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Pierce Egan et al.**

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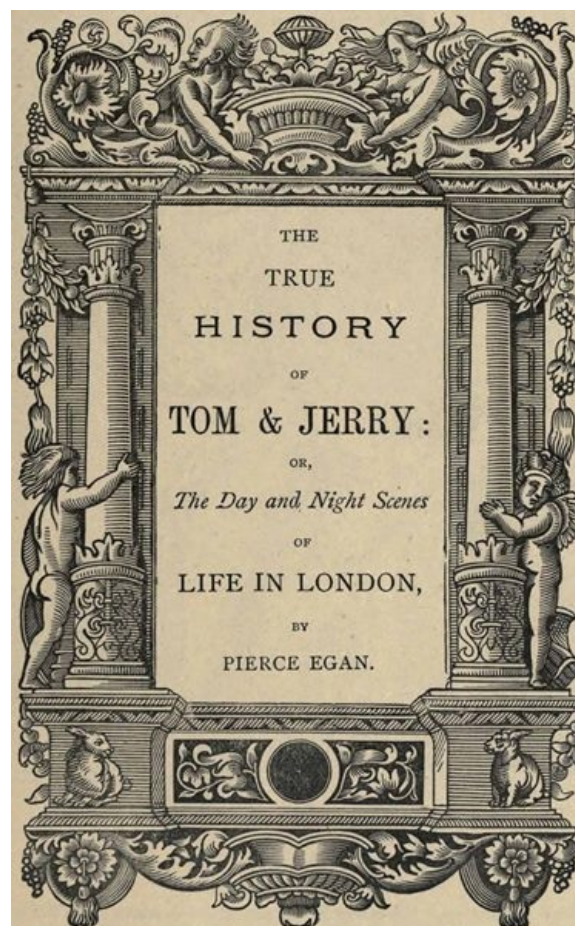
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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE TRUE HISTORY OF TOM & JERRY



**The True History of Tom & Jerry:
or, Life in London**

THE
TRUE HISTORY
OF
TOM & JERRY:
OR,



LIFE IN LONDON, my boys, is a round of delight,
In frolics, I keep up, both the day and the night,
With my TOM and my JERRY, I try to "*get best*"
Of the COVES in the *East*—and the SWELLS at the *West*!
Such *pals* in a *lark*, we the TOWN can defy, O!
Then join me in *chaunting* our *precious* TRIO.



BILLY WATERS.

Mags came thick, this made him merry;
Fortune changes in a crack—
Folks they went t' see Tom and Jerry,

And on Billy turned their back.

One notable effect of "Life in London," particularly in its dramatised form must be recorded. It broke the heart of poor Billy Waters, the one-legged musical negro, who died in St. Giles's workhouse, whispering with his ebbing breath, a mild anathema, which sounded very much like: "Cuss him, dam Tom—meē—Tom—meē Jerry!"

Poor Billy endeavoured, up to the period of his last illness, to obtain for a wife and two children what he termed, "An honest living by scraping de cat-gut!" by which he originally collected considerable sums of money at the West-end of the town, where his ribbon-decked cocked hat and feathers, with the grin on his countenance, and sudden turn and kick out of his wooden limb, and other antics and efforts to please, excited much mirth and attention, and were well rewarded from the pockets of John Bull.

THE
TRUE HISTORY
OF
TOM AND JERRY;
OR,
THE DAY AND NIGHT SCENES,
OF
LIFE IN LONDON

FROM THE START TO THE FINISH!
WITH A KEY TO THE PERSONS AND PLACES,
TOGETHER WITH A VOCABULARY AND GLOSSARY
OF THE
FLASH AND SLANG TERMS,
OCCURRING IN THE COURSE OF THE WORK.

BY
CHARLES HINDLEY,
*Editor of "The Old Book Collector's Miscellany; or, a Collection of Readable Reprints
of Literary Rarities" "Works of John Taylor—the Water Poet," "The Roxburghe
Ballads," "The History of the Catnach Press," "The Curiosities of
Street Literature," "The Book of Ready Made Speeches,"
"Life and Times of James Catnach, late of the
Seven Dials, Ballad Monger," "Tavern
Anecdotes and Sayings," etc.*

London:
CHARLES HINDLEY, 41, BOOKSELLERS' ROW, ST. CLEMENT DANES,
STRAND, W.C.



INTRODUCTION.

“Nothing succeeds like success”—or “Fails like failure.”
Prince Talleyrand *cum* Baron Nicholson!



That PIERCE EGAN'S LIFE IN LONDON, or TOM AND JERRY, was a success, we have plenty of printed evidence and 'hearsay'! to prove. And we also know—beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the news of its metropolitan fame went forth with almost telegraphic speed throughout the provinces:—From John o'Groat's House to the Land's End!—From Dan to Beersheba!—and back *again!* With LIFE IN LONDON, its language became the language of the day; drawing-rooms were turned into *chaffing cribs*, and rank and beauty learned to patter flash *ad nauseam*.

The original work went through several editions in a very short time, and the plates, by the Brothers Cruikshank, were considered so full of amusement that they were transferred to a variety of articles without any loss of time. The *Lady* taking her *gunpowder* was enabled to amuse her visitors with the adventures of *Tom and Jerry* on her highly-finished tea-tray. The lovers of Irish *Blackguard* experienced a double zest in taking a pinch from a box, the lid of which exhibited the laughable phiz of the eccentric BOB LOGIC. The country folks were delighted with the handkerchief which displayed TOM getting the best of a Charley, and DUSTY BOB and BLACK SAL “all happiness!” The *Female of Quality* felt interested with the lively scene of the light fantastic toe at Almack's, when playing with her elegant fan; and the *Connoisseur*, with a smile of satisfaction on his countenance, contemplated his screen, on which were displayed the motley groups of high and low characters continually on the move in the metropolis.

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Everybody talked of TOM AND JERRY, and crowds rushed to the theatres where the uproarious adventures of these popular personages were represented in a dramatic form. Mr. W. T. Moncrieff's adaptation brought out at the Adelphi Theatre, November 26th, 1821:—which, “*by-the way,*” was by far the best of the whole *bunch!*—ran uninterruptedly through two seasons. It then appeared in rapid succession at the Theatres all over England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales; likewise in most of the United States of America, the West Indies, &c.

But although LIFE IN LONDON, or, TOM AND JERRY did make our grandfathers so very—*very!* merry in the first quarter of the Nineteenth Century, we are constrained to admit; that it is a terrible dull and tedious work to read through in the present day, and it is on that very account, that we here place before our readers, what we are pleased to term—THE TRUE HISTORY OF TOM AND JERRY; for the work has a history of its own, and to exemplify the fact, we have in the first place, made numerous selections from the original work, then given the principal scenes of Moncrieff's dramatic version of the same, the two concluding chapters of PIERCE EGAN'S continuation of his LIFE IN LONDON which he entitles—THE FINISH TO THE ADVENTURES OF TOM, JERRY, AND LOGIC, in their Pursuits through LIFE IN AND OUT OF LONDON.[1] Together with a “KEY TO PERSONS AND PLACES, and an Etymological and Critical Vocabulary and Glossary of *Flash* and *Slang Terms* occurring in the course of this work,” as at once giving an epitome of the whole: and to our mind, sufficient to be known of PIERCE EGAN'S once popular work. To which we have added such historic facts and scraps of information that have come to hand during our researches in connection with the—RISE and PROGRESS—DECLINE and FALL of the BOOK and its STORY. The present generation will find in some of the scenes depicted in such glowing colours, many of the fashions, manners and customs, which prevailed in the reign of King George the Fourth, together with certain landmarks of the past, which no one need regret leaving far behind, and ought to give every encouragement to those who live under the rule of Queen Victoria to maintain a firm faith in the social progress of the age.

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The first CHAPTER of LIFE IN LONDON, commences with what the author terms AN INVOCATION, in which, after *invoking!*—“the pleasing, grateful, inspiring, nay, golden advantages resulting from the smiles of that supreme goddess of the gods, FAME!”—which he adds is the —“flattering unction” that all authors *sigh* to be anointed with. He then in very—“merry-go-round—here we go round”—sort of a way calls to his aid many of the past, and, also then, living authors, artists, publishers, and public characters of the day—“to enrich his judgment—guide his pen—inspire him with confidence—and in other ways assist him in the arduous task he has undertaken.” And thus he ‘*invokes.*’ Laurence Sterne—divine and humourist—(1713-68):—

—“It is to thee, STERNE, I first humbly bend my knee, and solicit thy most powerful aid. If thou didst not *use up* all thy stock of SENSIBILITY before thou wert called away to enjoy the reward of thy exertions in the bowers of Elysium, pray tell me where thou didst deposit that most precious bottle, that I may with an eagerness unexampled, uncork its treasures and apply every drop after thy rich felicity: I have great need of it. And FIELDING, too, thou true delineator of HUMAN NATURE, if only a small *remnant* of thy MANTLE has been left behind, let me but know it, that I may ransack every piece-broker's house in the kingdom, till I become the master of such an invaluable stimulus to exertion. And, although another SOPHIA WESTERN, perhaps, is not to be met with in the walks of the present day, if it were my precise object, yet, let me but

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produce some similarity towards the *double* of a TOM JONES or a BOOTH, and the highest pinnacle of my ambition is attained. SMOLLETT, thy touching heartfelt qualities break in upon me so penetratingly, that I must also invoke thy friendly shrine. And if a RORY RANDOM or a Lieutenant BOWLING should ever cross my path, instruct me to portray their noble traits with all that richness of colouring, and peculiar happiness of style, that once embellished thy truly characteristic pen.

—“Advance, also the Metropolitan Heroes of Literary Renown, whether of GENIUS great, either of *romantic* style, or of *Poetry* exquisite, of DON JUAN or Lalla Rookh quality, it matters not, if *generosity* lie within thine inkstands, and ye put forth your good wishes for my success; show me your *passports* to excellence, and put me in the right road, that I may ultimately obtain your proud signatures and arrive safe at the end of my journey.

—“REVIEWS, those terrific Censors of the timid writer, and arbiters of the press, whether QUARTERLY,[2] or at EDINBURGH,[3] you who apply the *knife*, bear it in mind that VAN BUTCHELL[4] *advertises* to perform *cures* without *cutting*; and that ABERNETHY[5] is himself alone! and also remember, thou *sages* of the quill, that many an unfortunate *homo* who has been ‘damned to everlasting Fame’ and disposed of in a *Jef*, in thy most omnipotent pages; yet has, from the *resuscitating* glossy aid of Messrs. DAY & MARTIN, become a *shining* Literary Character in Paternoster Row, and formed one of the real Portraits of LIFE IN LONDON.

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—“Come forth, my *Mag* of BLACKWOOD[6]; thee, too, I must invoke! thou *chiel* of SATIRE, whose lively sallies and ‘laughing-in-the-sleeve greatness’ that would have paralysed the pencil of a HOGARTH, or struck dumb the *piquant* ridicule of a CHURCHILL, if the grim King of Terrors had not deprived us of their talents; I challenge thee to the *scratch*! ‘Tis ONE OF THE FANCY calls! But, from thy *lamb-like* qualities and *playful* artillery, it must only be a private *set-to* with the *gloves*. My hand grapples with you in friendship—it possesses not *weight* enough to combat with thee, although the *pluck*, perhaps, attached to it may be always *gay*. Be it remembered, that BLACKWOOD is always in *training*—he *hits* so very hard—and his BACKERS are likewise so numerous amongst the Greeks, Latins, Hebrews, and Classics, that it would be two to one against an open contest: therefore, good Mr. Blackwood, be just, nay, be more, ‘be merciful. It is doubly bless’d’; and you know *Blacky*, ‘it blesseth him that *gives* and him that *takes*.’ Then *floor* me not; but instead:—

Shoot thine arrow o’er thy house,—
And do not wound thy brother;

but whisper to the PACK, and particularly to the *whipper-in*, Old Christopher North, that “‘Tis I’—(your *flash-y* friend of the South). But let me entreat of you Mr. Blackwood, to *bottle-off* a few of thy little mastery touches (as full of fire as thy famed whisky), and send them to me with all the speed of the mail, lest my stock of *spirits* should be exhausted, and that LIFE IN LONDON may be enriched with the fine colouring of a *Meg Merrilees*, if it be only in perspective.”

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—“And MR. COLBURN (thou indefatigable promoter of literature), thy assistance I most humbly crave! indeed, I feel assured that thy spirited and liberal disposition will not permit thee to omit informing those dashing belles and beaux, whose morning lounge gives thy repository of the mind an air of fashion, that LIFE IN LONDON is worthy of perusal.

* * * * *

“But thou, O MURRAY! whose classic front defies, with terrific awe, ill-starred, pale, wan, and *shabbily*-clad GENIUS from approaching thy splendid threshold, retreat a little from thy rigid reserve, and for once open thy doors, and take the unsophisticated JERRY HAWTHORN by the hand; and although not a CHILDE HAROLD in birth, a CORSAIR bold, or a HARDY VAUX, *wretched* exile; yet let me solicit thee to introduce him to thy numerous acquaintance, that, having once obtained thy *smiling* sanction, JERRY may not only have the honour of being allowed to call again, but to offer his services throughout thy extended circle. Grant me but this and whether in simple quires, in humble boards, or in Russia, triumphantly gilt, so that thou promote my fame, my gratitude attends thee, and values not the mode of thy favours.”

“CHRISTIE, I am sure thy goodness will not refuse me the loan of thy *erudite* hammer, if not to *knock down*, yet to dispose of every coarse and offensive article; nay more, let them not be numbered in the *catalogue* of my offences.”

“O SHAUGHNESSY, fashion me into thy fine attitudes and guard, to protect me from assaults in all the hair-breath escapes I may have to encounter in my day and midnight rambles. And thou, O mighty and powerful champion, CRIBB,

admired hero of the stage, teach me to make a *hit* of so KEAN a quality, that it may not only *tell*, but be long remembered in the Metropolis. And Paternoster-row trumpet forth its praise and excellence throughout the most distant provinces."

"ACKERMAN, if ever thou didst *value* the Tour of DR. SYNTAX, I call upon thee now to lend thy friendly assistance and protection to CORINTHIAN TOM and his rustic *protégé* poor JERRY. Present a copy of their SPREES and RAMBLES to the learned Doctor, and his 'Picturesque' brain will be all on fire for another tour, from the new scenes it will develop to his unbounded thirst for enterprise and knowledge."

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"And thou, too, HONE, thou king of parodists! turn not a deaf ear to my request, but condescendingly grant the petition of your most humble suitor. In my diversity of research, teach me 'how to tell my story,' that I may not only woo the public with success and fame, but produce that fine edge in *sharpening* up my ideas, yet, withal so smooth and *oily*, that instead of *wounding* characters, I may merely *tickle* them and create a smile!"

"*Tremblingly alive!* nay, heavily oppressed with agitation and fear, I now intrude myself into thy presence, thou renowned hero of the police, TOWNSHEND. Do not frown upon me, but stretch out thine hand to my assistance, thou bashaw of the *prigs* and all-but *beak!* The satellite of kings and princes, protector of the nobility, and one of the *safe guards* of the Metropolis. Listen to my application, I entreat thee, 'my knowing one,' and for once let me take a *peep* into thy hidden invaluable secrets. It is only a *glance* at thy *reader*^[7] that I request:—

Wherein of hundreds *topp'd*, thousands lagg'd;
And of the innumerable *teazings* thou has book'd.

thy 'Life in London,' alone, is a history of such magnitude, that, if once developed, the 'Adventures of Robinson Crusoe' must be forgotten. O teach me, TOWNSEY, to be as *down* in my portraits as thou art in giving all the light and shade of criminality to the nightly mysteries of the wary FENCE when pressing for a conviction; and likewise, to keep as sharp a look out after *characters* in the ball-room of the CORINTHIANS as thy penetrating eyes scour the abodes of the great when 'at home' to make all right. I ask no more than:

Sit mihi fas audita loqui; sit numine vestro
Pandere res altâ terra et caligine mersas."

PIERCE EGAN—THE AUTHOR—Then more particularly appeals to the Brothers R. and G. CRUIKSHANK and to 🐾 HIMSELF!!! as BOXIANA, thus:—

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"In all your varied portraiture of the interesting scenes of Life, let me invoke thy superior talents, BOB and GEORGE CRUIKSHANK (thou *Gillray*^[8] of the day, and of *Don Saltero*^[9] greatness), to my anxious aid. Indeed, I have need of all your illustrative touches; and may we be hand-and-glove together in depicting the richness of nature, which so wantonly, at times, plays off her freaks upon half-famished bone-rakers and cinder sifters round the dust hill, that we may be found, *en passant*, so identified with the scene in question, as almost to form a part of the group. May you also, BOB and GEORGE, *grapple* with *Hogarthian* energy, in displaying *tout a la monde* the sublime and *finished* part of creation, whether *screwed* up to a *semi-tone* of ART, or in nobly delineating, what must always be a welcome visitor at every residence, and likewise an admired portrait over all the chimney-pieces in the kingdom—a PERFECT GENTLEMAN. But, before I dismiss you to your studies, bear it in remembrance, 'nothing to extenuate, or set down aught in malice;' yet be tremblingly alive to the *shrug* of the fastidious critic, who might, in his sneer, remark, that CARICATURE would be as much out of time and place in holding up to ridicule the interior of the religious good man's closet, as it is animatedly required in giving all the rusticity and fun incident to the humours of a country life."

—"And, thou, O BOXIANA! my dearest friend and well-wisher, thou beloved companion of all my hours, thou 'note book' of my MIND, and 'pen-and-ink remembrancer' of my passing scenes, whether in splendid palaces, lost in admiration over the fascinating works of art, or in *diving* into the humble cellar, passing an hour with some of mankind's worthiest children, poor, but contented and happy,—be thou my guide and assistant! Do not desert me, at *peep o' day*, when drowsy Watchmen quit their posts, and coffee-shops *vomit* forth their *snoozing* customers—those out-casts of society—to whom a table is a luxury to rest their thoughtless heads upon, and whose:—

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Dry desert of a leather pocket book does not contain
A solitary farthing!

Be also at my elbow, upon the *strut* in Hyde Park, on Sunday's stare, when

Sol's bright rays over *Fashion's* splendid scene gives such a brilliancy of appearance. And be thou near to me, should midnight Covent Garden rows claim my attention, when *noisy rattles* collect together the dissipated rambles *touched* with the potent juice of Bacchus, and entangled with *hoarse Cyprians* in the last stage of existence, till dragged to the watch-house, where the black hole gives a *limit* to their depravity of exclamation. In this respect, BOXIANA, let thine ear be as nice as SPAGNIOLETTI'S; anxious, like this great master of the Cremona, to give all the force and beauty of composition, but carefully to avoid a note being out of tune. Then, for once, let me entreat of thee, in soliciting thy assistance, that thou wilt take off the *gloves*, quit the prize ring, put down thy *steamer*, and for awhile dispense with thy DAFFY, but, above all, steer clear from the *slang*,^[10] except, indeed, where the instances decidedly call it forth, in order to produce an effect, and *emphasis* of character. Then, fare thee well?"

*Vive vale—si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.*—HORACE.

—"Farewell and be happy—if you know of any precepts better than these, be so candid as to communicate them, if not, partake of these with me."

——— "If a better system's thine,
Impart it freely, or make use of mine."

Early in the career of the publication of *LIFE IN LONDON*, there seems to have been some adverse criticisms by at least a section of the Press on the *slang* of the Author; and the somewhat highly coloured and *spicey* Plates of the Brothers Cruikshank, as in CHAPTER VI., page 84, Part III., there is the following apology, or, explanation printed as a foot-note thus:

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—"I am aware that some of my readers of a higher class of society, may feel, or seem to think, that I have introduced a little too much of the *slang*; but I am anxious to render myself perfectly intelligible to all parties. Half the world are *up* to it; and it is my intention to make the other half *down* to it. *LIFE IN LONDON* demands this sort of demonstration. A kind of *cant* phraseology is current from one end of the Metropolis to the other: indeed, even in the time of Lord Chesterfield, he complained of it. In some females of the highest rank, it is as strongly marked, as in *dingy* draggled-tail SALL, who is compelled to dispose of a few sprats to turn an honest penny: and while the latter, in smacking her lips, talks of her *prime jackey*, an *out-and-out* concern, a *bit of good truth*, &c., the former, in her dislikes, tossing her head, observes, it was *shocking*, *quite a bore*, *bestly*, *stuff*, &c. The Duchess, at an Opera, informs the Countess of a '*row*' which occurred on the last evening with as much *sang-froid*, as CARROTTY POLL mentions to a *Costardmonger* the *lark* she was engaged in, at a gin-spinner's, and, in being turned out of the *panny*, got her *ogles* taken *measure* of for a *suit of mourning*. Therefore, some allowance must be made for an author who is compelled to write under a subdued tone of expression—in order to keep his promise made to the public in the PROSPECTUS issued by him prior to the publication of the work. In fact in many instances, the language of real Life is so very strong, coarse, and even disgusting, that, in consequence of keeping the above object in view, the points of many a rich scene are in great danger of being nearly frittered away; nay, of being almost reduced to tameness and insipidity. My ingenious friends, ROBERT and GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, whose talents in representing "the living manners as they rise" stand unrivalled in this peculiar line, feel as strongly impressed with the value of *delicacy* as I do. But if some of the plates should appear rather *warm*, the purchaser of '*LIFE IN LONDON*' may feel assured, that nothing is added to them tending to *excite*, but, on the contrary, they have most anxiously, on all occasions, given the preference rather to '*extenuate*' than to 'set down aught in malice.' All the Plates are the exact representations, as they occurred of the various classes of society."

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The Prospectus alluded to at page xi., was after the following form.

—"The grand object of this Work is an attempt to portray what is termed '*SEEING LIFE*' in all its various bearings upon Society; from the *high mettled* CORINTHIAN of St. James' *swaddled* in luxury, down to the *needy Flue-Faker* of Wapping, *born without a shirt*, and destitute of a *bit of scran* to allay his piteous cravings. '*LIFE IN LONDON*' then, is the sport in view; and provided the *Chase* is turned to good account. '*SEEING LIFE*' will be found to have its *advantages*. No leaning upon the elbows is necessary to *imagine scenes*, after the manner of the '*Mysteries of Udolpho*,' neither has it been deemed expedient to have a fairy stationed upon a Lake, during the thunder and lightning of some dreadful night, in order to work up the mind of the Writer to

depict what he has seen, with a touch of the terrific.

"The DESIGNS have been sketched, as they occurred, and the Artists, in conjunction with the Writer, have booked the 'GLOWING SCENE, *fraught with fun, gaiety, style, anecdote, and character,*' at the moment it presented itself, and which, if once lost sight of, perhaps, could never have been retraced;—instead of trusting to their *recollection* at an after period, which has too often been the cause of giving a sort of *insipidity* and *dulness*, characterizing 'STILL' instead of the fire and animation that hovers over '*Real*' LIFE.

"It will, also, be found that 'JERRY' had higher objects in view, than *breaking a Watchman's lantern*, and agitating a *tinkler* to *queer* the *Roosters*, or, that his energies and talents existed *only* in a Row. It is not necessary, however, to dilate on the merits of a Work that affords such an inexhaustible scope, as 'Life in London;' neither, perhaps, is it too much to conclude, that it will be a production, at which the GRAVE may smile, the GAY feel delight, the COMICAL laugh heartily, and the PATHETIC have occasion for a wipe. The MODEST it is trusted, will not have occasion to turn aside with disgust, nor the MORALIST to shut the book offended. The CORINTHIANS likewise, will have no occasion to be ashamed to acknowledge 'TOM' as one of their party; the UNIVERSITIES not the slightest complaint to *expel*, or even *rusticate* 'BOB LOGIC,' nor the large Family of the HAWTHORNS to disown—poor JERRY, for his SPREES and RAMBLES in the METROPOLIS."

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During the periodic publication of LIFE IN LONDON it was generally supposed that the character-parts! of TOM, JERRY and LOGIC, were portraits of particular individuals, and there was much speculation and ink-slinging in respect to "*Who is Who?*" In the House of Lords it was whispered that the gallant and daring TOM represented his Grace the Duke of Wellington; JERRY, his Grace the Duke of Buckingham; and LOGIC, no less a personage than the Lord Chancellor. In the House of Commons it was said that TOM was intended for that worthy legal bibliophile, Mr. Butterworth, the pious member for Coventry; that Mr. Martin of Galway, pleaded guilty to JERRY; and the acute and knowing Mr. Hume sat for the all-awake leary LOGIC. On the other hand it was positively asserted at the West-end that TOM *type-ified* the elegant and spirited Colonel Berkeley; that the unsophisticated hopeful sprig of rurality, JERRY, was drawn, *ad vivum*, from Mr. Pea-Green Hayne,[11] while LOGIC absolutely personated that notorious *modern Greek scholar*, the *learned, larking, laconic, Parson Colton*.[12]

In the City, *per contra*, it was *currently reported on 'Change* that TOM, from his love of fun, and knowledge of good living, was the *locum tenens* of that *great and learned* man, and most facetious Banking Baronet, Sir William—more succinctly and familiarly *Billy*—Curtis, of the "*three R.'s*" notoriety;[13]—that JERRY was the picture of Mr. *Treble*, X Sheriff Parkins; and that LOGIC was an outline of Mr. Alderman Wood. But, Mr. W. T. Moncrieff states that he can, however, safely assert that all these suppositions are totally unfounded, as the characters of TOM, JERRY and LOGIC, were autobiographical sketches of the *artists* to whom they severally originally owe their being. The talented, spirited George Cruikshank was himself, in all the better points, the TOM—of the Corinthian Order; he is so admirably delineated; his very clever brother Isaac Robert, then perhaps less experienced, condescended to pass for JERRY, and the *downey* Pierce Egan—"None but himself can be his parallel"[14]—was his own LOGIC—the Oxonian in green specs—gig-lamps!" Mr. Moncrieff continues—"they having *tria juncta in uno* produced the admirable foundation of this Piece. [15] May they speedily furnish the public with some more of their *larks, sprees* and *rambles*—the world will thank them for the gift."

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It is now a matter of history that the Brothers Cruikshank, first designed and engraved the Plates for the original Edition of LIFE IN LONDON, and, then, Pierce Egan wrote the letter-press up to them from month to month to the completion of the work in July, 1821.

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To this order of things there was, however, one exception, namely in December, 1820,—"twas Christmas, merry Christmas time, when 'Man being reasonable, must get drunk,'" and Pierce Egan, admitted that he got too much *Daffy* aboard the over night, and that on waking up late the next morning he found his pocket-book containing his *Notes! i.e., "copy"* absent without leave. He therefore published at page 275 as follows:—

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS TO "LIFE IN LONDON."

THE AUTHOR IN DISTRESS![16]

He jests at a "LARK" that never felt a SCRATCH!

My numerous and dearest Friends:—

Of necessity, I am compelled to state to you, that having accepted an invitation from BOB LOGIC, about three weeks since, to spend an evening with him and a few of his *Swell Pals*, at the *Albany*, I pleaded business, and that the "*First of the Month*" must come. "I know it," replied BOB, "but it shall be a *sober* set-

out: PIERCE, you shall *tipple* as you like." In consequence of BOB's *plausibility*, I was *gammoned* to be one of the *squad*. Mixed liquors and *steamers* were the order of the *darkey*. But he praised so highly a cargo of *daffy*, which he had just received from the NONPAREIL[17] that *Daffy* and *water* was the preferred *suit*. After a glass or two had been *sluiced* over the *ivories* of the party, which made some of them begin loudly to *chaff*, BOB gave the *wink* to his *slavey*, observing that more hot water was wanted. A large kettle, boiling at the spout, was speedily introduced, but instead of *water* read *boiling Daffy*. The assumed gravity of BOB's *mug* upon playing off this *trick* was quite a treat, but I am happy to say *Crooky booked*[18] it. "Come, gents," said BOB, "please yourselves, here is plenty of water, now mix away." It had the desired effect. The glass was pushed about so quickly; that the "First of the Month" was soon *forgotten*, and we kept it up till very long after the REGULARS had been *tucked* up in their *dabs*, and only the *Roosters* and the "*Peep-o'-Day-Boys*" were out on the prowl for a *spre*. At length a *move* was made, but not a *rattler* was to be had. BOB and the party, *chaffing*, proposed to see the *Author* safe to his *sky-parlour*. The boys were *primed* for anything. Upon turning the corner of *Sydney's Alley*, into Leicester-Fields,[19] we were assailed by some *trouble customers*, and a *turn-up* was the result (as the Plate[20] most accurately represents). BOB got a *stinker*, and poor I received a *chancery-suit* upon the *nob*. How I reached the *upper-story*, I know not; but, on waking late in the day, I found my pocket-book was absent—without leave. I was in great grief at its loss, not on account of the *blunt* it contained—much worse—the *notes* in it were dearer than gold to me. The account of JERRY's introduction to the Marchioness of Diamonds, the Duchess of Hearts, Lady Wanton, Dick Trifle, Bill Dash, &c., &c., on his appearance in Rotten Row with the CORINTHIAN, *booked* on the spot. I was in a complete *funk*. I immediately went to *sartain persons*, and communicated my loss; *how, where, and when*; and I was consoled, that, if it were safe, PIERCE EGAN should have it. Day after day passed, and no account of it;—I gave it up for lost, and scratched my *moppery*, again and *again*, but could not recollect *accurately*, the substance of my notes. I was sorry for myself;—I was sorry for the public. However, on Friday morning last, taking a *turn* into Paternoster Row, my friend Jones[21] smiling, said he had got the Book:—as he is fond of a bit of *gig*, I thought he was in *fun*,—but, on handing it over to me, with the following letter, my *peepers* twinkled again with delight.

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To the care of Mr. Jones, for P. EGAN.

Sir,—You see as how I have sent that ere *Litter*:[22] Pocket-Book, which so much *row* has been *kicked* up about amongst us. Vy it an't worth a single *tonic*, [23] *Who's* to understand it? vy it's full of pot-hooks and hangers[24]—and not a *screen*[25] in it. You are determined nobody shall *nose* your *idears*. If your name had not been *chaunted* in it, it would have been *dinged* into the *dunagan*. But remember, no *conking*.

From yours, &c.,
TIM HUSTLE.

Dec. 20, 1820.

The joy I felt on recovering my Pocket-Book I cannot communicate. The return of it, however, arrived too late to prevent the following:—

APOLOGY.

In consequence of BOB LOGIC's *Daffy*, only one sheet of Letter Press accompanies the Plates of No. 5; but, to make up for this unavoidable deficiency, THREE SHEETS of Letter Press will be given in No. 6.

I therefore trust, under the circumstances of the case, a liberal allowance will be made, when it is recollected that such RAMBLES and SPREES FIRST gave the Author an idea of detailing some of the "*rich scenes*" which are only to be found in

LIFE IN LONDON.

Wishing health and happiness, united with the compliments of the season, to all my numerous Subscribers,

I remain,
Your much obliged and humble servant,
P. EGAN.

Sky-Parlour,
January 1, 1821.

In CHAPTER XIV. of the original LIFE IN LONDON, there is such a graphic description of TOM, JERRY and LOGIC—the *Oxonian*; making a "*jolly NIGHT of it*" at the once famed Vauxhall Gardens: written in so truly a *Piercy Egan*!!! style that we are tempted to reproduce it in its entirety

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—“I perceive,” said TOM, “on perusing the newspaper, Vauxhall Gardens are open, and therefore, JERRY, to-night we will pay them a visit.” “It is an extraordinary place, indeed,” replied HAWTHORN, “if my *Old Dad* and *Mam* have not exaggerated its grandeur; but, as the *old people* have not been used to *sights*, it may account for their astonishment and rapture in speaking about them.” “I am not surprised at that,” answered TOM, smiling; “in my humble opinion, it has not its equal in the world. There is nothing like it in Paris. PLEASURE holds her court at *Vauxhall*. In those gay regions, you are liable to jostle against the *gods* and *goddesses*—BACCHUS you will find frequently at your elbow—VENUS and the *Graces* passing and repassing, yet condescendingly *smiling* upon you—MOMUS surrounded by fun and laughter—TERPSICHORE attending upon your *steps*—and APOLLO winding up the whole with the most pleasing harmony.” “No LETHE, then is necessary at Vauxhall, I suppose,” said JERRY, ironically, interrupting TOM. “Yes, my dear Coz,” answered the CORINTHIAN. “It might be inferred that nearly, if not all the visitors, upon entering Vauxhall Gardens, had drank of the waters of LETHE, for everything else seems to be *forgotten* on joining this enchanting scene: however, I can speak for myself in this respect.” “Excellently well defined, TOM,” replied LOGIC. “To me, Vauxhall is the festival of LOVE and HARMONY, and produces a most happy mixture of society. There is no *precision* about it, and every person can be *accommodated*, however *substantial*, or *light* and *airy* their *palates*. If *eating*, my dear JERRY, is the object in view, you will perceive tables laid out in every box, and the order is only wanted by the waiter instantly to gratify the appetite. If *drinking*, the *punch* is so prime, and immediately follows the call, that it will soon make you as lively as a harlequin. If inclined to *waltz* or to *reel*, partners can be procured without the formality of a master of the ceremonies. If you are fond of *singing*, the notes of that ever-green, MRS. BLAND, never fail to touch the heart. If attached to *music*, the able performers in the orchestra, the Pandean minstrels, and regimental bands, in various parts of the gardens, prove quite a treat. If *promenading* is your *forte*, you will find illuminated walks of the most interesting and animated description. Numerous persons of the highest quality: myriads of lovely females, with gaiety beaming upon every countenance; and the pleasure of meeting with old friends and acquaintances, render the *tout ensemble* impressively elegant and fascinating. Even the *connoisseur* in paintings may find subjects at Vauxhall too rich to be passed over in haste. In short, there is such an endless variety of amusements, in rapid succession, from the song to the dance—from refreshment to the glass—from the cascade to the fireworks, that time positively flies in these Gardens. *Reflection* is not admitted; and the *senses* are all upon the alert. You may be as *extravagant* as you please, or you need not spend a single *farthing*, if economy is your object, and not be found fault with neither. If you like it so best,” continued the *Oxonian*, smiling, “you may be as gay as a dancing-master, and enter into all the fun and frolic by which you are surrounded; or you can be as *decorous* as a parson in his pulpit, and be nothing more than a common observer. But if *enjoyment* is your *motto*, you may make the most of an evening in these Gardens more than at any other place in the Metropolis. It is all free and easy—stay as long as you like, and depart when you think proper.” “Your description is so flattering,” replied JERRY, “that I do not care how soon the time arrives for us to start.” LOGIC proposed a “bit of a stroll,” in order to get rid of an hour or two, which was immediately accepted by TOM and JERRY. A *turn* or two in Bond Street—a *stroll* through Piccadilly—a “*look in*” at Tattersall’s—a *ramble* through Pall Mall—and a *strut* on the *Corinthian Path*, fully occupied the time of our heroes till the hour for dinner arrived, when a few glasses of TOM’S rich wines soon put them on the *qui vive*; VAUXHALL was then the object in view, and the TRIO started, bent upon enjoying all the pleasures which this place so amply affords to its visitors.

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“It is really delightful,” exclaimed JERRY, on his entering the Gardens, during the first act of the concert; “I was, on my first visit, enraptured with Sydney Gardens, at Bath; but, I must confess, that the brilliancy of this scene is so superior that it appears to me like a New WORLD, and you have not, my friends, *overrated* it.”

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HAWTHORN, under the guidance of his *pals*, was not long in exploring the illuminated walks, the rotunda, and everything belonging to this fashionable place of resort. Our hero was in high spirits; LOGIC was also *ripe* for a *spree*; and the CORINTHIAN so agreeable in disposition, that he made known to his two friends he was ready to *accommodate* them in any proposition they might feel inclined to make. JERRY expressed himself much pleased with the arrangement and performance of the concert; and he likewise observed, the music of the songs reflected considerable credit on the talents of the composer.[26] On passing through the rooms attached to the rotunda, in which the paintings of *Hogarth* and *Hayman*[27] are exhibited, and also the portraits of the late King and Queen, on their coming to the throne, JERRY, with a smile, retorted upon LOGIC, “that those paintings certainly could not be passed over in haste, if the proprietors of the *Gardens* thought *catalogues* were not necessary, it would, however, prove much more pleasing to the visitors if a few lines were painted under them, by way of *explanation*.” “I must agree with your remarks,” replied LOGIC; “no visitor ought to be suffered to remain in the *dark* on any subject amidst such a blaze of illumination. Never mind criticising any more about these pictures; let us retire to a nice little box, for I assure you my *ogles* have feasted enough, and I stand in need of much more substantial refreshment. Some burnt-wine, *ham shavings*,[28] chickens, sherry, and a lively

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drop of arrack-punch, my boys, will enable us to finish the evening like *trumps*." "A good proposition," cried TOM. "It is," said JERRY; "and I second it." The TRIO immediately left the *gay* scene, for a short period, to partake of all the *choice* articles which the larder could produce to please their palates. The *bottle* was not suffered to stand still by our heroes, and the *punch* also moved off with great facility, till the lively military band invited them once more to join the merry dance, when LOGIC, full of fun and laughter, said, "he was now able to *reel* with any lady or gentleman in the Gardens." "Yes," replied TOM, laughing heartily, "I'll back you on that score, BOB; but not to *dance*." The elegant appearance and address of the CORINTHIAN soon procured him lots of dashing partners: JERRY was not behind his COZ in that respect; and the agility both our heroes displayed on the "light fantastic toe" attracted numerous *gazers*. LOGIC, who was for "pushing along, keep moving," as he termed it, was interrupted in his pursuit by a *jack-o'-dandy* hero, and who also quizzed the *Oxonian* with the appellation of "*Old Barnacles*." Some sharp words passed in reply from LOGIC, when the *dandy*, who was rather *snuffy*, as well as impudent, put himself into a posture of defence, crying out, "Come on my fine *fealow*, I'll soon spoil your daylights." The *Oxonian* immediately gave the *dandy* so severe a blow on his head that he measured his length on the ground like a log of wood: and, on LOGIC perceiving the fallen *dandy* quite terrified, he assumed to be in a most violent rage, and addressing two of the sisterhood near him, with "My dears, if you do not hold my arms, I am so tremendous a fellow, I shall certainly do him a mischief." This piece of bombast had the desired effect; and the *dandy*, amidst roars of laughter, endeavoured to get up and run away; but LOGIC held him, and said, "That was the way he took to *correct* fellows who addressed him improperly; and, to prevent mistakes in future, he advised him to remember Mr. *Green Specs*." The *Oxonian*, anxious to keep up the fun, pretended, all of a sudden, to be in great agony, and, putting up his hand to his head, exclaimed, in a piteous tone, "I have got the worst of it after all; I have lost an eye." "I hope not," said a lady, a little advanced in years, who was an observer of the scene, apparently much grieved at his misfortune. "Never mind, my love," replied LOGIC; "it is only a *green* one; I can get another," showing his spectacles, with one of his glasses out. BOB now *reeled* off, receiving the applause of the spectators as a very funny fellow. On the conclusion of the dance, TOM and JERRY traversed the Gardens, and enjoyed themselves to the utmost extent in all the variety they afforded, till day-light had long given them the hint it was time to think of home. LOGIC, as upon former occasions, was not to be found; and the CORINTHIAN and his Coz were compelled to leave Vauxhall without him.

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Under the Especial Patronage of HIS MAJESTY.

ROYAL GARDENS, VAUXHALL.—The Proprietors respectfully beg leave to acquaint the Public that these Gardens having been newly and fancifully decorated, are now open for the SEASON, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Evenings. TO-MORROW, June 11, Wednesday and Friday Evenings next, a Vaudeville, written by Mr. Moncrieffe, called ACTORS' AL FRESCO; or, the Play in the Pleasure Grounds. With principally original Music composed by Messrs. T. Cooke, Blewitt, and Horn. Sir Udolph Honeysuckle, Mr. S. Bennett; Orlando Saville, Mr. Horn; Signor Patrick O'Diddle, Mr. Fitzwilliam; Jeremy Crambo, Mr. Woulds; Miss Frances Honeysuckle, Miss Graddon; Miss Penelope Honeysuckle, Miss Pearce; Sally Larkspur, Mrs. Fitzwilliam; Villagers, &c., &c.—The Vaudeville will begin at a quarter past eight.—Author and Stage Manager, Mr. Moncrieffe.

An Entirely NEW DIVERTISEMENT (composed by Mr. Ridgway), for which a numerous Corps de Ballet is engaged.

In the course of the Evening, Mr. BLACKMORE will perform his astonishing Feats on the Slack Rope.

The FIRE-WORKS, with the wonderful Ascent on the Rope, by BLACKMORE, will be exhibited with their usual splendour, by those celebrated Artists, SOUTHBY and D'ERNST.

The CONCERT, which has ever formed a prominent feature, will be performed as heretofore, in the original and much admired Orchestra, in the open Gardens; and will consist of entirely new Songs, Duets, Glee's, &c., composed by Cooke, Blewitt, and Horn, and sung by Messrs. Woulds, Horn, Benson, Tinney, and Fitzwilliam, Miss Graddon, Mrs. Austin, and Mrs. Fitzwilliam.

The Military and Scotch Bands, under the direction of Mr. Hopkins will be in attendance.—Director and Leader of the Music, Mr. T. Cooke; Composers, Messrs. T. Cooke, Blewitt, and Horn.

The Scenery and Decorations by Messrs. Thorn, Cox, and Assistants. Mechanists, Messrs. Shaw, Lowe, &c.

A Spectacle of an extraordinary nature, on a scale of magnitude never yet attempted in any

VAUXHALL.

Vauxhall Gardens—the gay and favourite spot of metropolitan amusement, and of fashionable resort in the summer season—commenced their attractions to the public on Monday. The weather was highly favourable. The entertainments of the evening commenced with a *petit piece* *Actors' Al Fresco; or, The Play in The Pleasure Grounds*, by Mr. Moncrieffe. It was received favourably, though certainly not possessing such claims to public favour as one might expect from the popular author of *Tom and Jerry*, *Don Giovanni*, &c. The Concert consisted of entirely new songs, duets, glees, &c., composed by Horn, Cooke, and Blewitt; one of the songs—a comic one—the composition of Blewitt, possessed more merit, both as to the words and the music, than compositions for a temporary occasion, like the present, usually do. The space afforded to the public for a view of the fire-works was more limited than hitherto. This contracted allowance of accommodation, we understand, is attributable to arrangements which are making to celebrate the approaching anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, on a scale of unequalled brilliancy and splendour. The boxes and several compartments in the gardens are painted in a pleasing light colour—a mixture of green and white—which imparts a freshness and rural appearance to the scene, far more agreeable to the eye than the gaudy tints which were adopted in the previous decorations.—*Bell's Life in London*.

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GRAND CORONATION FETE!

UNDER THE SPECIAL PATRONAGE OF HIS MAJESTY.

ROYAL GARDENS, VAUXHALL.—The Proprietors respectfully acquaint the Public, that it is their intention to celebrate this Anniversary TO-MORROW, Monday, 21st July, 1828, in a style very superior indeed to any Gala it has ever been in their power of producing, as they are enabled to embrace all the distinguished characteristics of the Spanish Fete, in which the Royal, Noble, and distinguished Visitors were so highly delighted on the 8th instant. The ANNIVERSARY of the CORONATION of His MAJESTY may therefore be termed a Superb Repetition of the brilliant Illuminations, extensive and novel Decorations, &c., &c., of that night; and the Public are assured, that the most splendid preparations are in progress, to entertain, delight, and surprise the Visitors. The Gardens will be made one entire scene of light, by every avenue and walk exhibiting illuminated Ornaments, Mottoes, &c., &c., in variegated Lamps and Transparencies; and the following is a slight Programme of the Night's Amusements:—

THE HYDROPYRIC EXHIBITION, which increases nightly in the favour of the Public, will be performed with all its numerous cascades of coloured fire and variegated water.

A NEW VAUDEVILLE, in the Rotunda Theatre. The Songs, Duets, &c., adapted to familiar Airs; previously to which Master Charles will perform a Solo on the Violin.

RAMO SAMEE, the wonderful Indian Juggler, will delight the Company with his surprising performances with Knives, Balls, Pyramids, &c., &c.

A SUPERB DISPLAY of FIRE-WORKS will take place immediately after the Concert. The Proprietors pride themselves much upon the universal approbation and delight afforded by the displays of Fire-Works at Vauxhall, and which can be witnessed at no other place of amusement in the kingdom; and they pledge themselves that the Fire-Works of this Evening shall be of the very first character. The Artist has directions (regardless of expense) to produce the most splendid display.

ROYAL GARDENS, VAUXHALL.—TO-MORROW, June 29, Wednesday, July 1, Friday July 3, will be presented, in the Rotunda, an entirely New Vaudeville, called

A DAY UP THE RIVER,

With New Music, composed by Mr. T. Cooke and Mr. Blewitt. The characters by Messrs. T. Cooke, Weekes, G. Smith, Robinson, W. H. Williams; Miss P. Horton, and Miss Helme.

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A CONCERT,

In the open Orchestra, in which several New songs will be introduced for the first time.

A New Pantomime (first time), called

THE YELLOW DWARF; or Harlequin Knight of the Lion.

Under the direction of Mons. Hullin.

Mr. GREY, having been honoured every Evening with the most unbounded applause, will continue to exhibit his unrivalled

FANTOCCINI.

The Amusements will terminate with a display of

FIRE-WORKS

Towards the close of which will be exhibited an HYDROPYRIC TEMPLE, from which will issue a Grand Discharge of Fire, interspersed with Waterfalls, Cascades, Jets d'Eaux, &c.

Admission for the Season and Nightly Cards may be had at 23, Ludgate-hill; 141, Fleet-street; 8, Charing-cross; 146, Oxford-street; and at the Gardens.

Books, descriptive of the Amusements and Songs of the Opera and Concert, to be had in the Gardens only.

The Gardens are opened every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

Parties desirous of Dining in the Gardens can be accommodated at or after Six o'clock.

Doors open at Seven.—Admission 4s.

Under the especial Patronage of HIS MAJESTY.

ROYAL GARDENS, VAUXHALL.—The Proprietors respectfully acquaint the Public, That these GARDENS WILL OPEN for the SEASON TO-MORROW, Monday, June 1, and will continue open during the Summer, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday; and they have the pleasure of announcing that they have succeeded in obtaining for a few Nights the powerful aid of Miss Fanny Ayton, Mesdames, Castelli and De Angioli, Signor Torri, Guiberlel, De Angioli, and Pelegrini, to sing in

ITALIAN OPERA BUFFA.

These performers will have the honour of appearing on the first night, in Rossini's celebrated Opera of *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, which will be given in the Rotunda Theatre. The Musical Department under the direction of Mr. T. Cooke; Conductor Mr. Blewitt.

A CONCERT,

As heretofore, in the original Orchestra in the open Gardens, consisting of New Songs, Duets, &c., to be sung by Mr. W. H. Williams, Mr. Robinson, Mr. G. Smith, and Mr. Weekes (from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane), Miss P. Horton (Pupil of Mr. Blewitt), and Miss Helme.

An entire new COMIC BALLET will be performed in the open Theatre, under the direction of Mons. Hullin, called

POLICHINEL VAMPIRE.

The Dancers principally from the Opera Theatre, assisted by numerous corps de ballet. Leader of the Ballet, Mr. R. Hughes.

The Scenery, with various paintings and many New Cosmoramas, dispersed about the Gardens, by Mr. Cocks and Assistants. The amusements will terminate with a display of

FIRE-WORKS.

Towards the close of which will be exhibited an HYDROPYRIC TEMPLE, from which will

issue a Grand Discharge of Fire, interspersed with Waterfalls, Cascades, Jets d'Eaux, &c. The Fire-Works' Artists are Mr. Southby and Mr. D'Ernst, whose inimitable displays have given such unmixed satisfaction for several successive Seasons.—The Military and Scotch Bands under the direction of Mr. Hopkins.

Admission for the Season and Nightly Cards may be had at 23, Ludgate-hill; 141, Fleet-street; 148, Oxford-street; and at the Gardens.

Books, descriptive of the Amusements and Songs of the Opera and Concerts, to be had in the Gardens only.

The Italian Opera will begin at Ten o'clock. Doors open at Seven.—Admission, 4s.



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UNDER THE ESPECIAL PATRONAGE OF HIS MAJESTY.

R OYAL GARDENS, VAUXHALL.—OPEN EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY.—TO-MORROW (Monday), 14th July, a variety Entertainment will be given, consisting of an entirely New Vaudeville, entitled SHE WOULD IF SHE COULD. Adapted to favourite and familiar Airs. Characters by Mr. T. Cooke, Mr. S. Bennett, Mr W. H. Williams, Miss Knight, Miss Helme, and Mrs. Younge, &c., &c., &c.—The New Pantomime, called HARLEQUIN IN THE BOTTLE.—A Concert in the open Orchestra. The Dioramic Pictures, Cosmoramas, and Spectre Grove. The unrivalled Performances of the celebrated CHING LAURO.—To conclude with the GRAND NOVELTY of the HYDROPYRIC EXHIBITION, which is received with the most tumultuous marks of approbation, forming a display of Water and Fire-Works never before attempted in any country. The Military and Scotch Bands as usual.—Doors open at Seven.—Admission, 4s.—Books, with all the particulars of the Performance, in the Rotunda Theatre, Ballet, open Orchestra, &c., &c., to be had only in the Gardens.—Beware of spurious Pamphlets, pressed upon the Public at the entrance.

UNDER THE ESPECIAL PATRONAGE OF HIS MAJESTY.

R OYAL GARDENS, VAUXHALL.—For a FEW NIGHTS LONGER.—The Proprietors respectfully inform the Public, that in consequence of the decided favourable state of the Weather, the Gardens will be Open TO-MORROW, Wednesday and Friday, when the UNION GALA will be repeated with (if possible) increased splendour and effect. The whole of the Illuminations, Decorations, Mottoes, &c., which afforded so much delight last Evening, will be again exhibited, and a continual succession of Entertainments take place from the time the doors open, including the amusing LOTTERY PRESENTS.—Doors open at Seven. Admission, 4s.

S UREY THEATRE.—Under the direction of Mr. ELLISTON, TO-MORROW, June 16, will be presented THE MILLER'S MAID. Giles, Mr. Rayner; Phoebe, Mrs. Fitzwilliam. With DIE NACHTIGAL UND DER RABE. And THE INCHCAPE BELL. Hans Hattock, Mr. Osbaldiston; Guy Ruthven, Mr. Rayner.—Tuesday, Inkle and Yarico. With Die Nachtigal und Der Rabe. And Giovanni in London.—Wednesday, 1st time at this Theatre, the extravaganza of Tom and Jerry; or, Life in London. After which Master Burns will appear (for the 1st time) in six characters in A Day after the Fair. With the Inchcape Bell.—Thursday, Tom and Jerry. With Die Nachtigal und Der Rabe. And The Inchcape Bell.—Friday, Tom and Jerry. With Die Nachtigal und Der Rabe. And The Inchcape Bell.—Saturday, Tom and Jerry With Die Nachtigal und Der Rabe. And Love's Frailties.

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GRAND MASQUERADE, Argyll Rooms, first of the Season.—The brilliant éclat which has lately attended this peculiar and popular species of entertainment, urges as early recommencement of such festive gaieties, and in compliance with the general wish, TOMORROW, Monday, November 30, is appointed for the first GRAND FESTA DI BALLO. The Splendid Suite of Rooms will be newly Embellished, Decorated, and Brilliantly Illuminated.

LITOLF and ADAMS' BAND, with the New Massaroni Quadrilles! arranged from the popular Music of "The Brigand," now performing with great success at the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, will be stationed in the Grand Ball Room, newly decorated as LE SALON DE MARS! The Emblematic Devices, Banners, Trophies, &c., &c., by the most Eminent Artists.

Numerous Professional Dancers, from the Italian Opera House, and Theatres Royal, are Expressly Engaged, to enliven the scene with a constant succession of French, English, Italian, Irish, German and Scotch, Dances, particularly THE GALLOPADE! which will be introduced immediately after Supper.

The Court of Momus will be furnished with an Effective Band for Country Dances! and occasionally enlivened with the Eccentric Efforts of numerous Artists, expressly engaged for this SPLENDID CARNIVAL.

"All kinds of dresses splendid and fantastical;
Masks of all times and nations, Turks and Jews,
Mimes, Harlequins and Clowns, with feats gymnastical;
Greeks, Romans, Yankeedoodles and Hindoos."—Lord Byron.

AN ELEGANT SUPPER will be provided under the superintendence of Mr. Phillips, of Steyne House, Brighton, and Oxford-street, London; and the Room will be opened at One o'Clock—to enliven which PROFESSIONAL GLEE SINGERS will be engaged, and at intervals a GRAND MILITARY BAND will perform some of the most favourite Overtures from La Muette de Portici, Siègè de Corinth, Crociato in Egitto, &c., &c.



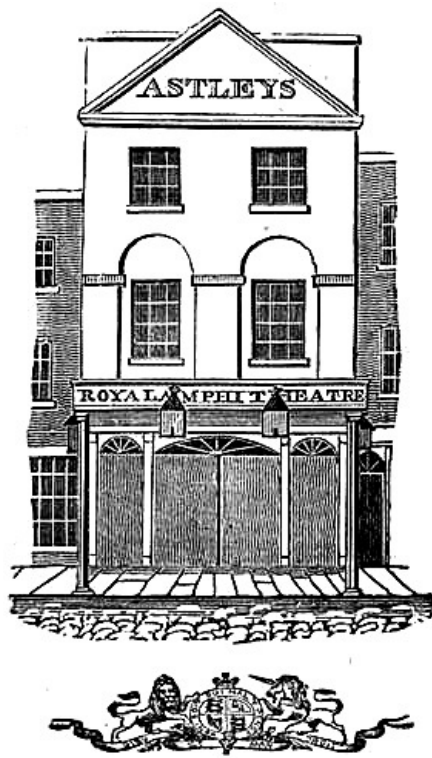
Dans l'age heureux de la folie
 En fêtes, dissipant nos jours.
 Nous suivons la route embellie,
 Par les Muses et les Amours.

Au refrain des Tambourins,
 Au tic tac des Castagnettes,
 Au jug jug du jus divin,
 Amis, chassons le chagrin

Lorsque le Champagne.
 Fait eu s'échappant Pan! Pan!
 Ce doux bruit me gagne
 L'ame et le tympane.

Further particulars will be duly announced.—Masks, Dominoes, Character and Fancy Dresses, to be had at the Masquerade Warehouse, Opera Colonade, Haymarket.

Tickets of Admission, One Guinea each; for Supper Tickets, 7s. 6d. each; and Private Boxes to view the Masquerade without mixing in the Motley Group, Domino, and Character Tickets, apply to Mr. Charles Wright, next the King's Theatre, Opera Colonade, Haymarket.



DUCROW'S BENEFIT.

R OYAL AMPHITHEATRE (ASTLEY'S).—MR. DUCROW has the honour of announcing his BENEFIT REPRESENTATION TO-MORROW EVENING, Sept. 7. For the full detail of the Novelties prepared, it will be necessary to refer to the hand bills, but the three following are leading features totally new, and have never been performed, viz.:—BONAPARTE'S PASSAGE OF THE MOUNT ST. BERNARD, for the Stage; to commence at a Quarter-past Six; and Mr. Ducrow's two new Scenes for the Circle, of St. George and the Dragon, with its splendid Pageant, in honour of the Champion's brave and puissant deed. With "Make way for Liberty; or, the Flight of the Saracens." In addition to these he will represent the Animated Venetian Statue; or, Living Models of Antiques; and will appear with Miss Woolford on the Double Tight Rope. The exercises of the German Rider, Herr Berg, and a variety of other Entertainments.—To conclude with the Grand Romantic Spectacle of THE CATARACT OF THE GANGES.—Tickets to be had and places secured at the Box Office, from Eleven till Four.

To give the present generation of playgoers an insight into the manners and customs of the so-called "good old days;" and in the "hot youth" of our great grandfathers—and mothers: when George the Fourth was King of England: the dramatic version of TOM AND JERRY; OR, LIFE IN LONDON, is occasionally revived at one or other of the Metropolitan Minor Theatres. In 1868 Mr. Joseph A. Cave produced with distinguished success Moncrieff's Adelphi adaptation, carefully revised at the:—

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VICTORIA THEATRE.

It was announced thus:—

The Performance will commence with the Rattling, Rollicking, Rumantic and Picturesque Drama of every-day Society, in its highest and lowest phases, written by that celebrated reviewer of Mankind, the late W. T. Moncrieff, entitled

TOM AND JERRY; OR, Life in London Fifty Years Ago!

