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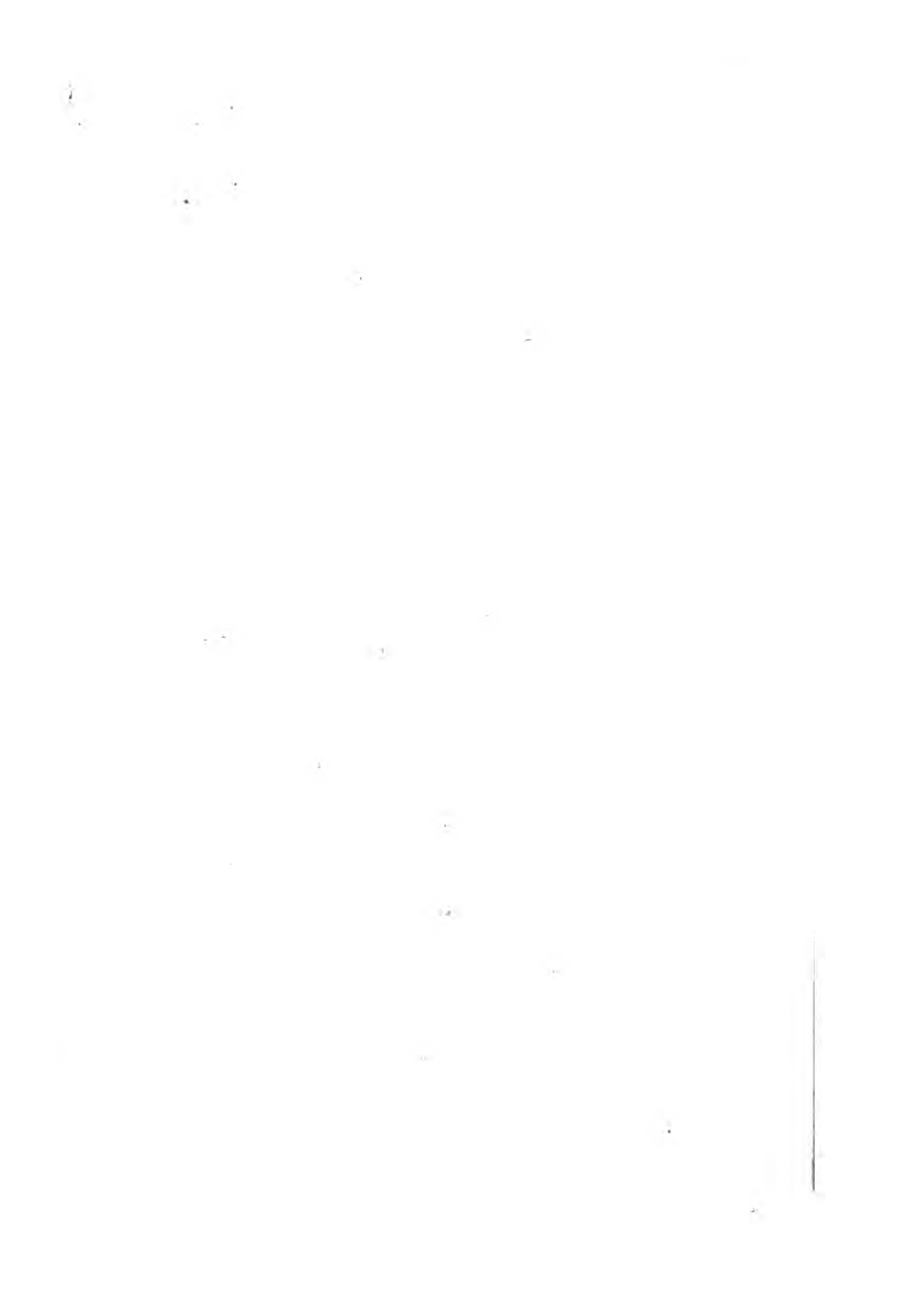


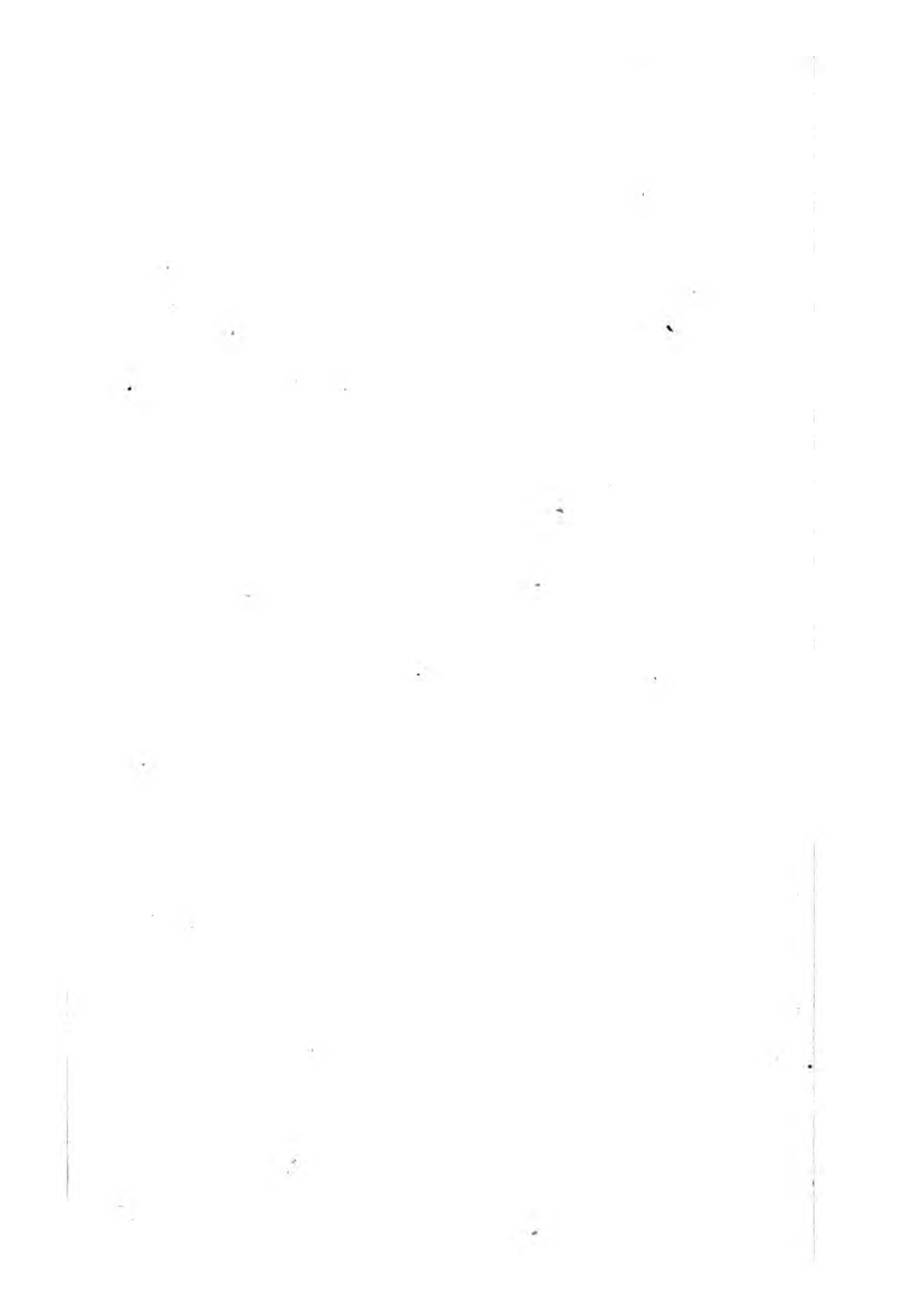
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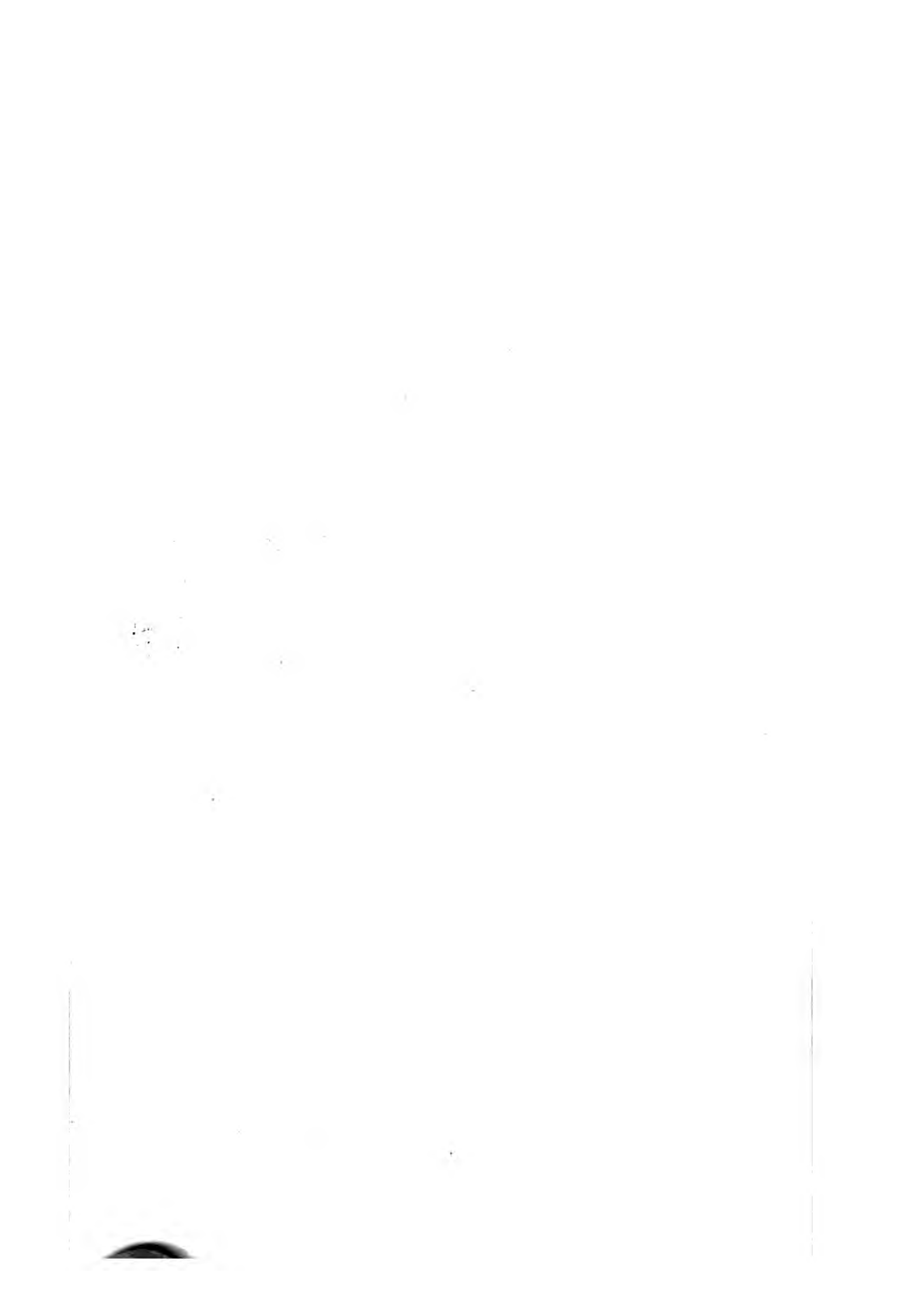


"The WAG-ON OF FUN,"



LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER AND CO., CORNHILL.

1835.



THE
COMIC OFFERING;

OR

LADIES' MELANGE

OF

LITERARY MIRTH,

FOR

MDCCCXXXV.

EDITED BY

LOUISA HENRIETTA SHERIDAN.



“Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter, holding both his sides.”

LONDON:

SMITH, ELDER AND CO., CORNHILL.

1835.

Printed by Stewart and Co., Old Bailey.

TO
THE LADIES OF GREAT BRITAIN
THIS FIFTH VOLUME
OF
THE COMIC OFFERING
IS
MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.



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THE FRONTISPIECE

Shows that the "Annual Wag-on of Fun," having passed through the towns of Blithe, Rum-say, Brighton, Merry-oneth, &c., has trotted up again to the Gen^l. Wag: Office, of Sheridan and Company. It will be found, as usual, an accommodation vehicle for light articles :— and, hoping some day to 'lead the *Van*,' we trust it will not be said that we are, this year, 'in the *Wain*!'

We have hitherto had the gratification of being most kindly received, after *Four* Annual tours : and now laying before our friends the produce of the *Fifth* year, we hope they will not like the *Four* most ! With reference to the time of publication, this is our

‘Fifth’ of November, — but unconnected with any disloyal plot, from the *bare* fact, that, at this season, *leaves* are not *Trees on*, — in any *Branch!* — and, although we object not to a little Squib, no ‘*Guys*’ will be seen about us, — rien de ‘*Faux!*’

Several strangers have this year taken places with me, whom I shall be most happy to *book* again! My best thanks are due to them for joining the ‘*Wagon-train,*’ (quite a ‘*Civil service*’ for me,) and I beg, in gratitude, to offer each of them a *Writership!*

While examining my load, I hope my *full bales* may contain nothing *baleful*: and, among my *packages*, that I have packed nothing *old*:—the whole being *directed generally* to the Royal Exchange of Fun, no article will be found *directed to any individual*. Keeping on my own side, I know nothing of ‘wheels within wheels,’ nor have I done any mischief, for it must be some person who *intentionally* crosses my path, against whom I would *direct my* ‘*Shafts!*’ The whip which takes a wide range, falls lightly: and no one can say I use my ‘*Lash*’

severely, — though bound to give *upwards of Sixty Cuts!*

In *Drawing*, my Team (which has a set of ‘merry *Belles*’) teams with excellence, R. Cruikshank being one of my *leaders*: — and as we all ‘pull well together,’ it is to be hoped that none of us have *drawn* badly. Those who wish to check our progress must not try by the usual method, for we are resolved, instead of being stopped by “*Wo!*”, that *Woe* shall be stopped by us!

Gentlemen Critics! ye literary turnpike-keepers who take the *Toll* of the *Belles Lettres*,—after letting us pass free for four years, ye will not now weigh us and say we are too *heavy!* That ye will not put your *Bar* against us, I rely,—in spite of the toll-gate motto “*No trust.*”

Though frequently obliged to press articles more closely, from want of space, I have carefully marked the best points with “*Keep this side upwards:*” when I could *see through* the owner being unusually particular, I have observed, “*Glass, with care:*” all pieces of dry humour have been “*Kept dry:*” and

some which would not pack with the others last year, will now fit in, and have been "*Kept till called for.*"

Hitherto our graphic ideas, like Turkey-figs, have been "conveyed in wood" (in Turkey-box too :) but this year our 'Graphics' are partly *Lithographics* :— and those who *design* any thing for us next year, may first satisfy themselves that we have not "*gone roughly over the Stones!*"

Finally, having tried to shun all *Cross-roads*,— to avoid all *Rail-ways*,—and not to give any short *Cuts*,— my wish is to put up 'Fun's Wag-on' in the *Highway to Reading*,—to which the only approach is—a *BUY Way!*

LOUISA HENRIETTA SHERIDAN.

THE BREAKER.

A FRAGMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ECCENTRIC TALES."

"Breakers a-head."—*The Pilot*.

BETTY was certainly an excellent servant of all work — honest, sober, and cleanly; but she had, unfortunately, such slippery fingers, that there was a continual "change" in the crockery and glass department of my bachelor establishment; and (notwithstanding my horror of her "frangible facilities,") I was compelled, in my own defence, paradoxical as it may sound, "to *break* with her!"

Every decanter and wine glass, at her magical touch, became "*tumblers*." Goblets grew giddy, and lost their *feet*! and handles of mugs were continually (by her own asseveration) "coming off in her hand!" and no one could *handle* them afterwards.

She was an early riser — always up at "*break o' day*," — but then she used to *break-fast* before I arose!

My aunt, an ancient lady, — and very nervous withal, — complained loudly of the devastation ; — and every morning *amused* me with a long list of the “killed and wounded” of the beaufet and scullery ! She even went so far as to assert that Betty’s “doings” *broke* her rest !

Having received the news of the demise of a distant relative, I was pondering how to communicate it in the gentlest possible manner to my worthy aunt ; — when Betty, who was about to assist at her morning *toilette*, good naturedly proposed to “*break* it to her !”

Mahogany chairs lost their legs under her rubbing operations ; — and I reflected that I should (contrary to the laws of whist) for once gain a point by losing this “*rubber* !”

I have heard of travellers being struck with admiration at the view of the “*Broken*,” but I must confess *I* felt no such sentiment in my particular situation, although “the fall” was really upon a large scale !

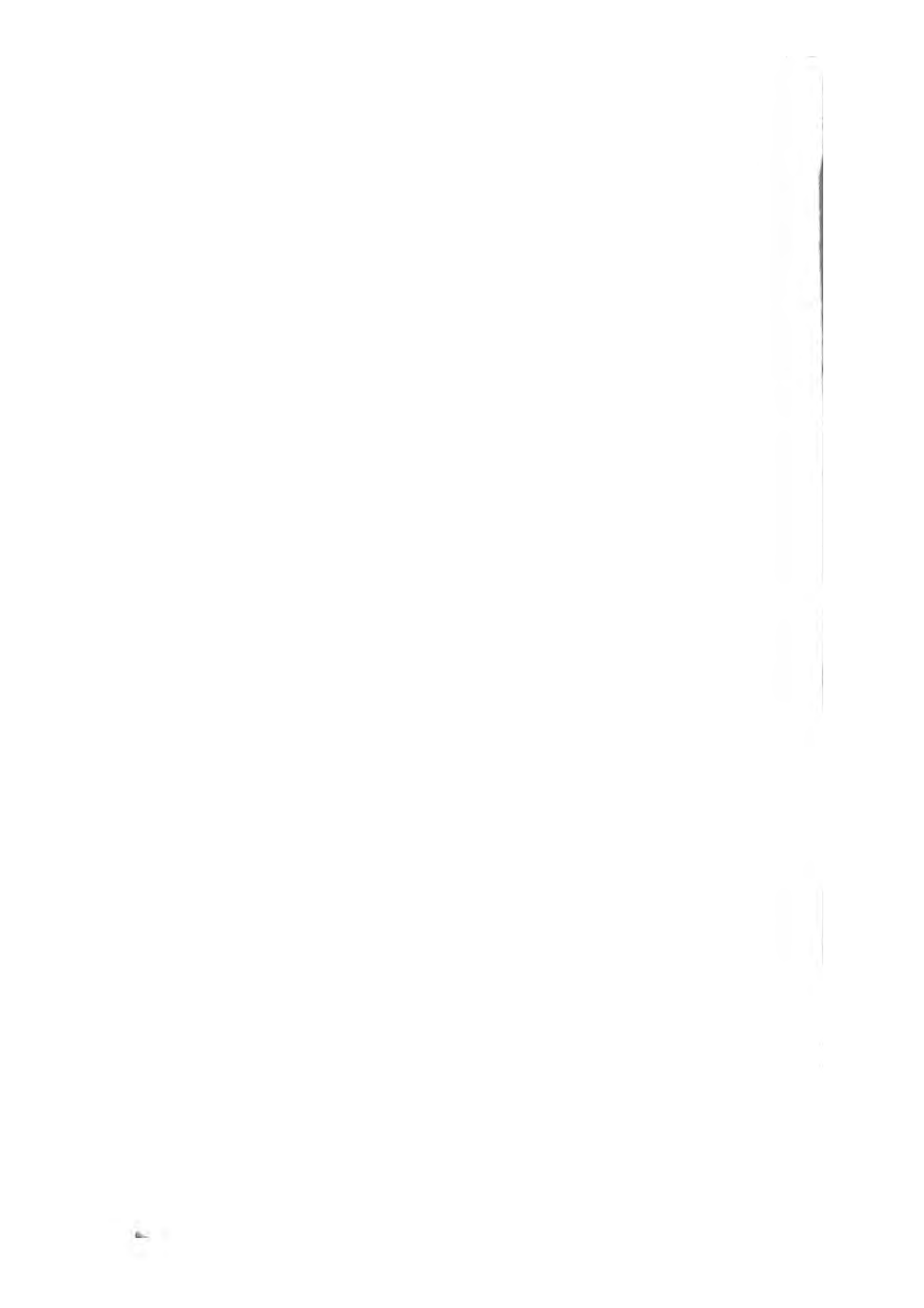
Since my school-days, I had never experienced such a “*breaking up* !”

Did she attempt to draw a cork, she infallibly *broke* it in !

She had received “attentions” from several likely young men, for Betty was a smart little body : but, from what cause I could never divine — they one



Breakers a-Head!



by one *broke* off! Probably on account of her fatal propensity, which, peradventure, showed itself in these amatory, as it did in her domestic affairs. I have no doubt she "*broke* all the engagements."

I was really sorry for the girl's misfortunes, for she was, in every other respect, an unexceptionable domestic; but as I could not, like the hunted stag, pass over the "*brake*,"—or, like a little bird, sing in it,—I was compelled to dismiss her.

Poor soul! she said that the intimation *broke* upon her so suddenly, that she was quite overwhelmed, and declared that she should *break* her heart!

Her father, who was ostler at a neighbouring livery-stable, called for Betty and her "box."

I could scarcely refrain from laughter:—reader! he actually drove to the door for her in a "BREAK!"

SONG ON CAPTAIN ROSS,

(Of the North Pol-ice station.)

SENT TO HIM IMMEDIATELY ON HIS RETURN,

BY LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

 "Rise, honest muse, and sing the man of Ross."

1.

OH Captain Ross we mourned your loss, —
 Who *lost* your way to find a way!
 But since you've come the sea across
 It seems you were but — *kept at BAY!*
 Your warmest friends now make a rule
 Their *kind* receptions must be *cool!*
 For sooner than have greeting *warm,*
 You'd have us take you quite by storm!
 All *hail!* long *rain* to Captain Ross!

2.

Oh Captain Ross, where'er you dine,
 Off *frosted-silver* take *cold* meat,—
 (*Iced PORTS* you've seen!) select iced wine,
 With *cold-drawn* oil your *Chili* eat!

And bring (in case the room be full)
 An Irish FRIEZE great coat, so cool —
 Then if your feelings *soften* still,
 Walk six times up and down *Snow Hill* !
 Dance but at *Snow-balls*, Captain Ross !

3.

Oh Captain Ross, it would be fair
 A *Captain's MATE* by you were chosen,
 To whom you'd *meltingly* declare
 Munchausen-love, for four years frozen !
 I have a friend who's named Miss *Snow*,
 (An *Ice-ing-lass a l' Esquimaux*)
 She has of *Iceland* moss a bower
 Where ICE-plants and chill SNOWDROPS flower !
 A-n-ice young bride for Captain Ross !

4.

In *song* comes *my* congratulation,
 And some *New Passage* in't you'll find :
 You'll *Compass* every *variation*,
 As being of the POLE-ish kind !
 Oh reigning "Leo" of the day,
 I, laughing Virgo, come to say
 Thou art a *constellation* rare,
 But not at all a *Polar Bear* !
 A *northern light* is Captain Ross !

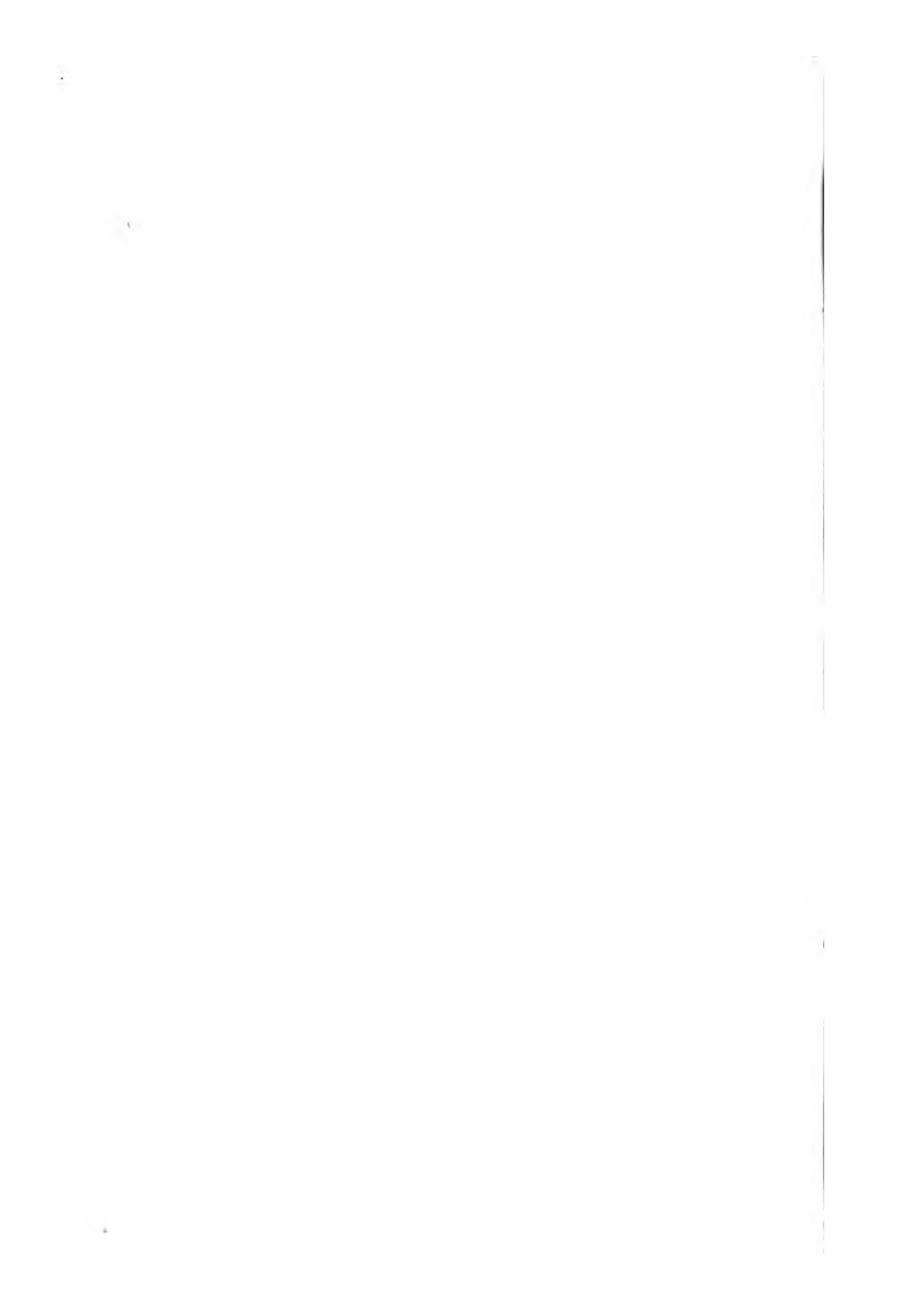
5.

We writers, fond of *slippery* tricks,
Choose you to be our *head-control*,
The *election* well on one we fix
Who's four years *kept the head o' the Pole!*
A tribute to your well-earned praise
A monument we ought to raise,
Composed of *Snowden* granite rare,
Bedecked with *Frieze-work* every where:
And fix your "BOOTH" there, Captain Ross!



Boothia Felix!

R. Ck.



THE UNIONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ABSURDITIES."

 ' *Vis unita fortior.*'

ALL hail ! to Hymen, the god of *unions* ! never had the divinity such a crowd of worshippers ! From the humble mender of soles, to the valiant *ninth*, all trades and mysteries are flocking to his altar, and offering sacrifice.

The *Carpenters*, in *plain* terms, declare that their masters are old *files* and *screws*, — that their present wages are not sufficient to obtain *board*, much less lodging ; and that they must and will have more *brads*.

The *Weavers*, (according to the nautical phrase,) "*loom*" large, and assert their *frames* cannot be supported under the present system.

The *Shoe-makers* say their exertions are, at present, "*bootless* ;" that their masters deserve to be *welted* for their conduct, and that they are resolved to stick out to the *last*.

The *Watch-makers* say every thing is "going wrong," and requires immediate "regulation." Instead of piece-work, they wish only to work for

time! And, having joined the union, they have now “wheels within wheels,” and expect there will be a new “spring” given to their business, and all their “hands” employed. But after all they have said nothing more than all the rest of the mal-contented, and of course, may be regarded as “repeaters!”

The masters remonstrate in vain: they say, “don’t go;” but the men answer, they are now *wound up*, and they will!

The *Tailors* have taken into their heads to *suit* themselves, and have taken “measures” accordingly.

The *Lock-smiths* have *bolted* from their benches, and having deserted their “vices,” are *drilling themselves* into sobriety, in order to *file off* in an orderly manner before the commissioners.

They are all on the “KEY *vive!*” and arranging their “locks” to look smart.

The *Coopers* have assumed the “casques” of war! and vow they will be made a *butt* of no longer.

The *Wheelwrights* declare their masters are “knaves,” and by leaving off work, they hope to “put a *spoke* in their wheel.”

The *Blacksmiths* take advantage of the times, and “strike the iron while it’s hot.” They have “hammered out” a long list of grievances, numerous subscribed, although it is generally believed both the documents and the signatures are *forged!*

The *Paviors* have raised their “*flags!*” and are

determined to "*curb*" the present iniquitous proceedings of their employers.

The *Masons* have left their "marbles" to play a more serious game, and resolve to leave no "*stone*" unturned, till they obtain their wishes.

The *Printers* have given their governors sufficient *proofs* of their *impressions*, by deserting the *press*, and joining the *crowd* of complainants.

Punctuation is at a *full stop*, and they threaten to make nothing but *pie*, till they receive sufficient remuneration to obtain *bread* for their own consumption.

It is expected the masters will, at last, be compelled to come to some "*composition*."

The *Bakers* say they have long "*needed*" a reform; and turn out with the "*flower*" of the trade.

Their muster-*roll* is very long. From their martial appearance, it would be supposed they were "*bred*" to war; at least, they seem resolved to contest it manfully, and would rather be made "*dead men*" of, than yield.

Their *dernier ressort* will be a petition to the master of the *rolls*!

The *Dyers*, warring against the course of nature, have refused to "*dye*," and yet solemnly declare they will *die* first!

There is no doubt *they* will come off with "*flying colours*!"

CONVERSATION BETWEEN AN OLD PAIR
OF DRESS SHOES.

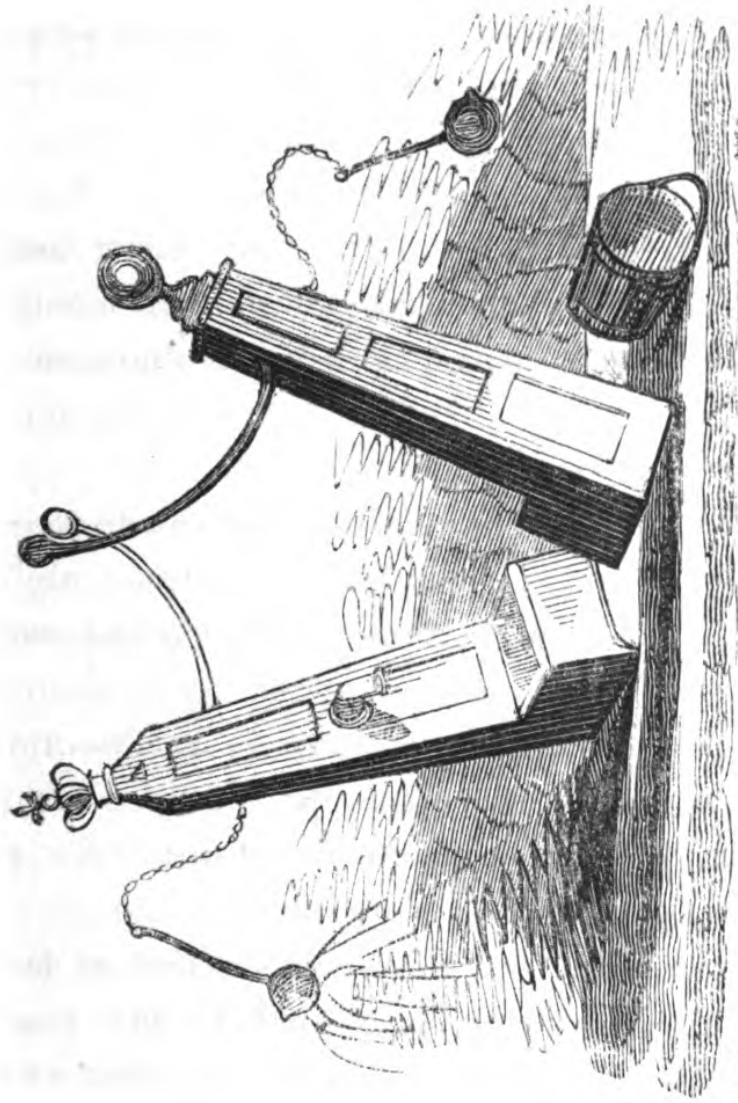
Right.—What a *dance* has our master led us! And now, after we have *shone* for six months in company, which methinks, without vanity, we may say was less *polished* than ourselves, we are cast carelessly aside.

Left.—And he, whom we supported with so much *éclat*, now refuses to support us. In fact, my dear friend, you, who were always *right*, find we are both *left*.

Right.—When he was studying his “positions,” I little thought we should be *turned out* in this plight. We are completely *chassés* from good society.

Left.—Such a good-humoured fellow as he appeared to be! To be sure, he was rather cross at first. Do you remember he called us, when we first came home, “a pair of *pinchers*.”

Right.—Yes. But when we had once “got the length of his foot,” I did not think we should have grown so soon out of favour.



R. Ck.

Dancing pumps!

Left.—I remember it well; for, as *Paddy* would say, he was our *first* master after we quitted our *last*!

Right.—Little did I imagine, when he boasted how well he could *cut* six, he would *cut* us *two*!

Left.—Oh! how pleasantly we passed our evenings in those gentle quadrilles — sometimes gliding carelessly over *Brussels* and *Turkey*, like two youths on their travels.

Right.—Ah me! it was those vile *gallopades* that accelerated our destruction: they were indeed “perdition to our *soles*!”

Left.—There is one point occurs to me, on which I should like to have a legal opinion.

Right.—But that costs money; and though we can boast of plenty of *spanish*, we haven't a *dollar*. Nevertheless, let's hear the point.

Left.—Why, when apprentices are *bound*, the master is obliged, I believe, to keep them for seven years. Now we were both of us properly *bound*; and I should like to know if he be not *bound* also to keep us for that term.

Right.—*Shoo! shoo!* there's a vast difference between a man and a *pump*!

Left.—I allow it; but at least we have a *sole*, and, in that respect, according to the Mussulman's creed, we are superior to women! *You* are really too easy.

Right.—Nay, for the matter of that, our master declares we are both too *easy*, and have *given* too much.

Left.—A remark that will never apply to him! But he complained of your *gaping* at the last ball.

Right.—Why, the fact is, the heat made it irresistible; besides it was so very late.

Left.—How do you know it was so very late?

Right.—Why, by the *clocks* of my master's stockings, which, you know, were *going* all the evening!

Left.—Well, after all, I really begin to think that any remonstrance on our part will be bootless.

Right.—I agree with you, my dear friend; and that, however we may dislike our present situation (our new *quarters* would perhaps be a more appropriate term), I am afraid it is decreed, that, because we are *worn*, we are not *used*!

Left.—That's a bull!

Right.—No matter—it's true; and moreover, let me add another, viz., that, by being put on the shelf, I certainly consider we are "*trodden under foot*!"

[The two *speakers* "pair off."]

OMEGA.

THE FISHER POET.

BY SYLVANUS SWANQUILL, ESQ.

“ All fishers are poets.”—*Izaak Walton.*

[*Piscator discovered by the river side, his attention divided between a copy of verses which he is composing, and the fish which he is desirous of catching.*]

OH ! lovely are these sylvan scenes !
 What music peals from ev'ry throat !
 Oh ! muse ! there's something moves my soul !
 Oh muse !—there's something moves my float !

Stay, Philomel ! that note again !
 Forsake not yet the banks of Ribble !
 Oh stay ! and glad these list'ning groves :
 Stay, Philomel — stay, there's a nibble !

Thou, lovely lark, that soar'st so high,
 Oh, wing to heav'n thy gladsome flight ;
 And tell the happy spirits there,
 Tell them, sweet bird — I've got a bite.

Tell them, sweet bird, I'm suffering here
The pangs of unrequited love.
For oh! for aye my peace is gone!
And ah! — my maggot's gone, by Jove!

But still my heart is all mine own,
Thy falsehood, Mary, made it free:
And ne'er can I be caught again —
Faith, now I'm caught in yonder tree!

'Tis true thy mother chid thy love,
With many a cold and harsh rebuff:
And of thy father, it was said,
Fair maid — There goes a *daddy-rough!*

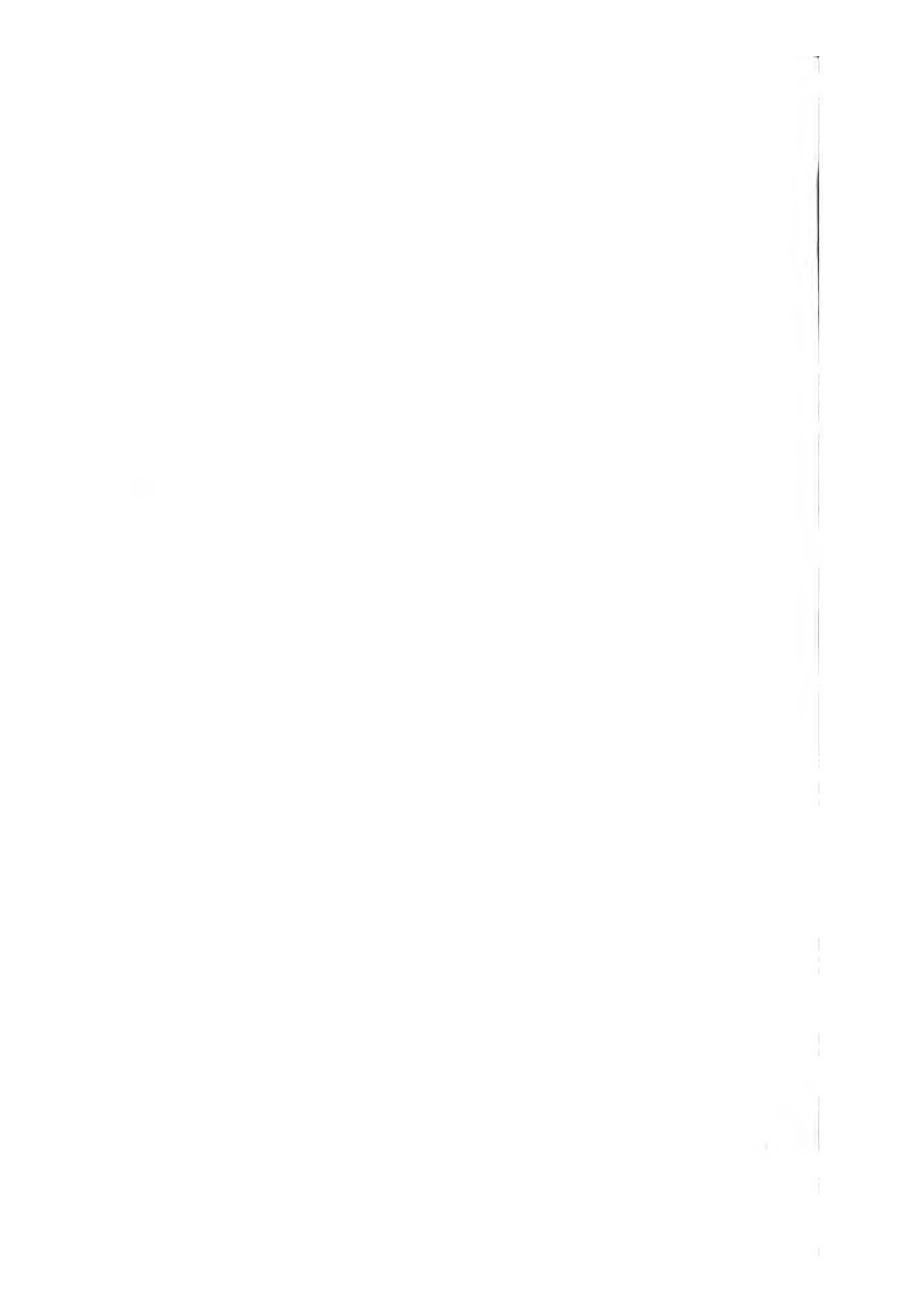
I'll never trust in woman more;
No more love's poison will I drink.
I'll never form another tie —
But let me get another link.

No more — heh! hoh! what have I done!
Bah! botheration! fire and faggots!
I've thrown my note-book in the stream,
And filled my pocket full of maggots!



R. Ck

A Rising young man, with a good prospect!



UNIFORM TORMENTS.

BY LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

WOE to the man who *lists* to a recruiting officer: that *list* will but too fatally join him to 'the *Cloth!*'

He will lead a life of contradictions, — the petty tyranny of the drill-serjeant being for 'cross purposes:— so as soon as he enters the *service*, he will leave the *place* :

And the moment he goes to the *rest*, he is called to his *exercise!*

Generally living in *public* houses, he is called a *private* soldier :

And he is always imposed on by extortionate landlords, though himself belonging to the '*charging hosts!*'

He will be forced to *serve* every where, though promised he should become a man of '*rank:*'

But he finds men of rank are but too frequently old '*files*' also.

Even should nature have intended him for the free-black-guard corps, he quickly sees he is a *hi-red* slave;—from this hue denominated a lobster :

Yet he fancies he would rather *dye* than lose his *colours*.

He will wish to avoid being a *marked* man in the

corps : yet the greatest reward he can obtain will be *three stripes* on his arm :

And every night there is a *tattoo*, for which he must leave everything !

His education is limited ; in letters his knowledge generally standing at E's.

In writing, although hearing less of his *hand* than his *arms*, he is certainly taught to 'right about' himself :

But if he remain long in the service, he will end by being a *pen-shunner* !

In architecture he can form a *square*, more *solid* than a London builder :

But in mathematics, although used to the *Line*, even the little drummer can *beat* him at a *Triangle* !

In arithmetic he understands nothing but long and short '*Division* :'

Although he surely would derive more benefit from 'addition of money !'

It is erroneously supposed he is taught to walk well : on the contrary, like a *manege* horse, he is taught to '*halt*.'

Yet the officers employ most expensive dancing-masters, as may be inferred from their paying £500 for their very first *step* !

In agriculture, he knows how 'to take the field,' besides understanding *drilling*, making *trenches*, and *fencing* :

But the only *crops* he is allowed to see are his comrades *heads*!

Amusements he will have none: unless indeed men be wanted for foreign service, then he is made play at *drafts*:

But there is little diversion in playing ‘*Piquet*’ alone,— on a frosty night, — and perhaps losing his *hands*!

His dramatic enjoyments are confined to the ‘Theatre of War,’ — whither (after the run of a dull *Peace*) he goes, because the Managers give him *orders*!

In that theatre behold him *pitted* against the foe, — (not in a *private box*!)

And knowing that his wife and children are behind him in *tiers*.

He seldom may pass any time alone: for, like an attentive host, he is obliged to be much with his *Company*.

Besides this, he almost every day goes out in a ‘party.’

And sometimes the Colonel most unexpectedly gives the whole regiment a *Rout* at five o’clock in the morning!

