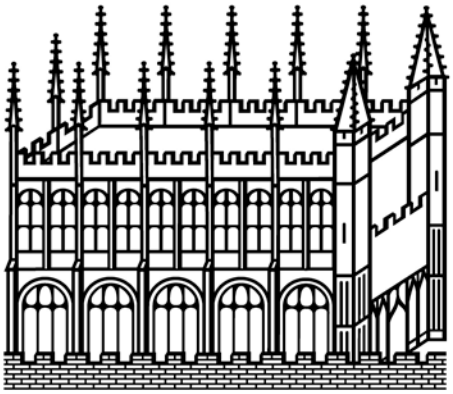

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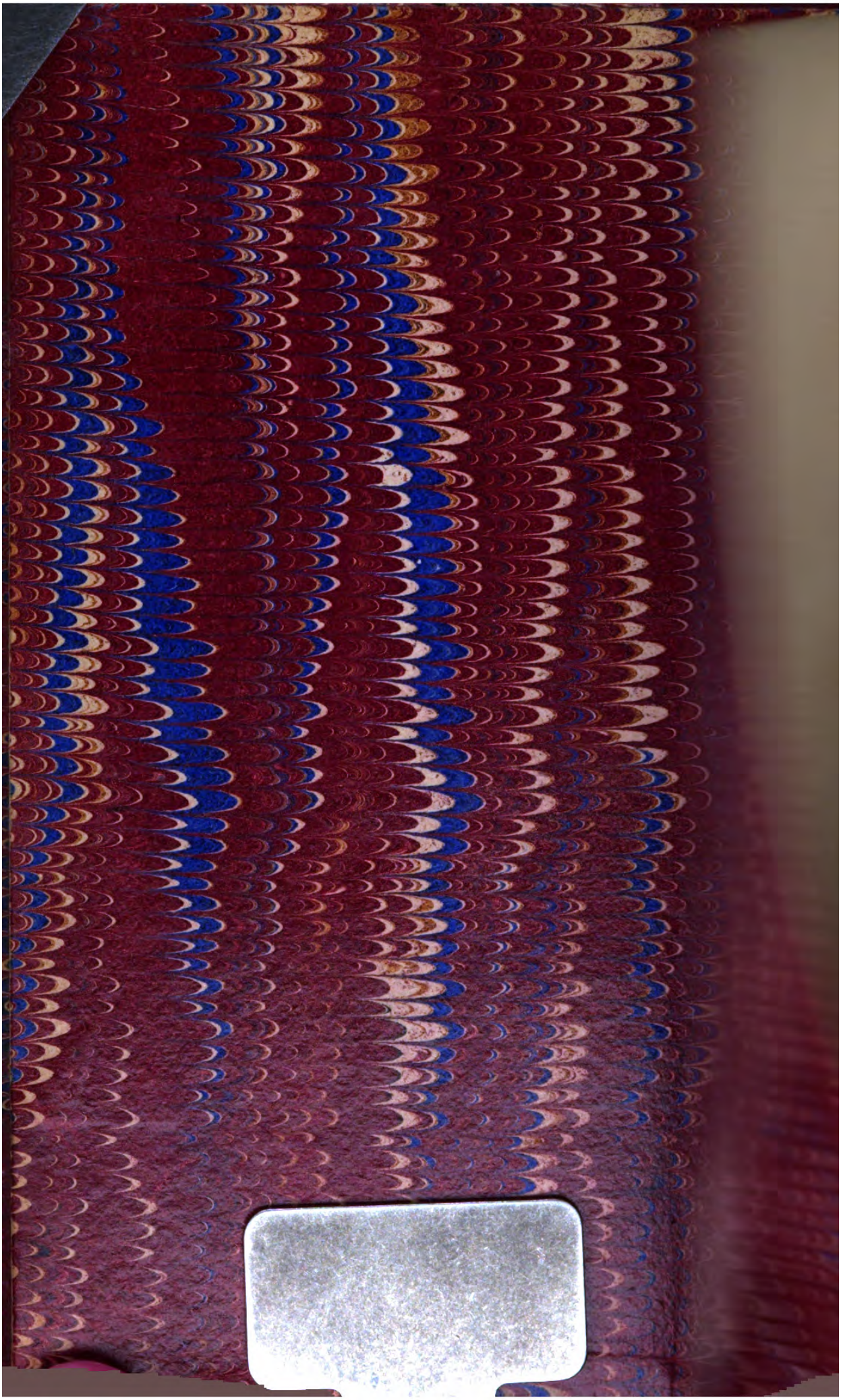

