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THE COMIC ALMANACK,

With Illustrations
By
George Cruikshank

[1884.]

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The FIRST SERIES of "*THE COMIC ALMANACK,*" from 1835 to 1843, a nine years' gathering of the BEST HUMOUR, the WITTIEST SAYINGS, the Drollest Quips, and the Best Things of THACKERAY, HOOD, MAYHEW, ALBERT SMITH, A'BECKETT, ROBERT BROUGH, with nearly one thousand Woodcuts and Steel Engravings by the inimitable CRUIKSHANK, HINE, LANDELLS—

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THE

COMIC ALMANACK,

2ND SERIES, 1844—1853.

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THE

COMIC ALMANACK

AN EPHEMERIS IN JEST AND EARNEST, CONTAINING

MERRY TALES, HUMOROUS POETRY. QUIPS, AND ODDITIES.

BY

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AND OTHER ARTISTS.

SECOND SERIES, 1844—1853.

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THE

COMIC ALMANACK

FOR 1844.

SIMPLE RULES FOR INTERPRETING ACTS OF PARLIAMENT.

Always avoid reading the preamble, which is likely to confuse rather than to enlighten. It sets forth not what the act is to do, but what it undoes: and confuses you with what the law was, instead of telling you what it is to be.

When you come to a very long clause, skip it altogether, for it is sure to be unintelligible. If you try to attach one meaning to it, the lawyers are sure to attach another; and, therefore, if you are desirous of obeying an act of Parliament, it will be safer not to look at it, but wait until a few contrary decisions have been come to, and then act upon the latest.

When any clause says either one thing or the other shall be right, you may make sure that both will be wrong.

HINTS ON ECONOMY.

It is customary to advise that a shilling should be made to go as far as it possibly can; but surely this would be to throw a shilling away, by making it go so far as to prevent any chance of its coming back again.

A penny saved is said to be twopence earned; so that if you have twopence and save a penny, you have twopence still; and if the twopence be saved till the next day, it will be fourpence; so that at the end of the week it will amount altogether to ten shillings and eightpence. We recommend all very young beginners to try the experiment by putting a penny away to-day, when, if the proverb holds good, it will have become twopence by to-morrow.

"A pin a day is a groat a year;" and it will be advisable if any one doubts the fact, to go and offer three hundred and sixty-five pins at any respectable savings' bank—when, if the proverb be literally true, he will be credited to the amount of fourpence.

"Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day;" and, therefore, if you mean to do a creditor, it is better not to put him off, but to tell him honestly that you have put him down among the things to be done immediately.

HINTS TO EMIGRANTS.

A dealer in pencils should not go to Pencil-vain-here; nor would a man stand a better chance at Botany Bay because he might have a knowledge of botany.

To very hot climates, where there is no glass in the windows, it would be madness in the glazier to take the panes to emigrate.

WINE *VERSUS* WATER.

GREAT ANTI-TEMPERANCE MEETING.

A HIGHLY respectable meeting of some of the most influential Wines, Beers, and Spirits, was held for the purpose of considering the best means of opposing the Temperance Movement. Among those on the platform we particularly noticed Port, Sherry, and Claret; while at the lower end of the room were Cape, Marsala, and a deputation from the British Wines, who were represented by the Two-and-Twopenny Sparkling Champagne, more familiarly known as the "Genuine Walker." Most of the principal wines wore the silver collars of the orders to which they respectively belonged; and Port having been unanimously voted into the chair, the business of the meeting was opened by Corkscrew, in a concise but pointed manner.

CHAMPAGNE was the first to rise, in a state of great effervescence. He declared that he was frothing over with pure indignation at the idea of wine being excluded from the social board; and, indeed, he found it impossible to preserve the coolness which ought to belong to him. He was not one to keep anything long bottled up —(*"Hear," and a laugh*);—indeed, when he once let loose, out it must all come: and he did say that the temperance movement was playing Old Gooseberry with him in every direction.—(*Cries of "Shame!" from the Genuine Walker.*)

CLARET said that he did not often get into a state of fermentation; but on this occasion he did feel his natural smoothness forsaking him. He begged leave to propose the following resolution: —"That the substitution of water for wine is likely to dissolve all social ties, and is calculated to do material injury to the constitution."

RUM rose, he said, for the purpose of opposing this resolution, which he thought of too sweeping a character. He (Rum), so far from wishing to get rid of water altogether, was always happy to meet with it on equal terms; and he knew that he (Rum), as well as many of his friends around him, had derived a good deal of their influence from being mixed up with water, and going, as it were, half-way; which there could be no objection to.

GIN begged leave to differ from the honourable spirit that had just sat down, and who was so unaccustomed to be on his legs at all, that it was not surprising he should have failed to make a

respectable stand on the present occasion.—(*Cries of "Order!"*)—He (Gin) had no wish to create confusion.—(*Ironical cheering from Marsala.*)—He understood the meaning of that cheer; and would certainly confess that the honourable beverage—for he would not use the stronger term of wine—(*A laugh*)—was not likely to create confusion in any quarter. No; he (the honourable beverage) was not strong enough for that.—(*Renewed laughter.*)—He (Gin) had, perhaps, suffered more from water than all the other wines and spirits whom he now saw before him put together. His reputation had been materially hurt by it; and he was strongly of opinion that the only thing to be done with water is to throw it overboard.—(*Hear, hear.*)

A French Wine, whose name we could not learn, let something drop, but we were unable to catch it.

Cape now rose, but was immediately coughed down in a very unceremonious manner.

The thanks of the meeting having been voted to Port for his able conduct in the decanter, the meeting separated; but not until a committee had been chosen, consisting of a dozen of wine and a gallon of beer, with power to add to their number, either by water or otherwise.

PREDICTIONS FOR JANUARY.

In examining the horoscope it seems to embrace a wide scope of horrors. There will be dark days for England, which we must be prepared for by lighting candles. After New Year's Day there will be many broils, and Turkey will be torn to pieces by domestic violence.

THE GARDEN.

If anything is done in the garden at this time of the year, perhaps the best thing will be to run about in it. Do not attempt to move any of your trees, but keep your junior branches moving as much as possible. This is the best time to take your shrub in-doors; but it should be rum shrub, watered in moderation, and taken at night over a cheerful fire.

DECISIONS IN HILARY TERM.

The property in a lodger's possession may be seized for rent due from a tenant, but it does not appear that the lodger's self-possession can legally be taken away from him.

A flaw in a lease will not always let in the heir, but the air is frequently let in by a flaw in the building.

When a conveyance has already sufficient parties, it has been held that the remainder man may be shut out. This was decided in the cases of Podger *versus* the driver and conductor of the Atlas Omnibus.

If a party offers to pledge himself, *semble*, that a pawnbroker cannot be compelled to take him in, though it is done frequently.

It is not yet decided whether the new Act for the Protection of the Queen's Person, which inflicts a penalty for presenting fire-arms at the Queen's person, does or does not extend to the sentinels on duty, who present arms at Her Majesty whenever she leaves the Palace.

The New Poor Law Act, prohibiting all out-door relief, does not apply to trees, which may be re-leaved out of doors at the usual period.

It is a question whether, by the recent law, which says that all children under five are to be carried gratuitously in any stage-carriage, a mother may insist on claiming free passage for four children by any public conveyance.

It has been decided that the Act giving the net proceeds of a slave ship to the captors, does not mean that they are only entitled to the fish caught in nets on board the vessel.

The Court of Queen's Bench has delared, that a minor under the age of ten years cannot legally be a miner since the passing of the Mines and Collieries' Regulation Act.

TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

THE TAX ON PROPERTY.

THERE's something agreeable in the idea
Of having for income "Ten Thousand a Year:"

But property, while it possesses its beauties,
Is burdened not only with rights but with duties.
It well may be said that the strongest of backs
Is bent with the weight of the Property Tax.
'Ten Thousand a Year" is expected to sport
A carriage of every conceivable sort;
A britschka, a Clarence, landau, and pilentum,
He must purchase as fast as the makers invent 'em.
Each vehicle fashion compels him to take,
Till "Ten Thousand a Year" is reduced to a break.
Of lazy domestics, in liv'ry and out,
A tribe must be kept to be lounging about,
On wages exorbitant, though, it is true,
They've nothing on earth—but their master—to do.
The larder, as well as the pockets, they clear:
'Tis part of the tax on "Ten Thousand a Year."

The blessings of wealth would be given in vain
To one who'd not swim all his friends in champagne:
His dinners must needs be the talk of the season,
As feasts of whate'er can be thought of—but reason.
As a liveried lacquey, perchance, there may wait
Some usurer, having a lien on the plate;
Who will not allow it to pass from his sight,
Although to its owner 'tis lent for the night:
The usurer gracefully keeps in the rear,
Not to mar the effect of "Ten Thousand a Year."

Then balls must be given the *salons* to fill,
And ruin be met in a graceful quadrille:
'Tis sweet e'en on bankruptcy's margin to stand,
While lulled with the music of Collinet's band.
Such luxuries can't be accounted as dear
By one who's possessed of "Ten Thousand a Year."

Without a town mansion, a park, and a seat,
The rich man's establishment is not complete;
But still on an annual tour he must roam;
His house must on no account serve for his home:
For servants, its comforts may do very well;
He must wander abroad to some foreign hotel:
When the season is over, in town to appear
Would be *très mauvais goût* of "Ten Thousand a Year."

Extravagant family, daughters and sons,
With distant connections who pester like duns,
On the strength of the fact that their wealthy relation
Can't suffer their wants to reflect on his station—
The family's dignity, honour, and pride;
And many a heavy encumbrance beside,
Of which but a few on the surface appear—
All make up the tax on "Ten Thousand a Year."

MONTHLY OBSERVATIONS.

The depth of rain may be ascertained by placing a common stick in an ordinary puddle; or, to walk into one will answer the same purpose. If there should be ice in your water-jug, Moore says, "Look for its continuance;" but we say, "Look for something to break it, and put an end to it." If there is much fog, it will be useless to look for anything.

USEFUL REMARKS.

A Cure for Toothache:—Extraction is out-and-out the best remedy for this malady.

The Moon—we mean Mr. Sheriff Moon—will be in his second quarter all the month. For the hours of rising, apply in Threadneedle Street.

GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE WEATHER.

The character of the weather is rather violent at this time of the year; for it generally knocks down the thermometer, and is guilty of other very cool proceedings.

THE END OF PHEASANT SHOOTING.

THE SONG OF THE GAME.

Unto the feathered tribe how pleasant
No more to be in dread of cartridge;
Free is the gay and happy pheasant,
And free as air the simple partridge.

No more the sportsman's gun we hear,
The laws' protection we may claim;
Defying all who venture near,
'Tis now our turn for making game.

We laugh at Lords and Commons too,
For now not one of them is able,
Whate'er with others they may do,
To lay *our* bills upon the table.

Now occupied in making laws,
They show their legislative powers
In mutilating many a clause;
But they can touch no claws of ours.

The Cockneys now, with sportsman's pride,
In shooting gaiters case their legs;
Their Mantons they may lay aside,
While we aside will lay our Eggs.

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS.

Patents will, it is expected, be granted—

To Sir Robert Peel; for a new and most efficacious manner of sweeping by machinery, as exemplified in his very sweeping machinery of the Income Tax.

To Lady Sale; for carrying Britannia metal to a high degree of perfection.

To Drs. Newman and Pusey; for an entirely new method of introducing heat into churches.

To Lord Brougham; for the application of rotatory motion, with a view to obtaining power.

To the Chancellor of the Exchequer; for an extension of the use of the screw, so as to augment its pressure.

To the Poor Law Commissioners; for a new method of diminishing pauperism by reducing the number of paupers; and also for an improved process of grinding.

To Daniel O'Connell; for a most effectual method of draining Ireland.

REPORT ON

THE TRAINING OF PAUPER CHILDREN.

In turning our attention to the infant mind, we have discovered that it is a sort of compound of caoutchouc and wax, the caoutchouc being to the wax about two and a-half to one and three-quarters; so that more whacks will be found requisite to give it a proper tone for educational purposes. There is no doubt that children, like grape-vines, prizefighters, scarlet-runners, and jockeys, are capable of training. The mode of training jockeys, which is to keep them on short diet, so as to diminish their weight, we strongly recommend for the training of pauper children; because, as they are necessarily a burden to the parish, it is only fair that they should be as light a burden as possible.

The introduction of Mr. Hullah's system of Singing for the Million we do not recommend. It increases the appetite by exercising the lungs; and it has been ascertained that if thirty children are taken, of whom fifteen have just sung God Save the Queen, and fifteen have not, the fifteen who have sung God Save the Queen will eat one-sixteenth more than the fifteen others. This was tried with a round of beef and some boys belonging to the Model School at Battersea. The beef, when divided by those who had not been singing, went once into fifteen and something over; but the boys who had been singing went twice into the beef, and left the remainder nothing.

With regard to dancing, we are inclined to believe that it may safely be made a portion of the training of pauper children. It would certainly give facility to their future steps in life, and enable them to turn themselves round after they leave the workhouse. We are also disposed to think that the great demand for cherubs, which is likely to arise by the opening of the large theatres for opera and ballet, will render the "dancing of pauper children" an important source of parochial revenue. With a view to the introduction of dancing into pauper schools, we have caused a copy of the following questions to be addressed to the master of every union workhouse:—

"1. Inquire the state of all the pauper children's toes, and how they are likely to turn out.

"3. Inquire the age at which the dancing days are usually said to be over.

"4. Cause an investigation into the meaning of the familiar term 'leading him a pretty dance;' which is believed to be a sort of *pas de do* between a debtor, who is out of the way, and a creditor.

"2. Ascertain the number of bow-knees and bandy-legs throughout the school, and divide them into tables, distinguishing the ages of the respective owners."

The Commissioners have little doubt that dancing was originally taught in our colleges; and they think they need only point to the College Hornpipe as a proof of their hypothesis. Sir Christopher Hatton, whose dancing attracted the attention of Queen Elizabeth, probably imbibed his knowledge of the art from one of our great seats of learning; and the Commissioners think it very natural that a good dancer should be capable of filling the first position. It is not unlikely that he was selected to fill the office of Lord Chancellor from his proficiency in the double-shuffle, or from his knowing when to change sides, turn round, and go back to places.

It is to the Commissioners a most refreshing fact that one experiment they have made of a charity ball has been attended with complete success; for a lesson in mathematics is found to combine with a lesson in dancing. The pupils were observed to describe very accurately with their legs a series of the most difficult angles, which they had often very vainly attempted to achieve by the aid of the compasses.

In conclusion, the Commissioners strongly recommend that the masters of workhouses should be instructed to take the proper steps for introducing the art of dancing, as a portion of the future training of pauper children.

PREDICTIONS FOR MARCH.

About the twenty-fifth tenants may look for their landlords; but landlords will, some of them, look in vain for their tenants.

GARDENING OPERATIONS.

Now is the time to force your cucumbers; but if they will not come by being forced, try what can be done by persuasion. All your efforts will be useless if the cucumbers themselves are not in the right frame.

OBSERVATIONS.

The prevalence of the wind is so great in the month of March that the trees generally begin blowing.

The sun will certainly enter Aries on the 19th; which is perhaps a reason for pulling down the kitchen-blinds; but this is optional.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

EST novelty should receive a check from the cessation of inventions, it is intended to construct a new railroad, to be called the Electro-Intellecto-Mesmeric Railroad, the object of which will be to expedite the March of Intellect.

One of the peculiar features of this railroad will be the use of brass instead of iron for the trains; and, as the projectors possess an inexhaustible stock of the former article, there will be no difficulty in procuring it.

Another peculiar feature of this railroad will be, that the shareholders may act as sleepers.

One of the peculiar advantages of the Electro-Intellecto-Mesmeric Railroad consists in there being no occasion for steam, the power of raising the wind by the most active and continued puffing being considered sufficient to carry all matters to the terminus of popularity.

There are already two or three engines in the possession of the projectors, one of which is the Humbug Locomotive, of very considerable power.

It is intended to celebrate the opening of the line by a grand march of intellect; Lord Brougham and the projector of the Aerial Ship have both promised to attend. The latter will refute the assertion as to the Aerial Ship having been thrown up; for, instead of being thrown up, it has never been elevated in the smallest degree, nor is such an event at all likely to happen.

AN ESSAY ON RENT.

BY A POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

Rent is the price of land; but there is some rent that is not the price of land: for instance, it must be said of the Repeal Rent, that there is no real ground for it.

An English acre will sometimes yield six per cent.; but the Irish wiseacres have been known to yield much more. It must, however, be remembered that in the latter case draining has been carried to the greatest extent possible.

Rents in England go up when the country is settled; but in Ireland it is quite the reverse: for the Repeal Rent rises when the people are worked up, and it is then they appear willing to come down with it.

The profit of a landlord and the profit of a shopkeeper partake equally of the character of rent. The former lives by tilling his land, and the latter by putting into a till (which is the same thing as tilling) his money.

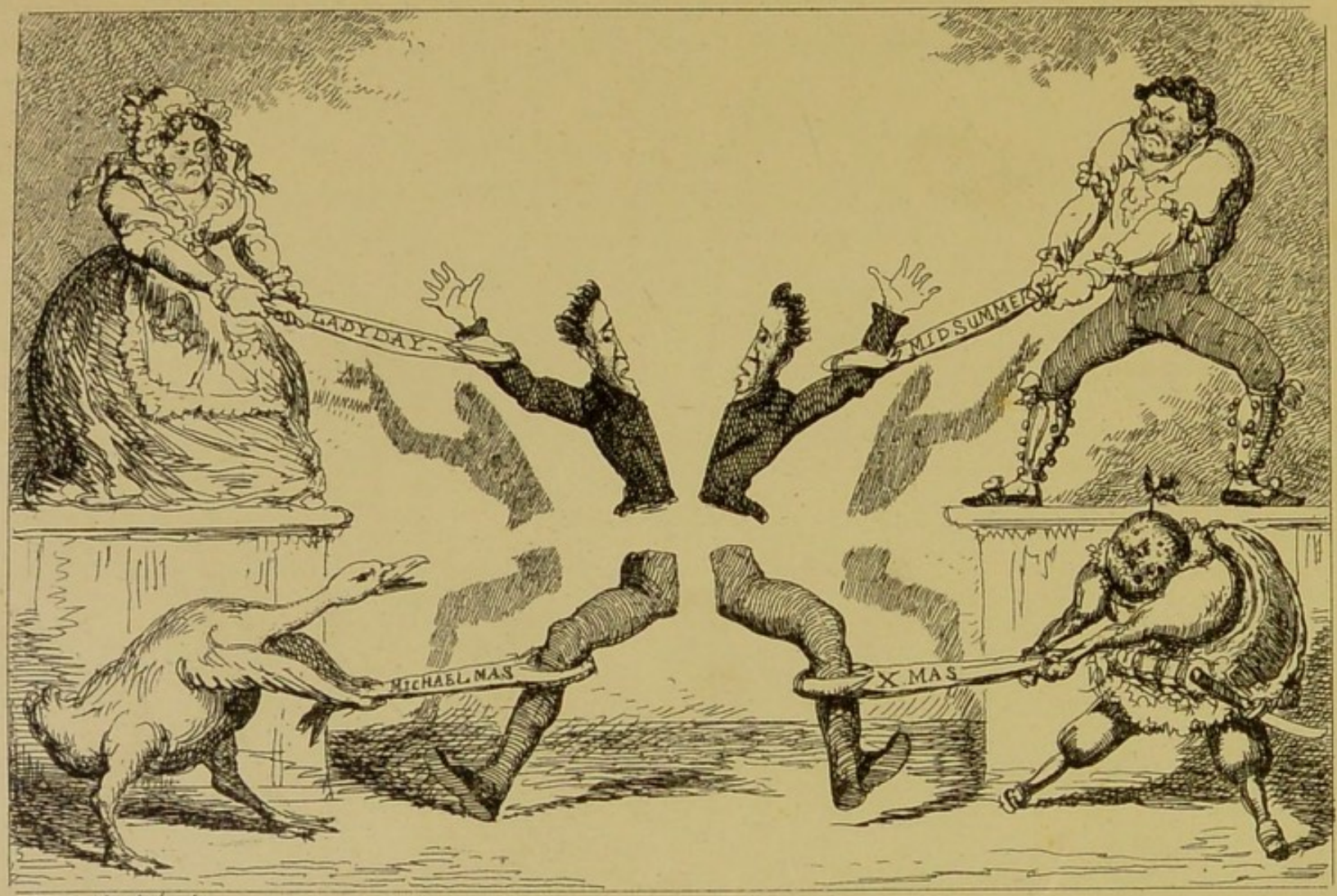
It is an obvious truth in political economy that the more rent a tenant has to pay, the more a landlord will have to receive, and the better it will be for him. Thus, if a tenant pays no rent for a whole year, more rent will be due, and the value of the property would seem to be increased; at all events, the landlord's claim would be a larger one than if the rent had been regularly paid every quarter.

If a farmer pays five pounds a quarter for his farm, and gets twenty shillings a quarter for his corn, he may consider the difference between the maximum of one and the minimum of the other as the mean product.

The landlord and the tenant equally profit by consumption: for the more that is consumed, the greater the value of what is left. Thus, if a fire consumes a haystack, or consumption of a galloping nature carries off a horse, the owner would, according to political economists, be all the richer for it.

Capital and labour belong legitimately to the subject of rent. The greatest labour is sometimes employed in raising capital; as in the case of the labour bestowed on raising the capital for the statue of the Nelson column. Labour is often intimately connected with rent, for in some neighbourhoods there is a vast deal of labour in collecting it.

Quarter-day is the day when rent comes due. But, when due, it does not always come; and a landlord who expects his rent punctually at the quarter is too sanguine by half.



George Cruikshank

QUARTER DAY.

PROSPECTUS OF

THE AERIAL BUILDING COMPANY.

A FEW gentlemen having taken the air for the purposes of building, have formed themselves into a Company, and are anxious to let in a limited number of the public. A surveyor, employed to survey the air, has reported that he sees nothing to obstruct the views of the Company. It is one of the peculiar advantages of this Association that there need be no outlay for land; and the great hope of success in this speculation arises from the fact that there is no ground for it. The Company will apply to Parliament for an Air-Enclosure Bill, on the same principle as the proposed measure for shutting up Hampstead Heath; but, in the meantime, the treasurer will receive deposits on shares, and take premiums for air allotments. The intention of the Company is to form an Aerial City; and an architect has drawn plans, including sites for the various contemplated buildings, the whole of which buildings may be seen (on paper) at the Society's office, so that the sites may be at once secured and paid for.

The Company, not desiring to express any opinion as to the various contrivances for navigating the air proposed within the last few years, will leave it to the public to decide which principle it will be best to adopt, the Company declining to have anything to do with any principle whatever.

The Company, it must be understood, will convey the air under hand and seal; but the purchaser will have to convey the building. It is a desirable point in this speculation that there will be no tax for paving or lighting, there being no charge made by the Trustees of the Milky Way, nor is there any star-rate payable.

It is suggested that much may be done by parties willing to speculate in the air, when they are once comfortably settled there. Though it is true that the experiment of procuring sunbeams from cucumbers was never successfully carried out, the Aerial Building Company would hint the possibility of reversing this project, by getting cucumbers from sunbeams.

Further particulars may be had at the office in Air Street, where any questions may be asked; but, to save trouble, no answers will be given to any but *bonâ fide* shareholders.—There are vacancies for a few clerks, who, on taking shares to the amount of £500, will receive 30s. a week for their services while the Company lasts, in addition to the usual dividend.

THE WEATHER.

HAIL now commences its reign. If the Surrey Zoological Gardens should open, expect a flow of showers, particularly if the announcements should name a day for a show of flowers

FARMING OPERATIONS.

Sow acorns in pots, with a view to future timber; and plant out young oaks in mignonette boxes. Sell off your pork, if you have any on hand; and, if you have a live pig, it will be better to go the whole hog and get rid of it at once, for the sale becomes doubtful as the summer advances.

PROVINCIAL THEATRICALS.

Mr. Doublethrust, who had long occupied the honourable position of second cut-throat on the national boards, finding that the managers had taken to cutting each others' throats, and consequently left nothing for him to do, got together a select company for the purpose of performing Shakspeare in the provinces. Having arrived at a small village in the north, he became lessee of a barn, and advertised to open it "on the principle of the national theatres," the latter having been frequently conducted in a style worthy of the former, so that there was nothing really new in the combination. The season was announced to commence with

MACBETH,

From the Text of Shakspeare:

Followed by

A NAVAL HORNPIPE,

From the Text of T. P. Cooke:

Preceded by

AN ADDRESS,

Written expressly for the occasion, by the

PRESIDENT OF THE LOCAL INSTITUTION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

The barn was crowded; and the leading family in the village occupied the threshing machine, which was fitted up as a private box. The national anthem was played on a bird organ, the whole company standing; immediately after which Mr. Doublethrust spoke the Address, from which we give an extract:—

Private Box.

"Shall Shakspeare to the wall unheeded go?
A hundred thousand echoes answer—No!
But shall the local talent be neglected?
No! that at least shall be by us protected.
We'll cultivate the village poet's fame,
If Jones, or Smith, or Tomkins be his name."

A Star.

"ALL HAIL, MACBETH!"

THE cheering here was tremendous, there being in the village three young men with the names mentioned, each having high pretensions to literary distinction. The Jonesites were vehement in their applause; but the Tomkinsonians were not to be outdone; and the Smithians being thus worked up to an enthusiastic pitch of excitement, it was some time before Mr. Doublethrust could proceed with the address he was speaking. The following were the concluding lines, which elicited the most rapturous shrieks ever heard within an English barn, or indeed beneath a British weathercock :—

Drawing a House.

"We pledge ourselves to do our very best,
And leave to fickle fortune all the rest.
Aided by you we boldly laugh at fate,—
And, by the way, half-price at half past eight,
'Tis here that human nature may be learned,—
Vivat Regina!—Money not returned!"

A Moving Address.

The play of "Macbeth," *from* the text of Shakspeare, now proceeded, and the manager's candour in using the disjunctive *from* was speedily visible. The ambitious thane wore a plaid shawl, commonly called a horse-cloth, and a pair of stocking-drawers, with a breast-plate formed of the brass ornaments used to cover the screws of tent bedsteads. The scene with the witches was thrown into such confusion by the performers not knowing their parts, that it was impossible to say which was witch, and, by way of an overflow at half-price, the rain came on in such torrents at about half-past eight, that in the fourth act Macbeth came on under an umbrella, beneath the shelter of which he concluded the performance. The damp thus thrown on the efforts of the new lessee brought the season to a precipitate close, and Doublethrust abdicated the managerial throne after a short rain, but by no means a merry one!

WHO SHALL EDUCATE THE PRINCE OF WALES?

WANTED a Tutor!
His qualities we thus define:—
In mind he must be masculine,
In politics quite neuter.
Of law he must possess a smattering,
Sufficient just to set him chattering
On the prerogatives of kings,
And other less important things.
Of how the English crown
Has come from William down;
How it descended smooth and even,
Till from the Empress Maud
It was unjustly clawed,
By her ambitious younger cousin Stephen.
How subsequently John
Did try it on;
Causing a slight digression
In the succession.
And how, to come to times much nigher,
The title to the crown,
Upon the heirs was settled down,
Of the Princess Sophia.
Wanted a Tutor for the Prince of Wales!
No one whose patience ever fails,
Whate'er that patience may occur to try,
Need take the trouble to apply.
He must possess the power
Of making learning quite a treat;
Retaining nothing but the sweet,
And throwing out the sour.
To grammar and orthography,
To spelling and geography,
To Latin and geometry,
To Greek and trigonometry,
He must be able to impart
Charms that will win a royal heart.
And this must all be done indeed
At railroad speed.
He must possess the power of teaching faster
Than those who promise in a week
To teach their pupils Spanish, French, or Greek,
Without a master!
He must be competent to give an inkling
Of all the sciences that are,
Teaching the name of every star,
Quite in a twinkling.

All those who seek the royal Tutor's place
Must be proficients in each modern grace;
No one need to the office make pretence
  Who cannot teach the Prince to sing;
  Dance, draw, and all that sort of thing,
And use the foils without offence.
Wanted a Tutor, patient, clever, steady,
  With knowledge upon every topic,
  Within each hemisphere and tropic,
Like joints at ordinaries, "always ready."
He must be in possession
  Of first-rate knowledge,
  That can be gleaned from every college,
As well as each profession.
To matters clerical and lay
He must be quite *au fait*.
Army and navy he must comprehend,
To everything his knowledge must extend;
But *nota bene*, by-the-bye,
No lawyer, churchman, soldier, sailor, need apply.

ELECTION CORRESPONDENCE.

From the Chairman of the Local Committee to the Agent in London.

My Dear Sir,

The squibs you sent down have all been circulated, but money is more wanted. Podger, the butcher, is wavering; being an influential man there are several who always vote as he does. I am sorry to see his firmness giving way; but if you send down fifty pounds by return of post, I think I may be able to strengthen his principles.

Yours, very truly,

Peter Pliant.

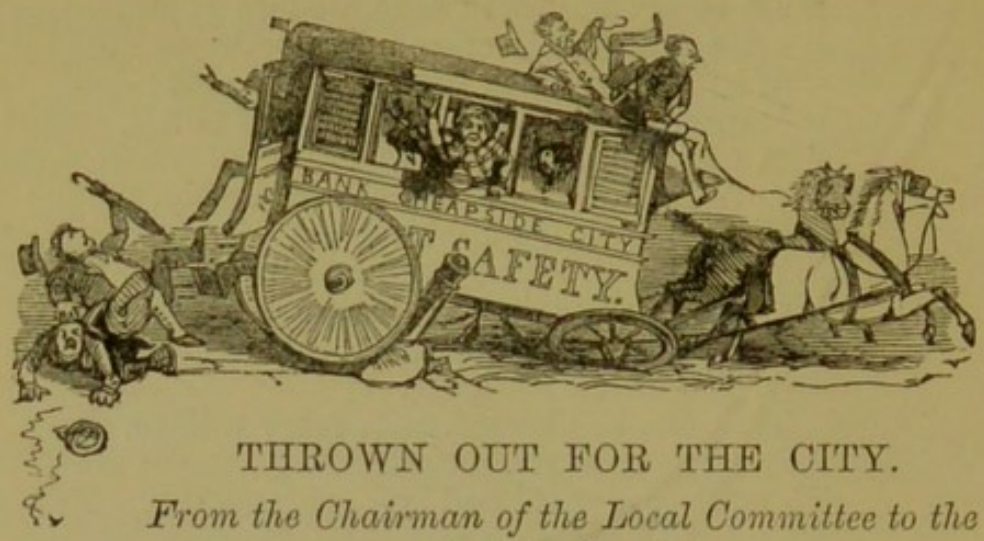
From the Agent in London to the Local Chairman in the Country.

My Dear Sir,

I am sorry that no more money can be sent down; for it is absolutely necessary to keep the London Committee constantly sitting, which can only be done by allowing a constant supply of soup, sandwiches, and sherry. Instead of sending money to you, we had hoped that your local patriotism would have supplied additional funds to us. I forward a loaf, borrowed from one of the theatres, where it was used in a pantomime. You will of course understand that you are to fix it on a pole, marked "cheap bread," and contrast it with the smallest loaf you can get hold off, which must be labelled "corn laws."

Yours, sincerely,

J. Cramwell.



THROWN OUT FOR THE CITY.

From the Chairman of the Local Committee to the Agent in London.

My Dear Sir,

Thanks for the pantomimic loaf, which told very well; but the money would have answered better. They are making a great fuss on the other side about slave-grown sugar: one hit they have made tells against us very powerfully. They have got four of the Lascar beggars who happened to come into the town, and have borrowed some fetters from the manager of the theatre, which they have fixed to the wrists of the Lascars: each has on his breast a placard, asking, "Am I not a brother?" and on his back is a bill bearing the inscription, "No slave-grown sugar!" If you can put us up to any plan for answering this, let me hear from you immediately.

Demanding a Poll.

Member for Cripplegate.

Yours, in haste, Peter Pliant.

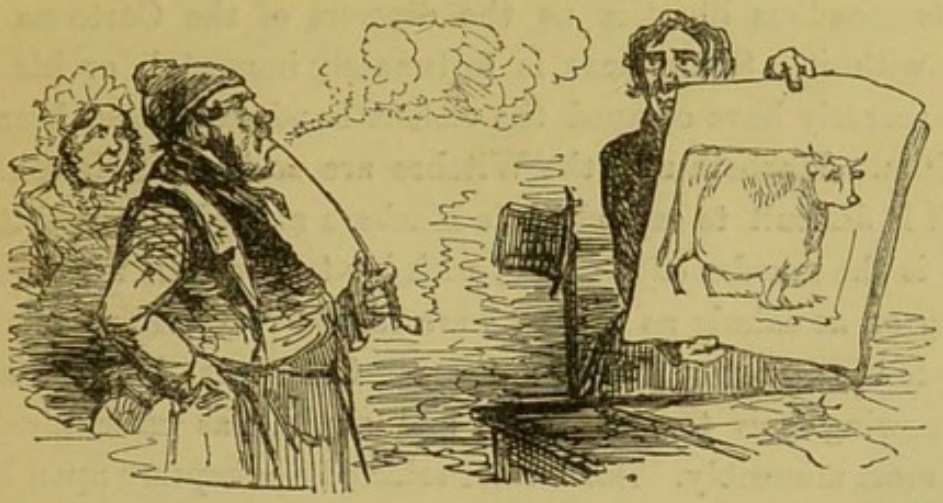
From the Agent in London to the Local Chairman in the Country.

My Dear Sir,

I don't know how to answer the placard "Are we not brothers?" unless by a hit at the Poor Law. You had better get as many old vagrants together as you can; and, putting them into workhouse dresses, label their breasts with the words, "Are we not husbands?" Their backs may display placards with the words, "No Poor Law—no separation of man and wife!" This will be a safe card, if played immediately.

Yours, in haste, J. Cramwell.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



CRITICAL ESSAY ON THE PRIZE CARTOONS.

The late competition for Cartoons must cause some alteration in the next edition of Johnson's Dictionary; for what is meant by the word Cartoon will require considerable explanation, after the very extraordinary collection recently exhibited at Westminster. According to some of the artists, Cartoon signifies anything brought in a cart; for such is the only claim to be called a Cartoon that many of the specimens can pretend to. Chalking walls used formerly to be a very profitable employment; and we have often thought what could have become of the wall-chalkers since the blacking-makers ceased to have their Day—and Martin. These artists of a menial capacity (*vide* the Latin Dictionary for the meaning of *mœnial*) came out in considerable strength at the late exhibition of Cartoons, and they have chalked up a pretty long account against themselves on the walls of Westminster. That the exhibition was put an end to rather summarily at the beginning of autumn, we are not surprised; it is only astonishing that they were not made to "walk their chalks" at a much earlier period.

The Commissioners of the fine arts shot at a pigeon, and killed a crow. They wished to ascertain the state of the art of historical painting, and got a glorious collection of designs for burlesquing British history, showing at once the palmy state to which the art of caricature has risen in this country. Fauns have been satyrized, and the British lion has been made in the mane a very humorous-

looking animal. As to Magna Charta, never did it give rise to such tremendous liberties as the drawers of the Cartoons have taken with it. Shakspeare is fortunately immortal, or his fame could scarcely have escaped the violent hands that have been laid upon him. Macbeth and the Witches are so beautifully confused that it is difficult to say which is Macbeth and which the Witches. There is the murder of Duncan, with his two sons in the distance, looking on as calmly as if they were indeed very distant relatives. There is the Ghost of Cæsar appearing to Brutus; but the artist, not knowing how to treat light and shade, has caricatured the shade most miserably. Some have selected Shakspeare upon Mercy for illustration, but without having any mercy upon Shakspeare; and somebody has favoured us with Drake on the quarter-deck, Drake being distinguished by a pair of ducks,—a touch of humour we could not fail to appreciate. Most of the artists seemed to have laboured under an awful enlargement of the imagination, which set them off commencing their drawings upon an enormous scale, obliging them to moderate their conceptions before the completion of the picture. The fact that there was many a Cartoon which would have gone in, but that there was no getting it through the door, illustrates this malady among the artists. It may be considered as a species of Elephantiasis, inducing the idea that one's self and one's subject are much more vast than they are in reality. It would seem that some of the artists have misread the advertisement of the Commissioners of Fine Arts, and that for the word "decorate" some of them read "desecrate" the walls of Parliament.

THE WATERING-PLACES OF ENGLAND.

Serene and fair is Battersea,
As it breasts the river's side;
While past it, gushing fast and free,
There flows the limpid tide!
How smooth the water at its base,
No mirror could be flatter;
Named, from the softness of its face,
The sea, the sea of Batter!

But let us cross the shining main,
Which heaves with gentle swell;
And we the fertile shore shall gain
That skirts the sea of Chel.
Within the water, when 'tis clear,
We can extremely well see
The image of the Iron Pier,—
Then hail to merry Chelsea!

The Iron Peer.

The hardy mariner may boast
Of voyage long and far;
To where, upon the Greenwich coast,
Reclines the worn-out tar.
The perils of the vasty deep,
The shore with shelving ridges,
I will avoid, and always keep
On *this* side of the bridges.

DOMESTIC HINTS FOR THE FIRST OF APRIL.

In making bread, care should be taken to set the sponge properly. The best sponge can be obtained at hairdressers' shops, and it may be as well to ask the hairdresser the best method of setting it.

Bees are a source of great profit. The wax from the ceiling of the hive is a capital substitute for sealing-wax. As bees deposit their honey in combs, each hive should have a small-tooth comb placed inside it.

A hen gives notice of her intention to lay by talking to herself. When she commences this kind of monopolylogue, provide her with a private box for the season.

Eggs may be kept any time if they are not eaten: when they are intended for food, they should be used as fresh as possible. Ducks' eggs are sometimes placed under hens, but hens' eggs, or indeed any eggs at all, are not eligible things for ducks to sit upon.

REPORT OF

THE ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY

FOR THE PREVENTION OF ACCIDENTS ON ARTIFICIAL ICE.

This Society has been established for the Prevention of Accidents on Artificial Ice, and is happy to refer the public to the following

CASE.

A gentleman was skating in a first floor, and had been several times warned by artificial ice-man Snooks not to pass over a certain spot, for it was known there was a large chandelier immediately beneath, the great heat from which, by thawing the artificial ice, might render it dangerous. The gentleman, however, persisted; when, following the usual course, the Humane Society caused ropes to be thrown across from side to side, which might at all events catch the skates, if not check the boldness of the skaters. Luckily, the precaution took effect, tripping the gentleman up, and breaking his fall; when another artificial ice-man, seeing the danger, resorted to the customary experiment of placing a ladder immediately over the hole into which the skater had been plunged. This course is always adopted on natural ice; for, as a person before drowning is supposed to rise three times, it is desirable to prolong his chance by preventing him from rising at all—even for the first time—as long as possible. Unfortunately, there was no boathook at hand—an instrument found so useful in cases of accident on natural ice, or it is probable that the individual might have been fished up with the greatest facility. The gentleman was now immersed in mortar, and, hanging on by a rafter, presented a complete case of suspended animation for several minutes. Artificial ice-man Snooks immediately plunged in among the laths, while the plaster cracked and gave way at every step he took, in the most frightful manner. He had previously made fast a rope to a hook in the ceiling above, and the unfortunate individual, who clung to his preserver, was thus extracted from his perilous position. The usual remedies were promptly resorted to. He was held up for several minutes by the heels, to allow the dust and plaster to escape from his mouth, and was then taken to the receiving-house, where brandy-and-water were administered in such copious draughts, and with such excellent effect, that he soon lost all sense of the accident.

A NEW ART-IF-ICE - Doubly Hazardous.

The Society would earnestly recommend the following precautions to all who are in the habit of resorting to the artificial ice :—

Always select, if possible, a ground floor; and, indeed, from the specimens of skating exhibited every day by the horses, it would seem that the wooden pavement is better adapted than anything else to the purpose of glaciarium. When you feel yourself going into a hole, throw yourself on your back, when the artificial ice-man will probably dash a ladder on to your face; and if you can contrive to get your head through the rounds of the ladder, you are drawn up easily.

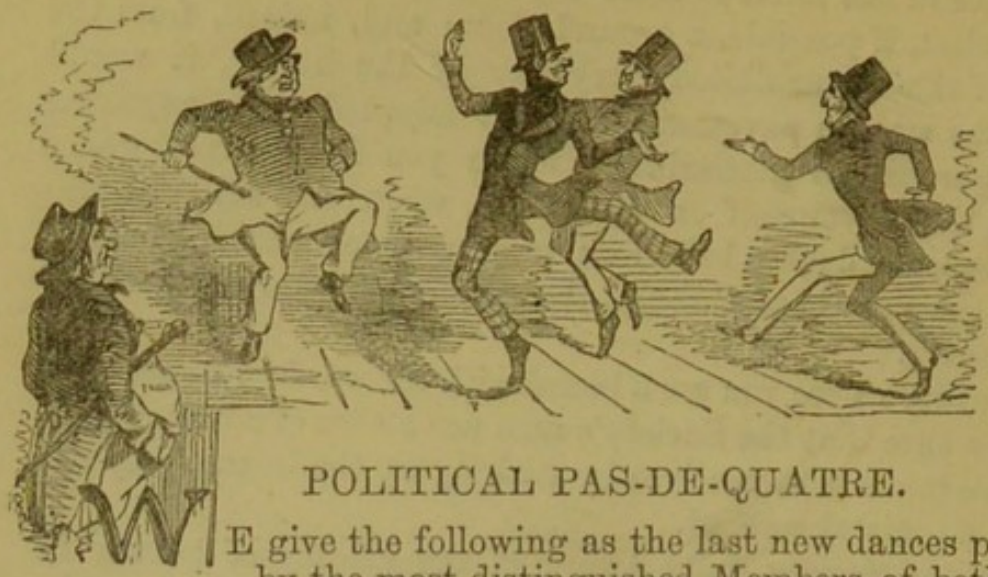
Never venture where you see a board with the word "Dangerous." You may be sure that the Society's men are aware of a hole, which, as they have made it themselves by sticking up the board, they can have made no mistake about.

The Humane Society, fully aware of the efficacy of brandy in cases of suspended animation, caused an analysis to be made of the brandy-balls usually sold upon the ice, when the following result was obtained:—

Sugar, in solution	15
Some mysterious mixture, of which no solution could be found	75
Dust	8
Peppermint	2
Brandy	0
	100

On the whole, the Society would not feel justified in recommending it as a stimulant.

The following prizes have already been distributed by the Society: To artificial ice-man Brown, for plunging into a parlour, where a gentleman had fallen on to a tea-table, and rescuing him from a boiling watery grave, the small silver medal, with a portrait of the Queen on one side, and the words "SIX PENCE," in raised letters, on the other. The thanks of the Society, on comic note-paper, were also given to the tradesman who had supplied (on credit) the whole of the apparatus.



POLITICAL PAS-DE-QUATRE.

WE give the following as the last new dances patronized by the most distinguished Members of both Houses of Parliament:—

THE DEBATE.

First gentleman comes forward, and sets to gentleman opposite. Second gentleman does the same: and third couple pair off right and left.

THE RESIGNATION.

Union is Strength.

First gentleman advances to first lady, and then retires. Second gentleman takes the place of first gentleman, and advances to first lady; who executes a *dos à dos* with first gentleman. First and second gentlemen cross to opposite sides, and second gentleman turns first gentleman over.

THE LORD BROUGHAM.

Turn right and left, meet half way; then back again. Cross over, pass behind, go up and down, and continue changing sides, till arriving at the bottom.

11. Prince of Orange assassinated, 1584.

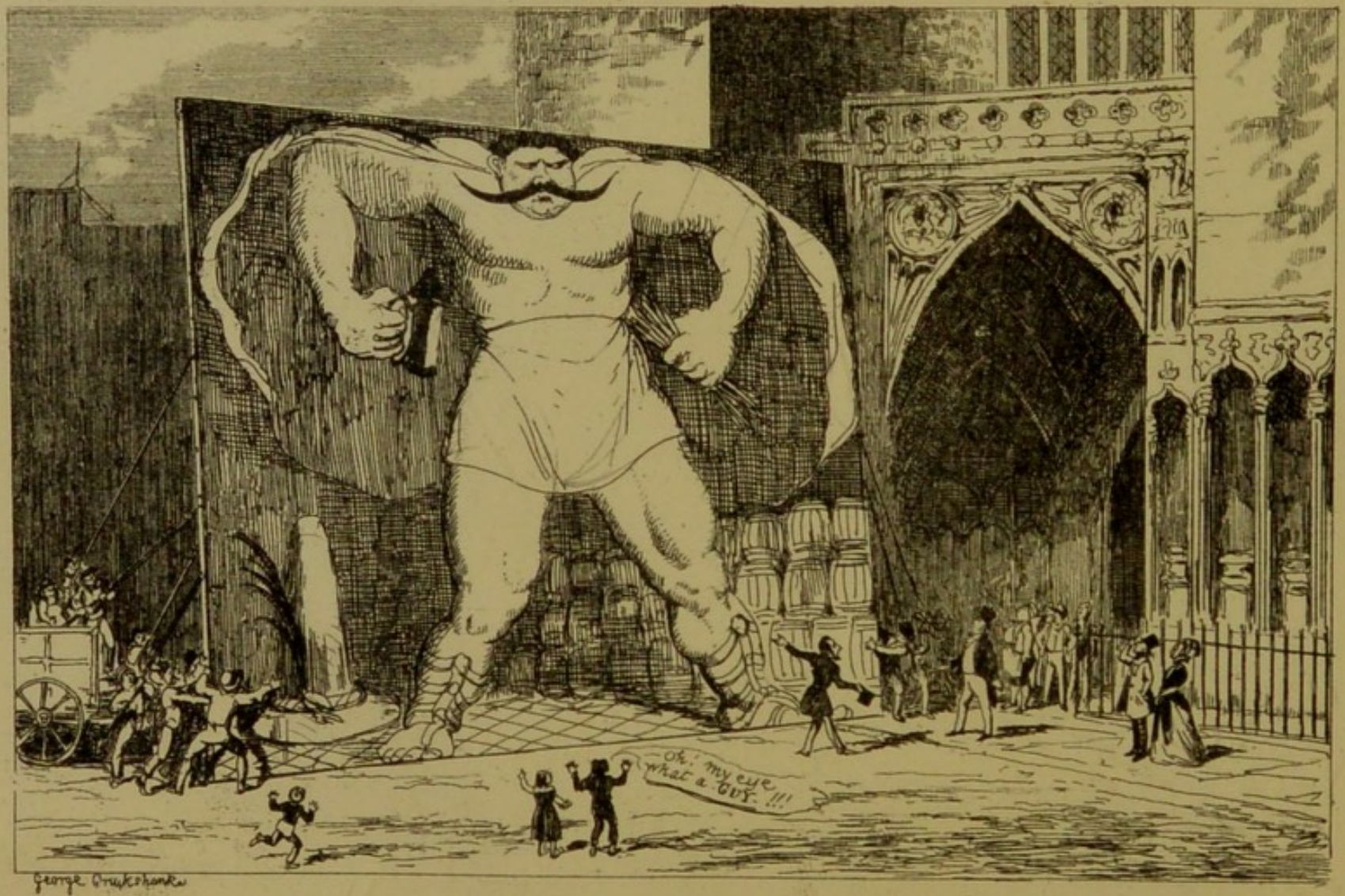
How cruel this unhappy prince to slaughter!
'Tis strange that Orange should have had no quarter!

State of the Crops.

Abundant.

Middling.

Scarcity.



Guy Fawkes treated Classically—An Unexhibited Cartoon

THE UNEXHIBITED CARTOON OF GUY FAWKES.

BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

HAVING been advised by my friends to publish a sketch of my cartoon, intended for exhibition at Westminster Hall, I think the public, upon seeing it, will require some explanation of it. The subject has often been treated, and sometimes rather ill-treated, by preceding artists. Being forcibly struck by the grand classical style, I have aimed at it, and I trust I have succeeded in hitting it. At all events, if I have not quite come up to the mark, I have had a good bold fling at it.

The first thing I thought it necessary to think of (though, by-the-bye, it is generally the last thing thought of in historical painting), was to get a faithful portrait of the principal character. For that purpose I determined to study nature, and strolled about London and the suburbs on the 5th of November, in search of a likeness of Fawkes, caring little under what Guys it might be presented to me. Unfortunately, some had long noses and some had short; so, putting this and that together, the long and the short of it is, that I determined on adopting a living prototype, who has been blowing up both Houses of Parliament for several years, and if not a Fawkes in other respects, is at least famous for encouraging forking out on the part of others.

Having got over the preliminary difficulty, I set to work upon my cartoon: and being resolved to make it a greater work than had ever before been known, I forgot the prescribed size, for my head was far above the consideration of mere feet, and I did not reflect, that where Parliament had given an inch I was taking an ell, at the very lowest estimate. Having strolled towards Westminster Hall to survey the scene of my future triumphs, it struck me that I had carried the grand classical to such a height as to preclude all chance of my cartoon being got in through the doorway: and I, therefore, with the promptitude of a Richard the Third, determined to "Off with his head," by taking a slice off the top of the canvass. This necessary piece of execution rather spoiled the design, but it enabled me to throw a heaviness into the brows of my principal figure, which, if it marred the resemblance to Fawkes, gave him an additional look of the Guy, at all events. It then occurred to me that I might further diminish the dimensions by taking a couple of feet off the legs; and this happy idea enabled me to carry out the historical notion that Fawkes was the mere tool of others, in which

case, to cramp him in the understanding must be considered a nice blending of the false in art with the true in nature. The Guy's feet were accordingly foreshortened, till I left him, as he appeared when trying to defend himself at his trial, with hardly a leg to stand upon. Besides I knew I could fresco out his calves in fine style, when I once got permission to turn the fruit of my labours into wall-fruit, on the inside of the Houses of Parliament.

It will now be naturally asked, why my cartoon was not exhibited with others, some of each were equally monstrous, in the Hall of Westminster. The fact is, if the truth must out, the cartoon would not go in. Though I had cramped my genius already to suit the views of the Commissioners, and the size of the door, I found I must have stooped much lower if I had resolved on finding admittance for my work. I wrote at once to the Woods and Forests, calling upon them to widen the door for genius, by taking down a portion of the wall: but it will hardly be believed, that though there were, at the time, plenty of workmen about the building, no answer was returned to my request. Alas! it is all very well to sing, as they do in Der Frieschutz, "Through the Woods and through the Forests," but towards me the Woods and Forests proved themselves utterly impenetrable.

It will be seen that the arch conspirator—for so I must continue to call him, though he could not be got into the archway—has placed his hat upon the ground, a little point in which I have blended imagination with history, and both with convenience. The imagination suggests that such a villain ought not to wear his hat; history does not say that he did, which is as much as to hint that he didn't; while convenience coming to the aid of both, renders it necessary for his hat to lie upon the ground, for if I had tried to place it on his head, there would have been no room for it. There was one gratifying circumstance connected with this cartoon which, in spite of my being charged with vanity, I must repeat. As it was carried through the streets it seemed to be generally understood and appreciated, every one, even children, exclaiming as it passed, "Oh! there's a Guy!"

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

The Hop Season.

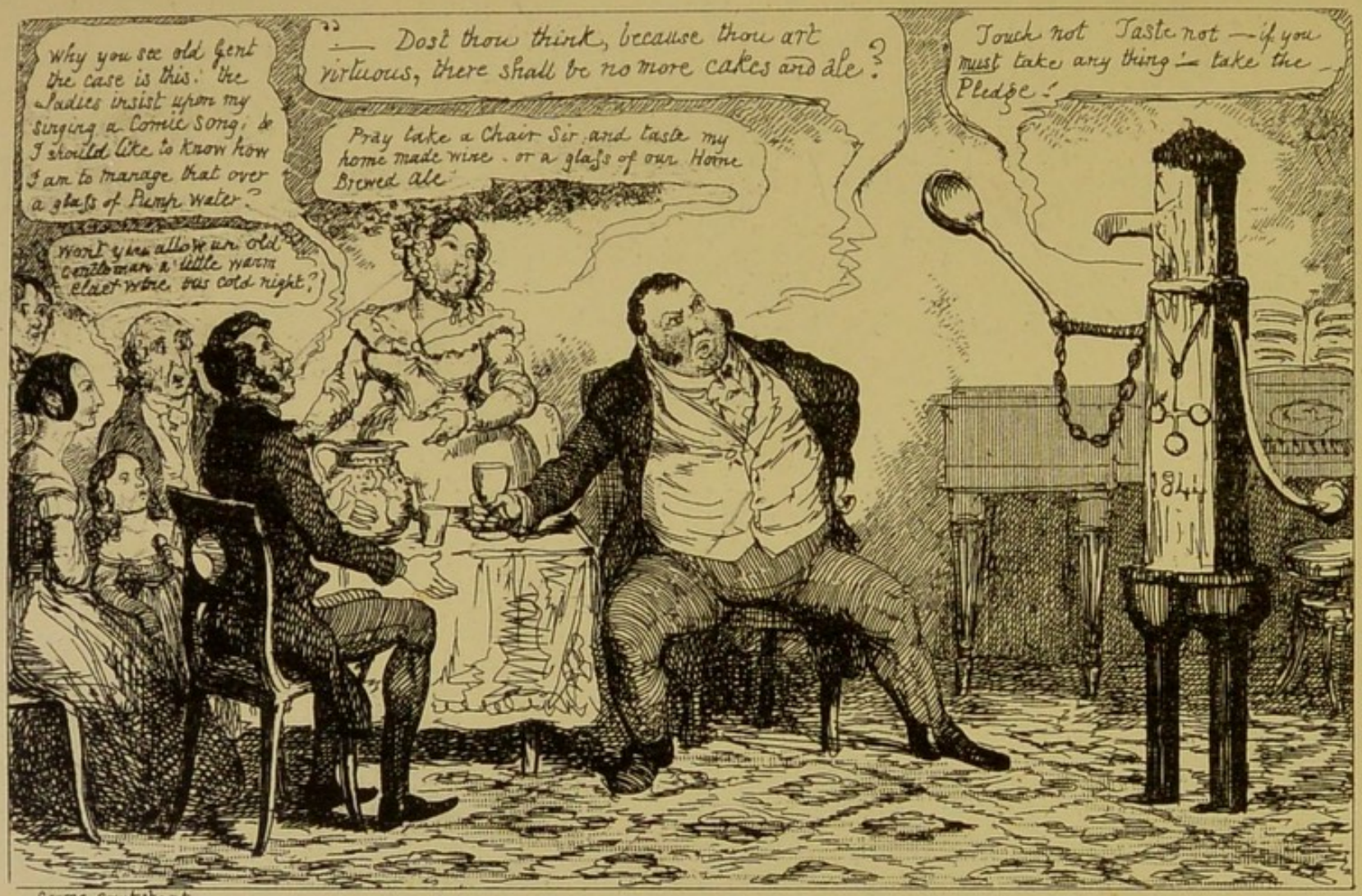
THE FEAST OF THE GROTTOES.

Surely the antiquity of oysters cannot be doubted; but there is some reason to believe that grottoes are of a more recent origin. There is a grotto of the Cumæan Sybil at Naples; but it does not seem to have been constructed of oyster-shells—though its position near the sea would indicate that shells of some kind were probably used in its construction.

The first oyster ever introduced into this country was probably brought over by Sir Walter Raleigh; who, as he imported cigars, potatoes, and saltpetre, may, probably, have met with oysters in his celebrated journey round the world, and carried over a barrel with him on his return to England; which would surely have been quite as reasonable a piece of luggage as a barrel of gunpowder. This theory is further supported by the well-known proverb, that "he must have been a bold man who first ate an oyster;" and as the courage of Raleigh was never doubted, we may fix upon him with some degree of confidence as the first oyster-eater that this country can boast of. But valour of this kind was never so eminently displayed as in the comparatively recent instance of Dando, who, to the courage of eating oysters to an unlimited extent, added the far greater boldness of declining to pay for them. Dando was, however, "native, and to the manner born" for it. To return to the subject of grottoes: the annual grotto feast is observed by the children of the humbler classes, who, with infantine simplicity, insist on declaring that it is "only once a year" for several days in succession. There is a remnant of feudalism in the mode adopted by some of the bigger boys to obtain possession of the grottoes constructed by weaker children. The former descend in rude and barbarous hordes, beating off the original possessors, and exacting custom from the surrounding neighbourhood. This is in strict conformity with the law of primogeniture; for the elder boys generally "take," as the lawyers say, to the exclusion of the younger.

ODE TO FATHER MATHEW.

Oh, Father Mathew, why dost thou incline
Against all spirits thus to whine?
To preach against good liquor is a scandal.
  Why to such rash conclusions jump—
  To airy, dull, unsocial pump,
Why give a handle?
Water is very well—but then 'tis known,
That well is always better let alone.
Washing is water's only function,
  Save when a little drop poured in-
  to brandy, whisky, rum, or gin,
Makes glorious, grand junction.
Think, Father Mathew, how you interfere
With Christmas cheer;
How can we offer friends a welcome hearty,
Unto a cold December water party?
When strangers meet together once or twice,
  Wine warms away the chill of cold decorum;
But who could ever hope to break the ice
  Cold water would in winter's depth throw o'er 'em?
Who could strike up a joyous song
Upon a cup, however strong,
Of wishy-washy green souchong?
Believe me, Father Mathew, you are wrong!
It would indeed be useless labour,
  With such a pledge as those you boast,
To try and pledge one's neighbour,
  In a flat toast-and-water toast.
Who could with spirits light advance,
To join the dance,
When with teetotalism clogged,
His heels are water-logged?
They who conform to your teetotal wishes,
  And satisfied can be,
  With water breakfast, dinner, supper, tea,
I class among the oddest fishes.
No, Father Mathew, let us have our ale—
Water's quite out of the social pale.



FATHER MATHEW - An-ice man for a small party

POPULAR ERRORS.

Sandwich is *not* famous for its Sandwiches.

Venetian blinds are *not* imported from Venice.

The captain of a steamer, when at his post, is not a post-captain.

The sword of justice cannot be made sharp without the application of blunt.

It is an error to suppose that the stature of man is diminished, for the lengths men go to in the present day was never surpassed. The tallest men are to be found in Lankyshire.

Jerusalem artichokes do not come from Jerusalem. They are not called artichokes because any one who makes a hearty meal on them will run the chance of being choked.

It is a vulgar error that beer is turned sour by thunder. The fact is, that beer may be turned sour by lightning which does not know how to conduct itself.

Home-made articles are not always the best; and, indeed, when made at home, they are often so mysterious, that there is really no making them out.

REPORT ON PUBLIC HEALTH.

From the returns founded on inquiries made by Mr. Jones of fourteen friends, whom he met in London during one afternoon, it was ascertained that, to the question, "How are you?" six replied "Pretty well," two were "Quite charming," four were "Very well," one was "Tolerable," and the remaining one "Bobbish." It seems that a state of bobbishness is one of vulgar health, and that the less genteel neighbourhoods, under the most favourable circumstances, are greatly conducive to it.

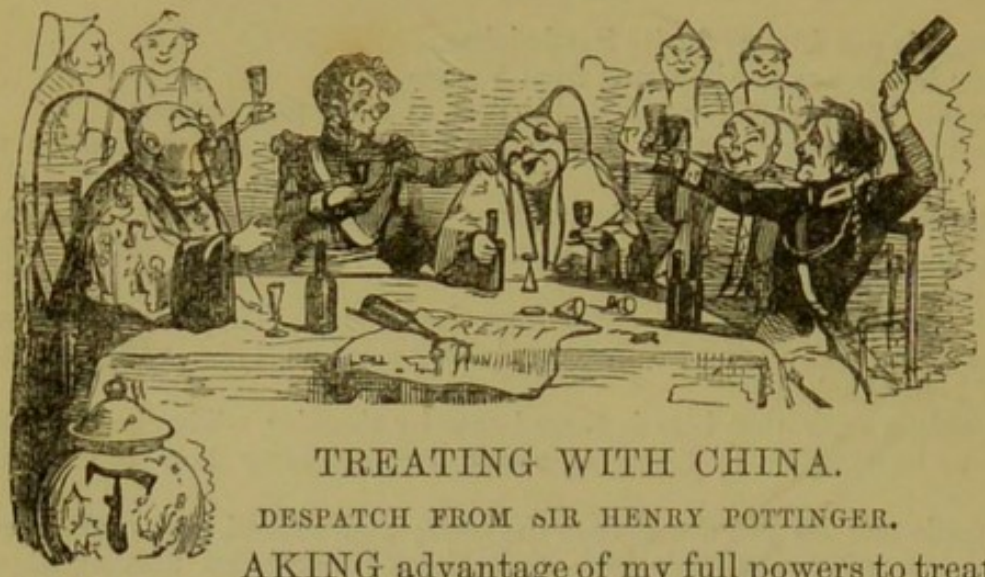
A Returning Officer.

Relieving Officer.

Water is one of the first essentials to health, and, consequently, a rainy day ought to be a source of great salubrity. It is also a principal ingredient in the diet of paupers, no doubt on account of its sanatory properties. Water, in conjunction with ventilation, may be regarded as the safety-valve of disease; so that a walk in a pelting shower, with a hole or two in the hat and boots, ought to be prescribed as a preventive against the chance of illness.

Appealing against the Poor Rate.

Hair Hunting.



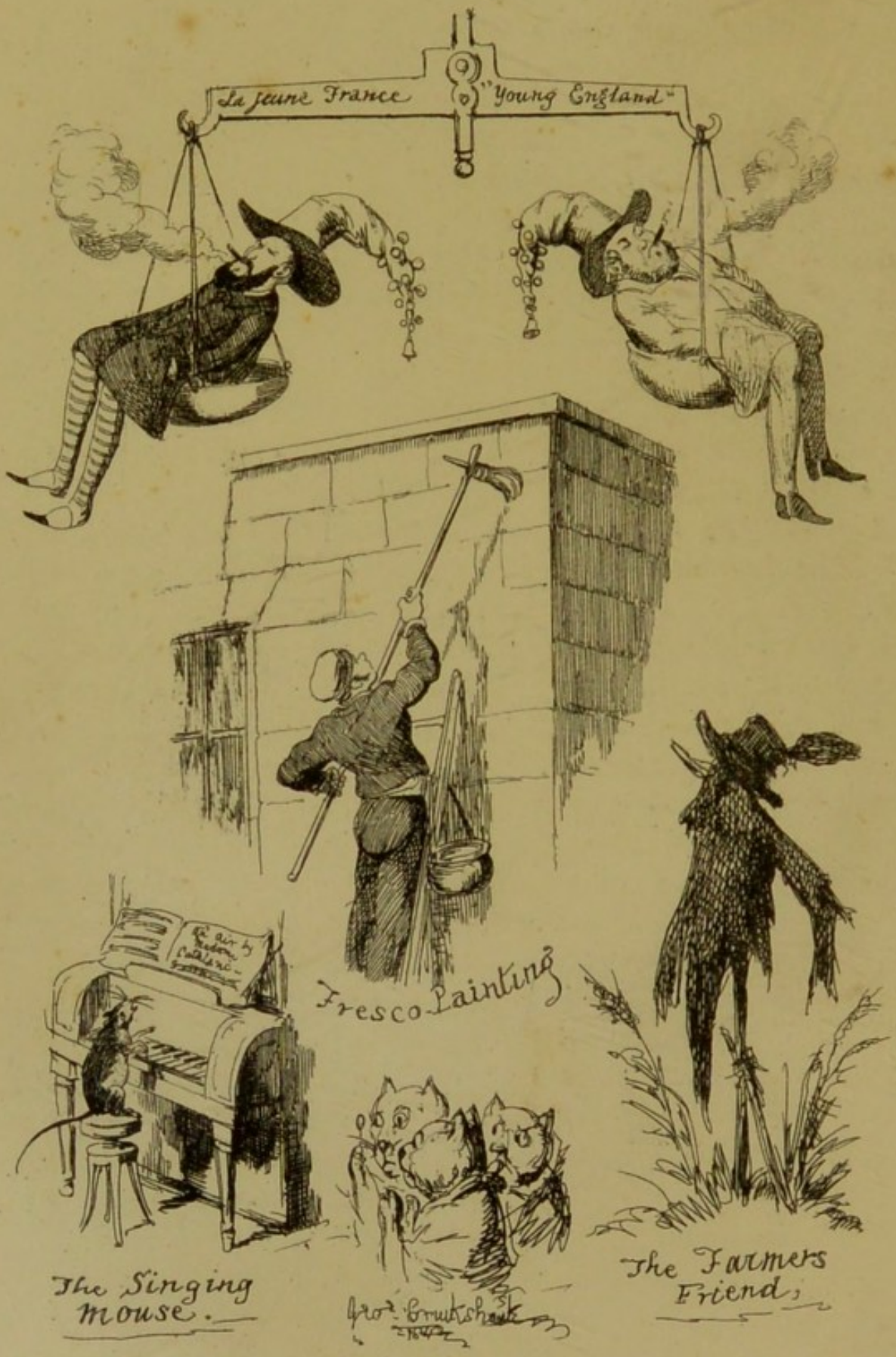
TREATING WITH CHINA.

DESPATCH FROM SIR HENRY POTTINGER.

TAKING advantage of my full powers to treat, I asked the Commissioner what he would like me to treat him to. He at first suggested beer; but from what I have seen of the Chinese, I fancied that they stood more in need of spirit than anything else; and as my instructions were to mix as much as possible with the Imperial authorities, I kept mixing brandy and water till past midnight, in company with Key-sing, who did ample justice to the grog that was placed before him. The effect of the liquor was such as to cause me to receive several friendly assurances in broken Chinese; and the Commissioner, I am sure, soon began to see doubly all the advantages I was endeavouring to point out to him. In a short time such was the spirit of harmony inspired by the grog, that a song was volunteered by Key-sing; but it is impossible to say what key Key-sing did sing it in. I was then called upon to favour them with a vocal effort; and as my instructions were to meet the wishes of the Chinese government as well as I could, I struck up, "Home, sweet home," a selection which, I trust, will meet the approbation of the Home Office. The treaty had not yet received the signature of Key-sing; and he seemed to be wavering,—leaning first on one side, and then on the other; but at length he fell with his face flat upon the treaty, which I believe was intended to show his great respect for it. Such was his emotion, that he was with difficulty raised; and his hand was at length guided by a mandarin, who had partaken less freely of the grog than the Chief Commissioner. Key-sing then left for his own abode, singing and dancing all the way home, and addressing every one he met, to whom he was, probably, explaining the advantages that China will derive from the happy union.

I am, &c., your Lordship's, &c.,

HENRY POTTINGER.


La jeune France
"Young England"
Fresco-Painting
The Singing Mouse.
The Farmers Friend.

POLITICS ABROAD.

(*By the Foreign Correspondent of the "Comic Almanack."*)

The Spanish are, as you know, very nutty on their late revolution. Several provinces have pronounced; but as they all have a peculiar *patois* of their own, it is difficult to catch their pronunciations. America is in a more settled, though certainly not in a more settling, state than it was some time ago. It has resorted freely to the old way of paying new debts, and in return for our specie, has sent us a species of whitewash, which is all that we can get as an equivalent. It is a glorious thing to see a whole nation throwing off its bonds; and the way in which America has released herself from the bonds she was under to her creditors, is a proof that she knows how to be free herself, and to make free with others. On the other side of the Channel, Young France finding it impossible to beard Old England, has taken to bearding itself; and the war-party show, by their chins at any rate, that they would be much improved by a good lathering. New South Wales, as you are by this time aware, is to have a representative assembly; but it is not yet decided what the legislative body is to consist of. It would perhaps be the fairest plan, that each of the prisons should send so many members to the Botany Bay parliament; but others think that each class of offenders should have its own representatives. Whether the Honourable Member for Newgate would sound better than the Gallant Representative of the Housebreaking Interests, is a question that may be decided hereafter; and it will be a very nice point, whether conviction shall be a necessary qualification for a seat in the legislature of New South Wales, or, whether the fact of having committed an offence, shall render a person eligible as a candidate. It will perhaps be difficult to draw the line where the elective franchise shall begin, but it is generally believed, that nothing under a pickpocket ought to be entitled to vote, though, whether the claimant to the suffrage must have been positively caught in the act, is a nicety on which I leave it to the lawyers to deliberate.

THE SINGING MOUSE.

'Tis thought a very wondrous thing,
That any mouse is known to sing;
But only keep your cat away,
And all your mice will learn to play.

OBSERVATIONS OF A NATURALIST.

The average quantity of vapour from below is always greater after a public meeting, at which patriotic speeches have been made.

As we advance towards the Pole, the wind rises; and, by a remarkable coincidence, it is easy for an elector to raise the wind as the day for going to the poll approaches.

In warm weather the dissolving power is greater; and the summer is generally chosen for dissolving Parliament.

Moisture ascending, forms clouds; and liquor which gets into the head causes a mist over the eyes; a fact that shows the analogy existing between all the operations of nature.

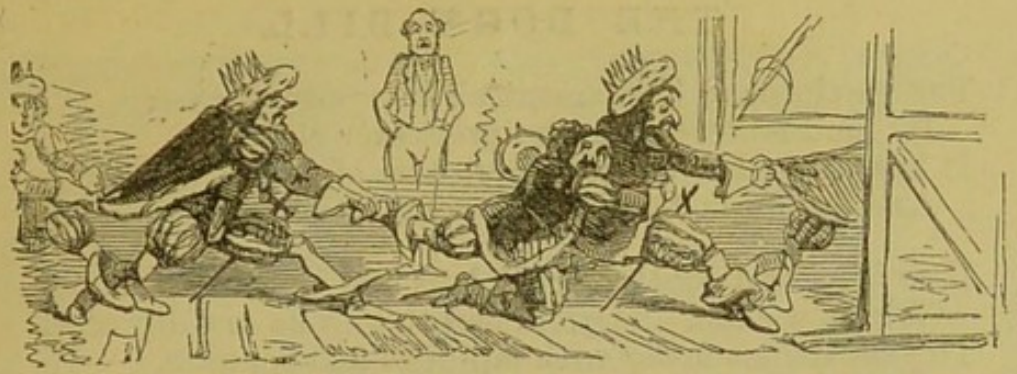
Bishop Berkeley has observed, that there are more levels in England than are generally to be found elsewhere. This notion accounts for the Bishop having published many things, in which he treated England as a country of flats.

About the 4th or 5th of February, it has been observed that the woodlark renews his note. Birds of passage do not always renew their notes on the 4th, but dishonour their bills very frequently.

It has been remarked, that in September evenings the reduction of temperature begins to be sensibly felt by those who expose themselves to it thinly clad. We cannot concur in the general observation that it is sensibly felt, for the more sensible thing would be to wrap oneself well up, and avoid altogether feeling it.

It was generally observed, that the summer of 1843 was one of the finest that has been known for many years. This may be easily accounted for by the non-opening of Vauxhall Gardens. Preparations had been made for the commencement of the season, and there was a week of incessant rain; but the idea being abandoned, the weather became fine, and continued so for the remainder of the summer.

Saturn is generally allowed to be a very inclement planet; and it may be seen directly over Clement's Inn during a portion of the year.



SIX RICHARDS IN THE FIELD.

A NEW ACTING SHAKSPEARE.

It is quite evident that Shakspeare, in its present state, is not suited to the capacity of the existing race of tragic actors. On the same principle that somebody is said to have gone to bed because the bed would not go to somebody, it seems advisable to bring Shakspeare down to the actors because the actors can't come up to Shakspeare.

It was once suggested that the play of "Hamlet," with the character of Hamlet omitted, might probably lose some of its effect in dramatic representation. If this theory is a good one, it follows, as a matter of course, that the play of "Richard the Third," with six Richards instead of one, must be six times as good as it is with only a single embodiment of that extraordinary character. That this is the opinion of modern tragedians is shown by their all requiring to perform the principal part in all tragedies: an arrangement that could only be carried out by multiplying the chief character in a piece by the number of individuals in a theatre who want to act it. Whether the negative capacities of three or four individual performers can make an affirmative capacity, is an experiment that might be tried, at all events. "Division of labour" is a very favourite project amongst speculators in the present day; and if Messrs. A., P., and V., are separately unequal to the effort of sustaining the weight of the crook-backed tyrant, why should not the tyrant be cut into three—some actors, by-the-bye, cut him all to pieces—so that each of the performers hinted at might bear a portion of the burden? Mr. A. might do the love scene with Lady Anne; Mr. P. might growl through the opening soliloquy; and Mr. V. might go to sleep throughout the dream: an achievement which the drowsiness of his style renders him fully equal to.

That the bard of Avon contemplated the possibility of something of the kind is shown by the expression he puts into the mouth of Richard himself, who, in making the well-known exclamation,

"Methinks I see six Richmonds in the field,"

may be supposed to have hinted at the possibility of there being six competitors for his own position—that of hero of the tragedy.

THE DOGS' BILL.

The goodness of Parliament all things surpasses;
Its kind fellow-feeling no pride ever clogs:
It has stooped to the representation of asses,
And during last Session it went to the dogs.

How kind of a conclave of Solons and Daniels,
Whose wisdom and greatness there's no one disputes,
To sympathize nobly with lap-dogs and spaniels,
And adopt as their own all the feelings of brutes!

But the dogs of the country are sore discontented,
The Bills to protect them should out have been thrown;
If the species canine is to be represented,
Why is it by London-bred puppies alone?

Theatrical managers also will feel it—
No dogs for performance they now can engage;
In town, by the act (if they do not repeal it),
No dog can be suffered to draw on the stage.

Dog Latin, doxology, reason dogmatic,
And physic, which oft to the dogs has been thrown,—
Are all these confined, by a plan systematic,
To the puppies residing in London alone?

Oh! can it be ever with reason pretended
That civilization's beneficent lights
Have not to the dogs in the country extended,
Which makes them unfit for political rights?

Oh! is there no ear in the House will be harking
To all the complaints which with justice are made?
Oh! where are the members of Houndsditch and Barking?
By them are the dogs of the country betrayed.

FACTS WORTH REMEMBERING.

In January.—That on the 8th, fire insurance policies must be attended to; and that, although honesty is the best policy, it will not be available in case of fire.

In February.—That, on the 7th, Dr. Maskelyne died; but as we do not know how to pronounce an opinion on this Maskelyne, it is better for us to remain neuter.

In March.—That the month is a stormy one at sea, causing

DOG-DAYS — Legislation going to the Dogs.

leaks in ships; and that, on the 1st, being St. David's day, leeks are worn in the hat by Welshmen.

In April.—That the assessed-tax papers are delivered early in the month; and that not even the vainest of us is then disposed to overrate himself.

In May.—That, on the 14th, vaccination was first used, in 1796; and that, while it saved many from being pitted with the small-pox, the invention itself may be pitted against any other.

June.—That the sun is before the clock on the 7th, which may be remedied by putting the clock before the sun. *Mem.*—It will do no good to place it before the fire.

July.—That the days decrease in the course of the month; and that on the 5th of July, 1830, Algiers lost a Dey altogether.

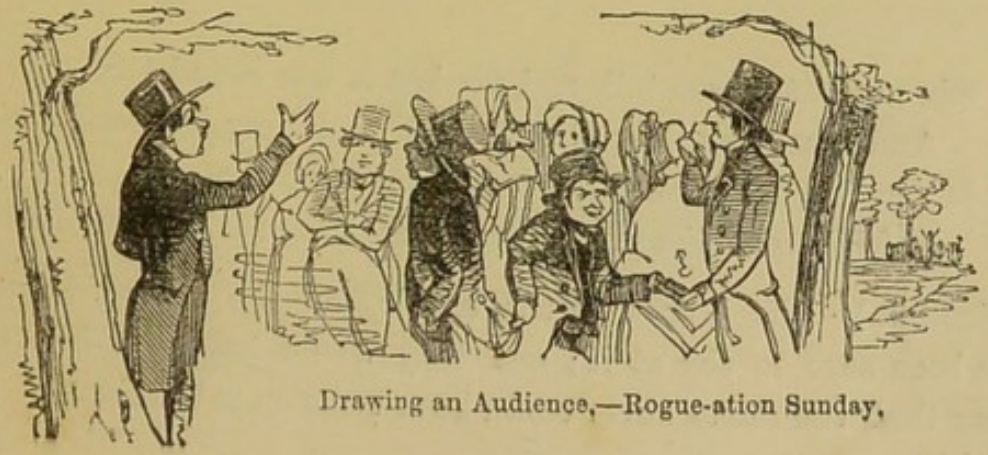
August.—That Napoleon was born on the 15th, and Andrew Marvel on the 16th, but that the former was really a greater marvel than the latter.

September.—Your grapes will now begin to want looking after. If you do not bag them yourself, and your vine happens to be in an exposed situation, you may expect that some one will come and bag them for you.

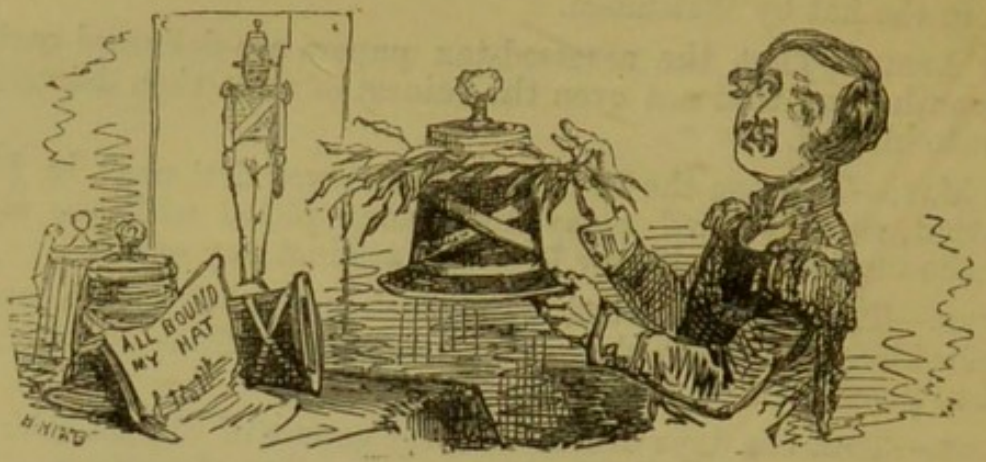
October.—That melons can only be raised in hot beds; and, of course, the hotter the bed the better the melons. Some fruit-gardeners recommend a layer of cinders; but red-hot ashes, enclosed in a warming-pan, will heat your bed quicker than anything. It is usual to cover the bed over with a frame, with panes of glass in it; a good thick counterpane would perhaps be more effective.

November.—That the 5th is Guy Fawkes' day, which is commemorative of an attempted blow up; and that the 9th is Lord Mayor's day, which is devoted to an annual blow out.

December.—That the close of the year is the proper time to begin a system of keeping accounts, for you will have plenty of accounts sent in to enable you to commence keeping them.



Drawing an Audience,—Rogue-ation Sunday.



NEW VERSION OF "ALL ROUND MY HAT."

AS SUNG NIGHTLY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

All round my hat I hang a green willow,
All round my hat for a twelvemonth and a day;
And if anybody wants to know the reason that I do so,
It's because my ingenuity has all been thrown away.
'Twas taking my drives in the Park I first conceived it,
O, I thought the guard on duty in his hat looked a Guy;

(Spoken.)—Such a hat—like an old muff sewn up at one end of it!

And I never slept a wink, but in my mind I weaved it,
And thought my taste and fancy upon a hat I'd try.

(Spoken.)—Here's your fine infantry beavers, as light as gossamers, and as waterproof as the washable!

All round my hat, &c.

Oh, my hat it was tall, and my hat it was round too,
And cruel was the public taste that did my hat condemn;
It's ugliness was sure the foe to confound too,
It frightened the public, and would have frightened them.

(Spoken.)—The horses of the cavalry on the other side would have been sure to shy at it; and they would have got into such a-rear that the riders never could have come on to the charge. But now it's

All round my hat, &c.

For seven long weeks the Queen and I planned it,
For seven long weeks we turned it every way:
Bad luck to the public, they didn't understand it;
But I'll praise the hat for ever, although it's done away.

(SPOKEN.)—Here's your fine British lion grinning at the enemy as if he would eat 'em up; but, alas! it's

All round my hat, &c.

There is some sort of men so preciously particular,
They wish to see the soldiers in soldier-like array;
But for the regulation, or for taste I'm no stickler,
I only want to see the men in colours bright and gay.

(SPOKEN.)—Do you want any hussar jackets? Wear 'em and try 'em before you buy 'em. But it's

All round my hat, &c.

Oh, I gave my son a hat on the day he was born on,
Which I gave him as a plaything all to remember me;
And when he grows up, his head it will be worn on,
For an infantry colonel he very soon will be.

(SPOKEN.)—Here's your fine full blooming annuals—cheap at any price. Yes, that they are—but it's

All round my hat, &c.

Disturbed State of Wales.

ROYAL PANTOMIME.

THE nation is most respectfully informed that arrangements have been made, on a most extensive scale, for the annual production of a new Pantomime, to be called

THE ROYAL TOUR;

OR, HARLEQUIN PRINCE ALBERT, AND THE SAILOR QUEEN OF THE SEA-GIRT ISLE.

The Scenery entirely new, from Views taken on the spot, in England, France, and Belgium.

The Tricks by Neptune and assistants.

The Changes—of air, climate, and place, by Messrs. North, South, East, and West.

The whole under the immediate direction of the Lord Chamberlain.

Principal Characters:

LANDLORD OF THE GALLIC COCK (afterwards Harlequin), Mons. LOUIS PHILIPPE;

PRINCE FORTUNE (afterwards Lover), Mons. ALBERT:

FORTUNATUS (his Uncle), Mons. LEOPOLD (*From the Royal Cobourg*);

WHIRLIGIG, an Evil Genius (afterwards Clown), Herr BROUGHAM (*who will introduce "Tippitywichit"*);

THE GOOD GENIUS (afterwards Columbine), Madame VICTOIRE;
Fiends of Mischief, by Mons. THIERS, and numerous auxiliaries.

In the course of the Pantomime, the celebrated *Pas des Folies*, by LA JEUNE FRANCE and YOUNG ENGLAND. The famous *Marche Diabolique*, by Signor O'CONNELL (surnamed the Irish incredible); and the grand *Pas de Fascination*, by Madame Victoire.

In the course of the Pantomime will be exhibited the following

NEW AND SPLENDID SCENERY:—

PLYMOUTH, WITH THE MAYOR IN THE DISTANCE,

And a bird's-eye View of the Corporation, as seen through a telescope from the deck of the Royal Yacht.

A GRAND NAUTICAL PANORAMA,

With the arrival of the Royal Squadron at Treport.

CAVE OF REVOLUTIONARY DESPAIR,

And overthrow of the Great Dragon of War, and Grand Finale in the REGIONS OF BLISSFULNESS,

with the

TRIUMPH OF THE GOOD GENIUS.

Change for a Sovereign—an Anticipated Pantomime

An Arctic Circle.

THE POLAR EXPEDITION.

Candidly speaking, a voyage to the North Pole has many advantages. In the first place, the Polar bears are the finest in the world for bear's grease, and it makes the hair stand on end merely to look at them.

The North Pole is generally supposed to be a sort of sign-post, embedded in ice, in latitude 0° 0′, longitude x° x′; and it is popularly believed that Captain Ross not only cut his name on the pole itself, but nailed the English standard to the top of it. It has been contemplated by some who take an interest in these matters, to bring the North Pole to England, and place it in the Museum as a companion to Cleopatra's needle. Whether the passage to the North Pole will ever become a favourite with those who travel for mere pleasure is somewhat questionable, but there is no knowing what mercantile enterprise may do, and an expedition to obtain bear-skin coats—particularly if undertaken by such a house as Baring Brothers—would, if it only proved barely remunerative, say a great deal for British enterprise.

There is only one disadvantage attending a voyage to the Pole, which is the difficulty of getting there, to say nothing of the extreme improbability of getting safely back again. The forcing a passage to the Pole is a grand achievement. And as the road is frozen up before the expedition can return, it is always necessary to force another passage back again. Nature certainly seems to have written up "No Thoroughfare," and the pole itself appears to be inscribed with the words "No admittance except on business;" but this warning has no effect upon those enthusiasts who are determined to rush to the Pole at any sacrifice.

THE LEGAL ART-UNION.

Some doubt having been entertained as to the legality of Art-Unions, it has been determined to establish a legal Art-Union, by which the most expensive of known luxuries—law—can be dealt out to the subscribers upon most reasonable terms. The Union is to consist of as many persons as think proper to subscribe, and the object will be the bringing and defending actions, so that debtors and creditors will equally profit by it.

Every subscriber, on paying six-and-eightpence, will have a declaration delivered to him if he be a debtor; or if a creditor, he will receive a plea; and the prizes will consist of a certain number of verdicts, to be selected from the public exhibitions of justice, including the Courts of Request, the Lord Mayor's, and Sheriffs' Courts. If a plaintiff draws a prize, he will get the whole of the money; and if a debtor draws a blank, he will have to pay it; but if the debtor and the creditor both draw blanks, they neither of them get anything, but their loss is limited to six-and-eightpence. If a debtor obtains a fortunate number he is exonerated from his debt without the disgrace or inconvenience of running away; while a creditor, even if he does not get his money, is prevented from throwing any of the good after the bad, and thus all parties reap advantages which they could not obtain in the regular course of law. It is thought that the causing the verdicts to depend on chance, and thus introducing the lottery principle into the administration of justice, is quite in conformity with what, in nine cases out of ten, practically happens.

Prospectuses may be had at the chambers of Messrs. Drain, Swindle, and Company, Solicitors to the Court of Portugal, and Attorneys Extraordinary (most extraordinary!) to anyone employing them.

POST OFFICE REGULATIONS.

The letter-carriers are all to wear uniforms, in order to carry out the principle of the uniform postage. All the old Twopennies are placed on the same footing as Generals.

The mails, since the reduction of the rate, are allowed to travel slower than formerly. The Hounslow mail being carried in a cab, and, there being no accommodation for a guard, the Government will not be responsible for the safe conduct of the bags beyond the Sloane Street frontier. Letters for Kingston, not intended to go by Falmouth, should be marked Kingston-upon-Thames, or they will be despatched to Kingston in Jamaica.

Money intended to benefit the letter-carriers should be enclosed in an envelope addressed to any friend of the writer. By registering the letter, the liberal object will be defeated.

CATECHISM OF POLITICS FOR THE FRENCH.

Q. How do you define politics?
A. It is the science of constructing new governments; the first step to which is the destruction of the existing one.
Q. In what do we make it chiefly to consist?
A. In abusing our neighbours, and quarrelling amongst ourselves.
Q. To what do we generally apply ourselves in peace?
A. In insulting the English.
Q. How are we occupied in war?
A. In being beaten by the English.
Q. How do we profit by war?
A. It gives us material for clap-traps on the stage.
Q. How do we profit by defeat?
A. In calling it a victory.
Q. How do we maintain our boast that we are the most ingenious nation on the earth?
A. By employing the ingenuity of Englishmen in all our great public works.

POETICAL CALENDAR,

AND

CHRONOLOGY FOR THE YEAR 1843.

JANUARY.

This month its name distinctly traces
Unto the god that has two faces:
From which we fairly may assume
It should be sacred now to Brough'm.

5TH. Further decline in the revenue; the decline being caused by a want of consumption.
26th. A million tons of chalk dislodged by gunpowder from the cliffs at Dover. The price of milk, nevertheless, remained as usual.

FEBRUARY.

From *Februa* (meaning "pure") this month doth claim
To take its very classic Roman name.
Parliament's meeting in this month, I'm sure,
Is a mistake—What's that to do with "pure?"

15th. Intelligence received from Captain Ross, who had been to join a very select circle at the Antarctic.
21st. The trustees of a life-boat at North Shields fined ten shillings for bringing some clothes to shore; it being decided that such boats are not to

be used to bring clothes to any one in possession of life, but only to prevent any one's life from being brought to a close.

24th. Great curling match at Eglinton Castle, which Lord Eglinton won by nine shots. The curling was not tried upon hare.

MARCH.

This month, called MARCH, from Mars, is full of bluster,
For Boreas doth his windy forces muster.
Mars and old Boreas give mutual shocks;
One sending equal blows, the other EQUI-KNOCKS.

1st. Dr. Candlish lectured at London Wall amidst great confusion. The congregation not being in a candle-ish humour, refused to be enlightened.

7th. Lord Teynham moved in the Lords for the abrogation of the clause in the Poor Law Bill separating man and wife. The motion was lost, several of the peers declaring the clause to be very beneficial to both parties.

25th. The Thames Tunnel opened, and the public let in; the privilege being no longer confined to the shareholders.

APRIL.

Whether this month to Flora or to Ceres
The Romans gave, admits of many queries.
Aperio is "to open:" this suggestion
Proves 'twas intended for an open question:

1st. Public curiosity excited by the announcement of the invention of an Aerial Ship. It was predicted that the ship would fall to the ground; but it never rose high enough to allow of the prediction being verified.

12th. The Servian question settled by the Russian cabinet stipulating for a new sovereign. The old sovereign had not sufficient weight, being, probably, one of the light sovereigns that a proclamation had been previously directed against.

25th. The prizes of the Art-Union drawn at Drury Lane Theatre; and Her Majesty presented the nation on the same day with a prize—in the shape of another princess.

MAY.

MAY formerly was sacred to Apollo:
The ancients little thought of what would follow,—
That MAY—descending to the lowest deeps—
Should e'er by fate become the fête of sweeps!

1st. A molar tooth extracted from a person during mesmeric sleep. He retained his unconsciousness in spite of his teeth.

16th. The Greenwich peerage became extinct by the giving way of the stone structure. The slates on the roof remained firm to the last, and behaved like bricks.

25th. Sir Valentine Blake moved for leave to bring in a Bill to restore the Irish Parliament. The motion not being seconded, he took leave of his own accord, and withdrew.

JUNE.

Juno and JUNE so nearly are the same,
One from the other must have got its name.
The sign is Cancer, "crab:" and all admit
That Juno's crabbed temper it would fit.

19th. The judges replied to the questions of the House of Lords on mono-

mania, to the effect that partial insanity does not affect legal responsibility; which settled the question whether Lord Brougham could be considered legally responsible to the Birds, supposing they had brought an action against him.

30th. The Bill for the "Mutual Surrender of Criminals" read a second time in the House of Lords, but no allusion was made to the question, whether the English dramatists would be liable to be given up—as arrant thieves—to the French authorities.

JULY.

This month *Quintilis*, or "the fifth," was reckoned,
Till Julius Cæsar gave a first and second:
From which arrangement it at once appears
That Julius Cæsar has prolonged our years.

15th. Father Mathew arrived at Liverpool, and the tide rose unusually high, the water obtaining an extraordinary state of elevation.

23rd. O'Connell holds a repeal meeting at Tuam, and his exhortations on the subject of rent prove that he understands the interest of *meum* as well as that of *tuum*.

AUGUST.

Augustus Cæsar, seized by love of fame,
Gave to this seasonable month his name.
To Ceres it was dedicated: ergo,
Its sign zodiacal, of course, was Virgo.

28th. The Queen and Prince Albert embark on a marine excursion, and the sea puts on the worst[illegible]thest face possible.

31st. The Agricultural Improvement Society meet at Belfast. Several members exhibited much ground for improvement.

SEPTEMBER.

From *septem* "seven," and from *himber*, "shower."
Because SEPTEMBER pours with all its power,
The month derives its title, it is plain,
From the small fact that rain began its reign.

2nd. The Queen arrives at Tréport, and the King of Hanover leaves England. These auspicious events are hailed with much rejoicing.

5th. The Antarctic expedition arrives at Deal, having been four years abroad. Captain Ross had ascertained the fact that there is but one magnetic pole in the southern hemisphere—a result that was arrived at by applying an ordinary darning needle to the pole, which turned out not to be magnetic.

21st. Mr. O'Connor, of Inch, proposed that the repealers should pay rent no longer; but the policy of this not being a-pa-rent, the motion was negatived.

OCTOBER.

OCTOBER has its name from *octo*, "eight,"
Though 'tis the tenth p'rhaps 'tis as well to state.
Such sixes and such sevens the months were knocked to,
That ten became translated into *octo*.

4th. News arrived of the loss of the overland mail, and the persons expecting their correspondence left in a state of unlettered ignorance.

25th. Nomination of candidates for the City. Mr. Baring put up with Mr. Pattison; but the electors refusing to put up with Mr. Baring, put him down in Mr. Pattison's favour.

NOVEMBER.

Our Saxon fathers, be it understood,
Used in this month to kill and salt their food.
The modern practice is the other way,
Namely, to eat it all on Lord Mayor's Day.

9th. Alderman Magnay elected Mayor. *Magna est veritas.* Wood if he could.

DECEMBER.

This month, at last, time's annual circle fills,
But empties pockets with its Christmas bills!
The prickly holly every place adorns,
Showing that Christmas pleasures have their thorns.

THE OMNIBUS CONDUCTORS' LAMENT.

Such meddling sure was never known,
We wish we could be left alone;
Why could they not contented rest
With placing badges on our breast?
There's none that could with patience wear
His heart upon his sleeve to wear·
But we are taken by the throats,
Made to unbosom on our coats;
And the conductors' badge must be
The badge of shameful slavery.
But now another act they've passed,
More cruel even than the last;
It says we shall not dare to race
But only go a certain pace.
Oh! have we not been always taught
That racing is a noble sport?
Unless with energy we drive,
Our horses can't be kept alive.
But Parliament goes on to say
We shall not loiter on the way
'Twixt one and t'other can we know
The rate at which we ought to go?
'Tis hard to say, 'twixt this and that
What Parliament is driving at.
And then—'tis quite beyond a joke,
We're even not allowed to smoke;
What right has Parliament to say
That fashion's laws we shan't obey?
They'll tell us next, 'tis like enough,
They will not have us up to snuff;
'Tis most unjust to treat us thus,
And be so busy with each bus!

THE

COMIC ALMANACK

FOR 1845.

A SHORT TREATISE ON TIDES.

The tides have baffled the ingenuity of some of our greatest philosophers, though Halley was more successful than any one else in his attempts to get to the bottom of them.

If we were disposed to go deeply into the tides, we should require the reader to follow us through a variety of mysterious hieroglyphics, which we are sure would be unintelligible to the majority. Dashes, crosses, circles, and triangles would be scattered over the perplexing page in profusion, while the only result might be, that as 0 is to a hyphen, so would be a couple of asterisks.

We, therefore, prefer leaving the study of the tides to those whose taste for the subject would lead them to a practical acquaintance with it, which may be picked up anywhere up or down the river.

THE ECLIPSES FOR 1845.

On the 6th of May there will be an eclipse of the sun; but whose son it is to be the almanack does not mention.

On the 24th of March there will be a total eclipse of the moon, only visible in London. A rabid leader will appear in the "*Nationale*," and the feelings of the editor will quite run away with him, on account of Paris being eclipsed on this occasion by *le perfide* London.

On the 30th of October there will be a total eclipse of the Horse Guards' illuminated clock by a tremendous fog. This eclipse is expected to give such satisfaction, that it has already been announced for repetition on the following evening; but after the 31st the fog will be dropt.

On the 13th of November there will be a partial eclipse of the sun —that is to say, the eclipse will show its partiality by being only visible to those in a high station, who look up to it. It will first show itself to Primrose Hill about four seconds after eight, A.M. It will look in upon Professor Airy at the Greenwich Observatory about five minutes after nine.

There will be a number of eclipses in the political world next year; but we do not intend to throw any light upon them. No doubt Lord John Russell will do his best to eclipse Sir Robert Peel, and that eccentric planet, Brougham, will strive as much as he can to eclipse Campbell, and throw him completely into the shade.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

"TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL."

Hail to the Twelfth-Night King! whose reign
Is short, but truly merry;
His ministers are cake, champagne,
Hot negus, port, and sherry.

His subjects are the young and gay,
Who their allegiance own;
Over the drawing-room is his sway—
An easy-chair his throne.

It once was very truly said,
By poet of renown;
Somewhat uneasy is the head
That's doomed to wear a crown.

The Twelfth-Night King is free from care,
No crown his ease can balk;
'Tis much too small for him to wear—
That little crown of chalk.

No cares of state before him rise,
No treaties, but a treat;
Sugar in every shape and guise,
Gives sweets unto his *suite*.

Hostilities he need not dread,
Like some in regal stations;
A Twelfth-Night King is at the head
Of friendliest relations.

FACTS THAT DO NOT COME WITHIN THE RECOLLECTION OF THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

The invasion of England by the Prince de Joinville.
The liberty of the French press.
A ministry of one year's duration in Spain.
The presentation of the accounts of St. Stephen's, Walbrook.
A good engraving from the Art-Union.
A fine day in Glasgow.

HOROSCOPES MADE EASY TO THE MEANEST CAPACITY

Of course every one knows that horoscopes are divisible into twelve classes, and that one of the twelve Signs of the Zodiac is at the head of each class. With this information any one with the aid of the following learned treatise will be able to cast his own nativity or that of any other person.

The first sign of the Zodiac is

LIBRA,

Which formerly belonged to a person of the name of Themis, but was taken from her for using false weights, and hung up, as a warning to tradesmen, among the constellations. Who at present holds them Lemprière omits to say. The Libra are uppermost in the Zodiac from the 22nd of September to the 21st of October; consequently, any one born during that period is put into the scales and weighed accordingly. Churchwardens who cannot balance their accounts, and Ramo Samees who can balance anything, are generally born under the sign of Libra. It favours also young ladies who hear from Joseph Ady, and are blest with a large balance at their bankers.

The second on the list is

SCORPIO,

Whose malice and sting come into play from the last-mentioned date, and penetrate everywhere up to the 21st November.

Sheriffs' officers, lawyers, stage-door keepers, and anthropophagi, are always born under this constellation.

SAGITTARIUS

Comes next. Old Chiron, the Nimrod of his day, dwells at this Sign of the Zodiac. He was put in possession of it by Jupiter for having taught Achilles how to pull the long-bow. He favours Derby sweeps and the Epping Hunt, but his patronage cannot be of much value to the latter, as his influence is only good from the 22nd of November to the 21st of December.

The *protégé* of Sagittarius is generally fond of hunting the slipper and shooting the moon. He is known by his carpet bag, stuffed with bricks and straw. He sports a moustache, but never shows any tip.

The fourth sign is

CAPRICORNUS,

Who was originally Jupiter's wet-nurse. His lease of the Zodiac extends to the 21st of January, after which he is obliged to pull in his horns.

This constellation is noted for the number of stupid people who are born under it. They believe everything they see advertised, and put their trust in pills and Moses and Son. They are mostly called "Gents." They spend their money in Coal-holes, and smoke a kind of cabbage called "cheroot."

FLYING ARTILLERY.

They abound at promenade concerts, and on the tops of omnibuses and paddle-boxes on Sundays.

Capricornus, when he has finished going the Circuit of the Zodiac, is succeeded by

AQUARIUS,

Or the Watering-pot. Aquarius is only allowed to *reign* till the 21st of February. The former name of this Sign was Ganymede, who was taken up for sheep-stealing by an eagle, who was noted for being the first beak of his day. He was carried before Jupiter, who condemned him to pour out the nectar at a free-and-easy, of which he was chairman, in Olympus; but upon being detected mixing the grog of the gods, who always took their liquor neat, Ganymede was, in consequence of his foolish propensity to cold water, sentenced to take the *sobriquet* of Aquarius, which, before the Flood, was the Latin for Father Mathew.

Aquarius is the patron Sign of Vauxhall, which he makes his residence during the summer months. Temperance and Teetotal people are born under his benignant favour. Doctors, too, are his children owing to their liberal use of *aqua pompaginis*. One half of the London milk is supplied to the metropolis by Aquarius.

PISCES

Makes up the half-dozen of the constellations. Fish in the Zodiac, it seems, comes into season about the 22nd of February, but will not keep after the 22nd of March. Very little is known about the private history of these strange Pisces; they are supposed to have been a couple of John Dorys, who, Neptune having advertised in "*Lloyd's List*" for a wife, introduced Amphitrite, a Wapping lady, to share his oyster-bed with him. Neptune in return, gave the Pisces the entire swim of the Zodiac, where, if Aquarius did not brandish his watering-pot right and left about him for a month before them, they would have nothing but currents of air and thorough drafts to swim in. This would have made them feel very much like fishes out of water. The Pisces look after picnics and ministerial white-bait dinners.

ARIES

Makes his triumphal entry into the circus of the Zodiac on the 20th of March, and keeps on the move till the 21st of April. He was the original proprietor of the Golden Fleece, but having, from his hasty temper, got into Chancery, he was fleeced, and then locked up for life in the Zodiac. He encourages the breed of April fools, and looks after Chancellors and lawyers that they may have abundance of clients.

TAURUS

Is the prototype of John Bull, who crossed the British Channel with a pair of corks, and, landing at Calais, carried off Europe, or Europa. Young France has often attempted to take this bull by the horns; but, as Old Moore quaintly

expresses it, "Ye puppyes aint yett buorn thatt can baitte ye Johnn Bull." Taurus looks after the Spanish Legion and the Lumber Troop, and gives them their indomitable valour. Sir Robert Peel was born under this constellation, which accounts for his having offered his constituents at Tamworth a Bull. Taurus superintends the bulls that are kept in the Vatican at Rome; and all Irishmen who are born between the 22nd of April and 21st of May, are under his influence. Taurus frequently shows himself at fairs and market-days, when, if the weather is at all hot, he will toss any one for a cool hundred at heads or tails.

GEMINI

Are nine, though properly only two, in the order of Signs. Castor and Pollux are the twins alluded to. Their berth in the constellations they received from Jupiter, and very naturally too, as he was their father. Their mother was Leda, a regular Spartan, but no relation to the present member for Westminster. The saying of "What a shocking bad hat!" was first applied to Castor. Beggarwomen, who exhibit two children on a door step, very unlike one another, are relieved under the lucky star of the Twins. Castor and Pollux go on very well till the 21st of June, when, as it is longest day in the year, they generally get tired of one another's company, and do not come together again for a twelvemonth.

CANCER

Is a very bad Sign, indeed. It first attacked Hercules when he was attempting to come Van Amburgh over the Hydra. Hercules did not take the Cancer very much to heart, however; but, with one blow, packed him off to Heaven, where, there being a place vacant at the time in the Zodiac, the Cancer was sworn into it, and has filled it very creditably ever since. Cancer sometimes puts the seasons out of order, by thinking he is a crab, and walking accordingly, which is always the case when the summer is a little *backward*.

LEO

Is the next that comes upon the *tapis* of the Zodiac. It is the same Leo whom Hercules got over in the forest of Ardennes, by means of animal magnetism, having thrown him into a state of *coma*, with a few passes of his club. This made the second candidate Hercules returned to the Zodiac Parliament. England (not the Young—but the Old) was born under the protection of the Lion, who, for this reason, is always called by orators the "British Lion," and painted on signboards, giving his paw to the British arms, in friendly confab with the British Unicorn. Mr. Carter, the greatest Lion tamer since Hercules, was born during this month; and young dandies and authors, who patronize tea-parties, are called "Lions."

VIRGO

Comes last. She rises every year on the 22nd of August, and goes to bed, in her golden palace of the East, on the 21st of September.

ODE TO LOVE.

WRITTEN ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Oh, Love! how potent is thy sway;
Thou'rt terrible indeed to most men!
But once a year there comes a day,
When thou tormentest chiefly postmen.

Oh, hard indeed the lot must be,
Of him who wears thy galling fetters!
But e'en more miserable he
Who must go round with all thy letters!

When at the door our vision greets
The postman, as he knocking stands;
The hearts of half-a-dozen streets,
Perchance he carries in his hands.

It seems a profanation quite,
That all the sentimental touches
Which lovers hit on when they write,
Should be within a postman's clutches.

Must the affections of the heart,
To trade with which no lover fancies,
Be then degraded to a part
Of England's national finances?

Must all that love has fondly said,
Freely, with no reserve to cramp it,
Require a little square Queen's head
To give it currency and stamp it?

Must sentiment extremely fine
Be down the area rudely cast;
The postman bawling, "Valentine!"
While in the act of going past?

But love will lay the highest low,
Make some, despairing, seek the river
To drown themselves; while many a beau
At sight of Cupid's dart will quiver.

SENTIMENTS FOR THE STAGE.

FOR A BRITISH TAR.

The lubber who would strike a lovely woman in distress is unworthy of the name of T. P. Cooke.

FOR A PRIMA DONNA.

Ah, Ferdinand! when treading the field of battle, when reaping laurels for thy noble brow; when in the hour of triumph or of revelry, thou art far from her who loves thee, still thou wilt think of Carolina, and madly recollect, "She wore a wreath of roses." *Sings*—

"She wore a wreath of roses."

FOR LORD COLLINGWOOD AT ASTLEY'S.

Go, tell Admiral Tomkins to spare no time in bringing the enemy's ships to surrender! Go, tell Ensign Sir Hildebrand Smith instantly to board the 90-gun frigate; and let the memorable words of our noble admiral ring with electric shouts through the entire British fleet, that "England expects every man this day will do his duty."

FOR A HEROINE OF DOMESTIC DRAMA.

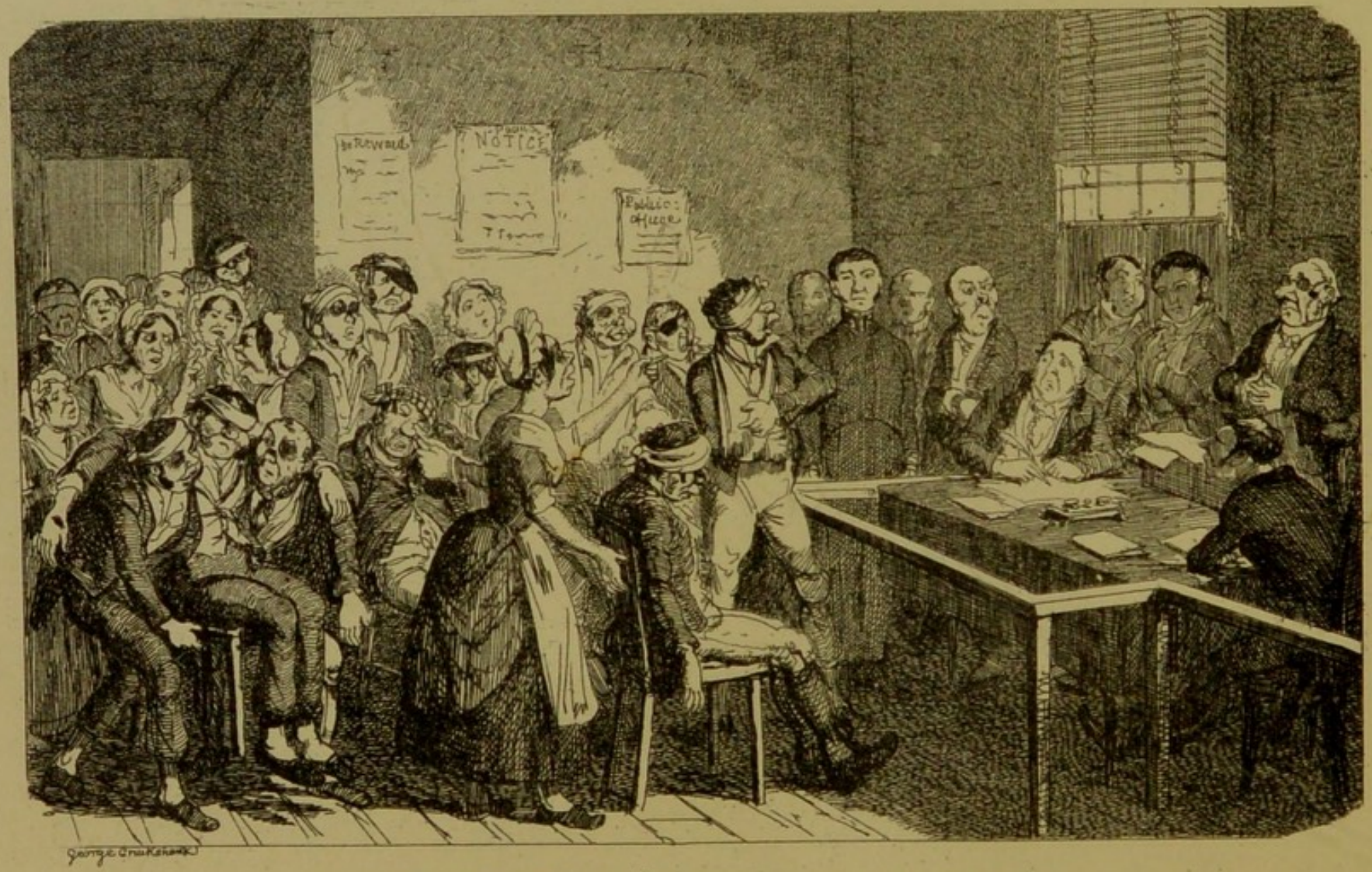
Take thy gold, base lord, and know that the heart which truly loves, though beating in the humble breast of a housemaid, would sooner die on the rack of the Inquisition first, than wear the velvet robe of infamy. From my heart I spurn you.—[*Throws purse at his feet.*]

FOR A GENEROUS BROKER.

Come dry up your tears, Missus; and as long as I have a crust, or a roof, in the house, you are welcome to share it with me—for the man who is not affected when a lovely woman cries is a heartless wretch, who deserves to walk through life branded with infamy.

FOR A CONSCIENCE-STRICKEN STEWARD.

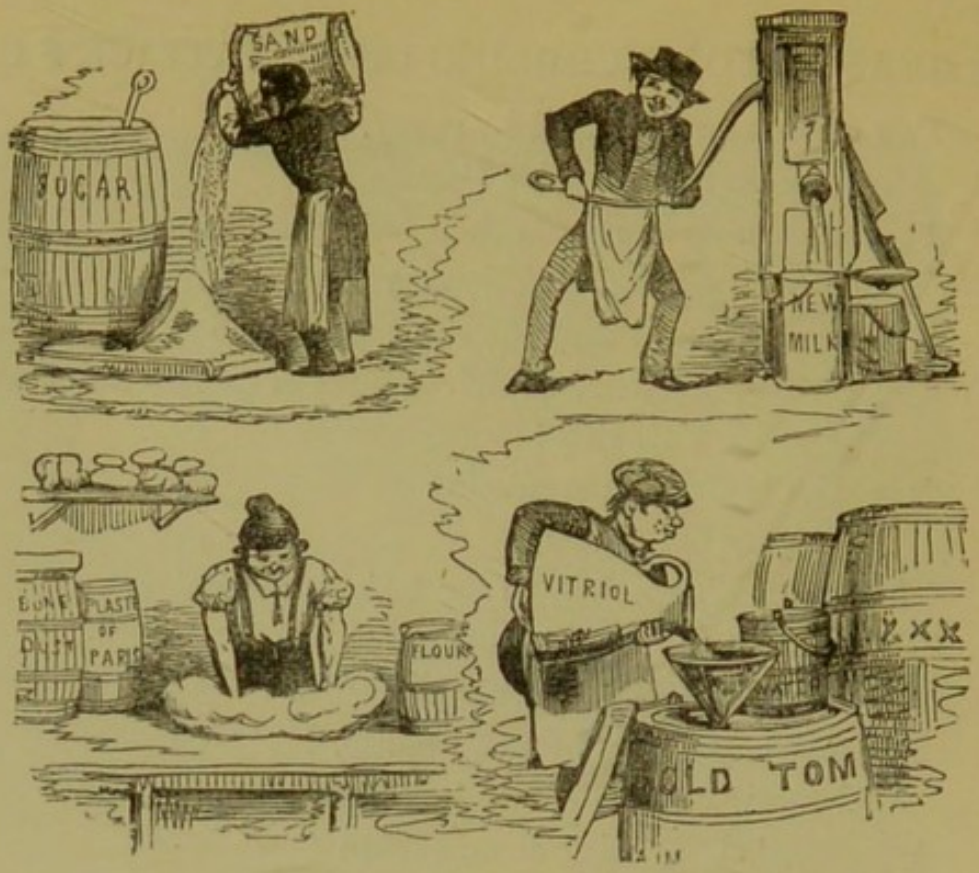
Ah! that picture. It reminds me of a long-lost daughter. In moments of darkness it has smiled upon me, and seemed to say, "True happiness is in our own minds. It is not purchased by riches, or dependent on fraud. It is only acquired by virtue, but shrinks abashed from vice." Ah! the picture smiles again! The eyes beam on me—the nostrils dilate—the mouth speaks—everything counsels me to be good. Yes! I *will* return my ill-begotten wealth, and henceforth strive to become that noblest work of Nature, an honest man.—[*Falls down before the picture and weeps.*]



THE DAY AFTER – "St. Patrick's Day in the morning."

THE REASON FOR FUDDLING ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

I've often heard it asked by many,
Why on St. Patrick's Day
Poor Paddies will expend their only penny,
Moistening their thirsty clay:
There is no record that the saint was given
To that strong "dew," which smacks of earth—not heaven.
Yet, stop!
'Tis said, in a profane effusion
Of some old villain,
That Patrick's mother, to the Saint's confusion,
Kept in Inniskillin
A sheebeen shop;
But this I honestly believe's abuse,
Invented by some faithless boozing sinner,
Who wanted anything as an excuse
To take his fourteenth tumbler after dinner.
The saint I'm certain was a saint devout,
Drinking the purling stream quite "cold without;"
In fact he'd taken the teetotal pledge:
For what cared he for whisky, port, or sherries,
Who ate his hunk of bacon 'neath a hedge,
From which he plucked a poor dessert of berries?
Because
Red hips and haws
Are not like filberts, and their attendant salt,
Those strong provocatives to make men "malt."
The only cause that I could e'er discover,
Why on the anniversary of St. Pat.
Your true Milesian will get half-seas-over
(And sometimes more than that),
Is—and the reason 's simpler than you think it—
Whilst any man,
Like Kinahan,
Brews L L whisky—somebody must drink it.



LONDON IMPROVEMENTS.

IMPROVEMENT, hail! Thy busy hand
To court or alley gives no quarter;
Against thee nothing now can stand:
Thou art too strong for bricks and mortar.

Before the parapets and tiles,
Houses and streets promiscuous fall;
Thou hast so altered old St. Giles,
Few now would know him, by St. Paul.

The gallant captains, Parry, Ross,
Each made the trial once or twice,
To take a desperate cut across
Some awful blocks of thick-ribbed ice.

"No thoroughfare," did nature cry,
So Ross and Parry homewards flew:
London Improvement doth defy
Each *cul de sac*, and cuts it through.

At parlour, factory, or shop,
At public entrance, private door,
Or window e'en, it does not stop,
But rudely pushes more and more.

Improvement, too, performs a task,
Worthy a scientific hand;
Turns sand into the sugar cask,
Thus into sugar turning sand

OPENING OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

Days have been often big with fate,
But ne'er was day so big of yore,
As the October twenty-eight,
In eighteen hundred forty-four.
That day will memorable be,
When taken in by history's range;
For on it thousands went to see
Victoria open the Exchange.
Serene was the morning,
And plenty of gravel
Was spread on the road
Which the Queen had to travel.
Busy policemen far and wide
Were spread upon the pavement's side;
Who oft the truncheon bravely drew
'Gainst those who would the line break through.
At length her Majesty appears,
Amid enthusiastic cheers;
There's not a gossamer or beaver
But what is waving to receive her.
Her dress was satin rich and rare,
A silver tissue, neat but splendid,—
The sleeves were short; and from the hair
Two matchless brilliants were suspended.
A riband o'er her shoulder hung,
Of costly jewels was the border;
To which with graceful ease was slung
The star that marks the Garter's Order.
Prince Albert, at her side, was dressed
In uniform without a crease,
While carelessly across his breast
Was thrown the Order of the Fleece
Chamberlain, Master of the Horse,
Were present, as a matter of course.
Assist me, Muses, while I throw
The whole procession into verse:
For metre hath an easy flow,
And poetry is always terse.
Lifeguards sent on before to clear the ways,
First carriage drawn by half a dozen bays,
Containing Usher of the Sword of State,
The Exon of the Yeomen of the Guard,
Usher of Privy Chamber, Page to wait,
Each thought himself, no doubt, a wondrous "card."

Carriage the second, drawn by bays as well,
With Lord and Groom in Waiting on the Prince,
And Silver Stick,—such an alarming swell,
He's spoken scarce to anybody since.
Third carriage, drawn by bays again,
Which did a splendid load contain:
The Treasurer of the Household he was one;
Was it supposed any might dare to dun?
'Tis prudent of her Majesty, though funny,
Always to go about well stocked with money.
Fourth carriage—bays again—had for its freight
Four of the minor officers of State.
In carriage five—drawn by bays also, six,
There sits at ease the costliest of sticks—
Gold Stick, of course, is meant; and Norfolk's earl
Sits opposite a very pretty girl,—
A Maid of Honour; while on t' other side
A Woman of the Bedchamber doth ride.
Carriage the sixth is drawn along
By six black horses large and strong;
That carriage ample seats affords
Unto two ladies and two lords.
Now follow Yeomen of the Guard,
Now Footmen, four and four;
Now the state coach, with Grooms right hard
Against the wheels and door—
In fact, there is, without a joke,
A footman placed at every spoke.
Within the coach a form is seen;
It is Her Majesty the Queen!
Who seems extremely puzzled how
To keep upon the constant bow.
Prince Albert vainly at her side
Attempts the labour to divide;
He shows that he is nothing loth
To make obeisances for both.
But no! the people wish the two
To join in a grand bow *de deux*.
And thus Her Majesty the Queen,
Like to a Chinese mandarin,
Is forced to keep her head in action
Throughout the entire city's range:
Great must have been her satisfaction
To find some prospect of a 'Change!

LADY DAY – Old & New Style.

ODE TO FASHION.

Oh, Fashion! it were vain, indeed,
To try your wondrous flights to follow;
Onward at such a pace you speed,
Beating the *Belle Assemblée* hollow.

One moment hovering on our coats,
To change the cutting of the skirts;
Then with rude grasp you seize our throats,
Altering the collars of our shirts.

Now trimming up with ribands gay,
And flowers as well, a lady's bonnet;
Then with rude hand tearing away
Each bit of finery upon it.

Shrouding one day the arm from sight,
In sleeve so large that six might share it,
And making it next month so tight
'Tis scarcely possible to bear it.

Upon a lady's dress, again,
With arbitrary hand it pounces;
Making it one day meanly plain,
Then idly loading it with flounces.

But one of Fashion's worst attacks,
By which mankind she most ill-uses,
Has been in dooming us to sacks,
From Taglionis down to blouses.

I'd rather wear the shaggy coat,
That hangs upon the heedless heifer,
Than what I've seen at door-posts float,
As a "Gent's Fashionable Zephyr."

Then, fickle Fashion, fare thee well,
To follow thee I'll not endeavour;
The fabled frog should warn the swell,
My motto is—"highlows for ever."

SUPERIOR CRAFT—IN DOCK AND OUT OF DOCK.

NOTE ON THE NAVAL FORCES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

BY A FRENCH ADMIRAL.

This note is avowedly designed as a companion to the pamphlet of the Prince de Joinville, which was intended to show how easily England might be taken by the French; but omitted to say how the matter might have been taken by the English. The note is written with the same exactitude as to facts, the same knowledge of the subject, and the same spirit of candour by which all recent French works on England have been distinguished. We give an abridgement of the note, which, in its original state, is extremely full, and at the same time particularly empty.

"In looking at the state of the English marine, I turned my attention to the *depôts* for marine stores, which of course comprise the whole of the naval resources of perfidious Albion. To judge of the British marine from the state of the marine stores, nothing can be more contemptible than the former, because nothing can be more insignificant than the latter. I asked one of the marine-store dealers how he would provision a man-of-war with beef for a long voyage, and he had nothing to show me but a quantity of beef bones, which he valued at five pounds for twopence. The English sailors, it is well known, cannot fight unless they are maddened with grog; and I looked over the marine-store dealer's establish-

ment for the exciting liquid. I looked in vain; for he had only an enormous quantity of empty bottles, some of which he told me he had that day been purchasing. I must do the English the justice to say that they provide well for the dressing of the wounds of their sailors, for the marine stores include vast heaps of linen rags, some of which I observed were brought from persons casually coming into the *depôt* to dispose of them.

"Being desirous of avoiding any feeling of partiality or prejudice, I determined not to be satisfied with a mere examination of the stores, which must constitute the true strength of a nation's marine; and I resolved to see her vessels afloat on the Thames, for which purpose I made for the river. I made directly for Hungerford, one of her richest ports, and found a considerable fleet of steamers, several of which were manned, and at work, so that I could well judge of their capabilities. They seemed for the most part well officered, but there appeared a want of enthusiasm among the men; and a great deal of quarrelling went on among the various captains, which proves that the British navy is not in that state of union which the English flag—the *Jean d'Amitie*, or Union Jack—is emblematical of.

