt is of opinion that something might be done with "Whittington and his Cat," merely transferring the scene from London to Dublin; and, as he hears your county is highly celebrated for the peculiar breed, sending to Ireland for one of the esteemed "Kilkenny species," which would give a greater reality to the *dramatis personæ* and feline adjunct. This is a mere suggestion, as any other subject you may prefer—such as the Rebellion of '98, Donnybrook Fair, the Interior of the Irish Mansion House, or the House of Commons, can be rendered equally effective. I beg to call your attention to the fact that you shall have a clear stage and every advantage, as Mr. N.T. Hicks will be left out of the cast altogether, or else play a very small dumb villain; so that you need not fear losing your oratorical reputation by being out-shouted. Should you feel disposed to accept the terms, one clear half the nightly receipt, pray forward an answer by return, that we may get out a woodcut of the small-clothes, and underline the identical stockings.

I have the honour to be,
Your obedient servant,
BEN. FAIRBROTHER.

D. O'Connell, Esq.

T. R. D. L.

SIR,—The intense interest created in the bosoms of mankind in general by the graphic account of your splendid appearance and astounding performance of the arduous character of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, induces Mr. W.C. Macready to make you an offer of engagement for the performance of Shakspeare's heroic functionary in the forthcoming revival of Richard the Third, which is about to be produced under his classic management at the Theatre Royal Drury-lane, Mr. W.C. Macready offers to replace the breeches if cracked in stooping; also, to guarantee a liberal allowance of hair-powder to fall from the wig, and make the usual effective and dignified huge point while the Mayor is bowing to the king. An early answer will oblige your obedient servant,

T. J. SERLE.

P.S. Can you bring your own Aldermen, as we are anxious to do it with the



MAYOR (MARE) AND CORPORATION.

P.P.S.—Think of the fame and the twelve-sheet posters, and be moderate.

Theatre Royal, Adelphi.

DEAR DAN,—The Adelphi is open to you and your robes. Couldn't we do something with a hero from Blarney, and let you be discovered licking the stone, amid tableaux, blue fire, and myriads of nymph-like Kate Kearneys? Or would you prefer an allegory, yourself a Merman, or the Genius of Ireland, distributing real whiskey-and-water from the tank, which shall be filled with grog for that purpose. Think it over.

Truly yours,
F. YATES.

D. O'Connell, Esq. &c. &c. &c.

Theatre Royal, Haymarket.

Mr. Webster presents his compliments to Daniel O'Connell, Esq., Mayor and M.P., and begs to suggest, as the "Rent Day" was originally produced at his theatre, it will be an excellent field for any further dramatic attempt of Mr. D. O'C. A line from Mr. D. O'C. will induce Mr. B.W. to put the drama in rehearsal.

"D. O'Connell, Esq. &c. &c."

Royal Victoria.

SIR,—As sole lessee of the Royal Victoria I shall be happy to engage you to appear in costume, in the Mayor of Garratt, or, for the sake of the name Mayor, any other Mayor you like. If you think all the old ones too stupid, we can look upon something new, and preserve the title. You shall be supported by Miss Vincent and Susan Hopley, with two murders by Messrs. Dale and Saville in the after-piece. Awaiting your reply, I remain

Your obedient servant,
D.W. OSBALDISTON.

D. O'Connell, Esq.

Royal Pavilion Theatre.

SIR,—If you mean to come on the stage, come to me. I know what suits the public. If you can't come yourself, send your cocked hat, and Mrs. Denvil shall dramatise it. We have a carpenter of your name; we can gag him and gammon the public, as follows:—

IMMENSE ATTRACTION!

SCENERY MOVED BY

O'CONNELL;

FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE

GREAT AGITATOR!!!

"REAL COCKED HAT."

Yours, &c.
HY. DENVIL.

SIR,—We should be proud to avail ourselves of your professional services to do a little in the domestic and appalling murder line; but our forte is ballet or pantomime; perhaps, as you have your own silk tights, the latter department might suit you best. Our artist is considered very great, and shall convert our “Jim Along Josey” wood-cuts into your portrait. We will also pledge ourselves to procure an illuminated cocked hat. An early answer, stating terms, will oblige

Your obedient Servants,
GOMERSAL AND CONQUEST.

D. O’Connell, Esq.

T.R. Sadler’s Wells.

SIR,—Understanding you are about to figure publicly and professionally in London, may I draw your attention to my unique establishment. I can offer you an excellent engagement as the figure-head of a vessel about to be produced in a new nautical drama. It is at present called “The Shark and the Alligator,” but may be altered with equal effect to “The Mayor and the Agitator.” Begging a reply,

I remain, Sir,
Your’s obediently,
ROBERT HONNER.

D. O’Connell, Esq.

P.S. Do you do anything in the hornpipe line?

A PÆAN FOR DAN.

BY ONE OF THE “FINEST PISANTRY IN THE WORLD.”

We have received the following genuine “Irish version” of a scene from and for the times, from our own peculiar and poetic correspondent:—

“DEAR PUNCH,—

I beg pardon that yoursilf I’m now troublin,
But I must let you know what I just seen in Dublin;
There Daniel O’Connell,—Mayor and great agitator,—
Has been making a Judy of himself, the poor unhappy cratur.
At his time of life, too! tare and ounds its mighty shocking!
He shoved ach of his big legs into a span bran new silk stocking:
How the divil them calves by any manes was thrust in,
Is a mistery to ev’ry one, without them black silks busting.
And instead of a dacent trousers hanging to his suspenders,
He has button’d-up one-half of him in a pair of short knee-enders.
Now, Punch, on your oath, did you ever hear the likes o’ that?
But oh, houly Paul, if you only seen his big cock’d hat,
Stuck up on the top of his jazy;—a mighty illegant thatch,
With hair like young Deaf Burke’s, all rushing up to the scratch,
You must have been divarted; and, Jewil, then he wore
A thund’ring big Taglioni-cut purple velvet *roquelore*.
And who but Misther Dan cut it fat in all his pride,
Cover’d over with white favors, like a gentle blushing bride;
And wasn’t he follow’d by all the blackguards for his tail,
Shouting out for their lives, ‘Success to Dan O’Connell and Rapale.’
But the Old Corporation has behaved mighty low and mane,
As they wouldn’t lend him the loan of the ancient raal goold chain,
Nor the collar; as they said they thought (divil burn ’em),
If they’d done so, it was probable Dan never would return ’em.
But, good-bye, I must be off,—he’s gone to take the chair!
So my love to Mrs. Punch, and no more about the Mayor.”

PUNCH’S PÆAN TO THE PRINCELET.

Huzza! we’ve a little prince at last,
A roaring Royal boy;
And all day long the booming bells
Have rung their peals of joy.
And the little park-guns have blazed away,

And made a tremendous noise,
Whilst the air hath been fill'd since eleven o'clock
With the shouts of little boys;
And we have taken our little bell,
And rattled and laugh'd, and sang as well,
Roo-too-tooit! Shallabella!
Life to the Prince! Fallalderalla!

Our little Prince will be daintily swathed,
And laid on a bed of down,
Whilst his cradle will stand 'neath a canopy
That is deck'd with a golden crown.
O, we trust when his Queenly Mother sees
Her Princely boy at rest,
She will think of the helpless pauper babe
That lies at a milkless breast!
And then we will rattle our little bell.
And shout and laugh, and sing as well—
Roo-too-tooit! Shallabella!
Life to the Prince! Fallalderalla!

Our little Prince, we have not a doubt,
Has set up a little cry;
But a dozen sweet voices were there to soothe,
And sing him a lullaby.
We wonder much if a voice so small
Could reach our loved Monarch's ear;
If so, she said "God bless the poor!
Who cry and have no one near."
So then we will rattle our little bell,
And shout and laugh, and sing as well—
Roo-too-tooit! Shallabella!
Life to the Prince! Fallalderalla!

Our little Prince (though he heard them not)
Hath been greeted with honied words,
And his cheeks have been fondled to win a smile
By the Privy Council Lords.
Will he trust the "charmer" in after years,
And deem he is more than man?
Or will he feel that he's but a speck
In creation's mighty plan?
Let us hope the best, and rattle our bell,
And shout and laugh, and sing as well—
Roo-too-tooit! Shallabella!
Life to the Prince! Fallalderalla!

Our little Prince, when he grows a boy,
Will be taught by men of lore,
From the "dusty tome" of the ancient sage,
As Kings have been taught before.
But will there be *one* good, true man near,
To tutor the infant heart?
To tell him the world was made for all,
And the poor man claims his part?
We trust there will; so we'll rattle our bell,
And shout and laugh, and sing as well—
Roo-too-tooit! Shallabella!
Life to the Prince! Fallalderalla!

A CON-CONSTITUTIONAL.

Why is the little Prince of Wales like the 11th Hussars?—Because it is Prince Albert's own.

HARD TO REMEMBER.

Lord Monteagle, on being shown one of the Exchequer Bills, supposed to have been forged, declared that he did not know if the signature attached to it was his handwriting or not. We do not feel surprised at this—his Lordship has put his hand to so many jobs that it would be impossible he could remember every one of them.

THE CROPS.

A most unfounded report of the approaching demise of Colonel Sibthorp reached town early last week. Our Leicester correspondent has, however, furnished us with the following correct particulars, which will be read with pleasure by those interested in the luxuriant state of the gallant orator's crops. The truth is, he was seen to enter a hair-dresser's shop, and it got about amongst the breathless crowd which soon collected, that the imposing *toupée*, the enchanting whiskers that are the pride of the county, were to be cropped! This mistake was unhappily removed to give place to a more fatal one; for instead of submitting to the shears, the venerable joker bought a paper of *poudre unique*, from which arose the appalling report that he was about to *dye*!

Our kind friend the indefatigable "correspondent" of the *Observer*, informs us from authority upon which every reliance may be placed, that Mr. Grant, the indefatigable statist and author of "Lights and Shadows of London Life," is now patiently engaged in researches of overwhelming importance to the public. He will, in his next edition of the above-named work, be enabled to state from personal inquiry, how many ladies residing within a circuit of ten miles round London wear false fronts, with the colours respectively of their real and their artificial hair, together with the number of times per year the latter are dressed. Besides this, this untiring author has called at every hairdresser's in the London Directory, to ascertain the number of times per quarter each customer has his hair cut, with the quantity and length denuded. From these materials a result will be drawn up, showing the average duration of crops; and also how far the hair-cuttings of every day in London would reach, if each hair were joined together and placed somewhere, so as to go—when enough is collected—round the world.

The *Morning Herald* of Monday informs us, that the King of Hanover has passed a law to regulate the crops not only of the army, but of those in the civil employ of government. The moustaches of the former are to be, we hear, exact copies of those sported by Muntz. The hair is to be cut close, so as to be woven into regulation whiskers for those to whom nature has denied them. The pattern whisker was lately submitted by Mr. Truefit, who is to be the army contractor for the same. It curls over the cheek, and meets the moustaches at the corners of the mouth.

In consequence of this measure, large sales in bear's grease were made by the Russian merchants on 'Change yesterday for the German markets. A consequent rise in this species of manure took place; this will, it is feared, have a bad effect upon the British crops, which have already assumed a dry and languid appearance.

ELIGIBLE INVESTMENTS!—SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY!— UNRIVALLED BARGAINS!

EXTRAORDINARY SALE OF UNREDEEMED PLEDGES.

MESSRS. MACHIN and DEBENHAM respectfully inform the particularly curious, and the public in general, they have the honor to announce the unreserved sale of the following particularly and unprecedentedly attractive Unredeemed Pledges.

N.B.—The auction duty to be paid by the purchasers,—if not, the inmates of St. Luke's have offered to subscribe for their liquidation.

LOT I.

A perfect collection of the original speeches of Sir Francis Burdett—previous to his visit to the Tower; his fulminations issued from the same; and a catalogue of the *unredeemed* pledges made to the electors of Westminster, and originally taken in by them—a compliment very handsomely returned by the honourable Baronet, who kindly took his constituents in in return. Very curious, though much dogs-eared, thumbed, and as far as the author's name goes, totally erased.

LOT II.

A visionary pedigree and imaginative genealogical account of Roebuck's ancestors—commencing in the year 1801, and carefully brought down to the present time. Very elaborate, but rather doubtful.

LOT III.

A full account of Wakley's parliamentary rattling, or political felo-de-se; beautifully authenticated by his late Finsbury electors—with sundry cuts by his former friends.

LOT IV.

An extraordinary large batch of uncommonly cheap bread, manufactured by one John Russell. A beautiful electioneering and imaginative production, though now rather stale.

LOT V.

A future contract for the continuance of the poor-laws, and the right of pumps for the guardians to concoct the soup.

N.B. Filters used if too strong.

LOT VI.

Daniel O'Connell's opinions upon the repeal of the union, now that he is Lord Mayor of Dublin: to be sold without reserve to the highest bidder.

The whole of the above are submitted to the public, in the sincere hope of their meeting purchasers—as the price is all that is wanting to ensure a *bonâ fide* sale. No catalogues—no particulars—no guarantees—no deductions—and no money returned.

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SIR PETER LAURIE ON HUMAN LIFE.

Sir PETER LAURIE has set his awful face against suicide! He will in no way “encourage” *felo-de-se*. Fatal as this aldermanic determination may be to the interests of the shareholders of Waterloo, Vauxhall, and Southwark Bridges, Sir PETER has resolved that no man—not even in the suicidal season of November—shall drown, hang, or otherwise destroy himself, under any pretence soever! Sir PETER, with a very proper admiration of the pleasures of life, philosophises with a full stomach on the ignorance and wickedness of empty-bellied humanity; and Mr. HOBLER—albeit in the present case the word is not reported—doubtless cried “Amen!” to the wisdom of the alderman. Sir PETER henceforth stands sentinel at the gate of death, and any hungry pauper who shall recklessly attempt to touch the knocker, will be sentenced to “the treadmill for a month as a rogue and vagabond!”

One *William Simmons*, a starving tailor, in a perishing condition, attempts to cut his throat. He inflicts upon himself a wound which, “under the immediate assistance of the surgeon of the Compter,” is soon healed; and the offender being convalescent, is doomed to undergo the cutting wisdom of Sir PETER LAURIE. Hear the alderman “Don't you know *that that sort of murder (suicide) is as bad as any other?*” If such be the case—and we would as soon doubt the testimony of Balaam's quadruped as Sir PETER—we can only say, that the law has most shamefully neglected to provide a sufficing punishment for the enormity. Sir PETER speaks with the humility of true wisdom, or he would never have valued his own throat for instance—that throat enriched by rivulets of turtle soup, by streams of city wine and city gravies—at no more than the throat of a hungry tailor. There never in our opinion was a greater discrepancy of windpipe. Sir PETER'S throat is the organ of wisdom—whilst the tailor's throat, by the very fact of his utter want of food, is to him an annoying superfluity. And yet, says Sir PETER by inference, “It is *as bad*, William Simmons, to cut your own throat, as to cut mine!” If true Modesty have left other public bodies, certainly she is to be found in the court of aldermen.

Sir PETER proceeds to discourse of the mysteries of life and death in a manner that shows that the executions of his shrievalty were not lost upon his comprehensive spirit. Suicides, however, have engaged his special consideration; for he says—

“Suicides and attempts, or apparent attempts, to commit suicide, very much increase, I regret to say. *I know that a morbid humanity exists*, and does much mischief as regards the practice. *I shall not encourage attempts of the kind*, but shall punish them; and I sentence you to the treadmill for a month, as a rogue and vagabond. I shall look *very narrowly at the cases* of persons brought before me on such charges.”

Sir PETER has, very justly, no compassion for the famishing wretch stung and goaded “to jump the life to come.” Why should he? Sir PETER is of that happy class of men who have found this life too good a thing to leave. “They call this world a bad world,” says ROTHSCHILD on a certain occasion; “for my part, I do not know of a better.” And ROTHSCHILD was even a greater authority than Sir PETER LAURIE on the paradise of *£ s. d.*

The vice of the day—“a morbid humanity” towards the would-be suicide—is, happily, doomed. Sir PETER LAURIE refuses to patronise any effort at self-slaughter; and, moreover, threatens to “look very narrowly at the cases” of those despairing fools who may be caught in the attempt. It would here be well for Sir PETER to inform the suicidal part of the public what amount of desperation is likely to satisfy him as to the genuineness of the misery suffered. *William Simmons* cuts a gash in his throat; the Alderman is not satisfied with this, but having looked very narrowly into the wound, declares it to be a proper case

for the treadmill. We can well believe that an impostor trading on the morbid humanity of the times—and there is a greater stroke of business done in the article than even the sagacity of a LAURIE can imagine—may, in this cold weather, venture an immersion in the Thames or Serpentine, making the plunge with a declaratory scream, the better to extract practical compassion from the pockets of a morbidly humane society; we can believe this, Sir PETER, and feel no more for the trickster than if our heart were made of the best contract saddle-leather; but we confess a cut-throat staggers us; we fear, with all our caution, we should be converted to a belief in misery by a gash near the windpipe. Sir PETER, however, with his enlarged mind, professes himself determined to probe the wound—to look narrowly into its depth, breadth, and length, and to prescribe the treadmill, according to the condition of the patient! Had the cautious Sir PETER been in the kilt of his countryman *Macbeth*, he would never have exhibited an “admired disorder” on the appearance of *Banquo* with his larynx severed in two; not he—he would have called the wound a slight scratch, having narrowly looked into it, and immediately ordered the ghost to the guard-house.

The Duke of WELLINGTON, who has probably seen as many wounds as Sir PETER LAURIE, judging the case, would, by his own admission, have inflicted the same sentence upon the tailor *Simmons* as that fulminated by the Alderman. ARTHUR and PETER would, doubtless, have been of one accord, *Simmons* avowed himself to be starving. Now, in this happy land—in this better Arcadia—every man who wants food is proved by such want an idler or a drunkard. The victor of Waterloo—the tutelary wisdom of England’s counsels—has, in the solemnity of his Parliamentary authority, declared as much. Therefore it is most right that the lazy, profligate tailor, with a scar in his throat, should mount the revolving wheel for one month, to meditate upon the wisdom of Dukes and the judgments of Aldermen!

We no more thought of dedicating a whole page to one Sir PETER LAURIE, than the zoological Mr. CROSS would think of devoting an acre of his gardens to one ass, simply because it happened to be the largest known specimen of the species. But, without knowing it, Sir PETER has given a fine illustration of the besetting selfishness of the times. Had LAURIE been born to hide his ears in a coronet, he could not have more strongly displayed the social insensibility of the day. The prosperous saddler, and the wretched, woe-begone tailor, are admirable types of the giant arrogance that dominates—of the misery that suffers.

There is nothing more talked of with less consideration of its meaning and relative value than—Life. Has it not a thousand different definitions? Is it the same thing to two different men?

Ask the man of independent wealth and sound body to paint Life, and what a very pretty picture he will lay before you. He lives in another world—has, as *Sir Anthony Absolute* says, a sun and moon of his own—a realm of fairies, with attending sprites to perform his every compassable wish. To him life is a most musical monosyllable; making his heart dance, and thrilling every nerve with its so-potent harmony. Life—but especially his life—is, indeed, a sacred thing to him; and loud and deep are his praises of its miracles. Like the departed ROTHSCILD, “he does not know a better;” certain we are, he is in no indecent haste to seek it.

Demand of the prosperous man of trade—of the man of funds, and houses, and land, acquired by successful projects—what is Life? He will try to call up a philosophic look, and passing his chin through his hand—(there is a brilliant on his little finger worth at least fifty guineas)—he will answer, “Life, sir—Life has its ups and downs; but taken altogether, for my part, I think a man a great sinner, a very great sinner, who doesn’t look upon life as a very pretty thing. But don’t let’s talk of such dry stuff—take off your glass—hang it!—no heel-taps.”

Ask another, whose whole soul, like a Ready Reckoner, is composed of figures,—what is Life? He, perhaps, will answer, “Why, sir, Life—if you insure at our office—is worth more than at any other establishment. We divide profits, and the rate of insurance decreases in proportion,” &c. &c.; and thus you will have Life valued, by the man who sees nothing in it but a privilege to get money, as the merest article of commercial stock.

Inquire of many an Alderman what is Life? He will tell you that it is a fine, dignified, full-bellied, purple-faced creature, in a furred and violet-coloured gown. “Life,” he will say, “always has its pleasures; but its day of great delight is the Ninth of November. Life, however, is especially agreeable in swan-hopping season, when white-bait abounds at Blackwall and Greenwich, and when the Lord Mayor gives his Easter-ball; and ‘keeps up the hospitalities of his high office.’” Not, however, that life is without its graver duties—its religious observations. Oh, no! it is the duty of well-to-do Life to punish starving men for forgetting its surpassing loveliness—it is a high obligation of Life to go to church in a carriage, and confess itself a miserable sinner—it is the duty of Life to read its bible; and then the Alderman, to show that he is well versed in the volume, quotes a passage—“when the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.”

Now ask the Paisley weaver what is Life? Bid the famine-stricken multitudes of Bolton to

describe with their white lips the surpassing beauty of human existence. Can it be possible that the glorious presence—the beneficent genius that casts its blessings in the paths of other men—is such an ogre, a fiend, to the poor? Alas! is he not a daily tyrant, scourging with meanest wants—a creature that, with all its bounty to others, is to the poor and destitute more terrible than Death? Let Comfort paint a portrait of Life, and now Penury take the pencil. “Pooh! pooh!” cry the sage LAURIES of the world, looking at the two pictures—“that scoundrel Penury has drawn an infamous libel. *That* Life! with that withered face, sunken eye, and shrivelled lip; and what is worse, with a suicidal scar in its throat! *That* Life! The painter Penury is committed for a month as a rogue and vagabond. We shall look very narrowly into these cases.”

We agree with the profound Sir PETER LAURIE that it is a most wicked, a most foolish act of the poor man to end his misery by suicide. But we think there is a better remedy for such desperation than the tread-mill. The surest way for the rich and powerful of the world to make the poor man more careful of his life is to render it of greater value to him.

Q.

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PUNCH'S PENCILINGS.—No. XVIII.



POLITICAL THEATRICALS EXTRAORDINARY.

NORMA.

NORMA (the Deserted)
ADALGISA (the Seductive)
POLLIO (the Faithless)

LORD MELBOURNE.
SIR R. PEEL.
MR. WAKLEY.

CHILDREN

MASTERS RUSSELL & MORPETH.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF THE LONDON MEDICAL STUDENT.

7.—OF VARIOUS OTHER DIVERTING MATTERS CONNECTED WITH GRINDING.



From experience we are aware that the invention of the useful species of phrenotypics, alluded to in our last chapter, does not rest with the grinder alone. We once knew a medical student (and many even now at the London hospitals will recollect his name without mentioning it), who, when he was grinding for the Hall, being naturally of a melodious and harmonic disposition, conceived the idea of learning the whole of his practice of physic by setting a description of the diseases to music. He had a song of some hundred and twenty verses, which he called "The Poetry of Steggall's Manual;" and this he put to the tune of the "Good Old Days of Adam and Eve." We deeply lament that we cannot produce the whole of this lyrical pathological curiosity. Two verses, however, linger on our memory, and these we have written down, requesting that they may be said or sung to the air above-mentioned, and dedicating them to the gentlemen who are going up next Thursday evening. They relate to the symptoms, treatment, and causes of Hæmoptysis and Hæmatemesis; which terms respectively imply, for the benefit of the million unprofessional readers who weekly gasp for our fresh number, a spitting of blood from the lungs and a vomiting of ditto from the stomach. The song was composed of stanzas similar to those which follow, except the portion relating to *Diseases of the Brain*, which was more appropriately separated into the old English division of *Fyttes*.

HÆMOPTYSIS.

A sensation of weight and oppression at the chest, sirs;
 With tickling at the larynx, which scarcely gives you rest, sirs;
 Full hard pulse, salt taste, and tongue very white, sirs;
 And blood brought up in coughing, of colour very bright, sirs.
 It depends on causes three—the first's exhalation;
 The next a ruptured artery—the third, ulceration.
 In treatment we may bleed, keep the patient cool and quiet,
 Acid drinks, digitalis, and attend to a mild diet.
 Sing hey, sing ho, we do not grieve
 When this formidable illness takes its leave.

HÆMATEMESIS.

Clotted blood is thrown up, in colour very black, sirs,
 And generally sudden, as it comes up in a crack, sirs.
 It's preceded at the stomach by a weighty sensation;
 But nothing appears ruptured upon examination.
 It differs from the last, by the particles thrown off, sirs,
 Being denser, deeper-coloured, and without a bit of cough, sirs.
 In plethoric habits bleed, and some acid draughts pour in, gents,
 With Oleum Terebinthinæ (small doses) and astringents.
 Sing hey, sing ho; if you think the lesion spacious,
 The Acetate of Lead is found very efficacious.

Thus, in a few lines a great deal of valuable professional information is conveyed, at the same time that the tedium of much study is relieved by the harmony. If poetry is yet to be found in our hospitals—a queer place certainly for her to dwell, unless in her present feeble state the frequenters of Parnassus have subscribed to give her an in-patient's ticket—we trust that some able hand will continue this subject for the benefit of medical students generally; for, we repeat, it is much to be regretted that no more of this valuable production remains to us than the portion which Punch has just immortalized, and set forth as an apt example for cheering the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. The gifted hand who arranged this might have turned Cooper's First Lines of Surgery into a tragedy; Dr. Copeland's Medical Dictionary into a domestic melodrama, with long intervals between the acts; and the Pharmacopoeia into a light one-act farce. It strikes us if the theatres could enter into an arrangement with the Borough Hospitals to supply an amputation every evening as the finishing *coup* to an act, it would draw immensely when other means failed to attract.

The last time we heard this poem was at an harmonic meeting of medical students, within twenty shells' length of the — School dissecting-room. It was truly delightful to see these young men snatching a few Anacreontic hours from their harassing professional occupations. At the time we heard it, the singer was slightly overcome by excitement and

tight boots; and, at length, being prevailed upon to remove the obnoxious understandings, they were passed round the table to be admired, and eventually returned to their owner, filled with half-and-half, cigar-ashes, broken pipes, bread-crusts, and gin-and-water. This was a jocular pleasantry, which only the hilarious mind of a medical student could have conceived.

As the day of examination approaches, the economy of our friend undergoes a complete transformation, but in an inverse entomological progression—changing from the butterfly into the chrysalis. He is seldom seen at the hospitals, dividing the whole of his time between the grinder and his lodgings; taking innumerable notes at one place, and endeavouring to decipher them at the other. Those who have called upon him at this trying period have found him in an old shooting-jacket and slippers, seated at a table, and surrounded by every book that was ever written upon every medical subject that was ever discussed, all of which he appears to be reading at once—with little pieces of paper strewn all over the room, covered with strange hieroglyphics and extraordinary diagrams of chemical decompositions. His brain is just as full of temporary information as a bad egg is of sulphuretted hydrogen; and it is a fortunate provision of nature that the *dura mater* is of a tough fibrous texture—were it not for this safeguard, the whole mass would undoubtedly go off at once like a too tightly-rammed rocket. He is conscious of this himself, from the grinding information wherein he has been taught that the brain has three coverings, in the following order:—the *dura mater*, or Chesterfield overall; the *tunica arachnoidea*, or “dress coat of fine Saxony cloth;” and, in immediate contact, the *pia mater*, or five-and-sixpenny long cloth shirt with linen wristbands and fronts. This is a brilliant specimen of the helps to memory which the grinder affords, as splendid in its arrangement as the topographical methods of calling to mind the course of the large arteries, which define the abdominal aorta as Cheapside, its two common iliac branches, as Newgate-street and St. Paul’s Churchyard, and the medio sacralis given off between them, as Paternoster-row.

Time goes on, bringing the fated hour nearer and nearer; and the student’s assiduity knows no bounds. He reads his subjects over and over again, to keep them fresh in his memory, like little boys at school, who try to catch a last bird’s-eye glance of their book before they give it into the usher’s hands to say by heart. He now feels a deep interest in the statistics of the Hall, and is horrified at hearing that “nine men out of thirteen were sent back last Thursday!” The subjects, too, that they were rejected upon frighten him just as much. One was plucked upon his anatomy; another, because he could not tell the difference between a daisy and a chamomile; and a third, after “being in” three hours and a quarter, was sent back, for his inability to explain the process of making malt from barley,—an operation, whose final use he so well understands, although the preparation somewhat bothered him. And thus, funking at the rejection of a clever man, or marvelling at the success of an acknowledged fool—determining to take prussic acid in the event of being refused—reading fourteen hours a day—and keeping awake by the combined influence of snuff and coffee—the student finds his first ordeal approach.

TRUE ECONOMY.

Peter Borthwick experienced a sad disappointment lately. Having applied to the City Chamberlain for the situation of Lord Mayor’s fool, he was told that the Corporation, in a true spirit of economy, had decided upon dividing the duties amongst themselves. Peter was—but we were not—surprised that between the Aldermen and tom-foolery there should exist



A STRONG ATTACHMENT.

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THE LORD MAYOR'S FOOL.

We are happy in being able to announce that it is the intention of the new potentate of Guildhall to revive the ancient and honourable office of "Lord Mayor's Fool." A number of candidates have already offered themselves, whose qualifications for the situation are so equally balanced, that it is a matter of no small difficulty to decide amongst them. The Light of the City has, we understand, called in Gog and Magog—Sir Peter Laurie and Alderman Humphrey—to assist him in selecting a fit and proper person upon whom to bestow the Civic cap and bells.

The following is a list of the individuals whose claims are under consideration:—

The Marquis of Londonderry, who founds his claims upon the fact of his always creating immense laughter whenever he opens his mouth.

Lord Brougham, who grounds his pretensions upon the agility displayed by him in his favourite character of "the Political Harlequin."

Lord Normanby, upon the peculiar fitness of his physiognomy to play the Fool in any Court.

Daniel O'Connell, upon his impudence, and his offer to fool it in his new scarlet gown and cocked-hat.

Peter Borthwick, upon his brilliant wit, which it is intended shall supersede the Bude Light in the House of Commons.

Colonel Sibthorp, upon his jokes, which have convulsed all the readers of PUNCH, including himself.

George Stephens, upon the immense success of his tragedy of "Martinuzzi," which, to the outrageous merriment of the audience, turned out to be a farce.

T. Wakley, upon the comical way in which he turns his Cap of Liberty into a *Wellington-Wig* and back again at the shortest notice.

Sir Francis Burdett, upon the exceeding complacency with which he wears his own fool's-cap.

Ben D'Israeli, upon his unadulterated simplicity, and the unfurnished state of his attic.

Mr. Muntz, upon the *primâ facie* evidence that he is a near relative of Gog and Magog, and therefore the best entitled to the Civic Foolship.

PUNCH'S CATECHISM OF GEOGRAPHY.

The astonishing increase of the great metropolis in every direction—the growing up of Brixton and Clapham—the discovery of inhabited streets and houses in the *terra incognita* to the northward of Pentonville—and the spirit of maritime enterprise which the late

successful voyages made by the *Bridegroom* steam-boat to the coast of Chelsea has excited in the public mind—has induced a thirst for knowledge, and a desire to be acquainted with the exact geographical position of this habitable world, of which it is admitted Pinnock's work does not give the remotest idea. To supply this deficiency, PUNCH begs leave to offer to his friends and readers *his* Catechism of Geography, which, if received with the extraordinary favour it deserves from the public, may be followed by catechisms on other interesting branches of knowledge.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE WORLD IN GENERAL.

Q. What is geography?

A. The looking for *places* on a map, or in Downing-street, or anywhere else in the world.

Q. What do you mean by the world?

A. Every place comprehended within the circle of a sixpenny omnibus fare from the Bank.

Q. Of what is the world composed?

A. Of bricks and mortar, and Thames water.

Q. Into how many parts is the world usually divided?

A. Into four great parts, viz.—London, Westminster, Marylebone, and Finsbury; to which may be added the Borough, which is over the water. Or it may be said that Fashion has divided the world into two distinct parts, viz.—the East-end and the West-end, and a great number of suburbs.

Q. How are the bricks and mortar subdivided?

A. Into continents, islands, peninsulas, and isthmuses.

Q. What is a continent?

A. Any district containing a number of separate residences and distinct tenements, as *St. James's*, *St. Giles's*.

Q. What is an island?

A. An island is anything surrounded by the Thames, as *The Eel-Pie Island*, and *The Convict Hulk* at Deptford.

Q. What is a peninsula?

A. Anything that runs into the Thames, as *The Suspension Pier at Chelsea*, and *Jack-in-the-Water* at the Tower-stairs.

Q. What is an isthmus?

A. A narrow place that joins two continents together, as *Temple bar*, which joins *Westminster* to the *City*.

Q. How is the Thames water divided?

A. Morally speaking, it is divided into river water, pipe water, and gin-and-water.

Q. Where is river water found?

A. Anywhere between Vauxhall and London Bridges. It is inhabited principally by flounders and bargemen.

Q. What is pipe water?

A. An intermitting stream, having its source at some distant basin. It usually runs into a cistern, until the water-rates get into arrear, when the supply ceases through the intervention of a turncock.

Q. Where is gin-and-water to be found?

A. All over the world; but especially in the vicinity of a cab-stand.

Q. In what other manner is the Thames water divided?

A. Physically speaking, into oceans, seas, gulfs, bays, straits, lakes and rivers.

Q. What is an ocean?

A. Any great body of water whose limits it is impossible to describe, as *The Floating Bath* at Southwark-bridge, and *The Real Tank* at the Adelphi Theatre.

Q. What is a sea?

A. Any small collection of water, as at Chelsea, Battersea.

Q. What is a gulf?

A. A gulf is any place, the greater part of which is surrounded by lawyers, as *Lincoln's Inn*,—*The Court of Chancery*.

Q. What is a haven?

A. A commodious harbour, where people lie at anchor in perfect security, as *The Queen's Bench*,—*The Fleet*, the sight of which is



ENOUGH TO TURN ONE'S HEAD.

Q. What is a strait?

A. A strait is a narrow passage which connects two broad principles as *Wakley's Straits*, which join Radicalism and Conservatism.

Q. What is a lake?

A. A lake is any small portion of Honesty, entirely surrounded by Self, as *Peel's Politics*.

Q. What is a river?

A. A river is a Tax-stream which rises from the Treasury, and runs into the pockets of the Ministerial party. The People are *the source* of the stream—the Ministry is *the mouth*. When the mouth is very wide, it is called a *Tory mouth*. The *right* or *left* banks of a Tax stream are the *Treasury* or *Opposition benches*, to the right or left of the Speaker when he has his back to the source.

Q. How are tax streams divided?

A. Into *salaries* and *pensions*.

Q. What is a conflux?

A. Any place where two or more salaries or pensions are united, as The Duke's breeches-pocket.

Q. Is there any other peculiarity attending a tax stream?

A. Yes. *Radicalism* is that part of a stream nearest to its *source*; *Toryism* that part nearest to its *mouth*.

SPARKS FROM THE FIRE.

ALL IS NOT LOST.

Colonel Sibthorp begs to inform the Editor of Punch that the loss of the wooden gun named "Policy," which was destroyed by the late fire at the Tower, is not irreparable. He has himself been for a long time employed by the Tories for a similar purpose as that for which the "Policy" had been successfully used, namely, to make the enemy believe they were well provided with real artillery; and being now the *greatest wooden gun* in the world, he will,

DISTRESS OF THE COUNTRY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF LONDON LIFE."

Merciful Heaven! we shudder as we write! The state of destitution to which the civic authorities are reduced is appalling. Will our readers believe it—there were only five hundred tureens of turtle, or two thousand five hundred pints, or *five thousand* basins, amongst not quite fifteen hundred guests,—only two basins and a half a man,—for the first course! But we print the bill of fare; it will be read with intense interest by the manufacturers of Paisley, inhabitants of poor-law unions, but more especially by the literary community.

"GENERAL BILL OF FARE.—250 tureens of real turtle, containing five pints each; 200 bottles of sherbet; 6 dishes of fish; 30 entrées; 4 boiled turkeys and oysters; 60 roast pullets; 60 dishes of fowls; 46 ditto of capons; 50 French pies; 60 pigeon pies; 53 hams (ornamented); 43 tongues; 2 quarters of house lamb; 2 barons of beef; 3 rounds of beef; 2 stewed rumps of beef; 13 sirloins, rumps, and ribs of beef; 6 dishes of asparagus; 60 ditto of mashed and other potatoes; 44 ditto of shell-fish; 4 ditto of prawns; 140 jellies; 50 blancmanges; 40 dishes of tarts (creamed); 30 ditto of orange and other tourtes; 40 ditto of almond pastry; 20 Chantilly baskets; 60 dishes of mince pies; 56 salads; peas and asparagus. The Removes:—30 roast turkeys; 6 leverets; 80 pheasants; 24 geese; 40 dishes of partridges; 15 dishes of wild fowl; 2 pea-fowls. Dessert:—100 pineapples, from 2 lb. to 3 lb. each; 200 dishes of hot-house grapes; 250 ice creams; 50 dishes of apples; 100 ditto of pears; 60 ornamented Savoy cakes; 75 plates of walnuts; 80 ditto of dried fruit and preserves; 50 ditto of preserved ginger; 60 ditto of rout cakes and chips; 46 ditto of brandy cherries.

"THE PRINCIPAL TABLE (at which the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor presides).—10 tureens of turtle, 10 bottles of sherbet, 6 dishes of fish, 30 entrées, 1 boiled turkey and oysters, 2 roast pullets, 2 dishes of fowls, 2 ditto of capons, 2 French pies, 2 pigeon pies, 2 hams (ornamented), 2 tongues, 1 quarter of house-lamb, 1 stewed rump of beef, 1 sirloin of beef, 6 dishes of asparagus, 2 dishes of mashed and other potatoes, 3 ditto of shell-fish, 1 dish of prawns, 3 jellies, 3 blancmanges, 2 dishes of tarts (creamed), 2 dishes of orange and other tourtes, 2 dishes of almond pastry, 4 Chantilly baskets, 2 dishes of mince pies, 4 salads. Removes:—3 roast turkeys, 1 leveret, 3 pheasants, 2 geese, 2 dishes of partridges, 1 dish of wild fowl, 2 peafowls. Dessert:—6 pine-apples, 12 dishes of grapes, 10 ice creams, 2 dishes of apples, 4 dishes of pears, 2 ornamented Savoy cakes, 3 plates of walnuts, 4 plates of dried fruit and preserves, 3 plates of preserved ginger, 3 plates of rout cakes and chips, 3 plates of brandy cherries.

"THE FIVE UPPER TABLES.—80 tureens of turtle, 60 bottles of sherbet, 3 boiled turkeys and oysters, 16 roast pullets, 20 dishes of fowls, 15 ditto of capons, 16 French pies, 16 pigeon pies, 16 hams (ornamented), 13 tongues, 1 quarter of house-lamb, 1 round of beef, 1 stewed rump of beef, 4 sirloins, rumps and ribs of beef, 20 dishes of mashed and other potatoes, 12 ditto of shell-fish, 1 dish of prawns, 40 jellies, 16 blancmanges, 13 dishes of tarts (creamed), 9 ditto of orange and other tourtes, 13 ditto of almond pastry, 16 Chantilly baskets, 20 dishes of mince pies, 17 salads. Removes: 23 roast turkeys, 5 leverets, 23 pheasants, 7 geese, 13 dishes of partridges, 5 ditto of wild fowl. Dessert:—32 pine-apples, 64 dishes of grapes, 80 ice creams, 15 dishes of apples, 30 ditto of pears, 18 ornamented Savoy cakes, 24 plates of walnuts, 26 ditto of dried fruit and preserves, 15 ditto of preserved ginger, 18 ditto of rout cakes and chips, 14 ditto of brandy cherries.

"THE FIVE SHORT TABLES NEXT THE UPPER TABLES.—26 tureens of turtle, 22 bottles of sherbet, 3 roast pullets, 6 dishes of fowls, 5 dishes of capons, 5 French pies, 7 pigeon pies, 6 hams (ornamented), 5 tongues, 1 sirloin of beef, 6 dishes of mashed and other potatoes, 5 ditto of shell-fish, 1 dish of prawns, 16 jellies, 5 blancmanges, 4 dishes of tarts (creamed), 3 dishes of orange and other tourtes, 4 dishes of almond pastry, 6 dishes of mince pies, 6 salads. Removes:—10 roast turkeys, 10 pheasants, 3 geese, 4 dishes of partridges. Dessert:—10 pine-apples, 20 dishes of grapes, 26 ice creams, 5 dishes of apples, 12 ditto of pears, 7 ornamented Savoy cakes, 8 plates of walnuts, 8 ditto of dried fruit and preserves, 5 ditto of preserved ginger, 7 ditto of rout cakes and chips, 5 ditto of brandy cherries.

"THE FOUR LONG TABLES IN THE BODY OF THE HALL.—80 tureens of turtle, 60 bottles of sherbet, 17 roast pullets, 20 dishes of fowls, 15 dishes of capons, 16 French pies, 20 pigeon pies, 16 hams (ornamented), 13 tongues, 1 round of beef, 1 stewed rump of beef, 4 sirloins, rumps, and ribs of beef, 20 dishes of mashed and other potatoes, 13 dishes of shell-fish, 40 jellies, 16 blancmanges, 13 dishes of tarts (creamed), 10 ditto of orange and other tourtes, 13 ditto of almond pastry, 20 ditto of mince pies, 17 salads. Removes:—23 roast turkeys, 23 pheasants, 7 geese, 13 dishes of partridges, 5 ditto of wild fowl. Dessert:—32 pine-apples, 64 dishes of grapes, 80 ice creams, 16 dishes of apples, 30 ditto of pears,

20 ornamented Savoy cakes, 24 plates of walnuts. 26 ditto of dried fruit and preserves, 16 ditto of preserved ginger, 20 ditto of rout cakes and chips, 15 ditto of brandy cherries.

“THE SEVEN SIDE TABLES.—24 tureens of turtle, 20 bottles of sherbet, 7 roast pullets, 5 dishes of fowls, 4 ditto of capons, 5 French pies, 5 pigeon pies, 6 hams (ornamented), 4 tongues, 1 sirloin of beef, 5 dishes of mashed and other potatoes, 4 ditto of shell-fish, 1 dish of prawns, 15 jellies, 4 blancmanges, 3 dishes of tarts (creamed), 2 ditto of orange and other tourtes, 3 ditto of almond pastry, 5 ditto of mince pies, 5 salads. Removes—9 roast turkeys, 9 pheasants, 2 geese, 20 dishes of partridges. Dessert:—8 pine-apples, 16 dishes of grapes, 24 ice creams, 5 dishes of apples, 16 ditto of pears, 6 ornamented Savoy cakes, 7 plates of walnuts, 7 ditto of dried fruit and preserves, 5 ditto of preserved ginger, 6 ditto of rout cakes and chips, 4 ditto of brandy cherries.

“THE THREE TABLES IN THE OLD COURT OF QUEEN’S BENCH.—30 tureens of turtle, 28 bottles of sherbet, 10 roast pullets, 7 dishes of fowls. 6 ditto of capons, 5 French pies, 10 pigeon pies, 7 hams (ornamented), 6 tongues, 1 round of beef, 2 sirloins and ribs of beef, 7 dishes of mashed and other potatoes, 6 ditto of shell-fish, 21 jellies, 6 blancmanges, 5 dishes of tarts (creamed), 4 ditto of orange and other tourtes, 5 ditto of almond pastry, 7 ditto of mince pies, 7 salads. Removes:—12 roast turkeys, 12 pheasants, 3 geese, 5 dishes of partridges, 4 ditto of wild fowl. Dessert:—12 pine-apples, 24 dishes of grapes, 30 ice creams, 7 dishes of apples, 14 ditto of pears, 7 ornamented Savoy cakes, 9 plates of walnuts, 9 ditto of dried fruit and preserves, 6 ditto of preserved ginger, 7 ditto of rout cakes and chips, 5 ditto of brandy cherries.

“WINES:—Champagne, Hock, Claret, Madeira, Port, and Sherry.”

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ALDERMEN.

A MANSION-HOUSE MELODY.

Apoplexia came down on the Alderman fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming with jaundice like gold,
And the sheen of the spectres that own’d his behest
Glimmer’d bright as the gas at a new Lord May’r’s feast.

Every fiend that humanity shrinks from was there—
Hepatitis, Lumbago, with hollow-eyed Care,
Hypochondria, and Gout grinning ghastly with pain,
And of Incubi phantoms a horrible train.

And onwards they gallop’d in brotherly pairs;
Their pennons pale yellow, their steeds were night mares;
And their leader’s grim visage a darksome smile wore
As he gave the word “Halt” at the Mansion-house door.

The vision dismounted, and peering within,
’Midst a rattle of glasses and knife and fork din,
His victims beheld, tucking in calipash,
While they hob-nobb’d and toasted in Burgundy wash.

Then he straightway amongst them his grisly form cast,
And breathed on each puffing red face as he pass’d;
And the eyes of the feasters wax’d deadly and chill,
And their stomachs once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And the turtle devourers were stretched on the floor—
Each cheek changed to purple—so crimson before!
Their dewlaps all dabbled with red wine and ale,
And extremities cold as a live fish’s tail!

And there lay the Liv’ryman, breathless and lorn,
With waistcoat and new inexpressibles torn;
And the Hall was all silent, the band having flown,
And the waiters stared wildly on, sweating and blown!

And Cripple-gate widows are loud in their wail!
And Mary-Axe orphans all trembling and pale!
For the Alderman glory has melted away,
As mists are dispersed by the glad dawn of day.

HARMER VIRUMQUE CANO.

In the list of guests at the Lord Mayor’s dinner we did not perceive the name of “Harmer” among those who met to “despatch” the viands. On inquiry we learn that since the fire at

the Tower he has secluded himself in his own *Harmer-y*, and has not egressed from "Ingress Abbey," for fear of incendiaries. The ex-alderman having however always shown a decided predilection for Gravesend, it is not wonderful that during the wet season he should be



STOPPING AT A WATERING-PLACE.

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A CHAPTER ON POLITICS.

WHEREIN "PUNCH" HINTETH AT A STARTLING CHANGE IN THE MODUS OPERANDI OF LEGISLATION.—HE ALSO EXHIBITETH A PROFOUND KNOWLEDGE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS; AND SHOWETH HOW AT HOME WE ARE ALL ABROAD.

At a period when every Englishman, from the Minister to the Quack Doctor (and extremes very often meet), is laying down his pseudo-political principles, PUNCH desires to expound his practical and scientific plan for increasing prosperity and preserving peace. Yes, at a moment like this, when the party difference "twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee" has produced a total stand-still; when Whigs cannot move, and when Tories will not,—PUNCH steps forward to prescribe (without a fee) for the sinking Constitution.

PUNCH *loquitur*.—A very great genius—one almost equal to myself—has declared that of the great mass of mankind, ninety-nine out of every hundred are lost in error. Every day proves the fact.—From the Peer, who mistakes exclusiveness for dignity, and a power to injure for a right to oppress, to the Peasant, who confounds aggression and insolence with justice and independence, it is all error! error!! error!!!

Upon this fact rests the basis of my wonderful improvements. If the majority be wrong, the inference is obvious—the minority must be right. Then, in future, let everything be conducted by the minority—the sensible few. Behold the consequences!

In those days we shall have Mr. Samuel Carter Hall, who polled three days and got—one vote, declared County Member elect. Sibthorp shall be a man of weight and influence, "giving to (h)airy nothing a local habitation and a name." Roebuck shall be believed to have had ancestors; and shall wring the nose of some small boy attached to *The Times* newspaper; and the Whigs—yes, the Whigs—shall be declared both wise and honest: though Parliament has pronounced them fools, and the country has believed them to be knaves.

Pupil of Punch, respondet.—That would be a change, Punch! Rather. Cast your eye around and see the workings of this grand principle; the labours of the many compassed by the few—steam and slavery.

Punch.—Very true! Let me now draw your attention to the real difference between the English and some foreign governments:—

The Turkish minister generally loses his power and his head at the same time; the English minister carries on his business without a head at all. For the performance of his duty the former is decapitated—the latter is incapacitated.

The Japanese legislator when disgraced invariably rips up his bowels; the English legislator is invariably in disgrace, but has no bowels to rip up. With some other nations the unsuccessful leader gets bow-stringed and comfortably sown up in a sack; our great man is satisfied with getting the sack, having previously bagged

as much as lay in his power.

(Next week I may probably continue the lecture and the parallels.)

THE PRINCE'S EXTRA.

At Gray's Inn the loyalty of that society was manifested in a very gratifying manner: the treasurer and benchers having ordered *extra wine* to be served to the barristers and students, the health of her Majesty and the infant Prince was drunk with enthusiastic rapture.

Long live the Prince! For many a year
To wet each student's throttle;
He well deserves an *extra cheer*,
Who brings an *extra bottle*.

PUNCH'S THEATRE.

THE WRONG MAN.

The author of this farce hath placed himself in the first section of the second chapter of that treatise on "Dramatic Casualties" which hath helped to make "Punch" the oracle of wit and of wisdom he has become to the entire intelligence of the land, from the aristocracy upwards². In this instance he is truly one who "writeth a farce or comedy and neglecteth to introduce jokes in the same." But this we hope will prove a solitary instance of such neglect; for when he next inditeth, may he show that he is not the "Wrong Man" to write a good piece; although alas, he appeared on Saturday last to be exactly the right man for penning a bad one.

2. Punch, No. 11
page 131.

When a playwright produces a plot whose incidents are just within the possibilities, and far beyond the probabilities, of this life, it is said to be "ingenious," because of the crowd of circumstances that are huddled into each scene. According to this acceptation, the "Wrong Man" would be a highly ingenious farce; if that may be called a farce from which the remotest semblance of facetiæ is scrupulously excluded. Proceed we, therefore, to an analysis of the fable with becoming gravity.

At the outset we are introduced to a maiden lady in (*horresco referens!*) her private apartment; but to save scandal, the introduction is not made without company—there is also her maid. *Patty Smart*, although not a new servant, has chosen that precise moment to inform her mistress concerning the exact situation of her private circumstances, and the precise state of her heart. She is in love: it is for *Simon Tack* that the flame is kept alive; he, a dapper upholsterer, upholds her affections. At this point, a triangular note is produced, which plainly foretells a dishonourable rival. You are not deceived; it proposes an assignation in that elysium of bachelors and precipice of destruction for young ladies, the Albany. Wonderful to relate, it is from *Miss Thomasina Fringe's* nephew, *Sir Bryan Beausex*. The maiden dame is inconceivably shocked; and to show her detestation of this indelicate proposal, agrees to personate *Patty* and keep the appointment herself, for the pleasure of inflicting on her nephew a heap of mortification and a moral lecture. *Mr. Tack* is the next appearance: being an upholsterer, of course he has the run of the house, so it is not at all odd to find him in a maiden lady's boudoir; the more especially as he enters from behind his natural element—the window curtains.

It is astonishing with what pertinacity the characters in most farces will bore one with their private affairs when they first appear! In this respect *Sir Bryan Beausex*, in the next scene, is quite as bad as *Patty* was in the former one. He seems to have invited four unoffending victims to dine at his chambers in the Albany, on purpose to inform them that in his youth he was betrothed to a girl whom he has never since seen; but what that has to do with telling his guests to be off, because he expects a charming little lady's-maid at six, his companions are doubtless puzzled to understand. One of them, however, is *Beechwood*—a very considerably diluted edition of *Jerry Bumps* in "Turning the Tables"—who determines to revenge this early turn-out by a trick upon the inhospitable host, and goes off to develop it—to commence, in fact, the farce.

Sir Bryan Beausex is waiting with impatience the arrival of *Patty*, when his servant enters with a letter, which he says has been just delivered by a servant, who galloped up to the door on a horse—an extraordinary clever hack, we should say; for, to perform this feat, he must have broken through a porter's lodge, galloped over a smooth pavement, and under a roof so low, that Lord Burghersh can only traverse it with his hat off. We should like to see a horse-race in the Albany avenue! The letter thus so cavalierly brought, contains news of an accident that has happened to *Miss Fringe*, and summons *Beausex's* immediate presence. Off he goes, and on comes *Beechwood* with a "Ha! ha! ha!, fairly hoaxed," and all that; which is usually laughed and said by hoaxers *of* hoaxees.

It has happened that *Mr. Tack*, the upholsterer, having had a peep at the contents of the cocked-hat billet, addressed to *Mistress Smart*, conceives a violent fit of jealousy, and having also *Beausex's* custom, has the range of his house as well as that of *Miss Fringe*. So by this time we naturally find him behind *Sir Bryan's* window-curtains, to witness the interview between him and the future *Mrs. Tack*; that is to say, if she prove not false.

Things approach to a crisis. *Miss Fringe* enters, but brings with her *Alice*, the young lady whose infant heart was betrothed to *Beausex*. She, taking the place of *Patty Smart*, goes through a dialogue with *Beechwood* instead of *Beausex*; and we now learn that the former christens the farce, he being the "Wrong Man." Somewhere near this point of the story the first act ends.

The second act is occupied in clearing up the mistakes which the audience know all about already; but those among them who had, up to about the middle of it, been waiting with exemplary patience for the jokes, began to get tired of having nothing to laugh at, and hissed. Despite these noisy drawbacks, however, we were able to find out that *Beausex* loses his cousin *Alice* and her fortune (a regular farce fortune—some five or six hundred thousand pounds or so); for she falls in love with *Beechwood*, and *vice versa*. *Tack* and *Patty Smart* are rendered happy; but what really becomes of *Beausex* and his aunt the sibilants forbade our knowing. We suppose, by *Mr. Bartley's* pantomime, that *Sir Bryan* puts up with his hoax and his lady-loss with a good grace; for he flourished about his never-absent pocket-handkerchief with one hand, shook hands with *Miss Fringe* with the other, stepped forward, did some more dumb show to the dissentients, and, with the rest of the actors, bowed down the curtain.

We perceive by the *Times* that the author of the "Wrong Man" is not so very culpable after all. He is guiltless of the plot; that being taken from a French piece called "*Le Tapissier*."