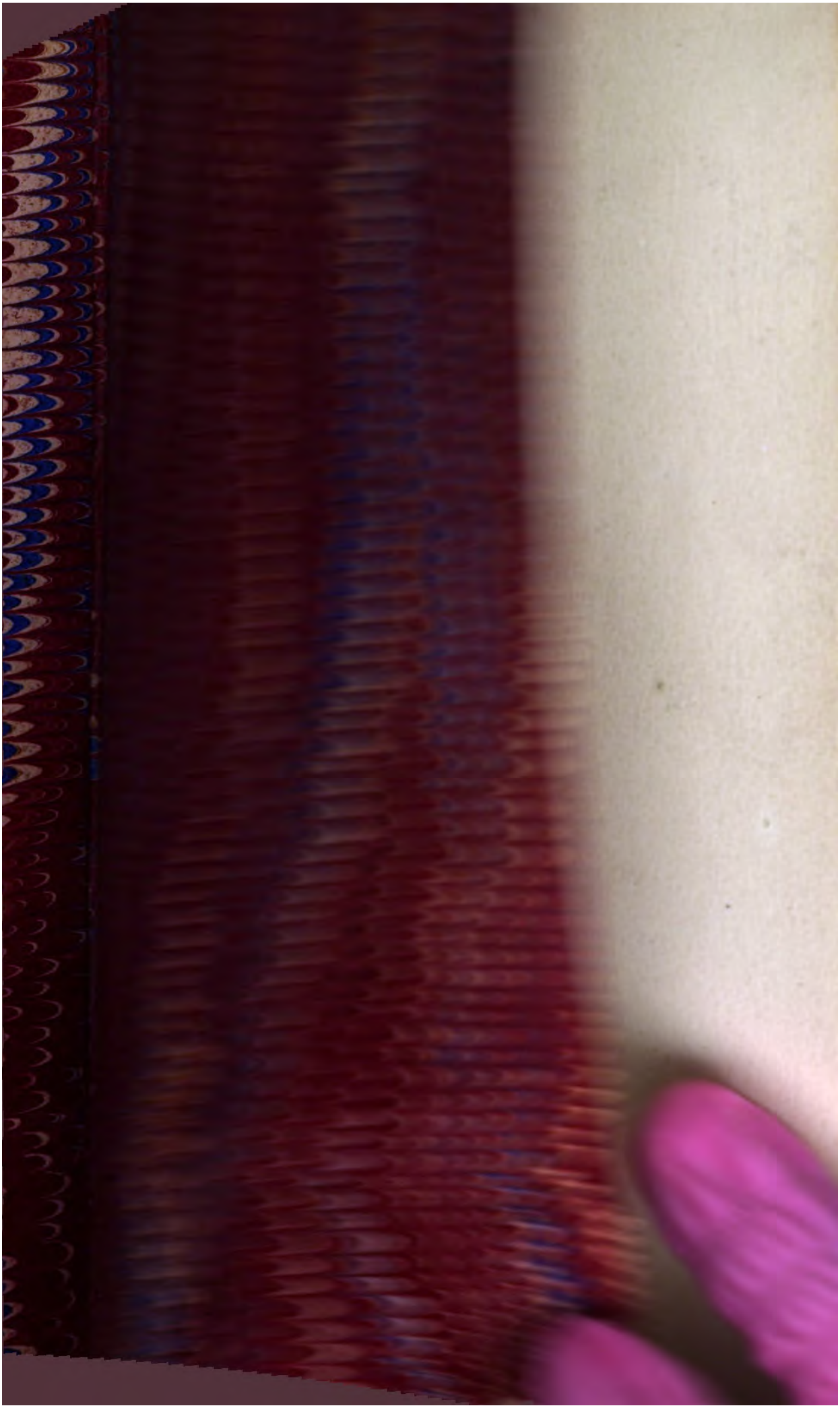