But, sad to say, the soldier’s dance of life too frequently is terminated by a *Ball*.

He has scarcely a choice of drink abroad, being mostly confined to *Tent*:—

And soldiers have the same antipathy to *Tent* as sailors have to *Port* : —

But when a besieged town is taken, then *Sack* is permitted ;

So the besiegers should be careful not to *break the Glacis* !

How severe must be the effects of the *scarlet fever*: when, though daily *ordered* to ‘*recover*,’ he will be obliged to go into the country to ‘*recruit* !’

Here, should he gain any friends, some one will come to take his place, — to *relieve* him, as they say :

For, from the time he is *drawn* and *well-quartered*, all will try to *cut* him out : and stoop very low to get over his head !

He dare not follow the example of his superiors, though forced to ‘*tread in their steps* :’

For much is overlooked in *General* society, which would be reprehended in *Private* life !

He will find his officers frequently unreasonable: thus when his toilet has been completed with the greatest care, they still will cry “*dress ! dress !*”

But in the army, as in law, many a man has not reached ‘*years of discretion*,’ though he has attained his ‘*Majority* !’

While told to despise every thing effeminate, he is actually forced to wear a *Cap*, sometimes tied



R. Ck.

Offer of his *hand* !

under the chin. On grand days he must put a *wreath* in his cap; and before entering a village he trims it with a large bow of ribbons.

So fond is a soldier of lace, that he will submit to 'have his jacket trimmed' for its sake, 'even though his dress is thus *worsted* !

Notwithstanding his cap, ribbons, and lace, he knows nothing of making *straw-hats*, although so often near a *plat-form* :

But he equals any Gentleman Usher in the skill he has for '*laying a Train* !'

He will be frequently told to '*present,*' yet prohibited from '*giving way,*' though sent to *relieve* others.

The besieged always declare that they are robbed : yet each individual must say "if the soldier takes what belongs to *others*, he carefully avoids anything which looks like *Mine* !"

However ill the foes may *treat* him, he must *stand* it ; yet is forbidden from re-treating as they do :

And, among other impossibilities, when the men are all *muster'd*, they are ordered to *pepper* the enemy !

Lastly, even in love (where the red-coat is supposed to be triumphant) he is badly used : for if he receive a *Billet*, he is pretty sure of being — *taken in* !

Taken in, too, poor fellow ! although the Adjutant every day for four hours *puts him on his GUARD* !

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN
OLD ACTOR.

“ The play, the play’s the thing.”

I MAY truly say that, like a moth, I was no sooner born than I was on the “ *wing*,” for the “ authors of my being,” were, according to the act, “ vagabonds,” being part and parcel of a strolling company of Thespians.

The chamber wherein I “ first saw the light,” was a hay-loft! — a portion of the tenement, ycleped a *barn*, where the “ company” were “ doing to death” the *undyng* song of the swan of Avon!

What a gorgeous levee of kings, generals, and princesses, then came to felicitate my mother on my birth! Mrs. K——, our *prima donna*, came up the ladder singing :—

“ There’s a sweet little cherub that sits up *a-loft!*”
to the admiration and delight of the whole *corps
dramatique!*

* * * * *

“All the world’s a *stage*,” saith the immortal Shakspeare. How often have I sighed and wished it were an “*omnibus*,” (even for the chance of an outside place,) when my little ill-shod feet were tired with “tramping” from town to town, on a hot July day. Without a *sous* in my pocket to purchase a refreshing draught of ale, chaunting heroically :

“ Shine forth bright sun till I can buy a *glass* !” —

Faith he might have shone long enough !

* * * * *

‘ A man in his time plays many parts.’ From a mere child, though no Roscius, — I was a useful *addendum* to the company. — Angel, fairy, call-boy, or prince, it was all one to “poor Pilgarlic,” — and, though I often went without a *roll* for breakfast, I was sure of a *rôle* at night !

A few years more saw me elevated to the station of — *candle-snuffer* ! Accident, however, threw me into a better “line” of business,

“ There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken in the flood may lead to fortune.”

Bill Morse, our Dogberry, Lord Ogleby, &c. &c., had got into some lively “company,” (“villanous company !”) where he was detained from ours, and Dogberry was found wanting !

The manager was in a *rage*, and vowed he should never set foot on those boards again. I was always a peace-maker, though no maker of *pieces*, and endeavoured by my eloquence, to excuse the negligence of my brother of the Sock and Buskin.

“Fool!” exclaimed the enraged manager, “if instead of *defending* him, you could ‘*take his part*,’ I might listen to you!”

“’Tis done,” answered I, “I know every line of it—and if I do not go through it respectably, ‘write me down an ass!’”

I succeeded!—beyond my expectations,—I surprised the whole company—and the manager was so pleased, that he forgave Bill Morse, and promised me a “rise” on the first vacancy.

Morse, far from being jealous, thanked me gratefully, assuring me that they had

“Tied him to a *steak*”

and onions; so that not having “tasted food for three days,” he was desperate,—the *entertainment* was before the *play* in his estimation!—“And upon my ‘*voracity*’” said he, “I could not resist—for it seemed to say,—‘Ope wide thy ponderous jaws!’”

* * * * *

When the “Cure for the heart-ache,” first made its appearance, it became an universal favourite,



R. Ck.

Counter-attraction !

and one of our "stock pieces," — and we always played it to crowded houses, (*barns!*) — indeed, on one occasion, to an "overflowing house," — for our theatre was near the sea, at a fashionable watering-place, and Neptune actually got a *free admission*, and filled the whole pit!

My sire enacted *old Rapid*, I his son *Ned* :— and we repeated these characters so often, that at last, when we entered "the green room," we were usually greeted by the vocal "strength" of the company with —

"The *Rapids* are near," &c. &c.

* * * * *

A good-hearted, kind, and obliging soul was Mrs. B—, but she sacrificed so frequently to the goddess *Geneva*, that she was at last almost "*hors du combat*," when her services were most in requisition.

Where she obtained the liquor, or the means, I know not, unless she could

"Summon *spirits* from the vasty deep!"

The manager was ultimately, and most reluctantly, compelled to discharge her from the *corps dramatique*.

"It grieves me much," said he, "to be compelled to follow the example of my managerial brethren of the metropolitan theatres. Yes! henceforth I expel the *regular drammer* from our stage!"

[*Exit Mrs. B.*

* * * * *

How few who have ever rubbed against the scenes, are entirely weaned from the "profession;" with many, indeed, it may be truly termed a "profession," for among hundreds of great *promise*, few may be said to *perform*.

A stripling, (by the bye a mere "stick,") of good connexions, who had been "stage-struck," was for some time attached to the company, by no means a *mutual* attachment; for he was never *perfect*, and was such a novice in the business of the stage, that he frequently spoilt some of the best points of our best men. He played for *nothing*, to be sure, but then that was about the amount of his worth.

His uncle, a worthy plodding old gentleman, came to snatch him from the vile contagion of us vagabonds. He was however, loth to quit :

"This parting's such sweet sorrow."

"What shall I do? what am I fit for (*unanswerable, aside,*) if I quit the stage?" said he.

"I'll tell you," replied Bill Morse, "get your uncle to obtain you a situation."

"But what? Ay, there's the rub."

"Why, a *tax-gatherer* would do vastly well, I think, for an *ex-actor*! Or, a situation in a linen-draper's would be excellent for *you*, as a *counter-actor*!"

OMEGA.

MEDITATIONS IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-
YARD.

“ From *grave* to *gay*.” —

THE rays of a summer sun, just sinking beneath the horizon, gilded the tops of the umbrageous trees, making smiling Nature look as gay as a spruce young footman in a new livery of green and gold! The dews of evening fell with a refreshing coolness on the thirsty flowers, by which they were speedily *drunk!*

The young lambs skipped thoughtlessly over the green hillocks in the church-yard: the ewes slept beneath the spreading *yews*. All around was peace and tranquillity. I seated myself on one of the rustic graves; and, though *alive* to all the beauties around me, was *buried*—in thought!

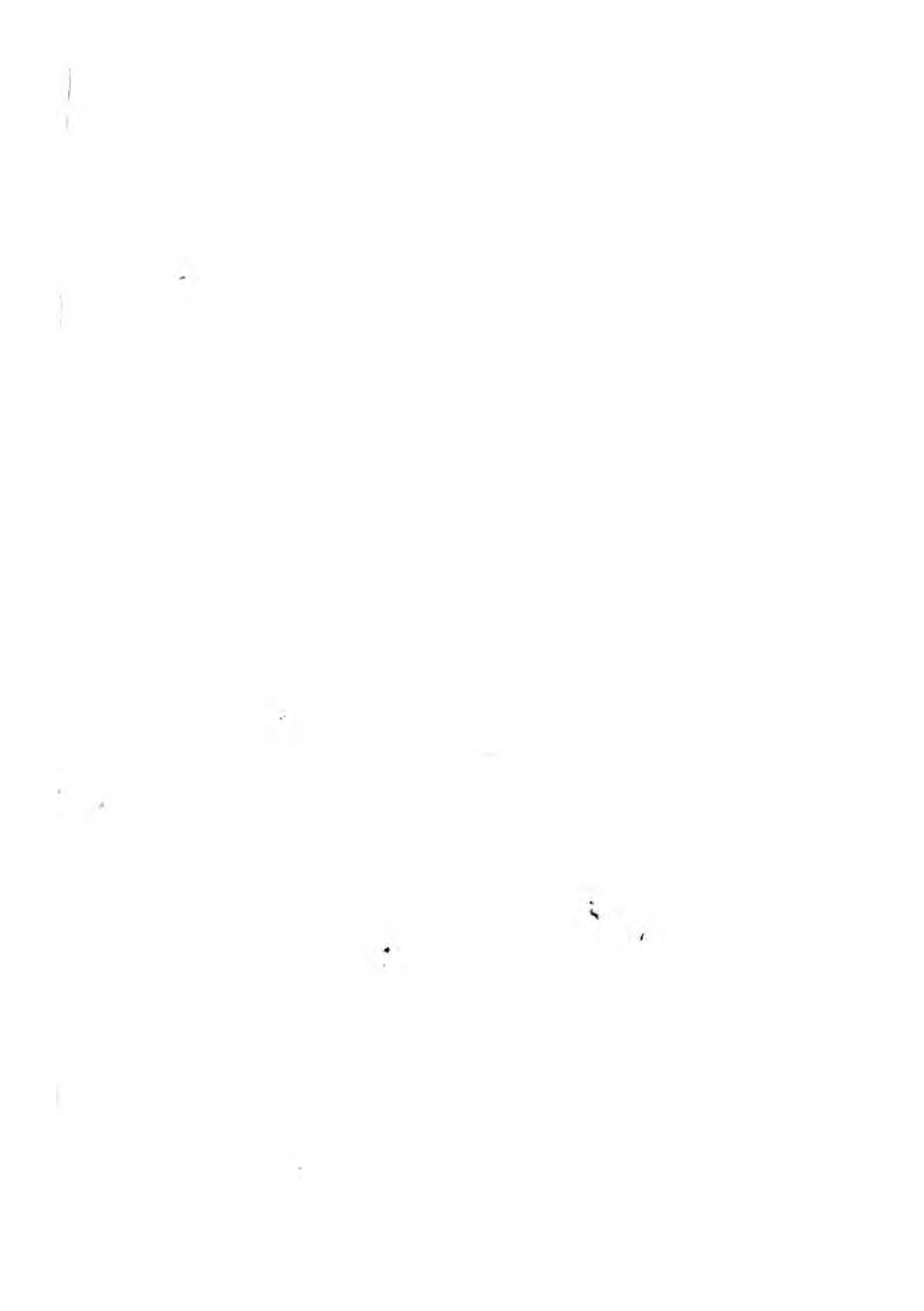
The curate's bony horse was grazing unmolested in the ground. Every day but Sunday was a day of rest to him: on that day he was doomed to work for the *rest* of the week — though none in the village could boast of going to church more regularly.

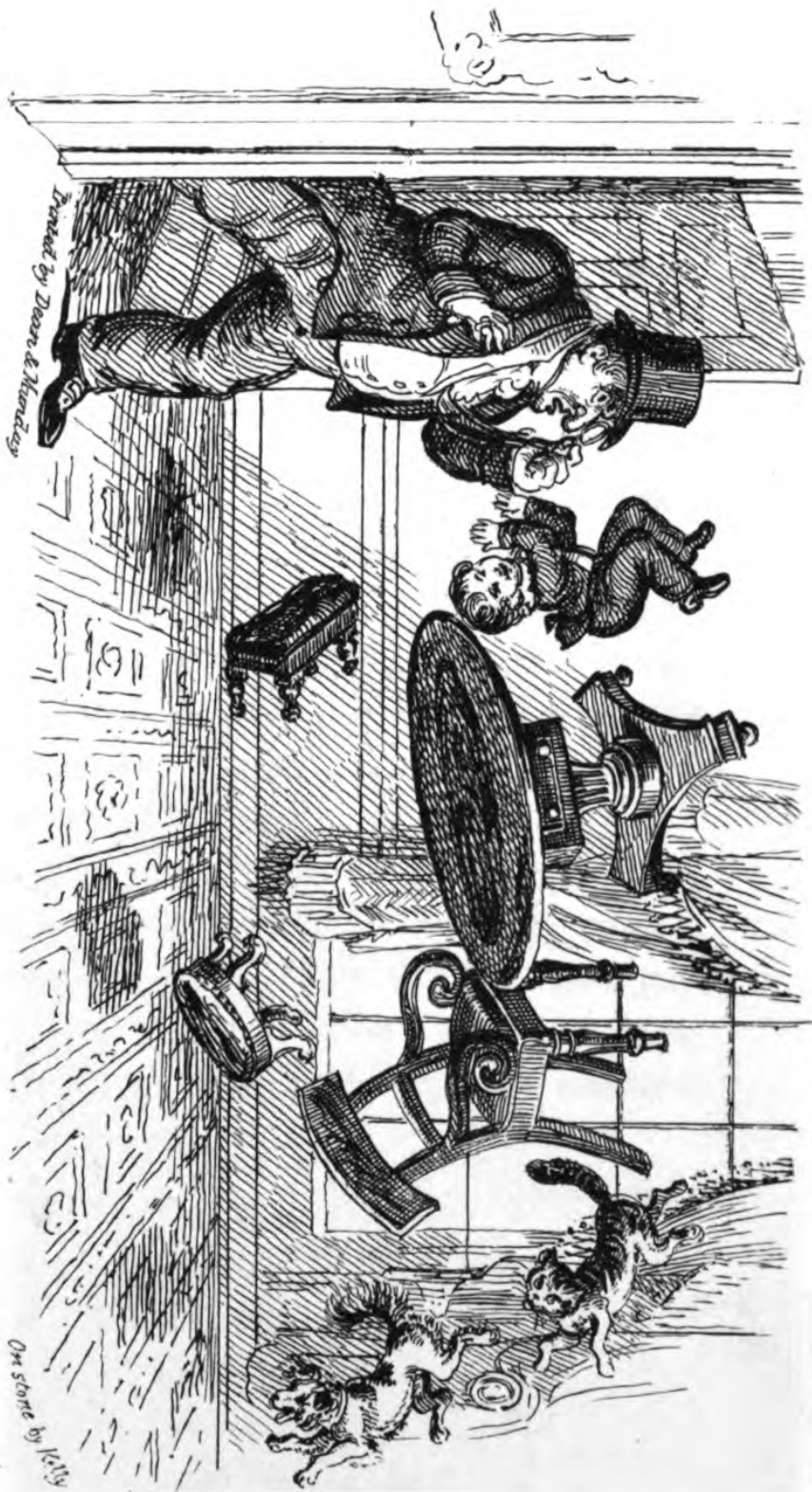
Poor sinful beast! — the crows in the neighbouring tower and trees watch thee as they wheel about the vicinity, longing for thy fall, that *they* may have a chance of *preying!*

The ploughboy, “whistling o’er the lea,” *steers* homeward with his *steers*. The rustic lover, sitting upon the stile, awaits the coming of the blushing Mary to tell his artless tale; — while the village *belle* (dreaming of a *ring*) thinks no place so meet to meet her swain as the church-yard, as ’tis there *belles* are best “*told,*” as Love “rings the changes.” Every *belle* that passed made his heart flutter with fond delight and anticipated pleasure — while the “*passing bell*” only filled my meditative mind with sad and melancholy thoughts.

This is, thought I, the last turnpike on life’s dull road, through which all must inevitably pass — where there is no trust, and yet where all must pay the *toll!* Here the pride of all men is brought to one level — for *dire* fate proclaims all mankind *diers!*

OMEGA.





Printed by Deane & Manby

One stone of 1850

SOMERSET HOUSE.

OWED TO PAINTING.

FAREWELL my flame
 For painter's name,
 To all those dreams farewell!
 Too soon my need
 I've learnt to *read*
 Through her delusive *spell*.

O horrid luck
 To be thus struck
 By fate for portrait graces!
 I beat at school
 Each little fool
 Right out at "making faces!"

Grown up, I drew
 A world quite new—
 At least my pencil mania,
 So proud and vain,
 Made in my brain
 Another *Pencil-vain-ia*.

But now I wake
To undertake
New ways of money making ;
Or, starved out quite,
My "funeral rite"
Will end my *undertaking* !

I'll butcher turn —
By hard work learn
To gain my living greasily ;
For long I've daubed,
And years absorbed,
In vain to get it *easel-y* !

I've drawn till sore
Things o'er and o'er,
From dimple to carbuncle,
Till I've no more
A draw in store,
Not e'en on my old uncle !

He never heeds
My tale of needs,
But 'stead of cash sends strictures ; —
And with his sneers,
Tells me he fears
I *frame* more lies than pictures !

A grudge he owes
Because I chose
Not sculpture when I started
His heart will own
Nought grand but stone —
Which shows he's *stony-hearted*.

But, spite of all
His jeering scrawl,
And praise of sculptor's mallet,
I'm in no haste
To change my *taste*
Though tired of my *palette*.

My pleas for cash
It would abash
A soft heart to refuse —
My debts are faint,
Sir, all for paint —
They're nought but "I. O. *hues!*"

But now I go,
With "sad I *owe!*"
To gaol for rent to Muller ;
And, seized on, lose
My brushes, shoes,
And (oh pale want!) my *colour!*

F. B. F.

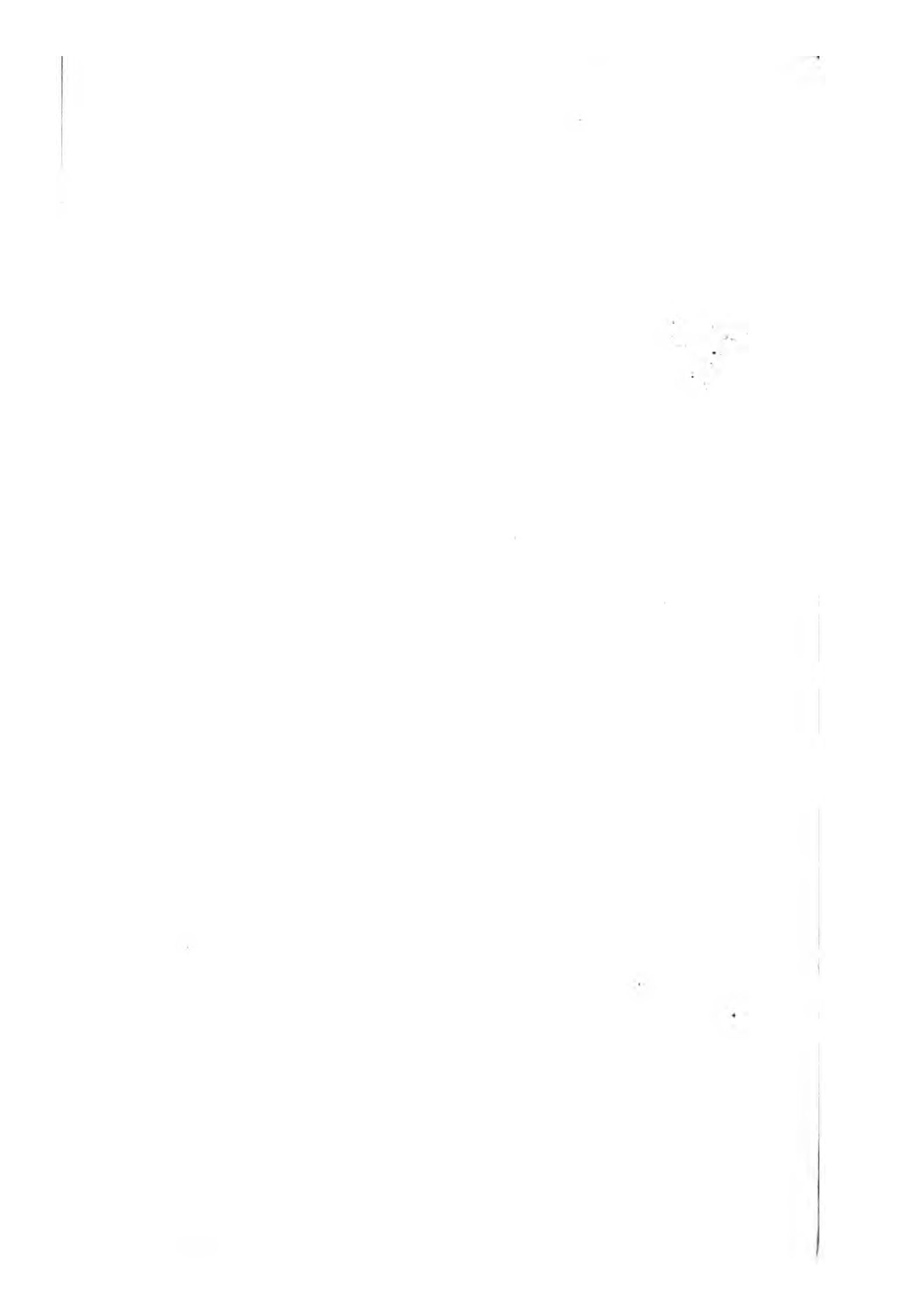
A VISIT TO "THE POULTRY!"

BY HENRY W. CHALLIS, ESQ.

A wily fox, much feared for his misdeeds,
 Had long time feasted from a near farm-yard.
 To take his prey,
 Through *Corn* fields he would stray, —
 Well knowing *CORN-HILL* to the *POULTRY* leads.
 In vain his victims strove to give him battle,
 He sent them hobbling,
 And nightly glided in to *fright* them with his *gobling*.
 "All flesh is *grass*," so choosing out "*chick-weeds*,"
 On them he'd pop —
 Taking each *crop* —
 Their *feathers* making *down-beds*, for the cattle!
 'Twas sad to see *young geese*, with throats so lank,
 All *broken*, with his *run* on "*GOSLING'S bank!*"
 While the scared ducklings, sprawling on their backs,
 Did nought but die,—
 No aid was nigh,—
 No regular *diploma* help,— nothing but *QUACKS!*



Tasting the Home Brood.



Oh ! what a sight of mangled wings and legs.
Here, was he "tossing heads or tails," there *laid*
the eggs,—
Here *sadly* showed "a *merry* thought," and there
stretched out a neck,
With beaks that never more again would "peck o'
barley," *peck!*
He gorged and stuffed, the ruthless beast, and ruin
round him strewed;
First grunched the *old*, then vowed he wished
To "*taste the nice HOME BROOD!*"

A GAME OF FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

BY ISABEL HILL,

AUTHOR OF "BROTHER TRAGEDIANS."

I WAS once in company with two ingenious linguists, who united to leave an impression on my mind, which I must retrace.

Mr. Seacoal, and le Vicomte Damon de Mil noms, that shot out like the slides of a TELESCOPE.

Each insisted on addressing the other in that other's own language.

"'Tis true," said Seacoal to me, "that I never was abroad ; never exactly — what you may call — learnt French ; but that don't matter. When foreigners come to my bank, I look into a dictionary that's always at my elbow, and know well enough how to understand and answer them."

"Nevare !" contradicted Damon, "you translate leetairalment, and no considair de pronounciation, de application, de acceptation, de common use of one word."

" Je vous dis qu'es que c'est !" retorted Seacoal ; "sur cet sujet vous m'avez toujours traité guère ; c'est un part de votre caractère qui n'est pas propre, à mon esprit."

" Hear him !" cried the Vicomte, " with his accent English—*traité guère*—he mean *hardly*—bravo ! my *caractère ! propre !* Oh how droll ! — his *esprit !*"

" Bien, monsieur, venez à thé, et otez tout cela hors de votre tête, dans le premier place, venez à thé, c'est deja."

" *Deja* what hour, Sair ? is it late ?"

" Non, mais voyez, le thé est deja !"

" *Deja* cool ? Oh, I see it is *all ready*, he mean, eh ?"

" Oui ; — these foreigners," turning to me, " they are so stupid and conceited. If ever I marry, it shall be a country-woman of my own. — Entendez-

vous, Vicomte? nos filles ici sont presque belle, dans le visage, avec beaucoup mieux figures que vous."

"My dear Sickoll!" laughed Damon, "I ondrestan your English better dan your French — *presque belle*? I have heard you call your ladies beautiful, every one."

"To be sure, *all most beautiful*, I say."

"Oh, *presque* — *almost* — *figure* — you call *shape*; well, ma'amselle shall judge if I have not some right to laugh."

"Mais non pas à moi, en particulier," interposed Seacoal.

"No, indeed, my friend! en public, out, open,—I laugh, not en particulier. I live in England several year. I study its tongue, till now I not only speak it like a native, but can write English poetry, as good as *Tommimor*. If ma'amselle is so honest, I shall sing her a specimen of my verse."

"Pray do, Sir!" said I, and, with the most continental intonation, he warbled some ditty, of which I can only recollect the following nonsense.

Air — "*Faut l'oublier.*"

"Vain care, you lass, or prude or plain,
To pass young day, nor do a tour
In Cupid own roseate domain,
He'll on a par set king an' a moor.

Serf an' lor's kin an' petty beau,
 Fair too as common prey take he,
 We dote, he'll reign, a fay, a foe,
 In fantasy — 'Encore!'—said we.

Almond tree verdant, a bay near,
 An arbour forming, fit for May,
 A mirror pure, to sate a deer,
 Who paus-ed o'er yon calm bay, say,
 Yet gallants in melancholy,
 Say — 'Psha — to muse!' say — 'Psha —
 green hay!'
 Comb seldom *a* tress cosily,
 A shoot, a knife, may end dair day.

Too sure sherry, port, or champaigne,
 Colour all rose cot on a moor,
 But pass ye on, an' pray refrain,
 De glas'ess touche kill more dan cure.
 Eel'bear his sore by long use, ugh!
 Grand solace, very! Oh, ah me!
 He's a mean ass who don't huzza,
 From such a claw at liberty!"

"*Pendez moi!*" roared Seacoal, "*si vous n'avez pas chanté dans Francois, tout le temps!*"

1



Sending out Circulars.

SHOP WINDOWS AND ADVERTISEMENTS.

“ How many saucy airs we meet
From Temple bar to Aldgate-street.”---*Gay*.

LET a man march through London, and peep occasionally into the shop windows,— he will find how lamentably ignorant he is on most matters ! A tailor, from whom he would not expect to find more than a *ninth* part of his own information, by a flaming notice in his shop window, declares he has “ discovered a *new article!*” Has he wasted his midnight taper in poring over Ellen Devis, or Lindley Murray ? or from what obsolete tome has he drawn this “ *article,*” definite or indefinite ? You question whether he has not been sacrilegious enough to rob the church of one of her “ *thirty-nine!*” Look again : in none of these was it found, — but in “ summer waistcoats !” and, to the confusion of both universities, he boldly asserts, that he has discovered a new article in summer waistcoats !

Macaronis, coxcombs, dandies, and petit-maitres, I considered long to have been extinct, and that

“*ladies'-men*” had given place to “the fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time;” but no such thing. A shoemaker (changing the term polite of “lady,” to its primitive “woman,” which *boots* not much,) placards in his window, that “*women's men* are wanted !”

“Look, what comes next :” an inhuman stay-maker actually wishes for some “*seamers* and *gorers*,” soliciting two evils at once, a return of the *small-pox*, and a herd of mad bulls ! This fellow no doubt declares the vote of money to Dr. Jenner a complete waste, and that the doctor himself was but a *smooth-faced* villain, who wished to keep people *unseemly*, and has left to the world very few *marked* men ! As to his *gorers*, it proves he must have a great deal of ill blood towards his fellow creatures, and I would recommend him to apply at Battle Bridge for his *seamers*; while some hot Monday morning, he may find a *gorer* or two in Smithfield !

Hear it, ye new *police*, and if things go on in this way, some of you will never be able to buy your wives a new pelisse again,— for in almost every stationer's shop, “the public are recommended to *steel* pens !” Now a man would be a goose, after this advice, ever to *buy* a quill again ! I certainly have, before now, stripped a pen of its feathers, but did not know it was allowable to *bone* them; and I am afraid the graziers will be terribly puzzled when

they come to Smithfield, and find there is not a *pen left* to make their sheep all *right*!

I was not surprised to hear some ladies declare, they had been insulted in a shop where things were selling off under prime *cost*; (by the by, Mr. Prime *Cost* has the best auction business in London, as every thing is sold off under his inspection;) now, had these ladies only taken the trouble to look in the window, they would have seen that "French kid gloves were sixpence per pair, and everything else in the shop equally *low*!"

As to linen drapers' advertisements, "they out-Herod-Herod," and are constantly rising; their climax in a few years must arrive, and the following, I anticipate, will be the result:—

"Messrs. Doo, Doneup, and Despair, beg leave to inform the nobility, gentry, and public, that, as the late high winds must have disgusted their friends with puffing, they intend to pursue an opposite line of conduct, as the public must be aware that the ruinous prices at which goods have been lately sold, have been detrimental to the community at *large*, not to mention those whom such practices have *confined*! They therefore submit their goods to the public, at the undermentioned remunerating prices, and no abatement will be made.

"Real India shawls, not less than half a dozen to be taken at once, *gratis*. Parties residing in London,

taking one dozen, shall have them sent to their homes free of expense, but persons in the country must take two dozen, or this house cannot pay the carriage. Silk handkerchiefs, with a sovereign tied up in the corner, *one penny each*; this is charged for the trouble of tying up the sovereign. Some thousand hands wanted for their kid gloves, as they do not wish to have a pair *left*. Silk stockings for any calf who may apply. Their lawns are all grass-bleached and laid out in front of their premises; they request an early removal. Irish linens, from doubling in price lately, their friends must make shift to do without, as this firm have made some blunder with their *Irish* correspondent. Shop-lifting encouraged, forged notes and bad silver taken.

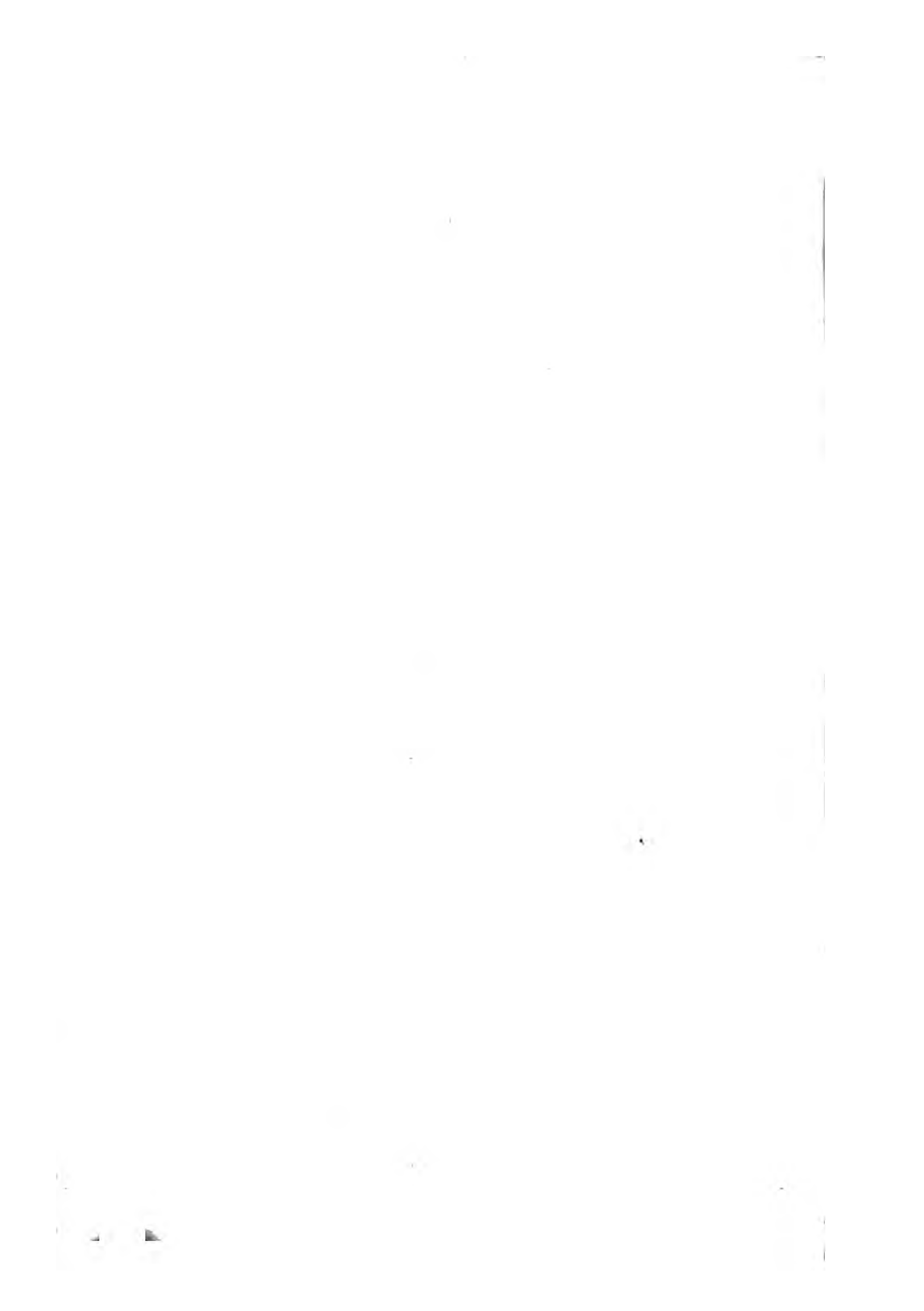
“The public are requested to come early, as Messrs. Doo, Doneup, and Despair, intend *shooting* themselves on Monday week, previous to their removal to the New Cemetery in the Harrow road.”

E. T.



Printed by Dean & Munday

Short Waits.



LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

BY M. B. SAMPSON, ESQ.

“ A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.”—*Byron.*

I stood beside a sunny stream,
 Where fragrant flowers were springing,—
 And heard once more that long-lost sound,
 My beauteous Lydia singing !
 Her father then at length consents, —
 (Her love — and *wealth* — are mine !)
 “ Oh Lydia ! now *my* fortune share,
 And gladly I'll *share thine !*”

'Tis changed ! — now all is cold and gloom,
 Her song still lingers yet —
 Where can I be ? that oft-heard air
 I can't mistake, ‘ We met !’
 There was a *weight* upon my heart,
 Which chased my dream of pleasure :—
 I took the Christmas WAITS, in short,
 For a long “ Lydian *Measure !*”

TO EMILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ABSURDITIES."

SWEET baby, hush !
 Thy piercing cry my muse alarms !
 Away affrighted all my fancies rush.—
 Farewell to *peace* when children are—*in arms* !
 At night thy voice is still—O yes !—still worse ;
 A nurse
 A-n *ursa major* sure should be,
 Thy cries to *bear* ;
 How are mine ears offended !—
 Thou tak'st good care
 Thy *bawl* (like Almack's) shall be well *attended* !

To lull thee into peaceful rest,
 And quell the storm,
 With food so sweet and warm
 They cram my darling in due form ;
 And quickly silence proves to all
 A life-boat for a storm is best,
 A *pap*-boat for a *squall* !

Thou art so pretty in thy helplessness !
 As pure as alabaster brittle—
 When thou grow'st *big* I shall not love thee *less*,
 Though now, I must confess, I love thee—*little* !

THE WALTONIAN.

BY ANDREW MERRY, ESQ.

 "O Pescator dell onda!"

OH! Izaak what sins hast thou to answer for! Into what scrapes have thy descriptions and seductive eloquence led us youth! *Trolling* trout-streams — and ballads!— how many a "flat" has been caught by thy irresistible *lines*! Nay, old as well as young have been deluded by thy "*gentle*" craft!

Our academy was on the bank of a fishing stream within ten miles of the metropolis; and how often have I remarked the self-same "old boys," well tackled and provided with baskets, cans, rods, landing-nets, and other piscatory paraphernalia, making for their favourite spots,— eagerly as bustling clerks in London, brushing along to reach *the Bank*.

Lest accidents by flood or field should occur, we were strictly forbidden, on pain of castigation, to *think* of angling, much less to *do* it; and I should probably never have offended against this interdic-

tion, had not a new boy brought a volume of Walton among his books. He was an amiable and pensive youth, and so won upon me, that I used to take my seat beside him under the great elms in the corner of our cricket-field, deserting the *ball*, in order to read in *concert* with him.

My doom was fixed ! and I longed for the opportunity of putting the pleasing theory into practice. One half-holiday I slipped, unobserved, from the ground, dashed along, purchased the cheapest and simplest apparatus for my exploit, in the village, and rod in hand (without the fear of the *rod* before my eyes) gained the bank, merely abating my pace while *baiting* my hook, and never debating on the “*bating*” a discovery would bring, I “troubled the stream with a *line* !”

But it was like writing to a debtor — there was no answer ! — at least to my sanguine expectations. Seated upon an *angle* of the bank, I *angled* for some two or three hours,—my eyes fixed upon my *floating* capital with *interest* ; but not even a “bite” compensated my anxiety, notwithstanding the fish were lively, and kept leaping out of the water, and I dropped my bait into the very centre of every crystal circle that was formed within my reach ! I caught nothing ! and finally, in my eagerness for the gudgeons, I lost my *perch* — for lo ! I was precipitated from my grassy seat into the “sedgy stream,”





On Stone by Kelly

Printed by Dean & Munday

A Wet Nurse taking the Child out!

and got a *flounder* (like a *flat* as I was!) before I regained the bank.

Here was a predicament! I almost lost my presence of mind, as well as my absent tackle.

I crawled homewards, fancying I saw a *birch* in every tree! I regained the play-ground, and luckily discovered my Waltonian friend, the innocent author of all my woes; who now enabled me to escape detection, as by his kind assistance (like another Proteus) I *changed myself!*

Except a slight cold, all went well, and I thenceforward eschewed Walton and Cotton's works, and even *Hooke's*,—such a horror had I of everything that reminded me of my misfortune.

I even refused, on dancing-day, to take part in a *reel*, with two *gentles*, my school-mates.

And years afterwards, when my kind uncle Major B——, offered me a commission, I declined the honour of “trailing a *Pike!*”

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY FROM PAD- DINGTON TO THE BANK.

THE OUTSET.

— It was a hot July day : — now heat has quite a contrary effect upon me to what it has upon the *metals*, for while it invariably makes them *run* — it makes me *crawl*. —

-- I had just discovered a solitary sixpence in my waistcoat pocket, and was about to indulge in a squeeze in the corner of an omnibus, when a poor squalid woman, carrying twins, supplicated charity. Sacrificing indolence for pleasure, I gave her the coin. “Pro *omnibus* curo,” said I, and trudged on a-foot. A *foot*, did I say ? — a *quarter of a mile*, I should have said, when I met

A FAMILY PARTY,

Consisting of a mechanic and his wife, dragging at their heels a creaking chaise, stuffed with four fat children, almost smothered in a huge crop of butter-cups and daisies.

If *the* immortal Cruikshank had seen them, he would certainly have *drawn* them — father, and mother, and chaise, and all!

THE SAVOYARD AND HIS MONKEY.

“Donnez-moi un sou, monsieur,” said a mahogany-coloured urchin. I gave him his demand, and *he* gave me a smile (a *sou*-rire, of course) in return. He had a fine set of teeth — in this respect, as well as in physiognomy, he much resembled the animal he led — and, in short, from the amiable understanding between the rational and irrational, I logically concluded that there certainly existed *no difference*.

THE GREEN-WOMAN.

“Plaise yer honour, is it yourself will be lending a poor ould woman a hand?” demanded a red-faced Irishwoman, almost crushed beneath a huge basket of fruit and vegetables — I really thought the *carrier* would prove a *tumbler*.

“This is a heavy load,” said I, assisting her to *pitch* her burden.

“Faith is it, yer honour,” replied she, the dew of exertion running down her *cherry* cheeks in *currents*.

I found she had carried it all the way from the “Garden” for a *tinpenny*. — The *fruits* of such

labour, thought I, are scarcely worth the gathering. The *grocer* would not afford her more — the *grosser* villain he! — he had not the heart of a cabbage.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

— After a long double file of young gentlemen, marched a pompous pedagogue. In his right hand he swung his *cane* : — since the days of *Cain*, the juvenile sons of Adam have been doomed to have this weapon wielded over them *in terrorem* — to make *able* scholars of them, I suppose — and many of them go home at the holidays having the *marks of cane* upon them.

A black shade covered one orbit of vision of the pedagogue ; and, therefore, notwithstanding the forty striplings walking so orderly before him, I concluded he had but *one pupil* ! Yet he was no doubt an excellent *ruler*, judging by the two *parallel lines* which he had so well formed and kept.

A CHARACTER.

I had perambulated as far as the bridge in the City-road — romantic spot ! — when my old crony, the eccentric Mr. B——, came and tapped me on the shoulder.

“ What an improvement is here ! ” said he ; “ instead of the cabbages we were wont to see on the right and the left (and which have all *stalked off*),



Lad Lane.

lo ! here is a noble canal — ~~a rich~~ vein in the heart of commerce — and what a fine relief do those *black* coal-barges form in the scene.”

I smiled when he mentioned the *black* coal-barges, for I knew his peculiar attachment to that sombre colour. B. was like a transmigrated *rook* — *black* suited the melancholy complexion of his mind ; — he was *black* through and through, like a real *Wall's-end*. *Black-guard* was his favourite snuff — *black*-pudding and *black* bread his favourite edibles — his drink *black* strap — and his dessert *black* grapes, *black* currants, or *black*-berries — while he kept a *black*-bird hung up in his sitting-room, which whistled “*Black-eyed Susan*” to admiration.

The History of the *Black Prince*, *Black-beard*, and *Blackstone's Commentaries* formed his library. — *Black-legs* alone he could find no *colourable* pretext for liking — and, finally, he dwelt in *Black-friars*, near unto a famous *blacking* manufacturer!

THE DANCING-MASTER.

On the opposite side of the street I saw my old dancing-master — spruce, neat, and active, as when he assisted the first steps I took in life. How few, thought I, ever make use of his instructions after their entrance into that “*Field of Forty Foot-steps*” — the world. All their *cutting* and *shuffling* being confined to the *card-table* — their *capers* to

cookery — their *figures* to counting-house calculations — many confined to a particular *set* — selecting *partners* who don't dance — and their domestic delights limited to a *bawl* in the nursery — or sometimes doomed to *cast off their partners* in a divorce! A strange world this of ours!

THE BANK.

Arrived at the place of my destination, I entered the bank. What a number of busy mortals hummed and buzzed and trotted to and fro! It was 'dividend time,' and all the *cashiers*, strangely enough, were transformed to *counters*!