THE MASONS AND THE STONE JUG.

Mr. Wakley feelingly remarked at the late meeting of the union masons that the "man who would lock up a *pump* was unfit to hold any situation of trust." On the strength of this opinion the *Earl of Waklegrave* and *Captain Duff* intend to proceed against the *Marshal of the Queen's Bench* for having *locked them up* for these last six months.

"THE FORCE OF FANCY COULD NO FURTHER GO."

The *Times* gives an extract from the *Norwich Aurora*, an American paper, descriptive of a newly discovered cavern. The writer, with a power of imagination almost marvellous, remarks, "The air in the cavern had a peculiar smell, resembling—NOTHING." We believe that is the identical flavour of "*Leg of Nothing and no turnips*."

CONUNDRUM BY THE LORD MAYOR.

Why does a drunken milkmaid resemble a celebrated French diplomatist?—Because she is like to *tally-wrong*—(*Talleyrand*.)

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

VOL. 1.

NOVEMBER 20, 1841.

MYSELF, PUNCH, AND THE KEELEYS.

I dined with my old friend and schoolfellow, *Jack Withers*, one day last September. On the previous morning, on my way to the *India House*, I had run up against a stout individual on *Cornhill*, and on looking in his face as I stopped for a moment to apologise, an abrupt "This is surely *Jack Withers*," burst from my lips, followed by—"God bless me! *Will Bayfield!*" from his. After a hurried question or two, we shook hands warmly and parted, with the understanding that I was to cut my mutton with him next day.

Seventeen years had elapsed since *Withers* and I had seen or heard of each other. Having a

good mercantile connexion, he had pitched upon commerce as his calling, and entered a counting-house in Idollane in the same year that I, a raw young surgeon, embarked for India to seek my fortune in the medical service of the East India Company.

Things had gone well with honest Jack; from a long, thin, weazel of a youngster, he had become a burly ruddy-faced gentleman, with an aldermanic rotundity of paunch, which gave the world assurance that his ordinary fare by no means consisted of deaf nuts; he had already, as he told me, accumulated a very pretty independence, which was yearly increasing, and was, moreover, a snug bachelor, with a well-arranged residence in Finsbury-square; in short, it was evident that Jack was "a fellow with two coats and everything handsome about him."

As for me, I was a verification of the adage about the rolling stone; having gathered a very small quantity of "moss," in the shape of worldly goods. I had spent sixteen years in marching and countermarching over the thirsty plains of the Carnatic, in medical charge of a native regiment—salivating Sepoys and blowing out with blue pills the officers—until the effects of a stiff jungle-fever, that nearly made me proprietor of a landed property measuring six feet by two, sent me back to England almost as poor as I had left it, and with an atrabilarious visage which took a two-months' course of Cheltenham water to scour into anything like a decent colour.

Withers' dinner was in the best taste: viands excellent—wine superb; never did I sip racier Madeira, and the Champagne trickled down one's throat with the same facility that man is inclined to sin.

The cloth drawn, we fell to discoursing about old times, things, persons, and places. Jack then told me how from junior clerk he had risen to become second partner in the firm to which he belonged; and I, in my turn, enlightened his mind with respect to Asiatic Cholera, Runjeet Sing, Ghuzni, tiger-shooting, and Shah Soojah.

In this manner the evening slid pleasantly on. An array of six bottles, that before dinner had contained the juice of Oporto, stood empty on the sideboard. Jack wanted to draw another cork, which, however, I positively forbid, as I have through life made it a rule to avoid the slightest approach towards excess in tippling; so, after a modest brace of glasses of brandy-and-water, I shook hands with and left my friend about half-past nine, for I am an old-fashioned fellow, and love early hours, my usual time for turning in being ten.

When I got into the street an unaccustomed spirit of gaiety at once took possession of me; my general feelings of benevolence and goodwill towards all mankind appeared to have received a sudden and marvellous increase. I seemed to tread on eider-down, and, cigar in mouth, strolled along Fleet-street and the Strand, towards my domicile in Half-Moon street—"nescio quid meditans nugarum"—sometimes humming the fag end of an Irish melody; anon stopping to stare in a print-shop window; and then I would trudge on, chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy as I conned over the various ups and downs that had chequered my life since Jack Withers and I were thoughtless lads together "a long time ago."

In this mood I found myself standing before the New Strand Theatre, my attention having been arrested by the word PUNCH blazoned in large letters on a play-bill.

"What can this mean?" quoth I to myself. "I know a publication called Punch very well, but I never heard of a performance so named. I'll go in and see it. Who knows but it may be an avatar¹ of the Editor of that illustrious periodical, who condescends to discard his dread incognito for the nonce, in order to exhibit himself, for one night only, to the eyes and understandings of admiring London."

1. The Avatar we do not allow—the illustrious periodical we do.—ED. OF PUNCH.

In another minute I was seated in the boxes, and found a crowded audience in full enjoyment of the quiet waggery of Keeley, who was fooling them to the top of their bent, accoutred from top to toe as Mynheer Punch the Great, while his clever little wife—who, by the way, possesses, I think, more of the "vis comica" than any actress of the day—caused sides to shake and eyes to water by her naïve and humorous delineation of Mrs. Snuzzle.

The curtain had hardly fallen more than a couple of minutes, when a door behind me opened hastily, and a box-keeper thrusting in his head, called out—"Is there a medical man here?" "I am one," said I, getting up; "anything the matter?" "Come with me then, sir, if you please," said he; "a severe accident has just happened to Mrs. Keeley; a falling scene has struck her head, sir, and hurt her dreadfully."

"Good heavens!" said I, much shocked; "I will come immediately."

I followed the man to the stage door, and was ushered into a dressing-room with several people in it, where, extended on a sofa, lay the unfortunate lady, whom I had but a few minutes before seen full of life and spirits, delighting hundreds with her unrivalled humour and *espièglerie*,—there she lay, in the same fantastic dress she had worn on the stage, pale as death—a quantity of blood flowing from a fearful wound on her head, and uttering those low quick moans which are indicative of extreme suffering.

Poor little Keeley stood beside the couch, holding her hand; he was still in full fig as *Polichinel*; and the grotesqueness of his attire contrasted strangely with the anguish depicted on his countenance. As I came forward, he slowly made way for me—looked in my face imploringly, as if to gather from its expression some gleam of hope, and then stood aside, in an attitude of profound dejection.

Having felt the sufferer's pulse, I was about to turn her head gently, in order to examine the nature of the wound, when a hustling noise behind me causing me to turn round, to my infinite dismay, I perceived Mr. Keeley, having pushed the bystanders on one side, in the act of performing a kind of Punchean dance upon the floor, accompanying himself with the vigorous chuckling and crowing peculiar to the hero whose habiliments he wore. I was horror-stricken—conceiving that grief had suddenly turned his brain.

All at once, he made a spring towards me, and, seizing my arm, thrust me into a corner of the room, where he held me fast, exclaiming—

“Wretch! villain! restore me my wife—that talented woman your infernal arts have destroyed! You did for her!”

“Mr. Keeley,” said I, struggling to release myself from his grasp—“my dear sir, pray compose yourself.”

“Unhappy traitor!” he shouted, giving me an unmerciful tweak by the nose; “Look at her silver skin laced with her golden blood!—see, see! Oh, see!”

This was rather too much, even from a man whose wits were astray. I began to lose patience, and was preparing to rid myself somewhat roughly of the madman's grasp, when a new phenomenon occurred.

The patient on the sofa, whom I had judged well nigh moribund, and consequently incapable of any effort whatever, all at once sat up with a sudden jerk, and gave vent to a series of the most ear-piercing shrieks that ever assailed human tympanum.

“Oh! oh! Mon Dieu! je suis étouffée! levez-vous donc, monsieur—n'avez-vous pas honte!”

I started up—O misery!—I had fallen asleep, and my head, resting against a pillar, had slipped down, depositing itself upon the expansive bosom of a portly French dame in the next box, who seemed, by her vehement exclamations, to be quite shaken from the balance of her propriety by the unlooked-for burthen I had imposed upon her; whilst a *petit monsieur* poured forth a string of *sacres* and *sapristies* upon my devoted head with a volubility of utterance truly astonishing.

I gazed about me with troubled and lack-lustre eye. Every lorgnette in the boxes was levelled at my miserable countenance; a sea of upturned and derisive faces grinned at me from the pit, and the gods in Olympus thundered from on high—“Turn him out; he's drunk!”

This was the unkindest cut of all—thus publicly to be accused of intoxication, a vice of all others I have ever detested and eschewed.

I cast one indignant glance around me, and left the theatre, lamenting the depravity of our nature, which is, alas! always ready to put the worst construction upon actions in themselves most innocent; for if I had gone to sleep in my own arm-chair, pray who would have accused me of inebriety?

How I got home I know not. As I hurried through the streets, a legion of voices, in every variety of intonation, yelled in my ears—“Turn him out—he's drunk!” and when I woke in the middle of the night, tormented by a raging thirst (produced, I suppose, by the flurry of spirits I had undergone), I seemed to hear screams, groans, and hisses, above all which predominated loud and clear the malignant denunciation—“Turn him out—he's drunk!”

Upon my subsequently mentioning the above adventure to Jack Withers, it will hardly be credited that this villain without shame at once roundly asserted that, when I left him on the afore-mentioned night, I was at least three sheets and three quarters in the wind; adding with praiseworthy candour, that he himself was so far gone as to be obliged, to the infinite scandal of his staid old housekeeper, to creep up stairs *à quatre pieds*, in order to gain his bedroom.

Now this latter may be true enough, for it is probable that friend Jack freshened his nip a trifle after my departure, seeing that he was always something of a drunken knave. As for his calumnious and scandalous declaration, that I was in the least degree tipsy, it is too ridiculous to be noticed. I scorn it with my heels—I was sober—sober, cool, and steady as the north star; and he that is inclined to question this solemn asseveration, let him send me his card; and if I don't drill a hole in his doublet before he's forty-eight hours older, then, as honest Slender has it, “I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else.”

"ARE YE SURE THE NEWS IS TRUE?"

We learn from good authority that Lord TAMBOFF STANLEY, in answer to a deputation from Scotland, assured the gentlemen who waited upon him that "the subject of *emigration* was under the serious consideration of Her Majesty's Ministers." We hope that those respectable gentlemen may soon resolve upon their departure—we care not "what clime they wander to, so not again to *this*;" or, as Shakspeare says, let them "stand not upon the order of their going, but GO." The country, we take it upon ourselves to say, will remember them when they are gone; they have left the nation too many weighty proofs of their regard to be forgotten in a hurry—Corruption, Starvation, and Taxation, and the National Debt by way of



A HANDSOME LEG—I SEE (LEGACY).

A DOSE OF CASTOR.

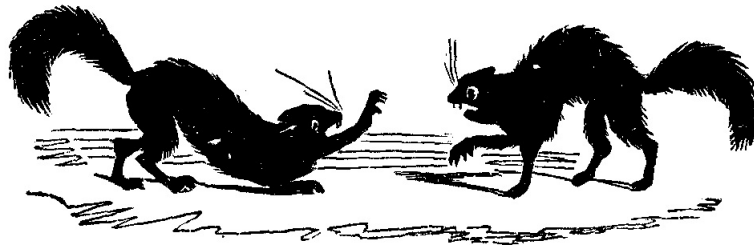
Peter Borthwick, late of the Royal Surrey Nautical, having had the honour of "deep damnation" conferred upon his "taking off" the character of Prince Henry, upon that occasion, to appear in unison with the text of the Immortal Bard, "dressed" the part in a most elaborate "neck-or-nothing tile." Upon being expostulated with by the manager, he triumphantly referred to the description of the chivalrous Prince in which the narrator particularly states—



I SAW YOUNG HARRY WITH HIS BEAVER ON.

CUTTING AT THE ROOT OF THE EVIL.

"Good heavens, Sir Peter," said Hobler, confidentially, to our dearly beloved Alderman, "How could you have passed such a ridiculous sentence upon Jones, as to direct his hair to be cut off?" "All right, my dear Hobby," replied the sapient justice; "the fellow was found fighting in the streets, and I wanted to hinder him, at least for some time, from again



COMING TO THE SCRATCH."

TO PUNCH.

We have received the following choice bit of poetic pathology from our old friend and jolly dog Toby, who, it seems, has taken to medicine. The dog, however, always had a great propensity to *bark*, owing doubtlessly to the strong *tincture* of *canine* there was in his constitution:—

MY DEAR PUNCH,

Nothing convinces me more of my treacherous memory than my not recollecting you at the memorable "New-boot Supper;" for I certainly must have been as long in that society as yourself. Be that as it may, you have induced me to scrape together a few reminiscences in an imperfect way, leaving to you, from your better recollection, to correct and flavour the specimen to the palate of your readers, who have, most deservedly, every reliance upon your good taste and moral tendency. I have in vain tried to meet with the music of "the good old days of Adam and Eve," consequently have lost the enjoyment of the chorus—"Sing hey, sing ho!" It would be too much to ask you to sing it, but perhaps you may too-te-too it in your next. May your good intentions to the would-be Æsculapius be attended with success.—I remain, dear Punch, your old friend,

TOBY.

ASCITES.

Abdomen swell'd, which fluctuates when struck upon the side, sirs;
Face pale and puff'd, and worse than that, with thirst and cough beside,
sirs;
Skin dry, and breathing difficult, and pains in epigastrium,
And watchfulness or partial sleep, with dreams would strike the bravest
dumb.
To cure—restore the balance of exhalants and absorbents,
With squill, blue-pill, and other means to soothe the patient's torments.

GRINDER.

Sure this is not your climax, sir, to save from Davy's locker!

STUDENT.

Way, no,—I'd then with caution tap—when first I'd tied the knocker.
Sing hey! sing ho! if you cannot find a new plan,
In Puseyistic days like these, you'd better try a New-man.

TYMPANITIS.

The swelling here is different—sonorous, tense, elastic;
On it you might a tattoo beat, with fingers or with a stick.
There's costiveness and atrophy, with features Hippocratic;
When these appear, there's much to fear, all safety is erratic.
Although a cordial laxative, mix'd up with some carminative,
Might be prescribed, with morphia, or hops, to keep the man alive;
Take care his diet's nutritive, avoiding food that's flatulent,
And each week let him have a dose of Punch from Mr. Bryant sent.
Sing hey! sing ho! &c.

ALARMING PROSPECTS FOR THE COUNTRY.

It appears that no less than *one hundred and sixty-four* Attorneys have given notice of their intention to practise in the Court of Queen's Bench; and *eleven* of the fraternity have applied to be re-admitted Attorneys of the Court. We had no idea that such an alarming

extension was about taking place in



THE RIFLE CORPS.

“ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.”

A poor man went to hang himself,
But treasure chanced to find;
He pocketed the miser's pelf
And left the rope behind.

His money gone, the miser hung
Himself in sheer despair:
Thus each the other's wants supplied,
And that was surely fair.

We understand that Mr. Webster has solicited Sir Peter Laurie to make an early *début* at the Haymarket Theatre in the *Heir (hair) at Law*.

Madame Vestris has also endeavoured to prevail upon the civic mercy. Andrew to appear in the afterpiece of the *Rape of the Lock*.

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THE HEIR OF APPELBITE.

CHAPTER X.

WHEREIN THE READER WILL FIND GREAT CAUSE FOR REJOICING.

Conducive as Uncle Peter's suggestion might have been to the restoration of peace in the family of our hero, it was decided to be impracticable by several medical gentlemen, who were consulted upon the matter. After sundry scenes of maternal and grandmaternal distress, Agamemnon succeeded in obtaining the victory, and the heir was vaccinated accordingly with the most favourable result. The pustule rose, budded, blossomed, and disappeared, exactly as it ought to have done, and a few days saw the health of the infant Applebite insured in the office of Dr. Jenner.

Scarcely had the anxious parents been relieved by this auspicious termination, when that painful disorder which renders pork unwholesome and children fractious, made its appearance. Had we the plague-pen of the romancist of Rookwood, we would revel in the detail of this domesticated pestilence—we would picture the little sufferer in the hour of its agony—and be as minute as Mr. Hume in our calculations of its feverish pulsations; but our quill was moulted by the dove, not plucked from the wing of the carrion raven.

And now, gentle reader, we come to a point of this history which we are assured has been anxiously looked forward to by you—a point at which the reader, already breathless with expectation, has fondly anticipated being suffocated with excitement. We may, without vanity, lay claim to originality, for we have introduced a new hero into the world of fiction—a baby three months old—we have traced his happy parents from the ball-room to St. George's church; from St. George's church to the ball-room; thence to the doctor's; and from thence to

THE END.



Reproach us not, mamas?—Discard us not, ye blushing divinities who have, with your sex's softness, dandled the heir of Applebite in your imaginations!—Wait!—Wait till we have explained! We have a motive; but as we are novices in this style of literature, we will avail ourselves, at our leave-taking, of the valedictory address of one who is more "up to the swindle."

To the Readers of the Heir of Applebite.

DEAR FRIENDS,—Having finished the infanto-biography upon which we have been engaged, it is our design to cut off our heir, and bring our tale to a close. You may want to know why—or if you don't, we will tell you.

We should not regard the anxiety, the close confinement, or the constant attention inseparable from a nursery, did we feel that the result was agreeable to you. But we have not done so. We have been strongly tempted to think, that after waiting from week to week, you have never arrived at anything interesting. We could not bear this jerking of our conscience, which was no sooner ended than begun again.

Most "passages in a tale of *any length* depend materially for the interest on the intimate relation they bear to what has gone before, or what is to follow." We sometimes found it difficult to accomplish this.

Considerations of immediate profit ought, in such cases, to be of secondary importance; but, for the reasons we have just mentioned, we have (after some pains to resist the temptation) determined to abandon this *scheme* of publication.

Taking advantage of the respite which the close of this work will afford us, we have decided in January next to rent a second floor at Kentish Town.

The pleasure we anticipate from the realisation of a wish we have long entertained and long hoped to gratify, is subdued by the reflection that we shall find it somewhat difficult to emancipate our moveables from the thralldom of Mrs. Gibbons, our respected but over-particular landlady.

To console the numerous readers of PUNCH, we have it in command to announce, that on Saturday, Nov. 27th, the first chapter of a series under the title of the "Puff Papers," appropriately illustrated, will be commenced, with a desire to supply the hiatus in periodical fiction, occasioned by the temporary seclusion of one of the most popular novelists of the day.

Dear friends, farewell! Should we again desire to resume the pen, we trust at your hands we shall not have to encounter a



DISPUTED RETURN.

THE LAMBETH DEMOSTHENES.

We are happy to find that Dr. Tully Cicero Burke Sheridan Grattan Charles Phillips Hobler Bedford has not been deterred by the late unsatisfactory termination to the "public meeting" called by him to address the Queen, from prosecuting his patriotic views for his own personal advantage. Dr. &c. Bedford has kindly furnished us with the report of a meeting called by himself, which consisted of himself, for the purpose of considering the propriety of petitioning the Throne to appoint himself to be medical-adviser-in-general to her Majesty, and vaccinator-in-particular to his little Highness the Prince of Wales.

At 10 o'clock precisely Dr. &c. Bedford entered the little back parlour of his surgery, and advancing to the looking-glass over the mantel-piece, made a polite bow to the reflection of himself. After a few complimentary gestures had passed between them, Dr &c. Bedford hemmed twice, and in a very elegant speech proposed that "Doctor &c. Bedford *shoold* take the *cheer*."

Dr. &c. Bedford rose to second the proposition. Dr. &c. Bedford said, "Dr. &c. Bedford is a gentleman what I have had the honour of knowing on for many long ears. His medikel requirement are sich as ris a Narvey and a Nunter to the summut of the temples of Fame. His political requisitions are summarily extinguished. It is, therefore, with no common pride that I second this abomination."

Dr. &c. Bedford then bowed to his reflection in the glass, and proceeded to take his seat in his easy chair, thumping the table with one hand, and placing the other gracefully upon his breast, as though in token of gratitude for the honour conferred upon him.

Order being restored, Dr. &c. Bedford rose and said,—

"I never kotched myself in sich a sitchuation in my life—I mean not that I hasn't taken a cheer afore, perhaps carried one—but it never has been my proud extinction to preside over such a meeting—so numerous in its numbers and suspectable in its appearance. My friend, Dr. &c. Bedford, (*Hear, hear! from Dr. &c. Bedford,*) his the hornament of natur in this 19th cemetary. His prodigious outlays"—

Voice without.—"Here they are, only a penny!"

Dr. &c. Bedford.—"Order, order! His—his—you know what I mean that shoold distinguish the fisishun and the orator. I may say the Solus of orators,—renders him the most fittest and the most properest person to take care of the Royal health, and the Royal Infant Babby of these regions," (*Hear, hear! from Dr. &c. Bedford.*)

The Doctor then proceeded to embody the foregoing observations into a resolution, which was proposed by Dr. &c. Bedford, and seconded by Dr. &c. Bedford, who having held up both his hands, declared it to be carried *nem. con.*

Dr. &c. Bedford then proposed a vote of thanks to Dr, &c. Bedford for his conduct in the chair. The meeting then dispersed, after Dr. &c. Bedford had returned thanks, and bowed to his own reflection in the looking-glass.

A LEGEND OF THE TOWER (NOT LONDON).

In the immediate vicinity of the pretty little town of Kells stands one of those peculiar high round towers, the origin of which has so long puzzled the brains of antiquaries. It is invariably pointed out to the curious, as a fit subject for their contemplation, and may, in fact, be looked upon as the great local lion of the place. It appears almost inaccessible. But there is a story extant, and told in very choice Irish, how two small dare-devil urchins did succeed in reaching its lofty summit; and this is the way the legend was done into English by one Barney Riley, the narrator, to whom I am indebted for its knowledge:—

"You see Masther Robert, sir,—though its murduring high, and almost entirely quite aqual in stapeness to the ould ancient Tower of Babel, yet, sir, there is them living now as have been at the top of that same; be the same token I knew both o' the spalpeens myself. It's grown up they are now; but whin they wint daws'-nesting to the top there, the little blackguards weren't above knee-high, if so much."

"But how did they arrive at the summit?"

"That's the wonder of it! but sure nobody knows but themselves; but the scamps managed somehow or other to insart themselves in through one of them small loopholes—whin little Danny Carroll gave Tom Sheeney a leg up and a back, and Tom Sheeney hauled little Danny up after him by the scruff o' the neck; and so they wint squeegeeing and scrummaging on till, by dad, they was up at the tip-top in something less than no time; and the trouble was all they had a chance o' gettin for their pains; for, by the hokey, the daws' nest they had been bruising their shins, breaking their necks, and tearing their frieze breeches to tatters to reach, was on the outside o' the building, and about as hard to get at

as truth, or marcy from a thafe of a tythe proctor.

“‘Hubbabboo,’ says little Danny; ‘we are on the wrong side now, as Pat Murphy’s carroty wig was whin it came through his hat; what will we do, at all, at all?’

“‘Divil a know I know. It would make a parson swear after takin’ tythe. Do you hear the vagabones? Oh, then musha, bad luck to your cawings; its impedence, and nothing but it, to be shouting out in defiance of us, you dirty bastes. Danny, lad, you’re but a little thrifle of a gossoon; couldn’t you squeedge yourself through one o’ them holes?’

“‘What will I stand—or, for the matter o’ that, as I’m by no manes particular,—sit upon, whin I git out—that is, if I can?’

“‘Look here, lad, hear a dacent word—it will be just the dandy thing for yes entirely; go to it with a will, and make yourself as small as a little cock elven, and thin we’ll have our revenge upon them aggravation thaves.’ How the puck he done it nobody knows; but by dad there was his little, ragged, red poll, followed by the whole of his small body, seen coming out o’ that trap-loop there, that doesn’t look much bigger than a button-hole—and thin sitting astride the ould bit of rotten timbers, and laffing like mad, was the tiny Masther Danny, robbing the nests, and shouting with joy as he pulled bird after bird from their nate little feather-beds. ‘This is elegant,’ says he; ‘here’s lashins of ’em.’

“‘How many have you,’ says Tom Sheeney.

“‘Seven big uns—full fledged, wid feathers as black as the priest’s breeches on a Good Friday’s fast.’

“‘Seven is it?’

“‘It is.’

“‘Well, then, hand them in.’

“‘By no manes.’

“‘Why not?’

“‘Seein they’re as well wid me as you.

“‘Give me my half then—that’s your’—

“‘Aisy wid you; who’s had the trouble and the chance of breaking his good-looking neck but me, Mr. Tim Sheeney.’

“‘Devil a care I care; I’ll have four, or I’ll know why.’

“‘That you’ll soon do: I won’t give ’em you.’

“‘Aint I holding the wood?’

“‘By coorse you are; but aint I sitting outside upon it, and by the same token unseating my best breeches.’

“‘I bid you take care; give me four.’

“‘Ha, ha! what a buck your granny was, Mistet Tim Sheeney; it’s three you’ll have, or none.’

“‘Then by the puck I’ll let you go.’

“‘I defy you to do it, you murdering robber.’

“‘Do you! by dad; once more, give me four.’

“‘To blazes wid you; three or none.’

“‘Then there you go!’

“And, worse luck, sure enough he did, and that at the devil’s own pace.

“At this moment I turned my eyes in horror to the Tower, and the height was awful.”

“Poor child,—of course he was killed upon the spot?”

“There’s the wonder; not a ha’porth o’ harm did the vagabone take at all at all. He held on by the birds’ legs like a little nagur; he was but a shimpeen of a chap, and what with the flapping of their wings and the soft place he fell upon, barring a little thrifle of stunning, and it may be a small matter of fright, he was as comfortable as any one could expect under the circumstances; but it would have done your heart good to see the little gossoon

jump up, shake his feathers, and shout out at the top of his small voice, "Tim Sheeney, you thief, you'd better have taken the three,—for d—n the daw do you get now!" And so ends the Legend of the Round Tower.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

AWFUL STATE OF THE COUNTRY!

(From our own Correspondent.)

We are at length enabled to inform the Public that we have, at a vast expense, completed our arrangements for the transmission of the earliest news from Ireland. We have just received the *Over-bog Mail*, which contains facts of a most interesting nature. We hasten to lay our sagacious correspondent's remarks before our readers:—

Bally-ha-ghadera, Tuesday Night.

PUNCH will appreciate my unwillingness to furnish him with intelligence which might in any way disturb the commercial relations between this and the sister island, more particularly at the *present crisis*, when the interests of that prosperous class, the London Baked Potatoe vendors, are so intimately connected, with the preservation of good feeling among the Tipperary growers. However, my duty to PUNCH and the public compel me to speak.—I do feel that we are on the eve of a great popular commotion. Every day's occurrences strengthen my conviction. Bally-ha-ghadera was this morning at sunrise disturbed by noises of the most appalling kind, forming a wild chorus, in which screams and bellowings seemed to vie for supremacy; indeed words cannot adequately describe this terrific disturbance. As I expected, the depraved Whig Journalist, with characteristic mental tortuosity, has asserted that the sounds proceeded from a rookery in the adjoining wood, aided by the braying of the turf-man's donkey. But an enlightened public will see through this paltry subterfuge. Rooks and donkeys! Pooh! There cannot be a doubt but that the noises were the preparatory war-whoops of this ferocious and sanguinary people. We believe the Whig editor to be the only *donkey* in the case; that he may have been a ravin(g) at the time is also very probable.

No later than yesterday the *Cloonakilty Express* was stopped by a *band of young men*, who savagely ill-treated our courier, a youth of tender age, having attempted to stone him to death. Our courier is ready to swear that at the time of the attack the young men were busily engaged counting a *vast store of ammunition*, consisting of *round white clay balls* baked to the hardness of bullets, and *evidently* intended for *shooting with*.

I have to call particular attention to the fact that a countryman was this day observed to buy a threepenny loaf, and on leaving the baker's to *tear it asunder and distribute the fragments with three confederates!!!* an act which I need not say was evidently symbolical of their desire to rend asunder the *Corn Laws*, and to divide the landed property amongst themselves. The action also appears analogous to the custom of breaking bread and swearing alliance on it, a practice still observed by the inhabitants of some remote regions of the Caucasus. I must again solemnly express my conviction that we are standing on a *slumbering VOLCANO*; the thoughtless and unobservant may suppose not; probably because in the present tee-total state of society they see nothing of the CRATER.

TAKING A SIGHT AT THE FIRE.

A man bearing the very inapplicable name of *Virtue* was brought up at Lambeth-street last week, on the charge of having stolen a telescope from the Ordnance-office in the Tower on the morning of the fire. The prisoner pleaded that, being short-sighted, he took the glass to have a sight of the fire. The magistrate, however, *saw through* this excuse very clearly; and as it was apparent that *Virtue* had taken a *glass* too much on the occasion, he was fully committed.

JOE HUME'S FORTHCOMING WORK.

We have received the following note from an old and esteemed correspondent, who, we are rejoiced to find, has returned from a tour in Switzerland, where he has been engaged in a prodigious work connected with the statistics of that country.

Reform Club-house.

DEAR PUNCH,

Knowing the interest you take in anything relating to the advancement of science, I beg to apprise you that I am about publishing a statistical work, in which I have made it perfectly clear that an immense saving in the article of ice alone might be made in England by

importing that which lies waste upon Mont Blanc. I have also calculated to a fraction the number of pints of milk produced in the canton of Berne, distinguishing the quantity used in the making of cheese from that which has been consumed in the manufacture of butter—and specifying in every instance whether the milk has been yielded by cows or goats. There will be also a valuable appendix to the work, containing a correct list of all the inns on the road between Frankfort and Geneva, with a copy of the bill of fare at each, and the prices charged; together with the colour of the postilion's jacket, the age of the landlord and the weight of his wife, and the height in inches of the cook and chambermaid. To which will be added, "Ten Minutes' Advice" upon making one shilling go as far as two. If you can give me a three-halfpenny puff in your admired publication, you will confer a favour on

Your sincere friend,
JOE HUME.

THE ROMANCE OF A TEACUP.

SIP THE FIRST.

In England one man's mated to one woman,
To spend their days in holy matrimony—
In fact, I *have* heard from one or two men,
That one wife in a house is one too many—
But, be this as it may, in China no man
Who can afford it shuts himself to any
Fix'd number, but is variously encumber'd
With better halves, from twenty to a hundred.

These to provide for in a pleasant way,
And, maybe, to avoid their chat and worry,
He shuts up in a harem night and day—
With them contriving all his cares to bury—
A point of policy which, I should say,
Sweetens the dose to men about to marry;
For, though a wife's a charming thing enough,
Yet, like all other blessings, *quantum suff.*

So to my tale: Te-pott the Multifarious
Was, once upon a time, a mandarin—
In personal appearance but precarious,
Being incorrigibly bald and thin—
But then so rich, through jobs and pensions various,
Obtain'd by voting with the party "in,"
That he maintain'd, in grace and honour too,
Sixty-five years, and spouses fifty-two.

Fifty-two wives! and still he went about
Peering below the maiden ladies' veils—
Indeed, it *was* said (but there hangs a doubt
Of scandal on such gossip-whisper'd tales),
He had a good one still to single out—
For all his wives had tongues, and *some* had nails—
And still he hoped, though fifty-twice deferr'd,
To find an angel in his fifty-third.

In China, mind, and such outlandish places,
A gentleman who wishes to be wed
Looks round about among the pretty faces,
Nor for a moment doubts they may be had
For asking; and if any of them "nay" says,
He has his remedy as soon as said—
For, when the bridegrooms disapprove what they do,
They teach them manners with the bastinado.

Near Te-pott's palace lived an old Chinese—
About as poor a man as could be known
In lands where guardians leave them to their ease,
Nor pen the poor up in bastilles of stone:
He got a livelihood by picking teas;
And of possessions worldly had but one—
But one—the which, the reader must be told,
Was a fair daughter seventeen years old.

She was a lovely little girl, and one
To charm the wits of both the high and *the* low;

And Te-pott's ancient heart was lost and won
In less time than 'twould take my pen to tell how:
So, as he was quite an experienced son-
In-law, and, too, a very wily fellow,
To make Hy-son his friend was no hard matter, I
Ween, with that specific for parents—flattery.

But, when they two had settled all between
Themselves, and Te-pott thought that he had caught her,
He found how premature his hopes had been
Without the approbation of the daughter—
Who talk'd with voice so loud and wit so keen,
That he thought all his Mrs. T's had taught her;
And, finding he was in the way there rather,
He left her to be lectured by her father.

“Pray, what were women made for” (so she said,
Though Heaven forbid I join such tender saying),
“If they to be accounted are as dead,
And strangled if they ever are caught straying?
Tis well to give us diamonds for the head,
And silken gauds for festival arraying;
But where of dress or diamonds is the use
If we mayn't go and show them? that's the deuce!”

The father answer'd, much as fathers do
In cases of like nature here in Britain,
Where fathers seldom let fortunes slip through
Their fingers, when they think that they can get one;
He said a many things extremely true—
Proving that girls are fine things to be quit on,
And that, could she accommodate her views to it,
She would find marriage very nice when used to it.

Now, 'tis no task to talk a woman into
Love, or a dance, or into dressing fine—
No task, I've heard, to talk her into sin too;
But, somehow, reason don't seem in her line.
And so Miss Hy-son, spite of kith and kin too,
Persisting such a husband to decline—
The eager mandarin issued a warrant,
And got her apprehended by her parent.

Thus the poor girl was caught, for there was no
Appeal against so wealthy lover's fiat:
She must e'en be a wife of his, and so
She yielded him her hand demure and quiet;
For ladies seldom cry unless they know
There's somebody convenient to cry *at*—
And; though it is consoling, on reflection
Such fierce emotions ruin the complexion.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

Yesterday Paddy Green honoured that great artist William Hogarth Teniers Raphael Bunks, Esq., with a sitting for a likeness. The portrait, which will doubtless be an admirable one, is stated to be destined to adorn one of Mr. Catnach's ballads, namely, “The Monks of Old!” which Mr. P. Green, in most obliging manner, has allowed to appear.

William Paul took a walk yesterday as far as Houndsditch, in company with Jeremiah Donovan. A pair of left-off unmentionables is confidently reported to be the cause of their visit in the “far East.”

The lady of Paddy Green, Esquire, on Wednesday last, with that kindness which has always distinguished her, caused to be distributed a platterful of trotter bones amongst the starving dogs of the neighbourhood.

From information exclusively our own, and for whose correctness we would stake our hump, we learn that James Burke, the honoured member of the P.R., was seen to walk home on the night of Tuesday last with three fresh herrings on a twig. After supper, he consoled himself with a pint of fourpenny ale.

Charles Mears yesterday took a ride in a Whitechapel omnibus. He alighted at Aldgate Pump, at which he took a draught of water from the ladle. He afterwards regaled on a couple of polonies and a penny loaf.

THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.

Jones, the journeyman tailor who was charged before Sir Peter Laurie with being drunk and disorderly in Fleet-street, escaped the penalty of his frolic by an extraordinary whim of justice. The young schneider, it appears, sported a luxuriant crop of hair, the fashion of which not pleasing the fancy of the city Rhadamanthus, he remitted the fine on condition that the delinquent should instantly cut off the offending hairs. A barber being sent for, the operation was instantly performed; and Sir Peter, with a spirit of generosity only to be equalled by his *cutting* humour, actually put his hand in his breeches-pocket and handed over to the official Figaro his fee of one shilling. The shorn tailor left the office protesting that Sir Peter had not treated him handsomely, as he had only consented to sacrifice his flowing locks, but that the Alderman had cabbaged his whiskers as well.

A CELESTIAL CON.

Why is wit like a Chinese lady's foot?—Because brevity is the *sole* of it!

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THE PRINCE OF WALES.—HIS FUTURE TIMES.

A private letter from Hanover states that, precisely at twelve minutes to eleven in the morning on the ninth of the present November, his Majesty King ERNEST was suddenly attacked by a violent fit of blue devils. All the court doctors were immediately summoned, and as immediately dismissed, by his Majesty, who sent for the Wizard of the North (recently appointed royal astrologer), to divine the mysterious cause of this so sudden melancholy. In a trice the mystery was solved—Queen Victoria “was happily delivered of a Prince!” His Majesty was immediately assisted to his chamber—put to bed—the curtains drawn—all the royal household ordered to wear list slippers—the one knocker to the palace was carefully tied up—and (on the departure of our courier) half a load of straw was already deposited beneath the window of the royal chamber. The sentinels on duty were prohibited from even sneezing, under pain of death, and all things in and about the palace, to use a bran new simile, were silent as the grave!

“Whilst there was only the Princess Royal there were many hopes. There was hope from severe teething—hope from measles—hope from hooping-cough—but with the addition of a Prince of Wales, the hopes of Hanover are below par.” But we pause. We will no further invade the sanctity of the sorrows of a king; merely observing, that what makes his Majesty very savage, makes hundreds of thousands of Englishmen mighty glad. There are now two cradles between the Crown of England and the White Horse of Hanover.

We have a Prince of Wales! Whilst, however, England is throwing up its million caps in rapture at the advent, let it not be forgotten to whom we owe the royal baby. In the clamorousness of our joy the fact would have escaped us, had we not received a letter from Colonel SIBTHORP, who assures us that we owe a Prince of Wales entirely to the present cabinet; had the Whigs remained in office, the infant would inevitably have been a girl.

For our own part—but we confess we are sometimes apt to look too soberly at things—we think her Majesty (may all good angels make her caudle!) is, inadvertently no doubt, treated in a questionable spirit of compliment by these uproarious rejoicings at the sex of the illustrious little boy, who has cast, if possible, a new dignity upon Lord Mayor's day, and made the very giants of Guildhall shoot up an inch taller at the compliment he has paid them of visiting the world on the ninth of November. In our playful enthusiasm, we have—that is, the public *We*—declared we must have a Prince of Wales—we should be dreadfully in the dumps if the child were not a Prince—the Queen must have a Prince—a bouncing Prince—and nothing but a Prince. Now might not an ill-natured Philosopher (but all philosophers are ill-natured) interpret these yearnings for masculine royalty as something like pensive regrets that the throne should ever be filled by the feminine sex? For our own part we are perfectly satisfied that the Queen (may she live to see the Prince of Wales wrinkled and white-headed!) is a Queen, and think VICTORIA THE FIRST sounds quite as musically—has in it as full a note of promise—as if the regal name had run—GEORGE THE FIFTH! We think there is a positive want of gallantry at this unequivocally shouted preference of a Prince of Wales. Nevertheless, we are happy to say, the pretty, good-tempered Princess Royal (she is *not* blind, as the Tories once averred; but then the Whigs were *in*) still laughs and chirrups as if nothing had happened. Nay, as a proof of the happy nature of the infant (we beg to say that the fact is copyright, as we purchased it of the reporter of *The Observer*), whilst, on the ninth instant, the chimes of St. Martin's were sounding merrily for the birth of the Prince, the Princess magnanimously shook her coral-bells in welcome of her dispossessing brother!

Independently of the sensation made in the City by the new glory that has fallen upon the ninth of November (it is said that Sir PETER LAURIE has been so rapt by the auspicious

coincidence, that he has done nothing since but talk and think of "the Prince of Wales"—that on Wednesday last he rebuked an infant beggar with, "I've nothing for you, *Prince of Wales*")—independently of the lustre flung upon the new Lord Mayor and the Lord Mayor just out—who will, it is said, both be caudle-cup baronets, the occasion has given birth to much deep philosophy on the part of our contemporaries—so deep, that there is no getting to the end of it, and has also revived much black-letter learning connected with the birth of every Prince of Wales, from the first to the last—and, therefore, certainly not least—new-comer.

An hour or so after George the Fourth was born, we are told that the waggons containing the treasure of the *Hermione*, a Spanish galleon, captured off St. Vincent by three English frigates, entered St. James's street, escorted by cavalry and infantry, with trumpets sounding, the enemy's flags waving over the waggons, and the whole surrounded by an immense multitude of spectators. Now here, to the vulgar mind, was a happy augury of the future golden reign of the Royal baby. He comes upon the earth amid a shower of gold! The melodious chink of doubloons and pieces of eight echo his first infant wailings! What a theme for the gipsies of the press—the fortune-tellers of the time! At the present hour that baby sleeps the last sleep in St. George's chapel; and we have his public and his social history before us. What does experience—the experience bought and paid for by hard, hard cash—*now* read in the "waggons of treasure," groaning musically to the rocking-cradle of the callow infant? Simply, the babe of Queen Charlotte would be a very expensive babe indeed; and that the wealth of a Spanish galleon was all insufficient for the youngling's future wants.

We have been favoured, among a series of pictures, with the following of George the Fourth, exhibited in his babyhood. We are told that "all persons *of fashion* were admitted to see the Prince, under the following restrictions, viz.—that in passing through the apartment *they stepped with the greatest caution*, and did not offer to touch his Royal Highness. For the greater security in this respect, a part of the apartment was latticed off *in the Chinese manner*, to prevent curious persons from approaching too nearly."

That lattice "in the Chinese manner" was a small yet fatal fore-shadowing of the Chinese Pavilion at Brighton—of that temple, worthy of Peking, wherein the Royal infant of threescore was wont to enshrine himself, not from the desecrating touch of the world, but even from the eyes of a curious people, who, having paid some millions toward manufacturing the most finished gentleman in Europe, had now and then a wish—an unregarded wish—to look at their expensive handiwork.

What different prognostics have we in the natal day of our present Prince of Wales! What rational hopes from many circumstances that beset him. The Royal infant, we are told, is suckled by a person "named Brough, formerly a *housemaid* at Esher." From this very fact, will not the Royal child grow up with the consciousness that he owes his nourishment even to the very humblest of the people? Will he not suck in the humanising truth with his very milk?

And then for the Spanish treasure—"hard food for Midas"—that threw its jaundiced glory about the cradle of George the Fourth; what is that to the promise of plenty, augured by the natal day of our present Prince? Comes he not on the ninth of November? Is not his advent glorified by the aromatic clouds of the Lord Mayor's kitchen?—Let every man, woman, and child possess themselves of a *Times* newspaper of the 10th ult.; for there, in genial companionship with the chronicle of the birth of the Prince, is the luscious history of the Lord Mayor's dinner. We quit Buckingham Palace, our mind full of our dear little Queen, the Royal baby, Prince Albert—(who, as *The Standard* informs us subsequently, bows "bare-headed" to the populace,)—the Archbishop of Canterbury, Doctor Locock, the Duke of Wellington, and the monthly nurse, and immediately fall upon the civic "general bill of fare,"—the real turtle at the City board.

Oh, men of Paisley—good folks of Bolton—what promise for ye is here! Turkeys, capons, sirloins, asparagus, pheasants, pine-apples, Savoy cakes, Chantilly baskets, mince pies, preserved ginger, brandy cherries, a thousand luscious cakes that "the sense aches at!" What are all these gifts of plenty, but a glad promise that in the time of the "sweetest young Prince," that on the birth-day of that Prince just vouchsafed to us, all England will be a large Lord Mayor's table! Will it be possible for Englishmen to disassociate in their minds the Prince of Wales and the Prince of good Fellows? And whereas the reigns of other potentates are signalised by bloodshed and war, the time of the Prince will be glorified by cooking and good cheer. His drum-sticks will be the drum-sticks of turkeys—his cannon, the popping of corks. In his day, even weavers shall know the taste of geese, and factory-children smack their lips at the gravy of the great sirloin. Join your glasses! brandish your carving-knives! cry welcome to the Prince of Wales! for he comes garnished with all the world's good things. He shall live in the hearts, and (what is more) in the stomachs of his people!

Q.

Everybody is talking of the great impropriety that has been practised in keeping gunpowder within the Tower; and the papers are *blowing up* the authorities with astounding violence for their alleged laxity. "Gunpowder," say the angry journalists, "ought only to be kept where there is no possibility of a spark getting to it."—We suggest the bottom of the Thames, as the only place where, in future, this precious preparation can be securely deposited.

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OLIVIA'S RETURN TO HER FRIENDS.

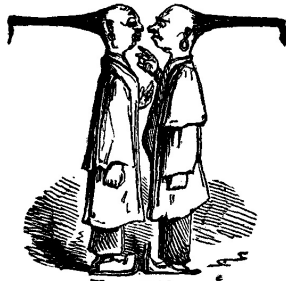
"I ENTREAT, WOMAN, THAT MY WORDS MAY BE NOW MARKED, ONCE FOR ALL; I HAVE HERE BROUGHT YOU BACK A POOR DELUDED WANDERER; HER RETURN TO DUTY DEMANDS THE REVIVAL OF OUR TENDERNESS. THE KINDNESS OF HEAVEN IS PROMISED TO THE PENITENT, AND LET OURS BE DIRECTED BY THE EXAMPLE."

Vicar of Wakefield, Chap. XXII.

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THE PHYSIOLOGY OF THE LONDON MEDICAL STUDENT.

8.—OF THE EXAMINATION AT APOTHECARIES' HALL.



The last task that devolves upon our student before he goes up to the Hall is to hunt up his testimonials of attendance to lectures and good moral conduct in his apprenticeship, together with his parochial certificate of age and baptism. The first of these is the chief point to obtain; the two last he generally writes himself, in the style best consonant with his own feelings and the date of his indenture. His "morality ticket" is as follows:—

(Copy.)

"I hereby certify, that during the period Mr. Joseph Muff served his time with me he especially recommended himself to my notice by his studious and attentive habits, highly moral and gentlemanly conduct, and excellent disposition. He always availed himself of every opportunity to improve his professional knowledge."

(Signed)

According to the name on the indenture.

The certificate of attendance upon lectures is only obtained in its most approved state by much clever manoeuvring. It is important to bear in mind that a lecturer should never be asked whilst he is loitering about the school for his signature of the student's diligence. He may then have time to recollect his ignorance of his pupil's face at his discourses. He should always be caught flying—either immediately before or after his lecture—in order

that the whole business may be too hurried to admit of investigation. In the space left for the degree of attention which the student has shown, it is better that he subscribes nothing at all than an indifferent report; because, in the former case, the student can fill it up to his own satisfaction. He usually prefers the phrase—"with unremitting diligence."

And having arrived at this important section of our Physiology, it behoves us to publish, for the benefit of medical students in general, and those about to go up in particular, the following

CODE OF INSTRUCTIONS

TO BE OBSERVED BY THOSE PREPARING FOR EXAMINATION AT THE HALL.

1. Previously to going up, take some pills and get your hair cut. This not only clears your faculties, but improves your appearance. The Court of Examiners dislike long hair.
2. Do not drink too much stout before you go in, with the idea that it will give you pluck. It renders you very valiant for half an hour and then muddles your notions with indescribable confusion.
3. Having arrived at the Hall, put your rings and chains in your pocket, and, if practicable, publish a pair of spectacles. This will endow you with a grave look.
4. On taking your place at the table, if you wish to gain time, feign to be intensely frightened. One of the examiners will then rise to give you a tumbler of water, which you may, with good effect, rattle tremulously against your teeth when drinking. This may possibly lead them to excuse bad answers on the score of extreme nervous trepidation.
5. Should things appear to be going against you, get up a hectic cough, which is easily imitated, and look acutely miserable, which you will probably do without trying.
6. Endeavour to assume an off-hand manner of answering; and when you have stated any pathological fact—right or wrong—*stick to it*; if they want a case for example, invent one, "that happened when you were an apprentice in the country." This assumed confidence will sometimes bother them. We knew a student who once swore at the Hall, that he gave opium in a case of concussion of the brain, and that the patient never required anything else. It was true—he never did.
7. Should you be fortunate enough to pass, go to your hospital next day and report your examination, describing it as the most extraordinary ordeal of deep-searching questions ever undergone. This will make the professors think well of you, and the new men deem you little less than a mental Colossus. Say, also, "you were complimented by the Court." This advice is, however, scarcely necessary, as we never know a student pass who was not thus honoured—according to his own account.

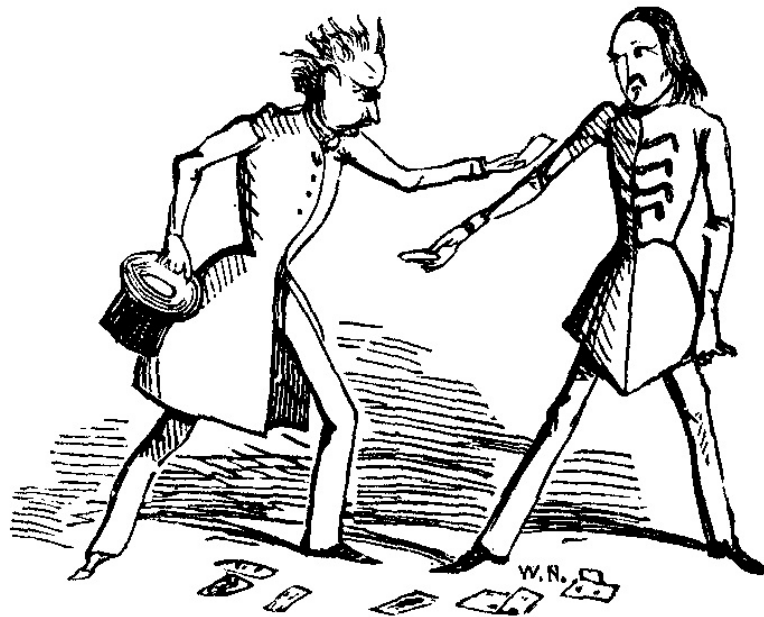
All things being arranged to his satisfaction, he deposits his papers under the care of Mr. Sayer, and passes the interval before the fatal day much in the same state of mind as a condemned criminal. At last Thursday arrives, and at a quarter to four, any person who takes the trouble to station himself at the corner of Union-street will see various groups of three and four young men wending their way towards the portals of Apothecaries' Hall, consisting of students about to be examined, accompanied by friends who come down with them to keep up their spirits. They approach the door, and shake hands as they give and receive wishes of success. The wicket closes on the candidates, and their friends adjourn to the "Retail Establishment" opposite, to *go the odd man* and pledge their anxious companions in dissector's diet-drink—*vulgo*, half-and-half.

Leaving them to their libations, we follow our old friend Mr. Joseph Muff. He crosses the paved court-yard with the air of a man who had lost half-a-crown and found a halfpenny; and through the windows sees the assistants dispensing plums, pepper, and prescriptions, with provoking indifference. Turning to the left, he ascends a solemn-looking staircase, adorned with severe black figures in niches, who support lamps. On the top of the staircase he enters a room, wherein the partners of his misery are collected. It is a long narrow apartment, commonly known as "the funking-room," ornamented with a savage-looking fireplace at one end, and a huge surly chest at the other; with gloomy presses against the walls, containing dry mouldy books in harsh, repulsive bindings. The windows look into the court; and the glass is scored by diamond rings, and the shutters pencilled with names and sentences, which Mr. Muff regards with feelings similar to those he would experience in contemplating the inscriptions on the walls of a condemned cell. The very chairs in the room look overbearing and unpleasant; and the whole locality is invested with an overallishness of unanswerable questions and intricate botheration. Some of the students are marching up and down the room in feverish restlessness; others, arm in arm, are worrying each other to death with questions; and the rest are grinding away to the last minute at a manual, or trying to write minute atomic numbers on their thumb-nail.

The clock strikes five, and Mr. Sayer enters the room, exclaiming—"Mr. Manhug, Mr. Jones, Mr. Saxby, and Mr. Collins." The four depart to the chamber of examination, where the medical inquisition awaits them, with every species of mental torture to screw their brains instead of their thumbs, and rack their intellects instead of their limbs,—the chair on which the unfortunate student is placed being far more uneasy than the tightest fitting "Scavenger's daughter" in the Tower of London. After an anxious hour, Mr. Jones returns, with a light bounding step to a joyous extempore air of his own composing: he has passed. In another twenty minutes Mr. Saxby walks fiercely in, calls for his hat, condemns the examiners *ad inferos*, swears he shall cut the profession, and marches away. He has been plucked; and Mr. Muff, who stands sixth on the list, is called on to make his appearance before the awful tribunal.

REGULARLY CALLED IN—AND BOWLED OUT.

Dr. Demosthenes &c. &c. &c. &c. Bedford, who has lately broken out in a new place, has been accused by the lieges of the Borough of having acted in a most unprofessional manner; in short, with having lost his *patience*. He, Dr. Demosthenes &c. begs to state, the only surgical operation he ever attempted was most successful, notwithstanding it was the difficult one of amputating his "mahogany;" and he further adds, the only case he ever had is still in his hand, it being a most obstinate



CARD CASE.

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THE PRINCE OF WALES.

(By the Observer's Own Correspondent.)

Knowing the anxiety that will be felt on this subject, though we doubt if the future King can be called a *subject* at all, we have collected the following exclusive particulars:—

THE PRINCE'S TITLE.

His Royal Highness will for the present go by the title of "Poppet," affectionately conferred upon him by Mrs. Lilly at the moment of his birth. Poppet is a title of very great antiquity, and has from time immemorial been used as a mark of endearment towards a newly-born child in all genteel families. Lovey-Dovey has been spoken of; but it is not likely that His Royal Highness will assume the style and dignity of Lovey-Dovey for a considerable period.

THE PRINCE'S INCOME.

Considerable mistakes have been fallen into by some of our contemporaries on this important subject. What may be the present wishes of His Royal Highness it is impossible for any one to ascertain, for he is able to articulate nothing on this point with his little pipe; but the piper, we know, must be eventually paid. He becomes immediately entitled to all the loose halfpence in his mother's reticule, and sixpence a-week will be at once payable out of his father's estates at Saxe Gotha. The whole of the revenues attached to the Duchy of Cornwall are also his by the mere fact of his birth: but there is a difficulty as to his giving a receipt for the money, if it should be paid to him. It is believed, that on the meeting of Parliament a Bill will pass for granting peg-top money to His Royal Highness,

and a lollipop allowance will be among the earliest estimates.

THE PRINCE'S MILITARY RANK.

The Prince of Wales is by birth at the head of all the *Infantry* in the kingdom, and is Colonel in his own right of a regiment of tin soldiers.

THE PRINCE'S WARDROBE.

