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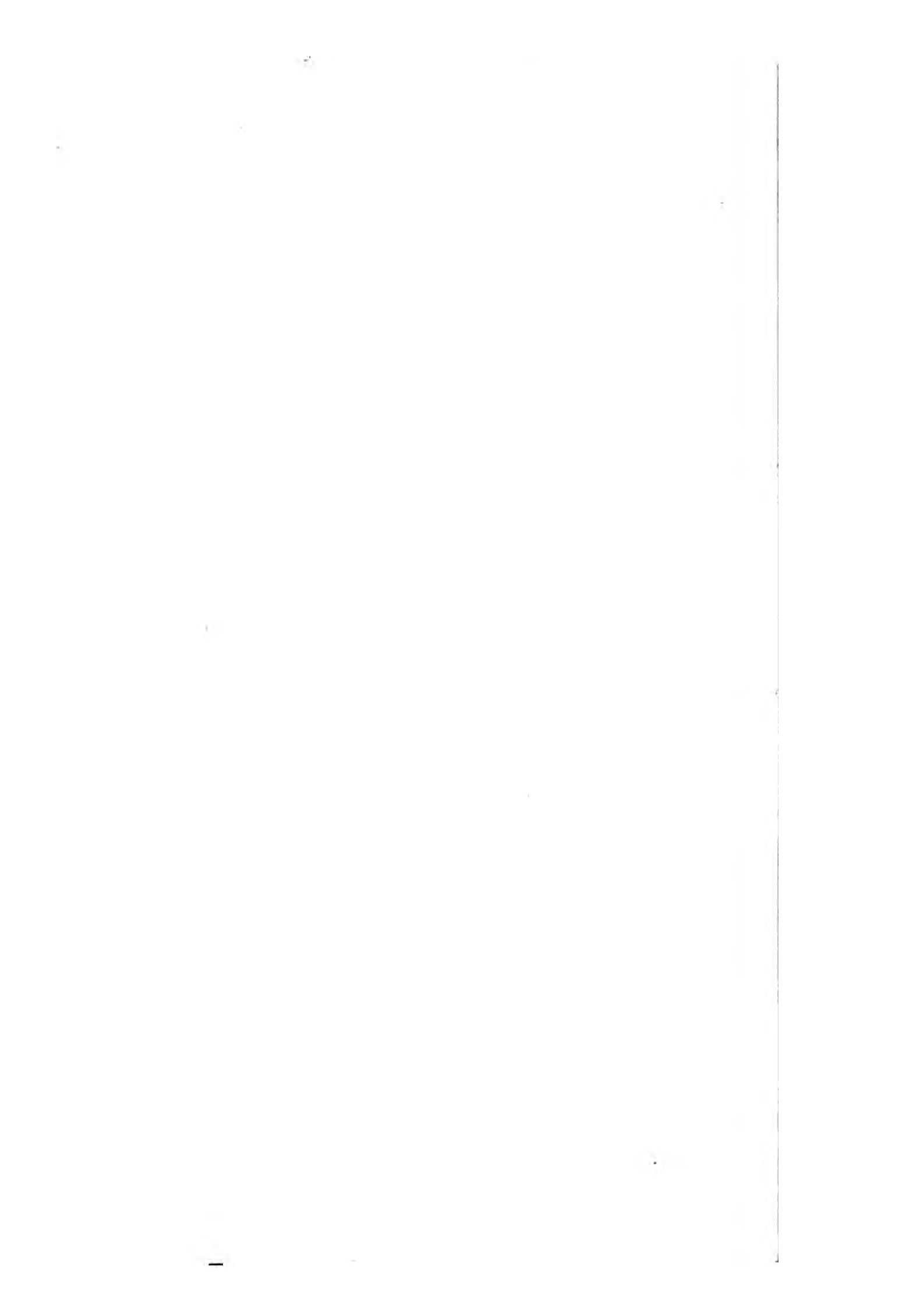
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THE
COMIC
ALMANACK.

FOR 1836:

AN EPHEMERIS IN JEST AND EARNEST,

CONTAINING

"ALL THINGS FITTING FOR SUCH A WORK."

BY RIGDUM FUNNIDOS, GENT.

ADORNED WITH A DOZEN OF "RIGHTE MERRIE" CUTS,
PERTAINING TO THE MONTHS, AND
AN HIEROGLYPHIC,

BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.



LONDON:

IMPRINTED FOR CHARLES TILT, BIBLIOPOLIST,
IN FLEET STREET.



Proclamation.

WHEREAS some evil-minded folks,
It ill becomes to crack such jokes,
Have made a most unseemly rout,
By spreading false reports about,
That FRANCIS MOORE, the fam'd *Physician*,
Is *still alive*, in sound condition ;
And all we said about his dying,
Last year, was nothing else but lying ;
Our gravity was all a hoax,—
Our sober sayings only jokes—
'Twas but a trick to gain his pelf,
And lay the Conj'ror on the shelf,
That he might be as much forgotten
As tho' *in earnest* dead and rotten ;
And thereby fill with consternation
The *ancient female population*.
To prove this true, they say that MOORE,
Who, they assert, is *not* 'NO MORE,'
Gives out predictions quite as clever,
And full of sense and truth,—*as ever!*
Shade of the mighty Seer! look down,
And blast the wretches with thy frown!
Thou know'st on *us* thy mantle fell ;
Thou know'st, too, that it fits us well.

But baser caitiffs go much further,
And tax us with committing *murther!*
They swear we burst into his room,
And quickly seal'd his dreadful doom ;
For that we hocuss'd first his drink,
Then poison'd him with *writing ink* ;

PROCLAMATION.

And having thrown him on the floor,
We basely *burk'd* the gracious MOORE!

They vow we did this bloody deed,
That we might to his fame succeed ;
But good, they say, can't come of ill,
For let us do whate'er we will,
We never shall,—and that is plain,—
The *fools* or the *old women* gain.

Now, to confirm this idle talk,
They swear they've seen his spectre walk ;
And that he's got a strange vagary,
At times, to be quite STATIONARY,
And haunt a certain place, where he
Affects Old Women's COMPANY,
Who, spite of all we've sung or said,
Cannot believe that he is dead,
But to persuade themselves they try,
That FRANCIS MOORE can *never* die!

Now, having gather'd facts like these,
(Enough to cause one's blood to freeze)
We've issued forth this Proclamation
To all the lieges of the nation,
(Surmounted by MOORE's arms and crest,
Of which by right we've 'come possest,)
To seize the knave, and maul him sore,
Who passes off for FRANCIS MOORE ;
(That is, if any such there be,
Of which we're much in dubity)
For FRANCIS MOORE, whom we succeed,
Is *very—very dead*, indeed.

But should it prove a real ghost,
Who with a *Fool's-cap*, takes his *Post*,
To grasp the *Crown* we've fairly got,
We warn him he shall go to *Pot*,
And in the Red Sea soon be *laid* ;
Or to his *warm* berth posted back,
Where he'll be *hotpress'd* in a crack,
Unless his exit's quickly made ;
For none but nincompoops and fools
Let 'dead men push them from their stools.'

(Signed)

RIGDUM FUNNIDOS.

MOON'S CHANGES.

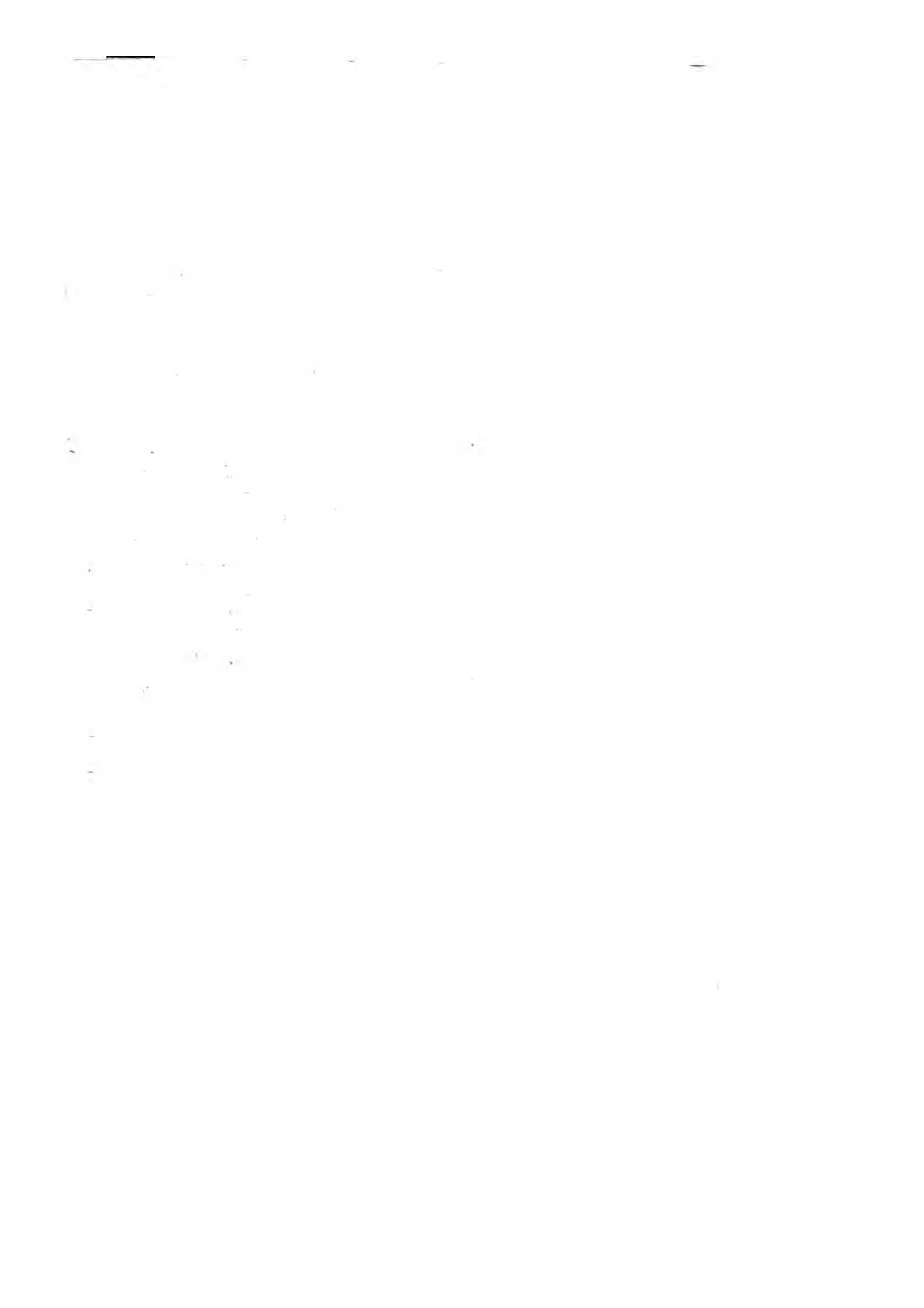
Full Moon . . 4 day 4 min. past 1 mo.

Last Quar. . . 11 day 30 min. past 4 aft.

New Moon . . 18 day 27 min. past 8 mo.

First Quar. . . 25 day 45 min. past 2 aft.

M D	W D	FESTIVALS, &c.	Sun rises & sets.	M A	Moon rises & sets.
1	F	CIRCUMCISION	r. 8 8	13	5 55
2	S		s. 4 1	14	7 2
3	S	2 SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS	r. 8 8	15	8 2
4	M		s. 4 3	F	rises.
5	T	Duke of York died, 1827	r. 8 7	17	5 a 16
6	W	EPIPHANY—TWELFTH DAY	s. 4 6	18	6 28
7	T		r. 8 7	19	7 44
8	F	Galileo, astronomer, d. 1642	s. 4 8	20	9 0
9	S		r. 8 6	21	10 17
10	S	1 SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY	s. 4 11	22	11 35
11	M	<i>Plow Mon.—Hil. Term beg.</i>	r. 8 5	L	morn.
12	T		s. 4 14	24	0 55
13	W	<i>Cambridge Term begins</i>	r. 8 3	25	2 19
14	T	<i>Oxford Term begins</i>	s. 4 17	26	3 47
15	F		r. 8 2	27	5 15
16	S	Battle of Corunna, 1809	s. 4 20	28	6 39
17	S	2 SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY	r. 8 0	29	7 50
18	M		s. 4 23	N	sets.
19	T	Ciudad Rodrigo taken, 1812	r. 7 58	1	5 a 39
20	W		s. 4 27	2	7 6
21	T	Louis XVI. guillotined, 1793	r. 7 56	3	8 28
22	F	1st Meeting Imp. Parl. 1801	s. 4 30	4	9 46
23	S	William Pitt died, 1806	r. 7 53	5	10 59
24	S	3 SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY	s. 4 33	6	morn.
25	M	CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL	r. 7 51	7	0 12
26	T		s. 4 37	8	1 23
27	W	Duke of Sussex born, 1773	r. 7 48	9	2 34
28	T	Gov. Wall executed, 1802	s. 4 40	10	3 44
29	F	King George III. died, 1820	r. 7 45	11	4 52
30	S	KING CHARLES MARTYR	s. 4 44	12	5 54
31	S	SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY	r. 7 43	13	6 48





JANUARY, — "Hard Frost."

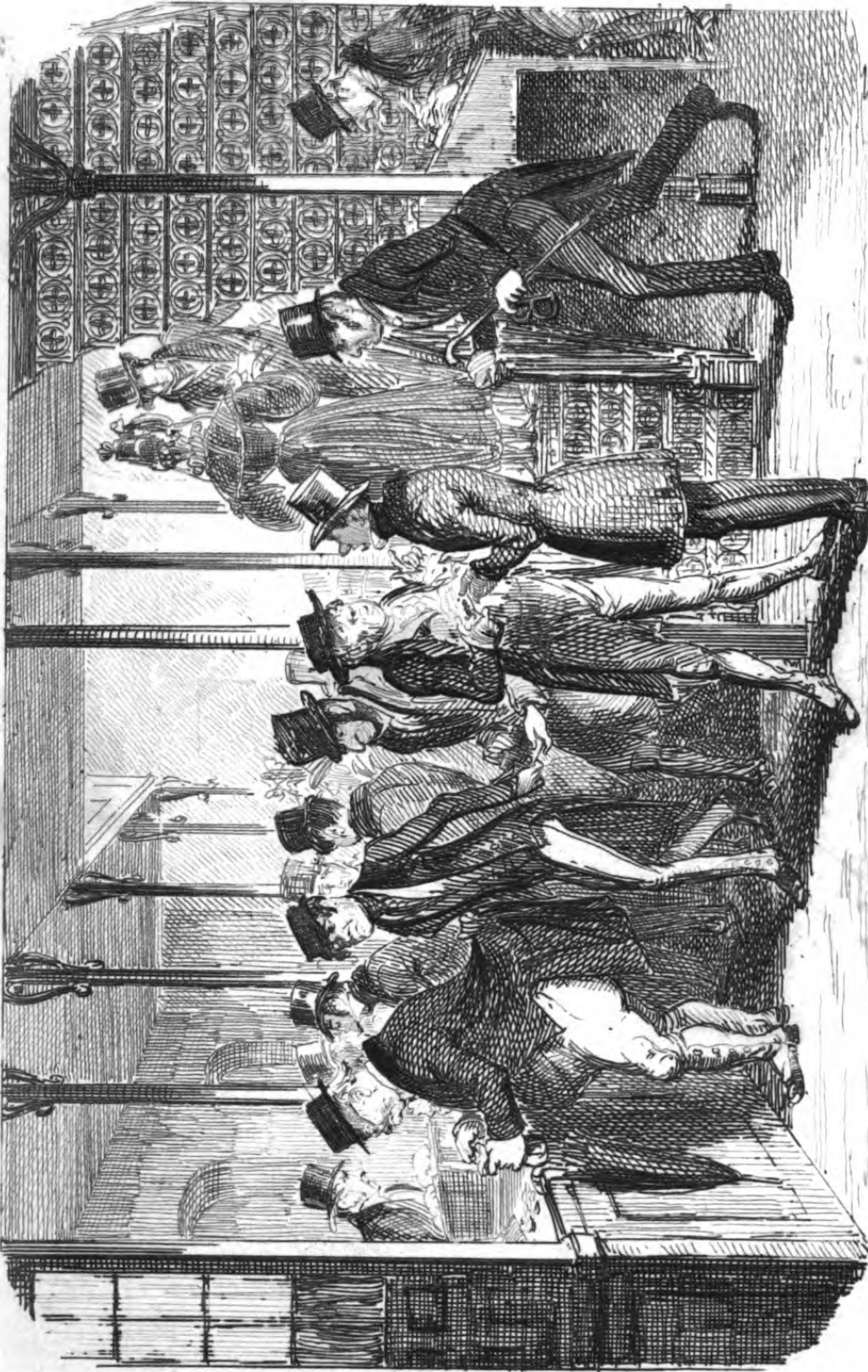
“ Kind Reader ! ” (as old Francis always said,)
 Beware of counterfeits, for Frank is dead ;
 Some Quack survives—*physician*—if he will,
 To swallow, of *our physic*, many a pill.
 We'll spread the caustic 'midst the town's applause,
 And thank the public that the blister *draws*.

M D	Season's Signs.	Odd Matters.	WEATHER.
1	When it		My
2	freezes	“ HARD FROST.”	profound
3	and	The day is clear, the frost is hard,—	△ * ⊙
4	blows	I very much incline,	prognostifi-
5	take	As I'm a <i>dab</i> , to have a <i>skate</i>	cations
6	care of	Upon the SERPENTINE.	
7	your	There's Mister Tait,—he cuts an eight ;	of the
8	nose	He cannot cut a nine ;	Weather
9	that it	And I could cut as good a <i>figure</i>	
10	doesn't	On the SERPENTINE.	☿ △ ♂ ⊙ *
11	get	I <i>hate</i> the <i>eight</i> of Mr. Tait ;	
12	froze	For he's no friend of mine ;	for
13	and	He us'd me once so ungentlely	the past
14	wrap up	On the SERPENTINE.	year
15	your	For in the <i>tête</i> of Mister Tait,	□ ♁ * ⊙
16	toes in	There harbour'd a design	have all
17	warm	To break the ice with Sophy Price,	proved
18	worsted	Upon the SERPENTINE.	so correct,
19	hose.	He cut in there, and cut me out	□ ♁
20	At	Of my sweet Valentine,	□ ☿ ♁ △ ♂
21	night	Which cut quite cut me to the heart,	
22	ere you	Upon the SERPENTINE.	and
23	slip	She cut me, while I thought that I	I have
24	into	Was cutting such a shine,	⊙ □ △
25	bed	By cutting out her pretty name	herein,
26	you	Upon the SERPENTINE.	as well as
27	may	So, Billy, bring my polish'd skates,—	♁ ♁ △ ♁
28	sip a	My love I won't resign ;	in all
29	can of	She meets her <i>knight</i> , I know, <i>to-day</i> ,	
30	good	Upon the SERPENTINE.	
31	flip.	And if my <i>sweet</i> won't follow <i>suite</i> ,	
		But still my <i>suit</i> decline,	
		The thaw I'll wait, to seal my fate,	
		All <i>in</i> the SERPENTINE.	

MOON'S CHANGES.

Full Moon . . 2 day 49 min. past 6 aft.
 Last Quar. . . 10 day 51 min. past 1 mo.
 New Moon . . 16 day 17 min. past 8 aft.
 First Quar. . . 24 day 46 min. past 11 mo.


M D	W D	FESTIVALS, &c.	Sun rises & sets.	M A	Moon rises & sets.
1	M	<i>Hilary Term ends</i>	r. 7 41	14	7 32
2	T	PURIFICATION.— <i>Cand. Day</i>	s. 4 49	F	rises.
3	W	Rev. G. Crabbe died, 1832	r. 7 38	16	5 32
4	T		s. 4 53	17	6 49
5	F	Bernadotte procl. King, 1818	r. 7 35	18	8 7
6	S	Hampden fined £40,000, 1684	s. 4 57	19	9 25
7	S	SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY	r. 7 31	20	10 44
8	M	Mary, Q. of Scots, beh. 1586	s. 5 0	21	morn.
9	T		r. 7 28	22	0 6
10	W	Lord Darnley murd. 1567	s. 5 4	L	1 31
11	T		r. 7 24	24	2 56
12	F	Partridge shooting ends	s. 5 8	25	4 20
13	S	Duke de Berri assas. 1820	r. 7 20	26	5 34
14	S	SHROVE SUNDAY— <i>Val. Day</i>	s. 5 11	27	6 32
15	M		r. 7 17	28	7 14
16	T	SHROVE TUESDAY	s. 5 15	N	sets.
17	W	ASH WEDNESDAY	r. 7 13	1	6 0
18	T	<i>Cambridge Term div. n.</i>	s. 5 19	2	7 21
19	F	Martin Luther died, 1546	r. 7 9	3	8 38
20	S		s. 5 22	4	9 52
21	S	1 SUNDAY IN LENT	r. 7 5	5	11 6
22	M		s. 5 26	6	morn.
23	T	Sir J. Reynolds died, 1792	r. 7 0	7	0 18
24	W	<i>St. Matthias—Ember Week</i>	s. 5 30	Fi	1 30
25	T	[Q. B. D. kept. D. Cam. b.]	r. 6 56	9	2 39
26	F		s. 5 33	10	3 44
27	S	John Evelyn died, 1706	r. 6 52	11	4 42
28	S	2 SUNDAY IN LENT	s. 5 37	12	5 29
29	M		r. 6 49	13	6 6



George Cruikshank

FEBRUARY. — "Transfer Day at the Bank."

Look, Mrs. B—, what a crowd I see,
 And the bells they make such a clatter ;
 And the people run, and I hear a gun !
 What ever can be the matter ?
 Mrs. C—, my dear, it's no good ; I fear,
 For us honest women and our spouses,
 For the people say, the King's going to-day,
 To open two *very bad houses*.

M D	Season's Signs.	Odds Matters.	WEATHER.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29	In this gay month I would not choose to walk the streets in dancing shoes nor would I for the world be seen to trip along in light nankeen.	<p style="text-align: center;">" TRANSFER DAY."</p> <p>As I was walking past the Bank, (I know not why I stroll'd that way,) I saw a lady tall and lank, With golden ringlets mix'd with grey ; And as she tripp'd, or strove to trip, Adown the steps, so light and gay, The greasy granite made her slip, And down she fell on TRANSFER DAY.</p> <p>I rais'd her up with gallant air ; For I'm a Major on half-pay, Who only live to serve the fair, At any time, in any way : And while she blush'd a purple hue, Her eyes obliquely shot a ray, Which seem'd to say, " You will not rue Your service on a TRANSFER DAY."</p> <p>And while the glance she threw at me Was thro' my heart a-making way ; I straight began a colloquy, And to myself I thus did say ; If tradesmen, when their bills they bring, Would be contented with <i>half-pay</i> ; I'd soar aloft on freedom's wing, Nor care a rush for TRANSFER DAY.</p> <p>But needy men the needful need ; So, spite of ringlets golden grey, And eyes that squint, I'll take the hint, Nor throw the lucky chance away. Full soon I found—ah ! pleasing sound !— With wealth she could my love repay ; No longer mute, I urg'd my suit, Upon that very TRANSFER DAY.</p> <p>I leave untold our courtship fond :— I made her Mrs. Major Cox ; And in return for Hymen's <i>bond</i>, She kindly placed me in the <i>stocks</i>. Her heart is good, her temper mild ; She rules with more than <i>sov'reign</i> sway ; Nor have I thought myself beguil'd, Or once regretted TRANSFER DAY.</p>	<p>other matters, D 8 8 H W 2 *</p> <p>so worthily stepped</p> <p>4 0 1 3 8 into the shoes of my</p> <p>II 8 *</p> <p>renowned</p> <p>8 8 predecessor,</p> <p>♀ ♂ 8 the great FRANCIS MOORE, Defunct,</p>  <p>II 6 0 X which shoes, by-the-bye,</p>

MOON'S CHANGES.

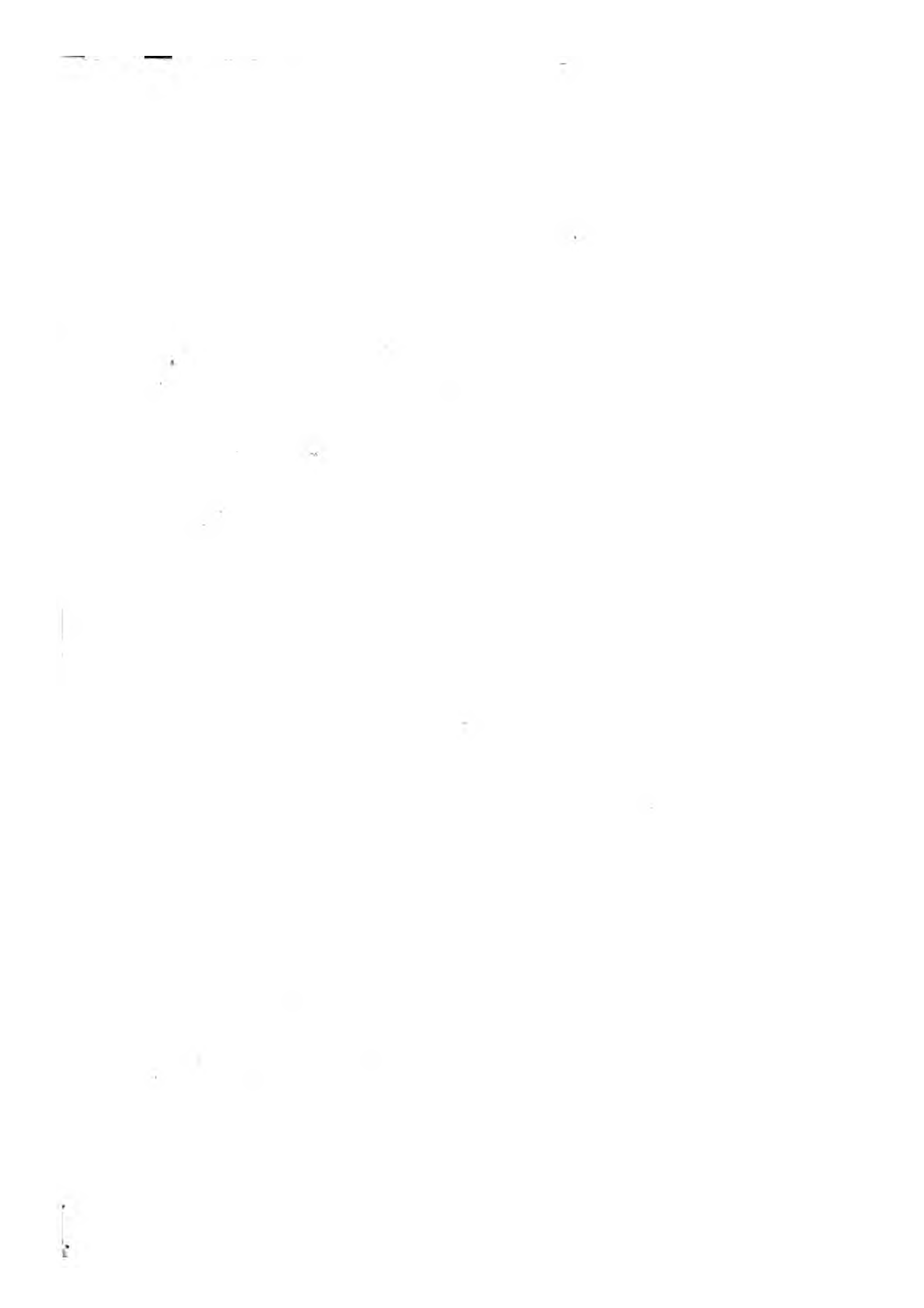
Full Moon . . 3 day 51 min. past 9 mo.

Last Quar. . . 10 day 24 min. past 9 mo.

New Moon . . 17 day 3 min. past 9 mo.

First Quar. . . 25 day 23 min. past 8 mo.

M D	W D	FESTIVALS, &c.	Sun rises & sets.	M A	Moon rises & sets.
1	T	ST. DAVID'S DAY	r. 6 48	14	6 33
2	W	John Wesley died, 1791	s. 5 40	15	6 56
3	T		r. 6 43	F	rises.
4	F	Bishop Gilpin ref. died, 1683	s. 5 44	17	7 a 10
5	S		r. 6 39	18	8 31
6	S	3 SUNDAY IN LENT	s. 5 47	19	9 53
7	M	Lord Collingwood died, 1810	r. 6 35	20	11 18
8	T		s. 5 51	21	morn.
9	W	David Rizzio assass. 1566	r. 6 30	22	0 46
10	T		s. 5 54	L	2 11
11	F	Chelsea Hospital foun. 1682	r. 6 26	24	3 27
12	S		s. 5 57	25	4 29
13	S	4 SUNDAY IN LENT	r. 6 21	26	5 14
14	M		s. 6 1	27	5 45
15	T	Julius Cæsar assas. B. C. 44	r. 6 17	28	6 8
16	W		s. 6 4	29	6 26
17	T	ST. PATRICK'S DAY	r. 6 12	N	sets.
18	F		s. 6 8	1	7 a 31
19	S	[born	r. 6 8	2	8 46
20	S	5 SUN. IN LENT—Ds. Cumb.	s. 6 11	3	9 59
21	M	Spring commences 1 39 aft.	r. 6 3	4	11 12
22	T	W. Symington, inv. of steam	s. 6 14	5	morn.
23	W	[nav. died, 1831	r. 5 58	6	0 24
24	T	The Great Seal stolen, 1784	s. 6 18	7	1 32
25	F	ANNUNCIATION—LADY DAY	r. 5 54	Fi	2 33
26	S	<i>Oxford Term ends</i>	s. 6 21	9	3 24
27	S	PALM SUNDAY	r. 5 49	10	4 5
28	M		s. 6 24	11	4 36
29	T	Planet Vesta discov. 1807	r. 5 45	12	5 0
30	W		s. 6 29	13	5 19
31	T	MAUNDY THURSDAY	r. 5 40	14	5 34





George Brunsbank

MARCH. — "Day and Night nearly equal!"

Some ready cash Dick wants to borrow
 About this time—perhaps for rent ;
 But like most folks, he finds with sorrow
 He's just too late—it's always *Lent*.

M D	Season's Signs.	ODD Matters.	WEATHER.
1	Blowing	"DAY AND NIGHT EQUAL."	although
2	growing	'Tis SIX o'CLOCK ;—and now the Sun	♁ ♃ ♀ ♄
3	here's a	His daily course begins to run ;	somewhat
4	clatter !	While Folly's children slink away,	clumsy
5	what the	Like bats who dread the glare of day,	♃ ☉ ♀ ♄ ♀
6	deuce	From Masquerade or Fancy Ball,	withal,
7	can be	Where Pleasure reign'd in Fashion's Hall ;	♃ ♁ ♀ ♄
8	the	And sneak along, like guilty creatures,	
9	matter ?	With tir'd limbs and haggard features.	♃ ♁ ♀ ♄
10	tiles	The sons of toil, as they come near 'em,	do fit me
11	and	With coarse-spun jokes begin to jeer 'em ;	with
12	chimney	While, <i>au contraire</i> , each motley hero,	marvellous
13	pots	Whose wit is now far under zero,	accuracy :
14	come	With 'not a gibe to mock their grinning,'	♁ ♀ ♃ ♄
15	down	Has but a sorry chance of winning.	for these
16	and pay	The Clown, with phiz so dull and sad,	reasons,
17	their	Looks grave as Ghost of Hamlet's Dad ;	I say,
18	duty	And Falstaff, now he's lost his stuffing,	♃ ♁
19	to the	Looks lean as lath, and pale as muffin ;	it behoveth
20	crown,	While Harlequin, half muzz'd with wine,	me to
21	while	Don't care a rush for Columbine,	♃ ♁ ♃ ♄ ♁
22	surly	But leaves her, like a careless loon,	be tender
23	north	To draggle home with Pantaloon ;	of my
24	usurps	And Romeo, with empty purse,	☉ ♃ ♁ ♄
25	the	Abandons Juliet to her nurse.	♃ ♀ ♃ ♄
26	south	The child of labour, when he sees	
27	and	Such silly spectacles as these,—	
28	makes a	How dissipation is repented,—	
29	dust-hole	May with his station be contented ;	
30	of your	For, mete them both with equal measure,	
31	mouth	He'll find the hardest toil is pleasure.	

MOON'S CHANGES.

Full Moon . . 1 day 6 min. past 10 aft.

Last Quar. . . 8 day at 4 aft.

New Moon . . 15 day 3 min. past 11 aft.

First Quar. . . 24 day 45 min. past 2 mo.

M D	W D	FESTIVALS, &c.	Sun rises & sets.	M A	Moon rises & sets.
1	F	GOOD FRIDAY	r. 5 38	F	rises.
2	S	Bonap. mar. Maria Lou. 1810	s. 6 33	16	7 32
3	S	EASTER SUNDAY	r. 5 33	17	8 59
4	M	EASTER MONDAY	s. 6 36	18	10 28
5	T	EASTER TUESDAY	r. 5 29	19	11 57
6	W	Old Lady Day	s. 6 39	20	morn.
7	T	Dublin Castle burnt, 1684	r. 5 24	21	1 19
8	F		s. 6 43	L	2 26
9	S	Lord Bacon died, 1626	r. 5 20	23	3 15
10	S	LOW SUNDAY	s. 6 46	24	3 51
11	M	Rowland Hill died, 1833	r. 5 16	25	4 15
12	T	Rodney def. De Grasse, 1782	s. 6 50	26	4 34
13	W	<i>Oxf. and Camb. Terms begin</i>	r. 5 11	27	4 48
14	T		s. 6 53	28	5 2
15	F	<i>Easter Term begins</i>	r. 5 7	N	sets.
16	S		s. 6 57	1	7 a 42
17	S	2 SUNDAY AFTER EASTER	r. 5 3	2	8 55
18	M		s. 6 59	3	10 9
19	T	Lord Byron died, 1824	r. 4 58	4	11 19
20	W		s. 7 3	5	morn.
21	T	John Abernethy died, 1831	r. 4 54	6	0 23
22	F		s. 7 6	7	1 19
23	S	ST. GEORGE'S DAY	r. 4 50	8	2 3
24	S	3 SUNDAY AFTER EASTER	s. 7 9	Fi	2 37
25	M	<i>St. Mark—Duchess of Glou-</i>	r. 4 46	10	3 3
26	T	<i>[cester born, 1776</i>	s. 7 12	11	3 23
27	W	Sir W. Jones died, 1794	r. 4 42	12	3 39
28	T		s. 7 16	13	3 53
29	F	London Univers. com. 1827	r. 4 38	14	4 7
30	S	Battle of Fontenoy, 1745	s. 7 19	15	4 21

—



APRIL. — Greenwich Park.

George Cruikshank

Well, neighbour, what do the papers say
 About "The Wisdom collective?"
 Oh! their Honors are busied by night and day
 With a list of The Lords elective:
 For like old London bridge, they declare, for years
 They've been sadly obstructed by too many *peers*.

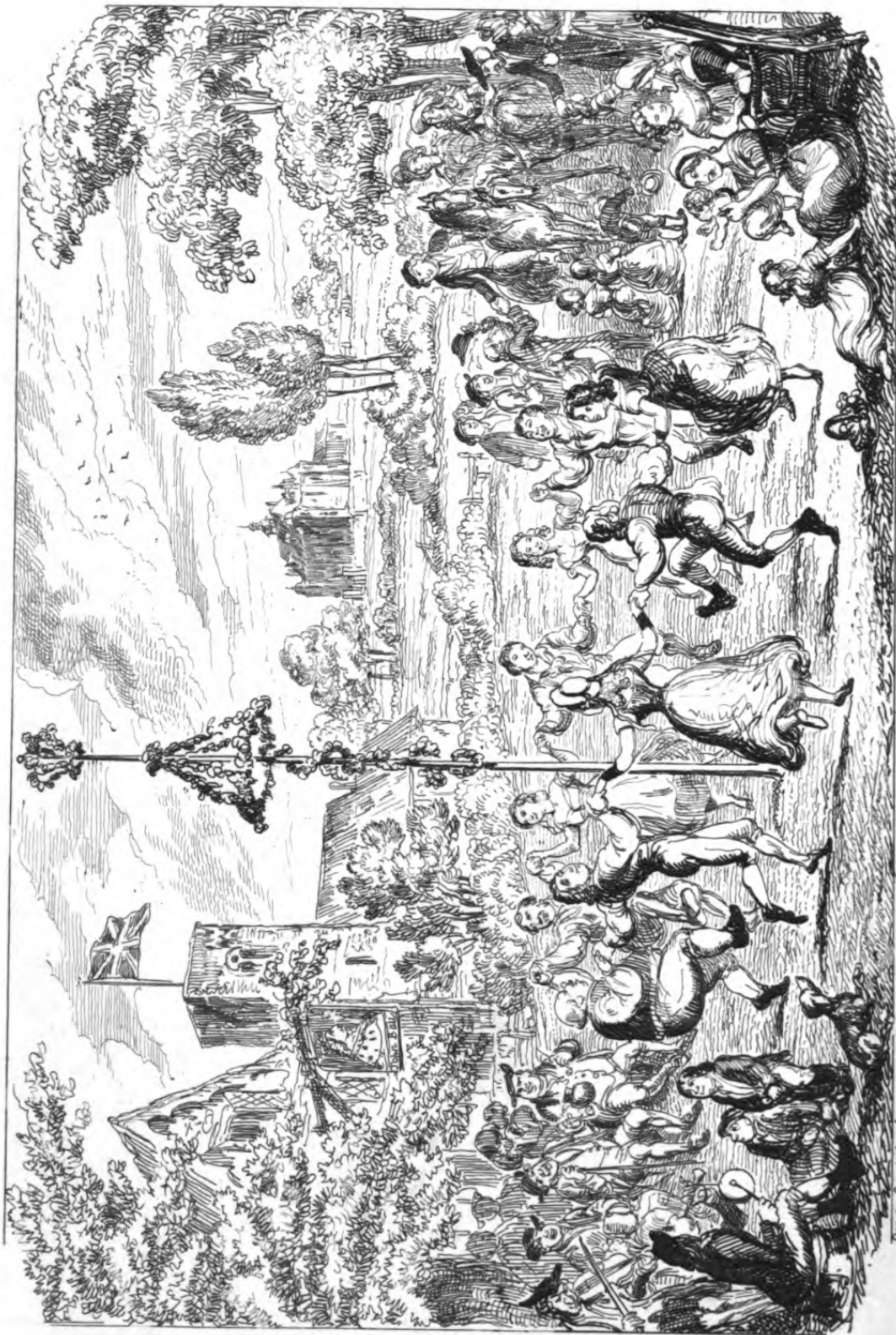
M D	Season's Signs.	ODD Matters.	WEATHER.
1	Sloshy	"EASTER MONDAY."	budding
2	squashy	Can poet's quill	h̄ π Ω ☿ *
3	are	Or painter's skill,	⊙ π
4	the	Depict the joy	reputation,
5	streets,	Of 'Prentice Boy,	⊙ h̄ π
6	sloppy	On that bright fun day,	and
7	droppy	EASTER MONDAY?	not to put
8	all	Can rhetorician or logician	the same
9	one	Describe with aught that's like precision,	h̄ π ☿ ♂ *
10	meets;	The rapture that dilates his soul,	into
11	Haber-	Now his own master, and beyond control?	jeopardy
12	dashers	His fancy soars aloft, like a sky-rocket!	by
13	mantua-	Where shall he go?	* π ⊙ h̄
14	makers	He doesn't know,	any crude
15	look as	Although "the world's before him where to	or hasty
16	grave as	choose,"	⊙ ♂ ♂ ♂
17	under-	And he's got on a bran new pair of shoes,	guesses or
18	takers,	And two bright shillings in his trousers	speculations
19	for	pocket.	⊙ ☿ ♂
20	shopping	Perhaps he'll join the merry throng,	thereupon,
21	ladies	Who love the dance and song;	as is the
22	forced	Or, <i>drawn</i> by ASTLEY'S horses, go,	⊙ ♂ ♃ h̄ π
23	to	And "struggling for the foremost row,"	wont
24	house	Enjoy the feats of fam'd Ducrow;	of those
25	now	Or at the CIRCUS, as they us'd to call it,	
26	stay	Clamour and bawl it;	
27	at home	And, like a little savage,	
28	to	Shout "Bravo Davidge!"	
29	worry	Who, Richard-like, disdains to yield,	
30	spouse.	And "saddles <i>white Surrey</i> for the field." Or else some fellow-'prentice tells The joys he'd <i>quaff</i> at Sadler's <i>Wells</i> . While these temptations try to start him, A sudden fancy comes athwart him,— "Well, only think!—why, I declare, I'd quite forgot there's GREENWICH FAIR! And won't I have a precious lark Down One-Tree Hill in Greenwich Park!"	

MOON'S CHANGES.

Full Moon 1 day 57 min. past 7 mo.
 Last Quar. 7 day 49 min. past 10 aft.
 New Moon 15 day 7 min. past 2 aft.
 First Quar. 23 day 55 min. past 5 aft.
 Full Moon 30 day 59 min. past 3 aft.

M D	W D	FESTIVALS, &c.	Sun rises & sets.	M A	Moon rises & sets.
1	S	4 SUNDAY AFTER EASTER—	r. 4 34	F	rises.
2	M	[ST. PHIL. & ST. JAS.	s. 7 22	17	9 a 2
3	T	Bonaparte land. at Elba, 1814	r. 4 31	18	11 0
4	W	Storming Seringapatam, 1799	s. 7 25	19	morn.
5	T		r. 4 27	20	0 17
6	F		s. 7 29	21	1 14
7	S	First Iron Steam Boat, 1822	r. 4 24	L	1 54
8	S	ROGATION SUNDAY	s. 7 32	23	2 21
9	M	<i>Easter Term ends</i>	r. 4 20	24	2 42
10	T		s. 7 35	25	2 57
11	W		r. 4 17	26	3 11
12	T	ASCENSION— <i>Holy Thursday</i>	s. 7 38	27	3 23
13	F	<i>Old May Day</i>	r. 4 14	28	3 35
14	S		s. 7 41	29	3 49
15	S	SUN. AFT. ASCENSION—Sun	r. 4 11	N	sets.
16	M	[eclipsed, visible	s. 7 44	1	9 a 6
17	T		r. 4 8	2	10 14
18	W	Bonaparte decl. Emp. 1804	s. 7 47	3	11 12
19	T	Q. Anne Boleyn beh. 1536	r. 4 5	4	morn.
20	F		s. 7 50	5	0 0
21	S	<i>Oxf. T. ends—Trin. T. beg.</i>	r. 4 2	6	0 38
22	S	WHIT SUN.—Prs. Homb. b.	s. 7 53	7	1 6
23	M	WHIT MON.—Prs. S. Mat. b.	r. 4 0	Fi	1 28
24	T	WHIT TU.—Prs. Vict. b. 1819	s. 7 55	9	1 44
25	W	EMBER WEEK— <i>Oxf. T. beg.</i>	r. 3 58	10	1 59
26	T	<i>Cambridge Term div. n.</i>	s. 7 58	11	2 13
27	F	Prince Geo. Cumb. born, 1819	r. 3 55	12	2 26
28	S	K. WILLIAM IV. B. D. KEPT	s. 8 0	13	2 41
29	S	TRINITY SUNDAY—K. CHAS.	r. 3 53	14	2 59
30	M	[II. RESTORED	s. 8 3	F	rises.
31	T		r. 3 52	16	9 a 55





George Cruikshank

MAY.—"Old May Day"

The depth of "A Winter in London," I sing:—
For thus do the rulers of fashion declare—
That *Spring Garden* shall yield all they know of the *spring*,
And the charms of *fair May* be supplied in *May Fair*.

M D	Season's Signs.	"Old May Day." <small>BY A NONOGENARIAN.</small>	WEATHER.
1	Ah! well-	When I was young and in my prime,	who,
2	a-day!	Then ev'ry thing look'd gay;	♃ ♂ ♃ ♀
3	alack!	And nothing was so merry as The merry FIRST OF MAY:	in place
4	alas!	Kind Nature, who doth ever smile, Seem'd then to smile the more;	of
5	that	And ev'ry Spring that time did bring Seem'd greener than before.	♃ ♀ ♀
6	such a	The birds they sang so jocundly,— They fill'd the air around,	consulting
7	thing	And human hearts as jocundly Responded to the sound.	the stars
8	should	I recollect the lovely scene, As though I saw it still:—	♃ ♀ ♂ ♀
9	come	The mansion of a noble race Was seated on a hill;	according to
10	to pass!	And smilingly it seem'd to look Upon the plain below,	art,
11	but on	Where groupes of happy villagers Were sporting to and fro.	♃ ⊕ ♂ ⊕
12	my word,	The May-pole in the centre plac'd, All deck'd with garlands gay,	thrust forth
13	I feel	While lads and lasses danc'd around, And footed it away.	♃ ♃
14	suspi-	The ruddy hostess of the inn, Which stood within the vale,	their
15	cious,	Supplied the thirsty revellers With draughts of nut-brown ale;	own bald
16	unless	While pleas'd, the neighb'ring gentry stood, And view'd the cheerful scene,	and
17	the stars	Or laid aside their rank to join The sports upon the green.	conceited
18	prove	Ah! those were times that memory Is happy to retrace,	♀ ♂ ♀
19	more	But chang'd, alas! and sad are those Which now supply their place.	suppositions
20	propi-	An honest healthy peasantry Then shar'd the farmer's board,	♃ ♀ * ♀ ♀
21	tious,	Who'd shrink from parish pauper pay, As from a thing abhorr'd;	For these
22	that	The sons of "Merry England" now Are chang'd to Mammon's slaves,	and other
23	I shall	And "peep about to find themselves Dishonourable graves."	weighty
24	nothing	The "labourer," no longer "reckon'd Worthy of his hire,"	
25	have	No more partakes the farmer's board, Nor warms him at his fire—	
26	to say	* * * * *	
27	about	(RIGDUM FUNNIDOS interrupteth.)	
28	this	Stop, stop, old friend! I pr'ythee, cease this prosing.	
29	famous	Egad! you'll set my gentle readers dozing. The TIMES are bad, I own, and sad's the change;	
30	month	But, surely, that is not so wond'rous strange; And if it were, this is no place to joke in.	
31	of May!	NONOGENARIAN: Enough, good RIGDUM!—I'll give over croaking.	

MOON'S CHANGES.

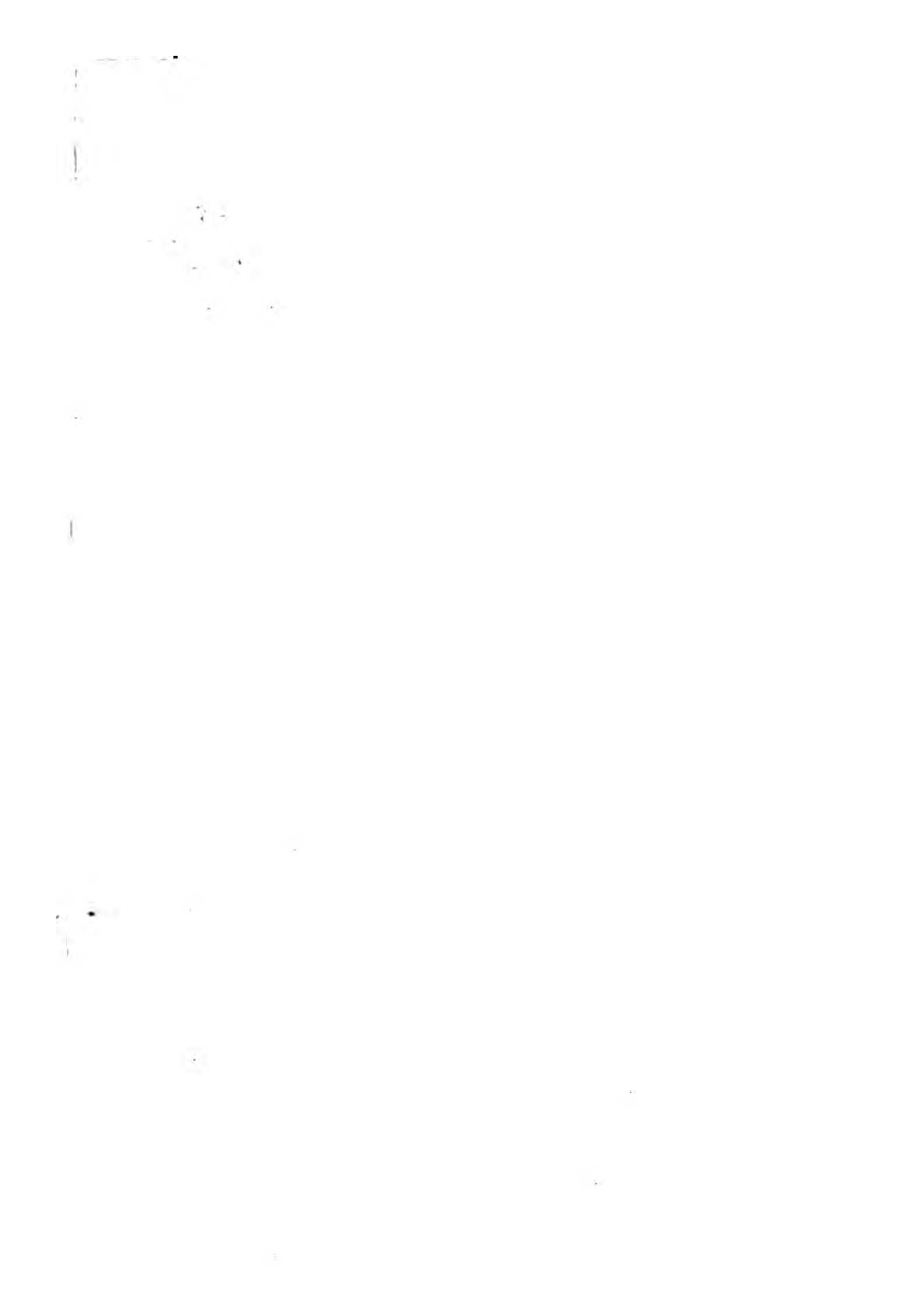
Last Quar. . . 6 day at 7 mo.

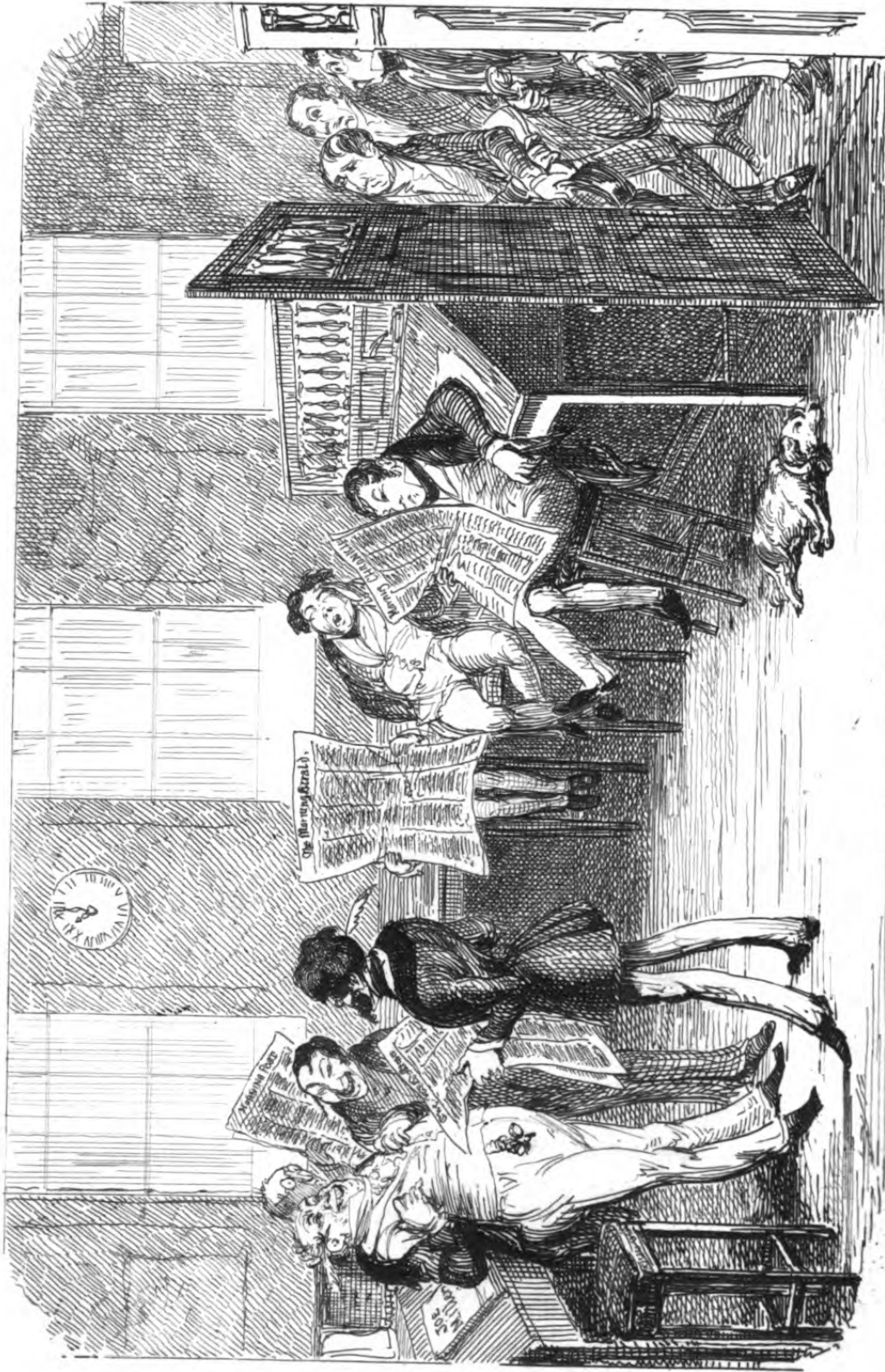
New Moon . . 14 day 37 min. past 5 mo.

First Quar. . . 22 day 52 min. past 5 mo.

Full Moon . . 28 day 56 min. past 10 aft.

M D	W D	FESTIVALS, &c.	Sun rises & sets.	M A	Moon rises & sets.
1	W	Earl Howe's victory, 1794	r. 3 51	17	11 3
2	T		s. 8 6	18	11 52
3	F	Transit of Venus, 1769	r. 3 49	19	morn.
4	S		s. 8 8	20	0 25
5	S	1 SUN. AFT. TRIN.—Duke of	r. 3 48	21	0 48
6	M	[Cumb. born, 1771	s. 8 10	L	1 5
7	T		r. 3 47	23	1 19
8	W	Mrs. Siddons died, 1831	s. 8 11	24	1 31
9	T	African Association founded,	r. 3 46	25	1 44
10	F	[1788	s. 8 13	26	1 57
11	S	ST. BARNABAS	r. 3 45	27	2 12
12	S	2 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	s. 8 14	28	2 31
13	M	Trinity Term ends	r. 3 44	29	2 55
14	T		s. 8 15	N	sets.
15	W		r. 3 44	1	9 a 58
16	T	John, Duke of Marlb. died,	s. 8 16	2	10 38
17	F	[1722	r. 3 44	3	11 9
18	S	Waterloo Bridge opened, 1817	s. 8 17	4	11 33
19	S	3 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	r. 3 44	5	11 50
20	M	1st. st. Hung. mar. laid, 1831	s. 8 18	6	morn.
21	T	Summer com. 10 41 mo.—	r. 3 44	7	0 5
22	W	[Longest Day	s. 8 18	Fi	0 19
23	T	Last app. of J.P. Kemble, 1817	r. 3 45	9	0 32
24	F	NAT. JOHN BAPT.—MIDS. D.	s. 8 19	10	0 45
25	S		r. 3 46	11	1 1
26	S	4 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY—	s. 8 19	12	1 21
27	M	[KING WM. IV. AC.	r. 3 46	13	1 50
28	T	KING WILLIAM IV. PROCL.	s. 8 18	F	rises.
29	W	ST. PETER	r. 3 47	15	9 a 41
30	T	William Roscoe died, 1831	s. 8 18	16	10 23





George Cruikshank

JUNE.—"Holiday at the Public Offices"

The Midsummer nights fly swiftly by,
 While Members are "catching the Speaker's eye ;
 And the *Outs* are employing their labour and wit,
 On those who are *In*, to serve "notice to quit."

M D	Season's Signs.	Odd Matters.	WEATHER.
1	Lawyers	"HOLIDAYS AT PUBLIC OFFICES."	and
2	now may	I've often thought how hard the fate	sufficient
3	take	Of those, who're destin'd, day by day,	reasons,
4	their	To rise up early, lie down late.	
5	ease,	And waste, in toil, their lives away.	♈ ♉ ♊ ♋ ♌
6	and	And often have I ask'd myself,	♍ ♎ ♏
7	counsel	When musing o'er these scenes of woe,	instead of
8	reckon	"Couldst thou, for sake of sordid pelf,	♃ ♄ ⊕
9	up their	Oppress thy fellow-creatures so?"	jumping
10	fees ;	Then fancy would begin to paint	at once
11	for	The griefs of little cotton-spinners,	into the ice
12	now	Compell'd to labour till they faint,	and snow
13	the	That bloated knaves may eat good dinners.	* ♀ ♃ ♄ ♅
14	welcome	I thought of poor young milliners,	♆ ♀
15	long	Who toil all night, with matted tresses,	of January,
16	vacation	And faces pale, that Fashion's dames	and
17	gives a	May grace the ball in fancy dresses.	commencing
18	rest to	And then I thought upon the Pole,	♁ ♃ ♄
19	liti-	Condemn'd, among Siberia's snow,	as the learned
20	gation ;	With shackled limbs and blighted soul,	♄ ♃ ♀ * ♆
21	while	The joys of freedom ne'er to know.	have it,
22	happy	With those who work in powder mill,	♃ ♃ ♄ *
23	they on	Life's value scarcely weighs a feather,	♅ ♆ ♇
24	quarter	So oft exploding, 'twere no ill,	ab initio,
25	day,	Were they exploded altogether.	
26	who're	But what are these ? and what are those ?	
27	not	Or all that thou, Oh, man ! endurest ?	
28	obliged	Compar'd with those transcendant woes,	
29	to run	Experienced by the Sinecurist ?	
30	away !	Compell'd by eight o'clock to rise,	
		By nine to get his breakfast o'er,	
		And leave some bit that gourmands prize,	
		Because the stage is at the door.	
		And when the coachman sets him down	
		At Treasury or Navy Pay,	
		His toil begins,—but I'll explain	
		How hard he works from day to day.	
		Five weary hours he stands or sits,	
		Or fidgets till he gets the vapours ;	
		And then to chase the ennui fits,	
		He picks his teeth, or reads the papers.	
		Perhaps his name full twenty times	
		He signs, or writes a page of figures ;	
		Until are heard the welcome chimes,	
		Which end the toil of these white Niggers.	
		The fate of him who digs the mine,	
		Compar'd to this, is children's play ;	
		Then, ah ! how cruel 'tis to sneer,	
		And call his life a holiday.	
		Ah ! radicals ; ye little know	
		'Bout what it is ye make a clamour ;	
		Go, thank your stars you drag a truck,	
		Or only wield a blacksmith's hammer.	

MOON'S CHANGES.

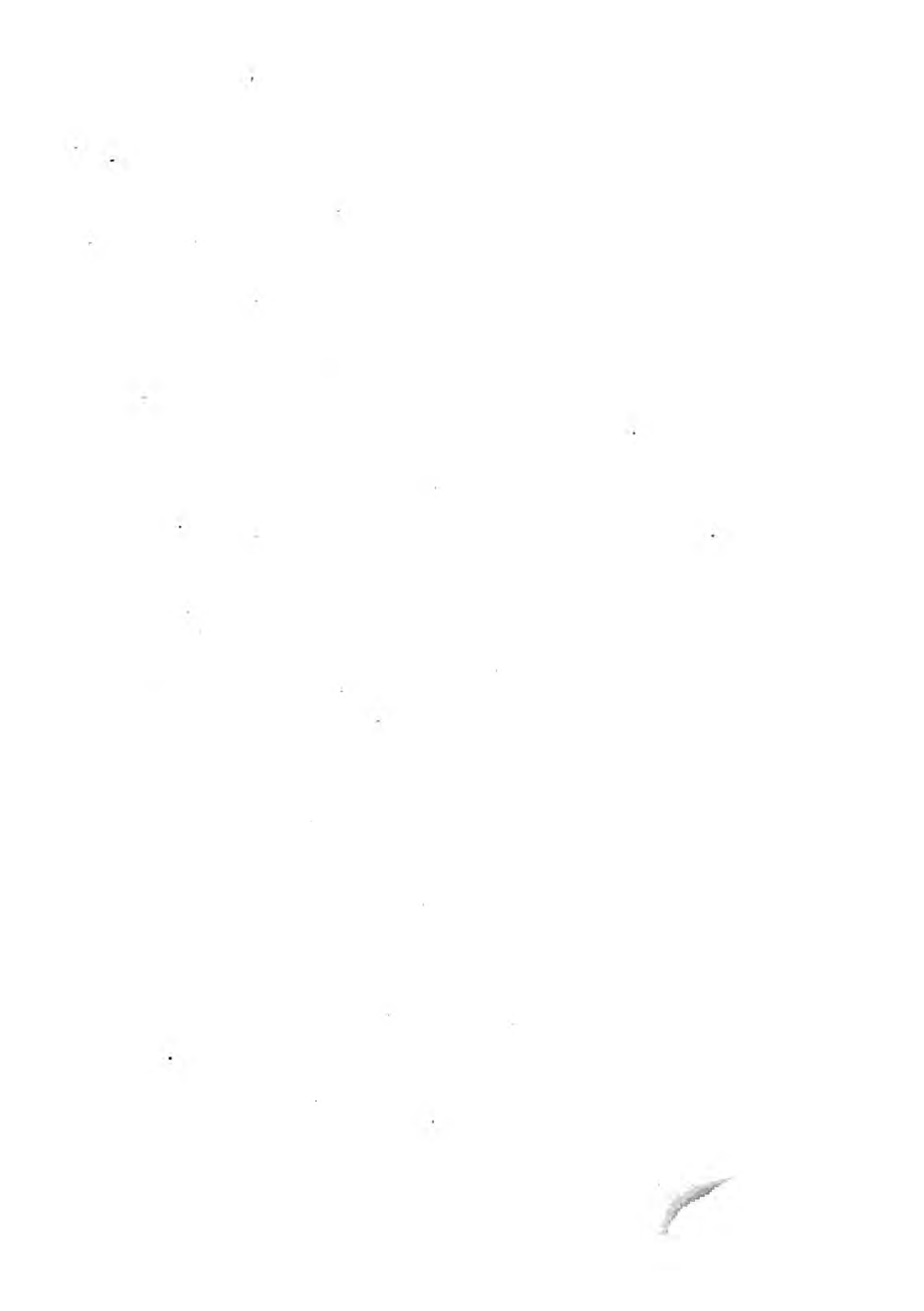
Last Quar. . . 5 day 34 min. past 5 aft.

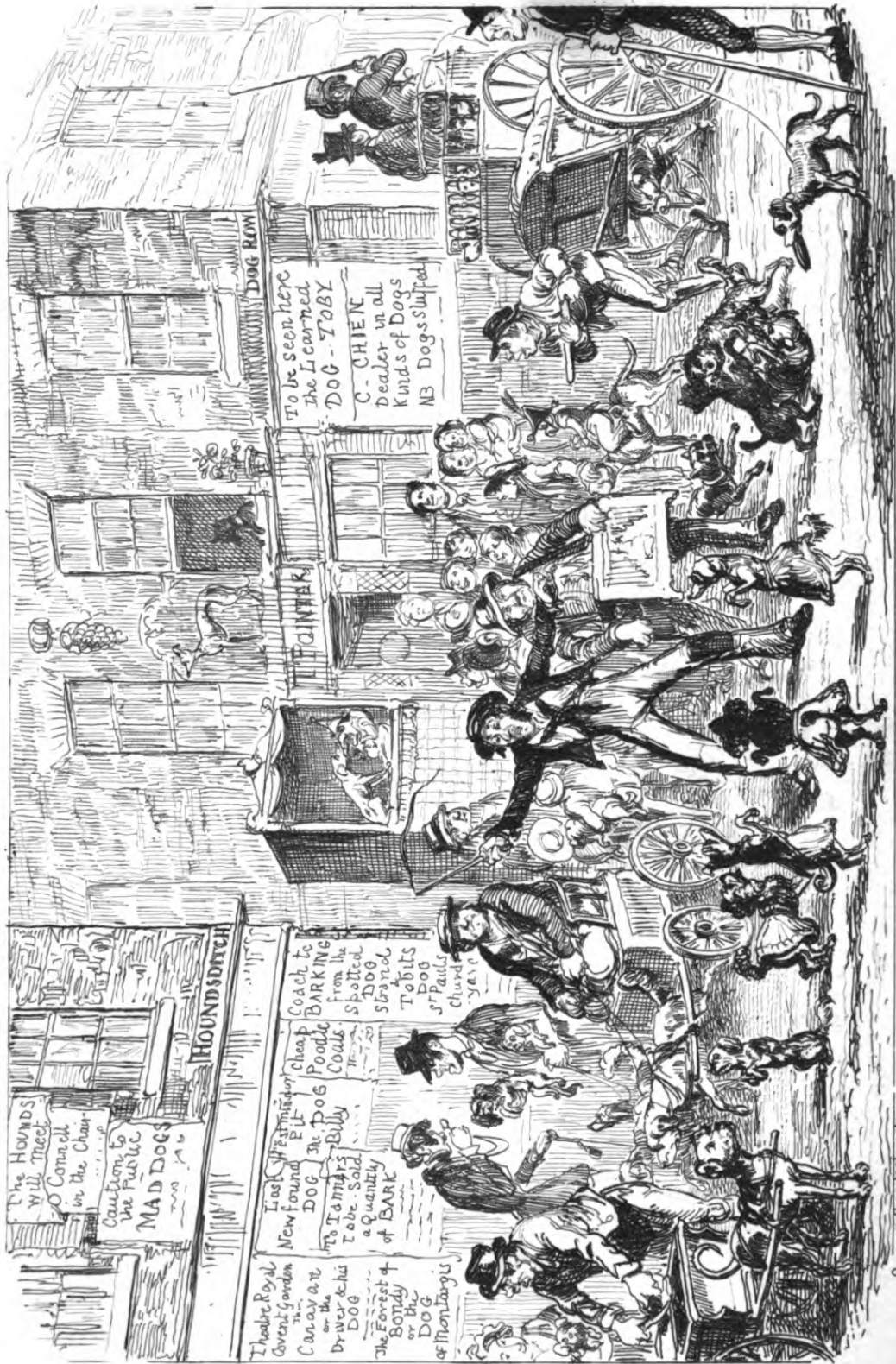
New Moon . . 13 day 48 min. past 8 aft.

First Quar. . . 21 day 5 min. past 3 aft.

Full Moon . . 28 day 46 min. past 5 mo.

M D	W D	FESTIVALS, &c.	Sun rises & sets.	M A	Moon rises & sets.
1	F	Battle of the Boyne, 1690	r. 3 49	17	10 50
2	S		s. 8 17	18	11 10
3	S	5 SUN. AFT. TRINITY—Dog	r. 3 50	19	11 25
4	M	[days begin	s. 8 17	20	11 38
5	T	Oxford Act.—Camb. com.	r. 3 52	L	11 51
6	W	<i>Old Midsummer Day</i>	s. 8 16	22	morn.
7	T	Vauxhall Bridge opened, 1816	r. 3 53	23	0 4
8	F	<i>Cambridge Term ends</i>	s. 8 14	24	0 19
9	S	<i>Oxford Term ends</i>	r. 3 55	25	0 36
10	S	6 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	s. 8 13	26	0 58
11	M	Macklin died, 1797	r. 3 57	27	1 17
12	T	Battle of Aghrim, 1691	s. 8 12	28	2 6
13	W		r. 3 59	N	sets.
14	T		s. 8 10	1	9 a 13
15	F	<i>St. Swithin</i>	r. 4 2	2	9 38
16	S		s. 8 8	3	9 57
17	S	7 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	r. 4 4	4	10 13
18	M		s. 8 6	5	10 26
19	T	Battle of Halidown Hill	r. 4 7	6	10 39
20	W		s. 8 3	7	10 51
21	T	Robert Burns died, 1796	r. 4 9	Fi	11 6
22	F	Battle of Salamanca, 1812	s. 8 1	9	11 23
23	S		r. 4 12	10	11 46
24	S	8 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	s. 7 58	11	morn.
25	M	ST. JAMES—Ds. of Camb. bo.	r. 4 15	12	0 20
26	T	[1797	s. 7 55	13	1 11
27	W	French Revolution, 1830	r. 4 17	14	2 20
28	T		s. 7 52	F	rises.
29	F	W. Wilberforce died, 1833	r. 4 20	16	9 a 12
30	S		s. 7 49	17	9 29
31	S	9 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	r. 4 23	18	9 44





JULY. — 'Dog Days'

George Cruikshank

Dear me! how hot the weather grows—
 There's scarce a breath to cool one's face;
 Through *Air Street* not a zephyr blows,
 Nor e'en a breeze from *Wind-ham Place*.
 Down *Regent Street*, so lazy all one sees,
 There's nobody "industrious" but "The Fleas."

M D	Season's Signs.	Odd Matters.	WEATHER.
1	belly	A DOGGEREL FOR THE DOG DAYS.	(that
2	back	Most <i>doggedly</i> I do maintain,	is to say,
3	hips	And hold the <i>dogma</i> true,—	beginning
4	reins,	That four-legg'd <i>dogs</i> altho' we see,	at the
5	all	We've some that walk on two.	beginning)
6	full of	Among them there are clever dogs;	♁ ⊙ * ♁
7	aches	A few you'd reckon mad;	✕ D ♁
8	and	While some are very jolly dogs,	
9	pains	And others very sad.	
10	because	You've heard of Dogs, who, early taught,	I do
11	I know	Catch halfpence in the mouth;—	prefer
12	not	But we've a long-tail'd <i>Irish Dog</i> ,	⊙ D ♁ ♀
13	what	With feats of larger growth.	
14	to do	Of Dogs who merely <i>halfpence</i> snatch	jogging
15	the	The admiration ceases,	along
16	Season's	For he grows saucy, sleek, and fat,	
17	Signs	By swallowing <i>penny-pieces</i> !	⊙ II ✕ ✕
18	are	He's practising some other feats,	
19	now	Which time will soon reveal;	slowly and
20	so few	One is, to squeeze an <i>Orange flat</i> ,	cautelously;
21	and	And strip it of its <i>Peel</i> .	
22	all	The next he'll find a toughish job,	D Δ ✕
23	that	For one so far in years;	
24	I have	He wants to pull an old <i>House</i> down,	feeling
25	got	That's now propp'd up by <i>Peers</i> .	my way,
26	to say	I've heard of physic thrown to dogs,	
27	is, take	And very much incline	as it were,
28	care of	To think it true, for we've a pack,	with
29	Saint	Who only <i>bark</i> and <i>w(h)ine</i> .	
30	Swithin's	The <i>Turnspit</i> of the sad old days	♁ ♃ ♂ ⊙ *
31	day!	Is vain enough to boast,	my eye at
		Altho' his "occupation's gone,"	
		He still could <i>rule the roast</i> .	
		But turnspits now are out of date,—	
		We all despise the hack,	
		And in the kitchen of the state	
		We still prefer a <i>Jack</i> .	

MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quar. . . 4 day 11 min. past 7 mo.

New Moon . . 12 day 12 min. past 11 mo.

First Quar. . . 19 day 15 min. past 10 aft.

Full Moon . . 26 day 39 min. past 1 aft.

M D	W D	FESTIVALS, &c.	Sun rises & sets.	M A	Moon rises and sets.
1	M	<i>Lammas Day</i>	r. 4 25	19	9 57
2	T	First Mail Coach started,	s. 7 45	20	10 10
3	W	[1784	r. 4 28	21	10 24
4	T	Lord Burleigh died, 1598	s. 7 41	L	10 40
5	F		r. 4 31	23	11 0
6	S	George Canning died, 1827	s. 7 38	24	11 27
7	S	10 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	r. 4 34	25	morn.
8	M		s. 7 34	26	0 2
9	T	Greenwich Observ. founded,	r. 4 37	27	0 48
10	W	[1695	s. 7 31	28	1 47
11	T	Dog Days end	r. 4 40	29	2 53
12	F		s. 7 27	N	sets.
13	S	QUEEN ADELAIDE BORN, 1792	r. 4 43	1	8 a 20
14	S	11 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	s. 7 23	2	8 34
15	M	Nap. Bonaparte born, 1769	r. 4 46	3	8 46
16	T	Sir Walter Scott born, 1771	s. 7 19	4	8 59
17	W	Duchess of Kent born, 1786	r. 4 49	5	9 12
18	T		s. 7 15	6	9 28
19	F	Royal George sunk, 1782	r. 4 53	Fi	9 48
20	S		s. 7 11	8	10 17
21	S	12 SUN. AFT. TRIN.—K.W.M.	r. 4 56	9	10 59
22	M	[IV. BORN, 1765	s. 7 7	10	11 58
23	T		r. 4 59	11	morn.
24	W	ST. BARTHOLOMEW	s. 7 3	12	1 16
25	T		r. 5 2	13	2 25
26	F	Dr. A. Clarke died, 1832	s. 6 58	F	rises.
27	S		r. 5 5	15	7 48
28	S	13 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	s. 6 54	16	8 2
29	M		r. 5 9	17	8 14
30	T	Jerusalem destroyed, 70	s. 6 50	18	8 28
31	W		r. 5 12	19	8 43



AUGUST.—Bathing at Brighton.

George Cruikshank

Perhaps the Minister has passed the budget, and given the Houses leave to trudge it;—the lawyer folds his brief, with little grief;—closed are the Halls, against all calls;—John Doe and Richard Roe may go;—the debtor breathes, respited from mishap; and Bailiffs, wanting jobs, may keep *a Tap*.

M D	Season's Signs.	ODD Matters.	WEATHER.
1	In	BRIGHTON.	the end of
2	Germany	Well, here, once more, on Brighton's shore,	☽ ✕ ♂ ♂
3	they	We're safe arrived at last;	
4	rest	So, Mister Snip, don't have the hyp,	my
5	their	Nor look so <i>overcast</i> .	divining
6	heads	We've not been here this many a year;	rod,
7	betwixt	So do not look so blue,	
8	a pair	But sport your cash, and cut a dash,	* ♀ ♃ † ♀
9	of	As other people do.	
10	feather	There's Mistress Skait,—she wouldn't wait,	☉ † ✕
11	beds ;	But off she tripp'd so gaily :	
12	a famous	She struts along amid the throng:	and
13	plan, I	<i>Her</i> husband isn't <i>scaly</i> .	exploring
14	will be	There's Mistress <i>Wick</i> , and little Dick,	the mazes
15	bound,	Have come to have a <i>dipping</i> ;	of
16	while	And there's her niece, who's been to <i>Greece</i> ,	
17	frost &	Is now all over <i>dripping</i> .	☉ ♃ † ♂ ♂
18	snow	And oh, what fun ! there's Martha Gunn,	
19	are on	(But no, that gun's <i>gone off</i>)	futurity,
20	the	But only look at that sea-cook	with the
21	ground,	A-sousing Mrs. Gough.	heedfulness
22	but	Well, I declare, there's Mrs. <i>Ware</i> —	
23	in the	(She's ev'ry <i>where</i> , I think)	♁ ♀ ☉ ♂
24	Dog	Her spouse, I know, is quite her beau,	
25	Days'	And never spares the chink.	of one, who,
26	raging	And, last of all, there's Mr. Ball,	knowing
27	heat, I	Who promis'd Mrs. B.—	the
28	shouldn't	And kindly has <i>redeem'd</i> his <i>pledge</i> ,—	
29	think it	That she should see the sea.	♃ ♂ ♁ ☽
30	such a	So Mister Snip, don't have the hyp,	
31	treat.	Nor look so monstrous blue ;	weightiness
		But sport your cash, and cut a dash,	of the
		As other people do.	

MOON'S CHANGES.

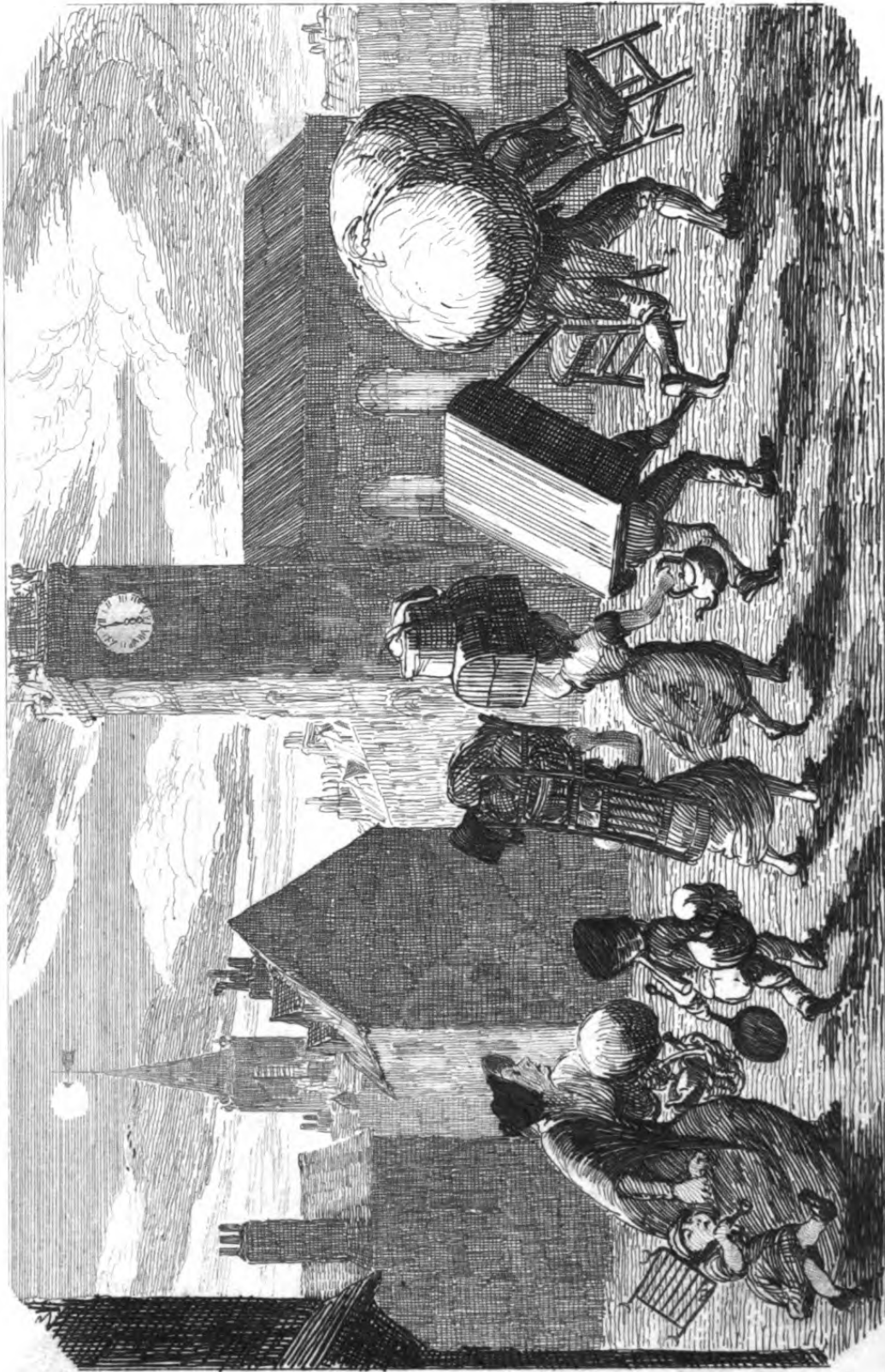
Last Quar. . . 2 day 48 min. past 11 aft.

New Moon . . 11 day 17 min. bef. 1 mo.

First Quar. . . 18 day 19 min. past 4 mo.

Full Moon . . 24 day 48 min. past 11 aft.

M D	W D	FESTIVALS, &c.	Sun rises & sets.	M A	Moon rises & sets.
1	T	Sir R. Steele died, 1729	r. 5 13	20	9 2
2	F	Thomas Telford died, 1834	s. 6 43	L	9 26
3	S		r. 5 17	22	9 58
4	S	14 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	s. 6 39	23	10 40
5	M	Battle of Maida, 1806	r. 5 20	24	11 34
6	T		s. 6 34	25	morn.
7	W	Mrs. H. More died, 1833	r. 5 23	26	0 39
8	T	K. WM. AND Q. ADEL. CR.	s. 6 29	27	1 50
9	F	Battle of Flodden, 1513	r. 5 26	28	3 5
10	S		s. 6 25	29	4 21
11	S	15 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	r. 5 29	N	sets.
12	M		s. 6 20	1	7 a 6
13	T	C. J. Fox died, 1806	r. 5 33	2	7 19
14	W	[1832	s. 6 16	3	7 34
15	T	Manchester Railway opened,	r. 5 36	4	7 53
16	F	Cape of G. Hope taken, 1795	s. 6 11	5	8 18
17	S	Astley's Theatre burnt, 1794	r. 5 39	6	8 54
18	S	16 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	s. 6 6	Fi	9 47
19	M		r. 5 42	8	10 57
20	T	Cov. Gar. Theatre burnt, 1808	s. 6 2	9	morn.
21	W	ST. MATTHEW—EMB. WEEK	r. 5 45	10	0 20
22	T		s. 5 57	11	1 49
23	F	Autumn com. 0 37 mo.	r. 5 49	12	3 17
24	S		s. 5 53	F	rises.
25	S	17 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	r. 5 52	14	6 a 20
26	M	Geo. Fred. Cooke died, 1812	s. 5 48	15	6 33
27	T	Rammohun Roy died, 1833	r. 5 55	16	6 47
28	W	Roy. Exchange opened, 1699	s. 5 44	17	7 4
29	T	MICHAELMAS DAY	r. 5 58	18	7 26
30	F	George Whitfield died, 1770	s. 5 39	19	7 54



SEPTEMBER.—Michaelmas Day.

