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Author: Robert Cruikshank

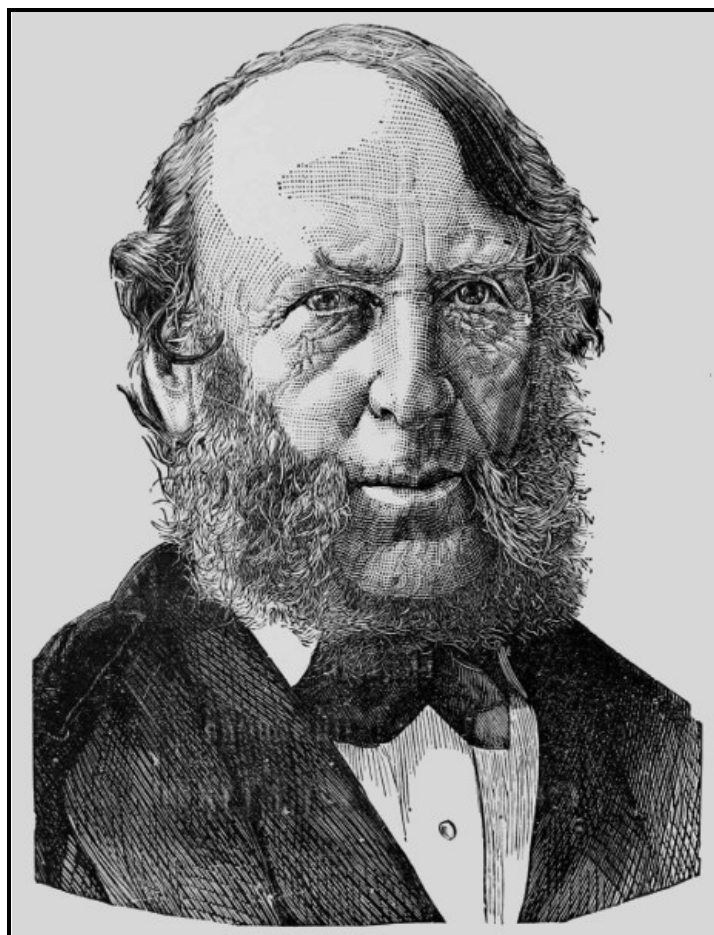
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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK GALLERY OF COMICALITIES; EMBRACING HUMOROUS SKETCHES ***



GEORGE CRUIKSHANK,
Eminent Caricaturist,
1792-1879.

GALLERY
OF
COMICALITIES;
EMBRACING HUMOROUS
SKETCHES

BY
THE BROTHERS
ROBERT and GEORGE CRUIKSHANK,



ROBERT SEYMOUR,

AND OTHERS.

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

THE
GALLERY OF COMICALITIES.

Most of the "COMICALITIES" here re-produced in *fac simile* first appeared in the columns of BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON AND SPORTING CHRONICLE during the years 1827-8 and 9, and caused an unprecedented increase in the weekly sale of that journal.

As a painter of LIFE and NATURE, in all their truth and eccentricity, GEORGE CRUIKSHANK may be truly said to stand unrivalled, and to be only equalled, even in former times by the inimitable HOGARTH. The present Series has been principally selected from "CRUIKSHANK'S *Illustrations of TIME and PHRENOLOGY,*" and his *Illustrations* to Mr. Wright's "MORNINGS AT BOW STREET" and the sequel entitled "MORE MORNINGS AT BOW STREET"—works which are replete with wit and humour.

ROBERT CRUIKSHANK, the elder brother of George Cruikshank, 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. Aged 65 years.

ROBERT SEYMOUR, a graphic humourist was born in London, about the year 1800. He was apprenticed to Mr. Thomas Vaughan, a pattern-drawer in Spitalfields, and his practice in that department of art appears to have given him the facility and accuracy of pencil for which he was afterwards so distinguished. Within a very short period of fulfilling his term of apprenticeship, he commenced, on his own account, as a painter in oils, and must have been tolerably expert at that early age, as already in the spring of 1822, we find him exhibiting a picture of some pretensions at the Royal Academy.

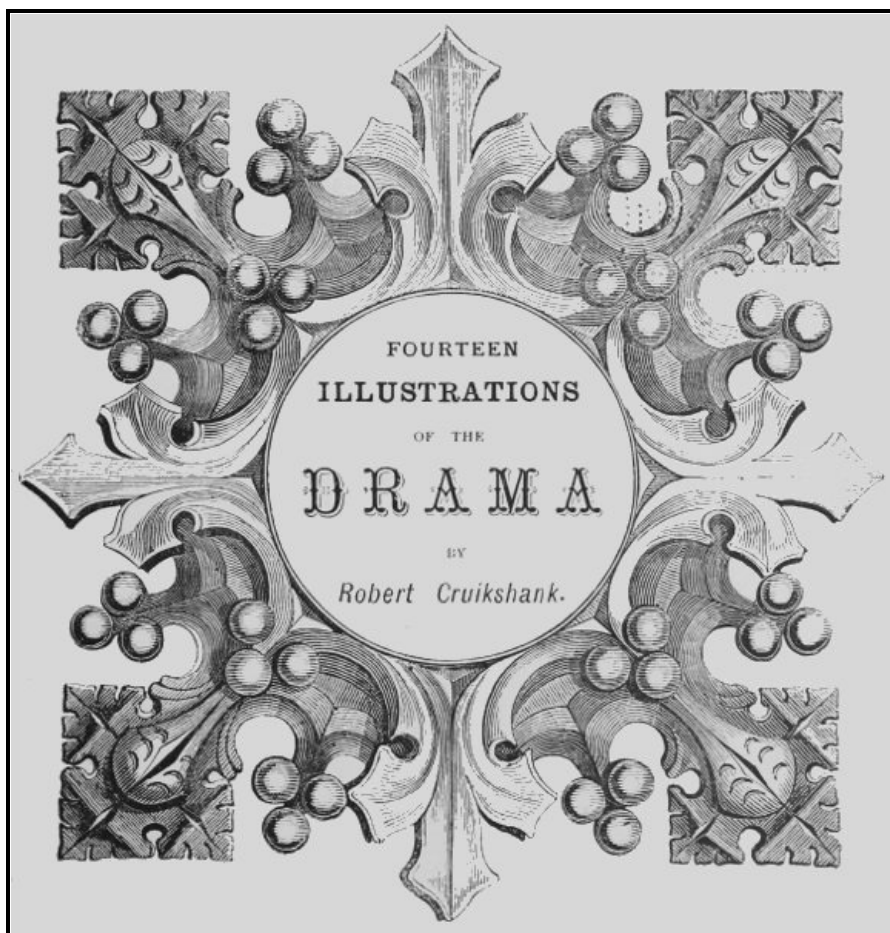
He executed various other oil paintings about this period, but the more pressing demand on his talents was for drawings on wood, a mode of book illustration then in great vogue. The various illustrated books and periodicals published for the next ten or twelve years bespeak his popularity and industry in that department.

Although Seymour's hands were full of commissions for drawing on wood, he was always desirous of practice in a more independent department of art, feeling that the engraver, however competent, frequently failed to communicate the full force of his drawing. He, therefore, determined—where possible, on etching or engraving his own designs on copper or steel. He was very successful in full length sketches of public characters, and has left us many life-like portraits of members of the Turf and Drama between 1830 and 1836.

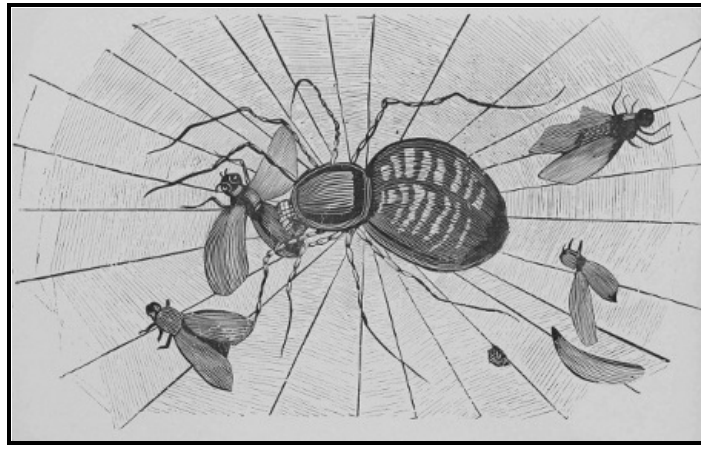
But of all Seymour's various works his "Humorous Sketches" were his prime favourites, and will best perpetuate his name. They were first published between the years 1834 and 1836, in detached prints at 3d. each, by Mr. Richard Carlisle, of Fleet Street. The entire collection was subsequently engraved on steel, and published in 1838, with letterpress description by Crowquill (Alfred Henry Forrester), the popular humourist of the day.

Figaro in London—the popular predecessor of Punch, edited and published by Gilbert A'Beckett from December 1831 to 1836—contains nearly 300 woodcuts after Seymour. They were also published separately as "Seymour's Caricature Gallery," and after his death were all re-published on six large sheets, each containing 20 subjects, as "Seymour's Comic Scrap Sheets."

Seymour's connection with the publication and illustration of the now famous Pickwick Papers is well known to the reading world by the printed statement of Mrs. Seymour, and Charles Dickens' own account of the origin of the Pickwick Papers, to need repetition.



Fourteen
ILLUSTRATIONS
of the
DRAMA
by
Robert Cruikshank.



THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

Will you walk into my parlour? said the Spider to the Fly,
'Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did see;
You've only got to pop your head within inside of the door,
You'll see so many curious things you never saw before!
Will you, will you, will you, will you,
Walk in pretty Fly, &c.

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. I.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE DRAMA

"WHERE SHALL I DINE."



R. Cruikshank.

Where shall I dine? Would I could tell,
For, hungry, faint, and weary,
It is to me, I know full well,
An all-important query.

Thou Man of Flank! a CUT of thine
Would silence hunger's call;
But a Friend's, CUT alas! is mine,
"The unkindest cut of all."

O for a herring, dainty fish!
Or tender lambkin's fry;
But as in vain for MEAT I wish,
'Tis MEET that I should sigh.

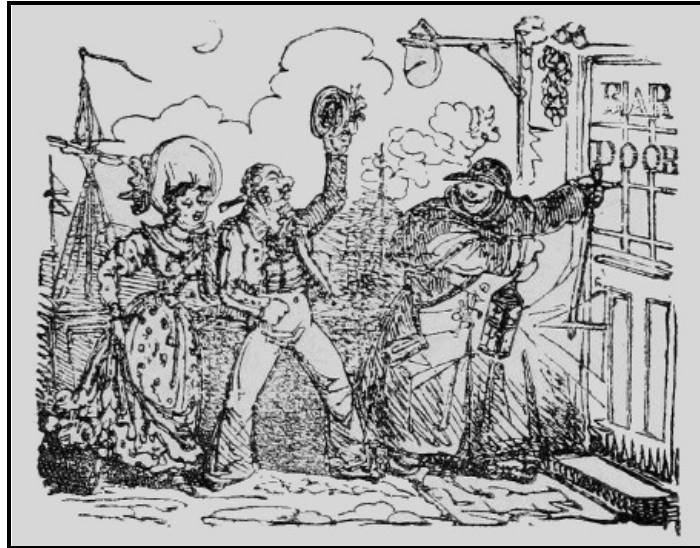
Ere by the freaks of Fortune floor'd,
Such was my former luck,
That under many a friendly board
My trotters I could tuck.

Now, though at dining hour I go,
From house to house I roam,
My rap too well the servants know,
And "Master's not at home."

'Tis getting cold, and wet, and dark,
To fate I must resign;
Duke Humphrey calls me to the Park,
And with his Grace I'll dine.

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. II.

"THE PILOT."



R. Cruikshank.

Thou, guardian Pilot of the night,
One favour we would ax—
Tell us, old Cock, and tell us right,
Where we can get some Max?

We need the skilful pilot's aid
Amid the billows' roar,
And pilots still I find, old Blade,
Are handy lads ashore.

Then steer us for a friendly port
And keep the wessel steady,
And you shall have a dram of short—
In brandy, rum, or Deady.

With bread and cheese I'll stow your hold;
I likes a hearty grubber;
But, shiver me, it's getting cold,
So take the helm, you lubber.

Come, Poll, my buxom wench make sail,
I'm one as never fears man,
To reach our port we cannot fail
With such an able steersman.

Then come, old Boy, there's nought to pay,
For I will be your banker;
Nor do I care how long you stay
Wherever we cast anchor.

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. III.

"IS HE JEALOUS?"



"O fly with me, my lady fair—
I love and I adore you;
Henceforth the heart and fortune share
Of him who kneels before you.

"Then listen to thy lover's vows,
Nor of vain scruples tell us;
Why care a pin about your spouse—
Confound him!—is he jealous?"

"Go, get you gone, you naughty man,
Nor dare attempt my virtue;
I hide my blushes with my fan,
Yet I've no wish to hurt you."

Then, gay Lothario! persevere—
Still urge thy passion brisker;
Nor dread an interloper here,
Thou man of bushy whisker!

If, armed with poker and with pop,
Poor Spouse should be so rude now
As at this moment in to drop,
Faith! wouldn't he intrude now?

O, married dames! when lovers' sighs
Steal softly on your ear,
Shun the temptation, if you're wise—
The Devil's always near.



"What fearful vision strikes thy sight,
What phantom haunts thy brain,
That thus thou startest with affright,
Thou sooty-visaged Thane?"

"No dagger stained with blood I view,
To fill my soul with dread;
But SPIRITS pale of RUIN BLUE
Of DEADY—not the DEAD—

"To clutch thee how this breast doth throb,
Thou source of purest pleasure,
Fain would I wash my sooty gob
From yon Imperial measure!

"Soon may the cordial MAX be mine,
My sinking heart to cheer;
So my grim soul no more shall pine
On INTERMEDIATE Beer.

"And when the FLUID warms my FLUE,
Rous'd by the generous stuff,
I'm — if I'm the Faker who
Shall first cry, 'Hold—enough!'"

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. V.

"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."



R. Cruikshank.

What relish to the tea you sip,
How smoothly it goes down,
If a poor friend has made a slip,
Or suffer'd Fortune's frown.

"Well! these are shocking things I hear,
To doubt I much incline;
At any rate, you know, my dear,
It's no concern of mine.

"But if such courses folks will chose,
And many do not doubt it,
For us, you know, there's some excuse,
If we should talk about it.

"There's something more, I plainly see
Which you don't chose to utter;
Do make a confidant of me—
Do take some bread and butter."

Scandal's a most delightful theme—
A spring that ne'er will fail;
But, Tabitha, you little dream,
You're scalding Pussy's tail!

Like the wild maniac is your breath—
Of all mankind the pest—
Who scatters poison, ruin, death,
Then cries, "'Twas but in jest!"

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. VI.

"EVERY MAN HAS HIS FAULT."



Doctor, thy accents, soft and bland,
Are ever sure to please;
What female bosom can withstand
A Parson on his knees?

"No more will I, with drunken sot,
Carry connubial farce on;
If thou, fond man will share my lot,
And prove an upright Parson.

"With stagg'ring spouse no longer vex'd,
Free from a useless charge,
Henceforward love shall be the text
On which we'll both enlarge."

A parson, naughty people say,
Is but a sinful elf—
Like road-post, pointing out the way
He never takes himself.

"O, come and bless these Reverend arms,
Nor scorn my holy vows;
Why did hard Fate bestow such charms
Upon a drunken spouse.

"O, can it be a fault to love
A lady so divine?
Then, by the powers that reign above,
I own that fault is mine."

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. VII.

"LOVE, LAW, AND PHYSIC."



"But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The petty follies that themselves commit."

SHAKESPEARE.

"Lady, the Patient's very ill,
"The pulse is sinking fast,
"Tis really time to make his will,
"I'm sure he cannot last.

"Though, as we bear him to his grave,
"Your grief you cannot smother,
"As one man's life I cannot save,
"I'll soon provide another."

This language we might well suppose,
Would at such time have shock'd her;
But the poor Lady's looks disclose
No wrath towards the Doctor.

Then, Lawyer, all in vain you sue,
For Physic must succeed,
And what, alas! remains for you?
The WILL—without the DEED.



R. Cruikshank.

A long farewell my breeks of shag;
It grieves me to the heart,
To doom thee to a Hebrew's bag—
But you and I must part.

No more thy substance, smooth and warm,
Shall shield me from the weather;
And I must bear the pelting storm,
With bare and breeless nether.

The loss 'tis needless to deplore,
To my hard fate I bow,
I was an Irishman before,
I am a Scotsman now.

Poverty in this vale of woe
Some strange acquaintance brings;
And Poverty full well I know
Makes people do strange things.

Why doth yon Nymph with warming pan
Parade the streets about?
To raise the needful as she can—
To put it up the spout!

How many noble, good, and wise,
Are turn'd in life adrift—
Forced their last SHIRT to sacrifice,
To make another SHIFT.

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. IX.

"MEASURE FOR MEASURE."



"Measures, not men, have always been my mark."

GOLDSMITH.—*The Good-Natured Man.*

"Die! dastard Snip—that mortal thrust
Shall perforate thy lungs,
And lay thee prostrate in the dust,
Thou proudest of the Dungs!

"No more, among my cross-legg'd band,
Thy schemes shall gender strife;
And ne'er again thy rebel hand
Attempt thy master's life!

"Where, now, are all thy idle boasts?
This blow shall introduce
Thy Spirit where the Tailor ghosts
Eat visionary goose!

"Down, Traitor! to thy native Hell!
Fresh treasons there to plan—
With recreant spectre Snips to dwell—
Thou fraction of a man!