"Determined to give a fair trial to the merits of the British marine, I asked of the perfidious Britons themselves which was the best boat, and each began vociferating loudly the praises of the vessels before me, on the deck of one of which, *L'Homme pas marrie* (the *Bachelor*), I soon found myself. She had no guns with her, and when I asked the captain where they were, he laughed in my face, knowing, of course that the French Cabinet would submit to any humiliation rather than undertake a war with his, the captain of the *Bachelor's*, Government. At Chelsea, which is to London what Havre is to us, there was a flotilla of two vessels, and there was a great deal of small craft lying about, which as I passed appeared to assume an insolent attitude. On leaving the vessel I was made to produce a portion of the ship's papers, which I had been made to hold in my possession, and pay fourpence for before I was permitted even to embark on board the vessel. If England still avoids a war it is not the superiority of her craft, which is wretched enough, but it is something more than her craft—it is her astounding cunning."

QUARTER DAY.

(Communicated by the late Capt. Herbert Reginald De Courcy.)

In some remote parts of England there exists an absurd notion, that tenants are bound by some obsolete law to pay rent four times a year. As I always entertained very opposite opinions on matters of Dr. and Cr. to the mercantile portion of my fellow-creatures (having entered the army at the early age of sixteen), I was pre-

paring on the 25th of June, 18—, to avail myself of the loveliest moonlight night that I ever witnessed, to transport the few valuables that several years of half-pay had left me, when I was presented with a short note from the sheriff of Middlesex, in which the worthy functionary expressed a strong desire to avail himself of any trifles I might possess to the amount of 48*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

This circumstance so utterly disgusted me with the world that I determined to put an end to my existence, and having communicated my intention to my wife, she not only concurred in the policy of my determination, but expressed her willingness to assist me in its perpetration. It was to the hands of that once-excellent woman that I owe as respectable a death as ever terminated the chequered life of a captain of Foot, for on the 18th of July, 18—, the following announcement appeared in the *Times* newspaper, under the head of "Deaths:"—

"On the 16th ult., of decline, Captain Herbert Reginald de Courcy, of the —— Regiment of Foot. His loss will not be easily supplied in the *corps*, of which he was a distinguished and respected member. He served a considerable time at Birmingham, where he was quartered for eight months."

The next day I laid aside my wig, shaved off my moustachios, and removed a false front tooth, which I had worn since infancy, and the metamorphosis was so complete, that having one day imprudently ventured into the park, a tailor, to whom I was indebted a considerable sum, actually inquired of me the way to the Colosseum.

Mrs. Captain de Courcy shortly after obtained her pension as an officer's widow, and for some years I enjoyed my ghosthood without a single unpleasant interruption; but

> "This world is but a fleeting show,
> For man's delusion given;
> There's nothing certain here below"

but death and quarter-day. About a month ago I discovered that Mrs. Captain De Courcy had presumed upon my decease, and actually considered herself in a state of widowhood, for ever since she has admitted to her table a very uncomfortably good-looking fellow, of the name of Briggs. What can I do? She defies me to interfere. *I* am only her cousin from Yorkshire. Should I say a word, the authorities at the War Office might object that I was "returned killed" by a decline, and possibly be mercenary enough to deprive me of my hard-earned pension. Again, I say, what am I to do? As an officer and a gentleman, I ought to resent the injury. I will —I swear it, come what may—I will throw off the mask. I will kick Briggs, and uphold the honour of my profession, but not till this day has passed, for this (I blush while I write it), this is quarter-day, and I can't afford it.

THE SPRING QUARTER.

SPRING: AFTER THOMSON.

A POEM on Spring I could indite,
Through a whole canto I could run it;
But then I feel 'tis useless quite,
For Thomson has already done it.
He's worked the subject through and through,
Looked at it under all its phases;
Yes, he's drained dry the very dew,
And threadbare he has worn the daisies.

Each little flower he's made his own,
Not one to future bards resigning;
From buttercup, that stands alone,
To jasmine round a door-post twining.
To try on such a theme to sing
Were only labour lost indeed;
So well has Thomson touched the Spring,
Succeeding poets can't succeed.

Shall I describe the tender bean,
Turning its head with caution round,
As if half-fearful to be seen
Bursting so early from the ground?
Or shall I sing the parsley mild,
Nipped by the cold autumnal frost;
Like a well-meaning forward child,
In its advances sternly crossed?

No! let me inspiration seek
Where villagers, in cheerful clump,
With health bedecking ev'ry cheek,
Are clustering round the local pump.
That pump which, e'en as memory's tear
Gives freshness to a heart that's saddish,
By pouring out its liquid clear,
Revives once more the drooping radish.

Or shall I sing that nice spring-van,
By pleasure-parties often sought,
When they're in treaty with a man
To drive them down to Hampton Court?
To-day a cargo of the fair,
To-morrow moving goods its duty;
That van must its allegiance share
'Twixt furniture and female beauty.

THE BLIGHTED ASH.

A STORY OF A SEARED BOSOM.

It was May! the merry month of May, and bees from flower to flower did melodiously hum, when a traveller, wrapped in an old weather-stricken Macintosh, wound down the little hill that enters the little village of Somerton. The old clock had just struck the hour of sunset, and the lark retired to his nest; the screech-owl was beginning to tune his voice for his nocturnal screeching; while the bat, wrapped in contemplation, kept his keen eye steadily fixed on the setting sun, which had begun to gild the highest peak of the distant mountains. Alas! it is ever thus: man in his haughty pride, like the mountain holding its head high above those by which it is surrounded, only acknowledges the smile when it is too late to take advantage of the warmth; or, to use a more homely illustration, we cherish the ray, though we may have neglected the meridian.

By this time the stranger had reached the bottom of the hill, and in a few minutes he was seated before a foaming tankard of ginger-beer, and a generous plate of captain's biscuits, in the parlour of the little hostelry of Somerton. The host of the "Blighted Ash"—such was the name of the hostelry—was a man a little above the middle stature, with firmly-knit knees, a pair of shoulders slightly rounded, a forehead bronzed by repeated exposure to an autumn sun, a capacious chest, and an upper lip with that peculiar curl which is the sure sign of native aristocracy. The traveller eyed him with searching interest, and the landlord returned glance for glance, as he replenished the invigorating pot, at the desire of his customer. At length the latter invited the former to partake of his cheer, and the stranger having pushed the captain's biscuits towards the host of the "Blighted Ash," both of them fell into a profound silence, which was only disturbed by the ticking of the clock, or the loud laugh of revelry in another room in the hostelry.

Nearly an hour had elapsed, when the stranger, drawing his chair close to that of his companion, looked steadily in his face, and throwing off a flaxen wig, discovered a natural head of hair, in which Rowland seemed to have combined with Oldridge, for the hair displayed all the gloss of the Macassar, added to all the vigour of the Balm of Columbia. It was but the work of an instant; and in another moment the stranger was locked in the arms of the inn-keeper, while the latter murmured out "My son!" and the former shrieked—"My father!"

* * * * *

Both of them, a few days afterwards, left the "Blighted Ash," never to return; and many a legend did the village gossips relate, of how the landlord of the "Blighted Ash" at last found a balm for his seared bosom.

GOING TO ST PAUL'S.

GOING TO ST. PAUL'S.

Oh! 'tis a glorious sight to see
Those rosy little chaps,
Decked by the hand of charity,
In graceful muffin caps.

Yet wherefore place their calves so small
In unbecoming leathers,
Exposing their slight legs to all
Varieties of weathers?

When looking at those slender legs,
We feel a thousand pangs,
To think how fragile are the pegs
On which existence hangs.

Sure one must have a heart of stone
Those urchins to abandon!
How little—were they left alone—
They'd have, alas! to stand on.

The very cap they're doomed to wear,
Has cruel mockery in it;
Type of a luxury so rare
They ne'er can hope to win it.

'Twas mockery on those heads which placed
The emblem of the muffin;
A treat they can't expect to taste—
Those boys all born to nuffin.

Not Tantalus, who strove in vain
To grasp the luscious berry
(His fate suggested, 'tis quite plain,
The pastime of bob-cherry);

Not Tantalus was doomed to bear
More than those luckless chaps,
Who, muffinless, must ever wear
Those tempting muffin caps.

A PANIC AT THE BANK.

It was the 11th of November. It had been raining since three o'clock. A thick fog enveloped London. Horses smoked, as if in a terrible passion with the weather; and omnibuses rolled along, breaking for once their daily custom of stopping at every lamp-post on the way. I had a secret presentiment something strange would happen.

St. Paul's struck one—two—three—four o'clock. I counted them distinctly, one by one. They sounded like a death-knell. A dead silence ensued, invaded only by the cries of "Cl'pam!" "M'l'end!" that broke forth in fitful shouts from contending cads. I did not feel well. I was leaning against a lamp-post at the corner of the Bank—wet to the skin. My mind was very uneasy. I had that day accepted a bill. I was vowing within myself never to accept another, when a sudden noise—a fearful rush—recalled me to my senses. I looked around, and saw a large stream of human beings pouring, in fearful force, from the principal door of the Bank. Man seemed leagued in enmity against man—clerk looked on fellow-clerk with the lowering eyes of a malignant fiend. Their looks alarmed me. Not a policeman was in sight! What should I do? Was the Bank on fire? I had no money there, still there are moments when we can feel for others. It was like a human river broken from its bank, carrying ruin and terror wherever it went. Could it be a panic? I recollected my Julia had 500*l.* standing there in the suitable name of Smith. I dashed the drops of perspiration from my fevered brow. I endeavoured to recollect myself. It was but one effort. I determined, let it cost me what it would, to follow them to the end.

There were full two hundred beings. They formed one unbroken, moving mass. They were running, as if with one will, frantically together. Their speed was unnatural. The rain only made them run the faster. Not an umbrella had they amongst them. At last they reached the corner. The clerks behind ran as if for their very lives. I was alarmed, and ran after them, the agent of some mysterious fear. I lost sight of them for a moment. Again I saw them—and, oh! what a scene presented itself to me! A band of at least two hundred desperate clerks were struggling, fighting madly, to get admission all into one omnibus. Their screams were dreadful. One fat cashier was lying, dead or wounded, under the door-step, bathed in mud. Another was shouting in agony, at the door, unable

to work his way out or in. Twenty or thirty clerks were climbing, to the imminent peril of their lives, on to the roof. At the same time a severe engagement was taking place amongst a determined dozen on the box, to decide by brutal force who should remain master of the one seat. In the algebraical fraction of a minute every place was invaded, and the omnibus rolled away before me, like some frightful dream. How many lives were lost I cannot tell. The subject was too painful to inquire into. I felt a degree of pity for the pettiness of human nature, and had a strong glass of brandy-and-water.

Never, as long as I live, shall I forget the 11th of November!

[This phenomenon, we have been told, is not so strange as it may appear. Let the curious reader only be present at the Bank, on the first *rainy* day, when the clock strikes four, and he will infallibly—should there be only one omnibus in waiting—witness the same desperate struggle for places as occurred to our German-minded correspondent on the memorable 11th. It is a very amusing sport, we have been told, to be a spectator (under an umbrella) of this animated clerk-race.]

LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

BY THE LATE DANIEL LAMBERT.

Ellen, I will not praise thine eyes,
Nor laud the beauties of thy cheek;
For I have grown into a size,
That ladies titter when I speak
Of love! and vow they'll ne'er be won
By suitors weighing half a ton.

I will not sing of every spell
That decks thy form—thou'rt not for me;
For I've a voice that doth excel
A school-boy blowing in a key:
And lovely lips have o'er and o'er
Declared my singing quite a bore.

But let me breathe this fervent prayer,
That when to him thou hold'st most dear
Thou yield'st thine hand, oh! make him swear
To shun the wiles of bottled beer;
And, should he pause, then point me out,
And say—"Behold, that's horrid stout!"

FINE ART DISTRIBUTION.

I've got a ticket, goodness, what a saving!
A guinea for a very fine engraving.
Ten shillings is its value—some say five;
But what of that? the Fine Arts ought to thrive:
And if its real worth were but a shilling,
To patronize the arts all must be willing.
But of their eagerness, the best solution
Is the most gratifying fact,
That to the plate a chance is tacked
In some most promising Fine Art distribution.
How anxious all must feel,
At every circuit of the wheel,
When the reflection doth arise,
That one in several thousands gains a prize;
That prize a picture worth one hundred pounds!
According to the artist's estimate.
But when the critics come to judge, odd zounds!
They set it down at a much lower rate.
Art Unions have to all things been applied;
Twelfth-cakes, pianofortes, and Stilton cheese;
And fifty other articles beside,
Which could be made a pretext just to squeeze
A little money from the public pocket.
But now no more is to be got,
Parliament thought 'twas a bad lot,
And down one day accordingly did knock it.

GARDENING FOR LADIES.

THE MAMMA'S CALENDAR FOR JULY.

Your daughters now demand your serious attention. Dress and plant them in rows for evening parties. Weed poor relations. Sift "Debrett's Peerage" well through, and do your best to nail the oldest branches. Lay traps for bets at races, and hoe young gentlemen for gloves. Calculate the advantages of foreign, as compared with English husbandry, and cultivate whichever promises to turn out best. Remove younger daughters to the nursery, and towards the 30th transplant young sprigs to narrow beds at preparatory schools. Cut your box at the opera, and look forward to spa watering for the autumn. Trim your old man well, if he does not come out handsomely: if the trimming should fail, forcing must be resorted to. Put your frames in muslin bags, and cart away loose furniture to the Pantechnicon. Graft slips on window-panes, labelled "To Let," and harrow your servants with board wages. Clear out your husband's purse, or if he is rather backward this year, transplant him to back kitchen; and, screening yourselves from exposure, drill policemen to say "the family have gone out of town."

HORTICULTURAL FATE.

THE HORTICULTURAL FATE.

The morn was beautiful and bright,
The sun—that general adorner—
Was gilding with its glowing light
The iron rails at Hyde Park Corner.

The lodge beneath its radiance gleamed,—
Into some curds there shot a ray;
As if within the bowl it dreamed
To find on earth the milky whey.

Lured by the clearness of the sky,
A party, though the hour was late,
Resolved on ordering a fly,
To waft them to the Chiswick *Fête*.

And by those sympathetic chains
Few can describe, but each one owns,
The same idea had struck the Paynes,
Brown, Thompson, Edwards, Smith, and Jones.

Oh, sympathy! thou hast the power
To make twelve hearts in concert throb;
And eke to give, within one hour,
Twelve different liv'rymen a job.

Thus did thine influence extend
(Explain it, ye who study physic);
Making a lot of parties send
For vehicles, to go to Chiswick.

No sooner had they reached the spot,
Than straight the sky is seen to lower;
And, like a curious watering-pot,
Pours down a most terrific shower.

The *belles* can't save their satin bows,
Their silks are watered—how they scamper
Fate on that *fête* unkindly throws
A sudden, but decisive damper.

NOTES OF A CONTINENTAL TOUR,

IN THE SUMMER OF 1844.

By Samuel Spooner, Esquire,

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY, &c., &c.

Happening to be at Ramsgate in the summer of 1844, and being much out of spirits at the loss of 4*l.* 10s. in raffles, for which I had won a card-rack—my mind, by-the-bye, has been upon the rack ever since—I determined on availing myself of an opportunity to visit the Continent, which the starting of an excursion boat to Calais on the following day held out to me.

I retired to my apartment at the hotel, and was soon wrapped in the arms of Morpheus and a pair of Witney blankets, from both of which I emerged at six, for our vessel was chartered to start precisely at seven. Having swallowed a hasty pint of shrimps and a rapid plate of bread and butter, washed down by a cup of tolerable Twankay, I threw my zephyr over my arm, lashed my hat to my button-hole by a piece of string, and flung myself on to a camp stool near the binnacle of the packet. Our captain was a thorough tar, with a white hat and a cotton pocket-handkerchief. He had served (as a witness) in the action between the *Thunder* and the *Bachelor*, off Westminster Hall, and was continually quoting the words of Nelson to the crew who acted under him. These consisted of a steward, a stoker, a boy, and a common sailor; the steward steering the ship, the common sailor taking the tickets on landing, and the boy throwing the rope to the people on the pier at the termination of each voyage. The gallant old captain, in quoting the exclamation of the hero of the Nile, always interpolated two words to adapt the invigorating sentence to the exigencies of his own craft, and was continually shouting—

"England expects that every man (*and boy*) this day will do his duty."

By this happy device of our captain the boy was inspired with the same enthusiasm that animated the men, and the result was that the captain was the idol of his little crew of mariners.

We left Ramsgate with a stiff hurricane all around us, steaming up in the teeth of the wind, and a good biting breeze it seemed to promise us. On getting outside the harbour, we lurched up to the right, then tumbled over to the left, and pitched heavily with the vessel's head smack into the wave, as if, like a thirsty bird, she was dipping down into the sea to take a deep drink of it. Several of the passengers performed the same extraordinary manœuvre, and I threw myself in helpless misery flat on the deck, where I continued to roll backwards and forwards between the mast and an iron grating which covered the part of the vessel containing the machinery. I had little opportunity of cultivating the acquaintance of my fellow-passengers, one or two of whom occasionally tumbled over me, and

I hoped if I ever tumbled over either of them in after life, that it would be under more favourable auspices. The chief part of the voyage was passed by me in a state of unconsciousness, and I was roused from a sort of swoon by the information that we had arrived at the mouth of Calais harbour, which there would be no possibility of entering. After beating about for a space of time that I subsequently ascertained was four hours, though it had appeared to me about forty, we put back, and hopped, skipped, jumped, toppled, sidled, ambled, pitched, tossed, and tumbled over the briny deep—a great deal too deep for me to trust it again—into the harbour of Ramsgate. After getting safely on shore we all began to abuse the captain; but the jolly old tar, placing his thumb on the end of his nose, gave a puff at his cigar, and went below to his dinner. One of the party, a London attorney, who had come to Ramsgate in pursuit of health and a runaway *cognovit*, threatened the proprietors of the packet with an action for not taking us to Calais, according to agreement; but he had no sooner served process on the agent than he was referred to the little words "Weather permitting," at the bottom of the bill announcing the intended landing at Calais. This made all the difference in the contract, for the words should have been "Weather or no," in order to sustain the threatened action.

PROSPECTUS OF THE MUTUAL PLATE PRESENTATION AND FRIENDLY TESTIMONIAL ASSOCIATION.

The principle of plate presentation has never yet been thoroughly understood, or, at all events, it has never been completely and satisfactorily acted on. The great advantage of obtaining credit for public and private virtues through the medium of inscriptions on cups and snuff-boxes cannot be too seriously or emphatically insisted on. It is therefore proposed that a society should be formed on the plan of the United Brothers, the Associated Sons of Harmonious Freedom, and other similar institutions, the object of the projectors being the presentation of testimonials in honour of the private and public virtues of the various members.

It is proposed to issue ten thousand shares of one pound each, one shilling deposit being paid at the time of allotment. The holder of ten shares will be entitled to a snuff-box on the death of his wife, with an inscription eulogistic of his virtues as a "tender husband." On the death of each child he will receive a pencil-case, with a brief allusion to his qualities as the "best of fathers;" and on the decease of himself, his widow will be presented with a tooth-pick in albata, having a consolatory motto engraved on the back of it.

Applications for shares to be made at the offices of the Electro-Mosaic-Nickel Continental and Birmingham Gold and Silver Establishment, 0½, Houndsditch.

GOLDEN RULES FOR MENDICANTS.

1. Always carry a box of lucifers in your hand. It is the Ægis of a beggar's life, and shields him from the invasion of policemen.

2. Never be lame and blind together in the same town. One infirmity at a time is enough for the coldest sympathy.

3. Run sedulously after Quakers and fat ladies, especially if you have with you at the time a wife and a large family.

4. Never fail to sing out well in cold weather. If you have three or four little boys and girls, of mixed sizes, to sing with you, all the better. Always choose the middle of the street to give effect to your voices.

5. You must be "frozen out" regularly ever winter, and mount duty in the streets, with a pitchfork, tipped with a cabbage, over your shoulder.

6. Your costume in each season must be the opposite of that usually worn; that is to say, during the winter, a pair of very thin trousers and a corazza will be all you require. Shiver violently, and chatter your teeth as often as a person passes you. A sailor's hat, striped shirt, and canvas trousers, are not bad in a country town.

7. Mind, in your orations, you "haven't tasted food for three days," and make a practice of picking up bones, or old crusts, out of the gutter, and gnawing them, if there is any one looking at you.

8. Never be too modest, if any one has relieved you, to ask for "an old coat, or a pair of old shoes." Recollect, Holywell Street is not too proud to purchase the most worthless of wearing apparel.

9. Take care, if you are deaf and dumb, not to answer any one. Suffer yourself to be taken into custody rather than notice the impertinent questions of an officer of the Mendicity Society.

10. Take care of long crossings, if you are very lame. It is extremely unpleasant, as well as *infra dig.*, to carry your crutches and run all of a sudden, if you happen to have at your heels a mad bull or a racing omnibus.

11. Chalk writing is unprofitable, and belongs to the old school. If you are driven to it, don't mind about spelling incorrectly, and be sure you are "starving." Quiet spots, like Gower Street or Russell Square, are the best markets for this branch of the profession. In great thoroughfares you will have your fresco or caligraphy rubbed out by every unfeeling passer-by, and be obliged ultimately to "walk your chalks."

SUMMER-Y JUSTICE – The heat of argument.

SUMMERY JUSTICE.

May it please your ludships, Edward Thomson owns
Two small estates—one let on lease to Jones.
To admit the eldest son I hold is fair—
[Usher, I wish you would let in the air.]
It was the intention of the first testator—
[Who's stopped the working of that ventilator?
I've searched the books, and it is there laid down,
On the authority of Smith *v.* Brown,
That legatees may reasonably enter—
[Open that other window in the centre.]
It is decided in the Term reports,
And 'tis, in fact, allowed in all the courts,
That vested interests go with the land—
[This heat is really more than I can stand.]
We cannot shut our eyes, if so inclined—
[The sun's too dazzling, pray pull down that blind.]
I warmly urge the infant ought to take it—
[That square of glass wont open; Usher, break it.]
The tenant 's liable for all repairs—
[We may all melt, for what that Usher cares.]
The mortgagee's demand must end in smoke—
[I'm positively roasting.] *vide* Coke;
The rights of justice still I must maintain,
See Carrington—[Pray, Usher, break that Payne.]
I trust your ludships will not yet determine,
While 'neath the weight of your judicial ermine,
Your judgment 'twere impossible to school;
Your ludships can't, I'm sure, just now, be cool:
To ask you to decide were simple mummery,
For in the dog-days justice is too summery.

OCCUPATIONS OF THE PEOPLE.

The returns under this head are extremely interesting, and some curious calculations may be made from them. It appears that there is, in England and Wales, about one lawyer to four lunatics; thus giving him a chance of at least a couple of clients. The tables are, however, very incomplete; for we find no account of the number of omnibus cads, who are lumped under the head of "other educated persons." We presume that convicts come home from transportation are included among persons returned as independent.

RULES FOR MEDICAL STUDENTS WALKING THE STREETS.

TAKE as much room on the pavement as you possibly can: if you are with four or five friends, walk all arm-in-arm together. Don't make way for a lady; the road is plenty wide enough for her. Joke smartly with the cabmen, and hail every omnibus which is passing, and then walk a different way. Ask each policeman "How's G 149?" and enter into playful conversation with every beggar who asks you for a penny. Enter newspaper shops to inquire the price of the "Penny Magazine," and stop outside cookshops to imitate the action of the carver. Shriek out "Lur-li-e-ty" as often as you please, and compliment cooks and housemaids standing at area-gates. Stop private carriages to inquire if they are "hired," and tap stout gentlemen on the off shoulder to enjoy their surprise when they turn round and see no one there. Buy baked potatoes in the street to keep your hands warm, and play at catchball with them as you go along. Pelt dogs with stones, or anything else you can get; and cry "Balloon" when there is none. Converse freely with old clothesmen, and laugh openly at persons in distress. Stare young ladies out of countenance, and quiz aged people on their very juvenile looks. Ring bells vigorously as you go home of an evening, and rattle your stick violently against the area-railings, taking good care to remove all pewter pots that may be hanging on them.

HISTORICAL QUESTIONS:

À LA MANGNALL.

WHEN was ginger-beer first invented?

In whose reign did the British highlow first come into use?

Who built the Elephant and Castle?

Who was the originator of the arrangement which placed "a sandwich and a glass of ale for fourpence" within the reach of the whole population of London?

When was the House of Hanover first brought over to England, and what is its present address?

When was the fantail first worn, and by whom?

What were policemen invented for?

In whose reign was the unicorn attached to the British arms?

When was the Battle of the Constitution fought in the Registration Courts?

Upon what occasion did policemen first wear Berlin gloves?

Who was the last of the outlaws, and state a few of the actions in which he distinguished himself?

CHINESE PROVERBS,

DRAWN FROM BO-HE AND SUE-CHONG.

Never do anything hastily: remember it is the last cup of tea which is the strongest.

Be not too prodigal: the kettle when too full puts out the fire.

A little scandal is to tea what an olive is to wine.

Butter not your bread on both sides, lest in your old age you be left without bread to butter.

It is a wise washerwoman who knows her own twankay.

Measure your green according to your black.

Happy is he who can take the rough with the smooth—the strong hyson with the fine pearl gunpowder.

Delays are dangerous: remember the hottest toast will get cold by standing.

REASONS FOR CLOSING ATTORNEYS' OFFICES AT SIX.

The lawyers' clerks, having been bitten by the linendrapers' shopmen, have caught the fashionable mania for "shutting up at six," in order to give them time for that mental cultivation which filling up writs, attending before the Master, and copying bills of costs, are not likely to facilitate.

At a recent meeting of some influential articled clerks, and a numerous body of common-law journeymen, the following resolutions, embodying reasons for closing attorneys' offices at six, were unanimously agreed to:—

"1. That the study of history is conducive to the cultivation of the mind. That the performances at Astley's begin at half-past six, and it is desirable that the clerks who are anxious to profit by the dramatic representation of the great historical events of our own time, should have an opportunity of doing so.

"2. That it is perfectly true the Cider Cellars and the Coal Hole (where the noblest study of mankind, which is universally allowed to be man, can be effectually carried on) do not present many attractive features till after nine in the evening. That, nevertheless, the cigar divans are in full operation before that hour; and it is therefore expedient that six should be the time appointed for the cessation of business.

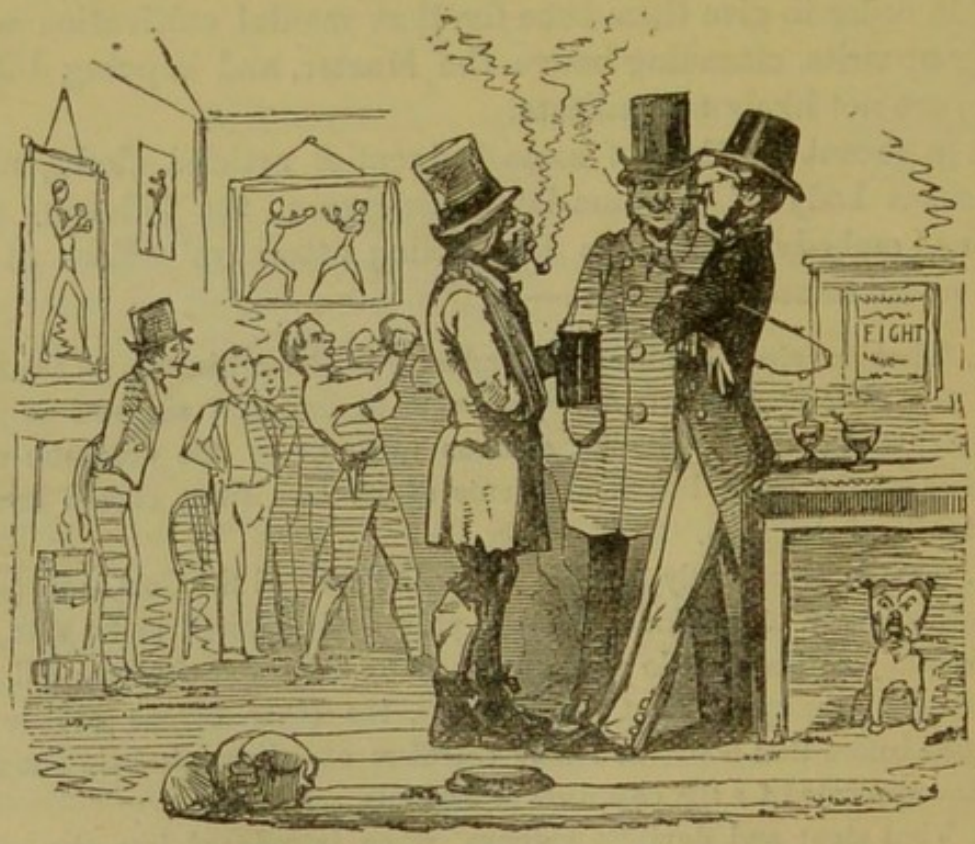
"3. That stout and devilled kidneys, when introduced into the animal system too late at night, are liable to impede the action of the digestive

organs, and impair the intellectual faculties, thus depriving the employer of the full benefit of the clerk's shrewdness and activity. It is, therefore, of the last importance that, by an early release from business, the stout and kidneys may be absorbed by the gastric juices, and the gases given off, by evaporation, in sufficient time to enable the clerk to devote a *mens sana in corpore sano* by ten o'clock in the morning, to the best interests of his principal.

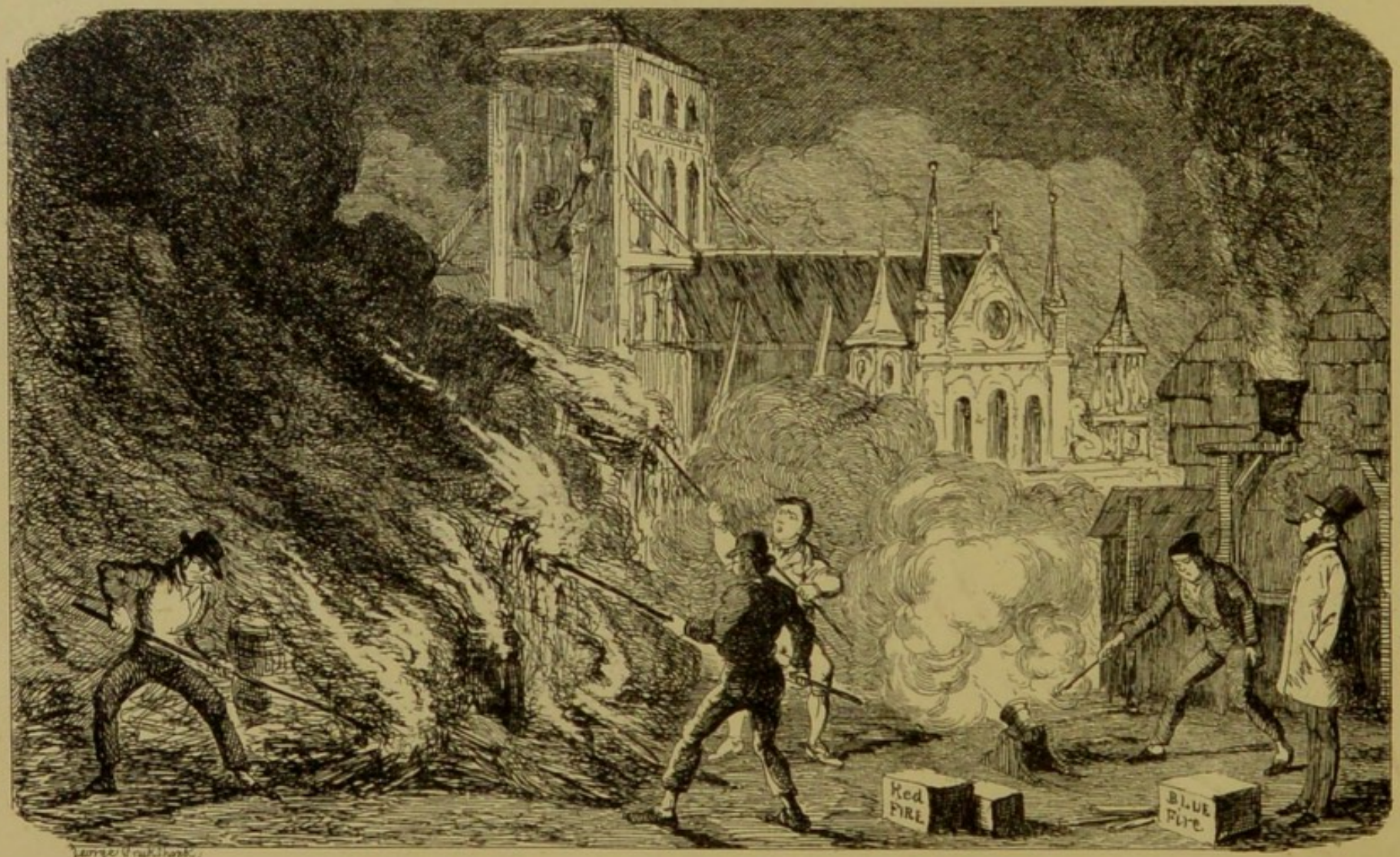
"4. That the Surrey Zoological Gardens afford opportunities for the study of natural history, which can only be followed up by daylight. That the habits of the bear, the tiger, and other animals, cannot be said to be without interest to an attorney's clerk; and that the knowledge of how certain savage creatures secure their prey may hereafter be of great service in the practice of the legal profession. It is consequently obvious that the lawyers' clerks should be enabled to profit by so valuable a lesson.

"5. That the shooting galleries are seldom open after eight, and that the knowledge of the use of powder and shot is essential to a lawyer, as he will often be called upon by a client to decide whether a defendant is worth the articles alluded to.

"6. That there are many other occasions when, by an early closing of the office, the lawyer's clerk will have an opportunity of being present at some—



BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.



STIRRING UP THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.

Among the events for which the past year will for ever remain a marked twelvemonth on the page of history, is the Great Fire of London, which broke out, for a considerable period, three nights every week, as a public prediction had declared it should, regularly, till further notice.

We are fortunately enabled to give the particulars of this great conflagration on the occasion of one of its grandest eruptions. It commenced a little after dusk, and there can now exist no doubt that it was the work of more than one incendiary.

Flames were distinctly seen to issue from one of the windows of Old St. Paul's (which seemed to have been renovated only to be re-consumed). They evidently proceeded from a torch, which, we are assured, was applied by a man in a seal-skin cap.

No less than three individuals were observed, busy in assisting the progress of the flames, by tossing ignited straw, &c., about with pitchforks. The glare distinctly revealed their shirt sleeves, thus proving them to be without coats: but, owing to the confusion, their faces were not identified.

The devouring element was brought, by a lad in a short jacket (said to have been out at elbows), with aid of a lighted stick, into contact with the touch-hole of a howitzer, which exploded with a loud noise. This proceeding was frequently repeated during the evening,—it is believed out of mere wantonness. The same heartless principle induced others to throw squibs, crackers, and other fireworks into the blazing ruins.

Neither the crowd nor the attendant policemen offered in the smallest degree to interfere. The cries and shouting of the multitude were tremendous, but seemed to partake of an exulting character.

By a little past ten o'clock the flames got under, apparently of their own accord; and, though several towers and steeples had been seen to fall with a tremendous crash, which was heightened by the frequent tocsin of gongs and the explosion of artillery, little damage is imagined to have been done, the destruction having principally extended to the fireworks and other combustibles already mentioned.

The motive assigned for this act of incendiarism is sheer self-interest on the part of the perpetrators, who received a shilling a head from people who came to witness it. The fiendish project, we fear, was crowned with the most complete success.

THE CONTEST FOR AN ALDERMANIC GOWN.

A CERTAIN alderman, well known in town,
'Twas rumoured had at last resigned his gown;
Report was right, denial had been vain,
That gown, just like the gentle Desdemona,
Had oft been made to turn and turn again
And still go on, by its too thrifty owner.
At length it had become disgraceful truly;
Upon economy no more he stands,
But taking off his gown, resigns it duly
Into the livery's (that's his footman's) hands.
The livery servant looks into the street,—
He sees two dealers in old clothes come down;
Shouts he, "I will invite them to compete
For this now vacant aldermanic gown."
They poll against each other; one is willing
To give, but not to go beyond, a shilling:
The other puts it to the livery's sense,
By tendering on the instant thirteen pence.
They wrangle, and their offers slowly raise,
Till at the self-same figure both remain;
The choice the anxious livery dismays,
The vacant gown which of them ought to gain.
At length it strikes the livery—of the two,
The one that wears three hats must be a Jew:
Unto the other is the gown decreed,
The livery saying he is left no choice,—
In fact, he's quite without a voice:
He is, indeed!
The corporation having laid it down
No Jew shall have the aldermanic gown.

ANTIPATHIES OF REMARKABLE CHARACTERS.

Almost every person who has lived in history has had some particular antipathy. Julius Cæsar couldn't eat a periwinkle, and Alexander always fainted at the sight of a blackbeetle.

Chaucer would be unwell for days if he heard the cry of "mackerel!" and Spenser never saw a leg of mutton without shivering all over.

Boadicea hated red whiskers: it nearly cost Caractacus his life, because he came into her presence one day with a tremendous pair on.

The smell of pickles always sent Cardinal Wolsey into hysterical fits. He called upon Henry the Eighth once while the monarch was lunching off some cold meat, and Wolsey fell down under the table as soon as he smelt there was pickled cabbage in the room. Henry, thinking the cardinal was intoxicated, had him locked up in the Tower immediately.

Cleopatra couldn't look at a person with freckles: Antony had all his soldiers who were at all freckled painted black to please her.

Napoleon took a violent hatred against any one who didn't take snuff: it is said the cause of his separation from Josephine was because she never would take a pinch from him.

Alfred the Great could not bear the taste of suet-dumplings.

Artaxerxes had such an intense horror of fleas that he would not go to bed without a suit of armour, made like a night-gown, to fit close to his skin. He would lose his reason for days when bitten by one. There was a reward of ten talents, during his reign, for the apprehension of every flea, dead or alive; and merchants would come from far and near to claim the reward.

Queen Elizabeth had the strongest antipathy to a sheriff's officer: she would run away as fast as she could directly she saw one, and continue running for miles, until her guards, who knew her weakness, stopped her.

Old Parr would turn pale if he touched a piece of soap: this is the reason he never shaved. Cicero had such an antipathy to the Wednesday that he used to remain in bed all that day; and Anna Bolena could not hear the word "potato" pronounced without turning violently red, and feeling low-spirited for weeks afterwards.

Charles the Second never could go through Temple Bar. It used to take the whole strength of Villiers, with Rochester and Nell Gwynne, to push him through it. Cromwell never could pass a tripe shop without bursting immediately into tears.

AN ESSAY ON COMETS.

BY OUR OWN ASTRONOMER.

THE word "comet" has been derived by some from the Latin *coma*, a tail; but the better derivation is *comma*, because it never can come to a full stop.

Every comet has a tail, or train, which may be compared to some of those monster trains which are occasionally the subjects of newspaper paragraphs.

What a comet is we do not exactly know. It is certainly an eccentric body, but there are so many eccentric bodies in these days, that this hypothesis affords us no assistance.

A comet has a curious propensity to cut and come again, at very long intervals.

Astronomers talk of the mean distance of a comet from the earth, but as no comet ever came nearer than several thousands of miles, which is anything but a mean distance, we should be glad to know the meaning the astronomers attach to the word alluded to.

There is a comet due in 1848, being the same one that favoured us, or rather our ancestors, with a visit at half-past eight P.M., on the 21st of April, 1556. As the "oldest inhabitant" will not have had the honour of a previous acquaintance, it is very possible that some other eccentric body may be mistaken for our old acquaintance of the sixteenth century. Perhaps an inferior planet, disguised in a long tail, may endeavour to pass himself off for the expected visitor.

The safest mode of predicting a comet is to prophesy its appearance at least a century hence, and something luminous is pretty sure to turn up, to enable posterity to find something like a realization of the prediction. Any astronomer desirous of naming an earlier day for the appearance of a comet should stipulate for its being visible at some outlandish locality, where no witnesses will be in attendance to test the accuracy of the prediction.

The comet of 1770 has very shamefully broken its appointments with the astronomers, and shown a degree of unpunctuality which is no less perplexing than it is unbusinesslike. The comet ought to have entered an appearance, according to the law of comets, every five years and a half; but the eccentric body has been *non inventus* ever since, and we should be glad to see it regularly outlawed from the solar system.

Comets are generally called periodical bodies because their tails are so exceedingly lengthy, like those which are continued from month to month in some of the periodicals. They differ, however, in one respect, the former being very luminous, and the latter utterly destitute of brilliancy.

Between the years 1771 to 1780 there happened a regular glut of comets; no less than five having appeared in the period alluded to. This extraordinary assemblage was no doubt the first regular specimen of a monster meeting.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

Mister and Mistress Henry Brown
Were in society but young beginners;
And their ambition was to gain renown
By giving very nice *récherché* dinners.
It was their boast, they used to say,
Not to attempt a great display;
In a small house it would have been misplaced,
Therefore they merely aimed at perfect taste.
It was a standing joke with Mister Brown—
A joke in which he hated to be foiled—
That there could be no other house in town
Where taste so ruled the roast—ay, and the boiled.
'Twas the commencement of the autumn season,
After some time in his own mind reviewing it,
Brown gave a dinner, simply for the reason
That few—except himself—would think of doing it.
A London dinner-party in September,
Brown did opine, was something out of the common line;
A sort of thing to talk of and remember.
The arrangements having been completed,
The guests are round the table seated;
Of turtle-soup each one had got a plate—
Some one remarked the summer had been brief—
"Yes!" Brown exclaimed, "'tis in the season late,
We must be looking for the fall of the leaf."
He'd scarcely said the words, when, with a crash,
Down came the dinner-table flap,
Sending some iced sauterne, with sudden splash,
Into his lady's lap.
Fish, water-bottles, knives and forks, *epergnes*,
Came rattling down upon her all in turns:
The sudden movement no one could control—
A slice of bread went off into a roll.
Decanters seemed disposed to fall,
As if they'd had a drop too much;
And stoppers never stopped at all—
In fact, refused to act as such.
'Twas a mishap, and yet, the truth to tell,
Mister and Mistress Brown both had their wish;
They hoped the dinner would go off all well,
And so it did go off—ay, every dish!

NEW LITERARY ASSOCIATION OF THE FRIENDS OF FRANCE.

Professed patriots being always addicted to abusing their own country, it is presumed that the height of patriotism would consist in an Englishman writing leading articles for a French Radical newspaper. With this view a few literary friends of freedom have associated for the purpose of supplying the Parisian Press with Anti-English leaders at a cheap rate, and the following is submitted as a specimen of the article it is proposed to manufacture.

The subject is a particularly happy one, being no less than the solemn declaration of the King of the French (while being invested with the Order of the Garter) that he would never make war upon the Sovereign of the Order alluded to.

The circumstance that the oath taken includes no promise or declaration of the kind can of course be of no consequence, as the leader is intended for a French newspaper. The following is the specimen:—

"*Nous voyons* [We see] *que perfide Albion* (we don't translate *perfide Albion*, for everybody knows the meaning of that) *a donné une Jarretière* [has given a Garter] *à Louis Philippe* [to Louis Philippe]. *Mais, pourquoi cette Jarretière?* [But why this Garter?] *Nous voyons dans cette Jarretière* [We see in this Garter] *une autre chaîne* [another chain] *pour France* [for France]. *Oui, oui!* [Yes, yes!] *cette Jarretière infâme* [this infamous Garter] *tiera Louis Philippe par la jambe* [will tie Louis Philippe by the leg] *plus que jamais* [more than ever]. *En recevant ce Jarretière honteuse* [In receiving this infamous Garter] *on lui a fait jurer*, [they made him swear,] *qu'il ne fera pas la guerre* [that he will not make war] *sur le Souverain de l'Ordre* [on the Sovereign of the Order]. *Hein, hein!* [Alas, alas!] *notre pauvre campagne* [our poor country] *est trahie* [is betrayed].

"*Mais on a donné cette Jarretière déshonorante* [But they have given this degrading Garter] *au Roi de la Prusse aussi bien*, [to the King of Prussia as well,] *et aussi à l'Empereur de Russie* [and also to the Emperor of Russia]. *Tous ont juré la même chose*, [All have sworn the same thing,] *de ne pas faire la guerre contre le Souverain de l'Ordre* [not to make war on the Sovereign of the Order]. *Et qui est le souverain contre qui on a juré de ne pas faire la guerre?* [And who is the sovereign against whom they have sworn not to make war?] *Pourquoi, la Reine Victoria, pour être certain.* [Why, Queen Victoria, to be sure]. *Et qui est elle?* [And who is she?] *Pourquoi, perfide Albion, comme une matière du courant.* [Why, perfidious Albion, as a matter of course]. *Laisser les Anglais aller se pendre* [Let the English go and hang themselves] *dans leurs jarretières*, [in their garters,] *comme cette misérable Mademoiselle Bailey*, [like that unfortunate Miss Bailey,] *de qui on chante quelquefois* [whom they occasionally sing about]. *Mais ne*

laissez pas les Français [But do not let the French] *suivre l'exemple* [follow the example] *de la demoiselle à qui nous avons fait allusion* [of the young lady whom we have alluded to]. *Laissons les rappeler* [Let them remember] *le sort horrible* [the horrible fate] *de cette jeune dame,* [of that young lady,] *qui peut avoir été* [who might have been] *une decoration à sa sexe* [an ornament to her sex] *mais pour les jarretières* [but for the garters].

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON WASHHOUSES FOR THE PEOPLE.

The committee appointed to select a site for a great National Washhouse, vacillated for some time between the Fleet Prison and Covent Garden Theatre; but at length, for the reasons hereinafter stated, gave the latter the preference.

Covent Garden Theatre has had cold water thrown upon it so long, that no expense need be gone to in laying on any more of the salubrious element. The genius of the place is also favourable to such an experiment as the one proposed, for in the event of water being scarce, recourse might be had to some of the old pumps, which, though rather out of use, could easily be made to act again. These pumps possess the advantage of never causing an overflow.

It is proposed to turn the pit into a drying-ground, the backs of the seats being used for hanging clothes upon.

Persons bringing their own soap cannot, on any account, be admitted into the dress circle with mottled; and a moderate quantity of starch will be expected in the private boxes. Tickets for single tubs may be had at the doors, and family coppers to admit six may be had at all the libraries.

One advantage connected with the scheme for turning the theatre into a washhouse, is the opportunity that would be afforded for employing some of the regular company of actors, who, in the mangling department, would be invaluable. The style in which they have occasionally got up and mangled some of Shakspeare's fine things ought never to be forgotten.

With reference to the Fleet Prison, it is suggested by the committee that it is scarcely adapted to ordinary washing, though for purposes of whitewashing, it has always been found to answer.

Should Covent Garden Theatre be fixed upon, due notice will be given of its being open for the season

A NEW TABLE TO CALCULATE WAGES.

This table must depend a great deal on the sort of table kept by the master of the house in which the servant resides. As a general rule, the dripping admits of subtraction, and by calculating how many times the candle-box will go into the kitchen-stuff, a fair average may be arrived at. It must also be borne in mind, that as the water is to the milk, so is the beer-money. In families where the cupboard is left open, it follows frequently, that as the tea is to the sugar, so is the servant at both of them.

THINGS WHICH CAN BE MUCH BETTER CONCEIVED THAN DESCRIBED.

Getting out of an omnibus, and discovering you have left all your money on the mantel-piece.

A woman discovering her first grey hair.

Putting the lighted end of a cigar into your mouth.

A person's indignation on being told "Queen Anne's dead."

Meeting a creditor, and being obliged to sit opposite to him "the whole way" in an omnibus.

Being asked, in a drawing-room of ladies, to take a few tickets in a raffle—"the ticket only a guinea!"

Breaking your strap in the *pas seul* in *La Pastorale.*

The wine at a public dinner.

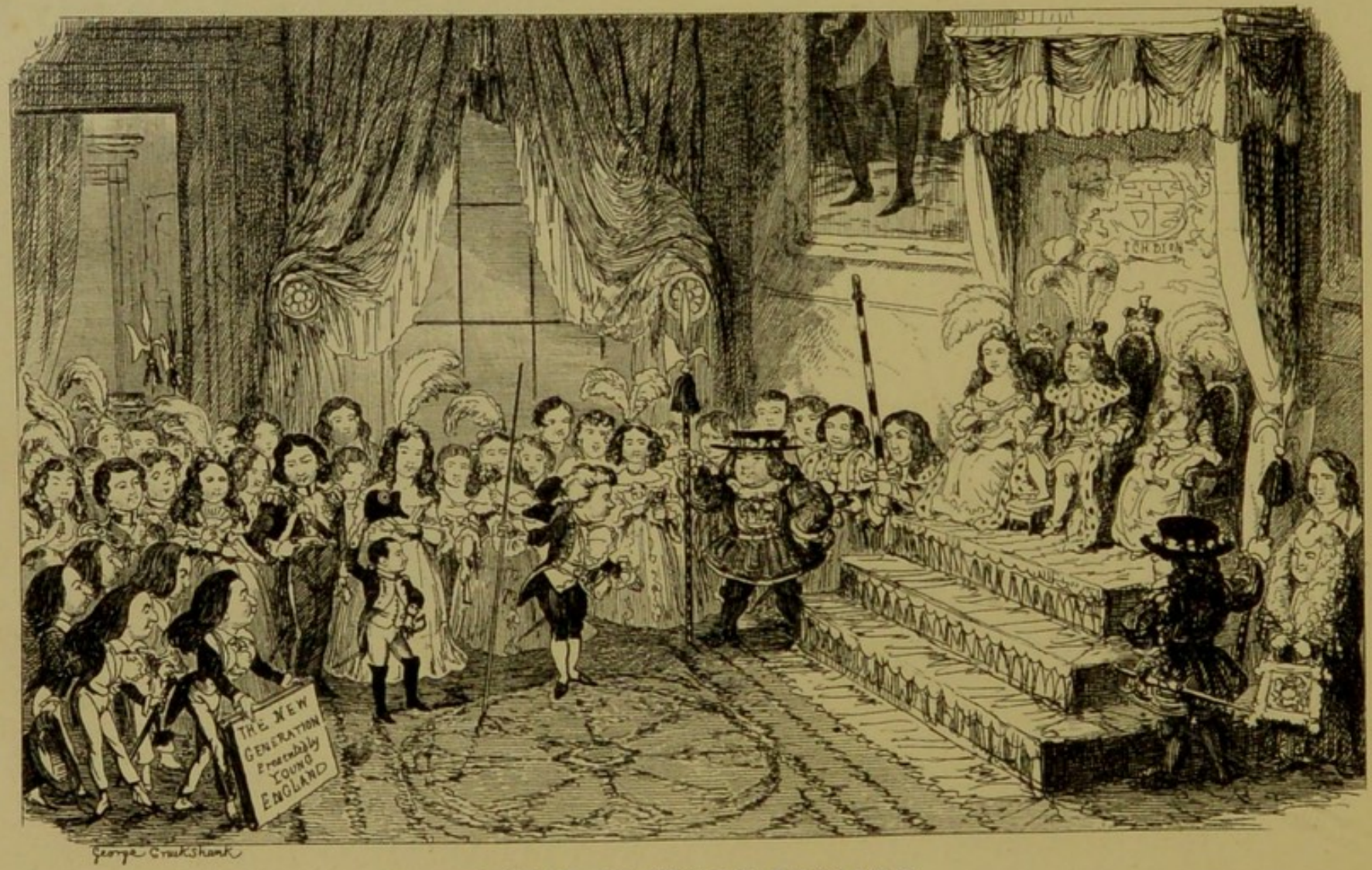
DIRECTIONS FOR BREWING.

One of the difficulties attendant on domestic brewing is the expense of the cask, but this may always be got by having a barrel of beer on trial from a regular brewer, and saying it is not quite out when the cask is applied for. By agreeing to pay for the beer, one barrel under the other, the expense becomes merely nominal.

In order to prevent the lightning from turning the beer, a lightning conductor should be fixed in the bung-hole of the cask, or a stair-rod would perhaps be an economical substitute.

Families who brew without exactly knowing how, may try the experiment of a polite note to Messrs. Barclay and Perkins, asking one of them to step round to put the parties in the right way, if they should be making a failure of the brewing.

If the beer should be flat after having been left to cool in washing-tubs, a raisin may be thrown in, and if it fails to produce any effect, another raisin may be tried; but should the second raisin prove unsuccessful, it will be waste of time—and raisins—to go on with the experiment.



COURT OF YOUNG ENGLAND.

YOUNG ENGLAND.

A BIOGRAPHY.

The subject of the present notice was born of very obscure parents in London, and was placed, soon after his birth, at the doors of the Treasury, under the impression that Sir Robert Peel might stumble over it, and be induced to take it in and provide for it. The Premier, however, merely moved it on one side with his foot, and Young England began to cry out very lustily; but its voice was so weak that no one paid any attention to it. Soon after, the bantling attracted the notice of the press, and its case was laid before the public, but it excited very little interest; and an appeal to Old England in favour of Young England was equally unsuccessful, the former denying the latter to be its legitimate offspring. A novel, entitled "Coningsby," was afterwards written, in the hope of doing something for Young England; but the more the book was read, the less was Young England thought of.

It is a curious fact, that while Young England never could succeed in winning popularity, a rival, in the shape of Young America, was very successful, under the name of General Tom Thumb, who was received very graciously at Buckingham Palace. Surely, if mere littleness confers a claim to admiration, Young England is almost as deserving of it as General Tom Thumb, who, on the principle that extremes often meet, frequently found himself in the presence of greatness. Young England would give its little finger to make its way at Court as little Thumb has done.

ASSESSED TAXES.

As the ordinary almanacks are, in many respects, erroneous in their information on the subject of assessed taxes, we proceed to correct a few of the most usual inaccuracies.

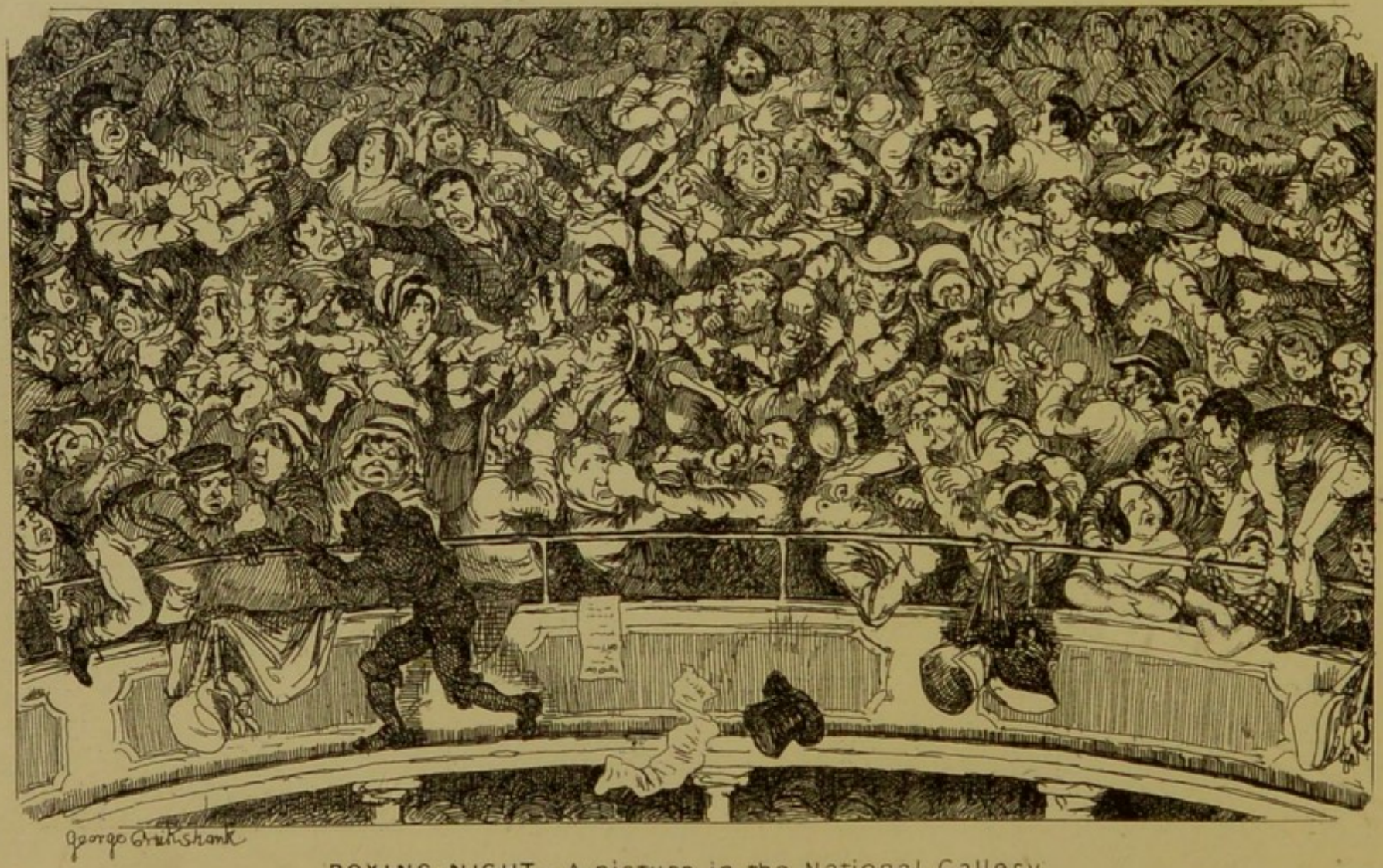
It is generally said that 2*l.* 8*s.* must be paid annually for armorial bearings by persons keeping a carriage. It ought to be added, that there is an exemption for persons keeping a cab by making it wait for them.

Every additional body used on a carriage is chargeable; but when any body additional is used on a carriage as an extra footman, he is regarded as no body, and he is liable to no other duty than that of getting up and down when required.

THE POLKA PLAGUE.

The year 1844 will be ever memorable in our national annals, on account of the breaking out of a great plague, on which physiologists have conferred the title of "Polkamania." This remarkable affliction first originated in the Black Forests of Bohemia, where it took the name of Polka—which is, no doubt, a corruption of Pole-ca, a word evidently derived from the pole cat, to which, as an excessive nuisance, the Polka has some kind of affinity.

The boors, or bores, of the Black Forest communicated the Polka to some Parisians, who always take quickly any malady of the kind, and it very soon spread among the people of the French capital. It was introduced into England a short time after, by a coryphèe coming over to fulfil an engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre. The poor fellow was, indeed, very bad with it, and it was thought that it would have died a natural death, for it did not seem to be very taking until Monsieur Jullien happened to catch it, and infected several places of public amusement with the severe calamity. The malady now spread with fearful rapidity, and even Mr. Baron Nathan fell a victim to it in its fiercest shape, while others of less exalted rank in the Terpsichorean world had it in a much milder form than the Baron. The symptoms of the disease are too well known to need a lengthy description. It causes a contraction of the leg, and a drawing up the heel to a considerable height, accompanied by a violent twisting of the head from side to side, and numerous contortions of the body. It gives a strange sort of motion to the arms, occasions a repeated stamping of the feet, and induces altogether a singularity of action which is not to be found in other cases of mania. It is to be expected that the malady will soon wear itself out, like other previous visitations of a somewhat similar character.



BOXING-NIGHT - A picture in the National Gallery.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

A DIALOGUE.

TOM.

Hallo! Bill Brown; how's you, and how's your
Sister Jane, and your blessed old mother?
When you loses that maternal parent, Bill,
You'll never get such another.

BILL.

Why, we're all tollolish, and to-night, as I'm a
Gentleman-at-large, owing to the depression in baked taturs,
We've all on us made up our mind to go to
The gallery of one of the National The-aturs.

TOM.

Let's see, there's Common Garden, that's a
Well wentilated the-atur just at present;
But then the doors open at *no* time
During the evening—and that's unpleasant.

BILL.

Then there's Drury Lane—a sort of Italian
Opera, werry much diluted—
Where there's ballets in which ladies
In werry short dresses dance—who might be better suited.

TOM.

Ah! time was, a National Gallery was worth
A shilling of any man's money;
When Mister Edmund Kean used to do the
Violent pathetic, and Old Joe the excruciating funny.

BILL.

Then you couldn't get a front row without a fight,
And a row with the police no ways,
And the lady you took with you having
All her bones broken—I mean the bones in her stays.

TOM.

When penny oranges fetched tuppence, and bottled
Porter became stout by the change of situation;
And used to pay—but, lor! what
Wouldn't one pay in a wiolent perspiration!

BILL.

Boys could whistle then, and with only
Their wital part beat the steam-engine really;
I have heard that a gallery in full
Whistle once blew out the great chandelier—nearly.

TOM.

Hallo! that's six o'clock! so I must cut away,
As time's rather pressing;
And our Jane's back-hair 's too short to turn
Up, and too long to hang down, so she
Takes a long time a dressing.

BILL.

No apology, Tom; I'm not one of them
Chaps as is over nice;
And if I can hold a gennelman's horse, and get
Another penny, I'll come in at half-price.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

For the benefit of our young readers, and, indeed, for the advantage of children of a larger growth, we subjoin a few games, adapted to the meanest capacities, and the most limited pecuniary resources.

THE POSTMAN.

The game of Postman is little known by the title we have given it, but it is very frequently played at. It is a cheap amusement—if done well; but a good deal may be lost at it, if it is not skilfully managed. It can be played at by three or four at a time, or even more, and it may also be indulged in by a single individual. The game consists of giving a postman's knock at any door, and running away as fast as possible.

THE CABMAN.

This is a very amusing game, and is very easily played at. Fix your eye on any particular cabman, and he will be sure to come off his stand as rapidly as he can, thinking that you intended to hail him.

The fun of the game may be increased by looking at three or four on the same stand, when they will all rush off the rank, and you have only to explain that you "merely looked, but don't want a cab;" upon which they will very likely begin quarrelling with each other, and thus add materially to your amusement.

OUR PRIZE PROPHECY.

Some of the subscribers to this Almanack have represented to us that it is scarcely conplete without a prediction, and we have, therefore, been on the look out during the year for an eligible prophecy. We were for some time in treaty with a professor of the cabalistic art; but, as one of our stipulations with the soothsayer was, that the prediction should not be paid for until it was realized, the sage, with considerable indignation, declined the engagement. We have consequently resolved on throwing open the prophetic department to public competition, and we therefore invite the attention of professional seers to the following conditions:—

Prophecies must be sent in before the end of September, written

in plain English, without any mystifying allusions to the signs of the zodiac.

No prophecy to contradict itself more than once in the same sentence; and where there are two results, one of which must arise, both must not be predicted in the same paragraph.

A prophecy that Sagittarius will influence the fate of a man of rank, will not be considered as having been fulfilled by a nobleman happening to marry, or go out of town, or come to town, in the course of the month referred to in the alleged prediction.

The assertion that the town of Birmingham is under the influence of Aquarius will be considered a partially fulfilled prophecy—and paid for as such—if washing and bathing establishments should be introduced into Birmingham at about the time specified.

Prophecies consisting merely of figures, and sent in as nativities, cannot be taken into consideration, for, though they are no doubt very correct, they are, unfortunately, wholly unintelligible.

Any prophecy relating to events in Bosnia, Beretzyk in Transylvania, and other out-of-the-way places, from which a mail never comes, because it is never due, will be rejected, on account of the difficulty of testing its accuracy.

THE

COMIC ALMANACK

FOR 1846.

ANOTHER RAILWAY NEWSPAPER.

THE RAILWAY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

Every one who has observed the mass of railway papers that have shot up during the past half year, must have been astonished that none, devoted to Fashionable Railway Intelligence and Literature, have yet appeared, appealing more especially to those who have souls above the share-market. We have the pleasure of announcing the immediate appearance of such a periodical. We are aware that, at present, all sympathies, interests, and affections, social and general, are absorbed by the railways; but the "Railway Belle Assemblée," whilst it never loses sight of the mighty spirit of the age, will contain such literature alone, as the member of the *beau monde* seeks for in vain, at present, in the bewildering and endless lines of advertisements, and the single and double supplements of the daily and weekly press.

The arrangement of amusements, &c., may be looked for as follows:—A grand race is about to take place upon the Great Western, from Paddington to Slough, between the ten o'clock down train and a shower of rain. In the event of fine weather, the meeting will be postponed until the next day.

A *déjeûner à la fingers* is about to be given at the Wolverton station, whilst the train stops, next Saturday. The pretty young lady with the dark eyes, who makes the coffee so hot that the passengers cannot drink it, has condescended to preside. The visitors will arrive exactly ten minutes before they depart. A band will accompany the passengers the whole distance—round the hats of the guards; and a pyrotechnical display will take place off the Birmingham terminus, when the engine fires are raked out for the night.

On Wednesday next, an interesting *soirée* of men of letters will be held, at eight o'clock, with the Post-office bags, at all the different termini. The clerk at the Kingston station is expected to get the sack five-and-twenty minutes after, but it will not reflect any discredit on him.

Eastern Counties Railway.—An interesting lecture on steam, and the properties of the engine, was given by the engineer of the "Blazes," locomotive, on Tuesday, to the new stoker, on the tender. The proceedings concluded with a private dinner of two polonies, a small loaf, and pot of half-and-half.

Important.—By a recent Act of Parliament every director is liable to be called upon to ride in front of the train, whenever it is necessary, as a buffer. As a great part of them are men of straw, the fitness of these buffers for the purpose is unquestionable, in addition to the chaff which they have always at command.

ABOLITION OF DUELLING.

The members of the various Clubs have come to the determination to put down this atrocious custom. In the event of not being able to form a court of honour, from the scarcity of the principal ingredient, they have decided that all future quarrels shall be adjusted by the Carrara Water, in a gallery suited for the purpose. And, moreover, that the Carrara Monument Company, shall erect a tablet, to perpetuate the social death of all who may be worsted in the meeting: anybody being corked, to be ranked, like claret in the same state, as worthless.

AQUARIUS — Jolly Young Watermen.

THE ZODIAC.—JANUARY

AQUARIUS.—THE JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAN.

Out Door Instruction.

The common water-plug offers a capital medium for illustrating the leading principles in hydrostatics and hydraulics. When opened, the effort of water to find its own level may be turned to account, in diverting and instructive methods by the young professors of the neighbourhood in the absence of the police, who are, generally speaking, inimical to science. To produce a jet, the water must either come up or come down. In the case of a fire-plug, it comes down from the New River; and if the rates are not paid, the company come down as well upon the delinquents *for* the money, until the latter come down *with* it. In the Trafalgar fountains, it comes up to the surface, but not at all to the expectations. In either case the force is the same. This increases, in an inverse ratio, to the opposition offered; and by compressing it at the orifice, it may be thrown in any direction by a little judicious management of the sole of the foot. In this manner, benevolent boys may frequently be seen distributing water gratuitously to the passing pilgrims.

THINGS TO BE BORNE IN MIND IN JANUARY.

Recollect, if you slip down in the street this month not to evince any pain, but rather laugh: get up smiling, and walk away with a joyous air.

Do not try rashly to cut the outside edge on the Serpentine, but practise by yourself, at midnight, with a full moon, on secluded Hampstead ponds, until you are perfect; because, it usually happens, that the instant you wish to show off before some young ladies you know, your heels will go higher than your head, and you will look contemptible.

That family parties at this time of the year are not those wonderfully lively things they are conventionally supposed to be: the presence of a few lively acquaintances being indispensable to make them go off well. Relatives don't care to exert themselves to be entertaining before one another; or if they do, all the rest know what is coming.

THE GIPSY'S PROPHECY.

"Belle of Norwood! dark-eyed gipsy, come, and let me cross thy hand,
Give me knowledge of the future, if it be at thy command:

Full one thousand shares in railways, I have been let in to take;
Tell me, swarthy star of Beulah, when will they my fortune make?"

"List, my pretty gentleman, with piece of silver cross my hand,
I will tell you when your shares will bring you money, beeves, and land—

When the figures for the base of Nelson's column shall be made,
And the throng of population chokes the Exeter Arcade.

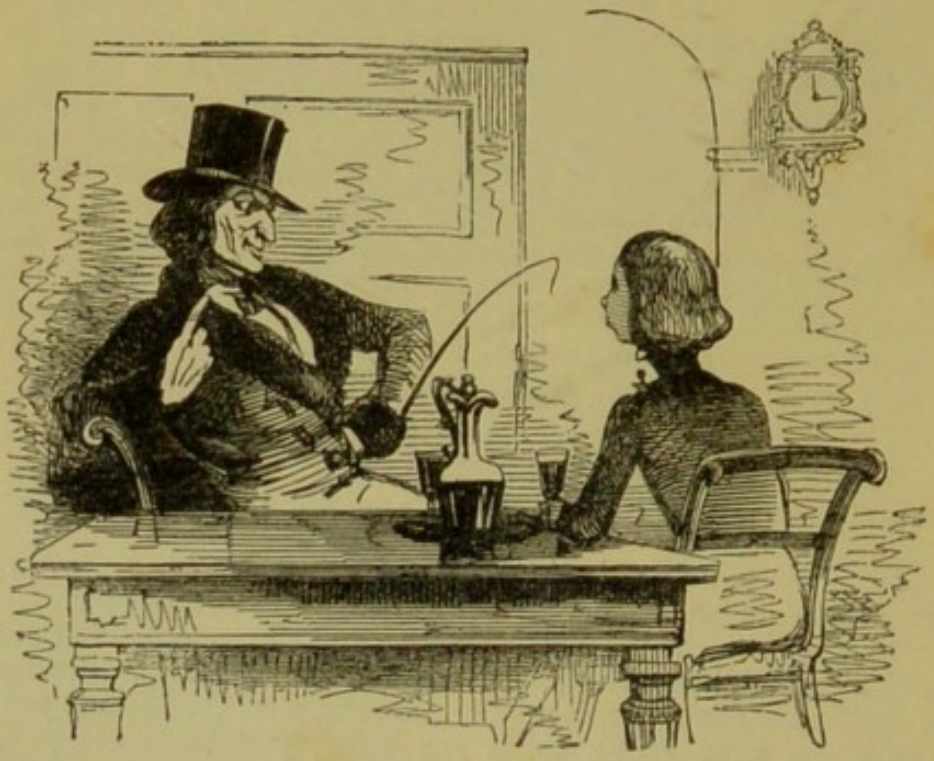
When the leading streets of London are not closed, and altogether;
And the lamps of Vauxhall Gardens are not put out by wet weather.

When the *Byron* of Thorwaldsen in the Abbey takes its place;
And the Turf shall be surprised by something like an honest race.

When the Income Tax is talked of, as a legend of the past;
And St. Paul's is seen for nothing, gratis, unto all, at last.

When the hostess at a party says, 'You must not go away,'
All the time hopes entertaining that you will no longer stay.

When all these things come to pass, in honour bright, and no mistake,
Then, my pretty gentleman, the railways will your fortune make."



DIVERS INTERESTING QUESTIONS FOR MY READERS TO CONSIDER.

What do you generally think—

1. When you ask if any one is at home, and the servant tells you he don't know, but will go and see; asking your name: and then comes back and answers in the negative?
2. When a man at an evening party says he does not waltz, "because his head won't stand it?"
3. When you find a broken dish behind the dresser, and the cook says, "the cat did it?"
4. When a friend presses you to "come and see him very soon—any day—he always dines at five;" but won't state a time?
5. When a married couple are more than usually affectionate, and use endearing terms, in public?
6. When a lady, holding out her glass for some wine at a supper, says, "Oh, really; the least drop in the world, Mr. Smith: stop, stop?"
7. When the clown, a sweep, and a milk-pail, are all on the stage together, in a pantomime?
8. When, at a small country party, the lemonade and negus get gradually weaker towards the end of the evening?
9. When you see a gentleman vandyking between the area railings and the lamp-post, addressing vague words to imaginary people?

PISCES _ Too deep!

THE ZODIAC.—FEBRUARY.

PISCES.—THE FISHES.

The Song of the Unsuccessful Angler.

I cannot tell the reason,—it is really very odd,—
My tackle is first-rate, and I've a most expensive rod,
Bought at the *Golden Perch*, the shop that's always selling off;
And yet, with all my outlay, I've got nothing but a cough.

I think the fish are altered since old Walton wrote his book;
They shun the simple gentle, and suspect it "with a hook."
I think I mayn't be deep enough: in vain I move the quill,
For fish as deeply as I choose, the fish are deeper still.

No pike I've seen; the only one was that unpleasant wicket,
Where threepence I was forced to pay, and now I've lost the ticket;
Nor yet a single perch, for which my lucky stars to thank,
Except the perch I've taken on this damp, rheumatic bank.

I can't pick up a chub, though on the lock all day I stick;
They say it is impossible a lock of Chub to pick:
A flounder would be welcome; but unfeeling wags remark,
I shall get lots of them to-night returning in the dark.

Upon that bobbing quill, all day I have done nought but gloat,
Till I've almost become one; as the song says, *I'm a float!*
Come soles, brill, flounders, fresh or salt; however flat ye be,
Be sure you will not fail to find a greater flat in me.

THINGS TO BE BORNE IN MIND IN FEBRUARY.

Buy a bottle of reviver to renovate your coat and trousers for forthcoming parties. Rout up old kid gloves, and send them to be cleaned.

That, on the 14th, if there is any one you wish to insult, it can be done cheaply and anonymously by a valentine, without the chance

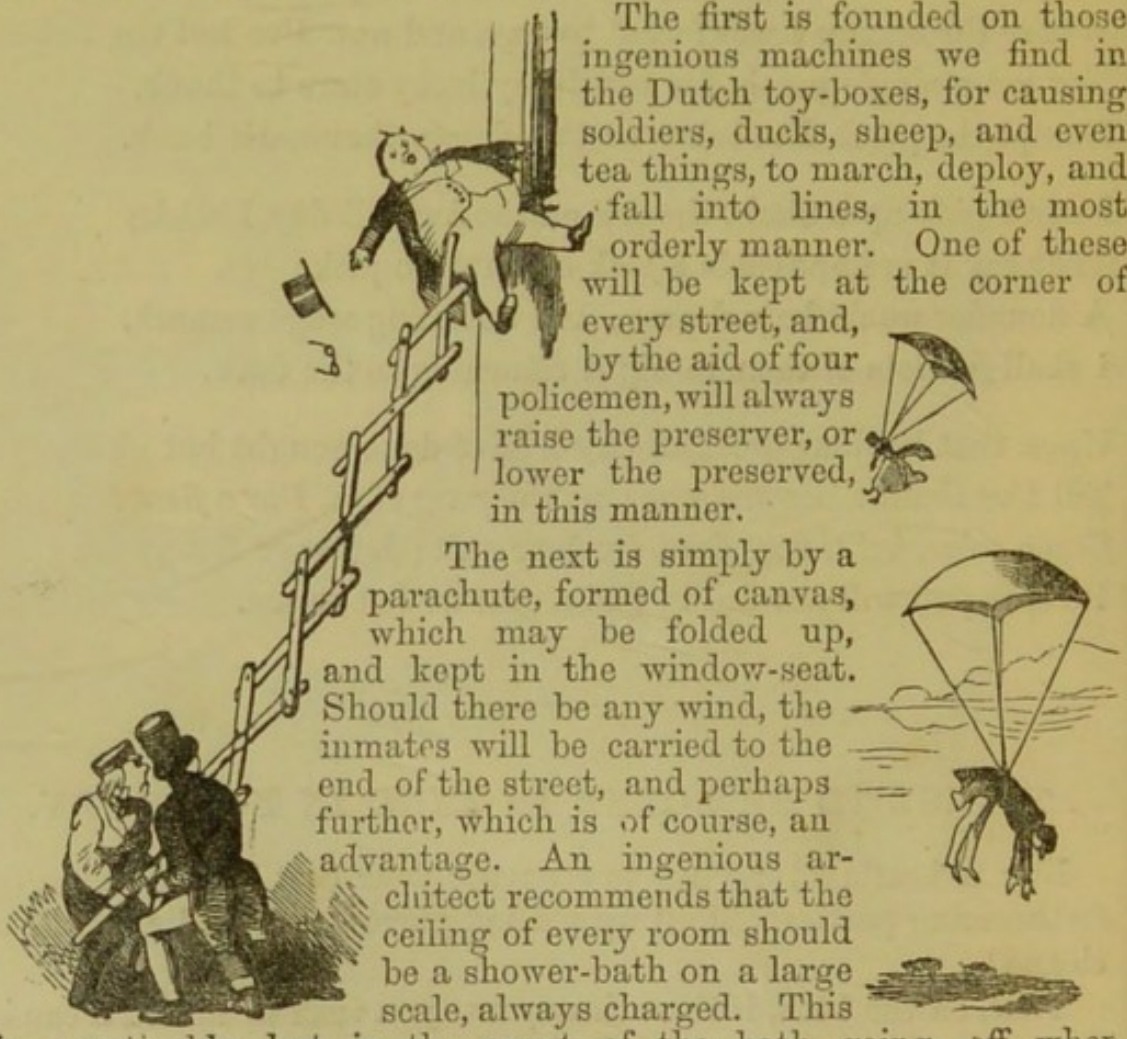
of being tricked in return; whilst the shaft rankles the more, because it is not known who has sent it.

Do not accept an invitation to Hampshire for wild-duck shooting, unless you wish to catch a rheumatism that will last you for life This sport consists in sitting all night up to the knees in mud, half frozen, armed with a long gun, which your fingers are too cold to let off. This, however, is your only chance of safety, as, if it did go off, the recoil would knock you backwards, and you would never get up again.

In early times the greater part of the month was dedicated to the Saxon god, *Thaw*.

FIRE ESCAPES.

The frequency of accidents from fire renders some certain method of escape desirable. The following have received medals :—



The first is founded on those ingenious machines we find in the Dutch toy-boxes, for causing soldiers, ducks, sheep, and even tea things, to march, deploy, and fall into lines, in the most orderly manner. One of these will be kept at the corner of every street, and, by the aid of four policemen, will always raise the preserver, or lower the preserved, in this manner.

The next is simply by a parachute, formed of canvas, which may be folded up, and kept in the window-seat. Should there be any wind, the inmates will be carried to the end of the street, and perhaps further, which is of course, an advantage. An ingenious architect recommends that the ceiling of every room should be a shower-bath on a large scale, always charged. This is practicable, but in the event of the bath going off when there was no fire, the results would be very inconvenient.

BALLAD:

The Lay of the Blighted Potato.

Air—"I had a Flower within my Garden growing."

I saw a murphy in a garden growing;
I boldly prigged it—nobody was there;—
Rich in all charms familiar to the knowing;
Of size unrivalled, and of kidney rare.
At ev'ning hour I put it in my cellar,
Where never murphy had been put before:
I thought myself a very downy fellow;
I smiled upon it, and I shut the door.

Next day I took the murphy out to peel it,
Casting the peeling carelessly away;
When—horrid fact! I shudder to reveal it!—
I found it blighted—hastening to decay.
Vainly I strove the wholesome parts to cherish;
But nought remained of what is now so dear:—
Only with life shall the remembrance perish,
How bad potatoes have turned out this year!

THE RIVER.

BY COVENTRY PATMORE.

It is a venerable pier,
  Though anything but sound;
So old, the *Rainbow* shatters it,
  To Hungerford when bound;
And over all the mud expanse
  A river runneth round.

Upon a rise, where pewter pots
  And rows of benches tall
Look pleasantly, the "Swan" beneath,
  Where concert singers squall,
Resteth, in quiet dignity,
  A shrimp and winkle stall.

Around it, heads, and tails, and ends,
  Are scattered left and right;
Above, its long Suspension Bridge,
  For railways far too slight:
And faces through its railings gleam,
  A taking of a sight.

Beyond the river, bounding all,
  A crowd of chimneys stand,
The Shot-concern their central point,
  As sooty as a band
Of sweeps around their May-day Jack
  Extended hand in hand.

The verdant Greenwich boat is come,
  The touter's lungs are strong;
The cornet bloweth lustily,
  The "gents" indulge in song;
And running down, the river flows
  Like black pea-soup along.

NEW LINES OF RAILWAY,

IN CONTEMPLATION FOR 1846.

Capel Court and Queen's Bench Extension, with a branch to Whitecross Street.
Somerset House and Andover Direct Junction.
Central African.
Herne Bay and Hanwell.
Liverpool and New York Suspension.
Golden Square and Michaelmas Day Junction.

ARIES _ Ram-pant jollities.

THE ZODIAC—MARCH.

ARIES.—THE RAM (IN SMITHFIELD).

SONNET TO THE RAM INN.

SHRINE of the sainted Bartlemy! whose *fête*
Was kept up in thy sanctum all the night,
When for the booths the hours got too late,
And stern policemen snuffed out every light
From hoop of dips, or lamp balloon so bright,
Leaving nought else to snuff but morning air;
Fair temple! once a scene too gay to last,
In every sense the focus of the fair!—
But now thy glories all away have past!
No more thy fiddlers country dances play
(Polkas, thank goodness, were not known); no more
Thy earnest votaries danced in wild array—
Until they sent their feet right through the floor;—
No—all have gone! the blight has seized thy hops!
Unwieldy brutes block up thy very door!
Sheep, laden with long loins of mutton-chops,
And living steaks and sirloins by the score,
Hereafter sent to "Dick's," the "Cheshire Cheese,"
The "Rainbow," and a hundred taverns more,
Where waiters, frantic, ceaselessly do roar,
"Cook, single mutton,"—"Small steak, underdone!"
Or, "Chops to follow, with eschalot for one!"—
Oh, Ram! my pen can't paint such scenes as these,
The pens of Smithfield only should attest thy fun.

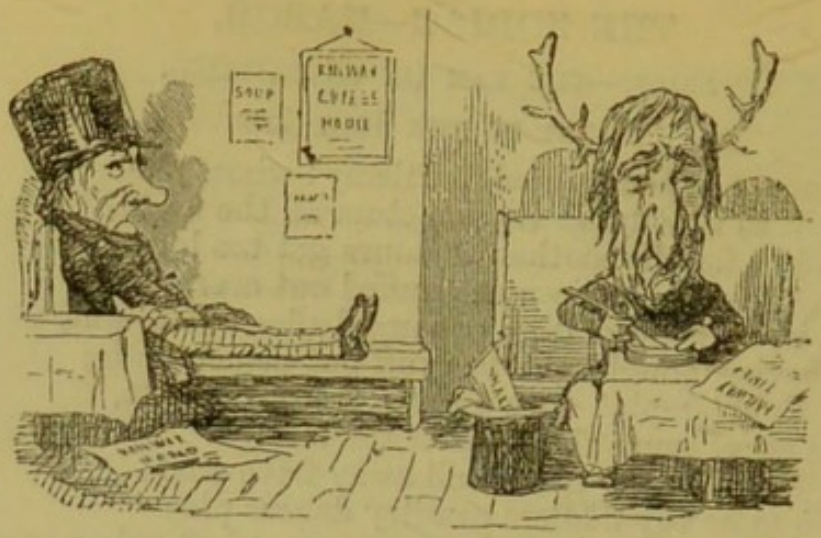
THINGS TO BE BORNE IN MIND IN MARCH.

LADY-DAY is the 25th. If you mean to change your residence about that time, bespeak a van in time, large enough to carry off everything at once without coming back again. But as March is a month in which the wind is generally very easily raised, hope for the best.

That Parliament gets into full swing this month; therefore, give up all notion of seeing a newspaper in a coffee-room under an hour after the sixth gentleman has applied for it.

The world of fashion is beginning to awaken. Change from the chrysalis state of the twelve-shilling tweed to the butterfly transition of the guinea paletot. Highlows are, however, still to be met with on wet evenings, in damp situations. The gossamer sometimes takes flight this month to distant regions, therefore procure a piece of string.

Should you be unfortunately incarcerated for debts exceeding £20, Nicol's registered paletot will be the most suitable wear, as the advertisements say, that wearing it insures a general sense of freedom.



THE STAG

A NEW READING FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT."

SCENE.—*The Alley.* Present, TWO DIRECTORS.

1*st Dir.* Come, shall we take a look at Capel Court?
And yet I'm sorry, when I see the stags,
To think how we, being as bad ourselves,
Do call them rogues and knaves.
2*nd Dir.* Indeed, my friend,
The many-sided Brougham doth grieve at that,
And in that point swears we are more to blame
Than are the rascals that have gammoned us.
To-day, another genl'man and myself
Did sit beside him, as he took his lunch
In a steak-house, whose antique sign peeps out
Of a dark court, not far from the Exchange.
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
That from a fall in shares had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish: and indeed, my friend,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
That their discharge annoyed the diners round,
Almost to cursing; and the big, round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
Into his stout; and thus the hapless stag,
Much marked of the many-sided Brougham,
Sat o'er the poor remains of a small steak,
Moistening his plate with tears.
1*st Dir.* But what said Brougham?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?
2*nd Dir.* Oh, yes! into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in his needless stout;
"Poor stag," quoth he, "thou makest half-an-half

As tapsters do, putting more water in
To that which had too much." Then, being alone,
Cleaned out, forsaken by his moneyed friends,
"'Tis right," quoth he, "I foresaw what would come
Of joint-stock companies."—Anon, a lot,
Who'd sold in time, sat down hard by to dine,
And ne'er asked him to join 'em. "Ay," quoth Brougham,
"Dine on, ye fat and greasy citizens;
Had all their rights, you'd be in the same book
As that decayed and broken bankrupt there."
Thus most invectively he pierceth thro'
The Stock Exchange, the City, Capel Court.
Yea, and Directors; swearing that we, too,
Are men of straw, humbugs, and something worse,
To fall foul of the stags, and drive them out
Of their assigned and native dwelling-place.

TO FIND OUT WHICH WAY THE WIND BLOWS

Go into Trafalgar Square, on a breezy day, without a mackintosh or umbrella. Then stand under St. Martin's cab-stand when the fountains are playing. If you get wet through immediately, the wind is due W.; if it takes a little time to do so, it is N.W., or S.W.; but if you remain quite dry, it is N., S., or E., which can only be ascertained by standing respectively at the foot of the column, under the terrace, or before the club. It hath rarely been known to fail.

THE TRADE WIND GENERATOR.

A VERY civil engineer, residing in Liverpool, has favoured us with his plan for raising whatever winds may be necessary to ships, for the purpose of commerce. His idea is, to fix a colossal pair of double-action bellows, worked by steam power, at the stern of every ship, which, being put in action, will blow directly on the sails, and propel the vessel in any given direction. This entirely precludes the chance of a ship ever becoming becalmed. He candidly tells us that he cannot claim the entire credit of the invention; and he can remember the late Mr. Joseph Grimaldi working something to the same effect in a pantomime, when he was a child; but the boat being made in this instance of a washing-tub, and rigged with a mop stolen for that purpose from an itinerant vendor, no clear notion could be formed of its power.

THE ZODIAC—APRIL.

BULL IN THE PRINTING OFFICE.

By W. Wordsworth, Poet Laureate.

Oh! Bull, strong labourer, much enduring beast,
That with broad back, and sinewy shoulder strung,
Draggest the heavy wain of taxes, flung
In growing heap, from thy poor brethren fleeced.

Hadst thou a literary sense of shame,
How wouldst thou crush, and toss, and rend, and gore
The printing press, and hands that work therefore,
For the sad trash that issues from the same.

If they would print no other works than mine,
The task were nobler; but, alas, in vain,
Of audience few and *un*fit I complain,
Bull wont believe in Southey's verse and mine.

Arouse thee, John, involve in general doom
All who bid Wordsworth rise for Byron to make room.

THINGS TO BE BORNE IN MIND IN APRIL.

Every cautious, on the 1st, of attending to gratuitous advice given in the street, respecting your pocket-handkerchief, straps, or coat-tails. Mistrust everything and everybody until midnight, if you would escape being laughed at.

The month of April is showery, therefore get an umbrella; but remember, that whilst it is fine, a cotton one at half-a-crown looks as well in an oilskin case as a silk one at a guinea; and that when it is wet, nobody cares what you have, never stopping to look.

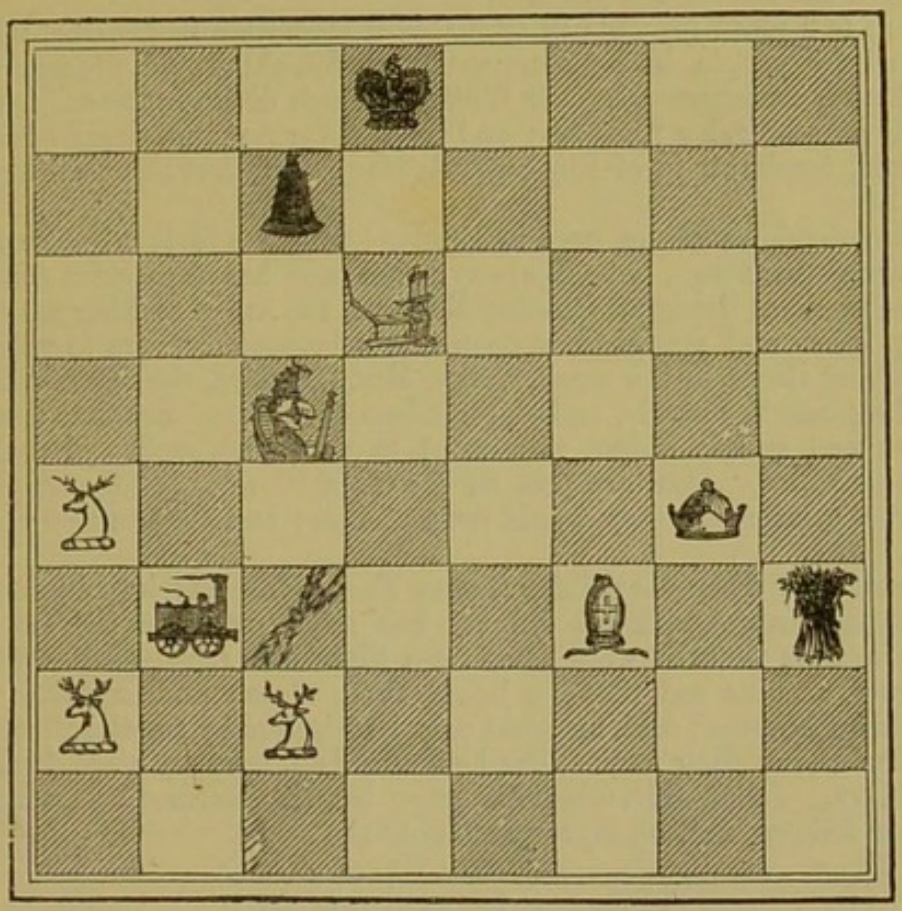
That you must renew your acquaintance with all sorts of editors to get orders to the Opera, and thus move in the great world at a small outlay. N.B.—Gloves worn the evening before at a party are sufficiently presentable in the pit.

Angling begins this month, and its professors become all hooks and eyes. If you wish to kill time (and nothing else) sit in a Chertsey or Hampton punt, and wait for barbel.

TAURUS — A literary Bull.

NOVEL CHESS PROBLEM.

NEITHER SIDE TO WIN IN ANY MOVES.



Punch takes the Press, and checks the Albert Hat.
Albert Hat retires, and Punch checks the Queen.
Times' Thunderbolt checks Railway Engine, surrounded by Stags.
Church makes a move towards O'Connell.
Corn League retires one square.
Albert Hat mates the Crown.

MISCELLANEA CURIOSA.

SELECTED FROM THE "MISCELLANIES" OF J. AUBREY, ESQ., CONTAINED IN THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM, AT OXFORD.

Shoes came into Englande with Henry the Fourth his wife, Joan of Navarre. Before that time the nobles did wear dried flat fish, cunningly tied on with thongs of hide. And hence the name of *soles* as used to this day, and by alle men.

In 1580, a shower of potatoes did fall in Lancashire, at which the husbandmen were sorelie afraid. They were sayde to have been brought from America in a whirlwind, and, being hitherto unknown, became directly common.

The Polka is a measure danced by salvage men and women in Hongrie. *Item.*—Sir Francis Drake assures me he hath seen it kept up for twenty minutes and more, until the salvages were like to drop; the reason whereof is difficult to tell; but he takes it to be a religious ceremony, as the whirling dervishes in the Indies doe practise.

Tobacco is a plant growing in China on inaccessible mountains, whence it is plucked by people in balloons made of fish-skin, and preserved in red leather bottles underground. Sir Walter Raleigh did use it first. Its vapour inhaled is an admirable narcotic; and one Master Aytoun, deprived of it, did, in its stead, smoke strips of Blackwood's Magazine; but this well nigh coste him his life.

The first drinking glasse used in Englande had no foote whereon to stand (to encourage drinking), but fell alway; and was hence called a tumbler.

A Bristow man, living at Castile, did learn the art of making soap, which he set up here: and straightway upon this it became common to wash one's self twice and thrice in the week. Nay, Mrs. Gregoire, the commissioner his wife, did cleanse her hands, and eke her face each daie. Soe that it was soon the rage; and people before they went to stay with such and such a one would saie to him, "How are you off for soape?" meaning therebye that if he had not good store, they would none of him; and soe went on their way betymes.

I do remember when they did call cats *Tomassins*, which, being corrupted to Tom, is still in use with the vulgar; but the etymologie thereof I could never learn, save that the word came from Flanders. *Item.*—My good friend, Mr. Marmy, assures me that he heard them shriek and cry like infants, beneath his chambers; such as could only be frighted by tossing the fire-irons and fender about their ears. But he verilie believes they were devils' imps and familiars. *Item.*—Mr. Glanville gave him a charm to exorcise them, which is as follows, writ on fayre parchment:—

"Tomassin, tomassine, alabra,
Parlak vak abracadabra."

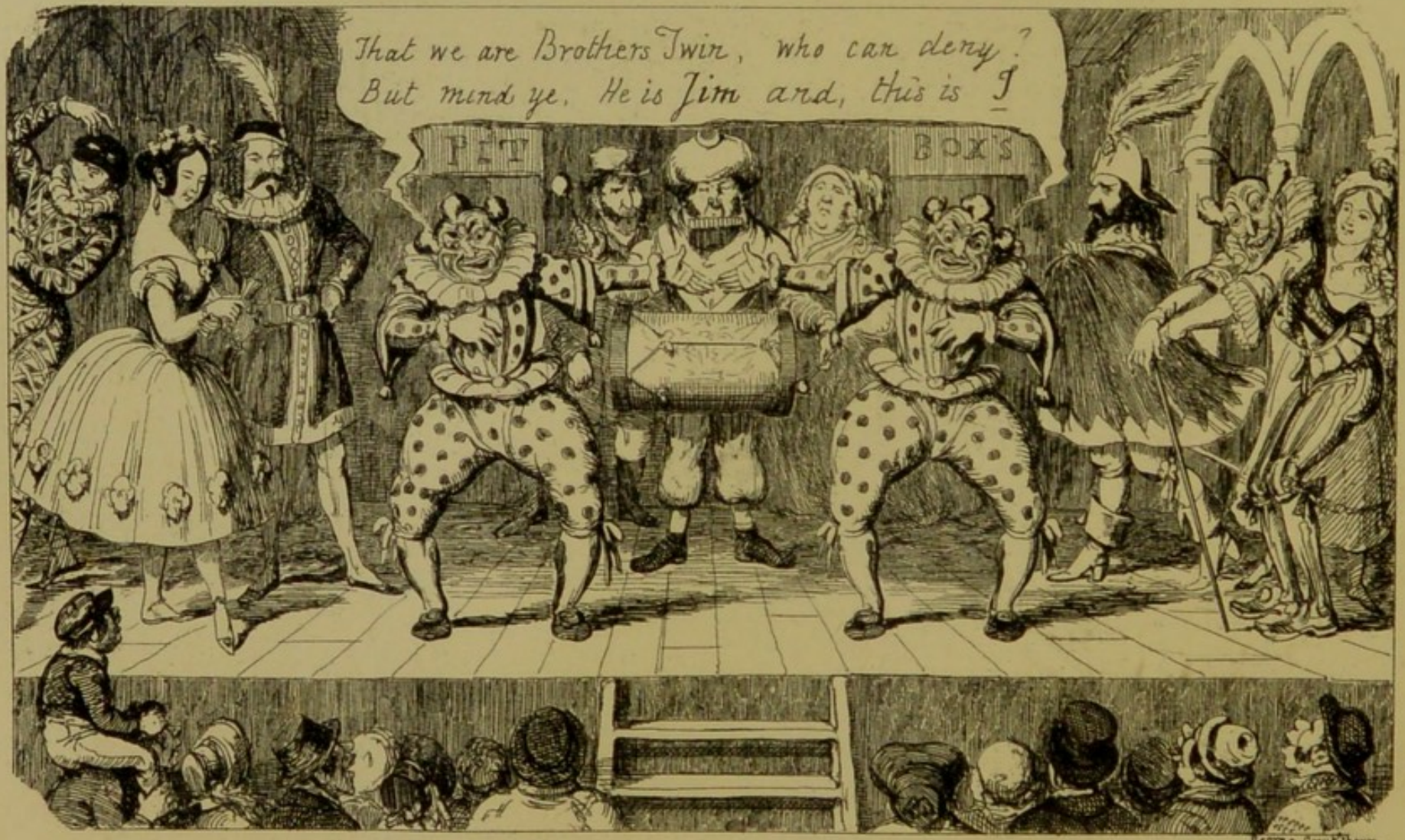
The which being pronounced, they would frantically take to their heels and scuffle off like mad, to return no more.

To preserve beer from being soured by thunder:—*Summa*, it is best to drinke it all off before the storm. They doe practise this in Kent with certainty, and other parts of England. This also on the authority of Mr. Glanville.

Men in liquor have droll conceites. I knew such a one, being a justice of the peace, who, when tipsie, would take off his peruke to salute the company with obeisance, and then, putting it on a bottle, would sing a song that had neither beginning nor end, but went merrilie on over again: the which he wold never stop until carried awaie to bed. And yet he was well to doe, and a clever man, but lacked prudence.

My Lord Saye his gardener tells me that during the late storm he did track a flash of lightning through a gooseberrie bush, which marvel he had often heard of, but never saw before.

A correspondent inquires, "Why is beer always excluded from the dinner-parties of those who drink it every day when alone?" We pause for a reply.



GEMINI — Odd-fellows.

THE ZODIAC—MAY.

GEMINI.—THE TWINS.

The new explanation which our artist has put forward, of the origin of the term *Gemini*, so clearly tells its own story, that any further remarks upon the subject from us are unnecessary. The situation of the twins, however, suggests that we should make some allusion to the state of the Clowns of England; on which subject we purpose bringing out a work in the same style as the Wives, Mothers, Queens, and other female facts of the said favoured country.

The progress of burlesques at the various theatres has done much to injure pantomimes; and it is feared the race of Clowns will become extinct, unless, in these days of educational enlightenment, some means are taken to train up fresh ones as the old ones drop off. To this end, we mean to establish a school for infant Clowns, who will be taught practical jokes in classes; and old ladies, shopkeepers, lodging-letters, and little boys, will be provided for them to play off their tricks upon. Proper works will be provided for them to study; and from one of the most elementary, not yet published, we make the following extract; premising that the Clown to a travelling circus is the first step on the ladder of pantomimical perfection:—

CHAPTER FROM

THE MERRYMAN'S MANUAL;

OR, CLOWN'S HANDBOOK OF POPULAR HILARITY.

Chap. II.—How to Collect the Crowd in Front of the Show.

[N.B.—*The Performers are to walk about as if they were noble Lords and Ladies. The* Manager, *as a Venetian of high birth, with a whip in his hand, and the* Merryman, *stand on the steps.*]

Master of the Show. Now, Mr. Merryman, be so good as to tell the company——

Merryman. Yes, sir. (*Counts his fingers.*) Ten, twenty-eleven, fourteen, two.

Master. What are you doing, sir?

Merryman. I'm telling them, sir.

Master. Nonsense, Mr. Merryman. I mean you are to tell them the nature of the exhibition.

Merryman. That's capital good.

Master. What is capital good, Mr. Merryman?

Merryman. Eggs and bacon.

Master. I did not say eggs and bacon, sir. I said, exhibition. Also, the sports and pastimes—

Merryman. That's better still.

Master. What is better still, Mr. Merryman?

Merryman. Pork and parsnips.

Master. Sports and pastimes, sir (*sternly*).

Merryman. Now I've got it. Times and passports.

Master (*whipping him*). Take that, sir!

Merryman. Now keep still, can't you? You'll take all the whicksters off my calves.

Master. Now, Mr. Merryman, inform the company the nature of the performances as exhibited before all the—

Merryman. Exhibited before all the—

Master. Potentates in Europe.

Merryman. Potatoes in Europe. (*Confidentially, to the crowd.*) That's a lie.

Master (*sharply*). What did you say, sir?

Merryman. I said, they'd see it all by-and-by.

Master. Dancing on the tight and slack rope—

Merryman. Prancing on the slight and tack rope—

Master. With a variety of ground and lofty tumbling—

Merryman. With a variety of round and crafty grumbling—

Master. Remember the price. Halloo! (*Through a speaking trumpet.*) *Three*pence each is all we ask! Servants and working people *two*pence!

Merryman. Recollect: be in time. All in to begin! *Three*pence each is all we ask; but we'll take as much more as you like to give us. All in there! all in! [*Exeunt company, to re-appear in one minute.*

This will give a fair notion of the value of the work. In addition to a series of such helps to education, phrases, to be committed to memory, will be hung round the room. These will be principally for the pantomimists, and will consist of sentences like the following:—"Here we are again! how are you?" "Now, don't be a fool!" "Here's somebody coming!" "I saw him do it, sir!" with other similar ones.

The co-operation of all friendly to the interests of the Clowns is earnestly requested to promote the welfare of this institution.

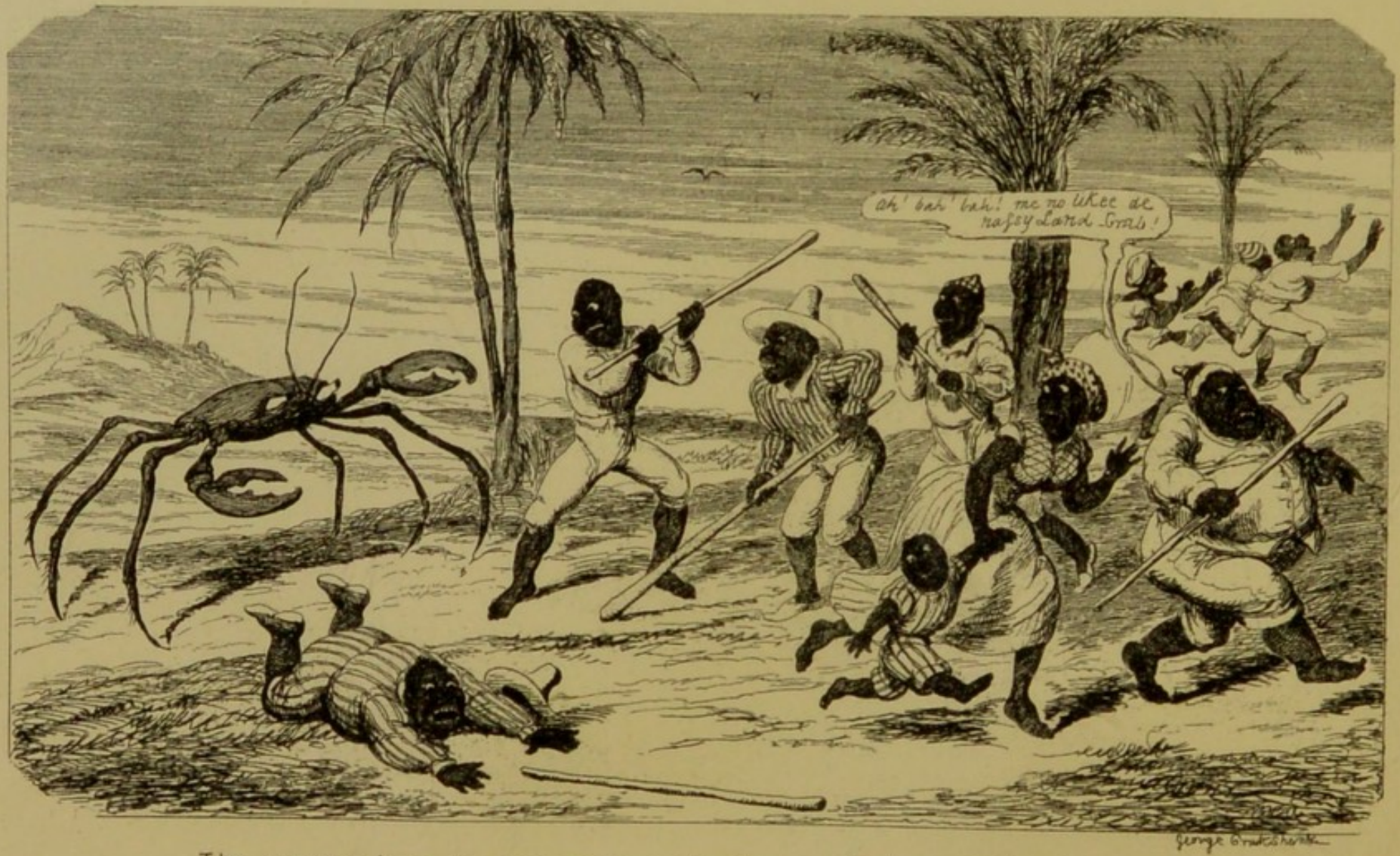
THINGS TO BE BORNE IN MIND IN MAY.

That there is an ancient quaint rhyme, as follows—the old almanacks having a wrong version:—

"In April,
Grisi opes her bill;
In May,
To hear her you pay;
In June,
She's in full tune;
In July,
Her benefit is nigh;
In August,
Take a stall you must."

That the only Poles now found in May, about London, are the distressed patriots in the cheap eating-houses and copper hells in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square. The sport is not extinct, as little boys may still be seen dancing round the more eccentric specimens of the class. The only reason that these poles have not fallen down, like those in the country, is, that they are supposed to be very hard up.

That although the almanacks declare that perch, ruff, bream, gudgeon, flounders, dace, minnows, trout, and eels may be taken this month, this, to say the least of it, requires confirmation. We have tried often, but never took anything, except taking ourselves off after a fruitless time.



The country here is swarmin' with the most alarmin' kind o' varmin.

THE ZODIAC—JUNE.

THE LAND-CRAB.

[*Extract from a forthcoming Novel, by the Author of "The Spy," "The Pilot," "The Red Rover," &c. &c. &c. &c.*]

"It was too late. Their fearful enemy, that scourge so dreaded by the negro race of the Southern States, the terrible Land-Crab, was upon them. Copper Joe, never remarkable for heroism, lost the small remains of presence of mind which the encounter with the Comanches had left him, and, in attempting to fly, fell prostrate, injuring his abdomen severely. Andromache, with her youthful charge, after a vain effort to rouse her fat husband, Noah, to resistance, joined in the general rout. But the heroic Sambo stood his ground. His eyes glared, his white teeth shone from ear to ear, as, with right foot firmly planted in advance, he stood a sable Antinous, awaiting, with uplifted club, two onsets of the terrible enemy. It was a dreadful moment!"

THE QUEEN OF THE FÊTE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I.—The Day Before.

[*To be read with liveliness.*]

If you're waking, call me early, mother, fine, or wet, or bleak;
To-morrow is the happiest day of all the Ascot week;
It is the Chiswick fête, mother, of flowers and people gay,
And I'll be queen, if I may, mother, I'll be queen, if I may.

There's many a bright *barége*, they say, but none so bright as mine,
And whiter gloves, that have been cleaned, and smell of turpentine;
But none so nice as mine, I know, and so they all will say;
And I'll be queen, if I may. mother; I'll be queen, if I may.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not shout at my bedside, and give me a good shake;
For I have got those gloves to trim with blonde and ribbons gay,
And I'm to be queen, if I may, mother; I'm to be queen, if I may.

As I came home to-day, mother, whom think you I should meet,
But Harry—looking at a cab, upset in Oxford-street;
He thought of when we met, to learn the Polka of Miss Rae—
But I'll be queen, if I may, mother; I'll be queen, if I may.

They say he wears moustachios, that my chosen he may be;
They say he's left off raking, mother—what is that to me?
I shall meet all the Fusiliers upon the Chiswick day;
And I will be queen, if I may, mother; I will be queen, if I may.

The night cabs come and go, mother, with panes of mended glass,
And all the things about us seem to clatter as they pass;
The roads are dry and dusty; it will be a fine, fine day,
And I'm to be queen, if I may, mother; I'm to be queen, if I may.

The weather-glass hung in the hall has turned to "fair" from "showers,"
The sea-weed crackles and feels dry, that's hanging 'midst the flowers,
Vauxhall, too, is not open, so 'twill be a fine, fine day;
And I will be queen, if I may, mother; I will be queen, if I may.

So call me, if you're waking; call me, mother, from my rest—
The "Middle Horticultural" is sure to be the best.
Of all the three this one will be the brightest, happiest day;
And I will be queen, if I may, mother; I will be queen, if I may.

II.—The Day After.

[*Slow, and with sad expression.*]

If you're waking, call me early; call me early, mother dear;
The soaking rain of yesterday has spoilt my dress, I fear;
I've caught a shocking cold, mamma, so make a cup for me,
Of what sly folks call, blackthorn, and facetious grocers, tea.

I started forth in floss and flowers to have a pleasant day,
When all at once down came the wet, and hurried all away;
And now there's not a flower but is washed out by the rain:
I wonder if the colours, mother, will come round again.

I have been wild and wayward, but I am not wayward now,
I think of my allowance, and I'm sure I don't know how
I shall make both ends meet. Papa will be so very wild;
He says already, mother, I'm his most expensive child.

Just say to Harry a kind word, and tell him not to fret;
Perhaps I was cross, but then he knows it was so very wet;
Had it been fine—I cannot tell—he might have had my arm;
But the bad weather ruined all, and spoilt my toilet's charm.

I'll wear the dress again, mother; I do not care a pin,—
Or, perhaps, 'twill do for Effie, but it must be taken in;
But do not let her see it yet—she's not so very green,
And will not take it until washed and ironed it has been.

So, if you're waking, call me, when the day begins to dawn;
I dread to look at my *barége*—it must be so forlorn;
We'll put it in the rough-dried box: it may come out next year;
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

"OUGHT OLIVER CROMWELL TO HAVE A STATUE?"

This dispute may be easily settled as follows:—In the Great Hall of the Ducal Palace, at Venice, are the portraits of all the Doges, except Marino Faliero, whose place is occupied by a frame, enclosing a black curtain, inscribed, "*Hic locus est Marini Faliero decapitati pro criminibus.*" In like manner, in the new Houses of Parliament, we suggest that Cromwell's place should be filled by an empty pedestal, on which might be written, "*Here Oliver Cromwell would have been, had he deserved it.*" As the villains of one age are generally the heroes of the next, in another hundred years the whole nation may set up a statue to him unanimously, and then the place will be ready.

THE FARCE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Professor Bachhoffner, of the Royal Polytechnic Institution, has submitted a plan to the managers of the different theatres, whereby the ill-effects resulting from the summary damnation of various farces may be avoided. He proposes to erect a gasometer, contiguous to each theatre, to be filled, on the first nights of comic dramas, with laughing gas, which, being distributed through various ventilators, at the last bars of the overture, will keep the audience in screams of cachinnation throughout the performance; so that the papers can conscientiously speak of "peals of laughter," and "hurricanes of applause." By the same means, the talented Professor also proposes to turn on carbonic acid gas, diluted with atmospheric air, to depress the spirits, for serious five-act legitimacy, and induce sleep.

THINGS TO BE BORNE IN MIND IN JUNE.

If you go down to Ascot races on an old Norwich coach, at twenty shillings a head, when you leave it and get on the course, say, "a man you know (the coachman) brought you down on his drag (the coach)." In going home be careful to conceal yourself, that you may not be discovered jolly, pelting open landaus with pin-cushions, or making a banner of your pocket-handkerchief tied to a walking-stick. Do not go up to carriages whose inmates you know until the race is over: you will then get lunch, and will not be asked by the girls to join a sweepstakes, which never pays.

If not in funds, hide at home, on the Derby day; and when you go out at night declare you never saw a better race. The position of the horses may be read for nothing on the pen-and-ink placard outside the *Globe* and *Sun* offices.

The angler this month will find fish most abundant at Blackwall and Greenwich. Almost all sorts may be readily taken with brown bread and butter.

That otter hunting is in season this month, as the almanacks gravely assure us. When the thermometer stands at ninety in the shade, there cannot well be "*otter*" *hunting*.

THE ZODIAC—JULY.

LEO.—ANDROCLES.

A LAY OF ANCIENT HISTORY.

PART I.

'Tis of a foreign gentleman, Androcles was his name,
Who being somewhat "seedy"—many others are the same—
Having no shares to stag, no scrip to get from a new line,
Walked off into a savage place, with Humphrey's duke to dine.

Chance brought him to a rocky cave, whence issued cries of woe;
A lion there was screaming, with a splinter in his toe:
He volunteered his services; the noble brute, not proud,
A surgical inspection of his tender foot allowed.

Androcles drew the splinter out; the lion joy expressed—
This ends the first part of my lay; Part II. contains the rest.

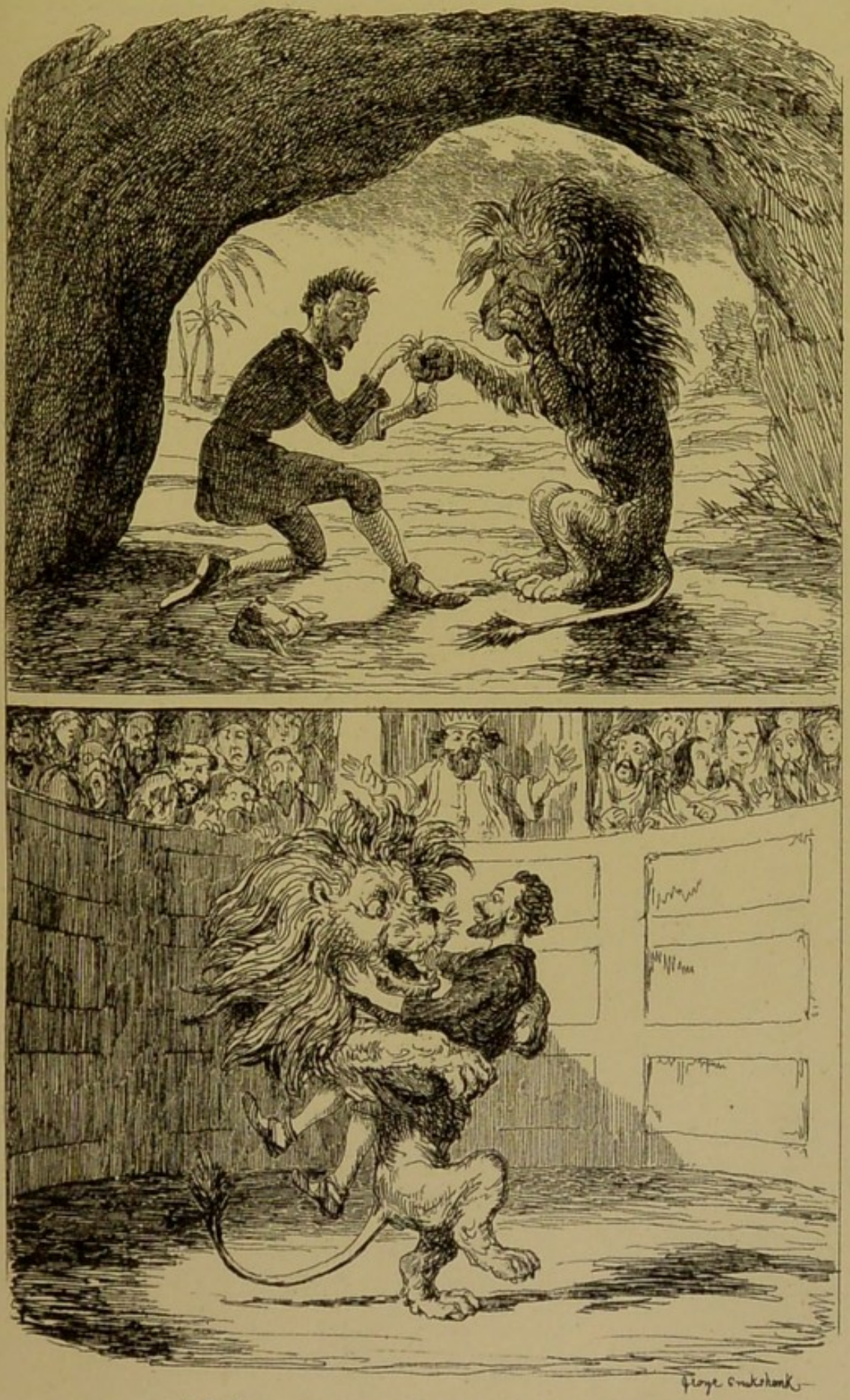
PART II.

There's tumult in the Forum, and the people onward press;
Androcles, now a criminal, is in a precious mess:
He's got to meet a lion, hungry, savage, and unchained;
And act Van Amburgh with a beast that never has been trained.

The Colosseum's rows are filled with citizens of mark—
Vespasian's amphitheatre, not the one in Regent's Park—
The tribunes and ὁι πολλοι are all making up their books,
Or drawing for a lion "sweep," with eager turfish looks.

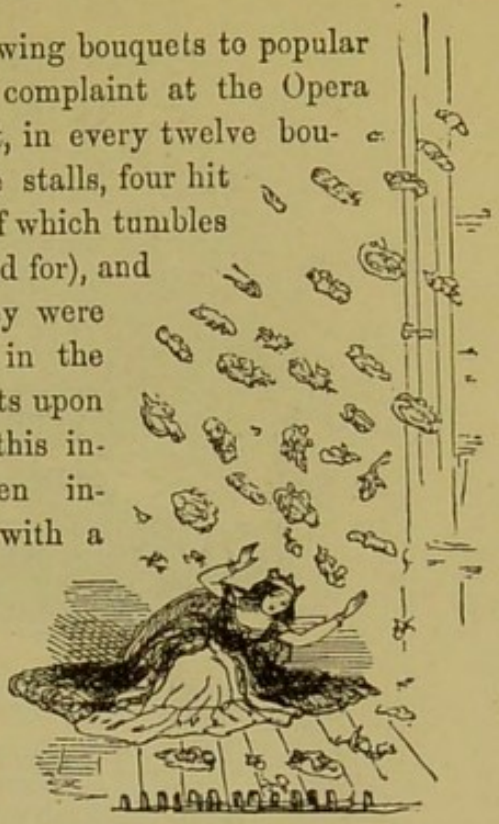
The den is opened, horror reigns, no soul is heard to speak;
Androcles strikes an attitude, like Keller's *Poses Plastiques;*
When Nero, darting from his cage, no longer fierce and wild,
Takes up the doomed one in his arms as though he were a child;
And roars and dances gaily on his hind legs loud and long,
As we have seen the Nigger when he sings the Banjo song.

The criminal is innocent!—he need no longer stay;
And with the lion arm-in-arm he bows and walks away.—
And so long live Androcles, and the lion long live he;
And next time such a thing occurs, may we be there to see!



LEO — Androcles and the Lion.

THE BOUQUET PROJECTOR, OR CERITO CATAPULT.



The great difficulty experienced in throwing bouquets to popular performers has long been the subject of complaint at the Opera and other theatres. It is calculated that, in every twelve bouquets thrown at the stage, three fall in the stalls, four hit the fiddles, two reach the proscenium (one of which tumbles at the feet of somebody it was not intended for), and the rest fly into the pit-boxes, where they were never meant to go, or break into pieces in the air, showering down like floricultural rockets upon the heads of the spectators. To remedy this inconvenience the Cerito catapult has been invented. It consists of a gun working with a spring; and the nicest aim can be taken, as it is screwed on to the front of the box. N.B.—Double-barrelled machines for a *pas de deux;* and bouquets prepared, like grapeshot, to tumble into thirty small ones, for danseuses Viennoises and Anglaises.

THINGS TO BE BORNE IN MIND IN JULY.

At the beginning of the month tell your partners at evening parties that you have not yet decided whether you shall go to Wiesbaden, Naples, or the Tyrol for the autumn; but be careful towards the end to bespeak the humble lodging at Gravesend or Margate.

Do not take a horse in the park that bears marks of collar and crupper, because it looks like one you might have hired at seven-and-sixpence for the afternoon's ride.

A walk at the West-end should not now be taken except in evening dress, that people may think you are going to a dinner or evening party. A reputation for fashion and fortune may be cheaply purchased by walking under the colonnade, at half-past midnight, in the same costume.