The Prince falls at once into all the long frocks that are required, and has an estate tail in six dozen napkins.

THE PRINCE'S EDUCATION.

This important matter will be confined at present to teaching His Royal Highness how to take his pap without spilling it. A professor from the pap-al states will, it is expected, be entrusted with this branch of the royal economy.

THE PRINCE'S WET-NURSE.

Our contemporaries are wrong in stating that the individual to whom the post of wet-nurse has been assigned is nothing but a housemaid. We have full authority to state that she is no maid at all, but a respectable married woman.

THE PRINCE'S HONOURS.

His Royal Highness has not yet been created a Knight of the Garter, though Sir James Clark insisted on his being admitted to the Bath, against which ceremony the infant Prince entered a vociferous protest.

The whole of the above particulars may be relied on as having been furnished from the very highest authority.

A BARROWKNIGHT.

SIR WILLOUGHBY COTTON, during his visit to the Mansion-House Feast, in a moment of forgetfulness after the song of "Hurrah for the Road," being asked to take wine with the new Lord Mayor, declined the honour in the genuine long-stage phraseology, declaring he had already whacked his fare, and was quite



FULL INSIDE.

MAGISTERIAL AXIOMS.

VIDE POLICE REPORTS.

An Irishman will *swear anything*.—*Mr. Grove*.

A man who wears long hair is *capable of anything*.—*Sir Peter Laurie*.

THE ROYAL BULLETINS.

The documents lately shown at Buckingham Palace are spurious, and the real ones have been suppressed from party motives, which we shall not allude to. The following are genuine; they relate only to the Prince, the convalescence of Her Majesty being, we are glad to say, so rapid as to require no official notice.

Half-past Twelve.

The Prince has sneezed, and it is believed has smiled, though the nurses are unable to pronounce whether the expression of pleasure arose from satisfaction or choleric.

Quarter past One.

The Prince has passed a comfortable minute, and is much easier.

Two O'Clock.

The Prince is fast asleep, and is more quiet.

Half-past Two.

The Prince has been shown to Sir Robert Peel, and was very fretful.

Three O'Clock.

Sir Robert Peel has left the Palace, and the Prince is again perfectly composed.

DEVILLED DRUMSTICKS.

Our own Sir Peter Laurie, upon witnessing the extraordinary performance of little Wieland in *Die Hexen am Rhein*, at the Adelphi Theatre, was so transported with his diabolic agility, that he determined upon endeavouring to arrive at the same perfection of pliability. As a guide for his undertaking, he instantly despatched old Hobler for a folio edition of



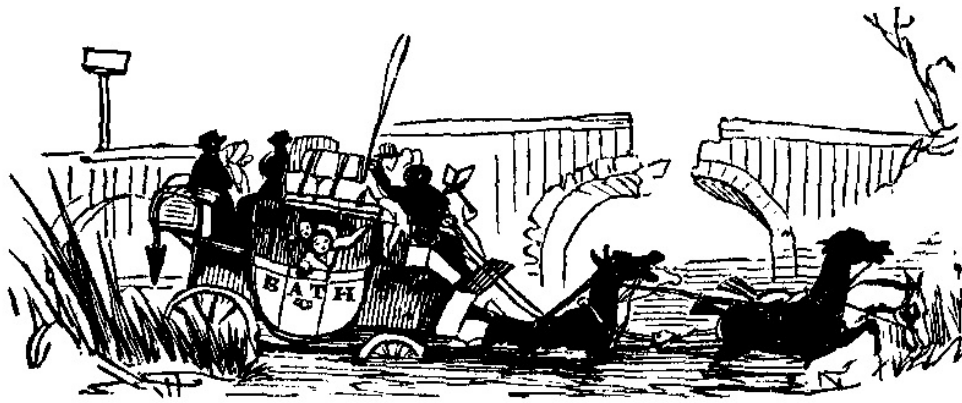
IMPEY'S PRACTICE.

BRANDY AND WATERFORD. (A GO!)

The Marquis of Waterford, upon his recent visit to Devonshire, was much struck with the peculiar notice upon the County Stretchers. Being overtaken by some of their extra-bottled apple-juice, he tested the truth of the statement, and found them literally "licensed to carry *one in cyder*" (*one insider*).

THE WHEELS OF FORTUNE.

SIR WYNDHAM ANSTRUTHER, whose "Young Rapid" connexion with the *Stage* is pretty generally known, boasts that his stud was unrivalled for speed, as he managed with his four to "run through" his whole estates in six months, which he thinks a pretty decent proof that his might well be considered



A FAST COACH.

SEEING NOTHING

COMMISSIONER HARVEY and his old crony, Joe Hume, were talking lately of the wonders which the latter had seen in his travels—"You have been on Mont Blanc," said Whittle. "Certainly," replied the other. "And what did you see there?" "Why really," said Joe, "it is always so wrapped up in a double-milled fog, that there is nothing to be seen from it." "Nothing!" echoed he of the Blues; "I never knew till now why it was called Mount *Blank*." As this was the Commissioner's first attempt at a witticism, we forgive him.

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MORE FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

(FROM OUR OWN ONE.)

A marriage is on the *tapis* between Mr. John Smith, the distinguished toll-collector at the Marsh Gate, and Miss Julia Belinda Snooks, the lovely and accomplished daughter of the gallant out-pensioner of Greenwich Hospital. Should the wedding take place, the bridegroom will be given away by Mr. Levy, the great toll-contractor; while the blushing bride will be attended to the altar by her mother-in-law, the well-known laundress of Tash-street. The *trousseau*, consisting of a selection from a bankrupt's stock of damaged *de laines*, has been purchased at Lambeth House; and a parasol carefully chosen from a lot of 500, all at one-and-ninence, will be presented by the happy bridegroom on the morning of the marriage. A cabman has already been spoken to, and a shilling fare has been sketched out for the eventful morning, which is so arranged as to terminate at the toll-house, from which Mr. Smith can only be absent for about an hour, during which time the toll will be taken by an amateur of celebrity.

Among the fashionables at the Bower Saloon, we observed Messrs. Jones and Brown, Mr. J. Jones, Mr. H. Jones, Mr. M. Brown, Mr. K. Brown, and several other distinguished leaders of the *ton* in Stangate.

There is no truth in the report that Tom Timkins intends resigning his seat at the apple-stall in the New Cut; and the rumours of a successor are therefore premature and indelicate.

The vacant crossing opposite the Victoria has not been offered to Bill Swivel, nor is it intended that any one shall be appointed to the post in the Circus.

CONS. WORTH CONNING.

Why is the making a *mem.* of the number of a person's residence like a general election?—Because it's done to re-member *the house*.

Why is Count D'Orsay a capital piece of furniture for a kitchen?—Because he's a *good dresser*.

MORBID SYMPATHY FOR CRIMINALS.

Our contemporary, the *Times*, for the last few days has been very justly deprecating the existing morbid sympathy for criminals. The moment that a man sins against the conventionalities of society he ought certainly to be excluded from all claims upon the sympathy of his fellows. It is very true that even the felon has kindred, parents, wife, children—for whom, and in whom, God has implanted an instinctive love. It is true that the criminal may have been led by the example of aristocratic sinners to disregard the injunctions of revealed religion against the adulterer, the gamester, and the drunkard; and

having imitated the "pleasant follies" of the great without possessing the requisite means for such enjoyments, the man of pleasure has degenerated into the man of crime. It is true that the poor and ignorant may have claims upon the wealth and the intelligence of the rich and learned; but are we to pause to inquire whether want may have driven the destitute to theft, or the absence of early instruction have left the physical desires of the offender's nature superior to its moral restrictions.—Certainly not, whilst we have a gallows. There is, however, one difficulty which seems to interfere with a liberal exercise of the rope and the beam. Where are we to find executioners? for if "whoso sheddeth man's blood" be amenable to man, surely Jack Ketch is not to be exempted.

The *Times* condemns the late Lord Chamberlain for allowing the representation of "Jack Sheppard" and "Madame Laffarge" at the Adelphi; so do we. The *Times* intimates, that "the newspapers teem with details about everything which such criminals 'as Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard' say or do; that complete biographies of them are presented to the public; that report after report expatiates upon every refinement and peculiarity in their wickedness," for "the good purpose" of warning the embryo highwayman. We are something more than *duberous* of this. We can see no difference between the exhibition of the stage and the gloating of the broadsheet; they are both "the agents by which the exploits of the gay highwayman are realised before his eyes, amid a brilliant and evidently sympathising" public. We deprecate both, as tending to excite the weak-minded to gratify "the ambition of this kind of notoriety;"—and yet we say, with the *Times*, there should be "no sympathy for criminals."

THE MALE DALILAH.

Sir Peter Laurie's aversion to long locks is accounted for by his change of political opinions, he having some time since *cut the W(h)igs*.

A "PUNCH" TESTIMONIAL.

We are virtuously happy to announce that a meeting has been held at the *Hum-mums* Hotel, Colonel Sibthorp in the chair, for the purpose of presenting to PUNCH some testimonial of public esteem for his exertions in the detection and exposure of fraudulent wits and would-be distinguished characters.

COLONEL SIBTHORP thanked the meeting for the honour they had conferred upon him in electing him their chairman upon this occasion. None knew better than himself the service that PUNCH had rendered to the public. But for that fun fed individual his (Col. Sibthorp's) own brilliant effusions would have been left to have smouldered in his brain, or have hung like cobwebs about the House of Commons. (*Hear, hear!*) But PUNCH had stepped in to the rescue; he had not only preserved some of the brilliant things that he (Col. Sibthorp) had said, but had also reported many of the extremely original witticisms that he had intended to have uttered. (*Hear!*) There were many honourable gentlemen—(he begged pardon—gentlemen, he meant, without the honourable; but he had been so long a member of parliament that he had acquired a habit of calling men and things out of their proper names). Apologising for so lengthy a parenthesis, he would say that there were many gentlemen who were equally indebted (*hear! from Sir Peter Laurie, Peter Borthwick, and Pre-Adam Roebuck*) to this jocular benefactor. "It was PUNCH," said the gallant gentleman, with much feeling, "who first convinced me that the popular opinion of my asinine capabilities was erroneous. It was PUNCH who discovered that there was as much in my head as on it (*loud cheers, produced doubtlessly by the aptness of the simile, the gallant Colonel being perfectly bald*). I should, therefore, be the most ungrateful of Members for Lincoln, did I not entreat of this meeting to mark their high sense of Mr. PUNCH'S exertions by a liberal subscription" (*cheers*).

SIR PETER LAURIE acknowledged himself equally in debt with their gallant Chairman to the object of the present meeting. He (Sir Peter) had tried all schemes to obtain popularity—he had made speeches without number or meaning—he had done double duty at the Mansion-house, and had made Mr. Hobler laugh more heartily than any Lord Mayor or Alderman since the days of Whittington (during whose mayoralty the venerable Chief Clerk first took office)—he (Sir P. Laurie) had, after much difficulty and four years' practice, received the Queen on horseback (*much cheering*); but (*continued cheering*)—but it was left for PUNCH to achieve his immortality (*immense cheering—several squares of glass in the conservatory opposite broken by the explosion*). He (Sir P. Laurie) had done all in his power to deserve the notice of that illustrious wooden individual. He had endeavoured to be much more ass—(*loud cheers*)—iduous than ever. PUNCH had rewarded him; and he therefore felt it his bounden duty to reward PUNCH. (*Hear! hear!*)

MR. ROEBUCK fully concurred in the preceding eulogies. What had not PUNCH done for him? Had not PUNCH extinguished the *Times* by the honest way in which he had advocated his (Roebuck's) injured genealogy? Had PUNCH not proved that he (Mr. Roebuck) had a father, which the "mendacious journal" had asserted was impossible? Had not PUNCH

traced the Roebuck family as far back as 1801?—that was something! But he (Mr. Roebuck) believed that he had been injured by an error of the press, and that PUNCH had written the numerals 1081. Be that as it might, he (Mr. Roebuck) was anxious to discharge the overwhelming debt of gratitude which he owed to MR. PUNCH, and intended to subscribe very largely (*cheers*).

MR. PETER BORTHWICK had been in former years a Shaksperian actor. He had for many seasons, at the “Royal Rugby Barn,” had the honour of bearing the principal banners in all the imposing processions, “got up at an immense expense” in that unique establishment. (*Hear!*) He was, therefore, better qualified than any gentleman present to form an opinion of the services which Punch had rendered to the British Drama (*loud and continued cheers, during which Mr. Yates rushed on to the platform, and bowed several times to the assembled multitude*). Therefore, as a devoted admirer of that art which he (Peter) trusted HE and Shakspeare had adorned (*cheers*), he fondly hoped that the meeting would at once take tickets, when he announced that the performance was for the benefit of Mr. PUNCH.

LORD MORPETH next presented himself; but our reporter, having promised to take tea with his grandmother, left before the Noble Lord opened his mouth.

We hope next week to furnish the remainder of the speeches, and a very long list of subscriptions.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK-UP;

OR, SIR PETER LAURIE ON CRIME AND THE CROPS.

We believe no longing was ever more firmly planted in the human heart, than that of discovering some short cut to the high road of mental acquirement. The toilsome learner’s “Progress” through the barren outset of the alphabet; the slough of despond of seven syllables, endangered as they both are by the frequent appearance of the compulsive birch of the Mr. Worldly-wisemen who teach the young idea how to shoot, must ever be looked upon as a probation, the power of avoiding which is “a consummation devoutly to be wished.” Imbued with this feeling, the more speculative of past ages have frequently attempted to arrive, by external means, at the immediate possession of results otherwise requiring a long course of intense study and anxious inquiry. From these defunct illuminati originated the suppositious virtues of the magically-endowed divining wand. The simple bending of a forked hazel twig, being the received sign of the deep-buried well, suited admirably with their notions of immediate information, and precluded the unpleasant and toilsome necessity for delving on speculation for the discovery of their desired object. But, alas, divining rods, like dogs, have had their day. The want of faith in the operators, or the growth of a new and obstinate assortment of hazel twigs, threw discredit on the mummery and the mummies. Still the passion existed; and in no case was it more observable than in that of the celebrated witch-finder. An actual presence at the demoniacal rites of the broom-riding sisterhood would have been attended with much danger and considerable difficulty; indeed, it has been asserted that the visitors, like those at Almack’s, were expected to be balloted for, ticketed, and dressed in a manner suiting the occasion. Any infringement of these rules must have been at the proper peril of the contumacious infringer; and as it is more than probable some of the brooms carried double, there was a very decent chance of the intruder’s discovering himself across one of the heavy-tailed and strong-backed breed, taking a trip to some distant bourne, from whence that compulsory aerial traveller would doubtless never have returned. Still witches were evils; and proof of evil is what the law seeks to enable evil’s suppression. Now and again one of these short-cut gentry, by some railroad system of mental calculation, discovered certain external marks or moles that at a glance betrayed “the secret, dark, and midnight hags;” and the witch-finding process was instantaneously established. The outward and visible sign of their misdeeds authorised the further proceeding necessary for the clear proof of their delinquencies: thus the pinchings, beatings, starvings, trials, hangings, and burnings were made the goal of the shortest of all imaginable short cuts; and old women who had established pin manufactories in the stomachs of thousands, instead of receiving patents for their inventions, divided the honour of illuminating the land with the blazing tar-barrels provided for their peculiar use and benefit. Whether it was that aerial gambols on unsaddled and rough-backed broomsticks grew tiresome, or the small profit attending the vocation became smaller, or that all the elderly ladies with moles, and without anything else, were burnt up, we can’t pretend to say; but certain it is, the art of witchcraft fell into disrepute. Corking, minikin, and all description of pins, were obliged to be made in the regular way; and cows even departed this world without the honour of the human immolations formerly considered the necessary sacrifice for the loss of their inestimable lives. Since the abovetimes Animal Magnetism and Mesmerism have followed in the wake of what has been; and now, just as despair, already poised upon its outstretched sable wings, was hovering for a brief moment previous to making its final swoop upon the External Doctrine, Peter—our Peter—Peter Laurie—the great, the glorious, the aldermanic Laurie—makes despair, like the Indian juggler who swallowed himself, become the victim of its own insatiate maw.

Our quill trembles as we proceed; it is unequal to the task. Oh, that we could write with the whole goose upon the wondrous merits of the wondrous Peter!

We are better. That bumper has restored our nerve.

Reader, fancy the gifted Peter seated in the dull dignity of civic magistracy: the court is thronged—a young delinquent blinks like an owl in sunshine 'neath the mighty flashing of his bench-lit eye. His crime, ay, what's his crime? it can't be much—so pale, so thin, so woe-begone! look, too, so tremulous of knee, and redolent of hair! what has he done?

Here Roe interprets—"Please your worship, this young man, or tailor, has been assaulting several females with a blue bag and a pair of breeches."

Sir Peter.—"I don't wonder at it; that man would do anything, I see it in his face, or rather in the back of his head, that's where the expression lies—look at his hair!"

The whole court becomes a Cyclops—it has but one eye, and that is fixed upon the tailor's locks.

"I say," resumes our Peter, "a man with that head of hair would do anything—pray, sir, do you wish to be taken for a German sausage, or a German student?—they're all the same, sir—speak at once."

The faltering fraction denies the student, and repudiates the sausage.

Sir Peter, still looking at the hair, from which external sign he evidently derived all his information—"You were drunk, sir."

"I was," faltered the Samsonian schneider.

"I know it, sir—you are fined five shillings, sir—but if you choose to submit to the deprivation of that iniquitous hair, which has brought you here, and which, I repeat, will make you do anything, I will remit the fine."

A sigh, fine-drawn as the accidental rent in an unfinished skirt, escaped the hirsute stitcher: a melancholy reflection upon the infinite deal of nothing in his various pockets, and the slow revolving of the Brixton wheel in stern perspective, wrung from the quodded wretch a slow assent: Sir Peter sent a City officer with his warrant to secure the nearest barber: a few sharp clickings of the envious shears—and all was over! Crime fell from the shoulders of the quondam culprit, and the tonsorial innocent stood forth confessed!

Sir Peter was entranced. That was his doing! He gazed with pride upon the new absolved from sin. He asked, "Are you not more comfortable?"

All vice had gone, save one—the young man answered "Yes," and *lied*.

"Then, sir, go home."

"The barber," muttered "soft Roe" in as soft a voice.

"What of him?"

"Wants a shillin'."

"There it is," exclaimed the Augustine Peter, "there, from my own pocket, paid with pleasure to preserve that youth from the evil influence of too much hair—I'll pay for all the City if they like—and banished suicide, and I'll pretty soon see if I can't settle all the City crops. Prisoner, you are discharged."

The young man lost his hair, the Queen five shillings, and Sir Peter one; but then he gained his end,—and docking must henceforth be looked upon as the treadmill's antidote, and young man's fines' best friend. We therefore say, should the iniquity of your long locks, gentle reader, take you to the station (for, remember, Sir Peter says, *Long hair will do anything*), if you can't find bail, secure a barber, and command your liberation. We have been speculating of these externally-illustrated grades of crime; we think the following nearly correct:—

The long and lank indicates larceny (petty and otherwise).

The bushy and bountiful—burglary.

The full and flowing—felony.

The magnificent and mysterious—murder.

And, for aught we know, pigtails—polygamy.

For the future, a thinking man's motto will be, not to mind "his own eye," but everybody else's hair.

P.S. We have just received the following horrifying communication which establishes Sir Peter's opinion, "that a man with such hair would do anything," but unfortunately disproves the remedy, as those atrocities have been committed when he was without.

Indignant at the loss of his head's glory, the evil-minded tailor, immediately upon leaving the court, sent for counsel's opinion as to whether he couldn't proceed against Sir Peter, under the act for "cutting and maiming, with intent to do him some grievous bodily harm." This, it appears he cannot do, inasmuch as these very learned gentlemen at the bar have decided, "the head" from which the hair was cut, and which, if any, is consequently the injured part, is not included in the meaning of the word *bodily*, as &c. &c. Foiled in this attempt, the monster, for the brutal gratification of his burning revenge, hit upon a scheme the most diabolical that human hair could conceive. He actually applied to the Society for the Suppression of *Cruelty to Animals*; and they, upon inspecting a portion of the dis severed locks, immediately took up the case, and are about to indict Sir Peter, Roe, and the barber, under one of the clauses of that tremendous act. If they proceed for penalties in individual cases, they must be immense, as the killed and wounded are beyond calculation,—not to mention all that the process has left homeless, foodless, and destitute.

BARBER-OUS ANNOUNCEMENT.

We beg to inform our readers that Mr. Tanner, of Temple-bar and Shire-lane, whose salon extends from the city of London to the liberties of Westminster, has this day been appointed Hair-cutter Extraordinary to Sir Peter Laurie.

A NEW MILKY WAY.

KIRCHOFF, a Prussian chemist, is reported to have discovered a process by which milk may be preserved for an indefinite period. Fresh milk is evaporated by a very gentle heat till it is reduced to a dry powder, which is to be kept perfectly dry in a bottle. When required for use it need only be diluted with a sufficient quantity of water. Mr. James Jones, who keeps a red cow—over his door—claims the original idea of making milk from a white powder, which, he states, may be done without the tedious process of evaporation, by using an article entirely known to London milk-vendors—namely *chalk*.

OH GEMINI!

At the close of the Civic Festival last week, Sir William Follett inquired of the Recorder if he had seen his *Castor*. "No," replied Law (holding up the Attorney-General's fifty-seven penn'orth), "but here is your brother Pollock's" (*Pollux*.)

"Well," said Sir Peter Hobler the other morning, "I should think you will be denied the *entrée* to the Palace after your decision of Saturday." "Why so?" inquired the knight of leather. "For fear you should cut off the heir to the Throne!" screamed Hobler, and vanished.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

VOL. 1.

NOVEMBER 27, 1841.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF THE LONDON MEDICAL STUDENT.

9.—OF THE SEQUEL TO THE HALL EXAMINATION.

hilst Mr. Muff follows the beadle from the funking-room to the Council Chamber, he scarcely knows whether he is walking upon his head or his heels; if anything, he believes that he is adopting the former mode of locomotion; nor does he recover a sense of his true position until he finds himself seated at one end of a square table, the other three sides whereof are occupied by the same number of gentlemen of grave and austere bearing, with



all the candles in the room apparently endeavouring to imitate that species of eccentric dance which he has only seen the gas-lamps attempt occasionally as he has returned home from his harmonic society. The table before him is invitingly spread with pharmacopoeias, books of prescriptions, trays of drugs, and half-dead plants; and upon these subjects, for an hour and a half, he is compelled to answer questions.

We will not follow his examination: nobody was ever able to see the least joke in it; and therefore it is unfitted for our columns. We can but state that after having been puzzled, bullied, "caught," quibbled with, and abused, for the above space of time, his good genius prevails, and he is told he may retire. Oh! the pleasure with which he re-enters the funking-room—that nice, long, pleasant room, with its cheerful fireplace and good substantial book-cases, and valuable books, and excellent old-fashioned furniture; and the capital tea which the worshipful company allows him—never was meal so exquisitely relished. He has passed the Hall! won't he have a flare-up to-night!—that's all.

As soon as all the candidates have passed, their certificates are given them, upon payment of various sovereigns, and they are let out. The first great rush takes place to the "retail establishment" over the way, where all their friends are assembled—Messrs. Jones, Rapp, Manhug, &c. A pot of "Hospital Medoc" is consumed by each of the thirsty candidates, and off they go, jumping Jim Crow down Union-street, and swaggering along the pavement six abreast, as they sing several extempore variations of their own upon a glee which details divers peculiarities in the economy of certain small pigs, pleasantly enlivened by grunts and whistles, and the occasional asseveration of the singers that their paternal parent was a man of less than ordinary stature. This insensibly changes into "Willy brewed a Peck of Malt," and finally settles down into "Nix my Dolly," appropriately danced and chorussed, until a policeman, who has no music in his soul, stops their harmony, but threatens to take them into charge if they do not bring their promenade concert to a close.

Arrived at their lodgings, the party throw off all restraint. The table is soon covered with beer, spirits, screws, hot water, and pipes; and the company take off their coats, unbutton their stocks, and proceed to conviviality. Mr. Muff, who is in the chair, sings the first song, which informs his friends that the glasses sparkle on the board and the wine is ruby bright, in allusion to the pewter-pots and half-and-half. Having finished, Mr. Muff calls upon Mr. Jones, who sings a ballad, not altogether perhaps of the same class you would hear at an evening party in Belgrave-square, but still of infinite humour, which is applauded upon the table to a degree that flirps all the beer out of the pots, with which Mr. Rapp draws portraits and humorous conceits upon the table with his finger. Mr. Manhug is then called upon, and sings

THE STUDENT'S ALPHABET.

Oh; A was an Artery, fill'd with injection;
And B was a Brick, never caught at dissection.
C were some Chemicals—lithium and borax;
And D was a Diaphragm, flooring the thorax.

Chorus (taken in short-hand with minute accuracy).

Fol de rol lol,
Tol de rol lay,
Fol de rol, tol de rol, tol de rol, lay.

E was an Embryo in a glass case;
And F a Foramen, that pierced the skull's base.
G was a Grinder, who sharpen'd the fools;
And H means the Half-and-half drunk at the schools.
Fol de rol lol, &c.

I was some Iodine, made of sea-weed;
J was a Jolly Cock, not used to read.
K was some Kreosote, much over-rated;
And L were the Lies which about it were stated.
Fol de rol lol, &c.

M was a muscle—cold, flabby, and red;
And N was a Nerve, like a bit of white thread.
O was some Opium, a fool chose to take;
And P were the Pins used to keep him awake.
Fol de rol lol, &c.

Q were the Quacks, who cure stammer and squint,
R was a Raw from a burn, wrapp'd in lint.
S was a Scalpel, to eat bread and cheese;
And T was a Tourniquet, vessels to squeeze.
Fol de rol lol, &c.

U was the Unciform bone of the wrist.
V was the Vein which a blunt lancet miss'd.
W was Wax, from a syringe that flow'd.
X, the Xaminers, who may be blow'd!
Fol de rol lol, &c.

Y stands for You all, with best wishes sincere;
And Z for the Zanies who never touch beer.
So we've got to the end, not forgetting a letter;
And those who don't like it may grind up a better.
Fol de rol lol, &c.

This song is vociferously cheered, except by Mr. Rapp, who during its execution has been engaged in making an elaborate piece of basket-work out of wooden pipe-lights, which having arranged to his satisfaction, he sends scudding at the chairman's head. The harmony proceeds, and with it the desire to assist in it, until they all sing different airs at once; and the lodger above, who has vainly endeavoured to get to sleep for the last three hours, gives up the attempt as hopeless, when he hears Mr. Manhug called upon for the sixth time to do the cat and dog, saw the bit of wood, imitate Macready, sing his own version of "Lur-li-e-ty," and accompany it with his elbows on the table.

The first symptom of approaching cerebral excitement from the action of liquid stimulants is perceived in Mr. Muff himself, who tries to cut some cold meat with the snuffers. Mr. Simpson also, a new man, who is looking very pale, rather overcome with the effects of his elementary screw in a first essay to perpetrate a pipe, petitions for the window to be let down, that the smoke, which you might divide with a knife, may escape more readily. This proposition is unanimously negatived, until Mr. Jones, who is tilting his chair back, produces the desired effect by overbalancing himself in the middle of a comic medley, and causing a compound, comminuted, and irreducible fracture of three panes of glass by tumbling through them. Hereat, the harmony experiencing a temporary check, and all the half-and half having disappeared, Mr. Muff finds there is no great probability of getting any more, as the servant who attends upon the seven different lodgers has long since retired to rest in the turn-down bedstead of the back kitchen. An adjournment is therefore determined upon; and, collecting their hats and coats as they best may, the whole party tumble out into the streets at two o'clock in the morning.

"Whiz-z-z-z-t!" shouts Mr. Manhug, as they emerge into the cool air, in accents which only Wieland could excel; "there goes a cat!" Upon the information a volley of hats follow the scared animal, none of which go within ten yards of it, except Mr. Rapp's, who, taking a bold aim, flings his own gossamer down the area, over the railings, as the cat jumps between them on to the water-butt, which is always her first leap in a hurried retreat. Whereupon Mr. Rapp goes and rings the house-bell, that the domestics may return his property; but not receiving an answer, and being assured of the absence of a policeman, he pulls the handle out as far as it will come, breaks it off, and puts it in his pocket. After this they run about the streets, indulging in the usual buoyant recreations that innocent and happy minds so situated delight to follow, and are eventually separated by their flight from the police, from the safe plan they have adopted of all running different ways when pursued, to bother the crushers. What this leads to we shall probably hear next week, when they are once more *réunis* in the dissecting-room to recount their adventures.

It is said that the Duke of Wellington declined the invitation to the Lord Mayor's civic dinner in the following laconic speech:—"Pray remember the 9th November, 1830."—"Ah!" said Sir Peter Laurie, on hearing the Duke's reply, "I remember it. They said that the people intended on that day to set fire to Guildhall, and meant to roast the Mayor and Board of Aldermen."—"On the old system, I suppose, of every man cooking his own goose," observed Hobler drily.



INTRODUCTION.

I cannot recollect the precise day, but it was some time in the month of November 1839, that I took one of my usual rambles without design or destination. I detest a premeditated route—I always grow tired at the first mile; but with a free course, either in town or country, I can saunter about for hours, and feel no other fatigue but what a tumbler of toddy and a pipe can remove. It was this disposition that made me acquainted with the fraternity of the "Puffs." I would premise, gentle reader, that as in my peregrinations I turn down any green lane or dark alley that may excite my admiration or my curiosity—hurry through glittering saloons or crowded streets—pause at the cottage door or shop window, as it best suits my humour, so, in my intercourse with you, I shall digress, speculate, compress, and dilate, as my fancy or my convenience wills it. This is a blunt acknowledgment of my intentions; but as travellers are never sociable till they have cast aside the formalities of compliment, I wished to start with you at the first stage as an old acquaintance. The course is not usual, and, therefore, I adopt it; and it was by thus stepping out of a common street into a common hostel that I became possessed of the *matériel* of those papers, which I trust will hereafter tend to cheat many into a momentary forgetfulness of some care. I have no other ambition; there are philosophers enough to mystify or enlighten the world without my "nose of Turk and Tartar's lips" being thrust into the cauldron, whose

—"Charms of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble."

I had buttoned myself snugly in my Petersham (may the tailor who invented *that* garment "sleep well" whenever he "wears the churchyard livery, grass-green turned up with brown!") The snow—the beautiful snow—fell pure and noiselessly on the dirty pavement. Ragged, blue-faced urchins were scrambling the pearly particles together, and, with all the joyous recklessness of healthier childhood, carrying on a war less fatal but more glorious than many that have made countless widows and orphans, and, *perhaps*, one hero. Little round doll-like things, in lace and ribbons, were thumping second-door windows with their tiny hands, and crowing with ecstasy at the sight of the flaky shower. "Baked-tater" cans and "roasted-apple" saucepan lids were sputtering and frizzling in impotent rage as they waged puny war with the congealed element. Hackney charioteers sat on their boxes warped and whitened; whilst those strange amalgams of past and *never-to-come* fashions—the clerks of London—hurried about with the horrid consciousness of exposing their costliest garments to the "pelting of the pitiless storm." Evening stole on. A London twilight has nothing of the pale grey comfort that is diffused by that gradual change from day to night which I have experienced when seated by the hearth or the open window of a rural home. There it seems like the very happiness of nature—a pause between the burning passions of meridian day and the dark, sorrowing loneliness of night; but in London on it comes, or rather down it comes, like the mystic medium in a pantomime—it is a thing that you will not gaze on for long; and you rush instinctively from daylight to candle-light. I stopped in front of an old-fashioned public-house, and soon (being a connoisseur in these

matters) satisfied myself that if comfort were the desideratum, "The heart that was humble might hope for it here." I shook the snow from my "Petersham," and seeing the word "parlour" painted in white letters on a black door, bent my steps towards it. I was on the point of opening the door, when a slim young man, with a remarkable small quantity of hair, stopped my onward course by gurgling rather than ejaculating—for the sentence seemed a continuous word—

"Can't-go-in-there-Sir."

"Why not?" said I.

"Puffs-Sir."

"Puffs!"

"Yes-Sir,—Tues'y night—Puffs-meets-on-Tues'y," and then addressing a young girl in the bar, delivered an order for "One-rum-one-bran'y-one gin-no-whisky-all-'ot," which I afterwards found to signify one glass of each of the liqueurs.

I was about to remonstrate against the exclusiveness of the "Puffs," when recollecting the proverbial obduracy of waiters, I contented myself with buttoning my coat. My annoyance was not diminished by hearing the hearty burst of merriment called forth by some jocular member of this *terra incognita*, but rendered still more distressing by the appearance of the landlord, who emerged from the room, his eyes streaming with those tears that nature sheds over an expiring laugh.

"You have a merry party *concealed* there, Master Host," said I.

"Ye-ye-s-Sir, very," replied he, and tittered again, as though he were galvanizing his defunct merriment.

"Quite exclusive?"

"Quite, Sir, un-unless you are introduced—Oh dear!" and having mixed a small tumbler of toddy, he disappeared into that inner region of smoke from which I was separated by the black door endorsed "*Parlour*."

I had determined to seek elsewhere for a more social party, when the thumping of tables and gingle of glasses induced me to abide the issue. After a momentary pause, a firm and not unmusical voice was heard, pealing forth the words of a song which I had written when a boy, and had procured insertion for in a country newspaper. At the conclusion the thumping was repeated, and the waiter having given another of his *stenographical* orders, I could not resist desiring him to inform the vocal gentleman that I craved a few words with him.

"Yes-Sir—don't-think-'ll come—'cos he-'s-in-a-corner."

"Perhaps you will try the experiment," said I.

"Certainly-Sir-two-gins-please-ma'am." And having been supplied with the required beverage, he also made his *exit in fumo*.

In a few minutes a man of about fifty made his appearance; his face indicated the absence of vulgarity, though a few purple tints delicately hinted that he had assisted at many an orgie of the rosy offspring of Jupiter and Semele. His dark vestments and white cravat induced me to set him down as a "professional gentleman"—nor was I far wrong in my conjecture. As I shall have, I trust, frequent occasion to speak of him, I will for the sake of convenience, designate him Mr. Bonus.

I briefly stated my reason for disturbing him—that as he had honoured my muse by forming so intimate an acquaintance with her, I was anxious to trespass on his politeness to introduce me into that room which had now become a sort of "Blue-beard blue-chamber" to my thirsty curiosity. Having handed him my card, he readily complied, and in another minute I was an inhabitant of an elysium of sociality and tobacco-smoke.

"Faugh!" cries Aunt Charlotte Amelia, whilst pretty little Cousin Emmeline turns up her round hazel eyes and ejaculates, "Tobacco-smoke! horrid!"

Ladies! you treat with scorn that which God hath given as a blessing! It has never been your lot to thread the streets of mighty London, when the first springs of her untiring commerce are set in motion. Long, dear aunt, before thy venerable nose peeps from beneath the quilted coverlid to scent an atmosphere made odorous by cosmetics—long, dear Emmeline, ere those bright orbs that one day will fire the hearts of thousands are unclosed, the artizan has blessed his sleeping children, and closed the door upon his household gods. The murky fog, the drizzling shower, welcome him back to toil. Labour runs before him, and with ready hand unlocks the doors of dreary cellars or towering and chilly edifices; mind hath not yet promulgated or received the noble doctrine that toil is

dignity; and you, yes, even you, dear, gentle hearts! would feel the artizan a slave, if some clever limner showed you the toiling wretch sooted or japanned. Would you then rob him of one means of happiness? No—not even of his pipe! Ladies, you tread on carpets or on marble floors—I will tell you where my foot has been. I have walked where the air was circumscribed—where man was manacled by space, for no other crimes but those of poverty and misfortune. I've seen the broken merchant seated round a hearth that had not one endearment—they looked about for faces that were wont to smile upon them, and they saw but mirrors of their own sad lineaments—some laughed in mockery of their sorrows, as though they thought that mirth would come for asking; others, grown brutal by being caged, made up in noise what they lacked in peace. How comfortless they seemed! The only solace that the eye could trace was the odious herb, tobacco!

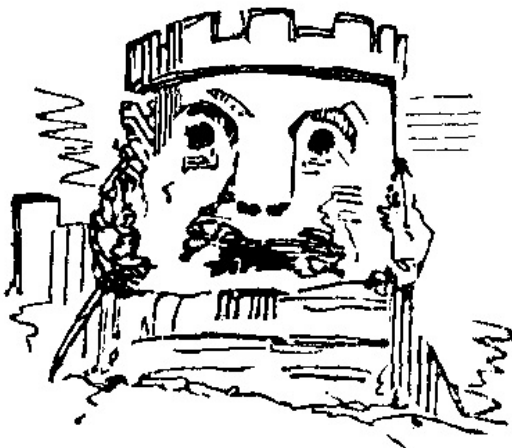
I have climbed the dark and narrow stairway that led to a modern Helicon; there I have seen the gentle creature that loved nature for her beauty—beauty that was to him apparent, although he sat hemmed in by bare and tattered walls; yet there he had seen bright fountains sparkle and the earth robe herself with life, and where the cunning spider spread her filmy toils above his head, he has seen a world of light, a galaxy of wonders. The din of wheels and the harsh discordant cries of busy life have died within his ear, and the tiny voices of choral birds have hymned him into peace; or the lettered eloquence of dread sages has become sound again, and he has communed in the grove and temple, as they of older time did in the eternal cities, with those whose names are immortal—and there I have seen the humble pipe! the sole evidence of luxury or enjoyment; when his daily task was suspended, it can never end, for he must weave and weave the fibres of his brain into the clue that leads him to the means of sustaining life.

I have wandered through lanes and fields when the autumn was on and the world golden, and my journey has ended at a yeoman's door. My welcome has been a hand-grasp, that needed bones and muscles to bear it unflinchingly—my fare the homeliest, but the sweetest; and when the meal was ended, how has the night wore on and then away over a cup of brown October—the last autumn's legacy—and, forgive me, Emmeline, a pipe of tobacco! Glorious herb! that hath oft-times stayed the progress of sorrow and contagion; a king once consigned thee to the devil, but many a humble, honest heart hath hailed thee as a blessing from the Creator.

I was introduced by my new acquaintance without much ceremony, and was pleased to see that little was expected. "We meet here thrice a week," said Bonus, "just to wile away an hour or two after the worry and fatigue of business. Most of us have been acquainted with each other since boyhood—and we have some curious characters amongst us; and should you wish to enrol your name, you have only to prove your qualification for this (holding up his pipe), and we shall be happy to recognise you as a 'Puff.'"

THE STAR SYSTEM.

SIR PETER LAURIE having observed a notice in one of the journals that the superior planets, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, are now to be seen every evening in the west, despatched a messenger to them with an invitation to the late Polish Ball, sagely remarking that "three such stars must prove an attraction." Upon Sir Peter mentioning the circumstance to Hobler, the latter cunningly advised Alderman Figaro (in order to prevent accidents) to solicit them to come by water, and accordingly Sir Peter's carriage was in waiting for the fiery stranger at the



TOWER STARES.

THE LIMERICK MARES.

The borough of Limerick at present enjoys the singular advantage of having two civic heads to the city. The new *mare*, Martin Honan, Esq., after being duly elected, civilly requested the old *mare*, C. S. Vereker, Esq., to turn out; to which he as civilly replied that he would see him blessed first, and as he was himself the only genuine and original donkey, he was resolved not to yield his place at the corporate manger to the new animal. Thus matters remain at present—the old *Mare* resolutely refusing to take his head out of the halter until he is compelled to do so.

MORE SKETCHES OF LONDON LIFE.

By the Author of the "Great Metropolis."

It is a remarkable fact that, in spite of the recent Act, there are no less than three hundred sweeps who still continue to cry "sweep," in the very teeth of the legislative measure alluded to. I have been in the habit of meeting many of these sweeps at the house I use for my breakfast; and in the course of conversation with them, I have generally found that they know they are breaking the law in calling out "sweep," but they do not raise the cry for the mere purpose of law-breaking. I am sure it would be found on inquiry that it is only with the view of getting business that they call out at all; and this shows the impolicy of making a law which is not enforced; for they all know that it is very seldom acted upon.

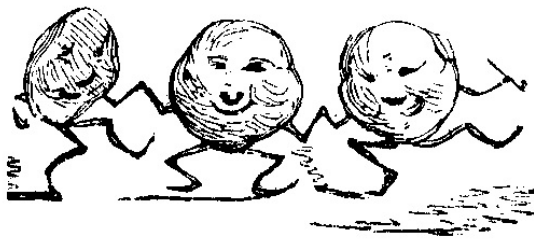
The same argument will apply to the punishment of death; and my friend Jack Ketch, whom I meet at the Frog and Frying-pan, tells me that he has hanged a great many who never expected it. If I were to be asked to make all the laws for this country, I certainly should manage things in a very different manner; and I am glad to say that I have legal authority on my side, for the lad who opens the door at Mr. Adolphus's chambers—with whom I am on terms of the closest intimacy—thinks as I do upon every great question of legal and constitutional policy. But this is "neither here nor there," as my publisher told me when I asked him for the profits of my last book, and I shall therefore drop the subject.

In speaking of eminent publishers, I must not forget to mention Mr. Catnach, to whom I owe a debt of gratitude for having been the first to introduce me to the literary career I have since so successfully followed. I believe I was the first who carried into effect Mr. Catnach's admirable idea of having the last dying speeches all struck off on the night before an execution, so as to get them into the hands of the public as early as possible. It was, moreover, my own suggestion to stereotype one speech, to be used on all occasions; and I also must claim the merit of having recommended the fixing a man's head at the top of the document as "a portrait of the murderer." Catnach and I have always been on the best of terms, but he is naturally rather angry that I have not always published with him, which he thinks—and many others tell me the same thing—I always should have done. At all events, Catnach has not much right to complain, for he has on two occasions wholly repainted his shop-shutters from effusions of mine; and I know that he has greatly extended his toy and marble business through the profits of a poetical version of the fate of Fauntleroy, which was very popular in its day, and which I wrote for him.

I have never until lately had much to do with Pitts, of Seven Dials; but I have found him an intelligent tradesman, and a very spirited publisher. He undertook to get out in five days a new edition of the celebrated pennyworth of poetry, known some time back, and still occasionally met with, as the "Three Yards of Popular Songs," which were all selected by me, and for which I chose every one of the vignettes that were prefixed to them. I have had extensive dealings both with Pitts and Catnach; and in comparing the two men, I should say one was the Napoleon of literature, the other the Mrs. Fry. Catnach is all for dying speeches and executions, while Pitts is peculiarly partial to poetry. Pitts, for instance, has printed thousands of "My Pretty Jane," while Catnach had the execution of Frost all in type for many months before his trial. It is true that Frost never was hanged, but Blakesley was; and the public, to whom the document was issued when the latter event occurred, had nothing to do but to bear in mind the difference of the names, and the account would do as well for one as for the other. Catnach has been blamed for this; but it will not be expected that I shall censure any one for the grossest literary quackery.

ACTIVE BENEVOLENCE.

The success of the Polish Ball has induced some humane individuals to propose that a similar festival should take place for the relief of the distressed Spitalfields weavers. We like the notion of a charitable quadrille—or a benevolent waltz; and it delights us to see a philanthropic design *set on foot*, through the medium of a gallopade. A dance which has for its object the putting of bread in the mouths of our fellow-creatures, may be truly called



A-BUN-DANCE.

PUNCH'S STOMACHOLOGY.

LECTURE I.



Doctors Spurzheim and Gall have acquired immense renown for their ingenious and plausible system of phrenology. These eminent philosophers have by a novel and wonderful process divided that which is indivisible, and parcelled out the human mind into several small lots, which they call "*organs*," numbering and labelling them like the drawers or bottles in a chemist's shop; so that, should any individual acquainted with the science of phrenology chance to get into what is vulgarly termed "a row," and being withal of a meek and lamb like disposition, which prompts him rather to trust to his heels than to his fists, he has only to excite his organ of *combativeness* by scratching vigorously behind his ear, and he will forthwith become bold as a lion, valiant as a game-cock—in short, a very lad of *whacks*, ready to fight the devil if he dared him. In like manner, a constant irritation of the organ of *veneration* on the top of his head will make him an accomplished courtier, and imbue him with a profound respect for stars and coronets. Now if it be possible—and that it is, no one will now attempt to deny—to divide the brain into distinct faculties, why may not the stomach, which, it has been admitted by the Lord Mayor and the Board of Aldermen, is a far nobler organ than the brain,—why may it not also possess several faculties? As we know that a particular part of the brain is appropriated for the faculty of *time*, another for that of *wit*, and so on, is it not reasonable to suppose that there is a certain portion of the stomach appropriated to the faculty of *roast beef*, another for that of *devilled kidney* and so forth?

It may be said that the stomach is a single organ, and therefore incapable of performing more than one function. As well might it be asserted that it was a steam-engine, with a single furnace consuming Whitehaven, Scotch, or Newcastle coals indiscriminately. The fact is, the stomach is not a single organ, but in reality a congeries of organs, each receiving its own proper kind of aliment, and developing itself by outward bumps and prominences, which indicate with amazing accuracy the existence of the particular faculty to which it has been assigned.

It is upon these facts that I have founded my system of Stomachology; and contemplating what has been done, what is doing, and what is likely to be done, in the analogous science of phrenology, I do not despair of seeing the human body mapped out, and marked all over with faculties, feelings, propensities, and powers, like a tattooed New Zealander. The study of anatomy will then be entirely superseded, and the scientific world would be guided, as the fashionable world is now, entirely by externals.

The circumstances which led me to the discovery of this important constitution of the stomach were partly accidental, and partly owing to my own intuitive sagacity. I had long observed that Judy, "my soul's far dearer part," entertained a decided partiality for a leg of pork and pease-pudding—to which *I* have a positive dislike. On extending my observations, I found that different individuals were characterised by different tastes in food, and that one man liked mint sauce with his roast lamb, while others detested it. I discovered also that in most persons there is a predominance of some particular organ over the surrounding ones, in which case a corresponding external protuberance may be looked for, which indicates the gastronomic character of the individual. This rule, however, is not absolute, as the prominence of one faculty may be modified by the influence of another; thus the faculty of *ham* may be modified by that of *roast veal*, or the desire to indulge in a sentiment for an *omelette* may be counteracted by a propensity for a *fricandeau*, or by the regulating power of a *Strasbourg pie*. The activity of the *omelette* emotion is here not abated; the result to which it would lead, is merely modified.

It would be tedious to detail the successive steps of my inquiries, until I had at last ascertained distinctly that the power of the eating faculties is, *cæteris paribus*, in proportion to the size of those compartments in the stomach by which they are manifested. I propose at a future time to explain my system more fully, and shall conclude my present lecture by giving a list of the organs into which I have classified the stomach, according to my most careful observations.

CLASS I.—SUSTAINING FACULTIES.

1. —Bread (*French rolls*).
2. —Water (*doubtful*).
3. —Beef (*including rump-steaks*).
4. —Mutton (*legs thereof*).
5. —Veal (*stuffed fillet of the same*).
6. —Bacon (*including pork-chops and sausages*).

CLASS II.—SENTIMENTS OR AFFECTIONS.

1. —Fowl.
2. —Fish.
3. —Game.
4. —Soup.
5. —Plum-pudding.
6. —Pastry.

CLASS III.—SUPERIOR SENTIMENTS.

1. —Sauces.
2. —Fruit.

CLASS IV.—INTELLECTUAL TASTES.

1. —Olives.
2. —Caviare.
3. —Turtle.
4. —Curries.
5. —Gruyère Cheese.
6. —French Wines.
7. —Italian Salads.
8. — — —

Of the last organ I have not been able to discover the function; it is probably miscellaneous, and disposes of all that is not included in the others.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

(*By the Reporter of the Court Journal.*)

Yesterday Paddy Green, Esq. gave a grand *déjeuner à la fourchette* to a distinguished party of friends, at his house in Vere-street. Amongst the guests we noticed Charles Mears, J.M., Mister Jim Connell, Bill Paul, Deaf Burke, Esq., Jerry Donovan, M.P.R., Herr Von Joel, &c. &c. Mister Jim Connell and Jerry Donovan went the "*odd man*" who should stand glasses round. The favourite game of *shove-halfpenny* was kept up till a late hour, when the party broke up highly delighted.

A great party mustered on Friday last, in the New Cut, to hear Mr. Briggles chant a new song, written on the occasion of the birth of the young Prince. He was accompanied by his friend Mr. Handel Purcell Mozart Muggins on the drum and mouth-organ, who afterwards went round with his hat.

On Friday the lady of Paddy Green paid a morning call to Clare Market, at the celebrated tripe shop; she purchased two slices of canine comestibles which she carried home on a skewer.

Mrs. Paddy Green on Wednesday visited Mrs. Joel, to take tea. She indulged in two crumpets and a dash of rum in the congou. It is confidently reported that on Wednesday next Mrs. Joel will pay a visit to Mrs. G. at her residence in Vere-street, to supper; after which Mr. Paddy Green will leave for his *seat* in Maiden-lane.

Jeremiah Donovan, it is stated, is negotiating for the three-pair back room in Surrey, late the residence of Charles Mears, J.M.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE, Nov. 16th.

PROMOTIONS.—POST OFFICE.

- 1st Body of General Postmen—Timothy Sneak, to Broad-street bell and bag, vice Jabez Broadfoot, who retires into the chandlery line.
- 1st Body of General Postmen—Horatio Squint to Lincoln's-Inn bell and bag, vice Timothy Sneak.
- 1st Body of General Postmen—Felix Armstrong to Bedford-square bell and bag, vice Horatio Squint.
- 1st Body of General Postmen—Josiah Claypole (from the body of letter-sorters) to Tottenham-Court-road bell and bag, vice Felix Armstrong. N.B. This deserving young man is indebted to his promotion for detecting a brother letter-sorter appropriating the contents of a penny letter to his own uses, at the precise time that the said Josiah Claypole had his eye on it, for reasons best known to

himself. The twopenny-postmen are highly incensed at this unheard-of and unprecedented passing them over; and great fears are entertained of their resignation.

FRENCH LIVING.

“Pa,” said an interesting little Polyglot, down in the West, with his French Rudiments before him, “why should one egg be sufficient for a dozen men’s breakfasts?”—“Can’t say, child.”—“Because *un œuf*—is as good as a feast.”—“Stop that boy’s grub, mother, and save it at once; he’s too clever to live much longer.”

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HINTS ON POPPING THE QUESTION.

To the bashful, the hesitating, and the ignorant, the following hints may prove useful.

If you call on the “loved one,” and observe that she blushes when you approach, give her hand a gentle squeeze, and if she returns it, consider it “all right”—get the parents out of the room, sit down on the sofa beside the “most adorable of her sex”—talk of the joys of wedded life. If she appears pleased, rise, seem excited, and at once ask her to say the important, the life-or-death-deciding, the suicide-or-happiness-settling question. If she pulls out her cambric, be assured you are accepted. Call her “My darling Fanny!”—“My own dear creature!”—and a few such-like names, and this completes the scene. Ask her to name the day, and fancy yourself already in Heaven.

A good plan is to call on the “object of your affections” in the forenoon—propose a walk—mamma consents, in the hope you will declare your intentions. Wander through the green fields—talk of “love in a cottage,”—“requited attachment”—and “rural felicity.” If a child happens to pass, of course intimate your fondness for the dear little creatures—this will be a splendid hit. If the coast is clear, down you must fall on your knee, right or left (there is no rule as to this), and swear never to rise until she agrees to take you “for better and for worse.” If, however, the grass is wet, and you have white ducks on, or if your unmentionables are tightly made—of course you must pursue another plan—say, vow you will blow your brains out, or swallow arsenic, or drown yourself, if she won’t say “yes.”

If you are at a ball, and your charmer is there, captivating all around her, get her into a corner, and “pop the question.” Some delay until after supper, but “delays are dangerous”—Round-hand copy.

A young lady’s “tears,” when accepting you, mean “I am too happy to speak.” The dumb show of staring into each other’s faces, squeezing fingers, and sighing, originated, we have reason to believe, with the ancient Romans. It is much practised now-a-days—as saving breath, and being more lover-like than talking.

We could give many more valuable hints, but Punch has something better to do than to teach ninnies the art of amorifying.

THE ROMANCE OF A TEACUP.

SIP THE SECOND.

Now harems being very lonely places,
Hemm’d in with bolts and bars on every side,
The fifty-two who shared Te-pott’s embraces
Were glad to see a stranger, though a bride—
And so received her with their gentlest graces,
And questions—though the questions are implied,
For ladies, from Great Britain to the Tropics,
Are very orthodox in their choice of topics.

They ask’d her, who was married? who was dead?
What were the newest things in silks and ivories?
And had Y—Y—, who had eloped with Z—,
Been yet forgiven? and *had* she seen his liveries?
And weren’t they something between grey and red?
And hadn’t Z’s papa refused to give her his?
So Hy-son told them everything she knew
And all was very well a day or two.

But, when the Multifarious forsook
Bo-hea, Pe-koe, and Wiry-leaf’d Gun-pow-der,
To revel in the lip and sunny look

Of the young stranger; spite of all they'd vow'd her,
The ladies each with jealous anger shook,
And rail'd against the simple maid aloud—Ah!
This woman's pride is a fine thing to tell us of—
But a small matter serves her to be jealous of.

One said she was indecorously florid—
One thought "she only squinted, nothing more—"
A third, convulsively pronounced her "horrid"—
While Bo-hea, who was *low* (at four-and-four),
Glanced from her fingers up at Hy-son's forehead,
Who, inkling such a tendency before,
Cared for no rival's nails—but paid—I own,
Particular attention to her own.

Well, this was bad enough; but worse than this
Were the attentions of our ancient hero,
Whose frequent vow, and frequenter caress,
Unwelcome were for any one to hear, who
Had charms for better pleasure than a kiss
From feeble dotard ten degrees from zero.
So, as one does when circumstances harass one,
Hy-son began to draw up a comparison.