Many a shovel of sovereigns did I observe shot out for the eager grasp of some careful old annuitant in a red cloak. Alack! my cash, like a sober and industrious hind, had never got into the *stocks*; and although I narrowly observed the motions of the clerks, I walked away, and *took no NOTE of them*!

L. P. C.

TRANSLATED PROVERBS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BROTHER TRAGEDIANS."

THE idea of rendering familiar old sayings into elegant or scientific English, was first suggested to me by that glorious quiz on Samuel Johnson, which exists in the Rejected Addresses.

"Parturient mountains, have, ere now, produced muscipular abortions."

That great joke has indeed been the parent of my little ones. A sample of which have already appeared in print — let me add a few more.

Never coincide with the game, and course with the harriers.

Utter verity, and call a blush to the cheek of the printer's assistant.

Always aid a decrepit canine companion to surmount the divisions of fields.

A hypocrite is a wild dog in fleecy hosiery, a *mauvais sujet* in the food of horses.

Unpleasant events never approach in a state of celibacy.

Large humourists are addicted to leaping.

When vinous fluid is in the house, comic talent is not at home.

You cannot possess your Sally Lunn, and masticate it also.

Every thing is a reservoir that terminates a reservoir.

It is impossible to obtain more than the epidermis from the domestic foe to "small deer."

Huge lamentation and a paucity of African hair.

Bestow an opprobrious epithet on the emblem of fidelity, and suspend him.

Commission one impropiator to captivate another.

No persons so much require the aurist as those resolved against oral instruction.

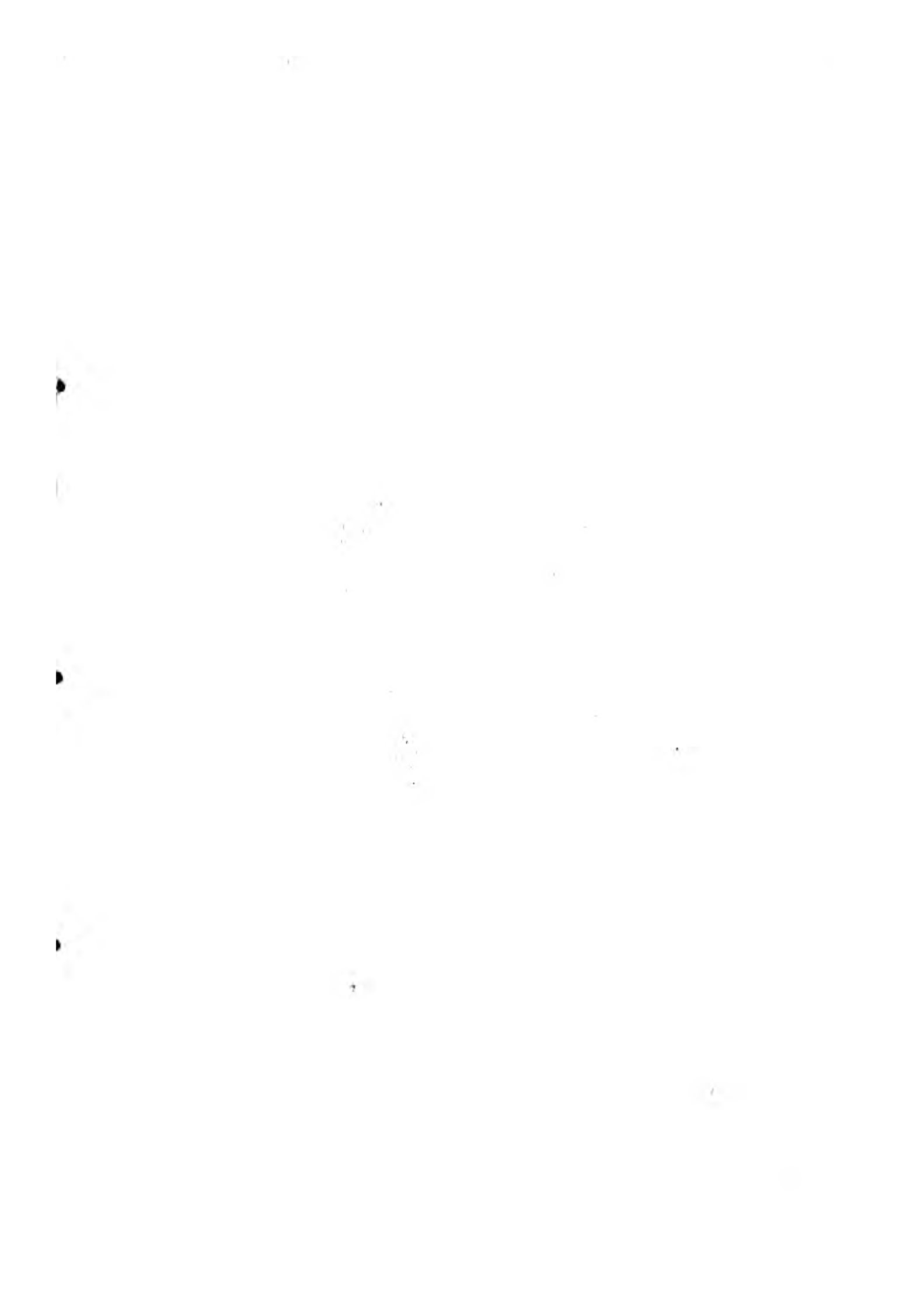
Veracity reclines at the depths of a fountain.

An artful man is elevated to a certain tittillating pulverization, and a pressure of the digits further on; yet as profound as a late famous tragedian.

That earthen vessel which too frequently approaches the spring obtains a fracture in conclusion.

Piscatory diversions are advantageously pursued in agitated streams.

The fortress which discourses, and the lady who hearkens, will tumble.





R. Ck.

Penny Royal!

We oft see an avaricious man who is a rational copper representation of the king, and yet is sixteen ounces of folly.

The consuming element is an excellent domestic, but a dangerous ruler.

A single being may conduct an equestrian quadruped to the pure liquid, which a far greater number could not constrain him to imbibe.

A cramp in season preserves three times three.

That is an elongated rural road in which there is no curvature.

A combustible infant is terrified at caloric.

A gentleman incommodiously immersed, will grasp at every stalk of wheat.

The plumed biped with the power to utter melody, who refuses to warble, should be obliged to chaunt.

Never relate long tirades concerning the bird of Mars, and an Irish blunder.

The vain man struts like a canine animal with a doubly pendant vertebral extremity.

No one is aware in what part the slipper presses, except its wearer.

The prude appears as though the product of the churn would not be reduced to a state of fusion within her lips, though, at the same time, Parmesan would not induce suffocation.

The glutton's visual organs are more extended than his digestive.

When the king of the infernal regions was indisposed, he expressed a resolve to enter a monastic

institution; but, on his convalescence, he resembled an ecclesiastic no more than before.

Never scatter the prizes of oriental divers in front of porcine animals.

Seek not for the metallic agent of feminine industry, in a decanter filled with the fodder of cattle.

Diminutive ewers possess vast organs of hearing.

When the charger is abducted, secure the portal of the *écurie*.

Permit the most debilitated to be nearest the mural elevation.

The members of an officious inquisitive's hands are in every body's pastry.

Light complexioned sport is a diamond.

Nothing is novel beneath the orb of day.

Benevolence commences at our own abode.

The imbecile believes himself sagacious; the sage is conscious of fatuity.

A blonde appellation is the best marriage portion.

Better tardy than at no time.

Never interchange labial salutations, and relate the fact.

For many of these I am indebted to my friend Leonine, who has also a capital version of "God save the King;" of which, however, I only remember such scraps as "large George our monarch,"—"durably exist our obsolete coin sovereign,"—

“dispatch him triumphant, felicitous and irradiated, tall to shower above us,” — “strew his adversaries, and force on them an abrupt, involuntary descent.”

To talk good nonsense craves a kind of wit ; our matter-of-fact, *rational* acquaintance, Susanna, who never said a smart thing in her life, cries, “ Well, if ye *are* clever, how can ye waste your time on such stupid, silly stuff ? ”



R. Ck.

Turner's Annual Tour!

A TOUR OF SENTIMENT.

BY A PEDESTRIAN.

IN hired post-chaise yon tourist rides,—
 I'd rather walk in shoe or boot ;
 Though he may journey by the mile,
 While I but travel by the — *foot*.

Alone, he sighs for company,
 And looks for landlord at each post ;
 But I, with flask and wallet stored,
 Am always “in myself a *host*.”

I smile on Nature's lovely works —
 My thoughtful moments to her pledge ;
 And when, fatigued, I need a stick,
 My knife's not long without the *hedge*.

At morn I range the fields, and muse
 On verdure's tears of pearly hue —
 Ah ! 'tis the hour most fair — and just —
 When every flow'r receives its *dew*.

Should noon-day sun` my eyes distress,
I'll shelter seek in leafy glades :
And take th' advice of Doctor Ware,
And all who recommend *green shades!*

At eve a joyous sound is heard —
The merry laugh of village maids,
Come forth to meet their rustic swains —
Their ploughing Bobs, and *Jacks of spades.*

And some who've loitered, now in haste
From yonder well their pitchers bring,
With smiles and blushes bright they come,
Like summer — gliding from the *spring.*

Oh, better far these moods and walks,
Than lonely jolting, in the dumps —
Fit only for phrenologists,
Who take such strange delight in — *bumps!*
F. B. F.

A FAMILY PARTY.

BY LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

WE met — 'twas in a crowd : — I wish we had never met upon any other terms, — for at a ball in Grosvenor-square they seemed a very charming family, — two elegant sisters, with whom I talked, two clever brothers, with whom I danced, and a clerical-looking cousin, as the graver back ground to my gay group ; in fact, I fell into a labyrinth of friendship *à l'improviste*, the result of which was a visit from the parties on the following day.

I did not see my new friends, as I was taking my usual restorative after late hours, a quick walk round the square : (by the bye, I wonder, has my walk *round the square*, any connexion with the quadrature of the circle ?) On my return I found nearly half a pack of visiting cards, the juvenile branches being all “ served up on separate *plates* ;” Mrs. Alexander Campbell, Mr. Alexander Campbell, Messrs. Theodore, Frederick, Alfred, Misses

Araminta, and Euphemia Campbell; they might have saved their cardboard, by leaving a piece of Campbell tartan, indicating that the whole clan had called. But this might have *checked* our intimacy; a matter too bright to be thus *crossed*.

Every one talks of *successful* hypocrisy in society, which the deceived cannot at the moment detect; but surely if you call on people during the season, you are sure to *find them "out."* The clan was not at home when I called, and I heard nothing of them until the next week,—dreadful interval for such dear friends,—when I received a yellow bilious-looking note, largely sealed with red, a mixture of colours which ought to have terminated our acquaintance; breaking open the "Campbell arms," I read,

"Mrs. A. Campbell requests the favour of Miss ——'s company to join her family dinner circle on Sunday next, at five o'clock precisely. Mrs. Campbell trusts Miss —— will not find it dull, and requests she will not take the trouble of dressing for a mere family party."

I threw down this strangest of notes, in despair; a Sunday-summer-family-five-o'clock-dinner! Had my "friends," in taking off their dancing gloves, also parted with their *usage du monde*? But this being their "first advance," I accepted it, renouncing a drive to the Zoological Gardens, and arranging that my chaperon should send her carriage

for me in the evening, to join her at one of Lady C——'s delightful oratorio parties.

Five-o'clock people are always painfully punctual, so, amidst sundry sour looks and "asides" of my unwilling maid, I managed to dress and depart precisely as the clock struck five, and in a few minutes reached the residence of my friends, the best-looking house in an ill-looking street,—(a plan I would advise all moderately rich families to avoid, and to take an inferior house in a better situation; but this is quite *entre nous*.) I was detained some time before the door was opened by a footman, who had not quite *settled into his coat*,—this I considered a sign that I was too early, but I was reassured by a dreadfully strong "aroma" of overdone dinner, which was evidently longer drest than the footman.

As I entered the front drawing-room, I heard some persons rustling out of the back-rooms, and finding they had left me alone in my glory, I sauntered through the suite: not a book could I find to read, not a picture to examine, not an album to open, not a flower to smell, not an instrument unlocked to play, not a chair out of its place that I might push. I had not even the satisfaction of abusing the china shepherds with their loves and lambs, with which some rooms are encumbered; each chimney having only a pendule (not going) and four of those dreadful dahlia screens, made of

fainting lilac and expiring pink, with a tarnished gold star, as large as a cheese. The back-windows looked into a mews, where groups of limping stablemen in scarlet waistcoats (coats being against their creed,) were quizzing two nondescripts putting the horses to my host's carriage, under the scolding superintendence of the surly coachman.

In despair I tried the front windows, but could not stand a battery of eyes from sundry Sunday dames in stiff silk dresses, turnip-sized watches, with cable-sized chains, manacle bracelets, overwhelming mantillas, and caps like the hood of a cobra de capello.

I threw myself despondingly on a hard, narrow sofa, and had leisure to observe both my gloves tearing for half an hour, when the "grave clerical-looking cousin" entered in full black, and expressed a great many pretty regrets at being unexpectedly called on to preach for a friend at some distance. I inquired had he a sermon always ready?

"Ready!" exclaimed he, contemptuously, "do you suppose I would preach a written discourse? I see you know nothing of our sect."

The polemical discussion was stopped by "the carriage is ready, sir," and off went this consequential gentleman, without taking my regrets.

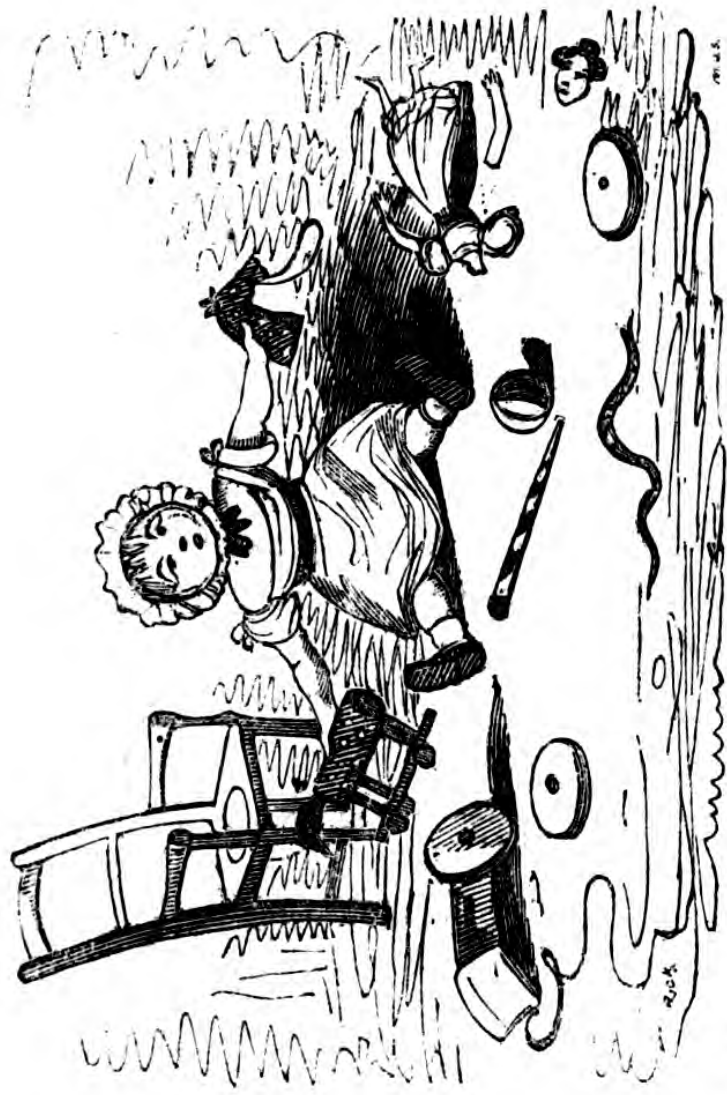
Again the door opened, and I heard outside, "Now go in, and make your courtesy, there's a dear!" at the

same time a nondescript creature was pushed in, and its retreat cut off by the closed door. It was a perfect "solid square," in a suit of stiff mangled pinafore-armour, and from its rough hair and strong boots, I could not decide whether to use a masculine or feminine address. I took it in my arms, and received a violent blow and kick,—this was masculine; I set it down, and it went, screaming, with its face into a corner,—this was feminine; so I still was puzzled. Feeling, however, obliged to talk to the creature who had been sent for my *amusement*, I vainly tried to elicit an answer, until I recollected General C——r's successful expedient, and said, "You are very pretty, but I see you have *no feet!*"

"That's a story!" roared my horror, putting a booted foot into my lap,—and in this scene my hostess entered. On rising to receive her, I upset the child's equilibrium, who fell against the fender, yelling like a savage!

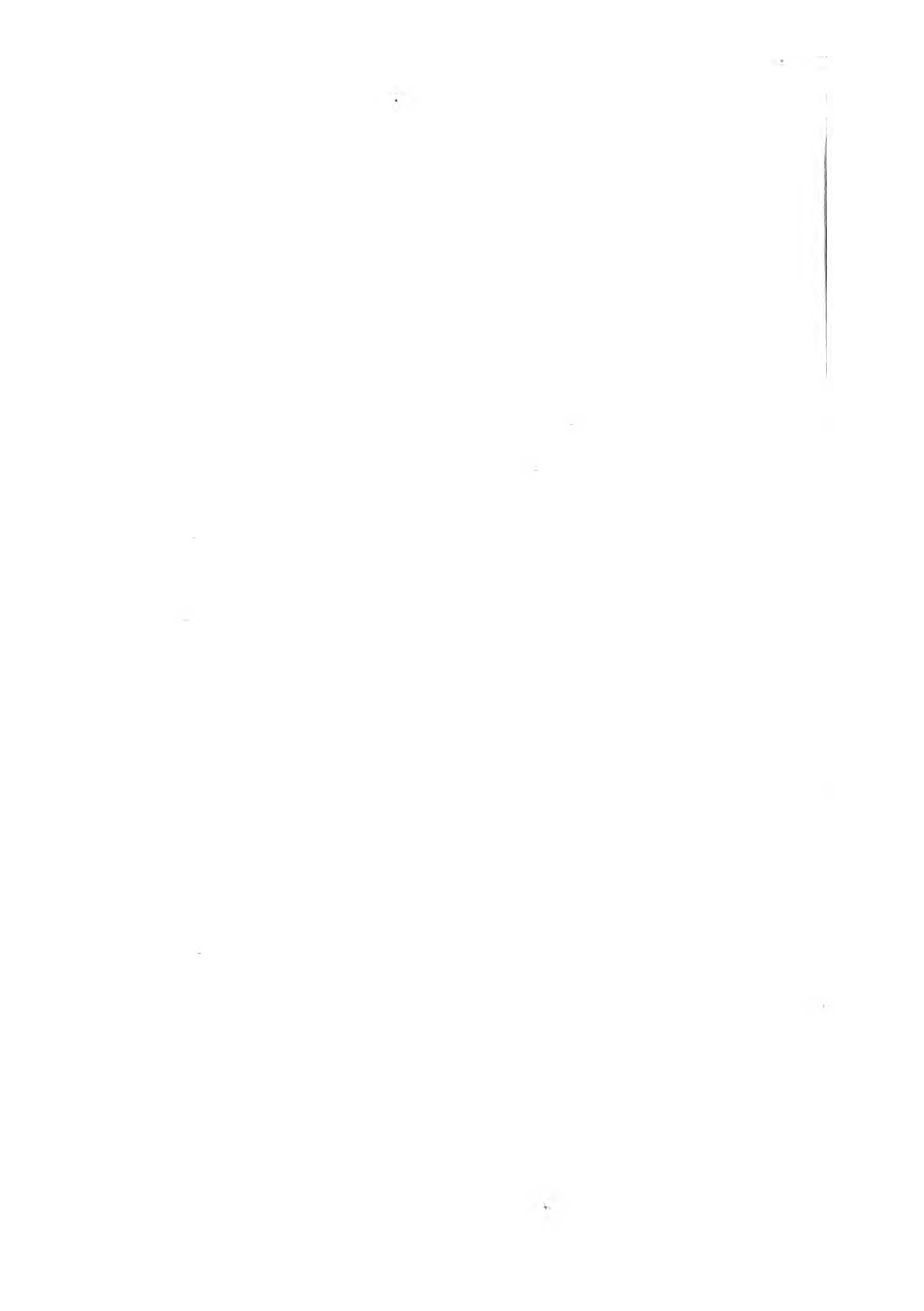
The mother's thoughts and speeches vibrated between me and her progeny, as she alternately smiled and sighed forth,

"How good of you! I assure you I am so happy — you are hurt, my beautiful Isadora; — but really I am quite distressed to say — you'll soon be better if you stop crying, darling; — how much better you are looking since — your dear nose is cut, and your sweet eye is turning black, my de-



R. C.K.

Chitty's general practice!



light ; — I trust you will pardon waiting so long for dinner, and — you shall have some diaculon plaster and friar's balsam directly, my sweetest !”

Strange to say, the wayward child, being too much petted by its mother, preferred crying on *my* knee, a distinction I would willingly have renounced ; but the simpering lady said, “ children always know when any one likes them,” — so there was neither hope nor pity for my white silk.

I had never seen the master of the house, who now stalked in solemnly, clasping his bony hands, and bending his stiff puritanical head as though a bow were sinful. He told me the day was warm, and without waiting for my reply, told his wife that it was late, and told Isadora it was wrong to cry.

A ghost-like female here flitted past me, and was introduced as “ sister Barbara ;” merely bestowing on me a searching glance, she placed her pallid face near the venetian blind, looking like a figure seen through burning spirits and salt.

“ Duncan Gordon dines here,” said the host.

“ Humph,” said the hostess, peevishly.

“ Eh ! but e'm vara glad,” said sister Barbara, in hard Scotch.

A solemn butler now appeared, and after taking time to look all round and clear his voice, said, “ Hem, hem ! the dinner — hem — is on — hem — the table — he, eh, eh, em.”

"Then we will not wait for Captain Gordon," said Mrs. Campbell, with more animation than I thought she possessed.

"If the lad's 'last at a feast,' he'd be first in a fray!" said Barbara, advocating the cause of the absent, who, I concluded, was her godson.

Being determined to fight these slow people with their own weapons, I kept the gaunt man standing before me to hand me down, while I pulled up my gloves, fitting each finger, fixed every blossom in my bouquet, smoothed every fold in my scarf, and dawdled in such a way, that I wonder he did not give me a shaking. Sister Barbara must have vanished through the floor, for the noiseless creature was perched at table when we went down.

"Tell the young ladies and gentlemen to come in." I turned to look for my friends, instead of whom, appeared Isadora leading her twin sister, Musidora, and two great goggling boys, who vied with each other in rudeness and ugliness; Isadora insisted on sitting beside "the strange lady," while the twin insisted on taking the other side, and they both helped their ascent to their high chairs, by grasping my blond sleeves with more energy than caution.

"The children always dine with us on a Sunday, and you see we have made *no stranger* of you," said Mrs. Campbell.

"I wish you *had*," thought I, making a civil bow.

“We have asked you, as we said, merely to a family party,” said Mr. Campbell, gravely.

“I wish you had *not*,” thought I, vainly striving to smile an assent.

“I think fomilee pairtees are a’ways sae plaisant,” faintly breathed Miss Barbara.

“I beg leave to differ,” thought I, removing the substantial napkin (thick and blue as a quire of foolscap) which enveloped almost a loaf of damp brown bread.

“All the members of your family are not here,” said I, trying to discover what caused the rude absence of my particular friends.

“No,” was the satisfactory reply.

The servant brought me something which smelled of *black* pepper, (this a friend of mine says is the criterion of a vulgar *cuisine*) and I declined it.

“You do not like Hotch-potch, I presume,” said Mr. Campbell. “Hem! it is my favourite national dish, and you will find ours quite a national dinner.”

There seemed to exist in the whole family a charming emulation as to who should exhibit most attachment to this singular *melange*, the only interruption being an occasional remark to me as the spectator, “You see ours is a plain Scotch family-dinner;” “we make no stranger of you,” &c.

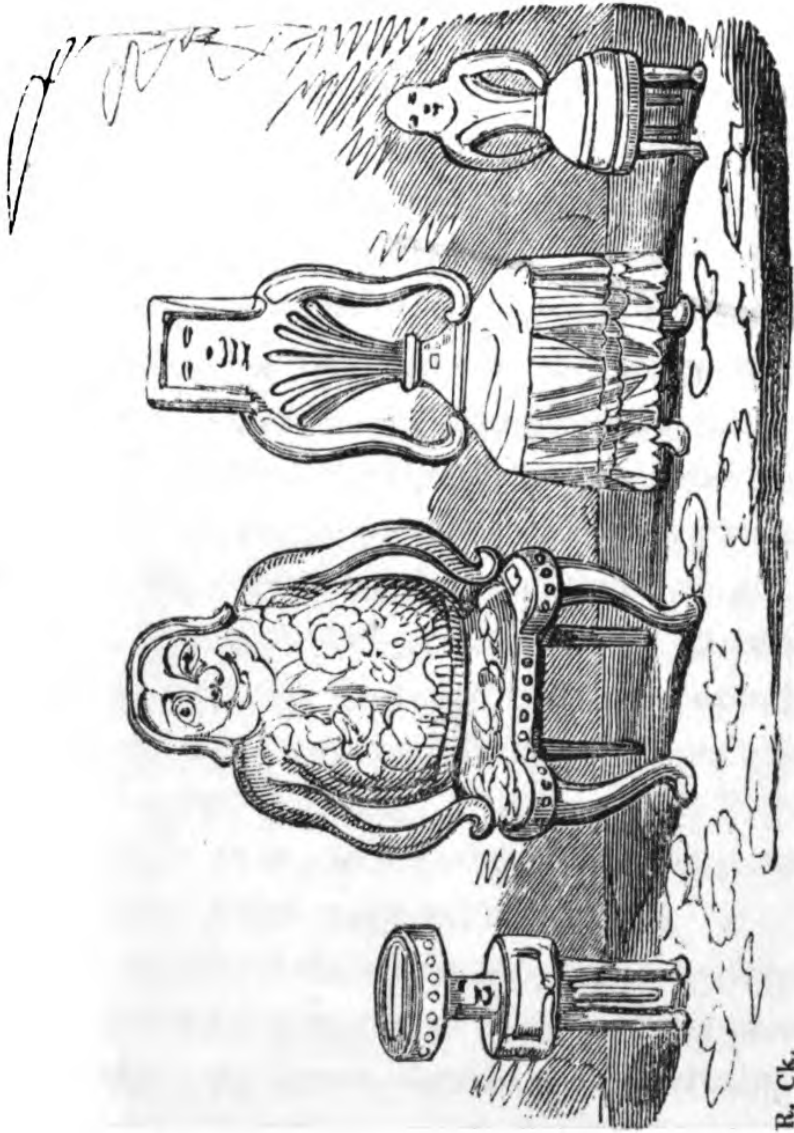
I coughed away a groan as sister Barbara silently sent me some of the dish before her, which I con-

cluded must be fish, and therefore likely to escape black-pepper. Alas! it was full of onions, and bore the romantic name of Haggis, a sort of coarse mince-meat, looking, in its singular envelope, like *boiled bagpipes!* I contrived to swallow a little of it with some queer vegetables, which Barbara whispered were the famous "lang kail," mentioned by Allan Ramsay. I thought it highly probable they were some of the identical plants which flourished in his garden, for their stems were as solid as sapling oaks!

Nothing like conversation had as yet been attempted, but I began to fear they would think me "sulky," unless I opened my mouth either to eat or speak; so the latter being the least painful, I rattled forth everything I could think of, gay and grave. I certainly had an attentive, or at least, a *silent* audience, for they did not give me even legal interest on my talking-capital, by the proper quantities of "indeed," "really," "is it possible?" "how very odd,"—or any of the other little mile-stones of conversation which mark one's progress.

They expressed their wishes by signs to the servants, and always exactly as I came to the point of my stories; so I was thinking of gradually decreasing my bavardage, when having accidentally mentioned how agreeable Sir C—D— was, Mrs. Campbell answered coolly,

"He is gentlemanly, hem, certainly, but for our



Perpetual Chairman!

taste, he talks too much at dinner ; we like to take our meals in peace, hem."

This broad hint effectually silenced me, and I began to think how wise the spirited Duncan Gordon was to absent himself, when Mr. Campbell said,

"I am sorry, hem, that Captain Gordon did not come, as he wished to see you."

"She'd no' suit his taste," said Barbara, sharply.

Off flew that rapid balloon, a female mind, and conjured up all the Gordons I had ever met : they were all young, handsome, clever, fashionable ; one had taught me Archery, another the Mazourka, the third gave me some Polonaises. A half-caste knock at the door, disturbed my reverie ; and, with a long "hackney-straw" in his shoe-string, Captain Gordon was announced, and appeared.

Mazourkas, Archery, Polonaises, where did ye all scamper out of my mind, when a little yellow man in a red wig, slipped quietly into a chair beside Barbara, and refreshed himself with snuff from a mull.

"I'm ower late for the scau'dlips," said he, after nodding all round, "what had ye, Miss Babby, — cock-a-leeky, or mutton-brose?"

"Et was vara foine hoadge-poadge."

"Eh but that's foine stuff," said Gordon, "an I hanna tasted ony sin I came frae ma ain hame."

"We'll hae it back agin," said Barbara, and the fragrant *potage* reappeared, the family all starting

afresh. When Isadora received her allowance, Musidora took a fancy for it, crossing me to grasp it; but this being contested, I (according to the general rule of go-betweens) received the benefit of the dispute. My sole consolation was revenging myself on Captain Gordon for being so ugly, by *accidentally* jerking all I could spare over his bright broad plaid waistcoat.

“Eh! but you Genusses ne'er hae common sance,” muttered he angrily, “could na ye hae gane till the doore wi 't, ye ne'er-do-weel?”

Mrs. Campbell gave me the only approving glance I received in her house, and said, “the poor child wants manners, Gordon, as she has not been to Edinbro', but she is anxious to go there.”

“Weel, weel, gin she's money enoo to mak the pot boil, may be she'll hae the luck to pick up a gude mon like yer ain, Messes Commul, hugh, hugh, hugh.”

“Or sic a gude mon as yersel, Duncan lad,” tenderly wheezed Barbara.

The entrance of another course stopped my reply, and dinner terminated at last. Two large round dishes occupied the usual place of the ices, and from one I was sent a piece of “real Scotch bun,” a preparation looking like cold plum pudding larded; fancying the large white masses must be almonds, I ventured on one, and discovered my *pleasant* mistake, as they were solid blocks of *suet*.

“That simple creetur does nae ken what’s gude,” said Gordon, seeing me push away my plate in ill-concealed disgust.

“Here then,” said Barbara, “tak some of the Petticoat-tail.”

“Oh! no, ma’am, thank you, I never eat at dessert,” (a horrid falsehood, by the way!) “but why has that cake so odd a name?”

“Eh then ye don’t know? I thote ye beuk writers read *Heestory* at least. Weel, when Quin Mary Stuart cam frae France, her head was fu’ o’ foaren nonsense like your ain, and she could nae eat but dainties made by her French kitchener; her favourite cake being like these, and called ‘*petit gatel*,’ which wi’ more sound than sanse, the Scotch hae changed into Petticoat-tail.”

When we went upstairs, the two ladies settled themselves for a siesta, saying, they made no stranger of me, and soon were lost to consciousness. I cannot sleep by daylight, or I should have joined the “*rest*,” so I yawned until tea-time, longing for ten o’clock and Lady C—’s oratorio. Tea was over, and I asked Miss Barbara to play, but she declined on account of the day,—and when I explained it was sacred music I meant, she said the instrument was never opened, as the whole family disliked music particularly.

I now gave up the vain endeavour of speaking

when it was useless, and at half-past nine we went to supper, and found the clerical gentleman returned.

“I fear the long preaching has fatigued your nephew,” said I to Mr. Campbell.

“My nephew, hem, that is my *son*, hem.”

“Oh really, — I thought the Miss Campbells introduced him as their *cousin*.”

“So they might, hem, — for they are my, hem, *nieces*.”

“Yes, an they’re a’ gone abrod agin, ne’er to come bock I hope,” said Barbara, “the twa lads are as bod as the lasses, an that’s saying enoo.”

Here was the end of the mystery, and I was wasting my “agreeables” on the wrong family, and *such* a “wrong family” too!

“Will you ask is the carriage come for me?” said I to the deliberate butler.

“And if it is, hem, we’ll have prayers when Miss — goes, so order up the other, hem, servants.”

The servants came and stood in the room, the books were opened, but no carriage for me! How my heart beat as the sound of wheels approached — no stop — dying away — another and another, — but not for me.

I now became uneasy lest my chaperon was ill, for she was generally punctual, and she was aware that I had a part to sing at Lady C—’s. At length, joyful sound, a carriage stopped, and I bid them a



Delivery by the Post!

most animated good-night, stepped on Babby's "national" broad foot, and was down stairs in one moment. I got into the carriage, but turning to answer the footman, I saw he wore a different livery from my friend's; in dismay I questioned him, and discovered it was "all a mistake," as the carriage belonged to a stranger, and had not been sent for *me*, but for another lady a few doors distant. So I had to ascend again to the drawing-room, where I felt myself an intruder, as the young man had commenced an extempore prayer, to which the family groaned an accompaniment, poor Babby rubbing her foot occasionally.

Captain Gordon departed when the prayers were over; the two gentlemen and Barbara followed his example, and Mrs. Campbell staid with me, although I begged she would not do so.

What could I do? I could not venture in a hackney-coach without a servant to attend me, and I was afraid to ask for the "loan" of the dozing lackey, who was extinguishing the lustres, and covering the furniture, in the adjoining rooms. At length, growing desperate, as I heard a clock strike one, I begged she would allow the servant to procure a coach, and attend me to Lady C—'s, which she did, though evidently with reluctance, and I rolled, or rather "jingled" away for ten minutes, when crash! the wheel flew off and down I came, screaming for

the servant, who, alas! was not there, the sleepy wretch having thought he might safely evade the trouble of a long drive, and the walk home.

I am no heroine, so I began to cry when I saw muffled dark strangers crowding round me; and in this dilemma I was recognised by a low-born *parvenue* family, whom I had hitherto "looked into insignificance," and who made me feel the weight of their ostentation as they brought me home.

About an hour afterwards, my terrified chaperon disturbed us all, to ascertain was I safe; she had sent the carriage punctually, and finding I did not arrive in due time at Lady C—'s, she concluded I was unable to leave the Campbells, (true enough); the servants had mistaken the street, or pretended to do so, doubtless adjourning to amuse themselves until two o'clock, when on leaving Lady C—'s, their mistress learnt they had not found me: in alarm, she drove to the Campbells', knocked until she brought the whole establishment to the windows, and then in an agony of terror came to our house!

* * * * *

Mrs. Campbell's parting phrase to me was, "I hope we shall have another pleasant little family-party soon." I do not know what *she* calls "*soon*," but I have never entered her doors since, and " 'twas twa summers gone!"

DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO DOORS.

BY HENRY W. CHALLIS, ESQ.

No. 1.—Ah, neighbour! — why, how glum you are grown! You were used to be more *open*!

No. 2.—Yes, 'tis all very fine for you, with that new coat of paint, while I am kept so *close*! People now only take heed of *number one*.

1.—Yes, and of you, 2! But you are ever *grumbling*.

2.—No wonder, when I am so near the *railings*! Am I not continually being kicked or banged about? Am I ever treated like a "*privute door*?" Does not every footman give me a *rap*? But I am no *reformer*, for all *John knocks*!

1.—Why then do you not *bolt*? I'd go to the East Indies.

2.—Indies! Why, it's useless turning to the *East*, or to the *West*, when I can scarcely turn on my *own hinges*!

1.—But your master —

2.—Oh! what cares he! He is a traveller, and declares that he can live *without doors*.

1.—Then the maid Betty —

2.—(*Sighing.*) She is a jilt — besides there exists a *difference* betwixt us.

1.—As how?

2.—Hark ye! lovely Betty is a woman, *I — a-dore!*

1.—And your living —

2.—There again have I *food* for complaint. Would you credit it? though I *board* myself, she makes me *fast all day!*

1.—(*Aside.*) Poor fellow! I perceive he's *cracked.*

2.—Oh! that Betty! —

1.—Peradventure, she is looking out for *money?*

2.—Then let her look at me; I have plenty of *chinks.* But no! it's my rival, the pot-boy; he *tapped* me last night, by way of signal.

1.—I see! to *draw* her attention.

2.—Exactly. She pretended to fetch pickles from the corner shop, and *left me a-jar!*

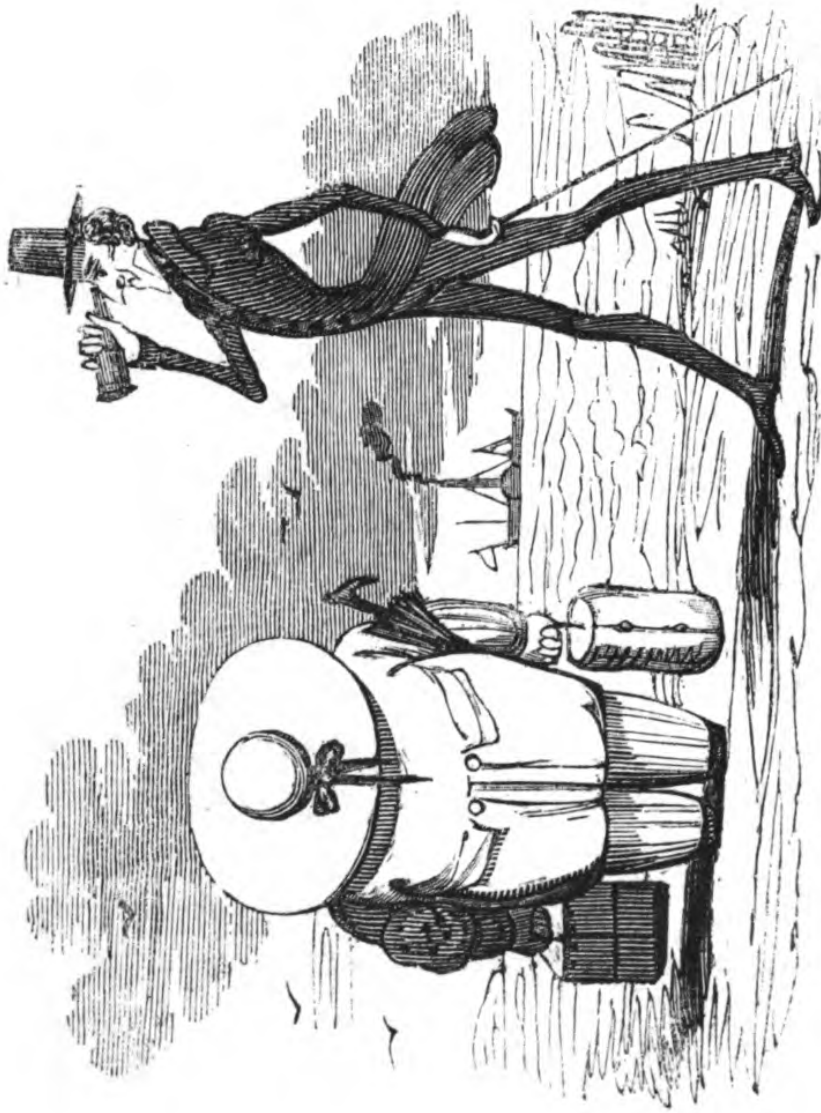
1.—Which you did not *relish?*

2.—Then took him into the pantry — *all through me!*

1.—Didn't you follow them?

2.—Poh! I couldn't take any *steps*; she took good care to *chain me!* Besides, I should have been *missing* from my *post*; — but it won't last much longer.

1.—Indeed!



R. Ck.

Going a-broad, — getting a-long !

2.—We shall not have a *single* woman in the house soon, for master is going abroad, and his only daughter is to marry a surgeon.

1.—Oh! when your master goes *abroad*, I suppose the others will “*get along*,” as the Yankees say. Will the surgeon live here?

2.—Alas! yes—and he insists that *I*, as well as my young lady, shall *bear his name*.

1.—That looks somewhat *brazen*, I confess; but I congratulate you, my dear friend, at last, on your “gaining the *plate!*”

2.—(*Indignantly.*) *Chut! chut!*

[Scene closes.]

ACTING CHARADES.

*To a friend, on seeing his billiard-room fitted up, for
our acting, into a capital theatre.*

BY LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

'Tis a *Striking* apartment!
For acting just fit :
What room is so suited
For making a *Hit*?

And if any actor
By chance make a *miss*,
He'll "explain 'cross the *table*,"
And *Pocket* the hiss!

No fear for an audience
The space is too small ;
When e'en on that table
You oft—*give a Ball!*

Here the author's ideas
Nought can disappoint,
As the actors will soon learn
To *Mark* ev'ry *Point!*

And the presence of *Actors*
This room won't deplore,
As so many *Players*
Have been here before !

In this *Green* room, if one
On the "boards" must lie dead ;
See the tragic *green cloth*
On the *board* nicely spread !

Remove nothing !— Engagements
We'll give to the whole :
Even each little Ball here,
Shall have a *long Rôle* !

And our regal processions
With honour to grace,
Each noble "mace-bearer"
Shall here find his *Mace* !

Lastly, (comfort the best,
For performers unsteady !)
Should an actor *forget*,
Here are "*Cues*" always ready !

GUY FAUX; OR, NO *POP-ERY*!

BY HENRY W. CHALLIS, ESQ.

ON Guy-Faux day, alas! in every street
 I recognise
 Boys bearing *Guys*; and, long before we meet,
 I mark their *guise*!

My favourite garden stripping as they please,
 These bonfire thieves
 First “take *their chop*” about my choicest *trees*,
 Then, *take their LEAVES*!

Guns—crackers—pistols! how my courage fails
 At such night-sports!
 With *rockets* too, plague take their *high-flown tales*
Raising reports!



*"I've had a few chops—
here's the Bill!"*

Even my household heed not aught I say,
They've no alarms!
I once *discharged all hands*—'twas vain, for they
Discharged their arms!

Were I a magistrate, I'd stop such men—
(Boobies may scoff);
I'd take away their *fireworks*, and then—
I'd *let them off!*

For I'm assured such *firings* only tend
Misery to bring:
I know what it will lead to in the end—
They'll come to—SWING!

THE ONE-EYED MONK.

A ROMANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ECCENTRIC TALES."

CHAPTER I.

THE lovely and incomparable Bianca sat pensive in the balcony of the Castello di Raboni. The silver moon *looked round* (no doubt to gaze upon her!), and appeared as bright as a new crown-piece fresh from the mint, or a spruce young merchant just going to 'Change!

Her path on the dark blue waters of the lake looked "beautiful exceedingly," — and very like a "*milk-walk*." The night-breeze sighed through the umbrageous trees—and Bianca through sadness. She thought of her own Vivaldi, who had gone that morning to the "fight;" and she shuddered when she pondered on his rough engagements with the foe — and on his *tender* engagements to her — for they had long been betrothed to each other.

"O Mars!" exclaimed Bianca, "shield my only

love! And O! may his valour make his foes yield as readily to his arms — as my love prompts me to do! Nay, should he be beaten to a mummy, even in that pickle preserve him — for while I've life, nay, while there's a *spark* left, I feel that I must love!"