If you wish to escape from society and get yourself into condition, sponge upon some friend who has moors in Scotland for a fortnight's deerstalking. This sport consists in running with your back parallel to the horizon, and your nose within two inches of the ground, against the wind, for several hours. Do not ask where the deer are, as it will betray your inexperience; everybody is supposed to know.

THE BOW-STREET GRANGE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

With blackest mud, the locked-up sots
  Were splashed and covered, one and all
And rusty nails, and callous knots,
  Stuck from the bench against the wall.
The wooden bed felt hard and strange;
  Lost was the key that oped the latch;
  To light his pipe he had no match,
Within the Bow Street station's range.
    He only said, "It's very dreary;"
      "Bail will not come," he said;
    He said, "I have been very beery,
      I would I were a-bed!"

The rain fell like a sluice that even;
  His Clarence boots could not be dried,
But had been soaked since half-past seven—
  To get them off in vain he tried.
After the smashing of his hat,
  Just as the new police came by,
  And took him into custody,
He thought, I've been a precious flat,
    He only said, "The cell is dreary;"
      "Bail cometh not," he said;
    He said, "I must be very beery,
      I wish I was in bed!"

Upon the middle of the night,
  Waking, he heard a stunning row;
Some jolly cocks sang out till light,
  And would not keep still anyhow.

He wished to bribe, but had no change
Within his pockets, all forlorn,
And so he kept awake till morn
Within that lonely Bow Street grange.
He only said, "The cell is dreary;"
"Bail cometh not," he said;
He said, "I must be very beery,
I'd rather be in bed!"

All night within that gloomy cell
The keys within the padlock creaked;
The tipsy 'gents' bawled out as well,
And in the dungeons yelled and shrieked.
Policeman slyly prowled about;
Their faces glimmered through the door,
But brought not, though he did implore,
One humble glass of cold without.
He only said, "The night is dreary;"
"Bail cometh not," he said;
He said, "I have been very beery,
I would I were in bed!"

At morn, the noise of boys aloof,
Inspectors' orders, and the chaff
Of cads upon the busses' roof,
To Poplar bound, too much by half
Did prove; but most he loathed the hour
When Mr. Jardine chose to say
Five shillings he would have to pay,
Now he was in policeman's power.
Then said he, "This is very dreary;"
"Bail will not come," he said;
He said, "I'll never more get beery,
But go straight home to bed!"

THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

In chronicling the designs of this school for the past and forthcoming year, we cannot fall in with the abuse lavished upon it by some of our contemporaries. We believe, from many others, that the following will be most likely to interest our readers:—

A design for a new dance against next season, by the Terpsichorean professors, to meet the depression in their trade, since everybody knew the Polka.

A design of the journalists of England to make the gentlemen of the bar understand their proper position.

A design of the journalists of France to attribute their thrashing in Algeria to the gold of "perfide Albion."

A design of the *Times* newspaper to expose the railway swindles and burst all the bubbles.

A design of certain medical students against the knockers and bell-pulls near Guy's and St. Thomas's.

A design for a human oven, to enable savage aborigines to cook their victims instead of eating them raw, by Colonel Pelissier; a laudable attempt to exhibit the refinements of French colonization.

THE ZODIAC—AUGUST.

VIRGO.—THE OLD MAID.

[Scene—A Tea Table.]

You like it weak, Miss Patience Crab,—the same, just as the last?
(As I was saying, all those Smiths are living much too fast.)
One lump of sugar more, my dear? Thank you, that's just the thing.
(No income can support those trips to London every spring—)
Another crumpet, dear Miss Quince—nay, just one tiny bit?
(The set the girls made at Sir John did not turn out a hit.)
Poor Carlo don't seem very well; I think he has caught cold—
(The eldest girl is passable, I own, but much too bold.)
The poor dear darling little dog is anything but strong.
(Depend upon it, we shall hear of something going wrong.)
Another cup, love? Sugar? Milk? I hope you like your tea?
(I don't mean to insinuate—no matter—we shall see.)
Now let me recommend the cake; you'll find it very nice.
(I really hope that those poor Smiths will take some friend's advice.)

[*Cats and dogs begin to fight—parrot screams—confusion. The conversation is broken up.*]

THINGS TO BE BORNE IN MIND IN AUGUST.

About the 10th, look for falling stars—not various actors, authors, and singers I could name, but shooting meteors. If they do not appear, you must blame them, and not me.

Towards the 12th, tell all your friends how deuced disagreeable it is to be tied by the leg from pressure of business, and not able to accept an invitation to the Highlands, where a thousand acres of grouse have been preserved on purpose for you.

About the end, buy a guinea shooting-jacket, and hang it about your room. Also keep an old gun, to be cleaning whenever you friends call.

By the way, if you should go to the North, avoid buying one of those shooting-jackets said, in the advertisements, to resemble the "bonnie heather," because your back, being seen in motion, may be taken by an inexperienced friend for a bush with a bird in it, and you will probably receive the contents of his double-barrel in the neighbourhood of your lumbar vertebræ.

VIRGO — Unmatched enjoyment.

HISTORICAL MEMORANDA:

KINDLY FURNISHED TO THE EDITOR BY THE MEMBERS OF THE OLD ORIGINAL "ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION," RESPECTING THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

ACCORDING to Fitzwalker, a monk who wrote in the middle ages, the first House of Commons was so called from having been the only house in the centre of the commons, which formed the site of the present city of Westminster. It was built by King Cole, from a portion of the ruins of Thebes, whence the stones were brought in that monarch's one-horse chaise to save expense; and as only one could be carried at a time, the journeys backwards and forwards took many years. Subsequently, a peculiar species of cake was manufactured there for the king, termed *parliament;* and from the officers of state being accustomed to eat this during their debates, the senate took its name. This structure was burnt down in 1834, by catching fire from the inflammatory speech of an Irish member; and its rebuilding was entrusted to Mr. Barry, the celebrated clown at Astley's. Much speculation has taken place as to whether the lady of this clever pantomimist and architect is the one addressed by Mr. Tennyson, in "Locksley Hall," in the line—

"As the husband, so the wife is: thou art mated to a clown."

Mr. Barry celebrated the laying of the first stone by driving four ducks on the Thames, from Battersea to Westminster, in a washing-tub,—being half of the identical butt in which the Earl of Malmsey was drowned by the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., in the presence of Shakspeare, Hume, and Macready.

The notorious Guy, Lord Vaux, celebrated for blowing up the house, was captured in the vaults of the building. In trying to escape he dislocated both his ankles,—as may be always seen in the likenesses of him, carried about on the 5th of November, when the feet are invariably hind-side before.

The Speaker of the House of Commons is so called from never opening his mouth. He has, however, to take in all the members choose to spout, and therefore may be regarded as the Uncle of the senate, King Alfred being the Father, or, according to others, Mr. Byng. But this affinity does not constitute any degree of relationship between Mr. Byng (or King Alfred) and the Speaker, any more than Mr. Boyle's having been the father of chemistry, made his brother, if he had one, chemistry's uncle.

The members of the House put M.P. after their names; which are the initial letters of Mistaken Profession.

MARTYRS OF SCIENCE.

It is lamentable to think that so many of those whose discoveries have tended to advance the general welfare of society have fallen victims either to their zeal in the pursuit, or the apathy of the public. The following instances will sufficiently prove the fact:—

James Watt,

Acting upon the Greek maxim, γνωθι σεαυτον, devoted his whole life to solving the mysterious problem of "what's what?" Yet he burst his boiler eventually, and, as he was accustomed with a melancholy facetiousness to remark, was seldom able to fill his own stuffing-box. He choked himself with a new roll, which was in consequence termed a penny buster. His great bust was the work of Chantrey. To him we owe the invention of the baked-tater can. His hymns have been much admired.

Newton,

The great inventor of the solar system, was descendant of the Earl of Orrery. He discovered the centrifugal force from watching the scenes in the circle at Astley's. Whilst seated in his usual place in the pit one night, he was hit on the head by an apple from the gallery, supposed to have been aimed at Widdicombe, which led him to the discovery of the gravity of the earth, though it destroyed that of the house. Yet this great man was in his old age reduced to keep an eating-house near Leicester Square, formerly called the Hotel Newton, but now better known as Berthollini's.

Dr. Jenner,

Whilst in the incipient stages of small-pox, was tossed by a cow, which led him to the discovery of vaccination. Yet he was often without the means of procuring a ha'porth of milk; so that he was wont to say, when in a merry mood, that although his discovery had

extirpated the confluent state, it had not left him in an affluent one. Cowes was his favourite residence, where he died in a state of monomania, fancying himself one of them.

Harvey

Invented the circulation of the blood; yet he composed his "Meditations amongst the Tombs" with no other stimulus than a bottle of his own sauce, during an excursion to Kensal Green. Ultimately, coming to poverty, he took the situation of Hermit, at Vauxhall, and lived upon pulse. His works are now only found at circulating libraries.

Priestley,

Although he discovered the properties of air, had not sufficient property of his own to raise the wind. He found out the composition of the atmosphere; but was unable to effect a composition with his creditors. During the "No Popery" riots his house was torn down by the mob, who said they would have "none of that *air*." He afterwards travelled about the country with lucifer matches, whence he has been erroneously termed a light porter. He died ultimately from want of breath, ungratefully deserted by that element which he had raised from obscurity, and left his discoveries as an *heir*loom to the nation. He died in a Wynd in Edinburgh, but his remains were afterwards removed to Ayr, where an humble admirer afterwards inscribed this terse but touching epitaph upon his tomb:—

"Here lies Priestley.
Whose treatment was beastly."

Davy (Sir Humphrey),

Until he came of age, was originally a miner in the north of England, where he invented the wonderful lamp, mentioned in the Arabian Nights. Hence each miner, on entering the pit, is required to "take his davy," or he will otherwise be blown up. He was very fond of salmon-fishing, but was never known to catch any. Poverty having depressed his spirits he took to laughing gas, and this, combining with other gases which he was accustomed to swallow in large quantities, produced spontaneous combustion, of which he died, whilst at sea, and was there interred in his own locker. During three days in the week he might be seen in the park, dining with his noble godfather, the Duke Humphrey. Such was the fate of one, of whom we may say, in the words of the poet:—

"Take him for all in all, he cannot fail,
To point a moral, and adorn a tale."

THE ZODIAC—SEPTEMBER.

LIBRA—THE WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

FROM SPENSER'S "FAERIE QUEENE."

And next inspectors came, with boies arounde,
And porters heabie laden with the spoyle
Of "cheapest shoppes," wherein false weights were found,
Which did the chapman's reputation soyle,
As fylching what poor folk did gain by toyle,
Making their little less, by sly transfer
Of "jerrie," pennie-piece, or wire coyle,
To get a draught against the purchaser,
But neber 'gainst himself in such way did he erre.

THE JURY'S GUIDE TO FALSE WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

BAKERS.—"*Down again to 5d.!!*" placarded on the window, expresses a draught of an ounce against the purchaser. If a microscopic "¾" is added in pencil, the loss will be greater.

GROCERS.—"*The famous Four Shilling Tea!!*" stuck in a pyramid of that article, means that a quarter of an ounce falls off in every pound. Another quarter may be added for every note of admiration.

GENERAL DEALERS.—"*Look!*" in red letters, over the price of anything per pound, intimates that you should do so, and very narrowly, when the aforesaid pound is weighed.

CHEESEMONGERS.—"*One trial will prove the fact!*" is an unmistakeable evidence of short weight. At the same time, it can scarcely be called a deception; as, if the affair is ever brought to the trial, one is usually found to be sufficient to prove anything.

Note—That an armed warrior at Astley's, or Mr. Paul Bedford, as the *Dragon*, at the Adelphi, cannot be taken up for using false scales; but that all Members of Parliament may be called to account for false measures.

A NEW application of the Wenham Lake Ice has been discovered. By placing a small portion on the cruet-stand, "chilly vinegar" can be produced to any amount. The success of the "Sherry Cobblers" has induced the more refined West End Clubs to establish "Madeira Shoemakers" for their patrician *habitués*. The Wenham Lake Ice is preserved in blankets. This, at first sight, appears remarkable until we recollect the power of a "wet blanket" to throw a chill over everything.

LIBRA — Striking the Balance.

THE REVELATIONS OF LONDON.

Mr. Harrison Ainsworth is respectfully requested to reveal the following real mysteries of London, before he concludes his romance, if it is his intention to do so:—

What becomes of all the old cabs and coaches when they get past work?

Where waiters go to when they have a holiday?

Who is *the* subscriber to the "Metropolitan Magazine," and where a number can be seen; or whether its existence is a fiction?

Where the money comes from which everybody, without an exception, is reported to have made on the railways?

If the toll-keepers on Waterloo Bridge have any private friends?

What direction of the compass Marylebone Lane runs in, and where it begins and ends?

When the gates of Leicester Square were last unlocked; and who goes in, except the cats?

What lobster sauce is made of at cheap eating-houses; and what difference exists between the melted butter of the same places and thin paste?

Why Piccadilly omnibuses always stop at the corner of Coventry Street, and then go down a miserable narrow lane, instead of the Haymarket?

Why, when you go into a linendraper's to buy a pair of white kids, you are asked, ten times out of eleven, whether you will not have straw-coloured?

Where the crowd of boys rise up from, to open the cab-door, or seize your carpet-bag, the minute you get out of a railway omnibus, none having been visible just before?

What species of position is gained from drinking champagne with the funny singers at a supper tavern, out of a tankard?

How tradesmen of vast minds contrive to put "25,000 muffs and boas!" into a house not capable of accommodating fifty?

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

"Lilt your Johnnie."

Wi' patchit brose and ilka pen,
Nae bairns to clad the gleesome ken;
But chapmen billies, a' gude men,
And *Doon* sae bonnie!
Ne'er let the scornfu' mutchit ben;
But lilt your Johnnie!

For whistle binkie's unco' biel,
Wad haggis mak of ony chiel,
To jaup in luggies like the deil,
O'er loop or cronnie:
You wadna croop to sic a weel;
But lilt your Johnnie!

Sae let the pawkie carlin scraw,
And hoolie, wi' outlandish craw,
Kail weedies frae the ingle draw
As blyth as honie;
Amang the thummart dawlit wa'
To lilt your Johnnie!

THINGS TO BE BORNE IN MIND IN SEPTEMBER.

If anyone sends you a brace of partridges, do not eat them yourself, but tie one of your own cards to them, write on the back of it, "shot this morning," and send them where you think the attention will pay best. In that way you are much more certain to make a hit than if you foolishly attempted to shoot them yourself.

If you are a member of parliament, get a "pair," that you may be off to your manor, this being now the custom. If you like stag-hunting, you had better stay on a railway committee.

If you meet a friend, complain of being dull and the emptiness of London: this looks as if your acquaintances were in the habit of going out of town; the fact being, that no one you know leaves London from one year's end to the other except your tailor.

If you are a barrister, you are expected to be on circuit at this time; but as this is expensive when you have no brief, put a placard on your outer door, "On the Northern Circuit," and live in a single room at Manor Cottage, Kennington, or a similar locality.

SCORPIO — The Slanderer — "I could a tale unfold."

THE ZODIAC—OCTOBER.

SCORPIO—THE SLANDERER.

Well, I really can't see how a laugh can be got
Out of slander, and scorpions, and lies, and what not;
If out of such subjects grow matter of mirth,
'Tis for gentry in black who live lower than earth.

And I know for my own part I've reason to grieve
That young women anonymous letters believe;
What a Scorpion was he who wrote my Mary Anne
That I was a very "irregular man!"

Oh! cruel George Cruikshank, how could you invent
Such a horrible picture with comic intent?
I hope that if ever you've your Mary Anne,
You'll be called, as I was, an "irregular man."

THINGS TO BE BORNE IN MIND IN OCTOBER.

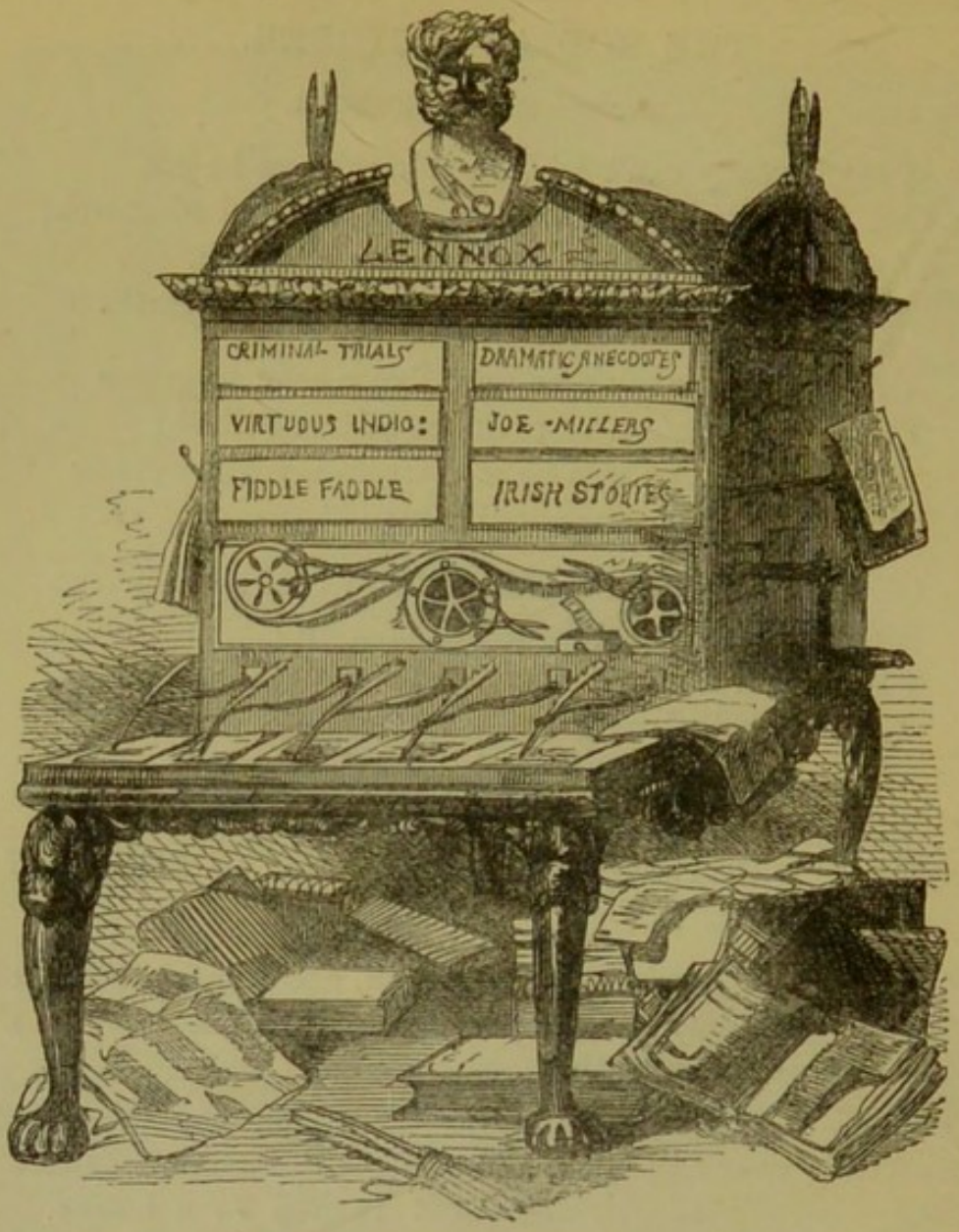
That if you are a sober man, according to the old song, you may now prepare to "fall as the leaves do," and die this month.

If the settling for the Leger has prevented you from settling your day-book, and you wish to commit suicide without the discredit of *felo-de-se*, get invited to a *battue*. Place yourself about the centre of the wood, and you will be tolerably certain to be hit by something or somebody.

That theatres are said to open this month; but as nobody is ever known to go to them, the only proof of this is the fact that they are found open at a later time of the year.

The clubs become empty about this time, therefore it is a good opportunity of asking any friend of uncouth or disreputable appearance to dine with you, as he will only afford amusement to the servants instead of the members, which is not likely to be so painful to your feelings.

Freshmen go up to the Universities, and may be expected to come down upon their governors with heavy bills. Medical students walk the Hospitals, and run into debt.



THE NEW MAGAZINE MACHINE.

This novel application of mechanism, to the purposes of periodical publications, is the invention of an ingenious *littérateur*. The hoppers above being fed with subject of all sorts, from "Criminal Trials" to "Joe Millers," the handle is turned, and the fountain-pens immediately begin to write articles upon everything. The idea has been taken from the *Eureka*, but very much elaborated. The demand for "Virtuous Indignation" is very great just now; hence all blue-eyed, shoeless infants, taken up for stealing, street-vagabonds, and rascally poachers (whose punishment it is the fashion to call "the wrongs of the poor man"), will fetch good prices, by applying to publishers generally.

TUBAL CAIN.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

[*To be sung by Mr. H. Russell.*]

Old Tubal Cain was a cunning file,
In the days when men were green;
But not till night, when the gas burnt bright,
Was he ever to be seen.
And he fashioned reports for the daily press,
Of sudden deaths and fire;
But a penny a line by his industry
Was all he could acquire.

And he sang, "Hurrah! for my handiwork
Hurrah! for the street called Bow;
Hurrah! for the tin that its office brings,
When pockets run rather low!"

But a sudden thought came into his head,
As he gazed on the *Evening Sun;*
And he thought, as its lists of new lines he read,
That a great deal might be done.
He saw that men whom nobody knew
Soon swallowed up every share;
And he said to himself, "I will do so too,
And date my note 'Eaton Square!'"

And he sang, "Hurrah! for my handiwork;
As he posted it then and there;
Not for wealth and trade were the new lines made,"—
And he *stagged* the first railway share!

And for many a night did Tubal Cain write,
In the tap of the "Cheshire Cheese;"
And the penny stamp, with paste still damp,
Procured him his scrip with ease.
And he rose at last, with a cheerful face,
To seek his own house and grounds;
For he very soon made, by his capital trade,
Above twenty thousand pounds!

And he sang, "Alas! how I ever could think
Of my newspaper work to brag;
The only use of a pen and ink
Is to bring all the scrip to the Stag!"

FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF THE ASTLEY'S ASSOCIATION

FOR THE DIFFUSION OF GENERAL INFORMATION.

This meeting, first established by Professor Widdicombe, the father of the Antiquarian Society, promises to become a most important institution. Through the urbanity of the Professor, who has spent a very long life—in fact, so long as to be almost fabulous—in collecting information on various points not apparently properly understood, we have been favoured with the "Report;" and from it we propose to make various extracts, premising, that "The Bride of the Nile," "The Conquest of Amoy," "The Battle of Hastings," "The ditto of Waterloo," with other dramas, have furnished the authorities.

THE WONDERS OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

The mysteries of Isis, amongst the ancient Egyptians, were more simple than they are generally supposed to be; the sacred fires being trimmed with tow and turpentine every evening, and not being perpetual, but lighted with a lucifer, when wanted to juggle the multitude. The High Priests received six shillings a week for keeping them in order; and when the ceremonies were over, they frequently changed their costume and mingled with the crowd, to assist the deception. Celibacy was not insisted on, as several were married men, with families, residing in Lambeth.

Although in the chariot and gladiatorial contests of the Egyptians desperate struggles took place, yet all animosity ceased when the fight was over. Many of them, as they prepared for the contest, shared the Memphian baked potato, or the cold without, with much good-fellowship; and it was not uncommon, after the fight, to see the victor tending the foe whom he had forced to bite the dust until his mouth was full of it, and it required washing down with beer.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

A little circumstance connected with the taking of Amoy was not mentioned in the despatches. After Sir Henry Pottinger had addressed the troops they rushed away cheering, whilst he remained and made his horse dance a hornpipe for five minutes to the band, although he was directly under the ramparts. This is an unparalleled instance of coolness and self-possession in a moment of danger.

EARLY WIT, ETC.

Jokes were common amongst the Normans. Before "The Battle of Hastings," when Harold's envoy came to know on what principle William invaded Britain, William replied, "Tell your master we will return his wrongs with *interest*, and teach him *principle*." The barons did not laugh, probably from etiquette; but this must have been a good joke in those days.

Harold was killed by an arrow, as is commonly believed. It was, however, a species of suicide, as he stuck it into his head himself, on the sly, not choosing to trust to the archery of the soldiers. Considering the lightness of the dress in which he went to battle it is a wonder he was not killed before. His armour was simply rings of tin, tacked upon cotton velvet.

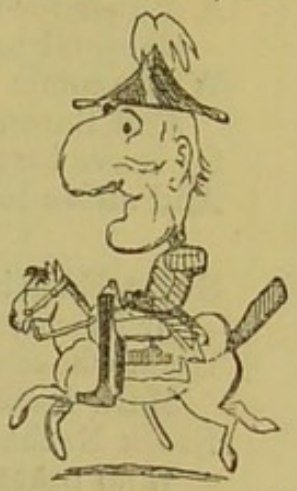
The story of the old chroniclers that Harold survived the battle, receives some confirmation from the fact that half an hour after the contest he was seen, muffled in a Tweed, asking the price of some sausages in the New Cut. These were probably to subsist on in his retirement.

The Norman William celebrated his conquest by taking a pipe and a glass

of grog, with one particular friend, at an hostelry adjoining the scene of action, when it was all over.

TREACHERY AT WATERLOO

According to the latest Astley authorities, dated last June, the Battle of Waterloo occupied six minutes exactly. Several French soldiers walked undisguisedly into the quarters of the English army before the fight commenced; and some, at the extreme back of the scene, fought indiscriminately on either side, as occasion required. But the gravest circumstance is, that in the heat of the action the Duke of Wellington, approaching Marshal Soult, said to him, "Don't let your fellows fire until mine have!" a course which must have led them to destruction, had not General Widdicombe roared, with a voice of thunder, "What the devil are you doing there, you stupid asses?"—which produced the last grand charge. The story of the ball at Brussels is an idle invention. The officers were at no ball at all; except two, who had visited Mr. Baron Nathan's assembly at Kensington but a little time previously: and as to their being taken by surprise, they knew for weeks what was coming, even to the very hour and minute of the attack, and the precise manner in which it would be made. The following beautiful lines are but little known, and well deserve a place in this report. They are the production of Lord Byron, and were written at the request of the late Andrew Ducrow, Esq., describing the scene immediately before the commencement of the battle.



"There was a sound of revelry by night;
And Astley's manager had gathered then
His supers and his cavalry; and bright
The gas blazed o'er tall women and loud men.
The audience waited happily; and when
The orchestra broke forth with brazen swell,
Apples were sold for most extensive gain;
And ginger beer popped merrily as well!—
But hush! hark! what's that noise, just like our parlour-bell?

"Did ye not hear it?—No, sir!—Never mind;
P'raps 'twas the Atlas bus to Oxford Street.
Strike up, you fiddlers!—Now, young feller, mind!
Don't scrouge, or you shall go where police meet,
To chase the knowing thieves with flying feet!—
But hark! that sound is heard again—once more!
And boys, with whistle shrill, its note repeat;
And nearer, clearer, queerer than before!—
Hats off!—It is, it is—the bell from prompter's door!

"Ah! then was hurry-skurry, to and fro;
And authors' oaths, and symptoms of a mess;
And men as soldiers, who, two nights ago,
Went round the circus in a Chinese dress!
And there were rapid paintings, such as press
On those who ply the arts, with choking size,
Which ne'er might be completed! Who could guess
How all would look before the public eyes,
When on that 'Street in Brussels' the act drop would rise!"

STANZAS SUGGESTED BY A VIEW OF ROSHERVILLE.

BY A BANK CLERK.

Oh, Rosherville! thou bringest all good things
  Home to the Gravesend beaux and city "gents:"
A dinner for a shilling, rifles, swings,
  Baronial halls, arbours, and canvas tents!
Where comic gentleman, or lady, sings,
  And Baron Nathan some fresh dance invents;*
Or brave toxophilites the longbow draw,
And strive to hit the Albert Tell of straw.†

Sweet Eden! which for fivepence we may gain,
  Or there and back for ninepence by the *Star;*
Upon whose deck, released from sacks and grain,
  Mark Lane Lotharios smoke the light cigar:
Stock Exchange Stags, and clerks from Mincing Lane,
  Who prate of "consols," "shares," and "scrip," and "par,"
Crowding towards the gangway, as they near
The Thames-washed steps of Rosherville's fair pier.

Enchanted chalk-pit! from thy lonely tower
  Signor Gellini,‡ amidst flames of fire,
Glides on the single rope, by magic power,
  When Chiarini Cocoa-nuts retire;§
And as it darker grows, in every bower
  Soft whispered nothings—tales of love, transpire—
All this for sixpence! Can such misers be!
  Who'd grudge that sum, sweet Rosherville, to thee?

Yes, Gravesend! to thy shrimps my memory clings,
  And to that loved one—would I could forget her!—
Who tied in double knots my heart's young strings;
  Dating from Parrock Street each scented letter,

---

* Nathan, Lord Rosherville, and Baron of Kennington, has been immortalized in *Punch*. His Terpsichorean ingenuity is remarkable. Perhaps his "Polka Hornpipe, in chain armour and handcuffs," is his most remarkable dance.

† "*The Albert Tell of straw.*"—This work of art is an appropriate mark for the archers to shoot at. It is a species of cross-breed between Guy Fawkes and a bee-hive.

‡ "*Signor Gellini, amidst,*" &c.—This accomplished foreigner, amongst other acquirements, speaks English equal to any native.

§ *When Chiarini Cocoa-nuts,*" &c.—The Chiarini family are a race of animated castanets; and their evident self-satisfaction at this cocoa dance has originated the saying of being "nuts" on anything.

SAGITTARIUS — The Archer — (Not "Venus' Son divine.")

But flew from me, one day, on fancy's wings,
All for another gent as she loved better;
And left me lonely, in a dark dilemma,
On Windmill Hill, to warble "Faithless Emma."*

But as, in *La Sonnambula*, the man
In love sings, "Still so gently o'er me stealing,"
Although I combat with it all I can,
I find that "memory will bring back the feeling."
But love, at any time, lasts but a span;
And so, in "spite of all my grief revealing,"
I will revisit Rosherville's domain,
And drown in "tea with cresses"† all my pain.

THINGS TO BE BORNE IN MIND IN NOVEMBER.

When you come back to town do not say to what precise part of the Continent you have been, or you may be found out; "A Walking Tour in Norway" is, however, tolerably safe; and the principal objects may be read up from Murray's "Handbook." If you were seen at the aforesaid Margate, or Gravesend (as the case may be), say you were obliged to go one day to the horrid place, to see a fellow who had sold you a horse.

That if you are in debt, the heavy fogs will allow you to walk past the doors of your principal creditors, which will open several new promenades to you.

If you wish to pass for a fox-hunter, take a day ticket on the Birmingham rail, in the second-class carriages, in pink and leathers. Everybody will then suppose you have a horse in a box behind—an impression of which you are not bound to disabuse them. This is what in melodramas is called "joining the hunting train."

That scarlet-runners may now be planted in ditches, and trained along ploughed fields in their stirrups.

THE TRAFALGAR FOUNTAINS.

These popular ornaments, whose capabilities for jokes have nearly been exhausted, are about to receive a new interest from the application of an old philosophical fact. It is well known that a jet of water will support any hollow conical body as long as it plays: it is therefore in contemplation to place an Albert hat on the top of each fountain, which will be kept at a certain elevation, and form an appropriate accompanying trophy to the Nelson column; the two portraying the United Service.

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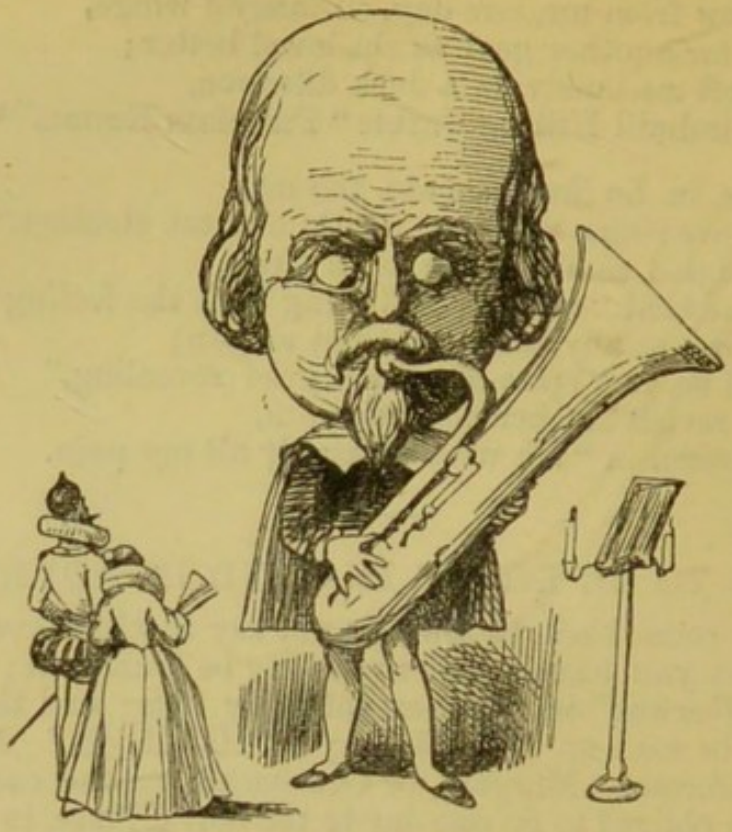
* Flirtations of all kinds thrive at Rosherville and Gravesend, "which it is well beknown," as Mrs. Gamp would say.

† "*Tea with cresses*," or "Tea with shrimps," each at ninepence, forms the staple meal of Gravesend. The tea is usually the "strong rough congou," at three-and-four. One trial will prove the fact.



HISTORICAL MEMORANDA.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Drury Lane Theatre was built in 1667, one year after the great fire of London, by Mr. William Shakspeare, assisted by Mr. Bunn, a great dramatist, from the designs of Mr. Planché, an eminent architect. Shakspeare was an extraordinary musician; and his solos on the ophicleide, whilst in the orchestra of the Globe Theatre, were much admired. He composed several musical dramas, amongst which "Hamlet, Prince of Tyre," "As You Like It, or So I hope you'll recommend it," "The Two Gentlemen of Windsor," "Antony and Juliet," have gained a transient popularity. He was originally in trade at Stratford-upon-Avon, but being convicted of "stagging" on the Charlecote Line, he fled to London, and assumed the name of Fitzball, under which cognomen he published his best pieces. He was buried, at his own request, in the rotunda of the theatre, under the fireplace, where his monument may be seen for nothing on going to take places.

Should the *Premier* make any unusual stir with respect to the present vegetable epidemic, it is probable that he will be known to future ages as "*Potato Peel.*"

In the event of Boz's "*Cricket on the Hearth*" proving successful, a talented Lord will bring out his "*Trap, Bat, and Ball on the Mantelpiece.*"

HINTS TO NOVELISTS, FOR 1846.

The increasing demand for this species of literature, whether with or without a purpose—the latter style being, perhaps, the most popular—has called forth a number of new pens to meet it. Some of these being rather new at their work, stand in need of a little assistance; and we are most happy in being able to give it, in the shape of those methods of commencing a tale which experience has shown to be the most successful, and hence the most universally followed:—

THE READ-UP, OR JAMESONIAN.

IF we examine closely the records of the past, we shall find that the principal source of the public morality, or vice, springs in most cases from the acts or institutions of the government; and this was especially remarkable at the commencement of the seventeenth century, in France. The youth of Louis XIII.; the feebleness of his character, even in advanced age; his incapacity, and that of his regent mother, gave rise to all kinds of imperfections, and opened the career to excesses of feudality, and all sorts of lawless ambitions. Evil, departing from this centre, spread amongst all classes of people: the organization of the clergy affected the position of the laity; and the intrigues of the Count de Soissons, Condé, and others, favoured the general corruption.

Things stood thus when, one fine spring morning, two horsemen in military attire were slowly traversing one of the large tracts of forest land which then stretched between Compiègne and Beauvais.

[*At this point search the British Museum, and get up the costumes from pictures. The "low countries" is effective.*]

THE PSEUDO-GRAPHIC, OR WEAK BOZ-AND-WATER.

Any one whom business or pleasure has taken across Hungerford Bridge may have observed, on the right hand, as he reached the Lambeth side of the river, a curious tumbledown-looking counting-house, something between a travelling caravan and the city barge, elevated on some rickety piles, with a rusty balcony projecting from its river front, and without any visible means of access or

egress, except down the chimney, or along a rotten row of spouts, barely fastened to its decaying woodwork. It is a dismal, melancholy place. The glass has been untouched for years, and is coated with dirt, although through it may be seen files of old dust-covered papers, hanging amidst festooned cobwebs and corroded inkstands, with stumps of pens still sticking in the holes. Everything tells of broken hearts and ruined fortunes; of homes made desolate by misplaced confidence, and long, long lawsuits, which outlived those who started them, and were left—with nothing else, to the poor and struggling heirs!

It was a miserable November evening: the passengers were glooming through the haze of the feeble lights, choked by the river fog, like dim spectres; and a melancholy drip fell, in measured plashings, from every penthouse and coping, as two figures slowly pursued their way towards this dreary place, through some of the old and tortuous streets that lie between the York Road and the river side.

[*The heroes (as the case may be) being thus introduced, the author can go ahead with his plot, if he has one.*]

THE TOPOGRAPHICAL, OR TRANSATLANTIC.

The long chain of rocky mountains which, reaching from the Oregon to New York, forms a natural boundary to the prairies on the Canada side of the Mississippi, is more than once crossed by rugged tracks, left by the early emigrants to the far west shores of

the continent. These are here and there dotted with villages, whose buildings bear traces of their Dutch origin, and watered by streams flowing through the hunting grounds of the Pawnee and Webfooted Indians, until they mingle with the roar of Niagara, above Buffalo.

[*Having settled your scene in this locality, you go on about the Indians as follows:—*]

"That's the crack of a tarnal rifle from them Mingoes," said the Scamp, as he listened to the report; "why on 'arth they're not shot off like nat'ral animals is just above my comprension."

His Indian companion looked to the ground with a low expressive "Hugh!" and picked up a shell.

"The Huron is a coward," he said: "his squaw is idle in his wigwam; and his mocassins are weak. The Ojibbeway will have his scalp."

"The creetur is right," replied the Scamp: "I'd back the downey cove's rifle against any blazer them infarnal Mingoes ever struck fire into."

[*The Indians should always speak in the third person: "fire-water," "great spirit," "pale-faces," "wampum," &c., will add to the effect; and the general habits may be ground up from recollections of the Egyptian Hall.*]

THE ECLOGIC, OR GOREAN.

"Then you will be sure and come?" said Lillie Effingham, as the party of handsome girls and young men, with whom she was riding, turned through the opening, on to the turf, at the side of the Serpentine.

"Can you mistrust me?" replied her cavalier, in a low, impressive tone, that conveyed a far deeper meaning than the four words. "Shall not you be there?"

"Oh, that is all very well, I know," answered Lillie, patting, with her small hand, the glossy neck of her Arabian; "but Blanche Heathcote will be there as well, and Lady Helen, and the bewitching Mrs. Howard; you will be at no loss for attractive partners."

Charles Trevor—for such was his name—smiled with a peculiar expression; then, raising his hat to Lillie, pranced off to speak to some men in the Guards, with whom he was to dine that day at the Palace mess.

[*The reader is now to be let into the secret of who these two individuals are.*]

MOTTOES FOR CRACKER BONBONS.

Everybody knows those kisses, burnt almonds and sugar-plums, in their envelopes of fringed and gaudy paper, with the concealed Waterloo cracker inside, which it is so delightful to explode during supper-time at an evening party; and everybody also knows that the motto which this discharge of enlivening artillery sets free is generally the most stupid, unmeaning thing it is possible to conceive. From a quantity we select the following as a fair specimen of the prevailing style:—

"Beauty always fades away;
Virtue will for ever stay."

Or,—

"The best affections of my heart are thine,
If you to my petition will incline."

Or,—

"What is beauty but a bait,
Oft repented when too late?"

Now, in place of these silly ideas, we suggest the following, which will have the merit of inducing thinking, and, by their matter-of-fact truth, do away with a great deal of the false atmosphere with which society is invested:—

When the master and mistress smile through the night,
Oh, do not believe that their bosoms are light;
Think of the plate they have had to borrow,
And the state that the house will be in to-morrow!

Though, after a Polka with somebody nice,
You get sentimental whilst down stairs for ice,
Before you attempt her affections to win,
First try and find out if she's got any tin.

Oh! had we but a little isle,
On which the sun might always smile;
There to reside alone with thee—
How tired out we soon should be!

Recollect, a bad *Polkiste* don't get much renown,
If you can't dance it well, you had better sit down.

Love's like a trifle, fleeting soon;
Vows are the froth, and man the spoon.

If the night's not very dry,
Find out those who've got a fly,
Whose way home your own one suits,
Because wet walking ruins boots.

He whose gloves are new and white,
Can clean them for another night;
But he who wears them parties twain,
Can never have them cleaned again.

We wish to see the hints here given followed out generally; and we are sure their good effect on social life will be soon evident.

CAPRICORNUS — A Caper o'-corns.

CORN CAPERS.

THE PAS DES MOISSONNEURS.

We sing the *Viennoises* so famed,
And those who at their laurels aimed,
And were the *danseuses Anglaises* named.

Who made the other opera elves
Begin to look about themselves,
Dreading to be put on their shelves.

Who raised a doubt, in costume wild,
When in the final *tableau* piled,
Which was the sheaf, and which the child.

They heard the loud approving cheers,
From stalls, and pit, and all the tiers;
For little wheatsheaves have long ears.

And knew, whilst they pursued that track,
Nor showed of energy a lack,
Their wheat would never get the sack.

No league about them did declaim;
The only league, linked with their name,
Was that which oft their audience came.

We hope to see them back again,
Fresh flowers and *bonbons* to obtain,
Those charming little rogues in grain.

And all the world will be there too,
The stage with fresh bouquets to strew,
And their "corn-rigs so bonnie" view.

THINGS TO BE BORNE IN MIND IN DECEMBER.

That you should this month keep "in the house," by which, unlike the Andover paupers, you will escape *dripping*.

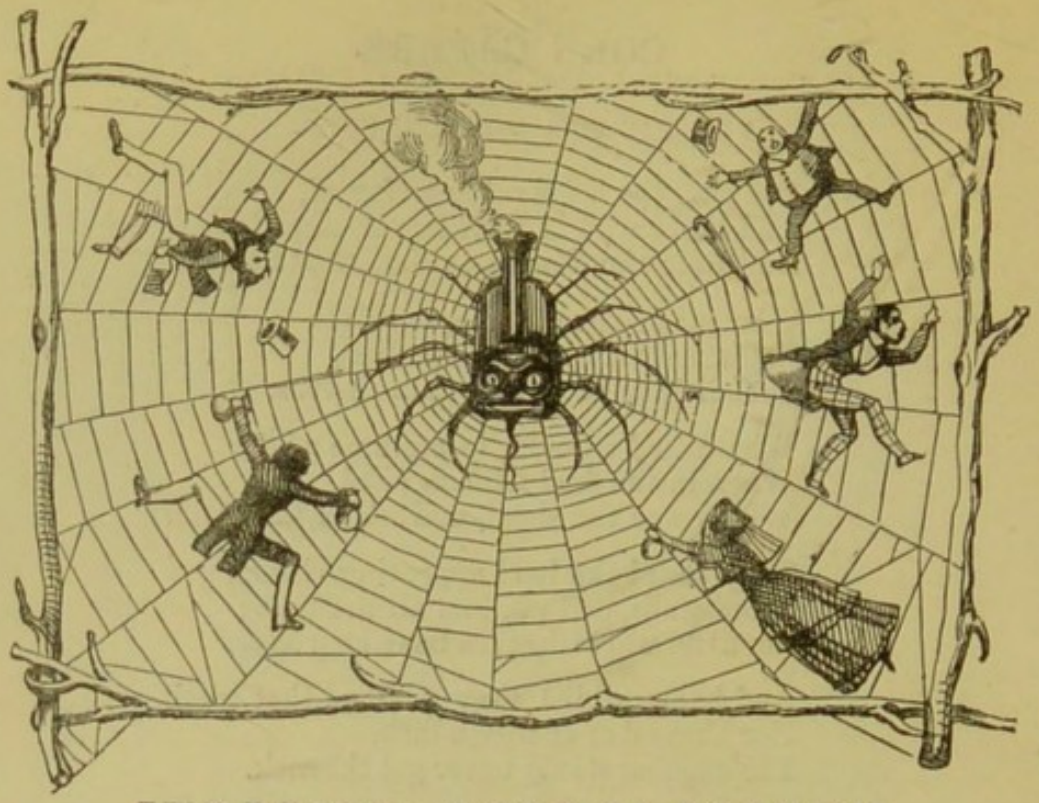
That managers rely upon boxing night for making a hit; and that orders are always to be procured for the dress-circle in any quantity on that evening; "Christmas boxes" being seldom given, and as seldom taken in the theatres.

That Christmas comes but once a year, which, looking to the bills that generally accompany it, must be a great comfort to fathers of families.

That the Christmas log is now disused, but the wood of it is found in large quantities in the wine used in negus at Christmas parties.

Hares will now stand on end with terror at the approach of the shooter, and may be knocked on the head without expense of ammunition.

That if you go out to a party, and, to save cab-hire, walk in shiny boots, you will probably bring your "light catarrh" with you, as you will find out if asked to sing.



JUDICIUM ASTROLOGICUM.

THE PRIZE PROPHECY FOR 1846.

COURTEOUS READER,

The expense of keeping a prophet having increased with the diminution of the species, towards which those mundane authorities, termed police, are in deadly opposition, my prognostics have lately fallen in arrear. But the prize prophecy, which was thrown open to competition last year, has come to hand; and, fully convinced that everything put down in it will happen, sooner or later—or, if it does not, that it ought to have done so; and would, but for some unforeseen zodiacal altercation which threw the signs into confusion—I now offer it to you. And I beg to inform you that if you want cabalistic information upon any subject: to know the railway likeliest to pay, the definite intentions of the Prime Minister, the duration of the Income-tax, the fortune or expectations of any young lady you may meet at a party, or the winner of the next Derby—the fee of five sovereigns, enclosed to our Prophet at the publisher's, will ensure an answer by the return of post; containing, in addition to all he knows upon the subject, a great deal more that he does not. My limits forbid further observations; but keep these remarks in mind, and look out for the fulfilment of what is to happen in

JANUARY.

A frost of some duration will cover the twelfth-cakes of the metropolis at the commencement of the month, which will begin to be broken up about Twelfth Night. About the middle of the month the Humane Society will give a grand dinner, on their retirement from public life, to the Wood Pavement Company, in gratitude to the latter for offering superior attraction to

skaters, and taking all accidents off their hands. The Serpentine Receiving-house will be moved to the Strand in consequence; and the Mile End Omnibuses will furnish the drags. Several diverting little surprises will happen in families, by the delivery of bills, which they are either "certain they paid at the time," or "don't believe they ever owed;" but, unfortunately, being unable to produce the receipts, will be brutally compelled to pay them again.

Great excitement in the literary world, and especially in the magazines; which, to give an air of novelty to the new year, will contain twenty continuous stories each. Fearful vision of the individual who reads them all; in which he will see the Robertses on their Travels, stopped by St. Giles; whilst St. James is gone, with Cæsar Borgia, to pay a visit to the Marchioness of Brinvilliers, and condole with her on the death of Marston, who has been shot by Rowcroft's Bushranger, now under the care of the Gaol Chaplain, whose "Revelations of London" have no effect upon him. And the weekly press aiding this complexity, by representing Mrs. Caudle quarrelling with Joe Miller for Rodwell's Umbrella which the Wandering Jew gave to his Stepmother—the nightmare of the unhappy magazine reader will be terrible indeed!

Much discord will prevail in town by reason of nocturnal bands of disturbers of the public peace, called the Waits, who will play "Then you'll remember me" for one hour continuously under your window; and call a few days afterwards, to prove the truth of their musical assertion. The juries for putting down "false weights," have no power over the measures of these ruthless marauders.

A Bad Railway Accident will happen, from a collision of two trains.

FEBRUARY.

Parliament will meet at the usual time, when the Refuge for the Destitute in Playhouse Yard will be turned into an asylum for the houseless peers; the unroofed rooms and heavy rains and floods turning the intended House of Lords into a Peerless Pool. The enclosure of the Commons will be at the same time a great question of doubt.

The following events will be found this month, without fail, in the papers:—A dreadful fire in America, and another at Smyrna; a steam-boat explosion on the Mississippi; an abortive poor-law inquiry in a Midland county; a terrible inundation somewhere abroad; and the discovery of a railway swindle in London; which will give rise to a grand *battue* of "stags," directed by the *Siva*, or destroying engine of the "Times."

A new line of railway, direct to Windsor, will be sanctioned the earliest in the Session; in consequence, those who make a pilgrim's progress to the old station will find it literally the Slough of Despond.

A bold member, moving that the statues for the new Senate of the sovereigns of England shall go up by order of merit rather than succession, will secure a tolerably good perch for Oliver Cromwell; and it is not unlikely that Byron's statue will take its place in Poet's Corner at the same time.

Two new steamers, the *Emmet* and the *Earwig*, will run between London Bridge and Chelsea six times for a penny. They will be greatly crowded in consequence.

Serious Railway Accident.—A train will get off the line and run down an embankment into a farm-yard.

MARCH.

Several legal gentlemen will be expelled from one mess to get into another, for reporting cases; a plain statement of facts of any kind being against all professional morality. The press will, in consequence, turn round upon the bar; and the bar will get pretty considerably the worst of it. The inscription, "Tongues sold here," will be transferred from ham and beef shops to the chambers of honourable barristers. Such reform will be worked that a leading advocate will, perhaps, hang himself upon finding he has undertaken a wrong cause. The "Andover Commission" will be revived as the "Underhand Inquiry."

Von Lumley will arrive from the Continent with a variety of singing birds, who will pipe Norma, Puritani, Don Giovanni, duets, arias, &c.

Terrible Railway Accident.—A train going too fast will run over another going too slow, from neglect of signals.

APRIL.

The Shakspeare Jubilee Festival will be celebrated at the "only national theatre" on the 23rd, with the following performances:—

"The Grand Opera of 'Hamlet:' the Music by Mr. Balfe; the *libretto* by Messrs. Shakspeare and Bunn.

"After which, a Divertissement; in which Mr. Delferier and Madame Giubelei will, as Romeo and Juliet, dance the Capulet Polka. Grotesque

Pas de Caliban, from the 'Tempest,' by Mr. Wieland; and the celebrated Desperate Combat from 'Richard the Third,' by Messrs. T. Matthews and W. H. Payne.

"The whole to conclude with a New Grand Pantomime of 'HARLEQUIN MACBETH; OR, THE MAGIC CALDRON AND WALKING WOOD.'"

From the Opera, the following song may be predicted to be sung by the first tenor, Hamlet:—

"TO BE, OR NOT TO BE."

"Oh say!—To be, or not to be?
That is the question grave;
To suffer Fortune's slings and darts,
Or seas of troubles brave.
To die; to sleep! perchance, to dream!—
Ay, there's the rub!—when we
Have shuffled off this mortal coil!—
To be, or not to be!

"Ah! who would bear Time's whips and scorns,
The pangs of disprized love;
When he might his quietus make
By one bare bodkin's shove?
Who would these fardels bear, unless
That bourne he could foresee,
From which no traveller returns!—
To be, or not to be!"

Arrangements will be made for the characters to promenade in the day, time full dressed, upon the top of the portico, to the music of the orchestra in beef-eater's dresses. The pageant will be very splendid.

A TERRIBLE RAILWAY ACCIDENT will happen, from the engine running up a cutting, and then falling back on the train.

MAY.

Several young ladies will now receive bouquets on the mornings of parties, without having the "slightest idea" from whom they come. Human glow-worms will appear hovering at night, with lanterns, round door-steps and scrapers, until the Polkas commence; when the street-doors in the newly-built houses will take to knocking themselves. A new musical court of justice will condemn offending professors to eight hours at the quadrille piano, instead of so many days at the treadmill. A hapless *pianiste* will be found dead at the instrument, at a *réunion* in Eaton Square, after the "after-supper cotillion."

Several grand morning concerts will take place at the Opera Concert Room, in which every *artiste* in London will sing or play twice. They will commence at two P.M., and always conclude in time for breakfast the next morning. An elegant little article will be invented, called "The Nutritive Lozenge; or, Concert Portable Larder," to support the existence of those who *will* wait the programme out. Arrangements will be made with some machinery from the stage for hauling those who faint or die through the windows on to the top of the colonnade, without disturbing the rest of the audience.

Dreadful Railway Accident, from the bursting of a boiler, which will blow everybody and everything into an impalpable powder. The steam will cook a number of greens in an adjacent field, and boil a number of pigs; providing a choice meal for a number of residents in an adjacent union, who will be turned out to feed for the day.

JUNE.

Ascot and Epsom races will take place. Several pigeons will be let off after each race; but other pigeons will not be let off so easily on the Tuesday following. Gentlemen, on their way home, who have ventured to back unruly horses, will find themselves either "hedging," or "taking the field" the other side of it. The confusion on the road will be a literal case of wheels-within-wheels, and jibbers will convert all the carriages into breaks. The road home, covered with ruined poles; and the police cannot order them to move on. The rain at Ascot will become the first defaulter, and refuse to "down with the dust;" so that the "Heath's Beauties" will all look as if prepared for a *bal poudré*. All the vehicles will get inextricably locked together at Sutton; and the passengers, not knowing what to do, will all play different tunes upon their cornets and post-horns, illustrating the horns of a dilemma.

At the end of the month a thunderstorm will, by its electric fluid, create the greatest disturbance on the telegraph wires of the Southampton Railway, catching and distorting some messages as they pass, during a telegraphic game of chess, and other proceedings. The clerk at the Gosport end will be utterly bewildered thereat, being ordered to "checkmate the Kingston station with the Queen's luggage-bishop."

Shocking Railway Accident.—A man, lying across the rails asleep, a favourite position, will be cut in half, and his superior portion carried down to Bristol—the inferior remaining at Slough. Parochial quarrel, as to the inquest, in consequence.

JULY.

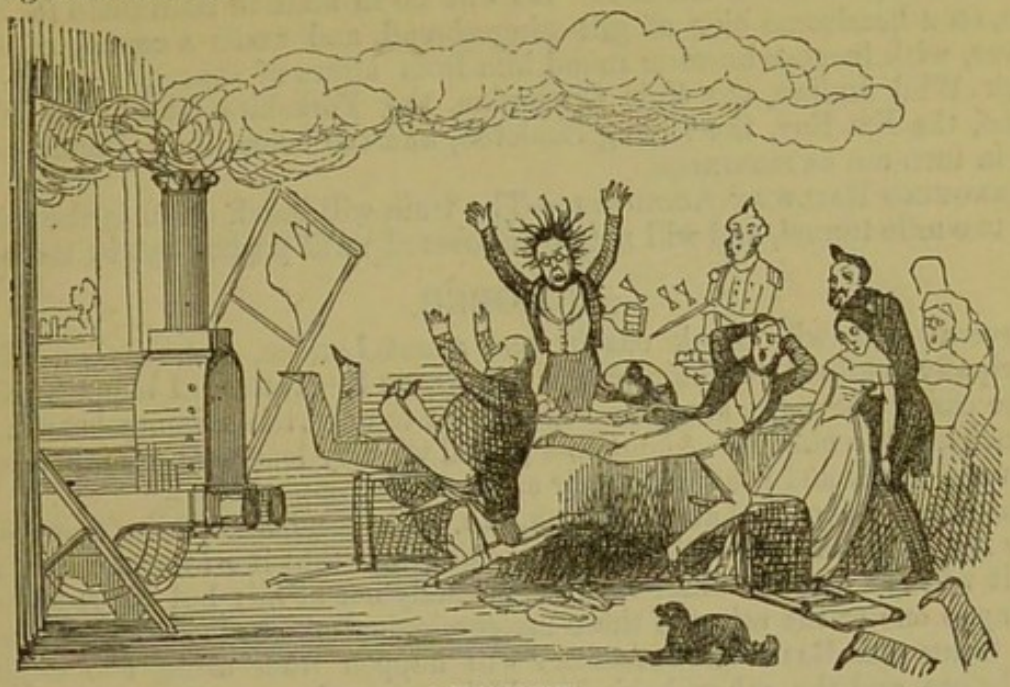
Opening of Vauxhall Gardens once more, positively for the last time, upon temperance principles. Festivals of St. Swithin and Father Mathew held on the grounds, with appropriate devices in real rain-water. Patent taken out for the "Vauxhall Illumination Lamp," consisting of the addition of a small parasol to each lamp. Vauxhall weather-houses sold at the toy-shops.—N.B. When Widdicombe comes out it will be wet. Mr. Green, finding balloons cease to attract, having successively tried a night ascent, a lady with her leopard, a gentleman with his tiger, &c., volunteers to go up on a skyrocket, and come down with an umbrella, instead of a parachute. He will be taken before the Lord Mayor, on his descent, for attempting self-destruction.

The night before the close of the Midsummer holidays an immense number of little boys and girls will be attacked with alarming signs of indisposition, but on being kept at home will rapidly recover.

The blocks of Wenham ice in the Strand shop-window will melt very quickly—the only American affair that looks at all clear, or is liquidated spontaneously, or (as sherry cobbler) worth a straw.

Very Alarming Railway Accident.—An engine getting off the line,

will carry the train through a gentleman's country house, where he is entertaining some friends.



AUGUST.

The Queen, *en voyage*, accompanied by Prince Albert, will pay a visit to Calcutta, by the overland route, and come home by St. Petersburgh; starting, immediately on her return, for Ireland, and thence to New York: the whole being accomplished within the month. Great confusion in the houses of the nobility she unexpectedly looks in upon—begging of extra servants, borrowing of plate, and stealing of evergreens. The illustrated papers for the week contain their thirty engravings as usual, and they are all triumphal arches.

Several shooting stars will be visible in the northern district about the twelfth. Sultry weather: and the Wenham Lake ice has all melted. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*—no more sherry cobbler after the last.

M. Jullien will give a Concert Monstre, and introduce his Leviathan Ophicleide, prepared for the country festivals, and containing living, cooking, and sleeping conveniences for his entire orchestra.

Horrible Railway Accident.—An express train will leap over the wall of a viaduct, when those who expected to "go down" by it will not be disappointed.

SEPTEMBER.

The Annnal Blockade, or Great Plague of London, by the Commissioners of Sewers and Improvements, will take place this month. The nearest way from St. Paul's to Temple Bar will be through Farringdon Street, Smithfield, across Gray's Inn Lane, Theobald's Road (Holborn is also closed), Red Lion Square, Queen Street, and Drury Lane. Endless rows with cabmen in consequence, who object to eightpence for the distance. General emigration of the British, who will be found everywhere, in the language of the month, in large coveys, strong on the wing, and offering excellent sport to foreigners. It is probable that the last man about town will commit suicide in the centre of Leicester Square; to explore which hitherto unknown locality an expedition will be fitted out, now that the new street has opened a facility of communication with the interior.

The stars portend the ultimate death of Bartholomew Fair, Esquire, after

several years of wasting decline, the result of injuries received some time ago from the corporation of London. He will lie in state in Smithfield for three days, on a handsome bier of gilt gingerbread, and under a canopy of show-canvas, with incense burning round him from altars of sausage-stoves. The Black Wild Indian, the Fair Circassian, the Yorkshire Giant, the Welsh Dwarf, the Fat Boy, the Living Skeleton, and the Ghost from Richardson's, will in turn act as mourners.

Annoying Railway Accident.—The train will break down in the middle of a two-mile tunnel, and will not be discovered until pushed out by the next.

OCTOBER.

Several fires will break out in and about London, but, as they will be principally confined to their proper places, no ill-effects will happen, except in the cases where the servants will neglect to open the chimney-boards, and emancipate the blacks. About this period we may look for the reappearance of several muffs and boas from their summer hiding-places.

Rain may be expected about the 4th, 8th, 15th, 22nd, and 30th of this month. I say it may be expected, but this does not follow that it will come. If it does not, it will fall at some other time, or probably not at all; but the reader may rely upon one or the other of these meteorological phenomena taking place.

A Singular Railway Accident will happen from using two engines, one before and the other behind; which, not acting together, will crumple the train up between them, like the back of an insulted cat. The tender will vindicate its claim to its title by being crushed to pieces.

NOVEMBER.

A dense fog—an English festival of "St. Cloud"—will visit the metropolis; during the continuance of which several blunders will be made by the Londoners which would not otherwise have occurred. A celebrated literary hydropathist will be mistaken for a pump of hard water, until he is run against and found to be soft. The Penitentiary will be taken for a poor-law union; the National Gallery for a railway station; and St Paul's and Westminster Abbey for two religious peep-shows: but Covent Garden Theatre will not be taken for anything by anybody.

Ludicrous Railway Accident.—The fastenings of a carriage will come undone and the train will speed on to the terminus, whilst the travellers behind are left half-way in the midst of a flooded cutting.

DECEMBER.

The Young England party will be decidedly in the ascendant at the commencement of the holidays; and materially affect "the social condition of the people" in the house.

Popular lectures on "cold," at the Polytechnic Institution, when the Professor will have the subject at his fingers' ends. Dr. Ryan, having frozen water in a red-hot crucible, will next make a piece of ice red-hot without melting it, by reversing the process.

The march of intellect will be found to have altered all the old Christmas objects of revelry. The yule log will be supplanted by an Arnott's stove; the homely carol, by an Italian scena, which the singer does not understand; the wassail bowl, by British brandy, or perhaps something better; and the mummers, by the far more dangerous false masks and manners of society, as at present constituted.

Tremendous Railway Accident.—Four trains will meet at a cross junction line exactly at the same time. Every precaution will be taken to avoid danger, as soon as the accident has occurred.

THE

COMIC ALMANACK

FOR 1847.

DER BAILIFFE JÄGER:

AN ENGLISH BALLAD IN THE GERMAN STYLE.

Who is it that paces that street o'er and o'er?
Why keeps he his eye ever fix'd on that door?
What seeketh he there, at an hour like this?
Bears he tidings of woe?—bears he tidings of bliss?

No tidings of bliss does the stranger convey;
But for a bold Captain he bears a fi: fa:
And he paces that street, and he eyes that thresh-hóld;
For he seeketh to capture that Captain so bold.

And where is the Captain he seeketh to seize?
At the "Coal Hole," he taketh his grog, and his ease.
God send he may stop there until morning comes!
For God shield the Captain to-night from the Bums!

But hark! in the distance, a footfall occurs;
And clinketty-clink! sounds the jingling of spurs;
And then the street echoes with "La-li-e-tee!"
Now God shield the Captain! for sure it is he.

And he reacheth the door, and he knocketh thereat,
With a thundering rat-a-tat-tat-a-tat-tat!
And he giveth the bell such a furious ring
That the street rings again, with its cling-a-ling-ling!

Oh Captain! bold Captain! now hie thee away!
For near draws that Bum, with his fearful fi: fa:
Hurrah! now he sees him as nearer he steals;
And away hies the Captain! with the Bum at his heels.

Then, hurrying—scurrying—the Captain doth fly;
And following—hollowing—the Bum rusheth by.
Away! and away! thro' each square, and each street!
Though fleet runs the Captain, the Bum runs as fleet.

On! on! my bold Captain, see, help is at hand;
For lo! in the distance, appears a cab stand.
Quick! he's *in* one, and off, at a galloping pace;
Quick! The Bum's in another cab, giving him chase.

Then, "haste thee, my Cabman!" the Captain did say;
"The Bailiff behind has for *me* a fi: fa:
'Tis in Middlesex though! so there's Gold, if you'll hurry;
Yes, Gold! if you drive me now safe into Surrey.

And, "Haste thee, my Cabman!" the Bailiff did say,
"For the Captain before us I've got a fi: fa:
'Tis in Middlesex though! so there's Gold, if you hurry
Yes, Gold! if I catch him before he's in Surrey."

Then gee up! and gee on! they go tearing along,
Now jerking the reins—and now plying the thong;
And the horses they bound away over the ground:
And the mud flies about, as the wheels fly around.

Bump! bump! over the stones—slosh! slosh! over the wood,
Whack! whack! goeth each whip—quick! quick! quicker who could?
And clattering—spattering—onward they go,
"Hark forward! hark forward! for Surrey halloo!"

Right and left, flieth past every gaslight, how fast!
How fast! right and left, too, each street flieth past!
The shops, and the houses, like lightning, are gone,
As the horses keep galloping, galloping on.

See yonder! see yonder's a small breakfast stall;
"Have a care! have a care!" or the Sáloupe must fall:
Round the corner, unheeding, the vehicles dash;
Crash! down come the coffee and cups with a smash.

And still they go pacing—and racing—and chasing;
And the Bum still the steps of the Captain is tracing:
Away! and away! through each square, and each street!
Though fleet rides the Captain, the Bum rides as fleet.

"On! on!" shouts the Captain: "On! on!" shouts the Bum;
"I promised thee Gold: come! I'll double the sum;
So, on! push along! my good trusty Jehu!
On! on! to the bridge that is called Waterloo."

Now, galloping fast, by St. Giles's they've past;
The Captain still first, and the Bailiff still last.
Now, through High Street they pace—now, down Cross Street they race:
With the Captain ahead, and the Bum giving chase.

Then Long Acre's clear'd—and then Bow Street is near'd—
Then the Theatre Royal Covent Garden appear'd—
And then quickly in view came the Lyceum too—
Hurrah! now they're close to the bridge Waterloo.

So, gee up! and gee on! they go tearing along;
Now jerking the reins—and now plying the thong;
And the horses they bound away over the ground;
And the mud flies about, as the wheels fly around.

Bump! bump! over the stones—slosh! slosh! over the wood;
Whack! whack! goeth each whip—quick! quick! quicker who could?
And clattering—spattering—onward they go:
"Hark forward! hark forward! for Surrey halloo!"

Now there's no time to wait; and see! merciless fate!
At the bridge a curst wagon doth block up the gate.
'Tis ruin to stay!—but one moment's delay,
And the Captain he falls to the Bailiff a prey.

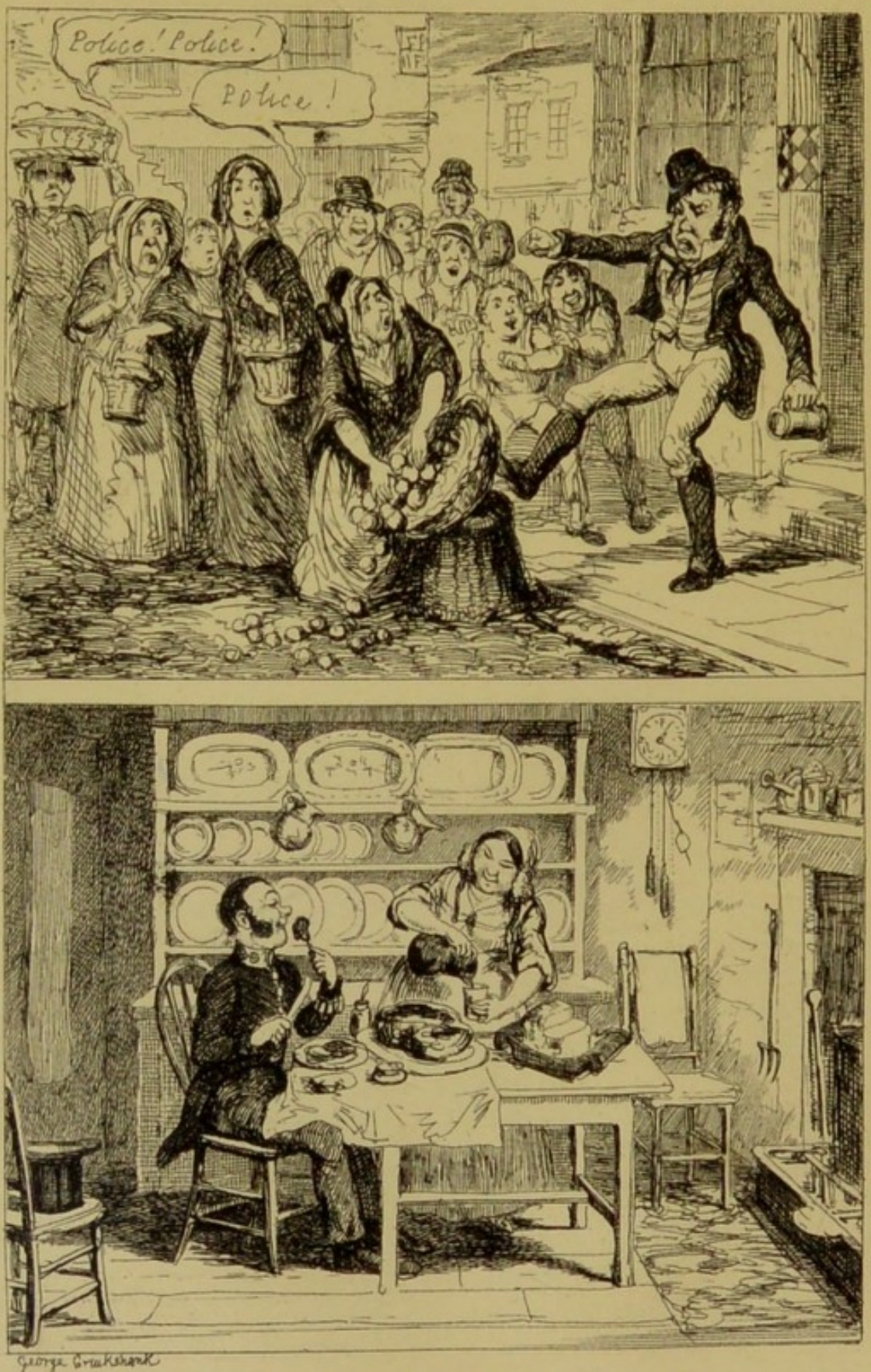
But quickly the wight from the cab doth alight,
Pays the toll, and on foot then continues his flight;
Still ripe for the race, the Bum bounds from his place,
Clears the gate, and on foot too continues the chase.

Then huzzā! and huzzā! they go tearing away,
Now out in the road—now upon the pavé:
And, racing—and chasing—still onward they go;
"Hark forward! hark forward! for Surrey halloo!"

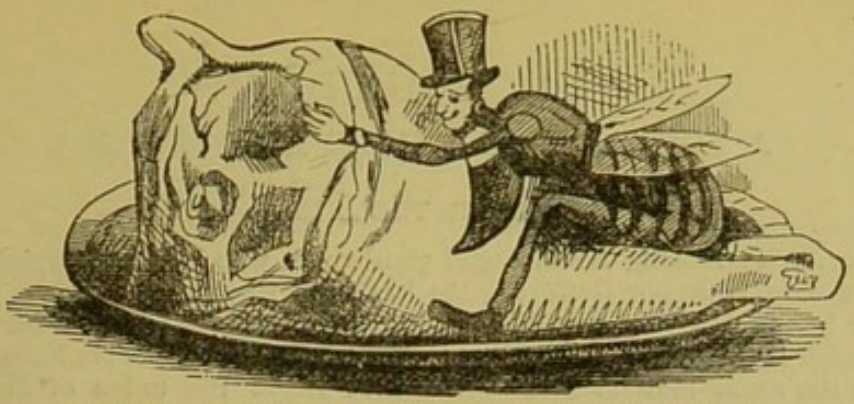
Now the goal draweth nigh—now the toll is hard by;
And now, how they scamper!—and now, how they fly!
And now, how they hurry!—and now, how they scurry!
And, hip! hip! hurrah! now the Captain's in Surrey.

Then the Captain turned round to the Limb of the Law;
And he chaff'd, and he laugh'd at his craft, Haugh! haugh! haugh!
And says he, "To catch me, sure the Bum must be cunning
For the constable I have a knack of outrunning."

That the Sheriffs in one county cannot arrest
The "bodies" that bide in another's confest;
So that Bailiff no longer that Captain can worry,
For the Bum is in Middlesex—the body's in Surrey.



WHERE CAN THE POLICE BE?



THE BLUEBOTTLE THAT DESTROYS ALL THE COLD MEAT.

CURIOUS EXHIBITION.

NEVER SEEN IN THIS COUNTRY.

The Proprietors of the EGYPTIAN HALL are happy to state that they have made arrangements with the authorities of Scotland Yard, and, after considerable difficulty, procured the services of

THE INVISIBLE POLICEMAN.

A NATURAL CURIOSITY,

TO WHOM THOUSANDS HAVE ALREADY PAID, AND

NOBODY HAS EVER YET SEEN.

THIS RETIRING INDIVIDUAL

WILL, STRANGE TO SAY,

ANSWER CIVILLY ANY QUESTION THAT MAY BE PUT TO HIM;

Two things equally difficult to be met with.

HE WILL

TELL ANY PERSONS WHAT THEY HAD FOR DINNER THE DAY BEFORE;

HE WILL

NAME THE COLD MEAT DAYS IN EACH FAMILY;

AND

STATE THE COLOUR OF THE HAIR AND EYES OF THE FEMALE SERVANTS IN EVERY ESTABLISHMENT;

LIKEWISE

WHETHER THE MAIDS FIND THEIR OWN TEA AND SUGAR;

Indeed, it will be found that this Wonderful Creature

POSSESSES A KNOWLEDGE EXTENDING OVER THE WHOLE *AREA* OF THE METROPOLIS.

"'Tis not a wonder:
'Tis Nature."—TIMES.

The Kitchen Cupid.

THE COOK AND HER FAITHFUL ATTENDANT.

The Modern Macheath; or, how happy could I be with either?

"SAY YOU DID IT!"

A ROMANCE OF SMILES AND TITTERS.

Titter the First.

That ordinary-looking middle-aged gentleman, who is just emerging from that Jeweller's shop, is Signor Goffoni. He has been there to purchase a pair of earrings for his pretty young wife, with which he purposes to bribe her into good-humour with him again. For, to say the truth, the happy couple have lately been living on the usual matrimonial terms which follow the union of Signoras, who are scarcely out of their teens, with Signors, who are half way through their 'tys, And this morning the conjugal breezes had swollen into a perfect hymeneal hurricane. It had blown divorces and separate maintenances. The Signora had gone into the customary hysterics, and the Signor had left the house with that violent bang of the street-door which is the especial property of enraged husbands. And "the cause—the cause" was precisely the same as made Mr. Othello determine to put an extinguisher upon his better-half, instead of his night-lamp. The green-eyed monster had kittened his horrid suspicions in Signor Goffoni's bosom, and had lapped up all the milk of human kindness in the dairy of his heart. He had accidentally discovered a *billet*—something more than a *doux*—addressed to his black-eyed young wife, from a gentleman calling himself the Marchese di Castellinaria, and which expresed a regard for her that—tested by the very delicate thermometer of the Signor's jealousy—did appear to him not quite so tepid as mere friendship would dictate. And he had not scrupled to say as much to the black eyes he had taken for better or for worse. Whereupon the said ebon optics had looked scissors, though they'd used none—had vowed eternal separation —*usque ad mensam et torum*—and wound up with those effective convulsions of which married ladies generally keep a plentiful supply, ready for use. Jealousy, however, had galvanized the iron of the Signor's heart, and made it no longer susceptible of being acted upon by the salt water of his wife's eyes; so, as we said before, he bounced out of the house with a bang like a human cracker.

Long before evening, however, Goffoni had relented; he felt convinced that he had wronged his dear little wife by his unjust suspicions, and arrived at the sage conclusion that he was a brute and she was an angel; so that an hour before his usual time for quitting business he hurried off to the nearest Jeweller's to buy her a pair of earrings, determined to hasten home and shed over her the diamond drops of repentance. But on arriving at his domicile, he found the dark-eyed young partner of his bosom absent from home. Could his unkind treatment have driven her from his roof? The very thought was stilettoes. He rang furiously and inquired of the servant concerning her mistress. She had quitted the house about half an hour ago, leaving directions that the letter which the maid then presented should be delivered to the Signor immediately on his return. He seized it. It was unaddressed, and ran as follows:—

"After your insulting conduct I can no longer consent to the continuance of our acquaintance. I must beg, therefore, that henceforth we be as Strangers; and that you will never again dare to offend me with the protestation of your regard, which it is utterly impossible for me further to acknowledge.

"Carlotta."

"Gone! gone!" groaned Goffoni; and he sunk overwhelmed upon the sofa, and buried his face in his hands. Presently he started up again—buttoned his coat vehemently—knocked his hat on his head—and dashed from the house with a wild look of despair and prussic acid.

That miserable-looking middle-aged gentleman, seated on that stone in the heart of that wood, is Signor Goffoni. And that small phial, which he takes from his waistcoat-pocket, is labelled "Laudanum!" He has sought out this secluded spot, and purchased this poisonous potion, to put a premature "finis" to his wretched biography. For "what is the world now to him?" he says—"a wilder-

ness—a desert. He has lost the angel who made it a paradise; and as he always felt convinced that there was not another woman like her upon earth, why should he go dawdling on alone to the grave? No! he is resolved! Bereft of his Carlotta, he cares not to live, and fears not to die. She has bidden adieu to him, so he will bid adieu to the world."

With this brief oration the woe-begone Goffoni drew the stopper from the phial, and swallowed its contents.

No sooner had he drunk off the deadly draught than a Signor, habited in a capacious cloak, started up from behind the stone on which Goffoni was seated, and inquired whether he would save the life of a fellow-creature?

"I save the life of a fellow-creature!" gasped Goffoni, dropping the empty phial with amazement from his hand; "I am a dying man myself!"

"Yes! I know that," replied the Signor in the cloak, "and that is the cause of my making the request. The fact is, the other gentleman, whose life is in danger, is not quite so tired of his existence as you seem to be of yours. And since you are determined on going out of the world, you may as well leave it with the grace of a good action, and let your death be the salvation of his life."

Goffoni, who was now ready to clutch at any straw that appeared likely to save him from sinking in the next world, simply asked, "How that could be?"

"Oh, never mind about that," returned he in the cloak; "only you consent to do it, and I'll soon tell you how. Come! what do you say? Recollect 'charity covers a multitude of sins,' and you've got a pretty good lot here to answer for, certainly."

Goffoni felt that he had, and being anxious now to obtain absolution by any means, he, not very reluctantly, promised to do what the stranger desired.

Whereupon the Signor in the cloak informed Goffoni that, finding himself rather short of cash, he had requested the loan of some gold from a drover whom he had met that evening in the forest; but that the drover had not only in the most ungentleman-like manner refused to accommodate him, but had even been base enough to doubt the honesty of his intentions. That this had so exasperated him in the cloak that he had knocked the scoundrel down, and borrowed of him all the money he possessed. That the cries of the drover had brought the soldiers to his assistance, when the Signor in the cloak was obliged to run for his life; but that in his flight he had dropped his hat on the road. That he had only just succeeded in avoiding his pursuers by secreting himself behind that stone, when Signor Goffoni had come up and seated himself upon it. "However," added he, "the soldiers can't be far off; and when they find I've given them the slip they will be certain to return, for I know them of old. So that, you see, what I want of you now, my friend, is, should the rogues come this way again, and question you about that nonsensical piece of business, that you'll just have the kindness—since it can't make any difference to you in your present situation—to say you did it."

Goffoni, when he heard what was required of him, hardly liked the office he had undertaken to perform. But as it certainly could not make any difference to him in his present situation, and as he had given his promise, he told the gentleman in the cloak he would be as good as his word and say he did it. The stranger thanked Goffoni heartily, called him his preserver, and many other equally complimentary names, and was about hurrying off, when a sudden thought detained him. "Stay!" he exclaimed, "this cloak will make your confession all the more veritable, while the possession of the identical purse I took from that rascally drover will put the affair beyond the shadow of a suspicion." And so saying, he threw the one hastily over the back of Goffoni, and, having divested the other of its contents, slipped the empty leathern bag into the breeches-pocket of that poor gentleman, who, by this time, lay writhing on his stomach, under the painful effects of the deadly draught he had swallowed.

"And now once more, Addio!" exclaimed the stranger, putting on the hat of Signor G. as a substitute for the one he had dropped on the road; "and mind!" he added, "I rely upon you to—say you did it!"

[SECOND TITTER, *page* 147.]

BLIND BOY'S BUFF AT THE LADIES' SCHOOL.

A LETTER FROM "LA NATIVE DE PARIS," AT MISS THIMBLEBEE'S ESTABLISHMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES, TO HER MOTHER IN YORKSHIRE.

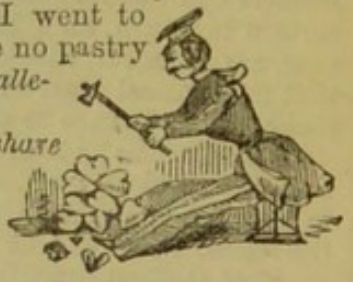
Bringing her up in the way she should go.

"Belle Vue House, Blackheath, Judy Swore.

"MA SHARE MARE,—I take up my *plume* to inform you that this leaves me in a state of perfect convalescence, or as we say in French, *sar var beang havoc more*, as I hope it does *havoc twore*. I pass very well now for *un Nattif de Parry*. I have combed back my front hair, *à la Shinwars*; so that I have *tutor fay le hair Fransay*. And, yet *oh! ma share Mare, say treest!—set hawreeble*, to be compelled to deny the land of one's birth, and all *poor le daygootang argong de set mizzyrarble V!* What, after all, too, is 20*l*. a-year *poor une Damn kom more?* A paltry pittance!—*vollar* 2. *Apprepo*, I must tell you of an awkward *wrongconter* which happened last *Macready Mattang*, to Miss Thimblebee and *lay Demmozel*. As we were promenaying on the Heath we came across *dew June Offishya de Woolwich*. They were dreadfully impudent and frightfully handsome—Oh, *ma Mare! Kell bell Ome! Kell jolly Moostarch! Kel! bows U!* I think if you were to send me the Pork Pies you talked of I could keep them in my *Sharmbrer a Kooshay*, and eat them when I went to bed, *dong mong Lee*—as we have no pastry here but rice puddings—*Say malleroeze!—Ness Pa?*

Getting her French by Heart.

"And now, *Addèw, ma tray share Mare!* I have to put the Parlour Boarders *chevaux ong pappya*. So *Pa plooze a presong* from *Votrer Ammeroose Feel*,



The Heart Breaker.

"CRINOLINE DE CORSET, *nay* SARAH SKEGGS."

THE BEST WAY OF ADVERTISING A LADIES' SCHOOL.

THE SCHOLASTIC HEN AND HER CHICKENS.

Mifs Thimblebee loquitur.—*"Turn your heads the other way my dears, for here are two horridly handsome Officers coming."*

"SAY YOU DID IT!"

A ROMANCE OF SMILES AND TITTERS.

Titter the Second.

The sound of the stranger's retiring footsteps had scarcely died upon the ear, when, as he had predicted, the soldiers came up, led by the drover, of whom the late proprietor of the Mantello had spoken.

"I tell you it's hereabouts I missed him," said the owner of the lost purse. "And ecco!" he exclaimed, as his eyes fell on the prostrate figure of Goffoni, enveloped in the cloak, "by all the Saints! here lies the rascal, shamming asleep, too, as I live!"

The sleep, however, was no make-believe on the part of poor Goffoni, who, under the growing influence of the opiate, was rapidly sinking into the joint embraces of Messrs. Morpheus and Mors, and had just commenced nodding off—to Death.

"Come, get up here!" shouted one of the soldiers, giving Goffoni a kick that even in his drowsy state had the effect of making him open his eyes. "Get up, I say! We want you about a little bit of highway robbery that you've been having a finger in this evening—do you hear?" And the military querist punctuated the ribs of the wretched Signor with a heavy note of interrogation from his regulation-boot.

"Yes, I hear!" replied the agonized Goffoni; "I know! a highway robbery! I did it! I did it!"

"Mark that, gentlemen!" said the drover to the soldiers. "The fellow confesses he did it; mark that!"

"Oh, you did it, did you?" said the soldier. "Come, then, you must go with us. So quick! stir yourself, I say." And again the regulation-boot hammered away at the sides of the unfortunate Goffoni.

"Do let me die here, *do!*" implored the moribund Signor G.

"Die here!" returned the man of war. "No, no! you'll have to die in a rather more public place than this, I'm thinking. But come! we're not going to be played the fool with in this manner. Get up, I tell you once more!" So saying, the soldier took the prostrate Signor by the collar and set him on his legs.

"Oh! why *wont* you let me be quiet?" groaned Goffoni; "I've taken poison—indeed I have!"

"Taken poison!" the soldier exclaimed, with a sneer; "taken a purse, you mean, and it will prove just as fatal to you, I'll be sworn. However, we're not to be gulled by any such flams, don't think it. So let's see what you've got in your pockets. Oh! a pair of diamond earrings, eh? Very pretty indeed! the produce of some other robbery, no doubt! A gold watch, and ditto snuff-box! Equally honestly come by, I'll wager. A good stroke of business you've been doing this evening, my man! And here's a silk purse, with lots of money in it; and here's a leathern one without a soldo."

"The leathern one's mine!" cried the drover; "but it was full when the scoundrel took it from me."

"Of course it was! and the rogue's emptied the contents of the one into the other. But that don't matter—the mere finding of the purse upon him is quite enough to take the breath out of his body. So, come! give over this shamming," continued the soldier, violently shaking the drowsy Signor, who was again nodding under the somnorific effects of the laudanum. "We're too old birds to be caught by such chaff as this, I can tell you. So on to prison with you—get on."

Whereupon two of the soldiers placed themselves, one on either side of the ill-fated Goffoni, and commenced dragging him by the collar to the Casa di Correzione, while the two others attended him in the rear, and by the aid of their bayonets, applied to that part of his person where a gentleman's honour is sup-

posed to reside, kept continually dissipating the incipient slumbers of the somnolent Signor, and goading him like an untractable donkey on to the nearest house of entertainment for brigands and patriots.

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The bayonets of the soldiers were so efficacious in counteracting the somniferous tendency of the opiate which Signor Goffoni had swallowed, that by the time he had reached the gates of the Casa di Correzione, a distance of at least five miles from the scene of his capture, the exercise had done him so much good that it had "worked off" all his drowsiness, and he was, the morning after, in the most miserable state of perfect convalescence.

Goffoni instantly began protesting his innocence; but the incredulous jailor assured him it was to no purpose, and that he might look upon himself as a dead man; for that his own confession, let alone the circumstantial evidence, was quite enough to settle his business.

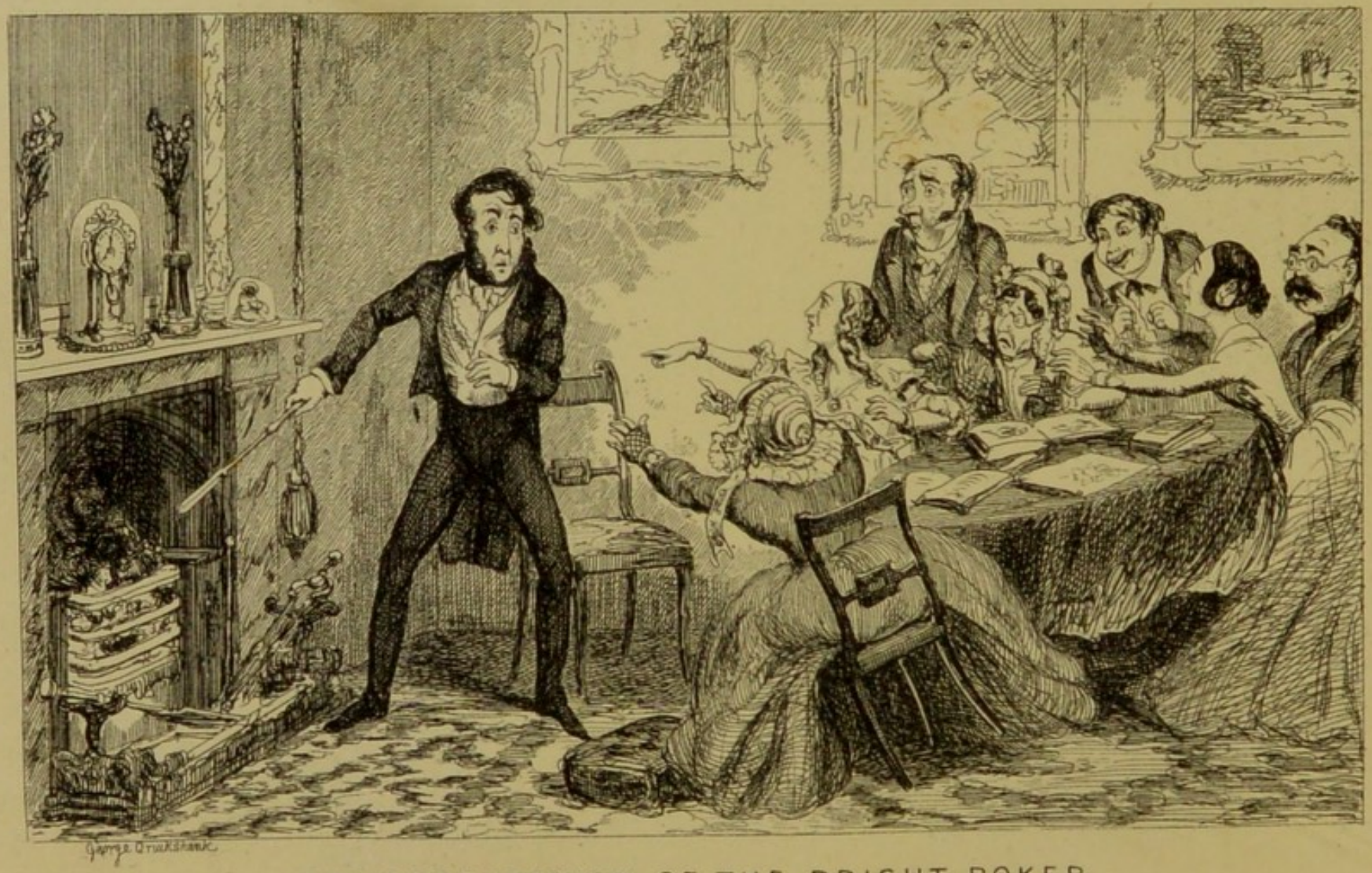
The wretched Signor called himself a fool, an idiot, a jackass, a nincompoop, and a volume of other titles equally complimentary to his intellect, for ever having consented to take another man's crime upon himself—as he pledged his honour to the jailor he had done in the present instance.

The jailor, however, was a man of too great experience to place much faith in the honour of gentlemen charged with highway robbery. And so to the Signor's asseveration, he replied with a knowing wink—"Gammon! Well, I've heard many lame defences in my time, but, hang me! if that isn't the most rickety concern I ever listened to. I should like to know the judge," he continued, "that you think would swallow such indigestible stuff as that. For everyone is aware that gentlemen in your line of business an't quite such born donkeys as to take other men's sins upon their shoulders, when they've always got a pretty tidy load of their own. So if you follow my advice, my man," considerately added the jailor, "you'll plead guilty like a Christian, and then, perhaps, you may be lucky enough to get off with the galleys for life."

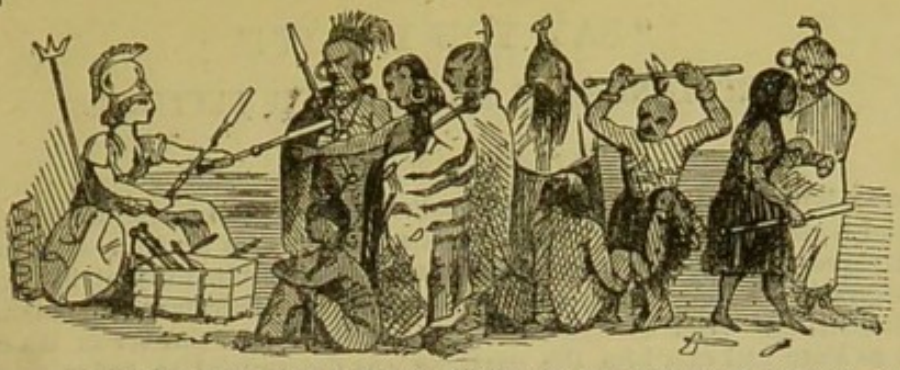
Goffoni, however, finding his declarations of innocence made no impression upon the officers of justice, determined at length upon seeking the advice and consolation of some counsel learned in the chicanery of the law. But the Gentleman in Black afforded him little comfort; for though he himself, he said, had no doubt of the truth of the Signor's strange statement, still, he thought that Goffoni would find it extremely difficult to make a court of justice believe that human stupidity could go to such lengths. And he was afraid that his unfortunate client must make up his mind to the worst; for that, of late, the robberies in the neighbourhood had so much increased that the authorities had resolved to make an example of the very next culprit.

Whereupon Goffoni again declared that he was a fool, an idiot, &c., for ever having consented to stand as godfather to a foot-pad, and take the transgressions of a gentleman with a passion for highway robbery, upon himself. And he tore his toupée and he thumped his cranium, as though he were trying to cudgel his brains for allowing him to—say he did it.

[THIRD TITTER, *page* 150.]



THE DESECRATION OF THE BRIGHT POKER.



BRITANNIA DISTRIBUTING THE BRIGHT POKER OF CIVILIZATION TO THE SAVAGES.

REPORT OF THE SOCIETY

FOR THE PROPAGATION OF CIVILIZATION, AND THE HANDBOOK OF ETIQUETTE ALL OVER THE WORLD.

The Bright Stove; or the Modern Englishman's Fireside.

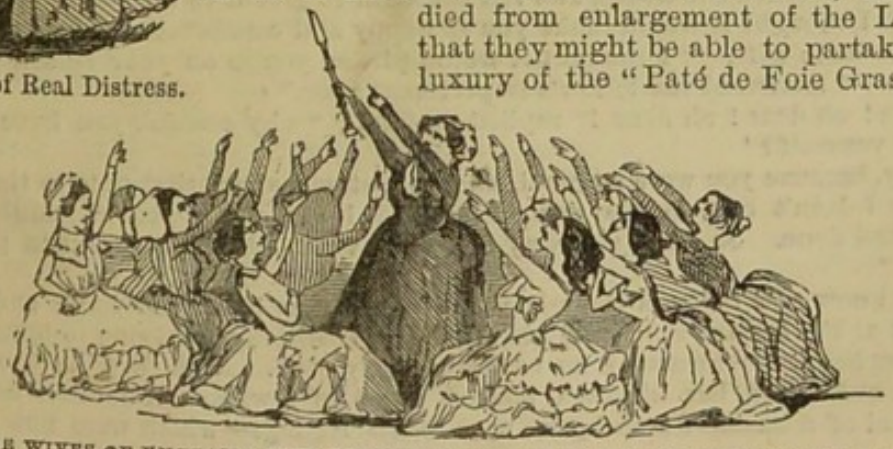
The Distingué Committee of this Society, which has for its noble object the elevation of the poor degraded Savage, and the dissemination of horse-hair petticoats and finger-glasses among all the dark members of the human family, have published their Report.

The Report states the Committee have distributed to their coloured relations their sister Agogos's celebrated "Code of Good Manners;" as well as the instructive little tract "How to Live well upon a Hundred a-year;" which have effected a great moral change. And the Committee are now engaged in preparing the "Savage's own Edition" of "The Guide to the Toilet," and have made arrangements with a philanthropic Parisian Milliner for the weekly publication of a "Courier des Dames Noires" in the wilds of Africa and America.

In Domestic Economy they have succeeded in introducing the Bright Poker to the hearths of the benighted savages, and so impressing them with the noble truth that there are Pokers for use and Pokers for ornament. They have not, however, as yet, been able to confer upon them the enjoyment of the Silver Fork; but still they have accustomed them to the use of that article in Britannia Metal, which having, as a moral writer justly observes, quite the appearance of Silver, lends to the dinner-table all the show of plate.

A Case of Real Distress.

In the article of Food the poor things have much improved. They have now given over eating their meat raw, while some families had advanced in Civilization so far as to have fed Turkies before the Fire, until they died from enlargement of the Liver, so that they might be able to partake of the luxury of the "Paté de Foie Gras."



THE WIVES OF ENGLAND SWEARING TO PROTECT UNSULLIED THE BRIGHT POKER.

"SAY YOU DID IT!"

A ROMANCE OF SMILES AND TITTERS.

Titter the Third.

Goffoni, however, though he hardly relished the idea of bidding adieu to the world, and a generous Italian public, on the boards of a scaffold—and which he now felt there was something stronger than a mere probability of his doing—at length began to contemplate his lot with all the melodramatic magnanimity of injured innocence. And though he had but little of the martyr in his constitution, yet as Fate had cast him the part, he was determined to fudge up as much stoical sternness as his nature would allow him to throw into the character. Besides, deserted by his Carlotta, he had still no great desire to continue a solitary unit on the slate of creation; so that, to use his own expression, it mattered not when he was sponged out. "What was the world to him?" again he asked himself, and again he gave himself precisely the same answer, videlicet,—"a wilderness, a desert!" Existence, he said, he viewed as a piece of burnt rag, with but a few bright specks flitting across its dark surface; and he cared not how soon "the parson and the clerk" appeared to announce the departure of his vital spark.

But Goffoni had no sooner made up his mind to play the unmitigated hero to the last, than the presence of her whose absence had given him such supernatural fortitude thawed all the artificial ice of his stoicism, and made the hero melt into the man.

Yes! the dark-eyed young partner of his bosom and four-poster—she whom he believed had left him for ever for the Marchese di Castellinaria, had come to console him in his affliction! and Goffoni, though he could have been a Regulus without his Carlotta, felt, when he saw her, all his magnanimity ooze out of his eyes.

"Oh! Bartolo! Bartolo!" sobbed the Signora, "if I hadn't seen it in all the papers I should never have dreamt of finding you here. You can't tell what I've suffered on your account!"

"Oh! Carlotta! Carlotta!" groaned Goffoni: "and what have *I* not suffered on *your* account? But for *you*, alas! I should not have been here."

"For me-e!" hysterically exclaimed Carlotta. "Oh! don't say so! How could *I* possibly have anything to do with it?"

"Didn't you tell me," inquired the woe-begone Signor, "that you'd leave me—*for ever?* You did! You know you did!"

"Yes! but I'd done so a hundred times before," retorted Mrs. Goffoni; "and I thought you knew women better than to believe such things."

"Nor should I have been such a booby as to do so," remarked Mr. G., "if you hadn't written me that horrid letter."

"Letter!" cried Carlotta. "Oh! I see it all now! I do! That letter was intended for the Marchese di Castellinaria, and you—you—wretched—stupid man—you thought it was meant for yourself."

"Intended for that cursed Marchese!" shouted Signor Goffoni. "Then why the deuce did you leave the house, and tell the maid to give it to me?"

"Oh! I thought it would make you so happy and comfortable!" exclaimed his miserable little wife. "I thought it would please you so on your return home to find how I'd answered the fellow's impertinent note."

"Then! oh dear! oh dear!" replied Goffoni; "why *couldn't* you have shown it to me yourself?"

"Why, because you were so cruel, and so put out about that note in the morning, that I didn't like to see you again until I had made you acquainted with what I had done. So I left the copy for you to read, while I went out to post the original."

Goffoni now saw through the mistake as clearly as his better half; and again he railed at the limited extent of his intellectual faculties, applying to himself the same complimentary terms as he had previously used. And then he kissed his Carlotta, and called her his own blessed angel of a wife, and himself her own cursed fool of a husband; and gave vent to his feelings—which were now a kind

of a piebald of grief and joy—in a manner that makes a bankrupt of description, and forces history to take the benefit of the insolvent act. For he plainly perceived that, without any real cause, he had taken poison and a highway robbery upon himself; and that he would be forced to separate from his Carlotta at a time when he had no desire to leave her, and by a species of divorce for which he had now lost all relish.

The sorry Signor then recited to his wondering little wife the tale which we have before told the reader (only not quite so cleverly as ourselves); and on showing her the cloak that he had received from the stranger, his distress of mind was in no way relieved by hearing his Carlotta—who could swear to the clasp and collar—peremptorily pronounce it to be the property of the very Marchese from whom he dated all his troubles. So that he now saw, in addition to his miseries, not only that he had saved the life of him who was the primary cause of all his jealousy, but that he was about to die outright for the crimes of the very man whose peccadilloes had nearly put an end to his existence by poison before.

Yes! facetious reader, it was even so! The Signora's gallant Marchese was none other than the Signor's ungallant stranger, a gentleman better known in the romance of highway robbery as VIRTUOSO, the brigand! and who, in the glowing language of one of the many instructive novels, of which he afterwards became the hero, "was no vulgar Freebooter." No! his was a spirit too proud to beg too chivalrous to work, and too generous to trade. If he took from the rich he freely gave to the poor; and if, in the pursuance of his romantic vocation, he was compelled, in self-defence, to sacrifice the life of some obstinate victim, he ever after endeavoured to remove the stain of the blood from his soul by the scouring drops of contrition. Nor was his love of the poor greater than his love of—WOMAN! To her his lustrous eye and soft guitar-like voice, coupled with the perils of his adventurous life, had ever a magical charm. He was not merely the Freebooter of Lucre, but—the Brigand of the Heart! And if his passion was of too fickle and roving a nature, at least in extenuation it may be pleaded that he never parted from the object of his love without first abstracting from her some article of jewellery or plate, by which to treasure up her remembrance.

However, to return to poor Goffoni. The day of his trial at length arrived. On being placed in the dock it seemed to him as if he were standing on the doorstep of Eternity; for reflection and everybody had conspired to assure him of the utter hopelessness of his case. And when, to his infinite horror, he heard the drover, without the least hesitation, swear that he, the Signor, was the man who had taken his purse, Goffoni felt as though his shoulders had already served his head with notice to quit. The judge, however, finding that the case turned on a point of disputed identity, ordered the prisoner to put on the hat which had been dropped on the road. Goffoni did so, and was suffused with a cold perspiration on finding that it fitted him to a hair. He was then directed to endorse his body with the cloak, which, alas! also suited the poor devil as though it had been made to measure. The drover looked at him for a second, and then swore with even greater certainty than before that he was the identical person who had robbed him. Goffoni now saw that the sands of his last moments were fast running through the egg-boiler of his existence, when—as the gentlemen of the Italian press afterwards expressed it—"a stranger, dressed in the first style of fashion, rose from the body of the court, and requested to be permitted to put on the articles in which the prisoner had just appeared." Having obtained the sanction of the judge, he attired himself in the cloak and hat, and demanded of the drover, on his oath, whether he, the stranger, was not the party who had taken his purse? The drover eyed the stranger from top to toe, and then, after a little deliberation, swore even still more emphatically that he was. Whereupon the stranger pointed out to the judge that since the drover had sworn with equal certainty to two different parties as the culprit, it was clear that he might be mistaken in both.

A word to the wise is sufficient. So, reader, if your skull be not as thick as a bombshell, it is hardly necessary for us to tell you that Goffoni was acquitted—that it was Virtuoso, the brigand, who procured his acquittal; and that the Moral of all this is (for we must be "moral to the last"), never take the good or bad action of another to yourself, nor be shabby or silly enough to—"SAY YOU DID IT."

ELEGANT EXTRACTS FROM THE LAST NEW BURLESQUE.

A BATTLE WITH BILLINGSGATE.

SUGGESTED BY THAT OF BLENHEIM.

Billingsgate in the ascendant

It was the Christmas Holidays,
And seated in the Pit,
A Father saw the new Burlesque,
That was so full of wit.
And by him sat—in Slang unskill'd—
His pretty little girl, Clotilde.

She heard some "ladies" on the Stage
Say they would "cut their sticks!"
And one in male attire declare
That she'd "go it like bricks."
She ask'd her Father what were "bricks?"
And what they meant by "cut their sticks?"

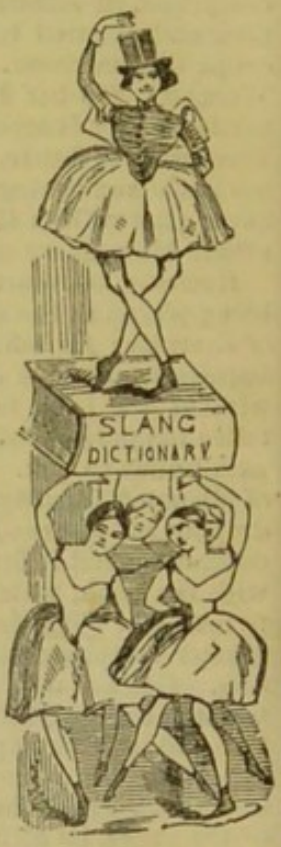
The Father heard the audience laugh,
As at some witty stroke;
And the old man he scratch'd his head,
For he couldn't see the joke.
"I don't know what they mean," said he,
"But sure 'tis some facetiæ."

And then she heard one, nearly nude,
Say something else about
"Has your fond mother sold her mangle?
And does she know you're out?'
And when the people laughed, cried she,
"Oh, Pa! there's more facetiæ!"

And then the little maiden said,
"Now, tell me why, Papa,
That lady ask'd him if the mangle
Was sold by his Mamma?"
"I can't tell why, my dear," said he,
"Though, of course, 'tis some facetiæ."

But when she saw the lady's fingers
Unto her nose applied,
"Why, 'tis a very vulgar thing!"
The little maiden cried.
"The papers all, my child, agree,
'Tis brimful of facetiæ!

"And everybody says the Piece
With brilliant wit is fill'd;"
"And what is wit, my dear Papa?"
Quoth innocent Clotilde.
"Why, that I cannot say," quoth he,
"But wit is *not*—vulgarity."



Burlesque standing on its merits.

George Cruikshank

THE STAG, THE BULL, AND THE BEAR.

(A Railway Fable.)

THE STAG, THE BULL, AND THE BEAR.

A RAILWAY FABLE.

A Stag there was—as I've heard tell,
Who in an attic us'd to dwell,
Or rather—to use a fitter phrase—
Who in an attic us'd to graze;
And being blest, like many I know,
With little Conscience, and less Rhino,
Took to that frailest of all frail ways,
And wrote for shares in all the Railways;
Applied, without the least compunction,
For Seventy-five in each new "Junction,"
And gen'rally—the more's the pity—
Got thirty shares from each Committee,
Whereof though it for sale was *not* meant,
He sold the Letter of Allotment.
But this he did, forsooth, because it
Said something rude about Deposit.
Now he'd applied, and—what was better—
This Stag had just receiv'd a letter,
Allotting him some shares, then far
Above the Railway Zero—"par."
"How kind of them," says he, "to gi'e me 'em,
Since they're at such a whacking premium!
'Tis to my soul 'a flatt'ring unction,'
Oh! Good St. James' and St. Giles' Junction."
And then the Stag went cap'ring down,
Like many another "buck on town,"
To where "the common herd" resort,
The stony field hight Capel Court,
And where the half-starved *hinds* are seen,
Trying *to nibble all the "Green."*
But soon to this fam'd cervine quarter
There came a Bull intent on slaughter,
And finding that the Stag I tell of
Had got some shares which were thought well of,
The Bull began to run them down,
And swore they weren't worth half-a-crown;
He call'd it all the worst of names,
This Junction of St. Giles and James;
And thus—these Bulls have so much art with 'em—
At last he got the Stag to part with 'em.
For 'tis with these same Bulls on 'Change
As 'tis with those that meadows range;
To both alike this rule applies,
What they run after's sure to rise.
Then, wand'ring from his gloomy lair,
In Copthall Court, there came a Bear;
One of that curs'd unfriendly race
Who crush whatever they embrace;

Whose grip is such, whate'er they maul
Is generally sure to fall.
And, when he heard the Stag declare
He'd parted with his ev'ry share,
He vow'd the Bull had sorely treated him,
Nay—more he'd say—the Bull had cheated him.
It was the noblest of all schemes,
This Junction of St. Giles and *Jeames!*
However, as he hated knavery,
To do him an especial favour, he
Would let the Stag have thirty more,
At what he sold the others for;
The Stag of gratitude discourséd,
And took 'em on the terms aforesaid.
Now all this kindness of the Bear
Was nothing but a "*ruse-de-guerre;*"
For no one knew so well as Bruin
To hold the Shares was perfect ruin;
The whole affair was but a swindle,
And down to discount soon would dwindle.
And, truth to say, the Bear was right,
The Panic came, like Lillywhite,
That terror of the Lords, and bowl'd out
Ev'ry man Jack who hadn't sold out;
So that there was on "settling day,"
The Devil and the Bear to pay.
"But," says the Stag, "that cunning buffer,
The Bull, will be the chap to suffer;
So in a cab to him I'll dash up,
And get my taurine friend to cash up."
But when he gets to Mr. Taurus's,
Pasted upon the outer door, he sees
A card with these words written over,
"Gone to Boulogne *viâ* Dover."
Now as the Bull had run away,
Unable for the shares to pay,
'Twas clear, as he'd no cash to spare,
The Stag then couldn't pay the Bear;
So when the Bear went for his due,
The Stag had gone to Boulogne too.
And, since the Stag had cut and run,
'Twas plain the Bear could pay no one;
So those to whom he money ow'd,
When they sought out the brute's abode,
Found that the Bear, or him they call so,
Had cut and run to Boulogne also.

MORAL.

Pursue the paths of Virtue, and such stale ways,
And don't never have nothing to do with none of those bothering Railways.

JOHN BULL AMONG THE LILLIPUTIANS.

THE MODERN GULL IVER.

MEETING OF THE DWARFS.

A MEETING of the real bipeds, or little human beings who run about upon two feet, was held at the Lilliputian Warehouse, in New Street, Covent Garden, to move an address of thanks to Her Majesty, for her liberal patronage of the least of the Rational Animals.

General TOM THUMB, L.S.D., was unanimously voted to the Child's Chair · and the business of the Meeting having been opened by the Small Germans,

The GENERAL rose—a few inches—to address his brother Homuncules. He said they had met to offer up an act of gratitude from the Shortest men to the Highest Personage in the Realm—to her who had refused to patronize everything great, and had stooped to take *them* by the hand—to her who had originally given them that lift, which had caused them—short as they were—to be looked up to by—LOVELY WOMAN. And he would be happy to favour the company with "God Save the Queen," gratis.

The Substance and the Shadow.

The ENGLISH TOM THUMB here rose to rebut the General's assertions, and was proceeding to complain of the want of patronage offered to native insignificance, when he was carried out.

The HIGHLAND DWARFS, in a Scotch accent as broad as their size would admit, said, "a' the Gen'ral had drapt was unco' true. When they left the Land o' Cakes they could hardly raise a Bawbee among them, and now they could put down 1000*l.* any day

The BOSHIE MEN, or PIGMY RACE, through their interpreter, stated, they were happy to find that, though the Dwarfs had come over to England little by little, they now formed so large a body.

DON FRANCISCO HIDALGO said, "Dat as el smallest man in el vorld, he objec to el proceed; for he never meet vith el couragement el dam Dom Dum speak of."

The little Men here got to very high words, and the meeting broke up in confusion.

NAPOLEON'S ADIEU D'EGYPTIAN HALL.

PHLARUPPE!

AN OSSIANIC POEM.

DUAN THE FIRST.

Argument.

This poem is addressed to the Maid of "the RAINBOW" *(in Fleet Street), where* OSSIAN *is emjoying his Whisky and Cigar. The* PHLARUPPE *here spoken of is the same as the* AQUÆVADIUS *mentioned so frequently in Police History, and who in the year '40 headed an expedition against the Knockers of* COCKAIGNE, *and was repulsed by "the force" under the command of* ROWAN, *the chief of Scotland (Yard), though not until* PHLARUPPE *had routed several of his "Divisions." Tradition assigns the date of this event to the year '42, but on searching the pages of the historian* HODDER, *we find no mention made of the circumstance in his valuable work entitled, "*SKETCHES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER TAKEN AT BOW STREET."

BRING, daughter of the Rainbow! bring me the pen of steel! The mountain-dew sparkles in Ossian's brain, and it is brilliant with song. As is the black reviver to the garment whose seams are white with age, so is the cream of the valley to the seedy soul of the bard. It brings back the freshness of youth.

A tale of high life! The deeds of the superior classes!

The draught of the waters of Kinahan wakens the memory of the past. The odour of thy weeds, mild Lopez! is pleasant in Ossian's nose. Like the brow of Ben-Primrose, his head is veiled in clouds. Listen, thou daughter of the Rainbow! to the deeds of the superior classes.

A tale of high life!

Fair is thy Garden, O Covent! Green are its paths with the leaves of the cabbage. There the cauliflower of Fulham rests its white head, and the pine of Jamaica perfumes the breeze. The daughters of Erin are there laden with Pippins of gold. Near are the halls of Evans. Music is heard in them by night. The morning dawns in song. The voice of Llewellyn of Wales gladdens the feast! and Sloman, the son of Israel, pours forth his numbers, apt as the bard of Moses. Glad are the halls of Evans! It is the abode of Joy!

Wilt thou not listen, bright maid of the Rainbow! to the voice of Ossian? My soul is bursting with song. The collars of my Corazza droop like the ears of the Greyhound, and my eye in a fine frenzy rolls. Thus the mighty Bunn appears when he dreams that he dwells in marble halls. Dost thou not behold, bright maid! the head of a lion in Ossian's hand? A ring of iron depends from its mouth, and its face wears a look of rage. That head the noble Phlaruppe, Lord of Belgravia, tore away. Phlaruppe tore it away by the strength of his arm. Listen, then, daughter of the Rainbow! to the tale of high life! The deeds of the superior classes!

What sound is that kisses the ear? Across thy Garden, sweet Covent! it comes dancing along the breeze. Can it be the song of the lark climbing the sky? But the lark wakes not the night with his notes; and bright burns the gas in the lamp of the Tavistock. 'Tis the voice of Von Joel, the toothless, gladdening the halls of Evans. Of Evans, the son of Thespis.

The Thespian son sits in his hall of state. The feast is spread around. The strong waters of Hodges and Betts sparkle on the board. A thousand Havannahs perfume the air. A thousand glittering tankards foam with the nectar of Barclay. There is the ripe fruit of Erin, and the rabbit of Wales is there.

Who comes from the Saloons of the West, with his warriors around him? He smokes the Dodeen of peace. His face glows with the juice of the Gooseberry. His cheeks are as red as the garments of the bearers of letters on the festival of May? Who is it but the noble Phlaruppe, the Lord of Belgravia? In his train is Sutton the Sambo; and Burke, the hard of hearing, attends him. Mighty in battle are they.

The Lord of Belgravia graces the board: the Bards hail his presence with a

song. He quaffs the brown stout of Dublin. The night reels away in revelry. The morning peeps in at the casement; and Phlaruppe, the Lord of Belgravia, is glorious with Guinness's.

A tale of high life! The deeds of the superior classes!

DUAN THE SECOND.

Grey grows the air with the Day's young light. With the carmine of Morning the cheek of Heaven is rouged. The Camphine lamp of the Moon has gone out; and turned off is the Gas of the Stars. Yawning the tired Policeman crawls on his rounds.

Hushed are the halls of Evans.

Where art thou, Belgravia's Lord? Thou pride of the West, where art thou? Lo! he comes; but his steps are unsteady with Beer. On the sinewy arms of the dark-skinned Sutton, and Burke, surnamed the Deaf, he leans. From them he bursts of a sudden, like the cork from the Waters of Soda. The head of a lion on the gates of Gliddon, the chief of the Divan, frowns on the valiant Phlaruppe. Dauntless as the brute-taming Van Amburgh, he grapples with the iron beast. He sounds the "fake away" of Belgravia. One potent wrench of his arm and the head of the forest king hangs drooping from Phlaruppe's hand. Knockerless are the gates of Gliddon! Of its lion the divan is bereft!

The lynx-eyed C 16 beheld the wrong. His dander arose. He drew his staff in vengeance. He seized the noble Phlaruppe. Sutton, the heavy-handed son of Africa, raised his arm. His white teeth grinned defiance on the blue son of Peel. Into the murky waters of the kennel he hurled the pride of the yard of Scotland. His blood crimsoned the flags. Groaning for help, he sprang the rattle of war.

Like rockets at Vauxhall the azure force of Rowan rushed up. Their hands grasped the staff of power. Phlaruppe heard the tramp of their Wellingtons. He sounded the Lullalietee of battle. He gathered his warriors around him. Firm as the cement of Pouloo they stood. As a torrent from a shower-bath poured the stiff-necked sons of Peel upon the foe.

As the cats of Kilkenny they fight. Like the shop of the maker of trunks rings the street with the blows. Stained is the earth with the claret of life.

Battle of the Garden of Covent, why should Ossian, like Robins, the chief of Garraway's, pen the catalogue of thy wounds? Thou art with the son of Kean, a calamity of the past.

The force of the Yard of Scotland overcame!

On the stretcher of Ignominy, Phlaruppe, the Lord of Belgravia, was laid!

DUAN THE THIRD.

In the cell of the Station, Phlaruppe hiccups out the Morn. The benches of wood pillow his burning head. He sighs for a draught of the sparkling Waters of Carrara, or a goblet of the bubbling Powders of Seidlitz. But the ice of the Lake of Wenham is not more cold than the hearts of his victors. In the cell of the Station, Phlaruppe hiccups out the Morn.

On the throne of Justice the even-handed Twyford sits. Before him Phlaruppe, Belgravia's hope, is dragged. He quails, for the voice of the Judge is severe as Hicks the lusty-lunged Son of the Surrey. And lo! to the terrors of Brixton's wheel an alms-seeking child of want he condemns. What then shall be the doom of Phlaruppe?

But Phlaruppe is the Lord of Belgravia. In his presence the heart of Twyford, the even-handed, grows soft as the Asphalte of Claridge before the Sun in the days of the Dogs. With the milk of human kindness the veins of his bosom are filled. Pity touches his heart-strings; and his tone with compassion is soft as the Piccolo of Jullien, the Emperor of all the Polkas.

But why, Maid of the Rainbow, should Ossian, like a penny-a-liner, recite the fine that Phlaruppe paid to his Queen; or tell how the generous Twyford, for a crown, forgave him who tore the Lion's head from Gliddon's halls?

A tale of high life! The deeds of the superior classes!

The Carrara Water is found very efficacious in cases of Heart-burn.

AN ANACREONTIC:

IN PRAISE OF CARRARA WATER.

Oh! that dreadful British Brandy!

Come, let us quaff the Wine of Moet!
Come, let us sing like Moses' Poet!
To thee and to thy sparkling daughter,
Carrara's copper-cooling Water!
Maugham! come let us sing of thee,
St. Swithin of Sobriety!
Sweet, after drinking too much wine,
Kind Cockle! are those pills of thine:
Or when the bowl has drown'd the wits,
Sweet are thy Powders—Seidlitz!
Or seedy with the dew of Mountains,
The water's sweet from Soda's fountains.
Yes! sweet are these—but sweeter far are
Thy sparkling Waters—O Carrara!
And Maugham! thy fame doth far outstep
The fame of Cockle—fame of Schweppe.

So when I burn with too much 'toddy,'
Carrara! thou shalt cool my body;
Yes! then I'll seek that Water's aid,
That's from Carrara marble made:
And as I drain it from the chalice,
I'll dream I drink some melted palace;
Or quaff some Venus in solution,
Of fam'd Canova's execution;
Or fancy, as the draught decreases,
I'm swallowing bottled chimney-pieces

It is strongly recommended in cases of foul tongue.

Carrara! thy delicious fluid
To me's the loveliest liquor brewéd;
My throbbing brain grows calm and placid,
Whene'er I quaff thee—sweet Antacid!
Thine is the gift of being able
To cure "the excesses of the table,"
And all the ills that thence attack us,
Thou brightest, healthiest child of Bacchus
For when I've drunk too much Glenlivat,
And my head is splitting with it,
Carrara! thou can'st ease my pain,
And fit my soul to drink again.

"MY WIFE IS A WOMAN OF MIND."

THE WOMAN OF MIND.

My wife is a woman of mind,
And Deville, who examined her bumps,
Vow'd that never were found in a woman
Such large intellectual lumps.
"Ideality" big as an egg,
With "Causality"—great—was combined;
He charg'd me ten shillings, and said,
"Sir, your wife is a woman of mind."

She's too clever to care how she looks,
And will horrid blue spectacles wear,
Not because she supposes they give her
A fine intellectual air;
No! she pays no regard to appearance,
And combs all her front hair behind,
Not because she is proud of her forehead,
But because she's a woman of mind.

She makes me a bushel of verses,
But never a pudding or tart,
If I hint I should like one, she vows
I'm an animal merely at heart;
Though I've notic'd she spurns not the pastry,
Whene'er at a friend's we have din'd,
And has always had two plates of pudding,
Such plates! for a woman of mind.

Not a stitch does she do but a distich,
Mends her pen too instead of my clothes;
I haven't a shirt with a button,
Nor a stocking that's sound at the toes;
If I ask her to darn me a pair,
She replies she has work more refined:
Besides, to be seen darning stockings!
Is it fit for a woman of mind?