George Cruikshank

It pleased her jolly Majesty Queen Bess,
Stuffing, herself, a well-*stuff'd* goose to bless,
 And ever since, in *sage* affairs of state,
 The royal bird does still predominate;—
 So modest merit proves of little use,
 Unless at Court you-“boo” to ev'ry goose.

M D	Season's Signs.	ODD Matters.	WEATHER.
1	Now		matters
2	farmers	“SHOOTING THE MOON.”	
3	mind	—	* ☉ ☿ ♀ ♃
4	your		* ♀ ⊕
5	geese	Now, Mrs. Dove, my dearest love,	
6	and	No longer let us jar ;	whereinto
7	pigs	Full well you know that cash is low,	he is
8	for	And credit's under par.	inquiring,
9	Cockney	Short commons are our common fare ;	
10	sports-	No <i>turtle-doves</i> are we :	♃ ♃ ♂
11	men	Tho' once there came such lots of <i>game</i> ,	is fearful of
12	run their	Now folks <i>make game</i> of me.	stumbling.
13	rigs	Ah! what to do, I wish I knew,	
14	and	Or where to run a score ;	♀ ♂ ♃ ♃ ♂
15	when	For all the town I've done so brown,	For look,
16	the	I can't <i>do</i> any more.	what dire
17	cits	We've had our fill on <i>Mutton Hill</i> ;	mishaps
18	are	In <i>Cornhill</i> gain'd our <i>bread</i> ;	do arise
19	taking	Dress'd with an air in fam'd <i>Cloth Fair</i> ;	
20	aim	In <i>Grub Street</i> well were <i>fed</i> .	☉ ♀
21	your	We got our <i>shoes</i> in <i>Leather Lane</i> ;	from false
22	poultry	Our <i>hats</i> in <i>Hatton Garden</i> ;	prophecying !
23	may	We'd quite a catch in <i>Ha'penny Hatch</i> ,	
24	mistake	And never paid a <i>farden</i> .	♂ ♃ ☉ ♃
25	for	We've chalked a score on every door	The farmer
26	game,	Of publican or sinner :	♃ ♂
27	and	And now can't meet a <i>Newman Street</i> ,	reapeth his
28	kill	To trust us with a dinner.	corn, and
29	or	And, lack-a-day! here's <i>Quarter Day</i> ;	
30	lame.	It always comes too soon ;	♃ ♃ ☉ ♃ ♂
		So we by night must take our flight,	
		For we must <i>shoot the moon</i> !	

MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quar. . . 2 day 42 min. past 6 aft.

New Moon . . 10 day 28 min. past 1 aft.

First Quar. . . 17 day 24 min. past 10 mo.

Full Moon . . 24 day 3 min. past 1 aft.

M D	W D	FESTIVALS, &c.	Sun rises & sets.	M A	Moon rises & sets.
1	S		r. 6 2	20	8 32
2	S	18 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	s. 5 34	L	9 22
3	M	King's College opened, 1831	r. 6 5	22	10 32
4	T	New River finished, 1641	s. 5 30	23	11 31
5	W	Old Parr died, 1635, æt. 152	r. 6 8	24	morn.
6	T	[1835	s. 5 25	25	0 45
7	F	Milbank Penitentiary on fire,	r. 6 12	26	2 0
8	S		s. 5 21	27	3 17
9	S	19 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	r. 6 15	28	4 34
10	M	Drury L. theatre opened, 1812	s. 5 17	N	sets.
11	T	<i>Old Michaelmas Day</i>	r. 6 18	1	5 a 40
12	W	[begin	s. 5 12	2	5 57
13	T	<i>Cambridge and Oxford Terms</i>	r. 6 22	3	6 20
14	F	Battle of Hastings, 1066	s. 5 8	4	6 53
15	S		r. 6 25	5	7 41
16	S	20 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	s. 5 4	6	8 46
17	M		r. 6 29	Fi	10 5
18	T	ST. LUKE	s. 5 49	8	11 31
19	W	Sir Godfrey Kneller died, 1723	r. 6 32	9	morn.
20	T		s. 4 55	10	0 58
21	F	Battle of Trafalgar, 1805	r. 6 36	11	2 22
22	S		s. 4 51	12	3 43
23	S	21 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	r. 6 39	13	5 2
24	M		s. 4 47	F	rises
25	T	Battle of Agincourt, 1415	r. 6 43	15	5 a 8
26	W	Hanover crea. a kingd. 1814	s. 4 43	16	5 27
27	T		r. 6 46	17	5 53
28	F	ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE	s. 4 39	18	6 27
29	S	Riots at Bristol, 1831	r. 6 50	19	7 12
30	S	22 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	s. 4 35	20	8 8
31	M		r. 6 53	21	9 13

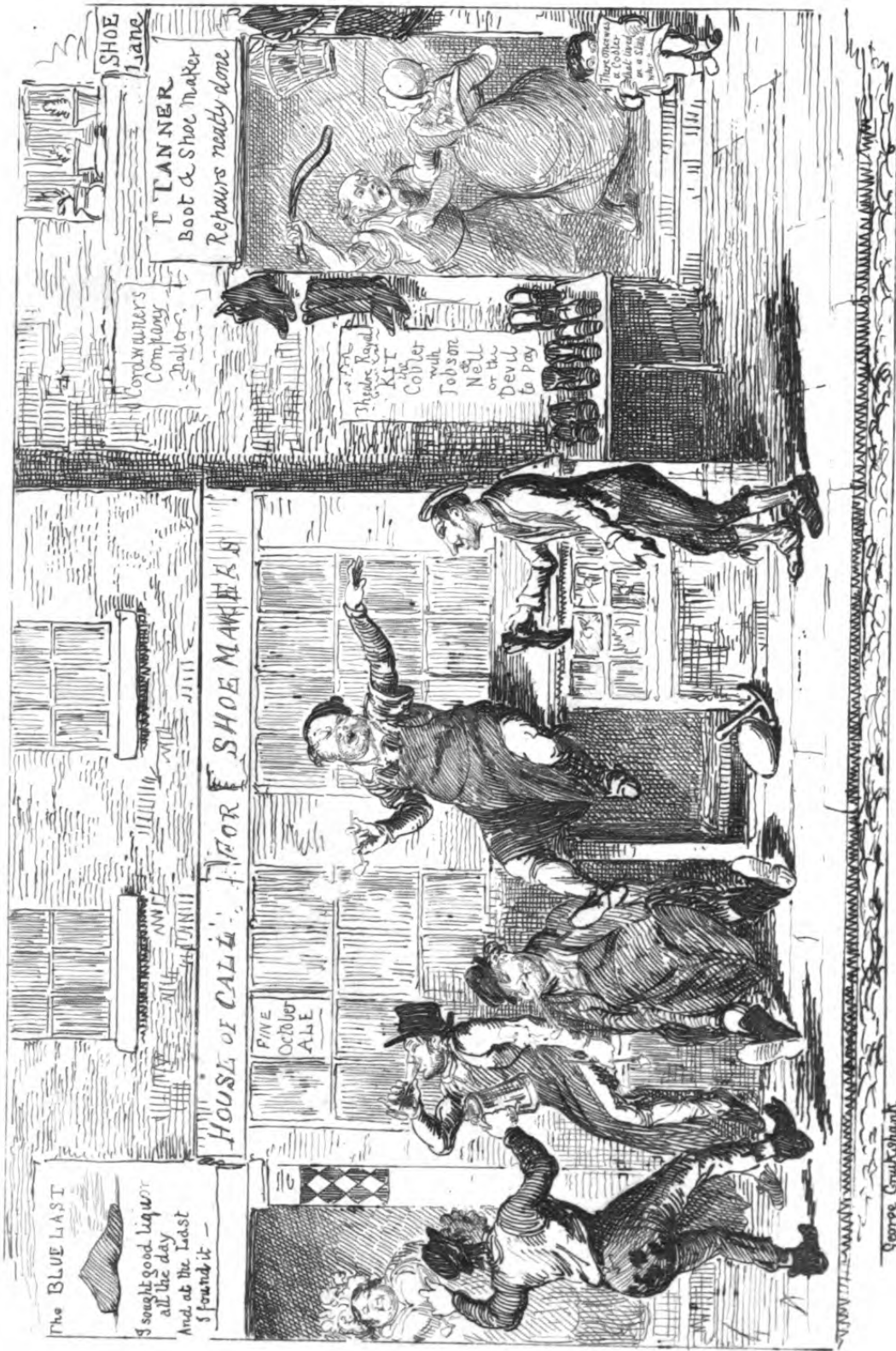
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George Cruikshank

OCTOBER.—'St Crispin's Day'

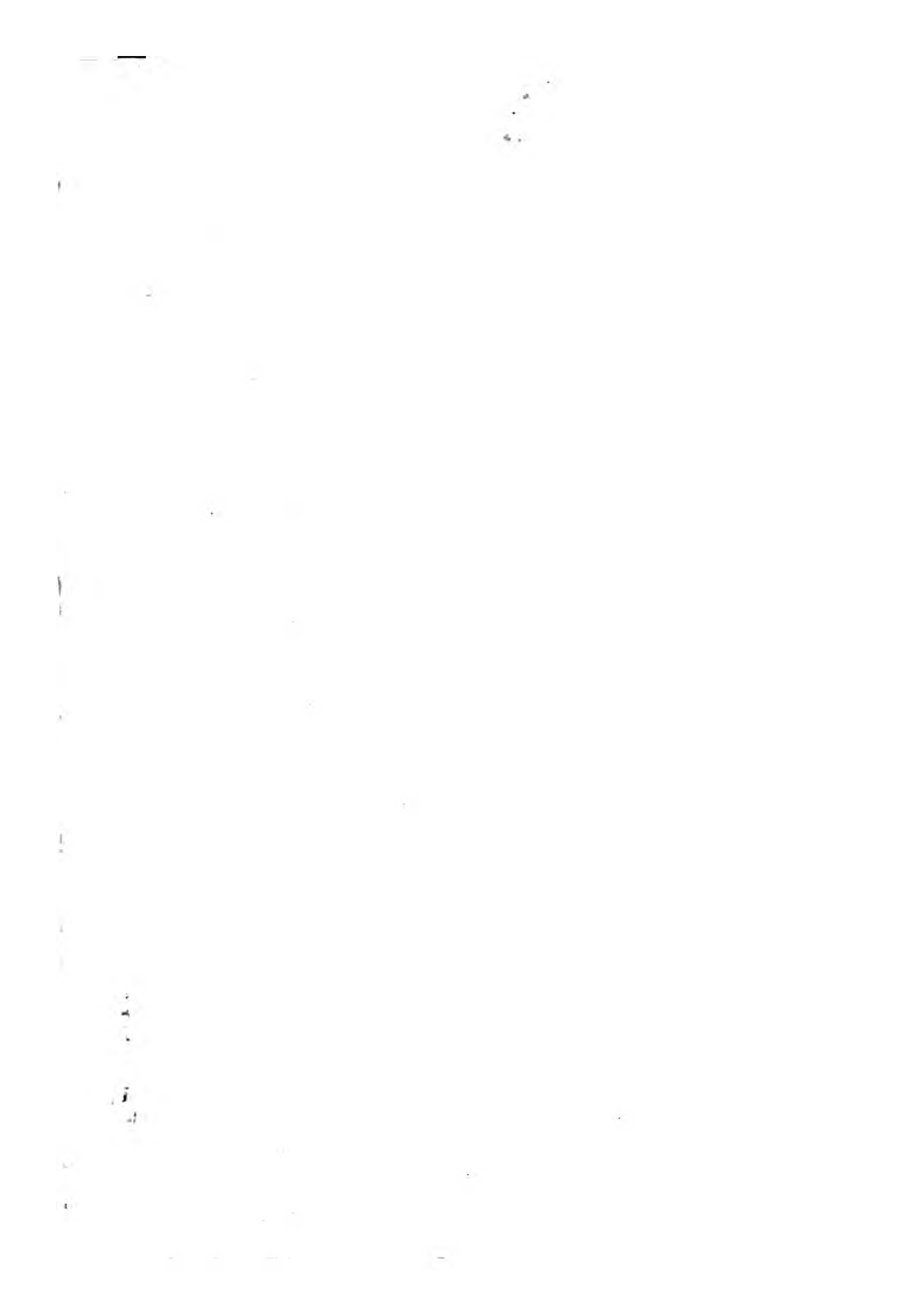
The sum of Summer is cast at last,
 And carried to Wintry season,
 And the frighten'd leaves are leaving us fast;
 If they staid it would be *high trees-on*.
 The sheep, exposed to the rain and drift,
 Are left to all sorts of *wethers*,
 And the ragged young birds must *make a shift*,
 Until they can get new feathers.

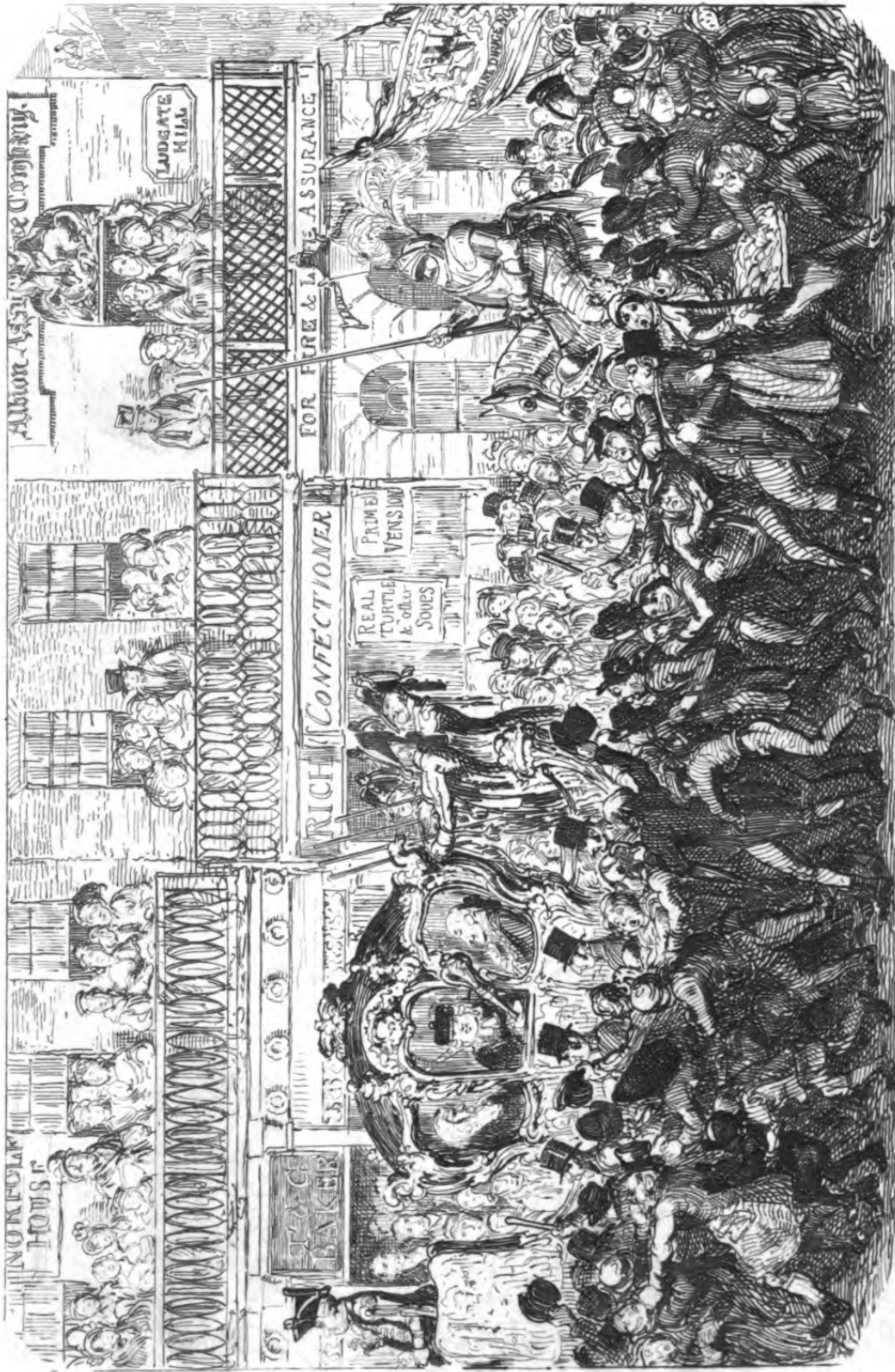
M D	Season's Signs.	Odd Matters.	WEATHER.
1	Now	"SAINT CRISPIN'S DAY."	moweth
2	heroes	AN ECLOGUE.	his grass,
3	bold	CORDWAINERIUS.	♀ ♃ ⊕ ♄ ♃
4	in	Arise, COBBLERIUS, cast thy awl away, The sun is up, and 'tis SAINT CRISPIN'S DAY.	when he
5	leather	Leave vulgar snobs to mend plebeian soles, For you and I will jollify, by goles!	should leave
6	breeches	COBBLERIUS.	them
7	do	A seedy poet, lodging next the sky, Came yesternight, entreating me to try And mend his <i>understanding</i> by the noon;	♃ ♃ ♃ ♃
8	leap	When that is done, I'm your's for a blue moon.	standing ;
9	o'er	CORDWAINERIUS.	♃ ♃ ♃ ♃
10	five	Then while you cobble, let us chaunt a stave : We're "Temp'rance" folks, so let the theme be grave.	the sick man
11	barred	Let's sing yon palace to the God of Gin : Who pipes the best, a pot of malt shall win.	throweth off
12	gates	COBBLERIUS.	his
13	and	I take your challenge—to your plan agree ; You Costermonger shall our umpire be.	warm
14	ditches	COSTERMONGERIUS.	clothing,
15	the	I'm bottle-holder for a glass of max ; So clear your pipes, my jolly cocks o' vax.	♃ ♃ ♃ ♃
16	perils	CORDWAINERIUS.	* ♃ ♃
17	of	"Here, <i>sprightly</i> folks, by <i>spirits</i> turn'd to <i>sprites</i> , Whose <i>rosy</i> cheeks are chang'd to <i>lily whites</i> , Caught in the <i>snares</i> of <i>Gin</i> , rue not their ruin, But do their best, to do their own undoing!	♃ ♃ ♃ ♃
18	the	COBBLERIUS.	♀ ♃
19	field	"Rum customers, who're far more sad than funny, Here get no trust when they have spent their money :	when he
20	to	No pay no potion ;—by this rule they stick ; The lighted <i>dial</i> , only, goes on tick.	should wrap
21	dare	CORDWAINERIUS.	himself up
22	and	"Here, Mothers, by some devilish fiend possess, Drive their poor infants from the port of <i>Breast</i> ; And 'stead of mother's <i>milk</i> , when'er they scream, Stop their shrill crying with a glass of <i>cream</i> ."	♃ ✕ ♃ ♃
23	hunt	COBBLERIUS.	closer ;
24	that	"Here <i>compounds</i> dire, which ne'er can <i>cordials</i> be, Turn <i>seedy fellows</i> into <i>felos de se</i> ."—	♀ ♃ *
25	furious	COSTERMONGERIUS.	the
26	beast	Just stow your magging, for you've piped enough, And; blow me, if I ever heard sich stuff! Vy, what's the hods, I'll be so bold to ax, "Twixt swilling heavy vet, and swigging max ? So stow your staves, and as it's chilly veather, Ve'll mix the max and heavy vet together : And then, my lads o' leather, you shall see How cosily the mixture will agree.	♃ ♃ ♃ ♃
27	the		
28	hare !		
29	Oh,		
30	courage		
31	rare !		

MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quar. . . 1 day 39 min. past 2 aft.
 New Moon . . 9 day 34 min. past 1 mo.
 First Quar. . . 15 day 50 min. past 5 aft.
 Full Moon . . 23 day 30 min. past 5 mo.

M D	W D	FESTIVALS, &c.	Sun rises & sets.	M A	Moon rises & sets.
1	T	ALL SAINTS	r. 6 55	L	10 24
2	W	<i>Michaelmas Term begins</i>	s. 4 30	23	11 38
3	T	Princess Sophia born, 1777	r. 6 59	24	morn.
4	F	K. William III. landed, 1688	s. 4 26	25	0 53
5	S	GUNPOWDER PLOT, 1605	r. 7 2	26	2 9
6	S	23 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	s. 4 23	27	3 27
7	M		r. 7 6	28	4 48
8	T	Prs. Augusta born, 1768	s. 4 20	29	6 12
9	W	Lord Mayor's day	r. 7 9	N	sets
10	T		s. 4 16	1	4 a 50
11	F	<i>St. Martin</i>	r. 7 13	2	5 33
12	S	<i>Cambridge Term div. m.</i>	s. 4 13	3	6 34
13	S	24 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	r. 7 16	4	7 51
14	M		s. 4 11	5	9 18
15	T	Kepler, astron. died, 1631	r. 7 20	Fi	10 45
16	W		s. 4 8	7	morn.
17	T	Lord Erskine died, 1831	r. 7 23	8	0 9
18	F	[1789	s. 4 5	9	1 30
19	S	Junc. of Severn and Thames,	r. 7 27	10	2 48
20	S	25 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	s. 4 3	11	4 4
21	M		r. 7 30	12	5 20
22	T	<i>St. Cecilia</i>	s. 4 1	13	6 36
23	W		r. 7 33	F	rises.
24	T	Peace with America, 1814	s. 3 59	15	4 a 25
25	F	<i>Michaelmas Term ends</i>	r. 7 36	16	5 5
26	S		s. 3 57	17	5 57
27	S	ADVENT SUNDAY	r. 7 40	18	7 0
28	M	[steam, 1814	s. 3 55	19	8 8
29	T	The "Times" first printed by	r. 7 42	20	9 21
30	W	ST. ANDREW	s. 3 53	21	10 3





George Cruikshank

NOVEMBER: Lord Mayor's Day

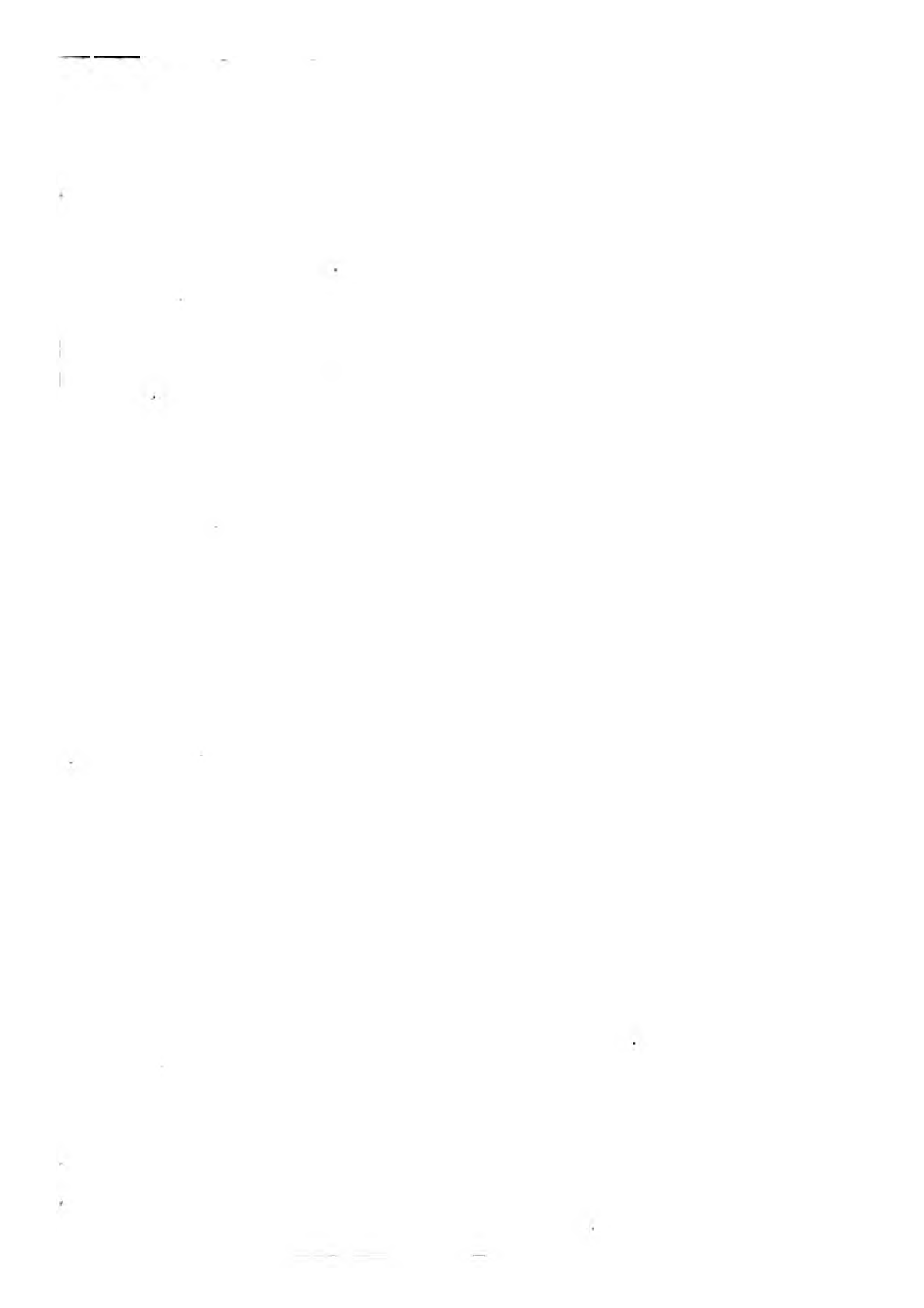
When good Sir John has carried his bill,
 No dread of Term shall the poet fill,
 The Scholar shall *write*, and fear no *writ*,
 No *White Cross bars* shall bar his wit,
 The *Fleet*, *unmann'd*, no more alarm,
 The *King's Bench* be but an *empty Form*.

M D	Season's Signs.	Lord Mayor's Show.	WEATHER.
1	Murky	I sing of a jolly day, A civical holiday;	stage-coach
2	burky	Some call a folly day: Weather is foggified;	traveller
3	damp	Mechanics get groggified, Citizens hoggified:	♃ Δ ♂ □ ♂
4	and	The rain it is drizzling, Mizzling, frizzling;	journeyeth
5	drear	Streets are all slippery; Girls sport their frippery:	♀ ♂ ♀
6	see	Sweethearts are squeezing 'em, Pleasing 'em,—teasing 'em.	outside
7	this	Rabble are bawling, O! Women are squalling, O!	the vehicle;
8	gloomy	Banners are waving, Policemen are staving	□ ♃ Δ ♀
9	month	On heads misbehaving: Ward beadles bustling,	when
10	appear	Pickpockets hustling; People tip-toeing it;	he should
11	London	Swell mob are going it, Making sly snatches	snugly
12	fill'd	At brooches and watches. Horses are neighing,	ensconce
13	with	Urchins huzzaing; Trumpets are braying;	himself
14	slush	Trombones are grumbling, Bassoons are rumbling,	within;
15	and fog	Clarinetts speaking, Piccoloes squeaking.	♀ ♂ ♂ ♀ ♀
16	looks	See, there goes the armour man; Ne'er was a calmer man;	with divers
17	just	Sitting inside the <i>mail</i> , he Looks a little bit paly.	and sundry
18	like an	And hark! what a drumming! The Lord Mayor is coming;	♁ ♀ ♂ ♀
19	Irish	And here are the Aldermen, There's very few balder men;	such-like
20	bog	And there march the Livery, Looking quite shivery;	♀ ♀ ♂
21	every	In and out straggling, Thro' the mud draggling.	sad
22	trouble	I'm sure the poor sinners Must long for their dinners.	mischances
23	now	Well, now the fun's over They'll fatten in clover;	
24	seems	And afterwards drink on it. So, what do you think on it?	
25	double	Looking quite shivery; In and out straggling,	
26	and the	Thro' the mud draggling. I'm sure the poor sinners	
27	worst.	Must long for their dinners. Well, now the fun's over	
28	in all	They'll fatten in clover; And afterwards drink on it.	
29	the	So, what do you think on it? Don't it shew quite effectual	
30	year.	The March Intellectual?	

MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quar.	1 day 12 min. past	10 mo.
New Moon	8 day 1 min. bef.	1 aft.
First Quar.	15 day 51 min. past	3 mo.
Full Moon	23 day 45 min. bef.	1 mo.
Last Quar.	31 day 53 min. past	3 mo.

M D	W D	FESTIVALS, &c.	Sun rises & sets.	M A	Moon rises & sets.
1	T		r. 7 45	L	11 47
2	F	Battle of Austerlitz, 1805	s. 3 52	23	morn.
3	S	Belzoni died, 1823	r. 7 48	24	1 2
4	S	2 SUNDAY IN ADVENT	s. 3 51	25	2 19
5	M	Mozart died, 1792	r. 7 51	26	3 40
6	T	H. Jenkins d. 1670, æt. 169	s. 3 50	27	5 6
7	W	Alg. Sydney beheaded, 1683	r. 7 53	28	6 37
8	T		s. 3 50	N	sets.
9	F	John Milton born, 1608	r. 7 56	1	4 a 15
10	S		s. 3 49	2	5 28
11	S	3 SUNDAY IN ADVENT	r. 7 58	3	6 56
12	M		s. 3 49	4	8 26
13	T	Dr. S. Johnson died, 1784	r. 8 0	5	9 55
14	W	EMBER WEEK	s. 3 49	6	11 18
15	T		r. 8 1	Fi	morn.
16	F	<i>Cambridge Term ends</i>	s. 3 49	8	0 37
17	S	<i>Oxford Term ends</i>	r. 8 3	9	1 54
18	S	4 SUNDAY IN ADVENT	s. 3 50	10	3 10
19	M		r. 8 5	11	4 25
20	T	Dulwich Gallery foun. 1810	s. 3 50	12	5 40
21	W	ST. THOMAS—Shortest Day	r. 8 6	13	6 53
22	T	Winter commences 6 2 aft.	s. 3 51	14	8 1
23	F	St. James's Park lighted by	r. 8 7	F	rises.
24	S	[gas, 1821]	s. 3 52	16	4 a 50
25	S	CHRISTMAS DAY	r. 8 7	17	5 57
26	M	ST. STEPHEN	s. 3 54	18	7 8
27	T	ST. JOHN	r. 8 8	19	8 21
28	W	INNOCENTS	s. 3 56	20	9 33
29	T		r. 8 8	21	10 45
30	F	Robert Boyle died, 1691	s. 3 58	22	11 59
31	S		r. 8 8	L	morn.





George Cruikshank

DECEMBER - Boxing Day.

Holiday joys have some alloys,—
 For many they're bitter pills,
 When all the dearest *ducks* come home
 From school, with their long *bills*,
 And the noisy waits at midnight chime,
 Convince you it is *Wakation* time.

M D	Season's Signs.	Odd Matters.	WEATHER.
1	The	"BOXIANA."	Now
2	season's	I hate the very name of <i>box</i> ;	would it not
3	signs	It fills me full of fears ;	be better
4	this	It 'minds me of the woes I've felt,	
5	month	Since I was young in years.	* ♪ ✕ ⊙ ♪
6	do	They sent me to a Yorkshire school,	than such
7	greatly	Where I had many knocks ;	
8	vary	For there my schoolmates <i>box'd</i> my ears,	♁ ♪ ♂
9	in	Because I couldn't <i>box</i> .	weather
10	manner	I pack'd my <i>box</i> ; I pick'd the locks ;	wisdom
11	too	And ran away to sea ;	as this,
12	that's	And very soon I learnt to <i>box</i>	
13	most	The compass merrily.	♃ ♆ ♀ ♀
14	extr'or-	I came ashore—I call'd a coach,	that I should
15	dinary :	And mounted on the <i>box</i> ;	arrive
16	if you	The coach upset against a post,	at the end
17	are	And gave me dreadful knocks.	of my tether
18	rich	I soon got well ; in love I fell,	
19	why	And married Martha Cox ;	♃ ♪ ♀
20	then	To please her will, at fam'd <i>Box</i> Hill,	without
21	you're	I took a country <i>box</i> .	having
22	warm	I had a pretty garden there,	prophecied
23	and	All border'd round with <i>box</i> ;	
24	jolly,	But ah, alas ! there liv'd, next door,	♁ ♀ ♀ ♀
25	but if	A certain Captain Knox.	any thing at
26	you're	He took my wife to see the play ;—	all about
27	poor,—	They had a private <i>box</i> :	the matter ?
28	cold	I jealous grew, and from that day,	
29	hungry	I hated Captain Knox.	♀ ♀ ♪ ♀ ♀
30	melan-	I sold my house,—I left my wife ;—	
31	choly	And went to Lawyer Fox,	
		Who tempted me to seek redress	
		All from a jury <i>box</i> .	
		I went to law, whose greedy maw	
		Soon emptied my strong <i>box</i> ;	
		I lost my suit, and cash to boot,	
		All thro' that crafty Fox.	
		The name of <i>box</i> I therefore dread,	
		I've had so many shocks ;	
		They'll never end,—for when I'm dead,	
		They'll nail me in a <i>box</i> .	

Humbuggum Ass-trologicum, pro Anno 1836.

VOX MULTORUM, VOX STULTORUM: The Voice of the Many is the Voice of a Zany.—It brawleth at all Places and Seasons.



COURTEOUS READER,

I DO herewith present thee with an hieroglyphic, after the accustomed usage of my lamented precursor and prototype, FRANCIS MOORE, *defunct*. It prefigureth a mighty change now lying in the womb of futurity, and which doubtless will be brought forth in due season by the great man-midwife, Time.

.

And now do I most entreatingly invite thee to cast a Parthian glance at my foregone prophetic lucubrations, and especially towards that symbolical prefiguration or *hieroglyphic*, by which I brightly shadowed forth *a certain notable event*, the fulfilment whereof did so closely follow the heels of the prediction, as to cause the multitude to marvel;—and when thou hast sufficiently pondered thereupon, I would ask thee whether thou dost not in verity deem me a fit and worthy successor of the renowned FRANCIS MOORE, *Defunct*.

I do thus throw myself on thy candour, because certain of mine adversaries do most unworthily insinuate, that my astrological skill is stark naught; that I hold no correspondence with the stars; that I am no more acquainted with the Great Bear than with the Great Mogul; that I gather no signs of the Times from the signs of the Zodiac; and, in brief, that I am *no conjuror*! My only familiar, they affirm, is a little, insignificant, diminutive thing, called *Common Sense*, whose aid any one may have if he chooses; that the said *Common Sense* collects together certain things called *Past Events*, with which he compares *Present Appearances*, and they help him to *Future Probabilities*; they are then put into the crucible of *Ordinary Judgment*; and my sagacious and veracious prophecies and hieroglyphics are the result of this simple alchemy!

CANDID READER! Let thine own discretion decide, whether logical judgement or astro-logical fudgement be the art which influenceth my lucubrations.



“THE LAY OF THE LAST” ALDERMAN.

I.

The feast was over on LORD MAYOR'S DAY;
The waiters had clear'd the viands away;
The Common Councilmen all were gone,
And every Alderman,—saving *one*;
Who to gorge and guzzle no longer able,
Had sunk to repose beneath the table,
And sooth'd by his own melodious snore,
Lay calmly stretch'd on the Guildhall floor.

But he lay not long in the arms of sleep,
Ere a sound, that caus'd his flesh to creep,
Startled him up from his *downy* bed,
And caus'd him to raise his aching head;
When oh, what a sight then met his eyes,
And chill'd his soul with sad surprise!

.
.

He bawl'd aloud when the scene was o'er,
Which awoke the porter, who open'd the door.
When a bottle of sherry had loosen'd his tongue,
'Twas thus the LATEST ALDERMAN sung:—

II.

I was rous'd from my sleep by a frightful crash,
As if all the crockery 'd gone to smash;
And I straight beheld a terrible form,—
At the end of the hall it took its stand,
With a swingeing besom in its hand,
And shouted out “REFORM!”

III.

Then stalking to me, it thus did say,
“Gone is the glory of LORD MAYOR'S DAY!
Gone—gone, for ever!
To come back never.
The Corporation Reform Bill's past,
And ev'ry ward is *Cheap*;
The City of London they'll squeeze at last,
And scatter her golden heap.

IV.

Portsoken no more *Port* shall *soke*,
 For guzzling they'll a *Bridge* it."
 (I thought this quite beyond a joke,
 And it put me in a fidget.)
 "No 'fair round bellies with capon lin'd'
 Your Aldermen shall sport ;
 They may double the *Cape*, if they feel inclin'd,
 But they never must touch at *Port*.

V.

The Worshipful Court—so fate ordains,—
 Shall look like skeletons hanging *in chains* ;
 They'll need no gowns, for they'll get so thin,
 They may wrap themselves round in their own loose skin ;
 And then in vain
 Shall they complain,
 Who cannot bear the shock ;
Champagne shall turn to *real pain*,
 And *Turtle* change to *mock*.
 No calipash or calipee
 Their longing eyes again shall see ;
 No more green fat !
 To them shall *ven'son* still be *deer* ;
 Their stout shall turn to thin small beer,
 Sour and flat.

VI.

No lamps shall blaze in this spacious hall,
 But farthing rushlights, lank and small,
 Some cook-shop's dining-room shall grace,
 Where *Mister Mayor*, with sword and mace,
 And all the Corporation sinners,
 By city contract clothed and fed,
 Shall dine at eighteen pence a-head,
 And feel quite grateful for their dinners.
 While the armour-man, like a turtle starv'd,
 Shall rattle his bones in his iron shell,
 And no more shall feast on baron of beef,
 But *stand* content with the cook-shop smell !"

VII.

Thus having said his terrible say,
 The horrible spectre stalk'd away,
 And left me in the blues ;
 And as across the Hall he pass'd,
 E'en Gog and Magog stood aghast,
 And trembled in their shoes.

VIII.

Oh, dreadful night!
 Oh, fearful sight!
 To see that sight, and hear that say,
 An Alderman's soul it may well dismay.
 I felt as opprest
 With a pain in my chest,
 And as brimful of terror and ills,
 As if I had eaten some venison old,
 Or swallow'd a gallon of turtle cold,
 Or been poison'd by Morison's Pills.

IX.

I tried to rise, and I scream'd a scream,
 The man at the gate came staggering in—
 "To be sure I did, for I heard a din;
 And your worship gave such a terrible snore,
 While you laid on your back on the Guildhall floor,
 That it woke you up from your *dream!*"

THE NOTORIOUS UNKNOWN.

"Oh, no! we never mention HER, HER name is never heard;"
 And how the deuce to find it out, I knew not, on my word.
 But tho' I could not tell HER name, HER face I'd often seen,
 "She stood amid the glitt'ring throng," with Jacky in the green.

A ladle in one hand she bore, a salt-box in the other;
 And of the Sooty Cupids near, she seem'd the teeming mother.
 "I met HER at the Fancy Fair," with Fancy lads around her,
 And with a blow she laid one low, as flat as any flounder.

"I saw HER at the Beulah Spa," along with Gipsej Joe,
 A-riding on a donkey rough, vitch, somehow, wouldn't go.
 I saw HER ply her sybil art, and pick up cash like fun,
 For heads and tails she gave them hearts, and pleasur'd every one.

"I saw HER at the Masquerade," along with Nimming Ned,
 Achieve those feats, where fingers light work nimbler than the head.
 I saw HER too at All-Max once (not Almack's in the west),
 "'Twas in a crowd,"—her voice was loud; I mustn't tell the rest.

I saw HER at the "Central Court," (it gave me quite a shock,
 Surrounded by her body guard, she stood within the dock.
 And then I heard a little man with solemn voice proclaim,
 ('Twas rue to me, and wormwood too), that ALIAS was her name!

THE SERVANT OF ALL WORK.

“He Hood if he could.”

ROAMING along, the other day, in those regions of Cockney retirement, the vicinity of the Cat and Mutton Fields, about a mile from the *Ultima Thule* of Shoreditch, I was struck by the appearance of a row of neat little houses; and my attention was so particularly arrested by one of them, that I incontinently paused to look at it. It seemed to have all the ostentatious assumption of a little man who strives to look big. It had a portico, that might have belonged to the Coliseum, with a flight of stone steps that would have graced the new palace at Pimlico; and the drawing-room windows were ambitiously overshadowed by a vi-randa, not unworthy of Worthing.

While I was meditating on its appearance, and admiring the extraordinary air of cleanliness which distinguished it from its neighbours, a paper parcel, tied round with thread, and sealed with a thimble, fell at my feet. I looked above and around me, but no one was visible; and conceiving it to be intended for myself, I picked it up, and walked on. At a favourable opportunity I opened it, and read as follows:—

.

“This cums Hopping that sum boddy in the Street Walking may pick me up and put me into the Square box at the Circling librey, the Place where the Post is. It is the haughty bioggrify of a unfortnit yung cretur who’s in servis. Let the supperscripshun be to the Mournin Herald or the Currier or the Trew Son or the Stand Hard, or the Speckt Tatur, or any of ’em, for one’s just as good as tother. I think the noospapers would take it inn, for they takes in a good many servants as wants places.

“My pappa was a Baker, and he meant I shuld be Bread up like a lady, for tho I was the least of the Batch, i was the Flour of the flock. But pappa Dying, i had to git my Living, for he didnt Roll in ritches, and his guds and chappels were Saddled with detts, witch Spurred me on to Bridel my greef, tho i seldom had a Bit in my mouth, wich was hard; and when our Blow got Wind, i lost my sweethart, wich Blow was Harder. He was sitch a nice yung man; and when i walkt past his Door, he used

to prays my Gate, and tell me when we were marryd we should live in Stile. But I am Loth to say, he turned out a Willing, and wanted to tak advantidge of my citywashun. But I had 2 strings to my Beau in a yung mitchipman, but he got prest and sent on board a Tender, witch was a grate Hard Shipp for him, and I felt it.

“But to cut a Long Tail Short,—when my dear Ben Bannister left me, miss fortin Staired me in the face, and every boddy turn'd their Backs on me, and I culd not bare such a Front, so i got a plase as a servnt of all work, and my mind was maid up to be in duster house; but it was a Grate fall for me down into the Kitchen, tho when i got there i found a Grater; for my first missus was a Dresser, and often and often when I've bin all over greece she has calld me up to her Rome to help her on with her gownd, witch was very humblin to 1 as was used to have her own made to wait upon her. Butt i left her bekause we lived at a Fishmongers & itt Smelt so; and i had more than twenty Plaices in the first 12 months, wich Maid me quite Crabby, for i was going Backwards. But mississes are as proud as my lord Mare, and makes you work like an Horse; so I turnd myself Out, for i culd not not In-Door itt.

“I wont trubbel you with all my trubbels, but will skipp over the hole to give you my Last, wich dont Fit me at all; and its Jest no Joke, I can ashure you, for its like as if my 20 mississes was turnd into one. I've bin in the plaice almost a month, soe I have had a pritty gud experense.

“First, i Seconds all the close, & theres 13 of us in fammaly. Theres missis & master, thats 2, but misses says as how theyre 1; theres the 3 young ladys is 5; and the 3 boys from skool, where i am sure they never larnt no manners, & I dont love em at all, that's Hate; & the 2 yung babbys in harms is 10; and mr. Phipps the frunt parler loger is 11, and mr Snooks the back parler loger is 12 & i am just thirteen. So i leaves you to juge when i Hang em all out if there isnt enuff to Do for.

“Missis is what they calls a not Abel womman, & keeps 1 scrubbin & doin all day long, & is so pertickler, that when master cums home on a wet day, i has to lift him into the hous for fear he shuld dirty the steps. To be shure he's a werry littel man, but then its so shockin indillikat. Missis is verry fond of Bruin

too, witch i cant Bear, and i hates Hops, xcept when i goes to a dance; besides, the Hopperation quite puts one into a fomentation, and sets one all of a Work. Then the fammaly is so verry unreglar, & we keeps a deal of cumpany, tho they dont alow any follerers, and missis is always snubbin me if the Butcher or the Baker stopps a minuet att the gait. But if i were even to liv in a garratt, i shuld be abuv sitch peepel & shuld look down uppon em. I no one of the yung ladys casts a sheeps eye on the Butcher herself, but i hop he wont giv her his Hart, for i am shure she wuld be a gay Liver, & i no she has plenty of Tung.

“Wile i am uppon theas yung ladys i culd pick a hole in em, but i abhor Back bitin. Howsomdever, tho they are Twins all Three of em, theres no Unity in One of em, and when a gentilman is interdeuced to the fammaly, they all fall in luv with him, wich must be verry embrasing to the party, and they try all their harts of captiwashun. Miss Carryline rites a billy dux anomiously and folds it like a trew lovyers not, to puzzel him. Miss Matilda makes annoys on the harp with her bigg Fistis, and says she had her lessons from a Boxer; and miss Jimmima thumps away on the piney Forty, Fifty times a day, to get pirfict for the heavening. I often wishes thare was locks to them keys.

“But all their Harts wont do, & theyve none of them gott a Deer yet, for they make themselves 2 Chepe, & they are all of em verry jellus of me, bekause the 2 gentilmen logers has a grate licking for me; & they carrys their spit so Fur that I mustnt ware a Bore, and they sets their mama Hat me if they sees a bit of lace on my Cap. They makes quite a Furze too if i incloses my Waste with a ribbon tho its so Common; & I’m shure they had better pay what they Hose than find fault with my Stockins; for they stands over me while i am Pinking em, witch shose they aint well Red in their manors, and they wont lett me Ware em no Ware. I shuld lik to no why servnts aint to doo what they likes with their hone; for Ive red theyve as big a steak in the common unity as their Betters, who’re many of em nothin else but Gamblers.

“But i dont mind the Hitts of sich Misses: for its all Shear envy, becaus they wants to Cut me out with the 2 logers, & had rayther see me Hangd than Halter my condishun. But the gentilmen dont lik none of em, for theyre as tall and as pail as 2

hapenny Rushlites and a grate deal more Wicked. Mr. Snooks, the loger as walks the Horsepittels in the back parler, says theyre more like ottomies than wimmen, for they've none of em got no hannimashun; and mr. Phipps the clark as hokkipies the frunt parler says theyre quite Ciphers to me, for i am a better Figger, & more uprighter than any 1 of em. He sometimes carrys his devours to such a Pitch, that if i culd forgit my Tar, I see no Resin why i shuld not marry him, & then the miss Rushlites would be very mutch Put Out when they'd lost one of their Flames.

“Mr. Phipps is a littery man, and nose a Grate many Tongs, and has maid a bigg book of Pottery, full of Plates. He tells me not to be jellus because he Courts the Mews, & has sent me the histry of his life & a copy of verses on my mississes youside of me; and i hop you'll tell the noospaper man he mustnt take my life without takin his'n & he may have the pottery into the bargin.

“Notty Benny.—My life shall be conclooded att the first hopportunity.

“So no more at presnt from yours humbely to comand
“MOLLYDUSTA MOGGS.

“Post Scripp. I forgot to tell you that i cant git enuff to heat, missis is sitch a skin Flint, unless I Steel it, & that's unpossebel, for she always takes care to lock upp the Cold Heatabels.”

*STANZAS, addressed to Mrs. ***** of ***** Terrace,
Cat and Mutton Fields.*

You 'cat,' that would 'worry a rat!'
You 'cow with the crumpled horn!'
I wish you were *squeez'd*,—and that's *flat*,—
For ill-using a 'Maiden forlorn.'

You're as bad as a *slave-driver* quite,
Altho' you subscrib'd to the tracts;—
If the linen's wash'd ever so *white*,
You always complain of the *blacks*.

A servant is worthy her *hire* ;—
 You pilfer one-fourth of her due,
 For tho' she does all you desire,
 She only gets *ire* from you.

A fit she had, one afternoon,
 When you set her a-cleaning the paint ;
 And while she was off in a *swoon*,
 You said it was only a *feint*.

A party you had yesterday,—
 No wonder so often she swoons,—
 For as soon as the folks went away,
 You began to be missing the *spoons* !

She was cleaning the windows last week,
 (Such savings are very small gains)
 You scolded her while you could speak,
 And told her she didn't take *panes*.

She cleans all the boots and the shoes ;
 When she's done 'em she sits down to cry :
 WARREN'S JET is the blacking you chuse ;
 But od 'rabbit that Warren ! say I.

For this you can make no excuse :—
 You'd a party at whist t'other day ;
 And you scolded away like the *deuce*,
 'Cause the sandwiches dropp'd from the *tray*.

You tell her she dresses too gay,
 (You're afraid that she'll cut out your gals)
 You strip lace and ribbons away,
 And say she sha'n't wear such fal-lals.

'Tis in vain her attempting to speak,
 For your heart is as hard as a stone ;
 But she means to be married next week ;
 Then she'll 'do what she likes with her own.'

SLANGOLOGY.

“ With many holiday and *court-like* phrase—”

Shakespeare's Henry IV. Pt. I.

MISS ARABELLA WILHELMINA WIGGINS is the pattern of gentility ;
She never utters vulgar words, but talks just like nobility.
I met her at Vauxhall, last year, and she gave me a sad relation
About Miss Briggs : I recollect it every word ;—but here's her own narra-
tion :

“ Oh, dear ! my dear Miss Popkins ! have you heard what befel Miss B. ?
(I wish, Papa, you'd get *up to snuff* the lights ; one can hardly see :
Oh, la ! you've made 'em *flare up* so, I declare we are quite in a blaze :
And, bless me ! there's all the people staring at us, all in amaze !)
I'll tell you, while Papa is taking his *punch* ; *his pipkin* he calls the bowl.
(You *make yourself scarce* any punch at home, Papa ; so I suppose you'll
drink the whole).

I'm sure he will, Miss P. ; and even then he won't have quench'd his
drouth.

(I really wonder, Pa', how you can pour so much punch *down in the mouth.*)

But how I rattle on ! quite forgetting all about Miss B.

You must know we were on a visit at a country cousin's ; and after tea,

We stroll'd about with Mr. Timbs and Mr. Figgins, and Mr. Oddy ;—

I declare *there he goes with his eye out-staring* every body.

Poor fellow ! he has but one, for the other's made of glass ;

'Twas a sad accident ; and I'll tell you how it came to pass :—

One night, he went out *rabbit-shooting* ; *the moon* was shining bright ;

His gun was overloaded and bursted ; and so one eye lost its sight.

Well, Miss Briggs is a very bold girl ; as bold a girl as one knows ;

And as we were walking along, the laundress caught *my eye* ; and

' *Betty Martin,*' says Miss B., ' *where do you hang out your clothes ?*'

She came to a well after that ; and, really, I am almost ashamed to tell,

But, upon my word, she behav'd exceedingly ill about that well.

She began to *kick the bucket* ; and to a man who was chopping down a tree,

She said : ' *What are you with that axe about ?*' which was very rude

indeed of Miss B. ;

And when he left off chopping, she said ' *Why don't you cut your stick ?*'

The man was just then chopping a piece of wood that was thick.

Now this made him quite confus'd ; and in his hurry his skill to shew off,

He made a slip with his axe, and chopp'd poor Miss Briggs's little toe off.

The shock gave me such a terrible pain all over *my eyes and limbs,*

That I really should have fainted, if it hadn't been for that dear Mr. Timbs.

Poor Frederick Figgins was so affected, that I vow he began to cry ;

I'm sure he did, for I was close to him, and I saw a *drop in his eye.*

He's a *nice young man*; and *I shouldn't wonder* if he soon married Miss Briggs :

Her father is a coarsish man, and says he shall, *please the pigs*.

He wasn't very gracious, tho', at first, to Mr. Figgins ;

For when he ask'd his consent, he said to him (I had the whole story from Mr. Higgins)

' *How are you off? for soap and candles, and such-like, got me all my money ;*

And for my daughter to marry a poor man wouldn't be vastly funny.

How's your mother left you ; or have you your fortune to get ?

If you have, *I wish you may get it soon* ; but I can't let you marry Miss Bet.'

But while I'm describing his bluntness, I'm wand'ring away from my point.

The limbs of my relation are indeed terribly out of joint.

Well, Mr. Figgins help'd Miss B. home to *hop* : *the twig*, which happen'd to lay across her foot,

Sav'd her other toes, to be sure, but there was a terrible large gash in her boot.

But poor Mr. F.! how he *fretted!* *his fat* cheeks than a mummy's were thinner ;

He never could eat any breakfast, and seldom could eat any dinner.

His eyes were once bright as a *star* : *the glaze* on them now was quite ghostly ;

A cloud seem'd to *darken his day*—*lightsome* and gay he'd been mostly.

A party he join'd at Vauxhall ; but its gaieties fail'd to delight him :

He did nothing but swallow rack-punch ; as to eating, 'twas vain to invite him.

He call'd to his friend : '*Jemmy Johnson, squeeze me a lemon* ;' and turning to me then,

He said, in a voice that quite shock'd me, and looking as wild as a heathen :

' My spirits I cannot *keep up* ; *your pluck'd* flowers droop slower than I do, I'm sure that I make *no mistake*,—my fate will be that of poor Dido.'

(I declare I am talking pentameters ;—quite forgetting you're not a Blue Stocking ;

But that I am sure you'll excuse.)—Well, isn't the story quite shocking ?

Miss Briggs, tho', got quite well at last ; to the dolefuls he bade adieu quickly ;

Yet a long while he talk'd of her death, though he no longer look'd mournful and sickly.

' *All round my hat*, while I liv'd,' he said, ' a crape hatband I should have worn,—

A shocking bad hat, to be sure ; but just fit for a lover forlorn.

Think what would have been my despair, with no consolation to go to !

But tho' I have not lost her quite, yet, alas! I have lost her in *toe-toe*.' "

*Extracts from the Proceedings of the Association of British
Illuminati, at their Annual Meeting, held in Dublin,
August, 1835.*

Dr. Hoaxum read an interesting paper on the conversion of moonbeams into substance, and rendering shadows permanent, both of which he had recently exemplified in the establishment of some public companies, whose prospectuses he laid upon the table.

Mr. Babble produced his calculating machine, and its wonderful powers were tested in many ways by the audience. It supplied to Captain Sir John North an accurate computation of the distance between a quarto volume and a cheesemonger's shop; and solved a curious question as to the decimal proportions of cunning and credulity, which, worked by the rule of allegation, would produce a product of £10,000.

Professor Von Hammer described his newly-discovered process for breaking stones by an algebraic fraction.

Mr. Crowsfoot read a paper on the natural history of the Rook. He defended their *caws* with great *effect*, and proved that there is not a *grain* of truth in the charges against them, which only arise from *Grub Street* malice.

The Rev. Mr. Groper exhibited the skin of a toad, which he discovered alive in a mass of sandstone. The animal was found engaged on its autobiography, and died of fright on having its house so suddenly broken into, being probably of a nervous habit from passing so much time alone. Some extracts from its memoir were read, and found exceedingly interesting. Its thoughts on the "silent system" of prison discipline, though written *in the dark*, strictly agreed with those of our most *enlightened* political economists.

Dr. Deady read a scientific paper on the manufacture of *Hydro-gin*, which greatly interested those of the association who were members of Temperance Societies.

Mr. Croak laid on the table an essay from the Cabinet Makers' Society, on the construction of *frog-stools*.

Professor Parley exhibited his speaking machine, which distinctly articulated the words "*Repale! Repale!*" to the great delight of many of the audience. The learned Professor stated that he was engaged on another, for the use of his Majesty's Ministers, which would already say, "My Lords and Gentlemen;" and he doubted not, by the next meeting of Parliament, would be able to pronounce the whole of the opening speech.

Mr. Multiply produced, and explained the principle of, his exaggerating machine. He displayed its amazing powers on the mathematical point, which, with little trouble, was made to appear as large as a coach wheel-

He demonstrated its utility in all the relations of society, as applied to the failings of the absent—the growth of a tale of scandal—the exploits of travellers, &c. &c.

The Author of the “Pleasures of Hope” presented, through a member, a very amusing Essay on the gratification arising from the throttling of crying children; but as the ladies would not leave the room, it could not be read.

Captain North exhibited some shavings of the real Pole, and a small bottle which, he asserted, contained scintillations of the Aurora Borealis, from which, he stated, he had succeeded in extracting pure gold. He announced that his nephew was preparing for a course of similar experiments, of which he expected to know the result in October. The gallant Captain then favoured the company with a dissertation on phrenology, of which, he said, he had been a believer for thirty years. He stated that he had made many valuable verifications of that science on the skulls of the Esquimaux; and that, in his recent tour in quest of subscribers to his book, his great success had been mainly attributable to his phrenological skill; for that, whenever he had an opportunity of feeling for soft places in the heads of the public, he knew in a moment whether he should get a customer or not. He said that whether in the examination of ships' heads or sheep's heads—in the choice of horses or housemaids, he had found the science of pre-eminent utility. He related the following remarkable phrenological cases:—A man and woman were executed in Scotland for murder on presumptive evidence; but another criminal confessed to the deed, and a reprieve arrived the day after the execution. The whole country was horrified; but Captain North having examined their heads, he considered, from the extraordinary size of their destructive organs, that the sentence was prospectively just, for they must have become murderers, had they escaped hanging then. Their infant child, of six months old, was brought to him, and, perceiving on its head the same fatal tendencies, he determined to avert the evil; for which purpose, by means of a pair of moulds, he so compressed the skull in its vicious propensities, and enlarged it in its virtuous ones, that the child grew up a model of perfection. The second instance was of a married couple, whose lives were a continued scene of discord till they parted. On examining their heads scientifically, he discovered the elementary causes of their unhappiness. Their skulls were unfortunately too thick to be treated as in the foregoing case; but, causing both their heads to be shaved, he by dint of planing down in some places, and laying on padding in others, contrived to produce all the requisite phrenological developements, and they were then living, a perfect pattern of conjugal felicity, “a thing which could not have happened without phrenology.” (This dissertation was received with loud applauses from the entire assembly, whose phrenological organs becoming greatly excited, and developed in an amazing degree by the enthusiasm of the subject, they all fell to examining each others' bumps with such eagerness, that the meeting dissolved in confusion.)

A DRAMATIC FACT.

“MACBETH by MR. HIGGS!”—

They sometimes used to let him play it in the country;
And then, odds wigs!

How very great he felt!

One night, while he was at it,

The pot-boy, from the public house at which he dealt,
Being at *the wing*, quoth Higgs, aside, “Od ’rat it!

I do lack spirits,—but that sha’n’t fret me,

Here, boy, take thou this coin, and go get me”—

“Some bread and cheese, and porter, innions, Sir, or what?”

“Nay, no prog!

Expend the shilling all in glorious grog!”

“With sugar, Sir?” “Ay, and very hot;

Thou knowest, lout!

I only take sixpenn’orths, cold without!”

The potboy took the grog into the green-room,
And left it there for Higgs:—but, as it came to pass,
Lady Macbeth and Banquo having twigg’d it,

First *she* took a very *leetle* sup,—

He fairly swigg’d it;—

And so between them both, alas!

Lady Macbeth and Banquo mopped it up,

And hid the glass!

Higgs, who all this time

Had been upon the stage,—

In that great scene where Macbeth’s urged to crime

By those foul witches,—

Now strutted in,—but, oh! (excuse the rhyme),

Odds philibegs and breeches!

How he did foam and rage,

And writhe his face,

And call the potboy hog, and dog, and log,

On not perceiving his expected grog,

In its accustomed place.

The potboy, being summoned, vowed,

That he had duly brought it,

And, if to speak his mind he was allowed,

He thought it

Might have vanish’d,

Being partly spirits,—like the witches.

“’Tis false!” roared Higgs, “Avaunt! Be banish’d!

Visit no more this realm of milk and honey!

Base caitiff! YOU’VE ABSCONDED with the money!”

Advertisements and Paragraphs Extraordinary.

THE INDUSTRIOUS FLEAS will continue to perform their operations in every part of the British dominions, most especially during the Summer months, to the infinite delight and satisfaction of millions of his Majesty's subjects, many thousands of whom have expressed themselves quite tickled with their ingenuity.

MR. PUFF respectfully announces that he is authorized to state, that he has received instructions to declare, that he will submit to public competition the whole of the superb and genuine **HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE** and **EFFECTS** of the late **SIMON SQUANDER**, Esq. deceased: comprising, among other valuables, a capital cast-iron library, containing upwards of 5000 wooden volumes, bound in calf, and 500 illegible manuscripts beautifully printed; an excellent self-willed never acting piano-forte; a superb suite of wrought iron window curtains; four splendid cobweb carpets; an invisible sofa; two capital India-rubber mirrors; a large stock of flint table and bed-linen; straw fenders and fire irons; leather looking glasses; a set of calico dining tables, with chairs *en suite*; about 10,000 ounces of pewter plate; and an excellent paper clock, warranted not to go. The whole will be sold by Auction, without reserve, on the First of April next. Catalogues to be had of the Auctioneer.

NOTICE is hereby given, that a considerable portion of **CIVIC DIGNITY**, conjectured to be equal in quantity to a *Winchester Measure*, has been lost since the 9th of November, 1834. This *in-valuable* appendage is supposed to have been dropped from the person of an *illustrious Mayor*, during certain squabbles which took place in spite of common sense and *common counsel*. It is hoped it will be recovered by his successor, and any information respecting the same may be communicated to a **HOBBLER**, at the *Mare's Nest* in the Poultry.

LOST—by **NOBODY**, in the neighbourhood of **NOWHERE**, an article more easily conceived than described, known by the name of **NOTHING**. The fortunate finder may keep it on paying the expenses of this Advertisement.

WANT PLACES.

AS TOADY, an unmarried Female of an uncertain age. She is so soft in her disposition, as to take any impression; says yes or no, just as she is bid; prefers Cape to Madeira, and dislikes Champagne; and has no objection to wash and walk out with the poodles. —*N. B.* Is very skilful in back-biting, and would be delighted to assist in the ruin of reputations. Can have a good character from her last place, which she left in consequence of the lady marrying her tall Irish footman:

AS DINER-OUT, an Irish Captain on half-pay, who has at his disposal a plentiful supply of small talk and table wit; does the agreeable to perfection; is a good laugh at stale jokes, and a capital retailer of new ones; never falls asleep at the repetition of a dull story, and always laughs in the right place. He has a variety of other qualifications too numerous for insertion in an advertisement.

THEATRE ROYAL, DREARY LANE.—This

Evening, their Majesties' Servants will perform
T H E M A N A G E R I N D I S T R E S S ;

To which will be added the serious Extravaganza of

T H E H O T C R O S S B U N N ;

The principal Character by the Manager.

The whole to conclude with

T H E D E V I L T O P A Y .

On Monday next, Mr. SWING will exhibit his extraordinary performances on the Tight Rope.—*N. B.* On this occasion, all persons on the Free List will be *suspended*.

THEATRE ROYAL, ENGLISH UPROAR.—The

Proprietor respectfully announces, that while the cold weather lasts, he will present each visitor to the Boxes or Pit with a bucket of "thick-ribbed ICE;" and assures the Public, that the temperature of the Theatre is so comfortably regulated, that it is never more than 50 degrees below the freezing point.

MOST REMARKABLE FACT!—There are now living at Manchester, six persons, whose united ages reach the enormous amount of one hundred and twenty years! And, strange to say, they are all in full possession of their ordinary faculties!

GREAT STORM!—The village of Little Piddleton was visited, on Thursday last, with a most awful storm of hail, which lasted nearly three minutes. The hail-stones were of the enormous size of peas. So singular a circumstance has never occurred before within the memory of the youngest inhabitant.

AN EXTRAORDINARY TURNIP of the Dwarf species, was lately dug out of a field on the estate of Major Longbow, who caused the inside to be scooped out, and gave a grand entertainment therein to a party of 250 persons.—*American Paper*.

THE COMET, which has been so long looked for, suddenly made its appearance here on the 5th inst. between the hours of four and five in the morning, and the servant maids were pretty particularly astonished when they arose, to find that its tail had lighted all their fires, and boiled all their kettles for breakfast. For this piece of service they have christened it the "tail of love."—*American Paper*.

FALLS OF NIAGARA.—Congress has passed a resolution that a premium should be offered for a machine by which the Falls of Niagara might be rendered portable, to afford those persons who live at a distance the opportunity of viewing them at their own houses.—*American Paper*.

ACCIDENTS.—We are happy to state that there is a great diminution in the number of accidents in the past week. Only 250 persons have been drowned by steam-boats; 320 women and children burnt to death by their clothes catching fire; 560 run over by omnibusses and cabs; 252 poisoned by taking oxalic acid instead of salts; 360 scalded to death by the bursting of steam-boilers; 200 blown to atoms by the explosion of powder-mills; and about 100—there or thereabouts—stabbed by drunken soldiers, off duty; all which evinces a great increase of vigilance, carefulness, and humanity, highly creditable to all parties concerned.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]—We never admit puffs into our paper in any disguise or under any circumstances, for we are sure that “the man who would make” a puff “would pick a pocket.” It is a love for veracity alone that induces us to state, that MONSIEUR CHARLATAN’S TUSKOLATUM MYSTIFICATUM for renewing decayed TEETH is the most wonderful and surprisingly efficacious invention ever invented. How will those ancient maidens rejoice, who have only a colt’s tooth in their heads, when they are told, that by sowing this panacea in their gums overnight, a fine crop of full grown grinders will sprout up by the following morning! We speak from our own experience; and whereas, before we used this extraordinary invention, our great anxiety was how to get teeth for our food, the only matter that now troubles us is how to get food for our teeth.

EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCE.—Yesterday, a shabbily-dressed, half-genteel, poetical-looking sort of man, suddenly fell down in one of the gin-palaces in St. Giles’s; after having, as it was supposed, put an end to his existence, by swallowing a quartern of *Deady’s Best*. On taking him, however, to the Station House, and administering large doses of cold water (to which his stomach manifested a particular antipathy by repeatedly serving it with an ejection), he was sufficiently recovered to give some account of himself; but the following lines, written on the back of a dirty tobacco paper, found in his pocket, will sufficiently explain the cause of the rash act. It will be seen that he was a man of *letters*, tho’ (judging from his reservedness) of very few words.

To Robert Short, Esq. M. P.

DEAR BOB,—I know that U’ll XQQQ
 The wailings of a mournful MUUU.
 While U, my friend, are at your EEE,
 My creditors I can’t apPPP:
 I’m CD,—dropping to DK,
 With not a sous my debts to pay.
 So lean a wight you ne’er did C,—
 I look just like an F-I-G.
 My purse is MT, it is true;
 But don’t suppose I NV you:
 I O U nothing but good-will,
 And that I mean 2 O U still.
 But if my motive U’d descry
 For writing this, I’ll tell U Y:
 B 4 ’tis long, I hope for peace;
 And when U hear of my DCCC,
 I beg, to shew your love for me,
 U’ll write your Poet’s L-E-G.
 I’m sure that U’ll indite it well,
 For in such matters you XL.
 Say “E was once a RT fellow,
 “ But all his ‘green leaves soon turn’d yellow.’
 “ He didn’t mind his PPP and QQQ,
 “ But Plutus left, to woo the MUUU:
 “ And tho’ he courted all the IX,
 “ He found them far too poor to dine;
 “ Nay more, the very Graces III
 “ Could scarce afford a cup of T.
 “ So here he lies, for want of pelf,
 “ Who’d but one NME,—himself.”

AN EPISTLE

From SIR JOHN NORTH to RIGDUM FUNNIDOS, Gent.

DEAR RIG.—Have you read my famous book,
About the wonderful route I took ;
Through frost and snow, how I went so far,
To stare in vain at the polar star ;
And how I sought by night and noon,
To bag the beams of the arctic moon ;
And how it was far beyond a joke,
To think my steam should end in smoke ;
With all the spiteful things I said,
As I knock'd the engine on the head ;
And how I've fill'd up countless pages,
With sneers at the "Useful Knowledge" sages ;
And about the land of the Esquimaux,
Where I gave a squeeze to many a squaw ;
But sighed to think that a time must come
To clear them off by "the force of Rum ;"
And how I came to an island blest,
Which foot of man had never press'd,
And grateful to the Spinning *Gin-ny*,
That lined my purse with many a guinea,
I straightway handed down to fame
A Smithfield *Booth's* immortal name ?

I did such deeds as would make you stare ;
'Twere a bore to tell how I kill'd a bear ;
Or how for want of a better meal,
I seal'd the fate of many a seal.

And have you read that, to crown the whole,
I'm almost sure I found the Pole ;
('Twas twirling round, on its centre set,
Like an opera dancer's pirouette,)
And though the fog as thick did look
As a certain stupid quarto book,
One night I saw a vision fair,
Of knighthood's honours in the air ;
And how, agog to reach my glory,
I hasten'd home to print my story ;
And how I thought 'twould have been no blame
To have left behind the halt and lame,
Dead weights, that, every body knows,
Are only fit to feed the crows ?
For if, Dear Rig., you'll only look,
All this, and more, is in my book.

INVITATION OF "THE SELECT"

TO

Bartholomew Fair.

Come, buffers and duffers, and dashers and smashers,
Come, tag, rag, and bobtail, attend to my call;
Ye pickpockets, sally from court, lane, and alley,
The LORD MAYOR in person has open'd the ball.
Come, Billingsgate sinners, and cat and dog skimmers,
And play up a game to make Decency stare:
A fig for propriety, sense, and sobriety!
They never were known at fam'd BARTLEMY FAIR.

Come, nightmen and dustmen, and rovers and drovers;
Come, Whitechapel butchers, and join in the throng!
With marrow-bones and cleavers, delight the coal-heavers,
While broken-nose Billy shall snuffle a song.
Ye lazy mechanics, who dearly love one day,
For wives and for children who never know care;
Who reckon Saint Monday more holy than Sunday,
Come and spend all your earnings at BARTLEMY FAIR.

Ye wives and ye widows! here's plenty of bidders;
Come hither, and each get a swain for herself;
To deck yourselves gaily, and grace the Old Bailey,
The pawnbrokers' shops will lend plenty of pelf.
Ye youth of the city! ye servant-maids pretty!
Ye unmarried damsels with characters rare!
Come here and be jolly, for virtue's a folly;
So, come and be ruin'd at BARTLEMY FAIR.

THE FIVE BELLES.

“ My own blue belle, my pretty blue belle,”
How deeply in love with thee I fell!
And graciously you receiv'd my suit,
While digging away at a Hebrew root ;
But ah ! you us'd me wond'rous shabby,
To turn me off for a Jewish Rabbi.

My next fair belle was a lively dame ;
But I found if I dar'd to advance my claim,
And ventur'd to marry the lovely *Bel*,
I should take to my arms the *Dragon* as well.
For such an event I was too old a stager,
So I yielded her up to a triple Bob Major.

Now belle the third was a charming belle,
Who many a tale of love could tell ;
But just as I thought that “ constancy
Was only another name for she,”
Away she ran with an Irish fellow,
And basely proved a *horrida Bella*.

The belle my fancy next did choose
Stood six feet high in her low-heel'd shoes ;
But when I took courage my love to tell,
My *Belle Sauvage* prov'd a *savage belle*.
I didn't much mind her being a strapper,
But I couldn't endure her terrible clapper.

But belle the fifth was the belle for me ;
I was charm'd by her sweet taciturnity.
To ring this belle I a wish possess'd,
But *dumb bells* always open the *chest*,
Which made me fear she'd get to the *till*,
And so, alas ! I'm a bachelor still.

ANNUAL REGISTER OF REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES.

JAN. 13th.—*Three* young men on the *Serpentine* cutting a figure of *six*, about *nine* in the morning of *twelfth* day, were *two* careless, though warned *be-four*, to *weight* the reading of the Society's "not-ice," so popped into *sixteen* feet water. They were speedily helped out of the *ice-well*, and resolved to *cut* away and not *come* again.

21st.—An Omnibus Cad was brought before the Lord Mayor, charged with having been guilty of civility to a passenger, by neglecting to bang the door against his *stern*, in time to throw him on his *head*. His Lordship said such conduct was unprecedented; but as the man, in extenuation, proved that he had cried "go on," while another gentleman was getting *off*, he thought the case did not call for interference. The culprit, however was dismissed by the Paddington committee, lest his example should contaminate the others.

FEB. 4th.—The following horrible event occurred in a family lately arrived from India. A female of colour, one of the establishment, was sitting by the fire, with two of her dark little progeny by her side, when a black footman, remarkable for his savage disposition, suddenly entered the room, seized one of them in each hand, hurried to the water cistern, and plunging in the struggling little ones, held them till life was extinct. In vain the distracted mother implored compassion; the by-standers seemed to think there was no law against drowning kittens.

MARCH 12th.—An elderly gentleman, crossing Fleet Street, was driven *through* by the *Perseverance* Omnibus. He was carried into the nearest shop, and, after taking six boxes of Morison's pills, felt so little inconvenience that he expressed his determination to keep the orifice open, so as not to be an obstruction to carriages in future.

8th.—On Thursday, died Old Tom, the Leadenhall Market Gander, after having worthily supported the city dignity for thirty years. The court of Aldermen attended his funeral, and his deeds were not forgotten by the city remembrancer. His spirit still haunts the old spot, and nightly takes in his favourite stuffing of sage and onions, and the poulterers say they always know *the ghost* when they see him *a-goblin*.

26th.—Mr. Morison was elected principal of Brazen-noze College on presenting to its library a copy of his treatise on *Assurance*, with tables of the average termination of life, as deduced from the last returns of the *pills* of mortality.

APRIL 1st.—According to annual custom, a considerable number of persons assembled this morning on Tower Hill to see the Lions washed. It was, however, officially notified that, the menagerie having been broken up, they could not be gratified, but that his Majesty, in order to prevent their entire disappointment, would, for this occasion, substitute the shaving

of a Donkey; with a recommendation that each individual do perform the ceremony at his own home in future.

14th.—The Hackney Coach horses of the Metropolis met at their usual resting time, which lasts from sixty minutes past twelve on Saturday night, till sixty minutes before one on Sunday morning, and resolved to petition Parliament in favour of Sir Andrew's Sunday Bill. They complained that though on that day they always had more *fare*, they had no more food, for though they were never without the taste of *a bit*, they had no leisure to bite; and that though the weather might be ever so fine, for them it was always *rein-y*. They, however, did not wish to make exorbitant demands, and would be quite satisfied if Sunday, to others a day of joy, might be to them a day of "*Wo*." Earl *Gray* was asked to present the petition, and signified "*yea*," by saying "*neigh*."

MAY 5th.—The attention of the passengers in Salisbury Square was excited by observing an inhabitant come out at the attic window of a house (No. 66), and pass along the parapet. His next neighbour, with whom he was known to be on bad terms, soon after appeared on the adjacent roof. They approached each other with signs of anger, and grappling, engaged in a furious struggle;—both fell from the parapet;—fortunately escaping the iron spikes below, and alighting on their feet, each spit at the other, cried "*moll-row*," and rushed down his own area.

15th.—As Doctor Fillpot was walking in the Zoological Gardens, his Christian charity was blown into the cage of the Humming birds, and instantly pecked up by the voracious little animals, who, strange to say, did not seem at all inconvenienced by the extraordinary meal.

JUNE 3rd.—A nursemaid and three fine children were lost in some cart ruts, called "*The New Promenade*," in Regent's Park, and have never been heard of since.

9th.—At the Annual Meeting of the Proprietors of the Thames Tunnel, the secretary reported that though the *Leeks* had all ceased, he was happy to say there was no diminution of *Salaries*; that they had got *over* all the soft *mud*, which was hard; but they had now to get *under* a hard *rock*, which was harder; that their money in the *stocks* was expended in digging *stones*; and that they had not reached the opposite *Bank*, though they had exhausted their *Banker*; and that, in all probability, though they might labour to the end, they would never see the end of their labour; for however *light* they might make of it, they were more in the *dark* than ever. The meeting, in great discontent, divided without a dividend; and, grunting like *hogs*, pronounced the *whole* a great *bore*.

JULY 5th.—The old and young elephants, from the Zoological Gardens, were brought up at Marylebone office. It appears that during the night they had made their way to the Paddington Canal *Bank*, had broken open the *Locks*, and abstracted all the water, with which they got beastly "*drunk on the premises*." Their return home in that state caused suspicion to fall on them, and their apartments being searched, the stolen property was found concealed in their *trunks*, together with pawn-brokers'

duplicates for the contents of the Grand Junction reservoir, and the City basin, both of which had suddenly disappeared in a mysterious manner, and having been at low water of late, and much run upon, owing to the dry weather, were supposed to have run away. The culprits showed their teeth at the charge, as hard as ivory, and speechified at length, but a clear case being established, they offered their *pledges* for better behaviour; however, the worthy magistrate stopped their *spouting*, and sent them to the treadmill. The office was crowded by members of the Temperance Society, several of whom offered to become bail for them.

21st.—At the last drawing room, Captain Bodkin had the honor of presenting Cleopatra's needle to the Queen. Her Majesty was pleased to send to *Cable Street*, for an hundred yards of *Wopping Thread*, and in the evening, one of the maids of honour used it, by Her Majesty's desire, to work a button-hole of a new shirt for Mister O'Killus in the park.

AUGUST 4th.—On Sunday the 2nd, Lord H. visited the Bear-pit in the Zoological Gardens, and leaning too far over the wall, fell among the interesting animals, who were so alarmed at the sight that they were seized with convulsions, and have been in a nervous state ever since.

17th.—An old woman was charged with selling apples on a Sunday morning. She was too poor to keep a *shop*, so was committed to the *Counter*. It appeared that her basket obstructed the people in their way to the Gravesend Sunday boats.

26th.—A steam-boat party going down the river for a *Marine Gala*, were caught in a *gale*. The *Catastrophe* happened off the Isle of *Dogs*, and the hurricane *setting in* during a *Quadrille*, they tried in vain to stand *firm*, for *partners* were driven "right and left;" the "Ladies' chain" was broken off in the middle, and "The Lancers" totally put to the rout. The chimney *fell* in the midst of a *cadence*, and the mast was *shivered* during a *shake*, but the musicians were all ruined, for their instruments were blown *beyond Fiddlers' reach*.

SEPT. 1st.—The Duke of Nemours, with his suite, rode through Coventry Street, when the figure of Fieschi became visibly agitated, and attempted to discharge the Infernal Machine at him. Nothing but its being a sham, and not loaded, saved the Duke from the fate intended for his father.

5th.—The Ladies' Brazen Monument to the Duke of Wellington, having been *smoked* a good deal of late, it's noble proprietresses determined on giving it an autumnal washing before the fall of the leaf. For this purpose, the (Holy) Alliance Company lent their engine, a fiery Marquess played the pipe, and a committee of Countesses worked the pumps. The figure was then invested in a new shirt, presented by her Majesty, against the cold weather.

20th.—A sailing party from Margate, finding themselves near *Urn bay*, resolved to drink *tea*. Mrs. Bullion, of Cheapside, one of the company, proposed music in the air, and, being inspired by the water, volunteered "The Land;" but, in getting up to C above, she overreached herself, and fell into the sea below. At first, Mr. Bullion feared she would

prove *dead stock* on his hands, but he soon saw she was *floating, capital*; so he bargained with some *dredgers* to give her an *hoister* on board again. The *natives* were greatly alarmed at the occurrence.

OCT. 3rd.—Mrs. Belasco delivered her concluding Lecture on morality with illustrations, in the Saloon of the Haymarket Theatre.

7th.—The Penitentiary, at Millbank, was partly destroyed by fire; luckily the flames were extinguished, without making an *Auto-da-fe* of the fair penitents, many of whom were insured by destiny from that sort of untimely end. The tread-mill was, unfortunately, burnt, to the great inconvenience of several industrious persons who were practising on it, to qualify themselves for places of service where there was a good deal of running up stairs.

12th.—The paupers of Gripeham workhouse having been, under the new law, deprived of their tobacco, deputed one old woman, as the *organ* of the rest, to demand a restoration of their *pipes*. The overseers withstood her *fire*, and refused her *smoke*; however, at the suggestion of one of their body who had learned Latin, they consented to allow her a "*Quid pro quo*."

Nov. 15th.—The Society for the Protection of Animals held its yearly meeting. The report stated, that in Billingsgate their efforts had met with great success. In the following meritorious cases, the large silver medal was awarded:—To Diana Finn, for cracking the necks of a pound of eels before she skinned them; to Simon Soft, for boiling his lobsters in cold water; to Ephraim Hacket, for crimping cod with a blunted knife; and to Felix Flat, for refusing to open live oysters. In other quarters humanity was also progressing, and prizes were given to Hans Lever, for drubbing a donkey with the *thin* end of his cudgel, at the request of an officer of this Society; and to Nicodemus Nacks, for consenting to keep a plaster on his poney's *raw*, except on pleasure parties, and other occasions requiring extra persuasion. The thanks of the Society were voted to Daniel Dozer, Esq., of New River Head, for using dead worms as a bait; and the gold medal to the same gentleman, for his practice of angling without hooking the fish. A premium was also offered by the Society for some preparation of ox(h)ide of iron, which shall enable a bullock's back to resist a whacking.

DEC. 7th.—Sir Harcourt Lees was frightened into fits by O'Connell's ghost, which appeared to him in the shape of a moving *Mass*, with cloven feet, a long *tail*, and the *Pope's eye* in the middle of his forehead.

18th.—During the exhibition of the gas microscope, the water tigers, irritated by the intense blaze of light to which they were exposed, after several tremendous efforts to escape, broke from their confinement, and sprang among the spectators. Three young ladies from a boarding school were instantly devoured. The ferocious animals next turned their attention to the governess and an old teacher, who proving rather tough, afforded time for their keeper to secure them, which he did by re-absorbing them in a drop of water on the point of a needle.



FINALE.

My task is done!—but, ere I “drown my book,”
And “break my staff,” I’ll take a parting look.

If I have made a fool, in sportive fit,
A lapstone meet, whereon to shape my wit,
So gently have I used him, that, with care,
He’ll serve my purpose for another year :
As old Majendie skinned the Italian hound,
And time too short for demonstration found,
Then told his pupils, if they managed right,
They’d keep the dog alive another night.

Of embryo asses I’ve a pretty store,
Who crave a flaying in a twelvemonth more ;
Subjects of every colour and complexion,
Contending for the honour of dissection ;
While some there are, who, blest in their condition,
Would waive the honours of my exhibition,
As bashful Bishops, at an ordination,
Cry “*Nolo*,” to the gentle invitation :
And some, the only merit of whose life
Will be, their forming victims for my knife.

Now, John—not Sir John Ross—I mean John Bull,
Thou silly, soft, good-natured, guileless gull !
Why wilt thou let each knave enrich his nest
With treasures pilfered from thy downy breast ?
Pill-bolting glutton of all sorts of trash !
In jest or earnest needing still the lash,
Thy cure (no sinecure) will keep, I fear,
My rod in pickle for another year.