Squire Hawthorn An Old English Gentleman, one of the olden time Mr. J. BRADSHAW

Jerry Hawthorn His Nephew, rather verdant, until brought out Mr. JAMES FAWN

Farmer Cornflower—Mr. MILLER

Sir Harry Blood—a Buck—Mr. FASHION

Bill Pointer—an awkward one—Mr. TERRIER

Claw—a Lawyer—Mr. J. BAKER

Tom, alias Corinthian Tom—a blood of the first water—Mr. J. H. FITZPATRICK

SPORTSMAN'S CABINET, HAWTHORN HALL.

Life in the Country—the party—preparations for the Departure of Jerry.

"Horses sound, dogs healthy, / Earths stopped, and foxes plenty."

A Country Gentleman's Idea of London Life.

Tom sets them on the right road—the word pledged—he shall go—one gone already—who? why, the Village Lawyer—Where? under the Table.

A Country Lane! Life and Love in a Cottage!

Jane	a blossom of affection	Miss HARRIET FARREN
Sue	in love with Jerry	Miss FLORENCE FARREN
Kate	in love with Tom, and resolved upon reclaiming him	Miss LIZZIE GRAY

Tom's Sanctum in Corinthian Lodge.

Bob, otherwise Dr. Logic	a fly individual, fully acquainted with the classical language of the Holy Land, or in other words St. Giles's Greek	Mr. W. H. HARMER
--------------------------	--	------------------

Primefit	a West-end Tailor, in other words, a sufferer	Mr. J. BAKER
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Jerry gets an Introduction to Fast Life—Tom's Advice and Lesson—How the Trio started for Enjoyment.

BURLINGTON ARCADE.

The Lovers in Ambush—the Note—Tom receives a chaffing from Logic.

Jemmy Green	from the City	Mr. F. MITCHELL
Mr. Tattersall	well known	Mr. M. ROBERTS
Cope and Gullum	Touters	Messrs. BAKER & WARE
Prance	an Ostler	Mr. ARTHUR

Jockeys, Yorkshire Coves, Black Legs, &c.

A look in at Tattersall's—Tom and Jerry's judgment in purchasing a Prad—how Jemmy Green bought a horse and was taken home and in by it.

HYDE PARK CORNER.

Tom and Jerry express their opinion strongly—the assignation—Tom's appointment—Logic improves Jerry's opinion of Town Education.

LIFE IN THE WEST (ALMACK'S).

Act 2. LIFE IN THE EAST (ALL-MAX).

Dusty Bob	Mr. R. H. KITCHEN
Black Sal	Mr. T. LAMB
Mr. Mace Mine Host	Mr. M. ROBERTS
Rosin a Fiddler	Mr. SCRAPE
Mahogany Mary	Miss BROWN
Mr. & Mrs. Lillywhite	Mr. & Miss BLACK

Bob, Tom and Logic in prime trim—the Treat—Put round the Lush—Dusty Bob and his Sarah.

Pas de Deux Messrs. R. H. KITCHEN & T. LAMB.

Act 3. Life amongst the Fancy!

Tom Crib	England's well-known Champion Swell Coves, Millers, &c., &c.	Mr. G. CARTER
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Tom and Jerry in a new phase—true admirers of English pluck—a Toast, “Long Life to Gallant Tom Crib.”

A STREET.

Tim O’Boozle
Mrs. Tartar

Mr. J. BAKER
Miss ANNETTE VINCENT

“Past Twelve o’clock and a Cloudy Night”—The Bucks revel—Mrs. Tartar in a fix—Help! Help! Help!

TEMPLE BAR BY NIGHT!

Teddy McLush an Irish Watchman Mr. J. BRADSHAW
Mr. Tartar Constable of the Night Mr. M. ROBERTS

A Row—a rally, and a Rescue—how to box a Watchman—Tom and Jerry get the best of a Charley—Tom and Jerry in trouble after a spree.

INTERIOR OF ST. DUNSTAN’S WATCHHOUSE.

BACK SLUMS IN THE HOLY LAND.

Mr. Jenkins	King of the Cadgers, with a flash Medley	Mr. J. BRADSHAW
Billy Waters	a well-known character	Mr. F. MITCHELL
Little Jemmy	a cripple	Mr. WEST
Creeping Jack	a beggar	Mr. SMALLALMS
Ragged Dick	a fly one	Mr. SHREDS
Dingey Bet		Miss NABEM
Soldier Suke		Miss LIST
Landlord of the Drum		Mr. CHALK

Kate, Sue and Jane in new characters—Tom, Jerry and Logic up to their larks—the Thieves’ Supper (without cant)—the raid upon the Sanctuary—a terrific mill—Tom and Jerry in their glory—TABLEAU.

LEICESTER SQUARE.

Real Old Grimaldi Comic Scene.

Clown, Mr. R. H. KITCHEN Pantaloon, Mr. TOM LAMB

Here! Hollo! Now for Fun.

VAUXHALL GARDENS

↵ Magnificently Illuminated for a Fete. ↻

The Recognition—all happy—the Lovers united—grand gallop—end of Tom and Jerry’s Life in London.

Brilliant Shower of Fire by Professor Wells. GRAND DENOUEMENT!

In consequence of the great success of the revival of TOM and JERRY at the VICTORIA THEATRE—where it ran nine weeks: Mr. Conquest, of the GRECIAN, and Mrs. Lane, of the BRITANNIA THEATRE, directly afterwards produced a version of the same. A year or two after that Mr. William Holland, of the SURREY THEATRE, assisted by Mr. J. A. Cave, also staged it successfully.

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In May, 1886, Mr. J. A. Cave re-produced the same at The Elephant and Castle Theatre, which was set forth thus:—

ELEPHANT & CASTLE THEATRE, S.E.

GRAND THEATRE.

LESSEE AND MANAGER MR. J. A. CAVE.

Trains, Trams and Buses From all Parts Stop at the Doors.

TOM AND JERRY A BIG SUCCESS;
GRAND REVIVAL OF LIFE IN LONDON 100 YEARS AGO.

Cruikshank’s far-famed Pictures Realised.—Manners and Customs of the Period.—Old Haunts of London. Life in the East. Life in the West.—Larks by Day.—Sprees by Night. Betting Cribs.—Sparring Cribs.—All the Noted Characters in Costumes of the time.—The most Novel, Picturesque, and Amusing Entertainment in London. See DAILY TELEGRAPH, GLOBE, MORNING POST, SPORTING LIFE, DISPATCH, LLOYDS, &C.

POWERFUL CAST. ALL THE ORIGINAL SENSATIONAL EFFECTS

Early Pass Doors open Nightly at 6.30.

SATURDAY, MAY 29TH, 1886, AND NIGHTLY AT 7

TOM AND JERRY;

OR,
LIFE IN LONDON.

ALL THE ORIGINAL MUSIC, SONGS, DUETS, CHORUSES, AND DANCES.
PRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL ADELPHI MANUSCRIPT, BY MR. J. A. CAVE.

THE SCENES OF OLD LONDON, &c., By MR. HEDLEY CHURCHWARD.

* * * * *
* * * * *

To conclude with, for the first time here, an Original Domestic Drama, of intense interest,
entitled THE

WREN BOYS;

OR, THE NIGHT BIRDS OF KERRY.

Introducing the entire Company.

STAGE MANAGER, Mr. George Skinner. MUSICAL DIRECTOR, Mr. Henri G. French.

Williams & Strahan, Printers, 74, New Cut, Lambeth.

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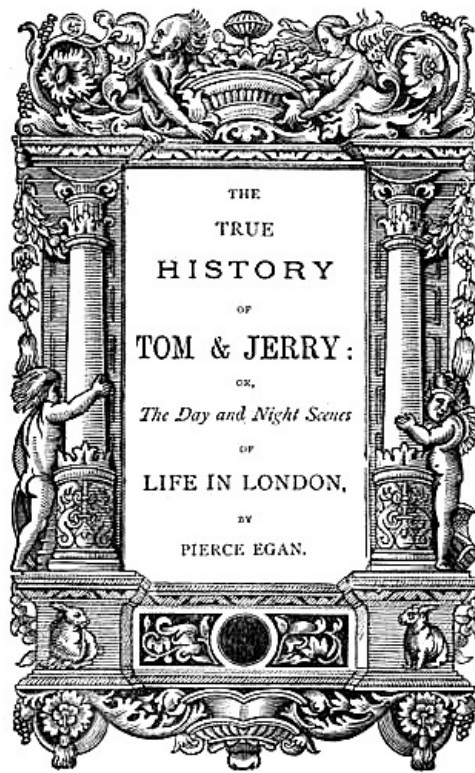


JESTERS
AND
PAINTED SCENERY.

Messrs. Hodson, Smart, West, Marks, Fairburn, Park, Skelt, and other publishers made a rich harvest out of the—"Price 1d. Plain and 2d. Coloured Characters of TOM AND JERRY; or, Life in London," together with miniature stages, and "BOOK OF THE WORDS" for the juvenile home-performing version of the drama.

How delightful the book, and the pictures!

—oh! the pictures are noble still!—was to the youths of England, and how eagerly all its promised feasts of pleasure were devoured by them, Thackeray has told us in his Roundabout Paper, "DE JUVENTURE" in the *Cornhill Magazine* for October, 1860.



Eye Nature's walk, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise.

A man is thirty years old before he has any settled thoughts of his Fortune: and if it is not completed before fifty; he falls a building in his old age, and dies by that time his House is in a condition to be painted and glazed.

HISTORY
OF THE
LIFE IN LONDON;
OR, THE
DAY AND NIGHT SCENES



TOM AND JERRY.

“Of Life in London, Tom, Jerry and Logic I sing.”
 To the Strand then I toddled—the mob was great—
 My watch I found gone—pockets undone:
 I fretted at first, and rail’d against fate,
 For I paid well to see “LIFE IN LONDON.”

In the early part of the year 1820, the British public were informed through the then existing usual advertising mediums that there was about to be published, in monthly parts, “PIERCE EGAN’S LIFE IN LONDON; OR, the Day and Night Scenes of Jerry Hawthorn, Esq.; and his elegant friend Corinthian Tom, accompanied by Bob Logic, the Oxonian, in their Rambles and Sprees through the Metropolis. Embellished with thirty-six Scenes from Real Life, designed and etched by I. R. and G. Cruikshank, and enriched with numerous original Designs on Wood by the same Artists.”

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Some time previous to its appearance a great taste had exhibited itself amongst fashionable bloods for sporting works—books upon the chase, upon racing, upon boxing, and ‘sport’ generally. The demand soon brought an excellent supply, and “BOXIANA,” in its own peculiar department, at once became a great favourite. Artists, too, arose, who devoted all their powers to hunting subjects, to racing favourites, and pugilistic encounters. Amongst these the names of Alkén, Dighton, Heath, Brooke, Rowlandson, &c., became very popular. One day it occurred to the editor of ‘Boxiana’ that if Londoners were so anxious for books about country and out-of-door sports, why should not Provincials and even Cockneys themselves be equally anxious to know something of “Life in London?” The editor of ‘Boxiana’ was Mr. Pierce Egan, who as the literary representative of sport and high life, had already been introduced to George IV., the character of the proposed work was mentioned to the King and his Gracious Majesty seems to have heartily approved of it, for he at once gave permission for it to be dedicated to himself. The services of Messrs. George and Robert Cruikshank were secured as illustrators.

And on the 15th July, the first number, price one shilling, was published by Messrs. Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, of Paternoster Row. This sample, or first instalment, of the entire work was quite enough for society to judge by. It took both town and country by storm. It was found to be the exact thing in literature that the readers of those days wanted. Edition after edition was called for—and supplied, as fast as the illustrations could be got away from the small army of women and children who were colouring them. With the appearance of numbers two and three, the demand increased, and a revolution in our literature, in our drama, and even in our nomenclature began to develop itself. All the announcements from Paternoster Row were of books, great and small, depicting life in London; dramatists at once turned their attention to the same subject, and tailors, bootmakers, and hatters, recommended nothing but Corinthian shapes, and Tom and Jerry patterns.^[29]

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Immediately Messrs. Sherwood and Co. issued the first shilling number of Mr. Pierce Egan’s work, out came Jones and Co., of Finsbury Square, with the following in sixpenny numbers:

REAL LIFE IN LONDON;

or, The Rambles and Adventures of BOB TALLYHO, Esq., and his Cousin, the Hon. TOM DASHALL, through the Metropolis. Exhibiting a Living Picture of Fashionable Characters, Manners, Amusements in High and Low Life, by an Amateur. Embellished and Illustrated with a Series of Coloured Prints, Designed and Engraved by Messrs. Heath, Alkén, Dighton, Rowlandson, &c.

As may be readily conceived, the stage soon claimed “Tom and Jerry.” The first drama founded upon the work was from the pen of Mr. Barrymore, and thus announced in the bill: —“ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE. Extraordinary Novelty and Eccentric Production. Monday, September 17, 1821, at half-past six o’clock precisely, will be presented, never acted, an entirely New, Whimsical, Local, Melo-Dramatic, Pantomimical Drama, with new scenery, dresses, and mechanical changes, founded on Pierce Egan’s popular work, which has lately engrossed the attention of all London, called ‘LIFE IN LONDON;’ or, Day and Night Scenes of Tom and Jerry, in

[Pg 4]

their Rambles and Sprees through the Metropolis." The piece prepared for stage representation by Mr. W. Barrymore.[30]

"Corinthian Tom, Mr. Gomersal; Jerry Hawthorn, Mr. Jones; and Bob Logic, Mr. Herring."

The second dramatic version was written for the Olympic Theatre, by Charles Dibden, and thus set forth in the bill:—"OLYMPIC THEATRE. On Monday, November 12, 1821, and following evenings, will be presented a New Extravaganza of Fun, founded on Pierce Egan's highly popular work, and interspersed with a variety of Airs and Graces, called "LIFE IN LONDON."

"TOM (a Capital of the Corinthian Order) Mr. Baker.

"JERRY HAWTHORN (out of Order, and more of the Composite than Corinthian, never intended for the Church, though fond of a Steeple-chase). Mr. Oxberry.

"LOGIC (a Chopping Boy, 'full of wise saws and modern instances'),. by Mr. Vale."



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A
DESCRIPTION OF THE METROPOLIS

Written and Set to Music by
CORINTHIAN TOM.

LONDON TOWN'S a dashing place—For ev'ry thing that's going,
There's *fun* and *gig* in every face—so natty and so *knowing*.
Where NOVELTY is all the rage—From high to low degree,
Such pretty *lounches* to engage—Only come and see!—
What charming sights—On gala nights,
Masquerades—Grand parades,
Famed gas lights—Knowing fights,
RANDALL and CRIBB—Know how to *fib*.
Tothill-fields—Pleasure yields.
The Norwich bull—With antics full.
Plenty of news—All to amuse;
The Monkey "JACCO"—All the crack O!
Ambroghetti's squall—Match girl's bawl!
Put on the *gloves*—Playful as doves
Then show your *forte*—At the FIVES' COURT;
Conjurors rare—At *Bartlemy* fair;
POLITO's beasts—See city feasts,
Lord Mayor's day—Then the play,
Adelphi Theatre—Pretty feature!
Rotton Row—All the Go!
In the Bench—Keep your wench.
When next you roam—Mathew's "AT HOME!"
Such prime joking—Lots of smoking;
Here all dash on—In the fashion.

[Pg 6]

CHORUS—Dancing, singing, full of glee,
O London, London town for me!

From ev'ry part the natives run,

To view this spot of land;
 All are delighted with the fun,
Astonish'd 'tis so grand!
 To Vauxhall haste to see the blaze.
 Such variegated lights;
 The ladies' charms are all the gaze—
 No *artificial* sights!—
 Lovely Faces—Full of graces,
 Heavenly charms—Create alarms!
 Such glances—And dances.
 To the sky—See SAQUI fly—
 In the blaze—All to amaze.
 Cyprians fine—*Kids* full of wine,
 Orchestre grand—Pandean band;
 Charming singing—Pleasure bringing;
 Great attraction—And satisfaction:
 Plenty of *hoaxing*—Strong coaxing;
 Beautiful shapes—Beaux and apes,
 Prone to quiz—Every phiz!
 Dashing glasses—Queering lasses;
 Flashy cits—Numerous wits;
 Loud talking—Thousands walking:
 Rare treating—Numbers eating;
 Punch and wine—Every thing prime,
 Grand CASCADE—Once displayed;
 Duke and groom—In one room;
 Here all dash on—In the fashion!

[Pg 7]

CHORUS—Dancing, singing, full of glee,
 O London, London town for me!

And various *fancies* there display'd,
 To please and cheer the mind;
 They captivate both man and maid,
 All polite and kind,
 See fashion driving through each street,
 With splendour and renown:
 Pedestrians, too, with *shining* feet;
 O, what a charming town!—
 Four-in-hand—Down the Strand!
 Funny gigs—With knowing wigs;
 BAXTER'S hats—That queer the flats;
 Flashy whips—With silver tips,
 Leathern breech—Pretty stitch!
 High-bred cattle—Tittle tattle,
 TATTERSALL sell—Peep into "HELL!"
 Full of play—And make a stay;
 Hear KEAN speak, GRIMALDI squeak!
 Courts of law—Full of jaw;
 BROUGHAM plead—MACAULEY read;
 And Old Borum—At the Forum;
 To Opera prance—See Vestris dance,
 At Free and Easy—Full and greasy;
 Prime song and catch—The Trotting-match
 LONDON CRIES—O rare hot pies!
 Sadler's Wells—In summer tells;
 Quick approach—In Hackney-coach;
 Take your *Daffy*—All be happy:
 And then dash on—In the fashion.

[Pg 8]

CHORUS—Dancing, singing, full of glee,
 O London, London town for me!

Mr. W. T. Moncrieff—one of the most successful and prolific writers of the day—appeared as the third on the list of dramatists, and it was announced at the Adelphi Theatre in the following style:—"On Monday, Nov. 26th, 1821, will be presented for the first time, on a scale of unprecedented extent (having been many weeks in preparation, under the superintendence of several of the most celebrated Artists, both in the *Ups and Downs* of Life, who have all kindly come forward to assist the Proprietors in their endeavours to render this Piece a complete out-and-outer), an entirely new Classic, Comic, Operatic, Didactic, Aristophanic, Localic, Analytic, Panoramic, Camera-Obscura-ic, Extravaganza Burletta of Fun, Frolic, Fashion, and Flash, in three acts, called 'TOM and JERRY; OR, LIFE IN LONDON.' Replete with Prime Chaunts, Rum Glees, and Kiddy Catches, founded on Pierce Egan's well-known and highly popular work of the same name, by a celebrated extravagant erratic Author. The Music selected and modified by him, from the most eminent composers,

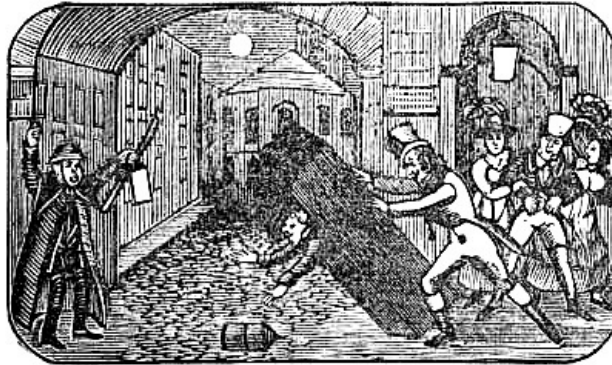
ancient and modern, and every Air furnished with an attendant train of Graces. The costume and scenery superintended by Mr. I. R. Cruikshank, from the Drawings by himself and his brother, Mr. George Cruikshank, the celebrated Artists of the original work."

TOM AND JERRY; OR, LIFE IN LONDON.

AN OPERATIC EXTRAVAGANZA

BY W. T. MONCRIEFF.

[Pg 9]



HARK! the watchman springs his rattle,
Now the midnight lark's begun.

Dramatis Personæ.

As performed at the Adelphi Theatre.

CORINTHIAN TOM	Mr. Wrench.
JERRY HAWTHORN	Mr. W. Burrough & Mr. J. Reeve.
LOGIC	Mr. Wilkinson.
JEMMY GREEN	Mr. Keeley & Mr. Brown.
HON. DICK TRIFLE	Mr. Bellamy.
SQUIRE HAWTHORN	Mr. Buckingham.
PRIMEFIT	Mr. Waylett.
REGULAR	Mr. Smith.
TATTERSAL	Mr. Philips.
MACE	Mr. Maxwell.
BILLY WATERS	Mr. Paulo.
LITTLE JEMMY	Mr. Cooper.
DUSTY BOB	Mr. Walbourn.
KATE (otherwise the HON. MISS TRIFLE),	Mrs. Baker.
SUE (otherwise the HON. MISS TRIFLE),	Mrs. Waylett.
JANE (otherwise the HON. MISS TRIFLE),	Miss Hammersley.
MRS. TARTAR	Mrs. Daly.
AFRICAN SAL	Mr. Sanders.

[Pg 10]

Many of the names in the above cast will be familiar to old playgoers, as most of the persons engaged in the performance became great favourites with the public, and remained on the British stage for the remaining part of their respective lives. Now:—

"All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."



TOM AND JERRY.

From over the hills and far away,
Where rustic sports employ each day
Young Jerry came with cousin Tom,
To see the rigs of London Town.
Of all that e'er he did or saw,
A faithful picture here we draw.

SCENE—*Chaffing Crib in Corinthian House.—Table, Boxing Gloves, Chairs, Foils, &c., &c.*

Enter TOM and JERRY, as just arrived.

Tom. Ya! hip! come along, Jerry; here we are safe arrived, my boy. Welcome, my dear Jerry, to Corinthian Hall—to my snug chaffing crib—where, I hope, we shall have many a rare bit of gig together. [Pg 11]

Jerry. Chaffing crib! I'm at fault, coz, can't follow.

Tom. My prattling parlour—my head quarters, coz—where I unbend with my pals. You are now in London the bang-up spot of the world for fun, frolic, and out-and-out-ing. Here it shall be my care, Jerry, to introduce you to all sorts of life—from the flowers of society, the roses, pinks, and tulips, of one court, to the mechanical tag-rag and bobtail—vegetables—bunches of turnips—and strings of ing-ens, of another: for without a proper introduction, London, gay, bustling, various, as it is, would be no more than an immense wilderness.

Jerry. I suppose not. I'll do as much for you another time.

Tom. We must make the best use of our time; I have seen a great deal of life myself; still I have a great deal yet to see. But let me give you a caution or two before we set out; never be too confident—rather at all times plead ignorance than show it; never disgrace the character of a friend, in that family where you are introduced as a friend; let the honour of the husband and the peace of the father be preserved inviolable; and never have the once friendly door be shut against you, either as a seducer—a hypocrite—or a scoundrel. But I say, my dear fellow, what do you call all this?—this toggery of yours will never fit—you must have a new rig-out.

Jerry. Eh! oh! I understand. You think the cut of my clothes rather too rustic—eh?

Tom. Exactly; dress is the order of the day. A man must have the *look* of a gentleman, if he has nothing else. We must assume a style if we have it not. This, what do you call it?—this cover-me-decently, was all very well at Hawthorn Hall, I dare say; but here, among the pinks in Rotten-row, the ladybirds in the Saloon, the angelics at Almack's, the-top-of-the-tree heroes, the legs and levanters at Tattersall's, nay, even among the millers at the Fives, it would be taken for nothing less than the index of a complete flat.

Jerry. I suppose not—what's to be done?

Tom. I'll tell you; before we start on our sprees and rambles, I'll send for that kiddy-artist, Dicky Primefit, the dandy habit maker, of Regent-street. He shall rig you out in grand twig, in no time. Here, Regular! (*Calls*).

Reg. Here I am sir.

Tom. Send for Dicky Primefit, directly.

Reg. What! the sufferer, Sir?

Tom. Yes, that's the fellow; tell him to bring his card of address with him.

Jerry. Sufferer! I'm at fault again, Tom; can't follow.

Tom. The tailor, Jerry: we do make them suffer sometimes.

Reg. Yes, sir, the tailor bless me, how very uneducated; I thought every gentleman knew his tailor was the sufferer; I'm sure I know mine is, and to some tune too, I'll chive the rascal here directly, sir.

[*Exit.*

Tom. You shall go into training for a swell at once.

[Pg 12]

Jerry. A swell! I'm at fault again.

Tom. A swell, my dear Jerry—

Log. (Speaks without). Just arrived, eh, very well. I'll go up!

Tom. But stay; here comes my friend Bob Logic; he shall tell you what a swell is—his head contains all the learning—I beg his pardon—all the larks extant; he is a complete walking map of the metropolis—a perfect pocket dictionary of all the flash cant, and slang patter, either of St. James's or St. Giles's; only twig him. Welcome, my dear Bob; ten thousand welcomes.



MR. ROBERT LOGIC.

Albany.

A,

No. 9.

Enter LOGIC.

Log. Thankye, my dear Tom—thankye. Seeing your natty gig and fast trotter at the door, as I passed, I couldn't avoid popping in to welcome you back to town. You've been sadly miss'd among the big ones since you've been away. Lots of chaffing about you at Daffy's.

[Pg 13]

Tom. I suppose so. You couldn't have popped in more opportunely! Allow me to introduce to you my companion and cousin, Jeremiah Hawthorn, Esquire, from Somersetshire; Jerry Hawthorn, Doctor Logic, commonly called Bob Logic—Doctor Logic, Jerry Hawthorn. Bob is the most finished man of all the pavé, Jerry, whether for drinking, roving, getting in a row or getting out of one.

Log. Oh, you flatter me! I yield the palm to you in those particulars. To be sure I always was a knowing one.

Tom. You were, Bob.

Log. (To Jerry). Your most obedient, sir; happy to see you. Where did you pick him up? (*To Tom*).

Tom. A slip from the chawbacons; rescued him from yokels. The business is this; bred up in Somersetshire. Jerry has never before crossed Claverton Downs. He is now come to see life, and rub off a little of the rust. In effecting this desirable consummation you can materially assist; under so skilful a professor of the flash as you, Bob—

Jerry. Flash! I'm at fault again, Tom.

Tom. Explain, Bob.

Log. Flash, my young friend, or slang as others call it, is the classical language of the Holy Land; in other words, St. Giles's Greek.

Jerry. St. Giles's Greek; that is a language, doctor, with which I am totally unacquainted, although I was brought up at a Grammar School.

Log. You are not particular in that respect; many great scholars, and better linguists than you, are quite as ignorant of it, it being studied more in the Hammer Schools than the Grammar Schools. Flash, my young friend, or slang, as others call it, is a species of cant in which the knowing ones conceal their roguery from the flats; and it is one of the advantages of seeing Life in London, that you may learn to talk to a rogue in his own language, and fight him with his own weapons.

Tom. I was telling him before you came in, Bob, that he must go in training for a swell, and he didn't understand what I meant.

Jerry. Oh, yes, I did, Tom.

Tom. No, no, you didn't; come, confess your ignorance.

Log. Not know what a swell meant?

Tom. No: he wasn't up.

Jerry. Not up?

Log. That is, you were not down.

Jerry. Not down!

Tom. No; you're green!

Jerry. Green!

Log. Ah! not fly!

Tom. Yes, not awake!

Jerry. "Green! fly! awake!" D—me, but I'm at fault. I don't understand one word you are saying.

Log. We know you don't, and that's what we're telling you. Poor young man—very uninformed.

Tom. Quite ignorant, isn't he, Bob?

Log. Melancholy to think of—quite lamentable.

Tom. You must go to school, again, Jerry.

Jerry. What! the Hammer School?

Log. Yes, take your degrees under the classical Captain Grose. A swell, my dear boy, or rather an empty swell, is an animal very plentiful in the fashionable world; which, like the frog in the fable, wishing to appear greater than it is, and vie with the substantial John Bulls of the Exchange, keeps puffing and puffing itself out, till it bursts in the attempt, and proves its appearance, like itself, a bubble.

Enter REGULAR.

Reg. The sufferer's carriage is at the door, sir.

Tom. What, Dicky Primefit? trundle him in.

Reg. This way, Mr. Primefit.

Prime. (*Without*). Have the goodness, young man, to desire my footman to tell my coachman to turn the horses heads towards the Military Club House:—

Enter PRIMEFIT.

And take that pair of buckskins from under the seat, that I'm going to take home to the Duke of Dolittle.

Reg. Very well Mr. Thing-emy. Must stick it into him for a new pair of *kickses*, by-and-by.

[*Exit.*

Prime. Gentlemen, your most obedient. Mr. Corinthian, yours. What are your commands? was it your little bill you wanted? because if it is, I've got it all ready—'tis but a small account! (*Unrolls long bill*).

Tom. Eh! (*Looking at it*). Oh, d—n your bill!

Log. (*After looking at it*). Ah, d—n your bill! (*Throws himself on sofa*).

Jerry. (*Walking round it*). Yes, d—n your bill!—I'm up, down, and see—I'm fly!

Prime. Very well, gentlemen, with all my heart—dem the bill; I'll take care of the receipt though; (*aside*.) as you don't want to discharge your account, Mr. Corinthian, perhaps you wish to add to it; if so, I'll take your orders with pleasure.



Now Jerry must needs be a swell,
His coat must have a swallow-tail,
And Mr. Snip, so handy, O,
Soon rigg'd him out a Dandy, O.
Then hey for Life and London Town,
To swagger Bond Street up and down,
And wink at every pretty maid
They meet in Burlington Arcade.

Tom. You've nicked it; the fact is this, Dicky—you must turn missionary. Here is a young native from the country, just caught, whom you must civilise.

Prime. Oh! I understand. From the cut of the gentleman's clothes, I presume he's lately come from the Esquimaux Islands.

Tom. Ha! ha! very good Primefit; I say, Jerry—you see he's down upon you.

Jerry. Yes, he's up, he's awake, he's fly—Ha! ha!

Tom. Now Dicky, out with your rainbow.

Prime. Here are the patterns, gentlemen, the very last fashions, every one; you can choose for yourself; but this is the colour most in vogue—generally greens.

Jerry. Yes, I'm told you London tailors are particularly fond of greens—cabbage to wit. But I am not very particular; only let me have something of this cut. (*Turning round and showing himself*).

Tom. Oh, no, hang that cut; the colour may fit; but the cut never will.

Prime. By the by, if the gentleman's in a hurry, I've a suit of clothes in my carriage, that I was about to take home to the Marquis of Squander, which I think will fit him exactly.

Tom. Eh, the Marquis of Squander—just Jerry's diameter; why that will be the very thing. Let it be laid on the table directly. [Pg 16]

Prime. Young man, bring that there bundle, into this here room. (*Regular brings on bundle*). You will find these perfectly *comme il faut*, I can assure you.

Tom. Come, Jerry, cast your skin—peel—slip into the swell case at once, my boy—are you up?

Jerry. Peel! oh, I know—I'm down, Tom, I'm fly.

Tom. Come, Dicky, put him all right—screw him into them.

Prime. You may rely upon me, Mr. Corinthian.

(*Jerry is fitted with Coat and Waistcoat; meantime, Tom and Regular box with gloves.—When Jerry is dressed he struts along the front of the stage*).

Jerry. A tight fit, not much hunting room,—no matter,—there, Tom I'm all fly.

Tom. I knew Dicky would finish him, There's not a better snyder in England, taking Nugee, Dollman, the Baron, and Rowlands into the bargain against him. That will do—now then Dicky, mizzle!—be scarce!—broom.

Prime. Wouldn't intrude a moment, gentlemen, good morning—order my carriage, there, John—I'll just take an ice, and then for the Duke.

[*Exit.*

Jerry. The Duke and an ice—cursed cool—if these are the London tailors, what must be their customers?

Log. It's the blunt that does it—blunt makes the man, Jerry.

Jerry. Blunt! I'm at fault again.

Tom. Explain, Bob—

Log. Blunt, my dear boy, is—in short what is it not? It's every thing now o'days—to be able to flash the screens—sport the rhino—show the needful—post the pony—nap the rent—stump the pewter—tip the brads—and down with the dust, is to be at once good, great, handsome, accomplished, and everything that's desirable—money, money, is your universal God,—only get into Tip Street, Jerry.

Tom. Well, come let's make a start of it—where shall we go? No matter. I commit him to your care, Bob—use him well, remember he is not out of pupil's straits, and musn't be blown up at point nonplus yet.

Jerry. Why on London points I confess I am miserably ignorant. But for anything in the country, now—such as leaping a five-barred gate, jumping a ditch, trotting my pony against anything alive, wrestling, cudgelling, or kissing in the ring, depend on it, Tom, you'll find me—fly.

Log. He's a fine-spirited youth, and will soon make a tie of it with us—we'll start first to the show shop of the metropolis, Hyde Park!—promenade it down the grand strut, take a ride with the pinks in Rotten Row, where dukes and dealers in queer—heavy plodders and operators—noblemen, and yokels—barber's clerks, costard-mongers—swell coves, and rainbows, all jostle one another; then we'll have a stroll through Burlington Arcade, peep in at Tattersal's, and finish as fancy leads us.

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Tom. Bravo! Hyde Park! Burlington Arcade! nothing can be better.

Log. No; Arcades are all the go now.

SONG.

AIR.—“*Carnival of Venice.*”
*Bazaars have long since had their day,
Are common grown and low;
And now, at powerful Fashion's sway,
Arcades are all the go.
Then let's to Piccadilly haste,
And wander through the shade;
And half an hour of pleasure taste,
In Burlington Arcade.*

Tom. Now, my dear Jerry, to introduce you to another scene of Life in London;—you have taken a ride among the pinks in Rotten Row, have dipped into the Westminster pit, sported your blunt with the flue-fakers and gay tyke boys on the phenomenon monkey^[31]—seen that gamest of all buffers, Rumpty-tum, with the rats; and now you can make assignation with some of our dashing straw-chippers and nob-thatchers in Burlington Arcade:—This is the very walk of Cupid and here—

[*Jane slips the letter into his hand and runs off.*

Tom. I say, you messenger of Cupid—hey, why zounds, she's bolted!

Log. You'll give chase, Tom?

Tom. To be sure I will, Bob.

Jerry. I see her, clearing the corner of yonder street—I'm not at fault now.

Tom. Tip us the view hallo! then, Jerry.

Jerry. Yoicks! yoicks!

Exeunt Omnes.

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SCENE.—*Tattersall's.*—*Grooms, Jockeys, I's Yorkshire-Coves, Blacklegs.*

SOLO AND CHORUS.

AIR.—“Gee ho, Dobbin.”

*Grooms, Jockies, and Chaunters, to Tattersal's bring,
Your lame and blind spavin'd prads in a string.
Knowing ones, that have no legs to go on, may scoff,
But we I's Yorkshire coves here can make them go off.
Gee ho, Dobbin! Gee ho, Dobbin!
Gee ho, Dobbin! Gee up, and gee ho!*

Cope. Well, Master Gull'em, do you think we shall get the flat-catcher off to-day?

Gul. As sure as your name is Simon Cope, only wait till the flats come—have you given his pedigree to Tattersall?

Cope. Yes; and he's promised to put him up first.

Gul. Mind, you're the seller,—I'm the bidder—hallo! here's three swells coming this way—that one in the middle, looks like a flat, we must try it on upon him.

Cope. Hush! don't let's appear to know one another.

Enter TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC.

Tom. Confound the little gipsy, she has fairly given us the slip, by Jupiter—however, the assignation must be attended to.—Almack's! smacks well. You are now at Tattersall's, Jerry, a very worthy fellow, who made his fortune by a horse called Highflyer. In remembrance of whom the following epitaph was written:—

HERE LIETH
The perfect and beautiful symmetry
Of the much-lamented
HIGHFLYER;
By whom, and his wonderful offspring,
The celebrated TATTERSALL acquired a noble fortune,
But he was not ashamed to acknowledge it.
In gratitude to this famous
STALLION
He called an elegant mansion he built
HIGHFLYER HALL.

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Jerry. Hum! and if one may judge from the splendour and extent of his premises, he seems to be no small highflyer himself.

Tom. You are right, Jerry—I shall here buy a bit of cavalry—that is a prad, on your judgment.

Jerry. You'll not find me at fault here, depend on't.

Tom. What you're up, eh?

Jerry. Yes, quite fly, depend on't.

Gul. I beg pardon, gemmen—want to buy a prad? here's one a gentleman wants to sell—you can't have a better, Sir; here, you Bob, bring him out. There's action for you—there's one to tip 'em the go-bye at a mill,—there's earth-stoppers—quiet to drive, quiet in harness, trots fifteen miles in less than an hour. Warranted sound—he would be cheap at a hundred, and I shouldn't wonder if he was to go for thirty.

Jerry. Ah, thirty-pence—two-and-six-pence,—I wouldn't have him at a gift.

Log. He may be a good one to go—but he's a rum one to look at—one of my Lord Cagmag's sort, he always drives two puffers, a stumbler, and a blinker.

Gul. (To Cope). These chaps are awake; it wont suit.

Cope. Never mind, we shall meet a flat presently.



Tat. (Who has now mounted the rostrum). Now, gentlemen, we'll proceed to business. The first article I have to offer to your notice is that prime Yorkshire stallion Bite—he was got by Blackleg out of Greenhorn—what shall I say, gentlemen, for this beautiful and most serviceable animal?—he is rising five, next grass—warranted sound—perfect in all his paces.

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Tom. Nine pence.

Tat. Oh, Sir! (*To Jerry*). What do you say, Sir?

Jerry. Why, if you'll put his other eye in, I'll give you three halfpence a pound for him.

Log. Let's be off, Tom—Come, Jerry.

[*Exit Tom, Jerry, and Logic.*

Tat. Come, gentlemen, will nobody be a bidder?



Enter JEMMY GREEN.

Green. Yes, I'll bid—I'll bid. Mr. Green from the City. I wants an 'orse, and I like the looks of that 'ere hanimal amazingly, and I'm no bad judge, I tell you that.

Gul. Here's a customer, by jingo. It's booked. Mr. Green's the purchaser. (*Aside*). That's a famous horse, that there, Sir—I mean to have him at any price.

Green. I don't know that, Mister.

Gul. I must clench it at once—fifteen pounds for that 'ere horse.

Green. Twenty pounds, Mr. Hauctioneer.

Cope. Beg pardon, Sir, but you can't have a better horse, and he's cheap at fifty.

Green. I am verry much obliged to you for your advice—but I happens to know what an 'orse is—I'm not a *hass*! I'll have him, but I shan't go further nor forty.

Gul. Five and twenty pounds.

Green. Thirty.

Tat. Thirty pounds; any advance upon thirty pounds?

Green. Yes, five more.

Tat. Thankye, Sir; thirty-five.

Gul. Thirty-six, my regular.

Green. Thirty-seven, my regular.

Gul. Thirty-nine.

Green. Thirty-nine, for me too.

Tat. It's against you, Mr. Green.

Green. Against me is it? vy I bid as much as him.—Vell, forty!

Tat. For forty pounds, have you all done at forty? last time at forty—forty—going for forty! going—going—gone! Mr. Green, he's yours.

Green. I've bought him!

Tat. You have indeed, Sir!

Green. Here's your money, Sir—Mr. Green, from Tooley Street—you'll find two twenties! and I'm verry much obliged to you for your serwility.

Cope. You don't want a civil honest lad to lead him home for your honour, do you, Sir?

Green. No thank'ye, I'm not going to trust an hanimal like that with nobody but myself. Can

nobody have the goodness to lend me a bit of rope, to get him along with?

Cope. No we've got you in a line, and that's quite enough. (*Aside*) You bought him too cheap, to have rope with him, Sir; but here's a hay-band, that will do perhaps.

Green. An ay-band—oh, ah; an ay-band will do very well,—do you think I can get him as far as Tooley Street, with this?

Cope. Oh, yes, Sir, he's as quiet as a lamb, and a famous hunter.

Green. An unter! I've taken 'em all in; I've bought an unter!

Cope. Ah, and nothing but a good one neither—such a one to clear a gate.

Green. Vot? clear a gate! vy, then, I sha'n't have to pay no turnpikes!—How pleased they'll be in Tooley Street, when I tell's my pa I've bought an unter!

Gul. We'll get something more out of him yet. (*Aside to Cope*). So you think you have bought that 'ere horse, do you Mister?—Now, I say, I've bought him. (*To Green*)

Green. You bought him? that's a good un! but I'm not to be taken in in this here manner!—if you bought him, I paid for him, that's all I know.

Gul. I say I bought him, and the horse is mine.

Green. I say as how you are a wery unpurlite gentleman.



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Cope. Oh gentlemen, I'm sorry to see you quarrel.—(*To Gull'em*)—Let me speak to the gentleman, and I'll convince him.—(*To Green*)—Sir, if you'll give me one pound note, I'll swear you bought him, and that the horse is yours.

Green. Sir, I'm wery much obliged to you, you're werry purlite; and as I don't mind a von pound note, and vishes to 'ave that 'ere hanimal all to myself, vy, there's the money.

Cope. I've done him. (*To Gull'em*). Oh, the horse belongs to this gentleman,—I saw him pay for it.

Green. To be sure he did.

Gul. Oh, if you paid for him you certainly bought him.

Green. Certainly; I'm glad it's all settled: I think as how I may as vell ride him home. Vill you please to assist me to mount?—(*Gull'm puts him with his face to the horse's tail*).

Green. Holloa! vy the horse's head's behind. Turn him round, if you please, young man. Come no tricks.—(*They turn the horse round*).—Vy the horse's head is behind yet.—(*Green jumps off his back*).—I see you are going it, but I'm not to be had—I'm a knowing von! I shall lead him home myself.—Good morning, gentleman, I thank you for all your serwilities.



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Jarvey! Here am I, ye'r honour.

SCENE.—*Hyde Park Corner.*

Enter TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC.

Tom. Ha! ha! ha! was there ever such a flat as that Mr. Green?—we can buy no prad to-day, Jerry; we must go when some gentlemen's stud is selling; and while the dealers are running down the cattle, we can get a prime good one for a song. But now for Almack's—the highest Life in London! and see what game Cupid has sprung up for us in that quarter.

Jerry. I long to be there,—let's hasten to dress at once.

Log. Aye; call a rattler.

Jerry. A rattler! I'm at fault again.

Log. A rattler is a rumbler, otherwise a jarvey! better known perhaps by the name of a hack; handy enough in wet weather, or a hurry.

Jerry. A hack! If it is the thing we rattled over the stones in to-day, it might more properly be called a bone-setter.

Tom. Or bone-breaker—But if you dislike going in a hack, we'll get you a mab.

Jerry. A mab! I'm at fault again—never shall get properly broken in.

Tom. A mab is a jingling jarvey!—a cabriolet Jerry—but we must mind our flash doesn't peep out at Almack's. 'Tis classic ground there; the rallying spot of all the rank, wealth, and beauty in the metropolis; the very atmosphere of it is—

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THE BANG-UP OF THE BIG WIGS.

Jerry. Rather different to that of Rum-ti-tum and the rats. I should imagine.

Tom. A shade or two!—we must be on our P's and Q's there—forget the Phenomenon and the Fancy. If you find me tripping, Jerry, whisper Lethe to bury it in oblivion; and, if necessary, I'll do the same kind office for you.

Jerry. Ten thousand thanks!

Log. Come along, then. Now, Jerry, chivey!

Jerry. Chivey?

Log. Mizzle?

Jerry. Mizzle?

Log. Tip you rags a gallop!

Jerry. Tip my rags a gallop?

Log. Walk your trotters!

Jerry. Walk my trotters?

Log. Bolt!

Jerry. Bolt? oh, aye! I'm fly now. You mean go.—*Exeunt Omnes*

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ALMACK'S IN THE WEST.



If once to ALMACK'S you belong,
Like MONARCH'S you can *do no wrong*;
But banished thence on Wednesday night,
By Jove, you can do nothing right.

Ladies, your most humble servants,
Tom and Jerry stands before you.
Our blood is thrilling, you're so killing;
At once we love you and adore you.

Let us softly sit beside you;
Trust us, you will quickly own,
That love's alarms hath sweeter charms
Than joys e'er yet to mortal known.

SCENE.—*Almack's brilliantly illuminated—Duchess of Diamonds, Countess Conversatione, Princess Pulmante, Lady Eastend, Baron Rufus, Sir Tilbury Unit, and Company discovered.*

Enter KATE, SUE, JANE, and TRIFLE.

Sue. I do not see them yet.

Kate. I can depend upon Corinthian; and I think you may upon your lover. In the meantime, let us have a minuet to dissipate our *ennui*.

Enter GREEN, in ball dress.

Green. Aye, aye, a minivit to dissipate our *ong vee*, by all means.

Sue. As I live, Trifle, here is that Mr. Green, to whom you introduced us.

Trifle. Aye, aye, from the City. We find these City folks—these Greens—excessively useful in money matters, *pan hanour*. How are you my dear fa-el-low.

Sue. Your servant, Mr. Green.

Green. Ladies, your most *dewoted*. Mr. Trifle, your humble—Oh, this is the master of the ceremonies, and those are the two that's to dance the gavotte. Yes, that's Willis—*permitty moy*. (*Takes Kate and Sue's arms*).

Kate. Eh, bless me, Mr. Green, what is the matter? Why, you seem quite out of spirits; I hope nothing has happened to Mrs. Green or any of the little Greens.

Green. Oh, no, nothing; but you labour under a mistake quite entirely; there is no Mrs. Green—I am not an 'appy man yet! There are no little Greens, neither—no young sprouts, I assure you. No, I'm out of spirits because I have been dished and doodled out of forty

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pounds to-day; I have been taken in by the purchase of an 'orse at Tattersall's—It was a very fine looking hanimal but before I got him home, the cursed creature went upon three legs—Dragg'd the other behind him, like a pendulum.

Kate. My dear Mr. Green, will you join in a dance?

Green. Oh, dear no—I couldn't think of such a thing—I never danced but once, and then I was so excruciated with termidity that I tipped up my partner, lost one of my shoes, and diskivered an ole in my stocking.

Kate. Oh, horrid, how could you support the shock? But here is a lady who is absolutely pining for the honour of your hand.

Green. Vell, if she'll instruct me when I'm out, I don't mind making one in a quod-reel.

Sue. That's well said—hey, here they are, now, my dear Trifle.

Enter TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC, full dressed.

Tom. At length, my dear Jerry, we are at Almack's, though egad I began to think we should be too late.

Jerry. This indeed is a splendid view of Life in London.

Tom. It is; the tip-top! set off to the best advantage, by the best dresses, finished by the best behaviour. (*Trifle quizzes through glass up stage*).

Log. Yes, witness that puppy, staring us out of countenance with his quizzing glass yonder—why don't he wear green specs, as I do, if his ogles are queer.

Tom. LETHE! LETHE! my dear Bob—you forget where you are.

Jerry. The half-and-half coves are somewhat different from the swaddies, and gay tykeboys, at the dog pit—Eh, Tom?

Tom. Lethe! Lethe; my dear Jerry—mum!

Trifle. My dear fa-el-low, you really must excuse my interrupting you—but what can you possibly have been preaching to your friend from the country so long—here are three lovely girls waiting to be introduced to you—relations of mine, the Honourable Miss Trifles—we must make up a quadrille.

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Tom. Three girls, Jerry!—Do you hear that?

Jerry. I'm up—

Trifle. I'm not equal to the fatigue of an introduction myself,—but my friend Green from the City here, will oblige me by taking the trouble off my hands.

Green. With the greatest of pleasure—the Honourable Miss Trifle—Mr. Corinthian.—The Honourable Miss S. Trifle.—Mr. Hawthorn.—the Honourable Miss J. Trifle—Doctor Logic.

Ceremony of introduction takes place.

Jerry. What divinities! but I say, Tom, this girl is as like my Sue, as—yet it can't be.

Tom. And this one is as like my Kate as one pea is like another—I could have betted every rap—six quid to four—

Jerry. Lethe, Tom,—Lethe,—L-E-T-H-E. (*Spelling it*).

Tom. The retort courteous—I own it.

Green. Excuse my hinterfering, my dear fellows, but ve're just going to make up a quod-reel, and vant you to join us.

Tom. Ah! ah! a quadrille by all means—you'll dance, Jerry?

Jerry. I know nothing about quadrilles, Tom—but the deuce is in it if I can't cut as good a figure as *this Mister Jemmy* Green, so I don't care if I do kick up my heels a bit.

Green. Aye, a dance, a dance.

After dance, JERRY advances with SUE.

Jerry. Sweet girl! may I be permitted to hope that the partnership of this evening may lead to one for life?

Sue. Ah! Sir, a dance affords you gallant gentlemen worlds of latitude for flattery and deceit.

Jerry. Nay, I am sincere, by heaven!

Sue. Come, Sir, they are about to waltz, and if you wouldn't have my head as giddy as you seem to think my heart is, you will conduct me to a seat.

Jerry. With rapture! This is, indeed, LIFE IN LONDON.



SCENE.—*Tom Cribb's parlour.—Swell coves, Millers, &c., drinking and blowing their clouds; Tom, Jerry, Green, and Logic among them.—Cribb in the chair.—Chorus (Omnes).*

AIR.—“*Oh, who has not heard of a Jolly Young Waterman.*”

*Oh, who has not heard of our gallant black diamond,
Who once down at Hungerford us'd for to ply?
His mawleys he us'd with such skill and dexterity,
Winning each mill, and making each miller fly!
He fibb'd so neat—he stopped so steadily;
He hit so straight—he floored so readily.
In every game 'twas the Cribb won it fair;
He's Champion of England, and now fills the chair.*

Cribb. Thank'ye, gentleman, thank'ye—but as I see by our sporting oracle, “*The Dispatch,*” there's a mill on foot—I'll give you, “*May the best man win.*”

(All drink). May the best man win.

Green. May the best man vin.

Log. With all my heart; but, zounds! we've almost buzz'd the bowl. Let's have another, and dy'e hear, Tom, serve it up in your prize cup; Jerry hasn't seen it, and we mustn't omit that.

Cribb. With all my heart, Doctor; but you must stand a bottle to see the cup.



Log. Yes, yes, I'll stand a bottle to christen the cup.

Jerry. Aye, aye; I'll stand a bottle, Tom.

Tom. Ditto for me.

Green. Yes, and I'll stand a bottle of ditto, too.

Jerry. This may, indeed, be called the very Temple of the Fancy.

Log. Yes, and here are some of the finest fancy sketches in the kingdom.

Tom. Well, Jerry, after our last night's divertisement at Almack's, the set-to I gave you this morning at the great Commissary-General Jackson's rooms cannot be better followed up than by a turn in the sporting parlour of honest Tom Cribb.

Cribb. Thank'ye, Mr. Corinthian; I'll always do my best to satisfy you in any way.

Tom. There is one way, Tom, in which you would very soon satisfy us.

Jerry. Yes, and I'm thinking not a little to our dis-satisfaction. I am of opinion that every gentleman should practice the art of self defence, if it were only to protect him from the insults of vulgar ignorance; though I by no means set myself up as a champion for boxing.

Log. No, for if you did we've a champion here who would set you down. We'll drink his health, and may he ever prove as successful as when he floor'd the Black Miller at Thistleton Gap. (*All drink*).

Tom. Tom, your health. (*Cribb rises*). Silence for Tom's speech—doff your castor, Tom—that's the time of day.

Cribb. Gentlemen, my humble duty to you. Here's all your healths, and your families. Bless your soul, I can claim no merit for what I've done; fighting came naturally like, and thinking others might be as fond of it as myself, why, I always gave them a bellyfull.

Tom. Bravo, Tom, an excellent speech—Cicero never spoke better.

Log. No, nor anything like it.

Tom. Oh, here comes the cup. Look out, Jerry.

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CRIBB'S PARLOUR.[32]

Enter WAITER, with the Champion's Cup.

Come, Tom—I pledge you. (*Cribb drinks; the Cup is passed*).

Jerry. Well, this is the pleasantest way of cupping a man I ever heard of—but come, Bob, give us a song.

Log. With all my heart, only let me sluice my whistle first.

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SONG.—LOGIC. AIR.—“*Such a beauty I did grow.*”

*Oh, when I was a little boy,
Some thirty years ago;
I prov'd such an anointed one,
They made me quite a show.*

CHORUS.—*Such a knowing one I did grow.*

*At tea I stole the sugar,
And I slyly pinched the girls;
I roasted mammy's parrot,
Shod the cat in walnut shells.
Such a knowing, &c.*

*At school I play'd the truant,
And would robbing orchards go;
I burned my master's cane and rod,
And tore the fools'-cap, too.
Such a knowing, &c.*

*As I learnt nought but mischief there,
To College I was sent,
Where I learn'd to game and swear,
On fun and frolic bent.
Such a knowing, &c.*

*In town I mill'd the Charlies,
Aim'd at all within the ring;*

*Became one of the fancy,
And was up to everything.
Such a knowing, &c.*

Jerry. Bravo!—but, zounds! Tom, Tom! what are you musing so profoundly about?

Tom. I was thinking about the women, Jerry; those enchanting girls we danced with a Almack's—could they be the incognitas that challenged us thither? There is some secret charm about those girls that hasn't allowed me to rest all night.

Jerry. Well, and do you know, Tom, to tell you the truth, I haven't been a whit better than yourself. But, I say, only see how confoundedly the dustman's getting hold of Logic,—we'll funk him. (*Tom and Jerry smoke Logic*).

Log. Oh, hang your cigars, I don't like it; let's have no funking.

Tom. Well, come, come, rouse up; don't be crusty, Bob—let's start on some spree; no doubt we shall spring a lark somewhere. (*Rattles heard*).

There's one! go it, Jerry!—Come, Green.

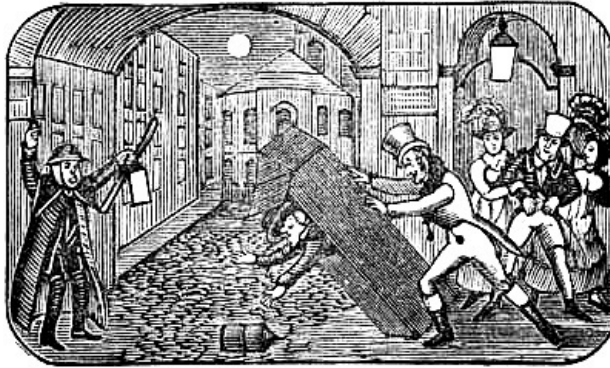
Log. Aye, come, Jerry, there's the Charlies' fiddles going.

Jerry. Charlie's fiddles!—I'm not fly, Doctor.

Log. Rattles, Jerry, rattles! you're fly now, I see. Come along, Tom! Go it, Jerry! *Exit*.

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NIGHT SCENE.—TOM AND JERRY UPSETTING THE CHARLIES.



Hark! the watchman springs his rattle,
Now the midnight's lark begun;
Boxes crashing, lanthorns smashing,
Mill the Charlies—oh! what fun.

Pigs are hauling, girls are bawling,
Wretch, how durst you bang me so,
My sponce you've broken—for your joking,
You shall to the watch-house go.

SCENE.—*The City side of Temple Bar, by Moonlight. Watchbox—Watchmen crying the hour at different parts of the stage.*

Enter drunken BUCK.

Buck. Steady! steady!—now where shall I go?—I think I'll go strait home. (*Reels*). No, I won't! I'll go where I think proper—I'll go out again—I'll go—where I like.

(*Exit.*)

Enter GAS-LIGHT MAN, who lights the Lamp.

SONG.—GAS.

AIR.—*"I'm Jolly Dick the Lamplighter."
I'm saucy Jack, the gas-light man,
I put the prigs to rout;
For where I light do all they can,
They're sure to be found out.
Your beaks and traps are fools to me,
For in the darkest night;
'Tis I that lets the people see,
And bring their tricks to light.*

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(*Exit*)



THE CITY WATCHMAN.

Enter O'BOOZLE.—CHAUNT.

*Past twelve o'clock—a moon-light night!
Past twelve o'clock—and the stars shine bright!
Past twelve o'clock—your doors are all fast like you!
Past twelve o'clock—and I'll soon be fast too!*

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Re-enter BUCK.

Buck. Past two did you say, Watchey? didn't think it had been half so late—I think it's time for me to go home to bed.

O'Booz. Why, yes, I thinks as how it is, Sir—you've been taking a little too much refreshment—steady! steady! hold up, Sir,

(Pretends to assist him, and picks his pocket of his handkerchief).

Buck. Good night, old Clockey. *(Reels off).*

O'Booz. Good night, Sir—take care nobody robs your honour. Why, the gentleman's left his vipe behind him, and I musn't go off my beat to give it him: how unfortinate—I'll call him back! Sir, Sir. *(Whispers).* Bless my soul how wery deaf that ere gentlemen is!—well I must take care of it for him till he calls again!—I don't know what would become of these here young chaps if it wasn't for such old coveys as we are—Oh, here comes that cursed Gas!

Re-enter GAS.

Gas. Well, Watchey, and what have you to say about the gas? Eh?

O'Booz. Why, that you have been the ruin of our calling—that's all!

Gas. Pooh! pooh! nonsense! I only throw a light upon the abuses of it. *(Pushes by O'Boozle).*

O'Booz. Hollo! you had better mind what you are at with your Jacob, or I shall just—*(Sounds rattle).*

Gas. Come, come, silence your coffee-mill.

