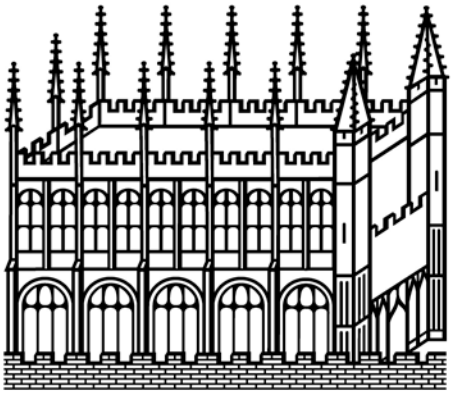

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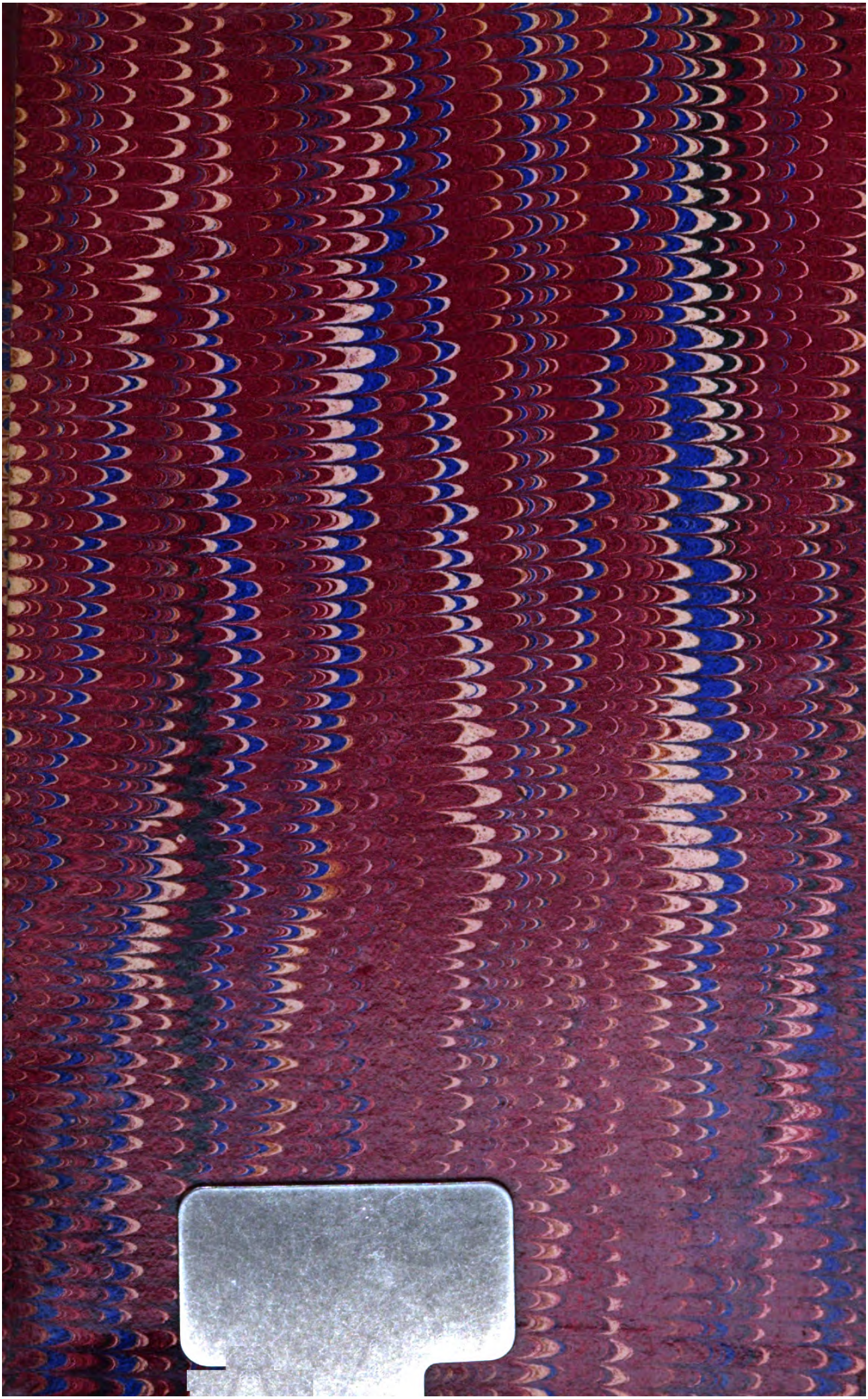

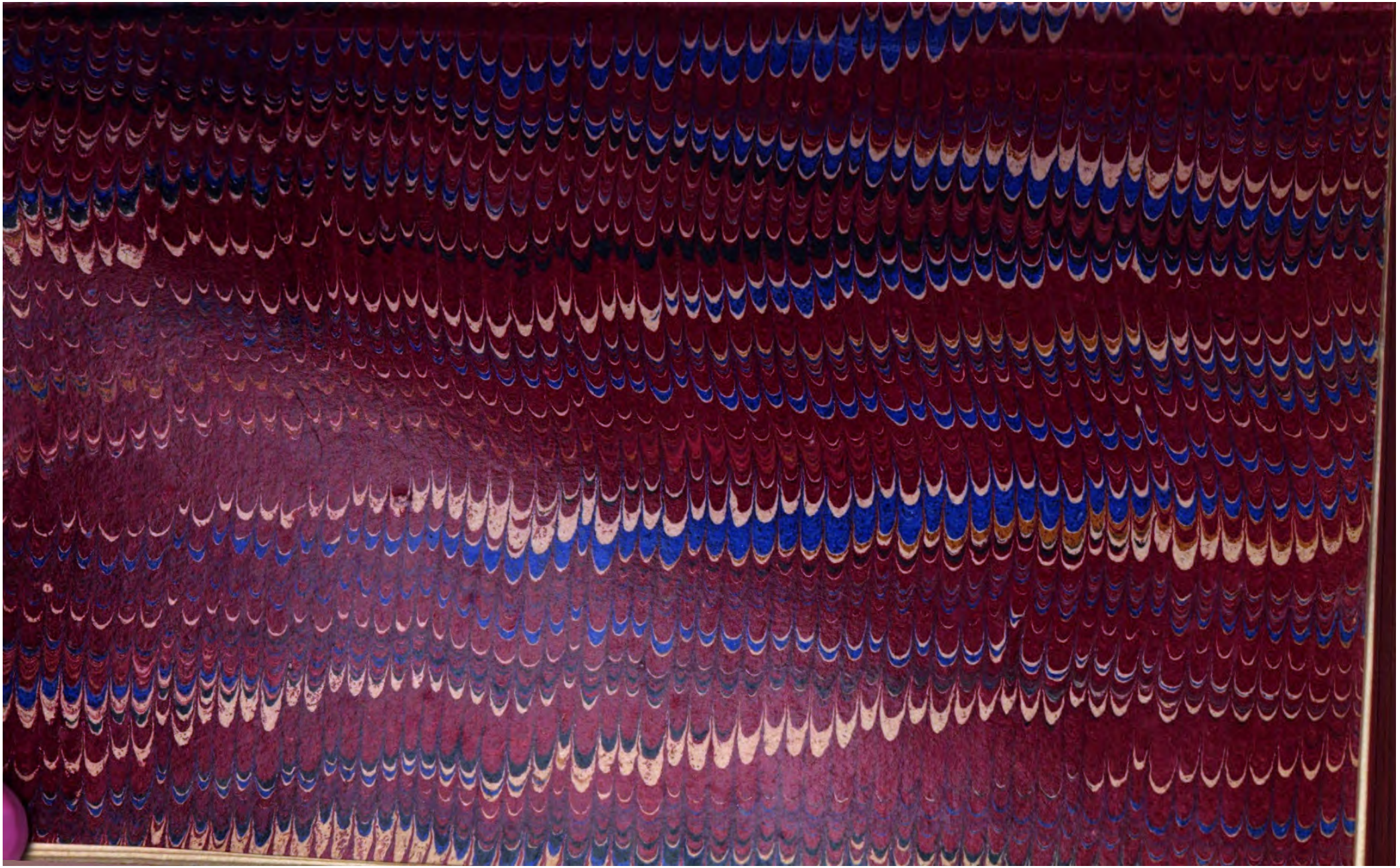

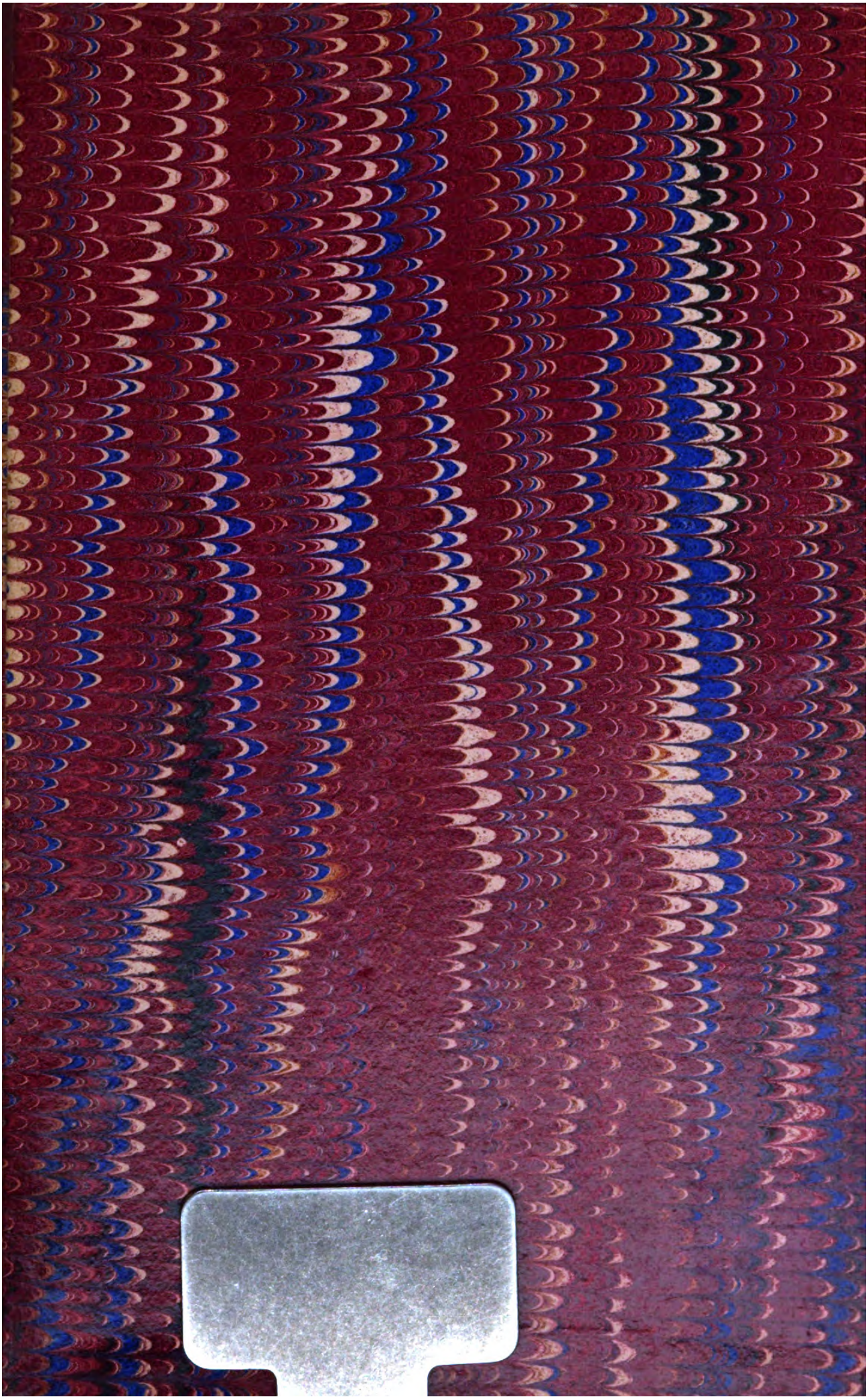

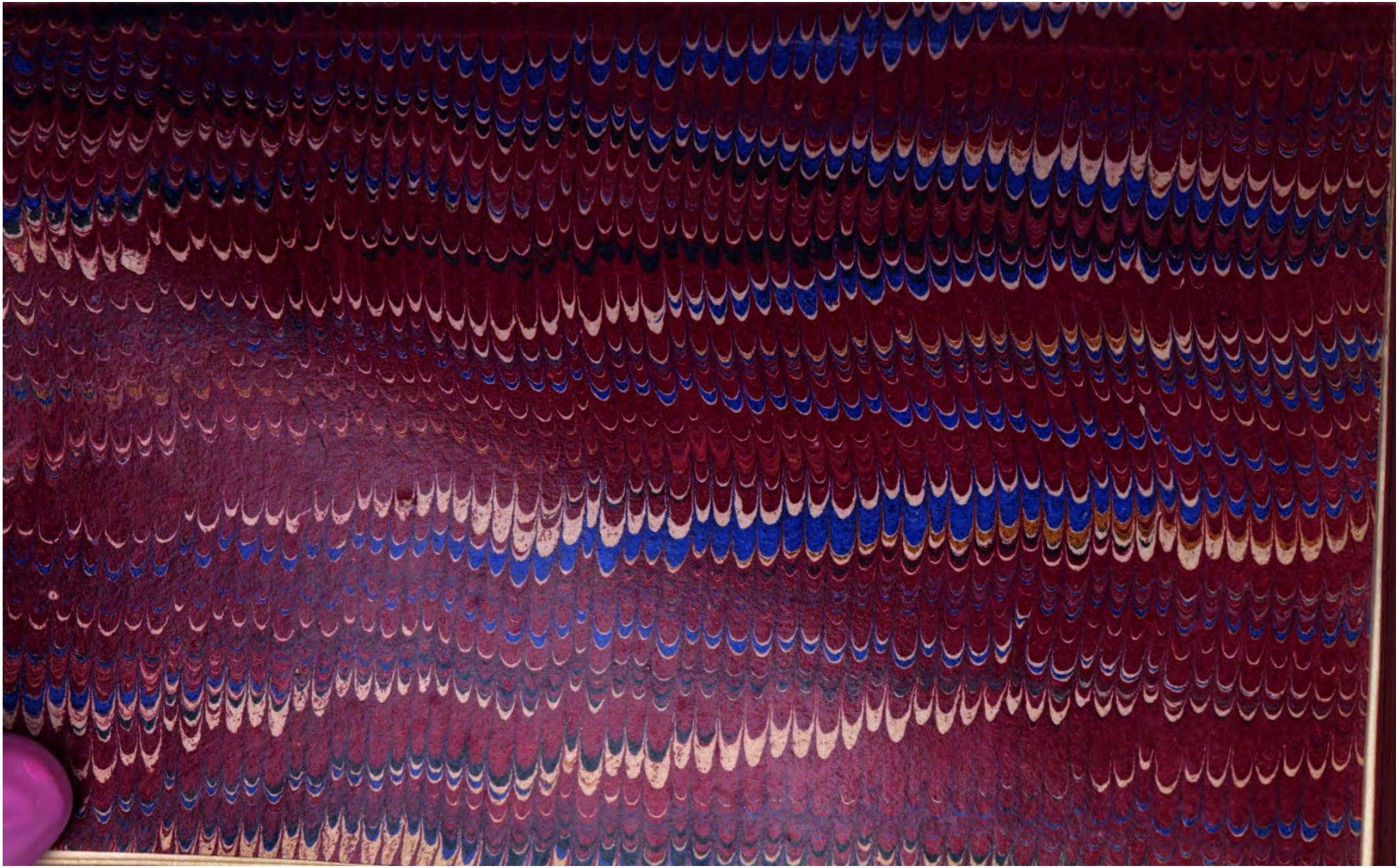

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THE COMIC SERIES.

THE

# COMIC MAGAZINE.

Third Series.

A HEAD AND TAIL PIECE.

EDITED BY

THE EDITOR OF "FIGARO IN LONDON."

**LONDON:**

PUBLISHED AT THE NATIONAL LIBRARY
OFFICE, 369, STRAND.

Printed at the National Library Press, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.—J. Pickburn, Printer.

# PREFACE.

WHEN we first started this little Work, the Public, with one accord, forced upon us an obligation to perform wonders, by unanimously asserting, we *promised* to do so.

Few people who *give* their words to others, find it possible to *keep* them themselves. How far we lay open to this accusation, judge, gentle Reader, of the *truth*, from the book which *lies* before you.