ECLIPSES.

There will be Four Eclipses in 1836, Two of the Sun, and Two of the Moon ; but the only one visible in England will be that of the Sun, on Sunday, May 15.

I. A partial Eclipse of the Moon, May 1, but invisible in England.

II. An annular Eclipse of the Sun, on Sunday, May 15, visible. The central and annular appearance of this Eclipse of the Sun commences in the Pacific Ocean, passes rapidly over the connecting land of the two Americas, at the Gulph of Fonseca on the west, and Cape Gracios a Dios on the eastern coast, and entirely covering the Island of Jamaica, and skirting the southern coast of that of Cuba, from Cape de la Cruz to Point de Mayo, will, at its southern limit, reach Ireland at Donegal Bay, while the central line just touches the northern extremity of the island at Malin head.

III. A partial Eclipse of the Moon, October 24, invisible in England.

IV. A total Eclipse of the Sun, November 8, but invisible in England, will begin in the Indian Ocean 10h. 54m. aft. Lat. 9 deg. 33 S., Long. 83 deg. 26 E. of Greenwich, and passing over the south-western extremity of Australia, below Swan River, is central Nov. 9, 1h. 51m., and will terminate Nov. 9, 2h. 58m. at about 116 deg., 45 W. Longitude, and 51 deg. 12 S. Latitude in the Pacific Ocean.

HOLIDAYS KEPT AT PUBLIC OFFICES.

CUSTOMS, EXCISE, AND STAMP OFFICE.

April 1. Good Friday.
 May 28. King's Birth Day.
 29. Restoration King Charles.
 Sept. 8. King's Coronation.
 Dec. 25. Christmas Day.

BANK OF ENGLAND.

April 1. Good Friday.
 May 1. St. Philip and St. James.
 Nov. 1. All Saints.
 Dec. 25. Christmas Day.

INDIA HOUSE, TRANSFER OFFICE.
 Same as the Bank.

EXCHERQUER.

April 1. Good Friday.
 Dec. 25. Christmas Day.

INDIA HOUSE, TREASURER, AND ACCOUNTANT OFFICE.
 Same as the Customs.

TRANSFER DAYS

At the Bank.

Dividends due.

Stock	Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday	} April 5
3 per cent. reduced,	Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday	
3½ per cent.	Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday	} Oct. 10
3½ per cent. reduced,	Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday	
Long Annuities to January, 1860,	Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday	} April 5
Annuities for 30 years, to October 10, 1859,	Tues. Thurs. and Sat. ..	
3 per cent. Consols	Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday	} Jan. 5
3 per cent. 1726, ..	Tuesday and Thursday	
3½ per cent. (New)	Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday	} July 5

Hours for buying, selling, and transferring, from 11 to 1; for accepting, from 9 to 3; for payment of dividends, from 9 to 3, every day in the week.

At the South Sea House.

Stock,	Monday, Wednesday, and Friday....	Jan. 5, July 5
3 per cent. Old Annuities,	Monday, Wednesday, and Friday....	April 5, Oct. 10
3 per cent. New Annuities,	Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday	} Jan. 5
3 per cent. 1751,	Tuesday and Thursday.....	

At the East India House.

Stock, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday	Jan. 5, July 5
Interest on India Bonds due	April 1, Oct. 1

RECEIPT STAMPS.

[The Stamp Duty on Receipts under £5 ceased 5th July, 1833, except with respect to penalties previously incurred.]

Amounting to	and under	£	s.	d.
£5	£10	0	0	3
10	20	0	0	6
20	50	0	1	0
50	100	0	1	6
100	200	0	2	6
200	300	0	4	0
300	500	0	5	0
500	1000	0	7	6
1000 or upwards		0	10	0
Receipt in full of all demands		0	10	0

Penalty for signing a Receipt without a stamp, or upon a stamp of less denomination than proper—If the sum is

Under £100	£10
If £100 and upwards	£20

A Memorandum given for money received, though not signed, is deemed a Receipt, and liable to duty.

BILL STAMPS, &c.

For any longer Period.	Not exceeding Two Months after Date, or Sixty Days after Sight		For any longer Period.
	If..... £2 0s. and under	If..... £5 5s. and not exceeding 20	
1 s. 6d	0	0	1 s. 6d
2 0	1 6	1 6	2 0
2 6	2 0	2 0	2 6
3 6	2 6	2 6	3 6
4 6	3 6	3 6	4 6
5 0	4 6	4 6	5 0
6 0	5 0	5 0	6 0
8 6	6 0	6 0	8 6
12 6	8 6	8 6	12 6
15 0	12 6	12 6	15 0
25 0	15 0	15 0	25 0
30 0	25 0	25 0	30 0

GENERAL POST OFFICE, LONDON.

Letters to go the same day must be put in before seven o'clock, but those put in before half past seven will go the same evening by paying 6d. with each

Letters pay, if single, from any Post Office in England, to any place not exceeding 15 miles	4d.	Above 50 & not exceeding 80	8d.	
Above 15 & not exceeding 20	5d.	80	120	9d.
20	30	120	170	10d.
30	50	170	230	11d.
		230	300	12d.

And so on in proportion.

HIS MAJESTY'S MINISTERS.

Viscount Melbourne	First Lord of the Treasury
Right Hon. Thomas Spring Rice	Chancellor of the Exchequer
Right Hon. Sir L. Shadwell	Lords Commiss. of the Great Seal, acting instead of a Lord Chancellor
Sir C. Pepys	
Mr. Justice Bosanquet	Lord President of the Council
Marquis of Lansdowne	
Viscount Duncannon	Lord Privy Seal & First Commissioner of Woods and Forests
Lord John Russell	Home Secretary
Viscount Palmerston	Foreign Secretary
Lord Glenelg	Colonial Secretary
Earl of Minto	First Lord of the Admiralty
Viscount Morpeth	Chief Secretary of Ireland
Right Hon. Sir John Cam Hobhouse, Bt.	President of the Board of Control
Right Hon. Charles Poulett Thomson	President of the Board of Trade
Right Hon. Henry Labouchere	Vice President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint
Right Hon. Sir Henry Parnell, Bart.	Paymaster of the Forces
Viscount Howick	Secretary at War
Right Hon. Sir Richard H. Vivian, Bt.	Master General of the Ordnance
Earl of Lichfield	Postmaster General
Marquis Conyngham	Lord Chamberlain
Duke of Argyll	Lord Steward
Earl of Albermarle	Master of the Horse
Lord Holland	Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster
Sir John Campbell	Attorney General
Sir Robert Monsey Rolfe	Solicitor General
Earl of Mulgrave	Lord Lieutenant of Ireland
Lord Plunkett	Lord Chancellor of Ireland

BANKERS IN LONDON.

- Ashley and Son, 135, Regent Street
 Barclay, Tritton, Bevan and Co. 54, Lombard Street
 Barnard, Dimsdales and Barnard, 50, Cornhill
 BARNETTS, Hoare and Co. 62, Lombard Street
 Bosanquet, Pitt, Anderson and Co. 73, Lombard Street
 Bouverie, Norman, and Murdoch, 11, Haymarket
 Brown, Janson and Co. 34, Abchurch Lane
 Call, (Sir W. P.) Marten, and Co. 25, Old Bond Street
 Child and Co. 1, Fleet Street
 Cockburn and Co. Whitehall
 Cocks, Biddulph, and Biddulph, 43, Charing Cross
 Coutts and Co. 59, Strand
 Cunliffe, Brooks, & Co. Bucklersbury
 Curries, Raikes, and Co. 29, Cornhill
 Curtis, Roberts & Co. 15, Lombard-st.
 Denison, and Co. 106, Fenchurch-st.
 Dixon, Son, and Brooks, 25, Chancery Lane
 Dorrien, Magens, Dorrien, Mello, and Co. 24, Finch Lane
 Drewett and Fowler, 60, Old Broad-st.
 Drummonds & Co. 49, Charing Cross
 Esdaile, (Sir J.) Esdaile, Grenfell and Co. 21, Lombard Street
 Fuller, (Richard and George.) and Co. 84, Cornhill
 Feltham, (John) and Co. 42, Lombard Street
 Glyn, (Sir R. Carr, Bart.) Mills, Halifax, and Co. 67, Lombard-st.
 Gosling, (F. and W.) and E. Sharp, 19, Fleet Street
 Grote, Prescott, and Co. 62, Thread-needle Street
 Hammersleys and Clark, 76, Pall Mall
 Hanburys, Taylor, and Lloyds, 60, Lombard Street
 Hankeys, and Co. 7, Fenchurch-st.
 Herries, Farquhar, Halliday, Davidson, and Co. 16, St. James's Street
 Hoare, Henry, Henry Hugh, Charles and Henry Meyrick, Fleet Street
 Hopkinsons, 3, Regent Street, St. James's
 Jones, (John) 41, West Smithfield
 Jones, Loyd and Co Lothbury
 Kinloch and Sons, 1, New Broad-st.
 Ladbroke, Kingscote, and Gillman, Bank Buildings
 London & Westminster Bank, Throgmorton Street & Waterloo Place
 Lubbock, (Sir John William, Bart.)
 Lubbock, Foster, Clarke and Co. 11, Mansion-House Street
 Stone, Martin, and Stones, 68, Lombard Street
 Masterman, Peters, Mildred, Masterman and Co. 35, Nicholas Lane
 Maude, John and Thomas, & Charles William Hallett, 13, George Street, Westminster
 Pares and Heygate, 25, Bridge Street, Blackfriars
 Pocklington and Lacy, 60, West Smithfield
 Praeds, Mackworth, Newcombe, and Fane, 189, Fleet Street
 Price, Marryatt and Co. King William Street.
 Puget, Bainbridges and Co. 12, St. Paul's Church Yard
 Ransoms and Co. 1, Pall Mall East
 Rogers, Towgood, and Co. 29, Clement's Lane
 Scott, (Sir C. Bart.) and Co. Cavendish Square
 Smith, Payne, and Smith, Thread-needle Street
 Snow and Paul, (Sir J. D. Bart.) 217, Strand
 Spooner, Attwoods, & Co. 27, Gracechurch Street
 Stevenson and Salt, 20, Lombard-st.
 Twining, Richard, George, and John Aldred, Strand
 Veres, Sapte, Banbury and Co. 77, Lombard Street.
 Weston, Young, and Bostock, 37, High Street, Borough
 Whitmore, Wells, and Whitmore, 24, Lombard Street
 Williams, Deacon, Labouchere, and Co. Birchin Lane
 Willis, Percival, and Co. 76, Lombard Street
 Wrights, Selby, and Robinson, 5, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden
 Young, (Abraham) and Son 11, West Smithfield

TWO PENNY POST OFFICE.

Principal Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand.

Letters going from one part of the town to another—If put in the receiving houses by 8, 10, and 12 o'clock in the morning, and by 2, 5, and 8 o'clock in the evening; delivered at 10 and 12 in the morning, 2, 4, and 7 in the afternoon, and at 8 the next morning. No letter must weigh more than four ounces.

Letters may be put into the principal office one hour later for each delivery.

LIST OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

(Elected in January, 1835.)

1. Members for Counties in England and Wales	159
2. Members for Cities, Universities and Boroughs in England and Wales	341
3. Members for Scotland	53
4. Members for Ireland	105
Total	658

ENGLISH AND WELSH COUNTIES.

<p><i>Anglesea</i> - - Sir R. B. W. Bulkeley.</p> <p><i>Bedford</i> - - Ld. C. J. F. Russell, Ld. Alford</p> <p><i>Berks</i> - - J. Walter, R. Palmer, P. Pusey</p> <p><i>Brecon</i> - - Colonel T. Wood.</p> <p><i>Bucks</i> - - Marquis of Chandos, Sir W. L. Young, bt., J. B. Praed.</p> <p><i>Cambridge</i> - - Hon. E. T. Yorke, R. J. Eaton, R. G. Townley.</p> <p><i>Cardigan</i> - - Col. W. E. Powell.</p> <p><i>Carmarthen</i> - - Hon. G. R. Trevor, Sir J. Williams, bt.</p> <p><i>Carnarvon</i> - - T. A. Smith.</p> <p><i>Cheshire (North)</i> - E. J. Stanley, W. T. Egerton.</p> <p><i>Cheshire (South)</i> - G. Wilbraham, Sir P. G. Egerton.</p> <p><i>Cornwall (N. E.)</i> - Sir W. Molesworth, bt., Sir W. L. S. Trelawney.</p> <p><i>Cornwall (S. W.)</i> - E. W. Pendarves, Sir C. Lemon.</p> <p><i>Cumberland (E.)</i> - Sir J. Graham, W. Blamire.</p> <p><i>Cumberland (W.)</i> - E. Stanley, S. Irton.</p> <p><i>Denbigh</i> - - Sir W. W. Wynn, bt., Hon. W. Bagot.</p> <p><i>Derby (North)</i> - Hon. G. H. Cavendish, T. Gisborne.</p> <p><i>Derby (South)</i> - Sir G. Crewe, Sir R. Griesley.</p> <p><i>Devon (North)</i> - Viscount Ebrington, Hon. N. Fellowes.</p> <p><i>Devon (South)</i> - M. E. N. Parker, Sir J. B. Y. Buller.</p> <p><i>Dorset</i> - Lord Ashley, H. C. Sturt, Hon. W. F. S. Ponsonby.</p> <p><i>Durham (North)</i> - Sir H. Williamson, H. Lambton.</p> <p><i>Durham (South)</i> - J. Pease, J. Bowes.</p> <p><i>Essex (North)</i> - Sir J. T. Tyrrell, J. P. Elwes.</p> <p><i>Essex (South)</i> - R. W. H. Dare, T. W. Bramston.</p> <p><i>Flint</i> - - Hon. E. M. L. Mostyn.</p> <p><i>Glamorgan</i> - - C. R. M. Talbot, L. W. Dillwyn.</p> <p><i>Gloucester (East)</i> - Hon. A. H. Moreton, C. W. Codrington.</p> <p><i>Gloucester (West)</i> - Hon. G. C. G. F. Berkeley, Marquis of Worcester.</p> <p><i>Hants (North)</i> - C. S. Lefevre, J. W. Scott.</p> <p><i>Hants (South)</i> - J. W. Fleming, H. C. Compton.</p> <p><i>Hereford</i> - - K. Hoskins, Sir R. Price, bt., E. T. Foley.</p> <p><i>Hertford</i> - - Viscount Grimston, A. Smith, R. Alston.</p> <p><i>Huntingdon</i> - - Visc. Mandeville, J. B. Roper.</p> <p><i>Isle of Wight</i> - Sir R. G. Simeon, bt.</p> <p><i>Kent (East)</i> - - Sir E. Knatchbull, J. P. Plumtre.</p> <p><i>Kent (West)</i> - - Sir W. Geary, T. L. Hodges.</p> <p><i>Lancashire (North)</i> - Lord Stanley, J. W. Patten.</p> <p><i>Lancashire (South)</i> - Lord F. L. Egerton, Hon. R. B. Wilbraham.</p>	<p><i>Leicester (North)</i> - Lord R. W. Manners, C. M. Phillips.</p> <p><i>Leicester (South)</i> - H. Halford, T. F. Turner.</p> <p><i>Lincoln (Kest., &c.)</i> - G. J. Heathcote, H. Handley.</p> <p><i>Lincolnsh. (Lind.)</i> - Hon. C. A. W. Pelham, T. G. Corbett.</p> <p><i>Merioneth</i> - - Sir R. W. Vaughan, bt.</p> <p><i>Middlesex</i> - - G. Byng, J. Hume.</p> <p><i>Monmouth</i> - - Lord G. C. H. Somerset, W. A. Williams.</p> <p><i>Montgomery</i> - - Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynne.</p> <p><i>Norfolk (East)</i> - Ld. Walpole, E. Wodehouse.</p> <p><i>Norfolk (West)</i> - Sir W. J. H. B. Folkes, Sir J. Astley, bt.</p> <p><i>Northampton (N.)</i> - Visc. Milton, Lord Brudenell.</p> <p><i>Northampton (S.)</i> - W. R. Cartwright, Sir C. Knightley, bt.</p> <p><i>Northumberl. (N.)</i> - Visc. Howick, Lord Ossulston.</p> <p><i>Northumberl. (S.)</i> - T. W. Beaumont, M. Bell.</p> <p><i>Nottingham (N. W.)</i> - H. G. Knight, T. Houldsworth.</p> <p><i>Nottingham (S. E.)</i> - J. E. Denison, Earl Lincoln.</p> <p><i>Oxford</i> - - G. G. Harcourt, Ld. Norreys, Major Weyland.</p> <p><i>Pembroke</i> - - Sir J. Owen, bt.</p> <p><i>Radnor</i> - - W. Wilkins.</p> <p><i>Rutland</i> - - Sir G. N. Noel, bt., Sir G. Heathcote.</p> <p><i>Salop (North)</i> - Sir R. Hill, bt., W. O. Gore.</p> <p><i>Salop (South)</i> - Earl of Darlington, Hon. R. H. Clive.</p> <p><i>Somerset (East)</i> - W. G. Langton, W. Miles.</p> <p><i>Somerset (West)</i> - E. A. Sandford, C. J. K. Tynte.</p> <p><i>Stafford (North)</i> - Sir O. Mosley, bt., E. Buller.</p> <p><i>Stafford (South)</i> - Sir J. Wrottesley, Sir F. L. H. Goodricke.</p> <p><i>Suffolk (East)</i> - Lord Henniker, Sir C. B. Vere.</p> <p><i>Suffolk (West)</i> - H. Wilson, Colonel R. Rushbrooke.</p> <p><i>Surrey (East)</i> - - Captain Alsager, A. W. Beauclerk.</p> <p><i>Surrey (West)</i> - W. J. Denison, C. Barclay.</p> <p><i>Sussex (East)</i> - H. B. Curteis, Hon. C. C. Cavendish.</p> <p><i>Sussex (West)</i> - Lord G. Lennox, Earl Surrey.</p> <p><i>Warwick (North)</i> - Sir J. Wilmot, D. S. Dugdale.</p> <p><i>Warwick (South)</i> - Sir J. Mordaunt, bt., E. R. C. Sheldon.</p> <p><i>Westmoreland</i> - - Viscount Lowther, Hon. H. C. Lowther.</p> <p><i>Wilts (North)</i> - P. Methuen, W. Long.</p> <p><i>Wilts (South)</i> - Hon. S. Herbert, J. Benett.</p> <p><i>Worcester (East)</i> - E. Holland, T. H. Cookes.</p> <p><i>Worcester (West)</i> - Hon. H. B. Lygon, H. J. Winnington.</p> <p><i>York (North)</i> - Hon. W. Duncombe, E. S. Cayley.</p> <p><i>York (East)</i> - - P. B. Thompson, R. Bethell.</p> <p><i>York (West)</i> - - Viscount Morpeth, Sir G. Strickland, bt.</p>
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ENGLISH AND WELSH CITIES, BOROUGHES, AND UNIVERSITIES.

- Abingdon** - - T. Duffield.
Andover - - R. Etwall, Sir J. W. Pollen.
Arundel - - Lord D. C. Stuart.
Ashburton - - C. Lushington.
Ashton-under-Lyme C. Hindley.
Aylesbury - - W. Rickford, W. H. Hanmer.
- Banbury** - - H. W. Tancred.
Barnstaple - - J. P. B. Chichester, C. St. John Fancourt.
Bath - - General Palmer, J. Roebuck.
Beaumaris - - Captain F. Paget.
Bedford - - Capt. F. Pollhill, S. Crawley.
Berwick - - J. Bradshaw, Sir R. Donkin.
Beverley - - H. Burton, J. W. Hogg.
Bewdley - - Sir T. E. Winnington.
Birmingham - - T. Attwood, J. Scholefield.
Blackburn - - W. Turner, W. Fielden.
Bodmin - - Sir S. T. Spry, Major Vivian.
Bolton - - W. Bolling, P. Ainsworth.
Boston - - J. S. Brownrigg, J. Wilks.
Bradford - - J. Hardy, E. C. Lister.
Brecon - - C. M. R. Morgan.
Bridgenorth - - T. C. Whitmore, R. Pigott.
Bridgewater - - C. K. K. Tynte, J. T. Leader.
Bridport - - H. Warburton, H. Twiss.
Brighton - - Capt. Pechell, I. N. Wigney.
Bristol - - P. J. Miles, Sir R. R. Vivyan.
Buckingham - - Sir T. F. Freemantle, Sir H. Verney, bt.
Bury, Lancashire R. Walker.
Bury St. Edmunds Earl Jermyn, Ld. C. Fitzroy.
- Calne** - - Earl of Kerry.
Cambridge - - T. S. Rice, G. Pryme.
Cambridge Univ. Hon. C. Law, H. Goulburn.
Canterbury - - Lord A. D. Conyngham, Sir R. S. Lushington.
Cardiff - - J. Nicholl.
Cardigan - - P. Pryse.
Carlisle - - P. H. Howard, W. Marshall.
Carmarthen - - D. Lewis.
Carnarvon - - Colonel L. P. J. Parry.
Chatham - - Sir J. P. Beresford.
Cheltenham - - Hon. C. F. Berkeley.
Chester - - Lord R. Grosvenor, J. Jervis.
Chichester - - Lord A. Lennox, J. A. Smith.
Chippenham - - J. Neeld, H. G. Boldero.
Christchurch - - G. W. Tapps.
Cirencester - - J. Cripps, Lord R. Somerset.
Clitheroe - - J. Fort.
Cockermouth - - H. A. Aglionby, F. L. B. Dykes, Esq.
Colchester - - R. Sanderson, Sir G. H. Smyth.
Coventry - - E. Ellice, W. Williams.
Cricklade - - R. Gordon, J. Neeld.
- Dartmouth** - - Colonel J. H. Seale.
Denbigh - - W. Jones.
Derby - - Hon. J. Ponsonby, E. Strutt.
Devizes - - W. Lock, Adm. Sir P. Durham.
Devonport - - Sirs E. Codrington, G. Grey.
Dorchester - - Hon. A. Cooper, R. Williams.
Dover - - J. M. Fector, Sir J. Rae Reid.
Droitwich - - J. Barneby.
Dudley - - T. Hawkes.
Durham (City) - - Hon. A. Trevor, W. C. Harland.
- East Retford** - - G. Vernon, Hon. A. Duncombe.
Evesham - - Sir C. Cockerell, P. Borthwick.
Exeter - - Sir W. W. Follett, E. Divett.
Eye - - Sir E. Kerrison, bt.
- Finsbury** - - T. S. Duncombe, T. Wakley.
Flint - - Sir S. R. Glynne, bt.
Frome - - T. Sheppard.
- Gateshead** - - C. Rippon.
Gloucester - - Captain Berkeley, H. T. Hope.
Grantham - - G. E. Welby, Hon. A. G. Tolle-mache.
- Great Grimsby** - E. Heneage.
Greenwich - - J. Angerstein, E. G. Barnard.
Guildford - - J. Mangles, C. B. Wall.
- Halifax** - - C. Wood, Hon. J. S. Wortley.
Harwich - - J. C. Herries, F. R. Bonham.
Hastings - - F. North, H. Elphinstone.
Haverfordwest - - W. H. Scourfield.
Helstone - - Lord J. Townsend.
Hereford - - E. B. Clive, R. Biddulph.
Hertford - - Viscount Mahon, Hon. W. F. Cowper.
Honiton - - Col. Baillie, A. Chichester.
Horsham - - R. H. Hurst.
Huddersfield - - J. Blackburne.
Hull - - T. P. Thompson, W. Hutt.
Huntingdon - - Sir F. Pollock, Col. J. Peel.
Hythe - - S. Marjoribanks.
- Ipswich** - - J. Morrison, R. Wason.
- Kendal** - - J. Barham.
Kidderminster - - G. R. Phillips.
Knaresborough - - A. Lawson, J. Richards.
- Lambeth** - - Right Hon. C. Tennyson, B. Hawes.
Lancaster - - P. M. Stewart, T. Greene.
Launceston - - Sir H. Hardinge.
Leeds - - Sir J. Beckett, bt., E. Baines.
Leicester - - Serjt. Goulburn, T. Gladstone.
Leominster - - Lord Hotham, T. Bish.
Lewes - - Sir C. R. Blunt, T. R. Kemp.
Lichfield - - Sir G. Anson, Sir E. D. Scott.
Lincoln - - Col. Sibthorpe, E. L. Bulwer.
Liskeard - - C. Buller.
Liverpool - - Viscount Sandon, W. Ewart.
London - - M. Wood, W. Crawford, J. Pattison, G. Grote.
Ludlow - - Viscount Clive, E. L. Charlton.
Lyme Regis - - W. Pinney.
Lymington - - J. Stewart, W. A. Mackinnon.
Lynn (Kings) - - Ld. Bentinck, Sir S. Canning.
- Macclesfield** - - J. Ryle, J. Brocklehurst.
Maidstone - - A. W. Roberts, W. Lewis.
Maldon - - Q. Dick, T. B. Lennard.
Malmesbury - - Viscount Andover.
Malton - - J. C. Ramsden, Sir C. Pepys.
- Manchester** - - C. P. Thomson, M. Phillips.
Marlborough - - Lord E. Bruce, H. Baring.
Marlow (Great) - - T. P. Williams, Sir W. R. Clayton, bt.
Marylebone - - Sir S. Whalley, H. L. Bulwer.
Merthyr Tydvil - - J. J. Guest.
Midhurst - - W. S. Poyntz.
Monmouth - - B. Hall.
Montgomery - - J. Edwardes.
Morpeth - - Hon. E. G. G. Howard.
- Newark** - - Serjt. Wilde, W. E. Gladstone.
Newcastle-on-Tyne Sir M. W. Ridley, W. Ord.
Newcastle-undr-L. E. Peel, W. H. Miller.
Newport (I. Wight) W. H. Ord, J. H. Hawkins.
Northallerton - - W. B. Wrightson.
Northampton - - C. Ross, R. V. Smith.
Norwich - - Vt. Stormont, Hon. R. Scarlett.
Nottingham - - Sir J. C. Hobhouse, Sir R. C. Ferguson.
- Oldham** - - J. F. Lees, J. Fielden.
Oxford University Sir R. H. Inglis, bt., T. G. B. Estcourt.
Oxford (City) - - W. H. Hughes, D. Maclean.
- Pembroke** - - H. O. Owen.
Penryn - - J. W. Freshfield, Sir R. Rolfe.
Peterborough - - J. Fazakerley, Sir R. Heron.
Petersfield - - C. J. Hector.

<i>Plymouth</i>	-	J. Collier, T. Bewes.	<i>Taunton</i>	-	E. T. Bainbridge, H. Labouchere.
<i>Pontefract</i>	-	J. Gully, Viscount Pollington.	<i>Tavistock</i>	-	Lord W. Russell, J. Rundle.
<i>Poole</i>	-	Hon. G. S. Byng, C. A. Tulk.	<i>Tewkesbury</i>	-	W. Dowdeswell, C. H. Tracey.
<i>Portsmouth</i>	-	J. B. Carter, F. T. Baring.	<i>Thetford</i>	-	Earl of Euston, F. Baring.
<i>Preston</i>	-	P. H. Fleetwood, Hon. H. T. Stanley.	<i>Thirak</i>	-	S. Compton.
<i>Radnor</i>	-	R. Price.	<i>Tiverton</i>	-	J. Heathcote, Visc. Palmerston.
<i>Reading</i>	-	Serjt. Talfourd, C. Russell.	<i>Totness</i>	-	Lord Seymour, J. Parrot.
<i>Reigate</i>	-	Viscount Eastnor.	<i>Tower Hamlets</i>	-	Dr. S. Lushington, W. Clay.
<i>Richmond</i>	-	Hon. T. Dundas, A. Speirs.	<i>Truro</i>	-	J. E. Vivian, W. Tooke.
<i>Ripon</i>	-	Sir J. Dalbiac, T. Pemberton.	<i>Tynemouth</i>	-	G. F. Young.
<i>Rochdale</i>	-	J. Entwistle.	<i>Wakefield</i>	-	D. Gaskell.
<i>Rochester</i>	-	R. Bernal, T. T. Hodges.	<i>Wallingford</i>	-	W. S. Blackstone.
<i>Rye</i>	-	E. B. Curteis.	<i>Walsall</i>	-	C. S. Forster.
<i>Salford</i>	-	J. Brotherton.	<i>Wareham</i>	-	J. H. Calcrafft.
<i>Salisbury</i>	-	W. Wyndham, W. B. Brodie.	<i>Warrington</i>	-	J. I. Blackburne.
<i>Sandwich</i>	-	S. G. Price, Sir E. Trowbridge.	<i>Warwick</i>	-	Sir C. J. Greville, E. B. King.
<i>Scarborough</i>	-	Sir F. French, Sir J. V. B. Johnstone.	<i>Wells</i>	-	N. W. R. Colbourne, J. L. Lee.
<i>Shaftesbury</i>	-	J. S. Poulter.	<i>Wenlock</i>	-	Hon. G. C. W. Forester, J. M. Gaskell.
<i>Sheffield</i>	-	J. Parker, J. S. Buckingham.	<i>Westbury</i>	-	Sir R. T. Lopez.
<i>Shoreham</i>	-	Sir C. Burrell, bt., H. Goring.	<i>Westminster</i>	-	Sir F. Burdett, Col. Evans.
<i>Shrewsbury</i>	-	Sir J. Hanmer, J. C. Pelham.	<i>Weymouth</i>	-	W. W. Burdon, T. F. Buxton.
<i>Southampton</i>	-	J. B. Hoy, A. R. Dottin.	<i>Whitby</i>	-	A. Chapman.
<i>South Shields</i>	-	R. Ingham.	<i>Whitehaven</i>	-	M. Attwood.
<i>Southwark</i>	-	D. W. Harvey, J. Humphery.	<i>Wigan</i>	-	R. Potter, J. H. Kearsley.
<i>Stafford</i>	-	W. F. Chetwynd.	<i>Wilton</i>	-	J. H. Fenruddock.
<i>St. Albans</i>	-	H. G. Ward, Hon. E. H. Grimston.	<i>Winchester</i>	-	J. B. East, W. B. Baring.
<i>Stamford</i>	-	Col. T. Chaplin, G. Finch.	<i>Windsor</i>	-	J. Ramsbottom, Sir J. Elley.
<i>St. Ives</i>	-	J. Halse.	<i>Wolverhampton</i>	-	C. P. Villiers, T. Thornley.
<i>Stockport</i>	-	H. Marsland, T. Marsland.	<i>Woodstock</i>	-	Lord C. S. Churchill.
<i>Stoke-upon-Trent</i>	-	R. E. Heathcote, J. Davenport.	<i>Worcester</i>	-	G. R. Robinson, J. Bailey.
<i>Stroud</i>	-	G. P. Scrope, Lord J. Russell.	<i>Wycombe</i>	-	Hon. R. J. Smith, Hon. Col. C. Grey.
<i>Sudbury</i>	-	J. Bagshaw, B. Smith.	<i>Yarmouth</i>	-	T. Baring, W. M. Praed.
<i>Sunderland</i>	-	W. Thompson, D. Barclay.	<i>York</i>	-	J. H. Lowther, Hon. J. C. Dundas.
<i>Swansea</i>	-	J. H. Vivian.			
<i>Tamworth</i>	-	Sir R. Peel, bt., W. Y. Peel.			

SCOTLAND.

<i>Aberdeen (City)</i>	-	A. Bannerman.	<i>Haddington (Burghs)</i>	-	R. Steuart.
<i>Aberdeenshire</i>	-	Hon. W. Gordon.	<i>Haddingtonshire</i>	-	R. Ferguson.
<i>Argyleshire</i>	-	W. F. Campbell.	<i>Inverness</i>	-	C. L. C. Bruce.
<i>Ayr (Burghs)</i>	-	Lord P. J. H. C. Stuart.	<i>Inverness-shire</i>	-	A. W. Chisholm.
<i>Ayrshire</i>	-	John Dunlop.	<i>Kilmarnock</i>	-	J. Bowring.
<i>Banffshire</i>	-	G. Ferguson.	<i>Kincardineshire</i>	-	Hon. H. Arbuthnot.
<i>Bernickshire</i>	-	Sir H. P. H. Campbell.	<i>Kirkcudbrightshire</i>	-	R. C. Ferguson.
<i>Bute</i>	-	Sir William Rae, bt.	<i>Lanarkshire</i>	-	J. Maxwell.
<i>Caithness</i>	-	G. Sinclair.	<i>Leith</i>	-	J. A. Murray.
<i>Clackmannan and Kinross</i>	-	Admiral C. Adam.	<i>Linlithgowshire</i>	-	Hon. Capt. J. Hope.
<i>Cupar (Burghs)</i>	-	A. Johnstone.	<i>Midlothian</i>	-	Sir George Clerk, bt.
<i>Dumbarntonshire</i>	-	A. Dennistoun.	<i>Montrose (Burghs)</i>	-	P. Chalmers.
<i>Dumfries</i>	-	Gen. M. Sharpe.	<i>Orkney</i>	-	T. Balfour.
<i>Dumfriesshire</i>	-	J. J. H. Johnstone.	<i>Paisley</i>	-	A. G. Speirs.
<i>Dundee</i>	-	Sir H. Parnell, bt.	<i>Peebles-shire</i>	-	Sir J. Hay, bt.
<i>Dysart, &c. (Burghs)</i>	-	J. Fergus.	<i>Perth (City)</i>	-	L. Oliphant.
<i>Edinburgh</i>	-	Hon. J. Abercromby, Sir J. Campbell.	<i>Perthshire</i>	-	Hon. F. Maule.
<i>Elgin (Burghs)</i>	-	Col. A. L. Hay.	<i>Renfrewshire</i>	-	Sir M. S. Stewart, bt.
<i>Elginshire</i>	-	Hon. F. W. Grant.	<i>Ross and Cromartyshires</i>	-	J. A. Mackenzie.
<i>Falkirk (Burghs)</i>	-	W. D. Gillon.	<i>Roxburghshire</i>	-	Lord J. Scott.
<i>Fifehire</i>	-	Captain Wemyss.	<i>Selkirkshire</i>	-	A. Pringle.
<i>Forfarshire</i>	-	Hon. D. G. Hallyburton.	<i>Stirling (Burghs)</i>	-	Lord Dalmeny.
<i>Fortrose</i>	-	Major Cumming Bruce.	<i>Stirlingshire</i>	-	W. Forbes.
<i>Glasgow</i>	-	J. Oswald, C. Dunlop.	<i>Sutherlandshire</i>	-	R. Macleod.
<i>Greenock</i>	-	R. Wallace.	<i>Wick (Burghs)</i>	-	James Loch.
			<i>Wigton (Burghs)</i>	-	J. Mactaggart.
			<i>Wigtonshire</i>	-	Sir A. Agnew.

IRELAND.

<i>Antrim (County)</i> - Hon. Gen. O'Neill, Earl Belfast.	<i>King's County</i> - N. Fitzsimon, Hon. J. C. Westentra.
<i>Armagh (County)</i> - Visc. Acheson, Col. W. Verner.	<i>Kinsale</i> - - Col. H. Thomas.
<i>Armagh (Town)</i> - L. Dobbin.	
<i>Athlone</i> - - G. B. Mathew.	
<i>Bandon</i> - - J. D. Jackson.	
<i>Belfast</i> - - J. E. Tennent, G. Dunbar.	
<i>Carlow</i> - - F. Bruen.	
<i>Carlow (County)</i> - Col. Bruen, W. Kavanagh.	
<i>Carrickfergus</i> - P. Kirk.	
<i>Cashel</i> - - Serjt. Woulfe.	
<i>Cavan</i> - - H. Maxwell, J. Young.	
<i>Clare</i> - - C. O'Brien, W. N. M. Namara.	
<i>Clonmel</i> - - D. Ronayne.	
<i>Coleraine</i> - Alderman Copeland.	
<i>Cork (City)</i> - Dr. H. Baldwin, D. Callaghan.	
<i>Cork (County)</i> - R. Longfield, G. S. Barry.	
<i>Donegal</i> - - Col. Conolly, Sir E. Hayes, bt.	
<i>Down (County)</i> - Lord A. Hill, Vt. Castlereagh.	
<i>Downpatrick</i> - D. Kerr.	
<i>Drogheda</i> - Hon. R. Plunkett.	
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<i>Dublin (County)</i> - C. Fitzsimon, G. Evans.	
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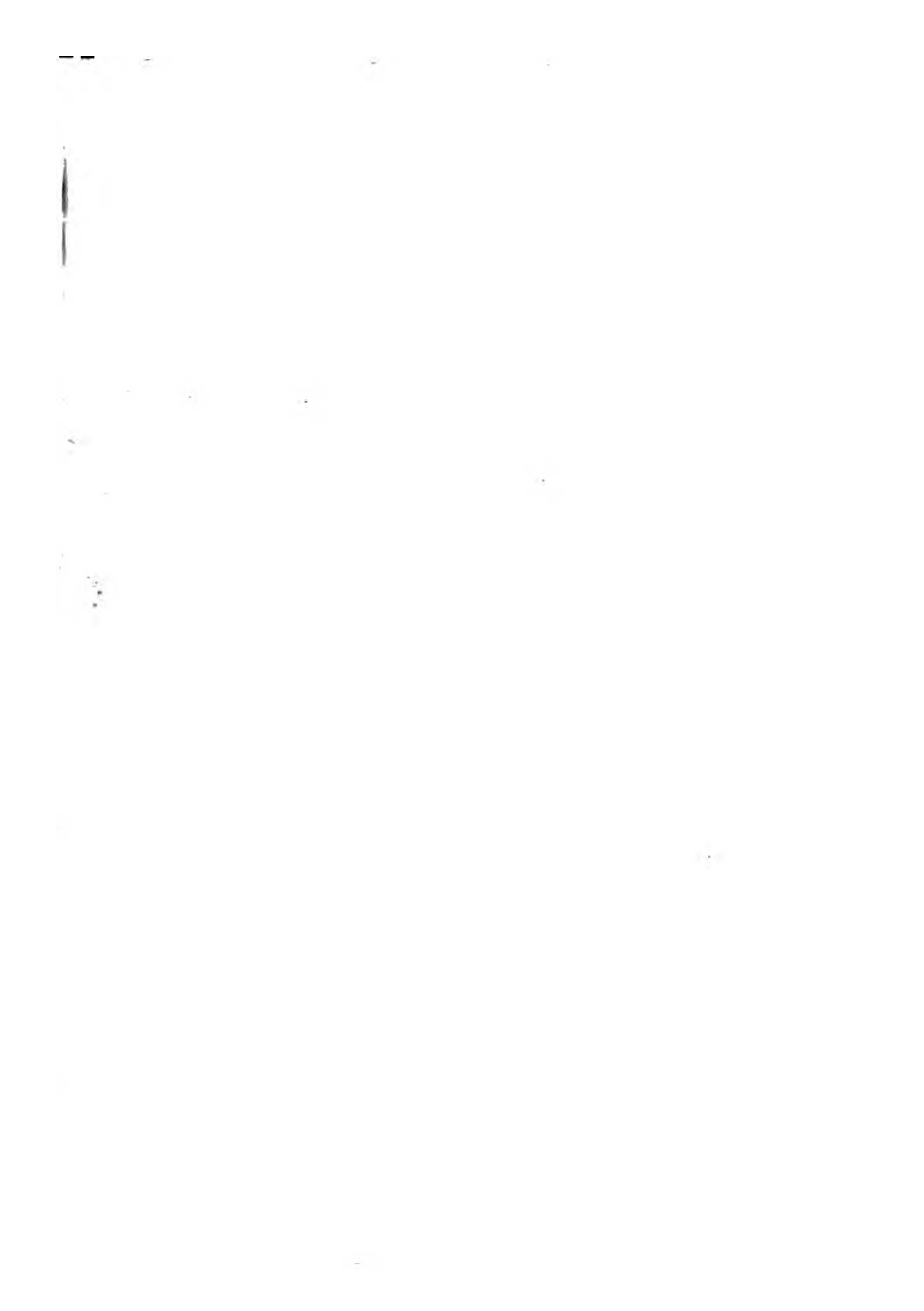
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11	F	<i>Hilary Term begins</i>	r 8 5	25	4 30
12	S	[<i>Cambridge Term begins</i>	s 4 13	26	5 47
13	S	1 SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY	r 8 4	27	6 56
14	M	<i>Oxford Term begins</i>	s 4 16	28	7 54
15	T		r 8 2	N	sets.
16	W	Sir John Moore killed at Co-	s 4 19	1	5 a 16
17	T	[runna, 1809	r 8 0	2	6 46
18	F	Old Twelfth Day	s 4 23	3	8 14
19	S		r 7 58	4	9 40
20	S	2 SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY	s 4 26	5	11 6
21	M		r 7 56	6	morn.
22	T	Lord Byron born, 1788	s 4 29	Fi	0 32
23	W	Duke of Kent died, 1820	r 7 54	8	1 59
24	T		s 4 33	9	3 27
25	F	CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL	r 7 51	10	4 52
26	S		s 4 36	11	6 5
27	S	SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY	r 7 49	12	7 3
28	M	Duke of Sussex born, 1773	s 4 50	13	7 43
29	T	K. George III. died, 1820	r 7 46	F	rises.
30	W	KING CHARLES I. MARTYR	s 4 43	15	5 a 47
31	T	<i>Hilary Term ends</i>	r 7 43	16	6 58





JANUARY, — The birth of the Year.



AL-MANIANC DAY.—A RUSH FOR THE MURPHIES.



MYSTERIOUS Murphy, whose transcendent skill
 Makes hail, rain, vapour,
 Come forth obsequious to your will,—
 At least on paper,—
 Tell us what famous college
 Bestow'd your wondrous knowledge!
 Perchance your learned sponce found it *at once*;
 Perhaps *by degree* of T. C. D.
 Some say the Prince of Evil has been too civil,
 And that, in change for all your knowledge boasted,
 You're doomed,—like other murphies—to be roasted.
 Some think, like me for one,
 You've kissed the Blarney Stone;
 But though your blunders make a pretty rout,
 Sure, if you're right, by *second sight*,
 You well may be, *at first*, a little out.
 But cock your weather eye athwart the sky,
 Of wind and storm disclose your store,
 For one year more,
 And tell us true.—
 Led by your lies the ships *lie to*,
 Or snugly *arbour'd*, with *bower anchor* ride,
 And lose the tide.—
 Their funnies near, the watermen look sad,
 Short cut or shag alone their sorrow lulls,
 In sunshine read your page of weather bad,
 And shake their heads, for no one wants their skulls.
 But, sad to think, the washerwoman's pain,
 Praying for rain,
 And vainly hoping, as for showers she sniffs,
 To fill her *butts* with your delusive *ifs*.
 Ah! me, I sought the throngs in Beulah's bowers,
 Seduced from home by your *fair* fiction,
 But found none *out*, amid the drizzling showers,
 Save my sad self and your prediction.
 Now if again the weather's care you take on,
 Don't try your flam on,
 But if you wish to save your bacon,
 Give us less gammon.

STUBBS'S CALENDAR; OR, THE FATAL BOOTS.

JANUARY.—THE BIRTH OF THE YEAR.

SOME poet has observed, that if any man would write down what has really happened to him in this mortal life, he would be sure to make a good book, though he never had met with a single adventure from his birth to his burial; how much more, then, must I, who *have* had adventures, most singular, pathetic, and unparalleled, be able to compile an instructive and entertaining volume for the use of the public.

I don't mean to say that I have killed lions, or seen the wonders of travel in the deserts of Arabia or Prussia; or that I have been a very fashionable character, living with dukes and peeresses, and writing my recollections of them as the way now is. I never left this my native isle, nor spoke to a lord (except an Irish one, who had rooms in our house, and forgot to pay three weeks' lodging and extras); but, as our immortal bard observes, I have in the course of my existence been so eaten up by the slugs and harrows of outrageous fortune, and have been the object of such continual and extraordinary ill-luck, that I believe it would melt the heart of a mile-stone to read of it—that is, if a mile-stone had a heart of anything but stone.

Twelve of my adventures, suitable for meditation and perusal during the twelve months of the year, have been arranged by me for this Almanack. They contain a part of the history of a great, and, confidently I may say, a *good* man. I was not a spendthrift like other men. I never wronged any man of a shilling, though I am as sharp a fellow at a bargain as any in Europe: I never injured a fellow-creature; on the contrary, on several occasions, when injured myself, have shewn the most wonderful forbearance. I come of a tolerably good family; and yet, born to wealth—of an inoffensive disposition, careful of the money that I had, and eager to get more, I have been going down hill ever since my journey of life began, and have been pursued by a complication of misfortunes such as surely never happened to any man but the unhappy Bob Stubbs.

Bob Stubbs is my name; and I haven't got a shilling: I have borne the commission of lieutenant in the service of King George, and am *now*—but never mind what I am now, for the public will know in a few pages more. My father was of the Suffolk Stubbses—a well-to-do gentleman of Bungay. My grandfather had been a respected attorney in that town, and left my papa a pretty little fortune. I was thus the inheritor of competence, and ought to be at this moment a gentleman.

My misfortunes may be said to have commenced about a year before my birth, when my papa, a young fellow pretending to study the law in London, fell madly in love with Miss Smith, the daughter of a tradesman, who did not give her a sixpence, and afterwards became bankrupt. My papa married this Miss Smith, and carried her off to the country, where I was born, in an evil hour for me.

Were I to attempt to describe my early years, you would laugh at me as an impostor; but the following letter from mamma to a friend after her marriage, will pretty well shew you what a poor foolish creature she was; and what a reckless extravagant fellow was my other unfortunate parent.

To Miss Eliza Hicks, in Gracechurch Street, London.

O Eliza! your Susan is the happiest girl under heaven! My Thomas is an angel! not a tall grenadier-like looking fellow, such as I always vowed I would marry:—on the contrary, he is what the world would call dumpy, and I hesitate not to confess, that his eyes have a cast in them. But what then? when one of his eyes is fixed on me, and one on my babe, they are lighted up with an affection which my pen cannot describe, and which, certainly, was never bestowed upon any woman so strongly as upon your happy Susan Stubbs.

When he comes home from shooting, or the farm, if you *could* see dear Thomas with me and our dear little Bob! as I sit on one knee, and baby on

the other, and as he dances us both about. I often wish that we had Sir Joshua, or some great painter, to depict the group; for sure it is the prettiest picture in the whole world, to see three such loving merry people.

Dear baby is the most lovely little creature that *can possibly be*,—the very *image* of papa; he is cutting his teeth, and the delight of *everybody*. Nurse says, that, when he is older, he will get rid of his squint, and his hair will get a *great deal* less red. Doctor Bates is as kind, and skilful, and attentive as we could desire. Think what a blessing to have had him! Ever since poor baby's birth, it has never had a day of quiet; and he has been obliged to give it from three to four doses every week;—how thankful ought we to be that the *dear thing* is as well as it is! It got through the measles wonderfully; then it had a little rash; and then a nasty whooping cough; and then a fever, and continual pains in its poor little stomach, crying, poor dear child, from morning till night.

But dear Tom is an excellent nurse; and many and many a night has he had no sleep, dear man! in consequence of the poor little baby. He walks up and down with it *for hours*, singing a kind of song (dear fellow, he has no more voice than a tea-kettle), and bobbing his head backwards and forwards, and looking, in his night-cap and dressing-gown, *so droll*. Oh, Eliza! how you would laugh to see him.

We have one of the best nursemaids *in the world*,—an Irishwoman, who is as fond of baby almost as his mother (but that can *never be*). She takes it to walk in the Park for hours together, and I really don't know why Thomas dislikes her. He says she is tipsy very often, and slovenly, which I cannot conceive;—to be sure, the nurse is sadly dirty, and sometimes smells very strong of gin.

But what of that?—these little drawbacks only make home more pleasant. When one thinks how many mothers have *no* nursemaids: how many poor dear children have no doctors: ought we not to be thankful for Mary Malowney, and that Dr. Bates's bill is forty-seven pounds? How ill must dear baby have been, to require so much physic!

But they are a sad expense, these dear babies, after all. Fancy, Eliza, how much this Mary Malowney costs us. Ten shillings every week; a glass of brandy or gin at dinner; three pint bottles of Mr. Thrale's best porter every day,—making twenty-one in a week; and nine hundred and ninety in the eleven months she has been with us. Then, for baby, there is Dr. Bates's bill of forty-five guineas, two guineas for christening, twenty for a grand christening supper and ball (rich Uncle John mortally offended because he was made godfather, and had to give baby a silver cup: he has struck Thomas out of his will; and old Mr. Firkin quite as much hurt because he was *not* asked: he will not speak to me or John in consequence); twenty guineas for flannels, laces, little gowns, caps, napkins, and such baby's ware: and all this out of £300 a year! But Thomas expects to make a *great deal* by his farm.

We have got the most charming country-house *you can imagine*: it is *quite shut in* by trees, and so retired, that, though only thirty miles from London, the post comes to us but once a week. The roads, it must be confessed, are execrable; it is winter now, and we are up to our knees in mud and snow. But oh, Eliza! how happy we are: with Thomas (he has had a sad attack of rheumatism, dear man!) and little Bobby, and our kind friend Dr. Bates, who comes so far to see us, I leave you to fancy that we have a charming merry party, and do not care for all the gaieties of Ranelagh.

Adieu! dear baby is crying for his mamma: a thousand kisses from your affectionate

SUSAN STUBBS.

There it is. Doctor's bills, gentleman-farming, twenty-one pints of porter a week; in this way my unnatural parents were already robbing me of my property.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quar. . . 6 day 40 min. past 6 aft.
 New Moon . . 14 day 28 min. past 3 mo.
 First Quar. . . 20 day 49 min. past 7 aft.
 Full Moon . . 28 day 35 min. past 8 mo.

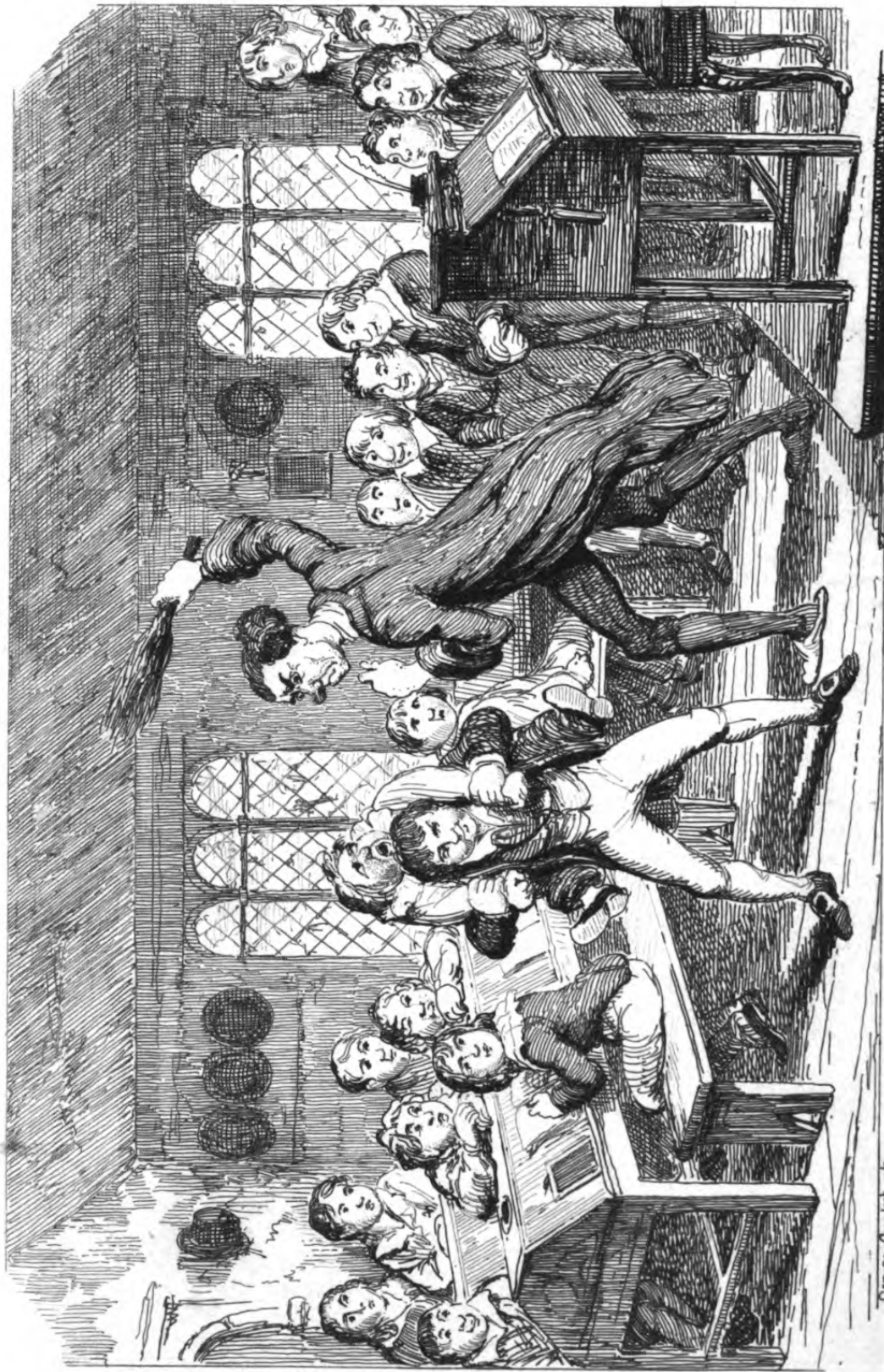
M D	W D	FESTIVALS, &c.	Sun rises & sets.	M A	Moon rises & sets.
1	F	Pheasant-shooting ends	r 7 41	17	8 a 11
2	S	PURIFICATION.— <i>Cand. Day</i>	s 4 49	18	9 22
3	S	SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY	r 7 38	19	10 31
4	M		s 4 52	20	11 42
5	T	Galvani died, 1799	r 7 35	21	morn.
6	W	[Guildhall, 1786	s 4 56	L	0 55
7	T	Records destroyed by fire at	r 7 32	23	2 10
8	F	Mary Q. of Scots beheaded,	s 5 0	24	3 25
9	S	[1587	r 7 28	25	4 38
10	S	SHROVE SUNDAY	s 5 3	26	5 41
11	M		r 7 25	27	6 30
12	T	SHROVE TUESDAY	s 5 7	28	7 5
13	W	ASH WEDNESDAY	r 7 21	29	7 29
14	T	<i>St. Valentine's Day</i>	s 5 11	N	sets.
15	F		r 7 17	1	7 a 13
16	S	<i>Cambridge Term div. noon</i>	s 5 14	2	8 42
17	S	1 SUNDAY IN LENT [1703	r 7 13	3	10 11
18	M	E. Ind. Comp. charter granted,	s 5 18	4	11 40
19	T	Mr. Abercromby chosen	r 7 9	5	morn.
20	W	<i>Ember Week</i> [Speaker, 1835	s 5 22	Fi	1 10
21	T		r 7 5	7	2 37
22	F	Jas. Barry, painter, died, 1806,	s 5 25	8	3 54
23	S		r 7 1	9	4 56
24	S	2 SUNDAY IN LENT— <i>St. Mat-</i>	s 5 29	10	5 41
25	M	[<i>thias</i> —D. Camb. b.	r 6 57	11	6 11
26	T	Bonaparte escaped from Elba,	s 5 32	12	6 33
27	W	[1815	r 6 53	13	6 48
28	T	Brunswick Theatre destroyed, [1828	s 5 36	F	rises.

The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry should be supported by a valid receipt or invoice. This ensures transparency and allows for easy verification of the data.

In the second section, the author outlines the various methods used to collect and analyze the data. This includes both primary and secondary data collection techniques. The primary data was gathered through direct observation and interviews with key stakeholders. Secondary data was obtained from existing reports and databases.

The analysis phase involved identifying trends and patterns in the data. Statistical tools were used to quantify the findings, and the results were compared against industry benchmarks. This comparison helps to contextualize the data and identify areas where the organization may be performing better or worse than its peers.

Finally, the document concludes with a series of recommendations based on the findings. These recommendations are designed to address the identified issues and improve the overall performance of the organization. The author suggests implementing new processes, training staff, and regularly reviewing the data to ensure ongoing improvement.



George Cruikshank

FEBRUARY, — Cutting Weather — Squally.



THE DORMANT PEERAGE—APPEALS IN THE LORDS.

1 in 10. Fleet Prasn. Fe be wary 9. 1838

Dere Molly,

i am sory to say, in anser to yure lofeing leter, that we are all like to want bred, for i have gained my law sute quite sattisfactory, witch it greves me the more that you tell me the rufe of the cottige is tumbled in for the lawyers say it is now mine for me and my hares for ever witch i fere you have all got wet skins. but it is a comfurt i follered my sute, so you shall here the upshot of my downfall witch is this—arter the big wig in the big hall had givd it aginst me my lawyers sed if i had any money left i shud vindickit the law and stand up for my famley and my rites so with no more seremony sais he ile cary it afore the lords—so arter a long time it cum to my turn afore all the parlyment howse—thinks i wen the nob's ears it all the hares of there heds will stand on end; so i went to the great place were all the lords, as I thote, was all awating for me, wen dash me if there was but too fat old fellers aslepe—(i thote i shud see 2 dosin,) and the same judg as eard about it afore—blest if i arnt done thinks i—so wen my countsillers got up and told it agen he nodded his hed evry now and then, seemmily to say its all rite. for my part i cudnt elp crien wen i herd ow ill ide been used; but eather becos he had a bigger wig on than afore or becos he was aslepe like the others, he givd it all on my side this time, so my lawyers sed i was a lucky feller and they wanted sum more mony from me, but as i ad no more to give em they put me in this plase its calld the Fleet tho its not a ship board tho they say its very much among the knavey. But now ime in for it and can't get out unles i can melt the arts of the lawyers, witch they say is verry ard, xcept by the solvent act. won cumfort heres plenty of gude satiety, moastly jentilmen, and non so bad off as begars and balot singers tho they seem in a stait of univsrse sufferige. Dere Molly, if the wals is tumbil'd down its no use to mind your rexpextibilty, but think of leafing in the spring for i fere it will be too hairy for the heds of the children witch they have always been used to a thatch, and sel the stiks and send me the munny if its ever so little its ofe yure mind, as i say to miself wen i lye awak a nites for i cant get no slepe for thinking of yew and the piggs, witch i wish we wos all in the church-yard for its verry cold, and ive no fire witch is grately dettremetil to my rest ive jist eard of a fine plase cauld the Swan, were i shal hop to get wen i cum out, were theres no law nor lawyers nor cottiges nor law-sutes nor no nothin but jist the world afore us to do as we like, and if there's rume ile send for yew and the children arter. so no moar yure affeckshinate husban,

JILES JOGGINS.

An Appeal case.



Cold, without.

"The Master's Report."



A Tail of a Chancery Suit.

"Who are you?"



Rumi-nation.

FEBRUARY.—CUTTING WEATHER.

I have called this chapter 'cutting weather,' partly in compliment to the month of February, and partly in respect of my own misfortunes which you are going to read about, for I have often thought that January (which is mostly twelfth cake and holiday time) is like the first four or five years of a little boy's life; then comes dismal February, and the working days with it, when chaps begin to look out for themselves, after the Christmas and the New Year's hey-day and merry-making are over, which our infancy may well be said to be. Well can I recollect that bitter first of February, when I first launched out into the world and appeared at Dr. Swishtail's academy.

I began at school that life of prudence and economy, which I have carried on ever since. My mother gave me eighteen-pence on setting out (poor soul! I thought her heart would break as she kissed me, and bade God bless me); and besides, I had a small capital of my own, which I had amassed for a year previous. I'll tell you what I used to do. Wherever I saw six halfpence I took one. If it was asked for, I said I had taken it, and gave it back;—if it was not missed, I said nothing about it, as why should I?—those who don't miss their money don't lose their money. So I had a little private fortune of three shillings, besides mother's eighteen-pence. At school they called me the copper merchant, I had such lots of it.

Now, even at a preparatory school, a well-regulated boy may better himself: and I can tell you I did. I never was in any quarrels: I never was very high in the class or very low; but there was no chap so much respected:—and why? *I'd always money.* The other boys spent all their's in the first day or two, and they gave me plenty of cakes and barley-sugar then, I can tell you. I'd no need to spend my own money, for they would insist upon treating me. Well, in a week, when their's was gone, and they had but their three-pence a-week to look to for the rest of the half-year, what did I do? Why, I am proud to say that three-halfpence out of the three-pence a-week of almost all the young gentlemen at Dr. Swishtail's, came into my pocket. Suppose, for instance, Tom Hicks wanted a slice of gingerbread, who had the money? Little Bob Stubbs to be sure. "Hicks," I used to say, "I'll buy you three-halfp'orth of gingerbread, if you'll give me three-pence next Saturday:" and he agreed, and next Saturday came, and he very often could not pay me more than three-halfpence, then there was the three-pence I was to have the next Saturday. I'll tell you what I did for a whole half-year:—I lent a chap, by the name of Dick Bunting, three-halfpence the first Saturday, for three-pence the next; he could not pay me more than half when Saturday came, and I'm blest if I did not make him pay me three-halfpence for three and twenty weeks running, making two shillings and ten-pence-halfpenny. But he was a sad dishonourable fellow, Dick Bunting; for, after I'd been so kind to him, and let him off for three and twenty weeks the money he owed me, holidays came, and three-pence he owed me still. Well, according to the common principles of practice, after six weeks' holidays, he ought to have paid me exactly sixteen shillings, which was my due. For the

First week the 3d.	would be 6d.	Fourth week	4s.
Second week	1s.	Fifth week	8s.
Third week	2s.	Sixth week	16s.

Nothing could be more just; and yet, will it be believed? when Bunting came back, he offered me *three halfpence!* the mean, dishonest scoundrel!

However, I was even with him, I can tell you.—He spent all his money in a fortnight, and then I screwed him down! I made him, besides giving me a penny for a penny, pay me a quarter of his bread and butter at breakfast, and a quarter of his cheese at supper; and before the half-year was out, I got from him a silver fruit knife, a box of compasses, and a very pretty silver-laced waistcoat, in which I went home as proud as a king: and, what's more, I had no less than three golden guineas in the pocket of it, besides fifteen shillings, the knife, and a brass bottle screw, which I got from another chap. It wasn't bad interest for twelve shillings, which was all the money I'd had in the year, was it? Heigh ho! I've often wished that I could get such a chance again in this wicked world; but men are more avaricious now than they used to be in those dear early days.

Well, I went home in my new waistcoat as fine as a peacock; and when

I gave the bottle screw to my father, begging him to take it as a token of my affection for him, my dear mother burst into such a fit of tears as I never saw, and kissed and hugged me fit to smother me, "Bless him, bless him," says she, "to think of his old father. And where did you purchase it, Bob?"—"Why, mother," says I, "I purchased it out of my savings" (which was as true as the gospel).—When I said this, mother looked round to father, smiling, although she had tears in her eyes, and she took his hand, and with her other hand drew me to her. "Is he not a noble boy?" says she to my father: "and only nine years old!"—"Faith," says my father, "he is a good lad, Susan. Thank thee, my boy: and here is a crown piece in return for thy bottle screw;—it shall open us a bottle of the very best, too," says my father: and he kept his word. I always was fond of good wine (though never, from a motive of proper self-denial, having any in my cellar); and, by Jupiter! on this night I had my little skin full,—for there was no stinting,—so pleased were my dear parents with the bottle screw.—The best of it was, it only cost me three-pence originally, which a chap could not pay me.

Seeing this game was such a good one, I became very generous towards my parents: and a capital way it is to encourage liberality in children. I gave mamma a very neat brass thimble, and she gave me a half-guinea piece. Then I gave her a very pretty needle-book, which I made myself with an ace of spades from a new pack of cards we had, and I got Sally, our maid, to cover it with a bit of pink satin her mistress had given her; and I made the leaves of the book, which I vandyked very nicely, out of a piece of flannel I had had round my neck for a sore throat. It smelt a little of hartshorn, but it was a beautiful needle-book; and mamma was so delighted with it, that she went into town, and bought me a gold-laced hat. Then I bought papa a pretty china tobacco-stopper: but I am sorry to say of my dear father that he was not so generous as my mamma or myself, for he only burst out laughing, and did not give me so much as a half-crown piece, which was the least I expected from him. "I sha'n't give you anything, Bob, this time," says he; "and I wish, my boy, you would not make any more such presents,—for, really, they are too expensive." Expensive, indeed! I hate meanness,—even in a father.

I must tell you about the silver-edged waistcoat which Bunting gave me. Mamma asked me about it, and I told her the truth,—that it was a present from one of the boys for my kindness to him. Well, what does she do but writes back to Dr. Swishtail, when I went to school, thanking him for his attention to her dear son, and sending a shilling to the good and grateful little boy who had given me the waistcoat!

"What waistcoat is it," says the Doctor to me, "and who gave it you?"

"Bunting gave it me, sir," says I.

"Call Bunting:" and up the little ungrateful chap came. Would you believe it? he burst into tears,—told that the waistcoat had been given him by his mother, and that he had been forced to give it for a debt to Copper Merchant, as the nasty little blackguard called me. He then said, how, for three-halfpence, he had been compelled to pay me three shillings (the sneak! as if he had been *obliged* to borrow the three-halfpence!)—how all the other boys had been swindled (swindled!) by me in like manner,—and how, with only twelve shillings, I had managed to scrape together four guineas. * * *

My courage almost fails as I describe the shameful scene that followed. The boys were called in, my own little account-book was dragged out of my cupboard, to prove how much I had received from each, and every farthing of my money was paid back to them. The tyrant took the thirty shillings that my dear parents had given me, and said he should put them into the poor-box at church; and, after having made a long discourse to the boys about meanness and usury, he said, "Take off your coat, Mr. Stubbs, and restore Bunting his waistcoat." I did, and stood without coat and waistcoat in the midst of the nasty grinning boys. I was going to put on my coat,—

"Stop," says he, "TAKE DOWN HIS BREECHES!"

Ruthless, brutal villain! Sam Hopkins, the biggest boy, took them down—horsed me—and *I was flogged, sir*; yes, flogged! Oh, revenge! I, Robert Stubbs, who had done nothing but what was right, was brutally flogged at ten years of age!—Though February was the shortest month I remembered it long.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quar. . . 8 day 31 min. past 1 aft.

New Moon . . 15 day 12 min. past 2 aft.

First Quar. . . 22 day 28 min. past 5 mo.

Full Moon . . 30 day 18 min. past 2 mo.

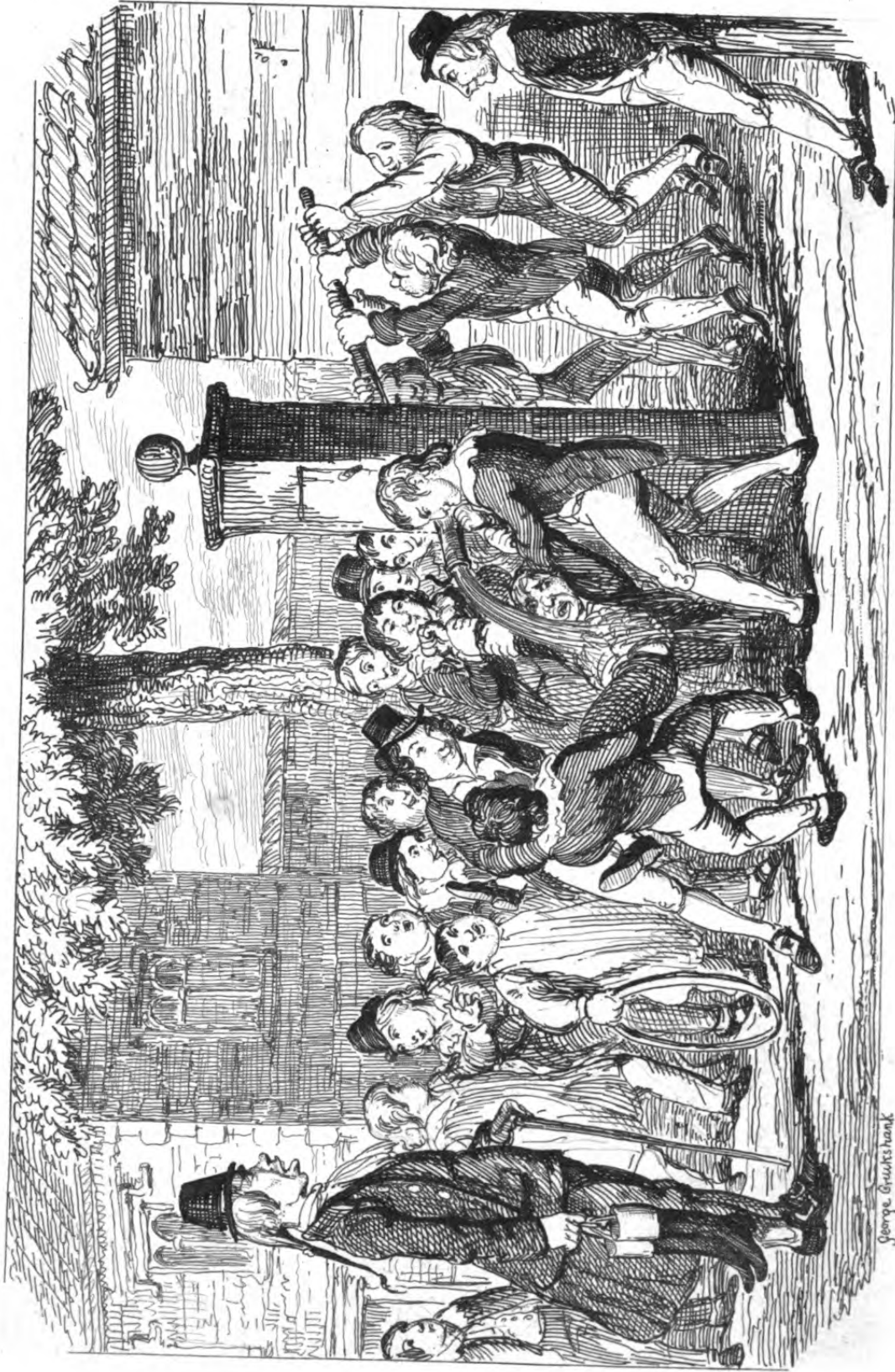
M D	W D	FESTIVALS, &c.	Sun rises & sets.	M A	Moon rises & sets.
1	F	ST. DAVID'S DAY	r 6 49	15	7 a 7
2	S		s 5 40	16	8 17
3	S	3 SUNDAY IN LENT	r 6 44	17	9 28
4	M		s 5 43	18	10 40
5	T	Boileau (French satirist) died,	r 6 40	19	11 54
6	W	[1711	s 5 47	20	morn.
7	T		r 6 35	21	1 8
8	F	Earthquake in London, 1750	s 5 50	L	2 21
9	S		r 6 31	23	3 28
10	S	4 SUNDAY IN LENT	s 5 54	24	4 22
11	M	Royal Institution opened,	r 6 26	25	5 2
12	T	[1800	s 5 57	26	5 30
13	W	Surrey Canal opened, 1807	r 6 22	27	5 50
14	T		s 6 0	28	6 6
15	F	Sun eclipsed, visible	r 6 17	N	sets.
16	S		s 6 4	1	7 a 40
17	S	5 SUNDAY IN LENT—	r 6 13	2	9 13
18	M	[ST. PATRICK'S DAY	s 6 7	3	10 47
19	T		r 6 8	4	morn.
20	W	Queen of Hanover b. 1778	s 6 11	5	0 19
21	T	Spring commences 7h.1m.mo.	r 6 4	6	1 43
22	F	Cambridge Term ends	s 6 14	Fi	2 52
23	S	Oxford Term ends	r 5 59	8	3 42
24	S	PALM SUNDAY	s 6 17	9	4 17
25	M	ANNUNCIATION—LADY DAY	r 5 54	10	4 40
26	T		s 6 20	11	4 57
27	W	Peace of Amiens, 1802	r 5 50	12	5 9
28	T	MAUNDY THURSDAY	s 6 24	13	5 20
29	F	GOOD FRIDAY	r 5 45	14	5 30
30	S		s 6 27	F	rises.
31	S	EASTER SUNDAY	r 5 41	16	8 a 27

The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry should be supported by a valid receipt or invoice. This ensures transparency and allows for easy verification of the data.

In the second section, the author outlines the various methods used to collect and analyze the data. This includes both primary and secondary data collection techniques. The analysis focuses on identifying trends and patterns over time, which is crucial for making informed decisions.

The third section provides a detailed breakdown of the results. It shows that there has been a significant increase in sales volume, particularly in the online channel. However, the profit margins have remained relatively stable, indicating that the company is effectively managing its costs.

Finally, the document concludes with several key recommendations. It suggests that the company should continue to invest in digital marketing and customer service to further drive growth. Additionally, it recommends regular audits to ensure the accuracy of the financial records.



George Cruikshank

MARCH, — Showery.



EASTER SUNDAY.—“ *He views the lacerated lamb.*”—STERNE.

Some people brave the 'whelming wave,
A broiling sun, or a frozen life;
Of cutting care I get my share,
The horror of The Carving Knife.

I wish I was a foreigner,
A Hottentot, or a heathen Turk,
Or in a poor law union, where
They never want a knife and fork.

Before a joint, unhinged, I stand,
When call'd on for a fav'rite bit,
And surely as I try my hand,
So sure I put my foot in it.

Folks say I'm not a useful man;
Yet, anxious to be serviceable,
And do them all the good I can,
They learn, with me, to wait at table.

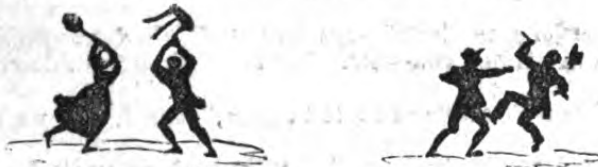
Patient as martyr at a stake,
I bear the baitings of relations,
Who give no quarter, while they make
O'er mangled lamb their lamentations.

I'm very slow about a brisket;
Bacon's a bore—at duck I quake;
To cut a pheasant's far from pleasant,
And e'en a jelly makes me shake.

From leg I'd rather run away;
Vain flight of fancy is a wing;
A merry thought, I sadly say,
To me is a forbidden thing.

But cut I will, and that full soon,
For some fair land where freedom lingers,
Where I can feed me with a spoon,
Or, like a Frenchman, use my fingers.

25. Equi-noctial Gales now about.



Pray, sir, did you mean that blow in jest?
No, indeed, sir, I never was more in earnest!
Oh! I'm very glad of it, for I never put up with a joke.

Secure
your purse
when you
look
at the
sky,

♠ ♣ ♀ ♀

Or so much
the worse

♂ ♀ ♀ ♀

for your
pro-per-ty.



For some
there live
—how
mel-an-
choly!—
who feed

♂ ♣ ♀ *

and thrive
by others'
Folly.

MARCH.—SHOWERY.

When my mamma heard of the treatment of her darling she was for bringing an action against the schoolmaster, or else for tearing his eyes out (when dear soul she would not have torn the eyes out of a flea, had it been her own injury), and, at the very least, for having me removed from the school where I had been so shamefully treated. But papa was stern for once, and vowed that I had been served quite right, declared that I should not be removed from the school; and sent old Swishtail a brace of pheasants for what he called his kindness to me. Of these the old gentleman invited me to partake, and made a very queer speech at dinner, as he was cutting them up, about the excellence of my parents, and his own determination to be *kinder still* to me, if ever I ventured on such practices again; so I was obliged to give up my old trade of lending, for the doctor declared that any boy who borrowed should be flogged, and any one who *paid* should be flogged twice as much. There was no standing against such a prohibition as this, and my little commerce was ruined.

I was not very high in the school: not having been able to get farther than that dreadful *Propria quæ maribus* in the Latin grammar, of which, though I have it by heart even now, I never could understand a syllable—but, on account of my size, my age, and the prayers of my mother, was allowed to have the privilege of the bigger boys, and on holidays to walk about in the town; great dandies we were, too, when we thus went out. I recollect my costume very well—a thunder-and-lightning coat, a white waistcoat embroidered neatly at the pockets, a lace frill, a pair of knee breeches, and elegant white cotton or silk stockings. This did very well, but still I was dissatisfied, I wanted a pair of boots. Three boys in the school had boots—I was mad to have them too.

But my papa, when I wrote to him, would not hear of it; and three pounds, the price of a pair, was too large a sum for my mother to take from the house-keeping, or for me to pay, in the present impoverished state of my exchequer; but the desire for the boots was so strong, that have them I must at any rate.

There was a German bootmaker who had just set up in our town in those days, who afterwards made his fortune in London; I determined to have the boots from him, and did not despair, before the end of a year or two, either to leave the school, when I should not mind his dunning me, or to screw the money from mamma, and so pay him.

So I called upon this man—Stiffelkind was his name—and he took my measure for a pair.

"You are a vary yong gentleman to wear dop boots," said the shoemaker.

"I suppose, fellow," says I, "that is my business and not yours; either make the boots or not—but when you speak to a man of my rank, speak respectfully;" and I poured out a number of oaths, in order to impress him with a notion of my respectability.

They had the desired effect.—"Stay, sir," says he, "I have a nice littel pair of dop boots dat I tink will jost do for you," and he produced, sure enough, the most elegant things I ever saw. "Day were made," said he, "for de Honorable Mr. Stiffney, of de Gards, but were too small."

"Ah, indeed!" said I, "Stiffney is a relation of mine: and what, you scoundrel, will you have the impudence to ask for these things?" He replied, "Three pounds."

"Well," said I, "they are confoundedly dear, but, as you will have a long time to wait for your money, why, I shall have my revenge, you see." The man looked alarmed, and began a speech; "Sare, I cannot let dem go vid-out;"—but a bright thought struck me, and I interrupted—"Sir! don't sir me—take off the boots, fellow, and, hark ye, when you speak to a nobleman, don't say—Sir."

"A hundert tousand pardons, my lort," says he: "if I had known you were a lort, I vood never have called you—Sir. Vat name shall I put down in my books?"

"Name?—oh! why—LORD CORNWALLIS, to be sure;" said I, as I walked off in the boots.

"And vat shall I do vid my lort's shoes?" "Keep them until I send for them," said I; and, giving him a patronizing bow, I walked out of the shop, as the German tied up my shoes in a paper.

*

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*

*

This story I would not have told, but that my whole life turned upon these accursed boots. I walked back to school as proud as a peacock, and easily succeeded in satisfying the boys as to the manner in which I came by my new ornaments.

Well, one fatal Monday morning, the blackest of all black-Mondays that ever I knew—as we were all of us playing between school-hours—I saw a posse of boys round a stranger, who seemed to be looking out for one of us—a sudden trembling seized me—I knew it was Stiffelkind: what had brought him here? He talked loud, and seemed angry—so I rushed into the school-room, and, burying my head between my hands, began reading for the dear life.

“I vant Lort Cornwallis;” said the horrid bootmaker. “His lortship belongs, I know, to dis honorable school, for I saw him vid de boys at chorch, yesterday.”

“Lord who?”

“Vy, Lort Cornwallis to be sure—a very fat yong nobleman, vid red hair, he squints a little, and svears dreadfully.”

“There’s no Lord Cornwallis here;” said one—and there was a pause.

“Stop! I have it;” says that odious Bunting, “*It must be Stubbs;*” and “Stubbs! Stubbs!” every one cried out, while I was so busy at my book as not to hear a word.

At last, two of the biggest chaps rushed into the school-room, and seizing each an arm, run me into the play-ground—bolt up against the shoe-maker.

“Dis is my man—I beg your lortship’s pardon,” says he, “I have brought your lortship’s shoes, vich you left—see, dey have been in dis parcel ever since you vent away in my boots.”

“Shoes, fellow!” says I, “I never saw your face before;” for I knew there was nothing for it but brazening it out. “Upon the honour of a gentleman,” said I, turning round to the boys—they hesitated; and if the trick had turned in my favour, fifty of them would have seized hold of Stiffelkind, and drubbed him soundly.

“Stop!” says Bunting (hang him!), “let’s see the shoes—if they fit him, why, then, the cobbler’s right”—they did fit me, and not only that, but the name of STUBBS was written in them at full length.

“Vat?” said Stiffelkind, “is he not a lort? so help me himmel, I never did vonce tink of looking at de shoes, which have been lying, ever since, in dis piece of brown paper;” and then gathering anger as he went on, thundered out so much of his abuse of me, in his German-English, that the boys roared with laughter. Swishtail came in in the midst of the disturbance, and asked what the noise meant.

“It’s only Lord Cornwallis, sir,” said the boys, “battling with his shoe-maker, about the price of a pair of top-boots.”

“O, sir,” said I, “it was only in fun that I called myself Lord Cornwallis.”

“In fun!—Where are the boots? And you, sir, give me your bill.” My beautiful boots were brought; and Stiffelkind produced his bill. “Lord Cornwallis to Samuel Stiffelkind, for a pair of boots—four guineas.”

“You have been fool enough, sir,” says the doctor, looking very stern; “to let this boy impose upon you as a lord; and knave enough to charge him double the value of the article you sold him. Take back the boots, sir, I won’t pay a penny of your bill; nor can you get a penny. As for you, sir, you miserable swindler and cheat, I shall not flog you as I did before, but I shall send you home: you are not fit to be the companion of honest boys.”

“*Suppose we duck him* before he goes,” piped out a very small voice:—the doctor grinned significantly, and left the school-room; and the boys knew by this they might have their will. They seized me, and carried me to the play-ground pump—they pumped upon me until I was half dead, and the monster, Stiffelkind, stood looking on for the half-hour the operation lasted.

I suppose the doctor, at last, thought I had had pumping enough, for he rung the school-bell, and the boys were obliged to leave me; as I got out of the trough, Stiffelkind was alone with me. “Vell, my lort,” says he, “you have paid *something* for dese boots, but not all; by Jubider, *you shall never hear de end of dem.*” And I didn’t.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quar. . . 7 day 33 min. past 4 mo.

New Moon . . 13 day 17 min. past 11 aft.

First Quar. . . 20 day 53 min. past 4 aft.

Full Moon . . 28 day 24 min. past 7 aft.