O'Booz. What I've got to say is this—yes, the matter of the business is this here:—Since you sprung up, my beat a'nt worth having—I havn't had a broken head for these ten days past, and there's no such thing as picking up a couple of sweethearts now—why there isn't a dark corner in the whole parish.

Gas. No more there should be. Folks have been kept a little too long in the dark.

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O'Booz. Have they.

Gas. But good night, for I suppose as how you won't stand a drop o' nothin', old Bacon-face?

O'Booz. No, I suppose I von't stand a drop of nothing! young Calf's-head? (*Exit Gas singing, "I'm saucy Jack" &c.*)

O'Booz. I think I've given him his change. Well I don't see the use of kicking my heels about here,—people's clocks can tell them the time, just as well as I can, I'm sure! and a great deal better, if they knew all! so I shall go into my box, after I've called the half-hour, and have a regular snooze. It looks damned cloudy too.

CHAUNT.

*Half-past twelve—and a cloudy morning.
Half-past twelve—mind, I give you warning,
Half-past twelve—now I'm off to sleep!
And the morning soon my watch will keep!*

(*Goes into box and falls asleep.*)



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TOM, JERRY, AND LOGIC IN A ROW.



Mercy! what a din and clatter
Breaks the stillness of the night,
Lamps do rattle—'tis a battle,
Quick, and let us see the sight.

Old and young at blows like fury,
Tom and Jerry leads the row,
Milling, flooring all before them,
This is Life in London, boys.

Kate. Well, here we are, just before them—and now to cure them of their love and rambling it must be our plan to involve them in all the scrapes we can, we shall never have a better opportunity.

Sue. No, 'tis now the very witching hour of night, as Shakspeare says.

SONG.—KATE.

AIR.—“*Ackee oh! Ackee oh!*”

*When the moon o'er Temple Bar
Glimmers slow, and gaslights glow;
And locked in sleep, grave big wigs are
Snoring sound asleep.*

*We for pleasure gaily run,
Full of frolic, full of fun;
Whisking oh! frisking oh!
To pick up a beau.*

Sue. Stand aside, my dear Kate, I see occasion for our being active here! If I may trust my eyes, yonder comes a lovely girl—I must have some sport with her.

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Enter MRS. TARTAR.

Mrs. T. There, I've shut up the shop, and as it's Mr. Tartar's turn to sit as constable of the night, I'll just take him the street-door key, and then he can let himself in when he pleases—I hope the dear man won't be long.

Kate. Never mind, ma'am, if he should be—anything in my power—

Mrs. T. Keep your distance, sir—I'll call the watch.

Sue. Nay, but my dear madam, when beauty like yours is neglected, it is the duty of every man. (*Kisses her*).

Mrs. T. Don't take liberties, sir.

Kate. I wouldn't take liberties for the world. (*Kisses her*).

Mrs. T. Eh, I shall be ruin'd, I'll call out—here, watch! watch! (*Rattles heard*).

Enter TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC, with Umbrella.

Jerry. Ay, ay, ay, put down the rain napper, Doctor, the shower is over now. What's the matter?

Mrs. T. I'm in the greatest distress imaginable.

Tom. Holloa, what's the row?—a woman in distress! Where's the man would refuse his assistance?

Kate. Who are you, sir?

Sue. Yes, who are you, sir?

Tom. What, show fight! I'm your man; (*To Kate*).

Jerry. And I'm your man, my little one. (*To Sue*).

Log. (*To Mrs. T.*) And I'm your man, ma'am.

Mrs. T. Watch! watch! (*Rattles are heard*).

Enter TEDDY M'LUSH, an Irish Watchman.

M'L. Ulloa, here! What the devil have you got a fire?

Tom. What do you ask for your beaver, Charley?

Mrs. T. Why, my goodness, watchman, you are quite drunk.

M'L. Eh, drunk are you,—then I'll take care of you.

Mrs. T. But I want to give charge of these two gentlemen, who have behaved in the most extravagant manner—almost kissed me to death.

M'L. Oh, you want to charge these gentlemen in an extravagant manner, for almost kissing them to death, do you?—but I'll soon put a stop to it.

Kate. That's right, watchman.

Tom. Zounds! fellows, do you think we're to be bullied in this fashion?

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M'L. Oh, you're bullies dressed in the fashion, are you?—I'll soon take charge of ye. (*Springs*

rattle—it is answered without, R. and L).

Tom. A surprise! I'll make sure of this fellow, at all events. Now, Jerry, I'll show you how to box a Charley.

Log. Stop, my boys, secure your tattlers. (*They put up their watches*).

Tom. Now, go it, Jerry,—can you play at cricket?

Jerry. Yes, Tom.

Tom. Then catch—here's the gentleman's toothpicker, and here's his glim. (*Throw stick and lanthorn to Jerry*).

Tom upsets O'Boozle's box.—enter Watchmen.—General row—Rattles—Logic fights M'Lush.—Kate, Mrs. Tartar and Sue, run off.—Green enters with a bloody nose and two watchmen; he runs off.—Jerry fights with three watchmen.—Tom fights with three watchmen, floors them.

CHORUS. (*Omnes*).

AIR.—*From the Spectacle of "Don Juan."*

Watch! watch! watch! Lord how they're bawling!

Catch! catch! catch! That's if you can.

Scratch! scratch! scratch! Pulling and hauling—

Wretch! wretch! wretch! You are the man.

Patch! patch! patch! Lots of heads breaking!

Fetch! fetch! fetch! The constable, John.

Match! match! match! Match them for raking.

Watch! watch! watch! My watch is gone.

Mill renewed.—The Women get away as before.—Tom and Jerry perform prodigies of valour, but are at length overpowered by numbers, and borne off.—Green enters alarmed, flies on all sides for safety, but is at length caught up by a watchman in his arms, and carried off.—Scene closes on two watchmen cuffing one another by mistake.



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TOM AND JERRY IN TROUBLE AFTER A SPREE.



And please your Worship here's three fellows
Been hammering of us all about;
Broke our boxes, lanthorns, smellers,
And almost clos'd our peepers up.

Our pipkins broke, Sir!—'tis no joke, Sir,
Faith we're crush'd from head to toe;
We're not the men, Sir!—Hold your tongue, Sir,
You must find bail before you go!

SCENE.—*Interior of St. Dunstan's Watch-house.—Mr. Tartar, Constable of the Night, discovered at table; pen, ink, &c.—Watchman in attendance. Noise heard without.—Cries of "Charge! charge!"*

Mr. T. Holloa! a charge! I must get into my big chair, pull off my night-cap, cock my wig, and look official. (*Watchman opens the door, and is knocked down by rush*).

Enter TOM, JERRY, LOGIC, WATCHMEN, KATE, JANE, SUE, MRS. TARTAR, O'BOOZLE, and M'LUSH, very uproariously. MRS. TARTAR makes signs to MR. TARTAR.

Omnes. Mr. Constable! Mr. Constable—Please your worship, this man!—this woman!

Mr. T. Silence! silence!—Eh, the devil! Sally Tartar, my wife!—and winking at me not to take any notice.

Omnes. Please your worship—I—I—

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Mr. T. Silence! silence! Watchman, do you speak first.

Mrs. T. (*aside to Tom*). Be quiet—I'll soon turn the tables.

M'L. Plaise your honour, I have brought before your worship a most notorious substitute and common street talker, who, for her foul doings, has been cooped up in the Poultry Compter, as often as there are years in a week.—I caught her charging these honest gentlemen, (*pointing to Tom and Jerry*) in a most impositious manner, and when I civilly axed her, how she could think of getting drunk, and acting so, she called her bullies here. (*Pointing to Kate and Sue*).

Kate. Zounds, fellow, you don't mean us?

Sue. Why, you rascal, I'll twist your neck for you.

M'L. Yes; they, your worship, who half murdered me first, and then buried poor little Teddy O'Boozle in his box, that he mightn't prevent them murdering t'other half of me; och, they're terrible desperadoes!

Kate. Here's a scoundrel for you!

Mr. T. Silence! we'll soon get to the bottom of all this.

Kate. Zounds, sirrah, we gave the charge ourselves. (*To M'Lush*).

M'L. Och, murder!

Kate. Those were the assailants. (*Pointing to Tom, Jerry, and Logic*).

Mr. T. This is a very intricate affair.

M'L. Sure, won't I be after telling you my own story:—as I was going my rounds quietly enough, up comes these young sparks, and gave me such a maulagaran, that they knock'd me into the middle of next week—besides tipping me this here black eye—only see how red it is!

Mr. T. I'll soon set all to rights,—first let me hear what you have to say to all this, woman: these are very serious allegations. (*To Mrs. Tartar*).

Tom. Aye, aye, let the woman speak.

O'Booz. Oh, the woman will speak fast enough.

Mrs. T. Hold your tongue fellow.—Please your worship, it's all false from beginning to end—it's he that's drunk! nay, you may perceive he's so drunk he cannot even give a charge—doesn't know one person from the other, and can scarcely stand.

M'L. Plaise your honour it's only the ague, I have it every Saturday night regularly, what I've said is all true, so help me Bob,—sure, she's not a woman to put whiskey in a jug, and throw stones at it.

Mr. T. Why, you impudent vagabond you're drunk now—instead of giving charge of her, the good lady ought to have given charge of you,—what business had you off your beat, and in such a situation?

Tom and Jerry. Aye, what business had you off your beat, old Charley?

M'L. They bate me off my beat.

Mrs. T. I give charge of him, your worship.

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Mr. T. And I take it—off with him to the black hole.

Tom. Aye, aye, take him up the spout.

Mr. T. My dear wife! (*Embraces Mrs. Tartar*). My dear Sally Tartar.

M'L. His wife! Och, by the powers, then I've caught a Tartar.

Mr. T. Take him away.

M'L. Och, sure I'm the boy that cares for nobody—so there's my coat, there's my hat, there's my rattle and lanthorn,—and to the devil I pitch the whole of you. (*He is carried off*).

Kate. They musn't get off so easily. (*Aside*).

Tom. A fortunate turn-up for us, faith.

Mr. T. Gentlemen, you are at liberty.

O'Booz. Stay, your honour, I've got a charge. This here chap (*pointing to Tom*) with the Roosian head of hair—he comes up to me like a warment—

Tom. Why, you impudent—(*Knocks O'Boozle down—a row ensues*).

Mr. T. Silence! silence!—be quiet all of you, can't you?

Kate. Mr. Constable, I have a charge—(*to O'Boozle*). Watchman, there's a crown—what I say, swear to. (*Aside*).

O'Booz. I'll swear to anything, your honour.

Log. What the devil's in the wind now?

Kate. I charge those gentlemen with assaulting this young woman—(*pointing to Jane*)—the watchman saw the whole transaction.

O'Booz. I'll swear it, your worship.

Tom. Why, zounds, fellow, I never saw the girl!

Sue. (*To Jerry*). Come, sir, you can't say you never saw her.

Jerry. Why I have a recollection of seeing her somewhere, though I am at fault as to the place, at present.

Kate. It's a clear case.

O'Booz. I'll swear to it, your worship!

ROUND. (*Omnes*).
AIR.—" 'Twas you, Sir."
'Twas you, Sir, 'twas you, Sir;
Your worship, it is true, Sir,
'Twas you that pull'd the girl about,
'Twas you, Sir, you.

Untrue, Sir, untrue, Sir,
It was the man in blue, Sir,
'Twas he that pulled the girl about,
'Tis true, Sir, true.

No, no, Sir, no, no, Sir,
How can you tell lies so, Sir?
I did not pull the girl about,
But I know who.

Mr. T. Gentlemen, here are four witnesses against you; and 'tis my painful duty to commit you, unless you can find good bail.

Tom. We'll give you leg bail.

Kate. Aye, find good bail, and mind that it is good. There's our card—come, watchman—Come, Sir Jeremy.

Sue. Good-night—Sorry to leave you in such bad company—but beauty calls; we must obey.

Tom. Aye, aye, your mamma waits for you.

Log. Go and get a pennyworth of elycampane.

Jerry. There's a pair of men-milliners—I say; go home and sleep under the counter.

(*Exeunt Sue, Kate, and watchmen*).



G.C.

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TOM AND JERRY AMONG THE "SWELL BROAD COVES."



At St. James's they dine, when, flushed with new wine,
To the Gaming Tables they reel,
Where blacklegs and sharps, often gammon the flats,
As their pockets do presently feel.

Success at first Jerry delighted,
But ere the next morning he found
That his purse was most cleverly lighted
Of nearly Five Thousand Pounds.

SCENE.—*Interior of a fashionable Hell at the West-end of the Town; a large looking-glass in the flat.*

Enter GROOM PORTER and MARKERS.

G. Porter. Come, lads, bustle about; play will soon begin—some of the Pigeons are here already, the Greeks will not be long following.

Enter KATE, SUE, TRIFLE, and GREEN, the latter with a large patch on his nose.

Kate. Assist us in this, my dear Trifle, and we ask no more.—The card we left at the Watchhouse will soon bring our sparks to demand satisfaction,—you and Green must act the parts of conciliators, and propose to end the affair in a game of cards; the insight you have given Green and us into all the arcana of play, will enable us, with the aid of the servant, to fleece them to admiration; thus we may pursue our plan, and cure them of this first of vices of Life in London, gaming! and save their fortune from those who may play for a less disinterested stake.

Trifle. I'faith you ought to be very much obliged to me, girls, *pan* hanour, for letting Green into the secret,—it cost me fiteen cool thousands, demme! but I'll assist you.—Green, my dear fa-e-llow, take your post near the glass while they're playing; and, by the number of fingers you hold up, we shall easily know how many honours they have, and every other particular.

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Green. With the greatest of pleasure.—I suppose I may hold up my thumb as well as my fingers, may'nt I—because they may have five honours? you know!

Sue. Oh, certainly, Mr. Green—Ah, man, vain glorious man, how easily art thou duped?

Trifle. They come, you must mind your eye, *pan* hanour, Green.

Green. Oh, you shall find me quite awake—I'm glad I got away and vas'nt taken to the vatchouse; I was forc'd to give half-a-crown though.

Enter TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC.

Tom. Where is this Sir Jeremy Brag? Oh, here you are, Sir—well met.

Trifle. Ah, my dear Tom, how are you?

Green. My dear Corinthian, how do you do? I'm glad they didn't put you in the black 'ole.

Tom. Excuse me a moment, Green, I have an affair with this gentleman that will not admit of a moment's delay.

Trifle. What, my friend, Brag,—honest Sir Jeremy? You musn't hurt him, he's a cursed good fellow.—It must be some mistake.

Green. Yes, it must be some mistake.

Kate. Entirely a mistake, I assure you—I'm extremely sorry, if that will give you any satisfaction.

Tom. Oh, if you apologize, I'm satisfied; otherwise nothing would have done, but Chalk Farm! pistols! half-past six! pooh!

Log. That's the time of day my flower.

Green. Vell, I'm glad it's settled without bloodshed—Chalk Farm! pistols! half-past six, and

pooh!

Jerry. (to Green). Sorry to see your nose in mourning, Green—here, Waiter, take my hat. (*Gives waiter the Charley's old beaver to take care of, who brushes it up ironically, and takes it off*).

Green. What say you to burying all differences in a friendly game of whist? Trifle and I will cut out.

Trifle. Yes; it's too great an exertion for me to play, *pan han-our*—I'm only scarcely endurable to the fatigue of looking on, *r-e-a-l-y*.

Tom. A rubber at whist? I have no objection,

Jerry. Nor I—you'll not find me at fault here, coz—no one is better skilled in the mystery of the odd trick, than I am, I flatter myself.

Trifle. (To Tom). Well you and your country friend can pair with Sir Jeremy and the Captain, and this worthy vegetable, Green, and I will see fair play, *pan hanour*.

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(Kate, Sue, Tom and Jerry sit down to cards; Trifle and Green stand behind them, overlooking Tom's and Jerry's hand).

Log. (Drinking and looking on). They'll be done, as sure as my name is Logic.—Upon that suit some of the best judges in London have been had.—Inviting a man to a swell dinner, and making him pay five guineas a mouthful for it afterwards, is no new feature of Life in London—Go it, ye flats—“*Thus for men the women fair,*” (*singing*). Why, there's that fellow giving the office to his pal now: well it's no business of mine. Go it my pippins—what, Tom, have you got the uneasiness?—“*What is beauty but a bait.*” (*Sings again*).

Tom. (Rising and throwing down cards). Oh, if you can't play better than that, Jerry, we'd better do nothing at all!

Log. (Singing). “*Oft repented when too late.*”

Jerry. Who can play while the Doctor's singing?

Log. I knew how it would be—did you hear anything knock, Tom?

Jerry. (Walks about, and, by mistake, takes Logic's hat). Damn the cards!

Sue. (To Jerry). Come, sir, never be downhearted, bad luck now, better another time.

Jerry. Indeed! I'm not going to try, though.

Kate. Very sorry, Mr. Corinthian—shall be happy to give you your revenge some other evening!

Log. Well, Tom, are you clean'd out?

Tom. Clean'd out! both sides; look here—pockets to let!—here have been two playing four; and we have stood the nonsense in prime style.

Log. Well, don't grumble—every one must pay for his learning—and you wouldn't bilk the schoolmaster, would you? But come, I'm getting merry; so if you wish for a bit of good truth, come with me, and let's have a dive among the Cadgers in the Back Slums, in the Holy Land.

Jerry. Back Slums—Holy Land!—I'm at fault again.

Log. Why, among the beggars in Dyot Street, St. Giles's.

Tom. Beggars! ah, we shall be very good figures for the part. (*Turning out his pockets*).

Log. We must masquerade it there.

Kate. (To Sue, aside). And so must we—come, Trifle,

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

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Billy Waters, Soldier Suke, Ragged Dick, Little Jemmy.

There's a difference between a beggar and a queen,
 And the reason I'll tell you why;
 A queen cannot swagger, not get drunk like a beggar
 Nor be half so happy as I,—as I.

SCENE—*Back Slums in the Holy Land.*

MR. JENKINS, SOLDIER SUKE, DINGY BET, LITTLE JEMMY, CREEPING JACK, RAGGED DICK, *and other well-known Characters discovered.*

SONG.—MR. JENKINS.

AIR.—*"It was one Frosty Morning."*

*Cadgers make holiday,
 Hey, for the maunder's joys,
 Let pious ones fast and pray,
 They save us the trouble, my boys.*

*On the best peck and booze we'll live,
 'Tis fit we their blunt should spend;
 For what to us they give,
 Tenfold to the saints they lend.
 Rumpti bumpti bay, &c.*

*With our doxies, great as a Turk,
 We taste all life can give;
 For who but a slave would work,
 When he like a prince might live?
 Then lustily call away,
 Cadgers keep up the ball,
 Never mind what's to pay,
 The public pays for all.
 Rumpti, bumpti bay, &c.*

(Omnes Chorus the burthen of the Song—dancing grotesquely).

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha! *(Billy heard without).* Eh! stand aside—here comes Billy Waters.

Enter BILLY WATERS, dancing.

Billy. Ah; how do you do, my darley? How you do, Massa Jenkins?—I drink with you. *(Drinks deep: Jenkins takes the pot away).*—And you Massa Jack, I drink wid you, too. *(To Creeping Jack).*—Your helt,—your good helt, ladies! *(Jack takes pot away).*

Jack. I say, Billy, you're biting your name in it.

Billy. Yes, me likes to bite my name in such goot stuff as that.

Mr. J. Gemman, let's purceed to business—I've got to inform you o' summat.

Jack. Vat's that 'ere?

Mr. J. Vy, that 'ere, is this 'ere—I begs to obsarve that the time is come when you may all consider yourselves independent gemmen; for if business should fail, you can at any time retire on a pension now.

Jack. As how?

Mr. J. As how? Vy, this as how. The Mende-city Society, I believe they call themselves, have kindly purwided a fund for us gemmen; so, if anybody offers you less nor a mag, or a duece, vy, you may say with the poet, "Who vou'd his farthings bear? ven he himself might his

quivetus make vith a bare Bodkin."

Omnes. Bravo!

Billy. Dat dam goot—me like dat!—that Bodkin has dam goot point!

Mr. J. It was but t'other day they took'd me up; slapp'd a pick-ax into one of my mauleys, and shov'd a shovel into t'other, and told me to vork—says I, gemmen, I cant't vork, cause vy, I'm too veak—so they guv'd me two bob, and I bolted!

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Beggar. You did quite right; vell, vile I can get fifteen bob a day by gammoning a maim, the devil may vork for me. If any lady or gemmen is inclined for a dance, I'll nash my arm-props in a minute. (*Throws down his crutches*).

Billy. An I play you de tune in de key of de X, Y, Z.

Jack. We haven't had a better job a long vile nor the shabby genteel lay. That, and the civil rig, told in a pretty penny—Come, here's the ould toast, "Success to Cadging."

Omnes. (*Drinking*). Success to Cadging.

Mr. J. Does any gemman understand these here Tread Mills that have got such a footing?

Jack. Silence! Gemmen:—I'm a-going to make a hobobservation: Mr. Jenkins means them there Mills as makes you vork vether there's any vork or no—I can only say this here, gemmens, if them there mills are encouraged, it von't be vorth no body's vile to exercise vone's calling—because, vy, von may as vell go and vork for one's living at once—but the subject von't bear not no thinking on.

Omnes. Not by no means. (*General groans*).

Billy. Oh, curse a de tread mill, me no like a de "here we go up, up, up," and "down you go down, down, down," an if you no work, a great lump of wood come and knock you down so—(*Striking Beggar on head, with fiddle, who falls down*).

Beggar. Oh! he has split my Jemmy!

Billy. (*Picking him up*). Poor fellow, him werry sorry, so dere no harm done. Gemman of de Noah Ark Society, as Little Jemmy here is no starter, I move he be put in de chair a-top o' de table.

Omnes. Bravo! Jemmy in the chair. (*Jemmy is put on the table*).

Mr. J. Silence for the cheer.

Jemmy. Gemman, I shall return thanks—here's all your jolly good healths, and success to flat catching.

Omnes. Bravo! bravo!

SONG.—MR. JENKINS, *and barking chorus of Beggars.*

AIR.—*Bow, Wow, Wow.*

*That all men are beggars, 'tis very plain to see,
Tho' some they are of lowly, and some they are of high degree;
Your ministers of state will say, they never will allow
That kings from subjects beg, but that you know is all bow wow.
Bow wow, wow! fol lol, &c.*

*Then let us cadgers be, and take in all the flats we can,
Experience we know full well, my boys, it is that makes the man;
And for experience all should pay, that Billy will allow,
And as for conscience that of old we know is all bow wow.
Bow, wow, wow! fol lol, &c.*

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Enter KATE, SUE, JANE, TRIFLE, and GREEN, disguised as Beggars.

Sue. I do not see them here yet.

Kate. They'll not be long, depend on't,—have I sufficiently disfigured my charms?

Sue. Yes, they cannot surely recognise us in these disguises?

Trifle. Dear me, a very dreadful perfume, *pan hanour*—essence of mendicity—I'm sorry I came.

Mr. J. (*To Green*). Halloa, my little 'un?

Green. Eh! come you a done now; you a done vith you.

Mr. J. Sluice your dominos—vill you?—

Green. Vot! I never plays at dominoes—It's too vulgar.

Mr. J. Vy, then vash your ivories?

Green. I've got no hiveries to vash.

Mr. J. Drink, vill you? don't you understand Hinglish?

Green. Eh! drink—quite a gemman, I declare.—(*While Green drinks Jenkins dances, expectantly.*)

Ragged Jack. I say, Jenkins has larned to dance since he's been on the Mill—vy Jenkins you'll dance your calves into your shoes if you don't mind.

Mr. J. (To Green, looking at pot). Vy, I say, you've been eating red herrings for dinner, my young un!

Green. I vas dry, and that's the fact on't.

Billy. (Offering bottle to Sue). I say, Misses, you drink, eh! my Buckra Beaudly?

Jemmy. Gemman, have you ordered the peck and booze for the evening?

Sold. Suke. Aye, aye, I've taken care of that—shoulder of veal and garnish—Turkey and appendleges—Parmesan—Filberds—Port and Madery.

Billy. Dat dam goot, me like a de Madery—Landlord, here you give this bag of broken wittals, vot I had give me to-day, to some genteel dog vot pass your door: and you make haste wid de supper, you curse devil you!

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BEGGAR'S OPERA. TOM, JERRY, AND LOGIC, AMONG THE CADGERS IN THE HOLY LAND.



Now to keep up the spree, Tom, Jerry, and Logic,
Went disguis'd to the Slums in the Holy Land;
Through each cribb and each court, they hunted for sport,
Till they came to the BEGGAR'S OPERA so nam'd;
But sure such a sight they had never set sight on,
The quintessence of Tag, Rag, and Bob-tail was there:
Outside of the door Black Molly was fighting.
And pulling Mahogany Bet by the hair.
There was cobblers and tailors, sweeps, cadgers, and sailors,
Enough to confound Old Nick with their din;
There was bunters, and ranters and radical chaunters,
Clubbing their half-pence for quarterns of gin.

Enter TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC—disguised as Beggars, with Placards on their backs—TOM'S "Burnt Out—lost my little all."—JERRY'S "Deaf and Dumb."—LOGIC'S "Thirteen Children." &c.

Sue. Here they are—I know them in spite of their rags.

Tom. This, my dear Jerry, is a rich page in the book of life, which will save you many a pound, by exposing the imposition of street mendicity.—It almost staggers belief that hypocrisy is so successful, and that the fine feeling of the heart should become so blunted, as to laugh at the humanity of those who step forward to relieve them.

Log. 'Tis the blunt that does it—but stow magging, Tom, or we shall get blown.

Jerry. Tom, here's a group of blackbeetles—do you see those lovely mendicants?

Tom. Beauty in rags—I do—Cupid imploring charity, I'll relieve him, for I'll be after that match-girl directly.

Jerry. And I'll chant a few words to that beautiful ballad-singer.

Log. And I'll take pity on that charming beggar.

*Come, let us dance and sing,
While fam'd St. Giles' bells shall ring,
Black Billy scrapes the fiddle strings,
Little Jemmy fills the Chair.
Frisk away, let's be gay,
This is Cadger's holiday;
While knaves are thinking, we are drinking,
Bring in more gin and beer.
Come, let us dance and sing, &c.*

*Here's Dough-boy Bet, and Silver Sall,
Lushy Bob, and Yankee Moll,
And Suke, as black as any pall,
The pinks of the Holy Land.
Now, merry, merry, let us be,
There's none more happier sure than we,
For what we get we spend it free,
As all must understand!
Come, let us dance, &c.*

*Now he that would merry be,
Let him drink and sing as we,
In palaces you shall not see,
Such happiness as here.
Then booze about, our cash an't out,
Here's sixpence in a dirty clout;
Come landlord bring us in more stout,
Our pension-time draws near.
Come, let us dance, &c.*

Enter LANDLORD with supper.

Land. Now, your honours, here's the rum peck, here's the supper.

Billy. Eh, de supper! de supper! come along, (*After striking Creeping Jack on fingers with knife*). You damn nasty dog! what for you put your dirty fingers in de gravy? you call that gentlemen? you want your finger in de pie, now you got him there!

Jack. I only wish'd to taste the stuffing.

Billy. And now you taste de carver knife instead! (*takes candle, and looks at supper*). Vy, what him call dis?

Land. Why, the turkey and the pie, to be sure.

Billy. De turkey and de pie! I tink you said de turkey and de pie,—what! de turkey without de sassinger! him shock—him wouldn't give pin for turkey without dem—me like a de Alderman in chain.

Land. I'm very sorry, Mr. Waters, but—

Billy. You sorry! I'm sorry for my supper, you damn dog.

Mr. J. (To Landlord). Vhat! sarve up a turkey without sassiges,—you're a nice man I don't think. [Pg 52]

Jack. (To Landlord). I tell you vhat, young man, when you talk to gemmen, larn to take off your hat.

Jemmy. Vy there's no lemon to the weal, nor hoyster sasse to the rump stakes.—It's shocking, infamous neglect, that's vot it is.

Mr. J. (To Landlord). Vy, who do you suppose would eat rump stakes without aysters? I've a great mind to smash your countenance for you!—You ought to have your head punched you ought!

Jemmy. Here's no filberds to the Port, nor devils to the Madery, nather.

Land. Egad, I think there's devils enough to it. (*Aside*). Gentlemen, the deficiencies shall be supplied directly. (*He is hunted off*).

Mr. J. Hit him; he's got no friends.

Jemmy. We must go to some hother tavern, if we're neglected in this here manner.

Mr. J. You may do as you please, gemmen, but for my part, I shall certainly use some other hotel.

Billy. You perfectly right, Massa Jenkins, we must use some other hot-hell.

Jerry. (To Sue, she having attracted his attention). And so you sell ballads, eh?

Sue. Yes, Sir, three a penny; but if you like to take twelve, I'll make you an allowance.

Jerry. Oh, I'll have the allowance by all means.

Sue. (*Singing*).

*"Relieve my woes, my wants distressing;
And Heaven reward you with its blessing."*

Jerry. Enchanting vagrant! come here, and let me bargain with you. (*Takes Sue aside*).

Tom. (*To Kate, bringing her down, c.—in like manner*). And so you make matches, do you?

Kate. Yes!—as you'll find out by and by. (*Aside*).

Tom. But 'ant these brimstone dealings contagious? you little flower of—hum-um-um—
(*Takes her up in a corner*).

Log. (*To Jane, bringing her down R.—*) You've moved me so, that I could bestow every mag I've got, you beautiful beggar, I could.

(*Knocking without*).

Enter LANDLORD, running, L.—Previously to which, Kate and Sue have, unobserved, given beggars money, and entered into communication with them pointing aside to Tom, Jerry and Logic.

Billy. Vat de matter, vat broke, eh? (*To Landlord*).

Land. Gentlemen vagabonds; the traps are abroad, and half a thousand beadle and beaksmen are now about the door. [Pg 53]

Billy. De beak! oh curse a de beak!

Jemmy. Gemmen! gemmen! (*Knocking on table to command attention*).

Jack. Silence for the chair!

Jemmy. Put out the lights, put out the lights, every one shift for himself. Here, Bob, carry me up the ladder, good luck to you do, Bob.

Billy. Landlord! landlord, you dog! which door de beak come in at.

Land. At the front.

Billy. Vy, den carry me out at de back door, you Dick.

[*He and Jemmy are carried out.—Lights are put out—General consternation.*

FINALE.—TOM, JERRY, LOGIC, SUE, KATE, JANE, MR. JENKINS, CREEPING JACK, and BEGGARS.

AIR.—"Zitti, Zitti—Piano, Piano!"

Mr. Jenkins.

*Up the ladder, softly creeping,
Let us gently steal away,
Traps without their watch are keeping,
There we'll let the rascals stay.*

Creeping Jack.

*Traps without, their watch are keeping,
Tread softly; no delay;
Up the ladder slyly creeping
Through the back door and away.*

Tom, Jerry, Logic, Kate, Sue, and Jane.

*To my arms, love, softly creeping,
To bliss we'll steal away;
Suspense 'tis idle keeping,
Seize pleasure while you may.*

Where are you? where are you?

*To my arms, love, softly creeping,
To bliss we'll steal away,
Softly, softly; lightly, lightly; away; away! away!*

Kate, Sue, and Jane, as Tom, Jerry, and Logic advance, attracted by their voices, adroitly substitute Dingy Bet, Soldier Suke, and another, in the places of themselves.—Drop falls on Tom, Jerry, and Logic, carrying their beggarly bargains off in great exultation.—Kate, Sue, and Jane enjoying the joke in the background.



Now Jerry's become a fancy blade,
To Jackson's he often goes
And to shew his skill in the milling trade,
He crack'd poor Logic's nose.

He gloried in having a turn-up,
And was always the first in a lark,
To bang and wallop the Charlies,
And pommel them in the dark.

SCENE.—*Jackson's Rooms, in Bond Street.—Tom, Jerry, and Logic discovered.*

*Life in London with us is a round of delight;
It is larking all day, sprees and rambles all night;
Tom, Jerry, and Logic have ever the best
Of the coves in the East, and the swells in the West;
Such pals in a turn-up, so bang up and merry,
As Jerry, Tom, Logic—Tom, Logic, and Jerry,
Ne'er was seen, since the world first by Noah was undone,
So here's Logic's, Jerry's, and Tom's Life in London!*

Tom. We are, indeed, a regular trio; every part well harmonised.

Log. Ay, all sharps! not a flat or a natural among us.

Jerry. I don't think we were so very sharp last night, though, when we suffered ourselves to be made such apes of in Noah's Ark.

Tom. You are right, Jerry, we are all at fault here; instead of clasping in my arms my pretty timber merchant—judge my horror, when on approaching a parish lamp, I found myself hugging that duchess of the dust-hole—Dingy Bet.

Log. I was served quite as badly—instead of my seraphic street solicitor, I found myself carrying on the war with Soldier Suke. [Pg 55]

Tom. Worse and worse, who did you make yourself agreeable to, eh, Jerry?

Jerry. I beg you won't mention it!

Tom. Let's think no more on't; the tables were fairly turned upon us, and we mustn't grumble—we have now stepp'd into Jackson's rooms to decide the bet with Logic as to our weight; and as he has won it, let's be going—but stop, before we go, what say you to a bout with the foils?

Jerry. No go, Tom,—I'm fly—it's a bad spec; I am not going to expose my ignorance of fencing here—but as far as a bout at single-sticks goes—why I have no objection.

Tom. Bob will accommodate; won't you, Bob? come, Doctor, you must have a turn—one small taste.

Log. No go! no, no, Mr. Somerset, you're a downy one at that sport—it won't fit.

Tom. Positively you shall, Bob—come the least taste.

Log. Well, well! I won't baulk your fancy, as you seem bent upon sport—but mind, only one bout.

Jerry. No; one will be sufficient. (*They place themselves in position*).

Tom. Holloa, Jerry, don't swallow him.

Log. Use me gently, I'm but a green at this.

Tom. Now, then, come up to the scratch. (*They play; Jerry makes a hit; Logic parries*).

Tom. Well stopp'd—uncommon well, Bob.

Log. Do you think so; but, I say, none of your chaffing.

Tom. Now, really—

Jerry. Yes, yes, he's up.

Log. Hum, I don't think it was so much amiss myself.

Jerry. Now, Doctor, take care of your bread-basket—eyes right, look to your napper.

Tom. Ay, ay, be leary, Bob, take care of your ribs—mind your pipkin—be down on your pimple. (*They play a second bout; Jerry breaks Logic's head*).

Tom. I say, Bob, did you hear anything knock?

Log. Yes; and nobody at home.

Jerry. Doctor! I touch'd your knowledge box there, I think.

Log. Touch'd it, zounds! you've broken it, Jerry, but it must have been cracked before, or I should never have entered the lists with you. Brown-paper and vinegar for one.

[Exit.

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SCENE IN A GIN SHOP.



Here some are tumbling and jumping in,
And some are staggering out;
One's pawn'd her smock for a quarten of gin,
Another, her husband's coat.

Behold, Mr. Tom and Jerry,
Have got an old woman in tow,
They sluic'd her with gin, 'till she reel'd on her pins,
And was haul'd off to quod for a row.

SCENE.—INTERIOR OF A LONDON GIN SHOP.

TOM and JERRY *taking* BLUE RUIN, *after the SPELL is broken up*.

TOM is *sluicing* the *ivories* of some of the unfortunate heroines with blue ruin, whom the breaking up of the SPELL *has turned-up* without any luck, in order to send them to their *pannies* full of *spirits*. JERRY is in *Tip Street* on this occasion, and the *Mollishers* are all *nutty* upon him; putting it about, one to another, that he is a *well breeched* SWELL. FAT BET is pretending to TOM, that she had a great objection to every sort of *ruin*, no matter how *coloured*, since she had once been *queered* upon that suit. SWIPY BILL, a *translator of Soles*, who has been out for a day's *fuddle*, for fear his money should become too troublesome to him, has just called in at the *Gin Spinner's* to get rid of his last *duce*, by way of a finish, and to have another drop of *blue ruin*. This last glass would have *floored* him, had it not been for the large butt of liquor which he staggered against. Hiccoughing, he swears "he'll stand by OLD TOM while he has a *sole* left to support such a good fellow."

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GIN, GIN, SWEET, SWEET GIN!

AIR.—*Home, Sweet Home.*

Walk through London town, in Alley, Lane or Street,
 Eight to ten of all the folks you overtake or meet,
 List to what they talk about, you'll find amid
 the din,
 The end of every conversation is a drop of Gin.
 Gin, Gin, sweet, sweet Gin,
 There's no drops like Gin.

When the world was young, as we read in classic page,
 The shepherds drank the purling stream, and pass'd the golden age;
 For purling streams or golden age folks now
 don't care a pin,
 So that they can raise the brass to keep this age of Gin.
 Gin, Gin, Hodge's Gin, &c.

When the weather's cold and bleak—in rain and frost and snow,
 The Gin, the Gin they fly to, to warm them with its glow.
 In summer time, to cool their heat, we see
 them all flock in
 And joy or sorrow, heat or cold, all seek relief in Gin.
 Gin, Gin, Seager and Evans's Gin, &c.

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BATTLE OF—A GIN COURT!

Sir Richard Burnie sad, declares that never in his time,
 Was seen so much depravity, want, misery and

crime;
 And all the brawls—the roittings—the day and
 nightly din,
 Are caused by what he never tasted! filthy! horrid Gin!
 Gin, Gin, Booth's Cordial Gin, &c.

In India, when a Husband dies—the Widow ne'er
 can smile,
 She's burnt alive, a sacrifice, upon her husband's
 pile;
 In London many Wives and Widows deem it not a
 sin,
 To sacrifice and burn themselves alive with fire of Gin.
 Gin, Gin, Sir Robert Burnett's Gin, &c.

Decrepit age with furrow'd face, and one foot in
 the grave,
 Hobbles on his crutches, and for a drop does
 crave;
 Infants, e'er they plainly talk, perk up each little
 chin
 And cry, oh mammy, daddy, baby 'ont a d'op o' din.
 Gin, Gin, Currie's strong Gin, &c.

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GIN LANE.

In former times we'd Goblins, Fairies, Witches,
 Ghosts and Sprites,
 Who ruled the people's minds by day, and play'd
 sad pranks o' nights;
 But now the tales of Ghosts and such the people
 can't take in
 They won't believe in Spirits, yet put all their faith in
 Gin.
 Gin, Gin, Gaitskell's Cordial Gin, &c.

In the Reign of old Queen Bess good eating did
 prevail,
 Her Majesty and all the Court would breakfast on
 strong ale;
 But now through every Court, the folk the fashion
 to be in,
 Would *ail* all day, unless 'fore breakfast they could take
 some Gin.
 Gin, Gin, renovating Gin, &c.

Old women used to cheer their hearts and found it
 did agree,
 By sometimes taking with a friend a cup *too*
 much of tea;
 But now they're much more *spirited*—for tea
 don't care a pin,
 And only use their tea pots for a cup *too much* of Gin.
 Gin, Gin, tongue-relaxing Gin, &c.



GIN AND BITTERS.

Fighters take a "*a shove in the mouth*," though it
is their bane,
Jack Ketch often has a "*drop*"—Scavengers a
"*drain*";
Pris'ners "*half a yard of tape*" to get in merry pin
And Actors oft get "*mellow*" with a "*mellow dram*" of
Gin.

Gin, Gin, Tragic, Comic Gin, &c.

Thompson's shop on Holborn Hill is crowded like a
fair,
All the taps continually running out are there;
Swing swang go the doors, while some pop out
and some pop in,
Foreigners must surely think that John Bull lives on
Gin.

Gin, Gin, dear seductive gin, &c.

This World was once deluged by water, drowning
Son & Sire,
But when it is destroy'd again, we read 'twill be
by fire;
And this must be the awful time, so prevalent is
sin,
As all the wicked world do burn their insides out with
Gin.

Gin, Gin, life-inspiring Gin, &c.

TOM AND JERRY CATCHING KATE AND SUE ON THE SLY HAVING THEIR FORTUNES TOLD.



Here lives a Fortune-Telling Gipsy,
Wrinkled, crabbed, grim and old:
And Tom and Jerry's fancy ladies
Are gone to get their Fortunes told.

They slyly view'd them, and pursued them,
For to have some glorious fun.
Behind the curtain, see them sporting,
This is life in London Town.

SCENE.—*Interior of Fortune Teller's Garret.*

Enter JANE, KATE, SUE, TRIFLE, GREEN, and LANDLORD.

GLEE.—*Omnes.*

AIR.—“*Who has seen the Miller’s Wife.*”
Jane, Kate, Sue, Trifle, and Green.
Have you the Fortune Teller seen?
I, I for hours have waiting been;
A shilling o’er her palm I’ll pass
If she’ll but look in Fortune’s glass.
Have you, &c.

Land. Oh, here she comes at last.

Enter FORTUNE TELLER.

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Land. Now mother, stir your stumps; here are two ladies waiting for you, and half a score more below.

F. Teller. Aye, aye! I turn hundreds away.

Green. Vhat an orrid hooman!

F. Teller. You must leave the room, gentlemen, (*To Green and Trifle*), my charms never hold good in the presence of a third person.

Sue. You hear, Mr. Green, her charms never hold good in the presence of a third person.

Green. I should vondor if they did—Her charms! Lord—I can take an int; I’m to go—wery vell, I shall absconce—Vat an ugly old vitch!

Trifle. (*To Girls*). We shall meet again at Logic’s, so I’ll leave you with the particularly frightful old hag, *pan hanour*—demme!

[*Exeunt Green, Trifle, and Landlord.*]

F. Teller. (*Sitting at Table*). Now then, young women. I’ll tell you—I’ll tell you—but you must let me shuffle the cards first! (*Produces cards*) For its all done by shuffling! now then, cut them, Miss. (*Sue cuts cards*).

Kate. Let us sit down while we stay—rather short of furniture; but never mind, we must make shift.

(*Turns down chair lengthways to sit; she sits on one side, Sue on the other—Sue is nearly let down by Kate suddenly rising*).

F. Teller. (*Looking over cards*). Hey day! what have we here? You’ll be married soon.

Sue. I hope so, with all my heart!

F. Teller. There’s a fair man been paying some attention to you, lately—Hum! a cradle—three!—nine!—fourteen!—have a large family.

Sue. Fourteen! mercy on me!

Kate. Enough to make one faint!

F. Teller. There’s nothing more that I see at present.

Sue. Nor there hadn’t need been; if I’m to have fourteen children, I think I’ve heard quite enough.

F. Teller. (*To Kate*). Now, Miss, I’ll tell you your fortune; how many husbands, and how many children, and all about it—all about it.

Kate. But I don’t want to hear “all about it.” (*Imitating her*). I only want a peep into your magic mirror, and see who I’m to marry.

F. Teller. You should have told me that before, I always charge more for that, but I suppose I must throw it you in! Now, then, stand there; and be very still!—

(*Music.—Fortune teller places Kate and Sue in position at off end of the stage—then advances to cabinet—waves her crutch; pulls curtain aside, and discovers a large glass—Landlord passes rapidly behind*).

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There! I told you I’d show him to you!

Kate. Wonderful! why that’s the man that opened the door to us! (*Aside to Sue*).

F. Teller. Now, Miss, I’ll show you your sweetheart!

(*Music and ceremony as before:—Landlord repasses contrary way*).

Kate. Ha, ha, ha! that’s the same man again! We’re both to marry the same husband!

Sue. Amazingly agreeable!

Kate. The old impostor!—Well, now you've told us our fortune; can't you tell your own? (*To Fortune Teller*).

F. Teller. No, no—I have no power over my own stars.

Kate. Then I'll tell it for you—In half an hour, unless you make good use of your time, you'll have a visit from Union Hall.

F. Teller. O, dear me! It's lucky I've a handy cockloft, and a safe way over the houses—I'll be off directly, I'll be off directly! (*Throws down crutch, cloak, &c., and exits hastily*).

Kate. "I'll be off directly, off directly." (*Imitating Fortune Teller*). Ha, ha, ha!—She left all her things behind her!—We can now set up in business for ourselves.

Enter JANE hastily, L.

Jane. Oh, my dear girls, as I was keeping watch below, I saw Tom and Jerry coming down the street, and making for this very house—depend on't they have traced you here.

Kate. What's to be done?—Tom and Jerry!

Sue. Jerry and Tom coming here! (*Running about in confusion.—Knocking at door*).

Jane. Don't keep running about there, as if you were out of your senses, but listen to me—get behind that glass and leave me to manage; I'll play the Fortune Teller, now!—Help me on with the things—there! there! that will do; now then, away with you!

(They hide behind Cabinet, after disguising Jane).

Tom. (*As entering*). Come, Jerry, here they—Eh!—not here!—well, we won't have our walk for nothing—Let's quiz the old one a bit. I say, Mother Mummery, can you tell our fortunes for us?

Jane. (*As old woman*). Oh, yes; but you must cross my hand first.

Tom. She wants the tippery—there—(*Gives money*). There, that's the figure, Jerry.

Jane. (*Looks at Jerry*). Now, Sir!

Jerry. Oh! must I fork out, too. (*Gives money*)

Jane. (*Looking at their palms*). Dear me!—dear me!

Tom. You said that before, you know.

Jane. You've been sad rakes—sad rakes indeed!

Tom. (*Imitating her*). Have we, indeed?

Jerry. Why, you witch of Endor!

Tom. What! can the devil speak?—but come, I'll find you out at once. I conjure you by that which you profess, how'er you come to know it. Answer me, though you untie the winds! unveil your magic mirror, and show us the images of the women we are to marry. Come up with your little machine. *Whew!* appear—appear!—they won't come!

Jane. I must have a little more money first!

Tom. Why, you old cormorant! more blunt, eh? there— (*Gives money*).

Jane. There, then!

(Draws Curtain; Kate and Sue appear behind it in their own dresses; Jane slips away).

Tom. Well, Jerry, what do you see?

Jerry. (*Going up to glass*). Susan Rosebud!—astonishing.—

Tom. Susan Rosebud! Oh, my dear Jerry, your ogles must be queer! (*Goes up; sees Kate*). My Kate! by all that's miraculous! Where is the juggling hag? (*Looking for Jane*). Why, she's mizzled! Holloa, Mother Damnable! Oh, there's some mystery in the infernal mirror, which thus I solve!

Jerry. What are you about, Tom?

Tom. I'm going to mill the glaze—I'll—

(Is about to break the glass, when Kate and Sue appear as the Miss Trifles).

Tom. The Miss Trifles! by all that's—

JANE, KATE, and SUE come forward.

Kate. Ha, ha! fairly caught, upon my word. (*Retires up the stage, then says aside to Jane and Sue*). Now girls it is time we should bring our plans to a conclusion. Logic's imprudent ramblings have involved him in difficulties which, unless timely met, must terminate in ruin. I have bought up most of his debts; and in the midst of the gaiety of this evening, it is my

intention to have him arrested and conveyed to prison. I have sent the officer my card of invitation, that he may be sure to gain admittance. This will open the eyes of the thoughtless trio, and enable us to put the money we took in trust at the gambling-house to its proper use; so let's away, and about it straight.

[*They run off.*]

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SCENE.—MR. MACE'S CRIB. "ALL MAX" IN THE EAST.[33]

"Oh! for a glass of Max."—*Byron's Don Juan.*

*A plague on those malty cove fellows,
Who'd have us in spirits relax;
Drink, they say, and you'll ne'er burn the bellows,
Half-water instead of all max;
A glass of good max, had they twigg'd it,
Would have made them, like us, lads of wax;
For Sal swigg'd, and Dick swigg'd,
And Bob swigg'd, and Nick swigg'd.
And I've swigg'd, and we've all of us swigg'd it,
And, by Jingo, there's nothing like max.
All-Max!
By Jingo, there's nothing like max!*

Here the *tag-rag* and *bob-tail* squad who do not care how the *blunt* comes or how it goes. *Togs* or no *togs*! but nevertheless, who must live at any price, and see a "*bit of life*," let the world jog on how it will; yet who can drop a *tear* upon a sorrowful event—*laugh* heartily at fun—*shake* with cold—*perspire* with heat—and go to *roost* much sounder upon a dust-hill than many of the *swells* can *snooze* upon their feather *dabs*; likewise in comparing *notes*, feel happy in the presumption that there are hundreds worse off in society than themselves.

Enter SAILORS, DUSTY BOB, AFRICAN SAL, MAHOGANY MARY, MRS. and MISS LILLYWHITE, ROSIN, &c., &c., with *gin measures, drinking—Mr. Mace in attendance.*

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Bob. Now, landlord, 'arter that 'ere drap of max, suppose ve have a drain o' heavy vet, just by vay of cooling our chaffers—mine's as dry as a chip—and, I say, do you hear, let's have a twopenny burster, half a quarten of bees' vax, a ha'p'orth o' ingens, and a dollop o' salt along vith it, vill you?

Mace. Here, Waiter! a burster and bees'vax—ingens and salt here. (*Calling as he fetches the porter from the side wing*). Now, then, here you are, Muster Grimmuzzle. (*Holding out his right hand for the money, and keeping the porter away with the other*).

Bob. That's your sort; give us hold on it. (*Takes Mace's empty hand*). Vy, where?

Mace. (*Keeping the porter back*). Vy, here.

Bob. Oh, you are afeard of the blunt, are you?

Mace. No, it ain't that; only I'm no schollard—so I always takes the blunt with von hand, and gives the pot vith t'other. It saves chalk and prewents mistakes, you know.

Bob. Now then for the stumpy. (*Searching about in his pockets for the money*). My tanners are like young colts; I'm obliged to hunt 'em into a corner, afore I can get hold on 'em—there! hand us over three browns out o' that 'ere tizzy; and tip us the heavy. (*Landlord receives money and delivers porter*). Vy don't you fill the pot? Likes to have a head on the pot.

Mace. How can you have a head on the pot, vhen the chill's off?

Bob. Vell, then let me have the next vith the chill on, vill you? (*Bob drinks*).

Sal. You leave some for me, Massa Bob. (*Drinks and empties the pot*).

Bob. Vy, Sarah, you seems fond on it—likes to see the end, eh?

(*Bob sits down on one stool and pulls another to the front of him on which he arranges the bread, cheese, onions, &c., then tearing open the loaf discovers a live mouse which he holds up by the tail, and walking up to Mr. Mace, says:—I say guv'nor I didn't axe ye for a hanimated sandvitch did I?*)

Mace. Oh! you is allus so werry partic'lar some times you is. But I say ladies and gemmen, I hopes for the harmony of the evening, you'll not be back'ards in handing out your mags and duces to the teaser of the catgut here.

Bob. Aye, aye!—lend us a tanner on the bell, vill you?

Mace. Lend you a tanner on the bell?—It's vhat I don't like, Muster Bob; highly improper—you know I've a wery great objection to anything of the kind; however, for vonce, I suppose I

must; though it 'aint right—but talking o' that, I begs leave to hint, that I trusts heavy vet von't be the order of the evening!:-

Tom. (Without).—No, no, damn up stairs, we'll go in here.

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Mace. Zounds, I hope no traps isn't abroad, and that there 'aint any beaksmen out on the nose!

Sal. (Looking out). Law, lovee, no, it's only some gemmen out on the spree—I dare say dat dey'll stand a drop o' summat all round.

Enter TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC.

Tom. Now, my dear Jerry, here we are amongst the unsophisticated sons and daughters of nature, at All Max in the East. Let the West boast of their highfliers as they will, you'll find there are still some choice creatures of Society left here.

Log. What, my lily! here take a drop of mother's milk. (*Gives black child gin out of a measure he has received from Landlord*). Landlord, let every one have a glass of what they like best, at our cost.

Mace. Regular trumps! I can charge vhat I likes here. (*Aside*). Now, Muster Bob, vhat'll you take?

Bob. Oh, ax my Sal.

Mace. Now, Marm Sal, give it a name!

Sal. Vy, bring me de kwarten of de Fuller's earth.

Tom. Come, it shall be a night of revelry, my pippins—Song—Dance—everything in the world!

Mace. Aye! a jig, a jig!—Remove the stand-stills—sit down, gemmen. Ve shall be as merry as mudlarks, and as gay as sand-boys soon—It's a poor heart vhat never rejoices. Come, Muster Grimmuzzle, vhat say you to a minnyvit vith your ould lady in mourning, here.

Bob. Vith all my heart; I am never backward at any thing of that 'ere sort; am I Sal?

Sal. Dat you not, Massa Bob.—Massa Fiddler, you ought to be shame; your fiddle drunk, and no play at all.

Log. I'll gin him a little, my Snow-ball; then he'll rasp away like a young one; won't you, my old one? (*Gives Fiddler gin and snuff*).

Bob. 'Snowball,'—come, let's have none o'your sinnywations, Mister Barnacles; she's none the vurser, though she is a little blackish or so!

Log. Here, Landlord, more Blue Ruin, my boy!

Tom. Ceremonies are not in use here, so there's no occasion for the master of them, Come, start off, my rum ones! the double shuffle.

Jerry. Aye, aye! come it strong my regulars.

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COMIC PAS DEUX—DUSTY BOB *and* BLACK SAL.

Accompanied by Rosin, on his cracked Cremona, and Jerry on a pair of Tongs, to the Air—"Jack's alive." In the course of the Pas Deux, Sal, by way of a variation, and in the fulness of her spirits, keeps twirling about: at the same time going round the Stage—Bob runs after

her, with his hat in his hand, crying "Sarah! vy, Sarah, 'aint you well?" &c.—The black child seeing this, and thinking there is something the matter with its mother, also squalls violently; stretching its arms towards her: at length, Sal, becoming tired of her vagaries, sets to Bob, who exclaims, "Oh! it's all right!" and the dance concludes.

Jerry. That would do honour to any crib; there's nothing like pairing off according to fancy. You're quite fly to the trotter shaking department, I see, my rum one!

Tom. To be sure he is a regular gravel digger; come, Sal, my lily. (*Gives Sal gin*).

Bob. Vy, Sarah, vere's your manners; vy don't you kurchy to the gemman?

Sal. Me do dat de second time. (*Receives another glass*). Your good helts, gemmen all. (*Drinks*).

Tom. Here, Dusty, my prince, now then, sluice your bolt. (*Gives Bob gin*).

Bob. Vell, your honours, here's your luck. (*Bolts gin*). That's a regular kwortern, I knows by my mouth.

Tom. There's a swallow, Jerry, this fellow is a perfect mop.

Jerry. Now, Doctor, we must think of starting—Eh!—zounds! what's the matter with you? (*To Logic*).

Log. I've left off drinking in a great measure.

(*Merry and singing*). "There's a difference between," &c., &c.

Jerry. Tom, see how snugly Captain Lushington's getting abroad of Logic. Come, my boy. [Pg 69]

Tom. Remember your appointment with the ladies.

Log. I do like this fiddle, I will have this fiddle. (*Pulling Fiddler along*).

Tom. Eh, zounds, Doctor, you're going to smug the fiddler, and prig the pewter. (*Taking gin measure away from him*). Now then, what's to pay, landlord?

Mace. All out, vill be fourteen bob and a kick, your honour.

Tom. Well, there's a flimsy for you; serve the change out in max to the coves and covesses. (*Gives money*).

Mace. Thank your honour—and good luck to you.

Tom. Now then, Doctor, this way, my boy; come, come along.

Log. (*Singing*). "A Queen she cannot swagger." I will have this fiddle—"nor get drunk like a beggar."—More max here—"Nor be half so merry as I."

[*Logic becoming obstreperous, they partly force him off, and exeunt with him.*]

Mace. Regular out-and-outers those 'ere! quite gemmen—I've stuck it into 'em a bit! (*Aside*).

Bob. Aye, ay, ve knows it! vith the chill off!—you're an out-and-out *Stringer*, you are!

Mace. So I don't mind standing a trifle of summat all round, just by way of drinking their healths; and when ve've had the liquor, ve'll kick up a reel, and all go to our dabs.

Bob. Ay ay! but before that, mind you get us a bit of grub for me and my Sal—about a pound and a half of rump steak—

Sal. No, two pound Massa Bob, for her rather peckish.

Bob. Very vell, two pound, vith a pickled cowcumber, and a pen'orth o' ketchup, to make some gravy of; and stick it up to the bell!—d'ye hear?

Mace. You'll melt that 'ere bell if you don't mind, Muster Bob; this is vhat I don't like—vhy don't you always take care and bring plenty of money in your pockets?—You know I'm wery particular in things of this here kind!—though I don't mind obliging *you*—

Bob. Ay, ay, vith the chill off, I knows!—but it's all right—must have the bell in the morning, you know, even if I spout the togs for it.

Mace. Now then, strike up, my beauty!

Bob. Aye, aye, pull it out, my pink!

[*Comic Characteristic Reel by all the Characters; who, under the influence of All Max, at last reel off.*]



All in the Fleet poor Logic's moor'd
 His swaggering's now at an end!
 And Tom and Jerry are gone on board,
 Their friendly assistance to lend.