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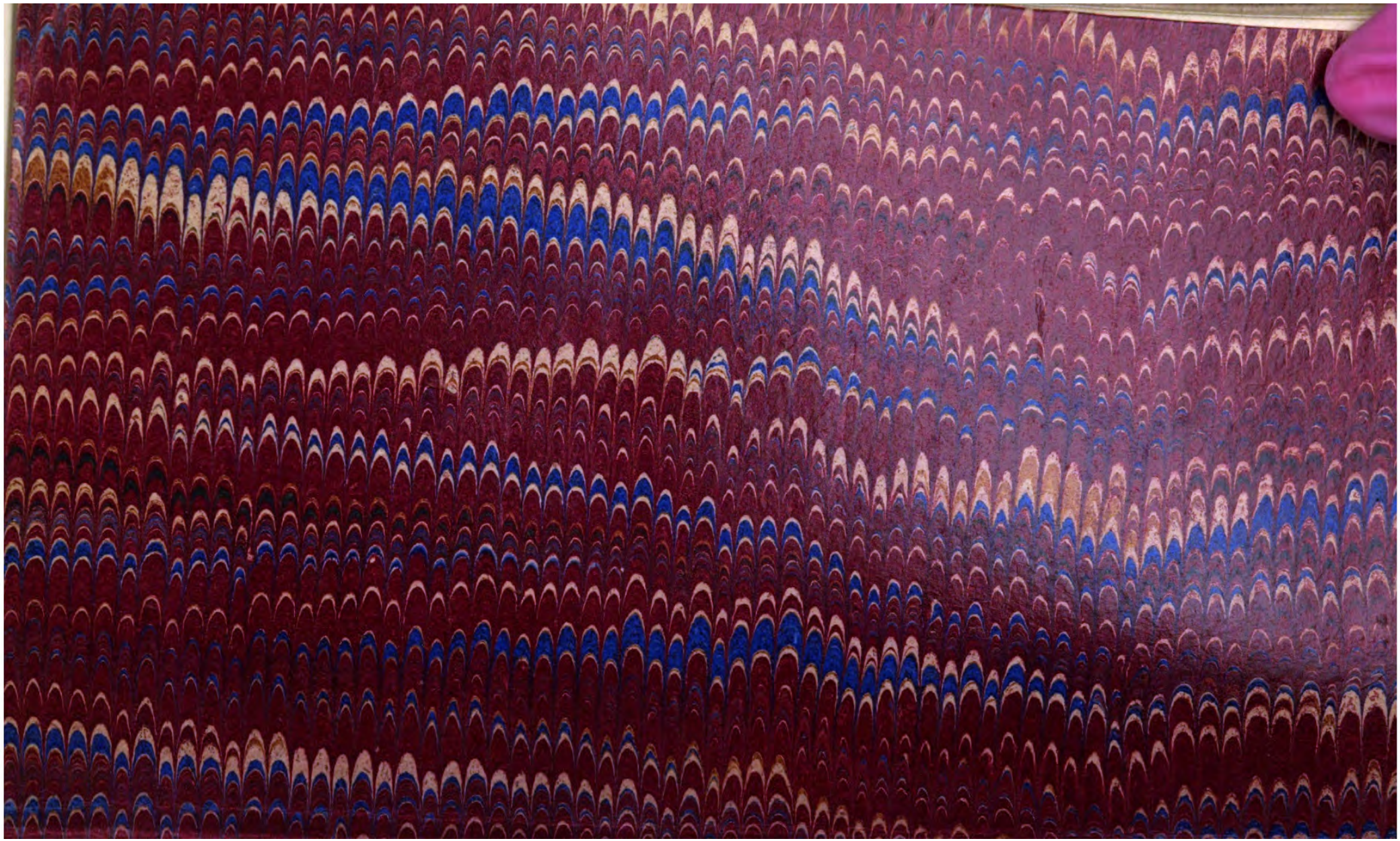