"Was ever maiden so abused as I am?
Teazed into such a marriage—then to be
Dosed with my husband twenty times *per diem*,
With *repetetur haustus* after tea!
And, if he should die, what can I get by him?
A jointure's nothing among fifty-three!
I'm meek enough—but this I can *not* bear—
I wish: I wish:—I wish a girl might swear!"

In such a mood, she—(stop! I'll mend my pen;
For now all our preliminaries *are* done,
And I am come unto the crisis, when
Her fate depends on a kind reader's pardon)—
Wandering forth beyond the ladies' ken,
She thought she spied a male face in the garden—
She hasten'd thither—she was not mistaken,
For sure enough, a man was there a-raking.

A man complete he was who own'd the visage,
A man of thirty-three, or may-be longer—
So young, she could not well distinguish his age—
So old, she knew he had one day been younger.
Now thirty-three, although a very nice age,
Is not so nice as twenty, twenty-one, or
So; but of lovers when a lady's caught one,
She seldom stops to stipulate what sort o' one.

Now, the first moment Hy-son saw the gardener—
A gardener, by his tools and dress she knew—
She felt her bosom round her heart in a—
A—just as if her heart was breaking through;
And so she blush'd, and hoped that he would pardon her
Intruding on his grounds—"so nice they grew!—
Such roses! what a pink!—and then that peony;
Might she die if she ever look'd to see any!"

The gardener offer'd her a budding rose:
She took it with a smile, and colour'd high;
While, as she gave its fragrance to her nose,
He took the opportunity to sigh.
And Hy-son's cheek blush'd like the daylight's close!
She glanced around to see that none were nigh,
Then sigh'd again and thought, "Although a peasant,
His manners are refined, and really pleasant."

They stood each looking in the other's eyes,
Till Hy-son dropp'd her gaze, and then—good lack
Love is a cunning chapman: smiles, and sighs.
And tears, the choicest treasures in his pack!
Still barter he such baubles for the prize,
Which all regret when lost, yet can't get back—
The heart—a useful matter in a bosom—

Though some folks won't believe it till they lose 'em.

Love can say much, yet not a word be spoken.

Straight, as a wasp careering staid to sip
The dewy rose she held, the gardener's token,

He, seizing on her hand, with hasty grip,
The stem sway'd earthward with its blossom, broken.

The gardener raised her hand unto his lip,
And kiss'd it—when a rough voice, hoarse with halloas,
Cried, "Harkye' fellow! I'll permit no followers!"

SONGS FOR THE SENTIMENTAL.—No. 11

The lists were made—the trumpet's blast

Rang pealing through the air.

My 'squire made lace and rivet fast

And brought my tried *destreerre*.

I rode where sat fair Isidore

Inez Mathilde Borghese;

From spur to crest she scann'd me o'er,

Then said "He's not the cheese!"

O, Mary mother! how burn'd my cheek!

I proudly rode away;

And vow'd "Woe's his I who dares to break

A lance with me to-day!"

I won the prize! (Revenge is sweet,

I thought me of a *ruse*;))

I laid it at her rival's feet,

And thus I cook'd her goose.

SIBTHORP'S CORNER.

What difference is there between a farrier and Dr. Locock?—Because the one is a *horse-shoer*, and the other is a *cow-shoer*. (*accoucheur*).

Why is the Prince of Wales Duke of Cornwall?—Because he is a *minor*.

"Bar that," as the Sheriff's Officer said to his first-floor window.

KINGS AND CARPENTERS.—ROYAL AND VULGAR CONSPIRATORS.

In a manuscript life of *Jemmy Twitcher*—the work will shortly appear under the philosophical auspices of SIR LYTTON BULWER—we find a curious circumstance, curiously paralleled by a recent political event. *Jemmy* had managed to pass himself off as a shrewd, cunning, but withal very honest sort of fellow; he was, nevertheless, in heart and soul, a housebreaker of the first order. One night, *Jemmy* quitted his respectable abode, and, furnished with dark lantern, pistol, crowbar, and crape, joined half-a-dozen neophyte burglars—his pupils and his victims. The hostelry chosen for attack was "The Spaniards." The host and his servants were, however, on the alert; and, after a smart struggle in the passage, the housebreakers were worsted; two or three of them being killed, and the others—save and except the cautious *Jemmy*, who had only directed the movement from without—being fast in the clutches of the constables. *Jemmy*, flinging away his crape and his crowbar, ran home to his house—he was then living somewhere in Petty France—went to bed, and the next morning appeared as snug and as respectable as ever to his neighbours. Vehement was his disgust at the knaves killed and caught in the attack on "The Spaniards;" and though there were not wanting bold speakers, who averred that *Twitcher* was at the bottom of the burglary, nevertheless, his grave look, and the character he had contrived to piece together for honest dealing, secured him from conviction.

Jemmy Twitcher was what the world calls a warm fellow. He had gold in his chest, silver tankards on his board, pictures on his walls; and more, he had a fine family of promising *Twitchers*. One night, greatly to his horror at the iniquity of man, miscreants surrounded his dwelling and fired bullets at his children. The villains were apprehended; and the hair of *Jemmy*—who had evidently forgotten all about the affair at "The Spaniards"—stood on end, as the conspiracy of the villains was revealed, as it was shown how, in anticipation of a wicked success, they had shared among them, not only his gold and his tankards, but the money and plate of all his honest neighbours. *Jemmy*, still forgetful of "The Spaniards" cried aloud for justice and the gibbet!

Have we not here the late revolution in Spain—the QUENISSET conspiracy—and in the prime mover of the first, and the intended victim of the second rascality, KING LOUIS-PHILIPPE, the JEMMY TWITCHER OF THE FRENCH?

The commission recently appointed in France for the examination of the Communists and Equalised Operatives, taken in connexion with the recent bloodshed under French royal authority, is another of the ten thousand illustrations of the peculiar morality of crowned heads. Here is a sawyer, a cabinet-maker, a cobbler, and such sort, all food for the guillotine for attempting to do no more than has been most treacherously perpetrated by the present King of the French and the ex-Queen of Spain. How is it that LOUIS-PHILIPPE feels no touch of sympathy for that pusillanimous scoundrel—*Just*? He is naturally his veritable double; but then *Just* is only a carpenter, LOUIS-PHILIPPE is King of the French!

The reader has only to read Madrid for Paris—has only to consider the sawyer Quenisset (the poor tool, trapped by *Just*), the murdered Don Leon, or any other of the gallant foolish victims of the French monarchy in the late atrocity in Spain, to see the moral identity of the scoundrel carpenter and the rascal king. We quote from the report:—

Quénisset (alias DON LEON) examined.—“*Just* said to me, pointing to the body of officers, ‘You must fire *into the midst of those*!’ I then drew the pistol from under my shirt, and discharged it with my left hand *in the direction I was desired*.”

O’DONNELL, LEON, ORA, BORJA, FULGOSIO, drew their pistols at the order of LOUIS-PHILIPPE and CHRISTINA, and merely fired in the direction they were desired!

“Where was this society (the Ouvriers Egalitaires) held?”—“Generally at the house of Colombier, keeper of a wine-shop, Rue Traversière.”

“What formed the subject of discourse in these meetings, when you were there?”—“*Different crimes*. They talked of *overthrowing the throne, assassinating the agents of the government—shedding blood, in fact!*”

For the Rue Traversière we have only to read the Rue de Courcelles—for Colombier the wine seller, CHRISTINA ex-Queen of Spain. As for the subject of discourse at her Majesty’s hotel, events have bloodily proved that it was the overthrow of a throne—the murder of the constituted authorities of Spain—and, in the comprehensive meaning of Quénisset—“shedding blood, in fact!” At the wine-shop meetings the French conspirator tells us that there was “an old man, a locksmith,” who would read revolutionary themes, and “electrify the souls of the young men about him!” The locksmith of the Rue de Courcelles was the crafty, sanguinary policy of the monarch of the barricades. We now come to MADAME COLOMBIER, *alias* QUEEN CHRISTINA.—

“Do you know whether your comrades had many cartridges?”—“I do not know exactly what the quantity was, but I heard a man say, and, Madame Colombier *also boasted to another woman, that they had worked very hard, and for some time past, at making cartridges*.”

Madame COLOMBIER, however, must cede in energy and boldness to the reckless devilry of the Spanish ex-Queen; for the cartridges manufactured by the wine-seller’s wife were not to be discharged into the bed-room of her own infant daughters! They were certain not to shed the blood of her own children. Now the cartridges of the Rue de Courcelles were made for any service.

One more extract from the confessions of QUENISSET (*alias* DON LEON):—

“At the corner of the Rue Traversière I saw *Just*, Auguste, and several other young men, whom I had seen in the morning receiving cartridges. Upon my asking whether the attack was to be made, *Just answered, Yes*. He felt for his pistols; my comrade got his ready under his blouse. I seized mine under my shirt. *Just called to me, ‘There, there, it is there you are to fire.’ I fired. I thought that all the others would do the same; but they made me swallow the hook, and then left me to my fate, the rascals!*”

Poor DON LEON! So far the parallel is complete. The pistol was fired against Spanish liberty; and the royal *Just*, finding the object missed, sneaks off, and leaves his dupe for the executioner. There, however, the similitude fails. LOUIS-PHILIPPE sleeps in safety—if, indeed, the ghosts of his Spanish victims let him sleep at all; whilst for *Just*, the carpenter, he is marked for the guillotine. Could Justice have her own, we should see the King of the French at the bar of Spain; were the world guided by abstract right, one fate would fall to the carpenter and the King. History, however, will award his Majesty his just deserts. There is a Newgate Calendar for Kings as well as for meaner culprits.

There are, it is said, at the present moment in France fifty thousand communists; foolish, vicious men; many of them, doubtless, worthy of the galleys; and many, for whom the wholesome discipline of the mad-house would be at once the best remedy and punishment. Fifty thousand men organised in societies, the object of which is—what young France would denominate—philosophical plunder; a relief from the canker-eating chains of

matrimony; a total destruction of all objects of art; and the common enjoyment of stolen goods. It is against this unholy confederacy that the moral force of LOUIS-PHILIPPE'S Government is opposed. It is to put down and destroy these bands of social brigands that the King of the French burns his midnight oil; and then, having extirpated the robber and the anarchist from France, his Majesty—for the advancement of political and social freedom—would kidnap the baby-Queen of Spain and her sister, to hold them as trump cards in the bloody game of revolution. That LOUIS-PHILIPPE, the *Just* of Spain, can consign his fellow-conspirator, the *Just* of Paris, to the scaffold, is a grave proof that there is no honour among a certain set of enterprising men, whom the crude phraseology of the world has denominated thieves.

It is to make the blood boil in our veins to read the account of the execution of such men as LEON, ORA, and BORIA, the foolish martyrs to a wicked cause. Never was a great social wrong dignified by higher courage. Our admiration of the boldness with which these men have faced their fate is mingled with the deepest regret that the prime conspirators are safe in Paris; that one sits in derision of justice on fellow criminals—on men whose crime may have some slight extenuation from ignorance, want, or fancied cause of revenge; that the other, with the surpassing meekness of Christianity, goes to mass in her carriage, distributes her alms to the poor, and, with her soul dyed with the blood of the young, the chivalrous, and the brave, makes mouths at Heaven in very mockery of prayer.

We once were sufficiently credulous to believe in the honesty of LOUIS-PHILIPPE; we sympathised with him as a bold, able, high-principled man fighting the fight of good government against a faction of smoke-headed fools and scoundrel desperadoes. He has out-lived our good opinion—the good opinion of the world. He is, after all, a lump of crowned vulgarity. Pity it is that men, the trusting and the brave, are made the puppets, the martyrs, of such regality!

As for Queen CHRISTINA, her path, if she have any touch of conscience, must be dogged by the spectres of her dupes. She is the Madame LAFFARGE of royalty; nay, worse—the incarnation of Mrs. BROWNRIGG. Indeed, what JOHNSON applied to another less criminal person may be justly dealt upon her:—"Sir, she is not a woman, she is a speaking cat!"

Q.



THE RECRUITING SERGEANT.
 "LIST, WAKLEY! LIST!"—*New Shaksperian Readings.*

HIS TURN NOW.

"They say the owl was a baker's daughter."
 "Oh, how the wheel becomes it."—SHAKSPEARE.

That immense cigar, our mild Cavannah, has at length met with his deserts, and left the sage savans of the fool's hotbed, London, the undisturbed possession of the diligently-achieved fool's-caps their extreme absurdity, egregious folly, and lout-like gullibility, have so splendidly qualified them to support.

This extraordinary and Heaven-gifted faster is at length laid by the heels. The full blown imposition has exploded—the wretched cheat is consigned to merited durance; while the trebly-*gammoned* and unexampled spoons who were his willing dupes are in full possession of the enviable notoriety necessarily attendant upon their extreme amount of unmitigated folly.

This egregious liar and finger-post for thrice inoculated fools set out upon a provincial "Starring and Starving Expedition," issuing bills, announcing his wish to be open to public inspection, and delicately hinting the absolute necessity of shelling-out the browns, as though he, Bernard Cavanagh, did not eat, yet he had a brother "as did;" consequently, ways and means for the establishment and continuance of a small commissariat for the ungifted fraternal was delicately hinted at in the various documents containing the pressing invitations to "yokel population" to honour him with an inspection.

Numerous were the visitors and small the contributions attendant upon the circulation of these "documents in madness." Many men are rather notorious in our great metropolis for "living upon nothing," that is, existing without the aid of such hard food as starved the ass-eared Midas; out these gentlemen of invisible ways and means have a very decent notion of employing four out of the twenty four hours in supplying their internal economy with such creature comforts as, in days of yore, disinherited Esau, and procured a somewhat gastronomic celebrity for the far-famed Heliogabalus. But a gentleman who could treat his stomach like a postponed bill in the House of Commons—that is, adjourn it *sine die*, or take it into consideration "this day seven years"—was really a likely person to attract attention and excite curiosity: accordingly, Bernard Cavanagh was questioned closely by some of his visitors; but he, like the speculation, appeared to be "one not likely to answer."

Apparent efforts at concealment invariably lead to doubt, and, doubt engendering curiosity, is very like to undergo, especially from one of the fair sex, a scrutiny of the most searching kind. Eve caused the fall of Adam—a daughter of Eve has discovered and crushed this heretofore hidden mystery. This peculiarly *empty* individual was discovered by the good lady—despite the disguise of a black patch upon his nose and an immeasurable outspread of Bandana superficially covering that (as he asserted) useless orifice, his mouth—sneaking into the far-off premises of a miscellaneous vendor of ready-dressed eatables; and there Bernard the faster—the anti-nourishment and terrestrial food-defying wonder—the certificated of Heaven knows how many deacons, parsons, physicians, and fools—demanded the very moderate allowance for his breakfast of a twopenny loaf, a sausage, and a quarter of a pound of ham *cut fat*: that's the beauty of it—cut fat! The astonished witness of this singular purchase rushed at once to the hotel: Cavanagh might contain the edibles, she could not: the affair was blown; an investigation very properly adjudicated upon the case; and three months' discipline at the tread-mill is now the reward of this arch-impostor's merits. So far so good; but in the name of common sense let some experienced practitioner in the art of "cutting for the simples" be furnished with a correct list of the awful asses he has cozened at "hood-man blind;" and pray Heaven they may each and severally be operated on with all convenient speed!

"SLUMBER, MY DARLING."

During the vacation, the Judges' bench in each of the Courts at Westminster Hall has been furnished with luxurious air-cushions, and heated with the warm-air apparatus. Baron Parke declares that the Bench is now really a snug berth,—and, during one of Sergeant Bompas's long speeches, a most desirable place for taking



A SOUND NAP.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE

FROM

**JOHN STUMP, ESQ., POET LAUREATE TO THE BOROUGH OF GRUB-
CUM-GUZZLE,**

TO

**SIMON NIBB, ESQ., COMMON-COUNCIL-MAN OF THE SAID
BOROUGH,**

Setting forth a notable Plan for the better management of

RAILWAY DIRECTORS.

DEAR SIMON,

If I were a Parliament man,
I'd make a long speech, and I'd bring in a plan,

And prevail on the House to support a new clause
 In the very first chapter of Criminal Laws!
 But, to guard against getting too nervous or low
 (For my speech you're aware would be then a no-go),
 I'd attack, ere I went, some two bottles of Sherry,
 And chaunt all the way Row di-dow di-down-derry!¹
 Then having arrived (just to drive down the phlegm),
 I'd clear out my throat and pronounce a loud "Hem!"
 (So th' appearance of summer's preceded by swallows,)
 Make my bow to the House, and address it as follows:—
 "Mr. Speaker! the state of the Criminal Laws"
 (Thus, like Cicero, at once go right into the cause)
 Is such as demands our most serious attention,
 And strong reprobation, and quick intervention."
 (This rattling of words, which is quite in the fashion,
 Shows the depth of my zeal, and the force of my passion.)
 "Though the traitor's obligingly eased of his head—
 Though a Wilde² to the dark-frowning gallows is led—
 Tho' the robber, when caught, is most kindly sent hence
 Beyond the blue wave, at his country's expense!—
 Yet so bad, so disgracefully bad, seems to me
 The state of the law in this '*Land of the free*'—
 (Speak these words in a manner most zealous and fervid)—
 That there's no law for those who most richly deserve it!
 Yes, Sir, 'tis a fact not less true than astounding—
 A fact—to the wise with instruction abounding,
 That those who the face of the country destroy,
 And hurl o'er the best scenes of Nature alloy—
 Who Earth's brightest portions cut through at a dash—
 Who mix beauty and beastliness all in one hash"—
 (I don't dwell upon deaths, since a reason so brittle
 Is but worthy of minds unpoetic and little)—
 "Base scum of the Earth, and sweet Nature's dissectors,
 Meet with no just reward—these same Railway Directors!"
 I've not mentioned the "Laughters," the "Bravos," the "Hears,"
 "Agitations," "Sensations," and "Deafening Cheers,"
 Which of course would attend a speech *so* patriotic,
 So truly exciting, and anti-narcotic!
 In this style I'd proceed, 'till I'd proved to the House
 That these railways, in fact, were a national *chouse*,
 And the best thing to do for poor Earth, to protect her,
 Would be—to *hang daily a Railway Director!*
Of course the Hon. Members could ne'er have a thought
 Of opposing a motion with kindness so fraught;
 But would welcome with fervent and loud acclamation
 A project so teeming with consideration,
 As a model of justice, a boon to the nation!
 Such, Simon, if I were a Parliament man,
 The basis would be, and the scope, of my plan!
 But my rushlight is drooping—so trusting diurnally,
 To hear your opinion—believe me eternally
 (Whilst swearing affection, best swear in the lump)
 Your obedient,

devoted,

admiring,

JOHN STUMP.

1. The exact tune of this interesting song it has not been in our power to discover—it is, however, undoubtedly a truly national melody.

2. After due inquiry we have satisfied ourselves that the individual here mentioned is *not* H.M.'s late Solicitor-General, but one Jonathan Wilde, touching whose history *vide* Jack Sheppard.

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PROSPECTUS FOR A NEW HAND-BOOK OF JESTERS; OR, YOUNG JOKER'S BEST COMPANION.

"All the world's a joke, and all the men and women merely jokers."—*Shakspeare*.
 From the text of Joseph Miller.

Messrs. GAG and GAMMON beg most respectfully to call the strict attention of the reading public to the following brief prospectus of their forthcoming work "On Jokes for all subjects." Messrs. GAG and GAMMON pledge themselves to produce an article at present unmatched for application and originality, upon such terms as must secure them the patronage and lasting gratitude of their many admirers. Messrs. GAG and GAMMON propose dividing their highly-seasoned and warranted-to-keep-in-any-climate universal facetiæ into the following various heads, departments, or classes:—

General jokes for all occasions; chiefly applicable to individuals' names, expressive of

peculiar colours.

A very superior article on *Browns*—if required, bringing in said Browns in Black and White.

Embarrassed do., very humorous, with *Duns*; and a choice selection of unique references to the copper coin of the realm. Worthy the attention of young beginners, and very safe for small country towns, with one wit possessed of a good horse-laugh for his own, or rather Messrs. G. and G.'s jokes.

Do. do. on *Greens*, very various: bring in *Sap* superbly, and *Pea* with peculiar power; with a short cut to *Lettus* (*Lettuce*), and Hanson's Patent Safety,—a beautiful allusion to the "Cabbage." May be tried when there is an attorney and young doctor, with a perfect certainty of success.

Do. do. do. On *Wiggins*; very pungent, suitable to the present political position; offering a beautiful contrast of *Wig-ins* and *Wig-outs*; capable of great ramifications, and may be done at least twice a-night in a half whisper in mixed society.

Also some "Delightful Dinner Diversions, or Joke Sauces for all Joints."

Calves-head.—Brings in fellow-feeling; family likeness; cannibalism; "tête-à-tête"; while the brain sauce and tongue are never-failing.

Goose.—Same as above, with allusions to the "sage;" two or three that *stick in the gizzard*; and a beautiful work up with a "long liver."

Ducks.—Very military: bring in *drill*; drumsticks; breastwork; and pair of ducks for light clothing and summer wear.

Snipes.—Good for lawyers; long bill. Gallantry; "Toast be dear Woman." Mercantile; run on banks. And infants; living on suction.

Herring.—Capital for *bride: her-ring*; petticoats, flannel and otherwise, *herring-boned*. Fat people; *bloaters*; &c. &c. &c.

Venison.—Superior, for offering everybody some of your sauce. Sad subject, as it ought to be looked upon with a grave eye (*gravy*). Wish your friends might always give you such a *cut*. &c. &c. &c.

Port.—Like well-baked bread, best when crusty; flies out of glass because of the "bee's wing." Always happy to become a *porter* on such occasions; object to general breakages, but partial to the cracking of a bottle; comes from a good "cellar" and a good buyer, though no wish to be a good-bye-er to it. All the above with beautiful leading cues, and really with two or three rehearsals the very best things ever done.

Sherry.—"Do you sherry?" "Not just yet." "Rather unlucky, *white whining*: like a bottle of port; but no objection to *share he*. Hope never to be out of the Pale of do.; if so, will submit to be done Brown."

N.B.—After an election dinner, any of the above valued at a six weeks' invitation from any voter under the influence of his third bottle; and absolute reversion of the chair, when original chairman disappears under table.

Champagne.—Real pleasure (quite new—never thought of before)—must be *Wright's*; nothing *left* about it; intoxicating portion of a bird, getting drunk with pheasant's eye. What gender's wine? *Why hen's* feminine. Safe three rounds; and some others not quite compact.

Hock.—Hic, hec, do.

Hugeous.—Glass by all means (*very new*); never could decline it, &c. &c. &c.

Dessert.—Wish every one had it; join hands with *ladies' fingers* and bishops' thumbs: Prince Albert and Queen very choice "Windsor pairs;" medlars; unpleasant neighbour: nuts; decidedly lunatic, sure to be cracked; disbanding Field Officers shelling out the kernels, &c. &c. &c.

The above are but a few samples from the very extensive joke manufactory of Messrs. Gammon and Gag, sole patentees of the powerful and prolific steam-joke double-action press. They are all warranted of the very best quality, and last date.

Old jokes taken in exchange—of course allowing a liberal per-centage.

Gentlemen's own materials made up in the most superior style, and at the very shortest notice.

Election squibs going off—a decided sacrifice of splendid talent.

Ideas convertible in cons., puns, and epigrams, always on hand.

Laughs taught in six lessons.

A treatise on leading subjects for experienced jokers just completed.

A large volume of choice sells will be put up by Mr. George Robins on the 1st of April next, unless previously disposed of by private contract.

N.B.—Well worthy the attention of sporting and other punsters.

Also a choice cachinatory chronicle, entitled "How to Laugh, and what to Laugh at."

For further particulars apply to Messrs. Gag and Gammon, new and second-hand depôt for gentlemen's left-off facetiæ, Monmouth-street; and at their West-end establishment, opposite the Black Doll, and next door to Mr. Catnach, Seven-dials.

VERSES

ON MISS CHAPLIN—

AND THE BACK OF AN ADELPHI PLAYBILL.

Let Bulwer and Stephens write epics like mad,
With lofty hexameters grapplin',
My theme is as good, though my verse be as bad,
For 'tis all about Ellena Chaplin!

As lovely a nymph as the rhapsodist sees
To inspire his romantical nap. Lin
Ne'er saw such a charming celestial Chinese
"Maid of Honour" as Ellena Chaplin.

O Yates! let us give thee due credit for this:—
Thou hast an infallible trap lain—
For mouths cannot hiss, when they long for a kiss;
As thou provest—with Ellena Chaplin.

E'en the water wherein (in "Die Hexen am Rhein")
She dives (in an elegant wrap-lin-
Sey-woolsey, I guess) seems bewitch'd into wine,
When duck'd in by Ellena Chaplin.

A fortunate blade will be he can persuade
This nymph to some church or some chap'l in,—
And change to a wife the most beautiful Maid
Of the theatre—Ellena Chaplin!

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

The active and speculative Alderman Humphrey, being always ready to turn a penny, has entered into a contract to supply a tribe of North American Indians with second-hand wearing apparel during the ensuing winter. In pursuance of this object he applied yesterday at the Court of Chancery to purchase the "530 suits, including 40 removed from the 'Equity Exchequer,' which occupy the cause list for the present term." Upon the discovery of his mistake the Alderman wisely determined on



GOING TO BRIGHTEN.

NEW ANNUALS AND REPUBLICATIONS.

ANNUALS.

| | |
|-----------------------|--|
| FORGET-ME-NOT | Dedicated to the "Irish Pisantry." By Mayor Dan O'Connell. |
| FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING | Dedicated by Mr. Roebuck to the <i>Times</i> . |
| THE BOOK OF BEAUTY | Edited by Col. Sibthorp and Mr. Muntz. |
| THE JUVENILE ANNUAL | Edited by the Queen, and dedicated to Prince Albert |

REPUBLICATIONS.

| | |
|-------------------------|--|
| ON NOSOLOGY | By the Duke of Wellington and Lord Brougham. |
| A TREATISE ON ELOQUENCE | By W. Gibson Craig, M.P. |
| COOPER'S DEAR-SLAYER | By Lord Palmerston. |

DISCOVERY OF VALUABLE JEWELS.

Public curiosity has been a good deal excited lately by mysterious rumours concerning some valuable jewels, which, it was said, had been discovered at the Exchequer. The pill-box supposed to enclose these costly gems being solemnly opened, it was found to contain nothing but an antique pair of false promises, set in copper, once the property of Sir Francis Burdett; and a bloodstone amulet, ascertained to have belonged to the Duke of Wellington. The box was singularly enough tied with red official tape, and sealed with treasury wax, the motto on the seal being "*Requiscat in Pace.*"

SAYINGS & DOINGS IN THE ROYAL NURSERY.

We are enabled to assure our readers that his Royal Highness the Duke of Cornwall has appointed Lord Glengall pap-spoon in waiting to his Royal Highness.

The Lord Mayor, Lord Londonderry, Sir Peter Laurie, Sir John Key, Colonel Sibthorp, Mr. Goulburn, Peter Borthwick, Lord Ashburton, and Sir E.L. Bulwer, were admitted to an interview with his Royal Highness, who received them in "full cry," and was graciously pleased to confer on our Sir Peter extraordinary proofs of his royal condescension. The distinguished party afterwards had the honour of partaking of caudle with the nursery-maids.

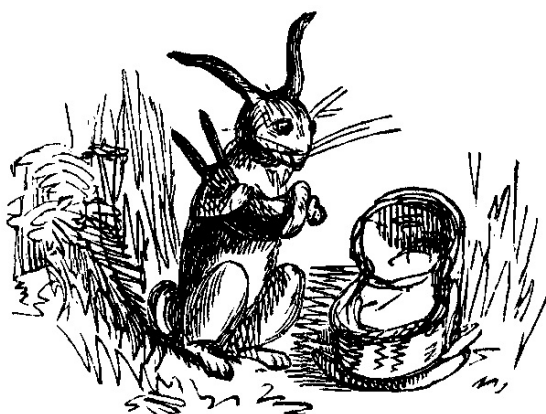
Sir John Scott Lillie has informed us confidentially, that he is not the individual of that name who has been appointed monthly nurse in the Palace. Sir John feels that his qualifications ought to have entitled him to a preference.

The captain of the *Britannia* states that he fell in with two large whales between Dover and

Boulogne on last Monday. There is every reason to believe they were coming up the Thames to offer their congratulations to the future Prince of *Whales*.

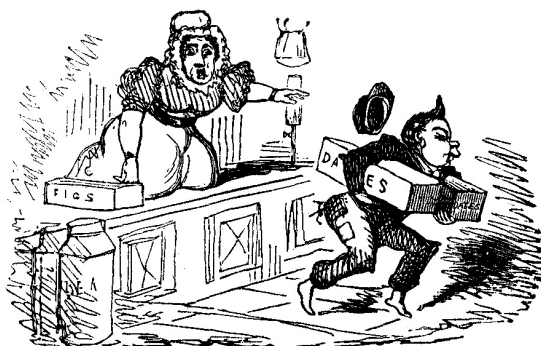
THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.

We understand that Sir Peter Laurie has been presented with the Freedom of the Barber's Company, enclosed in a pewter shaving-box of the value of fourpence-halfpenny. On the lid is a medallion of



THE HARE A PARENT.

A difficulty, it is thought, may arise in bestowing the customary honour upon the chief magistrate of the city, upon the birth of a male heir to the throne, in consequence of the Prince being born on the day on which the late Mayor went out and the present one came into office. Sir Peter Laurie suggests that a petition be presented to the Queen, praying that her Majesty may (in order to avoid a recurrence of such an awkward dilemma) be pleased in future to



MIND HER DATES.

PUNCH'S THEATRE.

COURT AND CITY.

The other evening, the public were put in possession, at Covent Garden Theatre, of a new branch of art in play concoction, which may be called "dramatic distillation." By this process the essence of two or more old comedies is extracted; their characters and plots amalgamated; and the whole "rectified" by the careful expunction of equivocal passages. Finally, the *drame* is offered to the public in *active* potions; five of which are a dose.

The forgotten plays put into the still on this occasion were "The Discovery," by Mrs. Frances Sheridan, and "The Tender Husband," by Sir Richard Steele. From one, that portion which relates to the "City," is taken; the "Court" end of the piece belonging to the other. In fact, even in their modern dress, they are two distinct dramas, only both are played at once—a wholesome economy being thus exercised over time, actors, scenery, and decorations: the only profusion required is in the article of patience, of which the audience must be very liberal.

The courtiers consist of *Lord Dangerfield*, who although, or—to speak in a sense more strictly domestic—because, he has got a wife of his own, falls in love with the young spouse of young *Lord Whiffle*; then there is *Sir Paladin Scruple*, who, having owned to eighteen separate tender declarations during fourteen years, dangles after *Mrs. Charmington*, an enchanting widow, and *Louisa Dangerfield*, an insipid spinster, the latter being in love with

his son.

The citizens consist of the *famille Bearbinder*, parents and daughter, together with *Sir Hector Rumbush* and a clownish son, who the former insists shall marry the sentimental *Barbara Bearbinder*, but who, accordingly, does no such thing.

The dialogues of these two "sets" go on quite independent of each other, action there is none, nor plot, nor, indeed, any progression of incident whatever. *Lord Dangerfield* tells you, in the first scene, he is trying to seduce *Lady Whiffle*, and you know he won't get her. Directly you hear that *Sir Paladin Scruple* has declared in favour of *Miss Dangerfield*, you are quite sure she will marry the son; in short, there is not the glimmer of an incident throughout either department of the play which you are not scrupulously prepared for—so that the least approach to expectation is nipped in the bud. The whole fable is carefully developed after all the characters have once made their introduction; hence, at least three of the acts consist entirely of events you have been told are going to happen, and of the fulfilment of intentions already expressed.

One character our enumeration has omitted—that of *Mr. Winnington*, who being a lawyer, stock and marriage broker, is the bosom friend and confidant of every character in the piece, and, consequently, is the only person who has intercourse with the two sets of characters. This is a part patched up to be the sticking plaster which holds the two plots together—the flux that joins the *mettlesome Captain Dangerfield* (son of the Lord) to the sentimental *citoyenne Barbara Bearbinder*. In fact, *Winnington* is the author's go-between, by which he maketh the twain comedies one—the Temple Bar of the play—for he joineth the "Court" with the "City."

So much for construction: now for detail. The legitimate object of comedy is the truthful delineation of manners. In life, manners are displayed by what people do, and by what they say. Comedy, therefore, ought to consist of action and dialogue. ("Thank you," exclaims our reader, "for this wonderful discovery!") Now we have seen that in "Court and City" there is little action: hence it may be supposed that the brilliancy of the dialogue it was that tempted the author to brush away the well-deserved dust under which the "Discovery" and the "Tender Husband" have been half-a-century imbedded. But this supposition would be entirely erroneous. The courtiers and citizens themselves were but dull company: it was chiefly the acting that kept the audience on the benches and out of their beds.

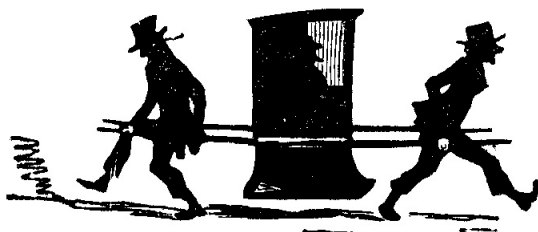
Without action or wit, what then renders the comedy endurable? It is this: all the parts are individualities—they speak, each and every of them, exactly such words, by which they give utterance to such thoughts, as are characteristic of him or herself, each after his kind. In this respect the "Court and City" presents as pure a delineation of manners as a play without incident can do—a truer one, perhaps, than if it were studded with brilliancies; for in private life neither the denizens of St. James's, nor those of St. Botolph's, were ever celebrated for the brilliancy of their wit. Nor are they at present; if we may judge from the fact of Colonel Sibthorp being the representative of the one class, and Sir Peter Laurie the oracle of the other.

This nice adaptation of the dialogue to the various characters, therefore, offers scope for good acting, and gets it. Mr. Farren, in *Sir Paladin Scruple*, affords what tradition and social history assure us is a perfect portraiture of an old gentleman of the last century;—more than that, of a singular, peculiar old gentleman. And yet this excellent artist, in portraying the peculiarities of the individual, still preserves the general features of the class. The part itself is the most difficult in nature to make tolerable on the stage, its leading characteristic being wordiness. *Sir Paladin*, a gentleman (in the ultra strict sense of that term) seventy years of age, is desirous of the character of *un homme de bonnes fortunes*. Cold, precise, and pedantic, he tells the objects—not of his flame—but of his declarations, that he is consumed with passion, dying of despair, devoured with love—talking at the same time in parenthetical apologies, nicely-balanced antitheses, and behaving himself with the most frigid formality. His bow (that old-fashioned and elaborate manual exercise called "making a leg") is in itself an epitome of the manners and customs of the ancients.

Madame Vestris and Mr. C. Matthews played *Lady* and *Lord Whiffle*—two also exceedingly difficult characters, but by these performers most delicately handled. They are a very young, inexperienced (almost childish), and quarrelsome couple. Frivolity so extreme as they were required to represent demands the utmost nicety of colouring to rescue it from silliness and inanity. But the actors kept their portraits well up to a pleasing standard, and made them both quite *spirituels* (more French—that *Morning Post* will be the ruin of us), as well as in a high degree natural.

All the rest of the players, being always and altogether actors, within the most literal meaning of the word, were exactly the same in this comedy as they are in any other. Mr. Diddear had in *Lord Dangerfield* one of those parts which is generally confided to gentlemen who deliver the dialogue with one hand thrust into the bosom of the vest—the other remaining at liberty, with which to saw the air, or to shake hands with a friend. Mr. Harley played the part of Mr. Harley (called in the bills *Humphrey Rumbush*) precisely in the same style as Mr. Harley ever did and ever will, whatever dress he has worn or may

wear. The rest of the people we will not mention, not being anxious for a repetition of the unpleasant fits of yawning which a too vivid recollection of their dulness might re-produce. The only merit of "Court and City" being in the dialogue—the only merit of that consisting of minute and subtle representations of character, and these folks being utterly innocent of the smallest perception of its meaning or intention—the draughts they drew upon the patience of the audience were enormous, and but grudgingly met. But for the acting of Farren and the managers, the whole thing would have been an unendurable infliction. As it was, it afforded a capital illustration of



ATTRACTION AND REPULSION.

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR!

The dramatic capabilities of "Ten Thousand a-Year," as manifested in the vicissitudes that happen to the Yatton Borough (appropriately recorded by Mr. Warren in *Blackwood's Magazine*), have been fairly put to the test by a popular and *Peake-ante* play-wright. What a subject! With ten thousand a-year a man may do anything. There is attraction in the very sound of the words. It is well worth the penny one gives for a bill to con over those rich, euphonious, delicious syllables—TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR! Why, the magic letters express the concentrated essence of human felicity—the *summum bonum* of mortal bliss!

Charles Aubrey, of Yatton, in the county of York, Esquire, possesses ten thousand a-year in landed property, a lovely sister in yellow satin, a wife who can sing, and two charming children, who dance the mazourka as well as they do it at Almack's, or at Mr. Baron Nathan's. As is generally the case with gentlemen of large fortunes, he is the repository of all the cardinal virtues, and of all the talents. Good husbands, good fathers, good brothers, and idolised landlords, are plenty enough; but a man who, like *Aubrey*, is all these put together, is indeed a scarce article; the more so, as he is also a profound scholar, and an honest statesman. In short, though pretty well versed in the paragons of virtue that belong to the drama, we find this *Charles Aubrey* to be the veriest angel that ever wore black trousers and pumps.

The most exalted virtue of the stage is, in the long run, seen in good circumstances, and *vice versa*; for, in this country, one of the chief elements of crime is poverty. Hence the picture is reversed; we behold a striking contrast—a scene antithetical. We are shown into a miserable garret, and introduced to a vulgar, illiterate, cockneyfied, dirty, dandified linendraper's shopman, in the person of *Tittlebat Titmouse*. In the midst of his distresses his attention is directed to a "Next of Kin" advertisement. It relates to him and to the Yatton property; and if you be the least conversant with stage effect, you know what is coming: though the author thinks he is leaving you in a state of agonising suspense by closing the act.

The next scene is the robing-room of the York Court-house; and the curtains at the back are afterwards drawn aside to disclose a large cupboard, meant to represent an assize-court. On one shelf of it is seated a supposititious Judge, surrounded by some half-dozen pseudo female spectators; the bottom shelf being occupied by counsel, attorney, crier of the court, and plaintiff. The special jury are severally called in to occupy the right-hand shelf; and when the cupboard is quite full, all the forms of returning a verdict are gone through. This is for the plaintiff! Mr. Aubrey is ruined; and *Mr. Titmouse* jumps about, at the imminent risk of breaking the cupboard to pieces, having already knocked down a counsel or two, and rolled over his own attorney.

This idea of dramatising proceedings at *nisi prius* only shows the state of destitution into which the promoters of stage excitement have fallen. The Baileys, Old and New, have, from constant use, lost their charms; the police officers were completely worn out by Tom and Jerry, Oliver Twist, &c.; so that now, all the courts left to be "done" for the drama are the Exchequer and Ecclesiastical, Secondaries and Summoning, Petty Sessions and Prerogative. But what is to happen when these are exhausted? The answer is obvious:—Mr. Yates will turn his attention to the Church! Depend upon it, we shall soon have the potent Paul Bedford, or the grave and reverend Mr. John Saunders, in solemn sables, *converting* the stage into a Baptist meeting, and repentant supernumeraries with the real water!

Hoping to be forgiven for this, perhaps misplaced, levity, we proceed to Act III., in which we find that, fortune having shuffled the cards, and the judge and jury cut them, *Mr. Titmouse* turns up possessor of Yatton and ten thousand a-year; while *Aubrey*, quite at the

bottom of the pack, is in a state of destitution. To show the depth of distress into which he has fallen, a happy expedient is hit upon: he is described as turning his attention and attainments to literature; and that the unfathomable straits he is put to may be fully understood, he is made a reviewer! Thus the highest degree of sympathy is excited towards him; for everybody knows that no person would willingly resort to criticism (literary or dramatic) as a means of livelihood, if he could command a broom and a crossing to earn a penny by, or while there exists a Mendicity Society to get soup from.

We have yet to mention one character; and considering that he is the main-spring of the whole matter, we cannot put it off any longer. *Mr. Gammon* is a lawyer—that is quite enough; we need not say more. You all know that stage solicitors are more outrageous villains than even their originals. *Mr. Gammon* is, of course, a “fine specimen of the specious,” as Mr. Hood’s Mr. Higgings says. It is he who, finding out a flaw in *Aubrey*’s title, angled per advertisement for the heir, and caught a *Tittlebat—Titmouse*. It is he who has so disinterestedly made that gentleman’s fortune.—“Only just merely for the sake of the costs?” one naturally asks. Oh no; there is a stronger reason (with which, however, reason has nothing to do)—love! *Mr. Gammon* became desperately enamoured of *Miss Aubrey*; but she was silly enough to prefer the heir to a peerage, *Mr. Delamere*. *Mr. Gammon* never forgave her, and so ruins her brother.

Having brought the whole family to a state in which he supposes they will refuse nothing, *Gammon* visits *Miss Aubrey*, and, in the most handsome manner, offers her—notwithstanding the disparity in their circumstances—his hand, heart, and fortune. More than that, he promises to restore the estate of Yatton to its late possessor. To his astonishment the lady rejects him; and, he showing what the bills call the “cloven foot,” *Miss Aubrey* orders him to be shown out. Meantime, *Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse*, having been returned M.P. for Yatton, has made a great noise in house, not by his oratorical powers, but by his proficient imitations of cock-crowing and donkey-braying.

This being Act IV., it is quite clear that *Gammon*’s villany and *Tittlebat*’s prosperity cannot last much longer. Both are ended in an original manner. True to the principle with which the Adelphi commenced its season—that of putting stage villany into comedy—*Mr. Gammon* concludes the *facetiae* with which his part abounds by a comic suicide! All the details of this revolting operation are gone through amidst the most ponderous levity; insomuch, that the audience had virtue enough to hiss most lustily³.

Thus the string of rascality by which the piece is held together being cut, it naturally finishes by the reinstatement of *Aubrey*—together with a view of Yatton in sunshine, a procession of charity children, mutual embraces by all the characters, and a song by Mrs. Grattan. What becomes of *Titmouse* is not known, and did not seem to be much cared about.

This piece is interesting, not because it is cleverly constructed (for it is not), nor because *Mr. Titmouse* dyes his hair green with a barber’s nostrum, nor on account of the cupboard court of *Nisi Prius*, nor of the charity children, nor because *Mr. Wieland*, instead of playing the devil himself, played *Mr. Snap*, one of his limbs—but because many of the scenes are well-drawn pictures of life. The children’s ball in the first “epoch,” for instance, was altogether excellently managed and true; and though many of the characters are overcharged, yet we have seen people like them in Chancery-lane, at Messrs. Swan and Edgar’s, in country houses, and elsewhere. The suicide incident is, however, a disgusting drawback.

The acting was also good, but too extravagantly so. *Mr. Wright*, as *Titmouse*, thought perhaps that a Cockney dandy could not be caricatured, and he consequently went desperate lengths, but threw in here and there a touch of nature. *Mr. Lyon* was as energetic as ever in *Gammon*; *Mrs. Yates* as lugubrious as is her wont in *Miss Aubrey*; *Mrs. Grattan* acted and looked as if she were quite deserving of a man with ten thousand a year. As to her singing, if her husband were in possession of twenty thousand per annum, (would to the gods he were!) it could not have been more charmingly tasteful. The pathetics of *Wilkinson* (as *Quirk*) in the suicide scene, and just before the event, deserve the attention and imitation of *Macready*. We hope the former comedian’s next character will be *Ion*, or, at least, *Othello*. He has now proved that smaller parts are beneath his purely histrionic talents.

Mr. Yates did not make a speech! This extraordinary omission set the house in a buzz of conjectural wonderment till “*The Maid of Honour*” put a stop to it.

NOTE.—A critique on this piece would have appeared last week, if it had pleased some of the people at the post-office (through which the MS. was sent to the Editors) not to steal it. Perhaps they took it for something valuable; and, perhaps, they were not mistaken. Thanks be to Mercury, we have plenty of wit to spare, and can afford some of it to be stolen now and then. Still we entreat Colonel Maberly (Editor of the “*Post*” in St. Martin’s-le-Grand) to supply his clerks with jokes enough to keep them alive, that they may not be driven to steal other people’s. The most effectual way to preserve them in a state of jocular honesty would be for him to present every person on the establishment with a copy of “*Punch*” from week to week.

3. While this page was passing through the press, we witnessed a representation of “*Ten Thousand a-Year*” a second time, and observed that the offensiveness of this scene was considerably abated. *Mr. Lyon* deserves a word of praise for his acting in that passage of the piece as it now stands.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

VOL. 1.

DECEMBER 4, 1841.

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OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE FIRE AT THE TOWER.

The document with this title, that has got into the newspapers, has been dressed up for the public eye. We have obtained the original *draft*, and beg to administer it to our readers *neat*, in the precise language it was written in.

THE OFFICIAL REPORT.

MR. SNOOKS says, that it being his turn to be on watch on the night of Saturday, October 30th, he went to his duty as usual, and having turned into his box, slept until he was amazed by shouts and the rolling of wheels in all directions. The upper door of his box being open, he looked out of it, and his head struck violently against something hard, upon which he attempted to open the lower door of his box, when he found he could not. Thinking there was something wrong, he became very active in raising an alarm, but could obtain no attention; and he has since found that in the hurry of moving property from different parts of the building, his box had been closely barricaded; and he, consequently, was compelled to remain in it until the following morning. He says, however, that everything was quite safe in the middle of the day when he took his great-coat to his box, and trimmed his lantern ready for the evening.

MRS. SNOOKS, wife of the above witness, corroborates the account of her husband, so far as trimming the lantern in the daytime is concerned, and also as to his being encased in his box until the morning. She had no anxiety about him, because she had been distinctly told that the fire did not break out until past ten, and her husband she knew was sure to be snug in his box by that time.

JOHN JONES, a publican, says, at about nine o'clock on Saturday, the 30th of October, he saw a light in the Tower, which flickered very much like a candle, as if somebody was continually blowing one out and blowing it in again. He observed this for about half an hour, when it began to look as if several gas-lights were in the room and some one was turning the gas on and off very rapidly. After this he went to bed, and was disturbed shortly before midnight by hearing that the Tower was in flames.

SERGEANT FIPS, of the Scotch Fusileer (Qy. *Few sillier*) Guards, was at a public-house on Tower-hill, when, happening to go to the door, he observed a large quantity of thick smoke issuing from one of the windows of the Tower. Knowing that Major Elrington, the deputy governor, was fond of a cigar, he thought nothing of the circumstance of the smoke, and was surprised in about half an hour to see flames issuing from the building.

GEORGE SNIVEL saw the fire bursting from the Tower on Saturday night, and being greatly frightened he ran home to his mother as soon as possible. His mother called him a fool, and said it was the gas-works.

THOMAS POPKINS rents a back attic at Rotherhithe; he had been peeling an onion on the 30th of October, and went to the window for the purpose of throwing out the external coat of the vegetable mentioned in the beginning of his testimony, when he saw a large fire burning somewhere, with some violence. Not thinking it could be the Tower, he went to bed after eating the onion—which has been already twice alluded to in the course of his evidence.

MR. SWIFT, of the Jewel-office, says, that he saw the Tower burning at the distance of about three acres from where the jewels are kept, when his first thought was to save the regalia. For this purpose he rushed to the scene of the conflagration and desired everybody who would obey him, to leave what they were about and follow him to that part of the Tower set apart for the jewels. Several firemen were induced to quit the pumps, and having prevailed on a large body of soldiers, he led them and a vast miscellaneous mob to the apartments where the crown, &c., were deposited. After a considerable quantity of squeezing, screaming, cursing, and swearing, it was discovered that the key was missing, when the jewel-room was carried by storm, and the jewels safely lodged in some other part of the building. When witness returned to the fire, it was quite out, and the armoury totally demolished.

The whole of the official report is in the same satisfactory strain, but we do not feel ourselves justified in printing any more of it.

A CON-CERTED CON.

“When is the helm of a ship like a certain English composer?”—said the double bass to the trombone in the orchestra of Covent Garden Theatre, while resting themselves the other evening between the acts of *Norma*.—The trombone wished he might be *blowed* if he could tell.—“When it is *A-lee*” quoth the bass—rosining his bow with extraordinary delight at his own conceit.

RECONCILING A DIFFERENCE.

Two literary partisans were lately contending with considerable warmth, for the superiority of Tait’s or Blackwood’s Magazine—till from words they fell to blows, and decided the dispute by the *argumentum ad hominem*.—Doctor Maginn, hearing of the circumstance, observed to a friend, that however the pugnacious gentleman’s opinions might differ with respect to *Tait* and *Blackwood*, it was evident they were content to decide them by a *Frazer* (*fray sir*).

OUR WEATHERCOCK.

The state of the weather, at all times an object of intense interest and general conversation amongst Englishmen, has latterly engaged much of our attention; and the observations which we have made on the extraordinary changes which have taken place in the weathercock during the last week warrant us in saying “there must be something in the wind.” It has been remarked that Mr. Macready’s *Hamlet* and Mr. Dubourg’s chimneys have not *drawn* well of late. A smart breeze sprung up between Mr. and Mrs. Smith, of Brixton, on last Monday afternoon, which increased during the night, and ended in a perfect storm. Sir Peter Laurie on the same evening retired to bed rather misty, and was exceedingly foggy all the following morning. At the Lord Mayor’s dinner the *glass* was observed to rise and fall several times in a most remarkable manner, and at last settled at “heavy wet.” A flock of gulls were seen hovering near Crockford’s on Tuesday, and on that morning the milkman who goes the Russell-square walk was observed to blow the tips of his fingers at the areas of numerous houses. Applications for food were made by some starving paupers to the Relieving Officers of different workhouses, but the hearts of those worthy individuals were found to be completely frozen. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, the nose of the beadle of St. Clement Danes has been seen for nearly the last fortnight in full blossom. A heavy fall of blankets took place on Wednesday, and the fleecy covering still lies on several beds in and near the metropolis. Expecting frost to set in, Sir Robert Peel has been busily employed on his *sliding scale*; in fact, affairs are becoming very slippery in the Cabinet, and Sir James Graham is already preparing to trim his sail to the next change of wind. Watercresses, we understand, are likely to be scarce; there is a brisk demand for “bosom friends” amongst unmarried ladies; and it is feared that the intense cold which prevails at nights will drive some unprovided young men into the *union*.

THE BANE AND ANTIDOTE.

We are requested to state that the insane person who lately attempted to obtain an entrance into Buckingham Palace was not the Finsbury renegade, Mr. Wakley. We are somewhat surprised that the rumour should have obtained circulation, as the unfortunate man is described as being of respectable appearance.

THE CORSAIR.

A POEM TO BE READ ON RAILROADS.

The sky was dark—the sea was rough;
The Corsair’s heart was brave and tough;
The wind was high—the waves were steep;
The moon was veil’d—the ocean deep;
The foam against the vessel dash’d:
The Corsair overboard was wash’d.
A rope in vain was thrown to save—
The brine is now the Corsair’s grave!

As it is expected that the jogging and jerking, or the sudden passing through tunnels, may in some degree interfere with the perusal of this poem, we give it with the abbreviations, as it is likely to be read with the drawbacks alluded to.

Wherever there is a dash—it is supposed there will be a jolt of the vehicle.

CORSAIR-POEM.

—sky—dark—sea—rough;
—Corsair—brave—tough;
—wind—high—waves steep;
—moon—veil'd—oce—deep;
—foam—gainst—vess—dash'd;
—Corsair—board—wash'd.
—rope—vain—to save,
—brine—Cors—grave.

“STUPID AS A ‘POST.’”

The *Morning Post* has made another blunder. Lord Abinger, it seems, is too Conservative to resign. After all the editorial boasting about “exclusive information,” “official intelligence,” &c. it is very evident that the “*Morning Twaddler*” must not be looked upon as a direction *post*.

We learn that a drama of startling interest, founded upon a recent event of singular horror, is in active preparation at the Victoria Theatre. It is to be entitled “*Cavanagh the Culprit; or, the Irish Saveloyard.*” The interest of the drama will be immensely strengthened by the introduction of the genuine knife with which the fatal ham was cut. Real saveloys will also be eaten by the Fasting Phenomenon before the audience.

“Never saw such *stirring* times,” as the spoon said to the saucepan.

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THE “PUFF PAPERS.”



CHAPTER I.

Having expressed the great gratification I should enjoy at being permitted to become a member of so agreeable a society, I was formally presented by the chairman with a capacious meerschaum, richly mounted in silver, and dark with honoured age, filled with choice tobacco, which he informed me was the initiatory pipe to be smoked by every neophyte on his admission amongst the “Puffs.” I shall not attempt to describe with what profound respect I received that venerable tube into my hands—how gently I applied the blazing match to its fragrant contents—how affectionately I placed the amber mouth-piece between my lips, and propelled the thick wreaths of smoke in circling eddies to the ceiling:—to dilate upon all this might savour of an egotistical desire to exalt my own merits—a species of *puffing* I mortally abhor. Suffice it to say, that when I had smoked the pipe of peace, I was heartily congratulated by the chairman and the company generally upon the

manner in which I had acquitted myself, and I was declared without a dissentient voice a duly-elected member of the "Puffs."

The business of the night, which my entrance had interrupted, was now resumed; and the chairman, whom I shall call Arden, striking his hammer upon a small mahogany box which was placed before him on the table, requested silence. Before I permit him to speak, I must give my readers a pen-and-ink sketch of his person. He was rather tall and erect in his person—his head was finely formed—and he had a quick grey eye, which would have given an unpleasant sharpness to his features, had it not been softened by the benevolent smile which played around his mouth. In his attire he was somewhat formal, and he affected an antiquated style in the fashion of his dress. When he spoke, his words fell with measured precision from his lips; but the mellow tone of his voice, and a certain courteous *empressement* in his manner, at once interested me in his favour; and I set him down in my mind as a gentleman of the old English school. How far I was right in my conjecture my readers will hereafter have an opportunity of determining.