"Ye restless Dungs of spirit rough,
From this example know—
ONE ACTIVE MEASURE is enough
To lay a traitor low!"

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. X.

"THE BOTTLE IMP."



Imp of the Bottle! appear, appear,
Arm'd with fresh fluid our souls to cheer;
Thy features with mirth and good humour beaming,
Thy nectar luscious, and bright and creaming—
What is the name of the Bottle Sprite?
The Star of the Colonnade—Charley Wright.
Long be the precious beverage quaff'd!
Open your lips to receive the draught.
The magic power of the bright Champagne
Shall sooth the spirit and fire the brain;
And trouble and grief will vanish quite
From the happy realms of the Bottle Sprite.
To those who have long been estrang'd from mirth,
And weary moments have pass'd on earth;
On whom the storm of adversity lowers,
While, in secret, they sigh for happier hours,
O let not the Bottle Imp whisper in vain;
There's a cure for all care in this bright Champagne;
As the mist on the mountain melts away
At the radiant beams of the God of Day,
So, when the nectar hath brightened the heart,
The shadows of pain and sorrow depart,
And all the Blue Devils must wing their flight,
When a cork is drawn by the Bottle Sprite.
Imp of the Bottle! still gild our hours—
So shall our pathway be strew'd with flowers;
Harmony uninterrupted shall reign,
And the watchword for pleasure be "Wright's Champagne."
And be it our duty as well as delight,
To honour the draughts of the Bottle Sprite.

"THE RIVALS."



"Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out."

ROBERT HERRICK.

Fond Youths, ah! how shall I decide
According to your merit?—
Who shall the Seaman's FLESH deride—
Or who, the Parson's SPIRIT?

When the bold Tar proceeds to tell
His tale of amorous pain,
'Tis hard that one who pleads so well
Should ever plead in vain.

And when his suppliant rival sighs,
How can I say forbear!
Who can resist his piercing eyes,
Or scorn a Parson's prayer?

Ah! either lover to refuse
My virgin heart is loth;
And where it is so hard to choose,
'Tis well to cut you both!

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. XII.

"LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS."



"Hasty marriage seldom proveth well."

SHAKESPEARE.

"Marriageable foolish wenches are troublesome troops to keep."

OLD SAW.

Come to my arms, my blushing maid,
Nor heed the padlock's strength;
Our love defies the Blacksmith's trade,
And I am yours—AT LENGTH!

Anon, the padlock we'll remove,
From where it lately hung;
And, if a scolding wife you prove,
I'll clap it on your tongue!

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. XIII.

OTHELLO.

"OTHELLO'S OCCUPATION'S GONE."



R. Cruikshank.

What, Mungo! laid upon the shelf!
You seem in piteous plight,
Like your own broom you're stumpt yourself—
Poor Massa Lilywhite!

You thrive far better in a shower
Than in the sunny shine—
A plague upon the Comet's power,
That makes the days so fine!

Yet strive your drooping heart to raise,
Your sinking soul to cheer;
For muddy streets and dirty days
Will very soon be here.

And when those sloppy hours return,
Wealth shall be yours anon;
Nor poor Othello longer morn
His occupation gone.

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. XIV.

"HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS."



"Fair Nymph of the perspiring brow,
Let these vain scruples cease,
While on thy rosy lips I now
Imprint the kiss of peace.

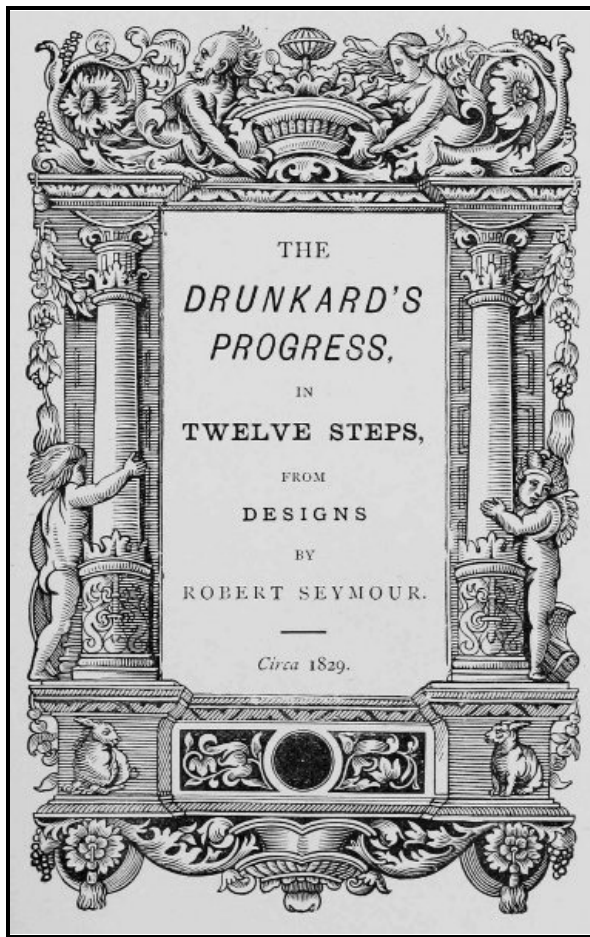
"O! let the ardent sighs you hear,
The vows of love I utter,
Steal gently on thy willing ear,
As smooth as melted butter.

"Always spare diet must be wrong—
'Tis weary, stale, and flat;
And having lived on lean so long,
'Tis time I turn to fat."

"O vile, unworthy man! forbear—
Such conduct who can brook?
Thus to desert thy lady fair,
To hug a greasy cook!

"I cannot to such wrongs submit,
But soon will clear the coast—
Hence, vile Sultans of the Spit!
For I will rule the roast.

"And never let me see you more,
As thus I've caught you tripping—
I didn't know my lord before
Had such a love for dripping."



THE
DRUNKARD'S
PROGRESS,

IN
TWELVE STEPS,

FROM
DESIGNS

BY
ROBERT SEYMOUR.

Circa 1829.

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. XV.

THE DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS.

STEP THE FIRST



Robert Seymour.

The March of Intellect implies
That men begin to think—
I leave their wisdom to the wise,
And sing the March of Drink!

Now let us make it our employ
The Drunkard's course to scan;
And mark the habits in the boy
Which ripen in the man:

Observe! this hopeful Sprig of Snip's
By stealth has seized the gin—
Applies the bottle to his lips,
And sucks the poison in.

Drink deep, thou liquor-loving brat!
Nor spare the cordial drop,
While the old folks enjoy their chat,
And gossip in the shop.

They taught thee first to love the juice,
And prove the maxim true,
That sauce for gander and for goose
Is sauce for gosling too!



Robert Seymour.

"My Dear, the morning's cold and raw,
And as I cannot stop,
Make haste, the daffy bottle draw,
And let us have a drop.

"Our little boy all fume and fret
I can't abide to see—
You and I always loved a wet,
And wherefore shouldn't he?

"Cut out for drinking he appears,
The feeling gives me pleasure;
Then never mind his tender years,
But give him ample measure."

And, Mrs. Snip, wet both his eyes;
So shall the lad inherit
His mother's thirsty properties,
And all his father's spirit!

For ways in which a child should go
To train him it is fit;
And as he grows in years, we know
He won't depart from it.



Robert Seymour.

White Conduit! in thy alcoves green,
While softly sighs the summer gale,
How many Nymphs and Swains are seen
To sip their tea or swig their ale!

And weekly here at Sabbath's close
The Hebrew gay ones still resort—
The taudry Belles and Dingy Beaux
Their party-colour'd togs to sport.

Why should not Snip, our man of measure,
With Spouse and Darling wander here?
To pass a Sunday eve in pleasure,
To blow a cloud and taste the beer!

And let young Hopeful have his fill—
His rising spirit why control?
"I loves," cries Snip, "to see him swill—
It makes the boy so very droll:

"Then seize the jug, and do not spare!
But be awake, thou man of stitches,
Or, by the powers, your hopeful Heir
Will spill the liqour on your breeches."

The rapid course of time we know;
Why waste it then in dry reflection?
Another week, no doubt, will show
Some farther progress to perfection.



Robert Seymour.

Go on and prosper, knowing lads!
 In life there's nothing like variety,
 To see thee makes my spirit glad,
 In such respectable society.

Let every care disperse in smoke,
 Each anxious thought in beer be drown'd,
 While you enjoy your game, and smoke—
 Top-sawyer of the skittle-ground.

"Boy, bring the heavy, for I'm dry,
 "And scrape a little ginger in it;
 "And now I'm ready for a shy
 "At knock 'em down, and bet I'll win it.

"How much more pleasant to be here,
 "With friends to drink a social drop
 "Of Wyatt's ale, or Barclay's beer,
 "Than plodding in a humbug shop!

"'Twas Dad that taught me first to swill,
 "(Come pass the pewter pot, and end it),
 "And, whilst there's money in the till,
 "The ould un knows that I will spend it."

Careers so brilliant why impede?
 Vain every effort to instruct you!
 But we shall learn as we proceed,
 To what these courses must conduct you.

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. XIX.

STEP THE FIFTH.



"Nymph of the Bar, accept my vows,
And by that glass of cordial Deady,
In me you'll find a faithful spouse
For love and liqour always ready.

"Let those two worthies have a dram,
For, though I'm getting rather mellow,
You'll always find me, as I am,
A d—d good natured jolly fellow.

"Come, keep the chinks all right, old dame,
I've got another glass before me—
If I like max, am I to blame?
Why daddy did the same before me."

"Lauk, sir, you take me by surprise—
But some men have a way so winning—
You guess my wishes by my eyes—
I'm nearly tir'd of liquor spinning.

"I cannot bear to answer—No;
And as it's cold and sloppy weather,
Do let us have, before you go,
A drop of Cherry-bounce together."

Short be your courtship, worthy pair,
With all the happiness you merit;
When both such CORDIAL feelings share,
No doubt it will proceed with SPIRIT.



Farewell to courtship's happy hours!
 Hail to the joys of wedded life—
 How soon the sweets have turned to sour!
 A drunken Husband—scolding Wife.

Was it for this fair blooming Maid,
 This scene of sad, domestic jar,
 That, by the wiles of man betray'd,
 You left the tap room and the bar?

Why, thou unworthy slave of drink!
 Thy partner's peace thus plant a dagger in,
 And hastening to destruction's brink,
 Steer homeward's nightly drunk and staggering?

"You filthy wretch, what! drunk again—
 Too soon will poverty assail us;
 Can't you a single night refrain
 From tipping in that cursed ale-house?"

"You little dream, you worthless sot,
 What mischief o'er your head is brewing,
 You'll part with everything we've got
 And bring your wife and child to ruin."

"Why that I'm fresh can't be denied,
 But steady, my good wench, go steady—
 For, by that flask you seek to hide,
 To RUIN you have got already!"



Robert Seymour.

Old Snip deceas'd, his hopeful heir,
 To earn an honest bob,
 Has open'd shop for leather ware,
 And turned a drunken Snob:

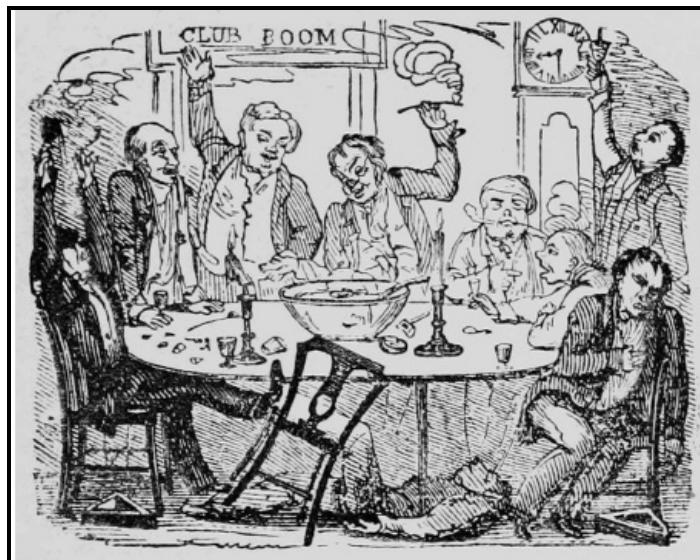
"A pair of dancing slippers bring—
 Let them be small enough;
 I wish to have them quite the thing,
 And let the soles be buff."

"Buff soles I haven't in my shop;
 All that were here are gone;
 But, Madam, here's a prime buff top—
 Do please to try it on."

"How dare you treat a Lady so?
 Begone, you saucy brute!
 Your conduct all the town shall know—
 Try on a fellow's boot!"

"Why, Ma'am, you're somewhat out of tune,
 And rather too particular;
 I've had a drop this afternoon,
 And can't stand perpendicular."

"You see, Ma'am, I'm a jolly dog—
 My throat is always dry;
 And when I've had my whack of grog,
 Why, 'damn the shop!' say I."



Robert Seymour.

Behold our thirsty hero now,
 To keep the game up always zealous,
 With all his honours on his brow,
 And Chairman of the FUNNY FELLOWS.

"I humbly move," cries Lawyer Glum,
 "That all our glasses charg'd may be—
 I can't sit any longer dumb—
 'The Chairman's health with three times three.'

"We know him for a jovial boy—
 Long may he flourish at our mess,
 And still continue to enjoy
 Prosperity—Health—Happiness."

"Hurra!" cries Ellwide, "here's his health:
 We'll give the bowl of punch no quarter—
 Thro' life, in poverty or wealth,
 I'll stick to him like bricks and mortar."

"While I've a tanner in my till,
 Or in my purse can sport a bob,
 I'll vow eternal friendship still,
 And share my stock with honest Snob."

Friendship's a most endearing tie,
 Unless it comes your cash to borrow,
 Then all its bright attractions die
 With "Can't you call again to-morrow?"



Robert Seymour.

EMBARRASSMENT.

Would you a Sov'reign's value know—
Let this be quickly done;
To some dear friend or neighbour go,
And try to borrow one.

Now drunkenness has had its day,
Snob's ways and means grow taper;
But why not friendship's call obey,
And draw his pal the draper?

"Ellwide, this morning I've dropp'd in—
Our trade is very slack;
For that I shouldn't care a pin,
But I've a bill come back.

"Any loose cash you have to spare,
I wish that you would lend;
In these dilemmas I'm aware
There's nothing like a friend."

Cries Ellwide, while his bag of blunt
He hides from hapless Snob,
"Thro' the whole house if you were to hunt
You wouldn't find a bob.

"I'm sorry it should happen so,
But poverty's no crime;
You're always welcome here, you know—
Look in some other time.



Robert Seymour.

Oh! many are the ills of life,
Past, present, and to come—
Debt, want of cash, a scolding wife,
And last, not least, a Bum.

Ah! who can tell, but those who know
Of poverty the pangs,
When, floored by fate, to quod we go,
In ruthless Bailiff's fangs?

"And must I, then, to prison go,
"And leave my wife and cub?
"Farewell to larking and to grog—
Farewell my Funny Club.

"The sun of jollity has set,
"And ruin's day has risen;
"Alack a day! that love of wet
"Should drive a man to prison."

Clean'd out, and down upon your luck,
'Tis needless to complain;
And publican and butcher Pluck
Present their bills in vain.

"Now, blow my carcase, things look queer,
"This here's a pretty job;
"Two rare long bills for meat and beer—
"You've done us, Master Snob."



Robert Seymour.

Oh! how delightful is the hour
 That sets the hapless Debtor free;
 When, rescued from the Gaoler's power,
 He breaths the air of liberty!

Dejected, pale, and worn with grief,
 Deserted by each sunshine friend,
 Where shall poor Snob obtain relief?
 How shall his prison troubles end?

Cheer up thy drooping heart, old boy.
 And bid thy partner dry her tears;
 On thee hath dawn'd a day of joy—
 A brother and a friend appears.

He comes to ope thy prison door,
 To save thee in the hour of sadness—
 Thy fainting spirit to restore,
 And cheer it with the oil of gladness.

With fortune's favours blest again,
 Thy sky no more is overcast—
 From drink and Funny Clubs refrain,
 And take sad warning by the past.

So shall you shun domestic strife,
 And discord's angry tongue shall cease;
 And brightly, at the close of life,
 Your sun shall set in joy and peace.



Robert Seymour.

Can this poor sinking wretch be he
 Of Funny Clubs the pride—
 The man of cribbage, grog, and glee,
 Who ne'er his liquor shy'd?

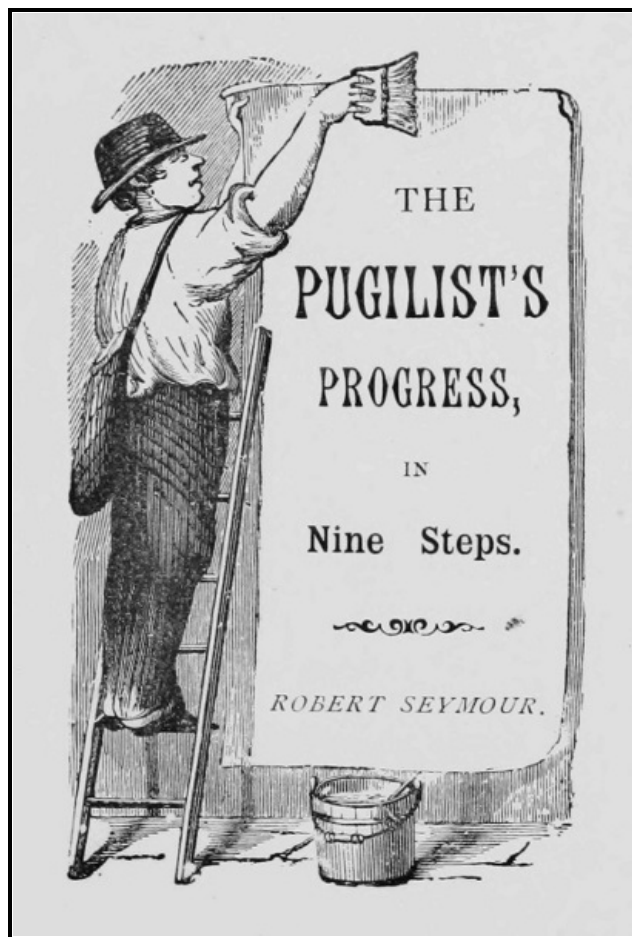
Farewell to Mirth? Disease and Death
 Are staring in his face;
 And feebly now he draws his breath—
 His pulse declines apace.