The children are squalling all day,
For they're left to the care of a maid;
My wife can't attend to "the units,"
"The millions" are wanting her aid.
And it's vulgar to care for one's offspring—
The mere brute has a love of its kind—
But *she* loves the whole human fam'ly,
For *she* is a woman of mind.

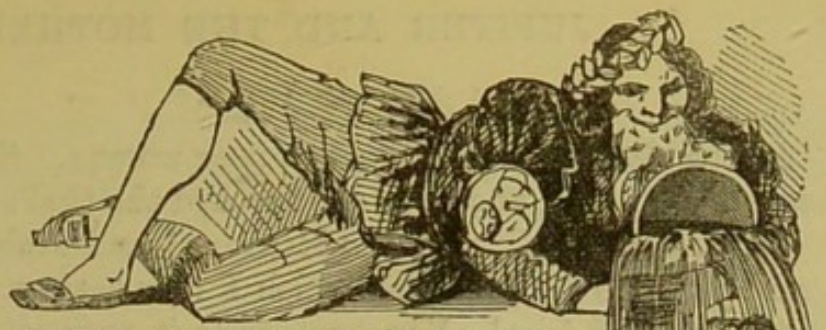
Every thing is an inch thick in dust,
And the servants do just as they please;
The ceilings are cover'd with cobwebs,
The beds are all swarming with fleas;
The windows have never been clean'd,
And as black as your hat is each blind;
But my wife's nobler things to attend to,
For she is a woman of mind.

The Nurse steals the tea and the sugar,
The Cook sells the candles as grease,
And gives all the cold meat away
To her lover, who's in the Police.
When I hint that the housekeeping's heavy,
And hard is the money to find,
"Money's vile filthy dross!" she declares,
And unworthy a woman of mind.

Whene'er she goes out to a dance,
She refuses to join in the measure,
For dancing she can't but regard
As an unintellectual pleasure:
So she gives herself up to enjoyments
Of a more philosophical kind,
And picks all the people to pieces,
Like a regular woman of mind.

She speaks of her favourite authors
In terms far from pleasant to hear;
"Charles Dickens," she vows, "is a darling,"
"And Bulwer," she says, "is a dear;"
"Douglas Jerrold," with her "is an angel,"
And I'm an "illiterate hind,"
Upon whom her fine intellect's wasted;
I'm not fit for a woman of mind.

She goes not to Church on a Sunday,
Church is all very well in its way,
But she is too highly inform'd
Not to know all the parson can say;
It does well enough for the servants,
And was for poor people design'd;
But bless you! it's no good to her,
For *she* is a woman of mind.



Old Father St. Swithin, the Gentleman who presides over the Cat and Dog Days.

THE CLOUD.

(Another Version of SHELLEY'S *partial view of the subject.)*

I BRING cats and dogs, and November fogs,
For the folks of Cockney land;
And I brew the flood of slush and mud
In Fleet Street and the Strand.
From my watery bed spring colds in the head,
And highly inflam'd sore-throats;
And I'm the Mama* of the bad Catarrh,
And the Mother of Waterproof Coats.
I gave birth to Goloshes and Macintoshes,
The clog, the cork sole, and the patten;
And I act as wet Nus to each Omnibus,
For 'tis on my moisture they fatten.

I come down pretty thick at every Pic Nic,
And throw my cold water upon it;
And delight at each Fête that is called a Champêtre,
To spoil every new silk bonnet;
I'm more kind to each Jarvey than was Wittle Harvey,
When he was Commiss'oner of Stamps;
I'm the foe of Vauxhall's Grand Fancy Dress Balls,
Where I love to extinguish the Lamps;
And whenever a fellow leaves at home his Umbrella,
Oh Lord! how I chuckle and grin!
For then you may warrant I'll come down in a torrent,
And soak the poor wretch to the skin.

* Be pleased to give this word the proper Cockney pronunciation—MAMAR! None others are genuine.

A Grand Gala at Vauxhall, under the Patronage of St. Swithin

JUPITER AND THE MOTHER.

AN IDYLL.

At the altar of Jupiter knelt a poor woman. She was about to become a Mother, and thus she invoked the God :—

"Oh Jupiter! King of the Heavens! and Ruler of the Earth! grant that the dear burthen which I now bear may be a Stranger to the cares of Life! Vouchsafe unto it such gifts that it may be the most admired of all thy Children,—the richest—the happiest of Men. Oh Jupiter! King of the Heavens! and Ruler of the Earth! hear me!"

She spoke, and Mercury, the winged messenger of Jove, stood before her.

"Mortal!" said he, "return with Joy to thy hearth! He who wieldeth the sceptre of Fate hath heard thy petition; and the Child shall be as thou hast asked."

In time the Mother bore a Son. His form rivalled that of the boy-god Cupid. And she rejoiced to think he was the blest of Jupiter.

A year passed on, and the proud Mother saw the Infant bud blossom into the Child.

But the second year came and went, and the Boy increased not in Stature.

The third year stole away, and still the little thing grew not.

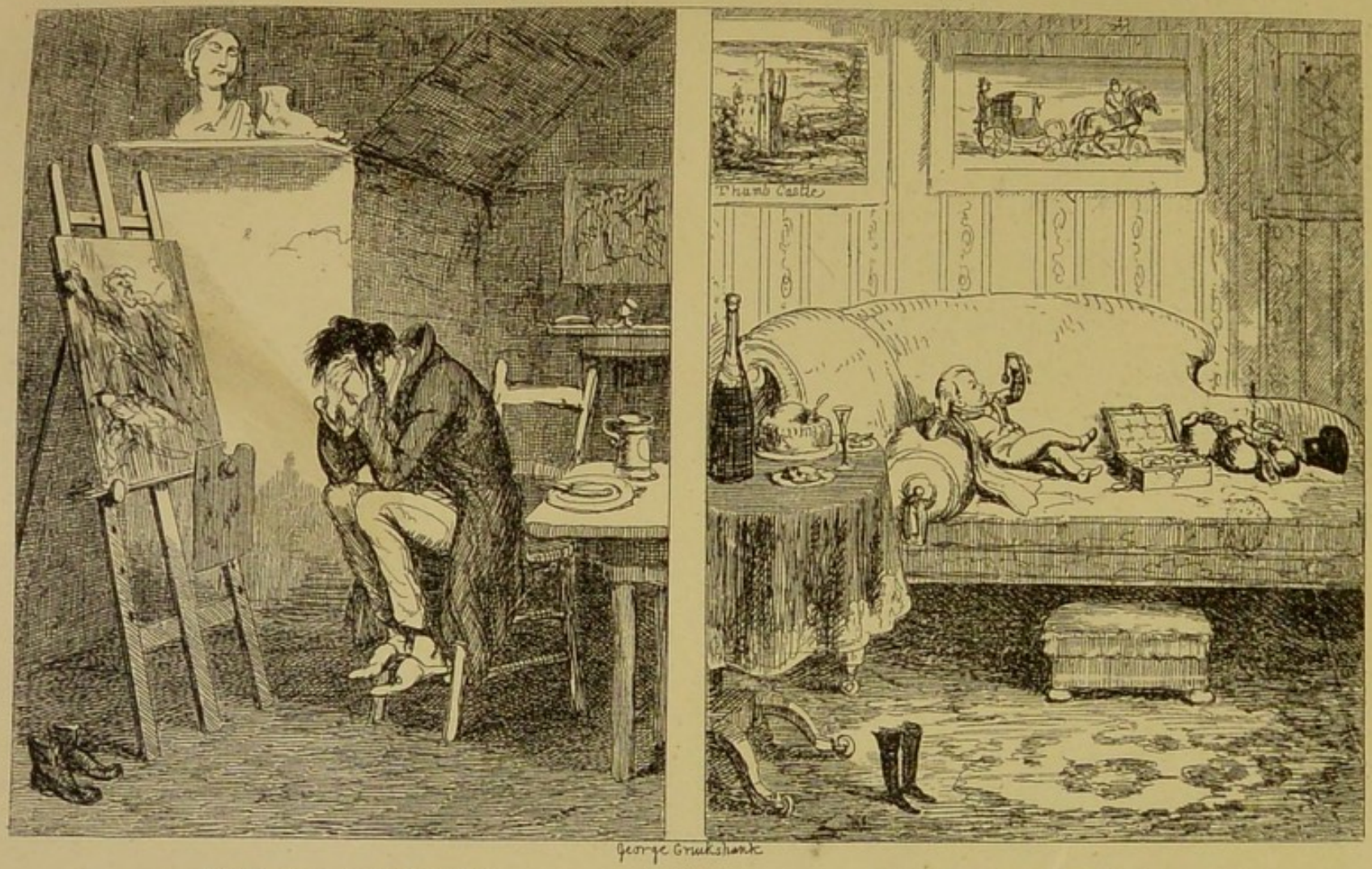
The fourth—the fifth—the sixth rolled by, and yet the Child remained in figure as at the end of the first.

Albeit the Mother murmured not, for she remembered the promise of him who wieldeth the sceptre of Fate, and hoped in patience.

But when twelve summers had gone, and the anxious Matron beheld her Boy still a Babe in form though a Youth in years, Hope and Patience left her; and thus she complained :—

"Oh Jupiter! Jupiter! have the promises of the Gods become as those of Men? Didst thou not in thy bounty vouchsafe unto me a Boy that should be the most admired of all thy Children? And what hast thou sent me? A little thing to whom even the shape of Manhood is denied! and at whose stunted figure the world gapes with pitying wonder. Oh Jupiter! Jupiter! for what mysterious good hast thou thus visited me?"

The cloud-compelling Jove heard the Mother's murmurs and thus from on high rebuked her :—



BORN A GENIUS AND BORN A DWARF.

"Why, Child of Clay! dost thou question the goodness of the Gods? Thy petition was heard, and has been granted. What more wouldst thou have had? Didst thou not beseech me that thy Boy should be the richest and happiest of Men?"

"I did, Great Jove!" replied the trembling Mother; "but thou, in thy strange bounty, hast given to me a Child with limbs too small and weak to earn even the scantiest subsistence; and whose wretched deformity must make his life a burthen to him and me."

"And what, blind Mortal! wouldst thou that I had done?" exclaimed the God.

"Oh that thou hadst blest him with a form of Power, and a mind of Genius!" cried the heavy-hearted parent; "then would Wealth and Joy have gladdened his days."

"Fool that thou art!" said the Sovereign of the Skies; "listen and learn how I have blest, and thou wouldst have curst, thy Child! Had I conferred on him the Genius thou sighest after he would have felt but Want and Neglect in the world. Had I quickened him with a sense of the Beautiful, his Life would have been a Misery—his Death a Crime. For know that Mind alone can sympathize with Mind; and mindless Man enriches those who minister rather to the luxury of his Senses than to the refinement of his Intellect."

"Oh, all-wise Jove!" exclaimed the abashed Mother.

"See how thou wouldst have beggared thy Boy with Genius," continued the Thunderer. "And now listen how I have enriched him with Deformity. He shall go forth a wonder to the staring and senseless world. Monarchs shall smile upon him, and rejoice to gird his neck with precious Jewels. He shall be the beloved of Matrons, and the fondling of Damsels. Crowds shall flock to behold him, heaping his little lap with countless riches and costly gifts. His car shall be drawn through the public ways in triumph; and he—the stunted dwarf—shall play the Giant Emperor among men. Thank thou, then, the Gods, oh Woman! whose bounty has given thee a Dwarf, and not a Genius for thy Child."

Thus spake the mighty Jove, and the Mother in gratitude cried out:—

"Oh, Jupiter! King of the Heavens, and Ruler of the Earth! I thank thee! for now I see thou hast, indeed, vouchsafed that my Boy shall be the most admired of all thy Children—the richest—the happiest of Men."

Perrot teaching the Gods and Goddesses how to dance.

Minerva, as she did appear at the Italian Opera.

Minerva, as she ought to have appeared at the Italian Opera.

Neptune, as he probably will appear at the Italian Opera.

A MONO-RHYME.

Oh, Monsieur Perrot! oh, Monsieur Perrot!
Whatever on earth could have made you do so?
Put the Judgment of Paris all into dumb-show!
Bring the Gods and the Goddesses down from *en haut!*
Paris—Mercury—Venus—Minerva—Juno—
To trip "on the light fantastic toe!"
For who ever heard of a Fandango—
A Gavotte—a Cotillion—a Bolero—
Balancez—avancez—chaine des dames—dos-à-dos,
Or indeed any *pas* (excepting a "*faux*")
Perform'd by a Goddess, I'd like to know?

Whate'er in the name, too, of Lemprière and Co.,
Could have made it come into your head to bestow
On the Goddess of Wisdom, so *comme il faut*,
And who Keightley informs us was "chaste as snow,"
A petticoat scarcely, Sir, reaching below
The knees of the lady—and looking as though
'Twas a kilt of book-muslin or calico!
Whereas every classical cameo
Assures us she usen't her legs to show—
Perhaps they were bandy and form'd like a bow—
Or her ankles were gummy—but whether or no
Sure the Goddess half-naked objected to go.

Now it wouldn't have been such a dreadful blow,
And to Mamselle Minerva much more *à propos*,
Had you comb'd back the hair of the Virago—
Dress'd it *à la Chinoise* 'stead of *en Bandeau*—
While a pair of "blue specs" would have served to throw
Round the Goddess of Wisdom a learned halo!
But short Petticoats surely are rather *de trop*
For the Sapient Minerva and Stately Juno!!

Then Oh, Mister Lumley! Oh, Monsieur Perrot!
And Oh, Lucille Grahn! and Oh, Cerito!
Whatever on earth could have made you do so?

The Gods and Goddesses behind the Scenes at the Italian Opera.

SHAM IBRAHIM.

or the Pacha at Vauxhall.

A LAY OF MODERN ENGLAND

OR, IBRAHIM PACHA AT VAUXHALL.

GREAT IBRAHIM of Egypt has promised the Lessee
The Masquerade at Vauxhall he'll go in State to see;
To Allah he has vowed it—to Allah and the Clown,
That in his royal Glass-Coach he will in State go down.

It's posted in all Quarters—it's stuck up in all Parts,
It's carried about by Boardmen and advertising Carts;
It is in every paper—it is on every wall,
That Ibrahim of Egypt is going to Vauxhall.

To-night the Clerks of London shall "Merry Monarchs" be;
To-night each Linendraper shall get his Captaincy;
The Tailors Metropolitan to-night shall strut as Greeks,
And Jews for Don Giovannis shall rouge their sallow cheeks.

But there are six young Doctors who dearly love a Laugh,
One is disguised as Ibrahim, the others as his staff;
They've hired a seedy Glass-Coach—they've Beards and Caps and All,
And as Ibrahim of Egypt they're going to Vauxhall.

And now they leave the Borough with many a loud Huzzā;
Drive on! drive on! to Vauxhall—On to the Bal Masqué!
On! shout the six young Doctors, and, as the crowd Hurrah,
They laugh to find they're taken for Ibrahim Pacha.

In swarms the Masqueraders are whirling to the Doors,
Of Sailors there are Hundreds—of Soldiers there are Scores,
And lots of German Students who nought of German know,
And not a few Postillions who're *not* from Lonjumeau.

And many illegal Lawyers with borrow'd Wigs and Gowns,
And lively Undertakers—and melancholy Clowns,
And Debardeurs and Tomboys—and many a Bow-bell Swain,
And dressed as "Heeland Lassies," the Lasses of Cockaigne.

From Eastward and from Westward the Masks are pouring there,
The Nobbish and the Snobbish from Mile End and May Fair;
They pour from many a Mess-room—and many a Second Floor,
They pour from Swan and Edgar's—from Lincoln's Inn they pour.

But now Inspector Higgins rides up the way to clear;
"Stand back! stand back! you fellows, great Ibrahim is near!"
And then, far in the distance, the welkin's heard to ring,
With "Long live Ibrahim Pacha! Long life to Egypt's King!"

And Nearer still and Nearer the seedy Glass-Coach steals,
And Louder grows and Louder the rumbling of its Wheels,
And Plainly and more Plainly is heard the People's din,
But Nothing still—no Nothing does the Pacha do but Grin.

For Clearly, very Clearly, the Ibrahim they cheer'd,
Was only a Sham Ibrahim with only a Sham Beard,
And Truly, very Truly, the Pacha's present Suite
Came not from Mighty Egypt, but from Great Tooley Street.

Now the Lessee of the Gardens receives them at the Gates,
And thinks the six young Doctors six Eastern Potentates,
And trusts His Royal Highness some Wine will deign to quaff,
Whereat His Royal Highness winks at His Royal Staff.

But the Lessee's looks are angry, and the Lessee's Brows depressed,
A Jest he loves most dearly, but this is past a Jest;
For he hears another Party with Beards and Caps and All,
As Ibrahim of Egypt has come unto Vauxhall.

Then to the Great Sham Ibrahim he talks extremely Large,
Assures his Sham Royal Highness he'll give the Rogues in charge,
Whereon the Sham Interpreter swears t'other's come to Fleece,
And calls aloud for "Vengeance!" and louder for "Police!"

Off to Inspector Higgins the Lessee Flies forthwith;
"There'll be a row," says Ibrahim, "as sure as my name's Smith;
Though if it comes to Fighting, boys, I am a match for Three,
And I will fight like Bricks to-night if You will stand by Me."

Then outspake young O'Driscoll, one of the Staff was He,
"I'll fight for hours for Thee, by the pow'rs! and I will stand by Thee!"
And outspake "Charley" Smivens, and outspake t'other Three,
"We'll fight like mad for Thee, my Lad! and We'll all stand by Thee!"

Now down the Lessee rushes with Higgins to the Gates,
And vows he'll have the Pacha up before the Magistrates;
He calls His Royal Highness an Impostor and a cheat,
And tells Inspector Higgins to collar Him and Suite.

Cries Higgins, when he sees him—"This beats cock-fighting *holler*,
That there's the King of Egypt you're telling me to collar;
Yes, I'd take my affidavey, although you looks and starts,
That there's the King of Egypt what lodges at Mivart's!"

"*That* Ibr'im!" cries the Lessee, "then t'other's all a Flam,
But I'll bow in the Real One if you'll kick out the Sham;"
"I will! I will!" shouts Higgins, then with a small Array
Of gallant young Policemen he hurries to the Fray.

Young Smivens knock'd down Higgins into the gutter—smack!
O'Driscoll sent C 30 Whap! right upon his Back;
At two more of "the Body" Smith gave a potent Thrust,
And then C 6 and 7 lay groaning in the Dust.

But they've sent for more Policemen to come and keep the Peace,
And yonder from the Station march twenty more Police;
"Cut off! Cut off, O'Driscoll!" loud cried the Doctors all,
"Cut, Smith! Cut, Charley Smivens! Cut, over the Garden Wall."

Off ran both Smith and Smivens, and off O'Driscoll ran,
The other Three ran off too, pursued by man a Man,
And o'er the Wall they scrambled, and scrambled o'er the Ground,
Nor stopt till in the Borough they were All Safe and Sound.

And now, when of an Evening they want a hearty Laugh,
When they sit smoking "Dodeens," and drinking Half and Half,
And when they're getting Jolly they Love this Chant to squall,
Telling how as Ibrahim Pacha they went into Vauxhall.

"I DREAMT I SLEPT AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S."

The Magnificent Group of the Royal Family, as it will appear at Madame Tussaud's in a few years' time.

I DREAMT THAT I SLEPT AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

I.

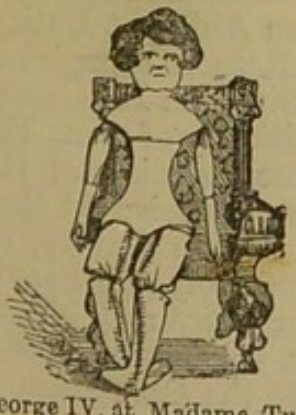
Madame Tussaud beside herself.

I DREAMT that I sle-ept at Madame Tussaud's,
With Cut-throats and Kings by my si-i-de;
And that all the Wax-figures in tho-ose abodes
At Midnight became vivifi-i-ied.
I dreamt William the Four-urth sat dow-own to smoke
With Collins, who aimed at his eye,
And I a-also dre-eamt King Hal—what a joke!—
Danc'd the Polka with Mi-istress Fry
Danc'd the Polka—the Polka with Mi-istress Fry,
Danc'd the Polka—the Polka with Mi-istress Fry.

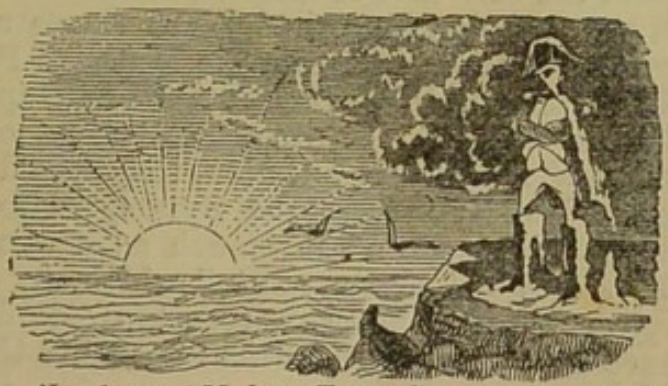
II.

The Brigand of Windmill Street on the look-ou down the Haymarket.

I dreamt that Napo-le-on Bo-onaparte
Was waltzing with Madame T-e-ee;
That O'Connell, to study the regicide art,
Had a gossip with Fieschi-e-ee;
And Penn making eyes with Queen Be-ess I saw,
And Pitt taking gro-og with Fox.
And I a-also dreamt the Sun melted—oh la!
The nose of Lord Brougham and Vaux—
The nose of—the nose of Lord Brougham and Vaux,
The nose of—the nose of Lord Brougham and Vaux.



George IV. at Madame Tussaud's without his grand Coronation Robes.



Napoleon, at Madame Tussaud's, melting before the Sun of England.

SIR THOMAS BROWN ON WELSH RABBITS.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF HIS "INQUIRIES INTO VULGAR AND COMMON ERRORS."

THE common opinion of the Welsh Rabbit conceits that it is a species of *Cuniculus* indigenous to Wales; of which assertion, if Prescription of time and Numerosity of assertors were a sufficient Demonstration, we might sit down herein as an orthodoxical Truth, nor should there need ulterior Disquisition. *Pliny* discourseth of it under the Head of *De Animalibus Walliæ*. *Seneca* describeth it as an exosseous Animal, or one of the invertebrated or boneless kind. *Claudian* saith that it delighteth to burrow underground in Coal Holes and Cyder Cellars. *Scaliger* affirmeth it to be like to the Hyena, incapable of Domitation or taming, for the cause that he never heard of one being domesticated in a Hutch. *Sarenus Sammonicus* determineth it to be like unto the Salamander, moist in the third degree, and to have a mucous Humidity above and under the Epidermis, or outer skin, by virtue whereof it endureth the Fire for a time. Nor are such conceits held by Humane authors only, for the holy Fathers of the Church have likewise similarly opinioned. *St. Augustine* declareth it to be an unclean Animal; insomuch that like to the Polecat it is Graveolent, emitting a strong Murine, or Micy Effluvium. *The Venerable Bede* averreth that it is Noctiparent, as the Bat or Owl, and seldom quitteth its Warrenne until Midnight, for food; for the reason that being Cœcigenous, or possessing no organs of Vision, it loveth Tenebrosity.

All which notwithstanding, upon strict inquiry, we find the Matter controvertible. *Diodorus*, in his Eleventh Book, affirmeth the Welsh Rabbit to be a creature of Figment, like unto the Sphinx and Snap-Dragon. *Mathiolus*, in his Comment on *Dioscorides*, treateth it not as an Animal, but as a Lark. *Sextius*, a Physitian, saith that having well digested the matter, he was compulsed to reject it; whilest *Salmuth*, the Commentator of *Pancirollus*, averreth that one *Podocaterus*, a Cyprian, kept one for Months in a Cage, without ever having attained the sight of the remotest Manifestation of Vitality.

Now, besides Authority against it, Experience doth in no way confirm the existence of the Welsh Rabbit as an Animant Entity. But, contrariwise, the principles of Sense and Reason conspire to asseverate it to be, like unto the Myths of Paganism, an Inanimant Body, vivificated by the Ignoration and Superstitiosity of men. For had they but inquired into the Etymon, or true meaning of the name of the Entity in question, they would have experienced that it was originally merely the Synonyme for a British Dainty, or Cymric Scitamentum; insomuch as it was primitively appellated, "The Welsh Tid, or Rare-Bit;" which, by elision, becoming Metamorphosed into Ra'bit, was, from its Homophony, vulgarly supposed to have respect to the *Cuniculus* rather than to the *Scitamentum* of Wales.

Again, the Doctrine of the Existence of the Welsh Rabbit as a

Vivous Entity, doth in nowise accord with the three definitive Confirmators and Tests of things dubious: to wit, Experiment, Analysis, and Synthesis. And first by Experiment. For if we send to Wales for one of the Rabbits, vernacular to the Principality, we shall discriminate on the attainment of it, no Difformity in its Organism from that of the Cuniculi vulgar to other Countries. And if we then proceed to discoriate and exossate the Animal thus attained, or to deprive it of both its Skin and Bones, and after to macerate the residuary Muscular Fibre into a papparious Pulp, we shall experience, upon diffusing the same on an *Offula tosta*, or a thin slice of toast, that so far from the concoction partaking in the least of the delectable Sapor of the Welsh *Scitamentum*, it will in no way titillate the lingual Papillæ, but, contrariwise, offer inordinate Offence to the Gust.

And, secondly, by Analysis, If, in the stead of sending to Wales, we betake ourselves to any Hostelrie or place of Cenatory Resort, vicine to Covent Garden (whereanent they be celebrious for the concoction of such like Comestibles, for the Deipnophagi or eater of Suppers), and thence provide ourselves with one of the Welsh Rarebits or Scitamenta, whereof we are treating, we shall discriminate upon the Dissolution or Discerption of its parts, that it consisteth not of any Carnal Substance, but simply of a Superstratum of some flavous and adipose Edible, which, to the Sense of Vision, seemeth like unto the Unguent, denominated Basilicon, or, the Emplastrum appellated Diachylon; whilest to the Sense of Olfaction it beareth an Odour that hath an inviting Caseous or Cheesy Fragror, and fulfilleth all the conditions and Predicaments of caseous matter or Cheese, which hath undergone the process of Torrefaction; whereof, indeed, if we submit a portion to the Test of the Gust, we shall, from the peculiar Sapor appertinent thereto, without Dubitation determine it to consist.

And, thirdly and lastly, by Synthesis. If we provide ourselves with about a Selibra or half pound of the Cheese, entitulated *Duplex Glocestrius*, or Double Gloucester; and then go on to cut the intrinsic caseous Matter into tenuous Segments or Laminæ; and, positing such Segments within the coquinary commodity distinguished by Culinarians as the *Furnus Bataviæ* or Dutch Oven, submit the same to the Fire, until by the action of the Caloric they become mollified unto Semiliquidity: whereupon, if we diffuse the caseous fluid on an Offula of Bread, the Superfices whereof hath been previously torrified, and then Season the same with a slight aspersion of the Sinapine, Piperine, and Saline Condiments, or with Mustard, Pepper, and Salt, we shall find that the Sapor and Fragror thereof differ in no wise from the Gust and Odour of the Edible we had præ-attained from the Covent Garden Cœnatorium; and, consequentially, that the Welsh Rabbit is not, as the Vulgar Pseudodox conceiteth, a species of Cuniculus vernacular to Wales, but as was before predicated, simply a Savoury and Redolent Scitamentum or Rarebit, which is much existimated by the *Cymri* or Welsh people, who, from time prætermemorial, have been cognized as a Philocaseous, or Cheese-loving, Nation.

THE MILITARY ACADEMY IN AN UPROAR.

THE EDUCATION OF THE SOLDIER.

The Naughty Life-Guardsman.

A GREAT deal of Ink has been shed upon the question whether DILWORTH should enter the army; but we have met with no greater instance of the necessity of sending the sons of Mars, or, in other words, the children "in arms," to an infant school, than the following copy of verses which were picked up in one of the Areas of Albany Street, and which are supposed to be the outpourings of some Cupid in the Life Guards, to his Psyche in the Kitchen:—

TO THE IDLE OF MY HEART.

ark! to the Blarst of Waw, luv,
fal, la, lal, la
hit His the cannings Raw, luv,
fal, la, lal, la
yes! yes! that Marshall Orn, luv,
purclames i must be Gorn, luv,
and brake that Art of Yourn, luv,
fal, la, lal, la

"Creeping like Snail lazily to School."

wy duz that buzzum Sy, luv,
fal, la, lal, la
hand teers bejew that High, luv,
fal, la, lal, la
but Hair i Mounts my charjer, luv,
i Wood the gift wur Larger, luv,
take thou this Here mustarsher, luv,
fal, la, lal, la

The Life-Guardsman on his Pegasus.

we Har the boys for Luving, luv,
fal, la, lal, la
for deth we dont Care Nuffin, luv,
fal, la, lal, la
but Hif i Falls a marter, luv,
sa will you Hever Harter, luv,
weep Hore my sad Departur, luv,
fal, la, lal, la

THE SICK GOOSE AND THE COUNCIL OF HEALTH.

WELTHE, HELTHE, AND HAPPINESSE.

A RYGHTE MERRIE CONCEITTE.

In Inglande's fam'd Metropolis
There dwelte inne dayes of yore,
A wondrous greate Philosopher,
Uppe inne a seconde flore.

His lerninge was prodigious,
And ofte myghte he be sene,
Wastinge ye mydnyghte rushlyghte, o'er
Ye Pennie Magazene.

Eftsoons his fame came to ye eares
Of one steept to hys chinne
Inne sicknesse and inne miserie,
And shockinge shorte of tinne.

He hadde been jilted by ye mayde
Who sholde have been hys spouse,
He'd ye Lumbagoe inne hys loynes,
Ye Sherriffe inne hys house.

So he soughte out ye sage's celle,
Resolv'd to take advise,
And didde for ye Philosopher
Ye myddel belle ringe twyce.

Ye sage came downe immediatelie
Ye soundes felle onne hys eare,
Inne trothe ye greate Philosopher
Didde thynke it was hys beere.

But, whenne he saw ye Invalede,
And lernt whatte he didde lacke,
Ye sage he kindlie askéd hym
Uppe to his two paire backe:

For, like a nutte, ye sage was kinde
Atte hearte, tho' roughe inne huske,
And to afflixion kepte hys eares
Open from tenne tille duske.

So he ye sorrie Invalide
Withe everie kindnesse treted,
He drewe a trunke from neathe hys bedde,
And begg'd he wolde be seated.

"Now lette me heare from thee," he seddo,
"Thy sorrowfulle reporte;
Tho' yffe 'tis longe," observed the sage,
"Be plees'd to cutte itte shorte."

Thenne brieflie spoke ye Invalede,
"Ye wretche who to thee comes
Is sufferinge bytterlie from Love,
Lumbagoe, and ye Bummes."

"Butte," said ye greate Philosopher,
"Whatte seekeste thou of mee?
Thou arte a manne withe whom I feare
Itt's nearlie alle U—P."

"Oh no!" exclaim'd ye Invalede,
"You'll clere me from this messe,
Yffe you'll tell me ye Waye to Welthe,
And Helthe, and Happinesse."

"I feare," sedde ye Philosopher,
"Thatt's more thanne I canne doo;
To solve so deepe a problemme, boye,
Requires a pype or two."

He fill'd hys bowle, thenne pufft and thought,
And mutter'd "No! that's notte itte!
Ye waye to Welthe!—Yes! lette mee see!
I' feckings! boye, I've gotte itte!"

"Marke welle my wordes," thenne sedde ye sage,
"Yffe thou dost longe for rytches,
A quack Lyfe Pille withe golde wille fille
Ye Pockettes of your britches."

"Moste surelie," cried ye Invalede,
"Thatte is ye waye to Welthe;
Butte oh! thou greate Philosopher!
Whiche is ye waye to Helthe?"

"Thatte's quicklie tolde," returned ye sage,
"Ye Quacke Pille, whenne you make itte,
Lette others swallowe!—butte be sure,
Neverre yourselfe to take itte."

"Oh, lerned sage!" ye youthe exclaim'd,
"Thy wordes I'll live to bless!
Butte one more question stille remanes,
Ye waye to Happinesse."

"Yffe that you'd know," replied ye sage,
"Withe thee this maximme carrie;
As you wolde lede a happie lyfe,
Take my advise—Don't marry!"

Ye Invalede returnéd home,
And liv'd to be four score,
Amasst ne ende of golde, and died
A happie batchelore.

"THERE NEVER WERE SUCH TIMES.'

TEMPUS EDAX RERUM.

Old Time is a regular glutton,
Something dainty for ever he's munching;
The leg of a Statue's his dinner,
And the wing of a Palace his luncheon.

Rhodes' Colossus is merely a chicken,
In the maw of this greedy old soul;
And Stonehenge only rashers of granite,
And Pompeii a "toad in the hole."

Trajan's Column to him's a Poloney,
And the Pyramids Omelettes Soufflées;
Irish stew are ould Erin's Round Towers,
And a nice little hash is Herne Bay.

But of late, he'd had little worth eating,
So one day he—inclin'd for a treat—
At the Board of Works called to inquire
What new buildings they'd got he could eat.

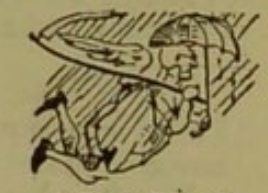
The Commissioners said, "They were sorry
They'd got nothing nice for him; but
There's the Wellington Statue just up, Sir,
And Westminster Bridge in low cut.

"Nelson's Monument wasn't quite ready"
For old Edax Rerum to swallow;
"But he might have the National Gallery,
With Trafalgar Square Fountains to follow."

But though he lik'd things in bad odour,
The Gallery pleas'd not his whim;
For though very fair game was the building,
'Twasn't rotten enough yet for him.

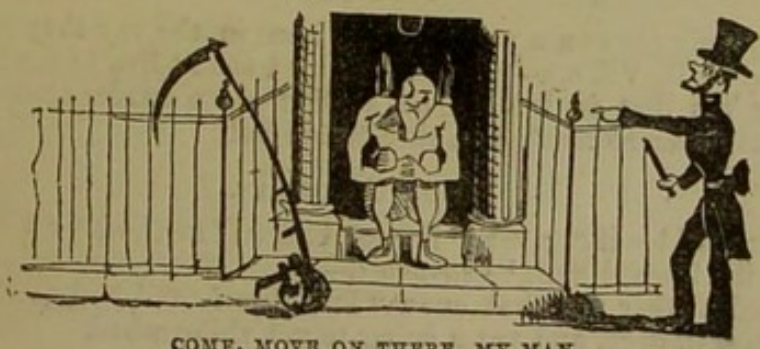
"On the ruins of Greece have I feasted,"
Cried Old Time, with contemptuous raillery;
"And having a taste for the Parthenon,
How the deuce can I stomach that Gallery?"

Here we are again!



"Time Flies."

Just hatched.



COME, MOVE ON THERE, MY MAN.

THE STAGE COACHMAN AND THE POST BOY.

AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

STAGE COACHMAN (*meeting Post Boy*).

Vy! who'd a thought o' seeing you! Vell! how's your vife and fammerly? and how do you find yourself, Muster Joe?

POST BOY.

Only middlin', thank ye!—but how can you hexpect a man, who's a yarning nuffin a-veek, to find himself, I should like to know?

STAGE COACHMAN.

Ah! these here is hard times for you and me, Joe; since every hindivid'al hobjects vith us now to ride—
I'm blow'd if I an't been empty for this month past, and gone every journey vith nuffin at all in my hinside.

POST BOY.

And as for the matter of po-chaises, Vill'm, bless you! there's so plaguy little for a boy now to do—
That I'm sure I don't know how I should ever be able to ive, if I didn't hoccasionally make a dinner out of a "Fly" or two.

STAGE COACHMAN.

Vell! all I can say is, Joe, I can't keep on a running of my coach vithout never no passengers;
Only, I can't a-bear the hidea of my poor 'osses a going the vay of all 'oss-flesh, and a being made into beef sassengers.

POST BOY.

Yes! that'll be the hend on the poor critturs, no doubt; for I have heerd—and it sartinly is my belief—
That, since the railvays have come in, many houses in town rig'larly every veek biles down three 'osses and a gallovay for halamode beef.

STAGE COACHMAN.

Cuss all railways and steam ingins, says I! I vonders how people can like to travel by sitch houtlandish modes—
Only, to be sure, there is jist now vot they calls a "Manier" for mangling all the country, and hironing all the roads.

POST BOY.

And if they only goes on a using up the iron in the vay they're now doing, depend on it, Vill'am—though I hopes I shan't live to see it!
Every poor 'oss that is left vill be hobligated to vander about the streets, vithout never so much as a shoe to his feet.

STAGE COACHMAN.

And vorser still!—Hang me! if each blessed Landlord vont be hinsolvent, and each blessed hinn be sqvashed—
For I heerd t'other day that even "THE RED LION" had got over his head and ears in debt, and vas a going to get vhitevashed.

STEAMED OUT.

or the Starving Stage-Coachman and Boys.

POST BOY.

They do say, too, that the Sheriff has seized all "THE HANGEL'S" things, and "THE 'OLE IN THE VALL" is to be closed afore another twelvemonth comes round—
And, vot's more! that "THE PIG IN THE POUND"'s broke, and von't be hable to pay his creditors nuffin at all votsomdever in the pound.

STAGE COACHMAN.

And then the Chambermaids has all gone to stand behind mahogany counters at the Stations—though a body would hardly think it—
Vhere they sarves out hot tea and soup, to poor half-starv'd devils of passengers, vot arn't hallowed no time to drink it.

POST BOY.

All the Boots, too, has turned railvay policemen, and hangs out them signals, of vhich you've werry likely heerd speak;
And vhich they uses to purvent the gen'l'men, as is travelling in sitch a werry particular hurry, a being druv slap into the middle of next veek.

STAGE COACHMAN.

Yes! and the vorst of that there cursed railvay is, that vhenever there is a haccident on it—
The're sartin to mangle a person's poor body so, that even the Coroner don't like sitting upon it.

POST BOY.

And though, Vill'am, I've bolted with dozens of heiresses in my time, I an't had a 'lopement for this plaguy long vhile;
For the 'appy couples, hang 'em! now takes a "day ticket" to Gretna Green, and runs avay in the most hunromanticated style.

STAGE COACHMAN.

Yes! and vhere now is that beautiful purcession, on the fust of May, to show off the new scarlet coats of the Drivers of Her Majesty's mails?
Vy! if there vos to be sitch a thing, now-a-days, Joe! it 'ud be nuffin but von one long line of them beastly dirty Stokers to them nasty filthy rails.

POST BOY.

Vell! Vill'am, I only vish I vas the hingineer to them there railvay trains—and then their business I vouldn't be werry long sp'iling;
For, if I only had the driving of all of them as likes travelling behind steam ingins, blow me! but I'd bust the bilers of the whole biling.

STAGE COACHMAN.

And, as for my part, if I only had the tooling along of them there D'rectors—into 'em, Crikey! Joe, vouldn't I stick it?
Yes! I'd tool 'em along slap to that "bourne from which no traveller returns;" or, in other words, from which nobody can't get no "Return Ticket"

ADVICE TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

(Strictly private and confidential.)

My very dear Friends,

I have frequently observed your praiseworthy though unavailing attempts to reduce your domestic expenses, by getting your wards and daughters "off your hands." I regret to say I have seen much energy on your parts misdirected, and many an elegant and expensive supper given by you to no purpose.

Now, to prevent these failures in future, and to allow the "dear girls" a better chance of getting "comfortably settled" in life, I am about to confide to you a secret, which experience has shown me to be well worth knowing.

What I would first ask you, is the primary object of all evening parties? Why do you engage Weippert's band, or order your supper and ices from Gunter? Is it—candidly now between ourselves—to make your friends happy? Or is it not to catch some amiable and independent young bachelor, who is willing to make your girl the partner of his bosom and banker's account? Of course you are people of the world, and don't mind throwing one of Gunter's sprats to catch an aristocratic herring.

To command success, however, in this style of marital fishing, one thing, let me tell you, above all, is necessary, and that is, a conservatory leading from the ball-room. Think, oh ye Parents and Guardians! for a moment of the advantages of such an arrangement.

The bashful or timid young man, after the quadrille, is sure to propose a temporary retirement among the flowers, because they afford him something beyond the weather to talk about, and if he only be matrimonially disposed, no place—depend upon it—is more likely to make him speak out. For instance, he asks the young lady to pick him a Camelia, she does so of course, and, if she has nice eyelashes, takes advantage of the opportunity afforded her, to display some little timidity and the said eyelashes while arranging the leaves. But if not blest with those bewitching adjuncts to a pretty face, I have known a half-suppressed sigh from the interesting creature answer very well; for your bashful young gentleman very frequently labours under the notion that he is a lady-killer; and ten to one but he is thus led to think he has made a conquest of the poor girl, and so, resolving to make her happy, proposes on the spot.

The conservatory is quite as useful for what is called "the fast man," or for the man of the world, or indeed for any other species of the genus *homo;* though of course the treatment must in each of these cases be judiciously varied

Your "fast man"—who is generally given to capacious coat-sleeves, and an eccentric narrowness of neckcloth—prefers a young girl with "something to say for herself," and who does not leave him to supply all the conversation. "The agreeable rattle" should therefore be kept up by the young lady, and if the dear girl have a pretty hand she may take off her "Houbigant," and amuse herself by dipping her taper fingers in the basin of the little fountain, with its three miserable gold fish. The "fast man" will then probably essay a joke, or a compliment, whereupon the young lady may playfully sprinkle him with a few drops of water; and thus, doubtlessly, matters will proceed, until the "rapid" gentleman thinks her "a deuced nice girl with no nonsense about her;" so that the flirtation, if not nipped by bad

management in the bud, may, in due course of time, blossom into a proposal.

For a sentimental young man the "language of flowers" presents a very "taking" subject for conversation; while to the scientific bachelor, a conservatory affords an easy means for a botanical discussion; besides, the examination of a plant is sure to bring the faces of the couple into proximity; and no disciple of Linnæus, however ardent, is proof against that peculiar thrill which is caused by a pretty girl's glossy and perfumed ringlets brushing against the cheek.

With the matter-of-fact young man a conservatory is quite as useful. He likes his own comfort better than anything else, and considers the supper the best part of the evening; a seat among the flowers saves him the trouble of dancing, so that he will think any young lady "a very sensible girl" for proposing such a thing; and, as he considers himself a very sensible young man, why of course the sensible young man would like a sensible young lady for his wife.

In all these arrangements a maiden aunt, or the useful "friend of the family," should be stationed near the conservatory door; for occasionally the "dear girls" are disposed to flirt with Captains, with large moustachios and small means. All elderly mammas having unmarried daughters should be carefully excluded, as every mother of a family is well known to take a malicious delight in interrupting promising affairs of this kind, when their own girls do not form part of the *tête-à-tête*.

Believe me, my dear Friends, yours very sincerely,

A Victim to a Conservatory.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

My Dear Creatures,

Yes, you are all dear to me—so dear that when I watch you, as I do at times, most anxiously, I feel how sadly you stand in need of an adviser.

But do not alarm yourselves! I am not going to be ill-natured. No! I will not find fault with Miss Crinoline's bustle; though I certainly must confess it is rather absurd to see her doing the very agreeable in one room, with the hind breadths of her skirt half-way across another. Nor will I say anything to Miss Nude about wearing her dresses so low as she does; for though I am an ardent admirer of the "blanches épaules," still I cannot help observing that she does allow her gown to slip a *leetle* too far off her shoulders sometimes. But I can't spare Miss Carney, who calls Miss Nude "dear," and then tells me confidentially, "how bad it looks to see such a nice girl as she is go about with her shoulders so dreadfully exposed; that it really makes people think her so bold, and that it's pity some one doesn't tell her of it." And this Miss Carney does with a look of such pretty pity that for a moment I think she is the most good-natured creature since Mrs. Adam, and feel inclined to run and tell the bare shoulders that she ought to be ashamed of herself. It's a great mark of talent in a young lady, by-the-bye, to be able to say ill-natured things in a good-natured way.

And I should most strongly recommend Miss Madonna, who wears her hair plain, not to find fault with Miss Chevelure's crisp ringlets. Why

should Miss Madonna say they are not becoming? Miss Chevelure's soft blue eyes and aquiline nose certainly proclaim her to be the prettier of the two; and I would bet my favourite whisker that Miss Madonna is a far better customer to Isadore for cosmetique, bandoline, fixature, and other toilet luxuries than she of the crisp ringlets whom she decries. And why should Miss Madonna be severe upon Miss Blue Stocking (whom she calls her "dear Cloè," and rushes to embrace when she enters the room)? Why should she say that Miss Blue Stocking has her hair dressed "à la Chinoise," to show off her forehead, and make her look more intellectual? But I don't believe it; though I certainly must say that it would be better if the fair *bas bleu* did wear her hair a little less like the ladies of China, and a little more like those of England.

My dear creatures, take my advice—never call a young lady "dear," when every one knows you detest her; and never try to exalt yourselves by the detraction of others. Depend upon it, the diminishing spectacles of envy do not become you.

Again: I don't like to hear Miss Pertness abusing Captain Rover, and calling him an impudent fellow and a coxcomb in so spiteful a tone; especially when I know that a few evenings back she danced with him nearly every quadrille, and that she is now curling her pretty lip simply because Miss Flirt's sparkling eyes have bewitched the Captain for a time. Nor should Miss Pertness run across the room to Miss Prude (whom she laughs at for "dressing like a girl of eighteen, when all the world knows she's thirty, if she's a day"), to point out how the said Miss Flirt is coquetting with the said Captain Rover.

Rest assured, my dear creatures, when you can say nothing good of any one, the best way is to keep your pretty mouths closed, and to say nothing at all. Talk any little innocent nonsense you like that is natural to you; but do not, for goodness sake, be satirical or ill-natured. Leave that to philanthropists.

Above all, don't flirt *too* much: it's very dangerous, and may ruin your prospects in the world. For rely upon it, that though most men like flirts very well for an evening, they would hardly think of linking themselves to one for a lifetime.

Moreover, don't affect blueness, or music-madness, or any kind of literary or scientific mania: though if you must, for mercy sake, don't be silly enough to believe that you show your intellect by neglecting your dress or personal appearance. Philosophy and Polkas are very distinct things; so either throw up one or the other; for the song that says, "I must have lov'd thee hadst thou not been fair," is one of those fictions that Bunn and the other British Poets have been in the habit of getting set to music, and foisting on the public from time immemorial.

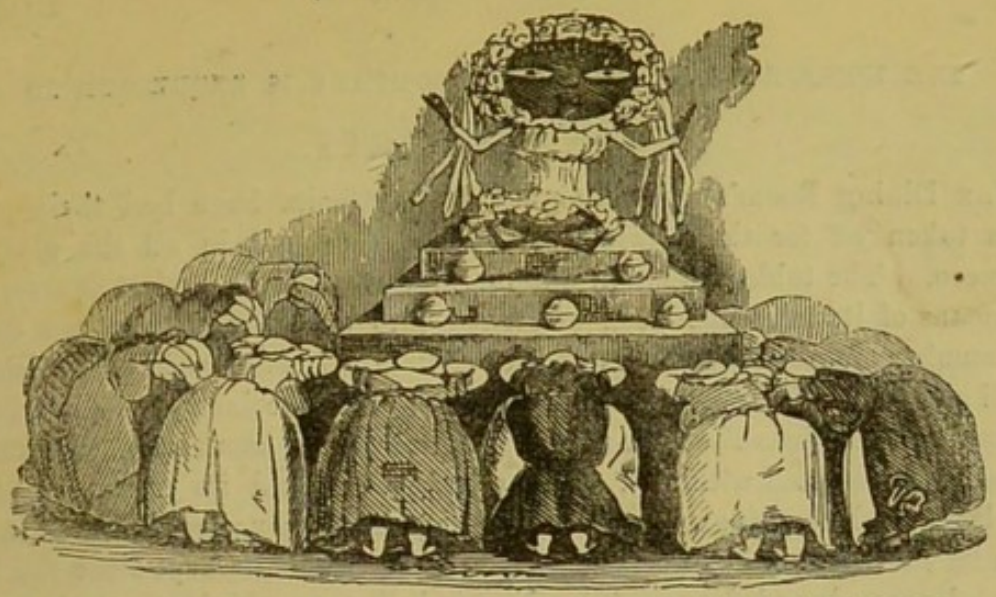
Now, adieu! and though I am quite aware that the main object of your lives is to make us the slaves of your charms, and then to render us miserable by marrying us (the bare idea sets us trembling), still we wish you success the most brilliant. May Park phaetons, opera-boxes, diamond suites, and even coronets and plain gold rings, be showered at your dear little feet; and, above all, may you be happy, whether your wedding-cards bear the address of Belgrave Square or Clapham Common.

Yours, ever Platonically,

ALBERT DE BERLINS.

THE BANQUET OF THE BLACK DOLLS

in commemoration of the Reduction of the Duty on Rags.



The Cooks of England offering up their Kitchen Stuff to their Black Idol.

DE BLACK DOLLIBUS.

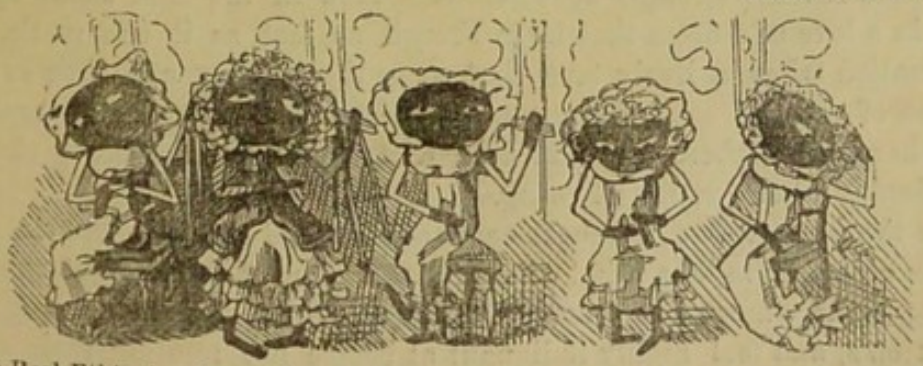
It shall have all the kitchen stuff—so it shall.

The Black Dolls of England are a highly comic race. They were the first to mingle the unctuous joke with the dry details of business, and to give a lightness to puffs before unknown to the paste of the Billsticker. They are the Smolletts of Posters, and the Fieldings of the Broad Sheet. Clare Market appears to be the grand centre of these right merrie marine store shops. Here a magazine of linen rags and witty conceits displays a thoroughly Gran-tian work of art, in which one cook is inquiring of another, who wears a chapeau in tremendously full flower, "My dear, where did you get that splendid new bonnet from?" to which the other replies, "Why, by carrying my bones and fat to the real original Black Doll, No. 12," &c. Another racy repository exhibits a grand transparency, representing a *tête-à-tête* between the Black Doll and one of her fellow-countrymen, in which the dark gentleman, in a most unniggerly dialect, is made to ask, "Why, Dinah, do all the people come to Massa's shop?" and Dinah to reply, "Because Sambo, Massa gives the best price for all oldiron, linen rags, and kitchen stuff." Then there is the highly popular bellman, who is eternally crying, "Oh yes! Oh yes! WE (!) are now giving two-pence for three pounds of old bones," &c. And last of all, the exceedingly tempting inquiry, "Do you want a plum pudding?" of which dainty there is prefixed a splendidly coloured caricature, and for which one spirited rag merchant subjoins the following curious recipe:—

A Lover of Grease.

The Black Doll's Receipt for a Good Plum Pudding.

Take 8lbs. of the best white linen rags, 4lbs. of broken flint glass, and 12 ditto of old bones; throw in a handful of old nails, with a few horses' shoes, and flat irons at discretion. Put these into a bag, and bring them to No. 12, &c., and you will find that it will make you a good family plum pudding; but if you wish to give it additional richness, you should add a few pounds of kitchen-stuff, and put a pound or two of candles into the grease pot.



The Real Ethiopian Serenaders or the first that extracted Notes (Bank) from Bones

THE HONOUR OF THE READER'S COMPANY IS REQUESTED TO

A DINNER PARTY.

THE Dining Room's quite a sight! The Chairs have had their pinafores taken off for the occasion, and now stand out in all the glory of Morocco. The table, which in the morning was only a modest square, has by means of its telescope been stretched into an oblong. You can count the number of guests by the number of chairs, and before each seat stands a small cluster of wine glasses, of different shapes and colours, two plates, and a napkin folded into the form of a triangle, with a small sandball-looking French roll secreted within it. The salt has changed its colour—is pink, and looks flushed with excitement. The supernumerary silver has been taken from its catacomb of the plate chest, where it has been kept since the last grand dinner, shrouded in wash leather, and like an old Dowager has now been rouged into brightness.

At the Sideboard stands Kitson, the host, with a shiny soapy face, decanting the wine, and consequently in a bad humour. And the honest Coal and Potato Warehouseman, who "beats carpets and attends evening parties," is fortifying himself in the passage by swallowing all that is left at the bottom of the bottles, with a look of extreme disgust for all spirituous liquors; and Master Kitson is helping his Father with the Wine, and himself to the Almonds and Raisins, when the Governor is not looking. On one side stand half a dozen of generous Port, in rich coats of Cobweb, with their chalk fronts; and on the other, two or three bottles of that tall, stately-looking, silver-headed, dinner-party-drinking Champagne.

In the Drawing-room is Mrs. Kitson, in a dreadful state of mind, standing on a chair—on which she has spread her handkerchief, from the fear of soiling the damask of the cushion—groaning over the Ormolu Lamp, and trying to discover why it has been dripping on the yellow satin Ottoman beneath.

In the midst of this a hungry double knock comes at the door, and the hostess has just got time enough to snatch one of the showily-bound books, which are placed at regular distances round the drawing-room table, and arrange herself and her dress on the Sofa, with a look of deep interest, when the Coal and Potato Warehouseman announces the first small appetite in a voice that savours strongly of "Below." And in the said small appetite walks in a love of a dress that talks French as fast as it can rustle. The conversation takes a lively turn, first, as to the weather, and then as to the children of the two establishments, each fond mother trying to make out that "her dear Herbert" or "her dear Kitty" was more delicate than the other fond Mother's sweet offspring.

Now the hungry double knocks come quicker and stronger, and the plates and the glasses jingle a kind of chorus. The next-door neighbours keep running to the windows, and are quite sure there is something going on at the Kitson's, and feel highly indignant at people not treating their neighbours as themselves, and vow revenge at their next evening party. There

is a small crowd of half a dozen errand-boys and nursery-maids in front of the house, who closely criticise the dress of each small appetite as it arrives.

The company now are only waiting for the family Doctor; and Mrs. K. begins to have dreadful visions of the haunch of Venison done to a cinder, and the Turbot about the consistency of curds and whey. Every now and then young Kitson comes into the room and whispers into his mother's ears, and receives a mysterious something, that sounds like keys. Kitson has got three or four of his old Cronies together, and is letting them into the secret of some miraculous quack pill, and how it has done him a world of good.

At length in walks the dilatory family Doctor, with a volume of splendid excuses, and, being a jocular man of the world, he easily obtains a pardon. Then comes a general move for the dinner-table, where Mrs. Kitson looks over a kind of Index of the Chairs, which she has on a card, and tells each party where he or she is to eat his or her dinner; by which contrivance she cleverly manages to place bashful gentlemen next to talkative ladies, and bashful ladies next to talkative gentlemen.

Then the family Doctor insists on Mrs. Kitson letting him help the Turbot, whereupon Kitson informs the whole table that he shall be jealous if the Doctor "goes on in that way," which being, of course, a good joke, causes the guests to giggle unanimously. Every now and then the Doctor does a witticism, whereat the Coal and Potato Warehouseman, who is of a facetious turn of mind, chuckles inwardly, and manages to lodge a slice of Venison or a cutlet in some lady's back hair. Now Kitson gives a mysterious nod, and immediately Champagne is handed round, and Master K. ventures on a glassful; on which his Father looks as black as gentility will allow him, and determines within himself not to allow Augustus to dine at table again until he knows how to behave himself.

On the removal of the cloth Mrs. Kitson's proud moment arrives. She has thrown the whole strength of the footman into the French polish, and her domestic reputation stands upon her tables. At the sight of them all her female friends fall into violent admiration, and, "How *do* you do it; I can never get ours half as bright," &c., &c., bursts from every housewife. With the Dessert come the dear little Master and Miss K.'s, beautifully got up with bear's grease and pink sarsenet for the occasion, but looking rather pale from the effects of having dipped their tiny fingers into each dish as it left the Parlour (the Doctor is in doubt whether it arises from Bile, or a nasty Influenza that is flying about); and each of the ladies begs to have "the little pets" next to her.

Now the gentlemen begin tempting the ladies, by cutting oranges into the shapes of lilies and baskets, or cracking nuts for them. And so matters proceed, until Mrs. Kitson looks inquiringly at each lady, and each lady having smiled in answer, they all rise and make for the door, which two or three of the younger gentlemen rush to open As soon as they have departed, the gentlemen draw near to the fire, and Kitson says, "Let us be comfortable," and puts on the table such wines as weak woman is unable to appreciate.

Then come Claret, Old Port, and Politics, and with the sixth bottle they begin discussing Moral Philosophy. Mrs. Kitson's health is at length proposed by the family Doctor, who speaks of her as "the exemplary wife—the tender mother—and the woman whom to know is to admire, ay! and he *would* say—to love." And then Kitson wants words to express his feelings for the honour they have done him, and winds up his catalogue of Mrs. K.'s virtues with a tear. Now "the exemplary wife" upstairs gets nervous about her husband and the wine below, and sends the footman in every ten minutes to say that "Tea is ready." Suddenly the ladies commence singing, and the family Doctor, who lives but to please, proposes to join them.

As soon as the gentlemen have retired upstairs, Kitson, who remains below, carefully locks up the remnants of the fruit and wine, and reminds Master K. of that little affair of the Champagne, and trusts he may never have to speak to him on that subject again. Then the gentlemen upstairs ask each lady in turn to oblige them with a song, and after considerable difficulty, prevail upon Mrs. Kitson's unmarried sister to favour them with "Did you ne'er hear of Kate Kearney;" but unfortunately the nuts spoil the runs. And then the gentlemen begin to have a strong inclination for Sofas and forty winks, and will put their "nasty greasy heads" on the bright yellow satin damask cushions. And then the company grows very silent; so that Kitson, who can't get up his rubber, is not sorry when he hears the Coal and Potato Warehouseman announce the first carriage. Then comes the hunting for Cloaks, and the running for Cabs, and the giving generous shillings and very generous half-crowns to the Coal and Potato Warehouseman, who is very careful to be at the door as each party is leaving. At length they have all gone, and Kitson tells his better half to see the plate right, and retires to bed.

Next morning he is very surly all breakfast, and very late for business, and Mrs. K. speaks out about the quantity of wine that was drunk; and the family, much to the delight of the little K.'s, have the remainder of the jellies, and other good things, for dinner all the next week.

PEOPLE ONE MEETS IN SOCIETY.

No. 1.

THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO HAS JUST GOT HIS COMMISSION.

Do you see that young man at the top of the quadrille, dancing with that pretty flaxen-haired girl? That's Arthur Bumpshus; he has just got his commission; though one might guess as much, for he's paying more attention to himself, as you perceive, than to his partner, and he holds his coat by both of the lapels, so as to keep it off his shoulders, while he puffs out his chest like a pouter pigeon. His hair too, you observe, is cut very short behind, and frizzed out at the sides, and stuck up at the top, with the true

military effect; and whenever his partner speaks to him he looks down on the floor, and, inclining his head slightly on one side, listens with a haughty frown.

The quadrille is over, and now here he comes. Hark! he's talking to the flaxen-haired girl about Chatham, and the Provisional Battalion, and the Mess, larding his conversation with as many military technicalities as he can possibly cram into it, though, between you and me, he has not yet joined his regiment, and has dined only once—or twice at the outside—at Chatham. He says, too, that it's deuced unpleasant being bottled up in uniform this hot weather, though we know for a fact that his own regimentals are not yet finished, and that he means "to let out at the tailor above a bit" for disappointing him with his things for this evening. When however a friend asks him how it is that he does not appear *en militaire*, he replies, "Oh, when a man (rich that, for a boy of eighteen!) is forced to wear uniform he naturally prefers being in *Mufti* whenever he can."

He walks across the room digging his heels down at every step with a ferocity intended to inspire all beholders with a high idea of his determination, and asks, when a person's name is mentioned, whether he's in "the Service;" and, on being told to the contrary, speaks of him ever afterwards as "a Civilian." And when the host's young nephew, who is home for the holidays, accidentally treads on the toe of Mr. Arthur Bumpshus's Patent Leather Boots, Mr. A. B. frowns in a way that makes the poor youth in the jacket tremble again in his pumps; for the young military gentleman is anxious to distinguish himself for his valour in the eyes of his friends.

He will not allow the engraver to have any peace until he sends home Mr. Arthur Bumpshus's cards, with the No. of his regiment printed upon them; and, when he gets them, Mr. A. B. goes the whole round of his acquaintance, and calls at the house of each of his friends at a time when he hopes they are in the park, so that he may have an opportunity of leaving them one of the bits of glazed pasteboard which announces that he has got his Commission.

He also pays a visit to Laurie, for the purpose of ordering his saddle; and hearing Major Splatterdash, of "the Heavies," swear at the saddler for something which is not quite to the Major's satisfaction, the young gentleman follows his brother-officer's example, and gets a not very gentle hint from the tradesman, that unless he can behave himself he had better leave the shop; for though Laurie may consider it worth his while to pocket an insult from a Major of ten years' standing, it does not exactly answer his purpose to do the like with a sucking ensign.

In short, the young military gentleman persists in making himself as obnoxious as possible to all people, with the view of impressing them with his importance, though he forgets that while he is endeavouring to play the Lion, the Ass's bray continually betrays him.

No. 2.

THE YACHTING MAN.

"Beg your pardon! hope I've not hurt you; but you were right in the gangway!" exclaims a light-haired, blue-coated specimen of humanity, as he enters the ball-room, and treads on the feet, and grinds the head of one of the guests against the door-post he fancies he is ornamenting; and then he rushes violently up to the lady of the house, and shakes her hand with a vehemence more cordial than "*comme-il-faut*;" and then, turning to the

host, apologizes for being so late, declaring that he had carried away every stitch of canvas he could stagger under, and would have made the house half-an-hour before, but he'd had a capsize in a cab, and it took him some time to get under weigh again.

Then he mixes in the crowd, and on closer inspection, you perceive by the bright buttons on his blue coat, which have a crown and anchor and some inscription upon them, that he belongs to one of the Royal Yacht Clubs; while the same bright buttons with the same crown and anchor, &c., only a size smaller, adorning his white waistcoat, tell you that he is not ashamed of it.

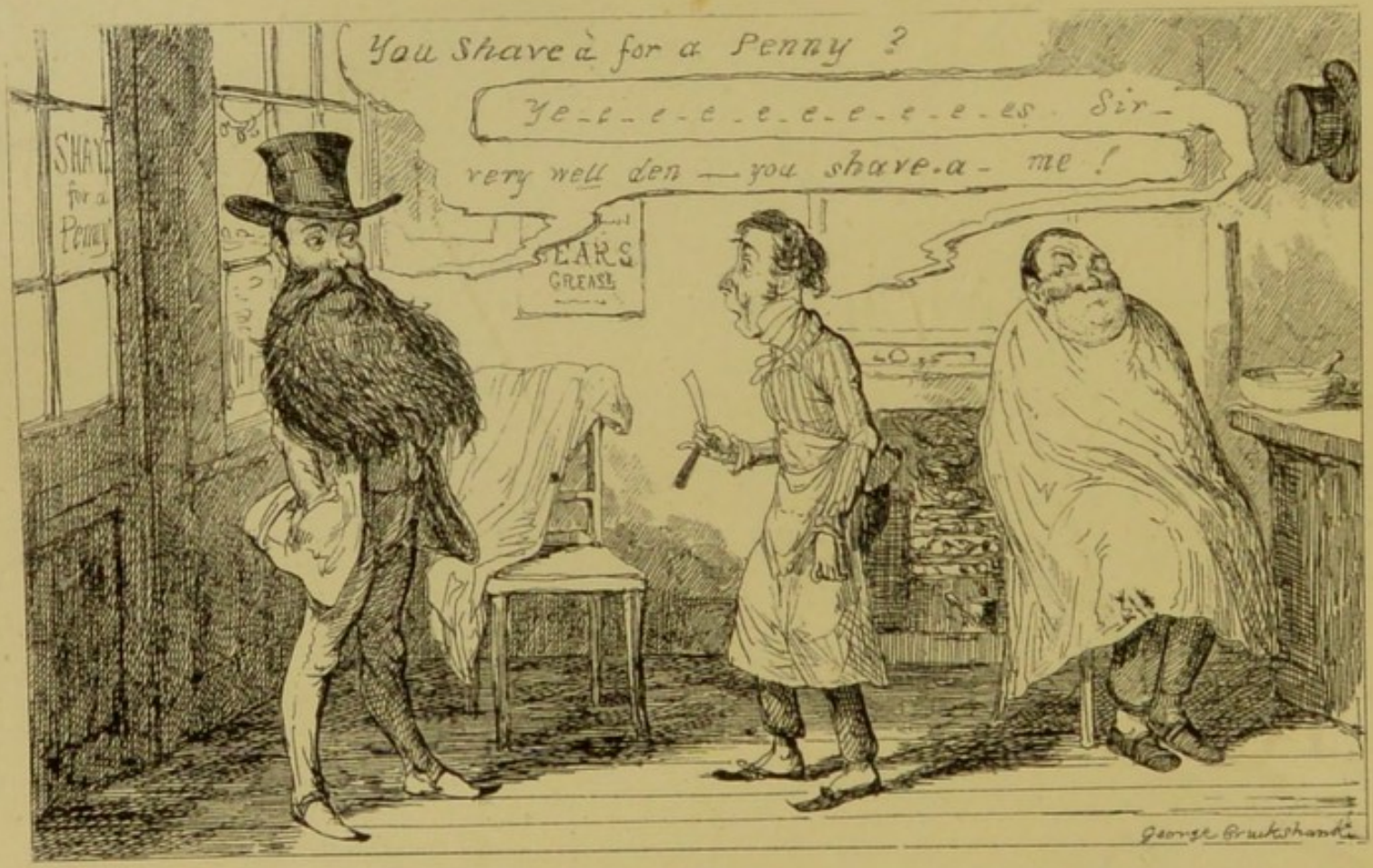
From his conversation we are made acquainted with the important fact that there had been a match that day at Erith, and that his yacht must have won only his gaff-topsail was carried away in a squall; and we learn, moreover, that he fully sympathizes with Lord Freshwater, who would have come in a good second had not a Hatch Boat run right into his starboard-bow, and driven her bowsprit clean through his lordship's balloon-jib. And then he tells the listeners a remarkably funny story of a friend of his, who went for a cruise with him, and would persist in calling "going on deck" "going upstairs;" whereat the yachting man laughs immoderately, and takes care all the evening through to term "going downstairs," "going below."

He does not dance much, but whenever he does stand up for a Quadrille he talks very loud to his partner, saying, "Aye, aye," to all her questions; and he rushes to the refreshment-room with her directly the dance is over, where he does not restrict himself to negus and ices, but attacks the port wine at once.

During the supper he does not do much until the ladies have left, and then he falls to with surprising vigour, and calling the footman on one side, inquires whether there is any malt to be had. When the beer arrives he professes an intense contempt for champagne, and says that as far as he is concerned a glass of two-water grog is better than all the wine in the Docks, especially when one's on deck at night; all which causes the younger men of the party to look upon him as a very dashing sort of a fellow. And if by any chance he is asked for a song, he is sure to squall "I'm afloat," or "A Life on the Ocean Wave," though his knowledge of such a state of existence must be very limited, for he has seldom been beyond the Nore, and at farthest to Ramsgate,—excepting, by-the-by, once, when we believe he did get as far as the Isle of Wight, during the Cowes Regatta. Nevertheless, a life in his father's country-house would be more in character with his habits.

And when the party is breaking up the Yachting Man is seen in the Hall putting on a very rough Pea-Jacket, with large horn buttons, and a cap with a gold-lace band round it. He says something about it's being time to turn in, as four bells have gone; and having lit a cigar at the hall-lamp, he finally disappears, chanting—

"Good-night!—All's well."



A GOOD PENNY-WORTH.

THE

COMIC ALMANACK

FOR 1848.

A NEW OPENING FOR VALENTINES.

Valentines have hitherto been sentimental. This is a sad mistake in a matter-of-fact age, when Love may knock at a person's door long enough before he will be admitted, unless he comes handsomely dressed, and with his pockets full of money. The old conventional altar, with a couple of hearts on it pierced through with a skewer, which postmen leave at houses wrapped up in pink covers, on the 14th of February, is but sorry fare for young ladies who have been educated upon a hot luncheon every day, and who would sooner have a basin of turtle than the prettiest pair of pigeons that were ever served up with pink ribbon on the best satin paper! Lovers forget that we are a nation of shopkeepers, and should play their counters accordingly. How much better, instead of sending an immense tulip with a gentleman sitting inside of it, it would be to forward a small view of their fortune, drawn out in gold and silver on their banker's cheque-book! Ladies might not take the trouble to look under the paper rose, which when pulled out discloses the portrait of a spooney Adonis, in a blue coat and black moustachios; but a sketch of what the same "Spooney" intended to do, when married, in the way of a carriage or an opera-box, would be a puzzle which every young lady could but be deeply interested in finding out. Beauty is completely a matter of taste; but a good establishment, with unlimited millinery, powdered footman, violets all the year round, and subscription to the French plays, is a simple thing which no two mammas could possibly dispute about, and which every well-regulated daughter must appreciate at the very first glance. In fact, the more such a Valentine was looked at, the more it would be admired. The question nowadays is not, whether you are handsome—that concerns your looking-glass only—but whether your fortune has a handsome figure. Hymen has gone completely into the commercial line; and the closer Valentines resemble advertisements, the easier young gentlemen who offer themselves at a "tremendous sacrifice," will find themselves go off. Cupid has turned butcher-boy, and it is wonderful how he has enlarged his business since he has taken to serving his customers with something richer than a couple of sheep's hearts every day for dinner! For further inquiries, the young lady is referred to the plate opposite.

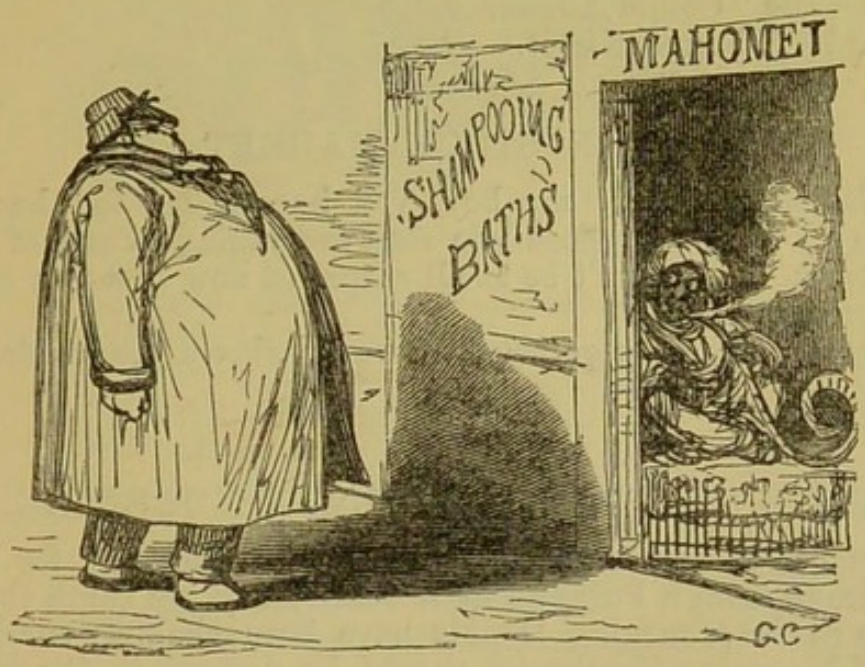
SOMETHING LIKE A VALENTINE.

PROBLEMS VERY EASY OF SOLUTION.

Given—A haunch of venison.
To Find—Currant jelly, and six persons to eat it.

Given—A pound to Joseph Ady.
To Find—Something to your advantage.

Given—A flat contradiction.
To Find—A wife in hysterics.



REVERSING THE OLD PROVERB—THE MOUNTAIN DOES GO TO MAHOMET.

PROBLEMS RATHER DIFFICULT OF SOLUTION.

Given—18,000,000*l.* to Ireland.
To Find—An Irishman who is the least thankful for it.

Given—A bottle of British brandy.
To Find—A gentleman to drink it.

Given—The legal fare.
To Find—A cabman who is satisfied with it.

Given—A wife and twelve children.
To Find—The man who is contented with his lot.

Given—A good flogging.
To Find—A schoolmaster who doesn't say "it hurts him a great deal more" than the boy he is flogging.

Given—Advice.
To Find—A man to act upon it.

Given—One hundred philanthropists.
To Find—Anything they have given.

Given—A dog, a cat, and a mother-in-law.
To Find—The house that is not too hot to hold them.

Given—Several cooks on board wages.
To Find—Any tea and sugar left in your tea-caddy.

Given—A railway accident.
To Find—The person whose fault it was.

THE MOST DIFFICULT PROBLEM OF ALL.

Given—The "Comic Almanack."
To Find—A bad joke in it.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Old Gentleman.—Oh! my boy, you have called for the paper, have you? Well, I suppose you read everything—know of course all the news. I shouldn't be at all surprised now that you can tell me the price of stocks?

Newspaper Boy (*very quickly*).—Two bunches a penny, sir.

FULL MOURNING AND HALF MOURNING.

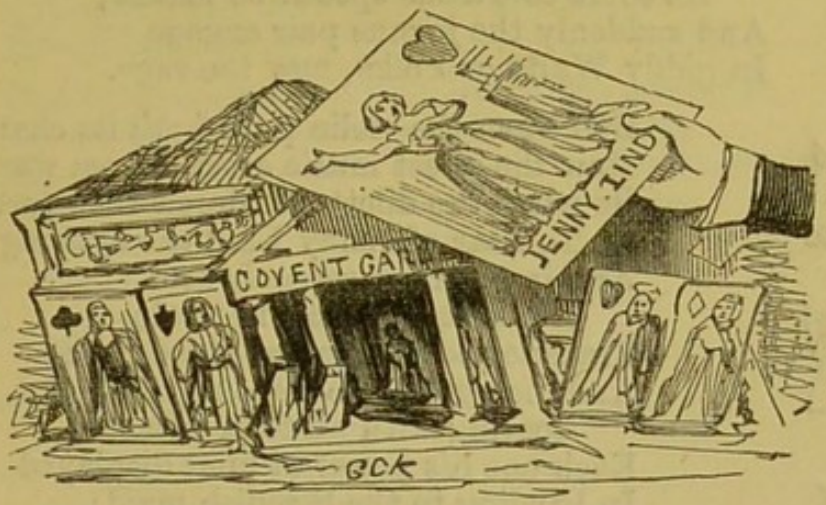
In this age of costumes, when everybody cries out for a particular dress, from a Puseyite to a charity boy, we think the poor shopmen in the Mourning Depôts have been shabbily overlooked. The Half Mourning Gentlemen should be dressed in the style of the old pictures seen in Wardour Street, one half black, the other white. And the Full Mourning Gentlemen, who have to wait on disconsolate widows, and offer them a choice of weeds, should be black from head to foot, and that effect not produced by art but by the hand of nature. No Ethiopian artificiality, but a real Nigger reality.

New Year's Day.—Now kill your dragon, for the friendly game of snap, and hire your blindman, only take care he is a good buffer. Now get your needle ready for the purpose of threading, and hunt everywhere for a slipper, only if there is a wood pavement in the neighbourhood, you need not go far to pick up one. Now riddle your company well with conundrums, and bore them with acting charades, till every one is tired of the fun, and fairly gives it up.

The Height of Cowardice.—Kicking a man with a wooden leg

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

[A LONG WAY AFTER POPE.]



LUMLEY'S TRUMP CARD

DESCEND, great Bunn!—descend and bring
A furnace of poetic fire;
Nib fifty pens, and take your fling,
Boldly of foolscap fill a quire.
In a namby-pamby strain,
Let the tenor first complain;
Let the falsetto sound,
With nasal twang around,
Till in applause 'tis drown'd.
Then in more ponderous notes and slow,
Let the deep bass go down, extremely low.
Hark the shrill soprano near
Bursts upon the startled ear!
Higher and higher does she rise,
And fills with awful screams the flies.
By straining and shrieking she reaches the notes,
Out of tune, out of time too, the wild music floats;
Till, by degrees, the vigorous bawl
Seems to decay,
And melts away
In a feeble, feeble squall.

In music there's a medium, you know;
Don't sing too high nor sink too low.
If in a house tumultuous rows arise,
Music to drown the noise the means supplies;
Or when the housemaid, pressed with cares,
To yonder public-house repairs,
Some gallant soldier, fired by music's sound,
Will order pints of half-and-half all round.

John the footman nods his head,
Swears he'll not go home to bed;
In his arms a partner takes,
As some courteous speech he makes;
And suddenly the joyous pair engage
In giddy Waltz or Polka, now the rage.

But when the violin puts forth its charms,
How the sweet music every bosom warms!
So when the dilettante dared the squeeze,
To hear of Jenny Lind the opening strain,
And in the rush serenely sees
His best coat torn in twain,
Transported simpletons stood round,
And men grew spooneys at the sound,
Roaring with all their wind;
Each one his power of lung displayed
In bawling to the Swedish maid;
While cheers from box to pit resound
For Lind, for Lind, for Lind!

But when through those mysterious bounds
Where the policeman goes his rounds,
The Poet had by chance been led
'Mid the Coal-hole, festive shed,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appeared,
How horrible the din!
Toasted cheese,
If you please.
Waiter—stop!
Mutton-chop.
Hollo! Jones,
Devilled bones;
And cries for rum or gin!
But hark! the chairman near the fire
Strikes on the table to require
Strict silence for a song.
Thy tongue, O waiter, now keep still;
Bring neither glass, nor go, nor gill;
The pause will not be long.
The guests are mute as if upon their beds;
Their hair uncurl'd hangs from their listening heads.

NOTES OF THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE.

By the verses as they flow,
By their meaning nothing though,
Full of tropes and flowers;
By those lofty rhymes that dwell
In the mind of Bunn so well,
Like love in Paphian bowers.

By the lines that he has made,
Working at the poet's trade—
By the "marble halls" so smart,
By "other lips" and "Woman's heart,"
True poetry at once restore, restore,
Or don't let Bunn, at least, write any more!

But soon, too soon, poor music shuts her eyes;
Again she falls—again she dies, she dies.
How will she now once more attempt to thrive?
Ah! Jullien comes to keep her still alive.
Now with his British Army
Quadrille, so bright and balmy,
Or, with four bands meeting,
Two men a large drum beating,
He gives the tone
Of dying groan,
Or soldier's moan,
When at his post
His life is in the battle lost.
With five bands surrounded,
Is Jullien confounded?
No! onwards he goes,
And his arms about he throws.
See: wild as a wild duck the bâton he plies:
Ah! down in the chair he drops, closing his eyes.
My eyes! He dies!
He comes to life—for Jullien all have sung;
The name of Jullien is on every tongue.
The boxes and the pit,
Both they who stand and sit;
With Jullien's name the entire house has rung.

Music the greatest brute can charm,
And savage natures will disarm.
Music can find luxurious ease,
Making what bargain it may please.
A salary it can improve
To any sum that it may love.
This the delightful Lind has found,
And to the tune of fifteen thousand pound.
When the full house enjoys the Swedish bird,
E'en fashion deigns to lend its ear,
So eager 'tis to catch each little word,
That were a pin to drop it must be heard;
And people come from far as well as near!

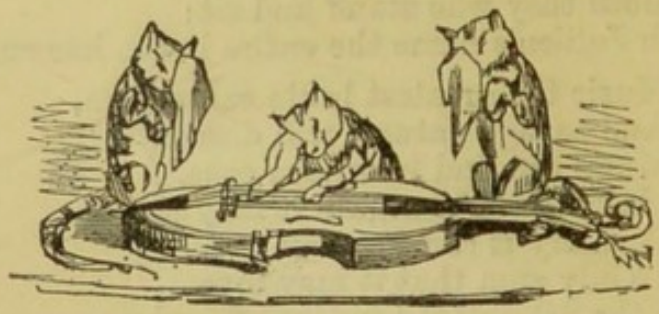
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
For Jenny Lind may boast with greater reason;
His numbers he for gold could never sell—
She makes her fortune in a season!

A CURIOUS INQUIRY.

BY A MEMBER OF THE ANIMALS' FRIEND SOCIETY.

"OH MY PROPHETIC SOUL! MY UNCLE.

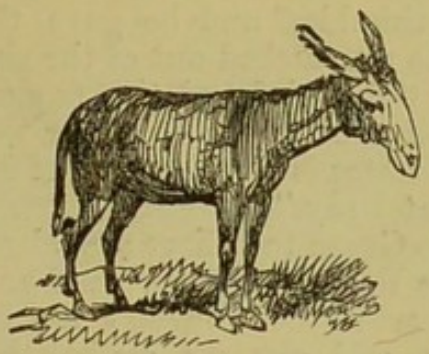
I WONDER with what feelings does a cat contemplate a fiddle? Does the sight of it move his bowels of compassion? Does he look upon it as the hated persecutor of his innocent race for years? Is he vindictive against it? Does some inward voice tell him that on that very spot was murdered perhaps one of his dearest relations? Does he feel prompted to revenge? Does it ever strike him that it may be his own case to-morrow? If a cat feels all this, then the sight of a fiddle cannot be the pleasantest object in the world to him, and I fancy I see in my mind's eye a family of orphan kittens weeping over a violin as the cruel instrument of their father's death. But, alas! it's all fiddle-de-dee. Cats have no feelings, or else every Tom in every village would be a Hamlet!



HOW TO BEGIN THE NEW YEAR.—The first thing is to take one year off your age. Recollect every year you grow older you are one year younger. Ladies are not restricted to any number. He must be a fine bore indeed who succeeds in piercing a lady's years!

HOW TO PUT DOWN REPEAL IN IRELAND.—Agitate for it in England.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF MR. BROOK GREEN.



NOT WITTY HIMSELF, BUT THE CAUSE OF WIT IN OTHERS.

Poor Brook Green was always too ready to display his ignorance Nothing could restrain him, when he found a good opportunity A gentleman was showing the Elgin marbles to some ladies in the British Museum, when Green rushed up to him, and said in the most positive manner, "Excuse me, sir, but I think you called those stones marbles!" "I did, sir," replied the gentleman, rather surprised. "Well, but now look at them, really you cannot call them marbles." "But I do, sir, I maintain that they are," exclaimed the gentleman in a simmering passion; "do you pretend to tell me that they are not the Elgin marbles?" "Pooh, pooh," said Green, with a contemptuous smile, "it's ridiculous—you can't be serious." "Since they are not the Elgin marbles, then, sir, perhaps you can tell me what they are?" "Oh! that's not for me to say," answered Brook Green; "but I can only assure these ladies that they're a precious deal more skittles than marbles," and he walked away quite triumphantly.

Smith and Jones were looking over a new portrait of Buggins, painted by Muggins. "It's too dark, much too dark," said Jones, "you can hardly see a thing." "I tell you what it is," exclaimed Smith, "the lights want bringing up; what do you say, Green? Don't you think the portrait would look all the better if the lights were brought up?" "Certainly," he said, and he left the room. They were wondering what had become of him when he walked in five minutes afterwards with a pair of lighted candles. "My dear Green," said Smith, "what have you brought those candles for?" "Come, that's cool," answered poor Brook; "didn't you say the lights wanted bringing up?" Jones gave him one of his frowns which lasted five minutes.

He thought every one was imposing on him, and no wonder, for he was being hoaxed almost every minute of his life. "What's this!" he asked, whilst looking over some engravings. "That's Cleopatra's needle, sir." "Well, on my word it's very like a needle,

and a stitch of it must have saved nine of any other needle;" and he laughed away as if he had made the very best joke in the world. "And what is this, pray?" he asked, taking up another engraving. "Why, sir, that is the great Pyramid." "Nonsense, my dear fellow, you make a mistake; if the last was Cleopatra's needle, this one must be her thimble," and he gave the shopman such a dig in the ribs that he was kicked out of the shop.

"Look at that idiot!" he cried, pointing to a man who was leading a watering-cart; "will you believe it, I have told him no less than ten times that all the water is running out of his cart, and yet he takes no notice of what I say."

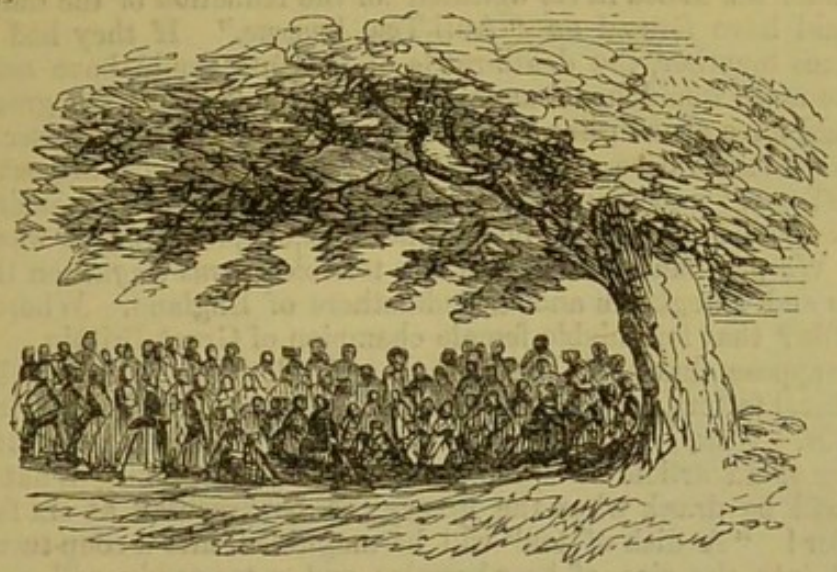
You could persuade Green to believe any absurdity. "I wish you would step over to the Bedford, Green," said young Thomson, "and order me a dozen of port?" "I haven't the time," answered our hero. "Well, then, will you get me half a dozen; the deuce is in it, my good fellow, if you haven't time enough for that!" Green actually went; and he would do the same thing for you to-morrow. He has been known to get half way over a river, and then swim back again for fear of not reaching the opposite side. On another occasion he ordered a pair of globes, but sent them back because they were not exactly alike. He also had a sun-dial fitted up in his bedroom, to enable him, as he said, to rise every morning with the sun.

Brook Green's knowledge of literature was very superficial. The editor of the *Quarterly* made a wager with him once that he would not mention a single thing correctly out of Shakspeare. "Can't I, indeed!" he exclaimed; "why I know his works all through from beginning to end: first of all, there is a set of chessmen, then there are two dice-boxes, after that six dices, and lastly, a game of draughts. I'll just trouble you for the money, if you please." The poor fellow had always looked upon a backgammon board, which folded up like a book, as a copy of SHAKSPEARE'S WORKS, for so it was labelled; and he was quite indignant because the editor of the *Quarterly* would not pay him the wager, which he considered he had fairly won.

AGRICULTURAL.—Turn down your flower-beds to see if they are damp, and give them a good shaking. If they want airing, let them have an extra sheet of snow, and pass the warming-pan once or twice over them. Rub up your "Sweet William" with tallow, and let your "Old Bachelor" have a warm bath the last thing at night, if you fancy he has caught cold.

DIRECTION FOR HUSBANDS.—All the wards of a latch-key should be home-wards.

THE DAWN WHEN UNADORNED ADORNED THE MOST.



"92 IN THE SHADE."

Bright blew the wind, and plaintive rose the air,
Dark was the morning, but the night was fair;
A misty shade hung over great and small,
Afraid to rise, yet unprepared to fall.
Birds clustered shivering amid the trees;
Thermometers stood still at twelve degrees;
The wolf was dormant in his mountain lair;
The tiger strutted forth to take the air;
The elephant upon his mossy bed
Reposed instinctively his monstrous head;
Even the windmill paused, as if it found
Not yet the time for turning itself round.
The thunder through the air with caution crept;
The very chamois looked before it leapt;
The nightingale went forth long ere 'twas dark,
The early morn was ready for the lark.
The cuckoo nestled in the budding rose;
The pink was dying in cornelian throes.
The dahlia, with the thickening gloom upon her,
Looked nightlier than the nightshade (Bella Donna)
And all was silent in the distant glen,
Save that tremendous hum—the hum of men!

THE DUTY OFF TEA.

We wonder the ladies never agitated for the reduction of the duty off tea. They should have formed an "Anti-Tea League." If they had only laid their tongues together, the death-rattle of the duty would have sounded for ever. The noise would have made ministers tremble, and the great wall of China would have shaken like a row of plates on a kitchen dresser with the tremendous reverberation. Imagine 12,000,000 tongues calling out "Repeal the duty off tea!" and then conceive, if you can, what the intensity of that clamour would be when every one of those 12,000,000 tongues was a female tongue! We pronounce this omission a terrible *lapsus linguæ* on the part of the Wives and Daughters and Grandmothers of England. Where, we ask, is Mrs. Ellis? that formidable female champion of Great Britain.

Let us suppose that this Utopia has arrived. Tea is free! Bohea has burst its fiscal fetters, and the "best black" is emancipated from its custom-house bonds. Now, it has been proved by every political economist that the cheapening of an article always increases its consumption. What oceans of tea then will be drank when the luxury can be procured at six farthings a cup cheaper! "A dish of tea" will be magnified into a soup-tureen; urns will swell into the size of beer-barrels; and a tea-caddy will assume the dimensions of nothing smaller than a corn-bin. The carts of "No. One, St. Paul's," will vie in grandeur with Barclay and Perkins' drays; and John will be told to go down into the cellar "to bring up another hogshead of the Best Sixpenny Mixed." Scandal, which, next to the sloe, forms the principal ingredient in every brewing of tea, will increase also in proportion to the consumption. No one's reputation will be safe. It will be quite frightful to calculate the dear innocents who will die the death of kittens in the "social cup," and the innumerable characters that will be put into scalding water, and scraped as clean as bitter-almonds, at every "*Thé Réunion*!" Washer-women too—the greatest *trait* in whose amphibious characters is proverbially the tea-tray—will be in a state of celestial *scan. mag.* all day, and will fine-draw their customers' respectability at the same time that they mangle their linen. Female society, in short, will grow into a species of Inhumane Society; and inquests will be held amongst gentlemen after dinner on the lost reputation of their friends, and the verdict will be "Felo-de-se at Mrs. Candour's Tea-party," or "Found Drowned in a Teetotaller's slop-basin." Husbands of England! beware of Cheap Tea, or else the sugar-tongs may be turned against you in the same way that St. Dunstan treated a certain French gentleman by the nose.

A GOOD CUP OF TEA. (WHEN THE DUTY IS TAKEN OFF)

LAYS OF MODERN BABYLON.

BY YOUNG WHAT D' Y' CALLY.

(AGED NINE YEARS AND A DAY.)

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD AND HER DOG.

THE ancient dame of Hubbard,
More ancient there are none,
Has hied her to her cupboard,
To fetch her dog a bone;
From shelf to shelf her eyeballs
Quickly and madly glare,
The cupboard of Dame Hubbard
Is desolate and bare.
Again, with eagle's vision,
She scans the wretched void;
She seeks a bone; but there is none,
And none that dog enjoyed.

Now for a pleasant substitute
She racks her puzzled head,
And to the baker's darts she forth
To buy the dog some bread.
But presently returning
With all that she required,
The bread falls from her palsied hand—
Ha! ha! the dog's expired.
The mournful rights of sepulture
She hastens to fulfil;
And at an undertaker's
Incurs a heavy bill.

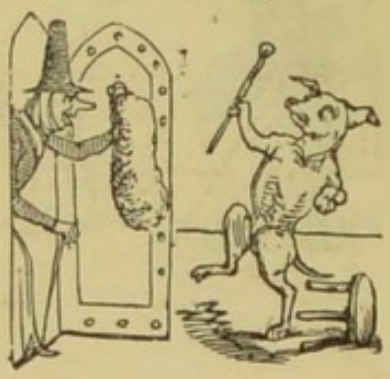
A coffin she has purchased,
And madly rushes in;
Jupiter Gammon! there's the dog
Upon the broad, broad grin!
Bewilderment and pleasure
For mastery contend:
Dame Hubbard's startled by the dog
But glad to see the friend.
She fain would entertain him
With something to his wish;
To fetch some tripe, she gives a wipe
To a half dusty dish

Then, fleet of foot and gay of heart,
Returning with the tripe,
She dimly sees, through clouds of smoke,
Her dog behind a pipe.
But when did woman's patience
Fall overcome and dead?
Never while Mother Hubbard
Had heart, and heels, and head!
Off to the tavern straight she flew
For wine, drawn from the wood;
She brought it—and upon his head
The dog inverted stood.

Untiring and undaunted,
A fruiterer she sought;
The fair and fragrant gooseberry,
The currants, too, she bought;
The strawberry, whose noble leaves
Of dukedom are the type;
The raspberry, which, like the mind,
Is long in getting ripe: [small;
She bought them all, both great and
But entering with the fruit,
The sound of melody she heard—
The dog did play the flute.

The dame was not insensible,
The music touched her heart;
He should have man's attire, said she,
Who plays a mortal part.
And acting on the impulse,
A tailor's shop she gained,
Where a paletot, lately register'd,
Was speedily obtained.
She had not reach'd her cottage door
(She carried still the coat)
When she beheld upon the green
Her dog, who rode a goat.

Another mission, and the last,
Dame Hubbard doth perform;
A wig, she reason'd to herself,
Would keep the dog's head warm.
Then with the wig upon her arm
She towards her dog advanced,
And found him strangely occupied—
A jig he wildly danced.
Gay hose from the hosier she obtained,
A glass he stood before,
Wrapt in self-admiration
For his gay clothes he wore



When old men on the winter's night
Shall mix their pleasant grog,
And youth attempts its first cigar,
Think of Dame Hubbard's dog.
When the maiden of the household
For sweet repose prepares,
Taking the rushlight and the plate,
One in each hand, upstairs—
Think of the good Dame Hubbard,
And hope through life to jog
With a friend that's half as faithful
As her old eccentric dog.

G. A. A'B.

DIFFICULT THINGS TO BE MET WITH ON THE CONTINENT.

A *table d'hôte* without a single Smith.

A monument that has not an English name upon it.

A waiter at any of the hotels on the Rhine that does not sell eau-de-Cologne.

A bit of soap that can be persuaded to lather.

A Frenchman on the field of the Battle of Waterloo.

Two fine young Englishmen dining without champagne.

A Dutchman on the top of the spire of Strasburg Cathedral.

A Commissionaire, or a Conducteur, or a Portier, that has not served in the Imperial Guard.

A Frenchman speaking any language but his own, an Englishman that looks happy, a German that looks clean, or a pig that has the slightest resemblance to a Christian pig.

The precise rule of arithmetic by which hotel bills, particularly in Switzerland, are made out.

An Irishman, a Welshman, and a Gascon travelling together.

A party of English ladies the payment of whose luggage does not far exceed their railway-fare.

A looking-glass without a group of Frenchmen before it.

A regular John Bull returning home who is not glad to get back again to England.

ABSENTEES AND EMIGRANTS DURING 1847.

Lucy Neale has returned, after a sojourn of many months, to Ethiopia, where it is to be hoped she will pass the remainder of her days. She was accompanied by Mr. Daniel Tucker, Miss Mary Blane, a large *suite* of buffalo gals, and other sable bores. Specie to a very large amount was carried off by Bones, and his numerous instruments.

The Twelve Flounces which were conspicuous last year in the most fashionable circles, and were seen everywhere dangling after

the heels of the finest ladies, have likewise left the shores of England. It has been said they have been "tucked up" comfortably in France.

The Wood Pavement has broken up its numerous establishments about town, and is now nearly swept away from the surface of London. Wood has been turned out of the city as well as Middlesex, though it was thought he would have been returned at the head of the poll, so numerous were the plumpers he received from the immense bodies of the corporation. He has been dreadfully cut up lately, and has retired into private life, for no one is better qualified to shine on the domestic hearth than Wood. When he is in one of his lively sparkles, every one draws in a circle round him, and even the coldest person holds out a hand to him, and is glad to stir him up.

Tom Thumb is at present in America, after having made his fortune in England, like a pastrycook, by selling kisses. He was the first to start the cheap *'busses*. He has lately been married to a dwarf. Barnum, his keeper, says the marriage must be a happy one, for there can be no doubt about wearing the breeches, since husband and wife only make up between them

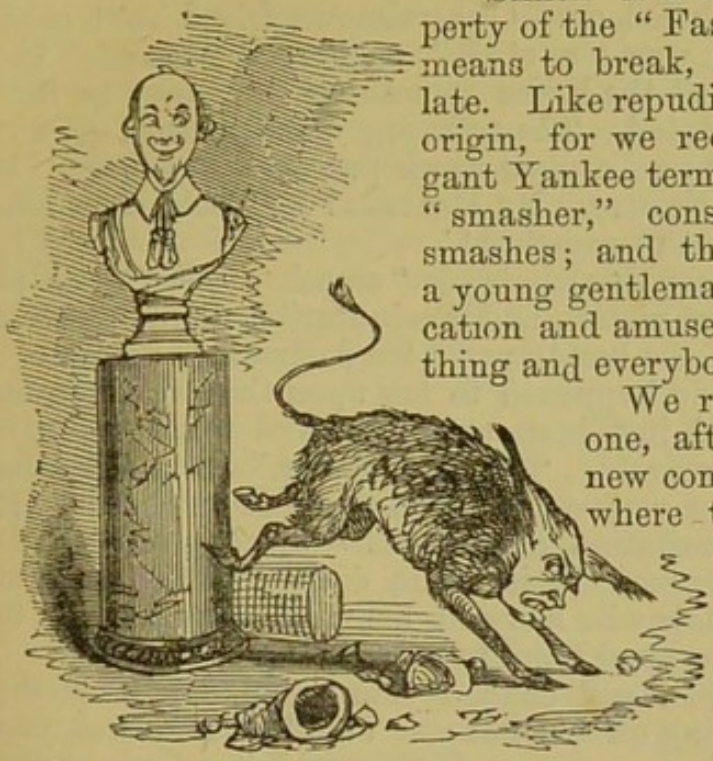
'A PAIR OF SMALLS."

The British Drama.—It has gone no one knows where. It is at present an absentee, but is expected to come before the public again shortly. Rumour says it is on a visit to Mr. Macready. It could not have a better guardian, for it is not the first time Mr. Macready has proved himself a perfect host for the British Drama. The last accounts, however, were that it was stopping at the Wells for the benefit of the waters, and that it was so far improved in health as to be able to draw a very large house.

The Old Parliament. — It left England last July, after an unusually long residence in London of seven years. It has left behind one representative, called "Free Trade," now aged two years. According to the latest inquiries, "it was doing as well as could be expected."

Eton Montem.—For particulars of this absentee, please inquire at the different masquerade shops.

THE UNIVERSAL SMASHER.



"Smash" is a word peculiarly the property of the "Fast Man." We believe it means to break, demolish, crush, annihilate. Like repudiation, it is of American origin, for we recollect there is the elegant Yankee term, "eternal smash." A "smasher," consequently, is one who smashes; and the Universal Smasher is a young gentleman whose particular vocation and amusement is to smash everything and everybody.

We remember meeting with one, after the first night of a new comedy, at a popular *café*, where the clever young wits of the day mostly congregate to lay down the law for England upon fashion, literature, cigars, royalty, casinos, metaphysics, ballet-girls, and morality.

He attracted our notice first by speaking very loudly, and calling out, in a voice as voluminous as the late lamented Mr. Toole's, "Waiter, another bottle of ginger-beer!" It was not so much the order, as the martial tone in which it was conveyed, that first awakened our curiosity. We expected, at least, to see a giant. We turned round and only found a pigmy. It was our wonder how so big a voice could find a residence in so small a body. But if the voice was immense, what were the sentiments that we afterwards heard emanate from the same lips!

The poor author, whose piece but two minutes ago had been announced amidst the greatest applause "for every night until further notice," was declared to be "an impudent nobody." Every one of his brilliant jokes was stolen; all his points, only points gained by cribbage. The young gentleman before us traced the pedigree of every epigram, gave the descent of each witticism, proved the birth of the plot, and established beyond a doubt the parentage of each separate scene. "A comedy, sir! It's no more a comedy than Joe Miller's a comedy. Dramatise a Jest Book—give it a proverb for a title, and you will have a better comedy than that. I tell you what it is, sir,—Jones must be smashed!"

He had no sooner come to this decision than there sounded and resounded a tremendous echo of long-repeated "hip-hip-hurrahs!" We inquired whence they came. It was a supper-party upstairs commemorating the glorious triumph of the evening. Poor Jones! he little thought that moment, when probably he was returning

thanks for his health, and was full of joy, champagne, and the happy intoxication of success, that the decree had just been irrevocably passed that "he must be smashed!"

The conversation travelled on. Our unknown friend next criticised the actors. One was "a stick," another a "pump;" the gentlemen were "muffs;" the ladies something that may be conceived, but cannot be printed. The unhappy manager even did not escape. "He had never seen a piece worse put upon the stage. It would disgrace a penny theatre. By Heavens! he would show him up—such a humbug must be smashed!"

We looked with awe upon this wholesale "smasher." We trembled lest we should be the next victim, and involuntarily curled ourselves up in the dark corner of the box to avoid his destructive notice.

A stranger who came in happened to lay upon the table a series of engravings, which had just been published, and were selling, it was reported, most extensively. "Excuse me, sir," he said, taking up one of them; "I hope you've not been buying this rubbish? It is nothing but a rank imitation of Hogarth—without any of his talent, execution, or purpose. It is satire diluted to the weakest gin and water. The fellow who has put his name to it deserves to be smashed, and I have a good mind to do it."

"In mercy, I hope, you will change your mind, sir," said the stranger, rising and taking off his hat; or at all events, that you will stop till I have had my supper. You wouldn't smash a poor '*fellow*' with an empty stomach, surely?" and he held out his hand with smiling good-humour to his intended "smasher."

The laugh went against the latter, and seemingly it did not sweeten much the fine cordial spirit through which he viewed men and things.

In the course of the general conversation "Macbeth" was mentioned. "Macbeth!" he exclaimed; "a stupid, vulgar melodrama, only fit for the Britannia Saloon. Why, it wouldn't succeed at the present day unless it was brought out as a pantomime with plenty of blue fire. In my opinion, Shakspeare is a tremendous do—I don't hesitate to say so—and I should like uncommonly to smash him."

Tennyson shortly afterwards was declared to be deserving of the same fate.

Byron also was a great mistake; Walter Scott, too, was no better, and they ought both of them to be smashed.

Shelley was an impudent pretender, and ought properly to have been smashed long ago. By Jove, he'd do it some day!

It was poor Goldsmith's turn next; but he relented, saying, with a mutilated sigh, he was scarcely worth smashing.

But Milton was "a ponderous take-in—a violent mistake." He was very good for old women, no doubt, but as heavy as cold dumpling; and nothing but sheer starvation could force him down his throat. He wished to Heaven some one would smash him!

Present authors were knocked on the head in the same heavy pavior's-hammer style of criticism. Who was Dickens, pray? only

an inventory-taker! What was Bulwer? the hero of sixteen novels! James was a drug—a perfect James's powder: Sheridan Knowles a Fitzball in blank verse! And as for the ladies, they were all—poetesses, novelists, political economists, and generous Newgate visitors—the whole Fry of them, smashed indiscriminately of a heap! We wonder how so many of them have survived.

We never witnessed such cruel slaughter. It was a regular battle of great men and noble characters. Everybody, no matter how high or low in the world, was fair game for this Universal Smasher. His mouth was a Perkins' steam-gun, firing a hundred small shot every minute. Papers and periodicals were brought down by the same process of sharp-shooting. The *Times* ought decidedly to be smashed. It only wanted three good men to do it;—he'd put his name down for one. The *Spectator* was a block of Wenham ice—not even fit for sherry-cobblers. The *Athenæum* was an immense *but*, that butted at everybody. The *Examiner* bowstringed the Queen's English, and strangled common-sense. And as for *Punch*, it was a damp squib—that was fizzing, or attempting to fizz, every week; and the sooner it was smashed the better!

We felt uneasy in the presence of such a tremendous man. We longed to possess the faculty of the telescope, and slide into our selves one-sixth of our natural length. We felt confident, if we remained much longer exposed to the blows of one who hit so hard, that we should inevitably be smashed into such very small bits that if we were ever put together again we should always be pointed at afterwards as the most curious specimen of mosaic. A runaway engine in a crockery shop could not create a greater feeling of alarm amongst the cups and saucers than that infernal little smashing machine imparted to our fragile nature. We need not say, therefore, how relieved we felt when a venerable bald head in the room rose, and very quietly said, "Gentlemen, we have heard and seen a deal of smashing to-night. Everybody, great and small, has been smashed in his turn. Not a person, living or dead, has the slightest reason to complain; they have all been smashed fairly and equally together. Now, I only want to know, after our friend has smashed everybody—which he must do if he goes on at the present rapid rate—whatever will he do ultimately with himself?"

"Oh! leave him alone," we could not help exclaiming; "he'll smash himself!"

There was a general laugh, and the Universal Smasher left the room, giving us, as he passed us, such a look that we felt we were doomed. That look clearly said—it pierced us like an arrow with a message tied to it—"To be smashed in our next." We hope all benevolent souls will pray for us!

"Who is he?" we asked, as soon as we breathed again.

"Don't you know?" said our neighbour, with the greatest astonishment. "He's Brown!"

"Who's Brown?" we inquired, in a faltering voice, and a cold shiver.

"It's strange you never heard of Brown! He's the editor of the *Penny Whistle.*"

"Oh, indeed!"

We have inquired everywhere—we have offered any sum of money—we have begged and prayed of newsvendors and friends, and bookstall-hunters, to buy us, at any price, the *Penny Whistle;* but we have not seen yet that fearful work of extermination. We now offer a reward of 100*l.*, and our blessing, to anybody who will send us a copy of it, no matter how dirty it may be. We shall not be happy till we know positively whether we are smashed or not!

THE RESPECTABLE MAN.

A HIGHLY respectable Man
Is Iscariot Ingots, Esquire,
He's "Post Obits" on half the "Blue Book,"
And a mortgage or two in each Shire;
And having more cash than he needs,
Why he lends to the poor all he can,
And only takes sixty per cent.,
Like a highly respectable Man.

He's his house like a nobleman's furnish'd,
His sideboard, too, blazing with plate,
And half silver, half gold, you'd declare
It belong'd to some peer of the State;
So it did—till he seiz'd it in payment
Of his sixty per centum per ann.;
And now he gives dinners to show it,
Like a highly respectable Man.

His Father-in-law's an Attorney,
And his Brother a Dealer in Wine,
And his Brother-in-law's a Bum-bailiff,
And his Son in the Auctioneer line;
So first you've "half wine" for your Bills,
Then are sued, seiz'd, sold up by the Clan;
For he loves to assist his relations,
Like a highly respectable Man.

For the Assurance of Lives he's an Office,
To make his small profits the more;
If you ask him to discount, he tells you
"For security you must insure."
Adding "all honest men ought to do so—
Besides it's so easy a plan,
And with something to leave on your death-bed,
You die *such* a respectable Man."

It is said he's a tyrant at home,
That the jewels his Wife has for show,
Were all of them salves for some wound—
That each diamond's heal'd up a blow;
That his Children, on hearing his knock,
To the top of the house always ran—
But with ten thousand pounds at his Banker's
He's *of course* a respectable Man.

Yet he's kindness itself to young "bloods,"
And when Lordlings solicit his aid,
Why he talks like a Father, and asks
How is sixty per cent. to be paid?
Such extravagance really would ruin
The richest in all Hindostan;
But to serve them he'll do a "Post Obit"
Like a highly respectable Man.

Still some "scoundrels" declare he's hardhearted
That he curses each beggar he meets—
That for rent he unhous'd his old Father,
And of want let him die in the streets.
Pooh! pooh! he subscribes every quarter
For the Mission'ries sent to Japan,
And if that doesn't make one respectable,
Why, what *is* a respectable Man?

Of Religion he well knows the value,
For he was the first of beginners
To run up a fashionable Chapel
For elegant "mis'rable sinners;"
And to hire a good-looking Parson
To tell Dowagers "life's but a span,"
For he loves to serve both God and Mammon,
Like a highly respectable Man.

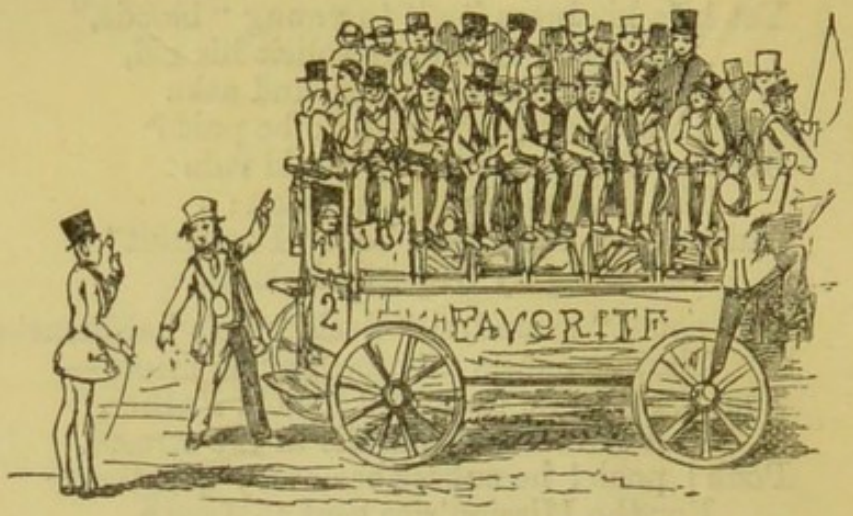
His Daughter has married for love,
Though she'd offers from persons of Rank,
And "my Lady" at least might have been
With the money he had in the Bank;
But since she thought fit to disgrace him,
She may live in the best way she can,
So he leaves his own Daughter to starve,
Like a highly respectable Man.

Then he makes a fresh will ev'ry quarter—
Or when he's a fit of "the blues"—
Or his Wife has offended him somehow—
Or some Son will not follow his views;
And he threatens to leave them all beggars,
Whene'er they come under his ban—
He'll bequeath all his wealth to an Hospital,
Like a highly respectable Man.

EVERY-DAY RECIPES.

BY A VERY FAST MAN.

How to get a Ride for Nothing.—When you have reached your destination you must scream out in a loud voice of alarm, "Hallo! stop—I've got into the wrong omnibus," and rush out as quickly as you can, blowing up the conductor for having brought you so much out of your way.



"FULL INSIDE, SIR, BUT PLENTY OF ROOM ON THE TOP."

How to Live upon Nothing a-Year.—Get elected a Member of Parliament, and you may contract as many debts as you please without paying one of them.

How to get a Dozen of Wine for Nothing.—Go to twelve different wine-merchants, and get each of them to send you in a sample bottle. You have only to say afterwards the wine isn't exactly to your taste—you wanted a much fuller wine—and you may get another dozen by the same means free of expense.

How to get a Glass of Warm Brandy and Water for Nothing.—Fall in the ice, and you will be carried to the Royal Humane Society's establishment, and a glass of brandy and water will be given to you directly. If you are very bad a second will be administered, and you will be put to bed, and have a good "tuck in" into the bargain.

How to get a Library for Nothing.—Borrow books, and, of course, keep them.

How to get a Luncheon for Nothing.—Look in at the auctions, and patronize one where there is a sale of wine. Take a biscuit with you, and you may have as many glasses of port or sherry as you please. Just make a small bid now and then, for recollect Homer sometimes nodded.

How to have your Portrait taken for Nothing.—Just fight a duel, or run away with somebody's wife, and your portrait is sure to be given in one of the illustrated papers.

How to Dress for Nothing.—Go to an advertising tailor, and get him to take out your clothes in poetry. The same with your hatter, bootmaker, and hosier. Your poetry must be very poor stuff if you cannot get a suit of clothes out of it, and its feet must be lame indeed if they do not afford you a pair of Wellingtons.

CURIOUS SUMS FOR THE CALCULATING MACHINE.

BY JOLLY COCKER.

Calculate the number of English ladies who understand French thoroughly; can read it, but cannot speak it.

Deduct the amount that has been lost at railways from that which has been made by them, and state what article of value the difference (if any) will purchase.

The ages of seven elderly ladies amount in their passports to 148; find out their real ages.

Ten friends of Green sit down to play at unlimited loo, and 93*l.* are lost before the morning. Everybody declares he has lost. You are to find out, if you can, which of the party has won?

The population of the earth is 800,000,000. Required to find one person who will mind his own business.

Thompson (of the Albany) pays 12*l.* annually for income-tax. His cigars cost him as much; his opera-stall four times as much; his horse six times as much; and his gloves, bouquets, bets, and tiger ten times as much. What is Thompson's real income?

A carpet-bag of an ordinary capacity will hold two coats, three pairs of trousers, one dressing-case, one pair of boots, six shirts, two night ditto, three pairs of stockings, six collars, and one dressing-gown. These articles can be put into it with perfect ease when you are going to make a week's stay in the country. How much will the same carpet-bag contain if you are going to Boulogne for an indefinite period?

Solomons buys a diamond ring for 1*l.* He sells it, and loses "thirty shillings, by Gosh, by it." He buys it again, and sells it at another loss of 2*l.* How much does Solomons make by the ring?

Your tailor applies for money; "He has a little bill to take up." There are 30,000 tailors in London. What is the sum total of all the little bills they have to take up in the course of the year?

A "Triumphant Success" averages generally from 5*l.* to 5*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*; "Crowded Houses" hold 6*l.*; "Overflowing Audiences" will bring in as much as 8*l.* 12*s.* How much is a "Blaze of Triumph" worth?

The two Doves are always quarrelling. Mrs. Dove is very ill-tempered, and Mr. Dove very obstinate. He will smoke cigars at home—will stir the fire with the bright poker—will bring friends home late to supper—will whistle; all of which practices Mrs. Dove abominates. She remonstrates; Mr. Dove retaliates. A tiff ensues; and Mrs. Dove goes home to her mother. Ascertain the mean difference between them; and state the amount which Dove has to pay every year in diamonds, boxes to the opera, new velvet gowns, and trips out of town.

Why are the Protectionists like walnuts?
Because they are very troublesome to *Peel*.

ANECDOTES OF SCIENCE.

PERFECTLY ORIGINAL.

Stays were first invented by a brutal butcher of the thirteenth century as a punishment for his wife. She was very loquacious; and finding nothing would cure her, he put a pair of stays on her in order to take away her breath, and so prevent, as he thought, her talking. This cruel punishment was inflicted by other husbands, till at last there was scarcely a wife in all London who was not condemned to wear stays. The punishment became so universal at last that the ladies in their own defence made a fashion of it, and so it has continued to the present day.

Berlin Gloves.—The custom of servants wearing Berlin gloves at dinner was introduced by Sir Jonas Bullock in 1811. He had a favourite black servant who used always to wait at dinner. The Lady Mayoress was dining with him one Sunday, and she had occasion to call for some blanc-mange. His black servant brought it to her, when his large black thumb by the side of the blanc-mange had such a shock upon her ladyship's feelings that she fainted away and was carried home to the Mansion House in a state of great danger. She never rallied. Sir Jonas was so hurt by this melancholy event that he insisted upon his servants for the future always wearing Berlin gloves when they waited at table; and from this the fashion was introduced at Devonshire House, and then at Court.

Muffins.—We know very little of muffins previous to Johnson's time. They are supposed to have been invented by a Scotch physician, who was attached to the *suite* of a German Count who came over with George I. He gave the recipe for nothing to a baker, on condition of his providing him with the address of all his customers. The bargain was faithfully carried out. The physician died extremely rich, and the baker also. Crumpets and Life Pills were likewise their invention.

Bonnets were made, only fifty years ago, by a French milliner who was exceedingly ugly. The *gamins* used to follow her, and laugh at her, calling her nose, which was very large, the most ridiculous names. This annoyed the poor milliner, and she invented the bonnet to escape their ribaldry. The disguise was so effectual that every Frenchwoman who was no prettier than herself was glad to adopt it. Those who were not ugly formed such a small minority that whenever they appeared they were sure to monopolize all the notice and gallantry of the gentlemen. This exposed them to the sarcasms and envy of their own sex, till they were compelled at last to assume the same hideous style of head-dress. The marvel is that the fashion should ever have become popular in England.

Currant-Jelly was first eaten with hare in 1715. There were no potatoes at table, when the Duchesse de Pentonville (then an emigrant), asked what there was. "Nothing but confitures," was the reply of the *maitre d'hotel*. "Bring me the confitures, then," said the lively Duchesse; and she selected the currant-jelly, much to the amusement of all the nobles present. The king, however, hearing of this, ordered hare for dinner, purposely to try it with the currant-jelly, and he liked it so well that he continued it for six days together; and so the currant-jelly spread all over London till it became an established fashion in the best English society.

Electricity.—Franklin brought down the lightning with a kite; but this stroke, wonderful as it is, is nothing compared to the daring flight of a Mr.

Prettiman in the month of September last. After various trials, a few generous friends having supplied him with rope enough, he succeeded, by some great attraction, in bringing down 154*l.* 17*s.* 2½*d.*, simply by flying a little kite in the city; and this, too, was achieved at a time when there was the greatest difficulty in raising the wind, and there was scarcely a penny stirring anywhere. He has since tried the experiment, but it has failed every time, owing, it is reported, to his paper being a little too flimsy.

Triumph of Magnetism.—Dr. Ell—ts—n declared, that by magnetizing a person he could make him see most clearly the interior of himself. The Marquis of L—nd—nd—y called, and insisted upon a trial upon himself; no other proof, he declared, would satisfy him that mesmerism wasn't a hollow humbug. Accordingly he was put into the most beautiful state of coma. "Now look into your head," said the Doctor, "and tell me what do you see?" "See?" answered the magnetized patient; "why, stuff and nonsense! I see nothing at all." "Look again." "It's quite useless: I tell you there's nothing in it." The Marquis was quite furious when told the result of the experiment; but he consoles himself with the reflection that there is a great deal more in mesmerism than meets the eye. The talented Doctor has since favoured us with the following aphorism:—

"In ridiculing a science, a man cannot look too deeply into his own head before he declares that there is nothing in it."

BEWARE.

Beware of a man who travels with a pair of duelling pistols.

Beware of a young lady who calls you by your Christian name the first time she meets you.

Beware of port at 30*s.* a dozen.

Beware of a lodging-house where you are "treated as one of the family."

Beware of every "cheap substitute for silver," excepting gold.

Beware of cigars that are bought of "a bold smuggler" in the street.

Beware of a wife that talks about her "dear husband," and "*that* beautiful shawl" in her sleep.

Beware of a gentleman who is "up" to all the clever tricks, and "knows a dodge or two," at cards.

Beware of giving an order to a deaf man on the first night of a new piece. He is sure to laugh and applaud in the wrong places, and so cause a disturbance which may be fatal to the success of your farce.

Beware of entering a French shop which has the following inscription:—

"Here they spike the English,"

unless you can speak French very correctly, or are prepared to pay for the consequences.

MATRIMONIAL WEATHER TABLE;

TO BE HUNG UP IN ALL PANTRIES AND SERVANTS' HALLS.

Constructed by a Butler of twenty-nine years' standing behind his Master's and Missus's chair.

