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MATTHEWS'S COMIC ANNUAL;  
 OR THE  
**SNUFF-BOX**  
 AND THE  
**LEETEL BIRD:**

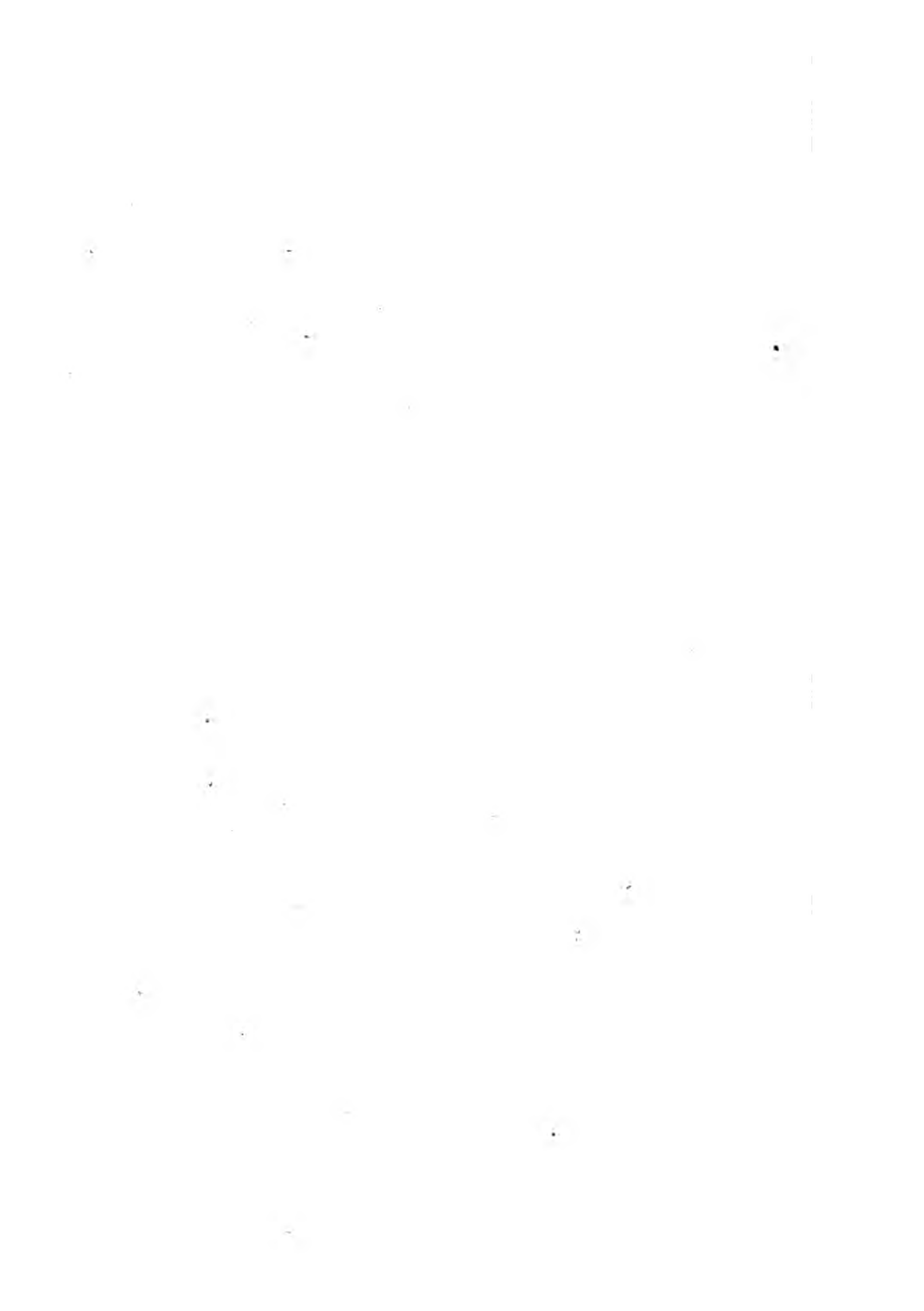
AN ORIGINAL HUMOUROUS POEM,  
 BY  
**PIERCE EGAN,**  
*AUTHOR OF "LIFE IN LONDON," &c.*



WITH EIGHT ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY  
**ROBERT CRUIKSHANK,**  
 ENGRAVED BY M. U. SEARS.

LONDON:  
 ALFRED MILLER, 137, OXFORD STREET;  
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 GRIFFIN, GLASGOW; AND MILLEKEN, DUBLIN.

1831.



## DEDICATION

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My dear Madam,

ALTHOUGH I was not educated in the polite school of a CHESTERFIELD, yet the sentimental STERNE was never more sensitive than I am when approaching the confines of *rudeness*: but more especially when introducing myself to the notice of a Lady, whose refinement of manners and amiability of temper render her the delight of a large circle of friends and acquaintances. Indeed, I must confess, that I should like to make my *bow* to you after the attractive style of his late Majesty's George IV. whose representation of the finished gentleman had no equal.

I also regret, that I cannot upon this occasion round my periods with the smoothness of a MOORE; say what I mean after the elegant diction of a CANNING; and display that animating interesting mode which characterises the writings of a Sir WALTER SCOTT. But such persons are not every day sort of beings to be met with in the common walk of life; therefore, if it is not within my grasp to produce a finished portrait, and coloured after the incomparable style of a Sir Thomas Lawrence—it is only my ambition fails. You will, my dear Madam, I hope take the will for the deed—and in its stead accept of a mere outline—convinced as I am, that no person can so well supply the deficiency as yourself.

To that individual who, in himself, is a volume of pleasure, the following *Bagatelle* would have been dedicated with the sincerest motives, but lest they

might have been questioned in these days of flattery, cant, and humbug, on account of its being sent forth to obtain the support of A GREAT MAN, the other mode has been preferred of dedicating it to one of the most amiable of her sex. By this means the charge of *interested views* may be avoided, when it is recollected that the gentleman in question has lots of *places* to bestow among his friends; that he also possesses great *controul* over numerous SEATS in a certain house in the Metropolis; and that he likewise has to boast of being an M. P. As a PUBLIC ORATOR he has long been distinguished; his speeches have always been considered *witty*, *pointed*, and full of EFFECT; and upon a variety of occasions his *return* to the HOUSE has been flattered with the most triumphant majorities by his constituents.