The "Comic" has completed its third series, which is a serious proof of value, with regard to peri-*odd*-ical works. But the Public has proved a kind nurse. They "*took us from the month*"—they fostered us with their smiles, till, to speak of the "Comic," in the language of the nursery, "*the little darling now stands alone.*"

Some ill-natured critics observing this with a jealous eye, have remarked, "That it is another proof of the immorality of the age, when such vast encouragement is given to a work, whose chief recommendation is the *lightness of its character;*" but, "with conscious virtue bold" we make *light* of the illiberal insinuation. The cuts which illumine our pages, are sketched in a spirit of even vestal chastity; while, as to *their lightness*, our engraver assures us, he always *cuts the lights out.*

As for our *articles* which accompany them—we will not be so ungrammatical as to attempt to define them; for, does not Lindley Murray teach us, that *an* article is *indefinite?*

The realms of poetry are spacious enough for the accommodation of all. Let those gentlemen who philosophically instance gravity while they explain it, possess, free from all intrusion on our part, those regions which are politely known as the *airy (area,)* but we shall ascend the first flight that presents itself, and take our station in the *drawing-room.* Nor,

A PAIR OF FOWLS.

while we are permitted to enjoy a place at the table, and are smiled on by the first nobility, shall we envy more sober competitors the full possession of those musty honours, which, librarians assert, are found only, in being "*laid upon the shelf.*"

If, as poets sing, "Joy's but a reflected Ray," we are armed against all criticism; for Reason assures us it is not possible for our *contents* to bear the *reflection* of *dissatisfaction.* Did we need proof, our sale would amply convince us, that this is, in reality, the case;—from the first day of our publication, our list of subscribers has been increasing; and those who delight in searching after causes to judge of effects, we refer to the fund of humour which the present volume contains, and ask them with a smile, how it was possible for the sale of any work to *fall,* when its compositions were obviously *Ris*(e)ible.

We most respectfully take leave of the Public for the present, to prepare with fresh vigour for their entertainment in the next number, which shall, if possible, take precedence of ll which have *preceded* it:—trusting

that when we again "touch the Lyre," the truth of our compositions will equal the effect of Orpheus' pipe, whose notes were so famed, that time was forgotten when he played.

ENJOYING A PIPE.

THE NEGLECTED FAIR.

# THE AERONAUT.

BY THE GREAT UNMENTIONABLE.

It is decided, dearest, I ascend;
Green and myself have come at last to terms,
"Ah! where," I hear you say, "will this trip end?"
Somewhere, my love, 'twixt Wormwood Scrubs
and Worms.

However, as Green says more than he prints,
I ought to tell you, ere I with the fellow go,
Just as a possibility he hints,
We *may* find bottom in the Archipelago.

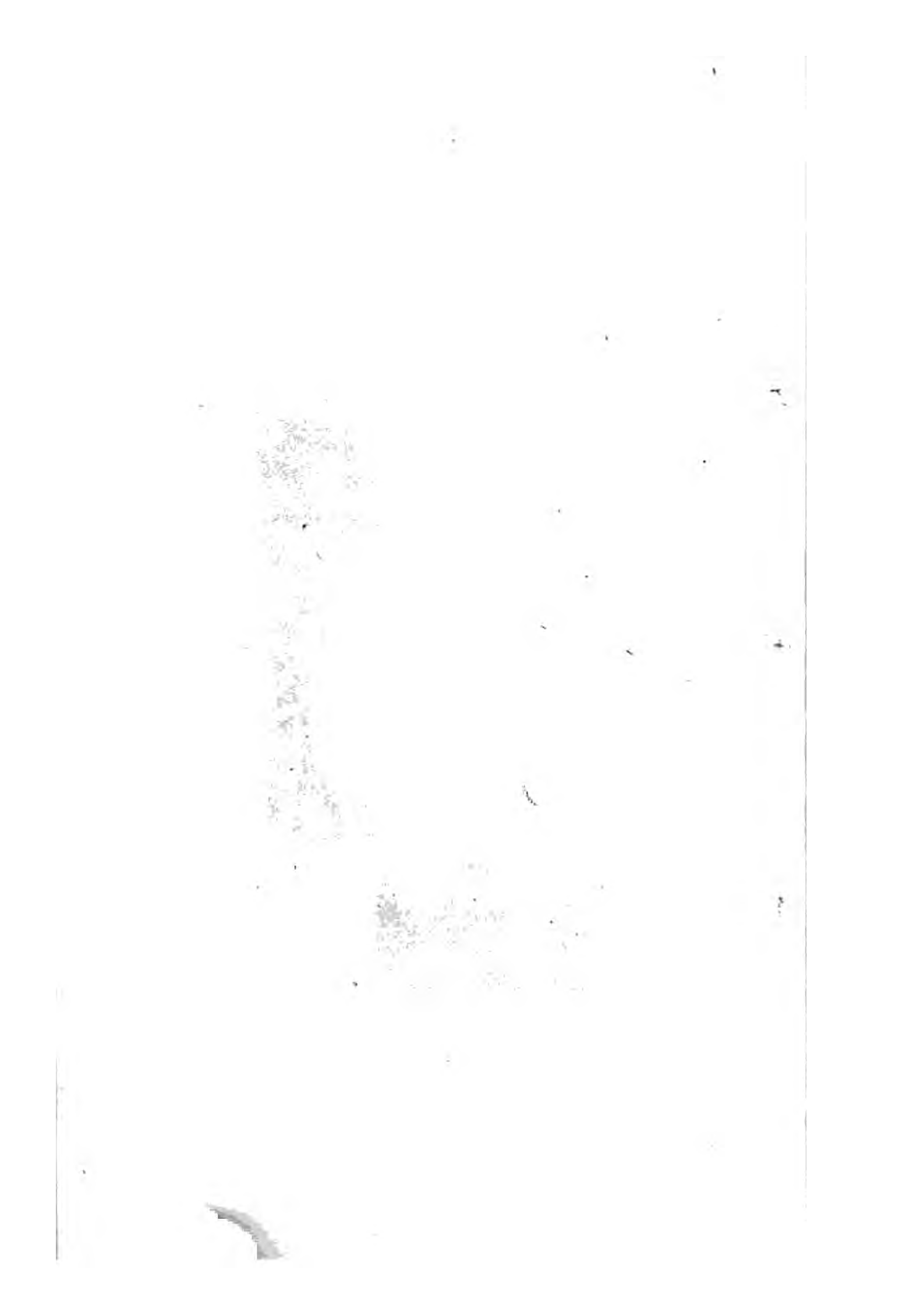
But this of course rests wholly with the wind,
And that you know, my love, don't rest with me;
But this be sure, whichever way inclined,
Blow me if it shall blow my heart from thee.

Soon from its moorings our balloon will part,
The hour, and place, and time, I'll let you know:
I hope, my dear, you'll go and see me start,
Nor mind if you should start to see me go.

But when you view me seated in the car,
Borne in a giffey from the earth to sky,
Up with your telescope, and fast and far,
Still follow me with fond and faithful eye.

And if I should into a cloud be blown,
Consider not the transient loss with pain,
But be your views exalted as my own,
Raised to the heav'n where we shall meet again.

A POOR LOOK OUT.



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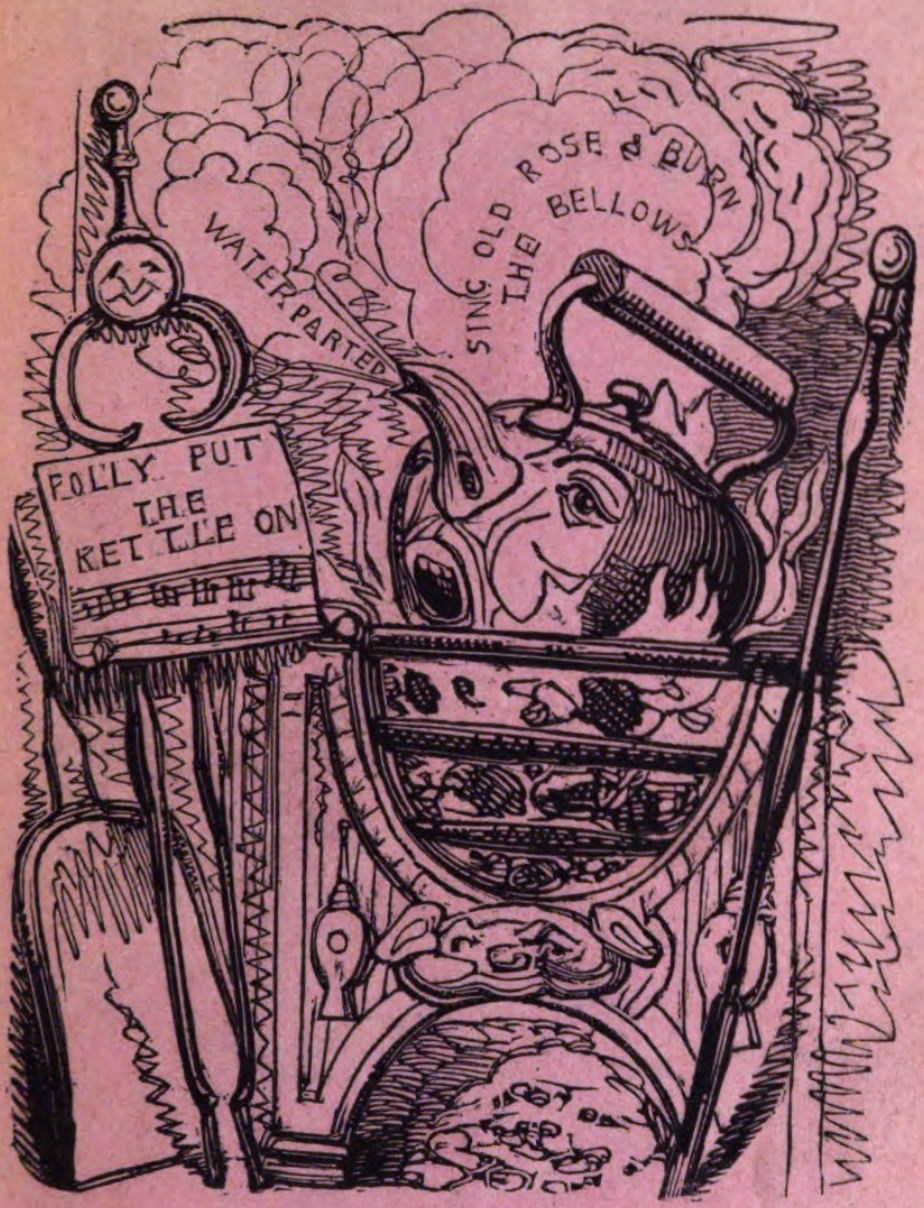


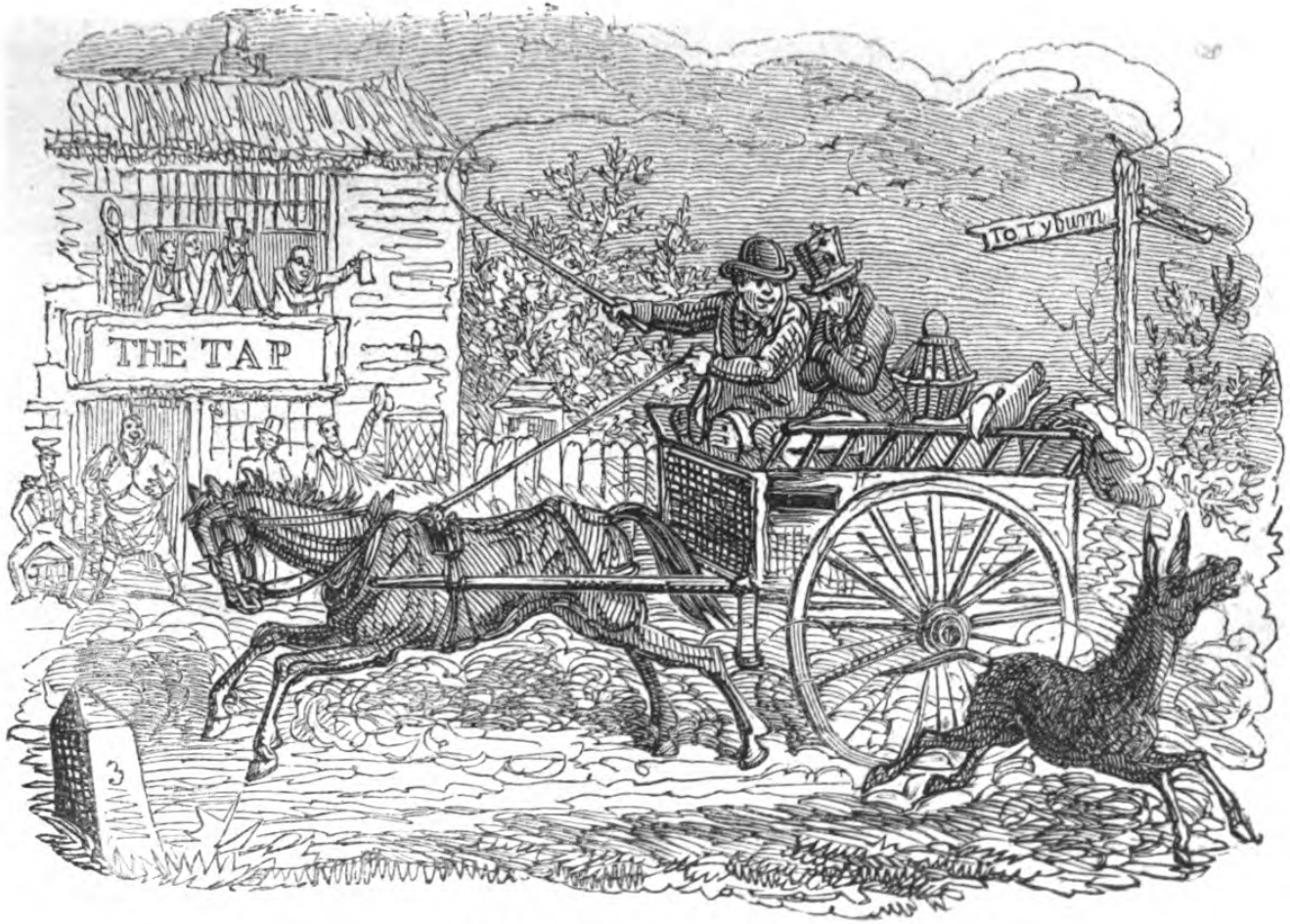

*PORTRAIT OF A WELL-KNOWN SINGER.*

*Bryan Bullmooney Travels.*

"AN UNPLEASANT SITUATION."

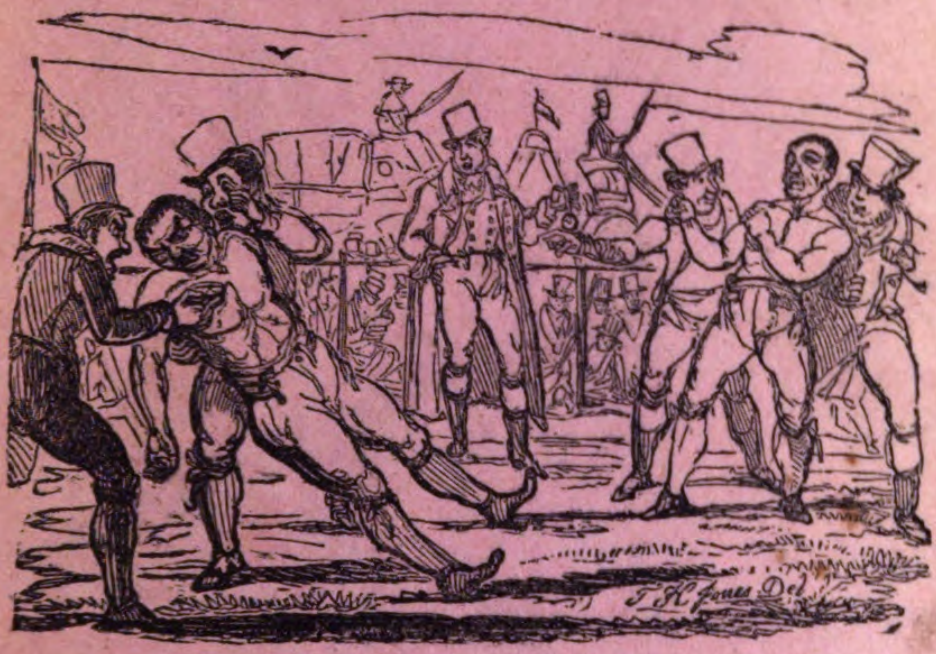
*Bryan Bullmooney's Travels.*

"THE *DUN* HORSE."




*Bryan Bullmooney's Travels.*

**" A PLEASANT RETURN."**




"And will he not come again?"—HAMLET.

Mark how our comrade's *w*rapt.—*Macbeth*.

SCRAPING A LIVING.