Now, all their sprees and gambols are closed
 For Logic has vow'd and swore
 When he's from Limbo safe loosed,
 He'll marry—and rake no more.

SCENE.—*Interior of Whistling Shop; Master and Mistress of Whistling Shop—Racket players—Poor Tradesman, Smuggler, and Debtors discovered.*

CHORUS.—(Omnes).

*All in the fleet we're safely moor'd,
 But while we've trusty pals on board,
 Law may to
 The devil go;
 Then, brother Debtors, sport and play.*

*Let tempests whistle as they will,
 Our Whistling Shops will drown them still;
 A yard of tape
 Will prove the Cape.
 And drive each thought of care away,
 Tol de rol.*

Enter TURNKEY and LOGIC.

Turn. Here's Doctor Logic come to pay you a visit, gentlemen—You'll get good accommodation here, Sir; and find some regular trumps among 'em.

Log. Thank'ye.—

Turnkey. Is that all?—Only thank'ye?

Log. Oh, want some tippery! (*Gives money*). There! (*Exit Turnkey*)—Brothers, your most obedient. Some of my friends, thinking my learning was not complete, have sent me to your College to finish my education; not that I owe anything!—

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Omnes. Oh, no!—we none of us owe anything!—Oh! dear no.

Log. I'm only here on suspicion of debt.

Omnes. That's the case with all of us!—we're all of us only here on suspicion!

Log. You'll not find me a bad chum—but ready to hunt down any game you can start. Landlady, serve them with a glass of tape, all round; and I'll stand Sammy—

Omnes. A regular trump! (*Landlady serves them all with liquor, out of a bladder, as directed; Logic pays*).

Smug. Well, while I can blow my cloud, and get a drop on the sly, I sets the Excise at defiance. What's a little smuggling?

Poor T. (Aside). Could I have conveyed the value of that liquor to my wife and children, it might have saved them another day from starvation!

Log. (Overhearing). What! hard up!—wife and children starving!—that sha'n't be while Bob Logic has a quid left.—Here, my honest fellow, go fill their bellies and make them happy. (*Gives money*).

Poor T. May heaven bless you, Sir—you know not half the good you have done!

[*Exit poor T.*]

Log. No; but I know one thing enough, and that is, the value of money—a prison is the only place to learn that in; and if ever I get out again—

Log. Ah, Tom and Jerry! my boys! this is kind indeed!

Tom. Never desert an old pal in limbo, Bob; but when you get safe out of the river tick, take my advice, look *into* not *over* your affairs; if young men would but deign to consider this, would but, in the flowery wilds of pleasure, cast one glance at the guiding star of prudence—their pockets would be more full, and the prisons of the law more empty.

Log. Never doubt me, Tom—but welcome to 'Freshwater Bay,' to my new settlement on board the Never-Wag man of war;—homeward station—forced to be on good *terms* with others, if I am not with myself—

Jerry. Still as lively as ever, eh, Doctor?

Log. And so will you be when the haberdasher has served you with a good yard of tape.

Jerry. 'Haberdasher! Tape!' I'm at fault again.

Logic. The haberdasher is the whistler, otherwise the spirit-merchant Jerry—and tape the commodity he deals in—It's a contrabrand article here—white is Max, and red is Cognac.

Jerry. Then give me a yard and a half of red, if you please. (*Landlady gives Jerry liquor*).

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Enter TURNKEY, with a letter.

Turn. Here's a stiffener for you, Doctor!—

Log. A letter for me!—

Turn. It 'aint paid for.

Log. More tip, eh! (*Pays him*). This fellow's a regular leech! you never use any chalk here?

Turn. Can't afford it; besides it ain't in our way, and then it makes such a mess over the walls.

Log. (*Opening the letter*). Aye, aye, that will do, go along—(*Exit Turnkey*) What's this?—Five hundred pounds!—(*Takes out note*).—Wheugh!—Let me read—"Sir Jeremy Brag and the Captain, present compliments to Doctor Logic, request his acceptance of the enclosed, to free him from his present difficulties; it is the same sum his friends threw away on an *odd* trick the other evening.—If Mr. Logic and his friends will look in at the Venetian Carnival, this evening, they will be joined by the Captain, Sir Jeremy, the Miss Trifles, and the Mendicants from the Holy Land; when, if properly solicited, the Masqueraders may unmask." Prodigious!—*I'm* at fault here. I'll away at once; drop the debt and costs in the hatchway, and be off to the Carnival.

Tom. We'll go with you, Doctor.

[*Exeunt Tom, Jerry, and Logic.*

Smug. Why, they've hoisted sails, lads—well, success to them—oh the changes of life!

CHORUS.—(*Omnes*).

AIR.—"Here we go up, up, up."

Some there are up, up, up,

And some there are down, down, down,

But whether above or below,

Let us always take care of the crown.

They that are out may grin,

While those that are in may fret,

Yet poverty ne'er was a sin,

And we're sure they can't hang us for debt.

Fol, lol.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE.—*Leicester Square.*—*Characters dressed in Masquerade, cross the stage, as if going to the Carnival—Dominoes lead the way.*

Enter OLD MAID and POODLE followed by CLOWN—CLOWN steals POODLE, and pops his own head in POODLE'S place—OLD MAID enraged, pummels CLOWN'S pate till she breaks her fan—CLOWN carries her off squalling R. They are followed by grotesque DWARF, in chintz gown and cap, with big head; preceded by servants with candles, who also exit.

Enter LILLIPUTIAN HARLEQUIN, COLUMBINE, and CLOWN; L. Characteristic PAS de TRIOS, to the "NATIONAL WALTZ;" little COLUMBINE coquetting between HARLEQUIN and CLOWN—after they are off. O. P. various MASKS enter severally—business ad libitum.

SCENE.—*Venetian Carnival brilliantly illuminated—various characters on—Music, Dancing, Tumbling, and masquerade business ad libitum, till enter Jerry (as Sportsman) and Sue as Domino.*

Sue. (Coming down). What game would you start here, Mr. Sportsman?

Jerry. None, my pretty Domino—I only hunt in Somersetshire; that's my manor.

Sue. Manners makes the man, certainly; but you're making game of me.

Jerry. I speak truth, by heaven!—Oh, Susan, lovely Susan, never can I forget thee, dear.

Sue. Indeed! then Susan takes you at your word. (*Unmasks*).

Jerry. Susan Rosebud!—Astonishment! then the Captain—Miss Trifle, and the pretty ballad singer!—

Susan. Were one and the same person, your humble servant!—I followed to preserve and reclaim you; I have done so, and I am happy—but your cousin comes, stand aside.

[*They retire.*]

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Enter TOM, as Don Giovanni, with KATE as Domino.

Tom. (Advancing with Kate). Could I find one of your sex that would be faithful, I would never rove again.

Kate. Are you sincere?—

Tom. By heaven!—I am!

Kate. Then behold the reward of your sincerity, the constancy of your faithful Kate. (*Unmasks*).

Tom. Kate! oh, my dear Kate!

Enter LOGIC, as Doctor Pangloss, with JANE in Domino.

Log. (*Advancing with Jane*). I am an L.L.D. and A.S.S.

Jane. (*Unmasks*). You are indeed an A-S-S, not to have found me out before.

Log. What! my Jenny!—

Jerry. Don't be astonished, Bob—I'll explain all:—Tom and I are going to make two matches; you must make the third—form a bunch of matches—exchange one imprisonment for another, her arms, you dog!—'aint you up?—

Log. I'm fly—Oxford has no fellowship like this! (*Embracing Jane*).

Tom. (*Coming down with Kate*). You are right, Bob, it has not.—Well, we have been amused by Life in London, now let us endeavour to profit by it;—let our experience teach us to avoid its quicksands, and make the most of its sunshine;—and in that anticipation let us hope our kind friends will pardon Tom, Jerry, and Logic all their sprees and rambles.

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JERRY GOING BACK TO THE COUNTRY.



Three merry boys were Logic, Tom and Jerry,
And many funny larks they have seen;
Farewell, gay London, the country calls me home again,
The coach moves on—the play is done—Goodbye, Goodbye.

THE WHITE HORSE CELLAR, PICCADILLY:—

Was now the parting scene, and the hand of the clock pointed very near to the time for the departure of the coach. The bustle of this place prevented the Trio from much conversation; but the *separation* of such *staunch pals* was a trying moment to the feelings of poor JERRY: and though he was above *blubbering* like a *Johnny Raw*, yet his HEART was rather *touched*, and his *ogles* underwent some *queer* sensations, which he endeavoured to suppress, when *Coachy* asked "if all was right" and began to smack his whip.

The hearty grasps of the hand, and the *good-byes* were over between HAWTHORN and his *pals*, and TOM and LOGIC were only waiting to see the coach start, when JERRY, with much eagerness of expression, as if he had forgotten to mention the circumstance previously, said, "my dear Coz"—but the coach was now fast rattling over the stones, and the last broken sentence which the ear of the CORINTHIAN caught was, "Mention me in the kindest manner to the lovely SUE; tell her I am only gone into *training*, and in the course of a few weeks I shall most certainly return to London to enjoy a few more *sprees* (which I have so unexpectedly been deprived of), and also to have with her the pleasure of another game at romps."

THE END.

The Adelphi version of Tom and Jerry, or Life in London, was performed ninety-three nights in succession; and its *golden* career only stopped by the termination of the season. At the end of which, *Little Bob Keeley*, who had made a *great* hit as *Jemmy Green*—a character

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imported into the piece by Mr. W. T. Moncrieff—went with Walbourn, the great Dusty Bob, and Cooper, who played to the life, Little Jemmy, the cripple, to Sadler's Wells Theatre, were Pierce Egan's own version was produced April 8th, 1822. Keeley was threatened by the Adelphi lessees—Messrs. Rodwell and Jones—with an action for breach of engagement, but the action was never brought. In the season of 1822-3 at the Adelphi, John Reeve—'Glorious John!' became Jerry Hawthorn, Mr. Brown took the part of Jemmy Green, and several other changes in the original cast were effected. At Christmas, 1822, TOM and JERRY was compressed so as to admit of the production of a pantomime called *Beauty and the Beast*, or, *Harlequin and the Magic Rose*. When the managers announced that:—

"In consequence of the astonishing Overflows to witness the admired Extravaganza of TOM and JERRY, or Life in London, and to prevent, as far as possible, any unpleasant Disappointment, the Public are respectfully informed that:—

NO PLACES, IN FUTURE CAN BE KEPT, UNLESS PAID FOR WHEN TAKEN.

Shouts of Laughter and Applause attend each Representation of the New Pantomime."

When the long run of TOM and JERRY ended at the Adelphi, a spectacular extravaganza of the same kind was produced with the title of "GREEN IN FRANCE," but it did not catch the fancy of the town like its predecessors.^[34]

In 1825, Mr. Moncrieff published his dramatic version of Tom and Jerry; or, Life in London— which he dedicated to:—

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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, FREDERICK DUKE OF YORK,

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS:—

The distinguished honour conferred by your Royal Highness on this Drama, in commanding and witnessing its performance at the ADELPHI THEATRE, (an honour unprecedented in the annals of the Minor Stage) and the flattering manner in which your Royal Highness was afterwards graciously pleased to express your high approbation of it, emboldens me, with the most profound respect, to lay it at your Royal Highness's feet, and under the sanction of your illustrious name, commit it in its present form to the world.

Having no higher pretensions than that of presenting a faithful picture of the various scenes it portrays, the favourable opinion of your Royal Highness stamps it with an authority that was alone wanted to crown the success with which it has been received by the Public.

Like the illustrious Haroun al Raschid, your Royal Highness is said to have made yourself acquainted with the many coloured changes of life; presented in the people over whom you may be one day called to preside, by wisely throwing off the restraint of rank, and witnessing nature in its genuine state. That the scenes I have portrayed are not caricatured for the sake of dramatic effect, but are actually those which might have been seen by any one choosing to seek them, your Royal Highness can therefore adequately testify; and your Royal Highness's imprimatur will effectually ward off all the imputations that have been cast upon my motives and veracity, by the bigoted and envious.

I have the honour to be,
With the most profound respect and devotion,
Your ROYAL HIGHNESS'S
Most obedient and very humble Servant,
W. T. MONCRIEFF.

104, Drury Lane,
Dec. 15, 1825.

Mr. Moncrieff in his Dedication—TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS: and in his Preface that follows throws so much true light and shade on public opinion—*pro et con*—of the period, that we deem it not only desirable but instructive to the present generation to publish the same *in extenso*.

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PREFACE.

"It is scarcely necessary to observe this Drama is founded on the "LIFE IN LONDON" of my friends PIERCE EGAN, and the inimitable CRUICKSHANK. Aided by PIERCE'S clever illustrations to the matchless series of plates to that work, I have in this piece, endeavoured to put them into dramatic motion; running a connecting story through the whole, making such modifications and amplifications, and furnishing such reflections and results, as I deemed necessary. From the popularity of the subject, the novelty and acknowledged truth of the various scenes comprised in it, and the beauty of the music I fortunately selected, this Piece obtained a popularity, and excited a sensation, totally unprecedented in Theatrical History; from the highest to the lowest, all

classes were alike anxious to witness its representation; Dukes and Dustmen were equally interested in its performance, and Peers might be seen mobbing it with Apprentices to obtain admission. Seats were sold for weeks before they could be occupied, every Theatre in the United Kingdom, even in the United States, enriched its coffers by performing it; and the smallest tithe-portion of its profits, would for ever have rendered it unnecessary for its Author to have troubled the public with any further productions of his Muse. It established the fortunes of most of the Actors engaged in its representation, and gave birth to many publications and several newspapers. The success of the "BEGGAR'S OPERA," the "CASTLE SPECTRE," and "PIZZARRO," sunk into the shade before it. In the *furore* of its popularity, persons have been known to travel post from the furthest parts of the Kingdom to see it; and five guineas have been offered for a single seat.—These facts are not recapitulated here from any feeling of egotism—the success of this Drama, was the temporary rage of the moment, from time-serving circumstances, and was never regarded in any other light by its Author; they are merely noticed as curious events in theatrical history.—With respect to the cry of immorality, so loudly raised by those inimical to the success and plain-speaking of this piece, it is soon answered! To say nothing of the envy of rival Theatres feeling its attraction most sensibly in their Saturday Treasuries, those notorious pests the Watchmen; dexterously joined in the war-howl of detraction raised against it, and by converting every trifling street-broil into a "*Tom and Jerry row*," endeavoured to revenge themselves for the *exposé* its scenes afforded of their villany and extortion; but all in vain. In vain, too, it was the Actor's old rivals, the *Methodists*, took the alarm—in vain they distributed the whole of the stock of the *Religious Tract Society* at the doors of the Theatre—in vain they denounced "*Tom and Jerry*" from the pulpit—in vain the puritanical portion of the Press prated of its immorality—in vain the prejudices of the stiff-backed part of the Bench—the hypocritical host of Saints cried it down, and preached woe and destruction to those who supported it.—They but increased the number of its followers, and added to its popularity. Vainly, too, was the Lord Chamberlain called upon to suppress it—His Grace came one night to see it, and brought his Duchess the next. It was nearly the same with the Chief Magistrate of Bow Street: his experience rendered him perfectly sensible, that, long before the appearance of "*Tom and Jerry*," young men and country gentlemen would in moments of hilarity, sometimes exceed in their potations, be provoked into quarrels by designing Watchmen, and consigned, for purposes of extortion on the following morning, to His Honour, the Night Constable; but according to the Saints' accounts, to believe their tales, it must be held as a point of faith, that no one, previous to the appearance of "*Tom and Jerry*," ever got into a row!—Oh, no—drinking and all its train of follies were unknown to youth, until inculcated into their minds by the example of "*Tom and Jerry*!" How many an unsuspecting *Country Cousin* has been converted, in the public newspapers, through an hour of harmless frolic, into a JERRY; while his equally unconscious Town relation figured as a TOM, and any honest plodder they may have had with them is transformed into a BOB LOGIC—his first appearance in that character. The thing speaks for itself: the hue and cry of the immorality and danger of this piece was raised merely for the purposes of plunder, by Watchmen and others. So far from being immoral, if the piece be fairly examined, it will be found to be as correct in its tendency as any production ever brought on the stage. The obnoxious scenes of life are only shown that they may be avoided: the danger of mixing in them is strikingly exemplified; and every incident tends to prove, that happiness is only to be found in the domestic circle.

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"It has been said, that many of the scenes of this piece should not have been exhibited, being scenes of dissipation, riot, and impropriety—ridiculous!—Has not Shakespeare asserted that the proper use of the drama is—"to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, and vice her own image, and the very age and body of the time its form and pressure:" could any piece do this more effectually than "*Tom and Jerry*?" take away the scenes complained of, it ceases to show the form and pressure of the age and time.

"I should not have published this piece had not its success produced such a host of imitations and plagiarisms, that more to prevent myself suffering from the demerits of others than to avail myself of any merits of my own. I give it with all its imperfections on its head, to the world; willing to pay *smart blunt* for my own misdeeds, but not *stand Sammy* for those of others. To those venerable noodles who complain that I and my prototype, PIERCE, have made this the age of flash; I answer any age is better than *The age of cant!* I tell my pious lecturers, in plain terms, I shall always feel pleasure in reflecting that I have in this piece, *nosed every move on the board*, in the *game of the spell*; opened the *ogles of the green* and the *yokel*, and the *muff*, and the *raw*; struck a light on the *darky of their knowledge boxes*, *flashed the gab of the prig*, the

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leg, the scamp and the stringer, in their listeners, put them fly and awake to all they should be up and down to, and enabled them, if their lugs are at all wing to the bits of good truth, pattered to them in every scene of this piece, bank their rag, chivey their nurses, nash their leading strings, and keep out of the way of the cut-along-coaches as they travel the high toby of existence; and having so done, can lay my mawley on my core, and conscientiously chaunt my conviction, in which my reader will bear me out, "that I've cut all the buzmen, and done the thing right."

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W. T. M.

104, Drury Lane,
Dec. 15, 1825.



THE DUSTMAN.

Bring out your dust the dustman cries,
Whilst ringing of his bell:
If the wind blows, pray guard your eyes,
To keep them clear and well.

PIERCE EGAN ON MR. WALBOURN'S "DUSTY BOB."

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"It is the greatest possible praise to be praised by a man who is himself deserving of praise."

"Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed."

Mr. Walbourn's theatrical fame was made by, and, strange to say, expired with the character of Dusty Bob. Pierce Egan, in his "Life of an Actor,"—which he dedicated to Edmund Kean—classes his performance of this part, as giving him a title in the niche of fame beside John Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, and all the great actors contained in his "Catalogues of Parts Acted"—which can never be forgotten by those who witnessed them. Here is the note, and will be found at page twelve of the work:—"The personification of Dusty Bob, by the above actor, has been unanimously decided by the public to be one of the greatest triumphs of the histrionic art ever exhibited on any stage. The first tragedian of the day,^[35] with the utmost liberality, gave it as his opinion, that, during the whole course of his theatrical life, he had never seen any performance equal to it. Also, a comic actor of the greatest celebrity^[36] exclaimed, 'Good heaven! is it possible? Do my eyes deceive me? Most certainly it is a real *dustman* they have got upon the stage. I am very sorry the profession has descended so low as to be compelled to resort to the streets to procure a person of that description to sustain the character.' He left the body of the theatre in utter disgust—nor was it until introduced to Mr. Walbourn in person, behind the scenes, that he would believe it was an actor. *Further praise than this is superfluous.*"

Mr. Walbourn as "Dusty Bob," was drawn and engraved by George Cruikshank, and sold, with other character-portraits, at the Adelphi Theatre. During the long run of the piece, he exchanged one species of *hops* for another, as he gave up his business as a private and stage dancing-master, and took the "Maidenhead" public-house at Battle Bridge. The house, previous to his taking it was doing only a small trade; but, when he became the landlord, and put out a spick-span new and a "not so dusty" sign of himself as "DUSTY BOB," painted in

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oil by George Cruikshank, it drew together many of the "Dusty" fraternity—and their doxies. After that, "Dusty Bob," together with "Black Sal," became to be bye words, as, near to the house, was Smith's dust-yard, at which hundreds were employed, male and female. But:—

"A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!"



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THE LITERARY DUSTMAN.

My dawning genius fust did peep,
Near Battle Bridge 'tis plain, sirs—
You recollect the cinder heap,
Vot stood in Gray's Inn Lane, sirs?^[37]
'Twas there I studied pic—turesque,
Vhile I my bread vos yarning,
And there, inhailing the fresh *breeze*,
I sifted out my larnin'!
They calls me Adam Bell, 'tis clear,
(As Adam vos the furst man),
And by a co—in—side—ance queer,
Vy, I'm the fust of dustmen!—
A Literary Dustman!

The "Old Pub." of sixty years ago is now THE VICTORIA TAVERN, Great Northern Railway. Maiden Lane is York Road, and Battle Bridge is known as King's Cross, from a statue of George IV.—a most execrable performance—taken down in 1842.

Great sculptors all conwarse wi' me,
And call my taste diwine, sirs—
King George's statty at King's Cross
Vas built from my design, sirs.
The Literary Dustman.

Besides the authors already mentioned. Tom Dibden, Farrell, and Douglas Jerrold, each produced dramas upon the popular theme; and during the seasons of 1821-2, "Life in London" was performed with great *éclat*, at ten theatres in and around the metropolis, to overflowing houses. But Pierce Egan at length became tired of the successes of the playwrights in using his book, and resolved to try his own hand at a dramatic version—or, as he termed it, "to take a leaf or two out of his own book"—and the AUTHOR'S PIECE was "got up" and performed for the first time at Sadler's Wells, under the respectable management of Mr. Egerton, on Monday, April 8, 1822, with most decided success.

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It was thus announced by Mrs. Egerton, in the address written for the occasion by T. Greenwood, Esq.

"To-night, my friends, this modern taste to meet,
We show you JERRY at his country seat;
Then up to town transport the rustic beau,
And show him 'Life in London,' HIGH and LOW."

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.

Under the Direction of MR. EGERTON, of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, Sole Proprietor.

The Brilliant Success, and increasing Attraction of PIERCE EGAN'S "TOM and JERRY": not exceeded by any performance ever yet produced; and the celebrated PONY RACES, exciting an interest equal to the RACE COURSE ITSELF: being nightly performed to crowded Audiences, amidst Roars of Laughter and Shouts of applause, will be repeated EVERY EVENING, at half-past six o'clock precisely:—

TOM AND JERRY.

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Put into Shape, exclusively for this Theatre, by PIERCE EGAN.

Who trusts it will not be deemed unfair that he should take a LEAF or TWO *out of his own* BOOK, several other persons having made free with the Work. The Piece now prepared for representation is not entitled to the appellation of TRAGEDY, COMEDY, *Opera, PLAY, Farce, BALLET, or Melodrama*, yet partaking of the Qualities *of all*, and possessing scenes HIGH and LOW in abundance, from the "*Sky Parlour*" to the "*Diamond Vault.*" OUT and OUT, Rambles and Sprees, East and West, and Lots of Characters, UP and DOWN. A variety of *Swells* but no DONS: CORINTHIANS and COSTARD-MONGERS of many *Hues and Colours*: FLATS and SHARPS without a *Note*—PINKS and TULIPS, but no FLOWERS, yet always in the *Hot Houses*: and HELLS *without* DEVILS, only having *Black Legs*: MUSLIN and HOPSACKS, according as the *creatures* wear them: the whole forming a "BIT OF GOOD TRUTH," *en passant*, in a Review of LIFE IN LONDON, developed by a precious TRIO, in the Persons of a TOP-of-THE-TREE-HERO *Up and Dressed* in all *suits*: seconded by a *slap-bang* countryman, that neither *hedge* nor *ditch* baulk his pursuits; and in unison with a *prime* piece of LOGIC without PREMISES, yet always so much at HOME, that LOCKE and BACON were muffs to him: also representing the NOBLE, RESPECTABLE, MECHANICAL, and *Tag Rag* and *Bob-tail part of Society*, which constitute the CORINTHIAN CAPITAL, and the *Base* of the Pillar.

The Overture, with the New and Selected Music, by Mr. Nicholson. The Scenes from Drawings taken on the spot, by Mr. Greenwood, assisted by Mr. Milldenhall and others. The Sporting Subjects, by MR. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, from designs by himself and Brother, MR. I. R. CRUIKSHANK. The Quadrilles and Country Dances, by Mr. Kirby. The Machinery, Platforms, and Race Course, by MR. COPPING. Dresses by MR. TOWNLEY and MRS. BALDING.

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Corinthian Tom	Mr. Elliott.
Jerry Hawthorn	Mr. Keeley.
Bob Logic	Mr. Vale.
Dusty Bob	Mr. Walbourn.
African Sal	Mr. Brady.
Little Jemmy	Mr. Cooper.
Billy Waters	Mr. Hartland.

To Start from the Winning Post on the Stage; Run three times Round the Course.

Separate Matches, and afterwards for the GRAND SWEEPSTAKES.

PONY RACES.

Passing INTO AND ROUND THE Pit.

<i>Ponies.</i>	<i>Colours.</i>
1.—The Corinthian	<i>Pink.</i>
2.—Bob Logic's Miss Sly	<i>Stripe.</i>
3.—Jerry's Never to be beat	<i>Blue.</i>
4.—Dusty Bob	<i>Black.</i>
5.—Touch and-Go	<i>Blue and Pink.</i>
6.—The Out-and-Outer	<i>Scarlet.</i>
Stewards of the Race	LOGIC, TOM, and JERRY.
Clerk of the Course	DUSTY BOB.

☞ The eagerness of several Ladies and Gentlemen to Promenade the Course during the Race, having at times produced a temporary delay and inconvenience, they are respectfully intreated to observe the directions of the Clerk of the Course, who will attend with MRS. DUSTY BOB (*African Sal*) in their *Carriage from Maiden Lane, Battle Bridge*, for the purpose of preserving order.

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THE CORINTHIAN'S DIARY.

A Celebrated Comic Song, written by
T. GREENWOOD, Esq.

And Sung by Mr. Vale, at Sadler's Wells Theatre, in the Character of BOB LOGIC.

SUNDAY, got *floor'd*, in *groggy* plight,
MONDAY, quite stale, took anti-bilious,
Pester'd by nausea, nerves not quite right,
And noisy *duns* quite supercilious:
A dish of Mocha, 'chovy toast,
Remov'd the spasms—increased attrition,
So started, when I'd skimm'd the *Post*,
To TATTERSALL'S, in high condition.

TUESDAY, got clean'd at *Rouge et Noir*,
And, done quite brown, was forc'd to toddle;
So then I vow'd to play no more,
Lest, like a lame duck, I should waddle.

WEDNESDAY, reflected; curs'd each star,
Swore never more a card to handle:
Went to the FIVES COURT, saw them spar,
And patronis'd CRIBB, NEAT, and RANDALL.

THURSDAY, *bowl'd* down to ASCOT HEATH,
To sport my *blunt* upon the races:
Rode my own mare almost to death,
For I had won three steeplechases:
Clean'd out again, I came away
Quite undismay'd, though out of feather,
At night I bolted to the play,
To drown ill-luck and care together.

Met with a *spre*, two glorious frays,
So went to work—I hate long parleys;
Kick'd up a row, then *starr'd* the *glaze*,
And *mill'd*, in style, a brace of *Charley's*:
Morris'd away to ALMACK'S ROOMS,
Danc'd a quadrille, alert and showy,
Call'd at the FINISH, mops and brooms,
And tumbled to bed as drunk as Chloe.

FRIDAY, I went to see dear NANCY,
But found a *Covey* there before me,
Was forc'd to *bolt*, I'd lost my chance,
But KATE, I knew, would still adore me:
So off I set, stay'd SATURDAY,
My comforts took, then home departed;
Book'd for next week, with spirits gay,
I for a fresh game, on SUNDAY started.

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SADLER'S WELLS.

PIERCE EGAN,
The Author

of
TOM & JERRY;

or,
Life in London.

Most respectfully informs the Public, and his numerous Friends in the
Sporting World, that:

(Before "all the GOLD *is taken off the* GINGERBREAD," being contented
with a Small Slice of it,) his

BENEFIT
is fixed for
Wednesday

The 25th September, 1822.

When a Variety Entertainment, will be performed, in which
THE AUTHOR
Will make his First and only Appearance on this Stage, in a
PRINCIPAL CHARACTER.

LIFE IN A SPREE.

A Spree's the thing, with potent port made merry,
"Go it BOB LOGIC," "Keep it up," cries JERRY.

The *Upper Story* all abroad—Mr. Lushington at Work; and when the Wine is in, the Wit is out—Ripe for any thing—How to make a Stop—Watch go—And getting the best of the Timekeepers—Must make a noise in the World:—

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No way but this left to obtain renown,
Kick up a Row, and knock the CHARLIE's down!

LIFE IN THE EAST.

ALL-MAX *A bit of good Truth!*

Tickets not necessary—Any Port in a Storm—Never a Jack without a Jill—All happiness: no questions asked: and one half the world don't know how the other half lives—(*or dies!*)—No matter! Plenty of *Taste—Patter* without ceremony—And not particular to a *shade* about *Lingo*. Spotting a *toe* without a *shoe*, and no enquiry after the *Snob's Bill—Reeling* without *steps—Flooring* instead of *Waltzing*, and nothing the matter. *Country* or *colour* no objection—*Ladies in mourning* not prohibited—Black Sall don't blush for her appearance—And Dusty Bob not uneasy about his toggery—All the same ONE HUNDRED Years hence!—PHILOSOPHY.

* To prevent the trouble and fatigue of ascending the numerous Steps to the Author's SKY PARLOUR, (in Days of Yore, denominated a *Garret*, as well as Tumbling over lots of Kids,) Tickets to be had of MESSRS. SHERWOOD, NEELY, and JONES, Paternoster Row; Office of the Weekly Dispatch, Wine Office Court, Fleet Street; at all the Sporting Houses; and Places for the Boxes can be taken of Mr. Parker, at the Box Offices, Sadler's Wells, from 10 till 4.

Full Particulars will be duly Announced.

BOXES 4s. PIT 2s. GALLERY 1s.

Glendinning, Printer, 25, Hatton Garden, London.

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Brighton, of course, in common with all other large provincial towns had its version of "Life in London." The theatre was then under the management of Mr. Samuel—or, as he was commonly known, Jerry Sneak Russell, from the inimitable manner in which he personated that character in Foote's farce of "The Mayor of Garrat." We have a copy of the play-bill before us, and as we think the manager's remarks and the selection of criticisms are in their way curious, we here append them, including the cast of characters:

THEATRE ROYAL, BRIGHTON.

LAST NIGHT BUT ONE.

TOM AND JERRY.

In announcing the successful piece of "Tom and Jerry" for this evening, the manager feels great satisfaction in being able to quote in its favour the following observations from the critiques in the London and other newspapers. "The scenery, dresses, &c., are good throughout, and much credit is due to the manager for the style in which it is got up. It is with pleasure we remark that this piece has been most judiciously freed from the impurities of dialogue, which rendered it improper to meet the delicate ear of the gentler sex. We therefore venture, without subjecting ourselves to reproach, to recommend our readers to see 'Life in London,' to witness an exposure of many impositions practised in real life, and be made 'fly' (the plain English of *au fait*) to the *multum in parvo* phrases which are now introduced into passing conversations."

"BRIGHTON.—The theatre at this place has just produced its 'Tom and Jerry' with great success, and, we may say, deservedly—every objectionable point that might be thought to infringe on decorum having been most ingeniously suppressed, without any diminution of the whim and fire of its varied and entertaining scenes. This regard to propriety argues much discretion, and seems to meet the approbation of the *beau monde* resorting hither, for the theatre is graced with abundance of fashion and beauty."

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"The 'Tom and Jerry' of the Brighton Theatre has good scenery, good acting, and, what in such a piece is perhaps still better, good and chaste dialogue to recommend it; it has been cleansed of its impurities without injuring its life and spirit. As thus represented, it cannot raise a blush on the cheek of the most fastidious female."

On Wednesday Evening, September 12, 1822, will be reproduced the highly popular and amusing Burletta of

TOM AND JERRY.

Corinthian Tom	Mr. Power.
Bob Logic	Mr. Chapman.
Jerry Hawthorn	Mr. Russell.
Squire Hawthorn	Mr. Chambers.
Tattersall	Mr. Mortimer.
Yorkshire Cove	Mr. Hatton.
Primefit	Mr. Julian.
Bill Chaunt	Mr. Whatford.
Dusty Bob	Mr. Starmer.
Mr. Mace (Landlord of All Max in the East)	Mr. Jenkins.
Billy Waters	Mr. Sheen.
Mr. Muff	Mr. Collier.
Gammoning Jack	Mr. Mills.
Snoozy	Mr. Cole.
Trifle	Mr. Dale.
Little Jemmy	Master Williams.
Chaffing Sam	Mr. Wiber.
Tom Belcher	Mr. Jones.
President of the Daffy Club	Mr. Campbell.
Huntsmen, Watchmen, Villagers, Cadgers, &c., &c.	
Corinthian Kate	Miss M. Cooke.
Hon. Mrs. Gadabout	Mrs. Clarke.
Patty Primrose	Miss Carr.
Mary	Miss Cramer.
Hon. Mrs. Trifle	Miss Grosette.
Fortune Teller	Mrs. Grosette.
Mrs. Allright	Miss H. Grosette.
African Sal	Miss Black.

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Country Lasses, Ladies at Almack's in the West, &c., &c.; Prospectus of Scenery, &c., &c., as before.

To conclude with the Romantic Melo-drama of

VALENTINE AND ORSON.

Valentine	Mr. Power.
Orson	Mr. S. Chapman.

Creasy, Printer, *Gazette Office*, Brighton.

The notoriety which Tom and Jerry obtained in England, became the topic of conversation amongst our Gallic neighbours—nay, it crept so much into favour with the gay folks of Paris,

LIFE IN LONDON was speedily translated into French, under the title of "The Diorama; or, Picturesque Rambles in London—containing the most faithful *Notices of the Character, Manners, and Customs of the English Nation*, in the various classes of Society. By M. S——." The translation had a most extensive circulation in France.

The reception of Tom and Jerry was equally flattering—notwithstanding the great prejudices that had previously existed against it—in Dublin. Mr. Wrench, from the Adelphi Theatre, was specially engaged to play the part of Corinthian Tom. The first seven nights produced £1300; and the house, on Mr. Wrench's benefit night, held £345.

The great success of "Life in London," in its dramatic form in the Irish capital lead up to the publication of:—

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"REAL LIFE IN IRELAND; OR, the Day and Night Scenes, Rovings, Rambles, and Sprees, Bulls, Blunders, Bodderation, and Blarney of Brian Born, Esq., and his elegant friend *Sir Shawn O'Dogherty*. 1829. Coloured plates."

In which the pictorial style of the Brothers Cruikshank was imitated from an Hibernian point of view and colouring.

At both the Theatres in Edinburgh, Tom and Jerry attracted crowded audiences, according to the Editor of the *Edinburgh Dramatic Review*, who states thus:—

"At length the public of Edinburgh had opportunity of judging of the merits of the above celebrated Extravaganza. From the general tendency of the remarks which appeared in the newspapers, we were led to suppose that this piece consisted of indecency and gross vulgarity. From what we heard reported as to the numerous indelicacies which this sketch of Fun, Frolic, Fashion, and Flash contained, we were afraid that its success with our sober citizens would have been precarious; but, we are happy to say, that the applause which was bestowed on it by the unprecedentedly numerous assemblage on Saturday evening, January 25, 1823, which crowded the Caledonian Theatre, is a sufficient answer to the chimerical doubts which were industriously circulated against its propriety. There is nothing, as we before remarked, associated with disgust or offence. There is neither one word, action, or situation, in the whole course of the piece, that can possibly raise a blush, or offend the most fastidious moralist!"

The Burletta of TOM and JERRY had been repeated so often all over the kingdom, and particularly in the metropolis, that the performers, notwithstanding the great applause they nightly received in the above piece, absolutely became tired and worn-out with the repetition of their characters, when the following piece of satire, written by T. Greenwood, Esq., was published, entitled, "The Tears of Pierce Egan, Esq., for the Death of 'Life in London'; or, The Funeral of Tom and Jerry. Dedicated to Robert and George Cruikshank, Esqs. Price Two Shillings, with an engraving by George Cruikshank."

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"Beat out of the Pit, and thrown over the Ropes,
TOM and JERRY resign'd their last breath,
With them, too, expired the Manager's hopes,
Who are left to deplore their sad death!

"Odd and various reports of the cause are about,
But the real one was *this* I opine:
They were run to a *standstill*, and, therefore, no doubt,
That the cause was a rapid *decline*.

"When death showed his *Nob*, out of *Time* they were beat,
And neither would come to the *scratch*;
They hung down their heads and gave up the last heat,
Not prepared with the Spectre to *match*.

"All wept at the FUNERAL! the Fancy and all—
Some new, but a great many mended:
And EGAN, while CRUIKSHANK and *Bob* held the pall,
As *Chief Mourner* in person attended!!!

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"Their *Sprees* and their *Rambles* no more shall amuse,
Farewell to all nocturnal parleys:
The Town felt regret, as the bell tolled the news,
And no one rejoiced—but the *Charleys*!

"A monument, too, their kind Patrons will raise,
Inscribed on—'Here lies TOM and JERRY,
Who, departing the *Stage*, to their immortal praise,
ONE THOUSAND NIGHTS made the *Town merry*!!!'

"May their souls rest in peace, since they've chosen to flit,
Like other great heroes departed;
May no mischief arise from their *sudden* exit,
Nor PIERCE EGAN die—*broken-hearted*!"

In reference to the above, Pierce Egan states that Jemmy Catnach, the renowned Ballad-monger of the Seven Dials, in less than twelve hours after the publication, produced a pirated edition for street sale, for two-pence.

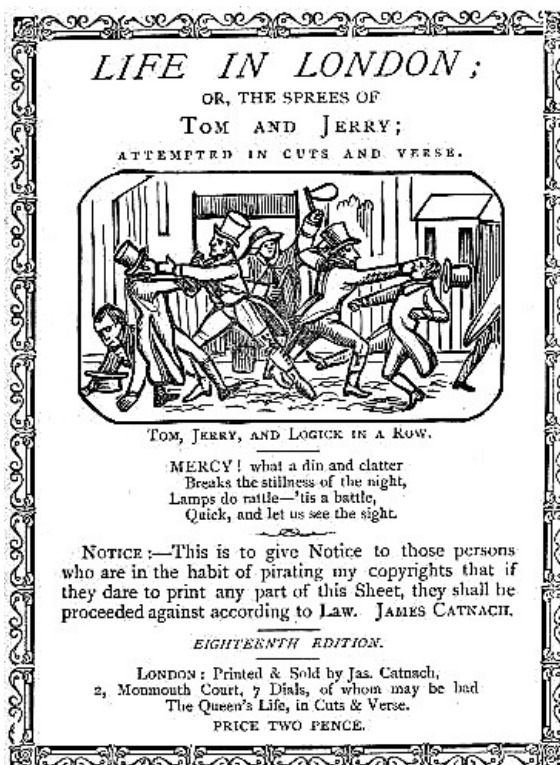
Mr. Pierce Egan, in his "*Finish*," states that he reckoned no less than sixty-five separate publications, which he enumerates *in extenso*, all derived from his own work, and adds, with his usual amount of large and small CAPITALS and *italics*—"We have been *pirated*, *COPIED*, *traduced*; but, unfortunately, not ENRICHED by our indefatigable exertions; therefore NOTORIETY must satisfy us, instead of the smiles of FORTUNE. Our efforts have given rise to numerous productions in the market of literature, yet we can assert, with a degree of confidence hitherto unshaken, that none of our *Imitators* have dared to think for themselves during the long period of seven years, neither have they shown any originality upon the subject of 'LIFE IN LONDON'; but who have left it—*disinterested* souls!—to the Author and Artist to put a CLIMAX to the adventures of TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC." The last remark is in reference to the publication of "PIERCE EGAN'S FINISH to the Adventures of TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC, in their Pursuits through LIFE IN AND OUT OF LONDON. With numerous coloured illustrations by Robert Cruikshank. London: George Virtue & Co., Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row." Seven years after the date of "The Life in London." In common with almost all other sequels, or "continuations" it was not successful—the fact being that Pierce Egan, and the subject of his work were alike literally and financially "used up!"

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Old Jemmy Catnach, true to his line of life, soon joined what Pierce Egan designates as the "Mob of Literary Pirates" who irritate the poor author almost to madness, blast his prospects, impose on the unwary by their imitations, and render his cash account all but nugatory, and, just as he may be congratulating himself on the success of his genius, receiving the smiles of Fame, and a *trifling sweetener* from Threadneedle Street, as a reward for his exertions, he may be attacked by *Sappers* and *Miners*—those pickers and stealers who do not absolutely come under the denomination of *pickpockets*, yet *thieves* to all intents and purposes, and, certainly, *robbers* of the most unprincipled description—a set of vampires—living upon "the brains" of other persons, and who dare not to think for themselves.

Catnach brought out a broadside, or "whole-sheet," for street-sale, entitled:—

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[Larger Image](#)

[Text of Image](#)

The "broadside," which Pierce Egan calls—"Another wicked piracy, by Catnach," consists of twelve woodcuts,—of which we have given *facsimiles* in our pages—it will be seen that they are reduced and very roughly executed copies of the original plates by the Brothers Cruikshank, but in reverse. Therefore the swaggering NOTICE TO PIRATES which Jemmy Catnach published reads funny enough. The letter-press matter consists of flash songs, and a poetical epitome of the plot and design of the original work of "Life in London." And taking it as it stands, and from where it emanated, rather a creditable performance, particularly when we take into consideration—as duly announced by the street-patterer, that it was

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—“Just printed and pub—lish—ed, all for the low charge of “Twopence.”

On the rarity of this Catnachian and piratical edition of “Life in London” it is superfluous to enlarge, and it is easy to account for this circumstance, if we reflect that the broadside form of publication is by no means calculated for preservation; hundreds of similar pieces printed at the “Catnach Press” and at other offices publishing for street-sale must have perished. The more generally acceptable a broadside or street-ballad became, and was handed about for perusal, the more it was exposed to the danger of destruction. No copy of Catnach’s version is preserved in the British Museum, therefore, and for reason above stated, it must be considered as a great “Literary Curiosity.”[38]

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OLD STAGE WAGGON.

As we have before observed, “Life in London” was dedicated by permission to George IV., and it is a circumstance in itself which looks singular enough in this Victorian age, that royalty should have condescended to have had such a work dedicated to it. One paragraph, which we are about to quote, strikes us as being a very peculiar and free-and-easy style for an author to address himself to a King of England. It is as follows:—

“Indeed, the whole chapter of ‘Life in London’ has been so repeatedly perused by your Majesty in such a variety of shapes—from the elegant A, the refined B, the polite C, the lively D, the eloquent E, the honest F, the stately G, the peep-o’-day H, the tasteful I, the manly J, the good K, the noble L, the stylish M, the brave N, the liberal O, the proud P, the long-headed Q, the animated R, the witty S, the flash T, the knowing U, the honourable V, the consummate W, the funny X, the musical Y, and the poetical Z,—that it would only be a waste of your Majesty’s valuable time to expatiate further upon this subject.”

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One notable effect of “Life in London,” particularly in its dramatised form, must be recorded. It broke the heart of poor Billy Waters, the one-legged musical negro, who died in St. Giles’s workhouse, on Friday, March 21, 1823, whispering with his ebbing breath, a mild anathema, which sounded very much like: “Cuss him, dam Tom—meē—Tom—meē Jerry!”

Poor Billy endeavoured, up to the period of his last illness, to obtain for a wife and two children what he termed, “An honest living by scraping de cat-gut!” by which he originally collected considerable sums of money at the West-end of the town, where his ribbon-decked cocked hat and feathers, with the grin on his countenance, and sudden turn and kick out of his wooden limb, and other antics and efforts to please, excited much mirth and attention, and were well rewarded from the pockets of John Bull. The burden of Billy’s ditty “from morn to dewy eve,” and from January to December, was:—

Polly will you marry me—Polly don’t you cry,
Polly will you marry me—Polly don’t you cry:—
Cry—cry—cry!



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BILLY WATERS.

Mr. W. T. Moncrieff, the dramatist, is responsible for the following biographical notice of this old London Street Character:—"Of this meritorious and lamented individual, we had with great trouble collected from various sources, an ample and interesting Biography. But unfortunately for posterity, in the same classic regions where he lost his life, *we* also lost his life; and, to tell the truth under the influence of the same seductive fluid too—*Daffy!*—we can therefore only present our reader with a few brief notices from memory."

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BILLY WATERS, was born in the powerful African kingdom of TONGOCONGOTABOO, where he was a native Prince, and bore the name of POKIKOKIQUANKO; from this place he was at an early age, to the universal regret of his loving subjects, kidnapped, by 'an auld Quaker,' who bought him from his treacherous attendants, for two axes, a frying-pan and a bag of nails. This *black* piece of business made him a slave, in the French settlement, at Demarara, from whence however he speedily took *French leave*, and entered, we believe, the British navy as a cook *par excellence* on board the Ganymede sloop of war, under the command of Sir John Purvis, where, during a fierce engagement, he lost a leg, some say gallantly fighting the enemies of old England, though others insinuate it was through falling down the cockpit ladder, in his great hurry to hide himself. His own version was that he fell from the top-sail yard to the quarter deck during a storm, we cannot pretend to decide which was the fact, it however occasioned his being sent to England, as unfit for service. Arriving in London, he betook himself to that wild mode of life, which best suited his origin; the trammels of civilized society, had no charm for him; he scorned the mechanical rules of man, and picked up his living wherever he could find it. Born a Prince, and bearing a native princeliness in his appearance it is not to be wondered at that his associates should speedily elect him to the regal dignity of their tribe.

In the year 1812 Billy was solemnly inaugurated *ex cathedra* into the sovereignty of mendicityship—King of the Beggars—at the cellar of St. Patrick in St Giles', a rank he supported with great satisfaction and majesty, till the luckless period when a rival *Billy* (BODKIN), by being placed at the head of the mendicity society, virtually became King of the Beggars in his own right. This—as he conceived it, cruel usurpation by Bodkin, pricked Billy just a leetle too hard. From that moment he drooped as a blighted *lily*, and like another black hero he exclaimed—'Othello's occupation's gone.' The fickle British public refused to be as liberal as they had been, which he attributed to the production of "*Tom and Jerry*" with whom he was made to partake of:—

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"Shoulder of veal and garnish—Turkey and appendages—Parmesan and Filberts—Port and Madeira." Billy on hearing the above list given out as forming the "peck and booze for the evening," exclaimed "Dat dam goot, me like a de Madery—Landlord, here, you give this bag of broken wittals, vot I had give to me to day, to some genteel dog vot pass your door: and you make haste wid de supper, you curse devil you."

Enter LANDLORD with Supper.

Landlord. Now, your honours, here's the rum peck, here's the supper.

Billy. Eh, de supper! de supper! come along. (*After striking CREEPING JACK on the fingers with a knife*) you damn nasty dog! what for you put yur dirty fingers in de gravy? you call dat gentlemans? you want your fingers in de pie, now you got him dere!

Jack. I only wish'd to taste the stuffing.

Billy. And now you taste de carver knife instead! (*Takes candle, and looks at supper*). Vy, what him call dis?

Landlord. Why the turkey and the pie, to be sure.

Billy. De turkey and de pie! I tink you said de turkey and de pie,—what! de turkey widout de sassinger! him shock—him wouldn't give pin for turkey widout dem—me like a de Alderman in chain.

Landlord. I'm very sorry, Mr. Waters, but—

Billy. You sorry!—I sorry for my supper, you damn dog, you serve up de turkey without de sassinger—no lemon to de weal—no hoyster saase to de rum'-steaks, who you tink eat rum'-steaks widout de hoyster saase? You send no filberts to de Port, nor debils to de Madery nather. Mee must use some other hot-hell—you dog.

However, by a combination of events, Billy became very poor, and was obliged, prior to his going into the workhouse, to part with his old friend, the fiddle.—“Him lend him ole fiddle to him uncle at de pop shop,” and the wooden *pin* (leg) which had so often supported Billy, would have shared the same fate, but its extensive service had rendered it worthless though it had twice saved poor Billy from the penalties of the *Treadmill*. At length, in the full belief that his spirit was about to flee to meet his coloured ancestors in the realms of bliss and a free hunting ground, he duly made his will, in which he bequeathed to W. Bodkin, Esq.,—*Billy Bodkin*, the Hon. Sec. to the Mendicity Society: a bodkin that had so often pierced Billy to the heart—his wooden leg, earnestly desiring he might receive it in his *latter end*.

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In life he had been accustomed to wear a military cocked hat, a judge's full-bottomed cauliflower wig, and a naval officer's jacket and trousers, symbolical of his being the head and arbiter of the naval, military, and judicial departments in his eleemosynary kingdom, these he bequeathed in the following manner: His *wig* he left to the COURT OF CHANCERY, in the vague hope that they might obtain with it a little of his decision in equity, and promptness in justice. His *military hat* he left to the HEADS of the HORSE GUARDS, and his *naval jacket and trousers* to the *old washerwomen* that manage the GREENWICH HOSPITAL. The DEAL FIDDLE, on which he had been used to scrape his *native wood notes wild*, we are happy to state, was taken out of lavender, and is now in the possession of the TYBURN *Ketch* and Glee Club—the duplicate having been bequeathed to them for that purpose.

In conclusion we have only to state, that Billy was an accomplished cadger, a skilful musician, and adroit dancer—doing more on one leg than many others on two, and possessed abilities that as an actor would have rendered him a *shining* ornament to the stage—“to hold, as t'were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own black *image*!”

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Billy was considered of sufficient public importance, when in the *flesh*, to be moulded and well *baked* by a Potter, who taking up and moistening a lump of clay, said, “*Be ware!*” and then turned Billy out in one of his happiest moods and positions, with a broad grin on his black *mug*—a perfect *image*, suitable for a chimney or sideboard ornament; which found a ready sale at the time of its manufacture, but has now become very rare in perfect condition, and, much coveted by collectors to add to their Class, or Section of “ENGLISH CHARACTERS.” Specimens of this style of ware are exhibited in the Bethnal Green Museum, London. Henry Willett, Esq. of Brighton, also exhibits his fine collection of the same class of ware at the Brighton Free Public Library.

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Peace to the manes of Black Billy Waters,
Well-known throughout the Town!
The reason that he left these quarters—
Is plain—He was by Death done *brown*.

His life was one continu'd round
Of pleasure and of glee;
His fiddle caus'd the hearts to bound
Of children as big as me.

Mags came thick, this made him merry;
Fortune changes in a crack—
Folks they went t'see Tom and Jerry,
And on Billy turn'd their back.

Justice, at length, seiz'd on poor Bill,
Who quickly took his *peg* off;
So they didn't send him to the *Mill*,
'Cause, why? he'd got a leg off.

His day was o'er, he soon found out
Poverty with rapid stride
Follow'd him, and clamor's shout
Meant poor Billy to deride.

In vain he fiddl'd, danc'd and sung,
Until he was out of breath;
Starving he was, his bow unstrung,
Till he danc'd—*The Dance of Death*.

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LITTLE JEMMY.

The real name of this notorious street-character was Andrew Whiston. He was a born cripple, and in every respect a most miserable object of charity. Moncrieff imported him into his Adelphi version of "Tom and Jerry; or, Life in London," as "Little Jemmy," and there figures in the SCENE: *Back Slums in the Holy Land*: in company with Mr. Jenkins, Soldier Suke, Dingy Bet, Creeping Jack, Billy Waters, Ragged Dick, and other well-known characters.—*Vide* page 46.

For many years Andrew, *alias* "Little Jemmy," had been in the habit of propelling himself about the streets of London in a little truck, or box on wheels, assisted by the aid of two small crutches. He always wore a white apron to conceal the deformity of his legs, which were curved, and had the appearance of thin planks, having no calves.

To avoid the penalties attached to begging and vagrancy he usually carried a few quill pens stuck in his coat and apron; declaring it to be the only trade to which he had been brought up, whence he was called *The Penmaker*! He has been heard to acknowledge he derived as much in his perambulations through the streets as amounted to £2 per week. It was his custom every morning to cross over Blackfriars Bridge for the purpose of gathering alms. He always prided himself as *leader* of the "*Cadgers*," in the metropolis, and was one of the most dissipated of the class to which he belonged; never returning to the hovel, in which he took up his abode, in the Borough, except in a state of intoxication. In his fits of inebriety, when at a distance from home, and incapable of proceeding, he was generally picked up by some of the numerous coalheavers, residing in the same quarter of the town, and carried to his

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dwelling on their shoulders; this, from his diminutive stature, was no very difficult task to perform.

On the night of his death, which occurred Monday, April 3, 1826, he had been drinking spirits, and porter, during the day, and was as usual carried home by two men; for which they were to receive a pot of beer. On setting down their burden, the unfortunate man—who had been conveyed with his head downwards, was discovered to be in a dying state. Surgical assistance was immediately procured, but poor "*Little Jemmy*," was quite dead ere it arrived. Information of his death was given at 11 o'clock to the night constable of St. Saviour's Parish, who proceeded to the house, the inmates of which refused to give up the body, on the ground that their late lodger died in their debt a month's rent. Another strong reason for their refusal in delivering up the corpse, was a report that prevailed in the neighbourhood, that the surgeons of both the hospitals in the Borough had offered no less a sum than £100 for the body after death, for the purpose of dissection, in consequence of its extraordinary formation. The constable, however, claimed the body of the deceased, as none of his relations were on the spot, and conveyed it away to the watch-house, clearly perceiving that if it was left behind, the inmates would dispose of it to the highest bidder.

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On Friday, April 7, an inquest was held at the Rose and Ball public-house, Bankside, Southwark, before R. Carter, Esq. Upon the return of the jury after viewing the body, all of whom expressed their astonishment at the decrepitude and peculiar formation of the singular little man. The surgeon in attendance having described the death to have occurred in consequence of apoplexy. The jury brought in a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence that the deceased died of "APOPLEXY."

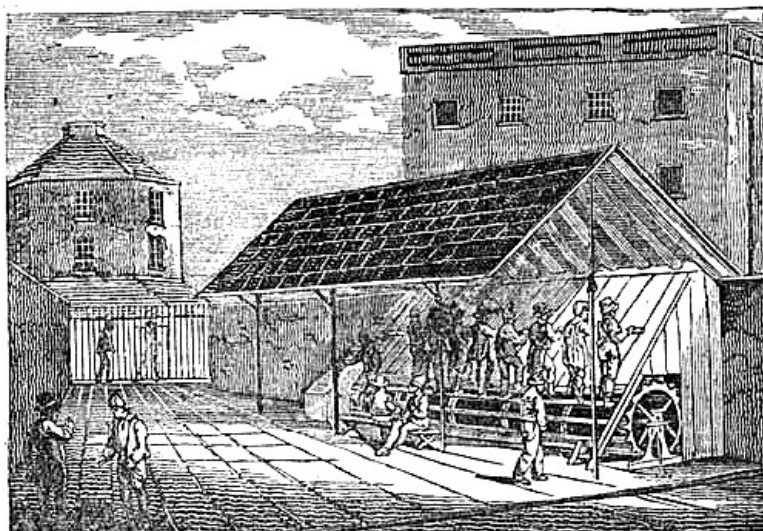
The day after the inquest sat on the body it was conveyed to St. Saviour's Burial ground, and interred in a grave dug 14 feet in depth from the surface, over which were placed three other coffins, in order to secure it against the resurrection-men, who were anxious to have the corpse to dispose of.

Subsequently to the death of BILLY WATERS, the notorious black mendicant fiddler—March, 1823; "LITTLE JEMMY" acquired the soubriquet of The King of the Beggars.



The Tread-Mill at Brixton.

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In the year 1817, Mr.—afterwards Sir William—Cubitt, of Ipswich, erected a Tread-Mill at Brixton Gaol—and soon afterwards in other large prisons, as a species of *preventive punishment*, which excited much attention and terror to evil doers, and proved eminently useful in decreasing the number of commitments; the strict discipline had a most salutary effect upon the prisoners not easily to be forgotten. Yet, the inventor's name gave rise to many jokes on the subject among such of the prisoners who could laugh at their own crimes, who said that they were now punished by the *cubit!*

In nearly all the new and fa—vour—ite comic songs of the day allusion was made to the TREADMILL OF BRIXTON as—*The Everlasting Stairs!*—*The Stepping Mill!*—*The New Dancing Academy!* &c. A street-ballad on the subject was issued from the "Catnach Press" and had a most unprecedented sale, keeping the pressmen and boys working for weeks:—

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“And we’re all treading, tread, tread, treading,
And we’re all treading, at fam’d Brixton Mill.”

The following punning ditty was very popular at the period:—

THE TREADMILL.