True—very true, the INDIVIDUAL alluded to possesses great and powerful PATRONAGE—so much so, indeed, that his *smiles* are eagerly sought after and noticed by the public: his WINKS (trifling as they may be upon the brows of other men), are of the utmost importance to *his* vast followers; and his NODS achieve great things (and are, 100 to 1, more highly valued than GEORGE ROBINS'S *soi-disant* wriggles of the *nob* to the Exquisites) amongst those numerous beings who are delighted with watching all HIS motions.

It may, perhaps, and I am rather afraid it will, betray a want of good breeding; nay more, appear extremely unkind to “*pick a great man all to pieces*” at any period; more especially when that ungracious task is performed by the *Dedicator*, and laid before his amiable partner for life. I know of only one apology for such conduct—namely, that

it is something NEW—which if it should be viewed in that favourable light by the public—must tend to operate as a *saving clause* to the ACT: besides, added to a *promise* to collect the disjointed particles together of the GREAT MAN, and to render the *tout ensemble* again complete, without hurting a hair of his head.

There is no accounting for one's *fancy*, but I shall first commence with the *scratch*, though there is nothing of the WIG-ite about his character; but on the contrary he is open to all "parties and influenced by none." The HEAD of this gentleman is quite a *paradox*: he professes to have been "at home" for the last eleven years, and yet he is ever-astingly describing men and manners—ABROAD! His head is likewise filled with subjects of the most "lively nature." Then his EYES ("my eyes" T. P. Cooke, would have said) dont they perform wonders in the house? The Speaker's eye! pooh! it is 'all my eye' to it for *seeing* its way. *His EYE* lights up like a fire—soon gets into a blaze and illuminates all around it like a beacon in a dark night. It is the very mirror of expression—its qualities are numerous indeed—it OGLES when required; LEERS when essential; SQUINTS upon certain occasions; TALKS without saying a word; LAUGHS without the slightest effort—CRIES without a tear; is SILENT, yet expressive; is SENTIMENTAL without uttering a sentiment; and communicates intelligence with the rapidity of a telegraph, to all parties who are on the look out for signals.

His DOMINO BOX has always been a lucky one; but who can play with it but himself? He sports his *ivories* to a good account—his smiles are a sort of Talismanic touch, producing that grand and

pleasing climax, "let those laugh that win." His CHAFFER (I beg pardon), I should have said TONGUE. (CRITICS of all *grades*, be merciful, and bear in mind, that "the quality of mercy is doubly blessed!") Yes, HIS *tongue* discourses such eloquent music, that it reminds you of the various musical properties of the *Harmonicon*; he can "squeak treble or growl double bass;" and shift the keys from a *Sharp* to a *Flat* with the refined taste of a SPAGNIOLETTI, united with the *downy* experience of old TOWNSEND the Trap! Then for tones, twangs, brogues, and nasal acquirements he has them as much under his command as the keys of a piano-forte. He can make you believe you are with *Dandie Dinmont* at the *Charlie's Hope* in YORKSHIRE; and he can waft you over to the FRENCH coast, in the company of MONSIEUR MALLET, in a twinkling. Only shut your eyes for an instant, and you might assert you had been at the *wake* of TEDDY ROE, in Dublin; and let but this master of the eyes, nose, and mouth touch another string, when the old Scotch lady lamenting for the loss of her *gude* mon at the kirk of Scotland is in your presence. Before a scene can be shifted you are listening to *Hans Molkus* in GERMANY, who will not light his pipe "without it is in *ordares!*" He can set you down in Wales quicker than a balloon, to be hand and glove with the Taffies: and much sooner than you can take a hop, skip, and a jump, he has the wonderful facility of transporting you to another quarter of the world to take a synopsis of *Uncle Ben* and his *nigger* in AMERICA. His picture of the *draught-board* assembly in the West Indies, established on the principle of "*All Clacks,*" in London, is as fine "*as possible!*" Nothing can

exceed the *colouring* of the subjects. In fact, he is positively a *moving PANORAMA*—"For a coach un-hired to the Bed-de-lam?" no Cad to a Jarvey could be more in character; his "Humours of a MILL" a decided *flooring HIT*; and for his *peep* at the shew folks at a country Fair, Knowing Joey was never more at home. In disposing of a 'bit of blood' at Tattersall's—life itself! "*going, GONE!*"—He is also so good a judge respecting Wigs and Gowns in 'making out a *Case*,' that he **BARS** nothing; but as to the powers of persuasion (a gift of the *gab*) no Prime Minister from the days of *Cicero PITT*, *Demosthenes Fox*, down to the *cut-short*, tactic, yes or no Wellington, ever produced the *Supplies* like him, without **OPPOSITION!** His **HANDS** are the true Finger Posts to the different roads that lead to Talent—suing the 'action to the word' upon all of them: and although he has scarcely a leg to stand upon (more's the pity) yet he gets over the ground after the '**GAME** in view' with all the celerity of a Race Horse, distancing all his competitors, and ultimately arrives at the winning post without being out of wind! after the manner of Goldfinch—"That's your sort!"

But I had almost forgotten to mention his *swallow!*<sup>a</sup> and although he cannot dispose of *iron* like an ostrich, it is, nevertheless, *immense*: to him his *swallow* is a perfect sea of delight, and he has been known to *bolt* down Shakespeare with the utmost ease—send *Dicky Peake*<sup>b</sup> through his windpipe like nothing—and, as to little *Moncrieffe*<sup>c</sup>, he has turned him over his tongue with all the *glibbosity* of a coal-whipper getting the best of "a flash of lightning."

Although an impenetrable mystery prevailed for a long time respecting a man of immense talent be-



hind the curtain of life, and who had amused the Public in an extraordinary degree, yet the above person was never taken for that Great Unknown.—No! secrecy was not HIS forte, and his publications soon became as notorious as the sun at noon-day; nay more, his public ACTS were applauded, and not only passed *nemine contradicente*, but received the Royal Assent in person.