CHAPTER II.

The morning broke in mist. How well it accorded with the feelings of the mourning Bianca, whose Vivaldi too was *missed!*

The door of her *boudoir* creaked upon its hinges, as she sat stirring a lump of sugar in her cold, cold tea!

"Truly, you are before the lark, fair Bianca," said a manly voice.

"Say rather, *Padre*, I'm above a *lark!*" said the amiable Bianca, smiling like the sun through a rainy window; — "for all fun has vanished since Vivaldi went."

The Padre Rugantino was a monk, and Bianca's confessor; and, although, like the alphabet, he could only boast of one *eye*, he was also famed for a *wise head* (Y, Z).

Rugantino saw her melancholy, for he was a man of profound observation, but refrained from pressing the subject of her lover's departure. He took up her guitar, and sung the following appropriate

HYMN TO CUPID.

Love, they say, is as blind as a bat,
 Winky, blinky, fa, la, la, la !
 But O ! what *belle* from his *bow* can finch ?
 He takes an ell if she gives him an inch.
 I'm sure he must see in the dark like a cat,
 Winky, blinky, fa, la, la, la !

Love, they say, is winged like a bird,
 Mighty, flighty, fa, la, la, la !
 He doats upon sighs, and longing eyes,
 Little or big he cares nought for their *size* —
 Oh ! how he smiles when their vows are heard !
 Mighty, flighty, fa, la, la, la !

Love, they say, is as bold as brass ——

“Cease, gentle father,” said the forlorn Bianca, in a voice that would have melted flints;—“even music cannot soothe my woes to sleep.”

—“Winky, blinky, fa, la, la, la !” continued the kind Padre, who was so lost in the sublimity of the composition he was singing, that he was heedless of Bianca's voice; and it was not till he turned the remaining organ of vision towards her, and beheld her face grow pallid, and her fragile form *limp* with faintness, that he stayed the purling course of his melody.



Preserved in a nice pickle!

“Corpo di Bacco!” exclaimed Rugantino; “you are affected” —

“No, Padre,” said the mild Bianca, scorning the notion of affectation; “I am really particularly queer!”

“Sick — giddy?” said the monk, passing his arm round her trembling form. He kicked open the French window of her *boudoir*, and led Bianca into the balcony.

What a beautiful group did they form for the black-lead pencil of an artist! — the monk was in his large *gray cowl*; she — in her *maidenhood*!

“Cruel Vivaldi! to leave so fair a floweret to pine and droop!” said the monk (*sotto voce*), fixing his *eye* upon her with a searching glance — “Ah, Bianca! there is *one* devoted to thee, who would ‘blink’ glory, to bask for ever in the dazzling rays of thy transcendant charms.”

“Indeed!” said Bianca; “upon your honour?”

“Upon my knees — I swear, in the glare of thy beauty, I am scorched to a very cinder!” replied the monocular monk.

Bianca gave him “such a look,” — and, laying her lily hand upon his shaven sconce, she exclaimed — “Go, thou old cinder! (sinner I should say). Never cross the threshold of the Castello di Raboni more, or, be assured, my vassals will make no *bones* of breaking *thine*. Perfidious traitor, avaunt!”

Rugantino, the repulsed, rejected, scorned Rugantino, breathing vengeance, vanished from her sight.

Bianca then called for her *porter* (it was her usual hour for luncheon); bade him bring the tray; and informed him she was "not at home" whenever *that* monk knocked at her door; and, if he attempted to "make a speech,"—to *put him out!*

CHAPTER III.

The moon and Bianca were both up! the wind moaned mournfully through the agitated trees, as Bianca cooled her ivory brow in the moonshine.

A *slight* noise induced her to turn,—when, lo!—she beheld *two and twenty* suspicious-looking fellows standing, with daggers drawn, at her shoulder!

"Peace!" said the two and twenty assassins, brandishing their steels.

"Two and twenty *pieces!*" said the affrighted maid. "Alack! I was already much depressed, but I shall now indeed be terribly *cut up.*"

She could utter no more, — for they muffled up her fragile form in a cloak, and *carried her off* (like a dose of prussic acid,) in a jiffy!

CHAPTER IV.

The rough, rude, and rugged Rugantino proved to be the leader of a desperate gang of brigands!

A single lamp hung from the damp roof of the cavern, where the shorn monk-brigand sat, casting his eye upon the gloomy and disconsolate Bianca, like unto a "*bald-head*" pigeon wooing a "*pouter*."

"Monster!" sobbed the damsel, — "to go for to lock me up in this dismal den!"

"Ho! ho!" answered Rugantino, "'twas but this morning you repulsed my shaven noddle with contempt, — and now you complain of my *locks*."

"I see my misery," continued Bianca; "my tears are shed in vain — thou art *steeled*, and I am *stolen*!"

At this interesting juncture a horn sounded without. The banditti rushed in, bearing a wounded prisoner, richly attired.

IT WAS VIVALDI !!!

The lovers were both overpowered by their feelings, — they could *only* utter a syllable!

"Vi——" shrieked Bianca.

"Bi——" exclaimed Vivaldi.

"*Bi* — indeed," said the ruthless Rugantino, "*Good-bye*—you may say,—for you never meet again."

Vivaldi drew a sigh, — and wished it were a sword! — Rugantino waved his hand, and the banditti vanished in a moment.

A pause ensued.

"Vivaldi," said the monk, "I am resolved Bianca

shall never quit this place, until she becomes mine, and —” turning with a tender look of suavity towards the maid, he sang :—

“ I’ll love thee *ev-ver* — *dear-lee* !”

“ Bravo !” exclaimed Vivaldi, — “ Bravo — Brigand, Monk, or whatsoe’er thou art, Bianca never shall be thine. We are betrothed— we are bound.”

“ No, that you are not ;” interrupted Rugantino, “ but I’ll take care you shall be :— safe bind, safe find.” — And taking two cords, he tied up the two lovers at the two opposite extremities of the cavern.

“ Now, mark me !” continued he, “ it now wants three hours of dawn ; if, at the expiration of that time, Bianca refuses to become mine—you, Vivaldi, certainly swing ! If she consent, you shall then be free, (more free than *welcome*) for I’ll show you the door immediately. In the meantime I’ll take a slumber, and leave the *rest* to you.” Then taking a deep potation from a pitcher of claret, he dropped off into that sound sleep, which virtue and drunkenness alone can know.

Vivaldi *managed* to draw a penknife from his pocket with his teeth, and sawed away at his bonds with some hope, — but, alas ! in his eagerness he let it fall ! Despair filled his valiant breast — he *dropped his head*, and uttered a sigh, — for he could not pick it up again !





A 'Bald-head' wooing a 'Pouter'!

Bianca's teeth and perseverance, however, proved more effectual than Vivaldi's knife and courage. The enamoured maiden, O! ecstasy! *gnawed* the rope in twain.

"Oh *gnaw-tie* Bianca!" fondly chided her lover!

She severed his bonds, — he seized a sword (which was drawn upon the wall), and they *stole* away!

CHAPTER V.

The fugitives had scarcely emerged from the dusky shadows of the umbrageous wood, when they were surrounded by Rugantino and his *band*, who, Vivaldi knew from experience, were not to be played upon! Placing his back against a tree, Vivaldi brandished his toledo, — Bianca *locked* herself also to the *trunk* at the foot, for she had *no arms*, and fearfully felt that she had nothing but her *male* to defend her!

The conflict was desperate. The bark of the tree flew in all directions, hacked and hewed by the blows aimed at Vivaldi; while Bianca sang in derision, "Away flew the light *bark!*" &c.

Like a chip in porridge, victory hovered between the parties — at last she appeared actually inclined to favour the brigands, when a bark-splinter struck the solitary optic of Rugantino, and made a *diversion*

in favour of Vivaldi, who laughed heartily at his antagonist's pain.

"You have certainly put *him out*, my love," said the gentle Bianca, encouraging the valorous efforts of Vivaldi. "I am sure this poor tree must take them for a puny set of *fellers*, for it has stood against them all."

"And *stripped* for the fight too, my Bianca," said Vivaldi, still pleasant, though exhausted: "I'm come off scot-free, and we ought to make it a *bow* for the bark it has lost."

CHAPTER VI.

Bianca, confident in the magnanimity of her own Vivaldi, thought no more of the swords that flashed around her, than if they were so many flashy *blades* hovering about her in a ball-room.

But oh! in the height of her hopes, a swinging blow from the faulchion of the lieutenant, snapped Vivaldi's sword short to the hilt.

"Oh, faithless steel!" cried he, vainly handling the handle in his hand.

"Oh, why did we steal it!" cried the distracted Bianca, as she picked up the blade she could not *handle*.

Vivaldi and Bianca were now seized, and the banditti were just conducting them quietly back to the cavern, when "huzza!" burst on the air.

The *fact* is, Vivaldi's followers, who had never been behind before in defending their master, having retreated on the preceding night before the superior numbers of the foe, had rushed to the Castello, and summoned his vassals. The affair was now quickly decided.

The corded monk had sentence *recorded* against him, without "benefit of clergy," — the band was soon *strung up*, as they had acted in *concert* with their *leader*; and Bianca and Vivaldi, united, lived in harmony to relate for many years, to wondering ears, the history of the 'One-eyed Monk!'

THE VILLAGE APOTHECARY.

"Now by the Fates it is decreed,
My Almanazor, thou shalt--*bleed*."
The Guerilla.

HIS little cottage was one of the prettiest in the village; it looked as if it were carved out of *calcined magnesia*, so white and dazzling did it appear in the rays of the noon-day sun.

Before it came into his possession, it had presented a weather-board front, and was going rapidly to decay. The judicious apothecary, however, preserved the tenement, and beautified it with a *little*

plaister! for which expenditure, the produce of his *mortar* amply repaid him! And most of the pastoral labourers were happy to take a *composition*: that is, they agreed to receive half their bills in money, half in *draughts!*

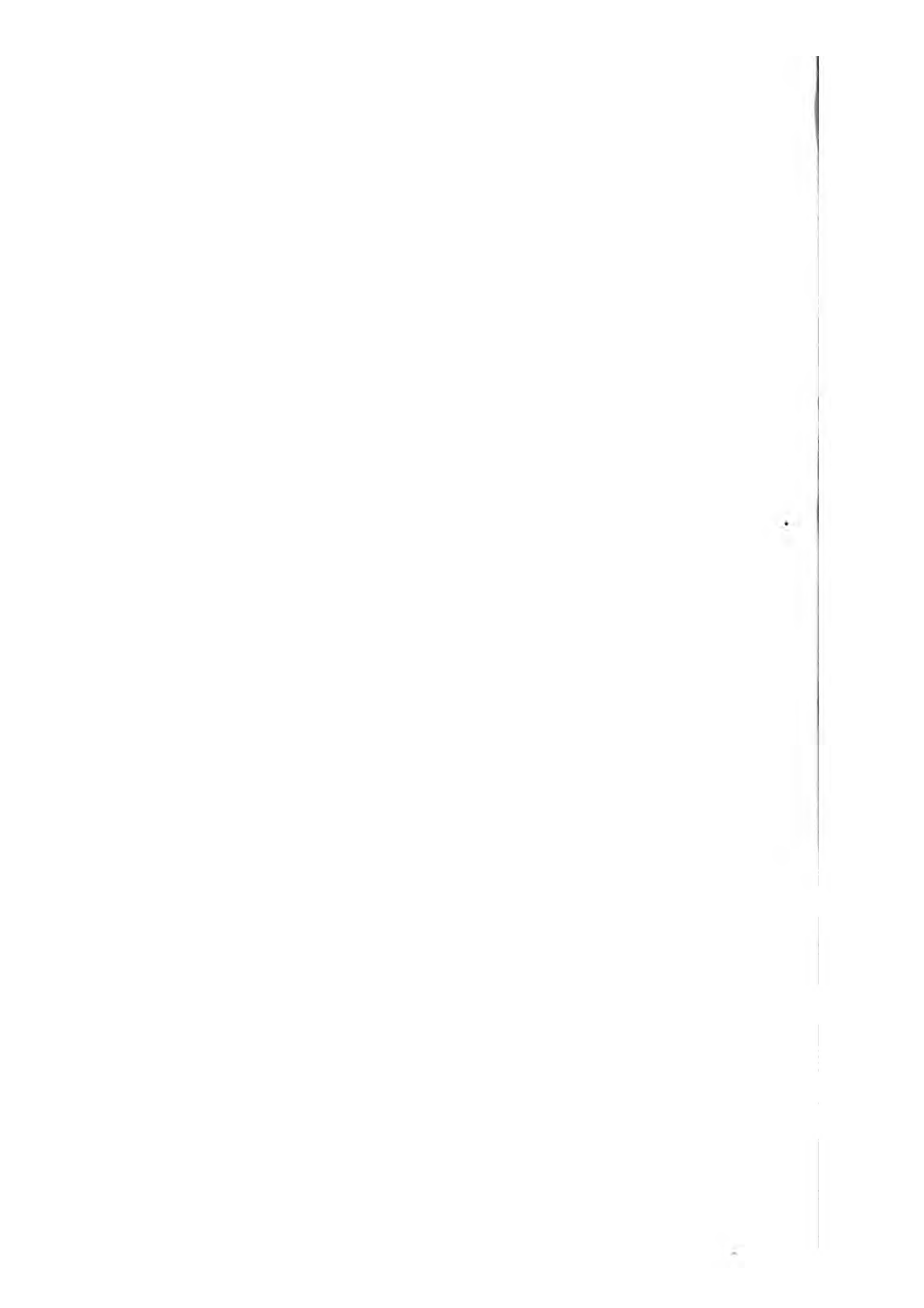
Happy soul! to find men who would exchange physical labour for physic! He had been "*dislocated,*" as he termed it, from his late residence in an adjoining village, by a young aspirant from the metropolis, who had taken his old house "over his head,"—and who now, (he added,) of course had "an old house about his ears."

The apothecary's fame was luckily established, for he could boast of more *cures* than any pluralist parson in the county. He still retained many of his old patients, regularly supplying them with medicine;—and, in this instance, clever as his rival fancied himself, it is a paradoxical fact, he could not *stop* his bottles! and with all his philosophy, had a woful want of "*patients.*"

In vain this fashionable son of Galen sported a well-cut coat, and trousers of the most modish "*mixture.*" He tried to get up a "*connexion*" by a display of his acquirements,—gave musical parties, (himself playing upon the *viol*, of course *vilely*, as he had so little *practice!*) But all would not do. He found, to his cost, that the age was not a *bandage*.



"I Bleed for my country's good."



The company bled the doctor, but the doctor never bled the company; so that want of practice threatened speedily to reduce his "*swelling!*"

Meanwhile, the old apothecary, whom he had driven from the field, went on like a well-appointed *cutter*, (which indeed he was,) most *swimmingly!* Every feature ("*liniment,*" I should say,) of his benevolent countenance, beamed with gladness. He won the desert his skill most truly merited,— while the young aspirant was deserted as he justly merited.

The latter expected a little *rheum* from his *company*; and in one respect he was not mistaken,— for they all speedily got a *little cold* and left him!

In order to attract attention, he now sported a *one-horse "fly,"* but not being a "*Spanish-fly,*" it failed to *draw!*

His *case* (like his own surgical-instrument case,) was one of *chagrin!* — for, although he despised his neighbours, he could not but reflect that he was deeply *indebted* to many of them. And, one morning they discovered that his house, which had always been "open" to them, was, as Olapod says, "close as a pill-box." They, at first, thought that the young doctor had made away with *himself*,—but they soon found he had only *made away* with the *furniture*,— and "taken" himself off!— and, though probably not dead,—he had certainly that morning *departed!*

OMEGA.

THE SHEEP-STEALER.

FROM THE GREEK OF EPIMENIDES OF CRETE.*

DONE INTO ENGLISH

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ABSURDITIES."

ATHANIAS, king of Thebes, kept in his palace a ram,—not a battering-ram, but a simple sheep,—which was celebrated for its golden fleece; the gods had made him a present of it, and, though contrary to the rules of grammar, the *present* was *perfect*; so the king regarded it as the *palladium*, (that is the *ram-part*) of his family.

Now Athanias had a son, whose name was Phryxus, who in a pet at the ill-usage of his step-mother, Mrs. Nephele, ran away with the pet ram of his father.

All the ramifications of the royal household were, of course, in a rampant consternation!

And all the people came in a *flock* to the palace,

* Epimenides, according to Diogenes Laertius, wrote this story towards the forty-seventh Olympiad, about six hundred years before the Christian era.

when they heard how their sovereign was *fleeced*, and took on in a *lamentable* way. And the guards were ordered under arms, with a *charge* to load their pieces with *ram-rods*!

Meanwhile, Phryxus made good his retreat to Colchos, where he commenced what he jocosely termed his *sheep-sharing*, — sacrificing the ram to Jupiter, and presenting the golden fleece to Cæta, the king, who placed it in a grove of *yews*, consecrated to Mars, and treated Phryxus and his people with potations of lamb's-wool.

To prevent mistakes or misappropriation, Cæta placed a dragon that never winked, and a brace of bulls with flaming nostrils, to *watch* his newly-acquired treasure.

“They must get up betimes,” cried the exulting king, “*who go by my watch!*”

“Few kings,” said his minister, smirking, “can indeed boast such a *bul-wark*, sire!”

In this respect, however, both king and minister made a blunder; and Jason laughed at their *Bulls!*

And who was Jason?

Jason was the son of Eson, king of Thessaly, and undertook to carry off the far-famed treasure; urged to the enterprise by his uncle Pelias, who handled the reins of government, and drove the state-carriage, under *colour* of Jason being *green* in years, and Eson *grey* and bed-ridden.

This old boy was playing a deep game; for, if Jason happened to lose (of which there was an excellent prospect,) he saw a fair chance of winning a *crown*; at the same time, he inwardly lauded his own generous patriotism in intending to give the people—a new *sovereign*!

To expedite his departure, Pelias cunningly offered him all the boats pertaining to the kingdom. But Jason replied: “Such *craft* may do very well for a minister, uncle, but is unfitting a hero!”

Argus, naval architect to his Majesty, was immediately commanded to make a long boat, and not be long about it!

The wood was cut from the Forest of Dodona, famed for its use in the manufacture of dolls and oracles. Pelias found the *funds* and Argus the *stocks*! Jason, meanwhile, occupied himself in raising the necessary forces for the undertaking. He sent an invitation to Hercules and his club, Theseus, Castor, Pollux, Orpheus, Typhis, and many other renowned chiefs of Greece, to share with him in the peril and glory of the enterprise. And they all came, and went with *the greatest expedition* of the times.

Typhis was the pilot, and took his station at the wheel.

Lynceus, who possessed a most penetrating sight, stood on his right hand, pointing out the quicksands

and hidden rocks, which did not *point out* of the waves. "But which he," as Jason said, "in the *sea saw*."

While Orpheus sweetened the weariness of a long voyage with his voice and lyre, singing prettily, — "Row brothers row," — "Off she goes," — " 'Twas in the good ship Rover," and other *classic* compositions of the times; the other heroes not disdainng to ply their oar, and, as Jason quaintly observes in his journal, "If we did at last find the fish we were pulling for, it was certes with a *hard row* !"

Hercules alone retarded their progress, for the immense weight of his body completely overloaded the vessel. Typhis whispered to Jason that the Colchians would assuredly, at sight of his brawny figure, conceive that they were bringing in a cargo of *muscles* !"

He moreover consumed so much more than all the rest of the crew, that they were frequently compelled to put ashore, to take in *fresh* provisions, — if we may so call *salt* junk ! Having at last exhausted all the water, Hylas was sent on shore to seek for a fresh supply.

This Hylas was a handsome youth, of whom Hercules was very fond. But Hylas never returned. It is said that he was drowned, although the poets feign that he was carried away by some nymphs,

who were washing on the banks; — the same *genus* who in modern times write up “*gentlemen done for!*” Finding he did not return, Hercules went on shore to seek him, and his friends took the opportunity to rid themselves of a very troublesome companion.

“Now, my hearties! — a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether!” cried Jason.

“There she goes! light as a cork!” said Typhis. “I never, till now, saw the inutility of keeping a *log!*”

“Leave Hercules alone for shifting for himself,” said Orpheus; “no one can get out of a difficulty or a scrape, better than he.”

“May he never get into a *mess*, where I’m a party,” observed Lynceus.

The vessel, disencumbered of Hercules, flew like a swallow over the waters, and soon arrived at the port of her destination.

Jason arrived at Colchos, began to reconnoitre; and being a handsome and accomplished prince, found little difficulty in obtaining an introduction at the court of Cæta, whose daughter Medea, falling desperately in love with him at first sight, after the manner of those times, — Jason politically considered that Cupid would better assist him in his rapacious designs than Mars.

He forthwith called a council and submitted his plans.

“I am unmarried,” said he, “and I think I shall be able satisfactorily to prove, that a *single* man will be able to do more, peaceably, than all our valiant band of heroes, by force. One single *arrow* from Dan Cupid, with such a *beau* as nature has made me, I think, will do the business !”

“You, Orpheus, shall play a *serenade* under her balcony this evening, while I make an *overture*.”

“I *accord* in such an excellent *movement*,” said Orpheus ; “and, if you can only prevail upon Miss Medea to ‘pitch the *key*’ ” —

“Why we’ll unlock the treasure, in a jiffy,” said Jason, “and walk off with a fortune to the tune of ——”

“Oh ! there’s nothing half so sweet in life,” warbled Orpheus.

“But,” —observed Lynceus, “do you intend to take away the whole fleece ?”

“Certainly; we’ll fleece him till we set his wits wool-gathering !” cried Jason, gaily.

“And, once secure on board, my chums will row back again, as nimbly as so many *roe*-bucks !”

And Jason’s anticipations were amply fulfilled, for Medea, more beautiful than dutiful, assisted him in securing the golden fleece, and, while her papa slept, eloped with her lover, with whom she arrived safe in the kingdom of Thessaly, where they both lived very *unhappily* for many years afterwards !

ORCHESTRAL SCANDAL.

“ If music be the food of love, play on.”— *Shakespeare.*

“ WE are all ready for the evening,” said the Flute to the Double-bass, “ but we’re like a four-horse coach, no use without our *leaders.*”

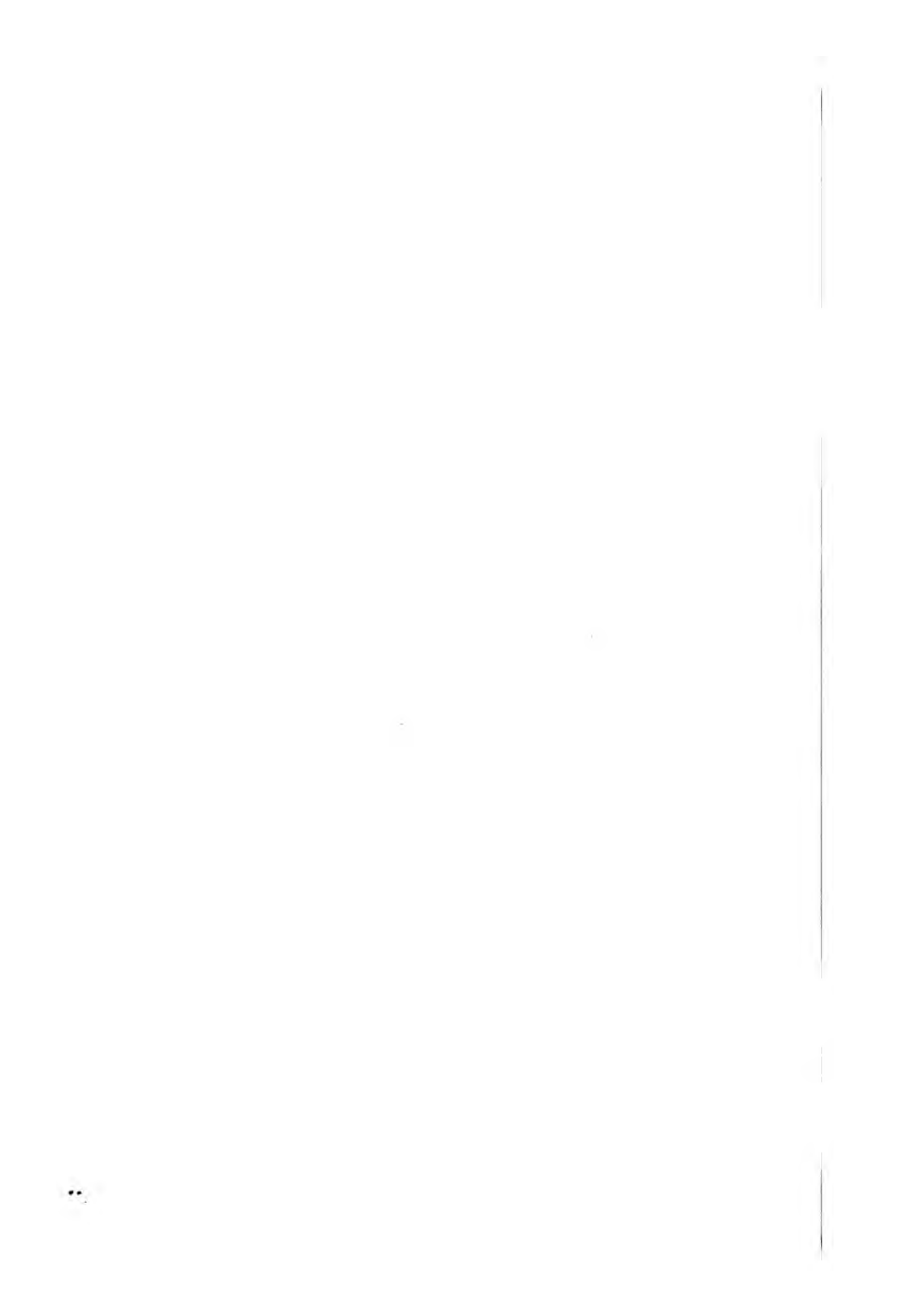
“ You’re right,” replied the Double-bass, “ we want a good conductor, but surely ’tis almost time we thought a little for ourselves, as we have been played upon so long with impunity;— but I fear we never shall emancipate ourselves, we so seldom *go together.* What do you think of Mr. Drum ?”

“ Why, Mr. Double-bass, to give you *my* opinion, he is a litigious fellow, with his parchments; the two friends, who are always with him, are bullet-headed fellows,— precious *sticks* I found them. Mr. Drum is somewhat of a coward too, and is often beat. He certainly, though in the army, has escaped the lash, yet he has often been near the *triangle!*”

“ Then, Mr. Flute, what flirts those Miss Fiddles are,— the vainest creatures existing, always having



A full Band!—un poco diminuendo!



their *bows* hanging about their *necks*, or *scraping* to them ; and Mr. Clarinet, too, never appears without his *belle*. He has foolishly quarrelled with Mr. Hautboy lately, and I think it probable that *Hautboy* will give him his *desert*."

"Talking of Mr. Hautboy, he and Mr. Bassoon monopolize the paper totally, so that I never can obtain a sight of it now ; they keep it the whole day, and, when I ask them the reason, they reply, 'we both like to have a good *reed*!'"

"And, my dear Flute, have you noticed what an *upstart* Signor Piano has grown lately ? Yet he can't assist himself, but is obliged to employ two extra hands. They talk about his being an honest *upright* person, *grand* enough to have a seat in the *cabinet* ; but his vanity will some day receive a blow that will lay him *horizontal* !"

"Very true, my good friend. Do you know Monsieur French Horn came *winding* about the other day, to learn a secret from me ; but I hate that fellow ; he keeps company with that brazen set, Messrs. Trumpet, Trombone, and Bugle, always quarrelling, a word and a *blow* !"

"I fear, Mr. Flute, we shall get into difficulties with Mr. Harp ; he is so fond of law, that he is never satisfied unless he has his *double-action* !"

"Never mind, we shall see him 'strung up' some day, as such hollow-hearted fellows deserve. Now,

I think Doctor Organ is a *sound*, good-hearted fellow."

"Yes, Mr. Flute, I am glad when he visits me,—but he has *one* fault: whenever he comes, he never knows when to go away, he's so fond of his *pipe*, and stops! But we are none of us perfect, and if we can keep 'the even *tenor* of our way' 'tis enough; we are all out of *tune* somewhere."

"Sir, you are personal, you are a *bass viol*! to make any such remark to me: if I am a little out of tune, I bear it quietly, and do not grumble everlastingly, as you do."

"Mr. Flute, you are enough to *dis-concert* any one, and, but for the extreme vulgarity of the phrase, I'd say, you be *blow'd*, Mr. Flute! How foolish of me to speak to you!—as I ought to have recollected your perfection in the art of *double-tonguing*!"

(Here the disputants ☹ for a ☹)

A MARRYING MAN.

BY MRS. ABDY.

NEVER warn me, my dear, to take care of my heart,
 When I dance with yon Lancer, so fickle and smart;
 What phantoms the mind of eighteen can create,
 That boast not a charm at discreet twenty-eight;
 A partner, 'tis true, I would gladly command,
 But that partner must boast of wealth, houses, and
 land;

I have looked round the ball-room, and, try what I
 can,

I fail to discover one Marrying Man!

Time was, in the pride of my girlhood's bright dawn,
 All but 'talented men I regarded with scorn,
 Wits, authors, and artists, then beamed me about,
 Who might each have passed muster at Lady Cork's
 rout;

In duets, I had always a second well skilled;
 My album with sonnets and sketches was filled;
 I went on the brisk "march of intellect" plan,
 But the "march" countermands ev'ry Marrying Man!

How oft, when mamma would sage counsels impart,
 Have I pouted and wept at her hardness of heart ;
 She cared not for genius — her idol was pelf ;
 Now I've grown just as icy and hard as herself.
 Alike I am rock to the handsome and wise,
 To wit and to waltzing, to singing and sighs,
 Nay, Phœbus himself would come under my ban,
 For *he* certainly is not a Marrying Man !

Finding London a failure, I varied my path,
 I "took tea" with the painted old ladies of Bath ;
 At Hastings, the hills laboured panting to reach ;
 At Ramsgate, sat out with a book on the beach ;
 At Cheltenham walk'd to the band's matin sound,
 At Brighton, "missed aim" on the archery ground !
 Through each place pointed out by the "Guide"
 have I ran,
 But the Guide would not point to one Marrying Man !

That object seems still the philosopher's stone,
 Another "ninth statue," a new "Great Unknown ;"
 I have tried all the schemes and manœuvres of old,
 And must strike out some measure decisive and bold.
 I'll try a *deep* plan in the diving-bell soon,
 Or, with Green's assistance, I'll visit the moon !
 Yes, yes — sure the last's an infallible plan,
 If the "Man in the Moon" be — a MARRYING MAN !



My better half!

R.C.

THE ONLY ADVENTURE OF MY LIFE.

BY LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

(THE following true relation of an extraordinary occurrence in my life, was written for a very different work, as may be inferred from its original title, "*The most Tragic event of my life :*" but having been printed at the same office as the Comic Offering, and not marked as belonging to another work, I find it actually inserted in my little annual, at too late a period to withdraw it : so perhaps the singularity of its position may induce my readers to peruse it for sake of variety. It being said that a fit of laughter, *out of place*, is a most *serious* matter : by the same rule may not an unintentional piece of tragedy be "monstrous funny." L. H. S.)

MY ONLY ADVENTURE.

I have often read that the romance of real life, if recorded, would greatly exceed that of fictitious incident ; yet I have ever felt disposed to doubt this aphorism, when I reflected on the trite commonplace which fills up most of our days ; still there is *one* event of my own life, which, from its resemblance to the adventures of the heroines of tragic romance, may in some degree tend to prove the truth of the assertion.

In the summer of 183*, I met in society a foreigner, whose enthusiasm in the cause of science instantly attracted and fixed my attention. The skilful way in which he read human nature, and adapted his manner to each variety of it, strongly reminded me of the Jesuits of old, those masters of the mind, whose penetration few could withstand. Is it then surprising that I felt gratified in finding myself distinguished every where by this singular person, who would frequently converse with me during the entire evening, charming my attention by unfolding the mysteries of science, and adroitly tempering his warm encomiums on my own poor talents or acquirements, by a friendly notice of some trivial defect, thus giving to his flattery the captivating appearance of truth.

During the progress of our acquaintance, he had gradually explained to me the elements of a new science,—so extraordinary,—so fascinating, so beneficial in its results to human nature,—that it took my judgment captive! I perused with avidity the philosophical works he lent me, and felt as if a new morning-star were rising for Woman, when she was no longer excluded from participation in the wonders of scientific discovery!

As all happiness is enhanced by participation, it was not long ere I unfolded to my beautiful friend, Lady Angelina — the results of my new studies,

and she, with the warmth of affectionate and confident youth, eagerly embraced a system "which *must* be right if her friend thought so!"

My instructor having now excited my curiosity relative to some successful experiments he had tried, offered to repeat them for my inspection, if I would visit his laboratory, and bring my friend. To this I joyfully assented, and having obtained mamma's permission, we sallied forth at an early hour, his residence being at a distant part of the town. The day, from having been most brilliant, became suddenly overcast, and the wailing wind seemed to the imaginative mind as if bemoaning the success of some scheme of evil. The bloom had passed from Lady Angelina's damask cheek, and her trembling frame told of hidden terror, which for my sake she would not confess. Is there not a presentiment of approaching horror given to the less thinking portion of human kind, in order to shame the more reflective, who blindly rely on their *own* power, to their ultimate destruction?

A peal of thunder reverberated through the deserted streets as we reached the house, where we were received by the foreigner with an appearance of mysterious satisfaction, much beyond his usual placid smile. Two young men of grave demeanour, (who we concluded were his sons) bowed silently as we entered; and left the room when we requested

to see the laboratory. My instructor said we must descend to the vaults beneath the house, and we followed him, the light gradually decreasing, until we came to a flight of steps which were perfectly dark : feeling my way, my hand struck against a hard substance, the formation of which made me shudder,—I grasped it, to be more certain of its form, — yes ! I was right, — I held a *human skull* ! My trembling fingers relaxed their grasp from the orifices of the orbits, and the ghastly remnant of mortality rolled down the steps, emitting a hollow sound, which was echoed by the vaulted passage.

A faint beam of light now appeared, and we found ourselves in a chamber nearly darkened, in which stood the two solemn young men, arrayed in a singular garb ; my aching eyes rapidly drank in the appalling sight of bones and skulls ranged in different places ; and, in the most obscure corner, my straining eyeballs fixed for a moment, and were withdrawn in horror from the dim, shadowy, cadaverous appearance of a human head and neck, from which life had but recently departed ! I turned, and my averted gaze encountered my instructor, enveloped in the dark woollen garb of some monastic order :— the truth flashed on my excited senses,— we had been decoyed into the power of some followers of Loyola, and stood in the presence of a grand Inquisitor and two Familiars !



R. Ck.

View of Mine-head and Broad-stairs !



In the centre of the room, covered by a dark drape, stood a sort of couch frame, which I but too well understood was *the Rack*; beside it was placed a large vessel of copper, which I instantly recognised as the "torture by water," the sufferer being laid over it, and water poured into the mouth so as to prevent breathing; various shaped iron instruments of torture were spread around, and the Familiars were ostentatiously preparing some of them for use.

By what action in my peaceable life had I incurred the vengeance of the (misnamed) Holy Office? So far from being inimical to the Roman Faith, I had frequently held up the extreme charity of Catholics as being worthy of our imitation, and had been ever happy to give the testimony of actual observation in favour of the priesthood, who are generally a sort of standing jest among untravelled Protestants. I suddenly discovered the clue to the enigma. Having ever considered it uncharitable and unchristian-like in these enlightened days, to continue the persecutions of barbarous ages against the Jews, I had lately written a good deal in favour of their emancipation, had obtained a great number of signatures to their petitions, and was honoured by having the thanks of a body of our Hebrew fellow-subjects conveyed to me. The implacable hatred and persecution of the Jesuits and the Inquisition against the

Jews, is too well known to need comment ; so the foregoing were my unpardonable offences !

The grand Inquisitor now took the Lady Angelina aside, in order, no doubt, to convict me from the lips of my friend : but he could elicit nothing from her, and after a short time he unbound her beauteous hair, strained it backwards round his hand, enveloped her exquisite form in a *winding-sheet*, and exclaiming, “ We will lose no more time ! ” — he lifted the pale and half-fainting girl on the Rack, where she lay exhausted and unresisting as a dove in an eagle’s death grasp. The next torture was placing her head in the large copper vessel, and applying some unguent to her eyes, which must have been most powerful,— for she opened them *no more !*

I sunk on a seat — horrified — spell-bound, — and, during the ensuing scene, was unable by word or action to interfere in the atrocities I was forced to witness. The two Familiars now drew near with some thick mortar-like preparation, which they suddenly threw round her head, filling the copper vessel ; it quickly embedded her raven hair, as she uttered one faint cry, and they commenced pouring it over her face. Yes, I was condemned to see my friend, like Constance the nun, buried in a living tomb ; and as the exquisite features gradually disappeared from my view, they seemed to carry my over-excited senses with them. Her hitherto supine

frame was now convulsed fearfully, the hands wrung in agony, and pointing towards the suffocating mask, within which she uttered most piteous moans. Once the imploring hands were stretched towards where she last saw me, — what could I do against three? I rushed out to seek for assistance, but in the confusion, mistook my way, and found myself again in the same vault; — but Angelina? — Angelina was gone!

* * * * *

Careless now what became of me, since my friend's attachment to me had been attended with such fatal results, I assumed a stern resolution to dare the worst. The grand Inquisitor approached with his insidious smile, and asked, "What do you say *now*?"

"I am ready to undergo the same," I replied calmly, for I was resolved no terror should induce me to make a false confession, or to deny my sentiments.

The horrors of anticipation being too terrible to bear, with that unaccountable excitement which makes us rush to the worst rather than await its arrival, I sprung on the rack, placed my head in the water-torture, and scornfully smiling on my tormentors, defied them all!

"You have but little hope," said the tallest Familiar; and the other tauntingly added,

“ Will your great mirth support you *now?* ”

The preparation was thrown round my head, striking an icy coldness to my very brain, the grand Inquisitor pressing my head deeper into it, and when I tried to rise, I was fast held by it, as in a vice. And now my eyes were firmly sealed by some adhesive matter, lest I might see the horrors preparing, and in another minute, I felt the creeping, cold, irresistible cement slowly flowing over, and hardening on my features. The Inquisitors laid on another load with their instruments, yet by a singular chance, they did not observe a small opening in the mortar, caused, I supposed, by the bursting of an air bubble, which allowed me breathing-space sufficient to prevent suffocation; so I retained my consciousness, though unable to speak or move.

My sense of hearing, although lost to external objects, was magnified an hundred fold for anything which touched the mortar-wall in which I was embedded: of this the tormentors were evidently aware, as they scraped it with their instruments, which sounded like thunder in my ears; and they struck the metal vessel, the vibrations of which pierced through my head as though I were close to a church-belfry.

The weight over my eyes was now almost beyond endurance, and forced the orbits inwards; the wall



R. Ck.

Plaster Cast!

tightened round my face, pressing it more and more, and (last torture!) instead of remaining cold, it changed to a glowing heat, which gradually increased, until I gave myself up for lost; just then the grand Inquisitor (I suppose fancying I was dead) lifted me from the Rack, and placed me on a bench, supporting me with his arm. The others seized part of the thick mask of cement, which divided on my face, and pulled it so that I felt the skin must have adhered and come off with it; they next removed the immense case from the back of my head, and then tauntingly said to my supposed corpse, "Now try can you open your eyes!"

Reader, you may fancy how they looked when *the corpse did even as they desired!*

Or if you cannot fancy it, allow me to tell you they were *all laughing!* my dear Lady Angelina alive, and joining in the mirth at my "miller-face;" for the whole story means that I had persuaded her to have her Phrenological cast done when mine was taken, by the Swedish friend of Dr. Spurzheim, D—H—esq.,—*an operation which* (notwithstanding my exaggerated nonsense) *is not attended with the slightest pain or even inconvenience,*—as may be gathered from the fact, that (between sculptors and phrenologists) I have undergone the operation *five* times since this my "great adventure!"

Note.—A Phrenological friend says I should explain all the *machinery* of my story, in justice to his science: Well! the *skulls and bones* were those of various animals; the *human head and neck* was a yellow plaster-cast; the *Rack*, a comfortable sofa; the *torture by water*, a large vessel to contain the plaster in which the head is placed; the *blinding-ointment*, some oleagenous matter to keep down the eyelashes; the cold creeping *cement*, common plaster-of-Paris; the *air-bubbles*, were the orifices carefully left for breathing, by those *cruel* Inquisitors, the clever and amiable H— family, who from constant practice, take the casts without incommoding their “patients” in any way; and the groans, struggles, despair, were put in “to read pretty,”—being, like the story itself, (and like Matthews’s violin,) “*made out of my own Head!*”

THE WIDOW.

FLOWERS are beautiful we know
 In parterres, pots or meads;
 But ev’ry lovely widow proves
 There are beauties too — in *weeds!*

Tears seldom mar their blooming cheeks,
 Such grief were false and sinning.
 What loss can handsome widows feel?
 They know they’re always *winning!*

Nay, ('tis no scandal I indite)
To save their own bright peepers,
They purchase mourning, and employ
Crape artificial *weepers* !

But there are some, whose ling'ring mates
Have died not ere that time,
When folks and mirrors rudely say,
Their charms are past their prime.

Plump Widow Wills was one of these,
Just turn'd of forty-two,
As jolly as the setting sun,
And quite as *ruddy* too !

For six long *weeks* she mourn'd the man,
No love nor drug could save ;
Who'd play'd a *merry* part in life,
Tho' destined for the "*grave* !"

" And now," quoth she, " I'll seek a mate,
Good as my first was reckon'd ;
I shall not count it *loss of time*,
If I can *gain* a *second* !"

She mark'd one Jerry Long, and thought,
(For she had seen him oft,)
Impression there might soon be made,
Where heart and head were *soft* !

She sought the youth, and woo'd him too,
By ev'ry coaxing art ;
For Jerry had no gallantry
To win a woman's heart.

Quoth she, " You cannot be unkind,
Nor do me any wrong,
For though I have but little known,
I've loved you, Jerry Long.

" And now my poor dear husband's gone
No obstacle there be."

" No doubt," cried Jerry, " well I vow,
" I thought that you were *free* !"

" My husband left me half his wealth,
To soothe my aching heart."

" And now," said Jerry, " all you wish,
Is one to take *your part*."

The widow smiled, and look'd as sweet
As bride in honey-moon :
So he look'd too — for he was won,
And both were *one* too soon !

But ah! death's cold and cruel hand
Cut short the bridal song ;
Some time she ruled as Jerry's wife —
Yet was'nt *Mistress LONG* !

A MASQUERADE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ABSURDITIES."

A masquerade in England is generally flat, stale and unprofitable ; the repartee, point, and vivacity necessary to keep the sport alive, are foreign to the blunt, taciturn and decided character of the nation. A public masquerade is, indeed, little better than a "dull game of *dominoes*." The gentlemen, in lieu of being good-humoured gallants, are as stiff as *cross-bows* ; while the ladies, who, on other occasions, are censured for light prattling, are as heavy as *dumb belles* !

In despite of this truth, however, which I learnt from experience, I accepted the polite invitation of the amiable, and accomplished Lady M——, to form one of the motley group assembled at her hospitable mansion.

How agreeably were my anticipations disappointed—I never passed a more pleasant or fleeting evening. In the mirth and pleasantry, the *hostess* was indeed herself a *host*.