This Brixton Mill’s a fearful ill,
And he who brought the Bill in,
Is threatn’d by the *cribbing* coves,
That he shall have a *milling*.
They say he shew’d a simple pate,
To think of felons mending:
As every *step* which here they take,
They’re still in crime *ascending*.

And when releas’d, and in the streets
Their former snares they’re spreading,
They swear ’tis Parliament, which wills
They must their old ways *tread in*.
The Radicals begin to think
’Twill touch the Constitution,
For as the *wheel* moves round and round,
It brings a *Revolution*.

But though these snarlers show their teeth,
And try to vex the nation,
Their actions soon are *tried* and *judg’d*,
And *grinding* is their station.
The *Gambling swells* who near St. James’
Have *play’d* their double dealings,
Say ’tis not fair that Bow-street should
Thus *work* upon their feelings.

Tom, Jerry, Logic, three prime sprigs,
Find here they cannot *come* it,
For though their *fancy* soars aloft,
They ne’er will reach the *summit*.
Corinthian Kate and buxom Sue
Must change their *warm* direction,
For if they make one *false step* more
They’ll have *Cold Bath Correction*.

The moon-struck youths who haunt the stage,
And spend their master’s siller,
Must here play to another tune,
’Tis called the *Dusty Miller*.
Ye bits of blood (the watchman’s dread)
Who love to floor a *Charley*,
As you delight to strip and fight,
Come forth and *mill* the *barley*.

John Barleycorn’s a stout old blade,
As every man puts trust in,
And you will make no *meal* of him,
But he’ll give you a *dusting*.
But here we’ll stay, for *puns* they say,
Are bad as stealing purses
And I to *Brixton* may be sent,
To *grind* some *floury verses*.



GOING TO THE MILL!

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THE WARNING.

Supposed to have been sung by a Cadger to his Companions on his Return from "The New Dancing Academy," Brixton.

Tune.—"Bow wow, &c."

You Cadgers all, both great and small,
 Attend to vat I say, Sirs,
 All prigging stow, or you vill go
 Where I com'd from to day, Sirs.
 As down the Strand, a Gent so grand,
 Was strutting, mighty fine, Sirs,
 His hankercher hung out so fur,
 I really thought 'twas mine, Sirs.
 Tol de rol, &c.

I made a grab—he did me nab,
 To quod I quick vas taken;
 The magistrate he sat in state:
 I trembl'd for my bacon.
 Evidence o'er—oh vhat a bore!—
 His eyes on me he fix'd on;
 Says he to me, "Go, have a spree
 At the *Treading Mill at Brixton.*"
 Tol de rol, &c.

When I reach'd there, a surly bear,
 The steps he bid me mount, Sirs—
 From Dirty Dick, up to the kick,
 Ve'd a swelling black legg'd Count, Sirs.
 Both high and low, they have a go:
 Oh! 'tis a decent pill, Sirs.
 They step away, and cry all day,
 "The devil take the Mill, Sirs."
 Tol de rol, &c.

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Then varning take, and keep avake,
 For *Traps* are not asleep, Sirs;
 They prowl about, to find us out,
 Like volves do after sheep, Sirs.
 My life I'll change—don't think it strange,
 I'll vork, that's vat I vill, Sirs,
 Both night and day, to keep away
 From the curs'd *Treading Mill*, Sirs,
 Tol de rol, &c.

In the Adelphi version of "Tom & Jerry," there is as follow:—

Black Slums in the Holy Land.

Mr. J. Does any gemmen understand these here Tread Mills, that have lately got such a footing?

Jack. Silence! Gemmen: I'm a-going to make a hobversation, Mr. Jenkins means them there Mills as makes you vork vether there's any vork or no—I can only say this here, gemmen, if them there Mills are encouraged, it von't be vorth no body's vile to exercise vone's calling—because, vy, von may as vell go and vork for vone's living at once—but the subject von't bear not no thinking on.

Omnes. Not by no means. (*General groans.*)

Billy Waters. Oh, curse a de Tread Mill, me no like a de “here we go up, up, up,” and “down you go down, down, down,”—an' if you no work, a great big lump of wood come and knock you down so—(*Strikes beggar on head with his fiddle, who falls down.*) Poor fellow, him werry sorry.



Tom and Jerry; or, Life in London.

[Pg 117]

TUNE.—“Picture of a Playhouse.”

Of Life in London, Tom, Jerry, and Logic I sing,
 'Tis a subject (I hope it will please)
 Men and boys in my ears long time they did ding,
 So I determined to risk a good squeeze—
 To the Strand then I toddled—the mob it was great—
 My watch I found gone—pockets undone:
 I fretted, at first, and rail'd against fate,
 For I paid well to see “Life in London.”

Spoken.—“La, vel now, if I a'n't all of a perspiration,—positively, I'm in a *melting* mood;” this was uttered by a tallow chandler's fat wife. Her hubby, Mr. Wicks, cries out “What the devil are you talking about *melting*?—for my part, I hate mention of business when I'm out on pleasure.” “Come, don't be *dipping* in my pocket, if you please, Sir.” “Vat, vat is de matter?” “Wat! who's talking of wats?” “Vy, my dear Mr. Wicks, I think this man's making a reticule for me.” “By the powers! it is a very fortunate circumstance he be making a reticule for you, Ma'am, for that there young man, in the drab great coat, has just cut yours from the chain, and put it in his pocket.” “Mind what you're arter, mind your pockets.” “Where are you pushing to?” “Where am I pushing to? I'm pushing

To see Tom and Jerry,
 The lads who delight in
 A bottle of Sherry
 And watch to be fighting,
 For that's the time o' day.

In the course of the piece is the parlour of Cribb,
 There they chaunted their songs full of glee;
 In the chair sits blythe Tom, he's the real boy to fib,
 And he's also the boy for a spree.
 The street-row comes next, and is kept up so well,
 That I laugh'd and never wish'd the fun done,
 Those who play Charlies, I'm sure they can tell
 What a street-row is in fam'd London.

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Spoken.—“La! now, is this not a delightful picture of life! how do you like it, my dear?” “Oh Mamma, I likes it very well, only one thing is, I'm sorry I didn't bring some hapennies out of my money-box, to give the poor beggar-people.” “Dear little innocent!” “Was you innocent when you was little, Mamma?” “Yes, my love.” “But, are you innocent now, Mamma?” “Why, yes—that is to say—as most women of my age are, my dear.” “Well. Mr. O'Quiz, how do you like the piece?” “Faith, now, the piece is very well, only one thing.” “And what may that be, pray?” “Why, I'm not inclined to make any objection at all, at all: but, by my soul! this is the first time I ever saw or heard of Life in St. Giles's, without an Irishman being concerned in it.” “Hollo! what is all this hubbuboo?” “Why, it's the half price, pushing in

To see Tom and Jerry, &c.

High life and low life are correctly portrayed
 At Almack's, I mean both the East and the West.
 The actor's look life, they so well are arrayed,
 But the Back Slums to my mind is surely the best.
 Logic a party invites to give them a treat,
 The bailiff comes in and Bob's undone;
 He by Nab'em is *press'd* and ta'en to the *Fleet*,
 Which brings to a close Life in London.

Spoken.—The piece being over, there's a grand rush to the doors: then, hey for the pleasures of a soaking wet night. "Well, positively, 'pon honor, if it does'nt rain; its enough to make any one *cross* when one's going out to a *ball*." "Want a coach your honor?" "Yes, drive me to *St. Paul's*." "What, in the name of St. Patrick, can he want at the *cross* and *ball* of *St. Paul's* at this time of night?" "Oh! bless my soul! I think I've broken my leg." "Coach to Cripplegate." "I say, look at that Cove diving at that Gent's pocket." "I hope you'll excuse me, but I've got a cold, therefore want my hankerchief; but, as you're so fond of *diving*, I'll accommodate you—the Thames is near, and you shall have a dam'd good *ducking*." "All right, Coachee." "Watch! Watch!" "Hark! the Pianos going." "Watch! Watch!" "What's the row?" "Oh! only some fancy Lads, who, having seen the Charlies well mill'd inside, have already commenced milling them outside, and the word with them is

We're like Tom and Jerry, &c.

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The following ballad is from the "Catnach Press:"—

PIERCE EGAN; OR, LIFE IN LONDON.

Written by a Corinthian, and sung in Prime Twig by an Out-and-Outer.

In the country, our squire
 Had a very large book,
 Which into my hands
 I quite often had took;
 Life in London, I think,
 Were the name that it had,
 And 'twas wrote by Pierce Egan,
 That comical lad.
 Oh, Pierce Egan! knowing Pierce Egan,
 You must in your time have seen wonderful fun.

When I first came from country
 Into this great town,
 I laugh'd at each joke
 As I walked up and down;
 Till three fellows I met,
 They were bold as could be;
 And Tom, Jerry, and Logic,
 Say they, you now see.
 Oh, Pierce Egan! &c.

At night, in the street,
 You are sure of a row,
 And the Charlies are bother'd
 I cannot tell how;
 But if to the watch-house
 The chaps be all taken,
 You'll find Egan's heroes
 To be there, sure as bacon.
 Oh, Pierce Egan &c.

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E'en the boys in the street
 Do talk flash, you must know,
 And the real out-and-outers
 Do strut to and fro;
 While a *gemmen* in powder
 From none will retreat,
 But will *peel*, a coal-heaver,
 Or dustman to beat.
 Oh, Pierce Egan! &c.

And since Life in London
 Has been all the rage,
 There's nothing else now
 That will do for the stage;
 And parsons, and tailors,

And barbers likewise
Go to Spring, Cribb, or Belcher,
To learn to black eyes.
Oh, Pierce Egan! &c.

But this I must say
To my friends in this place,
That *chaffing* and *milling*
Does puppies disgrace;
And if they would know
How such knaves may be undone,
They'll read that same book
Which is called Life in London.
Oh, Pierce Egan! &c.

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth Court, 7 Dials.

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THE LAST CHARLEY.

“Pity the sorrows of a poor old man.”

St. Giles's clock had sounded two,
The moon was on the wane,
And bitterly the north wind blew;
In torrents fell the rain.

When like a goblin from the grave,
A ghastly form appear'd,
And thrice a grievous groan it gave,
Thrice scratch'd its grisly beard.

Tall, wretched, shiv'ring, pale and thin,
It brav'd the pelting storm,
Without an upper Benjamin
To keep the carcase warm.

Prostrate upon the flags it lay,
Where Seven Dials meet;
And “Och!” it cried, “is this the way
A jontleman to treat?”

“I soon must haste to join the throng
On Pluto's dreary coast—
I've given up my *spirits* long,
Now I'll give up the *ghost*.”

“Yes! I must go, at fate's command,
In Charon's ferry boat,
And change the *rattle* in my hand
For *rattles* in my throat.

“That rattle which the prigs to catch
Would other Charleys bring,
Watchmen, we know, are like a *watch*—
Nothing without a *spring*.”

“My lanthorn!—and the thought, I vow,
The sob of sorrow draws;
No *lanthorn* can I carry now,
Except my *lanthorn jaws*.”

“With grief unfeign'd my heart is big—

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The power of utterance fails,
And losing thee, my old *Welsh* wig,
This tortur'd heart be-*Wails*.

"My night-cap red, which this poor head
Hath screen'd from damp and dew,
Like my poor cap, I've lost my *nap*,
And I am *worsted* too.

"Snug in my *box* I bore the shocks
Of drunkard's jeer and scoffing;
Now the vile *cough* will take me off,
And *box* me in a *coffin*.

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"To thee, my pipe, my bosom yearns—
Those moments, free from pain,
In which I sat and smok'd *returns*,
Will ne'er *return* again.

"This New Police has laid me flat—
Let Christian hearts condole;
And in the mud they *roll* poor *Pat*,
Who once was a *Patrol*.

"Och! when I think of former years,
It almost drives me crazy;
Bear up, my sowl—be dry, my tears—
My throbbing heart be azy.

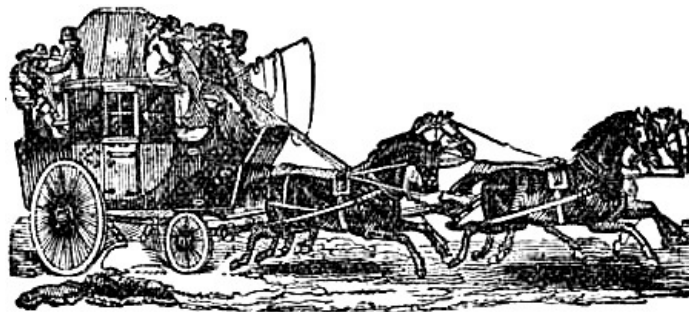
"Once I was young, but now I'm owld,
Once full of fun and frisky—
But now I shudder with the cowl'd
And the devil a drop of whisky!"

He spoke, and sadly gaz'd around
(The last words he could utter),
Then with a mournful *guttural* sound,
Roll'd headlong in the *gutter*.

Printed by T. BIRT, Great St. Andrew-Street,
(wholesale and retail,) **10**, Seven Dials, London.

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Children's Books, Battledores, Pictures, &c.

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THE SPREES OF TOM, JERRY AND LOGIC;

A New Song, of Flash, Fashion, Frolic, and Fun.

Come all ye swells and sporting blades who love to see good fun,
Who in the dark, to have a lark, a mile or two would run;
Here's a dish of entertainment which cannot fail to please,
The rigs of Tom and Jerry, and all their jolly sprees.
With their dash along, flash along, to Life and London haste away,
Where sprees and rambles, larks and gambols, is the time of day.

From Hawthorn-Hall young Jerry came to see his cousin Tom,
And with his friend Bob Logic acquainted soon became,

Then to cut a dash, he learns the flash, to act high life and low,
And up and down through all the town at night they rambling go.

In a morning at Tattersall's you may them often see,
'Mong jockies, grooms, and chaunters, a knowing company;
In the afternoon they're lounging in Burlington Arcade,
And at night they're at the Opera, Ball, or Masquerade.

Among the milling kiddy coves young Jerry took delight,
And was always first to raise a purse to have a glorious fight.
A Fancy blade he then became, and his courage ran so high,
That in his room, he floor'd his groom, and black'd his valet's eye.

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Then off to Leicester-fields they'd march, the Strand, or Drury-lane
Among the sporting ladies to carry on the game,
They'd take them to a gin-shop and treat them round so civil,
Then spur them on to fight and scratch each other like the devil.

While rambling up and down one night they came to Temple-Bar,
And to have a spree, they did agree, 'gainst the Charlies to make war,
Then in the twinkling of an eye a watch-box was upset,
The Watchy roar'd till all was blue, but out he could not get.

They smash'd their lanterns, kick'd their shins, and did their pipkins crack,
And laid them down so neatly one by one upon their backs,
The prigs and sporting ladies all joined in the row,
But Jerry, Tom, and Logic by the pigs [watchmen] were ta'en in tow.

Then to the Holy Land they went disguis'd from top to toe,
To see the Beggar's Opera where all the Cadgers go,
With Mahogany Bet they had a lark, Black Moll, and Dumpling Kate,
And treated all the apple-women with a yard of tape [gin].

Now, with your leave good folks I will conclude my flashy song,
I hope you're entertained, and I've not detain'd you long,
And Logic, Tom, and Jerry, do cordially unite,
To thank you for your patronage, and wish you all Good Night.
With their dash along, &c.

LONDON:

Printed by J. CATNACH, 2 Monmouth Court, 7 Dials.
Battledores, Lotteries, and Primers sold cheap.
Travellers and Shopkeepers supplied with Sheet Hymns. Patter and Slips.
Songs as Cheap and Good as any Shop in London. Where an
Immense number of songs are always ready.
☞ Cards, &c., Printed cheap.

[Pg 126]

I'M A CONSTABLE IN MY OWN RIGHT.

I'm a Constable in my own right,
I think that I am of some use;
A searching by day and by night;
Correcting of every abuse.
I carries my staff in my hand,
My power to let the folks see;
I'm certain all over the land
There's no one so busy as me.
And I'm a Constable, &c.

A Beggar I know by his rags,
A thief I can tell by his looks;
My eyes and my nose never flags,
I puts 'em down in my black books;
The blind beggars when they sees me
A coming ne'er stops to stand still;
Tho' ever so lame, they walk free,
Or else they would walk to the mill.
For I'm a Constable, &c.

The Publicans all are polite,
As soon as they sees me come in,
They press, and entreat, and invite

To choose of rum, brandy, or gin;
But from me they gets a rebuff,
The offer I always decline;
I scorns to take such vile stuff,
As I never drinks nothing but wine.
And I'm a Constable, &c.

[Pg 127]

The Watchmen don't dare go to sleep,
They knows they'd be fined if they do;
Round with the Patroles I creep,
Each morning between one and two.
The Patrole's don't like it, 'tis true,
But of me they all are afraid,
And I'm resolved my duty to do,
For I know there's some cash to be made.
For I'm a Constable, &c.

Old women who sits with the fruit,
Had better not come in my claw;
I pulls 'em up—won't let 'em do't,
Because 'tis contrary to law:
Such nuisances ought to be fin'd
And I get a share of the pelf;
My trouble I never don't mind,
'Cause I keeps a green-grocer's myself.
And I'm a Constable, &c.

The Watch-house owns me for its king,
I reigns there without a control;
If any blackguards they bring,
I sends 'em down to the black hole;
But if a gentleman gets drunk, so free,
And is brought in—mayhap for a whim
If he behaves genteel to me,
Why I behaves genteel to him.
For I'm a Constable, &c.

When I sits in my chair of a night,
Should any unfortunate *gals*
Be brought in, I thinks it but right
To commit 'em along with their pals.
The Toms and the Jerrys I hooks,
And takes them to Bow Street, next day;
Tho' when very sorry they looks,
I lets them off if they can pay.
For I'm a Constable, &c.

[Pg 128]

The butchers' and chandlers' shops,
What used to be serving o' Sunday,
So shockingly wicked, I stops;
I pulls them all up on the Monday,
I shows no favours to none,
My labours they seem to prove double,
And thinks before I have done,
I shall save Mr. Johnson some trouble.
For I'm a Constable, &c.

Our Parish has got a bad plan,
'Tis always to quarrel and storm;
I'm sure I shall do all I can
To bring on a speedy reform:
Our Overseers are all quite strange,
And that any body may see;
It would make a most wonderful change,
If they all were as busy as me.
For I'm a Constable, &c.

When again shall we THREE meet,
Amongst the *Swells* in Regent Street?
Come soon, my boy—come with glee,
For lots of FUN—another *Spree*!

With respect to the publication of LIFE IN LONDON; or, the Day and Night Scenes of Tom and Jerry. The proverbial everybody seems for the *nonce* to have been pleased with the work. The thirty-six scenes from Real Life, designed and etched by the Brothers Cruikshank had much to do with its success, and everybody seems to have made a great deal of money out of the circumstance—save and except the author, Pierce Egan, for he very loudly and frequently, and also “*cry-baby-like*,” declared *inter alia*, that he received—“more of the kicks than the halfpence” by reason of the *Pirates* and *Thieves* being ever on the alert to *prig* his thoughts and ideas, and that the whole crew of them united to *grab* all the “*lively things!*” out of his head, and so render the “cash account” at his bankers all but nugatory. Then—“came the cry of immorality, so loudly raised by the Actor’s old rivals the Religious Tract Society, the Methodists, and other sectarian parties.” Yet, in spite of all that could be said or sung in the matter Pierce wrote that—“he was *too game* to be made a *dummy* of: therefore he was determined *to take the leap*, and have another “*shy-up*,” and go “*double or quits*,” with that supreme goddess of the gods FAME!!! and try his luck once more in the field of literature and announced the publication of his new work *The Finish* thus:—

THE AUTHOR TO THE READERS OF
LIFE
IN AND OUT OF LONDON.

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After the lapse of Seven Years the Author has once more seized hold of the *feather*, and the Artist his *pencil*, with an earnest endeavour to follow the advice of our immortal bard, or rather adopt him as a model, “nothing to extenuate, or set down aught in malice!” and:—

To hold as ’twere
The Mirror up to Nature; to show Virtue her own feature,
Vice her own image, and the very age
And body of the Time, its form and pressure.

Then thus it is—the “glorious uncertainty” of pleasing every class of society respecting a knowledge of LIFE IN LONDON being essential towards the improvement of the junior branches of mankind; and although contrary to the established and sapient rules of the College of Physicians, and the practice pursued by our learned friends in Westminster Hall, we are, nevertheless, anxious to give advice without a fee, in order to prove that, in all cases, whether connected with youth or more mature age, PREVENTION is much better than CURE; indeed, so anxious are we to set ourselves right with the public, as to our future intentions respecting this work, and that we may see our way clearly, and tread on the firmest ground, we feel inclined to adopt the latin proverb so often quoted by BOB LOGIC to the unsuspecting JERRY, on his first arrival in the metropolis:—

Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdim.

The necessity is absolute; or, rather, an apology is required for the introduction of the Author and Artist to the notice of reader, previous to the second appearance of those heroes—CORINTHIAN TOM, LOGIC and JERRY, on the great theatre of the world! *pour quoi?* to vindicate the characters of the Author and Artist from unmerited aspersion of having attempted, by the joint efforts of real tales, original anecdotes, and animated sketches, to demoralize the rising generation; and likewise to refute the charge of having turned the heads of older folks towards the commission of acts of folly and intemperance enough! To our task—“Hark forward’s the word, see the game is in view!” and our exertions will be vigorously directed to establish, if possible. “*Tâche sans tâche.*” Our principal aim being to realize, to the utmost extent, the attractive motto:—

PRO BONO PUBLICO!
Proceed, my boy, nor heed their further call,
Vain his attempts who strives to please you all!

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THE
FINISH TO THE ADVENTURES
OF
TOM, JERRY, AND LOGIC,
In their Pursuits through
LIFE IN AND OUT OF LONDON,
BY PIERCE EGAN.

With numerous Coloured Illustrations by
ROBERT CRUIKSHANK.



London:
George Virtue and Co.,
Ivy Lane,
Paternoster Row.

The *Finish* to Life in London is embellished with thirty six illustrations by Robert Cruikshank, and contains XV. CHAPTERS of letter-press matter. Tom, Jerry and Logic are again brought on the scene, and several additional characters are introduced into the work, notably *Sir* John Blubber, *Knt.*, a second Falstaff, without stuffing, a most facetious, jolly, good-natured soul, one of that class of persons deemed independent, and his property enabled him to "care for nobody." The adventures of the personnæ in their pursuits of Life in and Out of London are fully described, and the "*Finish!*" of LOGIC, the Oxonian, and CORINTHIAN TOM narrated as follow.

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CHAPTER XIV.

JERRY determined to give up all thoughts of LIFE IN LONDON; to retire from the Day and Night Scenes altogether. Moralises on his late imminent danger, and almost miraculous escape from death. LOGIC rapidly declines in health. The OXONIAN makes his Will. His advice to JERRY before his exit. EPITAPH on LOGIC, written by the CORINTHIAN.

* * * * *

"I hope LOGIC will be able to accompany us in our visit to LORD LIBERAL'S Gallery," said TOM, when he was interrupted by the footman putting the following letter into his hand—"Aye," observed TOM to JERRY, "here is a note from BOB; let us hear what he has to offer upon the subject:—"

MY DEAR TOM,

I regret very much that my health will not permit me to accompany you and the "Young One" to view my LORD LIBERAL'S fine gallery of paintings; a pleasure which I had sincerely anticipated, as it is well known that his Lordship's taste respecting the fine arts, is considerably above *par*. But "*necessitas non habet legem!*" To tell you the truth, I am seriously ill, although not alarmed; yet, I must confess, that I never felt so *strangely* in the whole course of my life. I think the *volume* is nearly *spun* out; and that the BOOK will soon be closed for ever! But DR. FINISH'EM will not have it so, nay, he insists on the contrary, "Lots of *pages*," says he, "yet remain to be *read*;" and several CHAPTERS must be *perused*, before you arrive at that emphatical word—FINIS! Be that as it may; you are aware that doctors differ, and I do not like appearances; yet, as we say at Oxford, *forti et fideli nil difficile!* Nevertheless, I am anxious to see you, my dear friend, as soon as convenient; and I wish JERRY to be your companion, as I have something to communicate to both of you, rather of a *serious* nature, concerning myself; yet, I am far from labouring under *un cœur contrit*. Therefore tell the "Young One," I hope his person is now quite *cool*—that his flame is also *cool*; and instead of lamenting over the—&c., &c.—I am happy to hear he is *Mens sana in corpore sano*:—

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I remain, my dear TOM,
Yours, truly,
ROBERT LOGIC.

Corinthian Tom, Esq.

"There's something behind this letter that I do not like," said TOM; "BOB is very ill, you may rely upon it, or else he would not be so pressing for us to visit him." "Yes, I am afraid it is too true," replied JERRY; "but let us hope he is not so bad, neither, as you perceive, he is *joking* about my late affair." "Joke with you!" echoed TOM, "I expect LOGIC will die with a *joke* in his mouth, he is so fond of *punning?* But we will lose no time, as I am anxious to ascertain

the true cause of his illness."

Upon the arrival of our heroes at the apartments of LOGIC, they found him sitting at a table, in his arm chair, with pens and ink before him: his countenance most woefully changed for the worse. Indeed, TOM and JERRY were quite shocked with his altered appearance in so short a time. He endeavoured to smile upon them, as usual; but it savoured more of the "*ghastly!*" than that sort of enlivening humour which so generally imparted animation to his cheerful face. "I am very glad to see you, my boys," said he, "before I start on my long journey, which I have been preparing for these last five or six days." "I was not aware you had any such intention," answered TOM; "but may I ask, where are you going?"

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"To that bourne from whence no traveller returns!"

replied LOGIC, accompanied by a most penetrating look at the CORINTHIAN. "DR. FINISH'EM has given me my *quietus*, like an honest fellow. On feeling my pulse, he observed—"Your *hour-glass* is almost run out! *Tempus fugit!* Therefore, what you have to do, let it be done quickly, or else it will not be done at all!" *Old Bolus*, too, was rather funny with me on the occasion; "I know," said he, "your WILL was always good to serve everybody; therefore, MR. LOGIC, have a good WILL now towards your friends." I took *Pill* and *Potions* advice, and the few hours allotted to me I have made the best use of that I possibly could; and here is my WILL for your approbation." The tear started down TOM'S cheek, and JERRY was much affected by the unexpected circumstance. "I sincerely hope it is not so bad as you apprehend," said TOM. "Yes, my dear friends," replied LOGIC, "it is all over with me. I have suffered severely from an inflammation in my bowels; but the pain has subsided, and that is the sign of approaching death. You will perceive, on looking over my TESTAMENT,^[39] that I have not adhered to any of the technical terms of lawyers, being well aware that the distribution of my property will never puzzle the pericranium of the *Lord Chancellor*, or occasion a row among the *learned* brethren, to obtain a brief upon the subject; and if I have not made myself perfectly intelligible, I hope you will now point out any errors that may appear to you, in order to avoid disputes hereafter. It is true, I have no *blunt* to leave you, my boys, but several *notes*, which I hope, will always bear an interest, and prove as *valuable* to you in the hour of need—as *cash!* You will, my dear TOM, as my last request, read it aloud, for the approbation of my friend JERRY."

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THE LAST WORDS AND TESTAMENT OF ROBERT LOGIC.

Being wide *awake*—my UPPER STORY in perfect repair—and *down* to what I am about—I have seized hold of the *feather*; with a firm hand, to render myself intelligible, and also to communicate the objects I have in view; I give and bequeath unto my friend, JERRY HAWTHORN, Esq., my *tile*, my *castor*, my *topper*, my *upper-crust*, my *pimple coverer*, otherwise MY HAT, which, I hope, will never be the means of changing the appearance of "an old friend with a new face." To my out and out friend and companion, CORINTHIAN TOM, I give my *spread*, my *summer-cabbage*, my *water-plant*, but more generally understood as my UMBRELLA; who, I feel assured will never let it be made use of as a *shelter* for duplicity, ingratitude, or humbuggery of any sort! Also, to JERRY HAWTHORN, Esq., I resign my *fam-snatchers*, *i.e.*, my GLOVES, under the consideration, if ever he should part with them, that they are only to be worn by those persons, who have "a *hand* to give, and a *heart* that forgives!" Likewise to JERRY HAWTHORN, Esq., I bequeath my *four-eyes*, my *barnacles*, my *green-specs*, but amongst opticians, denominated SPECTACLES. It is my sincere wish, that nothing *green* will be ever seen appertaining to them, except their *colour*; I also hope they will not, upon any occasion whatever *magnify* TRIFLES into *difficulties*: but enable the wearer to see his way through LIFE as clear as *crystal!* I press upon JERRY HAWTHORN, Esq., his acceptance of my *fogle*, my *wipe*, my *clout*, my *sneezer*, politely termed a SILK HANDKERCHIEF. This article has often been used to *wipe* off a tear of pity, and always forthcoming at a tale of *distress*; may it ever be at *hand* on such Christian-like occasions! To PHILIP TIMOTHY SPLINTER, Esq., I bequeath my *upper tog*, my *Benjaman*, my *wrapper*, generally called a TOP COAT, with the advice, that however it may be *mended* and *mended* again, he will never let it be *turned* against unavoidable misfortune, and charity. My *ticker*, my *tatler*, my *thimble*, otherwise my WATCH, I bequeath to JERRY HAWTHORN, Esq., as an emblematical gift to keep TIME upon all occasions—to remember its inestimable value, and also to recollect that he will, some day or another, be *wound-up* for the last *time*. My two SEALS I give conjointly to my most valued and dear friends, CORINTHIAN TOM and JERRY HAWTHORN, Esqrs., in order, if possible, that the bonds of friendship may be more firmly *sealed* between them, to the end of their lives. To Miss MARY ROSEBUD, I give and bequeath my DIAMOND RING, as a representative of her excellent brilliant qualities, and also as a golden fence, to secure her virtue, reputation, and dignity. To my worthy friend, Sir JOHN BLUBBER, Knt. I give and bequeath my *padders*, my *stampers*, my *buckets*, otherwise my BOOTS, whose knowledge of mankind, united with kindness towards the failings of others, teaches him to tread lightly o'er the ashes of the dead! To prevent mistakes respecting my BIT, I have not a *bit* to leave; it having been with me, for some time past—POCKETS to LET, unfurnished; *Sic transit gloria mundi!* But nevertheless, I trust I have always proved *amicus humani generis!* My BOOKS having been long *booked* for their value, and afforded me consolation and support in the hour of need—I, therefore, leave as I found it, for other folks to bustle in, that GREAT VOLUME—the WORLD! which upon all occasions, was my sheet-anchor! assisted by the following good old maxims, as my guide:—

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Tempus edax rerum.—Time that devours all things.
Vincit veritas.—Truth conquors.
Principiis obsta.—Resist the first beginnings.
Vitiis nemo sine nascitur.—No man without his faults.
Spes mea in Deo.—My hope is in God.
Spero meliora.—I hope for better things.

ROBERT LOGIC.

TOM and JERRY were both considerably affected at the kindness displayed towards them by the *Oxonian*; and had it been at any other time, the singularity of the above *Testament* would have produced much laughter between them; at all events, it convinced them that LOGIC still preserved his *character* for ORIGINALITY. Three proper witnesses, disinterested persons, belonging to the house, were instantly called in to sign it, when the Testament, in the eye of the law, became a valid document. "My dear JERRY," said LOGIC, "as we must soon part, I had intended to offer a few remarks for your consideration; but, finding that my strength will not second my intentions, I shall be very concise on the matter: you must perceive that the *comical* part of my career is at an end, and you are well aware that I always was a merry fellow; but, as *Mercutio* says, I shall be found a *grave* man to-morrow. Endeavour, then, "To do unto all men, as you would they should do unto you," and you will not be a great way off the right path to happiness. I feel myself very faint; my breath getting short; and having settled everything to my satisfaction, have the kindness to assist me into bed, that I may die like a Christian—contented, and in peace with all mankind! Tom, give me your hand; JERRY, yours likewise—I grasp them both with sincerity!" Then looking them full in the face; with a placid smile on his countenance, his last words were—"God bless you!" His lip fell; his eyes lost their brilliancy; and the once-merry, lively, facetious, friendly LOGIC, was now numbered with the dead!

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For several days, our heroes were absorbed in grief, at the sudden loss of their much-admired and valued friend; and CORINTHIAN HOUSE, for a long time after the decease of the *Oxonian*, was dull in the extreme. The funeral of LOGIC, under the direction of TOM, was of the most splendid description; and a handsome monument was also erected by his order, bearing the following inscription:—

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This Tablet
 Was erected in remembrance of
ROBERT LOGIC, Esq.,
 Who was viewed throughout the circle of his acquaintances as
 A MAN,
 In every sense of the word,
 VALUABLE AS GOLD!
 MIRTH and GOOD HUMOUR were always at his elbows; but
 DULL CARE
 Was never allowed a seat in his presence.
 He played the *first fiddle* in all companies, and was never out
 of tune:
 BOB was a wit of the first quality;
 But his SATIRE was general, and levelled against the follies
 of mankind:
 PERSONALITY and SCANDAL he disclaimed:
 His exertions were always directed to make others happy.
 As a CHOICE SPIRIT, he was unequalled;
 And as a SINCERE FRIEND, never excelled; but in his character of a
 MAN OF THE WORLD,
 BOB LOGIC was a Mirror to all his Companions.
 MANKIND had been his study; and he had perused the Great
Book of Life
 With superior advantages; and his COMMENTARIES on
 MEN AND MANNERS
 Displayed not only an enlarged mind; but his OPINIONS were
 gentlemanly and liberal.

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His intimate knowledge of VICE had preserved him from
being VICIOUS.
By which source he was able to discriminate with effect; and
VIRTUE appeared more beautiful in his eyes.
TRUTH was his polar star; and INTEGRITY his sheet anchor.
ADVERSITY could not reduce his noble mind,
And PROSPERITY was not suffered to play tricks with his feelings;
HE WAS A MAN UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES!
FLATTERY he despised; while CANDOUR obtained his respect;
and the corner stone of his character was—SINCERITY.
He was charitable, but not ostentatious, and a well-wisher to
all the world.
His Friends,
TOM AND JERRY,
Lamenting his severe loss in society, trust, that upon the
AWFUL, DAY OF RECKONING,
The Great Auditor of Accounts will find his BALANCE SHEET
correct, (*errors excepted*):
And as the whole tenour of BOB LOGIC'S life had been A VOLUME
OF PLEASURE they sincerely hope it will be
WELL BOUND at the last!

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CHAPTER XV.

"There is no place like Home!" JERRY bids adieu to LIFE IN LONDON, and sets out, with the CORINTHIAN, for HAWTHORN HALL. *Rosebud Cottage in sight, the Church in perspective, and a good look-out towards the High Road to Matrimony. Uncertainty of existence: sorrow succeeding sorrow: TOM killed by a fall from his horse while hunting. JERRY disconsolate for the loss of his two Pals. Reflections on the death of the CORINTHIAN, and a few Lines to his Memory. Grieving's a folly! Thoughts on Marriage: popping the Question—the bit of Gold—the reluctant NO—YES!—OLD JOLLYBOY an important feature. The Wedding Day—all happiness at HAWTHORN HALL—JERRY AND MARY ROSEBUD united. The TIE-UP of the Story, i.e., to promote LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.*

The sudden death of LOGIC made quite a *chasm* in the movements of TOM and JERRY; indeed he had been the principal caterer for their amusements, and our heroes were not only in grief for his loss, but reduced completely to a *stand-still* without him. It is true; JERRY had previously made up his mind to quit London, but the sudden demise of the *Oxonian* positively hurried him out of town. The Metropolis had lost its attractions upon the feelings of JERRY, and he flattered himself that the neighbourhood of HAWTHORN HALL, the sports of the field, and the fascinating company of MISS ROSEBUD, would, in a great measure, afford relief to his mind, and ultimately restore him to cheerfulness. The parents of JERRY were overjoyed in beholding their darling son once more safe under their roof, and the CORINTHIAN also received the most friendly congratulations on his arrival at Hawthorn Hall. The *sombre* appearance of our heroes, who were in deep mourning for the *Oxonian*, operated as a great drawback to the festivities which under different circumstances, had been intended to celebrate their reception; indeed, at every step they took, the loss of Logic was sincerely regretted by all those persons who had ranked him as one of their best acquaintances, during his last appearance at HAWTHORN HALL. "To me, the loss of LOGIC is incalculable," said Jerry, to his father; "he was not only able to advise, but his manner of doing it was so persuasive, that it was impossible not to benefit by his experience; more especially at my time of life, when such experience was by far more valuable to my mind, than any knowledge I might have obtained of men and manners, through my own exertions!"

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Our hero lost no time in visiting Rosebud Cottage. On his entrance he was welcomed by the father of our heroine with no common sort of ardour; but, on his being ushered into the presence of MARY ROSEBUD, he felt confused, nay, ashamed; her looks, although accompanied with a smile, nevertheless told him that he had been neglectful towards her, during his residence in London, and she gently chided him for his want of attention. "I am afraid, Sir," said she, "it has been with you like most professed lovers, 'out of sight, out of mind.'" JERRY could not reply; his excuses were lame and impotent; indeed, he was aware that he was in fault, and, therefore, sensibly threw himself upon the mercy of the Court, and sued in the most persuasive manner for pardon. The good nature of MARY, aided by a little of something else—perhaps, love—could not resist the application; and she generously admitted that some allowance might be made for him, when surrounded by the attractions of London. "Generous girl!" exclaimed JERRY, "the remainder of my life shall be devoted to your happiness."

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JERRY being now perfectly established in the good opinion of MISS ROSEBUD, became doubly attentive in his visits; when the minutes, the hours, the days, nay, the weeks almost appeared to fly, so fascinated was JERRY with the company and attractions of our charming heroine. In truth, the time of JERRY was completely occupied with hunting, dinners, card-parties, assemblies, &c., accompanied by TOM; and his life appeared so happy, that he congratulated himself on his return to the seat of his father, also upon the hair-breadth

escapes he had met with, during his Day and Night Scenes in London.

* * * * *
* * * * *

During a walk one fine evening, and Hawthorn Church appearing in view, JERRY was determined to make the best use of the opportunity which offered itself, by soliciting MARY ROSEBUD to name the day that was to complete his happiness. "I have always promised my father," replied MARY, with the utmost frankness, "that he should name the wedding-day; therefore, gain his consent, and you will have no complaint to make against my decision." "I will be your father upon that joyful occasion," said the CORINTHIAN, "if you will permit me, my dear MISS ROSEBUD, as I am very anxious to bestow on my friend JERRY one of the greatest treasures in this life,—a most amiable companion and virtuous wife." MISS ROSEBUD blushed at the remark, but nevertheless felt pleased with the compliment paid by the CORINTHIAN; and the subject was dropped until they arrived at Rosebud Cottage. The father of our heroine, on being made acquainted with the wishes of the young folks, observed, "I am quite content; and I sincerely hope they will prove one of the happiest couples alive. Therefore, let the settlements be drawn immediately, the licence procured without delay, the dresses made offhand, our friends invited in good time, and OLD JOLLYBOY requested to hold himself in readiness. Now, having settled this marriage business to my mind, let us have a jolly evening together, before we part; and to-morrow, JERRY, what do you say to a day's hunting? And your cousin, TOM, I have no doubt, will make one of the party." "It will afford me great pleasure," replied the CORINTHIAN; "and we will be in time to start with you." The evening was spent in great jollity.—"The single married, and the married happy," were toasted over and over again by the party, until JERRY became as lively as a lark, OLD ROSEBUD roaring out the view halloo! The CORINTHIAN quite merry and facetious, and OLD JOLLYBOY rather above par, hiccoughing, every now and then, with an attempt to pun, that he was "fond of (*a*) *good living!*"

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Our heroes were ready at the appointed time to take the field with OLD ROSEBUD; the latter fox-hunter was in high glee with the excellence of the day's sport, JERRY equally delighted, and TOM had just declared he had not been so pleased for a long time; but, unfortunately for him, in his bold endeavour to clear some high palings, his horse fell with him, and he was thrown some distance. On being raised from the ground, it was discovered that his neck was dislocated, and he expired instantly. Upon JERRY'S ascertaining the fate of the CORINTHIAN, his feelings were so completely overcome, that he fell down in a fit quite senseless.

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To describe the wretched state of mind which JERRY suffered for several days, at the unexpected accident and melancholy death of his dearest friend in the world would have baffled the poet's skill and the painter's talents to pourtray—the shock was so sudden, and the loss to our hero so great, that it was impossible to have been otherwise; just at the moment when happiness appeared to be within his grasp, and he was also slowly recovering from the serious effects which the death of LOGIC had also made upon his feelings, to have met with such an immense blow—the death of CORINTHIAN TOM—shattered his nerves all to pieces, and anything in the shape of consolation appeared to him officious, troublesome, and unavailing! Ultimately, by the soothing attention of MISS ROSEBUD, the friendly interference of the old fox hunter, her father, the unremitting kindness of his parents, and the cheering, good advice of OLD JOLLYBOY, by degrees he was restored to a state of convalescence.

From "GAY to *grave*," was now the reversed scene for the contemplation of our hero, and the old proverb verified to an awful extent, "that many things happen between the cup and the lip;" the *marriage rites* were now suspended to make way for the performance of the burial service. The remains of the CORINTHIAN were conveyed to town with the utmost solemnity, and interred in the family vault, with all those obsequies due to his rank; and although JERRY remained extremely ill, and scarcely able to stand upon his legs, yet he was determined, at all hazards, to pay the last respect to his most valued friend and relative, CORINTHIAN TOM, by his appearance at the funeral in the character of chief mourner. JERRY did not quit the Metropolis until he had settled every thing to his satisfaction respecting the interment of the CORINTHIAN. Upon the return of JERRY to HAWTHORN HALL, several days elapsed before anything like pleasure occupied his mind; he positively refused to quit the house, and he also shunned the society of his acquaintances. "It requires no common fortitude," observed JERRY, to OLD JOLLYBOY, "to bear up against the loss of two such invaluable friends as TOM and LOGIC, snatched, as it were, in an instant from me, when I stood most in need of their assistance, and to whom I am principally indebted for the knowledge of mankind which I now possess. In LOGIC, I have lost a model of experience, a fund of talent, and a heart overflowing with the milk of human kindness. By the death of TOM, I shall heavily miss that urbanity, discernment and liberality, which highly distinguishes the polished, and thorough-bred gentleman. I am now left to decide for myself; but, nevertheless, I hope I shall sincerely profit by their example. APPEARANCES, I am perfectly aware might be against both of their characters with the fastidious part of society, yet hypocrisy, cant, humbug, or dissimulation, never disgraced their conduct: a love of honour shone conspicuously throughout their actions, and, by an acknowledgment of their own errors, displayed a noble generosity towards the faults of others. They taught me not to spend time in regretting any mistakes that I had made, but to exert myself upon every occasion to repair them. This maxim shall be my guide through life—I will not repine, but struggle with fortitude against unavoidable calamities, and endeavour to make myself happy under all circumstances of my existences."

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JERRY immediately gave orders for a very handsome stone to be placed in the most conspicuous situation near to the spot where CORINTHIAN TOM lost his life, with the following inscription engraved upon it:—

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Near to this Spot of Earth,
Lost his Life by a Fall from his Horse while Hunting,
CORINTHIAN TOM,
One of the highest-bred creatures in the Universe, and who got
over the ground like nothing else but
A GOOD ONE:
In the walks of fashion, he was a CORINTHIAN;
Amongst the BLOODS, a *bon vivant*;
On the TURF a real SPORTSMAN; in the Chase, an OUT and OUTER;
And in his deportment to every person
A PERFECT GENTLEMAN!
If he could not put in a positive claim to the title of
THE ROSE AND PILLAR OF THE STATE.
No man in the world ever possessed the SUAVITER IN MODO
and FORTITER, IN RE
In a more eminent degree than
Corinthian Tom.

This Remembrance has been erected by his Relative and
sincere Friend
JERRY HAWTHORN, ESQ.,
Under the hope, that when he hears the LAST VIEW HALLOO!
His PEDIGREE may be found sound; his RACE complete, by
Winning the HAPPY STAKES; and nothing against him
Noted down in the
Steward's Book.

"I admit your loss has been great, and I also admire the tenour of your argument," observed Mr. ROSEBUD, "but, nevertheless, 'grieving's a folly;' there is a time for every thing, as my friend OLD JOLLYBOY would have observed, therefore, JERRY, having done every thing becoming the character of a sincere friend, I think you ought now to turn to a more pleasant view of the picture, and once more give your acquaintances the benefit of your company." "Good!" exclaimed OLD JOLLYBOY; "for some time past, I have been holding myself in readiness to receive a summons to perform a certain ceremony, without SQUIRE HAWTHORN has given up the marriage altogether. All in good time perhaps!"

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The trifling hint was quite sufficient, and JERRY, lest his conduct should be thought cold or neglectful, presented himself, in the course of the morning, "for better or for worse," to Miss ROSEBUD, at the Cottage, anxiously soliciting her to name the wedding day. The disposition of MARY ROSEBUD was of the most ingenious nature, and her attachment to our hero too great to keep him long in suspense. "Perhaps, Sir," said MARY, "I ought to say 'No!'—and insist upon more time, to enable me to form a correct opinion of your conduct, whether you have duly considered the serious and important charge of matrimony, and the confinement also attendant on such a state; and, likewise, freely consenting, as it is termed, to surrender a part of your liberty, before I say 'Yes.' But I prefer being frank on the present occasion; and, relying on your honour, generosity, and true love, I am content, whenever my father shall think proper to name the day." "Generous, amiable girl," replied JERRY, "I have well considered the subject, in every point of view; but I will make no professions: yet my endeavours throughout my life, shall be to *strengthen*, what the Poet has so beautifully described, the

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"Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets."

The day was immediately fixed for the nuptials by Mr. ROSEBUD; the marriage ceremony was performed by OLD JOLLYBOY, and when MISS ROSEBUD answered "I will!" the old Curate was so full of joy, that the word "GOOD!" had almost escaped his lips. The estates of the Rosebuds and the Hawthorns were united, and MARY and JERRY made the happiest of the happy. The wedding-day was devoted to pleasure. "It shall be kept in the old style," said JERRY'S father; "every body, shall be welcome; we will have a dance upon the green; all the lads and lasses in the village shall be invited to celebrate the wedding; we will broach a tub of '*humming bub!*' and nothing shall be wanting to promote mirth and harmony." "Good!" said OLD JOLLYBOY, over his pipe; but, long before the approach of night, the "gaily circulating glass" had been pushed about by OLD HAWTHORN to all the company—that, suffice to observe; as we have too much respect for the cloth to tell tales, the fine old Curate required the assistance of "AMEN," the clerk, to make JOLLYBOY "all right" at the Curacy.

The honey-moon was, of course, a raptuous one; after which JERRY might be viewed as a "*settled being*." Time rolled over pleasantly with him and his bride; and the sports of the field, if possible, he enjoyed with greater zest than heretofore. His fire-side was a pattern of domestic comfort, although a sigh would now and then escape his lips, whenever the thoughts of TOM and LOGIC came over his mind. In every other respect, JERRY was a picture of contentment; determined to profit by his experience, and to turn to a good account, for the

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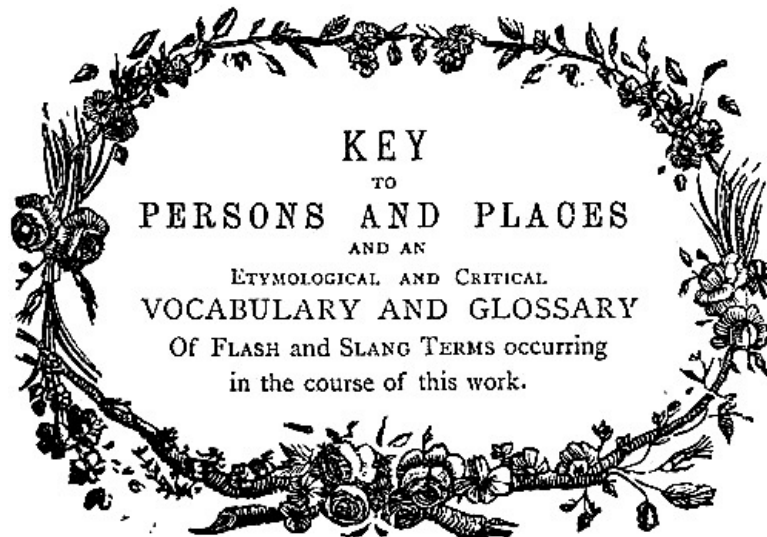
benefit of himself and his family, the many hair-breadth escapes and dangerous adventures he had met with in his DAY and NIGHT SCENES in LIFE in London. He was the delight of all the companies he visited in the neighbourhood of HAWTHORN HALL; his general conduct was the praise of the surrounding gentry, and he was admitted, by all parties, to sustain the character of a perfect COUNTRY GENTLEMAN. We now take our leave of JERRY, "all happiness," with his amiable wife, a fine estate, a capital stud of horses, and a crack pack of hounds, to promote—

LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

THE END.



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A.

A.B.C.—Any easy matter, the A.B.C. of the affair, *i.e.*, the whole of the particulars can be comprehended as soon, or as easy as you can say A.B.C.:—Then comes answer like A.B.C. book.—*Shakespeare*.

Above Board.—In open sight, all fair and *square*, dealing without artifice or trick.

Above Par.—Tolerably drunk—also to be possessed of money beyond one's actual expenses—plenty of the *needful*—lots of *blunt!*—able to *post-the-pony*—lay down the *rag!*—chink the *ochre!* &c., in case of laying a wager or making an investment.

Ace of Spades.—A widow.

Adelphi.—Greek for brothers: several streets on the south side of the Strand, London, erected about 1768 by the brothers, John, Robert, James, and William Adam, after whom the streets are named.

Adelphi Theatre.—Formerly called the *Sans Pareil*, opened under the management of Mr. and Miss Scott, 27 Nov., 1806. Messrs. Rodwell and Jones purchased the property and opened on Monday, Oct. 18, 1819, and issued the first playbill bearing the name of "Adelphi Theatre." Messrs. Mathews and Yates became managers, Sept. 29, 1828—Mr. Charles Mathews—*Mathews at Home*—died the 28th of June, 1835. The theatre was then let for the remainder of the season to Messrs. Ephraim Bond and Company, and announced to be "under the management of Mrs. Nisbett." After that Mr. Yates had the sole management. In 1840 Messrs. Yates and Gladstone were the proprietors. Mr. Benjamin Webster became lessee, and Madame Celeste directress, 1844. The theatre was re-built and opened, with improved arrangements 27 Dec., 1858, as The New Adelphi. In 1870 it was announced that while Mr. Ben. Webster was sole proprietor, Mr. Webster and Mr. F. B. Chatterton were joint managers. After several changes Messrs. A. and S. Gatti became sole proprietors and managers.

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Air and Exercise.—Or, *Shoving the tumbler*. Being whipped at the cart's tail.

Alderman.—A turkey, *Alderman in chains*, a roast turkey well-stuffed and garnished with pork sausages; the latter emblematical of the gold chain worn by that civic dignitary.

Ale Draper.—The alehouse-keeper; a *rum cull*, a *squirt quester*. *Ale spinner*, a brewer or publican.

Alive.—Active, smart, to be ever on the alert. *Alive* to the subject; the game, the fact, or to any circumstance. Tom's *alive* to his own interest, let him alone for that; he's *wide-a-wake!*

All Hands to the Pump.—All force concentrated to one spot.

All-Max in the East.—Open to all influenced by none—was held at the Coach and Horses public-house, Nightingale-lane, East Smithfield, and was frequented by most of the Wapping *elegantes*. BLUE RUIN and reels were generally the *order*—rather the *disorder* of the evening.

All Out.—The whole of the reckoning. "How stands the great account t'wixt me and vengeance!"

Almack's.—Aristocratic exclusiveness. A ball given by the highest nobility. Almack's means properly a suite of assembly rooms in King Street, St. James's, London, built in 1765 by a Scotchman named Macall, who inverted his name to obviate all prejudice and hide his origin. Balls, presided over by a committee of ladies of the highest rank, used to be given in these rooms; and to be admitted to them was as great a distinction as to be introduced at Court. The rooms are now called Willis's from the present proprietor.

If once to ALMACK'S you belong,
Like MONARCH'S, you can *do no wrong*;
But banished thence on Wednesday night,
By Jove, you can do nothing right.

Alone.—A knowing one may be trusted "*Alone*" by reason of his experience in worldly matters.

Angelics.—Young ladies. N.B. *Unmarried!*

Annointed.—Knowing, ripe for mischief, full of courage and energy for any desperate exploit.

Apartments to Let.—It is said that the “widow’s cap,” denotes that there are *Apartments to Let!* Also of an empty-headed or *shallow-cove*.

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Argument.—The best of the. Any man with a pair of leather lungs has the best of an argument at a tavern, unless there be an other present who can lay heavy sums which are quite *uncoverable* that *his* opinion or assertion is correct. A stable-keeper being beaten in argument by one of the leather-lunged breed, produced a large roll of bank-notes and a handful of sovereigns, smacking them down on the table exclaiming, “There you — look at that; if I am a fool my money’s none. *That beats you!*”

Arm Pits.—*To work under the arm pits*, is to practise only such depredations as will amount on conviction to transportation. By following this course and system, a thief avoids the *halter*, or *neck-squeezer!* which certainly is applied *above* the arm pits.

Arm Props.—Crutches.—Go it ye cripples *crutches* are cheap.

Astley’s Amphitheatre.—Was built and opened by Philip Astley, 1773.

Astronomer.—A star-gazer. A horse that carries his head high-up in the air.

At Fault.—At a loss; not knowing in what direction to proceed, like dogs who have lost scent of a hare or fox. This sporting phrase is often used, figuratively to signify that a man has been defeated in his pursuits, and does not know how to extricate himself from difficulty.

At Home.—To *Provincials*, this phrase may operate rather as a sort of paradox—as houses and persons, in general are robbed not “at home” but when the parties are *abroad*.

Awake.—Knowing; acquainted with, aware of, or knowing what is going on. *Awake to the move*, aware of the proceedings; *Stow the books, the culls are awake*, Hide the cards, the persons know what we intend to do. This word is used on many occasions, and in most situations of life, being expressive of attention.

B.

Babes in the Wood.—Persons confined in the stocks or pillory, said also of dice.

Babes of Grace.—Puritanical, sanctified-looking persons; also drunken psalm-smiting cobblers.

Back-slums.—Beggars’ meeting places; Dyot Street, St. Giles’; Kent Street, in the Borough, &c. The expression applies to all Metropolitan receptacles of mendicants, prostitutes, thieves, and rogues of every degree to get a night’s lodging. *Back Slummers*, dirty, common, low, and vagrant people who reside in the *Back-slums*.

Bag the Swag.—Pocket, or put into a bag, the plunder, or hide the stolen property.

Baked.—Done up, exhausted, tired out, “*When I got to the top of the hill* I was regularly —*Baked!*”—*Soft-baked* in also employed to persons who lack worldly wisdom.

Baker, Charles.—Comedian, died November 26, 1844.

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Bang-up.—Quite right, the thing! the go! done complete, in handsome style, quite fashionable, at the top of the *mode*.

Bank.—A snug and secure place to deposit plunder; *Bank the rag*, to take care of money.

Barbers’ Clerks.—Shopmen, and poor ill-paid and half-starved apprentices, or conceited ignorant shop-boys.

Barking Irons.—Pistols, from the explosions being supposed to resemble the barking of a dog.

Baron Nab’em.—Otherwise NICHOLAS BORROWBODY. The individual bearing this name who *devotes his attentions* to Logic, in his *moments of retirement*, is Mr. James Soares, more familiarly termed *Jemmy Soares*; well-known in the sporting world, particularly among the friends and supporters of the *Ring*, and long the *President of the Daffy Club*, a society held at Belcher’s, the Castle Tavern, Holborn. Events have occurred to prevent his occupying so prominent a place, as formerly, in the list of milling amateurs: but his open heartedness, his native humour, his liberal temper, and convivial disposition, will long be remembered with pleasure, by the numerous pals, who were wont to surround him.

Barrymore, W.—Comedian, died in America, November 24, 1846.

Baxter’s Hats.—A celebrated *Topper-maker* to the *Fancy*. Formerly in high repute with the amateurs, in respect to giving the *knowledge-box* an important *look!*

Beaks.—Justices, from their former cormorantish qualities—“Your *vulture* hath a devil of a *beak!*” But things are different. The Magistrates of the present day, that is the Metropolitan ones, are, with some few exceptions an honour to the Bench. *Beaksmen*, constables, or police officers.

Beat.—A watchman's walk, the district in which he is licensed to *beat* at will all Her Majesty's peaceable and loving subjects.

Beaver.—A hat; probably from generally possessing very little *beaver*. My last *beaver* turned out to be all *silk*, as Jack Bannister said, "The loss was felt":—I cleft his *beaver* with a downright blow.—*Shakespeare*.