M D	W D	FESTIVALS, &c.	Sun rises & sets.	M A	Moon rises & sets.
1	M	EASTER MONDAY	r 5 39	17	9 a 40
2	T	EASTER TUESDAY	s 6 32	18	10 55
3	W		r 5 34	19	morn.
4	T	Oliver Goldsmith died, 1774	s 6 36	20	0 8
5	F	1st stone Lond. Hosp. laid,	r 5 29	21	1 17
6	S	Old Lady Day [1753]	s 6 39	22	2 14
7	S	1 SUNDAY AFTER EASTER	r 5 25	L	2 58
8	M		s 6 42	24	3 30
9	T	Lord Bacon died, 1626	r 5 20	25	3 53
10	W	<i>Oxford and Camb. T. begin</i>	s 6 46	26	4 10
11	T		r 5 16	27	4 24
12	F		s 6 49	28	4 37
13	S		r 5 12	N	sets.
14	S	2 SUNDAY AFTER EASTER	s 6 52	1	8 a 10
15	M	<i>Easter Term begins</i>	r 5 7	2	9 46
16	T		s 6 56	3	11 28
17	W	Dr. Franklin died, 1790	r 5 3	4	morn.
18	T		s 6 59	5	0 37
19	F	Lord Byron died, 1824	r 4 59	6	1 37
20	S		s 7 2	Fi	2 18
21	S	3 SUNDAY AFTER EASTER	r 4 55	8	2 45
22	M		s 7 6	9	3 4
23	T	ST. GEORGE'S DAY	r 4 51	10	3 18
24	W		s 7 9	11	3 29
25	T	<i>St. Mark—Ds. of Gloucester</i>	r 4 47	12	3 39
26	F	[b. 1776]	s 7 12	13	3 48
27	S	E. Gibbon born, 1737	r 4 43	14	3 58
28	S	4 SUNDAY AFTER EASTER	s 7 15	F	rises.
29	M	[1827]	r 4 39	16	8 a 42
30	T	1st stone Lond. Univers. laid,	s 7 19	17	9 57





George Cruikshank

APRIL, — Fooling.





FIRST DAY OF TERM.—*Effects before Causes.*

15. Judges breakfast with the Lord Chancellor.



THIS FRONT
TO BE
SOLD.

Good judges in the law are they
Of Sherry, Claret, and Tokay,
And when their lordships deign to joke,
And banish Lyttleton and Coke,
They order that the best old Port
Shall henceforth be a rule of court,
That care shall be the fate of asses,
Their only circuits be of glasses,
And vow, midst clattering peals and thumpers,
To charge no juries save in bumpers.
So happy on such TERMS as these,
They seem a court of common *please*,
And wish, the toils of life to soften,
That such RETURNS would come more often.

6. Old Lady Day.



A learned saw does sagely say, that ancient dames should have their day,
And calendars, 'tis very clear, provide it always once a-year;
Thus, dearing, sneering, canting, kind, the kiss before, the bite behind,
Fair fames, foul names, and Hyson Tea, all go to pot right merrilie.

Come, now, I propose we try a rubber.—I'm shocked to hear it, I hope he'll drub her; these matches seem such infant's play;—Why, they're rather childish, but it won't do to throw a chance away,—And therefore you lose the trick, my dear: She'd give 'em the game if I'd let her.—Oh! I'm quite shock'd.—Don't mention it, ma'am, I suppose you know no better.—But as to Melbourne, people say, he's now grown quite a fixture.—Well, that may be; there are some shams, but it's genuine Howqua's Mixture.—Oh! I've discover'd a thing so strange, I could set you all by the ears if I chose it; but I greatly mind your peace of mind, so I never, never, never will disclose it.—Ah! what can it be, whisper to me, or I never shall live to leave the place.—Then I fear its your lot to die on the spot, but, as a very great secret, these are the facts of the case:—* * * * *

APRIL.—FOOLING.

After this, as you may fancy, I left this disgusting establishment, and lived for some time along with pa and mamma at home. My education was finished, at least mamma and I agreed that it was: and from boyhood until hobbadyhoyhood (which I take to be about the sixteenth year of the life of a young man, and may be likened to the month of April when spring begins to bloom) from fourteen until seventeen, I say, I remained at home, doing nothing, for which I ever since have had a great taste, the idol of my mamma, who took part in all my quarrels with father, and used regularly to rob the weekly expenses in order to find me in pocket money. Poor soul! many and many is the guinea I have had from her in that way; and so she enabled me to cut a very pretty figure.

Papa was for having me at this time articled to a merchant, or put to some profession; but mamma and I agreed that I was born to be a gentleman and not a tradesman, and the army was the only place for me. Everybody was a soldier in those times, for the French war had just begun, and the whole country was swarming with militia regiments. "We'll get him a commission in a marching regiment," said my father; "as we have no money to purchase him up, he'll *fight* his way, I make no doubt;"—and papa looked at me, with a kind of air of contempt, as much as to say he doubted whether I should be very eager for such a dangerous way of bettering myself.

I wish you could have heard mamma's screech, when he talked so coolly of my going out to fight. "What, send him abroad! across the horrid, horrid sea—to be wrecked and, perhaps, drowned, and only to land for the purpose of fighting the wicked Frenchmen,—to be wounded, and perhaps kick—kick—killed! O Thomas, Thomas! would you murder me and your boy?" There was a regular scene;—however it ended—as it always did—in mother's getting the better, and it was settled that I should go into the militia. And why not? the uniform is just as handsome, and the danger not half so great. I don't think in the course of my whole military experience I ever fought anything, except an old woman, who had the impudence to hallo out, "Heads up, lobster!"—Well, I joined the North Bungays, and was fairly launched into the world.

I was not a handsome man. I know; but there was *something* about me—that's very evident—for the girls always laughed when they talked to me, and the men, though they affected to call me a poor little creature, squint-eyes, knock-knees, red-head, and so on, were evidently annoyed by my success, for they hated me so confoundedly. Even at the present time they go on, though I have given up gallivanting, as I call it. But in the April of my existence,—that is, in Anno Domino 1791, or so—it was a different case; and having nothing else to do, and being bent upon bettering my condition, I did some very pretty things in that way. But I was not hot-headed and imprudent, like most young fellows.—Don't fancy I looked for beauty! Pish!—I wasn't such a fool. Nor for temper; I don't care about a bad temper: I could break any woman's heart in two years. What I wanted was to get on in the world. Of course I didn't *prefer* an ugly woman, or a shrew; and, when the choice offered, would certainly put up with a handsome, good-humoured girl, with plenty of money, as any honest man would.

Now there were two tolerably rich girls in our parts: Miss Magdalen Crutty, with twelve thousand pounds (and, to do her justice, as plain a girl as ever I saw), and Miss Mary Waters, a fine, tall, plump, smiling, peach-cheeked, golden-haired, white-skinned lass, with only ten. Mary Waters lived with her uncle, the Doctor, who had helped me into the world, and who was trusted with this little orphan charge very soon after. My mother, as you have heard, was so fond of Bates, and Bates so fond of little Mary, that both, at first, were almost always in our house; and I used to call her my little wife, as soon as I could speak, and before she could walk, almost. It was beautiful to see us, the neighbours said.

Well, when her brother, the lieutenant of an India ship, came to be captain, and actually gave Mary five thousand pounds, when she was about ten years old, and promised her five thousand more, there was a great talking, and bobbing, and smiling between the Doctor and my parents, and Mary and I were left together more than ever, and she was told to call me her little husband; and she did; and it was considered a settled thing from that day. She was, really, amazingly fond of me.

Can any one call me mercenary after that? Though Miss Crutty had twelve thousand, and Mary only ten (five in hand, and five in the bush), I stuck faithfully to Mary. As a matter of course, Miss Crutty hated Miss Waters. The fact was, Mary had all the country dangling after her, and not a soul would come to Magdalen, for all her £12,000. I used to be attentive to her, though (as it's always useful to be); and Mary would sometimes laugh and sometimes cry at my flirting with Magdalen. This I thought proper very quickly to check. "Mary," said I, "you know that my love for you is disinterested,—for I am faithful to you, though Miss Crutty is richer than you. Don't fly into a rage, then, because I pay her attentions, when you know that my heart and my promise are engaged to you."

The fact is, to tell a little bit of a secret, there is nothing like the having two strings to your bow. "Who knows," thought I, "Mary may die; and then where are my £10,000?" So I used to be very kind indeed to Miss Crutty; and well it was that I was so: for when I was twenty, and Mary eighteen, I'm blest if news did not arrive that Captain Waters, who was coming home to England with all his money in rupees, had been taken—ship, rupees, self and all—by a French privateer! and Mary, instead of £10,000, had only £5,000, making a difference of no less than £350 per annum betwixt her and Miss Crutty.

I had just joined my regiment (the famous North Bungay Fencibles, Colonel Crow commanding) when this news reached me; and you may fancy how a young man, in an expensive regiment and mess, having uniforms and what not to pay for, and a figure to cut in the world, felt at hearing such news! "My dearest Robert," wrote Miss Waters, "will deplore my dear brother's loss: but not, I am sure, the money which that kind and generous soul had promised me. I have still five thousand pounds, and with this and your own little fortune (I had £1000 in the five per cents.!) we shall be as happy and contented as possible."

Happy and contented, indeed! Didn't I know how my father got on with his £300 a-year, and how it was all he could do out of it to add a hundred a-year to my narrow income, and live himself! My mind was made up—I instantly mounted the coach, and flew to our village,—to Mr. Crutty's, of course. It was next door to Doctor Bates's; but I had no business *there*.

I found Magdalen in the garden. "Heavens, Mr. Stubbs!" said she, as in my new uniform I appeared before her, "I really did never—such a handsome officer—expect to see you;" and she made as if she would blush, and began to tremble violently. I led her to a garden seat. I seized her hand—it was not withdrawn. I pressed it;—I thought the pressure was returned. I flung myself on my knees, and then I poured into her ear a little speech which I had made on the top of the coach. "Divine Miss Crutty," said I; "idol of my soul! It was but to catch one glimpse of you that I passed through this garden. I never intended to breathe the secret passion (oh, no! of course not) which was wearing my life away. You know my unfortunate pre-engagement,—it is broken, and *for ever!* I am free;—free, but to be your slave,—your humblest, fondest, truest slave:" and so on.

"O, Mr. Stubbs," said she, as I imprinted a kiss upon her cheek, "I can't refuse you; but I fear you are a sad, naughty man."

Absorbed in the delicious reverie which was caused by the dear creature's confusion, we were both silent for a while, and should have remained so for hours, perhaps, so lost were we in happiness, had I not been suddenly roused by a voice exclaiming from behind us,

"Don't cry, Mary; he is a swindling, sneaking scoundrel, and you are well rid of him!"

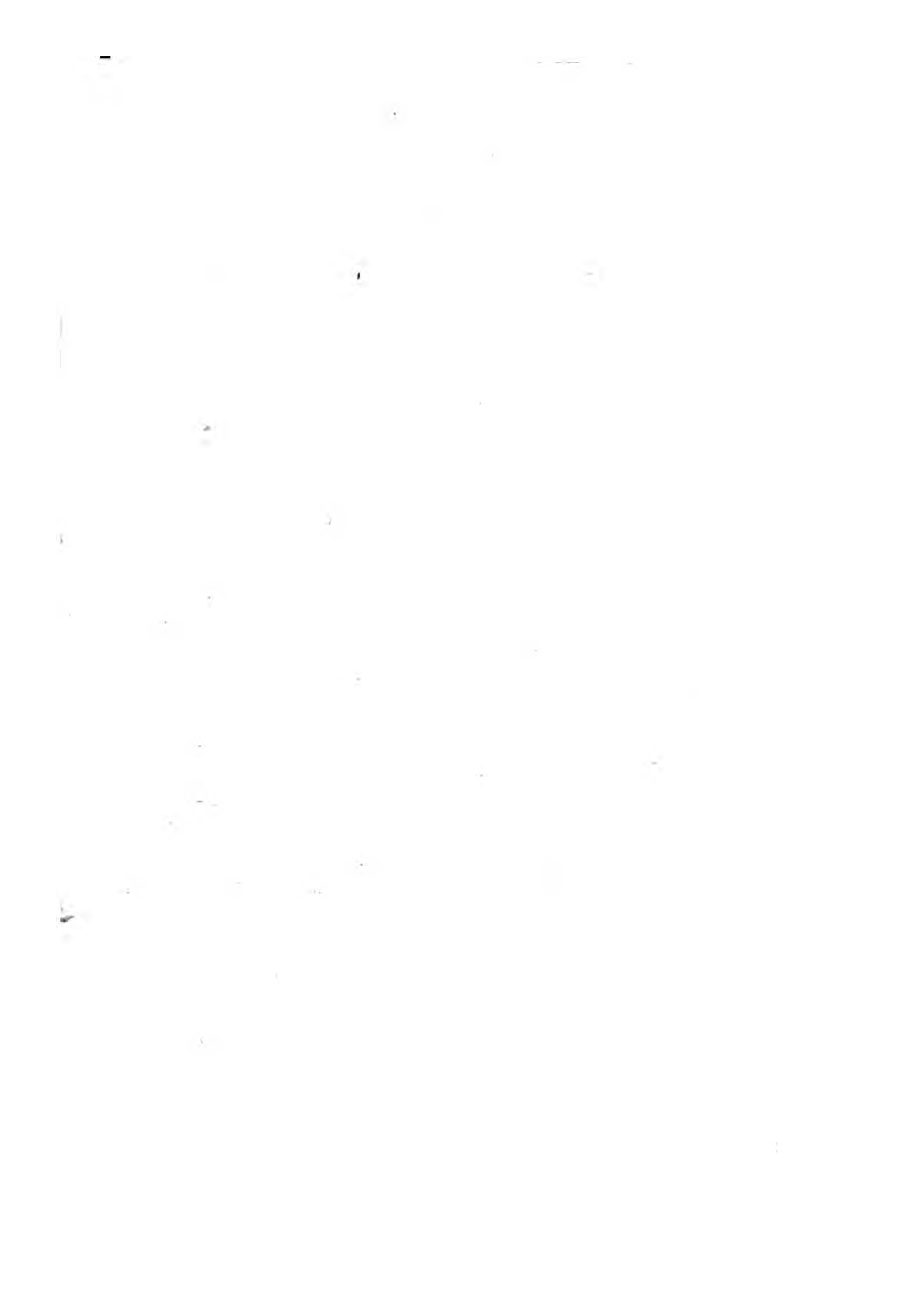
I turned round! O, Heaven! there stood Mary, weeping on Doctor Bates's arm, while that miserable apothecary was looking at me with the utmost scorn. The gardener who had let me in had told them of my arrival, and now stood grinning behind them. "Imperence!" was my Magdalen's only exclamation, as she flounced by with the utmost self-possession, while I, glancing daggers at *the spies*, followed her. We retired to the parlour, where she repeated to me the strongest assurances of her love.

I thought I was a made man. Alas! I was only an APRIL FOOL!

MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quar. . . 6 day 42 min. past 3 aft.
 New Moon . . 13 day 10 min. past 7 mo.
 First Quar. . . 20 day 26 min. past 6 mo.
 Full Moon . . 28 day 45 min. past 11 mo.

M D	W D	FESTIVALS, &c.	Sun rises & sets.	M A	Moon rises & sets.
1	W	ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES	r 4 35	18	11 a 7
2	T		s 7 22	19	morn.
3	F	Machiavelli born, 1469	r 4 41	20	0 8
4	S		s 7 25	21	0 56
5	S	ROGATION SUNDAY	r 4 27	22	1 31
6	M	[1825	s 7 28	L	1 56
7	T	Hammersmith Bridge com.	r 4 24	24	2 15
8	W	<i>Easter Term ends</i>	s 7 31	25	2 29
9	T	ASCENSION— <i>Holy Thursday</i>	r 4 21	26	2 43
10	F		s 7 35	27	2 55
11	S	Lord Chatham died, 1778	r 4 17	28	3 8
12	S	SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION	s 7 38	29	3 25
13	M	<i>Old May Day</i>	r 4 14	N	sets.
14	T		s 7 41	1	10 a 12
15	W	Hatfield fired at Geo. III. 1800	r 4 11	2	11 22
16	T		s 7 44	3	morn.
17	F	Dr. Jenner born, 1749	r 4 8	4	0 12
18	S	<i>Oxford Term ends</i>	s 7 47	5	0 46
19	S	WHIT SUNDAY	r 4 5	6	1 8
20	M	WHIT MONDAY	s 7 49	Fi	1 24
21	T	WHIT TUESDAY [T. beg.]	r 4 3	8	1 37
22	W	EMBER WEEK.— <i>Tr. & Oxf.</i>	s 7 52	9	1 47
23	T	Q. VICT. born, 1819.— <i>Cam.</i>	r 4 0	10	1 56
24	F	[<i>Term div. noon</i>	s 7 55	11	2 6
25	S		r 3 58	12	2 17
26	S	TRINITY SUNDAY	s 7 57	13	2 30
27	M	Calvin died, 1564	r 3 56	14	2 46
28	T		s 8 0	F	rises.
29	W	KING CHAS. II. RESTORAT.	r 3 54	16	10 a 2
30	T		s 8 2	17	10 54
31	F	Anne Boleyn cr. 1533	r 3 52	18	11 33





George Cruikshank.

M A Y, — Restoration Day.



THE CONCERT SEASON.

THAT very merry pleasant month of May
Is made for Music, as the poets say;
Whether in shady groves we seek retreat,
Or view the Concert bills in Regent-street,
'Twould seem as though the world was gone a-singing—
Green bowers and Opera boxes all are ringing
With strains of melody that pour upon us,
From thrushes, nightingales, and prima Donnas.
The little birds sing trees in each nook,
And turn over the leaves for want of book,
While operas, scored for twenty kettle drums
By Costa, send to pot our tympanums.
But what harmonious armies now besiege
The ears and pockets of each simple liege;
Jew German minstrels, in Whitechapel born,
Brazen performers on a brazen horn,
And he who, having nothing to put in
His empty mouth, plays tunes upon his chin.

Forsaking soap, my washerwoman's daughters
Practise soprano, "o'er the dark blue waters,"
On drying days supreme their glory shines,
And soars aloft, to C above the lines.
But far and wide they solo, catch, and glee 'em,
At EAGLE, CONDUIT, STINGO, *Call-an-seum*,
Where unknown throngs from unknown regions go,
For gin, tobacco, and "The Chough and Crow,"
And MELODISTS', where shopmen, quite sublime,
In counter-tenor murder tune and time,
And while for pleasure, perhaps, abroad they roam,
A little concert waits for them at home.



"A small
Music Party."

I hate all amateurs who play the flute—
All sulky singing ladies who sit mute—
I hate a piece, made up of variations
On tiresome ditties borrow'd from all nations;
I hate, although I love a cheerful song,
To be obliged to listen all night long.



An Evening Concert.

*State of the
Weather.*

Hocus Pocus
look for
RAIN!



Hoaxem
Folksem
FINE
again!



Would you
know the
WET from
DRY,
"Buy, Buy, Buy."

It's like to
CHANGE when
cats do cry.

MAY.—RESTORATION DAY.

As the month of May is considered, by poets and other philosophers, to be devoted by Nature to the great purpose of love-making, I may as well take advantage of that season and acquaint you with the result of *my amours*.

Young, gay, fascinating, and an ensign—I had completely won the heart of my Magdalen; and as for Miss Waters and her nasty uncle the Doctor, there was a complete split between us, as you may fancy; Miss, pretending, forsooth, that she was glad I had broken off the match, though she would have given her eyes, the little minx, to have had it on again. But this was out of the question. My father, who had all sorts of queer notions, said I had acted like a rascal in the business; my mother took my part, in course, and declared I acted rightly, as I always did: and I got leave of absence from the regiment in order to press my beloved Magdalen to marry me out of hand—knowing, from reading and experience, the extraordinary mutability of human affairs.

Besides, as the dear girl was seventeen years older than myself, and as bad in health as she was in temper, how was I to know that the grim king of terrors might not carry her off before she became mine? With the tenderest warmth, then, and most delicate ardour, I continued to press my suit. The happy day was fixed—the ever memorable 10th of May, 1792; the wedding clothes were ordered; and, to make things secure, I penned a little paragraph for the county paper to this effect:—“Marriage in High Life. We understand that Ensign Stubbs, of the North Bungay Fencibles, and son of Thomas Stubbs, of Sloffemsquiggle, Esquire, is about to lead to the hymeneal altar the lovely and accomplished daughter of Solomon Crutty, Esquire, of the same place. A fortune of twenty thousand pounds is, we hear, the lady's portion. 'None but the brave deserve the fair.'”

* * * * *

“Have you informed your relatives, my beloved,” said I to Magdalen one day after sending the above notice, “will any of them attend at your marriage?”

“Uncle Sam, will, I dare say,” said Miss Crutty, “dear mamma's brother.”

“And who *was* your dear mamma,” said I, for Miss Crutty's respected parent had been long since dead, and I never heard her name mentioned in the family.

Magdalen blushed, and cast down her eyes to the ground: “Mamma was a foreigner,” at last she said.

“And of what country?”

“A German; papa married her when she was very young:—she was not of a very good family,” said Miss Crutty, hesitating.

“And what care I for family, my love,” said I, tenderly kissing the knuckles of the hand which I held, “she must have been an angel who gave birth to you.”

“She was a shoemaker's daughter.”

A German shoemaker! hang 'em, thought I, I have had enough of them, and so I broke up this conversation, which did not somehow please me.

* * * * *

Well, the day was drawing near: the clothes were ordered; the banns were read. My dear mamma had built a cake about the size of a washing-tub: and I was only waiting for a week to pass to put me in possession of twelve thousand pounds in the *five per cents.*, as they were in those days, Heaven bless 'em! Little did I know the storm that was brewing, and the disappointment which was to fall upon a young man who really did his best to get a fortune.

* * * * *

“O Robert!” said my Magdalen to me, two days before the match was to come off, “I have *such* a kind letter from uncle Sam, in London. I wrote to him as you wished. He says that he is coming down to-morrow; that he has heard of you often, and knows your character very well, and that he has got a *very handsome present* for us! What can it be, I wonder?”

“Is he rich, my soul's adored?” says I.

“He is a bachelor with a fine trade, and nobody to leave his money to.”

“His present can't be less than a thousand pounds,” says I.

“Or, perhaps, a silver tea-set, and some corner dishes,” says she.

But we could not agree to this, it was too little—too mean for a man of her uncle's wealth: and we both determined it must be the thousand pounds.

"Dear, good uncle! he's to be here by the coach," says Magdalen. "Let us ask a little party to meet him." And so we did, and so they came. My father and mother, old Crutty in his best wig, and the parson who was to marry us next day. The coach was to come in at six. And there was the tea-table, and there was the punch-bowl, and everybody ready and smiling to receive our dear uncle from London.

Six o'clock came, and the coach, and the man from the Green Dragon with a portmanteau, and a fat old gentleman walking behind, of whom I just caught a glimpse—a venerable old gentleman—I thought I'd seen him before.

Then there was a ring at the bell; then a scuffling and bumping at the passage: then old Crutty rushed out, and a great laughing and talking, and "*How are you,*" and so on, was heard at the door; and then the parlour-door was flung open, and Crutty cried out with a loud voice:—

"Good people all! my brother-in-law, Mr. STIFFELKIND!"

Mr. Stiffelkind!—I trembled as I heard the name!

Miss Crutty kissed him; mamma made him a curtsy, and papa made him a bow; and Dr. Snorter, the parson, seized his hand and shook it most warmly—then came my turn!

"Vat," says he, "it is my dear goot yong frend from Doctor Schvis'hentail's! is dis the yong gentleman's honorable moder (mamma smiled and made a curtsy), and dis his fader! Sare and madam, you should be broud of soch a sonn. And you, my niece, if you have him for a husband you vil be locky, dat is all. Vat dink you, broder Crotty, and Madame Stobbs, I ave made your sonn's boots, ha! ha!"

My mamma laughed, and said, "I did not know it, but I am sure, sir, he has as pretty a leg for a boot as any in the whole county."

Old Stiffelkind roared louder. "A very nice leg, ma'am, and a very *sheep boot too!* Vat, you did not know I make his boots! Perhaps you did not know somting else too—p'raps you did not know (and here the monster clapped his hand on the table, and made the punch-ladle tremble in the bowl) p'raps you did not know as dat yong man, dat Stobbs, dat sneaking, baltry, squinting fellow, is as vicked as he is ogly. He bot a pair of boots from me and never paid for dem. Dat is noting, nobody never pays, but he bought a pair of boots, and called himself Lord Cornvallis. And I was fool enough to believe him vonce. But look you, niece Magdalen, I ave got five thousand pounds, if you marry him I vil not give you a benny; but look you, what I will gif you, I bromised you a bresent, and I vil give you DESE!"

And the old monster produced THOSE VERY BOOTS which Swishtail had made him take back.

I *didn't* marry Miss Crutty: I am not sorry for it though. She was a nasty, ugly, ill-tempered wretch, and I've always said so ever since.

And all this arose from those infernal boots, and that unlucky paragraph in the county paper—I'll tell you how.

In the first place, it was taken up as a quiz by one of the wicked, profligate, unprincipled organs of the London press, who chose to be very facetious about the "*Marriage in High Life,*" and made all sorts of jokes about me and my dear Miss Crutty.

Secondly, it was read in this London paper by my mortal enemy, Bunting, who had been introduced to old Stiffelkind's acquaintance by my adventure with him, and had his shoes made regularly by that foreign upstart.

Thirdly, he happened to want a pair of shoes mended at this particular period, and as he was measured by the disgusting old High-Dutch Cobbler, he told him his old friend Stubbs was going to be married.

"And to whom?" said old Stiffelkind, "to a voman wit gelt, I vil take my oath."

"Yes," says Bunting, "a country girl—a Miss Magdalen Carotty or Crotty, at a place called Sloffemsquiggle."

"*Schloffemschwiegel!*" bursts out the dreadful bootmaker, "Mein Gott, mein Gott! das geht nicht—I tell you, sare, it is no go. Miss Crotty is my neice. I will go down myself. I vill never let her marry dat goot-for-noting schwindler and teif." *Such* was the language that the scoundrel ventured to use regarding me!

MOON'S CHANGES.

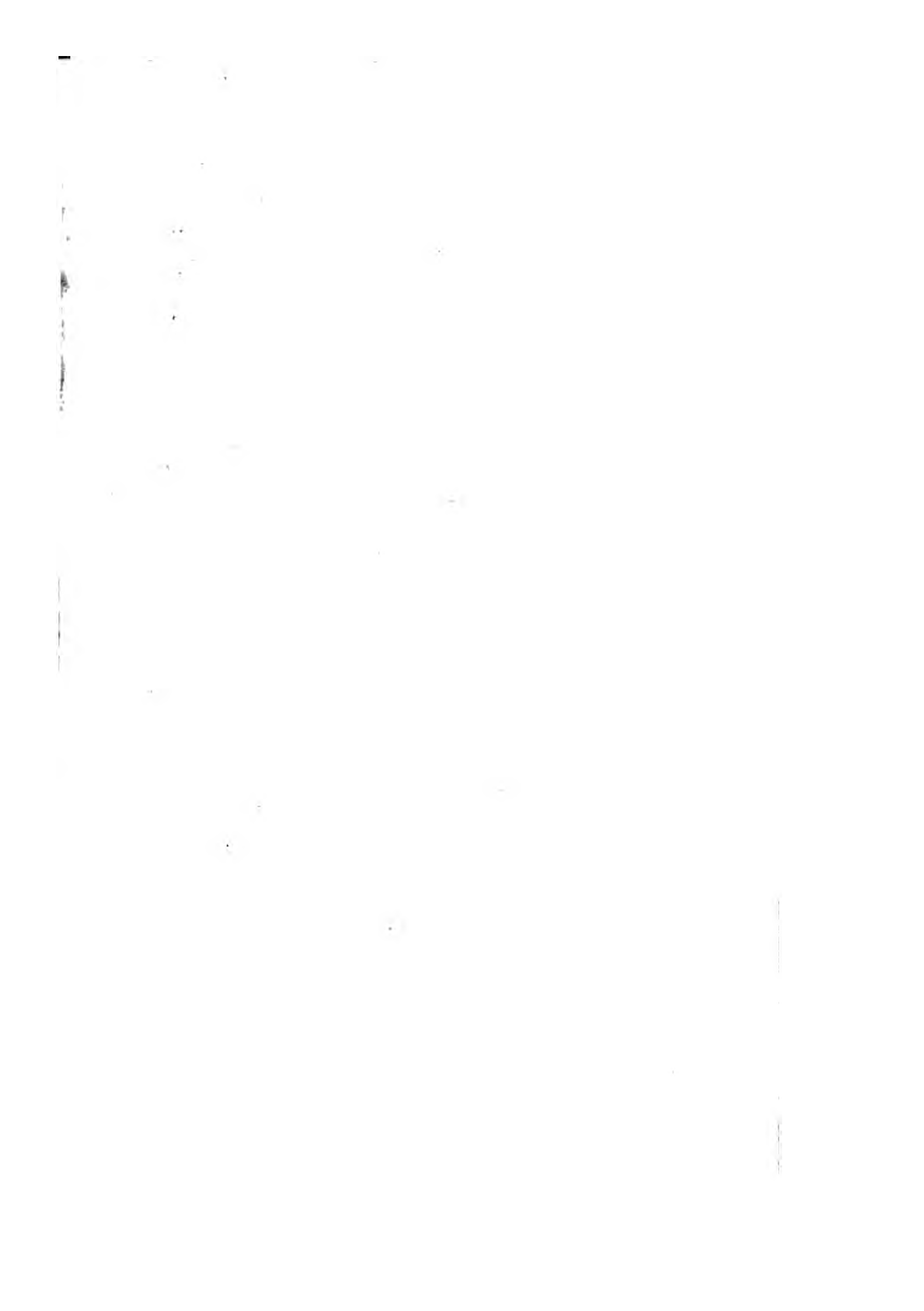
Last Quar. . . 4 day 36 min. past 11 aft.

New Moon . . 11 day 42 min. past 2 aft.

First Quar. . . 18 day 1 min. past 10 aft.

Full Moon . . 26 day 0 min. past 12 night.

M D	W D	FESTIVALS, &c.	Sun rises & sets.	M A	Moon rises & sets.
1	S		r 3 51	19	morn.
2	S	1 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	s 8 6	20	0 0
3	M	W. Harvey died, 1657	r 3 49	21	0 19
4	T		s 8 8	L	0 36
5	W	King of Hanover born	r 3 48	23	0 49
6	T	Allied sovereigns visit Lond.	s 8 10	24	1 1
7	F	[1814	r 3 47	25	1 14
8	S		s 8 11	26	1 28
9	S	2 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	r 3 46	27	1 46
10	M		s 8 13	28	2 12
11	T	ST. BARNABAS	r 3 45	N	sets.
12	W	<i>Trinity Term ends</i>	s 8 14	1	10 a 1
13	T		r 3 45	2	10 41
14	F	Battle of Marengo, 1800	s 8 15	3	11 9
15	S		r 3 44	4	11 28
16	S	3 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	s 8 16	5	11 44
17	M		r 3 44	6	11 54
18	T	Battle of Waterloo, 1815	s 8 17	Fi	morn.
19	W		r 3 44	8	0 4
20	T	Q. VICTORIA Accession	s 8 18	9	0 14
21	F	Q. VICT. Proc.— <i>Longest day</i>	r 3 44	10	0 24
22	S	<i>Summer com. 4h. 1m. mo.</i>	s 8 18	11	0 36
23	S	4 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	r 3 45	12	0 51
24	M	NAT. JOHN BAPT.—MIDS. D.	s 8 19	13	1 11
25	T		r 3 45	14	1 40
26	W	Geo. IV. died, 1830 [d.1835	s 8 19	F	rises.
27	T	Charles Matthews, comedian,	r 3 46	16	9 a 33
28	F	Q. Vict. Coron.	s 8 19	17	10 4
29	S	ST. PETER	r 3 47	18	10 26
30	S	5 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	s 8 18	19	10 43

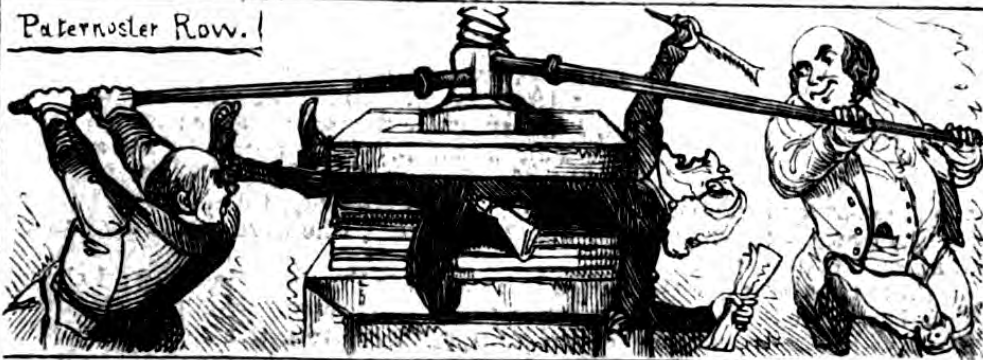




George Cruikshank

JUNE,— Marrow Bones and Cleavers.

Paternoster Row.



HOW TO SCREW AN AUTHOR.—Doctor Slop's Complaint.

20. Mr. Serjt. Talfourd withdrew his Copyright Bill, 1838.

O Longman, Longman, Orme, Brown, Green, and Co.
 And other dons of Paternoster Row!
 O enemies of authors here below,
 From those who're great to those who are but so—

Against you, Slop indignant does complain,
 Clanks in your face his literary chain;
 Stop, tyrants! who for your peculiar gain,
 By day and night the contents of his brain

He sows the seed, you gather in the crops;
 You sack the till, and he supplies your shops;
 You quaff champagne, while meanest malt and hops,
 Do scarcely once a fortnight enter Slop's

So wickedly does fortune treat our crew;
 So partially she deals betwixt us two;
 Nothing can miserable authors do
 But squeeze and squeeze, while pitilessly you

Until you squeeze the hapless carcass dry.
 For such great wrongs is there no remedy?
 O, callous House of Commons! tell us why
 You pass poor authors' wrongs so carelessly

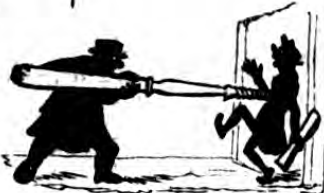
Be these the terms for literary men:
 First pay us authors, let booksellers then
 Feed after us who wield the godlike pen.
 O what shall I. O. U, learn'd ION,

Thy happy bill, by law shall here prevail,
 Leaving to me (and to my sons in tail),
 Of all my works the profit of the sale:
 As for the publishers—why, rat it, they'll

Words are
Wind,



all
know it.



Driving a bargain!

Never think
to please
a Poet.



Bad spec

Unsold Copies

fail.

when,

screw,

chops.

drain.

so;

JUNE.—MARROWBONES AND CLEAVERS.

Was there ever such confounded ill luck? My whole life has been a tissue of ill luck: although I have laboured, perhaps, harder than any man to make a fortune, something always tumbled it down. In love and in war I was not like others. In my marriages, I had an eye to the main chance; and you see how some unlucky blow would come and throw them over. In the army I was just as prudent, and just as unfortunate. What with judicious betting, and horse-swapping, good luck at billiards, and economy, I do believe I put by my pay every year,—and that is what few can say, who have but an allowance of a hundred a-year.

I'll tell you how it was. I used to be very kind to the young men; I chose their horses for them, and their wine; and shewed them how to play billiards, or *ecarté*, of long mornings, when there was nothing better to do. I didn't cheat: I'd rather die than cheat;—but if fellows *will* play, I wasn't the man to say no—why should I? There was one young chap in our regiment of whom I really think I cleared £300 a-year.

His name was Dobble. He was a tailor's son, and wanted to be a gentleman. A poor, weak, young creature; easy to be made tipsy; easy to be cheated; and easy to be frightened. It was a blessing for him that I found him; for if anybody else had, they would have plucked him of every shilling.

Ensign Dobble and I were sworn friends. I rode his horses for him, and chose his champagne; and did every thing, in fact, that a superior mind does for an inferior,—when the inferior has got the money. We were inseparables,—hunting everywhere in couples. We even managed to fall in love with two sisters, as young soldiers will do, you know; for the dogs fall in love, with every change of quarters.

Well: once, in the year 1793 (it was just when the French had chopped poor Louis's head off), Dobble and I, gay young chaps as ever wore sword by side, had cast our eyes upon two young ladies, by the name of Brisket, daughters of a butcher in the town where we were quartered. The dear girls fell in love with us, of course. And many a pleasant walk in the country; many a treat to a tea-garden; many a smart ribband and brooch used Dobble and I (for his father allowed him £600, and our purses were in common) present to these young ladies. One day, fancy our pleasure at receiving a note couched thus:—

“Deer Captiving Stubbs and Dobble—Miss Briskets presents their compliments, and as it is probable that our papa will be till 12 at the corpraysun dinner, we request the pleasure of their company to tea.”

Didn't we go! Punctually at six we were in the little back parlour; we quaffed more Bohea, and made more love, than half-a-dozen ordinary men could. At nine, a little punch-bowl succeeded to the little tea-pot; and, bless the girls! a nice fresh steak was frizzling on the gridiron for our supper. Butchers were butchers then, and their parlour was their kitchen, too; at least old Brisket's was.—One door leading into the shop, and one into the yard, on the other side of which was the slaughter-house.

Fancy, then, our horror when, just at this critical time, we heard the shop door open, a heavy staggering step on the flags, and a loud husky voice from the shop, shouting, “Hallo, Susan; hallo, Betsy! show a light!” Dobble turned as white as a sheet; the two girls each as red as a lobster; I alone preserved my presence of mind. “The back door,” says I.—“The dog's in the court,” says they. “He's not so bad as the man,” says I. “Stop,” cries Susan, flinging open the door, and rushing to the fire: “take *this*, and perhaps it will quiet him.”

What do you think “*this*” was? I'm blest if it was not the *steak*!

She pushed us out, patted and hushed the dog, and was in again in a minute. The moon was shining on the court, and on the slaughter-house, where there hung a couple of white, ghastly-looking, carcasses of a couple of sheep; a great gutter ran down the court—a gutter of *blood*!—the dog was devouring his beef-steak (*our* beef-steak) in silence,—and we could see through the little window the girls bustling about to pack up the supper-things, and presently the shop-door opened, old Brisket entered, staggering, angry, and drunk. What's more, we could see, perched on a high stool, and nodding politely, as if to salute old Brisket, the *feather* of Dobble's cocked hat! When Dobble

saw it he turned white, and deadly sick; and the poor fellow, in an agony of fright, sunk shivering down upon one of the butcher's cutting blocks, which was in the yard.

We saw old Brisket look steadily (as steadily as he could) at the confounded impudent, pert, wagging feather; and then an idea began to dawn upon his mind, that there was a head to the hat; and then he slowly rose up—he was a man of six feet, and fifteen stone—he rose up, put on his apron and sleeves, and *took down his cleaver.*

"Betsy," says he, "open the yard door." But the poor girls screamed, and flung on their knees, and begged, and wept, and did their very best to prevent him. "OPEN THE YARD DOOR," says he, with a thundering loud voice; and the great bull-dog, hearing it, started up, and uttered a yell which sent me flying to the other end of the court.—Dobble couldn't move; he was sitting on the block, blubbering like a baby.

The door opened, and out Mr. Brisket came.

"To him, Jowler," says he, "*keep him, Jowler,*"—and the horrid dog flew at me, and I flew back into the corner, and drew my sword, determining to sell my life dearly.

"That's it," says Brisket, "keep him there,—good dog,—good dog! And now, sir," says he, turning round to Dobble, "is this your hat?"

"Yes," says Dobble, fit to choke with fright.

"Well, then," says Brisket, "it's my—(hick)—my painful duty to—(hick)—to tell you, that as I've got your hat, I must have your head;—it's painful, but it must be done. You'd better—(hick)—settle yourself com—comfumarably against that—(hick)—that block, and I'll chop it off before you can say Jack—(hick)—no, I mean Jack Robinson."

Dobble went down on his knees, and shrieked out, "I'm an only son, Mr. Brisket! I'll marry her, sir; I will, upon my honour, sir.—Consider my mother, sir; consider my mother."

"That's it, sir," says Brisket—"that's a good—(hick)—a good boy;—just put your head down quietly—and I'll have it off—yes, off—as if you were Louis the Six—the Sixtix—the Sixtickleteenth.—I'll chop the other *chap afterwards.*"

When I heard this, I made a sudden bound back, and gave such a cry as any man might who was in such a way. The ferocious Jowler, thinking I was going to escape, flew at my throat; screaming furious, I flung out my arms in a kind of desperation,—and, to my wonder, down fell the dog, dead, and run through the body!

* * * * *

At this moment a posse of people rushed in upon old Brisket,—one of his daughters had had the sense to summon them,—and Dobble's head was saved. And when they saw the dog lying dead at my feet, my ghastly look, my bloody sword, they gave me no small credit for my bravery. "A terrible fellow that Stubbs," said they; and so the mess said, the next day.

I didn't tell them that the dog had committed *suicide*—why should I? And I didn't say a word about Dobble's cowardice. I said he was a brave fellow, and fought like a tiger; and this prevented *him* from telling tales. I had the dog-skin made into a pair of pistol-holsters, and looked so fierce, and got such a name for courage in our regiment, that when we had to meet the regulars, Bob Stubbs was always the man put forward to support the honour of the corps. The women, you know, adore courage; and such was my reputation at this time, that I might have had my pick out of half-a-dozen, with three, four, or five thousand pounds a-piece, who were dying for love of me and my red coat. But I wasn't such a fool. I had been twice on the point of marriage, and twice disappointed; and I vowed by all the Saints to have a wife, and a rich one. Depend upon this, as an infallible maxim to guide you through life—*It's as easy to get a rich wife as a poor one;*—the same bait that will hook a fly will hook a salmon.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quar. . . 4 day 14 min. past 5 mo.

New Moon . . 10 day 1 min. past 11 aft.

First Quar. . . 18 day 1 min. past 3 aft.

Full Moon . . 26 day 25 min. past 11 mo.

M D	W D	FESTIVALS, &c.	Sun rises & sets.	M A	Moon rises & sets.
1	M		r 3 49	20	10 a 56
2	T	<i>Oxford Act. Camb. com.</i>	s 8 18	21	11 8
3	W	Dog days begin	r 3 50	22	11 20
4	T		s 8 17	L	11 34
5	F	<i>Camb. Term ends</i>	r 3 52	24	11 50
6	S	<i>Oxford Term ends</i>	s 8 16	25	morn.
7	S	6 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	r 3 53	26	0 12
8	M		s 8 15	27	0 43
9	T	Earthquake at Azores, 1757	r 3 55	28	1 29
10	W	Paddington Canal open., 1801	s 8 13	N	sets.
11	T	[marez, 1801	r 3 57	1	9 a 9
12	F	Spanish fleet defeated by Sau-	s 8 12	2	9 31
13	S		r 3 59	3	9 47
14	S	7 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	s 8 10	4	10 0
15	M	<i>St. Swithin</i>	r 4 1	5	10 10
16	T	Sir Josh. Reynolds born, 1723	s 8 8	6	10 20
17	W		r 4 4	7	10 30
18	T	Magaz. of Malta blown up,	s 8 6	Fi	10 41
19	F	[1806	r 4 6	9	10 55
20	S	French bastille dest ^d . 1789	s 8 4	10	11 13
21	S	8 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	r 4 9	11	11 38
22	M		s 8 1	12	morn.
23	T	1st English Newspaper, 1588	r 4 11	13	0 14
24	W		s 7 59	14	1 5
25	T	ST. JAMES—Duch. of Camb.	r 4 14	15	2 12
26	F	[born, 1797	s 7 56	F	rises.
27	S		r 4 17	17	8 a 49
28	S	9 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.	s 7 53	18	9 3
29	M		r 4 20	19	9 16
30	T		s 7 50	20	9 28
31	W	Charles X. fled, 1830	r 4 23	21	9 41

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George Cruikshank

JULY, — Summery Proceedings.



WHICH ARE THE MONKEYS ?

1. New registration of births commenced, 1837.

THE FORCE OF HABIT. { " Now, Sir, the father's name—this column—so—
There, very well—what is it ?"— "*Jones & Co!*"

SO-HO-LOGICAL SOCIETY.

At the annual July meeting of this renowned establishment, petitions were presented from the animals of the menagerie, respecting their grievances; the following were the greatest cases of hardship:—The Carnivora, in a body, complained of a diminution and recent alteration in their diet; the Society having, from a regard to economy and its diminished finances, changed their food from good ox-beef to asses' flesh. They feared that, should they become addicted to this kind of viand, they might, in a moment of desperation, be tempted, from the similarity, to make free with the bodies of any of the members that came in their way, a piece of ingratitude of which the great brown bruin, in particular, said he could not bear the thought. The Royal Tigers complained that some of their family had been carried off by a disorder resembling the "King's evil;" this they attributed to the Society's being under Royal patronage, which they had, in the course of their travels, observed to be fatal in many other establishments. The Dogs begged that, if they were to have no more meat, they might, at least, be indulged with a copy of "South on the Bones." The beasts and birds, generally, declared themselves ashamed of the shabby appearance of their friends in the Museum, asserting that, living and dead, they were alike badly stuffed. The Parrots spoke of the smallness of their cages, which, they entreated, might be enlarged in dimensions by at least a perch or two. The whole tribe of Simiæ, like the Baronets, prayed for a badge of distinction. They stated that their appearance was so closely imitated by numerous individuals who crowded around their cages on fine days in the fashionable season, that their visitors did not know one from the other, and frequently asked "Which *are* the monkeys?"

All the animals prayed the benefit of clergy for the remission of their Sunday fasts, and implored the Bishop of London, though he could not get them a holiday on that day, to at least interfere to procure them a dinner.



A Lion and his Tiger.



A hunting piece, after Schneiders.

15. St. Swithin begins to reign. Umbrellas look up.

JULY.—SUMMERY PROCEEDINGS.

Dobble's reputation for courage was not increased by the butcher's-dog adventure; but mine stood very high: little Stubbs was voted the boldest chap of all the bold North-Bungays. And though I must confess, what was proved by subsequent circumstances, that Nature has *not* endowed me with a large, or even, I may say, an average share of bravery, yet a man is very willing to flatter himself of the contrary; and, after a little time, I got to believe that my killing the dog was an action of undaunted courage; and that I was as gallant as any one of the hundred thousand heroes of our army. I always had a military taste—it's only the brutal part of the profession, the horrid fighting, and blood, that I don't like.

I suppose the regiment was not very brave itself—being only militia; but, certain it was, that Stubbs was considered a most terrible fellow, and I swore so much, and looked so fierce, that you would have fancied I had made half a hundred campaigns. I was second in several duels; the umpire in all disputes; and such a crack-shot myself, that fellows were shy of insulting me. As for Dobble, I took him under my protection; and he became so attached to me, that we ate, drank, and rode together, every day; his father didn't care for money, so long as his son was in good company—and what so good as that of the celebrated Stubbs? Heigho! I *was* good company in those days, and a brave fellow, too, as I should have remained, but for—what I shall tell the public immediately.

It happened, in the fatal year ninety-six, that the brave North-Bungays were quartered at Portsmouth; a maritime place, which I need not describe, and which I wish I had never seen. I might have been a General now, or, at least, a rich man.

The red-coats carried every thing before them in those days; and I, such a crack character as I was in my regiment, was very well received by the townspeople; many dinners I had; many tea-parties; many lovely young ladies did I lead down the pleasant country-dances.

Well; although I had had the two former rebuffs in love, which I have described, my heart was still young; and the fact was, knowing that a girl with a fortune was my only chance, I made love here as furiously as ever. I sha'n't describe the lovely creatures on whom I fixed, whilst at Portsmouth. I tried more than—several—and it is a singular fact, which I never have been able to account for, that, successful as I was with ladies of maturer age, by the young ones I was refused regular.

But "faint heart never won fair lady;" and so I went on, and on, until I had really got a Miss Clopper, a tolerably rich navy-contractor's daughter, into such a way, that I really don't think she could have refused me. Her brother, Captain Clopper, was in a line regiment, and helped me as much as ever he could; he swore I was such a brave fellow.

As I had received a number of attentions from Clopper, I determined to invite him to dinner; which I could do without any sacrifice of my principle, upon this point; for the fact is, Dobble lived at an inn—and as he sent all his bills to his father, I made no scruple to use his table. We dined in the coffee-room; Dobble bringing his friend, and so we made a party *carry*, as the French say. Some naval officers were occupied in a similar way at a table next to ours.

Well—I didn't spare the bottle, either for myself or my friends; and we grew very talkative, and very affectionate as the drinking went on. Each man told stories of his gallantry in the field, or amongst the ladies, as officers will, after dinner. Clopper confided to the company his wish that I should marry his sister, and vowed that he thought me the best fellow in Christendom.

Ensign Dobble assented to this—"But let Miss Clopper beware," says he, "for Stubbs is a sad fellow; he has had, I don't know how many *liaisons* already; and he has been engaged to I don't know how many women."

"Indeed!" says Clopper; "Come, Stubbs, tell us your adventures."

"Psha!" said I, modestly, "there is nothing, indeed, to tell; I have been in love, my dear boy—who has not?—and I have been jilted—who has not?"

Clopper swore that he would blow his sister's brains out if ever *she* served me so.

"Tell him about Miss Crutty," said Dobble; "he! he! Stubbs served *that* woman out, any how; she didn't jilt *him*, I'll be sworn."

"Really, Dobble, you are too bad, and should not mention names; the fact is, the girl was desperately in love with me, and had money—sixty thousand pounds, upon my reputation. Well, everything was arranged, when, who should come down from London, but a relation."

"Well; and did he prevent the match?"

"Prevent it—yes, sir, I believe you, he did; though not in the sense that *you* mean; he would have given his eyes: ay, and ten thousand pounds more, if I would have accepted the girl, but I would not."

"Why, in the name of goodness?"

"Sir, her uncle was a *shoemaker*. I never would debase myself by marrying into such a family."

"Of course not," said Dobble, "he couldn't, you know. Well, now—tell him about the other girl, Mary Waters, you know."

"Hush, Dobble, hush! don't you see one of those naval officers has turned round and heard you. My dear Clopper, it was a mere childish bagatelle."

"Well, but let's have it," said Clopper, "let's have it; I won't tell my sister, you know;" and he put his hand to his nose, and looked monstrous wise.

"Nothing of that sort, Clopper—no, no—'pon honor—little Bob Stubbs is no *libertine*; and the story is very simple. You see that my father has a small place, merely a few hundred acres, at Sloffemsquiggle: Isn't it a funny name? Hang it, there's the naval gentleman staring again,—(I looked terribly fierce as I returned this officer's stare, and continued in a loud careless voice) well—at this Sloffemsquiggle there lived a girl, a Miss Waters, the niece of some blackguard apothecary in the neighbourhood; but my mother took a fancy to the girl, and had her up to the park, and petted her. We were both young—and—and—the girl fell in love with me, that's the fact. I was obliged to repel some rather warm advances that she made me; and here, upon my honour as a gentleman, you have all the story about which that silly Dobble makes such a noise."

Just as I finished this sentence, I found myself suddenly taken by the nose, and a voice shouting out,—

"Mr. Stubbs, you are a LIAR AND A SCOUNDREL! take this, sir,—and this, for daring to meddle with the name of an innocent lady."

I turned round as well as I could, for the ruffian had pulled me out of my chair, and beheld a great marine monster, six feet high, who was occupied in beating and kicking me, in the most ungentlemanly manner, on my cheeks, my ribs, and between the tails of my coat. "He is a liar, gentlemen, and a scoundrel; the bootmaker had detected him in swindling, and so his niece refused him. Miss Waters was engaged to him from childhood, and he deserted her for the bootmaker's niece, who was richer;"—and then sticking a card between my stock and my coat-collar, in what is called the scruff of my neck, the disgusting brute gave me another blow behind my back, and left the coffee-room with his friends.

Dobble raised me up; and taking the card from my neck, read, CAPTAIN WATERS. Clopper poured me out a glass of water, and said in my ear, "If this is true, you are an infernal scoundrel, Stubbs; and must fight me, after Captain Waters," and he flounced out of the room.

I had but one course to pursue. I sent the Captain a short and contemptuous note, saying, that he was beneath my anger. As for Clopper, I did not condescend to notice his remark—but in order to get rid of the troublesome society of these low blackguards, I determined to gratify an inclination I had long entertained, and make a little tour. I applied for leave of absence, and set off *that very night*. I can fancy the disappointment of the brutal Waters, on coming, as he did, the next morning, to my quarters and finding me *gone*, ha! ha!

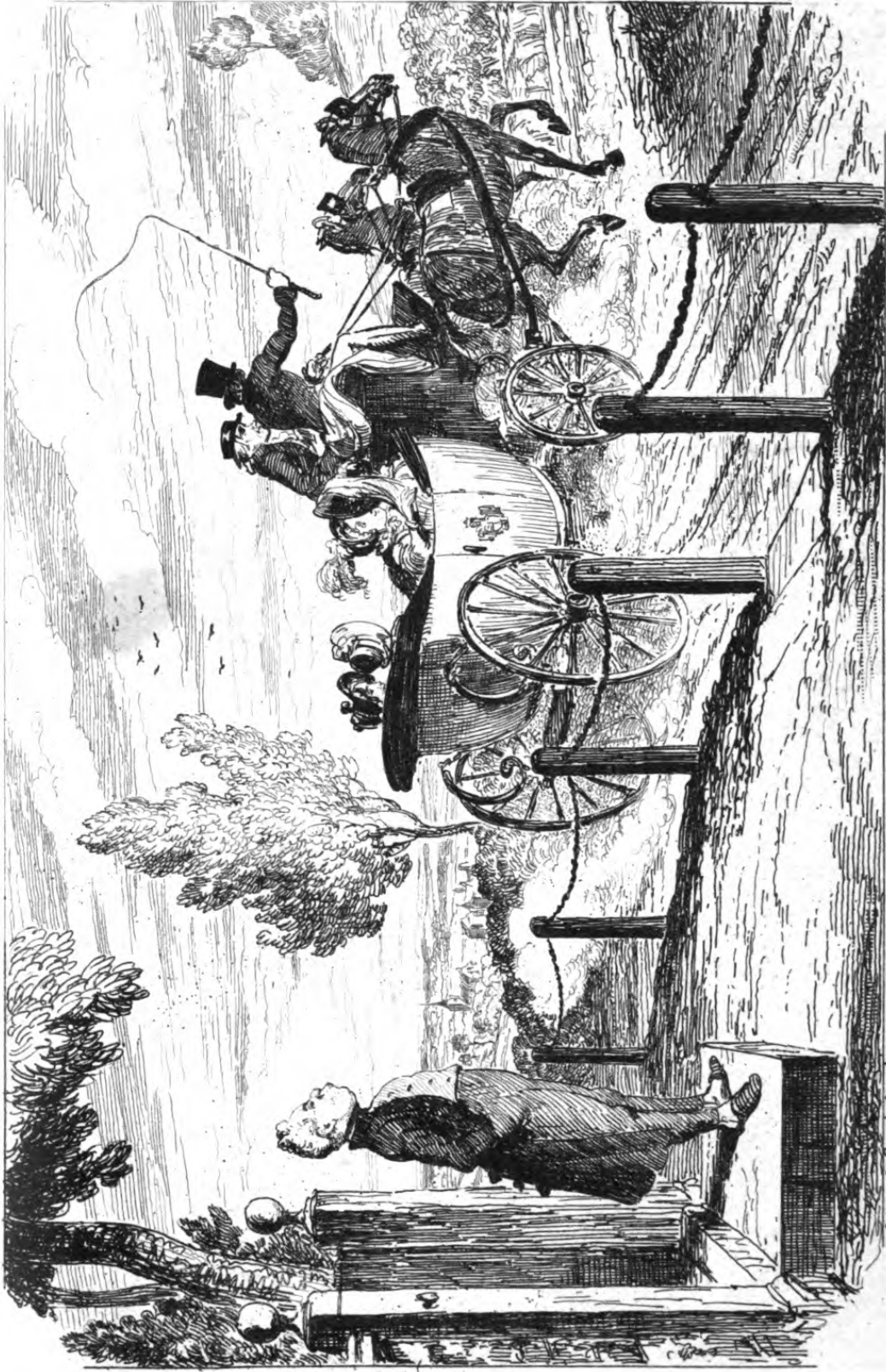
After this adventure I became sick of a military life—at least the life of my own regiment, where the officers, such was their unaccountable meanness and prejudice against me, absolutely refused to see me at mess. Colonel Craw sent me a letter to this effect, which I treated as it deserved.—I never once alluded to it in any way, and have since never spoken a single word to any man in the North Bungays.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quar. 2 day 48 min. past 9 mo.
 New Moon 9 day 18 min. past 9 mo.
 First Quar. 17 day 37 min. past 8 mo.
 Full Moon 24 day 37 min. past 9 aft.
 Last Quar. 31 day 47 min. past 2 aft.

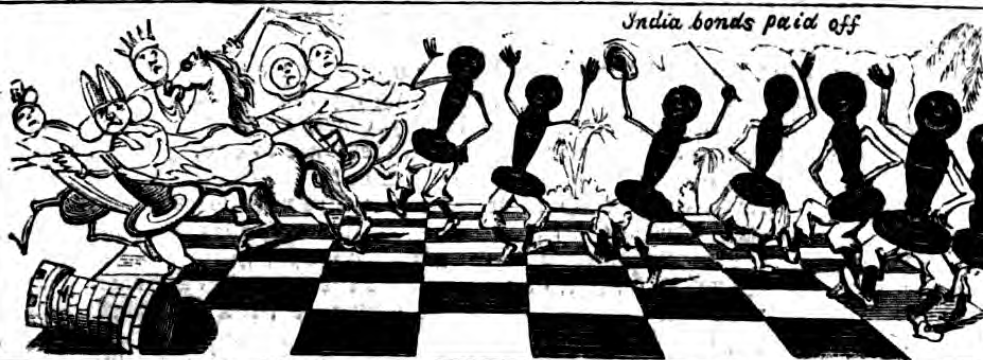
M D	W D	FESTIVALS, &c.	Sun rises & sets.	M A	Moon rises and sets.
1	T	<i>Lammas Day</i>	r 4 24	22	9 a 56
2	F		s 7 45	L	10 15
3	S	Columbus's first voyage, 1492	r 4 27	24	10 42
4	S	10 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	s 7 42	25	11 22
5	M		r 4 30	26	morn.
6	T		s 7 38	27	0 17
7	W	Queen Caroline died, 1821	r 4 33	28	1 30
8	T		s 7 35	29	2 52
9	F	J. Dryden born, 1631	r 4 37	N	sets.
10	S		s 7 31	1	8 a 6
11	S	11 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	r 4 40	2	8 17
12	M	[Dog Days end	s 7 27	3	8 27
13	T	QUEEN ADELAIDE born, 1792	r 4 43	4	8 37
14	W		s 7 23	5	8 48
15	T	[1819	r 4 46	6	9 0
16	F	Great riots in Manchester,	s 7 20	7	9 16
17	S	Duchess of Kent born, 1786	r 4 49	Fi	9 38
18	S	12 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	s 7 16	9	10 8
19	M	Royal George sunk, 1782	r 4 52	10	10 52
20	T		s 7 12	11	11 52
21	W	Battle of Vimiera, 1808	r 4 56	12	morn.
22	T	Sir W. Wallace exec. 1305	s 7 7	13	1 6
23	F		r 4 59	14	2 30
24	S	ST. BARTHOLOMEW	s 7 3	F	rises.
25	S	13 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	r 5 2	16	7 a 23
26	M		s 6 59	17	7 36
27	T	Admiral Blake died, 1657	r 5 5	18	7 48
28	W	Robespierre guillotined, 1794	s 6 54	19	8 3
29	T		r 5 8	20	8 21
30	F	[ship, lost, 1833	s 6 50	21	8 45
31	S	Amphitrite, female convict	r 5 11	L	9 20





George Cruikshank

AUGUST,— DOGS have their DAYS.



CHESS.—"BLACK MOVES AND WINS."

1. Abolition of Negro Slavery, 1834; of Negro [Apprenticeship, 1838.]

Dozing in his easy chair,
'Round his nose mosquitoes flitting,
Sweltering in the sunny air,
Was Nine-tail Joe of Kingston sitting.

Now Nine-tail Joe loved cheerfulness,
And he chanced in a pleasant mood to be,
So he flogged his niggers, and played at chess,
And drank a full jorum of Sangaree.

What can be the matter with flogging Joe?
His eyes are rolling to and fro,
And he rubs his nose with his finger and thumb,
And gasps to speak, like one that is dumb.

The forms that lately were pawns and knights,
And bishops, and queens, and kings,
Were reeling and wheeling, like so many sprites,
Or other unearthly things.

And beings all fearfully black were there,
And they roll'd their eyes at Joe,
And wildly flourished the *cat* in air,
And danced to "Jump Jim Crow."

Before them fled both bishop and knight,
While pawn and king were seen
Rolling and tumbling, in awful plight,—
Decorum was gone, and they fled outright,—
And surely it was a most terrible sight,
When the bishop fell over the queen.

With burning head and aching heart,
Up from his chair did the planter start:
But the vision had fled, and there, instead
Of dancing niggers' furious tread,
Was seen the *bill*, the dreadful bill,
The Whiggish Act of Slavery,
That made him rich against his will,
And stopped him in his knavery.

The planter's dream doth plainly seem
To point a moral deep:
If you choose to whack a nigger's back,
You should never go to sleep.

Look for Gnat bites
now about.



11. Dog days end.



"Graves for dogs."

St. Swithin at his post.



AUGUST.—DOGS HAVE THEIR DAYS.

See, now, what life is ; I have had ill-luck on ill-luck from that day to this. I have sunk in the world, and, instead of riding my horse and drinking my wine, as a real gentleman should, have hardly enough now to buy a pint of ale ; ay, and am very glad when any body will treat me to one. Why, why was I born to undergo such unmerited misfortunes ?

You must know that very soon after my adventure with Miss Crutty, and that cowardly ruffian, Captain Waters (he sailed the day after his insult to me or I should most certainly have blown his brains out ; *now* he is living in England, and is my relation ; but, of course, I cut the fellow). Very soon after these painful events another happened, which ended, too, in a sad disappointment. My dear papa died, and, instead of leaving five thousand pounds as I expected, at the very least, left only his estate which was worth but two. The land and house were left to me ; to mamma and my sisters he left, to be sure, a sum of two thousand pounds in the hands of that eminent firm Messrs. Pump, Aldgate, and Co., which failed within six months after his demise ; and paid in five years about one shilling and ninepence in the pound ; which really was all my dear mother and sisters had to live upon.

The poor creatures were quite unused to money matters ; and, would you believe it ? when the news came of Pump and Aldgate's failure, mamma only smiled, and threw her eyes up to Heaven, and said, "Blessed be God, that we have still wherewithal to live, there are tens of thousands in this world, dear children, who would count our poverty, riches." And with this she kissed my two sisters, who began to blubber, as girls always will do, and threw their arms round her neck, and then round my neck, until I was half stifled with their embraces, and slobbered all over with their tears.

"Dearest mamma," said I, "I am very glad to see the noble manner in which you bear your loss ; and more still to know that you are so rich as to be able to put up with it." The fact was, I really thought the old lady had got a private hoard of her own, as many of them have—a thousand pounds or so in a stocking. Had she put by thirty pounds a year, as well she might, for the thirty years of her marriage, there would have been nine hundred pounds clear, and no mistake. But still I was angry to think that any such paltry concealment had been practised—concealment too of *my* money ; so I turned on her pretty sharply, and continued my speech. "You say, ma'am, that you are rich, and that Pump and Aldgate's failure has no effect upon you. I am very happy to hear you say so, ma'am—very happy that you *are* rich ; and I should like to know where your property, my father's property, for you had none of your own,—I should like to know where this money lies—*where you have concealed it*, ma'am, and, permit me to say, that when I agreed to board you and my two sisters for eighty pounds a year, I did not know that you had *other* resources than those mentioned in my blessed father's will."

This I said to her because I hated the meanness of concealment, not because I lost by the bargain of boarding them, for the three poor things did not eat much more than sparrows ; and I've often since calculated that I had a clear twenty pounds a year profit out of them.

Mamma and the girls looked quite astonished when I made the speech. "What does he mean ?" said Lucy to Eliza.

Mamma repeated the question, "My beloved Robert, what concealment are you talking of ?"

"I am talking of concealed property, ma'am," says I sternly.

"And do you—what—can you—do you really suppose that I have concealed—any of that blessed sa-a-a-aint's prop-op-op-erty ?" screams out mamma. "Robert," says she, "Bob, my own darling boy—my fondest, best beloved, now *he* is gone" (meaning my late governor—more tears), "you don't, you cannot fancy that your own mother, who bore you, and nursed you, and wept for you, and would give her all to save you from a moment's harm—you don't suppose that she would che-e-e-eat you !" and here she gave a louder screech than ever, and flung back on the sofa, and one of my sisters went and tumbled into her arms, and t'other went round, and the kissing and slobbering scene went on again, only I was left out, thank goodness ; I hate such sentimentality.

"*Che-e-e-eat me,*" says I, mocking her. "What do you mean, then, by saying you're so rich. Say, have you got money or have you not?" (and I rapped out a good number of oaths, too, which I don't put in here; but I was in a dreadful fury, that's the fact.)

"So help me, Heaven," says mamma, in answer, going down on her knees, and smacking her two hands; "I have but a Queen Anne's guinea in the whole of this wicked world."

"Then what, madam, induces you to tell these absurd stories to me, and to talk about your riches, when you know that you and your daughters are beggars, ma'am, *beggars?*"

"My dearest boy, have we not got the house, and the furniture, and a hundred a year still; and have you not great talents which will make all our fortunes?" says Mrs. Stubbs, getting up off her knees, and making believe to smile as she clawed hold of my hand and kissed it.

This was *too cool*. "You have got a hundred a year, ma'am," says I, "you got a house: upon my soul and honour this is the first I ever heard of it, and I'll tell you what, ma'am," says I (and it cut her *pretty sharply* too), "as you've got it, *you'd better go and live in it*. I've got quite enough to do with my own house, and every penny of my own income."

Upon this speech the old lady said nothing, but she gave a screech loud enough to be heard from here to York, and down she fell—kicking and struggling in a regular fit.

I did not see Mrs. Stubbs for some days after this, and the girls used to come down to meals, and never speak; going up again and stopping with their mother. At last, one day, both of them came in very solemn to my study, and Eliza, the eldest, said, "Robert, mamma has paid you our board up to Michaelmas."

"She has," says I; for I always took precious good care to have it in advance.

"She says, John, that on Michaelmas day—we'll—we'll go away, John."

"O, she's going to her own house, is she, Lizzy? very good; she'll want the furniture, I suppose, and that she may have too, for I'm going to sell the place myself;" and so *that* matter was settled.

On Michaelmas day, and during these two months, I hadn't, I do believe, seen my mother twice (once, about two o'clock in the morning, I woke and found her sobbing over my bed). On Michaelmas day morning, Eliza comes to me and says, "*John, they will come and fetch us at six this evening.*" Well, as this was the last day, I went and got the best goose I could find (I don't think I ever saw a primer, or ate more hearty myself), and had it roasted at three, with a good pudding afterwards; and a glorious bowl of punch. "Here's a health to you, dear girls," says I, "and you, ma, and good luck to all three, and as you've not eaten a morsel, I hope you won't object to a glass of punch. It's the old stuff, you know, ma'am, that that Waters sent to my father fifteen years ago."

Six o'clock came, and with it came a fine barouche, as I live! Captain Waters was on the box (it was his coach); that old thief, Bates, jumped out, entered my house, and, before I could say Jack Robinson, whipped off mamma to the carriage, the girls followed, just giving me a hasty shake of the hand, and as mamma was helped in, Mary Waters, who was sitting inside, flung her arms round her, and then round the girls, and the Doctor, who acted footman, jumped on the box, and off they went; taking no more notice of *me* than if I'd been a nonentity.

There's the picture of the whole business;—that's mamma and Miss Waters sitting kissing each other in the carriage, with the two girls in the back seat; Waters is driving (a precious bad driver he is too), and that's me, standing at the garden door, and whistling. You can't see Mary Malowney; the old fool is crying behind the garden gate, she went off next day along with the furniture; and I to get into that precious scrape which I shall mention next.

MOON'S CHANGES.

New Moon . . 7 day 21 min. past 10 aft.
 First Quar. . . 16 day 59 min. past 1 mo.
 Full Moon . . 23 day 9 min. past 7 mo.
 Last Quar. . . 29 day 43 min. past 9 aft.

M D	W D	FESTIVALS, &c.	Sun rises & sets.	M A	Moon rises & sets.
1	S	14 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	r 5 13	23	10 a 10
2	M		s 6 43	24	11 17
3	T	Sir E. Coke died, 1634	r 5 16	25	morn.
4	W		s 6 39	26	0 35
5	T	Malta taken, 1800	r 5 19	27	1 58
6	F		s 6 35	28	3 19
7	S	Buffon born, 1707	r 5 23	N	sets.
8	S	15 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	s 6 30	1	6 a 36
9	M	Collision betw. the Monarch &	r 5 26	2	6 45
10	T	[Apollo Steam-boats on	s 6 25	3	6 56
11	W	[the Thames, 1837.	r 5 29	4	7 7
12	T		s 6 21	5	7 22
13	F	Westm. Bridge begun, 1738	r 5 32	6	7 40
14	S		s 6 16	7	8 6
15	S	16 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	r 5 35	8	8 44
16	M	Foundling Hosp. begun, 1742	s 6 12	Fi	9 35
17	T		r 5 39	10	10 42
18	W	EMBER WEEK.—Equal day &	s 6 7	11	morn.
19	T	[night.	r 5 42	12	0 1
20	F		s 6 2	13	1 26
21	S	St. MATTHEW	r 5 45	14	2 52
22	S	17 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	s 5 58	15	4 20
23	M	Autumn com. 5h. 59m. aft.	r 5 48	F	rises.
24	T		s 5 53	17	6 a 8
25	W	R. Porson died, 1808	r 5 52	18	6 25
26	T		s 5 49	19	6 48
27	F	[1669	r 5 55	20	7 20
28	S	Royal Exchange first opened,	s 5 44	21	8 5
29	S	18 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.	r 5 58	L	9 8
30	M	[St. MICHAEL.	s 5 39	23	10 24





SEPTEMBER, — Plucking a Goose.



HARVEY versus JARVEY.

A MOLONCHOLY CASE.

Well, here's a fine beginning all along of these here Harveys,
 Sure-ly they're getting the whip-hand of all us honest jarvies;
 To rob us of our fare is like depriving us of vittle,
 And giving us no meat to cut, but leaving us a Whittle.
 The watermen are all in tears,—it's fitting you should know,
 That the stopping of our going is to them a tale of "Wo;"
 And the 'osses stands, quite sad to see, beside the crib in vain,
 And wonders whether they shall ever taste a bit again.
 Now they're gettin' out of natur, for their raws is all a healing,
 And soon they'll be onsenseless brutes, without a bit of feeling,
 Or else they'll pine away so fast, the knackers scarce will skin 'em,
 For they miss the bits of thrashing just to keep the life within 'em,
 And the cuts that makes 'em lively, arter waiting in the street,
 For 'tis but being on the stand, that keeps 'em on their feet.
 Now, blow'd if I can understand this here licensious day,
 Unless it means the taking all our license quite away;
 And then, again, for characters, how very hard they use 'em,
 Both them as vainly strive to find, and those who'd gladly lose 'em.
 The cads look quite cadaverous, to think there's such a fuss
 At their stepping from the treadmill, to the step behind a bus,
 But here's the greatest grief, and sure it makes one choak to put on
 A libel to one's neck, just like cheap cag-mag-scrag of mutton;
 There's nothing stares us in the face but rueful ruination,
 So there's my ticket, and I'll seek some more genteel vocation.

7. Jerusalem demolished by Titus, A. D. 70.



Land Sharks and Sea Gulls.

Old Isaac's so given to bite us,
 In bargains whenever we meet,
 That I wish we'd a similar Titus
 To batter down Holywell Street.



23. College of Physicians incorporated, 1518.

'Twere fair revenge to give no quarter,
 But pound the doctors in their mortar.

SEPTEMBER.—PLUCKING A GOOSE.

After my papa's death, as he left me no money, and only a little land, I put my estate into an auctioneer's hands, and determined to amuse my solitude with a trip to some of our fashionable watering-places. My house was now a desert to me. I need not say how the departure of my dear parent, and her children, left me sad and lonely.

Well, I had a little ready money, and, for the estate, expected a couple of thousand pounds. I had a good military-looking person; for though I had absolutely cut the old North-Bungays (indeed, after my affair with Waters, Colonel Craw hinted to me, in the most friendly manner, that I had better resign), though I had left the army, I still retained the rank of Captain; knowing the advantages attendant upon that title, in a watering-place tour.

Captain Stubbs became a great dandy at Cheltenham, Harrowgate, Bath, Leamington, and other places. I was a good whist and billiard-player; so much so, that in many of these towns, the people used to refuse, at last, to play with me, knowing how far I was their superior. Fancy, my surprise, about five years after the Portsmouth affair, when strolling one day up the High Street, in Leamington, my eyes lighted upon a young man, whom I remembered in a certain butcher's yard, and elsewhere—no other, in fact, than Dobble. He, too, was dressed *en militaire*, with a frogged coat and spurs; and was walking with a showy-looking, Jewish-faced, black-haired lady, glittering with chains and rings, with a green bonnet, and a bird of Paradise—a lilac shawl, a yellow gown, pink silk stockings, and light-blue shoes. Three children, and a handsome footman, were walking behind her, and the party, not seeing me, entered the Royal Hotel together.

I was known, myself, at the Royal, and calling one of the waiters, learned the names of the lady and gentleman. He was Captain Dobble, the son of the rich army-clothier, Dobble (Dobble, Hobble, and Co., of Pall Mall);—the lady was a Mrs. Manasseh, widow of an American Jew, living quietly at Leamington with her children, but possessed of an immense property. There's no use to give one's self out to be an absolute pauper, so the fact is, that I myself, went everywhere with the character of a man of very large means. My father had died, leaving me immense sums of money, and landed estates—ah! I was the gentleman then, the real gentleman, and everybody was too happy to have me at table.

Well, I came the next day, and left a card for Dobble, with a note:—he neither returned my visit, nor answered my note. The day after, however, I met him with the widow, as before; and, going up to him, very kindly seized him by the hand, and swore I was—as really was the case—charmed to see him. Dobble hung back, to my surprise, and I do believe the creature would have cut me, if he dared; but I gave him a frown, and said—

“What, Dobble, my boy, don't you recollect old Stubbs, and our adventure with the butcher's daughters, ha?”

Dobble gave a sickly kind of grin, and said, “Oh! ah! yes! It is—yes! it is, I believe, Captain Stubbs.”

“An old comrade, madam, of Captain Dobble's, and one who has heard so much, and seen so much, of your ladyship, that he must take the liberty of begging his friend to introduce him.”

Dobble was obliged to take the hint; and Captain Stubbs was duly presented to Mrs. Manasseh; the lady was as gracious as possible: and when, at the end of the walk, we parted, she said, “she hoped Captain Dobble would bring me to her apartments that evening, where she expected a few friends.” Everybody, you see, knows everybody at Leamington; and I, for my part, was well known as a retired officer of the army; who, on his father's death, had come into seven thousand a year. Dobble's arrival had been subsequent to mine, but putting up, as he did, at the Royal Hotel, and dining at the ordinary there with the widow, he had made his acquaintance before I had. I saw, however, that if I allowed him to talk about me, as he could, I should be compelled to give up all my hopes and pleasures at Leamington; and so I determined to be short with him. As soon as the lady had gone into the hotel, my friend, Dobble, was for leaving me likewise; but I stopped him, and said, “Mr. Dobble, I saw what you meant just now, you wanted to cut me, because, forsooth, I did not choose to fight a duel at Portsmouth; now look, you, Dobble, I am no hero, but I'm not such a coward as you—and you

know it. You are a very different man to deal with from Waters ; and *I will fight* this time."

Not, perhaps, that I would : but after the business of the butcher, I knew Dobble to be as great a coward as ever lived : and there never was any harm in threatening, for you know you are not obliged to stick to it afterwards. My words had their effect upon Dobble, who stuttered, and looked red, and then declared, he never had the slightest intention of passing me by ; so we became friends, and his mouth was stopped.

He was very thick with the widow : but that lady had a very capacious heart, and there were a number of other gentlemen who seemed equally smitten with her. "Look at that Mrs. Manasseh," said a gentleman (it was droll, *he* was a Jew, too), sitting at dinner by me ; "she is old, and ugly, and, yet, because she has money, all the men are flinging themselves at her."

"She has money, has she?"

"Eighty thousand pounds, and twenty thousand for each of her children ; I know it *for a fact*," said the strange gentleman. "I am in the law, and we, of our faith, you know, know pretty well what the great families amongst us are worth."

"Who was Mr. Manasseh?" said I.

"A man of enormous wealth—a tobacco-merchant—West Indies ; a fellow of no birth, however ; and who, between ourselves, married a woman that is not much better than she should be. My dear, sir," whispered he, "she is always in love—now it is with that Captain Dobble ; last week it was somebody else—and it may be you next week, if—ha ! ha ! ha !—you are disposed to enter the lists.

"I wouldn't, for *my* part, have the woman with twice her money."

What did it matter to me, whether the woman was good, or not, provided she was rich ? My course was quite clear. I told Dobble all that this gentleman had informed me, and, being a pretty good hand at making a story, I made the widow appear *so* bad, that the poor fellow was quite frightened, and fairly quitted the field. Ha ! ha ! I'm dashed if I did not make him believe that Mrs. Manasseh had *murdered* her last husband.

I played my game so well, thanks to the information that my friend, the lawyer, had given me, that, in a month, I had got the widow to shew a most decided partiality for me ; I sat by her at dinner, I drank with her at the Wells—I rode with her, I danced with her, and, at a pic-nic to Kenilworth, where we drank a good deal of champagne, I actually popped the question, and was accepted. In another month, Robert Stubbs, Esq., led to the altar, Leah, widow of the late Z. Manasseh, Esq., of St. Kitt's !

We drove up to London in her comfortable chariot ; the children and servants following in a post-chaise. I paid, of course, for everything ; and until our house, in Berkeley Square, was painted, we stopped at Stevens's Hotel.

My own estate had been sold, and the money was lying at a bank, in the city. About three days after our arrival, as we took our breakfast in the hotel, previous to a visit to Mrs. Stubbs's banker, where certain little transfers were to be made—a gentleman was introduced, who, I saw at a glance, was of my wife's persuasion.

He looked at Mrs. Stubbs, and made a bow ; "Perhaps it will be convenient to you to pay this little bill, one hundred and fifty-two poundsh."

"My love," says she, "will you pay this—it is a trifle which I had really forgotten." "My soul !" said I, "I have really not the money in the house."

"Vel, denn, Captain Shtubbsh," says he, "I must do my duty—and arrest you—here is the writ ! Tom, keep the door !"—My wife fainted—the children screamed, and I—fancy my condition, as I was obliged to march off to a spunging-house, along with a horrid sheriff's officer !

MOON'S CHANGES.

New Moon . . 7 day 13 min. past 2 aft.

First Quar. . . 15 day 24 min. past 6 aft.

Full Moon . . 22 day 31 min. past 4 aft.

Last Quar. . . 29 day 0 min. past 8 mo.

M D	W D	FESTIVALS, &c.	Sun rises & sets.	M A	Moon rises & sets.
1	T	Lond. University open., 1828	r 6 1	24	11 a 45
2	W		s 5 35	25	morn.
3	T	King's College opened, 1831	r 6 5	26	1 6
4	F	John Rennie, died, 1821	s 5 30	27	2 24
5	S		r 6 8	28	3 38
6	S	19 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	s 5 26	29	4 50
7	M		r 6 11	N	sets.
8	T	Dr. Kippis died, 1795	s 5 21	1	5 a 15
9	W		r 6 15	2	5 29
10	T	<i>Oxford and Camb. T. begin</i>	s 5 17	3	5 46
11	F	<i>Old Michaelmas Day</i>	r 6 18	4	6 9
12	S		s 5 13	5	6 42
13	S	20 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	r 6 22	6	7 27
14	M		s 5 8	7	8 26
15	T	[1834	r 6 25	Fi	9 39
16	W	Houses of Parliament burnt,	s 5 4	9	10 59
17	T		r 6 28	10	morn.
18	F	ST. LUKE	s 5 0	11	0 23
19	S		r 6 32	12	1 47
20	S	21 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	s 4 56	13	3 13
21	M	Battle of Trafalgar, 1805	r 6 35	14	4 41
22	T		s 4 51	F	rises
23	W	Royal Exch. founded, 1667	r 6 39	16	4 a 48
24	T	[1828	s 4 47	17	5 16
25	F	St. Katherine's Docks, opened,	r 6 42	18	5 58
26	S		s 4 43	19	6 56
27	S	22 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	r 6 46	20	8 10
28	M	ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE	s 4 40	21	9 32
29	T		r 6 49	L	10 54
30	W		s 4 36	23	morn.
31	T	John Evelyn born, 1620	r 6 53	24	0 13

1875

1876

1877

1878

1879

1880



George Cruikshank

OCTOBER. — Mars and Venus in opposition.



“OTHELLO'S OCCUPATION'S GONE.”

1. Abolition of arrest on suspicion of debt, 1838.

Right little grieve I
To take my leave of all the tribe of Levi!
I care not now whom I may chance to meet,
In Chancery Lane, or Carey Street;
Gentile or Jew, or neither, or what not,
The bailiffs' occupation's gone to pot,
And all their sport, thank common sense, is over,
Unless you find a man to swear,
That he heard another man declare,
That as he was walking the streets one day,
He met with Jones, who was heard to say,
That Smith intended to run away,
Across the straits of Dover.

But, any way, it does seem rather funny,
To lock a man within four walls, and bid him seek for money.
There's no occasion now for me to hide,
Tho' once I was a deeply versed *court guide*;
I fear not now a single rap,
Nor startle at a tap.

From my boot's sole to my hat crown,
I'll have it all set down;
As to my tailor, his suit's a failure,
And talking of a writ, quite a mis-fit;
So, spite his measures, I'll take my pleasures,
And, since for debt I need not run away,
Shall I, like vulgar traders, stoop to pay?
Nay!

The ghost of a “Bailey.”



“Remember thee? Ay, thou poor ghost!”