When I entered the saloon where the gay and

parti-coloured crowd were assembled, a portly gentleman, in the garb of a bell-man, had just summoned around him, by the sound of a *muffin*-bell, an attentive audience, and uttered the following proclamation: --

“O! yes! O! yes! O! yes! Lost by an unlucky wight, in the Isle of Wight, two calves, which strayed from Cowes on Saturday last. The owner has already worn his legs off in hunting for his calves; — a suspicious-looking character, who was leading a bay horse down the road, is shrewdly suspected of having taken his calves to *Ryde*! They are so singularly marked, that, unless the plunderer kills the calves, and *hides* the *skins*, they will be easily recognised. Should the proprietor encounter the appropriator, he may not expect to get off with a whole skin, much less the calves! God save the King!”

At this juncture, a Swiss peasant in *sabots* came, *clomp, clomp*, clomping into the room, with a large monkey on his shoulder, which, dropping suddenly among the mob, dispersed them in a moment. There was something admirably characteristic of the animal, both in the disguise and the action — in fact, the young gentleman *aped* the monkey to the life.

“Poor dumb creature!” said the *fool*, patting the monkey on the head, “wherefore did nature give



R. Ck.

A Pa de six !

thee a ‘*round unvarnished tail,*’ and yet refuse thee speech ?”

“O my !” exclaimed a huge fat boy, with straight flaxen hair, tight nankeen pantaloons, and a little red jacket ; “ here’s a funny fellow ! if he an’t like grandma’s patchwork *quilt !*”

“ Right — cousin — I faith,” replied the fool, turning upon the simpleton, “ for being a promoter of mirth, I am, in my vocation, a kind of *counter-pain !*”

Seeing that all the company round him laughed, the boy, after a moment’s reflection, joined in the “ha ! ha !” and good-naturedly offering his penny trumpet to the fool —

“You may have a blow,” said he, “ if you’ll give it me back again.”

“Am I to return the blow or the trumpet ?” said the fool.

“Don’t tease the child,” said a pretty young old-maid, with powdered hair and lappets quite in the ancient style, who was sufficiently employed in looking after this hopeful youth, who designated her his aunt.

“By my life ! madam,” exclaimed Baron Munchausen, who just then swaggered into the room, “ the sight of that little trumpet recalls to my mind the army of Hottentots and Caffres, which I commanded at the Cape — our military band, madam, was composed entirely of oxen — a peculiar breed

— they marched orderly in the van, and *blew their own horns!*”

Miss Flyrtilla Flimsy, the governess of a fashionable boarding-school, dressed in the very extreme of Parisian taste, attacked all the married ladies of the company, endeavouring to induce them to place their juvenile branches under her tuition.

“I have endeavoured,” said she, “to bring my establishment as near perfection as possible.

“*Drawing* I have discarded, for what can be more reprehensible than to teach young ladies how to *paint*? if they must colour, let them *colour naturally!*”

“*Dancing* makes them think too early of joining hands, and partners; I therefore substitute, for Hart’s Quadrilles, a *Walkingame* Tutor, where, if they desire to study *figures*, they may soon get into *practice*.

“In needle-work, I have a new stitch for watch-pockets, to be worked on *tick*, with a sprig of *thyme* border. Knitting, knotting, and tatting for spare moments; and as for *worsted*-works, I forbid them entirely, because they are *crewel*.

“Improvement warranted, and, to those parents who are anxious for their daughters’ future settlement, I insure them, at least, a *genteel carriage*.”

As she concluded her harangue, the fool stepped up to her with a Jack-tar in each hand. “Madam,” said he, “permit me to introduce a couple of *boarders*.”

“Both *taught* men, ma’am,” said one of them, touching his hat.

“Then you have no need of *teaching*,” replied Miss Flimsy.

A sailor, who appeared more like a dapper dancing-master than a smart top-man, advancing and cutting six in the quadrille, *vis-a-vis*, the fool exclaimed, “What think ye of that, Master Merryman; am I not a *first-rate*?”

“More like a *cutter* than a *man-of-war*,” replied the fool drily.

“Why is a Jack-tar in the stocks like a revenue cutter?” asked Billy Black. “Give it up?—’cause he’s a *fast sailor*.”

The dialogue was here interrupted by the music of that gay fellow, Punch, who bounced into the midst of the company, with his termagant lady Mrs. Judy at his heels, wielding a brass ladle, who joined in a quadrille, and jigged and capered away merrily, accompanied by Punch’s *reedy* music and the simpleton’s penny trumpet. The dance was, however, scarcely concluded, when Mrs. Judy (her delicate nerves probably irritated by the wit of her noisy spouse) fell upon him with her ladle, and beat him round the room.

“My wig!” exclaimed the simpleton, “I was thinking vot that big ladle was for, and now I see Judy keeps it for *serving out Punch!*”

“Permit me,” said the fool, leading Master Punch to the fair hostess,—“permit me to introduce my elder brother.” But ere he could finish his eulogium, the restive Punch squeaked aloud, and ran off at a tangent.

“Your relation is rather unmannered,” said Lady M——, smiling.

“Alack! poor fellow!” replied the fool, “it was ever thus with him at school: he not only carved his name on the desks, but cut the *forms*, and has since treated all the *forms* of society in the same fashion. He inherited the paternal estates, ’tis true, but never obtained the *manners!*”

“Murder! murder!” cried Baron Munchausen, retreating from the brazen weapon of Mistress Judy, “Truly, yonder termagant has given me such a back-stroke on the forehead with her ladle, that, if I had not a skull as hard as the rock of Gibraltar, I should have been brained.”

“If thou had’st,” said the fool, “I would have immortalized thee in an epitaph.”

“And what wouldst thou have written?”

“Simply—‘here he *lies!* the renowned Munchausen, *barren* of truth!’ and, in lieu of a frilled cap to thy shroud, I would have enveloped thy renowned head in a *fulse-hood!*”

A summons to supper, or rather a banquet, for it was a splendid display of what red-faced cooks

can do, now interrupted the dance and conversation.

“Madam,” said the fool, who escorted Lady M——, “I cannot say that I prefer your *room* to your *company*, but must confess my admiration is divided equally.”

“You know your own degrees: sit down, at first and last, the hearty welcome!” said Lady M——; and all the guests took their seats at the hospitable board.

The fool, however, found no room, and returning to Lady M——, quoted from the same scene in *Macbeth*, “*The table’s full!*” adding, “and here am I wandering about, like an unsuccessful candidate at a county election, unable to obtain a *seat* in the *house*. I am afraid my principles are unpopular, although I do assure you, I offered to *pledge* the whole company!”

“There’s a pretty fool,” cried Munchausen; “why, I thought ‘fools rush in where angels fear to tread.’”

“I sympathize with thy quotation, most sapient baron,” replied the fool, “for like myself it’s *out of place*” Then turning to Lady M——, “I wish your Ladyship would order the baron to *lie* upon the table,” said he, “his *vacation* would be quite a *holiday* to me.”

A seat was speedily obtained between Master Punch and the lady of the house.

“I fear you have scarcely room,” said Lady M——.

“Madam,” replied he, “it is both my fate and my inclination never to sup any where, without being *pressed*.”

“Now, mate,” cried one of the sailors, “will you splice the mainbrace?” holding up a brimmer of champagne to the fat, simple boy.

“Aunt,” cried the boy, bawling to the lady across the table, “may I have a glass of *fizz*?”

“Yes, dear,” she replied, “and a tart if it pleases.”

“Punch!” said an Alderman opposite, “what a pity there is’nt ‘*bubble and squeak*,’ for your edification.”

“Have the goodness to hold this young lady’s tongue, while I separate a merry-thought for her,” said a young gallant.

It was now observed that the monkey, whose gambols had given great entertainment during the evening, was absent.

“What a pity,” said Lady M——, “we might have presented him to the Zoological Society, as a rare specimen of the Ourang Outang : he has certainly gone off.”

“*Gone off!*” cried the exquisite ; “then depend on’t, madam, he was a *powder-monkey!*”

* * * * *



An anti-climax!

But, had I as many tongues as the fabled Rumour, I could not relate;—as many ears as a corn-field, I could not have heard—the half that transpired on that joyous night: and had I as many quills as a porcupine at my back, there would still be some hands wanting to engross all the sayings that then *engrossed* the company!

In fact, upon mentioning the subject to a legal friend, he expressed himself positively of opinion that it was impossible to *indict* it!

However, notwithstanding his judgment, I have endeavoured to give a slight sketch of the evening's entertainment, concluding with the speech of the fool:

“All health to our loving subjects of mirth! The bow should not be always bent, and we have all learnt that it's sometimes ‘folly to be wise,’ and all may be merry and wise, if they will. There are few who have not played the fool in their time, and, whether in wit, beauty, fashion or frolic, all wish to ‘bear the bell.’ The habits of the whole habitable world are motley, and therefore, motley's the only wear.

“The Temperance Society may discard wine and spirits, but we shall not feel the loss of either, while we can boast of our own *rum Punch*! May you all be blessed with health, and (like your poor fool) with *length of ears!*”

LETTER FROM A RETIRED TANNER.

The *Hides* of March, 1834.

DEAR MR. BARKER,

I PROMISED to let you know when I made up my mind to retire from the tanning business; and having found lately that trade was *falling off*, and therefore I was not likely to *get on*, I've sold the concern.

At first I did not know where to fix my residence. As I'm a regular John Bull, you know, both by name and nature—some people recommended *Cowes*; but I did not wish to leave England; and all they could say of Southampton-water would not induce me to try it, for my gout's no better for all the Bath-water, Cheltenham-water, and Harrowgate-water, that I've swallowed by *skinsfull*: so I determined not to try a drop of the Southampton-water. My son says, I ought to enjoy the "*ocean come dignity*;" but though my dignity has *come*, I've no fancy for the *ocean*, I confess! I found at last the very thing to suit me, at

a place called the *Hyde*, near *Oxford*: it's a cottage *Horné*, and all the furniture (I took it at a valuation) inlaid with *Bhul-work*. They say England's best bulwarks are wooden walls; but I'll match my tables and chairs against any other wooden articles in the kingdom. I got the Piano a bargain, as it was a little out of repair, the hammers wanting fresh *leather*; but I'll make a good job of that — do it myself some morning. I bought all the books too, capitally bound in Russia: know the outside of a book as well as any man in England. I looked through the library this morning, and find I shall have plenty of amusement for the winter evenings: there's *Swift's* works — all about rail-roads, I suppose; and some volumes about *Pope*. Now I play at "Pope" very well, but I've no doubt I shall find here all the stops, and a great many rules about matrimony and intrigue. There is Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful;—I never heard that the *burking* system was sublime and beautiful before! Locke on the Human Understanding is so tightly jammed in, that I can't pull him out. There are some very old Shakspeare's plays, not a bit like what they play now; but you must come to *Hyde*, and seek them yourself, and you'll give great pleasure to

Yours, most truly,

JOHN BULL.

I keep a beautiful *tan* terrier in the *yard*, who *barks* nearly all night, and is very useful. Last week a robber tried to *hide* in a *pit* behind the house; but I, guided by *Tan*, *leathered* him with a *rattan*, and *pelted* him besides, so that I warrant he did not escape with a *whole skin* !

The Hyde, near Oxford.



The Misses Shelly !

SICK FANCIES.

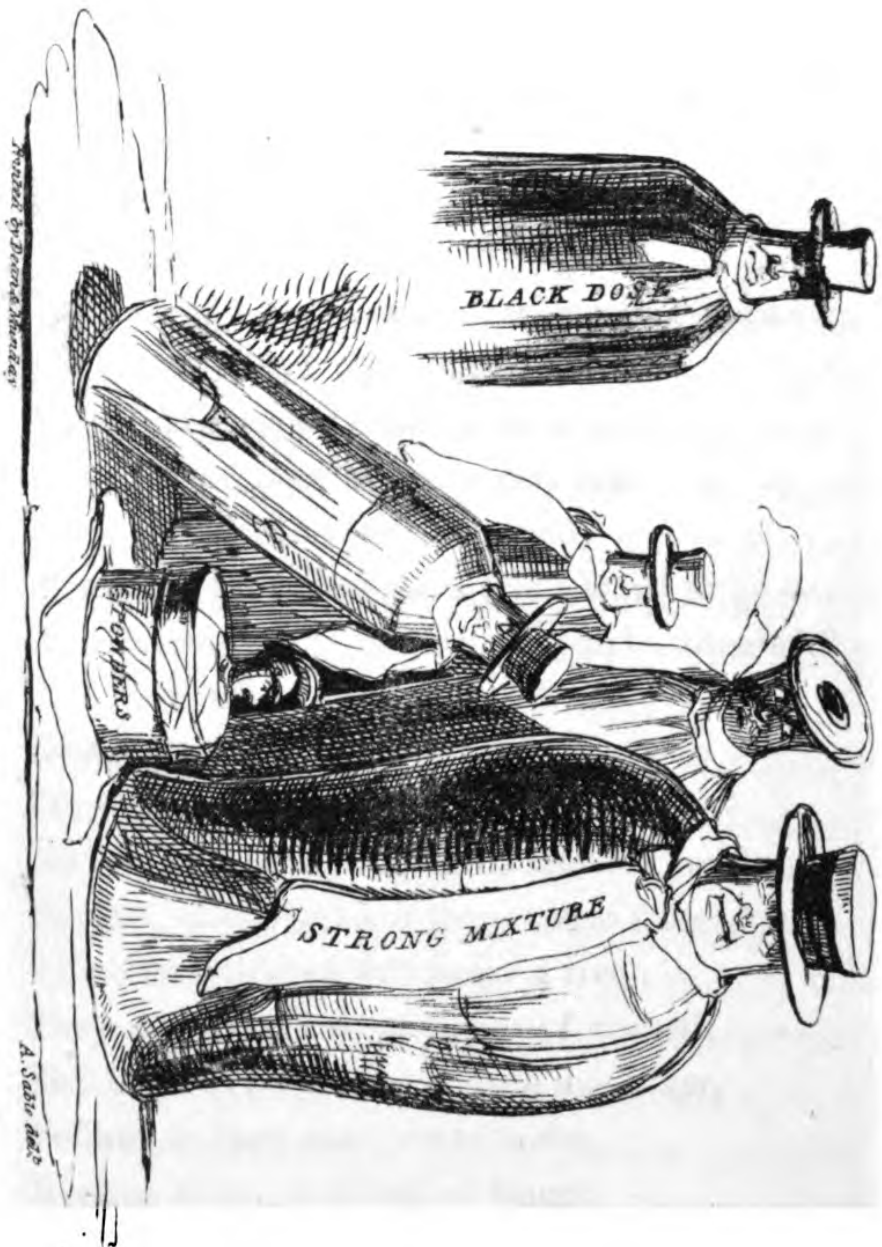
BY WALTER ELLIS.

ILLNESS is scarce a theme for laughter,
 Till we're well out of it.
 Oh! such a bout of it
 As I had once — I think it was just after
 My ninth, nineteenth, or ninetieth cross in love —
 (Th' unfeathered biped mates not like the dove.)

Well, sir, or rather ill, sir, as I said,
 Not rather ill, but almost very dead,
 Tired of reiterating word, that serves
 So many for a pretext, "Nerves, nerves, nerves!"
 I shut out all my kind, and *unkind* friends,
 Kicked out my nurse,
 Who made me curse, and worse,
 And would have tried
 To cure my honour, till I died;
 "Ay, here and now," I groaned "my trial ends.
 Condemned to scorn, I need not *hear* them scoff
 At my mishap!
 Let me pull down my cap,
 I am turned off.

Nor human, nor *inhuman* face, nor voice,
 Shall mar the calm of which I make my choice.
 I am alone, as the last man,
 Or first, ere yet began
 The power of woman,
 Bless — no, confound her! fated to undo man.”

So there had, bad, sad, mad I lay,
 And gazed my time away.
 The eyes that dare contract themselves to gazing,
 Stick to the habit with a zeal amazing.
 What did I see? Could I show thee,
 Soft reader! thou would'st pity me.
 I had secluded myself to no end,
 There was no end to the world's whirl to be —
 No “medicine” to my “mind diseased,” a
 friend —
 Oh me! those vile base *phials*,
 Oh supererogatory trials!
 No more content with their *contents* t'embitter
 My life, inside and out they rose to fritter,
 Like the arrival of full many a rival,
 They put an end to *my* hopes of revival.
 Sick as I was, at heart it made me sicker,
 Fellows in long great coats to see,
 Reeling about, half full of liquor,
 With very long cravats,
 Having from Cork their hats,



Prepared by J. W. & S. W. Sabin

A. Sabin del.

Bottle comparisons!

Some stuck most slangishly aside,
And some pulled down in front, their awful brows
to hide.

I turned away my aching eyes amain,
To me each bit of glass grew to a *physical* pain.
I had exiled my species all in vain ;
There had been rain, which left a stain,
Ascending like a vapour
From white-washed ceiling and blue paper,
In shapes fantastical — tombs, willows, styes,
Monsters, with legs—of mutton—and raised pies—
Peacocks, and pines, and old women cut shorter,
In pots of porter,
All through the damp, that came all through the
mortar.

These monstrous shapes, though they went nigh to
kill,
Were stirless, so I bore them *still*,
As they *bored* me ; but far less certain
Felt I about the nature of the throng,
Which, when the breeze was strong,
Forming an up and down hill cavalcade,
Of courtiers, sailors, statues, nursemaids, made
Their bows and curtseys 'neath my window curtain.
Bob, nod, dance, pause ; reason came to my aid,
And talked of the effects of light and shade.

But yet that fringe, with its large balls and
less,

And crewel tassels, formed the parts of dress —
Even the pet petticoat, and every figure,
Gained, as we all do, from fresh air fresh vigour !

Night came. I lit my taper, crying, “ Rot ’em,
’Tis time that I forgot ’em.”

But, staring on this lone Light of my World,
By heaven, e’en there the petticoat unfurled
Its mystic folds. Woman again! A tall,
Slim, fair, bright, *melting*, wick-ed Nourmahal,
Doing saint, forsooth, or standing on a shrine
To claim my worship, with an air like thine,
My Gloriana ! dazzling my lost soul
With the *haloed* radiance of her aureole.

I sighed, “ ’Tis a hard case, a desperate job,”
And put a foot on either little hob,
Shoving with shovel, poking with the tongs,
And growing warm
With Revolutions that did not Reform,
To vent upon the grate my sense of these great
wrongs.

Oh radically rash repented war !

If you beat *one*

For what *another's* done,

That *one* will give you something to beat for.

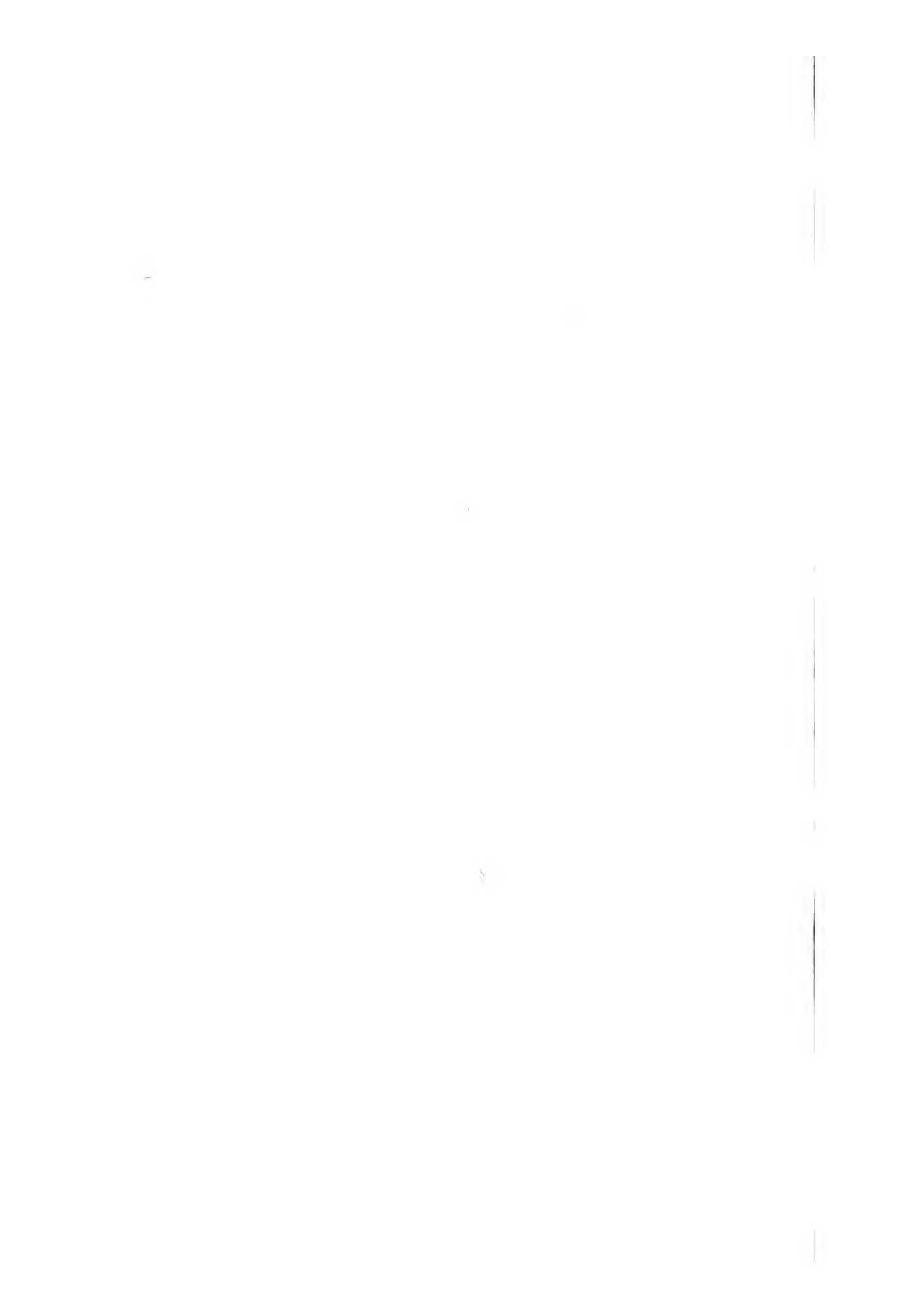
More wretched now than just now wretched man,
 I could not have made bad worse, by my ire,
 Than thus I did, "getting into the fire,"
 If I had got "*out* of the frying pan."
 Terrors of Terra del Fuega! yet
 I feel ye, and shall ne'er forget.
 There, there I saw,
 With awe,
Blaze Castle stand upon a burning mountain,
 From which flowed, in a milk of brimstone foun-
 tain,
 Volumes of lurid bituminous lore,
 The more that they were red, yielding the more
 Of things that must be seen, and can't be heard ;
 Save that when Sarah G., the spiteful wit,
 Seemed in the very face of me to spit,
 And terminated in a hissing gander,
 I truly thought I heard the *Sally maunder*.
 Literal meanings of each compound word
 Embodied were, in patchwork people,
 Churchmen, half priest, half steeple ;
 Madhouses, raving from their perpendicular,
 And bookworms, who were tomes vermicular.
 There was a horse-leech, and his back a man on,
 Blue-devils, with pitchforks, toasted Welsh rabbits,
 An Irish owl was swallowing coal-cannon.
 Smokejacks kissed spinning-jennies, to whose
 habits

Buck-ram contributed; a pig-ram tipped
 The red-lion's tongue. There was no gulf or
 Chasm, but round it flourished flowers of sulphur—
 Fire-drakes, and rat-cadgers, and love-birds slipped
 Into each others' skins, changing identity.
 If from some nonentity
 A dog rose, a dog-rose he grew,
 Then would expand
 Into
 A watch-dog, with fifth leg, and second hand ;
 My oak broke into a Bosky Belle : —
 Many my mantureens, ere into shape
 My favourites glowed, they changed, or fell.
 A monkeyish long-tailed Frenchman *singed* my
 ape !

Now, having stared till I began to wink,
 I straight began to think —
 (I had thought *crookedly* too long)
 Of all I'd read, in folio and song,
 About false mediums, mental as externe,
 Morbid factitious fidgets, such as throng
 The heads of solitary, selfish fools,
 Vanity mad ; my mood began to mellow,
 “ Am I like such a fellow ? ”
 I asked myself, in voice that always cools
 My wrath : “ Had I not better forth, and throttle
 My rival, than fret here, over a bottle ;



Greasian statue!



'Tis no use speaking to stone walls ; and fringe
If it *be* doomed my spirit to unhinge,
Shall only do so—(though it may do better,
And make me bless my fetter)
While hanging from the thing on which I dote,
A petticoat !
“ Psha ! ” I exclaimed, “ I ’ m surely old enough
To cleanse my bosom of this parlous stuff—
No more I ’ ll study *Hobbes*, but break my *bars*,
Force pity for my scars ;
On foolscap I ’ ll retrace my pain,
And seek society again.
Man me delights more than these sights ;
There are no frights
'Mong women like the fright I ’ m in without ’ em —
How dared I dread or doubt ’ em ?
I ’ ll write what I have suffered — they ’ ll be touched,
And I be muched.
Still young enough to make a pretty *page*,
Though, I thank Heaven, I ’ ve passed beyond my
hermit-age ! ”

THE REVERSE OF WRONG NOT ALWAYS
RIGHT.

BY ISABEL HILL.

AUTHOR OF "BROTHER TRAGEDIANS," ETC.

IN my young days, I lodged for a short time in the same house with a worthy widower, named Hobbes, the beauty of whose two little girls, Mary and Harriet, attracted my attention. He begged me, when we should be all in London again, to look in now and then, on the children. I did so, but they were soon sent to a boarding-school, and I ceased my visits, as they did not even pass their vacations at home; but their father and myself still occasionally met, as well-wishers, *en passant*.

After seven years past in this way, Mr. Hobbes called, to beg that I would come and see his daughters, now domesticated with him, and much improved. My first leisure day I made a pilgrimage to his house in the city. On my being announced, the "young ladies" *ran* to welcome me, with fussy cordiality, laughing as boisterously as if there had been something invincibly ludicrous in the circum-

stance of our meeting, or in my appearance; which, I beg to state, was not the case; my ugliness is past laughing at. (Of course I say this to extort a compliment!) But the Misses Hobbes, — oh the girls of to-day! the heartless off-handedness of their manners, with elders, and superiors! — No matter!

“Laur, Miss Ill!” began the eldest, “Mriur always roars so, when she’s *nervus*.”

“I never thought you’d darken our dores agin,” continued the other,— for both, I found, committed felonies on the King’s High English, though “as it were, with a difference.”

“She baint a bit altered, is she, Heneryetter?” added ‘Mriur.’

“But *you* are, even in your names,” remarked I.

“Oh!” answered the eldest, “Mary and Aryut arnt genteel enough for us now, we old our eads igh.—Mriur, put a cheer for er, while I pore er out a glauss o wine; — ’tis a sentry since we saur you last — whatever ave ye bin doin?”

“This age!” interrupted her sister, “we’ve noos for ye; Par has hired a guvnis for us,— sich an egstrawnree caritur!”

“Iss, I bleve ee!” resumed Henrietta; “she teaches daurnsin, drawin, arethmuttic, and a vurry-utty of thinks more, that I can’t possable describe; my payshunce! she talks so purticlur, and says taint the valley of the salry she minds, but the senti-

ment of dooty. I carnt say it like she does. Well, I used to think *you* was formull anough, but she — Oh it's out *Erodiu Erodiu*! We are jest goin to read with her ; let me interdooce you !”

I was presented to Miss Phibbs, in the study, and congratulated the pupils on her instructions.

“ Menny thenks, Madim,” replied the governess, smiling primly. “ My a-rivil may be o-portune for them, but their intimissy is of emense importince to a persin of my dispisishin, at the presint momint. I never seek to harriss or muzzil the infint blossins of intelect, but lead them eresistibly, never iritating them, by taking o-fence with slight o-cashin. Mr. Hobbes, though co-mershil, aprisheates my e-forts : while I posess his confidince, I am temptid to believe that my systim cannot be e-roneous ; his daughters will shortly sickumb, and grow recinciled to it.”

“ Maynt us read to ye, marm, before Miss Aitch ?”

“ My dear Meria, correct those expressings ; a-nother time I mean. Do not puzzil yourself now ; as yet, you are but in the vestibil of erudishin's tempil.”

“ *Hime* further nor that, *hime* in Henry the Heighth,” said Maria.

“ Co-mence then, mia cara,” minced Miss Phibbs.

The girl began at the eighth paragraph in the second section. Goldsmith, hem !—and shortly came to a passage, which she read thus :



Wat. Tyler, & Wm. Rufus.

“Hin his way he stayd a fortnit hat the hurl of Shrewsbree’s, where, one day at dinnur, he was taken hill, not without voylunt” —

“My dear,” interrupted Miss Phibbs, “agen and agen, must I point out the difirince between O, I, and I O?”

“Heigho!” punned the other sister, “she don’t know a jint from a base vile.”

“If you do not become perfect in your dipthong,” proceeded the preceptress,—

“You will deserve a *whip* thong,” concluded the *clever* Miss Hobbes.

“Re-co-mence the sentince — the parigraph, the sekshin!” said the precise Miss Phibbs.

Her élève obeyed, but coming afresh upon the unlucky vowels, now read, with an air of infinite self-satisfaction,

“Not without vilunt suspicions of havin pysund himself.”

I laughed so heartily, that this matter could not be righted. The fair wag now took her sister’s place; opening at section 2 of Mary, she read six paragraphs, and ended the seventh by declaiming:—

“Latimer was soon out of pain; but Ridley continued to suffer much longer, his legs bein consoomed before the fire reached his vittuls.”

The absurd image this blunder suggested to my

mind's eye, forced me abruptly to take leave of the all professing pretender, and her hopeful charges. Miss Phibbs accompanied me to the door, whispering, "Ah, madim ! to a gentlewomin of your talint, I need not repeat the anshint aphisim, that there is no washing the blackimore white!"

MY FAVOURITE AIR.

BY SYLVANUS SWANQUILL, ESQ.

My fav'rite air, my fav'rite air,
 So soft, so simple, and so sweet,
 That Ellen used to sing to me,
 As I lay list'ning at her feet —
 I thought I ne'er could hear enough
 Of strains so rich, of chords so rare,
 But oh ! what havoc men have made
 Since then, with thee, my fav'rite air !

The barrel organ in the street
 Strikes up; and see ! the dancing bear,
 Goes through his horrible *pas seul*
 To the cadence of my fav'rite air !

I mount the Brighton Tallyho ;
And hark ! the guard, a *first-rate* play'r,
Begins to flourish on his horn,
And then, oh me ! — my fav'rite air.

I go to an election feast,
Sir Harry Bumper in the chair ;
He sings a song — the words his own —
The tune, alas ! — my fav'rite air.
Whit-Monday's here, the day is fine,
I take a walk to Greenwich fair ;
Dwarfs, giants, riders, voltigeurs,
They all play one — my fav'rite air.

'Tis Sunday, and to church I go,
Intent on piety and pray'r ;
The clerk sings out the hundredth psalm,
To a new tune — my fav'rite air.
'Tis Christmas, and the waits come round,
Waking one out of visions rare ;
They're just beneath my window now,
And playing, oh ! — my fav'rite air.

Recruiting parties sometimes come,
And set our little town astare.
But oh ! what *can* those fellows find
Of martial in my fav'rite air !

Our parish church (we live next door)
 Has got new chimes, and daily there,
 At three, and six, and nine, and twelve, —
Ding, dong, — I hear my fav'rite air.

I went to see the Infant School —
 Sweet cherubs! innocent as fair!
 But can't they sing their A, B, C,
 In any but my fav'rite air?
 I went to hear the helpless blind
 Examin'd by our worthy May'r,
 But oh! I wished them dumb as well,
 When they struck up my fav'rite air.

My brother learns the violin;
 They say he'll make a *goodish* play'r.
 But why not try "God save the King,"
 Before he takes my fav'rite air?
 My little sister learns the harp:
 They think she'd play if she'd take care.
 But she's broke three pink strings and nine white
 Already o'er my fav'rite air.

My father takes a deal of snuff,
 (Of course that's neither here nor there;)
 But I wish they had'nt given him
 A box that plays my fav'rite air.



Organic remains!



My sister's lover sent, last week,
A piping bullfinch from Mazières.
We all crowd round to hear it sing ;
Chirp— chirp— Oh dear ! my fav'rite air !

Whene'er young ladies sing to me,
They never warble "*Di piacer :*"
No, no ; it's still the self-same tune —
They've all found out my fav'rite air.
Our servants are all musical ;
But, hang 'em ! can't they scour the stair,
Or feed the pigs, or milk the cows,
To any but my fav'rite air ?

There's not a beggar in the town,
That roams thro' alley, street, or square, —
There's not a blind man,— or his dog,
But knows by heart my fav'rite air.
Hark !— "Forty songs for a ha'penny —
Sweet home—The thorn — Begone dull care—
My own blue bell — Ye banks and braes —
The sea"— and ah !— my fav'rite air.

Charles Knight is making music cheap,
As cheap as chalk or crockery ware,
I've bought a number of his book ;
Part one — page one's my fav'rite air.

The *Comic Offering* comes to hand :

Ha ha ! hi hi ! but I declare,
Miss Sheridan, 'twas wrong of you,
To parody my fav'rite air.

My fav'rite air — my fav'rite air !

Go where I will, you still are there.
East, west, north, south, no matter where,
I still meet you, my fav'rite air !
'Twas said a fav'rite had no friend :
But that's not true, (would Heaven it were !)
For all the world, I really think,
Are friends with you, my fav'rite air !

A TRAVELLING COMPANION.

“Something to spare”--

WE had now reached the 20th mile-stone on the Essex road (that most stupid and uninteresting of all routes), and not one word had broken the “deep profound” of the stage coach, which enclosed myself and two of Adam’s representatives; the fourth person, in a corner, half shaded by a veil, and more than half by a large travelling basket, being one of that sex, who disturbed the serenity of Paradise, and have continued through the 5,834 years that have since intervened, to keep the world in feuds and broils just to show their own petty power to still it into calm. We had reached, as I said, the 20th mile-stone, in silence, when suddenly my opposite neighbour spoke. I verily believe had the “unknown tongue” manifested itself amongst us, it could not have caused a more simultaneous surprise: in fact we all ‘*started*’ — as we had done on leaving the Golden Cross! yet the words were simple — ordinary — common-place words — “The wind is rising.”

We all gave the speaker that national look of inquiry which would examine his right to have an opinion, or to receive a reply. To the rest of the party, I presume, the scrutiny was not satisfactory, for they vouchsafed no answer. The lady lowered her veil, and raised her basket against the intrusion, the gentleman buttoned his coat up to the throat, so his 'collar rose' at the impertinent!—But *I*, who am not a man of *few* words, but of *many*, preferring the babbling of tongues to the 'babbling of brooks,' and the *flow* of language to that of the 'shining river,'—I screwed up my courage and loosened my tongue to say, "I think it *likely* the wind is rising." Reader, in a mixed assemblage of strangers always be *diplomatic* in your remarks, particularly in a public conveyance.

I was now fairly embarked in the sea of conversation, and began to take a full view of my antagonist in speech. I am neither Physiognomist, nor Phrenologist, but must confess I *lean* towards *fat* people with perhaps too great partiality: I would flee from kindness offered by the "*anatomie vivante*," and welcome harshness from a Daniel Lambert, whom I would take for my *bosom* friend, could I find room enough for him there! I therefore beheld with a narrow-minded feeling my vis-à-vis — one of those *spare* beings, who I think might be spared from the community altogether,—who never





Dying for a living!

make a *great* figure in the world, — who *stick* wherever they chance to be, or *lean* to *weakness* according to their *bent*,—persons who neither laugh nor grow fat, and therefore, are of but *slight* use to the *great body*, either by their *room*, or their company! The man was thin, — meagerly, miserably thin, — and I discovered by the interior of his hat, that he was paradoxically named Mr. Large: (Would he had been the Great Unknown for me!)— I give his patronymic, to warn the world against him. Besides, I abhor the system of *Initialising*; I might have conquered the prosiness of “Pamela,” but that I never could get through a book whose hero was a “Mr. B.” Well! having enlisted the wind to give the first *blow* to silence, it would have been shabby, not to have noticed the weather; we therefore, according to the dear old English rule, devoted half an hour to this most novel and interesting of topics. The discussion lasted us to Chelmsford, where our two associates departed with looks of suspicion and contempt — leaving me solely dependent for companionship and safety on a *thin* man! Why, oh! why did not the ancient prejudices which were born with me, save me from —. But I will not anticipate. We talked:—I of my relations, he of his. I favoured him with the names, dispositions, and qualifications of my seven fraternal “young ideas.” He, in return, carried me

to all the counties in England, to introduce me to a countless number of aunts, uncles, and cousins. In their company we caught a glimpse of Colchester, from its only attractive point — and I believe it was the pleasure I always feel at the really beautiful and picturesque aspect which the town then presents, which made me so unhesitatingly and immediately give my consent to dine tête-à-tête with Mr. Large. I need scarcely remark, that my companion devoured three times the quantity that I, or any other respectable Falstaff would have consumed. If ever there be a famine in the land, it is your *ethereals* will bring it about. I am not a Political Economist, but I would advise Miss Martineau and Co., not to devise methods to ‘*thin*’ the population; but rather to have a sharp eye on the sharp appetites of those biped greyhounds, who are equal to as many *courses* as the quadruped! Inspired by a good dinner, and better wine, I forgot my natural antipathies, and became confidential with Mr. Large. I even confessed to the love which was in my heart for Fanny Brown, incautiously and pathetically giving him the reason which had caused her rejection of my suit:— she would not marry a man whose hair was one sheet of grey! I told him how vainly I had made experience of every dye extant, of every discovered cosmetic. He interrupted me, “Say not so, my friend, I have a recipe in my possession,

which shall effectually remove the evil of which you complain."

I eagerly demanded it. He would only part with it for a cheque of £100. I paused — I thought of Fanny's black eyes — and wrote it.

He withdrew to another table, prepared a small packet, handed it to me, and with his usual melancholy look left the room (cheque in hand) — never to return!

I opened the parcel, and after removing the sixth envelope, I came to these words.

"If you've grey hair, you simple prig,
Just shave it off and wear a wig!"

This *cutting* rhyme was all my consolation!

Reader, be advised by a betrayed unfortunate, grey-haired, stout gentleman: never speak to a person in a stage coach, or to a *thin man anywhere!*

E. WALKER.

SELECTIONS FROM THE MAID-OF-ALL-
WORK'S MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

BY H. W. CHALLIS, ESQ.

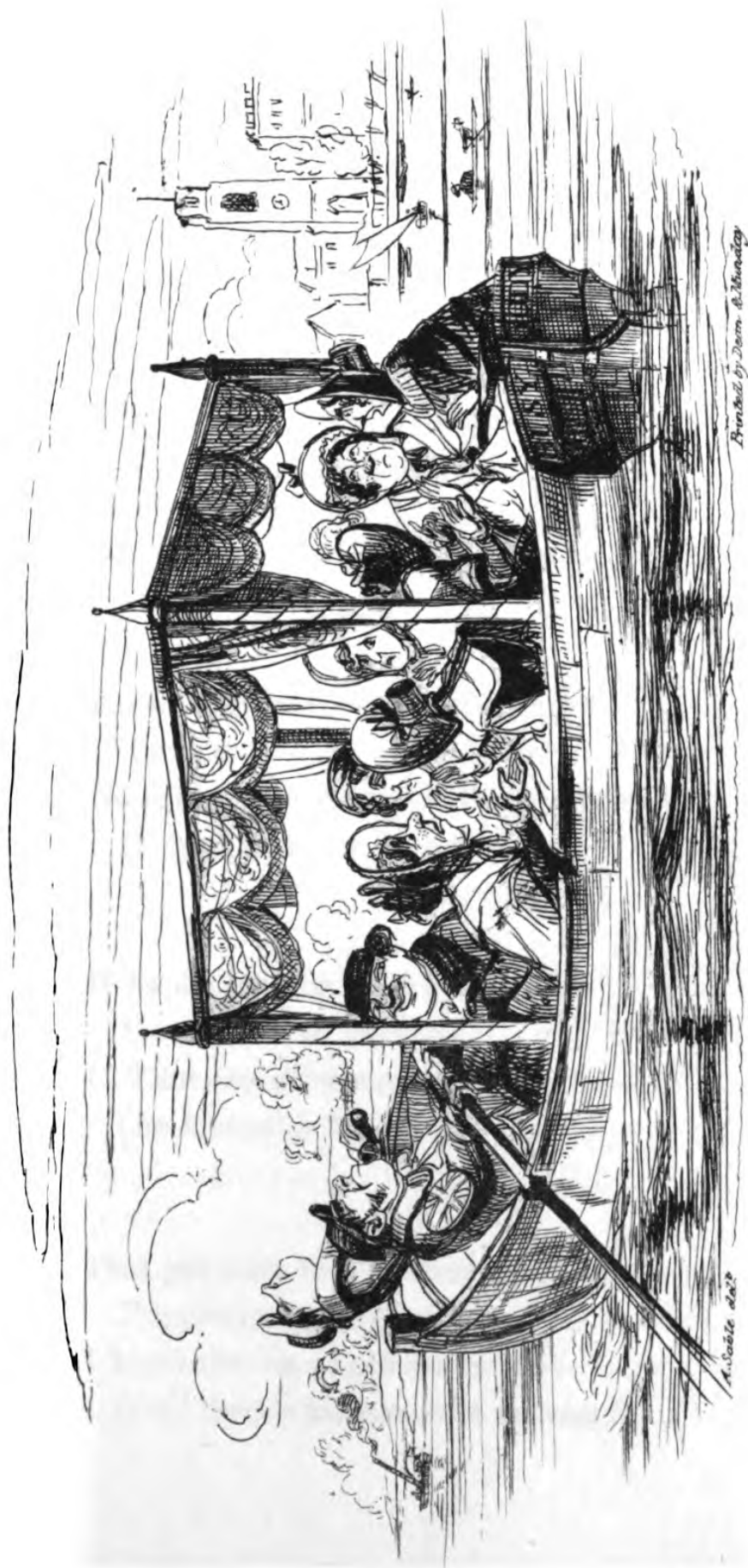
[At a period like the present, when the march of intellect advances, and "the schoolmaster is *abroad*," it would be worse than ungracious to neglect literary merit "*at home*." With this impression I submit the following specimens of "*kitchen-stuff*."---H. W. C.]

No. I.

My true love John! where do you roam
Upon the ocean wild?
No doubt you're looking out for *squalls* —
(O dear! I hear — the *child*!)

Perchance, love, you are sailing now
Amid the northern shoals,
And frozen to — *an-ice* young man —
(There's master's bell for coals!)

Sometimes I dread he's *washed* away,
And *mangled* sore, I fear: —
(I wish they'd put the *washing* out,
And *ironing* done here!)



Scandal at boat.



Or may be that he's getting fat,
For cannibals to eat;
John was aboard the *Tender* once —
(Here comes the *butcher's meat* !)

His ship may be beneath the wave —
O horrible ! to think
Of drowning wretches going *down* —
(There's *water* in the *sink* !)

No wife is there, with tender care
To ease their *swimming* heads ;
No friendly hand to smooth their *couch* —
(I must go make *my beds* !)

