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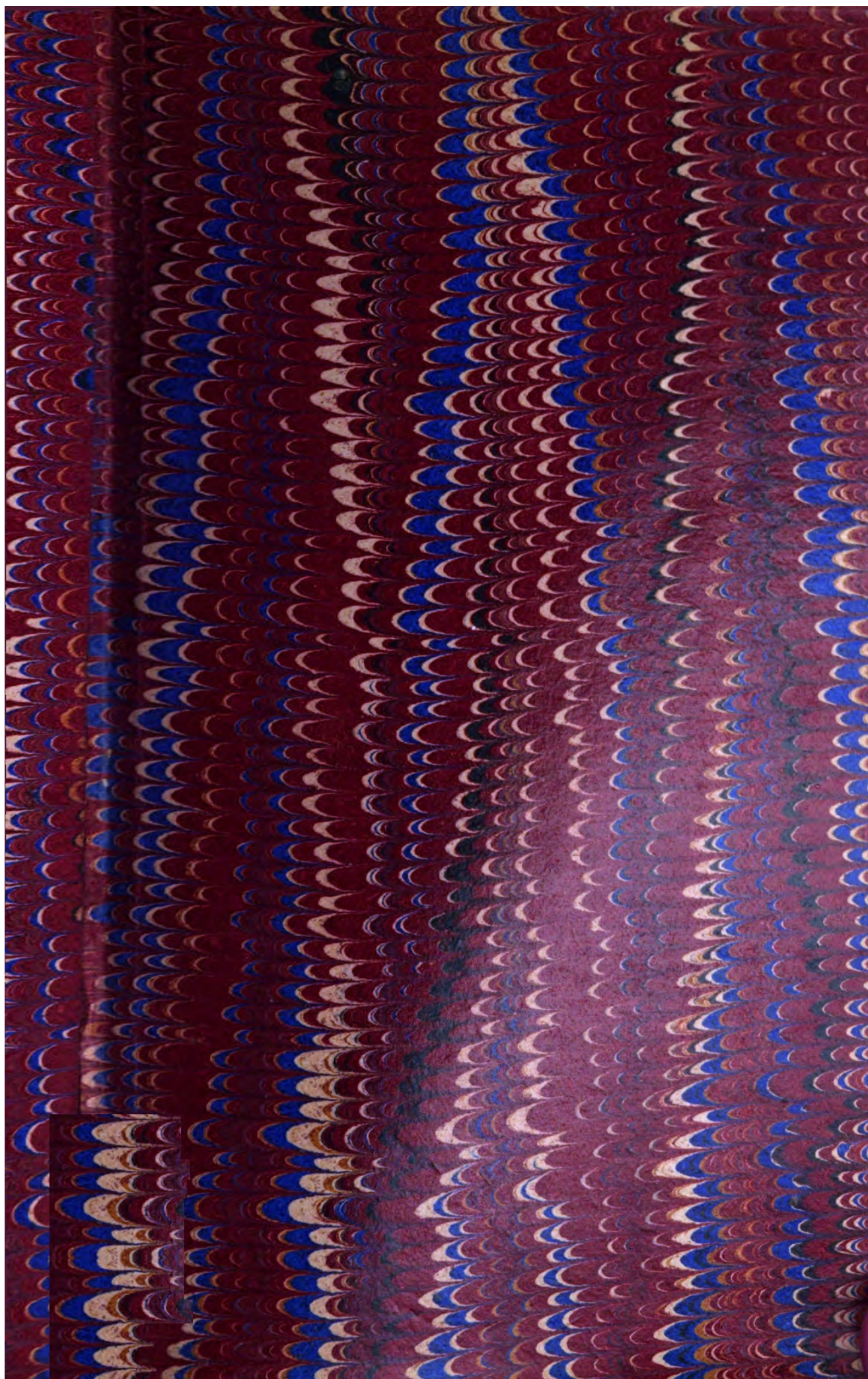
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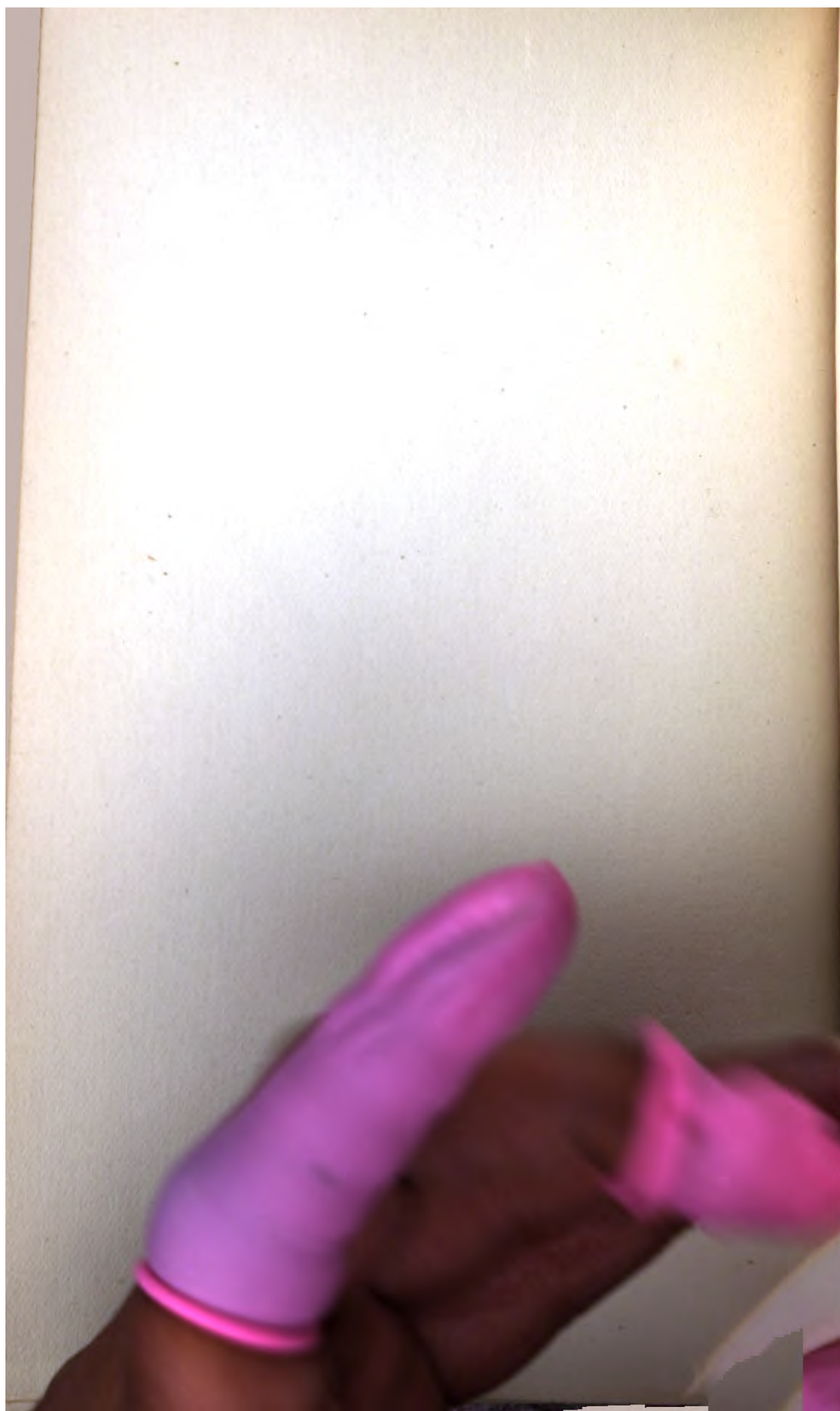






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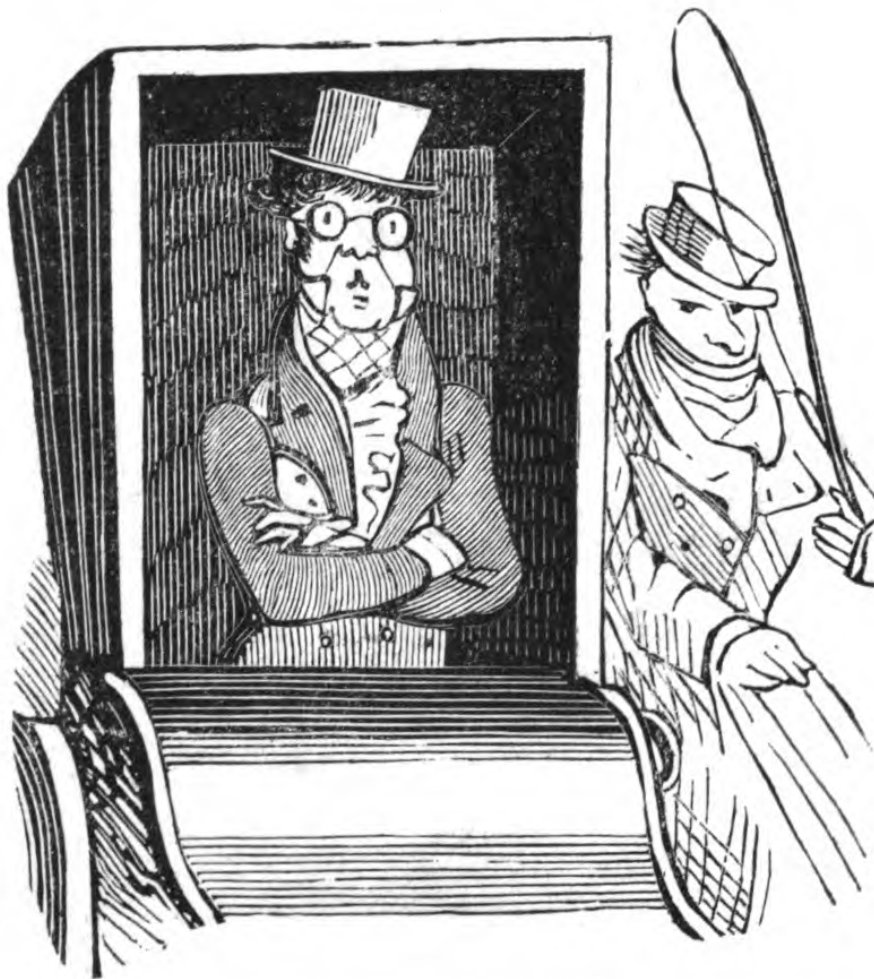








Frontispiece.



PORTRAIT OF THE EDITOR FRAMED AND GLAZED.

THE
COMIC MAGAZINE.

Fourth Series.



A TAIL PIECE.

LONDON:

PRINTED & PUBLISHED BY MAYHEW, ISAAC, & MAYHEW,
AT THE NATIONAL LIBRARY OFFICE,
14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1834





THE MAN THAT GIVES NO QUARTER.

P R E F A C E.

We shall content ourselves with saying a few serious words upon the conclusion of our Fourth Series. We are about to surrender our office to the more competent hands of "Alfred Crowquill, Esq." whose comic pen, and equally comic pencil, will, we trust, render the Magazine more worthy of the extensive patronage it has been honoured with. The Illustrations, instead of being engraved on wood, will be "etched" in the style of Excellence so peculiar to our talented successor. The proposed alliance will occasion both a change of name and residence; and



will be published, on the first of April and succeeding months, by Mr. Effingham Wilson, at the Royal Exchange.

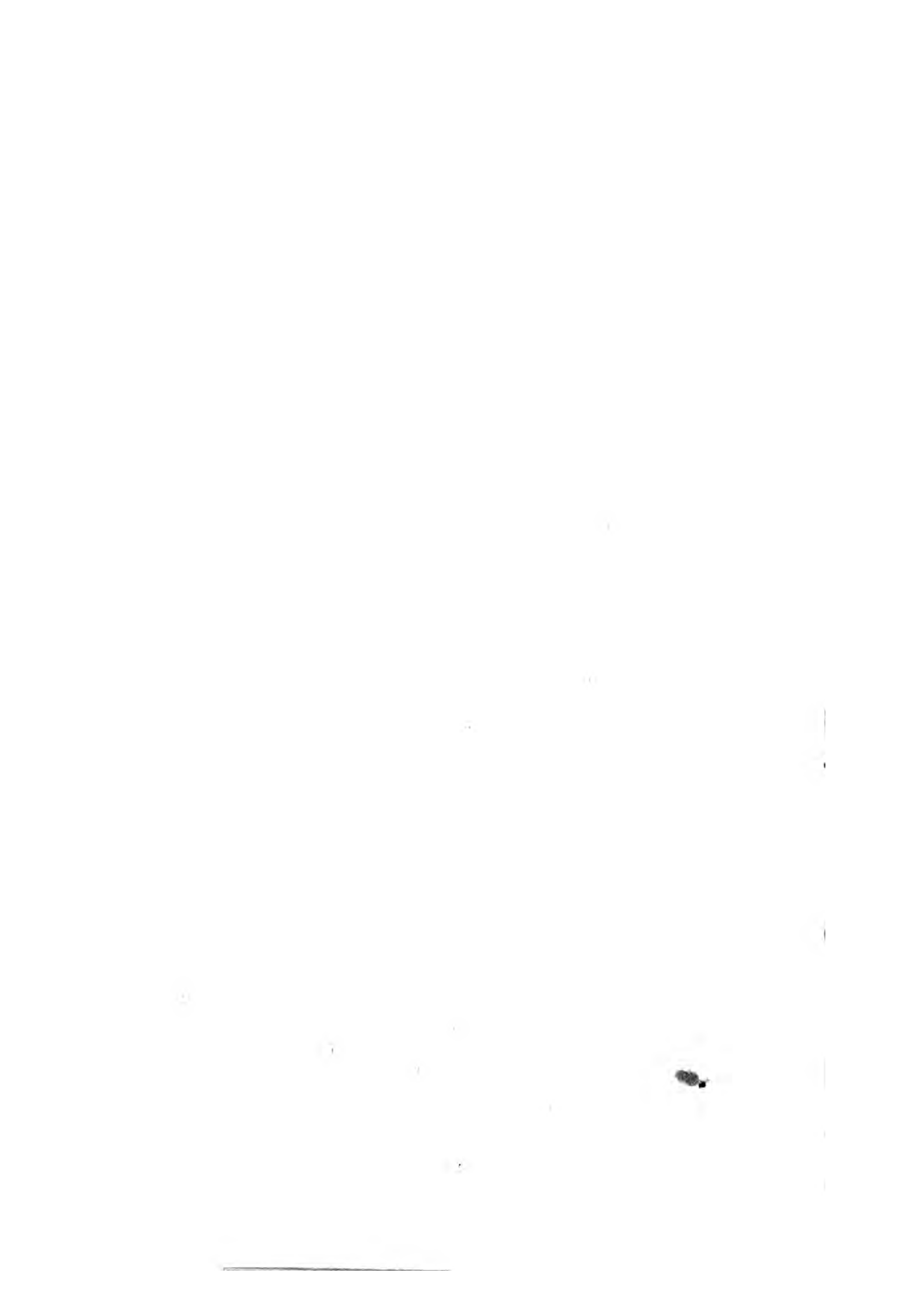
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Yours Devoutly A. Montgomery

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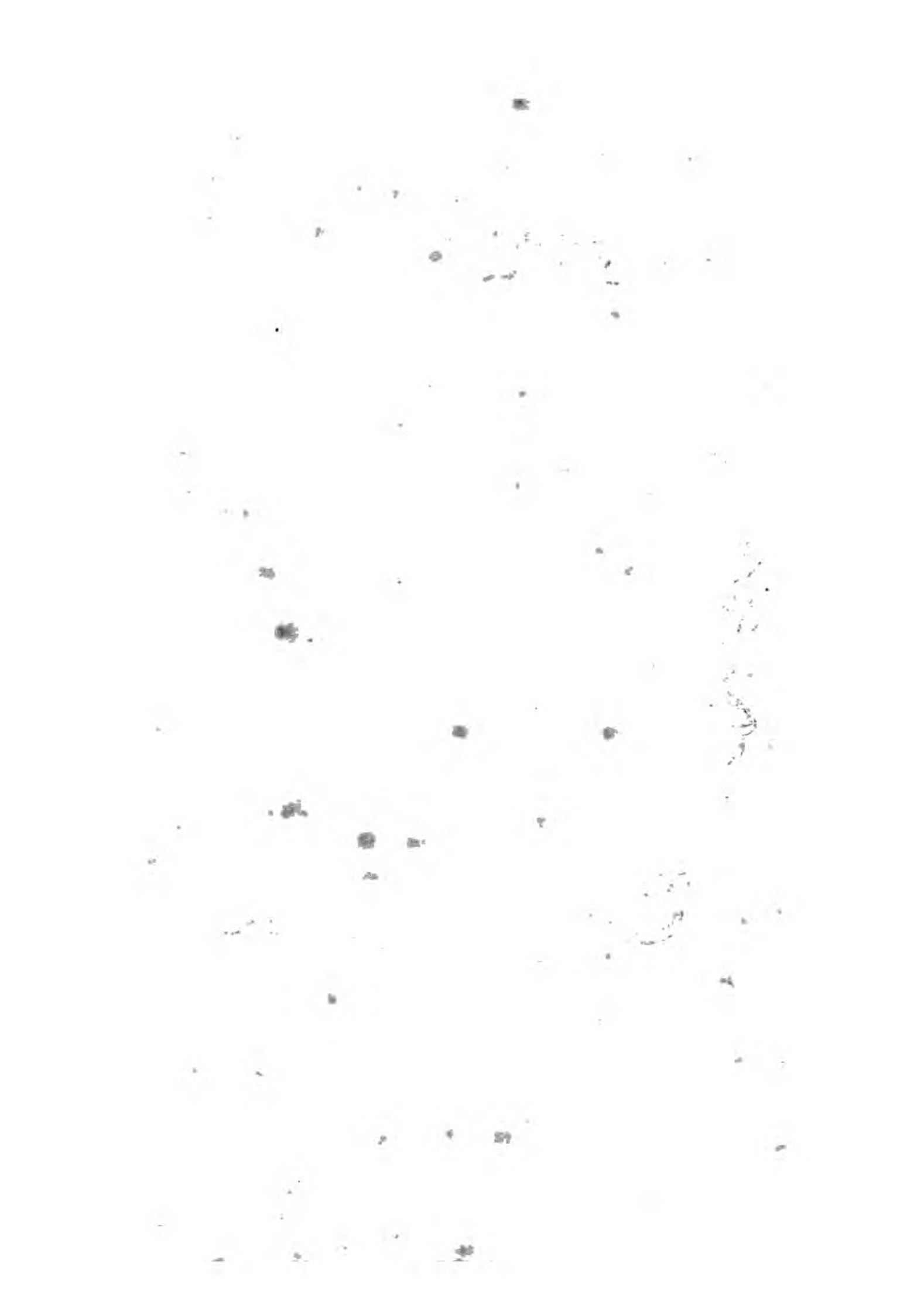


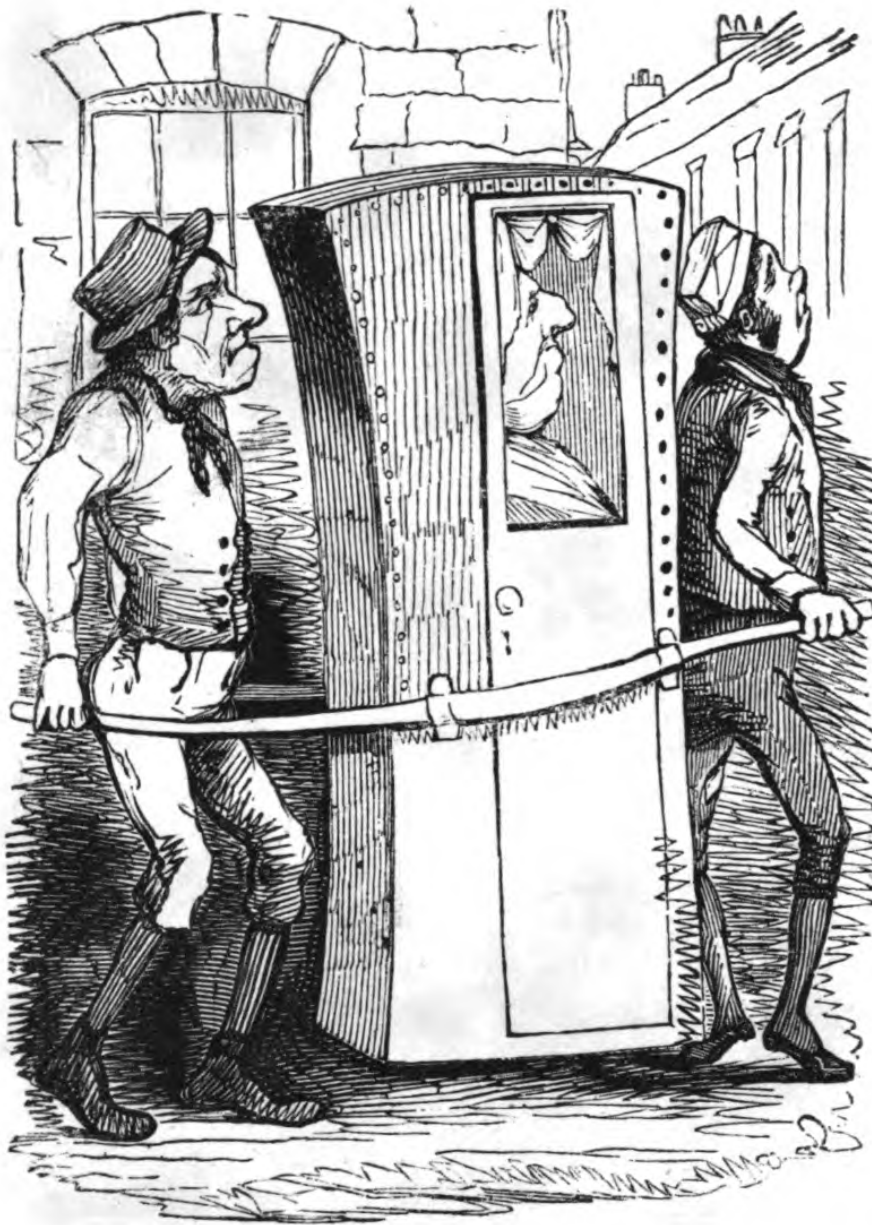
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SEDAN-TARY OCCUPATION.

THE STUDENT'S FAREWELL TO PHILOSOPHY.

BY THE EDITOR OF "FIGARO IN LONDON."

Philosophy, they bid us seek in thee

A balm for every worldly care and ill :

But I thy power to soothe could never see ; —

Philosophy! Cans't thou take up a Bill!

Can'st thou remove of poverty the damp?

Alas! thy boasted potency I doubt ;

For, when hot water rushes on to swamp,

Thou can'st not *bail* (*bale*) the fragile vessel out.

4 THE STUDENT'S FAREWELL TO PHILOSOPHY.

Locke never will remove a prison's bars ;

The debtor, seeking comfort *there*, 's a dolt.

Is it not *Lock* alone his freedom mars ;

Since it is *that* won't let him make a *bolt* ?

Oh ! can a hungry mouth expect a meal

From prosing o'er Philosophy's dull trash ?

Who flies to *Bacon* will be sure to feel

That he can get no *rasher* ;—he's *so rash*.

What though the Student anxiously may toil,

And of acquirement scientific boast ;

Say ! Is there one, who plodding over *Boyle*,

Obtain'd one single atom of the *roast* ?

Then, to Philosophy I bid farewell !

'Tis vain when of the assets there's a dearth :

My Paley and my Newton let me sell ;

And for my *Hobbes*, I throw it to the *hearth*.

Thou'st brought me to a miserable plight ;

Of means and everything by thee bereft.

Seeking to prove " whatever is, is *right*,"

I find, too late, that I have *nothing left*.



"ALL THAT IS, IS RIGHT."
POPE.





I WISH I COULD CUT YOU TO THE QUICK.

THE STUDENT'S FAREWELL TO PHILOSOPHY. 9

In mathematics, though I've been profound,
And with the best at circles could compete ;
They taught me not to bring my own things round,
For I could never get both ends to meet.

Ye Students of Philosophy, then—drop it !
And when you see a book of science, shut it ;
And as for logic, if you're used to *chop it*,
Be by a friend advis'd—in future *cut it*.

AXIOMS,

GOOD, BAD, AND INDIFFERENT.

BY — S—, ESQ.

ONE OF THE TEN THOUSAND.

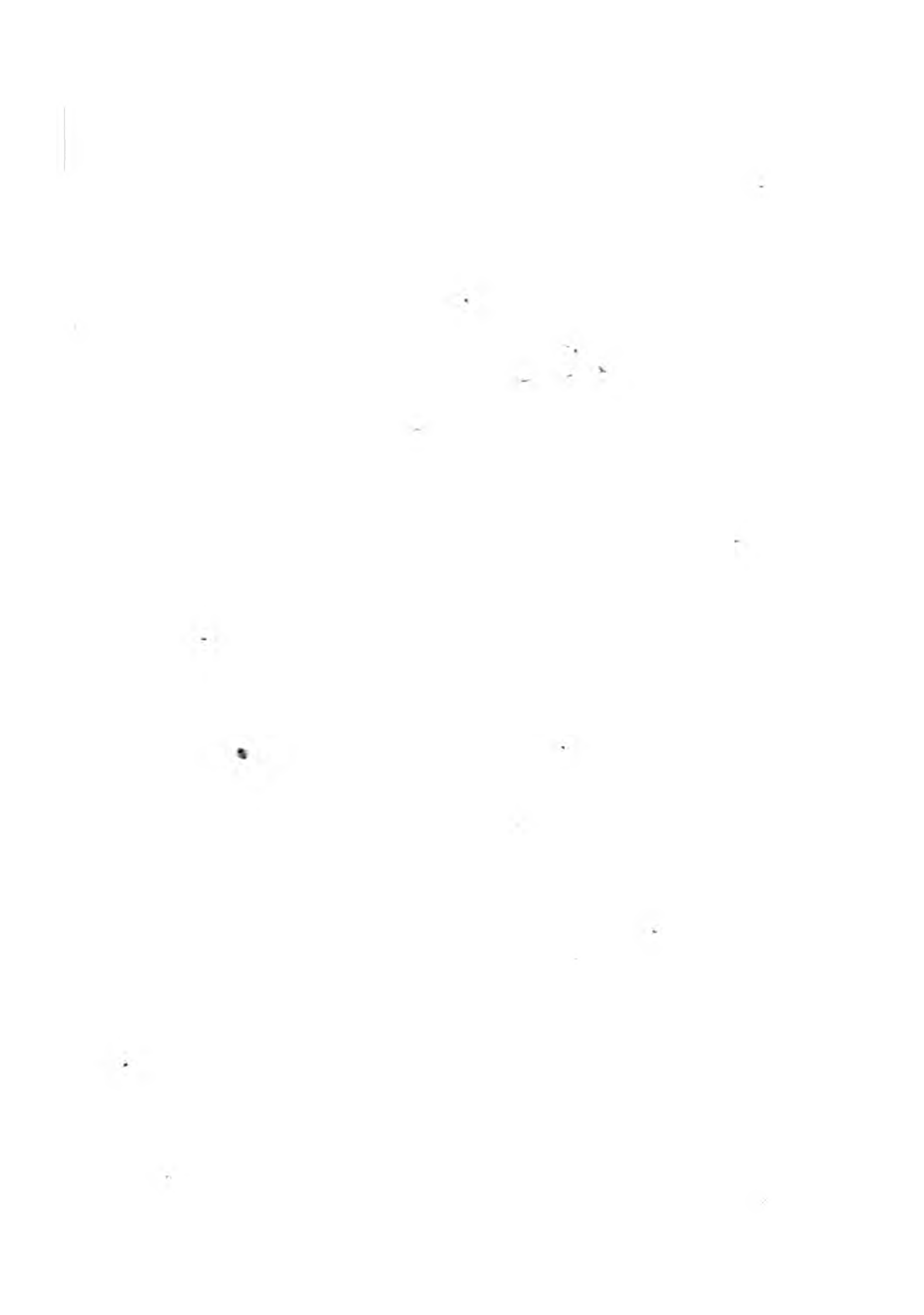
When wedged tight in a crowd, with your elbows comfortably dove-tailed in a gentleman's ribs,—be sure to *ax* him if you incommode him.

When you have trod, with an iron-heeled boot, upon your neighbour's gouty toe,—be sure to *ax* pardon.



"A MAN!---I SWEAR A MAN!"
WILLIAM TELL.







RAIN-BEAU.

When, carving a fowl, you have secured the breast, wings, and merry-thought for your own share,—be sure to *ax* the next applicant, whether he have any choice.

When you observe any one walking about the reading-room of the British Museum, just as the clock strikes four, and peering anxiously at every table,—you will not be in the wrong if you *ax* him whether he have lost his hat.

When begged to give a direction by some well-dressed person, about five o'clock in the afternoon, near the Seven Dials,—be sure to *ax* if he have mistaken his way.

When travelling inside a stage-coach in wet and cold weather,—be sure to *ax* the outside passengers, at every stage, whether it be not very uncomfortable.

When at a large dinner-party you wish to get drunk early,—be sure to *ax* every one present to take wine.

When you see a gentleman, tripped up by a piece of orange-peel, fall with a thundering crash on the back of his head,—be sure to *ax* him whether he's not hurt.

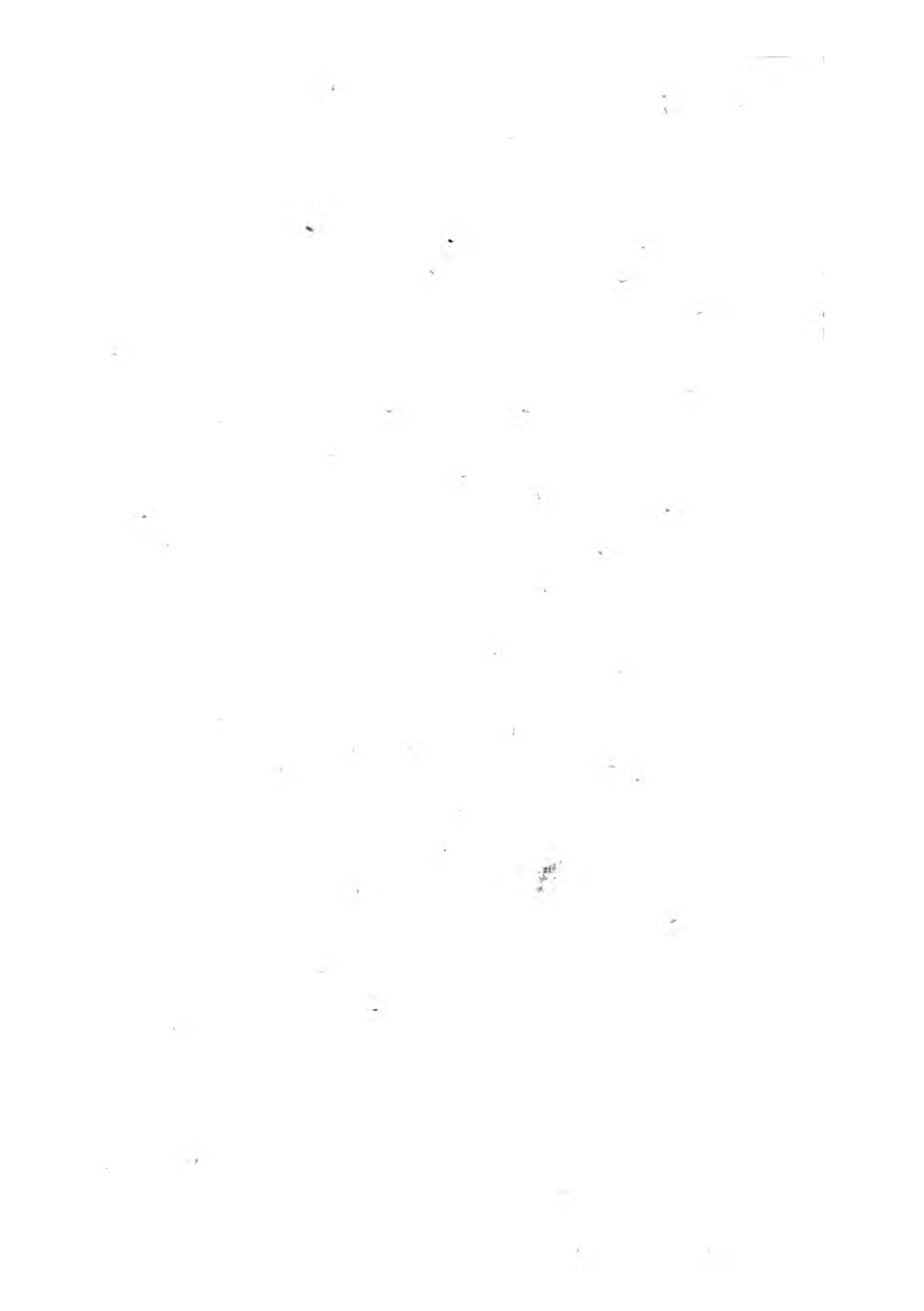
When you have kept your friend and wife, with whom you have been dining, up till three in the morning,—be sure to *ax* them whether you are not a late sitter.

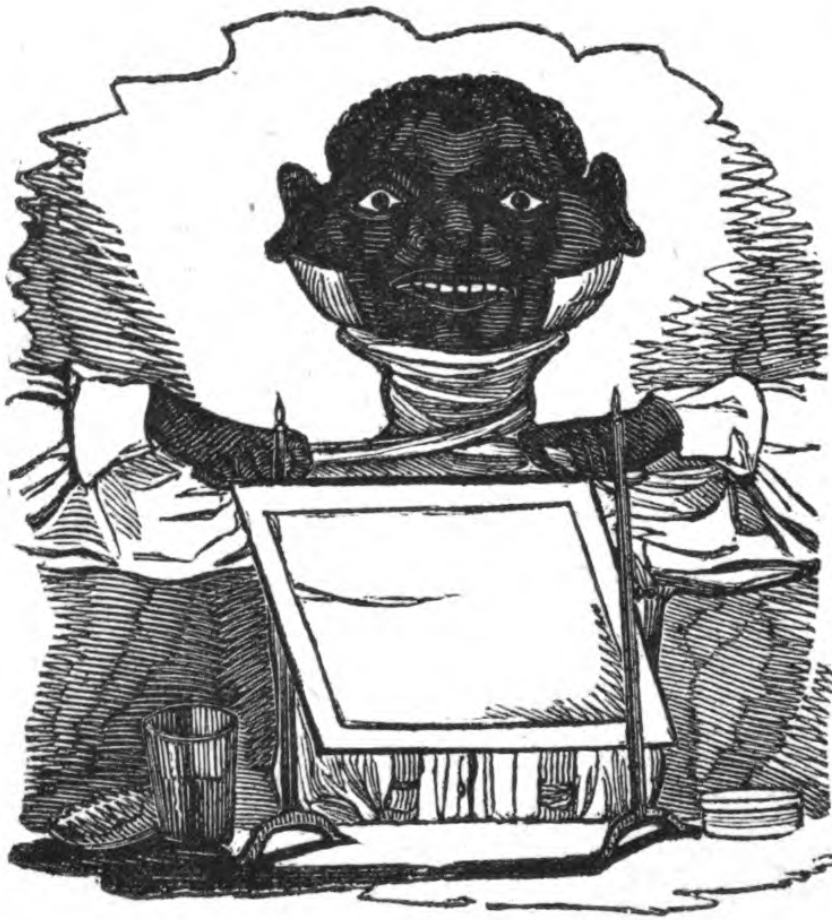
When told a long story, and begged for your opinion,—be sure to *ax* what it's all about.

When you have broken a lady's best china tea-cup,—be sure to *ax* whether you have spoiled the set.



HOLD YOUR JAW.





NECK OR NOTHING.

When you meet a friend hurrying along the street,
as if on business of life and death,—be sure to stop him
and *ax* what's o'clock.