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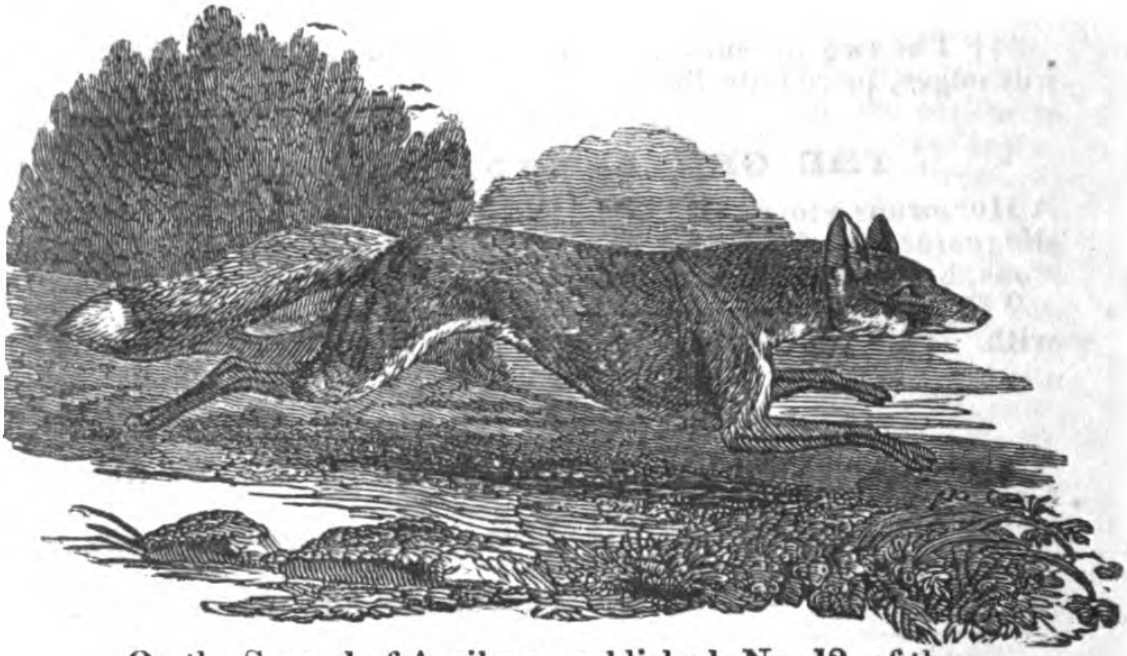

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COMIC MAGAZINE.

THE

COMIC MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

A FUNNY BONE.

EDITED BY

THE EDITOR OF "FIGARO IN LONDON."

LONDON:

JAMES GILBERT,

REGENT STREET.

1832.

Printed by T. Richardson, 245, High Holborn, London.

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PREFACE.

THE Preface is the most unprofitable part of a whole volume. The writer *gains nothing by it*, and the reader often complains that it is impossible *to get through it;* the author says it is *very hard to write*, while the peruser answers that *it is very soft to read.*

To make, therefore, as short as possible of an unpleasant task, the Editor, on the completion of