The Doctor gives no hopes, alas!
 The case admits no doubt,
 Thou drowsied victim of the glass,
 Thy glass is nearly out.

The star of joy has set in night,
 And drink has done for Snob;
 And neighbour Coffin, opposite,
 Is gaping for a job.

Unhappy man! the game is up;
 Thy moments number'd here;
 Thy Spouse hath brought the stirrup cup;
 Departure's hour is near.

The Drunkard's progress may be slow—
 'Tis always insecure;
 And, by experience sad, we know
 The termination sure.



THE
PUGILIST'S
PROGRESS,

IN

Nine Steps
ROBERT SEYMOUR.

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. XXVII.

THE PUGILIST'S PROGRESS.

STEP THE FIRST.



Robert Seymour.

And, oh! it is a pleasant thing
To mark the dawn of merit,
And the progressive march to sing
Of true pugnacious spirit.

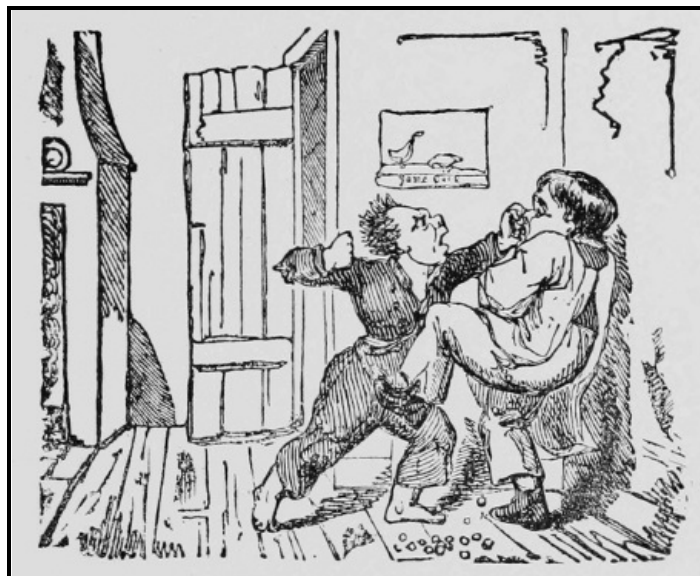
The future Champion first observe,
A thriving lusty sprout,
Boldly and with unshrinking nerve,
Attack his nurse's snout.

Truly 'tis early days to bruise;
Yet manfully he strives
And with effect he seems to use
His little bunch of fives.

Go it, you hardest, hopeful kid!
Bestow another teaser;
Those active mawleys why forbid
To tap your nurse's sneezer?

Go on and prosper in your race—
When childhood's hours are gone,
Your after years will ne'er disgrace
The promise of their dawn.

May milling honours soon be thine—
Soon may you learn to fib;
And may your fame in history shine,
With that of Spring and Cribb.



Alas! since Cain and Abel's day,
I tell it with a sigh,
Brothers will cross each other's way,
Turn to, and have a shy.

Where'er we cast our eyes around,
Throughout this vale of tears,
Bones of contention will be found
To set them by the ears.

The bone, as here, may be a taw;
With some, estates or wives;
Some settle their disputes by law,
And others with their fives.

'Tis said, a truly pleasing sight
Are brethren that agree;
But angry brethren matched to fight
Are not so well to see.

How fearlessly our milling sprout
Again has got to work,
And sarving his big brother out,
Has fairly drawn his cork.

Soon in a higher sphere he'll move,
His pluck requires no spur;
And none can doubt that he will prove
An ugly customer.

STEP THE THIRD



The force of reason's out of date,
I sing the force of fist,
Which carries with it such a weight,
That nothing can resist.

Then idle is the hackneyed chaff
About the march of mind;
The boxer in his sleeve may laugh—
He leaves that march behind.

To bruising fame aspiring still,
Why should his ardour cool?
Our hero has contrived to mill
The Champion of the School.

And there in triumph he appears,
With victory elate;
While his opponent, drown'd in tears,
Bemoans his hapless fate.

The tribute of our praise receive,
For you have earned it now;
And victory, ere long shall weave
Fresh laurels for your brow.

And as we clearly see your bent,
Be sure throughout your course,
Instead of force of argument,
Your argument is force.



At the true St. Giles's slang,
Of eloquence the soul,
Few worthies, I believe, can bang
The Men of Dust and Coal.

Go it, your hardest, Dusty Bob,
For once you're not awake;
Our Hero soon your precious nob
Will spoil, and no mistake!

Tho' a mere novice on the town,
I'll bet he beats you hollow;
Two Coveys are already down—
And 'tother soon must follow.

Egad! your topsails must be lower'd,
I think you've caught a tartar;
What! three to one, and yet be floor'd!
My Pinks! what are you after?

Pursue, brave youth, your bold career,
Victorious o'er each foe;
To look at, tho' you're rather queer,
You're very good to go.

Your sturdy frame and courage high
Require a little science—
Then up your Castor you may shy,
And bid the Ring defiance.



As candid dealing is my plan,
I mention without blushing,
You'll scarcely meet a fighting man
That isn't fond of lushing.

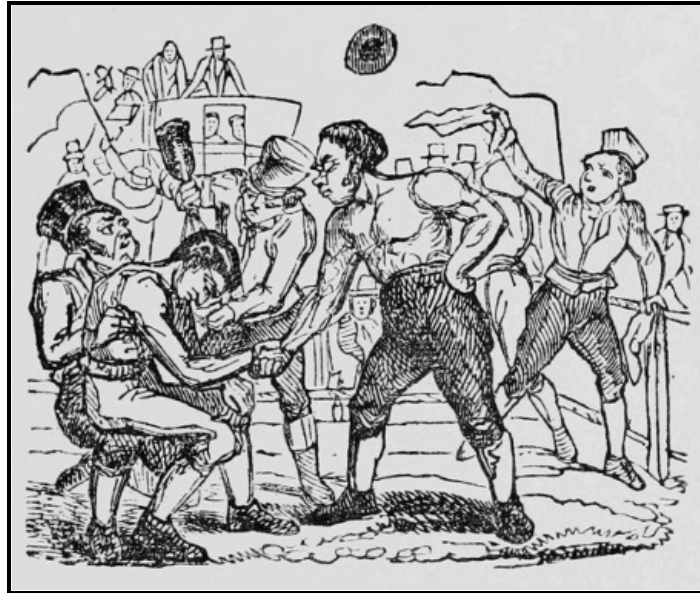
And whether it is beer or gin,
There cannot be a doubt,
That when the liquor enters in,
Discretion marches out.

Our Hero, from a row or spree
Always the last to shirk,
With a prime Fancy Cove we see
Go manfully to work.

With all his skill and all his strength,
The latter seems distress'd,
And, meeting with his match at length,
Will come off second best.

Then ponder well, you fighting men,
Nor at the yokels scoff,
Or by a novice, now and then,
You may get polished off.

Then persevere, my hero tough,
Your manly course pursue,
For, with a foe, however rough,
Your game must bring you through.



Hail to the Ring, for I am one
That love the Fancy's freaks,
And Fate preserve the fistic fun,
From Parsons and from Beaks!

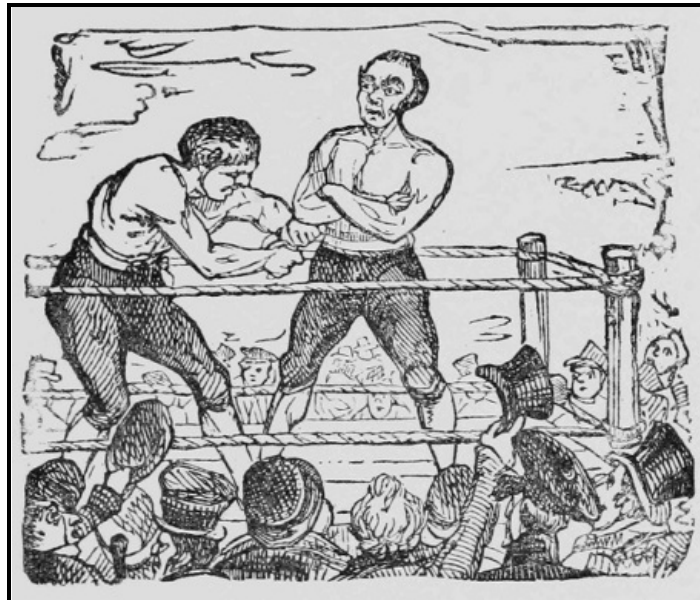
For I remember well the time,
The golden age of fight,
When poor old Dan was in his prime,
And Johnson's star was bright:

Then, disregarding punishment,
How boldly they went in,
On victory alone intent,
Each did his best to win!

Then every British Pugilist,
To all foul play averse,
Settled a fight by weight of fist,
And not by weight of purse.

Reviving those good days of old,
Our gallant Hero see,
An English boxer's fame uphold,
And crown'd with victory.

So may you in full splendour shine,
The Stars of fight among,
And may the Champion's belt be thine,
And may you wear it long!



Hurrah! the Champion's belt is thine,
So may it long remain!
And when its honours you resign,
Restore it free from stain.

And still your study let it be
To steer a course that's right;
As moderate in victory,
As resolute in fight.

So, when retiring from the Ring,
Your milling days shall end,
Your praise the Laureate's muse shall sing—
You ne'er shall lack a friend.

Let honesty be still your plan,
That when your race is run,
The cheers of every Fancy man
May hail your setting sun.

Tho' of the Pugilistic tree
You've reached the topmost bough,
Fresh honours still in store may be,
To crown your conqu'ring brow.

O, let no crossing, while you live,
Your bright escutcheon dim;
And while this sound advice I give,
I heave a sigh for Jem.



Our Hero's fighting race is run,
 His course of conquest ends,
 The brightness of his setting sun,
 Still cheered by all his friends.

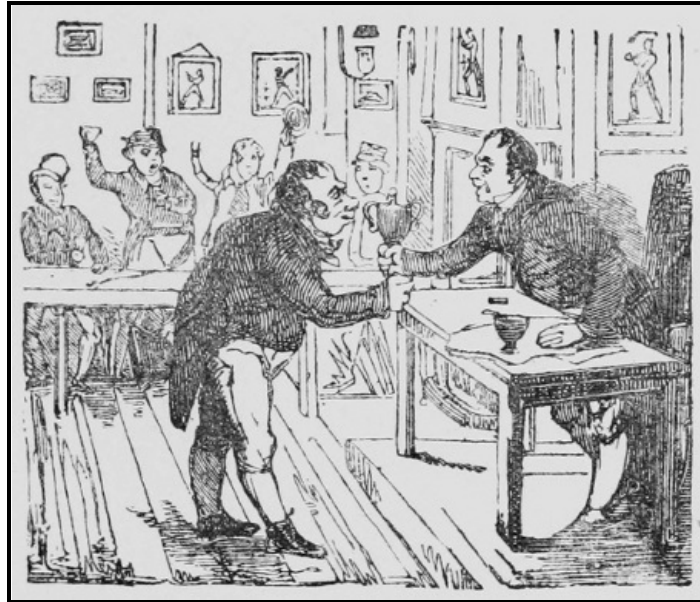
Far pleasanter to tap his beer,
 And bid the liquor flow,
 Than tap, with punishment severe,
 The claret of a foe.

His manly conduct, and his game,
 Have proudly brought him through;
 And let all Cross Coves see with shame
 What honesty will do.

Still may prosperity increase;
 Blest with a blooming rib—
 May happiness, content, and peace,
 Long flourish in his crib.

There may the Fancy Lads repair,
 A friendly bowl to drain—
 To puff their sorrows in the air,
 And bid good humour reign.

And let the whining Canter see—
 Creature of narrow heart!—
 A man a Pugilist may be,
 Yet act a Briton's part.



Retired from business and the Ring,
We bid our gallant friend farewell—
His fame each Fancy Bard shall sing,
And Fancy Legends long shall tell.

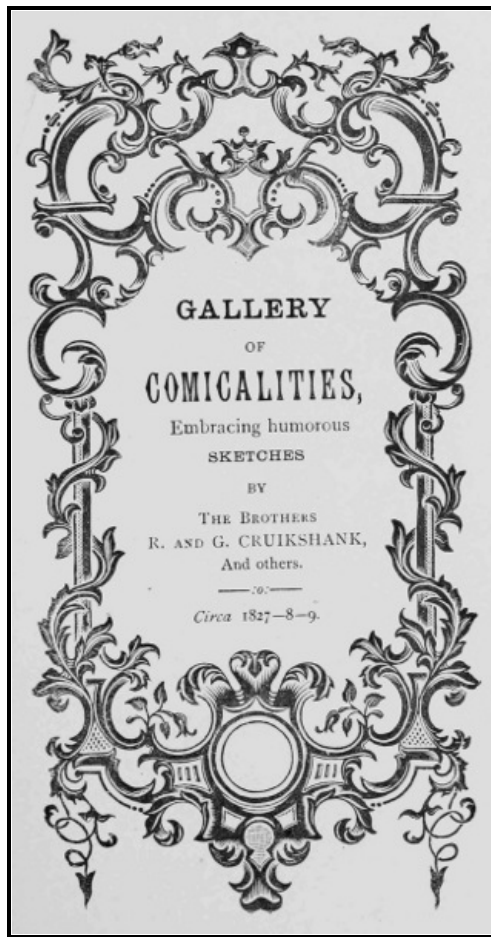
This Silver Cup, brave man, receive—
A tribute to your merit due—
One sigh of deep regret we heave,
And kindly say—adieu, adieu!

And may the boon we now bestow
Be hallowed oft with generous wine;
And may the cup of kindness flow
To gallant deeds of "auld lang syne."

Ye, who aspire to fistic fame,
And wish a glorious race to run,
Remember Belcher's deathless name,
And how Tom Cribb his laurels won!

This maxim strongly I impress—
Let honesty your course direct,
And, tho' you can't command success,
You always may command respect.

If to my warning you're awake,
Whene'er your milling days may end,
A foe thro' life you'll never make,
And never will you lose a friend!



GALLERY
OF
COMICALITIES,

Embracing humorous
SKETCHES

BY
THE BROTHERS
R. and G. CRUIKSHANK,
And others.

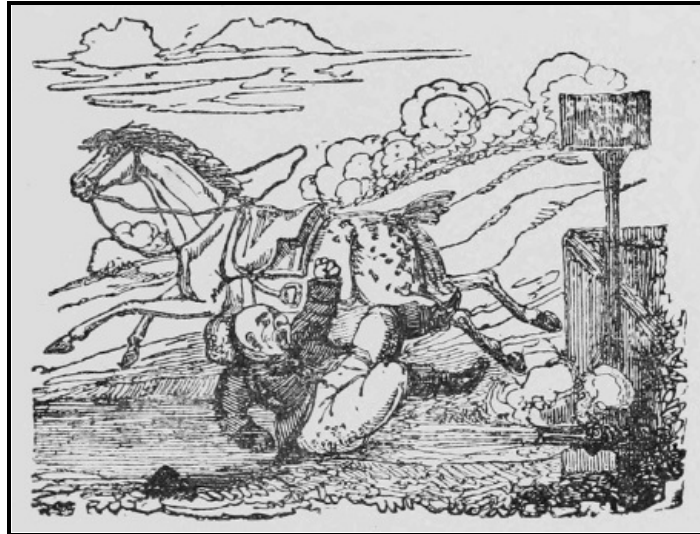
Circa 1827-8-9.

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. XXXVI.

THE SQUIRE CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP:

OR

THE DANGER OF SPRING GUNS.



Heaven prosper you, most worthy Squire,
And give you strength of nerve
To guard your hares from poacher's wire,
Your pheasants to preserve.

With game laws and spring guns prepare
To bring those rogues to shame,
Who with unhallowed hand shall dare
To meddle with your game;

And set a close and constant watch
Upon the vile encroachers—
So may your guns or keepers catch
The sturdy lawless poachers.

What, oh! my Squire, can this be you
O'ertaken by mishap!
Capsiz'd by retribution due,
And caught in your own trap!

Ah! fortune plays some curious strokes,
And many a cunning elf,
Who dug a pit for other folks,
Hath tumbled in himself.

THE TEMPTATION OF OBADIAH



R. Cruikshank.

Oh, Damsels! hide those tempting charms!
Kindle not thoughts impure!
Nor from beloved Rachel's arms
Her Obadiah lure!

Nay, seek not with enticing words
My passions to assail—
Begone ye naughty dickey-birds,
For flesh is very frail!

I cannot bear thy wanton gaze—
From pinching me abstain—
I must not walk in crooked ways—
Nor go to Elbow Lane.

But harsh to thee I will not prove,
Stiff Quaker as I am;
Truly, I feel my spirit move
To treat thee with a dram.

To thy petitions I incline,
Though I abhor the sin:
Say, wilt thou have a glass of wine
Or Hodges' cordial gin?

For I am fairly in thy power,
And hence I cannot flee.
Oh, Rachel! in this sinful hour
I must not think of thee.

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. XXXVIII.
THE MAN WOT MENDS THE SOVEREIGN'S WAYS.