Beeswax.—Cheese, generally Gloucester, from the similarity between them—"Lets have a twopenny burster, half a quartern o' *beesvax*, an ha'p'oth o' ingens, and a dollop o' salt along vith it, vill you?"—*Dusty Bob*.

Beggars.—Our street beggars have existed from time immemorial; their profession had become, in some measure, sanctioned by long tolerance. They were a merry, ingenious, persevering, and almost innoxious race. They are associated with our earliest recollections; like *Springlove* in BROME'S healthful and truly old English opera, "*The Jovial Crew!*" we at certain seasons feel almost a yearning to join them. Their wild free life, their careless revelry, present charms to us in retrospection, to which we are not wholly proof!—we think upon the "*Beggar's Bush*" of those twin stars BEAUMONT and FLETCHER. Classic recollections bring BELISARIUS with his "*Date Obolum*" to our mind. BAMFYLDE MOORE CAREW; SIR SIMON MONTFORD, *The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*; King COPHUETA, who loved the *Beggar Maid*, the valiant *beggar* who beat the redoubted ROBIN HOOD to a standstill are among the most favourite heroes of our childhood. The race whose cause we are attempting to advocate, had at least the claim of destitution on our attention; as Lubin Log has it, our bounty was at all events "*hobtional*." But what shall we say of the wealthy and the great, who have become beggars upon the *public purse* for the purpose of putting these their now persecuted rivals down? They have no claim, no excuse—away with them—shame on such monopoly!

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Beggar's Opera.—There were two public-houses in Church Lane, St. Giles's; chiefly supported by beggars, one, called the Beggar's Opera, which was the Rose and Crown, and the other the Robin Hood—at both of which Noah Ark Societies—that is "*Motley-Crew Societies*"—were held. The number that frequented these houses at various times, was computed to be from two to three hundred, and the receipts at a moderate calculation could not be less than from three to five shillings a day each person, frequently more.

Bellamy, William.—Bass Singer, died January 3, 1843, aged 74.

Belch.—All sorts of malt liquor, beer and porter being apt to cause uncomfortable eructations:—The bitterness of it I now belch forth from my heart.—*Shakespeare*.

Belcher.—A large red neckerchief spotted with yellow and black, and first worn by Jem Belcher the famous pugilist, 1781-1811. "*The Kiddy flashes his Belcher.*" Tom Belcher's colour was yellow, with white and black spots.

Bell's Life in London.—And SPORTING CHRONICLE, *a rich Repository of Fashion, Wit, and Humour, and the interesting Incidents of REAL LIFE*:—Was founded March 3, 1822, by Mr. John Bell, one of the most spirited publishers of his time, and the printer and proprietor of "Bell's Edition of Plays,"—"Bell's Edition of the Poets,"—"Bell's Weekly Messenger," &c., &c. Mr. Vincent Dowling, was first installed Editor August, 1824. On Sunday, November 4, 1827, it was publicly announced that—"PIERCE EGAN'S LIFE IN LONDON AND SPORTING GUIDE" is this day incorporated with "BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON." All communications for the Editor, therefore, are requested to be transmitted, in future, to the Office, No. 169, Strand.... Let it not be forgotten, that "BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON," is the largest, and best, and the cheapest, Sporting Journal in the Kingdom. "Compare and Judge." ☞ "The Price is but Sevenpence."—"Mr. Vincent Dowling, the Editor, was well known in the Sporting World and in him the *Fancy* found a sincere friend. He is a most excellent companion; cheerful, witty, and satirical at all times, but, in the latter display of his talents, the *feather* appears more than the razor—he tickles his adversaries, rather than wounds their feelings"—*Pierce Egan*.—A service of plate value 100 gs. was presented to Mr. Vincent Dowling, at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, July 18, 1833.

Beef.—To cry Beef is to give the alarm.—"A *mot* in the regency below, bolted out into the *hairy* and cried *beef* on us; just as ve had *sacked* the *swag*; so Tim Snooks who vos vide awake in the rum pad in front; giv'd as the office to *scarper!* and ve cut like blazes! Squinting Bill piked through the glaze, and vos out of sight in less than no time, and I got over the balcony, and slides down the vater shoot, and makes good my hexit, but leaving all the tools and the swag behind in the old coveys snoozing-ken."

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Beer and Britannia.—What two ideas are more inseparable than BEER and BRITANNIA? What event more awfully important to an English colony than the erection of its first brewhouse!:

—

Beer! Boys, Beer! all over town and country,
Beer! Boys, Beer! with pewter pot in hand;
Beer! Boys, Beer! for all who don't mind labour,
Beer! Boys, Beer! who a gallon's going to stand.

Big ones.—Men of consequence: such as Tom Cribb,—The Duke of Wellington,—John Jackson,—The Lord Chancellor,—John Gully,—The Chancellor of the Exchequer,—Tom

Spring,—The Master of the Rolls, &c.

Big Wigs.—Judges, &c.:—“*The wisdom’s in the wig.*” If you doubt it, play the part of *Paul Pry* for half-an-hour in any of the Courts of Law, or ask the Vice-Chancellor. You’ll soon be convinced.

Bilk the Schoolmaster.—Not to stand your *regulars*, *i.e.*, not to pay for being let into the secret.

Billing and Cooring.—Courting; the two sexes humbugging one another—*faking the sweetner*, kissing, &c.:—What billing again?—*Shakespeare*.

Bill of Sale.—A widow’s weeds.

Billy.—The cant term for a silk pocket handkerchief.

Billy Buzman.—A class of pickpockets who confine their attention exclusively to silk pocket handkerchiefs. In thieving as in other professions and arts of life in this highly civilized age, “Division of Labour,” as political economists term it, is particularly attended to in the London School of *gonnofs*, not only for the sake of convenience, but from the well-known principle that “*Practice makes perfect.*” Accordingly, it would be considered as untradesman-like for a *Billy Buzman* to go out of his own line of business, as for an ironmonger to sell treacle, or a silk mercer to deal in or sell neat’s foot oil.

Bird-cage.—Small country watch-houses, or gaols. Come, let’s away to prison; we two alone will sing like birds i’ the cage:—*Shakespeare*.

Birds of Prey.—Lawyers.—The first thing we do, let’s kill all the lawyers.—*Jack Cade*.

Bit.—Taken in, one half the world bite the other. Also money of any kind or quantity. *Queer-bit*, bad money. *Rum-bit*, good money. “He grabbed the *Cull’s-bit.*” He seized the man’s money.

Bit of Cavalry.—A horse.—An two men ride a horse, one must ride behind.

Bit of good Truth.—The plain facts.—Facts are stubborn things.

Bit of Muslin.—A sweetheart.—Love me little, love me long.

Biting one’s name in it.—Taking a good draught out of a pot of heavy wet.

Black Beetles.—The Lower orders—the rabble (*Canaille*).

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Black Diamonds.—Coals. *Black diamonds Lords*, owners of coal mines. *Black diamond merchant*, a coal merchant. *Black diamond polisher*, a coalheaver.

Black Miller.—The—The brave and somewhat ill used Molineux. The Black pugilist who was twice beaten by Tom Cribb, 1810-11.

Black Sharks.—Attorneys and Lawyers.—*Arcades ambo!*

Black Strap.—Port wine. “What will you lay it is a lie!”

Blade.—A man: who may be a *brother blade* as a butcher, a *knowing blade*, if a sharp fellow, wide awake and cunning.

Blinker.—A one-eyed horse.

Bloods, Bucks, and Choice Spirits.—*Tria juncta in uno*—A riotous disorderly set of young men who imagine that their noise, bluster, warwhoop, and impertinence impress those who come in contact with them with the opinion that they are men of spirit and fashion. The nocturnal exploits of the true high-mettled, and fast-going *Blood*: consists of throwing a waiter out of a tavern window *lumpus!* pinking a sedan-chairman, or a jarvey, who is so uncivil as to demand his fare, milling and boxing-up the charlies, kicking-up rows at Ranelagh and Vauxhall, driving stage coaches, getting up prize fights, breaking shop windows with penny pieces thrown from a Hackney coach, bilking a turnpike-man, and at other times painting-out in a very opposite colour his “LIST OF TOLLS PAYABLE,” Funking a cobbler, smoking cigars at divans and club-houses, fleecing each other in the Hells around Jermyn Street, drinking champagne at Charley Wright’s in the Haymarket, claret and brandy at Offley’s, and “early pearl” and dogsnose at the Coal Hole, wearing large whiskers, and false noses and moustachios, exchanging blackguard *baninage* with women of the town in and about Covent Garden, the Haymarket, and Piccadilly—“*Dem’ee that’s yer sort!—Keep it up—keep it up!*”

Blown.—Exposed, informed against.

Blow a Cloud.—Smoke a pipe. Cock a Broseley.

Blue Blazes.—Spirituous liquors in general, GIN in particular.

Blue Ruin.—Gin, called *blue* from its tint, and *ruin* from its effects. In the words of Otway most gin drinkers are “in love and pleased with *ruin!*”

Blunt.—Cash, or money of any value, or in any quantity. Lots of *blunt*, plenty of money —“Thou dear delightful evil.”

Bob, or Bobstick.—A shilling.

Bobbish.—Smart, active, clever.

Bodkin.—William Bodkin, Esq., or as he was familiarly termed *Billy Bodkin*, was originally a painstaking *Broker* and *Auctioneer* at Islington, he was the first Hon. Sec. to the Mendicity Society, which office it was said he found more lucrative. So neglected *knocking down*, for the sake of *taking-up*, giving the vagrants their quietus “*With a bare Bodkin.*”—For further particulars about this *sharp* Bodkin see Billy Waters.

Bolt.—Throat, *Sluice your bolt*—Drink.

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Bone-setter.—A hackney-coach, also a hard trotting horse.

Booked.—The time fixed when a thief is ripe for the gallows, or when any one is likely to die from some mortal disease. “He’s *booked* for a ride in a Government omnibus, *i.e.*, prison van.” “You are *booked* for a ride to Gravesend.” Secured, bespoke, in for it, dished!

Booze.—Liquor, “To drink.” “*Rum booze,*” good drink.

Boozey.—Drunk. Man being reasonable must get drunk.—*Byron.*

Boozing-ken.—An alehouse, or tavern.

Bosh.—A fiddle. To *fake* a *bosh*, to play the fiddle; *Boshmen*, fiddlers, or musicians in general.

Bought.—I have *bought* that and no mistake, *i.e.*, paid too much for it. *Bought* and *sold*: taken in and done for.—It would make a man as mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.—*Shakespeare.*

Bouncing Chit.—A bottle, from the explosion in drawing the cork.

Boxed.—Locked up.—Cabin’d, cribb’d, and confined.

Boxing a Charley.—Upsetting a watchman in his box.

Box of Dominoes or Ivories.—The mouth, containing the teeth.

Box of Minutes.—A watch.—Watches you know, were made to go.

Brads.—Half-pence, also money in general.—Shell out the *brads* Jack.

Brass.—Money, also impudence,—“A man who carries plenty of *brass* in his face will never lack gold in his pocket.”

Bread Basket.—The stomach.

Breaking up of the Spell.—The breaking up of a party of long sitting: the nightly termination of performance at the theatres, which is regularly attended by pickpockets, who exercise their vocation about the doors and avenues leading thereto.

Broads—Cards, *Swell* BROAD-COVES.—Elegantly dressed card-players; also possessing a good address with other requisites befitting them to keep company with gentlemen.

Broad Fencers.—The Cads and fellows who hawk Lists, or k’rect cards, at races,—Pierce Egan, in an account of—“The gallant and spirited Race at Knavesmire in Yorkshire, for 500 gs. and 1000 gs. bye—4 miles. Between the late Colonel Thornton’s Lady and Mr. Flint,” and reported by him in “BOOK OF SPORT,” thus graphically describes the *Broad Fencer* of the period:—“The *Cads*, and fellows with the Race Lists, were thus *hawking* their bills and cards over the race ground to obtain purchasers. Come my worthy sporting gentlemen from all parts of the kingdom—now’s your time to open your eyes and look about you, when you will see to-day what you never saw before in your life, and, perhaps, you may never see again, if you live as long as Old Methuselah. Come, I say, who’s for a list—the whole list, and nothing else but a true list—besides, you will have a correct and particular account of the terrible, terrible high-bred female—the good-lady of Colonel Thornton; there is nothing like her in the universal world. Old Astley’s troupe are mere *patches* upon her managing a horse, she will this day ride a match like a lady, over the four mile course for 500 guineas, and 1000 guineas bye; and some hundreds of thousands are likewise depending upon this most extraordinary match between the “*Jockey in Petticoats*” against the well-known sporting character Mr. Flint, in his “*doe skins and top boots;*” and looked upon as one of the best gentlemen riders in the nation. You have also the names of the horses, and the colours of the riders, with every other particular that can enlighten your minds, and make you gentlemen sportsmen acquainted with this lively race. You have now the opportunity to lay out your money according to your inclination. The gentleman allows the lady to ride what weight she likes, there being a mutual understanding between them upon the subject; therefore, she will not, like commoners go “*to scale*” as she will not be *handled* by any body before she starts for the prize; indeed, the Female Jockey is not considered any *weight* at all. Her

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importance and self-possession are the only objects for consideration. What does spirit, fire, blood, and gaiety weigh, I should like to ask? I answer nothing,—my masters! Such high bred qualities are as light as air—brisk as the wind—and 2 to 1 towards winning. You have also at the same price, the plain and simple pedigree of the female Jockey. Her “sire” was a capital “good un;” her *dam*, a prime fleet “un,” an Eclipse in character; her *brother*, all that could be wished upon the turf, for getting over the ground like a sky rocket, her *sister*, a Nonpareil at all points, and above any price, but her owner, her out-and-out owner, the Colonel from his “upper crust” down to his “walker,” is a match for all England against any thing—for every thing alive—either on the turf or turnpike,—from a mouse to an elephant: and nothing else but winning belongs to his stable. And lastly, though not the least in the above Catalogue of Excellence,—every *point* of the Female Jockey is tip-top, her agility is captivating; and she mounts her *prad* like the most accomplished horseman in the world. Her movements defy expression; her nods to the females, as she rides over the Course, delightful! but her smiles to the applauding gentlemen, in answer to the winks, bows, and other marks of politeness towards her, as compliments for her daring exploits, are fascinating, elegant, and nothing else but winning. She is seated upon her high-bred animal with all the firmness of a *Nimrod*; she holds her reins with the most perfect ease and style; and Chifney, in the best of his days, never displayed a better knowledge of horsemanship than the Female Jockey, and she flourishes her whip with all the good taste of the leader of a band at a concert. In fact, she is a *Nonesuch!* a PARAGON!! a PHENOMENON!!! Her *prad* too, *Old Vingarillo*, is also a picture of *goodness*, from his *peepers* down to his *fetlocks!* Therefore, my worthy sportsmen, do not lose this opportunity—be not too late—but purchase this great curiosity—this *List of lists*—nothing like it having occurred in Yorkshire, or, in any other part of the globe since Noah’s flood—either before or since the wet season of the year; and it is *York Minster* to a *brass farden* that nothing like it can occur again till we have a new generation of the human race? *That’s a fact!!!*”

Buckingham, Thomas.—Comedian and Comic-singer, died September 2, 1847, aged 52.

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Buffers.—Dogs. *Buff-napper*, a dog stealer.

Broom.—To brush, to run away.

Browns.—Half-pence and pence—“Got any *browns*, Jem, for a drop o’ Max? No, Bill, not never a von left; s’elp me criky.”

Bufs—Buffaloes—and Buffaloism.—A society held at the Harp Tavern in Great Russell Street, opposite Drury Lane Theatre, and was first established in August, 1822, by an eccentric young man of the name of Joseph Lisle, an artist, in conjunction with Mr. W. Sinnett, a comedian, to perpetuate, according to their ideas upon the subject, of that hitherto neglected ballad of “*We’ll chase the BUFFALO!*” The society is composed of numerous Performers, and other “comical wights” resident in the metropolis. The ceremony of making a BUFFALO is very simple, yet extremely ludicrous, and productive of great laughter. At first the person intended to become a BUFFALO, is seated on a chair in the middle of the room, with a bandage placed over his eyes. The initiated BUFFALOES are waiting outside of the door: the orator being decorated with a wig, &c., for the occasion. On a given signal, they all enter the room, with what they term the Kangaroo Leap, and jump round the chair of the “DEGRADED WRETCH,”—as the victim is termed. This is succeeded by a solemn march, and the following *chaunt*; the BUFFALOES carrying brooms, shovels, mops, and a large kettle by way of a kettledrum:—

Bloody-head and raw-bones!
 Bloody-head and raw-bones!
 Be not perplexed,
 This is the text.
 Bloody-head and raw-bones!

The CHARGE is then given to the “*victim*” by the *Primo Buffo*, accompanied by the most extravagant and ridiculous gestures:—

“DEGRADED WRETCH!—MISERABLE ASHANTEE!!—*Unfortunate individual!!!*—At least you were so, not a quarter of an hour since. You are now entitled to divers privileges: you may *masticate*, denticate, chump, grind, swallow, and devour, in all turnip fields, meadows, and pastures; and moreover, you have the especial privilege of grazing in Hyde Park;—Think of that my BUFFALO! You may also drink at all the lakes, rivers, canals, and ponds; not forgetting the Fleet and lower ditches. You are entitled to partake of all public dinners,—upon your paying for the same—such are a few of the advantages you will enjoy! but you must promise to *gore* and *toss* all enemies to BUFFALOISM! You must likewise promise to patronise the *Horns*, at Kennington; and occasionally visit *Horn-sey Wood*, where you may do what you like best—*rusticate*, *cogitate*, or *illustrate*, and prove yourself an *Horn-ament* by respecting the natives of the island of GOREE-HE!”

The bandage is then removed from the eyes—and the chorus of “*Chase the Buffalo*,” is repeated. The *victim* is then led into the passage, and the signs, &c., are given to him, after which he is ushered into the room with the full chorus of:—

See! the conquering hero comes,
 Sound the trumpet, beat the drums,

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Sports prepare, the laurels bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.

He is then called on for the accustomed fees for liquor, and a small compliment for the *Buffalo* in waiting: the expenses are in proportion to the means, or inclination of the newly-made member. The liquor is introduced by the chorus altered from the Pirates:—

“We Buffaloes lead a jolly, jolly life, Fal de, &c., &c.”

A blessing is then given by the *Primo Buffo*, reminding the new member that the greatest characters in the country have solicited to become BUFFALOES, and the following is sung in solemn style.

HARPONIANS list unto me,
And KANGAROOS rejoice!
And BUFFALOES lift up your *horns*,
Whilst I lift up my voice.

Oh! JOSEPH LISLE a painter is,
And a BUFFALO besides:
So sit not in the scorner’s chair,
Nor BUFFALOES deride.

Now BUFFALOES join in a roar,
Be heard from pole to pole;
My solemn chaunt is at an end,
Because you’ve heard the *whole*!

Bull.—A crown. *Half a bull*, half a crown.

Bunch of Dog’s meat.—A squalling child in arms.

Bunch of Fives.—A slang term for the hand or fist.

Bunch of Onions.—A watch chain and seals.

Bunch of Turnips.—Itinerant fruit vendors, &c.

Bunter.—A low loose woman.—“Neither maid, wife, nor widow.”

Burlington Arcade, The—Piccadilly, London, opened 20th March, 1814.

Burster.—A small loaf. A *burster* and *beeswax*, bread and cheese.

Bustle.—Money of any sort or quantity.

Buzz—Buzzers.—Pickpockets.

Buzz Napper.—A young pickpocket.

Buzz Napper’s Academy.—A school in which young thieves are trained to the art. Stow informs us that in 1585 a person named Wotton kept an *Academy* for the education and perfection of pickpockets and cut-purses: two devices were hung up—one was a pocket, and the other was a purse; the pocket had in it certain counters, and was hung about with hawk’s bells, and over the top did hang a little scaring bell; the purse had silver in it, and he that could take out a counter without noise of any of the bells was adjudged a judicial *napper*!

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C.

Cabbage.—Cloth, stuff, or silk, purloined by tailors and sempstresses, who are for ever, *snip! snip!! snipping!!!* *Cuttings* that serve for *trimmings* to an occasional merry-making leg of mutton.

Cadge, Cadger, Cadging.—To beg, a beggar, begging of the lowest degree; a mean sort of thief. Very indefatigable persons in their vocation.

Cads of the Aristocracy.—Liveried footman, servants, and all other hangers on upon the nobility and gentry.

Cake.—A silly fellow, cakes being made like him, of very soft dough, and not over well baked.—Our cake’s dough on both sides.—*Shakespeare*.

Call me cousin—but cozen me not—Quoth Mrs. Saunders.

Calves gone to Grass.—Said of a man with slender legs. “He’s put some hay in his boots, and his *calves* have gone down to feed.”

Calves’ Head.—A tallow-faced fellow, with a large meaty head. “Calves’ head is best hot,” was the apology for one of those who made “no bones” of dining with his hat on.

Came up to the Scratch.—A pugilistical phrase; also said of a person who keeps his appointments in money matters.

Canary.—A sovereign. *Canary Birds*, inmates of prisons.

Canister.—The head, with a sly allusion to its emptiness. *Cracked canister*, a broken head.

Cant.—A language made use of among beggars, gipsies, thieves, and the *Fancy* in general.

Captain.—A travelling title, adopted by adventurers, who have no other good enough.

Captain is a good travelling name, and so I took it, it stops a good many foolish enquiries that are generally made about gentlemen who travel; it gives a man an air of something, and makes the drawers obedient. And thus far I am a captain, and no farther.—*Farquhar's, The Beaux's Stratagem.*

Captain Flasham.—A blustering, bounceable fellow.

Captain Queernabs.—A shabby ill-dressed fellow.

Carcase Lords.—Wholesale butchers who monopolise and forstall the markets.—“For wheresoever the *carcase* is, there will the eagles be gathered together.”

Card.—A man, who may be a *knowing*, a *downy*, *cunning*, *shifting*, *queer*, or any other sort of CARD according to circumstances.

Cart Wheel.—A five shilling piece.

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Carving knife.—A sword.

Castle Tavern.—*The Castle Tavern, Holborn*, was first opened as a Sporting House by the well-known BOB GREGSON; but designated at that period under the familiar title of BOB'S CHOP HOUSE:—

His house is known to all the *milling* train;
He gives them liquor, and relieves their pain.

The appearance of Bob Gregson was prepossessing—he was in height six feet one inch and a half, weighing about fifteen stone six pounds. It is rather singular to relate that Bob Gregson rose in the estimation of the Sporting World, from defeat, he fought only three battles in the P.R., and lost them all—thus, beaten by John Gulley, 200 gns., 36 rds., near Newmarket, Oct. 14, 1807. Again beaten by John Gulley, 200 gns., 75 mins., 28 rds., May 10, 1808. Beaten by Tom Cribb, 500 gns., 23 rds., Moulsey Hurst, Oct. 25, 1808. The sun for a long time shone brilliantly over the “Temple of the Fancy,” but poor Bob, like too many of his class, did not make hay while it was in his power; when the scene changed, the clouds of misfortune overwhelmed him; and the once sprightly, gay Lancashire hero was compelled to beat an inglorious retreat. The stylish, well-conducted TOM BELCHER, next appeared in the character of landlord of the Castle. The house had undergone some repairs, the rooms were all retouched by the painter; elegance with cleanliness, backed by civility, became the order of the day; a prime stock of liquors and wines were also laid in to command the attendance of the public. *Tom's* opening dinner was completely successful, and the *Fancy* rallied round a hero who had so nobly contended for victory in thirteen prize battles. Tom was also considered the most accomplished boxer of the day; and the remembrance, likewise, that he was the brother of the renowned Jem Belcher, were *points* in themselves of great attractions in the Sporting World; and the above Tavern again became one of the most favourite resorts of the *Fancy* in general. Tom Belcher, after fourteen years residence at the Castle, was enabled by his civil conduct, attention to business, good luck, and a good quantity of the “*Sweeteners of Life*” with BANK! security against a rainy day, he retired to a very handsome cottage on Finchley Common, living at his ease like a man of fortune, with his dog and his gun. TOM SPRING—Champion of England—next appeared in the character of “Mine Host” at the Castle Tavern. “His appearance” said Pierce Egan—“is very much in his favour; and there is a manly dignity about his person which is prepossessing, his language is also mild and perfectly correct; and his behaviour at all times truly civil and attentive to his customers.” A night spent at Tom Spring's may not be regretted by the most *fastidious* visitor. If the *ears* cannot at all times be gratified with the various topics of argument brought forward; the *eyes* have no cause for complaint, the coffee room and every part of it is covered over with some attractive device, and if there are not so many pictures for criticism as may be seen at the EXHIBITION, there are a number of most excellent sporting subjects well worthy the attention of the observer. One of the most prominent amongst them for a display of talent is a “Picture of the Road going to the Fight” drawn and etched from life by Robert Criukshank, Esq., but often attributed to his brother, George Criukshank. As this is not the fact, and as the opportunity occurs we hasten to set the matter right, in order that every *tub* may stand upon its own bottom, or, in other words, that the saddle may be put on the right horse. Soon after the above “*Picture of the Road to the Fight*” was hung up at the Castle Tavern, I met there one evening my two friends, Mr. Hone (the very clever editor of the ‘Every Day Book’ and several other publications of merit) and Mr. George Criukshank. On looking at the picture, Mr. Hone said to me, after praising it to the skies, “George has out-done himself!” “No,” I replied, “you mean Bob Criukshank.” “Indeed, I do not,” answered Mr. H., “I repeat, that George has out-done himself; and more clever touches

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of art I never saw—they are beautiful!" "Well," said I, "if you are so positive, Mr. Hone, I will bet you anything you like, from a glass of grog to a five pound note, that Bob Cruikshank accompanied myself down the Road to Moulsey Hurst, to accomplish the above picture." Upon Mr. Hone appealing to George Cruikshank on the subject, the latter celebrated artist, without the least hesitation, answered, "*I had no hand in it.*" After this declaration, Mr. Hone did not attempt to retract the compliments he had paid to the merits of the picture in question; but, of course, they now operated with double effect on the talents of Mr. Robert Cruikshank. In conclusion, I have only to observe that the Castle Tavern is open at all times to the visitor, either to confute my representation of it, or to verify the truth of my assertion—but of this circumstance I feel strongly assured that an evening spent at the above sporting house will never prove a source of regret to the stranger who is anxious to witness some of the peculiarities of "LIFE IN LONDON."

Castor.—A hat. To prig a *castor*, to steal a hat.

Cast-your-Skin.—To pull off your clothes.

Champagne.—Charles Wright, of the Haymarket, London, and elsewhere, is the purveyor *par excellence!* of this sparkling and spirit-stirring nectar, which being good in quality and moderate in price he is patronized by all the *knowing kiddies* in town and country. But do not take my word for it, but call in and judge for yourself.

Champions of England.—From 1719 to 1857.—FIGG 1719.—GEORGE TAYLOR 1734.—JACK BROUGHTON 1740.—JACK SLACK 1750.—JEM STEPHENS 1760.—GEORGE MEGGS 1761.—BILL DARTS 1764.—TOM LYONS 1769.—HARRY SELLERS 1777.—JOHNSON 1785.—BEN RYAN 1790.—MENDOZA 1792.—JOHN JACKSON (retired) 1795.—JEM BELCHER 1803.—PEARCE (the Game Chicken) 1805.—GULLY (declined the office) 1808.—TOM CRIBB (received a belt, not transferable, and cup) 1809.—TOM SPRING (received four cups, and resigned office) 1824.—JEM WARD (received a belt, not transferable) 1825.—DEAF BURKE (claimed the office) 1833.—BENDIGO (beat Deaf Burke, claimed championship, and received a belt from Jem Ward).—BEN CAUNT (beat Nick Ward, and received a transferrable belt by subscription) 1841.—BENDIGO (beat Caunt, and got the belt) 1845.—PERRY (the Tipton Slasher, after his fight with TOM PADDOCK, claimed the office, as Bendigo declined fighting again) 1850.—HARRY BROOME (beat Perry, and succeeded to the office) 1851.—PERRY (again claimed the office, Harry Broome having forfeited to him in a match, and retired from the ring) 1853.—The office still claimed by the Tipton Slasher, who, during 1856 received forfeit from both Tom Paddock and Aaron Jones, 1857.

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Charley.—A London watchman before the introduction of the present system of police.

Chaunt.—To sing or to make known.—The birds *chaunt* melody on every bush.

Chaunter.—A puffer, or hired bidder at a sale. *See* HORSE CHAUNTER.

Chawbacons.—Country clodhoppers, rustics.

Cherry-colour.—A jocular name given to either of the two colours in a pack of cards. A black cat is said to be a *cherry-coloured* cat, there being *black* as well as *red* cherries.

Children in the Wood.—Dice.—"Once before he won it of me by false dice."

Chivey.—To run after, to chase, to move off quickly.

Chivey your Nurse.—To get rid of your tutor, guardian, father, &c.

Chovey.—A shop as *crocus chovey*, a chemist shop, &c.

Chum.—A companion, a bedfellow, a fellow prisoner.

Church going Stays.—That is best stays for special purposes.

Churchwarden.—A very long clay pipe.

Churchyard Cough.—A cough that is likely to terminate in death.

Church with a Chimney in it.—A public house.

Civil Rig.—A trick of the beggars to obtain money by *ultra* civility.

Clap of Thunder.—A glass of brandy.

Claret.—Blood. "I tapped him on the nose and out flew the claret." *Claret-faced*, having a red face.

Clean gone.—Quite out of sight, vacated, levanted.

Cleaned Out.—Having lost all your money, beaten, ruined. "O horrid, horrid case."

Clean Shirt Day.—Sunday.

Clenched it.—Completed the thing, or *clenched* the bargain.

Clockey.—A watchman, also a travelling clockmaker.

Cly.—A pocket, *cly-fakers*, pickpockets.

Coal.—Money, *post-the-coal*, pay down the money at once.

Cock and Hen Club.—A public-house concert, or *Free-and-Easy*, to which women are admitted, and everybody is supposed to do as they like, to stand upon no ceremony, come when they please, and *brush* when it suits. But all sorts of *lush* must be *tipped* for on delivery. "POOR TRUST" being dead and buried.—"To keep the game alive," LOGIC said to TOM and JERRY, "you shall now accompany me to what is termed a COCK AND HEN CLUB. Where you may say and do as you like, the *crib* is situated in an obscure part of the town, but I know it well." * * * On entering the club-room JERRY was struck with astonishment at the surrounding group. "It is nothing new to me," replied LOGIC, "but rather a renewed feature of low Life in London. But we will ask the waiter for some little account about the chairman, who appears to me to be an original; and we must also obtain, if possible, a trifling outline of his assistant, the *Lady Patroness* of this meeting. The chairman in petticoats."

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"They are both *out-and-outers*," answered the waiter, "and nothing like them on earth to keep such an unruly company together, as '*Any-thing TOMMY*' and '*Half-quartern LUCE*!' The chairman TOMMY, has been, by turns, a costard-monger, a coal-whipper, a flying dustman, a boner of *stiff-ones*—that's a resurrection man, and a "*anything*," to yarn an honest penny, and a bit of a prig, if it suited him, sooner than have to complain of an empty *Victualling-Office*. He can throw off a flash *chaunt* in the first style; and patter *slang*, better than most blades on the town:"—

Come all you rolling kiddy boys, that in London does abound,
If you wants to see a bit of life, go to the *Bull in the Pound*;
'Tis there you'll see Poll, Bet, and Sal, with many other *Flames*,
And "pitch and hustle," "ring the bull," and lots of *Fancy* games.

"As to *Half-quartern LUCE*," continued the waiter, "she's a clever woman, in fact, she was reared a real lady, but now she is scarcely ever sober. I have known her to drink thirty-six half-quarterns of gin in a day; it is from her love of *blue ruin* she derives her name. LUCE was once a very handsome woman, but she has been reduced, step by step, to the wretched creature she now appears to be, and drinks herself stupid to drown all reflections."

"I have witnessed a great variety of scenes, since I have been in London," said JERRY to LOGIC, "but this is equal to any, if it does not *beggar* the whole of them, in truth, I had not the least idea that such meetings were suffered to take place."

Coffee Mill.—A watchman's rattle.

College.—The Fleet Prison, or King's Bench, a rough school, but salutary at times, *collegiates*, the prisoners.

Coper.—or Horse couper—a cheating horse dealer. See HORSE CHAUNTER.

Core.—The heart.—In my heart's core.—*Horatio*.

Cooped up.—Confined in the *Poultry Counter*, or elsewhere.

Chaffer.—The mouth.

Chaffing Crib.—A drinking-room where quizzing or bantering is carried on. *Chaff-cutting*, joking, jesting, playing on words.

Chalk, A.—An advantage. *Take a chalk*, the admitting of the advantage. In public-houses it is usual for the *habitués* to keep the score of a game of cards, dominoes, or coddom, &c., by means of chalk marks thus, | | | |; therefore when one of the parties gains an advantage, he *takes a chalk* by rubbing one out.

Chalk Farm.—A well-known tavern and tea-garden, near Primrose-hill, *alias* Cockney-mount, between Hampstead and Highgate. This house is said to have taken its name from the farm being of a chalky soil, or, do they use *double chalk*! to their customers, who frequent this house either for amusement—or mischief! the "*farm*" is much resorted to by those persons who cannot settle a dispute without the use of powder and shot. Hence *Jemmy Green* says—"Vell, I'm glad its settled vithout bloodshed—Chalk Farm! pistols! half-past six! —Pooh!!!"

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Chalk Up.—To have credit at a public-house, where they usually *chalk up* the amount behind the door, or on a large slate kept for that purpose.

Copy of Uneasiness.—A copy of a writ.

Corinthians.—Sporting men of rank and fashion:—I am no proud Jack, Like Falstaff, but a *Corinthian*, a lad of mettle.—*Shakespeare*.

Corinthian Kate—and her friend SUE.—In the original *Life in London* these ladies were meant as *sketches in water colours* of the notorious *Mrs. Maples*, *alias Mrs. Bertram*, *alias Mother Bang*; and the no less notorious *Harriett Wilson*, *alias Mrs. Colonel Rochfort*; heroines whose "birth, parentage, and education—life, character, and behaviour," have been made execrable by that congenial pair of publishers in infamy *Messrs. Stockdale* and

Duncombe:—The characters of KATE and SUE are in rather *different keeping* in the dramatic version, and are at the service of any couple of modest, harmless, though at the same time somewhat adventurous, love-sick, roving young ladies, that may choose to claim them.

Costermonger.—See my friend Hone's Jewel of a Work, for Instruction and Amusement, the Every Day Book, Vol. I.

Cousin Betty.—A travelling prostitute, frequenting fairs, races, and country club feasts. —“Ah! could you but see *Bet Bouucer* of these parts, you might then talk of beauty. Ecod! she has two eyes as black as sloes, and cheeks as broad and red as a pulpit cushion.” *Tony Lumpkin*: SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

Cove, or Covey.—A knowing fellow, *covess* feminine of *cove*. *Covess of the Ken*, the mistress of the house.

Cover me Decently.—A great coat with men, and a cloak with women.

Court Card.—A trump, or out and out good one. A spirited fellow.

Crack.—The fashionable theme. The *Go! All the crack!* First-rate, as a *crack article*, an excellent one; *crack a bottle*, to drink; *crack a crib*, to break into a house; *crack a canister*, to break a man's head; a *crack-fencer*, one who sells nuts; a *crack hand*, an adept; *in a crack*, in a moment; *crack a kirk*, to break into a church or chapel; *crack*, horses—men—races—regiments, &c., all first class of their kinds; *crack-up*, to praise; to *crack a whid* or *wheeze*, to make a joke, jokes or witticism; a *crack-whip*, a good coachman.

Crib.—A house, or an apartment.

Cribb's Crib.—A slang alliteration for Tom Cribb's house, the *Union Arms*, corner of Oxendon Street and Panton Street, Haymarket.

Cross.—A very general term for getting a living by dishonest means, and symbolized by placing the forefingers thus X, and is in direct opposition to being on the □, as implying honesty. A *cross-fight*, a sold prize fight. *Cross-men*, thieves and receivers of every degree. *Cross-crib*, a public-house where thieves “most do congregate.”

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Crowdsman.—A fiddler.

Cubitt's Machine.—The treadmill.

Cucumbers.—Tailors, because both are seedy.

Cut along Coaches.—The accidents of life.

Cyprians.—Women of loose morals. So called from the Island of Cyprus, one of the chief seats of the worship of Venus, hence called Cypria.

Cruikshank, Isaac Robert.—Caricaturist, born 1791. Illustrated many books, &c., including Pierce Egan's, “The FINISH to the Adventures of TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC, in their pursuits through LIFE in and out of London,” 1827. Died March 13, 1856.

Cruikshank, George.—Caricaturist, born September 27, 1792. Illustrated Hone's political squibs, 1817-20; “Peter Schlemil, Mornings at Bow-Street,” and in conjunction with his brother “TOM AND JERRY,” and many other books since, died 1879.

D.

Dab.—A bed, also a slight blow, as a *dab* on the cheek.

Daffy.—Gin, Gin, sweet, sweet Gin! Pierce Egan says in his “BOOK OF SPORTS and MIRROR OF LIFE.”—“During the time Tom Belcher was the landlord of the Castle Tavern, Holborn, the DAFFY CLUB was started by Mr. James Soares”—See BARON NAB'EM.—“The above club is a complete antidote to the *Blue Devils*, and has to boast of greater advantages than any other Society in the Metropolis, from its members being always in *Spirits!* Formality does not belong to this Institution; it has no written rules to bind its members; no specified time of meeting; no fines for non-attendance; but the corner-stone is “TO DO WHAT IS RIGHT.”—The only *definition* I can give to the term “DAFFY” is that the phrase was coined at the *Mint of Fancy*, and has since passed *current* without being overhauled as *queer*. The *squeamish* Fair One who takes the DAFFY regularly on the *sly* merely to cure the *vapours*, politely names it to her friends as “*White Wine*.” The *Swell chaffs* it as “*Blue Ruin*” to elevate his notions. The *Laundress* loves dearly a drain of “*Ould Tom*,” from its strength to *comfort* her inside. The *drag Fiddler* can *toss off* a quartern of “*Max*” without making a wry mug. The *Coster Monger* illumines his ideas with “*a flash of lightning*.” The *hoarse Cyprian* owes her existence to copious draughts of “*Jacky*.” The *Link Boy* and *Mud Larks*, in joining their *browns* together, are for some “*Stark Naked*.” And the *Out and Outers*, from the addition of *bitters* to it in order to sharpen up a dissipated and damaged *Victualling Office*, cannot take any thing but “*Fuller's Earth*.” Much it should seem, therefore, depends upon a name; and as a soft sound is at all times pleasing to the *listener*—to have denominated the Sporting

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Society the "GIN CLUB," would not only have proved barbarous to the ear, but the vulgarity of the *chaunt* might have deprived it of many of its elegant friends. It is a subject, however, which must be admitted has a good deal of *Taste* belonging to it—and as a Sporting Man would be *nothing* if he was not *flash*, the DAFFY CLUB meet under the above title."

Dairies.—Bosom—a woman's breasts. Milk-cans!

Dandy.—A coxcomb, a fop; an empty-headed, vain person. In 1820, when Geo. III. *mizzled*, and Geo. IV. *reigned* with *thunder* and *lightning* speed. Pierce Egan published the birth, parentage, and education of the Dandy thus: THE DANDY was got by *Vanity* out of *Affection*—his dam, *Petit-Maitre* or *Maccaroni*—his grand-dam, *Fribble*—great-grand-dam, *Bronze*—his great-great-great-grand-dam, *Coxcomb*—and his earliest ancestor, *Fop*. His uncle *Impudence*—his three brothers *Trick*, *Humbug*, and *Fudge!* and allied to the extensive family of the *Shuffletons*. Indeed, this *Bandbox* sort of creature took so much the lead in the walks of fashion, that the BUCK was totally missing; the BLOOD vanished; the TIPPY not to be found, the Go out of date; the DASH not to be met with; and the *Bang-up* without a leader, at fault, and in the back-ground. It was only the CORINTHIAN that remained triumphant—his excellence was of such a *genuine* quality that all *imitation* was left at an immeasurable distance.

Dandiprat.—An insignificant or trifling fellow.

Dandy-cock.—A little *dandy* man, one of the Bantam breed.

Darkey.—Night, also a man of colour.

Dead-beat.—Quite done up, not a leg to stand on. Common phrases in the Sporting World, when a man or a horse is so completely exhausted with over-exertion, or the constitution breaking down, as to give up the object in view, not being able to pursue it any farther.

Deadly's Fluid.—Gin, distilled at Deady and Hanley's, Hampstead Road.

Dealer's in Queer.—Passers of bad notes.

Demirep.—A flighty woman, too free in her manners.

Devil's Bones.—Dice, which are made of bones and lead to ruin.

Dibdin, Charles.—Writer of sea songs and operas, born 1745, died July 25, 1814. His *evergreen!* Ballad Opera, *The Waterman*; or, *The First of August*, was first performed at the Haymarket Theatre, 1774, thus cast:—

<i>Tom Tug</i>	Mr. Bannister.
<i>Bundle</i>	Mr. Wilson.
<i>Robin</i>	Mr. Weston.
<i>Mrs. Bundle</i>	Mrs. Thompson.
<i>Wilhelmina</i>	Mrs. Jewell.

Dimmock.—Money. *To flap the dimmock*, to spend the money.

Dive.—A visit to the lower regions of Wapping and St. Giles's.

Diamond Squad.—People of quality. *Vide* Almack's.

Dog Billy.—The—This celebrated Hero of the canine race to the great joy of the rats, lost his *wind* on Monday, February 23, 1829, in Panton Street, Haymarket. The body-snatchers and *dog-priggers* are out-done upon this suit, and the remains of Billy, instead of being obscured in *clay*, are preserved in an elegant glass case and gilt frame. The Ex-Champion, Tom Cribb, who *liked* BILLY when *alive*, still likes him although *told out*. Billy was the property of Charley Aistrop when he last *barked* out an adieu; although Cribb was his tender nurse up to the time when he gave up the ghost. The rats it is said, are extremely glad to find Billy has left no *successor* to give them a nip.

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MONODY ON THE ABOVE RAT KILLER.

Not a *bark* was heard—but a mournful whine
Broke in cadence slow from the race canine;
And the prick'd-up ear, and wagging tail,
Were drooping low 'mid the general wail.

* * * * *
* * * * *

Not a *bark* was heard—but a lively squeak
Was echoed from rat to rat (a whole week),
From Whitechapel Church to Piccadilly,
Of "Long *life* to grim *Death*—for *boning* BILLY!"

Done the thing Right.—Managed matters properly, taken care of one's-self and one's friend.

Dollop.—A handful. A lump of anything.

Dominoes.—The teeth.

Down.—Understanding. To be *down*. To understand, to be *fly*.

Doxies.—Loose women—prostitutes.

Dragging-Time.—The evening of a fair-day, when the wenchies are pulled about.

Draggle-Tail.—A slut, a dunghill quean.

Drinking Freely.—Not paying for it.

Drop.—The gallows, which always proves to be the "*last drop*," or "*a drop too much*."

Duce.—Twopence.

Dummy.—A cant phrase for a stupid fellow; a man who has not a word to say for himself. The family of the *dummies* is a very numerous one.

Dust.—Money. Down with the *dust*, to spend money.

Dust-Hole.—The nose, otherwise *Snuff-receiver!*

Dustman.—Sleep, or drowsiness.

Dustypoll.—A nickname for a miller.

E.

Earth Stoppers.—Horses' feet. *Earth Stopping*, stopping up the holes of foxes previously to hunting them.

Egg-Hot.—Beer, eggs, spirits, sugar, and spice made hot.

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Everlasting Shoes.—The feet.

Everlasting Staircase.—The treadmill.

Eye Water.—Gin.

F.

Face.—Impudence; *To face it out*. To persist in an assertion which is not true. To maintain without changing colour, or hanging down the head. *Brazen-faced*, without shame.—God hath given you one face, and you make yourself another.—*Shakespeare*.

Fadge.—To suit or fit together—"How will this fadge?" also a street term for a farthing.

Family People.—Rogues and thieves of every degree: All of the same *family* or *Kidney!*—There is nothing but roguery to be found in villianous man.—*Shakespeare*.

Fancy.—Boxing, bull baiting, cock fighting, and sporting in general.

Fancy Piece.—A sporting phrase for a bit of nice *game* kept in a *preserve* in the suburbs. A sort of *Bird of Paradise*.

Fast trotters.—Rum prads, good horses.

Felt.—A hat.—"What manner of man? is his head worth a hat."

Fib.—To beat or strike with the fist. *Fibbed*, held with one hand, and hit with the other.

Fiddle.—A rattle, *Charleys' fiddle*, a Watchman's rattle.

Fiddler's Fare.—Meat, drink and money.

Fig.—To *fig* a horse is to place a bit of ginger under his tail to make him frisky. *Fig*, dress. In *Full Fig*, full dress.—"All in the best."

Fig leaf.—An apron, an allusion to our Mother Eve.

File.—An odd fellow, a queer dog, a bit of a rogue.

Finish.—The "*Finish*" was a notorious night-house kept by Jack Rowbottom, in James-street, Covent Garden. Here the swells who were *bundled* out of Offley's, about four o'clock in the morning *bundled* into the FINISH, where drinking and other *innocent* pastimes were kept up till eight, nine, or ten o'clock. Jack Rowbottom was quite a study in character. Soon after 1832, he got into "diffs," and his residence was divided between the King's Bench and the Fleet Prison. In the latter poor Dr. Maginn expired in his arms, after being faithfully nursed and attended by Jack during a long illness.

Fish—Fishing:—Some fish for compliments, and get what they want. Some fish in dirty

waters and get what they do not want: but remain *as mute as a fish* on the subject.

Fives.—'Bunch of *Fives*,' the fist—*Fives Court* (The) was a large room in the neighbourhood of St. Martin's-lane, where the prize fighters of the day took their Benefits and made open challenges.

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Flame.—A sweetheart. *An old flame*, a discarded one.

Flash.—Cant language, also to sport or show off. A fellow who affects any particular habit, as swearing, dressing in a particular manner, taking a fashionable snuff, &c., &c., merely to be noticed, is said to do it out of *flash*. *Flashman*, a despicable wretch and the paramour of a prostitute.

Flash of Lightning.—A glass of gin, "gone in the twinkling of an eye."

Flat Catcher.—A man, woman, or any article intended to take in the public.

Flat cum Sharp: *par nobile fratrum*.—There is not a word in cant or flash vocabulary, nor, in the English language, taken in its right sense and meaning, that conveys so much, and is so generally applicable, as the simple monosyllable FLAT. There are *flats* of every rank, grade, and station in society, in every part of the known world—and possibly in the unexplored portion also. There are *flats* alike in office and out; in the senate house and in the cottage—from the councillor of state to the omega of legislators, parochial vestrymen! Oh, most comprehensive patronymic! SHARP is also a good term; but only a cipher, in numerical strength of application, when compared with *flat*. Flat is an independent, honest, and respectable word. Sharp is diametrically opposite; it owes its very birth to *flat*, and cannot live without it. *Flat* is the parent; progenitor, and preserver of *sharp*, the very root and sap of its existence. Without flats sharps would become extinct. The fact of *sharp* having sprung from *flat* is so apparent, that there is not a *sharp* to be found that has not a *flat* about him; there consanguinity, therefore, is undoubted.

Such is human nature, that three parts of the vast universe is peopled with *flats*; while the circumscribed and degenerated race of *sharps* do not occupy more than a quarter or one fourth of the space. Another proof may be adduced of the independence of the *flats*, and that is that they can live, flourish, and prosper much better without the company of *sharps* than with it. Not so with the *sharps*. They cannot herd and feed together without first getting the means from the substance and resources of the *flats*. We think we have satisfactorily proved to every dispassionate, disinterested individual, that *sharps* are entirely dependent upon their fathers and forefathers, the *flats*! and there can be very little doubt but that they are both ungrateful and undutiful to the parents who have, as we have shown, given them being, succour, the means of existence.

If a *sharp* happens to reside in the neighbourhood of a *flat*, he will always be found setting his wits to work to relieve him of his property and earnings, even though the *sharp* have plenty, and the flat but little. Such is the undutiful *penchant* of the *sharp* for the goods and chattels of his progenitor the flat!

In this good city, not inappropriately denominated the world's metropolis, *flats* and *sharps* are plentiful, and may be found located together in every street and alley. Although the *flats* have the advantage numerically, such are the ingenuity and plausible tactics of the *sharps*, that they compel the *flats* to work to support them. The *sharps*, though industrious at scheming, always profess, as their creed, a profound and rooted contempt for manual labour. Sharps are not found among gravel-diggers or stone-breakers; we may go further—seldom amongst artisans or mechanics of any description. No, they are men whose exalted minds soar far above the ordinary pursuits even of middle life. The army boasts of them in abundance. The navy may be said to be composed of *flats*, with scarcely one exception. The attachment of the *sharps* to the red-coat service of their country is clearly demonstrated by the fact of the *élite* of their class conferring military titles on themselves, without troubling the formal publicity of the *Gazette*! We may safely venture to assert, that there is not an army of any nation that can boast of the number of staff-officers that adorn the lists of our royal corps of London *malleeters*, otherwise gentlemen sharps. They resemble our disbanded militia, only the staff preserved. It is said and sung that "One half the world does not know how the other half lives—or dies." How true is that oft-used aphorism? What quiet, respectable, church-going citizen would believe that, early as he rises to give his best care to the legitimate commerce of his enterprise, there are many traders in the illegitimate mercantile world who are wide awake, and in full pursuit of their customers long before his drowsy eyes are open to the brightly-shining sun; long before the aforesaid shining sun has superseded the gas-light radiance shed over the populous city of London:—

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From East-end to West-end.
From worst end to best end?

Flats.—Persons easily taken in, good customers.

Flesh and Blood.—Port wine and brandy mixed.

Flimsy.—A bank note, according to Cobbett a very *flimsy* thing.

Floored.—Knocked down.

Flowers of Society.—The ornaments of high life, the upper classes.

Flue Fakers.—Chimney sweepers.

Fly.—Knowing, wide awake.

Fogle.—A handkerchief.

Fork out.—To give money.

Four Eyes.—The man and the spectacles.

Free-and-Easy.—A singing-club, held at public-houses.

Freshwater Bay.—The *harbour* of the *Fleet*-Prison.

Frisk.—Mischievous, to dance and skip about.

Fullams.—Loaded dice. There were high *fullams*, and low *fullams*, to denote loaded on the high or low number.

Full Cry.—When all the hounds have caught the scent, and give tongue, Tom and Jerry, when in town, had other *game* in view.

Fuller's Earth.—Another of the thousand endearing names for the universal favourite GIN! GIN!! GIN!!!

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Funk.—To smoke, to alarm.

G.

Gab.—Small talk, patter, flash. *Gift of the Gab*, talent in conversation.

Gaffing.—Low gambling.

Game of the Spell.—The play of life.

Gammoners.—Cheats.

Gammoning the Draper.—When a man is without a shirt, and is buttoned up close to his neck, with merely a handkerchief round it, to make an appearance of cleanliness, it is termed "*gammoning the draper!*"

Gammoning a Main.—Pretending to be hurt, or crippled.

Garnish.—Entrance money, to be spent in drink, demanded of all newcomers in Debtor's Prisons.

Gay Tyke Boys.—Dog fanciers.

Gig.—Fun. *Bit of gig*, a bit of fun.

Gin Spinners.—Distillers, also publicans.

Glim.—A lanthorn, a hazy eye, &c.

Goldfinches.—Sovereigns.—"Fine singing birds."

Go it.—Keep it up: keep moving.

Gomersal, Edward Alexander, Actor: represented with wonderful success Napoleon, in the Astley's dramatic version of the Battle of Waterloo, died at Leeds, October 19th, 1862, aged 74.

Grand-twig.—Handsome set out.

Grand Strut—The.—Rotten Row, Hyde Park.

Gravel Digger.—A sharp toe'd dancer.

Greeks.—Black legs, sharpers, &c. Also a term for low Irish People.

Green.—Raw, not understanding.

Greyhound, A.—Should have according to all sporting Kiddies:—

A head like a snake, a neck like a drake,
A back like a beam, a belly like a bream:
A foot like a cat, a tail like a rat.

Grimaldi, Joseph. *Vulgo*, Joey Grimaldi, the renowned clown, 1779-1837.

Grog.—Rum and water cold without. Admiral Vernon was called "*Old Grog*" by his sailors, because he was accustomed to walk the deck in rough weather in a "groggram cloak," as he

was the first to serve water in the rum on board ship, the mixture went by the name of *Grog*. TOM, JERRY and BOB LOGIC found out its *use* and *abuse* not only in the *Back Slums* in the *Holy Land*, but at Mr. Mace's *Crib* in the East.

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Grub.—It is scarcely necessary to explain the meaning of *grub*; it is a subject in the *mouth* of everybody, and therefore interesting to the *taste*. Indeed, this sort of *cant* is quite current throughout all ranks of society, and is well understood.—*Grub and Bub*, victuals and drink of any kind.

Grub-street.—This phrase, respecting the *residence* of AUTHORS, is nearly obsolete; and, in point of fact, is altogether erroneous. If it might not be deemed trespassing rather too *feelingly* upon so delicate a subject, in consulting the best authorities, both living and dead, it will be found that *hungry* AUTHORS, in the best of times, have had very little to do with *grub-street!* the *smell* of the joint being more within their province than the actual possession of the substance.

Guinea Pig.—A fellow who receives a *guinea* for puffing off an unsound horse.

H.

Habeas Corpus.—Body and breeches.

Haberdasher.—Is the whistler, otherwise the spirit-merchant—and *tape* the commodity he deals in. It is a contrabrand article dispensed in Debtor's Goals. White is *Max*, and red is *Cognac*.—"You see" says the *Haberdasher*, "smuggling does a lot of *good*, it does me *good*, and it does you *good*, and do'nt you see it *does* the Government!"

Hack.—A coach. See JARVEY.

Half and Half Coves.—Neither one thing nor the other.

Hammer School.—Boxing School.

Harp.—The Harp tavern in Russell Street, Drury Lane, is well known—if the phrase is not offensive to the profession, as a House of Call for Actors. Here you have an opportunity of viewing, and interviewing players in and out of an engagement, stage-struck youths, anxious to become actors; and other perfect enthusiasts, together with *munners*, and *spongers* without end, ever ready to get *Lush* out of you, or make you a member of the *City of Lushington!* see Buffaloism.

Then off he went, quite full of glee,
Strutting towards the HARP,
In hopes some manager to see;
Mixing with *Flat* and *Sharp!*
Pierce Egan's—*The Show Folks*.

Hartland, Frederick, Pantomimist, died August 17th, 1852, aged 70.

Hear any thing knock.—Take the office, to be put up to any thing that is going forward.

Heavy Plodders.—Stock brokers.

Heavy Wet.—Porter.

Hedge.—To "*hedge off*," or "*its a prime hedge for me*," are phrases repeatedly made use of in the *Sporting World*, when an individual wishes to save himself from any serious consequences.

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Heel Tap.—"Bumpers all round," and no *heel-taps!* "that is," said BOB LOGIC, "your glasses are to be drained to the bottom."

Hell.—A gambling house, from the *infernal* practices carried on in such places. In 1823 Lord Byron wrote—"What number of Hells there may be now in this life, I know not. Before I was of age, I knew them pretty accurately, both "Gold" and "Silver." I was once nearly called out by an acquaintance, because, when he asked me where I thought that his soul would be found hereafter, I answered, 'In Silver Hell.'"—

Don Juan, our young diplomatic sinner,
Pursued his path, and drove past some hotels,
St. James's Palace, and St. James's Hells.

Hells upon Earth.—Is a name given to the *Swell Gambling-houses*, at the West-end of the town; most of them situated in the vicinity of St. James' Street. Some of the principal of these have been *queered outright*, by the vigilance and exertions of the *beaks*, whose orders to the *traps* upon the subject were so imperative, that taking *tip to stash* the matter, was quite out of the question; and some of the most distinguished *Spirits* that haunted these infernal abodes, were actually put under the discipline of *Cubitt's Machine* to purify. But though the amateur of the *broads* may as he perambulates the suburbs of the Palace, see reason in many instances, to mourn for the desolation of his ZION, there are still enough of

these places to make "a HELL upon earth" for thousands. All of these now remaining, are however eclipsed by the *piscatory Hell*, called *Fishmongers' Hall!* so named, from CROCKFORD, the keeper of it, having formerly been a Fishmonger, many persons remember CROCKFORD, a poor, very poor *Sprat Seller*, yet he must now be living at the rate of nearly £4000, annum.—"Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis." at this establishment money is sported like dirt, which may account for so many of the visitors being *cleaned out*. It is a question whether any other Fishmonger's shop, can boast of so numerous an assembly of *flat fish and gudgeons*.