Then to that long acknowledged PROP of FUN and HARMONY—the communicator of MIRTH and LAUGHTER to the Public—the supporter and ADMIRER of TALENTS—and one of those excellent *Primefits* who measure the million with so much good taste—now the Prompter has given the cue, I say come forth——

CHARLES MATTHEWS, Esq. whose talents have given celebrity to the “Snuff-box and the leetel Bird” and occasioned this dedication to you, dear Madam, by the great pleasure I received in the recital of the above anecdote, by this nonpareil imitator of human life. It is a masterpiece of the Histrionic Art—a finished painting—the light and shade of which are excellent; indeed, the whole picture is in such good keeping, that a finer representation of NATURE in her brightest colours, could not be met with on the *boards* of any Theatre; and I have no doubt it will be *bound and lettered* in the minds of the spectators, while memory lasts, as one of the greatest embellishments belonging to the COMIC ANNUAL. The fine sense of honour displayed by the Frenchman; his heart-rending struggles to prevent the exposure of shame and ridicule as a general and a member of the Legion of Honour; and the strong admirable affection evinced for his poor wife—the rough and keen sense of integrity exhibited by the Yorkshire

fox-hunter to avoid all suspicion of dishonesty; added to the gentlemanly conduct of "Mine Host" to soothe and make the party all friends, must be seen and heard to be duly appreciated. The tale of the "SNUFF-BOX and the LEETEL BIRD" will then be *felt* as it justly deserves—to behold LAUGHTER chasing away TEARS—and the *tear* alternately checking LAUGHTER: the transitions are so rapid, that it might be said, the audience are seen laughing on one side of their faces and crying upon the other—such are the inimitable, versatile powers of Mr. Matthews. And as a lover of a "bit of good truth," I must say, that Mr. Matthews is the best story-teller, without injuring any of the party belonging to the subject—in the world.

Then, my dear Madam, to be candid, I openly avow I have no hesitation to accept of a good *place* from Mr. Matthews, well knowing that he has several to bestow upon his friends; but as to a PENSION, I have no more claim upon him, than I have upon the Governors of Greenwich Hospital or Chelsea College—in short I am a perfectly disinterested well-wisher. That Mr. Matthews may live long to tell STORIES recognized as the truth, and to send hundreds of thousands of his Majesty's subjects, as he has often done before, laughing to their beds, is the sincere wish of one who has not been ashamed to wipe off the tear elicited by talent on beholding *Monsieur Mallét*, in the paroxysms of rage occasioned by insult, tear his daughter's letter into pieces; or in witnessing the deep tones of sorrow expressed by the Frenchman, while acknowledging his having *boned* the leetel Bird to save the life of his wife: neither will I deny that the loud laugh has been extorted from me, as from a country plough boy, at his comic exertions

in giving a *lift* to the GIANT who had a *foot* of ground both in Shropshire and Lancashire, without moving a *leg* in either.

Before the curtain is down, permit me, dear Madam, to observe that I have in the preceding pages stated the cause why this DEDICATION has been offered to your notice: that it has some *peculiarities* about it I am rather afraid, and the fastidious architectural critic might aver, the *building* is too rough—that it has not been polished off sufficiently to render it fit for the reception of a Lady, and its proportions are, also, entirely out of ORDER. I hope not. But you will please to understand, dear Madam, that I cannot boast of being a descendant of Inigo Jones—neither have I the slightest acquaintance with Messrs. NASH and WYATVILLE. Had I had the good fortune to have procured the assistance of a SOANE, perhaps I might have been enabled to produce a more elegant *structure*—but with all its errors every thing like rudeness I have endeavoured to avoid, and I freely confess there is nothing like *Smirke-ing* attached to it. But, in the words of Shakespeare, should any thing appear out of its place to the gentleman who has been the origin of this Poem and Dedication—I hope that “he will pardon it as a gentleman,” and consider that I’ve shot mine arrow over the house and wounded my brother.”

I have the honour to remain

My dear Madam,

Your very humble Servant,

And whose sincere wish is—that your worthy husband may always be “at Home.”

Mrs. Charles Matthews.

PIERCE EGAN.

THE  
**SNUFF-BOX**  
AND THE  
**LEETEL BIRD!**

---

FOR imitation, fun, and frolic,  
To dispel the vapours, cure the cholic,  
And "Blue Devils" drive away!  
Antidote to Ghosts and dread *night* mare,  
Opponent to woe-begone OLD CARE,  
More comic than a—PLAY.

Original, and rich, his manual,  
Quite *unique* the COMIC ANNUAL—  
Strew'd o'er with merry bits;  
See LAUGHTER holding both his sides,  
Like Johnny Gilpin on his rides,  
At MATTHEWS and his *hits!*

Quite "at HOME" in every page,  
Delightful Actor of the age,  
Relating tales by rote;  
Great Scene Painter of real life,  
Of Dandy, Widow, Maid or Wife,  
And rich in ANECDOTE.

MALLET'S *Letter* oft caus'd the sigh,  
 And pearly drop from lovely eye,  
 An interesting tale!

*Work'd* up with skill—a touch of Art—  
 A sentimental—humourous part,  
 With MATTHEWS ne'er can fail!

The daughter then—but now the wife,  
 Another PORTRAIT of real life,  
 The SNUFF-BOX and the SNIPE;  
 Poor Madam Vendrine in the Straw,  
*Long-ing*, above Chancellor's Law,  
 Fancying—Veal or Tripe.

“ O Monsieur! I long!” “ Vell my dear,  
 I'll get it! *oui! oui!* never fear,  
 I'll go from shop to shop:  
 Cock-snipe, *oui!* difficult to shoot!  
 Get it, *oui!* I'll veer out my boot—  
 I'll valk until I drop!

A Poulterer's shop! I shall spy—  
 Ah! dere it is—I almost fly,  
 To get de little Cock!  
 Geese, ducks, and fowls, rummage o'er—  
 No de Cock-snipe in dis here store,  
 Non—non—not in dis flock.



SARRIS

LE JENES









“A leetel Bird—vat you de call?  
I vant it! oui! oui! very small,”

Then bowing with grimace:  
The master, shopmen, in a roar,  
Voted the Frenchman quite a bore,  
And, laughing in his face!

“I do not like this *Mounseer* much!  
I’ll shove him off, with gentle touch,  
I do not like *his* brood;  
So mind my boys, what he’s arter—  
For hare or pheasant do not barter,  
The Frenchman means *no* good!”

Monsieur invited out to dine,  
Off the “*good things*,” with much fine wine—  
And then, O rare dessert:  
A splendid treat—the donor’s due,  
“Shall I, Monsieur, take wine with you?”  
Till the company got pert!