"The man wot mends the Sovereign's ways"—
What will the satire end in?
The world may learn, with some amaze,
A Sov'reign's ways want mending.

Say, Wellington, can this be you?
His Majesty's adviser!
Who dares so bold a course pursue—
The King's Macadamiser.

To say what next we may expect
Would be as weak as vain;
STRAIGHT-FORWARD dealing don't expect
From lads in CROOKED-LANE.

What right have folks to understand
The course that you've chalk'd out?
Just show the weapon in your hand,
And bid them, "Ax about."

King Arthur ne'er can do amiss,
Then in your schemes be SOLO;
And let your motto still be this—
"SIC JUBEO, SIC VOLO."

And if the precious Bridge Committee
Have in expense been rash,
Punish the upstarts of the City—
ABRIDGE them of the cash.

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. XXXIX.
THE MAN WOT DRIVES A PAIR OF HACKS.



R. Cruikshank.

A Coach, your Honor?—Vaterman,
Open the door, my Covey;
To do vot's right is still my plan,
And better vip ne'er drove ye.

To doubt my honour, what man dare?
I'd floor him for his trouble—
Tho' ven I gets a drunken FARE,
'Tis FAIR to charge him double.

Then, as to galloping my prads,
Paddington ne'er surpass'd me—
Tho' they're a set of knowing lads,
Right as a trivet, blaust me!

I am a blade that never brags,
And loves a cheerful cup;
Tho' sometimes Coachee—sometimes nags—
Of course must be PULL'D-UP.

Of late, we've suffer'd in our trade—
But grumbling's of no sarvice;
These vile infernal Cabs have played
The devil with the Jarvies.

'Tis time to wash my gob with beer,
Or summat short a dram on—
For vats the use of standing here,
And pitching so much gammon.

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. XL.

KING BILLY'S BEER BILL;

OR,

THE THREE B.B.B.'s



"I LIKES A DROP OF GOOD BEER."

Come, one and all, both great and small,
With voices loud and clear,
And let us sing, bless Billy our King,
Who 'bated the tax upon beer.

Chorus.—For I likes a drop of good beer, I—do's,
I likes a drop of good beer,
And — his eyes whoever tries,
To rob a poor man of his beer.

Let minister's shape the duty on Cape,
And cause Port wine to be dear,
So that they keep the bread and meat cheap,
And gives us a drop of good beer.—For I likes, &c.

• • • • •

Long may King Billy reign,
And be to his subjects dear,
And wherever he goes we'll wollop his foes,
Only give us a skin full of beer.—For we like, &c.



"Here, Nan, you hussy, bring a light,
What mean this sword and hat?
Something, I'm certain isn't right—
By Heaven's, I smell a rat!

"And soon the vile intruder's fate
This cudgel shall determine,
I'll make it play about his pate,
And sacrifice the vermin.

"Doubtless, that hat must own a head—
That sword a sign of guilt,
And, in the traitress to my bed,
I'll plunge it to the hilt.

"Well for her swain if, to his side,
His sword had still been buckled,
In his heart's blood it shall be dy'd
For making me a cuckold.

"My wrath shall hurl my victims now
Down to the realms of Pluto!
What! shall vile horns disgrace my brow,
And I be dubbed Cornuto?"

Ah! why evince, you winning sex,
Such naughty inclination?
Sure you were only born to vex
The Lords of the Creation.

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. XLII.
CONTEMPT.



"Lord bless your Honour, stand a bob,
Our's is a dreadful case:
In Chancery we've got our nob,
And cannot leave the place.

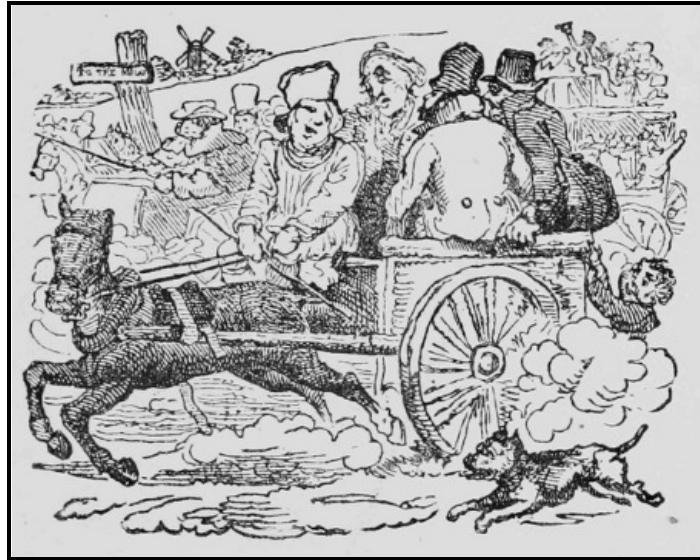
"Contempt has brought us, as you see,
Into a pretty line—
God bless your honour, set us free,
We're tired of Number Nine.

"How should a costermonger pay
Attorney's bill of fees?
We haven't got the blunt to-day,
To buy us bread and cheese.

"There's hardly one of us that knows
Why here he has been lugged in;
And with the cold we're nearly froze,
Kind-hearted Mr. Sugden."

You have the sympathy no doubt,
Of General Solicitor;
But vain the hope that you'll get out
Through your illustrious visitor.

Yon luckless dame, in Jailor's claws,
Grabbed with a stock of gin,
For bold contempt of prison laws
Will sooner far get in.



There's a prime bit of stuff to go,
No better, or I'm blow'd—
And narra vehicle I know
Can pass us on the road.

Kem-arp, my cripple! he's the lad,
To whisk along in style,
He'll run agin the trotting prad
And give him half a mile.

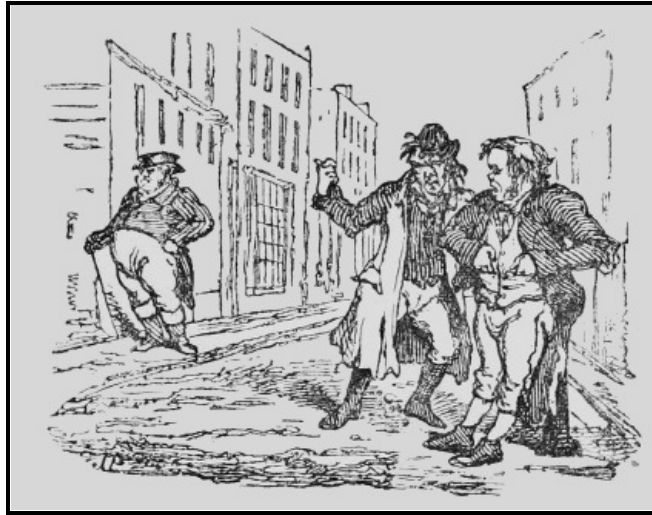
Who cares a farden for the veather,
Or if vith rain ve're duck'd;
Birds of a feather flock together,
And some must soon be pluck'd.

Good judges may be taken in,
And lose their blunt, no doubt;
And tho' some say Dutch Sam must vin,
Ned Neal may sarve him out.

He's at his proper fighting veight—
Heavier nor Sam by far;
Tho' Sam's all right, and no debate,
And fine as any star.

Vell, vin or lose, they'll both do right,
'Twill be a famous mill;
I hope no Beak will stop the fight—
Lord save us from a spill.

A BEAK.



"Pray, Mr. Editor, what is a Beak?"

"A Beak," says Jem Bee, in his slang Dictionary, "is the Sitting Magistrate, or one who walks or rides abroad, seeking whom he may quod, or whose lawful (query, UNLAWFUL) amusements he may curtail."

Here we have a Portrait of a celebrated Gentleman of this description in the East, together with a couple of his customers, whose colloquy may be instructive:

"Jack, twig that ERE swag-bellied Cove,
With visage round and sleek—
You knows him, don't you?"—"Yes, by Jove,
Vy, that's a bloated BEAK.

"Knows him! I knows him vel enough,
And if I don't it's odd:
A few months back that damn'd old muff
Committed me to quod!

"Vat right has he our schemes to check?
Vat right—the Devil fish him!
Lord send he'd break his precious neck—
That's all the harm I vish him!"

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. XLV.

DESCENT OF A BEAK:
OR
FLIGHT OF THE FANCY.



Ill-omen'd birds! Is this the way
That you enforce the laws,
To pounce upon your hapless prey
With your unhallowed claws?

Your frown the fancy well may dread,
The Ring will soon be no go—
Why should you take away the bread
Of Oliver and Fogo?

To spoil our sport why should you seek,
And for fresh victims prow!?
By Heaven! I hate a crooked beak,
And a "white feather'd" owl.

If to all discord you're awake,
You need not travel far—
Let your sharp scouts their station take
Within the Chancery Bar;

For there your Worshipfuls might hear
Some orators harangue
In terms so virulent and queer
That flats would call it slang.

And even you the Great Unpaid,
Are not *eadem semper*;
But on occasions, I'm afraid,
Are apt to lose your temper.



Let those love now who never loved before,
Let those who always loved now love the more.

O thou, for whom my throbbing heart
Beats with unceasing thump,
Thou art the smartest of the smart,
The plumpest of the plump.

Thy breath is fresh as April morn,
Blushing in maiden pride,
And pearly drops thy brow adorns,
Like fat on bacon fried.

Fain would I woo thee to my arms,
And by this tender chuck,
I yield a captive to thy charms,
My darling maid—My Duck.

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. XLVII.
A SELECT VESTRY IN DEEP DISCUSSION.



R. C.

Ye virtuous and voracious few,
I greet ye with respect,
And every mark of honour due
To worthies so SELECT!

Ye Parish Potentates, all hail!
Long may your reign endure
On richest dainties to regale,
Wrung from the starving poor!

Keen be your stomachs, honest souls!
May plenty crown your board;
The means by which you swell your jowls
The PARISH can afford.

Then be not from your turtle barr'd—
None but a captious sinner
Would grudge to men that WORK SO HARD!
A LITTLE BIT OF DINNER.

Your deeds so worthy of applause,
I wish not to expose.
Now go and wash your greasy paws
In water of the rose.

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. XLVIII.

A FLAT BETWEEN TWO SHARPS.



R. C.

Alas, poor Flat! poor Johnny Green!
I pity your sad case;
Two precious SHARPS you're now between,
And they are THOROUGH BASE.

Whate'er your cards it matters not,
This is no time for grinning;
For trust me, friend, you havn't got
The slightest CHANCE OF WINNING.

Don't fancy you are deep enough,
Tho' fool and rogue no doubt;
You'll find you were not UP TO SNUFF,
When these have cleaned you out.

And when you mourn your blunt all gone,
This truth will soon be known;
That HONOUR they don't count upon—
They win by TRICKS alone.

And cards are but the devil's books,
Therefore be wise and shut 'em;
And when you meet two SHUFFLING rooks,
Take my advice and CUT 'em.

And ever be upon your guard,
Or you'll be taken in;
The ACE may be the highest card,
But KNAVES are sure to win.

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. XLIX.

HIGH CHURCH AND LOW CHURCH;

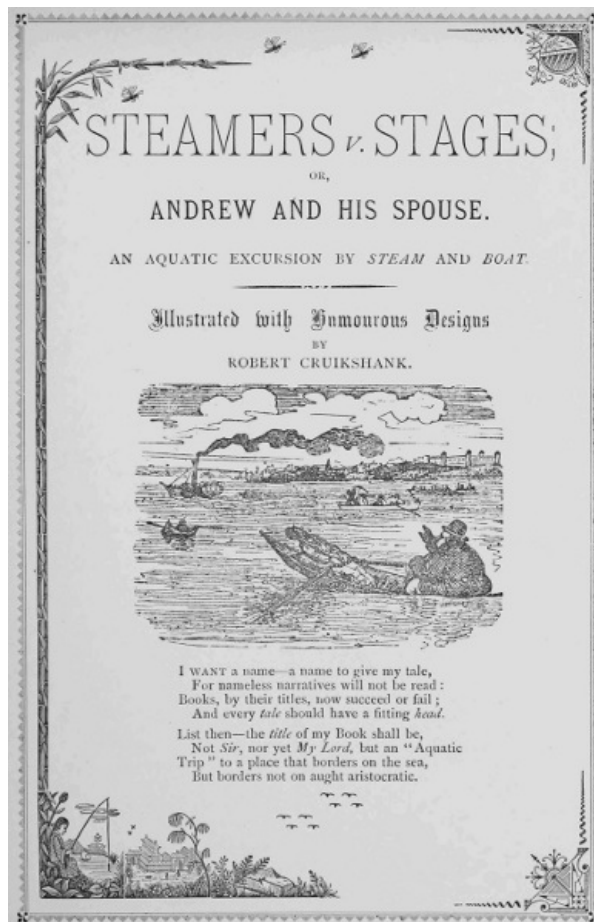
OR,

THE RECTOR AND HIS CURATE.



"COMPARISONS ARE ODIUS."

—"The superiority of some men is merely local. They are great, because their associates are little."—DR. JOHNSON.



STEAMERS v. STAGES;

OR,

ANDREW AND HIS SPOUSE.

AN AQUATIC EXCURSION BY *STEAM* AND *BOAT*.

Illustrated with Humourous Designs
by
ROBERT CRUIKSHANK.

I want a name—a name to give my tale,
For nameless narratives will not be read:
Books, by their titles, now succeed or fail;
And every *tale* should have a fitting *head*.

List then—the *title* of my Book shall be,
Not *Sir*, nor yet *My Lord*, but an "Aquatic
Trip" to a place that borders on the sea,
But borders not on aught aristocratic.

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. L.

ANDREW AND HIS SPOUSE.

An Aquatic Excursion by *Steam* and *Boat!*



The hero of my *story*, which is *true*,
Was a free-mason of uncommon merits,
Who kept the Mason's Arms; and there were few
More *spirited* than he in selling *spirits*.

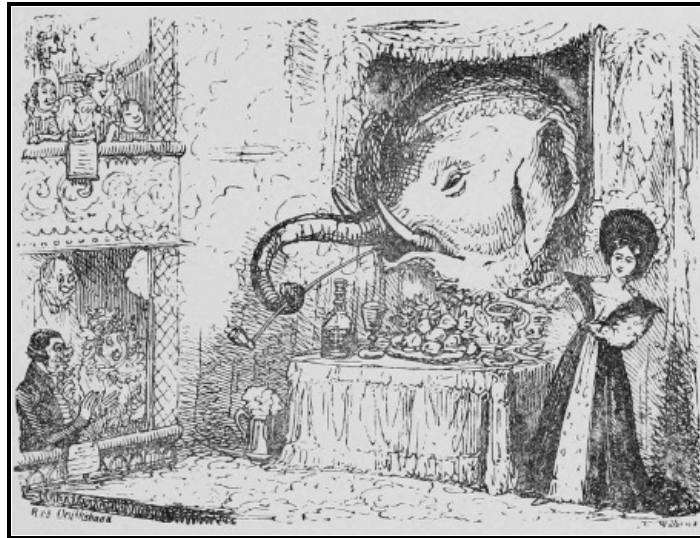
Andrew I wot, for so his name was spelt,
Was born (but this perchance you have surmised)
In London town:—in Adam Street he dwelt,
Which *all* Eve's sons have not *Mc Adamized*.

As scaling—love impell'd, a lofty wall,
One luckless night, he fell, in vast alarm;
But caught a beam, and haply *broke* his fall,
For which his fall retorting, *broke* his arm.

What chances may befall none may foretell;
All are the sport of destiny unknown;
Thus Andrew kept the "*Mason's Arms*" full well,
But was not able to preserve his *own*.

Still he was not discouraged, even although
His love had so unluckily began;
But taking soon a chance of joy or woe
In Hymen's lottery, *Andrew* drew forth *Ann*.

Quiet they lived, and happily, 'tis said,
From all domestic strife and discord far;
Andrew laid down the *Law*, and Ann obey'd,
For he, she knew, was bred up to the *Bar*.



Quoth Andrew to his wife one summer's day:
 "My dear, if you approve, I have a scheme,
 To take a trip while all the world are gay,
 To Margate, love, and we can go by *Steam*."

My honest cousin John, who is, you know,
 A quiet kind of lad, and free from sin,
 Has kindly promised, if we like to go,
 While we are *out*, to take care of the *Inn*."

She liked his project much, but did not know
 That *steam* was then the order of the age;
 She thought they should, like Fanny Kemble, go,
 Or, like the Elephant, upon the *stage*."

Here Andrew differ'd from his quiet spouse,
 Mild as she was, and gentle as he thought her;
 Said he "The *steam* as every one allows,
 Impels one far more quickly through the *water*."

"But if the boiler burst, which much I fear,
 Then we, and all the rest, in air are blown."
 Quoth Andrew, "No: if that should hap, my dear;
 Instead of going *up* we should go *down*."

"Really, my love," said Ann, "with joke and fun
 You draw such scenes as surely never man drew,
 And are in fact so *merry* with your fun,
 That I should take you for a *Merry Andrew*."



Now by the water side—a noted part—
 A tavern stands, which men have christen'd "Ship,"
 And hence 'twas needful that our friends should start,
 The following day, for their intended trip.

Therefore, when Sol had risen, so had they
 For they were early, like the sun, and steady:
 And when the *Steam-boat* came beside the quay,
 Andrew, his luggage, and his wife, were ready.

The hour had now arrived, and all was life:
 The waiter said the *packet* was *afloat*;
 The bills were paid, and Andrew and his wife
 Now left the *Ship*, and hastened to the *boat*.

They'd no idea of such a crowd i'fecks!
 When they embarked, for no one had yet told'em;
 There were three hundred people on the decks,
 The cabin and the *hold* would hardly *hold*'em.