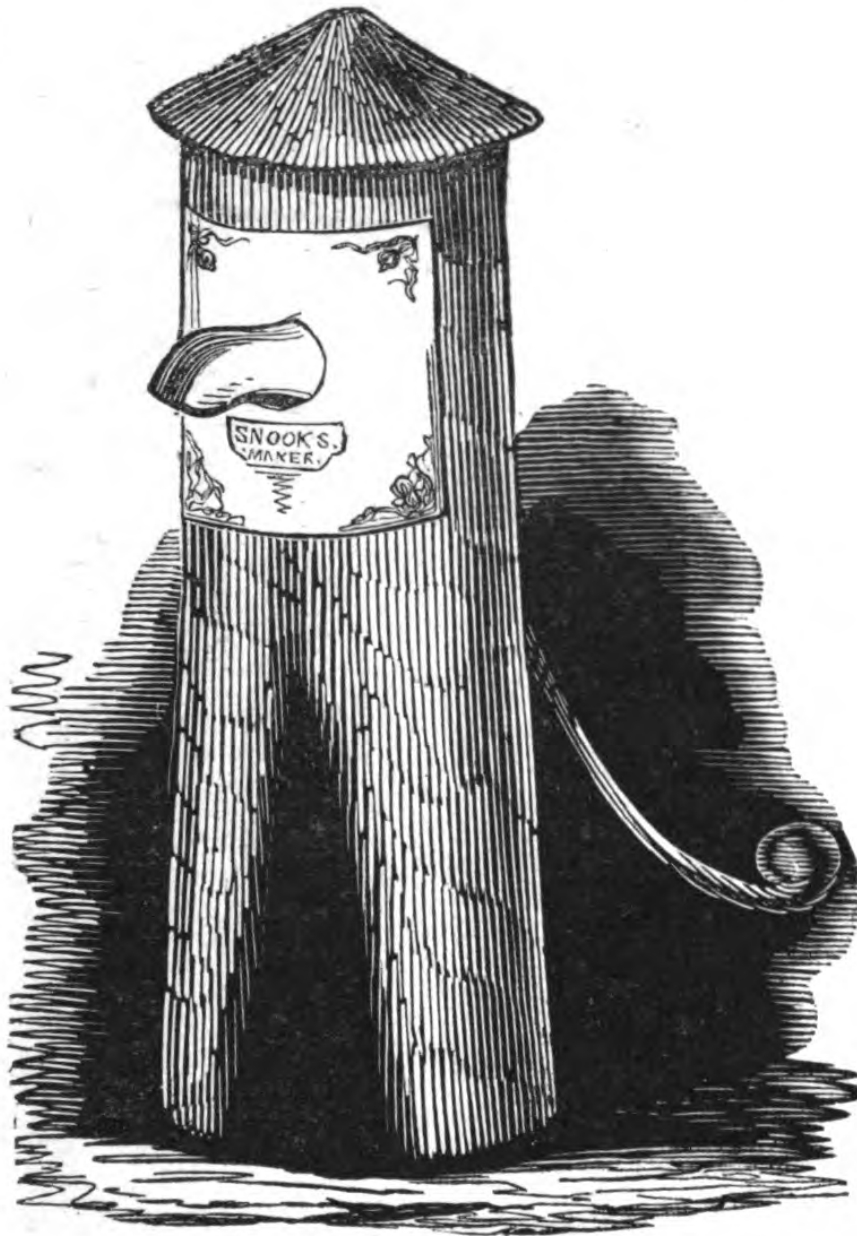
When a friend begs you to repay him money borrowed,—be sure to *ax* if he wants it.

THE THREE WARNINGS.

AN ORIGINAL TALE.

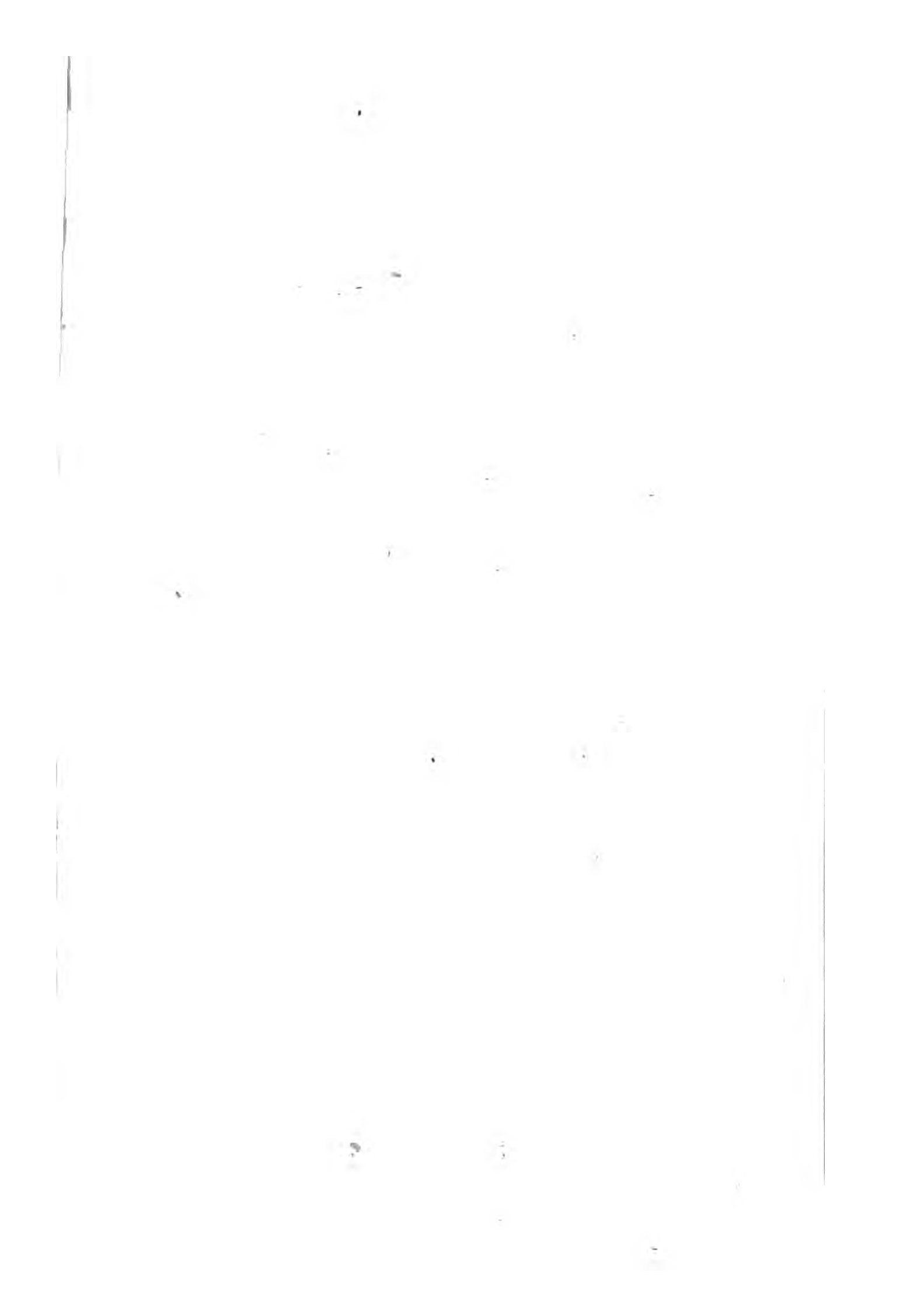
BY A. W. A.

It was towards the close of a lovely evening, in the month of June, that George Melton and Henry Dufours were seated by an open casement which commanded an extensive view of the estate belonging to the former.



TOUCH MY TAIL AND MY NOSE WILL RUN.







HERO OF ANTIQUITY.

The spirits of both appeared depressed, and though they had not met for many months, there was an absence of that conversational fluency which usually exists between friends who have been separated for any period of time :—both were almost silent.—“ You are surprised, Dufours,” at length observed George Melton, “ to find me altered,—and I do not blame you—I have had much to change me since we met,—very much. I will tell you.”—He did not move from his previous position as he continued. “ You have long known my opinions—my—as you have termed them, superstitious opinions—respecting the possibility of the intervention of super-human agency ?” Dufours gave me a token of assent, and Henry proceeded with a deep-drawn sigh.—“ And you have ever differed with me.” Again his friend made an inclination of his head. “ Now listen : this day week I retired to my chamber in perfect health and spirits—how long I slept, I know not, ere I was aroused by a calm, though forcible voice sounding in my ear,—“ George Melton,” it said, “ Rise ! hasten to the northern transept of the ruined Abbey, and you may preserve life ! Rise !”

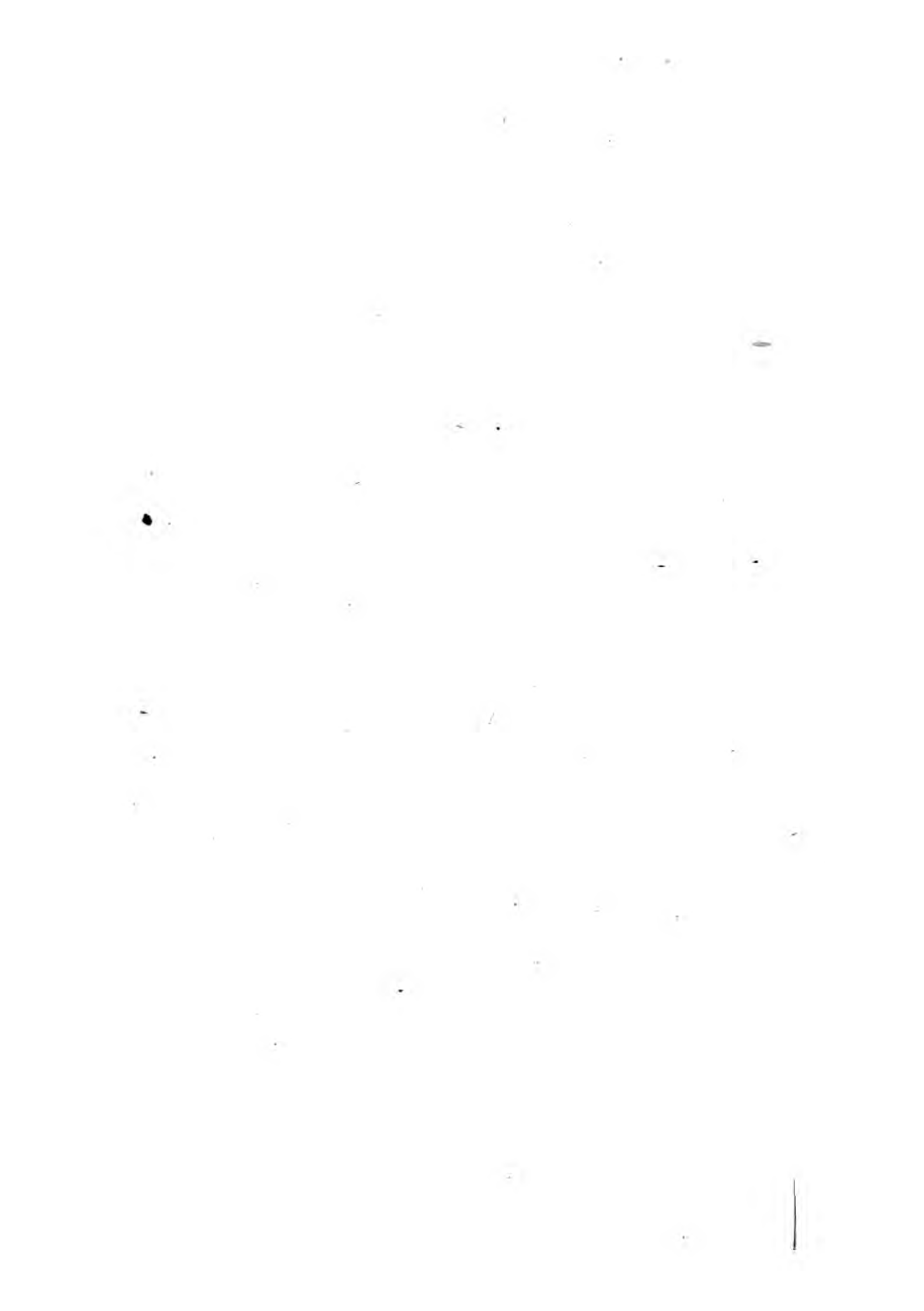
I started in my bed, and rubbed my eyes,—I listened, but all around was silent.—This must be some strange delusion, thought I, some dream—True, the old Abbey was close at hand—you see it now hard by the orchard, but I thought it must be some trick of my own wild fancy; so I laid my head upon my pillow and slept again.

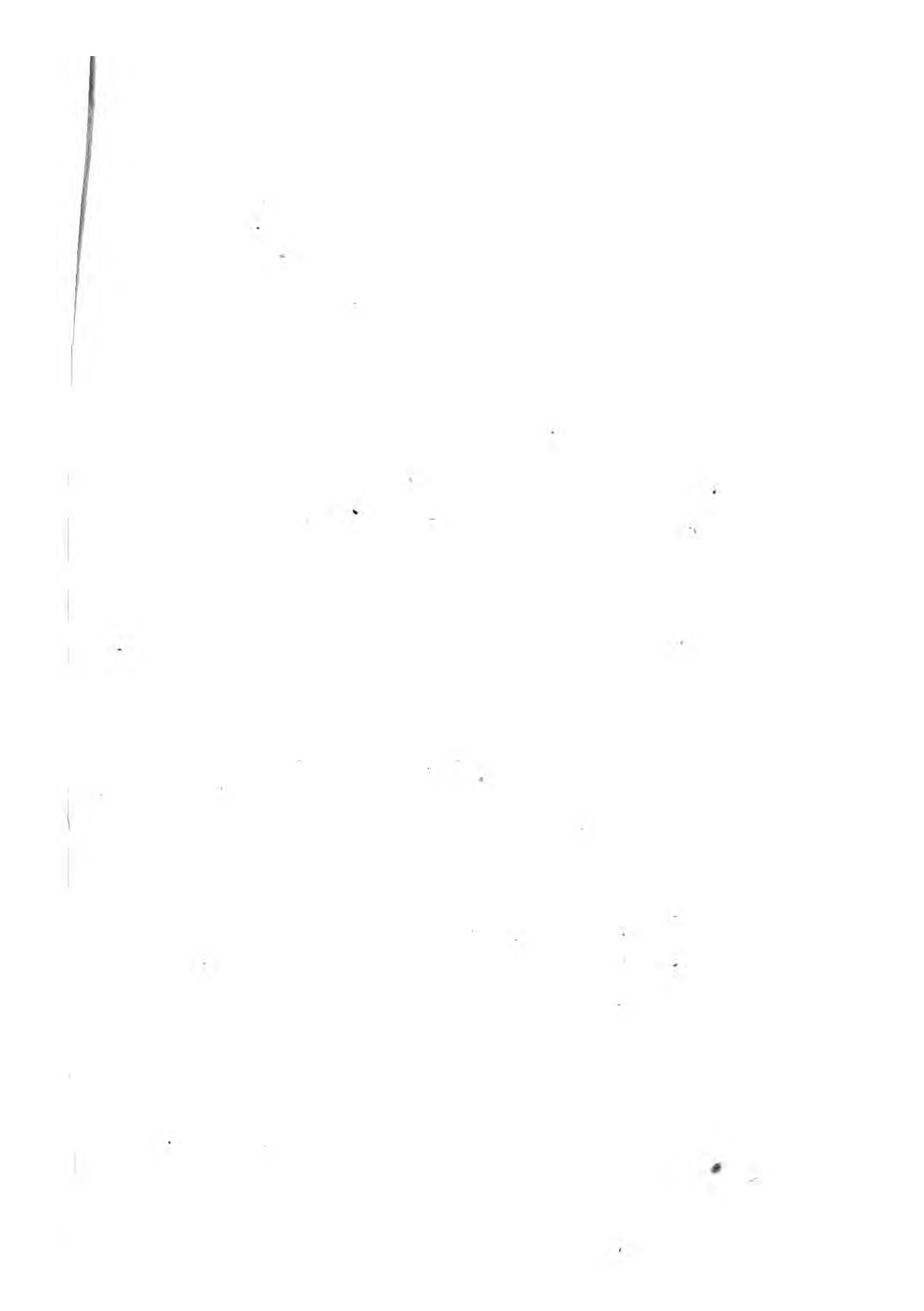
“ Well !” observed Dufours, now an interested listener.

“ Well,” repeated Melton sorrowfully, “ I slept 'tis true—but such a sleep!—once more I started from it with a repetition of the same still summons ringing in my ears! ‘ this is more than strange, thought I ’—but I checked my rising superstition, and by force of self-argument as to the folly of my own ideas, I succeeded in restoring my mind to tranquillity, and slept once more.—But oh, Dufours! my repose was again destined to be of but short duration.—Again the warning voice smote even to my soul—no more subdued and low, but loud and shouting! “ It is too late!” it said, “ the life is fled, the deed is done !” I leaped from out my bed, but all was quiet as before, nerving myself to



THE LAST OF HIS RACE.







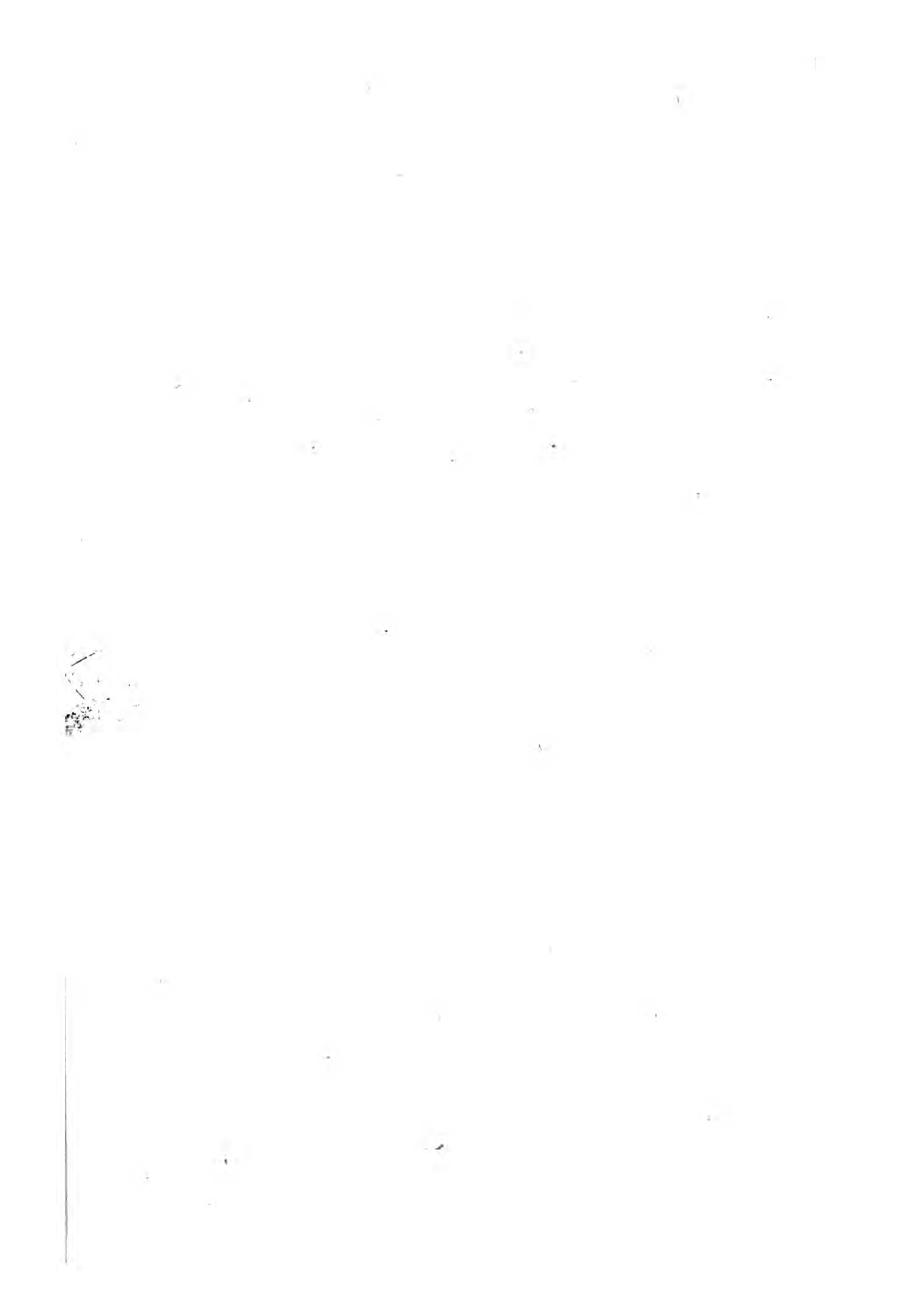
DEADLY LIVELY.

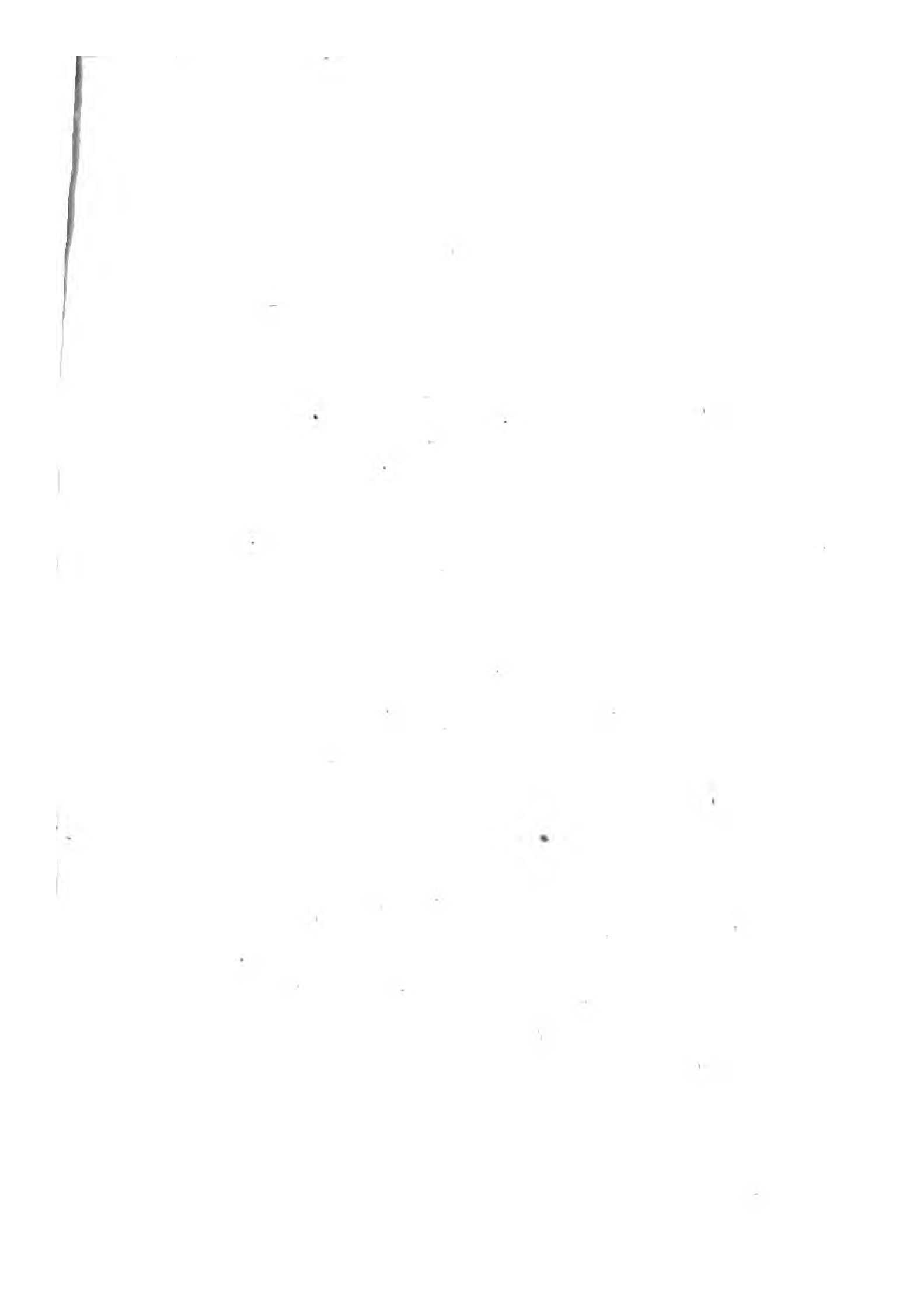
ascertain beyond a doubt the truth or fallacy of this, my treble dream, I threw over me such clothes as came across my path, snatched up a loaded pistol, and hurried from the house. It was nearly dawn, and a grey uncertain light—far worse than impenetrable darkness, threw a hazy tint on every object round. Noiselessly—and I will admit it, Henry, to you, not without fear,—I proceeded towards the ruined Abbey; the ancient doors were open; I entered them, and paused to listen, but all seemed silent as the graves on which I trod. Stealthily I proceeded towards the northern transept, the spot the voice had indicated. I had but one more angle to turn and I was there! a cold sweat burst upon my forehead, as the sounds of retiring footsteps attracted my attention; I leant against a pillar for support, something dark appeared to move beneath my feet! I stooped to touch it—it was blood. Oh! Henry! Henry! think not disparagingly of your friend if he confess that at that moment a sickening and cowardly dizziness filmed across his eyesight. It was, however, of but transitory duration; the force of reason soon gained ascendancy over the weakness of fear, and

I rushed into the northern transept. Judge—judge the agony I felt at what then met my sight!" He seized Dufours' hand with an energy that made him shrink, "suspended from a horizontal beam, bleeding, lifeless, mangled,—hung, in all its fearful and revolting horror—a slaughtered pig!"



LA GRACE.







A JEW D'ESPRIT.

A PRAYER BY A MISER.

Oh, Lord ! thou knowest that I have nine houses in the city of London, and likewise that I have lately purchased an estate in fee-simple, in the county of Essex ; I beseech you to preserve the two counties of Middlesex and Essex from fire and earthquake ; and, as I have a mortgage in Hertfordshire, I beg thee likewise to have an eye of compassion on that county ; and for the rest of the counties in England, thou may'st deal with them as thou art pleased. Oh ! Lord, enable the banks to answer all their bills, and make all my debtors *good men*. Give a prosperous voyage and return to the Mermaid sloop, which I have ensured ; and as thou

hast said that the days of the wicked shall be but short, I trust in thee that thou wilt not forget thy promise, as I have purchased an estate in reversion, which will be mine on the death of that most wicked and profligate young man, Sir J. L. Keep our friends from sinking, and grant that there may be no sinking funds. Keep my son Caleb out of evil company and gaming-houses; and preserve me from thieves and housebreakers, and make all my servants so honest and faithful, that they may attend to my interest only, and never cheat me out of my property, night nor day. *Amen.*



STICKING TO HIS POST.





BOOTS WARREN-TED.

SCRAPS

NOT WARRANTED GENUINE.

“Your beer is very indifferent,” said a traveller
“I can warrant it well hopped, Sir,” replied the landlord. “Yes,” rejoined the other, “if it had *hopped* much further, it would have *hopped* it water.”

AN AMENDMENT.

“Should I be discovered *I am lost!*” exclaimed the hero of a Coburg melodrame, as he concealed himself in a closet on the stage. “Should you be discovered *you are found,*” was the amendment of a wag in the gallery.”

A CONSOLATION.

A would-be contributor was complaining the other day of the sharp reply he had received in the answers to correspondents, from an Editor with whom he had contracted an acquaintance. "In fact," exclaimed the disappointed scribe, "my communication was rejected with an utter breach of good manners." "You should remember the old adage," said one who heard him. "What d'ye mean? what adage?" "Why, *evil communications corrupt good manners.*"

EPIGRAM.

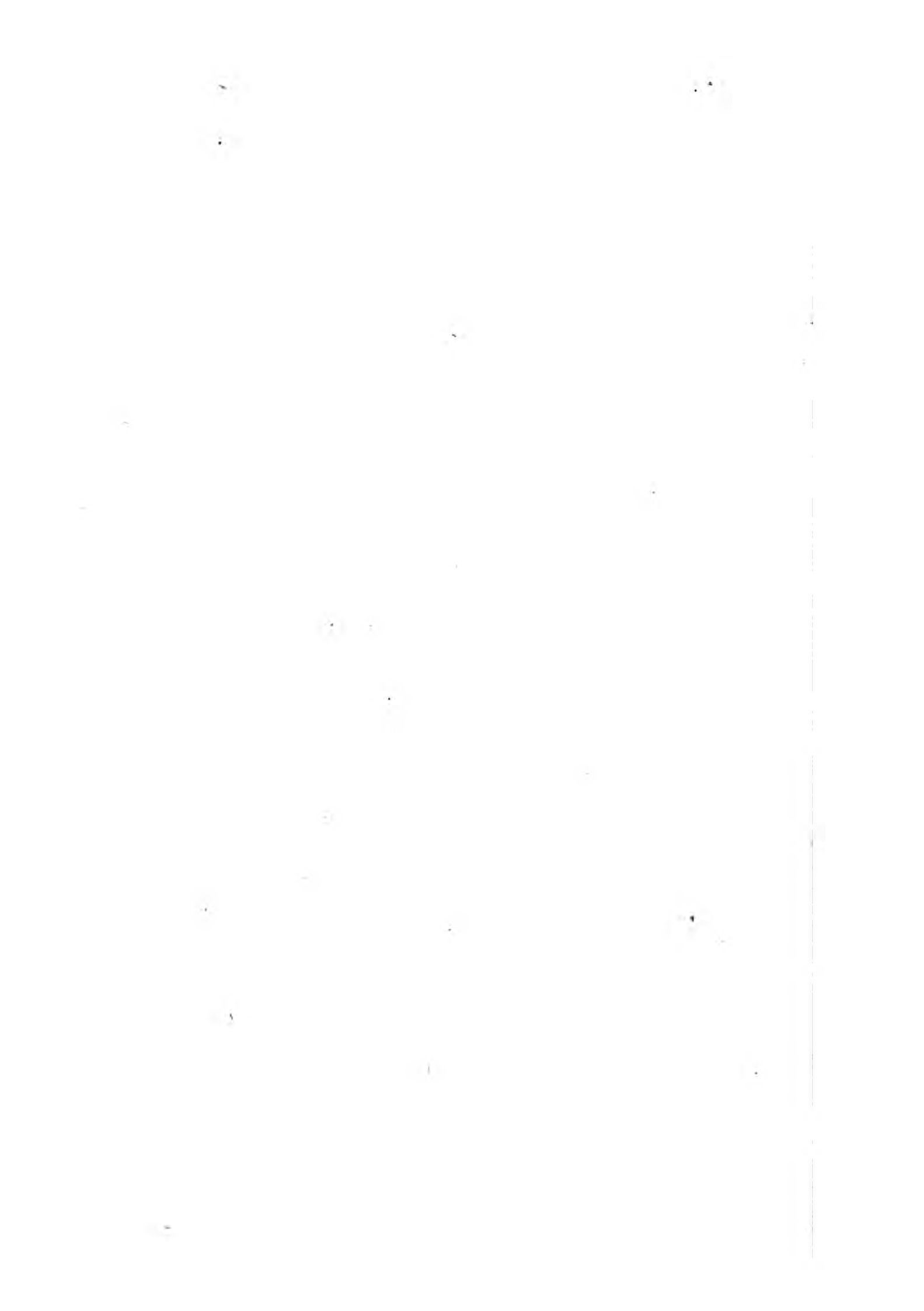
On the true methods of duelling.
To fight with pistols seems to me
A plan devoid of sense;
Foils should the weapons surely be,
When persons take *of-fence*.

A STROLLER.

"Can you tell me why D— would be just the thing for a strolling actor." "Can't say," was the reply; "Because he roars and squeaks so whenever he goes upon the stage, that he is in every sense of the word, a *high-tinny-rant (intinerant)* performer."



CONTRACTING AN ACQUAINTANCE.





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An important Bill has lately received the sanction of Parliament, by which the rights of Dramatic Writers are acknowledged and secured. Their talents will no longer be a source of profit to every one but themselves. To instruct, and to delight, will for the future be—to thrive. No one can be more gratified at this tardy act of justice than the Editor of the “Acting French Drama.” But the Legislature have overlooked one provision for the furtherance of their interests, which it is his intention to supply. No distinction has been made betwixt the Translator or Adapter of Foreign Dramas, and the Author of original Plays : they have been wrongly assigned to the same class; and their remuneration has been, generally speaking, equivalent in amount. This is a radical error in the existing state of “things theatrical,” which it is the object of the present work to remedy. Translations, or rather Adaptations of every successful Piece brought out in Paris, will be published simultaneously with their appearance abroad; and a republication of upwards of Fifty Dramas, already popular and now acting in this country, being nothing more nor less than literal translations from the French, will form part of the intended issue. These the Editor and Proprietors of the copyright of the “Acting French Drama” respectfully offer to the Managers of Theatres throughout the United Kingdom, at half the price demanded by the established manufacturers of such articles. The Dramatist, properly so called, will, by this decisive amendment of the error in his “Bill of Rights,” be raised to his proper station, and guaranteed in his exclusive privileges. The Playwright will be gladdened by the addition of a new brother “to the gentle craft,” whose name is—Legion.

To the Public generally it may be sufficient to observe, that the present works will supply an hiatus in our National Literature. Italy, Spain, and Germany, possess translations, in regular series, of the best works of the modern French Dramatists. Should England want what these countries enjoy? However, a stronger recommendation of this undertaking is the fact, that no other branch of French literature presents the same reflex of the French mind: in the Drama only are to be found the opinions, habits, and feelings of the modern Gaul. To be without a translation of the choicest works of Scribe, Melesville, Ancelot, and Victor Hugo, would be a national reproach.

“The Acting French Drama” commences with the publication of “The Neighbour’s Wife,” which is now performing at the Theatre Royal, Covent-garden, under the title of “My Neighbour’s Wife.”



COLOURED AFTER NATURE IN DISTEMPER.

A SCRAP FROM THE STREET.

BY RALPH RIGMAROLE, ESQUIRE.

“ Armagh—virumque cano.”

Ough! augh!—ough! augh!—ough! augh!—alternately ejaculated two plain, unvarnished sons of the “ Imerald Isle,” as they let their heavy rammers fall on the loose stones of High-street, St. Giles’, until having rung the changes on these two sounds for a few minutes, they paused to rest awhile. “Tunder an’ pratees!” cried one, “but this is hingry work.”

“ Hingry !” responded the other, “an’ is it only hingry you’d be after callin’ it? Shure an’ its the compleate veracity of the American sea sarpint after a month’s residence in the Thames that I faal.”

“ Asy, asy there, Dennis, lave off your balderdash now. By the powers, it’s enough, so it is, to make a crocodile ate his own eggs for breakfast, to hear you

goin' an about your sea sarpint, whin every body knows the divil a one there ever was at all, at all."

"Blur an' agers!" cried Dennis, "if you wouldn't be after givin' the lie to Misther Munchausen himself, so you would; an' what the dickins do you know about bastes beyant your own feyther and his pigs? Augh! an' your enough, you discreditable cratur', so you are, to make Parson Phillpotts commit suicide. May be now you wouldn't belave it, whin I seed it mysilf wid my own eyes—so I did."