**BOARDING A MAN OF WAR.**

# LETTER WRITTEN AFTER A SEA VOYAGE TO GENOA.

---

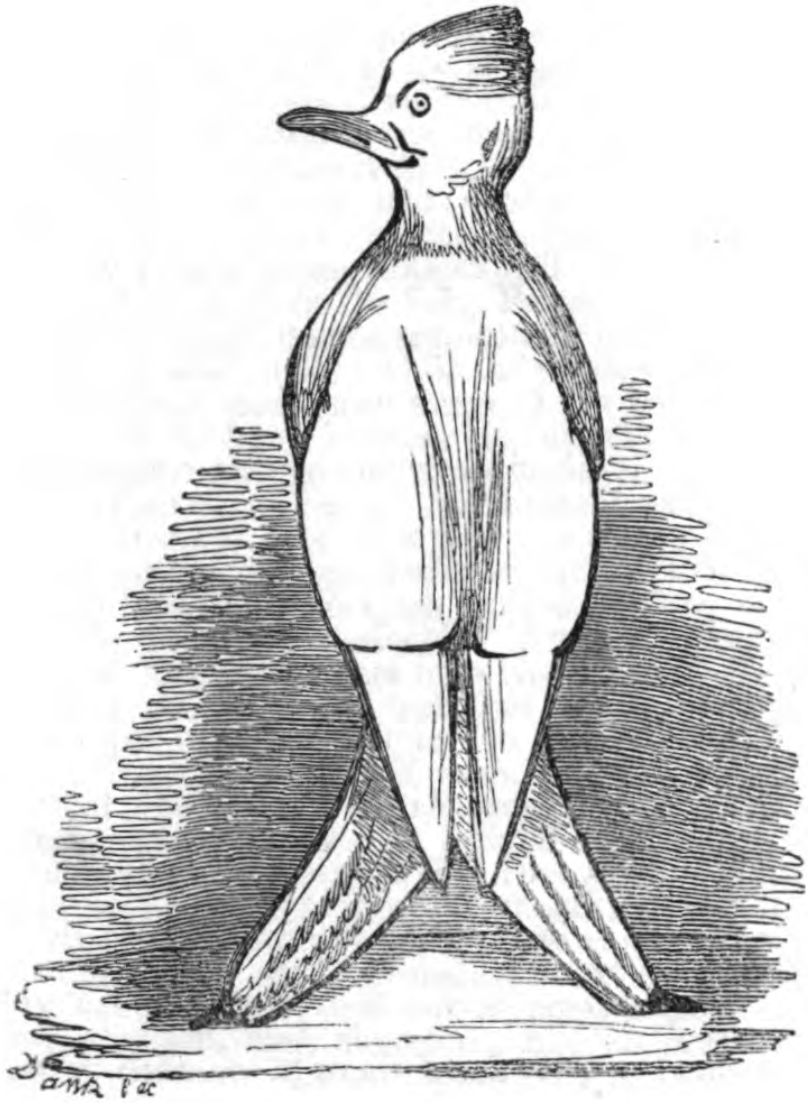
FAVOURED BY FIGARO IN LONDON.

---

DEAR ———. Genoa.

I HAVE just arrived here after a very boisterous passage, and, what with the wind and the rain, the elements seemed to be whistling "haily galey" during the whole voyage. In the *Bay* of Biscay (which, by the by, is quite *green*) the captain's second mate was blown overboard; but, as she was not his first wife, he seems to bear the loss very patiently. However, such is his apathy, that, considering the nearness of the kindred, it makes one quite shudder at the relation.

I met with particularly pleasant people in the vessel, who were all very polite and attentive at first; but Neptune seemed determined to waive all ceremony, for the billows he raised made every body so ill, that they could not help themselves, let alone one another. Such was the violence of the storm, that, like the keepers of counters in the Soho Bazaar, it seemed resolved on no abatement; while the winds were so very contrary, as to keep blowing us up sky high; and Father Neptune continued one moment swelling, and the next letting himself down to such a pitch of lowness as is quite inconceivable. I was standing very composedly on the raised deck, just behind our captain, when suddenly I felt myself promoted over his head, in a manner quite inconsistent with all rules, either military or civil. I was terribly sea-sick, owing to the perpetual rolling of the vessel; I could keep nothing on my stomach, and, therefore, like an unsuccessful barrister, was positively prevented from taking any thing by the motion. Well may those unfortunate birds who go out to sea be called gulls, but let them say what they like of the fun of a voyage on the ocean,



A PRIME FELLOW FOR A LARK.

and its being all very well for *a lark*, I never saw any thing but a gull upon it in the whole of my naval experience. I could gain very little information from the crew during the whole of our uncomfortable cruize; and, as to the man who guided the ship, he was such an austere character, that there was no getting a word out of him. The captain once, when I was trying to make the fellow tell me something about the passage, requested me to come away from the *stern*, so I suppose he is noted even among his companions for his sedate surliness. I got very ill tempered at this, and the captain, seeing me look sour, said with a smile, that "We should soon make plenty of whey," which, I suppose, was one of his jokes, to express that the acidity of my countenance was enough to turn all the milk in the vessel. We passed by Gibraltar, and one of the sailors brought me the intelligence that we had, at length, come to the last Straits, which very much alarmed me, so that I thought we were going to be a wreck, and I could not but shudder at the fellow's *reck*less indifference. Several vessels, they told me, were within *hail;* but, after the quantity we had at the

beginning of the voyage, I was glad to find we got to the end without it. We soon afterwards got into the Bay of Lyons, which is so called, I should think, from the roar of the winds in that quarter, which very much resembles the growl of that majestic animal; and certainly about Lyons, as they call it, the main is shaken with considerable grandeur. At length, we came in sight of glorious Italy, and saw before us the magnificent *Happy Nines*, so named, I should imagine, from their being considered favourable to all votaries of the Muses.

After a little more dilly dallying, having in our passage seen a Corsair, we got opposite Genoa, remarkable for its velvet; and, as there is no *w* in Italian, I presume it is a corruption of the words *well wet*, which every body is sure to get who visits the city by water. I cannot express to you my sensations when I landed, and, as I put my foot ashore, felt at last a*shore*d of my safety. I found a difficulty, at first, in standing steady upon my legs; and certainly the ground seemed to shake under me, which you know

"THE COARSE-HAIR."

"SOMETHING OUT OF THE COMMON."

must have felt rather strange, as I have always been used to consider it as *terra firmer*.

Thank Heaven I'm on dry land, which I never wish to leave again, in spite of all the humbug about Britannia being mistress of the ocean. If the sea will obey a mistress, I cannot undertake to say; but I know that it shows very little respect for one, two, or even three, masters.

I shall send off this letter immediately it is folded up, for, since my marine expedition, I cannot bear the sight of any kind of packet. Sooner than travel by sea again, I would ride a whole journey upon a donkey —though that, as you will doubtless think, would indeed be *something out of the common*.

Your's ever, rest a*shore*d,

——— ———.

# THE SLAVES' COMPLAINT TO PARLIAMENT.

BY FIGARO IN LONDON.

KIND Members of the House of Commons, pray
With some redress for all our wrongs supply us!
Shall we be purchas'd still from day to day?
'Tis wrong to suffer 'gainst us such a *buy us!*

We are abus'd! 'tis said we rob and steal,
Wherever we contrive to make an entry!
'Tis false, nature has put on us her seal,
To shew we cannot *be light finger'd gentry!*

GOING A BLACK BERRYING.

C

HOW THE BLACKS FLY.

Must every negro be a wretched wight,
While Liberty 'mongst you pursues its track;
Since Freedom you've in England brought to *light*,
Can you not bring some freedom to *the black?*

Say, is it right our prayers should be refused?
That our petitions should be sent in vain?
Are Nature's bounteous gifts to be abus'd?
Shall masters have *the sugar*, we *the cane?*

Oh! Messrs. Fowell Buxton and the rest
Of those who take the name of negro freeers,
Tell all in England how our backs are dress'd,
Here over seas, by tyrant *overseers.*

If you don't aid us, 'mongst our other evils,
We in appearance shall be zebras quite;
For though by nature all as black as devils,
Our bodies get vast *stripes of cruel white.*

At breakfast, when your coffee's fragrant smelling,
Think of our treatment where its luscious tree grows!
And oh! each English fop, *id est, white swelling*,
Will you not own a kindred with the *knee-grows?*

# ESSAY ON AN ASS.

BY FIGARO IN LONDON.

An ass is the most ill used of animals. Though possessed in an eminent degree of patience, one of the cardinal virtues, the donkey is ridiculed for possessing it; and, though age should command respect, the unhappy ass is only derided for his *length of (y)ears*. Some creatures are born to be fortunate, but others

TRUE FAME--RATHER DIE THAN RUN

come into the world only for its *crosses;* and a donkey is doomed to bear one on his back, from the very moment of his birth, to the end of his existence. He is subject to every kind of malignity, and if he attempts to raise his voice in expostulation—*(should he upbrayed)*—contempt is the only result of his moanings. Does he venture, fired with a noble spirit of emulation, to contend with one of his own tribe in a run towards a winning post, the match excites the unfeeling ridicule of the bystanders; a *horse race* pleases as a matter of *course*, but a run between two asses—alas!—the unhappy *race* is fated! No beast is more put upon than a donkey, and is, at the same time, worse fed; for though he has almost constantly a bit in his mouth, it is the bit attached to the bridle. He affords an example to men in business: for, though *hampered* through life, he never will allow himself to get into *a-rear* upon any account; and, to whatever amount he may find himself obliged to draw, he keeps upon his legs with singular steadiness. He seldom gets any other food than that he picks up by the road-side, and, though his meal is generally but a very ordinary one, it is, for the most part, something

out of the *common*. He gets but little food in his stable, and, though he sets his mind upon the rack, it is generally quite empty.

**HIS MIND IS ON THE RACK.**

A WELL FAVOURED MAN.

# PARLIAMENTARY SKETCHES.

BY FIGARO IN LONDON.

## MR. JONES.

BEFORE we enter directly upon the sketch of the great and highly-gifted character, whose name stands at the head of the present article, it may be as well to offer a few general observations on the family of the Joneses, a scion of whose *great stock* has been distinguished in every profession in which distinction is attainable.

The name of Jones is known to be of Welch extraction, and has on that account been traced by an antiquarian of deep research, (one of those whose labours have discovered *facts*, which have defied the penetration of preceding ages,) to the same Jonas who spent three days in the belly of a *whale*, with that wonderful facility of making himself comfortable under all circumstances, which was the distinguishing feature of the martyrs of antiquity. It is easy to account for the corruption of *Jonas* into *Jones*, and, considering the well-known historical fact to which we have alluded, it is not surprizing that the Joneses should abound in *Wales*, for which it seems the founder of the illustrious race had a decided partiality.

Having said enough, or at least as much as is thought necessary on most occasions of sketching a character, to give a reason for bringing an individual into public notice, we shall proceed at once to a delineation of the important-and-much-to-be-admired-when-heard-of-and-understood personage, whose name is enough to shed a lustre upon any page of any periodical.

ATTACHMENT TO MANUAL LABOUR.

Mr. Jones is the son of parents whose family have made an immense fortune by trade, or by manual labour, and who now live in luxury upon what their ancestors have accumulated; combining dignity with ease, by a high-minded contempt for the means by which their wealth has been acquired. Of the boyhood of the subject of the present memoir there is nothing on record,—he was set down as a thick-headed dolt at school, but that, we are assured by his relations, is only a mark of his genius, which, having resources of its own, disdained to profit by the labour of others. He went through the usual course of taking a degree at one of the Universities, and, at the age of twenty-one, he was put into the House of Commons, as a representative of a borough that had been in the family upwards of forty years. It was now that the abilities of Mr. Jones were to be brought forth, and the splendid genius which had disdained to show itself in universities or schools, was destined to break out with unrivalled splendour in the senate. Mr. J. attended the house night after night, (with that modesty which is always ttendant on real merit,) without uttering a word. But

this could not last for ever, the force of eloquence that was burning to show itself could not be eternally restrained; and one memorable night, after a long and angry discussion on the Catholic question, Mr. Jones rose while a warm conversation was at its heat respecting an adjournment, or a division, and was delivered of his *maiden speech.* How much is it to be regretted, that the subject of it should never have transpired? But in the confusion that prevailed, from several members speaking at once, even *the rising* of Mr. Jones passed without notice in the journals of the following morning. An old member (a Mr. Smith, we believe, but whose exact name we have never been able to learn) was in the constant habit of attending his youthful friend to the house, by the desire of the father of the latter, who, aware of his son's modest timidity, wished some friend of the family to be constantly near him to encourage him in any effort of eloquence his genius might happen to inspire. To this Mr. Smith alone was the oration we have alluded to audible, and that only indistinctly. It is said to have been a manly reproach to the members for forgetting the dignity of debate, and in

COMING TO A DIVISION.

TAKING A GLASS.

the heat of indignation, the spirited expressions of "Blackguard course of proceeding"—"D——d low way of getting through the business of the country," are said to have escaped the lips of the justly enraged and youthful orator. Encouraged by the success, or, we should perhaps rather say, not having reason to be daunted by any failure of his maiden effort, the enthusiastic Jones began to take an active, though for some time a silent, interest in the discussions of the Commons.

"He was, however, only waiting his opportunity, and that he found in a motion on the slave trade, a question giving scope for all the finest feelings of the man, and offering a field to the most elevated talents of the orator. He prepared a lengthy speech, and on the day appointed, with a heart palpitating with ardour in the cause he was about to advocate, and having primed himself with a bottle of champagne with his friend Smith, as a companion, he walked down to the house, determined that the approaching night should be the dawn of his immortality. The question came on;—many members rose on both sides, and Mr. Jones was, in some degree, damped by finding that

some of those on his side the house were making use over and over again of the arguments, with which he had hoped first to sway the house, and then, through the press, to give a determination to the sense of the whole country. At length fearing he should be forestalled in all he had to say, he made a desperate effort, and caught the Speaker's eye, but when he got upon his legs, had those legs been his last, he could not have felt more agitated, than on finding the collective wisdom of the whole empire anxiously waiting for his speech upon the slave trade. However it was no time to reflect, and open his mouth he must, even if he had began to feel it would be only to put his foot into it. He commenced in a tremulous tone :—

" Mr. Speaker, sir,—that is, you sir,—In rising to make a few." Here he was interrupted by Smith, who handed up a written copy of the speech, from which he commenced anew. " After the very able manner in which this question has been argued by many illustrious men whom I now see around me, who *meet here* like *meteors* to dazzle by their brilliance the—the—after, I say, the splendid exhibition of oratory I have this night witnessed on the part of men, as superior to

him who now addresses you, as the heaven-throned summit of Mont Blanc to the pigmy mount which raises its dark and mud-capped head in the gardens of Kensington." Here Mr. Jones was cut short by a general *cough*, indicating the *cold* reception of a speaker's remarks, which threw a damp on the young member's energies, when Mr. Smith, by a loud cry of "hear," in some measure restored his *protége* to confidence. "Sir," continued Mr. Jones, "I will not waste the incalculably valuable time of the house, *(a general cry of hear,)* by any observations of an irrelevant tendency, but will at once proceed to the subject of the debate, the diabolical, the life destroying, the disgraceful tendency of the slave trade, *(hear and a laugh.)* Can he who tortures his fellow-creatures be ranked among *man-kind?* He may wear the form of a *man*, but his *kindness*, sir, I should very much question, *(a laugh, and another cough.)* The conduct of him who beats his slave, beats anything, *(question, question.)* Gentlemen may cry question, but it won't *answer*. I will neither be unceremoniously *taken up*, or rudely *put down*, by any one of you." Here the confusion became so great that Mr. Smith interfered, and

airly dragged his friend off his legs, and put a stop to his unappreciated eloquence. Thus, by the influence of an envious faction, has England been deprived of the services of a true patriot and a real genius, for Mr. Jones has sworn never again to enter the house; and though his adoration for his country might induce him to alter his determination, the passing of the reform bill has closed his furthur access to the Commons.

NOTHING SUPERFLUOUS.

A PLACE UNDER GOVERNMENT.

OH! BLAME HIM NOT, THE ARCHER BOY.

# PARODY ON THE ARCHER BOY.

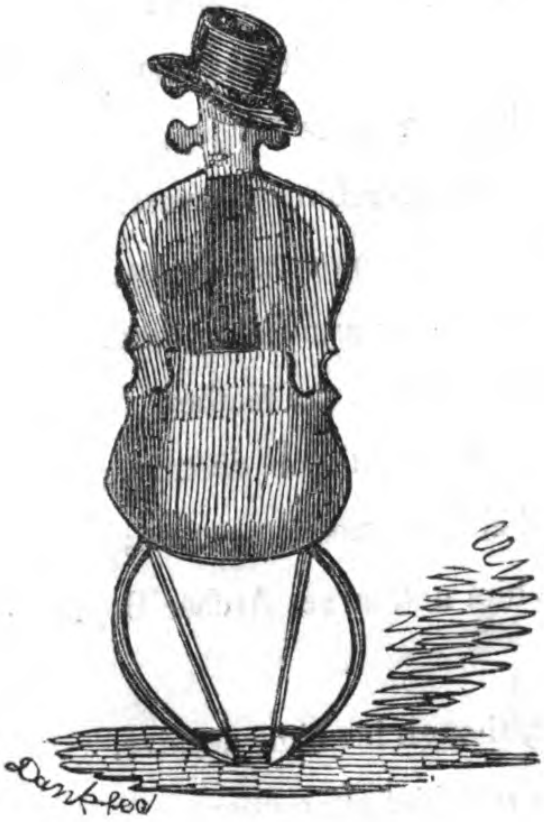
BY FIGARO IN LONDON.