The vessel started soon,—her every chink
 Filled up with luggage, women, boys and men;
 Swiftly she cut the spray, you cannot think
 What *whey* (way) she made upon the water then.

Ah, Master Andrew! you could not divine
 The woe of sailing when the wind's not aft;
 Or you'd have been more *crafty*, I opine,
 Than ever to have entered such a *craft*.



'Twas summer, yet the wind was passing cool;
 The Captain frown'd, and looked exceeding cross;
 The vessel, like some boys I knew at school,
 Was playing with the waves at *pitch and toss*.

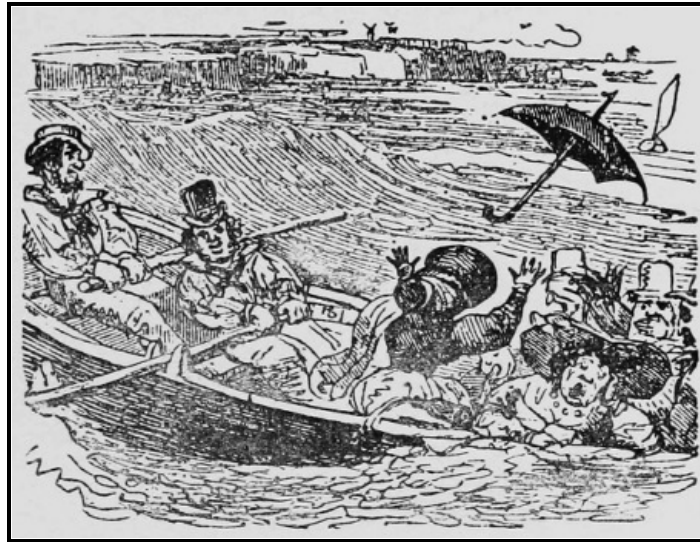
There was a dandy there—you scarce could tell
 It was a wig he wore; the *beau* did right
 To go to Truefit's, for it fitted well,
 All Truefit's wigs, I'm told, *fit true* and tight.

Two men were arguing, with wooden legs,
 No doubt each thought the other was mistaken;
 The cabin boy let fall a plate of *eggs*
 And broke them all, although he saved his *bacon*.

There were some ladies as it often haps,
 Both plebeian and patrician—high and low—
 And Andrew thought that many set their *caps*
 At the young men, in hopes to catch a *beau*.

There were some *butcher's* daughters, wondrous proud
 Of their sweet persons!—pride I must condemn—
 Who once or twice were heard to say aloud,
 That nothing in the ship was *meet* for them.

Now the good vessel, keeping on her way,
 Had one effect on Andrew and his wife;
 Who were, not sick to death, as some would say—
 But sick enough to make them sick of life.



All this to Andrew and his Spouse, I trow,
 Was novelty—and yet it had no charms,
 For both, before the night, were heard to vow
 They wished they had not left the Mason's Arms.

Close to the rails they stood—and you might see
 Their notions of delight began to waver;
 When Andrew's wife fell over in the sea,
 And might have drown'd; but Andrew shouted "Save her!"

Perhaps you think he jumped into the water;
 No, gentle reader, no; that would not do:
You might have done so for a wife or daughter,
 But *you* are *one*, and *you* and Andrew, *two*.

But some one seeing that he was no lover
 Of aught save eating, drinking, and his life,
 Came close behind the man and pushed him over,
 With "Don't you see, you brute, go save your wife."

Just at the time a little vessel passed,
 (Andrew had caught his wife)—it was the Percy;
 The captain thought it best to put about,
 And *take them in*, for they were crying mercy!

The *Steam-boat* kept her way, although the wind was bad,
 Margate they made, the crew cried "That's your sort!"
 The band struck up a tune, the rest were glad
 As tipplers would be, to get at the *Port*.

But Andrew and Spouse, just as they were
 About to sink, and thought that they were undone,
 Got safe on board the Percy—wind was fair,
 And the tight little boat, was on its way to London.



She soon arrived, of time there was no loss,
 The sailors rowed them quickly to the land
 And now, five miles at least from *Charing Cross*,
 Stood Andrew and his Spouse upon the *Strand*.

They hastened home, for home had many charms;
 Thither they went, and none could well go faster;
 For Andrew knew full well the Mason's *Arms*
 Were always *open* to receive their master.

They'd *seen* enough of *sea*; and their immersion
 In the *salt-sea* wave had pickled them so well,
 They never made another *sea* excursion;
 And therefore *you see!* I've but little more to tell.

From that day forth, when Andrew and his wife
 Disputed, which was often it would seem,
 His spouse replied, "Remember, pray, my life,
 That 'tis not always best *to go by Steam!*"

My tale is done,—about a week ago
 When passing through the City, I heard tell
 That "Andrew and his Spouse" were dead, and so
Bow bell was tolling for this *Beau* and *Belle*.

MORAL.

Hereafter then, when'er we need advice
 About a journey to the East or West;
 We must obey our spouses in a trice,
 And *always do* what *they* imagine best.



"PROCRASTINATION IS THE THIEF OF TIME."

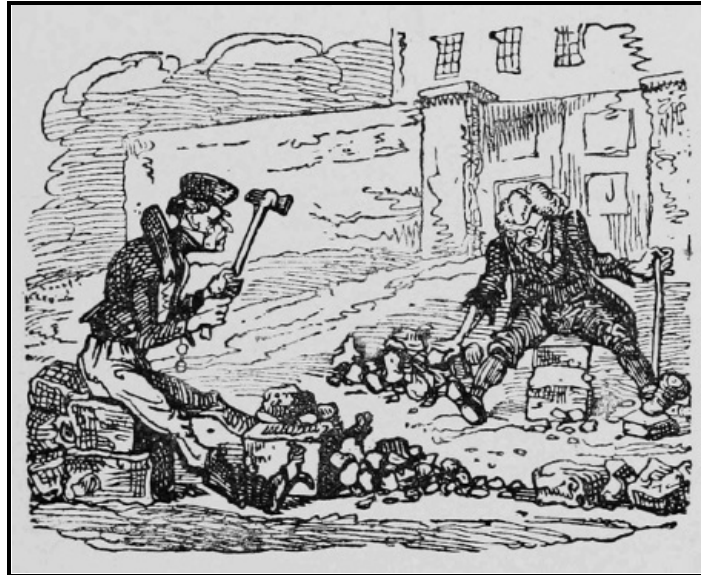
"Coach, Sir! Lord love your soul, the coach has been gone these three quarters of an hour; it's the most regglarest coach as is, and always starts to a minute!"

"You dont say so! Lawks! vot a precious row my vife vill kick up! She's a coming arter me as fast as she can trot!"

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S "*Illustrations of Time.*"

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. LVII.

"HARD TIMES."



MACADAMITES.

"I say, SHUFFLETON, these d—d Overseers pay no respect to Persons!"

"No, DOCTOR, nor to PARSONS either!"

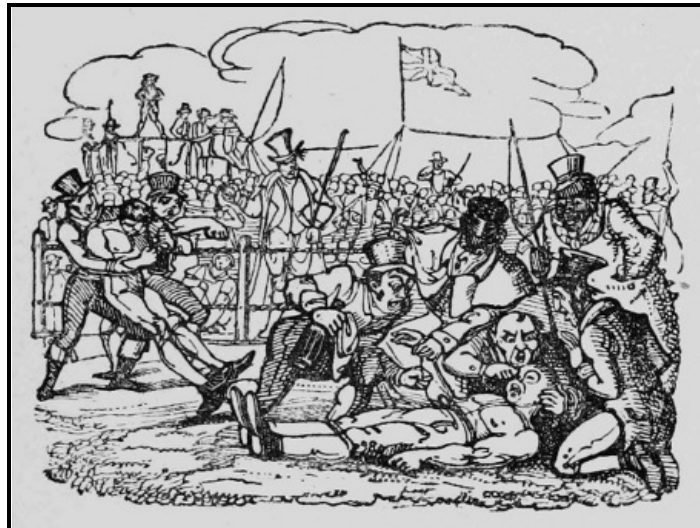
GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S "*Illustrations of Time.*"



"THE LAWYER AND HIS CLIENTS!"

"Gentlemen, it was a very fine Oyster, indeed! The Court awards you a shell each!"

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S "*Illustrations of Time.*"



"TIME CALLED."

"Time! Bring him up, Tom! JACK can't stand another round!"

"With a hook! I'm blow'd if he ha'nt 'cut his stick!"

"A guinea to a shilling on JACK! Time's up! It's all over! JACK's won the day! I'm blest if we shan't all be lagged!"

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S "*Illustrations of Time.*"

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. LX.

"TAKING TIME BY THE FORE-LOCK."



"LONDON CONVEYANCERS."

"I say, BILL, I've got his ticker: pull his precious nob off!"

"I'm sniggered if I don't!"

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S "*Illustrations of Time.*"



"A LITTLE TOO LATE."

"Ha, Snooks, we had given you up altogether!"

"I thought you said four o'clock, my dear fellow?"

"So I did, but it is now five."

"Yes, but four always means five."

"Not with those who tell the truth, and as I am one of that sort, you will know I mean what I say in future; but sit down 'better late than never.'—Mary bring the fragments."

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S "*Illustrations of Time.*"



"LABOUR IN VAIN."

"Scrub away, Jenny! I'll warrant we get the dirty toad white?"

"O, Missee! your water so dam hot, you scald poor Sambo!"

"Drat your black carcass! we'll make something of you at last, if we skin you! Go it, Molly! rub his life time out!"

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S *"Illustrations of Time."*



"BOXING DAY!"

"You arn't the rigglar Dustman, blow ye! For a farden I'd break your blessed conk!"

"I'm as good a Dustman as you any day in the veek, my tulip!"

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S *"Illustrations of Time."*

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. LXIV.
THE QUEAN WOT CLAIMS THE BREECHES.



G. C.

The young and old, the short and tall,
In poverty or riches;
One common aim prevails with all—
'Tis who shall wear the breeches!

This lovely, winning creature scan,
To wives a bright example!
Mark on the boasted "Rights of Man,"
How she presumes to trample,

Poor Henpeck! what shall shield you now,
In fortune's fickle weather,
If you surrender to your frow
The covering of your nether?

Reduced by this ignoble deed,
To petticoats' stern sway;
To play the tyrant is her creed,
And yours is to obey.

Farewell, poor fellow—by the bye,
To keep her system placid,
Suppose you tip her, on the sly,
A little prussic acid.

A very moderate dose will do,
To make her calm and quiet:
And, if you wish to tame that shrew,
Make haste, my boy, and try it.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S "*Mornings at Bow Street.*"



G. C.

Now ponder well, ye tender wives,
As you would shun disasters,
And as you wish for peaceful lives,
Thwart not your lords and masters.

If late from home they chance to stop,
Avoid all vain conjectures;
And, if they've had a little drop,
Refrain from curtain lectures.

A scolding tongue will ne'er reclaim
A man from idle courses;
But often leads to grief and shame,
And Summary Divorces.

These evils flow from angry words—
Then try not such expedients;
Besides, you know, you owe your lords
Love, honour, and obedience!

Ah! tell us, Dame, for what offence
Your Spouse, in all his glory,
Is using such strong arguments,
And "a posteriori."

What have you said or done, alas!
Or what have you neglected?
That thus by speedy habeas,
You're forcibly ejected.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S "*Mornings at Bow Street.*"

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. LXVI.

BARRING A BAD CUSTOMER;

OR,

A SCORE BEHIND!"



BONIFACE: "*Mizzle, you warmint, you an't paid your old score; No more chalk here!—so take that!*"

CHERRY RIPE: "*My eye, what a toucher!*"

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S "*Mornings at Bow Street.*"

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. LXVII.

"TAKING THE LAW IN HER OWN HANDS;

OR,

SERVING AN EJECTMENT ON A TROUBLESOME TENANT."



"Come along, you old willain; I'll teach you to be going arter the wenches; I'll shew you who wears the breeches you—!"

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S "*More Mornings at Bow Street.*"

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. LXVIII.

"THE THIMBLE RIG;

OR,

HOW TO BONNET A FLAT!"



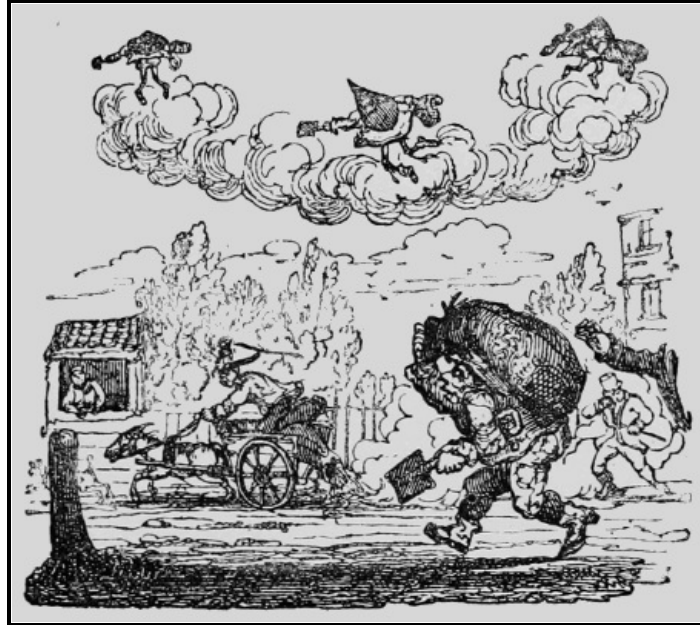
"Now, then, my jolly Sportsman! I've got more money than the Parson of the parish! Those as don't play can't vin and those as are here arn't there! I'd hould any of you, from a tanner to a soverin, or ten, as you don't tell which thimble the pea is under." "It's there, Sir"—"I barr tellings"—"I'll go it again."—"Vat you don't see don't look at, and what you do see don't tell. I'll hould you a soverin, Sir, that you don't tell me vitch thimble the pea is under."—"Lay him, Sir (in a whisper); it's under the middle'un I'll go you halves."—"Lay him another; that's right."—"I'm blow'd but we've lost: who'd a thought it!"—Smack goes the flat's hat over his eyes; exit the confederates with a loud laugh.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S "More Mornings at Bow Street."

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. LXIX.

"FLYING DUSTMEN."

"The Dustman's cart offends thy clothes and eyes,
When through the street a cloud of ashes flies."— GAY.



"The Spectre, learning, physic must,
All follow these, and come to dust."

Go it, BOB!—pull away?—here's the TRAPS;—cut away, my kiddy, good luck to you!—Kim aup, Neddy!—kim aup!—blow you, kim aup!—That's the ticket!

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S "*More Mornings at Bow Street.*"



"VENERATION—PRIZE BEEF."

"Well to be sure, that is a picture! I must have a sirloin for Christmas-day. It warms the cockles of one's heart to think of it!"

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S "*Illustrations of Phrenology.*"

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. LXXI.

"COLOUR!—FORM!—FIGURE!"



GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S "*Illustrations of Phrenology.*"



"BILLINGSGATE."

"You be smothered, you old Brimstome!—barring I'm a thief, and fond of the men, what can you say to my prejudice?"

"Get out you wagabond! get out, you circumventing old fish-fag!"

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S *"Illustrations of Phrenology."*



"A TRUCK—A TOOTH—A BOTTLE OF BLACK STRAP—AND A POT OF HEAVY."

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. LXXIV.

THE LOBSTERS' CLAUSE;

OR,

THE NEW POLICE BILL.



Now, then, Sir, I'll trouble you to move on!

I sing, I sing, of the new bill, sir,
That to the people seems a pill, sir,
And shortly I'll relate its clauses,
That you may know what the police law is.
First and foremost, in a straight line running,
For fifteen miles it will stop your funning,
From Charing Cross, which ever way you turn, sir,
If you infringe, your fingers you'll burn, sir.
Oh, dear, oh, dear! they're better off in Greece, sir,
Free from this Metropolitan New Police, sir.

All the people who used to show, sir,
Traps on the pavement, will find it no go, sir,
And now within their shop or dwelling,
Their odd-cum-shorts they must be selling,
If maids after eight their mats should beat, sir,
At the treadmill they'll have a treat,
And, if little boys roll hoops, or fly kites, sir,
They'll be lock'd up seven days and nights, sir.
Oh, dear, &c.

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. LXXV.

TWELFTH DAY IN LONDON;

OR,

PAYING FOR A PEEP.



R. C.

"TWELFTH DAY."

Such are the scenes, that, at the front and the side
Of the Twelfth-Cake-Shops, scatter wild dismay;
As up the slipp'ry curb, or pavement wide,
We seek the pastrycooks, to keep Twelfth day;
While ladies stand aghast, in speechless trance,
Look round—dare not go back—and yet dare not advance.

HONE'S "*Every-Day Book*."

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. LXXVI.

BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE;

OR,

RINGING THE CHANGES.



"Say but the word, my dear Susan, and you're mine for ever; we shall be as happy as the day is long!"

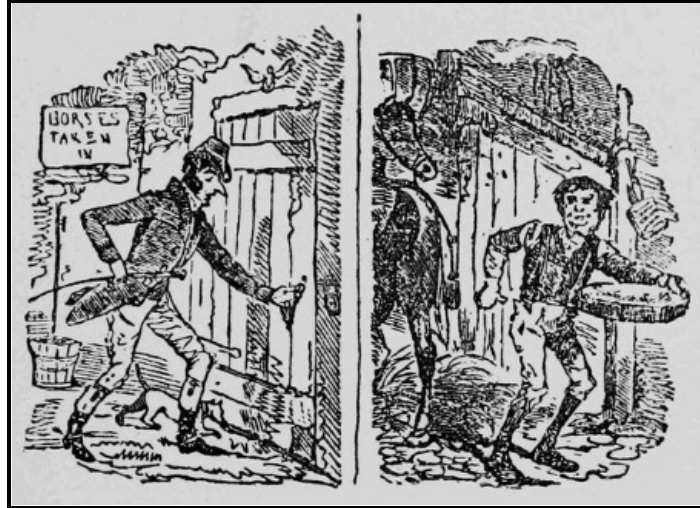
"Out o' my sight, you villain! I wish I had never seen your ugly mug—you have been the curse of my life!"