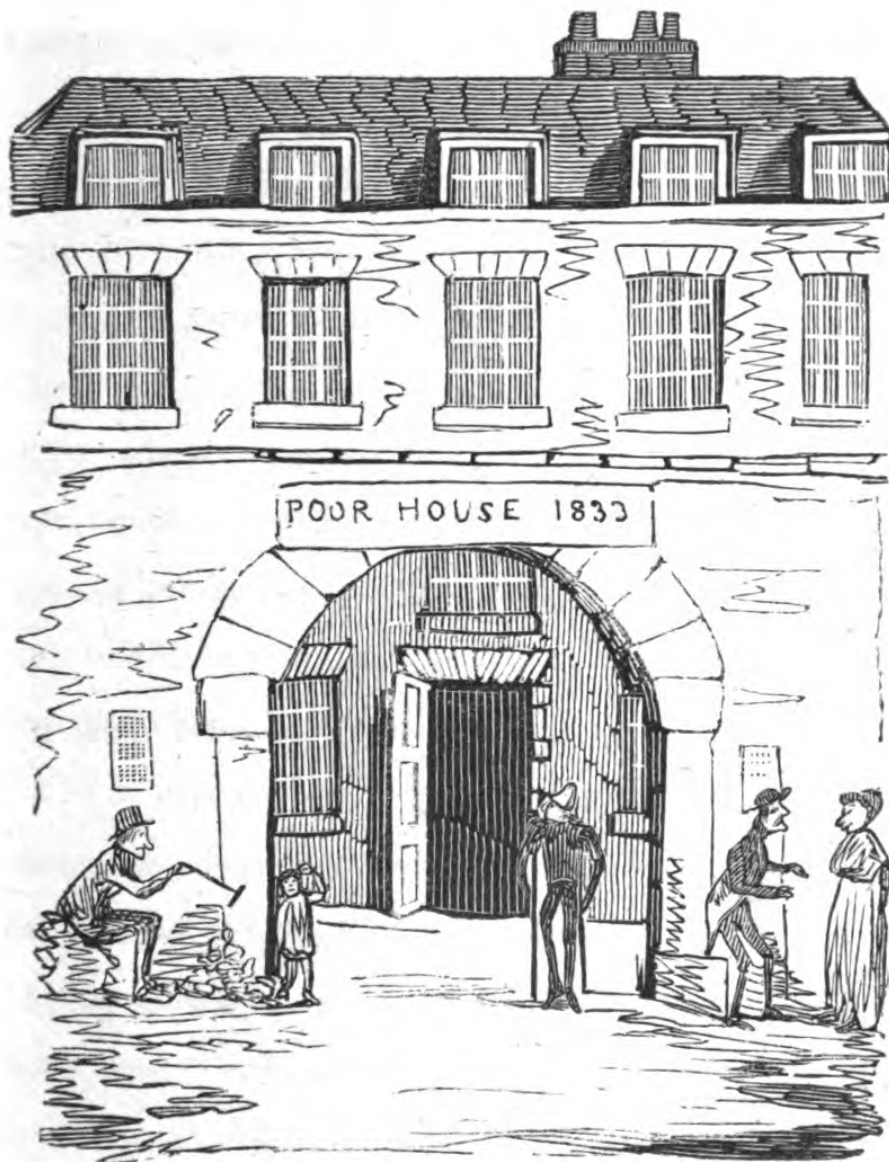
"Whoo! an' that's quite a diffierent kind o' thing intirely."

"Get out wid ye!—so you'd be after belaving I seed a baste which you wont belave to exist."

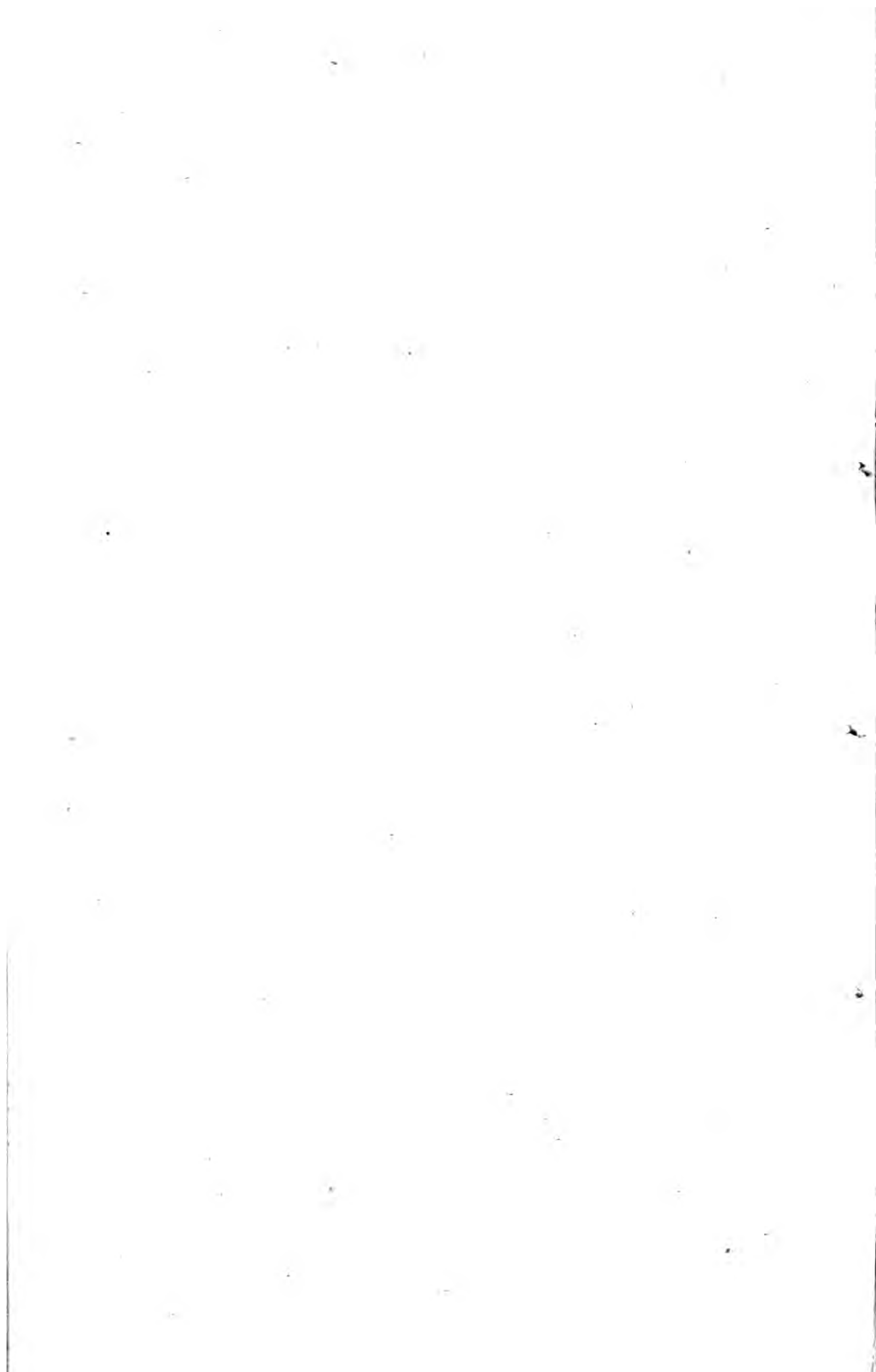
"Shure an' my mither (rist her ould sowl!) didn't pay a pinny ixtra to larn me manners, for me to be after givin' a lie to a gintleman like yoursilf—but do you mane for to say thin, Dennis, the cratur is railly so tremindous?"

"Tremindous! is it tremindous you say? Isn't thim Boa Instrictors like so many maggots beside o' the cratur?"

"Arrah be aisy——"



HOUSE OF COMMONS.



“Divil a lie in it! Wasn't his head on one side of the horizon and his tail on the ithir whin I seed him? Answer me that.”

“D'ye think me sitch a born nat'ral as to be after stomachin' that? The divil a baste there ever was o' thim there immensions—lave alone a sarpint—or sayin' it was, faith thin shure enough it must have been a whopper.”

“A whopper!—Ah! tare-an-nouns! do you think, now, nobody knows what kind of a baste the whopper is whin he sees him beyant yoursilf?—but shure an' it was neither a whopper nor a sarpint—wasn't it a diferint kind of a baste intirely?”

“Oh, be asy! how could any ither baste, barring it was a fish, live in the water? What thin d'ye mane for to say was the name the cratur went by?”

“Aye, there's the matter!—but kaap yoursilf asy a bit, and may be I'll be behouldin' it to ye. Thin! wasn't I spaking to Mister O'Flaherty about the baste—an' divil the like o' him at larning I've mysilf ever seen far or near—hasn't he the natur of all the bastes and ither birds at his finger-ends, for all the world like a big showman? Well! wasn't I in-

scribin' to him the monster's immensions—didn't I tell him the baste could jist take and twist himsilf round ould Irelind, for all the world like one o' the hoops round a whiskey keg—an' didn't he say, 'the divil a sea sarpint could do that—that must be an adder?' "

"An adder!—was it an adder thin you saad doin' thim wonders intirely? Shure an' that may be; but to talk of a say sarpint doin' the like is beyant the beyants complately."

This admission of Dennis' friend as to the capability of the adder to perform "thim wonders intirely" silenced all further argument; though we rather suspect that the learned Mr. O'Flaherty was attempting a bit of wit, and intended to grow satirical upon Dennis' exaggerations, when he said, upon hearing the overdrawn description of the "sea sarpint"—"that it must be an *adder*!" What sort of creature, however, the adder was, was all greek to Dennis' friend, who, unwilling to betray his ignorance, concealed his deficiency with the usual ingenuity of his countrymen, and put an end to any further discussion by resuming his former occupation. This, however, lasted but for



RATHER SHARP SET.

the usual short period, when they again came to a pause.

"Why, then," said Dennis, pointing to the time-piece at St. Giles's Church, "that's the largest paice of mechanics mortal eyes was ever set upon. Faith, an' wid their stame ingins, their stame boats, and their stame coaches, divil the likes there'd be of a stame clock, say I—shure an' that would make the time go fast enough—so it would. Blur an' agers if that ould cripple of an overgrown watch hasn't been thray hours an' more doin' the work o' one."

"May be an' it stands," said his companion.

"Divil a stand there," replied Dennis, "shure an' it only lies instid."

"Thin its a goin', you mane to say."

"Troth an' it is—you see, Larry, it an't one o' them stop-watches—so as long as it's up there, divil a once will it ever be down. Faith, an' I wish the ould daudle would be after gettin' on for dinner-time, so I do."

"Troth an' small's the use of that to me, for divil a taste of a pinny it's I'm kaaping—an' few's the frends, sure enough I know, that's fit to hould a candle to myself in the regard of money matters."

“ By my sowl, then, it's no frend Dennis Grubbery is of your own ; but, barrin' that, it's proud I'll faal of your company to dinner.”

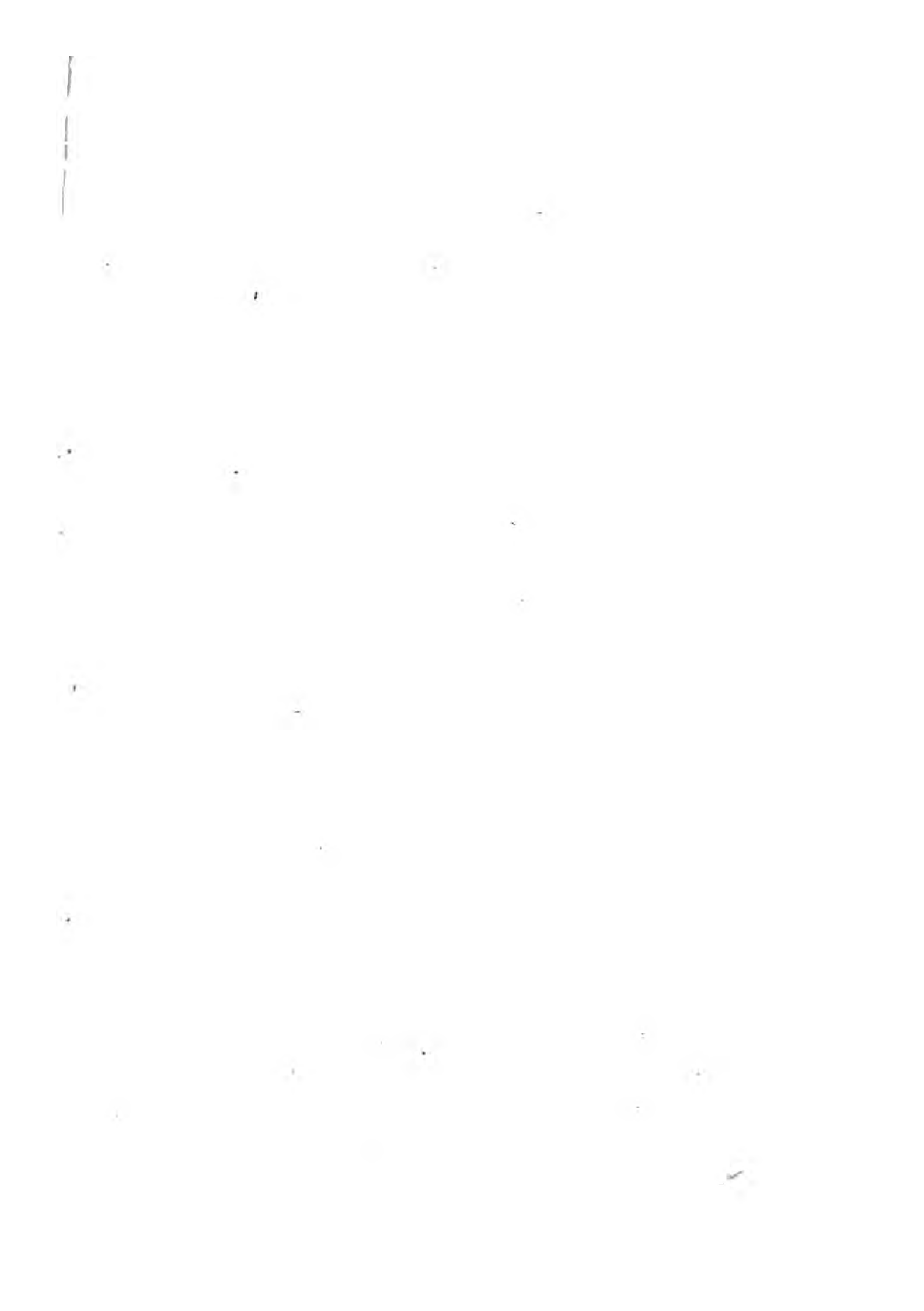
“ Faith, thin, if its proud you'll be after faaling in my company, small's the opportunity I give you of showin' your airs in my prisince, I'm thinkin'.”

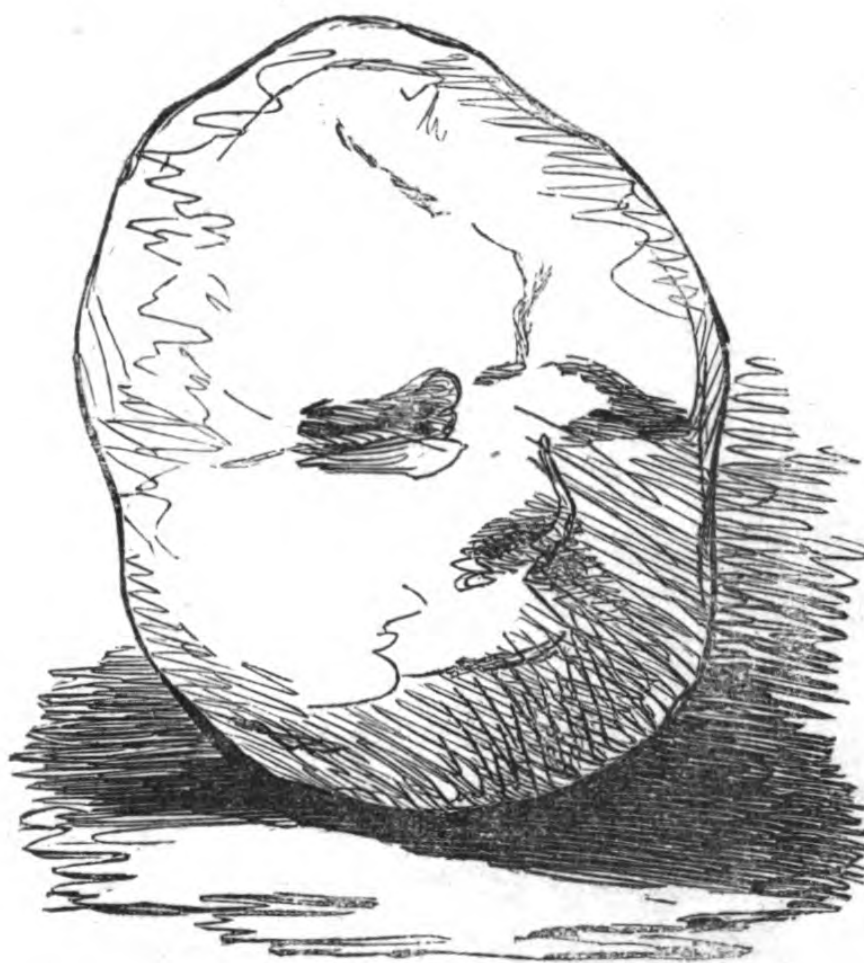
“ Asy, man alive ! Wasn't I axing you to dine with me in the gintaalist fashin, an' its go you must to takin' the words in their true sinse,—as if your gintleman ever used words in their true sinses!—lave off your ignorance, do.”

“ Thin maybe I'll be after doin' yourself the honour of my company to dinner, if its proud you'll faal at the same time to pay for it.”

“ Whoo ! bad cess to you wid your dirty manners ! By my sowl, if its thim that cost your blessed mither a pinny a waak iextra, divil the likes of your schoolmaster at cheating I've myself ever seen far or near. Blur an' agers if your feyther's ould sow couldn't taach you better p'liteness than to be axing a gintleman to pay when he's after inviting you to dinner. Bad luck to such an invite, say I.”

“ Oh, be aisy wid you ! Troth, an' its pay for you





FANCY PORTRAIT---MURPHY, THE COMMON-TATUR

I will wid pleasure—and (continued Dennis aside) wid divil a thing ilse, I'm thinkin, for shure an' I can say now with thim play-actors—" *Who stales my purse, stales trash,*" for never as much as the smallest taste in life of money they'd be after finding in it."

" Ah, blur an' agers! Divil the likes of yoursilf thin at axing gintlemen to dinner—barrin' the chamelion and Duke H'imphrey—I've myself ever seen far or near."

" Asy, asy, man alive—and maybe I'll be behouldin' it to you. Asy, thin. D'ye see that great big bill stuck on that cook-shop there—d'ye see that?"

" Faith an' I do, shure enough."

" Thin raad it."

" Raad it yoursilf, and see how you'll like it."

" Well, thin, doesn't it till you that you may git there ' a basin of soup for twopince ha'pinny an' a plate of pratees gratis.' "

" Troth an' small's the use of its tilling that to us, I'm thinking, seein' that a basin of soup for us is beyant the beyants complately."

" The divil fly away wid the soup, say I. Who wants his twopinny ha'pinny basin of soup, as he calls

it? Not I for one, shure enough:—but as for the plate of pratees—*gratis*——by the powers! Larry! we'll take as many plates as he likes on the same terms. Faith, an' that's the very place we'll be after dining at. A basin of soup for twopence ha'pinny and a plate of pratees gratis—free gratis—for nothing. D'ye hear that, Larry? Come along wid you, boy."

Whereupon they made for the house with all possible speed:—for the sequel, however, I must refer to the Police Reports of next Sunday's Paper.



GETTING HIS WHACK FOR HIS MONEY.



COCKNEY SONNETS.

BY RALPH RIGMAROLE, ESQUIRE.

No. I.

A gallant knight came pricking o'er the plain,
'Eclad in scarlet and in silver sheen,
Of portly bearing and of noble mien—
Fashioned in warlike guise. A goodly train,
In like costume, and each with lance in hand,
Followed the chief, who, ever and anon,
Vented in sharp, authoritative tone,
His will and wishes to his valiant band.
Swart was his brow ; and as he forward prest,
Brilliantly glittering in the noonday sun,
The bright memorial of some battle won
Patted inspiringly the warrior's breast.
No feudal lord was he of vassal loons,
But—Sergeant Simkins of the 8th Dragoons !

No. II.

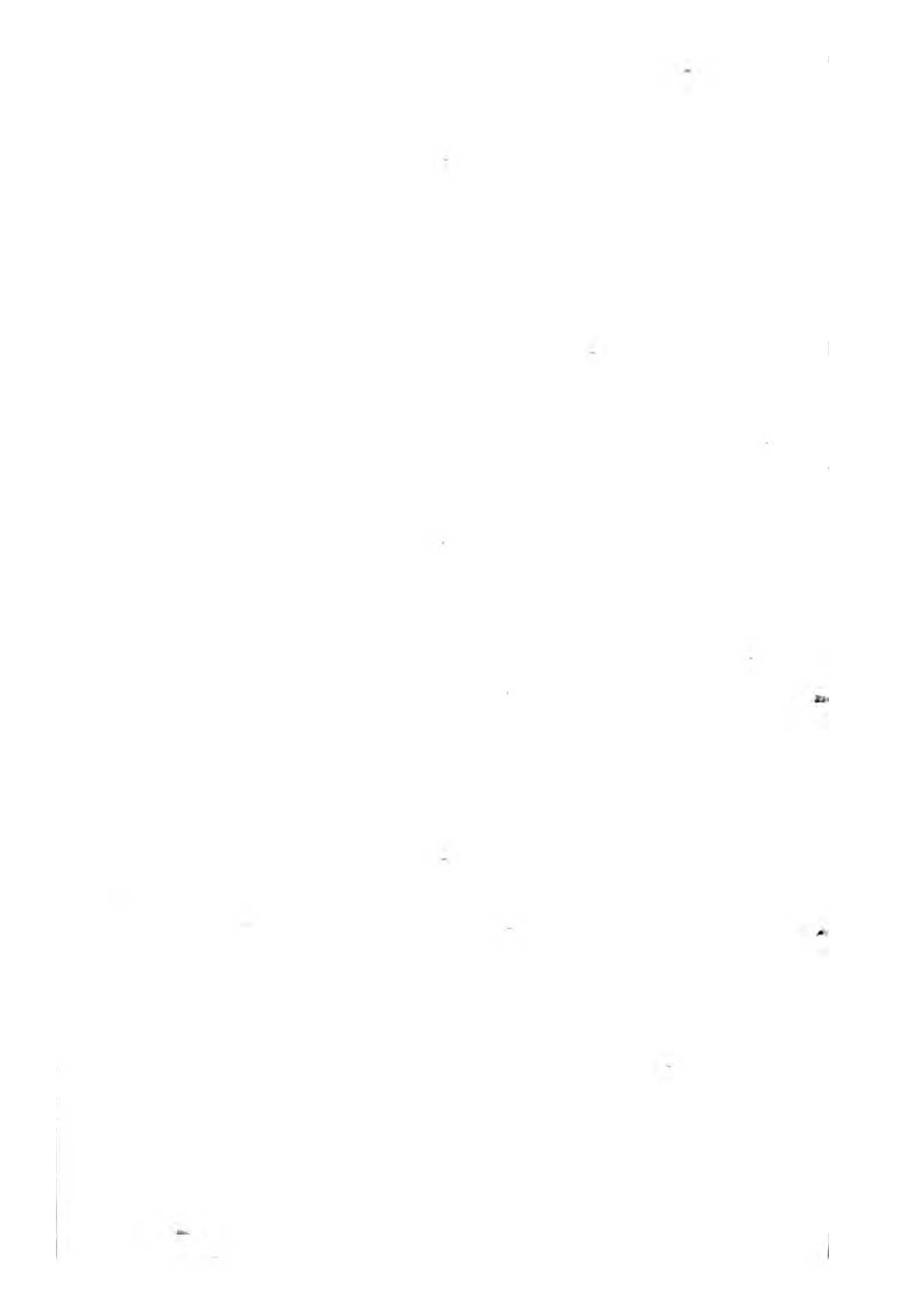
A heavenly creature stood before my eyes,
A being fashioned not as mortals are,
But wild in her attire, as if some star
For this dull earth had left its native skies.
Bright was her long and richly-flowing hair,
As the last glance of the departing sun ;
And down her back the shining tresses hung,
Kissing the two soft wings which quiver'd there.
A beauteous garland of ever-blooming flowers
From either hand depended, and anon
With light fantastic toe she tripped along,
Whiling in sportive dance the dreary hours.
Yet was she one of no immortal natur',
But—Miss Scraggs, dancer at the "*Queen's Theatre*."

No. III.

It was the dead of night—and all was hush'd,
Save, ever and anon, the noisy blast
In fitful gusts came whistling wildly past,
Rattling the window-frames as by it rush'd :
When, of a sudden, a piteous, stifled moan
Broke indistinctly on my affrighted ear.



LADY OF THE LAKE.







HEADING A MOB.

I listen'd ! and the sound became more clear,
Too clear for doubt—it was a dying groan !
I started from my bed ! and softly crept
Adown the creaking stairs. At length I found
The room whence did proceed the piteous sound.
By Heaven ! 'twas where my aged mother slept !!!
Oh God ! oh God ! oh God !—I burst the door in !
And there I found her—fast asleep and snoring.

No. IV.

WRITTEN BY A GENTLEMAN ON BEING REQUESTED TO
WRITE A SONNET IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

Write in your album !—Well ! What shall I do ?
A sonnet ! fourteen lines !—And here are two !
Two from fourteen ! Oh Heaven ! a dozen more !
What shall I say to fill them ?—Come, that's four.
Aid me, Oh Muse !—Ah ! there the poet sticks.
Aid me, Oh Muse, I say !—Well ! this makes six.
Six done ! Almost the half, at any rate !
Courage, my pen ! courage !—see ! here are eight.
Only six more !—'twill soon be finish'd then !
Thank Heaven ! and this line will make up ten.

But four to do! Hear it, Oh Muse! *but* four!

Two other couplets—and the task is o'er

The Muse be prais'd! Another! and I've done it!

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! I've written a sonnet.



PORTRAIT OF A BOY AFTER TEN YEARS (TENIERS).

LINES TO MR. BUNN.

BY RALPH RIGMAROLE, ESQUIRE.

Hail, little man!—Let come what may,
Your losses won't be great—if any, Bunn :
For, if there's truth in what folks say,
To bless yourself you've scarce a penny-Bunn !

But, then—the proverb tells a man,
That nothing doth from nothing come, Bunn :
Oh! fatal truth!—for, on this plan,
You never will be worth a plumb-Bunn.

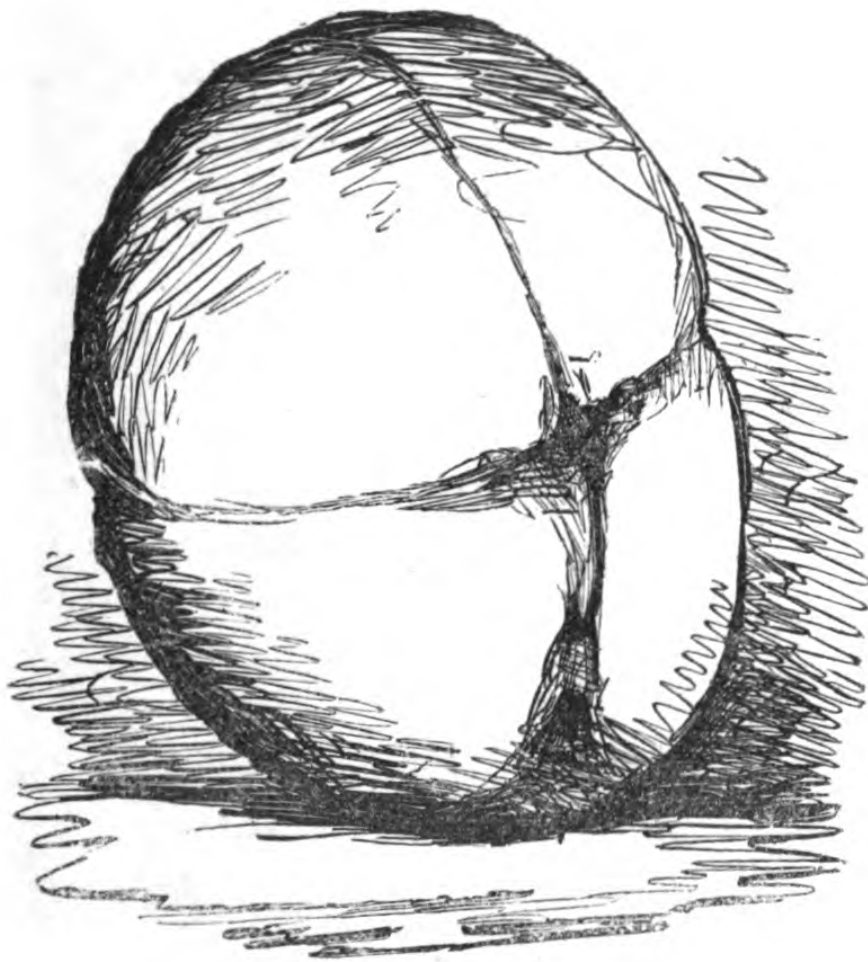
For, go upon the thriftiest scale,
You certainly must make a botch, Bunn;
And this wild spec of yours *must* fail,
Though you're as hard as any Scotch-Bunn.

Sad is your task:—your temper's meek;
Yet oft, I fear, you'll have to rave and toss, Bunn;
Each week will be a passion-week,
And you an everlasting cross-Bunn.

Fly to the country ere too late;
And there, devoid of every jeal'sy, Bunn,
On your annuity*—not great—
Live like a pensioner—a Chelsea-Bunn.

Take my advice—be wise now, come,
'Ere you're reduced quite to a lath, Bunn;
Go down to Brighton—Cheltenham—
Any where—but London—go to Bath-Bunn.

* According to "Figaro in London" this gentleman possesses an annuity of £42. 12s. 9d.



FANCY PORTRAIT-- A. BUNN, ESQ.



DRIVING A ROARING TRADE.

SHAKSPEARE ACCORDING TO LAW.

DEAR COM.

Many of your readers can doubtlessly call to mind the witty antics now registered among the antiquities of the stage:—the salt effusions of other days must be fresh in the memories of many. I do not allude to the glorious productions of Wycherley, Vanburgh, Ben Jonson, or any other of the benefactors of the drama, but to the productions of the immortal bard as they were performed many years ago at the different Minor Theatres, conformably to their licenses—with singing and dancing—when it was not an unfrequent occurrence to hear Othello and Desdemona indulging in a duet, or see Macbeth and his Lady break into a pas de deux.

On looking over the papers of a late dramatic friend, I accidentally discovered a part of Macbeth adapted to the stage at that period, which I subjoin, for the benefit of the monopolists. It serves at least to show to what

a state those zealous patrons of the drama would have Shakspeare reduced, before they will allow him to be seen on any other boards than those of Covent Garden and Drury Lane. Let the Minors represent the swan of Avon in his own sublime form, and lo! the vengeance of the law shall be upon them; but let them mutilate—burlesque—profane his immortal works, and verily—his Majesty's Lord Chamberlain will grant them a license so to do! Truly, this monopoly is a pretty farce. Because we have but one Newton, we are to use but two telescopes. Now, I propose that the number of theatres in the metropolis should be determined after this fashion:—Take the theatres now open in London—multiply them by the public-houses—and then divide by the dissenting chapels,—and the quotient will be the quantity that ought to be licensed by the Lord Chamberlain.

RALPH RIGMAROLE.

SCENE—*The Heath.*

MACBETH. BANQUO. WITCHES.

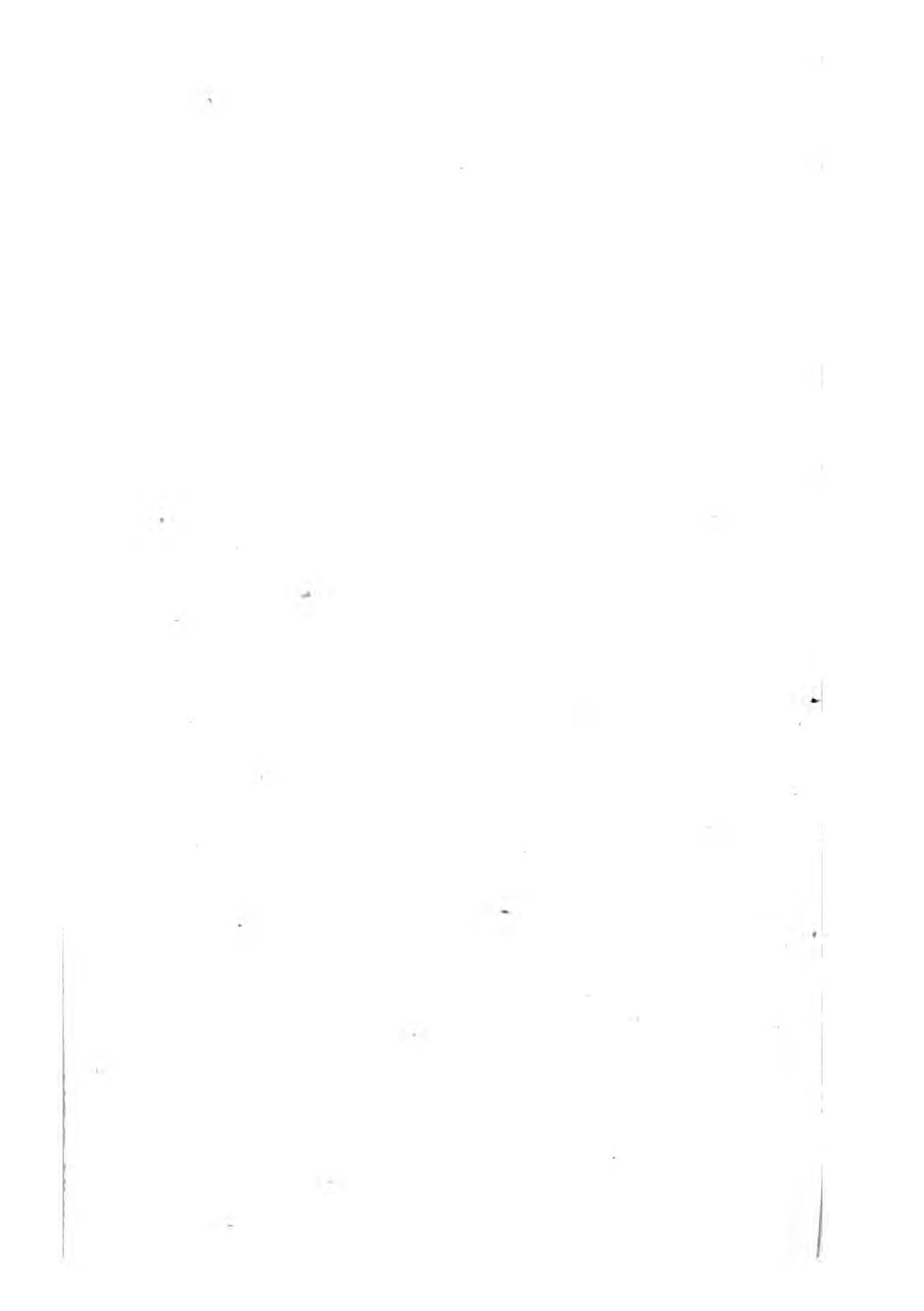
Macb. I haven't a day seen so cold and so hot as this.

