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Wellcome Collection 183 Euston Road London NW1 2BE UK T +44 (0)20 7611 8722 E library@wellcomecollection.org https://wellcomecollection.org PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI

THE WONDERS OF A LONDON WATER DROP.

The freshest fruits of microscopical research are the wonders which have been revealed in a drop of London water through the Molecular Magnifier, illuminated by the Intellectual Electric Light. For the ability to behold these astounding marvels, a certain preparation is necessary, bearing, superficially considered, some resemblance to Mesmerism. The person intended to be the Seer is placed on a seat. Any competent individual then takes him in hand, and explains to him the composition of water, showing him how the pure fluid differs from



A DROP OF LONDON WATER.

The drop to be magnified is taken from a mixture of the common well-water of London with that supplied by the various Companies. MR. HASSELL, it is already known, has enabled philosophers to dis-criminate between these waters, by the verminous and other pecu-liarities which he has demonstrated in each particular form of beverage. The Molecular Magnifier differs from all other microscopes, in dis-playing the ultimate constitution of objects; a spectacle not only defying the naked eye, but all vision which is not in a measure psychical. And wondrous indeed is the scene disclosed within the sphere of a little drop of water—of that water which Londoners drink, swallowing daily, myriads and myriads of worlds, whole universes instinct with life, or life in death! It transcends all that has hitherto been deemed

astonishing. America herself will confess that it stumps the revelations of ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS. Creatures—who shall name them? things in human shape—in all appearance London citizens—aldermen, deputies, common councilmen, —are seen disporting in the liquid dirt as in their native element. B-hold them, fiercely hustling each other in competition for atomic garbage. What pushing, poking, fighting, kicking, scrambling ! There goes an unfortunate wreich has as if for dear life, with a hook-nosed homunculus — evidently a g-nuine water-bailiff—darting after .him. Here a cheap slop-seller has caught a smaller individual of the same species by the head, and is trying to bolt him. There again, as plainly as possible, you see a funeral procession with an undertaker at the head

188