If haply John be dead and gone,
Uncertain's all our lives ;
If Time has *sharpened* up his scythe —
(As I must *do my knives*) —

That publican who squeezed my hand,
I'm pretty sure a catch is ;
I know that he would *marry me* —
(Oh ! there's the *man with matches* !)

No. II.

MY true love John is on the main, aboard a Ber-
 wick hoy,
 I wonder how he keeps afloat — my *seaman* is no
buoy!
 Yet oh! he would not rest on land, so prone was he
 to change,
 Nor, like my constant heart, content within “*the kit-
 chen range.*”

Whate'er I view recalls his form — the happy hours
 we've had —
 I dearly love the *bottle-jack*, so like my sailor-lad ;
 Each puff of *smoke*, that makes me choke, brings
back'-a'-pipe to me ;
 I watch the *coals*, and pray his ship may never *scut-
 tled be!*

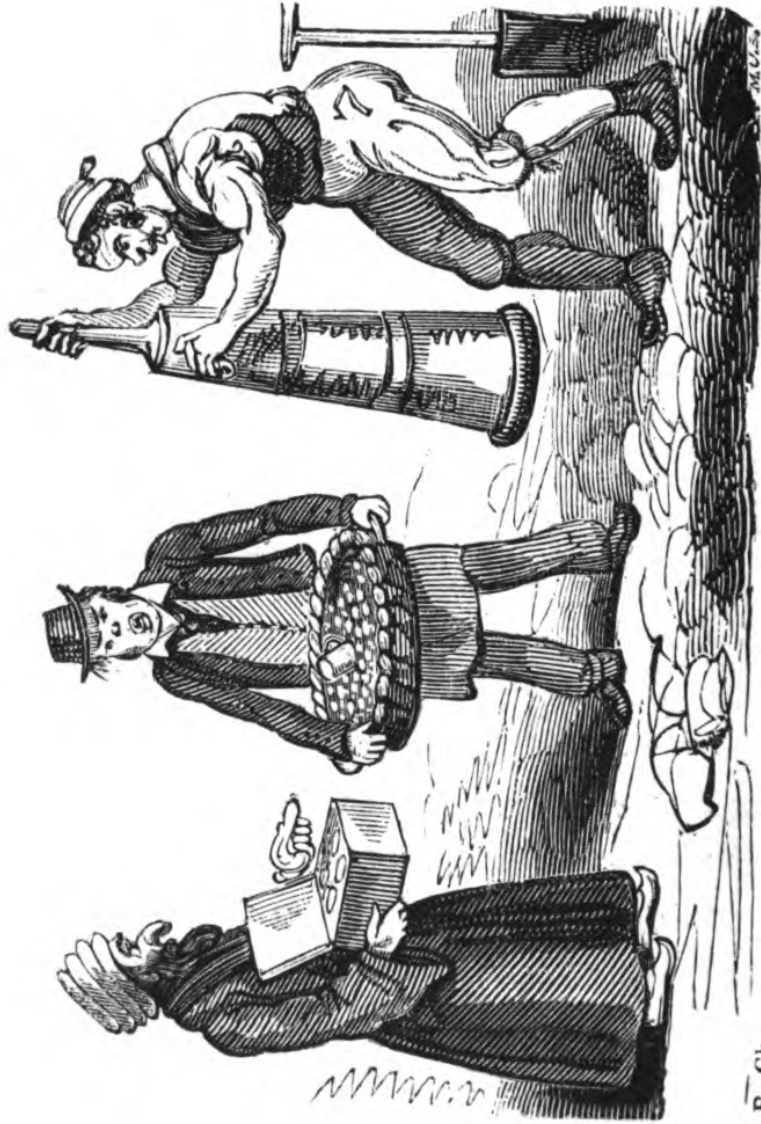
Should John prove false, I'm certain sure my love
 would turn to hate ;
 I'd rather see him in his *shrouds* than see him made
a mate!
 I'd sooner see him blown in air, nor never weep no
 tear,
 Though there he found, 'twixt sky and ground, his
 “*intermediate BIER!*”

ODE TO A SHAVING BRUSH.

BY CAPTAIN M'NAGHTEN.

BEFORE I proceed to "rhyme," I pray you, bland reader, to allow me a few words of "reason," in order that your indignation may not *bristle* up on beholding such an ap-hair-ently undignified subject, nor my grateful efforts to immortalize the seven years of a shaving brush, cause you to "laugh at my beard," as the Persians say: — For I *may* do some service to young razor-seekers, by giving them a few directions as to finding Edge-ware; and the most effectual manner in which mankind may be *soaped over*. O'Doherty, in Blackwood's Magazine, some years ago, recommended to notice the razors of Paget; and excellent are the edges which I have seen and felt from the tabernaculum of Rogers — not the poet, any more than Paget, aforesaid, is the Marquis of Anglesea — but, nevertheless, commend me to

Weiss for the very sublime of tonsorial instruments. In my earlier days I formed an inferior opinion of his productions; but then I might, and probably was, fobbed off in the jungles of India, and the greenness of my youth, with razors made to sell, and having his magic name stamped upon their sheer-steel with miraculous fac-similitude, and preternatural impudence! If, indeed, he ever *was* in the habit of not caring what sort of blades he exported to farthest India in a purser's investment (thinking that *cold* iron would be more comfortable to the face in a hot country), may heaven forgive him, though I never can; for as he might have had command of the market, he should never have converted the mo-nopoly into a Try-chin-opoly, as though he would have confined the retail of his manufacture to a single town! However I now say, commend me to Weiss, — from whom, and in whose domicile in the Strand, I perpetrated emption in the case of a pair of razors—or rather of a pair of razors in the case — which, being now in the second lustrum, have never yet required to be either set or ground; and before which the beard groweth not which could endure for a moment, if previously mollified by Rigge's Military Shaving Soap, the most assuasive on the face of the earth — or the face of the shaved. Talk of any beard maintaining its ground against this soap and this steel! — why, grass before an Irish-



Muscle-man meeting!

R. Ch.

man's scythe, corn before an Englishman's sickle, brose before a Scotchman's spoon, cheese before a Welshman's knife, maccaroni before an Italian, mare's milk before a Tartar, frog before a Gaul, dates before an Arab, kraut before a German, oil before a Russ, seal before a Greenlander, schnapps before a Dutchman, turnip before a Swede, garlick before a Spaniard, walrus before an Esquimaux, ghee before a Brahmin, pileau before a Turk, tobacco before a Yankee, rein-deer before a Laplander, a hecatomb before the Noctes Club, bear before a Norseman, fox before Captain Ross in the artic, or a pot of porter before a coal-heaver, — shall make a stout and protracted resistance, compared to the — what shall I call it? — the evanescence of the human beard before the combined forces of the Weiss and of the Rigge — the Percy and the Douglas of the chin-denuding world! Now, then, let us sing

TO MY SHAVING BRUSH.

“Brush away.” *A Modern Pythagorean.*

Old Shaving Brush! — for seven long years,
 Thou'st daily wander'd o'er my chin;
 And still thy bristly bunch appears
 Neither (for use) too short nor thin!

Most true, thy handle wears less bright
 Than when forth from the shop I took it,
 All smooth, and flawless, and so white,
 T'was real ivory — *to look at !*
 The vender did me there, I own,
 And bon'd my money for his *bone !*

Thou razor's pioneer ! — how oft
 Hast thou prepar'd the stubborn soil,
 By friction mild, and lather soft,
 To meet the reaper's morning toil !
 Yet, ah ! how oft, for all thy pains,
 And Packwood's coadjutant strop,
 The shaver's desperate labour gains
 Of beard and skin an equal crop !
 While through the wounds the life-drops sally,
 Un-phy-si-og-no-mo-ni-cal-ly !

Oh ! happy have I ever thought
 The chin end of dear woman's face ;
 By fate undestin'd to be fraught
 With hair (save some excepted case).
 Although our cynics choose to say
 The reason of a clause so saving,
 Was, that her tongue's perpetual play
 Would prove so great a bar to shaving,
 That, if she had been doomed to grow it,
 From chins so restless none could mow it.

How many a change, in those seven years,
 My best of brushes, have I known !
 How many hopes ! — how many fears ! —
 How many blissful hours — all flown !
 How many friends unsterling prov'd !
 How many faults have I committed !
 How many passions have been mov'd !
 How many fools despis'd — or pity'd !
 And, oh ! mid all these changes tost,
 How many bristles thou hast lost !

Old Shaving Brush ! — I needs must own
 That thou, for one, hast flatter'd never ;
 And yet thou'st “soaped” me, when alone !
 And dost so still, as much as ever !
 And when I know thy ‘head is *crack'd*,
 And think of how it once was whole,
 And view the yellow, chipp'd and hack'd,
 It really cuts me to the soul.
 Thou'st liv'd in peace, though, for that matter,
 And yet thou'rt daily ‘in *hot water* !’

Each foreign ‘bubble’ have I tried,
 By daily *pains* by face to *steel* :
 From ‘Windsor’ I to ‘Naples’ hied,
 Including Old and New ‘Castile !’

But when my box was rigged with Rigge's,
 I found his beat their froth all hollow :
 Twould make the bristled backs of pigs
 Look like thy beardless chin, Apollo !
 We're much deceived in soap, — and why ?
 Its makers are so used to — *lie*.

Old Shaving Brush ! — since first athwart
 My nether face thy tuft hath sped,
 I've grown much harder in the heart,
 And something wiser in the head.
 'Neath beauty's eyes no more I melt,
 When'er I see them sweetly shine ;
 No longer kneel, as once I knelt,
 A heart-thrall'd slave, at passion's shrine.
 But 'twas not thus, my Brush, I know,
 When we two met, seven years ago !

I was a subaltern when first
 I dipp'd thee in my shaving pot,
 Brimful of zeal, and all athirst
 For deeds of glory :— now I'm not.
 And thou, whose maiden hog's-hair rubb'd
 A poor Lieutenant's chops, I'll wager
 Shall have it yet to say thou'st scrubb'd
 The wrinkling visage of a Major :
 Nay, some odd day, thy faithful bristle
 May mollify a Colonel's gristle !



General Gardner!

How tenderly thy stump must go,
 When age shall blight the old locâle !
And when the head gets frail or so,
 What'dire mishaps must then befall !
The trenchant blade in nerveless hand ;
 The " cut " that's sure to " come again ;"
The failing sight ; th' existence spann'd ;
 The beard's last growth of all ;— and then ? —
For thee, or me, who'll care a rush,
Old Shaving Brush ! — Old Shaving Brush !

OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW FACES.

BY SYLVANUS SWANQUILL, ESQ.

It has long been lamented that we have no version of fables, fit to be put beside the French of La Fontaine. It is with a view to remove this complaint, that I have penned the following apologues; which, if approved, will form the nucleus of a complete edition. Their originality of treatment, I trust, will strike all readers — their errors, I hope, may strike very few.

THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE.

ONCE on a time — not so very long ago neither —
 there lived a little country mouse,
 In a queer-looking, half-timber'd, in-and-out, three-
 cornered, old country-house;
 Where there was not so much as a mouse-trap, or a
 bit of arsenic to be found,
 Nor a dog — except a very, very old fat spaniel, and
 a lame and blind and canine-toothless old hound,
 And not one of the feline — or rather, I should say,
 the *unfeelin'* race;

Of all the places in the world, sure, for a mouse to
live and die in, that was the place.

But, as you may suppose, there was something
else, besides this little mouse,
In this old-fashioned, queer-looking, bay-window'd,
folding-door'd, old house.

There was an old gentleman, and his wife, and only
surviving daughter,

(The first two, fifty years old a-piece, and the last
eighteen and a quarter,)

And ten or a dozen servants — housemaids, dairy-
maids, and maid cooks —

And a very large cellar of wine, and a very small
library of books ;

And guns, and pistols, and hats, and bonnets, hang-
ing up in the hall ;

And old ancestral pictures, drest up like shepherds
at a fancy ball ;

And bits of stained glass in the windows, York and
Lancaster roses in full bloom ;

And an economical motto painted up in the kitchen,
and an old japan folding-screen in the house-
keeper's room ;

And great, nail'd-up chambers in the north wing,
that were not particularly wanted —

Some said poverty nail'd 'em up, but the family
always said they were haunted.

Both tales might be true, for the poor old gentleman
of the place

Had once started for the county, and won — if you
might call it winning — the race :

But lost half his means in the contest — nay, some
say a good deal more :

And all he got in return, was his son blown up in a
seventy-four,

And himself caricatured in the print-shops, and
chalk'd up against the walls ;

Besides being obliged to subscribe to all the schools,
races, hunts, churches, and charity balls.

To be sure, he had the honour — if you call it one —
of being an M. P. ;

But such an honour as that, poor fellow, he soon
found was rather *em-pty*.

However, as I was saying, there lived, in a corner
of this old quiet house,

A pretty little unsophisticated, innocent-looking,
country belle of a mouse.

And very happy she was, let me tell you, as any
country belle need be ;

With plenty to eat and drink ; and liberty, when she
liked, to run free ;

And lots of gossiping neighbours, and good-looking
cousins, both females and males,

That used to come in of an evening, and make merry
with their long tails :



Boarding an enemy!

R. Ck.

Till one windy fourteenth of March — I shall never
forget the day —

There came a hamper of wine from London, packed
up in a whole truss of hay,

With "*glass with care,*" written atop, in a large Gog-
and-Magog sort of hand,

And two or three stage-wagon hieroglyphics, that
none but a porter could understand ;

Out of which, as they were carefully unpacking it in
the hall,

Jumped a little brown mouse, and ran like a lamp-
lighter behind an old wainscotted wall.

Well, what did this mouse do, being a London,
fashionable, Berkeley-square one,

But went up as bold as brass, and twisted tails with
our country fair one ;

And curtsy'd to all her friends — particularly the
gentlemen — with such infinite grace,

That, by Jove, she turned the heads — and tails — of
all the mice and rats in the place.

She gave herself such airs at last, as no mouse had
ever given (or taken) before,

Declared that a country life was, of all things on
earth, the most abominable bore ;

That she really felt symptoms of dyspepsia from
their horrid country fare,

And an incipient affection of the larynx from their
horrid country air.

In short, she vow'd and protested, she should be
most irremediably undone,

If she wasn't restored very soon indeed to her dear,
dear, duck-and-darling London.

An opportunity soon occurred : for the good old
mistress of the hall

Was determined to take her daughter up to town, and
bring her out at a fashionable ball.

She was old enough for a lover now, she said, (which
the daughter had found out three years before,)

And she hoped to obtain for her a coronet, or a baro-
net, and carriage-and-four.

As for any little flirtations she might have had with a
certain young squire,

She hoped the girl would'nt make a fool and an ass
of herself, but look higher.

To be sure, her's (her mamma's) had been a roman-
tic, runaway match,

But, if Sir George had'nt been a monied man and an
M. P. at the time, he might have run for her to
Old Scratch.

So she hoped she should hear no stuff about Charles
Somers, and love in a cottage ;

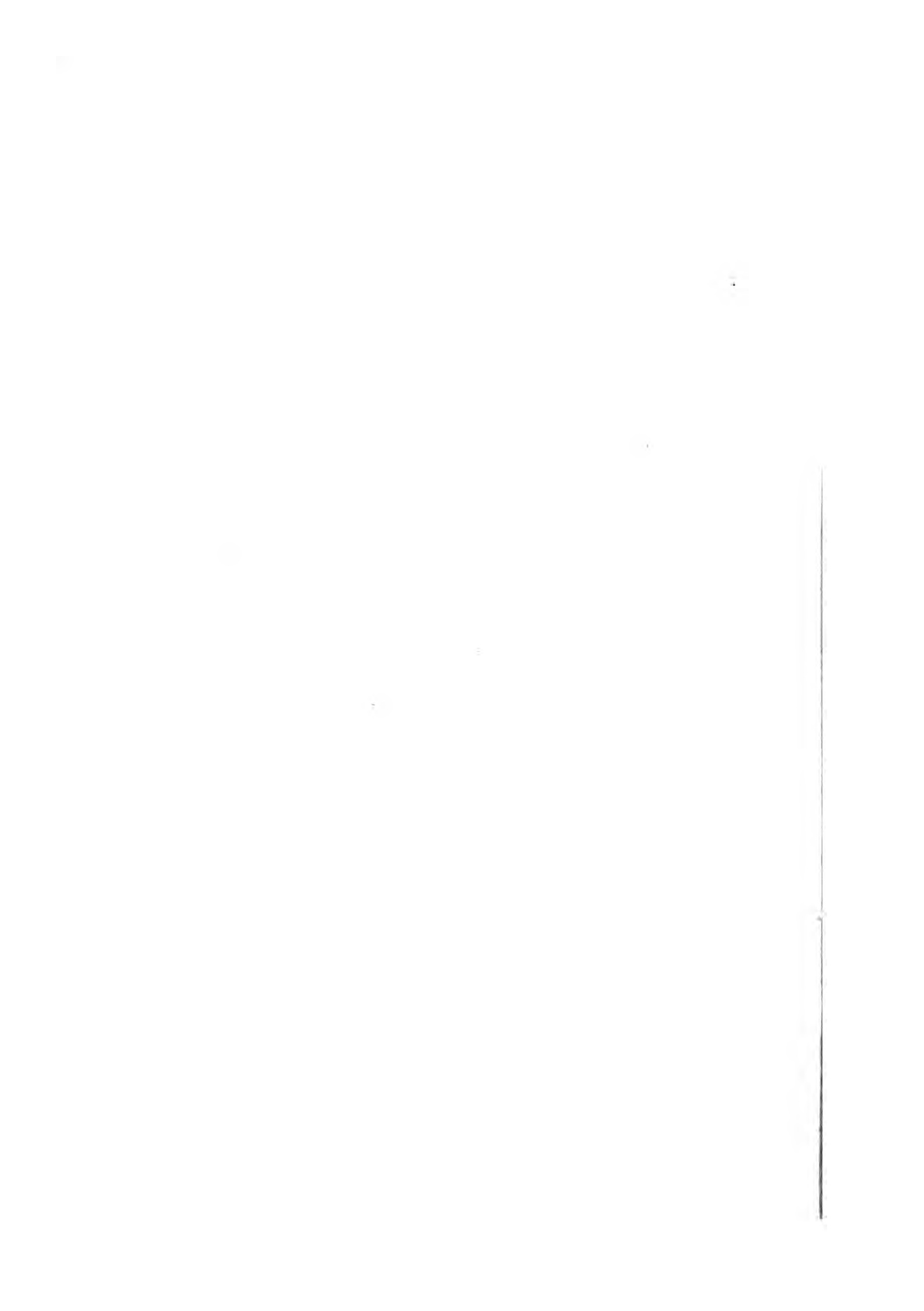
Which was all very well for trades-people, and par-
sons' daughters, and old women in their dotage ;

But not fit for a girl who had come in with the Con-
queror, ten thousand years ago,

And might perhaps live to have a king, or an
emperor, or a crown-prince for her beau.

Well, to London they went. The father, and
mother, and the destined bride,
And the family plate, and the last half year's rents,
(at least, as much as could be collected of 'em)
inside ;
And the footman and lady's-maid grumbling at one
another on the dickey behind ;
And the old coachman in front, who, if he was'nt
positively blind,
Was at least *half sees over* — and so were the horses
— and bandboxes and trunks without end,
Stuck about here and there, wherever there was, or
was *not*, room, you may depend.
And what do you think ? why, packed up in a great
sack of oats,
Which the blind old coachman had provided for his
pair of blind old horses' throats,
Were our two little brown bosom-friends, the town
and country mice,
Going up to dear, delightful London, that earthly
paradise.
For the metropolitan belle had so talked over the
provincial fair,
And pulled to bits all country things, its beaux, belles,
fashions, pastimes, food and air,
That a refusal was quite out of the question, to the
kind invitation,
Which followed, as a matter of course — to the capi-
tal of the English nation.

Well, the family arrived in due time, and took up
their quarters in Pall Mall,
(But whether east or west, on the veracity of a
fabulist, I can't tell.)
Cards were sent out to all their friends, and their
friends in heaps came pouring in,
And as for the bell and the knocker at the hall door,
they kept up an incessant din.
A Viscount fell in love with the daughter, an old,
broken down debauchee,
But very rich indeed, and with a very, very old
genealogical tree.
The mother made the daughter knit him a purse (the
hoary-headed old sinner!)
And Sir George, by his wife's desire still, sent to ask
him to come and take a bit of friendly dinner.
But stop! we're quite forgetting our dear little
mus-cular friends,
On whom half at least of the interest of our little fa-
ble depends.
They came up to town very safely, however, in the
old coachman's bag of grain;
But were forced, for the best part of a week — it was
very unfortunate — to remain
Locked up in a very thick, hard-as-iron, oak corn-
chest, in the stable.
However, as you may guess, they ate their way out
as soon as ever they were able,





R. Ck.

M.U. S.

Man of Tone!

And scampered, as hard as their eight legs would
carry 'em, across the court-yard into the house;
Where the Londoner introduced, to a large circle of
her town friends, her dear little country mouse.
It was night when they got in, and a fine supper
was on the table,

Which they soon began to fall foul on, for they'd
met with very poor fare in the stable.

"Come, pray make yourself quite at home," said the
town mouse, "you don't eat a bit, I declare:
These dishes, my dear, you'll acknowledge, are rather
better than your old country fare.

Allow me to give you an almond—a custard—this
Dutch cheese is really divine."

"Miss mousy," another one cries from the top of
the table, "permit me—augh—pleasure—take
wine."

OH LORD! THERE'S THE CAT! and away they all
skurry, poor things! as if they were out of their
mind 'most;

Pall Mall never saw such a pall-mall before—it's the
devil (that's the Cat) take the hindmost.

Head over heels, higgledy-piggledy, one over another
the little quadrupeds ran;

And the very cat himself, a great tortoiseshell beast,
actually turned cat-in-the-pan.

But, however, the mice all escaped, except one that
was drowned in a custard,

And another that had his senses taken away, by running over a pot of mustard,
And another that got fastened by the tip of his tail, in a hungry oyster's maw,
And another that was fairly pinned down to the carpet, by the cat's tortoiseshell paw.
But such groaning, and sighing, and panting, and falling into hysterics was never seen before,
As took place that unlucky evening under Sir George's old dining-room floor.
As for our poor friend out of Yorkshire, they thought she had fairly slipped her wind ;
And it was a very long time indeed before they could bring her to her right mind.
She came to herself at last, and opened her pretty little black eyes, and muttered —
Nobody could understand what she said at first — but at length she plainly uttered : —
“ Oh ! take me back to my old country home, and my plain old country diet,
Where there's neither cats nor high-seasoned dishes to interrupt one's peace and quiet !
If I'd wings, I'd fly there this minute ; but mice an't bats—tho' very much like 'em—nor swallows !
That horrid cat ! oh lawk ! I wish every cat and kitten in England, was hung up on a cat-gallows ! ”
But now, to get back to our friend, the knight, and his wife, and only daughter,

And tell the reader — good easy, *sleepy* soul! —
 what was going on in that quarter :
 The old wretch of a Viscount, after pocketing the
 blue and white purse,
 And drinking Sir George's best old hock, and Ma-
 deira, and claret — which was worse,
 And eating his dinners for a month or more, and
 winning his money at play,
 And driving his wife and daughter about town, at
 least every other day,
 Thought it was getting time to cut the connexion,
 so one night at cards, growing warm,
 He called Sir George an old superannuated block-
 head, and next morning winged him at Chalk-
 Farm.
 Sir George was placed, of course, under a couple of
 medical men's care,
 Who, quarrelling about his case, advised him to try
 his native country air.
 And no doubt, he was glad enough to go ; and so
 were the daughter and mother ;
 For, as you may very well suppose, such an affair
 made a great talk and a pother ;
 And friends began to look shy, and carriages seldom
 stopped at the door —
 Though the Viscount, the cause of all the mischief,
 was rather more in request than before.

So they told their tradesmen to send in their bills,—
 who very soon obeyed 'em ;
And called up their extra men and maids, and gave
 'em their characters and paid 'em ;
And ordered their old coachman to bring out the old
 family-coach once more ;
And desired our old friend the footman, and the
 lady's maid to get up behind, as before ;
And put the plate (what was left of it) inside again,
 and the trunks and boxes out ;
And set off for the North Riding of Yorkshire, at the
 rate of five miles an hour, or thereabout.
And what do you think, gentle reader, of all things
 in the world, again,
Was smuggled up in one corner of the old coach-
 man's old sack of grain ?
Why, our little friend, the country mouse, going
 back to her dear paternal walls ;
Heartily sick, as you may suppose, of town life and
 its horrid cat-calls.
Away they went, quadrupeds and bipeds, gallop-
 and-trot, over plains and through thickets,
Stopping every three miles or so, to pay abominable
 turnpikes that didn't take tickets, —
Till they came at last to their old hall, and dear pa-
 ternal groves ;
Where they heard the cawing of their own rooks,
 and the cooing of their own doves ;

C. PIERCE JEWELLER SILVER



R. Ck.

M.U.S.

An ear-wring!

And below them were the young lambs skipping
 about, and around were birds singing,
 With the village spire peeping through the trees,
 where the bells were merrily ringing.
 And guess what the bells were ringing for? why,
 for young Charles Somers' wedding,
 Who was married that very morning to a young,
 beautiful, elegant, accomplished, fashionable,
 fascinating, rich lady from Reading!
 Poor Mary fainted as soon as she heard it, and fell
 into her father's poor pistol-bulleted arm,
 And thence to the ground, with such a bump that
 her mother came running back in alarm,
 And the footman and lady's maid came tumbling
 out of the dickey in a fright,
 And the coachman left his old blind horses to find
 their way into the stable how they might.
 And our little friend, the country mouse, taking ad-
 vantage of the bustle and hurry,
 Galloped up the hall steps, and so off into the north
 wing, as hard as she could skurry.
 And "Oh! lawkadaisy dumpling!" exclaimed she,
 as her female cousins came flocking round,
 And asked her what sort of a place London was,
 and what sort of company (that's beaux) she'd
 found:
 "Oh! lawkadaisy!" says she again, "never you go
 there, or you'll most certainly be undone;

For, depend on it, there's a vast o' difference between the life of a country belle, and Belle's Life in London!"

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

Once on a time, a match was made
 Between a tortoise and a hare.
 The fox stood umpire o'er the race,
 To see that all was right and fair.

The ground is chos'n — the day is fine —
 Pug gives the word — away they go!
 Away — like one of Pickford's wains,
 Beside the Brighton Tallyho.

The tortoise scarcely seems to move,
 The hare appears almost to fly.
 Says Puss, "I'll hide me here half way,
 And have a laugh as he goes by."

Puss, panting, slips among the fern,
 Where soon she's fast asleep and snoring.
 The tortoise slowly gains the goal,
 And sets the field with laughter roaring.

Says Reynard then, "From this affair,
 A useful lesson we may reap:
 It's better to be slow — and sure —
 Than, like friend Pussy, *fast* — ASLEEP!"



A pair of *Love-birds* !

THE STOMACH AND THE MEMBERS.

A very, very, very, very, very long time ago — about the year One, as nearly as I can remember, — there was a terrible blow-up between *Messieurs* the Stomach and the members. It was very hard, the latter said, that they should be obliged to go on working from day's end to day's end, while the Stomach did nothing in the world but take its ease, and live on the fruits of their labour. The Feet were the first to turn out, protesting by their soles, they would stand it no longer. The inflammation went all the way up the leg, which joined "hip and thigh" in the commotion. The Knees, indeed,

begged and prayed (just like 'em) for peace and quietness — between you and me, there was a sort of church-and-state league between them and the Stomach — but finding all their remonstrances in vain, and that the Stomach hadn't a leg to stand on, they immediately began to knock under, and soon afterwards called a regular radical Marrow-bone meeting on the subject.

While matters were going on at this rate, at one end of the animal kingdom, there was at least an equal degree of insubordination at the other. As for the Arms and Shoulders, nothing would go down but “shoulder arms” with them; and you may be sure it wasn't long before the Hands had each of 'em a finger in the pie. There was not a bone in the whole lot, indeed, but became a regular bone of contention, and the sinews were positively and literally converted into sinews of war. As for the Head, it had got up a little rebellion of its own: nothing new on such an occasion — for there are always wheels within wheels, whether in French revolutions, or French watches. The Mouth brought forward heavy complaints against the Nose, saying, that although an inferior member in every respect, the latter had been most unjustly placed above him, and was allowed to take precedence of him on all occasions. The Nose — a noble Roman — said “he'd be blow'd” if he had ever given his neigh-

bour any just cause of complaint, and quoted Publius Ovidius Naso on the subject. As for grumbling about their relative situations, it was downright nonsense ; for every body knew that if it was'nt for him, many and many an unsavoury morsel would find its way into his neighbour's premises — and that, too, in spite of his teeth. If any one had a right to complain, it was himself ; overlooked as he was by the two Eyes, who were always bopeeping at him, like a couple of prying house-maids out of their *upstares* windows. The Eyes, who were very busy knitting their brows, couldn't of course, wink at such language as this ; but immediately retorted upon the Nose, telling him that it was more for his advantage than their own they occupied their present situation ; asking him who it was but they that prevented him from running against every wall he came nigh ; and adding, with a sneer, that, “ noble Roman ” as he boasted himself, if it wasn't for them he would be no better than a regular Blind Hookey. As for the Ears, they heard all, but said nothing : and in fact, they could have done no good if they had ; for, whenever there was any thing the matter in the head, you were sure to find one of them on one side, and one on the other. Indeed, there was no room for any body to say much, the Tongue kept up such a continual jabber. It was the noisiest member of the whole senate, and, as a double-mean-

ing wag of a double-tooth observed, seemed to be bringing forward a perpetual motion.

However, to make short of a long — and a very great — story, the members held out till they could hold out no longer. The stomach fell away — and so did they too. In short, as an eloquent member observed, they had been quarrelling with their own bread-and-butter; and indeed, they all candidly acknowledged — when they could no longer deny it — that their schemes of a common-wealth had turned out nothing but a common loss!

MORAL.

In all ages there may be found persons who resemble the members in the fable. We have seen such fellows in our own country; but, let them abuse King, Lords, and Commons as they like, it will be long before they find out a better rule of government than the good old English *Rule of Three*.

THE FOX AND THE GOAT.

A Fox and Goat, I've heard my granny tell,
Once went to drink together in a well.

When each had cooled his throat,

“Faith!” cried the Goat,

“This well is deep; how are we to get out again?”

“Don't be afraid,”

Sly Reynard said,

“ But set your feet against this wall;
Then up your back, dear friend, I’ll crawl,
And take a spring from off your head,
And then —”

“ What then ?” cries Bill. —

“ Why, then, I’ll pull you after me.” — “ You will ?”
“ Upon my honour.” — “ Matchless, by my beard!
Friend Reynard, of your tricks I’ve often heard,
But this beats all.”

Then Billy, as the weakest often do,
Went to the wall : then Pug jumped on his back ;
And thence to *terra firma* ; where, alack !
The faithless varlet stood, and grinned, and jeered,
And laughed at the Goat’s beard !

“ Come,” cried the Goat, “ now you’ll assist me too ?”

“ Indeed, not I.” —

“ What ! would you tell a lie !

A lie, my friend ! and in a well besides !

Where Truth, you know, resides ?” —

“ I thank you for the hint,” responded Pug,
Giving his shoulders a contemptuous shrug :

“ You can’t expect *me*, surely, truth to tell,
When Truth herself, you say, *lies* in a well.”

THE COCK AND THE JEWEL.

A game cock one day
Was scratching away
On a dunghill, and stuffing his gullet,

And clapping his wings,
And saying soft things
To his favourite speckle-backed pullet ;

When what should he spy
With his little left eye,
But a pair of most beautiful ear-rings ;
Which, doubtless, some jade
Of a giddy housemaid
Had swept off in one of her clearings.

“ How lovely ! how bright !
They dazzle me quite ! ”
Thus the cock with himself 'gan to parley—
“ Yet these pearls, as I live,
I would willingly give
For a few little grains of pearl-barley.

“ They're no more use to me
Than sun-dials at sea,
Or fishing-rods up in church steeples :
For I have no ear
To make holes in, that's clear—
Though I frequently *bore other people's.* ”

THE BUTT OF STOUT.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

SAM Stout he drove an omnibus,
With horses ne'er outdone —
They beat all others at a heat,
Nor melted in a *run*!

He ate and drank enough for three
Between his hourly rides,
And thought it not extravagant,
While he had "*twelve insides.*"

But Sam's great appetite fell off,
And fewer were his draughts,
When, spite of all his driving skill,
Love struck him with his *shafts.*

'Twas Kate he loved, a bar-maid fine,
Who always filled his glass,
An Irish girl, squat, fat and plump,—
In short, a *Catholic Mass!*

“Oh Kate,” says he, “accept my suit,
Such love is very rare!
And when you ride, no fare you'll pay,
Yet be my constant *fair!*”

Kate vowed she'd fix her heart on him,
But, ah, what wicked guile!
She only meant it for a time —
So 'twas but for a *wile!*

Too soon, alas! he found her false,
Which made his senses reel;
And driving head-long to his end,
He cared not for his *weal.*

“Oh! I'd jump in the Thames,” he cried,
“But 'twould disgrace my rank,
To leave my old stand at St. Paul's,
And thus run to the *bank!*”



*The Rein-ing favorite: Stage-Manager,
box keeper, & Prima Donna*

“ Ah, Kate ! when at St. Paul’s you gaze,
You’ll think, with grief and gloom,
Of one who was as stoutly built,
And with as ‘ dark a *doom* !”

“ My hopes of one day keeping house,
Are all for ever fled ;
For till my death my tears for you
Will keep me in a *shed*.”

Then he resolved to die, and quit
The ills this life bestows,
And leave his omnibus to *gee*
Without him and his *wo’s* !

So he got in an empty butt,
And closing up the end,
Felt grateful for its friendly aid,
Though but “ a hollow friend.”

The draymen came to take him off,
And thought stale *beer* they’d there ;
But ah ! Stout’s load of grief was more
Than *porter* e’er could bear !

They twirled him then along the curb,
But knew not, simple souls !
How much he'd rather starve in peace,
Than have so many *rolls*.

Says he, " In vain to summons me
Informers long combined,
But now these brewers think me beer,
I shall be surely *fined*."

" Oh, farewell Kate ! no more you'll fill
My glass, with smiles and titters ;
My thoughts, if now I drank your gin,
Would make it gin and *bitters* !

" I gasp, and can no longer breathe,
But die a cruel death ;
For though these horses draw this dray,
They cannot draw my breath !

" And should you still think I've not had
Enough of woe of late,
You'll find, alas ! my smothered end
Is *quantum suff-O-Kate* !"

F. B. F.

THE SECOND SON.

BY MRS. ABDY,

AUTHOR OF "MY VERY PARTICULAR FRIEND."

"The world requireth not two Suns."

I'm weary of a single life,
 The clubs of town I hate ;
 I smile at tales of wedded strife,
 I sigh to win a mate ;
 Yet no kind fair will crown my bliss,
 But all my homage shun —
 Alas ! my grief and shame is this,
 I'm but a Second Son !

My profile, all the world allows,
 With Byron's e'en may vie,
 My chesnut curls half shade my brow,
 I'm almost six feet high ;
 And by my attitudes of grace,
 Ducrow is quite undone,
 Yet, what avail the form and face
 Of a poor Second Son ?

I sing Rossini's lays divine,
I quote each tender bard ;
I skate upon the Serpentine,
I dance the Gallopade ;
Sonnets and epigrams I write,
And shoot, and fence, and pun,
An " admirable Crichton " quite !
But then — a Second Son !

For wary beauties in their prime
My talents coldly scan,
Or whisper, " 'Tis a loss of time
To hear that poor young man !"
And should some novice, frank and gay,
Seem by my graces won,
Her chaperon will frowning say,
" He's but a Second Son !"

At private concerts oft I've played,
Some gentle heart to move,
For music is by Shakspeare said
To be the food of love :
But ah ! in vain I woke the string,
None told me to " play on ;"
Apollo's self no charm could bring,
Were he a Second Son !



Shop - lifting..!



My brother's words enchant each ear,
His looks delight all eyes,
Although his wit and worth appear
As trivial as his size ;
My mother to his faults is blind,
She vows he has not one ;
But then, she's doubly quick to find
Those of her Second Son !

A widow, fifty years of age,
Would smile upon my claim ;
Her niece's heart I might engage,
Who's spiteful, dull, and lame.
A hoyden scruples not to make
Advances hard to shun ;
Such brides as these I cannot take,
Though but a Second Son !

I asked the counsel of a friend ;
He answered, " Emigrate ;
" Your's are the troubles that attend
An over-polish'd state."
I'll go — I'll quit this land of guile,
By *Nature's* freedom won,
The only *mother* who will smile
On a poor Second Son !

THE MYSTERIOUS LODGER.

A FACT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MAN WHO CARRIED
HIS OWN BUNDLE."

AN uncommonly dull season at the demi-semi-fashionable bathing town of Scratchby had concluded, leaving things in a more melancholy state of stagnation than it had found them! The few migrating idlers who had ventured thither, fled before the chilly blast of an early autumn; the proprietors of furnished villas and apartments were in despair. — Tradesmen scarcely dared look at the gazette lest they should behold their own names among the bankrupts; the milliners walked about with rueful looks, dressed in their own unsold finery, wondering how it was to be paid for; and the owners of bathing machines were ready to drown themselves off their own steps!

Dismal November with all its fogs had set in; and if November in London be proverbial for its gloom, what must it be in a little ill-built smoky town, on the eastern coast of England, where people have nothing to amuse them but watching the arri-

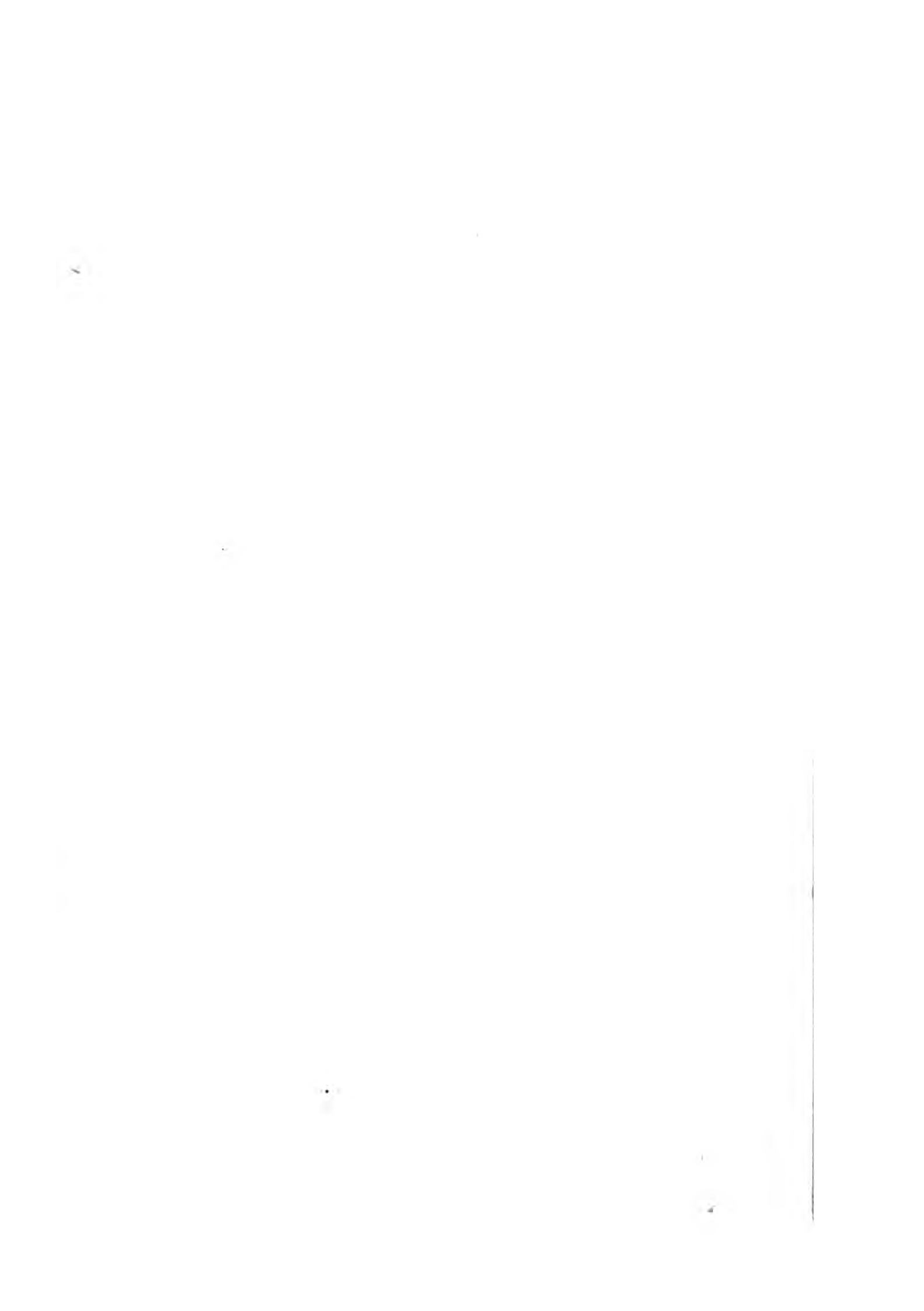
val of herring-boats, or the departure of sprat-fishers, the flight of sea-gulls, or the periodical ebb and flow of the tide!

The most inveterate gossips of Scratchby became at length weary of propounding to each other the question, "*What news?*" on account of the eternal reply, "*No news!*"—when a sudden excitement was given to their suspended animation, by hearing that a stranger had actually arrived,—how, when, or whence, no one knew; but he occupied the best apartments at the principal hotel, rose at twelve, breakfasted at one, dined at eight, excommunicated steel forks, ordered dishes with unheard-of names, and called for wines, the mention of which made the landlord's wig stand on end! Moreover he burned wax-lights, and read no newspaper but the *Morning Post*: "by all which tokens it was plain that he was a person of consequence," said the landlady, who had once filled the situation of lady's maid in a nobleman's family.

The landlord said he was quite satisfied respecting guests, if they paid their reckoning, which the stranger had insisted on doing every night; the young ladies of the house thought it very singular that the gentleman had no baggage: yet his dress was scrupulously neat, and fresh every day, though no one could discover what became of the clothes he took off!

Yet, notwithstanding this disqualifying circumstance, the young ladies were sure he was somebody extraordinary. He was so tall and thin, and interestingly sallow, and had such expressive dark eyes: besides, he wore no cravat. Had it been ten years sooner, he *must* have been Lord Byron, or the great Unknown, or Prince Leopold, looking out for a second wife at Scratchby; as it was, they only ventured to surmise him into the ex-duke of Brunswick, one of the Buonapartes, or some titled sentimentalist, in search of disinterested love. It is the disposition of the world at large, much more the world *in little*, to surmise the *worst* of every one: but the mysterious lodger, though a man without a name, and without baggage, was evidently the master of a well filled purse, which in these virtuous days compensates for the lack of every thing else! The report of this having transpired, there was a meeting of the Scratchby exclusives, to debate whether the mysterious lodger should be admitted to the society of "the head persons of the borough," at which the majority considered mine hostess's standard of aristocracy as quite orthodox; and "the breakfast at one, dinner at eight, French dishes, Rhenish wines, silver forks, wax lights, and the Morning Post," must be indubitable symptoms of high breeding!