Oh! chide him not, the Archer Boy,
Since he's his mother's richest treasure.
His random shots are quite her joy,
His misses but an urchin's pleasure.
And what if into some one's eyes
A transient arrow wandering flies!
Though he cannot direct the feather,
Who would his gentle sport destroy,
That nose and chin connects together;
Oh! blame him not, sweet Archer Boy.

Oh! think not, though his aims deceive,
That 'tis for mischief altogether,
That sometimes he a nose will cleave,
Or sometimes pierce a coat of leather;

Though jaws are widely open seen,
While hops an arrow in between—
Then chide him not, the Archer Boy.

Though he cannot direct the feather,
Who would his simple sport destroy,
Though nose and chin he keeps together;
Oh! chide him not, the *Archer* Boy!



BOW-LEGGED BANDY.

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EFFECTS OF BAD COMPANY.

# SENTIMENT IN THE SUBURBS.

BY FIGARO IN LONDON.

MUCH has been written by cockney poets, upon the evil effects of society, as contrasted with the influence of fresh air and rural scenery upon the feelings, which, it has been said, are most materially soothed and chastened by a stroll in the suburbs. The following poem is calculated to do away with such an impression, by

showing the familiar interruptions to which a sentimentalist would be subjected, were he to select Primrose Hill as the scene of his musings. Itinerant venders of sweetmeats, &c. are mortal enemies to that romance which, according to some small lyrists, is so effectually achieved by the congregation of a duck, a tree, and a jackass, on some extra-metropolitan common.

---

## THE ENTHUSIAST AND THE HAWKERS.

---

How beautiful to stand upon the hill,
And look with placid rapture to the skies,
Letting the chasten'd soul imbibe its fill
Of—"*Here my customers, my nice hot pies!*"

A COMMON COUNCIL.

Here Meditation, with its gentle voice,
Upon the unfetter'd spirit blandly calls,
And offers unto each lull'd heart the choice
Of—"*Now then, four a-penny brandy balls!*"

While rais'd above the city's noise, you spurn
Its mean contentions,—feeling you defy them;
Your breast is full of higher thoughts! ah, learn
In time to—"*Crack and try before you buy them.*"

Ah, yes! this rural and exalted spot
Each holier feeling, with a sigh, calls
Back on your mind; the world seems half forgot,
As if some saint were present—"*Fine St. Michaels!*"

Each turbid passion, hate, revenge, and spleen,
Subside at once; for anger lives not here,
But dies amid the glories of the scene,
And soon lies buried with the—"*Ginger beer.*"

Yet melancholy though the scene inspires,
Still animated feelings 'twill produce;
And oft such meditation nobly fires
The breast with vivid fancies,"*Spruce O spruce.*"

But now the shades of eve come on apace,
And in the plain below the sheep-bell tinkles;
Night draws the veil o'er nature's beauteous face,
Sol seeks his ocean bed of—"*perriwinkles.*"

PILOT—A TALE OF THE SEA.

A SWELL OF THE FIRST WATER.

**HESITATION IN DELIVERY.**

# SPECIMENS OF AN AMERICAN NEWSPAPER.

BY FIGARO IN LONDON.

THE following paragraphs are specimens of a paper published in the New World, where every editor is by nature *a facetious dog*, as the name of his country—*A-merry-cur*—seems to signify. He deals largely in figures of speech, and has no hesitation in the delivery of the most imaginative sentences.

## IMPORTANT ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERY.

The other day, while some labourers were digging the foundations of a house, in a field about four miles distant from the city, their attention was suddenly ar-

rested by a small black substance, about which there was a palpable appearance of suprising antiquity.—One of the workmen having raised from the ground the curious relic, which measured about three quarters of an inch in length, and about the fifty-ninth part of one in diameter, it was determined, after much speculation, to lay the extraordinary remain before the honourable society of New York Antiquarians. A meeting having been called, the mysterious particle was indisputably proved to be the stalk of the identical apple which Eve commenced and Adam finished, and a treatise is in preparation, by order of congress, to prove that the United States must have been the part first inhabited, so that the stem of the forbidden fruit might very naturally have been expected in the quarter where it has been so miraculously discovered. As it is presumed that our first parents did not *swallow the pips*, a commission has been appointed to search for them, since it is most naturally inferred that the stalk and pips must have been lying since the creation in the same neighbourhood.

COMPANIONS IN ARMS.

## NATURAL CURIOSITY.

Some three or four years ago a child was exhibited in England, who is said to have had marked on the interior of his eye, a distinct representation of the letter N. supposed to have been the result of his mother having, during her pregnancy, been constantly thinking of the Emperor Napoleon; who had been the companion in arms of her husband. This was at the time thought miraculous; but America is not to be outdone in prodigies, and, for the honour of our country, we have great pleasure in announcing that we have just seen a child, in this city, upon the pupil of whose eye may be distinctly traced the two first volumes of "Blackstone's Commentaries," while on the pupil of the left eye, "De Lolme on the English Constitution," may be read with the greatest ease; and, as it strictly corresponds with the latest edition, the work, as given on the child's eye, may safely be used for the purposes of reference. This phenomenon is supposed, very naturally,

to have arisen from the pursuits of the father, who, we need not say, is studying in this country for the profession of an English barrister.

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### ALARMING SERPENT.

We have it on authority, to which we are accustomed to give unqualified credence, that a serpent has recently made its appearance in the back woods, with the extraordinary property of being able to elongate itself at pleasure, precisely on the principle of a patent sliding telescope. Naturalists give it as their decided opinion, that the animal alluded to must belong to the *adder* tribe.

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### HORRIBLE NEWS FROM ENGLAND.

The awful intelligence has just reached us, that the Thames has overflowed its banks, and the commercial interest of London is frightfully alarmed at the prospect of the terrific effects of the currency. It is supposed that none of the large houses in the city will long be able to keep their heads above water; and the great

THE CURRENCY QUESTION.

**A POOR PITTANCE.**

speculators say that it will be impossible to stand up against providence, should it relentlessly break the banks, and be the cause *of sinking so much capital.*

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### COOL SUICIDE.

A gentleman in this city, who, earning but a poor pittance, has been much distracted in his mind by pecuniary embarrassment, last week made away with himself in the following extraordinary manner. Having cut his throat, he deliberately ordered his dinner; and, having finished his meal as usual, coolly blew his brains out; he then called for his tea, of which he partook slightly; and having retired to rest he was found quite dead by a servant who went to call him in the morning.

## THE BRIEFLESS ONE.

BY FIGARO IN LONDON.

In vain each day down to the court I go,
And to attornies give the bow urbane;
For I must, notwithstanding all I do,
Depriv'd of "*brief authority*" remain.

For me each term brings no *hilarity*,—
Not Hilary a single guinea earns;
And I am doom'd the paradox to see,
Of *terms* that strangely lead to no *returns*.

HAMLET OF HAMMERSMITH.

BARREN HEATH.

While others round me every minute rise,
I feel at times a glow of emulation;
Till on my empty bag I fix my eyes,
And find with me 'tis always *long vacation.*

Vainly I strive my business to enhance,
By feigning for the law a fond devotion,
And daily at the court attendance dance,
Seeking to find the *poetry of motion.*

Vainly his lordship asks, with courteous glance,
Whether I've ought to move?—O worst of griefs!
I find that, though I'm making no advance,
Already I'm *chief-barren* of the briefs.

Once, and once only, came within my reach
An opportunity for gaining pelf;
I spoke,—but oh! my single part of speech,
Like a noun-substantive, *stands by itself.*

Oh, wretched hour when I pursued the law,
And follow'd it by fate's severe decree!
For see the crowd of bailiffs at my door,
Proving the cruel *law now follows me.*

At length the die's irrevocably cast!
And, all my former misery to clench,
My doom is seal'd—the end is come at last,—
I find myself *promoted to the bench*.

**BAD METRE—FALSE QUANTITY.**

# FACT AND FANCY.

## A DESIGN FOR AN EPIC.

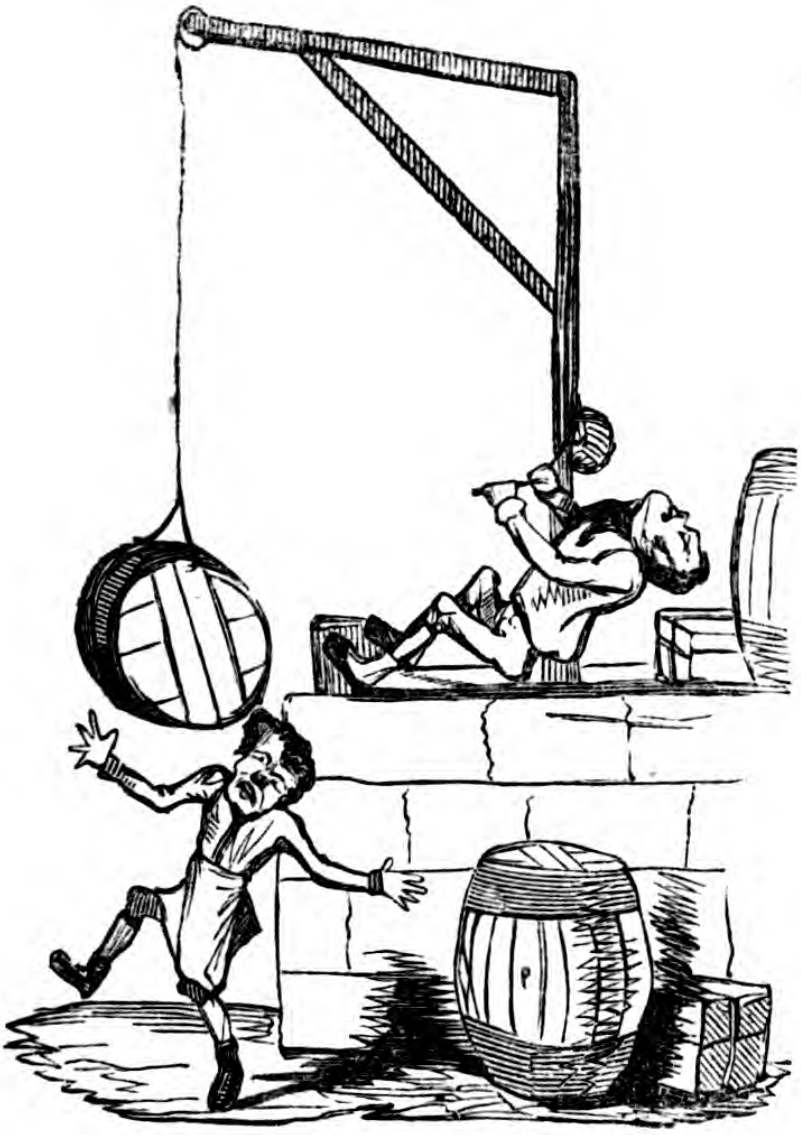
ARGUMENT.

Appeal to Imagination. Its power to give importance to the meanest objects. Appearance of a stranger; what we should *fancy* him to be; what he *is*. The Thames.—What Imagination paints it; what *it is*. Genius, where we fancy it will be found; where *it does reside*.

IMAGINATION! now my Muse inspire,
And teach me how with grace *to play the lyre*:
Unto thy sway my numbers I resign;
I am thy subject,—let me make thee mine!

'Twill be my task, thy wond'rous pow'r to shew,
How trifling matters into grandeur grow,—
How by thy touch great things rise up from small,
And often greater still from none at all!!
Behold yon stranger, who, with curious eye,
Looks in the face of every passer by;
See how he closely scans, with searching glance,
Their various features who t'wards him advance.
Imagination hints:—in every look
The stranger reads mankind as in a book;
That skilfully he's doubtless learn'd to trace
Some passion in each movement of the face;
While to his keen and philosophic gaze
Each varying look the inward mind displays.
But now Imagination put to flight,
Reality steps in to set us right.
Sad truth! that he whom fancy lov'd to draw
As one that took delight men's thoughts to scan,
Is but a grovelling minion of the law—
*A Bailiff on the prowl to catch his man.*

* * * * * *



STUDY ON CRANIOLOGY.

A GRAND MOVEMENT IN C.

Think of Thamesis! fancy paints its wave
Leaping with joy the flowery banks to lave.
The billows gladly spring, as if they think
'Tis sweet to taste the lilies on the brink.
Truth nips Imagination in the bud,
Whispering "*that Thames laves less of flow'rs than mud.*"

Romance will paint its margin deck'd with roses,
Save where rich clustering woods its bank discloses;
But envious Reality declares
Its shores are thickly strew'd with *stairs*,
And that along its unromantic marges
Lie drawn in blacken'd length, ye gods!—*the barges*.

* * * * * *

Fancy will picture Thames a limpid stream,
In which the dancing sunbeams gaily gleam;
But truth a very different tale will teach
To those who'll take a walk to Chelsea Reach,
Where father Thames, whom fancy makes so pure,
Receives (Heaven save the mark!) *the common sewer*.

* * * * * *

Oh, Genius! fancy sketches thee a thing
That unto solitude doth love to cling;
Thy lofty spirit, we imagine, loves
The blest retirement of the fields and groves;
Imagination paints thee in a sphere,
Where nature wears her loveliest of smiles;
But envious truth comes whispering in the ear,
Genius has oft a *lodging in St. Giles'*.

* * * * * *

DIVISION OF THE HOUSE.

"THE YOUNG MUSKY-VHITE."

# EPIGRAMS.

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BY FIGARO IN LONDON.

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## TO A FOOLISH BELIEVER IN THE POSSIBILITY OF READING A PERSON'S CHARACTER IN HIS COUNTENANCE.

I.

Nature, you say, upon the face
Will very often deign to trace
The workings of the mind within:
Then, on your face she'd write, I vow;
For nothing's easier we know
Than writing upon asses' skin.

II.

## ON THE PUFFING OF FASHIONABLE NOVELS.

"*Good words cost nothing*," so the maxim says,
Yet dearly for their puffs Bob Warren pays.

A MAN-MILLINER.

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"A SUIT IN FORMA PAUPERIS"—A PAUPER SUIT.

# A LAWYER'S SUIT.

BY RALPH RIGMAROLE, ESQ.

On the death of my friend, Mr. Harpy of Furnival's Inn, it devolved upon me, as his executor, to examine his papers. Among other curious documents, I chanced to light upon the following history of his *affaire du cœur* with his present widow, which is regularly drawn up, like any other of his actions. I give it as I found it:—

Court of Exchequer.

Miss Snuggs at the suit of Myself.

Hilary Vacation, 1 Geo. 4.

*January* 3.—Attending consulting as to the state of my exchequer; found it very low; advised myself to marry into a family of property—to commence "a suit in formâ pauperis;" examining the circumstances of

my acquaintance and clients;—Mr. Snuggs, a retired grocer—just completed a purchase for £20,000—an only daughter;—

*Instructions to sue,*—in person.

*Affidavit of debt;*—swore I had made her several advances.

*Attachment.*

*Instructing a-gent;*—told him I had great inclination to serve her.

*Attending agent;*—heard that Miss Snuggs was "taken."

*Letters,* &c.

Easter Term.

*Searching several times for appearance;*—expected to see Miss Snuggs, but disappointed.

*Searching for return of Attachment;*—endeavouring to ascertain whether affection reciprocal.

*Declaration;*

*Drawing and engrossing;*—very attractive.

*Delivered same,*—on my knees.

*Attending summons for a particular of*—my circumstances.

*Searching for and demanding plea;*—calling seve-

"A GOOD FOOTING IN SOCIETY."

ral times, and at length writing insisting on an answer.

Miss Snuggs took out *a summons for time.*

Attended and consented to a week.

*General issue;*—Miss S. referred me to her "*Pa,*" —*Plea of minority.*

*Plea of tender;*—Miss S. said it was a very delicate question.

*Notice of sett off;*—Mr. S. vowed he would kick me out of the house.

*Replication;*—Told him he might kick and be d—d.

*Rejoinder;*—Mr. S. said I was the veriest blackguard breathing.

*Rebutter;*—Told Mr. S. he forgot *himself.*

*Issue, to the country, &c.;*—apologies,—invited to breakfast the next morning at Mr. S's villa at Brixton.