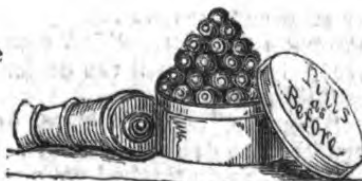


Share and share alike

10. Dividends due.

Philosophers sagely declare,
Without reservation or stealth,
That the source of true happiness here
Is an equal division of wealth.

20. Battle of Navarino, 1827.



A Prescription.

OCTOBER.—MARS AND VENUS IN OPPOSITION.

I shall not describe my feelings when I found myself in a cage in Cursitor-street, instead of that fine house in Berkeley-square, which was to have been mine as the husband of Mrs. Manasseh. What a palace!—in an odious, dismal street leading from Chancery Lane,—a hideous Jew boy opened the second of three doors; and shut when Mr. Nabb and I (almost fainting) had entered: then he opened the third door, and then I was introduced to a filthy place, called a coffee-room, which I exchanged for the solitary comfort of a little dingy back-parlour, where I was left for a while to brood over my miserable fate. Fancy the change between this and Berkeley Square! Was I, after all my pains, and cleverness, and perseverance, cheated at last? Had this Mrs. Manasseh been imposing upon me, and were the words of the wretch I met at the table-d'hôte at Leamington, only meant to mislead me and take me in? I determined to send for my wife, and know the whole truth. I saw at once that I had been the victim of an infernal plot, and that the carriage, the house in town, the West India fortune, were only so many lies which I had blindly believed. It was true the debt was but a hundred and fifty pounds: and I had two thousand at my bankers. But was the loss of *her* £80,000 nothing? Was the destruction of my hopes nothing?—The accursed addition to my family of a Jewish wife, and three Jewish children, nothing? And all these I was to support out of my two thousand pounds. I had better have stopped at home, with my mamma and sisters, whom I really did love, and who produced me eighty pounds a-year.

I had a furious interview with Mrs. Stubbs; and when I charged her, the base wretch! with cheating me, like a brazen serpent, as she was, she flung back the cheat in my teeth, and swore I had swindled her. Why did I marry her, when she might have had twenty others? She only took me, she said, because I had twenty thousand pounds. I *had* said I possessed that sum; but in love, you know, and war, all's fair.

We parted quite as angrily as we met; and I cordially vowed that when I had paid the debt into which I had been swindled by her, I would take my £2000, and depart to some desert island; or, at the very least, to America, and never see her more, or any of her Israelitish brood. There was no use in remaining in the spunging-house (for I knew that there were such things as detainers, and that where Mrs. Stubbs owed a hundred pounds, she might owe a thousand), so I sent for Mr. Nabb, and tendering him a cheque for £150, and his costs, requested to be let out forthwith. "Here, fellow," said I, "is a cheque on Child's for your paltry sum."

"It may be a sheck on Shild's," says Mr. Nabb, "but I should be a baby to let you out on such a paper as dat."

"Well," said I, "Child's is but a step from this; you may go and get the cash,—just giving me an acknowledgment."

Nabb drew out the acknowledgment with great punctuality, and set off for the Bankers, whilst I prepared myself for departure from this abominable prison.

He smiled as he came in. "Well," said I, "you have touched your money; and now, I must tell you, that you are the most infernal rogue and extortioner I ever met with."

"O no, Mishter Shtubbsh," says he, grinning still, "dere is som greater roag dan me,—mosh greater."

"Fellow," says I, "don't stand grinning before a gentleman; but give me my hat and cloak, and let me leave your filthy den."

"Shtop, Shtubbsh," says he, not even Mistering me this time, "here ish a letter, vich you had better read."

I opened the letter; something fell to the ground:—it was my cheque.

The letter ran thus: "Messrs. Child and Co. present their compliments to Captain Stubbs, and regret that they have been obliged to refuse payment of the enclosed, having been served this day with an attachment by Messrs. Solomonson and Co., which compels them to retain Captain Stubbs's balance of £2010 11s. 6d. until the decision of the suit of Solomonson *v.* Stubbs.

"Fleet Street."

"You see," says Mr. Nabb, as I read this dreadful letter, "you see, Shtubbsh, dere vas two debts,—a littel von, and a big von. So dey arrested you for de littel von, and attashed your money for de big von."

* * * * *

Don't laugh at me for telling this story; if you knew what tears are blotting over the paper as I write it; if you knew that for weeks after I was more like a madman than a sane man,—a madman in the Fleet Prison, where I went, instead of to the desert island. What had I done to deserve it? Hadn't I always kept an eye to the main chance? Hadn't I lived economically, and not like other young men? Had I ever been known to squander or give away a single penny? No! I can lay my hand on my heart, and, thank Heaven, say, No! Why, why was I punished so?

Let me conclude this miserable history. Seven months—my wife saw me once or twice, and then dropped me altogether—I remained in that fatal place. I wrote to my dear mamma, begging her to sell her furniture, but got no answer. All my old friends turned their backs upon me. My action went against me—I had not a penny to defend it. Solomonson proved my wife's debt, and seized my two thousand pounds.—As for the detainer against me, I was obliged to go through the court for the relief of insolvent debtors. I passed through it, and came out a beggar. But, fancy the malice of that wicked Stiffelkind; he appeared in court as my creditor for £3, with sixteen years' interest, at five per cent., for a PAIR OF TOP-BOOTS. The old thief produced them in court, and told the whole story—Lord Cornwallis, the detection, the pumping, and all.

Commissioner Dubobwig was very funny about it. "So Doctor Swish-tail would not pay you for the boots, eh, Mr. Stiffelkind?"

"No; he said, ven I asked him for payment, dey was ordered by a yong boy, and I ought to have gone to his schoolmaster."

"What, then, you came on a *bootless* errand, ay, sir?" (A laugh.)

"Bootless! no sare, I brought de boots back vid me; how de devil else could I shew dem to you." (Another laugh)

"You've never *soled* 'em since, Mr. Ticklehins?"

"I never would sell dem; I svore I never vood, on porpus to be revenged on dat Stobbs."

"What, your wound has never been *healed*, eh?"

"Vat de you mean vid your bootless errants, and your soling and healing? I tell you I have done vat I svore to do; I have exposed him at school, I have broak off a marriage for him, ven he vould have had twenty tousand pound, and now I have shewed him up in a court of justice; dat is vat I ave done, and dat's enough." And then the old wretch went down, whilst every body was giggling and staring at poor me—as if I was not miserable enough already.

"This seems the dearest pair of boots you ever had in your life, Mr. Stubbs," said Commissioner Dubobwig very archly, and then he began to inquire about the rest of my misfortunes.

In the fulness of my heart I told him the whole of them; how Mr. Solomonson the attorney had introduced me to the rich widow, Mrs. Manasseh, who had fifty thousand pounds, and an estate in the West Indies. How I was married, and arrested on coming to town, and cast in an action for two thousand pounds, brought against me by this very Solomonson for my wife's debts.

"Stop," says a lawyer in the court, "Is this woman a showy black-haired woman, with one eye? very often drunk, with three children—Solomonson, short, with red hair?"

"Exactly so," says I, with tears in my eyes.

"That woman has married *three men* within the last two years. One in Ireland, and one at Bath. A Solomonson is, I believe, her husband, and they both are off for America ten days ago."

"But why did you not keep your £2000," said the lawyer.

"Sir, they attached it."

"O! well, we may pass you; you have been unlucky, Mr. Stubbs, but it seems as if the biter had been bit in this affair."

"No," said Mr. Dubobwig, "Mr. Stubbs is the victim of a FATAL ATTACHMENT."

MOON'S CHANGES.

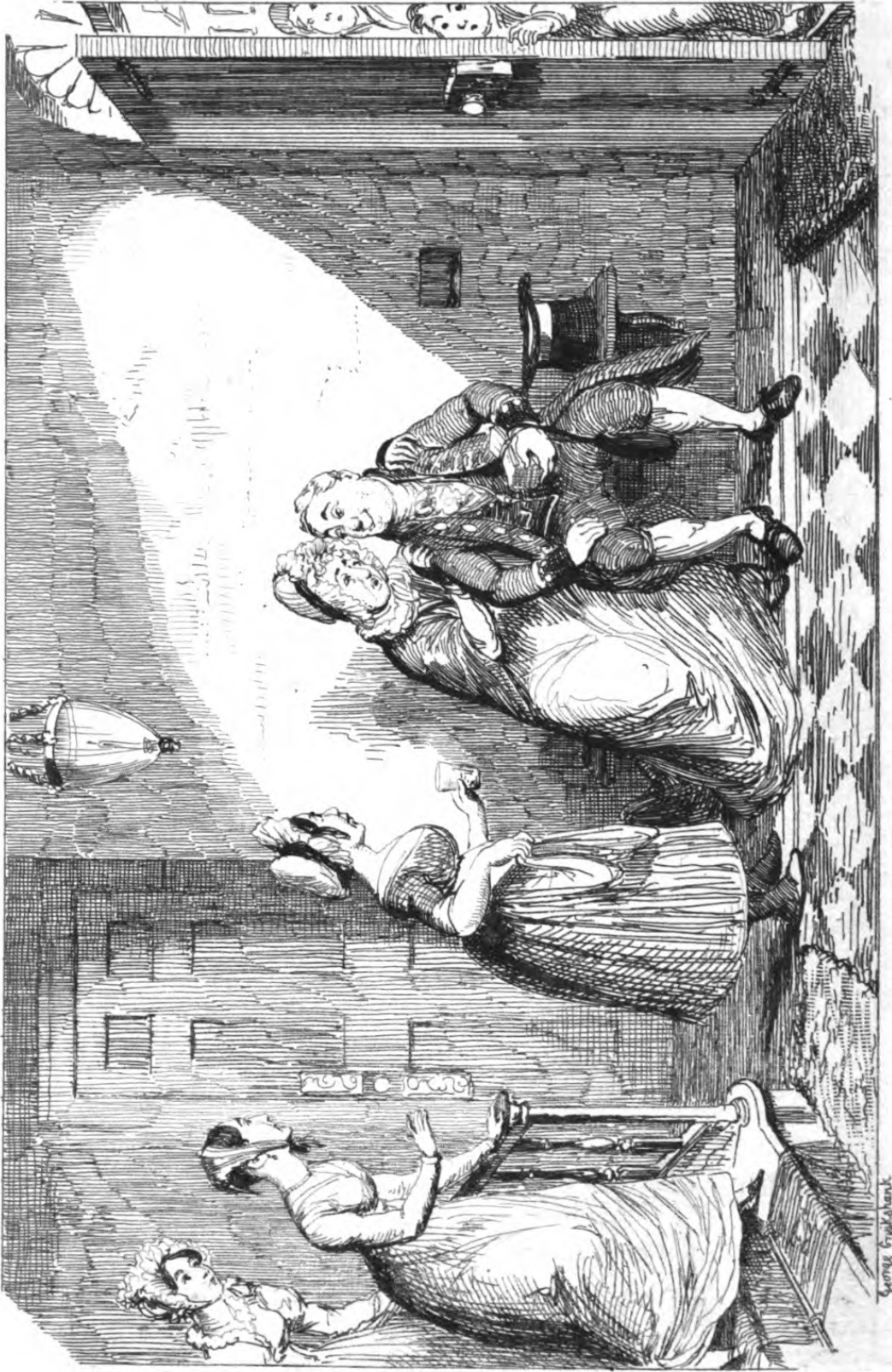
New Moon . . 6 day 11 min. past 8 mo.
 First Quar. . . 14 day 12 min. past 9 mo.
 Full Moon . . 21 day 13 min. past 2 mo.
 Last Quar. . . 27 day 25 min. past 10 aft.

M D	W D	FESTIVALS, &c.	Sun rises & sets.	M A	Moon rises & sets.
1	F	ALL SAINTS	r 6 55	25	1 28
2	S	<i>Michaelmas Term begins</i>	s 4 30	26	2 41
3	S	23 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY—	r 6 58	27	3 52
4	M	[Prss. Sophia born, 1777	s 4 27	28	5 3
5	T	GUNPOWDER PLOT, 1605	r 7 2	29	6 14
6	W	Prss. Charlotte died, 1817	s 4 23	N	sets
7	T		r 7 6	1	4 a 14
8	F	Prs. Augusta born, 1768	s 4 20	2	4 44
9	S	Lord Mayor's Day	r 7 9	3	5 25
10	S	24 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	s 4 17	4	6 20
11	M	<i>St. Martin</i>	r 7 13	5	7 27
12	T	<i>Cambridge Term div. midn.</i>	s 4 14	6	8 43
13	W		r 7 16	7	10 3
14	T	Leibnitz died, 1716	s 4 11	Fi	11 24
15	F	Cowper born, 1731	r 7 20	9	morn.
16	S		s 4 8	10	0 46
17	S	25 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	r 7 23	11	2 11
18	M	Rubens born, 1577	s 4 5	12	3 36
19	T		r 7 26	13	5 8
20	W		s 4 3	14	6 43
21	T	Sir Thos. Gresham died, 1579	r 7 30	F	rises.
22	F	<i>St. Cecilia</i>	s 4 1	16	4 a 37
23	S		r 7 33	17	5 48
24	S	26 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	s 3 59	18	7 9
25	M	<i>Michaelmas Term ends</i>	r 7 36	19	8 36
26	T		s 3 57	20	9 58
27	W		r 7 39	L	11 16
28	T	Cardinal Wolsey died, 1530	s 3 55	22	morn.
29	F		r 7 42	23	0 31
30	S	ST. ANDREW	s 3 55	24	1 42

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Main body of text, appearing as faint, illegible characters or symbols.

A small, dark, irregular mark or smudge.



NOVEMBER, — A General Post Delivery.

George Cruikshank



THE JOINT STOCK SUICIDE CLUB.

BROTHERS! support me in my desperate duty!
 I first propose to all a cup of Rue-tea,
 While I recite once more the various ways
 Our Club allows, to terminate our days.

We recommend strongly steam-boat trips
 To those who are tired of their wives;
 For it's better to scald to death at once,
 Than pass in hot water your lives.

The Club prescribe a railroad ride,
 To such as are bent on marriages;
 If they're looking for sweet, 'tis like they'll meet
 A *Jam* between two carriages.

Or take your place when the coaches race,
 And an opposition rages,
 It's a pleasanter trick to be popp'd off quick,
 Than be kill'd by lingering stages.

But we wish all poets to try their pens
 On a work of fun and fancy;
 They'll hang on a hook, e'er they've finish'd their book,
 In a fit of *neck-romancy*.

Now, a dismal band, let us seek the Strand,
 From Waterloo to jump,
 And we'll leap from the piers 'mid the barges' *tiers*
 To show that our Club's a trump.

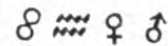
23. First balloon ass-sent, 1782.

I wonder which will be the last—don't you?

29. Insurrection of the Poles, 1830.

Paupers proclaim, so dignified their stations,
 The shears a trespass on the rights of nations.

Put no
 faith in
 false
 Predictions,



Patient
 bear the
 worst
 Inflictions.
 FOG or
 SUNSHINE,



time will
 tell;

Gentle Reader
 Fare thee well.



A Collection of National Hairs, with variations.

NOVEMBER.—A GENERAL POST DELIVERY.

I was a free man when I went out of the Court; but I was a beggar—I, Captain Stubbs, of the bold North-Bungays, did not know where I could get a bed, or a dinner.

As I was marching sadly down Portugal Street, I felt a hand on my shoulder, and a rough voice which I knew well.

"Vell, Mr. Stobbs, have I not kept my bromise? I told you dem boots would be your ruin."

I was much too miserable to reply; and only cast up my eyes towards the roofs of the houses, which I could not see for the tears.

"Vat! you begin to gry and blobber like a shild? you vood marry, vood you, and noting vood do for you but a vife vid monny—ha, ha—but you vere de pigeon, and she vas de grow. She has plockt you, too, pretty vell—eh? ha! ha!"

"O, Mr. Stiffelkind," said I, "don't laugh at my misery; she has not left me a single shilling under heaven. And I shall starve, I do believe I shall starve." And I began to cry fit to break my heart.

"Starf! stoff and nonsense—you vil never die of starving—you vil die of hanging, I tink, ho! ho! and it is moch easier vay too." I didn't say a word, but cried on: till everybody in the street turned round and stared.

"Come, come," said Stiffelkind: "do not gry, Gaptain Stobbs—it is not goot for a Gaptain to gry, ha! ha! Dere—come vid me, and you shall have a dinner, and a bregfast too—vich shall gost you nothing, until you can bay vid your earnings."

And so this curious old man, who had persecuted me all through my prosperity, grew compassionate towards me in my ill-luck: and took me home with him as he promised. "I saw your name among de Insolvents—and I vowed, you know, to make you repent dem boots. Dere, now, it is done and forgotten, look you. Here Betty, Bettchen, make de spare bed, and put a clean knife and fork; Lort Cornwallis is come to dine vid me."

I lived with this strange old man for six weeks. I kept his books, and did what little I could to make myself useful: carrying about boots and shoes, as if I had never borne His Majesty's commission. He gave me no money, but he fed and lodged me comfortably. The men and boys used to laugh, and call me General, and Lord Cornwallis, and all sorts of nick-names—and old Stiffelkind made a thousand new ones for me.

One day, I can recollect—one miserable day, as I was polishing on the trees a pair of boots of Mr. Stiffelkind's manufacture—the old gentleman came into the shop, with a lady on his arm.

"Vere is Gaptain Stobbs," says he, "vere is dat ornament to His Majesty's service?"

I came in from the back shop, where I was polishing the boots, with one of them in my hand.

"Look, my dear," says he, "here is an old friend of yours, His Excellency Lort Cornwallis!—Who would have thought such a nobleman vood turn shoe-black? Gaptain Stobbs, here is your former flame, my dear niece Miss Grotty—how could you, Magdalen, ever leaf soch a lof of a man? Shake hands vid her, Gaptain;—dere never mind de blacking:" but Miss drew back.

"I never shake hands with a *shoe-black*," says she, mighty contemptuous.

"Bah! my lof, his fingers von't soil you, don't you know he has just been *vitevashed*?"

"I wish, uncle," says she, "you would not leave me with such low people."

"Low, because he cleans boots? de Gaptain prefers *pumps* to boots I tink, ha! ha!"

"Captain, indeed! a nice Captain," says Miss Crutty, snapping her fingers in my face, and walking away; "a Captain, who has had his nose pulled! ha! ha!"—And how could I help it? it wasn't by my own *choice* that that ruffian Waters took such liberties with me; didn't I shew how averse I was to all quarrels by refusing altogether his challenge?—but such is the world: and thus the people at Stiffelkind's used to tease me until they drove me almost mad.

At last, he came home one day more merry and abusive than ever. "Gaptain," says he: "I have goot news for you—a goot place. Your lortship vil not be able to geeep your garridge, but you vil be gomfortable, and serve His Majesty."

"Serve His Majesty," says I: "dearest Mr. Stiffelkind, have you got me a place under Government?"

"Yes, and somting better still—not only a place, but a uniform—yes, Gabdain Stobbs, a *red goat*."

"A red coat! I hope you don't think I would demean myself by entering the ranks of the army. I am a gentleman, Mr. Stiffelkind—I can never—no, I never."

"No, I know you will never—you are too great a goward, ha! ha!—though dis is a red goat, and a place where you must give some *hard knocks* too, ha! ha!—do you gomprenhend?—and you shall be a general, instead of a gabdain—ha! ha!"

"A general in a red coat! Mr. Stiffelkind?"

"Yes, a GENERAL BOSTMAN! ha! ha! I have been vid your old friend, Bunting, and he has an uncle in the Post-office, and he has got you de place—eighteen shillings a veek, you rogue, and your goat. You must not oben any of de letters, you know."

And so it was—I, Robert Stubbs, Esquire, became the vile thing he named—a general postman!

I was so disgusted with Stiffelkind's brutal jokes, which were now more brutal than ever; that when I got my place in the Post-office, I never went near the fellow again—for though he had done me a favour in keeping me from starvation, he certainly had done it in a very rude, disagreeable manner, and shewed a low and mean spirit in *shoving* me into such a degraded place as that of postman. But what had I to do? I submitted to fate, and for three years or more, Robert Stubbs, of the North-Bungay Fencibles, was ———

I wonder nobody recognised me. I lived in daily fear the first year; but, afterwards, grew accustomed to my situation, as all great men will do, and wore my red coat as naturally as if I had been sent into the world only for the purpose of being a letter-carrier.

I was first in the Whitechapel district, where I stayed for nearly three years, when I was transferred to Jermyn Street, and Duke Street—famous places for lodgings. I suppose I left a hundred letters at a house in the latter street, where lived some people who must have recognised me had they but once chanced to look at me.

You see, that when I left Sloffem, and set out in the gay world, my mamma had written to me a dozen times at least, but I never answered her, for I knew she wanted money, and I detest writing. Well, she stopped her letters, finding she could get none from me:—but when I was in the Fleet, as I told you, I wrote repeatedly to my dear mamma, and was not a little nettled at her refusing to notice me in my distress, which is the very time one most wants notice.

Stubbs is not an uncommon name; and though I saw MRS. STUBBS on a little bright brass plate, in Duke Street, and delivered so many letters to the lodgers in her house, I never thought of asking who she was, or whether she was my relation, or not.

One day the young woman who took in the letters had not got change, and she called her mistress:—an old lady in a pope bonnet, came out of the parlour, and put on her spectacles, and looked at the letter, and fumbled in her pocket for eight-pence, and apologised to the postman for keeping him waiting; and when I said, "Never mind, ma'am, it's no trouble," the old lady gave a start, and then she pulled off her spectacles, and staggered back; and then she began muttering, as if about to choke; and then she gave a great screech, and flung herself into my arms, and roared out, "MY SON, MY SON!"

"Law, mamma," said I, "is that you?" and I sat down on the hall bench with her, and let her kiss me as much as ever she liked. Hearing the whining and crying, down comes another lady from up stairs,—it was my sister Eliza; and down come the lodgers. And the maid gets water and what not, and I was the regular hero of the group. I could not stay long then, having my letters to deliver. But, in the evening, after mail-time, I went back to my mamma and sister; and, over a bottle of prime old Port, and a precious good leg of boiled mutton and turnips, made myself pretty comfortable, I can tell you.

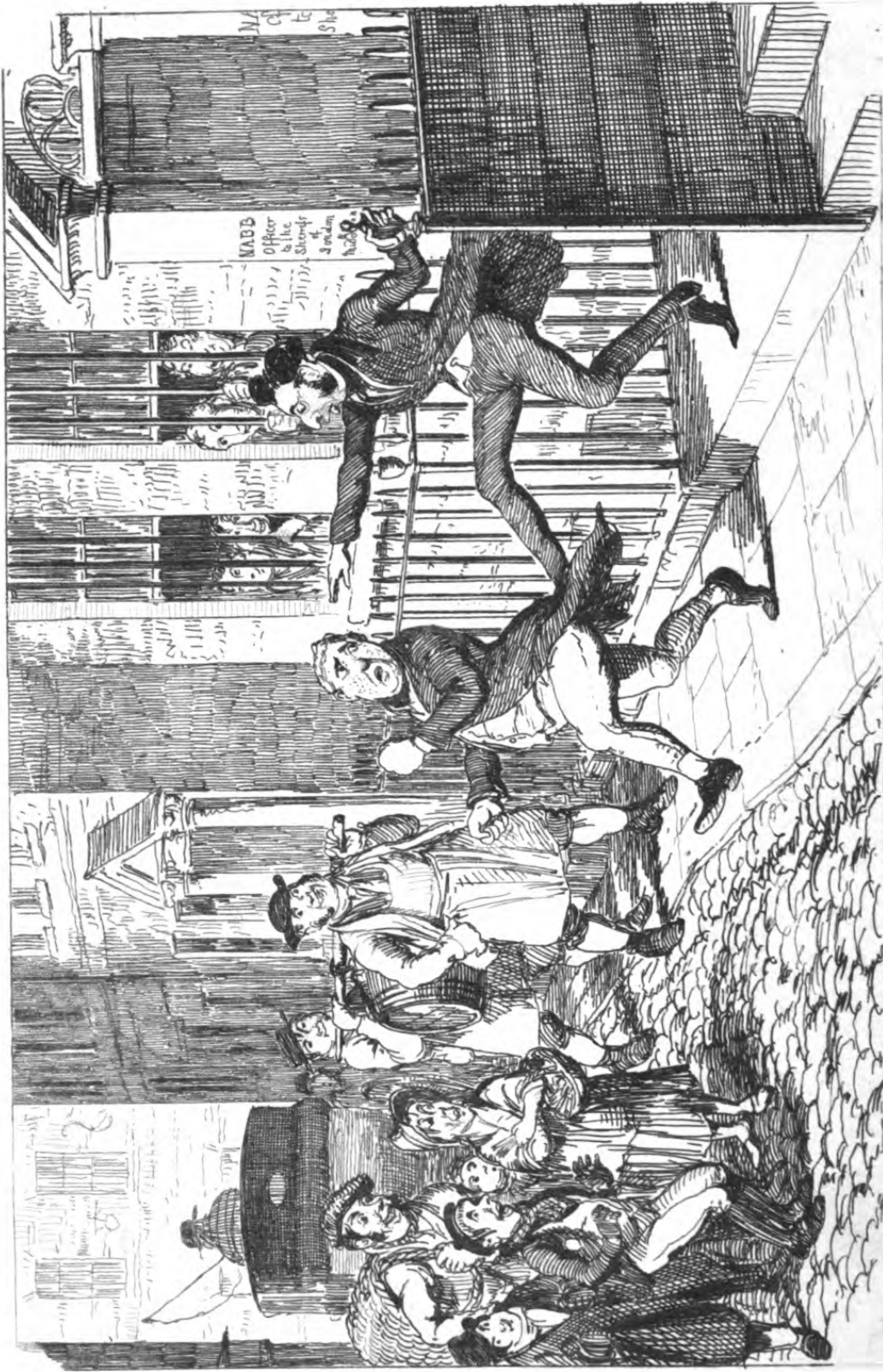
MOON'S CHANGES.

New Moon . . 6 day 0 min. past 3 mo.
 First Quar. . . 13 day 48 min. past 9 aft.
 Full Moon . . 20 day 44 min. past 0 aft.
 Last Quar. . . 27 day 45 min. past 4 aft.

M D	W D	FESTIVALS, &c.	Sun rises & sets.	M A	Moon rises & sets.
1	S	ADVENT SUNDAY	r 7 45	25	2 52
2	M		s 3 52	26	4 14
3	T	James II. abdic. 1688	r 7 48	27	5 16
4	W		s 3 51	28	6 29
5	T	Mozart died, 1792	r 7 51	29	7 41
6	F		s 3 50	N	sets.
7	S	First German Railroad, 1835	r 7 53	1	4 a 15
8	S	2 SUNDAY IN ADVENT	s 3 49	2	5 19
9	M	Milton born, 1608	r 7 56	3	6 33
10	T	Hogarth born, 1697	s 3 49	4	7 51
11	W		r 7 58	5	9 11
12	T	Colley Cibber died, 1757	s 3 49	6	10 30
13	F	Dr. Johnson died, 1784	r 8 0	Fi	11 50
14	S		s 3 49	8	morn.
15	S	3 SUNDAY IN ADVENT	r 8 2	9	1 12
16	M	<i>Cambridge Term ends</i>	s 3 49	10	2 37
17	T	<i>Oxford Term ends</i>	r 8 3	11	4 8
18	W	EMBER WEEK	s 3 50	12	5 41
19	T		r 8 5	13	7 12
20	F		s 3 50	F	rises.
21	S	ST. THOMAS—Shortest Day	r 8 6	15	4 a 38
22	S	4 SUNDAY IN ADVENT—Win-	s 3 51	16	6 6
23	M	[ter commences 11 22 mo.	r 8 7	17	7 33
24	T		s 3 52	18	8 56
25	W	CHRISTMAS DAY	r 8 8	19	10 14
26	T	ST. STEPHEN	s 3 54	20	11 28
27	F	ST. JOHN	r 8 8	L	morn.
28	S	INNOCENTS	s 3 55	22	0 40
29	S	SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS	r 8 9	23	1 51
30	M		s 3 57	24	3 3
31	T	East India Cos. Charter, 1600	r 8 9	25	4 16

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DECEMBER,—"The winter of our discontent".



CHRISTMAS PIECES.

A SOLILOQUIAL 'CARE-ALL.

Here come December and the brats again! what pain! rushing like untamed kittens or a cataract. Tables turn'd, bottles broke, cups crack'd—All conspire to add to my distractions, to shew their skill in Christmas pieces, and in fractions.

How little dream'd I of the toil and trouble
Which wait on those who dare to carry double!
Why did I leave my life of singularity,
In my excess of Christian love and charity?
Too surely did I feel my courage falter
At that sad step which led up to the altar.
Since first I tied the matrimonial knot
Each year has added to my luckless lot;
I should not mind *one* little babe, no more.
But, *point du two*, I don't want half a score;
Yet still, in quick succession, lo! they rise,
A pretty string of pains and penal-ties.



Family Ties.

From schoolmasters abroad the yearly bills
Run high among life's unsurmounted *hills*,
And pretty hillocks are those things call'd extras,
At doubling which they're all so ambidextrous;
Forgetting still, which greatly grieves my bowels,
To send back silver forks or spoons, or towels.
Last, but not least, are those uncivil wars,
Poetic license calls domestic jars,
And which I find, though far from nice or fickle,
Without exception yield the worst of pickle.



Family Jars.

DECEMBER.—“THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT.”

Mamma had kept the house in Duke Street for more than two years. I recollected some of the chairs and tables, from dear old Squiggle, and the bowl in which I had made that famous rum-punch, the evening she went away, which she and my sisters left untouched, and I was obliged to drink after they were gone; but that's not to the purpose.

Think of my sister Mary's luck! That chap, Waters, fell in love with her, and married her; and she now keeps her carriage, and lives in state near Squiggle. I offered to make it up with Waters; but he bears malice, and never will see or speak to me.—He had the impudence, too, to say, that he took in all letters for mamma at Squiggle; and that as mine were all begging letters, he burned them, and never said a word to her concerning them. He allowed mamma fifty pounds a-year, and, if she were not such a fool, she might have had three times as much; but the old lady was high and mighty, forsooth, and would not be beholden, even to her own daughter, for more than she actually wanted. Even this fifty pounds she was going to refuse; but when I came to live with her, of course I wanted pocket money as well as board and lodging, and so I had the fifty pounds for *my* share, and eked out with it as well as I could.

Old Bates and the Captain, between them, gave mamma a hundred pounds when she left me (she had the deuce's own luck, to be sure—much more than ever fell to *me*, I know), and as she said she *would* try and work for her living, it was thought best to take a house and let lodgings, which she did. Our first and second floor paid us four guineas a week, on an average; and the front parlour and attic made forty pounds more. Mamma and Eliza used to have the front attic; but *I* took that, and they slept in the servants' bed room. Lizzy had a pretty genius for work, and earned a guinea a-week that way; so that we had got nearly two hundred a year over the rent to keep house with,—and we got on pretty well. Besides, women eat nothing; my women didn't care for meat for days together sometimes,—so that it was only necessary to dress a good steak or so for me.

Mamma would not think of my continuing in the Post-office. She said her dear John, her husband's son, her gallant soldier, and all that, should remain at home, and be a gentleman—which I was, certainly, though I didn't find fifty pounds a year very much to buy clothes and be a gentleman upon; to be sure, mother found me shirts and linen, so that *that* wasn't in the fifty pounds. She kicked a little at paying the washing too; but she gave in at last, for I was her dear John, you know; and I'm blest if I could not make her give me the gown off her back. Fancy! once she cut up a very nice rich black silk scarf, which my sister Waters sent her, and made me a waistcoat and two stocks of it. She was so *very* soft, the old lady!

I'd lived in this way for five years or more, making myself content with my fifty pounds a-year (*perhaps*, I'd saved a little out of it; but that's neither here nor there). From year's end to year's end I remained faithful to my dear mamma, never leaving her except for a month or so in summer, when a bachelor may take a trip to Gravesend or Margate, which would be too expensive for a family. I say a bachelor, for the fact is, I don't know whether I am married or not—never having heard a word since of the scoundrelly Mrs. Stubbs.

I never went to the public house before meals; for, with my beggarly fifty pounds, I could not afford to dine away from home; but there I had my regular seat, and used to come home *pretty glorious*, I can tell you. Then, bed till eleven; then, breakfast and the newspaper; then, a stroll in Hyde Park or Saint James's; then, home at half-past three to dinner, when I jollied, as I call it, for the rest of the day. I was my mother's delight; and thus, with a clear conscience, I managed to live on.

How fond she was of me, to be sure! Being sociable myself, and loving to have my friends about me, we often used to assemble a company of as hearty fellows as you would wish to sit down with, and keep the nights up royally. “Never mind, my boys,” I used to say, “send the bottle round: mammy pays for all,” as she did, sure enough; and sure enough we punished her cellar, too. The good old lady used to wait upon us, as if for all the world she

had been my servant, instead of a lady and my mamma. Never used she to repine, though I often, as I must confess, gave her occasion (keeping her up till four o'clock in the morning, because she never could sleep until she saw her "dear Bob" in bed, and leading her a sad anxious life). She was of such a sweet temper, the old lady, that I think in the course of five years I never knew her in a passion, except twice: and then with sister Lizzy, who declared I was ruining the house, and driving the lodgers away, one by one. But mamma would not hear of such envious spite on my sister's part. "Her Bob," was always right, she said. At last Lizzy fairly retreated, and went to the Waters's.—I was glad of it, for her temper was dreadful, and we used to be squabbling from morning till night.

Ah, those *were* jolly times! but ma was obliged to give up the lodging-house at last—for, some how, things went wrong after my sister's departure—the nasty uncharitable people said, on account of *me*; because I drove away the lodgers by smoking and drinking, and kicking up noises in the house; and because ma gave me so much of her money:—so she did, but if she *would* give it, you know, how could I help it? Heigho! I wish I'd *kept* it.

No such luck.—The business I thought was to last for ever; but at the end of two years a smash came—shut up shop—sell off every thing. Mamma went to the Waterses: and, will you believe it? the ungrateful wretches would not receive me! that Mary, you see, was *so* disappointed at not marrying me. Twenty pounds a year they allow, it is true; but what's that for a gentleman? For twenty years I have been struggling manfully to gain an honest livelihood, and, in the course of them, have seen a deal of life, to be sure. I've sold segars and pocket-handkerchiefs at the corners of streets; I've been a billiard-marker; I've been Director (in the panic year) of the Imperial British Consolidated Mangle and Drying Ground Company. I've been on the stage (for two years as an actor, and about a month as a cad, when I was very low); I've been the means of giving to the police of this empire some very valuable information (about licensed victuallers, gentlemen's carts, and pawnbrokers' names); I've been very nearly an officer again—that is, an assistant to an officer of the Sheriff of Middlesex: it was my last place.

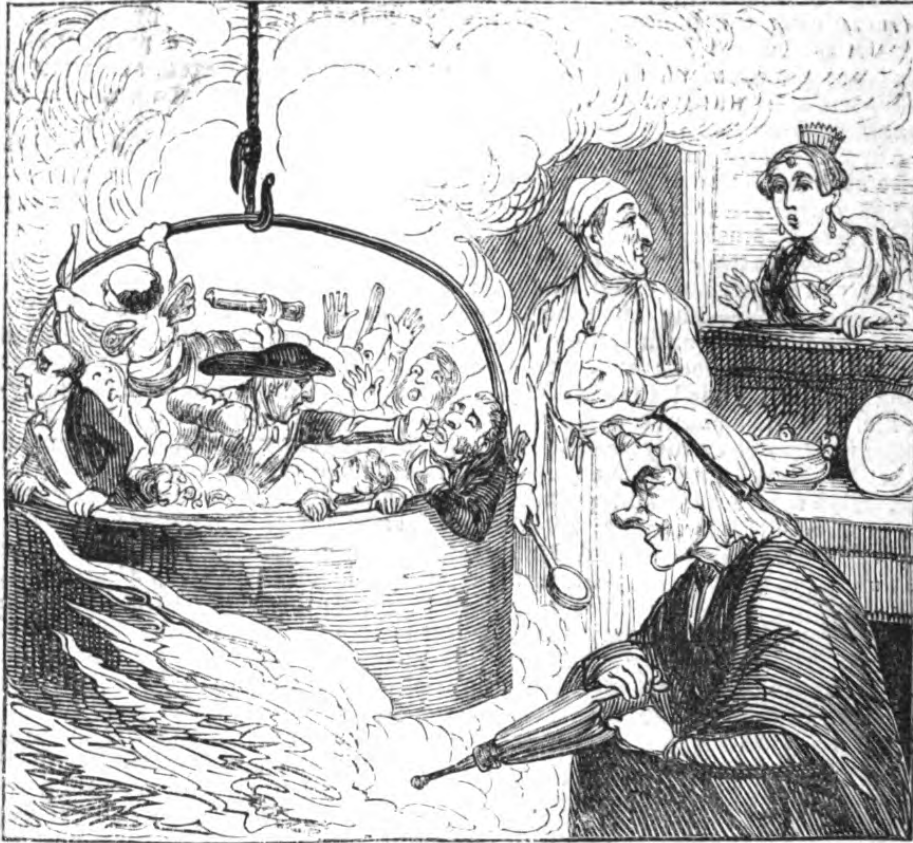
On the last day of the year 1837, even *that* game was up. It's a thing that has very seldom happened to a gentleman, to be kicked out of a spunging-house; but such was my case. Young Nabbs (who succeeded his father) drove me ignominiously from his door, because I had charged a gentleman in the coffee-rooms seven-and-sixpence for a glass of ale and bread and cheese, the charge of the house being only six shillings. He had the meanness to deduct the eighteen-pence from my wages, and, because I blustered a bit, he took me by the shoulders and turned me out—me, a gentleman, and, what is more, a poor orphan!

How I did rage and swear at him when I got out in the street!—There stood he, the hideous Jew monster, at the double door, writhing under the effect of my language. I had my revenge! Heads were thrust out of every bar of his windows, laughing at him. A crowd gathered round me, as I stood pounding him with my satire, and they evidently enjoyed his discomfiture. I think the mob would have pelted the ruffian to death (one or two of their missiles hit *me*, I can tell you), when a policeman came up, and, in reply to a gentleman, who was asking what was the disturbance, said, "Bless you, Sir, it's Lord Cornwallis." "Move on, *Boots*," said the fellow to me, for, the fact is, my misfortunes and early life are pretty well known—and so the crowd dispersed.

"What could have made that policeman call you Lord Cornwallis and *Boots*?" said the gentleman, who seemed mightily amused, and had followed me. "Sir," says I, "I am an unfortunate officer of the North Bungay Fencibles, and I'll tell you willingly for a pint of beer." He told me to follow him to his chambers at the Temple, which I did (a five pair back), and there, sure enough, I had the beer; and told him this very story you've been reading. You see he is what is called a literary man—and sold my adventures for me to the booksellers: he's a strange chap; and says they're *moral*.

I'm blest if *I* can see anything moral in them. I'm sure I ought to have been more lucky through life, being so very wide awake. And yet here I am, without a place, or even a friend, starving upon a beggarly twenty pounds a year—not a single sixpence more, upon *my honour*.

Blarneyhum Ass-trologicum pro Anno 1839.



GENTLE READER,

BEWARE of false prophets, who predict of the times, which, but for thy simplicity, would be for them “out of joint”—of the seasons, of which they know not, save that they yield them a profitable harvest,—and of the winds, for which they care not, so that they blew them good; but turn from them awhile, and regard the Hieroglyphicum in Obscuro I here set before thee, and the interpretation thereof; and, if it come not as I predict, thou may’st guess the reason why. Unlucky planets rule the State Kitchen; and the great Kettle being filled by Aquarius, with Sol in opposition, an unfriendly boil is produced, which maketh the place so hot that the Cooks find it hard to stay within, though loth to go out. Moreover, being of one mind, as to the making of a

mess, but differing, as to the manner thereof, they have fallen to fighting, to settle the question, and are all going to pot together. By a touch of my wand, behold them transmogrified into a *Lamb's head*, served with a plentiful dressing of strong *Durham* mustard, a *little Jack* clinging to the side, as though he wished himself out of this pretty kettle of fish, and a fowl, though, by his looks, no chicken, attempting his escape, in the form of a winged *Cupid*. He does not like his company, and has made his bow—behold it in his hand. Another fish, more like a *Sir John* than a sturgeon, seems as though his birth was far from pleasant. The Mistress, alarmed by the noise, comes to the window to see what is the matter; an ancient Master Cook, from *Arthur's*, stands, ladle in hand, his fingers itching to skim the scum off, as it rises. An old Kitchen Maid who, though pensioned off, will still have a finger in every pie, hath been stirring the fire with a worn-out *broom* handle, (perchance, she hath slyly put in a pinch of gunpowder) and is now playing the part of blow-bellows. She seemeth, by the satisfactioned curl of her nose, to be happy to see them all in hot water.

Now, as to the application hereof, every man must judge for himself; but of a verity it doth to me appear, that too many cooks will spoil any broth. And, while I speak of cookery, let me advise thee as to thy treatment of that which a departed wiseacre denominated the “worse than useless root.” If, rejecting his advice, none but this fruit will content thee, let me counsel thee to follow my example—having well-roasted my *Murphy*, I take him “*cum grano salis*.” Now, touching other mundane matters, thou wilt herein find copious instructions, sage predictions, and wholesome advice, on which thou mayest surely rely, though I am no **M.N.S.**, which can but mean **Member of No Society**.

Thine ever,

RIGDUM FUNNIDOS.

ASCOT CUP DAY.—FROM THE RACING CALENDAR.

“WELL, I never!—this the Great Western Railway: the Paddington Station? what a beautiful place:—ugh! ugh! ugh!—and that’s the engine: did I ever!—What a funny noise it makes; and what elegant carriages, all plate-glass and silk-lace!” Thus rattled a lively little matron, as fine as a milliner’s pattern-doll, to her dapper lord and master, as they seated themselves, *vis a vis*, in the nine o’clock down-train, first class, on the morning of the last anniversary of Ascot Cup Day. Anon they were darting onwards for their destination, and again the dame’s loquacities were at high pressure. “It is charming, and that’s all about it: for all the world like travelling by balloon; and as free from dust and dirt as if one was borne through the air: why we shall get down, I *do* declare, as clean as new pins.” “No danger of being soiled on *this* line, marm,” remarked a stout personage in nankeen leggings, a wig, and a *very* red face, “’cause why, we escape *Staines* and avoid *Slough*, you know: ha! ha!”

At the end of five and forty minutes, bump, bump, bump, and a hissing, as of a universe of boa-constrictors, were succeeded by the interrogatory, from officials in green and much brass, of—“Now Windsor?” and all the crew bound for the races descended *of course*. Then rose the clamour of ’bus cads and go-cart touters,

“Billingsgate eloquence, and as I guess,
The logic of the ‘os coccygis;’”

when, after a scuffle, and some energetic demonstrations, our little dame and second-self found themselves once more in company with the gentleman in the leggings and red face. The trio were seated in a lateral inconvenience on enormous wheels, the charioteer, with his behind before them, urging to utmost speed a gaunt but sinewy bit of blood, who flew onwards as if a herd of hungry wolves were at his haunches. Our travellers were soon on the best of terms: good fellowship generally results when people are thus *thrown together*. Windsor was quickly reached, and as they turned the corner beyond the White Hart, which leads to Ascot, an equipage at the door of the hostelry attracted, by its splendour, the go-carter’s attention. “That’s L——’s carriage,” said the married male, “he that cut such a dash last season; gave balls to one half of London;”—“and *rifled* the other,” rejoined the man with the rosy countenance: it was manifest that he was a wag. “A correct list of all the wonderful high-bred horses, and how they will come in for every heat during the day.” “The modern Hercules, ladies and gentlemen; *the* modern Hercules: he will take and tie that e’er donkey to this here ladder, and balance the *astonishing conjunction* on the tip of his nose: waiting for a ha’penny, ladies and gentlemen; make it another brown, and—up—he—goes.” Such is the chorus of the

Olympic song, chaunted what time Ascot celebrates her right-royal revels, but we tarry not for the ladder, or *the staves*.

Through streets of *canvas* caravanseras, all *soliciting* their custom, our *tria juncta* reach *the ropes* as the word runs along *the lines*, "The Queen is coming!" "Let me see her," ejaculated the lady voyager: "bless her heart; it was for that I came here; and is that Her Majesty? She is a darling, that's what she is: so amiable, so kind-looking, and so little, to be a queen!" "And who is that in green, with the costly golden couples over his shoulders?" "Oh, that's the master of the *dear* hounds." "And all those lovely, smiling ladies?" "More of the *sweet*." "Clear *the course*, clear *the course*!" and straightway there is a movement of gold, precious stones, silk, and paradise plumes, enough to astonish the Genii of the Wonderful Lamp.

"Here they come!" Grey Momus, and Epirus, and Caravan, with "little Pavis, the *rara avis*." "Another round for it: well done grey; hurrah, dismal jacket." "Who's the favourite?" "The *belles* are all for *Bowes*; I'm for Suffield, he's such a good fellow." "I'm for Lord George, *he's a bettor*." "Hurrah, splendid race." "Oh! you villain, you've stolen my watch; but I've got you, and I'll give it you." "That ere's never no prigging. Didn't I hear you promise to give it him." "Get away, do—you'll break the springs: you're not to climb up my steps for a stare." The Royal Stand is now vacated, and the cause reaches our little inquisitive friend. "Her Majesty has retired to luncheon." "Law, is she indeed; how I *should* like to see her eat: I'm dying to know what sort of meals they provide for her." "All the delicacies in season," explained the wit, with a sinister smile, "and *Lamb* the whole year round." The matchless cavalcade has passed in all its gorgeous simplicity, bearing the cynosure of all eyes, where waves the banner of St. George a welcome to

"The fair-haired daughter of the Isles,
The hope of many nations."

This, and a rain, descending *a l'Anglaise*, gave notice to quit, to all save those who, by the grace of Mackintosh and neat brandy, had set the elements at defiance. "Let us return to our conveyance," said the lively little matron, "and make our way back to the station of the Great Western Railway, my parasol is wet through already." "Here is the spot where we left it," ejaculated her spruce and dapper lord and master, "and no trace of it can I discover: what is to be done now? And the rascal was paid beforehand for stopping." "You could hardly have expected he *would* stay, however," remarked the stout personage in the nankeen leggings, the wig, and the very red face, proving thereby that he was not only a wit but a philosopher; "you could hardly, in reason, expect the vehicle to stop so long; you should remember it was a *Go-cart*!"

EXTRACTS FROM THE ANNUAL REGISTER.

JANUARY 15.—A tradesman at the West End was thrown into convulsions, by the surprise of receiving payment of a Christmas bill!

FEBRUARY 9.—An elderly “Signer of Fives,” who has, for thirty years past, walked from Walworth to the Bank, without picking up one new idea by the way, hearing that a deputation of paper-makers had applied to Mr. Murphy for a little more rain to make their wheels go round, exclaimed, “Don’t tell me, they never can need it; have I not wanted my umbrella every morning for above a week?”

MARCH 15.—The City Forensic Club applied to the Court of Aldermen for a contribution; the grant was opposed by one of the Court, on the ground that they could have nothing to spare for any Foreign-sick Society while there was so much illness at home.

The same gentleman thought it his duty to inform the Court, that there was a report on ‘Change of an alarming rise in Sperma-City. He said he had been taken from school so long ago, that he had forgotten its locality, and requested the Remembrancer to remind him. That learned gentlemen, after referring to a map, said he could not exactly find the place, but he believed it was somewhere in Wales.

APRIL 1.—At the annual meeting of the Humane Society, medals were offered for the quickest method of putting disappointed authors out of their misery—for the means of supplying aldermen, at city feasts, with hot dinners; and—for the best plan for relieving the baronets from the agonies they are suffering, on account of their neglected claims.

MAY 15.—*Legacy extraordinary.*—A poor old woman, living at Clapham, a few weeks ago, was given over by the doctor. Her only anxiety was for her grandson, a scapegrace lad whom she had brought up, and of whom she was the only relative. He had been placed under the care of a neighbouring wagoner, and the man was sent for. “Thomas,” said the old woman, “I feel that I’m not long here, and I fear for Dick when I’m gone. He’s a wild lad, and I’ve nothing to leave him, but I hope you’ll look after him,”—the man nodded assent,—“and try to make a good

lad of him,"—nod—"and do your duty by him,"—nod again,—
"and now and then *do give him a cut or two!*" The authorities
at Somerset House have not yet been troubled to fix the duty
payable on this bequest.

JUNE 15.—The following advertisement having appeared in
the daily papers, "FOUND—The wig and gown of a barrister
unknown," the place of reference was next day blocked up with
applicants answering the description.

JULY 21.—Lord Durham, in the midst of the cares of his
government, has not been unmindful of the promotion of science.
Among other of his original projects was one for exporting Canada
geese, and domesticating them in the Bermudas. It was disco-
vered, however, that the attempt was not likely to succeed, since
his Lordship, though he might send them, could not make them
stay there.

AUGUST 9.—The recent default in Clerkenwell parish has
been the cause of the following notice on the Church doors:—
"The inhabitants are requested to remember when their taxes
were collected, or they will be re-collected.

OCTOBER 1.—The Greenwich Pensioners who have lost their
legs, this day presented a petition to the Commissioners of Woods
and Forests praying to be re-remembered.

NOVEMBER 15.—The Linendrapers' Shopmen held a public
meeting to agitate for earlier hours. Some of the masters, who
attended, manifested a very unaccommodating spirit, and seemed
inclined to subject their complaint to that dangerous system of
treatment, *counter-irritation.*

DECEMBER .—Lord Durham safely arrived at his house in
Cleveland Row this day. We can vouch for the accuracy of
the following particulars. His Lordship, as he alighted, was ob-
served to look up and down the street, in an impressive manner,
and nodded his head significantly to the porter who stood to receive
him—there seemed to be something in it. His Lordship passed
rapidly through the hall, up-stairs, and shortly after his dressing-
room bell was heard to ring. Our reporter, who was stationed at
the window of the opposite house, was not able to ascertain who
answered it, but he observed servants pass out in various directions,
and one of them, by his anxious looks, seemed to manifest peculiar
solicitude. Soon afterwards, a butcher's boy presented himself

at the area, with a tray containing three mutton chops; he received some communication from within, and disappeared rapidly, but shortly returned, bearing a leg of mutton. No movement of importance being observed for the next seven minutes, our reporter withdrew to the nearest public house for refreshment, and had scarcely taken his seat, when a servant, in his Lordship's livery, entered, and whispered to the man at the bar. The words were not heard, but the pot-boy was observed to leave the house in great haste, having in his tray three pints of half-and-half. It was rumoured in the private public room, where our reporter was making his notes, that his Lordship's return was not attributable to political causes solely, but to the dread of a Canadian winter; for that, though he was amply furnished with warm feather beds, he had been disappointed in receiving a supply of *bolsters* from home.—[*Intended for a Morning Paper.*]

The principal novel publishers of the West End announce that, in the course of the ensuing season, they will publish a great many fictions on reduced terms. These will all be derived from the most authentic sources of information, arrangements having been made with several retired lady's maids for original communications, and the contents of all slop-pails, sent under cover, will be considered confidential, and used with discretion. Gentlemen's gentlemen, who have dismissed their masters, and are of a literary turn, will meet with every encouragement.

The Marquis of Waterford is preparing for publication a new edition of *Wild Sports of the West*, with original illustrations.

Early in the new year will be published,

No. I. of

A FAMILY PERIODICAL.

To be continued regularly.



A PRESENTATION COPY.

Though Malthus indite it, and Martineau write it,
I dont think they've quite hit the nail on the head;
And spite of their pother 'bout father and mother,
We may be one or t'other before we are dead.

Association of British Illuminati, to be held in the Town Hall, Birmingham, in August, 1839.

[We have been specially favoured with an account of some of the most important affairs to be transacted at the 1839 meeting; many of which, from the general inaccuracy of the published reports, will, perhaps, not meet the public eye in any other way.]

The Lions of the day from all parts of the world are pledged to be present, among others those of Mr. Van Amburgh. The man with the goats and monkeys as yet sticks out for terms. Miss Amany Amal and sisters will remain in this country, and attend, by permission from the Adelphi, to communicate their interesting discoveries in Indian Toe-pography. The president of the Nose-all-ogical Society will be engaged, as also Grace Darling, if not too dear.

A Deputation from the Female Temperance Society will wait on the section devoted to the investigation of mesmerism, to know if they may take infinitesimal doses of brandy in their tea; and the section of moral science will be requested, for the satisfaction of the scrupulous, to state whether persons who abjure gin, rum, and brandy, because they do not like them, are, therefore, fit members of a temperance society.

Professor Murphy will announce his discovery of the real philosopher's stone, by which he will prove to them the possibility of converting all sorts of rubbish into gold. It is intended to present to him the freedom of the town in a brass snuff-box.

Dr. Crow will read a paper on the sagacity of rooks, in which he will propound and defend the extraordinary conjecture that they never make a noise without caws.

A Deputation from the Fellows of the Zoological Society will attend, to request the Homœopathic section to devise some means for the application of animal magnetism to the purpose of drawing more visitors to the menagerie. Many of the public, it seems, are cured of their wish for seeing "by smelling only;" and as it is supposed that the council "nose" all about it, they will now begin to *vent-too-late*.

Mr. Owen will attempt to explain his plans for getting rid of old discord by the establishment of New Harmony, and his peculiar notions of the preservation of peace, by the disposal of the ladies on the circulating library principle. Should he prove unable to make his views clear, either to his auditors or himself, he will finish with a catalogue of his own perfections, accompanied on the trumpet stop of the town organ.

Mrs. Graham and her husband will cause to be read to the meeting a paper, detailing numerous experiments, all tending to prove that it is a popular fallacy to suppose that balloons have a tendency to rise in the air.

Mr. Curtis will exhibit his celebrated acoustic chair, and explain its capabilities. He will display the gold medal presented to him by Government for the loan of it during the last year, and will shew how a foreign or colonial secretary may slumber in it from morn till night, and yet hear what is going on all over the world. Mr. Curtis will further develope, by experiments on all who choose to try, its amazing property, by which a gentleman has only to sit in the chair, and appear to sleep, when he will be astonished to hear what all the world says of him.

Mr. Serjeant Talfourd will read a paper on the wrongs of authors, and instance many affecting cases in which, after having been allowed to live in splendour for a few years, they have been so reduced, by the illiberality of the trade and the ingratitude of the public, as to actually want a bottle of Champagne. He will illustrate the state of civil degradation to which they are reduced by the fact that at one of his literary dinners, a gentleman who had laboured in the Grub Street line all his life, actually did not know the names of some of the dishes set before him. Mr. Babbage will follow, with calculations produced by his machine, proving that every book is profitable, and that booksellers have neither rent, taxes, stock, nor bad debts to trouble them. He will allude to the fact of a West-end publisher having lately retired with a competence, and will suggest the propriety of a special meeting to inquire into the circumstances of such an atrocity. He will be supported by Captain Ross, who, however, will *not* state that author-ship is the worst vessel in which he ever put to sea.

Professor Fang, of Manchester, will present an interesting series of tests for ascertaining the existence of the vital principle in Factory children after they drop; and will suggest various novel stimulants when the billy roller has ceased to be effective. He will point out the evil of legislating on the subject of their ages, of which he will show the impossibility of obtaining the requisite proofs, arising from that beautiful economy of nature which bestows nothing in vain, and, therefore, withholds from them the usual supply of teeth, seeing that they have no time to use them.

Doctor Doubledose will communicate some interesting discoveries in the science of taw-tology, illustrated with real marbles. All the town's boys will be allowed to stand at this sitting.

Many other elaborate papers will be read to the various sections; but, as they will generally be about nothing, it is considered that they need trouble nobody.

Mrs. Williams, of the Old Bailey, will attend, for the accommodation of the visitors, with a copious supply of pewter plates, two-pronged forks, and handsome waiting maids; and a constant succession of buttocks and flanks, hot and hot, will be received by every train from Euston Square.

The inhabitants of the town are determined to shew their hospitality to the illustrious strangers they expect, and all the bachelors of arts and unmarried professors will be warmly welcomed at the houses of the single ladies.

POETRY AT SIGHT.

A REMARKABLY successful operation has just been performed by Mr. Curtis, on the eyes of an elderly lady, who had been blind and deaf from her birth. The following letter to her niece has been sent to us by her friends, to shew the rapidity of her literary acquirements, immediately on her attainment of the power of vision; and such of our readers as can fancy themselves deaf will certainly *see* it to consist of capital rhymes.

Dear Dolly I'll thank you to send the cocoa,
 And Susan, who brings it, shall take back your boa.—
 Pray tell Doctor Bleed'em I've got a sad cough;
 I caught it while watching young Hodge at the plough;
 I thought the day fine and was simple enough
 My umbrella to leave, so got wet through and through,
 For it came down in torrents; your poor aunt was caught
 In the rain, and I afterwards sat in a draught.
 This made me much worse, but experience I bought,
 And I'll never more trust to the sun shine and drought!
 Well, I made myself dry, and I sat down to tea:
 Of the good that it did me you'd form no idea.
 But I quite hate the country, the weather's so rough,
 So you'll see me, dear, soon in your little borough.
 I hope, after all, that my cold will be trivial—
 But still you may send me that stuff in the vial—
 In the kitchen you'll find it, just over the trough.
 Oh, my cough! oh, my cough! it all comes of the plough.

A SETTLER'S LETTER.

The Emigration Committee have thought it right to give publicity to the following very intelligent letter, lately written by a settler to his mother, on account of the valuable statistical information it contains.

Catchum's Shallow on the little Red River
Arkensaw Stait April 1838.

My dere Muther,

Yer mustent wunder if you havnt herd of me for sume time, but grate grefe is dumb as Shaxpire sais, and I was advised to hop my twig and leaf old ingland, witch indede i was verry sorrowful, but now i am thanks gudnes saf, and in amerrykey. i ardly no ware miself, but the hed of this will tel my tail. I ham a sqwatter in the far wurst, about $\frac{1}{2}$ a-mile this side sundown, an if i ad gon mutch father i shud av found nothin but son, an no nite at all. Yu kno how the hummeggrating Agent tolde me that if peepel cudnt liv in Sent Gileses amerrykey was capitle to dy in; besides ses he if youre not verry nere you can ade yure mother in distres. so i went aborde a skip wat was going to Noo Orlines. Ive herd peepel tawk abowt rodes at C but the rodes on the attalantick is the verry ruffest i evir rode on and it was very long an very cold an we had nothin 2 heat hardly, but we founde a ded rat in a warter cask witch the flavur was grately incresed thareby. at last we cam to the arbur at the citty of Noo Orlines witch is all under the bottum of the top of the rivver and we ad a ankering to go a-shore. i ad no idear as the rivers was so hi in this contry, but as the assent is so verry esy i didnt fele it at al. The noo orlines peepel is odd fishis and not at all commun plaice; wen all the peepel in the stretes is musterd it is a pepper an sault popplashun, thare is blak wites an wite blaks an a sorte of mixt peepel caled quadruunts because they are of fore colers blak, an wite, an wite blaks, and blak wites. Has the rivver is so verry hi it is alwys hi water, an the munni-fold advantiges of the citty dipends on the gudnes of its banks. there is loks in em to let the water out and keys to kepe it in. munney ere is very common and is cald sentse, and evvery thing is cheep in Noo Orlines 5 dollers bills bein only worth 2 dollers. We went up the rivver in a large bote like a noise ark only more promiscus. the current acount was aginst us. it dont turn and

turn agen like at putny bridg, and as it runs alwys won way i wunder it dont run away altogethir. Thire is no towns nor tailer shops nor pallisses as i expectorated there wood be. the wood was all quite wilde not a bit of tame no ware nor no sines of the blessedniss of civilazashun as jales and jin shops nor no kitching gardins nor fields nor ouses nor lanes nor alleys nor gates nothin but alleygators. after a grate dale of settlin i settled to settle as abuv ware yu will rite to me. These staitis is caled the united staitis becawse theire mails and femails all united. there's six of them wimmin staitis. 2 Carrolinas, Miss Sourry, Missis Sippy, Louesa Anna, an Vargina, all the rest is mails. i have sene no cannibels an verry few ingins besides steam ingins they're quite unheddicated and dont emply no tailers. I dont like fammin mutch but praps I shal wen i get used to it, tho its very ilconvenient at furst. i am obliged to wurk very ard and if i have to chop my one wood much longer i hav determind to cut my stick.

Dere muther, i think i shuld be more cumfurtable if i had a few trifels witch you culd bye me, if yew wud onley sel sumthing, and send me all the bils partickular, and I'l be sure to owe it you—namly sum needils and thred, and sum odd buttens, but them of little use without you send me sum shirts, and a waistcote, and upper cote, to put em on, when those tumbles off thats on when you sends em, and sum brads, and some hammers to drive em with, and a spade an a pikax, an a saw, and sum fish hooks, and gunpowdr, an sum shot, witch they wil be of the gratest conveniency, if yu can send me a gun. likewis som stockings, an shues and other hardwears, only its no use to send me any bank nots, for my nerest naybours is sum ingin wagwams abuve 70 miles of, an i cudnt get change thare, so dont forgit some led, and some bullit moldes, for some blak fellers has bin fishin close by, jist within 10 miles an I wants to have a pop at em with luv to all yore dutiful son

SAM. STROLLER.



A Settler.

ECLIPSES.

- I. A Total Eclipse of the Sun, March 15, visible here; begins 3 h. 23 m. ends 4 h. 4 m.
 II. An Annular Eclipse of the Sun, September 7, invisible here.

HOLIDAYS KEPT AT PUBLIC OFFICES.

STAMP OFFICE.	CUSTOMS AND EXCISE OFFICES.
Mar. 29. Good Friday.	Mar. 29. Good Friday.
May 24. Queen's Birth Day.	May 24. Queen's Birth Day.
.... 29. Restoration King Charles.	Dec. 25. Christmas Day.
Dec. 25. Christmas Day.	
BANK OF ENGLAND.	INDIA HOUSE TRANSFER OFFICE and EXCHEQUER OFFICE.
Mar. 29. Good Friday.	Mar. 29. Good Friday.
May 1. St. Philip and St. James.	Dec. 25. Christmas Day.
Nov. 1. All Saints.	
Dec. 25. Christmas Day.	

LAW TERMS.

HILARY TERM begins	Jan. 11	Ends Jan. 31
EASTER TERM.....	April 15	May 8
TRINITY TERM.....	May 22	June 12
MICHAELMAS TERM	Nov. 2	Nov. 25

TRANSFER DAYS*At the Bank.*

Dividends due.

Bank Stock	Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday	} April 5
3 per cent. reduced, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday		
3½ per cent.	Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday	} Oct. 10
3½ per cent. reduced, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday		
Long Annuities to Jan. 5th, 1860, Mon. Wednes. and Friday.....	Jan. 5, July 5	
Annuities for 30 years, to Oct. 10, 1859, Tues. Thurs. and Sat... ..	Apr. 5, Oct. 10	
3 per cent. Consols Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday	} Jan. 5	
3 per cent. 1726, .. Tuesday and Thursday.....		
3½ per cent. (New) Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday	} July 5	

Hours for buying, selling, and transferring, from 11 to 1; for accepting, from 9 to 3; for payment of dividends, from 9 to 3, every day in the week.

At the South Sea House.

Stock,	Monday, Wednesday, and Friday....	Jan. 5, July 5
3 per cent. Old Annuities, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday....		April 5, Oct. 10
3 per cent New Annuities, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday ..		Jan. 5
3 per cent. 1751,	Tuesday and Thursday.....	July 5

At the East India House.

Stock, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday	Jan. 5, July 5
Interest on India Bonds due	April 1, Oct. 1

BIRTH-DAYS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

QUEEN ALEXANDRINA VICTORIA May 24, 1819

Queen Adelaide	Aug. 13, 1792	Victoria, Duch. of Kent ..	Aug. 17, 1786
Prss. Augusta Sophia	Nov. 8, 1768	Prin. Sophia Matilda of	} May 29, 1773
Prss. Elizabeth, of Hesse	} May 22, 1770	Gloucester	
Homberg			Queen of Hanover.....
King of Hanover	June 5, 1771	Augusta, Duch. of Camb..	July 25, 1797
Aug. Fred. Duke of Sussex	Jan. 27, 1773	Crown Prince of Hanover	May 27, 1819
Adolph. Fred. Duke of	} Feb. 24, 1774	Geo. Wm. Fred. son of	} Mar. 26, 1819
Cambridge			
Mary, Duch. of Gloucester	Apr. 25, 1776	Augusta Caroline ...	July 19, 1822
Princess Sophia.....	Nov. 3, 1777	Mary Adelaide ...	Dec. 7, 1833

RECEIPT STAMPS.

[The Stamp Duty on Receipts under £5 ceased 5th July, 1833, except with respect to penalties previously incurred.]

Amounting to	and under	£	s.	d.
£5	£10	0	0	3
10	20	0	0	6
20	50	0	1	0
50	100	0	1	6
100	200	0	2	6
200	300	0	4	0
300	500	0	5	0
500	1000	0	7	6
1000 or upwards		0	10	0
Receipt in full of all demands 0 10 0				

Penalty for signing a Receipt without a stamp, or upon a stamp of less denomination than proper—If the sum is

Under £100	£10
If £100 and upwards	£20

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BILL STAMPS, &c.

For any longer Period.	Not exceeding Two Months after Date, or Sixty Days after Sight	
	If.....	£5 5s.
1s. 6d	0	0
2 0	1 6	20
2 6	2 0	30
3 6	2 6	50
4 6	3 6	100
5 0	4 6	200
6 0	5 0	300
6 6	6 0	500
12 6	8 6	1000
15 0	12 6	2000
25 0	15 0	3000
30 0	25 0	3000

GENERAL POST OFFICE, LONDON.

Letters to go the same day must be put in before seven o'clock, but those put in before half past seven will go the same evening by paying 6d with each.

Letters pay, if single, from any Post Office in England, to any place not exceeding 15 miles	4d.	Above 50 & not exceeding 80	8d.	
Above 15 & not exceeding 20	5d.	80	120	9d.
20	30	120	170	10d.
30	50	170	230	11d.
		230	300	12d.
		And so on in proportion.		

HER MAJESTY'S MINISTERS.

Viscount Melbourne	First Lord of the Treasury
Right Hon. Thomas Spring Rice	Chancellor of the Exchequer
Lord Cottenham	Lord Chancellor
Marquis of Lansdowne	Lord President of the Council
Viscount Duncannon	Lord Privy Seal
Lord John Russell	Home Secretary
Viscount Palmerston	Foreign Secretary
Lord Glenelg	Colonial Secretary
Viscount Howick	Secretary at War
Lord Holland	Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster
Earl of Minto	First Lord of the Admiralty
Right Hon. Sir John Cam Hobhouse, Bt.	President of the Board of Control
Right Hon. Charles Poulett Thomson	President of the Board of Trade
Right Hon. Henry Labouchere	Master of the Mint
Right Hon. Sir Henry Parnell, Bart.	Paymaster of the Forces and Treasurer of the Navy
Right Hon. Sir Richard H. Vivian, Bt.	Master General of the Ordnance
Earl of Lichfield	Postmaster General
Marquis Conyngham	Lord Chamberlain
Duke of Argyll	Lord Steward
Earl of Albemarle	Master of the Horse
Sir John Campbell	Attorney General
Sir Robert Monsey Rolfe	Solicitor General
Marquis of Normanby	Lord Lieutenant of Ireland
Viscount Morpeth	Chief Secretary of Ireland
Lord Plunkett	Lord Chancellor of Ireland
N. Ball, Esq.	Attorney General
M. Brady, Esq.	Solicitor General

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 Barnetts, Hoare and Co. 62, Lombard Street
 Biggerstaff, (W.) 8, West Smithfield
 Bosanquet, Pitt, Anderson and Co. 73, Lombard Street
 Bouverie, Norman, and Murdoch, 11, Haymarket
 Brown, Janson and Co. 32, Abchurch Lane
 Call, (Sir W. P.) Marten, and Co. 25, Old Bond Street
 Child and Co. 1, Fleet Street
 Cockburns and Co. Whitehall
 Cockerell and Co. 8, Austin Friars
 Cocks, Biddulph, and Biddulph, 43, Charing Cross
 Coutts and Co. 59, Strand
 Cunliffe, Brooks, & Co. Bucklersbury
 Curries, Raikes, and Co. 29, Cornhill
 Denison, and Co. 4, Lombard Street
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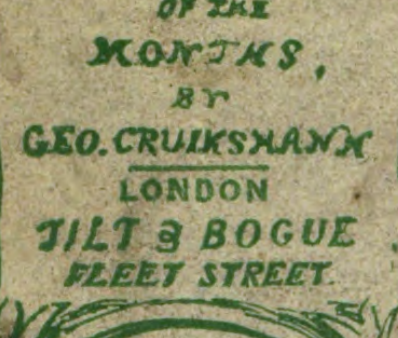
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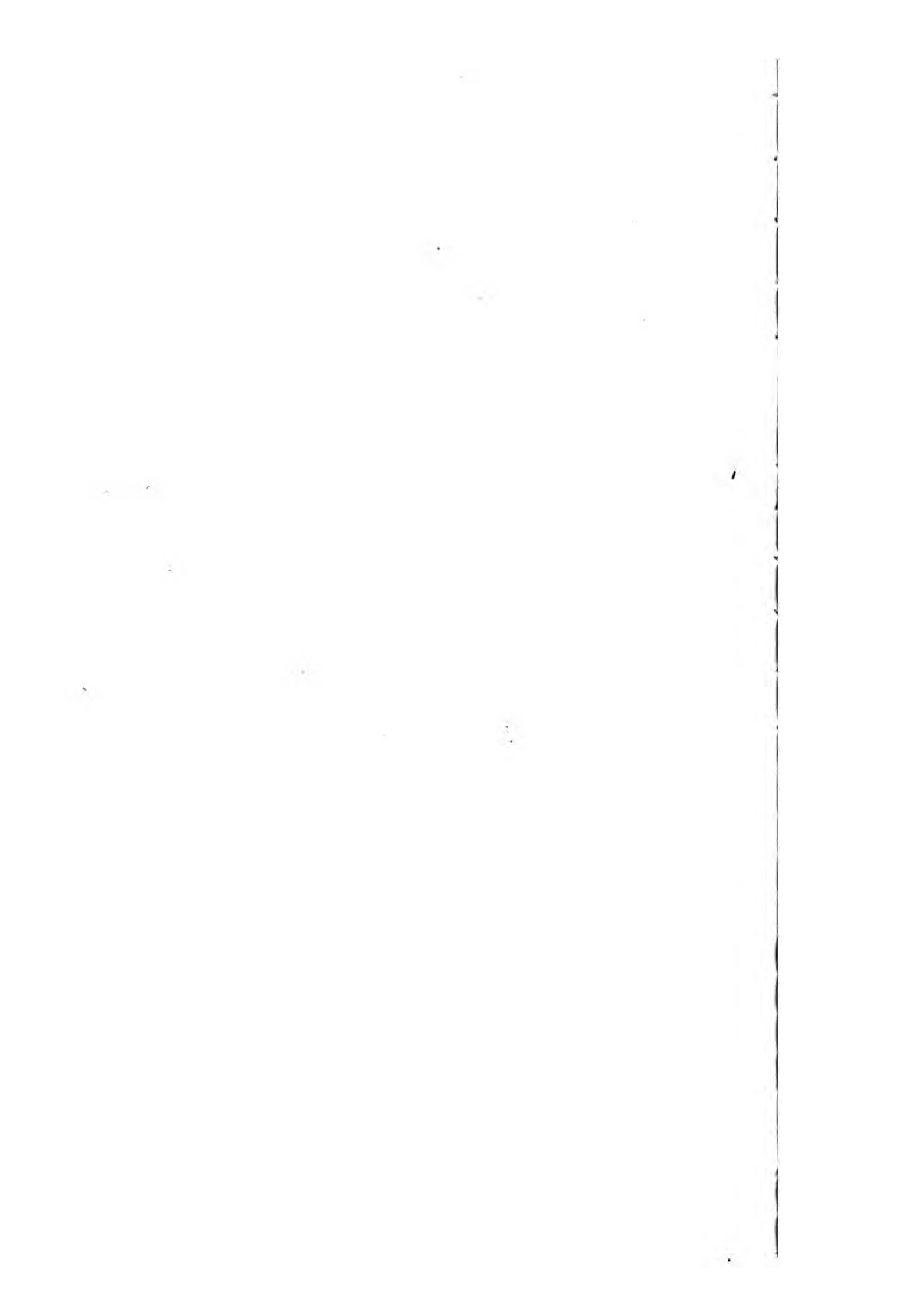
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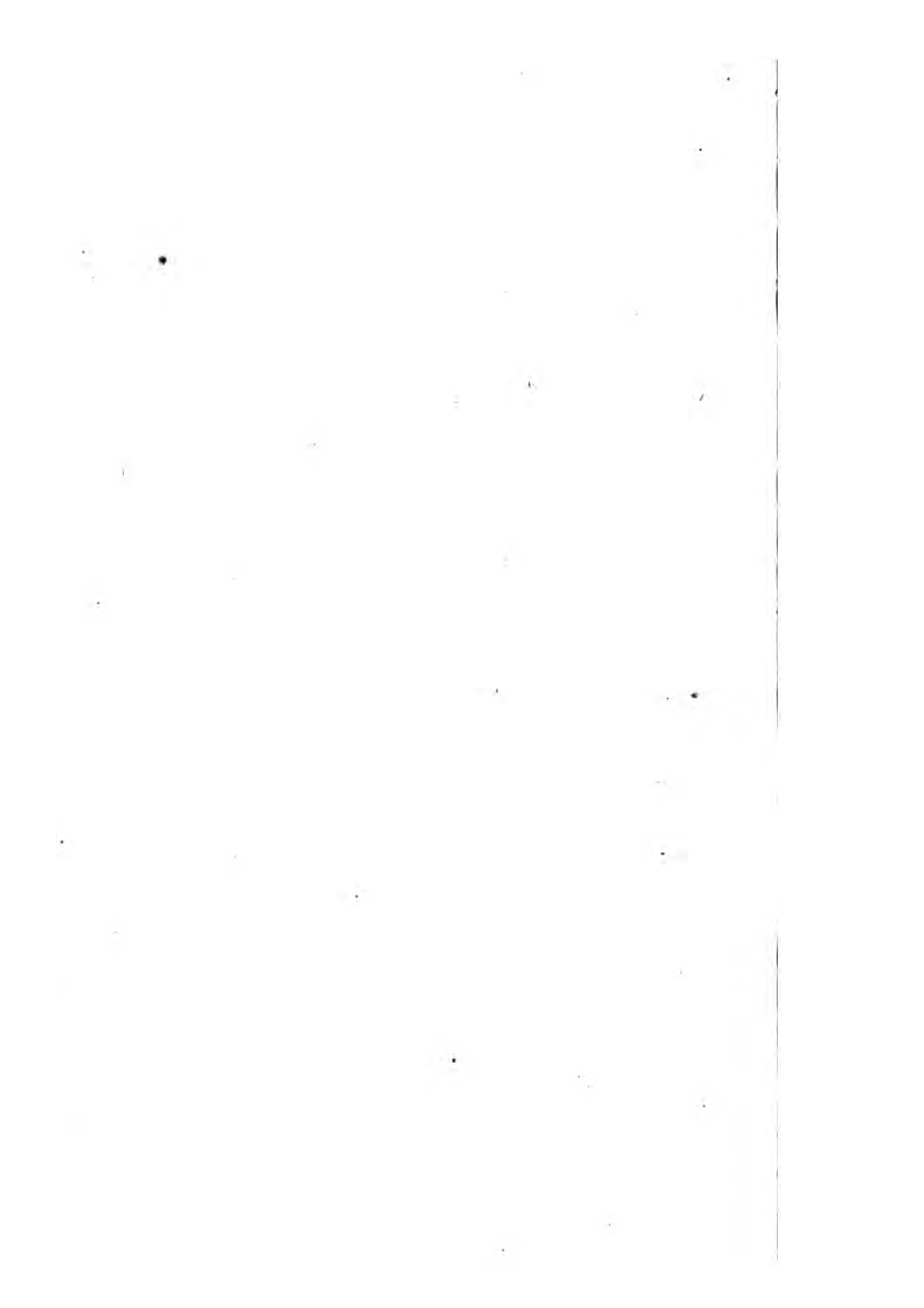


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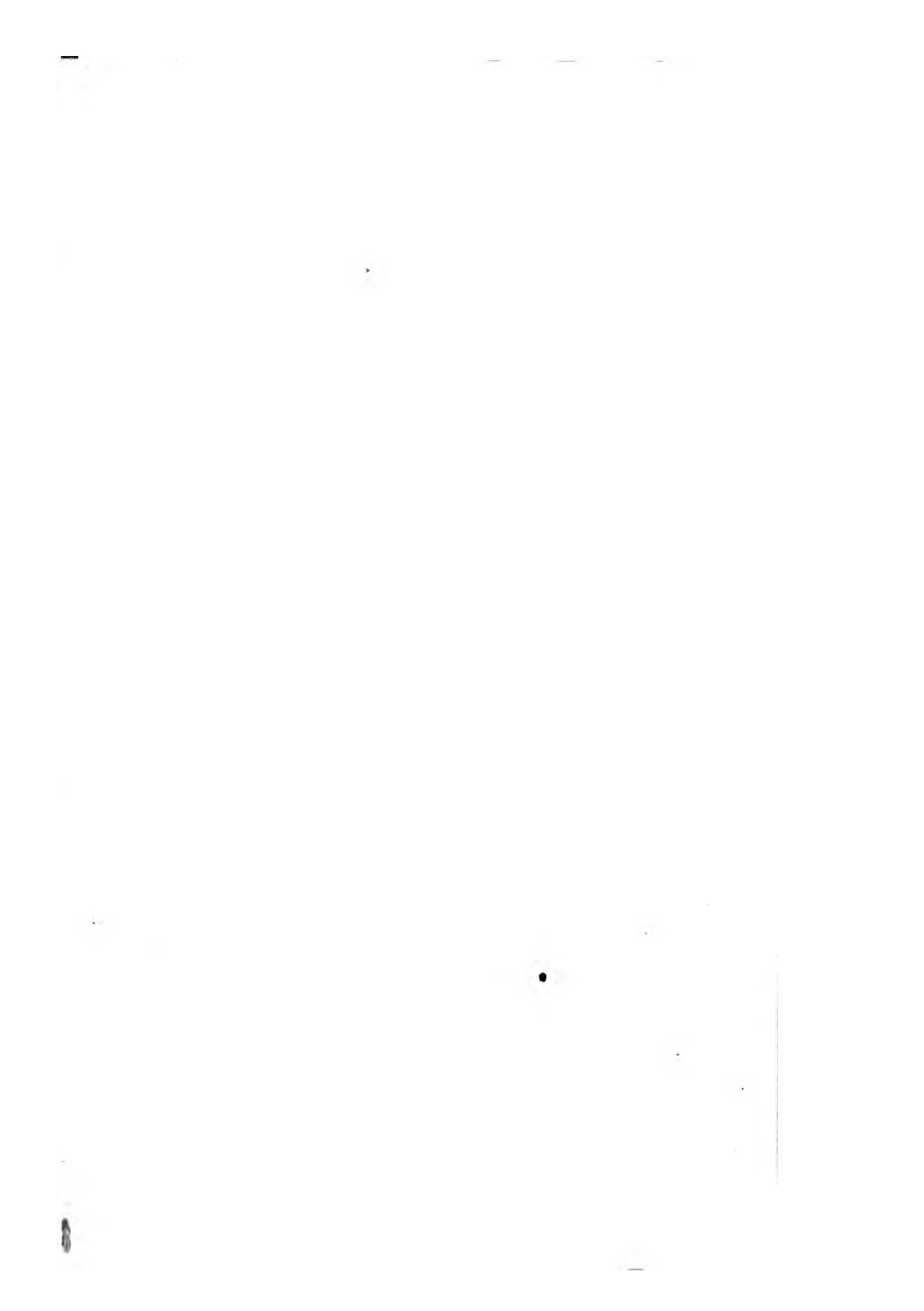
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New Moon . . 22 day 6 min. past 5 aft.

First Quar. . . 30 day 0 min. past 11 mo.

| M<br>D | W<br>D | FESTIVALS, &c.            | Sun<br>rises &<br>sets. | M<br>A | Moon<br>rises &<br>sets. |
|--------|--------|---------------------------|-------------------------|--------|--------------------------|
| 1      | F      | CIRCUMCISION              | r 8 8                   | 9      | morn.                    |
| 2      | S      | General Wolfe born, 1727  | s 4 0                   | 10     | 1 54                     |
| 3      | S      | 2 SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS  | r 8 8                   | 11     | 3 19                     |
| 4      | M      |                           | s 4 3                   | 12     | 4 45                     |
| 5      | T      | Duke of York died, 1827   | r 8 8                   | 13     | 6 9                      |
| 6      | W      | EPIPHANY—TWELFTH DAY—     | s 4 5                   | 14     | 7 20                     |
| 7      | T      | [Old Christmas Day        | r 8 7                   | F      | rises.                   |
| 8      | F      |                           | s 4 8                   | 16     | 5 a 25                   |
| 9      | S      | Fire Insurances expire    | r 8 6                   | 17     | 7 0                      |
| 10     | S      | 1 SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY   | s 4 10                  | 18     | 8 26                     |
| 11     | M      | Plough Monday—Hilary T.   | r 8 5                   | 19     | 9 49                     |
| 12     | T      | [begins                   | s 4 13                  | 20     | 11 7                     |
| 13     | W      | Cambridge Term begins     | r 8 4                   | 21     | morn.                    |
| 14     | T      | Oxford Term begins        | s 4 16                  | L      | 0 24                     |
| 15     | F      |                           | r 8 2                   | 23     | 1 42                     |
| 16     | S      |                           | s 4 19                  | 24     | 2 57                     |
| 17     | S      | 2 SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY   | r 8 0                   | 25     | 4 10                     |
| 18     | M      | Old Twelfth Day           | s 4 23                  | 26     | 5 18                     |
| 19     | T      |                           | r 7 58                  | 27     | 6 16                     |
| 20     | W      |                           | s 4 26                  | 28     | 7 1                      |
| 21     | T      | Clock before Sun, 11' 29" | r 7 56                  | 29     | 7 37                     |
| 22     | F      |                           | s 4 29                  | N      | sets.                    |
| 23     | S      | Duke of Kent died, 1820   | r 7 54                  | 1      | 5 a 28                   |
| 24     | S      | 3 SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY   | s 4 33                  | 2      | 6 41                     |
| 25     | M      | CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL    | r 7 51                  | 3      | 7 53                     |
| 26     | T      |                           | s 4 36                  | 4      | 9 7                      |
| 27     | W      | Duke of Sussex born, 1773 | r 7 49                  | 5      | 10 21                    |
| 28     | T      |                           | s 4 40                  | 6      | 11 39                    |
| 29     | F      |                           | r 7 46                  | 7      | morn.                    |
| 30     | S      | KING CHARLES I. MARTYR    | s 4 43                  | Fi     | 1 0                      |
| 31     | S      | 4 SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY   | r 7 43                  | 9      | 2 23                     |





George Cruikshank

JANUARY — Twelfth Night — drawing Characters .