Causes of Change.	Indications.	Results and Dreadful Consequences.
Cold meat for dinner	Very Sharp and Cutting; dead calm; horizon very black	A visit, directly after dinner, to the club
Money for the housekeeping: weekly expenses produced	Very Stormy; repeated thunderstorms about 10 a.m.; violent explosion at "Sundries"	The puddings are cut off, and the servants' beer
A proposal to go up the Rhine, or to Baden Baden	NNNNNNNO, or NNNNNNNO	A trip to Ramsgate or Broadstairs, and master goes down on Saturdays and returns on Mondays
Hint of an evening or dinner party	Extremely Close; heavy clouds on master's brow; gloomy depression; mistress and the young ladies Rainy	The old Mr. and Mrs. Glumpy are asked to dinner, and the Misses and young Mr. Glumpy and a few friends are asked to drop in in the evening
A box for the Opera	The same, with additional closeness	Tickets for the Horticultural, or seats taken at the Lyceum
No one down to breakfast at 10 o'clock to make tea	Regular Storm, blowing up everybody, and which makes the bells ring all over the house	Missus unwell; cannot come down to breakfast; the young ladies "suddenly indisposed," and do not show themselves; master goes out, and slams the door fit to shake the house down
Boys home for the holidays	Unsettled; continual hurricane for six weeks	Repeated thrashings

Causes of Change.	Indications.	Results and Dreadful Consequences.
New baby, or a new pair of boots	Squally and changeable	Dines out; home very late. (Let him take care to whom it falls to pull off master's boots on a night like this !)
Dividend day	Fair	Theatre; oysters for supper (perhaps); a new bonnet
Series of contradictions	High wind; very Stormy; air charged with thunder	Nervous headache; mistress dines in her bedroom; no pudding for dinner, or dessert
Taxes	Foul; every symptom of a Storm, but carried off towards the evening by a timely cheque	Finding fault with everything; cook blown up for dinner, and one or two servants discharged
Washing day	Very Rainy, pours buckets from morning to night; up to your ankles in water	Master dines at club; not home till late; smokes a cigar in the evening; mistress faints
Grand dinner party	Sharp, Frosty, and Unsettled in the morning; very Hot before dinner; exceedingly Fair at dinner; pointing to Wet after, and frequent Storms towards 12 p.m.	Abusing the servants, and counting the spoons, and running through the guests as soon as they are gone. Cold meat next day, carried off with pickles
Grand evening party	Strange singing in the ears and dancing before the eyes all night; curious noises over head, and a fearful famine that devours everything about 1 a.m.; blows dreadful cornet-a-pistons till the next morning	Nothing but barley-sugar temples for breakfast, and blanc-manges for dinner for days afterwards

General Observations.—When it is Fair, the servants or guests in the house can move about with the greatest safety; but if it is at all Cloudy, or the weather looks in the least Unsettled, then he had better look twice at the above table before he takes the smallest step, or else he will have the matrimonial storm breaking over his head. If missus is out, then the atmosphere is generally Fair; but it is invariably Stormy when master goes out and does not come home for dinner. If master and missus are both in, look out for a change or a sudden squall; and the eyes of missus will probably point to Wet.

THE GULL.

Oh, the London Gull is a curious bird,
He'll believe of an omnibus cad the word;
And if for Brixton he is bound,
In a Chelsea *bus* he will be found,
Oh, the rare old Gull, with a rare old quill,
For a rare old friend will accept a bill;
And, it's rather superfluous to say
That the Gull the bill will have to pay.
The Gull, to free him from human ills,
Will gulp down boxes of Holloway's pills;
And will rub his hair three times a-day
With stuff to prevent it from turning grey.
He is right; for, to give the stuff its due,
It turns the hair not grey but blue.
Oh, the Gull, in the course of his ev'ning walk,
When he sees a fellow with face of chalk,
Standing beneath a gas-light's glare,
And looking the picture of meek despair,
With a well-brush'd coat of rusty black,
A child in each hand and three at his back,
With pinafores clean, and little white caps,
Will give the scoundrel sixpence, perhaps.
For the Gull don't know that the pallid cheek
Is cleverly lin'd with the whitening's streak;
And the Gull is equally blind to the fact
That the children have all maturity's tact
In assuming the looks of want and woe—
That, in fact, their business well they know.
The Gull will often go to the play,
Where for the dress-circle he'll blandly pay,
And will credit the boxkeeper's whisper low,
That the places are taken in every row;
But he thinks one vacancy he may find
If the Gull to fee him should feel inclin'd.
When, of course, the obliging Gull is willing
To pay the myrmidon a shilling;
And finds himself, when the evening's gone,
In a front seat sitting all alone.
For, strange is the fact, that all who pay
For taking front seats remain away.
Oh, the fine old Gull, when the fact he reads
Of a tradesman who twenty sovereigns needs,
And thrice the security offers to lodge,
Is instantly caught by the rare old dodge,
And lends the sum on an—I O U,
With a pawnbroker's duplicate or two.

But the twenty pounds, when he comes to claim,
He finds how worthless the tradesman's name;
And when with the duplicates off he goes
To the pawnbroker's shop, they the fact disclose,
That the documents all are forged—odd zounds!
By the tradesman who wanted the twenty pounds.
And of everything making a similar mull,
Quite ruin'd at last is the rare old Gull.

THE DOMESTIC SERVANTS' EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT.

A GREAT domestic movement is in agitation, which, it is expected, will convulse the social fabric from the area upwards, and shake our households, not only to their centres, but to the very top of our chimney-pots, our weathercocks, and our cowls. The contemplated measure is a demand on the part of our domestic servants for a general early closing of all private houses at eight o'clock, so that after that hour the cooks, housemaids, nursery-maids, and others in our establishments may go forth in search of moral and intellectual recreation in the open air. It is argued, and with a considerable show of justice, that after cooking our dinners, and washing up our tea-things, the female servant has a right to go and get her mind cultivated, and her tastes elevated, or, as it were, put in soak in the fountain of the Muses, to be rinsed, and send forth its gushings when fitting opportunity might offer.

The Domestic Early Closing Movement will entail on the masters the necessity of limiting their wants, and allowing none to extend beyond eight P.M., which it is contended will be found quite long enough for all reasonable purposes.

The moral and intellectual training will generally be commenced by the policeman on the beat, but as boldness increases, the domestic servant may venture to improve her mind at some of the harmonic meetings in the neighbourhood of her master's residence. Adjacent barracks will be particularly sought after for the culture which it is the object of the Female Servants' Early Closing Movement to obtain.

A PRIZE BAD JOKE.

A GENTLEMAN of fortune having offered a prize of 100*l.* for the best bad joke, we beg he will send the money immediately to Mr. Bogue's, as we challenge the world to produce a better worse joke than the following:—

Why is a cab-stand, the horses of which have the new Patent Inflated Horse Collars, likely to be serviceable to ballooning?

Because it is the latest improvement in *air-'os-station!*

(*Three cheers, boys! hip! hip! hurrah!*)

MATERIALS FOR AN IRISH SPEECH.

"SAXON — oppression — moral force — dagger — forefathers — revenge—first gem of the sea—trampled upon—oh!—finest peasantry—Cromwell—slaughter—Erin's daughters—blood boil—ah! cruelty—debt of 80,000,000—robbery—sacrilege for 500 years—tyranny—be Irishmen—assert yourselves—pikes—iron bars on the railways—moral force—be patient—repeal—hereditary bondsmen would you be free?—pay in your subscriptions"—(*tremendous cheering!*)

By filling in any ordinary words to make a kind of grammatical sense of the above (though that is not absolutely necessary), an excellent Conciliation Hall speech, or a Monster Meeting harangue, inculcating peace, quiet, and content, in the true Irish incendiary fashion, may be produced during any month of the year, but if it is in the depth of the winter, the effect, of course, is considerably stronger.—N.B. Patriots' materials made up in the same way on the shortest notice.

SWEET ARE THE USES OF TEARS.

A GERMAN chemist has discovered this year that there is sugar in tears. We have been told by poets that there is "sweetness in all things," but we little thought that it lurked in the corner of every squint. We always thought that crying was a sign rather of a sour disposition, but according to this new discovery it would seem that the more a lady cries the more her temper is sweetened by it. By-the-bye, hysterics must be invaluable to a cook on board wages who has to find her own sugar! What a lump of sweetness, too, Niobe must have been,—for she was "all tears." To a grocer of the present day she would have been invaluable, for she would have supplied him all the year round with "the very best moist."

COPY-BOOK TEXTS FOR YOUNG AUTHORS JUST BEGINNING TO WRITE.

FAR-FETCHED puns corrupt good jokes.

Hate a Scotticism as you would a Printer's Devil.

Beware of Irish mad bulls.

There's many a slip between the MS. and the tip.

Whatever is, don't write.

One purchaser is worth a dozen pressmen.

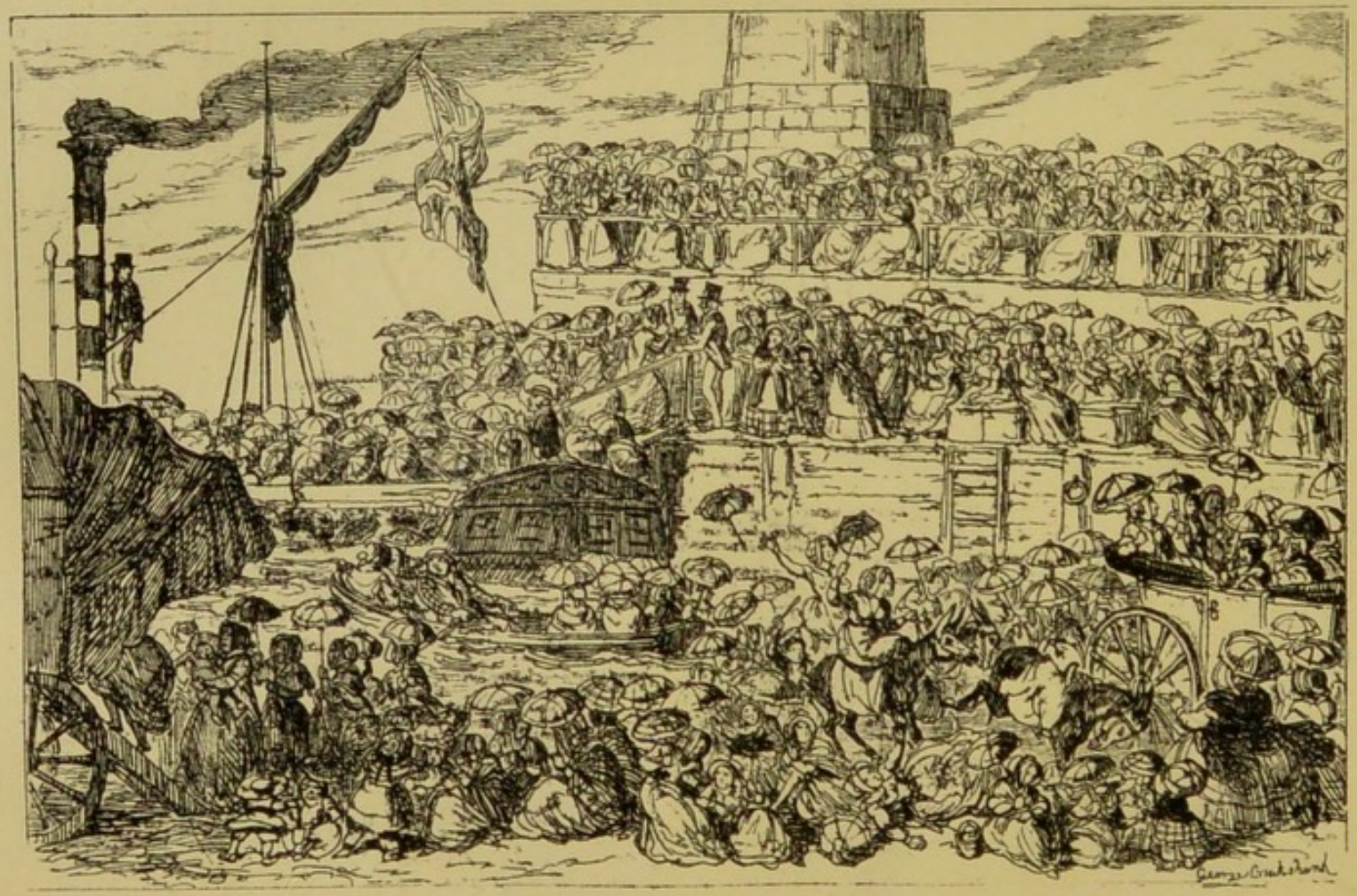
The best proof of a work is in the selling.

If you wish to know all the errors in your book, get a friend to review it.

Persons who write to see their names in print should recollect that a hundred cards only cost five shillings!

There's but one step from the publisher's to the buttermonger's, Paternoster Row is the beginning of Amen Corner.

Never pause for a word as long as there is "Finis."



EXTRAORDINARY FLIGHT OF LADY BIRDS ON THE SEA COAST.

SEA-SIDE ENTOMOLOGY.

THE LADY BIRD.

An extraordinary flight of Lady Birds distinguished the annals of Margate and Ramsgate last year. They covered the coast for miles, extending all the way to Herne Bay, and even as far as Gravesend. They are supposed to have been brought from London, as the decks of the steamers were completely strewed with them. The piers at all the watering-places, the hotels, the tea-gardens, the shrimp-parlours, were immediately occupied, and it was a matter of difficulty, soon after their arrival, to find a single bed empty. The inhabitants foolishly imagine that these Lady Birds commit a deal of injury, and they do everything they can to drive them away from the place. They lay traps in the windows to catch them, consisting of a piece of pasteboard, on which is inscribed a charm, of two simple words, "TO LET;" or sometimes it is only one word, as "TOLETT." Directly the Lady Bird sees this, she knocks at the door, and flies into the house; but when once she is inside, she is subject to all the little persecutions which, since the sea-side was discovered, have been showered upon the poor race of Lady Birds. She is teased out of her life; she is not allowed to eat anything in comfort; her meals are taken away from her; till at last her whole enjoyment is poisoned, and she is glad to wing her way back again to London. Naturalists, however, have proved that the Lady Birds do incalculable good to every spot where they settle. Broadstairs has been built by their pretty exertions. Erith has been raised by them out of the sand; and Rosherville would never have been dug out of a chalk-pit if it had not been for the swarms of Lady Birds! It is true they buzz terribly, and make a great noise whenever more than two of them appear together; but this defect is more than counterbalanced by their gay colours, which resemble the richest silks and satins; and their dazzling appearance, which sparkles with all the force of diamonds when viewed by candle-light. Nothing prettier than to watch an assembly of them in the evening. They crowd at the libraries; they fill the ball-rooms, where they mimic the movements of the waltz; they throng Tivoli and St. Peter's, where the fireworks are not more brilliant than they; they sing, and dance, and laugh, and do everything like human creatures, but reason. And these are the poor little harmless creatures whom the inhabitants of the different watering-places delight in persecuting. Why, they carry gaiety and happiness wherever they appear; and as for hurting anybody, there is not a sting amongst a whole townful of them.

It is a fiction to suppose that the age of the Lady Bird can be told by the marks on her back. This provision on the part of nature would in fact be quite superfluous, for it is very curious that no Lady Bird at the sea-side is ever less than fourteen, or more than eighteen.

The Lady Bird visits the watering-places generally about June, and stops there till the winter. The first gale blows them back again to London, where they pass the foggy months in the various shops, theatres, and ball-rooms. When Tom Thumb was in town, an extraordinary flight of Lady Birds might be seen every day at the Egyptian Hall.

THE MARINE APHIS VASTATOR.

Very different to the Lady Bird is the *Aphis Vastator*, or commonly known as the *Sea-side Lodging-house keeper*. It is a most ravenous tribe, to be met with at all watering-places. It will eat through anything. It has consumed, before now, a week's provisions in a day. It is always seeking somebody to devour. These vastators, or rather devastators, live mostly on the poor Lady Birds, who suffer dreadfully from their depredations. A Lady Bird, who has taken a lodging in the morning, has repeatedly been eaten out of house and home before the evening, and been obliged to fly for safety. Nothing escapes the fangs of the Marine Lodging-house keeper. It will work its way into locked drawers, and runs through a tea-caddy with as much ease as if it had the key. It will clear a trunk in a day, and empty a work-box whilst the Lady Bird is taking a plunge in the sea. Its fangs are so constructed that they close directly on everything they touch; and their eyes are so sharp that they protrude into every letter and parcel that comes into the house. What they do not consume they hide; what they cannot hide they destroy or else give away; for the male *Devastator* is just as nimble as the female, though he is rarely seen. He comes the last thing at night, and is off the first thing in the morning; walking off probably—for he has very long legs—with a coat, or a pair of trousers that was found lying about in your portmanteau.

The *Aphis* has generally a large brood of little *Aphises*, which she rears in the back kitchen. They all partake of their mother's nature. They crawl about the house in search of stockings and frocks, and from their small size can creep almost into anything. Their appetites, too, are almost superhuman. They will lift the lid of a rump-steak pie, which has been left on the landing-place, and, in less time than you can drink a glass of wine, they will have abstracted every bit of meat out of it. If they settle on a leg of mutton they will not leave it before they have picked it clean to the bone. In fact, their skill in polishing a bone would fill you with wonder, if nothing else. They shrink from no pastry; and the largest tart does not appal them. Their powers of suction, too, are just as great. A bottle is no sooner put upon the table than it is empty; and if there were twenty bottles they would go through every one of them, and the stronger the contents the easier the absorbing process seems to be!

When the winter comes round the *Aphis Devastator* looks over her stores, and begins to count if her provisions will last her till the summer. Her coals are put away into the cellar; her wine and

spirits are arranged in the different cupboards; her candles are measured out; and everything placed upon the save-all system. Woe to her young then, if she catches one of them lifting the lid of a pie, and helping himself to the solids or fluids within! The chances are she would eat him up on the spot. The husband's appetite, too, is put upon a reduced scale, and he is only allowed a glass of grog when there has been stuffing for dinner, or when another *Aphis* drops in. The voracity of the whole family is kept under during the winter, but then it breaks out with all the greater fury afterwards. The legs and shoulders of the first lodger of the season generally feel this pretty sharply. He has not a joint which, after the first day, he can call his own. A blight invariably follows; for whatever the *Aphis Vastator* touches is sure to go immediately.

Evidence of the Marine Blight on a Leg of Mutton.

It is difficult to describe the *Aphises* externally, for they take up so wonderfully quick the habits of each new lodger that they are always changing.

YOUR ROOM IS PREFERRED TO YOUR COMPANY.

AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION OVERHEARD IN BAKER STREET.

Mrs. Armytage, the greatest woman in the world (ringing the bell at Madame Tussaud's)—"Oh, if you please, madam, I have called to inquire if you wanted a 'magnificent addition?'"

Madame T.—"No, thank you; we're quite full."

Mrs. A.—"You might find a spare corner, madam."

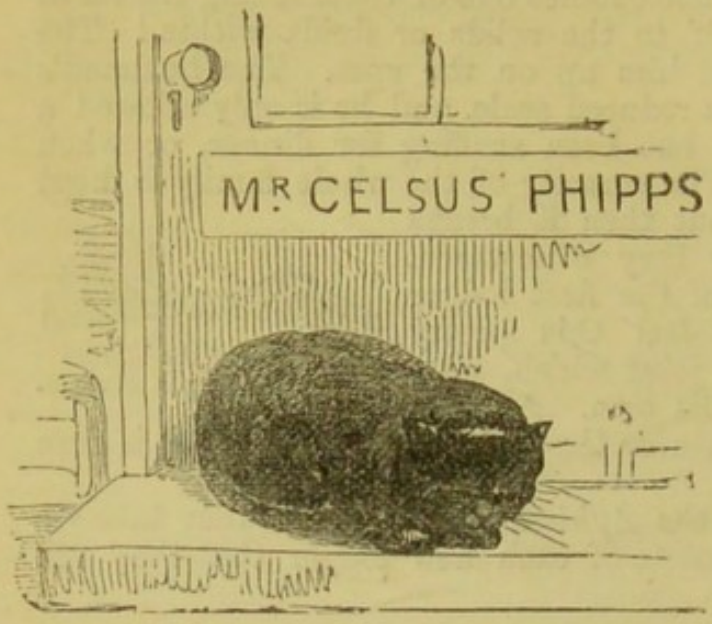
Madame T.—"A spare corner? Why, bless me, my good woman, you wouldn't have me turn out the 'Royal Family' to accommodate you!"

BACON'S NOVUM ORGANUM.

WHAT is the greatest obstacle to Jews sitting in Parliament? The extraordinary quantity of *gammon* they must swallow.

ADVICE TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY.—Never attempt to buy furniture at a sale, *excepting on a Saturday*, for on that day only are the sale-rooms freed from the Jews, whose countenances never appear as at an auction so particularly *forbidding*.

THE CHEMIST'S CAT.



was a chemist, not one of your ordinary men, who put their trust in huge coloured glass bottles, and drive a large trade in lozenges. No, Phipps was an experimental chemist, and he acquainted the public with the fact by means of an inscription to that effect over his door, while he confirmed the neighbours in the belief by occasional explosions more or less violent. On one occasion he went so far as to blow the roof off his house, but that, he said, "was an accident." Moreover, Phipps was a licentiate of Apothecaries' Hall, and jobbed the paupers at 1½d. a head, including pills and plasters. Mr. Phipps's establishment was evidently the home for natural philosophy. Experiments abandoned by every one else were eagerly sought after by Phipps; and he had a valuable auxiliary in his cat.

When science slumbered, the cat might be seen comfortably dozing on the door-step; but when anything new in medicine or chemistry turned up, the cat had an active life of it. The poor thing had taken poison enough to kill hundreds of rich husbands, and antidotes sufficient to restore double the number. It had a stomach-pump kept for its especial use. You might generally guess when anything extraordinary had happened, by missing the cat from its usual place, and seeing Dick, Mr. Phipps's boy, who had the job of holding it during the experiments, with slips of diachylon plaster all over his face and hands. It had become familiar with prussic acid and arsenic in all their insinuating forms, and had some slight knowledge of the smaller operations of surgery: still it went purring about, and was always at hand on an emergency, ready to have any drug tested on its person. Phipps was proud of it. "My cat, Tom, sir," he would say, "has done more for its fellow animal, man, than all the philanthropists that ever taught people to be discontented."

All went on smoothly till the introduction of ether, when Phipps determined to see if he could extract a tooth from a person under its influence. The cat, of course, was to be the especial patient. Dick was summoned, Tom caught, the ether administered, and Phipps

selected one of the largest tusks. But the ether could not have taken proper effect; for, with a frightful yell, Tom freed himself from Dick's grasp, favouring him at the same time with severe marks of his esteem, which made him roar, and disappear, *à la Harlequin*, through the plate-glass window, doing immense damage to the chemicals and Galenicals displayed therein.

But Tom soon came back, for no one would have him. Science, who labels some men F.R.S.'s, or tags half the alphabet to the end of their names, had not forgotten to mark her humble follower, the cat. He had lost one ear in some acoustic experiment; one eye was closed for ever, from having the operation for squinting practically illustrated some dozen times; and he was lame in one of his hind legs, the tendon having been cut to exemplify the method of operating for club-foot; while his coat, once remarkably glossy, had such a second-hand, seedy appearance that it would not have tempted a Jew.

At last he died, a martyr to science. Phipps had invented some wonderful pulmonic lozenge, containing a great deal of morphia, which was to cure coughs at first sight. Tom had been rather asthmatic for some time, owing to inhaling noxious gases; so Phipps gave him a good dose to begin with. Next morning he was found very fast asleep, and extremely rigid in his limbs. Dick suggested that he was dead, but his master indignantly repudiated the idea; so Tom was kept, in the full expectation that he would one day start up quite lively, till at length the moth got into his coat, and Phipps was compelled to consign his furry friend to a grave in the garden. Phipps never had his usual spirits again. His experiments were at an end; for though he would sometimes furtively introduce some drug or other into Dick's tea or beer, that young gentleman soon found it out, and took his meals ever afterwards with his mother, who was the proprietress of a veal-and-ham pie depôt in an adjacent court. Phipps wanders about the College of Surgeons a melancholy man, and amuses himself dreaming over experiments he would perform if he could only get such another cat! He is not best pleased however, when he meets any young friend of Dick's, who violates private confidence by running after him and inquiring at the very top of his voice, "Who killed the cat?"

HUNTING AN HEIR.

My Dearest Eliza,

Our pretty little pack of Belgrave Square Harriers had their first winter meeting on Thursday last at Lady Hurtleberry's.

It is impossible to conceive a more desirable place for the sport of their hunting than her Ladyship's. The gorgeous rose-coloured damask hangings give the finest possible tone to the complexion, the purple-flowered *tapis* sets off the foot to the greatest advantage,

whilst a grand piano by BROADWOOD, and a harp by ERARD, afford the most convenient opportunities for the display of accomplishments.

The "meet" took place at nine o'clock precisely, and a better "room" could not be desired.

As each member of the Hunt keeps her own harriers at "Walk," the first Meeting is always interesting from the number of new "drafts." In addition, therefore, to those harriers that hunted last season, with all of whom you are well acquainted, the following new entries were made :—

Lady Browbeater's Lucy Jane; "too short in the head," to my fancy.

The Hon. Mrs. Rattletrap's Julia Rose; a lively creature, and "gives tongue" beautifully.

Mrs. Major Fubbs's Clementina Louisa; very dumpy and dull—sure to be "latter'd."

Mrs. General Rowdedow's Lucidora; all that heart could wish—fine nose, capital mouth, splendid chest, and a forehand and arm of perfect symmetry.

There were one or two others introduced during the evening, but none of them possessed the necessary qualifications for the Belgrave Square Harriers. "The beaters" upon this occasion had been my brother Charles, whose Captaincy, by purchase, depends upon my being eligibly married off papa's hands; young Musparrot, similarly circumstanced; and old Major Muggs with four daughters, aged respectively twenty-six, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, and thirty.

THE HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE OF GREASE.

They had great fears at one time that our first meet would prove "blank," as they had beat up all the clubs during September and October without "pricking" an Heir either apparent or presumptive. Major Muggs had the good fortune to hit upon a track at last, and a finer specimen I never saw during my short experience. Five feet eleven, Roman nose, D'Orsay whiskers, and said to be worth twelve thousand a year when of age in January next. He was found lying in some elegantly furnished apartments in the Albany, sitting on a beautiful form of velvet. As soon as he made his appearance in the enclosure at Lady Hurtleberry's the pack was laid on. Amelia Frogmorton "challenged" first; I, you may be sure, was not slow in answering her.

The Heir first made for a *Polka Quadrille*, closely waited on by Amelia, with myself for a *vis-à-vis*. Having got as far as *Pastorale*, he "doubled" round by the piano, Mary Warbleton having "turned him" by Jenny Lind's *Ran tan plan*, from *Il Figlia del Regimento*. He then "took away" to the card room, but being "headed" by my

brother Charles, who was purposely stationed in the doorway, he made for the harp, where I pressed him very hard with *Bochsa's Fancies*. He doubled again, and ran straight to the supper-room, closely followed by the entire pack, but the champagne coming on pretty briskly, Lady Hurtleberry thought it right to "call us off" for the evening, the Heir being ultimately bagged by the Major and Musparrot, and carried to the ——— Club; for what purpose I leave you to guess. The Heir has been "turned down" twice since, and already shows symptoms of distress. I have not the least doubt that in a short time longer, *I*, yes *I*, my dear Eliza, shall have the pleasure (but this is *entre nous*) of introducing you to a real juggled heir.

By-the-bye, I must send you a copy of a song written by that rattlepate Rattletraps. It is to the air of

"Bright chanticleer proclaims the morn.

Bright chandeliers the room adorn,
Each thing's arranged with care,
And gayest smiles and silks are worn
This night to catch the Heir.
With a heigho! Letty!
Hark forward, you forward Miss Betty
To-night we hunt the He-e-e-i-r—
To-night we hunt the Heir!

Poor Heir! you feel our sport a bore,
We read it in your face;
If you'll propose to one—no more,
You'll find us give you chase.
With a sigh from Letty!
Or forward, too forward Miss Betty!
No more we'll hunt the He-e-e-i-r—
No more we'll hunt the Heir!

THE LANGUAGE OF VEGETABLES.

We do not think there is in the whole history of letters anything more beautiful than the two following specimens. Any one acquainted with the vegetable vocabulary cannot fail to be touched deeply by them.

The first was addressed to Sigismond by his devoted wife Tootsichfootsich, when he was imprisoned by Kalbskopf II. in the impregnable fortress of Dummerkerl, in the Spitzbübe mountains, in Moldavia.

The originals, and the monuments of Sigismond's wonderful escape, are still preserved, with the greatest reverence, by the proud descendants of his wife's noble family. Admirers of conjugal

affection have been known to journey to the Spitzbübe Mountains purposely to look at them. The first letter was scratched with a pin on a large cabbage leaf, and sent into the castle wrapped round a pound of butter :—

"Beloved Greens!—Dry thy Onions. There is Cabbage in the horizon. Suppress thy Spinage, there's a darling Bean. Support thy Haricots with Beetroot, and never let young Radish leave thy dear Asparagus. May Pickled Gherkins watch over thee, and Early Peas strew Mashed Potatoes, with Blessed Chickweed, over thy suffering Turniptop! Where is thy boastod Sourkrout? Have a little Brocoli, my own sweet Bean; and put thy Chickweed in Parsley. There is Tomata yet for both of us, so pray hide thy Cauliflower for a few short Sprouts, and Capers must soon be ours! Confide in Mangel-würzel. I enclose thee a hundred Greens from the bottom of my Green Stuff, and remain, my fondest Beetroot,

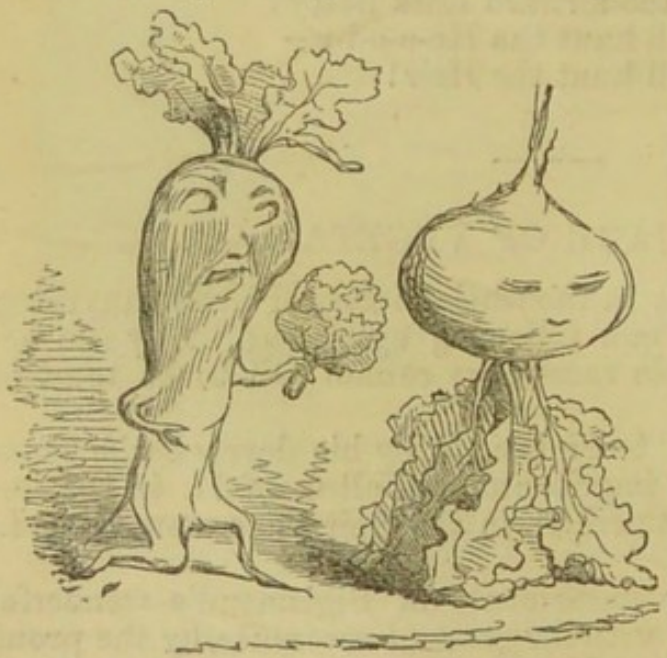
"Thy own dear Marrowfat."

The answer, though in a humbler strain, was not less eloquent. It was rolled up in little crumbs of bread, which were made into the shape of pills, and thrown out of the prisoner's window :—

"My sweetest Marrowfat!—My Asparagus is well nigh bursting. My Salad is overflowing, and I cannot rest at night from too much Mustard seed. Send me, an thou hopest hereafter for Asparagus, a Scarlet-Runner, and a small Cow Cabbage. Trust in Sage, and throw thyself fondly on Watercress.

"Thy unfortunate Greens."

The Scarlet-Runner, which is the vegetable emblem for a file, was hidden in the heel of a boot, and the Cow Cabbage, which is the beautiful synonym for a rope, smuggled in to the poor prisoner through a large German sausage, of which he was passionately fond. He escaped that very night, and repaid with the affection of a whole life the devotion of his attached "Marrowfat," that is to say his wife; we do not give a translation of these memorable letters, as we wish our readers to refer to the Language of Vegetables itself; for we feel it is so fascinating a science that when once they go into it, they will not leave a single vegetable unturned till they have got to the root of every word.



IF,

!!!AND???

If marriages are made in heaven, what a pity the happy pair should leave the place directly, upon a mere matter of ceremony!

If thou stoodest outside the door, thy hand upon the handle, hast thou ever paused to arrange thy curls, and to pull up thy collar, and to inspect first thy wristbands, and then thy boots? If so, thou hast loved, ay, and madly too.

If a good name were purchasable, how few would avail themselves of the luxury if they had to pay ready money for it!

If there is really "luck in odd numbers," we can account for the curious fact of so many ladies stopping half of their lives at the age of thirty-nine.

If two is company, and three is none, what a very melancholy time old Cerberus must have of it!

If "distance lends enchantment to the view," then the British Drama ought to hold out to speculators the most enchanting views in the world, for never were its prospects so distant as at the present moment.

If Napoleon had won the battle of Waterloo, Gomersal must have died comparatively unknown.

If man and wife had a plate glass to their hearts, how long would they remain together?

If soda-water had only been known in the time of Alexander, it is but fair to conclude that the murder of Clytus never would have taken place.

If England were to be divided to-morrow morning equally among all its inhabitants, we should not like to be the man whose dismal lot for life turned out to be Trafalgar Square!

If Janus really had two faces, we deeply pity him, if he ever drank a tumbler of Vauxhall punch, for he must have had the following morning two headaches instead of one!

If animals could speak, we can imagine the first words a donkey would address to man would be "*Et tu brute.*"

If there were no "if's" in the world, there would be no arguments; no rules of three; no political economy; no more ingenious speculations about the fate of Europe *if* England had lost the battle of Waterloo (*if* it had, several shareholders would never have lost their money on Waterloo Bridge, by-the-bye); no more letters from Joseph Ady about certain valuable information *if* a sovereign is sent by return of post; no more liberal promises from fathers as to what they will do *if* their sons will only improve, and keep good hours; no more financial experiments (Sir Robert Peel's scheme for the income-tax was only one elongated "if," and its repeal is a still more extended one); and lastly, this clever little article upon "if's" never would have been written, *if* there had been no such word in the language as "if."

THE LITERARY SCARCITY.

A LETTER FROM A LONDON PENNY-A-LINER TO A PROVINCIAL DITTO.

Tom, my boy, how are you? Precious slack here, I can tell you; business never was so dull. I haven't had an Atrocious Murder on my hands these three months. If this panic continues I shall be so much out of practice that I'm blessed if I shall know how to do a Murder when a good opportunity occurs. Unless some good lady has the kindness to kill her husband —(how fashions change! I can recollect the time when husbands used to kill their wives: however, it's all the same)—I must starve, without having the chance either of making a penny by my own death. By-the-bye, I have had serious ideas lately of committing an "Awful Suicide"—don't be startled, I mean only in the papers. I have reckoned it up, and find that I should make nearly a sovereign by it—a temptation, my tulip, in these times, and well worth an imaginary duck in the Thames.

See, my dear Tom, I make it out as follows:—

	s.	*d.*
Awful Suicide (say from Waterloo Bridge), at three-halfpence per line	3	0
A Romance of Real Life (founded on the above)	2	6
Public Inquest	5	0
Adjourned Meeting	2	9¼
Malicious Fabrication, a long letter from myself, declaring most circumstantially that I am not, and have never been dead, and spurning in the most indignant manner (to the extent probably of three shillings) the Verdict of "Temporary Insanity"	4	7
Another Letter, commenting with moderation on the atrocious cruelty of the fabrication, and lashing Lord John for not instituting proceedings for the discovery of the Monster in human form, who first propagated the Heartless Rumour	1	11¼
	19	9¾

Now I know, Tom, this would be unprofessional, but really in times like these, when a capital execution scarcely turns up once a year, it doesn't do for a person to be over nice; besides, if I do extinguish my vital spark for six days, where's the great harm? Not a person sustains the slightest injury; I have no relations to blackguard me afterwards for not dying. I have no heirs to sue the paper for damages; I have no grandmothers to be hurried into an early grave by the intelligence; and I get a week's dinners by dying at a time I was never more puzzled how to live. My table,

I can assure you, has not groaned under the luxuries of the season for ever so long. So where is the great sin of leaving this sublunary sphere for seven days, if I cannot keep soul and body together without it? Psha! it's all affectation, and I have a good mind to try an Awful Suicide to-morrow; and, to make it more interesting, call myself "a Gentleman of Fortune." All this scarcity comes of educating people, and the march of intellect, and the rage for improvements! Did you ever hear such nonsense? Why, I suppose civilization will be taking such rapid strides that the wood pavement—(I hope you have got one in your place; the bit of wood in the Strand lit my fires for two winters running: what a field it was for accidents, to be sure! I used to pick up two a day)—will be cut eventually from under our feet, and we shan't have a bit of orange-peel, or a slide even, to stand upon, or as much as a drop of prussic-acid to warm our hearts with before going to bed of a cold night. It's all a mistake; and if I am a victim to it I shall lay my death at the door of civilization, and charge them with it. Why, the cabs are nothing to what they used to be—they wont upset; and I do really believe the omnibus conductors are getting civil, merely to spite us. The lightning conductors, too, are very little better. I haven't been able to drink your health in a drop of electric fluid for many a day. Where it will end none of us can tell. The steamers have done a little for business, it's true, and I expect they will do a great deal more for us; but what, I ask you, is a *Cricket* amongst so many? Besides, one doesn't get such a good blow-out every day. Education, I see, will be the ruin of us all. I have serious thoughts of turning an informer, and reporting my own cases; or, if it comes to the worst, of going over to Dublin, and stopping there patiently till the row at Conciliation Hall begins. I wish it would take place to-morrow! They are a long time about it for Irishmen; for the winter is coming on, and I must give up all thoughts of coals, unless I get a good Destructive Fire or two. Candles, too, come dear when you cannot find, search where you will, the smallest bit of Seasonable Benevolence to pay for them. There's only Railways left us. Do you know, I drink the health of that dear Eastern Counties every time I am lucky enough to get an Awful Accident out of it. Why, Tom, my boy, I was only thinking this morning, as I was leaning over London Bridge, hoping an ill wind would blow me something good, that I would start a railway, and so make my own Accidents, and write them, for greater accuracy, on the spot. I might contract with the different papers to supply them cheap all the year round. But then I recollected, and a burning tear bedewed my eye, that that line of luck was all over, that the poor stags were fairly run off their legs, and that an end had been put for ever to Capel Court. Twelve months sooner, and the thing might have been done. I only wish I was in Hudson's shoes, that's all. What a deal of money I would make, 'lining—wouldn't I, just!

Well, Tom, I must leave you. The neighbourhood has just been

thrown into the greatest consternation by an "Enormous Gooseberry." I run to measure it with an India-rubber band, for that stretches the best. I hope it is a crammer; at all events I must make it large enough to serve me for dinner, and leave me something to fill my pipe with afterwards. Good-bye, Tom. I hope Liverpool (you lucky fellow, you had the Fever all last winter; you ought to have made your fortune, too, with the Irish) is better off in Accidents—it is much richer I know in Fires—than London. If not, I will make this agreement with you: you shall have my Inhuman Neglect by the Parish Authorities, if you bequeath me your Awful Death by Starvation. Is that a bargain?

I remain, my dear Tom,
In a state much better conceived than described,
Yours regularly "in a line,"

A. Chance.

The Ether's a failure; not a single explosion worth having. Can't you send me up a Shower of Frogs in your next letter? You shall have an Infamous Hoax by return. I say, the American Sea-serpent has not had a turn lately, or the Oldest Inhabitant, and, *entre nous*, Lord B—h—m has not been killed once these seven years; I have got his Life all ready. I will toss you for him, if you like. What do you say? Two out of three? or Sudden Death?

Young Flimsy was complaining at the *Blue Bottle* last night of the pressure of the *Times*. He said he had a most "Wonderful Appetite" on Thursday, and invited half-a-dozen "liners" to supper on the strength of it, but the Currency deprived him of every penny, notwithstanding he had a Curious Case of Instinct, which he made sure would bring him in half-a-crown.

Address to me at the *Illustrated Weekly Murder Sheet* Office.

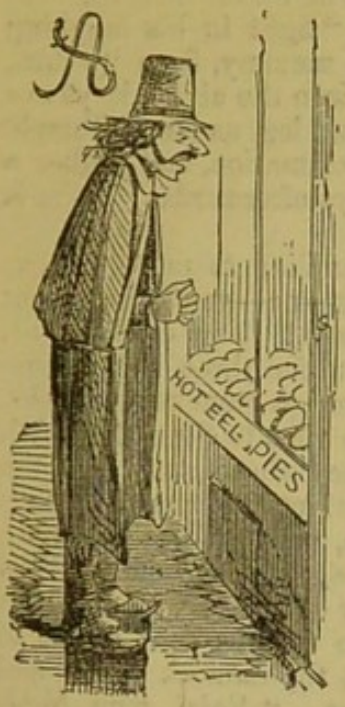
ILLUSTRATED CONUNDRUM.

(THE OLDEST ON RECORD.)

Question.—W is a a

Answer.—W it is A

A MYSTERY OF LONDON.



DRIZZLING mist begins to fall. The clock of St. Clement's strikes seven. A November fog lowers its invidious veil over the bright face of London. I hurry on, impatient to listen to the rival strains of the cricket and kettle, who, I know from a mysterious singing in my ears, are gaily carolling on my hearth in Clare Market. "There is no place like home!"

With these thoughts I redouble my speed, even as the jaded cab-horse quickens his broken knees when he sees in his mind's eye, through distant streets, the door of the livery stable. The fog has the thickness of repeated blankets. It is no light task for a blind dame to thread a needle in the dark. That task, however, is as light as the sun with 20,000 additional lamps on its birthday, compared to the difficulty of threading Temple Bar in a fog! But patience, like the boy Jones, will get through anything.

I have shaken off the mud of the city: I breathe the balmy smoke of Westminster. My high-low, or rather my high-lows (for I have two) beat once more the proud Strand. I pass the antique apple-woman on my left; on my right I leave Holloway and his far-famed leg of twenty years' standing—that Wandering Jew of advertisements which is perpetually running through the papers. I drop a sympathetic pill to the memory of Aldborough. Proud Earl! Never did mortal lay the flattering ointment to his soul as thou hast done! I hurry onward.

But what fragrant perfume, stolen or strayed from Araby the Blest, plays round my nostrils? It cannot be the fog, for it is so like stewed eels. It salutes my nose with all the warmth of a long-absent friend. I follow it, as Hamlet did the Ghost. An invisible attraction pulls me gently on, even as the magnetic duck which a child leads where he will by applying a load-stone to its nasal organ. I neither see, nor feel, nor hear; I only smell. My whole nature is standing on the bridge of my nose. How blind is man! In my ardour I have nearly upset a respectable stranger: I beg his most unadulterated pardon a hundredfold; but he heeds me not. A rich necklace of pies, Twickenham's fairest jewellery, dazzles his weak vision, and fastens, as with a golden hook, all his eyes. He is under a Savory spell, longing for More. A hundred appetites glisten from his cavernous brows. Epicurus and Dando seem to have chosen his high cheek-bones for their respective thrones. His mouth opens and shuts a thousand times, just like the Strand Theatre opposite; but, alas! takes in nothing by each new motion. Hunger could not well have spared a leaner Frenchman. Poor Monsieur! I have disturbed thy joyous reverie, and would fain make amends for it. "Here is sixpence to buy thyself luscious pies, freighted with all the boundless wealth of the generous eel." But he is as deaf as a relation that is rich. His thoughts are seated at the rich banquet within.

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The parish engine is pulled along by a lusty beadle, like an invalid chair at Brighton by one of the plethoric Sons of Plush. Six little boys subscribe their voices and their strength, but there is more of the former than the

latter. There is merriment in Drury Lane; loud cries of "Fire" play gaily upon the ear. Even a policeman—that rarest object of *vertu*—is seen. He illuminates for two seconds the busy scene with the "light in his laughing eye" of bull. The fire-escape is unrolled, like a tall mummy, from its dark slumber of ages, and stretches its spider limbs high into the air as it yawns again into life. It crawls, like a centipede on its hind leg, as far as Temple Bar, and there draws itself up, like a big note of exclamation, and makes a full stop. Peradventure it reaches the fire three days afterwards. There is a time for all things.

But whose is that ecstatic figure? It is as familiar to my vision as Cooper in George Barnwell. Who can it be? Yes—no—yes! It cannot be! By St. Jullien, it is the dismal Child of France! The clock of St. Clement's strikes ten. What! Monsieur, hast thou for three foggy hours been poring over those self-same pies? Thy admiration smacks, methinks, of the bigot. Thou art indeed an enthusiast. Hie thee to Soyer! Catch him between a poem and a *pâté*, bursting with the richest stuffing of the goose—I mean the *pâté*. Perform the same rites before his household pans of stew; let thy every limb speak thy admiration, and my head of hair, bought but yesterday at Truefitt's, he will give thee, for half such prodigal worship, thy weight in pies, be they of gooseberry or mutton, or the ham and veal dedicated to Thespis, or even the delicate eel, the dear object of thy silent love! Concealment has indeed fed upon thy damask cheek, and picked it—would I could say clean!—to the bone. "*Voici, mon Noble Seigneur, de quoi te régaler.*" He sees not the proffered Joseph; he hears not my tones, sweet with charity. He stirs not: he stands on holy pavement. Poor Frenchman, I would tarry with thee, but I must rush me home to supper. Haven't I tripe waiting kindly for me! My clay, too, points to heavy wet; and my pewter will lose its head if I am not quickly with it. *Adieu.*

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Night has spread its shutters over London. All is still, save a spirituous cry of "Va-*ri*-e-ty," that comes at muffled intervals leaping through the air. There is not a Gent to be seen. Even Lord Ellam has retired to his bed under the ducal counter. Sleep snores heavily in the Strand, and the nightmare rules in the City. All humanity, save editors and milkmen, is between the sheets.

All, did I say? It is false. There is one figure still, very still, on its legs. He is no purveyor of chalk, or human kindness. He is not a thief either, save one of Time; and better to rob him than Rogers' bank,—though, it is true, the notes may be stopped, but the minutes, alas! never. Whose is that figure? Egad! It is the Frenchman's.

There he stands, opposite the same identical emporium. He is wrapt in mystery and a Spanish cloak, with a collar borrowed from the poodle. He has not moved the whisper of a pig to the right or to the left. What fearful secret can chain him to that awful spot?

His iron glances seem as if they would pierce like nails at tenpence a-piece the shutters of that Depôt. The hunger on his countenance is not yet appeased. I offer him an Havannah, the best that the Green of Turnham can produce. He answers me only with a sallow smile. No complaint escapes his lips, though it is clear as Thames water that is filtered that he is ill at ease. Ah! perhaps he is doing penance for some early crime? Perhaps it is a vow he has registered in some album to please his Love? Perhaps—but I waste the valuable ink of the printer with these idle sur-

mises; be the awful cause what it will, from the bottom of my purse, noble stranger from the noble Land of the *Cancan*, I do feel for thee! Thou wouldst never remain outside a piscatorial pastrycook's for nine long hours, transfixed like a *pose plastique* (only thou art dressed), unless there were some strange mystery at the bottom of it!

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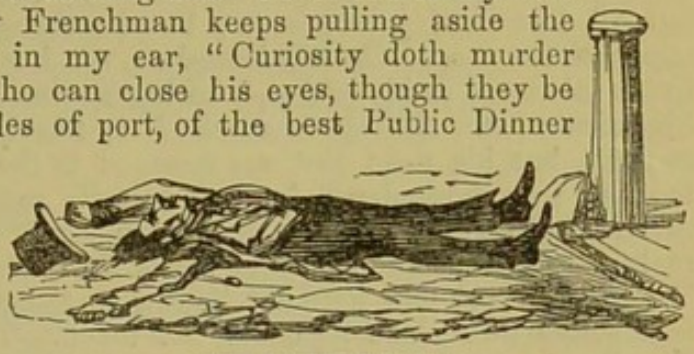
I cannot sleep. My pillow is burning hot. Fever shares my bed. The vision of that unhappy Frenchman keeps pulling aside the curtains, and crying aloud in my ear, "Curiosity doth murder sleep." It is too true! Who can close his eyes, though they be weighed down with two bottles of port, of the best Public Dinner vintage, and sealed with the smoke of three-times-ten cigars, when he has a secret gnawing at his heart? don my morning suit, and walk breathless, breakfastless, to the Strand.



THE SPIRIT LEVEL.

Clerks are plodding to their high stools in the City. All waistcoats are turned towards St. Paul's. Omnibuses are laden with cashiers—strict lovers of punctuality—who eat, and drink, and sleep, and make love, by the chronometer. The antique apple-woman is putting on her great coat, the relic of her late relict, a deceased cabman. Holloway determines to have an immense spread, and lays down a roll of ointment eight yards without a seam. Newspaper boys sing in quires as they canter along with wet bundles under their arms. The sun rises; the puddles reflect its golden smiles; the cocks and hens visit their daily cab-stand; the postman's knock is heard; the clock of St. Clement's strikes nine. London has begun a new day.

But what are these facts to me? No more than Spanish Bonds, for I do not even look at them. I have but one object in view, and that is the Frenchman.

But the cloak has disappeared, and the person inside it. His penance doubtless, is at an end—his humble vow fulfilled. He is gone: but, how strange! he has left his boots behind him. There they stand, in the middle of the pavement, bolt upright—one a Blucher, its companion a Wellington—as if they had risen out of the coal-cellar over night, like a couple of mushrooms. A phantom policeman attempts to take them up, but they are riveted to the spot. But, see! the poor exile comes this way: slippers are on his feet. He claims his boots. "Take them," says the man of law, bound in blue, and lettered B 32. No! They will not stir. He pulls them with a pair of boot-hooks, but if there were a Woman's Obstinacy in each sole, they could not maintain their ground more stoutly.

A pickaxe is brought. The boots are pulled up at length, but in company with the flag-stone. They are carried on the latter, as on a tray, before the magistrate. Their disconsolate owner follows them in his slippers. He unfolds his simple unadorned tale of woe. First he identifies the boots. The name of "*Marquis de Carambole*" appears inside each. Next he states he had been giving a lesson in French for sixpence to a family in the Lane of Leather. On his way home he stopped to admire some pies arrayed most temptingly in a sumptuous window. He tarried longer than he intended, but the luxury of the sight beguiled away the unconscious moments. He felt his feet getting very warm, but he thought it was only the grateful steam of the shop. He still looked on, turning over the sixpence alternately in his mind and in his pocket, whether he should spend it, or keep it to have his hair curled. At last he resolved on the rash purchase. He attempted to move, but his right foot was fastened to the pavement, and his left foot too; he was motionless; he was literally screwed—he had grown to the ground. He was riveted to the spot, not only in admiration, but in positive reality. For four interminable hours he endured worse than the torture of Tantalus, for eel pies were not known in the dark ages of Pluto. A feast was before him which he could not touch. Twelve o'clock at last put a friendly termination to his sufferings: the shop closed. He was left in the streets of London all by himself. He felt cold. His feet were benumbed, but he could not do anything to keep them warm. Stamping was out of the question, for he could not even lift them. A policeman told him once to "move on," but unfortunately he came like a shadow, and so departed. He thought of his landlord, of his tailor, of his washerwoman, of everything that was dear to him. A tear washed his cheek. He trembled like a creditor. He did not like to shout for aid, his position was so very ridiculous. At last necessity, the coldest he ever experienced, conquered his vanity. He cut his straps, and ran away like a second Napoleon, leaving Wellington and Blucher masters of the field. Having finished, the poor Orphan of France demands, in a voice of tears, that his boots may be restored to him.

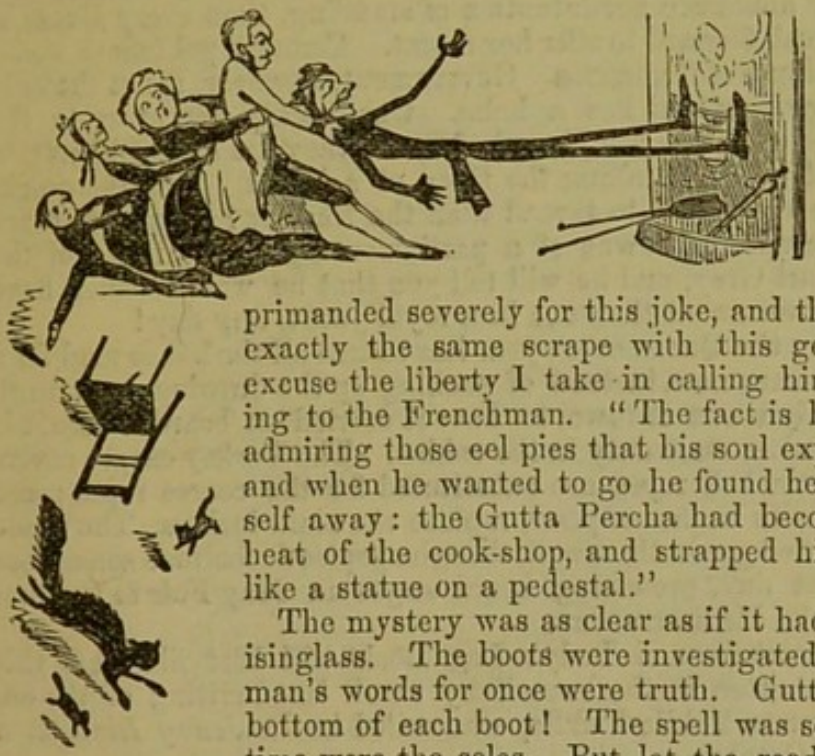
THE APPROACH OF BLUCHER.—INTREPID ADVANCE OF THE FIRST FOOT.

"Certainly," says the urbane magistrate; "but you must first pay for the damage you have done to the pavement."

The poor Frenchman pleads that it is not his fault; but his plea is as bootless as himself.

A policeman, with the bump of science, craves leave to explain the mystery.

Leave is given to him; and, clearing his throat, he speaks thus:—"I think I can tell, sir, what is the mystery at the bottom of all this. It is Gutta Percha. This Gutta Percha, sir, is a new material of a waterproof substance; at first soluble, which afterwards hardens, and resists the action of water. It is used largely for boots. It is not proof, however, against heat. The consequence is that when it is exposed to a great warmth it becomes adhesive, and very tenacious of the footing it occupies. There is an instance of a cook whose Irish cousin was warming his feet at the fire; he had on soles made of Gutta Percha. His boots adhered to the hobs, and there he stuck in the kitchen for a fortnight till a frost came. It was called Hobbes' 'Essay on the Understanding.'"



The man of the oil-skin cape is reprimanded severely for this joke, and then resumes: "It is exactly the same scrape with this gentleman, if he will excuse the liberty I take in calling him so," he said, bowing to the Frenchman. "The fact is he remained so long admiring those eel pies that his soul expanded at the sight, and when he wanted to go he found he could not tear himself away: the Gutta Percha had become melted with the heat of the cook-shop, and strapped him to the pavement like a statue on a pedestal."

The mystery was as clear as if it had been strained with isinglass. The boots were investigated, and lo! the policeman's words for once were truth. Gutta Percha was at the bottom of each boot! The spell was solved, and so after a time were the soles. But let the reader scrutinize closely the pavement in the Strand; and on the left side, before he comes to Temple Bar, he will be able to pick out a flag-stone, opposite the "Royal Emporium for Eel Pies," which has on it the perfect imprint of the soles of a Blucher and a Wellington. It was on that very bit of granite where the poor Frenchman stood for nine hours, buffeted by the stream of people that kept flowing backwards and forwards, and tortured beyond any modern martyrdom by the tempting feast spread before him, which he could only devour with his hungry eyes.

Of all the new inventions there is not one which is likely to make a firmer stand, or keep its ground longer, than Gutta Percha.

THE FEMALE TARS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

FASHIONABLE YACHTING.

The ladies are invading everything. The Stock Exchange, Capel Court, the field, the lecture-room, the betting-ring—places exclusively devoted hitherto to black coats and legs of the same colour—have been recently graced, or disgraced, as the case has been, with the presence of the fair, and sometimes unfair, sex. The clubs, it is true, are still in the hands of men, and woman, though she has voice enough in laying down the law at home, has none as yet in Parliament; though we are confident if a handsome duchess, or Mrs. Nisbett, were only to put up for a county (say Bucks), that she would no sooner announce her intention of standing, than every Buck in the borough would rush forward to offer her a seat. Common politeness would carry her into the House of Commons. Government, however, is not the only floating and sinking thing that has a helm. Our yachts are open to the ladies; and, till they can steer the Vessel of State, they are at full liberty to soil their *gants de Paris* in handling the tiller of a Yacht. Are the quicksands of office more dangerous to thread than the Needles? And what are the breezes, and the ups and downs of a parliamentary life, to those of the ocean? Go, ask Earl Grey, and he will tell you that he would sooner have fifty berths under Government than one in a royal yacht, any day!

The example set by the Queen every year has turned all the ladies mad for a Yacht. It is customary now, instead of packing up the drawing-room furniture whilst the family is out of town, to have it carried on board, where it is fitted up on deck, or does state duty in the cabins. The Turkey carpet covers the vulgar planks, the bell ropes are substituted for the coarse ropes; and chairs, richly inlaid with mother-of-pearl, replace the plain lockers. The whole household is transported generally as well, though apoplectic footmen sometimes desert after the first day, preferring board wages in May Fair to the best wages on board, in the Mediterranean.

The following extract from a Lady's Log Book will best illustrate this new fashion. It is written in the beautifully small handwriting of the enterprising Lady Augusta Fiddle-Faddle, who sailed in the *Jenny Lind* on a cruise to Paris, last October.

Sept. 2nd.—Started from Cowes. Sea just like a rocking-horse, up and down, up and down; not at all pleasant; very giddy; wind blowing all day at my back, nearly breaking my beautiful ostrich feather; no appetite for dinner; took an early tea, no muffins, not even a sally-lunn. Gave orders that the French cook (a promising pupil of Soyer's) might be told "to take good care it didn't occur again." In bed at eight, very unwell; ordered the rocking of the vessel to be stopped immediately, but not a soul paid any attention to my sufferings.

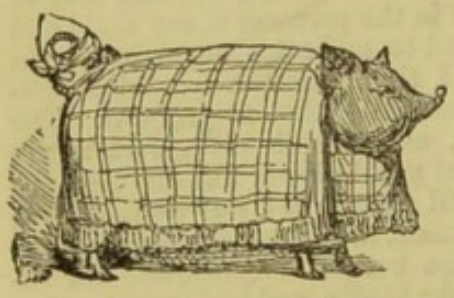
3rd.—No new milk for breakfast; told the butler to send for some directly; the impudent fellow sent word, "that there was no possibility of making Cowes so soon." Ordered his beer to be stopped. Dreadful noise overhead. Told Adolphus to inquire what it was. The intelligent lad brought me intelligence that it was the housemaid sweeping the carpets on deck. Went upstairs, and asked the reason why the deck was not ready before twelve o'clock. Told Jane and Maria Louisa that I would have the strictest discipline maintained in my Yacht, or else they had better suit themselves at once with other situations. Superintended the dusting of the ottomans, and reprimanded John Thomas for going up the dirty ropes without his Berlin gloves on. Detected a faint smell of tar, and ordered the carpet to be sprinkled with eau-de-Cologne, and feathers to be burnt in every room in the Yacht. Threw my glove over the railing of the vessel to see

YACHTING FOR LADIES — MAYFAIR IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

which way the wind blew; but on its going straight down and sinking very rapidly recollected that my purse was inside. A thorough draft arising at that moment blew off my *fichu* towards the right, and proved beyond a doubt that the wind was in a straight line to Brighton. Determined to go there, and told the coachman in charge of the Yacht to make as much haste as possible, as I wished to make a morning call on Lady Bandury Bunn, who was staying there, with all her little Bunns. It turned out, however, towards four o'clock, that we were not many hundred yards' distance from Havre; but as I had not a French bonnet with me I declined going on shore. In the evening, a ball, and I played a small concertina (I had brought with me to charm the dolphins), to enable the poor servants to dance. John Thomas and Jane Hussey went through a hornpipe as well as the uneven state of the Yacht would allow them. Served out tea and sugar at eight. Towards nine there was a very strong smell of tobacco; searched the Yacht, escorted by Adolphus, who carried two wax candles before me; we found the smell proceeded from the servants' hall. Descended the narrow staircase cautiously, and surprised, in the pantry, the butler, John Thomas, and the French cook, each smoking with the window open, what is called, I believe, a pipe. Ordered these offensive articles to be seized, and to be instantly thrown into the lowest depths of the sea; and did not retire to rest before my orders were strictly executed. Looked into the housekeeper's room, and gave directions for a muslin cover to be made for the gold Cupid that holds the compass; if I am correct in so terming the long darning-needle that is kept under a glass shade.

4th.—Wind very fair to-day. Curled my hair for the first time in ringlets. Inspected some Valenciennes lace I have bought, a perfect bargain, of a French smuggler; it will look well on a velvet dress. Told John to drive direct to Paris. The insolent fellow asked "if I would go by Brussels, or did I prefer Vienna?" Gave him instantly warning. He turned the vessel round with its head towards London. Told him that was not the road to Paris, when he said he "was going back to Southampton to suit himself with another place." Rang the bell, and told Grisetta to tell all the servants to come upstairs. The poor girl only speaking French, the stupid servants, who worry my life out, did not understand her. Directed my page Adolphus to summon the butler before me. Mr. Smithers appeared with his hat on; I asked him how he dared to appear in my presence with his head covered? His answer was, "that he had had two wigs blown off already, and he had caught a violent cold in his head." Asked him "What was his cold in the head when the discipline of the ship was at stake?" and he could not answer a word. Told him I should report him to Sir Valentine as soon as we landed in Grosvenor Square. Being determined to punish the coachman, ordered him to leave the box, and took the whip out of his hand in the presence of my maid and the German governess. The menial coloured, and to make his degradation the more striking, I pulled the cockade off his hat. I then took the what-d'ye-call-it, the long pole that pushes the vessel along, and attempted to guide it. The fatigue, however, was too much for my wrists, and I split my gloves in the exertion; was afraid, besides, of turning the vessel upside down, but disguised my fears before the dependents. Left the pole, and picked my way down to the servants' hall. Found the servants, male and female, at dinner, the butler in the chair, and Mrs. Bantam, the housekeeper, at the bottom. Apologized for intruding, for I thought it was best to be civil. Spoke kindly, and told them to serve me properly, and their rations of tea and sugar should be doubled. Mrs. Bantam thanked me. Then told them that "a great act of insubordination had been shown by the coachman above, and that I had been obliged to strip him"—(Here I paused to take note of the effect of my words; but no sympathy was, I am glad to say, evinced)—"of his situation." I reminded them of their duties, and conjured them to be faithful to their mistress, and they should not repent it when their wages were paid; but I told them plainly, if they coalesced with the coachman it should be as much as their situations were worth. If any one of them was displeased, and thought herself ill-used, or out of her proper element, she might leave the ship that instant, and I would be the last person to prevent her bettering herself. Not one amongst them took me at my word, and I was

pleased more than I can express at their fidelity. I told them as much, and confessed I had anticipated a mutiny, but had made up my mind fully how to act in case the smallest *soupçon* of treachery had declared itself. "I would have opened the plugs at the bottom of the yacht," I said loudly to them, "and we should have all sunk together, after I had taken the precaution to write a letter to the *Times*, in which every one of your names would have been reported at full length, with your christian names and ages." I was going on in the most eloquent strain, when the most dreadful thumping occurred to the ship, and there was a noise overhead such as I had never heard before, even at one of Verdi's operas. I nearly fainted, for I thought a whale had run against us, and had burst in one of our panels; but a young footman, who had run upstairs and down again whilst I was losing my colour, assured me it was only the bowsprit (for so he called the long pole which protrudes from the front of the vessel) which had been shattered to pieces in consequence of its coming in collision with Southampton Pier, which happened at that moment to be in the way. I then recollected that I had left no one in charge of the Yacht, and hastened upstairs. I found a Custom-House officer coming up the rope ladder by the side, and gave the coachman into custody for having violated the laws of his country. The man searched him, and said, with the greatest *nonchalance*, that there was nothing about him that warranted his detaining him. He then asked me if I had anything to declare. "Anything to declare?" I said. "Yes, I declare that your conduct is the greatest piece of impertinence I have ever heard of;" and I went on in a great passion for a long time. The man got very angry, and I had a very good mind to have him thrown into the sea for his insolence; but I conquered my pride, for at that moment Prince FitzunStartz, the young Bohemian nobleman who first brought over the polka, came tripping on the yacht, and I was too glad, in order to escape, to take his arm, though he had just been smoking. I recounted to him the dangers I had gone through, and he would have it I was "quizzing" him, just as if I was likely to joke upon such a matter of life and death. We had scarcely reached the end of the pier when an officer stopped us, and informed me that the *Jenny Lind* was seized by the Custom House authorities for having on board a quantity of smuggled goods. Oh dear! oh dear! that Valenciennes will cost me dearer than what I might have got it for at Howell and James's, and they wouldn't have asked me for the money for six years to come at least; whereas I paid that smuggler every bit in sovereigns. Oh! that stupid Yacht!



Hints to Agricultural Societies.—About November stuff your calves for approaching show, and put the tails of your pigs over night into curl paper. Rub a little bear's grease on the head of your sheep, and pass small-tooth combs through their fleecy wool. Wash your Southdowns in warm soap-and-water, and let your little porkers have a good lathering, particularly about the chops. Trim your cows with satin ribbons, part the hair on their foreheads down the middle, and fix it with bandoline. Black the hoofs of your bulls, stir up your Durhams well, and see that they are properly mustered.

Pretty Thought.—"I would not be a pig," says a Dutch poet, "for then I could not eat it."

LAYS OF MODERN BABY-LON.

BY YOUNG WHAT-YOU-MAY-CALLEE.

(Aged five years and a day.)

"High diddle lofty diddle and diddle wondrous high—
Diddle exalted like balloons far up into the sky."
Thus sung a youth of Kensington, a youth of gentle mien,
Whose mother came from Knightsbridge, and whose sire from Turnham Green.
"High diddle diddle," warbled he, "the fiddle and the cat,"
But very much I marvel now what meant the youth by that.
But words contain all mysteries, as difficult to trace
As Cleopatra's needle when it works the fragile lace,
And into many patterns all rapidly it flies—
As the clouds take strange appearances in floating through the skies.
"High diddle diddle," sung the youth with energy intense,
"The cat and fiddle," whispered he—alack, he spoke not sense.
"The cow," he murmured mournfully, and rather out of tune,
"Has at a bound sprung from the ground, and cleared the silver moon."
I wot not of his purpose in singing such a strain,
But hush! don't interrupt the youth, he takes it up again:
"Over the moon the cow has jumped, and then, such sport to see,
The little dog laughs quite outright, with a loud *ha! ha!* HEE!"
And now a sad elopement it is our lot to mark—
Why should the little dog have laughed? how came he not to bark?
For 'twas his solemn duty to try the course to stay
Of the roguish dish to thwart the wish, ere with spoon he ran away.
The song of youth is ended, but ever and anon
The murmur of the melody goes undulating on;
The echoes give in fragments the words "high diddle diddle,"
Then with a rush there comes a gush of—hark! "the cat and fiddle."
The melody again I think I hear—or shall hear very soon—
The line that says the rampant cow has jumped right o'er the moon,
The little dog is laughing too, such merry sport to see,
So in half-broken accents whispers a voice to me.
But worst of all, and last of all, and saddest thing to say,
A voice insists "that with the spoon the dish has run away."
The music of the melody has floated through the air,
And died off like the premium upon a railway share.

A BUNDLE OF DEFINITIONS.

The Seat of Pain.—A seat in the front row of the dress circle of the Adelphi Theatre, judging from first impressions, which they say last the longest, is decidedly the Seat of Pain.

A pew in a fashionable church is a religious ordinary, held every Sunday, price one shilling!

The weathercock, after all, points to the highest moral truth, for it shows man that it is a *vane* thing to *a-spire*.

The Horse Guards are the Bright Pokers of the army. They are kept up exclusively for show, most highly polished, but never intended to go into the thick of the fire.

Sons treat their governors like oysters: they never cease "sticking" them till they have made them "shell out."

The Press of England and the Press of France are both noted for their convictions—but the first are moral convictions, and the second legal ones.

Abd-el-Kader and a Turkey carpet are very much alike. They never come out so strongly, their designs are never so apparent, and their colours never have so much effect, as after a thorough good beating.

The Albert Hat is one of those things very much better described than *felt*.

Many ideas are exceedingly pretty, which, when inquired into, are found, like a necklace of birds' eggs, to hang upon the slightest thread, and to have absolutely nothing in them. Some authors evidently look upon ideas as children do upon birds' eggs—public property which there is no harm in stealing. They string them, too, very much in the same strain—drawing everything they can out of them, and decorating themselves afterwards with the empty shells.

Agricultural Sports.—About Autumn catch your prize labourer, and joke him at your annual Show; put him on a platform, and make good quiet fun of his having brought up sixteen children on five shillings a week for twenty years. Compliment him most highly on his sobriety and all the cardinal virtues, and give him a good-natured dig about his little potato ground. Give him a glass of wine and five shillings; and when you are tired of the absurdity, tell him to sit down, and call up your fattest pig and bull, and sustain the rollick of the day's amusements by awarding them premiums of 10*l*. and 15*l*. each. This is capital sport, and gentlefolks come far and near to see it, only we doubt if the poor labourer sees exactly the fun of it.

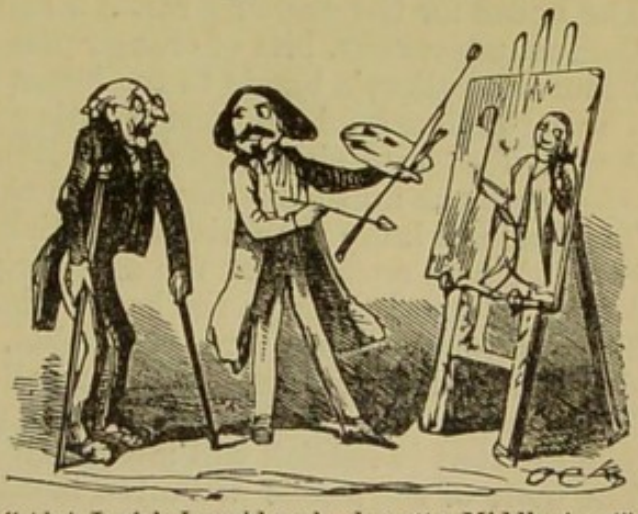
Truefitt on Shakspeare.—An aspiring hairdresser, who has been to see *Romeo and Juliet*, wishes to be informed whether the "parting" which the lady describes to be "such sweet sorrow" was in the middle, or only on one side? We are really unable to say with any certainty; but the faults of lovers, which often lead to a parting, are generally on both sides.

MOVEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.

The Fine Arts are seized at present with a strange movement; they are all going backwards. One would fancy they were retreating, or that they had lost something on the road, and were turning back to pick it up. We scarcely imagine it was worth while going out of their way to embrace the Middle Ages; it shows but little taste on their part. They might as well dress in the costume of that period, and wear Gothic night-caps, and mediæval high-lows, and talk, and write, and flirt in the language of that period, as to attempt to reconcile its hard angular painting (all their pictures look to us like coloured problems —as if Euclid had been their drawing-master) to the spirit of our own times. Imagine portraits of the heroes of the present age in the stiff kitchen-poker style which Messrs. Pugin, Dyce, and such like retrograders, would wish to revive! How would the immortal Simpson look? How would the popular Jim Crow appear to us, when carried two hundred years back? Why! we should not know them again.

Portrait of Jim Crow, after Herbert.

Perhaps this going backwards is for the purpose of enabling the artists to jump farther onwards, as the French proverb says, "*Reculer pour mieux sauter;*" or is it to make the Fine Arts so much younger, by knocking some three hundred years off their age? We always thought that art was of no particular period, but for all time. Antiquated ladies may gain by the above process of youth-making, and we can imagine in our own mind's ear (if the mind has an eye it must have an ear) a very old man saying, but really the Fine Arts should be above such weakness. This love of going backward may account, perhaps, for so few artists getting forward in their profession. Let them turn their backs upon the past, and the future may smile brightly again upon them. The English school of painting will not stand long, if it is built with old materials; some four hundred years old.



"Ah! I wish I could go back to the Middle Age!"

THE FIRST NIGHT OF A PANTOMIME.

'Tis boxing night—every theatre is crammed,
As close as a jelly the people are jammed;
Every corner is full from the roof to the floor,
And money is being refused at the door.
The play of George Barnwell is being gone through,
'Mid the usual regular hullabaloo.
A middle-aged actor appears on the scene,
Representing the weak-minded youth of eighteen;
'Tis true he's past forty, but collars turned down,
With tie *à la* Byron, and wig of light brown,
With whiskers shaved off, and rouge daubed on in plenty,
The old boy of forty looks something like twenty.
But our sympathies, somehow, he doesn't engage,
He's laughed at whenever he comes on the stage;
His uncle they wont let him murder in peace,
But the incident causes a cry of "police."
The uncle elicits no pity at all,
For shouts of rude merriment follow his fall;
And when his assassin has killed him outright,
Some "wag" in the gallery bids him "good night."
The pathos of Trueman, though good of its sort,
Is met with proposals for cutting it short;
And Barnwell goes off to be hanged 'mid a cry
Of "shame," "turn him out," "serve him right" and "good-bye."
The pantomime now is awaited by all;
The house for the overture raises a call;
Confusion prevails, bits of orange-peel flit
From the gallery's hands to the heads of the pit;
The cat-call so loud, and the whistle so shrill,
Are blended with shouts such as "Bob, where's your 'Bill!'"
At length the musicians have taken their seats,
The leader a lamp with his fiddle-stick beats;
Such silences ensues that the dropping of pins
Might be heard through the house when the playing begins.
The overture's always a musical salad,
A mixture of Polka, Cachuca, and ballad:
If the season has furnished a popular air,
The ear that is ticklish will meet with it there.
The taste of the public will often insist on
A *solo* for trumpet or *cornet-à-piston*,
Which, played well or ill, from the audience draws,
At Christmas, a general round of applause;
During holiday time you can never do wrong
If even a passage you gave to the gong,
Or formed a quartette most delicious and tender,
With poker, and shovel, and tongs, and the fender.

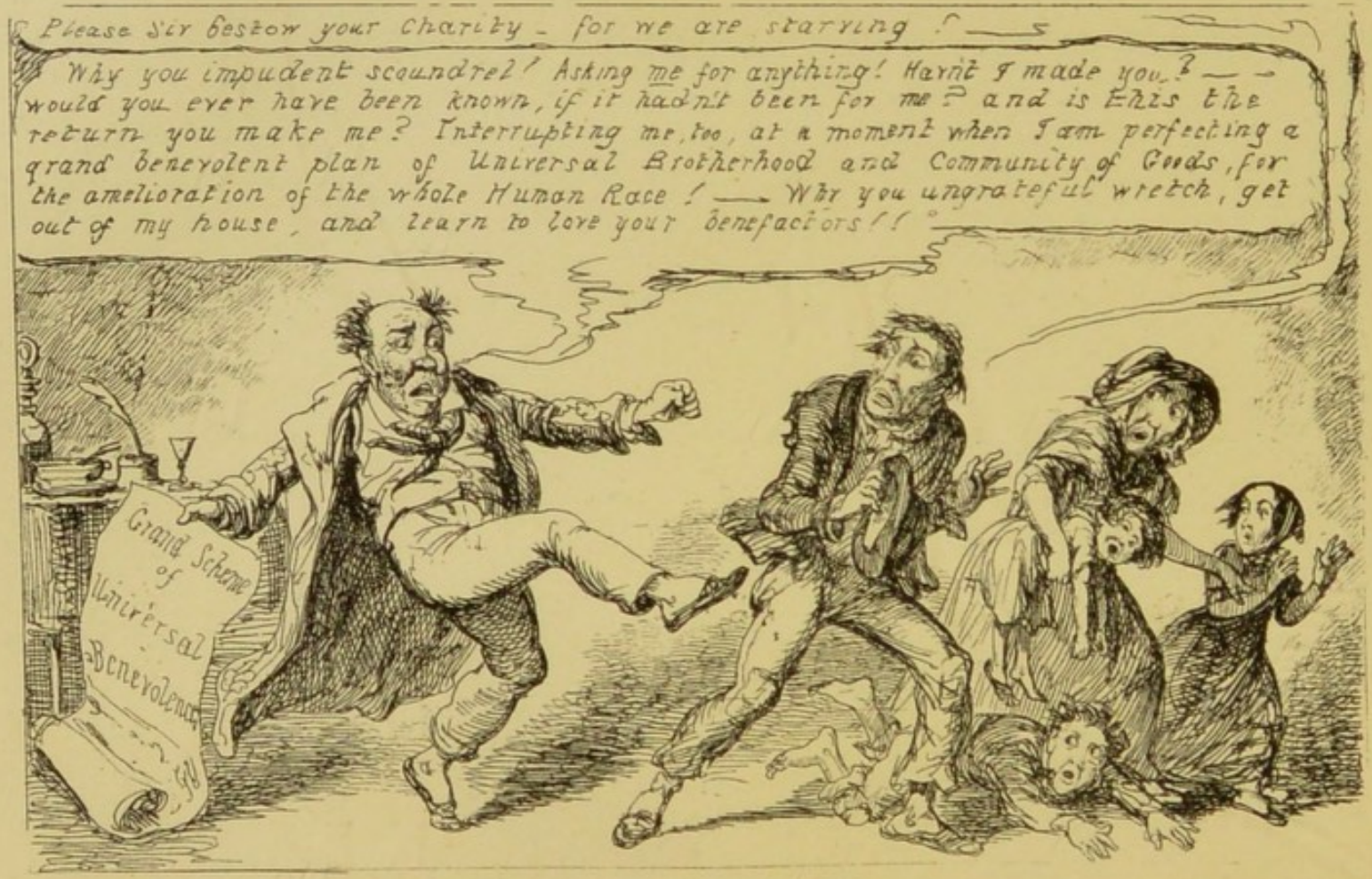
The overture's finished, the curtain's ascended,
A scene is before us exceedingly splendid.
A lovely princess is reduced to despair
At long being wooed by a man she can't bear,
A wretch in a mask with inelegant features,
That are found nowhere else but in pantomime creatures;
But after the lady there constantly dangles
A youth whose thin calves are bedizened with spangles;
For under his cloak his legs we discover,
And "afterwards harlequin" peeps through the lover.

Of course the princess has a father severe,
With a mouth quite extending from ear unto ear;
His head is terrific, and, monstrous surprise,
If you look down his mouth you'll distinguish his eyes.
And as to his voice, if its source you should trace,
You'll find it proceeds from a very odd place—
A sort of incision just under his chin,
Through which he sends forth a most horrible din.
The choice of his daughter he does not approve,
And nothing the heart of the tyrant will move;
The lovers are both to despair giving way,
When of splendid machinery there's a display.
Some clouds from the stage unexpectedly rise,
While a sort of pavilion descends from the flies;
But somehow or other, it seems, in the air,
Their machine always is out of repair;
The clouds make a hitch, and refuse to expand,
Or the flying pavilion is brought to a stand.
The obstacle soon is surmounted, when straight
A fairy appears—the expounder of fate.
She bids the fair lady abandon her gloom,
And the aspect of columbine quickly assume;
At which the princess, being gone to the wing,
Has the whole of her dress dragged away by a string;
Then in petticoats wondrously short she advances,
And gives at the house the most sunny of glances.
To the youth in the spangles the fairy next speaks,
And bids him of harlequin practise the freaks;

The shape he assumes, and attention to win,
His head he sets off in a wonderful spin—
So rapidly twisting and twirling it round,
That we wonder it does not drop off on the ground.
The father and friend are let loose on the town,
As pantaloon one—and the other as clown;
A loud "here we are!" gains a general shout,
Pantaloon says his mother's aware he is out;
And then, 'mid a mutual kicking of shins,
The fun of the pantomime fairly begins.
Of course there's a baker who's robbed by the clown;
Of course there's an image-tray coolly pushed down;
Of course there's a baby crushed flat as a flounder;
Of course there's a lady with pickpockets round her;
Of course there's a pie, and of course (who could doubt of it?)
Directly it's opened, live pigeons fly out of it;
Of course there's a window, and steadfastly view it,
Of course you'll see harlequin neatly jump through it;
Of course there's an uproar, and then, to enrich it,
Of course there's a clamour for "Tippitywitchet;"
Of course it's encored, and, it need not be said,
Of course we're indulged with "Hot Codlins" instead;
Of course they all meet in the Cave of Despair,
And of course no one knows how they ever got there;
And of course the last scene is the Realms of Delight,
And of course there's a hope that you'll come every night;
And of course the kind fairy appears once again,
But why, she of course don't attempt to explain;
Of course she propitiates "all her kind friends."
The curtain then falls, and the pantomime ends.

CHANGE.

How many minds has Julia got?
'Tis really hard to say;
But she must have a precious lot—
She changes one each day!



THE UNIVERSAL PHILANTHROPIST.

THE UNIVERSAL PHILANTHROPIST.

PHILANTHROPY, how pleasant is thy name!
How often have I sat up half the night
Some panegyric on thee to indite,
Until I've warmed myself into a flame
Enough to melt my heart within my frame.
Yes, on the subject I delight to dwell,
Penning those sentiments that always tell—
Calling on wealth to wear the blush of shame,
Because 'tis sometimes slow to "give, give, give"
The means whereby the famished poor may live.
Philanthropy! thy dictates I obey;
To pay thee homage I shall never cease;
(*To "Poor Man."*)
"Give you a penny! Nonsense! get away;
If you're not off I'll call for the police!"

THE CITY "FAST MAN."

MR FADDLE is a distinguished member of the Stock Exchange, and decidedly one of the "fastest men" in the City. He makes his appearance in the City at about half-past eleven every day; strolls about the neighbourhood of the Bank, with his hands in the pockets of his coat-tails; takes a sandwich at the Auction Mart, or oysters in Finch Lane; and goes away about three, with the idea that he has been very busy. We first met him at the Hanover Square Rooms. His dress was rather peculiar; and at the first glance you said (to yourself), "This is no common man;" and it is rather singular that the more you knew of him, the more you became confirmed in that opinion. His coat was very long in the waist, with singularly capacious sleeves; his neck-cloth very narrow; and his whiskers a triumph of art in the curling line. His waistcoat was considerably larger than any you ever saw, except on an ostler; his shirt was embroidered and very transparent, with some pink substance underneath, that made one fancy he had recently been using the flesh-brush very vigorously. His trousers were very tight about the legs; and his boots very tight about the feet. The first remark he made was on a young lady, who he said was "a good stepper." He next stated

that he had been at the "Corner" all day: on our inquiring where that was, he said, with a contemptuous look, "Tattersall's, to be sure!" He then told us that Lord Levant's "Wide Awake" was a likely horse for the Leger; and said, if we were doing anything on it, we had better not lay out our money on Captain Spavin's "Flare Up." His next inquiry was if we knew Tom Spraggs? and upon our answering in the negative, he ejaculated, quite loud, "Don't he drive cattle, that's all?" We fancied at first that Mr. Spraggs might be a drover, but abandoned the idea in favour of its being some technical term we did not understand. Here the conversation flagged, and to resuscitate it we made a remark on Mr. Faddle's coat-studs, and asked what they were made of? "Teeth," he said. "Teeth!" we could not help exclaiming; "what teeth?" "Why, foxes' teeth, to be sure," he said, turning away with an air of infinite disgust, and never spoke to us again.

We watched him at supper, and found he did not wait on other people much, but took great care of himself. We heard him offer to get a spaniel of some extraordinary breed for a young lady; but he never thought of asking her if she would take anything, though he was eating all the while himself. His appetite, in fact, was rather extensive. He partook largely of the substantials, then addressed himself to the plovers' eggs and lobster salads, and finished with a deep tankard of beer, which he called "malt." Later in the evening we thought a strong odour of tobacco pervaded the hall, and going out we found the "fast man" with a "weed in his off-cheek," as he elegantly expressed it, just preparing to start. His dog-cart was at the door, he jumped in, the small tiger (quite a portable boy) climbed up behind, Mr. Faddle blew a few loud notes with his post-horn, and we saw him no more.

EXPRESSIVE CHINESE PROVERBS.

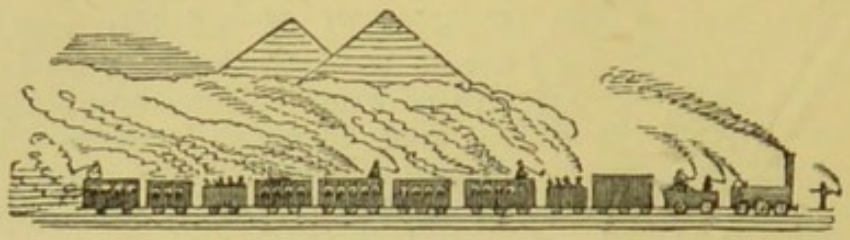
New milk is not got from a statue.
An emperor may have the measles.
A disobedient son is a mad bull tied to his father's pigtail.
The man who breaks his egg in the centre is a fool.
He who marries an angry woman must sleep in a bed of fireworks.
One bird's-nest in the soup is worth two hundred in the bush.
A wise man at court is like a mermaid in a ball-room.
Carrying a peacock on your head does not make you a nobleman.
Teaching a woman scandal is like teaching a kettle to boil.
A comet can be caught any time by putting a little salt on its tail.
Ambition is like hunting for fleas.
If a golden key wont open a woman's heart, try one of brass.
Shave with a file, if you like, but don't blame the razor.
Looking into the future is like giving a blind man a pair of spectacles to see through a millstone.
The hasty man drinks his tea with a fork.

AN IMAGINARY RUN ON A TURKISH RAILWAY.

FORMATION of the new railway across the Isthmus of Suez is suggestive of some curious speculation as to the mode in which business will be conducted by the Turks, whose tree of knowledge is rather green upon such matters, and may get its owners into a line from which it will not be easy to extricate themselves.

The Lamp of Aladdin, of course, will be used as a safety signal, and the bow-string (that "great moral engine" which draws everybody in the East into one common terminus) as a signal of danger. It is also understood that the celebrated "Slave of the Ring" will be posted by turns at the different stations to announce the arrival of the trains; and that in place of the electric telegraph, the celebrated telescope of Prince Ali (which beat Lord Rosse's hollow) will be used in conjunction with the Prince Hassein's carpet to discover accidents and despatch assistance; while the apple of Prince Ahmed, which cured all diseases, will be used for the relief of the sufferers. The solemnity of Eastern manners will have a singular effect among the—to us—every-day associations connected with railway travelling. We can fancy a director, on a dividend day, exclaiming, "Holy Profit!" but we can *not* fancy the chairman and directors dining together afterwards at the Bosphorus Blackwall, wherever that may be, without wine or whitebait, and getting through the gormandizing process with their fingers. Then, on coming away, what a tedious process it must be; the finding of the slippers which have been left in the hall—an annoyance which an English director could imagine if he had ever been obliged to leave a festive party at the Crown and Sceptre in a small Wellington and a big Blucher, belonging to other gentlemen. Of course, the subordinates on the line will be equally polite with their betters. As a train arrives at a station, the Oriental guard will rise from his chibouk, and say, with a profound salaam, "Kosh Amedid! You are welcome!" and express a hope to the party, Pasha or highly-fed Aga, as they alight from the first-class carrages, that their respective shadows may never be less—which, by the way, to men who are wont to indulge in habitual oxen, stuffed with perpetual pistachio nuts, is rather an uncharitable wish than otherwise. Then the official will solemnly approach the second class, and exclaim, "Mashallah, oh ye gents—(there are doubtless gents in the East)—but are the tickets of the faithful ready?" and add, on receiving them, "Bishmillah, the Mare of Mahomet be praised!" To the third class, where the unbelievers will throng, the expression will be—"Allah is great, and

Mahomet is his Prophet. Dogs of Christians, tickets!" Reversing the English custom, a carriage must be set apart in every train for the infidels who do *not* smoke.



THE POTATO ITSELF AGAIN.

We are glad to announce the recovery of the Potato. It has been too long absent from the festive board, and we are sure its re-appearance at the dinner table will be hailed with all the warmth of a public friend, whose generous nature enables thousands to keep the pot boiling all the year round. How rejoiced the Baked Leg of Mutton will be to embrace its old companion once more! The two agree so well that they never should be separated. We can imagine the pans and kettles too, which have been growing rather rusty in its absence, will now brighten up again at its return, and bless "its dear eyes," *à la* T. P. Cooke, to see it looking so well. In Ireland its recovery will be quite a national feast. The "whole biling" of them will be, let us hope, in every man's mouth. In England, also, it will be a guest everywhere, from the palace to the potato-can. England is proud of its Champion; and justly—for no Champion strips so quickly for his rounds as the Potato. May it never leave us again! We could well spare a better vegetable.

HOW TO MAKE SURE TO WIN.

A TALE OF A FAT CATTLE SHOW.

The other day, in some country town,
A husbandman, who owned the name of Brown,
Had such a heifer as was never matched
In all the homesteads round;
So fine a head, such legs, and buttocks clean,
Small-boned, well-fleshed, its peer was never seen,
Juste milieu—fat and lean.
Farmers admired, and graziers praised galore.
Until the lucky owner vowed and swore,
"The lowest price for't wor a hundred pound."

But we all know that love can't get fat upon flowers,
And the heifer was found to fatten on praise.
Rent day *would* come round,
Yet no hundred pound
Appearing—our farmer "flared up" to a blaze,
And getting a hint the "stumpy" to raise,
Thought the very best way to get the best price
Was to dabble a bit—he was not very nice—
In a morsel of gambling, and offer his friends
A chance for the prize, which should certainly go
By way of a *raffle*—five guineas a throw.

Great was the clatter, the noise and array,
Of farmers at dinner the next market day.
The host of the Crown
In Diddleton town
Counted up on his fingers that forty sat down
To devour his hot roast and to drink his best ale,
Whilst they talked over crops, or reckoned the sale
Of their hay and their oats,
And the eels from their moats,
Of their lucerne, their tares,
Their apples, their pears,
Their boars and their sows,
Their calves and their cows;
But one and all joined, when the dinner had past,
In the cry "Now the raffle; who'll win her at last?"
But amidst all the noise one farmer was still,
Till he'd given his stomach a right hearty fill.
Then from deep 'neath his waistcoat a deeper voice stuttered,
"Cousin Stumps, thou'lt be in't, mind, and I'll share wi' you,
And Hodge, bo', you've paid, and I'm halves wi' you too.
And as for *my* meaning, I'se just dropped the tin,
And wi' your luck and mine I feel cock-sure to win.
I doant come from Yorkshire for nothing, you know—
It's just three to one that I win on the throw;
And my luck, which has stood up so mony a time,
Makes me sure in a hour the beast 'll be mine."

"Clear off the dishes and cloth in a trice;
Bring in the grog and bring in the dice,
Two, three, four, and seven,
Eight, ten, and eleven."
The dice rattle down, and the numbers are told,
One after another the farmers are *sold*.
Till it's Farmer York's turn,
And his digits they burn

To handle the box and to give it the twist
That at old Crockford's College is taught to the wrist.
The ivories clatter—
All silence their chatter,
As they see with surprise and vexation enow,
How Dame Fortune will always well grease the fat sow.
The gamble is done—
Fat Yorkshire has won!
And the heifer, the glory of Diddleton town,
Is to trudge to his straw-yard from that of old Brown.
"Stop awhile," halloos Stumps, "half York's chance was mine,
And, safe enough, Hodge, t'other half must be thoine:
He went 'halves' in my chance, and he went shares in yours;
And he's won the prize heifer to make it all ours.
He don't come from Yorkshire for nothing, you see,
But makes 'cock sure to win'—for you and for me."

MORAL.

Now all good youths and maidens, pray,
Who this true story scan,
Remember what I'm going to say,
And act on't—if you can;
Still on life's chequered strange highway,
Whatever path you cross,
Don't be too greedy, or you may
Make sure to win—*a loss.*

WHAT A GENTLEMAN MAY DO, AND WHAT HE MAY NOT DO.

He may carry a brace of partridges, but not a leg of mutton.

He may be seen in the omnibus-box at the Opera, but not on the box of an omnibus.

He may be seen in a stall inside a theatre, but not at a stall outside one.

He may dust another person's jacket, but mustn't brush his own.

He may kill a man in a duel, but he mustn't eat peas with his knife.

He may thrash a coalheaver, but he mustn't ask twice for soup.

He must pay his debts of honour, but he needn't trouble himself about his tradesmen's bills.

He may drive a stage-coach, but he mustn't take or carry coppers.

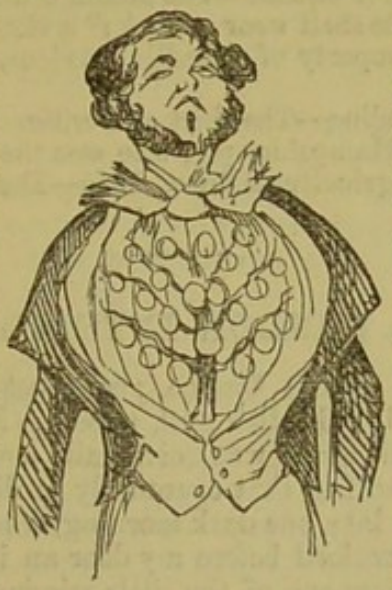
He may ride a horse as a jockey, but he mustn't exert himself in the least to get his living.

He must never forget what he owes to himself as a gentleman, but he need not mind what he owes as a gentleman to his tailor.

He may do anything, or anybody, in fact, within the range of a gentleman—go through the Insolvent Debtors Court, or turn billiard-marker; but he must never on any account carry a brown paper parcel, or appear in the streets without a pair of gloves.

SHIRTICULTURE.

A NEW branch of the Fine Arts has lately flourished, which we do not know how to designate by any better name than SHIRTICULTURE. It is the art of painting on shirts — an art which cannot fail to go to the bosom of every one who enters at all into it. It was a favourite maxim of Buffon, that "*Le style c'est l'homme.*" With all due respect to one who dressed animals in the finest language, we beg to say, that nowadays "*La chemise c'est l'homme.*" The shirt is the man. Depend upon it, that shortly the particular profession, trade, penchant, or weakness of every one, will be laid bare to the whole world upon his breast. The gent has nearest to his heart a ballet-girl; and the sportsman is immediately detected by the last winner of the Derby peeping through his "Dickey." The noble game of cricket has been got up on a piece of lawn, no bigger than your chest; and we have seen Jack Sheppard breaking through a pub- lican's shirt-front. Rowing matches not unfrequently run down the back of a river swell; and we know a gentleman who never appears on the turf without a whole steeple-chase gal- loping right over him, with a tremendous hun- ter jumping over each shoulder. The rage for pictorial shirts will ultimately spread over everybody in the king- dom. Men of noble descent will be draw- ing out their genea- logical tree on a square of fine calico; and ad- mirers of the "Fancy" will be putting their pet bull-dogs into muslin. We shall have heraldic shirts, theatrical shirts, military shirts, archæo- logical and antiquarian shirts, temperance and convivial shirts, and shirts with portraits of puppy-dogs, men, par- rots, and women. We shall have artists in shirts, as we have artists in hair; and every washerwoman's drying- ground will be an exhi- bition, to which the pub- lic will be admitted without having to pay a shilling to witness the pictures. A catalogue, in fact, could be drawn up, and might run as follows:—



THE GENEALOGICAL SHIRT.

EXHIBITION OF SHIRTS IN THE WASHING ACADEMY OF MRS. TUBBS AND JACK TOWELL, ESQ., BALL'S POND.

1. Portrait of a Fat Cook, in the possession of A 1 and B 2.
2. A Lion's Head, sketched from a celebrated door-knocker in Portland Place, which was taken off on November 15, 1842, by a noble marquis.
3. Cleopatra, a beautiful pug, and Sulky Bob, a lovely terrier, belonging to the Houndsditch Stunner.
4. The Last o' Peel—Sir Robert tendering his resignation to Her Majesty.
5. Leg of mutton and trimmings—the shirt of an alderman.
6. Views of Canterbury and York cathedrals—The two sleeves of a bishop.

7. A Soldier's Beer, and Relieving Guard; the shirt of two Blues—The souvenirs of a housemaid.

8. "'Till so gently stealing;" Jack Sheppard helping himself in Mr. Wood's shop—The shirt of a young gentleman in Field Lane.

9. The Last Man—the property of a life-pill manufacturer.

10. St. George's, Hanover Square—The bosom comforter of a young lady.

11. "When hollow hearts shall wear a mask;" a view of Jullien's Masquerade—A False Front, late the property of a medical student, but now belonging to his cherished Uncle.

12. Distant view of Reading—The shirt of a critic.

13. Polly, a celebrated Hampshire pig, who won the prize for short snouts and curly tails, at the Royal Agricultural Show, 1845—The chemise of Mr. Giblett.

A LONDON INTERIOR.

If you have ever been to the Casino, you must have seen young Watts O'Clock. He aspired, in his Gentish soul, to be "a Fast Man;" and certainly his ambition was gratified, for he was universally looked upon as the "Fastest of the Fast." He went so fast that eventually he disappeared altogether.

I was going home very late, one dark morning, when I heard my name called out. I looked up, and noticed before my door an immense advertising van. The name issued again from one of the little windows at the side, and, lo! I recognised the Roman nose of Watts O'Clock peeping through it. Where there is a nose, I said, there must be a face; and if there is a face, it is highly probable that there is a body somewhere to it.

"Come up, my boy," the same voice and nose continued. I needed no further invitation. In another minute I was inside the van. True enough, it was young Watts. The interior was fitted up not very stylishly, but just as good as any lodging-house. The walls were papered with a handsome pattern, at three-halfpence a yard. In one corner of the room was a turn-up bedstead, and in the other a large sofa. A table and two chairs completed the furniture—with a meerschaum and a lucifer-box.

"Glad to see you," he said; "make yourself at home."

"It's a queer place for home," I could not help saying.

"Not at all. I've been here ten days, and I can assure you it's precious comfortable. No taxes; and rent only three shillings a week; and nothing for attendance. Not an extra, except occasionally a turnpike."

"And it has one advantage, you can go wherever you like, and move as often as you please."

"Exactly. Last night I slept in Drury Lane; the night before in the Borough; to-night, you see, I honour your neighbourhood with a visit; this morning I make a call in Tottenham Court Road, and then on to Gretna Green."

"Gretna Green!" I exclaimed; "whatever is taking you in an advertising van to Gretna Green?"

"A matter of affection," he said, seriously. "Jack, did you ever see an elopement in high life? Well, then, my good fellow, you shall see one this morning. Here, I say, old slowcoach," he exclaimed, putting his head out of the door, and speaking to the driver. "The old shop, Great Russell Street; and take care of the corners, mind. The stupid fool nearly upset the van the other day, driving sharp round Percy Street. I was breakfasting at the time, and received the teapot in my bosom, besides stamping a medal with the exact copy of my features on a pound of butter."

"But how came you here?"

"Why, the constable drove me to it. We had a running match together last week. The long-legged runner of the law was gaining rapidly upon me. I saw Whitecross before me. Fear lent me the rapidity of a mad bull. Every one got out of my way. I bounded through the Little Turnstile like a pea through a tube. I found myself in Holborn. I felt the asthma of the bailiff close behind me. My left shoulder ached with the ague of a thousand writs. There is a touch in human nature which makes all mankind run; and that is the touch of a sheriff's officer. I ran across the road, but lo! an immense tower, a moving house, a mountain on wheels, in short, an advertising van, obstructed my path. Hope whispered into my ear, 'Get into it, you donkey!' In another minute I had jumped over the driver's head, and was inside these hospitable walls. I peeped through one of the eyes of 'Grimstone's Snuff' posters, and saw my pursuer looking wildly for me in every direction, wondering where I had disappeared to. I bought that good driver's silence, and I have remained his tenant ever since. We go on remarkably well together, excepting when he takes a strange turn, and upsets me by his clumsy driving. I stop here, because it is not safe to venture out, and so I have furnished my portable apartment as comfortably as I can." Here the van stopped, and Watts said, "Now, my good fellow, I must trouble you to leave me. This is the house where my flame lives. You see it is burning now in the bedroom window. She elopes with me to-night. I have been courting her now, thanks to that long ladder, for the last week. A modern version of Romeo and Juliet. She has consented to entrust her fortune to me. She is an heiress, as I needn't tell you. But her window opens. Dear creature, how anxiously she's expecting me. Fondest Emily, I fly to you. Leave me, Jackey, and witness this elopement in high life outside my humble habitation." So saying, he ran up the ladder which was perched against the side of the interior of his lodging. I watched him from the street. The top of the monster cart was just on a level with the bedroom windows. A fair form issued out of one. A pair of arms caught the trembling figure, and they disappeared together down the hollow square of the van. The next moment a handkerchief, with a portrait of the winner of the Derby, was waved out of one of the little windows of the vehicle, and I heard Watts's voice call out, "Coachman, Gretna Green!" Whether the van ever reached its destination is a mystery which must remain in darkness for the present.

POPULAR CONTINENTAL DELUSIONS RESPECTING ENGLAND.

That Englishmen never eat anything but "biftecks" and "pomme-de-terres."

That a Lord, when he is displeased with his wife, can take her to Smithfield, and putting a rope round her neck, sell her in the market for a pot of beer, or whatever a drunken drover chooses to bid for her.

That brandy is allowed to be drunk in the House of Lords.

That no daguerreotype can be taken in London, in consequence of the perpetual fogs; and that the church clocks are illuminated for the same obscure reason.

That the only pastry is plum-pudding; the only wine, ale or porter; the only fruit, baked potatoes; the only song, "God Save the Queen," and the only national amusement, boxing.

That no gentleman's establishment is complete without a bull-dog.

That the ladies propose to the gentlemen; that Gretna Green is an omni

bus-ride from London, and that half the marriages in England, those of Royalty and cooks included, are celebrated by The Blacksmith.

That commissions are purchasable in the police force, and that the sons of noblemen are proud to serve in it.

That the result of every dinner-party is for the gentlemen to drop, one by one, underneath the table, after which they are carried upstairs to the ladies.

That half the population is "*milors*," and the other half "*millionaires*."

That there is no English school of painting, excepting that practised by Clowns and Ethiopians.

That the Boy Jones is (if the truth was known) a member of the Royal Family.

That George the Fourth was in the habit of going to the Coal Hole.

That Watt stole his steam-engine from the French; and other absurdities by far too numerous to mention.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

A LITTLE WRINKLE FOR NEXT SESSION.—If the parliamentary privilege of freedom from arrest is done away with, we are afraid that the question of the Jews in a British Parliament will touch not only the prejudices but the persons of certain members too closely ever to be admitted.

CURIOUS DISCOVERY OF A SKELETON.—The perfect skeleton of a goose is found in November next in Thames Tunnel by a police-officer looking for an escaped criminal. The poor animal is supposed to have taken refuge there on Michaelmas day, and to have died of starvation. This little paragraph is written to record its sagacity. Readers, if you have any sympathy, you will drop a tear to the memory of that goose!

WHY do sailors serving in brigs make bad servants?
Because it's impossible for a man to serve *two-masters*.

A NOVELTY.—Prince Albert's pig does not get a prize this year.

THE law is a long Chancery Lane that hath no turning but Portugal Street.

"OUR NATURAL ENEMIES"—tailors.

"THE BOTTLE."—"Ah, my dear fellow, you're gradually drinking yourself into the grave," as the Pint Bottle said to the Quart.

PROVERB JUST IMPORTED FROM BOULOGNE.—A moustache covers a multitude of debts.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Shakspeare.—"What's in a name?"
Widdicombe.—"The continual nuisance of writing your autograph."

FULL-FLAVOURED SIMILE.

MEN are frequently like tea—their real strength and goodness is not properly drawn out of them till they have been for a short time in hot water.

WHO SAYS IT ISN'T?—The reason so many whales are found about the North Pole is, because they supply all the Northern Lights with oil.—*Communicated by a Traveller.*

The Preparatory School for Fast Men.

To teach the young idea how to shoot " smoke, drink, fight, cheat, and the various accomplishments of "regular bricks."

THE

COMIC ALMANACK

FOR 1849.

PROJECTED LINES

TO RUN THROUGH ALL ALMANACKS.

MOVEABLE FEASTS.—The greatest one on record is the Barmecide Feast of Sancho Panza.

FAST-DAYS.—Greenwich Fair at Easter and Whitsuntide, the Derby, the Thames Regatta, balloon days at Cremorne, and masquerade mornings at Jullien's.

CANVASSING THE LIVERY.

MICHAELMAS DAY.—Election of the Lord Mayor—Moses takes his measure, and rushes home to cut up the goose.

LEAP YEAR.—It takes three springs to make one leap year.

PURIFICATION.—It is very curious that the very day after Candlemas should be the anniversary of a "Blaize."

HOLIDAY AT CHANCE. OFFICES.—The English of Chance. is Chancery.

LOW SUNDAY.—Boating on the Thames, or riding in the Park on a hired horse.

OLD MAY DAY.—An exiled Pole in England.

LENT.—To ascertain its beginning and end, you have only to become security for a friend at a Loan Office.

BARTHOLOMEW.—One of the reduced fairs.

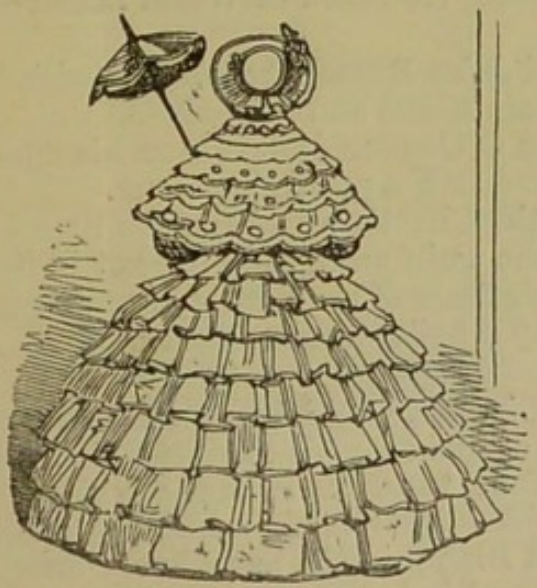
CHRISTMAS.—The Earl of A-db-r-gh presents all his servants with Christmas Boxes—of Holloway's pills.

OLD LADY-DAY.—The only lady whose age is known to a day.

THIS IS WHAT LADIES CALL A MINIATURE BROOCH!!!

FASHIONS FOR 1849.

THE rage for flounces in ladies' dresses will grow deeper and deeper. Two noble Duchesses will compete as to the greater number. They will continue each time bidding one flounce over one another, till their dresses will be nothing but flounces. The fashion is evidently borrowed from the hackney-coachman's cape.

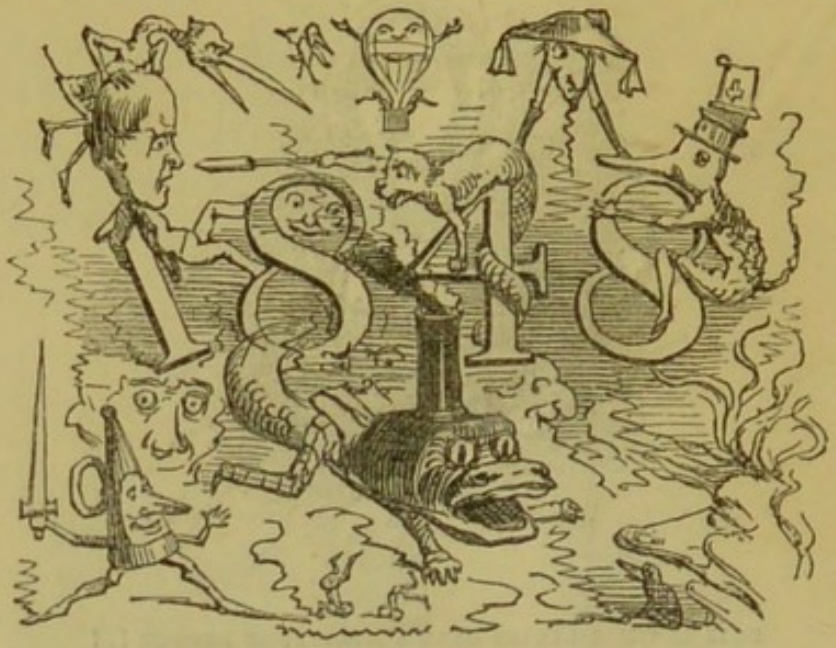


PORTRAIT OF A LADY OF RANK AS SHE WILL APPEAR AT THE HORTICULTURAL FETE NEXT YEAR.

Gentlemen's fashions will remain just the same, that is to say, as ugly as ever.

A DREAM OF THE YEAR.

(AFTER PLANCHE'S "DÆDALUS.")



I'M in such a flutter I scarcely can utter
The words to my tongue that come dancing—come dancing—
I've had such a dream, that it really must seem
To a telegraph e'en like romancing—romancing;
I must have got frisky on Kinahan's whisky,
Although I don't wish you to blab it—to blab it;
Or else 'twas a question of slight indigestion,
Through eating too much of Welsh rabbit—Welsh rabbit.

I dreamt Lord John Russell was dining with Fussell,
To meet Louis Blanc and Alboni—Alboni,
When Feargus O'Connor declared, on his honour,
He'd only had half a polony—polony.
On which all the Chartists and Suffolk Street artists
Ran off to the train and got in it—got in it,
In spite of their fears of the new engineers,
Who blew up a boiler a minute—a minute.

On this, Ben Disraeli, who'd burnt the Old Bailey,
Declined being paid for his trouble—his trouble;
And ran in a funk to the Joss on the junk,
To prove Schleswig-Holstein a bubble—a bubble.
So Barbés and Blanqui both looked very cranky,
Because Jenny Lind chose to marry—to marry;
But Thackeray cried, "If you bother the bride,
I'll wed her at once to John Parry—John Parry."

Female Parliament.

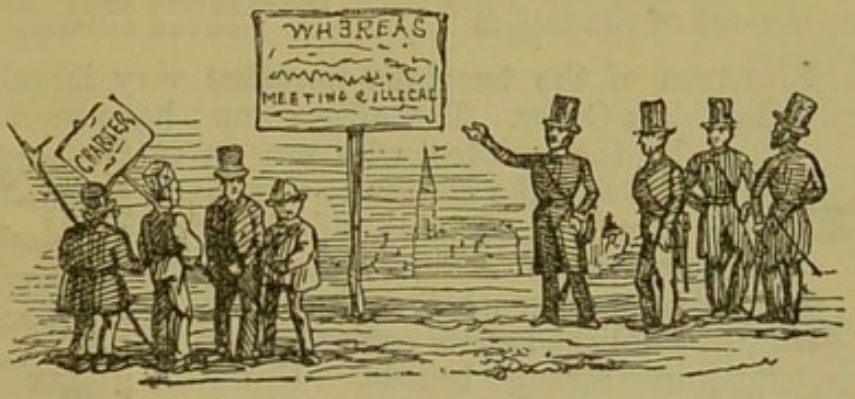
German Parliament.

Irish Parliament

A Sheet of Parliament.

I next had a row, I can scarcely tell how,
With Van Amburgh for showing his lion—his lion,
And stealing a sack from the widow Cormack,
In which she had popp'd Smith O'Brien—O'Brien;
When Soyer came up with a Summerley cup,
Just purchased at Stowe for a shilling—a shilling,
And told the inspector he'd give him some nectar,
Provided they came to no killing—no killing.

Then Anstey arose, and he took off his clothes,
To prepare for a six months' oration—oration;
When Monsieur Dumas said he was but an ass,
To bathe in the Hyde Park stagnation—stagnation.



FOUR-WARNED——,—— FOUR-ARMED.

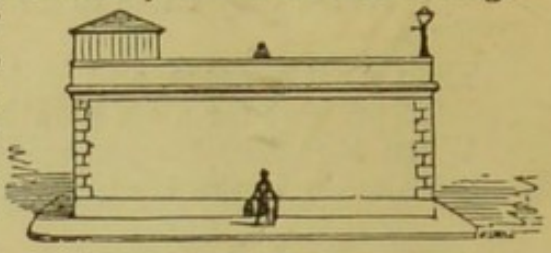
On which hurry-scurry they flew in a hurry,
To shut Mrs. Gore in the Tower—the Tower—
With Juba and Pell, to amuse her as well,
Whilst she wrote fifteen novels an hour—an hour.

But Charles Dickens caught up a plate quick as thought,
And made it spin round on his finger—his finger:
Till Wellington came, and observing his game,
Was afraid any longer to linger—to linger.
So Gilbert A'Beckett swore he would soon check it,
And drew up a statement confessing—confessing,
That all he had done had been nothing but fun,
So Wakley might give him his blessing—his blessing.

I next heard a scream, and a whistle and gleam,
A racketing noise and a humming—a humming;
And then an increase of the railway police
Proved Mr. G. Hudson was coming—was coming.
As he aimed at my head I jumped clean out of bed,
For I knew he would give me no quarter—no quarter;
And a knock at the door as I fell on the floor
Show'd the servant had brought my hot water—hot water.

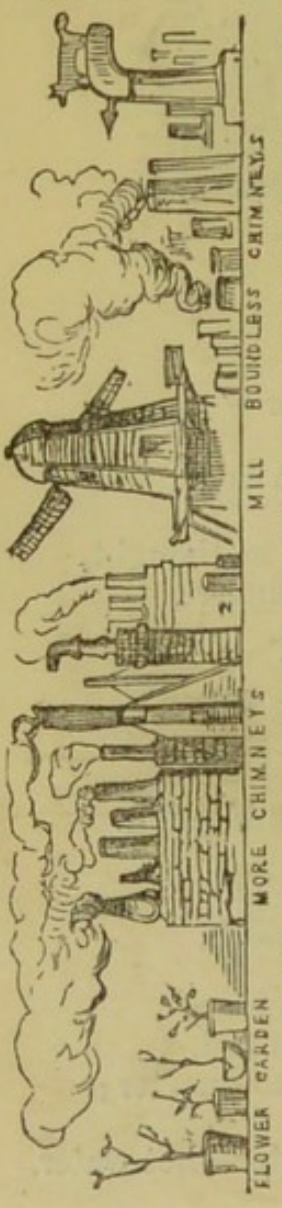
A RAILWAY TRIP IN THE AUTUMN OF 1848 IN SEARCH OF THE PICTURESQUE.

It is not so easy to find the New Waterloo Terminus of the South-Western Railway, but, by dint of innumerable halfpence to innumerable little boys, and chartering several policemen, we found it at last. It is a good day's walk *from* Waterloo Bridge—that is to say, if you cross the river in the morning, you may reach it before the evening; even then you will require to have a guide, or else you will infallibly pass it without ever suspecting that tremendous high wall, with a lamp-post growing out of the top, is



THE TERMINUS OF THE SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

The architecture of the terminus partakes very largely of the impromptu Band-box Order. The offices must have been designed by the architect who ran up in one day the House of Commons Committee Rooms. You imagine innumerable floors must have been torn up, for all the works published at this office are bound in strong boards. However, they look very light and airy, though hardly adapted, we should say, to stand against a strong wind. It would be a curious sight to see, some day next March, a covey of railway offices winging their way down the Strand in the direction of Birdcage Walk.

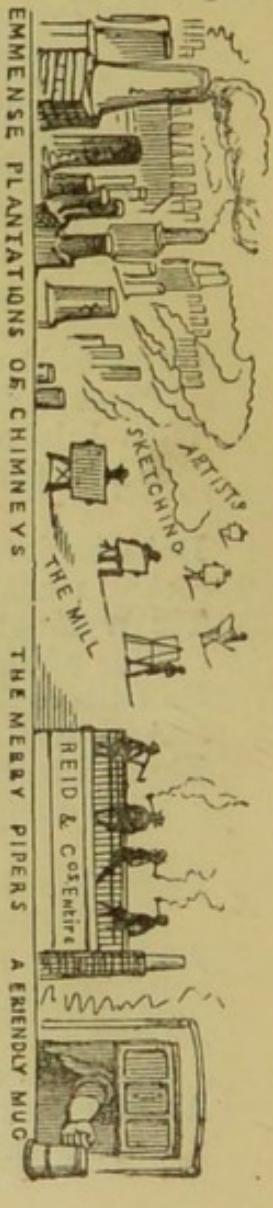


But the railway is whistling to us. Suppose we take a four-penny trip down the line to view the

SPLENDID SCENERY FROM WATERLOO BRIDGE TO NINE-ELMS.

We believe there is nothing like it in the world, excepting the Blackwall line.

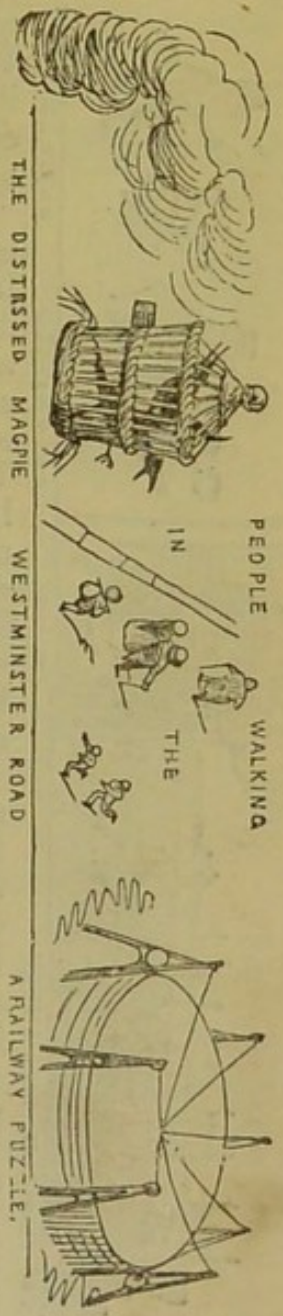
We will jot down right and left the principal beauties that most enchant us on this picturesque little railway, which is certainly the most laconic line



that was ever sent through the electric post by one company to another.

We are sitting with our backs (though, by-the-bye, we have but one back) to the New Cut; the fertile district of Lambeth is on one side, the milky river on the other.

We were quite taken aback with the immense forest of chimneys which the engine cuts through like so much brush wood; they seem to be the only vegetation of the place. It is easy to distinguish the chimneys that have been recently stacked from those of previous years' crops. A curious windmill, supposed to have attained the age of three hundred and twenty, meets the left eye. It is quite the Methuselah of windmills. Cockney artists come from far and near to ask it to give them a sitting.



Your right eye will not fail to light up with the group of merry pipers that are sitting on the roof of the "Duke of Wellington." Their bright tankards sparkle in the sun, with which they moisten their respective clays. They present a pleasing picture of the happy peasantry of the suburbs. One laughing fellow presents his tankard to us, but we are obliged to refuse it, from the reason that the railway will not stop to allow us to take it.

An immense volume of smoke from a supposed brewery, though the perfume from the brewery is not particularly hoppy, is at the present moment delivered to the public in numbers. The passenger, if he is wise, will shut his eyes, and not open them again till he sees that it has quite blown over.

A magpie in a wicker cage, suspended from an attic window, is worth the passing sympathy of the third-class passenger. The first-class ditto can have no sympathy, from the obvious fact that he cannot see anything (Mem. To enjoy nature, there is nothing like the third-class; to enjoy a good snooze, there is nothing like

the first.) We do not envy that poor magpie, with the engine rushing by him all day long. See how he crouches into the corner of his prison! And hark! he has learnt the railway whistle. Wretched bird! thou canst not have a pleasant life of it. How willingly, methinks, thou wouldst hop the twig, if thou couldst!

But what is that? It looks like a large game of scratch-cradle—but no, it isn't—it is merely the top of a gas factory. We wonder if they take off the lids of those immense black cauldrons, when they want to see how the pot boils?

Behold how contentedly that man is smoking his pipe, with his bare arms resting on the parapet of the railway, as if it were a cushion. The train rushes screaming by him, but not an eye winks, not a nerve shakes. The pipe still hangs from the lips of that iron man—well adapted to live so close and be, a railway sleeper. By-the-bye, it cannot be pleasant to have an engine almost touching your bedroom window whilst you are shaving!

Look to your right, you will see the Houses of Parliament, the Barrycade of Westminster that has now been up for six years, and likely to remain up for thirty more. The bird you see on the top is a crane. It is sacred hereabouts, and is highway robbery if any one attempts to dislodge it.

The Thames is worth looking at; but you must be quick, for unless you look down that narrow street before the train passes it, you will not see it. The silver speck—like a half-crown—you see at the end of that lane is the Thames.

Turn quick to the left; you will perceive what an Englishman most delights in—a fight.