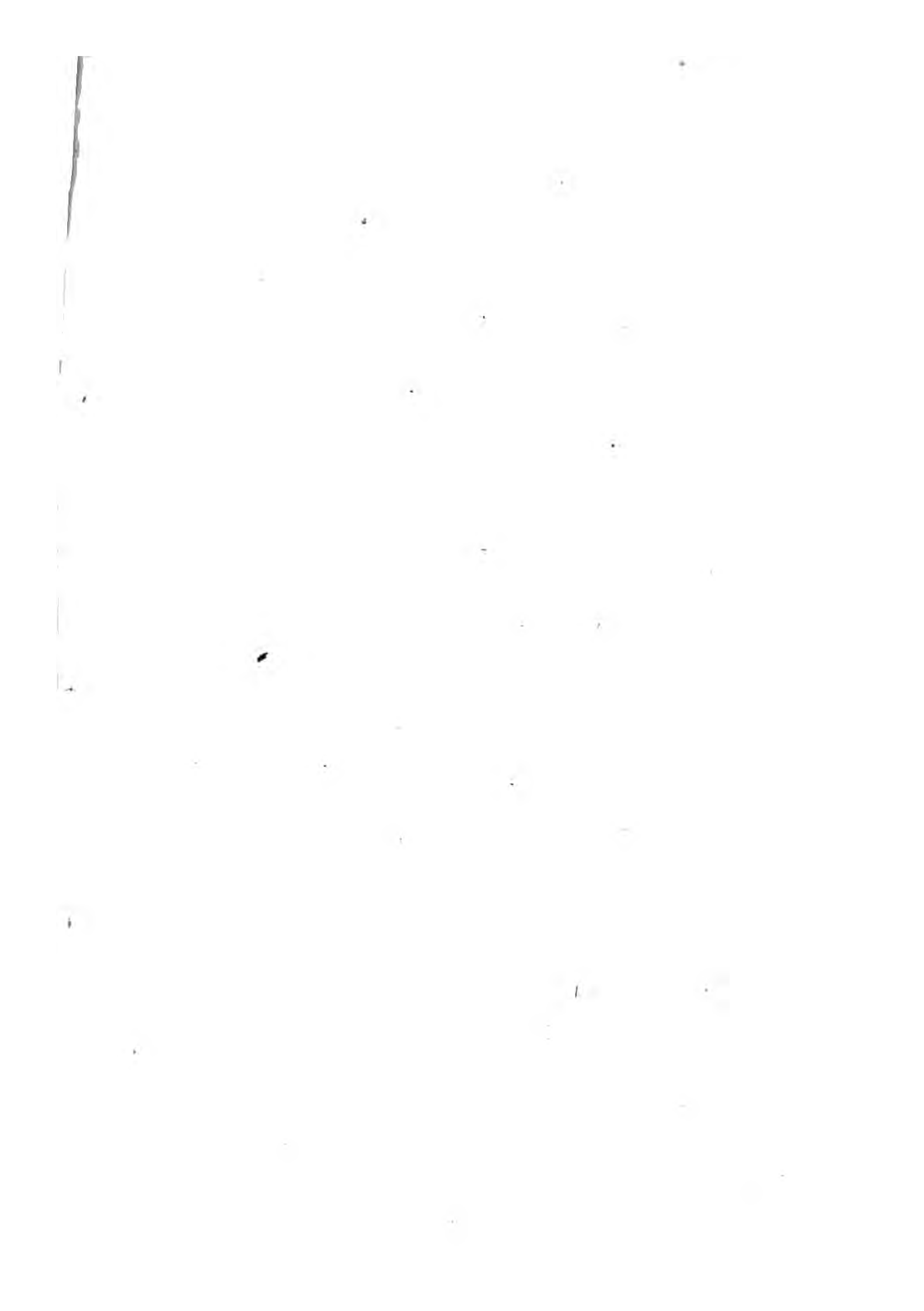
Ban. Much farther to Fores is it? [*Observing the Witches.*] Dam'me, Mac! what is this?

Such queer-looking figures, so rum in their attitude,
They seem as if earth was quite out of their latitude.

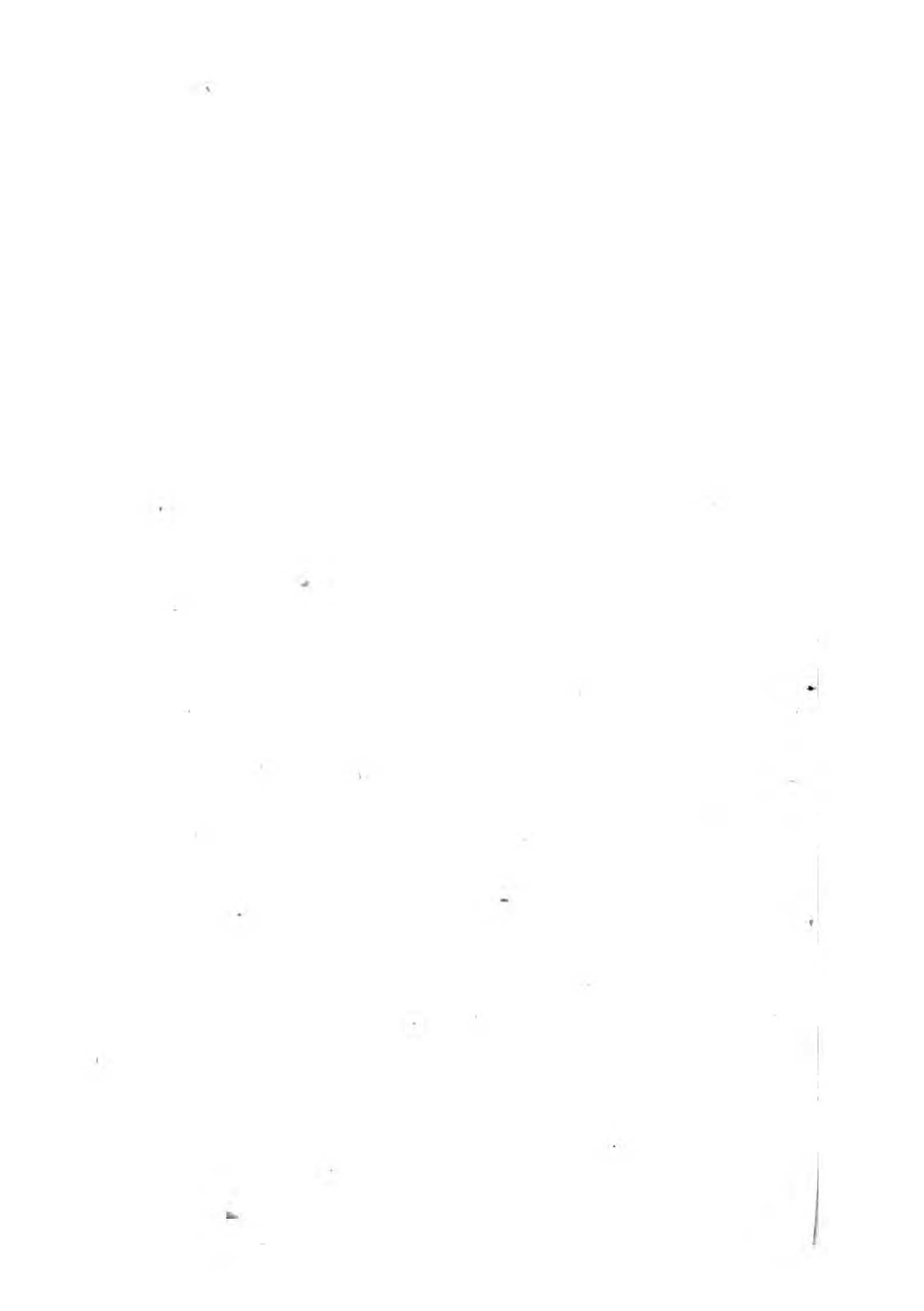


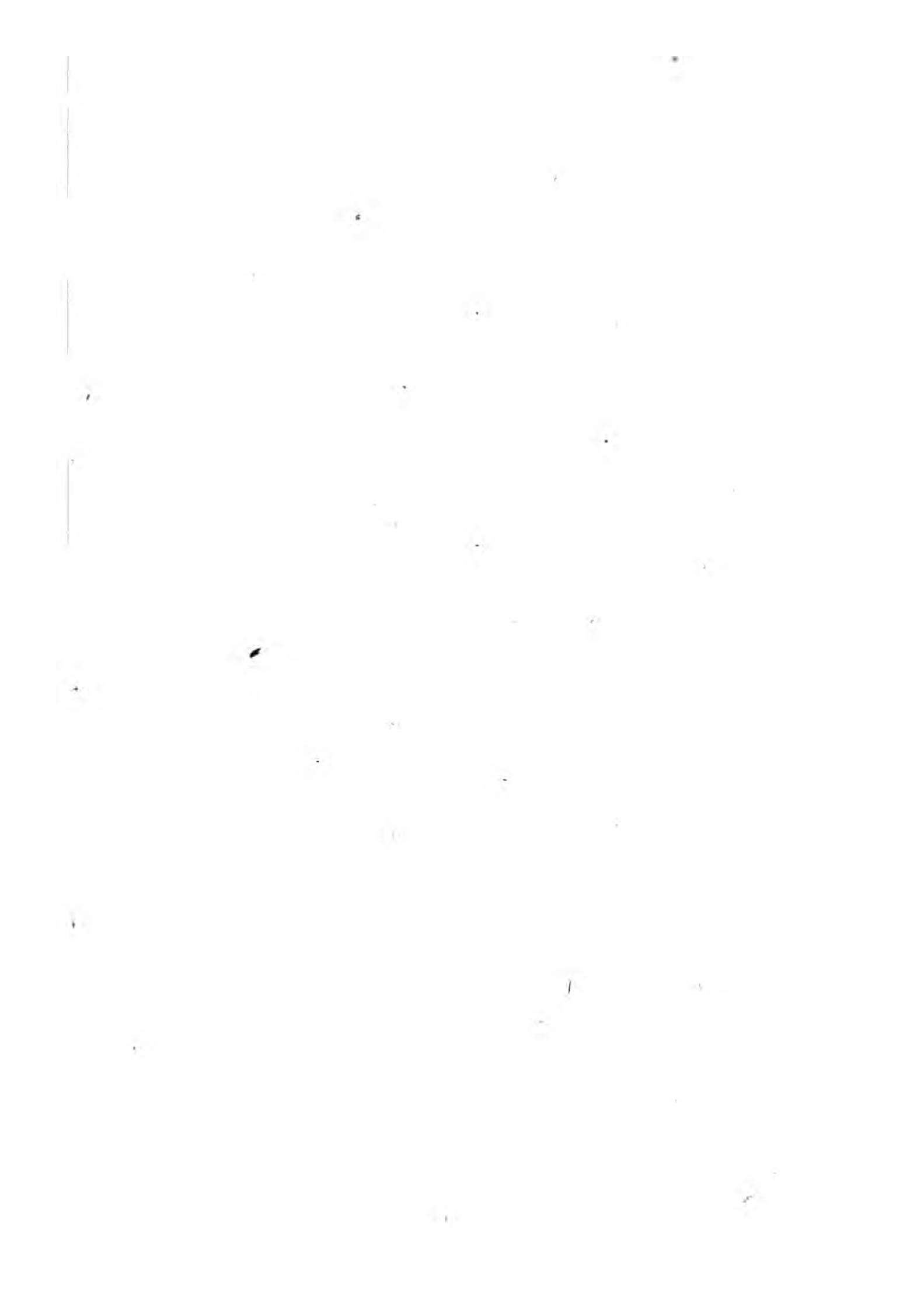
LONG AND SHORT ODDS.

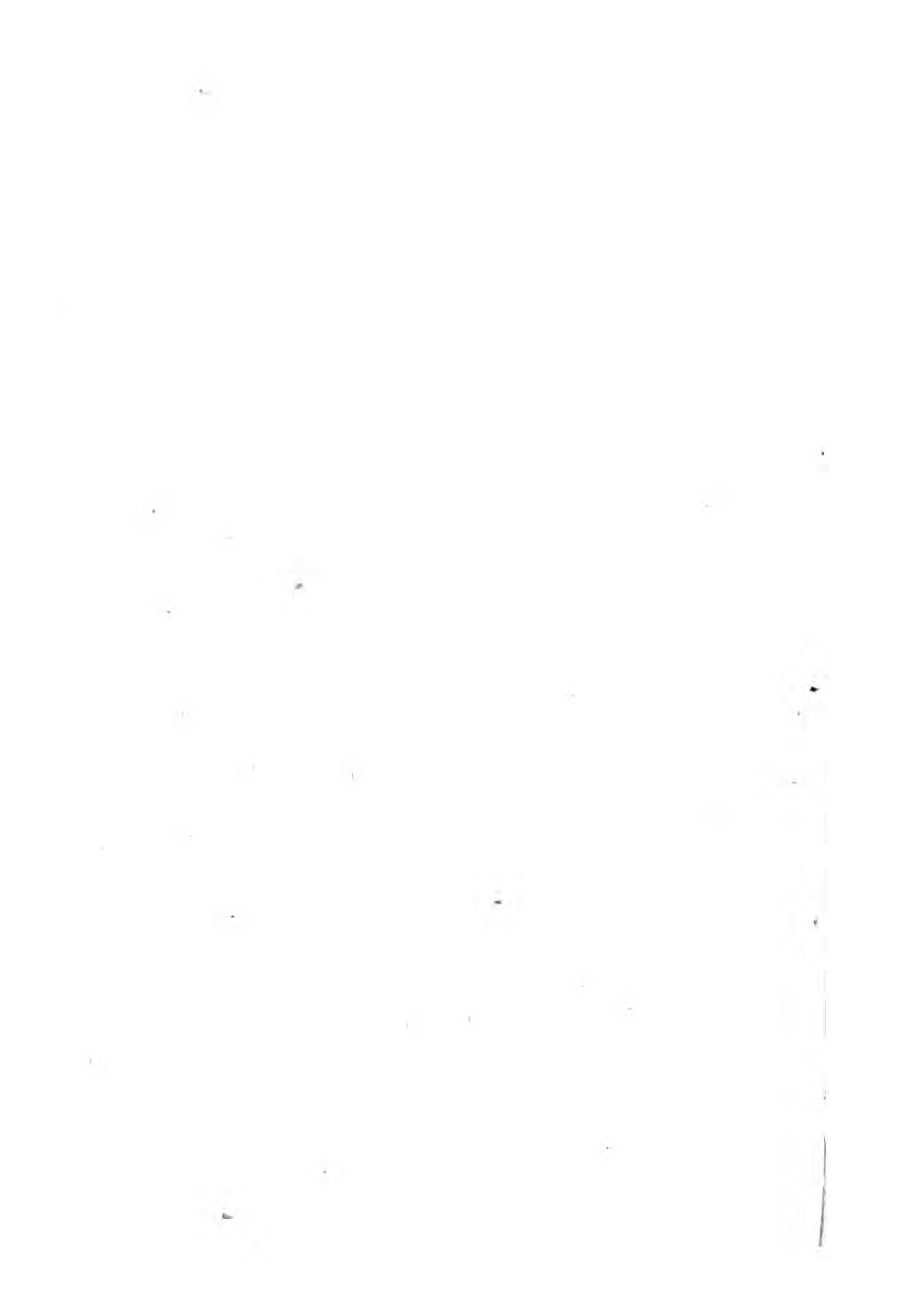


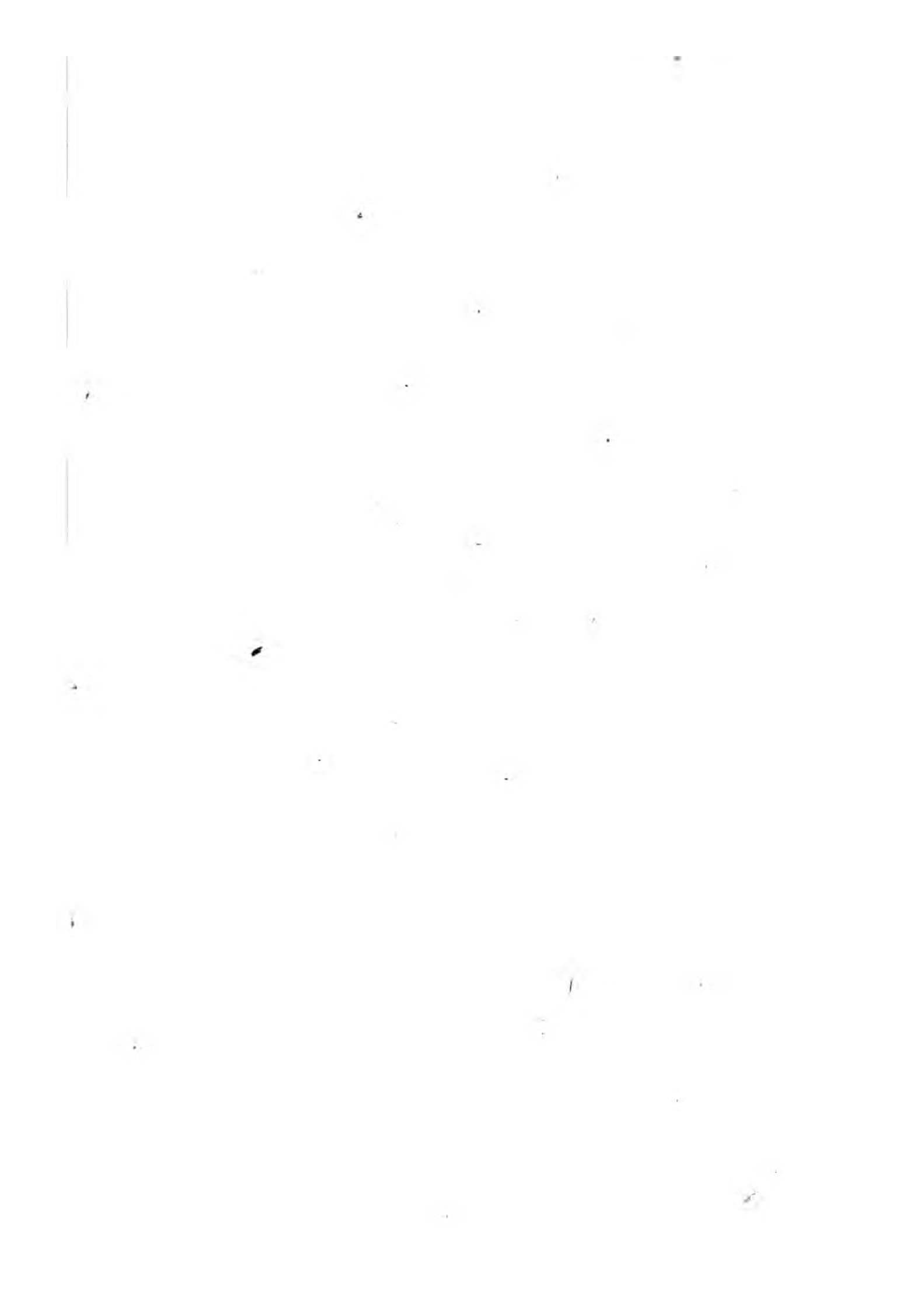




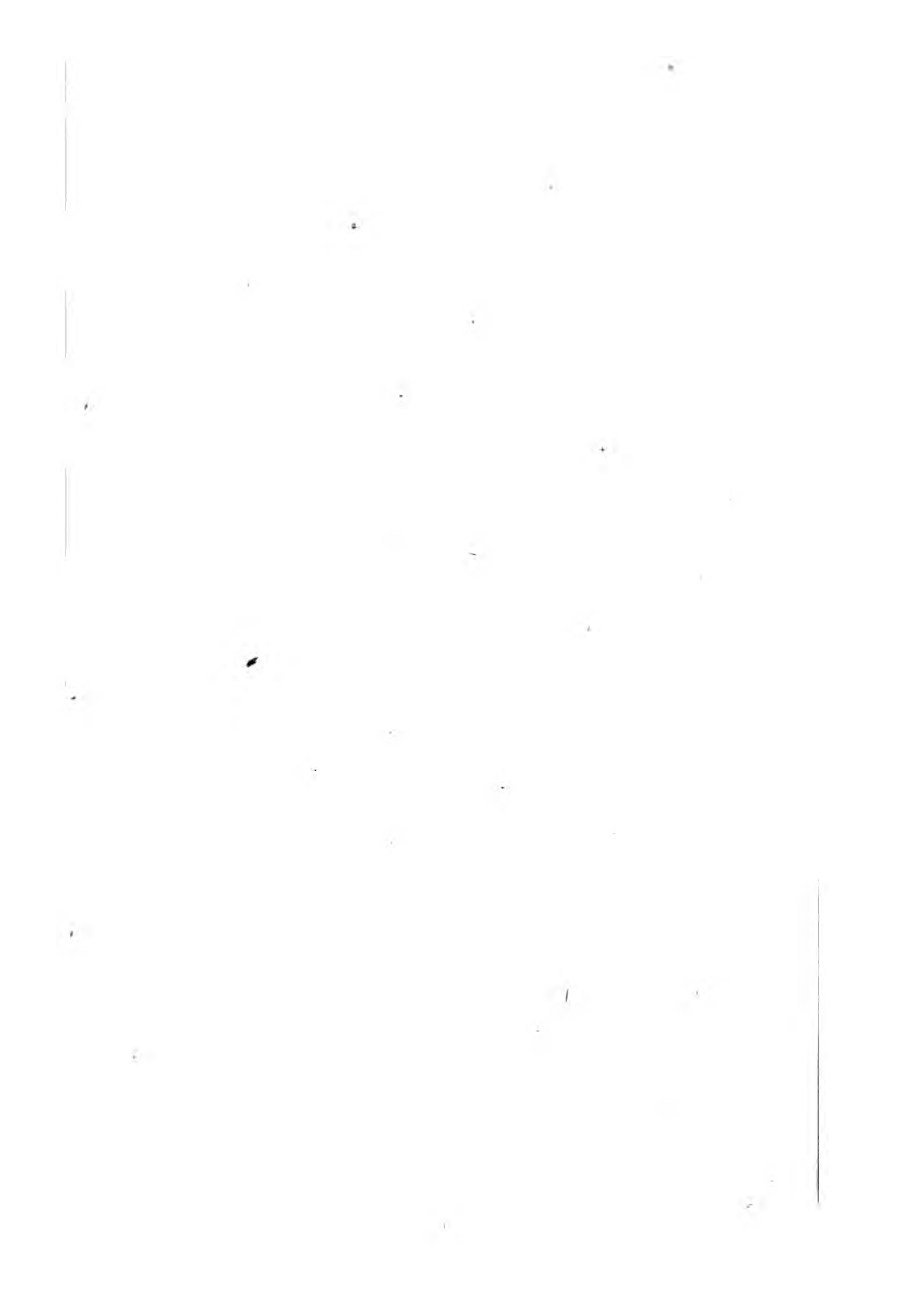


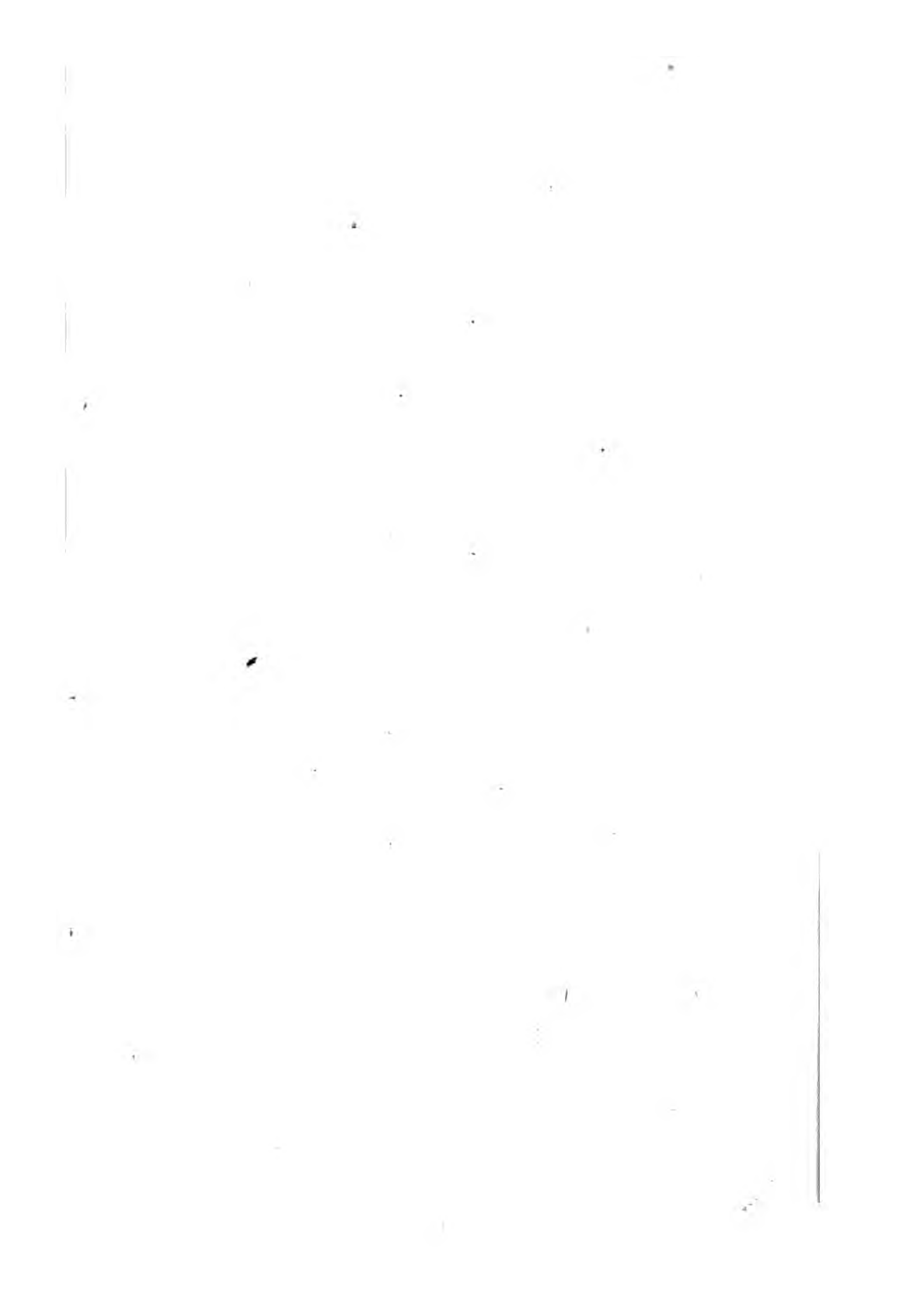


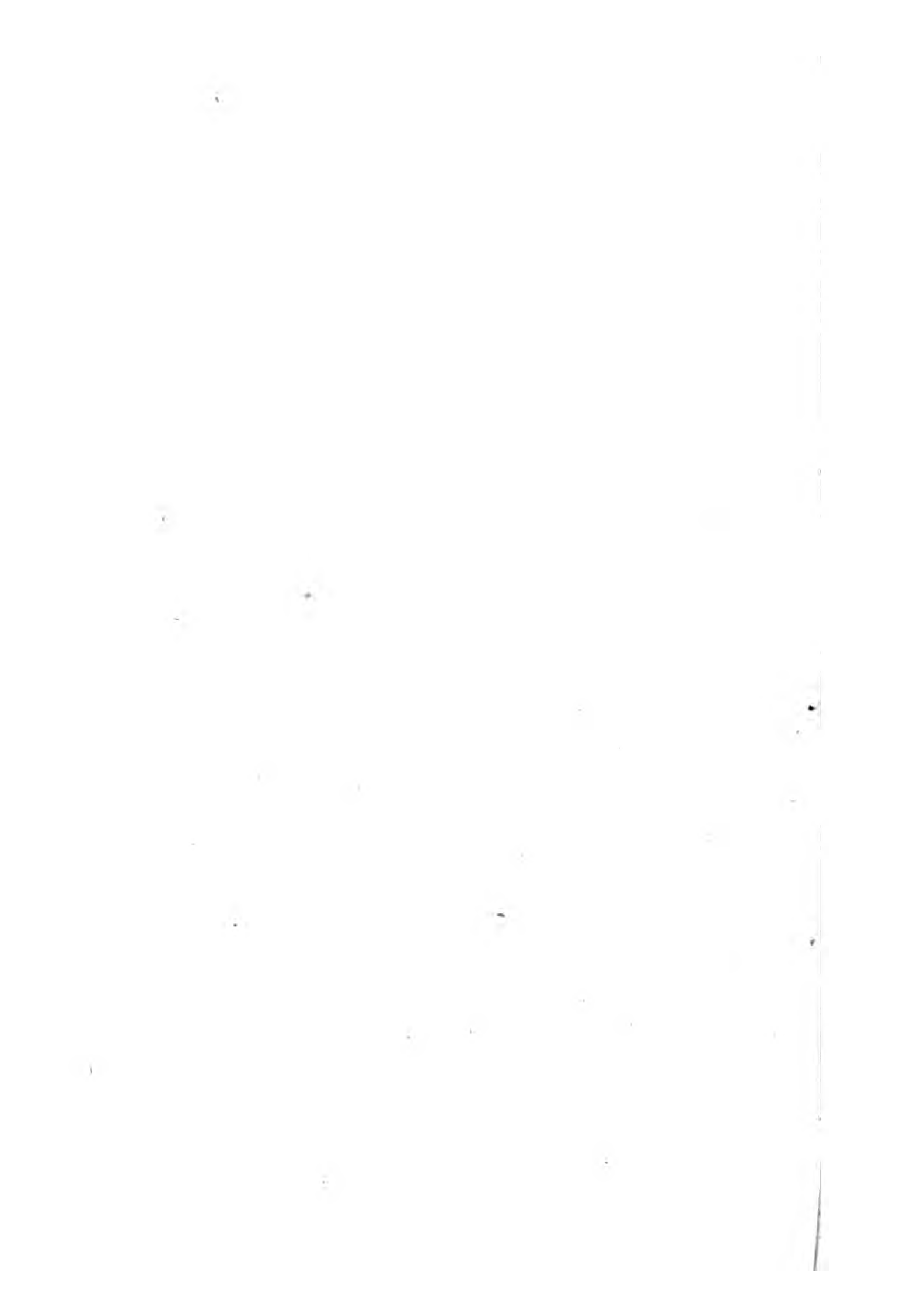


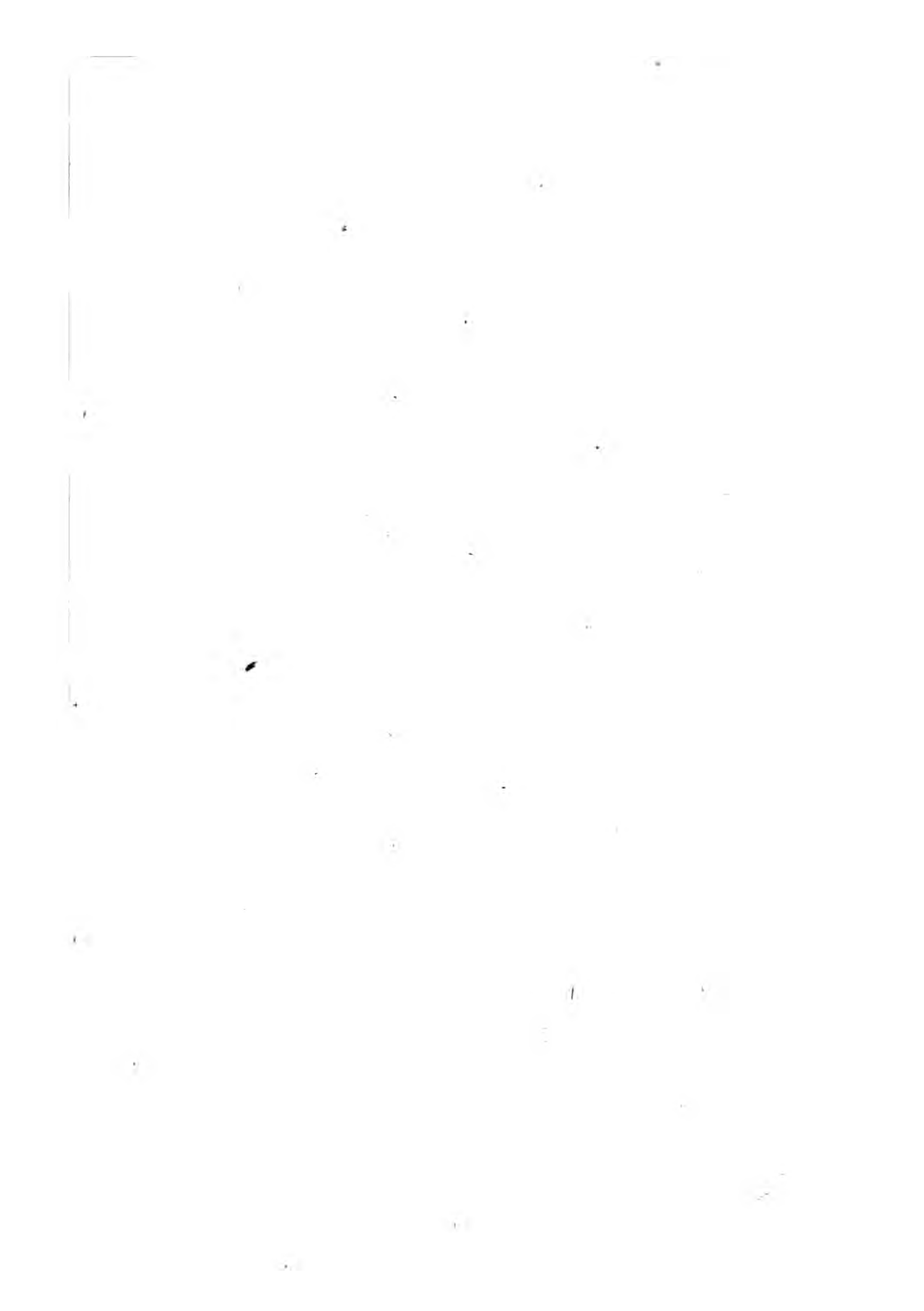














SIGHTS OF LONDON.

You seem to be women, yet your beard and mustachio
Forbid us, egad! to presume that you are so.

[*Each Witch puts her thumb to her nose, and extending her fingers, describes what is vulgarly called
"Take a sight."*]

SONG—BANQUO. Air "Pray Goody."

Pray ladies please to tell us, if you're common flesh
and bone,

Why let your beards grow on to such a size?
Remember, when the sex is fair, the beard is never
shown:

A razor why should you despise?

Brighten us, enlighten us,
Come you here to frighten us?
If not, blast me,
It's far past me
What for to surmise.

Macb. If, like other folks, of your tongue any use
have you,

Enlighten us, pr'ythee, and say who the deuce are you?

First W. All hail to thee, Macbeth!—all hail, Thane
of Glamis!

Ban. (aside). She's perfectly right, for Macbeth
sure his name is.

Second W. All hail to thee, Macbeth!—all hail,
Thane of Cawdor!

Ban. (aside). You're out there, my old one—he's
not of that order.

Third W. All hail to thee, Macbeth! that will king
be hereafter.

Ban. (aside). 'Pon my honour and soul, now, that
stirs up my laughter.

Come, Mac! my old boy! why start and look frightful
At things that to my ears sound very delightful?—
In the name, now, of all that is ecclesiastical,
Are ye what ye appear—say; or are ye fantastical?
My friend here, you promise, a king is some day to be,
I should like much to know what you've got now to
say to me?

First W. Hail!

Second W. Hail!

Third W. All hail!

First W. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater!

Second W. Not so happy, and yet of a happier natur'.

Third W. Kings shalt thou get, though as none
thou shalt rank, oh!

All. Hail Banquo and Macbeth!—hail Macbeth and
Banquo! [Going.

Macb. (pulling them back). If you don't tell me
more it a deuce of a shame is,

I know very well, now, that I'm Thane of Glamis;
But, pray, how of Cawdor?—'tis there where I'm
sticking:

The Thane is alive—ay! alive, well and kicking;
And, whenever King Duncan should go to old Nicholas,
For me to be king—oh! it's truly ridiculous!
Say, why on this heath you prevent us from walking,
With such very curious and comical talking?

[Witches vanish in a flash of lightning.