“The leetel Bird” caught Monsieur’s eye!  
He look’d about—he heav’d a sigh!  
“Poor Madam, my dear wife!  
I should like to make de snatch—  
Sweeter to me than song or catch,  
’Twould save my *Justine’s* life!”

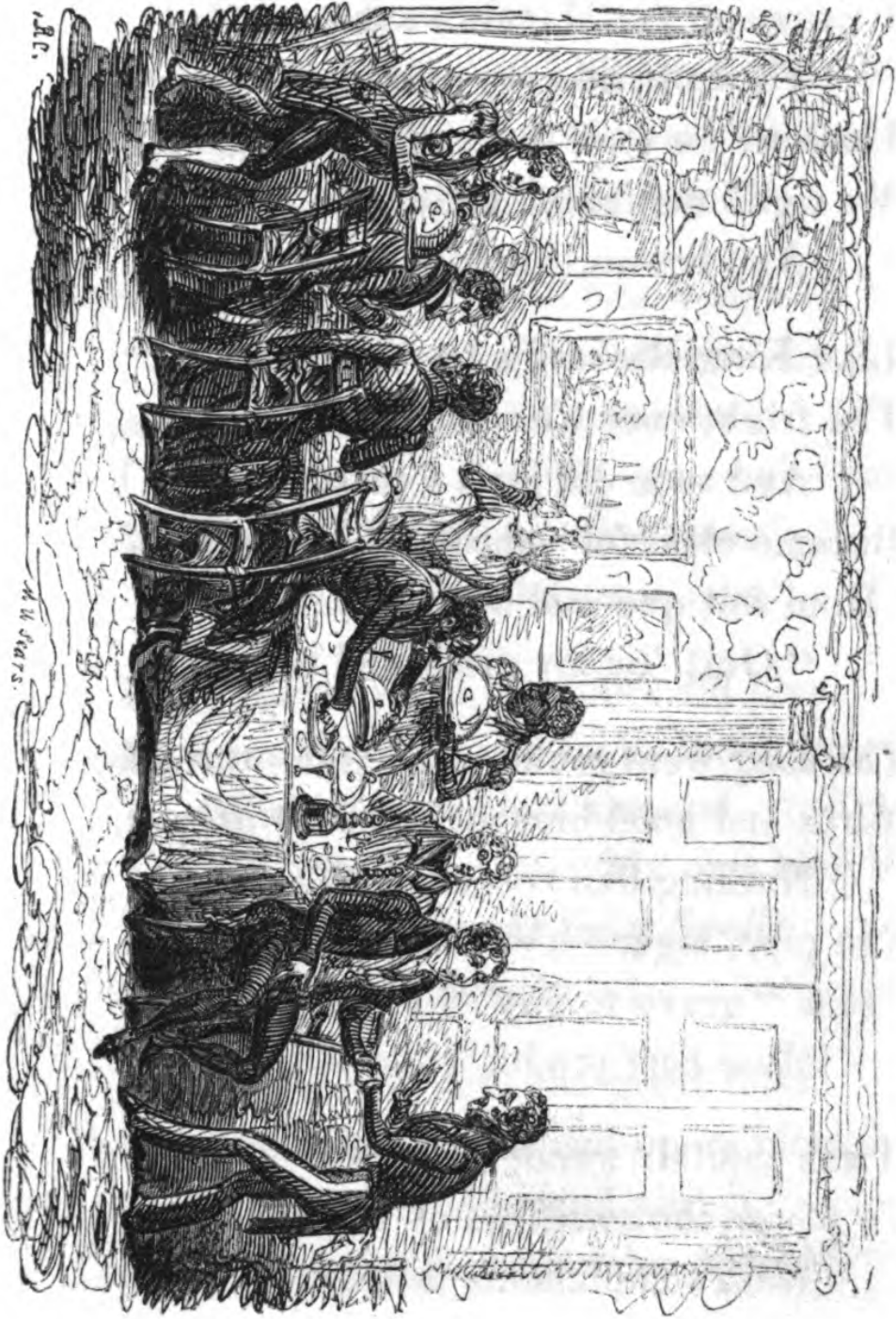
“ Oui! oui! non! non! I must not take—  
I risque all for Madam’s sake.

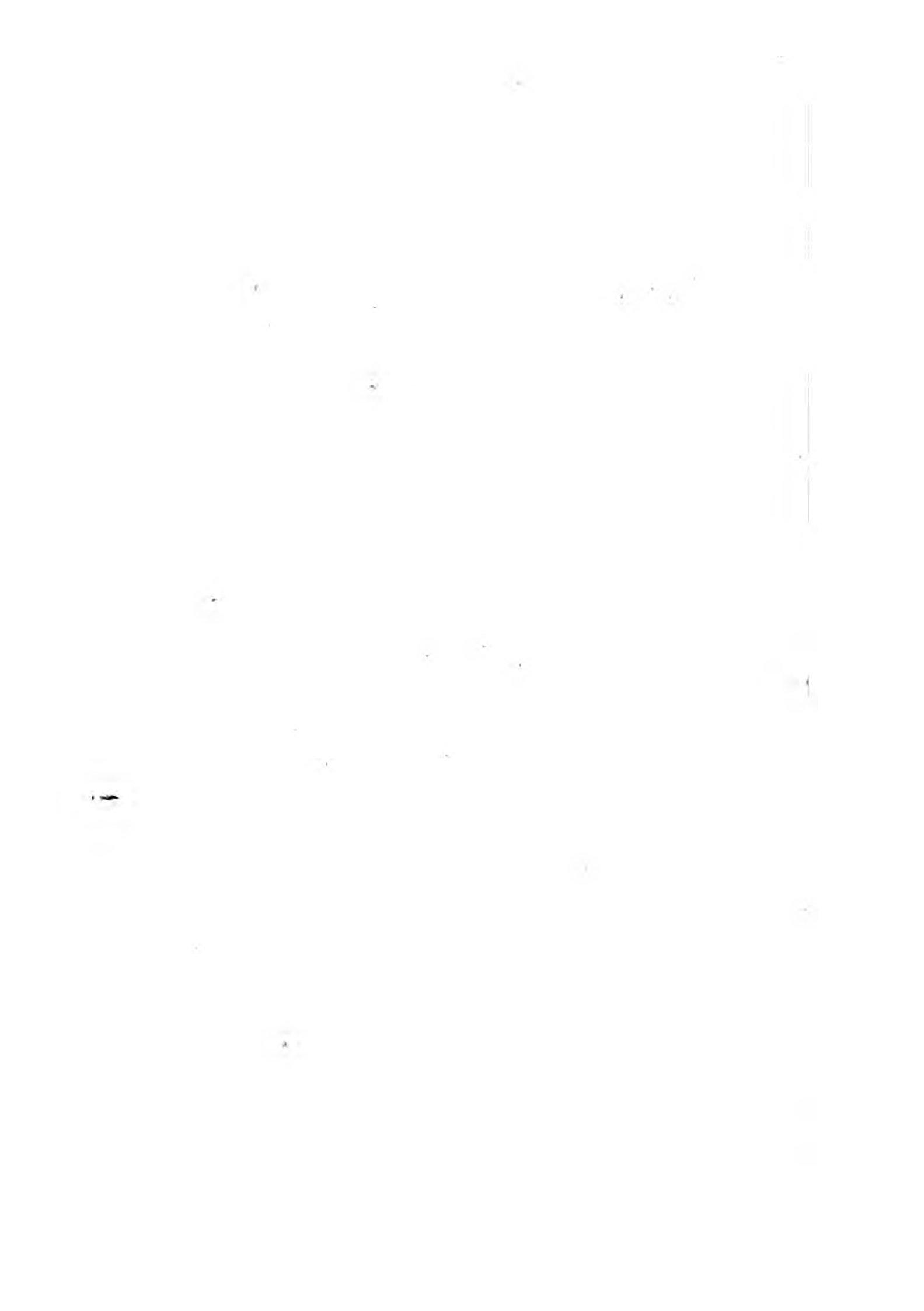
Then off like sky-rocket;  
Unseen! he took the bird! O, dear!  
Me sigh! me faint! I die with fear!”  
And *cramm’d* it in his pocket!