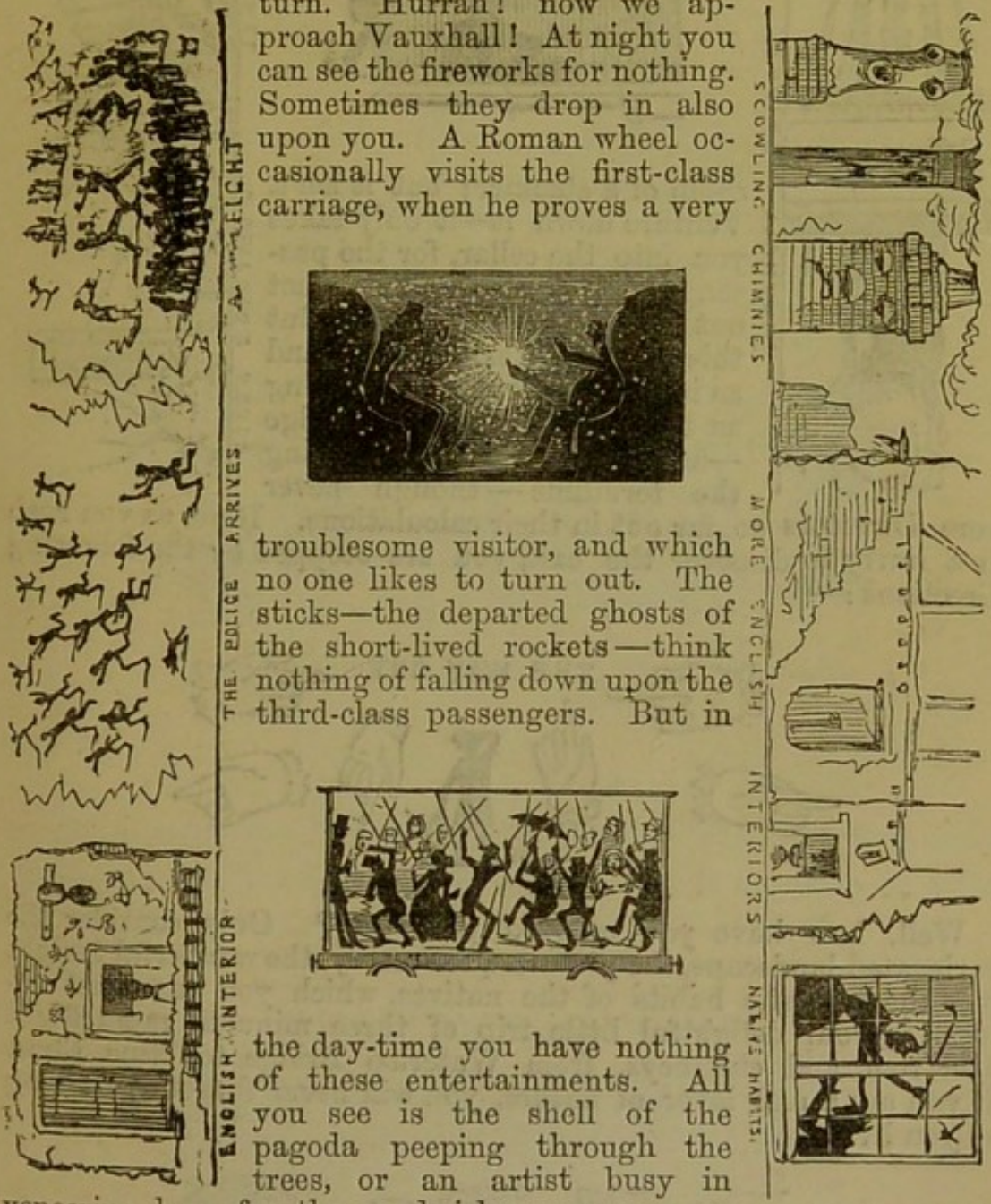
Bah! you're too late; the Policeman has emerged from some invisible spot, and the fight is adjourned. One man in blue disperses five hundred Britons.

You will see plenty of English Interiors on each side of the country. They display all varieties of paper, mostly at a half-penny a yard. How desolate the fireplaces look, and yet they are interesting, as the last abiding-places of the grate must always be.

How ferocious those chimneys look!—they give you quite a turn. Hurrah! now we approach Vauxhall! At night you can see the fireworks for nothing. Sometimes they drop in also upon you. A Roman wheel occasionally visits the first-class carriage, when he proves a very

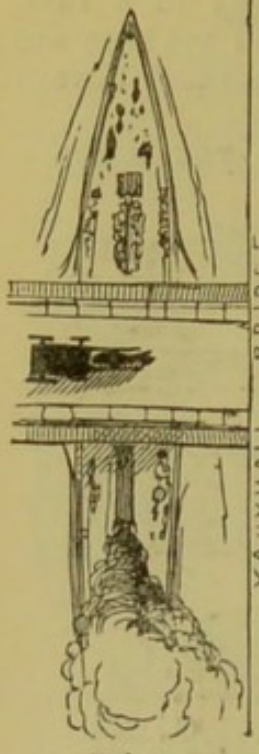
troublesome visitor, and which no one likes to turn out. The sticks—the departed ghosts of the short-lived rockets—think nothing of falling down upon the third-class passengers. But in

the day-time you have nothing of these entertainments. All you see is the shell of the pagoda peeping through the trees, or an artist busy in veneering ham for the sandwiches; or you may get a small view of the airy abode of Il Diavolo, who led such a wire-drawn existence.



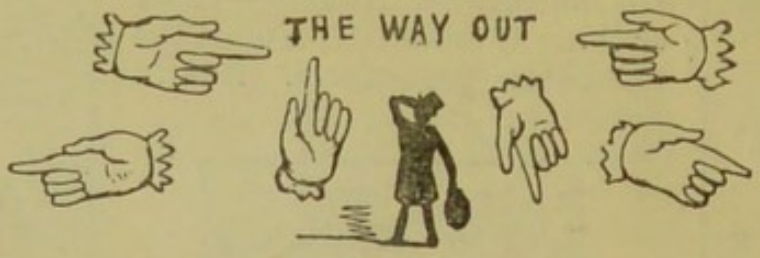
Holla! there's a cab coming over Vauxhall Bridge, and a steamer going underneath it. The horse still carries it over steam occasionally.

Now, you have reached the Vauxhall terminus. But which

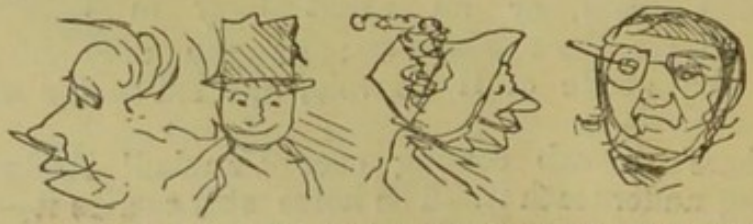


is the way out? There, down that trap. Why, it looks like the

cabin of a steamer; but it isn't. Venture down it—it only takes you into the cellar, for the passengers at this station are shot out through a dry arch. But this species of exit—underhand as it is—is not half so perplexing as the one at Waterloo Bridge—as they will persist in calling the terminus—though never were Directors so far out in their calculations. Here, as you rush in a hurry to discover the exit, you are stopped by the following directions:—



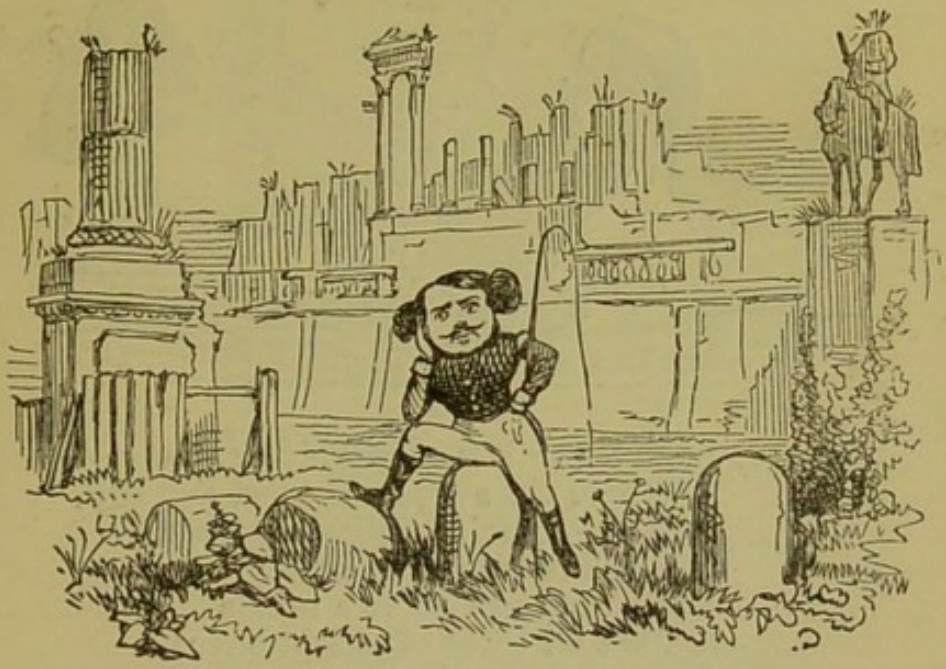
Well, how have you enjoyed your trip? Only consider the variegated landscape, the picturesque scenery, the wonderful insight into the domestic habits of the natives, which you have just enjoyed in your delightful little trip of three minutes' rapid flight over roof and chimneys, from Waterloo Bridge to Nine Elms. If you are a real lover of nature, you will never forget it as long as you live.



RAILWAY PORTRAITS, TAKEN AT THE RATE OF FIFTY MILES AN HOUR.

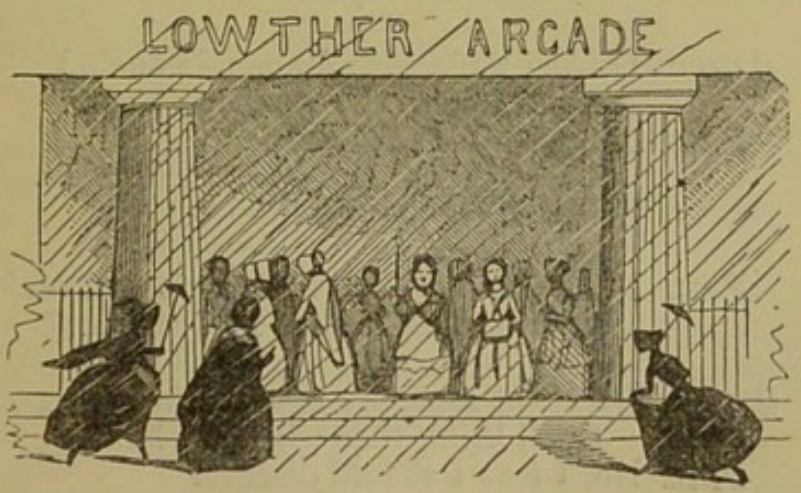
EMIGRATION CARRIED TO AN ABSURD EXTENT.

OR,



WIDDICOMBE SITTING AMONGST THE RUINS OF LONDON.

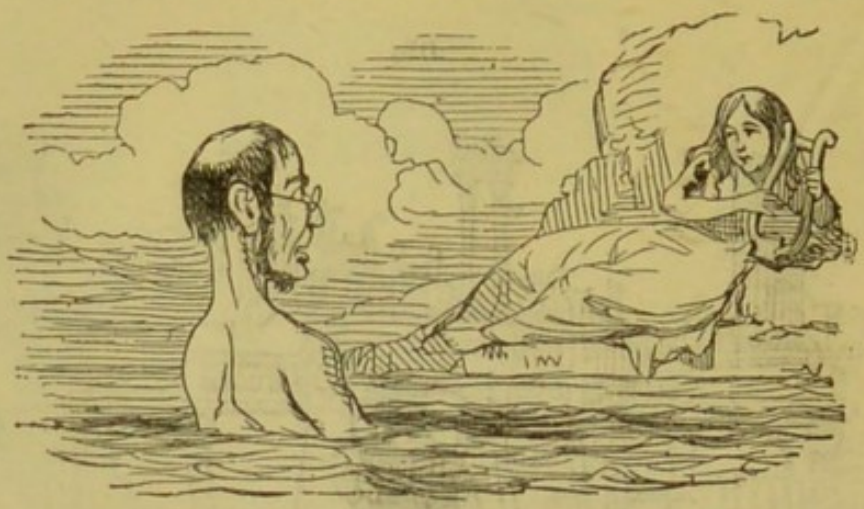
An Asylum for Stranded Passengers.—The Lowther Arcade has been called the Gents' Umbrella. Might it not also be called the Ladies' Parasol?



THE HAUNT OF THE REINDEER.

THE SYREN AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

A MARINE DUET.



SYREN. Here beneath the deep blue waters
Where the sea-plants twist and curl,
And the ocean's loveliest daughters
Dwell in palaces of pearl,
Come unto me. I've a notion
That for those of mortal birth
Fairer far must be the ocean
Than the dry and stupid earth.

PHIL. No, fair Peri; I have lectured
On each scientific theme,
And propounded, and conjectured—
Showed the air-pump, gas, and steam.
But, to make my story shorter,
I was taught, e'en in my teens,
When the nose is under water
Suffocation supervenes.

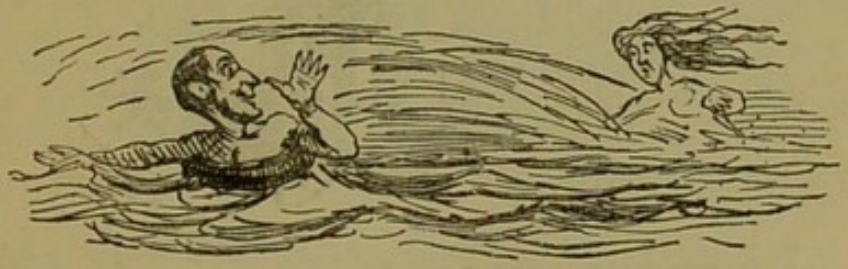
SYREN. Golden halls with diamonds dusted
Shall rejoice thy wondering eyes.
PHIL. No, with barnacles encrusted,
There each foundered treasure lies.
SYREN. Every costly jewel twinkles
In the ocean's caverns green.
PHIL. No, there's naught but weeds and winkles
On those rocks that I have seen.

SYREN. Daintiest food, my mortal lover,
I will bring thee with this hand.
PHIL. No, I fear I should discover
'Midst the viands too much sand.

SYREN. I will love thee well and dearly,
Sing thee songs of music rare.
PHIL. No, acoustics prove most clearly
Sound exists alone in air.

SYREN. Sea-born nymphs shall serve your table—
Syrens of the fairest mien.
PHIL. I assure you 'tis a fable,
Mermaids yet have ne'er been seen.
One there was in Piccadilly,
Half a fish, and half an ape;
You must think me very silly
To believe in such a shape.

SYREN. Horrid science! ever giving
Negatives to fancies fair;
Yet, if I can't have thee living—
Dead, my kingdom you shall share.
I will raise the waters o'er thee;
See, they rise! you have no boat.
PHIL. But I swim away before thee,
Furnished with a Patent Float!



A LITTLE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEM.

Bagman (*with his bill*). "I say, waiter, haven't you charged me as a gentleman?"

Waiter. "Oh! no,—as a commercial traveller, sir."

TO DESCRIBE A CIRCLE ROUND A GIVEN POINT.—Get into a cab, and order the driver to take you to the Bank of England.

HOW TO SEE JENNY LIND'S PORTRAIT.—Visit an affected mother; let the subject of your conversation be the Opera, and she is sure to introduce one of her daughters who is universally acknowledged to be the "exact picture of Jenny Lind."

INCREDIBLE TESTIMONIAL.

THE EARL OF OLDBUFFOUGH'S DAUGHTER'S DOLL

CURED BY THE USE OF

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT, ROWLAND'S KALYDOR AND MACASSAR,
GRIMSTONE'S EYE SNUFF,
PARR'S LIFE PILLS, STOLBERG'S VOICE LOZENGES, ETC.

MORRISON'S PILLS—A GREAT REDUCTION ON TAKING A QUANTITY.

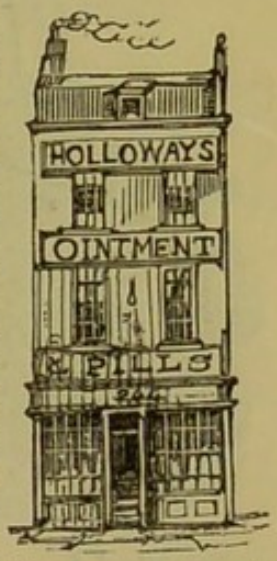
EXTRACT from an interesting Letter from Lady AMELIA (the lovely Daughter of the venerable Earl of OLDBUFFOUGH) to her Cousin, Lady ARAMINTA LAMB.

"NAPLES, *9th of October*, 1848.

"MY DEAREST, DEAREST, DEAREST, EVER FONDEST ARAMINTA,—On my arrival here I was *so* sorry to learn that my darling doll had been thrown out of the carriage, and sadly hurt by the fall; but I must tell you, first of all, she had been terribly upset by the shaking of the steam-vessel, for she tumbled out of her berth, and it was a thousand mercies she was not smashed into a thousand pieces. As it was, the shock was too much for her delicate nerves, and she was laid up for a month in a drawer. Her beautiful ringlets (auburn, you will recollect) all fell off. Her lovely complexion had completely gone from dropping into the sea, and her pretty eyelids, once so quick, would neither open nor shut, though I tried pins and everything I could think of to make her open them. Oh, Araminta darling, believe me when I assure you I was tossed about so madly that I was completely bouleversé.

"I was quite distracted with the fearful change. I called in the assistance of the most experienced Italian doll-makers, but their remedies were unavailing. My little pet gradually got worse, when mamma's French maid, Smith, per-

suaded me to apply to my sister's toilet-table for restoratives. After several applications of Macassar Oil to her bald head, I cannot tell you how delighted I was to perceive the hair beginning to grow again. I jumped for joy. I was quite a little mad thing for the space of ten minutes! But I persevered, and now (thanks be to that sweet Rowland) her ringlets are just as beautiful as ever, with this slight difference, that they are now jet black instead of the light auburn they formerly were. The little dear looks all the better for the change of hair. Still its complexion was *so* very bad, I did not like to take her out with me into society at all. Smith again, like a good creature, recommended me to try some of Rowland's Kalydor. I did. I washed the darling's face with it every morning for a week, and you will scarcely believe it, but it is no story, when I assure you that my doll has quite resumed her pristine bloom, and is now as pure and as lovely as ever. But her eyes pained me the most, so I made bold to ask Sir John Sheepshanks, who never travels without Holloway's Ointment, to oblige me with a little bit. He gave me as much as would cover your tongue, and, before putting her to bed, I placed it over her eyelids, and the next morning gave her a good pinch of Grimstone's Eye Snuff, when, upon pulling the strings, will you credit me on my word, my dearest Araminta, when I inform you that her eyelids opened and shut just as well as when my dear papa gave me the beautiful doll on my birthday. I was going to give her a small box (price 11*s.*) of Parr's Life Pills, but Smith assured me she would probably come *alive*, and I was frightened, as we have no nurserymaid here to attend to her. My doll is now quite a new creature, and I should advise you, Minta dearest, to try the same remedies, if ever you find yours looking faint, or losing her colour, or growing old.



"THE HUM OF MEN."

"*Toute à toi, mia amica cara* Minta,

"AMELIA.

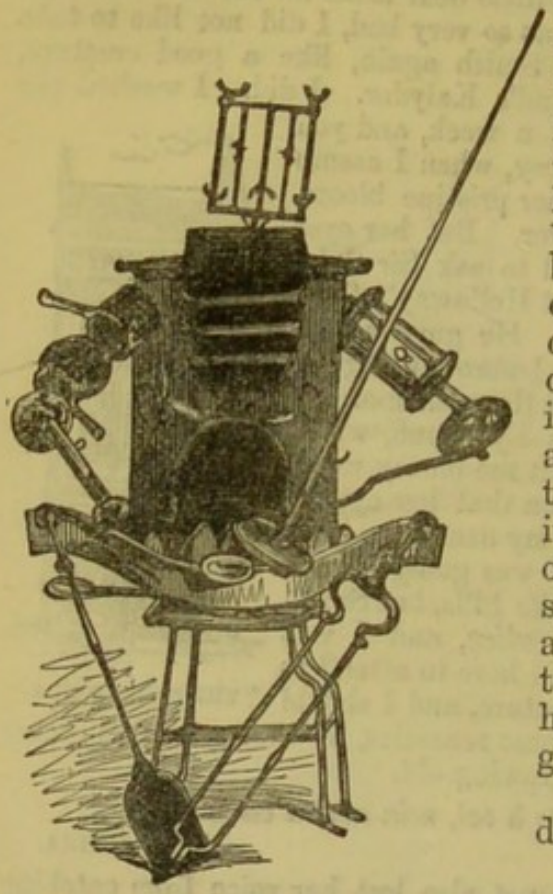
"I forgot to tell you, that my sweet pet also lost her voice from catching cold rather late one night at the Opera. I gave her half a dozen of Stolberg's Voice Lozenges, and now she says 'Pa' and 'Ma' more distinctly than ever. You recollect, too, her voice was a deep baritone. It has changed to the most beautiful falsetto! Isn't it wonderful?"

HOW STARS ARE DISCOVERED.

MONS. ARAGO says:—"Talking of the new fashion of discovering stars:—there's my friend Millevoye, who wrote to me post-haste one morning to say, he had just discovered two new stars! Now, one star is enough at any time, but two were so surprising in my eyes, that I rushed to him immediately to see if there was anything in them. 'Come, my dear Millevoye,' I said, 'can you look me in the face and say you have discovered two new stars?' 'I can,' he said boldly, and he turned his eyes full upon mine. The absurdity of the thing flashed so ridiculously upon me that I could not help laughing—the double discovery was at once apparent—*for the poor fellow squinted.* Take my word, never believe in a new star till you have seen it yourself."

ASTLEY'S HISTORICAL QUESTIONS.

MANY of us owe to a visit to Astley's our earliest initiation into the mysteries of histories; and we are of opinion that a set of questions should be framed in accordance with these grand dog-mata—or horse-mata, as a maliciously-disposed person might call them—which we have gleaned from the boards of that great equestrian establishment. The arena of the circus is not a mere desert of sand or sawdust to him who looks at it with an intelligent eye, for many a wise saw may be picked up from the aforesaid sawdust, if the eye itself does not disdain the humility of the pupil. We subjoin a few specimens of the sort of questions and answers that would be found to meet the case, if we looked at history through some of Astley's grand spectacles.



HISTORICAL PORTRAIT OF IRONSIDES.

Q. How was the battle of Waterloo decided?

A. By six Scotch Greys popping out from under two trusses of straw beautifully divided into six, and representing about half a pint of "standing corn," from which the gallant fellows emerged in time to "discomfit" eight French cuirassiers, who retired before the battery of the flats of the enemy's swords upon their highly polished breast-plates.

Q. How did Napoleon succeed in crossing the Alps?

A. He was carried across in an open boat on the backs of four supernumeraries.

Q. In what manner did the Emperor travel to Russia?

A. In a pasteboard hackney-coach, gorgeously emblazoned with Dutch metal, and which had been discovered among the rich relics of barbarism used for the old melodrama of Xaia of China.

Q. How did the Duke of Wellington behave at Waterloo?

A. He never spoke a single word, but pranced about, looking unutterable things, on a piebald charger.

Q. To what are our successes in India attributable?

A. To Lady Sale having surmounted an extensive range of platforms on a highly trained steed, and called upon "the whole strength of the company, with a numerous train of auxiliaries," to "advance

for the honour of Old England," while the band in the orchestra played "Rule Britannia."

Q. Mention some prominent points connected with the burning of Moscow?

A. There were several terrific bangs, which had the effect of throwing a red glare over the whole scene; and several of the public buildings fell like the flap of a dining-table, showing underneath a very ruinous state of things; while the inhabitants appeared to be indulging themselves in letting off squibs and crackers into the air for the purpose of heightening the horrors of the conflagration.

Q. What became of Napoleon's trusty Mameluke?

A. On the last occasion that he took a part in public affairs he was recognised as a baker who had been just pillaged and pummelled by the clown in a pantomime.

Q. State some of the most striking peculiarities of the late Emperor Napoleon?

A. He chiefly depended for his advice on the "ferry-man" of his army; he took immense quantities of "property" snuff from a "practicable" snuff-box; he granted long interviews to "females in distress," and finished every alternate speech he made by declaring himself "the son of destin*ie*."

APOLLO ARRESTED BY A WRIT.

It was said of a certain officer of a certain sheriff, "nihil tetigit quod non ornavit," which means that it was really an honour to receive a tap on the shoulder at his hands, and we have no doubt that even a writ would have acquired from his peculiar touch a grace and a dignity. We know there is nothing that may not be elevated by poetry, and we have endeavoured therefore to force the Muses into the service of a writ for the purpose of investing it with a new charm, and giving it what it ought to possess—a taking character, in place of the old prosaic form, which is repulsive rather than attractive, and instead of enabling every one who runs to read, causes every one who reads to run. We would throw it into verse, and, by giving it poetical feet, place it on quite a new footing:—

Oh, come to me where Denman sits.
  Victoria unto thee
Sends greeting, from her store of writs,
  The one which now you see.

Within eight days we do command
  (I'll own the time is short),
At Westminster, you'll understand,
  You must appear in court.

It is an action on the case
At Laura Thomson's suit—
Her claims, if you have got the face,
Come forward and dispute.

Take notice, also, by the way,
If this you fail to do,
The aforesaid Laura Thomson may
Appearance make for you;

And then to judgment proceed,
With execution straight.
My friendly counsel prithee heed,
And thus avoid your fate.

Thomas, Lord Denman, you I call
Witness, of learning sober,
At Westminster's historic hall,
This first day of October.

But if, ere four brief days have fled,
The debt and costs be paid,
No further you'll by law be bled—
Proceedings will be stay'd.

CONSCIENCE MONEY.

"A FAST man, who acknowledges having read the 'COMIC ALMANACK' of last year through the shop-windows, and is ashamed now of the petty meanness, begs to forward to the Editor, as conscience money, the sum of One Shilling. The halves of six blue postage-stamps are now enclosed, and the remaining halves will be forwarded as soon as the first are acknowledged."

[The above have been duly handed over to Mr. Bogue, who has generously paid the amount into the Poor-box for the *Relief of Distressed Jokers*—a most deserving charity.—ED. C. A.]

THINGS THAT ARE INDISPENSABLE FOR A GENTLEMAN'S POCKET.

ADVERTISERS seem to imagine that a gentleman's pocket is as capacious as a kangaroo's—everything is for the pocket. We subjoin a few that will go to the bosom of every gentleman, especially those who have carried them—as the pressure of so many articles must have been rather inconvenient, if carried in the waistcoat pocket.

Pocket-comb.
Pocket Shakspeare.
Pocket Map.
Pocket Case of Instruments.
Pocket Sandwich-box.
Pocket Cab and Hackney-coach Fares.
Pocket Guide.
Pocket Dictionary.
Pocket Classics.
Pocket Dressing-case.
Pocket Life-preserver.
Pocket Constable's Staff.
Pocket Respirator, &c., &c.

to say nothing of innumerable Pocket-Books and Pocket Pistols, the latter of which, we think, a gentleman had better be without. To contain all the above articles, a gentleman's pocket need be as large, and packed as close, as a pocket of hops. We shall be having Houses for the Pocket next! and, who knows, a Pocket Railway?

A POCKET GENTLEMAN.

THE GAME OF FRIGHT.

THIS round game has been played very extensively in France and other countries this year. In some circles the king has been thrown out and all the honours put aside, which has increased the fright to a very great extent, as it was always doubtful what low card would be the next turn up. Hitherto the clubs have been uppermost, and the knaves have shared all the spoil; but people are just beginning to see through the game, and are calling for a fresh pack; so we hope there will soon be an end to fright.

A POCKET-BOOK PICKED UP IN THE GREAT DESERT.

(SUPPOSED TO HAVE BELONGED TO A FASHIONABLE TOURIST.)

The Great Desert is only solitary confinement applied to travelling.

If you wish to know yourself, travel by yourself; and, egad! you will never wish to renew the intimacy.

I can't make out the Sphinx; but I suppose it must have been the first likeness taken in stone. If the Egyptians could not make better riddles than that, they were perfectly right in never trying their hands upon another.

They say this place is very romantic; but, on my word, I cannot see it, and I have looked everywhere. If there be a romance, it can only be a flying volume of Sand. I recollect my eyes filling several times, and certainly I cried once till I was nearly blinded; but on the whole I prefer the Waverly Novels.

If the Pyramids had been in Paris, they would have been broken long ago for barricades.

We are strange creatures; we leave London because it is empty, and come to the Great Desert for a change; for myself, I like London best; there may not be a soul, but you can get a sherry-cobbler, and there is the waiter at all events to speak to.

What is Society? Running away from one's self; but here you only run to meet yourself. You might as well turn hermit, or toll-man on Southwark Bridge.

I have met with but one sign of civilization since I have been here, and that was an empty soda-water bottle off Cairo!

I cannot see the fun of climbing up that Great Pyramid. It is immense labour, and, like an election, is attended with bribery and corruption at every step, for you have to pay those greedy Moors before they will give you a hand, or the smallest lift.

I could not help shouting out, as I saw a big fat alderman-looking fellow going up, "Twopence, Moor, and up goes the donkey!" It was very vulgar, but I could not help it.

It is time that those forty centuries were relieved. I know of but one man to do it, and that's Widdicombe.

I am certain solitude begets contempt. If I were to stop here another day I should positively hate myself.

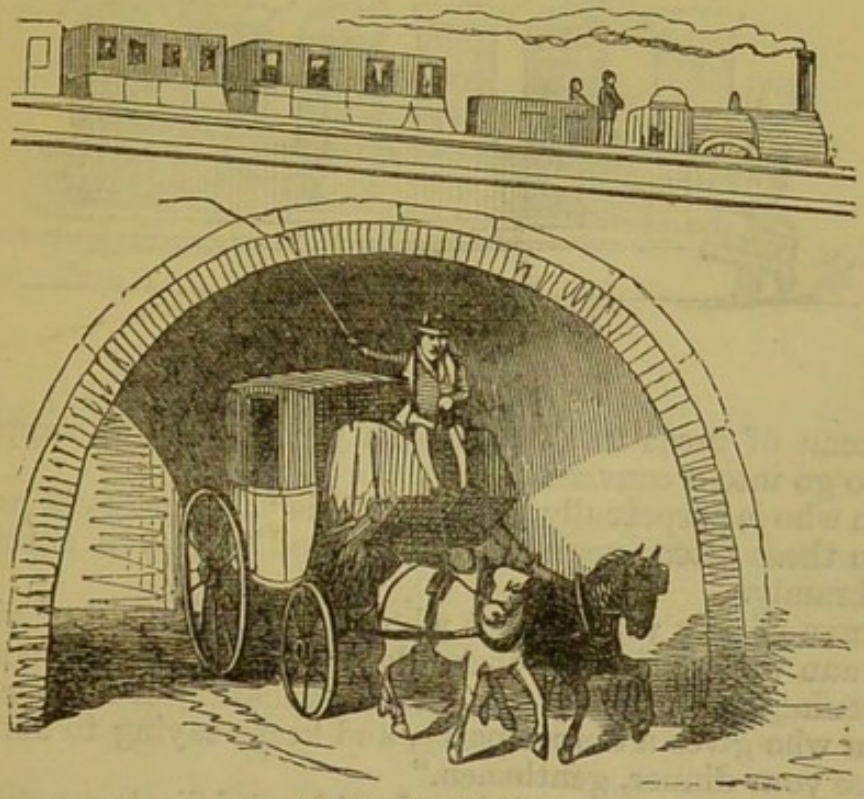
I had the bump of travelling, but have quite lost it now, after travelling for a week on a camel.

Stupid people express their astonishment at the quantity of stones collected by the Egyptians to build the Pyramids, and never bestow the smallest wonder at the immense collection of dust; and yet the one is just as wonderful as the other, and, I am sure, much more difficult to get over.

Decidedly travelling in the plains of Egypt will never be comfortable till they introduce watering-carts.

If you wish to ascertain how slowly the sand of human life trickles through the minute glass, go to the Great Desert. But I suppose "what must be, must;" in other words, as the Duke of Bedford would say, "Che Sahara, Sahara." But the proverb is rather musty.

I wonder they do not lay down a railway here. No elevations required, no tunnels excepting through the Needles, and Obelisks, and Tombs; everything is as smooth as a billiard-table; it looks as if it had been laid down on purpose, ready ruled for a series of lines. One thing, however, is very plain, and that is, they do not catch me in the Great Desert again until there is a railway!



MIND OVER MATTER.

Cheapside at four o'clock, Gower Street on a Sunday, the Ancient Concerts, a Jury-box in the dog-days, a pantomime in July, a Blue-book on a wet Sunday—anything, confound it! is better than this Great Desert. On my word, I never saw, since I have travelled, a place with so little in it.

"Here, Bou Maza, bring my camel to the door. I'm off to London."

Unpublished Dogma of Doctor Johnson.—"The man who wears a moustache has no right to eat vermicelli soup."

CAPITAL OFFENDERS

A WOMAN who says "my love," and "my dear," and "my pet sweet," to her husband in public, and pulls his hair, probably, in private.

A young man who is studying statistics, and tells you "the number of quarters of bonded corn there were in Hamburgh in 1835 was 10,000 more than any other year," and quotes voluminously about refined tallows and prime Muscovados from

"PORTER'S PROGRESS."

A woman of great intellect, and a young lady at supper who wishes to go into a convent.

A man who is perpetually boasting of his "favourite old port that has been these fifteen years in bottle," and gives you nothing but British brandy.

A woman of fifty years of age who dresses like a girl of nineteen.

A woman who drops her pocket-handkerchief every five minutes at an evening party, in order to test the gallantry of the gentlemen.

A man who gives a dinner party, and keeps saying to his guests, "You see your dinner, gentlemen."

A woman who is always talking about her "delicate constitution."

An old maid who doubts, during dessert, "if you could love *madly*," and then asks, "What is your *beau ideal* of the tender passion?"

A young man who quotes Latin at a social party, and proposes healths and toasts; or a German at the Opera who hums all the tunes, overture, and recitatives, stamps his feet, and takes snuff.

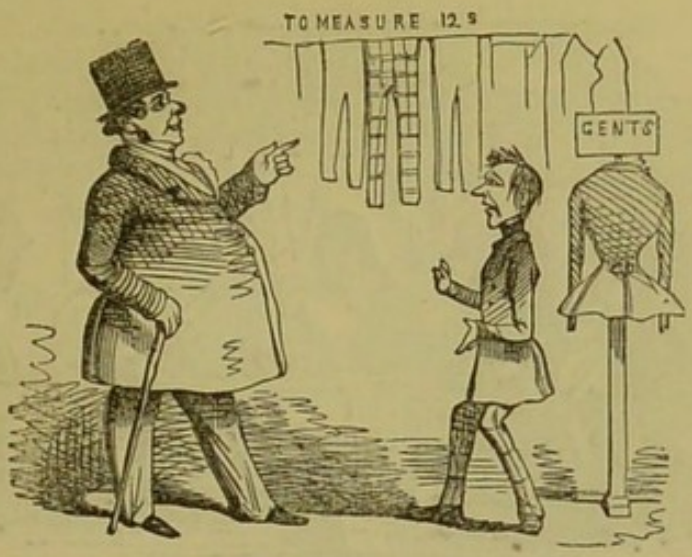
A faded coxcomb who talks of his successes with "the dear creatures."

An old fellow who is always recollecting a "capital thing he heard five-and-twenty years ago."

An old play-goer who will insist "we haven't a single actor left," and then tells you, "You should have seen Dicky Suett."

"A man who has seen better days," and will recollect the time he had "thirteen different sorts of wine on his table, and kept his mare and French cook, but no one cares *that* for him now"—the *that* being a snap of the fingers.

AN EXTENSIVE ORDER.



Spacious Gentleman.—"Will you have the kindness, young man, to measure me for a pair of those at 12*s.*?"

WHAT DO ALL ENGLISHMEN TAKE OFF THEIR HATS TO?

THE BRIDGE OF SIZE.

Who is it that gets the most salutes in England? We do not mean the powder which is thundered into the Queen's ears wherever she goes, but the quiet salute which a person makes by taking his hat off.

Now, every Englishman dislikes taking his hat off. It is a trouble, and no genuine John Bull likes more trouble than he can help. It must be something, then, of very great importance—of general love and feeling—a chord that strikes all Englishmen's hearts—that makes everybody, without a single exception, take his hat off to it?

What can it be?

Is it Prince Albert? No; for, familiar as the prints of His Royal Highness may have made his handsome face in the eyes of those who look into print shops, still, from love of retirement, he is not generally known by the public, and he could easily pass down Lowther Arcade without fear of being recognised.

Who is it, then?

Is it the Duke of Wellington? No. It is true he commands a number of upraised hats. All those who know his venerable nose,

* The base perpetrator of the above has been dismissed. We hope the reader is pacified.—Ed. C. A.

and know how much England is indebted to it, pay him that little mark of respect. But, popular as the Duke is, every one is not

A GOOD PARTY CRY.

acquainted with him, and there are even a few who still nourish a dislike of his political opinions, forgetting the best part, and only recollecting the worst part, of the man.

Can it be a creditor?

Certainly not; for debtors always make a practice of avoiding their creditors, especially those of a large amount, or one of the Hebrew persuasion. There may be a few who get a stray lift of the *chapeau*, by way of reconciliation, but in general the eyes of him that owes rarely meet the eyes of him to whom money is owing. We are all blind to our own interest, especially when we pay 10 per cent. for it.

Perhaps it is the wind?

Now, this is a vile quibble; for the reader knows well enough that no man takes off his hat to the wind. On the contrary, the whole energy of a man's ten fingers is concentrated on the rebellious rim, with the view of holding the fugitive castor on. The wind takes off many hats; it is repeatedly done on Waterloo Bridge, and round the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard—you will see it any day during March; but it is preposterous to say that a single hat is ever taken off to the wind.

Well, then, what is it?

Patience for ten lines, and you shall know. Growl, amiable reader, but read.

It is, you must know, a curious instrument, or rather a collection of instruments, that go at once to the bosoms of all Englishmen. It subdues discord, and substitutes pleasant harmony for it. No sooner is a note of it heard than off flies every hat, the whole assembly rises; fifty thousand bare heads—if there are so many present—instantly respect the majesty of the appeal, and fifty

thousand voices—if you can only count them—join in glad response to it.

But what is it?

Foreigners even respect it, and take off their hats.

Once more—What is it?

Well, that which has most hats taken off to it, is—

Stop! I have it (cries a young musician, who had the signal honour of beating the big drum in the Drury Lane orchestra on the stormy nights of *Monte Christo*): It's—

Be quiet, sir. It's no such thing. Learn, young man, that you've no right to rob any one of his secret. Sit down, sir, and allow us to say—

Well, then, say it, and be—

Hush—breathe not a word that may be offensive to

EARS POLITE.

We were just going to say, if you had not interrupted us, that that which has more hats taken off than anything else is—is—is—

Is what?

Is GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

And this proves that we English are the most loyal people in the world—at least as far as hats go.

But who can tell whether the reason why the tremendous shower of revolutions, which have fallen this year as thick as hail all over the Continent, have done such little injury in England, is simply because our beloved country is deeply insured in every office, farm, mansion, cottage, in every English heart, by the loyal policy of GOD SAVE THE QUEEN?

So, "Hats off!" and let us all sing—

"May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing, with heart and applause,
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"

SQUIBS IN STATUES.

Fraternité, Egalité, Liberté—d'Après la Republique Rouge.

THE newspapers make no mention of a statue that was forwarded to the *Beaux Arts* at the late competition, for the best design upon the Republique. It was a likeness of the Siamese Twins, who are supposed to have sent their adhesion to the French Government. It was meant to typify *Fraternité* and *Egalité*, but was objected to as being too figurative. The artist altered the attitudes and sent it again; saying he had made the statue literal enough this time, and that his correction enabled him fortunately to include *Liberté*, in addition to the other two types of the Red Republicans. Upon being exhibited, it was found that he had made the Twins fighting in the most fraternal fashion. The result of the *Liberté* was, that the artist was immediately carried off to prison, for such designs upon the Republique could not be possibly winked at.

VALUABLE ADVICE.

TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY.—Don't buy your furniture at Felix Summerley's Cheap Art-Manufacture Mart.

The above advice is given to young couples about to plunge into the deep waters of matrimony—that awful plunge which is to determine whether their future happiness is to go on swimmingly, or to sink for ever like the *Télémaque*, with all its fabulous treasures on board, when nothing is saved from the wreck excepting a few *spars*.

That long voyage, however, which ends only with the loss of one of the mates, is generally never undertaken but with the strictest economy. The speculation may turn out a bad one; things may be thrown overboard from distress that swallowed up, before sailing, a little ocean of money, but they are usually selected with care, and nothing is shipped but what will fetch in the end almost as much as it cost at first. A mother—that most thrifty shipper in the harbour of life—generally lays in the cargo, and every article is weighed to a scruple in the scales of her judgment, before it is sent home to make the anxious passage to the United States.

We can imagine a fond but imprudent couple going to Felix Summerley's beautiful Emporium of Art-Manufactures. They have

An Interrupted English Dinner Party at Paris.

"Mourir pour la Patrie."

no more money than they can spare, but the husband has an eye for the beautiful, and the wife likes—and where is the woman that doesn't ?—to have everything of the best. They are tossed about on the beautiful carpets and lovely counterpanes, quite dazzled with the glittering warming-pans, inflamed with the glowing coal-scuttles of every possible age and period, whilst each bright poker they touch burns them to buy it. They go on hopping from one easy chair to another, now dwelling on a carved Artevelde sofa, now conversing with a Gothic dumb-waiter, dumbfounded the next minute by the sweetest *causeuse* of the middle ages, till they come to a lovely bedstead, where they pause and linger in speechless admiration. At last exclaims the enraptured—

Emma. "Oh, how lovely ! Look, Edwin, dear, how beautiful it is decorated !"

Edwin. "Yes ! but they might have selected some better subject. It would not be very pleasant, I imagine, to wake up in the middle of the night and see people killing one another before your sleepy eyes. But it's wonderfully painted to be sure. That man with the sword through him is quite a bit of real life. However, King John is of a more peaceful nature. Send the latter home, if you please."

An Art Blind.

Shopman. "Allow me to call your attention to this wonderful blind. It is painted by Corbould. The subject is 'Richard going to Palestine.' "

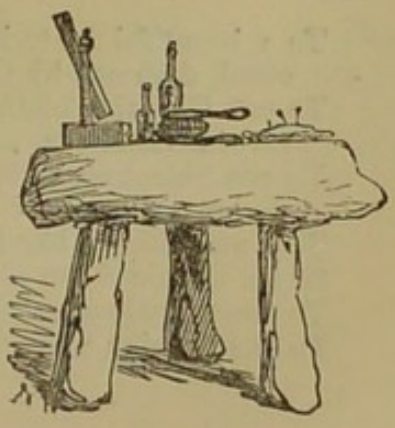
Emma. "I never saw anything like it. Isn't it charming, Edwin, darling ? It would do very well for the back window of the pink bedroom—you know there's the chimney of the gas-factory, and the preparatory school for boys just opposite."

Edwin. "Precisely so, dear. Put it with the other things."

Emma. "Oh, what dear funny chairs."

Shopman. "They're the latest discovery in Gothic manufactures ; copied from a rare hieroglyphic on the tomb of Cheops. The Earl of Peckham has six dozen exactly similar."

Edwin. "Very peculiar—they will do for the hall. What is this, pray ? It looks like a cross between an altar and a sideboard."



An Art Toilet-table

Shopman. "Excuse me, sir, that is a washing-stand—the only one of the kind. It was made for the Grand Duke Skrubisknosklenoff, but his lamented death has left it on our hands. We can let you have it a great bargain."

Emma (ecstatically). "Oh, darling Edwin, do have it, dear."

Shopman. "Thank you, sir. Here is a dressing-table, madam, that will just match with it. It was made from a design of Lord Waltzaghane, one of the first masters in point of art of the Young England School, and is universally admired. May I include it with the other articles, sir? I'm sure you'll like it."

Edwin. "Very well, then; but that's enough. Come away, Emmy."

Emma. "Oh, stop one minute—look here—did you ever? Isn't it elegant? What is it, pray?"

Shopman. "Why, ma'am, that is a clothes-horse, made from a drawing of Edwin Landseer's. Prince Albert has the companion to it."

Emma. "Oh, do buy it, Edwin; I wont ask you for anything else, indeed."

Edwin. "Very well, then; but mind, it's to be the last."

They take arms, and are about to leave the tempting shop, when Emma's attention is suddenly drawn by a curious mug, at which she cannot help laughing.

Emma. "Oh! what is this, pray?"

Shopman. "That, madam, is a teapot, designed after a popular pattern, very generally known amongst the Ethiopians under the name of the 'blackman's teapot.' It is universally admired."

An Art-Teapot.

Edwin. "I think it very ugly."

Emma. "How can you, Edwin! Why, I think it so very *distingué*. I must have it; do buy it, there's a dear."

Edwin. "Now, come along, darling—I'm in a hurry."

Emma. "Well, if you wont, I will—I'll buy it myself, and make you a present of it, Edwin."

Edwin. "Psha! that's nonsense, child."

Edwin and Emma leave at last, and after dinner, when they are happy in assuring each other for the ten thousandth time that "they never knew what love was before," the new purchases arrive, and the bill is brought in.

The future husband reads out the following bill:—

	£	s.	d.
To a beautiful historical Louis Quatorze French bedstead, designed by Chalon (very cheap)	35	0	0
To one Egyptian clothes-horse, the favourite design of Edwin Landseer	15	10	0
To one "blackman's teapot," in the very best superfine wedgwood (a rich curiosity)	7	2	4½
To a magnificent blind—a pure Corbould	40	10	0
So six Gothic Swan-of-Avon Egyptian chairs . . .	60	0	0
To one Stonehenge dressing-table	26	11	2
To one Grecian washing-stand (a decided bargain) .	102	0	0
Sum total	£286	13	6½

We need not repeat the lady's fierce commentaries, or the gentleman's running fire of explosive criticisms upon the various items of the above little bill. Suffice it to say, the art-manufacture goods were returned, and Edwin and Emma bought at an auction the next day articles that suited their purpose just as well for 12*l.* 14*s.* They admitted the superior beauty of Mr. Felix Summerley's Art-Manufactures, but the expense, they both agreed, was "quite preposterous."

Edwin and Emma are married now, and are still of the same opinion, so we cannot help thinking that they must have been in the right.

The fine-art manufactures are certainly very beautiful, but there is moderation even in purchasing one of the earliest efforts of Teniers.

PLAY-BILL DIALOGUES.

The play-bills have got into the habit of asking questions. We should not be surprised to see the other play-bills answering them, in this way.

Adelphi. "Did you ever send your wife to Camberwell?"

Queen's. "Well, I can't say that ever I did, but I'll make a point of asking her the first time I see her."

Haymarket. "Lend me five shillings?"

Victoria. "My dear fellow, I only wish you may get it."

Covent Garden. "What will the world say?"

Surrey. "Ri tol de riddle lol, riddle lol de lay."

Lyceum. "Which Mr. Smith?"

Norton Folgate. "Whichever you like, my little dear."

Douglas Jerrold. "Time works wonders."

Paul Bedford. "I believe you, my b-o-o-o-o-oy."

EDUCATION ON THE "MUTUAL ADVANTAGE" SYSTEM.

Pedagogue (*who gives Food for the Mind for Food for the Body*). "I tell you what it is, young Suett. It is not the first time your father has sent me bad mutton, and while he sends me such a bad leg as he has done now for three days running, I'm not going to tell you whether Constantinople is the capital of Otaheite or not."

MAKE A WORSE ONE IF YOU CAN.

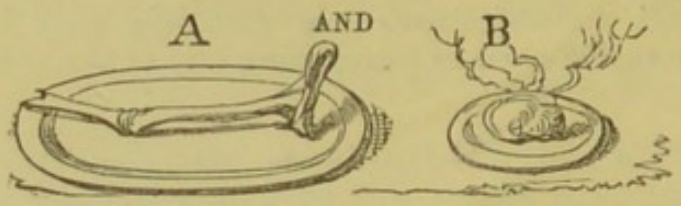
Q. When is a landlord an insect tamer?

A. When he has ten-ants at will.

PRETTY LITTLE PUZZLES TO PUZZLE PRETTY LITTLE PUZZLERS.

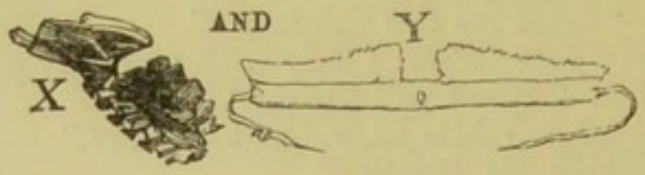
(A number of the "Comic," with the Editor's Autograph, in red ink, will be given to any one who finds the solution of these puzzles.)

THOMSON, who is a clerk in the Bank, gives his wife permission to spend the day with a dear friend at Camberwell. At six he comes home to dinner, and they bring him up

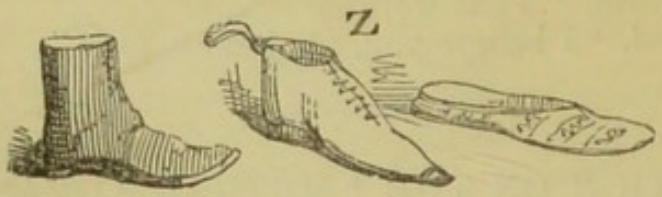


Can you find out how Thomson is to make a dinner of it?

Monsieur le Marquis de Clichy, on his arrival at Leicester Square, has an order for the Opera given to him. On looking over his wardrobe, he finds all his stock of linen to consist of

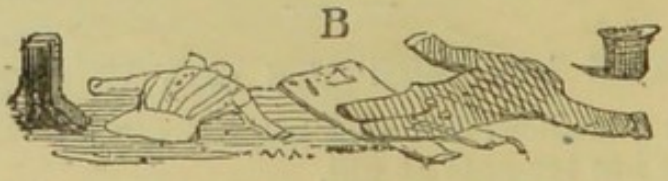


whilst his *chaussure* is on the following footing:—



How ever is it possible for Monsieur le Marquis to go to the Opera as a gentleman?

L, who is an excellent swimmer, goes to Paddington one beautiful warm summer's evening for a refreshing dip in the canal. He leaves on the shore



Whilst he is enjoying himself in the limpid stream, B are carried off by

who leave L as they find him.

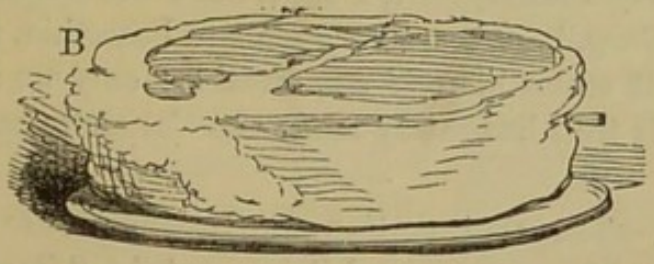
How, in the name of goodness, is L to get home?

Little Tommy and Harry (H, T) have a penny given to them each by their kind papa, to go and enjoy themselves at the fair. They get into a swing and are soon whirled to the top. There they remain, quite delighted, for half an hour, till it comes on to rain, when little Tommy and Harry venture to ask AX (the proprietor) when is he going to move on?

AX's answer is very plain—"Not till every blessed seat is taken."

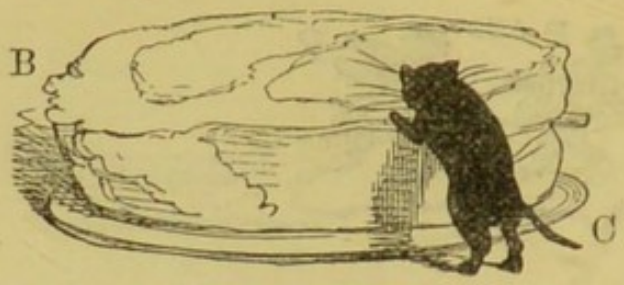
How long do little Harry and Tommy remain perched up in the swing before they get their ride?

Brook Green has for dinner on Monday a beautiful sirloin of beef (B), which he flatters himself will last all the week.



On Tuesday he is told there is not a bit of it left. Brook Green is thunderstruck. He cannot understand it. He asks to see the

landlady. She "is extremely sorry, but her bothersome cat (C) has eaten it all."



You are requested to put the two together, and to state candidly if you think it very likely; and, if you have any doubt, you are to find out who really is (C) the cat?

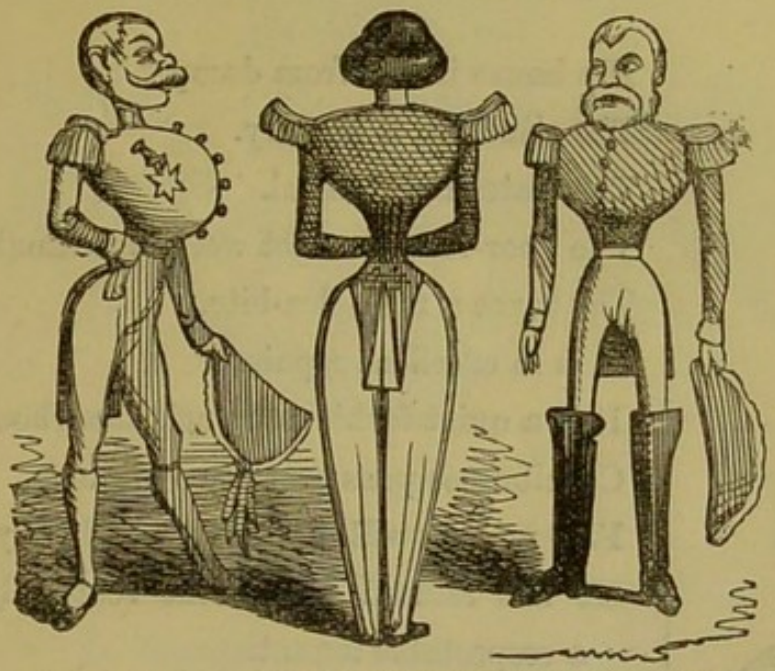
Mrs. Large (of Wapping) has a private box (A) sent to her at Christmas, for the Adelphi, by her obliging friend Mr. Sams. The box is in the upper tier, over the proscenium. Mrs. Large (of Wapping) does not like any of her dear children to lose such a treat, so she takes all her family (B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K), besides one or two friends from Panton Square, who are stopping, for change of air, with her.

You are to find out how many the box was to admit; and how you are to get Mrs. Large and her party into it without having a single one over.

Military Intelligence.—We see a book advertised called "*The Cornet Made Easy.*" We are very glad to hear this, and hope the poor fellow will make himself comfortable; only we should like to know what it is that has lately made the Cornet uneasy.

First Love.—The conversation at Holland House turned upon first love. Tom Moore compared it to a potato, "Because it shoots from the eyes." "Or, rather," exclaimed Byron, "because it becomes all the less by *paring*."

THE MILITARY GAME OF GOOSE.

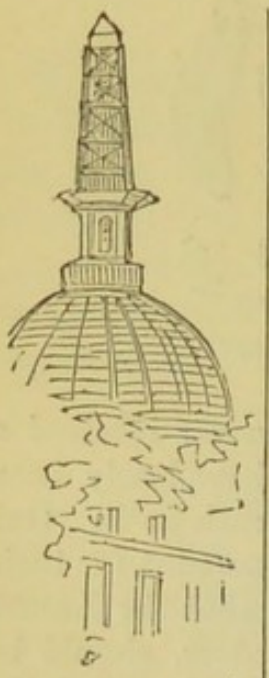


GENTLEMEN OF A PARTICULARLY STAI(YE)D CHARACTER.

We are apt to boast that the British army has never received a good dressing, and looking at the uniforms that have lately been put upon them, we must confess there is some truth in it. Our officers were never clever at cutting, and this may account for their making such bad tailors. It is a thousand pities that the Laurel which clusters round the brows of our Commanders, should be entwined with so much cabbage. It is true the geese saved the Capitol of Rome, but we do not think the Horse Guards need put itself under the wings of the British goose. If it does, Moses, in a very short time, will be cutting out Prince Albert as a Field Marshal. Never was the British army so surprised before, as when that cruel shell-jacket attempted by sheer treachery to cut off the rear from the main body of the forces. The French have a saying "*Le Riaicule tue*," so our soldiers may be diminished, in a ridiculous manner little expected by our political economists, if this new deadly weapon is discharged at them; for there is many a brave fellow who can stand fire, who falls dead before ridicule. The Horse Guards must not be a clothes mart, or a masquerade warehouse, or else the Duke, when he puts himself at the head of the army, will revive the old title of the Duc de Guys, and the national cry will be, "Sauve qui peut."

TALES OF A LANDLORD.

His house is free from damp.
The situation is healthy.
The water is beautiful.
The poor-rates are not worth mentioning.
The taxes a mere flea-bite.
It is in excellent repair.
It is a quiet fashionable neighbourhood.
Omnibusses pass every two minutes.
Five pounds will make it a "little Elysium."
He has refused double the rent, only he wants a respectable tenant.



"Not a Seat amongst Them."—There is an old country lady so modest that she cannot pronounce the word "cherub;" but she always says, "the dear little angels who have accepted the Chiltern hundreds."

AN AIRY LODGING.

Country Cousin.—"Well, Tom, my boy, where be'est thee a-lodging noo?"

Surveyor (*pointing up to the top of St. Paul's*).—"Why, I hang out there at present. Whenever you are passing my way, I shall be delighted to see you, if you will give me a drop in."

THE SONG OF THE KNOCKER.

(A COMPANION TO SCHILLER'S BELL.)

Gents Provoko, Portas Bango, Somnia Frango.

Firmly screw'd upon the door
Doth the lion-knocker frown.
To-night its reign of noise is o'er;
Courage! boys; we'll have it down!
Long its strength defied
Every dodge we tried;
But its nuts no more shall bear it,
From the hinge to-night we'll tear it.

Varied parts of good and ill
It has been its lot to fill.
Many hearts within have bounded
As the postman's knock has sounded.
Cheek has flushed, and pulse has fluttered,
When the written name was uttered.
It might be from one most dear,
Though far off, yet ever near;
Or from one in hopes "you will
Think about his little bill;"
Or a letter overland,
Sent from Ramjamjellyland,

Telling how the ardent Coolies
Had well thrashed the crafty Foolies;
Or a dinner invitation,
Or a Frankfort speculation,
Or a life association,
Or some hints on emigration,
Or a looked-for explanation
Of a former altercation;
Retail changes lately made
In some wine and spirit trade;
Vows, professions, gift, or token,
Promises, or kept or broken:
Each and all, with double din,
Has the knocker usher'd in.

At the corner place a scout,
For the vigilant police;
Let him keep a sharp look-out,
And, if need be, break the peace.
From the stone-jug free
Must our party be,
Though we keep so by a fight,
Or a witch-like flight by night.

He who knocks and runs away,
May live to knock another day.
Let caution, then, all mischief guide,
For fear some danger should betide.
With watchful eyes the boys advance,
Accomplishing a nigger dance,
Performed upon the paving-stones,
To sound of Ethiopian bones,
With air appropriate, from their store,
Of "Who dat knockin' at de door?"
Now, as they near the destined sill,
Hush'd are bones—the dance is still.

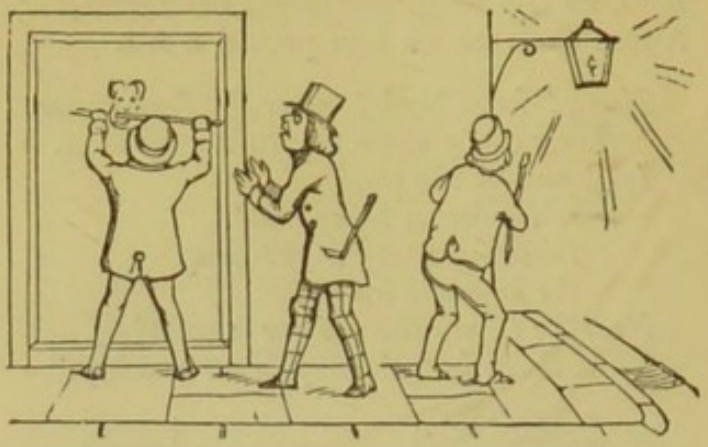
One mighty BANG! the servant scares,
And lifts the inmates from their chairs.
Away! Away! not one remains
When the sold maid the passage gains,
And, as the neighbourhood they quit,
Agree their knock has prov'd a hit.

Hush! keep back! your chaffing cease,
Some one's steps are this way bent.
Is it one of the police?
No, 'tis but a tipsy gent,
Singing some night-song
As he reels along.
Now he turns the corner humming
That there is "A good time coming."

The straw is lying in the square,
And cabs go by with muffled sound;
Whilst cautious hands no longer dare
To lift the knocker—leather bound.
Through the night
Burns a light
From the bedroom window's height,
As the angel of grim death
Hovers there on dusky wings,
To wait the passing breath
Quiv'ring through life's curdled springs.
Go, the mutes and mourners call,
Plumed hearse and heavy pall!
Head of that sad family
Tenant of the tomb shall be
Ere the ghastly week is o'er,
And the knocker sounds once more.

See! the thoroughfare is clear,
Nothing in it but the lamps.
Now, look sharp! the door draw near,
Wrench the knocker from its clamps

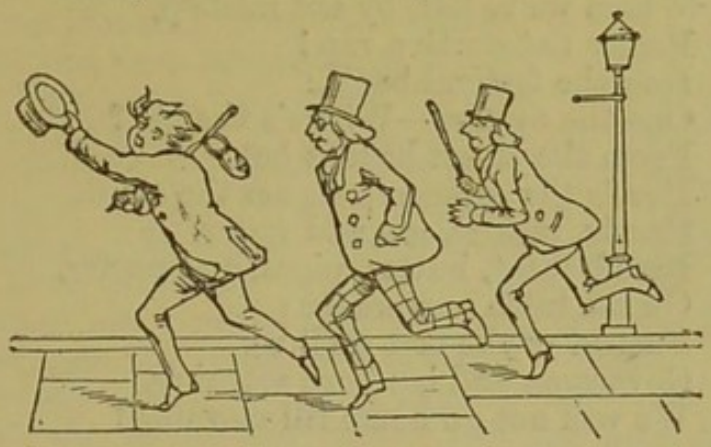
Does it still resist?
Give a tougher twist.
Put your stick within the ring.
Now—with both hands—that's the thing!



The sun is shining in the street,
The clock moves on from three to five.
The pavement glows with dazzling heat,
And all the West-end is alive.
The air with Bouquet-Royal laden,
Or Patchouli's oppressive herb,
Plays round the fair-haired high-born maiden,
Whose Clarence draws up at the kerb.
And now the knocker knows no quiet,
But revels in unceasing riot.
The flunkey first awakes the clang
With "*Rat-a-tat-tat, bang! bang!! bang!!!*"
The doctor greater care observes,
With temper'd knock for shaken nerves.
Next small tat-tat from frightened fingers
Of one in seedy black, who lingers
In fear and trembling at the door,
Before he dares to knock once more.
Professor he, of light guitar,
Or Polish master from afar,
Or poor relation come to claim
Some small aid due to blood and name.
All sorts of objects come and go,
Like some phantasmagoric show.
Patron or beggar, great or small,
The knocker is a lift to all.

Hip! huzza! my artful dodgers,
It has fallen from the door.
But the noise has roused the lodgers,
Lights appear at every floor.

If we stay we're done—
Vanish, every one!
As the poet sings, like bricks,
Cut your luckies and your sticks.



Those evening knocks! those evening knocks!
That herald in a paper box,
Which merchants leave with pens and soap;
And notes in which they humbly hope
You'll patronize the speculation,
And save their household from starvation—
Which if to do you're kindly willing,
They'll call to-morrow for the shilling.

Joy! joy! joy! we're safe at last.
Where's the latch-key? Stand aside.
Luck be praised, the peril's past,
And we can our trophy hide!
Wasn't it a lark?
Hold hard, in the dark,
And the chairs and tables mind,
Till the lucifers I find.

——— In! in with me,
Comrades all, and shut the door,
We will christen it once more.

STUNNER shall its new name be,
Trophy of our bravery!
Now we have in state enthroned it,
Drink the healths of those who own'd it,
Whom we've left, by sad mishap,
Really not worth a rap!
Now the festival begin:
Ope the oysters—Where's the gin?
From the closet have it out.
Here's the corkscrew—pass the stout.
Cruets, pickles, gin and water,
Bread, meat, butter, pipes, and porter,
On the table now we see;
Fastest of the fast we'll be.
Governors and landlord scorning,
We will not go home till morning!

RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR THE CONDUCT OF STRANGERS VISITING LONDON.

IF your health is proposed, you must say it is the proudest moment of your life.

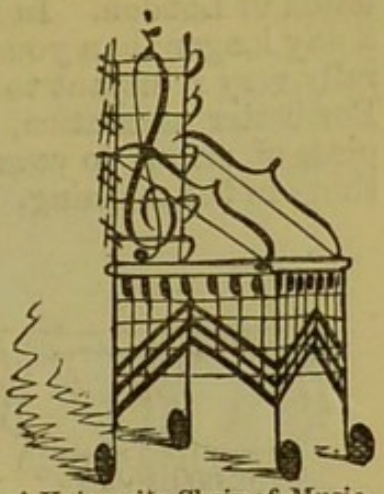
You are not expected to take your hat in with you to dinner. It is liable to be kicked about if you put it under the table—people mistake it for the cat.

It is no longer the fashion to say, "Here's to you, miss," and "I drink to you, ma'am," to every lady round the table before you take a glass of wine; however, if you do it once, never repeat it.

When you begin a speech, you must be sure to state you are unaccustomed to public speaking.

Take your coat off in the hall, but never give up your umbrella. If the servant offers to take it down stairs to dry it, tell him to mind his own business; and if he says another word, threaten to report him to his missus, and he will soon be quiet. The robberies of umbrellas in London is something awful!

If you go to the opera don't call out for "Music!" or tell "Nosey," or any of the "catgut scrapers," to strike up. Be careful also not to insult the box-keeper, by giving him a penny to run and fetch a playbill. If you take a lady, dispense with the usual gallantry of a bag of oranges. Should you take any, however, it is usual to offer them to all the ladies round you—after you have peeled them.



A University Chair of Music.

It is no longer the fashion for a stranger to call at Buckingham Palace; but if there should be a Drawing Room, you had better go, by all means, and present your homage to your Sovereign, for otherwise it might look disrespectful. You have only to go in costume, with the sword and cocked hat, and send in your card, "with your compliments."

If you are invited out to dinner, you must refrain as much as you can from taking a snooze directly the cloth is removed; and you should be above drinking the warm water that is given you, in a blue bowl, for your fingers.

If you intend to dance, do not, as a matter of pride, fill your pockets with halfpence; and if you have a new pair of Berlins, put them on, and do not keep them folded up in your hands, as if you were too shabby to use them.

If Joseph Ady sends you an invitation, write back word that you will come and take tea with him. You will find him a good sovereign fellow, and you may probably hear of something to your advantage.

Have your hair curled; but if you take a lady down to the refreshment-room, you must know her extremely well before you can presume to ask her if "she'll have a drop of beer," or else she will certainly be offended.

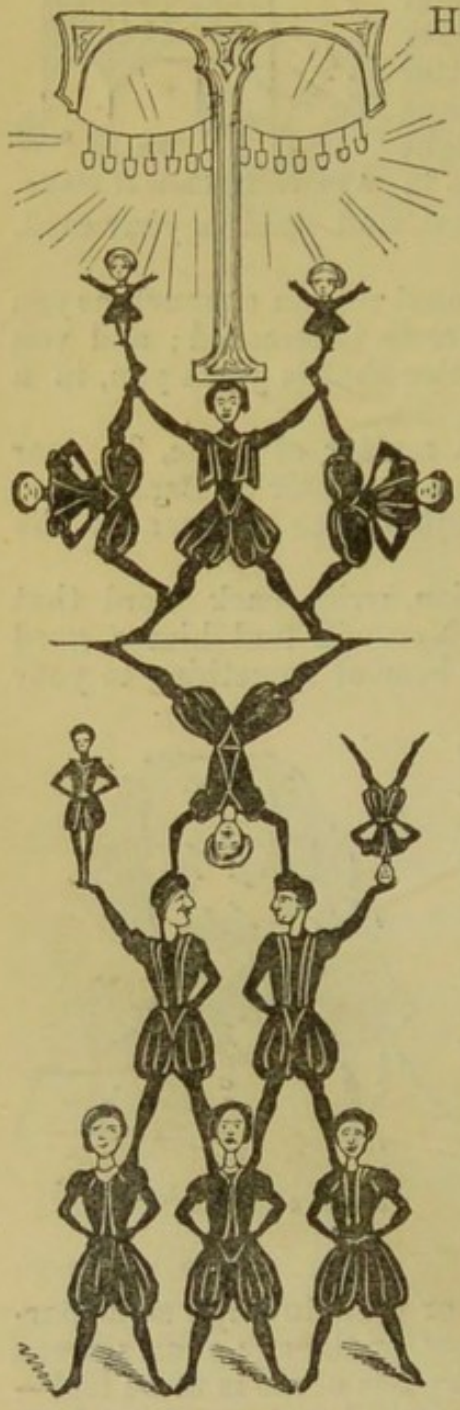
Shakspeare, after Curling.

When you are leaving, supposing the servant at the door puts his hand out, shake it by all means, or else the poor fellow will fancy you are proud.

You are not bound to answer any public questions in the street, as to "Who are you?" or to put any stranger in possession of personal facts relating to "your mother."

If you are in doubt about a cab fare, or want to know some particular fact about the twopenny omnibuses, or the age of an actress, or a point at cribbage, or where the best glass of ale is to be had—write to the Duke of Wellington, and you will have an answer from the F. M. the same day.

You are not bound to go to every theatre, or to see every exhibition in London. In fact, please yourself, and do not stop in town a day longer than you choose; for you will find the "boots" generally very reluctant to call you the morning you intend to start. For better precaution, you had better shave over night, and tie a piece of string to your big toe for the policeman to pull the first thing in the morning.



THE DOMESTIC MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE BEDOUIN ARABS.

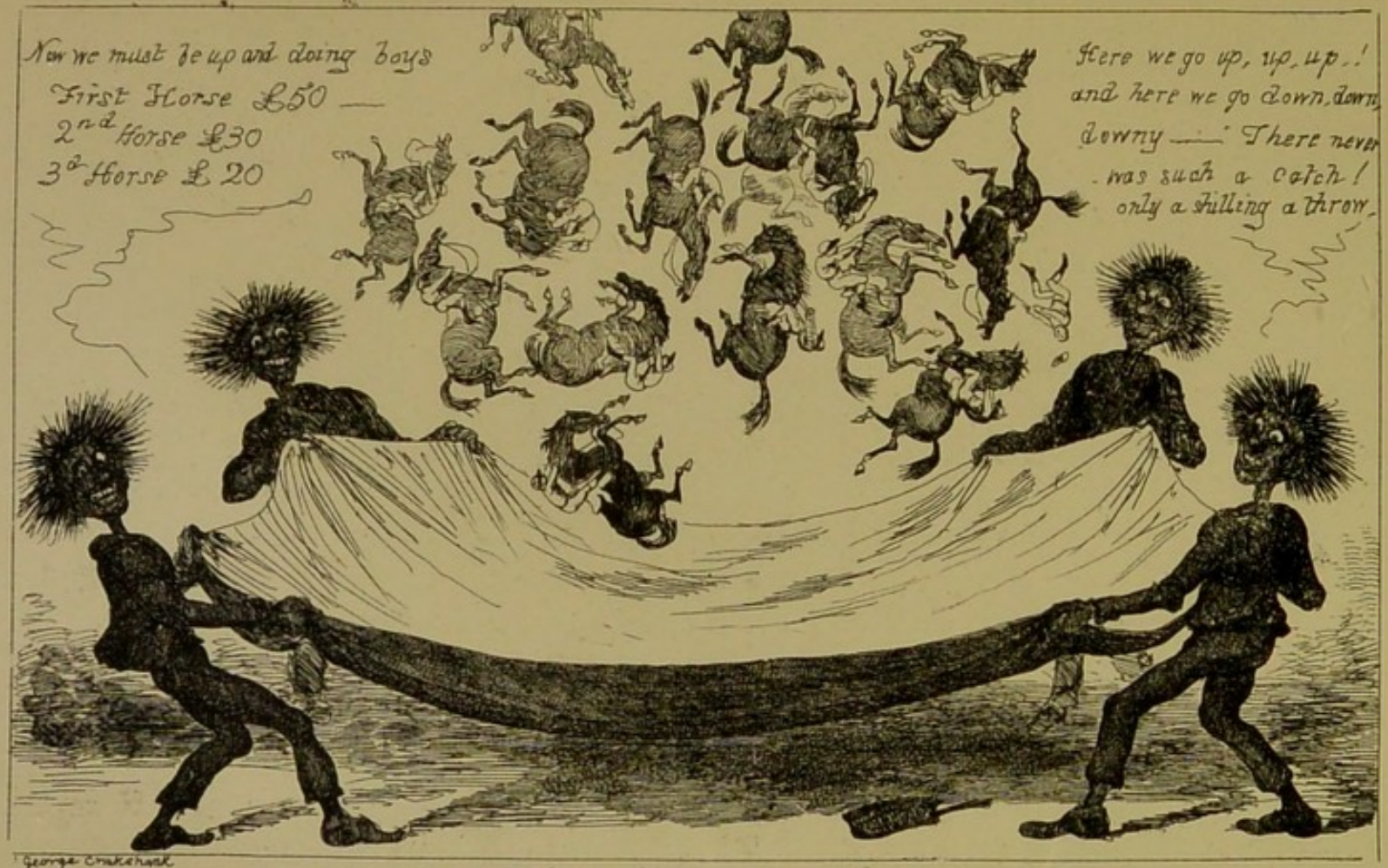
BY ONE WHO HAS NEVER BEEN AMONGST THEM, BUT CAN IMAGINE EXACTLY WHAT THEY ARE.

Those Bedouins are curious fellows. You have heard of a race of Jumpers; well, they are a nation of Leapers. We walk, they fly. They are the bats of the human race—not men, and decidedly not angels, but something between the two.

Their houses have no windows lower than the third floor. This is to prevent little boys jumping up. Their windows are not arranged like ours, but have small apertures, like the slits in letter-boxes, slanting downwards, to prevent any one looking into them. Bricks are exceedingly dear, on account of the height of the walls.

A military review of Bedouin Arabs exceeds anything of the sort. At a given signal a whole battalion springs upwards, gets inextricably mingled in one dense flying column, and then falls down again, each man precisely in his previous position. They discharge their muskets when they reach a given height, and no accident ever occurs, unless a raw recruit happens to have sprained his ankle. Some of their light columns advance twelve feet deep; when I say twelve feet deep, of course I mean in the air.

It is curious to see them in the streets. If the door is not open, they will take a flying leap through



The Monster Sweeps.

"A Toss up for the Derby".

the window, like a harlequin. The first sign of intelligence a Bedouin child gives, is to leap straight out of its cradle. A lid is always placed over it, for the purpose of keeping it down; and when the lid is taken off the child flies out, like a living Jack-in-the-Box.

A steeplechase is with them literally a steeplechase. They have no horses, but clear churches, pillars, obelisks, everything that comes in their way, on foot.

Their animals have, in a smaller degree, the same agile propensities. When two cats dart up into the air, fighting, they are soon lost in the clouds, and you will hear them mollrowing above you for a long time; but I defy you to say, you ever saw *both* of them come back.

When the Bedouins go out shooting they pursue the game in the air, and do not fire until they are right over the bird's back. It is a mean sport, however, which a real Bedouin gentleman is above doing. But their children catch sparrows easily, by putting salt upon their tails.

A Bedouin Arab does not give his hand in marriage, but his foot.

The Sheik blesses his people once a year. He springs from his balcony, and when he has reached the centre of the populace, he gives his blessing, so that he may fall equally on the heads of all his subjects; and then he springs back to his balcony, and the ceremony is concluded. One poor Sheik (Ben Allah Wishi Washi) had the gout, and could not do this. He tried to bless them in a balloon once, but the enraged populace would not have it, and tore it to pieces, amid loud cries of "Shame!" He was sentenced to wear tight boots for life—the most ignominious punishment that can be put upon one of Bedouin extraction.

Their postmen are let off from the post-office like pigeons—they drop the letters down the chimneys.

A meeting is adjourned very primitively. The chairman lifts his

A BEDOUIN VESTRY MEETING.
Chairman—"Sons of Allah, the meeting is now up."

leg, and the whole meeting suddenly takes to its heels and springs into the air, like so many thousand frogs, and the next minute there is not one left.

Their dances are very lively. They generally take place in the open air, or else if they danced in a room, they would be knocking their heads every minute against the ceiling. To see them all take the same leap simultaneously, and *balancezing* some fifty feet above the earth, is something so extraordinary, that it almost lifts you off your feet. No less extraordinary are their ballets. They are more like fire-works than any other exhibition; and you hear the loud exclamations of "O—o—h" escape from the crowd, when a *première danseuse* takes a higher flight than usual. Their *grand pas* are always watched through long telescopes, which are let out at the doors for six piastres a night.

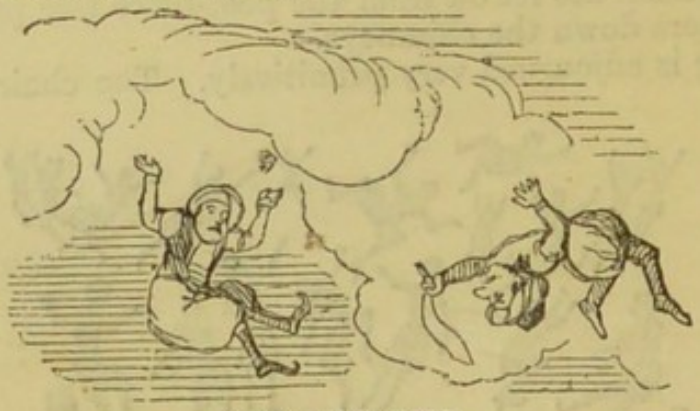
A Bedouin duel will sometimes last for days, for it is always the object of the person who is to be shot to get out of the fire of his adversary, and thus they will go on jumping after one another over the whole kingdom for a week together.

Nurses toss their babies up in the air, and if they are slow in coming down, they jump up after them and fetch them.

I have heard of a game of *écarté* being played, *à vol d'aigle*, some 15,000 feet above the level of the sea. The great dodge is to prevent your partner jumping up behind you to look over your cards.

Bedouin Royalty does not wear a crown, but a pair of spring-heeled jack-boots, and it is high treason for any one but the Sheik to put his foot into it.

The Bedouin Arabs are a cheerful people—their active life leads them to be hilarious. They are early risers, and are generally up with the lark. They are a volatile, but happy race; and it is very rarely you hear of a Bedouin Arab having corns. He will take up a bill, too, quicker than any man.



A BEDOUIN BAILIFF.

England's Stream of Charity.—We are told by the advertisement that "The Asylum for Distressed Sewers is always open." This asylum must surely be the Thames?

Mockery.—"I have learnt this profound truth," says Alderman Johnson, "from eating turtle, that it shows a most depraved taste to mock anything for its greenness."

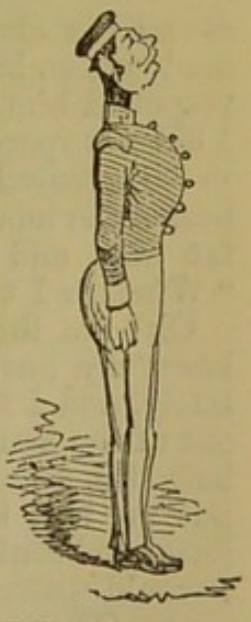
Public Communism.—The only kind of Communism that is likely to go down in England is Half-and-Half.

A DREADFUL CASE OF POISONING,

OR,

ANOTHER OF MY HUSBAND'S STUPID JOKES, WHICH HE THINKS ARE SO CLEVER.

MY dear sir, if ever there was a miserable woman in this world, it is the poor creature who now takes up her pen to tell you how wretched she is. I have not slept a wink all night. I must tell you my husband is *dreadfully suspicious*, and so am I—and the best of women at times; but still I never could have suspected he would have suspected me in the abominable suspicious manner he has lately done. Will you believe it, sir, he declared last night that he could plainly see I wanted to "*pisen him.*" The fact is, we had for supper some mushrooms and a lovely pie just warmed up with a little steak in it, for I thought I would give him a treat—and nicer mushrooms, or a tenderer steak, I think I never tasted in all my life—when what does my fine gentleman do but turn up his fine nose! Only first I must tell you that he ate a very 'arty supper, and had his whisky toddy all nice and comfortable—for I must have mixed him six glasses if I mixed him one—and smoked his pipe, though I have told him over and over again I would not allow any such filthy practices in my house, especially the parlour. But kindness is thrown away upon some men; for what does my Mr. Smellfungus do, but he turns round upon me, and because he feels a big pain in his side, accuses me on the spot of wishing to "*pisen him.*" Those were his very words. Oh! that I should have lived to have heard them; but it is not the first time by ever so many that the suspicious creature has dared to turn round upon me in this bumptious manner. The first time he degraded himself in my eyes with these low suspicions was when he had been eating pies at Twickenham, and we were returning home in the steamer, when all of a sudden he called the whole cabin to witness that he was sure "*I had pisened him.*" Oh, dear! I was so struck that I No, that I didn't; but I told him, once for all, if ever he dared to bring such a heavy charge against me I would make him pay for it dearly, that I would, even if it cost me



Didn't know which way to turn.

my life. Here the *monster* laughed, and dropt the poison, but he brought it up again soon afterwards; for I recollect it was on a Friday, and we had a most lovely giblet pie for dinner, though not a morsel as big as a pin's head could I touch, for I was busy all the while picking bones with my wretch of a husband, and I really thought I should have choked, I was in such a way with him. He had no sooner emptied the dish than he threw the "*pisen*" again in my face; and he did it also another time when we had a quince pie—and a nice delicious squince, in my eyes, is worth a Jew's eye any day; but my dainty lord and master could see nothing but *pisen* at the bottom of it, and complained of cholera and pins and needles in his inside, and I don't know what else. So this morning I packed up my bandbox, and asked him boldly what he had got in his head lately? and that his low base suspicions had completely poisoned my existence, and that I would jump into the Thames as *sure as I was born* sooner than be suspected any longer. When my brazen *monster*, who is known for not

STICKING AT TRIFLES,

draws his chair close up to mine, and laughs in my face, which made me so boil over that, in the heat of the moment, I threw the teapot at him, and then the slop-basin, and after that the milk-jug. I did not spare the crockery, or the brute either, for I was not going to be accused for nothing, I can tell you; but the more cups I broke, the more saucily he laughed, till the big drops ran down his fat face, and he asked me, with a nasty grin I didn't half like, "Whether I thought he belonged to a *burial* society for nothing?"

Oh! sir, the truth flashed all at once across my two eyes, for I knew my husband had been reading these horrible newspapers lately, and I felt instinctively they had poisoned his mind, so I ran out of the house without my bonnet, and—will you believe it?—my hair still in curl-papers, and got into a cab, vowing I would never put my foot in it again until he had gone down upon his bended knees and confessed I was a poor injured wrongly-suspected woman. I would sooner be a widow at once than be thrown about in such a way. Oh! sir, I ask you if it is not infamous, after being married to a man these fifteen years and more, to be suspected of giving him his gruel with a spoonful of arsenic, and of wishing to hurry him out of this world on a nasty toadstool instead of a fine mush-

room? But, sir, it's these infamous papers. I wish they were all burnt of a heap, for I can plainly trace every bit of my pretty Smellfungus's suspicions to those atrocious "Poisonings in Essex," which have lately given the public such a turn. Since they have been published, every husband suspects that his darling wife wishes to kill him in order to receive the filthy bonus for burying him. I cannot tell you how many poor suffering wives are separated at the present moment from their brutes of husbands because they have had this abominable poison flung in their teeth every day for the last two months. The poor *innocent injured dears* of men dare not now for their lives take a single meal in their houses, for fear it should be their last! It's quarrelling with their own bread and butter, to say the very least of it.

I remain, sir, at my hotel (the "Two Magpies"), till my cruel good-for-nothing lord and master chooses to come and fetch me.

Yours, *in despair*, crying my eyes out,

An Innocent, Loving, but Shamefully Suspected Wife, and Mother of Six Lovely Children.

P.S.—Oh! sir, my husband has just been here, and tells me it was only meant as a joke—a pretty joke, indeed!—and that, as Hamlet says, he was only "*pisening* in jest," for how could he help suspecting, when I gave him nothing but pies—beafsteak pies, eel pies, giblet pies, quince, and mince, and all sorts of pies—but that I regularly wanted to *pisen* him! D'ye see—*pies* and *pise*ning? I never heard such a joke! How men can make such donkeys of themselves I don't know! But I couldn't well be angry with the silly fellow, for he has brought me *such* a beautiful shawl; and I need not tell you, sir, that in matrimony a lovely Cashmere hides a multitude of faults.

One who has a finger in everybody's pie.

Teetotaler's Toast.—"The worm of the still—may it soon be a still worm!"

A Critic.—A man who judges an author's works by the "errata."

Vanity.—There is not a mite in the world (says Lavater), but that thinks itself "quite the cheese."

FRIGHTFUL STATE OF THINGS,

IF FEMALE AGITATION IS ALLOWED ONLY FOR A MINUTE.

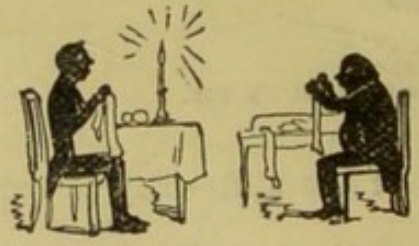
The standard of rebellion is first raised at a fashionable tea-party.

The rebels rush into the street, break open the public-houses, and ask the men if they are not ashamed of themselves to be sitting there, whilst their poor dear wives are crying their eyes out at home?

Clubs are put down and a Petticoat Government proclaimed.

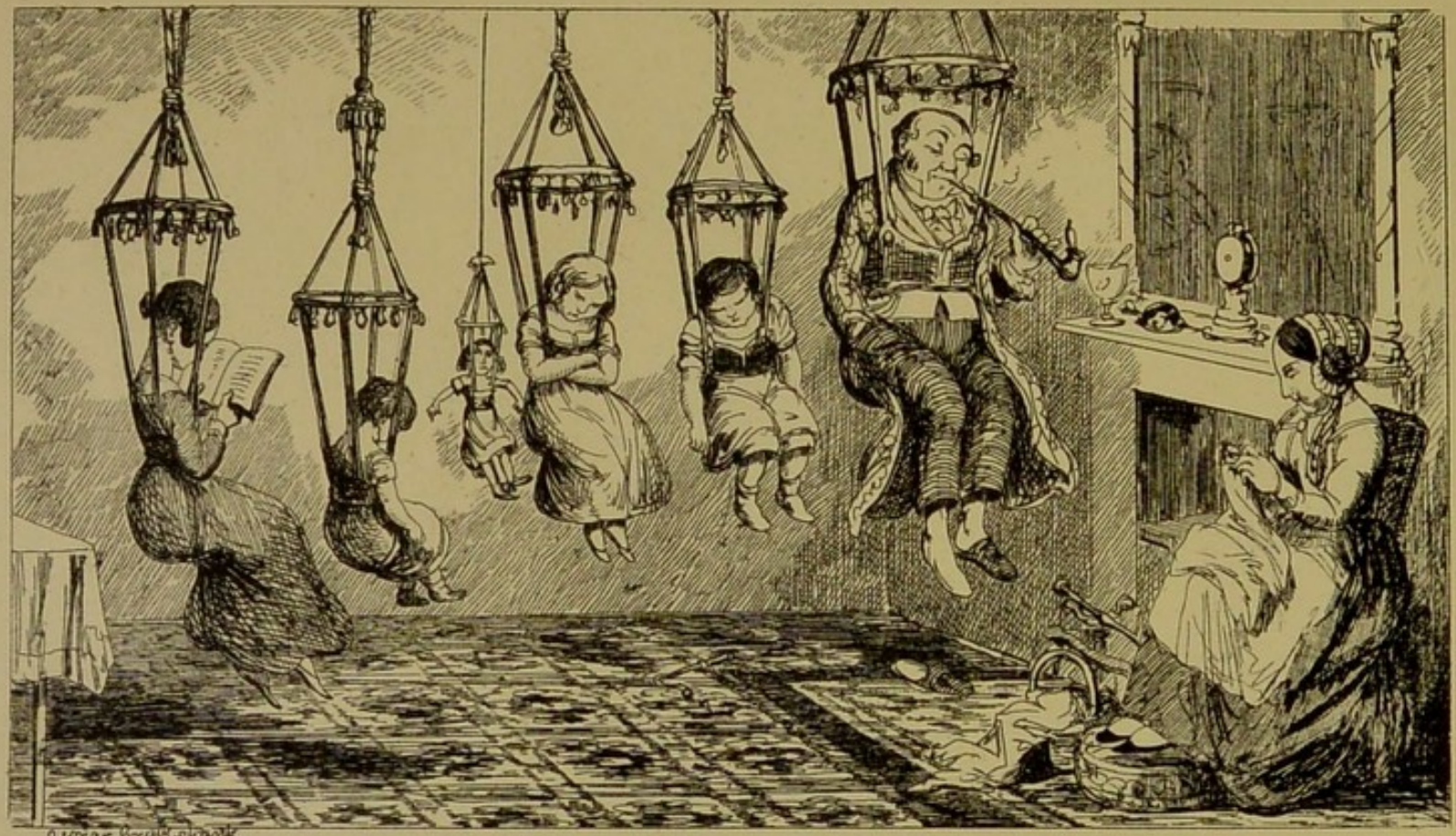
Armed patrols parade the streets, and take up every good-for-nothing husband that is found out after nine o'clock.
Total abolition of latch-keys.

All men proved to be "brutes," are taken to business in the morning by the Nurse, and fetched home at night by the Cook



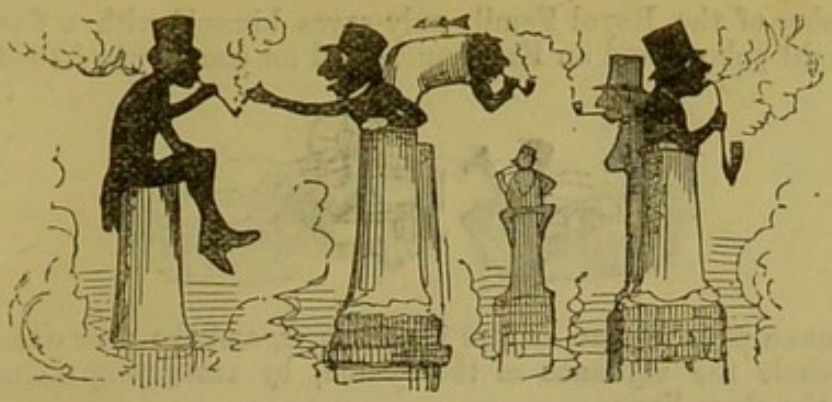
Those who offer the slightest resistance are put to mend their wives' stockings.

The greatest reprobates are sentenced to sit up for their dear wives



The Happy Family.

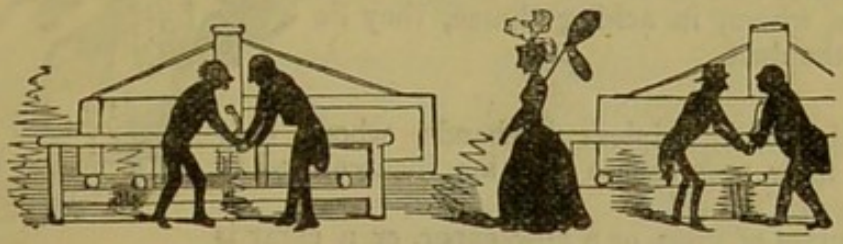
"A Quiet Hint to the Wives of England"



The Lords of Creation are driven to the greatest extremities to enjoy a quiet pipe.

But if detected, they are immediately made public examples of, by being sent out to air the babies

Those who resist the strong arm of the sex are immediately sent to the House of Correction, and put for fourteen days upon dirty linen.

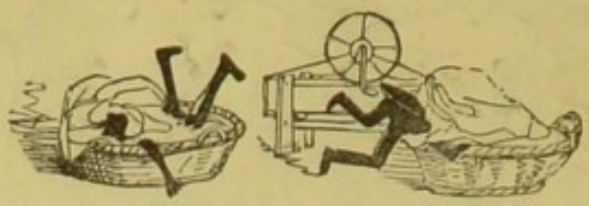


If detected a second time, they are sentenced to a month's imprisonment, and hard labour at the mangle.

The most refractory are condemned to cold meat for life, without benefit of pickles.

The heartless ringleader is loaded with irons.

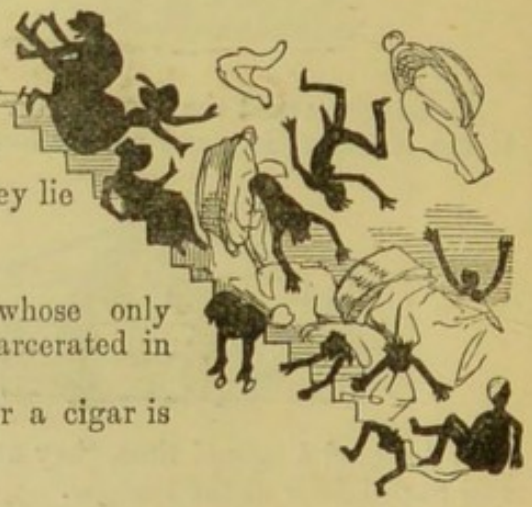
A member of the Royal Family only saves himself with a fine of twelve dozen bright pokers, and an Exchequer bond for one hundred steel fenders!



But human patience can endure it no longer, and the poor convicts endeavour to elude the vigilance of the watch, by smuggling themselves out amongst the clean linen.

The secret, however, is accidentally divulged by a criminal of great weight, who drops through the fragile clothes-basket.

The wretched criminals are carried away by the overpowering force of "Woman's Mission," and their precipitate folly only ends in their being floored at the bottom of the stairs, where, in aching shame, they lie and bite the dust.

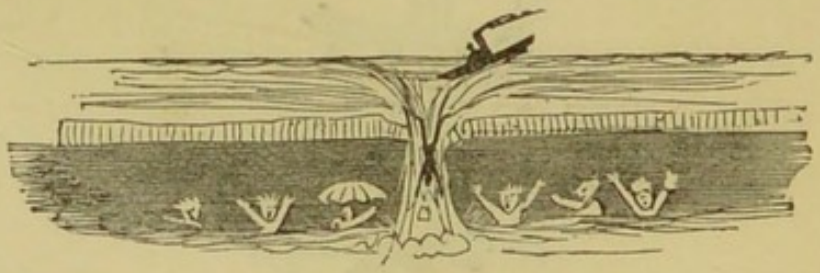


Five thousand helpless husbands, whose only crime is their unfortunate sex, are incarcerated in the Thames Tunnel!

Not a glass of grog, or a newspaper, or a cigar is allowed them!!

Hundreds perish daily for the want of the common necessaries of life!!!

The Black Hole is beaten hollow!!!!



Frightful rush, and tremendous overflow in the Thames Tunnel, through an insane attempt of the Boy Jones to escape by the roof!!!!!

Those who are not drowned, go mad.

An armistice takes place between the opposing bodies. A member of the Coburg family offers his hand to Mrs. Gamp, but is indignantly rejected by the lovely widow.

The body of the "oldest inhabitant" is found at Herne Bay, where it is supposed he emigrated for safety.

There is not a single man left, excepting the Man in the Moon.

The ladies, being left to themselves, proceed to discuss their wrongs, when, after several years' arguments, the world is graced with

THE FEMALE MILLENNIUM.

This continues thirty years, when the argument is decided at length in favour of

THE LAST WOMAN,

Who compodges herself in honour of the occasion a nice dish of tea, and

after propodging a toast to the memory of that blessed creature Mrs. Harris dies universally "regretted" on the throne of Buckingham Palace.

Richardson s ghost makes his last appearance at Greenwich Fair!!!

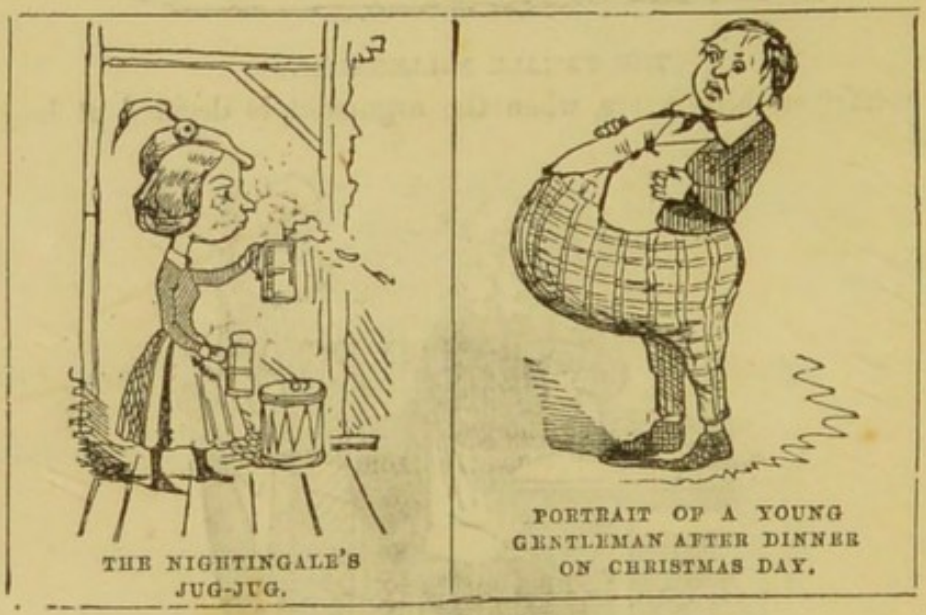
THE END OF THE WORLD!

AND OF

THE COMIC ALMANACK.

READER, YOU ARE REQUESTED TO DROP A TEAR!!!

TWO LITTLE CUTS THROWN IN.



THE NIGHTINGALE'S JUG-JUG.

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GENTLEMAN AFTER DINNER ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

Au revoir.

We meet again in 1850.

A New Court of Queens Bench.
Prosecutrix's Boudoir
Tea Room
Coffee Room
Visitors Gallery
The Papas and Mammas Box
The Brothers
Sisters
As it ought to be. or The Ladies trying a contemptible Scoundrel for a "Breach of Promise".

THE

COMIC ALMANACK

FOR 1850.

BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE.

BEFORE.

How do the Gentlemen do before marriage?—
Oh, then they come flattering,
Soft nonsense chattering,
Praising your pickling,
Playing at tickling,
Love verses writing,
Acrostics inditing.
If your finger aches, fretting,
Fondling, and petting,
"My loving,"—"my doving,"
"Petseying,"—"wetseying."
Now sighing, now dying,
Now dear diamonds buying.
Or yards of Chantilly, like a great big silly,
Cashmere shawls—brandy balls,
Oranges, apples—gloves, *Gros de Naples*
Sweet pretty "skuggies"—ugly pet puggies;
Now with an ear-ring themselves endearing,
Or squandering guineas upon *Sevignés*,
Now fingers squeezing or playfully teasing,
Bringing you bull's eyes, casting you sheep's eyes,
Looking in faces while working braces;
Never once heeding what they are reading,
But soiling one's hose by pressing one's toes;
Or else so zealous, and nice and jealous of all the fellows—
Darting fierce glances if ever one dances with a son of France's;
Or finding great faults, and threatening assaults whenever you "valtz;"
Or fuming and fussing enough for a dozen if you romp with your cousin;
Continually stopping, when out a-shopping, and bank-notes dropping,
Not seeking to win money, calling it "tin" money, and promising pin-money;
Liking picnics at Twickenham, off lovely cold chicken, ham, and champagne to quicken 'em;
Detesting one's walking without John too goes stalking, to prevent the men talking;
Think you still in your teens, wont let you eat "greens," and hate Crinolines;
Or heaping caresses, if you curl your back tresses, or wear low-neck'd dresses;
Or when up the river, almost sure to *diskiver* that it beats all to shiver the sweet Guadalquiver;

Or seeing death-fetches if the toothache one catches, making picturesque sketches of the houses of wretches;
Or with loud double knocks bring from Eber's a box, to see "Box and Cox," or pilfer one's locks to mark their new socks;
Or, whilst you are singing a love song so stinging, they vow they'll be swinging, or in Serpentine springing, unless to them clinging you'll go wedding-ringing, and for life mend their linen.
Now the gentlemen sure I've no wish to disparage,
But this is the way they go on *before* marriage.

AFTER.

How do the Gentlemen do after marriage?—
Oh, then nothing pleases 'em,
But everything teases 'em;
Then they're grumbling and snarling—
You're a "fool" not a "darling;"
Though they're rich as the *Ingies*,
They're the stingiest of stingies;
And what is *so* funny,
They've *never* got money;
Only ask them for any
And they haven't a penny;
But what passes all bounds,
On themselves they'll spend pounds—
Give guineas for lunch
Off real turtle and punch;
Each week a noise brings about, when they pitch all the things about;
Now bowing in mockery, now smashing the crockery;
Scolding and swearing, their bald heads tearing;
Storming and raging past all assuaging.
Heaven preserve us! it makes one so nervous,
To hear the door slam to, be called simple Ma'am too:
(I wonder if Adam called Mrs. Eve Madam;)
As a matter of course they'll have a divorce;
Or "my Lord Duke" intends to send you home to your friends:
Allow ten pounds a quarter for yourself and your daughter;
Though you strive all your might you can do nothing right;
While the maids—the old song—can do nothing wrong;
'Ev'ry shirt wants a button!" Every day they've cold mutton;
They're always a-flurrying one, or else they're a-hurrying one, or else they're a-worrying one;
Threatening to smother your dear sainted Mother, or kick your big Brother;
After all your fine doings, your strugglings and stewings—why, "the house is in ruins!"
Then the wine goes like winking, and they cannot help thinking you've taken to drinking;
They're perpetually rows keeping, 'cause out of the house-keeping they're in bonnets their spouse keeping;
So when they've been meated, if with pies they're not treated, they vow that they're cheated;
Then against Ascot Races, and all such sweet places, they set their old faces;

And they'll never leave town, nor to Broadstairs go down, though with bile you're quite brown;
For their wife they unwilling are, after cooing and billing her, to stand a cap from a Milliner—e'en a paltry twelve shillinger;
And it gives them the vapours to witness the capers of those bowers and scrapers the young linendrapers;
Then to add to your woes, they say nobody knows how the money all goes, but they pay through the nose for the dear children's clothes;
Though you strive and endeavour, they're so mightily clever, that please them you'll never, till you leave them for ever—yes! the hundredth time sever—"*for ever*—AND EVER"!!
Now the gentlemen sure I've no wish to disparage,
But this is the way they go on *after* marriage.

"I SINK YOU DID SAY, MADAME, YOU SHALL TAKE VON COBBLARE AND A LEETEL BEESHOPE TO FOLLOW."

ANACREONTIC

IN PRAISE OF "SHERRY COBBLERS,"

BY

A LADY OF QUALITY.

Oh, I have quaff'd of many a drink,
Right from "Tokay" to "Tiddlelywink;"
I have grown dizzy upon the "Mountain;"
Cool'd me with "Soda from the fountain;"
My eyes have glisten'd with "Malmsey" brightening·
My soul been rous'd with "Thunder and Lightning;'

With "Rossignol" I've fill'd my throat,
Till another "jug! jug!" was all my note;
And when that cloy'd—the feast to vary—
I've madly swallow'd my "Canary;"
I've tippled Punch of my own brewing;
Gone first to "rack," and then to "ruin;"
Like Cleopatra, th' Egyptian girl,
I've drain'd my draught of precious "purl;"
My heart I've warm'd with nice "lamb's wool;"
I've had at your "dog's nose" many a pull;
And cried aloud between my sips too,
"It's the sweetest thing I've put my lips to."
But tho' sweet your "dog's nose" to my two lips,
Oh, sweeter still are those "mint juleps;"
Yet much as Juleps I adore,
I love my neat "Old Tom" still more;
But—away with all vain artful dodges!—
I doat upon my "cordial Hodges;"
And yet it must—*shall* be confest—
I love a little "Jackey" best.
Still it doth Jackey—Tom eclipse,
To press my "Bishop" to my lips;
Yes, 'tis that "Bishop" most I prize,
That lifts my soul up to the skies.
Yet no!—there's one so sweet and good,
That I could die with—*that* I could!
What tho' "Old Tom" this heart enthrall?
I love a "Cobbler" more than all!
What tho' my "Bishop" spicier be?
A "Cobbler" give—oh, give to me!
My "Jackey's" strong—my "Hodges'" fine;
But ah! my "Cobbler" is divine;
In summer cool "dog's noses" are,
But "Cobblers" cooler—sweeter far.

When to the Opera I repair,
I always take my "Cobbler" there;
When at a ball I seek delight,
My "Cobbler" makes me dance all night;
For 'tis my greatest joy and pride
To have a "Cobbler" by my side.
I love all "Cobblers!"—If any best,
The last alone excels the rest;
With each I cry, between my sips too,
"'Tis the sweetest 'Cobbler' I've put my lips to."

ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT.

"ANY ONE FOR EGYPT?—EGYPT!"

Of course we shall have a Railway to Grand Cairo—the London and Great Desert Direct. How the antiquaries will get over this attack upon the very seat of their learning it is impossible to say. Will they stand idly by and not resent this blow levelled at their renowned Sesostris—this slap given to their Cheops?

However, as a matter of course, there will be a continual succession of cheap trips under the influence of Crisp. Every Englishman, who can afford to spend a week and a five-pound note in the pursuit of pleasure, will be sure to go. For in addition to the "Magnificent Scenery," "Free Admission to all the Pyramids," &c. &c., the advertisements will doubtless assure us that in every town at which the train stops, a professor will be engaged, so that whilst the travellers are swallowing their soup, they may be crammed with a complete knowledge of the language of the country—a process which will enable Englishmen to digest Coptic and Oxtail at one and the same time.

This Railway will assuredly be the making of Egypt and the Egyptians. In a very little time the Desert Sara will become as lively as Cremorne, and its sands as much frequented by the ladies as those of Ramsgate while the gentlemen are bathing. Villages will spring up in the bosom of the country almost as rapidly as mustard and cress would in the bosom of an Irishman. The sources of the Nile will afford beautiful spots for picnics where parties bringing their own tea may be accommodated with hot water; and the great Lake of Mæris will of course be thoroughly repaired, and opened as a National Swimming Bath—warranted free from Crocodiles.

Cheap Excursion Trains —

Then the Pyramids will be just the very place for some Mustapha Bunn to begin an operatic season in; the only thing required to be done will be to fit up each Sarcophagus as a private box; get a monster band with a mammoth ophicleide to play the Desert, and engage the celebrated vocal statue of Memnon to sing a solo. What a splendid joke too for the clown to let off on the first night of the Pantomime; when, after turning his toes in, rolling his eyes, and thrusting his tongue out, he cries, "Here we are again! Thirty centuries are a-lookin' down on us! Somebody's a-coming!" This alone would fill the Pyramids.

Then again as a place for posters, the Pyramids would soon "shut up" Waterloo Bridge. Noses and Son alone doubtless would engage one entire side of Ptolemy's, whilst Jullien would cover Cyphreus with a monster broadside.

Of course all caravans would be superseded, and camels only used for picnics and penny rides at fairs. The once-renowned Ben Haroun ad Deen will be waiting to comfort the hungry passenger, crying aloud as he stands beneath the glorious Sphinx, "Allah is good!—Baked 'taturs all hot!—and Mahomet is his Prophet. Here's your prime flowery sort!" Whilst the once bloodthirsty Ben Hassan, as he leans against the bright gas-lit Cleopatra's Needle, will lift up his voice with "May the Prophet bless you. Ham sandwiches a penny."

The salutary effect that this mixing of the English with the Egyptian will have upon our Poetry and Romance, "can be much better imagined than described,"—as George Robins used to say in every one of his advertisements. Instead of our trumpery "Wilt thou love me then as now?" and "Yes, dearest, then I'll love thee more!" we shall have good wholesome emotion, and "no nonsense," in the shape of the following little Anglo-Arabian snatch:

"For thirty days I could not eat—neither have I slept for the fleas and excessive weeping.

"Her face is like the full moon, her hair like capsicums, and her nose is the finest of Grecians.

"She moveth like the willow branch, and she speaketh Coptic with a pure Pyramidical accent.

"Her breath is like ambergris; she hath rubies and pearls, and jacinths, and heaps of red gold in the consols."

This is sterling affection if you like. There are few Englishmen who could keep a flame burning for thirty days.

When all these things are worked out, it will be time to begin agitating for that great moral change, the introduction of Polygamy into England. If true-born Britons are to be forced still to continue monogamists, what, we would ask, is to become of the surplus lady population? Either they must be induced to emigrate in a body to the Grand Sultan, or an act must be passed to make bigamy according to law. Something *must* be done for as matters are at present our wives *are just one too many for us.*

"THE GOOD OLD TIMES."

THE "good old times" are past, my boys,
The "good old times" are past.
And, if it's true what Hist'ry says,
It's lucky we live in other days
Than the "good times" past;
Then the Noble's might was the only right,
But the people have grown stronger:
The iron collar's off their necks—
Thank God they're dogs no longer!

The "good old times" are past, my boys,
The "good old times" are past,
When the skies were bloody with martyr fires,
And daughters lighted their fathers' pyres,
In the "good times" past.
Then, mothers at the stake gave birth;
And, to make their sufferings stronger,
Had their new-born babe flung in the flames—
Thank God, we burn no longer!

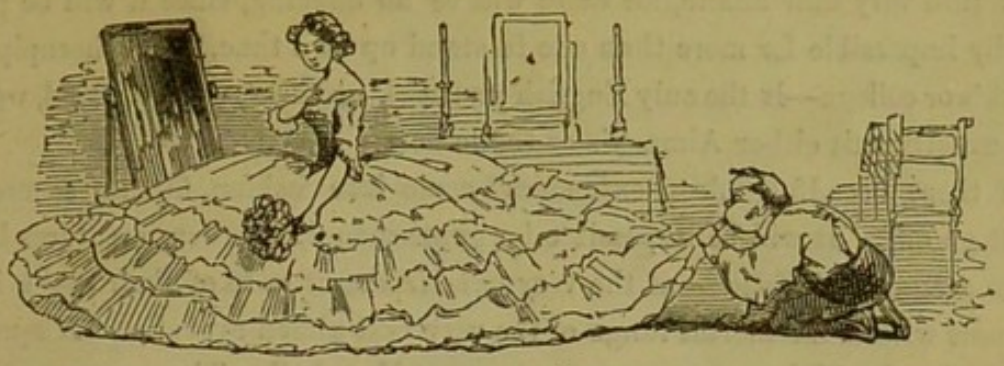
The "good old times" are past, my boys,
The "good old times" are past,
When we kill'd—not kept—our aged poor,—
Burnt them as witches by the score,
In the "good times" past.
Then a child of five was burnt alive,
For making the tempest stronger;
And a dog they tried, and a corpse beside—
Thank God, *that* lasts no longer!

The "good old times" are past, my boys,
The "good old times" are past,
When the balls were cut from each dog's paw,
For fear they should hunt—so ran the law,
In the "good times" past.
Then manure, they said, was bad for the game,
And rendered the flavour stronger;
So they made it death to Manure the land—
Thank God, *that* lasts no longer!

The "good old times" are past, my boys,
The "good old times" are past,
When the walls of Temple Bar were spread
With many a "traitor's" rotting head,
In the "good times" past.
Then for forty shillings men were hung,
And the thirst for blood grew stronger
Man's life was valued then at a sheep's—
Thank God, *that* lasts no longer!

What it must come to, at last, if the Ladies go on blowing them = selves out as they do!.

George Cruikshank



BLOWING UP ONE'S WIFE.

ALL A-BLOWING! ALL A-GROWING!

At the time of the French Revolution it was the fashion for ladies to wear their dresses as tight round as pillow-cases; but now-a-days all is confusion and bustle. That plaguy half-moon thing has set the ladies' dresses swelling and swelling, till it will soon take as much stuff to make a skirt as it does to make a tent. Forty years back a "full dress" would go comfortably into a bandbox, but now it is only with a great deal of pressing that more than one can be squeezed into an opera-box.

It was bad enough when "ye faire damezelles" had hoops all round, like sugar casks or painted posts; but now they are encompassed with air-tubes big enough for an atmospheric railway, and it is high time for the husbands to meddle with what they don't understand, and pick the ladies' dresses to pieces. In ten years, unless an Act of Parliament is passed to prevent the spread of feminine dresses, ladies will be such "awful swells" that there will be no coming near them. Husbands, to obtain the least "peace and quiet," will be obliged to blow their wives up not less than three times a day. Ladies' maids will be required to have lungs like an ironfounder's blast; for if, when Mary is directed to puff her mistress up into a "good figure," she cannot blow her out "nice and full," of course she will be told to suit herself with a place where "good wind" is no object. What a dreadful situation it would be for a poor dear lady of fashion if any one should call when she's *en déshabillé* —and consequently, by mere force of contrast, as thin as a Passover biscuit. There she would be running about the house wringing her hands, either promising, like a true Christian, to give a kiss for a blow, or else crying, like the lady with the Mackintosh life-preserver in a storm at sea, "Oh dear! Oh dear! Will nobody blow me out? Will nobody blow me out?"

One thing is certain; our parties will soon become literal "*spreads*," and

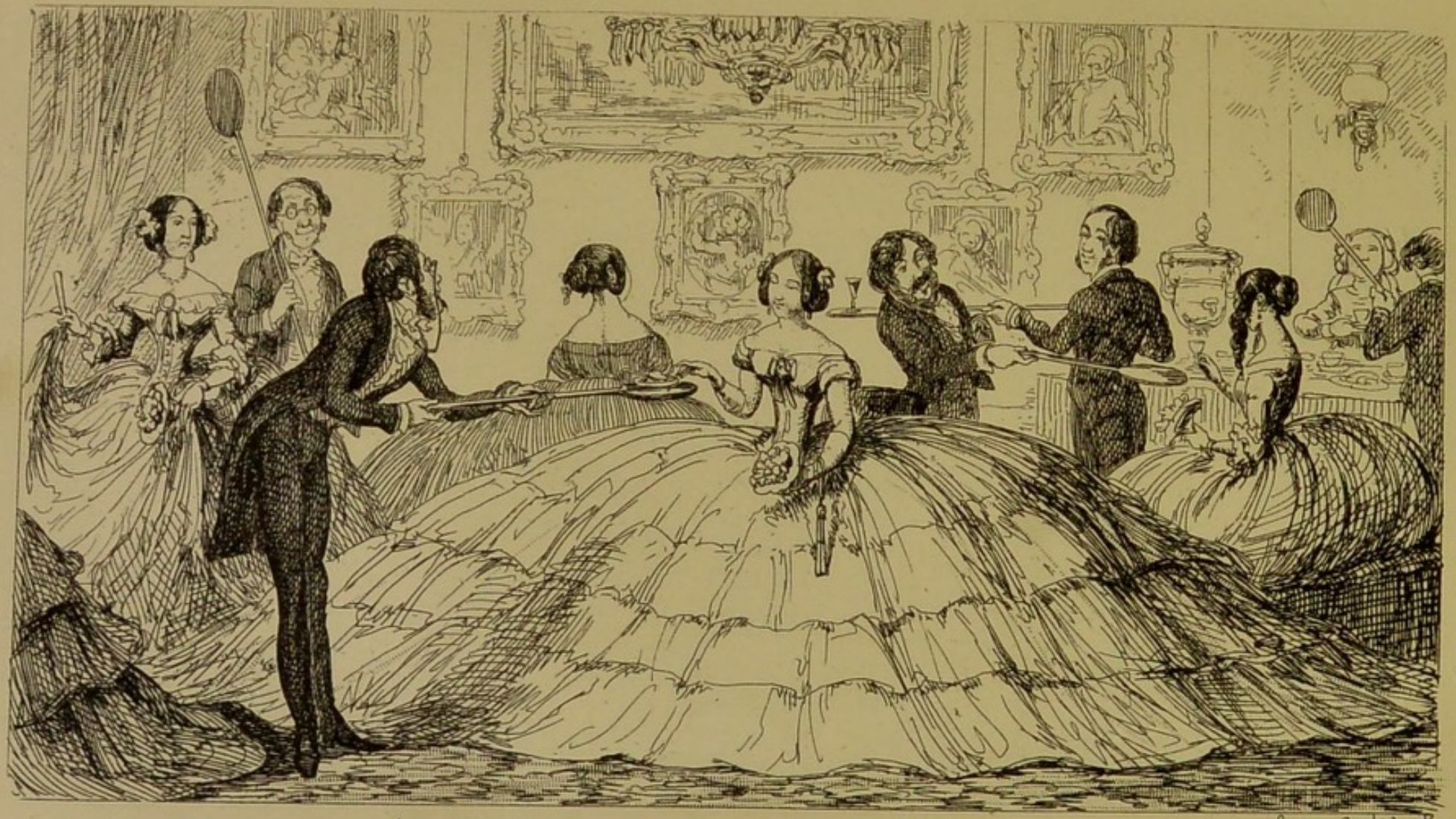
sink into very dull affairs, for there will be no dancing, since it will be physically impossible for more than one to stand up at a time. The hornpipe—sailor's or college—is the only English *pas seul*, and *that*, we are afraid, would not exactly suit either Almack's or the ladies.

If those dreadful "dress-extenders" come into fashion, flirting assuredly must go out. It will be impossible for gentlemen, if the dear creatures keep them at such a distance—at the very *outskirts* as it were of their soul's idol, to come within the mortal range of the very best aimed eyeballs. A squeeze of the hand will be as rare as a squeeze at Vauxhall. The supper room on the night of a "grand spread" will be a curious place. There the gentlemen will stand, armed each with a long baker's peel with which to hand the ladies their refreshments. The greatest nicety, however, will be required in presenting a trifle, a glass of wine, or a jelly by these means, lest the whole be deposited in the fair creature's lap. Still if the ladies will persist in blowing themselves out before they come, they must not complain that they cannot eat anything when they are nearly bursting.

It would require the great prophet Moore himself to foretell all the mischief to come unless these gowns are taken in a reef or two. If a cry is raised against advertising carts for blocking up a street, what noise will the city men make to a skirt stopping the way like a dead wall! No doubt this last fact will be taken advantage of by every bill-sticker in London, and many a poor dear, on returning home, will find she has been walking about all day with a three-sheet poster behind her, announcing there then were "IMMENSE ATTRACTIONS, and had been entirely re-decorated and painted."

The omnibus drivers, too, will throw up their reins to a man, unless, like Pickford's, they are allowed to charge according to size and weight, and their licences are altered from "thirteen people" to "two skirts" inside. But the most frightful picture for contemplation is, in the event of another French Revolution, what will become of the women? With those dresses they are sure to be seized for making barricades with. Three or four ladies, a carriage, and a pianoforte or two, would be better than all the paving-stones in Paris.

The ladies had better be careful, or the gentlemen in revenge will introduce the old Dutch costume.



A Splendid Spread –

PORTRAIT OF THE CULPRIT.

AN AFFECTING COPY OF VERSES

WRITTEN BY

THE WRETCHED BRIDEGROOM,

ON

THE EVENING PREVIOUS TO THE AWFUL CEREMONY.

In grief and sorrow I rue the day,
A young woman first led me astray;
There is no hope for me, to-morrow,
My life must end in shame and sorrow.

In the morning, at ten, St. George's bell
Will toll for me—dreadful for to tell;
For then, alas!—oh, bitter lot—
They ties the horrid fatal knot.

Percival Spooney is my sad name,
I do confess I was much to blame;
I see my folly, now it is too late,
And do deserve my most dreadful fate.

On the first of April, it came to pass,
I well remember,—Alas! alas!—
The very thought makes my heart to bleed,—
I did vow to do this horrid deed.

Oh, hadn't I never seen Ann Power,
I might have been happy to this hour;
Keeping company with that artful Miss
Has brought me, in my prime, to this.

It was, while a-walking in Love Lane,
She first put the thoughts into my brain;
Sure, I had much better ne'er been born,
For now I must end my days in scorn.

Intent on effecting my vile plan,
I seeks her father—a grey-hair'd man;
And, like a madman, straight attacks him,
'Twas a heavy blow when I did *axe* him.

With a heart of stone, or hardest metal,
The poor old man I quick did settle:
He soon was silenc'd, that fatal night,
And quite cut up—what a horrid sight!

Indeed—indeed, it was shocking sad:
How could I do it?—but I was mad;
When I did think on what I'd done
I felt inclin'd for to cut and run.

Her mother was,—oh, horrid fact!
A vile accessory to the act;
For she did urge me on, you see,
To do this here atrocity.

Young men, by me pray a warning take—
Shun woman's company ere 'tis too late;
If you're a-courting, strive your lives to mend,
Pity my sad untimely end.