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. LXXVII.

AN OSTLER, ALIAS OATSTEALER;

OR,

A HINT TO TRAVELLERS.



TRAVELLER: "*Having made myself comfortable, I must now look to my nag, for these ostlers are sorry dogs.*"

OSTLER: "*Aye, you may look, old Bald-face; but as you can't tell no tales, why, its better you should go without your feed than I without my pot.*"

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. LXXVIII.
MUSIC HATH CHARMS TO SOOTH THE SAVAGE BREAST.



"I love music, and I don't see why I shouldn't enjoy myself—besides its a charity to my sick neighbour: it will soothe him to a gentle slumber!"

"Oh, dear! oh, dear—was ever poor devil so tortured!—that infernal noise will be the death of me!"

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. LXXIX.

BULLS AND NO JOKES;

OR,

GALLANTRY ON THE GALLOP.



"Johnny, you wretch! you're not going to leave me here with these 'orned hanimals? For the love you bear me, come back and help me over!"—"I'm blessed if I do!—'number one' is the first law of nature, so here goes! Come along Fowler!"

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. LXXX.

DR. BOLUS, OR THE LAST PILL.

—*Throw physic to the dogs:—I'll none of it.*



R. C.

"'Twill DO for you, my good friend—it is an infallible remedy for all diseases!"

LONDON IN THE DOG DAYS.



"Hulloa! take care of that ere dog, I'm blow'd if he arn't as mad as a March hare! He's bolted with his mistress's kittle, and I'm splashed if he arn't got the HYDRAPHOBIA, or he wouldn't go past the pump in such a hurry."



"Why, I say, Popjoy, ha'nt you had a bite all day?"

"No."

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. LXXXIII.

SEASONABLE AMUSEMENTS;

OR,

"SPORTING A TOE" ON THE ICE.



Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides.
Come and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe.

MILTON'S "*L'Allegro*."

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. LXXXIV.

PITY THE FROZE OUT GARDENERS.



"PITY'S AKIN TO LOVE."

"Pity the froze out gardeners!"—"I will my poor fellows. I'll provide you with a WARM reception when you come to me."



A COBBLER I am, and my name is Dick Awl,
I'm a bit of a beast, for I live in a *stall!*
With an ugly old wife, and a tortoise-shell cat,
I *mends* boots and shoes, with a rat a tat tat.

This morning, at breakfast, on bacon and spinage,
Says I, to my wife, "I'm going to Greenwich,"
Says she, "Dickey Awl, aye and I will go too;"
Says I, "Mrs. Awl, I'll be d—d if you do."



[Taken from life during the Mutiny at Greenwich Hospital on the Birthday of his present Majesty.]

"Shiver my timbers!—here's a go!—no grog on the King's Birthday!—I'm blest if I don't strike!"

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. LXXXVII.
ENGLISH BEER.



"HEAVY WET."

King William and Reform, I say,
In such a case who can be neuter?
Just let me blow the froth away,
And see how I will drain the pewter.

Another tankard, landlord, fill,
And let us drink to that ere chap, Broom;
And then we'll chaunt God save King Bill,
And send the echoes thro' the tap-room.

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. LXXXVIII.
FRENCH BRANDY.



Ah ha, Mr. Englishman! voyez ici,
De grandest specific to banish ennui,
Begar is a bumper of French eau de vie.
So here's the Rost Bif of Old England,
Wash'd down by the pure Cogniac.



Och! Judy dear, a fig for beer,
The pleasure sure is greater,
When you are dry, to bung your eye
With quarterns of the "cratur!"

JAMAICA RUM.



Tho' Whiskey may be priz'd by some,
And others sing the praise of Jackey,
There's nothing like Jamaica Rum,
To warm your dingy frame, Old Blackee.

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. XCI.

WHAT A SHOCKING BAD HAT.



What object meets my wondering gaze,
That knew, I doubt not, better days?
How chang'd in form, alas! from that—
Oh, "What a shocking bad Hat!"

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. XCII.

WHAT A SHOCKING BAD BONNET.



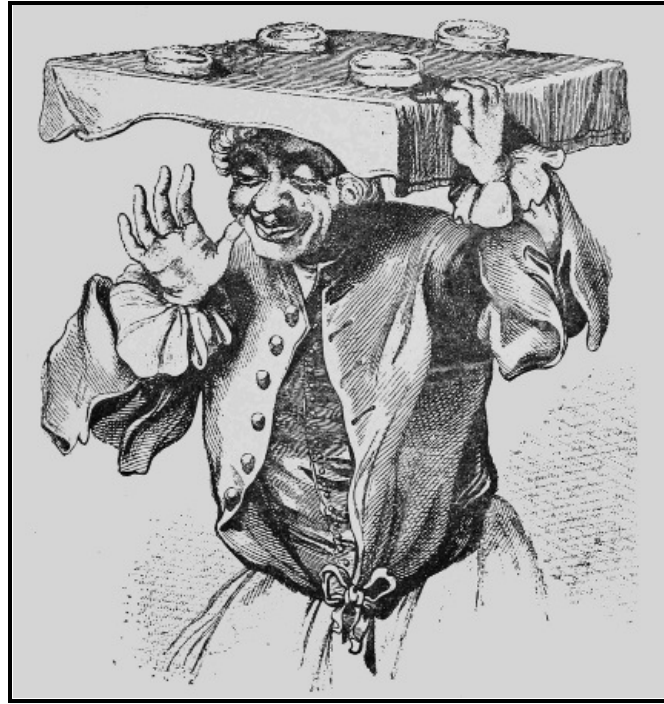
She is quizz'd by the girls—she is smok'd by the boys—
And her ears are saluted by squalling and noise;
While some lad with a tray, and a sheep's head upon it,
Shouts out, "There she goes with a shocking bad bonnet!"



—"Here ye are my ready money customers; you have 'em here at THREE YARDS A PENNY.
First of all:—

Here's "Jolly nose," "Begone dull care,"
"Black Bess," "What are you at" now?
"My mother bids me bind my hair,"
"How droll!" "All round my hat" now!
"Cease, ye pretty warbling choir,"
"True as is the needle,"
"And ye shall walk in silk attire,"
With "The Parish Beadle!"

"A dainty life the fairy leads,"
"When stars their watch are keeping;"
"In peace love tunes the shepherd's reed,"
"Dear maid, while thou art sleeping!"
"When night-stars dance their fairy rays,"
And here my batch I cry out,—
"Hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,"
"There you go with your eye out!"



We frequently meet with the pieman in old prints; and in Hogarth's "March to Finchley," there he stands in the very centre of the crowd, grinning with delight at the adroitness of one robbery, while he is himself the victim of another. We learn from this admirable figure by the greatest painter of English life, that the pieman of the last century perambulated the streets in professional costume; and we gather further, from the burly dimensions of his wares that he kept his trade alive by the laudable practice of giving "a good pennyworth for a penny." Justice compels us to observe that his successors of a later generation have not been very conscientious observers of this maxim.

YOUNG LAMBS TO SELL.



Young lambs to sell! young lambs to sell.
If I'd as much money as I could tell,
I'd not come here with young lambs to sell!
Dolly and Molly, Richard and Nell,
Buy my young lambs, and I'll use you well!

The engraving represents an old "London Crier," one William Liston, from a drawing for which he purposely *stood* in 1826.

This "public character" was born in the City of Glasgow. He became a soldier in the waggon-train commanded by Colonel Hamilton, and served under the Duke of York in Holland, where, on the 6th of October, 1799, he lost his right arm and left leg, and his place in the army. His misfortunes thrust distinction upon him. From having been a private in the ranks, where he would have remained undistinguished, he became one of the popular street-characters of his day.



Buy a Broom? was formerly a very popular London-cry, when it was usually rendered thus:—"Puy a Proom, puy a prooms? a leettle one for ze papy, and a pig vons for ze lady: Puy a Proom?" Fifty years ago Madame Vestris charmed the town by her singing—

From Teutchland I came with my light wares all laden,
 To dear happy England in summer's gay bloom,
 Then listen, fair lady, and young pretty maiden,
 O buy of the wand'ring Bavarian a broom.
 Buy a broom, buy a broom, (*Spoken*) buy a broom,
 O buy of the wand'ring Bavarian a broom.

To brush away insects that sometimes annoy you,
 You'll find them quite handy by night or by day,
 And what better exercise pray can employ you,
 Than to sweep all vexatious intruders away.—Buy a broom, &c.

Ere winter comes on for sweet home departing,
 My toils for your favour again I'll resume;
 And while gratitude's tears in my eye-lids are starting,
 Bless the time that in England I cried buy a broom.
 (*Spoken*)—Yes I shall go back to my own country, and tell
 them there that I sold all my wares in England, singing—Buy a broom,
 &c.

But time and fashion has *swept* both the brooms and the girls from our shores.—Madame Vestris lies head-to-head with Charles Mathews in Kensal Green Cemetery. *Tempus omnia revelat.*

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. XCVII.
THE FLYING STATIONER, OTHERWISE PATTERER.



"Here you have the last speech and dying words, life, character, and behaviour of the unfortunate malefactor that was executed this morning opposite the Debtor's door, in the Hold Bailey! together with a full confession of the offence wherewith he was found guilty—before a upright Judge and a impartial Jury! Here you have likewise a copy of the most affectionate letter, written by the criminal in the condemned cell the night *after*—I mean the night *before* his execution, to his innocent wife and unoffending babbies—with a copy of verses concerning the same—all for the small charge of one halfpenny.

"Here's tidings sad for old and young,
Of one who liv'd for years by macing;
And was this werry morning hung,
The Debtor's Door at Newgate facing.

"Here's his confession upon oath,
The words he spoke when he was dying,
His birth and education both—
The whole particulars—well worth the buying.

"Here's an account of robberies sad,
In which he alus was a factor;
You must to read the life be glad—
Of such a famous malefactor!"



"Hearth-stones! Do you want any hearth-stones? Now, my maids, here's your right sort—reg'lar good'uns, and no mistake—vorth two o'your shop harticles, and at half the price. Now my pretty von, lay out a *tanner*, and charge your missus a *bob*—and no cheating neither! the cook has always a right to make her market penny and to assist a poor cove like me in the bargain.

"They're good uns, you will find—
Choose any, Marm, as you prefer;
You looks so handsome and so kind,
I'm sure you'll be a customer.

"Three halfpence, Marm, for this here pair—
I only vish as you vould try 'em;
I'm sure you'll say the price is fair—
Come, Marm, a penny if you'll buy 'em.

"There, Betty! I have often said
It isn't dress that makes gentility;
For do observe this hearth-stone blade,
How well he understands ciwility."



Round and sound,
Two-pence a pound.
Cherries, rare ripe cherries!

Cherries a ha'penny a stick
Come and pick! come and pick!
Cherries big as plums! who comes, who comes?

The late George Cruikshank, whose pencil was ever distinguished by power of decision in every character he sketched, and whose close observation of passing men and manners was unrivalled by any artist of his day, contributed the "London Barrow-woman" to the pages of Hone's *Every-Day Book* in 1826 from his own recollection of her.

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. C.

THE LADY AS CRIES CATS' MEAT.



Old Maids your custom I invites,
Fork out, and don't be shabby,
And don't begrudge a bit of lights
Or liver for your Tabby.

Hark! how the Pussies make a rout—
To buy you can't refuse;
So may you never be without
The *music* of their *mews*.

Here's famous meat—all lean, no fat—
No better in Great Britain;
Come, buy a penn'orth for your Cat—
A happ'orth for your Kitten.

Come all my barrow for a bob!
Some charity diskiver;
For faith, it ar'nt an easy job
To *live* by selling *liver*.

Who'll buy? who'll buy of Cats-meat-Nan!
I've bawl'd till I am sick;
But ready money is my plan;
I never gives no tick.

I've got no customers as yet—
In wain is my appeal—
And not to buy a single bit
Is werry ungenteel!

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. CI.

THE DOGS'-MEAT MAN.

Founded on Fact.



In Gray's Inn Lane, not long ago,
An old maid lived a life of woe;
She was fifty-three, and her face like tan,
And she fell in love with a dogs'-meat man.
Much she loved this dogs'-meat man;
He was a good-looking dogs'-meat man;
Her roses and lilies were turn'd to tan,
When she fell in love wi' the dogs'-meat man.

Every morning when he went by,
Whether the weather was wet or dry,
And right opposite her door he'd stand,
And cry "dogs' meat," did this dogs'-meat man.
Then her cat would run out to the dogs'-meat man,
And rub against the barrow of the dogs'-meat man,
As right opposite to her door he'd stand,
And cry "Dogs' Meat," did this dogs'-meat man.

One morn she kept him at the door,
Talking half-an-hour or more;
For, you must know, that was her plan,
To have a good look at the dogs'-meat man.
"Times are hard," says the dogs'-meat man;
"Folks get in my debt," says the dogs'-meat man;
Then he took up his barrow, and away he ran,
And cried "Dogs' Meat," did this dogs'-meat man.



There cannot be a better representation of "Guy Fawkes," as he was borne about the metropolis in effigy in the days "When George the Third was King," than the above sketch by George Cruikshank.

Please to remember the fifth of November,
Gunpowder treason and plot;
We know no reason, why gunpowder treason,
Should ever be forgot!
Holla boys! holla boys! huzza—a—a!
A stick and a stake, for King George's sake,
A stick and a stump, for Guy Fawkes' rump!
Holla boys! holla boys! huzza—a—a!

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. CIII.

THE PIEMAN;

OR,

O LORD! WHAT A PLACE IS A CAMP.



"O Lord! what a place is a camp,
What wonderful doings are there;
The people are all on the tramp,
To me it looks devilish queer:
Here's ladies a swigging of gin,
A crop of macaronies likewise:
And I, with my 'Who'll up and win?
Come, here is your hot mutton pies.'

"Here's galloping this way and that,
With, 'Madam, stand out of the way;'
Here's, 'O fie! sir, what would you be at?—
Come, none of your impudence pray:'
Here's 'Halt—to the right-about-face,'
Here's laughing, and screaming, and cries:
Here's milliners'-men out of place,
And I with my hot mutton pies.

"Here's the heath all round like a fair,
Here's butlers, and sutlers, and cooks;
Here's popping away in the air,
And captains with terrible looks:
Here's 'How do you do?'—'Pretty well;
The dust has got into my eyes,'
There's—'fellow what have you to sell?'
'Why, only some hot mutton pies?'"

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. CIV.
ALL ROUND MY HAT I VEARS A GREEN VILLOW.



All round my hat I vears a green willow,
All round my hat, for a twelvemonth and a day;
If any body axes me the reason vy I vears it,
I tells 'em that my own true love is far far away.
'Twas a going of my rounds, in the streets I first did meet her,
Oh, I thought she vos a hangel just come down from the sky;

(Spoken)—She's a nice wegitable countenance; turnup
nose, redish cheeks, and carroty hair.

And I never knew a voice more louder or more sweeter,
When she cried, buy my primroses, my primroses come buy.

(Spoken)—Here's your fine cauliflowers.

All round, &c.

O, my love she was fair, my love she was kind, too,
And cruel vos the cruel judge vot had my love to try:

(Spoken)—Here's your precious turnups.

For thieving vos a thing she never was inclined to:
But he sent my love across the seas, far far away.

(Spoken)—Here's your hard-hearted cabbages.

All round, &c.

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. CV.

SONG OF THE STEAM COACHMAN THAT DRIVES THE OMNIBUS TO THE MOON.

Steam carriages by land are now the order of the day, sir,
But why they haven't started yet, 'tis not for me to say, sir;
Some people hint 'tis *uphill* work—that loose they find a screw, sir,
Such novelties, as Pat would say, of *old* they never *knew*, sir.

Bow, wow, &c.



Now is the time for a sly trip to *the Moon*, sir,
There's a new RAIL ROAD just made through *the Sky*,
Or if you prefer it, we have a *prime* BALLOON, sir,
In which you can ascend with me *up sky high*.
Travelling the rage is—in the tying of a sandal,
We take our *tea* in *Tartary*, or *chop* at *Coromandel*,
Then when *blazing hot* we get with *India's gums* and *spices*,
We take a *stroll* towards the *Pole*, and *cool our-selves* with *ices*.
Now is the time for a sly trip to *the Moon*, sir, &c.

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. CVI.

LIFE
IN THE
BACK SLUMS OF THE HOLY LAND.



R. C.

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

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. CVII.

"DINNER TIME;

OR,

HOW TO COMFORT THE INWARD MAN."



Appetite comes with eating, says Angeston.—RABELAIS, bk. 1., ch. v.

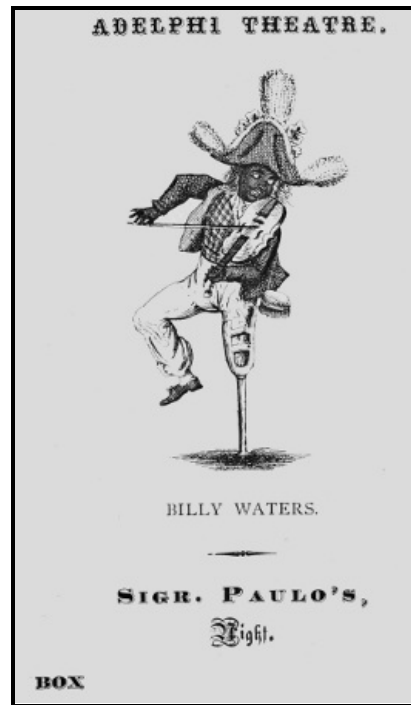
HUSBAND: *Now then, Old Gal; cook us about another pound and a half of our home made bacon, and, then I do think I shall 'ave done for this once.*

WIFE: *Yes! Tom, but recollect that Parson said on Sunday last, that poor folks, since the 'provements of cookery eat about twice as much as nature requires.*

HUSBAND: *Well! then we can't do no better than practice what Parson preaches about, can we?*

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. CVIII.