After the adventure of Lord A—— B——'s incognito, these worthies were disposed to look





Early rising.
Between One and Two, in the morning!

upon every pedlar, who carried a smaller pack than usual, as a peer of the realm in disguise. So they came to the conclusion, that the mysterious lodger at the Mermaid was an itinerant of rank, whose friendship it would be desirable to cultivate, and they would favour him with a visit : but, as it is *rather* awkward to call on a person without even knowing his *name*, they summoned mine host of the mermaid, and put him to the question ordinary and extraordinary. Mine host professed his ignorance respecting his lodger, observing that it would be wastly impertinent to question any one who behaved so *genteelly* as to pay his reckoning every night. " Besides," added he, " had it been a possible thing for *any* one to do, our mistress, sir, would have found out his name before he had been in the house six hours, for she is a special person at secrets."

" It is only a walk to the post office, at the worst," soliloquized Mr. Fox the recorder, taking up his hat.

" Yes, yes, sure to find it out there," rejoined the sagacious mayor, nodding his head, and all the corporation nodded their heads also, while the great man of the town, Mr. Loftus, the banker, whistled " We are a' noddin."

Mr. Fox presently returned with a blank countenance. " The gentleman at the Mermaid had never received a letter !"

The exclusives were now in greater perplexity than ever, respecting the incognito who "breakfasted at one, dined at eight," &c. &c.

"You shall wait upon him with the subscription book of the reading-rooms, Mr. Hawk," said the mayor, after a pause, "and request him to add his name to the list."

"And if he ask what papers and periodicals we take, be sure to say, the Morning Post, St. James's Chronicle, and the Courier; Blackwood's Magazine, and the Quarterly," added Mr. Loftus.

"We'll write by this day's post, and stop the Times, and the Traveller, and the Star," said Mr. Fox, "and we'll order John Bull, and the Tory County paper."

"Very good," observed the town clerk; "and do you, Boniface, present my compliments to your lodger, and say I wish to speak to him."

Mine host, who had formed a shrewd idea of his guest's peculiarities, undertook the office with any thing but alacrity.

His mysterious lodger was reposing at full length on a hard narrow sofa, with a crumpled red-and-yellow chintz cover, dosing over the Morning Post, when he entered and delivered Mr. Hawk's message.

"Hey? what d'ye say? a new sort of fish in town?" yawned the object of universal interest.

“No, sir; Mr. Hawk the town-clerk’s compliments, and he will be happy to speak to you.”

“What does he want? let him send his business.”

“Send his business! why, to be sure, sir, you don’t know what sort of a gentleman our town-clerk is.”

“No, nor do I wish to acquire any knowledge of him; I am acquainted with too many troublesome persons already!”

“Well, sir, to be sure, sir, it’s all very true, sir, but pray, sir, what am I to say to Mr. Hawk, sir?”

“Any thing you like, except that I shall be happy to see him — for I have an especial dislike to busy bodies!”

“And you wish him to send his business, sir.”

“No, I do not wish to be plagued with it, but, if he insists upon it, I suppose I must.”

Mine host descended to the committee below, and, with some amendments, repeated the ungracious speeches of his mysterious lodger.

Mr. Hawk looked white; the corporation and the mayor looked at Mr. Loftus.

“Person of consequence, no doubt,” observed the latter, who did not rightly understand the difference between persons of consequence, and consequential persons. “Here, landlord, take the book of subscribers to the gentleman, and say Mr. Loftus and the gentlemen of Scratchby desire their compli-

ments, and hope he will do them the honour of adding his distinguished name to their society at the reading-room."

"Society at the reading-room! — add my distinguished name, (what do they know of that I wonder?) — to such a set as this!" muttered the mysterious lodger, glancing his eye quickly over the list of the little great of Scratchby; then contemptuously tossing the sacred book from him, he resumed the study of the Morning Post.

The message, if message it could be called, was repeated to the eagerly-expecting conclave.

"Are you certain he observed *my* name?" demanded Mr. Loftus.

"And mine? and mine? and mine?" inquired the mayor, Mr. Fox, and every member of the corporation, and genteel resident in the town, from class A, down to about class G.

"Don't you think we had better commit him as a vagrant or ill-disposed person, Mr. Worshipful?" said the attorney, hesitatingly.

"And then you can *compel* him to give some account of himself," observed the offended town-clerk.

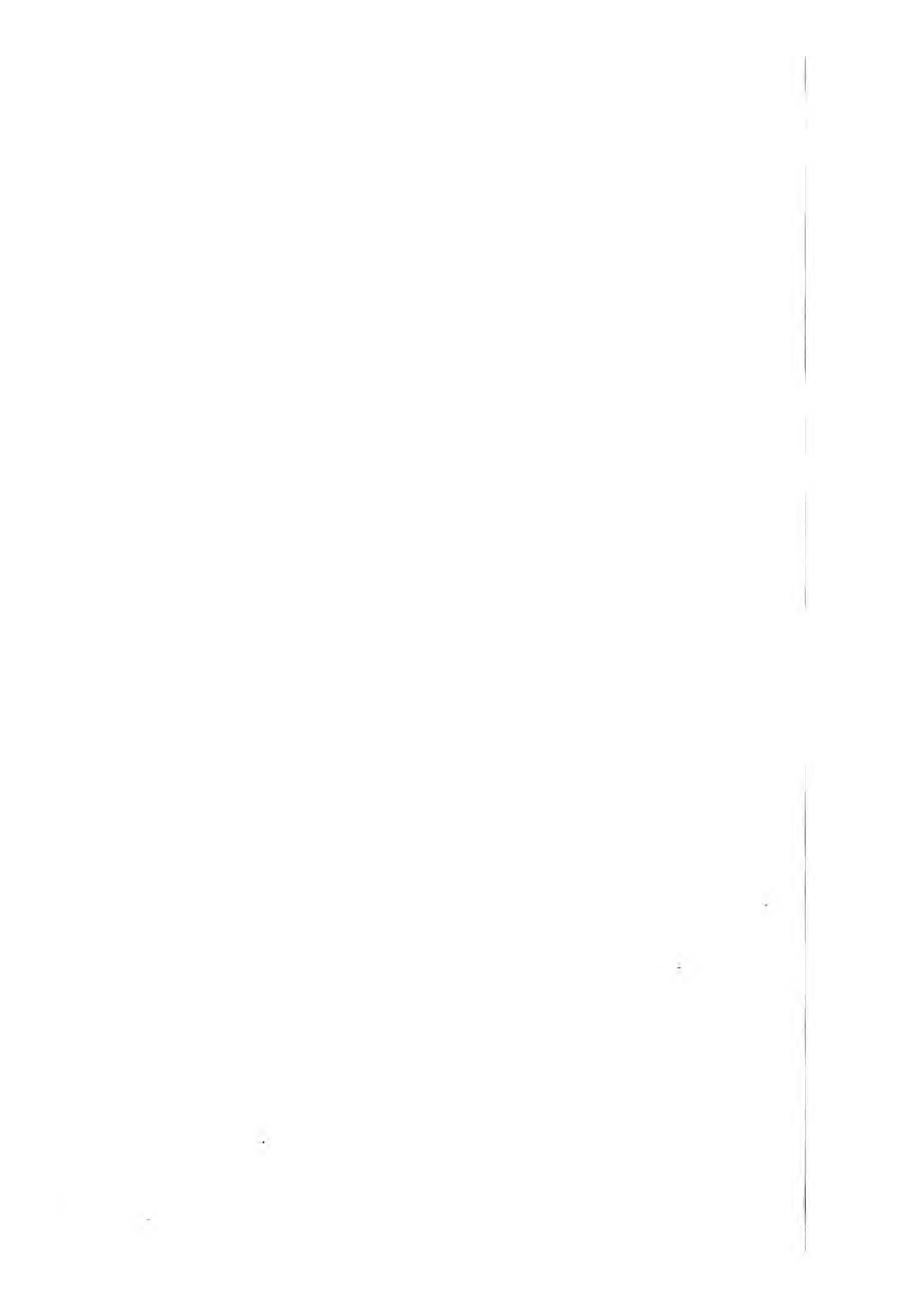
"Of what can we accuse him?" asked the chief magistrate.

"Of being a Radical," said Mr. Loftus.

"But he reads the Morning Post," rejoined the curate.



Blotting-paper!



“All art and grimace,” said Mr. Hawk. “I’ll wager any thing that he has some of Cobbett’s trash in his possession, if he were now searched ”

“Farmer Rickman’s stacks were fired the night before last, you know, gentlemen, by some maliciously-disposed person, whose *name is unknown*,” said the attorney, significantly.

“And whom are we to suspect, unless it be a suspicious person?” rejoined Mr. Hawk.

“Very true,” said Mr. Loftus, “and it was only yesterday that I received myself a threatening letter, signed ‘Swing.’ ”

“Indeed!” exclaimed the whole conclave.

“Then, sir,” said the attorney, “you may depend this mysterious lodger at the Mermaid is neither more nor less than that *ignis fatuus* villain, Swing himself, and perhaps cousin germain to the Irish Captain Rock, whom no one has yet been able to catch.”

This speech was received with universal applause ; and the corporation were now far more desirous of hanging the mysterious lodger, than they had been a few minutes before of cultivating his acquaintance. Mine host was summoned and cross-examined as to his guest’s mode of spending his time ; when, to their infinite satisfaction, Mr. Boniface admitted that the party suspected went out about six o’clock on the evening the conflagration

took place, and, though he had ordered dinner at the usual hour, did not return until after midnight.

“A plain case, a plain case,” was murmured through the room.

“Have you ever observed any thing of a suspicious nature lying about in his apartments?” queried Mr. Fox.

“No, sir,” replied mine host; “no, sir, not so much as a nightcap; and our Betty is of opinion he does not wear such a thing.”

“Had you not better summon Betty, Mr. Mayor, to give her evidence?” asked Mr. Fox.

“Certainly, by all means,” responded Mr. Worshipful; and Mrs. Betty, smirking and curtesying, yet frightened at the awful presence, entered the room.

“Well,” said the mayor, with an encouraging nod, “what have *you* to say of the suspicious character, who has taken up his abode in this house?”

“Why, lawk, sir, I doesn’t wish to say any thing against the gentleman, though he be rather a spicious person, as you say.”

“Mr. Hawk, take down, that Betty Brown, the chamber-maid, considers him a very suspicious character,” said the mayor.

“Oh, pray, my honours, don’t go to set down any thing that I should say against the gentleman’s character,” exclaimed Betty, in great agitation. “I am sure

he has always behaved in the genteelest manner to me, giving me a shilling every evening when I brings him his night candle, and what was still genteeler than that, when he gave me half-a-crown the day of the fire, to go and buy him a sixpenny box of Lucifers, he wouldn't take none of the change, but said, 'Molly, never mind the change, it will do to buy you a ribbon, for you are a very honest girl in bringing me back so much money, for I never got a box of Lucifers so cheap before, and I use a good many,' says he."

"*Now, gentlemen,*" exclaimed the mayor, "I think we may congratulate ourselves on being instrumental in bringing such a notorious delinquent to justice. You find, by his own voluntary confession to Betty, that he has long been addicted to the infernal practice of purchasing Lucifers to assist in his demoniacal amusement of incendiariism. I say that hanging is too good for such a villain."

"Very true," observed Mr. Loftus, "and it is a pity the laws will not admit of his being burned alive."

"Sir, I quite agree with you," said Mr. Hawk; "but, Mr. Mayor, you had better commit him on strong suspicion of having been the author of the late conflagration."

"Very good," replied the mayor; "but I must summons him before my worshipful self first, you

know, and examine him myself on the charge of having maliciously and wilfully set fire to neighbour Rickman's stack."

So a summons was issued without further delay; but to their infinite disappointment, the constable who had been dispatched with it, after searching every nook and corner of the hotel, returned with the information, "that he was no where to be found!"

"Absconded by all that's circumstantial!" exclaimed Mr. Hawk.

"Lawk, gentlemen!" simpered Betty, "he is only gone out for a walk, as he do every day into the country, to look about him a bit, and he's sure to be home to dinner, because he have ordered some of his heathen messes, to be ready by eight o'clock; for I heard him tell our *missus*, he chose some '*mutton-go-tawney*' soup, and a homlet, and some *petticoat lays*, which are nothing in the world but some lamb chops, and a *stew-flea* by way of pudding; so you may be sure, my honours, he will be home to eat such a dinner as that; for if he don't, I am sure nobody else will."

"It is my opinion, that this person ought to be pursued in all directions, without loss of time," said Mr. Hawk.

And so thought the mayor, and every member of the corporation who was possessed of a horse, or



Up, and Down:

"Set me down, you rascal!" or I will take you up!"

could afford to hire one, or knew how to play the equestrian: and within half an hour all the cavalry of Scratchby was in motion, with Mr. Loftus at their head; for Mr. Worshipful, though a *mayor*, was a very poor manager of a horse, and preferred bringing up the rear in his comfortable stanhope.

Although there were several bowery green lanes in which a fugitive might have sought temporary shelter from the formidable pursuit of the civil authorities, they disdained to diverge from the straight line of the turnpike road, and had not proceeded more than three miles, before they overtook the object of their suspicion; nay, more, detected him in the very act of striding across the pales of Sir Mowbray Mortimer's park!

Mr. Loftus being a resolute man, instantly leaped from his saddle, and with the town clerk, the recorder, the constable, and one or two of the most courageous members of the corporation, succeeded in surrounding, and taking into custody, the suspected incendiary, whom, though an elegant and fashionably dressed man, they loaded with every vituperative epithet which their indignation at his evil deeds could suggest.

The mysterious lodger protested against the violence and illegality of their very extraordinary proceedings, in terms which indicated his familiarity with the technicalities of the bar, to the infinite

astonishment of his arch enemies,—the town clerk, and the recorder, who were not prepared to find a professional brother in a villanous incendiary.

The mayor now coming up, insisted (as he had passed the bounds of his own jurisdiction) on taking the object of their suspicions before Sir Mowbray Mortimer, who being a very active J. P. (and moreover, a strict manor-ist!) was not very likely to look favourably on the trespass and character of the mysterious lodger.

Sir Mowbray hastened to give audience to these bustling civilians and *incivilians*, secretly wondering for *which* of his sins he was punished with the infliction of a visit from such a set of intolerable bores! However, as the aristocracy are the “politest” people in the world, he received the Scratchby *consequential*s with all the courtesy of a “person of consequence,” and, instead of asking their business, waited for them to unfold it.

“Sir Mowbray Mortimer, sir,” commenced the mayor, “I dare say you are surprised to see me here so far out of the bounds of my jurisdiction; but, sir, as a brother magistrate, I beg to state that I and my corporation left Scratchby this afternoon in pursuit of the celebrated incendiary, Swing, whom we happily caught on your manor, Sir Mowbray, in the illegal and felonious act of striding over your park pales!”

“Indeed, sir!” said Sir Mowbray, whose curiosity now began to be excited; “and where is he?”

“Sir, he is waiting, handcuffed, in the hall, under charge of Dick, the constable.”

Sir Mowbray having signified his wish to see the object of suspicion, Dick, the constable, was desired to bring his prisoner forward; the latter advanced with greater alacrity than could be expected from a person under his circumstances,—but what was the surprise of his captors when they heard Sir Mowbray greet him with,

“Why, my dear Littleton, what riots have you been engaged in, since you were last here, to entitle you to those bracelets?” laughing, and pointing to the handcuffs.

“So far from engaging in riots, my dear fellow,” responded the prisoner, “that, as I had heard what bellicose people the men of Scratchby were, I eschewed their society altogether till the arrival of my fellow commissioner, Mr. Boreham Brushall, might enable me to inquire into the abuses of this corporation with sufficient effect. But in the mean time, Mr. Mayor and the rest of them having determined to be beforehand with me, I suppose, accuse me of being no less a person, Mortimer, than that notorious will-o’-the-wisp, Mr. Swing!”

“On what grounds, may I ask, have this worshipful assemblage brought this accusation against my friend

here, who is the Honourable Blackstone Littleton, of the Inner Temple, one of the commissioners empowered by ministers to inquire into the abuses of corporate bodies?" asked Sir Mowbray, as soon as he could conquer his risibility.

"Will Mr. Littleton be pleased to account for his absence from the Mermaid between six in the evening, and an hour past midnight on the night of the conflagration on Farmer Rickman's premises?" said Mr. Hawk, the only one who was not struck speechless by the ominous name and business of the mysterious lodger.

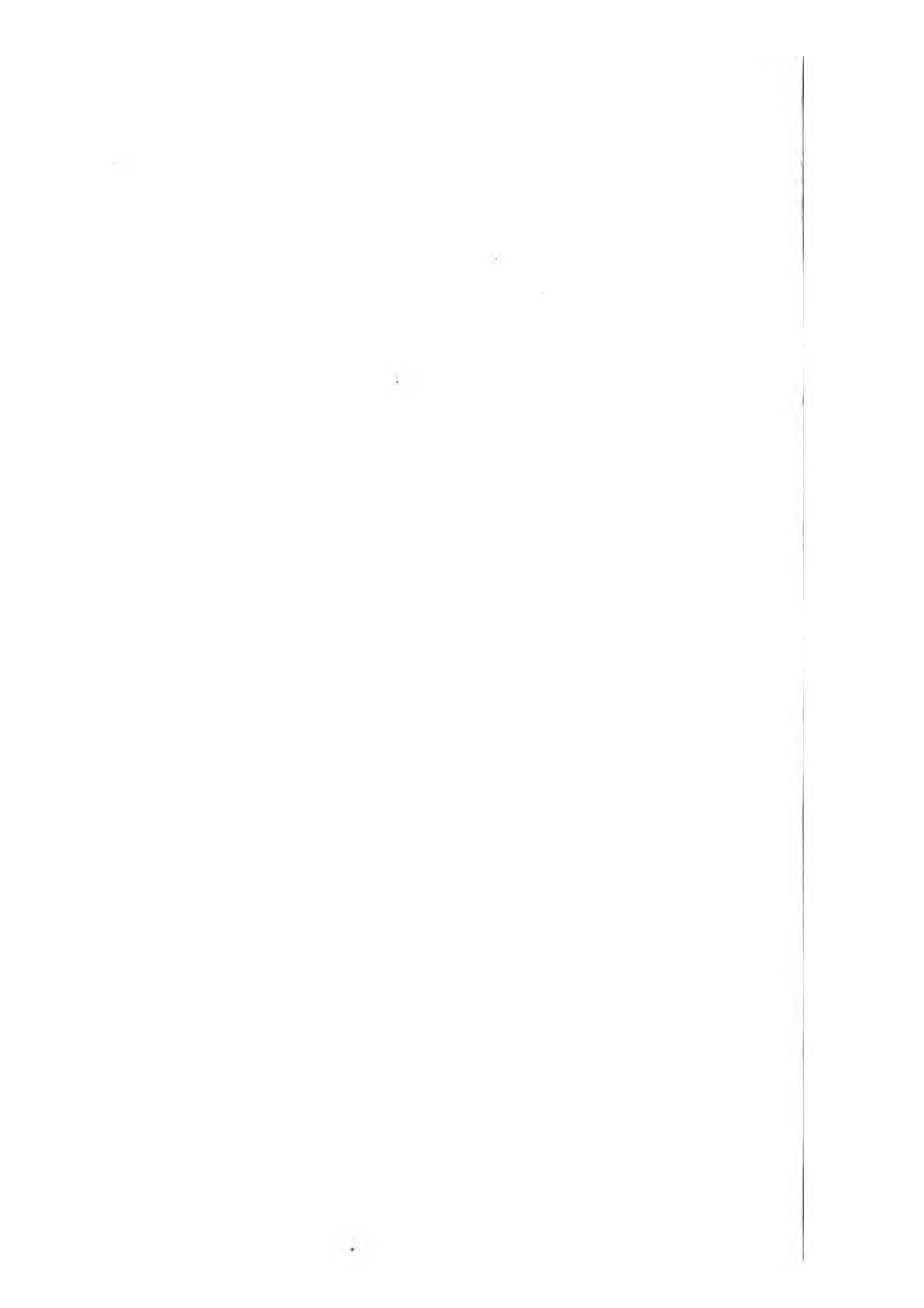
"Mr. Littleton did me the honour of dining with me at seven that evening, and kindly remained here till nearly the hour you mention;" said Sir Mowbray.

"But, sir, the purchase of the box of Lucifers still remains to be explained," said the abashed, yet pertinacious town-clerk.

"Sir," replied Mr. Littleton, "I always use Lucifers to ignite my cigars, for which purpose I purchased a box of these articles on the day of which you speak. I happen to have it about me gentlemen, and beg to produce it for your satisfaction, still unopened. And now, gentlemen, I hope when I, in conjunction with my colleague, Mr. Brushall, (whom I expect to-morrow) proceed to inquire into corporation abuses, you will be able to



Causes of interruption!



return as satisfactory answers to *our* queries, as I have done to *yours* !”

The mayor and corporation, who had dreaded the long threatened advent of these commissioners of inquiry, worse than the cholera, stood aghast at the adventure, while Dick, the constable, scarcely needed their sign to release the wrists of this important personage from the handcuffs.

“Indeed, sir,” apologized Mr. Fox, “if you had only been kind enough to add your name to the list of the reading-room, we should have been aware who you were, and conducted ourselves with proper respect.”

“I am sure, sir, if we had taken you for a gentleman, it would have been very different,” whined the mayor.

“And if you had suspected me of being a commissioner of inquiry,” said Mr. Littleton, “I suppose I might have purchased Lucifers enough to put the whole county in a blaze, without being called to an account for it,—so that I had not thrown too much *light* on *your* proceedings.”

For the benefit of such of my readers as may be curious respecting the development of minor mysteries, I beg to state that Mr. Commissioner Little-

ton's portmanteau having been mis-sent, he was reduced to the necessity of borrowing articles of dress of his friend, Sir Mowbray Mortimer, at whose mansion he had regularly performed his mysterious toilet, while he had been the "mysterious lodger" at the Mermaid !

SCENE AFTER DINNER.

Husband. A little bit of that cake, love.

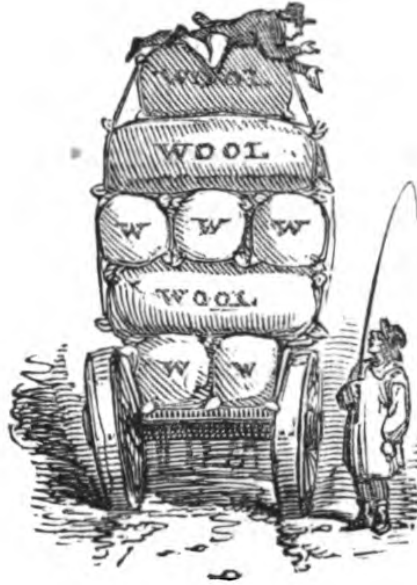
Wife. Here, dear. --- Velvets are so much worn, you *must* buy me a dress.

Husband. Times are too dear, love ; I can't afford it.

Wife.

How ! Times are grown dearer ! I'll venture to say
You are wrong ; and to prove it I'm willing ;
For know, my *dear* love, it was but only to-day
I bought that *pound* cake for a *shilling* !

E. T.



Speech from the Woolsack !

SCOTCH BULLS.

BY WALTER ELLIS.

THOUGH twenty copies of the Edgeworthian Treatise on "Irish Bulls," were blunderingly ordered by the Hibernian Farming Society, I do not expect the Caledonian agriculturists to patronize this essay.

It has nothing to do with the animal, who, emulating his own *bullying* cowardice, I used to swear at, and run away from, beyond Tweed, though there, in sooth, the "curst" one *had* "short horns."

I wish but to convince *John Bull* that "Erin's sons" monopolize not the gift he wots of, papists though they may be ; but that many an honest Presbyterian utters as great a quantity of bulls, as the Pope.

Indeed the live Paddy, who calls himself "*kilt*," flounders less than Patrick the *kilted*; and the matter-of-fact Scots take more unintentional liberties with truth, than the imaginative liberty-boys.

Before I proceed to instances, however, let me confess a surprise, more rational than that of the citizen, who on landing at Calais, felt amazed to hear the infantine natives jabber French so fluently.

I had known many Scotch *militaires*, ere I visited their country, who retained the accent; but, for hearing from the respectable, the literati of modern Athens, the idioms of an unintelligible *patois*, I was unprepared, and found the Lowlanders as *far above* my comprehension as the mountaineers, who *brought down* their Highland Gaelic, but not to *my* capacity!

The fun was, that all my northern friends clamoured, in their "most sweet voices,"

"'Tis fac as deeth, that you Englishers never ken yer ain language suffeiciently; either in soond or sense; ye've nae proper pronounciation, nae corrac aylocution."

This from a "Comet-eeman, who had freens at the Admi-ralty, and was a *contreebter* to Blackod's *Mag-azin*!"

At every corner, some mysterious *affiche* met mine eye. "Crimping and goffering,"— "Dishes covered,"— "Minched collops,"— "*Washing and dressing done here!*" I was all perplexed incredulity. Fish-

wives passed me, crying, "Caller hawdy," and young *W. S.*'s invited me to a "curling match," or wanted me to "throw a stain on Croft angry." My landlady wore a "much," and drank out of a "much-kin." One day she addressed me with :

"Are ye no weel eneuch the morn, Sir? I jalouse ye dinna ralish oor kail brose; ye should eat just a gude shave o' bap wi yer breakfast, and mind that yer tea's weel maskit. I've bought for dinner, fra the flesher's, as tender a gigot as ever was set on a hashit, and a muckle partane, for supper. Ye should na sit yon o'er sic ane a fire; ye'll hae the lum in a low."

Now, with the exception of the Gallically-derived names, I understood not the import of a single substantive. The more she came "out with her nouns," the more verbally was I puzzled.

Walking with Mrs. D—l— (not Dalzel, though even so initially is that name pronounced by the "Ba-fours" and "Mac Greegors,") I was *admiring* the kitchen-garden which that lady, though the sister of a baronet, cultivated with her own hands.

"What a profusion of garlic!" I said, with a shrug of distaste.

"Eh, *fine* that!"

"D'ye think so? I don't like it."

"Hoot, '*fine that*''s a mere assent."

"You will have plenty of beet-root, too."

“Belive, belive, ye should say.”

“Is beet-root called *belive* here, then?”

“You queer bodie! *belive* I may have plenty o’t, and belive I may no. Oh lad! yon’s a puddock; just hurl him ony where, ’tis a beast I scunner to look upon!”

“D’ye mean this toad, ma’am?”

“Todd, man! I’d like to see a todd bide there, till you win till him, — a todd’s hunted wi horse and hound, and to my mind that’s mair excusable sport, than shooting at peatricks. I canna thole it.”

“Peatricks, ma’am?”

“Aye, the plump bit birdies.”

“Oh.”

I, shortly after this, started for Perth, by the Hironnelle coach, one seat of which I had to myself, the other was occupied by two gentlemen, who addressed each other as “meenister,” and “profaisor.” The wind blew, as it blows no where else on land.

“Tack yer auld cloak about ye, young man,” said the benevolent ecclesiastic, “for ye look but frail and seelly, are ye no?”

“I hope not, sir,” I retorted, taking out my note book.

“Ye might have said, thank ye for *speiring*,” quoth the professor, with a laugh.

“That’s more than even an *eel* would do,” I an-

swered, reading aloud as I wrote; "a modest, intelligent Englishman, called *frail* and *silly*!"

"I meant," replied the good minister, "that you seem unco delicate for a journey, on a road sae roughened by being just laid down with new metal."

"*Metal!*" I repeated, thinking on Whittington's idea of London Streets.

"Ou, ay," said my friend, "and in this weather; it's gay an croose."

"So, travelling per coach, in a hurricane, is here considered a gay cruise;" commented I.

"I like that," said the professor, "ye're a drole cretur abune the lave. The wale o fallo voyagers, is a thin skinned cockney."

"Sir, I laved not in the Thames, like a whale, or any thing else, as a Londoner. I am a *true* southern; and our white skins are thick as velvet." The gale suddenly seemed frozen in the sky,—my teeth were more inclined to chatter than my tongue.

"'Tis a sair storm!" remarked the minister.

"It *was*," said I.

"It was no; it *is*, sin the change."

"A breezeless frost then, is a storm, on *this* road? I will, indeed, take my old cloak about me." I continued, singing Iago's favourite ballad. Few things are criticised which we get for nothing. The Scots caught at a bait not included in their bill of fare, and encored.

“Nay, gentlemen!” I cried, “I’ve sung to you unasked, now let me beg that you will warble something national.”

This was like calling on them to pay.

“I’m raily vera sorry,” responded the minister, “I’m thinking there wad be na time.”

“Nor tune neither, perhaps; n’importe! why not?”

“Na time for sic a ploy, sir. I’m here by favour merely, till the day warms; my place is oot.”

“And I,” echoed the other, “maun gae *butt* the coach, at the end o this stage.”

“How, sir,—like a goat?”

“Haud yer gab, ye reedeeclous bairn,—when the driver wants a fresh pair,—when we change; but, laith as I am to want ye, for ye’re a weel advised callant, I’m blythe that ye will keep *Ben*.”

“And who is he, sir? if your friend leaves me too, I shall keep no visible companion; so pray sing, while we are—what is it?”

“Foregathered.”

“Or three gathered, rather.”

“Daft monkey! I canna. I’m a little horse.”

“A what?”—He coughed in explanation.

“But *you* will, sir?” I persevered, turning to the other, “surely you are not a little horse too?”

“I, sir! a leetle? gin being a wee afflicket may excuse yon pair bodie, ye maun clean forgie me. I’m waur,—I’m mair.”

“Indeed!” I exclaimed, writing down, ‘a Scotchman with a cold is a little horse; a Scotchman in an asthma, is a mare. These animals travel inside, disguised, till wanted. (Mem. Import the breed to town, every winter, and oppose Tattersall.)’

The horse laughed. The mare magisterially shook his head; but both were soon called to *butt* the *coach*, leaving *Ben* and I together.

“I winna talk of pleasures, foreby honours,” said the minister, “but, whist, young chap! I’d like weel to meet you again.”

“*Four by honours? whist?*” repeated I.

“For me,” responded the professor, “I just say ditto; and I’m as plain as I am pleasant.”

“Quite, sir,” sighed I, “‘these be bitter words.’”

We parted. How I respect and admire the inhabitants of the place wherein I passed my happiest days, I could not here attempt to express, without growing pathetic. I had better conclude by a glossary, which I entreat my readers to study, ere they go to be taught English in Edinburgh.

GLOSSARY.

Fac as deeth. Certain as death.

Crimping and goffering. Plaiting frills.

Dishes covered. Paste put over meat or fruit. Hence an Edinburgh pastry-cook calls an apple pie, a dish of apples.

Minched collops. Beef chopped fine, and warmed in butter.

Dressing. Starching and ironing.

Caller Hawdy. Fresh Haddocks.

Curling. A game among skaters.

Putting the stane. Throwing a stone very far.

Croft an roy. The King's croft near the Duke's walk.

Mutch. A Matron's cap.

Mutchkin. A small liquid measure.

Shave of bap. A slice of bread cake.

Mashit. Infused.

Flesher. Butcher.

Hashit. Dish.

Partane. Crab.

Lum. Chimney.

Low. A blaze.

Puddock. Toad.

Scunner. To shudder.

Todd. A fox.

Peatrick. A partridge.

Thole. To bear.

Frail and silly. Weak in health.

Road Metal. Stones.

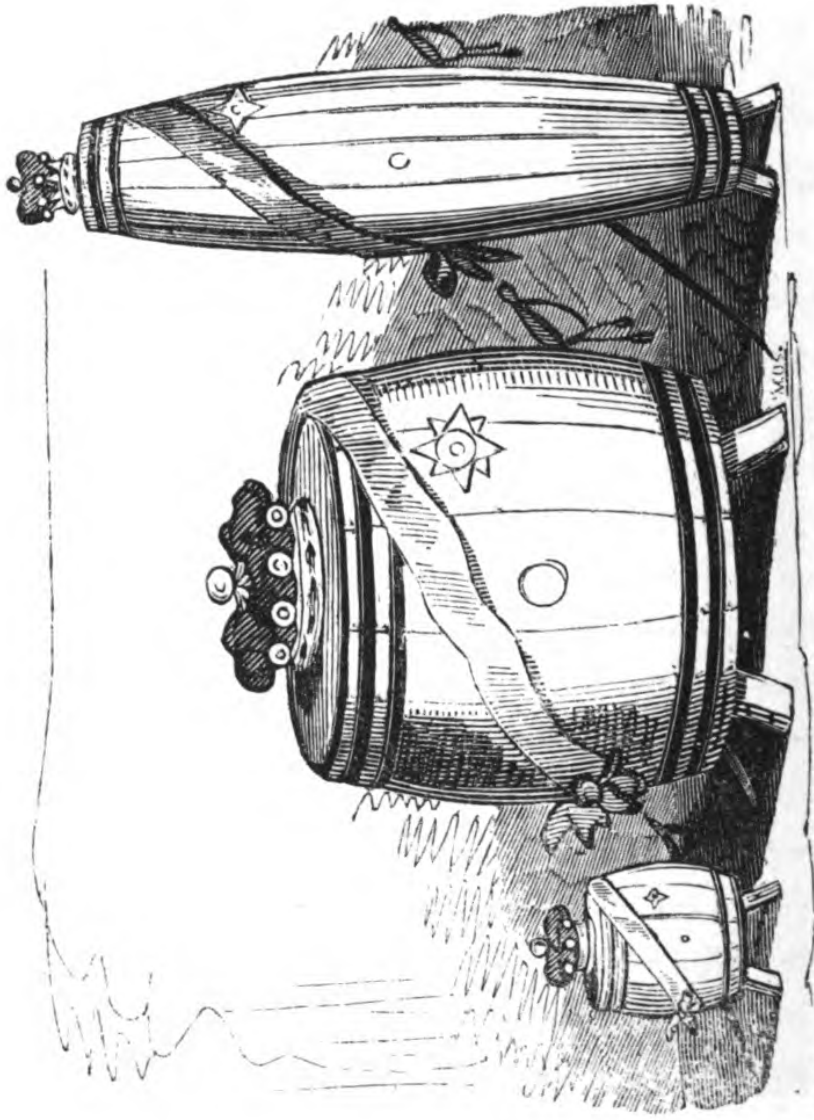
Gay'n Crouse. Stormy.

Storm. Hard frost.

Lave. The rest. *Wale.* The best.

But. Out. *Ben.* In.

Foreby. Not to speak of.



R. Ck.

Three Tons!

Lords Littleton, Middleton, and Talbot!

TRANSACTIONS OF THE DANDY CLUB.

AT a numerous meeting, held at the Shrimp and Tweezers, Simon Staylove, Exquisite, in the chair, it was unanimously resolved—

That no member drink a stronger potation than lemonade, out of a wine-glass—not exceeding two.

That our *standing-dish* be a *leg* of lamb, removed by *chicken-broth*, *maccaroni*, and *calves' head*; and that Dandy *sauce* be substituted for *brains*.

That we annually subscribe for a “*pair of ducks*,” and some venison, which must be a *buck dressed a-la-mode*.

That we elect a steward from our own body; and, for the sake of economy, he be chosen who has the least *waist*.

That, if any member can discover a cheaper or better mode of *dyeing* his whiskers or moustachios, without communicating the same to the committee of ways and means, he be suspended *sine die*, and be no more noticed by the other members than if he had *died*—a natural death.

That, if any member shall remain out after dark, he shall be fined one penny. (It was moved, as an amendment to the last resolution, by Theophilus Thynn—That “*stays*” be substituted for “*remains*,” being more consonant with the feelings of their *body*.)

That the accumulated fines be annually laid out in the purchase of the “last new *stock*,” as a slight mark of the interest the club take in their principal.

That the club attend Ascot Races in hired carriages. Those members who can afford an elegant display of cambric shall have the privilege of going *inside* the vehicle—those who can only sport a *front and collar*, must go—in the *dickey*!

That all the members of the club are supposed to be on a footing of equality—it therefore militates against our principle to allow any *bettors* on this or any other ground whatsoever.

And, lastly, that our late president, for his able exertions, be voted—a *fashionable Stick*; that the wardens be voted—a *pair of Spoons*; and our eloquent secretary, who spoke for two whole hours in vindication of an eye-glass, be voted—a *Boar*!

OMEGA.

A BALL-ROOM CHAPTER.

BY LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

IF young ladies will elope with penniless subalterns, they must *sometimes* endure the horror of ordering their own dinners:—and whenever I have called upon one of these romantic delinquents, I have always seen the “*Cookery book*” on the table, with several markers in the leaves.

Having once made a visit of this kind, too early, I beguiled the waiting time by dipping into the *Bride’s Oracle*, where, among other odd commands, I read “Beat your brains well with *a bit of butter*,”—as desperate an act as that of the Irish gentleman, who split his wife’s head with a *boiled turnip!*

I turned to the preface of such an extraordinary work, and read, “my book would be of inestimable value to young ladies entering life, and indeed none can be qualified to act their parts without perusing it.” This *modest* phrase of the author, made me consider what work *I* most wanted on making my first appearance; and one moment’s reflection

told me it should have been “ *The art of talking to your Partner ; with full directions as to Attention, Neglect, Recollection, Forgetfulness, Animation, or Indifference, as occasion may require.*”

Alas ! I had no such book ; and the strangers with whom I first went out, were of course satisfied in seeing me “ behave properly,” without troubling themselves about my conversation. I therefore talked of whatever interested myself, without considering the tastes of each jumping gentleman on my left,—so in one evening I contrived to rave of a new book to a hunting squire,—of an impressive sermon to an esprit fort,—of my thirty-nine species of geraniums to a “ man about Town,”—of a new comedy to a puritan,—of single-blessedness to a bridegroom-elect,—of my horror of wigs and false teeth, to a *ci-devant jeune homme* ; — in short, to make myself universally disagreeable, as I heard afterwards !

At my next ball I remained quite silent, only bowing and smiling, at what was said,—and I should have passed a most agreeable evening as a Fool, but for an old campaigner, whose heart had received fifteen years’ hardening at a quizzing mess, and who drily said, “ That girl affects to be *too clever* to talk at a ball !” What a woful change took place ! My six-deep engagements were kept, in grave silence, but none succeeded them ; and I



Portrait of a gentleman who was *so ugly* that he was
afraid to sleep by himself.

went home with my hair in stiff curl, and my fan unbroken, — which, for the gratification of my dancing-mania, I am happy to say, has never since happened to me! But now to warn a debû-tante from some of my shoals and quicksands, we will suppose a chapter in the book of the ball-room.

The debutante is seated beside her chaperon, trying to talk unconcernedly, and not to allow the world to see how anxious she is for the great moment, her first partner's introduction. A busybody who is slightly known to them approaches, and audibly whispers, "Your fair charge is perfectly beautiful and exquisitely drest," then adds, "I hope, Miss M——, you are not engaged, as a friend of mine wishes particularly to dance with you."

Now let not the rash girl say, with a delighted smile, that she will be *most happy*: let her bow slightly, and quietly ask, "Pray, who is it?"

"Why that fine, tall, Spanish-looking person there, Major A. son of Lord B."

This being a very proper sort of partner, she may faintly smile, and say, "As a friend of *yours*, I have no objection."

The happy busybody goes off to inform Major A. that he wishes him to dance with a young friend; in the interval the chaperon mutters, "the best *parti* in the room, my love,— a rich old peer's eldest son, unmarried, a county member, and so handsome! I

hope you'll dance twice with him : pray exert yourself : and remember never to hazard an opinion until you hear what *he* thinks."

Major A., taken away from an argument, is brought up, goes through the most awkward movement on earth, an Englishman's bow, is received with the proper degree of indifference, and they join the set. A *passée* woman in red and diamonds is sure to begin ; so the debutante, while arranging her bouquet, can reconnoitre her *vis-a-vis*. Bah ! a short, pale, bald man, whose gloves and shoes are too large, and who wears a chain and seals to his watch ! She withdraws her left shoulder from the circle, giving Major A. an opportunity of seeing her rather more than *en profil*, and an *animated* conversation in this style will take place :

Major A. Are you long here ?

Miss M. Oh no, only just come. (This answer *must* be given to this question, even if she came with the first forlorn hope.)

Major A. This is rather a pretty room.

Miss M. Yes, rather ; do you think there is light enough ?

Major A. Decidedly not, it casts a shade on the dresses.

Miss M. It is *so* unbecoming.

Major A. Some persons might find it so.

Miss M. [*looking down.*] I think I have the

pleasure of knowing a sister of yours, Lady Georgina A.

Major A. [*not knowing any thing about it.*] Oh yes! I assure you I was quite anxious to know you from Georgina's description.

Miss M. She is *such* a — It is our turn to dance.

Here ensues a rustling of dresses, squeezing of sleeves, agitation of curls, and three or four rushings across the room, but no dancing — and figure one is over.

Major A. Are you as fond of music as my sister is?

Miss M. Yes, I should die without Rossini.

Major A. What did Rossini ever write which was equal to the Zauberflöte?

Miss M. Oh, of course, I greatly prefer Mozart to Rossini, particularly since — you must dance to your vis-a-vis.

Major A. strides, with steps like a postman at six o'clock, diagonally across the quadrille, in three directions, and returns to balancer with the debutante who says, "Was not the Opera delicious last night?"

Major A. Quite splendid; but it makes me quite angry that — your vis-a-vis is dancing alone; but pray don't leave me for him.

Miss M. Do tell me who is that odd man?

Major A. I don't know, I never know *odd* men.

Miss M. Oh delicious ! how odd *you* are ; but is he not a complete horror ?

Major A. [*raising his glass.*] Very likely, for I see it is my uncle. (The debutante must here be very careful not to look aghast, or Major A. will take her for a fool, or a woman of feeling, synonymous with him ; let her drawlingly laugh out —)

“ You are *the* very drollest being imaginable—ha, ha !” (Balancez wherever there is room, and figure two concludes.)

Miss M. Do you know, Major A., I like to talk of what I know least about ; what are your politics ?

Major A. Tory ; — and yours ?

Miss M. We are all tremendous Tories.

Major A. I must tell you a state secret : I join the Tory party to please my father, but in reality, I'm a warm Whig.

Miss M. How amusing you are ! and for opposition's sake, I like Whigs also ; but I don't understand politics ; is your brother promoted yet in the guards ?

Major A. No, but he is to be married next month.

Miss M. Then he is going to “ take orders !” at least, so you cynical bachelors think of married victims, do you not ?

Major A. [*laughing and settling his curls.*] Why, certainly he is already ordered to give up dancing.