COMMONS, BUT NOT SHORT COMMONS.

## MARTYRS IN PRISON.

SHERIFFS in custody!—in very quod!  
 Deep, but still jolly, in their dreadful sin;  
 Both reg'lar rum 'uns,  
 Each a noble feller,  
 And living just as if the House of Commons  
 Had got a splendid cellar,  
 And shoved 'em in the Duff and Gordon bin!  
 How very odd!

A sheriff's officer's the soul of *trap*,  
 Like pot-house people, always at the *tap*,  
 Though not a *bar-gent*.  
 Thanks that no sheriff here was sent to prison  
 By any *officer* of his'n  
 Tapp'd in the time of "tarms;"  
 But simply handed over to a *sergeant*  
 At arms!

These are no poets robb'd of attic bliss,  
 For when did Grub-street feed on grub like this?  
 Ham, chicken, veal, or tongue  
 For supper, 'stead of the "Night Thoughts" of Young;  
 Stilton,  
 Instead of Milton;  
 Champagne most sparkling, *eau de vie* most fiery,  
 And baskets full of cards of fond inquiry!

J orums of punch, the bowl a very fixture,  
 A nd made, like snuff, a sort of Prince's mixture;  
 N o end of wine, and, ergo, no repining,  
 U seful distinction betwixt wine and whining;  
 A prison-palace—comfortable, airy,  
 R ather a safe than dungeon, though terms vary;  
 Y our sheriffs keep good terms with JANUARY.

## 6. Twelfth Day.

That biggest cake, so prime and nice,  
 What's its price?  
 Guineas two!—well, there I'm done!  
 What's the other?—guinea one!  
 Humph! that little 'un?—You can buy  
 For half-a-guinea:—O my eye!  
 If you please, a penny bun!



The bar of the House.

A sergeant  
at arms.Milton  
on  
Stilton.

A little cake.



## TWELFTH NIGHT.

(Not SHAKSPERE'S.)

MISS MIFFINS was a blooming nymph,  
Of almost half a cent'ry,  
Who long had grieved her book of life  
To keep by single entry.

She'd once a quiver-full of beaus;  
Old, young, short, tall, dark, light:  
Stokes, Nokes, Tibbs, Nibbs, Hill, Till, Fox, Knox;  
But never Mister Right.

In fact she was a *leetle* proud,  
And loved to play and park it;  
And so, like many another *fair*,  
She'd overstood her *market*.

The Baker woo'd her once, and oft  
At eve love's tale would tell her;  
But all she said to him was this,  
"Begone you kneady feller!"

The Pieman, too, had tried his luck;  
But there again her pride  
Stood in her way: she couldn't bear  
To be a Tarter's bride.

The man "wot drives the pleasure wan"  
Had loved her to insanity;  
But, as she said, "What's pleasure? Stuff!  
And wans is nought but wanity!"

The Miller next, in honey'd words,  
That love so promptly teaches,  
Assail'd her heart. But "Come," said she,  
"None of your *flowry* speeches!"

The Clothesman, too, although a Jew,  
Desired to be her beau;  
But finding *Phillis* look so cold,  
Return'd to his old "Clo'."

The Pawnbroker had also shewn  
A flatt'ring predilection:  
But "No," said she, "don't look to me  
For Pledges of affection."

Thus all the men she jilted then,  
And one reply they got:  
"She'd rather live without a tie"—  
But now—she'd rather knot.

So one twelfth-day—that is, one sixth—  
She went the cakes to view:  
Like all the world, who feel, that day,  
A cake-oëthes too.

Of course the boys soon pinn'd her fast,  
(No greater plagues on earth!)  
And her poor gown became the vic-  
Tim of their boy-strous mirth.

A cracker, too, by sad mischance,  
And while with fear she panted,  
At one fell bounce, soon fired her flounce—  
Though not the spark she wanted.

A hero bold who stood close by,  
Quick to her rescue flew,  
And tore away the flaming robe:—  
Her pocket vanish'd too.

She went into a fit—so strong,  
That two young Tailors swore  
They'd never seen in all their lives  
So tight a fit before.

The swain into whose arms she'd fall'n,  
When to herself she'd come,  
Seeing that she was "all abroad,"  
Begg'd he might see her home.

Arrived, they talk'd of this and that,  
Love, war, and heroes dead.  
A soldier he—a man of rank  
(And file, he might have said)—

A Polish Count, a Knight Grand Cross,  
K. X., and Q. E. D. ;  
Grand Master of the Blood-red Dirk,  
And R. O. G. U. E.

In fine, to make a long tale short,  
He tickled her ambition ;  
And soon at church persuaded her  
To *altar* her condition.

Then off she wrote to all her friends—  
Aunt Smith and Cousin Cole ;  
To tell them all the news, how she  
Was tied to a great Pole.

But, oh! pride, pride must have a fall ;  
Her cash he soon got through :  
And then, one mizzling Mich'lmas day,  
The Count he mizzled too.

And ever since, on fair Twelfth Night,  
A wand'ring form is seen :  
A female form, and this its cry:—  
"Vy vot a Cake I've been!"

## MOON'S CHANGES.

Full Moon . . 6 day 6 min. past 2 mo.  
 Last Quar. . . 13 day 39 min. past 6 mo.  
 New Moon . . 21 day 21 min. past 11 mo.  
 First Quar. . . 28 day 23 min. past 8 aft.

| M<br>D | W<br>D | FESTIVALS, &c.                    | Sun<br>rises &<br>sets. | M<br>A | Moon<br>rises &<br>sets. |
|--------|--------|-----------------------------------|-------------------------|--------|--------------------------|
| 1      | M      | <i>Hilary Term ends</i>           | r 7 41                  | 10     | 3 46                     |
| 2      | T      | PURIFICATION.— <i>Cand. Day</i>   | s 4 49                  | 11     | 5 1                      |
| 3      | W      |                                   | r 7 38                  | 12     | 6 0                      |
| 4      | T      | Day increases 1h. 33m.            | s 4 52                  | 13     | 6 44                     |
| 5      | F      |                                   | r 7 35                  | 14     | 7 15                     |
| 6      | S      | Day breaks 36m. past 5            | s 4 56                  | F      | rises.                   |
| 7      | S      | SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY               | r 7 32                  | 16     | 7 a 19                   |
| 8      | M      | Half-quarter                      | s 5 0                   | 17     | 8 41                     |
| 9      | T      |                                   | r 7 28                  | 18     | 10 3                     |
| 10     | W      | QUEEN VICTORIA married            | s 5 3                   | 19     | 11 22                    |
| 11     | T      |                                   | r 7 25                  | 20     | morn.                    |
| 12     | F      | Partridge shooting ends           | s 5 7                   | 21     | 0 41                     |
| 13     | S      |                                   | r 7 21                  | L      | 1 57                     |
| 14     | S      | SEXAGESIMA SUN.— <i>Valentine</i> | s 5 11                  | 23     | 3 7                      |
| 15     | M      | [ <i>Day</i>                      | r 7 17                  | 24     | 4 9                      |
| 16     | T      | Day 10 hours long                 | s 5 14                  | 25     | 5 0                      |
| 17     | W      |                                   | r 7 13                  | 26     | 5 39                     |
| 18     | T      | Clock before Sun, 14' 17"         | s 5 18                  | 27     | 6 6                      |
| 19     | F      |                                   | r 7 9                   | 28     | 6 29                     |
| 20     | S      | Garrick born, 1716                | s 5 22                  | 29     | 6 45                     |
| 21     | S      | SHROVE SUND.— <i>Cambridge</i>    | r 7 5                   | N      | sets.                    |
| 22     | M      | [ <i>Term div. m.</i>             | s 5 25                  | 1      | 6 a 56                   |
| 23     | T      | SHROVE TUESDAY                    | r 7 1                   | 2      | 8 11                     |
| 24     | W      | ASH WED.—ST. MATTHIAS.—           | s 5 29                  | 3      | 9 28                     |
| 25     | T      | [D. of Camb. b. 1774              | r 6 57                  | 4      | 10 47                    |
| 26     | F      |                                   | s 5 32                  | 5      | morn.                    |
| 27     | S      | Hare hunting ends                 | r 6 53                  | 6      | 0 11                     |
| 28     | S      | 1 SUNDAY IN LENT                  | s 5 36                  | Fi     | 1 33                     |

1.



FEBRUARY — St Valentine's bill-y doux



A MARRY-TIME VIEW.

## 10. Queen Victoria's marriage.

To gaze upon the wide expanse of ocean,  
Far as horizon, I confess, sublime;  
To feast our eyes on nuptial groups in motion,  
Is, notwithstanding, just as *marry time*.

A Royal wedding host and pouring rain,  
Both rushing on to-gether, and to boot,  
By the park railway, carriages in train,  
With shoals of footmen and of men on foot.

A gathering of the people, all from home,  
The *reigning* Queen and *raining* sky to view;  
In Italy the million rush to *Rome*,  
Are they not free to *roam* in London too?

Throngs of the curious—curiously met,  
An inconsistent batch of low and high;  
Drunkards, for instance, getting drench'd with *wet*,  
And still declaring they were very *dry*!

Women with *pattens* found to *clog* the way,  
Young thieves aspiring to the golden fleece,  
Mid torrents fair, that soaked, with equal play,  
A new policeman or a new pelisse.

Tea-totallers, with spirits under proof,  
And lots of water for them overhead,  
There was, because men would not stand aloof,  
A general *jam*, but one that wouldn't *spread*!

Matters grew pressing, and, without regard  
To toes or ribs, a bonnet or a belly,  
The *jam* I speak of soon became so hard,  
It nearly jammed some people to a *jelly*!

Yet at that Royal wedding, people say,  
The pickpockets their trade did sadly botch;  
For one industrious youth came all the way  
From *Seven Dials* to steal a *single watch*!



A wedding ring.



General Jam.

A Watchman in  
Seven Dials.

## 12. 11th Hussars, called Prince Albert's own.

God save the Queen!—we love her, and the sign is—  
Millions of warm huzzas still greet her throne;  
One thousand prime hussars she gives His Highness;  
But she is more than them—Prince Albert's own!

The new  
Belle and Crown.

## SAINT VALENTINE:

*Des Oiseaux.*

---

SWEET Valentine, thy praise is heard  
In ev'ry grove so green, oh!  
And thousand birds press on to join  
The *Concert Valentino*.

There's not an oak, or ash, or elm,  
But some fond couple bears;  
The very apple-tree itself  
Is cover'd o'er with pairs.

And though the groves are bare of leaf,  
As far as eyes can reach;  
And not a bough one bud can boast,  
They've lots of flow'rs—of speech.

There's young Jack Daw, and young Mac Caw,  
And Phil O'Mel (though late),  
Each pressing on his am'rous suit,  
With all his feather weight.

The beaux so very pert are grown,  
That, when their lady wills,  
Like oppositionist M. P's.,  
They won't withdraw their bills.

There's mister Ostrich 'mong the belles  
Is quite a forward chap,  
Which, Ostrich-like, he seems to think  
A feather in his cap.

Miss Pelican declares her beau  
Is got beyond endurance;  
And wonders at—she really does—  
His Pelican Assurance.

Miss Pigeon's trying to look shy,  
*He's calling her "crosspatch!"*  
But, though a Pouter now she seems,  
'Twill be a Pigeon match.

The Peacock leads his belle along,  
And presses her to wed;  
And now he gives his lips a feast,  
Then gives his tail a spread.

Each fowl has got some pretty gift  
Beneath his am'rous wing :  
Some offer wreaths of orange flow'r ;  
The Dove has brought his ring.

There's not a birdie, young or old,  
But feels that love has caught her :  
The Eagle wants a little *sun*,  
The Daw a little Daw-ter.

It's no use feigning this and that,  
For little Love, ifegs !  
Is firm, and makes each lady bird  
Confess that " eggs *is* eggs."

List to the loves of Lisson-grove,  
From robin, lark, and linnet ;  
While *busses* from the *Nightingale*  
Are passing ev'ry minute.

The very *bosom* of the deep  
Seems under love's soft sway ;  
And flocks of water-fowl are seen  
Indulging their fowl play.

There's rev'rend Rook, and Daw his clerk,  
Sitting with well-stuff'd craws,  
Ready to lend a helping hand  
To forward the good *caws*.

Each bird a poet now becomes,  
And sings some sad refrain :  
The Yellow-hammer ev'n has got  
His yellow-ham'rous strain.

Some try to shine in repartee,  
Who can't be smart in ditty ;  
The very Peewit on the heath  
Turns all at once peewit-y.

I know not if the birds have part  
In our new marriage laws ;  
But if they've not, it's clear they ought  
To have their special *claws*.

In faithfulness they beat us far ;  
For, spite of all their freaks,  
You never see the feather'd tribe  
Going before their *beaks*.

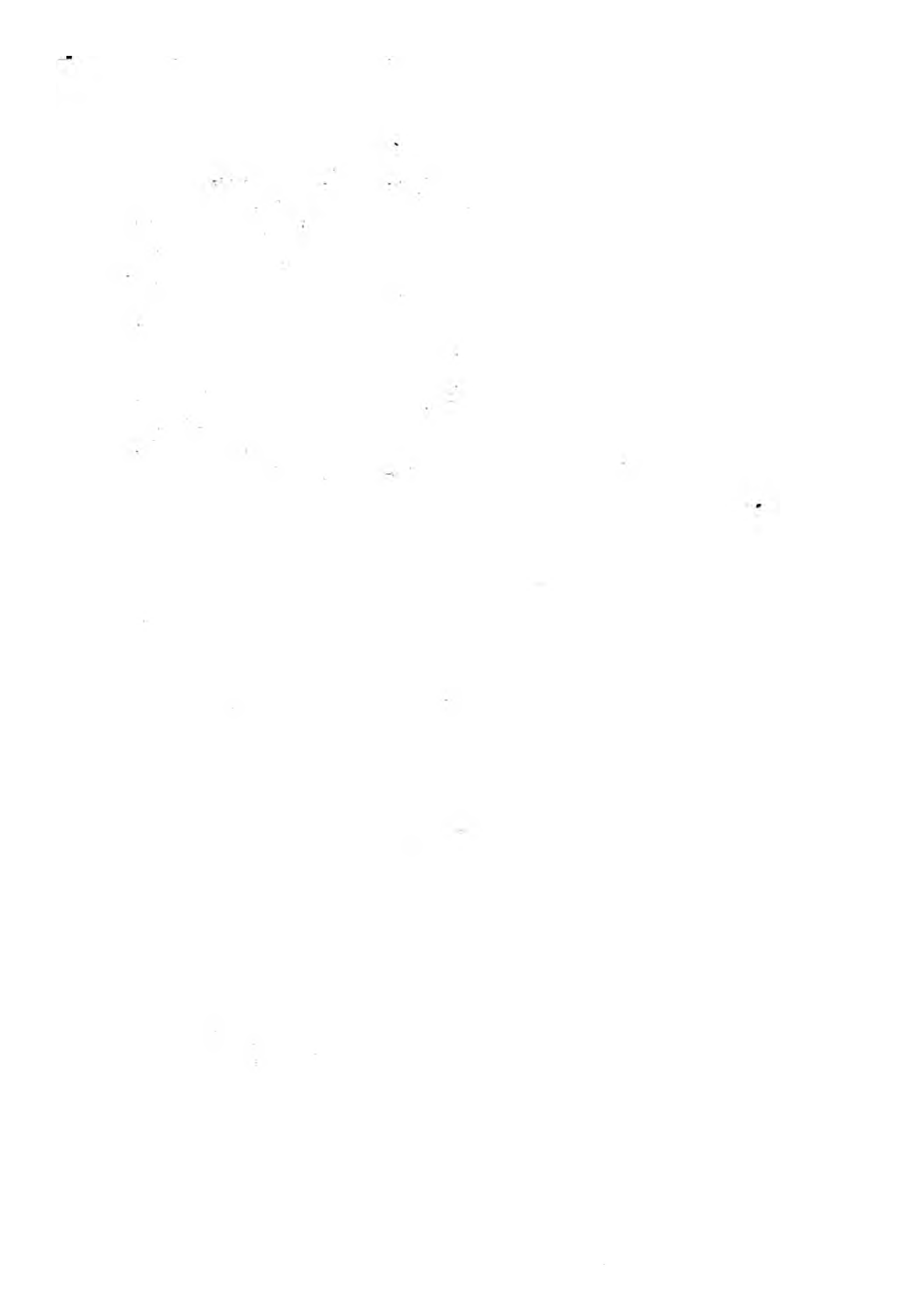
So fare-you-well, fair ladies all ;  
I hope, before next spring,  
Throughout the land you'll set the bells  
All of a wedding ring.



## MOON'S CHANGES.

Full Moon . . 7 day 37 min. past 1 aft.  
 Last Quar. . . 15 day 19 min. past 2 mo.  
 New Moon . . 23 day 36 min. past 2 mo.  
 First Quar. . . 30 day 59 min. past 2 mo.

| M<br>D | W<br>D | FESTIVALS, &c.                | Sun<br>rises &<br>sets. | M<br>A | Moon<br>rises &<br>sets. |
|--------|--------|-------------------------------|-------------------------|--------|--------------------------|
| 1      | M      | ST. DAVID'S DAY               | r 6 49                  | 8      | 2 49                     |
| 2      | T      |                               | s 5 40                  | 9      | 3 52                     |
| 3      | W      | EMBER WEEK                    | r 6 44                  | 10     | 4 40                     |
| 4      | T      |                               | s 5 43                  | 11     | 5 15                     |
| 5      | F      | Day increases 3h. 22m.        | r 6 40                  | 12     | 5 39                     |
| 6      | S      |                               | s 5 47                  | 13     | 5 58                     |
| 7      | S      | 2 SUNDAY IN LENT              | r 6 35                  | F      | rises.                   |
| 8      | M      |                               | s 5 50                  | 15     | 7 a 33                   |
| 9      | T      | Rizzio assassinated, 1566     | r 6 31                  | 16     | 8 54                     |
| 10     | W      |                               | s 5 54                  | 17     | 10 15                    |
| 11     | T      | Eruption of Mnt. Etna, 1669   | r 6 26                  | 18     | 11 34                    |
| 12     | F      |                               | s 5 57                  | 19     | morn.                    |
| 13     | S      | Earl Grey born, 1764          | r 6 22                  | 20     | 0 49                     |
| 14     | S      | 3 SUNDAY IN LENT              | s 6 0                   | 21     | 1 56                     |
| 15     | M      | Julius Cæsar assass. B. C. 44 | r 6 17                  | L      | 2 53                     |
| 16     | T      |                               | s 6 4                   | 23     | 3 35                     |
| 17     | W      | ST. PATRICK'S DAY             | r 6 13                  | 24     | 4 8                      |
| 18     | T      |                               | s 6 7                   | 25     | 4 33                     |
| 19     | F      | [Spring com. 6h. 28m.         | r 6 8                   | 26     | 4 51                     |
| 20     | S      | Queen of Hanover b. 1778.—    | s 6 11                  | 27     | 5 6                      |
| 21     | S      | 4 SUNDAY IN LENT              | r 6 4                   | 28     | 5 19                     |
| 22     | M      |                               | s 6 14                  | 29     | 5 30                     |
| 23     | T      | Clock before Sun, 6' 39"      | r 5 59                  | N      | sets.                    |
| 24     | W      |                               | s 6 17                  | 1      | 8 a 31                   |
| 25     | T      | ANNUNCIATION—LADY DAY         | r 5 54                  | 2      | 9 56                     |
| 26     | F      |                               | s 6 20                  | 3      | 11 19                    |
| 27     | S      |                               | r 5 50                  | 4      | morn.                    |
| 28     | S      | 5 SUNDAY IN LENT              | s 6 24                  | 5      | 0 38                     |
| 29     | M      | Planet Vesta discovered, 1807 | r 5 45                  | 6      | 1 47                     |
| 30     | T      |                               | s 6 27                  | Fi     | 2 39                     |
| 31     | W      | Allies entered Paris, 1814    | r 5 41                  | 8      | 3 16                     |





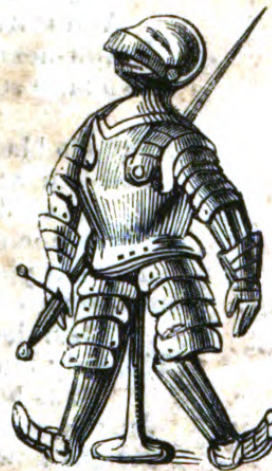
George Cruikshank

MARCH — Theatrical fun-dinner.



VIEW IN HAT-ON GARDEN.

VELL, I'd give a farden to know vy they calls this here Hatton Garden. I'm sartin sure it must be done in jest; for if every hat aint hoff instead of hon, I'm blest! Hat on, indeed! vell, sartainly its vindy; and here's a pretty shindy. They've rose the flat'lent element at last, and here it's peppering on, a precious blast! It's nuffin but a reglar blast of ruin, undoin every von vith vot it's doin. Vell, blacksmiths must be most unconsonable fellows, if, such a day as this, they vants a bellows. I can't even svear; my pals u'd hardly know me: I don't feel no occasion to say "blow me." Oh! oh! here's a go! The voman's blowing over; she's a reglar charmer, but so unkimmon fat it can't much harm her. Von't there be chimbley accidents:— ay! lots. Look, look at Harmer and Flower's flower pots; they're a fallin on that old gentleman's head as valks below; and, vot's vurse, it's too vindy for him to return the "blow." [They say as Alderman Harmer has left the town off, and he's made a breeze in the city with the wind as he whisk'd his gown off.] Vell, I'm hoff, so here goes; my eyes how it blows! That ere image-boy can't hold his tray; aint his kings and queens, and dukes, a rattlin away. There goes a couple slick; the vind's broke Vellington and little Vic. Go it, my hearty! that's it, you've shivered Bonyparty; and, notwithstanding the furious vay in vitch it blows and rains, if he aint a stooping to pick up Napoleon's remains! Vell, I've heard of "mad as a March air," and precious mad I find it is, still I can't say as I care: as long as I get home safe, and there's nobody killed, I sees no great harm in it; only I hopes that them as vere particularly anxious to raise the vind, is vell satisfied this very minit!



Alderman Armour.

March Air,  
with variations.

## 16. Gibbon died, 1794.

"De gustibus non est disputandum."

High winds, and no mistake.

"Will you not take another cup?" said the mistress of the tea-party. "No," answered the awkward gentleman, who had prematurely risen to depart; but, upon the word, his foot slipped over the hearth-rug, and he fell. "In refusing that cup of tea, and tumbling so soon after, you remind me of 'Gibbon's Roman Empire,'" said the wag of the tea-party. "Why?" "Because you are a living illustration of the *decline and fall*."

## THEATRICAL FUN DINNER.

THE Bard of Avon summon'd his ghosts  
Around his own bright shade, in hosts,  
And the characters came, to the Poet of Fame,  
To hear his mighty say.  
"Well, now," he cried, "bright spirits all,  
Hither to-day you have my call,  
To quit the volume in which you are bound,  
And make, together, a holiday round,  
And go in a group to the play."  
So the principal characters, giving a look  
Of delight, jumped out of the Shakspeare book ;  
Daylight was on the wane.  
Out they skipped, ready equipped,  
And started for Drury-lane.  
In full-ness of his *fat* led Falstaff, spruce and clean,  
(No false staff wanted he whereon to *lean*)—  
The van.  
Othello black, beneath his dazzling vest,  
Polished with Warren's best,  
Look'd just the man  
For women fair to love him,  
You felt you couldn't take the *shine* out of him !  
Romeo escorted Juliet—pretty lisper, *she* fed on Romeo's whisper.  
Hamlet, the fencing dueller,  
(The only modern Hamlet we can boast,  
Was born a jeweller ;  
Just as each uncle that our poets sing,  
Reigns now a pawnbroker, and not a king) ;  
Hamlet, I say, took up his princely post,  
Between his uncle and his father's ghost.  
Shylock, the Jew that Shakspeare drew,  
Had nobody to *draw* him now—so *walked*,  
Macduff, Macbeth, Iago, and the rest,  
Marched all abreast.  
The witch alone, dress'd in her riding-hood,  
Travelled upon her broomstick as she should.  
Gro'ling below her, in the rear,  
Crawled Caliban,  
While Clown  
Turned somersets eternal up and down,  
That he was born, to make it plain appear,  
A Somerset man !  
On, a few paces, jolly Bardolph goes,  
To light the party with his flaming nose.  
Now they gain Drury-lane :  
There, of course, they need do no more,  
Than present themselves at the free-list door ;  
Over the book Jack Falstaff bends,  
To write the name of "Shakspeare and friends."  
When, lo! with sighs, and tears in his eyes,  
And to everybody's immense surprise,  
Mr. Parker cries,

With a look of most discomfiting woe,  
 "I'm exceedingly sorry to tell you so,  
 But 'Shakspeare and friends' are now no go;  
 No go, I say, but to go away;  
 They are struck entirely off the list;  
 For the whole concern has taken a twist;  
 It's the Chamberlain's pleasure, I vow, with pain,  
 And Shakspeare's diddled at Drury-lane!"  
 By Falstaff's flabbergastered frown,  
 You see he now is thoroughly down,  
 Where he stood before like a swell so nobby,  
 He's ready to burst with passion and thirst,  
 And he'd get up a row, and bully 'em now,  
 But he sees the new police in the lobby.

So, to hide what he feels, he turns on his heels,  
 And to all his retinue making a sign,  
 Shouts, "Boys, follow me on the road to dine!  
 As we are not free at this house of base uns,  
 We'll march at once to our own Freemason's;  
 The *Cuff* that will greet us there, we know,  
 Is better than this last knock-down blow;  
 And there—of us every mother's son—  
 Shakepere saint, or Shakspeare sinner,  
 As bonny before we've often done,  
 On the fat of the land, will feast at a grand  
 Theatrical Fun

*Dinner!"*

The tavern is open, they've gathered 'em there,  
 Fat old Falstaff has taken the chair;  
 He's eating away like an old gormandizer,  
 Who's been into college and come out a *sixer*.  
 And Bartley perceives, now he's taken enough in,  
 That Falstaff himself cannot play without *stuffing*.  
 Close behind his benevolent face,  
 And belly and back, as he's taking his whack,  
 Good Master Clown is making grimace.  
 And acting toastmaster-in-chief of the place.  
 Falstaff glows, from his top to his toes,  
 His great big body keeps warming his clothes,  
 As he puffs and blows, while his glass overflows,  
 He is lighting his clay pipe at Bardolph's nose;  
 Drury-lane has dismissed him, alack!  
 But Falstaff's accustomed to *getting the sack!*  
 There he sits like a friar or monk,  
 Till the guests around grow uncommonly drunk,  
 The witch of the party, with gin they cram her,  
 In their eager strife for the good of the *dram her*,  
 But Shakspeare's voice, from bottle and stoup,  
 Warned all the spirits to go their ways,  
 And Cruikshank had hardly finished his group,  
 Ere they'd all got home to their several plays!

## MOON'S CHANGES.

Full Moon . . 6 day 31 min. past 1 mo.

Last Quar. . . 13 day 5 min. past 10 aft.

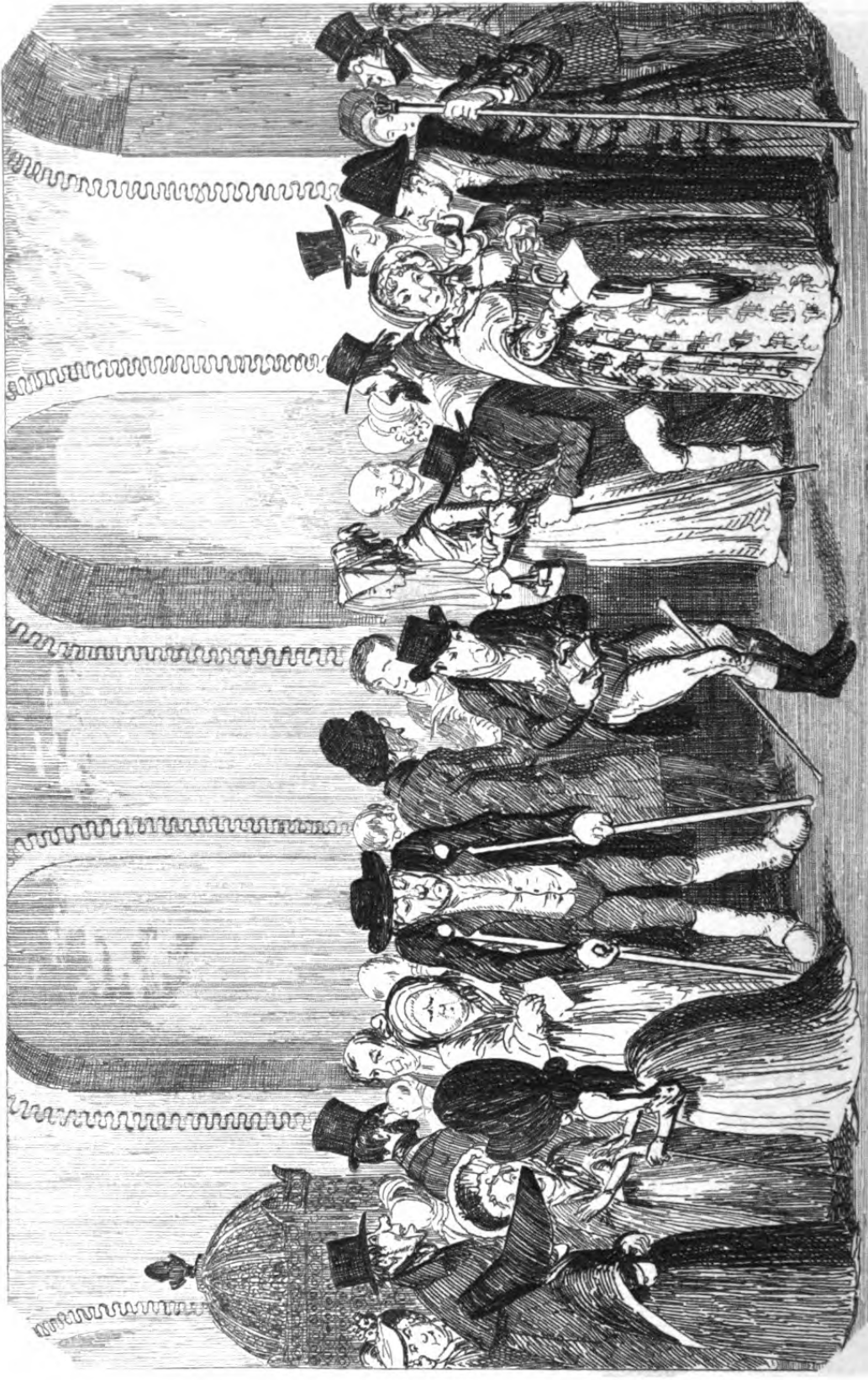
New Moon . . 21 day 32 min. past 2 aft.

First Quar. . . 28 day 57 min. past 8 mo.

| M<br>D | W<br>D   | FESTIVALS, &c.                   | Sun<br>rises &<br>sets. | M<br>A | Moon<br>rises &<br>sets. |
|--------|----------|----------------------------------|-------------------------|--------|--------------------------|
| 1      | T        |                                  | r 5 39                  | 9      | 3 44                     |
| 2      | F        | <i>Cambridge Term ends</i>       | s 6 32                  | 10     | 4 3                      |
| 3      | S        | <i>Oxford Term ends</i>          | r 5 34                  | 11     | 4 20                     |
| 4      | <b>S</b> | PALM SUNDAY                      | s 6 36                  | 12     | 4 35                     |
| 5      | M        |                                  | r 5 29                  | 13     | 4 48                     |
| 6      | T        | Old Lady Day                     | s 6 39                  | F      | rises.                   |
| 7      | W        |                                  | r 5 25                  | 15     | 9 a 11                   |
| 8      | T        | MAUNDY THURSDAY                  | s 6 42                  | 16     | 10 27                    |
| 9      | F        | GOOD FRIDAY                      | r 5 20                  | 17     | 11 39                    |
| 10     | S        |                                  | s 6 46                  | 18     | morn.                    |
| 11     | <b>S</b> | EASTER SUNDAY                    | r 5 16                  | 19     | 0 40                     |
| 12     | M        | EASTER MONDAY                    | s 6 49                  | 20     | 1 30                     |
| 13     | T        | EASTER TUESDAY                   | r 5 12                  | L      | 2 7                      |
| 14     | W        |                                  | s 6 52                  | 22     | 2 35                     |
| 15     | T        | <i>Easter Term begins</i>        | r 5 7                   | 23     | 2 55                     |
| 16     | F        |                                  | s 6 56                  | 24     | 3 9                      |
| 17     | S        |                                  | r 5 3                   | 25     | 3 25                     |
| 18     | <b>S</b> | 1 SUNDAY AFTER EASTER            | s 6 59                  | 26     | 3 35                     |
| 19     | M        |                                  | r 4 59                  | 27     | 3 49                     |
| 20     | T        | Clock after Sun, 1' 12"          | s 7 2                   | 28     | 4 4                      |
| 21     | W        | <i>Oxford and Camb. T. begin</i> | r 4 55                  | N      | sets.                    |
| 22     | T        |                                  | s 7 6                   | 1      | 8 a 58                   |
| 23     | F        | ST. GEORGE'S DAY                 | r 4 51                  | 2      | 10 21                    |
| 24     | S        |                                  | s 7 9                   | 3      | 11 36                    |
| 25     | <b>S</b> | 2 SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.—          | r 4 47                  | 4      | morn.                    |
| 26     | M        | [ST. MARK—Ds.Glo. b. 1776        | s 7 12                  | 5      | 0 33                     |
| 27     | T        |                                  | r 4 43                  | 6      | 1 17                     |
| 28     | W        | Mutiny of the Bounty, 1789       | s 7 15                  | Fi     | 1 47                     |
| 29     | T        |                                  | r 4 39                  | 8      | 2 9                      |
| 30     | F        | Day increases 6 h. 58 m.         | s 7 19                  | 9      | 2 26                     |







George Cruikshank.

APRIL — "I know a bank" Shaks: (A consol-atory reflection )



### FISHER'S LAKE SCENERY.

AMONG sweet April showers there's no dangler  
 So persevering as your fervent angler:  
 Left, by less fond companions, in the lurch,  
 Upon his lonely boat he'll take his *perch*,  
 And fish for ever there by *line* and rule,  
 His poets must be all of the *Lake* school;  
 The only prose writers he'd ever brook,  
 In social brotherhood, are *Poole* and *Hook*;  
 Beat him on land, he thinks the insult odd,  
 Beat him by water, and he'll kiss *the rod*;  
 Has he a secret you would know past doubt,  
 Your only chance with him's to *worm* it out:  
 Take him abroad to ride, he'd rather die  
 Than have a coach, if he could get a *fly*;  
 He'd like to sit for life upon a raft,  
 In perpetuity of gentle *craft*!  
 What if a little hostel, by the stream,  
 Offer "fish, gratis!" what is that to him?  
 He'd rather sit, when clouds have hid the sun,  
 Between the rain and river, catching none.  
 What are the jolly inmates all about?  
 Drinking warm brandy, genial ale, or stout:—  
 And he? Oh! he is *taking cold without*!

Dandies ask, How will  
 the weather go?



A heavy swell.

Rainbows for  
 fine beaux,  
 whether or no!

### 12. Easter Monday.

"Mayn't I go to the *fair*, ma'am?" Bet inquires;  
 "Suppose all sorts of evils there beset you:"  
 "Missis, I aint that sort of girl, you know,  
 Harmless fair fun is all as I desires:"  
 "Well, if the weather's fair enough to go,  
 I think it will be only fair to let you:"  
 So fair, fair girl, fair day, and fair permission,  
 With the fare to the fair crown Bet's condition!



Fair play.

### 23. Death of Shakspeare, 1616.

"Sweet Bard of Avon!"—"Well," says Jack, "how you  
 Can call him Bard of A-won, goodness knows!  
 I'm sure as I don't: stop! I think I do;  
 He stands A 1, at Poet's Lloyd's, I s'pose!"



Poet's corner.

#### POETIC LICENCE.

I say, lend me a crown!  
 I've only three shillings in my pocket:  
 Well, hand them over, and then you'll owe me two!

## DIVIDEND DAY AT THE BANK.

---

WHAT a crowd! what a crush!  
What a row! what a rush!  
What screaming, and tearing, and noise,—  
Of cabmen and footmen, policemen and bus-men,  
And poor little run-over boys! [William-street,  
From Lombard-street, Prince's-street, Broad-street, King-  
On they come driving full spank:  
Old and young, great and small,  
Fair and brown, short and tall;  
For it's Dividend Day at the Bank.

Oh! it's Dividend Day!  
Oh! it's Dividend Day!  
And all sorts of queer incongruities:  
Old men and young maids, deaf ears and bright eyes,  
Are coming to claim their annuities.

All questions now cease—  
Is it war? is it peace?  
Who cares! Or for news of the Frank!  
For Fleet or Conscriptio,  
Turk, Russ, or Egyptian?—  
It's Dividend Day at the Bank.

“Dear uncle,” says Miss,  
With a smile and a kiss,  
“How rosy you're looking to-day!  
Stay! stop! stand you still!  
There's a fly on your frill:  
Psh! there, now I've brush'd it away.  
And here, look, dear nunks, is a beautiful purse:  
There, take it—no words—hush—don't thank!”  
And another great buss  
Accomp'nies the “puss”—  
(☞ It's Dividend Day at the Bank.)

The merchant on 'Change  
Thinks it looks *rayther* strange  
That his wife should come out all that way—  
From Kennington-common—  
Such a very fat woman!  
And such an “uncommon hot day!”  
To meet her “dear duck,”  
Her “love” and her “chuck:”

And then she's so hearty and frank,  
 Prates and chirps like a bird,—  
 But, of course, not a word  
 About Dividend Day at the Bank.

The Minister now,  
 With pre-occupied brow,  
 On some "secret service" is gone;  
 While loyal committee,  
 From borough or city,  
 Is left in its glory alone.  
 "Yet he promised to be  
 Here exactly at three—  
 Only think! and a man of his rank;  
 And possessing such zeal  
 For the national weal!"—  
 But it's Dividend Day at the Bank.

Now summer suns glow,  
 And summer buds blow,  
 And summer birds gladden each hour;  
 While soft strains of love  
 Are heard from above,  
 Where Beauty sits lone in her bow'r:  
 Sits lone in her bow'r,  
 And droops like the flow'r  
 That of rain or of dew hath not drank.  
 To her lover she cries;  
 But no lover replies!—  
 It's Dividend Day at the Bank.

Oh! the poet may sing  
 Of the beauties of Spring,  
 In a hymn to the sweet first of May;  
 The hero attune,  
 To the eighteenth of June,  
 His glorious, uproarious lay;  
 To Saint Valentine's morn,  
 Let lovers forlorn  
 Write verses, in rhyme or in blank;  
 I'll carol my lays,  
 To the glory and praise  
 Of Dividend Day at the Bank.

## MOON'S CHANGES.

Full Moon . . 5 day 5 min. past 2 aft.

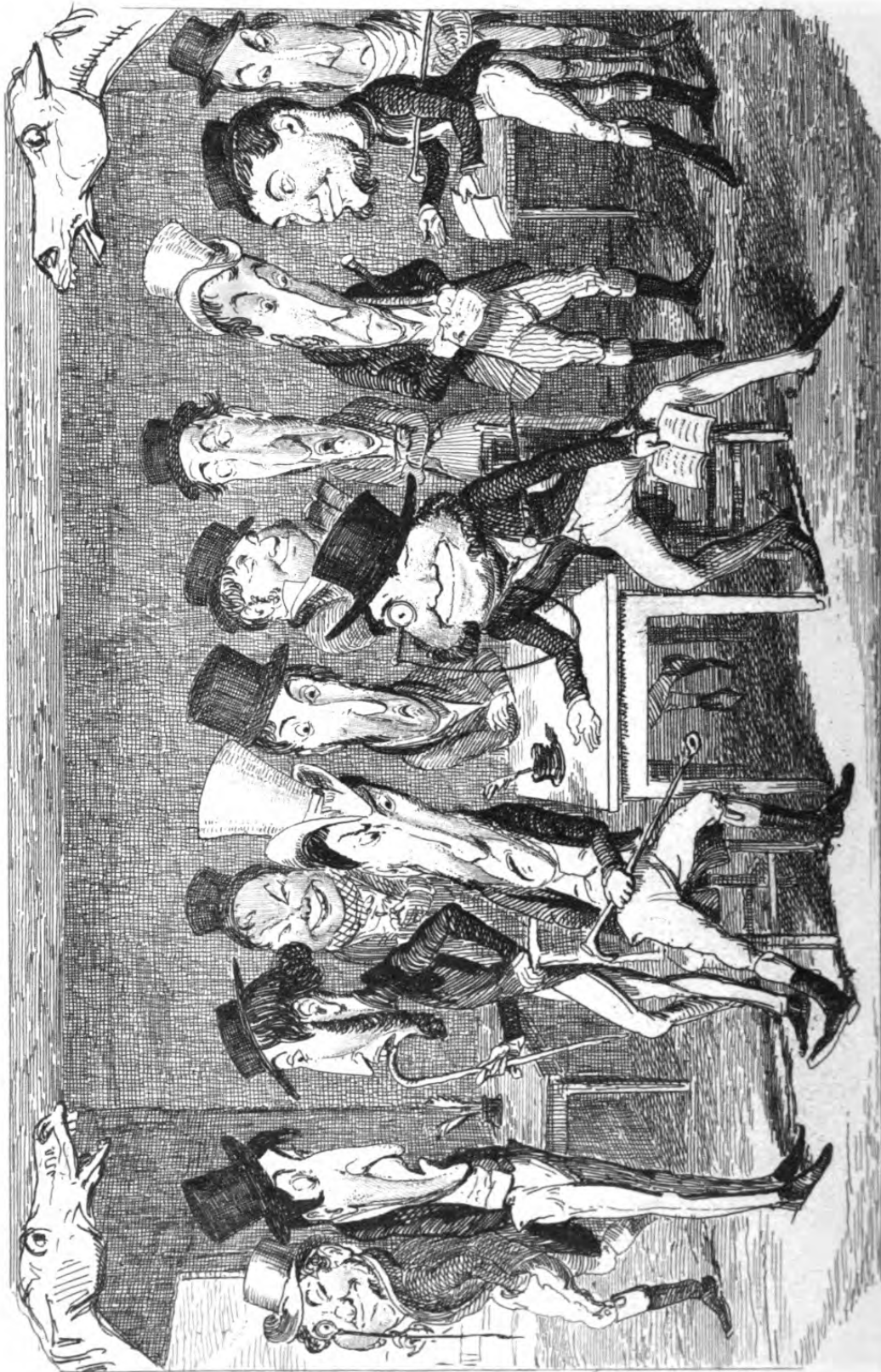
Last Quar. . . 13 day 21 min. past 4 aft.

New Moon . . 20 day 44 min. past 11 aft.

First Quar. . . 27 day 10 min. past 3 aft.

| M<br>D | W<br>D | FESTIVALS, &c.                     | Sun<br>rises &<br>sets. | M<br>A | Moon<br>rises &<br>sets. |
|--------|--------|------------------------------------|-------------------------|--------|--------------------------|
| 1      | S      | ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES           | r 4 35                  | 10     | 2 41                     |
| 2      | S      | 3 SUNDAY AFTER EASTER              | s 7 22                  | 11     | 2 56                     |
| 3      | M      |                                    | r 4 31                  | 12     | 3 8                      |
| 4      | T      | Day breaks 52 m. past 1            | s 7 25                  | 13     | 3 25                     |
| 5      | W      | Napoleon died, 1821                | r 4 27                  | F      | rises.                   |
| 6      | T      |                                    | s 7 28                  | 15     | 9 a 22                   |
| 7      | F      |                                    | r 4 30                  | 16     | 10 27                    |
| 8      | S      | <i>Easter Term ends</i>            | s 7 31                  | 17     | 11 21                    |
| 9      | S      | 4 SUNDAY AFTER EASTER              | r 4 21                  | 18     | morn.                    |
| 10     | M      |                                    | s 7 35                  | 19     | 0 4                      |
| 11     | T      | Bellingham shot Mr. Perceval       | r 4 17                  | 20     | 0 34                     |
| 12     | W      |                                    | s 7 38                  | 21     | 0 58                     |
| 13     | T      | <i>Old May Day</i>                 | r 4 14                  | L      | 1 14                     |
| 14     | F      |                                    | s 7 41                  | 23     | 1 29                     |
| 15     | S      |                                    | r 4 11                  | 24     | 1 42                     |
| 16     | S      | ROGATION SUNDAY                    | s 7 44                  | 25     | 1 54                     |
| 17     | M      |                                    | r 4 8                   | 26     | 2 8                      |
| 18     | T      | Clock after Sun, 3' 52''           | s 7 47                  | 27     | 2 24                     |
| 19     | W      | St. Dunstan                        | r 4 5                   | 28     | 2 42                     |
| 20     | T      | ASCENSION— <i>Holy Thursday</i>    | s 7 49                  | N      | sets.                    |
| 21     | F      | [ <i>Term begins</i>               | r 4 3                   | 1      | 9 a 16                   |
| 22     | S      | Pss. Homberg born.— <i>Trinity</i> | s 7 52                  | 2      | 10 23                    |
| 23     | S      | SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION             | r 4 0                   | 3      | 11 13                    |
| 24     | M      | QUEEN VICTORIA born, 1819          | s 7 55                  | 4      | 11 48                    |
| 25     | T      |                                    | r 3 58                  | 5      | morn.                    |
| 26     | W      | Commem. Handel, 1784               | s 7 57                  | 6      | 0 13                     |
| 27     | T      | Ven. Bede                          | r 3 56                  | Fi     | 0 32                     |
| 28     | F      | [ <i>Oxford Term ends</i>          | s 8 0                   | 8      | 0 47                     |
| 29     | S      | KING CHAS. II. RESTORED.—          | r 3 54                  | 9      | 1 3                      |
| 30     | S      | WHIT SUN.— <i>Cam. T. div. m.</i>  | s 8 2                   | 10     | 1 16                     |
| 31     | M      | WHIT MONDAY                        | r 3 52                  | 11     | 1 31                     |





George Cruikshank

MAY — Setting for the Derby — Long odds and long faces .



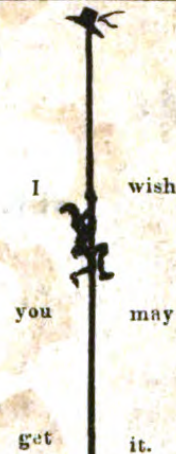
**HUNT THE SLIP-PER.**

**MAY GAMES—HOGG'S-WAKE.**

THE village is out, the village is out,  
Peasant and clodhopper, fool and flout ;  
Fast in the collars the gridders are seen,  
And the squeaking grunter is loose on the green :  
Halloo him, follow him, frighten him on !  
Whip him and skip him, fast bid him be gone !  
'Bout him, and knout him, and give him the flail,  
And put plenty of soap on his curly tail !  
Thus, in the midst of a beautiful run,  
My tale is begun, my tale is begun !

Like a man after lodgings, who's got a first floor,  
You're down on your belly, you country boor ;  
And his tail has given your fingers more  
Soap than they've seen for a year before ;  
Good little tail, sleek, greasy, and lean,  
Trying the villagers' hands to clean ;  
And see how they flounder, and see how they fail,  
In seeking to hold by the slippery tail !  
Thus, while pig and tail the villagers diddle,  
My tale's in the middle, my tale's in the middle !

Mid laughter, mid laughter, run after ! run after !  
The tail of the grunter taunts great and small ;  
Catch it you can't, for it bobs aslant,  
Like an eel that's beating the heels of you all !  
That pig so sleek, it'll hold for a week  
Its present connexion 'twixt Grisi and squall ;  
Till fairly worn out with its slipping about,  
When you catch it it won't have a tail at all :  
So here, at the tail of the sport, my friend,  
My tale and the pig's tail are both at an end !



Polish Fate.



Cotter's Saturday Night.

27. Order of the Bath. 1725. Water Witch.  
(Family Tale of a Tub.)

31. Wit Monday.

Pray who is the fellow of infinite fun,  
Of whom men declare that his wit, like the sun,  
Shines and sparkles along—that its bright sallies glide  
Like a fresh summer river at flow of its tide ?—  
Why, join wit, sun, and tide, and it's perfectly clear  
You mean jolly young Whitsuntide—Prince of the year !



Admiral De Witt.



## SETTLING DAY AT "THE CORNER."

---

"As I was going to (the) Derby,  
All on, &c."—OLD SONG.

---

I WISH I'd never bet ;  
I wish I'd never seen a horse or colt ;  
I wish I'd never join'd that jockeying set ;  
I wish I'd stopped away  
From Epsom on the Derby Day—  
And all such places !  
I wish I'd kept at home,  
And never shewn my person at a  
Hippodrome.  
I wish, instead of going like a dolt  
To those horse races,  
I'd gone to Cowes' Regatta !

We've all our ups and downs, I know,  
Both great and small ;  
But, oh !  
Those Epsom Downs are worst of all.

What could have made me join those gambling jockeys ?  
(Out-of-door Crockies):  
How could I reckon so without my host ?  
How could I, cockney born and bred,  
So run my head  
Against that betting post ?  
Brought up in staid pursuits  
(Not among nasty animals and brutes),  
How could I think, to such a blust'ring clan,  
My reason and my cash to yield ?  
I never was a martial man ;  
How could I "take the field?"

Why did I, stupid dolt,  
Back that confounded, desperate, Solace colt ?  
Or of that mulish Muley make a pet ?  
No doubt, large sums I thought of soon amassin' ;  
But what a double ass I was to bet  
On that Ass-ass-in !

The bounds of prudence, how hard to regain !  
When once a man o'ersteps 'em !  
But I have done: Richard's himself again !  
Yes, be assured,  
I'm now completely cured ;  
At least, this *shall* be my last dose of Epsom.

It was an awful moment—that run-in—  
 (Especially for those young minors short of tin!)  
 I own I felt my heart sink then,  
 And all my thoughts seemed driven into a "Corner:"  
 And then I thought of North America, and Canton,  
     And then I turned a scorner  
         Of men,  
     And thought of Joseph Manton.  
 And then the race-course whirled before my eyes;  
 And then I heard a voice, in words of thunder,  
     Say,  
     "Heyday,  
 Good sir! you seem to have some great surprise."—  
     "Yes, and it's Little Wonder!"

    However, now  
     That's past,  
     And I have made a vow  
     That bet shall be my last.  
 All wagers now I nauseate and detest  
     ("Odds" and the rest),  
     All jockeys hate,  
     (Welter and feather weight),  
     All meetings fly  
     (October and July);  
 In short, I think all racing sad,  
     And all its courses bad.  
 And as for the stupidity of those who go  
     The difference, I trow  
     (If there's a tittle),  
 'Twixt Donkey-ster and Ass-cot's mighty little.  
 I've burnt my "books;" no horse again I'll back  
     (Racer or hack):  
 No more I'll hedge: and, by the Grecian gods,  
     I'll not stand on the long odds.  
 With tens, and fives, and fours, and threes to one  
 I've done. I've done with saying "Done, done, done!"  
 My means no more I'll stake upon a Derby Day:  
     It's my last lay.

    From this day forth for evermore,  
 Though I should live to four—or forty score,  
     I'll never lay another shilling—  
     If I do I'm a villain—  
     (Be this the moral of my tale),  
 Though you should make me the most tempting offer—  
     Golconda to an empty coffer—  
 A thousand sterling to a pint of ale—  
     You shan't prevail.  
     No matter what the sum,  
     I won't.

\* \* \* \* \*

    Come,  
 I'll bet you half-a-crown I don't!

## MOON'S CHANGES.

Full Moon . . 4 day 42 min. past 3 mo.

Last Quar. . . 12 day 58 min. past 7 mo.

New Moon . . 19 day 15 min. past 7 mo.

First Quar. . . 25 day 37 min. past 10 aft.

| M<br>D | W<br>D | FESTIVALS, &c.                      | Sun<br>rises &<br>sets. | M<br>A | Moon<br>rises &<br>sets. |
|--------|--------|-------------------------------------|-------------------------|--------|--------------------------|
| 1      | T      | WHIT TUESDAY                        | r 3 51                  | 12     | 1 47                     |
| 2      | W      | EMBER WEEK.— <i>Oxford Term</i>     | s 8 6                   | 13     | 2 9                      |
| 3      | T      | [ <i>begins</i> ]                   | r 3 49                  | 14     | 2 37                     |
| 4      | F      |                                     | s 8 8                   | F      | rises.                   |
| 5      | S      | King of Hanover born, 1771          | r 3 48                  | 16     | 10 a 1                   |
| 6      | S      | TRINITY SUNDAY                      | s 8 10                  | 17     | 10 35                    |
| 7      | M      |                                     | r 3 47                  | 18     | 11 0                     |
| 8      | T      | Mrs. Siddons died, 1831             | s 8 11                  | 19     | 11 20                    |
| 9      | W      |                                     | r 3 46                  | 20     | 11 34                    |
| 10     | T      |                                     | s 8 13                  | 21     | 11 49                    |
| 11     | F      | ST. BARNABAS                        | r 3 45                  | 22     | 11 59                    |
| 12     | S      | <i>Trinity Term ends</i>            | s 8 14                  | L      | morn.                    |
| 13     | S      | 1 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY              | r 3 45                  | 24     | 0 13                     |
| 14     | M      |                                     | s 8 15                  | 25     | 0 26                     |
| 15     | T      |                                     | r 3 44                  | 26     | 0 44                     |
| 16     | W      | Clock before Sun, 0' 18"            | s 8 16                  | 27     | 1 4                      |
| 17     | T      |                                     | r 3 44                  | 28     | 1 34                     |
| 18     | F      | Battle of Waterloo, 1815            | s 8 17                  | 29     | 2 18                     |
| 19     | S      | [Acces.]                            | r 3 44                  | N      | sets.                    |
| 20     | S      | 2 SUN. AFT. TRIN.—Q. VICT.          | s 8 18                  | 1      | 9 a 44                   |
| 21     | M      | Q. VICT. Proc.— <i>Long. day.</i> — | r 3 44                  | 2      | 10 12                    |
| 22     | T      | [Sum. com. 3h. 34m. morn.]          | s 8 18                  | 3      | 10 35                    |
| 23     | W      |                                     | r 3 45                  | 4      | 10 53                    |
| 24     | T      | NAT. JOHN BAPT.—MIDS. D.            | s 8 19                  | 5      | 11 9                     |
| 25     | F      |                                     | r 3 45                  | Fi     | 11 23                    |
| 26     | S      | Day decr. 2m.                       | s 8 19                  | 7      | 11 37                    |
| 27     | S      | 3 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY              | r 3 46                  | 8      | 11 54                    |
| 28     | M      | QUEEN VICTORIA CROWNED              | s 8 19                  | 9      | morn.                    |
| 29     | T      | ST. PETER                           | r 3 47                  | 10     | 0 13                     |
| 30     | W      |                                     | s 8 18                  | 11     | 0 40                     |

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George Cruikshank

JUNE — The unlicensed Victuallers' Dinner .



THE OXFORD ARMS.

## DEER SUZAN,

I set up all Knight to set down to rite u a bout a horrit deed that has put all the grate Law yers to work, and has been a drawin Thiers from the Nay-shuns hies. It is a shock King crime, no less than a shoot in at the Queen. The assassin-hating will-in was quite in low life—nort but a pot-boy! (not as that is any dis-a-peerage-meant; for I here there is Potts a arch deecon, and Fill pots a Bishup;) but he did not ware his best to go before her Mad-jest-i, but own lie his work-a-day close, which I think was tatterd and torne, for I hurd mast her say he went there with ragged Side intenshuns. One thing is de-litefull to no, that the Queen got off as well as the pistoll, witch the will-in tuk. From the way he pre scented the weppon, it is thort he is one of the leveling classes, though it is won-durd what his aim could be. Sum say he was like Sir Wall-ter scots True Bar door,

“Burn-in with luv—to fire for fame;”

which I cant see, as that true bar door came “beneath his lades windo;” but this pot-boy went into the O pen park, and turn’d the Queen quite pail, a shoot in thru the pail-ings! The Public in dig Nashun nose no bounds: the Public Houses of the People, with their benches and their bar, are to Congrat tulerate the Queen on her he scape from the pot-boy. He was a errand will-in; and as he was tuk in one Park, i understand he is to be tried by another, wot is as good a Judge as he. His name is oxford, and a hug lie feller he is, tho no feller, I am tolld, of the Oxford wot has a call edge on the banks of the Ices, which is a river, you No, and, I spoze, is all ways froze. They say the grand jury cant help find in a true Bill aginst him, which reminds me of my own true Bill, who lives with farm her Constant. Give my luv to him, and all so kep it for yourself; and so for the present good buy. Yours till deth,

CARRY LINE.

## 11. Bacon died. 1294.

A con about Ba-con.

Why is a good cook like a Student of Philosophy?  
Because she has long been accustomed to *fry her bacon*.

Bacon’s a bygone, for him I don’t care,  
More than girls care for school when they’re out of their teens;  
Don’t call him a bygone—of *Bacon* I swear,  
It’s more proper to class him among the *has-beans*.



A Bacon Frier.

AN UNDERTAKER.

Pray, sir, what has been your largest undertaking in life!

Why, I once took ten shillings in the pound on a debt of ten thousand, and that was the largest undertaking I ever had.

## 19. QUEEN VICTORIA’S ACCESSION.

As once our Queen *succeeded* to the throne,  
Setting her people all to merry-makings;  
So may she not succeed to that alone,  
But eke succeed in all her undertakings!

## THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS' DINNER.

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THE dinner of the Licensed Victuallers is better to them than the wisdom of Solomon, or the ore of lore: it is their feast of literature, for they consider it in the light of a splendid annual—magnificently bound in calf for society—with the *cloth* edition especially reserved for themselves. It is a pleasure to behold their spread, the chairman soaring into Epicurean sublimity, like the *spread eagle*, or feasting like the golden vulture upon quid *vult*. See, they have gathered in the strength of their convivality. Every one of them is a landlord, if not a lord of the land; how they labour at their vocation of cram; their festive board has become a board of works; and they are all busy about the pleasantest half of the trade of *carver* and *gilder*. Every man, like a tailor, is taking his full measure; their whole vision is given to the *pro-vision*; and they are now, more than doctors and lawyers, among the *feed*. Pollok's course of time is nothing to the course of victuals now produced. All the creatures that figure on their sign-boards have been brought up and dressed for the nonce. Rarities are here, which it must have required a new edition of "Cook's Voyages" to procure. The *Goose with the Gridiron*, the *Magpie without the Stump*, the *Swan with Two Necks*, and the throttle of some youthful Boniface acting *Lad-lane* for the luxury: a joint from the Pig in the Pound; the Blue Boar done thoroughly brown; the meek Lamb sent saucy from the Mint; the Dolphin, by off-slicing process, changing its size and not its dyes; the "Cock" with exquisite stuffing, so that it emulates a firm of city silversmiths, and becomes "Cock Savoury:" the Hen and Chickens, quite a gentle brood, roasted for food; the "Salmon," accustomed to swim, now beginning in consequence to sink; and last, not least, the Peacock assisting at the spread! Sure here is food for reflection, and the *great body* of Licensed Victuallers may rejoice in the victuals thereof.

Dinner is now over. The "Queen" is disposed of; the "Royal Family" are settled; "the Army and Navy" are dispatched. Although it is not an ordinary, they have gone through the ordinary toasts: the business of the evening is about to be commenced; the Chairman is on his mettle, and on his legs. He is a wit and a wittler; a patriot on the side of the public-houses and the public. Bodily, as well as oratorically, he is a great speaker, and his eloquence is now let loose. He informs the company before him of the great importance of the humane and intoxicating society to which he belongs. He tells them that the Licensed Victuallers are connected with all that is elevating (spirits for instance), civilizing, and admirable, in town and

country. They are identified equally with the lush and the literature of the land; for he is prepared to contend, that whatever has been great in literature, is deducible from lush. Every author of eminence has been more or less inspired from the tap, the bin, the cellar, or the bar. The Edinburgh Castle has never been a Castle of Indolence; and taverns must be regarded as the fountains of the mind. Vehement cries of "bravo," and "draw it mild," here interrupt the speaker; but he declares he cannot draw it any milder, and that it would be stale, flat, and unprofitable if he did. He would prove his case. The poet who quaffs British brandy is filled with patriotic spirit, and writes nobly for native land. The wit confines himself to what is rum. The nautical novelist sticks to port. Gin inspires the great delineators of human life. What, for instance, but gin-twist, could have brought *Oliver Twist* to light. He would repeat—that lush and literature were indissolubly connected, and that the press and the punch-bowl were one. Yes, the very press was nothing but a great punch-bowl. Its thunder, devilism, and vituperation, were the spirit; its bland praises were the sweets; its sarcastic truths and stings were the blended bitter and acid; its pleasant news was the aroma from the lemon-peel; its quarrels were the hot water; its sneers were the cold: it sometimes created a terrible stir; but then punch was nothing without that; and, finally, the newsmen were the glasses, and when all was done, the editors were the ladles—he said ladles emphatically, lest they should be taken for *spoons*—that doled it out to the eager-swallowing community. (Loud cries of "capital," and incessant cheering.) All these things incontestably proved that the kings of the lush were the kings of the literature of the land; and, therefore, the Licensed Victuallers were at the head of the civilization of the empire. It was said that "knowledge is power;" very well—then the public had to thank them and their brewers. They might talk of their cheap periodicals, but, he would ask, would there be any circulation of instruction in this kingdom, if it was not for the respectable firm of *Read and Co.* Another gentleman was a *Whitbread*—he might say, a wit-bred and born: but there was no end of illustration; and, if knowledge was power, it was a brewer's dray-horse power; it passed to the public through the cellars of the publicans, and all he could say was, if it came up "*heavy*," it went down light. "He should, *therefore*, give—Prosperity to the Licensed Victuallers' Institution."

The toast is drunk with applause—the Chairman shortly after follows its example, and by two in the morning the company have got under the table over their wine.



## MOON'S CHANGES.

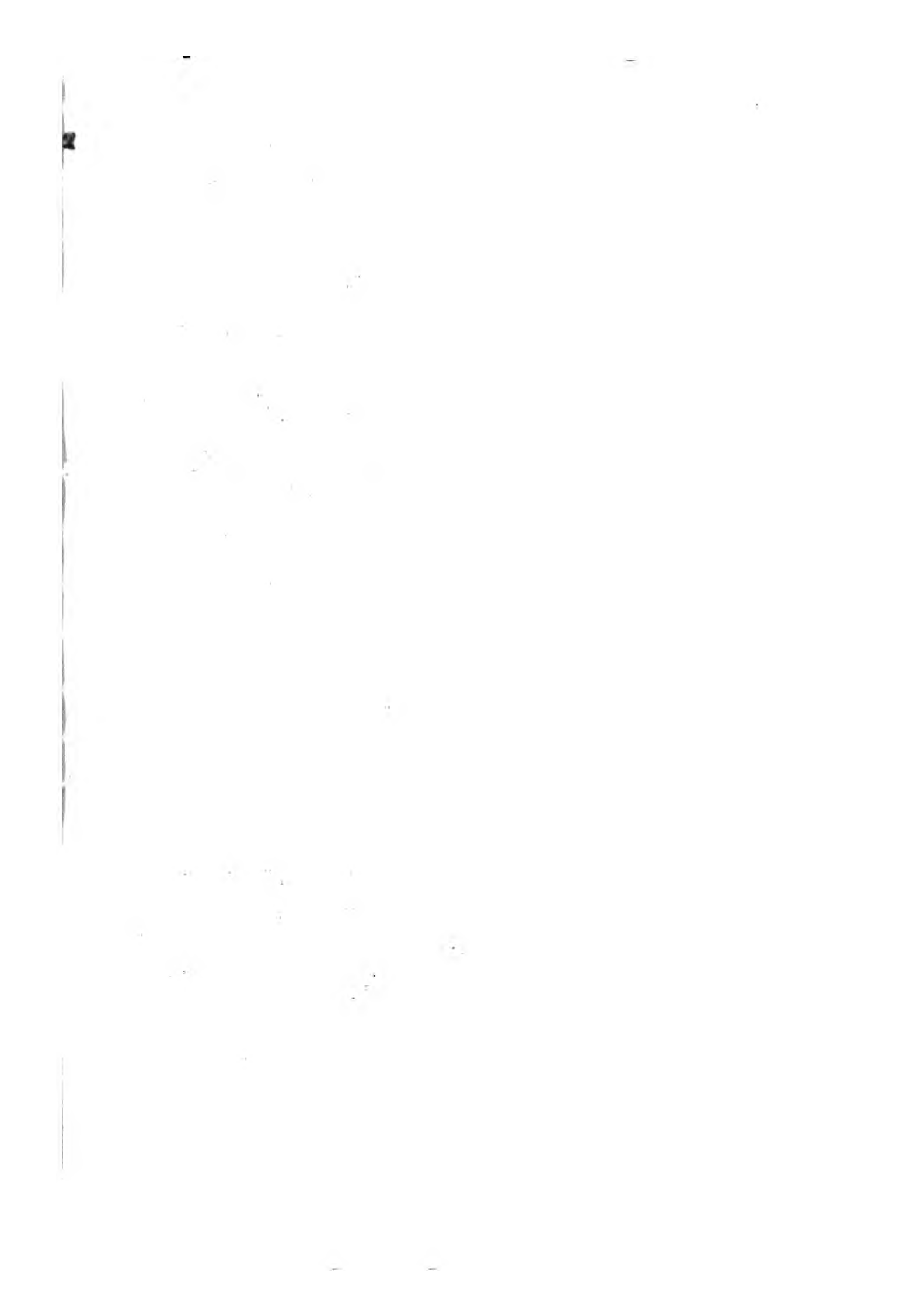
Full Moon . . 3 day 28 min. past 6 aft.

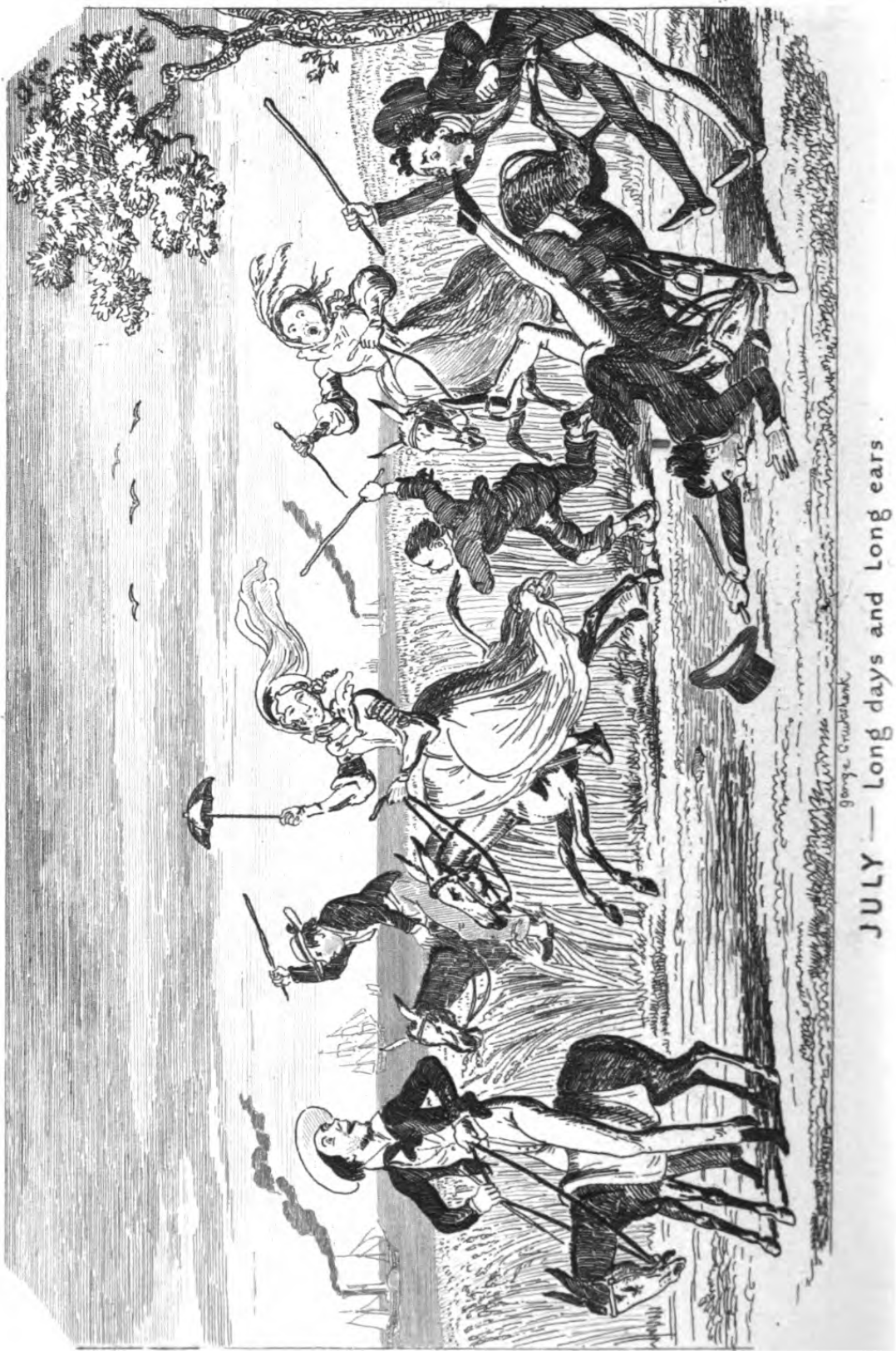
Last Quar. . . 11 day 30 min. past 8 aft.

New Moon . . 18 day 13 min. past 2 aft.

First Quar. . . 25 day 21 min. past 8 mo.

| M<br>D | W<br>D   | FESTIVALS, &c.                 | Sun<br>rises &<br>sets. | M<br>A | Moon<br>rises &<br>sets. |
|--------|----------|--------------------------------|-------------------------|--------|--------------------------|
| 1      | T        | Battle of the Boyne, 1690      | r 3 49                  | 12     | 1 14                     |
| 2      | F        |                                | s 8 18                  | 13     | 2 0                      |
| 3      | S        | Dog days begin                 | r 3 50                  | F      | rises.                   |
| 4      | <b>S</b> | 4 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY         | s 8 17                  | 15     | 9 a 4                    |
| 5      | M        |                                | r 3 52                  | 16     | 9 26                     |
| 6      | T        | <i>Oxford Act.—Camb. com.—</i> | s 8 16                  | 17     | 9 41                     |
| 7      | W        | [Old Midsummer Day             | r 3 53                  | 18     | 9 55                     |
| 8      | T        |                                | s 8 15                  | 19     | 10 5                     |
| 9      | F        | <i>Cambridge Term ends</i>     | r 3 55                  | 20     | 10 19                    |
| 10     | S        | <i>Oxford Term ends</i>        | s 8 13                  | 21     | 10 33                    |
| 11     | <b>S</b> | 5 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY         | r 3 57                  | L      | 10 47                    |
| 12     | M        |                                | s 8 12                  | 23     | 11 5                     |
| 13     | T        |                                | r 3 59                  | 24     | 11 29                    |
| 14     | W        | Bastile dest. 1789             | s 8 10                  | 25     | morn.                    |
| 15     | T        | <i>St. Swithin</i>             | r 4 1                   | 26     | 0 5                      |
| 16     | F        |                                | s 8 8                   | 27     | 0 56                     |
| 17     | S        |                                | r 4 4                   | 28     | 2 6                      |
| 18     | <b>S</b> | 6 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY         | s 8 6                   | N      | sets.                    |
| 19     | M        |                                | r 4 6                   | 1      | 8 a 36                   |
| 20     | T        |                                | s 8 4                   | 2      | 8 56                     |
| 21     | W        | Clock before Sun, 6' 3"        | r 4 9                   | 3      | 9 14                     |
| 22     | T        |                                | s 8 1                   | 4      | 9 29                     |
| 23     | F        |                                | r 4 11                  | 5      | 9 44                     |
| 24     | S        | Gibraltar taken, 1704          | s 7 59                  | 6      | 10 0                     |
| 25     | <b>S</b> | 7 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.—       | r 4 14                  | Fi     | 10 18                    |
| 26     | M        | [St. Jas.—Dss.Camb.b.1797      | s 7 56                  | 8      | 10 43                    |
| 27     | T        |                                | r 4 17                  | 9      | 11 13                    |
| 28     | W        | Robespierre guillotined, 1798  | s 7 53                  | 10     | 11 56                    |
| 29     | T        |                                | r 4 20                  | 11     | morn.                    |
| 30     | F        | W. Penn d. 1718                | s 7 50                  | 12     | 0 49                     |
| 31     | S        |                                | r 4 23                  | 13     | 1 52                     |





JULY — Long days and Long ears.

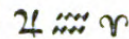


**THE USHER OF THE BLACK ROD.**

THE time of holiday is fled from little Master J.,  
 He's going to the school instead of going to the play ;  
 His master is come *home*, his fate 'tis easy to forebode,  
 And heartily he wishes now the "schoolmaster *abroad* :"  
 He cannot love him, though he be sweet-temper'd, 'tis in vain,  
 Unable is the boy to see the sugar in the *cane* !  
 A chaise is waiting at the door, in which he's doom'd to go,  
 He knows and feels its very wheels will bear him to his woe ;  
 The thing he rides in he derides, and there, for joy, would dance  
 If master, chaise, and all, were safe at *Pere la Chaise*, in France !

To force a young and chubby boy to school, away from home,  
 'S like taking a young *Regulus* to *Carthage*, back from *Rome* :  
 Upon his *bed*, more like a *board*, he cries and lies aw ake,  
 His *fruit* is fruitless, and he feels he doesn't *need* his *cake* !  
 His *bat* is chang'd into a *bawl*, the rod'll never stop,  
 It's always whipping *bottom*, now, instead of whipping *top* :  
 Book'd for a flogging, whether book proclaim him dunce, or clever,  
 Kept from the *playground*, oftentimes upon no *ground* whatever :  
 Pinned in from good hard exercise, hard exercise to pen,  
 And told that slaving present boys is saving future men !

Boys  
 go back  
 in coaches.  
 Thrashing  
 time  
 approaches



Now  
 School-  
 storms  
 reign :



Bat



Trap



and Ball.



School exercise.

**23. Chinese Expedition blockaded Canton.  
 Sailed for Chusan.**

Our British Bull whom nothing well can stop,  
 Directed by *Victoria Regina*,  
 Went, right a-head, into a *China shop*,  
 And set himself to work a-breaking *China* !  
 Be sure he didn't preach or *Cant on* there ;  
 The expedition he had set his shoes in,  
 Kept fighting with an expedition rare,  
 And didn't stop for *picking* or for *Chusan* !  
 The town was well besieged ; for *Johnny* took  
 Position up too strong to be evaded ;  
 And, like the wood-cuts of this comic book,  
*Canton* was soon most thoroughly *block-aided* !

Begins  
 again  
 the  
 Hurry  
 —cane.

Picking and choosing.



Wooing in black  
 and white.

# ODE TO THE SEA:

(WITH INTERRUPTIONS.)

*Written on Margate sands, by Miss Belinda Bucklersbury.*

Oh! lovely Sea; sweet daughter of the sky!  
To thee I pour my soul; on thee I cry:  
Oh! let some sister Naiad float this way,  
Lend me her wand, then mid the waves I'll stray.

[Here you are, my lady. Bathe you for a shilling. Comfortablest machine on the beach; and no hextry charge for soap and towels.]

Oh! for the merry sea-bird's wing, to fly  
To where yon sunny cloud floats in the sky,  
And seems a fairy palace built of light,  
A happy home, where all is gay and bright.

[Try a donkey, ma'am. He'll carry you as quiet as a lamb, and nuffink von't tire him.]

Ocean! how strange, how wondrous strange thy power,  
At morning's dawn, or glowing sunset hour!  
Ev'n now my heart earth's narrow bounds hath pass'd;  
My swelling brain for its cribbed cell's too vast.

[Take a pair o' sculls, ma'am. I'll row you a mile out and a mile in for half-a-crown; and there aint a trimmer little craft in all Margate, than "Moll o' Wapping."]

All sweet emotions on thy shores abound:  
All gentle passions gentler here are found.  
'Twas here first sprang to life bright Beauty's Queen;  
Nurtured and cradled on thy billows green.

[Buy a Wenus's ear, Miss? or a box o' powders to perwent sea-sickness? Only von and sixpence the lot.]

Here soothing thoughts come borne on zephyr's wing,  
And round the heart, like summer flowers, spring,  
Sweet thoughts of love, that all thoughts else control,  
And in one mighty passion bind the soul.

[Here's a prime box o' smuggled cigars, Miss, for your sweet-heart! or a nice little keg o' rale French brandy, for yourself! Let you have 'em a bargain.]

While yet a child, Ocean, I loved to stand  
Gazing and list'ning on thy pebbly strand;  
And, even now, the song I seem to hear—  
The mariner's song, to my young heart so dear.

[Yoi-hoi!—Yoi-ee-ho!—Yow!—Yoi-ee-hey!—Eiugh!—Yoi-oi!  
—Oi-yoi!—Ee-ow-oi-yo hough! &c. &c.]

Oh! mighty, wondrous world; what fearful forms  
Of giant force thou nursest in thy storms!  
Here pond'rous whales 'mid crashing icebergs stray;  
There vast leviathans with tempests play.

[Here's your perriwinkles! penny a pint! Winkle-winkle-winkle-winkle-winkle-man! Fine fresh winkles, only a penny a pint!]

Behold, along the beach, these beauteous shells!  
In each, I ween, some ocean-spirit dwells:  
Pluck we the first. It's pearly depths behold!  
What hues of crimson, em'rald, azure, gold!

[Oh! crikey, Bill; vot a conch that lady's got!]

Alas! I'm but a hapless child of earth,  
I cannot stray where syren songs of mirth  
Are heard in coral bowers with pearls bedight;  
On me sweet Fortune never smiled so bright!

[Try your luck, marm, in the Lottery. A musical box, two paper nautiluses, and a piece of the wreck of the *Royal George*. Only von shilling a ticket, and only two numbers wacant.]

Oftimes at eve, when the pale moon shines clear,  
And soft winds sigh, those notes I seem to hear:  
Ev'n now, methought I heard the magic strain,  
Oh! syren, sing that well-known song again!

[Nix, my Dolly, pals fake away—  
Ni-ix, my Dolly, pals fake away.]

But, oh! a weight oppresses my sad soul;  
My spirits sink beneath its dread control.

[EASE HER!—Ease her!]

Thy boiling waves my daring footsteps spurn;  
To earth again in grief I'm forced to turn.

[HALF TURN ASTARN!—Half turn astarn!  
GO ON!—Go on!]

Farewell! farewell! though I could stay and gaze  
On thy bright tide, sweet Sea, for endless days;  
But earthly voices call me to the shore,  
I must away; fare—fare-thee-well once more!

*(In a very small voice, half a mile off.)*

[Holloa, marm, you can't get back! you've let the tide come up all round you, and if you attempt to stir you're a drowned woman. Stop where you are, and hold fast by your camp-stool till the man comes; and he'll bring you ashore wery comfortable on his back for half-a-crown.]

## MOON'S CHANGES.

Full Moon . . 2 day 2 min. past 10 aft.

Last Quar. . . 10 day 19 min. past 6 aft.

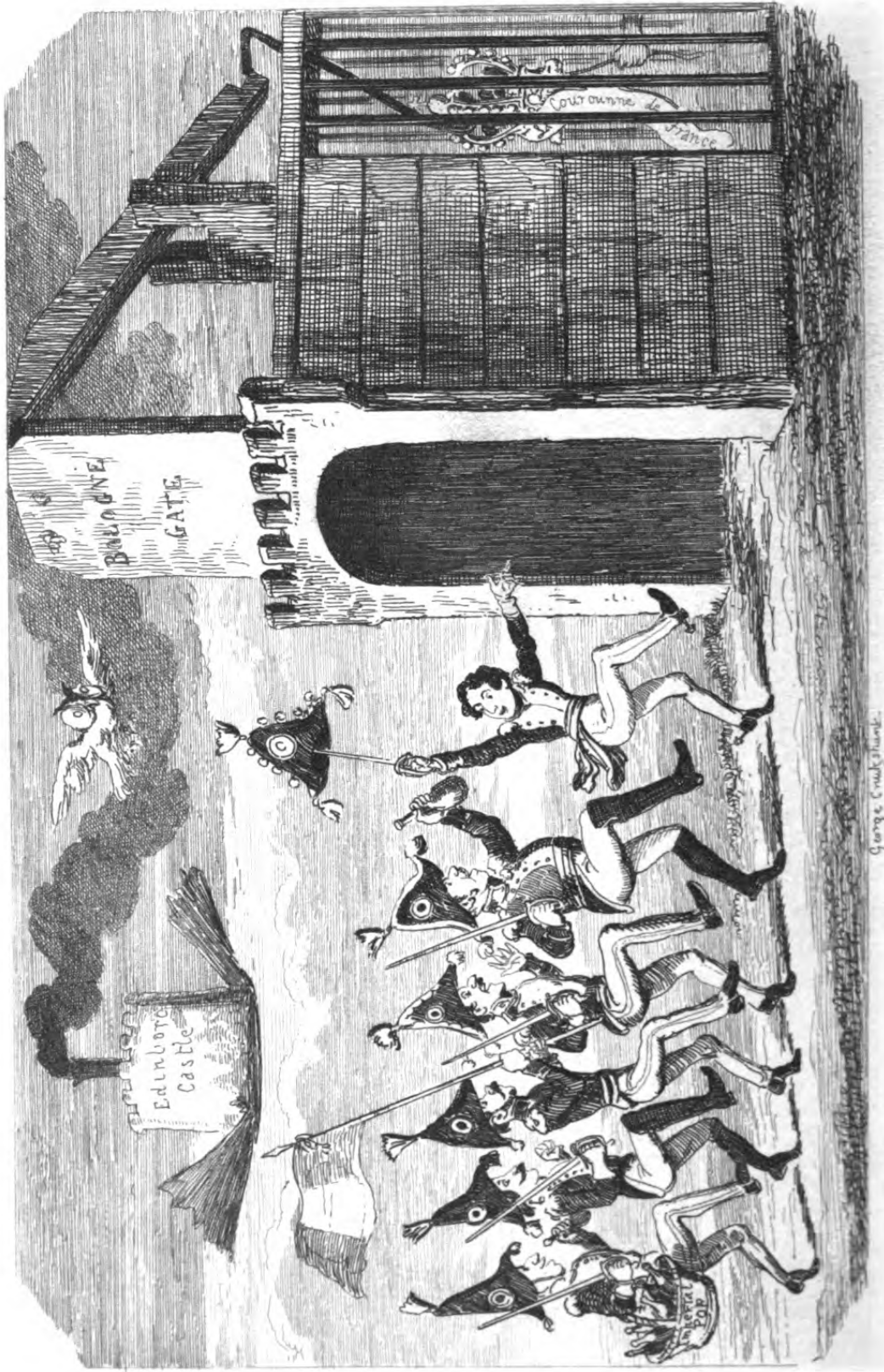
New Moon . . 16 day 33 min. past 9 aft.