"Our new member," said the chairman, turning towards me, "should now be informed that we have amongst us some individuals who possess a taste for literary pursuits."

"A very small taste," whispered a droll-looking 'Puff,' with a particularly florid nose, who was sitting on my right hand, and who appeared to be watching all the evening for opportunities of letting off his jokes, which were always applauded longest and loudest by himself. My comical neighbour's name, I afterwards learned, was Bayles; he was the licensed jester of the club; he had been a punster from his youth; and it was his chief boast that he had joked himself into the best society and out of the largest fortune of any individual in the three kingdoms.

This incorrigible wag having broken the thread of the chairman's speech, I shall only add the substance of it. It was, that the literary members of the "Puffs" had agreed to contribute from time to time articles in prose and verse; tales, legends, and sketches of life and manners—all which contributions were deposited in the mahogany box on the table; and from this literary fund a paper was extracted by the chairman on one of the nights of meeting in each week, and read by him aloud to the club.

These manuscripts, I need scarcely say, will form the series of THE PUFF PAPERS, which, for the special information of the thousands of the fair sex who will peruse them, are like the best black teas, strongly recommended for their fine *curling leaf*.

The first paper drawn by the chairman was an Irish Tale; which, after a humorous protest by Mr. Bayles against the introduction of foreign extremities, was ordered to be read.

The candles being snuffed, and the chairman's spectacles adjusted to the proper focus, he commenced as follows:—

THE GIANT'S STAIRS.

A LEGEND OF THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

"Don't be for quitting us so airly, Felix, *ma bouchal*, it's a taring night without, and you're better sitting there opposite that fire than facing this unmarciful storm," said Tim Carthy, drawing his stool closer to the turf-piled hearth, and addressing himself to a young man who occupied a seat in the chimney nook, whose quick bright eye and somewhat humorous curl of the corner of the mouth indicated his character pretty accurately, and left no doubt that he was one of those who would laugh their laugh out, if the *ould boy* stood at the door. The reply to Tim's proposal was a jerk of Felix's great-coat on his left shoulder, and a sly glance at the earthen mug which he held, as he gradually bent it from its upright position, until it was evident that the process of absorption had been rapidly acting on its contents. Tim, who understood the freemasonry of the manoeuvre, removed all the latent scruples of Felix by adding—"There's more of that stuff—where you know; and by the crook of St. Patrick we'll have another drop of it to comfort us this blessed night. Whisht! do you hear how the wind comes sweeping over the hills? God help the poor souls at say!"

"Wissha amen!" replied Tim's wife, dropping her knitting, and devoutly making the sign of the cross upon her forehead.

A silence of a few moments ensued; during which, each person present offered up a secret prayer for the safety of those who might at that moment be exposed to the fury of the warring elements.

I should here inform my readers that the cottage of Tim Carthy was situated in the deep valley which runs inland from the strand at Monkstown, a pretty little bathing village, that forms an interesting object on the banks of the romantic Lee, near the "beautiful city" of Cork.

"I never heard such a jearful storm since the night Mahoon, the ould giant, who lives in the cave under the *Giants Stairs*, sunk the three West Ingee-men that lay at anchor near the

rocks," observed Mrs. Carthy.

"It's Felix can tell us, if he plazes, a quare story about that same Mahoon," added Tim, addressing himself to the young man.

"You're right there, anyhow, Tim," replied Felix; "and as my pipe is just out, I'll give you the whole truth of the story as if I was after kissing the book upon it.

"You must know, then, it was one fine morning near Midsummer, about five years ago, that I got up very airy to go down to the beach and launch my boat, for I meant to try my luck at fishing for conger eels under the Giant's Stairs. I wasn't long pulling to the spot, and I soon had my lines baited and thrown out; but not so much as a bite did I get to keep up my spirits all that blessed morning, till I was fairly kilt with fatigue and disappointment. Well, I was thinking of returning home again, when all at once I felt something mortal heavy upon one of my lines. At first I thought it was a big conger, but then I knew that no fish would hang so dead upon my hand, so I hauled in with fear and thrembling, for I was afeard every minnit my line or my hook would break, and at last I got my prize to the top of the water, and then safe upon the gunnel of the boat;—and what do you think it was?"

"In troth, Felix, sorra one of us knows."

"Well, then, it was nothing else but a little dirty black oak box, hooped round with iron, and covered with say-weed and barnacles, as if it had lain a long time in the water. 'Oh, ho!' says myself, 'it's in rale good luck I am this beautiful morning. Phew! as sure as turf, 'tis full of goold, or silver, or dollars, the box is.' For, by dad, it was so heavy intirely I could scarcely move it, and it sunk my little boat a'most to the water's edge; so I pulled back for bare life to the shore, and ran the boat into a lonesome little creek in the rocks. There I managed somehow to heave out the little box upon dry land, and, finding a handy lump of a stone, I wasn't long smashing the iron fastenings, and lifting up the lid. I looked in, and saw a weeshy ould weasened fellow sitting in it, with his legs gothered up under him like a tailor. He was dressed in a green coat, all covered with goold lace, a red scarlet waistcoat down to his hips, and a little three-cornered cocked hat upon the top of his head, with a cock's feather sticking out of it as smart as you plase.

"'Good morrow to you, Felix Donovan,' says the small chap, taking off his hat to me, as polite as a dancing-masther.

"'Musha! then the tip top of the morning to you,' says I, 'it's ashamed of yourself you ought to be, for putting me to such a dale of throuble.'

"'Don't mention it, Felix,' says he, 'I'll be proud to do as much for you another time. But why don't you open the box, and let me out? 'tis many a long day I have been shut up here in this could dark place.' All the time I was only holding the lid partly open.

"'Thank you kindly, my tight fellow,' says myself, quite 'cute; 'maybe you think I don't know you, but plase God you'll not stir a peg out of where you are until you pay me for my throuble.'

"'Millia murdher!' says the little chap. 'What could a poor crather like me have in the world? Haven't I been shut up here without bite or sup?' and then he began howling and bating his head agin the side of the box, and making most pitiful moans. But I wasn't to be deceived by his thricks, so I put down the lid of the box and began to hammer away at it, when he roared out,—

"'Tare an' agers! Felix Donovan, sure you won't be so cruel as to shut me up again? Open the box, man, till I spake to you.'

"'Well, what do you want now?!' says I, lifting up the lid the laste taste in life.

"'I'll tell you what, Felix, I'll give you twenty goolden guineas if you'll let me out.'

"'Soft was your horn, my little fellow; your offer don't shoot.'

"'I'll give you fifty.

"'No.'

"'A hundred.'

"'T won't do. If you were to offer me all the money in the Cork bank I wouldn't take it.'

"'What the diaoul will you take then?' says the little ould chap, reddening like a turkey-cock in the gills with anger.

"'I'll tell you,' says I, making answer; 'I'll take the three best gifts that you can bestow.'"

(To be continued.)

THE KNATCHBULL TESTIMONIAL.

A meeting, unequalled in numbers and respectability, was held during the past week at the sign of "*The Conservative Cauliflower*," Duck-lane, Westminster, for the purpose of presenting an address, and anything else, that the meeting might decide upon, to Sir Edward Knatchbull, for his patriotic opposition to 'pikes.

Mr. ADAM BELL, the well-known literary dustman, was unanimously called to the Chair. The learned gentleman immediately responded to the call, and having gracefully removed his fan tail with one hand and his pipe with the other, bowed to the assembled multitude, and deposited himself in the seat of honour. As there was no hammer in the room, the inventive genius of the learned chairman, suggested the substitution of his bell, and having agitated its clapper three times, and shouted "*Orger*" with stentorian emphasis, he proceeded to address the meeting:—

"Wedgetable wendors and purweyors of promiscus poulte-ry, it isn't often that a cheer is taken in this room for no other than harmonic meetings or club-nights, and it is, therefore, with uncommon pride that I feels myself in my present proud persition. (*Werry good! and Hear, hear!*) You are all pretty well aware of my familiar acquaintance with the nobbs of this here great nation. (*We is! and cheers.*) For some years I've had the honour to collect for Mr. Dark, night and day, I may say; and in my mind the werry best standard of a real gentleman is his dust-hole. (*Hear, hear! and He's vide avake!*) You're hailed," continued the eloquent Adam, "you're hailed by a sarvant in a dimity jacket; you pulls up alongside of the curb; you collars your basket, and with your shovel in your mawley, makes a cast into the hairy; one glance at the dust convinces you vether you're to have sixpence or a swig of lamen-table beer. (*It does! and cheers.*) A man as sifteses his dust is a disgrace to humanity! (*Immense cheering, which was rendered more exhilarating by the introduction of Dirk's dangle-dangles, otherwise bells.*) But you'll say, Vot is this here to do with Sir Eddard? I'll tell you. It has been my werry great happiness to clear out Sir Eddard, and werry well I was paid for doing it. The Tories knows what *jobs* is, and pays according-ly. (*Here the Meeting gave the Conservative Costermonger fire.*) The 'pinion I then formed of Sir Eddard has jist been werrified, for hasn't he comed forrard to oppose them rascally taxes on commercial industry and Fairlop-fair—on enterprising higgling and 'twelve in a tax-cart?' need I say I alludes to them blessed 'pikes? (*Long and continued cheers.*) Sir Eddard is fully aware that the 'pike-men didn't make the dirt that makes the road, and werry justly refuses to fork out tuppence-ha'penny! It's werry true Sir Eddard says that the t'other taxes must be paid, as what's to pay the ministers? But it's highly unreasonable that 'pike-men is to be put alongside of Prime Ministers, wedgetable wendors, and purveyors of promiscus polte-ry! Had that great man succeeded in bilking the toll, what a thing it would ha' been for us! Gatter is but 3d. a pot, and that's the price of a reasonable 'pike-ticket. That venerable and wenerated liquor as bears the cognominum of 'Old Tom' is come-atable for the walley of them werry browns. But Sir Eddard has failed in his bould endeavour—the 'pikes has it! (*Shame!*) It's for us to reward him. I therefore proposes that a collection of turnpike tickets is made, and then elegantly mounted, framed and glaziered, and presented to the Right Honourable Barrownight." (*Immense applause.*)

Mr. ALEC BILL JONES, the celebrated early-tater and spring-ingen dealer, seconded the proposition, at the same time suggesting that "Old 'pike-tickets would do as well as new 'uns; and everybody know'd that second-hand tumpike-tickets warn't werry waluable, so the thing could be done handsome and reasonable."

A collection was immediately commenced in the room, and in a few minutes the subscription included the whole of the Metropolitan trusts, together with three Waterloo-bridge tickets, which the donor stated "could ony be 'ad for axing for."

A deputation was then formed for the purpose of presenting this unique testimonial when completed to Sir Edward Knatchbull.

It is rumoured that the lessees of the gates in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis are trying to get up a counter meeting. We have written to Mr. Levy on the subject.

MUSICAL NEWS (NOOSE).

We perceive from a foreign paper that a criminal who has been imprisoned for a considerable period at Presburg has acquired a complete mastery over the violin. It has been announced that he will shortly make an appearance in public. Doubtless, his performance will be *a solo on one string*.

STUDENT.

10.—THE TERMINATION OF THE HALL EXAMINATION.



he morning after the carousal reported in our last chapter, the parties thereat assisting are dispersed in various parts of London. Did a modern Asmodeus take a spectator to any elevated point from which he could overlook the Great Metropolis of Mr. Grant and England just at this period, when Aurora has not long called the sun, who rises as surlily as if he had got out of bed the wrong way, he would see Mr. Rapp ruminating upon things in general whilst seated on some cabbages in Covent Garden Market; Mr. Jones taking refreshment with a lamplighter and two cabmen at a promenade coffee-stand near Charing Cross, to whom he is giving a lecture upon the action of veratria in paralysis, jumbled somehow or other with frequent asseverations that he shall at all times be happy to see the aforesaid lamplighter and two cabmen at the hospital or his own lodgings; Mr. Manhug, with a pocket-handkerchief tied round his head, not clearly understanding what has become of his latch-key, but rather imagining that he threw it into a lamp instead of the short pipe which still remains in the pocket of his pea-jacket, and, moreover, finding himself close to London Bridge, is taking a gratuitous doze in the cabin of the Boulogne steam-boat, which he ascertains does not start until eight o'clock; whilst Mr. Simpson, the new man, with the usual destiny of such green productions—thirsty, nauseated, and "coming round"—is safely taken care of in one of the small private unfurnished apartments which are let by the night on exceedingly moderate terms (an introduction by a policeman of known respectability being all the reference that is required) in the immediate neighbourhood of the Bow-street Police-office. Where Mr. Muff is—it is impossible to form the least idea; he may probably speak for himself.

The reader will now please to shift the time and place to two o'clock P.M. in the dissecting-room, which is full of students, comprising three we have just spoken of, except Mr. Simpson. A message has been received that the anatomical teacher is unavoidably detained at an important case in private practice, and cannot meet his class to day. Hereupon there is much rejoicing amongst the pupils, who gather in a large semicircle round the fireplace, and devise various amusing methods of passing the time. Some are for subscribing to buy a set of four-corners, to be played in the museum when the teachers are not there, and kept out of sight in an old coffin when they are not wanted. Others vote for getting up sixpenny sweepstakes, and raffling for them with dice—the winner of each to stand a pot out of his gains, and add to the goodly array of empty pewters which already grace the mantelpiece in bright order, with the exception of two irregulars, one of which Mr. Rapp has squeezed flat to show the power of his hand; and in the bottom of the other Mr. Manhug has bored a foramen with a red-hot poker in a laudable attempt to warm the heavy that it contained. Two or three think they had better adjourn to the nearest slate table and play a grand pool; and some more vote for tapping the preparations in the museum, and making the porter of the dissecting-room intoxicated with the grog manufactured from the proof spirit. The various arguments are, however, cut short by the entrance of Mr. Muff, who rushes into the room, followed by Mr. Simpson, and throwing off his macintosh cape, pitches a large fluttering mass of feathers into the middle of the circle.

"Halloo, Muff! how are you, my bean—what's up?" is the general exclamation.

"Oh, here's a lark!" is all Mr. Muff's reply.

"Lark!" cries Mr. Rapp; "you're drunk, Muff—you don't mean to call that a lark!"

"It's a beautiful patriarchal old hen," returns Mr. Muff, "that I bottled as she was meandering down the mews; and now I vote we have her for lunch. Who's game to kill her?"

Various plans are immediately suggested, including cutting her head off, poisoning her with morphia, or shooting her with a little cannon Mr Rapp has got in his locker; but at last the majority decide upon hanging her. A gibbet is speedily prepared, simply consisting of a thigh-bone laid across two high stools; a piece of whip cord is then noosed round the victim's neck; and she is launched into eternity, as the newspapers say—Mr. Manhug attending to pull her legs.

"Depend upon it that's a humane death," remarks Mr. Jones. "I never tried to strangle a fowl but once, and then I twisted its neck bang off. I know a capital plan to finish cats though."

"Throw it off—put it up—let's have it," exclaim the circle.

"Well, then; you must get their necks in a slip knot and pull them up to a key-hole. They can't hurt you, you know, because you are the other side the door.

"Oh, capital—quite a wrinkle," observes Mr. Muff. "But how do you catch them first?"

"Put a hamper outside the leads with some valerian in it, and a bit of cord tied to the lid. If you keep watch, you may bag half-a-dozen in no time; and strange cats are fair game for everybody,—only some of them are rum 'uns to bite."

At this moment, a new Scotch pupil, who is lulling himself into the belief that he is studying anatomy from some sheep's eyes by himself in the Museum, enters the dissecting-room, and mildly asks the porter "what a heart is worth?"

"I don't know, sir," shouts Mr. Rapp; "it depends entirely upon what's trumps;" whereupon the new Scotch pupil retires to his study as if he was shot, followed by several pieces of cinders and tobacco-pipe,

During the preceding conversation, Mr. Muff cuts down the victim with a scalpel; and, finding that life has departed, commences to pluck it, and perform the usual post-mortem abdominal examinations attendant upon such occasions. Mr. Rapp undertakes to manufacture an extempore spit, from the rather dilapidated umbrella of the new Scotch pupil, which he has heedlessly left in the dissecting-room. This being completed, with the assistance of some wire from the ribs of an old skeleton that had hung in a corner of the room ever since it was built, the hen is put down to roast, presenting the most extraordinary specimen of trussing upon record. Mr. Jones undertakes to buy some butter at a shop behind the hospital; and Mr. Manhug, not being able to procure any flour, gets some starch from the cabinet of the lecturer on *Materia Medica*, and powders it in a mortar which he borrows from the laboratory.

"To revert to cats," observes Mr. Manhug, as he sets himself before the fire to superintend the cooking; "it strikes me we could contrive no end to fun if we each agreed to bring some here one day in carpet-bags. We could drive in plenty of dogs, and cocks, and hens, out of the back streets, and then let them all loose together in the dissecting-room."

"With a sprinkling of rats and ferrets," adds Mr. Rapp. "I know a man who can let us have as many as we want. The skrimmage would be immense, only I shouldn't much care to stay and see it."

"Oh that's nothing," replies Mr. Muff. "Of course, we must get on the roof and look at it through the skylights. You may depend upon it, it would be the finest card we ever played."

How gratifying to every philanthropist must be these proofs of the elasticity of mind peculiar to a Medical Student! Surrounded by scenes of the most impressive and deplorable nature—in constant association with death and contact with disease—his noble spirit, in the ardour of his search after professional information, still retains its buoyancy and freshness; and he wreaths with roses the hours which he passes in the dissecting-room, although the world in general looks upon it as a rather unlikely locality for those flowers to shed their perfume over!

"By the way, Muff, where did you get to last night after we all cut?" inquires Mr. Rapp.

"Why, that's what I am rather anxious to find out myself," replies Mr. Muff; "but I think I can collect tolerably good reminiscences of my travels."

"Tell us all about it then," cry three or four.

"With pleasure—only let's have in a little more beer; for the heat of the fire in cooking produces rather too rapid an evaporation of fluids from the surface of the body."

"Oh, blow your physiology!" says Rapp. "You mean to say you've got a hot copper—so have I. Send for the precious balm, and then fire away."

And accordingly, when the beer arrives, Mr. Muff proceeds with the recital of his wanderings.

LOVE AND HYMEN.

Cupid (that charming little *garçon*),
When free, is am'rous, brisk, and gay;
But when he's noos'd by Hymen's parson,
Snores like *Glenelg*, or flies away.

OUR CITY ARTICLE.

An alarming forgery of Mendicity Society's tickets has been discovered in Red Lion Square, and has caused much conversation at the doors of most of the gin palaces. Our readers are probably aware what these tickets are, though, being a particular class of security, there is not a great deal publicly done in them. They are issued to certain subscribers, who pay a

guinea per year towards housing a Secretary and some other officers in a moderate-sized house, in the kitchen of which certain soup is prepared, which is partaken of by a number of persons called the Board, who are said to taste it and see that it is good; and if there is any left, which may occasionally happen, the poor are allowed to finish it. This valuable privilege is secured by tickets; and these tickets are found to be forged to a very large amount—some say indeed to the amount of 14,000 basins. It is not usual to pay off these soup tickets, but a sort of interest can be had upon them by standing just over the railings of the house in Red Lion Square, when the Secretary's dinner is being cooked or served up, and a certain amount of savoury steam is then put into circulation. The house has been besieged all day with "innocent holders," who, on giving their tickets in, cannot get them back again. The genuine tickets are known by the stamp, which is a soup plate *rampant*, and a spoon *argent*,—the latter being the emblem of the subscribers.

A great deal is said of a new company, whose object is to take advantage of a well-known fact in chemistry. It is known that diamonds can be resolved into charcoal, as well as that charcoal can be ultimately reduced to air; and a company is to be founded with the view of simply *reversing the process*. Instead of getting air from diamonds, their object will be to get diamonds from air; and in fact the chief promoters of it have generally drawn from that source the greater part of their capital. The whole sum for shares need not be paid up at once; but the Directors will be satisfied in the first instance with 10 per cent. on the whole sum to be raised from the adventurers. It is intended to declare a dividend at the earliest possible period, which will be directly the first diamond has been made by the new process.

CON. BY SIBTHORP AND STULTZ.

Why are batteries and soldiers like the hands and feet of tailors?—Because the former make breaches (*breeches*), and the latter pass through them.

THE ROMANCE OF A TEACUP.

SIP THE THIRD. GOS-SIP.

That hour devoted to thy vesper "service"—
Dulcet exhilaration! glorious tea!—
I deem my happiest. Howsoe'er I swerve, as
To mind or morals, elsewhere, over thee
I am a perfect creature, quite impervious
To care, or tribulation, or *ennui*—
In fact, I do agnize to thee an utter
Devotion even to the bread and butter.

The homely kettle hissing on the bar—
(Urns I detest, irrelevant pomposities)—
The world beyond the window-blinds, as far
As I can thrust it—this defines what "cosset" is—
What woe that rhyme such scene of bliss must mar!
But rhyme, alas! is one of my atrocities;
In common with those bards who have the scratch
Of writing, and are all right with Catnach.

"How Nancy Sniggles was the village pride,—
How Will, her sweetheart, went to be a sailor;
How much at parting Nancy Sniggles cried,—
And how she snubb'd her funny friend the tailor;
How William boldly fought and bravely died;
How Nancy Sniggles felt her senses fail her—"
Then comes a sad *dénouement*—now-a-days
It is not virtue dominant that pays.

Such tales, in this, the post-octavo age,
Our novelists incontinently tells us—
Tales, wherein lovely heroines engage
With highwaymen, good-looking rogues but callous,
Who go on swimmingly till the last page,
And then take poison to escape the gallows—
Tales, whose original refinement teaches
The pride of eloquence in—dying speeches!

What an apotheosis have we here!
What equal laws th' awards of fame dispose!
Capture a fort—assassinate a peer—
Alike be chronicled in startling prose—

Alike be dramatised—(how near
Is clever crime to virtue!)—at Tussaud's
Be grouped with all the criminals at large,
From burglar Sheppard unto fiend Laffarge!

The women are best judges after all!
And Sheridan was right, and Plagi-ary;
To their decision all things mundane fall,
From court to counting-house; from square to dairy;
From caps to chemistry; from tract to shawl,
And then these female verdicts never vary!
In fact, on lap-dogs, lovers, buhl, and boddices,
There are no critics like these mortal goddesses!

To please such readers, authors make it answer
To trace a pedigree to the creation
Of some old Saxon peer; a monstrous grandsire,
Whose battles tell, in print, to admiration—
But I, unfortunate, have never once a
Mysterious hint of any great relation;
I know whether Shem or Japhet—right sir—
Was my progenitor—nor care a kreutzer.

For, though there's matter for regret in losing
An opportune occasion to record
The feats in gambling, duelling, seducing—
Conventional acquirements of a lord—
Still I have stories startling and amusing,
Which I can tell and vouch, upon my word.
To anybody who desires to hear 'em—
But don't be nervous, pray,—you needn't fear 'em.

But what of my poor Hy-son all this while?
She saved the gardener by a timely kiss.
Few husbands are there proof against a smile,
And Te-pott's rage endured no more than this.
Ah, reader! gentle, moral, free from guile,
Think you she did so *very* much amiss?
She was not love-sick for the fellow quite—
She merely *thought* of him—from morn till night!

A state of mind how much by parents dreaded!
(By those outrageous parents, English mammas,
Who scarcely own their daughters till they're wedded)—
How postulant of patent Chubbs and Bramahs!
And eyes—the safest locks when locks are needed!—
And Abigails, and homilies, and grammars;
And other antidotes for "detrimentals"—
Id est, fine gentlemen unblest with rentals.

But this could not stop here; nor did it stop—
For both were anxious for—an explanation.
And in the harem's grating was a gap,
Whence Hy-son peep'd in modest hesitation;
While on his spade the gardener would prop
Himself, and issue looks of adoration;
Until it happen'd, like a lucky rhyme,
Each for the other look'd at the same time.

Then fell the gardener upon his knees,
And kiss'd his hand in manner most devout—
So Hy-son couldn't find the heart to tease
The poor dear man by being in a pout;—
Besides, she might go walk among the trees,
And not a word of scandal be made out.
She thought a—very—little more upon it,
Then smiled to Sou-chong,—and put on her bonnet.

PUNCH AND THE SWISS GIANTESS!

SHERIFFS' COURT.—WEDNESDAY.

BONBON *versus* PUNCH.

[This important cause came on for trial on Wednesday last. That it has not been reported in the morning papers is doubtless to be attributed to the most reckless bribery on the part of the plaintiff. He has, no doubt, sought to hush up his infamy; the defendant has no such contemptible cowardice. Hence a special reporter was engaged for PUNCH. The trial is given here, firstly, for the beautiful illustration it affords of the philosophy of the English law of *crim. con.*; and secondly on a principle—for PUNCH has principles—laid down by the defendant in his course of public life, to show himself to the world the man he really is. In pursuit of this moral and philosophical object, should the waywardness of his genius ever induce PUNCH to cut a throat, pick a pocket, or, as a Middlesex magistrate (for PUNCH has been upon the bench many a year), to offer for sale a tempting lot of liberty to any competent captive,—should PUNCH rob as a vulgar Old Bailey delinquent, or genteelly swindle as an Aldermanic share-holder,—in each and every of these cases there will, *on discovery*, be the fullest report of the same in PUNCH'S own paper, PUNCH being deeply impressed with the belief that an exhibition of the weaknesses of a great man is highly beneficial to public philosophy and public morals. PUNCH now retires in favour of his "own" reporter.]

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As early as six o'clock in the morning, the neighbourhood of the court presented a most lively and bustling aspect. Carriages continued to arrive from the west-end; and we recognised scores of ladies whose names are familiar to the readers of the *Court Journal* and *Morning Post*. Several noblemen, amateurs of the subject, arrived on horseback. By eight o'clock the four sides of Red Lion-square were, if we may be allowed the metaphor, a mass of living heads. We owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Davis, the respected and conscientious officer for the Sheriff of Middlesex; that gentleman, in the kindest spirit of hospitality, allowing us six inches of his door-step when the crowd was at its greatest pressure. Several inmates of Mr. Davis's delightful mansion had a charming view of the scene from the top windows, where we observed bars of the most picturesque and *moyen age* description. At ten minutes to nine, Mr. Charles Phillips, counsel for the plaintiff, arrived in Lamb's Conduit-passage, and was loudly cheered. On the appearance of Mr. Adolphus, counsel for the defendant, a few miscreants in human shape essayed groans and hisses; they were, however, speedily put down by the New Police.

We entered the court at nine o'clock. The galleries were crowded with rank, beauty, and fashion. Conflicting odours of lavender, musk, and *Eau de Cologne* emanated from ladies on the bench, most of whom were furnished with opera-glasses, sandwich-boxes, and species of flasks, vulgarly known as pocket-pistols. In all our experience we never recollect such a thrill as that shot through the court, when the crier of the same called out—

BONBON v. PUNCH!

Mr. SMITH (a young yet rising barrister with green spectacles) with delicate primness opened the case. A considerable pause, when—

Mr. CHARLES PHILLIPS, having successfully struggled with his feelings, rose to address the court for the plaintiff. The learned gentleman said it had been his hard condition as a barrister to see a great deal of human wickedness; but the case which, most reluctantly, he approached that day, made him utterly despair of the heart of man. He felt ashamed of his two legs, knowing that the defendant in this case was a biped. He had a horror of the mysterious iniquities of human nature—seeing that the defendant was a man, a housekeeper, and, what in this case trebled his infamy, a husband and a father. Gracious Heaven! when he reflected—but no; he would confine himself to a simple statement of facts. That simplicity would tell with a double-knock on the hearts of a susceptible jury. The afflicted, the agonised plaintiff was a public man. He was, until lately, the happy possessor of a spotless wife and an inimitable spring-van. It was was a union assented to by reason, smiled on by prudence. Mr. Bonbon was the envied owner of a perambulating exhibition: he counted among his riches a Spotted Boy, a New Zealand Cannibal, and a Madagascar Cow. The crowning rose was, however, to be gathered, and he plucked, and (as he fondly thought) made his own for ever, the Swiss Giantess! Mr. Bonbon had wealth in his van—the lady had wealth in herself; hence it was, in every respect, what the world would denominate an equal match.

The learned counsel said he would call witnesses to prove the blissful atmosphere in which the parties lived, until the defendant, like a domestic upas-tree, tainted and polluted it. That van was another Eden, until PUNCH, the serpent, entered. The lady was a native of Switzerland—yes, of Switzerland. Oh, that he (the learned gentleman) could follow her to her early home!—that he could paint her with the first blush and dawn of innocence, tinting her virgin cheek as the morning sun tinted the unsullied snows of her native Jungfrau!—that he could lead the gentlemen of the jury to that Swiss cottage where the gentle Félicité (such was the lady's name) lisped her early prayer—that he could show them the mountains that had echoed with her songs (since made so very popular by Madame Stockhausen)—that he could conjure up in that court the goats whose lacteal fluid was wont to yield to the pressure of her virgin fingers—the kids that gambolled and made holiday about her—the birds that whistled in her path—the streams that flowed at her feet—the avalanches, with their majestic thunder, that fell about her. Would he could subpoena such witnesses! then would the jury feel, what his poor words could never make them feel—the loss of his injured client. On one hand would be seen the simple Swiss maiden—a violet among the

rocks—a mountain dove—an inland pearl—a rainbow of the glaciers—a creature pure as her snows, but not as cold; and on the other the fallen wife—a monument of shame! This was a commercial country; and the jury would learn with additional horror that it was in the sweet confidence of a commercial transaction that the defendant obtained access to his interesting victim. Yes, gentlemen, (said Mr. P.,) it was under the base, the heartless, the dastardly excuse of business, that the plaintiff poured his venom in the ear of a too confiding woman. He had violated the sacred bonds of human society—the noblest ties that hold the human heart—the sweetest tendrils that twine about human affections. This should be shown to the jury. Letters from the plaintiff would be read, in which his heart—or rather that ace of spades he carried in his breast and called his heart—would be laid bare in open court. But the gentlemen of the jury would teach a terrible lesson that day. They would show that the socialist should not guide his accursed bark into the tranquil seas of domestic comfort, and anchor it upon the very hearthstone of conjugal felicity. No—as the gentlemen of the jury were husbands and fathers, as they were fathers and not husbands, as they were neither one nor the other, but hoped to be both—they would that day hurl such a thunderbolt at the pocket of the defendant—they would so thrice-gild the incurable ulcers of the plaintiff, that all the household gods of the United Empire would hymn them to their mighty rest, and Hymen himself keep continual carnival at their amaranthine hearths. “Gentlemen of the jury (said the learned counsel in conclusion), I leave you with a broken heart in your hands! A broken heart, gentlemen! Creation’s masterpiece, flawed cracked, SHIVERED TO BITS! See how the blood flows from it—mark where its strings are cut and cut—its delicate fibres violated—its primitive aroma evaporated to all the winds of heaven. Make that heart your own, gentlemen, and say at how many pounds you value the demoniac damage. And oh, may your verdict still entitle you to the blissful confidence of that divine, purpureal sex, the fairest floral specimens of which I see before me! May their unfolding fragrance make sweet your daily bread; and when you die, from the tears of conjugal love, may thyme and sweet marjoram spring and blossom above your graves!”

Here the emotion of the court was unparalleled in the memory of the oldest attorney. Showers of tears fell from the gallery, so that there was a sudden demand for umbrellas.

The learned counsel sat down, and, having wiped his eyes, ate a sandwich.

There were other letters, but we have selected the least glowing. Mr. Charles Phillips then called his witnesses.

Peter Snooks examined: Was employed by plaintiff; recollected defendant coming to the van to propose a speculation, in which Madame Bonbon was to play with him. Defendant came very often when plaintiff was out. Once caught Madame Bonbon on defendant’s knee. Once heard Madame Bonbon say, “Bless your darling nose!” Was sure it was defendant’s nose. Was shocked at her levity, but consented to go for gin—Madame found the money. Had a glass myself, and drank their healths. Plaintiff never beat his wife; he couldn’t: they were of very uneven habits; she was seven feet four, plaintiff was four feet seven.

Cross-examined by Mr. Adolphus: Plaintiff was dreadfully afflicted at infidelity of his wife: had become quite desperate—never sober since; was never sober before. On first night of the news plaintiff was quite delirious; took six plates of alamode beef, and two pots of porter.

Sarah Pillowcase examined: Was chambermaid at the Tinder-box and Flint, New Cut; had known defendant since she was a child—also knew plaintiff’s wife. They came together on the 1st of April, about twelve at night. Understood they had been in a private box at the Victoria with an order. They had twelve dozen of oysters for supper, and eight Welch-rabbits: the lady found the money. Thought, of course, they were married, or would rather have died than have served them. They made a hearty breakfast: the lady found the money.

Cross-examined by Mr. Adolphus: Would swear to the lady, as she had once paid a shilling to see her.

(Here it was intimated by the learned judge that ladies might leave the court if they chose; it was evident, however, that no lady heard such intimation, as no lady stirred.)

Cross-examination continued: Yes, would swear it. Knew the obligation of an oath, and would swear it.

This ended the case for the plaintiff.

Mr. ADOLPHUS addressed the court for the defendant. He had not the golden tongue—no, he was not blessed with the oratory of his learned friend. He would therefore confine himself to the common sense view of the question. He was not talking to Arcadian shepherds (he was very happy to see his own butcher in the jury-box), but to men of business. If there had been any arts practised, it was on the side of the plaintiff’s wife. His client had visited the plaintiff out of pure compassion. The plaintiff’s show was a failing concern; his client, with a benevolence which had marked his long career, wished to give him the benefit of his own attractions, joined to those of the woman. Well, the plaintiff knew the value of money, and therefore left his wife and the defendant to arrange the affair

between them. "Gentlemen of the jury," continued the learned counsel, "it must appear to you, that on the part of the plaintiff this is not an affair of the heart, but a matter of the breeches' pocket. He leaves his wife—a fascinating, versatile creature—with my client, I confess it, an acknowledged man of gallantry. Well, the result is—what was to be expected. My learned friend has dwelt, with his accustomed eloquence, on his client's broken heart. I will not speak of his heart; but I must say that the man who, bereaved of the partner of his bosom, can still eat six plates of alamode beef, must have a most excellent stomach. Gentlemen, beware of giving heavy damages in this case, or otherwise you will unconsciously be the promoters of great immorality. This is no paradox, gentlemen; for I am credibly informed that if the man succeed in getting large damages, he will immediately take his wife home to his bosom and his van, and instead of exhibiting her, as he has hitherto done, for one penny, he will, on the strength of the notoriety of this trial, and as a man knowing the curiosity of society, immediately advance that penny to threepence. You will, therefore, consider your verdict, gentlemen, and give such moderate damages as will entirely mend the plaintiff's broken heart."

The jury, without retiring from the box, returned a verdict of "Damages One Farthing!"

We are credibly informed—though the evidence was not adduced in court—that Monsieur Bonbon first suspected his dishonour from his wife's hair papers. She had most negligently curled her tresses in the soft paper epistles of her *innamorato*.

[pg 247]

PUNCH'S PENCILLINGS.—No. XXI.



CUPID OUT OF PLACE.

THE FETES FOR THE POLISH—AND FATE OF THE BRITISH POOR.

"Charity begins at home," says, or rather said, an admirable old proverb; but alack! the adage, or the times, or both, are out of joint—the wholesome maxim has lost its force—and homes for Charity must now be far as the *Poles* asunder, ere the benign influence of the weeping goddess can fall upon its wretched supplicants.

In private life the neglect of a domestic hearth for the vainglorious squandering abroad of the means that could and ought to render that the chief seat of comfort and independence, calls down upon the thoughtless and heartless squanderer and abuser of his means the just indignation and merited contempt of every thinking and properly constituted mind. The "Charity" that does not begin at home is the worst species of unjustifiable prodigality, and the first step to the absolute ruin of the "nearest and dearest" for the sake of the profligate and abandoned. And no sophistry can justify the apparent liberality that deprives others of their just and urgent dues.

It may be and is most noble to feed the widow and to clothe the orphan; but where is the beneficence of the deed if the wife and children of the ostentatious donor—the victims of the performance of such acts—are left themselves to endure misery and privations, from which his inadequate means cannot exempt the stranger and the giver's own household!

The sparrow who unwittingly rears the cuckoo's spurious offspring, tending with care the ultimate destroyer of its own young, does so in perfect ignorance of the results about to follow the misplaced affection. The cravings of the interloper are satisfied to the detriment of its own offspring; and when the full-fledged recipient of its misplaced bounty no longer needs its aid, the thankless stranger wings its way on its far-off course, selfishly careless of the fostering bird that brought it into life; and this may be looked upon as one of the results generally attendant upon a blind forgetfulness of *where* our first endeavours for the amelioration of the wants of others should be made.

It has ever been the crying sin of the vastly sympathetic to weep for the miseries of the distant, and blink at the wretchedness their eyes—if not their hearts—must ache to see. Their charity must have its proper stage, their sentiments the proper objects,—and their imaginations the undisturbed right to revel in the supposititious grievances of the far-off wretched and oppressed. The poor black man! the tortured slave! the benighted infidel! the debased image of his maker! the sunken bondsman! These terms must be the "Open sesame" for the breasts from whence spring bibles, bribes, blankets, glass beads, pocket-combs, tracts, teachers, missions, and missionaries. Oppression is what they would put down; but then the oppression must be of "foreign manufacture." Your English, genuine home-made article, though as superior in strength and endurance as our own canvas is to the finest fold of gauze-like cambric, is in their opinion a thing not worth a thought. A half oppressed Caffre is an object of ten thousand times more sympathy than a wholly oppressed Englishman; a half-starved Pole the more fitting recipient of the same proportion of actual bounty to a wholly starving peasant of our own land of law and liberty.

Let one-tenth the disgusting details so nobly exposed in the *Times* newspaper, as to the frightful state of some of our legalised poor law inquisitions, appear as extracts from the columns of a *foreign* journal, stating such treatment to exist amongst a foreign population, and mark the result. Why, the town would teem with meetings and the papers with speeches. Royal, noble, and honourable chairmen and vice chairmen would launch out their just anathemas against the heartless despots whose realms were disgraced by such atrocities. Think, think of the aged poor torn from their kindred, caged in a prison, refused all aid within, debarred from every hope without,—think of the flesh, the very flesh, rotting by slow degrees, and then in putrid masses falling from their wretched bones: think, we say, on this—then give what name you can, save murder, to their quickly succeeding death.

Fancy children—children that should be in their prime—so caged and fed that the result is disease in its most loathsome form, and with all its most appalling consequences! No hope! no flight! The yet untainted, as it were, chained to the spot, with mute despair watching the slow infection, and with breaking hearts awaiting the hour—the moment—when it *must* reach to them!

We say, think of these things—not as if they were the doings in England, and therefore legalised matters of course—but think of them as the arts of some despot in a far-off colony, and oh, how all hearts would burn—all tongues curse and call for vengeance on the abetors of such atrocities!

The supporters of the rights of man would indeed pour forth their eloquent denunciations against the oppressors of the absent. The poetry of passion would be exhausted to depict the frightful state of the crimeless and venerable victim of tyranny, bowing his grey hairs

with sorrow to the grave; while the wailing of the helpless innocents *different indeed in colour*, but in heart and spirit like ourselves, being sprung from the one great source, would echo throughout the land, and find responses in every bosom not lost to the kindly feelings of good-will towards its fellows! Had the would-be esteemed philanthropists but these "*foreign cues* for passion," they would indeed

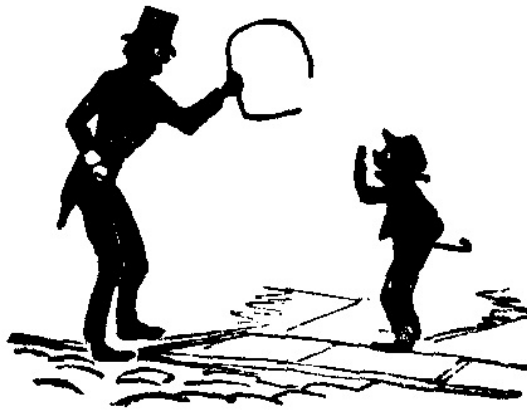
"Drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free;
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears."

But, alas! there is no such motive; these most destitute of Destitution's children are simply fellow-countrymen and fellow-Christians. Sons of the same soil, and worshippers of the same God, they need no good works in the way of proselyzation to save them from eternal perdition; consequently they receive no help to keep them from temporal torture.

To convince themselves that these remarks are neither unwarrantably severe, nor in the slightest degree overcharged, let our readers not only refer to the revolting doings chronicled in the *Times*, but let them find the further illustration of this *foreign penchant* in the recent doings at the magnificently-attended ball given in behalf of the *Polish Refugees*, and consequently commanding the support of the humane, enlightened, and charitable English; and then let them cast their eyes over the cold shoulder turned towards a proposition for the *same* act of charity being consummated for the relief of the poverty-stricken and starving families of the destitute and deserving artisans now literally starving under their very eyes, located no farther off than in the wretched locality of Spitalfields! An opinion—and doubtless an honest one—is given by the Lord Mayor, that any attempt to relieve *their wants*, in the way found so efficacious for *the Polish Refugees*, would be madness, inasmuch as it would, *as heretofore*, prove an absolute failure. Reader, is there anything of the cuckoo and the sparrow in the above assertion? Is it not true? And if it is so, is it not a more than crying evil? Is it not a most vile blot upon our laws—a most beastly libel upon our creed and our country? Is no relief ever to be given to the immediate objects who should be the persons benefited by our bounty? Are those who, in the prosperity proceeding from their unceasing and ill-paid toil, added their quota to the succour of others, now that poverty has fallen on them, to be left the sport of fortune and the slaves of suffering? Do good, we say, in God's name, to all, if good can be done to all. But do not rob the lamb of its natural due—its mother's nourishment—to waste it on an alien. There is no spirit of illiberality in these remarks; they are put forward to advocate the rights of our own destitute countrymen—to claim for them a share of the lavish commiseration bestowed on others—to call attention to the desolation of *their* hearths—the wreck of their comforts—the awful condition of their starving and dependent families—and to give the really charitable an opportunity of reserving some of their kindnesses for home consumption. Let this be their *just* object, and not one among the relieved would withhold his mite from their suffering fellows in other climes. But in Heaven's name, let the adage root itself once more in every Englishman's "heart of hearts," and once more let "Charity begin at home!"

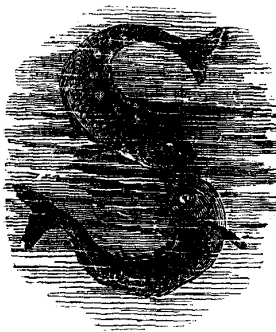
THE FIRE AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

Yates was nearly treating the enlightened British public with an antidote to "the vast receptacle of 8,000 tons of water," by setting fire to the saloon chimney. Great as the consternation of the audience was in the front, it was far exceeded by the alarm of the actors behind the curtain, for they are so sensible of the manager's daring genius, that they concluded he had set fire to the house in order to convert "the space usually devoted to *illusion* into the area of reality." The great Mr. Freeborn actually rushed out of the theatre without his rouse. Little Paul drank off a glass of neat water. Mr. John Sanders was met at the end of Maiden Lane, with his legs thrust into the sleeves of his coat, and the rest of his body encased in the upper part of a property dragon; whilst little round Wilkinson was vainly endeavouring to squeeze himself into a wooden waterspout. Had he succeeded he might have applied for the reward offered by the Royal Society for a method of



SQUARING THE CIRCLE.

THE CRIMES OF EATING.



ir Robert Peel and her Majesty's Ministers have, we learn, taken a hint in criminal jurisprudence from his Worship the Mayor of Reading, and are now preparing a bill for Parliament, which they trust will be the means of checking the alarming desire for food which has begun to spread amongst the poorer classes of society. The crime of eating has latterly been indulged in to such an immoderate extent by the operatives of Yorkshire and the other manufacturing districts, that we do not wonder at our sagacious Premier adopting strong measures to suppress the unnatural and increasing appetites of the people.

Taking up the sound judicial views of the great functionary above alluded to, who committed Bernard Cavanagh, the fasting man, to prison for smelling at a saveloy and a slice of ham, Sir Robert has laid down a graduated—we mean a *sliding*—scale of penalties for the crime of eating, proportioning, with the most delicate skill, the exact amount of the punishment to the enormity of the offence. By his profound wisdom he has discovered that the great increase of crime in these countries is entirely attributable to over-feeding the multitude. Like the worthy Mr. Bumble, in "Oliver Twist," he protests "it is meat and not madness" that ails the people. He can even trace the origin of every felony to the particular kind of food in which the felon has indulged. He detects incipient incendiarism in eggs and fried bacon—homicide in an Irish stew—robbery and house-breaking in a basin of mutton-broth—and an aggravated assault in a pork sausage. Upon this noble and statesmanlike theory Sir Robert has based a bill which, when it becomes the law of the land, will, we feel assured, tend effectually to keep the rebellious stomachs of the people in a state of wholesome depletion. And as we now punish those offenders who break the Queen's peace, we shall, in like manner, then inflict the law upon the hungry scoundrels who dare to break the Queen's Fast.

We have been enabled, through a private source, to obtain the following authentic copy of Sir Robert's scale of the offences under the intended Act, with the penalty attached to each, viz.:

| | |
|---|---|
| For penny rolls or busters | Imprisonment not exceeding a week. |
| For bread of any kind, with cheese or butter | Imprisonment for a month. |
| For saveloys, German sausages, and Black puddings | One month's imprisonment, with hard labour. |
| For a slice of ham, bacon, or meat of any kind | Imprisonment for three months, and exercise on the treadmill. |
| For a hearty dinner on beef and pudding | Transportation for seven years. |
| For do. with a pot of home-brewed ale. | Transportation for life. |

As these offences apply only to those who have no right to eat, the wealthy and respectable portion of society need be under no apprehension that they will be exposed to any inconvenience by the operation of the new law.

NOBODY CARES AND*

WELLINGTON has justified his claim to the *sobriquet* of 'the iron Duke' by the manner in

which he treated the deputation from Paisley. His Grace excused himself from listening to the tale of misery which several gentlemen had travelled 500 miles to narrate to him, on the plea that he was not a Minister of the Crown. Yet we have a right to presume that the Queen prorogued Parliament upon his Grace's recommendation, so if he be not one of Peel's Cabinet what is he? We suppose



* NOBODY NOSE.

HINTS HOW TO ENJOY AN OMNIBUS.

1. On getting in, care neither for toes or knees of the passengers; but drive your way up to the top, steadying yourself by the shoulders, chests, or even faces of those seated.
 2. Seat yourself with a jerk, pushing against one neighbour, and thrusting your elbow into the side of the other. You will thus get plenty of room.
 3. If possible, enter with a stick or umbrella, pointed at full length; so that any sudden move of the "bus" may thrust it into some one's stomach. It will make you feared.
 4. When seated, occupy, if possible, the room of two, and revenge the treatment you have received on entering, by throwing every opposition in the way of a new-comer, especially if it be a woman with a child in her arms. It is a good plan to rest firmly on your umbrella, with your arms at right angles.
 5. Open or shut windows as it suits you; men with colds, or women with toothaches, have no business in omnibuses. If they don't like it, they can get out; no one *forces* them to ride.
 6. Young bucks may stare any decent woman out of countenance, put their legs up along the seats, and if going out to dinner, wipe the mud off their boots on the seats. They are only plush.
 7. If middle-aged gentlemen are musical or political, they can dislocate a tune in something between a bark and a grumble, or endeavour to provoke an argument by declaring very loudly that Lord R— or the Duke "is a thorough scoundrel," according to their opinion of public affairs. If this don't take, they can keep up a perpetual squabble with the conductor, which will show they think themselves of some importance.
 8. Ladies wishing to be agreeable can bring lap dogs, large paper parcels, and children, to whom an omnibus is a ship, though you wish you were out of their reach.
 9. Conductors should particularly aim to take up laundresses returning with a large family washing, bakers and butchers in their working jackets, and, if a wet day, should be particular not to pull up to the pathway.
 10. For want of space, the following brevities must suffice:—Never say where you wish to stop until after you have passed the place, and then pull them up with a sudden jerk. Keep your money in your waistcoat-pocket, and button your under and upper coat completely, and never attempt to get at it until the door is opened, and then let it be nothing under a five-shilling piece. Never ask any one to speak to the conductor for you, but hit or poke him with your umbrella or stick, or rap his hand as it rests on the door. He puts it there on purpose. Always stop the wrong omnibus, and ask if the Paddington goes to Walworth, and the Kennington to Whitechapel: you are not obliged to read all the rigmarole they paint on the outside. Finally, consider an omnibus as a carriage, a bed, a public-house, a place of amusement, or a boxing-ring, where you may ride, sleep, smoke, chaff, or quarrel, as it may suit you.
-

PETER THE GREAT (FOOL?)

The following colloquy occurred between a candidate for suicidal fame and the City's Peter Laureate:—

"So, sir, you tried to hang yourself, did you?"

"In course I did, or I should not have put my head in the noose."

"You had no business to do so."

"I did it for my pleasure, not for business."

"I'll let you see, sir, you shan't do it either for fun or earnest."

"Are you a Tory, Sir Peter?"

"A Tory, sir! No, sir; I'm a magistrate."

"Ah, that's why you interfere; you must be a low Rad, or you wouldn't prevent a man from



DOING WHAT HE LIKES WITH HIS HONE."

THE WISE MAN OF THE EAST.

SIR PETER LAURIE begs Punch to inform him, which of Arabia's Children is alluded to in Moore's beautiful ballad,

"Farewell to thee, Araby's daughter."

He presumes it is Miss Elizabeth, commonly called *Bess-Arabia*.

SONGS OF THE SEEDY.—No. VII.

I love the night with its mantle dark,
That hangs like a cloak on the face of the sky;
Oh what to me is the song of the lark?
Give me the owl; and I'll tell you why.
It is that at night I can walk abroad,
Which I may not do in the garish day,
Without being met in the streets, and bored
By some cursed dun, that I cannot pay.

No! no! night let it ever be:
The owl! the owl! the owl! is the bird for me!

Then tempt me not with thy soft guitar,
And thy voice like the sound of a silver bell,
To take a stroll, where the cold ones are
Who in lanes, not of trees but of fetters¹, dwell.
But wait until night upsets its ink
On the earth, on the sea, and all over the sky,
And then I'll go to the wide world's brink
With the girl I love, without feeling shy.
Oh, then, may it night for ever be!

1. Fetter-lane is clearly alluded to by the poet. It is believed to be the bailiffs' quarter.

The owl! the owl! the owl! is the bird for me!

But you turn aside! Ah! did you know,
What by searching the office you'd plainly see,
That I'm hunted down, like a (Richard) Roe,
You'd not thus avert your eyes from me.
Oh never did giant look after Thumb
(When the latter was keeping out of the way)
With a more tremendous fee-fo-fum
Than I'm pursued by a dread *fi-fa*.
Too-whit! too-whit! is the owl's sad song!
A writ! a writ! a writ! when mid the throng,
Is ringing in my ears the whole day long.
Ah me! night let it be:
The owl! the stately owl! is the bird—yes, the bird for me!

POPISH RED-DRESS.

The *Examiner* states that there is no such fabric as scarlet cloth made in Ireland. If this be true, the Lady of Babylon, who is said to reside in that country, and to be addicted to scarlet clothing, must be in a very destitute condition.

A SPOON CASE.

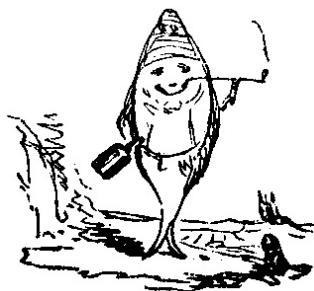
A well-dressed individual has lately been visiting the lodging-house keepers of the metropolis. He engages lodgings—but being, as he says, just arrived from a long journey, he begs to have dinner before he returns to the Coach-Office for his luggage. This request being usually complied with, the new lodger, while the table is being laid, watches his opportunity and bolts with the silver spoons. Sir Peter Laurie says, that since this practice of filching the spoons has commenced, he does not feel himself safe in his own house. He only hopes the thief may be brought before him, and he promises to give him his *dessert*, by committing him without



STANDING UPON CEREMONY.

A DAB FOR LAURIE.

SIR PETER LAURIE, on a recent visit to Billingsgate for the purpose of making what he calls a *pisciatery* tour, was much astonished at the vigorous performance of various of the real "live fish," some of which, as he sagely remarked, appeared to be perfect "Dabs" at jumping, and no doubt legitimate descendants from some particularly



MERRY OLD SOLE.

SIBTHORPS CORNER.

If old Nick were to lose his tail, where should he go to supply the deficiency?—To a gin-palace, because there they *re-tail* bad spirits.

Mr. G., who has a very ugly wife, named Euphemia, was asked lately why his spouse was the image of himself—and, to his great annoyance, discovered that it was because she was

his *Effie-G*.

I floored Ben-beau D'Israeli the other day with the following:—"Ben," said I, "if I were going to buy a violin, what method should I take to get it cheap?" Benjie looked rather more foolish than usual, and gave it up. "Why, you ninny," I replied, "I should buy an ounce of castor-oil, and then I would get a phial in (*violin*)." I think I had him there.

Why is a female of the canine species suckling her whelps like a philosophic principle?—Because she is a dogma (*dog-ma*).

What part of a horse's foot is like an irate governor?—The pastern (*pa-stern*).

Why is the march of a funeral procession like a turnpike?—Because it is a toll-gait (*toll-gate*).

Who is the greatest literary *star*?—The *poet-aster*.

Why is an Israelite named William Solomons similar to a great public festival?—Because he is a Jubilee (*Jew-Billy*).