*Entered on the Roll—Surrey-butter.*

Attending Miss Snuggs when she doubted the sincerity of my affection;—*Notice of trial.*

*Record;*—making memorandum of proceedings, correspondence, &c. &c. in case of breach of promise.

*Fee on passing same;*—paid stationer for copying, &c.

Attending Miss Snuggs as to my proceedings, when she requested I would be more circumspect, as her "Pa" was very suspicious; she begged me to state my intentions as shortly as possible,——

*Instructions for brief.*

*Fee to counsel;*—bribed her maid with half a crown.

*Subpœna;*—determined to prove my love—with a witness.

*Went to court.*

*Tried action;*—threw myself at her feet, laid my hand on my heart, &c. &c. &c.

*Verdict for Plaintiff;*—Miss Snuggs accepted me; —"You're the man for my money!"

*Paid court fees:*—jeweller's bill, &c.

*Coffee-house expenses, co-hires, &c.*;—trips with Miss S. to Richmond, Greenwich, &c.

*Letters, postages, &c.*

Trinity Term.

*Rule for Judgment;*—applied to Mr. Snuggs for consent.

*Motion to set aside Judgment;*—Mr. S. objected to match.

*Rule absolute;*—Mr. S. inflexible.

"THE MAN FOR MY MONEY."

TAKEN IN A REST.

*Signing final Judgment ;*—determined to set Mr. S. at defiance.

*Bill of costs.*—Paid addresses, millinery, ring, license, new clothes, hiring post-chaise, &c. &c.

*Attending Taxing ;*—attending at cheapest shops, and beating down the prices.

*Paid Taxing ;*—paid more than if I had gone to respectable places.

Attending Mr. S., who still refused to settle ; grew excessively warm,—*Fieri facias.*

*Distress ;*—found Miss S. in tears,—declared she would commit suicide.

*No effects ;*—Mr. S. still unmoved.

*Process against the person ;*—arrangements fo rcarrying off Miss S.

*Arrest of Execution ;*—prevented Miss S. hanging herself.

*Attending Settling ;*—Mr. S. relented,—marriage settlement, &c. &c.

*Fee ending ;*—gratuity to parson, &c. &c.

*Letters, postages, &c. &c. &c.*

# POETRY IN LONDON.

BY RALPH RIGMAROLE, ESQ.

Of all places London is the most unpoetical. The summit of Primrose Hill may be "*summit* like" Mount Parnassus; but the Regent's canal makes a very sloppy Hippocrene, Even, however, were the metropolis the very seat of the Muses, the parenthetical shouts of "Baked taties all hot," &c. &c., by which one's labours are certain to be interrupted, are an insuperable bar to any young man's styling himself—rather aptly in this case—*bar'd*. Not that I object to every species of that mode of advertisement, called "London Cries:"—far from it; in my opinion, it shows a most commendable sympathy, whenever an execution takes place, or Mr. Haynes Bayley gives birth to a new sentimental ballad, to hear the melancholy event *cried about* for days afterwards.

"I see, I see my father land,
And feel like a *mounting* (mountain) child."

*Popular Song.*

PAT-RIOTS.

In general my lucubrations have been confined to the *funny dog*-grel; I once, and only once, attempted pathos, and that is the sole effort of my muse that can, in any way, be said to be touching poetry. There are not many steps from the sublime to the ridiculous, whether from Poet to mere Rhymester, or from Patriot to Rioter; and, notwithstanding I was soaring on the wings of fancy, I certainly found it any thing but a flight. I will endeavour, however, to give the reader some account of the medley.

Having thrown aside my cravat, after the approved fashion of all young bards who do not wish to be thought *stock* poets, I sat myself down with my "eye in a fine phrenzy rolling," and began with an invocation:

'Aid me, ye Muses,"

("Mew!" shrieked the cats most discordantly,)—

"aid me, while I sing,"—

("Hokee Pokee Whankee Fum, the King of the Cannibal Islands," struck up some wandering minstrel in the street.)—

"Grant me a draught from thy Pierian spring;"—

(Pots!" bellowed a boy at the street door.)—

" Grant me a draught from thy Pierian spring."—

(" Please, Sir, ere's the man for the water rates says if you doesn't pay this week he'll cut off the supply."—" D—n the water rates!" said I.)—

" All hail, Apollo, hail,"—

(" Any umbrellas to mend, or old ones to sell!" shouted a voice from the street.)—

" do thou inspire

" My swelling soul with thy poetic fire."—

(" A-a-a-all hot!" vociferated a baked potato man.)—

" Inspire me while life's fickleness I scan,

" And ask inquiringly, what is man?"—

(" Dust, dust, oh," roared one of African Sal's fraternity.)—

" Yes, what is man?—a little plant that blows

" But for an hour, like the pink or rose."—

(" Ere's your flowery sort!" exclaimed the before-mentioned potato dealer.)—I could bear these interruptions no longer, and threw aside my pen in disgust. The next morning I rose early, in the hope of avoiding this dreadful clamour, but how I succeeded the following will prove:—

A SUTTEE.

## ODE TO THE MORNING.

Aurora night is now usurping;
But hush'd is still great London's din:
I only hear some stray bird chirping,—
*("Ut hare-skin, cook, or rabbit-skin!")*

'Tis sweet, aye, more than sweet to me,
Now up proud Primrose Hill to creep,
And there with wond'ring eyes to see
The City's bold extensive—("*Sweep!*")

To tread the glossy verdant plain;
To watch the bright, crisp waters flow,
With on the banks some loving swain
Beside of his dear maid—*("Old Clo!")*

But humble, as his lot must be,
When near to her, joy never ceases;
For, not more blest than then, were he
As rich as —*("Cresus fine young Cresus.")*

Oh, that such bliss is not for e'er!—
That Death should, with a savage gusto,

Return e'en what's most bright and fair
To what it sprang from—(" *dust oh!*")

MORNING CALLS.

COMIC ANN. AND A LIVELY SALLY.

## LINES

TO

## THOMAS HOOD, Esq.

*(Editor of the Comic Ann. &c. &c. &c.)*

---

BY RALPH RIGMAROLE, ESQ.

---

Thy praise in humble lay I sing,
Prime Minister of Fun,—droll Mr. Hood,
Thy quips and cranks enlivening
Boy-Hood Man-Hood Brother-Hood! and Sister-Hood!

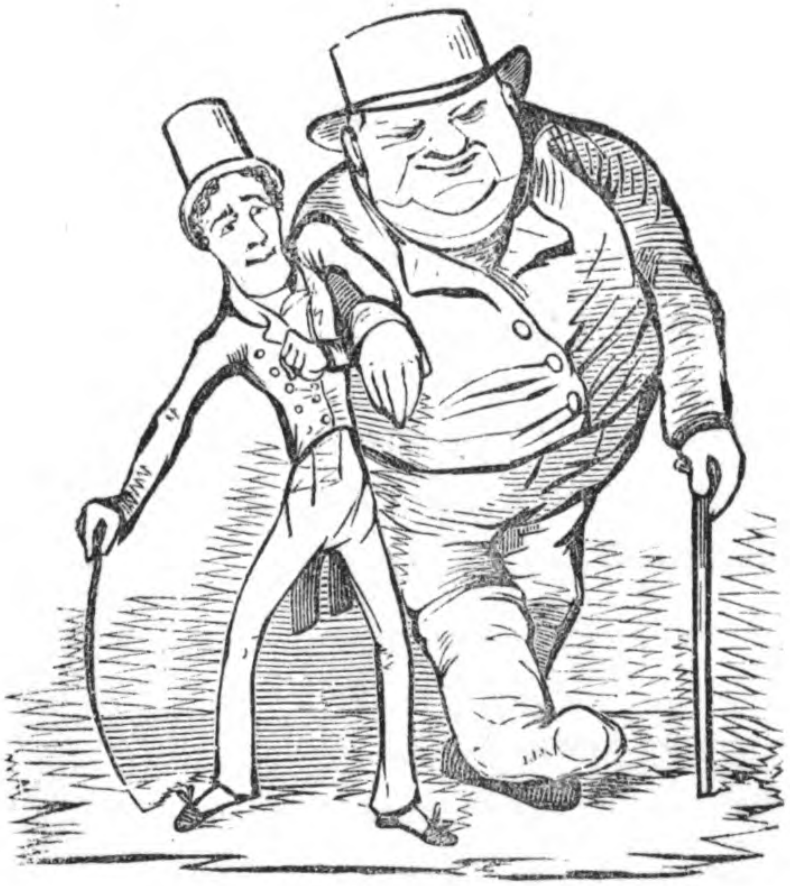
Inditing each such successive year
Some twenty sheets *and odd*,—hard labour, Hood!
Producing laughter, far and near—
In the friend abroad and in the neighbour-Hood!

And not content in print to pun—
Sooth! you must cut your jokes in wood!
Will ever man surpass such fun?
There isn't any likely-Hood!

Yet one there is thy jokes cuts out,—
One, who himself a *graaer* calls, Hood;
'Tis Mr. Bonner past a doubt;—
I vow my words are true, not false-Hood.

A stranger wit I never knew,
Really, thou art wond'rous wild, Hood;
And doubtless, ever wast so too,
A *pun-y* fellow e'en in child-Hood!

"Laugh and grow fat" the adage runs,
And if the adage be but trusty, Hood!
In truth, you must, with your droll puns,
Have added largely to the lusty-Hood!



FAT AND LEAN.

FRIAR BACON.

Write on, and thou shalt be as great
As e'er Peru's grand *Inker* could;—
So rich-in fun, with mirth elate,
Thy pen's a certain lively-Hood.

The famous Miller e'en I trow,
At punning thou would'st beat outright, Hood;
So good a hand to Tilt* art thou,
The Champion of each comic knight-Hood!

Thy humour too, how rich a gift,
Making thy books so light,—like yeast, Hood;
So racy, it surpasses Swift,—
That funny fellow for the priest-Hood!

Well does thy Comic Annual shew,
That thou'st been anything but tardy, Hood;
And to have thrived three winters through
Proves, as your preface says, it's hardy-Hood.

But, oh! a sad farewell to laughter,
When by death's arrow we get rid o' Hood!
The Comic Muse will mourn e'er after
And grow most dismal as the widow-Hood!

---

* Mr. Tilt is Mr. Hood's publisher:—such a merry dog, however, ought to have dealt with *Witty-cur* (Whittaker.)

From plagiarist thou'lt e'er be free,
None with thy puns will dare be jobbing, Hood;
For any one to steal from thee,
Must be, indeed, another Robin-Hood.

A FREEBOOTER.

"AY, THERE'S THE RUB!"

# THE WHIST PARTY.

BY RALPH RIGMAROLE, ESQ.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

*Miss Tabitha Verjuice.*
*Miss Dorothea Fungus.*
*Miss Letitia Lime,*
*Miss Grace Evergreen.*

*Miss Ver.* Now, dears, the cards are quite ready: I know you love a rubber as much as myself.—But, Miss Fungus, pray go on with your story about Miss Biffin.—(Make your game, dears.)

*Miss Fun.* You all know Miss B.?—Now—would you believe it?—she's going to be married.

*Miss Ver.* Miss Biffin going to be married! Well, after that!—(We'll try for partners now, dears.)—Only think of Miss B. with her vegetable countenance!

*Miss Lime.* Vegetable countenance, love!

*Miss Ver.* Yes, dear; carrotty hair,—gooseberry eyes,—reddish cheeks,—and a turn-up nose.

*Miss Lime.* He! He! He! But Miss Biffin was never any friend of mine:—you know that story about her and the footman, don't you, love?—(What shocking shuffling!)

*Miss Ver.* Very strange affair that!—I dropped the acquaintance myself some time ago.—(Miss Fungus, dear, have you cut?)—

*Miss Ever.* The *happy* man, though, I hear, has some property.

*Miss Fun.* Two hundred a year, love.

*Miss Ver. (looking at her cards*—What a deal to be sure!)

*Miss Ever.* Do you know him at all, my dear Miss Lime?—what kind of a creature is he?

A MAN OF ADDRESS—URGING HIS SUIT.

*Miss Lime.* Passable enough, love;—good address, black eyes—aquiline nose.

*Miss Fun.* Do you call his an aquiline nose? I've seen him and—(That's something like a turn-up, now!)—He's a great tall man, six foot three at least, I should think.

*Miss Ever.* What a height!—(We prefer Shorts, I believe?)—By the bye, dears, have you heard the noise between Miss Waddle and her beau?

*Miss Lime.* No! What dear?

*Miss Ever.* Oh, such a quarrel—it's all off there—I had it from my friend, Leech, the attorney.—(There's a trump for you!)

*Miss Ver.* Well, but, dear, what will poor Miss Waddle do now? I don't like your deceivers—(No hearts! Nothing vexes me so much as not following suit.)—

*Miss Ever.* But, would you believe it? Miss B. has commenced proceedings against him for a breach of promise.—(A revoke, I think my dear.)

*Miss Lime.* And Mr. H. intends to defend the action, I suppose.

*Miss Ever.* Oh yes, love.

*Miss Lime.* I'm glad of that.

*Miss Ver.* Well, I can't think it at all praiseworthy on his part: I hope Miss B. may succeed.

*Miss Ever.* My dear Miss Verjuice, don't you know Hoyle says—" If your partner refuses your suit, do not force him."

*Miss Fun.* I called upon the little monster the other day to talk the affair over with her; told her it served her right, shilly shallying in the way she did;—

*Miss Ever.* (Bad play that, my dear.)

*Miss Fun.* And, would you believe it, she flew into a dreadful rage, and said if I did'nt get out she'd shut the door in my face: so I said to Miss Dapper, who was with me, " We'd better leave."—(We stand some chance of a slam, don't we love?)

*Miss Ever.* I only wish I'd been there, and she had gone on in that way before me—(I should have play'd the deuce, my dear.)

*Miss Ver.* Bless me, Miss Fungus, what a love of a brooch is that!

*Miss Lime.* Well! it is really beautiful!—(You play second hand, I believe, love.)

A QUEER FILE

*Miss Ver.* If your dear Major. my love, could only see you now,what would he say ?

*Miss Ever.* (How strong you are in diamonds to-night, dear !)

*Miss Lime.* I am very fond of the Major myself,—don't be jealous, dear,—he is such a queer old file !

*Miss Ever.* Miss Fungus, if you take my advice, you'll have nothing to do with the red coats: a more inconstant set of men never existed; their hearts have not one spark of feeling in them,—their——

*Miss Ver.*(Hearts are lead, dear.)

*Miss Fun.* Then I suppose, Miss Evergreen, you consider the Major's attentions any thing but flattering.

*Miss Ver.* (No honour at all, love !)

*Miss Fun.* And, if such a man were to make you an offer, you would not accept him ?

*Miss Lime.* (What, refuse a trump, partner ?)

*Miss Fun.* Well, Miss Evergreen,—I don't wish to say any thing unkind, love,—I'd rather have a *King's* officer than a *Sheriff's*, any day in the week ! Look at your friend Mr. Leech, now,—(There's a knave for you !)—didn't he make love to Miss Gracechurch, and,

when the affair was broken off, didn't de send her in a bill of costs for letters and attendances?

*Miss Lime.* (The odd trick!)