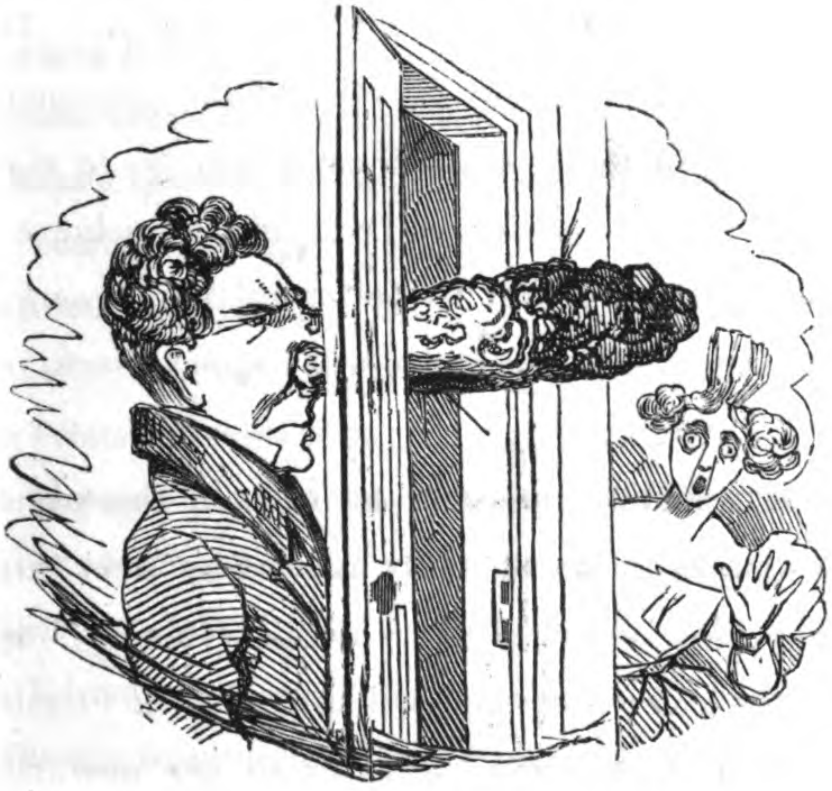
the first volume of the Comic Magazine, has to thank the public and the press,—the former for *receiving*, and latter for *reviewing* his little work in a much more favourable light than he had presumed to anticipate.

The Comic Magazine has comically enough *gone* off without having been *blown up* by any body. A *dirty little Pool* fell upon it unexpectedly at one time, but muddy water sometimes has the effect of making fire burn more brightly. However at variance with the rules of the grammarian, the aim of the Editor will constantly be to render the *future* numbers *perfect*, and, to achieve this end, no means will be left untried to secure the assistance of the most eminent comic writers.

It would be injustice to omit, in this place, a testimony to the liberality evinced by Miss Sheridan, the Editor of the "Comic Offering," who, on the *arrival* of this work in the field of literature, welcomed it, not as *a rival* to her own clever annual, but as a companion endeavouring to pursue

the same path to public favour, which the "Comic Offering" has already most successfully travelled.

The name of SEYMOUR ought not to be omitted in the preface; for the Editor feels, and even the most clever of his contributors must agree with him, that, in the repast offered in this Magazine, the chief attraction is *in the plates*, and the very excellent CUT in which through his assistance every article has been served up to the public.



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THE MAID OF THE MILL.

JOHN SMITH,

A BALLAD.

"Becomes the *smith* of his own foolish fate."—Dryden.

John Smith he was a lawyer's clerk,
To work though none could get him;
For he was so *struck* with the *stage*,
That it had quite *upset* him.

And every day but made him more
Averse to legal tracts,
Preferring always *Shakspeare's five*
To *Castlereagh's six acts.*

So on the stage he swore to go;
For 'twas his firm belief
That he could *draw a house*, a great
Deal better than a *brief*.

One morning early he set off,
With hope elate, no doubt;
They had, when he left *Lyons Inn*,
Just brought the *lions out*.

He met some players on the road,
With whom he did engage;
And took to *strolling*, though he long'd
To go upon the *stage*.

They were a horrid low-liv'd set,
But, having kindred hearts,
He look'd upon each actor as
A perfect "*man of parts*."

THE LEER OF PRIVATE LIFE.

The women too were sadly off;
But now-a-days one's us'd
To find the *fair* of every *stage*
Exceedingly *reduc'd.*

" With the whole strength," to play King Lear
He was announc'd at last,
And every body thought the *Leer*
A wonderful *strong cast.*

That it would *fill the boxes* too,
They hadn't any fears ;
They thought his tragic acting would
Be certain to *draw tiers.*

Now *Lear* was clearly meant to seem
Austere-ish by the bard—
The very name of *Leer* implies,
He meant him to *look hard.*

But fear, alas! when Smith came on,
(It happens very oft)
Instead of looking very *hard*,
Made him look very *soft*.