Like King Richard’s terrific dream,  
The fright once o’er—his face did gleam,  
And soon did give a toast!  
Became cheerful—shook off suspense—  
‘Honi soit que mal à pense!’  
“ Oui! ’tis my pride and boast!”

The song went round—the jest—the tale,  
Mirth and good humour did long prevail,  
Nothing like *row* or *huff*!  
The pipe, cigar—o’er many a whiff,  
From “grave to gay” like a light skiff,  
Mine host produc’d his snuff!

’Twas capital: sweet as a rose!  
To please the *smellings* of the nose,  
With compliments to boot;  
Such the snuff-taker’s great regard  
Loud in praise of ‘Irish Blackguard’  
O rare LUNDY FOOT!





Upon the box NAPOLEON'S head  
At one time the whole world's great dread;  
Animated as life:

“Grand Generale—the boast of France  
“Who made your foes to skip and dance,  
“I love thee next my wife!”

So said, Monsieur, with heavy sigh!  
“Those days of conquest all gone by  
He lives in fame's great list.  
Then fly “Blue Devils”—go—oui—pass!  
*Mon ami*—I'll take another glass!”  
When soon the box was mist!

The box was plain, no tunes did play,  
To arouse the dull and make them gay,  
With airs of great singers!  
“Rise gentle Moon,”—“My own blue Bell!”  
But rich painting—*fit* for a *Swell*!  
Inviting to fingers.

Just like a rout with the great folks,  
Bout splendid shawls and opera cloaks;  
Or, brilliant diamond pin!  
Lost! mislaid! perhaps ta'en away!  
But not with fraud! who dare to say—  
To keep it! What a sin!

The fox-hunter with shining pate,  
As full of mettle when o'er the gate,

In pursuit of fox or deer:

“Come first search me—look for the box,  
Let us see who has bagg'd the fox!

'Tis honest—though severe!”

“My friends,” mine host these words then  
broke,

“I'm sure 'tis nothing more than joke  
You cannot be serious?

Therefore treat it as a bit of fun.”

“Noa, noa,” says York—sharp as a gun,  
“A search becomes imperious!”

“I am very sorry for de loss,  
But non—I'll not disgrace my cross;  
The legion of honour!”

*Monsieur*—his hand upon his heart—

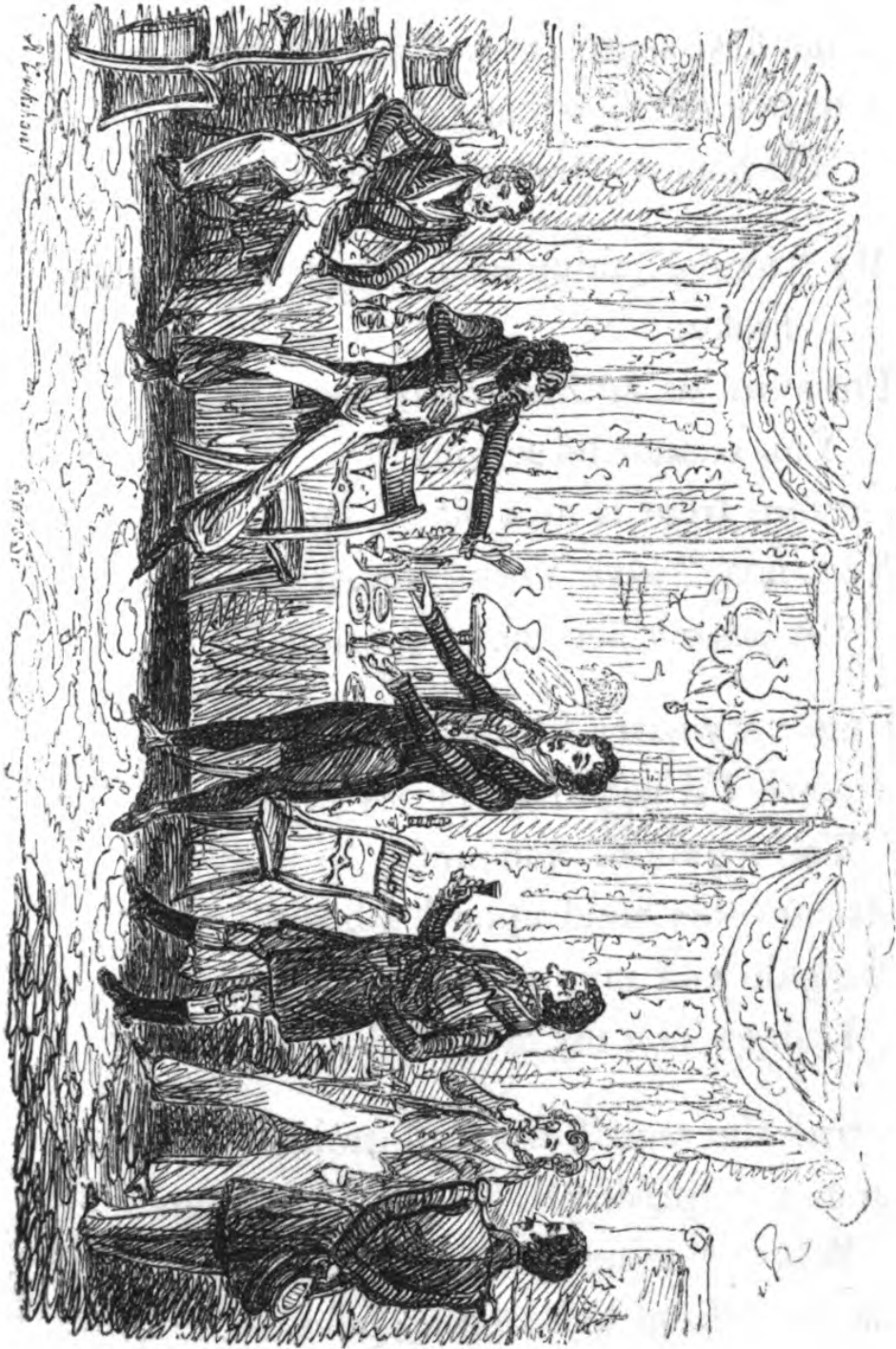
“The pain you give me makes it smart,  
It does 'pon my honour!”