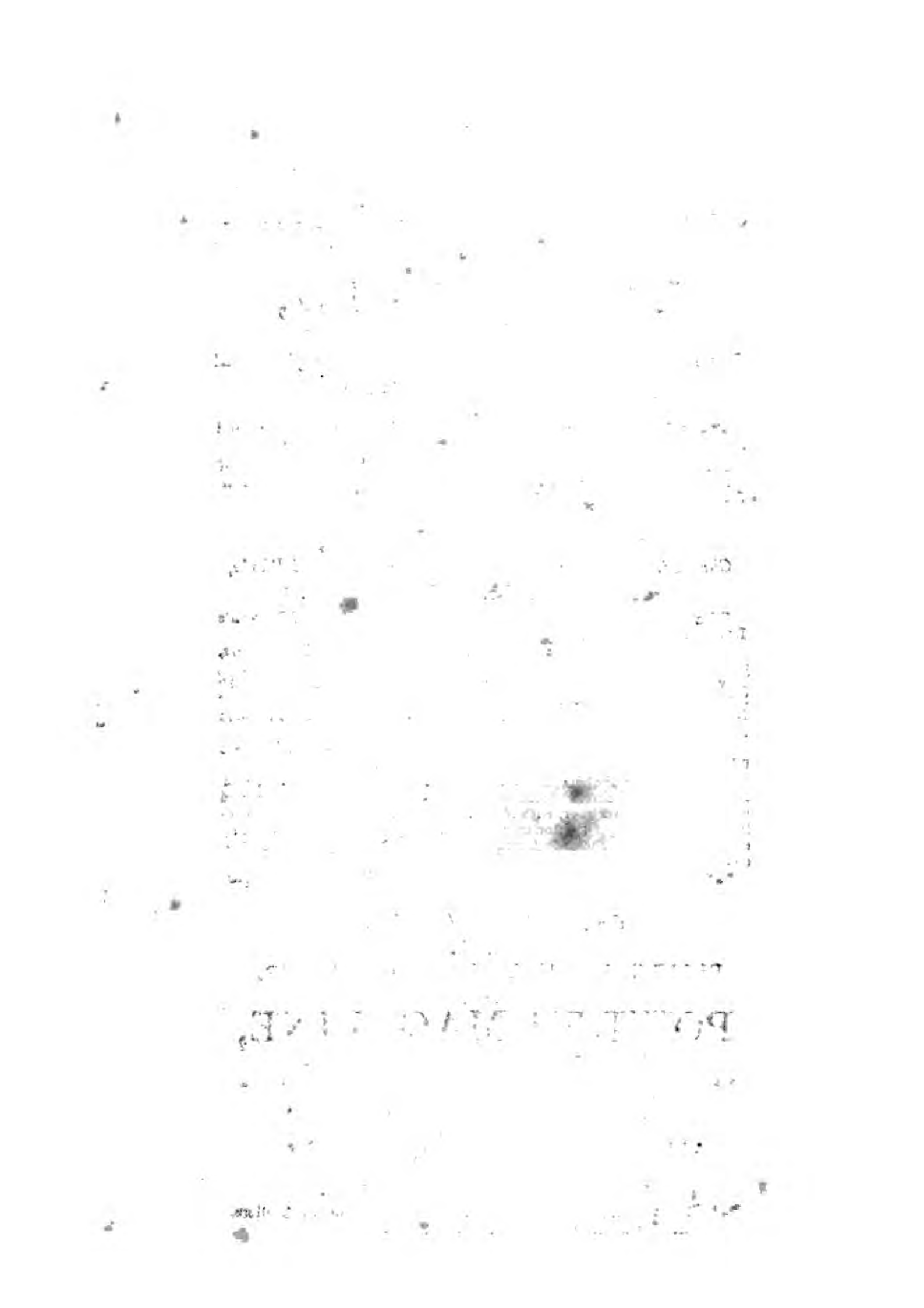
*Miss Fun.* And my darling Major! didn't he risk his life for the Bourbons during the dreadful Reign of Terror?

*Miss Lime.* (All the honours, my dear!)

*Miss Fun.* And then at Waterloo, was not he promoted for killing fifteen Frenchmen with his own sword?—(There's game!)

(Separate *points* in dispute, and party broken up.)

REIGN OF TERROR.



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"THE PIPING TIMES OF PEACE."

# ROMANCE AND REALITY.

BY RALPH RIGMAROLE, ESQ.

LADY.

Say, gentle shepherd, say, Content's sweet type,
Where is thy wonted strain—where is thy pipe?

SHEPHERD.

Begs pardon, ma'rm, times wo'rn't never slacker;
I'se left it at home—'cause I ar'n't got no baccer.

LADY.

'Tis not that filthy pipe, sweet youth, I need;
No! hither have I come to hear thy reed.

SHEPHERD.

To hear me read! I'se sorry, ma'rm, you can't;
'Cause why? why 'cause, you see, I never larnt.

LADY.

Alas! unlike the olden shepherds then,
Thou find'st no solace in a poet's pen?

SHEPHERD.

A poet's pen, ma'rm! what do poets too
Use pens? Lawk! bless me, so them there sheep do.

LADY.

Ah! thine was ever the most accursed of races:
Alas! poor Galatea and her Acis!

SHEPHERD.

"Her aces," marm! what of her aces, pray?
Didn't the poor thing play her cards well,—eh?

MODELLING IN WHACKS.

LADY.

Dread Polyphemus sued for her embraces,
But Galatea's hand was all for Acis.

SHEPHERD.

What! "all four aces," ma'rm! and yet she came
To get dead beat—well! what a precious game!

LADY.

Maddened with envy, lo! the savage cub
Laid wait, and beat her Acis with his club.

SHEPHERD.

Beat aces with a club! you cuts it thick:
Blow me, if ever I heard of sitch a trick.

LADY.

Is there no maid from whom thou'rt grieved to part—
To whom thou'st tendered both thy hand and heart?

SHEPHERD.

My heart, you see, is not so hard a thing,
As, ma'rm, to stand in want of tendering.

LADY.

Poor simple youth! but rude as is thy cot,
Yet do'st thou seem contented with thy lot.

SHEPHERD.

Contented with my lot! without a tittle,
I'se 'bleeg'd to be contented with a little.

CONTENTED WITH HIS LOT.

A JOLLY WIGHT—JOE MILLER.

# "JOCOSISSIMUS."

## BEING A COMPANION TO "MISERRIMUS."

---

EDITED BY RALPH RIGMAROLE, ESQ.

---

*On a certain gravestone in a certain churchyard is a certain inscription*—"JOCOSISSIMUS;" *but the name, date, &c., are uncertain.*

---

DAME Nature was never more facetiously disposed than at my birth. I was "due at Michaelmas," and accordingly came into the world on what is generally called—Goose-day.

Were I to reveal the name of my father, it would be of but little benefit either to this tale, or the head of my family—or, in one word, to my *relation*. Even had he possessed all the wit of a Sheridan—or, had his humour been racy enough, to say it was any thing like Swift—or could he, at punning, have beat the great Miller himself,—I have too often witnessed the

affiliation of jokes of the most preposterous complexion upon reputed wags, ever to convert, by giving my patronymic to the world, our house into a sort of "Wits' Foundling Hospital." But, as my father followed the most melancholy calling of an undertaker, and possessed a disposition to match withal, I will not drag him into ruinous notoriety, because he was so unlucky as to give birth to one of the jolliest dogs that ever hunted after fun.

A poet is born, "*poeta nascitur*;" but a punster is not to be borne, as my poor old father used to declare. Whether my vice of punning was innate or acquired, it is difficult to say. A man of the old gentleman's turn of mind—(and he was of so grave a cast, that he might well be said to have been the centre of gravity) —was certainly the last person to inspire any thing jocular. Doubtlessly it was a freak of Nature: she knew it was but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous—or, in other words, that it was only a stone's throw from "*Dull-age*" to "*Grim-age*;" she was aware, that it required but a slight transposition to change funeral into real fun:—or, perhaps, having framed the old gentleman with such an equanimity,

BREAKING COVER.

or evenness of disposition, she considered it but proper to endow his first son with an oddness.

Almost the earliest circumstance of which I have a recollection, was a new and concise mode I had of spelling. I had commenced schooling but a few months. My father was particularly proud of my progress; and, whenever any friends dined at the house, I was usually brought down to give instances of my precocity. During one of these exhibitions, I was told to spell the word *sea-sick*. I replied, after a few moments' consideration, I could do that in three letters. "Spell *sea-sick* in three letters!" exclaimed my father, not a little discomfited at the apparent failure of his prodigy, "think what you're saying, sir." I repeated "Sea-sick might be spelt in three letters."—"And pray how do you make that out?" said he. "Why," I returned, "thus: S, I—C—*sick*."

My father, as I have before stated, was of a most serious turn. If there be any truth in the doctrine of predestination, he was certainly designed for an undertaker; not only was he in mind so well adapted for the occupation, but his features accorded excellently with the gloominess of his business. He had the complexion

of a November fog; a kind of a *pall* of black hair; half-mourning eyes, with whiskers to match; and the few teeth that remained in his head, seemed to have gone into full mourning for those he had lost. Friends, however, in my early days, never failed to compliment my mother, by discovering a great likeness in me to the old gentleman. The customary "Lor! how like the little dear is to his pa!" was invariably drawled out, whenever I made my appearance. "Well, I'm sure," exclaimed an elderly fat lady one evening, "no one could help seeing he'd got the face of his *dadda*." "Why, certainly," I subjoined, much to the dismay of my father, "it is *plain* enough." The conversation once turned from the quality to the quantity of the family. "And how many may you have besides him?" inquired the aforesaid lady. "He is the first and last I hope, ma'am," replied my father. "That you may be sure I am not," exclaimed I.—"And pray, sir, how do you know?" said he. "Because mother told me, the other day, that, *one fool makes many*." This was not to be borne, and I was instantly dismissed to bed.

The detail of this puerile simplicity may seem frivo-

GIVING HIM HER COUNTENANCE.

THE HEIR A-PARENT.

lous; but, as Wordsworth says "the child is father to the man," I feel that I ought to make it a-parent.

It can do but little harm to acknowledge, that my father rejoiced in the Christian-name of Joshua, a circumstance I cannot refrain from mentioning, if it be only to relate a joke to which it gave rise. Of all the noisy young urchins ever opposed to the nervous system, I verily believe I was, and ever shall be, unrivalled in that particular. I was continually being chided by my father for my riotous propensities, yet, notwithstanding his rebukes, I remained *so still*—or rather, as boisterous as ever. One morning I remember surpassing all my former efforts in that way, when the old gentleman sent for me, and desired I would desist. I replied, "La! father, you put me in mind of that story in the Bible." "What do you mean, Sir?" said he. "Why I never hear you telling me to keep quiet, but you're sure to remind me of *Joshua commanding the sun to stand still.*"

The old gentleman frowned, and begged I would not talk such nonsense. "Nonsense!" I returned, determined not to be silenced, "It's a wonder to

me, you don't attend to your business better." "Attend to my business better, Sir!" repeated he, "Yes," I replied, "here you call yourself a general upholder and appraiser, but hang me if you ever upheld or praised one of my jokes yet." "Get out of the room, you incorrigible little rascal," cried he, "your conduct was bad enough before, but now it is quite abandoned." "Well," I exclaimed, "the sooner bad conduct is abandoned the better I should think."

This was a climax: I was kicked out of his presence, and the very next day packed off to a school in Yorkshire, where I was to be boarded, clothed, educated, and flogged for £25. per annum. Of the latter of these items, however, I required but little, for I told the master, on being threatened with punishment, "That birch might be all very well for dull boys, but that I needed no floggings to make me *smart*." This stroke of wit was the means of saving me from several others, for it so pleased the usher, that my chastisement was allowed to stand over. The appreciation of my jokes, however, only confirmed me in my vice of punning; for I ever

KEEPING A PRIVATE STILL.

"THE MARK OF CAIN IS ON MY BROW."

after pleaded some lively sally or other in extenuation of any offence committed.

I recollect one day, while receiving my writing lesson (a branch of my studies in which I did anything but *flourish*), the master came round, and looking at my book, inquired if I called "*that* a capital A?" I allowed it certainly was not "a very capital one." "Come, Sir, give me none of your puns," said he, raising the ruler he held in his hand. "Don't strike me, Sir! Pray, don't strike me," I cried, "I'm a thorough radical." "A radical!" exclaimed the usher, "What do you mean, Sir?" "Why you see," said I, "I entertain a great objection to having a ruler over my head." The *ruse* took effect; the master laughed, and passed on.

Another day, being out with the school, I observed a placard in the window of a bookseller's shop, "Binding in all the branches." It no sooner met my eye than off I flew, to ask the master whether it was not a mistake. "Mistake;" said he, "not the slightest that I perceive." "Then," replied I, "it is a perfect anomaly." "An anomaly! How so?" "Why," said I, "I do not see how they can

"THE MARK OF CAIN IS ON MY BROW."

call it binding in all the *branches*, for you know that when a book is bound, they generally bind in all the *leaves*."

During the holidays my father's curiosity was excited one night, just as he was retiring to bed, by a gentle ring at the bell. "Who can that be?" exclaimed he, "and at this hour!" "One thing is certain," said I, "it must be some *poor* fellow or other." "How do you know?" said the old gentleman sharply. "Because," replied I, "his coming with a ring, proves beyond all doubt he is a person without a *rap*."

I had left school but a few years, when my father was taken dangerously ill, and during his indisposition had been so bedosed, that the very mention of the word "physic" was irksome to him. I remember the surgeon's urging the trial of a little quinine. "Quinine! nonsense! don't Shakspeare say 'throw physic to the dogs.'"—"Yes," said I, "but in my opinion the dogs don't want for physic—they have bark enough of their own."

* * * * * * * *

*(Cætera desunt.)*

SITTING IN A DRAFT.

FORCED MEAT.

# EPIGRAMS IN DISTICH.

BY RALPH RIGMAROLE, ESQ.

ON A GENTLEMAN NOT OVERBURDENED WITH BRAINS.

His head is clear—I'll prove it in a minute—
So very clear—that there is nothing in it.

ON DEATH.

Say, what is Death?—One of the bailiff set,
Arresting every one for Nature's debt.

ON A SNUB-NOSED LADY.

Madam is truly most devoutly given:
Her very nose is always turn'd tow'rds heaven.

ANOTHER.

Madam has most bewitching eyes—odd rat 'em!
Even her nose cannot help looking at 'em.

ON A WOULD-BE WAG.

His wit is always clear, you say; and so
It ought to be—its *strain'd* enough, I know.

ON A PUPPY.

Puppy, indeed! the creature would be shot,
If in the dog-days muzzled he was not.

### ANOTHER.

No wonder he is vain of coat or ring:
If of himself—he may of anything.

---

### ON A SPORTING GENTLEMAN.

His horses run too slow to win the plate:
They'll soon, however, run through his estate.

---

### ON A RAKE.

Phæbus and he are like two buckets grown:
Always, when one is up, the other's down.

---

### EPITAPH.

Beneath this stone doth Ninnyhammer lie:
Who now shall say that "*asses never die?*"

---

Numskull, 'tis said, doth by his wits exist:
In truth, then, he's a very alchemist.

---

"This hock is fine," cries Dick. Says Billy, trying it,
"It would be *hujus*, if we did decline it.

---

### ON A LINENDRAPER.

Writes Snip, "Fast colours—warrant every one:"
And doubtlessly—so very fast they run.

TWO POINTS TOWARDS GAME.

### ON A SLUGGARD.

Tom, waking, cries, "What, six! how quick time's past."
"Ah!" Dick returns, "you sleep so very *fast*."

---

### ON A SLIGHT FRIEND.

She is the *mould* of form;—for, without scandal,
I ne'er met one so like a tallow candle.

A SLIGHT ACQUAINTANCE.

# DOUBLE OR QUITS.

## BY A VERY CLEVER MAN.

Dagge and I were day-scholars together at Dunster. Like the rest of us, he had a *soubriquet;*—it was Double or Quits. We were emancipated from the birch of Gamaliel Hogmutter, D.D., about the same time; I went to a more classical academy, to bother my brains with hideous Greek, as I then deemed it; and he, I think, was perched on a tall stool, in a ship-broker's rat-hole of a counting-house, somewhere about Thames-street. He had been a bright boy in the play-ground, and by no means a dunce at the desk: no one could cope with him at "odd or even;" in the game of "pitch and toss," he was without a competitor. He was joyous, ardent, fearless, and eminently good-natured. I should have loved him, but that he was such a provokingly desperate snopper at taw. I practised night and day to excel him; but without effect. He improved, apparently without effort, and was always master enough to win my marbles, with which his bag was, in general, gorged. I could lick him at fisty-cuffs, and go far beyond him in the composition of nonsense-verses; but in any

FOREIGN CLIMBS.

contest that conferred on the victor something more substantial than reputation, neither I nor any other lad could ever top Dagge. On the whole, I certainly liked him, and thought of him at least half-a-dozen times, during the residue of my scholastic career. I remember once going to sleep over Xenophon, and dreaming that I had fairly trounced him at "heads and tails" out of three-pence.

Fifteen years after our separation, I met him on Tower Hill. His complexion, his air, his dress, were maritime. He had evidently been to sea, and prospered. I accosted him somewhat absurdly. "Why, Dagge, how you have grown!" "The deuce is in it, if I haven't," he replied.—"Why, you're six feet, if you're an inch!" "Aye, to be sure, I have been many years getting up in the world since we parted: but how fares it with *you?*" "Middling: what are *you* doing?" "Oh! pushing on apace: I began with a quarter's salary, and am now master of £2,000. I have been to foreign climes; I have worked hard, and made my luck. My wishes are moderate; I am not quite thirty; and as soon as I am possessed of about £5,000—which I think I *shall* be, in six or seven years—I mean to buy a snug little freehold, in the village where I was

born, and live humbly, but easily, during the remainder of my life;—perhaps I shall marry."