First Quar. . . 23 day 10 min. past 9 mo.

| M<br>D | W<br>D   | FESTIVALS, &c.             | Sun<br>rises &<br>sets. | M<br>A | Moon<br>rises and<br>sets. |
|--------|----------|----------------------------|-------------------------|--------|----------------------------|
| 1      | <b>S</b> | 8 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY—    | r 4 24                  | 14     | 3 1                        |
| 2      | <b>M</b> | [ <i>Lammas Day</i> ]      | s 7 45                  | F      | rises.                     |
| 3      | <b>T</b> | Bank of England com. 1732  | r 4 27                  | 16     | 8 a 3                      |
| 4      | <b>W</b> |                            | s 7 42                  | 17     | 8 16                       |
| 5      | <b>T</b> | Earl Howe died, 1799       | r 4 30                  | 18     | 8 28                       |
| 6      | <b>F</b> |                            | s 7 38                  | 19     | 8 40                       |
| 7      | <b>S</b> |                            | r 4 33                  | 20     | 8 54                       |
| 8      | <b>S</b> | 9 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY     | s 7 35                  | 21     | 9 11                       |
| 9      | <b>M</b> |                            | r 4 37                  | 22     | 9 31                       |
| 10     | <b>T</b> |                            | s 7 31                  | L      | 10 1                       |
| 11     | <b>W</b> | Dog Days end               | r 4 40                  | 24     | 10 43                      |
| 12     | <b>T</b> |                            | s 7 27                  | 25     | 11 42                      |
| 13     | <b>F</b> | QUEEN ADELAIDE born, 1792  | r 4 43                  | 26     | morn.                      |
| 14     | <b>S</b> |                            | s 7 27                  | 27     | 0 58                       |
| 15     | <b>S</b> | 10 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY    | r 4 46                  | 28     | 2 26                       |
| 16     | <b>M</b> |                            | s 7 20                  | N      | sets.                      |
| 17     | <b>T</b> | Duchess of Kent born, 1786 | r 4 49                  | 1      | 7 a 16                     |
| 18     | <b>W</b> |                            | s 7 16                  | 2      | 7 33                       |
| 19     | <b>T</b> |                            | r 4 52                  | 3      | 7 48                       |
| 20     | <b>F</b> | Clock before Sun, 3' 7"    | s 7 12                  | 4      | 8 4                        |
| 21     | <b>S</b> |                            | r 4 56                  | 5      | 8 21                       |
| 22     | <b>S</b> | 11 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY    | s 7 7                   | 6      | 8 44                       |
| 23     | <b>M</b> |                            | r 4 59                  | Fi     | 9 13                       |
| 24     | <b>T</b> | ST. BARTHOLOMEW            | s 7 3                   | 8      | 9 52                       |
| 25     | <b>W</b> |                            | r 5 2                   | 9      | 10 42                      |
| 26     | <b>T</b> | Prince Albert born, 1819   | s 6 59                  | 10     | 11 42                      |
| 27     | <b>F</b> |                            | r 5 5                   | 11     | morn.                      |
| 28     | <b>S</b> |                            | s 6 54                  | 12     | 0 50                       |
| 29     | <b>S</b> | 12 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY    | r 5 8                   | 13     | 2 0                        |
| 30     | <b>M</b> |                            | s 6 50                  | 14     | 3 12                       |
| 31     | <b>T</b> |                            | r 5 11                  | 15     | 4 25                       |







AUGUST — Idées Napoléennes .



**A WATER PARTY.**

**TEA-TOTALLERS IN THEIR CUPS.**

A POET, a tea-totaller, lay losing of his breath,  
 And rhapsodizing, as it were, within the jaws of death,  
 Mad scraps of most perverted verse from Campbell, Scott, or Hemans,  
 And full of spirits, as of song, in his delirium tremens;  
 He gasped a cup and couplet—both were finished in a minute,  
 Then died of drinking too much tea, with too much brandy in it!

T  
T  
T  
T  
T  
T  
T  
T

A lawyer turned tea-totaller, from drink to get reliefs,  
 Brief was his vow, and broken soon, perhaps, for want of briefs;  
 One summer's day, near Temple-bar, with temperance to look big,  
 He tied its medal to his gown, its ribband to his wig;  
 When, all at once, a sudden thirst of his resolve made sport,  
 The inn he turned into, alas! was not an inn of court:  
 And that tea-totaller was found in a curious place to find one,  
 Not bright with wit before a bar, but as drunk as a beast behind one!

**T**

A lady with a ruby nose, and skin all blotched about,  
 Who suddenly perceived that gin put her complexion out,  
 Soon took a "water vow," right well determined none should warp it,  
 And kept it till, one day, she fell for dead upon the carpet!  
 They took her up, they chafed her hand, they rubbed her temples over;  
 How was it, then, that lady dear did never more recover?  
 Why the drunken waterman had turn'd—(some horrid death he merits),  
 As temperance had made water scarce—her cistern on with spirits!

*Tea-total*

It's odd what things befall men of a temperance way of thinking,  
 Most strange the best tea-totallers should always die of drinking!  
 Soaking the stomach so with tea, as if its coats were fustian,  
 Yet, somehow, bursting with, at last, spontaneous combustion;  
 The teapot is the sign from which, most vigorous, too, their sups they are,  
 Yet when they meet they're sure to be discover'd in their cups, they are;  
 And when their next procession comes, just take a notice cursory,  
 How many totallers will die of their sober anniversary!

**4. Oyster d. begin. Milton's Paradise Lost. 11. Dog d. end.**

Tom was a martyr—but it was to spirits, wine, and prog;  
 The name that people called him by was always—Jolly Dog!  
 He died of surfeit—and his friends, all at a funeral splendid,  
 Wept tears of pious grief to find his jolly-dog days ended!

Barking  
in  
Essex.



Company's  
Terminus  
at  
Houndsditch.

## THE INVASION OF BOULOGNE.

*From Harry Dobbs, Stoker on Board the City of Edinburgh Steamer, to Bill Ball, Touter to the Commercial Company in London.*

"O CRIKY Bil—ven i tuk my Last tender partin off yew down in the cole ole off the citty off Heddinborow and Himprinted that here kis on the hafecshonat mouth of yewr sister kate vich she sed she wood never wash off the Blak til it wore away in the riglar Coarse off natur, litel did i think i shood ever cum to be puld up afore a lot of frensh Beaks and cald upon to comit Purgatory by swaring my name was mountseer Hornree Doe insted of plain Harry Dobbs. Arter a deal of bother and giberish, Gilty or not gilty, ses they. Parly voo fronsy, ses i, at vich the juge de Pay (so cald i suppose becaws yew ar obleegt to Bribe him befour yew can get anny justiss out off him) busted out a laffin; arter vich the Por-kipine du Raw repeted the kestin, Gilty or not gilty, ses he, Non mi recordo, ses i, at vich off vent the old juge agen, wors nor ever the Lord mare and mister obler, tho i ust to Think they vas the Rumist chaps for Larkin a feler off to the gallass as ever i seed. Thinks i if yew vonts to cum down uppon me with yewr Burns justiss i shal cum down uppon yew vith my Cokes.

"But to Begin at the beginin. at Blakvall ve tuk on board a Grate menny of the mountseers, most on em cummin down by the Stand-up train—vich gravesend Dito and Dito Dito hern Bay and margit. Bean my 1st interdution in frensh sositaty i may say i vos tuk  $\frac{1}{2}$  a turn astarn at fust But sune got my steem up and vos awl rite in no time. Vot i most admires in the frensh carekter is vot devvels they ar to Drink! theyde got lots off sperrits vith em, and ass i say Ven yewr goin a Long viage theres nothink like sumthink Short. Afore ve vos fairly out off the rivver the gemmen vos  $\frac{1}{2}$  seas over, and sich Rummy felers for Brandy i never clapt my iis on. Allso hosions of lemmonaid and neguss, and ass nateraly concludes amung so menny papishes lots of pop-ery. The same of soder vater and ginger bear, spanish juce vater and O sucree, so that ass the capten sed instid off bean at Hern bay yew mite have fancied yewrself at the Cove of Cork. And deer Bil allow me to say in regard of Drinkin there aint no cumparrison between the O D V and the O Sucree. The fust is rely a cappital O.

"Onfortinat the vind began to get up ven ve got into Blew vater, and sune arter cummin on a gale vas a deth Blow to their merryment, the grate guns sune clering away their pokket Pistols. From ramsgit ve run to Rye, vich yew mite hav told by the Rye faces, and the fowl vether continnying the mountseers vos awl sick and sevens. Arter a vile there vos a bit of a lul, vich yung Bony tuk the hopertunity of the sea sicknes makin him a litel moor Sober to adres his joly cumpanyons evvery 1, vich such ass dared ventur their ankechers from their mouths Waved em in the air cryin ip huray! in their frensh lingo, and then awl vent down into the salloon and sune arter cum up agen Togd out ass genralls and Kernels, vich vos fine Nuts for our felers, and deer Bill my opinyan is they vood hav tuk franse prisoner Esy anuff only for 1 thing vich is this, Bean awl Listed ass Comandin ofisirs and no Privets their vosent nobdy to obey orders ven the vord vos gev to Fire, and next time they atemts a hinwasion they must take out less Musk and moor

Muskits, and not fancy they can konker a kingdom vith nothink but sedlits Powder.

"The 1st land ve made in franse vas Cape Greeny,\* vich vos werry appropo. But dident go ashore til ve got to neer Bulloan, ven the chap ass had got the Live egle in the cage bean too Drunk to make him Go threw his performenses and me haveing tuk the hopertunaty of Toggin myself out in 1 off the hoffisirs castoff sutes, jined the xpedishun ass a Vollunteer, vith the egle atop off my hed and 1 off the Cole saks under my cote to Bring away the Lewy nappolions in. Ve then marcht to Bulloan and jined by several werry Respectabel fish wimmen enterd the barrax, vere there vos a Rigler shindy betwixt the sham solgers and the Real vons. Yung Bony shot 1 poor feler. ass he sed for the Meer fun off the thing and to kepe the game alive, vich deer Bil it seems werry Ard dont it for a chap vot refusis a Napolion to be put off vith a Pistole. Ass sune ass wede got kikt out of the barrax Prince lewy gev a Permotion in honner. 1 chap vos created a Leegun of honner, a nuther a Shivvileer, a nuther a Gennerrallissimmo and so on, and deer Bil i beleav i vos created Sumthink, but not bean quite perfect in my frensh ar unable to say vot i am, so pleas Direct at pressant ass nuthink but Nite off the egle, and ven i No myself Betor vil drop yew  $\frac{1}{2}$  a hounse to inform.

Ve next marcht to the Hi toun vich tawk of frensh Perlitenes they shet the Dore in our fases; and then Repared to the Grand collum Bilt by the riginal Bony to comensurate the Grand viktry ass vos to hav bean hobtained by the Grand army ass vos to hav hinvaded ingland. Hear, arter bilkin the dorekeper out off his 6 pense, the chap vot carred the standerd mounted up to the top, and me Thinkin that vos the safist place for the pressant Followd his leder vith the egle, vich as sune as ve arived at the sumat had a Werry hextensif vew off Prinse lewy a cuttin his unlukky, folowd by his folowers at Hi pressure spede, and awl makin for the coast ass if the devvle ad em. In coarse the collum vos sune surrounded and ve vos sumond to cum down. Poor mountseer havein the frensh union Jak found upon him vos sune tuk up and sent to Prasn. But deer Bil takin the Hopertunaty off a rigement off the nashonal gards and a kumpny off the John Dams and a batalyan of the perventif sirvis Rushin on the poor standerd barer at the Botom of the collum i Let fly the egle from the Top and takein out the cole sak Blakt myself awl over and rented my cloas into a meer Stoker, so ass ven they come to xamen me Found nothink like Proof pozitif, and insted off bean brote in a frensh Hero shal turn myself out to be nothink but a Halibi.

Ass for the Grand army most off em ran into the vater and vos Tuk prizners by the bathin wimen. Sum got Pepperd by the John Dams and sum got Salted by the oshun, but deer Bil to conclude i shal nevver jine a Bony party agen as lungs i breathe, and Prinse lewy wil xcuse me sayin he showd himself a Propper goose for ingagin in sich a war of Propper gander.

"yewrs Truly,  
"HARRY DOBBS."

\* Query—Cape Grisnez?—*Rig. Fun.*

## MOON'S CHANGES.

|             |       |                |             |
|-------------|-------|----------------|-------------|
| Full Moon   | ..... | 1 day 34 min.  | past 1 mo.  |
| Last Quar.  | ..... | 8 day 13 min.  | past 2 aft. |
| New Moon    | ..... | 15 day 2 min.  | past 6 mo.  |
| First Quar. | ..... | 22 day 32 min. | past 1 aft. |
| Full Moon   | ..... | 30 day 19 min. | past 4 aft. |

| M<br>D | W<br>D   | FESTIVALS, &c.                | Sun<br>rises &<br>sets. | M<br>A | Moon<br>rises &<br>sets. |
|--------|----------|-------------------------------|-------------------------|--------|--------------------------|
| 1      | W        | Giles                         | r 5 13                  | F      | rises.                   |
| 2      | T        | London burnt, 1666            | s 6 43                  | 17     | 6 a 9                    |
| 3      | F        | Day breaks 12m. p. 3          | r 5 16                  | 18     | 7 2                      |
| 4      | S        |                               | s 6 39                  | 19     | 7 18                     |
| 5      | <b>S</b> | 13 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY       | r 5 19                  | 20     | 7 37                     |
| 6      | M        |                               | s 6 35                  | 21     | 8 2                      |
| 7      | T        | Queen Eliz. born, 1533        | r 5 23                  | 22     | 8 40                     |
| 8      | W        |                               | s 6 30                  | L      | 9 31                     |
| 9      | T        | Battle of Flodden Field, 1513 | r 5 26                  | 24     | 10 38                    |
| 10     | F        |                               | s 6 25                  | 25     | 11 59                    |
| 11     | S        |                               | r 5 29                  | 26     | morn.                    |
| 12     | <b>S</b> | 14 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY       | s 6 21                  | 27     | 1 27                     |
| 13     | M        |                               | r 5 32                  | 28     | 2 59                     |
| 14     | T        | Holy Cross                    | s 6 16                  | 29     | 4 28                     |
| 15     | W        | EMBER WEEK                    | r 5 35                  | N      | sets.                    |
| 16     | T        | Clock after Sun, 5' 18''      | s 6 12                  | 1      | 6 a 8                    |
| 17     | F        |                               | r 5 39                  | 2      | 6 26                     |
| 18     | S        | Equal day and night           | s 6 7                   | 3      | 6 46                     |
| 19     | <b>S</b> | 15 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY       | r 5 42                  | 4      | 7 13                     |
| 20     | M        |                               | s 6 2                   | 5      | 7 49                     |
| 21     | T        | ST. MATTHEW                   | r 5 45                  | 6      | 8 35                     |
| 22     | W        |                               | s 5 58                  | Fi     | 9 31                     |
| 23     | T        | Autumn com. 5h. 34m.          | r 5 48                  | 8      | 10 37                    |
| 24     | F        |                               | s 5 53                  | 9      | 11 47                    |
| 25     | S        |                               | r 5 52                  | 10     | morn.                    |
| 26     | <b>S</b> | 16 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY       | s 5 49                  | 11     | 0 58                     |
| 27     | M        |                               | r 5 55                  | 12     | 2 10                     |
| 28     | T        | Sir W. Jones born, 1746       | s 5 44                  | 13     | 3 21                     |
| 29     | W        | ST. MICHAEL'S DAY             | r 5 58                  | 14     | 4 34                     |
| 30     | T        |                               | s 5 39                  | F      | rises.                   |

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SEPTEMBER — "Massacre of St Bartholomew"



### THE BLACK BOTTLE IMP.

SEPTEMBER, men say, is the season of sport,  
They have it at college, they have it at court;  
They have it a-field, in a manner most pleasant,  
By means of the partridge, the hare, and the pheasant;  
And I now ask the reason, of saint and of sinner,  
Why it shouldn't be had, now and then, after dinner?

The guests were assembled in uniform dress,  
They all meant to get *at* but not *into* a mess:—  
Dinner's over! they are not mere troops of the line,  
So the peach and the pine lend a zest to the wine:  
Port, sherry, and claret, are small for a swell,  
And there's one of them orders a draught of moselle!

'Tis brought, but, behold! how the terror is vast,  
All the eyes of the chairman are looking aghast!  
And his hair's standing up, with a kind of a dread,  
On exactly the place where it should stand—his head;  
And the officers round him first wink and then nod,  
As much as to say, How exceedingly odd!

Perhaps they may think him absurd or uncivil,  
Well a gentleman may be who looks on a devil!  
A bandy-shanked, big-bellied, black-bottle imp,  
With the legs of a spider, the arms of a shrimp,  
And a couple of feet, with remarkable toes,  
That keep dancing defiance wherever he goes!

“He has kicked thro' a peach, he's jumped over a pine,  
He'll murder this merry mess table of mine;  
My senses are scatter'd, my feelings are hurt,  
I ne'er saw such a devil come in at dessert!  
What, ho! turn him out!” the command wasn't heard,  
For the officers answer'd him never a word!

Then he storm'd and he threaten'd, to heighten the sport,  
In a manner most martial, to hold a full court;  
But the black bottle devil was not to be done,  
He first gave a leap, next a skip, next a run;  
And then quietly halting, right under the snout  
Of the swell who had summon'd him, *pour'd himself out!*

10. Quadruple Treaty ratified, 1840

Escape from  
Cork Jail.



New Chaco for  
P. Albert's Own.



Phytography.

A  
Tabular  
Demonstration.



You sha'n't pass the Taurus



## A LAMENT FOR BARTLEMY FAIR.

BY A SHOWMAN.

OH! lawk ; oh! dear ; oh! crimeny me ; what a downright sin and a shame,  
To try to put down old Bartlemy Fair! I don't know who's to blame :  
Whether it's the west end nobs, or the city folks—confound 'em! I  
could cry with vexation ;  
But this I will say, if it's the latter, they aint fit for their city-wation.  
What is to become of all us poor showmen, as has embarked every  
penny we've got,  
In learned pigs, and crocodiles, and sheep with two heads, and wax  
Thurtells, and what not ?  
It's werry unfair to make us an exception to the general rule of the  
nation ;  
You orts to consider our wested rights, as free-born Britons, and allow  
us "a compensation."  
When you stopp'd the rich West Indy merchants from dealing in poor  
African niggers,  
You allowed them twenty millions of money ; and, surely, showing a  
few hinnocent wax figgers  
Aint worse than stealing one's black feller creturs, and carrying 'em  
off, and treating 'em worse than swine ;  
And, let me tell you, a lamb with two tails is much more preferabler  
than a cat with nine.  
Oh! dear ; oh! dear ; what is to become of us all, from Mister Womb-  
well down to the penny peeps ?  
We're wuss off than the poor silenced muffin-men, or the poor unfor-  
tynat forbid-to-go-up-the-chimbley sweeps!  
It's fine talking, taking to other businesses ; and going out as lackeys  
and servants, ifegs!  
Who, d'ye think, would take, as lady's maid or nurs'ry governess,  
poor Miss Biffin, without either arms or legs ?  
And what great duchess or countess would like to have walking be-  
hind her, in Regent-street,  
With a powder'd head and long cane, poor Thomas Short, the Lincoln-  
shire dwarf, as measures only three feet ?  
Or what gentleman in the park, driving his cab on a Sunday after-  
noon, would choose  
For his tiger, stuck up behind in top boots and white gloves, the Not-  
tingham youth, as stands 7 foot 3 in his shoes ?  
To say nothing of the indignity of the thing : for how is a man to go  
to submit to come down  
From being a Royal Red-Indian Prince, to nothing but a poor com-  
mon-day-labouring clown ?  
And the Siamese twins, oh! Gemini, they might advertise in the *Times*  
for a cent'ry,  
Before any merchant would take them into his counting-house, to keep  
his books by double entry.  
And now Mister Bunn's given up Drury-lane to Mister Musard and  
his French and German crew,  
What is the dancing elephant, and the performing lion, and the acting  
horses and dromedaries to do ?

And the poor Albanians, with their red eyes and long hair so flowing  
and white?  
By Jove, such news as this is enough to make every inch of it turn  
grey in a night.  
And the Indian juggler, poor fellow! neat as imported from the coast  
of Delhi,—  
He may swallow swords and daggers long enough before he's able to  
fill his belly!  
We've all our ups and downs in this world, it's said—or, at least, used  
to be;  
But "Marshall Mayor" won't leave so much as a poor single Up-and-  
down for we.  
And one thing I must take the liberty to say, I don't see why the  
poor people's fairs  
Should be put down and done away with, while the rich *Fancy* people  
are allowed to keep up theirs;  
And as for the morality, it does seem rather funny to shut up Bar-  
tlemy Fair o' Mondays,  
While they keep open their genteel wild-beast-show in the Regency  
Park o' Sundays!  
Our booths are our homes; and we've nowhere to go to when these  
are taken,  
They must recollect that the Learned Pig aint a lord, like the Learned  
Bacon.  
The learned pig may carry himself off to Newgate market—it is but  
just over the way,  
And the alligator may indulge himself shedding crocodile tears for  
ever and a day:  
The elephant may pack up his trunk; for Smithfield he must abandon:  
And the mare with seven feet may cut her stick, for she hasn't a leg  
to stand on:  
The wonderful calf with two heads had better pack up his traps and  
begone:  
For the Lord Mayor hasn't no fellow-feeling only for calves with one.  
The pelican had better go and peck his bowsum somewhere else, and  
not stop here in such distress,  
A-bringing up his four little ones (with a drop of blood a-piece) to be  
only pelicans of the wilderness:  
The industrious fleas may hop the twig as soon as they like, for one  
thing is very clear,  
If they aint off of their own accord, the Lord Mayor will soon *help*  
'em off with a flea in their ear!  
As for myself, I've made up my mind what to do; though, of course, I  
can't quite keep down my sensations,  
In parting with a hanimal which I have so long looked on almost as  
one of my own relations;  
But I shall sell my GIGANTIC DURHAM HEIFER (and so put an end  
to their noises and rows),  
And then—as the next nearest trade—I shall take to Waccination, and  
go and live at Cowes!

## MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quar. . . 7 day 11 min. past 9 aft.

New Moon . . 14 day 27 min. past 4 aft.

First Quar. . . 22 day 2 min. past 9 mo.

Full Moon . . 30 day 57 min. past 5 mo.

| M<br>D | W<br>D   | FESTIVALS, &c.                    | Sun<br>rises &<br>sets. | M<br>A | Moon<br>rises &<br>sets. |
|--------|----------|-----------------------------------|-------------------------|--------|--------------------------|
| 1      | F        | Lond. University op., 1828        | r 6 1                   | 16     | 5 a 27                   |
| 2      | S        |                                   | s 5 35                  | 17     | 5 44                     |
| 3      | <b>S</b> | 17 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY           | r 6 5                   | 18     | 6 8                      |
| 4      | M        | New River finished, 1641          | s 5 30                  | 19     | 6 41                     |
| 5      | T        |                                   | r 6 8                   | 20     | 7 28                     |
| 6      | W        | Faith                             | s 5 26                  | 21     | 8 29                     |
| 7      | T        |                                   | r 6 11                  | L      | 9 45                     |
| 8      | F        | Day decr. 5h. 26m.                | s 5 21                  | 23     | 11 8                     |
| 9      | S        | Cervantes born, 1547              | r 6 15                  | 24     | morn.                    |
| 10     | <b>S</b> | 18 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY           | s 5 17                  | 25     | 0 36                     |
| 11     | M        | <i>Oxford and Camb. T. begin—</i> | r 6 18                  | 26     | 2 2                      |
| 12     | T        | <i>[Old Michaelmas Day</i>        | s 5 13                  | 27     | 3 27                     |
| 13     | W        |                                   | r 6 22                  | 28     | 4 50                     |
| 14     | T        | W. Penn born, 1644                | s 5 8                   | N      | sets.                    |
| 15     | F        | Clock after Sun, 14' 11"          | r 6 25                  | 1      | 4 a 48                   |
| 16     | S        |                                   | s 5 4                   | 2      | 5 13                     |
| 17     | <b>S</b> | 19 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY           | r 6 28                  | 3      | 5 45                     |
| 18     | M        | ST. LUKE                          | s 5 0                   | 4      | 6 27                     |
| 19     | T        |                                   | r 6 32                  | 5      | 7 21                     |
| 20     | W        |                                   | s 4 56                  | 6      | 8 25                     |
| 21     | T        | Battle of Trafalgar, 1805         | r 6 21                  | 7      | 9 33                     |
| 22     | F        |                                   | s 4 49                  | Fi     | 10 42                    |
| 23     | S        |                                   | r 6 39                  | 9      | 11 55                    |
| 24     | <b>S</b> | 20 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY           | s 4 47                  | 10     | morn.                    |
| 25     | M        | ST. CRISPIN                       | r 6 42                  | 11     | 1 5                      |
| 26     | T        |                                   | s 4 43                  | 12     | 2 16                     |
| 27     | W        |                                   | r 6 46                  | 13     | 3 27                     |
| 28     | T        | ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE            | s 4 40                  | 14     | 4 40                     |
| 29     | F        | Bristol riots, 1831               | r 6 49                  | 15     | 5 56                     |
| 30     | S        |                                   | s 4 31                  | F      | rises.                   |
| 31     | <b>S</b> | 21 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY—          | r 6 53                  | 17     | 4 a 43                   |





"BRASS MOUNT"  
FORTY

George Cruikshank

OCTOBER—A Drive in Drury Lane



### A PROMENADE CONCERT.

HARPER and Beau-man, and Platt and Cooke,  
I bring you into this comical book ;  
Just as I've seen you blowing so hard,  
At your own original Strand Prom'nade !

Harper, you're no harper at all ;  
A harper sings as he rattles his strings ;  
You don't meddle with any such things :  
Your strings are your lungs, with their brazen tongues ;  
If men don't like your play—they may lump it ;  
But you beat, you know, the world at a *blow*,  
And it can't play a *trick* but you're sure to *trump-it* !

Beau-man! Bowman! I tell you what,  
If you are a bowman I'll be shot ;  
From a *narrow* chest you do not sigh ;  
No *quiver* have you, and no big *bull's eye* ;  
Yet with your long *bassoon* so deep,  
Through *passages* many you're heard to sweep :  
Some of them light, and some of them dark,  
And, whatever their measure, you *hit your mark*.

Platt! Platt! I can't stand that—  
To call you Platt is both rude and raw,  
Just as if *you* were a man of *straw*,  
Or a twister of *hair*, or a man at a hell,  
Playing the part of a *Bonnetter* well.  
No, no; that is no go ;  
The public never will let it be so :  
You are a *navigator* born,  
And all your life will be *rounding Cape Horn* ;  
Your sails will be full of fair wind to the last,  
And there's no one more perfectly *used to the blast* !

Cooke! Cooke! you comical elf,  
*You* never *dress'd* anything but yourself ;  
You are no Cook, sir, although, by your fun,  
I've known some few people most *thoroughly done* ;  
*You* are "first hautboy," a tried and a true,  
And what pleasant hours I *owe, boy*, to you !



Harper.



Bowman.



Platt.



Cooke.



Low note. High note. Sharp. Flat.



A flourish of Trumpets.

## LONDON LIONS.

*“ To mister wilyam Waters gardner to squire Brakenhurst,  
Pipe uppon trent staffordsheer.*

“DEER WILYAM,

“i now Take up my cast mettle pen & ink to inform yew that i arived safe in lundun by the Hup train without bean Blowd to attoms, haveing proffidenshally tuk my plase in a fust clas carige, wich the charges is for bean Blew to bits in a 2nd class twenty shilin & bean Only yewr arm broke in the fust clas 30 shilin. Allso their is a 3rd clas lately aded, wear in adision yew may catch a Bad cold & rewmatism for life for the smal charge of 14 shilin. But to return to ariving in lundun, my i! it is a rare plase. Offits size yew may juge wen i tel yew i have Bean hear a weak & hav not yet seed awl, But i hav seen a grate menny wunders—plays & conserts & cosmyrammers & diarammers & call-and-see-ems & one think or anuther. But i wish i had cum herlier in the seson, ass threw the fog i hav Mist a gud dele.

“ Ass naturally xper i 1st pade my cumplements to Sent Pawl: it is a Bewtifull bilding—only the lower  $\frac{1}{2}$  wich yew carnt sea for the sut & the hupper  $\frac{1}{2}$  wich yew carnt sea for the fog. Leastways such was the case the day i was their: allso the Same afterwoods at West minster aby, partickly the poets kornor bean quite cuvverd with Rhyme. And appropo i doant advize strangers to vissit lundun like me by the Gide buke, ass i found the disadvarntidge of taking the lions ass they ar set down, namely 1st goin to Sent Pawls, then to West minster aby, then to sent Marys witechappel then to sent Looks chelsy & cettera. And the same of uther xibisions, ass from axual xperiance canot recommend going from the sologgicle gardns in the regensy park to the sologgicles in the Sorry side, & then to the diarammer & then to the tems tunnel.

“ But to return to sent Pawls, i went inside & was lost in Astonishment, partickly at the smal space ass is aloud for servess, wich deer wilyam, it is just ass if at Trent hall master was to shut up the Drawing rume, & the dining rume & the liberary & the sirvents awl & so forth & only live in the Butlers pantry. After lissenin to the singin for about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a nour i axt 2 off the beetles as was crawling about wen theyde begin to pray, but insted off replying the 2 blak beetles busted their selves out a laffin & ran off like Devvles coach orses.

“ My next vissit was Doory lane, which is the 1st English theater going—for frensh fidlers and Jerman orn bloers. The musick was verry Bewtifull, partickly the basune, which quite went to my art, & put me in mind off Deer ome & the grene feelds & meddows & evrythink—it was so like the cryin of a yung carf that had Lost its muther. Wat aded verry hi to the Afect off the musik was the yung gentel men & ladys a beatin time with there walkin stix & umberrellows, wich aded to sum Humming the hair and uthers a marching about exact to to the tune rely shows wat may be Dun in such a plase ass lundun & ow sirvissable sich things is to improve the Nashonal taste. Allso the same of dres, wich it cumbines the hellegancys off a maskerade & fancy bawl, menny of the yung men bean Drest in the karecters of plowmen with smok froks & cettera, and uthers like hakny coach men & hominibus cads, and sum Disgized in likker. Allso it is verry plees-

ing to sea how atentif the yung men ar to the percedings, for even if a lady cums in during the performense they woant so much ass Stir from there seats—for feerd off Disturbing the musik.

“Next morning i went to take a walk in covven Gardin, but was verry disapinted, insted off finding it Lade out in gravvel walks & flour beds, edgd with box and twiggy hosiery, was ful of shops & grate lung gallerys, & insted off at l end a Prety litel arber like ware i ust to sit corting yewr Deer sister mary is nuthink but a Grate church with a luminated klok & a lot of grave stones lying about.

“Allso, deer wilyam, i musent forget the briges. they ar realy Wunderfull & ass for the arches i nevrer sea sich Archery in awl my Days. But Wat yew woodent Like is makeing yew pay tol, just ass if yew was a hoss or a has, only with this difrance, not allowing yew to cum Bak the same day without paing afresh, which the 1st time i went over waterloo brige i ad quite a Waterloo batel with the man about it, & wat was wuss for the unperlitenes of the thing. a Bewtifull yung lady cuming that way, I axually cort the feller a Tolling the bell. But the most curus of awl the briges is 1 bilt by mister brunel wich goes Hunder the warter insted off Hover it, & in lew off entering threw a turnpike gate as usuel, yew are obleegt to go down a Wel ole, tho for my own part i Declind the later, ass the old maxum ses Let wel alone.

“From their i perceded to the blue cote skule, a wunderfull site, wear underds & underds of litel bys & gels of boath sexxs is tort evrythink free, & ass befour observd the bys is nown by their Blu cotes & the gels by their Blu stokkins. Same day went to sea Gys ospital, so cawld on acount off the yung docters makin sich Gys off them selvs: allso from there to Sent tommasses, but unfortynat coodent gane admision, not bean 1 off Sent tommasses Days. Consequensialy, wishing to have a pepe at the shiping, i inquired my way to the flete, but insted off Old inglands wudden wals found nuthink but sum uncomon big Stone wals & on axing a noo polease wear i cood sea a gud large Ship or 2 was Derected to Smithfeeld.

“Anuther day i went to sea the towr, wear is anuff guns and canons to canonize old Maimit aley & all his raskly egipsions put together. Allso the mint ust to be hear, but not off late ears, tho they stil preserve the ax as cut off the hed off Hanna Bullion.

“Yestoday i vissitted the ile of Dogs and spent the hevening at the indyan Bow Wow, wich, deer wilyam, a indyan Bow Wow is the same thing ass a inglish Row de Dow. But to conclude, deer wilyam, in spite of lundun & awl its wikkidnes i shal be glad to cum down to deer natif stafordsheer agen, for ass i say, Ome’s ome after awl—wen yewr munnys spent, & deer wilyam, giv my Tru luv to yewr sister mary & beg her exceptence off the inclosd smawl trifl off a steal bodkin wich i wood hav maid it a silver thimbull but unfortynat wayed moor then  $\frac{1}{2}$  a ounce, & deer wilyam, if theirs anythink i can dew for yew in lundun doant say no, i wood go threw fire and warter to serv yew, but pleas to send the munny, & rite ass sune ass yew can, not forgeting to pay the post, wich is ass follos namely for  $\frac{1}{2}$  a oz. 1 peece of stikkin plaster, for a hole 2 ditos or 1 Blu un, for  $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz 3 ditos or a Blak & blu, and so on up to a pound, abuv wich, as a pork pi or a stilton chese or anythink of that sort, it wood be Beter to send it by the Rale rode or pikfords van. So no moor from yewr umbel sirvent,

“RALPH ROUGHDIAMOND.”



## MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quar. . . 6 day 14 min. past 4 mo.

New Moon, . . 13 day 30 min. past 5 mo.

First Quar. . . 21 day 11 min. past 6 mo.

Full Moon . . 28 day 38 min. past 6 aft.

| M<br>D | W<br>D | FESTIVALS, &c.                | Sun<br>rises &<br>sets. | M<br>A | Moon<br>rises &<br>sets. |
|--------|--------|-------------------------------|-------------------------|--------|--------------------------|
| 1      | M      | ALL SAINTS                    | r 6 55                  | 18     | 5 a 26                   |
| 2      | T      | <i>Michaelmas Term begins</i> | s 4 30                  | 19     | 6 23                     |
| 3      | W      | Princess Sophia born, 1777    | r 6 58                  | 20     | 7 36                     |
| 4      | T      | KING WILLIAM III. landed      | s 4 27                  | 21     | 8 56                     |
| 5      | F      | GUNPOWDER PLOT, 1605          | r 7 2                   | 22     | 10 23                    |
| 6      | S      |                               | s 4 23                  | L      | 11 48                    |
| 7      | S      | 22 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY       | r 7 6                   | 24     | morn.                    |
| 8      | M      | Princess Augusta born, 1768   | s 4 20                  | 25     | 1 12                     |
| 9      | T      | Lord Mayor's Day              | r 7 9                   | 26     | 2 32                     |
| 10     | W      |                               | s 4 17                  | 27     | 3 55                     |
| 11     | T      | <i>St. Martin</i>             | r 7 13                  | 28     | 5 15                     |
| 12     | F      | <i>Cambridge Term div. m.</i> | s 4 14                  | 29     | 6 36                     |
| 13     | S      |                               | r 7 16                  | N      | sets.                    |
| 14     | S      | 23 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY       | s 4 11                  | 1      | 4 a 21                   |
| 15     | M      | Sir W. Herschell born, 1730   | r 7 20                  | 2      | 5 10                     |
| 16     | T      |                               | s 4 8                   | 3      | 6 10                     |
| 17     | W      |                               | r 7 23                  | 4      | 7 16                     |
| 18     | T      | Clock after Sun, 14' 33''     | s 4 5                   | 5      | 8 27                     |
| 19     | F      | Blackfriars bridge op., 1766  | r 7 26                  | 6      | 9 39                     |
| 20     | S      |                               | s 4 5                   | 7      | 10 49                    |
| 21     | S      | 24 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY       | r 7 30                  | Fi     | 11 57                    |
| 22     | M      | <i>St. Cecilia</i>            | s 4 1                   | 9      | morn.                    |
| 23     | T      | <i>St. Clement</i>            | r 7 33                  | 10     | 1 8                      |
| 24     | W      |                               | s 3 59                  | 11     | 2 19                     |
| 25     | T      | <i>Michaelmas Term ends</i>   | r 7 36                  | 12     | 3 34                     |
| 26     | F      |                               | s 3 57                  | 13     | 4 51                     |
| 27     | S      |                               | r 7 39                  | 14     | 6 14                     |
| 28     | S      | ADVENT SUNDAY                 | s 3 55                  | F      | rises.                   |
| 29     | M      |                               | r 7 42                  | 16     | 4 a 10                   |
| 30     | T      | ST. ANDREW                    | s 3 53                  | 17     | 5 20                     |





George Grosz  
NOVEMBER 1914 "See-able weather"



ON GOOD TERMS.

TERM-AGANTS.

GATHER, sweet Lawyers, in Westminster-hall;  
 There's more game in your bags than a sportsman e'er shoots:  
 You *feed*, and you're *fed*, let whatever befall;  
 And your flowing gowns cover your sins and your *suits*.  
 Who says that yours isn't a right royal sport,  
 When it's known that you all make your fortunes *at Court*?



Termagants.

5. France in a state of spontaneous combustion.

France is a powder magazine,  
 A sort of foreign infernal machine—  
 A barrel of brimstone, of odour ambrosian,  
 Apparently brewed for a "triple X"-plosion!  
 She's been fermenting her beer for years!  
 She laughs in her frenzy, or revels in *Thiers*—  
 For war she'll riot, at peace she'll scoff,  
 And she *won't* go on till she *does* go off!  
 She's quite in a "fifth of November" state,  
 To blow up some one at any rate;  
 If Guy Fawkes were over there—my eyes!  
 She'd make him a Peer—as the Duke of Guys!  
 She'd have her Monarch in air be blown;  
 Not one of the throne, but the overthrown!  
 And when he was shivered to atoms, she'd wait  
 And pick up his bits to bury in state!  
 She'd shoot at him till he was quite unnerved,  
 And then address him on being *preserved*.  
 But a King—to say it I do not stickle—  
 In such a *preserve* must be always in *pickle*!  
 I wouldn't be Louis Philippe, I say,  
 If I had a thousand Louis a-day.  
 To be King in a land of such whimsical slaughter  
 'S like being a Monarch inside of a mortar!

Through air as  
 dark as  
 dirty muslin,



Duke of Guys.

The city people  
 go  
 a-guzzlin.

21. Princess Royal born, 1840.

CRADLE HER (NOT HYMN).  
 As you're born in a *palace*,  
 It's clear you must not  
 Be permitted, young baby,  
 To sleep in a *cot*:  
 So they've stirred up their wits,  
 With invention's pap-ladle,  
 And determined to give you  
 A *Nautilus* cradle;  
 Most loyally certain,  
 Whate'er it may do,  
 It will ne'er make a *naughty lass*,  
 Baby, of you!



Lords in waiting.

## A LONDON FOG.

---

Now, the sun, after a vain attempt to catch a glimpse of St. Paul's, or the Monument, gives it up in despair; while his morning herald, Lucifer, finds the fog more than a Lucifer match for him, and goes out like a damp Jones-and-Co. of a windy night. Now, the sleepy housemaid is in a fine trepidation, on discovering that her missis *was* right in giving her seven-o'clock ring an hour ago; she (the maid) having just counted eight, in full, on the kitchen clock. Now, hook noses and cries of "clo" are more rife than ever; and, somehow or other, silver spoons and forks disappear more frequently from the "domestic hearth." Now, the poor behind-hand city clerk, who *must* be at his desk, in Lombard-street, by nine (it is now half-past eight by *Lambeth Palace clock*), determines to sacrifice fourpence on the Iron-boat Company; and, having passed an agonizing ten minutes in the cold, sloppy cabin, is at last annihilated by the steward's informing him that, in consequence of the denseness of the fog, the captain has determined not to run the boat this morning. Now, invisible cabmen drive unseen horses along viewless thoroughfares, and omnibuses go, flitting like so many Flying Dutchmen, through the mist and fog. Now, the two young gentlemen who have a coffee-and-pistol appointment at Chalk Farm, find it anything but agreeable to be set up only three yards asunder, instead of having the length of Primrose Hill between them, so as to have had a reasonable chance of *missing* one another. Now, a walk in the neighbourhood of Smithfield is by no means improved in its desirableness; it was bad enough before, but nothing to what it is under the "Bull's new system." Now, young Government clerks, who have to trudge "from the west," as they call it (namely—Marybone-lane, "Chesterfield-street, Portland-place," and so forth), are highly indignant, and more than usually vituperative of the superiors of their departments, whom they commonly describe (particularly if of a political turn) as vile sinecurists, "grinding the last drop of blood from the brows of a suffering people, to pay for their own pleasures, and to minister to their own inordinate desires!" Now, nursemaids *not* "accustomed to the care of children" (in a fog), suddenly find their tender charges minus divers coral necklaces, ostrich feathers, gold lockets, &c., &c.; while the interesting young lady who leads dear little Fido about the parks, in a string, and reads Lord Byron the while, is horrified on finding that, for the last half hour, she has been engaged in dragging after her a mere remnant of blue ribbon. Now, omnibus cads only shake their heads in reply to your most earnest appeals and uplifted fingers, for their vehicles are *all* full, and can take in "no more." Now, "blacks" come down in torrents; and coal-heavers and chimney-sweepers are the only persons that can shew a decent face on the occasion. Now, wood pavements are in nice condition; particularly that in the pleasing bend by St. Giles's church; where

"They slip now who never slipped before;  
And they who always slipped now slip the more."

Now, housemaids do their work in no time; for its of no use looking out for raps from chamber windows. Now, on the 5th, little boys exhibit their Guys in all parts of the town; and, on the 9th, "children of a larger growth" *make Guys of themselves* all the way from Guild-

hall to Westminster and back. Now, everybody has got a shawl, comforter, boa, or bandana, round his or her neck—except the philosophers, who appear in respirators; the result of which is, that the shawl, comforter, boa, and bandana-ites, escape scot free, while the philosophers catch most confounded bad colds and sore throats. Now, unhappy is that mamma who has a juvenile party for an excursion to the Monument; for, of course, they'll all twelve cry their twenty-four little eyes out—equally if they go and can't see anything, or are kept at home because nothing is to be seen. Now, on the river is confusion worse confounded, and smuggling is going on most prosperously in all its branches. Now, the "old traveller," just arrived by the Antwerp packet, who *will* carry his own portmanteau and great coat, finds, on stopping to change arms, at the nearest post, that one or other of the commodities has disappeared while he was comfortably adjusting its fellow. Now, telegraph captains and weathercocks have a nice easy time of it, and the guide to the York column is gone to see his cousins in the country. Now, men with wooden legs look very independent, as they stump over the slushy pavement; and people who have the misfortune to possess complete sets, are sadly perplexed at the crossings of the Royal Exchange, Charing Cross, and the Regent's Circus. Now, hare skins and worsted comforters are hung out prominently at the haberdashers' shops, and furs, "at *this* season," are, by no means, "selling at reduced prices." Now, the man "wot lights the lamps" in St. James's Park, is in a regular state of bewilderment, and not unfrequently is found running up one of the saplings instead of the lamp-post. Now, the young gentleman who has an assignation in the "grove at the end of the vale," begins to wish he hadn't been quite so urgent in the matter, and would give his ears for a decent excuse to be off the bargain. Now, honest John Sloman, the grocer, at the corner of Cannon-street, in consideration of the werry orrid state of the weather, is inveigled by his wife and daughter to visit one of the promenade concerts; to which end, having never been at a *promenade* concert before, honest John provides himself with a stout cane and his easy walking boots, warranted to do four miles an hour over any turnpike-road in the kingdom. Now, clubs are crammed, particularly the Oriental, where enormous fires are kept up, and the chilly old nabobs cling round one another like bats in a cellar. Now, as the plot (alias the fog) thickens, torches make their appearance; first by dozens, then by dozens of dozens, then by dozens of dozens of dozens: Charing-cross is as difficult to navigate as the North-west passage, and the parks are impossible; hackney coaches drive up against church windows; old men tumble down cellar holes; old women and children stand crying up against lamp-posts, lost within a street of their own homes; omnibus horses dash against one another, and are handed over to the knacker; a gentleman, having three ladies and a young family of children to escort home from Astley's (on foot, of course), is in a nice predicament; all the little boys in London are out, increasing, by their screams and halloos, the bewilderment of the scene (*scene*, did I say?); pickpockets are on the alert; ditto, burglars; policemen are not to be found; watchmen are missing; in short, the whole town is in such a state of commotion and panic, that it only requires a well-organized banditti to carry off all London into the next county.

## MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quar. . . 5 day 16 min. past 0 aft.

New Moon . . 12 day 35 min. past 9 aft.

First Quar. . . 21 day 49 min. past 2 mo.

Full Moon . . 28 day 35 min. past 6 mo.

| M<br>D | W<br>D   | FESTIVALS, &c.              | Sun<br>rises &<br>sets. | M<br>A | Moon<br>rises &<br>sets. |
|--------|----------|-----------------------------|-------------------------|--------|--------------------------|
| 1      | W        |                             | r 7 45                  | 18     | 6 41                     |
| 2      | T        | Napoleon crowned, 1804      | s 3 52                  | 19     | 8 9                      |
| 3      | F        |                             | r 7 48                  | 20     | 9 36                     |
| 4      | S        |                             | s 3 51                  | 21     | 11 0                     |
| 5      | <b>S</b> | 2 SUNDAY IN ADVENT          | r 7 51                  | L      | morn.                    |
| 6      | M        |                             | s 3 50                  | 23     | 0 21                     |
| 7      | T        | Flaxman died, 1826          | r 7 53                  | 24     | 1 42                     |
| 8      | W        |                             | s 3 49                  | 25     | 3 2                      |
| 9      | T        | Fortune Theatre burnt, 1621 | r 7 56                  | 26     | 4 20                     |
| 10     | F        | Trial of Louis XVI., 1792   | s 3 49                  | 27     | 5 40                     |
| 11     | S        |                             | r 7 58                  | 28     | 6 54                     |
| 12     | <b>S</b> | 3 SUNDAY IN ADVENT          | s 3 49                  | N      | sets.                    |
| 13     | M        |                             | r 8 0                   | 1      | 3 a 58                   |
| 14     | T        | Clock after Sun, 4' 54''    | s 3 49                  | 2      | 5 3                      |
| 15     | W        | EMBER WEEK                  | r 8 2                   | 3      | 6 13                     |
| 16     | T        | Cambridge Term ends         | s 3 49                  | 4      | 7 23                     |
| 17     | F        | Oxford Term ends            | r 8 3                   | 5      | 8 35                     |
| 18     | S        |                             | s 3 50                  | 6      | 9 42                     |
| 19     | <b>S</b> | 4 SUNDAY IN ADVENT          | r 8 5                   | 7      | 10 53                    |
| 20     | M        |                             | s 3 50                  | 8      | morn.                    |
| 21     | T        | ST. THOMAS—Shortest Day—    | r 8 6                   | Fi     | 0 2                      |
| 22     | W        | [Winter com. 10h. 56m.]     | s 3 51                  | 10     | 1 12                     |
| 23     | T        | James II. fled, 1688.       | r 8 7                   | 11     | 2 27                     |
| 24     | F        |                             | s 3 52                  | 12     | 3 45                     |
| 25     | S        | CHRISTMAS DAY               | r 8 8                   | 13     | 5 5                      |
| 26     | <b>S</b> | 1 SUN. AFT. CHRISTMAS—ST.   | s 3 54                  | 14     | 6 22                     |
| 27     | M        | ST. JOHN [STEPHEN           | r 8 8                   | 15     | 7 31                     |
| 28     | T        | INNOCENTS                   | s 3 55                  | F      | rises.                   |
| 29     | W        |                             | r 8 9                   | 17     | 5 a 41                   |
| 30     | T        | Robert Boyle died, 1691     | s 3 57                  | 18     | 7 14                     |
| 31     | F        |                             | r 8 9                   | 19     | 8 22                     |







George C. Grosz



## A STIRRING TIME.

PUDDINGS, as well as people, begin to go to *pot*; cooks, as well as drunkards, get their *coppers hot*. Lemons excel hypocrites in getting *candid*: currants, from house to house, like crooked legs, are *banded*. At moist sugar, instead of white, the busy servants jump; and wisely begin to *like* that which they cannot *lump*. Mothers who beat their children, whenever the whim comes in their head, now actively betake themselves to *beating eggs* instead. The family assemble, but it's no longer "my lovely Rose," or my sweet William, with his pretty stock, the *flour* of the Christmas pudding is now the *flower of the flock!* Father, the only one who never would to their low obscurity demur, is now just as anxious as any to join in a *general stir*. Ambition, alive in his breast, awakens a mighty surprise, to think that he, who was always *mincing matters*, should begin to *mince pies!* and they prophesy, as he rakes the *plums*, in the bowl of China or delf, that he'll live to a Christmas-day that shall see him worth a *plum* himself. "How fond he is on 'em all," says nurse, meaning to be clever; "I declare he's a *mixing with his family* more than ever!" "Yes, nurse," responds his spouse, who thought she could do no less, "your master's acting the part of president of the *family mess!* and so on—nothing whatever their placid temper a-spoiling, until the pudding's made, and tied up, and shut down, and in the copper a-boiling!



De Porkey's Tresor.

Shortest Day.



So dark, I can't see my hand.



Bosom Friends.

## 21. St. Thomas, the shortest day.

He who is short of tin, with rent to pay,  
'S a great deal shorter than the shortest day;  
Rent is heart-rending, when it's over due,  
Four quarters, and no quarter but to sue:  
You strain your nerves for cash, with great and small,  
Only to be distrained on after all;  
And meet, when in the worst of mortal messes,  
A fresh distress to crown your old distresses!



Clock after Sun.

## 25. Christmas Bills:—

Alarming accounts for China.

A British Settlement.



## CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR.

---

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year ;  
By Jove ! it hadn't need come more,  
Unless it wants to ruin me  
Outright, and turn me out of door !  
That horrid fit of gout, brought on  
By neighbour Guzzle's Christmas cheer !  
I thought it would have kill'd me quite ;  
But Christmas comes but once a year.

I very seldom touch a card,  
For gambling's not at all my sphere ;  
I wish I hadn't played last night !  
But Christmas comes but once a year.  
In drinking, I'm most moderate :  
Oh ! my poor head : oh ! dear, oh ! dear !  
Why did I taste that nasty punch ?  
But Christmas comes but once a year.

I do not often play the fool,  
And join in romps with younger folks ;  
But where's the stoic can resist,  
When pretty lips so sweetly coax ?  
"Come, nunks, one game at Blindman's-buff ;  
There, turn round roast beef—never fear !"  
A nice lumbago I have got ;  
But Christmas comes but once a year.

I'm rather fond of gardening,  
And curious plants delight to rear :  
The best, my misletoe, is gone ;  
But Christmas comes but once a year.  
The tree that on my natal day  
Was planted by my father dear—  
The holly-tree—is stripped quite bare ;  
But Christmas comes but once a year.

My kinsfolks—cousins, nephews, aunts,  
All come to dine on Christmas day ;  
It's been a custom many years  
(Which Heaven forbid should fall away) :  
But scarcely had they all arrived,  
When down the snow came, dull and drear—  
So deep, not one can get away ;  
But Christmas comes but once a year.

Of course it's very nice indeed  
To have one's kindred thus around ;  
And hear one's old paternal walls  
With song, and dance, and mirth resound.  
But, then, they've taken all the beds;  
And lying on two chairs, oh ! dear ;  
Up in a garret—where there's rats—  
But Christmes comes but once a year.

The London gentlemen I met  
At Drury-lane, when last in town,  
Have writt'n to say, if all goes right,  
By this day's train they're coming down.  
I know I was a *leetle* sprung  
That night, and by their note it's clear,  
I've asked them *all five* to my house :  
But Christmas comes but once a year.

My wife, in honour of the time,  
Would have a friendly Christmas ball ;  
They've danced a hole right through the floor,  
And ruined quite the party wall.  
And daughter Ann has fall'n in love  
With some poor dev'l, not worth, I hear,  
Enough to pay the parson's fee ;  
But Christmas comes but once a year.

The servants, too, must have their rout  
(I love to see them gay and glad) ;  
But then they needn't all have got  
So *very* drunk—and very mad ;  
And give one warning “then and there,”  
And bid me “take my beef and beer ;”  
And beg I'd “pay their wages up :”—  
But Christmas comes but once a year.

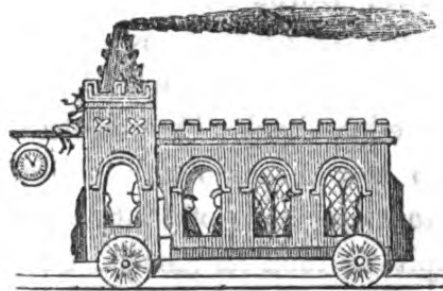
The Christmas bills are pouring in,  
My family's increasing fast ;  
Four girls, five boys—Ann, Kate, Jane, Sue,  
Tom, Dick, Jack, Fred, and Prendergast :  
And nurse has just come in to say,  
Another “little stranger” dear  
Is just arrived—there, that makes ten :—  
But Christmas comes but once a year.

*Botherum Astrologicum pro Anno 1841.*



**N**OTE now, oh! reader, the denotements of my prophet sketch: open your eyes upon the symbols which I symbolize. Behold the Cross and the Crescent in neighbourly collision; yet the Crescent is not Burton Crescent, nor the Cross, King's Cross, though these localities approximate in as close degrees: but they tell of Europe cooking the Goose of a Pacha for the Turkey of a Sultan; and, by this time, the bird is plucked and basted, and may be considered as thoroughly done. Witness, too, how the dismayed tea-totaller gazes on the wreck of the Chinese world below. The Bull is in the heart of the shop; no juggler could save the jugs; every cup is a cup too low; the plates are dished entirely, and the case of cruelty is equal in atrocity to the murder of *Ware*. Now is exemplified the difference between a *Man-darin* and a *daring man*. It is breaking-up time, but no

holidays. Loud is the music of *Handle* among the crockery, but its verbal oratory is demolished by the entire annihilation of spout. It is going to *pot* with a vengeance, and occasions, in China, the perfect distortion of *every human mug*. Tea, however, is scarce for a season. They refuse to give us their green for our gunpowder: they mix their mixed with poison, and it is now "How queer!" instead of "How-*qua*!" They refuse the bidding of Pidding! But turn from hieroglyphic revealments to the signs and prognostics of the domestic world. Is your curiosity moved to interest in the play of Destiny? I then will act the part of *Tell*. Upon the palace of Victoria I behold the shining of a new *sun*; the hopes of royalty may now be *boy*-ed up, and a fair young passenger lately arrived by the first royal *train* will move to another *station*, and take a place lower, by reason of what has taken place. I see the world settling, like cards, into *pax*. Peace coming *a-pace-is*: war we shall pose with repose. The political horizon shews clear. There will be an improvement in the State; and notwithstanding the recent explosion of Dr. Church's engine, I foresee no danger to the Church. On the contrary, the sun will shine on Parson's Green; and, as regards the revenue, there is every chance for a *surplice*; probably owing to the New Church rate at which the said engine is going.



DR. CHURCH'S ENGINE.

## ORIGINAL NOTES

FROM THE

### BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL FOR 1840.

SEPT. 23.—Birmingham Musical Festival.—Ordered a cab; made for Euston-square Station; landed awkwardly; got into port; ran against a man; trod on his toe; gave my own portman-teau to the porter. Paid my fare; had the satisfaction of hearing the clerk say, "That's the ticket!" Was told I must be sure to shew it when called upon; said, "Very well;" always did like to have something to shew for my money. Travelled briskly; steam engine a giant apparatus—a sort of Colossus of Roads; found they'd got me into a line; couldn't help it; obliged to go; been a long while going. Arrived at last; put up at the Hen and Chickens; thought, from the sign of the house, charges might be fowl; agreeably surprised to find them fair.

*Monday.*—Attended rehearsal. Splendid hall; grand interior; glorious outside; ruined the builders. Brought the stone from the Isle of Anglesea; sent the architects to the Isle of Dogs. Good rehearsal; noble orchestra; organ finely developed. Knynett acted non-conductor; stamped as if he was paying stamp duty; very droll; took the flats in, put the orchestra out. Glorious array of singers: Miss Birch stuck to her perch; Miss Hawes obeyed the laws; Dorus Gras—made no *faux pas*; Braham's throat gave tenor note; Phillips shone in baritone; big Lablache gave bass *sans tache*; Cramer led with cap on head; Loder and Cooke played by book; Dragonetti and Linley worked very well-o, on deep contra basso and violoncello; bassoon of Beauman bothered *no* man; horn of Platt came in pat; Harper's trumpet obligato, capitally took its part-o; Cook played show-boy with his hautboy; and, to end without a blunder, Chipp's drum had, its leather under, half a ton of smothered thunder. Heard 'em play; remembered the railroad, and couldn't help thinking that I'd got off the *line* into the *chords*.

*Tuesday.*—Festival began. Shop full; a crammer for Cramer.

You've heard of the Chiltern Hundreds, they're nothing to the Birmingham thousands. The seats were all uniform, but no uniform for the *staff* officers, only ribbons in their button-holes; beaux with bows. Singers came on, and performance went off admirably. "

*Wednesday.*—Town crowded; weather wet, but the people pouring in faster than the rain; music hall made fine shelter; full again; Mendelsohn's hymn of praise produced lots of praise of him; people delighted; performance stupendous; singers tired; Phillips almost knocked up; went out to refresh himself; strolled too far, and was quite knocked down; robbed of his purse by three brutal button-makers; he treated them to some sovereigns; they treated him to an extra allowance of punch; he was bruised considerably, but his watch and his baritone escaped without injury; heard a *tallow* chandler say, that Phillips and Mendelsohn were the heroes of the day, but that Mendelsohn had the glory of the *composition*, and Phillips of the *whacks*!

*Thursday.*—Influx of nobility—nobs and bobs—Sir Robert Peel among the latter.

*Friday.*—Festival over; grand fancy ball at night:

Drinking, dancing, all revel, no rest; proggery, toggery, all of the best; whisking, frisking, whirling about, till daylight comes, driving the candle-light out: then tired, not fired, their pillows they clinch, and the festival's come to its very last pinch.



A PINCH OF SNUFF.



## DID YOU EVER?

Did you ever know a sentinel who could tell what building he was keeping guard over?

Did you ever know a cab-man, or a ticket-porter, with any change about him?

Did you ever know a tradesman asking for his account who had not "a bill to take up on Friday?"

Did you ever know an omnibus cad who would not engage to set you down within a few yards of any place within the bills of mortality?

Did you ever know a turnpike-man who could be roused in less than a quarter of an hour, when it wanted that much of midnight?

Did you ever see a pair of family snuffers which had not a broken spring, a leg deficient, or half an inch of the point knocked off?

Did you ever know a lodging-house landlady who would own to bugs?

Did you ever know the Boots at an inn call you too early for the morning coach?

Did you ever know a dancing-master's daughter who was not to excel Taglioni?

Did you ever know a man who did not think he could poke the fire better than you could?

Did you ever know a Frenchman admire Waterloo Bridge?

Did you ever know a housemaid who, on your discovering a fracture in a valuable China jar, did not tell you it was "done a long time ago?" or that it was "cracked before?"

Did you ever know a man who didn't consider *his* walking-stick a better walking-stick than *your* walking-stick?

Did you ever know a penny-a-liner who was not on intimate terms with Lytton Bulwer, Capt. Marryatt, Sheridan Knowles, Tom Hood, Washington Irving, and Rigdum Funnidos?

Did you ever know a hatter who was not prepared to sell you as good a hat for ten and sixpence as the one you've got on at five and twenty shillings?

Did you ever know a red-haired man who had a very clear notion of where scarlet began and auburn terminated?

Did you ever know a beef-eater go to the play in his uniform?

Did you ever know a subscriber to the Anti-Cruelty-to-Animals Society who didn't kick the cat?

Did you ever know a lady with fine eyes wear green spectacles?

Did you ever know an amateur singer without "a horrid bad cold?"

Did you ever see a cool fat woman in black in the dog-days?

Did you ever go to see Jack Sheppard without feeling a propensity to run home and rob your mother?

Did you ever know an author who had not been particularly ill-used by the booksellers?

Did you ever know fifty killed and fifty wounded by a railroad accident, without the fifty who were not killed being congratulated by the directors that they were only wounded?

Did you ever know a man who did not consider that he added ten years to his life by reading the "Comic Almanack?"

## LATEST NEWS FROM COURT.

Nov. 21st, 1840.—Princess Royal brought in, and "ordered to be laid on the table," like a *bill*.

Dec. 3rd.—Bill Jones found under the table, and ordered to be sent to the *Counter* like a *willain*. ("So much for Buckingham!")

A little girl, a stranger in the palace  
 Came, and the nation there was nothing sad in;  
 Aladdin's lamp then brightened joy's full chalice,  
 How very different when they found *a lad in!*  
 The little boy's intrusion proved annoyant,  
 The little girl made all a little buoyant?



NEEDLESS ALARM.

## MANNERS MAKE THE MAN.

Know ye the wight one frequent meets,  
With brazen lungs around the streets,  
Soliciting a job?  
His head in shovel-hat encased,  
His legs in cotton hose embraced,  
And nick-named "Dusty Bob?"

You hold in small account, no doubt,  
One who "dust, ho!" doth bawl about,  
Yet low as his estate,  
Some philosophic thoughts belong  
To him whose time is passed among  
The ashes of the *grate*.

Still, these are matters all apart  
From thy design, my muse, who art  
Just now intent to tell  
An episode of humble life,  
That was with courtly manners rife,  
And thus the chance befell.

"The rosy morn, with blushes spread,  
Now rose from out Tithonus' bed,"  
Which means, the world had set  
(For these are unromantic days)  
About its work, and gone its ways,  
Forthwith to toil and sweat.

Among the many that arise,  
To pay their morning sacrifice,  
That is, to Juggernaut,  
Themselves beneath Aurora's car,  
With Pagan zeal your dustmen are  
Beyond all others fraught.

In sooth, to speak, we would not choose  
To state these fellows *ever* snooze,  
For bitter as the bore is,  
Nor night, nor morn, in square or street,  
Can one go forth, but he must meet,  
These grim "*memento moris*."

But to my tale : at break of day,  
 Up rose the hero of my lay,  
     With hope his spirits buoy'd ;  
 And ever as he fill'd his cart,  
 He felt a space beneath his heart  
     Establishing a void.

Loud and more loud the murmurs rise,  
 Like an Æolian harp, whose sighs  
     At first breathe gently ; but  
 Wild music from its bosom springs,  
 When the wind howls among the strings,  
     And agitates the gut.

Though Bob knew nought of Æolus,  
 He learnt, from this internal fuss,  
     'Twas time for breakfast now :  
 Or, as he said, " for bit and sup,  
 His innards was a kicking up  
     Sich a unkimmon row."

'Twas thus intent on *dejeuner*,  
 Our hungry dustman took his way,  
     In search of fitting food :  
 Nor long his quest, until he came,  
 Where a spruce, gay, and buxom dame,  
     Behind a counter stood.

And, as with horny fist he smoothed his hair,  
 He thus bespoke that lady debonaire :  
 " Cut us a slap up slice of Cheshire cheese,  
 And tip's a twopenny burster, if you please."  
 Here, 'tis befitting to relate the guise,  
 In which Bob met the gentle lady's eyes.  
     A poll with matted carrots thatched,  
     A face with mud and smut bepatched,  
     A neck and chest scarce half begirt  
     With a lugubrious, yellow shirt,  
     A slip of waistcoat here and there,  
     Breeches, a demi-semi pair,  
     And not a vestige of a coat—  
 Such was our earthy *sans culotte*.

When such an apparition met her view,  
 What was most natural the dame should do?  
     Straightway address her dainty self,  
     To seek the treasures of her shelf?  
 Or clap some musty, antiquated crust,  
 Between the fingers of the man of dust?

The latter, doubtless, and it so fell out;  
 Turning, with ill-dissembled scorn, about,  
 The lady-baker hardly deigned to drop  
 Into his palm the patriarch of the shop;  
 A venerable roll, a fixture there—  
 A household nest-egg of the *boulangère*.

Here, a domestic mouse had, long ago  
     (Soon after it was dough),  
 Wreathed him, as Thomas Moore would say, "his bower"  
     Among the *flower* :  
 And happened, accidentally, to be  
     *Chez lui*,  
 When madame put the piece of antique bread  
 Into our dustman's hand, as hath been said.

Now, let me ask, had Chesterfield been placed,  
 What time his chyle with exercise was braced,  
 To make his meal from off a living mess,  
 D'ye think my Lord had kept his *politesse*?  
 Or acted, as did Bob, the man of dirt,  
 Who, on the instant that he did insert  
 His thumb and finger in that roll so stale,  
 Pull'd out the squeaking vermin by the tail;  
 And seeing that the bak'ress looked aghast  
 Upon the means she gave to break his fast—  
 Blandly observed, "There's some mistake in this,  
 I didn't ax you for a sandwich, Miss!"

## BRANDY AND SALT.

THE wonderful cures effected by these ingredients have made such a noise in the world, that we cannot resist the temptation to publish a few facts and testimonies which have fallen under our immediate knowledge.

The first case was that of a poor man, who had been, for years, a martyr to the gout, and being desirous of trying the effects of the miraculous compound, but unable to purchase the ingredients, he tried another plan, and perfectly succeeded in removing every symptom of inflammation, by merely sitting a quarter of an hour with one foot in a brandy-keg, and the other in a salt-box.

THE FOLLOWING IS FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

“ Dear Sir,—May I beg your insertion of the following?—I was terribly afflicted with cancer, heartburn, chilblains, thickness of breathing, warts, headach, numbness of the joints, deafness, sore throat, lumbago, toothach, loss of appetite, falling off of the hair, corns, &c. &c., when I was recommended to try the newly-discovered panacea; and, I am happy to say, after two bottles of the stuff, I am perfectly recovered. You are at liberty to make what use you think proper of this letter.

“ Yours most obediently,

“ F. FLAM.”

“ N.B.—None but the best French brandy will do, some very fine samples of which are on hand, at my warehouse, No. 99½, Gammon-street, Hoaxton.”

FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.

“ sur—i Take the libberty of adressing yew about the brandy & sawlt. i was afflicted with dredfull lownes of sperits & rewmatism wich having freely aplide the abuv has boath Disapeard. sir my way of Aplying is the sawlt outside wonst a day & the brandy in twice evvery our. its effex is sumtims realy Asstonishing. my wife allso takes the abuv Meddisin in her tea, & finds grate bennifits. sir yewr Most obediant

“ TUMMMAS SPOONEY.”

“ P.S. sir a neyber of min Tride the abuv on his wife bean Bad skalded kiling a pig but Unlucky forgot to Put in the sawlt. owevver it was awl Verry wel, for the brandy aloan Cured his wife & now he's got the Sawlt to Cure his bakun.”

## ASSOCIATION OF BRITISH ILLUMINATI.

[*The following Extracts from the Proceedings of this illustrious Body, at the Meeting of 1840, will be read, no doubt, with the interest they deserve.*]

SOME very curious statistical and general reports were made by Mr. Colley Wobble, on the street refreshments of London. It appeared that the proportion of baked potatoe receptacles, or, as they were commonly termed, "hot tator cans," over kidney-pudding stalls, was as six to one. Of these cans one in seven was surmounted with lamps; one in three had a spare valve, to let off steam; and five out of nine used condensed Dorset scrapings, averaging about fourpence per pound. The kidney-pudding stalls appeared to confine their stations to the neighbourhoods of the minor theatres, and he could trace the effect of their nourishing principle in those thrilling and passionate outbursts, which melodramatic actors threw into such phrases as—"It is my daughter!" "Begone, sir! and learn not to insult virtuous poverty;" and the like class. Some of the stalls were embellished with singularly curious transparent lanterns, representing theatrical subjects on their four sides.

Mr. Bobbledabs inquired what species of light was burnt inside these transparencies?

Mr. Colley Wobble defined it as produced by the combustion of atmospheric air, acting on a half-consumed continuity of a two-penny thick, set in argillaceous candlesticks. He was led to make these observations from having perceived a hole burnt in the lantern, where the candle had tumbled over. The learned gentleman added, in continuation, that one of the most favourite exhibitions was "Kerim and Sanballat fighting for a kidney-pudding, from Timour the Tartar." He had likewise observed William Tell shooting a kidney-pudding from Albert's head, and Mr. Stickney riding five kidney-puddings at once for a horse—he meant to say—that is—the Association would know what he meant.

Mr. Snuffantuppenny inquired if these piquant preparations were expensive?

Mr. Colley Wobble estimated the general price at one penny each. When purchased, the vendor made a hole in them with the nail of his little finger, and poured in some warm compound, out of a blacking bottle, with a quill in the cork. This liquid had been analyzed by Mr. Faraway, and was found to contain one part fat, one part furniture oil, two parts infusion of melt, and sixteen parts of hot water, with dirt in solution.

Mr. Gambado then read a talented paper on "The imaginary barrier precluding pickled whelks from the tables of the aristocracy;" and, having finished, he begged to propose a Committee of Inquiry—why boiled crabs were sold at three a penny in Union-street, Middlesex Hospital, when you might purchase four, for the same sum, on Kennington Common?

Mr. Bobbledabs trusted his talented friend would remember, that Kennington Common was nearer the sea-coast than Union-street.

Mr. Gambado sat corrected. While they were on the subject, however, he wished to say a few words on the connexion supposed to exist between the anatomical school of the said hospital—that was to say, the Middlesex—and the number of shops for the sale of old bones and doctors' phials, with which Union-street abounded; and why so many dissecting cases were to be seen in the window of the pop-shop at the corner.

Dr. Corfe thought the reason was obvious. The scalpels hybernated with the watches toward the end of November, and the students were thus, unavoidably, driven to use penknives for lancets, and the small ends of tobacco pipes for probes and blowpipes.





**ECLIPSES FOR 1841.**

- I. A Partial Eclipse of the Sun, January 22, invisible here.  
 II. A Total Eclipse of the Moon, February 6, a. m., visible: begins at 0h. 20m., and is total from 1h 18m. to 2h. 55m. ends 3h. 53m.  
 III. A Partial Eclipse of the Sun, February 21, invisible here.  
 IV. Eclipse of the Sun, July 18, invisible here.  
 V. A Total Eclipse of the Moon, August 2, invisible here.  
 VI. Eclipse of the Sun, August 16, invisible here.

**HOLIDAYS KEPT AT PUBLIC OFFICES.****STAMP OFFICE.**

Apr. 9. Good Friday.  
 May 24. Queen's Birth Day.  
 ..... 29. Restoration King Charles.  
 June 28. Coronation.  
 Dec. 25. Christmas Day.

**CUSTOMS AND EXCISE OFFICES.**

Apr. 9. Good Friday.  
 May 24. Queen's Birth Day.  
 June 28. Coronation.  
 Dec. 25. Christmas Day.

**BANK OF ENGLAND.**

Apr. 9. Good Friday.  
 Dec. 25. Christmas Day.  
 And, in the Transfer Offices, 1st May  
 and 1st November in addition.

**INDIA HOUSE TRANSFER OFFICE and  
EXCHEQUER OFFICE.**

Apr. 9. Good Friday.  
 Dec. 25. Christmas Day.

**LAW TERMS.**

HILARY TERM begins.....Jan. 11 ..... Ends Feb. 1  
 EASTER TERM .....Apr. 15 ..... May 8  
 TRINITY TERM.....May 22 ..... June 12  
 MICHAELMAS TERM .....Nov. 2 ..... Nov. 25

**TRANSFER DAYS***At the Bank.*

Dividends due.

|                                                                         |                                                |           |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| Bank Stock.....                                                         | Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday .....            | } April 5 |
| 3 per cent. reduced,                                                    | Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday ..... |           |
| 3½ per cent.....                                                        | Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday .....            | } Oct. 10 |
| 3½ per cent. reduced,                                                   | Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday ..... |           |
| Annuities for term of years to Jan. 5, 1860, Mon. Wed. and Friday...    | Jan. 5, July 5                                 | } Jan. 5  |
| Annuities for term of years to Oct. 10, 1859, Tues. Thurs. and Sat. ... | Apr. 5, Oct. 10                                |           |
| 3 per cent. Consols,                                                    | Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday ..... | } July 5  |
| 3 per cent. 1726.....                                                   | Tuesday and Thursday .....                     |           |
| 3½ per cent. (New)                                                      | Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday ..... | } July 5  |
| 5 per cent. (Ditto)                                                     | Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday .....           |           |

Hours for buying, selling, and transferring, from 11 to 1; for accepting, from 9 to 3; for payment of dividends, from 9 to 3, every day in the week.

*At the South Sea House.*

|                            |                                       |                 |
|----------------------------|---------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Stock, 3½ per cent. ....   | Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday.....  | Jan. 5, July 5  |
| 3 per cent. Old Annuities, | Monday, Wednesday, and Friday .....   | Apr. 5, Oct. 10 |
| 3 per cent. New Annuities, | Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday ..... | } Jan. 5        |
| 3 per cent. 1751,.....     | Tuesday and Thursday .....            |                 |

*At the East India House.*

|                                             |                   |
|---------------------------------------------|-------------------|
| Stock, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday..... | Jan. 5, July 5    |
| Interest on India Bonds due .....           | Mar. 31, Sept. 30 |

**GENERAL POST OFFICE, LONDON.**

All Letters, from one part of the United Kingdom to another, the Channel Islands and Isle of Man inclusive, as well as by the London and Country local posts, are charged at one uniform rate, by weight, viz. :—

Not exceeding ¼ ounce ..... 1d., if pre-paid.

Exceeding ¼ ounce, and not exceeding 1 ounce, 2d. "

" 1 ounce " 2 ounces, 4d. "

" 2 ounces " 3 ounces, 6d. "

and so on, increasing at 2d. for every ounce, or part of an ounce.

Adhesive Stamps, representing 1d. and 2d., are provided, and may be placed on

Letters instead of payment in money. Where the postage would be more than those amounts, additional Stamps may be affixed. Unpaid Letters are charged double the above rates.

Letters or Packets, above 16 ounces, will not be conveyed, excepting Addresses or Petitions to Her Majesty.—Parliamentary Proceedings.—Letters and Packets to or from Foreign parts.—Letters and Packets to and from Public Departments;—and Deeds, under specified regulations.

The privilege of franking is abolished.

Members of Parliament may receive Petitions to Parliament, free, if not exceeding 6 ounces in weight, and sent without covers, or in covers open at the ends.

### RECEIPT STAMPS.

[The Stamp Duty on Receipts under £5 ceased 5th July, 1833, except with respect to penalties previously incurred.]

| Amounting to                   | and under | £ | s. | d. |
|--------------------------------|-----------|---|----|----|
| £5                             | £10       | 0 | 0  | 3  |
| 10                             | 20        | 0 | 0  | 6  |
| 20                             | 50        | 0 | 1  | 0  |
| 50                             | 100       | 0 | 1  | 6  |
| 100                            | 200       | 0 | 2  | 6  |
| 200                            | 300       | 0 | 4  | 0  |
| 300                            | 500       | 0 | 5  | 0  |
| 500                            | 1000      | 0 | 7  | 6  |
| 1000 or upwards                |           | 0 | 10 | 0  |
| Receipt in full of all demands |           | 0 | 10 | 0  |

Penalty for signing a Receipt without a stamp, or upon a stamp of less denomination than proper—if the sum is

|                     |     |
|---------------------|-----|
| Under £100          | £10 |
| If £100 and upwards | £20 |

A Memorandum given for money received, though not signed, is deemed a Receipt, and liable to duty.