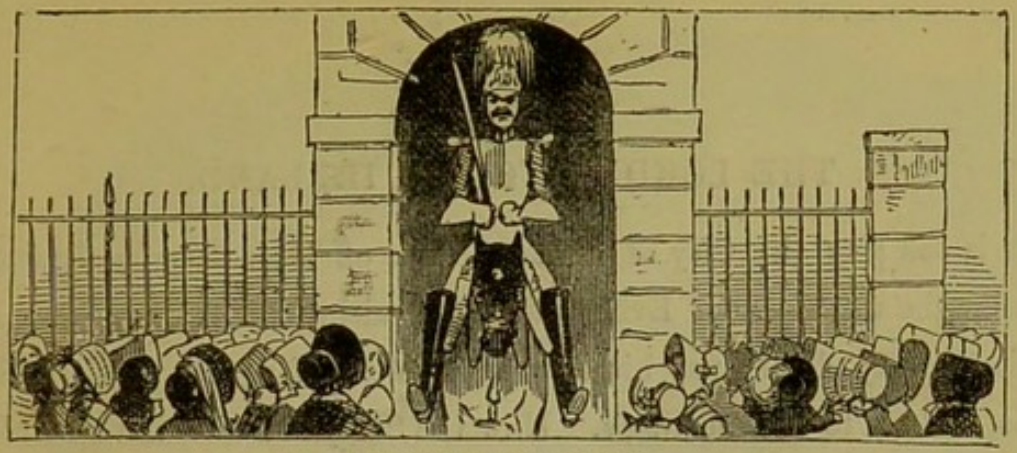
To-morrow, many the crowd will swell,
To behold the awful spectacle:
What a dismal sight, alas! to see
A young man launch'd into misery.

As the church bell tolls the hour of ten,
The sad procession will begin;
And then, 'midst many a tearful eye,
My hands they will proceed to tie.

While the fatal noose they do prepare,
The Parson he will breathe a prayer,
Then vainly ask for me a blessin',
And pardon crave for my transgression.

Sadly, I confess, I've done amiss.
I know there is no hope for bliss.
To-morrow I shall be a public gaze,
And then in torments end my days.

THE MELANCHOLY PROCESSION.



WAITING FOR THE MAIL.

BON MOT-TO WAFERS:

OR, SEALS FOR "SHUTTING-UP" GOVERNORS, LOVERS, DEBTORS, AND CREDITORS.

Obliged to be *sharper*, because *less blunt* than usual.

Love should come with a *ring*, but not *without a rap*.

To-day I write;
To-morrow I writ.

Rat-a-tat!
Look out for a Latitat.

A little "soft solder"
for a little tin.

A *billet* more than *doux*
for a *bill* that's over-*due*.

Pig's *cheek* pleases—Woman's tickles—Man's offends.

I send you *an oat* (a note),
Respondez *wheat*.

May we never *differ*,
But always *correspond*.

Like a sheep I seek
consolation in my *pen*.

This is between you and me
and the *post*.

Though we correspond, I trust there'll be *no words* between us.

You can't *do wrong*,
If you *do write*.

May the *female* be as trustworthy as the *mail*.

I write on spec:
and hope it will *answer*.

You know *the hand*;
Become the possessor of it.

Though a person of extreme *diffidence*,
I write this in *confidence*.

Pray give me your *countenance*; it will put a *better face* upon the matter.

I trust you wont be *dreadfully affected* on receipt of this.

Sow your wild oats, and reap five-p'un'-'otes.

You *do!*
I *dun*.

The "Governor" holds out, and wont give up the keys.

Eat a hearty breakfast, and *Dinner* forget.

To one who possesses a good large *chere amie* (*share o' me*).

If I *correspond* with you,
You must "*match*" with me.

You're *dying* for me you declare;
So you *are*, poor old fellow,
—*your hair*.

Friendship is the *cement* of life, and we the "*bricks*."

You require *bleeding*;
Allow me to *stick* you.

This is the land of Liberty, so I take one.

Don't be always *for-getting*,
And never *for-giving*.

For *cleaning* your *tables* there's nothing like a good "*Sponge*."

One chaste salute,
Go it my *two-lips*.

Give your *countenance*, and you'll give something extremely *handsome*.

THE LORD MAYOR IN IRELAND.

It is sad pity the City of London broke off their bargain about the Connaught waste land. Everybody was waiting for the fun, when his Civic Majesty should pay his state visit to the Kingdom of Bogs that he had added to that of Gog's. How the "boys" would have laughed to see the whole procession stick fast in the mud, and the man in armour, weighed down in his own scales, sink up to his helmet in the swamp. How the "finest pisinthry" would have cheered to see the gilt coach, Lord Mayor, Recorder and all, suddenly disappear in the illigant muck.

In compliment to his new subjects, the Emperor of all the Bogs and Gogs, of course, would have ordered the faithful Birch (for spare the birch spoil the "boys") to supply a "feast" replete with every Irish delicacy of the season. The bill of fare for this most probably would have been, *First Course*—Praties wid de bones in 'em; *Remove*—the smallest taste in life of salt mate, to make the poteen come like a "rale blessin." Then to win the hearts of his new subjects the King of Cockneydom would, doubtlessly, have spoken in the richest brogue he could manage. At Donnybrook he would have chucked all the girls under the chin and called them "*Macrees*," and "*Astores*;" and delighted the men by flourishing his shillelah and crying "Och! Goroo! Goroo! Tare an 'ouns will nobody thrid on the tails of my gownd?" while, to complete the thing, he would have directed the "Mace-bearer, darlint, to feel round the tint for the bald hids of the Aldermin."

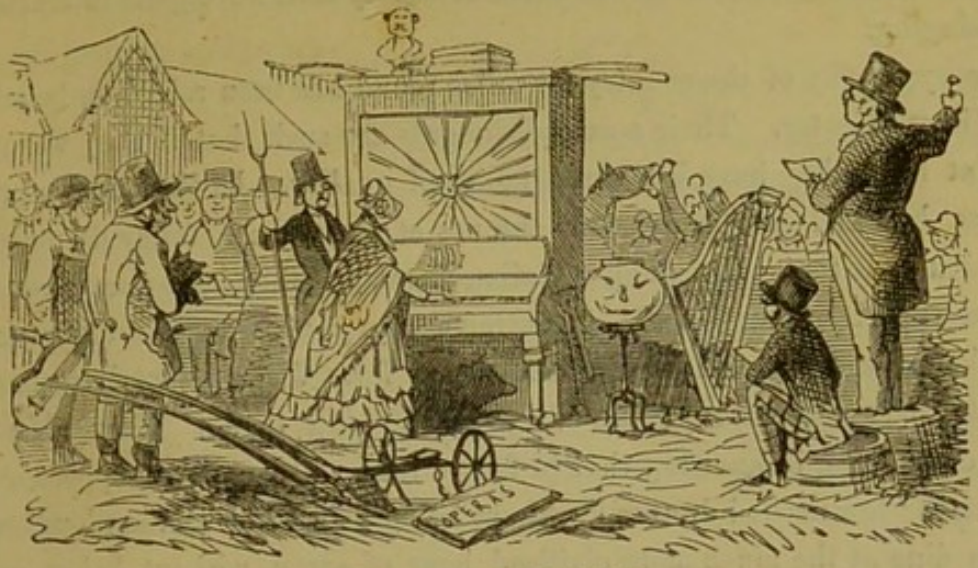
Really our London *Mayors* are almost as strange anim⁹' as the Irish Bulls.

The Lord Mayors — Show —

and — The Lord Mayors Feast —

in — IRELAND

The Fearful but probable ultimate effects of feeding John Bull upon Foreign produce



AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

DREADFUL CASE OF AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

The state of the British Farmer is growing desperate. Unless something is done quickly, they will ere long become mere men of straw. As it is, the distress prevalent in the different counties has nearly reached its climax. The farmers are so tied down in Notts that scarcely any of them have tasted Champagne for the last six months. There isn't a man in Beds that dreams of hunting more than twice a-week, and Oxon, nearly mad from being driven so hard, has scarcely a dozen families in which the French language is spoken.

The great question of what will become of the British Farmer has been in part answered by Mr. Hiceter, who has become—insolvent. It appears that gentleman has for some time expected the Ploughshare of Distress to cut up his hearth, and the Harrow of affliction to dig its teeth and nails into the bosom of his family. This he has long anticipated, on account of his not having paid any rent for the last two years—indeed from the fact of farming seldom *paying*, Mr. Hiceter had long since learned to look upon the agricultural business as an extensive *field for hoeing* (owing). Mr. Hiceter complains that he has suffered much from his kidneys, which have been diseased for these last two years. His barley, he says, has run to nothing but beard. His ears, however, have been remarkably long; still, his corn has been so bad of late, that it has been as much as he could do to hobble on for this long time. Two large fields of Mangel Wurzel have been swallowed up by a *Native de Paris*, whom he engaged to perfect his daughters in the French

tongue; and the whole of his six acres of canary seed have gone to teach the girls singing.

The sympathy of the country for miles round has been raised on behalf of the Misses Hiceter. Their accomplishments are such that if they were not born, at least they have been bred ladies of quality. In the midst of their sorrows they find great comfort in the use of the globes. They do not complain, but pass their time singing Italian duets, and they have already worked several superb ottomans. Their extreme repugnance to the disgustingly early hours, and vulgar laborious offices of a farm life, completely reconciles them to their present condition of having nothing to do. They also feel great consolation in knowing that in future they will be able to appear every evening in "low-necked dresses," without being pointed at by the ploughboys, and to dine at the much more civilized hour of seven, without being called proud by the Goodies.

In their prosperity it was ever the object of the Misses Hiceter to ennoble and refine the low manners and customs of the British Farmer. It was through their exertions that their brother, Mr. Albert Hiceter, was induced to wear a diamond ring and yellow kid gloves whilst guiding the plough. Whistling at the plough was also strictly forbidden by them among the farm servants, and white berlin gloves and meerschaum pipes rigorously insisted upon.

It is very gratifying to learn that these two young ladies have made up their minds to marry only persons of independent fortune and title, and to leave their papa as soon as they conveniently can, unless he consents to forego his filthy clay pipe before company.

We subjoin a few of the lots and purchasers at the late sale:—

Lot 5.—A capital Guernsey Cow; a first-rate Spanish Guitar; two Breeding Sows; and a lovely Chalk drawing of a "Brigand," by Miss Victoria Hiceter.—(*Bought for* £22 10 0 *by Ensign Namby, whose features bore a great resemblance to those of the Brigand.*)

Lot 8.—Thirty sacks of prime Potatoes (Early Yorks); a patent Rat-trap; a splendid Embroidered Cat; Wheelbarrow, never used; four ropes of strong Onions; six dozen of the best French Cambric Pocket Handkerchiefs; and a binocular Opera Glass.—(*Sold very cheap to a Gin Spinner of the name of Baylis.*)

Lot 22.—Capital Set first-rate Harness; several Embroidered Collars; sixteen Hay Forks; three rows lovely Imitation Pearls; two bushels of Buckwheat; nearly a peck of dirty White Kid Gloves (warranted cleaned only twice); and a bunch of handsome False Ringlets.—(*Purchased by the*

Rev. G. Hodder, who complained that some of the Kid Gloves would not bear cleaning again.)

Lot 36.—Two pair of magnificent Top-boots; half an acre of fine Turnips; one quart of Lavender Water; a sack of Oats; a dozen plump Geese; six new Ostrich Feathers; and a bundle of blue Veils.—(*Sold to Mrs. Glyde of the Rookery.*)

Lot 54.—Magnificent Stuffed Spaniel (King Charles's breed); eight good Spades; ditto Pitchforks; two beautiful Fancy Dresses (one Circassian Slave, and one Mary Queen of Scots); several Vols. Italian Duets; splendidly bound Family Bible (not much used); large Garden Roller; and six loads strong Manure.—(*Knocked down to Lady Guy Tomlins, who had brought her carriage to take them with her.*)

BREACH OF PROMISE.

Ogles *v.* Winkin.

On the day appointed for the trial of the wretched man Mike Winkin, the rush of ladies was so terrific that, we regret to state, several highly respectable females met with severe accidents. Mrs. de Smythe Smith had her bonnet completely crushed, and her body literally torn from her. She was carried to a shop in the neighbourhood, where her head was immediately dressed; her body, however, was found to be so injured that it was thought advisable to take it off. Miss Beeves, we are sorry to say, also lost both her legs, they having been taken from under her in the scuffle.

The greatest praise is due to Mrs. Inspector Dakin of the T division, who kept up a constant and strong supply of that body.

At ten o'clock Mrs. Serjeant Blubag took her seat on the *fauteuil.* She was attired in a robe of *poult-de-soie rose,* trimmed with *peau de lapin blanc garnie de demi queue de chat noir,* and with her hair *au cactus.* On the "devotionals" beside her were seated the Misses Justice, Tracts, and Gruel.

The prisoner on being brought in was assailed with cries of "You brute! Oh, you brute!" which drowned the call of Miss Asthma the usher, for "Silence, my dears! Pray, silence, my dears!"

Miss Wartz, Q.C., the celebrated authoress of the "Trials of Women," assisted by fifteen other ladies, appeared for the prosecution; and, having laid down a lovely pair of braces that she had been engaged in working, opened the case by saying that—

In the whole of her born days she had never heard of such a downright cruel affair.

Ever since she had worn a filthy disgusting wig that covered her "seat of reason" with horse-hair.

What on earth had come to the gentlemen lately was really more than she could say.

But men's *suits* now-a-days were so plentiful that it was the third time she had appeared in breeches that day.

Really, marriage was made such game of now-a-days, that, terrible to tell! Hymen had completely extinguished his torch; for, as he said, "*le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*" (Great confusion and cries of "Silence, my dears! Pray, *pray*, my dears! let us have silence.")

The plaintiff in this case is a very good young woman, in the prime of life, and the pastrycook line;

Whose manners are lovely, morals excellent, character superb, and eel pies divine.

Early each morning defendant would seek out her shop, and stop there the whole of the day.

Paying, the great big silly, nothing but compliments for emptying the whole of the stale-tart tray.

But his promises proved only pie-crust; for he suddenly left her to make love to a cook-shop next door,

After having sworn the fondest devotion, and lived on her eel pies for a good six months or more.

And now he sends her a nasty impudent letter, saying, carrots are things he cannot a-bear;

Though, as the poor fond dear said, she was ready to *dye* for his sake, the very moment she heard he didn't like nice warm auburn hair

Mrs. Sniggles was called as witness. She objected to say how old she was. Might be forty—might be twenty. On her oath, she wasn't sixty. *Would* swear she wasn't fifty-nine. Was perfectly well aware of the consequences of perjury; and yet *would* persist in affirming that she had not reached her fifty-eighth year. Objected to answer any more questions as to age. (Objection allowed.) Knew plaintiff. Had called to see her, and found the poor thing fainting. She came to a little when the chemist's young man tickled her. Plaintiff hadn't eaten enough to lie on a fourpenny-piece ever since. Wouldn't swear to a fourpenny-piece.

At this point of the case, the forewoman of the jury stated to her Honour that their minds were perfectly made up as to the guilt of the prisoner: whereupon Mrs. Serjeant Blubag proceeded to put on the black cap. It was of *crêpe noir*, splendidly trimmed with artificial flowers of rosemary and rue, and had a very *distingué* and solemn effect. Her Honour dwelt for a considerable time on the wretched man's impudent expression of countenance, asking him in a most impressive manner where he expected he would go to, and concluded by sentencing him to marriage and hard labour for the remainder of his days, as hanging was too good for him.

The defendant was then removed in the custody of Mrs. Twentystone, the turnkey, and an old maiden lady of a serious turn of mind was immediately sent for, to prepare the man for his wretched doom.

A REGULAR POSER.

COCKNEY ENIGMAS.

No. 1.

(*On the letter H.*)

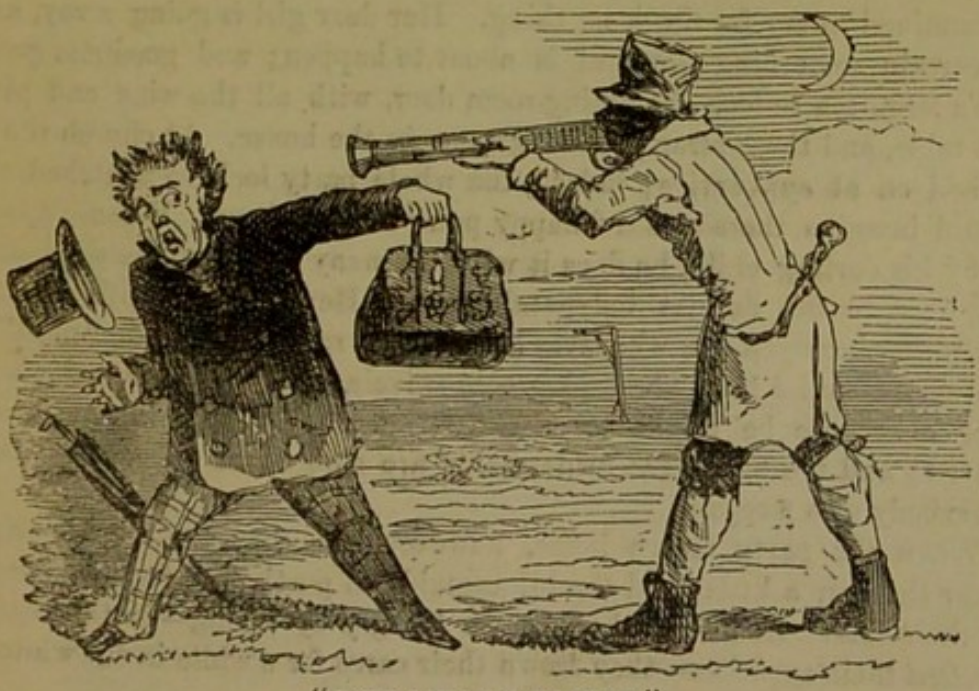
I DWELLS in the Herth, and I breathes in the Hair;
If you searches the Hocean you'll find that I'm there.
The first of all Hangels in Holympus am Hi,
Yet I'm banish'd from 'Eaven, expell'd from on 'Igh.
But tho' on this Horb I am destin'd to grovel,
I'm ne'er seen in an 'Ouse, in an 'Ut, nor an 'Ovel;
Not an 'Oss nor an 'Unter e'er bears me, alas!
But often I'm found on the top of a Hass.
I resides in a Hattic, and loves not to roam,
And yet I'm invariably habsent from 'Ome.
Tho' 'ushed in the 'Urricane, of the Hatmosphere part,
I enters no 'Ed, I creeps into no 'Art.
Only look, and you'll see in the Heye I appear,
Only hark, and you'll 'ear me just breathe in the Heat;
Though in sex not an 'E, I am (strange paradox!)
Not a bit of an 'Effer, but partly a Hox.
Of Heternity Hi'm the beginning! And mark,
Though I goes not with Noar, I'm the first in the Hark.
I'm never in 'Elth—have with Fysic no power;
I dies in a Month, but comes back in a Hour.

COCKNEY ENIGMAS.

No. II.

(On the letter W.)

The Vide Vorld you may search and my fellow not find;
I dwells in a Wacuum, deficient in Vind;
In the Wisage I'm seen—in the Woice I am heard,
And yet I'm inwisible—gives went to no Vurd.
I'm not much of a Vag, for I'm vanting in Vit;
But distinguish'd in Werse for the Wollums I've writ.
I'm the head of all Willains, yet far from the Vurst—
I'm the foremost in Wice, tho' in Wirtue the first.
I'm us'd not to Veapons, and ne'er goes to Vor;
Tho' in Walour inwincible—in Wictory sure.
The first of all Wiands and Wictuals is mine—
Rich in Wen'zon and Weal, but deficient in Vine.
To Wanity given, I in Welwets abound;
But in Voman, in Vife, and in Vidow an't found;
Yet, conspicuous in Wirgins! And I'll tell you, between us,
To persons of taste I'm a bit of a Wenus;
Yet none take me for Veal—or for Voe in its stead,
For I ranks not among the s-veet Voo'd Vun and Ved.



"I SEE I MUST GIVE IT UP."

THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE.

The Ancients certainly made a great mistake in not choosing Niobe for the Goddess of Marriage. Hymen is by far too jolly; he is all smiles—more of the hyena than the crocodile; whilst Niobe is just as she ought to be—all tears.

There never yet was a marriage that was not a perfect St. Swithin affair. No one—unless he has a soul of gutta-percha, thoroughly waterproof—should think of going to a wedding with less than two pocket-handkerchiefs; and, even then, a sponge is better adapted to the "joyful occasion." Men take wives as they do pills, with plenty of water—excepting, indeed, when the "little things" are well gilt.

If a kind of matrimonial barometer were kept in each family, and its daily indications as to the state of the weather at the fireside accurately registered, we have no doubt that on the average being taken the following results would be arrived at—

Before Marriage . . . . *Fair.* | During Marriage . . . . *Wet.*
After Marriage . . . . . *Stormy.*

Meteorologically speaking, it would be highly interesting could we arrive at a knowledge of the exact amount of "doo" prevailing during courtship.

Nobody can feel more truly wretched than on the happiest day of his life. A wedding is even more melancholy than a funeral. The bride weeps for everything and nothing. At first she's heart-broken because she's about to leave her Ma and Pa; then, because she hopes and trusts Chawles will always love her; and, when no other excuse is left, she bursts into tears because she's afraid he will not bring the ring with him. Mamma, too, is determined to cry for the least thing. Her dear girl is going away, and she is certain something dreadful is about to happen; and goodness gracious! she's forgotten to lock the dining-room door, with all the wine and plate on the table, and three strange greengrocers in the house. At church the water is laid on at *eye*-service; indeed, the whole party look so wretched, no one would imagine there was a "happy pair" among them. When Papa gives away his darling child, he does it with as many sobs as if he were handin her over to the fiercest Polygamist since Henry the Eighth—instead bestowing her upon one who loves his "lamb," regardless of the "mint" sau that accompanies her. The bridegroom snivels, either because crying's catching, or because he thinks he ought, for decency's sake, to appear deeply moved; and the half-dozen bridesmaids are sure to be all weeping, because everybody else weeps.

When the party return home, however, the thoughts of the breakfast cheer them up a little; and the bridesmaids, in particular, feel quite resigned to their fate. As if they had grown hungry by crying—or the tears had *whetted* their appetites—they drown their cares for a while in the white soup-

" The Happiest moment of my life ———

tureen. The champagne goes off, and goes round. Eyes begin to twinkle, the young ladies get flushed, and titter and giggle with the bridegroom, until at last the "funny man" of the party begins talking of the splendid gravy spoon he means to give when he's a godfather; but is immediately frowned down by the old aunt opposite, who has come dressed out as gaily and as full of colours as an oilman's shop-front.

Then the father gets up, and after a short and pathetic eulogium upon the virtues of that "sweet girl," whom he "loves as his own flesh and *blood*," thumps the table, and tells the company that "any one who would not treat her properly would be a *scoundrel!*" Upon this every one present turns round to look and frown at the wretched villain of a bridegroom, and then they all fall to weeping again. But so strongly has the feeling set in against the new son-in-law, that it is only by a speech full of the deepest pathos, that he can persuade the company that he has not the least thought of murdering, or indeed even assaulting his wife.

At last the mother, bride, and bridesmaids retire to say "Good-bye," and have a good cry altogether upstairs. Then the blessing and the weeping begin again with renewed vigour. As at Vauxhall, they seem to keep the grandest shower for the last. The bridesmaids cry till their noses are quite red, and their hair is as straight as if they had been bathing. And when the time comes for the happy pair to leave, in order to catch the train for Dover, then the mother, father, sisters, brothers, bride, bridegroom, bridesmaids, and every soul in the house, all cry—even down to the old cook "who knowed her ever since she were a babby in long clothes" —as if the young couple were about to be "transported for life" in the literal rather than the figurative sense of the term.

RECOMMENDED TO MERCY.

FIRST AND SECOND WRANGLERS.

COLLEGE FOR LADIES.

Examination Papers.

Examiners.

DOCTORESS SENNA.

PROFESSORESS FANNY SANDELLS. | PROFESSORESS EYEBALLS, M.A.

English Language and Literature.

1. According to the Anglo-Norman pronunciation, is it correct to say "the people of Frarnce love to darnse on the grarse, 'neath the bloo sky?" or is it more elegant to speak it thus: "The people of Frannce love to dannce on the gras, 'neath the bleeugh skeeigh?"

2. In High English is there such a word as Cabbage?

3. Is the "wide-awake hat" a weak or strong Mœso-Gothic phrase? and give your opinion as to whether "wide-awakes" were worn by the early Teutonic tribes.

French.

[*To be translated into French by the Senior and Junior Classes.*]

1. I saw a perfect love of a "white chip," at Howell and James's, and some of the sweetest muffs I ever beheld in all my life.

2. Our Fanny is a great big silly, and your Charles is a perfect duck.

[*Observation sur le Comte D'Orsay, par Mademoiselle Séraphine.*]

La cravate! c'est là, la force et la puissance de cette homme. Elle était d'une bleu magnifique. Son gilet brodé en cheveux tains, noirs, et gris,

était d'un velour superbe et d'un rouge infernel. Ces yeux—Seigneur! ces étoiles qu'il avait pour yeux! Tout ce qu'il regarde, il perce, comme l'éclair. Ils sont cruels et adorables! Mais surtout—surtout! qu'elles délires, qu'elles extase à voir les favoris de cet homme ravissant. C'est là, est toute sa puissance. Il sont véritablement le lit rosier de mille Cupidons——

O-o-oh! sacre nom de tonnerre! le comte est un ange terrestriel et séduisant.

Philosophy of Logic.

1. Test the following examples by logical rules—
   I should like to know your age?
   Would you!
   Then you wont.
2. What form of syllogism does the following come under?—
   Dinner is late again!
   Why is it so?
   Because it is.

Mathematics.

1. Is the highest power of T equal to x x x?
2. What is the square of Lincoln's Inn, and is it equal to the square of Belgrave?
3. State the *areas* that the K division of the whole force will occupy.
4. Given a ¼ of lamb, required to know how many times C 21 + E 9 will go into the same.

Architecture.

1. Draw the ornaments of a Corinthian cap, and explain to what kind of front and facings same is becoming.

Zoology.

1. Are boys monkeys, and men great pigs?

Botany.

1. Does Maiden's Hair (*Briza Media*) bear many flowers. State whether it grows to great length; and if, when cut, some asses are not very fond of it.
2. Is Sweet William (*Dianthus Barbatus*) very hairy about head, and remarkable for bristles? Is he likewise five-toothed, and how many pistils does he usually carry?

Law.

1. Mention some of the impediments to marriage, and state what ceremonies will make a marriage complete in Scotland without celebration *in facie ecclesiæ*.

2. In the case of separation by mutual consent, to what extent is the husband liable for the maintenance of his wife?

Geology.

1. What kind of crust is the crust of the earth? Is it a flaky one? and do you think Nature has a nice light hand for a crust?

Knitology.

1. Explain fully the meanings knit 4, make 1, slip 4, knit 1, pass the slip stitch over, slip 1, purl 13, make 3, and reduce them into form.

Anatomy.

1. Give an account of the general arrangement, size, structure, and mode of development of the lower bustle, and explain how, in case of accident, you would remove and take up same.

Gastronomy.

1. How do you prepare hands of pork? Must you first clean your hands.
2. In dressing calves' feet, should you first wash your feet?

Natural Philosophy and Optics.

1. When an object is placed before a mirror, explain the principles why the appearance of the figure is increased.
2. Are all *bodies* compressible? and, if so, state what force is required to approximate the two sides of the body, so as to describe a perfect figure.

Mechanics and Hydraulics.

1. If there be one inclined *plain* and a positive "object," state at what rate all bodies will fly from them.
2. Explain the action of "pumps," and state how many would be required to cause an overflow at Almack's. State also how many feet ordinary pumps will work.

THE

COMIC ALMANACK

FOR 1851.

"FEMALE EMIGRATION."

Mr. Sidney Herbert has forced upon us a great fact—an uncomfortably great fact—it is thrust into our brain like a fat thirteenth into an omnibus—we are alarmingly overstocked with lovely women; there is a perfect glut of angel purity. Our drawing-rooms, we are told, are choked up with book-muslins; and who would not weep to behold the despairing virgins forced to "polk," "waltz," and "quadrille" together. Glance down the longest of our very long drapers' shops—is it not dreadful to contemplate the two endless rows of bonnets? Even the few hats that you do see in such places belong to swains that have been dragged there with smiles and coaxings—lambs led by garlands to the sacrificial counter.

And what is the consequence? Our youths are pursued by clever mammas, and hemmed in by desperate daughters. Embroidered braces, worked cigar-cases, and beaded pen-wipers are showered down upon them. Still all the ladies cannot be married! Bountiful nature has provided two and a half wives for each Briton; but selfish Parliament denies them more than one; and no Englishman—however sanguine—can expect to be a widower more than twice.

But great times produce great men, and at this sad crisis Mr. Sidney Herbert steps forward to

call the attention of the British public to Australia—to Australia, the land of the wifeless!

[*An interval of four months is supposed to elapse.*

Already have a few shipments been made on speculation, and they have answered beyond all hopes. We give the advices received of the last cargo.

"*Per the 'Orange Wreath,' 400 tons. Lovit, Commander.*

"Seventy cwt. of serviceable spinsters averaging twelve stone, warranted affectionate and good mothers.

"One ton and a half neat widows, fond of children, and small eaters."

[*An interval of twelve months is supposed to elapse.*

The news received (we are happy to say) is very cheering. "Ringlets to the waist are in great demand. Black eyes (very superior jet) are freely disposed of; and red hair, well oiled, at prices slightly in advance of the raw material."

An emigration mania has seized upon the ladies. Every spinster in and out of her teens is sighing for the land where husbands are to be as numerous as dead flies in a grocer's window. Paris bonnets are being soldered down in tin cases, and low-necked dresses are "run up" in a night—like mushrooms. Wedding-rings are bought up for fear of accidents, and the marriage service is rehearsed every evening before going to bed.

[*An interval of six months is supposed to elapse.*

If the desire for emigration among females is not stopped, England will soon be like a bee-hive, with only one female in it, and that—the Queen. Only wait a year—a little year—and then do not be startled to find "The Bridesmaid" leaving early in January so full of virgins as to be obliged to "let out her stays" before she can "take her wind" properly. Every month hundreds of our daughters (of course we speak figuratively) are hurrying to the Australian shores to get settlers for life. Before age shall have made our whiskers bushy, London will be womanless. Let us grow prophetic and show what will happen.

[*An interval of two years is supposed to elapse.*

Half the linendrapers' shops are closed; Waterloo House is "to let;" Sewell and Cross' has become a cigar divan. Oh this female emigration mania! We'll give the committee another ten years, and then let our undarned socks be upon their heads. When at last we have become a nation of shopkeeping monks, Government will have to take the matter in hand. Ladies will have to be imported to supply the place of the exported; our fleets will be obliged to scour the seas, touching at every island, till their cargo of lovely virgins and charming widows be made up, and then—back again to shirt-buttonless England.

No doubt a duty will be levied upon the blooming freight. The love-sick bachelor, armed with a "tasting order," will hurry to the docks to try the sweetness of the charming Negresses before taking them out of bond. We can imagine the diary that will be kept some years hence.

[*An interval of thirty years is supposed to elapse.*

"This morning up early and went, as usual, to hoot under old Sidney Herbert's window. I smashed the only sound pane of glass in the dining-room. He hasn't had a knocker these three months. Was delighted to hear that the Albany had, for the seventy-fifth time, challenged him to a man; he has again refused!

"Heavens! what a state we are in. Before I could go out, I had to gum up the holes in my socks, as usual, and sent for the saddler to sew a fresh buckle and strap on my false collar.

"Had a long talk with a poor policeman, who was positively starving. He told me of the good old days of the cooks, when a gallant officer was always sure of his six good suppers. Poor fellow! he is not worse off than the army. Many of our bold troops have not smoked for months; they miss the maid-servants' wages sadly.

"I groaned as I walked down Regent Street. All the shops closed. The crowd round the wax female bust at Rossi's was fearful. Heavens! what a lovely head and shoulders it has!

"Dined at Ned Franklin's yesterday, and had a small piece of pickled gooseberry pie that his sister had sent him from Australia. He tells me the subscription among the Mahomedan countries goes on well. The Grand Turk was moved to tears at our situation, and subscribed twenty of his wives on the spot. Bless him! Bless him!

"Fluffy has been obliged to lock his wife up in the cellar. His door was broken open yesterday *ten* times by the adoring multitude. All over his walls has been chalked, 'No MONOPOLY!'

"We are on the point of despair! Is it not kind of the Queen to allow her lady's-maid to be on view every Saturday? The angel is sadly small-pocked, but still valued at 4000 guineas.

"Last week the daughter of the late Miss Biffin was wheeled to the altar, and gave her foot in marriage to the Honourable James Jessamy. Here's a state of things!"

[*An interval of ten years is supposed to elapse.*

"Glorious news. glorious news! The prayers that have been read in church for the last six months are answered. The 'Lover's Hope,' A 1, has been spoken with off Deal. She has a splendid cargo of fine healthy angels. Three marriage offers were made off Ramsgate through speaking-trumpets.

"*Gravesend.*—Met all my old companions, like myself, with wedding-rings and wedding-cakes under their arms. As many of the pets have dark complexions—most of them, indeed, are quite black—some of the fellows brought glass beads, nails, and old knives with them.

"Hurrah! we have struck our bargains and paid the duty. This morning two hundred of us were married, ten at a time. The clergyman fainted. My dear angelic wife is of a beautiful japan black. I clothed her before introducing her to my friends. The dear affectionate creature presented me, after the ceremony, with a joint of her little finger, neatly done up in a piece of her red shawl. It is a custom of their country. I had to buy her, for her wedding *trousseau*, six bright tin saucepans and a set of polished fire-irons that she took a fancy to on her way to church."

[*A short interval is supposed to elapse.*

"Three quarters of a year of unexampled bliss have fled quickly by: I am the father of two raisin-coloured little heirs. I wish I could persuade my wife not to wear the kitchen poker suspended from her neck."

[*An interval of ten years is finally supposed to elapse.*

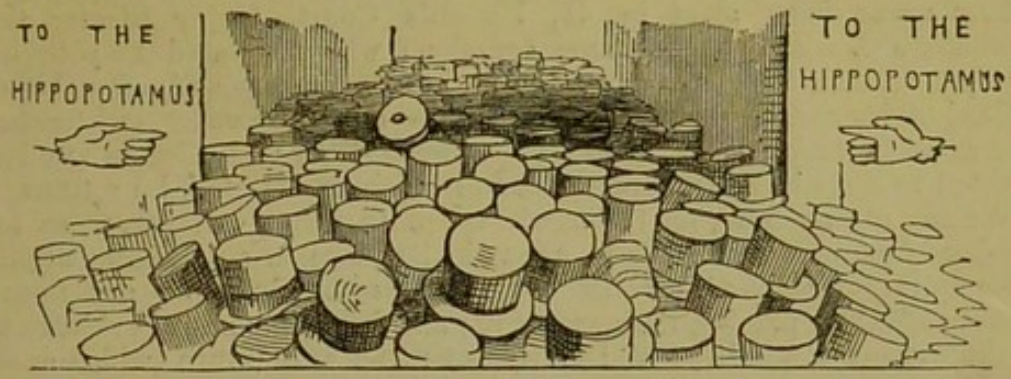
"Despair! Despair! Why did not the 'Matchmaker' arrive a few years sooner? She is laden with the loveliest cream-coloured Circassians.

"DEATH OR BIGAMY!"

FELLOWS OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

AN INVITATION TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

(BY A GENTLEMAN WITH A SLIGHT IMPEDIMENT IN HIS SPEECH.)



I HAVE found out a gig-gig-gift for my fuf-fuf——fair,
I have found where the rattle-snakes bub-bub——breed.
Won't you c-c-c-come, and I'll show you the hub-bub——bear,
And the lions and tit-tit——tigers at fuf-fuf-fuf——feed.

I know where the c-c-c-co——cockatoo's song
Makes mum-mum-mum——melody through the sweet vale;
Where the m——monkeys gig-gig——grin all the day long,
Or gracefully swing by the tit-tit-tit-tit——tail.

You shall pip-pip——play, dear, some did-did——delicate joke,
With the bub-bub——bear on the tit-tit——top of his pip-pip-pip——pole;
But observe, 'tis for-for-for——bidden to pip-pip——poke
At the bub-bub——bear with your pip-pip——pink pip-pip-pip-pip——parasol.

You shall see the huge elephant pip-pip-pip——play;
You shall gig-gig-gaze on the stit-tit——ately racoon,
And then did-did——dear together we'll stray,
To the cage of the bub-bub——blue fuf-fuf-fac'd bab-bab-bab——boon.

You wish'd (I r-r-r——remember it well,
And I l-l-l-lov'd you the m-m-more for the wish)
To witness the bub-bub-bub——beautiful pip-pip——pel-ican swallow the l-l-live l-l-l-little fuf-fuf——fish.

Then c-c-come, did-did-dearest, n-n-n-never say "nun-nun-nun-nun——nay;"
I'll tit-tit-treat you, my love, to a "bub-bub-bub——buss,"
'Tis but thrup-pip-pip-pip——pence a pip-pip——piece all the way,
To see the hip-pip-pip—(I beg your pardon)—
To see the hip-pip-pip-pip—(ahem!)
The hip-pip-pip-pip——pop-pop-pop-pop—(I mean)
The hip-po-po-po——(dear me, love, you know)
The hippo-pot-pot-pot——('pon my word I'm quite ashamed of myself).
The hip-pip-pop——the hip-po-pot.
To see the Hippop——potamus.

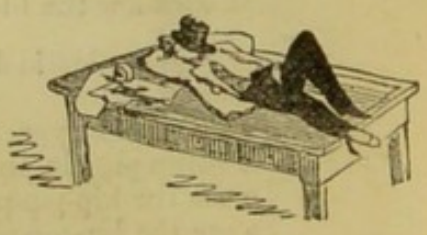
THE CENSUS OF 1851.

The earnest care of the Government to know the exact number of people that the parish of Clumpley-cum-Bogglesmere contained on an especial night—how many folks slept in 43, Parson's Court, Upper Bloater Street, Chandler's Market, on the same occasion: who populated the police-cells; who put up at hotels; who dozed the night away in cabs and coffee-shops—on billiard-tables and heaps of cabbages—anywhere, everywhere, and nowhere—this great investigation of those who cannot believe their Census any longer, is about to come off again, and again to furnish its utterly false returns.

We say utterly false, for the means taken to insure correctness, as to the number of persons who slept in a particular place on a particular night, are contemptibly inefficient. With the smallest foresight, we can furnish a number of tables proving its inaccuracy; and from the mass of evidence taken by the Census Committee of Inquiry after the last return (which evidence has never been made public) we can also bring forward conclusive facts. To show the futility of expecting a correct return from houses we subjoin the following information, taken quite at random, from different individuals.

Case 1.—*Mr. Mark Lane.*—I am a single man, and on the Corn Exchange.

I never slept anywhere on the night in question. I went to dine at the Divan, and then I went to the play, and then I went to the Albion, and then I went to the Cyder Cellars, and then I went about, and then I went to a coffee-house, and then I went to Westminster Bridge to see the sun rise, and then I went to my office and then I



went to bed on the counting-house table, and upset the inkstand into the wafers; and then I went to sleep till the clerk came.

Case 2.—*Joseph Badger.*—I'm a cabman. I didn't sleep not in no house on that night: I haven't done for years. I took a party from Doory Lane, Julyun's, to

George Cruikshank

TAKING THE CENSUS.

Pentonwill; and afterwards nodded on my box a bit, just a wink, cos no cabs as never no call there. Then I took a gent as was a little overcome, and

thought he was at Paddington, as far as the Edg'er Road, by St. Paul's and the Regency Circus; and then I went to the Great West'un, and dozed a bit again, inside, and set on my whip and broke it, just like anythink, as you might say. Next fare I got was a up-passenger from Exeter, and took him to the Piazzy Hotel, and then I got another wink in Bedford Street, and there I was till morning.

Case 3.—*Mr. Gregory Barnes.*—I am a surgeon and chemist in Seven Dials. I certainly never slept in any house on that evening. I was rung up at eleven o'clock to an obstetric case in Endell Street; and sent from there at two, to an Irishman who'd got his skull fractured in St. Giles's, by a quart pot; and was obliged to leave him to cut down a tipsy tailor, who had just hung himself in Crown Street, and was two hours coming round; and then I had his wife in hysterics for the same time; and then it was morning, and I was obliged to go off to the Old Bailey on a trial of manslaughter.

But these examples might be multiplied to the ages of Sinclair, Widdicombe, Braham, and any other "veterans," as they are termed, combined. The people unnumbered in the Census compose waiters, tramps, stokers, carriers, gamblers, piemen, breakfast-stall-keepers, steamboat stewards, mail-train passengers, moon-shooters, show-folks, Vauxhall lamp-men, and renowned iudividuals of all sorts, whose night's repose is doubtful; such as Mr. Braidwood; the toll-keepers at the bridges, the beadles of the arcades, Mr. Green, if on a night ascent; the editor of the *Times;* and, on certain debates, Mr. Chisholm Anstey.

ALARMING INCREASE OF THE POPULATION.

We are told that population doubles in a certain number of years. If so, when it doubles itself again, what the dickens will the crowd do in Cheapside at four o'clock in the afternoon; or the people on the roof of the Cremorne omnibuses homeward-bound; in the pit of the Adelphi; the Derby-day cheap trains; the Blackwall whitebait houses on fine Sundays; or the Watermen steamers from Greenwich Fair?

THE LION HUNTER'S MUSEUM.

Mrs. Leo Hunter has passed fifteen years of her fashionable life in the pursuit of lions. The following is a faithful enumeration of the various trophies which she carried off at different times in the ardour of the chase. They have been collected into a museum, which will be shortly thrown open to the public, on a plan somewhat similar to Mr. Gordon Cumming's South African Exhibition:—

1. The autograph of Miss Biffin, written with her toes.
2. The leg of a fowl which Bernard Kavanagh, the living skeleton, devoured at supper. Unique.
3. The rolling-pin of the "Victim of Unmerited Seduction" of the Royal Victoria Theatre.
4. The washing-bill of the Bosjemen for the delightful fortnight they honoured my country villa at Islington with their refreshing presence.
5. The cheval-glass in which Tom Thumb admired himself the memorable day he dined with me.
6. The head-dress of one of the Ojibbeways.
7. The long-bow which the celebrated African traveller, Gordon Cumming-it-too-strong, pulled after dinner whilst the muffins were being handed round.
8. Ten door-knockers, of the lion's head pattern, sent me by the spirited young Marquis of Hungerford after the night of my evening party, one of them being my own, and the other ones belonging to Nos. 1 to 9 inclusive. Capital.
9. The clay pipe smoked by the celebrated German poet Kramm, after he had recited his master-piece, in ten books, of the "Oneness of Germany."
10. The false calves of Adolphe Pétard, *premier danseur de l'Opéra et de monde.*
11. A turnpike-ticket (belonging to the Westminster Road toll) of Mr. N. T. Hicks, the 79th night he played *Mazeppa.*

A LEAF OUT OF LEDRU ROLLIN'S BOOK.

"In my celebrated book (which, I regret to say, has already proved the ruin of my French publisher) I have left out many examples of the 'Decline of England,' which I now hasten to supply.

"With what examples of thy perfidy, O Albion! shall I begin? Indeed, they are so numerous that I would as soon essay to reckon the grains of sand in one of thy tubs of sugar, as count them.

"Hast thou any Coffee? No! it is all Chicory, thou art too poor to drink coffee as the brave Parisians drink it, and though the doctors say chicory is good for the health, I hold that it is one of the causes of thy 'Decline.'

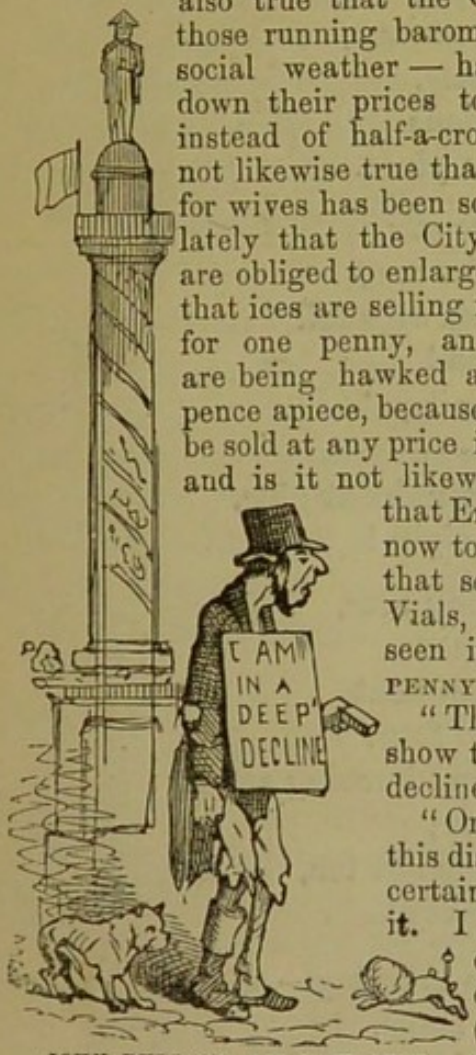
"Thou art so poor, too, that lately thou hast been obliged to cut off the skirts of thy officers' jackets, to make trousers, I suppose, for thy miserable soldiers.

"The same symptoms of 'Decline' run through all the bodies of England; legislative, judicial, theatrical, and even royal. Is it not true that thou art reducing the salaries of all her ministers, and it is a great question whether Prince Albert himself will not be put on board wages? Is it not true that the admission at Vauxhall has been reduced to one shilling, because England's

THE SICK BRITISH LION AND THE FRENCH QUACK MONKEY

haughty nobility can no longer afford to pay four? Is it not true that the Queen has been obliged to pull down a beautiful marble arch in front of her palace in Buckingham, merely to make Carrara water out of it? Is it not true that England's favourite authors, Charles Bulwer, Albert Dickens, and Sir Edward Lytton Smith, have been compelled, by the iron pressure of the times, to publish their works in penny editions, because the public could no longer afford to give 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* for them? Is it not also true that the Omnibuses—those running barometers of the social weather — have brought down their prices to threepence instead of half-a-crown? Is it not likewise true that the market for wives has been so overstocked lately that the City authorities are obliged to enlarge Smithfield; that ices are selling in the streets for one penny, and pineapples are being hawked about at twopence apiece, because they cannot be sold at any price in the shops; and is it not likewise the truth that Englishmen are now too poor to give a penny to be shaved, and that several shops in the New Cut, and the Seven Vials, are writing up in their windows—I have seen it myself—'A CLEAN SHAVE FOR ONE HALFPENNY.'

BRITANNIA PAWNING HER TRIDENT.



JOHN BULL ON HIS LAST LEGS.

"These are solemn, rueful, ugly truths, which show too plainly where lie the seeds of England's decline.

"One more little proof, and I have finished with this distressing subject, though it has yielded me a certain malicious pleasure in the investigation of it. I have just been told that there is not a Stilton cheese in all London but what is thoroughly decayed. The fact is as clear as a cup of (French) coffee. The people have no money to buy these cheeses, and they have been kept so long on the shelves of the shops that they have all gone bad. I point, therefore, with exulting scorn to a Stilton cheese, and say 'Libellers behold' *la décadence* of mity Angleterre. I shall tell my publisher (Mr. John Bull) to give a morsel of Stilton cheese with every copy he sells of my book.

"LEDRU ROLLIN."

TRAVELLING FOR THE MILLION.

A SONG OF THE PANORAMAS.

BY A CLERK WHO HAS READ MACAULAY.

Leave to the middle classes
The joys of Camden Town,
Let unambitious asses
To Islington come down.
Let Clapham grow uproarious,
On mild domestic wines,
And Kennington luxurious
On cheap West India pines.

No ruins kept in neat repair,
No new "antiques" for me;
No arbours where the earwigs fall
Into the strangers' tea!
I love not the "last omnibus"—
Dark vehicle of fate—
That always when 'tis sought at nine,
Has left at half-past eight!

My home is on the raging seas,
Or some far distant shore,
Though in my office I am pent
Each day from ten till four.
Vast Egypt's parched and burning sands
No strangers are to me;
Though I must be at home at ten,
And have not a latch-key!

Each night—or mayhap morning—
Should leisure on me smile,
My heart rebounds beholding
The wonders of the Nile;
The Sphynx's solemn majesty,
That Kinglake could appal,
I solve for just a shilling
At the Egyptian Hall.

Or led by golden longings
(I'm also fond of "change").
My gaze on California
Delightedly will range,

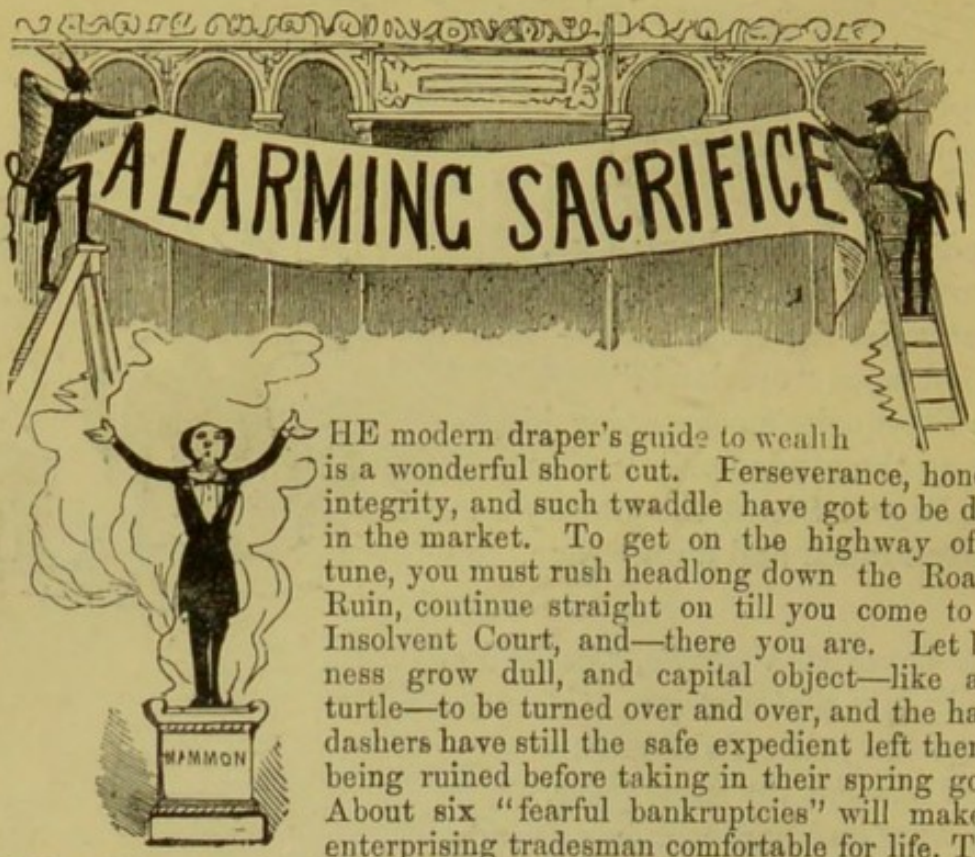
Beholding Nature's grandest gifts,
With blackguardism blent,
All open to the public at
The same establishment!

To India's burning shores I go,
Across the ocean grand,
Or patronize the other route—
The famous "overland;"
With Stocqueler's companionship,
Along the sands sublime,
From Regent Street the journey's made
'Tween lunch and dinner time.

While slaves at Verray's, "cabin'd cribb'd,"
Walk into plates of ice,
I range the entire Polar seas,
And pay but the same price.
Of blubber and harpoons, my friends,
I know, believe, each tale,
For oft I hear some one compare
My stories to a whale.

Beer from the homely pewter,
To "gents" I leave with scorn,
And quench my roving thirst from out
The famous Golden Horn;
Oh! what are chimney-pots to me
Who minarets have seen?
Ask one who's been in Whitecross Street,
What 'tis to quarantine!

Yet must I soon my rambles end,
Till spring shall soothe my sight;
The Mississippi moves me not,
I've Paris seen by night;—
But let me pause, too soon I blame
My melancholy fate,
A Hansom to Australia!
I swear I'll emigrate!



THE modern draper's guide to wealth is a wonderful short cut. Perseverance, honesty, integrity, and such twaddle have got to be drugs in the market. To get on the highway of fortune, you must rush headlong down the Road to Ruin, continue straight on till you come to the Insolvent Court, and—there you are. Let business grow dull, and capital object—like a fat turtle—to be turned over and over, and the haberdashers have still the safe expedient left them of being ruined before taking in their spring goods. About six "fearful bankruptcies" will make an enterprising tradesman comfortable for life. There is nothing like a "dreadful failure" for insuring complete success, and selling off at the most "frightful loss" is the cleverest way of getting the very handsomest profits. As for a shopkeeper writing up over his door "established these hundred years," it's sheer madness. He might as well say at once that he didn't intend selling off at 60 per cent. under prime cost. His father might have put up such a sign, but the nation has grown wiser.

A clever linendraper, who wishes to succeed in business, should look cautiously at the splendid establishments of his neighbours, and then try to eclipse them all. If his rival's shop-front reaches to the second floor, let his touch the third. Double the size of the plate-glass, have fifty times more brass, and a hundred times more gas, and he will take all their business away from them as easily as a watch in a crowd. Never mind the goods, but for heaven's sake look to the French polish! Remember this—A crust on silver is known to be better than venison on crockeryware. The "extensive alteration of premises," if well advertised, will fill the house like the first night of a new theatre; velvets with cotton backs, silks thin as tracing paper, calicoes half plaster of Paris, will fetch prices higher than a murderess's ringlets.

As soon as this novelty has died away, an enterprising tradesman should have a "disastrous fire," by way of a jolly house-warming. Hang up a few scorched blankets outside the shop, with a placard stating that 20,000 are for sale, and down will rush the ladies like sparrows to a pea-sowing. Dresses soiled a little in one corner—so as not to show—by the water from the

ALARMING SACRIFICE

engines in the back scullery—will look *dirt* cheap at twice their original price.

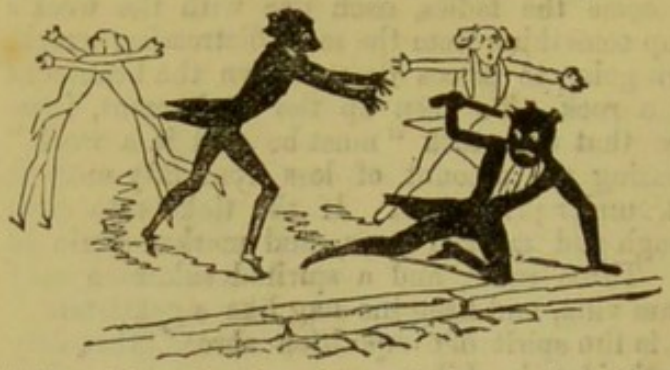
But the grand *coup*—the end and aim of a real downright spirited man of business—is his own ruin. For decency's sake he must defer this until he has been in business six months at least. With the first-rate poster of "Frightful Bankruptcy!" up come the ladies, each one with the week's housekeeping money, to pick up something from the most distressing wreck. The idea of such a vast concern going to pieces draws down the beauteous wreckers like an Indiaman on a rock. To keep up the excitement, issue every Monday morning a notice that the stock "must be sold in a week," and go on every month increasing the amount of loss from fifty until it reaches two hundred per cent. under prime cost If the tickets to each article are well scratched through and marked anew, and marked again in red ink, the success is certain. Three ruins, and a spirited salesman may change his name, take a Clapham villa, and keep his nag like a gentleman.

It is a cruel thing, but such is the spirit of competition abroad, that defy it as you will, it is not to be intimidated. Like goose for dinner, there is no keeping it down. If Smith and Co. challenge Europe in shirtings, Jones and Co. challenge the world in sheetings. Get a good idea and all your rivals instantly seize upon it; it's positively disgusting.

The other day a genius in the silk trade hit upon so excellent a plan, that it is a positive disgrace to the nation he is not allowed to patent it. He was in the ruin line (his sixteenth), and wishing to go to the dogs in style, advertised in all the papers that, previous to the doors being opened, a grand scramble of bonnets would take place. Thirty thousand Dunstables would be positively thrown away into the gutter from the first floor. Of course the attendance was terrific. A band was engaged, and at night the shop was illuminated, and the word "ruin," in blood red lamps, appearing over the shop-door. With the first shower of bonnets the scene was exciting in the extreme, the music playing "Hurrah for the bonnets so new."

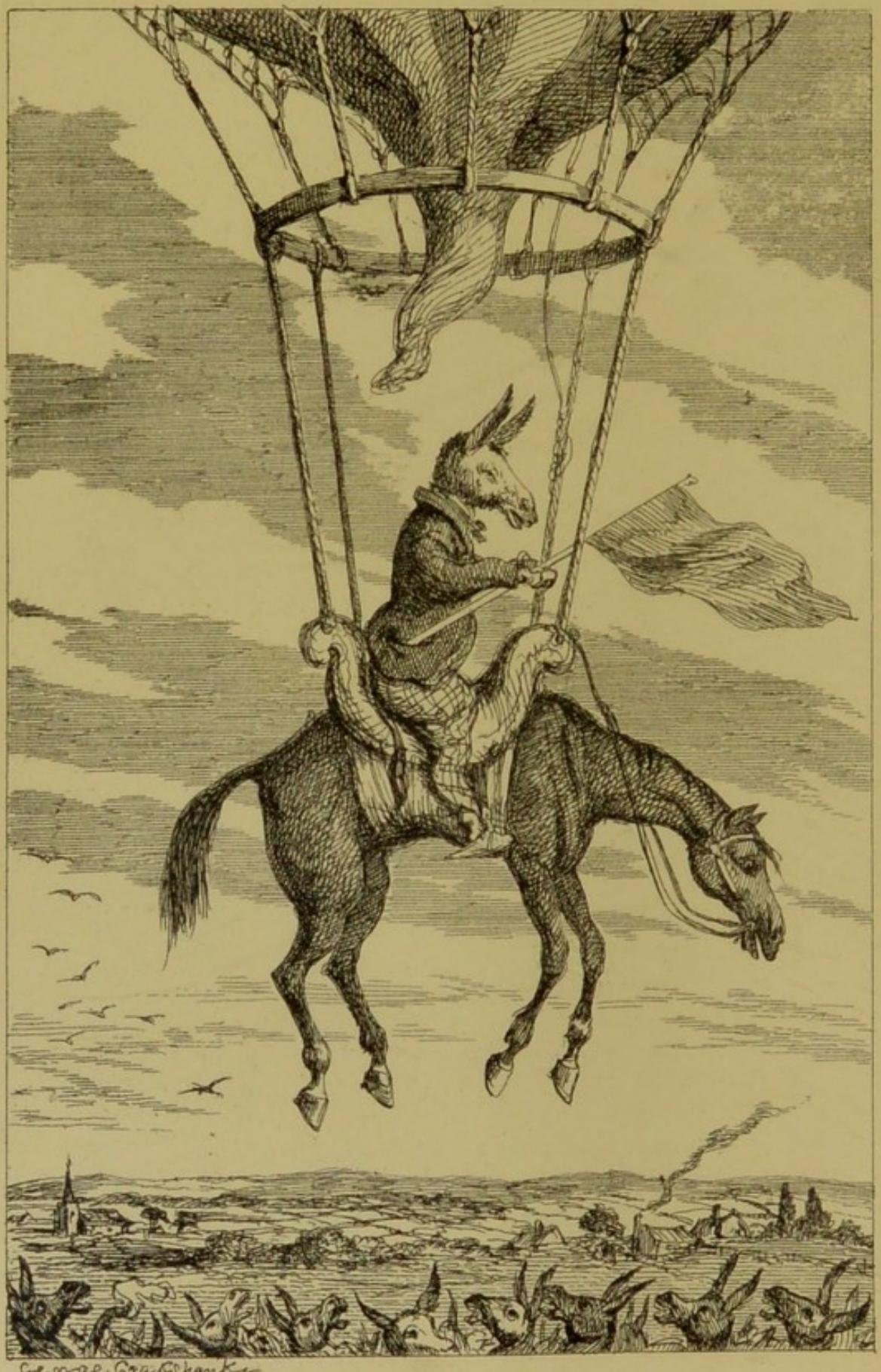
A most shameful piracy of this touch of mercantile genius has already taken place. The firm of Smith and Co. have advertised a grand scramble of left-handed gloves on Monday, and the right-handed ones on Tuesday. The house of Green and Co. have announced that, previous to their annual ruin, they intend to give a grand raffle for three hundred silk gowns, with leg-of-mutton sleeves and trimmings. Doubtless some firms will shortly imitate the plan of gambling-houses, and hand round wine and cakes to the customers, and by this manœuvre perhaps a lady might see double, and take six yards instead of twelve.

Moreover, why allow the ruin principle to rest with the mere announcement of the fact, why not act a little melodrama or so to make the destruction more real and palatable. Thus the enterprising tradesman might take a hint from the plague of London, and when a carriage rolled by, or a crowd collected at his shop front, he might throw up his window, wring his hands, and scream, instead of "death! death!"—as of old—"ruin! ruin! despair!" and then disappear suddenly. Or why not, when the shop was crowded, let the shopwalker (who might be a leading tragedian engaged for the express purpose) suddenly rush down the middle, with his shirt collar open, followed by six despairing clerks, and holding an empty pistol to his forehead. which, after a desperate struggle, he might allow them to wrest from



him. This would certainly succeed. Again, what a grand effect would be produced by letting an advertising cart perambulate the streets, surmounted by a *tableau vivant* of the luckless linendraper, having his bed taken from under him by the sheriffs' officers, his wife and six interesting children weeping over him, and the whole surmounted by flags of posters announcing that the effects were selling off at desperate prices. In the evening there must be a transparency of "Despair seizing the till," and a grand display of fireworks from the attics on closing the shop at midnight previous.

After all, perhaps, the linendrapers are not more to blame than lovely woman. She drives them to the despair they glory in. Let the fond mother see her Tommy want shirts, and she will, like a prudent body, wait for the next bankruptcy rather than visit some house where honest prices prevent clap-trap trickery. But no! there is a moment's vain-glory to be had, a few words of praise to be earned, when, untying the brown paper parcel before



MODERN BALOONING.
OR THE NEWEST PHASE OF FOLLY.

the wondering husband, she can hold up the bargains that could "never have been made for the money."

Let us hope, however, we shall grow wiser, and that in a few years no housewife will believe in a draper's failure—that alarming sacrifices will sink down to the level of the Waterloo bullets; and a mercer's ruin, like the stucco ones at the Colosseum, be called a very good imitation that will not bear looking into too closely.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE COMIC ALMANACK."

Sir,—I reside near a place of popular amusement "al fresco." I am of a cheerful though quiet disposition, and should be perfectly happy but for one circumstance. During the entire summer season I am in a continual state of terror from Balloons.

It was into my front garden that the Ourang-outang descended in a parachute, in 1836. I then said nothing of the annoyance caused by the mob rushing into my lawn and scrambling for fragments of the machine, of the destruction effected among my crockery by the animal attempting to escape through my scullery, nor of the alarm which his sudden appearance in the dining-room excited in the bosoms of myself and family.

I thought the Balloon mania had reached its highest pitch—no such thing, sir. After that, came the Nassau Balloon, which used to take a dozen people up at once exactly over my house, about once a week; till a terrible dream haunted me of seeing the whole party discharged into my premises.

Then, Balloons with Fireworks, waking me up every other night, and gazing at one of which, out of window, I received a severe blow in the eye from a firework-case, descending fifteen hundred feet perpendicularly.

My next alarm was occasioned by a hamper of champagne, which, during a "perilous descent," when a valve gave way, some intrepid aeronaut pitched through my roof at midnight.

Now, folks go up on horseback. Can I walk at ease in my garden, and know that the veteran Green is three miles above me, performing equestrian feats in the air? Pray, sir, exert your influence in my behalf, or we shall shortly hear of a "Terrific Ascent in a Cab," to be eclipsed by "First Ascent of the Monster Balloon, taking up the Pimlico Omnibus."

OVER-POPULATION:

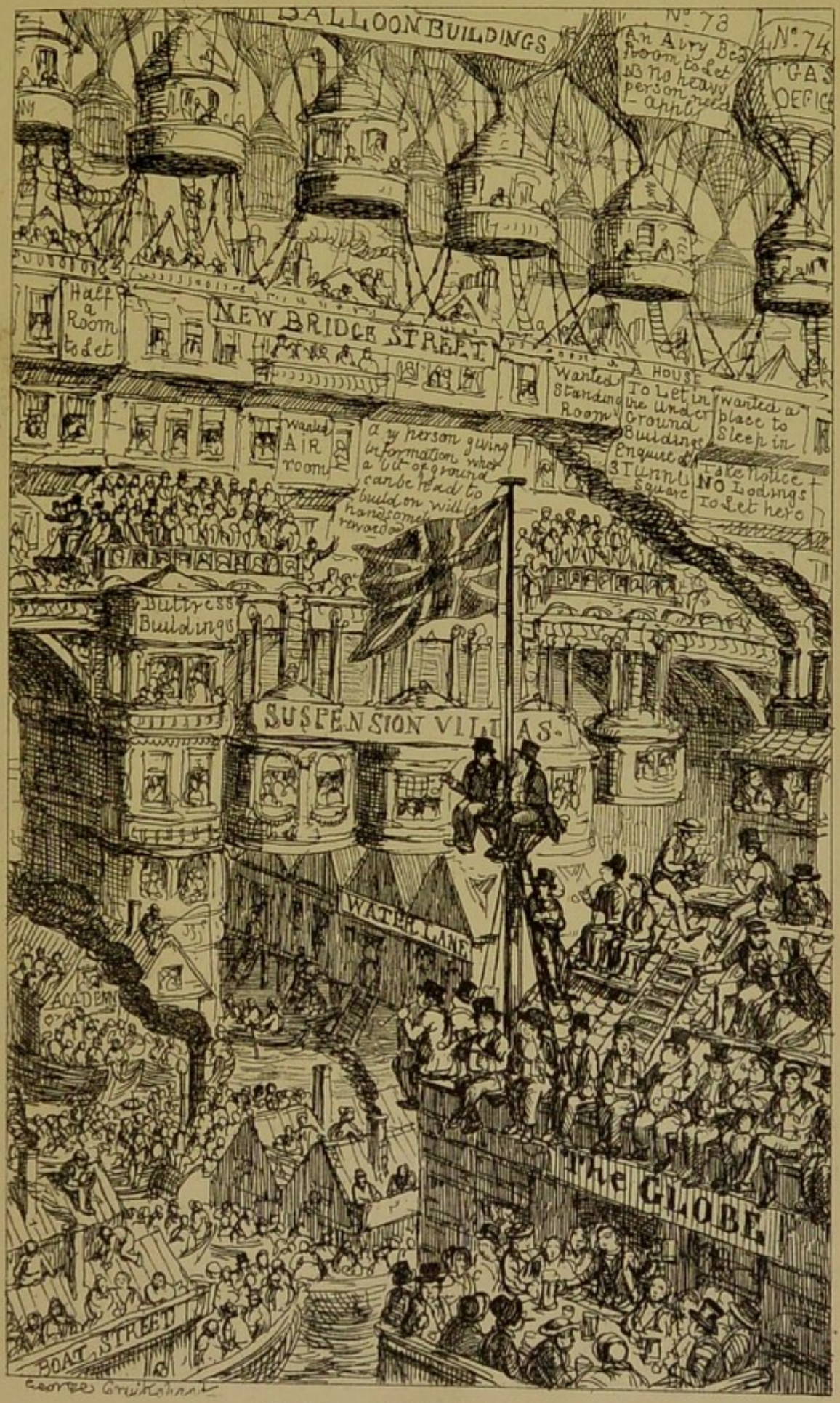
A MALTHUSIAN LAMENTATION.

Oh! what a sight for those who cook
Affairs of state in clover,
To see, whichever way they look,
Our country boiling over!
So many heads, and hands, and hearts,
(Unless the blue-book *mis*-count)
Of nature's very finest parts,
At such a dreadful discount!
Though Malthus cries, "Celibacy,"
McCulloch, "Emigration,"
Folks stay at home and wed, we see,
Then swell the Population!

The Army numbers here "at home"
Of thousands double twenty;
But many not "at home" are found,
When creditors are plenty;
And more than those—by thousands five—
"On shore" there are of seamen,
But some of them are "all abroad,"
And shock tee-total tea-men!
We need a million Malthuses,
'Tis plain, to save the nation;
And myriads of McCullochs scarce
Can check the Population!

We've full a million Servants, and
To make their fortune harder,
They've fifteen thousand "P'licemen" brave
To furnish from the larder;
Yet should this number as too great
By statists be rejected,
We've fourteen thousand Lawyers, so
Our purse must be protected!
McCulloch well may advocate
His schemes of "Emigration:"
Fourteen thousand Lawyers sure
Must harm our Population!

Of Authors we have thirty score,
Besides the present Writer;
And forty thousand Butchers, to
Employ when things look brighter;
We've fifteen hundred Actors, who
Our patience try most sadly;
Besides the nation's Ministers,
And they *act* just as badly!



OVER POPULATION

In such a case, Malthusian plans
Must meet with approbation:
Of Actors we have certainly
An over-Population.

Four thousand Artists, most of whom,
When seen in fullest feather,
Wear beards, or whiskers, or moustache,
Or else all three together;
But let the bearded youths beware,
Nor, too self-trusting, slumber—
Their native foes, the Barbers, like
Themselves, four thousand number!
Unless in wearing beards we soon
Observe an alteration,
The Barbers they must clearly be
An over-Population!

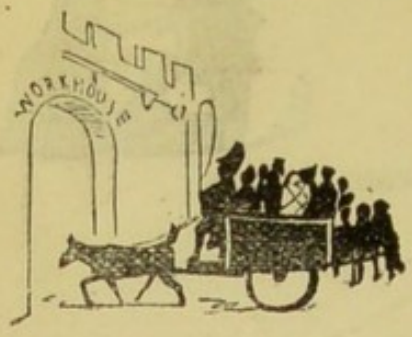
Distillers—we have hundreds seven,
To make our men unsteady,
And full three thousand Auctioneers
To knock them down all ready;
We've ninety thousand Blacksmiths, and,
Of one the work's a wonder—
He forges chains at Gretna Green
Which none can break asunder!
The last, indeed, may well excite
Malthusian consternation—
This Blacksmith's work by no means checks
The over-Population.

We've houses where for half-a-crown
One gets a shilling dinner;
We've sixty thousand Publicans,
And not a single Sinner!
At least we can't believe there is,
Until we see some *new* book,
For certainly there's no return
Contained within the blue book.
But tho' the book of Sinners makes
As yet no revelation,
'Tis said by some, of these there is
An over-Population!

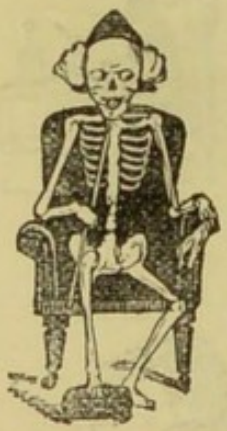
But while these Publicans abound,
(Young gentleman, take warning!)
But twelve men Soda-water make
To sober you next morning!
And as for Sinners—bills are "done"
In public by twice twenty—

The number's small—but if correct,
E'en then we've more than plenty!
So Malthus and Macculloch both,
Pray rise and save the nation!
Of bill discounters sure we have
An over-Population!

Of Tailors we in thousands count
Six score and something over—
Of these some drive a roaring trade,
And live, 'tis said, in clover;
But some, I fear, are victimized,
And paid upon a plan, sir,
As if nine tailors really were
But equal to a man, sir!
'Tis hoped, indeed, their present state
Is but one of probation,
For, surely, of the under paid—
There's over-Population!



But naming every class that throng
Our country and our cities,
Would occupy, I fear, too long,
And need a dozen ditties.
So many Bootmakers—and yet
So many people bootless!
So many Clergymen—and yet
So many sermons fruitless!
I fear, indeed, howe'er we laud
The grandeur of the nation,
Of poverty and crime we have
An over-Population!



The "Independent" are returned,
But nothing said of toadies—
And there appears an item which
A very heavy load is;
We've twenty thousand (rather more)
Of Doctors, all in action—
And surely we should view this as
A common benefaction;
For more than eighteen millions now
Survive within the nation,
And without doctors think how great
Would be the Population.

OUR PET THIEF.

In making some inquiries relative to the state of the criminal population, my husband found it necessary to visit a low lodging-house, the abode of thieves and pickpockets. He there became acquainted with "Dan," and (from his returning some money that was given him to change) took such a fancy to him, that he determined to try whether the lad, who had resisted the temptation (for he could have gone off with the money with great ease), could not—if taken from his wretched and demoralizing associates—be induced to withstand all other temptations.

The boy (for he was but fourteen years of age), on being questioned, expressed a wish to change his mode of living, and he was brought home to me. When my husband told me what motives he had in taking charge of the lad, I must confess that in the impulse of the moment I thought it a worthy thing to do; for in my innocence I imagined that all thieves merely wanted some one to take them by the hand to put them in the way of getting an honest living.

In the evening we talked over a variety of plans for the boy's reformation. He was to be sent to school and well educated. There were many good men to be found, we were convinced, that would feel proud to take charge of him; and when he left school we were to put him to some trade or other. I really believe, in our own minds, we imagined that we should live to see him a great man! Who knew but that he might one day be Lord Mayor of London; stranger things than that, we both agreed, had occurred to poor boys. That he would ever return to his evil practices appeared to us impossible, if we would but look upon him as the good member of society that we wished him to become.

Little, alas! did we then know of the annoyance and trouble our "Pet Thief" would cause us!

The appearance of the poor shoeless creature was anything but prepossessing. His cheek-bones were high; his hair was cut close on the top, with a fringe of locks, as it were, left hanging in front; and he wore an old plaid shooting-jacket, that was black and shining with grease, and fastened together with pieces of string.

The first thing to be done was to make him take a bath. He had a great horror of washing, and seemed to look upon it as quite a barbarism. Some clothes were got together by subscription among the members of the family—one contributing a coat, another a pair of boots, and so on; but he looked, I think, worse in our things

than he did in his own. The coat reached his heels, and was so large (my husband being corpulent) that the boy had difficulty in keeping in it.

We arranged that he should sleep out of the house, so we hired a bedroom for him at a coffee-shop in the neighbourhood. I thought I could find him work in the house by day, and so keep him employed under our own eyes, and prevent his returning to his old practices and companions until we could get him into some school. He was so eager to begin learning, however, that I offered to teach him myself while we were seeking a proper master for him.

For a day or two he was quite a "pattern boy;" but he soon got tired of his lessons with me, and was anxious to be placed at school. Anything for change: his disposition and previous mode of life forbade his remaining in one place, or at the same occupation, for any length of time.

The third morning after his coming to us, while we were at breakfast, "Dan" entered the room, and requested, in a most mysterious manner, to speak with my husband. He was told that he was quite at liberty to communicate what he had to say before the family; but he pointed to me, and replied, "I don't want to speak afore *her*," so I quitted the apartment. As soon as I had gone, the boy told my husband that he *must* get him to buy him a small-tooth comb; his head was in such a dreadful state, he said, that he thought he had better have one directly. When my husband informed me of the object of the mysterious visit, I felt cold all over; for I remembered how close I had sat to him during his lessons the previous day. Then I thought of the children, and began to repent of ever having admitted such a person into the house.

But this was only the beginning of my annoyances with the boy. My husband thought it would be a good "moral lesson" for our children to let them know that "Dan" had been a thief, and that he had been in prison a great many times; but that he had resolved to become a good boy, and that was our reason for having him with us. This, however, instead of having the effect intended, made the children look upon "Dan" as an object of great interest, so much so, indeed, that they were always wanting, whenever they saw him, to ask him something about the prison, "whether the policeman had really taken him away, and whether it was true he had only bread and water in gaol?"

One morning, on going downstairs, I discovered (to my great horror) our little boy, with his mouth wide open, seated on "Dan's" knee, listening most attentively to some story. Upon questioning

the child I found that our "pet pickpocket" had been telling the little fellow of the fun it was to go "sawney hunting," which I afterwards learnt was stealing pieces of bacon from shop doors.

The Sunday evening after this the cook, who was naturally timid, had been left at home with Dan alone, it being the other maid's "Sunday out." They were both sitting very comfortably talking by the fire-light (for it was winter time) when Master Dan thought fit to tell the girl all about his previous life. He gave her some very vivid illustrations of housebreaking, and informed her that Sunday night, when the family had gone to church, was their best time. He also told her of the many times that he had been in Newgate, and that once he had been taken up on "suspicion" of highway robbery; it was an old woman he helped to rob, and he told of the "lark" they had with her, and of how they had left her with her hands and feet tied together in a ditch.

All these stories so terrified the poor girl that she felt convinced that the boy meant to take advantage of the tranquillity of that Sunday evening, "their best time," to serve her as he had done the "old woman;" so she rushed to the street door in her fright, and there we found her on our return home, crying and in a dreadful state of excitement. She vowed that she would quit the house the very next morning, and she wondered how we could leave her with a "common pickpocket." I tried to quiet her (for she was a very good girl, and I did not wish to part with her), by telling her that we wished to reform the lad; but nothing would pacify her save his leaving the house; so I told my husband that he must really find a school for the boy, or we should be left without servants.

He accordingly went in search of a school. It was wonderful to see how anxious the masters were to have the youth, until my husband informed them (for it was considered but right to do so), that the boy he wished to introduce to them as a pupil had lately been an inmate of Newgate. On hearing this they invariably assured him that there was a school "just up the street" that was the very thing he wanted. Upon visiting the establishment "just up the street," however, he found the master was astonished that the "head" of such a school as the previous one should refer my husband to him, for he was sure that Mr. ——'s school was the very place for such boys—nevertheless, as Mr. —— had refused to take the lad, there was an academy a short distance from that establishment that, he was sure, would not shut their doors against him. But upon going there it was the old story over again, and

we soon discovered that it was impossible to find any respectable establishment willing to take charge of our young thief.

We were at last obliged to give up all idea of getting him into any school, so we thought the best thing to be done was to try and find him a situation. In the meantime he got tired of the work he was directed to do, and would sit all day long looking at the fire without taking the least notice of any one; and if told that he should occupy himself in some way or other, he would turn sullen, and mutter something between his teeth about his being promised to be put to school, and why wasn't he sent to school when that was all he wanted?

I found that my meat began to disappear in a most mysterious manner. One day the half of a goose went no one knew where. I suspected "Dan;" my husband was indignant (for he wished to think the boy had forgotten his bad habits), and said, "It was easy for the servants to make out that Dan had purloined it." This annoyed me so much that I did not hesitate to tell my husband that I saw clearly we should have no peace in the house until the boy was provided with a situation out of it.

At last the long-looked-for situation was found. It was at a large wholesale stationer's. The proprietor was made acquainted with the boy's whole history, and he promised to do all he could to effect his reformation. But upon Dan's going to him, the gentleman was so taken aback by the boy's expression, that he sent a polite note stating—"That he should really be afraid, from his looks, to have such a character in his establishment."

* * * * * *

In a few days afterwards he was on his way to America.

The last we heard of him was that he and several "reformed criminals" from the London ragged schools were "working" (as the thieves call it) the city of New York. In conclusion, it is but right I should add that, although the boy while with us was frequently trusted with money to change, he never defrauded us of a sixpence.

N.B. The above has been written as a hint to certain philanthropic gentlemen, that the bosom of a quiet family is not exactly the place in which to foster and reclaim a London pickpocket.

THE

COMIC ALMANACK

FOR 1852.

THE "WHAT IS IT?"

(*From the Ouran-outan Town Journal and Monkey World Gazette.*)

A VERY curious creature, unknown hitherto to the philosophy of Monkeydom, has been lately brought to this city, and is now to be seen at the Zoological Gardens. The stranger has been examined by the most learned citizens of Ouran-outan Town, and particularly by the President and Scientific Committee of the Society for the Promulgation of Unintelligible Knowledge; but opinion is divided as to his probable genus, race, and species. It is confidently stated, however, that he shows symptoms of belonging to a debased and degenerated breed of some savage Ouran-outan race, who, cut off from civilization and refinement, offer now a humiliating example of what a monkey may come to. The conjecture is supported by a sort of unintelligible jargon uttered by the animal. He frequently repeats sounds which may be spelt thus—"johnsmithstrandlondon;" and "dammeifthesemonkeychapsdontthinkthey'remen;" but upon no possible rules of philological philosophy can the meaning (if, indeed, it have any) of this gabble be ascertained. The animal, when captured by a hunting party from Ape Valley, was covered in a most ludicrous and absurd manner, by pieces of cloth cut into barbarous shapes, and presenting a sad instance of the utter negation of all rules of taste and propriety. He is believed not to have any natural tail, and so conscious is he of the want that he seems to have fashioned two cloth artificial ones, in which, by a strange and savage ingenuity, are placed (or misplaced) pouches, or holes—to be used, it is conjectured, for hiding his young ones. The animal, when taken, made no resistance, but seemed considerably surprised, and repeatedly uttered a sound like "monkeyshaveme," or "monkeysgotme," opinions are divided as to which; afterwards he looked steadily at his captors and distinctly pronounced "sichalotoguys," the apparent spelling of which was taken down on the spot.

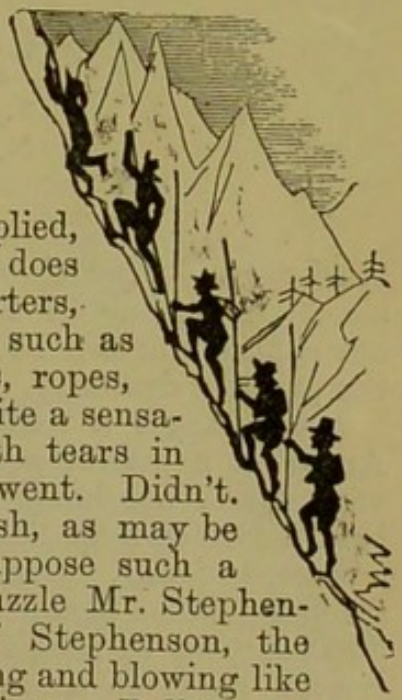
Since its arrival at the Zoological Gardens the animal has manifested signs of decided intelligence. Meat having been set before him, instead of eating it like a civilized Ouran-outan with his paws, he produced, from some of his pouches, two strange instruments, one of a cutting nature, the other furnished with prongs, by means of which he divided the morsels and raised them to his mouth. After feeding he now walks round the company upon his hind legs, in the manner of a rational being; and were it not for his absurd clothes, his habits of rubbing or brushing his hair, washing his face, never biting nor kicking, and especially were it not for a sort of chimney-pot which he wears upon his head, many Ouran-outans would really be inclined to think of him as approaching, in some degree, to the verge of a dim and cloudy rationality. At all events the creature is a matter of enlightened curiosity, and we understand is likely to form one of the main attractions at the approaching Exhibition of the Want of Industry of Monkeys of all Nations.

Monster discovered by the Ourang Outangs.

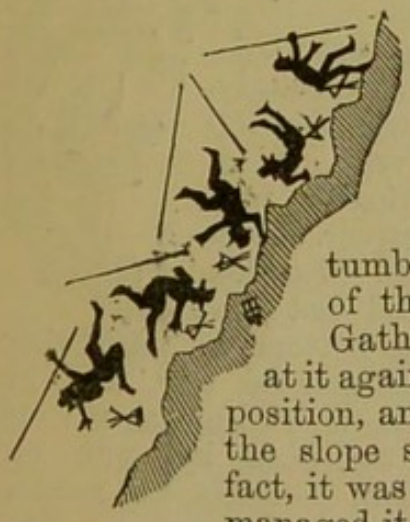
HOW I WENT UP THE JUNG-FRAU, AND CAME DOWN AGAIN.

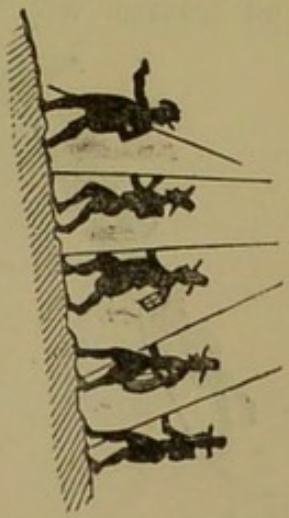
(By Peter Twitters, Philosopher, Camden Town.)

[*From his own private Diary, which he kept for publication in the* Times, *only they didn't put it in.*]

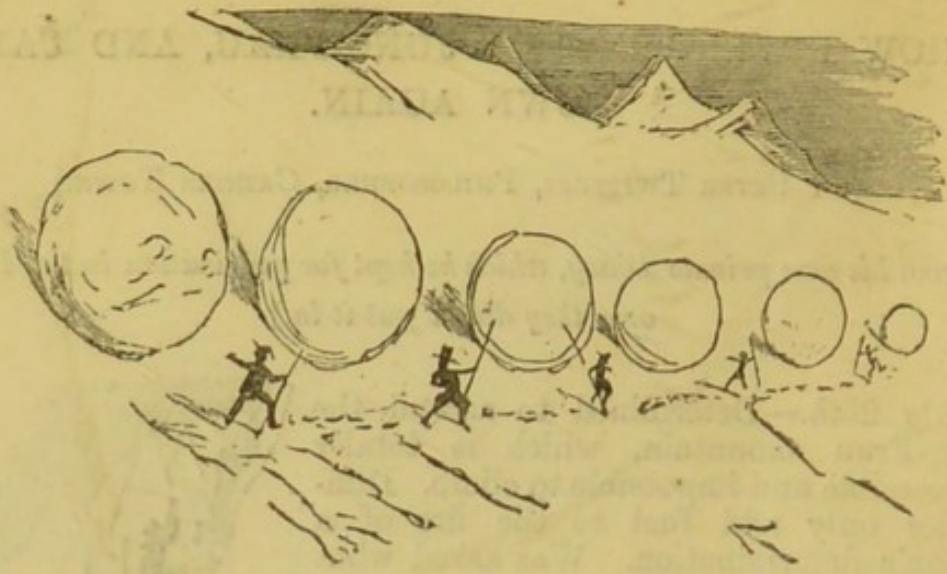


July 25th.—Determined to ascend the Jung-Frau mountain, which is totally inaccessible and impossible to climb. Difficulties only add fuel to the fire of a Briton's determination. Was asked what I should do when I got to the top. Replied, come down again. That's what everybody does who goes up high hills. Engaged guides, porters, &c. Provided ourselves with necessaries, such as ladders, umbrellas, skates for the glaciers, ropes, brandy, camp stools, &c., and started. Quite a sensation in the village. Landlord of hotel with tears in his eyes asked me to pay my bill before I went. Didn't. Began the ascent; ground became steepish, as may be seen by the illustration. Hard work. Suppose such a gradient would puzzle Mr. Stephenson. Talking of Stephenson, the whole party, puffing and blowing like so many locomotives. Pulled out our camp-stools and tried to sit down on them. Ground so steep that we all lost our balance, and tumbled down to the bottom of the slope. Never mind. Gathered ourselves up, and at it again. Recovered our former position, and getting higher, found the slope still more excessive. In fact, it was a wonder to me how we managed it at all. Approached the glacier region, and found it rather softish. Unpleasant consequence of which is that the whole of our party sink up to the neck in half-melted sludge.

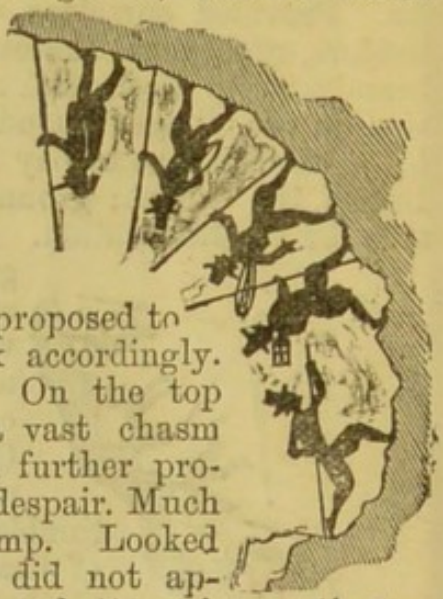




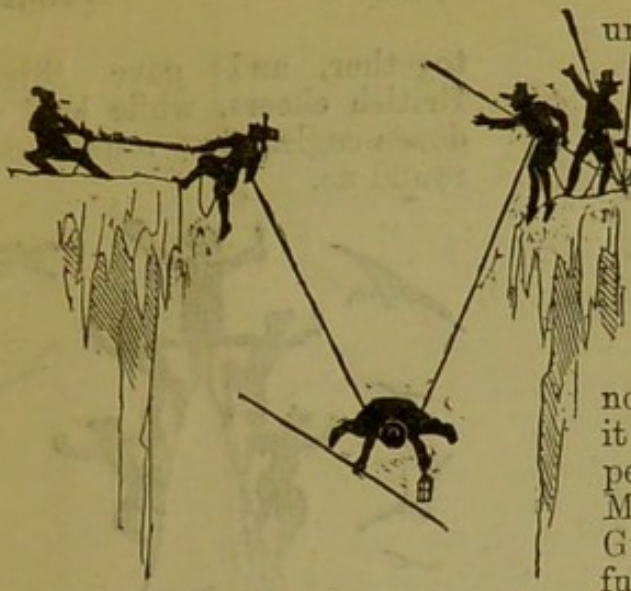
Scrambling out again with much ado, we feel chilly, and refresh with brandy. Being apprehensive of the ava-



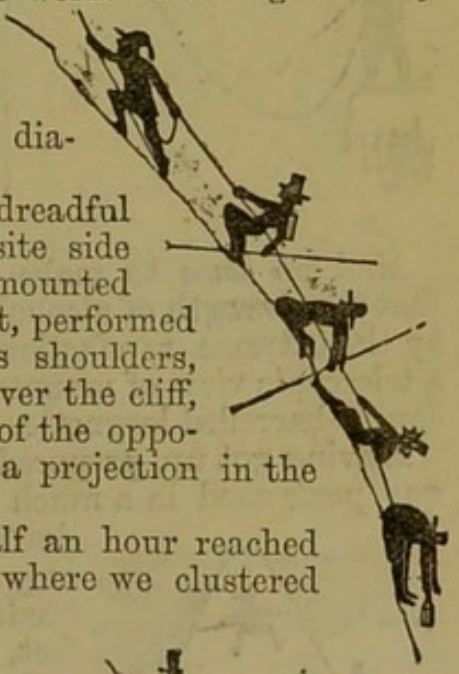
lanches, we keep a sharp look-out and dodge them. At one time six huge masses of moving snow fell together, but we watch our chance and slip between them with the greatest dexterity.



Next danger a really dreadful one. Arrive at a fearful precipice, the edge very much overhanging the base, so that it formed a species of cave. Called a council of war. Council of war were for going home again. Rebuked them, and pointing to rough edges of rock, proposed to try to crawl to summit. Set to work accordingly. Dangerous business, but succeeded. On the top of this tremendous cliff, discovered a vast chasm or crevice, which appeared to bar all further progress. Guides in despair. Much too wide to jump. Looked down. Crevice did not appear to have any bottom in particular. Called another council of war, and at the same moment a violent squall of wind and snow sweeping by, put up my umbrella, when, horrible to relate, the storm caught it, and lifted me into the air; the principal guide, who caught my leg, being carried up also, and in a moment we were hurried, in the very thick of the squall, and deafened by its howling, across the abyss, and landed on the further bank. The guides on the other side now flung across the rope, which we caught, and fastened to a rock, and one of their number,

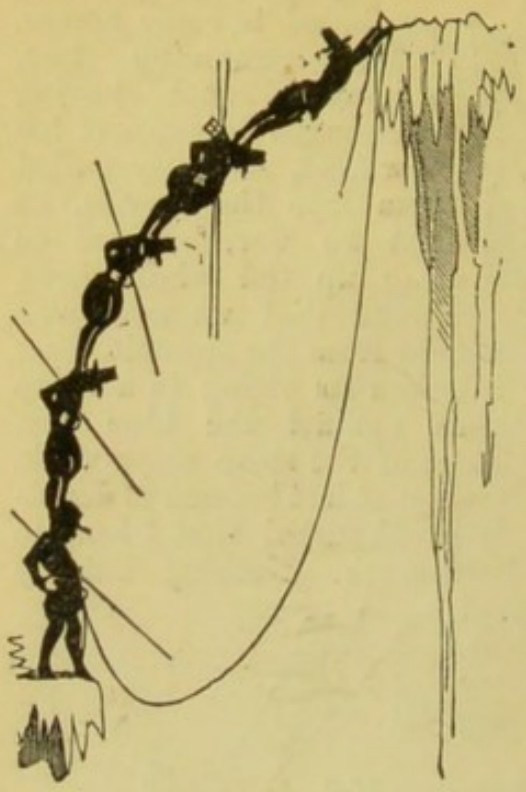


unfortunately the heaviest, proceeded to come across. The remaining two, however, not having strength to support his weight, he fairly pulled them into the crevice, so that we were obliged to drag up the whole three. Found that we were now not far from the summit. Saw it before us rising in a sharp peak against the blue sky. More of the steep slope work. Guides at last become so dreadfully exhausted, that I have to drag up the whole four. Terribly hard work. Nothing but my splendid muscular development would have enabled me to go through with it. Ice decidedly too rough for skating over, as may be seen by the following diagram.



Close to the summit, when another dreadful crevice with a high rock on the opposite side threatens to stop our progress. Surmounted the difficulty by a daring gymnastic feat, performed as follows:—Standing on each other's shoulders, the lowest man let his body incline over the cliff, so that I, as highest, reached the edge of the opposite side, and made fast the rope to a projection in the rock.

Thus we happily got over, and in half an hour reached the extreme peak of the Jung-Frau, where we clustered



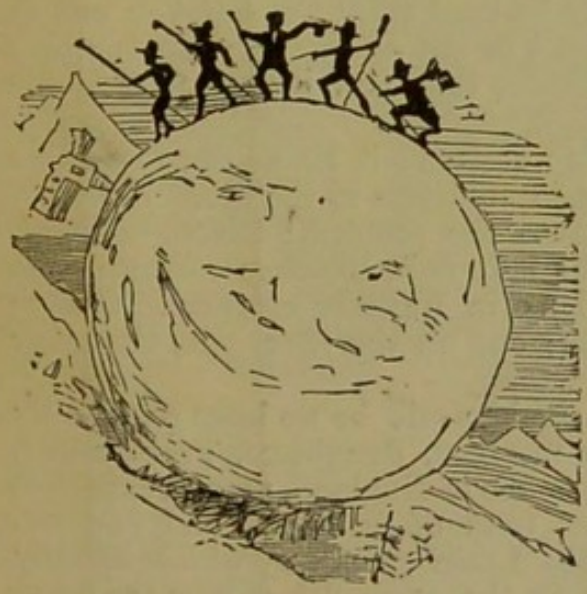
together, and gave three British cheers, while half a dozen eagles flew round and round us.

Had no time to make scientific experiments; but ascertained that the strength of alcohol is not diminished in any sensible degree by the extreme rarefaction of the air at great heights. I subjoin a telescopic view of mountain scenery, as it appeared through my double-barrelled lorgnette. N.B. I squint.

Having got up, prepared to go down again, an operation which was performed in a much quicker style than the other. Started

down a slippery slope, and missing our footing, and not being able to stop ourselves, proceeded in this manner, down at least 2000 feet, before we were brought up by a ridge of rocks, composed of uncommonly hard granite, against which we rebounded like footballs. Up, however, and at it again. Came to another difficulty; found ourselves in a dreadful gully or ravine, with no sort of exit but a narrow cleft, down which poured a tremendous cataract, into an awful black and foaming pool 500 feet below. There was nothing for it but to fling ourselves into the torrent, allow ourselves to go over the waterfall, and take our chance in the cauldron—which we did, in the manner shown in cut. The exploit was quite dreadful, from the roar of the water, and the speed with which we were hurled through the air, and soused at least 100 fathoms (for I counted them) into the pool below, where, after we had reached the

surface, we were whirled about for at least an hour and a quarter before we managed to emerge. Found the experience I had picked up in the Holborn swimming baths of little avail in descending this cataract, but was only too happy to escape at any price. The rest of the journey was comparatively easy, owing to a very happy thought of mine. Happening to see a roundish-shaped avalanche roll past, remembered the globe tricks in the circus, where Signor Sadustini kept his balance on a big wooden ball going down an inclined plane. Communicated the notion to guides, waited for the next avalanche, jumped on it as it passed, and went down like winking, always keeping our places upon the top of the ball, which gradually increased to such a size, that it carried off several châlets beneath us. But that, of course, we had nothing to do with; keeping our places as well as Sadustini himself, until the huge snowball came to a full stop in the midst of a pine forest, where we clambered out of the snow, and after several hours' hard walking, reached the village, where we were greeted by a deputation of the authorities, headed by the hotel-keeper holding my bill in his hand, who delivered an address of congratulation, and inquired when it would be convenient for me to settle. Postponing, however, considerations of business to those of festivity, a romantic rural *fête* was got up in honour of our return. The happy peasantry poured in from all sides, singing, "Come arouse us, arouse us, we merry Swiss boys." The notary had a table in the corner, which is always usual. The *Seigneur du Village* and his lady sat on a rustic throne. All the peasants had jerkins and breeches, and bright stockings, with lots of ribands, and all the peasantesses had short muslin petticoats and pink satin shoes. Choosing then, as a partner, the loveliest and the most virtuous—I was particular about the last—I opened the ball.



BLOOMERISM IN FULL BLOW.

The ladies are about to turn over a new leaf, a leaf in the matter of costume, unprecedented since the days of the fig leaf. Petticoats are to join hoops and farthingales; and long skirts, having long swept all before them, are now, in their turn, to be swept into the limbo of all the vanities.

Of course, now, breeches, trowsers, and all their synonymes, will no longer be forbidden words. The tribes of the "unmentionables" and the "unwhisperables" have had their day. We observe, however, that certain pretty modifications of the original terms are recommended, and we are told to choose between "Pantilettes and Pettiloons." But why not call the objects in question "trowserettos," or, if an Americanized phrase be thought appropriate, "limb envelopers" or "understanding swathers," might be advantageously adopted.

It is, of course, to be anticipated that the reformed costume will spread upwards, as well as downwards, in society; giving us an opportunity of reading, on the morrow of the first ensuing drawing-room day, that "Her ladyship wore a splendid pair of loud satin pants, of deep purple, with a double broad yellow stripe running down the leg, and new patent elastic straps, tastefully embroidered with gold." At the same time, as it is inherent in the nature of things, that pantaloons have to be kept up at the waist as well as down at the ankle, we shall expect to see advertised "The ne plus ultra ladies' braces," and the "Better than new plus ultra feminine suspenders."

One dreadful question remains unsolved: it looms upon us as we approach it, and the nerveless pen splutters in the nib. However, we will make the effort, and state the problem: Given—a horse, and a lady about to ride it. The lady is in Bloomer costume—the horse fully caparisoned for a lady in Bloomer costume. Query: Will the horse have two stirrups; one on the near side, the other on the off?

What the parks and public gardens will be we have confidently and fearlessly set forth. The mothers, daughters, grand-aunts, second-cousins, and great-grand-nieces of England, may be expected, one and all, to abjure the ancient faith of furbelows and flounces. *Cedunt arma togæ*, says our old Latin grammar, which literally translated, means, "Arms yield to the gown;" but now the gown has had its day, and in its turn, yields—not to arms, however, but to legs. Long was the reign of the proverbialized petticoat; but, like the speech of a prosy orator, it has been interrupted by the imperative cry of "cut it short."

Still we will not complain, even though Bloomerism may take a step still further, may aspire to Hessians with tassels, may dare to sport tops. For, as was sagely remarked by the American editor "Why, if female society be pronounced a humanizing agency, should we not endeavour to see as much of the ladies as possible?"

The "Bloomers" in Hyde Park, or an Extraordinary Exhibition for 1852

The Peace Society – or a New "Field of Action" for the Military – in "The good time coming." (?)

THE BATTLE OF THE HARVEST FIELD.

A BRILLIANT victory has just been achieved by the troops of General Concord, Commander-in-Sheaf over a formidable field—not, however, of artillery, but of wheat. The enemy—*i.e.*, the wheat, was very thickly planted on the ground, there being hardly room, indeed, amongst the heads for the insertion of another ear; and upon the approach of General Concord and his forces, immediate measures were taken for the attack. The Commander-in-Sheaf drew up his army in three lines: the first consisting of several brigades of the gallant Sickle-eers, supported by flanking parties of the Reaping-hook Light Bobs, and a strong detachment of regular and irregular Rakers. Behind, and designed to support this division, were the two celebrated brigades of Light and Heavy Binders. In the rear were disposed a powerful body of the Royal Horse Harvest Wagoneers. Scattered bodies of Foot Gleaners were dispersed here and there, and the refreshment of the forces was amply provided for by a perfect battalion of suttlers and vivandières, who, with the most cool and heroic courage, penetrated into those parts of the field where the enemy was falling fastest, with eatables and drinkables for the forces. So certain, also, was the Commander-in-Sheaf of victory, that he caused hospital accommodation, in the shape of barns and granaries, to be erected for the cut-down masses of the enemy, who were conveyed thither by the gallant Wagoneers.

The battle commenced at sunrise, by a combined attack from the Sickle-eers and Reaping-hook Light Bobs. The effect was tremendous. The enemy could not stand a moment before the sweep of our forces, who penetrated slowly but surely into their dense ranks, mowing them down by thousands. All this time the Light and Heavy Binders supported their comrades with the greatest efficiency and effect; and the Rakers, regular and irregular, performed prodigies of valour. Indeed, the coolness of the troops, in one sense, was as remarkable as their heat in another. Every movement was performed with unflinching steadiness, and not a man fell (by tripping over a rake) but his comrade stepped into his place (until he got up again). The Binders also distinguished themselves by their discipline; and the order, "Form Sheafs! Prepare to receive Harvest Carts!" was regularly obeyed with splendid promptitude. The fate of the day became speedily evident. The Corn made no resistance worth mentioning, but it certainly stood up with great pluck to be cut down; and by the direction of the Commander-in-Sheaf, was carried to the receptacles provided for the disposal of a brave enemy, with all the honours of the harvest field.

By sundown the victory was complete. Not an individual of the enemy held his head erect. On our side there was a terrible effusion of perspiration, and a great quantity of provisions and drink were reported missing; but on the whole the Battle of the Harvest Field may be considered as one of the most advantageous victories ever won.

THE BATTLE OF THE YATCHES.

A TRULY affecting copy of verses, made by a British Tar in Spithead last August, and corked up in a bottle, floated to the end of the Herne Bay Pier last week. The bottle was speedily uncorked, in a vague expectation of Cognac; but the finders, discovering that the only spirit which it contained was the spirit of the verses, magnanimously surrendered the whole to the board of Admiralty, as justly and legally appertaining to that body. The Board, having sat upon the bottle (and broken it), rose as soon as possible after instructing the First Lord to transmit to us the poetry, with a polite note, stating how they had come by it, and lamenting that the poet should have so obstinately adhered to his peculiar mode of spelling the word "Yacht."

THE BATTLE OF THE YATCHES.

OH, weep ye British Sailors true,
Above or under hatches,
Here's Yankee Doodle's been and come,
And beat our crackest yatches!
They started all to run a race,
And wor well timed with watches;
But oh! they never had no chance,
Had any of our yatches.

The Yankee she delayed at first,
Says they, "She'll never catch us,"
And flung up their tarpaulin hats—
The owners of the yatches!
But presently she walked along;
"O dear," says they, "she'll match us!"
And stuck on their tarpaulin hats,
The owners of the yatches!

Then deep we ploughs along the sea
The Yankee scarcely scratches,
And cracks on every stitch of sail
Upon our staggering yatches.
But one by one she passes us
While bitterly we watches,
And utters imprecations on
The builders of our yatches.

And now she's quite hull down a-head,
Her sails like little patches.
For sand barges and colliers we
May sell our boasted yatches.
We faintly hears the Club-house gun—
The silver cup she snatches—
And all the English Clubs are done,
The English Clubs of yatches!

They say she didn't go by wind,
But wheels, and springs, and ratches;
And that's the way she weathered on
Our quickest going yatches.
But them's all lies, I'm bound to say—
Although they're told by batches—
'Twas build of hull, and cut of sail,
That did for all our yatches.

But novelty, I hear them say,
Some novelty still hatches!
The Yankee yatch the keels will lay
Of many new Club yatches.
And then we'll challenge Yankee land,
From Boston Bay to Natchez,
To run their crackest craft agin
Our spick and span new yatches.

MODES OF ADDRESSING PERSONS OF VARIOUS RANKS.

(By Our Fast Professor.)

A Duke, or other Titled Person. "Now, old Strawberry-Leaves;" or, as the case may be. An *Earl* carries Five Balls, and a *Baronet* a Bloody Hand, which naturally points out the mode of addressing the bearers. A *Bishop* is gratified by being addressed as "Old Shirt-Sleeves." If the ecclesiastic wears spectacles, it is *de rigueur* to add, facetiously, that you observe his is not a "See Sharp." An *Archdeacon* you will, of course, call "Archy;" and a *Rural Dean* you will address as "My Rustic." The *Clergy*, as a body, you will speak of as the "White Chokers." The *Lay Aristocracy* are simply styled "The Nobs." Attention to this rule is requested. An irreverent young reporter (from Ireland) having recently incautiously asked an official of the House of Lords "who that Buffer was?" (indicating a nobleman who was speaking,) was solemnly answered: "Sir, we have no Buffers here; they are all Peers of the Realm."

A Police Magistrate. Before you are fined—"My Lord;" "Your Worship;" "Your Reverence;" "Your Excellency;" "Your Majesty;" or whatever title of honour comes readiest to your tongue. After Justice has done her worst, you will merely allude to your enemy as the "Beak."

Your Father. Speaking *to* him, say, "Guvnor," or "Old Strike-a-Light;" *of* him, "The Old 'Un."

A Tradesman. Your address in this case will depend upon the state of accounts between yourself and the party spoken to; but an easy familiarity should generally be preserved; and it is a good rule, if you wish to please a tradesman, to call him by a name, or

make some allusion, derived from the trickery of his particular trade. A *Grocer* you will call "Young Chicory;" or, if a female, "Mrs. Beans." A *Sausage Vendor's* shop you will enter playfully imitating the cry of the itinerant merchant who supplies daily food to the canine and feline menial. And a *Woollen Draper* you should salute with, "Well, Devil's Dust."

The Waitress at a Restaurateur's, or elsewhere. "Mary, my love, my only angel, come here;" "Sarah, my darling, what's good for my complaint?" "Jane's very sweet upon me, ain't you, Jane?"

A Box-keeper. "Here, Pew-opener."

A Pew-opener. "Here, Box-keeper."

All sorts and conditions of Men. In any manner in which a gentleman would not address them.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE KOH-I-NOOR.

Now for the first time made public, in spite of the most lavish offers to the Author from Her Majesty's Government.

The Koh-i-noor is made of the very best crown glass, and the workmanship is very superior. It was originally a chandelier ornament in a dancing school kept by a Mr. Fogrum at Ponder's End, about the middle of last century. Mr. Fogrum, however, growing serious, turned his dancing-school into a Newlight chapel, and preached a charity sermon in behalf of himself. That night two rascals determined to rob the chapel of the collection, and accordingly opened the door with a one-pronged fork, and got in. Finding, however, that the collection consisted only of a penny token, a card counter, a penny farthing, and a bad half-crown, one of them, under the impulse of vexation, jerked the half-crown into the air, when it struck down the Koh-i-Noor from the chandelier—the would-be thief putting the bit of glass into his pocket as a memento of the transaction.

The next day William Priggins, for so was he named, enlisted in the H.E.I.C.'s service, and presently joined his regiment, the 007th, at Juggerbadab. Not liking the service, however, he deserted, blacked himself all over, gave up wearing clothes, and set up as a Thug. After doing a good stroke of business in this new line, he was ultimately apprehended by the officers of the Rajah Jibbety-Jibbety, and, to save his life, offered to give up the Koh-i-Noor, which he told the Rajah he had stolen out of a pawnbroker's shop in Whitechapel. The Rajah was at the time in pecuniary difficulties—so much so, as to have serious notions of coming to London and taking a crossing, or singing Hindostance lyrics, with a tum-tum and his heir-apparent, in the streets. Being a statesman of great acuteness and foresight, however, he saw that something handsome might be made of the Koh-i-Noor, and, in the first place, christened it by that name, it having been formerly called "Bit-o'-

Glass." In the Rajah's capital, the city of Huggerymug, resided a jeweller of enormous wealth, called Tiffin Gong. This man the Rajah caused to be summoned before him.

"What is the value of this inestimable diamond?" he demanded, showing him the Koh-i-Noor.

Tiffin Gong made his salaam, and after looking at it, replied, "May the Rajah live for ever, and until the middle of the week after. The value is eighteen pice," which amounts to three farthings English money.

"Tiffin," said the Rajah, "just look again; and then look at this bowstring. Is not the value of that diamond just twenty millions of lacs of rupees?" And he put his hand to his throat, and made a cheerful choking noise with his tongue.

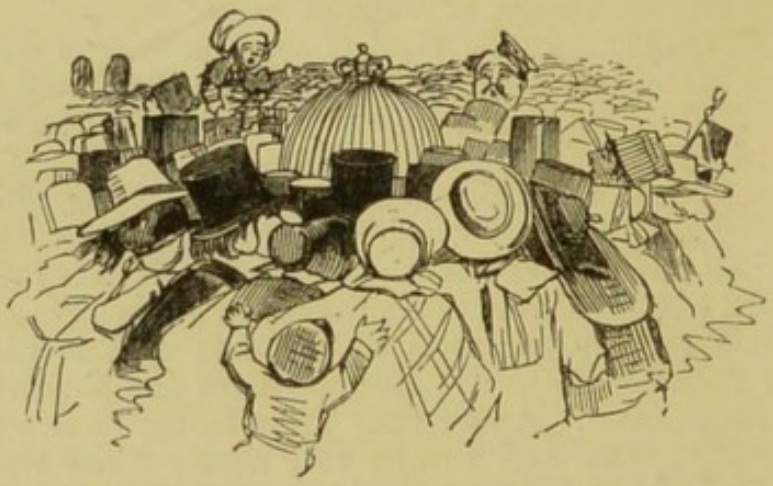
"On second thoughts," said the jeweller, "the value of the diamond is exactly twenty millions of lacs of rupees."

The Rajah ordered in his Durbar or council, who were smoking their pipes, sitting on the door-mats in the lobby, and then before them repeated his question; to which the jeweller, with one eye on the bowstring, returned his second answer.

"You see," said the Rajah, "Tiffin Gong is an excellent judge of jewels. He declares this wonderful gem worth twenty million of lacs; he shall have it for nineteen and a half, which is just as though I had given him a half-lac as a present."

Of course the Durbar were in raptures at this liberality, and sung the national anthem, "Bramah save the Rajah!" with the greatest enthusiasm. As for Poor Tiffin Gong, he saw that he was but a departed coon, and turned very nearly white with rage and terror. He had not got exactly nineteen millions and a half of lacs, but he handed over nineteen and a quarter. Upon which the Rajah, holding this to be a breach of engagement, retained the Koh-i-Noor and the rupees too; and when Tiffin Gong complained of being kept hanging about the court trying to get his own, the Rajah said he might try another sort of dangling, and so hanged him literally, and in thorough good earnest.

Being thus undoubted possessor of the jewel, the Rajah ordered the Chroniclers and Keepers of the Records to invent all sorts of stories about the Koh-i-Noor, and to stick them as notes into the next edition of the History of Jiggerydam, his kingdom, all of which was done to admiration, and everybody who did not believe the notes, was beheaded, except a few, who were hanged. The after story of this wonderful jewel may be soon told. The Rajah wore it in his nose, but was speedily made war upon by another Rajah, who was determined to have a grab at the priceless stone. The Rajahs met in single combat, and were found after the battle with only a hand of each remaining, a whisker which could not be identified, and the Koh-i-Noor between them. It then fell into the possession of the Emperor Mahommed Bung, from whom it was taken after fifteen years' war by the celebrated Mahratta chief, Tater Khan. Bung, in fact, had, as a last resource, swallowed the stone, which choked him; but Tater Khan had it out in no time, as he said himself, "by the help of Allah and an oyster knife." The Khan's descendants, who were continually conspiring against each other, and putting arsenic in each other's curry with intent to get possession of the bone, or rather stone, of contention, at length fell into arrears of tribute to their proud landlords, the H.E.I.C., who at last, backed by the Government, put in a distress, seized the Koh-i-Noor, and sent it home; when Mr. Bramah, who is no relation to the idol of that name, made a cage for it, and all the world had lately an opportunity of seeing it. We regret that all the rubs which the Koh-i-Noor has received have failed to heighten its brilliancy, and it is the opinion of those best acquainted with the facts, that the gem is not brighter now than when Mr. Fogrum hung up his chandelier in his dancing-school at Ponder's End.



THE KOH-I-NOOR AS IT APPEARED IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Advice "To those about to marry" —— Buy — cheap Furniture —

MRS. BEAKEY'S TABLE (AND CHAIR) TALK.

"Well, my love, Charles thought that as I had vowed I would never marry into furnished lodgings, we had better wait until he had saved money enough to furnish a house comfortably. I was sillier then than I am now, and I thought his wanting to postpone our marriage didn't look much like love, so I sulked. He was sillier then than he is now, and minded a woman's sulks. He furnished a house completely from top to bottom, from an advertising warehouse, and the whole bill came to 29*l.* 11*s.* 3½*d.* We married and took possession. Here is my diary of the week, love; I preserve it for any of my young friends who are in a hurry to marry.

Monday.—Charles, while shaving, rested his left hand heavily on the dressing-table. It smashed under his hand, he cut himself severely, and it was a mercy he didn't have his dear nose off. I flew to the drawers for something to stop the bleeding, and the keys broke or the locks wouldn't work, and we had to open the drawers with the shovel. The hay, with which the easy chair was stuffed, smelt so disagreeably, that we were obliged to send it out of the room, and, as Anne was carrying it, the chair came in halves, the back and arms falling away from the seat.

Tuesday.—The frame of the looking-glass gave way, the glass fell out, and smashed the beautiful little French clock dear uncle Brooks gave us.

Wednesday.—I had a headache, so Charles wheeled the sofa near the fire for me. Doing so, two of the legs came off. He propped it up with books, but by-and-bye I heard a sort of frizzling; it was the glue, which the fire was frying. Hastily removing the sofa, we divided it between us; Charles fell down with the end, and I got the back on my poor toes.

Thursday.—The dining-room table suddenly parted in the middle. The lamp fell on Charles's head (making him swear sadly), and I received a lovely goose, and all the gravy, in the lap of my new satin dress. That night the screws of the bed slipped in the rotten wood, and one side gave way. We came to the floor: I was sadly bruised, and Charles hurt his head, and used very strong language against the advertising wretches.

Friday.—One of the brackets of the curtain-rod broke, the curtains, rings and all, came on mamma's head, crushing her new bonnet. Getting on a footstool to dust a picture the stool broke, and I fell against the picture, breaking the glass, and cutting my forehead. The pole of a music desk came out of the stand, the candles fell and greased the carpet (which was actually beginning to lose its colour already), and the book smashed Charles's violoncello. N.B. Not so sorry about this last.

Saturday.—Moved into furnished lodgings, where we stayed until we could afford to deal with a respectable upholsterer.

IRISH AUCTIONS.

In consequence of the difficulties and disputes which have attended recent sales by auction in Ireland, under the Encumbered Estates Act, and otherwise, the Irish authorities have published an official set of conditions of sale, framed in conformity with the spirit of business in the sister country, which are, in future, to be universally adopted there. Anxious to render this Almanack of as much use as possible to the man of business, the editor has, at the last moment, found room for this document:—

CONDITIONS OF SALE BY AUCTION IN IRELAND.

I. The highest bidder to be the purchaser, unless some gentleman bids more.

II. If any dispute arises as to who was the highest bidder, the sale is to stop until the parties have fought it out: but if either combatant is killed, he shall be allowed to amend his bidding for the sake of his bereaved family.

III. If after a piece of land has been sold, it cannot be found in the estate to which it belongs, it shall be taken from the estate that lies most convenient to it; but the purchaser shall pay the owner of the latter the full price of the piece thus taken; but this purchase-money shall be laid out in improving the same. Anyhow, they must settle it between them.

IV. If a lot has been wrongly described, such misdescription shal not vitiate the sale; but compensation shall be granted as may be just. If a piece of land has been described as a house, the auctioneer shall be bound to build a house thereon with the money paid for the same: and if it is not convenient for the purchaser to pay for his purchase, the money may be borrowed out of the poor-rates. If the vendor or the poor complain of this, they must write to the newspapers; and if they can't write, more shame for them.

V. The auctioneer shall not be liable to be called out upon any pretence whatever connected with the sale now about to take place; but this condition shall in no wise prevent his giving satisfaction in regard to any other sale, or his conduct in knocking down other lots or bidders.

VI. In regard to its being insulting to ask a gentleman to show his dirty parchments, and make out titles, and all that bother, no title shall be required beyond the seller giving his word of honour that the title is as good as possible, and better. After this, if there's any awkwardness, it's a case for the Phaynix Park.

VII. If what the lawyers call "outstanding terms" can't be "got in," they must stop out.

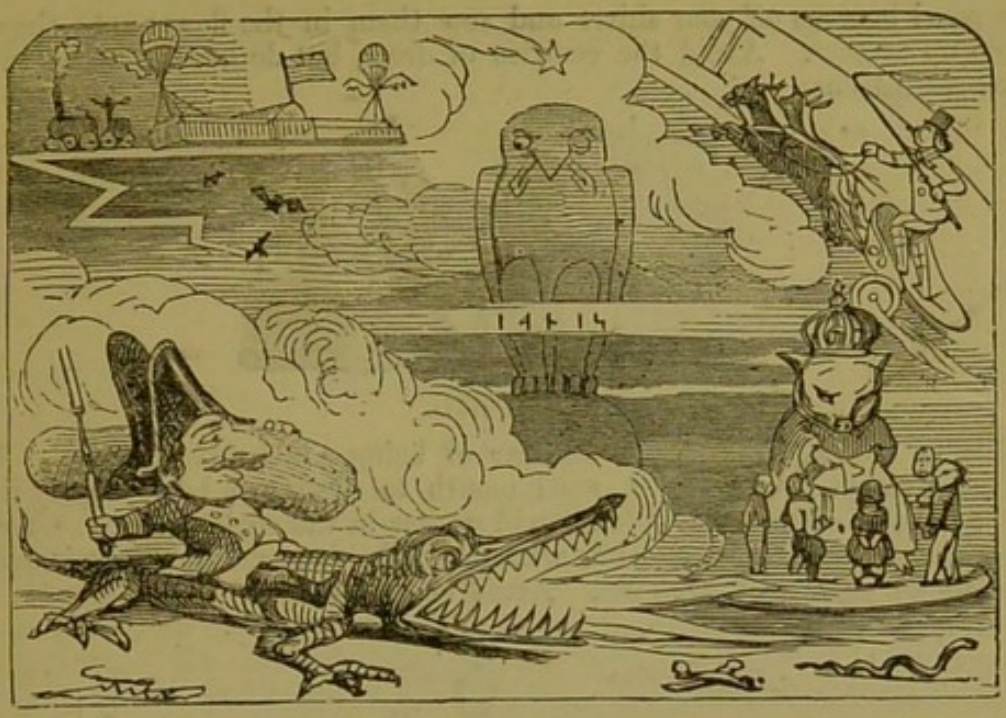
VIII. If it shall turn out that the seller has sold property to which he was not entitled, and which belongs to somebody else, and the right owner, upon proper application, unreasonably refuses to give up possession, the trouble and expense of bringing him to a sense of what is gentlemanly conduct shall be equally divided between the seller and buyer.

IX. If the purchaser thinks he has paid too much, the balance shall be handed back to the auctioneer, to be treated as liquidated damages, that is, laid out in claret, to be drunk by all the *bonâ fide* bidders at the sale.

X. The auction duty shall not be paid at all, as it only helps to maintain English ascendancy.

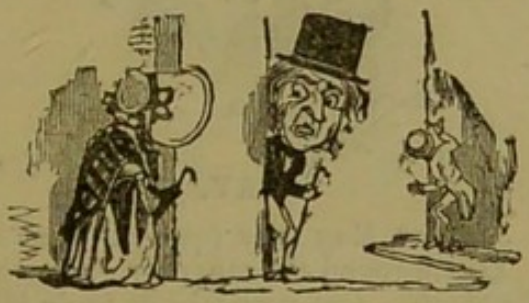
XI. Should there be much starvation on the estate, or much difficulty in getting enough rent out of the tenants, part of the purchase-money shall be laid out in publishing, in the English papers, an appeal to the charitable.