IMPROMPTU.

On hearing that Mr. Ude, the celebrated cook, was engaged by Mr. Crockford, at a salary of £1,200 per annum.

With this UDE for a cook—who all cooks doth excell—
There'll be nothing on *earth* like a dinner in "HELL!"

Hen and Chickens.—All my pretty *chickens* and their *dam*, St. James'.—The *Missus* and the *blooming kids*, St. Giles'.

Highflier.—A tip-topper, a first rater.

Hop Merchant.—A dancing master.

Holy Land.—The back slums of St. Giles'.

Holy Water.—Gin.

Horse Chaunter.—A man being brought up at one of the police courts, the magistrate asked, "What is your trade?"—"A *horse chaunter*, yer vurship."—"A what! a horse chaunter? Why what's that?"—"Vy, yer vurship, ain't you *up* to that ere trade?"—"Come, explain yourself," said the magistrate.—"Vell, yer vurship, I goes round among the livery stables—they all on'em knows me—and ven I sees a gen'man bargaining for an 'orse, I just steps up like a stranger, and ses I, "Vell, that's a rare 'un, I'll be bound," ses I; 'he's got the beautifulest 'ead and neck as ever I seed,' ses I; 'only look at 'is open nostrils—he's got vind like a no-go-motive, I'll be bound; he'll travel a hundred miles a day, and never vunce think on't; them's the kind of legs vat never fails.' Vell, this tickles the gen'man, and he ses to 'imself, 'that 'ere 'onest countryman's a rale judge of a 'orse;' so please you, yer vurship, he buys 'im and trots off. Vell, then I goes up to the man vat keeps the stable, and axes 'im, 'Vell, vat are you going to stand for that 'ere *chaunt*?' and he gives me a suvrin. Vell, that's vat I call 'orse *chaunting*, yer vurship; there's rale little 'arm in it; there's a good many sorts on us; some *chaunts* canals, some *chaunts* railroads, some *chaunts* j'int stock companies, and ther's a werry many other *chaunts* in this 'ere world as is too numerous to mention and some on 'em as even me nor ye vurship is'nt fly too."

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Hot House.—A brothel:—"Now she professes a hot-house, which I think, is a very ill-house too."

Hot Waters.—Spirits.

Humming Ale.—Strong liquor that froths well. A corruption of *spuming*. French, *espuma*, froth. Latin, *spuma*.

Hummums.—The well-known hotel in Covent Garden. So called from an Eastern word, signifying *baths*. ROCKLEY and *the Co.* is the *Boss of the Show*, and TAWNY PORT the order of the day. *Bob Soutar—ultra—crepidam?* and *Joe Cave (at) actor? May* for your dresses, and *White* for spangles. Chaffcutting from 12 till 5 daily.

Hyde Park.—London, W., was the ancient manor of Hyde, belonging to the Abbey of Westminster, became Crown property at the dissolution 1539. It was sold by parliament in 1652, but was resumed by the King at the restoration in 1661. The Serpentine was formed 1730-33. "My dear JERRY," said TOM, "HYDE PARK is in my opinion, one of the most delightful scenes in the world. Indeed it is a fine picture of the English people. It is in this Park, JERRY, that the PRINCE may be seen dressed as plain as the most humble individual in the kingdom; the *Tradesman* more stylish in his apparel than his LORDSHIP; and the *Shopman* with as fine clothes on his person as a DUKE. The COUNTESS not half so much 'bedizened' over as her own *Waiting-Maid*; the *Apprentice-Boy* as sprucely *set-off* as a young sprig of NOBILITY; while the *Milliner's Lass* in finery excels the DUCHESS. But the air of independence which each person seems to breathe renders the *tout ensemble* captivating."

"Observe those prime *bits of blood*," from the choicest studs in the kingdom, prancing about as proud as peacocks, and almost unmanageable to their dashing riders. The *Goldfinches* of the day trying to excel each other in point of coachmanship, turning their vehicles rapidly—almost to the eighteenth part of an inch, each priding himself in having obtained the character for displaying the most elegant "*set-out*." The MAN OF TON *staring* some modest female, that attracts his attention, completely out of countenance; while the *Lady of Rank*, equally *delicate* in her ideas of propriety, uses her *glass* upon the same object till her carriage removes her out of sight. The DEBAUCHEE, endeavouring to renovate or brace himself up with the fine air of the Park, *ogling* all the girls that cross his path. The SWELL DANDY could not exist if he did not show himself in the Park on a Sunday. The GAMBLER on the *look-out* to

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see if any new pigeon appears in the circle, in order to plan future operations that may turn out to his advantage. The *peep o'-day* WOMAN of Quality, who, night after night, disposes of all her hours of rest in card-parties and routs, is here to be seen riding down the circle to *chit-chat* and nod to her friends, in order to get rid of her yawnings, and to appear something like being *awake* at dinner-time. The PEER, relaxing from his parliamentary duties, and the Members of the Lower House here take a ride among the various parties in the circle, to hear their conduct and measures descanted upon, and likewise to "pick-up" a little information respecting the buz on public affairs. The scheming *Procuress* sporting some new-caught lady-birds in a splendid carriage, in order to excite attention and to distribute her *cards* with more effect. The wealthy CIT, whose *plum* has rendered him *sweet* amongst his grand next-door neighbours at the West-end of the town, here shows himself with all the confidence derived from a splendid fortune. The extravagant *Fancy-Lady*, making use of the thousand little arts that she is mistress of, trying to take the *shine* out of all the other females in the circle, merely to show the *taste* and liberality of her *keeper*. The *flashy Tradesman*, who laughs at the vulgar prejudices of old sayings and propriety about "Keeping your shop and it will keep you," here pushes along in his *natty* gig and prime trotter, and appears upon as "good terms" with himself as the richest banker in London, laughing in his sleeve at the idea, that, if anything goes wrong from his stylish-pursuits, a temporary absence from his friends, united with the aid of *white-washing*, will soon make him "all right again."

It is equally interesting and attractive, from the numerous characters of both sexes, *ogling* each other, as they frequently come in contact. The *Tailor* confined to his shop-board all the week, enjoys the double advantage of gaining a little fresh air in the Park, as well as admiring some of his own performances on the backs of many of the dashing crowd; and the *Milliner*, also upon the same errand, not only to improve her health, but to retain in her eye the newest fashion sported in this hemisphere of the GREAT. The pleasure, too, of being known and recognized by your friends and acquaintances. The numerous bows and friendly How d'ye do's? With that admired sort of LIFE IN LONDON, all jostling against each other in the Park with the utmost *sang-froid*. The NOBLEMAN and the *Yokel*—the DIVINE and the "*Family-man*"—the PLAYER and the *Poet*—the IMPURE and the *Modest-girl*—the GRAVE and the *Gay*—the FLASH COVE and the *Man of Sentiment*—the FLAT and the *Sharp*—the DANDY and the *Gentleman*—the out-and-out SWELL and the *Groom*—the real SPORTSMAN and the *Black-Leg*—the HEAVY TODDLERS and the *Operators*—the dashing BUM TRAP and the *Shy Cove*—the MARCHIONESS and her *Cook*—the DUKE and the "*Dealer in Queer*,"—the LADY and her *Scullion*—the PINK OF THE TON and his "*Rainbow*"—the *Whitechapel* KNIGHT OF THE CLEAVER and his fat *Rib*—the BARBER'S CLERK and the *Costard-Monger*—the SLAVEY and her *Master*—the SURGEON and *Resurrection Man*—the ardent LOVER to catch the smiling eye of his *Mistress*—the young BLOOD in search of adventures and to make assignations.

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It ought, however, not to be forgotten, that every thing which is lovely, interesting, honourable, virtuous, generous, feeling, witty, elegant, and humane, which tends so much to give the English females a proud superiority over those of most other nations, is here to be met with in a transcendant degree; and it should also be remembered, that every thing which is designing, crafty, plausible, imposing, insinuating, and deluding, is likewise to be run against in these gay paths of pleasure. The passions are all *afloat*, but GAIETY of disposition overtops the whole.

I.

Index.—Reference.

I'll Chance It.—A common expression among sporting men, when the object in view is doubtful of accomplishment. *It is a good Flat that is never done.*

I's Yorkshire Coves.—Doncaster horse dealers.

Isle of Bishop.—A phrase among the Collegians at Oxford for getting *jolly* over port wine, roasted oranges and lemons.

Ivories.—The teeth: *wash*, or *sluice* your *Ivories*; drink.

J.

Jackson's Rooms—were in Bond Street.—Mr. John Jackson, otherwise Gentleman Jackson? The proprietor was for a long time the connecting link between the patrons and practitioners of the Prize Ring. His persevering and honourable character enabled him to realize a handsome competence. He died at his residence 4, Grosvenor-street, Eaton-square, Oct. 7, 1845, aged 76.

Jarvey.—A Hackney-coach—"Better known perhaps by the name of a *Hack*: handy enough in wet weather or in a hurry."

Jemmy.—A head. *Bleeding Jemmy.*—A sheep's head, otherwise a *Field-lane duck*, otherwise *The one eyed joint*, otherwise *Claretted James*, otherwise *Sanguinary Jacobus*, otherwise a

Pastoral Countenance, otherwise a *Mountain Pecker*, otherwise a *Peaceful Profile*. That man is to be pitied, who has not luxuriated on the delicacies of one of these, hot from the pan in their native element, at Mrs. Holmes', the Two Brewers—the Sheep's Head Tavern, Little St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials. Where the particular guest is never offended with a dirty table cloth, that appendage to mastication being invariably dispensed with; always taking care that they are accompanied with their proper and only sauce—a little of Hodges's best, or Deady's true cordial. Poor Colley Skylark, the Apollo of the pugilistic corps, has neglected many lordly banquets, for the felicity of feeding on them, and gouging out the rich eye in company with many of the gifted and learned of the age, viz.—The Keen pride of the British stage—the Comic Sheepface of Covent Garden—The talented author of the CIGAR who acted as *Clarke* to the meeting; in their nocturnal vigils, and rich chaunts, will long be remembered there. Let us hope that Mr. Nash, the great architect, in his projected inroads through the Seven Dials, will spare this sacred haunt, so dear to the sons of good-feeding and fellowship. If he has ever had the happiness of regaling there, on a red hot *bleeding jemmy!* this remonstrance will not be needed.

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Jemmy Green.—Every one must know this gentleman; he is a veritable being, and in being;—but as he is here said to live in *Tooley Street, in the City*, a place of no existence, no libel will lie. The lively *Bunch of Greens*, therefore, that at one time so pestered the Author with threatening and other letters, are informed their suspicions are quite correct, and that they were most certainly the officious empty fools of which this character is the representative.

Jerry Sneak.—A henpecked husband. From the poor sniveling Cockney cur in Foote's farce of the "Mayor of Garrett."

Johnny Raw.—A countryman.

Juniper.—Gin.

Junk.—Salt beef.

K.

Kean.—"*Hear KEAN speak.*" Edmund Kean, the celebrated tragedian, 1787-1833.

Kean's Head—The.—Was a well-known theatrical tavern in Russell Court, Drury Lane. It had previously been called the O.P. and P.S. but re-christened in *honour!* to the celebrated tragedian—then in the zenith of his fame, the late Edmund Kean:—

Then off again, no fear or dread,
To the once famed O.P.
In better taste—chang'd to KEAN'S HEAD—
And noted for a *spre!*

Pierce Egan's *The Show Folks*.

The tavern was much frequented by all persons directly and indirectly connected with the theatrical profession. And was at one time kept by Tom Hudson, a jolly *bon vivant*, and famous comic song writer and singer, of whom Pierce Egan, wrote—"his facility in producing songs is astonishing—he also sings them with a peculiar *naiveté*, and tells his 'story' to his company better than most men, who are not regular performers. In his line, he is a second Charles Dibdin, senr.—The above tavern," continues Pierce Egan—"afforded considerable amusement to its visitors, as a few wags, fond of a bit of fun, frequented the coffee-room every evening, and, in concert together, represented themselves as managers from the country, in want of performers, and waiting in turn to engage young men for different '*lines of business*,' to complete their companies. This had the desired effect; and numerous ludicrous scenes was the result, which defy anything like communication, and enthusiastic, stage-struck, inexperienced youths afforded these *pretended* managers sport and roars of laughter, night after night. The plan generally adopted was, that one of the party kept on the look out to pick up a simple youth—having a soul above buttons!—and having got one in tow, he was formally introduced to the assumed proprietor of a country theatre. The latter person, with a face of gravity, then inquired whether he wished to engage for the *light* or *heavy* business of the stage, or if singing was his forte; or, perhaps, he could undertake the general line, and assist in melo-dramas, spectacles, &c., &c. The manager then, with a polite request, wished to have a 'taste' of the young man's quality, before he finally settled his engagement, and fixed his salary. And several young aspiring heroes, anxious to obtain an engagement, have been prevailed upon to mount the table, and to give selections from Romeo, Hamlet, and Octavian, &c., amidst the shouts of *pretended* applause from country actors, wags of all sorts, and men of the world, who nightly resorted to this tavern, to pick up anecdotes, and spend a pleasant hour. When the managers! thought they had had enough of this burlesque, 'the *exit*—the *exit*,' would be whispered one to another, and while the hero on the table was spouting out some impassioned speech from Shakespeare, his back would be readily assailed with the contents of their jugs; and upon the unfortunate wight hastily looking round for the authors of such an assault, his front, from another part of the company, would be attacked in the same manner. Redress was out of the question, and the more passion and rage exhibited by the youth, produced the more laughter; when he was informed it was the way to teach him how to make his '*exit*' in a rage! and that no person

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would deny him the title of being a *wet* actor. It was Tom Hudson who altered the sign of the tavern to the Kean's Head: a remarkable likeness of the great tragedian was hung over the fireplace, and he was wont to visit Tom and take a drink after the fatigue of the night's performance. The mere rumour of this attracted many to the house. A capital harmonic meeting took place late at night—or rather early in the morning, which was supported by a mixture of professionals from the theatres, and amateurs of talent and celebrity. Vain endeavours were seldom entered upon at Tom Hudson's; a pretender was soon coughed down. Amongst the leaders of the vocal department who contributed to the musical attractions were Morton Box; Jem Savern; Little Harris; Joe Wells, so popular afterwards in connection with the Coal Hole; Mr. John Hart, late of the Cider Cellars; Tom Prynne, Belasco, and others of great vocal talent and celebrity. *Apropos* of Edmund Kean, the late Mr. Leman Rede, author and dramatist, in his 'Sketch of the Life of John Reeve,' relates the following anecdote—"Kean's name was the 'open sesame' to all night houses near the theatres; and ere John Reeve came upon the stage, he was apt to indulge much in the 'little hours.' He and his friends, lads of his own age, could not have got admission, but he knew the secret, and acted accordingly. After giving a mystic knock, he applied his mouth to the keyhole, and with an exactitude of imitation that defied detection, exclaimed—"Tis I—Kean—Edmund Kean!" In an instant the door was opened; in glided Reeve, saying, with an easy assurance, 'Ned's just gone round the corner—back in a moment.'"

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Keep the Line.—To behave in a becoming manner: not to forget one's self.

Keep it Up.—To prolong the debauch, or game. A term made popular by frequent reiteration.

Keep up the Ball.—Be jolly. *Keep the ball rolling*, is also used in the same sense.

Kick.—A sixpence. *Quite the Kick*, quite a dandy.

Kick the Bucket.—To die.

Kick over the Traces.—To become unmanagable.

Kicksies.—Small clothes, from the appetency of their contents, to the exercise of kicking, and from being *the kick*—the fashion.—Take my advice, never resist the law, if a man claims your coat and vestcoat, let him have 'em, or you'll lose your *kicksies* in trying the argument. And if a man kicks you rub the place, but don't go to law, that's my advice.

Kid.—A knowing boy or man, in a *low* or *flash* point of view—a thief.

Kiddy.—A thief of the lower order, who, when he is well breeched by a course of successful depredations, dresses in the extreme of vulgar gentility, and effects a knowingness in his air and conversation, which renders him in reality an object of ridicule:—

Poor Tom was once a *Kiddy* upon town,
A thorough *varmint* and a *real* swell.
Byron's *Don Juan*.

Kiddy.—Tasty. *Kiddy Artist*, a tasty workman.

Kidney.—Men of the same thoughts and kind—kindred spirits, &c. *Men of another Kidney.*—The opposites.

Kinchin Cove.—A paltry thief who robs children—even of their bread and butter; or, a caged-bird of its lump sugar!

King of Bath.—Beau Nash, master of the ceremonies at that city for some fifteen years (1674-1761).

Kite Flying.—*To fly a Kite* is to "raise the wind," or obtain money on bills, whether good or bad. The phrase means as a *Kite* flutters in the air by reason of its lightness, and is a mere toy, so these bills fly about, but are light and worthless.

Knacker.—One who sings Psalms over a dead horse.

Knight of the Cleaver.—A butcher.

Knight of the Pestle and Mortar.—An apothecary.

Knight of the Post.—A man in the pillory, or that has been tied to a whipping-post.

Knight of the Rainbow.—A cant phrase for a footman in livery, in allusion to the various colours of his clothes—also said of a master tailor. *See RAINBOW.*

Knights of the Road.—Highwaymen.—*Dick Turpins!!*

Knights of the Whip.—Long stage coachmen.

Knowing.—Skilful, well-informed, sharp, shrewd, artful, or cunning.

Knowing one.—*Vide* BOB LOGIC.

Knowledge Box.—The head.

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L.

Lace.—To beat. *I'll lace your jacket for you*—I will beat you.

Laced Mutton.—See *Shakespeare's: The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act i., Scene 1.*

Lady Birds.—Cyprians, female peripatetics. Light or lewd women.

The merchant's daughter died soon after,
Tears she shed, but spoke no words,
So all young men a warning take,
And don't go with the naughty *Lady Birds*.

Lady in Mourning.—A negress, a black woman.

Lag.—A returned transport. *Bill has been out of the country for some time past studying botany!*—That is he has been to Botany Bay as a transport, but now returned.

Laid on the Shelf.—For further particulars consult any unmarried woman under the age of —!!!— If I know more of any man alive than that which maiden modesty doth warrant, let all my sins lack mercy.—*Shakespeare.*

Lamp.—The human eye! *The cove has a queer Lamp*, the man has a blind or squinting eye.

Lark.—A frolic, joke, spree. *Cut your larks*, leave off larking.

Lawful Blanket.—A wife.—"Till I have no wife, I'll have nothing else.

Lay.—A scheme or trick. *Shabby genteel lay*, a scheme of beggars to excite compassion by dressing as decayed tradesmen.

Leading strings.—The restraint of friends.

Leery.—To look sharp and knowing—from the rolling of the eye.

Leg Bail.—Running away.—Your legs did better service than your hands.

Legs.—Men who live by cheating. *Blacklegs*, gamblers, &c.

Levanters.—Persons who run away to avoid paying their debts of honour.

Lifter.—A thief.—Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?—*Shakespeare.*

Lighthouse.—The watch-house.

Lily.—A black.—To paint the lily is wasteful—and very silly.

Lilywhite.—A chimney sweeper or negro.

Limbo.—Prison.—As far from help as *limbo* is from bliss.—*Shakespeare.*

Line.—An awkward thing to get into. *To give any one Line enough*, to let him go his lengths. *To keep the Line*, to be correct.

Lion's Share.—The larger part; all or nearly all. In "Æsop's Fables," several beasts joined the lion in a hunt, but when the spoil was divided, the lion claimed one quarter in right of his prerogative, one for his superior courage, one for his dam and cubs—"as for the other fourth, let who will dispute it with me." Awed by his frown, the other beasts silently withdrew.

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Listener.—The ear.—Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice.

Little Shilling.—Love money:—Just another little shilling *ducky!*

Lob's Pound.—A prison, the stocks, or any other place of confinement.

Lothario.—A gay libertine, a seducer of female modesty, a debauchee. The character is from "The Fair Penitent," by Nicholas Rowe, 1673-1718.

Is this that haughty gallant, gay Lothario? *Act v., Sc. 1.*

Low Water Mark.—Without cash. "A most damnable condition."

Lug.—The ear from its being very often *lugged*.

Lump.—The workhouse.

Lush.—Beer and other intoxicating drinks, so called from Lushington the brewer. *Lush-crib*, a public-house.

Lushy.—Drunk. Introduced by Leigh Hunt and Keats, and others of the Cockney School into the service of poetry—"Trees *lush* with bliss," *i.e.*, Trees drunk with love, possibly of the succulent sort.

Lushington.—Intoxication—"the best of life is but intoxication," so said BYRON over his gin and water: "there is more truth in it than folks may generally imagine." To join *Captain Lushington*, to get drunk—"See how snugley Captain Lushington's getting aboard of Logic," said Jerry to Corinthian Tom on the night of their visit to "*All Max, in the East.*"

M.

Mab.—A cabriolet, from the projector, Mr. Maberly.

Mace.—To cheat, impose, rob.

Mace Cove.—A swindler, a sharper, a cheat. A gentleman from the Spice Islands, *i.e.*, a fellow living on his wits. *On the mace*, to live by swindling.

Mag.—A halfpenny.

Malty Coves.—Porter patrons, heavy wet encouragers, beer drinkers—and *thinkers!*

Maulagaram.—An awkward knock.

Max.—Gin.—Oh! for a glass of *Max*. Byron's *Don Juan*, Canto xi., Stanza 16. His Lordship added by way of a foot-note in explanation of the word MAX! The advance of science and of language has rendered it unnecessary to translate the above good and true English, spoken in its original purity by the select mobility and their patrons.

Master of the Mint.—A punning term for a gardener.

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Master of the Rolls.—A baker. Jack Martin, the renowned pugilist, who was a baker by trade, was well known to the *Fancy* as *The Master of the Rolls*.

Masquerade.—Masquerades were in fashion in the time of Edward III., 1340, and in the reign of Charles, 1660. The Bishops preached against them, and made such representations as occasioned their suppression, 9 Geo. I., 1724. They were revived, and carried to shameful excess in violation of the laws, and tickets of admission to a masquerade at Ranelagh were on some occasions subscribed for at twenty-five guineas each. Now, if the reader wishes to take the mask off this scene, let him go and take a glass of champagne with Charles Wright of the Haymarket, and he will fully initiate him into all its merry mysteries, he is at liberty to make use of the Author's name in his enquiries.

Mazzard.—Head. *Rap on the Mazzard*, a thump on the head.

Men are but Children of a Larger Growth.—From *Dryden's*, "All for Love," Act iv., Sc. 1.

Mendicity Society.—Red Lion-square, London, was established in 1818, for the suppression of public begging, and other impositions.

Mill.—A fight. *Millers*, pugilists. *Mill the Glaze*, break a window.

Misfortunes.—If "*misfortunes*" as the saying has it, "attend the righteous," the wicked as a matter of course cannot expect to go *unpunished*: although a man might have the "Old One's *luck* and his own too!" "If," said LOGIC to JERRY—after the latter hero had been complaining to him on getting up rather late one morning after a night's *spree*, that he thought his *constitution* had got a little *scratch* since he had left HAWTHORN HALL,—“people who are fond of a *lark*; enjoy a *row*; love a *bit of fun*; take a peep at a *fair*; join in a *hop*; go to a *mill*; play at *rouge et noir*; parade the *lobby*; stroll through the *back slums*; visit the *cock and dog pits*; spend a few *interesting* moments at *gaffing*; *blow a cloud* at a free and easy; meet with *Mr. Lushington*; drop in on the sly at a *case*; *floor the charleys*, and, after all, nothing be the *matter*, why then it is a prime circumstance in the career of a man indeed. But it is five hundred to one, that ALL the above *events* do not *come off right*, with the most experienced and skilful sportsman: that is to say, my dear friend, if you do not get *punished* in your person, yet you may be most preciousely *physicked* in your *cly*; and, if you have even the good fortune to keep your *peepers* from being measured for a *suit of mourning*; your *canister* from being *cracked*; and your face from being *spoiled* among the low *coveys* of *St. Kitts*; you are, perhaps, even in more real danger among the refined heroes of the creation, from paying too much "*attention*" to their *ladies* which has often occasioned more than one JOHN BULL sort of *ill-natured unaccommodating* husband to give such very *polite* gallants a dose of *leaden powder*, that has *cooled* their courage, or, at least, *checked* their importunities. In society where *politeness* of that sort is measured out to the extreme nicety of splitting a hair as at the *West End* assemblies, it will at all times, be well to remember that *Misfortunes* are in *morals*, what bitters are in medicine: each is at first disagreeable; but as the bitters act as corroborants to the stomach, so Adversity chastens and ameliorates the disposition. Therefore it is much better to endeavour to forget one's *Misfortunes*, than to speak of them, and ever to bear in mind that:—

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"Misfortunes tell us what fortune is."

Mizzle.—To disappear, to leave the company.

Mob.—A contraction of the Latin *mobile*—the fickle crowd. Query: As *Mob* is mobility, is

Nob nobility?

Moisten your Chaffers.—To drink.

Mollishers.—A slang term made use of by thieves and police officers for low prostitutes.

Moncrieff, W. G. T.—*Otherwise* William George Thomas, author of between two and three hundred dramas, &c., died in the Charter-house, December 8, 1857, aged 63.

Money-Lenders.—Bob Logic termed those persons *Brag*s in consequence of their repeatedly advertising to render embarrassed individuals assistance, yet making them *pay* well for it; something after the old adage, that "BRAG'S a good dog; but *Holdfast* is a better!"

Mot.—A prostitute. *A Leary Mot*, a knowing one:—

Rum old Mog was a *leary* flash *mot*, and she was round and fat,
With *twangs* in her shoes, a wheel-barrow too, and an oil skin round her hat;
A blue birds-eye o'er *dairies* fine, as she *mizzled* through Temple Bar—
Of vich side of the vay, I cannot say, but she *boned* it from a Tar.
Singing Fol-lol-lol-lido.

Now Mog's flash com-pan-ion was a Chick-lane gill, and he garter'd below his knee,
He had twice been *pull'd*, and nearly *lagg'd*, but got off by going to sea;
With his pipe and quid, and *chaunting* voice, Potatoes he would cry;
For he valued neither *cove* nor *swell*, for he had *wedge* snug in his cly.
Singing Fol-lol-lol.

One night they went to a Cock-and-Hen Club, at the sign of the Mare and Stallion,
But such a sight was never seen as Mog and her flash com-pan-ion;
Her *covey* was an am'rous blade, and he buss'd young Bet on the sly,
When Mog up with her *daddle* bang-up to the mark, and she black'd the Bunter's
eye.

Singing Fol-lol-lol.

Now this brought on a general fight, Lord, what a gallows row—
With whacks and thumps throughout the night, till drunk as David's sow—
Milling up and down—with cut heads, and lots of broken ribs,
But the *lark* being over—they *ginned* themselves at jolly Tom Cribb's.
Singing Fol-lol-lol.

Mother Cummins.—In Dyott Street, St. Giles's—now George Street, after George Prince of Wales—but called Dyott Street after Sir Thomas Dyott, *temp.* Charles II., lived that most notorious and world-renowned lodging-house keeper "Mother Cummins," so well-known to all the *Bucks* about town, in their hot youth, when George the Third was King.

Oh, she lives snug in the Holy Land
Right, tight, and merry in the Holy Land,
Search the globe round, none can be found
So *accommodating!* as Old Mother Cummins
Of the Holy Land.

It is related that Major Hanger accompanied George IV. to a beggar's carnival in St. Giles's. He had not been there long when the Chairman, Sir Jeffery Dunston, addressing the company, and pointing to the then Prince of Wales, said "I call upon that 'ere gemman with a shirt for a song." The Prince, as well as he could, got excused upon his friend promising to sing for him, and he chaunted in a prime style a flash ballad full of "St. Giles's Greek," for which he received great applause. The Major's health having been drunk with nine times nine, and responded to by him, wishing them "good luck till they were tired of it," he departed with the Prince to afford the company time to fix their different routes for the ensuing day's business.

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Mother Emerson's.—A night-house situate in the Haymarket, at one time called the Turk's Head, but of later times named the Waterford Arms, out of compliment to the late generous-hearted and frolicsome Marquis of Waterford, who was a great patron and supporter of the house.

The late—self-styled—Lord Chief Baron Nicholson: who was intimately acquainted with "Mother Emerson," wrote of her thus.—"In business Mrs. Emerson was a wonder. I cannot possibly do better than present a sketch of her in and out of her trade:—"

NIGHT-HOUSES AND THEIR KEEPERS.

MRS. EMERSON.

'Twas landlady Meg that made such rare flip;
Pull away, pull away, my hearties;
At Wapping she lived, at the sign of the Ship,
Where tars met in such jolly parties.

Dibdin.

The famous landlady, Meg of Wapping, might have been very celebrated, and a very great

person, at the time she lived, and at the particular part of the town she resided in, namely, that *Fashionable Watering-Place*, Wapping; but all landladies of the present day are placed in the shade, totally eclipsed, by that all-accomplished and indefatigable woman of business, Mrs. Emerson, of the Waterford Arms, late the Turk's Head, Haymarket.

Although she is not defunct, she may be properly termed the *late* Mrs. Emerson. Night after night she keeps her body up, and her appearance, every time we see her she seems to look younger and fresher. She is quite a character in her way, and the best flat-catcher in London. "How d'ye do, my dear?" is her general salutation to the swells who frequent her lush-crib. "Well, I thank you, mother," is the reply. "What'll you take?" For it is considered a great honour amongst the flats to get mother to drink with them. "Oh! Sherry, my son; Sherry for me," says mother.

"A bottle of sherry here, waiter," says the flat; and she makes the favoured few who have the right of *entrée* behind her bar, pay for the distinguished indulgence.

The Irishmen say, "Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook Fair?" We ask, "Who has e'er had the luck to see Mistress Emerson on a race-course? We have, and a greater out-and-outer we never met—"Rich and rare were the gems she wore:"—and there you may see the gay old gal togged to the extreme of fashion, with pink silk stockings to display her well-shaped understandings—for we must inform our readers that mother don't stand upon trifles—generally a nice satin shoe and dress; also lots-and-lots of jewellery, stated to be worth, including *thimble*, *hoops*, and *chin-prop*, something approaching a cool thousand. It is a great advantage to single gentlemen *wot* go to the races to be acquainted with mother; she always takes a plentiful supply of *wittles*, and an awful lot of the sparkling and still—not the *private still*; for amongst her friends and patrons she makes it as public as possible, and when she is really "standing sam," as she facetiously calls it, you can't make more free than welcome.

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In conclusion, we must observe that we do justice to every one, and seek not to gain popularity by villifying those who are not in a situation to resent it. In many—very many instances the public little know—or care of whom they speak, and we are all too prone to come to hasty conclusions, and to speak with prejudice and without inquiry. Now be it known to all who care to know, that, Mrs. Emerson is really and truly a very kind-hearted and charitable person, in spite of the very disadvantageous position she stands in with the public by keeping a night-house. She strives as much as possible to prevent the ingress of improper characters, and so far she is successful, for no robbery has ever taken place in her house since she has been in business.

Mother H's.—Was a notorious night-house opposite the front entrance of Drury Lane Theatre, and then the great *rendezvous* for the gay city birds, as well as the more fantastic dandies of the West-end. Mother H., or Mrs. Hoskins, was the *remnant* of Mr. Hoskins, who had, in the words of George Barrington, the pickpocket, *par excellence!* "Left his country for his country's good." Mother H. is described by a writer who knew her well as the "ugliest woman I ever beheld; but she dearly loved paint, dress, and decorations. Her attire was in the highest style of fashion, generally black velvet or satin, jewellery in profusion, silk stockings, and very neat kid shoes. She had rather a pretty ankle." "*Apropos* of her shoes, I may remark that the old girl was artful, deceitful, and dishonest. I remember a half-drunken, foolish fellow dropping a handful of sovereigns in the large supper-room. A number of the fair and frail were present; Mother H. said, "Now girls, stand away, I'll pick them up and see that the gentleman ain't robbed;" she should have added, "*By any one but myself*," for about every second sovereign she took from the floor she "welled" in her shoes. "Well," said one of the girls; "I don't blame you mother, but I should like to stand in your shoes." Mother H. retired with an ample fortune. Turned—as a matter of course, *very religious*, married a highly respectable timber merchant at Brighton, who died and left her money. She again tried her luck in the matrimonial lottery, although nearly seventy years of age. Her third husband was a serious, calm, tall and respectable Dissenter, who outlived her."

Mother's Milk.—The liquor we like best.

Mouse.—Is a black—or perhaps, more correctly speaking, a swollen eye.

Move on the Board.—An action in life.

Mudlarks.—Men who rake about the mud on the banks of the Thames, when the tide is out, for what they can find.

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Muff.—A soft article, a tool, a fool: a soft *thing* that holds a lady's hand without squeezing it!

Munden, Joseph.—Comedian, died February 6, 1832, aged 74.

Mutton Walk.—The Saloons of Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres—"Upon the arrival of TOM and JERRY at Drury Lane Theatre, the performances did not operate on their feelings as a source of attraction. It is true they took a *glimpse* at the play, but as they did not go for anything like *criticism* on the abilities of the actors, or to descant upon the merits of the pieces, it was merely a *glimpse* indeed. Our heroes went upon another errand. Their eyes were directed to different parts of the house; and TOM not meeting with any of his acquaintances at 'Old Drury,' as he had anticipated, they immediately pushed off to take a peep at Covent Garden Theatre. A *look* at the stage was quite sufficient for their purpose;

and without any more delay, the CORINTHIAN and JERRY soon *bustled* into the Saloon.

"TOM and his Coz, had scarcely reached the place for refreshments, when the *buz* began, and they were surrounded by numbers of the gay *Cyprians* who nightly visit this place. Some of these *delicate* heroines, soon began to jeer the CORINTHIAN on the *cause* of his absence; while others of these *Lady Birds* were offering their congratulations to him on his restoration to Society. JERRY being in company with so distinguished a hero as TOM was of itself a sufficient source of attraction to these *Fancy Pieces* to pay their court to HAWTHORN; and, accordingly, their cards were presented to JERRY, in order to grace their lists with the addition of a *new* and rich *Friend*. These cards rather puzzled JERRY, who appeared astonished that such dashing females should keep *Shops!!!?*"

My Uncle.—The cant term for a pawnbroker:—

Who lives where hang those golden balls,
Where Dick's poor mother often calls,
And leaves her *dickey*, gown, and shawls?—MY UNCLE.

Who, when you're *short* of the *short* stuff,
Nose-Starving for an ounce of snuff,
Will "*raise the wind*" without a *puff*?—MY UNCLE.

A *poor* PUNSTER, who was hurrying through the streets one evening, was met by a friend, who asked him where he was going in such great haste? The *humourist* being rather *shy* in stating his errand, as well as anxious to conceal the *poverty* of his circumstances, and having only a few minutes left before his ticket or *Mortgage-deed!* expired as to *date*, which not being renewed, his property must have been forfeited, turned off the question, with a smile, observing, "To a place of *amusement*." "What part of the house?" "To the private boxes." "Is it a good piece?" "Excellent! It abounds with incidents; and you cannot depart without feeling an *interest* in it." "What's the name of it?"—"JUST IN TIME!" "So I'm off at once," replied the PUNSTER.

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N.

Nab.—To catch or seize. *Nabbed*, caught.

Nabob.—Corruption of the Hindoo word Nawâb. An administrator, commander, and other high officers under the Mogul empire. These men acquired great wealth and lived in Eastern splendour, so that they gave rise to the phrase, "Rich as a Nawâb," corrupted into *Rich as a Nabob*. In England we apply the phrase to a merchant who has obtained great wealth in the Indies, and has returned to live—and die in his native country.

Nail.—To prig, or to capture. *I nailed* him on the spot. *To pay down on the Nail*, to pay ready money on the counter—which was often studded over with nails.

Naked Truth.—The fable says that Truth and Falsehood went bathing: Falsehood came first out of the water, and dressed herself in Truth's garments, Truth, unwilling to take those of Falsehood, went naked.

Nap.—To catch, to grasp.

Napping.—To be taken in the act, especially in adultery. "To catch napping—*Rem in re*."

Napping your Bib.—Crying, and wiping your eyes with an apron.

Nappy Ale.—Strong ale is so called either because it makes one *nappy*, or else because it contains a nap or frothy head.

Nash.—To throw away. *Nash your leading strings*, throw off all restraint.

Natty.—Tidy, methodical and neat. *Natty Lads*, young pickpockets.

Needful.—Money. *To show the Needful*, to produce the money.

Never-wag Man of War.—The Fleet Prison.

Nibble.—To steal.

Nob.—Head. *Nobbed*, thumped on the head.

Nob Thatchers.—Straw bonnet makers, also wig makers.

Nod.—He's gone to the land of Nod, *i.e.*, he's gone to bed.

Noodle.—An *ass* of the *human* species.

Nose.—An informer. *Out on the nose*, a night search.

Nun.—A mealy mouthed prostitute.

Nurses.—Guardians, tutors, &c.

Nutty.—To be *nuts* upon, is to be very much pleased or gratified with any thing: thus, a person who conceives a strong inclination for another of the opposite sex is said to be quite *nutty* upon him or her.

Who on a lark, with black-eyed Sal (his blowing)
So prime, so swell, so *nutty*, and so knowing.
Byron's *Don Juan*.

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O.

Office.—Warning. *To give the Office*, make people aware.

Offley's.—A sporting hotel, the resort of the Corinthians of the day was in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. To the men about town the excellence of Offley's catering was well known. In cooking a beefsteak, he was unrivalled; and many a gentleman who had a great *stake* in the country would walk miles to have a small *steak* in London, cooked and dished up under the superintendence of "Old Offley" together with a nip of ale, the quality of which was on a par for excellence with the other good things of the house.

Mr. Offley lies buried in the churchyard of St Paul, Covent Garden, only a few feet from the back window of the room which was the scene of so many agreeable orgies. Shortly after his death a hearty toast to his memory was drunk in claret, over his grave, by a few of the jovial herd who loved him in life, and respected him in the tomb.

Ogles.—Eyes. *Queer Ogles*, bad eyes.

Olympic Theatre.—Was originally erected by Philip Astley, and opened with horsemanship, September 18, 1806. The theatre was leased in 1813 to the celebrated R. W. Elliston. On Monday, November 12, 1821, a dramatised version of "Tom and Jerry," by Charles Dibdin, was produced: Tom, Mr. Blake; Jerry, Mr. Oxberry; Logic, Mr. Vale. Madame Vestris had the management to 1839, then followed Mr. George Wild, Miss Davenport, and Watts. The theatre was destroyed by fire March, 1849; re-built and opened by Mr. Watts, December 26, 1850.

Omnibuses.—The first pair of London omnibuses started from the Yorkshire Stingo, public-house, in the New Road, to the Bank of England and back, on Saturday, July 4th, 1829. They were constructed to carry twenty-two passengers, all inside, and were drawn by three horses abreast. The fare was one shilling, or sixpence for half the distance, together with the luxury of a newspaper. A Mr. J. Shillibeer was the owner of these carriages, and in order that the introduction might have every chance of success and the full prestige of respectability, he brought over with him from Paris two youths, both the sons of British naval officers, and these young gentlemen were his "conductors." They were smartly dressed in blue cloth, after the Parisian fashion. Their addressing any foreign passenger in French, and the French style of the affair, gave rise to an opinion that Mr. Shillibeer was a Frenchman, and that the English were indebted to a foreigner for the improvement of their vehicular transit, whereas Mr. Shillibeer had served in the British navy, and was born in Tottenham Court Road; yet he had afterwards carried on the business of a coach builder both in London and Paris. His speculation was particularly and at once successful, for he insured punctuality and civility; and the cheapness, cleanliness, and smartness of his omnibuses were in most advantageous contrast with the high charges, dirt, dinginess, and rudeness of the drivers of many of the "short stages" and Hackney coaches, who were loud in their railings against what they were pleased to describe as a French innovation, and many were the street-papers and ballads issued on the subject both for and against the "Shillibeer's" and "French Hearses."

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The 'Buss, the 'Buss, the Omnibus!
That welcomes all without a fuss;
And wafts us on with joyous sound,
Through crowded streets on our busy round,
Reckless of cold and gloomy skies,
Or the driving storm as it downward hies:
Stow'd snug in thee! stow'd snug in thee!
I am where I would wish to be,
While the rain above and the mud below
Affects me not where'er I go—
Though the sleet and the slush be ankle deep,
What matters? while I can ride so cheap!
What matters? &c.

I love, oh how I love to ride
In cozy converse, side by side,
With some sweet sly enchanting one,
Who lets her little 'larum run
Till scarcely can the listener know
If that or Time more swiftly go!
Henceforth I'll know the terrible bore

Of "padding the hoof" no more, no more;
But back to his seat I so oft have press'd
I'll spring, to be wafted the while I rest:
For thou, dear 'Bus! art a home to me,
While I am snugly seated in thee.
While I am, &c.

On the Town.—A man of the world: a person supposed to have a general knowledge of men and manners. In short UP and DOWN *to everything!*

Operators.—Pickpockets.

O.P. and P.S.—The name given to a tavern in Russell Court, Drury Lane—*See Kean's Head*—This sign was construed several ways according as it suited the different *tastes* of its visitors. The stage-players took it in its original sense, to denominate the tavern a theatrical house;—and the O.P. and P.S., according to its technicality upon the stage, thus—O.P. *Opposite Prompter*, and P.S. the *Prompt Side*. The men of the world placed it in another point of view, "Come and see me to-night," said they to a friend, "at the O.P. and P.S., where you will be sure to meet some *Old PALS*, and hear *Prime SINGING*." And the Bacchanalians hailed the O.P. and P.S. as the harbour containing fine *Old PORT* and *Prime SHERRY*.

O.P. Riot.—When the new Covent Garden Theatre was opened in 1809, the charges of admission were increased; but night after night for three months a throng crowded the pit shouting O.P. (*old prices*), much damage was done, and the manager was obliged at last to give way.

Out-and-Outer.—A real good one.

Oxberry, William.—An actor of many parts: who held a very respectable position at various metropolitan theatres—and was a friend and contemporary with Pierce Egan, W. T. Moncrieff, Leman Rede, Tom Hudson and Beuler—the funny John Reeve—a great *body* of talent on or off the boards. Bob Keeley—the *multum in parvo*, and other choice spirits of the day, who frequently paid a visit to the coffee-room at the Craven's Head, Drury Lane, when "*Billy*" Oxberry—that comical wight, acted the part of *Boniface*, to hear him tell his tales, and relate his theatrical and other adventures he had met with in playing "*The Five P's*," viz., the Printer, Poet, Publisher, Publican, and Player. (1784-1824.)

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P.

Pad.—The highway, or a robber thereon; also a bed. *Footpads*, foot robbers. *To go out upon the pad*, to go out in order to commit a robbery. *To pad the hoof*, to walk. *Padding-ken*, a tramp's lodging-house.

Paddington Fair Day.—An execution day; Tyburn being in the parish or neighbourhood of Paddington. *To dance the Paddington frisk*, to be hanged.

Pal.—A companion, one who generally accompanies another, or who commit robberies together.

Parker.—To part or pay money.

Patter.—To speak. *Patterer*, a noisy talkative street hawker of songs, last dying speeches, &c.

Patter-Flash.—To talk flash, or the language of thieves.

Paulo, Signor.—Comedian and Clown—the original Billy Waters in the Adelphi Version of "Tom and Jerry," died July 27, 1835, aged 48.

Pavé.—The town. *A nymph of the pavé*, a prostitute.

Pea-Green Hayne—Mr.—He was nicknamed "*Pea-green*" from his folly in reference to Miss Maria Foote, afterwards the Countess of Harrington. It will be remembered that that beautiful and accomplished lady brought an action against Hayne for breach of promise of marriage, and recovered 3000*l.* damages; but Hayne was not *green* upon that account; it was an affair which the shrewdest man of fashion might have fallen into. If *greenness* existed at all in Hayne on that question, it laid in not marrying her. Fate, however, designed for the lady a better match. The eccentric Lord Harrington, though a wild, sporting, boxing spirit, as Lord Petersham, was, as the Earl, one of the most refined gentlemen that ever added grace to a coronet; and it might be fairly said that his Lordship did so. Mr Hayne was a man with a mind well stored; he had experience to aid him. In his association with Ned Baldwin, *alias* White-headed Bob, the pugilist, whom he trained and backed, and other fast celebrities of the day, he learnt much, though he paid dearly for it.

Peck.—To eat. *Peck and Booze*, victuals and drink. *Peckish*, hungry. *Peck-alley*, the throat.

Peel.—To strip, to undress; allusion to the taking off of the coat or rind of an orange.

Peepers.—Eyes. *Single peeper*, a one eyed man.

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Pewter.—Money, from the close alliance of much of our so-called *silver*. *To stump the pewter*, to pay money.

Pierce Egan.—Author of “Tom and Jerry,” died August 3, 1849, aged 77.

Pig and Tinder-box.—A jocular term for the sign of the Elephant and Castle.

Pigs.—Thief-takers, formerly applied to a Bow Street Officer.

Pigeons.—Young beginners, or novices, persons very necessary to be *plucked*. Also companions of the right sort—birds of a feather.

Pilot.—A watchman.

Pimple.—The head.

Pinks.—Dashing fellows. *Pinks* of the fashion.

Pipkin.—The head. *To crack a pipkin*, to break a head.

Pippen.—A good fellow.

Plum.—*He is worth a plum*—is said of a man possessed of £100,000, and of him who has only realized £50,000, he’s got but “half-a-plum.”

Pockets to Let.—When there’s no money in them—such are best let alone.

Point Nonplus.—Neither money nor credit.

Police.—The London police grew out of the London watch, instituted about 1253; the whole system was remodelled by Mr., afterwards Sir Robert Peel, by 10 Geo. IV., 19th June, and the New Police commenced duty 29th September, 1829. Sir Richard Mayne was appointed Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan District. The new system was not popular with the people, nor with those who deemed they had “vested rights,” and the constables were considered as a target that every one might fire off their chaff and witticism at with impunity. The terms “Bobby and Peeler”—after Robert Peel, immediately became the cant words, together with “Blue Bottles,” “Blue Devils,” the “Royal Blues; or, the Cook’s Own,” and other opprobrious terms. Within a month of the establishing of the New Police—viz., on the 14th of October, 1829, one of the members, named John Jones, was charged, at the Hatton Garden Police-station, with stealing a scrag of mutton, from the stall-board of a butcher, named Samuel, in Skinner Street, Somers’s Town. The circumstance having been witnessed by a neighbour, he pursued the policeman, and took him into custody. He had fifteen shillings and sixpence in his pocket. In his defence, he said he was going to take the mutton to show his wife. This was a circumstance that could not be lost sight of by the Seven Dials printers, and several street-papers and ballads were immediately issued on the subject, and continued to find a ready sale for some months; while “Who stole the mutton?” became the by-word. Following is one of the many ballads that appeared:—

THE NEW POLICEMAN,
AND THE SOMERS TOWN BUTCHER.
Air—“*Bob and Joan*.”

Hollo! New Police,
Who in blue coats, strut on,
Your fame you wont increase
By stealing joints of mutton,
Who would e’er suppose,
In such handsome rigging,
Spick and span new clothes,
Men would go a prigging?
Hollo! New Police, &c., &c.

At very little cost
Jones wished to have a luncheon;
But now the blade has lost
His uniform and truncheon.
Alas! the worthy soul,
While the victuals bagging,
Tho’ a *scrag* he stole
Never dreamt of *scragging*. Hollo! &c., &c.

Off he made a move,
And muttered in retreating,
“D—, this will prove
Very good eating!”
With this bit of meat,
Doubtless quite enraptur’d;
But joy is very fleet,
And Mr. Jones was captur’d. Hollo! &c., &c.

“Oh!” cried Mr. Jones,
 “This is inconvenient!
 Curse the mutton bones—
 Gentlemen, be lenient.
 This joint you will remark
 (The truth I won’t conceal it),
 I *borrowed* for a lark—
 I never meant to steal it.” Hollo! &c., &c.

Here’s a pretty prig,
 Thus went Somer’s Sam on,
 First my meat to prig,
 And then to pitch his gammon.
 Borrow’d! blow me tight,
 Seeing is believing;
 I loves the thing vot’s right,
 And always hated thieving. Hollo! &c., &c.

Peel’s new plan, I say,
 Ought to be rejected,
 If this here’s the way
 We’re to be protected.
 These coves parade the street
 In dashing dark blue habit;
 But when they eye our meat,
 ’Tis ten to one they grab it. Hollo! &c., &c.

’Twas droll to hear the chaff
 When they were embodied;
 Now it makes me laugh
 To see so many quodded.
 Thieves may feel secure,
 Whate’er the hour or weather,
 For Sam is very sure
 They are all rogues together. Hollo! &c., &c.

The City of London successfully rejected the introduction of the New Police within their territories. “They worn’t a going to hav’ no new French Police Spy system in their ancient and honourable City,” said Alderman Cute-Grub-Bub-Turtle-and-Soup, “not if ve knows it.” Therefore, no one will be surprised at frequently reading in the newspapers of the period paragraphs like the following:—

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THE EFFECTS OF THE NEW POLICE.

At the Guildhall, on Monday, October 12th, 1829, after Sir Peter Laurie had admonished and discharged a disorderly woman, who had been accused of being noisy in the street, he asked her accuser, a watchman, named Livingstone, where his beat was? The watchman said it was from St. Dunstan’s Church to Temple Bar. Do you find any increase of bad characters on your beat? Watchman (smilingly): Yes, I believe I do; the New Policemen drives ’em into the City. Sir Peter: Then you should drive them back again; it would be better than taking them up. Watchman: When there was a quarrel among them the other night, a policeman came up and drove them through the Bar, saying, “Ye shan’t stand here; go into the City with your rows.” Sir Peter Laurie said that he had heard that a police magistrate had directed the policemen to drive all bad characters into the City. If there was any truth in this, it was an imprudent—an improper observation. He desired the watchman present to drive all the bad characters out of the City. The thing must be put down. Subsequently, some vagrants were brought up, and Sir Peter told them to drive them out of the City instead of apprehending them in future. “We can play at tennis-ball,” said the Alderman, in an under tone.

“Who stole the Mutton?” together with many other words and phrases in reference to the supposed partiality of the police to *The Cook! The Kitchen!!* and *The Cold Mutton!!!* have clung to the service from the day of its formation to the present time, while comic writers of all degrees, in farces, burlesques, songs, and pantomimes, have never failed to make capital out of the New Police, Peel’s Raw-Lobsters, Peeler’s, Blue Bottles, &c., &c.

Polito’s Beasts.—Polito, the Italian successor to Pidcock’s Zoological Collection, and very famous in his day. Attracted many thousands of spectators every year at Bartholomew Fair.

Pony.—Money. *To post the pony*, to pay down the money, also the sum of twenty-five pounds.

Poundage Cove.—A fellow who receives poundage for procuring a customer for damaged goods—also a puffer at auction sales.

Prads.—Horses. The swell flashes a fine pair of horses.

Press-Gang.—Reporters, better known, perhaps, as gentlemen connected with the *Press*!

Prigs.—Pickpockets, and snappers-up of unconsidered trifles in general—from a needle to an anchor!

Prime Twig.—In high condition.

Pudding Sleeves.—A parson.

Pull Out.—To come it strong.

Punch.—From the Indian word *punj* (five); so called from its five ingredients, viz., spirit, water, lemon, sugar and spice. It was introduced into England from Spain, where it is called *ponche*. It is said to be a great “contradiction,” because it is composed of *spirits* to make it strong, and *water* to make it weak, of *lemon juice* to make it sour, and *sugar* to make it sweet.

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Pupil's-straits.—School tuition.

Q.

Quean.—A slut, or worthless woman, a strumpet.

Queer.—Bad. *To Queer*, to puzzle, or confound.

Quid.—A guinea, rather a scarce article now.

Qui-tam.—A \times species of lawyer, whose dealings are seldom or never on the \square .

Quiz.—A strange looking fellow, an odd dog. *Oxford*.

Quod.—Newgate, or any other prison.

R.

Rag.—Bank notes, money in general. The cove has no *Rag*; the fellow has no money. *Rag-carrier*, an ensign.

Rainbow.—A tailor's pattern book.

Rain Napper.—An umbrella.

Randall, Jack.—Jack Randall, the *Nonpareil* of the ring, died at his house, the Hole-in-the-Wall, Chancery Lane, March 12th, 1828, aged 34. Jack was an *Anglo-Irishman*, and first drew his breath in the Hibernian colony of St. Giles. He was the hero of sixteen prize battles, and left the ring undefeated. At this period it was considered he had received not less than £1,200 by his good fortune, but “easy got, easy gone”—as fast as it was got it was spent, until prudence suggested the expediency of laying the foundation of something substantial for his family, and he accordingly closed his bargain for the Hole-in-the-Wall, under the patronage of General Barton, his friends giving him a pipe of wine, instead of a piece of plate, to commence operations. From henceforth he pursued the business of a publican, and was highly respected by all ranks of the *Fancy*. Tom Moore, the Irish poet, was a frequenter of his house, and it was there that he picked up most of his material for his “Tom Cribb's Memorial to Congress,” &c. The liberality of his friends, however, added to his own predilection for *daffey*, gradually paved the way to the “break-up” of his constitution, and for the last few months of his life he was but the shadow of his former self.

Alas! poor Jack lies on his back,
As flat as any flounder:
Although he died of a *bad inside*,
No *heart* was ever *sounder*.

The *Hole-in-the-Wall* was once his *stall*,
His *crib* the *Fancy* name it:
A *hole in the ground* he now has found,
And no one else will claim it.

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But too much *lush* man's strength will crush,
And so found poor Jack Randall:
His fame once bright as morning light,
Now's out, like *farthing candle*.

Rap.—Money, indifferent of what coin.

Rattler.—A Hackney coach. *Rattler* and *Prad*, a coach and horses. *Rattling-cove*, a coachman.

Reader.—A pocket book.

Ready.—Money—not always *ready*.

Red Tape.—Brandy.

Reeve, John.—*Glorious Jack!* Comedian, died January 24, 1838, aged 39.

Regular.—In proper course. *Regulars*, the usual share of the booty.

Rent.—Money. *Nap the rent*, receive money.

Rhino.—Money.—May there always be plenty *rhino* betwixt the chaps that you and I know.

Rig-Out.—A suit of clothes.

Right and Fly.—Complete.

River Tick.—Tradesmen's books.

Rolled-up.—Put in a sponging-house.

Roses, Pinks and Tulips.—Nobility.

Rosy Gills.—One with a sanguine or fresh-coloured countenance.

Row.—A street broil.

Rumbler.—A Hackney coach.

Rum One.—A knowing one.

Rum Peck.—Good grub.

Rum Slim.—Mixed wine or liquor, Rum Punch.

Russell, Samuel.—*Otherwise* "Jerry Sneak Russell," from the very admirable manner in which he played the character of the henpecked cockney lout in Foote's farce of "The Mayor of Garratt." Mr. Russell was for some years manager of the Theatre Royal, Brighton, where he produced "Tom and Jerry" in 1822. After a long life of toil and trouble as a manager, actor, and—the father of a large family, a charitable benefit was got up for him at the Haymarket Theatre, July 1st, 1841, when "Macbeth" was performed, with Charles Kean as Macbeth; Mr. S. Phelps, Macduff; Lady Macbeth, Miss Ellen Tree. After which Mr. Russell spoke an address thanking his kind friends and patrons for their support and patronage; explaining that he deemed it necessary to address them before his final appearance on the stage, least he should not have the nerve power to do so afterwards. Then followed THE MAYOR OF GARRATT, Jerry Sneak (for the last time), Mr. Russell; Major Sturgeon, Mr. Robert Strickland. Unfortunately the money realized by the Benefit, and the private subscription list, was injudiciously invested in a very risky security; and a year or two afterwards the house of business failing the whole of it was irretrievably lost. Mr. Russell died at his daughter's residence, Gravesend, February 25, 1845, aged 79.

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S.