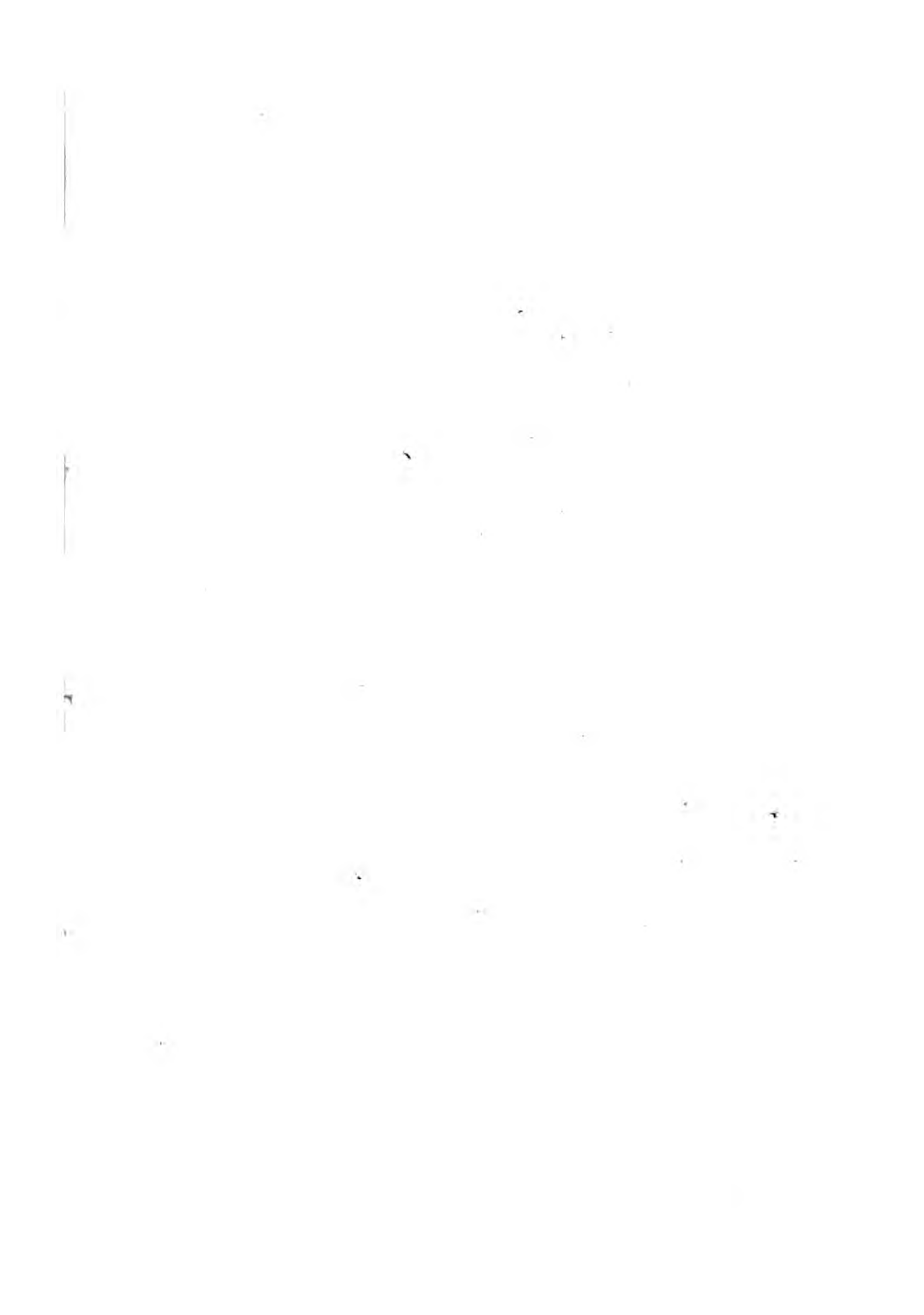
Ban. By jingo! the creatures are off from this
quarter:

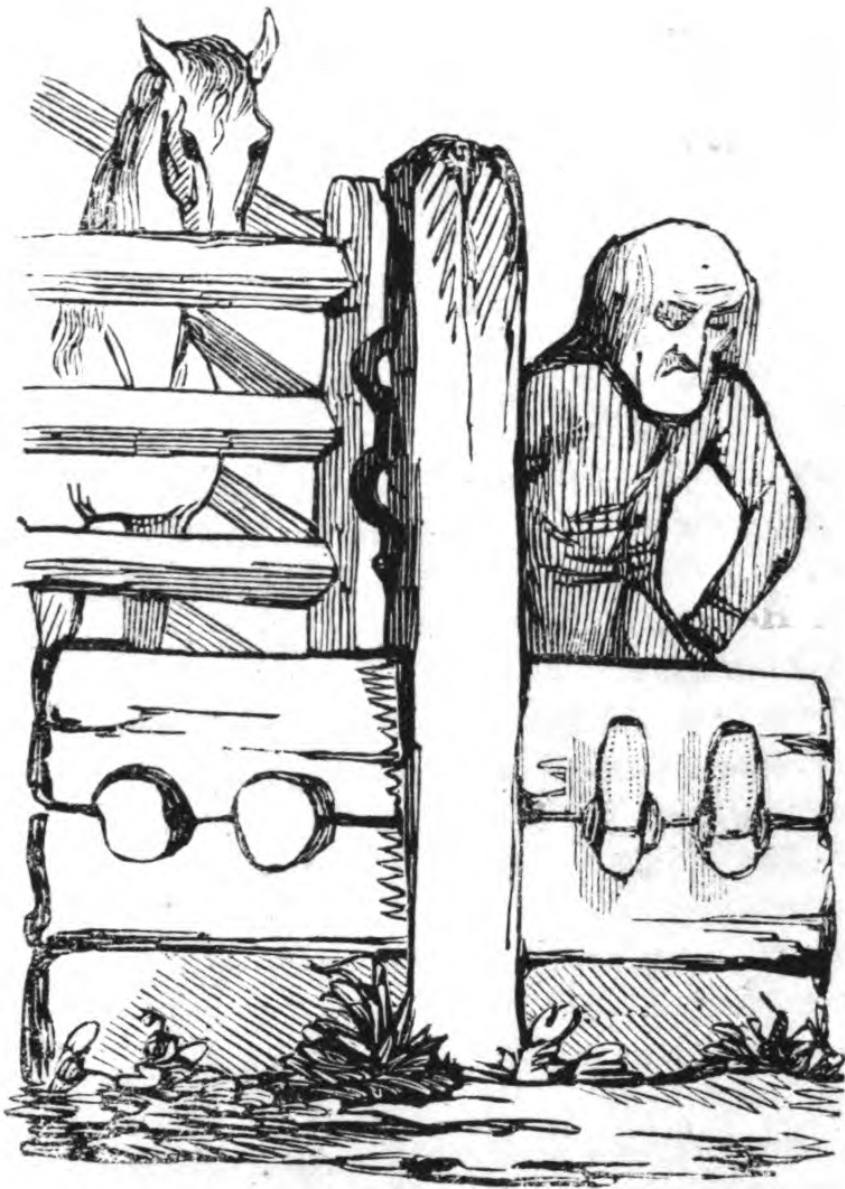
The earth has got bubbles, just like soap and water.



WHICH IS WHICH







ANCIENT CONFINES OF THE CITY.

Macb. They protested that kings all your children
are sure to be :

Ban. And, remember, one day King Macbeth the
First you're to be.

Macb. And Thane too of Cawdor, eh? went not the
rest so,—

Did it not, my old buck?

Ban. I believe it did—just so.

Enter MACDUFF and LENOX.

Macd. The King hath with joy, Macbeth, heard of
your licking 'em,

And trusts now the rebels have got what will sicken 'em.

Len. He bade us to say, that there isn't a chap in his
Realms that he'd meet, sir, with half so much happiness.

Macb. He sends his best thanks to yourself and your
soldiers too ;

And call you from him Thane of Cawdor he told us to.

Ban. (aside). Can the devil speak true—Oh they're
cutting their jokes on us.

Macb. The Thane is alive! now you're only a
hoaxing us.

Macd. He certainly lives! but he'll shortly be
popp'd off,
For he's sentenc'd for treason to have his head chopp'd
off.

Macb. Am I Thane of Cawdor without any hum
though?

What Glamis and Cawdor—the best is to come though.

[*To Banquo.*

Don't you hope now to see, since the old hag has kept
her

First promise to me, your brats wielding a sceptre ?

Ban. 'Tis curious, and often to get us a hobble in,
That we hear the truth come from the mouth of a goblin.

* * * * *

Macb. If chance for a king has thought fit to set
down me,

Then may I be hung if old chance may not crown me.

Ban. We wait your commands to proceed, noble
Captain.

Macb. I beg all your pardons—deep thought I was
wrapt in.

Without more delay then, come let us be bunking,
And see how the world wags—with worthy King
Duncan. [To Banquo.

Think what's happened, my friend,—and when you've
the leisure

We'll discuss the affair.

Ban. With a vast deal of pleasure. [Exeunt.

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A MAN!---I'LL SWEAR, A MAN!

William Tell, ACT III. SCENE IV

THE RIGHT AND MARVELLOUS HISTORY
OF JOHN SMITH.

"A man!"---I'll swear, a man!"

William Tell.

JOHN SMITH he was a guardsman bold,
A stouter never fought;
He would have been a grenadier,
But he was one foot short.

But to a man of John Smith's mind
The love of power had charms;
So, when his captain ordered him,
John Smith order'd his arms.

An active, bustling blade was he,
At drill and eke at mess,
Who never thought to stand at ease
When Captains called out "dress."

Attentive always to the word,
It never was his wont
To turn his eyes or right or left,—
When Captains cried "eyes front!"

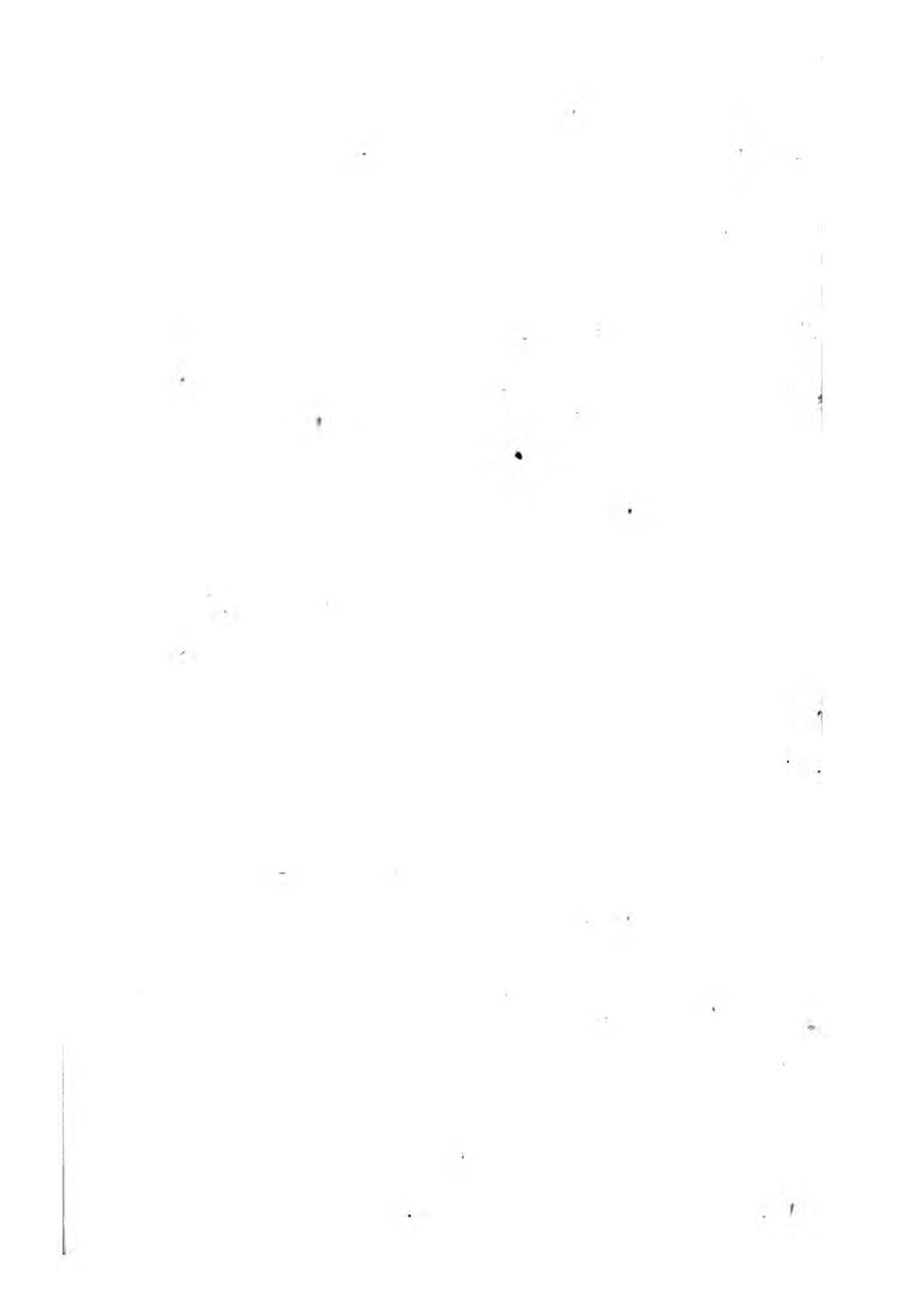
Though he was ever thought correct,
Once, during an assault,
He ne'er advanced a single foot—
'Cause he was told to halt.

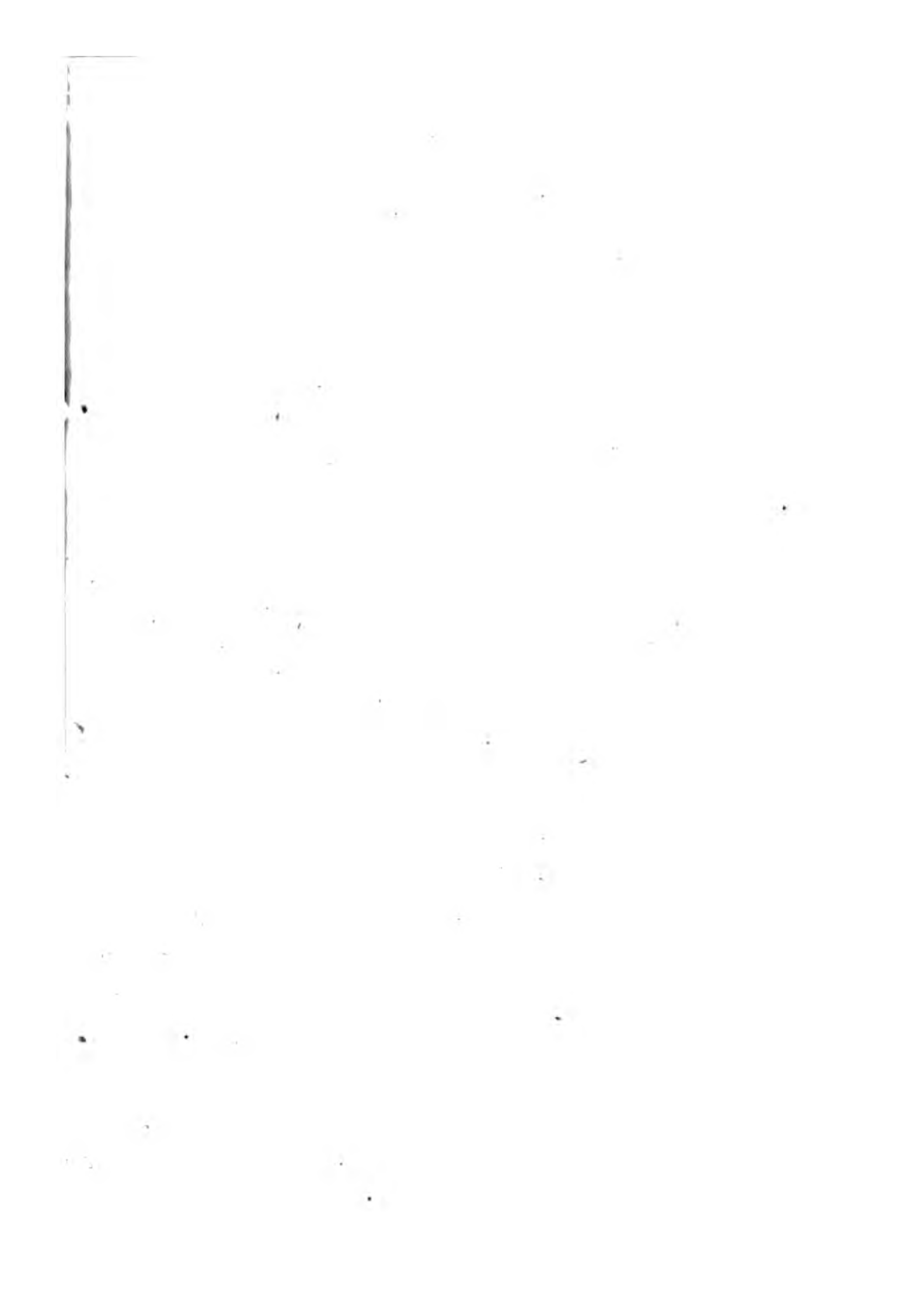
But still he was not coward called,
Why—we can soon detect;
His foes all fell dead at his feet,—
When his shots took effect.

But tired of knapsack and of gun,
And firing in platoons,
The infantry he quitted when—
He entered the dragoons.



AT A STAND STILL.







REACHING THE PORT.

His saddle now became his home,
His horse and he seemed one ;
And he was ne'er known to dismount,—
Unless he first got on.

How brave and bold a man he was,
From one small fact is clear ;
Whole regiments fled before him when,—
He followed in their rear.

He was a steady soldier then,
And sober too of course,
And ne'er into a tap-room went,—
Mounted upon his horse.

In fact his conduct was so good,
His Captains all confess
He never got into a scrape,—
Though always in a mess.

Though as to what fights he'd been in
Men differed,—none denied
That the last battle he e'er fought
Was that in which he died.

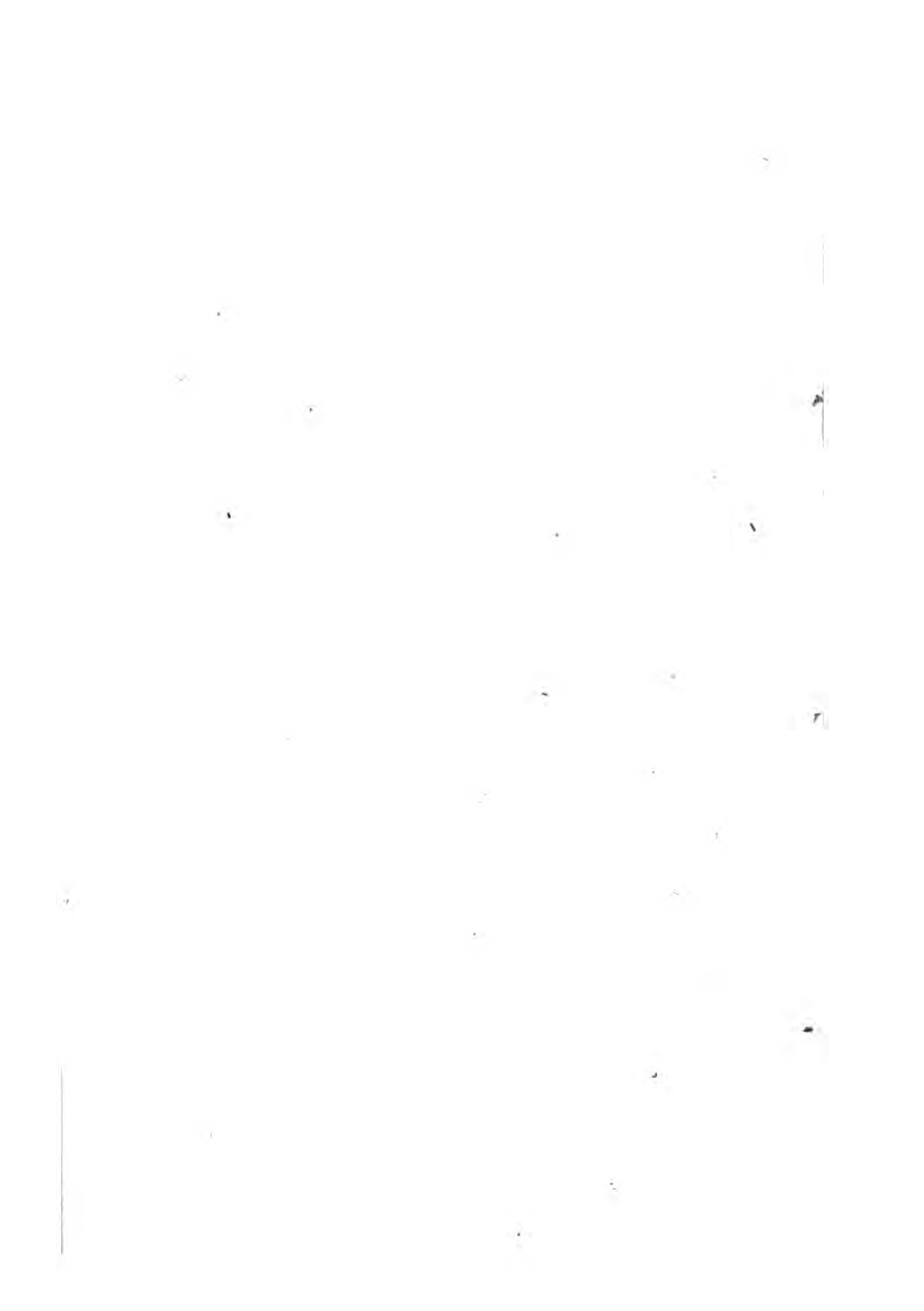
The soldiers there who saw him fall,
Exclaim'd, as with one breath,
“ Unless his wound's a mortal one,
It will not cause his death.”

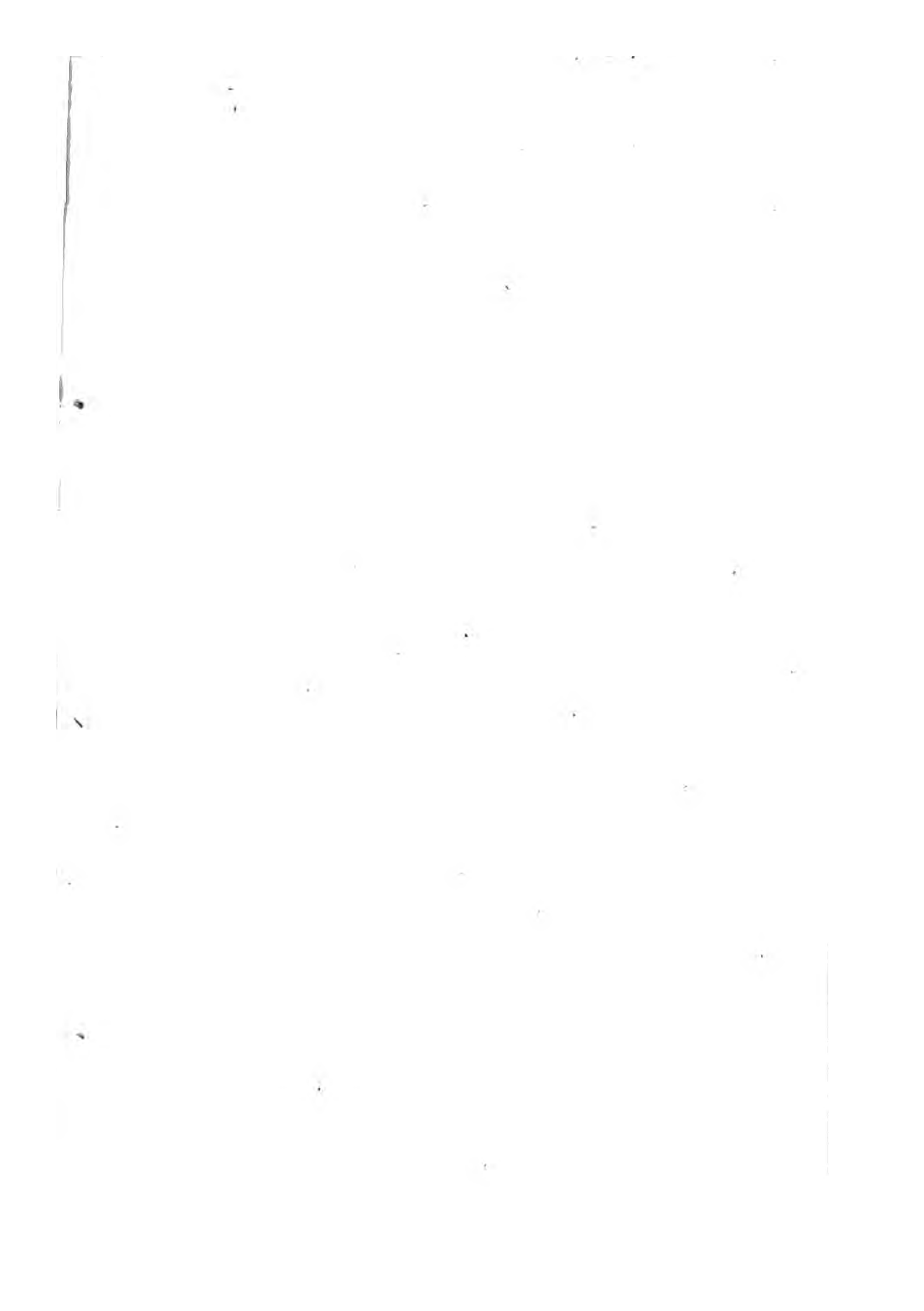
Unlike most epitaphs, John Smith's
Nought but the truth did tell;
But *this* none ever stopp'd to read,
Who had not learn'd to spell.

“ Stop, passenger and weep ;—one tear
To him you can't refuse,
Who stood—high in his regiment,
And five feet in his shoes.”



AT THE HEAD OF THE CORPS(E).







A DOL-OROUS MISHAP.

PIE.

BY RALPH RIGMAROLE, ESQ.

MOST of our readers are, we dare say, ignorant of this term in printing. It is used to express the confusion into which matter composed in types is thrown by any untoward accident;—such as a fall or inadvertence of an over-hilarious devil. If the mistake be carelessly and only partially repaired (which sometimes occurs from the anxiety of the man, who has done the mischief, to conceal it), the consequence is, that words,

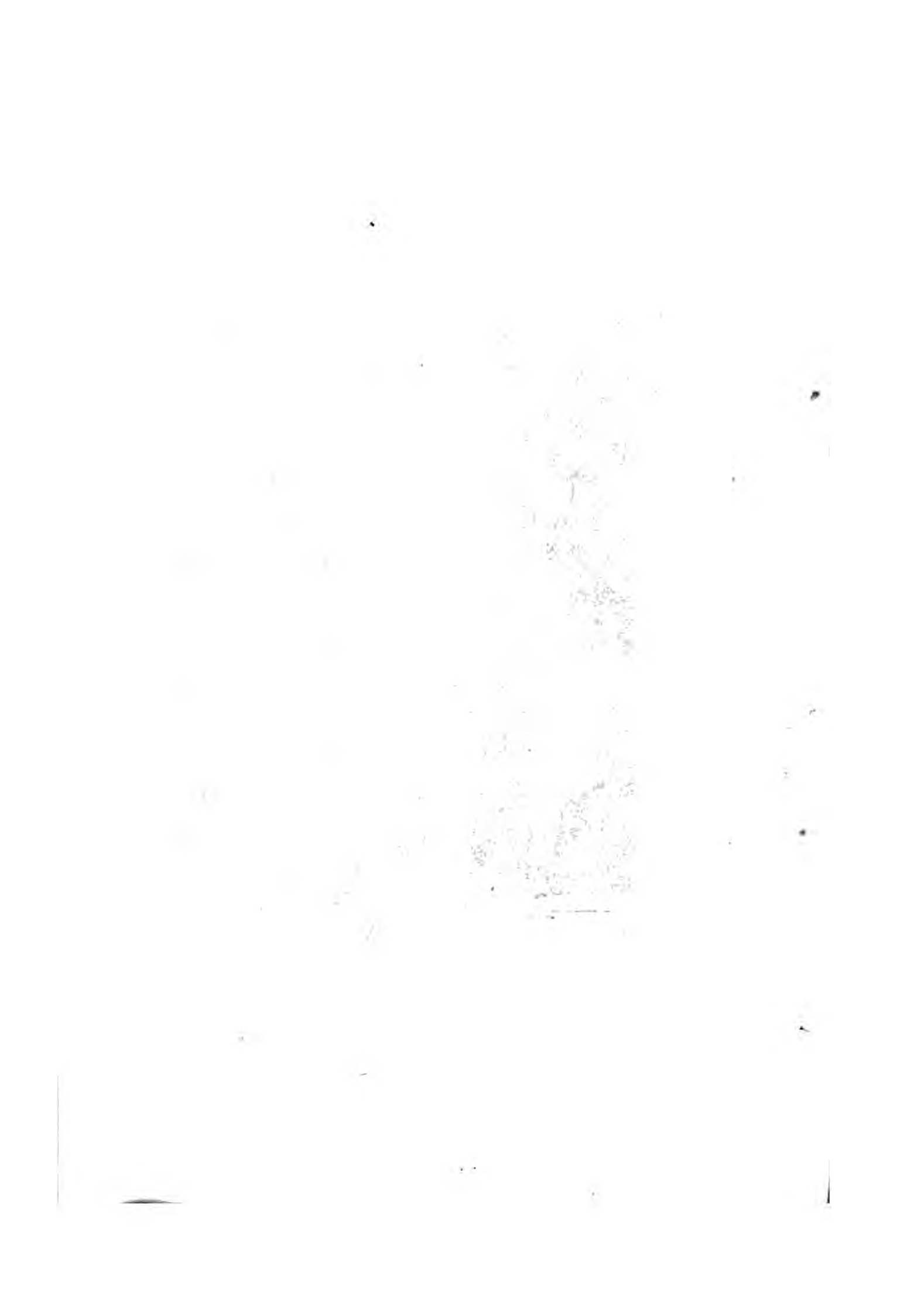
lines, or indeed whole paragraphs, are jumbled—not in the well-known style of cross-readings—but without any connexion or meaning; and, having been previously seen, read, and corrected by the Reader and Overseer, the chances are, that it all goes to press in its confused condition.

An instance occurred the other day, where seventeen sensible paragraphs were mixed up in the following manner :—

His Majesty arrived in town yesterday from Brighton, elegantly dressed in a salmon-coloured pelisse with ostrich feathers. He refused to pay any of his assessed taxes overdue. He was instantly conveyed to the Station-house, where, we understand, he has signified his intention of wintering, having lost the entire use of his mental faculties, and been severely "victimized." Mr. Macready made his first appearance this season, and offered bail to any amount. He was dressed in a shabby old brown coat, which had been picked up the day before, by her most gracious Majesty, for the benefit of the exiled Poles. Captain Ross rose to return thanks. He begged to assure the company present, that a Courier arrived late last night from



A TAX (AT-TACKS) ON THE PEOPLE.







A PA DE DEUX.

Belgium, with the important intelligence that Sprats are remarkably plentiful this season. He was immediately purchased by the Duchess of St. Albans for her villa at Highgate, where the Lord Chancellor, having refused the first leap, the match was of course won by the meritorious exertions of the firemen, by means of three large engines, which played "Rule Britannia" and "Britons strike Home," until the theatre overflowed at an early hour, the evening's entertainments concluding with a *Pas de deux*, between Lord Chief Justice Tindal and Mrs. Glover of the Haymarket Theatre.



ANACREON

IN THE

VULGAR TONGUE.

NOT BY THOMAS MOORE.

No. 1.

WITH the wind and the rain my frail lattice was groaning,

When Cupid I heard at my cabin-door moaning,

And plaintive, and sweet were his speeches:—

“ Oh pray let me in, hear the winds how they blow,

My wings are benumb'd, wet my arrow and bow,

And I have not got any breeches.”



BREECHES OF GOOD MANNERS.



BRANCHES OF GOOD MANNERS



"VILLAIN! IS THIS A RIGHT TO SHOW A FATHER?"



"VILLAIN ! IS THIS A SIGHT TO SHOW A FATHER ?"
Virginus.

So my spirit was moved and I flew to the door,
And bade him come in till the night-storm was o'er.

He was crouched on the ground, but he rose—
Skipped trippingly by me, and flew to the fire;
First stirred up the embers, about to expire,

And then wip'd off the drop from his nose.
His spirit was cheered, and his prattle was gay;

With his mirth and the wine-cup, the time wil'd away,

Till he thought of his arrows and bow:—

“Has the storm spoiled my bowstring I wonder?”—he
tried:

An arrow aimed at me, and, as he shot,—cried,

“Well—I'm blow'd if you've not got it now!”

And to them on the earth I'll pay a visit.

We copy the article from No. 1 of "The Wave," a clever political "weekly" (expressing, however to say what is stolen) of "The Wave," one of our London. We do not in re- sulting but, as long as we cannot discuss ourselves by repeating our contemporary's meaning, in extracting whole sheets of our little periodical into the columns of a newspaper, without the least acknow- ledgment. Rights of public genius could well afford to be more in- dependent; but, at any rate, he should be cautious how he himself openly violates the "sacred" and "just" which, upon this very subject, he so insolently and repeatedly dictates to his "harshness or

APOLLO'S VISIT.

BY THE
EDITOR OF "THE WAG" * AND "FIGARO IN LONDON."

SAID old Apollo to himself one day,
"The Muses keep a precious time away,
Something detains them, what the devil is it?
I'm getting curious their fate to know;
Therefore I'll take a little trip below,
And to them on the earth I'll pay a visit."

* We copy this article from No. 1 of "THE WAG," a clever periodical, "written expressly" (excepting, allow us to say, what is stolen) by "*Figaro in London*," our quondam Editor. We do this in retaliation: but, in doing so, we cannot disgrace ourselves by imitating our Contemporary's meanness, in extracting whole sheets of our little periodical into the columns of a newspaper, *without the least acknowledgment*. Figaro's prolific genius could well afford to be more independent: but, at any rate, he should be cautious how he himself openly violates the "*honour*" and "*justice*" which, upon this very subject, he so insolently and repeatedly dictates to his "*BRETHREN OF THE PRESS*, whether daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly, or annual." It would be very spiteful in us, but we might, with equal "*honour*" and "*justice*," reprint all the matter of his *Sixpenny* "*NEWSPAPER*" in one half of the space, for *One Penny*.



A COUNTER-FEAT GENTLEMAN.



THE FASHION OF THE DAY.



DEPRIVED OF THE USE OF THEIR ORGANS



DEPRIVED OF THE USE OF THEIR ORGANS.

So, putting on a gentleman's disguise,
He straightway took his *congé* of the skies.

And now in the metropolis we view him
Preserving an *incognito*;—a task
Not difficult, for, e'en without a mask,
'Twas clear that nobody in London knew him.

Immediately, upon his errand bent,
In active search for all the nine he went;
And first he looked for Clio, history's muse,
Whose province 'twas great actions to record;
But she had pined away, because, oh Lord!
In England for her pen she found no use.

Euterpe, muse of music, then he sought,
And looked for the Lyceum, where he thought,
—Being an English opera, he should find her;
But she had left her quarters in the Strand,
Burnt out, was Phœbus led to understand,
Leaving no vestige of herself behind her.