'Tis true the *search* went all around,  
Strange! surprising! The box not found!

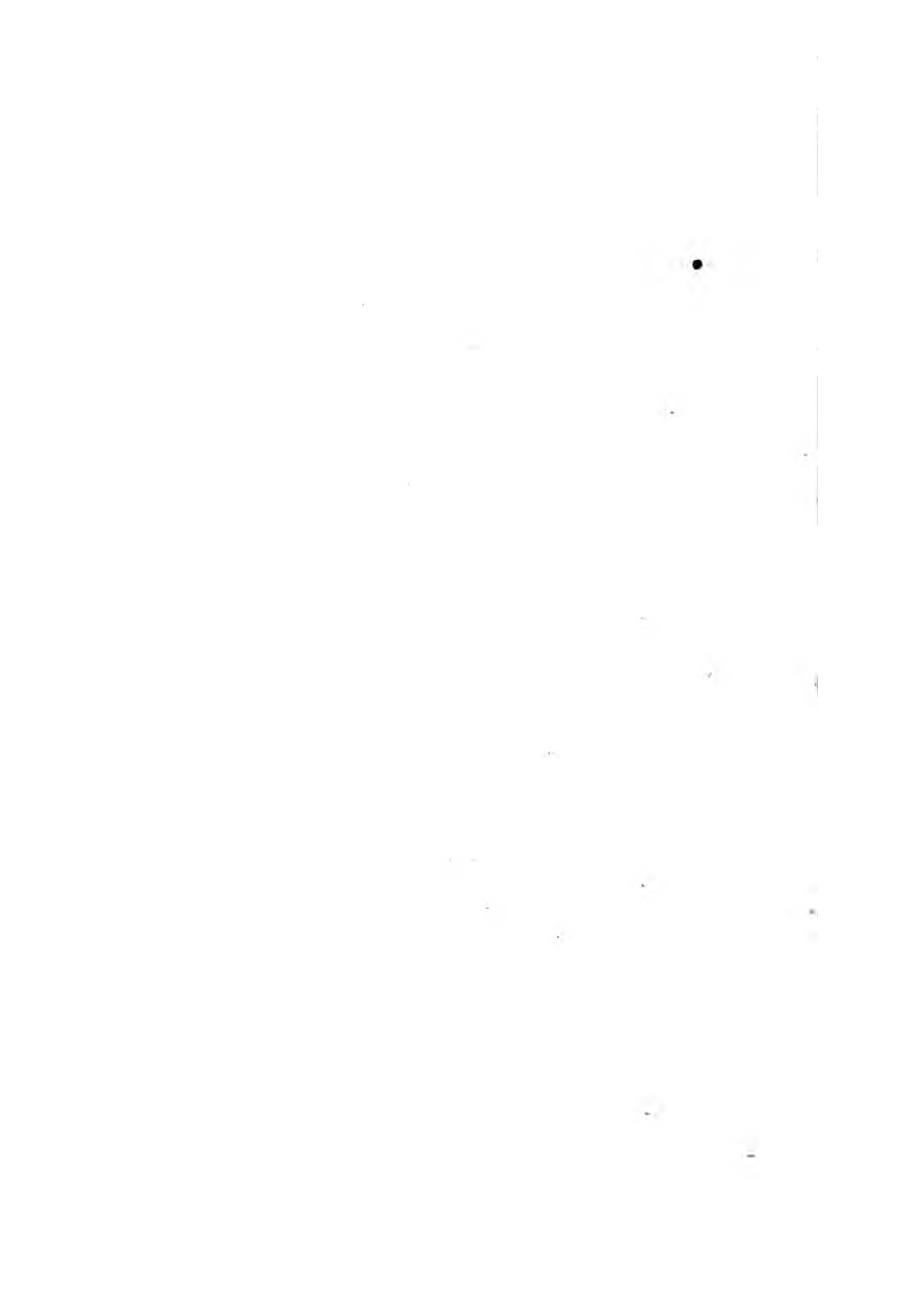
When “mine host” said with grief!

“Far be it from him to give offence?”