Sadler's Wells.—The oldest theatre in London, and named in part from a mineral spring, which was superstitiously dispensed by the monks of the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem, from an early date. In the reign of Charles II. a Mr. Sadler, built here a music-house, and in 1683, re-discovered while digging gravel for his garden the *Holy Well* of "excellent steel water" which in 1684 was visited and drunk by hundreds of persons of every degree in their morning's walk. In 1765, Mr. Rosoman converted Sadler's Wells garden into a theatre. Mr. King, of Drury Lane Theatre, was long a partner and stage-manager, and Charles Dibdin and his sons Thomas and Charles were proprietors. Grimaldi, father, son and grandson, were famous clowns. The season of 1803 is memorable for the appearance of the celebrated Italian traveller Signor Benzoni, as the Patagonian Samson, in which character he performed prodigious feats of strength. Wine was sold and drunk on the premises until 1807, under the old regulation,—“for an additional sixpence, every spectator was allowed a pint of either port, Lisbon, mountain, or punch.” On the 15th of October, 1807, twenty three persons, male and female, were killed, and many dangerously injured by reason of a false alarm of "Fire!" New River water was introduced in a tank under the stage, and plays were written and arranged so as to display "Real Water" in some of the scenes, and the place advertised as the AQUATIC THEATRE SADLER'S WELLS. In some cases the "good young man" and rightful heir to the estate, was basely and unmercifully hurled from some rock-work into the angry and surging billows below; by the hired myrmidons of the "Cruel Squire" of the Castle: then it was that the real dog would plunge into the real water, and rescue the real Count De Montfordiano from perdition. At other times the Lord of ——"the star-breasted villain," was set upon by the highly virtuous villagers, for having disgraced the "Village-born Beauty," who chased him in and out, and all round about the huge mountain-pass which overhung the "Perilous Pool," until his noble Lordship! was captured, and then hurled into the "depths below," and while his *dummy!* body was descending, it was shot—in two places,

by Robin the Ploughman and Virtuous Villager—"under whose calf-skin waistcoat beat a heart truer than all the Lords, Dukes and Squires in wide England and Foreign parts." Pierce Egan's own version of "Tom and Jerry"—the "AUTHOR'S PIECE" was performed for the first time on Monday, April 8, 1822; TOM, Mr. Elliott; JERRY, Mr. Keeley; LOGIC, Mr. Vale. But the more honourable distinction of Sadler's Wells Theatre is the admirable representation of Elizabethan plays under the able management of Mrs. Warner and Messrs. Phelps and Greenwood, by whom it was made "the popular retreat of the regular drama"—1844-59 and 1861.

Sam—*To Stand Sam*.—To pay for the whole of the reckoning. *Sammy* is he who is fool enough to do it. [Pg 202]

Sanders, John.—"Old Jack of the Adelphi"—and original Black Sal, died December 9, 1865, aged 66.

Saving one's Bacon.—Taking care of one's self.

Schneider.—A tailor. Scholars will perceive this "cognomen is *german* to the matter."

Scamp.—A street-walking vagabond of the lowest order.

Scarce.—*Non est inventus*.

Scout.—A watchman.

Scran.—Food in general.

Screen.—A bank-note.

Screw.—A turnkey.

Screw Loose.—Something wrong.

Seven Dials Bard.—

There is a pleasure in poetic pains,
Which only Poets know.

"Yonder, sir, is Mr. Goosequill, one of the 'Seven Bards of the Seven Dials,' a clever man, who came to town with half-a-crown in his pocket, and his tragedy, called the 'Mines of Peru,' by which he of course expected to make his fortune. For five years he danced attendance on the manager, in order to hear tidings of its being 'cast,' and put into rehearsal, and four years more in trying to get it back again. During the process he was groaned, laughed, whistled, gayed, and nearly kicked out of the secretary's room, who swore—which well he might do, considering the exhausted treasury of the concern—that he knew nothing about, or ever heard of the 'Mines of Peru.' At last Mr. Goosequill, being shown into the manager's kitchen, to wait till he was at leisure, had the singular pleasure of seeing two acts of the 'Mines of Peru' daintily fastened round a savory capon on the spit, to preserve it from the scorching influence of the fire.

"'This was *foul* treatment,' I observed, and I ventured to ask how he had subsisted during the meanwhile? 'Why he first made an agreement with a printer of Ballads, Last Dying Speeches and Confessions, &c., living in the Seven Dials, who finding his inclinations led to poetry, expressed his satisfaction, telling him that one of his poets had lost his senses, and was confined in Bedlam, and another was dazed with drinking drams. An agreement was made, and he earned five shillings and two-pence-three-farthings per week as his share of this speculation with the muses. But his profits were not always certain. He had often the pleasure of dining with Duke Humphrey, and for this reason he turned his thoughts to prose; and in this walk he was eminently successful, for during a week of gloomy weather he published an *apparition*, on the *substance* of which he subsisted very comfortably for a month. He often makes a good meal upon a monster. A *rape* has often afforded him great satisfaction, but a *murder*—an out-and-out *murder*—if well timed, is board, lodging, and washing, with a feast of nectared sweets for many a day.'"

Shaking the Shallow.—Tossing in a hat. Three or more coins are shaken together in the hat, then cast out on the table, most heads or most tails being the winner or loser, according to the calling of the players. [Pg 203]

Sharps.—Persons ready to take you in on all occasions.

Shell Out.—Subscribe, or club their pence together.

Shirk.—To skulk or get off.

Shove in the Mouth.—A glass of gin.

Shoulder Knot.—A man-trap or bailiff.

Six and Eight-pence.—A lawyer of the first order of *Sharks*, whose whole object in commencing an action is to make a "bill of costs."

Sketch-Room.—THE—in CORINTHIAN HOUSE which was principally dedicated to the

productions of the late GEORGE MORLAND, JERRY was rather more if not quite at home, almost skipping with rapture as his eye ran over the subjects of that unrivalled genius of the pencil. NATURE was seen so strongly at every touch that JERRY nearly fancied himself again at HAWTHORN HALL, looking at his dogs, pigs, and horses.

"It was the opinion of CORINTHIAN TOM, in his remarks to JERRY, when the latter first entered this apartment, that if MORLAND had only painted half the number of subjects which are now before the public, their value might have been enhanced twice as much; and *finished* pictures, instead of *sketches*, most likely would have been the result. This was the reason TOM assigned to JERRY for having it called the SKETCH-ROOM. 'Nine times out of ten,' said TOM, 'dull matter-of-fact calculation is not allied with genius.' *Money*, to GEORGE MORLAND, was a *colour* that he did not paint with; and, therefore, respecting its *value*, he seemed to know nothing. *Embarrassment* and the Catchpoles first drew up the curtain and showed him the iron bars which stopped his thoughtless career. They also explained to him, in the most feeling manner, the *uses* of a strong lock. They likewise pointed out to GEORGE the difference in his *prospects*,—not in an artist-like manner to his 'mind's eye,' but in a clear distinct way of business, that *twenty shillings* make a POUND. For the *moment*, he keenly felt the disgusting *cramped* situation of Carey Street,^[40] which compelled him to *peep* at his objects, through the rails of his apartment: for the *moment*, also, he felt the immediate *necessity* of procuring the gold *talismanic* key to give him once more liberty, again to wander amidst the beauties of nature: it was then that MORLAND painted for *money*: it was then that GENIUS was in fetters: it was then that rapid *exertions* got the better of his *taste*. 'The sooner you paint *me* a picture, MR. MORLAND,' said the *leary* Bum-trap, 'the sooner the door will be open to you. Freedom is in view,—and I'll discharge your debt.' No skilful angler ever threw his line into waters with more *coaxing* bait to hook the poor fish, than Mr. *Screw* 'tried it on' with his prisoner. It was plausible: it was better,—it gave no trouble to his acquaintance: it also prevented *shyness* or REFUSAL from his friends. The lock-up-house, by such means lost its terror. Employment was found for the mind and pencil of *Morland*. He experienced no *shiverings* of the body—no feverish *parched-up* tongue, waiting with the most anxious suspense for the return of the messenger to bring the NO, which ultimately sent him to jail, or the delightful YES, that set the prisoner once more at liberty. On the contrary, GEORGE was quite at home. He did as his inclinations prompted him. Jolly fellows called on him in abundance; and the song and the glass went round with the freedom of a tavern. All his wants were supplied, and the *misery* of a spunging-house was not seen in MORLAND'S apartments. In fact, he was better attended than when out of it. From the *top screw* to the *stamper cleaner*, all of them felt an interest in waiting upon the 'GREAT GENIUS,' as he was termed, in order to take a sly peep at his paintings. *Here* GEORGE set no price to his pictures, but when he was tired of his companions, and his confined situation, he then industriously, and in a short time, *painted* himself out of the lock-up house. *Lumbering* him, never afterwards gave MORLAND any horrors: and, whenever he was in *trouble*, the same kind of judgment was repeated, time and often, till Mr. *Screw* had realized a tolerable collection of valuable paintings. This officer was rather fond of paintings himself; but when any gentleman took a fancy to purchase any of them, Mr. *Screw* never betrayed a want of knowledge of their value—by the *prices* he affixed to them. MORLAND died at the premature age of 41, in October 29, 1804—dissipated habits proved his *quietus*."

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Slang.—St. Giles's Greek—a conversational expression of an irregular, more or less vulgar, type, familiar to and in vogue among a certain class.

Slavey.—Servants of all work, in allusion to their laborious employment and hard work.

Slipped Cover.—Got away.

Sluice.—To drink. *Sluice your whistle*, wet your throat.

Sly.—Contraband. *On the sly*, concealed, unlawful.

Smart Blunt.—Forfeit money.

Smash your Countenance.—To give a thump on the face.

Smell a Rat.—To suspect or discover any concealed thing, *a la Hamlet*. *Vide* Old Polonius behind the arras: "A rat, a rat; dead, for a ducat, dead."

Smeller.—The nose. *A smeller*, a blow on the nose.

Smokey.—Suspicious.

Sneezer.—The *Conk* or nose.

Snicker.—A small tumbler.

Snip.—Mr. Snip a tailor.—Come in, taylor, here you may warm your goose.—*Macbeth*.

Snowball.—A Negro, or chimney sweeper.

Soho Bazaar, The.—The first of its kind in England, was established by John Trotter, Esq., to whose family it still belongs. The building covers a space of 300 feet by 150, and extends from the Square to Dean Street on the one hand, and to Oxford Street on the other. The bazaar occupies two floors, and has counter accommodation for upwards of 160 tenants. The

two principal rooms in the building are about ninety feet long, and in them the visitor may find almost every trade represented. One large room is set apart for the sale of books, another for furniture, and another for birds, cages, &c.; and at one end of the latter room is a large recess, occupied with a rustic aviary, through which runs a stream of water. Connected with the bazaar are offices for the registration of governesses and the hire of servants, &c.; and the scene that here presents itself during business hours is one well worthy of a visit. The bazaar has been frequently patronised by royalty.

THE SOHO BAZAAR.

Ladies in furs, and gemmen in spurs,
Who lollop and lounge about all day:
The Bazaar in Soho is completely the go—
Walk into the shop of Grimaldi!
Come from afar, here's the Bazaar!—
But if you won't deal with us, stay where you are.

Here's rouge to give grace to an old woman's face,
Trowsers of check for a sailor;
Here's a cold ice, if you pay for it twice,
And here's a hot goose for a tailor.
Soho Bazaar, come from afar:
Sing ri fal de riddle, and tal de ral la.

Here's a cock'd hat, or an opera flat—
Here's a broad brim for a Quaker;
Here's a white wig for a Chancery prig,
And here's a light weight for a baker.
Soho Bazaar, &c.

A fringed parasol, or a toad-in-the-hole.
A box of japan to hold backy;
Here's a relief for a widow in grief—
A quartern of Hodge's jacky.
Soho Bazaar, &c.

Here, long enough, is a lottery puff
(I was half-drunk when it caught me);
It promised, my eyes! what a capital prize:
And here's all the rhino it brought me.
Soho Bazaar, &c.

"Put it down to the bill," is the fountain of ill
This has the shopkeepers undone;
Bazaars never trust—so down with your dust,
And help us to diddle all London.
Soho Bazaar, &c.

Something Short.—*A drop of summat short.* A glass of spirits, neat, unmixed—*straight!*

Some Tune.—A large amount.

Spavined.—Damaged, injured.

Speeling.—Gambling generally.

Spellken.—A playhouse:—Lord Byron in his *Don Juan*, Canto xi., stanza 19, uses the word in that sense, and then by way of a foot note, adds—

The advance of science and of language has rendered it unnecessary to translate the above good and true English, spoken in its original purity by the select nobility and their patrons. The following is a stanza of a song which was very popular, at least in my early days:—

On the high toby-spice flash the muzzle,
In spite of each gallows old scout:
If you at the *spellken* can't hustle,
You'll be hobbled in making a clout.

Then your Blowing will wax gallows haughty
When she hears of your scaly mistake,
She'll surely turn snitch for the forty,
That her Jack may be regular weight.

If there be any gem'men so ignorant as to require a translation, I refer him to my old friend and corporeal pastor and master, John Jackson, Esq., Professor of Pugilism; who, I trust, still retains the strength and symmetry of his model of a form, together with his good humour, and athletic as well as mental accomplishments.

Spike Hotel.—The King's Bench, the Fleet, or any other prison.

Spree.—A bit of fun.

Stand.—To treat. *Stand the nonsense*, to pay the reckoning, very great nonsense when there's no occasion for it. *Stand Sammy*, to pay for other people.

Stand Still.—A table.

Stark Naked.—Pure gin, neat without water.

Staunch.—Bang up to the neck, the thing!

Steamer.—A pipe. *A swell steamer*, a long pipe—Churchwarden.

Stiffener.—A letter.

Straw Chipper.—A straw bonnet maker.

St. Giles' Greek.—Cant language. See CANT.

Street Solicitors.—Mendicity Societies' clients, a class of beings that, as before mentioned, BODKIN makes it a *point* to take care of, in other words—*beggars*.

String of Onions.—Costermongers, and others of the lower class.

Stringer.—A mace cove, or line man, in plain English a cheat.

Stumpy.—Money.

Stunning Joe Banks.—Who was in all that's *flash*, "bang-up to the knocker," and for many years a very popular and much respected London character. He kept a renowned *lush-crib* called the "Hare and Hounds," formerly the "Beggars in the Bush;" in No. 1, Buckeridge Street, within the classic region the "*Holy Land*," or more frequently termed the *Rookery* in the heart of St. Giles'. Joe Banks, "mine host" of this boosing-ken; was a civil, rough, good natured, and very elaborate specimen of the *genus homo*, possessing a flow of spirits as extensive as his person. Good nature and conviviality were his leading characteristics, although his regular customers were composed of the veriest cadgers both male and female. The girls without shoes or stockings, clad in rags and jags. The male cadgers seldom or never used a comb or a pocket handkerchief:—

No *small tooth-trap* their locks disposes
No 'kerchiefs white attack their noses.

It was the fashion of the day for all the *lively spirits—flash kiddies* and country cousins curious in such matters to visit Stunning Joe Banks' "CITY OF THE CADGERS" on such occasions, the persons and property of all were sacred while under his roof, and escorted through the intricacies of the "ROOKERY," by Joe himself—or in his temporary absence by a well and truly trusted *aide-de-camp!* in order that they might not be in any way molested after leaving his house.

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In conclusion we may add that "Stunning Joe Banks's" *drum* was the resort of all classes, from the aristocratic marquis—especially he, who before he *mizzled*, *hailed* from Waterford!—to the *downy* vagabond, whose way of living was a puzzle to himself.

Sufferer.—A tailor or creditor.

Suspicion of Debt.—Owing two or three thousand pounds.

Swag.—Money, from its appetency to make its possessor *swagger*. *Bag the Swag*, to collect money.

Swaddies.—Soldiers.

Swallow-tail.—A dress, or tail coat.

Swell.—A dashing buck.

Swill Tub.—A drunkard, a sot.

Syntax.—A schoolmaster.

T.

Tag, Rag and Bobtail.—Extremes of low life.

Tape.—Spirits—white and red.

Tartar.—A sour one, a shrewish woman, a scolding wife.

Tattersall in the Rostrum.—"Gentlemen, what can you hesitate about? Only look at her! She is one of the most beautiful creatures that I have ever had the honour of submitting to

your notice! So gentle in her paces; indeed, so safe a goer, that a child might ride her. Her pedigree is excellent—she is thorough-bred from her ear to her hoof; and the Herald's College could not produce a more sound and satisfactory one—she comes from a good house, I pledge, my word, gentlemen. My Lord Duke, will you allow me to say £250 for your Grace? She will, notwithstanding the excellence of your Grace's stud, be an ornament to it. She is a picture—complete to a shade; in fact, I could gaze upon her for ever, and always be struck with some new beauty she possesses. Thank you, My Lord Duke, I was certain your Grace would not let such an opportunity pass. There is not a horse-dealer in the kingdom who can show such a fine creature! She is above competition—I may say, she is matchless! The Regent's Park might be betted to a mole-hill with safety that she has no parallel. Sir Henry, let me call your attention to CLEOPATRA! She is like her namesake in the olden times—but beautiful without paint! She is pure Nature, and no vice! Her action, Sir Henry—yes, her action—I could dilate upon it for a quarter of an hour—but *puffing* is out of the question—you shall judge for yourself. Run her down, John—The Graces, I am sure, *Sir Harry*, were they to behold her movements, would be out of temper with her captivating excellence! *Taglioni*, I must admit, can perform wonders with her pretty feet, but *Cleopatra*, my Lord Duke, can *distance* the whole of them put together; and positively leave the Opera House with all its talent, in the back ground. In fact, I am deficient in words to display her immense capabilities—£300, *Going!* £300. Thank you, my Lord Duke, she must be yours. For the last time, going at £310; but I will do the handsome thing, I will allow you five minutes to compose your mind—I am well aware that such unparalleled beauty is very dazzling—therefore, before you lose sight of this handsome creature, I do impress upon you, to remember that the opportunity once lost—£320; Sir Harry, I am obliged to you—the world has always acknowledged you as a man of great taste in matters of this kind; and without flattery, you have never shown it more than in the present instance—according to the poet, 'Beauty; or, Loveliness, needs not the foreign aid of ornament, but is, when unadorned, adorned the most!' *Going*—CLEOPATRA, my Lord Duke, will be in other hands if your Grace does not make up your mind in your usual princely style of doing things—a good bidding will make CLEOPATRA your own for ever, therefore, now's the time to put on the *distancing* power, and your Grace will win the race in a canter! £340, my Lord Duke, I can only express my gratitude to say, that you have done me honour—*Going!—Going!!—Going!!!*—in fact, gentlemen, I am like an artist in this case, I do not like to leave such a delightful picture and I could *dwell* upon the qualities of CLEOPATRA to the very echo that applauds again and again! But most certainly I have given you all a fair chance—CLEOPATRA is on the *go*—are you all silent—*going* for £340, after all, what is that sum for one of the greatest English beauties ever submitted to the inspection of the public! £350, thank you, Sir Charles—worth your money at any price. I have witnessed your notice of CLEOPATRA for some time past—she will bear looking at, again and again! Charming CLEOPATRA! I am glad to see she has so many suitors for her *hand*—I beg pardon, gentlemen—a slip will happen to the best of us—her *feet* I should have said, but nevertheless, I am happy to see she has a host of admirers. I cannot *bid* myself, or else I would 'make play' and CLEOPATRA should become a noble prize—£370. Bravo! my Lord Duke! for £370 positively, yes, positively, 'pon my honour, positively the last time—or else the beautiful CLEOPATRA goes into the *keeping* of my Lord Duke. You are sure, gentlemen, that you have all done? Don't blame me, but blame yourselves! *Going once!* *Going twice!* *Going three times—Going—Gone!!!* CLEOPATRA belongs to the Duke. 'JERRY expressed himself so much pleased with his visit to TATTERSALL'S, that he observed to LOGIC, during his stay in London he should often frequent it.' 'I delight,' said HAWTHORN, 'to be in the company of sportsmen; and no objects afford me greater satisfaction than the sight of a fine hunter,—the view of a high-mettled racer,—and the look of a *perfect* greyhound.' 'I admire them also,' replied the CORINTHIAN; 'and TATTERSALL'S will always prove an agreeable lounge, if no direct purpose call a person thither. If nothing more than INFORMATION be acquired, that *alone*, JERRY, to a man of the world, is valuable at all times. Besides, TATTERSALL'S gives a *tone* to the *sporting* world, in the same way that the transactions on the ROYAL EXCHANGE influence the mercantile part of society. It has likewise its '*settling days*,' after the great races at *Newmarket, Doncaster, Epsom, Ascot, &c.* I do not know about the *bulls* and *bears*;^[41] but if it has no *lame ducks* to *waddle* out, it has sometimes *Levanters* that will not *show* for a time, and others that will *brush off* altogether. But this does not happen very often; and TATTERSALL'S has its '*good MEN*' as well as the '*Change*, and whose '*word*,' will be taken for any amount. It has also its Subscription-room, which is extremely convenient for gentlemen and other persons who feel any inclination to become acquainted with the events of the sporting world, at the moderate charge of *one guinea* a year. Indeed,' continued TOM, 'there is an air of sporting about this place altogether; elegance, cleanliness, and style, being its prominent features. The company, I admit, is a *mixture* of persons of nearly all ranks in life; but, nevertheless, it is that sort of *mixture* which is pleasingly interesting; there is no *intimacy* or *association* about it. A man may be well known here; he may also in his turn *know* almost everybody that visits TATTERSALL'S; and yet be quite a *stranger* to their habits and connections with society. It is no matter who *sells* or who purchases at this repository. A *bet* stands as good with a LEG, and is thought as much of, as with a PEER,—MONEY being the *touchstone* of the circumstance. The 'best judge' respecting sporting events is acknowledged the 'best man' here; every person being on the 'look out' to see how he *lays* his *blunt*. The DUKE and the *Parliamentary Orator*, if they do not know the properties of a horse, are little more than cyphers; it is true they may be *stared* at, if pointed out as great characters, but nothing more. The *nod* from a *stable-keeper* is quite as important, if not more so, to the Auctioneer, as the *wink* of a RIGHT HONOURABLE. Numbers of persons who visit TATTERSALL'S are, or wish to, appear *knowing*: from which '*self*' importance they are often most egregiously duped. In

short, if you are not as familiar with the *odds* upon all events as CHITTY in quoting precedents—show as intimate an acquaintance with the *pedigree* and *speed* of race-horses as a GULLEY—and also display as correct a knowledge of the various capabilities of the prize pugilists as a JACKSON—if GAIN is your immediate object, you are ‘of no use’ at TATTERSALL’S, ‘Yes,’ said LOGIC, with a grin, interrupting TOM; ‘there are to be found here as many *flats* and *sharps* as would furnish the *score* of a musical composer; and several of these *instruments* have been so much played upon, and are so wretchedly out of *tune*, that the most skilful musician in the world cannot restore them to perfect *harmony*.’ ‘It is,’ resumed the CORINTHIAN, ‘an excellent mart for the disposal of carriages, horses, dogs, &c., and many a fine fellow’s *stud* has been *floored* by the hammer of TATTERSALL. There is a capacious TAP attached to the premises, for the convenience of servants of gentlemen in attendance upon their masters, or for any person who stands in need of refreshment. TATTERSALL’S, for the purposes intended, is the most complete place in the Metropolis; and if you have any desire to witness ‘real life’—to observe *character*—and to view the favourite *hobbies* of mankind, it is the resort of the *pinks* of the SWELLS,—the *tulips* of the GOES,—the *dashing* heroes of the military,—the fox hunting clericals,—sprigs of nobility,—stylish coachmen,—smart guards,—saucy butchers,—natty grooms,—tidy helpers,—knowing horse-dealers,—*betting* publicans,—neat jockeys,—sporting men of all descriptions,—and the picture is finished by numbers of real gentlemen. It is the tip-top sporting feature in London.’ ‘It must have been the work of some time,’ said JERRY, ‘to have formed such a famous connection.’ ‘Yes,’ replied TOM; ‘you are quite right. It is not the *work* of a day. The name of TATTERSALL is not only high, but of long standing in the sporting world; and everything connected with this splendid establishment is conducted in the most gentlemanly manner. The founder of these premises was during his time, viewed as one of the best judges of horse-flesh in the kingdom; and, as a proof of it, he made his fortune by a horse called HIGHFLYER.’”

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Tattler.—A watch. “Time’s a tell tale.”

Teazer of the Catgut.—A hardworking fiddler.

Thames.—“*He’ll never set the Thames on fire,*” *i.e.*, He will never make any figure in the world. This popular phrase is as to the word “THAMES” altogether a misapplication. The *temse* was a corn sieve which was worked in former times over the receiver of the sifted flour. A hard-working active man would not unfrequently ply the *temse* so quickly as to set fire to the wooden hoop at the bottom; but a lazy fellow would never—no never set the *temse* on fire! The play on the word *temse* has engendered many stupid imitations as “He will never set the Mersey—or the Humber, &c., on fire,” which has no meaning. Dutch, *teme*; French, *tamis*; Italian, *tamiso*, a sieve.

Thigh of Mutton and Smash.—A boiled leg of mutton, with turnips and caper sauce, &c. A prominent article among *pot-house* gamblers.

Thimble.—A watch.

Third of Daffy.—Third part of a quartern of gin.

Timber Merchant.—A dealer in the old-fashioned brimstone matches.

Tip your Rags a Gallop.—To run away.

Tip.—Money. *To be in Tip-street*, to have plenty of money, “a consummation devoutly to be wished.”

Toddle.—To move your pins.

Toggery.—Wearing apparel; from the Roman *toga*.

Tom King.—*The Jolly Dog*—“When did Tom King ever fail when the object was to serve a friend and promote mirth?” Zounds! for a quiz, a hoax, a joke, a jest, a song, a dance, a catch, a tale, a race, or a row. Tom King would not turn his back on any man in England. A’n’t I the choice spirit of the day, the jolly dog, the roaring boy, the knowing lad, the rare blood, the prime buck, the rum soul, the funny fellow? Emperor of the Cockonians! Chairman of the Jacks! General of the Lumber Troop! Master of the Mugs! Chief of the Eccentrics! Member of Daffy’s! President of the Flounder Club! Chairman of the Owls! Chancellor of the Two o’Clock Club! Vice-Chairman of the Hard-up Club! Captain of the Rag and Famish! Chairman of the Never Sinks! Founder of the Snugs! Member of the Beef-steak Club! Past Primo of all the BUFFALOES Lodges held within the precincts of the City of Lushington! Noble Grand of the Oddfellows! Past-Arch of the Druids! And Vice of half the Freemasons’ Lodges in the United Kingdom! And though last, not least, in love, Founder of the Moral Philosophers’ Club! Oh, d—n! Tom King is the Jolly Dog! of the day.

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Top of the Tree.—The heads of their profession.

Tooth Picker.—An Irish watchman’s shillelah.

Tothill Fields.—Situate between Pimlico and the Thames, formerly a great rendezvous for beggars, thieves, &c.

Tow Street.—Being decoyed or persuaded by any person.

Town Tabby.—Dowager of quality.

Traps.—Constables.

Translator of Soles.—A cobbler that can *vamp* up old shoes to look like new. A *prime* piece of deception; and those persons who purchase second-hand shoes soon find it out on a wet day.

Trotters.—The feet. *Walk your trotters*, to be off. *Trotter-cases*, shoes. *Trotter shakers*, dancers.

Turkey Merchant.—A poulterer.

Turf—The.—The race course; the profession of horse racing, which is done on turf or grass. One who lives by the turf, or one on the turf, is one whose chief occupation or means of living is derived from running horses or betting on races. All men are equal on the *turf* and under it.—*Lord George Bentinck*.

U.

Umbrella.—Otherwise *mush*, *spread*, *summer cabbage*, *water-plant*, *gingham*, &c. The first person who used an umbrella in the streets of London was Jonas Hanway, founder of the Magdalene Hospital, who died 1786.

Uncle.—The pawnbroker. *See MY UNCLE*.

Under a Cloud.—In debt and difficulties. Not able to show out, or come to the front in daylight.

Undergoing a Three Months' Preparation.—The modern "New way to pay old debts," or taking the Benefit of the Act! Sometimes resorted to by an honest man overwhelmed by the harpies of the law, but more generally in use among swindlers, scamps, blacklegs, rogues, and vagabonds of every description.

Under the Rose.—*Sub rosa*.—Secretly, confidentially. Amongst the ancients the rose was an emblem of silence.

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Under the Screw.—In prison.

Uneasiness.—Trouble. *To have the uneasiness*, to be vexed, restless. *A copy of uneasiness*, a copy of a writ.

Up.—Knowledge. *To be up*, to understand. *Up to trap*, aware of things.

Uphills.—False dice that run high.

Upper Benjamin.—A great coat.

Upper Crust.—The lions or crack men of the day.

Upper Story, or Garret.—Figuratively used to signify the head.

Upper Ten Thousand.—The aristocracy.

Uppish.—Testy, apt to take offence, proud, arrogant.

Upstarts.—Persons lately raised to honours and riches, from mean stations.

Used Up.—Killed; a military saying, originating from a message sent by the late General Guise, on the expedition at Carthage, where he desired the Commander-in-chief to order him some more grenadiers, for those he had were all *used up*!

V.

Vale, Samuel.—Low comedian, died March 24, 1848, aged 51.

Various Classes of Society.—"Now my dear Coz," said TOM, 'as we shall soon have to intermix with the *'various classes of society;*' and although it is not absolutely necessary that you should be able to dispute the accuracy of a *Greek quotation* with a PORSON—contend with a MOZART upon the fundamental *principles of harmony*—enter into a dissertation on the properties of *light and shade* with a REYNOLDS—quote *precedents* with a SPEAKER of the House of Commons—argue *law* with an ELDON—display a knowledge of *tactics* with a WELLINGTON—write *poetry* with a BYRON—relate *history* with a GIBBON—contest *grammatical points* with a HORNE TOOKE—*wit* and *eloquence* with a CANNING—support the *Old English Character* with a WYNDHAM—*dance* with an OSCAR BYRNE—*fence* with an O'SHAUNESSY—*set-to* with a BELCHER—*sing* with BRAHAM—contest the *law of nations* with a LIVERPOOL—*erudition* with a JOHNSON—*philosophy* with a PALEY—the *wealth of nations* with a SMITH—*astronomy* with an HERSCHEL—*physiognomy* with a LAVATER—*equity* with a ROMILLY—and so on to the end of the Chapter of Talents in the Metropolis;—although it is not necessary, I again repeat, my dear Coz, that

you should be able to rival all the traits of excellences possessed by the above characters, yet it is essentially requisite that you should have some knowledge of their respective qualities, and be sensibly alive to their immediate value, and the impression they have made on the minds of mankind.' 'Hold, hold!' said JERRY, smiling, and making a low bow at the same time; 'there is one person among these distinguished men that you have forgot to mention—who shall dispute *taste* with CORINTHIAN TOM?' The latter hero gave rather a graceful *nod* in return for this unexpected compliment, which, it would seem, augured to TOM a kind of budding of the lively genius of his cousin's mind."

Vauxhall Gardens—were sold by auction, 9th September, 1841, for £20,000. The last performance took place 25th July, 1859. The ground has been since sold for building purposes.—In allusion to the *thinness* and artist-like manner in which the *ham* was brought to table. LOGIC offered to bet JERRY "that it was not *cut* with a *knife*, but *shaved* off with a *plane*: and, if necessary, from its transparent quality, conceived it might answer the purpose of a *sky-light!*" *Vauxhall Slices!* or *Ham Shavings!* are terms well understood to this day.

A Vauxhall supper usually consisted of:—

Lilliput chickens boil'd,
Bucellas warm from Vauxhall ice;
And hams that flit in airy slice,
And salads scarcely soil'd.—*London Mag., Sept., 1824.*

Velvet.—The tongue. "*To be upon velvet,*" have the best of a bet or match.

Venus.—Love; the Goddess of Love; courtship. *My Venus turns out a whelp, i.e.,* my swans are changed to geese; my cake is dough. In dice the best cast—three sixes—was called "Venus," and the worst—three aces—was called "Canis." My win-all turns out to be a lose-all!

View-Holloa of a fox is "Tally-ho!" or, as *Jemmy Green* would have it, "*Tally-man!*" of a *hare*, "Gone away!" but the "Who-hoop" signifies the death of each.

Viper and File.—The biter bit.—Æsop says a viper found a file, and tried to bite it, under the supposition that it was good food; but the file said that its province was to bite others, and not to be bitten.

Vowel.—"To vowel a debt." Where the acknowledgment of the debt is expressed by the vowels I.O.U.

Let old I.O.U.'s be forgot,
And never brought to mind,
Let Writs and Judgments be forgot
And the Bills that I have signed

W.

Waifs and Strays.—The juvenile homeless poor. Waifs are goods found but not claimed. Strays are animals that have wandered from their proper enclosures to the grounds of some one not their owner.

Walking Poulterer.—One who steals fowls, and hawks them from door to door.

Walking Stationer.—A hawker of books, prints and dying-speeches, &c.

Walking-up against the Wall.—To run up a score, which in alehouses is commonly recorded with chalk on the walls of the bar.

Wapping Great.—Means astonishingly great. Saxon, *Wafian*, to be astonished.

Ware Hawk.—An exclamation used by thieves to inform their confederates that some police officers are at hand.

Warming-pan.—A large old fashioned watch.

Watch, Chain and Seals.—A sheep's head and pluck.

Watchmaker.—A stealer of watches—he *makes* them in a crowd!

Water Sneaksmen.—A man who steals from ships or crafts on the river.

Ways and Means.—To raise the supply of ready money for the current expenses of the day.

Wear the Breeches.—To be White Serjeant.

Weasel.—"To catch a weasel asleep." To catch a person nodding; to find he has not his weather-eye open—*Nunquam dormio!*

Weather-Eye.—"I have my weather-eye open." I have my wits about me; I know what I am after: I can see the difference between a clock and a cabbage.

Wedge.—Silver plate, because melted by the receivers of stolen goods into wedges.

West-End Tailor—A.—“CORINTHIAN TOM had just ordered his servant to bring him ‘*The Weekly Dispatch*,’ to see how sporting matters had been going on in the Metropolis during his absence from town, when Mr. Primefit—the West-End *Schneider!*—*Par excellence!*—was announced to Mr. HAWTHORN to be in waiting to receive his commands.

“MR. PRIMEFIT, according to the ‘*counter-talking* part of the community,’ had done, all his ‘dirty work;’ and among the *needles*—otherwise *sharps*—at the West-end of the Town, who must sport a genteel *outside*, no matter at whose *suit*, it was observed, between a grin and a pun, that he had not only got rid of all his ‘*bad habits*,’ but had likewise outlived his *sufferings*. It was said of this celebrated ‘apparel furnisher,’ that, if he received the cash for ONE coat out of *three*, nothing was the matter! In his *intercourse* with people of fashion, the character that ran before him was a perfectly gentlemanly tradesman. He had one *point* in view on setting out in life, and he never lost sight of it. To ask his customers for payment was to *lose* their custom. Though for the first seven years DICKEY PRIMEFIT was engaged in *cutting-up* his cloth, he was *hurried* beyond *measure*, by those ‘troublesome customers,’ *John Doe* and *Richard Roe*, who were continually at his elbow, *nudging* him to take ‘measure of their suits’ in preference to every other person; his law expenses and ‘MUM *tip*’—that is *rhino* to *silence*, or, shut-up the *gab* of the *bum-traps*—in consequence, were frightful; yet DICKEY braved the fury of the woollen-draper’s ‘storm’ with the utmost composure. With a placid countenance he never refused credit to any British officer, either in the sea or land service, let the distance or uncertainty be what it might. The *reference* of one gentleman to another was quite sufficient to MR. PRIMEFIT; and the *garments* were made and sent home without further enquiry or delay. Of course, in return, the *charges* of DICKEY were never overhauled; indeed, what GENTLEMAN would have behaved so *ungentlemanly* to a tradesman who was all civility, politeness, and *accommodation*, from one end of his pattern-card to the other? The business of MR. PRIMEFIT, therefore, became so extensive, that he sent clothes to all parts of the world. In London, no *gentleman*, who had been once in the books of DICKEY, would listen to the name of any other tailor, which rendered PRIMEFIT the ‘*go* for a tasty cut, best materials, and first-rate workmanship.’ DICKEY had a ‘soul above buttons,’ he had no narrow ideas belonging to him: and he flattered himself that, ultimately, it would *all be right*. ‘*No gentleman*,’ MR. PRIMEFIT would often assert, when he has been blamed for giving such an extensive loose sort of credit, ‘*I am convinced, but will act as such, sooner or later, towards me!*’ So it proved. Things, at length, took the expected turn. Many long out-standing bills came in. His capital accumulated. His business also increased in so extraordinary a manner that several clerks were necessary to keep it in order, and ensure punctuality. DICKEY was almost as true as a clock to his time, in attending to orders. His character for fashion was so *emphatic*, that numbers of stylish tradesmen, who found it necessary to have a ‘bettermost coat’ by them, for ‘high days and holidays’ regardless of the charge, employed MR. PRIMEFIT. The sunshine of prosperity was now so complete, that not a single *bum-trap* had crossed the threshold of DICKEY’S door, in the way of *private* business, for many a long day past. In short, MR. PRIMEFIT had realised the climax of his exertions—he had *measured* his way into a carriage. DICKEY was principally distinguished for the *cut* of his coats. To CORINTHIAN TOM he was peculiarly indebted, as a leader of the fashion. It was owing to this circumstance that MR. PRIMEFIT waited in person at CORINTHIAN HOUSE; indeed, the active use of the scissors and parchment had long been removed from the hands of DICKEY, and his principal occupation now consisted of *talking* over the versatility of fashion to his customers, and giving directions to his men. But the slightest idea that might drop from CORINTHIAN TOM respecting the advantages of dress was what DICKEY could not resist, and he, therefore, ordered his carriage immediately to attend upon the rustic JERRY at once.

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“TOM and JERRY, previously to the arrival of the *apparel-furnisher*, had been discussing the advantages resulting from *dress* and *ADDRESS*; and the CORINTHIAN had also been pointing out to his Coz not to *skim* too lightly over so important a subject, but to peruse with most marked attention that *grand living* BOOK of *books*:—MAN!!!”

Whetstone Park.—A lane between Holborn and Lincoln’s-Inn-Field’s. Formerly famed for being the resort of women of the town.

Whistling Shop.—A place in which spirits are sold without a licence. “Who that has ever visited a Friend undergoing a three months’ purification in the Fleet or King’s Bench, but has been introduced to a *Whistling Shop*; and who that has been initiated into its sacred rites, would basely betray his knowledge. No one at all ambitious of bearing the character of the real thing. Neither Mr. Brown nor Marshal Jones would thank any *Paul Pry* for splitting on this point. Any reader that may not have visited a *Whistling Shop*, cannot do better than put a little of the *bustle* in his poke; call on the first Friend he has in *Limbo*, and get introduced to one as quickly as possible; and thus do a double good, furnish himself with a little useful information, and cheer a Pal in distress at the same time.

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Whitechapel.—Anything low, mean, or paltry. A *Whitechapel portion*, a smock, and what nature gave. *Whitechapel breed*, fat, ragged, and saucy. *Whitechapel Beau*, one who dresses with a needle and thread, and undresses with a knife. A *Whitechapel Brougham*, a costermonger’s donkey-barrow.

Wipe.—A nose handkerchief.

Wrench, Benjamin.—Comedian; original Corinthian Tom at the Adelphi, died November 24, 1843, aged 67.

Wrekin Tavern.—In Broad Court, Drury Lane, was much frequented by first-rate theatricals, authors, poets, painters, gentlemen of the press, men of the world, and intelligent persons in general, and was a house of entertainment of no common description, kept at the time by a Mr. Williams, a person connected with literary pursuits. It was to the Wrekin Tavern that Edmund Kean was conveyed on the ever-memorable night of the 24th of March, 1833, when he partly played Othello to his son Charles's Iago, at Covent Garden Theatre. And described thus by his biographer:—

“After making one or two feeble steps towards his son, and attempting the speech of:—

Villian, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof, &c.

“When his head sunk on his son's shoulder, and the tragedian's acting was at an end. He was able to groan out a few words in Charles's ear—‘I am dying—speak to them for me;’ after which (the audience refusing in kindness, to hear any apology) he was borne from the stage. His son, assisted by other persons, carried him to his dressing-room, and laid him on a sofa. He was as cold as ice; his pulse was scarcely perceptible; and he was unconscious of all that was going on around him. In this state he remained some time, when the remedies which were applied having restored him to his senses, he was taken to the ‘Wrekn’ Tavern, near the theatre, and Messrs. Carpue and Duchez, the surgeons, were sent for. From the Wrekin Tavern, he was after a week's stay, removed to Richmond: where he died on the fifteenth day of May, 1833.”

The Wrekin Tavern—the Times—and the Proprietors underwent many changes from good, bad, and very indifferent; in fact, the character of house and company was entirely altered—*O tempora! O mores!* Here Johnny Broome, the pugilist, who was born at Birmingham, 1817, and the successful hero of six or seven battles in the P.R., and also the prime mover in “The Great Brighton Card Cheating Case,” committed suicide by cutting his throat, May 31, 1855.

LONDON:

E. A. Beckett, Printer, 111 & 113, Kingsland Road, E.

Footnotes:

[1] *Books published by G. Virtue, Ivy-lane, Paternoster-row:—*

BOXIANA; or, Sketches of Ancient and Modern Pugilism; including every Exploit from the Days of Figg and Broughton to the present year (1829); with Biographical Memoirs of all the Boxers, particulars of their age, weight, style of fighting, &c.; and interspersed with a variety of Sporting Anecdotes, never before published. By PIERCE EGAN.

Also in royal 8vo. price £1 16s., embellished with 36 beautifully coloured, characteristic plates and woodcuts, from scenes in real life, by I. R. and G. Cruikshank.

A New Edition of Life in London; or, the Day and Night Scenes of Jerry Hawthorn, Esq., and his elegant Friend, Corinthian Tom, in their Rambles and Sprees through the Metropolis. By Pierce Egan.

Also, just published, uniform with the above, price £1 16s., embellished with 36 richly coloured scenes from real life, and spirited wood cuts, by R. Cruikshank.

“Begar here's Monsieur Tonson come again.”

Pierce Egan's Finish to the **Adventures of Tom, Jerry, and Logic**, in their Pursuits through Life In and Out of London. Being the Second Part, or Continuation of ‘Life in London,’ calculated to attract the Corinthian, entertain the Sportsman, relieve the cares of the Merchant, a specific against Ennui, delight the Country Folks, please Everybody, and ‘No Mistake.’

Also, by the same Author, and uniform with the above.

The Life of an Actor, Peregrine Proteus. Illustrated by Twenty-seven coloured Scenes, representing the Vicissitudes of the Stage; and nine beautiful wood cuts. By Pierce Egan, Author of ‘Life in London,’ ‘Tom and Jerry,’ &c. Price £1 1s. in boards; or in nine parts, at 2s. 6d. each.

“The present work is one of the best exemplifications of Mr. Egan's peculiar talents. It is

impossible for us to do justice to the spirit of the designs, many of which would not discredit the pencil of Hogarth."—*Monthly Critical Gazette*.

[2] **Quarterly Review**, the organ of the Tory party, first appeared in February, 1809, under the editorship of William Gifford, the celebrated translator of "Juvenal." He died 31 December, 1826.

[3] **Edinburgh Review** was founded October, 1802, by Francis Jeffrey, Scotch lawyer, critic, and politician, Francis Horner, Brougham, Rev. Sidney Smith, and other Whigs.

[4] **Fistulæ and Piles**.—Mr. Van Butchell, Surgeon Accoucheur No. 2, Half Moon Street, Piccadilly, having, without cutting or confinement, in the short space of three weeks, cured me of the above-named complaints (under which I had laboured for nearly four years). I am prompted by gratitude to him publicly to state, that I had previously consulted several Surgeons, who pronounced my cure impossible, without submitting to the painful operation of cutting, to which dangerous experiment I had always been averse, and therefore despaired of ever regaining my health, till, on applying to Mr. Van Butchell, to whom I was strongly recommended, he, in the short space above-mentioned, realized his assurances by performing a perfect cure.

Newhaven, Sussex.

THOMAS EAGLES, Butcher & Salesman.

[5] **John Abernethy**, Surgeon and Physiologist, 1764-1831.

[6] **William Blackwood**, Scotch bookseller, born 1776; established "Blackwood's Magazine," 1817, died 1834.

[7] **POCKET-BOOK**. Townsend's first introduction to the police, it seems, was owing to his knowledge of the numerous persons hanged, transported, &c.; he having kept a regular journal to that effect. This calendar of offences gave him a great superiority over his fellows.

[8] **JAMES GILLRAY**, the famous caricaturist, 1785-1815.

[9] In Cheyne walk, Chelsea, was the museum and coffee house of Don Saltero, renowned in the swimming exploits of Dr. Franklin. The landlord, James Salter, was a noted barber, who made a collection of natural curiosities, which acquired him the name (probably first given him by Steele,) of Don Saltero.—*See Tatler*, Nos. 34, 195 and 226.—The quiet tavern remains, but the museum was dispersed by auction about the year 1807. Another wonder was the Old Chelsea Bun-house, which possessed a sort of rival museum to Don Saltero's. It was taken down in 1839.—*John Timbs Curiosities of London*.

[10] This is certainly good and correct advice, but, perhaps the metaphor might have proved rather more *illustrative*, if the old adage had been quoted, that, "*when at ROME do as ROME does!*"

[11] **Pea-Green Hayne**. *See* page 195.

[12] **Parson Colton**.—Rev. Caleb C. Colton, A.M., eccentric clergyman; published "Lacon; or, Many Things in Few Words; addressed to Those Who Think." 1820-25.—Died by suicide 29th April, 1832.

[13] **The Three R's**.—Sir William Curtis being asked at a City Banquet to give a toast said—"I will give you Gemmen the three R's, that's Reading! Riting!! and Rithmetic!!!"

[14] **None but himself can be his parallel**.—Louis Theobald's—*The Double Falsehood*, Act iii. Sc. 2.

"Quæris Alcidæ parem?

Nemo est nisi ipse."

SENECA, *Hercules Furens*, Act. i., Sc. 1.

[15] **This Piece**—that is to say the Adelphi Dramatic Version, as written, printed, and published by Mr. W. T. Moncrieff, at No. 104, Drury Lane. 1824.

[16] Not out of *wind*, nor beat to a *stand-still*; but sorry that I am compelled to *forfeit* on the 1st of January, 1821, being out of *condition* to appear *bang-up* at the *scratch!*

[17] **Jack Randall**, the *Nonpareil*, of the Ring, was then keeping the Hole-in-the-Wall, in Chancery Lane. *See* RANDALL, page 199.

[18] **Crooky Booked** it, *i.e.*, Cruikshank made a mental note; or, sketch of the circumstance at the time:—"When found, make a note of."

[19] **Leicester Fields**.—Now Leicester Square, so called from a family mansion of the Sydneys, Earls of Leicester, which stood on the north-east side.

[20] **THE PLATE** in question occurs at page 276 of the work, and is entitled—"LIFE IN LONDON.—*Peep O' Day-Boys; A Street Row, the Author losing his 'reader;' Tom and Jerry showing fight, and Logic flooded.*" N.B.—A Catnachian pirated copy of the Plate will be found at page 36 and 99, of the present work.—But a far better idea of this, and all the other Plates by the Brothers Cruikshank: in Colours after the Originals, will be found in the reprint of LIFE IN

[21] Mr. Jones of the firm of Sherwood, Jones and Co., Publishers, Paternoster Row, London.

[22] Literary.

[23] A half-penny.

[24] Short-hand.

[25] One pound note. An author, indeed, with money in his pocket-book, would be a novelty in Life in London. But in the North, they are not quite so SCOTT free in this respect. Merit is at all times, worthy of reward.

[26] MR. PARRY, the celebrated composer of the Welsh Melodies and several other popular pieces of music; a gentleman well known in the musical world, and who has risen to the well-merited eminence he now enjoys entirely from the possession of superior talents. MR. PARRY was originally the master of the Derbyshire Band, and the fife was the first instrument he excelled upon, when quite a boy; but his performances on the flageolet are exquisitely fine, and the admiration of all those persons who have heard him.

[27] PAINTINGS OF HOGARTH AND HAYMAN.—At the sale of the movable property, Oct., 1841, twenty-four pictures by William Hogarth [1697-1764] and Francis Hayman, R.A., historical painter [1708-1776] produced but small sums: they had mostly been upon the premises since 1742; the canvas was nailed to boards, and much obscured by dirt. Those by Hogarth fetched as follows.—A Drunken Man, £4 4s.; A Woman pulling out an Old Man's grey hairs, £3 3s.; Jobson and Nell in the *Devil to Pay*, £4 4s.: The Happy Family, £3 15s.; Children at Play, £4 11s. 6d. Those by Hayman:—Children Bird's-nesting, £5 10s.; Minstrels, £3; The Enraged Husband, £4 4s.; The Bridal Day, £6 6s.; Blindman's Buff, £3 8s.; Prince Henry and Falstaff, £7; Scene from the Rake's Progress, £9 15s.; Merry-making, £1 12s.; The Jealous Husband, £4; Card-party, £6; Children's Party, £4 15s.; Battledore and Shuttlecock, £1 10s.; The Doctor, £4 14s. 6d.; Cherrybob, £2 15s.; The Storming of Seringapatam, £8 10s.; Neptune and Britannia, £8 15s. Four busts of Simpson, the celebrated Master of the Ceremonies, were sold for 10s.; and a bust of his royal shipmate, William IV.—not a sovereign!—only 19s. Among the Vauxhall composers were Arne, Boyce, Carter, Mountain, Hook (father to Theodore Edward) and Signor Storace. Male singers: Beard, Tommy Lowe, Webb, Charley Dignum, Vernon, Inledon, Braham, Pyne, Sinclair, Tinney—Pretty Jane Robinson, Paul Bedford, W. H. Williams, Sharp, Weekes, &c. Females: Miss Brent, Mrs. Wrihten, Mrs. Weischel (mother of Mrs. Billington), Mrs. Mountain, Mrs. Crouch, Mrs. Bland, Miss Tryer (afterwards Mrs. Liston), Miss Graddon, Miss Love, Miss Tunstall, Miss P. Horton, &c. Italian Operas were performed here in 1829. The band were the last to wear the semi-circular or cocked hat:—

“By the high dome that trembling glows
With lamps, cock'd hats, and shiv'ring bows,
How many hearts are shook!
A feather'd chorister is there,
Warbling some tender, grove-like air.
Composed by Mr. Hook.”—*London Magazine*, Sept., 1824.

[28] **Vauxhall Slices! or Ham Shavings!**—*See* page 213. *Apropos* to the subject we here insert the following *J'eu d'esprit*: from BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON: August 2, 1829.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

[Mr. Moncrieff, the Dramatist, having received an invitation to supper from the Proprietors of Vauxhall, returned one of the Gentlemen the following extemporaneous answer:—]

By thy cold fowls, each worth, at least a *crown*—
And by thy *ham* which makes these fowls go down—
By thy French rolls—thy beef and pickled ghirkins—
By thy brown stout, by *Barclay* brew'd and *Perkins*—
And by thy lettuce, from the isle of Cos—
Thy pepper, vinegar, and mustard, pos.—
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
This ev'ning, truly, will I meet with thee!

By thy old port, and thy particular sherry,
With which men, for six shillings, oft get merry—
By thy Sauterne, thy Hock, and thy Bucellas,
Thy real Champagne—Nectar of good fellows—
By thy best *Chateau Margaux*; and again,
By Mr. Simpson,^[A] blandest, best of men!
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
This ev'ning, truly, will I meet with thee.

By thy Italian singers, whose fine throats
Produce such a vast quantity of notes—
By thy *Hydraulics* and thy *Cosmoramas*,

Delight of all town-visiting clods and farmers—
By thy famed fire-works, pleasing great and small—
And by thy *rack-punch*, greatest charm of all!
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
This ev'ning, truly, will I meet with thee!

[A] M.C., and Inspector of the Gardens.

[29] The late John Camden Hotten's Introduction to the new edition of "Life in London." Chatto & Windus: Piccadilly.

[30] Mr. Pierce Egan says:—"Mr. Barrymore's Burletta was *thought of*, written, and got up, in five days. As a friend, I attended the rehearsals, notwithstanding I had previously made an outline of a Drama for myself."

[31]

AN ITALIAN TURN-UP.
Surprising Novelty in the Sporting Circle.
On Tuesday next, at Seven o'Clock in the Evening,
A special grand combat will be decided at the
WESTMINSTER PIT,
FOR ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS,
Between the extraordinary and celebrated creature, the famed
Italian Monkey:
JACCO MACCACCIO,
And a Dog of 20lbs. weight, the property of a Nobleman
well-known in the circle.

[32] Tom Cribb, born at Hanham, Gloucestershire, July 8, 1781. His last fight was with Molineux, a black, for £600, at Thistleton Gap, September 28, 1811. Presented by the Sporting World with a cup of the value of eighty guineas, December 2, 1811, at the Castle Tavern, Holborn. Which he received from the hands of Mr. Emery, the comedian, who made the following complimentary address:—"THOMAS CRIBB, I have the honour this day of being the representative of a numerous and most respectable body of your friends; and though I am by no means qualified to attempt the undertaking which has devolved on me, by a vote of the subscribers, yet the cause will, I am confident, prove a sufficient excuse for my want of ability. You are requested to accept this CUP, as a tribute of respect for the uniform valour and integrity you have shown in your several combats, but, most particularly, for the additional proofs of native skill and manly intrepidity displayed by you in your last memorable battle, when the cause rested not merely upon individual fame, but for the pugilistic reputation of your native country, in contending with a formidable foreign antagonist. In that combat you gave proof that the innovating hand of a foreigner, when lifted against a son of Britannia, must not only be aided by the *strength* of a LION but the HEART also.

"The fame you have so well earned has been by manly and upright conduct, and which I have no doubt will ever mark your very creditable retirement from the ring or stage of pugilism. However intoxicated the *cup* or its *contents* may at any future period make you, I am sufficiently persuaded the gentlemen present, and the sons of John Bull in general, will never consider you have a *cup* too much."

Tom Cribb took a farewell benefit under the auspices of the Pugilistic Association, at the National Baths, Westminster Road, November 12, 1840. Died in High Street, Woolwich, May 11, 1848. Monument erected to his memory in Woolwich Churchyard, May 1, 1851.

[33] ALL-MAX IN THE EAST.—The very antipodes of the *Almack's in the West*—was held at the Coach and Horses public house, Nightingale-lane, East Smithfield, which was kept by a person of the appropriate name of MACE. Here it required no patronage;—a card of admission was not necessary; no enquiries were made, and every *cove* that put in his appearance was quite welcome, colour or country considered no obstacle; and *dress* and *ADDRESS* completely out of the question. *Ceremonies* were not in use, therefore no struggle took place at ALL-MAX for the master of them. The parties *paired off to fancy*; the eye was pleased in the choice, and nothing thought of about birth and distinction. *All was happiness!*—every body free and easy, and freedom of expression allowed to the very echo. The group motley indeed;—Lascars, blacks, jack tars, coalheavers, dustmen, women of colour, old and young, and a sprinkling of the remnants of once fine girls, &c. were all *jigging* together, provided the *teazer of the catgut* was not *bilked* out of his *duce*. *Gloves* might have been laughed at, as dirty hands produced no *squeamishness* on the heroines in the dance, and the scene changed as often as a pantomime, from the continual introduction of new characters. *Heavy wet* was the cooling beverage, but frequently overtaken by *flashes of lightning*.

"I am quite satisfied in my mind, said LOGIC to TOM, it is the LOWER ORDERS of society who really enjoy themselves. They eat with a good appetite, *hunger* being the sauce; they *drink* with zest, in being *thirsty* from their exertions, and not *nice* in their beverage, and, as to *dress*, it is not an object of serious consideration with them. Their minds are daily occupied with work, which they quit with the intention of *enjoying* themselves, and *enjoyment* is the result; not like the rich, who are out night after night to *kill* time, and what is worse,

dissatisfied with almost every thing that crosses their path, from dulness of *repetition*."

"There is too much truth about your argument, I must admit," replied CORINTHIAN; "and among the scenes that we have witnessed together, where the LOWER ORDER have been taking their *pleasure*, I confess they have appeared ALL HAPPINESS. I am sorry I cannot say as much for the higher ranks of society."

[34] E. L. Blanchard's History of the Adelphi Theatre.

[35] Mr. Edmund Kean.

[36] Mr. Joseph Munden.

[37] It is well-known that the dust hill at the bottom of Gray's Inn Lane, near Battle Bridge, was sold for some thousands of pounds, and was shipped off to Russia, to aid in the rebuilding of Moscow.—*Pierce Egan*.

[38] Our thanks are due, and are hereby given to Crawford John Pocock, Esq., of Cannon Place, Brighton, for the loan and use of his—what we feel almost inclined to consider—unique copy of Catnach's broadside of "Life in London."—PRICE TWO PENCE.

[39] TESTAMENT, is perfectly correct. The words *will* and *testament* are generally used indiscriminately; but they are not words exactly of the same import. A *will*, is properly limited to land; a *testament*, to personal estate, as money, furniture, &c., &c.

[40] Carey Street, and its immediate neighbourhood, abounded in spunging-houses.

[41] CORINTHIAN TOM, it appears, was rather in doubt whether *bulls* or *bears* were disposed of by MR. TATTERSALL.

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LIFE IN LONDON;
OR, THE SPREES OF
TOM AND JERRY;
ATTEMPTED IN CUTS AND VERSE.

TOM, JERRY, AND LOGICK IN A ROW.

MERCY! what a din and clatter
Breaks the stillness of the night,
Lamps do rattle—'tis a battle,
Quick, and let us see the sight.

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