Why are polished manners like a pea-jacket?—Because they are address (*a dress*).

Why are swallows like a leap head-over-heels?—Because they are a summer set (*a somerset*).

CUTTING IT RATHER SHORT.

The unexpected adjournment of the Court of Queen's Bench, by Lord Denman, on last Thursday, has filled the bar with consternation.—"What is to become of our clients?" said Fitzroy Kelly.—"And of our fees?" added the Solicitor General.—"I feel deeply for my clients," sighed Serjeant Bompas.—"We all compassionate them, brother," observed Wilde.—In short, one and all declare it was a most arbitrary and unprecedented curtailment of their little *term*—and, to say the least of it,



A MOST DISTRESSING BLOW.

NATIONAL DISTRESS.

The Tee-totallers say that the majority of the people are victims to Bacchus. In the present hard times they are more likely to be victims to

2. I could make better than the above myself. E.G.—In what way should Her Majesty stand upon a Bill in Parliament so as to quash it?—By putting her *V-toe* (*veto*) on it.—
PRINTER'S DEVIL.



JUG O' NOUGHT—(JUGGERNAUT.)

[pg 252]

SONGS FOR THE SENTIMENTAL.—No. 12.

Away! away! ye hopes which stray
Like jeering spectres from the tomb!
Ye cannot light the coming night,
And shall not mock its gathering gloom;
Though dark the cloud shall form my shroud—
Though danger league with racking doubt—
Away! away! ye shall not stay
When all my joys are "up the spout!"

I little knew when first ye threw
Your bright'ning beams on coming hours,
That time would see me turn from thee,
And fly your sweet delusive powers.
Now, nerved to woe, no more I'll know
How hope deferr'd makes mortal sick;
The gathering storm may overwhelm my form,
But I will suffer "like a brick!"

LAURIE'S RAILLERY.

When Sir Peter Laurie had taken his seat the other morning in that Temple of Momus, the Guildhall Justice Room, he was thus addressed by Payne, the clerk—"I see, Sir Peter, an advertisement in the *Times*, announcing the sale of shares in the railroad from Paris to ROUEN; would you advise me to invest a little loose cash in that speculation?" "Certainly not," replied the Knight, "nor in any other railway,—depend upon it, they all lead to the same terminus, RUIN." Payne, having exclaimed that this was the best thing he had ever heard, was presented by our own Alderman with a shilling, accompanied with a request that he would get his hair cropped to the magisterial standard.

A MEETING OF OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

At the sale of the library of the late Theodore Hook, a curious copy of "The Complete Jester" was knocked down to "our own" Colonel. Delighted with his prize, he ran home, intending to lay in a fresh stock of *bons mots*; but what was his amazement on finding that all the jokes contained in the volume were those with which he has been in the habit of entertaining the public these last forty years! Sibby declares that the sight of so many old friends actually brought the tears into his eyes.

PUNCH'S THEATRE.

LOVE EXTEMPORE.

As the hero of a romantic play is obliged to possess all the cardinal virtues and all the intellectual accomplishments, so the hero of a farce is bound to be a fool. One of the greatest, and at the same time one of the best fools it has been our pleasure to be introduced to for some time is *Mr. Titus Livingstone*, in the new farce of "Love Extempore."

Mr. Titus Livingstone possesses an excellent heart, a good fortune, and an uncommon stock of modesty. His intellects are, however, far from brilliant; indeed, but for one trait in his character he would pass for an idiot,—he has had the good sense never as yet to fall in love! In fact, the farce is founded upon that identical incident of his life which occasioned him to suppose that he had taken the tender passion extempore.

Some sort of villany seems absolutely necessary to every species of play. To continue the parallel we commenced with between tragedy and farce, we observe that in the former he is usually such a person as *Spinola*, in "Nina Sforza," whilst a farce-villain turns out to be in most instances an intriguing widow, a lawyer, or a mischievous young lady. The rogue in "Love Extempore" is *Mrs. Courtney*, a widow, who, with the assistance of *Sir Harry Nugent*, contrives a plot by which the hitherto insensible *Livingstone* shall fall a victim to love and her friend *Prudence Oldstock*; with whose mother and sister the widow and her co-intrigant are staying on a visit.

The moment fatal to *Livingstone's* virgin heart and unrestrained liberty arrives. He calls to pay a morning visit, and instantly the deep design is put into execution. *Sir Harry* begins by a most extravagant puff preliminary of the talents, accomplishments, virtues, beauty, disposition, endowments, and graces belonging to the enchanting *Prudence*. He and the widow exhibit her drawings,—*Livingstone* is in raptures, or pretends to be (for he is not an ill-bred man). What a piercing expression flashes from those studies of eyes (in chalk)! what an artistical grouping of legs! what a Saracen's-head-upon-Snow-hill-like ferocity frowns from that Indian chief!

At this juncture the captivating artist is herself introduced. *Mr. Livingstone's* modesty strikes him into a heap of confusion. "He sighs and looks, and looks and sighs again,"—he does not know "what to say, or how to say it; so that the trembling bachelor may become a wise and good lover." He stutters and hems in the utmost distress; to increase which, all his tormentors turn up the stage, leaving him to entertain the lady alone. The sketches naturally suggest a topic, and, plunging *in medias res* at once, he vehemently praises her legs! The lady is astonished, and the mamma alarmed; but having explained that the allusion was to the drawings, he is afterwards punished for the blunder by being threatened with a song. Though at a loss to find out what he has done to deserve such an infliction, he submits; for he is very sleepy, and sinks into a chair in an attitude of supposed attention, but really in a posture best adapted for a nap. When the song is ended the applause of course comes in; this awakens *Livingstone* in a fright; he starts, and throws down a harp in his fall.

After this *contretemps*, the villany of the widow and her ally takes a different turn. In a love affair there are generally two parties; and *Miss Prudence* has got to be persuaded that *she* is in love. This it is not difficult to accomplish, she being no more overburdened with penetration than the gentleman they are so kind as to say she is in love with. So far all goes on well: for she is soon convinced that she is enamoured to the last extremity.

Livingstone having a sort of glimmering that the danger so long averted at length impends over him—that he is falling into the trap of love, with every chance of the fall continuing down to the bottomless pit of matrimony, determines to avert the catastrophe by flight. The pair of villains, however, set up a cry of "Stop thief," and he is brought back. *Sir Harry* appeals to his feelings. Good gracious! is he so base, so dishonourable, so heartless, to rob an innocent, unsuspecting, and accomplished girl of her heart, and then wickedly desert her! Oh, no! In short, having already persuaded the poor man that he is in love, *Sir Harry* convinces him that he would also be a deceiver; and *Livingstone* would have returned like a lamb to the slaughter but for a new incident.

He has an uncle who is engaged in a law-suit with some of *Mrs. Courtney's* family. To bring this litigation to an amicable end it has been proposed that *Livingstone* should marry the widow's sister. Here is a discovery! So, the deep widow has been unwittingly plotting against her own sister! Things must be altered; and so they are, in no time, for she persuades the easy hero that *Nugent* is in love with *Prudence* himself; but, finding she adores her new lover, has magnanimously given up his claims in his favour. This has the desired effect, for *Livingstone* will have no such noble sacrifice made on his account. He seeks *Sir Harry*; who, discovering the double design of the profound widow, talks as immensely magnanimous as they do in classic dramas. In short, both play at Romans till the end of the piece; the hero and heroine being at last fully persuaded that they have each really fallen in "Love Extempore!"

This idea of persuading two persons into the bonds of love—of having all the courting done at second-hand, is admirably worked out. *Livingstone* is a well-drawn character; so well, so naturally painted, that he hardly deserves to be the hero of a farce. Although exceedingly soft, he is a well-bred fool—though somewhat fat (for the actor is Mr. David Rees); he is not altogether inelegant. The gentleman who does the theatrical metaphysics in the *Morning*

Herald has described him as a capital specimen of "physical obesity and moral teunity,"³ — which we quote to save ourselves trouble, for the force of description can no further go. *Prudence* is also inimitable—a march-of-intellect young lady without brains, who knows the names of the five large rivers in America, and how many bones there are in the gills of a turbot. In Miss P. Horton's hands her mechanical acquirements were done ample justice to. The cold unmeaning love scene was rendered mainly by her acting

3. *Sic*, actually, in the dramatic article of that paper, Wednesday, 24th ult.



A N-ICE SITUATION.

In fine, the farce is altogether a leaven of the best material most cleverly worked up.

A PERFECT VACUUM PROVED.

MR. HALSE, the gentleman who has during the last week been lecturing upon Animal Magnetism, having stated that one of his patients, while under the magnetic influence, could "see her own inside," the Marquis of Londonderry, anxious to test the truth of the assertion, requested the lecturer to operate upon him, and being thrown into the Mesmeric sleep, looked into the inside of his own head, and declared he could see nothing in it.

A CON BY O'CONNER.

Why ought the Children of a Thief to be burnt?—Because *their Pa steals* (they're pastiles).

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

VOL. 1.

DECEMBER 11, 1841.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF THE LONDON MEDICAL STUDENT.

11.—HOW MR. MUFF CONCLUDES HIS EVENING.

ssential as sulphuric acid is to the ignition of the platinum in an hydropneumatic lamp; so is half-and-half to the proper illumination of a Medical Student's faculties. The Royal College of Surgeons may thunder and the lecturers may threaten, but all to no effect; for, like the slippers in the Eastern story, however often the pots may be ordered away from the dissecting-room, somehow or other they always find their way back again with unflinching pertinacity. All the world inclined towards beer knows that the current price of a pot of half-and-half is fivepence, and by this standard the Medical Student fixes his expenses. He says he has given three pots for a pair of Berlin gloves, and speaks of a half-crown as a six-pot piece.

Mr. Muff takes the goodly measure in his hand, and decapitating its "spuma" with his pipe,



from which he flings it into Mr. Simpson's face, indulges in a prolonged drain, and commences his narrative—most probably in the following manner:—

“You know we should all have got on very well if Rapp hadn't been such a fool as to pull away the lanthorns from the place where they are putting down the wood pavement in the Strand, and swear he was a watchman. I thought the crusher saw us, and so I got ready for a bolt, when Manhug said the blocks had no right to obstruct the footpath; and, shoving down a whole wall of them into the street, voted for stopping to play at *duck* with them. Whilst he was trying how many he could pitch across the Strand against the shutters opposite, down came the *pewlice* and off we cut.”

“I had a tight squeak for it,” interrupts Mr. Rapp; “but I beat them at last, in the dark of the Durham-street arch. That's a dodge worth being up to when you get into a row near the Adelphi. Fire away, Muff—where did you go?”

“Right up a court to Maiden-lane, in the hope of bolting into the Cider-cellars. But they were all shut up, and the fire out in the kitchen, so I ran on through a lot of alleys and back-slums, until I got somewhere in St. Giles's, and here I took a cab.”

“Why, you hadn't got an atom of tin when you left us,” says Mr. Manhug.

“Devil a bit did that signify. You know I only took the *cab*—I'd nothing at all to do with the driver; he was all right in the gin-shop near the stand, I suppose. I got on the box, and drove about for my own diversion—I don't exactly know where; but I couldn't leave the cab, as there was always a crusher in the way when I stopped. At last I found myself at the large gate of New Square, Lincoln's Inn, so I knocked until the porter opened it, and drove in as straight as I could. When I got to the corner of the square, by No. 7, I pulled up, and, tumbling off my perch, walked quietly along to the Portugal-street wicket. Here the other porter let me out, and I found myself in Lincoln's Inn Fields.”

“And what became of the cab?” asks Mr. Jones.

“How should I know!—it was no affair of mine. I dare say the horse made it right; it didn't matter to him whether he was standing in St. Giles's or Lincoln's Inn, only the last was the most respectable.”

“I don't see that,” says Mr. Manhug, refilling his pipe.

“Why, all the thieves in London live in St. Giles's.”

“Well, and who live in Lincoln's Inn?”

“Pshaw! that's all worn out,” continues Manhug. “I got to the College of Surgeons, and had a good mind to scud some oyster shells through the windows, only there were several people about—fellows coming home to chambers, and the like; so I pattered on until I found myself in Drury-lane, close to a coffee-shop that was open. There I saw such a jolly row!”

Mr. Muff utters this last sentence in the same ecstatic accents of admiration with which we speak of a lovely woman or a magnificent view.

“What was it about?” eagerly demand the rest of the circle.

“Why, just as I got in, a gentleman of a vivacious turn of mind, who was taking an early breakfast, had shied a soft-boiled egg at the gas-light, which didn't hit it, of course, but flew across the tops of the boxes, and broke upon a lady's head.”

“What a mess it must have made?” interposes Mr. Manhug. “Coffee-shop eggs are always so very albuminous.”

“Once I found some feathers in one, and a foetal chick,” observes Mr. Rapp.

“Knock that down for a good one!” says Mr. Jones, taking the poker and striking three distinct blows on the mantel-piece, the last of which breaks off the corner. “Well, what did the lady do?”

“Commenced kicking up an extensive shindy, something between crying, coughing, and abusing, until somebody in a fustian coat, addressing the assailant, said, ‘he was no gentleman, whoever he was, to throw eggs at a woman; and that if he'd come out he'd pretty soon butter his crumpets on both sides for him, and give him pepper for nothing.’ The master of the coffee shop now came forward and said, ‘he wasn't a going to have no uproar in his house, which was very respectable, and always used by the first of company, and if they wanted to quarrel, they might fight it out in the streets.’ Whereupon they all began to barge the master at once,—one saying ‘his coffee was all snuff and duckweed,’ or

something of the kind; whilst the other told him 'he looked as measly as a mouldy muffin;' and then all of a sudden a lot of half-pint cups and pewter spoons flew up in the air, and the three men began an indiscriminate battle all to themselves, in one of the boxes, 'fighting quite permiscus,' as the lady properly observed. I think the landlord was worst off though; he got a very queer wipe across the face from the handle of his own toasting-fork."

"And what did you do, Muff?" asks Mr. Manhug.

"Ah, that was the finishing card of all. I put the gas out, and was walking off as quietly as could be, when some policemen who heard the row outside met me at the door, and wouldn't let me pass. I said I would, and they said I should not, until we came to scuffling, and then one of them calling to some more, told them to take me to Bow-street, which they did; but I made them carry me though. When I got into the office they had not any especial charge to make against me, and the old bird behind the partition said I might go about my business; but, as ill luck would have it, another of the unboiled ones recognised me as one of the party who had upset the wooden blocks—he knew me again by my d—d Taglioni."

"And what did they do to you?"

"Marched me across the yard and locked me up; when to my great consolation in my affliction, I found Simpson, crying and twisting up his pocket-handkerchief, as if he was wringing it; and hoping his friends would not hear of his disgrace through the *Times*."

"What a love you are, Simpson!" observes Mr. Jones patronisingly. "Why, how the deuce could they, if you gave a proper name? I hope you called yourself James Edwards."

Mr. Simpson blushes, blows his nose, mutters something about his card-case and telling an untruth, which excites much merriment; and Mr. Muff proceeds:—

"The beak wasn't such a bad fellow after all, when we went up in the morning. I said I was ashamed to confess we were both disgracefully intoxicated, and that I would take great care nothing of the same humiliating nature should occur again; whereupon we were fined twelve pots each, and I tossed sudden death with Simpson which should pay both. He lost and paid down the dibs. We came away, and here we are."

The mirth proceeds, and, ere long, gives place to harmony; and when the cookery is finished, the bird is speedily converted into an anatomical preparation,—albeit her interarticular cartilages are somewhat tough, and her lateral ligaments apparently composed of a substance between leather and caoutchouc. As afternoon advances, the porter of the dissecting-room finds them performing an incantation dance round Mr. Muff, who, seated on a stool placed upon two of the tressels, is rattling some halfpence in a skull, accompanied by Mr. Rapp, who is performing a difficult concerto on an extempore instrument of his own invention, composed of the Scotchman's hat, who is still grinding in the Museum, and the identical thigh-bone that assisted to hang Mr. Muff's patriarchal old hen!

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

"The times are hard," say the knowing ones. "Hard" indeed they must be when we find a DOCTOR advertising for a situation as WET-NURSE. The following appeared in the *Times* of Wednesday last, under the head of "Want Places." "As wet-nurse, a respectable person. Direct to DOCTOR P—, C— Common, Surrey." What next?

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THE "PUFF PAPERS."

CHAPTER II.

The Giant's Stairs.

(CONTINUED.)

"'Well,' says he, 'you're a match for me any day; and sooner than be shut up again in this dismal ould box, I'll give you what you ask for my liberty. And the three best gifts I possess are, this brown cap, which while you wear it will render you invisible to the fairies, while they are all visible to you; this box of salve, by rubbing some of which to your lips, you will have the power of commanding every fairy and spirit in the world to obey your will; and, lastly, this little *kippeen*¹, which at your word may be transformed into any mode of conveyance you wish. Besides all this, you shall come with me to my palace, where all the treasures of the earth shall be at your disposal. But mind, I give you this caution, that if you ever permit the brown cap or the *kippeen* to be out of your possession for an instant, you'll lose them for ever; and if you suffer any person to touch your lips while you remain in the underground kingdom, you will instantly become visible, and your power over the fairies

1. A little stick.

will be at an end.'

"'Well,' thinks I, 'there's nothing so very difficult in *that*.' So having got the cap, the *kippeen*, and the box of salve, into my possession, I opened the box, and out jumped the little fellow.

"'Now, Felix,' says he, 'touch your lips with the salve, for we are just at the entrance of my dominions.'

"I did as he desired me, and, *Dharra Dhie!* if the little chap wasn't changed into a big black-looking giant, sitting afore my eyes on a great rock.

"'Lord save us!' says I to myself, 'it's a marcy and a wondher how he ever squeezed himself into that weeshy box.' 'Why thin, Sir,' says I to him, 'maybe your honour would have the civiltude to tell me your name.'

"'With the greatest of pleasure, Felix,' says he smiling; 'I'm called Mahoon, the Giant.'

"'Tare an' agers! are you though? Well, if I thought'—but he gave me no time to think; for calling on me to follow him, he began climbing up the *Giant's Stairs* as asy as I'd walk up a ladder to the hay-loft. Well, he was at the top afore you could cry 'trapstick,' and it wasn't long till I was at the top too, and there we found a gate opening into the hill, and a power of lords and ladies waiting to resave Mahoon, who I larned was their king, and who had been away from his kingdom for twenty years, by rason of his being shut up in the box by some great fairy-man.

"Well, when we got inside the gates, I found myself in a most beautiful city, where nobody seemed to mind anything but diversion. The music was the most illigant thing you ever hard in your born days, and there wasn't one less than forty Munster pipers playing before King Mahoon and his friends, as they marched along through great broad streets,—a thousand times finer than Great George's-street, in Cork; for, my dears, there was nothing to be seen but goold, and jewels, and guineas, lying like sand under our feet. As I had the little brown cap upon my head, I knew that none of the fairy people could see me, so I walked up cheek by jowl with King Mahoon himself, who winked at me to keep my toe in my brogue, which you may be sure I did, and so we kept on until we came to the king's palace. If other places were grand, this was ten times grander, for the very sight was fairly taken out of my eyes with the dazzling light that shone round about it. In we went into the palace, through two rows of most engaging and beautiful young ladies; and then King Mahoon took his sate upon his throne, and put upon his head a crown of goold, stuck all over with di'monds, every one of them bigger than a sheep's heart. Of coorse there was a dale of compliments past amongst the lords and ladies till they got tired of them; and then they sat down to dinner, and, *nabocklish!* wasn't there rale givings-out there, with *cead mille phailtagh*². The whiskey was sarved out in tubs and buckets, for they'd scorn to drink ale or porter; and as for the ating, there was laygions of fat bacon and cabbage for the sarvants, and a throop of legs of mutton for the king and his coort. Well, after we had all ate till we could hould no more, the king called out to clear the flure for a dance. No sooner had he said the word, than the tables were all whipped away,—the pipers began to tune their chaunters. The king's son opened the ball with a mighty beautiful young crather; but the mirinit I laid my eyes upon her I knew her at once for a neighbour's daughter, one Anty Dooley, who had died a few months before, and who, when she was alive, could beat the whole county round at any sort of reel, jig, or hornpipe. The music struck up 'Tatter Jack Walsh,' and maybe it's she that didn't set, and turn, and *thrush* the boords, until the young prince hadn't as much breath left in his body as would blow out a rushlight, and he was forced to sit down puffing and panting, and laving his partner standing in the middle of the room. I couldn't stand that by no means; so jumping upon the flure with a shilloo, I flung my cap into the air:—the music stopped of a sudden, and I then recollected that, by throwing off the cap, I had become visible, and had lost one of Mahoon's three gifts.

2. A hundred thousand welcomes.

"Divil may care! as Punch said when he missed mass; I'll have my dance out at any rate, so rouse up 'The Rakes of Mallow,' my beauties. So to it we set; and when the *cailleen* was getting tired well becomes myself, but I threw my arm around her slindher waist and took such a smack of her sweet lips, that the hall resounded with the report.

"'Fetch me a glass of the best,' says I to a little fellow who was hopping about with a tray full of all sorts of dhrink.

"'Fetch it yourself, Felix Donovan. Who's your sarvant now?' says the chap, docking up his chin as impident as a tinker's dog. I felt my fingers itching to give the fellow a *polthogue*³ in the ear; but I thought I might as well keep myself paceable in a strange place—so I only gave him a contemptible look, and turned my back upon him.

3. A thump.

"'Felix jewel!' whispered Anty in my ear. 'You've lost your power over the fairies by that misfortunate kiss—'

"'Diaoul!—there's two of Mahoon's gifts gone already,' thinks I,

"If you'll take my advice,' says Anty, 'you'll be off out of this as fast as you can."

"The sorra foot I'll stir out of this,' says I 'unless you come along with me *ma callieen dhas*⁴—'

4. My pretty girl.

"I wish you could have seen the deluding look she gave me as leaning her head upon my shoulder she whispered to me in a voice sweeter than music of a dream,

"Felix dear! I'll go with you all the world over, and the sooner we take to the road the better. Steal you out of the door, and I'll follow you in a few minutes.'

"Accordingly I sneaked away as quietly as I could; they were all too busy with their diversions to mind me—and at the door I met Anty with her apron full of goold and diamonds.

"Now,' said she, 'where's the *kippeen* Mahoon gave you?'

"Here it is safe enough,' I answered, pulling it out of my breeches pocket.

"Well, now tell it to become a coach-and-four.'

"I did as she desired me—and in a moment there was a grand coach and four prancing horses before us. You may be sure we did not stand admiring very long, but both stepped in, and away we drove like the wind,—until we came to a high wall; so high that it tired me to look to the top of it.

"Step out, now,' says she, 'but mind not to let go your held of the coach, and tell it to change itself into a ladder.'

"I had my lesson now; the coach became a ladder, reaching to the top of the wall; so up we mounted, and descended on the other side by the same means. There was then before us a terrible dark gulf over which hung such a thick fog that a priest couldn't see to bless himself in it.

"Call for a winged horse,' whispered Anty.

"I did so, and up came a fine black horse, with a pair of great wings growing out of his back, and ready bridled and saddled to our hand. I jumped upon his back, and took Anty up before me; when, spreading out his wings, he flew—flew, without ever stopping until he landed us safe on the opposite shore. We were now on the banks of a broad river.

"This,' said Anty, 'is our last difficulty.'

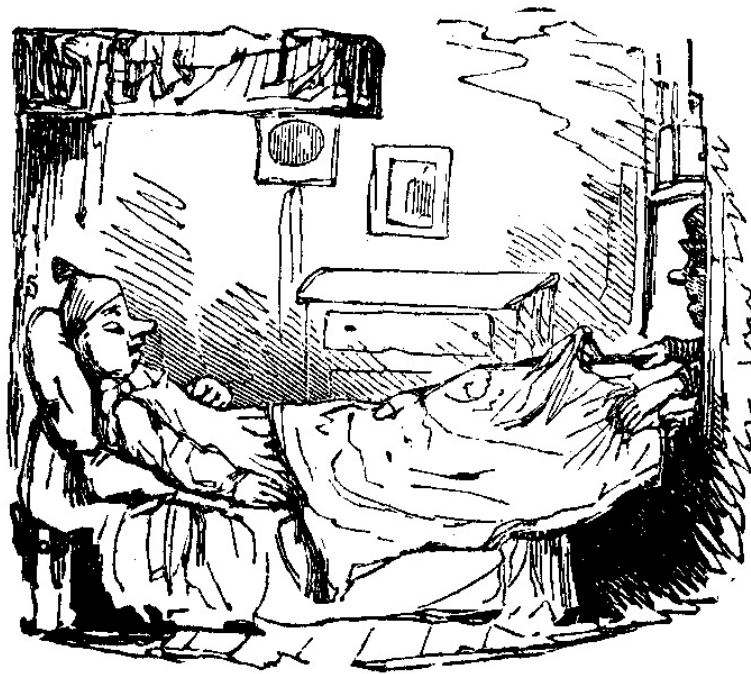
"The horse was changed into a boat, and away we sailed with a fair breeze for the opposite shore, which, as we approached, appeared more beautiful than any country I had ever seen. The shore was crowded with young people dancing, singing, and beckoning us to approach. The boat touched the land; I thought all my troubles were past, and in the joy of my heart I leaped ashore, leaving Anty in the boat; but no sooner had my foot parted from the gunwale than the boat shot like an arrow from the bank, and drifted down the current. I saw my young bride wringing her fair hands, weeping at if her heart would break, and crying—

"Why did you quit the boat so soon, Felix? Alas, alas! we shall never meet again!' and then with a wild and melancholy scream she vanished from my sight. A dizziness came over my senses, I fell upon the ground in a dead faint, and when I came to myself—I found myself all alone in my boat, with three tundering big conger-eels fast upon my lines. And now, neighbours, you have all my story about the *Giant's Stairs*."

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DRAW IT GENTLY.

Joseph Hume's attention having been drawn to the great insecurity of letter envelopes, as they are now constructed, has submitted to the Post-master-General a specimen of a new safety envelope. He states that the invention is entirely his own, and that he has applied the principle with extraordinary success in the case of his own breeches-pocket, from which he defies the most "artful dodger" in the world to extract anything. We can add our testimony to the *un-for-giving* property of Joe's monetary receptacle, and we trust that his excellent plan may be instantly adopted. At present there is immense risk in sending inclosures through the Post-office; for all the letter-carriers are aware that there is nothing easier than



DRAWING A COVER.

FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.

Yesterday Paddy Green, Esquire, called at "The Great Mogul," where he played two games at bagatelle, and went "Yorkshire" for a pot of dog's nose. He smoked a short pipe home.

On Tuesday Charles Mears, I.M., accompanied by Jeremiah Donovan, called at the residence of Paddy Green, Esquire, in Vere-street, to inquire after the health of Master P. Green.

Master James Marc Anthony George Finch has succeeded Bill Jenkins as errand-boy at the butter-shop in Great Wild-street. This change had long been expected in the neighbourhood.

On Friday Paddy Green, Esquire, did not rise till the evening. A slight disposition to the prevailing epidemic, influenza, is stated to be the cause. He drank copiously of rum-and-water with a piece of butter in it.

On Thursday last the lady of Paddy Green, personally attended to the laundry; a fortnight's wash took place, when Mrs. Briggs, the charwoman, was in waiting. Mrs. P. Green, with her accustomed liberality, sent out for a quarter of gin and a quarter of an ounce of brown rappee.

Charles Mears, I.M., and Jeremiah Donovan yesterday took a short walk and a short pipe together.

It is confidently reported that at the close of the present Covent-Garden season that Mr. Ossian Sniggers will retire from the stage, of which he has been so long a distinguished ornament. We have it from the best authority that he purposes going into the retail coal and tater line.

LINES ON MISS ADELAIDE KEMBLE.

By Sir Lumley Skeffington, Bart.

Supercelestial is the art she practises,
Transcending far all other living actresses;
Her father's talent—mother's grace—compose
This Stephen's figure, with John's Roman nose.

PUNCH'S LETTER-WRITER.

DEAR PUNCH! VENERABLE NOSEY!

By the bye, was Publius Ovidius *Nuso* an ancestor of yours? Talking of ancestors, why do the Ayrshire folks speak of theirs as *four bears* (forbears), it sounds very ursine. But to our *muttons*, as my old French master used to call it. Do you do anything in the classico-

historical line, for the Charivaresque enlightenment of the British public; if so, here is a specimen of a work in that style, "done out of the original:"—

THE DEATH OF CÆSAR:

A TOUCH OF THE CLASSICAL IN THE VULGAR TONGUE.

When he beheld the hand of him he had so loved raised against him, Cæsar's heart was filled with anguish, and uttering the deep reproach—"And thou, too, Brutus!" he shrouded his face in his mantle, and fell at the foot of Pompey's statue, covered with wounds. Thus, in the zenith of his glory, perished Caius Julius Cæsar, the conqueror of the world, and the eloquent historian of his own exploits; spificatus est (says my original), he was done for: he got his gruel, and inserted his pewter in the stucco, B.C. 44.

Perhaps you may not receive the above; but "sticking his spoon in the wall" reminds me of a hint I have to offer you. Did you ever see any Apostle spoons—old things with saints carved on their handles, which used to be presented, at christenings, &c. Now I think you might make your fortune with His Royal Highness of Cornwall, on the occasion of his christening, by getting together a set of spoons to present to him; and I would suggest your selection of the most notorious *spoons*, such as the delectable Saddler Knight, Peter Borthwick, Calculating Joey, *the* Colonel, Ben D'Israeli, &c. You might even class them, putting Sir Andrew Agnew in as a grave(y) spoon; a teetotal chief as a *tea* spoon; Wakley, being a *deserter*, as a *dessert* spoon; D'Israeli, being so amazingly soft, as a *pap* spoon, &c. &c. Send them with Punch's dutiful congratulations, and you will infallibly get knighted; but don't take a baronetcy, my respectable friend, for I hear that, like my friend Sir Moses, you are inclined to Judyism (Judaism)⁵. May the shadow of your nose never be less; and Heaven send that you may take this up after dinner! Farewell!

5. Have I "seen that line before?"

POLICHINICULUS.

*** Polichinicus is a lucky fellow! We opened his letter after the pleasant discussion of a boiled chicken.—*Ed. of "Punch."*

CUPID'S BOW.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM was conversing the other day with D'Israeli on what he designated "the *crooked* policy of Lord Palmerston."

"What could you expect but a *warped understanding*," replied the Hebrew Adonis, "from such



A PERFECT BEAU—(BOW)."

CERTAINLY NOT "BETTER LATE THAN NEVER."

SIR FIGARO LAURIE was condoling with Hobler on the loss of the baronetcy by the late Lord Mayor.

Hobler replied that the loss of the title was not by the late Lord Mayor but by the *late* Prince of Wales. But, as he sagely added,



THERE'S MANY A SLIP, &c.

Sir Peter has placed Hobler on Truefitt's free list.

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A SLIGHT CONTRAST!

"LOOK ON THIS PICTURE AND ON THIS!"

THE COUNTERFEIT PRESENTMENT OF

PRINCE ALBERT'S HOUNDS AND THE POOR IN THE SEVENOAKS UNION.

The *sleeping-beds* which are occupied by the prince's beagles and her Majesty's *dogs* are IN FIVE COMPARTMENTS AT THE EXTREMITY OF THE HOVELS—THE LATTER BEING WELL SUPPLIED WITH WATER AND PAVED WITH ASPHALTE, THE BOTTOMS HAVING GOOD PALLS, TO ENSURE THEIR DRYNESS AND CLEANLINESS. The hovels enter into three green yards, roomy and healthy. In the one at the near end a rustic ornamental seat has been erected, from which her Majesty and the prince are accustomed to inspect their favourites.

The boiling and distemper houses are now in course of erection, BUT DETACHED FROM THE OTHER PORTION OP THE BUILDING!—*From the Sporting Magazine, extracted in the Times of Dec. 3, 1841.*

"I KNOW the lying-in ward; there is but ONE, which is small: another room is used when required. There are two beds in the first. The walls, I should say, were clean; but at that time they could not he cleansed, as it was full of women. The room was very smoky and uncomfortable; the walls were as clean as they could be under the circumstances. I have always felt dissatisfied with the ward, and many times said it was the most uncomfortable place in the house; it always looked dirty....

"There have been six women there at one time: two were confined in one bed....

"It was impossible entirely to shut out the infection. I have known FIFTEEN CHILDREN SLEEP in two beds!"—*From the sworn evidence of Mrs. Elizabeth Gain, late matron, and Mr. Adams, late medical attendant, at the Sevenoaks Union—extracted from the Times of Dec. 2, 1841.*

ON SNUFF, AND THE DIFFERENT WAYS OF TAKING IT.

Snuff is a sort of freemasonry amongst those who partake of it.

Those who do not partake of it cannot possibly understand those who do. It is just the same as music to the deaf—dancing to the lame—or painting to the blind.

Snuff-takers will assure you that there are as many different types of snuff-takers as there are different types of women in a church or in a theatre, or different species of roses in the flower-bed of an horticulturist.

But the section of snuff-takers has, in common with all social categories, its apostates, its false brethren.

For as sure as you carry about with you a snuff-box, of copper, of tortoise-shell, or of horn

(the material matters absolutely nothing), you cannot fail to have met upon your path the man who carries no snuff-box, and yet is continually taking snuff.

The man who carries no snuff-box is an intimate nuisance—a hand-in-hand annoyance—a sort of authorised Jeremy Diddler to all snuff-takers.

He meets you everywhere. The first question he puts is not how “you do?” he assails you instantly with “Have you such a thing as a pinch of snuff about you?”

It is absolutely as if he said, “I have no snuff myself, but I know *you* have—and you cannot refuse me levying a small contribution upon it.”

If it were only *one* pinch; but it is two—it is four—it is eight; it is all the week—all the month—it is all year round. The man who carries no snuff box is a regular Captain Macheath—a licensed Paul Clifford—to everyone that does. He meets you on the highway, and summonses you to stop by demanding “Your snuff-box or your life?”

A man can easily refuse to his most intimate friend his purse, or his razor, or his wife, or his horse; but with what decency can he refuse him—or to his coolest acquaintance even—a pinch of snuff? It is in this that the evil *pinches*.

The snuff-taker who carries no snuff-box is aware of this—and woe to the box into which his fingers gain admission to levy the pinch his nose distrains upon.

There is no man who has the trick so aptly at his fingers’ ends of absorbing so much in one given pinch, as the man who carries no snuff box. The quantity he takes proves he is not given to *samples*.

Properly speaking he is the landlord of all the boxes in the kingdom. Those who carry snuff-boxes are only his tenants; and hold them merely by virtue of a *rack-rent*, under him.

He is a perpetual plunderer—a petty purloiner—a pinching petitioner *in forma pauperis*—a contraband dealer in snuff. However, he is in general noted for his social qualities. He is affable, mild, harmless, insinuating, yielding, and submissive. He never fails to compliment you upon your good looks, and wonders in deep interest where you buy such excellent snuff. He agrees with you that Sir Peter Laurie is the first statesman of the day, and flies into the highest ecstasies when he learns that it is some of George the Fourth’s sold-off stock. He even acknowledges that Universal Suffrage is the only thing that can save the nation, and affects to be quite astonished that he has left his box behind him. He will beg to be remembered to your wife, and leaves you after begging for “the favour of another pinch.” Where is the man whose nature would not be susceptible of a *pinch* when invoked in the name of his wife?

Goldsmith recommends a pair of boots, a silver pencil, or a horse of small value, as an infallible specific for getting rid of a troublesome guest. He always had the satisfaction to find he never came back to return them.

But with the man who carries no snuff-box this specific would lose its infallibility. It would be folly to lend him your snuff-box, for at this price snuff would lose all its flavour, all its perfume for him. The best box to give him would be perhaps a box on the ear.

If he were obliged to buy his own snuff, it would give him no sensation. The strongest would not make him sneeze, or wring from the sensibility of his eyes the smallest tribute to its pungency. He would turn up his nose at it, or, at the best, use it as sand-dust to receipt his washerwoman’s bills with.

These feelings aside, the man who carries no snuff-box is a good member of society; that is to say, quite as good a one as the man who does carry a snuff-box. He is in general a good friend (as long as he has the *entrée* of your box), a good parent, a good tenant, a good customer, a good voter, a good eater, a good talker, and especially a good judge of snuff. He knows by one touch, by one sniff, by one *coup d’œil*, the good from the bad, the old from the new, the fragrant from the filthy, the colour which is natural from the colour which is coloured. If any one should want to lay in a stock of snuff, let him take the man who carries no snuff with him: his *ipse dixit* may be relied upon with every certainty. He will choose it as if he were buying it for himself, and in return will never forget to look upon it as a property he is entitled to fully as much as you who have paid for it; for, in fact, would you be in possession of the snuff if he had not chosen it for you?

As for his complaint, it is like hydrophilia; no remedy has as yet been invented for it; and we can with comfortable consciences predict that, as long as snuff is taken, and men continue to carry it about with them in snuff-boxes, they are sure to be subject to the importunities of the man who carries no snuff box.

BUFFOON’S NATURAL HISTORY.

SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, who, like Byron, (in this one instance only) “wanted a

hero," had the good fortune to lay his hands upon the history of the celebrated George Barrington of picking-pocket notoriety. That worthy, describing the progress he made for the good of his country, related some strange particulars of a foreign bird, called the Secretary, or Snake-eater, which Sir Edward, from his knowledge of the natural history of his friend John Wilson Croker, declares to be the immediate connecting link between the English Admiralty Secretary, or "Toad-eater."

"NOT EXACTLY."

"Have you been much at sea?"

"Why no, *not exactly*; but my brother married an admiral's daughter!"

"Were you ever abroad?"

"No, *not exactly*; but my mother's maiden name was 'French.'"

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FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

[A letter has found its way into our box, which was evidently intended for the Parisian *Courrier des Dames*; but as the month is so far advanced, we are fearful that the communication will be too late for the purposes of that fashionable journal. We have therefore with unparalleled liberality inserted it in PUNCH, and thus conferred an immortality on an ephemera! It is worthy of remark that the writer adopts the style of our foreign fashionable correspondents, who invariably introduce as much English as French into their communications.]

*Rue de Dyotte,
Derrière les Slommes à Saint Gilles.*

MON JOVIAL ANCIEN COQ.

Les swelles de Londres have now determined upon the winter fashions, subject only to such modifications as their wardrobes render imperative, *et y vont comme des Briques*. Butchers' trays continue to be worn on the shoulders; and sprats may be found very generally upon the heads of the *poissonnières-faggeuses de la Porte de Billing*. Short pipes are much patronised by architects' assistants, and are worn either in the hatband or the side of the mouth, *et point d'erreur*. A few black eyes have been seen *dans la Rookerie*; but these facial ornaments will not be general until after boxing-day, *quand ils le deviendront bien forts*. Highlows and anklejacks⁶ are still patronised by *les imaginaires*⁷ of both sexes, the only alteration in the fashion being that the highlow is cut a little more on the instep, and the anklejack has retrograded a trifle towards the heel, with those *qui veulent le couper gras*. A great many muslin caps are seen, frequently with a hole in the crown, through which the hair protrudes, and gives a *très épiceux et soufflet-haut* appearance. They are called *les Capoles des Sept-Dialles*.

6. For an elaborate description of these elegances, vide PUNCH.
7. The *Fancy*, we presume.—*Printer's Devil*.

Others have no opening at the top, but two streamers of the same material as the cap are allowed to play over the shoulders of *les immenses Cartes*. The original colour of these *capotes* is white; but they are only worn by *les grandes Cigarres* when the white has been very much rubbed off.

Furs are much worn, both by the male and female *magnifiques poussières*. The latter usually carry them suspended from their apron-strings, and appear to give the preference to hare and rabbit *mantelets*, though sometimes domestic felines are denuded for the same purpose, *que puisse m'aider, pomme-de-terre*. The gentlemen, on the other hand, carry their furs at the end of a long pole, and towards Saturday-night a great number *de petits pots*⁸ may be seen enveloped in this costly *matériel*. The fantails of the *chapeaux d'Adelphi* are spread rather broader over the shoulders, and are sometimes elevated behind, *quand ils veulent le faire très soufflément*. Pewter brooches are still in great request, as are also pewter-pots, which are used in the tap-rooms of some *des cribbes particulièrement flamboyants-haut*.

8. Query mugs—*Anglicè faces?*—*Printer's Devil*.

But I must *fermer ma trappe de pomme-de-terre, et promener mes crayons; ainsi, adieu, mon joli tromp*.

*Votre chummi dévoué,
Jusques tout est bleu,
ALPHONSE JAMBES D'ARAIGNEE.*

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

A juvenile party, among whom we noticed the two Biggses, attended in Piccadilly to inspect the sewer now being made. One of the workmen employed threw up a quantity of the soil,

intending no doubt to give an opportunity to the party of inspecting its properties; but as it hit some of them in the eye, they retreated rapidly.

The venerable square-keeper in Golden-square took his usual airing round the railings yesterday, and afterwards partook of the pleasures of the chase, by pursuing a boy into John-street. He was attended by his usual *suite* of children, who cheered him in his progress, following him as he ran on, and turning back so as to precede him, when he abandoned the hunt and resumed his promenade, which he did almost immediately.

Bill Bumpus walked for several hours in the suburbs yesterday. In order to have the advantage of exercise, he carried a basket on his head, and was understood to intimate in a loud tone that it contained sprats, which he distributed to the humbler classes at a penny a plateful.

THE HIGH-ROAD TO GENTILITY;

OR

MRS. WOULD-BE'S ADVICE TO HER DAUGHTER.

Now, Charlotte, dear, attend to me,
You know you're coming out,
And in the best society
Will shine, beyond a doubt.
Things were not always so with us,—
But let oblivion's seal
For ever shut out former days—
They were so ungenteel.

And as for country neighbours, child,
You must forget them all;
And never visit any place
That is not Park or Hall.
But if you know a titled name,
That knowledge ne'er conceal;
And mention nothing in the world,
Except it be genteel.

But think no more of Henry, child;
His love is pure, I know;
He writes delightful verses too;
But cannot be your *beau*.
He never as at Almack's, sure,—
From that there's no appeal;
For neither gifts nor graces now
Can make a man genteel.

You know Lord Worthless,—Charlotte, would
Not that be quite a match,
If not so very often in
The keeping of the watch?
He paid some damages last year,
Though slippery as an eel;
But then such vices in a peer
Are perfectly genteel.

And you must cut the Worthies—they're
No company for you;
Though all of them are lovely girls,
And very clever too.
'Tis true, we found them kind, when all
The world were cold as steel;
'Tis true, they were your early friends;
But, then, they're not genteel.

There's Lady Waxwork, who, when dressed,
Has nothing she can say;
Miss Trifle of her lap-dog's tail
Will chatter half the day.
The Honourable Mr. Trick
At cards can cheat or steal:—
These are the friends that suit us now,
For oh! they're *so* genteel!

But, Charlotte, dear, avoid the Blues,
No matter when, or how;
For literature is quite beneath
The higher classes now.
Though Raphael paint, or Homer sing,
Oh! never seem to feel;
Young ladies should not have a soul,—
It's really ungenteel.

A NEW WINE.

SIR PETER LAURIE sent an order to a wine-merchant at the West End on Tuesday last for "six dozen of the *best Ottoman Porte*."

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LOYALTY AND INSANITY.

"Half the day *at least*"—says the editor of the *Athenæum*—"we are *in fancy* at the Palace, taking *our turn* of loyal watch by the cradle of the heir-apparent; *the rest* at our own firesides, in that mood of *cheerful thankfulness* which makes fun and frolic welcome!" Half the day, *at least!*

A stroke of fancy—especially to a heavy man—is sometimes as discomposing as a stroke of paralysis. Our friend of the *Athenæum* is not to be carried away by fancy, cost free: his imaginative watch at the Palace—for who can doubt that for six hours *per diem* he is in Buckingham nursery?—has led him into the perpetration of various eccentricities which, when we reflect upon the fortune he must have hoarded, and the innate selfishness of our common nature, may possibly end in a commission of lunacy. As juries are now-a-days brought together (especially as Chartists abound), excessive loyalty may be returned—confirmed insanity. It is, however, our duty as good citizens and fellow-journalists to protest, in advance, against any such verdict; declaring that whatever may be adduced by the unreflecting persons in daily intercourse with the editor—that grave and learned scribe is in the enjoyment—of all the sense originally vouchsafed to him. We know the stories that are in the most unfeeling manner told to the disadvantage of the learned and inoffensive gentleman; we know them, and shall not shrink from meeting them.

It is said that for one hour a day "at least" since the birth of the Prince the unfortunate gentleman has been invariably occupied folding and refolding a copy of the *Athenæum*—now airing it and smoothing it down—now unfolding and now folding it up again. Well, What of this? The truth is, our poor friend has only been "taking his turn," arranging "in fancy" the diaper of the royal nursery. That he should have selected a copy of the *Athenæum* as a type of the swaddling cloth bespeaks in our mind the presence of great judgment. It is madness with very considerable method.

A printer's devil—sent either for copy or a proof—deposes that our friend seized him, and laying him in his lap, insisted upon feeding him with his goose-quill, at the same time dipping that noisome instrument in his ink-bottle. The said devil declares that with all his experience of the various qualities of various inks used by gentlemen upon town, he never met with ink at once so muddy and so sour as the ink of the *Athenæum*. We do not deny the statement of the devil as to what he calls the assault committed upon him; but the fact is, the editor was not in his own study, but was "taking his turn" at the pap-spoon of the Duke of CORNWALL!

Betty, the editor's housemaid, has given warning, declaring that she cannot live with any gentleman who insists upon taking her in his arms, and tossing her up and down as if she was no more than a baby; at the same time making a chirruping noise with his mouth, and calling her "poppet" and "chickabiddy." Well, we allow all this, and boldly ask, What of it? We grant the "poppet;" we concede the "chickabiddy;" and then sternly inquire if an excess of loyalty is to impugn the reason of the most ratiocinative editor? Does not the thing speak for itself? If BETTY were not a fool, she would know that her master—good, regular man!—meant nothing more than, under the auspices of Mrs. LILLY, to dandle the Duke of CORNWALL.

A taxgatherer, calling upon the editor for the Queen's taxes, could get nothing out of our respected friend, but "Ride a cock-horse to Bamberry Cross!" If taxgatherers were not at once the most vindictive and the most stupid of men (it is said Sir ROBERT has ordered them to be very carnivorous this Christmas), the fellow would never have called in a broker to alarm our excellent coadjutor, but would at once have seen that the genius of the *Athenæum* was taking his turn in Buckingham Palace, singing a nursery *canzonetta* to the Duke of CORNWALL!

And is it for these, to us beautiful evidences of an absorbing loyalty—of a feeling that is true as truth, for if it was a mere conventional flame we should take no note of it—that the editor of the *Athenæum*, a most grave, considerate gentleman, should be cited to Gray's-

inn Coffee-house, and by an ignorant and unimaginative mob of jurymen voted incapable of writing reviews upon his own books, or the books of other people?

The question that we would here open is one of great and social political importance. There is an end of personal liberty if the enthusiasm of loyalty is to be visited as madness. For our part, we have the fullest belief in the avowal of the poor man of the *Athenæum*, that for half a day he is—in fancy—watching the little Prince in Buckingham nursery; and yet we see that men are deprived of enormous fortunes (we tremble for the copyright of the *Athenæum*) for indulging in stories, with equal probability on the face of them. For instance, a few days since WEEKS, a Greenwich pensioner, (being suddenly rich, the reporters call him *Mister* WEEKS,) was fobbed out of 120,000*l.* for having boasted (among other things) that he had had children by Queen ELIZABETH (by the way, the virginity of Royal BETSY has before been questioned)—that he intended to marry Queen VICTORIA, and that, in fact, not GEORGE THE THIRD but WEEKS THE FIRST was the father of Queen CHARLOTTE'S offspring. Now, what is all this, but loyalty *in excess*? Is it not precisely the same feeling that takes the editor of the *Athenæum* half of every day from his family, spellbinding him at the cradle of the Duke of CORNWALL? Cannot our readers just as easily believe the pensioner as the editor? We can.

“He told me he was going to marry the Queen” (thus speaks Sir R. DOBSON, chief medical officer of Greenwich Hospital, of poor WEEKS), “and *I had him cupped* and treated as an insane patient!” Can the editor hope to escape blood-letting and a shaven head? “He told me he was going to dine to-day at Buckingham Palace.” Thus spoke WEEKS. “Half the day at least we are in fancy at the Palace;” thus boasteth the *Athenæum*. The pensioner is found “incapable of managing himself or his affairs:” the editor continues to review books and write articles! “He (WEEKS) also said he had once horse-whipped a lion until it became afraid of him!” Where is CARTER—where VAN AMBURGH, if not in Bedlam? Lucky, indeed, is it for the editor of the *Athenæum* that his weekly miscellany (wherein he *thinks* he sometimes horse-whips lions) is not quite worth 120,000*l.* Otherwise, certain would be his summons to Gray's-inn.

We have rejoiced, as beseemed us, at the birth of the little Prince; it now becomes our grave moral duty to read a lesson of forbearance to those enthusiastic people who—especially if they have money—may by an excess of the principle of loyalty put in peril their personal freedom. Let them not take confidence from the safety enjoyed by the *Athenæum* editor—the poverty of the press may protect him. If, however, he and other influential wizards of the broad sheet, succeed in making loyalty not a rational principle, but a mania—if, day by day, and week by week, they insist upon deifying poor infirm humanity, exalting themselves in their own conceit, in their very self-abasement—they may escape an individual accusation in the general folly. When we are all mad alike—when we all, with the editor of the *Athenæum*, take our half-day's watch at the little Prince's cradle—when every man and woman throughout the empire believe themselves making royal pap and airing royal baby-linen—then, whatever fortune we may have we may be safe from the fate of poor WEEKS, the Greenwich pensioner, who, we repeat, is most unjustly confined for his notions of royalty, seeing that many of our contemporaries are still left at liberty to write and publish. Poor dear little PRINCE! if fed and nourished from your cradle upwards upon such stuff as that pressed upon you since your birth, what deep, what powerful sympathies will be yours with the natures of your fellow-men—what lofty notions of kingly usefulness, and kingly duty!

It may be that certain writers think they best oppose the advancing spirit of the time—questioning as it does the “divinity” that hedges the throne—by adopting the worse than foolish adulation of a by-gone age. In a silly flippant book just published—a thing called *Cecil*—the author speaks of the first appearance of VICTORIA in the House of Lords. He says—

“An unaccountable feeling of *trust* rose in my bosom. I speak it not profanely—[when a writer says this, be sure of it that, as in the present case, he goes deep as he can in profanation]—when I say *that the idea of the yet unknown Saviour*, a child among the Doctors of the Temple, occurred spontaneously to my mind!”

Now this book has been daubed with honey; the writer has been promised “an European reputation” (Madame LAFFARGE has a reputation equally extensive), and he is at this moment to be found upon drawing-tables, whose owners would scream—or affect to scream—as at an adder, at SHELLEY. Nay, Shelley's publisher is found guilty of blasphemy in the Court of Queen's Bench; and that within these few months. We should like to know Lord Denman's opinions of Mr. BOONE. What would he say of Queen Victoria being compared to the Redeemer—of Lord LONDONDERRY, *et hoc genus omne*, being “Doctors of the Temple?”

A writer in the *Almanach des Gourmands* says, in praise of a certain viand, “this is a dish to be eaten on your knees.” There are writers who, with, goose-quill in hand, never approach royalty, but they—write upon their knees!



JACK CUTTING HIS NAME ON THE BEAM.

PUNCH'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

INTERNATIONAL GEOGRAPHY.

The Fleet is a very peculiar isolated kingdom, bounded on the north by the wall to the north or north wall; on the south, by the wall to the south or south wall; on the east, by the wall to the east or east wall; and on the west, by the wall to the west or west wall. The manners and habits of the natives are marked with many extraordinary peculiarities; and some of the local customs are of an exceedingly interesting character.

The derivation of the word "Fleet" has caused many controversies, and we believe is even now involved in much mystery, and subject to much dispute.

Some commentators have endeavoured to establish an analogy between the words "*fleet*" and "*fast*," with the view of showing that these being nearly synonymous terms, "*the fleet*" is a corruption from the *fast*, or keep *fast*." Others again contend the origin to be purely nautical, inasmuch as this country, like the ships in war time, is mostly peopled with *pressed men*. While a third class argue that the name was originally one of warning, traditionally handed down from father to son by the inhabitants of the surrounding countries (with whom this land has never been in high favour), and that the addition of the letter *T* renders the phrase perfect, leaving the caution thus, *Flee-it*—now contracted and perverted into the commonly used term of *Fleet*.

As we are only the showmen about to exhibit "the lions and the dogs," we merely put forward these deductions, and tell our readers they are welcome to choose "which~~h~~ever they please, *hour* little dears!" while we will at once proceed to describe the manners and habits of the natives.