XII. That none of these conditions shall be binding on anybody who disapproves of them.



PROPHETIC AND MYSTERIOUS HINTS FOR 1852.

(*By our own judicial and judicious Astrologer.*)



JANUARY.

Another new year! Something will probably happen before long. If it does not something else will. Look round corners as much as possible; and don't go to the end of the world, for fear of falling over the edge. Begin new undertakings which promise to be profitable. A bad month for marrying a shrew.

FEBRUARY.

Give no bills in which February is included, in respect of its being so short. Never pull your shirt collars so high as to run the risk of the nether man's catching cold. A bad month for hanging yourself—put it off. Eat as much as you can. If anybody make you a handsome present—take it, and fear not. One of your friends will cut himself shaving—seek not to know which; pry not into the secrets of destiny.

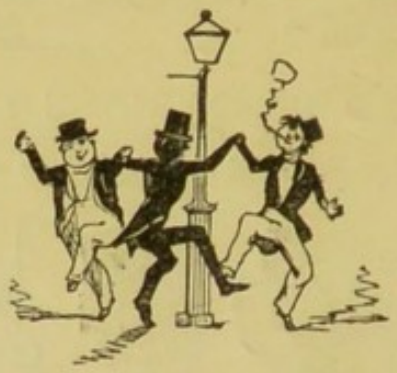
MARCH.

Never take hold of the poker by the wrong end. Go forth into the streets and gather a bushel of March dust; it is worth a king's ransom. Take it to the Goldsmiths' Hall, and they will pay you for it—(a king's ransom is 30,000*l.*, which will be at once handed to you). Spring commences. Cut

the pearl buttons off your shirts and sow them in the flower-pot; they will come up oysters. Avoid the vanities of dress, but do not go abroad without your pantaloons.

APRIL.

Lie in bed all this month for fear of being made an April fool. Many things happen in April. A good month to receive a large legacy in, but don't reject a small one. Clouds will gather in the social horizon. You will have a quarrel with your wife, which will be brought to an amicable conclusion by means of a shawl. Avoid bonnet shops. A bad month to be bankrupt in.



MAY.

A merry month. Gather May dew (query: what are you to do with it when you get it?) Dance round the maypole. On no account dance round the north pole, or the south. Get your friends to do bills—it promotes generosity and liberality, which are virtues. Your hat will be blown off—if it be windy enough, and you don't hold it on. Be obliging; give anybody who asks, free permission to run pins into anybody else—innocent amusement ought to be encouraged.

JUNE.

A bad month for your house to be burnt down—unless, indeed, it be insured for double its value, or your wife be in it. When you ride in the Park and the boys tell you to get inside the horse and draw down the blinds, don't—it's not seemly. Make money—Pass your bad half-crowns. Give your clean-picked bones to the poor—charity covers a multitude of sins. If a

comet appears, let it alone; and when it is tired of appearing it will disappear. If you see a ghost, tell it to stay there; and come for us, and we will go and look at it.

JULY.

Walk about in armour for fear of mad dogs. The planetary system this month will go on as usual; distrust anybody who tells you to the contrary. Be a philosopher, and have as few wants as possible—cut off your legs, and then you wont require boots, which you will find to be a saving. When you sleep in church do not snore; it is disrespectful to the establishment. If you go to the opera and drop a double-barrelled lorgnette from the fifth tier, and it cracks a man's skull below, bring an action against his representatives for the value of the glass. Make yourself comfortable.

AUGUST.

Events will take place and circumstances will happen; also things will come to pass. Beware, therefore, and trust the stars. You may have a cold in the head, and you may not. Tace is Latin for a candle, and things must be as they may. Avoid apoplexy, give no encouragement to rheumatism, and, if you are taken ill with typhus fever, don't stand it. Drink not physic slowly, and take chloroform when you're having your hair cut or sitting for your daguerreotype.

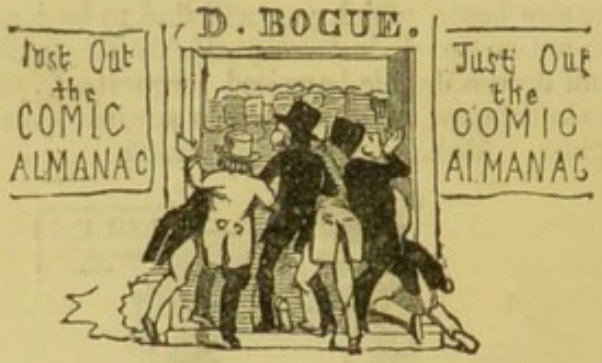
SEPTEMBER.

Go out a shooting; but shoot not the moon, unless you find it convenient.

A good month for drinking beer, but avoid salts. Recollect what the wise man sayeth: a bush in the hand is worth two in the bird. Be sage, stuffed with sage. The time for travelling. If you let your moustaches grow, you will immediately begin to speak French and German. Get a passport from the beadle of your parish, *viséd* by the turncock. Avoid sea-sickness by never ceasing eating and drinking when at sea. If you see the devil have nothing to say to him; he is very far from respectable; cut him.

OCTOBER.

The harvest is gathered, and the barns are full. The best month for brewing—domestic storms and natural convulsions brewing as well as porter. Get all you can out of your friends. Make love to pretty women with money. If you go to California take care you don't dig up brass for gold. Take heed, the world will come to an end some day; pay your rent if you are obliged—not otherwise. Avoid breaking your leg in three places, five of your ribs, putting your collar-bone out, and fracturing your skull.



NOVEMBER.

The month for committing suicide; avoid it, however, for yourself. Give your friends presents of rope; if you give them enough, the sage sayeth, they will hang themselves. Fogs are thick; but the wise man sees through them. Roads are muddy; but the rich man rideth in a cab. In this month your hair will grow. Do not be alarmed. Buy the *Comic Almanack*.

DECEMBER.

Winter commences. Bills come pouring in. Trust yet to the stars. Do the Income Tax—so saith the moral philosopher. All flesh is grass—but beef is not water-cresses. Make moral reflections, and pay no bills. A bad month for paying bills. Give no Christmas dinner; but go to some one's who does. Receive presents of turkeys, geese, pickled salmon, and cod, with oysters for sauce. Look out for Saturn in the ascendant in the house of Mars; and when you see a comet with a green tail, send an express to the astronomer royal, with a lock of your hair.

ECLIPSES IN 1852.

The Sun will be eclipsed the whole year round by the brilliance of the work the reader holds in his hand. Visible to all the inhabitants of Her Majesty's dominions, of the United States of America, and of every other country where English is understood.

The Moon will be eclipsed, during various portions of the seasons, at the Princess's Theatre, by a set of opposition Moons to be got up by Mr. Grieve. Visible to the audiences each night.

Jupiter has been so completely eclipsed by the crack boat of that name belonging to the Gravesend Star Company, that he has drawn in his rays in disgust, declined upon his axis, assumed a mean—in fact, a remarkably mean distance, and generally shut up shop.

Pallas will be eclipsed by Mr. Barry, whose new Palace will approach within eighteen or nineteen years of completion. Visible to the inhabitants of Westminster from dawn to dusk, and to the population generally, through any dull medium—say the Estimates.

Other Astronomical Information.

To convert Astronomical Mean Time into Mean Civil Time.—Beating being the shortest way to make mean people civil—beat time.

To find the distance of Terrestrial Objects.—Take a yard measure, and measure it. Another way, useful if the object be a window, a friend, or a public character, is to throw a stone at it, and if you hit it, you may be sure it is within a stone's throw.

To set a Sun Dial.—Dig a hole in the earth, and set it. Sun dials are, however, seldom known to thrive much. The Seven Dials in London grew up in a soil composed of old clothes, Irish, onions, Jews, and Gin; and the population is still literally celebrated for knowing what's o'clock, with occasional rectification by the police.

Directions to know the Stars.—Notice whose names are printed largest in the play-bills, and precede the largest sums in the schedule of a manager when he goes up to the Insolvent Court. Another way is to notice who play or sing most carelessly when the house is bad, or look sulky when applause doesn't come.

To calculate Longitude from the Meridian of Greenwich.—Ascertain how often a person has eaten whitebait that season.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

A charming songster of this species warbled its nightly music from a high tree in the corner of my garden. It generally began its jug-jug just after sundown, when it distinctly whistled the bass solo, "Now nurse and child are fast asleep," from *Guy Mannering*. The formation of the larynx prevented the lower notes from coming out with full effect, but the performance, in other respects, was perfect. Truth, however, compels me to add, that the bird *did not*, as has been asserted, whistle the words. The same nightingale, when he saw over the garden wall a gentleman staggering along, after a convivial party, used to whistle "We wont go home till morning," with great glee. I only observed it make a change once, when the air selected was, "Jolly companions every one."—*William Kiddy, in the Gardeners' Journal.*

The Height of Impudence.—Stopping a railway train to ask the Guard what o'clock it is.

THE GOLDEN AGE COMING.

(*From the Sydney Morning Herald, 25th December*, 1861.)

This colony is a remarkable colony. The ancient gentleman (we forget his name, and there isn't a Lemprière nearer than Cochin China), who turned everything he touched to gold, must have called here on his way to Hades. Gold, gold, nothing but gold. Let us calmly review what Australia has done since Christmas, 1851.

Although she has separated from the mother country, it was not in anger, but only as a rich child's establishment is naturally apart from that of poor parents. We did not neglect Old England; we paid off her national debt, and we deposited in the hands of trustees (the Emperor Jullien I., King Abbott-Lawrence, and Sultan Abd-el-Kadr) a sufficient sum to render taxes in England unnecessary for two hundred years. Having thus done our duty as a child, we leave the old lady to amuse herself her own way. But we shall not forget her, and each Christmas we shall delight in presenting her with a new Fleet, a box of palaces, or some other tribute of affection.

We laid down the Cape and Algiers Railway, as also that from Gibraltar to St. Petersburgh, and the eighty thousand miles of line in India. We cut through the Isthmuses of Suez and Panama, and lengthened the grand canal of Venice to the Black Sea.

We bought up all the opera singers in the world at their own price (the largest drain our exchequer has known), and we founded the Australian Opera. Meyerbeer received 100,000*l.* for his opening work—*Le Kangaroo*, and the "Hopping Chorus" is worth the money.

We arranged a financial system for ourselves, the leading feature of which was, that there should be no fractions, no change, no bargaining (this nearly drove the women out of the colony), and no tick. The lowest price of anything was to be a guinea.

We have an electric telegraph communication between our new capital, Aureopolis, and every other metropolis in the world. Painful as it is to hear the needy creatures of other continents squabbling about miserable loans and wretched subsidies, when, perhaps, the whole sum at issue is not fifty millions, and disagreeable as it must be to regard one's acquaintance as paupers wrangling over halfpence, the lessons are not without instruction.

Such are some of the achievements of Australia. But she is not all-powerful. We have a failure to record. All her proffered treasures could not buy one of the writers in the *Comic Almanack*. Yet it must be done. Gird up thy loins, young nation! The rest were trifles, but here is a task worthy of thee. Thy mines of wealth against the mines of wit; for one of those priceless men thou must have. To the Diggings! to the Diggings!

— Anticipations of the Golden Age! now coming; showing the probable Style of a Coster-monger - when that "good time" is come. !!

THE GOLD IN AUSTRALIA.

[*Private and confidential letter from* Mr. Jemmy Bullseye, *Professional Burglar, M.S.M.* (*Member Swell Mob*), *P.P.P.* (*Professor Pocket Picking, &c.*), *T.C.* (*Transported Convict*), to Ikey Moshes, Esq., *R.S.G.* (*Receiver of Stolen Goods*), *F.R.F.* (*First-Rate Fence*), *Deadman's Court, Filch Street, Whitechapel.*]

Bottiney Bay, 1 *April.*

My dear Moshes,

Giv us yer congraterlations old chap, for luck as turned at last. Thank evings I'm now a maid man, and a real transported conwict, and no mistake. Ha! ha! No more bissines—no more senter bits, nor kro bars, nor skillington keas, nor dips into pokkets with nuffin in 'em—nor puttin old ladis on the grate when 'ot, to make 'em tell vere the spoons is—no more rows with them ere Peelers, nor interwiews with the Beaks—nor no more pollis wans, nor Hold Baileys, nor Middlesects sesshuns, nor Surgeon Adamses, nor Recorders, nor Ballantines nor Clarksons. As I said afore, in one wurd, no more bissines. I'm a-coming out in the respictable line, and I'm a-goin to keep a gigg. I've made my lucky, and I can afford to pass the remaneder of my days a-doin' nuffin but enjoying on myself.

In two wurds, Ikey, I've maid my fortin. I've 5 portmanties chok full of gold. How you'd like a grab at 'em, eh? The rigglar stuff; shinin' like sufferings, and worth never so much more, bekase more purer, and no allhoy. You remember the littel Jobb for which I got into trubbel—the plate down Hackney way, which we didn't find out to be Britania Mettle till jist as it was in the meltin' pott, and the pollis had me by the choler. Well, I staid in Pentonwill too ears, and then we kum out here, a hole ship lod on us, rigglar outanouters as ever stood in a dok, and then they set us to make rods, and me and Bil Smuth, and Jerry Gibbs—him as knocked the old lady on the 'ead for pleasure, arter the bissines was over, and the swag sekured—and half-a-dozen more, was all tyed to one chane, with a lot o' sogers ready to shoot us if we layed doun our piks or spaids for a minit. But let me tell yer, as things 'as turned out, the praktise was kapital, for suddenly one mornin' there kame word, that about a dosen of miles from us, there was a bed, a rigglar bed of gold made up in the earth, and that noboddy had anythink to do but to stupe down and pik hup the peaces. By gom, Ikey, when the sogers heard this, off they cut, and set to work at the golden sand with their baggynets, and, as you may be sure, also off we kut arter them; and there we wos, the hole wak of us, konwicts and no konwicts, pickin' up the yaller metal like 1 o'clock, and mindin' nuffin else. And now we found out the hadvantage of our rod makin praktise, for, for every ounse of gold the rest piked up, we got a £. So we soon had the chane off, and, in less nor 6

wheeks I had for my share at least 50,000 lbs. worth—which, by-the-by, I am grieved to say, that disonest skoundrel, Bil Smuth, tryed to pilpher from, but a dig from the pik axe settled his ash, as so it did Jerry Gibbs's, whose and I found in my pokkits—the unprinsipaled thif, who had no more respect for reallysed property than nothink at all. And so, to make a long storey short, here I am, a-goin' to sale for Urope by the next ship with all my gold, and quite sartin of being reseaved accordin to my merrits, as weyed by the hevvyness of my Koffers.

I have hardly maid up my plans yet, but I think I'll by an andsome ouse somewere near Tyburnia—I like the name; and I'll call it either "Burglary Lodge," or "Felony Villa," or "The Fence," and I'll furnish part on it quite slap-up like the nobses; and part on it like Newgate, and part like Pentonwille, and part like the Pennytenshiary, just to keep hup a scentimental rememberance of the old Times. I'll get a Kot o' arms too. The Herralds' Offis will soon find that for me, but there must be a dark lantern in it, and a skillington kea, and for a mottar, "Sucksess to Swindlin," in a dead langwidge, which is more genteeler nor a livin one. In course I'll have an ouse-warming, when I'll ask the Rekordor of the sitty of London, and the Kommon Surgeon, and Surgeon Adams of the Middlesects, and the Kommishners of Pollis, and Dannal Wittles Arvey. I should think they'd come. I don't bear no mallis, and I'll give 'em good wittles. "Sirkmstances is altared, my Lords," I'll say after dinner, when I'm a-standing with a glass of champagn in my 'and, "And I forgive you for having sent me out to Bottiney Bay, konsidering wot's come of it, and if any of you would like to try your luck akross the water, I'll give you a letter to a hold pal of mine that worked on the same chane as me for five ears, and he'll put you hup to the time o' day if anybody will." I shood think, Ikey, as that would be a 'andsome way of doing the thing, and letting bygons be bygons. I wudn't be surprised arter that if they made me a Middlesects magistrate, or a visitin Justass, or summut o' that kind, and when I goes to a Pollis offis just for old assossiashun's sake, you'll read in the papers how the Honorable Genlmn was akkomodated with a seat on the bench beside the worthy maggistrate, Ha! ha! Ikey, the gold will do it al. I wouldn't be surprised if I get a testymonial, or if there be a subskription to raise a monyment to me—or a lot of amsouses for dekayed prigs, to be called "Bullseye Amsouses," with the names of the churchwardens of the Parritch karved over the entrance door. In course I'll keep a carridge, which is more convenient than a wan with V. R. painted on the side; and I'll have the deerest pue in the most fash'nable chapple—Parritch churches is low—and I'll shubscribe to the societies for the purtection of property and the shuppression of voice. Its wot is looked for in men in a sartin position.

Sutch then, Ikey, are my present plans. I wud ask you to my ouse warmin' but fear you mite not like to meet some of the Gents allooded to,

you being still in the old line of bisiness, and not unkimmon well of. Howsoever, we'll have a quiet tawk when we meet, over a glas of grogg and a pype.

Yours affexndly,

JEMMY BULLSEYE.

P.S. In coorse I'll go into Parlyment, but representing nyther St. Alban's nor Harwich. No, no, dang it, not so low yet as that kums to nyther.

OUR OWN "NOTES AND QUERIES."

PIKES AND ASSES.

Mr. Samuel Flopp presents his compliments to the Editor, and begs to propound the following question:—

Mr. Flopp, passing the other day through the Camden Town Turnpike, observed written upon the gate—

"For every horse, mule, or other animal, not being an ass, the sum of 1½*d.*"

Mr. Flopp wishes to know whether it was owing to the last reservation, that he was allowed to pass toll free.

Perhaps some of our correspondents will answer the question.

BLACK'S THE WHITE OF MY EYE.

"There is a proverbial expression, 'You can't say black is the white of my eye.' How ought a person to vary the phrase to suit his own case, supposing his eyes to be blue? An answer will oblige. J. P."

"Sir,

Digging in my garden, I found a flat stone with the following inscription—

JONBUMPSISGROUND

Can you inform me what language this is? I have submitted the question to both Universities, and a fortune-teller in the New Cut, but I can get no satisfactory reply. I am myself inclined to think it either Phœnician, Chaldee, or ancient Cornish."

"The following very curious fragment of an epitaph is to be found in a churchyard not a hundred miles from Biggleswade:—

'Afflictions sore, long time I bore,
Physicians was in vain—'

Cætera desunt. Can any of your readers inform me of the name and profession of the deceased, what he died of, and whether the undertaker was paid for his funeral?"

THE OPERA HABITUÉ.

You've heard of an Habitué—an Opera-going man—
Perhaps you sometimes try to look as like one as you can,
But, if you want a faithful sketch—correct as sketch can be,
I'll daguerreotype myself—an old Habitué.

And first, I don't know music—for I haven't got an ear;
And I fear I couldn't tell Jim Crow from strains by Meyerbeer;
And once I made a blunder when the band began to tune,
And asked what Costa was about, to start them off so soon.

The fact is—music bores one, but what is one to do?
It's very clear that one must try to get one's evenings through;
And so I somehow find myself professing vast delight,
And shouting "brava Grisi!"—yes—every Opera night.

I'm got up to perfection. In all that dandy place,
There's no cravat so faultless—no shirt so gay with lace;
My gibus hat—my shiny boots, there's none who see forget.
While words can't tell how tight my gloves, or huge my white lorgnette.

And, every Opera evening, I lounge into my stall,
And nod, and smile to scores—of course—Habitués, one and all;
And then adjust that huge lorgnette; and, grave as grave can be,
From box to box, and tier to tier, commence my scrutiny.

There's first the row of *baignoires* so dark, and deep, and sly;
Then the Grand Tier—the milky way—around the Opera sky.
The First tier so respectable—beloved of Russell Square,
The Second, where the artist haunts high up in middle air.

And well I know by many a sign, by toilet, and by style,
Whether or no the House be good. Spite managerial wile,
One sweep of my lorgnette, and then, I'll confidently say
Which are the boxes duly filled, and which those given away

The curtain up—my toils commence—and loungingly I pass
From tier to tier, and box to box, myself, boots, hat and glass.
And flirt with Emily, or Kate, and chat with dear Mamma,
Or even fling myself away five minutes on Papa.

And then we talk, oh, how we talk, of pic-nics, rides, and balls;
Or quiz that lady's strange *toilette* down yonder in the stalls,
And wonder who the men can be in very dubious stocks,
Who've pinned the bill upon the ledge of Lady Swandown's Box.

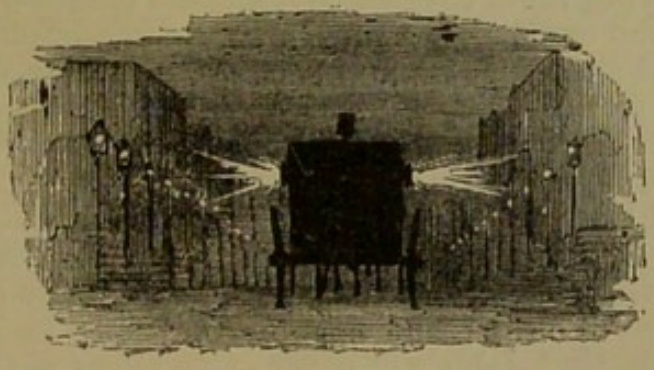
But the last loud stirring chorus at length has died away,
And the house is up and buzzing, for the *Entre'acte* hath sway,
The corridors are thoroughfares—as here and there they flit
Our humming, chatting Opera world from boxes, stalls, and pit.

For now there comes the Quarter hour when everybody meets,
The cheery, chatty Quarter hour, when each some comrade greets,
The Quarter hour so terrible, when Critics deep, who sit
In solemn judgment—pass it—in the lobby near the pit.

A chattering joking conclave, that merry clever ring,
With its gossip of all passing things and scandal of the "wing,"
Deep Opera diplomacy—the last alleged sore throat;
And all the very newest, and most piquant things afloat.

And thus my evening passes in the summer and the spring,
In lorgnette astronomics, and languid listening,
In sauntering, and gossiping, and lounging up and down,
And mixing up the music with the chit-chat of the town.

Till—from the Great Soprano Queen there's nothing more to hear
Till—the last loud orchestral crash has died upon the ear,
Till—the last lingering lady has made her last delay,
And the last lingering carriage no longer stops the way.



MR. BULL'S GLASS OF WATER.

Mr. John Bull, suddenly impressed with the excellence of water, demanded that his town mansion should forthwith be supplied.

"Bless your soul, Sir," cried nine of his servants, "the house has water enough, and very good water, brought twice a week."

"Bring me a glass of it," said Bull, and while they were fetching the glass (for John's servants are the dreariest dawdles on the face of the earth, and are as long opening a door, cleaning a passage, or doing any little job, except a money job, as the servants of Monsieur le Nez, over the way, are in throwing his whole house out of windows), Mr. Bull took up a Blue Book.

"Colourless, transparent, inodorous, and tasteless; such are the conditions of purity in water," read John. "O, here you are at last, you lazy rascal; give me the glass. What do you call this stuff, you scoundrel—pea-soup?"

"Capital water, Sir, stunning tipple, sir," said the fellow audaciously; "your steward pays me a shilling a pint for all I bring in."

"Does he!" said John, glancing across the room, to be sure that his stick was in its corner. "Where do you fetch this stuff from, tell me that?"

"Nearest place, in course, Sir. Thames-ditch, Sir."

"That all my drains run into! Take that, Sir!" roared the old gentleman, kicking him down stairs.

Another servant, smirking, ran in with another glass.

"Less colour," said John, "but smells like the end of a gas-pipe." And the bearer went over the bannisters. A third tried his luck, declaring that the water he brought came from a beautiful tank near Sadler's Wells.

"Full of live things," said John, shuddering.

A fourth rushed up, "Try this, Sir; a dodge of my own, Sir, a pipe from a tan-pit, Sir—tan very healthy."

"Tastes of animal decomp—— I'll tan *you*, Sir," thundered John, planting his fist between the rogue's eyes, "put that in your pipe!"

Well, all the other servants came with glass after glass of dirty water; for fetching which, John Bull's steward was, they said, in the habit of paying them enormously, besides encouraging them to beat anybody who came to the house with a filter, or offered to bring cleaner water at a cheaper rate. John waxed furious, declared they were all rogues and cheats, and commanded his steward, one Wood, to contrive that he should have decent water. So Wood, who is the merriest, most goodnatured bungler in the world, proposed that they should all pour their different supplies into one great tank, which he thought would make the water pure. John Bull didn't quite see how eight quarts of dirty water would, by being mixed, make two gallons of clean; but this plan is going to be tried. It seems most likely that John will never get a *Glass of Clean Water*.

A Good Supply of Water — or John Bull - inundated with the various schemes & Streams, of — "Water, Water, every where" —

CURIOUS TRAIT OF NATIONAL MANNERS.

(*Extract from the Advertising Columns of the Slickville Patriot and Locofoco Bowie Knife.*)

To be sold by Public Auction, next Wednesday, the whole contents —furniture and appurtenances—of the late Editor of this Journal's Office, consisting of—

1. Five Tomahawks (warranted).
2. Eight Colt's Revolvers (have each shot their man).
3. Two Sword-sticks.
4. Three Gouging Forks (patent).
5. Seven Nigger Whips (loaded with lead, and highly recommended).
6. A Horse Whip (same with which Editor said he flogged General Dodge).
7. Another Horse Whip (same with which General Dodge said he flogged Editor). These two will be sold in one lot.
8. A Cask of Tar—good for Abolitionists.
9. The Feathers out of Four Feather-Beds—ditto, ditto.
10. Curious Recipes for Brandy Cocktail, Whisky Stingers, and Gin Trumps.
11. A Pair of Bloomer's Pantilettes.
12. A Bad Dollar, and
13. A Worn-out Pen.

Sale to commence at noon, and no revolvers allowed till a quarter past.

TABLE OF THE PROBABLE DURATION OF LIFE.

(*The number* 20 *being taken as representing the chance of living longest*).

Vegetarian	5
Fox-hunter	15
Soldier in the Line	9
Guardsman	19¾
Railway Traveller	12
Ditto, on the Midland Counties' Railway	1¼
Habitué of the Legitimate Drama	¼
Husband of a "Bloomer" (*unless he runs away from her*)	1
Member of Parliament	15
Reader of Parliamentary Debates	5
Reader of the *Comic Almanack**	20

* Note.—If a purchaser also, the chance is enormously increased, and, for all practica purposes, may be regarded as a certainty.—Publisher.

THE RIDDLER.

THE following queries are proposed for solution by some of our ingenious readers. Answers must be enclosed to the publisher on or before the first of April next. Fifty copies of the *Comic Almanack* (equivalent to a permanent provision for the receiver for life, with handsome reversions to his posterity), will be presented to any one who shall answer the whole correctly. We might have hesitated in making so stupendous an offer, but felt that the world required for the year 1852 some universal excitement, rather superior to that occasioned by the Exhibition of 1851.

CHARADE.

My first young ladies do at balls.
My second will destroy St. Paul's,
My whole on Temple-Bar was seen,
The day Prince Albert wed the Queen.

LAURA.

ANOTHER.

The earth did my first, and the sky did my second,
When the Census throughout the three kingdoms was reckoned,
When the sky does my first, and the earth does my whole,
My second will join the Equator and Pole.

SEMAJ.

A THIRD.

Miss Rose gave my first to my second (her lover),
My third made Miss Rose what you'll please to discover.

WOPS BORSHON.

REBUS.

An electrical agent, an over-ripe pear, a wooden leg, Mr. Dickens' best novel, half a dragon, a scapegrace, a young frog, an easy-chair, a French divine, a celebrated map, part of a lady's dress, a London club, and the sixth of a Knight of the Garter. The initials describe what the reader is, the finals what he may be if he likes, and the middle letter what he can never be, though his father was, and his child must be.

LILLY.

ANOTHER.

A man, a can, a fan, Ann, to scan, a plan—their equivalents represent the four elements in agitation, and spelt backwards, describe the most pleasing object in the Great Exhibition. Omitting Ann and the fan, the equivalents prophesy what theatre will next be burned down.

INGENIOUS MARY.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

I am engaged to a young lady, who will not tell me her age, but says that if I measure her arm (which is a very pretty one) above the elbow, and multiply the number of inches by the number of the Royal Family (in 1851), and then divide by the number of perfection, I shall discover her age. As I know a shorter way, I hand over the puzzle to my readers.

JUNIUS.

CONUNDRUMS.

I.

What is that which if you stamp upon it, appears above your head, and if you blow upon it, vanishes?

II.

Why is the late Lord Mayor like the Crystal Fountain?

III.

Why must John Knox have been the last man in the world to eat a lobster?

IV.

Why is the Earl of Zetland (the Grand Freemason of England), when he wears a waistcoat which his family think unbecoming to him, like a postage stamp from which the adhesive stuff has been licked off by a tortoiseshell kitten?

V.

If you went through the Lowther Arcade in company with the inventor of the Marine Telegraph, and saw an old lady's back hair coming down, why would you be obliged to ask him to tell her of it in Arabic or Chinese?

VI.

If Peeping Tom of Coventry were to put on the Bloomer Costume, and be carried in a sedan chair, by two black men, from the Marble Arch to the Menai Bridge, why would he resemble Mr. Macaulay, on a snowy day, and with an achromatic telescope in his left hand, taking shelter about eleven o'clock in a pastrycook's shop anywhere in the City?

DESDEMONA B.

ANAGRAMS.

Names of Politicians.	*Names of Singers.*
Confidence shaken. Ah!	O 'xtortionate.
He made a mull.	Not worth salt.
Terms—give place.	Sick? O *sans* doubt
Trusted, time past. Yes.	Envy, scoffs, vile O.

Names of Preachers.	*Names of Actresses.*
White Brow in mirror.	Nice scented veil.
Do come in Broughams.	Who more smart?
More bigot. No.	Silly, him in Guards.
Rantipole, he!	Neat in the calf.

SIPSEHT.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

I.

Transpose "Jos. Paxton, Knight, Gardener," and you may describe what he would have been if Mrs. Graham had smashed the transept with her balloon.

II.

A transposition of one of the Prince of Wales's titles will give the three prettiest Christian names for ladies.

III.

You may transpose a line in the second verse of the National Anthem, until you make something which Dr. Bull little dreamed of when composing it.

P. PILLICODDY.

FINAL BLAZE OF GLORY.

(*Our own Riddle*).

Take the year of the Plague, and the month of the Fire,
Take Phœbus-Apollo, with hand on his lyre,
Take a Jew's famous eye, and the eye of the Pope,
And a building where foolish young novices mope,
And a sprat (but alive), and the name of a town,
And a greenhorn by sharpers done awfully brown,
A tree without bark, and a play without plot,
And that isle where as yet Uncle Sam reigneth not,
Take a maid who's had warning, a gun without powder,
The word that makes Englishmen prouder and prouder,
Pick from each but one letter—it lies in the middle,
You'll find what you'll be when you find out this riddle.

OUR ADVERTISING COLUMN.

DEPRESSION IN THE LEGAL PROFESSION.—In consequence of the opening of the County Courts, the undersigned begs to state that his charges will be found strictly moderate, and if his speeches be not approved of, the money will be returned. Come early. This is the shop for cheap Law! Now's your time! No reasonable offer will be refused.

LITTLETON BLUEBAG.

JOHN TICK, Clockmaker to the King of Loo Choo (by appointment), and Watchmaker to the heir apparent of the King of the Cannibal Islands (by appointment), begs to call attention to his Ne-plus-ultra never-say-die Watch. Goes for ever without winding up—the glass can't break—it strikes with a cathedral tone, and plays the Row Polka, and the Dead Waltz in Saul, every alternate quarter of an hour—never needs cleaning, and the general idea of the whole is so bright, that the dial can always be seen distinctly in the dark. N.B. This Watch would have carried off a Council medal, had it not been for the maker not sending it to the Exhibition.

FURNISHED APARTMENTS, within five minutes' walk of the Bank, the Horse Guards, the Lambeth Union, and the Small Pox Hospital. The lodger would have the use of the mangle. Partial Board if required. Half a slice of bread for breakfast, and the run of the cruet-stand for dinner. No attendance, but the lodger will be allowed to ring the bell as much as he pleases. Apply to Mr. Smith, London.

TO THE BENEVOLENT.—An appeal is confidently made on behalf of a Young Gentleman, whose cruel and unnatural father allows him only £100 a year until he does something for himself. The merest trifle—30*s.* a-week—will be thankfully received, and gratuities above £20 will be acknowledged by a dinner at Verey's, to which the donor will not be asked, but at which his health will be drank. Address Hex Why Zed, Cyder Cellars.

(Not to be repeated.)

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.—The thinnings of a rough young Birch Wood are on Sale. Also a cargo of Bamboos, just arrived from the Mauritius. Tawse of superior Leather, with the ends of the tails carefuily burnt, are also constantly on Sale. Apply at Floggum Hall, Clapham.

TO THOSE AFFLICTED WITH DEAFNESS.—The Advertisers offers comfortable Board and Lodging to Ladies and Gentlemen suffering as above, in his own private family circle. The great advantage to be found in the arrangement will be, that neither he, his wife, his eight daughters, or his seven sons, ever say, or can be expected to say, anything.

Worth hearing—Address to the Office of this Newspaper.

FRENCH IN A QUARTER OF AN HOUR, AND GERMAN IN TWENTY MINUTES.—CRAM'S NEW METHOD. "Do you understand French?" "I understand it, but do not speak it." How often do we hear this reply. Professor CRAM assures his Friends and intending Pupils that in fifteen minutes he will make them speak French as perfectly as they understand it.

OUR OWN PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.

THE shadow of a coming event has fallen upon the opposite page and stayed there. It represents the triumphal entry into Paris of M. Jullien, chosen as President of the Republic, Leader of its Armies, Composer of its strifes, Conductor of its Bands, and in general, National First Fiddle.

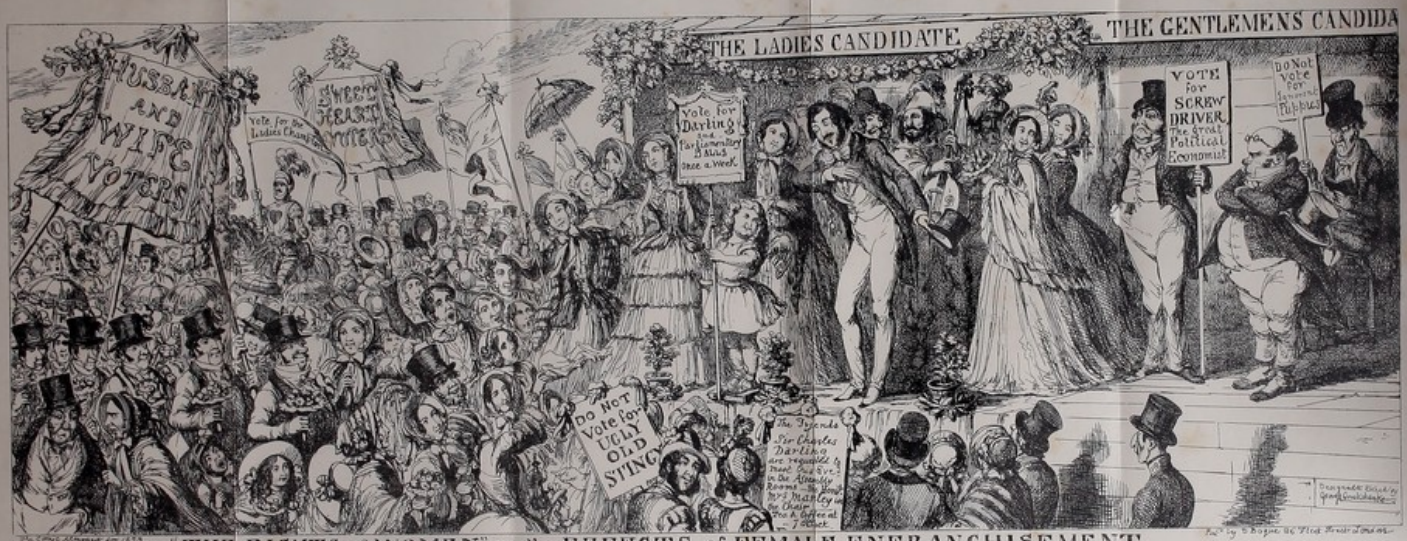
The French having tried all manner of governments and all classes of rulers, and not liking any of them, will naturally, in their pursuit of harmony, turn to one of its most celebrated professors. M. Jullien, on the 1st of April, will issue two public manifestoes, expressive of his political creed:—"The Universal Suffrage Polka, with ballot-box and kettledrum accompaniment;" and "The *Liberté, Egalité, et Fraternité* Quadrilles," in which all the second and third fiddles will play the first parts, the piccolos will produce the sound of ophicleides, and any instrument will be at liberty to play anything it pleases; all this in token of the equalization of society, and the freedom of action to be accorded under the new *régime*. The time in which this Quadrille will be arranged is the Good Time Coming, which may be reckoned a very slow movement, seeing how long it takes to arrive.

These magnificent political *morceaux* having been duly considered by the people of France, whistled by all the boys, and danced to at all the casinos—the cry of "Jullien for President" will become all but universal. The Elysée will be frantic, the Orleanists furious, and the Legitimists in despair. Louis Napoleon's friends will meditate a *coup d'état*, for the purpose of securing all the silver plate in France; but which will be defeated by the counter operations of a conspiracy for the abolition of taxes, and for giving every Frenchman, above the age of twenty-one and untainted by crime, a salary of 5000 francs per annum, to be paid quarterly by the government. In the midst of these conflicting movements of party, the grand day of election will take place, and the following will be the state of the poll:—

Jullien	9,999,999
Louis Napoleon . .	1
Prince de Joinville .	1
Duke de Chambord .	1

Each of the three latter gentlemen having voted for himself. France will be immediately thrown into a state of rapturous delight, and the new President will land at Boulogne from four steamboats, the band playing the Row Polka, which will be adopted, till they get another, as the national anthem of France. What the triumphal entry into the capital will be, is made manifest on the opposite page. Welcomed by the universal voice of Paris, in one grand *concert monstre*—the democrats the basses, the quondam Buonapartists the tenors, the quondam Legitimists the counter tenors, and all their wives and daughters the sopranos and contraltos—then there will commence in France the harmonious reign of M Jullien—the President without a precedent.

The Triumphal procession of the new President of the French (Mons.r Jullien) with entire new Politics & Polkas!!!

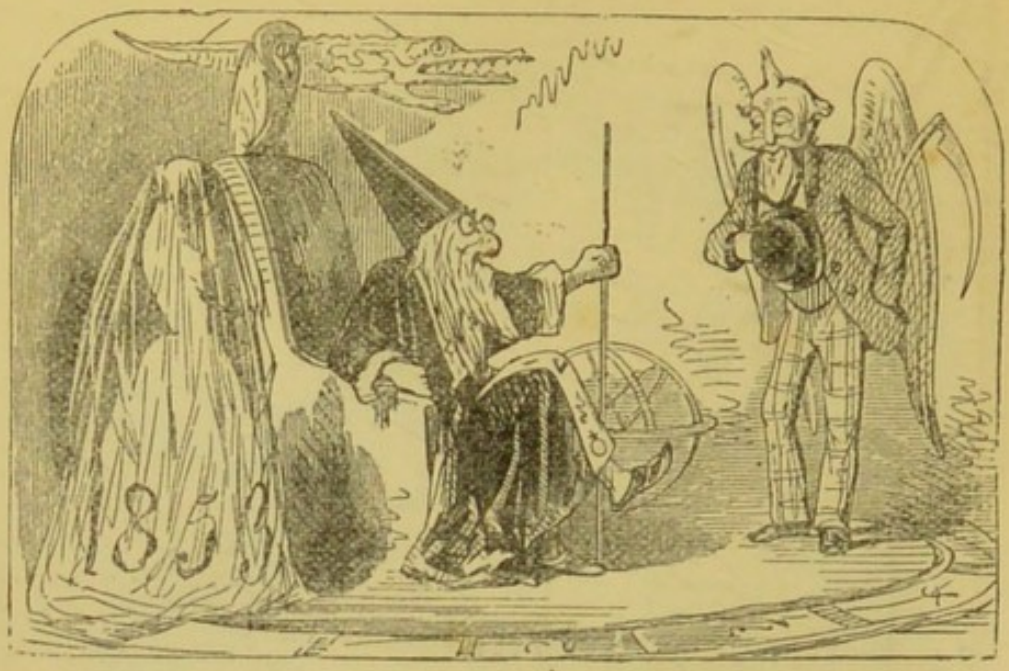


"THE RIGHTS of WOMEN" or the EFFECTS of FEMALE ENFRANCHISEMENT

THE

COMIC ALMANACK

FOR 1853.



"Well, Sir! it is my duty to inquire into your intentions towards Miss 1853.

Taking into consideration the hourly increasing inquisitiveness of the Age, and, above all, the restless desire to pry into the secrets of Futurity, as evinced by the feverish agitation, on all sides, of vitally important questions, such as the following:—

What is to be done for the people?
Who's who in 1853?
What next?—

we have resolved on considerable improvements in the Prophetic department of our publication.

This feature indeed may be said to have been (in proof of which we are going to say it) hitherto the only unsatisfactory one of our otherwise complete work—having been confined to the prediction (in six neatly printed pages at the commencement of the yearly volume) of the particular week-days on which each day of the month would fall; the number of days to be contained in each month; the periodical changes of the moon, &c., &c.—predictions which have invariably been verified; but, from the comparatively uninteresting nature of the events foretold—considered as a supply to the enormous demand for Prophetic Intelligence alluded to above—may be open to a charge of inadequacy.

For the Future we intend to be more explicit as to it; and will foretell events of a more general nature, calculated to set at rest all the throbbing questions of the day, to which an answer will oblige—only stipulating that, in the case of any prediction not appearing to be satisfactorily fulfilled, the reader will withhold his judgment till such time as he shall have purchased our next number.

Our extra amount of foresight has enabled us to present the reader with sixteen pages of matter more than he has been in the habit of receiving The usual blank pages for the purposes of journal and cash entries will be no longer necessary, the accounts of the year being already made up for him by ourselves.

JANUARY.

On the 1st of January, two elderly gentlemen (having dined together on the previous day) will meet in New Oxford Street. One will poke the other in the stomach, and remark that he has not seen him since last year. The other will reply that it is very odd; but that he is glad to find his friend so little altered. Both elderly gentlemen will laugh and adjourn for something to drink.

About the 11th a rapid thaw may be expected.

Several young gentlemen home for the holidays being informed that if they eat so much Twelfth Cake they will make themselves too ill to go back to school on Monday—there will be an extra demand for that article.

WINKINSON cannot stand this sort of thing any longer. He has made up his mind, and *will* go to Australia—with the best of them!

FEBRUARY.

A country gentleman will be attracted to Westminster by an erroneous conception of the Queen's method of opening Parliament in person.

The rival opera houses will open for the season. Increased exertions will be made on both sides to secure the public patronage.

On the 14th one of our readers will meet with a severe disappointment in love.

The materials for gold-washing, however, come expensive, and some time is necessarily occupied in Winkinson's getting a supply.

JANUARY.

JANUARY derives its name from the Roman deity Janus. It is the first month of the year—following December, and taking precedence of February. It contains thirty-one days.

We have been induced to make the above remarks by the conviction that no work, however brilliant, has a chance of success in the present day, unless containing a certain amount of really sound and valuable information. Considering we have established our powers in that line triumphantly, we will proceed to foretell the principal events of the month.

On second thoughts though, the month is so absurdly near at hand, and the events themselves will so soon happen, that it is hardly worth while. It has even occurred to us that it would be an insult to our readers—the very notion of which makes our blood run cold! Of course, under the circumstances, we cannot think of anything of the kind.

DIRECTIONS FOR BEGINNING THE NEW YEAR WELL.—Go out to dinner on the 31st of December. Select the best house you know for the purpose. Eat and drink of the best, and spend the evening cheerfully. See the new year in, and accept your host's offer of a bed. Breakfast with the family; be in excellent health and spirits, and have a legacy left you.

FAMILY RECEIPTS.—Those given by the landlord on the 26th ultimo are the most appropriate to the month, and should be taken care of in case of accidents.

TO AVOID CHOPPED HANDS.—Have your meat properly jointed by the butcher, and don't attempt to chop it yourself.

THE GOLDEN NUMBER.

SCRAPS OF INFORMATION,

USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL,

(The latter through the kind assistance of Mr. H. G. Hine.)

CHRONOLOGICAL NOTES FOR THE YEAR 1853.

Golden Number, or Cycle of the Moon, 11.	Shrove Sunday, Feb. 22.
Cycle of the Sun, 14.	Ash Wednesday, Feb. 9.
Epact, 20.	Easter Sunday, March 27.
Dominical Letter, B.	Whit Sunday, May 15.
Julian Period, 6565.	Trinity Sunday, May 22.
Septuagesima Sunday, Jan. 22.	Advent Sunday, Nov. 27.

ECLIPSES OF THE SUN AND MOON IN 1853.

JUNE 6.—Total Eclipse of the Sun, invisible.
JUNE 20.—Partial Eclipse of the Moon, invisible.
NOVEMBER 30.—Total Eclipse of the Sun, invisible.

THE CEREMONY OF HER MAJESTY GOING IN STATE TO OPEN PARLIAMENT WILL TAKE PLACE AS USUAL—THESE EXPENSIVE PAGEANTS BEING CALCULATED TO GIVE EMPLOYMENT TO A LARGE CLASS OF THE INDUSTRIAL POPULATION.

FEBRUARY.

AN influential inhabitant of a provincial borough will take a party of friends with him to the House of Commons, to show them how intimate he is with the new member, whose return to Parliament he was mainly instrumental in effecting, and who has professed the greatest attachment to him and his family. He will lie in wait (bidding his friends to look on) in the strangers' lobby for the new member. He will see the new member entering the building with conscious dignity. He will rush at him with extended hand, addressing him by name. The new member will suddenly see somebody he wants to speak to, and rush madly away in an opposite direction. The influential inhabitant will return to his provincial borough with altered politics.

On the 14th, exactly 1,098,276 valentines will be delivered in the United Kingdom.* Out of these, 9,765,007 will commence with "The rose is red, the violet's blue;" 6,000,821 will be written on sugar-paper and sealed with thimbles; 1,098,275 will contain faults of orthography and syntax; 890,782 will be illegibly directed; and 3 prepaid.

News will arrive of the fitting out of an American squadron (by private enterprise) for the invasion of England—the grounds of attack being that the island was discovered, some centuries back, by a Roman ancestor of Mr. Julius Cæsar Chollop (of Connecticut, U.S.), and by right should become the property of his descendants.

* We consider this daring accuracy of statistics something like prophecy. Of course, we challenge investigation.

MARCH

The formation of volunteer rifle corps, with a view to the protection of life and property, will be strongly recommended.

The rate of cab fares of the metropolis will continue at 4*s*. 6*d*. per mile. Drivers, as heretofore, will be encouraged to enforce its payment from a parsimonious British public.

Greenwich Fair will present the usual endless variety of intellectual recreations.

He hears, moreover, that the gold lies twenty-five feet below the surface of the soil, and thinks he had better try if he could dig a hole that deep. He takes up two flag stones in the back kitchen, and makes the experiment.

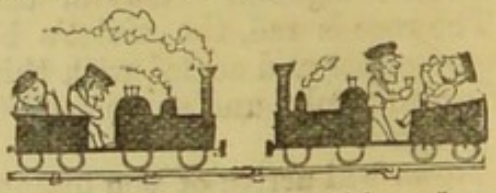
APRIL.

GREAT SELLS OF THE FIRST.

A gentleman, invited out to dinner, will wait patiently in the belief that his tailor really means to send home his new coat by four o'clock.

The same gentleman's bootmaker will wait patiently in the belief that his debtor really means to call and settle that little matter by four o'clock.

The printer's boy will be sent to our residence to ask for copy.
Our boy will be despatched on an errand to the printer's to inquire for proofs.



The strictest discipline will be enforced among the Railway Companies' officials.

Nor is he quite sure that his constitution will stand living in a tent. He judges it expedient to contract for a month's residence with a distinguished Egyptian family on Blackheath, by way of probation.

GREAT IRISH FÊTE ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

MARCH.

AN Irish Fête will take place on St. Patrick's Day—established in successful emulation of the annual Scottish Fête in Holland Park. The following national sports will form a portion of the programme:—

Throwing the Hatchet,
Drawing the Long Bow,
Shooting the Moon,

And (in effigy, out of consideration for Saxon prejudices)

Shooting the Landlord.

There will also be a general run of excisemen and tax-gatherers for their lives. Prizes will be awarded, which the losers will be at liberty to contest with the conquerors after their distribution.

On Easter Monday, Greenwich Fair will offer its attractions to an intellectual British public. A great falling off will be observed in this time-honoured festival. The shows will be found stripped of their brightest pantomimic and melodramatic ornaments: but Richardson will not give up the ghost!

Parliamentary business will be suspended for the Easter vacation. Much curiosity exists as to what statesmen do with themselves on such occasions. A slender middle-aged gentleman, of Jewish aspect, with an immense quantity of glossy ringlets, will be seen enjoying three sticks a-penny in the park on Easter Monday. A much shorter gentleman, wearing a pasteboard nose, and blowing a penny trumpet, will be robbed of his handkerchief, in the same locality, whilst getting into a round-about, in company with an elderly gentleman in plaid inexpressibles and a *retroussé* nose. That handkerchief will be found marked J. R. with a coronet. For once, we decline being definite, and say nothing.

CAPITAL FIRST OF APRIL JOKE. EMIGRATION AGENTS PERSUADE INTENDING EMIGRANT THAT THEY ARE SHOWING HIM THE WAY TO AUSTRALIA.

APRIL.

THE excellent working of the convict system will be summarily displayed in Australia. The convicts, by a decisive *coup*, will succeed in obtaining the upper hand. The colonial executive will be vanquished and replaced by a provisional government on an entirely new principle. A new and original code of laws will be organized, by which honesty will be made criminal, and rascality rewarded. No man will be allowed to claim any property, unless he can prove that he has stolen it, and no documents whatever will be considered binding except forgeries. The Gold Fields will be at the disposal of the government, who will grant licenses (to be paid for in counterfeit coin) for the assassination and plunder of the individuals who have been sent out (officially) to rob the diggers.

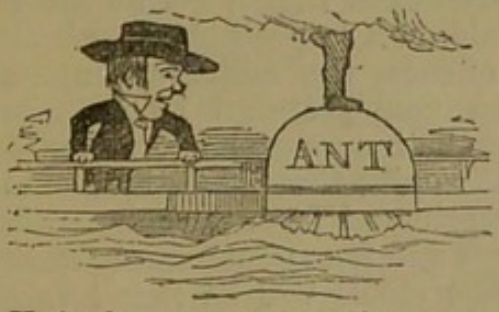
Emigration will, however, continue unchecked. Labour will be at an incredible premium. £400 a year will be refused by a groom, because he is expected to attend to the stable, and refused the use of the piano. Desertion in the army will be carried to such an extent that Lord Hardinge himself will be compelled to mount guard at Folkstone, to keep out the French invasion—his only hope of the safety of the country being derived from the knowledge that all the soldiers of the Emperor Napoleon III. have deserted too, and that that potentate is constitutionally opposed to the ordeal of single combat. There will be no policemen left. The magistrates themselves will be compelled to assume the uniform in case of any malefactors remaining in the country. Mr. Norton's beat will be Westminster Bridge; that of Mr. Broderip, Vauxhall Road and its environs; whilst the safe custody of the Borough will be entrusted to the vigilance of Mr. A'Beckett.

MAY.

At about noon on the day succeeding the Derby race, several gentlemen will call at a popular betting office, and will be surprised to find that the proprietor and clerks have not come yet.

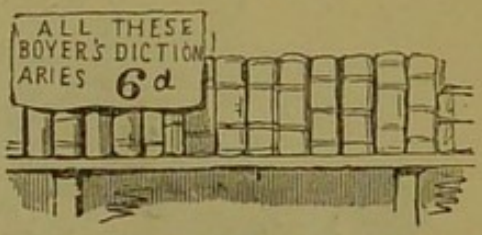
The portrait of a gentleman will be exhibited at the Royal Academy.

Additional accommodation will be afforded for the hanging of pictures.



He is also nervous about the sea voyage. There can be no harm in a trip as far as the Nore, to set him all right on his sea legs.

JUNE.



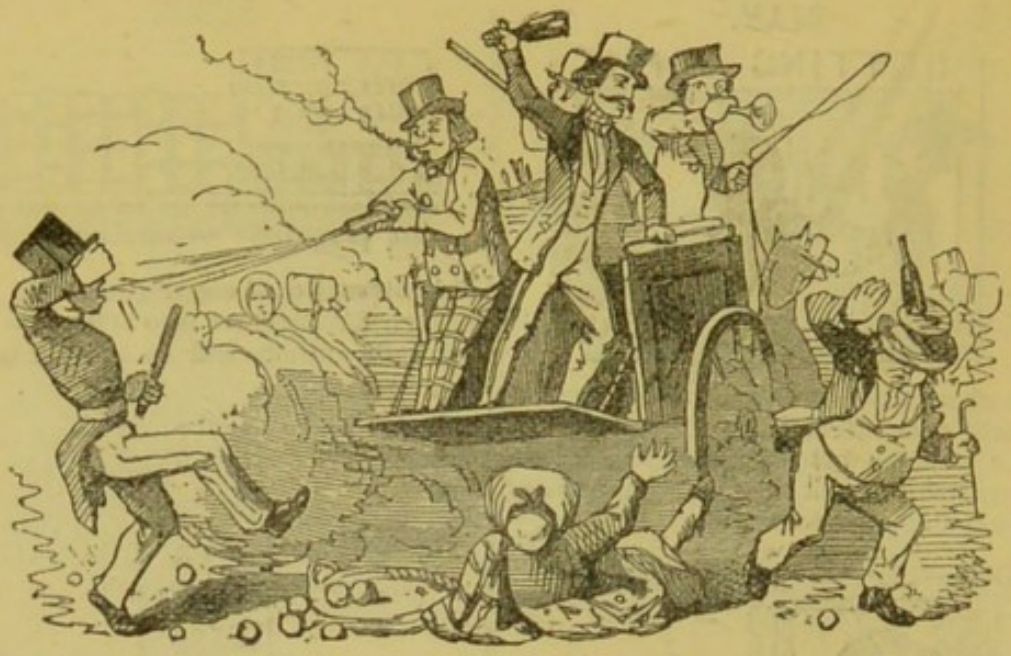
The international copyright treaty with France having come into action, several dramatic authors will be thrown out of employment.

The umbrella manufacturers of the metropolis will felicitate themselves on the prospect of a brisk demand for their merchandise.

The omnibus drivers, *blasés* to the excitement of unchecked racing on level ground, will avail themselves of the repairs in Fleet Street for the purpose of a steeple chase.

There is no use in doing things hurriedly. Winkinson intended starting by the next packet, but he has just learnt that it is impossible to stand the fatigues of the diggings without drinking an enormous quantity of peach brandy, by way of fortification. It would be madness to commence the journey till he has seasoned himself a little to that sort of thing.

N.B. Beards are worn at the diggings. Winkinson has allowed his to grow, and, in consequence, forfeited his situation.



THE MEMBERS OF A "CRACK" REGIMENT WILL BEHAVE IN A GALLANT AND DASHING MANNER.

MAY.

THE DERBY.—OUR OWN PROPHECY.

AFTER the announcement of our prophetic intentions, the most thrilling anxiety will doubtless exist in the sporting world, to know what we have to say on this important subject. To oblige so large and so respectable a class of our readers, we have given it our closest attention.

The only matter of any importance connected with the Derby, we decline saying anything about at all, is the name of the winner. This comparatively slight reservation is made solely from a disinclination to interfere with vested interests.

On the great day, Members of Parliament will insist upon a holiday, claiming it as their right as Britons. The Right Honourable Mr. Disraeli will remark that it is all Race.

The members of a crack regiment will amuse themselves on their return from Epsom, by throwing brickbats, vitriol, &c. at the foot passengers. The blame will be laid on a respectable stockbroker, who will be imprisoned for the offence, the military gentlemen proving an *alibi*. A weak-minded young ensign of the party having expressed some regret that the innocent should suffer, and hinted that the real offenders ought to give themselves up like men —will be cashiered, with a severe reprimand from the commanding officer, for his want of *esprit de corps* and true gentlemanly feeling.

Several shop tills and betting-office stools will be found vacant on settling day.

TURF MAXIM.—Never look a gift horse in the mouth without taking care of your fingers.

A New Picture will be purchased by the Trustees of the National Gallery for £40,000, and will attract Great Attention.

JUNE.

Balloon ascents on a scale of peril hitherto unattempted will be the features of this month. Madame Poitevin will go up from Cremorne Gardens attached to the bottom of the car of the Globe Balloon by six penn'orth of wafers only. The veteran Green, by the announcement of his 8000th ascent, suspended by warranted unsafe cords, will prove that, in spite of his vast age and experience, he is not yet old enough to know better.

A gentleman from one of the East-end gardens will be indicted by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—for attempting an ascent on a live donkey. The Magistrate will dismiss the case, very properly, by sending both parties to the pound together.

The principles of aërial navigation will not yet be discovered. A man of consummate genius, however, will turn the invention of the balloon to considerable account. He will hire one as a family residence in order to dodge the Income Tax. He will send down ironical messages to the commissioners by means of parachutes.

The usual cheap excursion trips will commence for the season—the competition between companies leading to still further reduction of fares. Passengers will be booked through to Paris and back, first class for eighteenpence (half the fare to be refunded in case of sea-sickness); with the privilege of speaking to the man at the wheel; hotel expenses for a week; the use of a courier; tickets for all the balls at the Tuileries; instruction in the French language; the cross of the Legion of Honour; and the right of smuggling.

JULY

The air being cnarged with electricity, all wives of well-regulated minds will insist on their husbands promising not to ride in any omnibus unprovided with a lightning conductor.

The great demand for sherry-cobblers will completely exhaust the metropolitan supply of straw. Livery-stable keepers will be driven to singular expedients for the nocturnal accommodation of their lodgers.

The demand for whitebait will be unusually brisk at Greenwich.

The thing is to keep your gold when you have got it: there are so many unprincipled characters about the diggings. Winkinson, anxious to test his powers of defending his life and property, visits a suspicious neighbourhood after dark with two sovereigns in his pocket.

AUGUST.

The wild sports of Smithfield market being abolished, there will be comparatively little doing in the accident ward of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Not that it matters to your poor wife, but if you had the feelings of a man, you might see that the dear children are dying for a little sea air.

You will naturally wish to prove that you have the feelings of a man, and will treat the dear children to a little.

By the way, if he doesn't start till next month, he will get out to Australia in the most beautiful season of the year—and first impressions are everything Winkinson will make himself comfortable and devote a month to his friends.

A Distinguished Philanthropist will institute a Charity for the Providing of Dogs in Humble Circumstances with Muzzles.

JULY.

July will be a very hot month. Several cases of hydrophobia will occur. In each instance the dog will be killed as soon as he has bitten a sufficient number of people to amount to a conviction. The theory of prevention, by muzzling or chaining up, will be suggested by many people, but will continue to be disregarded, as entirely opposed to the spirit of the British Constitution.

A terrible act of injustice will be committed. A very sensible dog indeed will be killed as mad—for refusing to drink a drop of Thames water.

The Emperor Napoleon III. will issue a decree fixing the number of dishes to be contained in the dinner of every Frenchman who, after so many months of an enlightened and paternal government, may be able to afford one; the quality of pomatum to be used for his whiskers; and the number of antibilious pills he may take in the course of the week.

The Humane Society will be very active. Baths and wash-houses will be instituted for the benefit of individuals who may have been imprudent enough to bathe in the Serpentine.

M. Jullien will be engaged at the Surrey Zoological Gardens for a series of *Concerts d'Eté*. The feature of the season will be an entirely new set of quadrilles, entitled *Les Bêtes*, in which (in addition to the usual performers) all the animals of the menagerie will be introduced. It will make a very great noise indeed. As none of the animals will be muzzled or chained up, several members of the orchestra may be expected to make their last appearance on the occasion.

In Consideration of the Extreme Heat of the Weather, the usual strict Dress Regulations of the Opera will be suspended.

AUGUST.

Several Parliamentary reporters will begin to let their moustaches grow, from which the speedy close of the session may be expected.

The metropolis will be threatened with a fearful amount of sickness. Children, hitherto the models of rude health, will be discovered by their anxious mammas to be looking pale. Husbands who never had a day's illness in their lives (and are in the habit of boasting to that effect) will be assured by their better halves that if they continue to stick so closely to business, they will be dead in a month—and with so many depending on them, they should show some regard for their precious healths. They themselves (the poor wives) are used to suffering; but even they would like to be spared for a short time, if only for the sake of their families. It will also be discovered that, being out of town, and having no appearance to keep up, you can live at the seaside for next to nothing; so that it will be a downright saving.

The heat of the weather will increase in intensity. Considerable modifications of the national costume will be found necessary. The fashions of the month (male) will be confined to a gauze shirt and a pair of light crochet inexpressibles.

An astute theatrical manager will pocket a considerable sum by announcing—"Glorious unsuccess! Anything but crowded houses!! Not more than three people in the pit!!!" Large numbers will flock to the establishment in hopes of coolness and ventilation, and will be refused their money back.

SEPTEMBER.

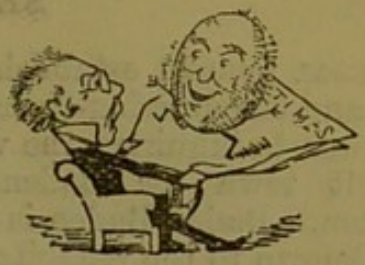
One of our married readers will leave home for a couple of days' shooting, promising faithfully to send his wife some birds.

He will keep his promise faithfully.

You will meet your Oxford Street tailor on the pier at Boulogne, but will not recognise him, albeit the inefficacy of the British code on an alien soil would enable you to do so with impunity.

The fact is, Winkinson has been going it rather, and the idea of commencing three months' voyage in such a shaky state is out of the question. It isn't every day a man leaves his mother country, and when there's no prospect of your seeing each other again for years, it is certainly excusable.

OCTOBER.



In the dearth of Parliamentary intelligence, the newspaper reader will be startled by the appearance of an enormous gooseberry!

He will, moreover, be interested in the remarkable longevity of three old gentlemen resident in Stoke Pogis Workhouse, whose united ages amount to 190 years; and in the singular coincidence of their all three having been born in the same hemisphere.

He will also be induced to remark upon the peculiar mildness of the season. One of the phenomena attendant on which will be a shower of frogs.

You must consider that Winkinson's grandmother brought him up, and in the ordinary course of things she can't last long, and his farewell must be a final one. It would be downright cruelty not to spend a month with the old lady previous to his departure.

SEPTEMBER.

Several genteel establishments will be closed, the blinds drawn down, and the drawing-room furniture enveloped in brown holland. In answer to inquiries, the visitor will be informed that the family has left town for Baden-Baden, Palermo, the Continent, or Brighton. Baden-Baden is a small watering-place on the coast of Kent, known to the inhabitants as Ramsgate; Palermo is an adjacent settlement, familiarly termed Margate; "the Continent" and "Brighton" are synonyms for the two-pair back, with the use of the attics for sleeping apartments.

The annual Scottish *fête* will take place in Holland Park. Several distinguished chieftains will appear in the national undress. An attempt will be made by some energetic female missionaries to distribute Bloomer tracts among the assembled Celts, and bring them to a sense of their trouserless position—but will not be attended with any great success. In order to eclipse the daring achievements of former years, a magnificent prize will be offered to any Scot who will perform the herculean feat of returning to his own country. There will be no candidates.

All London being at the seaside, there will be a greater quantity of donkeys seen on the sands of Brighton and Ramsgate than usual. Speculators on the Chain Pier will realize large fortunes by letting out telescopes to hire during the hours devoted to bathing by the ladies.

On and before the 29th, the great question of Tenant Right will be set at rest. The tenant, generally speaking, will remove his goods in the night, and leave the key (not wishing to deprive the landlord of his property) in the door. The tenant will be—*all* Right!

IT NEVER REIGNS BUT IT BORES.

THE MOST INEXPLICABLE ATMOSPHERIC PHENOMENA WILL BE DISCOVERED BY A DISTINGUISHED "SAVANT" ON HIS WAY HOME FROM A MEETING OF THE SCIENTIFIC BODY TO WHICH HE BELONGS.

OCTOBER.

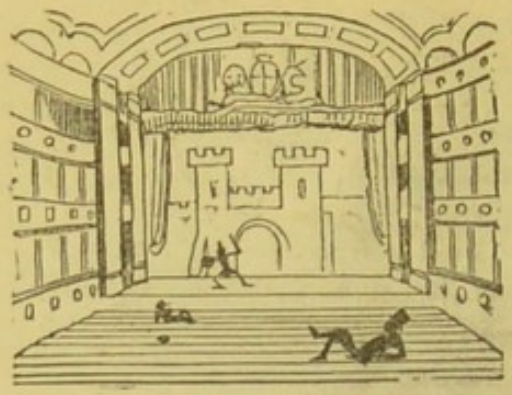
A GREAT many things will happen in October on various days of the month, at different hours of the day, whose influence will be felt in numerous quarters of the globe. Nothing, however, of sufficient importance to be noticed in this department of our publication will take place. Should anything of the kind inadvertently transpire, it shall be faithfully noticed in our next number. We cannot possibly say fairer.

The fact is, October is a very uninteresting month. It takes place at the very slowest period of the year. It comes after the excitement of quarter-day, and before we have begun to trouble ourselves about winter. Nothing whatever is seasonable to it, as it belongs to no season whatever. Nothing can be done with it, and anything will do for it. We will therefore do nothing whatever.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE (QUITE GOOD ENOUGH FOR OCTOBER).—We overheard a stage-manager apply to a gentleman who was just going on to the stage to represent the Ghost in "Hamlet," the singularly inappropriate exhortation of "Now, then, old fellow, *look alive!*"

APHORISM FOR EMIGRANTS WHO HAVE PAID THEIR PASSAGE-MONEY. —There is many a slip between the tip and the ship.

NOVEMBER.



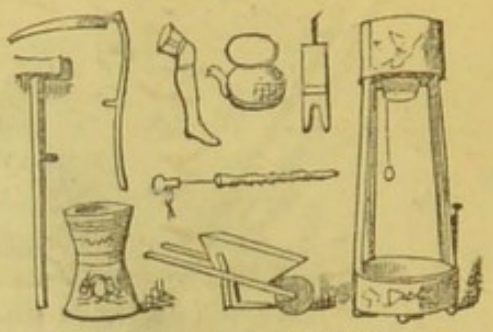
One of the great National Theatres will be opened for the *début* of a distinguished tragedian from the provinces.

The dignitaries of St. Paul's Cathedral will avail themselves of the rush of visitors on Lord Mayor's day to turn an honest penny.

The most appropriate additions will be made to the Lord Mayor's procession.

At last Winkinson has taken his passage, and got his luggage on board. The ship starts at half-past four in the morning. This, however, is no reason why he should not enjoy a parting glass with his friends, who have come down from London on purpose to see him off.

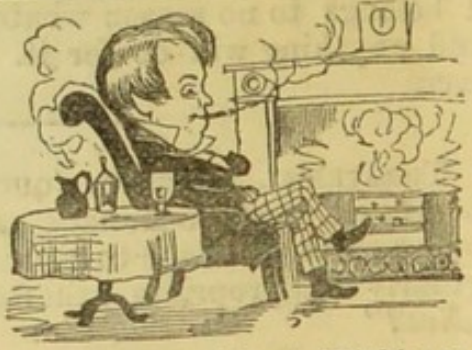
DECEMBER.



The most elegant and appropriate objects will be suggested by advertising shopkeepers as Christmas presents.

An enthusiast for the manners and customs of his ancestors will burn the Yule Log

An individual of great mechanical acquirements will fairly earn the 200*l.* offered by Messrs. Chubb, as a prize to any one who will open one of their patent locks.



All things considered, Winkinson is very comfortable where he is, and doesn't think he'll go.

ON THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER, A GROSS INSULT WILL BE OFFERED TO A GENTLEMAN SUFFERING FROM INFLUENZA.

Servant Girl (*loq.*) "If you please, sir, here's some boys at the door want to know if you'll be good enough to remember the poor Guy."

NOVEMBER.

WE candidly confess that we are again somewhat thrown back in our prophecies—November being generally a month in which it is difficult to see your way clearly.

We have not, however, entirely lost our way. On the 5th, all foreign refugees wearing beards and extraordinary hats will find that England does not offer that safe asylum from persecution they had been led to imagine. They had better keep out of the way, for fear of being arrested, or, as the familiar Saxon expresses it, "smugged," in order that political and religious intolerance may be displayed in the most awful Guys! The wearers of ponchos, tartans, wide-awakes, and railway rugs, will incur similar perils.

A calamitous fire will take place in the pocket of a young gentleman who has incautiously been entrusted with sixpence, which he has laid out in squibs. The young gentleman will be very much put out indeed.

There will be a heavy fog on the 9th. The guardian angel of London will kindly throw a veil over the metropolis, so as to conceal as much as possible a pageant calculated to give a very contemptible idea of city intelligence.

HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE IN NOVEMBER may be ascertained by calculating the cubic space occupied by the thousands who are induced by the national complaint of the spleen to throw themselves into the river during this dispiriting month.—*From a French Serious Almanack.*

DECEMBER.

This month will be characterized by the general issuing of dinner invitations to dine all classes, exclusive of those to whom a dinner is really an object.

On Christmas Eve, Watkins will bring several friends home with him to partake of egg-flip, assuring them that he always makes egg-flip on Christmas Eve, because his father did so before him, and there is nothing like keeping up those good old customs. The egg-flip will be made—its component parts being table beer, gin, butter, eggs, sugar, nutmeg, and other bilious materials. The friends will be compelled to drink an immense quantity of it, and, when quite ill, will be dismissed by the host calling on Heaven to bless them, and wishing them a merry Christmas. The friends will think Watkins the best fellow in the world, and not see for a moment the bitter mockery of his parting wish.

The Sowster family will spend Christmas Day admirably. Old Sowster likes to have all his family about him on this occasion, that they may be cheerful and united, without the interference of strangers, at least once a year. He will go to sleep immediately after dinner, and not wake up till supper time. Jack and Bob Sowster, disgusted at having had to refuse so many nice invitations, because the old boy insisted on it, will sulk for the whole day. The Misses Sowster will pick quarrels with them, having nobody else's brothers to talk to in a more agreeable manner.

Other people will spend Christmas in a more jovial and agreeable manner. We will for one; and we are sure that the intelligent reader, holding this volume in his (or her) hand, will for another.

MORE RAILWAY ASSURANCE,

We have received official information respecting a new bill about to be brought into Parliament, for the protection of Railway Companies. The following are among the clauses enacted:—

That the directors of any company announcing the departure of a train at any particular time, may start it an hour later—or two hours earlier—or when they like—or not at all.

That trains announced to contain third-class carriages shall consist exclusively of first-class carriages; and that any passengers made to wait by these arrangements, shall be compelled to pay for the use of the waiting-room.

That it shall be legal for the officials of any company to stop a train when half-way towards its destination, and refuse to take the passengers on till they have paid their fares over again—in which case the engine-driver need not proceed unless it suits him.

That in case of collisions, all injury done to the line, carriages, &c. shall be made good by the passengers—the train having been run for their accommodation. In case of fatal accidents, the directors may come upon the representatives of the deceased parties for damages, as compensation for the loss of traffic likely to be caused by the report of such unpleasant affairs.

That no passenger shall exercise any control whatever over his own luggage; and that no director, chairman, station-master, policeman, guard, porter, engine-driver, or stoker in any of the companies' employ, shall be responsible for anything whatever.

AN AUSTRALIAN ECLOGUE.

"The Pastoral, as a feature in English poetry, has long ceased to exist. The Arcadian characteristics, however, of our Australian colonies—recently brought to light—afford every excuse for its revival. Pope says something very clever about pastorals in connection with Theocritus, for which see his works, and find out the passage, if possible. A great many other writers have alluded to the same subject."—(*See British Museum Catalogue*, Vol. 1 to 398.)

BUGGINS.

Hail, gentle shepherd! thou whose only care
Has been, for so much by the month or share,
To tend the playful flock through plain and thicket—
(Of course, I mean since you obtained your ticket)--
And ne'er with sorrow moaned along the vale:
I beg your pardon, shepherd, I said "hail!"

MUGGINS.

Shepherd, you did; you needn't speak so loud;
You seem to be of your distresses proud,
And take of me a most mistaken view;
But stop a minute—have some kangaroo?

BUGGINS.

Shepherd, I thank you; take a pinch of snuff.
I'm somewhat peckish, though it's rather tough.
A little mustard—what you had to say—
I'm all attention—shepherd, fire away!

MUGGINS.

No swain more sad than I in all the run
(I hope you like the settlement)—not one!
Not that I pine for wealth or cities' din,
Or at the distance we've to go for gin:
Peaceful my lot—the frugal damper cakes
That simple-hearted Amaryllis bakes,
Season'd with pickled pork, my wants supply;
And calmly on my cow-skin couch I lie;
But for the thought—shepherd, I'm overcome—
Have you a case about you with some rum?

BUGGINS.

Shepherd, I drank the last a week ago,
In desperate attempts to drown my woe;
But while I polish off this kangaroo,
Tell me your dismal story—shepherd, do!

MUGGINS.

In distant London, leagues beyond the sea,
I was policeman Six, division B.

BUGGINS.

Oh, mighty Jove! I, too, was in the force—
A Twenty-One—you've heard of me, of course?

MUGGINS.

Familiar to mine ear the number sounds;
In Bedford Square I went my nightly rounds.

BUGGINS.

For years was Buggins known upon a beat
In the vicinity of Baker Street.

MUGGINS.

I loved a maid—a housemaid—Mary Ann—
They kept a page, three females, and a man.

BUGGINS.

I loved a housemaid, too—Matilda Jane—
A noble-hearted girl, though rather plain.

MUGGINS.

Would that were all my sorrowing heart might tell;
I loved a cook—Jemima Briggs!—as well.

BUGGINS.

Not you alone such double pangs must brook—
I too have known what 'tis to love a cook.

MUGGINS.

You know not yet what pangs my bosom tear—
I loved eight nursemaids in the self-same square.

BUGGINS.

Hearts too for me with mutual throb would beat,
In every other house in Baker Street.

MUGGINS.

Can Baker Street's cold western claims compare
With the staunch genial worth of Bedford Square?

BUGGINS.

Could vulgar Bedford venture to compete
With the gentility of Baker Street?

MUGGINS.

We needn't have a row—it's not worth while;
Let's test the question in the ancient style:
Let each in glowing terms, and decent grammar,
(As far as possible)—the praises clamour
Of the lost Paradise for which he sticks
Up as the champion; and we'll see which licks.
I'll back my Bedford Square at two to one
In bobs against your Baker Street—say done?

BUGGINS.

Done! But a question the arrangement shakes:
Where can a cove be found to hold the stakes?

MUGGINS.

Lo, Coorabundy comes! a native nigger—
He shall decide who cuts the ablest figure.

(COORABUNDY *is installed as umpire.*)

Shepherd, begin, and do the best you can.
And don't exasperate the *h* in Hann.

BUGGINS.

What heav'n-born rapture, unalloy'd by pain,
Like eating drumsticks grill'd by 'Tilda Jane,
Except the something warm which fate allots,
Mix'd by the practised hand of Sairey Potts.

MUGGINS.

Prince Albert's cook—not he nor any man's—
Makes scallop'd oysters such as Mary Ann's:
A delicacy which I may say tops
Jemima Briggs's way of doing chops.

BUGGINS.

Ann Jinks, the very best of all the set,
Would bring me out my supper in the wet;
Many a time I've took it in the airy,
Getting my beer from Number Nine's maid—Mary.

MUGGINS.

I've had green peas in May from Thompson's Charlotte;
And beans as well, both French and common scarlet.
Rather than me (though Thompson *was* a snarler),
She'd let them go without things in the parlour.

BUGGINS.

When "grass" was selling at a pound a bunch,
Susan has cook'd me all there was for lunch:
Risking to say it must have been the cat—
Fancy a girl who'd go as far as that.

MUGGINS.

Jemima, when we took our walks in town,
Always put on her missis's best gown.

BUGGINS.

Louisa, knowing how quick linen dirts,
Gave me a dozen of her master's shirts.

MUGGINS.

Selina's savings kept me for a year,
In skittles, gin-and-water, pipes and beer.

COORABUNDY

(*Rousing himself from a lethargy into which he has fallen*),

You two big fools—you talkee here all night;
Black fellow got de stakes—him hold 'em tight.
(*He decamps with the proceeds.*)

A FAMILY EPISTLE,

FROM A CHINESE EMIGRANT TO HIS WIFE.

See plate (improved willow pattern) opposite.

KA-LEE-FOR-NEE, 8019th Summer of the Empire.
Feast of Con-fut-zee.

BELOVED TEE-TEE,

According to my promise, oh, apple of my eye! I dip my brush in the ink-dish of love, to communicate my adventures in the land of the barbarian. Tee-Tee! think not I have forgotten thee—nor yet that it was those little domestic differences (which I look upon as gnats in the bright sunshine of our wedded happiness) which made me join that tremendous movement—now threatening the Celestial Empire with depopulation—and presenting to the imagination the terrible possibility of the Brother of the Sun and Moon (may his stomach extend!) being compelled to brush out his own pigtail!

Blame me not for leaving thee in the night secretly. I could not have borne a parting. I know thy love for me is such that, hadst thou known my intention, thou wouldst have become frantic—and I should have been quite overcome. My heart failed me as I stole past thy bedchamber door on tiptoe; my shins quivered with emotion when I thought of thy tiny gold-shodden foot; my cheek burned as thy delicate hand seemed to press against it; and when I pictured to myself thy long and graceful nails, I was as a man without eyes!

Enough, oh, Tee-Tee! This comes hoping you are quite well, as it leaves me at present—Fo be praised for the same!

Our labours have not yet been crowned with success. I speak not of the vulgar seeking after gold—to which motives the opponents of progress and light have basely attributed the Great Chinese Emigration Movement which has shaken the barbarian world to its foundation. Thou knowest better. If thou dost not, after all I have told thee, all I can say is that it is just like thee, for a stupid obstinate mule as thou art.

Our mission was to civilize the whiskered and shirt-collared heathen. The light of wisdom had been too long concealed from the outer world by the Great Wall. Thou mayst remark it was odd we never thought of civilizing them till we heard of their finding gold—gold limitless as the glories of the empire! here and in their other settlement of Aus-tra-lee-ah.

Such a remark, oh, Tee-Tee! would be just about as sensible as thy remarks usually are.

It was because the barbarians had found this gold they stood in need of our assistance more than ever. Could such people be expected to know the use of wealth; I ask—could they? And as for once in my life in addressing thee, I can have all the talk to myself—without waiting for thy doubtless illogical reply—I answer, No, they couldn't.

An Extraordinary Movement - on China - or an alteration in

"The Willow-Pattern" at last !!

Designed & Etched by George Cruikshank

It became our duty, at all hazards, to teach them. We resolved, even at the pain of leaving our homes and wives (it's no use thy getting into a passion, oh, Tee-Tee!), to go forth amongst them, and accept the presents of gold and treasures they would doubtless be too glad to lay at our feet, in exchange for that intellectual wealth which we alone are capable of dealing out with a lavish hand. At any rate we could prevent their doing much mischief—by taking the treasures from them.

But they are such a set of fools!

Our words of wisdom they receive with mocking laughter, or by calling on their idols to send down curses on our eyes and limbs. So ignorant are they, that they have no fear of the Emperor before their eyes; and tell us, if we want gold we must dig for it.

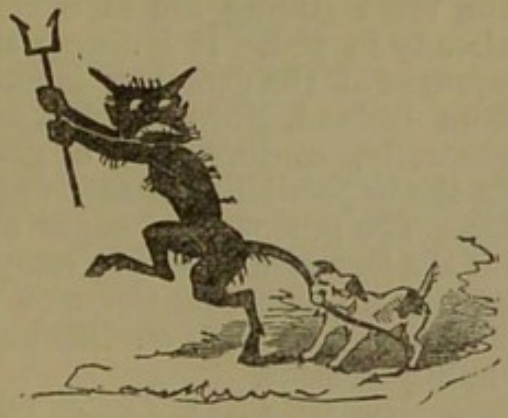
And this is our reward! Of course digging, for a true-souled Chinaman, is out of the question. In the first place, we should have to cut our nails. In the second place, we should have to exert ourselves. In the third place, one process indispensable to the work of gold-seeking is called washing—a revolting idea!

The result is, that did we not, in our superior wisdom, know the value of rat and puppy (which the barbarians despise), the chop-sticks of your Poo Poo and his companions would be unoccupied.

We are not alone, however, in our misfortunes. There are several men here of a superior tribe—which I think I have heard called Dan-dees—who, like ourselves, have been trained in the ways of wisdom, to despise mere physical labour, and think only of Man's superiority as evidenced in their own persons; who came like ourselves, expecting to be received with rich gifts and open arms by the drudging savages, whose wilderness they had condescended to enlighten by their presence. These men are reviled and neglected because they do not like to soil their hands—and have never learnt to do anything!

My paper is out; and as, I dare say, thou hast already forgotten me, and taken up with that atrocious rascal, Tom Tom—to whom thou wilt probably hand this letter for a pipe-light, without having even looked at it—I need add no more than the signature of the unfortunate

POO POO.



TRAY AND THE DEUCE.

THE CHANGE IN THE WEATHER.

"Well, what do you think of the Weather?"
(*Smith, whom we meet frequently.*)

The English climate, so long considered a capital joke, is becoming a very serious matter. They were not Dog-Days last summer; they were Hyæna, Kangaroo, Elephant, Boa-Constrictor days.

If so unnatural a state of things is to be repeated, England will no longer occupy her present position in the world. She will be somewhere else. There will be no place like home. Home itself will not bear the slightest resemblance to it. We shall be all abroad—every British child will be born a foreigner.

Nationality will be at an end. With the loss of our climate, on which the British Constitution so closely depends, it is impossible that we should continue to be the same people.

What will avail the boast that Britons never never shall be slaves, when there is such an immediate likelihood of their becoming niggers?

Our isolated position makes the prospect all the more alarming. The country must be in a continual state of hot water.

The Comic is not, strictly speaking, a Weather Almanack. Still the heat of last summer made us so uncomfortable (we do not mean merely in a physical sense), that we thought it our duty to inquire into the matter. We have, therefore, condescended on this occasion to look into futurity with a weather eye, of which we hasten to present the reader with a few "shoots,"—such, we believe, being the term usually applied to the natural emanations from the eyes of a Murphy.

We regret to say our worst fears have been confirmed. The page in the Book of Destiny that has been opened to our inspection is closely printed, and presents the aspect of a number of the *Times*, dated August 2nd, 1980. We leave our readers to form their own opinions on the following extracts:—

The Weather and the Crops.—The season continues to be unusually backward. The plantains in the neighbourhood of Wolverhampton have scarcely passed the flower. The cotton fields, however, of the West Riding are in a healthy condition—several trees being already in pod. It is feared that there will be a great loss in consequence of the dearth of labourers. It is true that immigration from Iceland, Nova Zembla, and the manufacturing countries generally, continues to a great extent; but nothing can atone for the impossibility of arousing the native slave population to exertion. The prospects of sugar are far from satisfactory, the siroccos of the last month having completely devastated the plantations—the canes on Clapham Common present a disastrous spectacle! The bread-fruit trees on Blackheath promise an abundant supply of half-quarterns.

Frightful Accident.—On Wednesday last, Mr. Edward Jackson, landlord of the "Cocoa-Nut," Tottenham Court Road, having

"Taking care of Number One" — or —

A Gentleman endeavouring to keep "Number One" — out of "St Paul's Church Yard" — Designed & Etched by George Cruikshank

had the imprudence to bathe in the Serpentine, was attacked by a ferocious alligator, who devoured both his legs so as to make amputation, we regret to say, unnecessary.

Enormous Palm Cabbage.—A gigantic specimen of this national plant grown in the open air by a native slave named Higgins, in the little garden attached to his shanty, was exhibited on Tuesday at the meeting of the Agricultural Society. It measured six feet in circumference, and weighed twenty-three pounds four ounces. A medal was awarded to the grower, and was accepted by the Rajah Simpson, his owner, whose family subsequently dined off the cabbage, expressing themselves highly gratified.

Sporting Intelligence.—His Majesty's elephants threw off yesterday from Richmond Park at four o'clock in the morning (the absurd old-world custom of sporting and transacting business in the heat of the day having, we are happy to say, exploded among the intelligent classes); a fine tiger was scented in the jungles of Slave Common, and soon broke cover. The run was a short one. "Puss" was brought to bay among the bamboos of Isleworth swamp, and speared by Coolies Walker and Smithers (cating, by the way, a considerable portion of the latter). His Majesty was in at the death, and returned to tiffin at 8 A.M.

Health of the Metropolis.—The deaths in the metropolis during the last week, as certified by the Registrar-General, are as follows:—

Yellow Fever	1640
Black do.	870
Green do.	651
Ague	923
Coup de Soleil	130
Eaten by personal acquaintances (cannibalism being, we regret to say, rather on the increase among the benighted lower orders)	24
Eaten by savage animals, stung by reptiles (including a family of six in Judd Street, devoured by the house tiger, who had broken his chain, and was unfortunately not muzzled), &c.	18
Influenza (old English complaint) almost obsolete	1
Total	4257

Altogether a most satisfactory return, showing a marked improvement since last week.

THE MONSTER SWEEP.

We beg to propound the following question for the consideration of the members of the Peace Society. Is the Cannon who has lately created such a sensation in London, one they would like to see *let off?*

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE,

WITH THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN RECOGNISED.

(*For which the Ladies are referred to Mr. Cruikshank's charming picture of the Future.*)

Sir Charles Darling (the Ladies' Candidate), presented himself on the hustings amidst a general waving of handkerchiefs, and spoke as follows:—

Ladies and—(with a smile)—need I say gentlemen? (Titters and "Droll creature!") I think not. Gallantry forbids my recognising their existence—in any light other than as the devoted slaves of that divine sex, of whom I am proud to esteem myself the humblest. (Cries of "How nice!")

Ladies, then, angels, goddesses ("Oh!" from an elderly bachelor, who was removed by the police), for the thrilling position in which I am placed, how can I be sufficiently grateful to that glorious reform in our electoral system, which has partially recognised the true position of lovely woman? ("Partially!" in a tone of sarcasm, from a member of Mr. Screwdriver's committee). My honourable and *gallant* friend objects to the adverb. I say *partially*, for by admitting the ladies to the Franchise *with* the gentlemen, they are but recognised as *equals*, instead of *superiors*. (Great sensation.) Yes, ladies, and it shall be my earnest endeavours as your representative ("Yah!" and "Not yet!" from Mr. Screwdriver). My honourable and *gallant* friend observes "Not yet." It is true I have a formidable rival to contend with. The charms of his person, (screams, and "the Old Fright!") his known politeness, above all his taste in dress (here the laughter and clapping of kid gloves rendered the speaker inaudible for some moments)—compared with such claims, mine are worthless ("Do listen!" and "The Duck!"), extending no farther than a willingness, I may say a downright anxiety, to die in the cause of the fair creatures, who, I believe I may say, have done me the honour to elect me as their champion ("Yes! Yes!") With the ladies' voices in my favour, I believe I need not fear those of the gentlemen being exerted against me. (Cries of "We should like to see them," "Speak up, Alfred, do," "I'm ashamed of you," &c.) I thank you, gentlemen—or rather I do not thank you; I honour you for your—may I say obedience? ("Oh yes!" in a rapturous tone, from the engaged gentlemen), though, after all, I don't see how you were to help yourselves. (Great applause, and numerous bouquets thrown.)

The Honourable Mrs. Poser stepped forward, and begged to be allowed to address a few questions to the candidate.

Mrs. Poser. What are Sir Charles's views with regard to the existing Excise regulations?

Sir Charles. My first measure will be to bring in a bill legalizing the smuggling of laces and French ribbons. (Rapturous cheering.)

A Voice. About the Sanitary Movement?

Sir Charles thought every family should leave town at the end of the season. It was his opinion, that all husbands paying the income tax should be compelled to take their wives and children to the seaside for the autumn months. It should have his earliest attention. In answer to another speaker, he considered that Assembly-rooms should be maintained in every town by the public purse.

Mrs. Poser. What Foreign Policy will you advocate?

Sir Charles would advocate peace with France at all hazards, that nothing might endanger the immediate importation of Parisian fashions. (*Cheers and bouquets.*)

A Young Lady. About the Army?

Sir Charles. I am for keeping up a standing army, to consist entirely of regiments of horse-guards, composed exclusively of officers. (*Immense sensation.*)

Mrs. Poser. I should like to hear your intentions as to the tobacco duties.

Sir Charles. To prohibit the importation and cultivation of that objectionable plant altogether, so that there may be no more smoking.

A show of parasols was demanded, and Sir Charles Darling was declared duly elected.

SCRAP FROM A NEW "SEASONS."

By Thompson, of the London Daily Press generally.*

* * * * * *

And now September comes, and Parliament
Hears, and obeys, for once, the nation's cry,
By "shutting up" at last. Forth to the moors
Hies the tir'd senator: his high-born dame,
Seeking her rustic bower, entertains
A most select and fashionable circle.
Now stares the peasant at the season's strange
Ethereal mildness! Not a hundred miles
From the secluded village where we write
(Small worth its humble name), the troubled sky
Pours down in wrath a mystic show'r of frogs!
Bewilder'd fly the scared inhabitants,
Of whom the Oldest fails to recollect
A like phenomenon! Now erst are seen
Enormous gooseberries——* * *
* * * * * *

* The amount paid for this short contribution may be ascertained by a simple process of linear enumeration—and reference to the pence table.

FULL DRESS.

"THERE was a sound of revelry by night,"
(In fact the neighbours couldn't sleep a wink)
Mingled with that of double knocks, and slight
Remarks from coachmen, overcome with drink,
Not indispensable to our narration,
And totally unfit for publication.

There came a knock—a double-treble rap,
That startled all the square from its propriety,
Made Fanny Thompson scream and cling,
To Captain Smith (the artful thing!)
As in a *deux temps* round they flew,
(The *Prima Donna*, best of the variety);
Shook the gold oats in Lady Boozle's cap;
Sent Charley Finch in Lucy Lightfoot's lap,
(The rogue had stayed there, but he knew
The folks would talk—quite proper too);
Checked Jeames in an upstair-ward rush,
And with a tray of lemonade,
Fantastic maps of England made
Upon his whilom spotless plush.
(He was discharged next day for insobriety)—
Made Croop revoke;
Brown's only joke,
Arrested ere 'twas said;
His only chance that ev'ning dish'd,
Oh! how he wish'd
To punch that brazen-knocker's lion head.

The circling throng,
Stooping to catch Miss Jenny Linnet's song—
The feeble quavers heard no more.
The knock had quite upset them all,
Sing, Jenny, more than ever small!
In vain thy chirping notes outpour;
Gone is thy light of other days,
One chorus now all voices raise
Of "Who dat knocking at de door?"

"Who can it be?
It must be somebody of some pretension:"
All flock to see
The Great Announced, or hear the footman mention
The name of one, whose birth or prosp'rous dealings
Have given him the true patrician right
Of disregarding other people's feelings.
"A city knight?

Designed by & Etched by George Cruikshank

Will you be our Vis à Vis ?

A peer—a minister—a pure Caucasian,
Who has contrived to solve the myst'ry Asian,
Of gaining millions to downright satiety?
The Smythsons see extremely good society!"

The fever waxes hotter,
When enter James,
Who coldly names—
"Mr. and Mrs. Trotter."

Each grey-beard thinks himself a boy again,
And feels inclined to bellow, "Ah-bal-loon!"
Two strange round figures up the staircase strain,
Each like a Lord-Rosse telescopic moon;
With difficulty is the doorway pass'd.
Come! Mrs. Smythson's rooms are full at last.

Full! there's no moving—Mrs. Trotter's skirt
Covers the whole saloon, and Trotter's tie,
(Which Jones—that very oddest fish—
Says is a tie that he could wish
Had bound the Trotter to his home)
In rigid folds on either side
A yard away, and quite as wide,
In search of mischief seems to roam—
With menaced hurt,
Mutely advising each to mind his eye.

And Trotter's sleeve!
Each sleeve would hold two Trotters and a half in it:
One might believe
He'd had it made to hide himself and laugh in it;
And of his pantaloons, the spacious work
Would stamp him as the extra great Grand Turk,
But (what might cause *that* theory to totter)
No harem of the grandest kind
Could be constructed room to find
For *two* sultanas such as Mrs. Trotter.

On! sweeping all
Before them like the hay in time of mowing,
Upsetting chairs and tables in the way;
The ornaments, by Mrs. T.'s *bouquet*
(Of peonies and dahlias all a-blowing)
Brush'd from the mantelpieces, fall;
The fiddlers into corners crouch;
The guests away in dudgeon slouch,
As from the hunter's spear shrink otters,
Impalement on the tie of Trotter fearing—
Into back rooms and closets disappearing.

The halls are empty, Empty—pshaw!
Fill'd—as a new-dined turkey's craw,
By the triumphant and expansive Trotters.

"Now really, Trotter" (Smythson from the door—
He couldn't enter), "tell me what this means.
I'm glad to see you—no one could be more;
But still in good society—these scenes—
You're a good fellow—no one could be better—
I know how very deeply I'm your debtor;
Still, you ought not—
You know that I invited you (I told you)
Purely from the esteem in which I hold you;
And as a wish to come your wife express'd,
I couldn't well refuse; but still, this jest—"
Says Trotter, "What?"

"What? why, my guests are going, every one."
"My eyes," says Trotter, "is the game all finished?
Well, blow me! there's been precious little fun—"
"It isn't that—'tis you who have diminished
The evening's pleasure." "We! well, that's a droll 'un;
We as come here resolved to go the whole 'un—"

"But think—so strangely dress'd!
Yourself a full-sail'd ship—your wife St. Paul's,—
A little *outré*, it must be confess'd—"
"Well, I'll be blest!"
Exclaim'd the wondering Trotter, "but I calls
That out-and-out. D'ye mean to say that this is
Wot ain't the reg'lar thing? Just hear him, missis!
After the many hog, bull, bob, and tanner
We've spent to get puffed out in this here manner!
It's his own words—I'll keep him to it!
Didn't you say we couldn't come unless
We came togg'd out in regular FULL DRESS?
What—yes?
Well, then, we thought we'd do it."

A GREAT MISTAKE.

To suppose that the American heroes, planning the Lone Star expedition against Cuba, have any deeply-rooted antipathy to SPANISH.

"Knaves, Shufflers, Blacklegs & Brothers! the Game is getting desperate, a pack of fellows want to spoil our Sport; Shut up our "Betting-Shops" & destroy our Counters! (cries of Shame!) – yes! want us to "Cut" our Clubs" break our Hearts, & put us under the Turf with our own Spades! but we'll see if Diamond can't Cut Diamond! (Hear! hear! and loud applause) But there is one Card, (a Picture Card) who has been writing what he calls a "Betting Book" with Cuts, in which he tries to persuade people to leave off Betting altogether (Oh! oh! with cries of ridiculous!) Yes this Card, not only wants Betting & Gambling to be done away with but also wants us Knaves to be Honest! (Oh! oh! with much laughter & cries of Humbug!) yes! not only that, but wants us to be Sober as well as Honest!" (Oh! oh! oh! with Shouts of laughter – Stuff & nonsense & Cries of name, name,) his name is George Cruikshank! (great disapprobation!) Yes Gents, this is going a great Deal too far for us, – Now the Point is, how are we to "Play our Cards? Why we must go to Parliament! there are lots of Trump-Cards, in the "Lords & Commons" who "Play" & "Bet" & Keep the Horses that we carry on our trade with, So, if we get the Lords & Gentlemen, the Nobs of the Aristocracy to countenance the Betting System, why then, the odds are, that we may turn up our noses at, honest "Pumps" & go on with our Game of "Beggar my Neighbour"! (Hear! hear! & loud Cheering vide report of "Packed meeting)

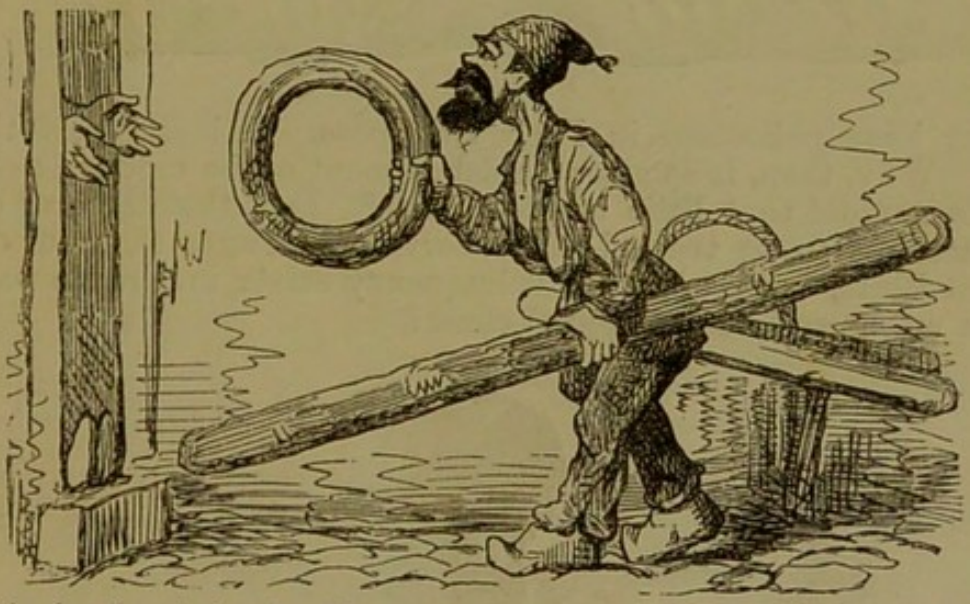
A Pack of Knaves, or A "Packed" meeting of the "Knowing Cards" of the Betting-Shop interest to consider & adopt the best Shuffling Tricks to carry on their Game! a humble attempt in the "Pre Raphael" Style by George Cruikshank

MYSTERIES OF PARIS,

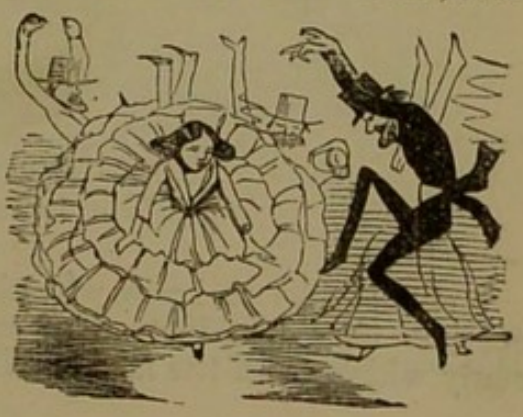
Totally unexplained, by a regular Briton.

In the first place, I should like to know what they mean by wearing those enormous fur hats? They may be an intelligent people. All I know is—I never saw such a set of muffs as they look in all my life. And such tight trousers! reducing the legs of Young France to next to nothing, and presenting an appearance of top-heaviness that is absolutely uncomfortable to contemplate. They talk of their stable government! The heads of the nation could never have been in a more tottering condition than they seem now—and I don't see how things can possibly go on long on such a slender footing.

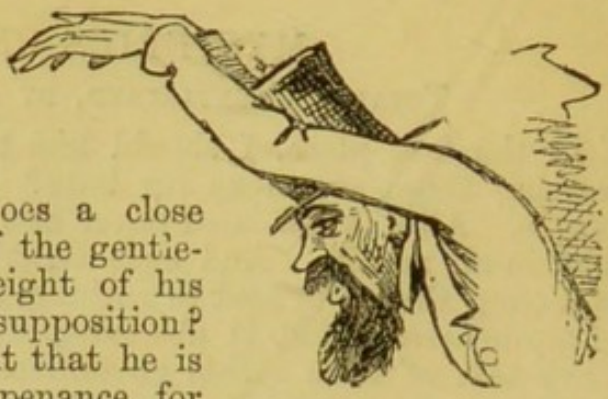
Why should such a difference exist between the civil and military states? I have heard a great deal of the admirable discipline of the French army; but in a great many regiments there appears to be no recognisable head worth speaking of. Quite the contrary. Are we indeed to believe the scandal that all the boasted cares and energies of the saviours of France have only been directed to the basest ends?



This is the baker! The circular article he holds in his right hand is a loaf! So is the longitudinal ditto in his left! I am at a loss to account for the singular expedients resorted to by the French for making their bread. It is true that one species possesses the great recommendation, to the heads of families, of going a very long way. But, on the contrary, the other is a description of food which the smallest child could get through in no time.



This gentleman is supposed to be



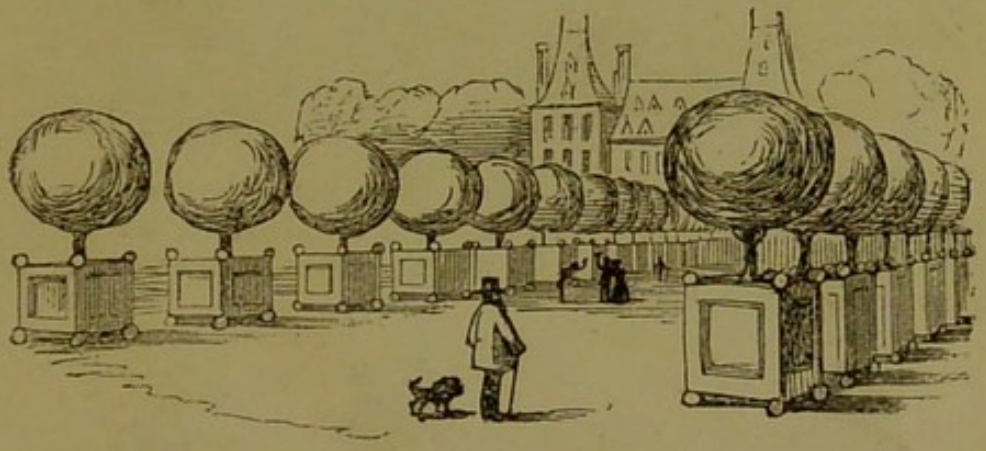
conducting himself in this remarkable manner from an excess of enjoyment and high spirits; the French, generally, being supposed to be a gay and light-hearted people. Does a close inspection of the expression of the gentleman's countenance, in the height of his hilarity, warrant either supposition? Would it not rather be thought that he is performing a terrible act of penance for some sin that can never be wholly expiated?

They have policemen in Paris, I suppose. Indeed I know they have. Why, then, is so strong a detachment of the military necessary to conduct that little boy to prison? Is it that the civil officers are less to be trusted with a service of danger than our own gallant Blues, or that juvenile delinquency exists in France to an extent unknown in our favoured clime?

Who is *he*, I wonder!!!

I should like to know why the French can't allow their trees to grow as they like, instead of cropping and clipping them, like so many whiskers on the face of Nature. These singular-looking ter-

restrial spheres, planted in square tubs, in the Luxembourg Gardens, I am told are orange-trees. Very good. Their resemblance to oranges is certainly striking. I should be happy to accept their appropriate rotundity as a precedent for the invariable rule (as having an instructive tendency), but that, on inspection, I do not find the neighbouring groves to consist of pear-trees as, judging from appearances, I was induced to imagine.



The French, I am told, down to the lowest grades of society, are proverbial for their gallantry and consideration for the fair sex. Appearances are certainly deceptive; but there is no trusting to them in Paris. For instance, these individuals, I have ascertained, belong to the class *ouvrier*:—

To avoid the slightest mistake, I have hunted up the dictionary meaning of that word. I find it to be *homme qui travaille—industriel.*

They are certainly a strange race. How anybody can sleep, with gentlemen parading the streets about a hundred at a time, before daybreak, and continuing their what's-his-name's tattoo every ten minutes, is a puzzler.

How anybody can sleep with *these* gentlemen—is another question!

HARMLESS ACCOMPANIMENT TO MR. CRUIKSHANK'S PLATE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

A FRIEND of ours (had we been writing in the last century, we should have said a wag), was expressing himself in terms of the highest indignation with, or rather without, respect to his shoemaker for presuming to emigrate to Australia, on the pitiful plea that he (our friend) was the only customer he had left. We remarked that we could see nothing reprehensible in his conduct—especially as all his former patrons had deserted him. "What are his former patrons to me?" exclaimed our friend; "I am the only one remaining to him—and a cobbler *ought to stick to his last.*"

We laughed. Gentle reader, drop a smile if you can possibly manage it.

Designed & Etched by George Cruikshank

"There's Nothing like Leather."

WANTED, A DIBDIN.

Apply to the First Lord of the Admiralty.

We hear a great deal of the prevalence of discontent in the navy. It is said that the sailors are constantly grumbling at the way they are treated, in the matter of unwholesome food and unsafe ships.

A great many suggestions have been offered as to the best remedy for this evil. Some weak-minded practical persons have proposed fresh provisions and new ships.

We propose a Dibdin!

It is a notorious fact, that the late Charles Dibdin, during the war, did the State great service by his sea songs, which had the effect of persuading the British sailor that fighting was a very jolly thing; that Frenchmen ought to (and might easily) be exterminated; and that all the unpleasantness of a tempest might be satisfactorily overcome by climbing up into the rigging and thinking of an absent Sue or Polly.

Why not employ a competent person to do something of the same kind in the present day? It would be much better to reconcile the British seaman to existing hardship, than to encourage a mutinous and dissatisfied spirit. Of course, we put removing the difficulty out of the question, as totally opposed to all precedent.

We annex a specimen or two of the sort of thing on which the proposed salt-water laureate might be advantageously employed.

Go, patter to lubbers and swabs, do you see,
About dainties, and stews, and the like—
A chunk of salt horse and some biscuit give me,
And it isn't at maggots I'll strike.
Avast! and don't think me a milksop so soft,
To be taken by trifles aback,
What would turn a fine gentleman's nose up aloft
Will be quite good enough for poor Jack.

Or in this style:—

Come all ye jolly sailors bold,
Who life as next to nothing hold,
While English glory I unfold,
Huzza for the Arethusa!
She is a frigate quite used up,
Leaky and cracked as an old tea-cup
Her sides are thin,
And the rot's got in;
So if your dauntless pluck you'd show
Now is your time a cruise to go
On board of the Arethusa

THE VULTURE:
AN ORNITHOLOGICAL STUDY.

AFTER THE LATE EDGAR A. POE.

The Vulture is the most cruel, deadly, and voracious of birds of prey. He is remarkable for his keen scent, and for the tenacity with which he invariably clings to the victim on whom he has fixed his gripe. He is not to be shaken off whilst the humblest pickings remain. He is usually to be found in an indifferent state of feather.—*New Translation of Cuvier.*

Once upon a midnight chilling, as I held my feet unwilling
O'er a tub of scalding water, at a heat of ninety-four;
Nervously a toe in dipping, dripping, slipping, then outskipping,
Suddenly there came a ripping, whipping, at my chambers door.
"'Tis the second floor," I mutter'd, "flipping at my chambers door—
Wants a light—and nothing more!"

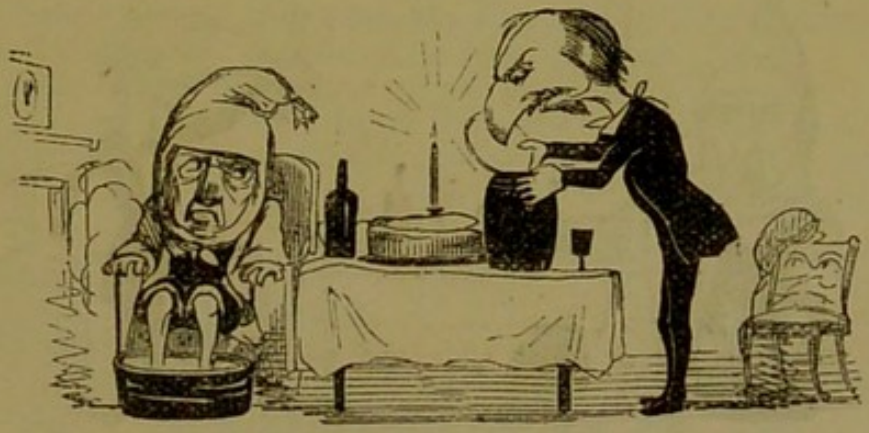
Ah! distinctly I remember, it was in the chill November,
And each cuticle and member was with influenza sore;
Falt'ringly I stirr'd the gruel, steaming, creaming o'er the fuel,
And anon removed the jewel that each frosted nostril bore,
Wiped away the trembling jewel that each redden'd nostril bore—
Nameless here for evermore!

And I recollect a certain draught that fann'd the window curtain
Chill'd me, fill'd me with the horror of two steps across the floor,
And, besides, I'd got my feet in, and a most refreshing heat in,
To myself I sat repeating—"If I answer to the door—
Rise to let the ruffian in who seems to want to burst the door,
I'll be ——" that and something more

Presently the row grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Really, Mister Johnson, blow it!—your forgiveness I implore,
Such an observation letting slip, but when a man's just getting
Into bed, you come upsetting nerves and posts of chambers door,
Making such a row, forgetting"—Spoke a voice beyond the door:
"'Tisn't Johnson"—nothing more.

Quick a perspiration clammy bathed me, and I uttered "Dammy!"
(Observation wrested from me, like the one I made before)
Back upon the cushions sinking, hopelessly my eyes, like winking,
On some stout for private drinking, ranged in rows upon the floor,
Fix'd—and on an oyster barrel (full) beside them on the floor,
Look'd and groan'd, and nothing more.

Open then was flung the portal, and in stepp'd a hated mortal,
By the moderns call'd a VULTURE (known as *Sponge* in days of yore),
Well I knew his reputation! cause of all my agitation—
Scarce a nod or salutation changed, he pounced upon the floor;
Coolly lifted up the oysters and some stout from off the floor,
Help'd himself, and took some more.



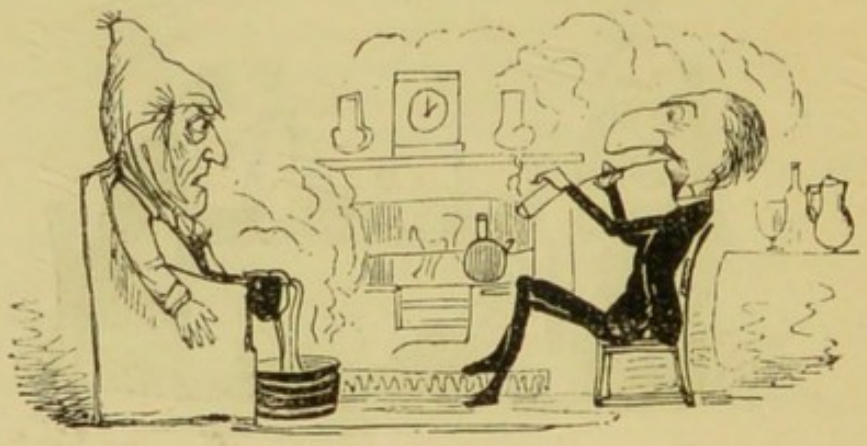
Then this hungry beast untiring fix'd his gaze with fond admiring
On a piece of cold boil'd beef I meant to last a week or more,
Quick he set to work devouring—plates, in quick succession, scouring—
Stout with every mouthful show'ring—made me ask, to see it pour,
If he quite enjoy'd his supper, as I watch'd the liquid pour;
Said the Vulture, "Never more."

Much disgusted at the spacious *vacuum* by this brute voracious
Excavated in the beef—(he'd eaten quite enough for four)—
Still, I felt relief surprising when at length I saw him rising,
That he meant to go surmising, said I, glancing at the door—
'Going? well, I wont detain you—mind the stairs and shut the door——"
'Leave you, Tomkins!—never more."

Startled by an answer dropping hints that he intended stopping
All his life—I knew him equal to it if he liked, or more—
Half in dismal earnest, half in joke, with an attempt at laughing,
I remarked that he was chaffing, and demanded of the bore,
Ask'd what this disgusting, nasty, greedy, vile, intrusive bore
Meant in croaking "Never more?"

But the Vulture not replying, took my bunch of keys, and trying
Sev'ral, found at length the one to fit my private cupboard door;
Took the gin out, fill'd the kettle; and, with a *sang froid* to nettle
Any saint, began to settle calmly down the grate before,
Really as he meant departing at the date I named before,
Of never, never more!

Then I sat engaged in guessing what this circumstance distressing
Would be likely to result in, for I knew that long before
Once (it served me right for drinking) I had told him that if sinking
In the world, my fortunes linking to his own, he'd find my door
Always open to receive him and it struck me now that door
He would pass p'raps never more!



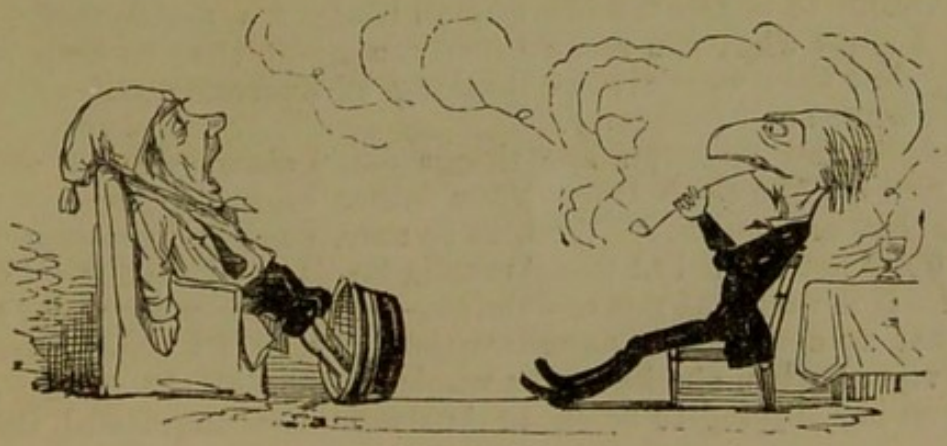
Suddenly the air was clouded, all the furniture enshrouded
With the smoke of vile tobacco—this was worse than all before;
"Smith!" I cried (in not offensive tones, it might have been expensive,
For he knew the art defensive, and could costermongers floor);
"Recollect it's after midnight, *are* you going?—mind the floor."
Quoth the Vulture, "Never more!"

"Smith!" I cried (the gin was going, down his throat in rivers flowing),
"If you want a bed, you know there's quite a nice hotel next door,
Very cheap. I'm ill—and, joking set apart, your horrid smoking
Irritates my cough to choking. Having mentioned it before,
Really, you should not compel one—*Will* you mizzle—as before?"
Quoth the Vulture, "Never more!"

"Smith!" I cried, "that joke repeating merits little better treating
For you than a condemnation as a nuisance and a bore.
Drop it, pray, it isn't funny; I've to mix some rum and honey—
If you want a little money, take some and be off next door;
Run a bill up for me if you like, but *do* be off next door."
Quoth the Vulture, "Never more!"

"Smith!" I shriek'd—the accent humbler dropping, as another tumbler
I beheld him mix, "be off! you drive me mad—it's striking four.
Leave the house and something in it; if you go on at the gin, it
Wont hold out another minute. Leave the house and shut the door—
Take your beak from out my gin, and take your body through the door!"
Quoth the Vulture, "Never more!"

And the Vulture never flitting—still is sitting, still is sitting,
Gulping down my stout by gallons, and my oysters by the score;
And the beast, with no more breeding than a heathen savage feeding,
The new carpet's tints unheeding, throws his shells upon the floor.
And his smoke from out my curtains, and his stains from out my floor,
Shall be sifted never mor!



A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY;

Being the Result of over Female Emigration, and the Impossibility of obtaining Female Servants.

(For *mise en scène*, decorations, and cast of characters, see Plate opposite.)

Mrs. Piper (*superintending the chops and neglecting her punctuation*)—"Oh dear, dear, dear! it's enough to drive anybody crazy with all the trouble I've had with the huzzies the nasty good-for-nothing, idle, lazy—the wicked presumptuous bad creatures, to think of their taking such a start. Don't talk to me, Piper; it's the fault of you men for taking their part. Can't blame them indeed for wanting to better their situations!—of course my servants were *very* ill used I understand your insinuations. No doubt it's a treat to you to see your poor wife made into a slave—not that there's any novelty in that I wish I was in my grave!—melted to death and getting into such a mess with the chances *I* have of even getting a new dress—at those dratted chops for you to guzzle. If you had the feelings of a man, you'd do something to help me. Oh! I daresay you're doing all you can—a pretty kettle of fish you're making of the Irish stew. Ah! there goes the poker on to the plates—don't tell me—you do it on purpose—you do. I didn't say you touched the poker but you do all you can to flurry me in one way or other—Tom, you naughty, unfeeling boy, how dare you join in the conspiracy against your poor mother? If your father's burnt you, it's just like him go and rub your hand with soap—though you'll be clever to find it—Yes—Mr. Piper, you're satisfied now, I hope—with your institutions and lectures and South Australia panoramas I wish Mr. Prout and all the rest of the wretches at the Polytechnic were pounded to death with sledge-hammers—putting notions of emigration into the heads of a set of brazen faces—but they've been a great deal too well treated, or they would not have had time to go to such places; and those newspapers talking about their rights and freedom if they'd minded their work they wouldn't have had time to read 'em. In my poor dear mother's time, no servant could get a place who knew how to read. Ought to be treated like human beings? a pretty story, indeed! I know what you mean Piper you needn't try to keep your gravity—but they were always thinking of husbands and settling in life or some such depravity.

"Arabella and Jane you idle things don't stand staring there, but go and lay the cloth before your father begins to swear. All the tumblers are broken? Well, to be sure, I might have expected *that* but I'm astonished at *you* Arabella for daring to tell me it was the cat. If it was that minx, Jemima—yes, I see very well, Mr. Piper that we *don't* get on as well without her as if I wanted her to go, the viper! when she knew the whole comfort of the family depended on her staying to be off to Australia the ungrateful thing

Scarcity of Domestic Servants — or Every Family their own Cooks!!! —

Designed & Etched by George Cruikshank

Being Verifications of our Prognostications in 1851 — Upon the subject of Over Female Emigration!

she deserves flaying. With the beautiful kitchen she had only she never took a pride in it let alone seven pounds a year and her tea found with sugar beside in it. But of course madam must have a farm and want to be some scamp's wife—never thinking what I've to get through with my two poor girls to settle in life. Jane bring a dish this minute do. What! do you mean to say there's only one and that's cracked, on the shelf? Well, I've done all human nature can do, Mr. Piper you may get your dinner yourself. If the chops are black I can't help it well you needn't mention it—I see—if there's one on the floor you may pick it up Ah! I knew how it would be. The gridiron's tumbled over with what I've to go through, how can you expect me to attend to it? I've not been used to this sort of thing the chimney's on fire and there's an end to it. The house must be burnt down Oh yes! call the police, but you may call for ever if you find a policeman now all the servants have gone to Australia, all I say is you'll be clever." [*Scene closes.*

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WALKINSHAW.—Our pay is nineteen and sixpence per line for prose—two guineas for verse; only we don't accept contributions.

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ENQUIROS wishes us to inform him the day of the month, and in what year, Julius Cæsar landed in Britain; the number of lines in the *Iliad*; what we consider the best receipt for tartar in the teeth; whether Mrs. Glover ever played Ophelia or not in early life—and if she did, at what theatre, and to whose Rosencrantz; how he had better set to work to obtain a commission in the army without interest; if A pegs one too many by accident, has B a right to score four; which year's volume of the *Little Warbler* we would recommend for general purposes, in preference to the others; and if we know of a good shop for elastic trousers. Perhaps some of our readers will oblige him with an answer.

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AN ENGLISH SUN AND AN ENGLISH SKY.

An English sun and an English sky,
Tally hi ho! hi ho, boys!
About this time, in the hot July,
Themselves begin to show, boys.
The former fierce, and the latter hot,
As Coleridge says, like copper;
But a different state of affairs would not
Be seasonable or proper!

What should we do when the sun and sky,
Tally hi ho! hi ho, boys!
Bake us to death, should we yet say die?
Certainly not, we know, boys!
Let us be brave, and the heat to face,
Be off, despondency loathing,
To MOSES and SONS' and our forms encase
In appropriate summer clothing.

THE ORIGINAL MONSTER MARTS of E. MOSES & SONS, established upwards of 150 years, supply the public with the following articles of national and seasonable attire, at the lowest possible prices:—

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