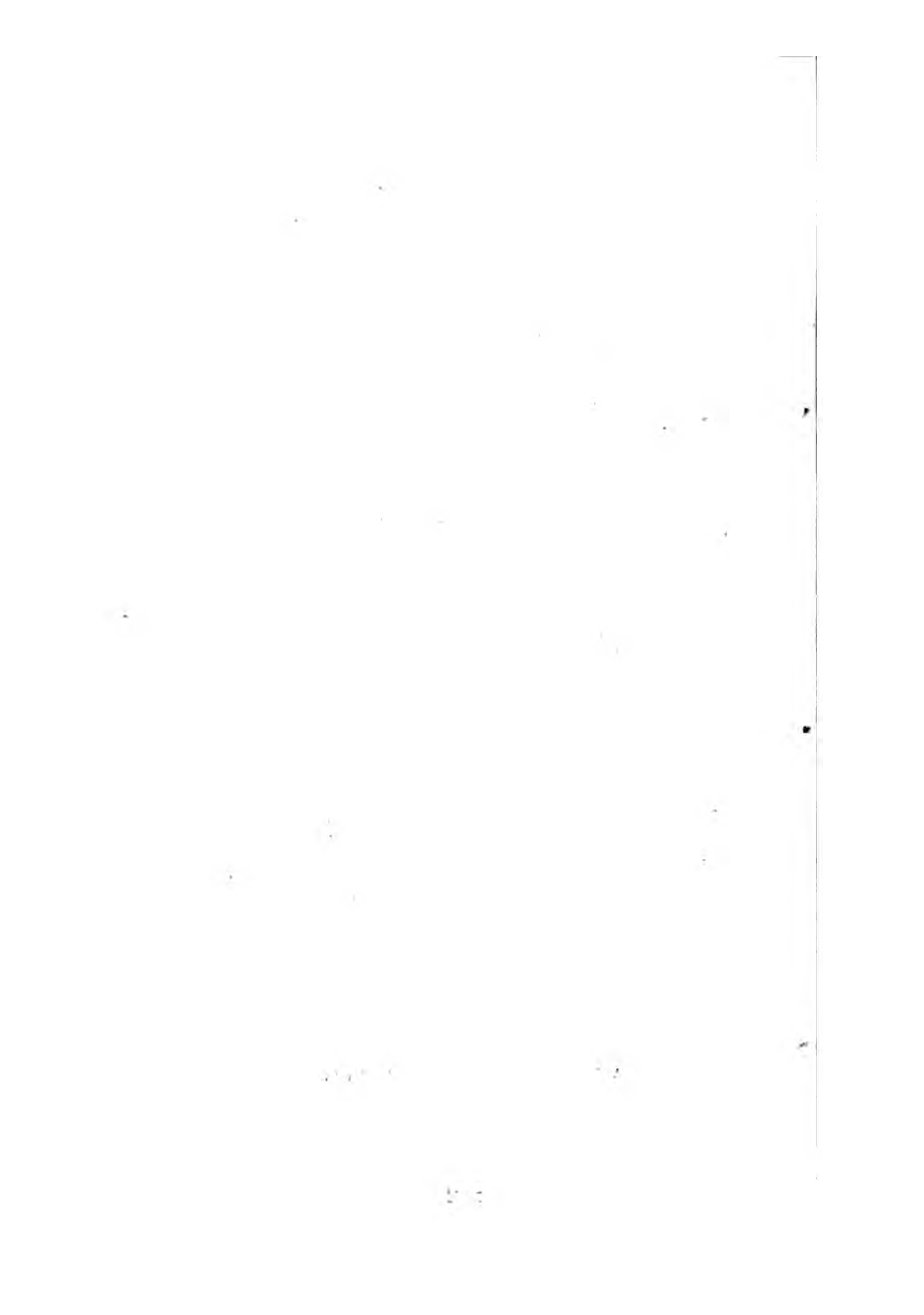
Thalia then he went about to seek,
And heard she might be met with, once a week
Or so, at Drury Lane or Covent Garden;
But, 'neath her mask he found a grinning face,
Distorted by the vulgarest grimace;
So he pass'd on and begg'd the lady's pardon.

Next for Melpomene he turned to look
In Covent Garden, once her favourite nook;
But there he found she scarcely ever came,
Having resigned her dagger and her bowl
Unto a noisy, ranting, raving soul,
With Madame Melodrama for her name.

In quest then of Terpsichore he went,
And at the Opera an evening spent,
In hopes the graceful maiden there to see;—
Sad disappointment! in her place he found
A painted, half-dressed lady twirling round,
With petticoats a foot above her knee.



A HUMOUROUS COUNTENANCE.'





THE END



A HEARTY RECEPTION.

Then Erato he sought, the Muse of Love ;

But here, again, it was his lot to prove

What bitter hopelessness his search befel !

For, in the stead of Erato, he saw,

Scribbling soft rubbish with immense *eclat*,

She of the three initials L. E. L.

Now Polyhymnia, who over song

And harmony presides, among the throng

He sought ; but, in her place, alas, he found

A lady full of quavers and of shakes,

A *prima donna* making sad mistakes,

Giving for harmony unnatural sounds.

Calliope his next attention claimed,

Of epic poetry the goddess named ;

But her he found asleep with fast-closed eye :—

He tried to wake her,—but 'twas all in vain ;

Phœbus at first her trance could not explain,

Until he saw *Montgomery's Satan* by.

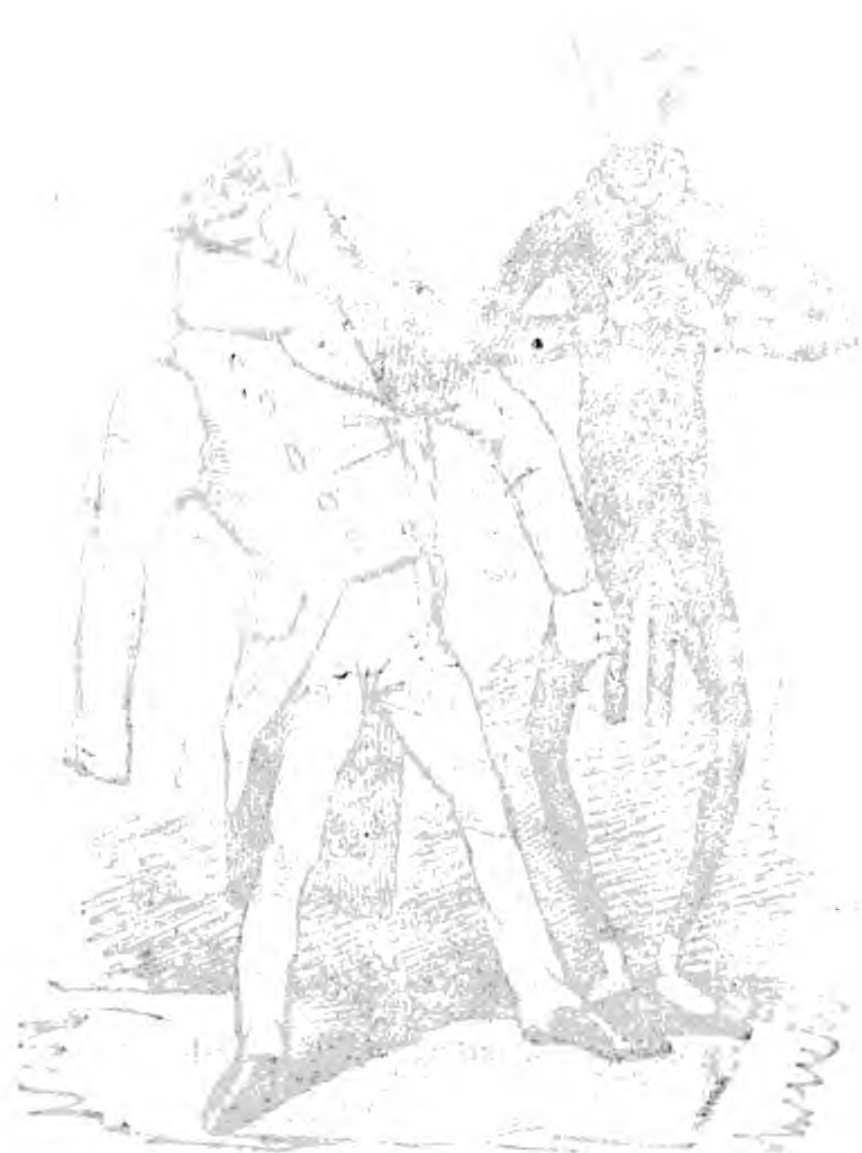
Lastly Urania he turns to find,
To whom Astronomy has been assigned;
But fate once more his inclination mars:
Disgusted with our uncongenial clime,
Urania, since Sir Isaac Newton's time,
Has taken up her quarters in the stars.

Hurt at the treatment which his *protégés*
Have met with, "Phœbus you're a fool," he says,
"For sending them to this most dull of nations;
Since English apathy to death has frozen
Each veritable Muse, while they have chosen
To worship only vulgar imitations."

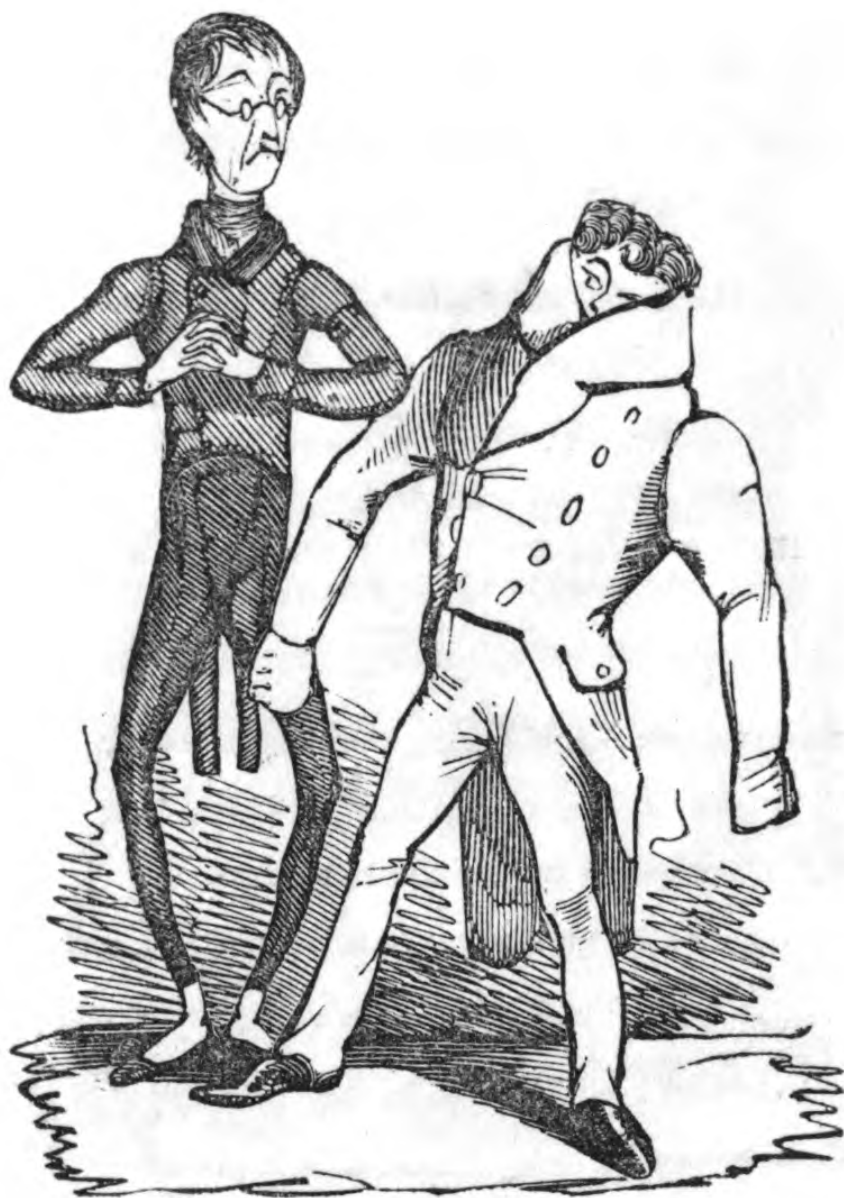


"DON'T YOU APPREHEND ME?"





FULL MEASURE.



FULL MEASURE.

ODE TO ALFRED THE LITTLE.

BY THE
EDITOR OF "THE WAG" AND "FIGARO IN LONDON."

Hail! to thee Alfred Bunn, thou great lessee,
To take two houses you must be a mad 'un;
And if we judge you by the *company*
You keep, we fear that you are but a *bad* 'un.
Though o'er two patent houses you may reign,
Thee as a zany pray excuse my branding;
Since from your *velvet* breeches it is plain
You're precious *soft* about the *understanding*.
Vainly by every kind of petty trick
You try the public to your doors to pull;
But of your stale devices all are sick,
Your *empty pit* looks nightly *pit-i-ful*.

You have complain'd that 'gainst you left and right
Each public critic blame unmeasured pours,
But though the press may be against you quite,
You never find a *press against your doors*.

Then pray resign the managerial rage,
Lest Polhill's ruin follow up your fun ;
For oh ! believe me, nothing on your *stage*
Will stand the smallest chance to get a *run*.

Take heed in time, lest at the season's end

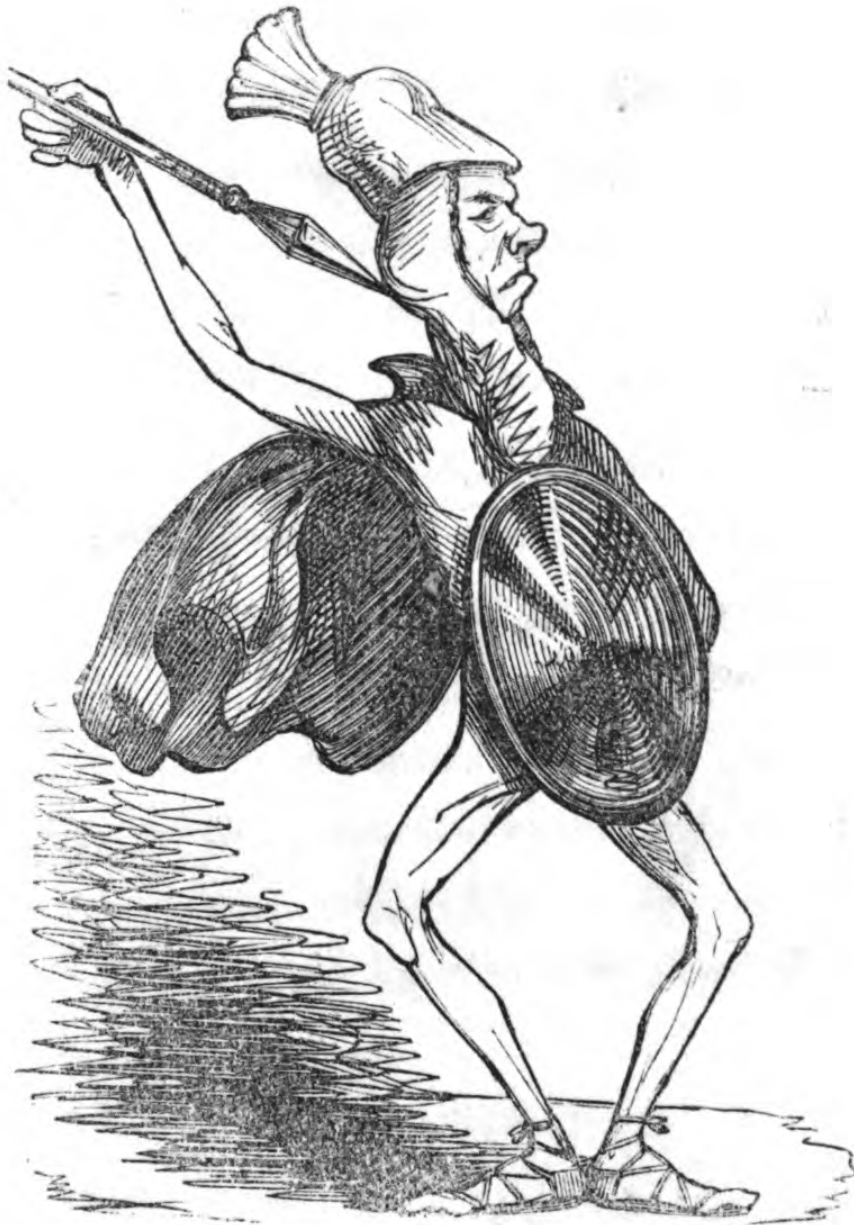
You find yourself 'gainst fate too weak to pull ;
And recollect that *empty benches* tend
Unto *another bench* that's always *full*.

Seek, then, no more the manager to play ;

Bear this in mind true to the very letter,

An Ex-lessee will of a new one say,

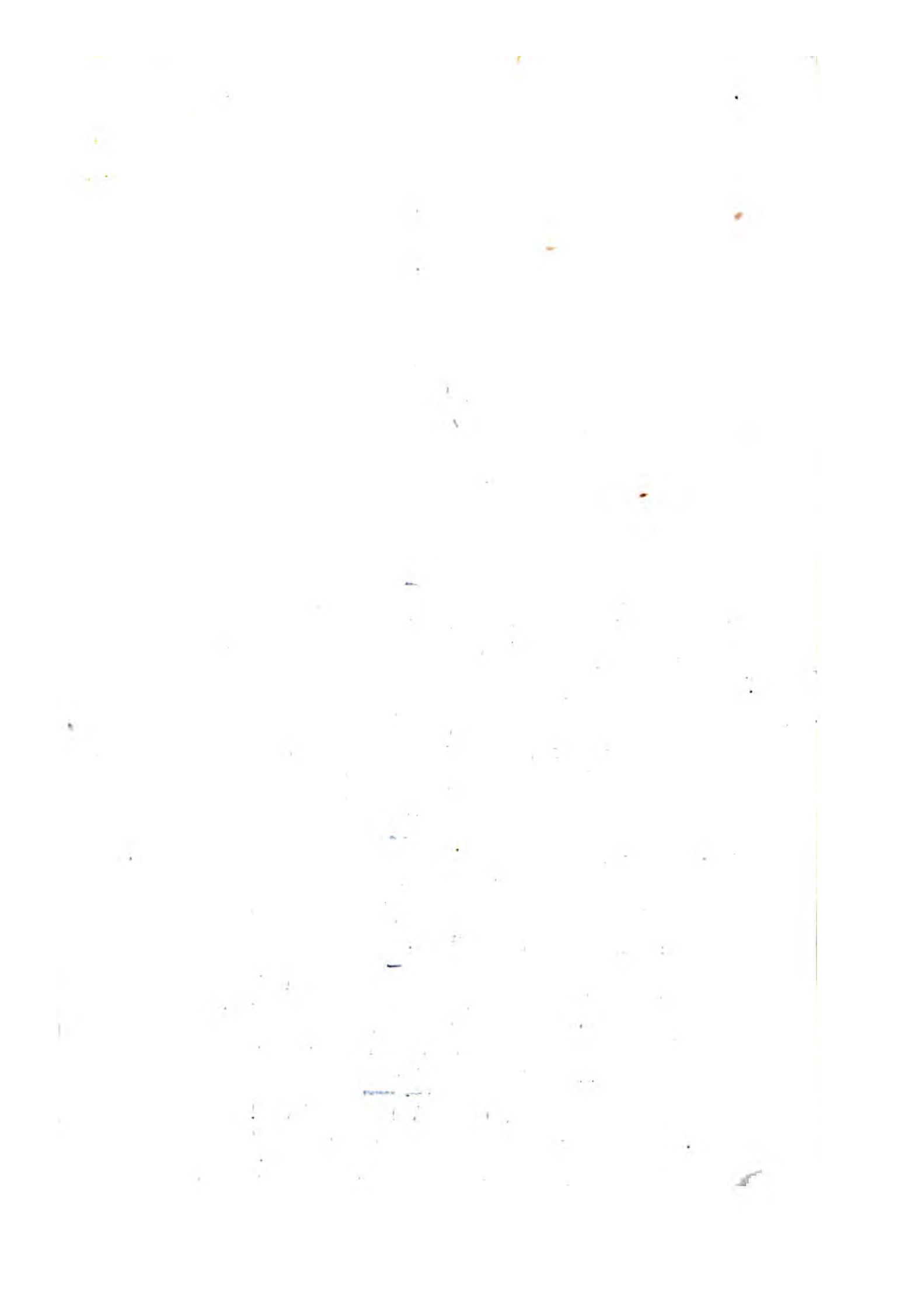
"The *less-he* has to do with it the better."



IN STATU(E) QUO.

" I see, I see—it comes to this."

10. *Chlorophyll fluorescence*



NOTICE.

In JANUARY next will positively commence, the RE-PUBLICATION of all the STANDARD WORKS of the National Library issued or completed during the preceding 16 months.

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*** The Office of the NATIONAL LIBRARY will, in the course of the present Month, be removed from 369, Strand, to No. 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, where arrangements have been made for carrying on the wholesale business exclusively, with proper regularity.

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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and dates, arranged in a column. The names are: John, Mary, Peter, James, and Elizabeth. The dates are: 1790, 1800, 1810, 1820, and 1830. The list is as follows:

Name	Date
John	1790
Mary	1800
Peter	1810
James	1820
Elizabeth	1830

JANUARY, 1834.

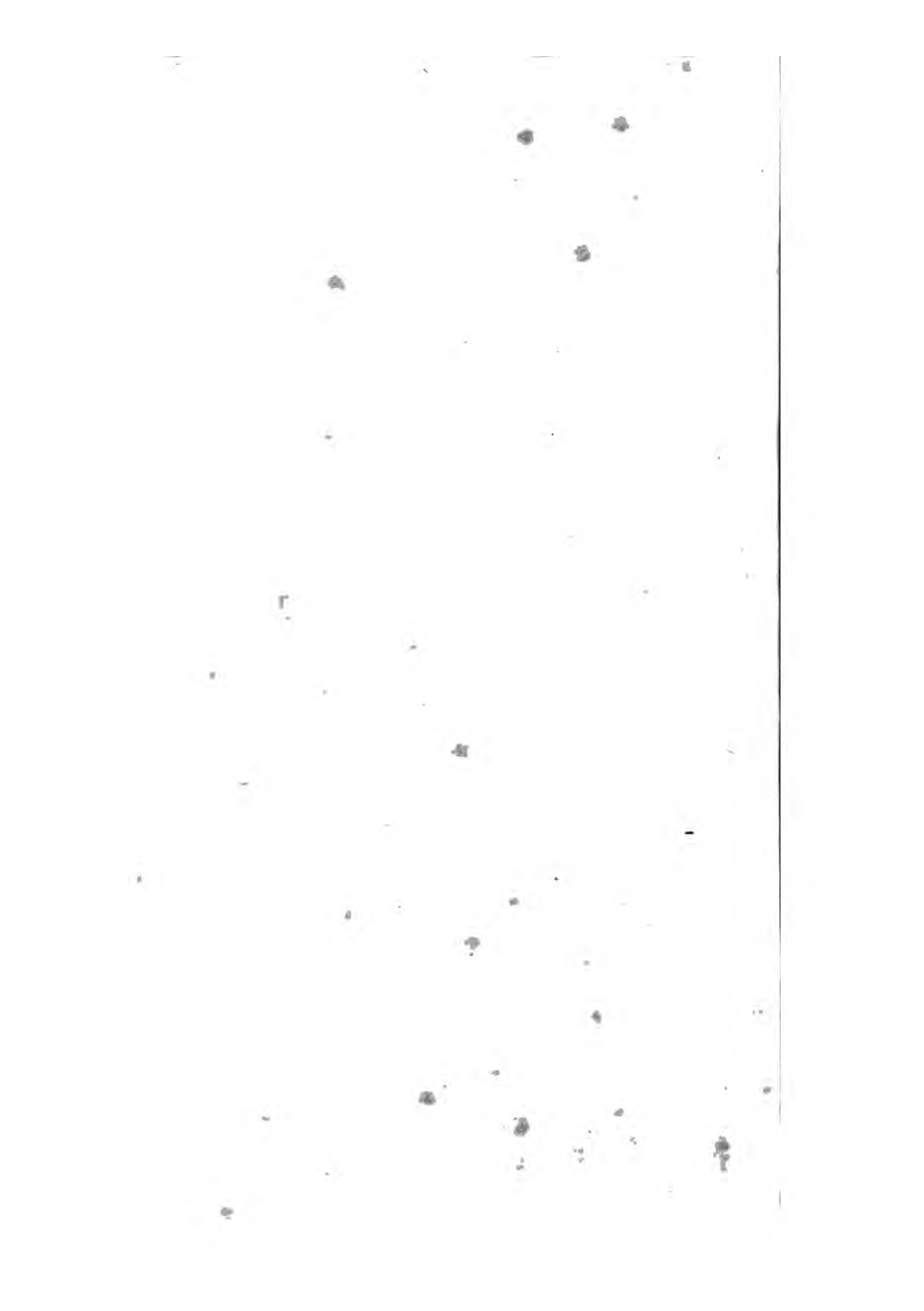
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ALL MY FRIENDS HAVE DROPPED OFF.

A SLIGHT CONFUSION,

BY

RALPH RIGMAROLE, Esq.

Performed at the Fitzroy Theatre, (late Queen's)

TOTTENHAM STREET.

The curtain rises in the middle of the Overture, and shows the Stage in general disorder. Actors, scene-shifters, &c. run off by different ways.

Stage Manager. (from behind) Who did that ? Who the devil did that ?

Prompter. (from behind) I didn't ring.

Stage Manager. (from behind) Don't do any such thing.

Go on and apologize somebody ; go.

Actor. (from behind) But what shall I say ?

Stage Manager. (from behind) I'm hung if I know.

Acting Manager. (from behind) Appeal to their feelings.

Stage Manager. (from behind) Do something, odd rat it.

Actor. (from behind) Well! give us a handkerchief then, and here's at it.

Enter ACTOR, R. H.

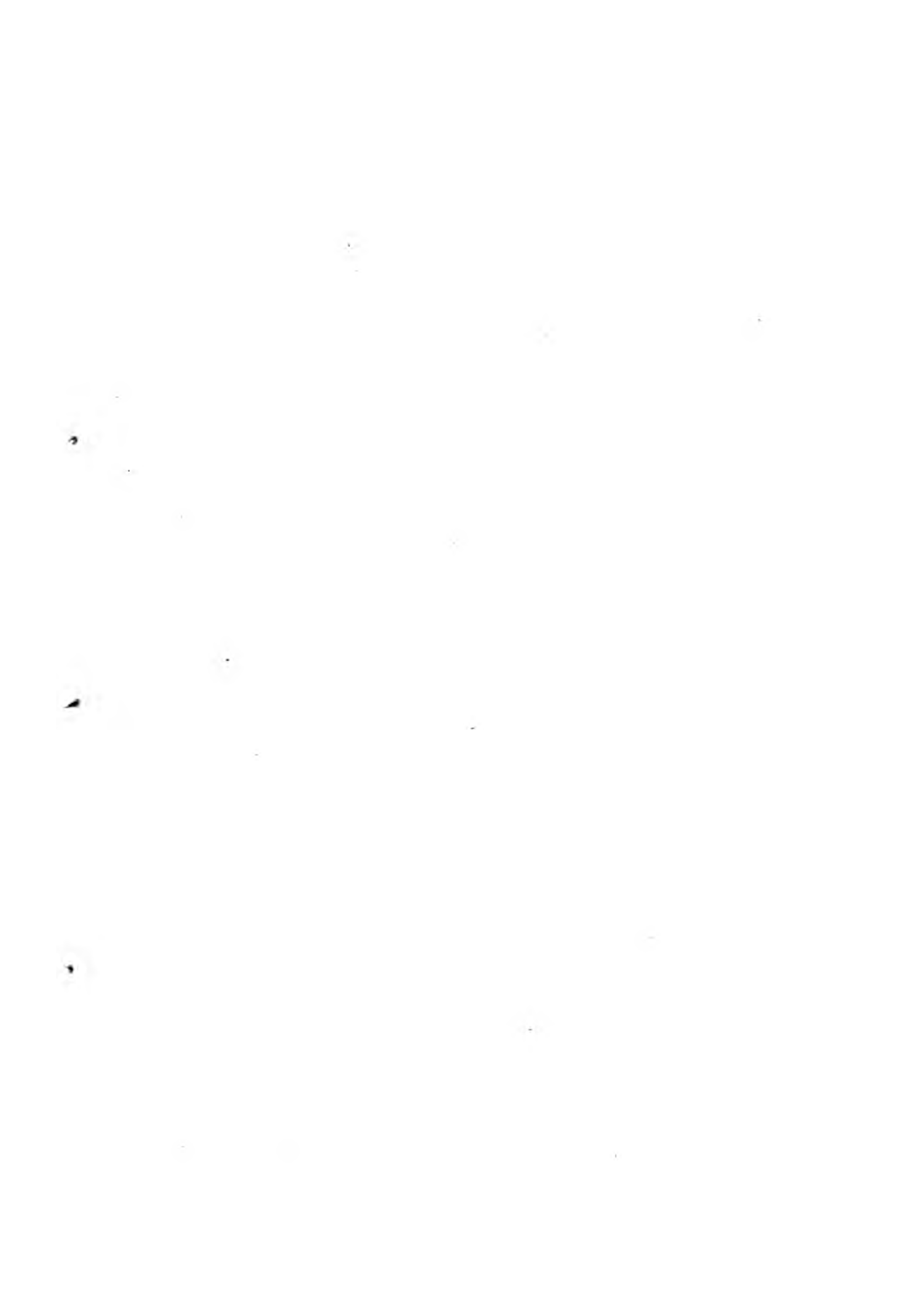
Hem! Ladies and Gents., in the Manager's name,
I have to apologise—

Author. (from private box) Shame, shame, shame,
shame.

Actor. I regret I've to play the apologist's part,
But an audience of Britons—

Stage Manager. (from behind) Your hand to your heart.

Actor. I trust on the present occasion will show
The usual indulgence—





DRAWING LOTS.

Author. No, no, no, no, no,

Actor. This is one of those little untoward events
Which a generous public, I—

Author. (leaping on the stage) Ladies and Gents.,
I'm author of one of the pieces to-night ;
And I put it to you if this treatment is right ?
Here's the curtain drawn up—the musicians cut short—
The whole of the audience put out of sort.
With such a beginning, isn't likely, indeed,
The succeeding performances—

Actor. Can ever succeed?
But enough of this raillery—this blustering cease—

Author. An't I doing my best towards *making my*
piece ?

And I feel well assur'd the approval I seek
Will not be withheld if——

Actress (rushing in from behind). Allow me to speak.
Here have I been seduced by this Manager's arts,
To quit a large house where I play'd the first parts,
And fill'd every night the Pit, Boxes, and Gallery ;
Drawing very great houses.

Actor. (aside).—And a very small salary.

Actress. To come to a Minor, and be treated like this,

The place all confusion, all going amiss ;

The audience put out—

Actor. That's but your suggestion.

Actress. There's no chance of one's *answering*.

Author. Without any *question*.

Actress. One had better have gone to the Lane or
the Garden ;

Such conduct's past bearing.

Bill-sticker (coming forward). I axes your pardon !
But I thinks these ere chaps might be rather more quieter,
Nor run down in such manner the new properrioter ;
I can't bear for to hear all this plaguy ill natur ;
I always sticks up for this little theatre,
Let 'em all go and leave it—they arn't got no nous,
When all others desarts it—

Author. You'll *stick* to the house.

Bill-sticker. That I sartinly will, just the same as
a brick,

Tho' they all on 'em mizzle—

Actor. You won't cut your *stick*.

Bill-sticker. You thinks yourselves werry fine
people, that's clear,

And fancies, no doubt, you draws all the folks here ;

But it's me, let me tell you, what causes the rush—
How nicely you'd draw, now—without this here brush.

Enter MANAGER, R. H.

Manager. What disturbance is this?—Give me leave
to inquire

What brings you all here?—I must beg you'll retire.

[*Exeunt* ACTOR, ACTRESS, AUTHOR, and BILL-STICKER.

And now, Ladies and Gents., since all's quiet again,

Allow me, as Manager, here to explain :

As for this slight confusion, I trust you'll excuse it ;

Your indulgence we pray, and you will not refuse it :

I need say no more—yet stay, ere departing,

A word or two on our intentions at starting :

Then of all the rash projects you ever could dream,

What would you believe's the Proprietor's scheme ?

Tho' doubtlessly you can imagine the man

Who'd re-open the QUEEN's ripe for any mad plan,

Yet what, in all conscience, now do you suppose

Is the plan upon which the Proprietor goes ?

Why—would you believe it?—he really intends,

Despite the advice and entreaties of friends,

Not to steal all his dramas and farces from France,

Nor bring over Parisians half naked to dance ;

Nor a single live Lion produce on his stage,
Nor even Ducrow and his horses engage ;
But in lieu of all these—was there e'er such a goose,
British pieces and actors alone to produce ?
Yet, great as the folly—'tis somewhat decreased,
For there's this in its favour—'tis novel at least ;
However, the project remains to be tried,
And whether 'tis folly—you alone can decide. [*Exit*



A CHIMNEY-PIECE.

A SCAVENGER'S CONSTANCY.

BY THE EDITOR OF "THE WAG"

AT boxing time (so called, we presume, from the rows in the streets, where heads are broken in order to spend Christmas merrily and begin the new year happily)—at boxing time there is a large accession to the literature of the country in the shape of Bellmans' verses, Sweeps' manifestoes, Beadle's benedictions, and all kinds of well-wishings, couched in all sorts of language, terse, tedious, prosaic, and poetical. This universal benevolence among the parochial officers towards

the inhabitant householders is, however, always of a most interested kind, since it comes, with most business-like punctuality, once *per annum*, and undisguisedly aims at a Christmas-box. The upshot of it all is, "I hope you may have many merry Christmasses, because I always get something by it when the time comes, and as your spirits happen to be so good, so let your *douceur* be liberal." This is, however, irrelevant to our theme, which is the constancy of a St. Giles's scavenger, and of which the following official document informs us in language worthy of the sentiment.

"ST. GILES, BLOOMSBURY.—Ladies and Gentlemen,—We, the constant SCAVENGERS of this Parish, in the employ of GEORGE STAPLETON, make humble application to you for a Christmas-box, which you are usually so kind as to give; and to prevent imposition on you and fraud on us, which is frequently attempted by giving bills similar to the one now presented, we humbly hope you will not give your bounty to any one who cannot produce a Medal, on one side of which may be seen a representation of the Battle of Culloden, April 16, 1746; the reverse, William, Duke of Cumberland.

Alexander Bennet. Stephen Westall. William Westall.

Please to retain this Bill. No connexion with the Dustmen."

These men are not merely fickle dabblers in the art of mud-carting; they are not the nightmen of an hour, who take up the birch-broom one minute, and lay it down capriciously the next, they are, in the emphatic language of their own placard, upon the **CONSTANT SCAVENGE**, and evidently put their souls into their business, with a delicacy of taste and a firmness of purpose none will too highly appreciate. There is a strong moral resolution in these men not to be *done* out of their *box*; they will not have the public *imposed on* (*how kind!*) nor themselves defrauded, (*how sensible!*) by any thing illegitimate in the shape of casual scavengers. There is in the latter part of the document a touch of patriotism, which places those perpetual mud-removers in a position of the highest respectability. We allude to their selection of the *Battle of Culloden*, as the great event with which they gloriously connect their claims to a Christmas Box. What the Scavengers had to do at this said battle, we have yet to learn, (probably

pelted the enemy with rotten eggs and cabbage leaves,) but there is a martial feeling in the assumption of the representation of that event by way of a badge, which shows them to be no common characters. Well may they say with an aristocratic conciseness highly characteristic of intellectual dignity, "*no connection with the Dustmen.*" True—the *constant Scavenger's* of *St. Giles's* must have minds above the cinders ; and a coalition with the heroes of the fan-tailed hat and wicker dust basket, is a thing from which they would shrink with abhorrence, as they deny the suspicion with honest sincerity.

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BAND-DITTI.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

THE WAKES

Of the Parishes of St. Clement Danes, St. Mary-le-Strand, and Savoy Precinct.

To prevent fraud and imposition on the worthy inhabitants and householders of the said parishes, E. RICKMAN, (son of the late Mr. Rickman, Beadle and Watch-house keeper, born and now residing in the parish of St. Clement Danes,) returns his most sincere thanks for the kindness he has received on former occasions, and begs leave to state, to prevent imposition on

the worthy inhabitants and housekeepers, that he will produce a medal, on which will be engraved the name of Rickman on one side, and on the other the names of the churchwardens and overseers, (sanctioned by them) to prove that he is the real Wake ; he will also produce their signatures in manuscript, when calling upon the worthy inhabitants and householders of the said parishes on the Boxing-days ; and any gratuity they may please to give will be thankfully received by their most obedient humble servant.

Edward Henry Rickman, Flute or Basso, 20, White Horse-yard, Drury-lane.