One great peculiarity in connexion with this strange people is, that the inhabitants are, from the first moment of their appearance, invariably adults; and we can positively assert the almost incredible fact, that no *bonâ fide* occupant of these realms was ever seen in any part of their domain in the hands of a nurse, enveloped in the long clothes worn by many of the infants of the surrounding nations. Like the Spartan youths, all these people undergo a long course of training, and exceed the age of one-and-twenty before they are deemed worthy of admission into the ranks of these singular hordes. They have no actual sovereign, but merely two traditionary beings, to whom they bow with most abject servility. These imaginary potentates are always alluded to under the fearful names of "John Doe and Richard Roe;" though they are never seen, still their edicts are all-powerful, their commands extending to the most distant regions, and carrying captivity and caption-fees wherever they go. These *firmans* are entrusted to the charge of a peculiar race of beings, commonly called officers to the sheriff. There is something exceedingly interesting in the ceremonious attendant upon the execution of one of these potent fiats: the manner is as follows. Having received the orders of "John Doe and Richard Roe," they proceed to the residence of their intended captive, and with consummate skill, like the Eastern tellers of tales, commence their business by the repetition of some ingenious story (called in the language of the captured, *lie*), wherein the Bumme Bayllyffe (such is their title) artfully represents himself "as a cousin from the country," an "uncle from town," or some near and dear long expected and anxiously-looked-for returned-from-abroad friend. Should their endeavours fail in procuring the desired interview, they frequently have resort to the following practice. With the right-hand finger and thumb they open a small aperture in the side of a species of garment, generally manufactured from drab broadcloth, in which they encase their lower extremities, and having thrust their hand to the very bottom of the said opening, they produce a peculiarly musical sound by jingling various round pieces of white money, which so entrances the feelings of the domestic with whom they are discoursing, that his eyes become fixed upon the hand of the operator the moment the sound ceases and it is withdrawn. The Bumme Bayllyffe then winketh his right eye, and with great rapidity depositeth a curious-looking coin, of the value of five shillings, in the hand of the domestic, who thereupon pointeth with his dexter thumb over his left shoulder to a small china closet, in which the enemy of John Doe and Richard Roe is found, his Wellington boots sticking out of the hamper, under the straw in which the rest of his person is deposited.

The Bumme Bayllyffe having called him loudly by his name, showeth his writ, steppeth up, and tappeth him once gently upon the shoulder, whereupon the ceremony is completed, and the future inmate of the Fleet departeth with the Bumme Bayllyffe.

The first thing that attracts the attention of the captured of John Doe and Richard Roe is the great care with which the entrance to his new country is guarded. Four officials of the warden or minister of the said John and Richard alternately remain in actual possession of that interesting pass, to each of whom the new-comer submits his face and figure for actual and earnest inspection, for the reason that should the said new arrival by any means pass their boundary, they themselves would suffer much disgrace and obliquy; having undergone this inspection, he then proceeds to the interior of these strange domains.

Walls! walls!! walls!!! meet him on every side; and by some strange manner of judging the new-comer is immediately known as such.

The costume of the natives differs widely from the usually sported habiliments of more extended nations; caps worn by small boys in other climes here decorated the heads of the most venerable elders, and peculiarly-cut dressing-gowns do duty for the discarded broadcloth of a Stultz, a Nugee, or a Willis.

The new man's conformity with the various customs of the inmates is one of the most curious facts on record. We have been favoured with the following table or scale by which time regulates the gradual advancement to perfection of a genuine "Fleety":—

First Week.—Ring; union-pin; watch; straps; clean boots; ditto shirt; shave; and light waistcoat.

Second Week.—Slippers in passage; no straps to boots; rub on toe; dirty hall; fresh dickey; black vest; two days' beard.—[*Exit ring.*]

Third Week.—Full-bosomed stock; one bracer; indication of white chalk on seat of duck trousers; blue striped shirt; no vest; shooting jacket; small imperial.—[*Exeunt union-pin and watch.*]

Fourth Week.—White collar; blue shirt; slippers various; boots a little over at heel; incipient moustache; silk pocket-handkerchief round neck; and a fortnight's splashes on trousers.

Fifth Week.—Red ochre outline of increased whiskers, flourishing imperial, and chevaux-

de-frise moustache; dirty shirt; French cap; Jersey over-all; one slipper and a boot; meerschaum; dressing-gown; and principal seat at the free and easy.

Sixth.—Everything in the “*worser line*,” called by christian name by their bed-maker; hold their tongues, in consideration of three weeks’ arrears, at four shillings a week; and then *all’s done*, and the inhabitant is complete.

ELEGANT PHRASES.

There are people now-a-days who peruse with pleasure the works of Homer, Juvenal, and other poets and satirists of the old school; and it is not unlikely that centuries hence persons will be found turning back to the pages of the writers of the present day (especially PUNCH), and we rather just imagine they will be not a little puzzled and flabbergasted to discover the meaning, or wit, of some of those elegant phrases and figures of speech so generally used by this enlightened and reformed age! The following brief elucidation of a few of these may serve for present ignoramuses, and also for future inquirers.

That’s the Ticket for Soup.—Is one of the commonest, and originated several years ago, we have discovered, after much study and research, when a portion of the inhabitants of this wicked lower globe were suffering under a malady, called by learned and scientific men “poverty,” and were supplied by the rich and benevolent with a mixture of hot water, turnips, and a spice of beef, under the name of soup. There are two kinds of tickets for soups in existence in London at present—

1. The Ticket for Turtle Soup, or a ticket to a Lord Mayor’s Feast. It is only necessary to add, these are in much request.
2. The Ticket for Mendicity Society Soup. Beggars and such-like members of society monopolize these tickets; and it has lately been discovered by a celebrated philanthropist that no respectable person was ever known to make use of one of them. This is a remarkable fact, and worthy the attention of the anti-monopolists. These tickets are bought and sold like merchandise, and their average value in the market is about one halfpenny.

How’s your Mother.—This affectionate inquiry is generally coupled with

Has she Sold her Mangle.—“Mangling done here” is an announcement which meets the eye in several quarters of this metropolis; and when the last census was taken by the author of the “Lights and Shadows of London Life,” the important discovery was made that this branch of business is commonly carried on by old ladies. The importance (especially to the landlord) of the answer to this query is at once perceivable.

We scarcely expect a monument to be raised to PUNCH for these discoveries; though if we had our deserts—but *verbum sap.*

SONGS FOR THE SENTIMENTAL.—No. 13.

Yes! we have said the word adieu!
A blight has fallen on my soul!
And bliss, that angels never knew,
Is torn from me, by fate’s control!
And yet the tear I shed at parting,
Was “all my eye and Betty Martin!”

And *thou* hast sworn that never more
Thy heart shall bow to passion’s spell;
But ever sadly ponder o’er
The anguish of our last farewell!
Yet, as you still are in your teens—
I say, “tell that to the Marines!”

And still perchance thy faithful heart
May pine, and break, when I am gone!
While bitter tears, unbidden, start,
As oft thou musest—sad and lone!
I’ve read such things in many a tale—
But yet it’s “very like a whale!”

PEN AND PALETTE PORTRAITS.

(TAKEN FROM THE FRENCH.)

MY DEAR PUNCH,

I salute you with reverence—I embrace you with affection—I thank you with devout gratitude, for the many delightful moments I have enjoyed in your society. I regularly read your "London Charivari:" it is magnificent—superb! What wit—what *agacerie*—what exquisite badinage is contained in every line of it! You are the veritable monarch of English humour. Hail, then, great *fun-ambule*, PUNCH THE FIRST! Long may you live, to flourish your invincible baton, and to increase the number of your laughing subjects. Your "Physiology of the Medical Student" has been translated, and the avidity with which it is read here has suggested to me the idea that sketches of French character might be equally popular amongst English readers. With this hope I send you the commencement of a Physiological and Pictorial Portrait of "THE LOVER." I have chosen him for my leading character, because his madness will be understood by the whole world. Love, *mon cher ami*, is not a local passion, it grows everywhere like—but I am anticipating my subject, which I now commit to your hands.

With sentiments of the profoundest respect and esteem,
ALPHONSE LECOURT.



PORTRAIT OF THE LOVER.

CHAPTER I.

THE AUTHOR DEDICATES HIS WORK TO THE FAIRER HALF OF THE CREATION.



gentle woman!—Beautiful enigma!—whose magnetic glances and countless charms subdue man's sterner nature—to you I dedicate the following pages. The subject on which I am about to treat is the gravest, the lightest, the most decided, the most undefined, the most earthly, the most spiritual, the saddest, and the gayest, the most individual, and at the same time the most universal you can imagine. To you, ladies, I address myself. You who form the keys on which the eternal and infinite gamut of love has been run from creation's first hour till the present moment—tell me how I may best touch the chords of your hearts? Come around me, ye earthly divinities of every age, rank, and imaginable variety! Buds of blushing sixteen, full-blown roses of thirty, haughty court dames, and smiling city beauties, come like delicious phantoms, and fill my mind with images graceful as your own forms, and melting as your own hearts! Thanks, gentle spirits! ye have heard my call, and now, inspired by you, I seize my pen, and give to my paper the thoughts which crowd upon my mind.

WHAT IS LOVE?

It is easier to answer this question by a thousand instances, than by one definition, which

can comprehend them all. What is Love? It is anything you please. It is a prism, through which the eye beholds the same object in various colours; it is a heaven of bliss, or a hell of torture; a thirst of the heart—an appetite which we spiritualize; a pure expansion of the soul, but which sooner or later becomes metamorphosed into an animal passion—a diamond statue with feet of clay. It is a dream—a delirium, a desire for danger, and a hope of conquest; it is that which everyone abjures, and everyone covets; it is the end, the great end, and the only end of life. Love, in short, is a tyrannical influence which none can escape; and however metaphysicians may define the passion, it appears to me that it is wholly dependent on the mysterious



LAWS OF ATTRACTION.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT YOUNG LADIES.

A young lady, I mean one who has but recently thrown aside her dolls, is a bashful blushing little puppet, who only acts, speaks, and moves as mama directs. She is a statue of flesh and blood, not yet animated by the Promethean fire—a chrysalis, which may one day become a beautiful butterfly, fluttering on silken wing amidst a crowd of adorers; but she is yet only a chrysalis, pale and cold, and wrapped up in a thousand conventional restrictions, like a mummy in its swathes.

The *very* young lady is usually prodigiously careful of her little self: she regards men as her natural enemies. Poor innocent!—This absurdity is the fault of her education. They have made her believe that love is the most abominable, execrable, infernal thing in existence. They have taught her to lie and to dissimulate her most innocent emotions. But the time is not far distant when the natural impulses of her heart will break down the barriers that hypocrisy has placed around her. Woman was formed to love: she must obey the imperious law of her being, and will love the moment her inspirations for the *belle passion* become stronger than her reason. I may add, also, that when a young lady discovers a tendency this way, it may be safely conjectured the object on which she will bestow her favour is not very distant.

THE AUTHOR'S DIVISION OF HIS SYSTEM.

It has been a long-established axiom that there is but one great principle of love; but then it assumes various phases, according to the thousands of circumstances under which it is exhibited, and which, to speak in the language of philosophy, it would be impossible to synthetise. Time, place, age, the very season of the year, the ruling passion, peace or war,

education, the instincts of the heart, the health of the body and the mind (if it be possible for the latter to be in a sane state when we fall in love), the buoyancy of youth or the decrepitude of old age,—these, and numerous other causes which I cannot at present enumerate, serve to modify to infinity the form and character of the sentiment. Thus we do not love at eighteen as we do at forty, nor in the city as we do in the country, nor in spring as we do in autumn, nor in the camp as we do in the court; nor does the ignorant man love like a learned one; the merchant does not love like the lawyer; nor does the latter love like the doctor. It is upon these different phases in the character of love that I have founded my system. Next week I shall endeavour to describe some of the traits which distinguish "The Lover." Till then, fair readers,—I remain your devoted slave.

WITNESS MY



HAND AND SEAL.

GRANT'S MEDITATIONS AMONG THE COFFEE-CUPS.

We had long considered ourselves the funniest dogs in Christendee; and, in the plenitude of our vanity, imagined that we monopolised the attention and admiration of the present and the future. We expected to be deified, and thus become the founders of a new mythology. PUNCH must be immortal! But how shorn of his pristine splendour—how denuded of his fancied glories! for the *John Bull* has discovered—

GRANT'S LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF LONDON LIFE.

Wretched as we must be at this reflection, we generously resort to—our scissors, and publish our own discomfiture.

In alluding to the author's description of the London dining-room, the *John Bull* remarks:—

It will bring comfort to the savage bosoms of the late Ministry, for whose especial information we must make a few more extracts, concerning coffee-houses, or shops, as they are mostly termed.

COFFEE SHOPS.

The second class of coffee-houses, and those I have particularly in my eye, are altogether different from those I have just mentioned. The prices are remarkably moderate in most of these places; the charge is no more than three-halfpence for half a pint of coffee, or *threepence for a whole pint*. The price of half a pint of tea is twopence, *of a whole pint fourpence*. If you simply ask bread to your tea or coffee, two large slices, well buttered, are

brought you, for which you are charged twopence. Or should you prefer having a penny roll, or any other sort of bread, you can have it at the same price as at the baker's.

In most coffee-houses, you may also have chops or steaks for dinner. If the party be a *rigid economist(!)* he may, as regards some of these *establishments*, purchase his steak or chop himself, and it will be prepared gratuitously for him; but if that be too much trouble for him to take, and he prefers ordering it at once, he will get, in many houses, his chop with bread and potatoes with it for sixpence, and his steak for ninepence or tenpence.

These coffee-houses have many advantages over hotels, besides the great difference in the prices charged. In the first place, there is not so much *formality* or *affected dignity* about them, and they are far better provided with means of rational amusement; and the promptitude with which a customer is served is really surprising.

Are not these passages declarations of the individual? Winding himself up with twopenny-worth of cheese! Pleading for the additional penny for the waitress, whose personal charms and obliging disposition must be considered to extort the amount! And above all, unable to conceive any motive, except aversion to trouble, for disliking to carry "his chop" upon a skewer through the streets of London. How every line revels in the recollection of having dined, and speaks how seldom! while the *well-buttered* bread infers the usual fare. Still it is not meanly written. There are a glorying and exultation in every word that redeem it, and show the author is more to be envied than compassionated; though a little further on we perceive the shifts to which his homeless state has reduced him.

MEDITATION IN LONDON.

You can order, if you please, a cup of coffee without anything to it; and, for so doing, you may sit if you wish for five or six hours in succession.

I have said that coffee-houses are excellent places for reading; I might have added, for *meditation* also. For unlike public-houses, there are no noisy discussions and disputes in them. All is calm, tranquil, and comfortable. The beverage, too, which is drank as a beverage, as I before remarked in a previous chapter, *cheers, but not inebriates*.

The remarks are generally equally original, and the facts, no doubt in some degree truths, are all alike humorous; the more so when the aspect of the book and the names of the respectable publishers suggest the higher class of readers to whom it is addressed. Little anecdotes are interspersed, concerning Harriet, of Coventry-street, who didn't mind her stops; and James, behind the Mansion-house, who knew everybody's appetite, that enliven the descriptive portions of the work, which is in its very inappropriateness the more amusing, and cannot be read without reaping both information and instruction on topics which no other author would have had the temerity to discuss.

But these are only words. Let PUNCH, the rival of this Caledonian Asmodeus, do justice to the man whose "character is stamped on every page (of his own), who yet is above pity; poor, yet full of enjoyment; humble, yet glorious; ignorant, yet confident."



GRANT'S MEDITATIONS AMONG THE COFFEE-CUPS.

THE MONEY MARKET.

Tin is 14 per cwt. in London, and this, allowing a fraction for wear and tear, gives an exchange of 94 36-27ths in favour of Hamburg.

The money market is much easier this week, and bills (play-bills) were to be had in large quantities. A large capitalist who holds turnpike tickets to a large amount, caused much confusion by letting some pass from his hands, when they flew about with alarming rapidity. Several persons seemed desirous of taking them up, but a rush of bulls (from Smithfield) rendered this quite impossible.

Whitechapel scrip was done at 000 *premium*; but in the course of the day 00000 discount was freely offered.

This was settling day, when many parties paid the scores they had been running at the cook-shop opposite. There was only one defaulter, and as it was not anticipated he would come up to the mark; for he had been chalking up rather largely of late: nothing was said about it.

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A DICTIONARY FOR THE LADIES.

PUNCH,

Solicitous to maintain and enhance that reputation for gallantry towards his fair readers which it has ever been his pride to have merited, has much pleasure, not unmixed with self-congratulation, in thus announcing to the loveliest portion of the creation the immediate appearance of

A DICTIONARY ENTIRELY AND EXCLUSIVELY FOR THEIR USE;

in which the signification of every word will be given in a strictly feminine sense, and the orthography, as a point of which ladies like to be properly independent, will be studiously suppressed. The whole to be compiled and edited by

MADAME PUNCH.

To which will be appended a little Manual addressed confidentially by PUNCH himself to the Ladies, and entitled

TEN MINUTES' ADVICE ON THE CARE AND USE OF A HUSBAND;

or "what to ask, and how to insist upon it, so that the obstreperous bridegroom may become a meek and humble husband."

SPECIMEN OF THE WORK.

Husband.—A person who writes cheques, and dresses as his wife directs.

Duck, in ornithology.—A trussed bridegroom, with his giblets under his arm.

Brute.—A domestic endearment for a husband.

Marriage.—The only habit to which women are constant.

Lover.—Any young man but a brother-in-law.

Clergyman.—One alternative of a lover.

Brother.—The other alternative.

Honeymoon.—A wife's opportunity.

Horrid; Hideous.—Terms of admiration elicited by the sight of a lovely face anywhere but in the looking-glass.

Nice; Dear.—Expressions of delight at anything, from a baby to a barrel-organ.

Appetite.—A monstrous abortion, which is stifled in the kitchen, that it may not exist during dinner.

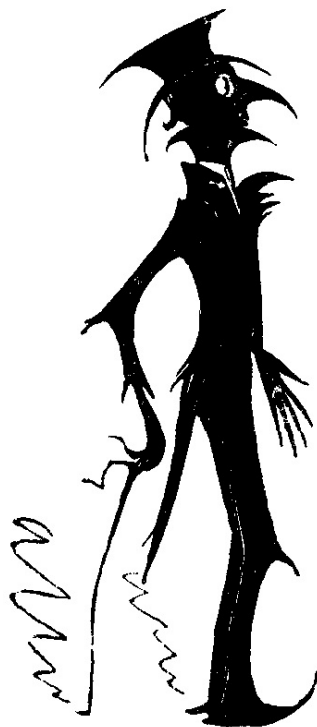
Wrinkle.—The first thing one lady sees in another's face.

Time.—What any lady remarks in a watch, but what none detect in the gross.

SOUP, A LA JULIEN.

A correspondent of the *Sunday Times* proposes to raise ten thousand for the benefit of the labouring classes, in the following manner:—

“Upon a *prima facie* view, my suggestion may appear impracticable, but I am sure the above amount could be raised for the benefit of the labouring classes by one effort of royalty—an effort that would make our valued Queen invaluable, and, at the same time, afford the Ministry an opportunity of making themselves popular in the cause of their country’s good. Westminster Hall is acknowledged to be the largest room in the empire, and, with very little expense, might be fitted up with a temporary throne, &c., for promenade concerts, for one, two, or three, days. All the vocal and instrumental talent of the day would be obtained gratis, and Her Most Gracious Majesty’s presence, for only two hours on each day, with the admission tickets at one guinea, would produce more money than I have mentioned.” Would the above amiable philanthropist favour us with his likeness? We imagine it would be a splendid



FANCY PORTRAIT OF HOOKEY WALKER.

POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

SIR ROBERT PEEL was observed to put a penny into the hands of the man at the crossing in Downing-street. It is anticipated, from this trifling circumstance, that *sweeping* measures will be introduced on the assembling of Parliament.

A deputation from the marrow-bones and cleavers waited on Lord Stanley at the Treasury. His lordship listened attentively for some minutes, and then abruptly left the apartment in which he had been sitting.

We understand that Colonel Sibthorp intends proposing an economical plan of church extension, that is to cost nothing to the public; for it suggests that churches should be built of Indian rubber, by which their extension would become a matter of the greatest facility.

It is rumoured that the deficiency in the revenue is to be made up by a tax on the incomes of literary men; and a per-centage on the profits of *Martinuzzi* will first be levied by way of experiment. Should it succeed, a duty will be laid on the produce of *The Cloak and the Bonnet*.

THE LATE PROMOTIONS.

The whole of the police force take one step forward, on account of the late very liberal brevet.

Sergeant Snooks, of the Royal Heavy Highlows, to be raised to the Light Wellingtons.

Policemen K 482,611, to be restored to the staff by having his staff restored to him, which had been taken from him for misconduct.

Corporal Smuggins, 16th Foot, to be Sergeant by purchase, *vice* Buggins, arrested for

debt.

All the *post* captains, who were formerly Twopennies, will take the rank of Generals.

In the Thames Navy, 2d mate Simpkins, of the *Bachelor*, to be 1st mate, *vice* Phunker, fallen overboard and resigned.

All the men who are above the age of 100, and are in the actual discharge of duty as policemen, are to be immediately superannuated on half-pay—a liberal arrangement, prompted, it is believed, by the birth of the Prince of Wales.

PUNCH'S THEATRE.

NORMA, OSSIAN, AND PAUL BEDFORD.

A vestal virgin with a husband and two children, a Roman Lothario, with an Irish friend, a Druidical temple, a gong, and an *auto-da-fé*, mix up charmingly with Bellini's quadrille-like music to form a pathetic opera; and sympathetic *dilettanti* weep over the woes of "Norma," because they are so exquisitely portrayed by Miss Kemble, in spite of the subject and the music. Such, indeed, is the power of this lady's genius—which is shed like a halo over the whole opera—that nobody laughs at the broad Irish in which *Flavius* delivers himself and his recitative; few are risibly affected by the apathetic, and often out-of-tune, roarings of *Pollio*:—than which stronger testimony could not be cited of the triumph of Miss Kemble; for solely by her influence do those who go to Covent-Garden to grin, return delighted.

But Apollo himself could not charm away the rich fun that pervades the English adaptation; nor the modest humour of its preface. It has been, hitherto, one characteristic of the lyric drama to consist of verse; rhyme has been thought not wholly dispensable. Those, however, who are "familiar with the writings of Ossian," (and the works of the Covent-Garden adapter), will, according to the preface, at once see the fallacy of this. Rhyme is mere "jingle,"—rhythm, rhodomontade,—metre, monstrous,—versification, villanous,—in short, Ossian did not write poetry, neither does this learned prefacier—so it's all nonsense!

To burlesque such a work as "Norma," then, is to paint the lily, to gild refined gold, to caricature Lord Morpeth, or to attempt to improve PUNCH. Yet the opportunity was too tempting to be wholly overlooked, and a hint having been dropped in one of our "Pencilings," an Adelphi scribe has acted upon it. An enlarged edition of the work may, therefore, now be had at half-price. A heroine of six foot two or three in her sandals, with a bass voice, covers the stage with tremendous strides, and warbles out "her wood-notes" (being a Druidess she worships the *oak*) "wild," with a volume of voice which silences the trombone, and makes the ophicleide sound asthmatic. In short, the great feature is Mr. Paul Bedford. The children he brings forward are worthy of their parentage. *Pollio* is made a most killing Roman *roué* by Mrs. Grattan; but *Norma's* attendant does not speak Irish half so richly as the Covent-Garden *Flavius*.

But, above all, commend we Mr. Wright's *Adelgeisa*. It is a masterpiece; all the airs and graces of the *prima donna* he imitates with a true spirit of burlesque. As to his singing, it astonished everybody, and so did the introduction of "All round my Hat,"—a most unnecessary interpolation, for the original music is quite as droll.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

VOL. 1.

DECEMBER 18, 1841.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF THE LONDON MEDICAL STUDENT.

12.—OF THE COLLEGE, AND THE CONCLUSION.

ur hero once more undergoes the process of grinding before he presents himself in Lincoln's-inn Fields for examination at the College of Surgeons. Almost the last affair which our hero troubles himself about is the Examination at the College of Surgeons; and as his anatomical knowledge requires a little polishing before he presents himself in Lincoln's-inn



Fields, he once more undergoes the process of grinding.

The grinder for the College conducts his tuition in the same style as the grinder for the Hall—often they are united in the same individual, who perpetually has a vacancy for a resident pupil, although his house is already quite full; somewhat resembling a carpet-bag, which was never yet known to be so crammed with articles, but you might put something in besides. The class is carried on similar to the one we have already quoted; but the knowledge required does not embrace the same multiformity of subjects;

anatomy and surgery being the principal points.

Our old friends are assembled to prepare for their last examination, in a room fragrant with the amalgamated odours of stale tobacco-smoke, varnished bones, leaky preparations, and gin-and-water. Large anatomical prints depend from the walls, and a few vertebræ, a lower jaw, and a sphenoid bone, are scattered upon the table.

“To return to the eye, gentlemen,” says the grinder; “recollect the Petition Canal surrounds the Cornea. Mr. Rapp, what am I talking about?”

Mr. Rapp, who is drawing a little man out of dots and lines upon the margin of his “Quain’s Anatomy,” starts up, and observes—“Something about the Paddington Canal running round a corner, sir.”

“Now, Mr. Rapp, you must pay me a little more attention,” expostulates the teacher. “What does the operation for cataract resemble in a familiar point of view?”

“Pushing a boat-hook through the wall of a house to pull back the drawing-room blinds,” answers Mr. Rapp.

“You are incorrigible,” says the teacher, smiling at the simile, which altogether is an apt one. “Did you ever see a case of bad cataract?”

“Yes, sir, ever-so-long ago—the Cataract of the Ganges at Astley’s. I went to the gallery, and had a mill with—”

“There, we don’t want particulars,” interrupts the grinder; “but I would recommend you to mind your eyes, especially if you get under Guthrie. Mr. Muff, how do you define an ulcer?”

“The establishment of a raw,” replies Mr. Muff.

“Tit! tit! tit!” continues the teacher, with an expression of pity. “Mr. Simpson, perhaps you can tell Mr. Muff what an ulcer is?”

“An abrasion of the cuticle produced by its own absorption,” answers Mr. Simpson, all in a breath.

“Well. I maintain it’s easier to say a *raw* than all that,” observes Mr. Muff.

“Pray, silence. Mr. Manhug, have you ever been sent for to a bad incised wound?”

“Yes, sir, when I was an apprentice: a man using a chopper cut off his hand.”

“And what did you do?”

“Cut off myself for the governor, like a two-year old.”

“But now you have no governor, what plan would you pursue in a similar case?”

“Send for the nearest doctor—call him in.”

“Yes, yes, but suppose he wouldn’t come?”

“Call him out, sir.”

“Pshaw! you are all quite children,” exclaims the teacher. “Mr. Simpson, of what is bone chemically composed?”

“Of earthy matter, or *phosphate of lime*, and animal matter, or *gelatine*.”

“Very good, Mr. Simpson. I suppose you don’t know a great deal about bones, Mr. Rapp?”

“Not much, sir. I haven’t been a great deal in that line. They give a penny for three pounds in Clare Market. That’s what I call popular osteology.”

“Gelatine enters largely into the animal fibres,” says the leader, gravely. “Parchment, or skin, contains an important quantity, and is used by cheap pastry-cooks to make jellies.”

“Well, I’ve heard of eating your *words*,” says Mr. Rapp, “but never your *deeds*.”

"Oh! oh! oh!" groan the pupils at this gross appropriation, and the class getting very unruly is broken up.

The examination at the College is altogether a more respectable ordeal than the jalap and rhubarb botheration at Apothecaries' Hall, and *par conséquence*, Mr. Muff goes up one evening with little misgivings as to his success. After undergoing four different sets of examiners, he is told he may retire, and is conducted by Mr Belfour into "Paradise," the room appropriated to the fortunate ones, which the curious stranger may see lighted up every Friday evening as he passes through Lincoln's-inn Fields. The inquisitors are altogether a gentlemanly set of men, who are willing to help a student out of a scrape, rather than "catch question" him into one: nay, more than once the candidate has attributed his success to a whisper prompted by the kind heart of the venerable and highly-gifted individual—now, alas! no more—who until last year assisted at the examinations.

Of course, the same kind of scene takes place that was enacted after going up to the Hall, and with the same results, except the police-office, which they manage to avoid. The next day, as usual, they are again at the school, standing innumerable pots, telling incalculable lies, and singing uncounted choruses, until the Scotch pupil who is still grinding in the museum, is forced to give over study, after having been squirted at through the keyhole five distinct times, with a reversed stomach-pump full of beer, and finally unkenelled. The lecturer upon chemistry, who has a private pupil in his laboratory learning how to discover arsenic in poisoned people's stomachs, where there is none, and make red, blue, and green fires, finds himself locked in, and is obliged to get out at the window; whilst the professor of medicine, who is holding forth, as usual, to a select very few, has his lecture upon intermittent fever so strangely interrupted by distant harmony and convivial hullabaloo, that he finishes abruptly in a pet, to the great joy of his class. But Mr. Muff and his friends care not. They have passed all their troubles—they are regular medical men, and for aught they care the whole establishment may blow up, tumble down, go to blazes, or anything else in a small way that may completely obliterate it. In another twelve hours they have departed to their homes, and are only spoken of in the reverence with which we regard the ruins of a by-gone edifice, as bricks who were.

Our task is finished. We have traced Mr. Muff from the new man through the almost entomological stages of his being to his perfect state; and we take our farewell of him as the "general practitioner." In our Physiology we have endeavoured to show the medical student as he actually exists—his reckless gaiety, his wild frolics, his open disposition. That he is careless and dissipated we admit, but these attributes end with his pupilage; did they not do so spontaneously, the up-hill struggles and hard-earned income of his laborious future career would, to use his own terms, "soon knock it all out of him;" although, in the after-waste of years, he looks back upon his student's revelries with an occasional return of old feelings, not unmixed, however, with a passing reflection upon the lamentable inefficacy of the present course of medical education pursued at our schools and hospitals, to fit a man for future practice.

We have endeavoured in our sketches so to frame them, that the general reader might not be perplexed by technical or local allusions, whilst the students of London saw they were the work of one who had lived amongst them. And if in some places we have strayed from the strict boundaries of perfect refinement, yet we trust the delicacy of our most sensitive reader has received no wound. We have discarded our joke rather than lose our propriety; and we have been pleased at knowing that in more than one family circle our Physiology has, now and then, raised a smile on the lips of the fair girls, whose brothers were following the same path we have travelled over at the hospitals.

We hope with the new year to have once more the gratification of meeting our friends. Until then, with a hand offered in warm fellowship,—not only to those composing the class he once belonged to, but to all who have been pleased to bestow a few minutes weekly upon his chapters,—the Medical Student takes his leave.

A CON. THAT OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN THE COLONEL'S.

When does a school-boy's writing-book resemble the Hero of Waterloo?—When it's a *Well ink'd'un* (Wellington).

THE "PUFF PAPERS."

CHAPTER III.

On my next visit I found Mr. Bayles in full force, and loud in praise of some eleemosynary entertainment to which he had been invited. Having exhausted his subject and a tumbler of toddy at the same time, Mr. Arden "availed himself of the opportunity to call attention to the next tale," which was found to be

A FATAL REMEMBRANCE.

I was subaltern of the cantonment main-guard at Bangalore one day in the month of June, 182-. Tattoo had just beaten; and I was sitting in the guard-room with my friend Frederick Gahagan, the senior Lieutenant in the regiment to which I belonged, and manager of the amateur theatre of the station.

Gahagan was a rattling, care-for-nothing Irishman, whose chief characteristic was a strong propensity for theatricals and practical jokes, but withal a generous, warm-hearted fellow, and as gallant a soldier as ever buckled sword-belt. In his capacity of manager, he was at present in a state of considerable perplexity, the occasion whereof was this.

There chanced then to be on a visit at Bangalore a particular ally of Fred's, who was leading tragedian of the Chowringhee theatre in Calcutta; and it was in contemplation to get up *Macbeth*, in order that the aforesaid star might exhibit in his crack part as the hero of that great tragedy. Fred was to play Macduff; and the "blood-boltered Banquo" was consigned to my charge. The other parts were tolerably well cast, with the exception of that of Lady Macbeth, which indeed was not cast at all, seeing that no representative could be found for it. It must be stated that, as we had no actresses amongst us, all our female characters, as in the times of the primitive drama, were necessarily performed by gentlemen. Now in general it was not difficult to command a supply of smooth-faced young ensigns to personate the heroines, waiting-maids, and old women, of the comedies and farces to which our performances had been hitherto restricted. But Lady Macbeth was a very different sort of person to Caroline Dormer and Mrs. Hardcastle; and our *ladies* accordingly, one and all, struck work, refusing point blank to have anything to say to her.

The unfortunate manager, who had set his heart upon getting up the piece, was at his wits' end, and had bent his footsteps towards the main guard, to advise with me as to what should be done in this untoward emergency. I endeavoured to console him as well as I could, and suggested, that if the worst came to the worst, the part might be read. But, lugubriously shaking his caput, Fred declared that would never do; so, after discussing half-a-dozen Trichinopoly cheroots, with a proportionate quantum of brandy *pani*, he departed for his quarters. "disgusted," as he said, "with the ingratitude of mankind," whilst I set forth to go my grand rounds.

Next morning, having been relieved from guard, I had returned home, and was taking my ease in my camp chair, luxuriously whiffing away at my after-breakfast cheroot, when who should step gingerly into the room but Manager Fred Gahagan. The clouds of the previous evening had entirely disappeared from his ingenuous countenance, which was puckered up in the most insinuating manner, with what I was wont to call his 'borrowing smile;' for Fred was oftentimes afflicted with impecuniosity—a complaint common enough amongst us subs;—and when the fit was on him, in the spirit of true friendship, he generally contrived to disburthen me of the few remaining rupees that constituted the balance of my last month's pay.

Fred brought himself to an anchor upon a bullock trunk, and, after my boy had handed him a cheroot, and he had disgorged a few puffs of smoke, thus delivered himself—

"This is a capital weed, Wilmot. I don't know how it is, but you always manage to have the best tobacco in the cantonment."

"Hem," said I, drily. "Glad you like it."

"I say, Peter, my dear fellow," quoth he, "Fitzgerald, Grimes, and I, have just been talking over what we were discussing last night, about Lady Macbeth you know."

"Yes," said I, somewhat relieved to find the conversation was not taking the turn I dreaded.

"Well, sir," continued Fred, plunging at once "in medias res," and speaking very fast, "and we have come to the conclusion that you are the only person to relieve us from all difficulty on the subject; Fitzgerald will take your part of Banquo; and you shall have Lady Macbeth, a character for which every one agrees you are admirably fitted."

"I play Lady Macbeth!" cried I, "with my scrubbing-brush of a beard, and whiskers like a prickly-pear hedge; why, you must be all mad to think of such a thing."

"My dear friend," remarked Gahagan mildly, "you know I have always said that you had the Kemble eye and nose, and I'm sure you won't hesitate about cutting off your whiskers when so much depends upon it; they'll soon grow again you know, Peter; as for your dark chin that don't matter a rush, as Lady Macbeth is a dark woman."

The reader will agree with me in thinking that friendship can sometimes be as blind as love, when I say with respect to my "Kemble eye and nose," that the former has been from childhood affected with a decided tendency to strabismus, and the latter bears a considerably stronger resemblance to a pump-handle than it does to the classic profile of John Kemble or any of his family.

"Lieutenant Gahagan," said I, solemnly, "do you remember how, some six years ago at Hyderabad, when yet beardless and whiskerless, the only hair upon my face being eyebrows and eyelashes, at your instigation and 'suadente diabolo,' I attempted to perform Lydia Languish in 'The Rivals?' and hast thou yet forgotten, O son of an unsainted father, how my grenadier stride, the fixed tea-pot position of my arms, to say nothing of the numerous other solecisms in the code of female manners which I perpetrated on that occasion, made me a laughing-stock and a by-word for many a long day afterwards! All this, I say, must be fresh in your recollection, and yet you have the audacity to ask me to expose myself again in a similar manner."

"Pooh, pooh!" laughed Gahagan, "you were only a boy then, now you have more experience in these matters; besides, Lydia Languish was a part quite unworthy of your powers; Lady Macbeth is a horse of another colour."

"Why, man, with what face could I aver that

'I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me.'

That would certainly draw tears from the audience, but they would be tears of laughter, not sympathy, I warrant you. No, no, good master Fred, it won't do, I tell you; and in the words of Lady Macbeth herself, I say—

'What beast was't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?'

And now oblige me by walking your body off, for I have got my yesterday's guard report to fill up and send in, in default of which I shall be sure to catch an 'official' from the Brigade-Major."

But Fred not only did not walk his body off, but harping on the same string, pertinaciously continued to ply me with alternate arguments and intreaties, until at last fairly wearied out, and more, I believe, with the hope of getting rid of the "importunate chink" of the fellow's discourse, than anything else, in an evil moment I consented! hear it not, shade of Mrs. Siddons! to denude myself of the bushy honours of my cheeks, and tread the boards of the Bangalore stage as the wife of that atrocious usurper "King Cawdor Glamis!"

Fred marched himself away, elated at having carried his point; and I, after sundry dubious misgivings anent the rash promise I had made, ended by casting all compunctious visitings to the winds, and doughtily resolved, as I was in for the business, to "screw my courage to the sticking-place," and go through with it as boldly as I might.

By dint of continually studying my rôle, my dislike to it gradually diminished, nay, at length was converted into positive enthusiasm. I became convinced that I should make a decided hit, and cover my temples with unfading laurel. I rehearsed at all times, seasons, and places, until I was a perfect nuisance to everybody, and my acquaintance, I am sure, to a man, wished both me and her bloodthirsty ladyship, deeper than plummet ever sounded, at the bottom of the sea. Even the brute creation did not escape the annoyance. One morning my English pointer "Spot" ran yelping out of the room, panic-stricken by the vehement manner with which I exclaimed, "Out damned *spot*, out, I say!" and with the full conviction, which the animal probably entertained to the day of his death, that the said anathema had personal reference to himself.

The evening big with my fate at last arrived. The house was crammed, expectation on tiptoe, and the play commenced. The first four acts went off swimmingly, my performance especially was applauded to the echo, and there only wanted the celebrated sleeping scene, in which I flattered myself to be particularly strong, to complete my triumph. Triumph, did I say!

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I must here explain, for the benefit of those who have never rounded the Cape, that the extreme heat of an Indian climate is so favourable to the growth of hair as to put those wights who are afflicted with dark *chevelures*, which was my case, to the inconvenient necessity of chin-scraping twice on the game day, when they wish to appear particularly spruce of an evening. Now I intended to have shaved before the play began, but in the hurry of dressing had forgotten all about it; and upon inspecting my visage in a glass, after I had donned Lady Macbeth's night-gear, the lower part of it appeared so swart in contrast with the white dress, that I found it would be absolutely necessary to pass a razor over it before going on with my part.

The night was excessively warm, even for India; and as the place allotted to us for dressing was very small and confined, the bright thought struck me that I should have more air and room on the stage, whither I accordingly directed my servant to follow me with the shaving apparatus.

I ensconced myself behind the drop-scene, which was down, and was in the act of commencing the tonsorial operation, when, *horresco referens*, the prompter's bell rang sharply, whether by accident or design I was never able to ascertain, but have grievous

suspicious that Fred Gahagan knew something about it—up flew the drop-scene like a shot, and discovered the following *tableau vivant* to the astounded audience:—

Myself Lady Macbeth, with legs nearly a yard asunder—face and throat outstretched, and covered with a plentiful white lather—right arm brandishing aloft one of Paget's best razors, and left thumb and forefinger grasping my nose. In front of me stood my faithful Hindoo valet, Verasawmy by name, with a soap-box in one hand, while his other held up to his master's gaze a small looking-glass, over the top of which his black face, surmounted by a red turban, was peering at me with grave and earnest attention.

A wondering pause of a few seconds prevailed, and then one loud, rending, and continuous peal of laughter and screams shook the universal house.

As if smitten with sudden catalepsy, I was without power to move a single muscle of my body, and for the space of two minutes remained in a stupor in the same attitude—immovable, rooted, frozen to the spot where I stood. At length recovering at once my senses and power of motion, I bounded like a maniac from the stage, pursued by the convulsive roars of the spectators, and upsetting in my retreat the unlucky Verasawmy, who rolled down to the footlights, doubled up, and in a paroxysm of terror and dismay.

Lieutenant Frederick Gahagan had good reason to bless his stars that in that moment of frenzy I did not encounter him, the detestable origin of the abomination that had just been heaped upon my head. I am no two-legged creature if I should not have sacrificed him on the spot with my razor, and so merited the gratitude of his regimental juniors by giving them a step.

I have never since, either in public or private life, appeared in petticoats again.

SONGS FOR THE SENTIMENTAL.—No. 14.

Oft have I fondly heard thee pour
Love's incense in mine ear!
Oft bade thy lips repeat once more
The words I deemed sincere!
But—though the truth this heart may break—
I know thee false "*and no mistake!*"

My fancy pictured to my heart
Thy boasted passion, pure;
Dreamed thy affection, void of art,
For ever would endure.
Alas! in vain my woe I smother!
I find thee very much "more t'other!"

'Twas sweet to hear you sing of *love*,
But, when you talk of *gold*,
Your sordid, base design you prove,
And—for it *must* be told—
Since from my soul the truth you drag—
"You let the cat out of the bag!"

STARVATION STATISTICS FOR SIR ROBERT PEEL

That the people of this country are grossly pampered there can be no doubt, for the following facts have been ascertained from which it will be seen that there have been instances of persons living on much coarser fare than the working classes in England.

In 1804, a shipwrecked mariner, who was thrown on to the celebrated mud-island of Coromandel, lived for three weeks upon his own wearing apparel. He first sucked all the goodness out of his jacket, and the following day dashed his buttons violently against the rock in order to soften them. He next cut pieces from his trousers, as tailors do when they want cabbage, and found them an excellent substitute for that salubrious vegetable. He was in the act of munching his boots for breakfast one morning, when he was fortunately picked up by his Majesty's schooner *Cutaway*.

In the year '95, the crew of the brig *Terrible* lost all their provisions, except a quantity of candles. After these were gone, they took a plank out of the side of the vessel and sliced it, which was their board for a whole fortnight.

After these startling and particularly well-authenticated facts, it would be absurd to deny that there is no reason for taking into consideration the comparatively trifling distress that is now prevalent.

THE FASTEST MAN.

"A person named Meara," says the *Galway Advertiser*, "confined for debt some time since in our town jail, fasted sixteen days!"

Sibthorp says this is an excellent illustration of hard and fast, and entitles the gentleman to be placed at



THE SUMMIT OF HIS PROFESSION.

SIBTHORPS CON. CORNER.

Dear PUNCH,—Have you seen the con. I made the other day? I transcribe it for you:—

"Though Wealth's neglect and Folly's taunt
Conspire to distress the poor,
Pray can you tell me why *sharp* want
Can ne'er approach the pauper's door"

D'Orsay has rhymed the following answer:—

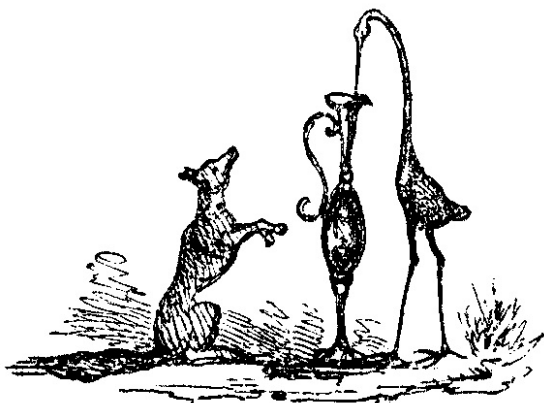
"The merest child might wonder how
The pauper e'er *sharp* wants can know,
When, spite of cruel Fortune's taunts,
Blunt is the *sharpest* of his wants."

Yours sincerely and comically,
SIBTHORP.

P.S.—Let BRYANT call for his Christmas-box.

THE COPPER CAPTAIN.

At the public meeting at Hammersmith for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of lighting the roads, in the midst of a most animated discussion, Captain Atcherly proposed an adjournment of the said meeting; which proposition being strongly negatived by a small individual, Captain Atcherly quietly pointed to an open window, made a slight allusion to the hardness of the pavement, and finally achieved the exit of the dissentient by whistling



MY FRIEND AND PITCHER.

“TAKE CARE OF HIM.”

“Take care of him!” That sentence has been my ruin; from my cradle upwards it has dogged my steps and proved my bane! Fatal injunction! Little did my parents think of the miseries those four small monosyllables have entailed upon their hapless son!

My first assertion of infantine existence, that innocent and feeble wail that claimed the name of life, was met by the command, “Take care of him! take care of him!” said my mother to the doctor; “Take care of him!” said the doctor to the nurse; and “Take care of him!” added my delighted father to every individual of the rejoicing household.

The doctor’s care manifested itself in an over-dose of castor oil; the nurse, in the plenitude of her bounty, nearly parboiled me in an over-heated bath; my mother drugged me with a villanous decoction of soothing syrup, which brought on a slumber so sound that the first had very nearly proved my last; and the entire household dandled me with such uncommon vigour that I was literally tossed and “Catchee-catchee’d” into a fit of most violent convulsions. As I persisted in surviving, so did I become the heir to fresh torments from the ceaseless care of those by whom I was surrounded. My future symmetry was superinduced by bandaging my infant limbs until I looked like a miniature mummy. The summer’s sun was too hot and the winter’s blast too cold; wet was death, and dry weather was attended with easterly winds. I was “taken care of.” I never breathed the fresh air of Heaven, but lived in an artificial nursery atmosphere of sea-coal and logs.

Young limbs are soon broken, and young children will fall, if not taken care of; consequently upon any instinctive attempt at a pedestrian performance I was tied round the middle with a broad ribbon, my unhappy little feet see-sawing in the air, and barely brushing the ruffled surface of the Persian carpet, while I appeared like a tempting bait, with which my nurse, after the manner of an experienced angler, was bobbing for some of the strange monsters worked into the gorgeous pattern.

Crooked legs were “taken care of” by a brace of symmetrical iron shackles, and Brobdignag walnut-shells, decorated with flaming bows of crimson ribbon, were attached to each side of my small face, to prevent me from squinting. When old enough to mount a pony, I was “taken such care of,” by being secured to the saddle, that the restive little brute, feeling inclined for a tumble, deliberately rolled over me some half-dozen times before the astonished stable-boy could effect my deliverance! while the corks with which I was provided to learn to swim in some three feet square of water, slipped accidentally down to my toes, and left me submerged so long that the total consumption of all the salt, and wetting in boiling water of all the blankets, in the house was found absolutely necessary to effect my resuscitation.

At school I was once more to be “taken care of;” consequently I pined to death in a wretched single-bedded room, shuddering with inconceivable horror at the slightest sound, and conjuring up legions of imaginary sprites to haunt my couch during my waking hours of dread and misery. O how I envied the reckless laughter of the gleeful urchins whose unmindful parents left them to the happy utterance of their own and participation in their young companions’ thoughts!

As a parlour boarder, which I was of course, “to be taken care of,” I was not looked upon as one of the “fellows,” but merely as a little upstart—one who most likely was pumped by the master and mistress, and peached upon the healthy rebels of the little world.

Christmas brought me no joys. “Taking care of my health” prevented me from skating and snow-balling; while perspective surfeits deprived me of the enjoyments of the turkeys, beef, and glorious pudding.

At eighteen I entered as a gentleman commoner at — College, Cambridge; and at nineteen a suit of solemn black, and the possession of five thousand a year, bespoke me heir to all my father left; and from that hour have I had cause to curse the title of this paper. Young and inexperienced, I entered wildly into all the follies wealth can purchase or fashion justify; but I was still to be the victim of the phrase. “We’ll take care of him,” said a knot of the most determined play-men upon town; and they did. Two years saw my five thousand per annum reduced to one, but left me with somewhat more knowledge of the world. Even that was turned against me; and prudent fathers shook their heads, and sagely cautioned their own young scapegraces “to take care of me.”

All was not yet complete. A walk down Bond Street was interrupted by a sudden cry, “That’s him—take care of him!” I turned by instinct, and was arrested at the suit of a scoundrel whose fortune I had made, and who in gratitude had thus pointed me out to the myrmidon of the Middlesex sheriff. I was located in a lock-up house, and thence conveyed to jail. In both instances the last words I heard in reference to myself were “Take care of him.” I sacrificed almost my all, and once more regained my liberty. Fate seemed to turn! A friend lent me fifty pounds. I pledged my honour for its repayment. He promised to use his interest for my future welfare. I kept my word gratefully; returned the money on the day

appointed. I did so before one who knew me by report only, and looked upon me as a ruined, dissipated, worthless Extravagant. I returned to an adjoining room to wait my friend's coming. While there, I could not avoid hearing the following colloquy—

"Good Heaven! has that fellow actually returned your fifty?"

"Yes. Didn't you see him?"

"Of course I did; but I can scarcely believe my eyes. Oh! he's a deep one."

"He's a most honourable young man."

"How can you be so green? He has a motive in it."

"What motive?"

"I don't know that. But, old fellow, listen to me. I'm a man of the world, and have seen something of life; and I'll stake my honour and experience that that fellow means to do you; so be advised, and—"Take care of him!"

This was too much. I rushed out almost mad, and demanded an apology, or satisfaction—the latter alternative was chosen. Oh, how my blood boiled! I should either fall, or, at length, by thus chastising the impertinent, put an end to the many meaning and hateful words.

We met; the ground was measured. I thought for a moment of the sin of shedding human blood, and compressed my lips. A moment I wavered; but the voice of my opponent's second whispering, "Take care of him," once more nerved my heart and arm. My adversary's bullet whistled past my ear: *he fell*—hit through the shoulder. He was carried to his carriage. I left the ground, glad that I had chastised him, but released to find the wound was not mortal. I felt as if in Heaven this act would free me from the worldly ban. A week after, I met one of my old friends; he introduced me by name to his father. The old gentleman started for a moment, then exclaimed—"You know my feeling, Sir—you are a duellist! Tom, 'Take care of him!'"

PUNCHLIED.

(VON SCHILLER.)

Vier Elemente
Innig gesellt,
Bilden das Leben
Bauen die Welt.

Presst der Citrone
Saftigen Stern!
Herb ist des Lebens
Innerster Kern.

Jetzt mit des Zuckers
Linderndem Saft
Zæhmet die herbe
Brennende Kraft!

Gieszet des Wassers
Sprudelnden Schwall!
Wasser umfænget
Ruhig das All!

Tropfen des Geistes
Gieszet hinein!
Leben dem Leben
Gibt er allein.

Eh' es verdueftet
Schoepfet es schnell!
Nur wann er gluehet
Labet der Quell.

SONG FOR PUNCH DRINKERS.

(FROM SCHILLER.)

Four be the elements,
Here we assemble 'em,
Each of man's world
And existence an emblem.

Press from the lemon
The slow flowing juices.
Bitter is life
In its lessons and uses.

Bruise the fair sugar lumps,—
Nature intended
Her sweet and severe
To be everywhere blended.

Pour the still water—
Unwarning by sound,
Eternity's ocean
Is hemming us round!

Mingle the spirit,
The life of the bowl;
Man is an earth-clod
Unwarmed by a soul!

Drink of the stream
Ere its potency goes!
No bath is refreshing
Except while it glows!

SNIVERY.

Wednesday last was the day fixed for the distribution of the prizes at this institution, and every arrangement had been made to receive the numerous visitors. The boards had undergone their annual scrubbing, and some beautiful devices in chalk added life to the floor, which was enriched with a scroll-work of whiting, while the arms of Hookham-cum-Snivery (a nose, *rampant*, with a hand, *couchant*, extending a thumb, *gules*, to the nostril, *argent*) formed an appropriate centre-piece.

Seven o'clock was fixed upon for the opening of the doors, at which hour the committee went in procession, headed by their chairman, to withdraw the bolts, that the public might be admitted, when a rush took place of the most frightful and disastrous character. A drove of bullocks that were being alternately enticed and marling-spiked into a butcher's exactly opposite, took advantage of the courtesy of the committee, and poured in with great rapidity to the building, carrying everything—including the committee—most triumphantly before them. In spite of their unceremonious entry, some of the animals evinced a disposition to stand upon forms, by leaping on to the benches, while the committee, who had expected a deputation of *savans* from the Hampton-*super*-Horsepond Institution, for the enlightenment of ignorant octagenarians, and who being prepared to see a party of donkeys, were not inclined to take the bull by the horns, made a precipitate retreat into the anteroom.

Order having been at length restored, the intruders ejected, and their places supplied by a select circle of subscribers, the following prizes were distributed:—

To Horatio Smith Smith, the large copper medal, bearing on one side the portrait of George the Third, on the reverse a figure of Britannia, sitting on a beer barrel, and holding in her hand a toasting fork. This medal was given for the best drawing of the cork of a ginger-beer bottle.

To Ferdinand Fitz-Figgins, the smaller copper medal, with the head of William the Fourth, and a reverse similar to that of the superior prize. This was awarded for the best drawing of a decayed tooth after *Teniers*.

To Sigismond Septimus Snobb, the large willow pattern plate, for the best model of a national water-butt, to be erected in the Teetotalers' Hall of Temperance in the *Water-loo* Road.

To Lucius Junius Brutus Brown, the Marsh-gate turnpike ticket for Christmas-day—of which an early copy has been most handsomely presented by the contractor. This useful and interesting document has been given for the best design—upon the river Thames, with the view to igniting it.

The proceedings having been terminated, so far as the distribution was concerned, the following speeches were delivered:—

The first orator was Mr. Julius Jones, who spoke nearly as follows:—

Mither Prethident and thubtheriberth of the Hookam-cum-Sthnivey Sthchool of Dethign, in rithing to addreth thuch an afthemby ath thith—

Here the confusion became so general that our reporter could catch nothing further, and as the partisans of Mr. Jones became very much excited, while the opposition was equally violent, our reporter fearing that, though he could not catch the speeches, he might possibly catch something else, effected his retreat as speedily as possible.

QUEER QUERIES.

NOT THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Why is a man with his eyes shut like an illiterate schoolmaster?—Because he keeps his pupils in darkness.

BETTER NEXT TIME.

Why is the present Lord Chancellor wickeder than the last?—Because he's got two more Vices.

FORGIVE US THIS ONCE.

Why are abbots the greatest dunces in the world?—Because they never get further than their *Abbacy* (A, B, C.)

WE'LL NEVER DO SO ANY MORE.

Why is an auctioneer like a man with an ugly countenance?—Because he is always for-*bidding*.

WE REALLY COULD NOT HELP IT.

Why is Mrs. Lilly showing the young Princes like an affected ladies'-maid?—Because she exhibits her mistress's heirs (airs).

IMPORTANT INTELLIGENCE.

A dispatch, bearing a foreign post-mark, was handed very generally about in the city this morning, but its contents did not transpire. Considerable speculation is afloat on the subject, but we are unable to give any particulars.