ADELPHI THEATRE.



BILLY WATERS.

SAGR. PAOLO'S,

Night.

BOX

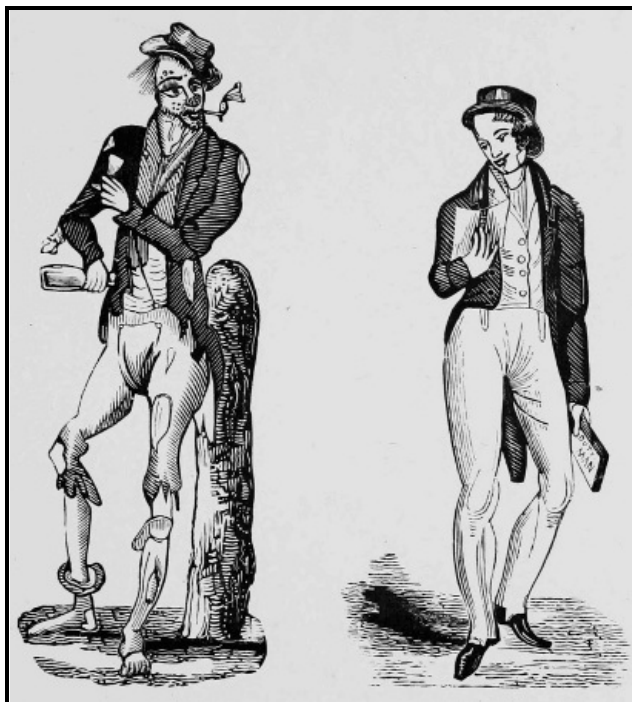
GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. CIX.
QUEEN CAROLINE AND THE TEMPTER.



And so they sent a MESSENGER,
To meet the Queen halfway;
And give her FIFTY THOUSAND POUNDS
If she abroad would stay;
And never more be call'd a Queen,
Or any such a thing,
But leave them with their daintv dish
To set before the King.

From a *brochure* entitled the "GREEN BAG: or, a Dainty Dish to set before a King." Published by Hone, and illustrated by Geo. Cruikshank.





GIN AND WATER.

GIN! Gin! a Drop of Gin!
What magnified Monsters circle therein!
Ragged, and stained, with filth and mud,
Some plague-spotted, and some with blood!
Shapes of Misery, Shame, and Sin!
Figures that make us loathe and tremble,
Creatures scarce human, that more resemble
Broods of diabolical kin,
Ghoule and Vampyre, Demon and Jin!



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.
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, sweet, sweet Gin,
There's no drops like Gin.
Gin, Gin, Hodge's Gin,
Gin, Gin, Hodge's Gin.



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, sweet, sweet Gin,
There's no drops like Gin.
Gin, Gin, Seager and Evans's Gin.
Gin, Gin, Seager and Evans's Gin.



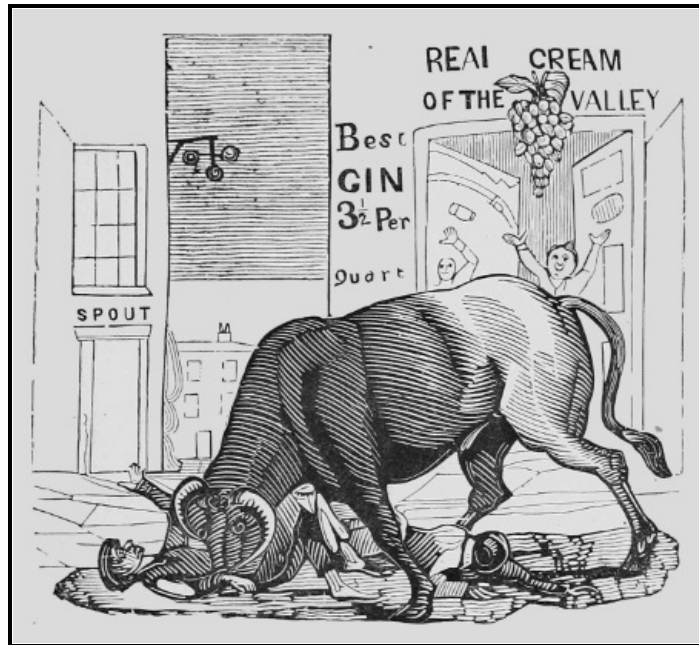
SIR Richard Birnie sad, declares that never in his time,
Was seen so much depravity, want, misery and crime;
And all the brawls—the riotings—the day and nightly din,
Are caused by what he never tasted! filthy! horrid Gin!

Gin, Gin, sweet, sweet Gin,
There's no drops like Gin.
Gin, Gin, Booth's Cordial Gin.
Gin, Gin, Booth's Cordial Gin.



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, sweet, sweet Gin,
There's no drops like Gin.
Gin, Gin, Sir Robert Burnett's Gin.
Gin, Gin, Sir Robert Burnett's Gin.



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 d'ont a d'op o' din.

Gin, Gin, sweet, sweet Gin,
There's no drops like Gin
Gin, Gin, Currie's strong Gin.
Gin, Gin, Currie's strong Gin.



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, sweet, sweet Gin,

There's no drops like Gin.

Gin, Gin, Gaitskell's Gin.

Gin, Gin, Gaitskell's Gin.



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, sweet, sweet Gin,
There's no drops like Gin.
Gin, Gin, renovating Gin.
Gin, Gin, renovating Gin.



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, sweet, sweet Gin,
There's no drops like Gin.
Gin, Gin, tongue-relaxing Gin.
Gin, Gin, tongue-relaxing Gin.



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, sweet, sweet Gin,
There's no drops like Gin.
Gin, Gin, Tragic, Comic Gin.
Gin, Gin, Tragic, Comic Gin.



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, sweet, sweet Gin,
There's no drops like Gin.
Gin, Gin, Deadley's OLD TOM Gin.
Gin, Gin, Deadley's OLD TOM Gin.



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, sweet, sweet Gin,
There's no drops like Gin.
Gin, Gin, dear-seductive Gin.
Gin, Gin, dear-seductive Gin.



THE ROYAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS was instituted in 1824. Through its exertions hundreds of cases of cruelty are annually prosecuted. Acts for the protection of animals were passed in 1822 "Martin's Act," and in 1835 and 1839.

If I had a donkey wot wouldn't go,
D'ye think I'd wollop him?—no, no, no.
But gentle means I'd try, d'ye see,
Because I hate all cruelty;
If all had been like me, in fact,
There'd ha' been no occasion for Martin's act,
Dumb animals to prevent getting cracked—on the head.
For if I had a donkey wot wouldn't go,
I never would wollop him—no, no, no;
I'd give him some hay, and cry, Gee O!
And come up, Neddy—Heigh Oh!

What makes me mention this? This morn—
I seed that cruel chap, Bill Burn,
Whilst he was out a crying his greens,
His donkey wollop with all his means,
He hit him o'er his head and thighs,
He brought the tears up in his eyes,
At last my blood began to rise—
And I said—If I had a donkey, &c.

Bill turn'd and said to me—"Then, perhaps,
You're one of these Mr. Martin's chaps
Wot now is seeking for occasion—
All for to lie a hinformation."
Though this I stoutly did deny,
Bill up and gave me a blow in the eye,
And I replied as I let fly—
At his head—If I had a donkey, &c.

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. CXXV.

THE LAST NIGHT OF THE SEASON.

IT'S CHARLEY WRIGHT'S NIGHT.

Let those come now who never came before,
Let those who always come, now come once more.



COME TO NIGHT THERE'LL BE.—

"Midnight shout and revelry
Topsy dance and jollity."

M A S Q U E R A D E

(Patronised by the Haut-Ton).

the LAST THIS SEASON.—ARGYLL ROOMS, THURSDAY NEXT, June 28.—For Boxes to view the Masquerade (without mixing in the motley group), Domino, Character, and other Tickets, &c., apply to the Committee, at Mr. Charles Wright's, Opera Colonnade, Haymarket, who will supply the Wines on the occasion.

Come, come; good WINE is a good familiar creature, if it be well used.



GOOD WINE NEEDS NO BUSH:—

T R Y I T !

Fine Port and bright Sherry, well worthy of name,
Two Shillings per Bottle; Madeira the same;
Good Cape, Fifteen-pence; and the marvel to crown,
Champagne, Five and Sixpence, the cheapest in Town.

Opera Colonnade.

CHARLES WRIGHT.

—"Friends! I say that one sip of this:
Will bathe the drooping Spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste."
Charley Wright *cum* John Milton!

CHARLES WRIGHT'S



Apparition appearing to an Hypochondriac.
By CHARLES WRIGHT, Opera Colonnade,
Haymarket,
LONDON.

WINE DEPOTS JUST OPENED.

- No. 13, Northumberland-place, Commercial-road.
- 6, Providence-place, Kentish Town.
- 48, Chichester-place, Gray's-inn-lane.
- 4, Milner-place, Lambeth, near the Coburg Theatre.
- 1, Darlington-place, opposite Vauxhall Gardens.
- 65, Crawford-street, Mary-la-bonne.
- 4, Sussex-place, Kent-road.
- 13, St. James-street, Brighton.

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. CXXVIII.

A VIEW IN THE ISLE OF ANGLESEA.



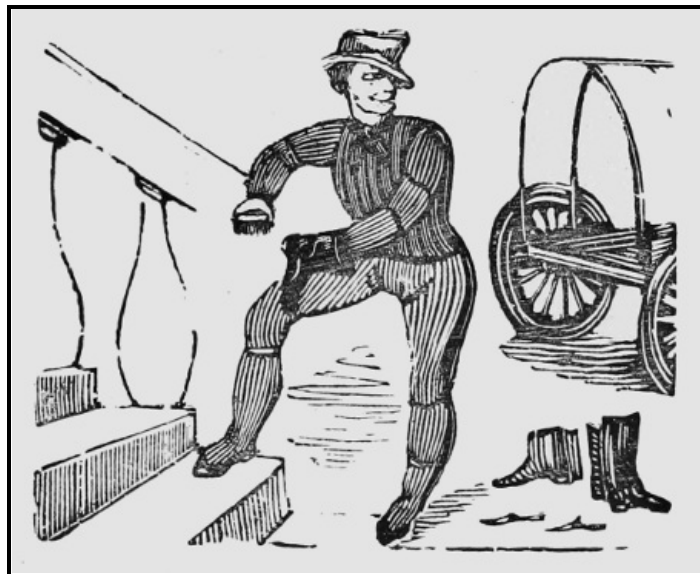
The above sketch was taken from nature in the Isle of Anglesea last Autumn, from a spot not far from the seat of the Noble Marquess, who derives his title from the Island. It presents an excellent profile of the Marquess, and has often excited the attention and surprise of the passing travellers. At a moment when his Lordship is so deservedly popular the publication of this curiosity may not be unacceptable to our readers.

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. CXXIX.

SAM WELLER'S ADVENTURES!

A SONG OF THE PICKWICKIANS.

Who caus'd the smiles of rich and poor?
Who made a hit so slow, but sure?
And rose the worth of literature?—Sam Weller.



I'm pretty well known about town,
For to gain a repute is my pride,
Though no vun can doubt my renown,
I'm a *covey of polish* beside!
I renovates *cases* for feet,
Vhether high lows or tops is the same,
I turns'em off hand werry neat,
And Samivel Veller's my name!—Fol lol, &c.

In the Borough my trade I dragged on,
Vith no vun to envy my sphere;
I polish'd the *soles* of each don,
From the cadger bang up to the peer!
Their *understandings* I greatly improv'd,
Vot happen'd to fall in the vay;
And many a gen'leman mov'd
To me in the course of the day.—Fol lol, &c.

Vun gen'leman—Pickvick, Esquire,
The head of the noted P.C.
Vun day tumbled in to enquire,
If I'd had the *fortin* to see
A cove vearing Vellington *kicks*,
And a Miss Rachel Vardle beside,
Vot the gent had lugged off by the *nicks*,
And promis'd to make her his bride.—Fol lol, &c.



All round the room I waltzed with Ellen Taylor,
 All round the room I waltz'd till break of day,
 And ever since that time I've done nothing but bewail her,
 Alas! she's gone to Margate, the summer months to stay.
 'Twas at a ball at Islington I first chanc'd to meet her,
 She really look'd so nice I couldn't keep my eyes away;
 In all my life before I ne'er saw so sweet a creature,
 She danc'd with me three hours, then fainted quite away.

Spoken.—She was such a divine creature! I fell in love with her the moment I saw her. I looked languishing at her, and she did the same at me; then she gave such a sigh—such a heavy one!—you might have heard it!—

All round the room, &c.

My Ellen's rather tall, and my Ellen's rather thin, too,
 Her hair is rather sandy, and at singing she's *au fait*,
 That she should leave me now I think it quite a sin, too,
 I'm sure I shan't be happy all the time she is away.

Spoken.—She was an angel! such a natural sort of woman! She wore a bustle—that wasn't very natural, though—it was rather a largish one; I suppose, upon a moderate calculation, it would have reached—

All round the room, &c.

JIM CROW.



How are you massa gemmen,
 An de ladies in a row,
 All for to tell you whar I'm from,
 I'se going for to go!
 For I wheel about an turn about, an do just so,
 An ebery time I turn about, I jump Jim Crow.

In 1836, Mr. T. D. Rice, who had previously appeared at the Surrey Theatre, in "Bone Squash Diablo," made his first appearance at the Adelphi, in a farcical Burletta, called "A Flight to America; or, Twelve Hours in New York". The sketch, written for him by Mr. Leman Rede, introduced Rice as a nigger, Yates as a Frenchman, and Mrs. Stirling as Sally Snow—a coloured belle, Miss Daly, John Reeve, and Buckstone strengthened the cast. "Jump Jim Crow" caught the fancy of the town at once, and the familiar tune was soon to be heard everywhere. Rice stayed through the whole season, playing an engagement of twenty one weeks, then considered something extraordinary. For a long period he performed at the Adelphi and the Pavilion Theatres the same evening, and it was calculated that in so doing he had travelled considerably more than a thousand miles, while being encored five times at each theatre for 126 nights, it was easy to set down the figure of 1,260 as representing the number of times he had sung "Jim Crow," during that period. Rice cleared by this engagement eleven hundred pounds. A street-ballad of the day informed the public that it could have:—

The Jim Crow rum, the Jim Crow gin,
 The Jim Crow needle, and the Jim Crow pin;
 The Jim Crow coat, the Jim Crow cigar;
 The Jim Crow dad, and the Jim Crow ma';
 The Jim Crow pipe, the Jim Crow hat.
 The Jim Crow this, and the Jim Crow that.



JIM CROW.

As sung by Mr. T. D. Rice, with tumultuous applause.

I came from ole Kentucky—A long time ago,
Where I first learn to wheel about—An jump Jim Crow.
Wheel about, &c.

I use to take de fiddle—Ebery morn and arternoon,
And charm de old buzzard—And dance to de racoon.
Wheel about, &c.

In hoeing ob de sugar—Or picking cotton, all de same,
I beat de oder niggers—And gib dem twenty in de game.
Wheel about, &c.

At last I went to seek my fortune—Got up by break of day,
Left my ole shoes behind me—And den I run away.
Wheel about, &c.

I come to a riber—Which I couldn't get across,
So I gib a couple ob shillings—For an old blind horse.
Wheel about, &c.

When I got upon the oder side—I drove him up a hill,
Oh, but de oder side—Look rather daffakil.
Wheel about, &c.

Den I jump on board de big ship—And cum across de sea,
And landed on Old England—Where de nigger am free.
Wheel about, &c.

There were a hundred-and-one versions of "Jim Crow," fresh stanzas being added from day to day on the passing events, for the most part written by Leman Rede, and Buckstone, the *honorarium* offered by Rice being one shilling per line. We select the above from the first version as sung at the Surrey Theatre.

JIM ALONG JOSEY.



Oh, I'se from Lusiana, as you must all know,
Dar's where Jim along Josey's all de go—
Dem nigger all rise when de bell does ring,
And dis am de song dat dey do sing.

Hey get along, get along Josey,
Hey get along, Jim along Joe—
Hey get along, get along Joe.
Hey get along, Jim along Joe.

Once old Jim Crow was dare all de go,
'Till he found him rival in Jim along Joe;
Now poor old Jim, dey hab put him to bed,
And Jim along Josey hab come in him stead.

Hey get along, &c.

Oh, when I get dat new coat I expects to hab soon,
Likewise de new pair tight knee'd Trousaloon;
I'll walk up and down Bond Street wid my Susanna,
And in my mout I smoke de real Habannah.

Hey get along, &c.

My sissa Rosa de oder night did dream,
Dat she was a floating up and down de stream,
And when she woke she did begin to cry,
"O! de white cat pick'd out de black cat's eye,"

Hey get along, &c.

DANDY JIM, FROM CAROLINE.



I've often heard it said ob late,
Dat Souf Carolina was de state,
Whar a handsome nigga's bound to shine,
Like Dandy Jim, from Caroline.