WE MET AGAIN, about six years afterwards, at Rotherhithe: he was more robust, and carried his head loftily. His accost was "blithe and jocund." "Ah! my dear fellow, how are you? Well, I have made my £5,000!" "The deuce you have!"—"Yes, but what is £5,000? Absolutely nothing, you know. Besides, it's still young days with me. To speak the truth, I mean to go on. It would be absurd to check my luck, which is remarkable. A few years more of honest industry will enable me to live comfortably. With £10,000, I shall be content, perfectly content—yes—I am sure I shall be content with ten thousand! I'll positively buy Habberly-Grange, which, it is said, formed part of my ancestors' large domains, as soon as I can say to myself, 'Dagge, my boy, you're worth half a score of thousands!' It would be madness to give up such a chance as I now possess. In commercial transactions, capital is every thing. I once thought that it would always take the same time to clear a certain sum, but I was mistaken; I find now that, with a few thousands at my command, I can make hundreds as easily as when, with a comparatively

NO ORDERS ADMITTED.

limited capital, I could make scores. Orders pour in from all quarters. and I can't refuse them. No! no! In five, or seven years at the utmost, I shall have sufficient to enjoy—what is it?—Oh! aye! the *otium cum dignitate*. The moment I possess £10,000, I'll positively retire—mind what I say—and look out for a cosey, domestic wife—monied or not—as it may happen."

We met again, at a road-side inn, within a stage of Gloucester. He was now somewhat pompous in his accost, yet still frank. "Aha! is that you? Well, I told you I should double it! I have made my ten thousand! But, then, Habberly-Grange is but a poor place; I've just been down to take a sly peep, and find I cannot live in it. The whole estate, which some of my rascally forefathers lost, in Queen Anne's time, is an object truly worthy of one's ambition. I must have it; and they won't sell it for less than £12,000: I *might* get it, *perhaps*, a couple of thousands less; but in that case, you see, I should have no ready money. And what is £10,000, to a man who has it, and is in good health, and is only forty-five? No, I must have another trial. Besides, I'm so uncommonly lucky. In two years, I feel convinced that I shall

double my capital. Bless your soul, I had no idea—no, not even when I last saw you—of what could be done with money. My prospects have constantly opened; and I can now see my way clear—quite clear, mind me, to the acquisition of another £10,000. I'll have it, and then I positively will cut speculation, and become a happy, country gentleman. I *may* marry: but, with £20,000, fortune will be no object to me; I can choose as I like.

We met again: the frost of time had slightly blanched his locks; but his step was firm—his complexion ruddy—and his eye teemed with animation as he thus addressed me:—"Well, I've *more* than done it! I'm worth just a quarter of a plum. *I'll* now *retire!* Yes: I am determined—fixed; nothing shall tempt me to go further. With five and twenty thousand pounds, I can get the manor, and have a good dividend, besides my rent-roll. It is *possible*, but not *probable*, that I may become a Benedict. I look upon myself as one of the minions of Fortune; but I have toiled like a negro to obtain her favours. No man, except myself, knows what I have undergone; but, at length, I have obtained the object of my wishes Adieu to commerce!—and welcome rural plenty and

pleasant importance!—there—yonder—where I once was nobody. How shall I amaze the Kempsters and Bartons!—those petty, but paramount, aristocrats of the parish! Don't blab, for I mean to astound them, as it were, by a flash of lightning, at Christmas. I have now only one outstanding adventure; on the winding up of which, I shall go down to the west, and be happy for the remainder of my days!"

We met again; how different his appearance! His shoes were too huge even for his naturally large feet; his thread-bare coat had evidently not been made for him; his poor old hat was unbrushed; his linen yellow; and his whole exterior that of a man who had lost the wish, as well as the means, "to keep up appearances." "Good God, Dagge! is that you?" I exclaimed. "Ah!" he responded, apparently shorn of his altitude, and cowering to the earth—"it is, indeed, what is left of me. You look upon the mortal remains of John Dagge. I am a ruined man!" "But when I last saw you—" Ah! it's gone! That cursed outstanding adventure involved me in litigation; it dragged away all my savings—" "But surely a man of your talent and experience—" "I am broken down in heart and constitution—" "Yet—" "My years, sir, are fifty-

seven; my energy is departed; *I am done for!* To me there is now no business allotted on the face of the earth, but to creep into a corner, and die. I haven't a shilling in the world! Good bye!" He disappeared, among an adjacent crowd, and WE NEVER MET AGAIN.

A.

A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEM.

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THE HUMAN RACE.

# FINE JANE.

BY FIGARO IN LONDON.

Mr. Budd was a fine specimen of the human race, who, in the very blossom of his years, was still a bachelor: but he yearned for a wedded life; "for," thought he, "a single man is after all a sad dog, and it is the *United State* alone which will ever make *A-merry-cur*."

He had in fact now arrived at his *prime*, and

thought it high time to *present* himself and *go off* with somebody. But the difficulty with Mr. Budd was his extreme diffidence, which led him to fear that, should he feel the tender passion, his affection would indeed in one sense be *returned;* "for," thought he, "nobody will *accept* it."

He had, therefore, not dared to fix his heart upon any *particular object*, because he feared that any one who was at all *particular* must *object* to him; but, to use a military term, he had a *general* affection for the *major* part of the female species.

One morning he happened to be walking through St. Martin's Court, musing on the difficulty of *popping* the question, or, to speak less vulgarly, of *pledging* his troth, when, as he passed one of the shops in the passage, his eye was attracted by the following interesting announcement:—

"*Fine Jane within, only three-and-sixpence.*"—*Jane*, in the orthography of the court, meaning *Jean*. Mr. Budd had often heard of obtaining wives by advertisement, but he little suspected that they were to be bought in the public thoroughfares. "*Fine Jane for three-and-sixpence!*" said he to himself,

WARLIKE GUISE (GUYS).

NEAT AS IMPORTED.

"yes, it is quite clear enough; I will at least go in and make a few inquiries."

Upon this Mr. Budd entered the shop, where he found a neat young woman, evidently of foreign importation, behind the counter, with whom he entered into the following dialogue:—

*Shopwoman*—"What is your pleasure, Sir?"

*Mr. B. (with hesitation)*—"I think a bill in your window notifies the fact that you have a—— to come at once to the point,—you have got *Jane* to dispose of."

"Oh yes, Sir; we have *Jean* of all sorts and all prices, from two shillings to half-a-guinea."

"Oh, indeed; what sort of Jane can I have for 10s. 6d.?"

"Why, for that you could have the very first quality."

"Ah, then that would not do for me."

"It would be too fine—I suppose so; but you can have a very coarse *Jean* if you like,—perhaps one very *low* would suit you better?"

"Oh dear no, I don't want any thing particularly *low*, I should like a middling quality."

"Well, Sir, I can put you in a very stout Jean for four and sixpence."

of a November fog; a kind of a *pall* of black hair; half-mourning eyes, with whiskers to match; and the few teeth that remained in his head, seemed to have gone into full mourning for those he had lost. Friends, however, in my early days, never failed to compliment my mother, by discovering a great likeness in me to the old gentleman. The customary "Lor! how like the little dear is to his pa!" was invariably drawled out, whenever I made my appearance. "Well, I'm sure," exclaimed an elderly fat lady one evening, "no one could help seeing he'd got the face of his *dadda*." "Why, certainly," I subjoined, much to the dismay of my father, "it is *plain* enough." The conversation once turned from the quality to the quantity of the family. "And how many may you have besides him?" inquired the aforesaid lady. "He is the first and last I hope, ma'am," replied my father. "That you may be sure I am not," exclaimed I.—"And pray, sir, how do you know?" said he. "Because mother told me, the other day, that, *one fool makes many*." This was not to be borne, and I was instantly dismissed to bed.

The detail of this puerile simplicity may seem frivo-

"Thank you; stoutness is no recommendation in my eyes; I am not so new to the ways of this world as to be taken in by quantity where quality is most desirable. What is the width of the Jane you recommend?"

"Three yards, Sir."

"Bless me, what a terrific waist!"

"That all depends on how *Jean* is made up. *It* may be cut so as to leave no *waste* at all."

"But I don't want the Jane I purchase to be *made up* or *cut* at all."

"Perhaps then, Sir, you want the piece, and if so we would let you have it much *lower*."

"But I don't want it lower; I would much rather not have a low one."

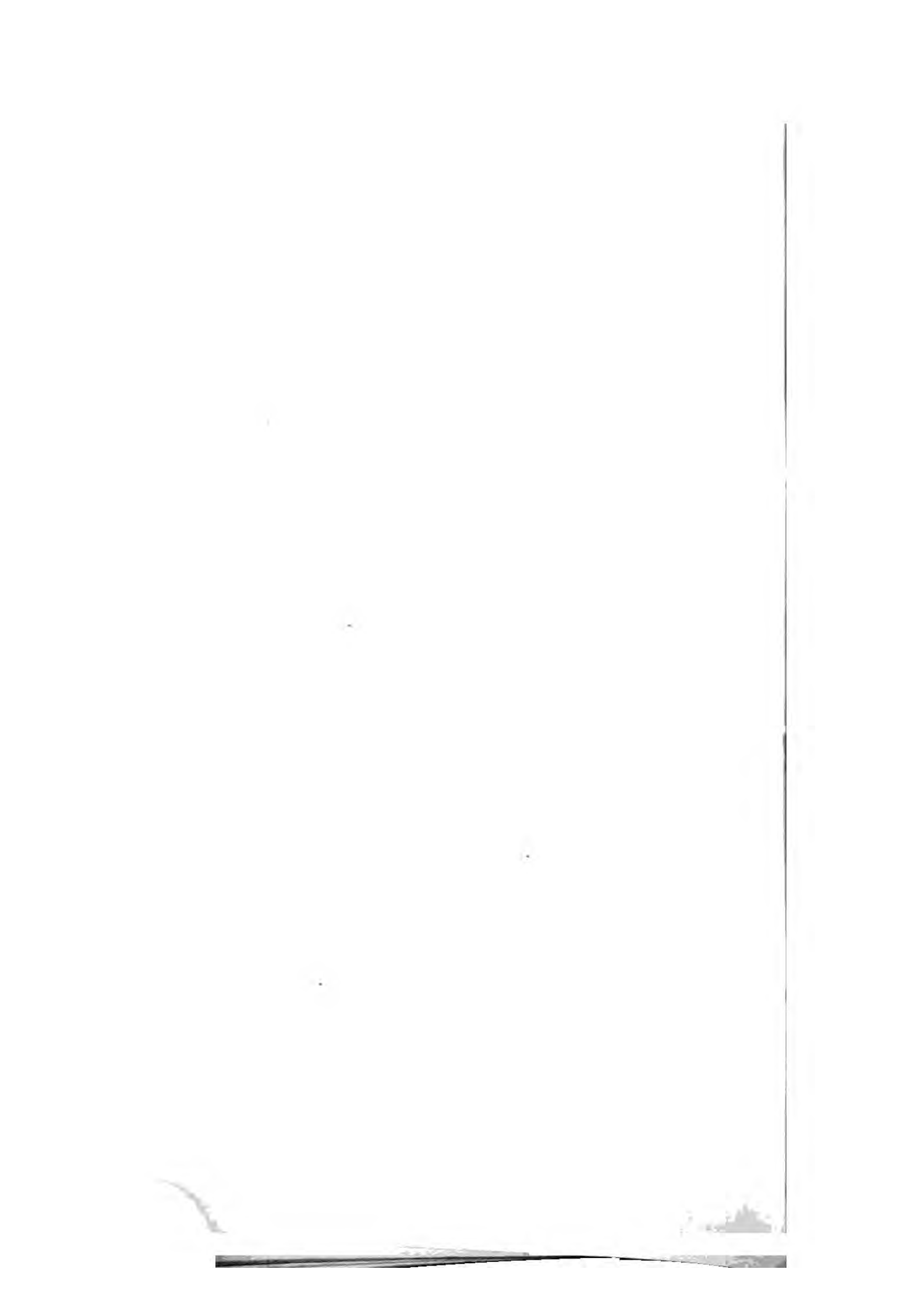
"As you please, Sir; but I presume you are disposed to treat."

*(Aside.)* "*Disposed to treat*, indeed, already! What a harpy this Jane must be. *(Aloud.)* Why, I must see your Jane before I think of treating."

"Well, Sir, shall I bring some down for you, to inspect the article?"

"No! no! wait a few minutes; have you anything

AN EXTENSIVE TAKE IN.



DRESSED AND UNDRESSED.

beside *Jane* that you think would suit me better?"

"We've a strong stout undressed duck, which you can look at if you please, and which would be much lower than Jean."

"Why, certainly I should like a *duck;* but I must again assert that the excessive *stoutness*, which you seem to imagine so great a beauty, is in my eye a defect, if not absolutely a fault,—and then for looking at the *low* creature undressed——Oh!"—Mr. Budd could not continue the sentence, but, assuming a gravity which was really ridiculous, approached the young woman and said, "You seem a lady, but your proposal—is too indecent.

"Gracious heavens, Sir! what d'ye mean?"

"Why, didn't you lead me to understand that you had a Jane making *some stay* with you?"

"Our Jeans, it is true, do make *stays*, Sir; but what on earth do you mean by my seeming a lady?

"Why, to be candid, I am in want of a wife, and would have taken your *Jane* had she suited me."

"Our Jane! why you impudent scoundrel,—do you wish to insult me? Here, Thomas, come and turn out the ruffian."

Upon hearing this exclamation Mr. Budd, who had no desire to feel "*the sweet effects of beauty's force,*" made a precipitate retreat, vociferating that,—

"Thomas would indeed *turn out a ruffian,* if he dared to lay his hands upon an unoffending individual." He, however, resolved that he would never again attempt to purchase a wife at a shop, but determined to remain single until he could get an opportunity of paying his addresses privately.

The above incident will be a warning to bachelors, to woo in the regular manner, instead of going to *court* in an *alley.*

LOCKED IN THE ARMS OF A STRIKING BEAUTY.

FOND OF SHOW.

# THE FANCY FAIR;

## OR, THE LOVELY DO.

---

I saw her at the Fancy Fair,
  Behind a counter selling shawls,
With many more of noble air,
  Expos'd like cattle in their stalls;
And eyeing, with appealing looks,
  Some Tomkins, Buggins, Smith or Snooks.

Dear artless creature, even now
Methinks her modest face I see;
When ask'd for *change*, she said, "Oh! how,
Can you wish *change* in one like me?"
Then swiftly on the stranger passed,
That sovereign! Could it be his last!

Yes; she implores each passer by,
To give for penn'orths six—a crown;
And she succeeds, for who wou'd try,
*To beat so fair a creature down.*
Sweet swindler—lovely cheat! the cause
She robs in,—guiltlessness ensures.

DOING HIM A TURN.

LAYING DOWN THE LAW.

# THE GRAVESEND REVOLUTION.

BY FIGARO IN LONDON.

This once peaceful city has been thrown into a state of horrible confusion by the creation of a single new *Pier*, which has done more mischief to us than the whole of the House of Lords put together.

The watermen, who, as is natural to their vocation, are always ripe for a *row*, have been setting their *sculls* together to *over-oar* the legal authorities; and, before the pier was opened, the inhabitants felt a *presentiment* that every *son* of the *sea* would be opposed to a project that must curtail his profits for the *season*.

Groups of watermen were observed in all quarters of the town discussing the new grievance, while many a heart of *oak* was seen musing upon the *beech* in a state of evident despondency.

A veteran, who had lost his *left leg*, was violently asserting his determination to *stand upon his right*, and many a *seaman* was heard raving in a fit of *seemin* insanity.

The pier was to have been opened on Monday, and it was at about 12 o'clock on Saturday morning when a panic seized the beadle who constituted the whole of the civil executive force.

The dreadful and unaccountable alarm of this generally intrepid officer being communicated to the Mayor, his worship despatched a messenger for a military man to the nearest *depot*, and about three o'clock in the afternoon the hopes of the more peaceful inhabitants of the place were revived by the arrival of a foot soldier in full regimentals, with a fixed bayonet and a good supply of cartridges.

The constitutional, or rather the *pier* party, were now full of hope, and the soldier having been *viewed* and *reviewed* with immense satisfaction by most of the inhabitants, was stationed at the end of the high street, next to the pier, to keep the watermen at *bay* with his *bayonet*. He was cautioned to use the utmost forbearance, and acting on

"I STAND HERE ON MY RIGHT."—*Shakspeare.*

A FUNNY MATCH.

this wise instruction he allowed several watermen to pull his nose, and perpetrate other insults, so as nothing was done to compromise the peace of the neighbourhood. He had received instructions, even if he were compelled to fire, that he should *let off* the people and his gun at the same time, by discharging it in the air; but even this extreme measure was not necessary till about midnight, when a terrific noise was heard at the end of the pier next the water, and, the cause being ascertained, it was discovered that a party of watermen had succeeded in taking away some of the *beams* through the *moat*, which did not happen to be in the eye of the military.

The alarm was instantly given: but the military force was completely overwhelmed in the strong current of anti-peerage feeling; he soon found himself no *match* in a *row* for men so used to *rowing matches*. He fired on them: but what availed his *fire* upon *watermen*? The Mayor threatened them that their zeal in the cause of boats would, appropriately enough, transport them to *Boat*any Bay. All was *at sea;* every body *was up*, but the pier was *half down*. A reinforcement of police, however, completely changed

the fortune of the day; but, notwithstanding every precaution was taken, none of the rioters were, though a large reward was offered for their apprehension: however, all *apprehension* has now happily ceased, and the Gravesend Revolution has luckily not *ended* in *graves;* order is reestablished, the pier is opened for passengers, though opposed by watermen who offer to take passengers at 2*d.* per *head*, and then ask an extra 2*d.* for the *body*.