G. H. May, Harp or Violin, 2, Pettefer-court, Drury-court.

J. Harvey, Harp or Violin, 33, King-street, Long Acre.

W. Viney, Trombone or Violin, 6, Earl-street, Seven Dials.

CAUTION.—Please to be particular in giving your gratuity to the name of Rickman personally, on account of there being an opposition party out, pretending to belong to his Wakes, and not living, nor ever lived, in the said parish, forging his name by saying they are

authorized by him, and when asked for the Medal of the parish, they mean to say that he and the Medal are on the other side of the way or at some other part of the parish.—*Persons occupying Apartments will be pleased to leave their donations with the Landlord.*

☞ Music provided for Balls, Routs, Quadrille Parties, Water Excursions, &c. in Military Dresses if required.

N. B. The worthy inhabitants are requested to keep this Bill.

THE SHERIFF'S OFFICER.

(In imitation of Mr. Coleridge.)

BY THE GREAT UNMENTIONABLE.

It is a Sheriff's Officer,

And he stoppeth one of three.

"By thy shocking bad hat, and quaint surtout,

Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

He collars him with his dirty hand,

"There is a writ," quoth he.

"Hold! off! unhand me, scoundrel, loon!

Thou liest! it cannot be!"

He holds him with his sparkling eye—

The arrestee stood still,

And trembles like a rocking-horse,

The officer hath his will.



LEECH EXTRAORDINARY.

The arrestee is dragged along ;
He cannot chuse but stir ;
While thus spake on that awful man,
The Sheriff's Officer.

“ The oath was drawn, the oath was sworn,
The parchment pounced, and all that,
The signer signed, and the sealer sealed,
And lo, here is the Latitat.

“ I am the bailiff employed to nab,
Out of the city I come,
Where, the lawyer's will tell you, there's not a more
Indefatigable Bum !”

The arrestee then 'gan to see
How the Bum he could give leg bail,
And now he bethinks him of a plan,
Which may, or may not, fail.

“ Santa Maria, you've made a mistake,
My honour,” quoth he, “ upon't,
My name, gentle Bum, is White, not Wright,
I'm not the person you want.”

" Oh, yes, *you're* the gentleman that I want,"
Was the wary Bum's reply ;
Said the arrestee, " it cannot be,
No gentleman am I."

But it would'nt do, the writ was true,
And so was the Bailiff, eke,
In the lock-up house he hath got his man,
A prisoner safe and meek.

* * * * *

The arrestee is at Calais now,
Out of the Bench came he,
Genteelly drest, like a buck of the west,
Who the deuce could he be ?

At first they saw him every day,
And then a week him mist ;
He went and came, and came and went,
He was a *Do*, I wist.

A do, a hum, a cheat, I wist,
Gramercy, observe his grin ;
He's taking himself of the city out,
After taking the citizen's in.

“ Oh, tic, it is a useful thing,
Beloved from pole to pole ;
The Insolvent's Court cuts the matter short,
And calms the troubled soul.”

Thus thought the arrestee, as on
The deck of a steamer he stood,
Oblivious quite of his Calais debts,
Having made his retreat thence good.

He went to the Fleet, and one night came out,
Of his debts and his character shorn,
A free and unincumbered man
He rose the morrow-morn.

F I N A N C E

versus

F E E L I N G.

BY THE EDITOR OF "THE WAG."

PERHAPS one of the most melancholy results of the present artificial state of society, is the necessity it creates for a total subjugation of feeling to finance, and



NOT WORTHY OF HIS BOARD.

the purse is made unavoidably the barometer of our sentiments. How many an *inamorato* sighs in secret, because his exchequer will not bear the test of scrutiny, and who would certainly have sworn eternal affection fifty times at least, had not "a still small voice" kept whispering to him, "Remember, *what's your income?*" Undoubtedly the most pathetic instance of this kind is in the case of the writer of the following poem, who was, it appears, from an old manuscript found in the King's Bench Prison, a clerk to an attorney upon 1*l.* per week by way of salary. Like another Tasso, he had become poetical in *quod*; and though the product may not be equal to the Jerusalem Delivered, there is a tone of feeling through the following stanzas which claims at once our admiration and our sympathy. From old documents still extant, it seems the writer died on the 8th of January, he having on the sixth taken the benefit of the act; so that we may draw the startling conclusion, that his soul soared into higher realms just two days after his body passed the Insolvent Court. Let us, however, give poor Jones's poetical remains, for Jones was the name of this blighted scion of the legal fraternity. The

burden of the song has been chosen as its title, and therefore we print it under the affecting name of

A POUND A-WEEK.

A B A L L A D

OF

THE BENCH.

I saw her first at Bagnigge Wells,
When in the pride of beauty's bloom,
Her smile was sought by all the swells,
Who thronged that bright and happy room.

There was a softness in her eye,
Which half invited me to speak,
Why did I not address her ? why ?
Alas ! I'd but a pound a-week.

I saw her once again—and then
We met amid the ocean's roar,
In fact that happy time, when
Glad hearts were tripping to the Nore.

In the light dance we pass'd each other,
I thought that crimson tinged her cheek,
But then a voice all hope to smother,
Came muttering "*a pound a-week!*"

Again we met—and it was where
The thoughtless flock in search of fun,
In fact it was at Greenwich fair,
Of Easter, *anno thirty-one*.

She hung upon another's arm,
Joy lit his features in a streak,
Thought I, "What power hath he to charm,
Has he above *a pound a-week?*"

We met once more—it was the last
Sad cloud that envious fate could fling
Over my soul, for as she pass'd
I saw she wore—a wedding ring.

Despair gave boldness, "Heavens," I cried,

"How could you wed another? speak."

"I wed," she faltering replied,

"A man with—*two pound ten per week.*"



JAM SATIS!

SERVANTS OUT OF PLACE.

By T. L. H.,

A CONTRIBUTOR TO THE MONTHLY PERIODICALS.

I am not a dandy, nay, more, I hate exclusiveness, and if compelled to put up in a village alehouse, I could willingly smoke a pipe with the sexton, the carpenter, and other rural dignitaries ; but I am one of those unfortunate wights who have a system, mine is the moral fitness of things, nor can I endure any thing to force itself upon my attention contrary to that fitness. My young nephew, who treads upon my gouty toe, and then laughs

at my faces, I can forgive, for "man is made to mourn," and "youth's the season made for joy;" but my rascal who reads the *Penny Magazines* while driving my cabriolet, and as a matter of course breaks his own arm and my horse's knees, (to say nothing of the family of a broken-legged old woman, whose family I am obliged to support,) this man I cannot pardon; for although, "he who runs may read," it does not follow that he who rides should enjoy the same privilege.

As modern philosophers have laid it down, that we ought to define the meaning of all terms used, previous to entering upon any discussion, it is but right that I should define exactly what I mean by the "moral fitness of things."

I take "the moral fitness of things" to mean that law of housekeepers and natural philosophy, which has ordained that every thing, whether chair or table, great-coat or umbrella, mountain or river, man or woman, should have a proper and peculiar place, and in that place should remain.

The grotesque fancy of the caricaturist has delineated a water-dog with an umbrella, and a pig with a pencil-case; and the outrageous imagination of political oppo-

sition has ludicrously depicted to the mind's eye, a Tory minister *without* a pension for his nephew, and a Whig ministry *with* a house and window tax ! These are the actions of the brain, things that morally and physically can have no existence, but what pen has yet described, what pencil has yet drawn, that most outrageous of all absurdities, that most abominable of abominations, *a servant out of place !*

There is no accounting for antipathies ; the great Boethius and the learned Sanchoniatho have given up the point.

Mrs. Siddons gave me private lessons in elocution. Mrs. Inchbald (prude as she was) allowed my visits ; and on one occasion, in spite of all Mr. Boaden may say, (see the memoirs of this lady by that verbose fribble,) she once LENT me *two-pence*. Madame d'Arblay herself has romped with me ; in fact, I have been a lady's man, and that is a guarantee for my good temper ; but, were I smiling as a summer's morn, the sight of a livery servant any where but in a hall or behind a carriage would give me the horrors. If "great Achilles trembled at a flea," if Cæsar's soul was shaken at a cat, if Alexander the Great felt very

small at the smell of an onion, if Peter the Great shrunk half his greatness and shuddered at the sight of a black-beetle, if—but why should I say more? if these are facts, and I call upon my friend Doctor O'Blunder, the erudite editor of the *Standard*, to vouch for my historical accuracy, if these things are or were so, why should not *I* have a horror of a servant out of place?

Yet throughout life have I been 'pestered with the presence of these fellows, and like the German Archbishop, who was followed by the rats and eaten up in his lonely tower by these vermin, so—

“Where'er I go, whatever realms I see,”
still am I persecuted by these lizards in liveries of green turned up with gold. If I go to the uttermost parts of the morning (the East Indies), or remain in the uttermost depths of the sea, I am sure to meet with that pest of existence, an English livery servant *out* of place. By the powers, sir, in a solitary ramble on the confines of Tartary, I came full upon one of them, holding the kettle to a party who were practically enacting Moore's joke, and actually

“Taking tea
And toast upon the wall of China!”

Here, sir, with powdered head and white silk stockings, with cauliflower frill and gold-headed cane, with Crim Tartary on one hand and Chinese Tartary on the other, stood a "glorious John," looking down upon the natives with the very same supercilious sneer which bedizens the aristocratic countenance of my lord's gentleman's gentleman, while waiting for "my fellow" (as these heroes call their masters), at St. James's Palace on a birthday drawing-room. There stood this livery man of Westminster, scorning bonzes and mandarins as if they were cab-men, chairmen, or hackney-coachmen.

So much for the East. As for the sea—that floating nuisance the Yacht Club and its cargo of cooks is known to all men; but as for the depths of the sea, I went down in a diving-bell at Plymouth with Don Miguel V., and on opening my eyes at the bottom of the Atlantic, found myself attended by two royal footmen in flaring scarlet liveries!

My Lord Simper hands his blushing bride into the travelling chariot, and my lord's valet assists my lady's maid into the dicky behind; they fly along to Dover, cross the channel at a wish, and spin along towards

Italy at twelve miles an hour: at length Duomo d'Ossola peeps from the distant prospect, the land of sunshine and of song lies spread before the delighted travellers, my lord bursts into enthusiastic raptures, his classic mind calls up the Roman glories, my lady sighs and thinks of Tasso and Eloisa; but what says my lord's valet? what thinks my lady's maid? *He* sighs for a pot of early purl, and his mind calls up recollections of the snug back-parlour of the Canteen at the Horse Guards, or his last game at put with the groom in Grosvenor-square. Why sighs my lady's maid? *she* has heard of banditti, and "doth see in every bush a highwayman," thinks that every whistling vine-dresser is a "Massaroni himself who now sings," descries with agonies of terror the red net cap or slouched hat of the Italian peasant as he looks down upon them from an angle of the road, longs for the sight of a new police, and trembles lest the sun should spoil her new Paris bonnet.

But, oh! ye lords, ladies, and gentlemen, who take servants abroad and wish to know what *they* think of foreign parts, listen, while I report a speech which I once heard at a club of English servants, held at a



A VIEW AT BATH.

cabaret in Paris, whither a torrent of rain compelled me to fly for shelter. The discussion had run to some length about "foreigneering folk," and at last a little, chubby, sleek-faced, slang, English groom broke forth as follows—but hold—let me prepare you for it; every lover knows Venice—

“The song and oar of Adria’s gondolier,”
Is the heart’s music of love-sick maidens and romantic youths. The Bridge of Sighs, and the Place of St. Mark, are the Holy Land of romance; but thus to his pals did this liveried Keeley describe the gorgeous Venice—

“Well, of all the thundering dog-holes I ever was in, that ’ere Venice is the most bugaboo; there’s them ’ere d—d murdering canals as you can’t get over; and as for a valk, vy, you’re obliged to call a black boat as ve calls a jarvey.”

Such is the servant at Venice; truly when there he is *out of place*. We all know what Byron said of his man Fletcher, and some ludicrous MS. descriptions of poor Fletcher among the Suliots are in my possession. Thus have I always found it; for although the proverb says hat “no man is a hero to his valet de chambre,” I

never could hit upon a valet de chambre who was a hero to any man.

But to return to my subject. Servants *out* of place. I toiled across the desert, and climbed the great Pyramid. On reaching the topmost step I thought of the sublime address of Napoleon to his army previous to the battle of the Pyramids: "The genius of three thousand years is looking down upon your achievements." I saw the mighty Nile and the green land of Egypt, and had worked myself up to a pitch of sublime sentiment, a rhapsody to the Great Spirit of Ages was bursting from my lips, when happening to cast my eye on one of those great masses of stone which form as it were the Cyclopean steps of the Pyramid, I saw an English groom with a smart cockade in his hat eating Cheshire cheese, drinking bottled porter, and reading the Newgate Calendar on the summit of the great Pyramid of Egypt! Faugh!

I need not tell you I afterwards met his master and a party travelling, and in Egypt (!) tricked out in!—

"These remnants

Of fool and feather that they got in France;

With all the honourable prints of ignorance,
Pertaining thereunto."

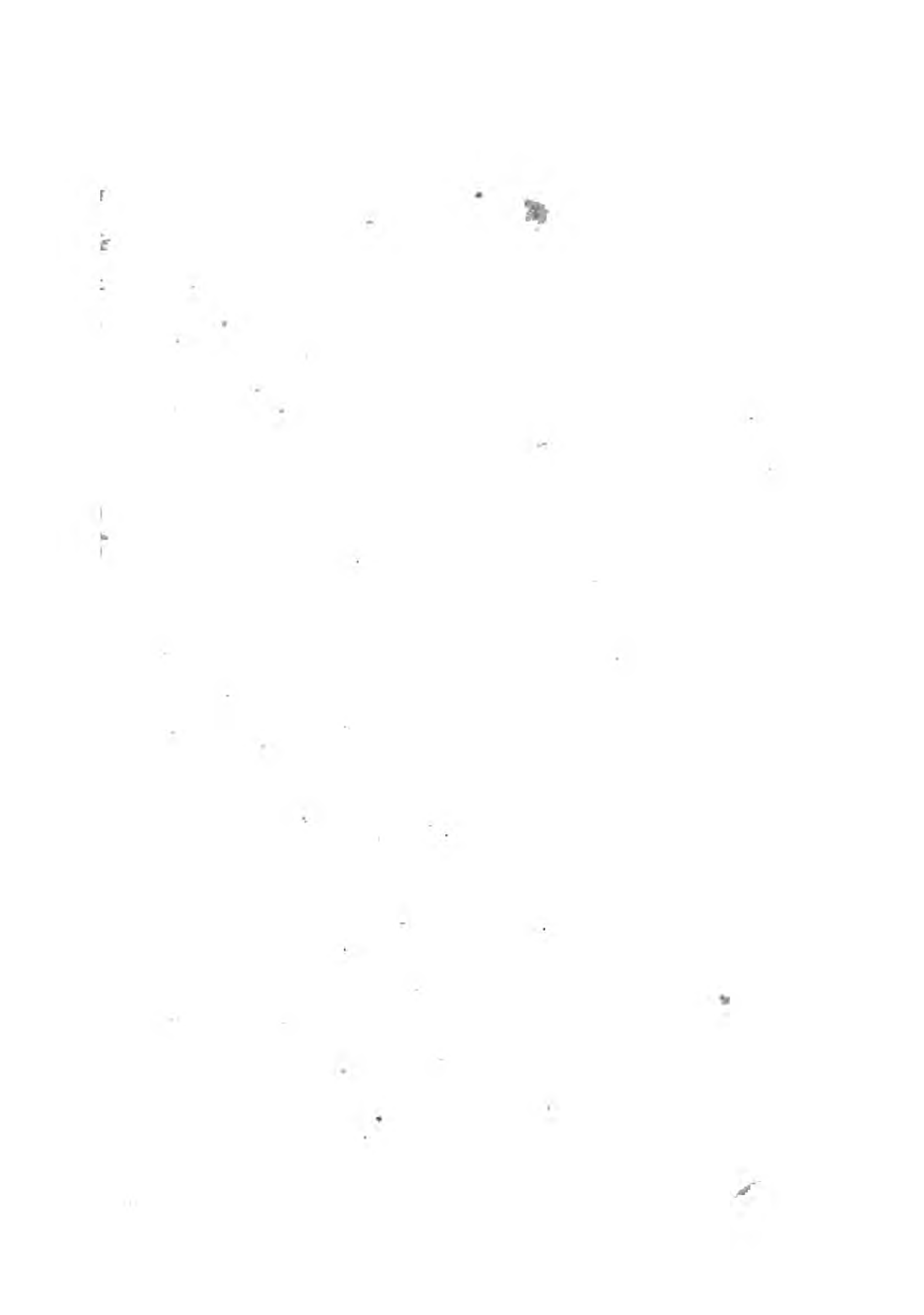
Was this all? no, sir! in the Pyrenees I wandered
with Childe Harold, I felt in the solitude of the mountain
passes my whole self idealized and etherealized as it
were into spirituality; 'twas night, and I was repeating

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the poet's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been!
This is not solitude, 'tis but to hold
Converse with nature's charms and view her stores
unroll'd!"

When on a sudden I heard a loud shriek! the scream
of a woman in distress! my romance was aroused, I
thought of knights-errant and ladies fair. I rushed
abruptly down the mountain path, and swiftly turning a
slope, the moon fell full on my lord Chester's valet at a
game of romps and tickling Lady F——'s maid!

I will say no more, yet, when last at Rome, (we all
know the sublime effect of the Colosseum by moon-
light). By St. Paul, sir, one night to my knowledge,

the souls of Agricola, of Brutus, and of Cicero, looked down from their starry thrones and saw an English coachman in a white livery and yellow breeches, smoking a clay pipe of *returns* in the moonlit circle of the Colosseum at Rome!



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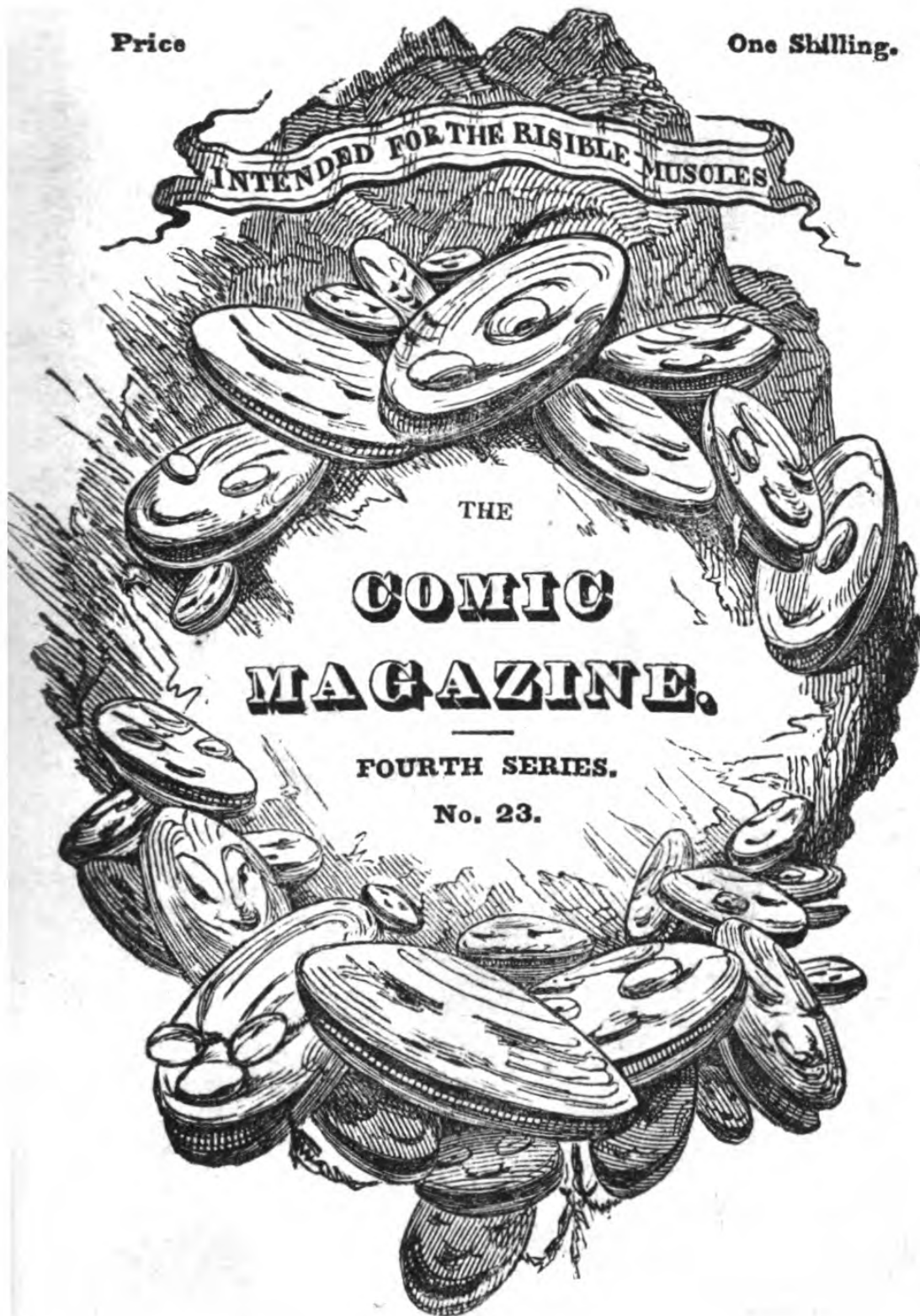
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ALL MY FRIENDS

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"SHE'S LOST HER HEART TO ME."

JEMMY NUTS,

Or the inconveniences of Good Nature.

BY M——.

IN this strange world of ours, it is sometimes unwise to be too contented with any thing—there is even a disadvantage in good-nature—to be too ready to oblige, is to set one's self up as a mark for imposition. If we would get on at all now-a-days, the first law of nature

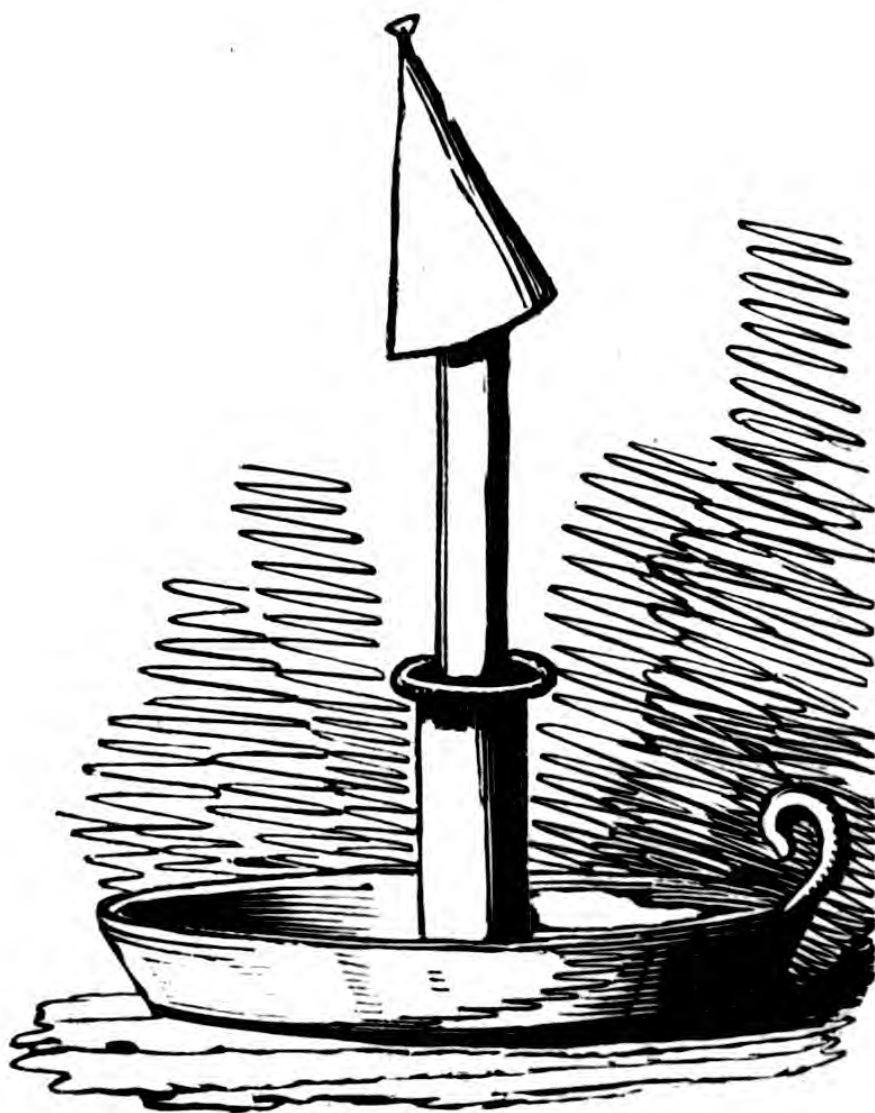
must be unshrinkingly observed—every one must take care of himself! I found this fact more strikingly exemplified in the person of a MR. JAMES NUTS;—but the reader shall have his history.

I had taken my passage in a canal boat, which was to convey me to the town from whence I was to start for Manchester. I might, perhaps, have gone a more direct way by the coach, but to pick up character was my object, and I was not disappointed.

We had not proceeded on board the boat more than a couple of miles, before we were hailed by a brisk, slim, easy looking personage, in a black coat and breeches, and nankeen gaiters; who, with an umbrella under his arm, was pushing merrily along by the side of the stream, and by his self-satisfied air, seemed as if he had always sailed *with* the stream.

‘Holloa, boys!’ said he, ‘you can give me a lift to Dumbleton—can’t you?—room for one, eh?—don’t mind where it is—in the hold, hold me, I warrant—a-top of the luggage, help to ballast it—any where—never mind where—eh?’

‘Why, zounds!’ said the steersman, ‘if it isn’t Mr.



OUT FOR THE DAY.

James Nuts, or Jemmy Nuts, as we calls him. Oh, never mind Jemmy—not worth while putting ashore for him, he never minds any thing. We'll take him up at the next lock—Jemmy is a good-natured fellow—do what you like with Jemmy Nuts. Take you up at the next lock, Jemmy—it isn't far—only four miles ; and if it should rain, you've got your umbrella, you know, eh ?' 'Aye, all right ;' said Jemmy, 'rather tired—but never mind.' 'There !' I told you so,' says the steersman, 'see how he gets along *never minding*. Ah, he's a worthy creature !' 'No, no,' continned Jemmy—'don't mind walking a-bit—good for the health—opens the chest and spares the purse. Go along—I'll keep up with you, my boys—I've got my gaiters on, so never mind.' 'Good soul that !' ejaculated the steersman, 'any thing does for him—give him small beer, and he'll swear it's champagne, if you wish him.'

Jemmy now put his best foot foremost—and keeping tolerably well up with us, presented, as we sailed along, the odd effect of a moving picture : he was certainly going *by the* boat to Dumbleton, in one way, if he wasn't, in another—holloaing to us from the bank

all the time as we went along, answering every body—for every body seemed to have something to say to Jemmy Nuts.

The following colloquy formed part of the conversation that ensued between them :—Go along, my boys ! I'll keep up with you—should always walk if I had my choice—only ride from necessity—not at all tired—got my gaiters on you see. Couldn't have had a better day—rather warm to be sure—but don't mind that, good for the health—opens the pores—can fan myself with my hankercher.' 'Seems like going to rain, Jemmy,' said the steersman. 'Only a few heat drops,' answered Jemmy, 'got my gaiters on—can put up my umbrella—there ! never mind the rain—never mind any thing. The wind blows—can hardly hold the umbrella—never mind, serve for a sail—makes me go faster you see—never mind the wind, never mind the rain—refreshes my black, sops my nankeens though. Go it, my boys !' 'Things gone pretty smooth with you since I saw you last, Mr. Nuts ?' asked a passenger. 'Oh, charmingly !' said Jemmy, 'married last year—happiest of men. You'll like my wife—beautiful



STRONGLY CONNECTED.

creature!—such accomplishments—makes every thing herself. Then there's my friend, Toady—worthy soul! never happy out of her sight—attends her every where—does every thing for me. No occasion for me when he's there. No, no—*we* knows Toady.' 'Got any children, Jemmy?' said the steersman. 'Yes,' answered Jemmy, 'got one child—sweet little fellow! quite a cherub—the very image of me—Got the Exciseman's house too, I was after so long—always a good glass in the cellar to give a friend when he comes: delightful place! you'll be quite pleased. Come and see me, give you a ride—easiest chaise-cart in England; throw you out fifty times and never hurt you.' 'Hum! it's an *out* and *outer* indeed then,' said the steersman. 'Yes, it is that,' said Jemmy, 'made a great many improvements in my house, hatch my own chickens—got a new multiplying hen-roost, and an economical dunghill. Such a dunghill! no dung in England like mine. Must come and see it—you'll be quite delighted.' 'Aye, aye, we will, we will!' cried all the passengers. 'I call my house *Nut's Folly*,' continued Jemmy, 'fitted up the *kitchen* in the style of *Greece*—

the *breakfasting parlour* in that of *China*, the prevailing taste in the *dining room* is *Turkey*. I've some *empty* apartments will give you ideas of *Rome*—my *stable* will remind you of *Otaheite*—and my *pantry* of the *Sandwich Islands*. But, eh? I'm almost out of breath, talking—and then the boat goes rather fast—but never mind—I don't mind—go it, my boys! go it!—ugh! ugh! ugh!

Jemmy was here quite out of breath; and arriving at length at the Lock, the steersman had compassion on him, and took him on board; but though he had vouched that Jemmy was the most obliging and accommodating fellow in the world, no one on board felt at all inclined to put themselves out of the way to accommodate Jemmy. 'What a run I've had!' said Jemmy, 'well, I'll sit down here.' 'No you wont,' said a surly-looking farmer, 'that's my place!' 'Never mind,' said the satisfied Jemmy, 'I'll sit here then, next the steersman.' 'And get your head knocked off with the tiller, for your pains,' said the steersman. 'No, no, Jemmy, that will never do—you must get out of there.' 'Never mind, where am I to

go then ?' said Jemmy. ' I don't care where you go,' growled the surly farmer, ' what did you come in for, when you saw that there was no room, stupid ?' ' Stupid !' said Jemmy, ' did you call me stupid ?' ' Yes, I did,' said the farmer. ' Never mind,' said Jemmy. ' You'll be overboard presently, if you don't take care Jemmy,' said the steersman. ' *Never mind*, never mind,' said Jemmy. ' Good creature that,' says the steersman, ' never minds any thing. Better get amongst the lumber, Jemmy.' ' I will, I will,' said Jemmy, ' any where—never mind, so long as I'm out of the way.' Endeavouring to accommodate himself amongst the luggage, Jemmy here thrust one leg into a basket of eggs belonging to a quaker—got the calf of the other bit by a pig that was going to Dumbleton to be killed—trod off the tail of a lady's pelisse, and cut his hand so terribly by smashing a package of glass, that after paying the damage—for though he kept saying '*never mind*' to every thing, others were not inclined to be so easy—we were e'en obliged to put him on shore again, to get a plaister, at the first doctor's he could meet."

Poor Jemmy Nuts! accommodating, contented fellow, that every body imposed on. The last time I heard of him, his wife had run off with his friend Toady,—his chaise-cart had broken all to pieces—the exciseman had taken him in with his lease, and he was saying ‘*never mind!*’ in the County gaol, for having accepted a bill to accommodate a friend.



BEGGING FOR ALMS.

THE CHANGE-LESS ONE.

A PARODY

UPON THE STYLE OF

THE HON. MRS. NORTON,

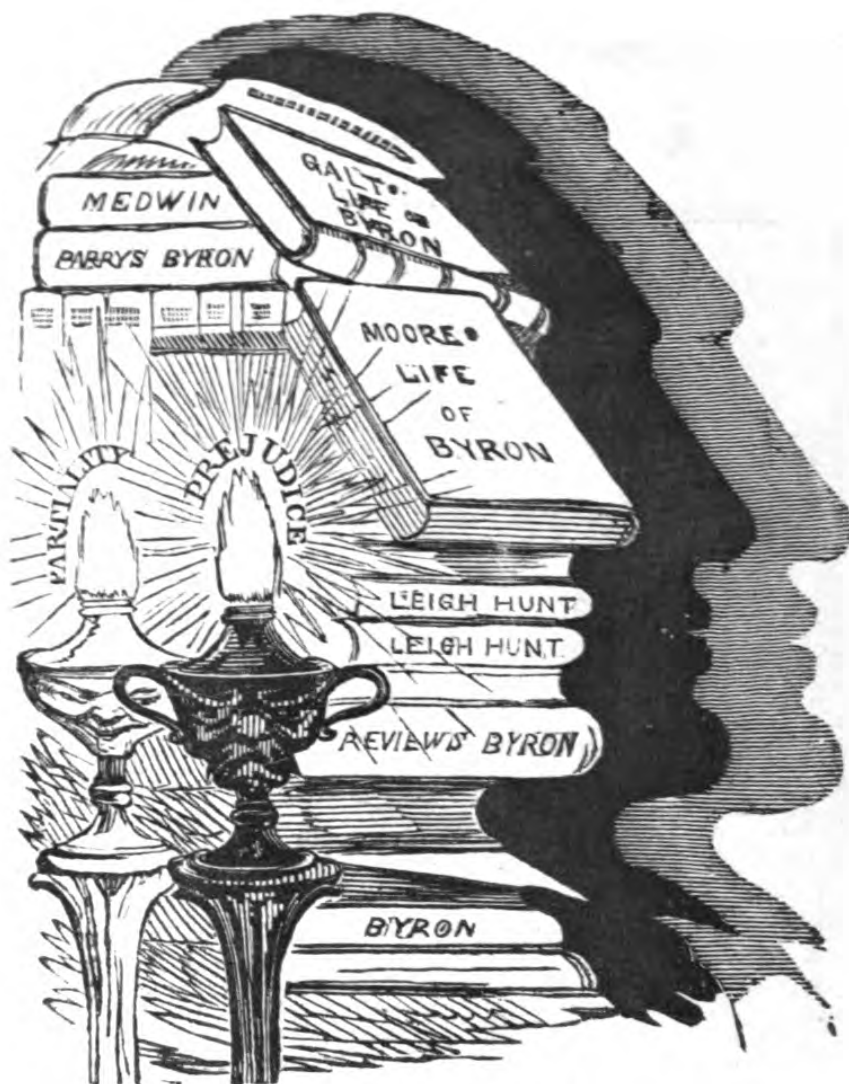
Author of "The careless word," & "My heart is like a withered nut,"

A jest is ringing through my ear ;
But oh ! to laugh I'm all too queer !
I've seen—I've seen "the undying one"—
Her of the lightly uttered pun !
I spoke to her, and she to me ;
Her low sweet voice came mild and free ;
Yet would that I had learnt to shun,
The looks of "*that* undying one !"

'Twas in a warm expensive place,
Where first we chatted face to face ;
Charity's mild and radiant star,
She shone at Jenkins's Bazaar !
Near her her rhymes you might descry,
Which *Charity* alone could buy ;
Besides I could not grudge my money,
For *she* was looking sweet as honey !

I lean'd my arm upon her stall ;
My finger fore impressed a shawl ;
A fan next met my digit's touch ;—
“ Pray, Mrs. Norton,—this, how much ? ”
“ A pound,” the *Undying One* replied ;
“ A pound ! how *very* cheap,” I cried ;
“ Yes,” echoed she, “ I think so too,
Shall I put up the fan ?—“ Pray do ! ”

And now, to pay for what I'd bought,
A five-pound note she gently caught :
Now, thinks I, to my lovely friend
A little blarney won't offend ;



THE SHADES OF BYRON.

So I began,—“Thy angel face
Suits well with this bright Christian place ;”—
I paus'd ;—she answer'd not ;—how strange !
I blush'd and bow'd, but *wanted*—change.