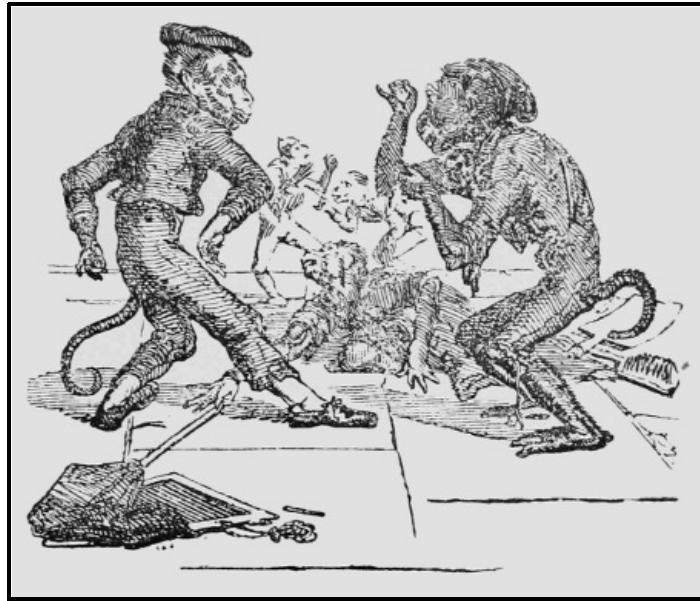
For my ole massa tole me so,
I was de best looking nigga in de country, O,
I look in de glass an found 'twas so,
Just what massa tole me, O.

I drest myself from top to toe,
And down to Dinah I did go,
Wid pantaloons strapped down behine,
Like Dandy Jim, from Caroline.

For my ole massa, &c.

De bull dog cleared me out ob de yard,
I tought I'd better leabe my card,
I tied it fast to a piece ob twine,
Signed "Dandy Jim, from Caroline."

For my ole massa, &c.



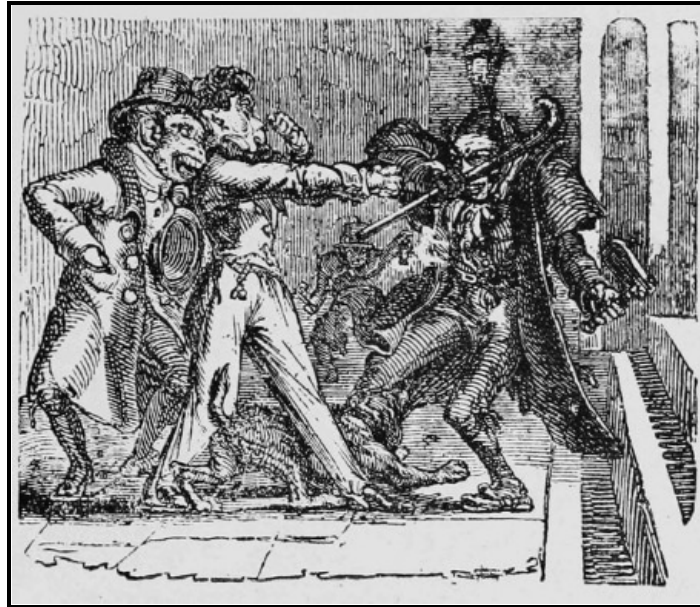
We pray you, reader, to inspect
"The March of Gaming Intellect;"
Well Worthy of the observation
Of a pure rising generation.
Of gaming PUPPYS nothing new,
Why should not MONKEYS gamble too;
And, throwing off all moral fetters.
In vicious courses APE their betters?
This hopeful sprig, despising rule,
Creeps not like Shakspeare's boy to school
With learning stores his brain to hack,
The satchel dangling at his back;
More pleasant pastime having found,
See slate and satchel on the ground;
While pug proposes with knowing eye,
With Soot, the Sweep, to have a SHY.
Do mark his attitude so knowing,
"Woman or skull?—the copper's going."
Prime Boy! before you cease your fun,
I GUESS you'll be completely DONE;
This morning's prank you'll surely rue,
In loss of slate and satchel too,
Which, proof against all fear of LAGGING,
YOUNG SOOT is from its owner dragging.
BRUSH quickly with your prize, Young Grim,
'Twill be no heavy loss to him—
His course of study from this day
Will be a very different way.

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. CXXXVI.
THE GAMBLER'S PROGRESS—STEP THE SECOND.



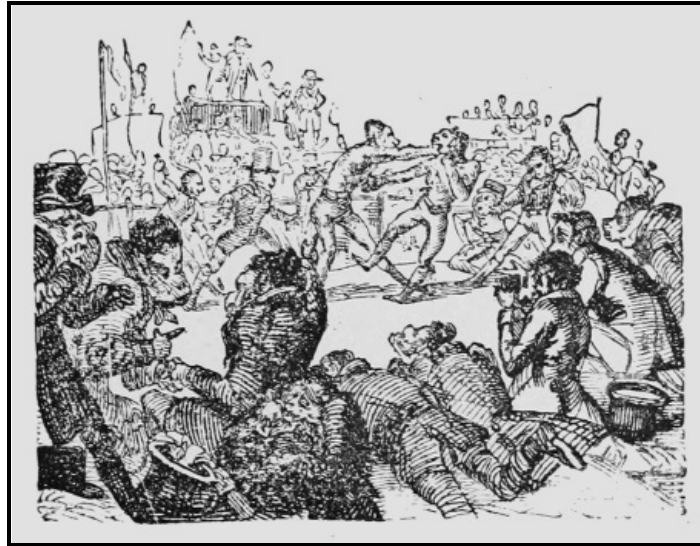
Seated in LUSH CRIB, spruce and smug,
Go on and prosper, worthy PUG!
Tho' long past midnight, who's afraid?
Time, we all know, for slaves was made.
What lad of spirit, or discerning,
Would waste the weary hour in learning,
And not each dryer study cut,
To play a social game at Put?
And wrangle about CHALKS and LEGS,
All Fours and Cribbage, HOLES and PEGS—
Pastimes of such resistless Power,
To cheer and charm the passing hour!
How oft we find in this fair Land,
Folly and vice go hand-in-hand.
Pug, let me whisper in your ear,
You'll buy experience very dear:
In trick, a scholar, apt and willing,
You'll soon be stript of every shilling!
Your adversary knows you're GREEN.
And has a friend behind the scene;
Who takes good care he never loses,
By furnishing what card he chooses.
Play high, play low, 'tis all in vain.
You'll certainly be DONE again!
And mourn, ere long, Misfortune's gripe,
In loss of grog, and cash, and WIPE—
The last of which, by dex'trous pawing,
A Pot-boy Pug is gently drawing;
While you, intent upon your game,
Are all unconscious of the same.

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. CXXXVII.
THE GAMBLER'S PROGRESS—STEP THE THIRD.



Fresh from the Lush-crib—roaring, staggering,
Clipping King's English, swearing and swaggering—
Attended by his faithful Mentor,
See Pug all ripe for an adventure.
Already he is holding parley,
Or rather chaffing with a "Charley—"
Who, Tom and Jerry deeds reprovng,
Cries, "Gentlemen, push on! keep moving!"
Ever prepar'd to spring his rattle—
The trumpet of the watchman's battle.
See Mentor, bent on mischief, smirking,
On Pug's excited feelings working.
"Why does that 'Charley' make a fuss,
Insulting gentlemen like us,
Thinking to carry all before him—
Tip it him on the nob, and floor him!
Two or three well-plac'd blows, no doubt,
Will serve the saucy rascal out;
And never fear that he can whack ye—
Why, damme, an't I here to back ye—?"
Watchmen, we know, are oft loquacious,
And PUGS, by nature, are PUGnacious.
Sure as our Pug begins the fray,
His backing friend will sneak away,
Leaving him, as the safest plan,
To fight his battle as he can.
What ills on luckless Pug await:
Black eyes, bruis'd body, broken pate—
And, cursing his unlucky plight,
Consign'd to Watchhouse for the night!

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. CXXXVIII.
THE GAMBLER'S PROGRESS—STEP THE FOURTH.



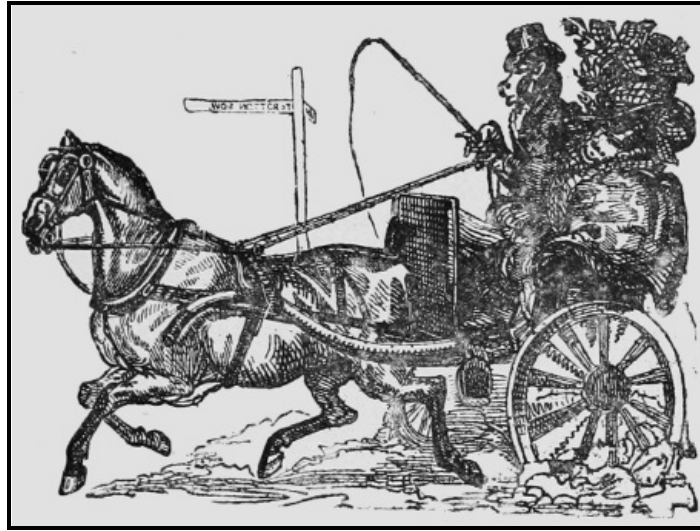
O, for a Fogo's Muse to sing
The glories of the Boxing Ring—
Where Peer and Prig, and Sweep and Swell,
Mix in the motley group pell-mell:
A scene of frolic, row, and danger,
Where honesty is oft a stranger;
For doubtful are the chances now
Of triumph to the best man's brow.
With equal grief and shame we tell it,
'Tis "How much do ye ax to sell it?"
O, for the fighting days of old,
When men were neither bought nor sold;
When victory was the aim alone,
And fighting crosses all unknown.
Amid the rabble monkey crew,
See PUG, our hero, full in view—
His brain with bruising science stored,
Up to each move upon the board;
How fluently he prates of flooring,
Tapping the claret, fibbing, boring—
Of Chancery-suits and body-battering.
Ogles sew'd up, and ivories chattering.
Eager to bet—a Sharper now
Has got our hopeful Sprig in tow—
Though Mentor, to his pupil true,
Hints pretty plainly its a DO.
"I'll book my man to win for sartin—
Come, three to one on Bill, at starting?"
Though Bill is certainly the strongest,
Perhaps Jack's wind may last the longest.

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. CXXXIX.
THE GAMBLER'S PROGRESS—STEP THE FIFTH.



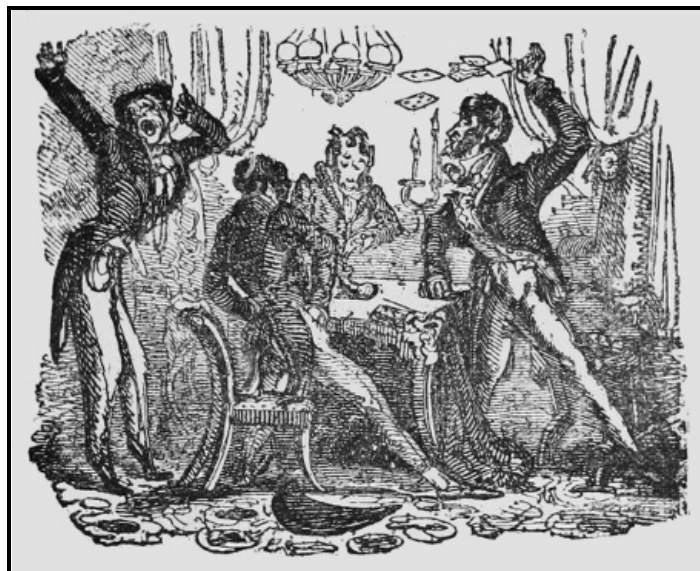
Hurrah for Epsom! Mount your prads,
And start away, like knowing lads,
To join the swarms of smiling faces
That throng delighted to the races.
O, what a scene of joy and jolity,
Of prancing, capering, and frivolity!
Where many a swell whose means are scanty,
Bestrides his batter'd Rosinante—
Which, proud of such illustrious backers,
Hails a short respite from the knackers.
Go it! my heroes! man or monkey
Mounted on blood, or hack, or donkey.
Know many a youth, of spirit gay,
Shall rue the racing of this day,
And, mourning loss of cash and leather,
Curse Oaks and Derby Stakes together.
Where all the springs of fashion gay,
Can Master Pug be absent? No.
Still under Mentor's kind protection,
He presses forward to perfection—
With the top Coves can prate with spirit
Of all their racers and their merit;
Their action, colour, age, and bottom,
Where they were foal'd, and who begot'em:
Can bet and hedge, make sure to win,
And take a well fled'g GREENHORN in.
Mentor, at distance, takes his seat,
Intently gazing on the heat;
Intending wisely, if he can,
To line his purse, and fleece his man.

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. CXL.
THE GAMBLER'S PROGRESS—STEP THE SIXTH.



Where are the Dashers of the Land
Who throng'd the Race Course "four-in-hand?"
The splendid trappings—bang-up team—
Have all departed like a dream,
And Britzska, Landau, One-horse Shay,
Are now the order of the day.
See the EILWAGEN skims along,
The wonder of a gazing throng,
Who hail the Royal importation,
A luxury to a lazy nation!—
Here on a sofa you may share
Sweet converse with a favourite fair,
Or snugly when it suits the whim,
Sloth may stretch out the lazy limb—
The curtains of the carriage close,
And sink delighted to repose—
For such enjoyment thanks are due,
O, Princely Cumberland! to you.
Long may you rest your noble head
On this transcendent Carriage-bed!
But to our Hero—Pug, the Swell,
Has done the flats at Epsom well;
And as you see, in tip-toe twig,
Now sports his lady and his gig;
No guardian Mentor now is near
To breathe sage counsel in his ear;
For when a Lady's in the case
Each Mentor's presence must give place.
In truth he needs no aid of friend
To prompt him now his gains to spend.

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. CXLI.
THE GAMBLER'S PROGRESS—STEP THE SEVENTH.



Ah Pug! tho' fortune now has smil'd,
And mark'd you for a favourite child,
Too many, by those smiles betray'd;
Have prov'd her but a fickle jade;
And like the meteor of the night,
Misleading with a treacherous light.
Irk some the task to trace in verse
The Gamester's course from bad to worse:
That course of vice may long endure,
But still the termination's sure.
What is the upshot of the game?
Ruin—remorse—disgrace—and shame.
Behold our Hero—mark him well,
The inmate of a modern Hell;
Where Croupier every snare hath set,
To catch all fish that come to net;
Tho' of the tribes that sink or swim,
The GOLD and SILVER Fish for him.
Now Pug, call Fortune to your aid,
The colour's black—the Game is made;
Trente-un—Red wins—a hardish smack!
You laid that hundred, Pug, on black;
Don't let that trifle give you trouble,
Try Black once more, and put down double.
Red wins again—Ah sound of dread!
Well now you'll have a run on Red;
Then change the colour if you will—
But doom'd to be unlucky still,
You'll persevere with store diminish'd,
Till YOUR OWN GAME at length is finish'd;

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. CXLII.
THE GAMBLER'S PROGRESS—STEP THE EIGHTH.



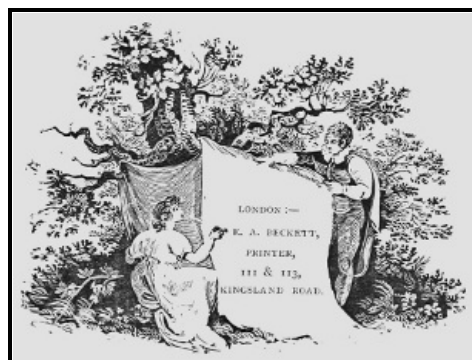
'Tis even so—the die is cast,
And, Pug! your golden dreams have pass'd—
Well may you mourn the luckless hour
You plac'd yourself in Mentor's power—
The knowing practices he taught you;
To a bad winding-up have brought you,
Stripp'd of your gains, you now, too late,
Distracted, curse your bitter fate,
And gnash your teeth, and grasp your hair,
In all the raving of despair.
How shall such anguish be appeas'd?
How can we heal a mind diseas'd?
Is there no source of comfort? None.
No friend to soothe your mind? Not one.
Mentor, of course, has little claim
To be distinguished by the name;
Who with unruffled phyz is viewing
His pupil's rage and utter ruin;
Eyes him with self-complacent shrug,
And thus addresses hapless Pug:—
"This is a devilish fine cigar—
Why, what a shocking judge you are!
I never knew you play so bad—
I thought you were not TO BE HAD;
'Tis strange, indeed, it never struck ye,
When you play high, you're never lucky.
Besides, you play'd too long on Red;
Didn't you see me shake my head?
The money was your own, no doubt,
And handsomely they've cleaned you out."

GALLERY OF COMICALITIES—No. CXLIII.
THE GAMBLER'S PROGRESS—STEP THE NINTH.



"Last scene of all,
"That ends this strange eventful story."

The Gaming Race at length is run
And darkness shrouds the evening sun;
Reproach, Remorse, are now in vain—
That sun may never rise again!
Now poverty, distress, disgrace,
Stare ghastly in the victim's face:
The heartless shrug, the cut direct,
And bitter scorn and cold neglect?—
Those glittering hopes so fondly cherished,
In one ill-omen'd night have perish'd.
And Fate, in midnight's deepest gloom,
Have veil'd our wretched Hero's doom—
While Suicide is hovering near,
To put her seal on Pug's career.—
Stay thy rash hand! ere to that hour
From which no Traveller can return.
All stain'd with sin, unfit to die,
Unsummon'd you presume to fly!—
The tube is rais'd, the die is cast—
Another moment is the last.
But, ere the awful scene is clos'd,
A guardian hand hath interpos'd;
And in this time of utmost need,
See Mentor rush to stay the deed,
And eagerly his arm extend
To snatch from death his wretched friend,
Mentor, this act shall well atone
For many an error of thine own.



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