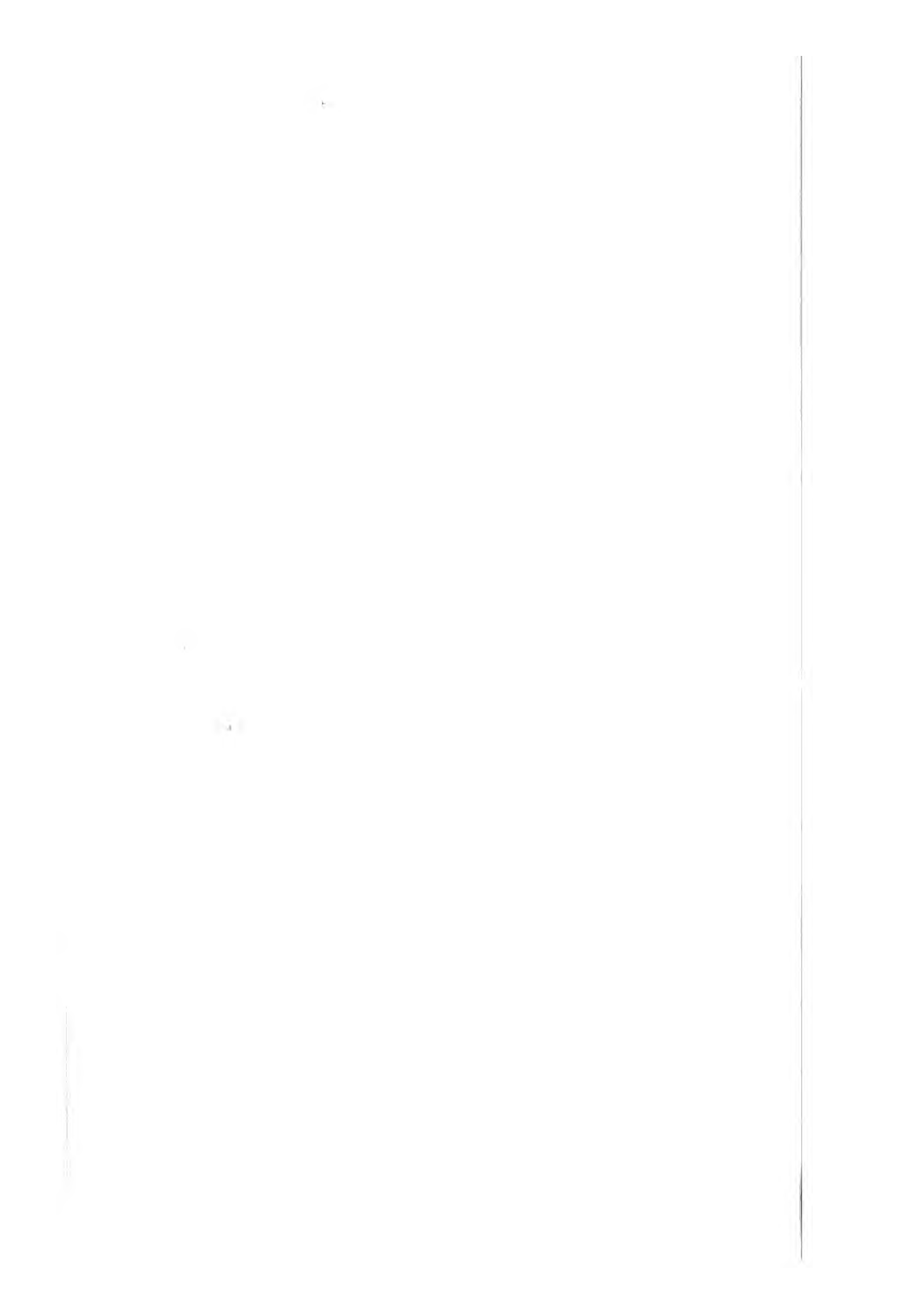


R. Ck.

“ I wish you *joy!*”

“ Why ?”

“ Because you do not seem to *have* any!”



Miss M. Quite right; a married or engaged man has no business to dance.

Major A. For sake of their own fidelity? or because they uselessly occupy the time of ladies?

Miss M. You tiresome reasoning person! you ought to have been a cross-questioning barrister. Do you mean to dance much to-night?

Major A. Not with any one but *you*; may I claim your hand for the next valse?

Miss M. [*fixing her bouquet, with the prettiest look possible.*] It is certainly more agreeable to dance with a friend whose tastes agree with mine, than some uninteresting stranger who talks common-place.

Major A. How good of you! Do you mean to go to the gardens on Sunday?

Miss M. [*fully intending to do so.*] I think not, as the crowd there is so odious.

Major A. Pray do, — I wish you would; I'm one of the directors, and the elephant shall bathe for you.

Miss M. How delicious! I once saw him devour three boys' caps.

Major A. 'Faith, a capital feast! But don't you like the Armadillo?

Miss M. Oh yes! because he is like a Ham on castors.

Major A. Ha, ha, very good. Where do you mean to go when you leave Town?

Miss M. Lady D. wants us to go to Brighton, but I hate the sea-side ; Lord E.'s family wish us to join them at Tunbridge, but I should die there in a week.

Major A. Really? I like Brighton and Tunbridge exceedingly.

Miss M. Oh! seriously speaking so do I.

Major A. [*in a low tone.*] How I wish you were coming to Hastings : we are all going, and I should be so delighted to meet you there !

Miss M. [*with a pretty, conscious smile.*] I should be enchanted to see Georgina again, since — la poule, if you please.

Major A. answers this intelligible speech with his Spanish eyes, and dashes off for la poule. His vis-a-vis, if an Englishwoman, will fully extend her arm from the time the music commences ; then all four fidget in different directions like ill-drilled cavalry “dressing:” a scramble across the quadrille : Major A. off again like a postman, and the debutante *feels* her chaperon whispering, “My love, that odious man is the *wrong* Major A.—the youngest,—married to a dowdy nobody,—ruined by play,—and not even in the House to keep him from prison !”

This startling intelligence must not move a muscle of the still smiling debutante, who merely breathes, “I have promised to valse with him, —

manage my escape ;” and the chaperon glides off. Poor Major A., how stupid and ugly a few words have made him ! He sees “a change come o’er the *spirit* of the dance,” for what debutante would shake out her curls, misplace her guirlande, and stretch her tiny shoes, by dancing beyond a walk, for a married, ruined, odious younger son, who cannot even frank a letter ? With two or three concussions the third figure ends.

Major A. instantly knows the deadly sin of which he has been accused, and in revenge for his partner’s change of style, he will affect to be flirting desperately with her, though his conversation may be only, “When you go to Hastings, I think you will be pleased with one of my little boys.”

Miss M. Really ? I am not particularly fond of children.

Major A. Pray Miss M., were you ever considered like Mrs. A. ? I have quite taken a fancy to your expression, you so much resemble my dear Clara.

To be “fancied” for being like a man’s wife, and a “dowdy nobody” too ! This is too impertinent, but young ladies must exhibit no ill-temper.

“I suppose then, you and Mrs. A. are quite — Pastorale if you please.”

Here follows a stupid see-saw figure, ending (like a wedding) by “a single man making a fool of him-

self;" and figure four is over. Prior to the joining hands in the fifth figure, let the debutante arrange her right sleeve, by which means she may view the cavalier on that side,—and if he be not *quite* a "pattern man," let her use her fan languidly with her right hand,—which, being thus busily engaged, cannot be touched by the exceptionable person. On the near approach of other parties, Major A. finding she will not talk, may as well, in a significant and tender tone, renew his request for their meeting at Hastings,—and, however provoked, she *must* reply in perfect good-humour. Major A. en avant, and during his absence the careful chaperon passes, stops to smooth a refractory blond-lance, whispers, "This pale gawky lad to the left is the young Marquis of L." and away she sails. The debutante gently turns her eyes on the young "noble ugliness," encounters his glance, looks down, looks up again, down again, perhaps tries a third battery;—it will be very odd if he does not ask "Who is that very pretty girl?" and perhaps in two or three hours they may dance together.

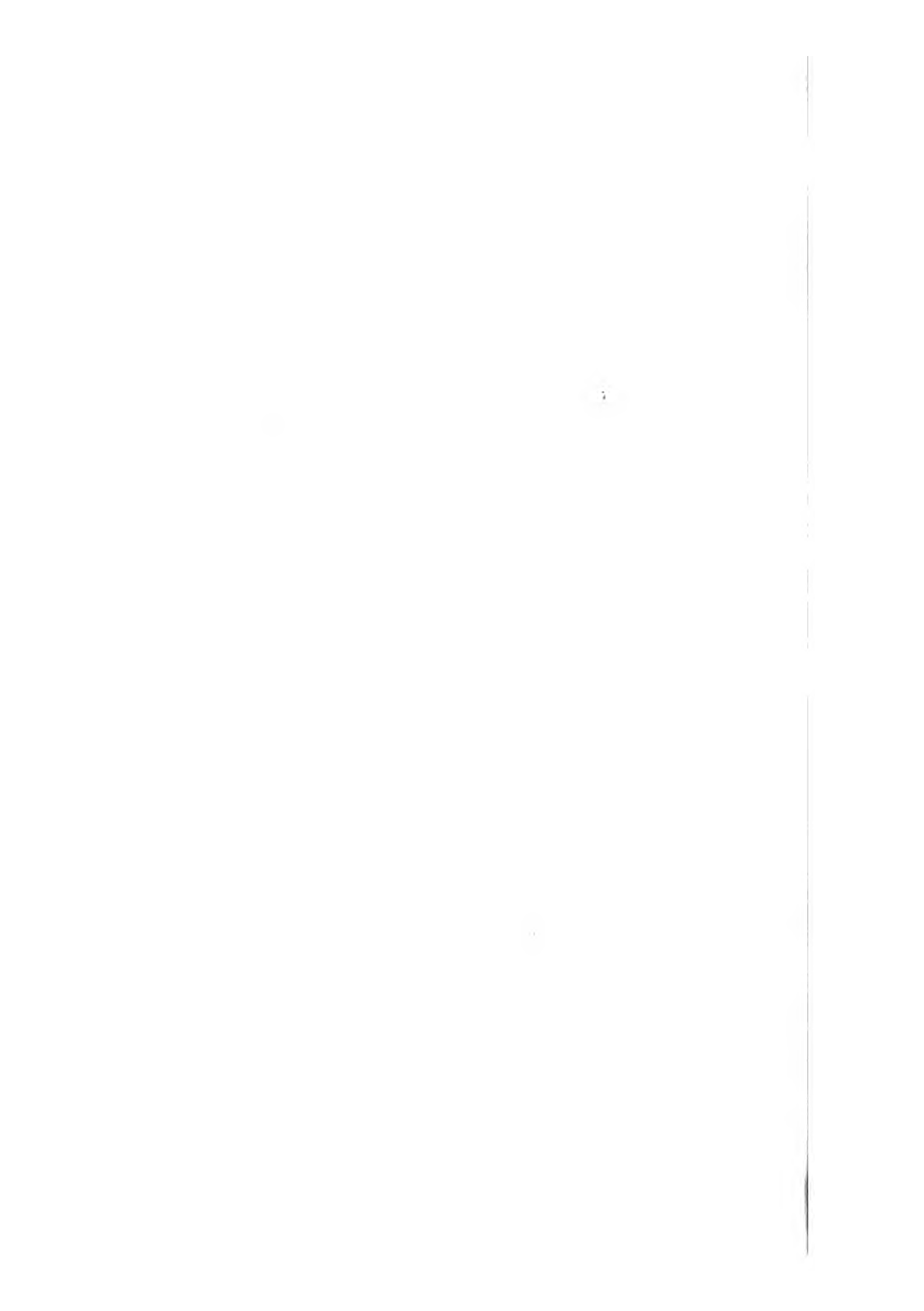
And now the fifth figure concludes with a stiff bow or shrug from both parties, and a white glove rests lightly on a black coat sleeve. Here let me warn my debutante not to laugh, or even smile frequently, as the watchers will say she is delighted with her partner, instead of his being delighted



R. Ck.

“Eyes right!”

“Please Sir, I cawn’t!”



with her: if she really have established a flirtation with him, let her look innocently, straight forward, and seem to be talking of the weather; but if it would be more politic to play him off so as to pique another, then she may look as if her whole soul were engrossed in the description he is giving of his poodle, or the number of members who voted for a turnpike road.

There is great art in walking about after dancing, because she will have to shun all bores likely to ask her to dance, and to encounter (by chance) all the eligibles; none of these tactics must be discernible, and height is a wonderful advantage in a crowd,—but those who can't see over heads, must peep below sleeves!

To return to my debutante, who is contentedly waiting her chaperon's aid to escape from her "detrimental;" a cousin or some confidential young pet of the family approaches, extends his arm, saying, "Our valse is just forming."

The debutante affects a pretty look of wonder at her own stupidity, and exclaims, "You have suffered the general fate of old friends, I had quite forgotten my engagement to you, and have promised Major A. for this next valse!"

"You intolerable girl! Major A. must permit me to punish you for your misconduct, by forcing you to keep your promise to me, and even then I

shall not half forgive you." He takes her *reluctant* hand, and with a final pretty speech, she leaves Major A., who, understanding the matter thoroughly, goes off to "play bachelor" to some other "fair unknown," until detected by her lynx-eyed chaperon.

All fair waltzers should be able to execute that "spinning and reeling" exercise in two ways, the *skipping* style and the *swimming* style; men seldom possess the two, and unless their partner vales like themselves, they say "She can no more valse than a post," however well she may dance with another.

I need not add the usual excuses of uneven floors, carpets, hurried music, headaches, and mamma's prohibitions, which facilitate an escape from a bad waltzer or gallopapist; but if any young lady will follow the system of my debutante, I think she will have as good a chance of sacrificing all the real pleasures of society,—of losing her artlessness and independence of character,—and finally, (if she be rich and pretty) of marrying a fool for whom she cares not,—as any other young lady at Almack's!

THE CONFESSIONS OF MR. BALDWIN.

BY ALFRED S. WIGAN.

“Ye’re daft wi ye’r whiggery.”
Sir Walter Scott.

* The interest of the following little paper will not surely be diminished by the reader learning that the author has not yet ‘attained the advanced age’ of *sixteen*.

I AM an—(I will-not-say-how—) old bachelor; and duteously solicitous that my sad experience may warn unwary youths against peril or temptation; feeling too, that example is better than precept, I shall not merely content myself with saying — never, as you value your dignity, your veracity, your life, *never wear a wig!* it is safer far to scud under bare poles, than trust yourself in such an abominable machine; but I shall add a few instances of the many miseries and mortifications with which that thing has crowned my labours.

I was a handsome fellow, with white teeth, and luxuriant locks, constituting the pride of both my heart and head.

But, 'as it fell upon a day,' that is — my hair — I must let you know how it *did* fall out.

A fever had confined me for some weeks to my bed, and from my mirror; at last I was allowed a cheerful glass; and, seizing it, apostrophized my wonted, still expected reflection,—“Thou hourly image of my thoughts, where art thou?” Doffing my cap to it, I rubbed my hands, in joy, crying — “Welcome, old acquaintance, 'tis long since we have met.” Alas, 'twas through my hair I rubbed my hands; hair now looking like that one finds within old mortar—that dropped off in dry shreds, leaving the crown of my head bald as the sole of my foot. The bare possibility of such a change had never occurred to me, yet now I looked upon the naked truth, the round unvarnished head, which I am giving a tale to match.

I, who had cherished my *chevelure*, as a mother would her first, her only child—I, who had towered in conscious pride o'er those whose hair jutted out from their brows, like the thatch of a beehive. My strength was shorn like Sampson's. I was another man. But how conceal my falling off, from my *dashed* good natured friends? While I could remain secluded, I occupied myself by anonymously enclosing the prices that procured me all the remedies for wretches like me, that are advertised as producing 'that grand desideratum, so



R. Ck.

Spruce Fellow



much to be desired,' a fine head of hair. The Merific (or Terrific) Balsam, was no balm for my woe; nay, I was even forced to exclaim, "Unhappy is the man who hangs on *Princes'* favours!"

At last I recklessly sent for a hackney coach, banged my hat down over eyes and ears, lest Jarvey should perceive how callow was the occupant of that nest, and drove into the city; where, after prowling about for some time, I found the thing I sought,—a cutter of Coleman Street. The lean tonsor eyed me with eagerness; 'twas long ere I could disclose, even to him, my miserable want of decorative repair, in the upper story. At length he wigged me, and my wigging was satisfactory, considering that in those days, perukes were made without springs, and consequently, spite all my plastering, the nape of *mine*, with the most provoking pertinacity, would insist on turning up, in rather a drake tail, than a ductile manner!

Yet I ventured to sally forth, as a wooer; the lady had never seen me in my better day. She dwelt at Richmond, and I soon prevailed on her to grant me an aquatic tête-à-tête. I was on the best terms with her, and with myself, when drawing near a bridge, I rested, not thinking of my skull, in any sense, till I discovered that the tide was driving us full against a pier.

Now was the moment for exhibiting my courage,

strength and skill, in the eyes of beauty. I stooped very low in the effort, sprung back, having freed us from all danger, indeed, but (but worse than being drowned every Monday during the year!) leaving my Wig on my fair one's lap, as I sat opposite to her, with all my natural propensities developed on my pericranium, and she was a pupil of *Combe!* Of course I lost *her*; but that was a trifle, to my next mishap.

On the following Christmas I went to Drury Lane, taking a private box, actually *on* the stage. Between the play and the pantomime, I more than fancied that the glass of an opposite belle was pointed at me; and to show her how weary I was of such common events, I yielded to a fit of drowsiness, and fell asleep, with my elbow on the cushion in front of my seat, and my forehead resting in my hand. Presently I was roused from a flattering dream by hisses, and shouts of laughter. Fancy the agony of wounded vanity. I saw *my wig* lying on the stage, and as I attempted to regain it, some malicious gentleman of the orchestra pushed it beyond the reach of my quivering, straining digits. Just then too, a large dog (who was undoubtedly *in the plot* against me) entered, and introduced into his part a game of romps with this tempting object. I seized my stick, and once more strove to recapture it, but, in so doing, lost my balance, and

fell, head foremost, on the stage, where I lay, sprawling, 'in all that light alone,' 'to the unanimous satisfaction of a crowded audience.' In a delirium of fury I seized my tattered property, knocked down a scene, and ran over "The Good Genius," who thanked me by a speech in which neither goodness nor genius could be detected.

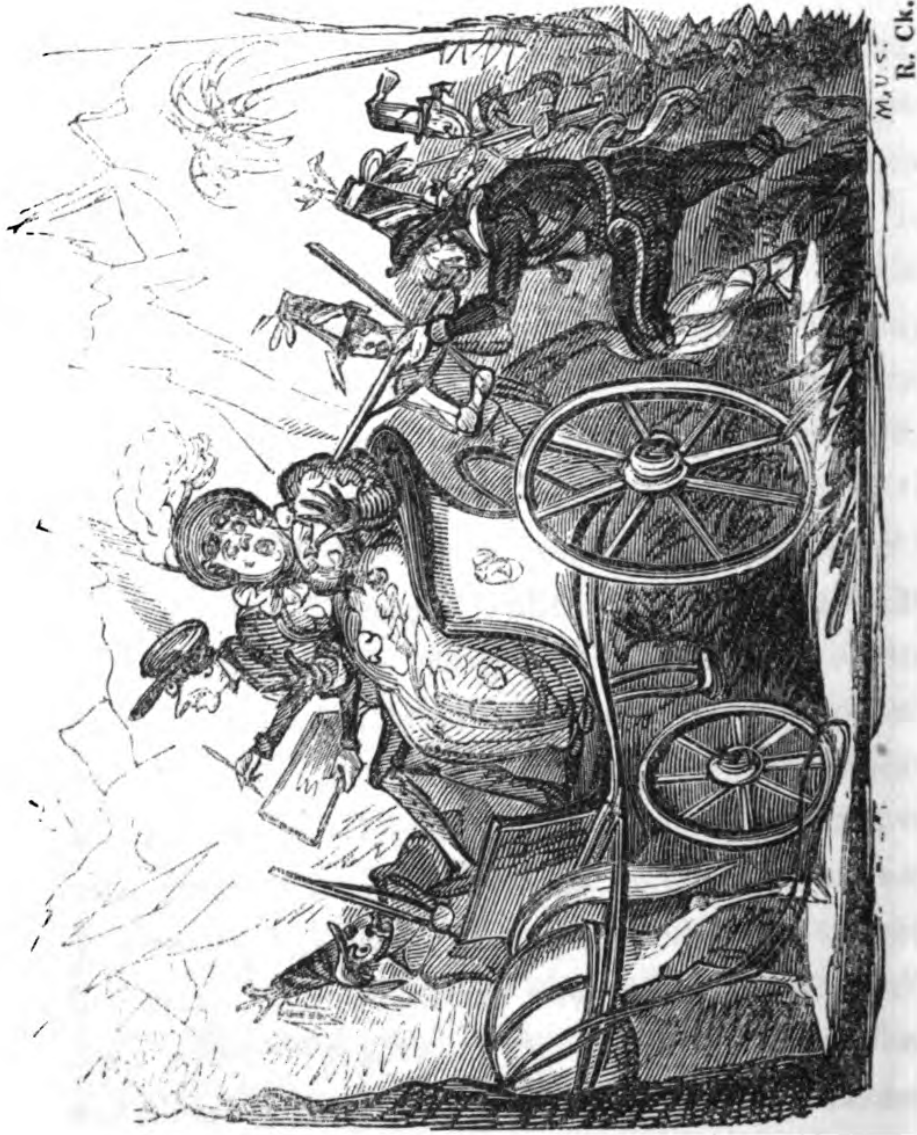
I jumped into the Paris mail; and, in the region of friseurs, soon procured a new adornment, perfect in every part:—an insurance office clerk would not have guessed the fact; it stuck to me as if each particular hair had been a diminutive bailiff. Determining, however, to bring my safety to the test, I boldly swaggered into the *boutique* of a famed *artiste*, and desired to have my hair cut. Trembling with delight, I saw the obsequious Monsieur approach, scissors in hand; when I started up, pretending that I must speak with a friend I saw over the way, and promising to return.

"Now I am quite safe," was my happy thought; and hiring an English valet, confided my secret to him. I took him with me to the chateau of a gentleman, whose handsome daughter, Julie, had certainly distinguished me rather particularly; and I, by way of rendering myself agreeable, distinguished particularly her pet Angola cat, which, though always a favourite, at this period rather *obtruded* her claim to an added degree of consideration.

I retired to the room appointed for me, in a complacent mood, and, honouring my servant with employment until I was actually in bed, did not secure the door after him. Next morning my wig, *the wig*, was gone. The becoming, the all-conquering! "Surely," thought I, "James has betrayed me to my host, and is *selling the pattern*." The man denied my charge; we searched, we hunted 'the lost hair,' but were obliged to come to this conclusion, 'Stolen away!' — I desired James to say, that I had the influenza, and must breakfast in my room. Meantime, I used all possible means for the recovery of my wig: yet evening came and still 'it was not.' Matters were coming to a crisis; if I '*did ill*,' much longer, Julie, French-woman-like, would visit me in my chamber. I sent, begging permission to sup with her below, in my cap, as I feared the draughts; and, on her consent, descended in a handsome velvet head-tire. She vowed that no man bore sorrow better, that is, Influen-tial sorrow. The swoln, red, lachrymose symptoms were 'absent on leave.' At this instant news was brought of the cat's increased family. Julie insisted on seeing her, and a basket was paraded, containing the half savage, half querulous looking mother, with five '*chers petits*,' as ma'amselle termed the shapeless, blind little messes of kittens.

"Whatever has she been about?" cried my man,





M.A.U.S.
R. Ck.

Overture to the Travellers !

who had entered the room. I looked on in assumed tranquillity, hoping still to escape without exposure, though scarce resigned to my loss; for *there* — Oh was it made for no better purpose? did its constructor form it but as a feline maternal couch? There,—yes there,—amply filled with blind kittens, lay the wig!

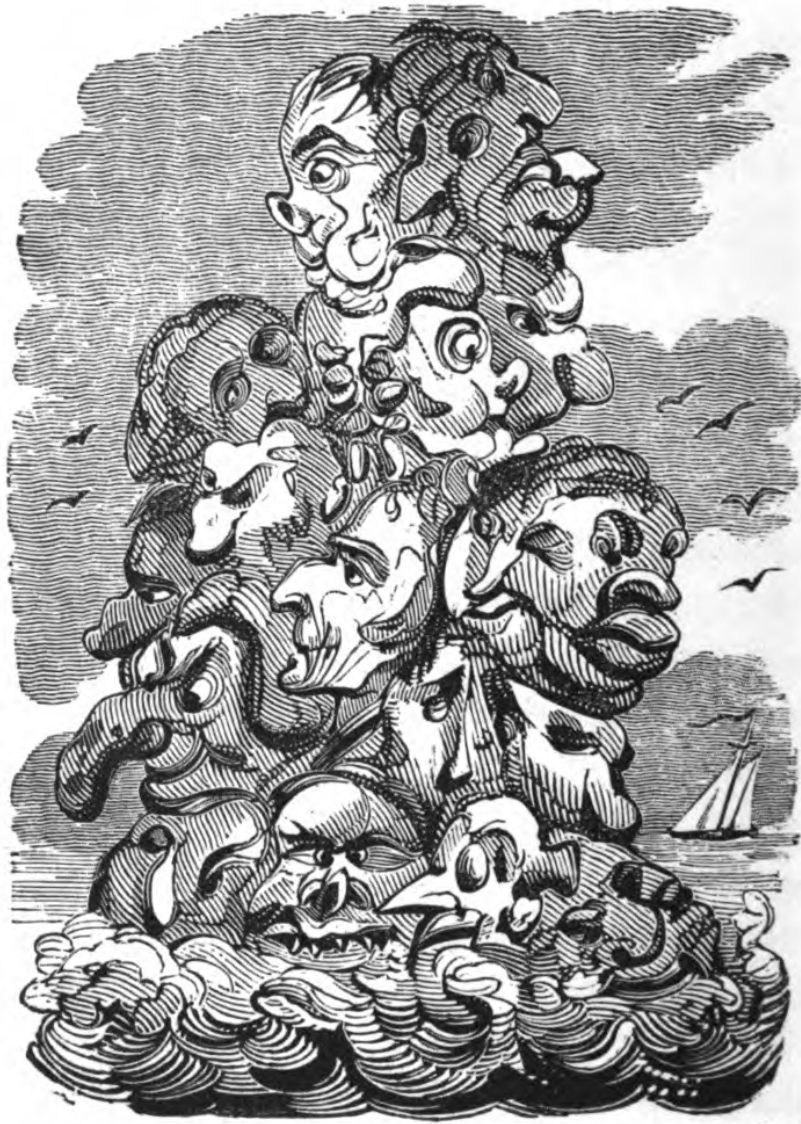
“What a’ name o’ goodness has she made her bed on?” persevered James. “Ah, sure ’s life, sir! stolen from your dressing table;”—and he displayed the squatted mass, which, ne’ertheless Julie recognised, and pointing to my cap, curtseyed me out. Bare-headed, in my dressing-gown, I fled the chateau, leaving my treacherous, cruel tiger to follow, with our goods. To this day, though my hair has grown again of its own head, I never walk in London without meeting that mischievous Drury Lane fiddler. I never pass the river without feeling the scalp creep on my head, dread cats and dogs, and all the disputes ’twixt Whig and Tory — can’t eat Whig cakes, nor sleep at a Pantomime. While I was bald, I took pains to conceal it, for though on such subject candour is permitted, I read no where that it is enjoined; yet now it is my greatest pleasure to tell all, and to conclude by repeating, ‘NEVER WEAR A WIG!’

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE OAK
AND THE BEECH.

“The groves of Blarney.”

Beech.—By your *leaf*, Mr. Oak, you look rather drooping, as if you wished for a “*heavy wetting* ;” and I assure you, I’m much in the same situation, as I’ve often wished during the last few sultry days to have been any other *Beech*, than the one I am. Oh ! how I have envied “*Dovor Beach*,” for *that* I knew was *watered* at least twice a-day ! Times have altered very much lately in this grove, Mr. Oak ; I remember when you used to have some delightful concerts by the birds among your branches, but now you’re grown melancholy and silent.

Oak.—Ah ! Mr. Beech, the *Lime* tree yonder, has *twigged* all the birds ; and no wonder I’m melancholy, when I hav’nt had a “*lark*” these twelve-months ;—but I must be a sapling to grieve about it. If things go on much longer in this disagreeable



R. Ck.

Beachy-head !

way, I shall appeal to the *Birch*, who is a clever fellow, has been in all the public schools, and can *beat* us all at *hitting* on a *striking* improvement.

Beech.—But, Mr. Oak, as you live so far from him, had you not much better get the woodman to *axe* him a few questions.

Oak.—That fellow deserves to be brought to the block, Mr. Beech ! he said the other day he was so hungry he did'nt care where he took a *chop*, and you see my side has suffered for it.

Beech.—All these grievances arise, Mr. Oak, from not having a proper person at the *elm*, but we must *bow* to stern necessity. You see this upstart by my side, who was once so familiar and chatty : 'tis *plain* he wishes to *palm* himself off for somebody, as he lifts his head so high that he overlooks his old friends ; and why ? merely because now he has risen in the world, he does not think himself a little *pop'lar* !

Oak.—And you see, Mr. Beech, the family of the *Ashes*, (who in spring are all covered with "*keys*,") are completely *locking up my trunk* ! I've scarcely room to breathe. I wonder the proprietor of the grove does not remove them.

Beech.—Why, Mr. Oak, I believe there is an act of parliament that imposes a penalty on any man removing *his own ashes* ! But, talking of ashes puts me in mind of a church-yard : *you* know the dark

green gentleman that grows there. I asked him the other day if he did not find his situation rather dismal? "What's that to *yew*?" said he.—Yew tree of impudence! thought I, — I'll complain of you to the *Elders* of the church, and have you removed! I did *not*, Mr. Oak, as I thought that would be carrying my revenge a little too *Fir*.

Oak.—Well, Mr. Beech, it's useless to *Pine*,— so we'll refer these matters to the *branch-committee*; but I must now make my *bow*, and take my *leave*, as night is approaching, *a-dew! a-dew!*

WHEN SHALL WE TWO MEET AGAIN?

BY LOUISA H. SHERIDAN,

*In reply to a friend who asked "When may I come
again?"*

You may come—when you know I've been pleased,
And the world seems composed of gay laughter :
But when by cross authors I'm teased,
Don't come !— for I'm vexed all day after.

You may come — if you're looking your *best*,
You'll be welcome —if I look the same !
But unless you're becomingly drest,
Don't come — at the door leave your name.

You may come, when there's something diverting
To tell of *dear* friends we both know ;
But if you suspect I am flirting,
Don't come — you'll be Monsieur de Trop !

Come and tell me to whom you've played lover,
 You'll see the nice face I'll put on :
Come and yawn at the love that's *half* over,
 Come and laugh at the love that's *quite* gone !

But take warning — for *me* give no sighing,
 I'd rather hear laughing, by half :
If you'd swear for my sake you are dying,
 Don't come — I'm *afraid* I should laugh !

You may come while I *fancy* I'm sewing,
 You may strum my guitar to a song :
But unless you can judge about going,
 Don't come — lest you stay here too long !

If your hand I've refused at a dance,
 And have shunned you all night at a ball,
You may come the next day, there's a chance
 I'll be "kindness itself" if you call !

You may come — if in very good voice :
 Through Rossini's duets we will stray :—
Should you **find** some one else is my choice
 As a singer,— *don't come* — in his way.

You may come when I'm tired by a 'flat,'
And, to move him, I beg you'll remark
(As a feint, while you snatch up your hat,)
"I've detained you this hour from the Park!"

You may come when I write a *Charade*,
If my characters well you can play:—
Should your acting be stiff, stupid, '*fade*,'
Pray engage yourself out for that day!

You may come if you want a 'reply,'
I'm a capital hand at a note:
You may come when a "Nugee" you try,
I'm a capital judge of a coat!

You may come with dogs, horses, or carriage,
I've a capital taste, let me try 'em:
You may come and ask me to your marriage—
If the bride be not fairer than I am!

You may come till you hear me exclaim
"Not at home! that young man's such a bore!"
When you've heard me your merits thus name,
Why, *don't come* here — so oft as before!

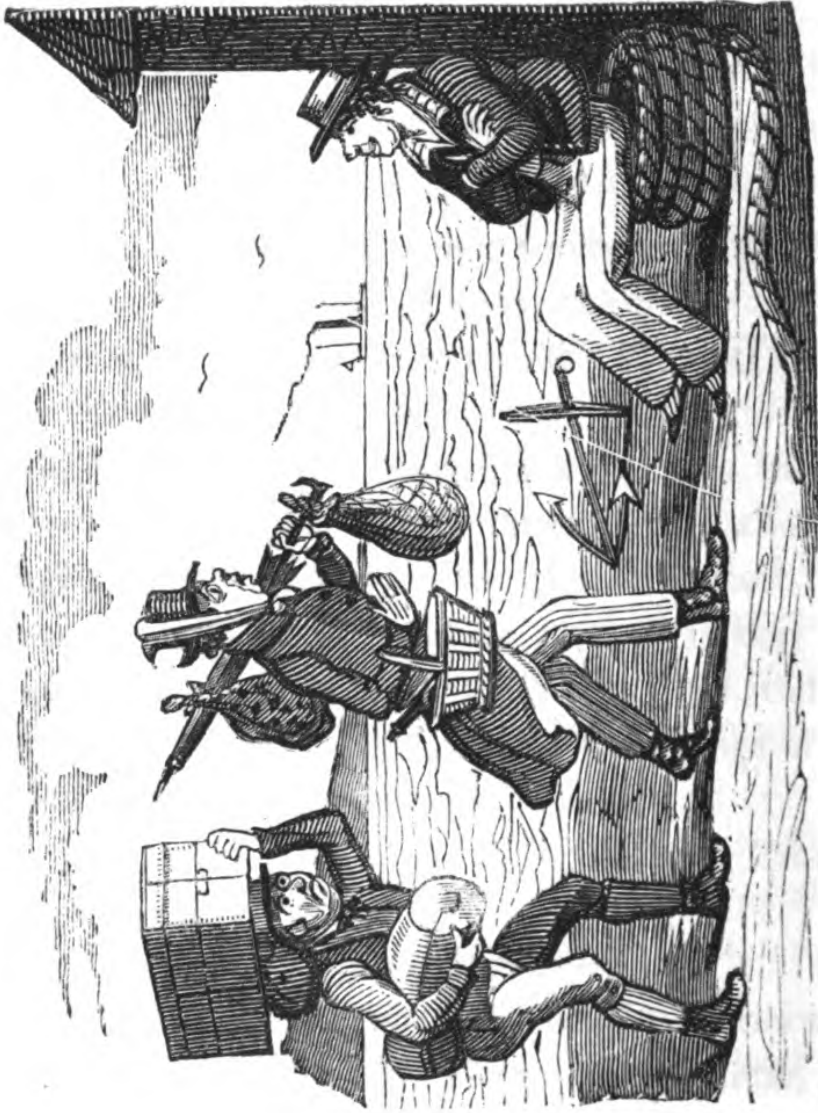
A PRINTER'S HISTORY.

THE *Comic Offering* being printed at our office, and being rather short of copy, the writer of these lines takes the liberty of inserting a slight sketch of his life, in hopes it may prove a warning to some who, like him, have embarked in authorship, without the means of carrying them through. Of all ships, they may depend on it, *author-ship* is the most dangerous to embark in; and he prays that they will not venture to dabble in ink till they have read his life, who may well exclaim, in the language of the poet, “*Ink illæ lachrymæ !*”

PETER PICA.

LIFE, ETC.

My father was a big man, though I remember very little of him. My mother was medium, and has been dead this 12mo. They were both engaged upon branches of the tree of knowledge, the former being a bookbinder, the latter a sewer and folder; but there was a great difference between them in



R. Ck.

The Packet weighed, and found wanting!

one respect, my mother being very thrifty, and my father very spendthrift. The last thing my father did in the binding way was to bind me 'prentice to a printer, a cross old fellow, who died before I could serve him out. He remembered me in his will, however, and left me his old Caxton (for, ever since I knew him, he had no hair apparent), an account of the mammoth, in elephant folio, a history of music in octavo, and twenty pounds in bank bills, fine paper, proof impressions, uncut.

Having "set up" so long for my old master, I now determined to set up for myself; and with my legacy (for every printer should begin with a capital) bought the old gentleman's stock by public auction, and soon afterwards obtained his widow by private contract.

The world is always very busy, and will talk; but the amiable relict and I didn't care for the world; so we were married at our little parish church without any ceremony.

Soon after this I took a voyage to Holland, on speculation; but in returning, the vessel was wrecked; so that a report got abroad at home that I was no more, and my wife accordingly put on second mourning. After this, I was detained on the continent nearly two months, on account of errata in my directions; for, when I at last got to the place from which the packet started, alas! she was weighed,

and found wanting. From what I saw of Holland during my stay, I should say it was a decidedly Low Country, though the people all talk high Dutch. It is exceedingly picturesque, however, and thickly interspersed with cuts — nay, in regard of the last particular, you shall scarcely find two towns in the whole country without cuts direct passing between them. When I got home I found things going to wreck and ruin, and my wife literally covered with weeds. Poor soul! she went into a swoon when she first saw me; but it was soon over, and I then proceeded to give her my history of Holland, topographical and typographical, together with some account of the author; during which she displayed so much nerve that I was obliged to stop the press, as I may say; for, as long as I continued to be historical, she continued to be hysterical, and whenever I was for going on, she was always for going off.

From this moment (October 9th, 1806) I date all my misfortunes; for, having gained the reputation of a traveller, I viewed all stationery matters with contempt, and procured a journeyman to do the stopping at home. I was considered as the Anson, and Cook, and Byron of the place, all in one volume, and was never so much at home as when I was abroad. At the village inn, I forsook my old place by the hob-knob in the kitchen, and took my station

in the travellers' room, where I held forth about the Dutch over a glass of fine Hollands. I was now advised to publish my voyages and travels; and, in an evil hour acceding to my friends' proposals for printing, I issued circulars to that effect.

I could not list many subscribers, and had great difficulty in finding a person to whom the virtues of my dedication might, with any show of decency, be attributed — but at length, after going through the necessary Forms, I was entered at Stationers' Hall, and published as the act directs. Instead of my book being placed in every library, however, as I had fondly anticipated, it was universally put on the shelf. This was, in a great measure, owing to the reviewers, who treated me in the most ungenerous manner — calling my volumes “the Devil's books;” saying that my views were as narrow as French type, and my style as faulty as a first proof. The *Gentleman's*, in particular, used most ungentlemanly language; and the *Sun* acted towards me in a very glaring manner. The *John Bull* behaved more like a mad bull than any thing else, and the *Examiner* proved a very cross-examiner. The *Quarterly* gave me no quarter, and the *Edinburgh Review* looked exceedingly blue at me. Christopher North laid on me with any thing but northern lightness; and as for the *Metropolitan*, it was more like being broadsided by some great

sea-captain than being blown up in a magazine. In short my leaves were any thing but fly-leaves, and my edition was the very reverse of a diamond one. However, one thing I was determined on — to appeal to posterity.

Failing in original composition, I thought I might mend myself, as the bishops do, by translation; so with the help of a friend, I translated * * * * into French; but, either from the stupidity of the publisher to whom I offered my MSS., or owing to the genius of the language not being suited to that kind of composition, or from some other cause that I was never able to make out, I could not prevail on any one to bring it before the French republic of letters: and had no means of doing so myself, as I had already spent my last farthing; and was, to use a bookbinder's metaphor, literally done up in one volume.

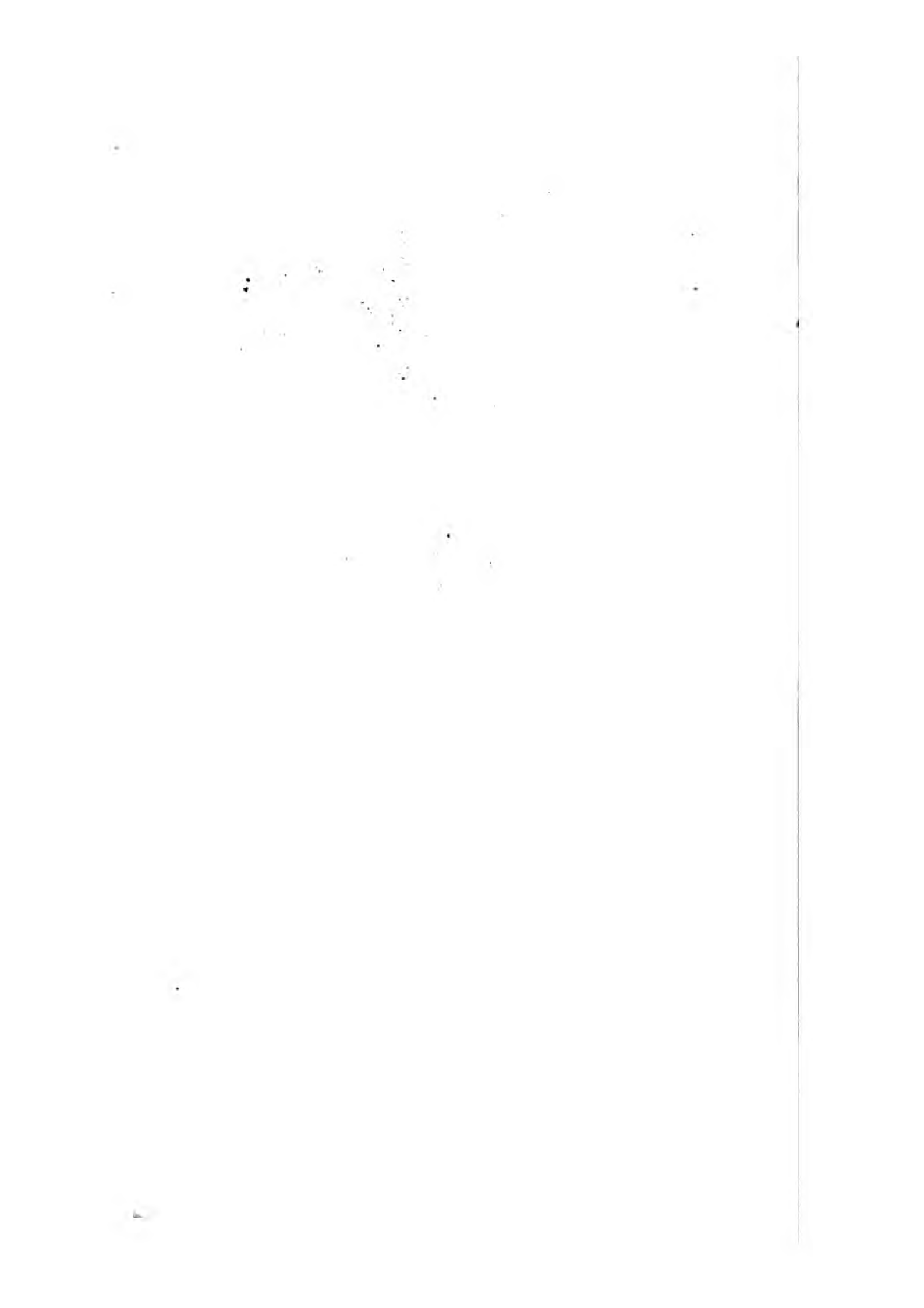
Here ends my life.

PETER PICA.



R. Ck.

Fun-gusses !



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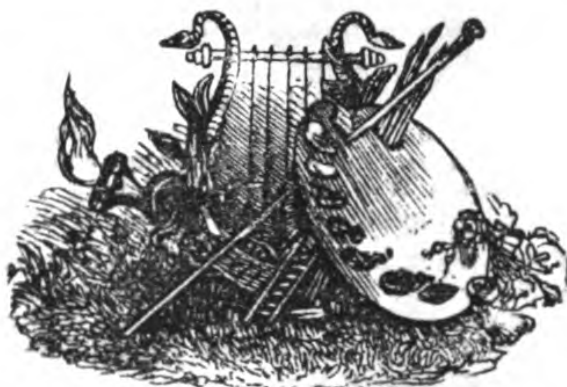
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THE VARIOUS SIZES AND EDITIONS PUBLISHED IN

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LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

1834.

ADDRESS.

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