To-night the authorities have invited the military and the police to a grand feast, to celebrate the victory.

A GOBLIN.

"A VOTARY OF THE NINE."

# FOREIGN ANOMALIES.

BY FIGARO IN LONDON,
"A VOTARY OF THE NINE."

Let travellers talk as they will
Of the wonders they meet with from home,
But I think I can show them that still
They are silly in going to *Roam.*

For anomaly does so prevail
In those lands which to visit they sigh;
That *Italy* one might assail,
And verily prove *It-a-lie.*

There's Naples for instance:—they say
'Tis the loveliest city e'er seen;—
And travellers talk of its *bay,*—
But the *bay* (would you think it?) is *green.*

Of their fine lazzaroni we hear,
With their brisk Tarantell' and Guaraccha;
Gay *baccarolles* too,—oh! I swear,
They prefer in their mouths *rolls* of *bacca*

And then of San *Carlo* they boast,
With its *lava* facade! I don't scout it;
Yet it must be confess'd at the most,
There is too much *pa-laver* about it.

Of their fields ,too, Elyssian they talk,
So renown'd in the classics! O lud!
Who to *Styx* ever ventures to walk,
Will but find that he *sticks* in the mud.

And who through Avernus may creep,
One classical truth he may learn, oh!
As he sinks in the soil ankle deep,
*Facilis est descensus Averno.*

Of the *Arno* at Florence we hear,
Which is said pure as chrystal to flow;
But is it than Thames e'en more clear?
Just echo will answer *Ah! No.*

The Alps, too, the trav'ller avers,
Wear an aspect of grandeur divine;
But the woods they are only *half firs,*
Though the scen'ry they say is *Al-pine.*

THE REGULAR DRAM-MER.

A PROMISING CHILD.

Then the Rhone, to its margin quite full,
Like an arrow glides on we're assur'd;
*A-narrow* indeed! what a bull!
When we know that the Rhone is *a-broad.*

Geneva too boasts of its lake,
As the loveliest ever was seen:
But, oh! 'tis a shocking mistake;
'Tis no *lake* but an *ultra-marine.*

---

## LACONICS.

BY FIGARO IN LONDON,
A VERY PROMISING YOUNG MAN

Mount Vesuvius is an anomaly in nature, for it *settles other people's ashes* by *disturbing its own.*

The *Via Pavia,* of which there are still several remnants, bears in its name a tribute to the *pavious* who gave it its durability.

The most pleasing sounds in music are generally those which are the most *dull-set (dulcet).*

It is somewhat strange that the wine which is least likely of any to get into a man's head is *Mount'in.*

The first excursion taken by the ark must have been a trip to the *Nore (Noah)*.

It is strange that cats, who are less susceptible of kindness than many other domestic animals, should be called, *par excellence*, the *feelin* (feline) race.

The *height of force* may be justly said to be *fores-ight*.

Two great Romans seem to have been fostered by brutes—Romulus by a wolf, and we hear of another family of the *Catty-line*.

Buonaparte, when he escaped from *Elba*, evidently wanted to go where he could have more *Elbo'* room.

Leap year only comes once every third twelvemonth, which shows us that it is a rule of Nature *to look before it leaps*.

When we think upon the awful and *revolting massacres* that took place in France during the reign of terror, we must reflect with satisfaction upon the end of the dreadful *dy-nasty*.

Some dramatic authors endeavour to raise a laugh by putting into their own productions the witticisms of others; but, when a piece abounds in *cribs*, it is strange the audience does not *go to sleep upon them*.

PUNCH A LA ROMAINE.

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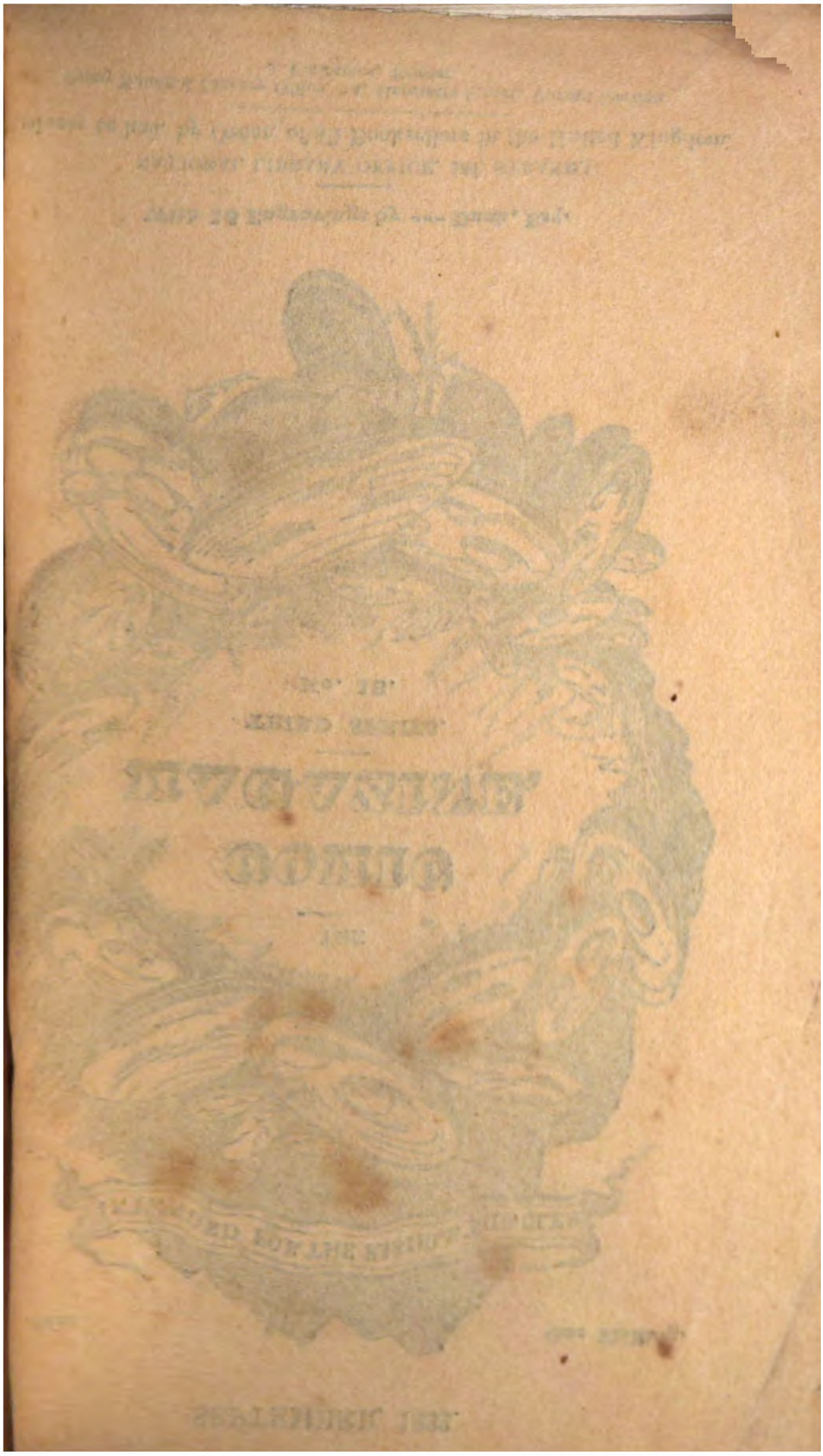

A YOUNG BEGINNER,

CARRYING TRADE BEFORE HIM.

# SPECIMEN OF A CLASSICAL DICTIONARY, IN VERSE.

BY GILBERT ABBOTT A BECKETT.

It is said to be a most delectable office "to teach the young idea how to shoot," but it must be acknowledged that young ideas, when they do shoot, very frequently fall far short of the mark. In the classics particularly, it is a most difficult thing to get the young disciple to take an interest in what he reads, which too frequently goes in at his eyes and out at his mouth, leaving no

more impression in its passage through his head, than water that runs through a cullender. They mechanically read *Virgilius*, quite neglectful of the *Marrow*, *(Maro)* and read the affecting history of *Dido*, without any further impression than that she *died oh!* with love for Æneas.

In order however to attempt to impress upon the juvenile mind the events connected with the lives, customs, and costumes of the persons mentioned in classical works, the following specimen is presented of a classical dictionary in verse, as it is supposed, that, for the purpose of committing matter to memory, though *prose* may have many *pros* in its favour, *verse* will be decidedly *meeter* and *better*.

ACHILLES famed as so inured to *Sticks (Styx,)*
That he was proof against the hardest licks;
One portion of his frame alone could feel,
A wound—which, strange to say, was on the *heal (heel.)*
*A-n-arrow* shot at him, we are assured,
Well aim'd might just as well have been *a-broad*
But in his heel at last, from fate he got it,
Who by the *dart* direct from *Paris* shot it.

FOREIGN COSTUMES.

TAKING HIS DINNER.

ACTEON was a huntsman, and at *Bath*
He saw Diana, when the gods grew wrath
And turn'd him to a stag, which makes it clear
That leaping was to poor Acteon *deer (dear.)*
Not knowing of their master what to make,
His dogs from off his limbs a meal did take;
But their surprise astounds me I confess,
For *buck-skins* are the modern hunter's dress.

ADONIS, son of Cinyas, a man
By nature form'd the ladies to trepan;
So handsome, that of one who quite the *ton* is,
'Tis to this day said, "He indeed *a-Don-is*.
In Venus' breast he rais'd an ardent flame,
But he was looking after other game:
On heavenly charms he did not care to feast,
And so neglected Beauty for the Beast.
Hunting one day, he got a mortal sore
From bite of brute—indeed a dreadful *bore*:
He died, and Venus, left behind to grieve,
Made him a flower when he'd taken *leave;*
Thinking perchance her goddess power to prove,
O'er one, whom when alive, not *any love*

Could win, yet when deceas'd, ('tis rather funny)
She was resolv'd to have for *any money (anemone.)*

ÆGIS, the shield of Jove. Medusa's head
Was put upon it, causing so much dread,
That all who look'd were *petrified* direct,
Indeed a most *a-stonish-ing* effect.

ÆNEAS was a Trojan prince, the son
Of Venus and *Ann*-chises: fables run,
That on his shoulders he his father bore
From Troy in flames; which proves, in days of yore,
When Trojan sires were carried safe by boys,
*Troy* weight was not unlike to *avoir-dupois (have a due poise.)*
His wife was left behind—he did not chide her,
Although historians say, he went to *Ida (hide her.)*
Having been beat about from shore to shore,
He came to *Africa*, and there *A-mo(o)r*,
Which seems so natural to the place, did seize him,
And with a flame for Dido sought to teaze him.
But he set sail: she, at his coldness nettled,
To *embers* burn'd herself, and so *her ash* was settled.

TAKING HIMSELF OFF.

RETURNING HIS AFFECTIONS.

Æneas went to Sicily; then straight
To Cumæ, where the Sibyl told his fate,
By taking him down to that place below,
Where only very naughty people go.
Thence to Latium went he, where the king
Ask'd him to dine, and all that sort of thing:
The monarch's daughter claiming then to see,
He sought her for a second Mrs Æ.
The lady was engag'd to one King Turnus,
But he was soon sent packing to Avernus.
Æneas then obtain'd the lady's hand,
And built Lavinium, a city grand,—
Succeeded then the father of his bride,
Until by some unlucky chance he died:
Some say in battle the Etrurians slew him,
Sending their poison'd arrows through and through him;
Others that Numicus a river drown'd him:
But history tells us no one ever found him.
And as the disappearance was so odd of him,
They thought it only right to make a god of him.

King Artaxerxes, Persia's prince, whose name
Implies that he straight *Arter Xerxes* came.

He vanquish'd Artabanus, who 'tis known,
Aim'd at the *crown*, and soon was *over-throne*.

The above are sufficient as a specimen of the plan, which, should it meet with the approbation of the public instructors, will be continued through the whole alphabet.

S

VIRTUE TRIUMPHANT, AND VICE ABASHED.

## EPIGRAMS.

BY GILBERT ABBOTT A BECKETT, ESQ.

---

1.

*(To an ugly Coquette.)*

When people many hours pass,
By gazing in a looking-glass,
'Tis said they waste their time: but you
For this we cannot blame; since, Oh!
Seeing you at the glass, we know
An *object* you must *have in view.*

---

*To a very plain Lady.*

That Nero's Queen more lovely grew,
When hiding *half* her face from view
I'll readily admit;
That you may heighten more each grace,
Conceal not only *half* your face,
*But do not show a bit.*

## ON DEATH.

'Tis a joy the parson saith,
To see a sinner die i'faith,
Though Death will never trust;
He ever drives a certain trade,
For, when the debt of nature's paid,
Men always "*down their dust*."

A DROP OF HALF AND HALF.

CUTS FOR THE COMIC.

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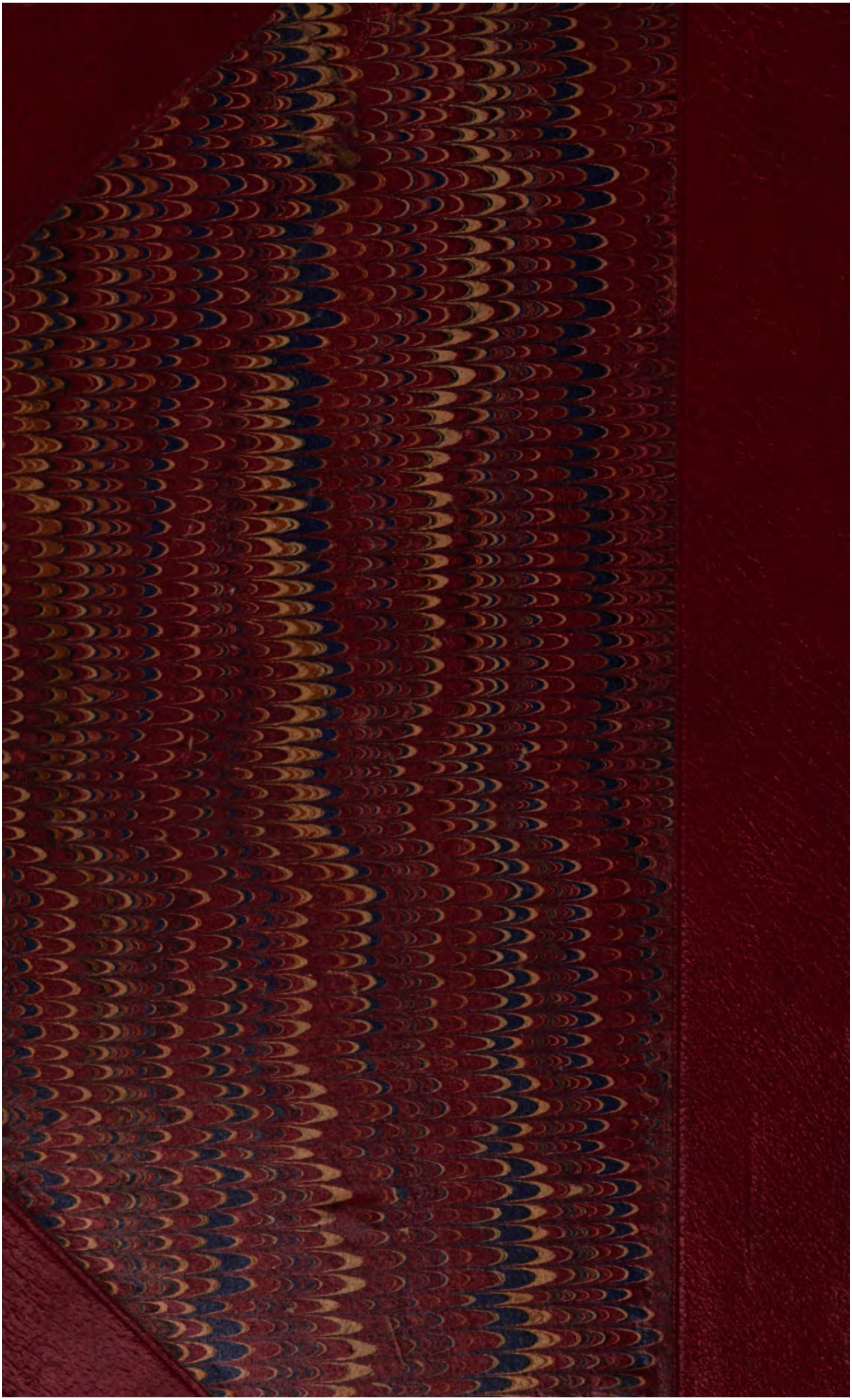
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