### BILL STAMPS, &c.

| For any longer Period. | Not exceeding Two Months after Date, or Sixty Days after Sight. |   |
|------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------|---|
|                        | 1s. 6d.                                                         | 0 |
| 2 0                    | 1 6                                                             | 0 |
| 2 6                    | 1 1                                                             | 0 |
| 3 6                    | 2 0                                                             | 0 |
| 4 6                    | 2 6                                                             | 0 |
| 5 0                    | 3 6                                                             | 0 |
| 6 0                    | 4 6                                                             | 0 |
| 8 6                    | 5 0                                                             | 0 |
| 12 6                   | 6 0                                                             | 0 |
| 15 0                   | 8 6                                                             | 0 |
| 25 0                   | 12 6                                                            | 0 |
| 30                     | 15 0                                                            | 0 |
|                        | 25 0                                                            | 0 |

### HER MAJESTY'S MINISTERS.

|                                         |                                                   |
|-----------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|
| Viscount Melbourne                      | First Lord of the Treasury                        |
| Right Hon. F. T. Baring                 | Chancellor of the Exchequer                       |
| Lord Cottenham                          | Lord Chancellor                                   |
| Marquis of Lansdowne                    | Lord President of the Council                     |
| Earl of Clarendon                       | Lord Privy Seal                                   |
| Marquis of Normanby                     | Home Secretary                                    |
| Viscount Palmerston                     | Foreign Secretary                                 |
| Lord John Russell                       | Colonial Secretary                                |
| Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay               | Secretary at War                                  |
| Earl of Minto                           | First Lord of the Admiralty                       |
| Right Hon. Sir John Cam Hobhouse, Bt.   | President of the Board of Control                 |
| Right Hon. Henry Labouchere             | President of the Board of Trade                   |
| Right Hon. Henry Labouchere             | Master of the Mint                                |
| Right Hon. Sir Henry Parnell, Bart. ... | Paymaster of the Forces and Treasurer of the Navy |
| Right Hon. Sir Richard H. Vivian, Bt.   |                                                   |
| Earl of Lichfield                       | Master General of the Ordnance                    |
| Earl of Uxbridge                        | Postmaster General                                |
| Earl of Errol                           | Lord Chamberlain                                  |
| Earl of Albemarle                       | Lord Steward                                      |
| Marquis of Winchester                   | Master of the Horse                               |
| Sir John Campbell                       | Groom of the Stole                                |
| Sir Thomas Wilde                        | Attorney General                                  |
| Viscount Ebrington                      | Solicitor General                                 |
| Viscount Morpeth                        | Lord Lieutenant of Ireland                        |
| Lord Plunkett                           | Chief Secretary of Ireland                        |
| M. Brady, Esq.                          | Lord Chancellor of Ireland                        |
| D. Pigot, Esq.                          | Attorney General of Ireland                       |
|                                         | Solicitor General of Ireland                      |

**BANKERS IN LONDON.**

Barclay and Co. 54, Lombard-street  
 Barnards and Co., 50, Cornhill  
 Barnettts, Hoare, & Co. 62, Lombard-st.  
 Bosanquet and Co. 73, Lombard-street  
 Bouverie and Co. 11, Haymarket  
 Brown and Co. 32, Abchurch-lane  
 Call (Sir W. P.), Marten, and Co. 25, Old Bond-street  
 Child and Co. 1, Fleet-street  
 Cockburn and Co. 4, Whitehall  
 Cocks, Biddulph, and Biddulph, 43, Charing-cross  
 Coutts and Co. 59, Strand  
 Cunliffes, Brooks, and Co. 23, Lombard-street  
 Curries, Raikes, and Co. 29, Cornhill  
 Delisle and Co. 16, Devonshire-square, Bishopsgate-street  
 Denison and Co. 4, Lombard-street  
 Dixons and Co. 25, Chancery-lane  
 Dorrien and Co. 22, Finch-lane  
 Drewett and Fowler, Princes-st. Bank  
 Drummond and Co. 49, Charing-cross  
 Feltham and Co. 42, Lombard-street  
 Fullers and Co. 84, Cornhill  
 Glyn and Co. 67, Lombard-street  
 Goslings and Sharp, 19, Fleet-street  
 Hanburys, Taylor, and Lloyds, 60, Lombard-street  
 Hankeys and Co. 7, Fenchurch-street.  
 Herries, Farquhar, Halliday, Davidson, and Co. 16, St. James's-street  
 Hill and Son, 17, West Smithfield  
 Hoare, Henry, Henry Hugh, Charles and Henry Meyrick, 37, Fleet-street  
 Hopkinson, 3, Regent-street  
 Ireland, Provincial Bank of, 42, Old Broad-street  
 —, National Bank of, 39, Old Broad-street  
 Johnston and Co. 15, Bush-lane  
 Jones, Loyd, and Co. 43, Lothbury  
 Jones and Son, 41, West Smithfield  
 Keil, James, 2, Billiter-square  
 Kinlock and Sons, 1, New Broad-street  
 Ladbrokes, Kingscote, and Gillman, Bank Buildings  
 London and County Bank, 71, Lombard-street

London Joint Stock Bank, Princes-street, Bank  
 London and Westminster Bank, Lothbury; 9, Waterloo-place; 213, High Holborn; 155, Oxford-street; 12, Wellington-street, Borough; and 87, Whitechapel  
 Lubbocks, Foster, Clark, and Co, 11, Mansion House-street  
 Marylebone Bank, 9, Cavendish-square, 17, Bucklersbury, 98, Goswell-road, 189, Sloan-street  
 Mastermans and Co. 35, Nicholas-lane  
 Metropolitan Bank, 4, Pall Mall East  
 National and Provincial Bank, 13, Austin Friars  
 Pocklington and Lacy, 60, West Smithfield  
 Praeds, and Co. 189, Fleet-street  
 Prescott and Co. 62, Threadneedle-st.  
 Price and Co. King William-street  
 Puget, Bainbridges, and Co, 12, St. Paul's Church-yard  
 Ransoms and Co. 1, Pall Mall East  
 Robarts, Curtis, & Co. 15, Lombard-st.  
 Rogers and Co. 29, Clement's-lane  
 Scott and Co. 1, Cavendish-square  
 Smith, Payne, and Smith, King William-street  
 Snow, Strahan, and Co. 217, Strand  
 Spooner, Attwoods, and Co. 27, Gracechurch-street  
 Stevenson and Salt, 20, Lombard-street  
 Stone, Martin, and Stone, 68, Lombard-street  
 Stride and Sons, 6, Copthall-court  
 Surrey, Kent, and Sussex, 71, Lombard-street  
 Twinings and Aldred, 215, Strand  
 Union Bank of London, 8, Moorgate-street, Lothbury; Branch Office, Argyle-place, Regent-st.  
 Veres and Co. 77, Lombard-street  
 Wakefield and Co. 70, Old Broad-street  
 Weston, Young, and Bostock, Wellington-street, Borough  
 Whitmore and Co., 24, Lombard-street  
 Williams, Deacon, & Co. Birchin-lane  
 Willis and Co. 76, Lombard-street

**BIRTH-DAYS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.**

QUEEN ALEXANDRINA VICTORIA ..... May 24, 1819.  
 THE PRINCESS ROYAL ..... Nov. 21, 1840.  
 PRINCE ALBERT ..... Aug. 26, 1819.

|                                                             |                                         |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|
| Queen Adelaide ..... Aug. 13, 1792                          | Prin. Sophia Matilda of } May 29, 1773  |
| Prss. Elizabeth, of Hesse }<br>Homberg ..... } May 22, 1770 | Gloucester ..... }                      |
| King of Hanover ..... June 5, 1771                          | Queen of Hanover ..... Mar. 20, 1778    |
| Aug. Fred. Duke of Sussex Jan. 27, 1773                     | Augusta, Duch. of Camb. . July 25, 1797 |
| Adolphus Fred. Duke of } Feb. 24, 1774                      | Crown Prince of Hanover May 27, 1819    |
| Cambridge ..... }                                           | Geo. Wm. Fred. son of } Mar. 26, 1819   |
| Mary, Duch. of Gloucester Apr. 25, 1776                     | Duke of Cambridge ... }                 |
| Princess Sophia ..... Nov. 3, 1777                          | Augusta Caroline ..... July 19, 1822    |
| Victoria, Duch. of Kent ... Aug. 17, 1786                   | Mary Adelaide ..... Dec. 7, 1833        |

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| 45   | 1             | 14 | 4  | 1                                    | 15 | 8  | 3                                | 9  | 4            | 1  | 15         | 3  | 0                             | 17 | 11           | 45 | 3          | 17 | 0 | 1 | 19 | 2  | 0 | 19 | 11 |
| 55   | 2             | 10 | 9  | 2                                    | 19 | 1  | 5                                | 5  | 6            | 2  | 13         | 10 | 1                             | 7  | 6            | 55 | 5          | 17 | 2 | 2 | 19 | 10 | 1 | 10 | 0  |
| 65   | 5             | 5  | 0  | 6                                    | 0  | 4  | 8                                | 10 | 5            | 4  | 7          | 6  | 2                             | 4  | 11           | 65 | 9          | 9  | 4 | 4 | 17 | 3  | 2 | 9  | 0  |

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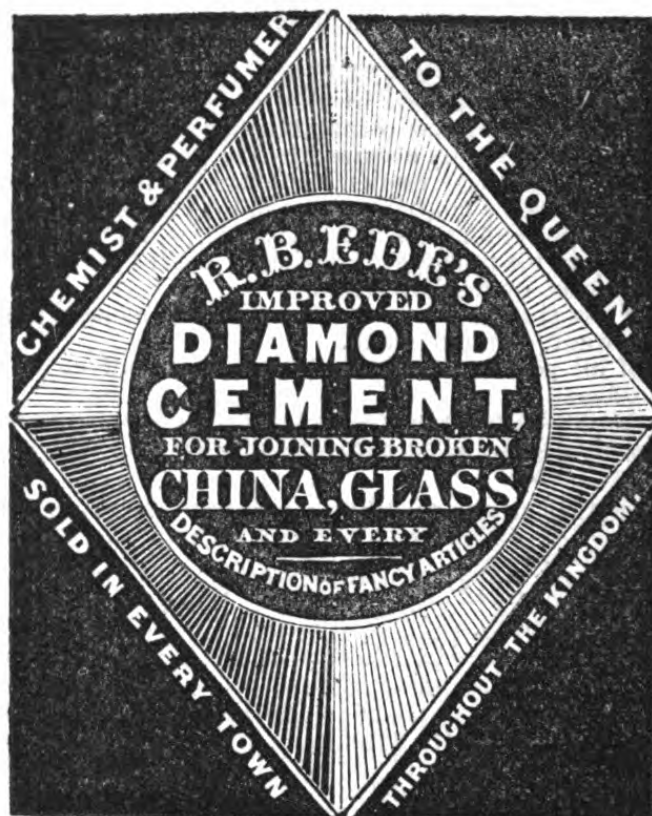
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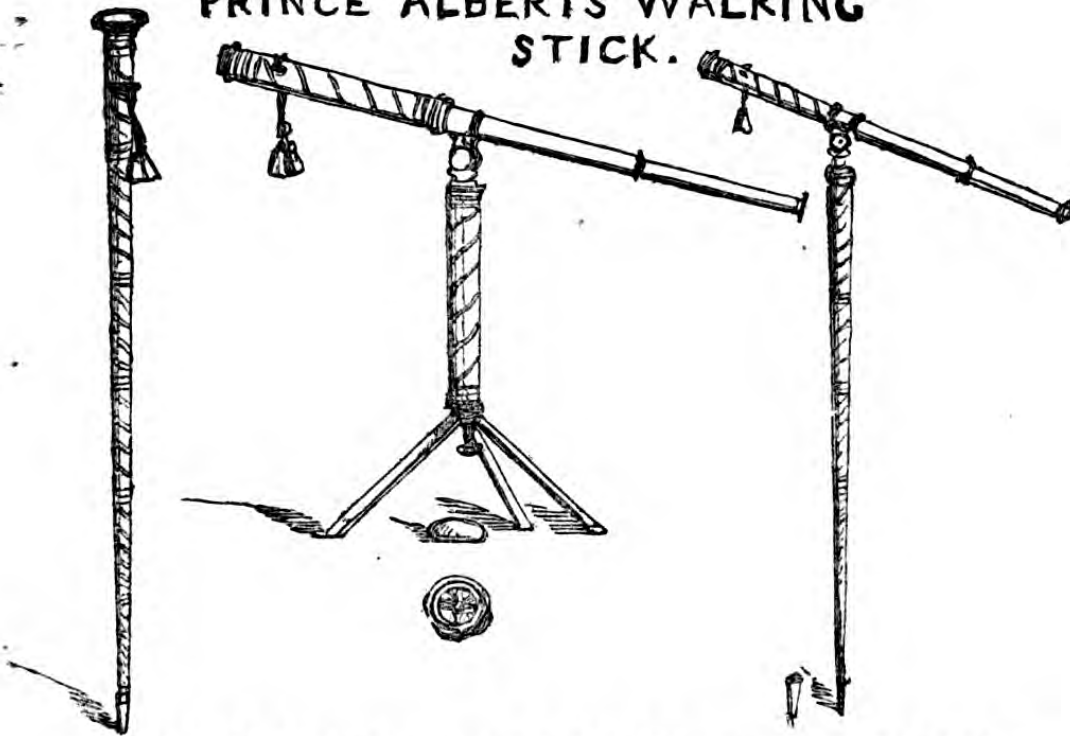
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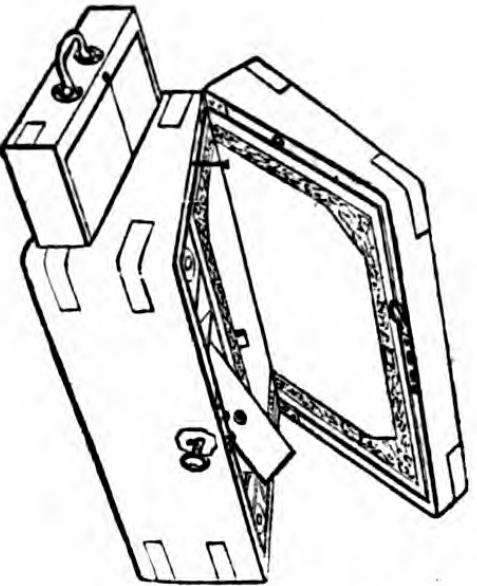
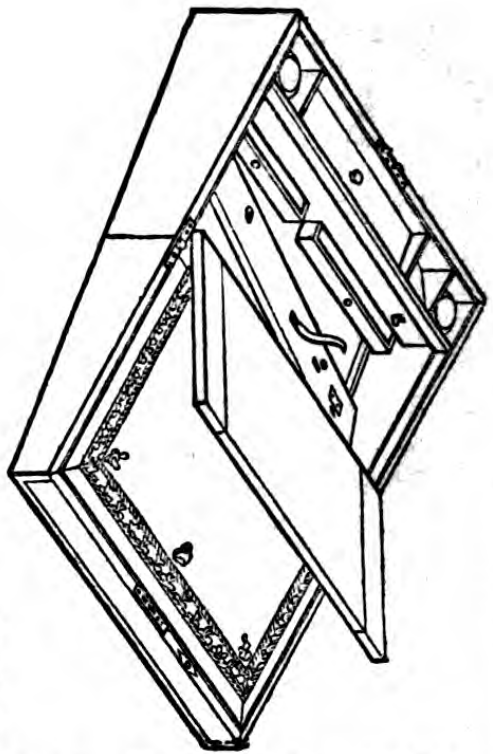
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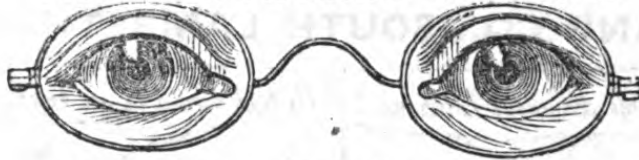
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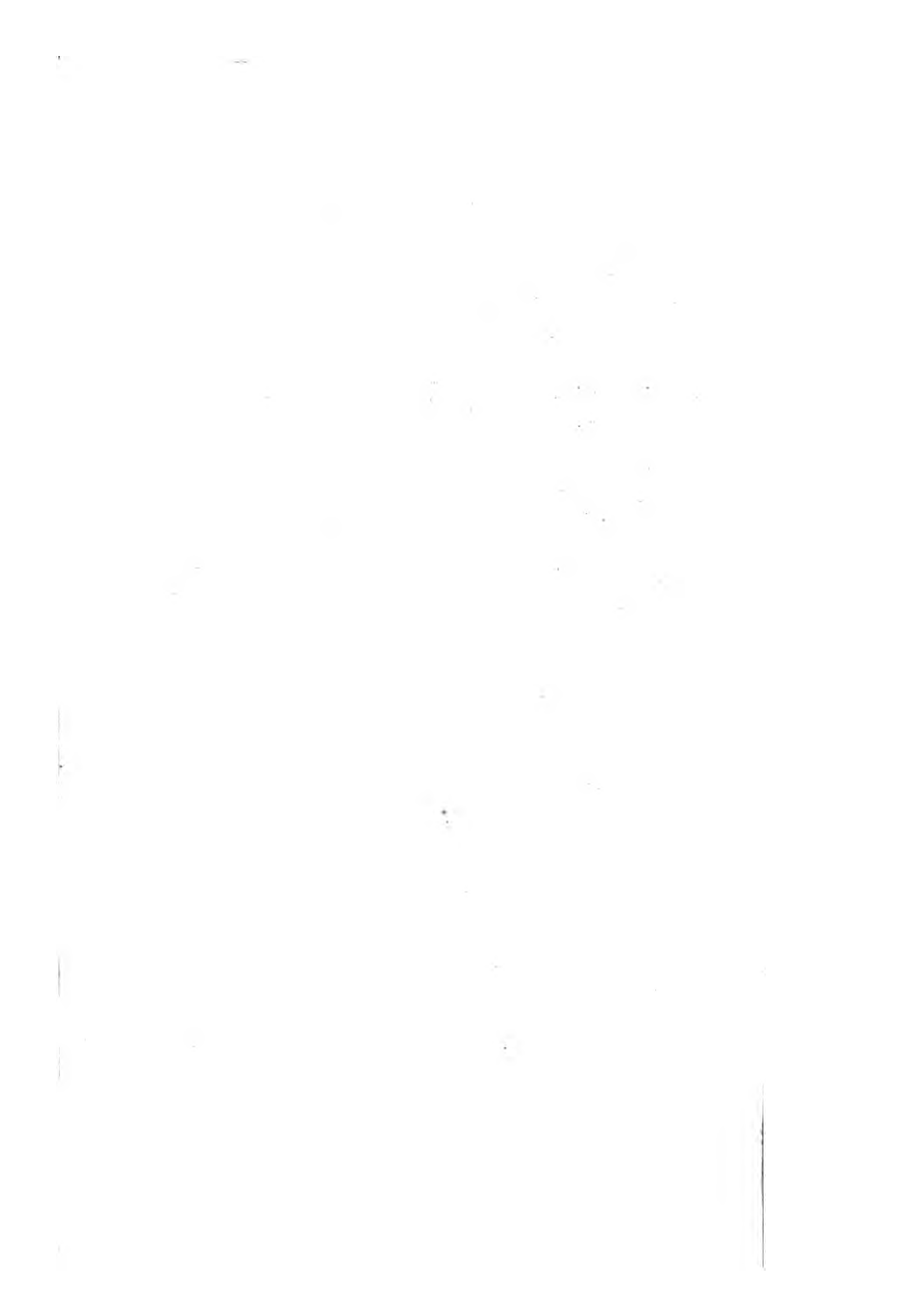
Last Quar. . . 3 day 8 min. past 10 aft.

New Moon . . 11 day 15 min. past 4 aft.

First Quar. . . 19 day 0 min. past 9 aft.

Full Moon . . 26 day 50 min. past 5 aft.

| M<br>D | W<br>D | FESTIVALS, &c.               | Sun<br>rises &<br>sets. | M<br>A | Moon<br>rises &<br>sets. |
|--------|--------|------------------------------|-------------------------|--------|--------------------------|
| 1      | S      | CIRCUMCISION                 | r 8 8                   | 20     | 10 a 6                   |
| 2      | S      | 2 SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS     | s 4 0                   | 21     | 11 29                    |
| 3      | M      |                              | r 8 8                   | L      | morn.                    |
| 4      | T      |                              | s 4 3                   | 23     | 0 51                     |
| 5      | W      | Duke of York died 1827       | r 8 8                   | 24     | 2 10                     |
| 6      | T      | EPIPHANY—TWELFTH DAY—        | s 4 5                   | 25     | 3 29                     |
| 7      | F      | [Old Christmas Day           | r 8 7                   | 26     | 4 44                     |
| 8      | S      | Fire Insurances expire       | s 4 8                   | 27     | 5 52                     |
| 9      | S      | 1 SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY      | r 8 6                   | 28     | 6 50                     |
| 10     | M      | <i>Plough Monday</i>         | s 4 10                  | 29     | 7 35                     |
| 11     | T      | <i>Hilary Term begins</i>    | r 8 5                   | N      | sets.                    |
| 12     | W      |                              | s 4 13                  | 1      | 5 a 10                   |
| 13     | T      | <i>Cambridge Term begins</i> | r 8 4                   | 2      | 6 22                     |
| 14     | F      | <i>Oxford Term begins</i>    | s 4 16                  | 3      | 7 31                     |
| 15     | S      |                              | r 8 2                   | 4      | 8 40                     |
| 16     | S      | 2 SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY      | s 4 19                  | 5      | 9 49                     |
| 17     | M      |                              | r 8 0                   | 6      | 10 58                    |
| 18     | T      | Old Twelfth Day              | s 4 23                  | 7      | morn.                    |
| 19     | W      |                              | r 7 58                  | Fi     | 0 10                     |
| 20     | T      | Clock before Sun, 11' 21"    | s 4 26                  | 9      | 1 23                     |
| 21     | F      |                              | r 7 56                  | 10     | 2 42                     |
| 22     | S      |                              | s 4 29                  | 11     | 3 58                     |
| 23     | S      | SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY          | r 7 54                  | 12     | 5 10                     |
| 24     | M      |                              | s 4 33                  | 13     | 6 10                     |
| 25     | T      | CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL       | r 7 51                  | 14     | 6 56                     |
| 26     | W      | Moon Eclipsed, visible       | s 4 36                  | F      | rises.                   |
| 27     | T      | Duke of Sussex born, 1773    | r 7 49                  | 16     | 6 a 9                    |
| 28     | F      |                              | s 4 40                  | 17     | 7 40                     |
| 29     | S      | King George III. died 1820   | r 7 46                  | 18     | 9 6                      |
| 30     | S      | SEXAG. S.—K. CHAS. MART.     | s 4 43                  | 19     | 10 32                    |
| 31     | M      | <i>Hilary Term ends</i>      | r 7 43                  | 20     | 11 54                    |





Before dinner and after

## BEFORE DINNER, AND AFTER.

---

GUESTS were assembled—formal, prim, and staid—

The conversation did not yet come pat in ;  
The bachelor found speeches *ready made*,  
The *ready maid* looked twice as hard as Latin ;  
The lord was stiff—the lady half afraid  
To spoil her *silk* dress with the chair she *sat in!*

A dreadful dull demureness fill'd the place ;  
*Room-attics* might be caught on that *first floor* ;  
No *racy* word, from all the human *race*  
There gathered—nothing to create a roar—  
Weather and poetry their themes of grace—  
They talked of snow, and *Byron*,—nothing *Moore*.

There broke no pun upon the startled ear—  
Nothing the soul of etiquette to smother ;  
None were at home, but each on each did leer,  
As who should say, “ You're out,” and “ Does your mother ?”  
Their words were *dry*, and yet they did appear  
To *throw cold water upon one another !*

They stood, or sat, like lumps of social stone,  
Their *wheel* of life went round, yet *no one spoke* ;  
Or, if they did, not *speeches from the thrown*  
From horse or gig, were more devoid of joke ;  
The *little* fire that, in the *grate* had grown,  
Dim, had a longing for a stir, or poke.

The *hes* were stupid, and, it might be said,  
The *shes* were as *uneasy* as the *hes* :  
It was all *heavy* there, and nothing *led*  
To anything, but minding Q's and P's ;  
While every heart was absent, every head  
Ran upon “ soup, fish, flesh, fowl, tart, and cheese.”

Nothing was *on the carpet*; when there came  
This bright announcement—“ *Dinner on the table !*”  
Then wagg'd the tongues, which soon began to frame  
A young confusion, like to bees, or Babel,  
And each face wore a smile, that quite became,  
Just as a doctor's bottle wears a label.



Dinner pass'd over—they were quite genteel ;  
 The wine went very fast and freely round ;  
 None vulgarly, that day, took *malt* with *meal*,  
 But still in *the best spirits* all were found ;  
 As they sat at the table, they did feel  
 As if their *soles* would never touch the ground.

The *cloth* was *cut*, and the dessert was spread,  
 Fresh bottles crown'd the hospitable board,  
 Their jolly cheeks grew fast from *white* to *red* ;  
 So pass'd the wine—their bark of life was *moor'd*  
 Quite safe in *port*, while head did nod to head,  
 Familiar as the scabbard to the sword.

Now grew the conversation fast to fruit,  
 The fruit had grown already very fine ;  
 The *wine* produced no *whining*, and, to boot,  
 No epicure *repined* about the *pine* ;  
 But Love did all around his *arrows* shoot,  
 Lanced from his *beaux* against the ladies fine.

Each Miss's joke now made a pleasant hit,  
 No lover's *sally* could be deem'd *a miss* ;  
 Less stately, too, the dowagers did sit—  
 They let their feelings loose on that and this ;  
 Their tongues, in fact, were *bridled* not a *bit*—  
 The prude would have said "thank ye" for a kiss.

The guests gave out a host of best good things,  
 By way of compliment to their good host ;  
 Brim full of eloquence, a friend upsprings,  
 And hopes that he will always rule the roast ;  
 The praises of the *belles* another *rings*,  
 And turns, at once, "the Ladies" to a toast.

So freedom reigns ; whereby it seemeth clear  
 That people grow most cordial after dinner ;  
 Till then, the dearest woman seems less dear,  
 The thinnest gentleman's thin wit grows thinner ;  
 The cheerful will be cheerless, without cheer—  
 You must have meat and drink, as you're a sinner !



THE GAIETIES OF TOM GAD.

I.

Off goes Tom Gad, while John his lad  
 Stands holding his nags so handy;  
 Mary behind, with thoughtfulness kind,  
 Is there with a bottle of brandy.  
 Master is going—(oh, how they'll be missing him  
 When he's in London)—and Missus is kissing him!

10. King of Hanover claims some of  
 the Crown Jewels of England.

"To lose for want of asking is no joke!"  
 'Twas just like *Ernest*, though *in jest* he spoke.

20. West Middlesex Assurance bub-  
 ble burst. Creditors in the suds.

Like coining gold appear'd the plan, when new,  
 But soon they found their *Mint* was turn'd to *Rue*.

Short Days.

Send prozers to pot,  
 Who are dry and statistical,  
 And rather drink egg-hot,  
 Than be eg-ot-istical.



Tom's journey ended, begins his spree;  
 Slap into the Bull and Mouth drives he.

## MOON'S CHANGES.

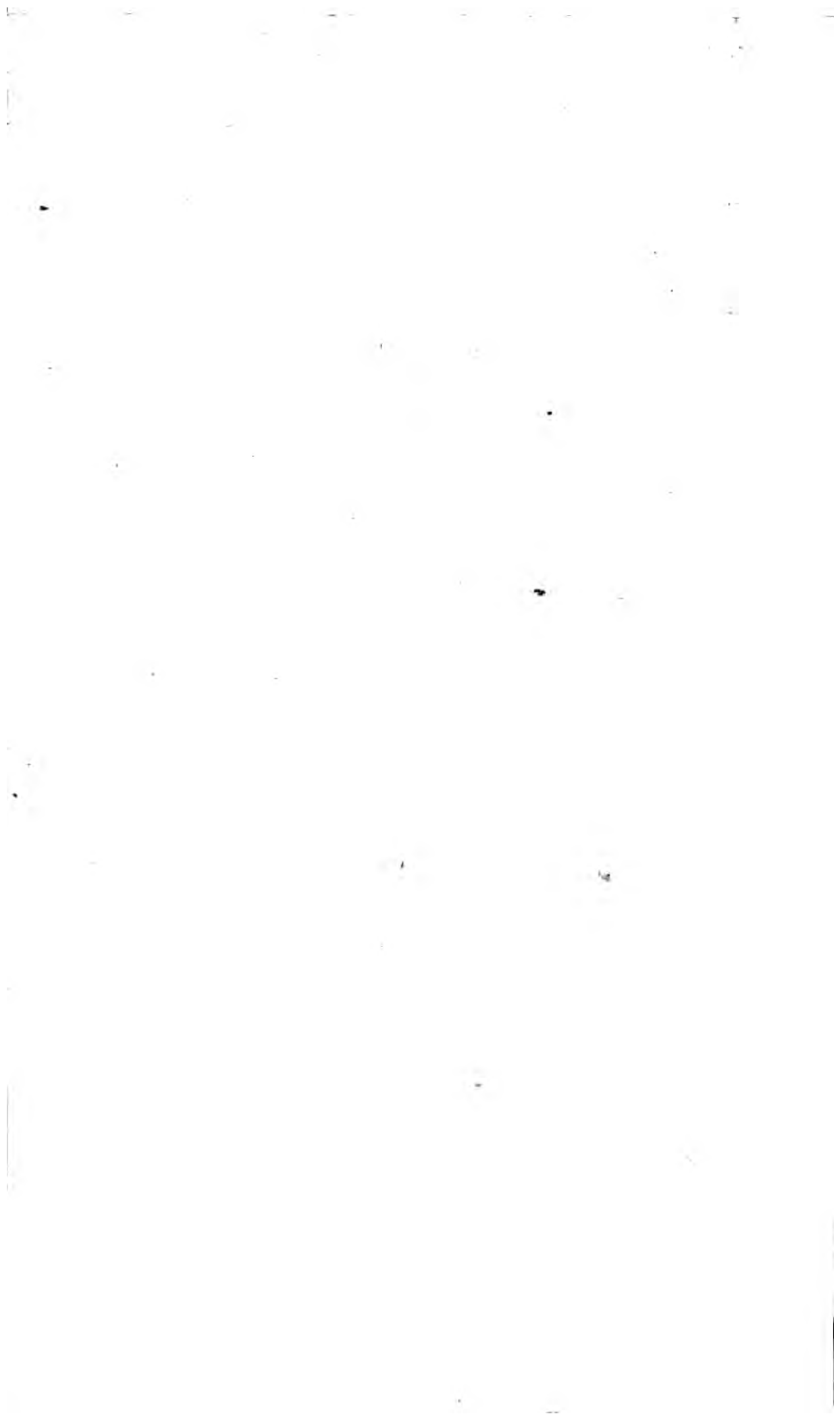
Last Quar. . . 2 day 26 min. past 10 mo.

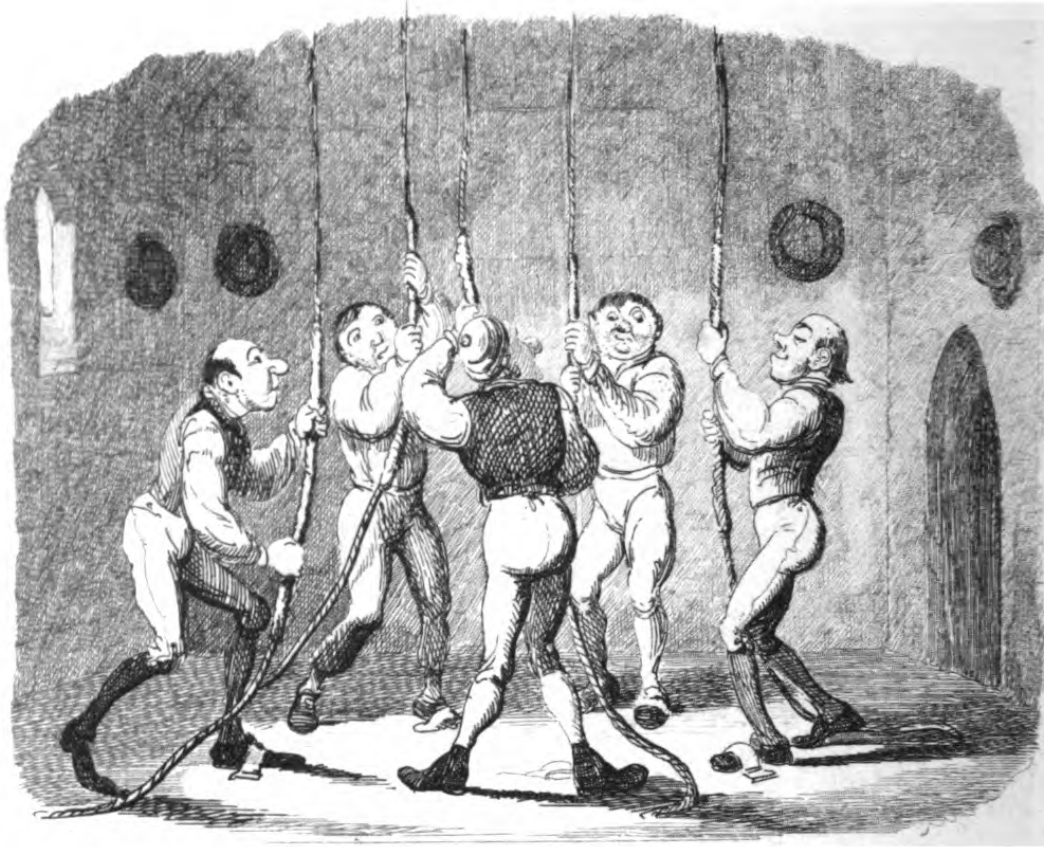
New Moon . . 10 day 54 min. past 11 mo.

First Quar. . . 18 day 41 min. past 11 mo.

Full Moon . . 25 day 15 min. past 4 mo.

| M<br>D | W<br>D | FESTIVALS, &c.                  | Sun<br>rises &<br>sets. | M<br>A | Moon<br>rises &<br>sets. |
|--------|--------|---------------------------------|-------------------------|--------|--------------------------|
| 1      | T      |                                 | r 7 41                  | 21     | morn.                    |
| 2      | W      | PURIFICATION— <i>Cand. Day</i>  | s 4 49                  | L      | 1 18                     |
| 3      | T      |                                 | r 7 38                  | 23     | 2 34                     |
| 4      | F      | Galvani died, 1799              | s 4 52                  | 24     | 3 45                     |
| 5      | S      |                                 | r 7 35                  | 25     | 4 46                     |
| 6      | S      | SHROVE SUNDAY                   | s 4 56                  | 26     | 5 34                     |
| 7      | M      |                                 | r 7 32                  | 27     | 6 11                     |
| 8      | T      | SHROVE TUES.—Half-quarter       | s 5 0                   | 28     | 6 39                     |
| 9      | W      | ASH WEDNESDAY                   | r 7 28                  | 29     | 7 0                      |
| 10     | T      | QUEEN VICT. married, 1840       | s 5 3                   | N      | sets.                    |
| 11     | F      |                                 | r 7 25                  | 1      | 6 a 30                   |
| 12     | S      | Partridge shooting ends         | s 5 7                   | 2      | 7 40                     |
| 13     | S      | 1 SUNDAY IN LENT                | r 7 21                  | 3      | 8 47                     |
| 14     | M      | <i>Valentine Day—Camb. Term</i> | s 5 11                  | 4      | 9 56                     |
| 15     | T      | [ <i>div. n.</i>                | r 7 17                  | 5      | 11 9                     |
| 16     | W      | EMBER WEEK                      | s 5 14                  | 6      | morn.                    |
| 17     | T      |                                 | r 7 13                  | 7      | 0 25                     |
| 18     | F      | Clock before Sun, 14' 15"       | s 5 18                  | Fi     | 1 40                     |
| 19     | S      |                                 | r 7 9                   | 9      | 2 52                     |
| 20     | S      | 2 SUNDAY IN LENT                | s 5 22                  | 10     | 3 56                     |
| 21     | M      |                                 | r 7 5                   | 11     | 4 47                     |
| 22     | T      |                                 | s 5 25                  | 12     | 5 26                     |
| 23     | W      | Sir J. Reynolds died, 1792      | r 7 1                   | 13     | 5 55                     |
| 24     | T      | ST. MATTHIAS—D. of Camb.        | s 5 29                  | 14     | 6 19                     |
| 25     | F      | [born, 1774                     | r 6 57                  | F      | rises.                   |
| 26     | S      | Hare hunting ends               | s 5 32                  | 16     | 7 a 59                   |
| 27     | S      | 3 SUNDAY IN LENT                | r 6 53                  | 17     | 9 27                     |
| 28     | M      |                                 | s 5 36                  | 18     | 10 52                    |





Ringin' a peal and Ringin' a belle

## RINGING A PEAL, AND RINGING A BELLE:

*Or, The Pippy Correspondence: a Diary of Love and Inundation.*

I.

### *Mr. Pippy's Valentine.*

THIS elegant production was painted on a sheet of paper with a lace border, and presented a singular mixture of sentiment and improbability, *viz.*—a little boy, in a species of undress which the police would certainly prohibit from becoming the general fashion, riding in a car, like an enormous periwinkle shell turned topsy-turvy, upon wheels, and drawn by two pigeons—a proceeding of which every thinking mind must admit the impracticability, since the atmospheric resistance of the birds' wings could never afford sufficient fulcrum to draw so large a vehicle with any momentum, especially with cowslip collars and rosebud traces.—[See Proceed. of Chawturmut Lit. and Scien. Inst., p. 30.] A church with a pointed spire and two windows was seen in the distance, perfecting this tasteful composition of protestant mythology. At each corner were intricate red loops, like mud-worms in convulsions, termed true lovers' knots; and below were eight exquisite and novel lines, of which we present the reader with the *termini*, leaving him to fill them up as he pleases:—"heart—smart," "languish—anguish," "flame—name," "you be mine—Valentine."

II.

### *Miss Celia Potts to a confidential Female Friend.*

Oh, my dear Charlotte,

What *do* you think? Mr. Pippy, the young apothecary, who came down here to take our union of fourteen parishes at £20 a-year, has sent me a Valentine. Not a common, impudent penny one of an old maid, with cats and parrots all about her, but a beautiful picture of a little Cupid—such a love!—riding in a thingemygig, drawn by two what-d'ye-call-'ems, with—oh, my!—eight lovely verses underneath. I know it's from him, because it's scented all over with the best Turkey rhubarb and oil of peppermint, and I found a small piece of pill adhering to the envelope—how a trifle betrays the secrets of the heart! My mind is all in a titter-totter—do come and see me.

Chawturmut,

Feb. 14.

Yours very sincerely,

CELIA POTTS.

III.

### *Mr. Pippy to Miss Potts.*

Adored Celia,

The auricles of my heart contract with accelerated circulation as I pen these lines. I can no longer conceal that my love is as firmly fixed upon you, as with a solution of gum-arabic. Are your affections free for me? and may they be taken immediately, and repeated every four hours with one of the powders?—alas! I scarce know what I write. I have already directed a dozen draughts to the wrong people: one old lady has swallowed half a pot of ringworm ointment, and Mrs. Jones has been rubbing her little boy's head with lenitive electuary. You alone can write the prescription that shall administer to my incertitude.

Ever devotedly yours,

PHINEAS PIPPY.

## IV.

*Miss Potts to the confidential Friend.*

My dearest Charlotte,

We have given a small party, and he has formally proposed. He was very timid at first, but it was the red wine negus that did it, for Mamma very kindly made it pretty strong, and gave him a good dose, immediately upon my singing—"I'd marry him to-morrow." He says he has loved me "ever since he first saw me at church in that beautiful cloak." My dear, it was my old pelisse, which I had turned, made into a capucine, and lined with blue Persian; but love gilds everything by its magic: possibly it converted my last year's straw bonnet into a Tuscan chip. It is pouring in torrents, and they say if it goes on we must have a flood. He is sitting at his surgery window, looking at me, between the red and blue bottles, with a spy-glass.

Yours ever,

CELIA.

Feb. 20.

## V.

*Mr. Pippy to his friend Mr. Tweak.*

My dear Tweak,

How uncertain is everything in this world! I was to have been married to-day to the loveliest of her sex, but the floods have so risen, that nothing but the roof of the church is visible. It began yesterday morning, when the canal banks broke, and increased with such rapidity, that I was compelled to spend the day on the dining-table, and am now driven to the second floor, with no provision but a flask of lamp oil and some tooth powder. The sick paupers of the Union I attend have just arrived on a barge, which has got aground on the bridge. The bell-ringers, also, who were practising in the belfry when the irruption took place, are fast enclosed therein—the doors being under water, and the windows too small to get out at. They are ringing for help, and the sound is awfully painful, as it was to have been my bridal peal. A letter has just been brought by Tom Johnson, in a mash-tub, from my adored Celia; I hasten to read it.

Yours ever,

PHINEAS PIPPY.

Feb. 23.

## VI.

*Miss Potts to Mr. Pippy.*

Dearest Phinny,

Do not, I implore you, think too much of Hero and Leander. Our rustic Hellespont is far too cold for you to plunge into and swim across, and such a proceeding might excite the gossip of our neighbours. Let us endure this trial with patience. The waters are certainly abating, as the French bed in our back room is now visible, and John has caught three fine eels in the pillow-case, which I send you, as well as my pet Carlo, who will swim back with any answer you may have to send.

Yours very affectionately,

CELIA POTTS.

## VII.

*(Extract from the Chawturmut Gazette.)*

Married, on the 28th inst., Phineas Pippy, Esq., to Celia, daughter of Anthony Potts, Esq. The ceremony, which was delayed by the late floods, was performed as soon as the waters sufficiently fell—the party going to the altar in a punt.



II.

Tom Gad, a swell, in a town hotel,  
Is breakfasting like a king;  
Besides his proggery, lots of toggery  
Hatters and tailors bring;  
While John declares, he's blest if ever he  
Look'd so smart as he shall in his livery!



14. Crockford cuts the cards, and throws up the game.

When Crocky, after many rubs,  
On gaming turn'd his back,  
'Twas just as though the king of clubs  
Were shuffled from the pack.



16. Lord Cardigan's trial and acquittal.

"Not guilty, on my honour"

21. The Pennard Cheese.

A mighty fuss about a mity cheese  
From *Zummerset*, Her Majesty to please;  
A wrong foundation sure its fame was built on,—  
So mighty high—it must have been a *Stilt-on*.

26. Explosion of the great projectile in Essex.—Lots of calves frightened to death, all for the public *neal*.

28. Conviction at Worship-street, for selling spurious T, which shows the necessiT of avoiding an uncertainT.

Look out below—above a joke.

The politest of dogs  
To a kitten in clogs.





## MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quar. . . 4 day 22 min. past 1 mo.

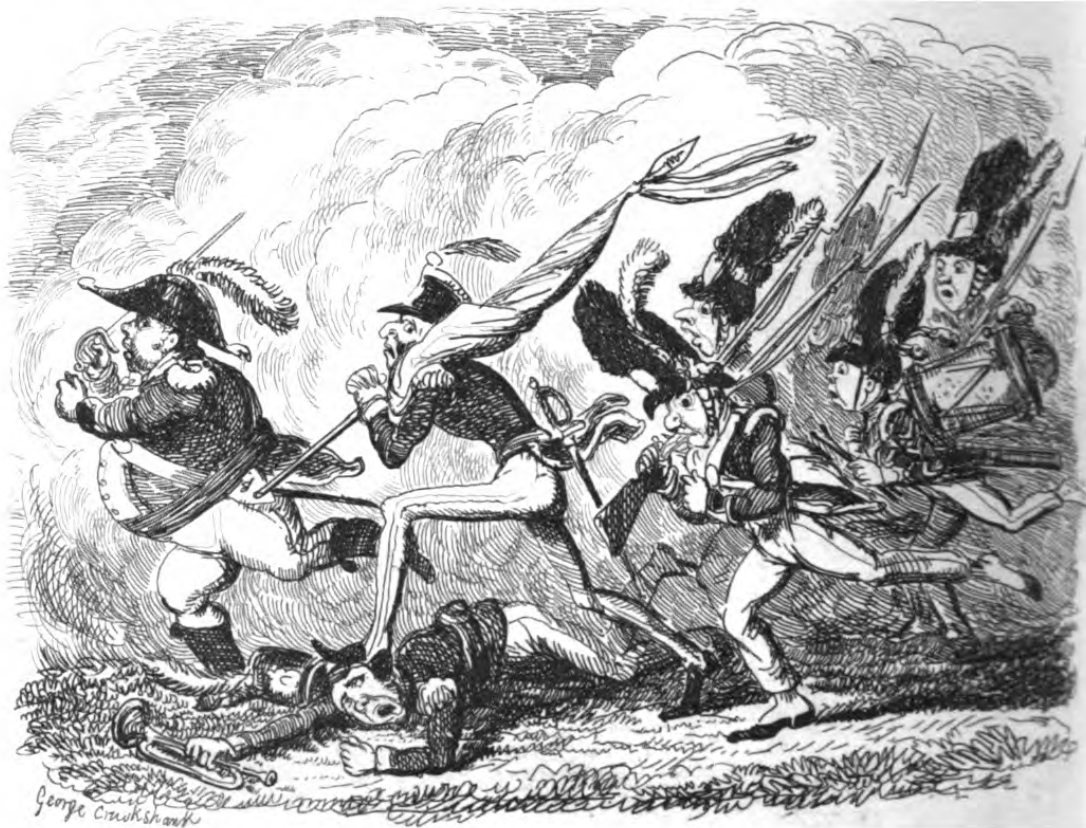
New Moon . . 12 day 29 min. past 6 mo.

First Quar. . . 19 day 42 min. past 10 aft.

Full Moon . . 26 day 57 min. past 1 aft.

| M<br>D | W<br>D | FESTIVALS, &c.              | Sun<br>rises &<br>sets. | M<br>A | Moon<br>rises &<br>sets. |
|--------|--------|-----------------------------|-------------------------|--------|--------------------------|
| 1      | T      | ST. DAVID'S DAY             | r 6 49                  | 19     | morn.                    |
| 2      | W      | Chad.                       | s 5 40                  | 20     | 0 14                     |
| 3      | T      |                             | r 6 44                  | 21     | 1 31                     |
| 4      | F      | Henry VI. deposed, 1461     | s 5 43                  | L      | 2 37                     |
| 5      | S      |                             | r 6 40                  | 23     | 3 31                     |
| 6      | S      | 4 SUNDAY IN LENT—Mid.       | s 5 47                  | 24     | 4 12                     |
| 7      | M      | [Lent                       | r 6 35                  | 25     | 4 42                     |
| 8      | T      |                             | s 5 50                  | 26     | 5 7                      |
| 9      | W      | Clock before Sun, 10' 49"   | r 6 31                  | 27     | 5 23                     |
| 10     | T      |                             | s 5 54                  | 28     | 5 38                     |
| 11     | F      | Tasso born, 1544            | r 6 26                  | 29     | sets.                    |
| 12     | S      |                             | s 5 57                  | N      | 6 a 37                   |
| 13     | S      | 5 SUNDAY IN LENT            | r 6 22                  | 1      | 7 47                     |
| 14     | M      |                             | s 6 0                   | 2      | 8 59                     |
| 15     | T      | Julius Cæsar assas. 41 B.C. | r 6 17                  | 3      | 10 13                    |
| 16     | W      |                             | s 6 4                   | 4      | 11 29                    |
| 17     | T      | ST. PATRICK'S DAY           | r 6 13                  | 5      | morn.                    |
| 18     | F      | Cambridge Term ends         | s 6 7                   | 6      | 0 40                     |
| 19     | S      | Oxford Term ends            | r 6 8                   | F      | 1 46                     |
| 20     | S      | PALM SUNDAY                 | s 6 11                  | 8      | 2 41                     |
| 21     | M      | Spring com. 0h. 13m. morn.  | r 6 4                   | 9      | 3 24                     |
| 22     | T      |                             | s 6 14                  | 10     | 3 56                     |
| 23     | W      |                             | r 5 59                  | 11     | 4 19                     |
| 24     | T      | Maundy Thursday             | s 6 17                  | 12     | 4 40                     |
| 25     | F      | GOOD FRIDAY—LADY DAY        | r 5 54                  | 13     | 4 58                     |
| 26     | S      |                             | s 6 20                  | F      | rises.                   |
| 27     | S      | EASTER SUNDAY               | r 5 50                  | 15     | 8 a 19                   |
| 28     | M      | EASTER MONDAY               | s 6 24                  | 16     | 9 47                     |
| 29     | T      | EASTER TUESDAY              | r 5 45                  | 17     | 11 8                     |
| 30     | W      |                             | s 6 27                  | 18     | morn.                    |
| 31     | T      | Haydn born, 1732            | r 5 41                  | 19     | 0 20                     |





Valour and Discretion

## VALOUR AND DISCRETION:

THE ANCIENT AND HONOURABLE LUMBER TROOP.

(FROM THEIR PRIVATE DESPACHES.)

It is at all times a pleasing task to chronicle heroic deeds, and we hasten to immortalize the proceedings of this gallant body of veterans during the past year. Amongst their most daring and successful attempts, have been the taking possession of Eel Pie Island; the storming of the baked apple-stand, at Temple Bar; the blockade of Bolt-court, and the celebrated passage of the Paddington Canal, under the direction of General Blackrag, the great city undertaker, to whom the attack was entrusted, from his experience, as he himself stated, in marching at the head of the *corps*. He was ably seconded by his usual auxiliary, Dr. Bluelight, the former providing the *shells*, and the latter the *mortars*, the combined effects of which produced terrific execution. From the usual habits of the troop, it may readily be conceived that *counter* marching was the manœuvre at which they felt most at home; in fact, the only idea they had of "a regular *march*," was the one between February and April. During their encounters, they have given and taken no quarter, except an occasional fore one of lamb; whilst their undaunted courage was well shown in the speech of Ensign Miggins, who declared "that he would never shrink from coming to the *pint*, even against a rampart of *quartz*;" and his unshaken energy in bearing *the standard* was never known to *flag*, firm as its contemporary in Cornhill. Their acknowledged love of card-playing having induced some unpleasant gambling transactions, it has been resolved, by the head of the members, to prevent all legs from bearing arms in their body; and a late regulation orders the colour of their plumes to be a deep crimson, not only as emblematical of blood and glory, but from its precluding the possibility of any one, at any time, *showing a white feather*. It is truly delightful to contemplate the harmony which reigns amongst them at present; and it is somewhat remarkable, considering their aptitude for *catches* of all sorts, that they have made no prisoners. The only approach to anything like discord in the troop, was upon the occasion of the dispute relative to a contemplated attack upon Burgundy and Madeira; but even this added to the general harmony, since, although the dinner service was demolished in the contention, this one war was productive of one hundred *peaces*; and it furthermore enabled the members to present to their friends several unique *pieces of plate*, at a small outlay. We are indebted to their laureate for the following—

### WAR SONG OF THE LUMBER TROOP.

BLOW forth the clarion's pealing sound,  
Your voices raise on high,  
And send the bottle quickly round,  
To drink to victory;

The campaign to the champagne yields,  
 The festive board invites,  
 Extinguish every thought of care—  
 Blow out your very lights!

Our march in glory's bright career,  
 All other troops surpasses;  
 For, whilst they *charge their fellow men*,  
 We only *charge our glasses*;  
 No tears our conquests e'er await,  
 Nor bier, with trappings sable,  
 They—leave *their* dead men on the field,  
 We—*ours*, beneath the table!

At *Waterloo*, a fearful game  
 The *trumpet* call began,  
 At *three-card loo* we win *our* trick,  
 And *trump it*—when we can:  
 The *verdant bays* the chaplet form,  
 For which the warrior prays—  
 A different game we strive to win,  
 Not for, but on, *green baize*.

The ranks that join in our *piquette*,  
 By deep old *files* are form'd;  
 We keep no *watches* but our own—  
 Our posts are never storm'd;  
 Our own *reviews*, in brilliancy,  
 The "Quarterly" outshine;  
 Our only *challenge* is to take  
 A glass of generous wine.

And should we ever take the field,  
 Our troops would be found *fast*;  
 The *first* might trust to our support,  
 For sticking to the *last*;  
 And ever, upon equal terms,  
 Our enemies we'd meet,  
 For, did they treat us with a ball,  
 We would, in turn, re-treat.

---

### HIGH TREASON.

March 16. The boy Jones found feasting in the larder  
 at the palace.

Why, what a scandalous piece of disloyalty,  
 To want to be picking the mutton of royalty!



III.

Tom Gad, my eyes! to his own surprise,  
Is learning how to dance;  
Wherever he goes, he'll point his toes  
As gentlemen do in France:  
He'll be the pink of a London beau—  
Quite the fashion, and all the go!

7. A wooden spoon presented, by an old woman,  
to the Queen.

All the spoons of the nation soon made  
known their wishes,  
To be speedily plunged in Her Majesty's  
dishes;  
Yet 'twas found to be useless to take  
any more,  
For the spoonies, at Court, were too  
many before.

14. Reported destruction of  
the Falls of Niagara.

'Twas said that the Falls, with a terrible  
din,  
Had fall'n from their perch on high;  
But now it falls out that they ne'er fell  
in,  
And so 'twas a fals-i-ty.  
'Tis shocking to spread such news  
appall-ible,  
About these Falls, which are still in-  
fall-ible.



Ball practice.

Finishing lesson.

## MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quar. . . 2 day 30 min. past 6 aft.

New Moon . . 10 day 31 min. past 10 aft.

First Quar. . . 18 day 32 min. past 6 aft.

Full Moon . . 24 day 28 min. past 11 aft.

| M<br>D | W<br>D | FESTIVALS, &c.                    | Sun<br>rises &<br>sets. | M<br>A | Moon<br>rises &<br>sets. |
|--------|--------|-----------------------------------|-------------------------|--------|--------------------------|
| 1      | F      |                                   | r 5 39                  | 20     | 1 22                     |
| 2      | S      | Mirabeau died, 1791               | s 6 32                  | L      | 2 8                      |
| 3      | S      | 1 SUNDAY AFTER EASTER             | r 5 34                  | 22     | 2 43                     |
| 4      | M      |                                   | s 6 36                  | 23     | 3 9                      |
| 5      | T      |                                   | r 5 29                  | 24     | 3 28                     |
| 6      | W      | <i>Oxford and Camb. T. begin—</i> | s 6 39                  | 25     | 3 44                     |
| 7      | T      | [Old Lady Day                     | r 5 25                  | 26     | 3 58                     |
| 8      | F      |                                   | s 6 42                  | 27     | 4 10                     |
| 9      | S      | Fire Insurances expire            | r 5 20                  | 28     | 4 25                     |
| 10     | S      | 2 SUNDAY AFTER EASTER             | s 6 46                  | N      | sets.                    |
| 11     | M      |                                   | r 5 16                  | 1      | 8 a 0                    |
| 12     | T      |                                   | s 6 49                  | 2      | 9 17                     |
| 13     | W      | Clock before Sun, 0' 35"          | r 5 12                  | 3      | 10 29                    |
| 14     | T      |                                   | s 6 52                  | 4      | 11 38                    |
| 15     | F      | <i>Easter Term begins</i>         | r 5 7                   | 5      | morn.                    |
| 16     | S      |                                   | s 6 56                  | 6      | 0 36                     |
| 17     | S      | 3 SUNDAY AFTER EASTER             | r 5 3                   | 7      | 1 22                     |
| 18     | M      |                                   | s 6 59                  | Fi     | 1 58                     |
| 19     | T      | Lord Byron died, 1824             | r 4 59                  | 9      | 2 22                     |
| 20     | W      |                                   | s 7 2                   | 10     | 2 44                     |
| 21     | T      |                                   | r 4 55                  | 11     | 3 2                      |
| 22     | F      | Henry Fielding born, 1707         | s 7 6                   | 12     | 3 20                     |
| 23     | S      | ST. GEORGE                        | r 4 51                  | 13     | 3 36                     |
| 24     | S      | 4 SUNDAY AFTER EASTER             | s 7 9                   | F      | rises.                   |
| 25     | M      | ST. MARK—Duchess of Glo.          | r 4 47                  | 15     | 8 a 39                   |
| 26     | T      | [born, 1776                       | s 7 12                  | 16     | 9 58                     |
| 27     | W      |                                   | r 4 43                  | 17     | 11 5                     |
| 28     | T      |                                   | s 7 15                  | 18     | morn.                    |
| 29     | F      | London University founded,        | r 4 39                  | 19     | 0 0                      |
| 30     | S      | [1827                             | s 7 19                  | 20     | 0 39                     |

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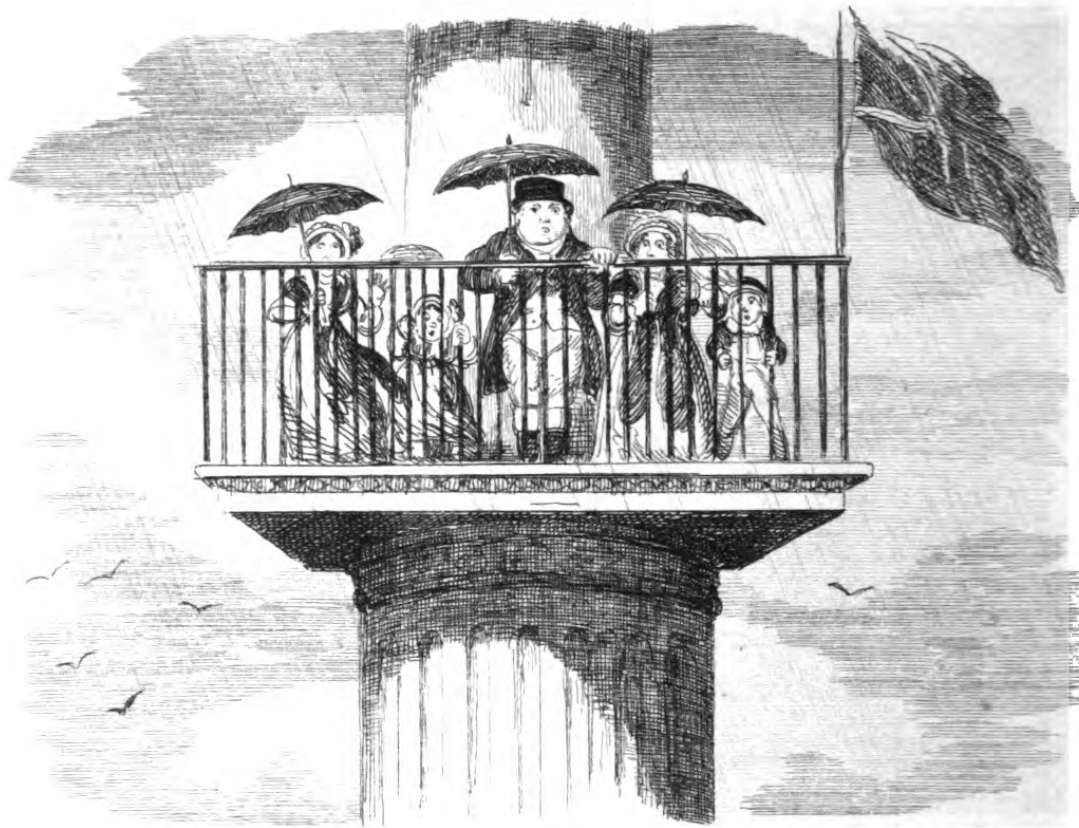
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十八





High and Low Water .

## THE PARLOUR AND THE CELLAR.

---

"Most epic poets plunge *in medias res*,"  
So, as the better plan with scenes like these  
(At least, the quicker),  
I treat the past as a "foregone conclusion,"  
Whereby the reader's saved no small confusion,  
Seeing my "*dram personæ*" are in liquor.  
Opens our scene what time thus spake the host  
(A gentleman who has two friends to dine,  
That two, as you perceive, are soused in wine,  
Like Jacob's swine);  
Rising to do the honours of the board  
(His "case of drink" such as became a lord),  
"I beg to pro—po—pop—prop—pose a toast;  
Not to my honourable friend that's down,  
For he al—sted—dead—ready is done brown;  
But to the gentleman before me there  
(Is there a pair?),

Filling, with so much dignity, his chair:—  
A toast, the very birthright of a nation,  
Where virtue is the attribute of station;  
A toast, were I the swi—swe—swain that delves—  
Or peer, or plebs, I'd drink while I'd a hand  
To hold a glass in—or a leg to stand—  
"Our noble selves."

•        \*        \*        \*        \*        \*

Thus sped affairs—up stairs,  
Or, properly to speak it, in the *salon*  
*A manger*, where a group of the *élite*  
Were busied in the intellectual feat  
Of swilling claret by the gallon.  
I said "up stairs," however, let me state,  
To indicate,  
That, under the aforesaid festive *salle*,  
There lay a spacious subterranean hall,  
Cellar, or, with your leave, we'll call it vault  
(Because the word is wanted for the rhyme),  
Wherein, at that especial point of time,  
There sat a party deeply gone in malt,

Consisting of two Christians and a nigger,  
(Meant, you will understand, to represent  
Servants of the establishment).

Now, let me beg you to observe the figure,  
Whereby the artist hath portrayed the latter—  
Nothing in ebony was ever fatter ;  
In look and leer a more incarnate satyr ;  
How better could he illustrate our matter,  
Which *is* a satire ?

Hark ! Mungo speaks—" O golly ! what a go,  
Them four-um-twenty bottle ob a row,  
Beer in um casks, and claret on um shelbes ;  
Come massa butler ! neber spare um whack ;  
Mungo shall drink, so long as Mungo black—  
" Our noble selbes."

\* \* \* \* \*

Smile on—but have a heed, least, soon or later,  
Apply the "*de te fabula narratur.*"

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#### DECEMBER—NOTES OF THE MONTH.

##### 1. Bernard Cavanagh detected.

He went too *fast* ; in hopes his trick would tell,  
To bite the Bark-shire boys he took a *spell* ;  
But *Reading* sauce soon cured the hungry sinner,  
And now he'd jump to get a Christmas dinner.

##### 9. Prize Cattle Show—Blank faces.

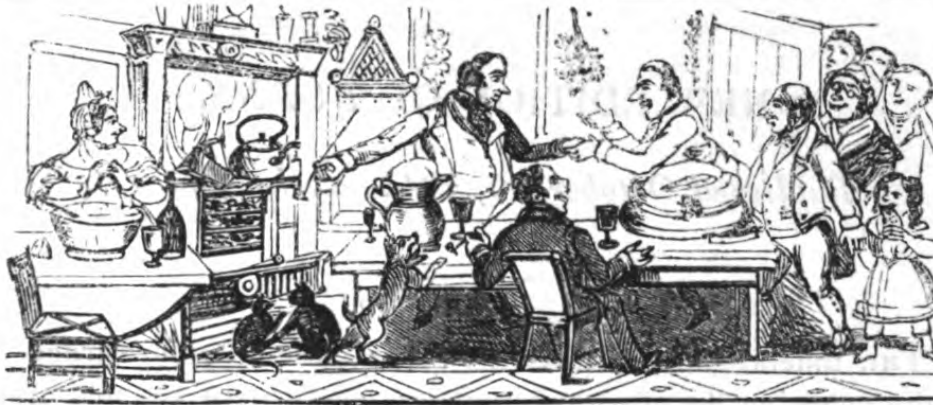
There gazes John, delighted on  
The blowing bloated beast ;  
'Tis hard to swear which of the pair  
Of brains possesses least.

##### 21. Ladies scold least.

Pray what's the reason they have less to say ?  
Why, simply this, that 'tis the shortest day.

##### 25. Dine out (if you can).

Christmas upsets the world :— a very *slow* pull  
Have foreign places ; *Turkey's* deem'd divine ;  
But who cares twopence for *Constantinople* ;  
And isn't *China* fairly lost in *Chine* ?



## XII.

Tom Gad got well—no more a swell—  
Is home among his friends ;  
His mind is eased, his wife is pleased,  
And here my story ends—  
With just this moral—“ Unless you'd be *undone*,  
Don't leave your spouse, and come alone to London.”

## CHRISTMAS FARE.

A MERRY MUG! though he could not be uglier, he  
Has nought about him that betokens Jugg-ler-y.

A GOOSE, even tailors have, who cut it fat,  
And use the *goose* itself to get a *flat* ;  
And when the cloth is spread, which they have  
stored,  
They *lodge* it there, a portion of their *board*.

## Snap Dragon—Fiery face-ias.

CHINE'S Christmas fare, cries Pat, but, by my sowl,  
Sure TURKEY isn't, for it's Christmas fowl.

Eat your pudding hot ; but—  
Don't burn their mouths,  
The little dears while treating,  
Though still the proof  
Of pudding's in the *heating*.



## Holiday Farr.



Please to remember the *weights*.  
Avoir-du-poids.



A round game at Christmas.

## NEW EDITION OF *BURNS*,

*Published October 30, 1841, at the Tower.*

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THE indefatigable Mr. Swallow has obligingly forwarded to us the following list of valuable relics, which were rescued from the "devouring element," during the late conflagration at the Tower:—

Half of the lid of a pot, inscribed—"Fox's Circassian Cream," and supposed to have belonged to *Renard*, the Spanish Ambassador at the Court of Queen Mary.

The handle of the warming-pan, which was used for the bed of the young princes, the night previous to their being smothered.

The bowl of the identical pipe, with which the executioner of Guy Fawkes composed himself, after he had accomplished his unpleasant duty.

A portion of a bottle, which contained the liquid used to polish the Bluchers of Edward the Black Prince; part of the label, with the letters WAR—, still in high preservation; and clearly indicating the determined resolution of that undaunted hero.

A tile, with the initials "W. R."—and which, it is judged, from the caligraphy, belonged to the time of William Roof-us.

A massive trowel; the state of its edge proving that there must have been a "*strike*" of Masons in former days.

A spice-box, supposed to have contained the *mace* of the ancient Lord Mayors of London.

A fragment of a Cigar, very probably a portion of the *Regalia*.

A five-shilling piece, in an imperfect state; doubtless the *crown* that Richard the Second resigned to Henry of Lancaster.

A constable's truncheon, with a certificate of its having formed the Duke of Wellington's *staff* at Waterloo.

The feet of the gridiron, that cooked the last *chop*, but one, for the ill-fated Duke of Buckingham.

A *pitch-er*, used by the *tars* to drink grog out of, after the dispersion of the Spanish Armada.

## PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES, 1841.

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### THE STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

[OUR country readers may, probably, not be aware that there exists in London a body of pleasant-minded gentlemen, constituting a society bearing the above name, who collect, with never-wearying application and research, the various statistical reports connected with every subject of the day. Their proceedings are duly chronicled in the different scientific and literary reviews, but as these may not be within the reach of all, we have collected the most interesting points discovered by their labours, during the past twelvemonth, and present them as a "Year Book of Facts" to our admirers.]

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Some valuable particulars have been gained, in connection with the supper taverns of London. Of every twenty visitors, it appears that eight order Welsh rabbits, six ditto broiled kidneys, four ditto poached eggs, and two ditto chops or steaks, as their taste may direct; and that these numbers are divided into seven medical students, five lawyers' clerks, three gentlemen from the country, the same number of men about town, and two shop-boys or single tradesmen, who imagine they are so. Of these, more than one-third call the waiters "Charles," or "Tom;" two in five join loudly in the burens of "The Pope," and "The Monks of old;" and one in four encores the comic songs by striking his fists upon the tables, until the cruets commence performing an intricate figure of their own, and finally tumble down upon the floor.

The statistics of Camberwell Fair are exceedingly interesting; and the following return of the state of fifty dolls, there purchased, at the end of a week from the time of buying, will be read, we are assured, with avidity:

|                                                           |    |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Had their eyes poked in, and rattling loose in the head . | 12 |
| Ditto picked out . . . . .                                | 8  |
| Despoiled of their wigs . . . . .                         | 6  |
| Lost their arms and legs . . . . .                        | 9  |
| Melted before the fire . . . . .                          | 3  |
| Had their noses beaten flat against the bars . . . . .    | 7  |
| Totally destroyed . . . . .                               | 4  |
| In tolerable preservation . . . . .                       | 1  |
| Total . . . . .                                           | 50 |

As the affection of a child for its doll proverbially increases according to the dilapidated state of the latter, the above tables afford an interesting view of the probable existing proportion of nursery attachments at the present moment. One child in three, at the Fair, had a mouth covered with gingerbread crumbs, and five in twelve had the stomach-ache. The promenade Concert d'Été, which lasted all day long, embraced twenty-two penny trumpets, or *cornets-à-bois*, nineteen musical fruits, six fiddles with packthread strings, and four drums, varying in price from sixpence to two shillings. A solo, by a very young performer, on a tin rattle filled with peas, was very much admired.

A paper, involving some singular points of manufacturing economy, has been written, entitled, "What becomes of all the pins?" It appears, from Professor Partington, that *twenty millions* of pins are daily manufactured in this country. These get into general circulation, and after a time, entirely disappear; but the remarkable fact is, that, like the swallows, nobody knows where they go to. It is proved that, were it possible to recall these lost articles, a quantity might be collected sufficient to build the projected foot-bridge at Hungerford Market, and the residue might be cast into one enormous pin, which should be erected as a column in any part of London best suited for its elevation, and to be called "Victoria's Pin," in opposition to "Cleopatra's Needle," at Alexandria. There would be a winding staircase in the interior, with a saloon in its head, and it might serve, not only as a landmark in stormy weather for the fourpenny steamboats plying between Vauxhall and London Bridge, but, since the setting up of statues to everybody that dies is getting into fashion, the

column could be crowned with an image of Shakspeare, Byron, or any other inferior character who has not yet been so honoured, in London, beyond the lobbies of the theatres and Madame Tussaud's.

From the visiting report "On the Lunatic Asylums of the United Kingdom," we learn that the persons of unsound or slightly cracked intellects in England, amount to ninety per cent., but that straight waistcoats have gone out of fashion, being superseded by straight pea-jackets with the majority of the aberrated. Of a great quantity of lunatics now in Bedlam, five out of thirteen are addicted to punching the crowns out of their hats, and then putting them on topsy-turvy; and two in seventeen are not quite clear whether they are the Secretary of State or Julius Cæsar, but collect small pebbles, which they call petrified bears' heads, and five-shilling pieces. Ninety-one and a half per cent. believe they are perfectly sane, and that all the rest are stark mad; whilst two in nine are preparing to bring an action against the Queen for breach of promise of marriage. Of three hundred wooden bowls allowed them for their gruel, twenty-four had been thrown at the nurses and keepers in one day; and, in a single instance, one had been converted into a species of cap, which was put on with much solemnity, and the wearer then kept close watch in the yard for the whole week, over a strawberry-pottle, which he represented to be Windsor Castle. At Hanwell, from the proximity of the asylum to the railway, twenty per cent. believe that they are first-class carriages, and have a habit of whistling loudly, when they approach, that the others may get out of the way; a proceeding which is generally advisable.

A statement has also been made connected with the omnibuses of the metropolis, from which it appears that, when you are waiting at the corner of any street for an omnibus, seven out of eight are going the wrong way. Ninety per cent. of the cads ask if you will ride outside, when you hail them; and, out of thirteen passengers, three wear kid gloves, eight sport brown Berlin, and two none at all.



## REPORT OF THE CATNACH SOCIETY.

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1841, ON THE MODEL OF THE CAMDEN, PERCY,  
AND SHAKSPERE SOCIETIES.

## RULES.

- I.—The Society shall be called the Catnach Society.
- II.—The chief object of the Society shall be to reprint rare and unedited ballads and handbills, printed, at various times, by Messrs. Catnach, Birt, and Pitt, of Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.
- III.—The Society shall consist of as many subscribers as can be got together, and, as a precaution against bolting, the subscriptions shall be paid in advance.
- IV.—A subscription of a guinea a-year shall entitle the members to receive a copy of all the works issued by the Society.

## BOOKS ALREADY PRINTED.

1.—*The Greenacre Garland; or, a Merrie Manual for Midnight Murderers*: a collection of the most remarkable dying-speech bills issued within the last forty years; comprising letters written, and hymns composed, by the malefactors the night before their executions, speeches on the scaffold, copies of verses detailing the crime, and written for music, with views of the execution, and occasional portraits of the felons. Edited by the late Thomas Cheshire, Esq., of Newgate, Middlesex.

2.—*A Collection of Political Songs and Ballads*, having reference to some local particulars connected with a county election in 1833. As the allusions in these relics are but imperfectly understood, and the interest has quite gone by, this forms a valuable addition to the works already published.

3.—*The Street Anthology of the Nineteenth Century*; comprising notices of the most popular itinerant musicians of the day: to which is added, an inquiry into the probable author of “Jim along Josey;” with memoirs of the following eminent perambulators;—*viz.*, the little man in the soldier’s coat, with the “jolly nose,” who indulges in *Billy Barlow* and *Follow the Drum*, under a very diminutive and dilapidated umbrella, on certain evenings, in Leicester Square;—the professional gentleman in the oil-skin cap, and whiskers inclining to auburn, who sings to the dulcimer, and attends the races;—the ambiguous character who ties his hair in bows, wears sandals, carries a fan, and sings “She promised to buy me a bunch of blue ribbons,” and dances to the chorus—“Tilly ung de rung tung de rung day,” as he plays an imaginary piano on his ribs;—the two young gentlemen who black their faces with soot and tallow, and sing “Sich a getting up stairs,” standing upon their heads, and dancing with their feet in the air;—the conjuror who wears a scarlet coat, does the doll trick, and tries to imitate “Jerry,” but who does not succeed therein.

4.—*Merrie England in the Modern Time*; or, Richardson and his Friends. A singular collection of showbills and street advertisements, edited by the late Mr. Richardson, of travelling theatre celebrity; including details of the various fairs he attended, and embracing endless anecdotes of his contemporaries—the learned pig, black wild Indian, white Negress, Scotch giant, fat boy, Welsh dwarf, young Saunders, Mr. Samivell, the equestrian, &c.; interspersed with many outlandish songs and recitations, and dialogues between masters of shows and Mr. Merrimen.

5.—*Three Yards for a Penny*. A *répertoire* of some reprinted popular lyrical poems, prevalent at the commencement of the reign of Queen Victoria; including “Happy Land,” “Claude du Val,” “Woodman, spare that Tree,” “Nix my Dolly,” “Wanted a Something,” &c. &c.

## REGISTER OF INVENTIONS FOR 1841.

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SOME excitement has been caused among the learned bodies on the Continent, by the discovery of a new Chlorine Bleaching Fluid, of novel and unexampled powers, the invention of which is due to Professor Jügler, of Scampsburgen. Not only has it the power of removing the most permanent stains from a person's character, but it also clears the most muddy conscience in the course of a few applications; and a small quantity applied to the head, as a lotion, is gradually absorbed, and filters through the brain, removing, in its course, all unpleasant reminiscences and uncomfortable thoughts. Its mollifying powers have been tested on a number of the hardest substances, including the heart of a metaphysician, which, in a few seconds, it entirely humanized. Diluted with water, and sprinkled on the floor, it purifies Houses of Parliament, Lawyers' Offices, Private Lunatic Asylums, Cheap Schools, and Race-course Betting-stands; and, used medicinally, a few drops, taken internally, blunt the intellect, and, if administered before a trial, will totally destroy any souvenir of a former event that it may be deemed advisable to get rid of in a principal witness. We ought in justice to add, that the Mnemonic Tincture was also the discovery of the talented Jügler, which is equally useful in causing persons to recollect things that never happened at all.

Photographic Portraits. Whilst the Adelaide Gallery and Polytechnic Institution of London are vying with each other for superiority in producing those remarkably pleasant-looking and cheerful representations, Mons. Le Cœur, of Paris, has adopted his new system of taking them, which it seems he addresses especially to young engaged people. The optical structure of the human eye, it is well known, forms a Camera Obscura, by whose action the lineaments of the loved one are correctly stamped upon the heart. The chief difficulty has been experienced in fixing the picture so formed; for it appears that, *after* marriage, there are few, if any, traces, of the features that were impressed there *before*.

Amongst the Patents taken out during the past year, the Polyglossographic Adamant Steel Pen ranks high in estimation. It is particularly recommended to the notice of the public, for the facility with which it enables people, not only to write in any language they like, but to transcribe with grammatical elegance.

The Parvenu Medium Point is invaluable to those ladies and gentlemen who have experienced a sudden rise in their fortunes; as it saves them from exposing their want of education to their epistolary friends.

The Platino-Zincoïd Poetical Nib will write Stanzas to Mary, and Lines to a Moss Rose, in any quantity; peculiarly adapted for Albums and Fashion Books. To paid, regular, contributors to Annuals and Magazines, who revel in the mill-horse style of writing, it will be found of incalculable advantage.

The Romance Rhodium Quality will furnish tales for newspapers at a column an hour, varying in thrilling intensity, or historical epoch, according to the ink used, which may, it appears, be procured with the pens. The Newgate Writing Fluid is the most popular at present.

The Patent Circumslogdollagizing Leader Pen will prove highly advantageous to gentlemen of the Public Press, from the facility with which it produces leading articles on any popular theme. We had the satisfaction of trying a Corn Law pen, which answered admirably; and we hear the ingenious inventor has manufactured Chartist, Commentary, and Abusive pens, on the same principle, as well as Review Nibs.

The Engineer of the North-south-east-western Counties Railway, undertook, for a trifling wager, to travel at the rate of twenty miles a second, and actually arrived at the appointed station some time before he quitted the terminus! He states that this intense velocity is obtained by using gin and water in the engine, instead of water alone, which imbues it with a species of temporary intoxication.

The Leviathan steamship, to run between England and America, will be launched early in the Spring. Great fears are, however, entertained, as to whether there will be room enough in the Atlantic for her to turn round, without damaging her bowsprit between Liverpool and New York.

AN EARNEST LOVE LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COMIC ALMANACK.

GOOD MASTER RIGDUM FUNNIDOS,

I am incurably in love with a young lady, residing in the country, but have reason to think, from what passed between us at our last interview, that she has some misgivings respecting my fidelity. I therefore beg you will insert these lines in your Almanack, which, as it circulates everywhere, will show everybody that my intentions are strictly honourable.

Yours,

Greatly obliged, &c.

PHIL. PHILOMEL.

Oh ! why these cruel taunts throw out,  
And say you cease to love me ;  
Or my affection that you doubt ?  
By all the stars above me,  
I am not false—yet, since I fear  
To meet a flat rejection,  
I'll tell you when you may, with cause,  
Mistrust my fond affection :

When trains from Railway *termini*  
Start off at the same hour  
Two weeks together, then begin  
To doubt your beauty's power ;  
Or, when embankments cease to fall,  
Or boilers to explode,  
Or engines to run off the line,  
You may some change forbode :

When shrimps are caught at Putney Bridge,  
And gudgeons at Herne Bay,  
When the Thames Tunnel clears enough  
Its shareholders to pay ;

Or, when Thorwaldsen's "Byron" stands  
 In Westminster's old Abbey,  
 You may, with truth, begin to think  
 My conduct rather shabby :

When Autumn tourists cease to roam  
 To Switzerland or Baden ;  
 Or when the lessees fortunes make  
 At "Drury," or "The Garden ;"  
 When *busses* move along the Strand  
 As fast as you can walk—  
 Then think my words no longer true,  
 My vows of love all talk :

But until then, I swear by all  
 The topics of the year—  
 The corn laws, sugar, opium, tea,  
 Lin, Elliott, and Napier,—  
 By D'Aumale's fortunate escape,  
 And Marie, "*femme Laffarge*,"  
 Who writes as well within her cell  
 As if she were at large :

Or by Napoleon's *catfalque*,  
 'Midst such grand rites erected  
 (Although it made not half the stir  
 The French King had expected) ;  
 By the dim last declining rays  
 Of weather-doom'd Vauxhall,  
 Or by Cerito's masquerade,  
 Which ne'er took place at all :—

By all these things, and many more  
 Which I've no time to write  
 (Because the various mail-trains start  
 At half-past eight each night),  
 I swear again, to prove most true,  
 And every vow fulfil,  
 Till fashion's idlers quit Hyde Park,  
 And lounge on Tower Hill.

## LIKELIHOODS.

---

Is it likely—that the young Prince can lead any other than the life of a soldier, since he is already *in arms*?

Is it likely—that you can ride in an omnibus, without catching one *pane*, through the absence of another?

Is it likely—that you can ever get the work you particularly want, at a Subscription Library?

Is it likely—that you can be riding within half a mile of the theatres, in the evening, without having twenty playbills thrust in at your coach-windows?

Is it likely—when attending a meeting of creditors, where time is asked for, that you will ever hear of less than the probability of thirty shillings in the pound?

Is it likely—that anybody on the Free List (“the public press excepted”) can gain admittance at a theatre, when there is anything worth seeing or hearing?

Is it likely—that any account of a fire can be inserted in the newspapers, unaccompanied by “further particulars?”

Is it likely—that an unfavourable review of a work can appear, without the author’s declaring that the writer has been actuated by private malice?

Is it likely—that you will find the National Gallery, or British Museum, open at the day or hour a country cousin has selected for visiting it?

Is it likely—that you can receive a present of game, from the country, without paying, in carriage, more than it is worth, and being expected to send a basket of fish in return?

Is it likely—that your servant will find a coach or cab, on the nearest stand, when you are in a hurry?

Is it likely—that a friend will remember to return your umbrella until the dry weather sets in?

Is it likely—when you get into an omnibus at the Bank, that you will arrive at Bond-street in the time in which you could have pedestrianised the distance twice over?

Is it likely—that the “positively last night” of a dramatic Star will be the end of his performances?

Is it likely—that a publisher will omit to announce a work as “just ready,” when it is not even written by the author?

Is it likely—that you will hear the popular preacher whose fame has attracted you five miles on a foggy November Sunday morning?

Is it likely—that you can remember the number of the coach in which you have left your new silk umbrella?

Is it likely—that the street musicians will pass on under double the usual time, if you happen to be in a particularly ill humour, or are engaged in the miseries of authorship?

Is it likely—that a day can pass without the manager of a theatre receiving ten applications, from “particular friends,” for the use of the stage-box?

Is it likely—that you can listen to a traveller, without hearing “when I was abroad,” twenty or thirty times repeated?

Is it likely—for a snuff-taker to offer his box, without observing “that it is a bad habit, but he cannot do without it?”

Is it likely—for your country friends not to have seen more of the London lions than you, who have been in town all your life?

Is it likely—that a friend will refuse to *lend* you a hundred pounds, without *giving* you plenty of advice?

Is it likely—that you can take a trip to a watering-place, without ever-*last*-ingly running against your shoemaker, and finding your butcher there, “cutting it fat?”

Is it likely—that you can put on a new pair of boots, without wishing the maker of them at—a pretty considerable distance; and driving a hole in the floor with your *stamp* of—anything but approbation?

Is it likely—that a young lady can be induced to sit down to the piano-*forté*, until after she has raised *fifty* objections?

NOT VERY!



NOT VERY LIKELY.



**ECLIPSES FOR 1842.**

- I. Annular Eclipse of the Sun, January 11, invisible at Greenwich.  
 II. Partial Eclipse of the Moon, January 26, visible at Greenwich: begins, 4 h. 17 m.; middle, 5 h. 43 m.; ends, 7 h. 9 m. aft.  
 III. Total Eclipse of the Sun, July 8, partially visible at Greenwich: begins, 4 h. 53 m.; middle, 5 h. 46 m.; ends, 6 h. 43 m. morn.  
 IV. Partial Eclipse of the Moon, July 22, invisible at Greenwich.  
 V. Annular Eclipse of the Sun, December 31, invisible at Greenwich.

**HOLIDAYS KEPT AT PUBLIC OFFICES.**

**STAMP OFFICE.**  
 Mar. 25. Good Friday.  
 May 24. Queen's Birth Day.  
 ..... 29. Restoration King Charles.  
 June 28. Coronation.  
 Dec. 25. Christmas Day.

**CUSTOMS AND EXCISE OFFICES.**  
 Mar. 25. Good Friday.  
 May 24. Queen's Birth Day.  
 June 28. Coronation.  
 Dec. 25. Christmas Day.

**BANK OF ENGLAND.**  
 Mar. 25. Good Friday.  
 Dec. 25. Christmas Day.  
 And, in the Transfer Offices, 1st May  
 and 1st November in addition.

**INDIA HOUSE TRANSFER OFFICE and  
 EXCHEQUER OFFICE.**  
 Mar. 25. Good Friday.  
 Dec. 25. Christmas Day.

**LAW TERMS.**

HILARY TERM begins.....Jan. 11 ..... Ends Jan. 31  
 EASTER TERM .....Apr. 15 ..... May 9  
 TRINITY TERM.....May 23 .....June 13  
 MICHAELMAS TERM .....Nov. 2 .....Nov. 25

**TRANSFER DAYS***At the Bank.*

|                                                                                         |                       |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------|
|                                                                                         | <i>Dividends due.</i> |
| Bank Stock.....Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday .....                                      | } April 5             |
| 3 per cent. reduced, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday .....                     |                       |
| 3½ per cent.....Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday .....                                     | } Oct. 10             |
| 3½ per cent. reduced, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday .....                    |                       |
| Annuities for term of years to Jan. 5, 1860, Mon. Wed. and Friday...Jan. 5, July 5      | } Apr. 5, Oct. 10     |
| Annuities for term of years to Oct. 10, 1859, Tues. Thurs. and Sat. ....Apr. 5, Oct. 10 |                       |
| 3 per cent. Consols, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday .....                     | } Jan. 5              |
| 3 per cent. 1726.....Tuesday and Thursday .....                                         |                       |
| 3½ per cent. (New) Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday .....                       | } July 5              |
| 5 per cent. (Ditto) Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday .....                                |                       |

Hours for buying, selling, and transferring, from 11 to 1; for accepting, from 9 to 3; for payment of dividends, from 9 to 3, every day in the week.

*At the South Sea House.*

|                                                                  |                                                    |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------|
| Stock, 3½ per cent. ....                                         | Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday.....Jan. 5, July 5 |
| 3 per cent. Old Annuities, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday .....   | Apr. 5, Oct. 10                                    |
| 3 per cent. New Annuities, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday ..... | } Jan. 5                                           |
| 3 per cent. 1751,.....Tuesday and Thursday .....                 |                                                    |

*At the East India House.*

|                                             |                   |
|---------------------------------------------|-------------------|
| Stock, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday..... | Jan. 5, July 5    |
| Interest on India Bonds due .....           | Mar. 31, Sept. 30 |

**GENERAL POST OFFICE, LONDON.**

All Letters, from one part of the United Kingdom to another, the Channel Islands and Isle of Man inclusive, as well as by the London and Country local posts, are charged at one uniform rate, by weight, viz. :—

|                                                      |                   |
|------------------------------------------------------|-------------------|
| Not exceeding ½ ounce .....                          | 1d., if pre-paid. |
| Exceeding ½ ounce, and not exceeding 1 ounce, 2d. .. | "                 |
| " 1 ounce .....                                      | 2 ounces, 4d. "   |
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