“What ?” said the poetess, (and here
Arch, witty smiles came thick and clear)
“My angel face you're looking at ?
Oh, you must pay five pounds for *that* !”
I stared and hemm'd—and *tried* to smile,
Mutt'ring within me all the while
“Fool that I was to be so civil,”
And wishing angels at the d——l.

But it is past, nor past in vain ;
I'll pay no compliments again :—
Yet oh ! my five—my five-pound note !
In visions still I see thee float ;
And, in my dreams, I hear a pun
Made on thee by th' *Undying One*,
Until it wakes me from my rest,—
That arch, but all-felonious jest !

I hear it now ;—I hear her say,
“ For that, sir, you *five* pounds must pay ;”
Again, 'tis ringing in my ear ;
Again, my head grows dim and queer ;
It echoes in my changeless purse ;
It echoes in her changeless verse !
Yet oh ! would she my swindled cash restore,
I'd read her verse,—yes,—*even her's* once more !



Yours immeasurably *Young 'n omnibus'*
J. H. Bayley *F. W. Bayley*

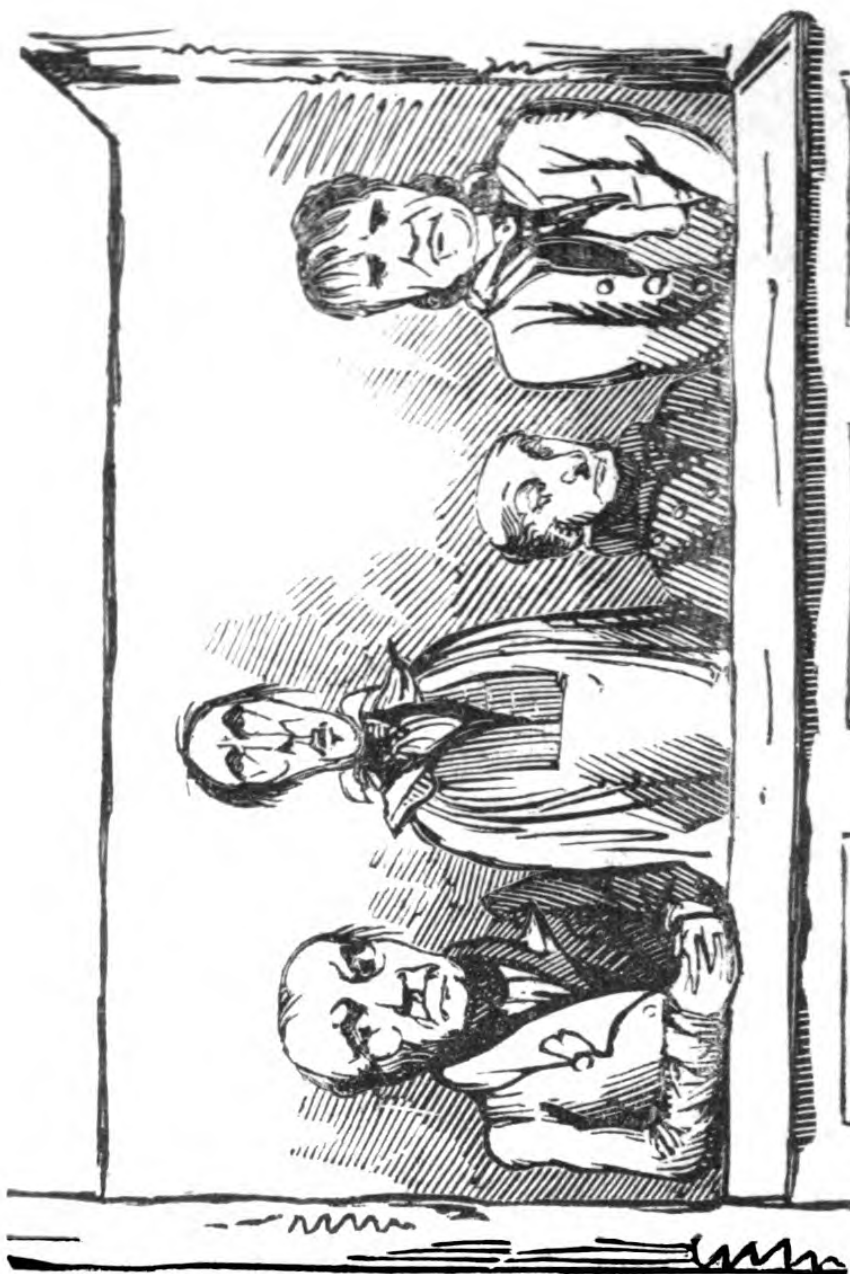
THE BAYLEYS (OLD AND NEW.)

THE POETS OF THE AGE.

By F. C.

I sing of London poets, now,
That in the prints are shining,
Who breakfast on poor ' Butterflies,'
And on the ' Bees' are dining.
Who send forth stanza's dull and long,
Of Grecian Bards and Boats ;
But ne'er saw *Greece*, save what is on
Their mutton and—their coats !

There's Bayley fills the Magazines,
With odes both dry and terse ;
He turns a glow-worm into pence,
His tail into a verse.
The loves of flowers, birds, and beasts,
Is now his favourite theme,
For flowerets, and little birds,
He makes to speak and dream.
His darling topic is the moon,
Sure nothing can be older ;
' Moonlight' ' moonbeams,' ' moon-rays,'
and such,
He lugs in by the shoulder.
But ' Lines to Cynthia's milky way,'
We hardly can define, sir,
To be aught else but milky stuff,
Which Paddy calls *moonshine*, sir.
Fat Phillises of forty-nine,
Are spinning out a quantum
Of ' Elegies,' for Editors,
Who really do not want 'em !



CALLED TO THE BAR.

For Stanzas to 'a dying dog,'
Are sent in quick succession :—
To 'kittens drown'd,' or 'Dido hanged,'
Or 'Tabby's last confession.'
Those annuals too—the pretty books,
For little lads and Misses,
Are cramm'd quite full of mawkish bits,
On 'sighs,' and 'tears,' and 'kisses.'
And to produce this wonderful book,
A motley crew we find, sir,
Of plagiarists twice twenty men,
The Forty Thieves combin'd sir.

A

NEW MAP OF LONDON.

BY D. W. JERROLD, ESQ.

I well remember sitting in a tavern, when a horrible noise arose in the house, and Monsieur Top-it-droit, a French dancing master, not much higher than a venerable savoy cabbage, rushed into the coffee-room, foaming like ginger-beer in July :—

‘ Ma foi—mi eye !—des bêtes anglais—here is a

place—dere is no] street—dere is no leetle street—
dere is no rue !'

' Rue !' said the waiter, ' what do you mean by rue ?
you asked me for Bishopsgate without.'

' Certainement, oui, ! oui ! And you make a me de
map comme je vous ordonne, as I did tell you—and it
was no map for de puppy dog, much less for de gentil-
homme Francais !'

' Why how is this, Tom ?' said the landlord. ' Why
you must know this man with the peaked nose and the
sanguinary eye brows ?'

' Pig nose, sare ! Diable ! vat 'you mean by pig
nose ?'

' He asks me if I could direct him to the beauties of
the me—tro—po—lis ; so I says, yes—and so I sends
him down to Tower-hill.'

' But dat is not all, diable !—de map—de map !'

' Ah, what is that about the map ?' asked the
master.

' Why master, you see, as I know'd he was but a
strange foreigner—only an *alien*, as they calls 'em in
parliament—I makes him out a map of the streets.

Here it is you see—I marked 'em all down: Strand, Fleet-street; and these four little dots are for the postes at the end on it—the big one for the obelisk, and the hair stroke for the sweeper at the side of it. Here's what we called at school a carrot.'

'A caret! and what's the caret for, Tom!'

'Why for the wegetable market; and here's a dagger for the butcher's shops—the stocking warehouse is the letter K, and the Compter is L; but that you know he leaves and goes up Ludgate-hill; then here's the letter O, with the dropsy, for St. Paul's church, and here's the figures of interrogation.'

'Why what are the interrogations for at St. Paul's church?'

'Why, they are the fellows asking you for money afore you go into it, and here's signs of admiration for the whips of the Paddington coachmen in the church-yard—here an X, for the cross roads—a dash for Cheapside, and here's an *amm-per-sant*, like an eel lying upon its tail, for the Mansion-house; then here's—'

'Well, I see the map is all right, and——'

'No, no, it is not all right, it is ver wrong—I take



A BACK SETTLER.

de papier—eh bien—I go up de Strand—de street of de Fleet—de hill of de Ludgate—come to de St. Paul's church, and button up my pockets at de notes of interrogation. Den I cross de X, and ven I look for Cheapside, at de corner dere, I see 'Stick-no-bill Street'—dere is no Stick-no-bill Street in de map, so I stick dere myself—dat it is vat I sall complain of, and will for ever ! so vat for you no put him down ?'

DUSTY BOB,
A PARODY
UPON THE STYLE OF
WORDSWORTH,

*One of the Lake Poets and Author of "The Oxford Street
Fiddler," &c.*

See where old Bob the Dustman stands,
With dirty face and dirtier hands,
Swinging his huge bell to and fro,
Chaunting the while "dust ho! dust ho!"
In sooth, it is a pleasant cry,
That hoarse and deep toned harmony;
It speaks of health and strength, and, oh!
What dearer blessings here below?



*John Young Lake - on - early
 John Jackson R. Southey
 J. J. Cleveland W. Woodworth*

LAKE POETS.

Marry! he hath a sooty brow ;
But there are brains within, I trow :
The blackness, that o'ershadows it,
Doth hide a mine of rude old wit,
Whose pleasaunce oft will downward fly,
And sparkle in his broad bold eye ;
A merry truth which ye, who'd know,
Go watch him, while he sings, " dust ho !"

Old brawny songster! 'tis to me
A marvel and a mystery,
The jovial and Stentorian gusto
With which thou daily callest " dust ho !"
How useful art thou, making clean
The dwellings both of rich and mean,
Unheeding each small street-boy elf
Who tauntingly cries " clean thyself !"

Mild Dustman! in thy filthy face
A moral he who looks may trace,—
A moral which, perchance, hath struck
Thyself, when 'neath thy weight of muck ;

For, to my fancy, in thine eye
A quaint philosophy doth lie,
Which says "who dirt from others sweeps
More dirt upon himself but heaps!"

I met him last in Piccadilly;
His bell was faint; his howl was shrilly;
There was no more his lungs about
The force with which he used to shout;
A cry, but not as erst, was heard;—
I knew that "dust ho" *was* the word,
But all the depth, the soul was gone
As with his bell he "dust ho'd" on.

His hat was still in Dustman's fashion,
But with a slouch that woo'd compassion;
Of velveteen still were his breeches,
But with a host of coarse-drawn stitches.
Of highloes still a pair he wore,
But laceless each, and with a score
Of holes that let the puddles in,
And wetted Bobby, sole and skin!



A COLD DINNER.

No, Bob was any thing but garish ;
'Twas time they sent him to the parish !
They tell me he is there at last,
And that his bell was with him passed !
The Dustman's cart, the Dustman's horse,
Still haunts the streets and squares,—of course,
But other drivers do the job
That once was done by Dusty Bob !

THE FATAL GALLOPADE,

A PARODY

UPON THE STYLE OF

THOMAS CAMPBELL, AUTHOR OF "THEODRIC," &c.

'Twas night,—a damp—dark—misty—murky night !
Scarce thro' the gloom could pierce the gas-lamp's light,
When to the square, which bears proud Grosvenor's
name,
A crowd of carriages and chariots came,
Stopping, in turns, successively before
A mansion's wide and double-knockered door ;
And there was heard the carriage-doors' quick slam,—
Anon a halt,—and then a sudden jam

Of poles retrorsally thro' chariots driven,
And shrieks of "Coachmen!—Thomas!—John!—oh,
Heaven!"

At length, in safety, 's reached the drawing room,
Where gold and platina, and pearl and plume,
Floating and shining o'er neck, head, and ears,*
Like stars and white clouds seemed in heav'nly spheres
From the high roof where gold and azure blended,
In hues designed to typify the sky,
Bright chandeliers of chrystalled glass depended
In colours each of too resplendent dye
For human art with one of them to vie.
Oh! 'twas a scene too dazzling to the sight—
Too grandly gay—too beautifully bright!

And now the music and the dance began,—
The beaux to ogle, and the belles to fan;
And oft, between the pauses of each dance,
To lull the listener to a dreamy trance,
Soft melting sounds around his heart-strings wreathed,
To which a voice responsive accents breathed,

* Campbell has, in his "Gertrude of Wyoming,
All gladness to the heart, nerve, ear, and sight.



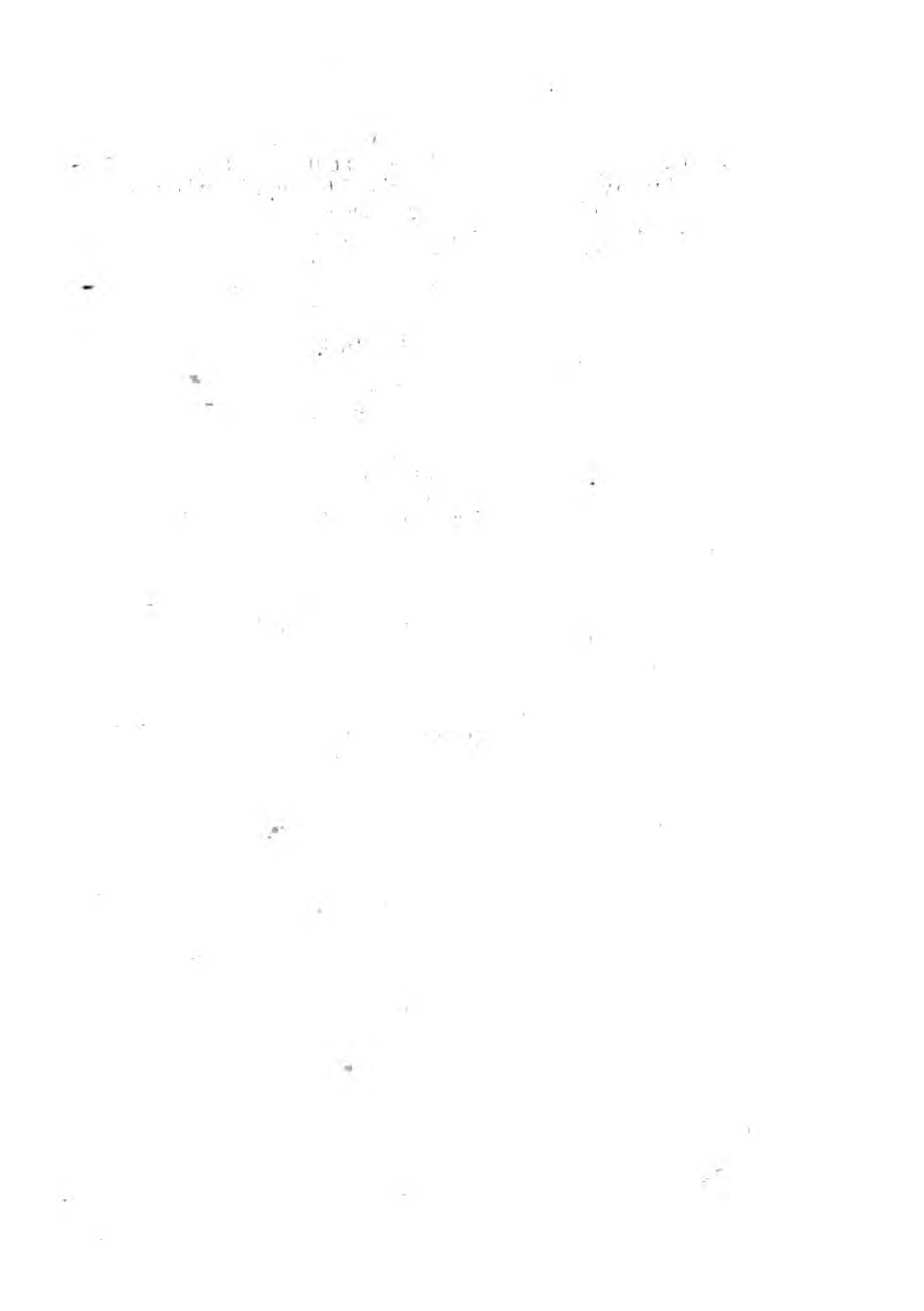
yours monthly J. Campbell

THE AUTHOR OF THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

Filling with such sweet harmony the air,
It seemed an angel had been wafted there !

But who is he of foreign garb and air,
That roams about with sentimental stare ?
No common personage ;—his star-lit breast
Bespeaks him noble,—little boots the rest ;
Russian he is, a rich ambassador,
And oh !—propitious fact !—a bachelor !
A faded heiress looks on him intent ;
But, ah ! his eyes are on another bent,—
And such another ! who her charms can paint ?
Description waxes in the effort faint :
Pure as an infant in its first repose,—
Mild as a summer evening at its close—
Pensive and pale as Dian in decline,—
Meek as the lily—tender as the vine—
Chaste as the Vestal,—modest as the ray,
Which the sun leaves for night to scare away !
These, and a thousand other charms, to boot
Struck folly dumb, and admiration mute !
Ceased the quadrille, the gallopade began,
And partners briskly to their stations ran ;

Now thought the amorous Ambassador,
Now let me dance,—yes now, or never more !
With this he rushed to where his lov'd one stood,
Asked her to dance—sweet girl !—she said she would ;
Joy to the Russian !—he is blest indeed,
And soon outstrips the fashionable speed ;—
Too fatal speed ! the floor's evanished chalk,
Which pairs, more careful, step o'er in a walk,
Arrests not them too fond to look below,
Till down they suddenly together go !—
Smile not, ye fools !—the fair one's head is broke !
They raised her up, but never more she spoke !
Ah ! well with anguish may her partner start,
For what hath broke her head, hath also broke his heart !



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THE LIGHTS OF THE AGE.

HOW TO WRITE AN OCCASIONAL PRO- LOGUE.

BY A LATE WAG.

IN these days of regularity every thing is done by rule, and genius (such as it is) works away in its proscribed line as regularly and smoothly as a chain turns round upon the rollers of a smoke jack. As to its taking any irregular flights, that is quite out of the question—it is ready to order, and its career is always chalked out under the direction of the publisher. If a publisher wants a book of philosophy he sends to any one of the geniuses connected with his establishment, and one, two, or three volumes can be had at a week's notice from any one of them. If a novel is necessary,

the men of talent have only to turn their thoughts from speculation to invention, and a three volume novel is the result of the convenient transfer. Authors now are settled down into machines, there is no prancing of Pegasus, he jogs on at one stubborn pace, and is ready to take steadily any road the publisher may think it advisable he should be driven to. Innumerable instances how to write a novel have from time to time appeared, till the art of doing so is within the reach of the lady's maid, or the butler, who for many years have constituted the majority of our fashionable novelists. In order to extend the knowledge of the literary trade as much as possible, we shall favour the world with a few hints as to writing an *occasional prologue*, more specially, as from the late and still anticipated increase of theatres, it is reasonable to infer this hitherto neglected branch of authorship will be a very profitable one to cultivate. As it is not at all in our way to write any thing purely didactic, we shall at once give a specimen of an occasional prologue, elucidating by occasional instructive remarks some of the most important passages.

It is of course presumed to be spoken on the first night of the opening of a new theatre, and to begin

with a striking clap-trap is a point of the very first consequence.—

“ When first *the British Tar*,”—

At the mere sound of the words *British Tar*, the audience strikes off into a whirlwind of applause, and of course the actor stands bowing, putting his hand to his heart, and all the regular business of gratitude for so long as the applause continues. He then resumes:—

“ When first *the British Tar*,”—

More applause, with some cries of silence here again interrupt him, and with a low bow he comes forward and proceeds as follows:—

“ When first the British Tar 'mid clouds and dark,
Ventures to put to sea his little bark ;
He trembles fearing lest the waves be cru'l (*cruel*,)
Those waves which (*waving his hat*) may *Britannia*
ever rule.”—

Here he is interrupted with six distinct rounds of applause from the gallery. He bows again and waves his hat frequently. He then resumes:—

“ But when those mists dispel, the clouds depart,
Shewing a prospect dear to *Briton's heart*.”—

At “ *Briton's heart*” he gives his thorax a patriotic

thump, and the enthusiasm of the audience is unbounded. He then proceeds:—

“Yes! for what British heart can e’er withstand,
The cherish’d prospect of his *native land*.”—

The words “*native land*,” must be bawled out so that they might be heard from Camberwell to Hammer-smith, and every pound of beef-steaks in the house (*by some called hands*) will meet to applaud with terrific ecstasy. The actor continues:—

“Such is our lot to-night! our shore’s in view,
And that is, (how we hail the prospect!) *YOU*.”—

At the word *you*, the enthusiasm will be unlimited, for an audience always applauds when there is any allusion to itself; therefore, it can’t be spoken of too frequently. Then a few clap-traps should be introduced on the present state of the drama, and a puff neatly brought in for one or two living dramatists. The following lines will achieve that most desirable object:—

“Yet there be some, who say dramatic flame,
No longer burns in Britain—shame, oh shame!”
Why! Lord ’a mercy on their stupid souls!

Does not our country still possess her *Knowles*?”—
At the word *Knowles* there is sure to be three rounds,

or if genius be neglected in reality, its name always, has the honour of being the cue for roars of approbation whenever it happens to be mentioned. It is now time for the wind up.

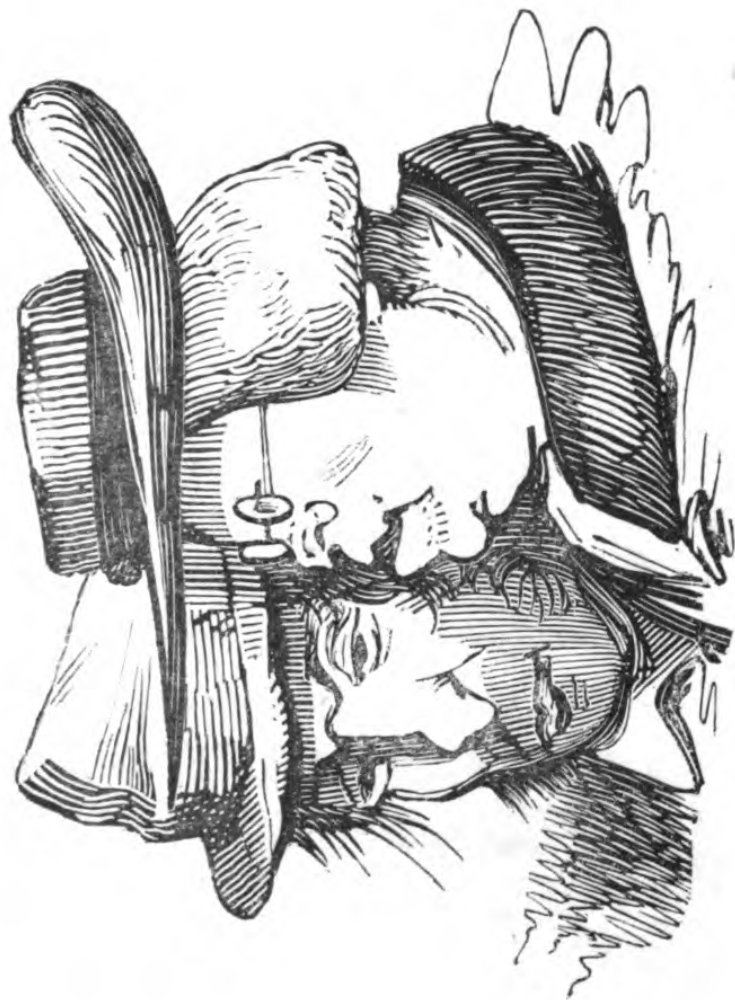
Possess her Knowles? oh, yes! in each proud breast
There's none but feels the glorious fact confest;
Then cheer our labours in the drama's cause.

And let our harvest be—*your kind applause!*”

Of course there is no resisting this poetic appeal, and he actor withdraws amidst enthusiastic cheers and a complete whirlwind of rapture.

SOMETHING MYSTERIOUS.

As wand'ring late the other night,
By silv'ry moonbeams palest light—
My brain with old romances fill'd,
Of men, and beasts, and monsters kill'd—
Of sons their aged parents slaying—
Of murd'rous men, and devils praying—
Of daughters ravish'd—cousins slain—
And corpses come to life again—
To highest pitch my fears were rais'd,
I, shudd'ring, cried, (being much amaz'd,)
“ Ah, there! what's that? what's that I see?
“ Is it a ghost from death set free?
“ Is it a devil come on earth,
“ For frolic, pleasure, or for mirth?
“ Is it a daring robber laid
“ Beneath the hedge's murky shade?
“ Oh! 'tis the shade of some great chief,
“ Among us come to seek relief!



BOTH ON THE PARISH.

“Nay, 'tis not! 'tis some fearful sprite!

“For see, 'tis now all cloth'd in white!

“Around it hellish serpents cling,

“And, moaning loudly, try to sing—

“Two fiery globes of flaming light

“Dispel the darkness of the night—

“What can it be that, hideous, seems

“To cast on me its spectral beams?”

The moon was hid behind a cloud—

The winds around me whistled loud—

My boldness gone—my hair on end—

My swiftest pace I fain would mend—

I dare not pass that dreadful form—

My thoughts were toss'd as by a storm—

My feelings to their height were screwed,

When, lo! the moon its brightness shewed,

And help'd me to see what it was;

And of my terror what the cause—

The question I can solve, though late—

It was, *A Sheep's Head through a Gate!!!*

E. A. B.

A TALE OF LOVE,
BY THE ORIGINAL COMIC.

I've been in love some twenty times,
 With more than twenty people ;
From ladies, like a washing tub,
 To ladies, like a steeple.
And some of them were lily white,
 With cheeks as red as roses ;
And some of them had ruby lips,—
 And some had ruby noses.

There was a tough old gentleman,
 Who dealt in bricks and mortar ;
And by some odd coincidence,
 He had a pretty daughter :
Her outside walls were very neat,
 Her voice was very winning,
She had a pair of little feet,
 To serve for underpinning.

I met her in the house one day ;
 And, in the lover's fashion,
I threw myself upon my knees,
 And told my tale of passion.



**DOMESTIC ECONOMY---WEARING HIS FATHER'S
CLOTHES.**

She burst into a flood of tears,
And said that she was thinking,
As how she loved their 'prentice boy,
But he had took to drinking!

The next, she was a blacksmith's girl ;
Her hair, it was like charcoal ;
Her eyes, they sparkled out like red
Hot iron from a dark-hole.
My heart, it beat a ten pound ten,
Whenever I came nigh her ;
And Cupid's bellows blew me up,
Till I was all on fire.

At last, I ventured to declare
The hopes I long had cherished ;
How often when I thought she frowned
My very soul had perished ;
And begged her for one gentle breath
To wake the dying cinder—
She took me by the neck and heels,
And flung me out of *winder*.

The next, she was a blue-eyed miss ;
A pie-compounder's daughter ;

She set my feelings in a stir,
Like carbonated water.
My wretched heart she cut it up,
Into a thousand slices;
For she was sweeter than her cake,
But colder than her ices.

The next, she was a sexton's girl—
A maid of whims and fancies;
For while he dug the neighbours' graves,
She delved on old romances.
She measured me against the wall;
Said she, 'He might be smaller;
But then the tailor down the lane,
Is full two inches taller.'

And I have had a dozen more,
But I have left them all now;
I use my card case for my quids,
And never make a call now.
I do not turn my collar down,
To make myself look thinner;
And as for love, my tender thoughts
Are wasted on my dinner.



*Yours ever feasible W Jordan
Literally yours L. E. L.*

A PUFF DIRECT FROM THE RIVER JORDAN.

THE FALSE HUSSAR.

BY L. E. L.

Sir Fiddle de Dee was a young hussar,
The mess-table's sun, and the ball-room's star ;
Few so gallant looked as he
In his jacket of gold-lace embroidery ;
None of his brother officers
Could vie with him in boots and spurs,—
So neatly they fitted, so brightly shone
That they challeng'd all comparison ;
And he beat the whole of his regiment
In wit as well as habiliment !

It was a lovely summer night,
And the moon shed out a sweet white light
O'er the od'rous gardens that circl'd round
A mansion where now arose music's sound ;

And the young and gay were gather'd there,
And beaded necks and braided hair,
And sandall'd insteps and garter'd knees,
And ringlets with rich perfumeries,
And braceletted wrists and gauze-clad arms,
Added to nature's all art's best charms !

The hall of dance was a gorgeous scene :
The walls were satined with white and green,
Border'd, in corner, recess, and side,
With a moulding of gold six inches wide ;
The curtains were of a light sky-blue,
Edged with a fringe of silvery hue,
And were gently fluttering here and there,
Like the soft loose tress of a maiden's hair.

Against a pillar an Hussar leant
In the dress uniform of his regiment :
Silent he stood—with pensive glance—
As if he didn't intend to dance :
Amid the crowd his eye now darts,—
What sees he there that thus he starts?—
He lifts his glass—he smiles—he moves—
He waves his hand—is with her he loves !

And now to music, swift and sweet,
Join hands again, and caper feet.
Sir Fiddle de Dee hath his partner got,
But her ancle is sprained and *she* dances not !
Why with a downcast look doth she walk ?
Is it the flooring's graceful chalk,
Or the dazzling jet of her lover's boot,
Which shows off so well his sweet little foot,
That woes her downward bending eye ?
No, something more her looks imply ;
And, mark ! Sir Knight is upon his knee ;
Heavens ! what can the matter be ?
She raises him up :—her shame is past ;
He hath tied the string of her shoe at last !

They have left the festival's glittering throng,
Melons and music, dance and song :
What to them are the ices and wines,
The hot-house grapes, or the hot-house pines ?
The rich, cool dew of the moonlight hour,
As it drops from the boughs in a starry shower,
So gently falls and refreshingly,
That it wakes them up like a cup of Bohea.

And now in a bower they sit alone, —
His arm round her, like a tightened zone,—
And she feels its tightness,—but what of that?—
He enlivens the time with such sweet chit-chat,
And none can her happy blushes see,
As she sits on his gently-proffered knee;—
For the bench where they sat was damp with dew,
And it might have wet her, poor creature, thro'!—
Sir Fiddle de Dee, couldn't think of this,
Such danger he swore should alone be his!
She saw his kindness, and could not speak
A word of blame, as he kissed her cheek.
Oh! beautiful moments are those when first
On her lover's knee is a virgin nurst!
She looks in his eyes with such pure delight,
Especially if the time be night;
But, oh, if thy lover an officer be,
And his duty call him across the sea,
To fight for his country on foreign plain,
And in foreign land he perchance be slain,
Far better, fair virgin, it were for thee
To ne'er have been nursed on thy lover's knee!

And thus it is with that maid of rich charms
In Sir Fiddle de Dee's chivalrous arms ;
To-morrow he goes from his lover afar,
For he's ordered off to the Peninsula !
And, alas ! he may never more return !—
But, reader, that you shall shortly learn.

Some days, it perhaps might be a week,
When the lady, I spoke of and now shall speak,
Was forgetting awhile her dear officer ;
In reading the page of a newspaper
Her eye on the list of marriages fell,
And she gave a loud hysteric yell !—
Her mother, guessing what 'twas about,
Took the paper and thus read out :—
“ Married, Cornet Sir Fiddle de Dee,
Of the 10th Hussars, to Miss Laura Lee.—
Alas ! the poor girl never spoke again !
Physic—condolence—all were vain !—
The bloom from her cheek immediately fled,
And—before it came back again—she was—dead !

THE SEVEN AGES OF INTEMPERANCE.

A PARODY.

' Use me, but don't abuse me.'---*Ace of Spades.*

All the world's a bar room,
And all the men and women merely tipplers:
They have their bottles and their glasses;
And one man in his time takes many quarts,
His drink being seven kinds.—At first the infant,
Taking the cordial in the nurse's arms;
And then, the whining school-boy with his drop
Or two of porter, just to make him creep
More willingly to school.—And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, o'er his lemonade
Brewed into whiskey-punch.—Then a soldier ;

Full of strange oaths, and reeling mad with brandy.
Brutal and beastly, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the fiend Intemperance
E'en in the gallon's mouth.—And then the justice
In fair round belly, with Madeira lined,
Most elegantly drunk, superbly corned,
Full of wise saws against the use of gin,
And so he swallows wine.—The sixth drink
Shifts into the lean and bloated dram-drinker,
A spectacle his nose, he's scorched inside ;
The wretch's ragged hose, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank : and his once manly hand,
Shaking the cup of tea, well lined with rum,
Seems now five palsied bones. Last drink of all,
That ends intoxication's history,
Is laudanum, self murder's long oblivion
Sans Faith, sans Hope, sans Life, sans every thing.

STREET SENTIMENT.

BY A LATE WAG.

“The rose by any other name would smell as sweet,” and a romantic young man is undoubtedly a romantic young man, whether “the woods, the fields, the groves,” or “the streets, the squares, the courts,” be the scene of his rhapsodies. In either of these places romance is liable to interruption, and, by an unfortunate *contre-temps*, the height of the sublime may be metamorphosed into the depths of the ridiculous. We remember once being in company with a pensive enthusiast on the *Capo di Monte*, which overlooks the city of Naples.



A WAG.

Portrait of a funny little dog, whose tail curled so tight that it lifted him off his hind legs.

0.1 0.2 0.3 0.4 0.5 0.6 0.7 0.8 0.9 1.0

Every thing was in the finest order for an ebullition of pathos. The city lay beneath, and the *Campagne* extended beyond, bedecked with vineyards, goats, peasants, and all the established properties of Italian scenery. Vesuvius was smoking on the left, the sun was setting on the right, the bay of Naples and the Appenines were glowing gloriously, a convent bell was heard in the distance,—in fact nothing could be finer for the purposes of a rhapsodist, when our friend, after a worthy eulogy on the whole scene, bid us listen to the hum of the cattle, and the quiet buz in the atmosphere. We, being the most unromantic of mortals, of course didn't precisely catch the said *hum* upon the instant, and were requested to be silent as we should "*hear it presently.*" We paused, when a jackass in an adjacent pasture set up a vigorous bray, which resounded from where it arose, struck upon the opposite Appenine, and bounded back with the frightful assurance of the fact that it was the voice of a most undoubted donkey, such as is sometimes seen in the cart of an English costermonger. This was too much: even the enthusiast laughed, and admitted that the

bray of a jackass is the bray of a jackass, whether it be heard in a splendid Italian scene, or falls upon the ear in the Whitechapel neighbourhood. We have given this lengthy anecdote to prove, that it is not unlikely in London such reductions of romance can occur, and that, therefore, it is not unlikely there must be many such *malapropos* incidents constantly occurring in the metropolis. The following tasteful ballad shows what sort of inconveniences are likely to occur to a romantic young man in London, and we give the affecting production the title of

THE FLEET STREET SENTIMENTALIST.

When pensive at evening
Down Fleet-street I stroll,
And memory comes trundling
Ton weights on my soul ;
When deep reminiscences
Trouble my heart,
And at voices long vanish'd,
Now wakened, I start ;

When thought, like a mirror,
Reflects my lost lot,
I'm roused by a cry of
 "Baked tatars, all hot."

Though disturbed for a moment,
My mind like a ball,
Rebounding with force from
An obdurate wall,
Flies back to the feelings
On which it was bent ;
Though the wild cry of commerce
Had check'd their full vent,
And I mourn that of marble
My heart's not a slab,
Till a voice rudely bellows
 "Your honour a cab?"

But the current of sentiment
Once when set in,
Is not quickly diverted,
But rolls on *agin—(again.)*

I fly to the future,
Then rush to the past,
Then pray that this year will
Be better than last ;
But how can I keep from
The present away ?
A shrill voice replies with
“ *A bill of the play?*”

1890

1891

1892

1893

1894

1895

1896

1897

1898

1899

1900

1901

1902

1903

1904

NOTICE.

The COMIC MAGAZINE will be continued in future in a New and Improved Shape, and no Expense will be spared to render it worthy of increased Support.



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