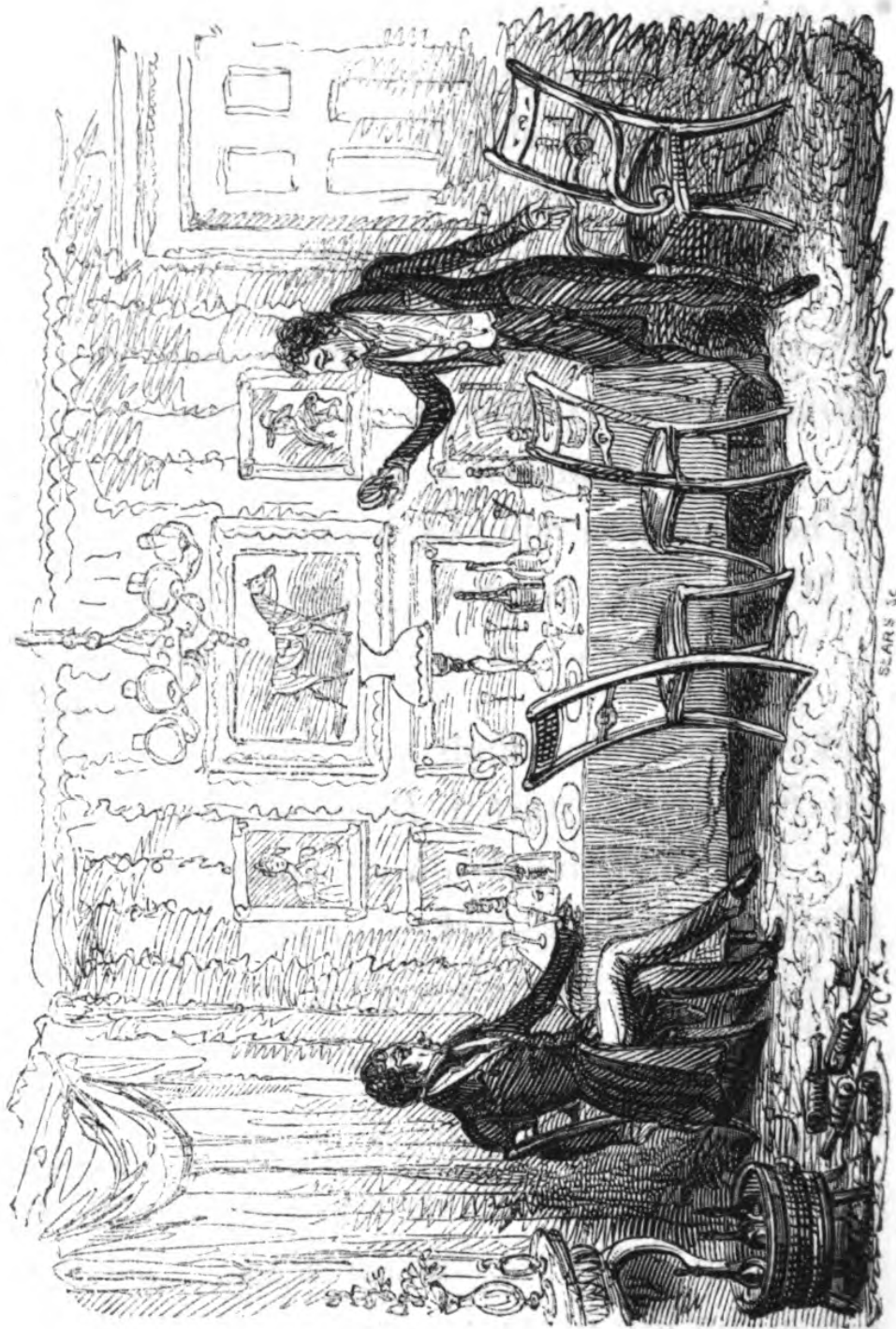
Begging them to hear his defence,  
To give his mind relief!











The company off were like a shot,  
The missing box! mysterious plot!  
    What an ungrateful thief!  
Whispers, nods, shrugs, "'Tis very clear—  
Monsieur has got it," (with a sneer,)  
    Said York—"that's my belief!"

The company all dropp'd off but one,  
Mine host and friend too *flat* to *pun*—  
    In dudgeon and in dread!  
When lo! in moving of his chair,  
"My eyes deceive me!" quite a stare  
    To view NAPOLEON'S head!

Like a miser that finds lost gold,  
Or *Kean's* fine start in *Richard* bold,  
    Our host struck almost dumb!  
Fix'd to the spot—lost in surprise,  
Until tears of joy reliev'd his eyes,  
    " This box is worth a *plumb* !

" Here Tom, Jem, Bill—bring me my coach,  
I will not sleep until this reproach—  
    Is off the Frenchman's head!  
I'm all on fire to remove crime,  
Drive on coachman, pray lose no time  
    The *stigma* must not spread!"

Off went the coach—the wheels roll'd round,  
 Like Royal Mail, *slap* o'er the ground  
 'Till they saw Monsieur's house :  
 Up the stairs—they like lightning flew,  
 The noise put Monsieur in a stew,  
 And did alarm his spouse !

“ Mon dieu ! mon ami ! you come so late—  
 Vat is de matter ? toujours pret—state ;  
 Do not distract my mind ;”  
 “ Behold the box—anxious to repair  
 Error—I found it in my chair——”  
 “ Bien obligè—you so kind !”

Replied the Frenchman, in accents mild,  
 His feelings touch'd like tender child,  
 “ That kill fox-man, cruel ;  
 Make me unhappy ! kill my dear vife !  
 Degrade my honour ! *oui* ! take my life !  
 Prenez garde ! *oui* ! a duel !

“ To search my pockets ! vile ! absurd !  
 “ And then to find one leetel bird,  
 “ *Oui* ! make my *cross* to blush !  
 “ I'm no thief, sare ! a gentilhomme !  
 “ Fond of my country ! honour ! *bonne* !  
 “ But for my poor vife—Hush !





“ *Pardonnez moi!* I shake your hand,  
 I belong to nation, noble! grande!  
 I no—never—no steal!  
 For lovely woman—I took de bird  
 Noting else, *non!* ’pon my vord—  
 But ‘fox-man’ made me feel!”

“ I’m sorry for it,” said mine host—  
 “ Indeed, ’tis hard to stand the roast!  
 “ To forgive—is now your plan!”  
 “ I do!” said Monsieur, “ all is past!  
 “ You have made me happy at the last,  
 “ You, *oui!* bonne Englishman!”

The **BOX** was found—the **SNIPE** was ate,  
 The whole were friends: and Madam’s *palate*,  
 The *Long-ing* gratified!  
 Monsieur toasted Old England’s King!  
 Mine host in praise of France did sing—  
 Thus—**PEACE** was ratified!