Downing-street was in a state of great activity all yesterday, and people were passing to and fro repeatedly. This excitement is generally believed to be connected with nothing particular. We have our own impression on the subject, but as disclosures would be premature, we purposely forbear making any. We can only say, at present, that Sir Robert Peel continues to hold the office of Prime Minister.

THE BROTH OF A BOY.

AN IRISH LYRIC.

AIR,—I'm the boy for bewitching them

Whisht, ye divils, now can't you be aisy,
Like a cat whin she's licking the crame.
And I'll sing ye a song just to plase you,
About myself, Dermot Macshane.
You'll own, whin I've tould ye my story.
And the janius adorning my race,
Although I've no brass in my pocket,
Mushagra! I've got lots in my face.
For in rainy or sunshiny weather,
I'm full of good whiskey and joy;
And take me in parts altogether,
By the pow'rs I'm a broth of a boy.

I was sint on the mighty world one day,
Like a squeaking pig out of a sack;
And, och, murder! although it was Sunday,
Without a clane shirt to my back.
But my mother died while I was sucking,
And larning for whiskey to squall,
Leaving me a dead cow, and a stocking
Brimful of—just nothing at all.
But in rainy, &c.

My ancistors, who were all famous
At Donnybrook, got a great name:
My aunt she sould famous good whiskey—
I'm famous for drinking that same.
And I'm famous, like Master Adonis,
With his head full of nothing but curls,
For breaking the heads of the boys, sirs,
And breaking the hearts of the girls.
For in rainy, &c.

Och! I trace my discint up to Adam,
Who was once parish priest in Kildare;
And uncle, I think, to King David,
That peopled the county of Clare.
Sure his heart was as light as a feather,
Till his wife threw small beer on his joy
By falling in love with a pippin,
Which intirely murder'd the boy.
For in rainy, &c.

A fine architict was my father,

As ever walk'd over the sea;
He built Teddy Murphy's mud cabin—
And didn't he likewise build me?
Sure, he built him an illigant pigstye,
That made all the Munster boys stare.
Besides a great many fine castles—
But, bad luck,—they were all in the air.
For in rainy, &c.

Though I'd scorn to be rude to a lady,
Miss Fortune and I can't agree;
So I flew without wings from green Erin—
Is there anything green about me?
While blest with this stock of fine spirits,
At care, faith, my fingers I'll snap;
I'm as rich as a Jew without money,
And free as a mouse in a trap.
For in rainy, &c.

[pg 270]

THE "WEIGHT" OF ROYALTY.—THE SOCIAL "SCALE."

The Prince of Wales it is allowed upon all hands is the finest baby ever sent into this naughty world since the firstborn of Eve. At a day old he would make three of any of the new-born babes that a month since blessed the Union of Sevenoaks. There is, however, a remarkable providence in this. The Prince of Wales is born to the vastness of a palace; the little Princes of Pauperdom being doomed to lie at the rate of fifteen in "two beds tied together," are happily formed of corresponding dimensions, manufactured of more "squeezeable materials." There is, be sure of it, a providence watching over parish unions as well as palaces. How, for instance, would boards of guardians pack their new-born charges, if every babe of a union had the brawn and bone of a Prince of Wales?

However, we could wish that the little Prince was thrice his size—an aspiration in which our readers will heartily join, when they learn the goodly tidings we are about to tell them.

We believe it is not generally known that Sir PETER LAURIE is as profound an orientalist as perhaps any Rabbi dwelling in Whitechapel. Sir PETER, whilst recently searching the Mansion House library,—which has been greatly enriched by eastern manuscripts, the presents of the late Sir WILLIAM CURTIS, Sir CLAUDIUS HUNTER, and the venerable Turk who is wont to sell rhubarb in Cheapside, and supplied dinner-pills to the Court of Aldermen,—Sir PETER, be it understood, lighted upon a rare work on the Mogul Country, in which it is stated that on every birth-day of the Great Mogul, his Magnificence is duly weighed in scales against so much gold and silver—his precise weight in the precious metals being expended on provisions for the poor.

Was there ever a happier device to make a nation interested in the greatness of their sovereign? The fatter the king, the fuller his people! With this custom naturalised among us, what a blessing would have been the corpulency of GEORGE THE FOURTH! How the royal haunches, the royal abdomen, would have had the loyal aspirations of the poor and hungry! The national anthem would have had an additional verse in thanksgiving for royal flesh; and in our orisons said in churches, we should not only have prayed for the increasing years of our "most religious King," but for his increasing fat!

It is however useless to regret forgotten advantages; let us, on the contrary, with new alacrity, avail ourselves of a present good.

Our illumination on the christening of the Prince of Wales—we at once, and in the most liberal manner, give the child his title—has been generally scouted, save and except by a few public-spirited oil and tallow-merchants. It has been thought better to give away legs of mutton on the occasion, than to waste any of the sheep in candles. This proposition—it is known—has our heartiest concurrence. Here, however, comes in the wisdom of our dear Sir Peter. He, taking the hint from the Mogul Country, proposes that the Prince of Wales should be weighed in scales—weighed, naked as he was born, without the purple velvet and ermine robe in which his Highness is ordinarily shown in, not that Sir PETER would sink *that* "as offal"—against his royal weight in beef and pudding; the said beef and pudding to be distributed to every poor family (if the family count a certain number of mouths, his Royal Highness to be weighed twice or thrice, as it may be) to celebrate the day on which his Royal Highness shall enter the pale of the Christian Church.

We have all heard what a remarkably fine child his Royal Babyhood is; but would not this distribution of beef and pudding convince the country of the fact? How folks would rejoice at the chubbiness of the Prince, when they saw a evidence of his bare dimensions smoking on their table! How their hearts would leap up at his fat, when they beheld it typified upon their platters! How they would be gladdened by prize royalty, while their mouths watered at prize beef! And how, with all their admiration of the exceeding lustihood of the Prince of

Wales,—how, from the very depths of their stomachs, would they wish His Royal Highness twice as big!

Is not this a way to disarm Chartism of its sword and pike, making even O'CONNOR, VINCENT, and PINKETHLIE, throw away their weapons for a knife and fork? Is not this the way to make the weight of royalty easy—oh, most easy!—to a burthened people? The beef-and-pudding representatives of His Royal Highness, preaching upon every poor man's table, would carry the consolations of loyalty to every poor man's stomach. When the children of the needy lisped "plum pudding," would they not think of the Prince?

(Now, then, our readers know the obligation of the country to Sir PETER LAURIE—an obligation which we are happy to state will be duly acknowledged by the Common Council, that grateful body having already petitioned the Government for the waste leaden pipes preserved from the fire at the Tower, that a statue of Sir Peter may be cast from the metal, and placed in some convenient nook of the Mansion-House, where the Lord Mayor for the time being may, it is hoped, behold it at least once a-day.)

This happy suggestion of Sir PETER'S may, however, be followed up with the best national effect. Christmas is fast Approaching: let the fashion set by the Prince of Wales be followed by all public bodies—by all individuals "blessed with aught to give." Let the physical weight of all corporations—all private benefactors of the poor, be distributed in eatables to the indigent and famishing. When the Alderman, with "three fingers on the ribs" gives his weight in geese or turkeys to the poor of his ward, he returns the most pertinent thanksgiving to providence, that has put money in his pocket and flesh upon his bones. The poor may have an unexpected cause to bless the venison and turtle that have fattened his bowels, seeing that they are made the depositories of their weight.

This standard of Christmas benefactions may admit of very curious illustration. For instance, we would not tie the noble and the aristocratic to any particular kind of viands, but would allow them to illustrate their self-value of the "porcelain of all human clay" by the richness and rarity of their subscriptions. Whilst a SIBTHORP, with a fine sense of humility, might be permitted to give his weight in calves' or sheeps' heads (be it understood we must have the *whole* weight of the Colonel, for if we were to sink *his* offal, what in the name of veal would remain?), a Duke of WELLINGTON should be allowed to weigh against nothing less than the fattest venison and the finest turtle. As the Duke, too, is *rather* a light weight, we should be glad if he would condescend to take a Paisley weaver or two in the scale with him, to make his subscription of eatables the more worthy of acceptance. All the members of the present Cabinet would of course be weighed against loaves and fishes (on the present occasion we would accept nothing under the very finest wheaten bread and the very best of turbot), whilst a LAURIE, who has worked such a reform in cut-throats, should be weighed out to his ward in the most select stickings of beef.

All we propose to ourselves in these our weekly essays is, to give brief suggestions for the better government of the world, and for the bringing about the millennium, which—when we are given away *gratis* in the streets—may be considered to have arrived. Hence, we cannot follow put through all its natural ramifications the benevolent proposition here laid down. We trust, however, we have done enough. It is not necessary that we should particularise all public men, tying them to be weighed against specific viands: no, our readers will at once recognise the existence of the parties, and at once acknowledge their fittest offerings. It may happen that a peer might very properly be weighed against shin of beef, and a Christian bishop be popped in the scale against a sack of perriwinkles; it remains, however, with LONDONDERRY or EXETER to be weighed if they will against golden pheasants and birds of paradise.

We are perfectly aware that if many of the elect of the land were to weigh themselves against merely the things they are worth, that a great deal of the food subscribed would be unfit to be eaten even by the poor. We should have rats, dogs, snakes, bats, and all other unclean animals; but in levying the parties to weigh themselves at their own valuation, the poor may be certain to "sup in the Apollo." On this principle we should have the weight of a LYNDHURST served to this neighbourhood in the tenderest house-lamb, and a STANLEY kicking the beam against so many "sucking doves."

Q.

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

Coats are very much worn, particularly at the elbows, and are trimmed with a shining substance, which gives them a very glossy appearance. A rim of white runs down the seams, and the covering of the buttons is slightly opened, so as to show the wooden material under it.

Hats are now slightly indented at the top, and we have seen several in which part of the brim is sloped off without any particular regard to the quantity abstracted.

Walking-dresses are very much dotted just now with brown spots of a mud colour, thrown on quite irregularly, and the heels of the stockings may sometimes be seen trimmed with the same material. A sort of basket-work is now a great deal seen as a head-dress, and in these cases it is strewn over with little silver fish, something like common sprat, which gives it a light and graceful character.

PUNCH'S PENCILLINGS.—No. XXIII.



THE POLITICIAN PUZZLED;
OR,
PEEL ON THE RE-PEAL OF THE CORN-LAWS.

THE CHEROOT.

An excellent thing it is, when you get it genuine—none of your coarse Whitechapel abominations, but a veritable satin-skinned, brown Indian beauty; smooth and firm to the touch, and full-flavoured to the taste; such a one as would be worth a Jewess' eye, with a glass of tawny Port. But the gratification that we have been wont to derive from our real Manilla has been sadly disturbed of late by a circumstance which has caused a dreadful schism in the smoking world, and has agitated every divan in the metropolis to its very centre. The question is, "Whether should a cheroot be smoked by the great or the small end?" On this apparently trivial subject the great body of cheroot smokers have taken different sides, and divided themselves, as the Lilliputians did in the famous egg controversy, into the *Big-endians* and *Little-endians*. The dispute has been carried on with great vigour on both sides, and several ingenious volumes have been already written,

proving satisfactorily the superiority of each system, without however convincing a single individual of the opposite party. The Tories, we have observed, have as usual seized on the *big end* of the argument, while the Whigs have grappled as resolutely by the *little end*, and are puffing away furiously in each other's eyes. Heaven knows where the contest will end! For ourselves, we are content to watch the struggle from our quiet corner, convinced, whichever end gains the victory, that John Bull will be made to smoke for it; and when curious people ask us if we be *big-endians* or *little-endians*, we answer, that, to oblige all our friends, we smoke our Manillas at *both ends*.

BALLADS OF THE BRIEFLESS.

No. 1.—THE RULE TO COMPUTE.

Oh, tell me not of empires grand,
Of proud dominion wide and far,
Of those who sway the fertile land
Where melons three for twopence are.
To rule like this I ne'er aspire,
In fact my book it would not suit!
The only *rule* that I desire,
Is a *rule nisi to compute*.

Oh speak not of the calm delights,
That in the fields or lanes we win;
The field and lane that me invites
Is Chancery or Lincoln's Inn.
Yes, there in some remote recess,
At eve, I practise on my flute,
Till some attorney comes to bless
With a *rule nisi to compute*.

No. 2.—SIGNING A PLEA.

Oh, how oft when alone at the close of the day
I've sat in that Court where the fig-tree don't grow
And wonder'd how I, without money, should pay
The little account to my laundress below!
And when I have heard a quick step on the stair,
I've thought which of twenty rich duns it could be,
I have rush'd to the door in a fit of despair,
And—*received ten and sixpence for signing a plea*.

CHORUS.—Signing a plea, signing a plea!
Received ten and sixpence for signing a plea.

They may talk as they will of the pleasure that's found.
When venting in verse our despondence and grief;
But the pen of the poet was ne'er, I'll be bound,
Half so pleasantly used as in signing a brief.
In soft declarations, though rapture may lie,
If the maid to appear to your suit willing be,
But ah I could write till my inkstand was dry,
And die in the act—yes—of signing a plea.

CHORUS.—Signing a plea, signing a plea!
Die in the act—yes—of signing a plea.

A CUT BY SIR PETER.



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANACREON, PETRONIUS, CERVANTES, HUDIBRAS,
AND "PUNCH."

A CASE IN POINT, FROM ANACREON.

ΕΙ' Σ' ΕΑΥΤΟ'Ν.

Λέγουσιν αἱ γυναῖκες
Ἀνακρέων γέρων εἶ
Λαβῶν ἔσοπτρον ἄθρει
Κόμας μὲν οὐκέτ' οὔσας
Ψιλὸν δέ σευ μέτωπον.

A FREE TRANSLATION BY "PUNCH"—THE CUTTEE.

Oft by the women I am told
"Tomkins, my boy, you're growing old.
Look in the glass, and see how bare
Your poll appears reflected there.
No ringlets play around your brow;
'Tis all Sir Peter Laurie-ish¹ now."

A TRIBUTE BY PETRONIUS.

Quod summum formæ decus est, cecidere capilli,
Vernantesque comas tristis abegit hyems
Nunc umbra nudata sua jam tempora mœrent,
Areaque attritis nidet adusta pilis.
O fallax natura Deum! quæ prima dedisti
Ætati nostræ gaudia, prima rapis.
Infelix modo crinibus nitebas,
Phœbo pulchrior, et sorore Phœbi:
At nunc lævior aëre, vel rotundo
Horti tubere, quod creavit unda,
Ridentes fugis et times puellas.
Ut mortem citius venire credas,
Scito jam capitis perisse partem.

A FREE TRANSLATION BY "PUNCH."

Tomkins, you're dish'd! thy light luxuriant hair,
Like "a distress," hath left thy caput bare;
Thy temples mourn th' umbrageous locks, and yield
A crop as stunted as a stubble field.
Rowland and Ross! your greasy gifts are vain,
You give the hair you're sure to cut again.
Unhappy Tomkins! late thy ringlets rare,
E'en Wombwell's self to rival might despair.
Now with thy smooth crown, nor the fledgling's chops,

1. This is a graceful as well as a literal rendering of the bard of Teos. The word Ψιλὸν signifying *nudus, inanis, 'envis, fatuus*; Anglice,—*Sir Peter Laurie-ish* ED. OF "PUNCH."

Nor East-born Mechi's magic razor strops,
Can vie! And laughing maids you fly in dread,
Lest they should see the horrors of your head!
Laurie, like death, hath clouded o'er your morn.
Tomkins, you're dish'd! Your *Jeune France* locks are shorn.

A SCRAP FROM CERVANTES.

"Deliver me from the devil," cried the Squire, "is it possible that a magistrate, or what d'ye call him, green as a fig, should appear no better than an ass in your worship's eyes? By the Lord, I'll give you leave to pluck off *every hair* of my beard if that be the case."

"Then I tell thee," said the master, "he is as certainly a *he* ass as I am Don Quixote and thou Sancho Panza, at least so he seems to me."—*Don Quixote*.

A COINCIDENCE FROM BUTLER.

Shall *hair* that on a crown has place
Become the subject of a case?

The fundamental law of nature
Be over-ruled by those made after?

'Tis we that can dispose alone
Whether your heirs (*hairs*) shall be your own.

Hudibras.

A CLIMAX BY "PUNCH."

Sir Peter Laurie passes so quickly from hyper-loyalty to downright treason, that he is an insolvable problem. As wigs were once worn out of compliment to a monarch, so when the Queen expects a *little heir*, Sir Peter causes a gentleman, over whom he has an accidental influence, to have a *little hair* too. But oh the hypocrite! the traitor! he at the same time gives a shilling to have the *ha(e)ir* cut off from the *crown*. It is quite time to look to the



HEIR PRESUMPTIVE.

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

PUNCH begs to state that, owing to the immense press of matter on hand, the following contributions only can expect insertion in the body of PUNCH during the whole of next week. Contributors are requested to send early—carriage paid.

N.B.—PUNCH does not pledge himself for the return of any article.

TURKEYS—for which PUNCH undertakes to find *cuts*, and *plates*—unlimited.

SAUSAGES, to match the above. Mem.—no undue preference, or Bill Monopoly. Epping and Norfolk equally welcome.

MINCE PIES, per dozen—thirteen as twelve. No returns.

“OH, THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND,” with additional verses, capable of various encores.

PUDDINGS received from ten till four. PUNCH makes his own sauce; the chief ingredient is brandy, which he is open to receive per bottle or dozen.

LARGE HAMPERS containing small turkeys, &c., may be pleasantly filled with lemons, candied citron, and lump sugar.

TO THE LADIES EXCLUSIVELY.

(Private and confidential, quite unknown to Judy.)

BRYANT has had orders to suspend a superb Mistletoe bough in the publishing-office. PUNCH will be in attendance from daylight till dusk. To prevent confusion, the salutes will be distributed according to the order of arrival.

TO PUNSTERS AND OTHERS.

PUNCH begs to state he is open to receive tenders for letter-press matter, to be illustrated by the



FOLLOWING CUT.

N.B. They must be sent in sealed, and will be submitted to a select committee, consisting of Peter Laurie, and Borthwick, and Deaf Burke.

N.B. No Cutting-his-Stick need apply.

PEN AND PALETTE PORTRAITS.

(TAKEN FROM THE FRENCH.)

BY ALPHONSE LECOURT.

(Continued.)

PORTRAIT OF THE LOVER.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR TREATS OF LOVERS IN GENERAL.



Il lovers are absurd and ridiculous. The passion which spiritualises woman makes man a fool. Nothing can be more amusing than to observe a bashful lover in company where the object of his affections is present. He is the very picture of confusion and distress, looking like a man who has lost something, and knows not where to seek for it. His eyes wander from the carpet to the ceiling; at one moment he is engaged in counting the panes in the window, and the next in watching the discursive flights of a blue-bottle round the apartment. But while he appears anxiously seeking for some object on which to fix his attention, he carefully avoids looking towards his *innamorata*; and should their eyes meet by chance, his cheeks assume the tint of the beet-root or the turnip, and his manifest embarrassment betrays his secret to the most inexperienced persons. In order to recover his confidence, he shifts his seat, which seems suddenly to have shot forth as many pins as the back of a hedgehog; but in doing so he places the leg of his chair on the toe of a gouty, cross old

uncle, or on the tail of a favourite lap-dog, and, besides creating an awful *fracas*, succeeds in making inveterate enemies of the two brutes for the remainder of their lives.

There are some lovers, who show their love by their affected indifference, and appear smitten by any woman except the one whom they are devoted to. This is an ingenious stratagem; but in general it is so badly managed, that it is more easily seen through than a cobweb. Lastly, there are a select few, who evince their tender regard by perpetual bickerings and quarrels. This method will frequently mislead inquisitive aunts and guardians; but it should only be attempted by a man who has full confidence in his own powers.

Lovers, as I have observed, are invariably objects of ridicule; timid, jealous, and nervous, a frown throws them into a state of agony it would be difficult to describe, and a smile bestowed upon a rival breaks their rest for a week. Only observe one of them engaged in a quiet, interesting *tête-à-tête* with the lady of his choice. He has exerted all his powers of fascination, and he fancies he is beginning to make a favourable impression on his companion, when—bang!—a tall, whiskered fellow, who, rumour has whispered, is the lady's intended, drops in upon them like a bomb-shell! The detected lover sits confounded and abashed, wishing in the depths of his soul that he could transform himself into a gnat, and make his exit through the keyhole. Meantime the new-comer seats himself in solemn silence, and for five minutes the conversation is only kept up by monosyllables, in spite of the incredible efforts of all parties to appear unconcerned. The young man in his confusion plunges deeper into the mire;—he twists and writhes in secret agony—remarks on the sultriness of the weather, though the thermometer is below the freezing point; and commits a thousand *gaucheries*—too happy if he can escape from a situation than which nothing can possibly be conceived more painful.

THE LOVER AT DIFFERENT AGES.

It would not be easy to determine at what age love first manifests itself in the human heart; but if the reader have a good memory (I now speak to my own sex), he may remember when its tender light dawned upon his soul,—he may recall the moment when the harmonious voice of woman first tingled in his ears, and filled his bosom with unknown rapture,—he may recollect how he used to forsake trap-ball and peg-top to follow the idol he had created in her walks,—how he hoarded up the ripest oranges and gathered the choicest flowers to present to her, and felt more than recompensed by a word of thanks kindly spoken. Oh, youth—youth! pure and happy age, when a smile, a look, a touch of the hand, makes all sunshine and happiness in thy breast.

But the season of boyhood passes—the youth of sixteen becomes a young man of twenty, and smiles at the innocent emotions of his uneducated heart. He is no longer the mute adorer who worshipped in secrecy and in silence. Each season produces its own flowers. At twenty, the time for mute sympathy has passed away: it is one of the most eventful periods in the life of a lover; for should he then chance to meet a heart free to respond to his ardent passion, and that no cruel father, relentless guardian, or richer lover interposes to overthrow his hopes, he may with the aid of a licence, a parson, and a plain gold ring, be suddenly launched into the calm felicity of married life.

I know not what mysterious chain unites the heart of a young lover to that of the woman whom he loves. In the simplicity of their hearts they often imagine it is but friendship that draws them towards each other, until some unexpected circumstance removes the veil from their eyes, and they discover the dangerous precipice upon whose brink they have been walking. A journey, absence, or sickness, inevitably produce a discovery. If a temporary separation be about to occur, the unconscious lovers feel, they scarce know wherefore, a deep shade of sadness steal over them; their adieux are mingled with a thousand protestations of regret, which sink into the heart and bear a rich harvest by the time they meet again. Days and months glide by, and the pains of separation still endure; for they feel how necessary they have become to the happiness of each other, and how cold and joyless existence seems when far from those we love.

That which may be anticipated, at length comes to pass; the lover returns—he flies to his mistress—she receives him with blushing cheek and palpitating heart. I shall not attempt to describe the scene, but throughout the day and night that succeeds that interview the lover seems like one distracted. In the city, in the fields—alone, or in company—he hears nothing but the magic words, "I LOVE YOU!" ringing in his ears, and feels that ecstatic delight which it is permitted mortals to taste but once in their lives.

But what are the sensations which enter the heart of a young and innocent girl when she first confesses the passion that fills her heart? A tender sadness pervades her being—her soul, touched by the hand of Love, delivers itself to the influence of all the nobler emotions of her nature; and borne heavenward on the organ's solemn peal, pours forth its rich treasures in silent and grateful adoration.



At thirty, a man takes a more decided—I wish I could add a more amiable—character than at twenty. At twenty he loves sincerely and devotedly; he respects the woman who has inspired him with the noblest sentiment of which his soul is capable. At thirty his heart, hardened by deceit and ill-requited affection, and pre-occupied by projects of worldly ambition, regards love only as an agreeable pastime, and woman's heart as a toy, which he may fling aside the moment it ceases to amuse him. At twenty he is ready to abandon everything for her whom he idolises—rank, wealth, the future!—they weigh as nothing in the balance against the fancied strength and constancy of his passion. At thirty he coldly immolates the repose and happiness of the woman who loves him to the slightest necessity. I must admit, however—in justice to our sex—provided his love does not interfere with his interest, nor his freedom, nor his club, nor his dogs and horses, nor his *petites liaisons des coulisses*, nor his hour of dinner—the lover is always willing to make the greatest sacrifices for her whom he has honoured with his regards. The man of thirty is, moreover, a man of many loves; he carries on half-a-dozen affairs of the heart at the same time—he has his writing-desk filled with *billets-doux*, folded into a thousand fanciful shapes, and smelling villanously of violets, roses, bergamot, and other sentimental odours. He has a pocket-book full of little locks of hair, of all colours, from the light golden to the raven black. In short, the man of thirty is the most dangerous of lovers. Let my fair readers watch his approaches with distrust, and place at every avenue of their innocent hearts

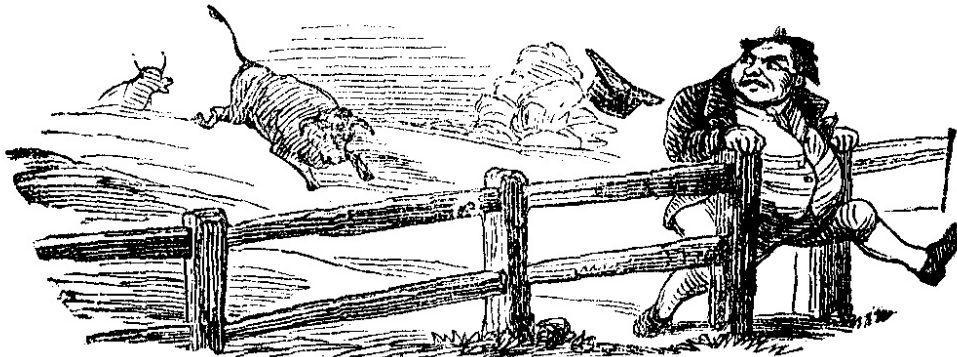


A WATCHFUL SENTINEL.

Alph. Lecourt

A DEER BARGAIN.

In consequence of an advertisement in the *Sporting Magazine* for SEVERAL OLD BUCKS, some daring villains actually secured the following venerable gentlemen:—Sir Francis Burdett, Lord Palmerston, Sir Lumley Skeffington, Jack Reynolds, and Mr. Widdicombe. The venison dealer, however, declined to purchase such very old stock, and the aged captives upon being set at liberty heartily congratulated each other on their



NARROW ESCAPE.

OUT OF SCHOOL.

An attenuated disciple of the ill-paid art which has been described as one embracing the "delightful task which teaches the young idea how to shoot," in a fit of despair, being but little skilled in the above sporting accomplishment, endeavoured to cheat nature of its right of killing by trying the efficacy of a small hanging match, in which he suicidically "doubled" the character of criminal and Jack Ketch. Upon being asked by the redoubtable Civic Peter what he meant by such conduct, he attempted to urge the propriety of the proceeding according to the scholastic rules of the ancients. "It may," replied Sir Peter, "be very well for those chaps to hang themselves, as they are out of my jurisdiction; but I'll let you see you are wrong, as



A GRAMMARIAN DECLINING TO BE.

We understand that the Author of "Jack Sheppard," &c., is about to publish a new Romance, in three volumes, post octavo, to be called "James Greenacre; or, the Hero of Paddington."

We are requested by Mr. Catnach, of Seven Dials, to state that he has a few remaining copies of "All round my Hat" on sale. Early application must be made, to prevent disappointment. Mr. C. has also to inform the public that an entirely new collection of the most popular songs is now in the press, and will shortly be published, price One Halfpenny.

Mr. Grant, the author of "Random Recollections," is, it is said, engaged in writing a new work, entitled "Quacks as they are," and containing copious extracts from all his former publications, with a portrait of himself.

"An Essay on False Wigs," written by Lord John Russell, and dedicated to Mr. Wakley, M.P., may shortly be expected.

PUNCH'S THEATRE.

THE UNITED SERVICE.

The man who wishes to study an epitome of human character—who wants to behold choice samples of "all sorts and conditions of men"—to read out of a small, a duodecimo edition of the great book of life—must take a season's lodgings at a Cheltenham, a Harrowgate, or a Brighton boarding-house. There he will find representatives of all kinds of eccentricities,—members of every possible lodge of "odd fellows" that Folly has admitted of her crew—mixed up with everyday sort of people, sharpers, schemers, adventurers, fortune-hunters, male and female—widows, wags, and Irishmen. Hence, as the "proper study of mankind is man," a boarding-house is the place to take lessons;—even on the score of economy, as it is possible to live decently at one of these refuges for the destitute for three guineas a-week, exclusive, however, of wine, servants, flirtation, and other extras.

A result of this branch of study, and an example of such a mode of studying it, is the farce with the above title, which has been brought out at Covent Garden. *Mrs. Walker* (Mrs. Orger) keeps a boarding-house, which also keeps her; for it is well frequented: so well that we find her making a choice of inmates by choosing to turn out *Mr. Woodpecker* (Mr. Walter Lacy)—a mere "sleeping-apartment" boarder—to make room for *Mrs. Coo* (Mrs. Glover), a widow, whose demands entitle her to the dignity of a "private sitting and bedroom" lodger. *Mr. Woodpecker* is very comfortable, and does not want to go; but the hostess is obstinate: he appeals to her feelings as an orphan, without home or domesticity; but the lady, having been in business for a dozen years, has lost all sympathy for orphans of six-and-twenty. In short, *Mrs. Walker* determines he shall walk, and so shall his luggage (a plethoric trunk and an obese carpet-bag are on the stage); for she has dreamt even that has legs—such dreams being, we suppose, very frequent to persons of her name.

You are not quite satisfied that the mere preference for a better inmate furnishes the only reasons why the lady wants *Mr. Woodpecker's room* rather than his company. Perhaps he is in arrear; but no, he pays his bill: so it is not on *that* score that he is so ruthlessly sent away. You are, however, not kept long on the tiptoe of conjecture, but soon learn that *Mrs. W.* has a niece, and you already know that the banished is young, good-looking, and gay. Indeed, *Mrs. Walker* having perambulated, *Miss Fanny Merrivale* (Miss Lee) appears, and listens very composedly to the plan of an elopement from *Woodpecker*, but speedily makes her *exit* to avoid suspicion, and the enemy who has dislodged her lover; before whom the latter also retreats, together with his bag and baggage.

There are no classes so well represented at boarding-houses as those who sigh for fame, and those that are dying to be married. Accordingly, we find in *Mrs. Walker's* establishment *Captain Whistleborough* (Mr. W. Farren), who is doing the extreme possible to get into Parliament, and *Captain Pacific, R.N.*, (Mr. Bartley,) who is crowding all sail to the port of matrimony. Well knowing how boarding-houses teem with such persons, two men who come under the "scheming" category are also inmates. One of these, *Mr. Enfield Bam* (Mr. Harley), is a sort of parliamentary agent, who goes about to dig up aspirants that are buried in obscurity, and to introduce them to boroughs, by which means he makes a very good living. His present victim is, of course, *Captain Whistleborough*, upon whom he is not slow in commencing operations.

Captain Whistleborough has almost every requisite for an orator. He is an army officer; so his manners are good and his self-possession complete. His voice is commanding, for it has been long his duty to give the word of command. Above all, he has a mania to become a member. Yet, alas! one trifling deficiency ruins his prospects; he has an impediment in his speech, which debars him from the use of the *W's*. Like the French alphabet, that letter is denied to him. When he comes to a syllable it begins, he is *spell*-bound; though he longs to go on, he pulls up quite short, and sticks fast. The first *W* he meets with in the flowery paths of rhetoric causes him to be as dumb as an oyster, or as O. Smith in "Frankenstein." In vain does he try the Demosthenes' plan by sucking pebbles on the Brighton shore and

haranguing the waves, though he is unable to address them by name. All is useless, and he has resigned himself to despair and a Brighton boarding-house, when *Mr. Enfield Bam* gives him fresh hopes. He informs him that the proprietress of a pocket borough resides under the same roof, and that he will (for the usual consideration) get the Captain such an introduction to her as shall ensure him a seat in her good graces, and another in St. Stephen's. *Mr. Bam*, therefore, goes off to negotiate with *Miss Polecon* (Mrs. Tayleure), and makes way for the intrigues of another sort of an agent, who lives in the house.

This is *Rivet* (Mr. C. Mathews), a gentleman who undertakes to procure for an employer anything upon earth he may want, at so much per cent. commission. There is nothing that this very general agent cannot get hold of, from a hack to a husband—from a boat to a baronetcy—from a tortoise-shell tom-cat to a rich wife. Matrimonial agency is, however, his passion, and he has plenty of indulgence for it in a Brighton boarding-house. *Captain Pacific* wants a wife, *Mrs. Coo* is a widow, and all widows want husbands. Thus *Rivet* makes sure of a swingeing commission from both parties; for, in imagination, and in his own memorandum-book, he has already married them.

Here are the ingredients of the farce; and in the course of it they are compounded in such wise as to make *Woodpecker* jealous, merely because he happens to find *Fanny* in the dark, and in *Whistleborough's* arms; to cause the latter to negotiate with *Mrs. Coo* for a seat in Parliament, instead of a wedding-ring; and *Pacific* to talk of the probable prospects of the nuptial state to *Miss Polecon*, who is an inveterate spinster and a political economist, professing the Malthusian creed. *Rivet* finding *Fanny* and her friend are taking business out of his hands by planning an elopement *en amateur*, gets himself "regularly called in," and manages to save *Woodpecker* all the trouble, by contriving that *Whistleborough* shall run away with the young lady by mistake, so that *Woodpecker* might marry her, and no mistake. *Bam* bams *Whistleborough*, who ends the piece by threatening his deceiver with an action for breach of promise of borough, all the other breaches having been duly made up; together with the match between *Mrs. Coo* and *Pacific*.

If our readers want to be told what we think of this farce, they will be disappointed; if they wish to know whether it is good or bad, witty or dull, lively or stupid—whether it ought to have been damned outright, or to supersede the Christmas pantomime—whether the actors played well or played the deuce—whether the scenery is splendid and the appointments appropriate or otherwise, they must judge for themselves by going to see it; because if we gave them our opinion they would not believe us, seeing that the author is one of our most esteemed (especially over a boiled chicken and sherry), most merry, most jolly, most clever colleagues; one, in fine, of PUNCH'S "United Service."

"I have been running ever since I was born and am not tired now"—as the brook said to Captain Barclay.

"Hookey"—as the carp said, when he saw a worm at the end of a line.

"*Nothing is certain*"—as the fisherman said, when he always found it in his nets.

"Brief let it be"—as the barrister said in his conference with the attorney.

"He is the greatest liar on (H) earth"—as the cockney said of the lapdog he often saw lying before the fire.

When is a hen most likely to hatch? When she is in earnest (her nest).

Why are cowardly soldiers like butter? When exposed to a *fire* they *run*.

Do you sing?—says the teapot to the kettle—Yes, I can manage to get over a few *bars*.—Bah, exclaimed the teapot.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

VOL. 1.

DECEMBER 25, 1841.

HOW MR. CHOKEPEAR KEEPS A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Mr. CHOKEPEAR is, to the finger-nails, a respectable man. The tax-gatherer was never

known to call at his door a second time for the same rate; he takes the sacrament two or three times a year, and has in his cellar the oldest port in the parish. He has more than once subscribed to the fund for the conversion of the Jews; and, as a proof of his devotion to the interests of the established church, it was he who started the subscription to present the excellent Doctor MANNAMOUTH with a superb silver tea-pot, cream-jug, and spoons. He did this, as he has often proudly declared, to show to the infidel world that there were some men in the parish who were true Christians. He has acquired a profound respect for Sir PETER LAURIE, since the alderman's judgments upon "the starving villains who would fly in the face of their Maker;" and, having a very comfortable balance at his banker's, considers all despair very weak, very foolish, and very sinful. He, however, blesses himself that for such miscreants there is Newgate; and more—there is Sir PETER LAURIE.

Mr. CHOKEPEAR loves Christmas! Yes, he is an Englishman, and he will tell you that he loves to keep Christmas-day in the true old English fashion. How does he keep it?

It is eight o'clock, and Mr. CHOKEPEAR rises from his goose-down. He dresses himself, says his short morning thanksgiving, and being an economist of time, unconsciously polishes his gold watch-chain the while. He descends to the breakfast parlour, and receives from lips of ice, the wishes of a happy Christmas, pronounced by sons and daughters, to whom, as he himself declares, he is "the best of fathers"—the most indulgent of men.

The church-bell tolls, and the CHOKEPEARS, prepare for worship. What meekness, what self-abasement sits on the Christian face of TOBIAS CHOKEPEAR as he walks up the aisle to his cosey pew; where the woman, with turned key and hopes of Christmas half-crown lighting her withered face, sinks a curtsy as she lets "the miserable sinner" in; having carefully pre-arranged the soft cushions and hassocks for the said sinner, his wife, his sons, and daughters. The female CHOKEPEARS with half the produce of a Canadian winter's hunting in their tippets, muffs, and dresses, and with their noses, like pens stained with red ink,—prepare themselves to receive the religious blessings of the day. They then venture to look around the church, and recognising CHOKEPEARS of kindred nature, though not of name, in pews—(none of course among the *most* "miserable sinners" on the bare benches)—they smile a bland salutation, and—but hush! the service is about to begin.

And now will TOBIAS CHOKEPEAR perform the religious duties of a Christian! Look at him, how he feeds upon every syllable of the minister. He turns the Prayer-book familiarly, as if it were his bank account, and, in a moment, lights upon the prayers set apart for the day. With what a composed, assured face he listens to the decalogue—how firm his voice in the responses—and though the effrontery of scandal avows that he shifts somewhat from Mrs. CHOKEPEAR'S eye at the mention of "the maid-servant"—we do not believe it.

It is thus CHOKEPEAR begins his Christmas-day. He comes to celebrate the event of the Incarnation of all goodness; to return "his most humble and hearty thanks" for the glory that Providence has vouchsafed to him in making him a Christian. He—Tobias CHOKEPEAR—might have been born a Gentoo! Gracious powers! he might have been doomed to trim the lamps in the Temple of Juggernaut—he might have come into this world to sweep the marble of the Mosque at Mecca—he might have been a faquir, with iron and wooden pins "stuck in his mortified bare flesh"—he might, we shudder to think upon the probability, have brandished his club as a New Zealander; and his stomach, in a state of heathen darkness to the humanising beauties of goose and apple-sauce, might, with unblest appetite, have fed upon the flesh of his enemies. He might, as a Laplander, have driven a sledge, and fed upon walrus-blubber; and now is he an Englishman—a Christian—a carriage holder, and an eater of venison!

It is plain that all these thoughts—called up by the eloquence of Doctor MANNAMOUTH, who preaches on the occasion—are busy in the bosom of CHOKEPEAR; and he sits on his soft cushion, with his eyelids declined, swelling and melting with gratitude for his blissful condition. Yes; he feels the glorious prerogative of his birth—the exquisite beauty of his religion. He ought to feel himself a happy man; and, glancing round his handsomely-appointed pew—he *does*.

"A sweet discourse—a very sweet discourse," says CHOKEPEAR to several respectable acquaintance, as the organ plays the congregation out; and CHOKEPEAR looks round about him airily, contentedly; as though his conscience was as unseared as the green holly that decorates the pews; as though his heart was fresh, and red, and spotless as its berries.

Well, the religious ceremonies of the day being duly observed, CHOKEPEAR resolves to enjoy Christmas in the true old English fashion. Oh! ye gods, that bless the larders of the respectable,—what a dinner! The board is enough to give Plenty a plethora, and the whole house is odoriferous as the airs of Araby. And then, what delightful evidences of old observing friendship on the table! There is a turkey—"only a little lower" than an ostrich—despatched all the way from an acquaintance in Norfolk, to smoke a Christmas salutation to good Mr. CHOKEPEAR. Another county sends a goose—another pheasants—another brawn; and CHOKEPEAR, with his eye half slumbering in delight upon the gifts, inwardly avows that the friendship of friends really well to do is a fine, a noble thing.

The dinner passes off most admirably. Not one single culinary accident has marred a single

dish. The pudding is delicious; the custards are something better than manna—the mince pies a conglomeration of ambrosial sweets. And then the Port! Mr. CHOKEPEAR smacks his lips like a whip, and gazes on the bee's wing, as HERSCHELL would gaze upon a new-found star, "swimming in the blue profound." Mr. CHOKEPEAR wishes all a merry Christmas, and tosses off the wine, its flavour by no means injured by the declared conviction of the drinker, that "there isn't such another glass in the parish!"

The evening comes on. Cards, snap-dragons, quadrilles, country-dances, with a hundred devices to make people eat and drink, send night into morning; and it may be at six or seven on the twenty-sixth of December, our friend CHOKEPEAR, a little mellow, but not at all too mellow for the season, returns to his sheets, and when he rises declares that he has passed a very merry Christmas. If the human animal were all stomach—all one large paunch—we should agree with CHOKEPEAR that he *had* passed a merry Christmas: but was it the Christmas of a good man or a Christian? Let us see.

We have said all CHOKEPEAR'S daughters dined with him. We forgot: one was absent. Some seven years ago she married a poorer husband, and poverty was his only, but certainly his sufficient fault; and her father vowed that she should never again cross his threshold. The Christian keeps his word. He has been to church to celebrate the event which preached to all men mutual love and mutual forgiveness, and he comes home, and with rancour in his heart—keeps a merry Christmas!

We have briefly touched upon the banquet spread before CHOKEPEAR. There is a poor debtor of his in Horsemonger-lane prison—a debtor to the amount of at least a hundred shillings. Does *he* dine on Christmas-day? Oh! yes; Mr. CHOKEPEAR will read in *The Times* of Monday how the under-marshal served to each prisoner a pound of beef, a slice of pudding, and a pint of porter! The man might have spent the day in freedom with his wife and children; but Mr. CHOKEPEAR in his pew thought not of his debtor, and the creditor at least—kept a merry Christmas!

How many shivering wretches pass CHOKEPEAR'S door! How many, with the wintry air biting their naked limbs, and freezing within them the very springs of human hope! In CHOKEPEAR'S house there are, it may be, a dozen coats, nay, a hundred articles of cast-off dress, flung aside for the moth—piles of stuff and flannel, that would at this season wrap the limbs of the wretched in comparative Elysium. Does Mr. CHOKEPEAR, the respectable, the Christian CHOKEPEAR, order these (to him unnecessary) things to be given to the naked? He thinks not of them; for he wears fleecy hosiery next his skin, and being in all things dressed in defiance of the season—keeps a merry Christmas.

Gentle reader, we wish you a merry Christmas; but to be truly, wisely merry, it must not be the Christmas of the CHOKEPEARS. That is the Christmas of the belly: keep you the Christmas of the heart. Give—give.

Q.

COMMERCIAL PANIC.—RUMOURED STOPPAGE IN THE CITY.

There is in the city a noted place for deposits, much resorted to by certain parties, who are in the habit of giving drafts upon it very freely, when applied to for payment. We regret to state that if the severity of the weather continues, a stoppage is expected in the quarter hinted at, and as the issues are at all times exceedingly copious, the worst results may be anticipated. Our readers will at once perceive that, in attributing such an effect as total stoppage to such a cause as continued frost, we can only point to one quarter which is in the habit of answering drafts; and, as further delicacy would be useless, we avow at once that *Aldgate Pump* is here alluded to. We understand that, as the customers are chiefly people of straw, it is intended to see what effect straw will have in averting the calamity. We were sorry to see the other day a very large *bill* upon a quarter hitherto so respectable. We are aware that its exposed condition gives every one a handle against it, and we are, therefore, the more circumspect in giving currency to every idle rumour. We should be no less sorry to see *Aldgate Pump* stop from external causes, than to know that it had been swamped by its own excessive issues. Though as yet quite above water, it is feared that it will soon be in *an-ice* predicament.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

Arrivals.—Jack Frost, from the North.

Departures.—Several members of the Swellmobocracy have, within the last few days, quitted Deptford for South Australia. The periods of their intended sojourn are various.

Changes.—Ned Morris has changed his collar, but continues his shirt for the present. Among the other changes we have to record one effected by Sam Smasher, of a counterfeit sovereign.

It is a remarkable fact that the weathercocks have recently changed their quarters, and have left the West in favour of the East: a predilection of astounding vulgarity.

Timothy Tomkins has had another splendid turn-out from his lodgings, the landlord having complained of want of punctuality in payments.

A LETTER FROM AN OLD FRIEND,

SHOWING HOW HE IS GETTING ON.

Clodpole, Dec. 23, 1841.

MY DEAR PUNCH,

Here I am, you see, keeping Christmas, and having no end of fun amongst the jolly innocent grubs that vegetate in these rural districts. All I regret is that you are not here. I would give a ten-pound note to see you, if I had it;—I would, indeed—so help me several strong men and a steam-engine!

We had a great night in London before I started, only I got rascally screwed: not exactly sewed up, you know but hit under the wing, so that I could not very well fly. I managed to break the window on the third-floor landing of my lodgings, and let my water-jug fall slap through the wash-hand basin upon a looking-glass that was lying face upwards underneath; but as I was off early in the morning it did not signify.

The people down here are a queer lot; but I have hunted up two or three jolly cocks, and we contrive to keep the place alive between us. Of course, all the knockers came off the first night I arrived, and to-morrow we are going to climb out upon the roof of my abode, and make a tour along the tops of the neighbouring houses, putting turfs on the tops of all the practicable chimneys. Jack Randall—such a jolly chick! you must be introduced to him—has promised to tie a cord across the pavement at the corner, from the lamp-post to a door-scraper; and we have made a careful estimate that, out of every half-dozen people who pass, six will fall down, four cut their faces more or less arterially, and two contuse their foreheads. I, you may imagine, shall wait at home all the evening for the crippled ones, and Jack is to go halves in what I get for plastering them up. We may be so lucky as to procure a case of concussion—who knows? Jack is a real friend: he cannot be of much use to me in the way of recommendation, because the people here think he is a little wild; but as far as seriously injuring the parishioners goes, he declares he will lose no chance. He says he knows some gipsies on the common who have got scarlet-fever in their tent; and he is going to give them half-a-crown if they can bring it into the village, to be paid upon the breaking out of the first undoubted case. This will fag the Union doctor to death, who is my chief opponent, and I shall come in for some of the private patients.

My surgery is not very well stocked at present, but I shall write to Ansell and Hawke after Christmas. I have got a pickle-bottle full of liquorice-powder, which has brought me in a good deal already, and assisted to perform several wonderful cures. I administer it in powders, two drachms in six, to be taken morning, noon, and night; and it appears to be a valuable medicine for young practitioners, as you may give a large dose, without producing any very serious effects. Somebody was insane enough to send to me the other night for a pill and draught; and if Jack Randall had not been there, I should have been regularly stumped, having nothing but Epsom salts. He cut a glorious calomel pill out of pipeclay, and then we concocted a black-draught of salts and bottled stout, with a little patent boot-polish. Next day, the patient finding himself worse, sent for me, and I am trying the exhibition of linseed-meal and rose-pink in small doses, under which treatment he is gradually recovering. It has since struck me that a minute portion of sulphuric acid enters into the composition of the polish, possibly causing the indisposition which he describes “as if he was tied all up in a double-knot, and pulled tight.”

I have had one case of fracture in the leg of Mrs. Finkey's Italian greyhound, which Jack threw a flower-pot at in the dark the other night. I tied it up in two splints cut out of a clothes-peg in a manner which I stated to be the most popular at the Hôtel Dieu at Paris; and the old girl was so pleased that she has asked me to keep Christmas-day at her house, where she burns the Yule log, makes a bowl of wassail, and all manner of games. We are going to bore a hole in the Yule log with an old trephine, and ram it chuck-full of gunpowder; and Jack's little brother is to catch six or seven frogs, under pain of a severe licking, which are to be put into one of the vegetable dishes. The old girl has her two nieces home for the holidays—devilish handsome, larkly girls—so we have determined to take some mistletoe, and give a practical demonstration of the action of the *orbicularis oris* and *ievatores labiæ superioris et inferioris*. If either of them have got any tin, I shall try and get all right with them; but if the brads don't flourish I shall leave it alone, for a wife is just the worst piece of furniture a fellow can bring into his house, especially if he inclines to conviviality; although to be sure a medical man ought to consider her as part of his stock in trade, to be taken at a fair valuation amidst his stopple-bottles, mortars, measures, and pill-rollers.

If business does not tumble in well, in the course of a few weeks, we have another plan in view; but I only wish to resort to it on emergency, in case we should be found out. The railway passes at the bottom of my garden, and Jack thinks, with a few pieces of board, he can contrive to run the engine and tender off the line, which is upon a tolerably high embankment. I need not tell you all this in strict confidence; and if the plan does not jib, which is not very probable, will bring lots of grist to the mill. I have put the engineer and stoker at a sure guinea a head for the inquest; and the concussions in the second class will be of unknown value. If practicable, I mean to have an elderly gentleman "who must not be moved under any consideration;" so I shall get him into my house for the term of his indisposition, which may possibly be a very long one. I can give him up my own bedroom, and sleep myself in an old harpsichord, which I bought cheap at a sale, and disembowelled into a species of deceptive bed. I think the hint might put "people about to marry" up to a dodge in the way of spare beds. Everybody now sees through the old chiffonier and wardrobe turn-up impositions, but the grand piano would beat them; only it should be kept locked, for fear any one given to harmony might commence playing a fantasia on the bolster.

Our parishioners have very little idea of the Cider-cellars and Coal-hole, both of which places they take in their literal sense. I think that, with Jack's assistance, we can establish something of the kind at the Swan, which is the principal inn. Should it not succeed, I shall turn my attention to getting up a literary and scientific institution, and give a lecture. I have not yet settled on what subject, but Jack votes for Astronomy, for two reasons: firstly, because the room is dark nearly all the time; and secondly, because you can smug in some pots of half-and-half behind the transparent orrery. He says the dissolving views in London put him up to the value of a dark exhibition. We also think we can manage a concert, which will be sure of a good attendance if we say it is for some parish charity. Jack has volunteered a solo on the cornet-à-piston: he has never tried the instrument, but he says he is sure he can play it, as it looks remarkably easy hanging up in the windows of the music-shops. He thinks one might drill the children and get up the Macbeth music.

It is turning very cold to-night, and I think will turn to a frost. Jack has thrown some water on the pavement before my door; and should it freeze, I have given strict orders to my old housekeeper not to strew any ashes, or sand, or sawdust, or any similar rubbish about. People's bones are very brittle in frosty weather, and this may bring a job. I hope it will.

If, in your London rambles, as you seem to be everywhere at once, you pitch upon Manhug, Rapp, or Jones, give my love to them, and tell them to keep their powder dry, and not to think of practising in the country, which is after all a species of social suicide. And with the best compliments of the season to yourself, and "through the medium of the columns of your valuable journal" to your readers, believe me to remain,

My dear old bean,
Yours very considerably,
JOSEPH MUFF.

THE SECRET SORROW.

Oh! let me from the festive board
To thee, my mother, flee;
And be my secret sorrow shared
By thee—by only thee!

In vain they spread the glitt'ring store,
The rich repast, in vain;
Let others seek enjoyment there,
To me 'tis only pain.

There *was* a word of kind advice—
A whisper, soft and low;
But oh! that *one* resistless smile!
Alas! why was it so?

No blame, no blame, my mother dear,
Do I impute to *you*.
But since I ate that currant tart
I don't know what to do!

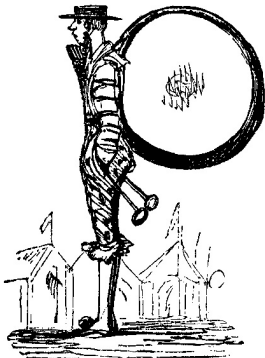


PUNCH'S POSTSCRIPT.

MR. AUGUSTUS SWIVEL, (*Professor of the Drum and Mouth-organ, and Stage-Manager to PUNCH'S Theatre,*)

LOQUITUR.

ATRONS OF "PUNCH,"—LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—



We has dropped the curtain and rowled up the baize on the first half-annivel performance of "PUNCH." The pleasing task now dewolves upon me, on behoof of the Lessee and the whole strength off the Puppets, to come forrard and acknowledge the liberal showers of applause and 'apence what a generous and enlightened British public has powered upon the performances and pitched into our goss. Steamilated by this St. Swiffin's of success, the Lessee fearlessly launches his bark upon the high road of public favor, and enters his Theaytre for the grand steeple-chase of general approbation.

Ourn hasn't been a bed of roses. We've had our rivals and our troubles. We came out as a great hint, and everybody took us.

First and foremost, the great Juggeler in Printing-house Square, walks in like the Sheriff and takes our comic effects.

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Then the Black Doctor, as blowed the bellows to the late ministerial organ, starts a fantoccini and collars our dialect.

Then, the unhappy wight what acts as dry-nuss to his *Grandmother*, finding his writing on the pavement with red and white chalk and sentiment, won't friz,—gives over appealing to the sympathies, kidnaps our comic offspring, and (as our brother dramatist Muster Sheridan says) disfigures 'em to make 'em look like his own.

Then, the whole biling of our other hoppositioners who puts their shoulders together, to "hoist up a donkey," tries to ornament their werry vulgar exhibitions with our vitticisms.

Now this was cruel, deceitful condick on the part of the juggeler,—a side wind blow from the organ,—didn't show much of the milk of human kindness with the chalk; and as for the ass,—but no,—brotherly love is our weakness, and we throws a veil over the donkey.

During the recess the exterior of the Theaytre will be re-decorated by Muster Phiz; and the first artists in pen, ink, black-lead, and box-wood, has been secured to see if any

improvements *can* be made in the interior.

I have the honor to inform you that we shall commence our next campaign on January 1, 1842, with renewed henergy, all the old-established wooden heads, and several new hands.

And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, on behalf of "PUNCH," the Puppets, the Properrietiers, and the Orchestra (which is myself), I most respectfully touches my hat, and wishes you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. *Au rewoir.*



*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,
VOLUME 1, COMPLETE ***

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