## NOTES.

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<sup>a</sup> SWALLOW, a technical phrase amongst theatrical persons. For instance—"He never could have acquired a knowledge of his part, forty *lengths*, in so short a time! Impossible! He might have *swallowed* it." Far be it from me to assert that Mr. Matthews had only *swallowed* SHAKESPEARE; because I am too well assured of the contrary,—no individual ever on or off the stage, has *digested* that 'great creature' with a finer appetite than he has done, without *cutting* him to pieces. A more sincere devotee to that great Master of the Human Passions is not to be found in the whole kingdom; and, in fact, Mr. Matthews was the first person who proposed to erect a NATIONAL MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF SHAKESPEARE ON THE SPOT WHERE HE LIVED AND DIED. This project received the high sanction and patronage of his late Majesty Geo. IV. and the Duke of York, as well as the promised support of several noblemen and other persons of distinction. Mr. Matthews was appointed to the office of General Secretary. On the above occasion, it was deemed inconsistent to *solicit* subscriptions, as the object was not so much to increase the *fame of the Bard*, as to evince the nation's sense of what was due to his memory.

<sup>b</sup> Perhaps, I ought to beg pardon for this sort of vulgar *familiarity* towards my friend, Mr. Richard Brinsley Peake; but as he is perfectly aware, that I did not *pick up* MY *phraseology* on classic ground, and having had nothing to do with the "fusty, musty rules of college," I flatter myself, that I already perceive in his good-natured face—FORGIVENESS! I repeat, also, that I am not so *classical* as the late Professor PORSON; and I acknowledge that I have often felt the want of writing good English with the facility of a HAZLITT, but my '*Table Talk*' has been of a very different quality from the circles of that gentleman; perhaps if they had been any thing similar, I might not have had to answer for *nobbing* PRISCIAN so often as I have done. But after all it is not my fault that I am not *classical*—it should seem, that it never entered the head of my daddy, poor man, to send me to college to become a *Graduate* to pore over the *FLEMENTS* of

EUCLID—and to *wade* through the Books of OVID. The mode (though not exactly in unison with Dr. O'Toole's system of *larning*), under which I obtained what little knowledge I possess—for to tell the truth, indeed it is but little—a nutshell would contain it—was of a more *gradual* nature; yet like the above celebrated Tutor, I am more indebted for what are termed 'new lights' in these enlightened days, to the GAS, than to any other great body of *illuminati*! But to return to the point in question,—if I had it in my power I would repair the error I have committed, Mr. Peake, by saying "rise up Sir RICHARD!" and I am certain if our good KING WILLIAM IV. (long life to him!) only knew the merry *punster* as intimately as I do, his majesty would most certainly "*Knigh*t" him as a complimentary return to *Dicky*, in consequence of the latter person having be-*night*-ed so many of his friends! A thought, however, has just flashed across my memory while writing this note, that I have been deficient in point of respect to Mr. Peake, as the god-son of the late Mr. RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, one of the greatest characters that ever existed in this or any other country in the world: whether he be viewed as a WIT—a DRAMATIST—a SENATOR—an ORATOR—a FRIEND—OR as a LOVER and ASSERTER of INDEPENDENCE, he was a hero. In adversity he was a man—a high-minded man—nay more, a giant buffetting with the overwhelming waves of poverty and distress! Exiled as it were from the palace, where his splendid talents were wont to set the table in a roar; out living all his friends; confined on a bed of sickness and in want—the terrors of a prison before him in his last moments—yet he scorned to stoop—to solicit a favour—and had it not been for one of those persons denominated Sheriff's Officers, who preferred the noble feelings of commiseration towards his prisoner, rather than execute the cold, rigid, dictates of the law—that great man, the friend of the people, must have been torn from his house, and in all probability, have terminated his existence within the walls of a gaol.—*Sic transit gloria mundi!* The name of SHERIDAN cannot be too often repeated in the ears of rising legislators as a real friend to his country, for in the truest and most extensive sense of the word HE LIVED AND DIED A PATRIOT: neither should it be forgotten that he was descended from a family which for nearly two centuries had been distinguished for the most eminent talents. Therefore let his errors rest with him in the peaceful tomb.—*De mortuis nil nisi bonum!* The conduct of

the above Sheriff's Officer is so highly creditable to his feelings as a man, that I cannot refrain from giving his name to the public. The following original letter, never before published, and which has been in my possession for upwards of twelve years, is inserted, as a laudable example of one of the *John Doe* and *Richard Roe* fraternity, that whenever any opportunity occurs for others "to go and do likewise!"

" Sunday, July 7, 1816,  
Half-past Twelve o'Clock, noon.

" My dear Sir,

Permit me to inform you that this day at twelve o'clock at noon died the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan, at his house, No. 14, Saville Row, in the 65th year of his age.

ROBERT FAIRBROTHER,

To Mr. Josh. Walmsley,  
No. 12, Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane.

No. 66, Drury Lane.

At the same time permit me to say, that I have the command of the Right Hon. R. B. S. to say he *thanked* you for your *manly* and humane conduct to him, and as a dying man he thanked you and blessed you. I certify this as the solemn assertion of R. B. S.

R. FAIRBROTHER.

c My friend BILLY has written twice as many pieces as SHAKSPEARE; nay, treble the number of works of our immortal Bard, yet, nevertheless, I consider him a complete ENIGMA; but I flatter myself, I can so far *unriddle* him, that he will not quarrel with the phrase of being "*swallowed*" by a great Actor, provided there is nothing likely to *dissolve* the friendship between the parties. Neither do I apprehend he will find fault with the *swallow* of the public, who have always had, and in all probability will have feverish *thirst* after *novelty*—when it is only common justice to state, that Mr. Moncrieffe has, by great application, industry, dramatic tact, and talent, successfully produced, in the short space of nine months, during the present year 1830, eight pieces, namely—VAN DIEMAN'S LAND,—THE BEGGAR OF CRIPPLEGATE,—OLD HEADS UPON YOUNG SHOULDERS,—A NEW COMEDY OF ERRORS,—THE PROGRESS OF A LAW SUIT, THE ELECTION, and THE DEVIL'S WALK, at the Surrey, Likewise the SHARPER'S PROGRESS, at the Adelphi. To which may be added two small humorous poems, entitled the MARCH OF INTELLECT, and THE GHOST OF OLD BOOTY.