So agitated was he, that
The house to hiss was nigh;
And many, as it was, declar'd
His *Leer* was "all my *eye*."

But, though he shook so very much
(Thus fright will often serve us),
His acting of the character
Was any thing but *nervous*.

And as for his deep tragedy,
So very *deep* 'twas found,
For his conception of the part
No one could see the *ground!*

Lo ! in the middle of the play
Arriv'd the Lear's papa,
Who vow'd by Heavens that his *sun*
Should never be a *star*.

So from the place he dragg'd the youth,
His acting-fit to mar;
And, now to be a man of *note*,
He's put him to the *Bar*.

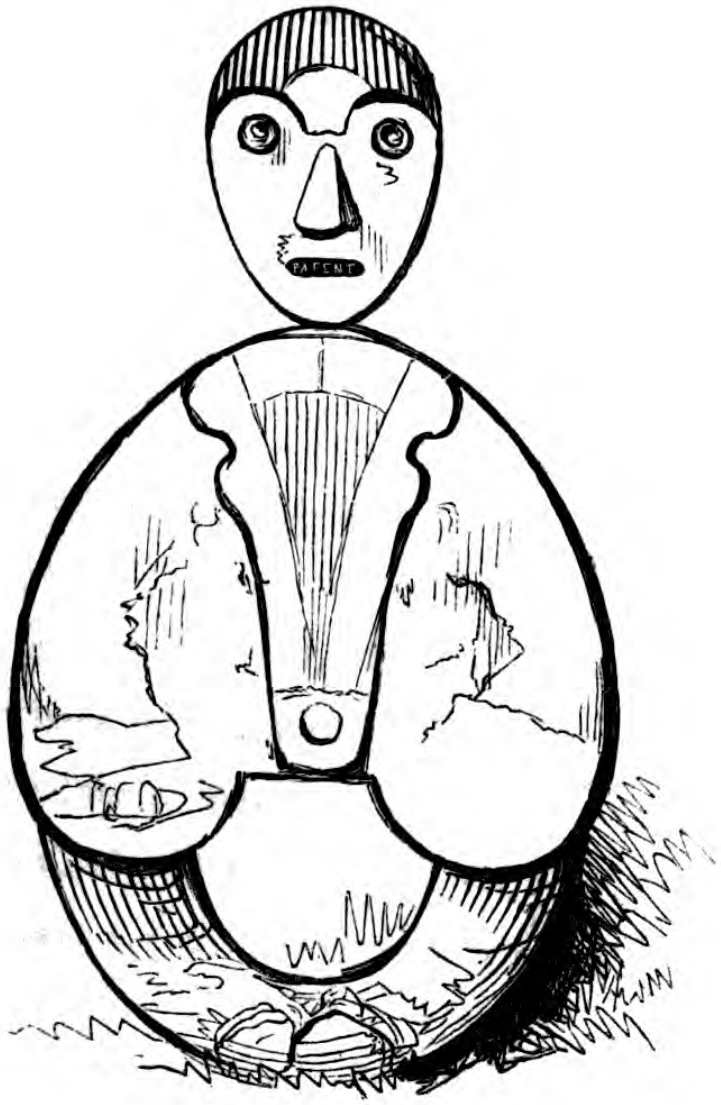
THE *HAIRS* IN LOAD-O'-WHISKA.

PHILOSOPHY.

"I have never read, heard, nor seen any thing: I had never any taste for Philosophy"——Sidney.

If there be a subject more abstruse, and consequently less adapted to these pages, than another, it is Philosophy. However, as there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous,—which, taken literally, means, it is only a stone's-throw from *Dull-age* to *Grin-age*,—I will try if so weighty a subject cannot be made light of.

No one can be less fond of Philosophy than myself. I never saw a book yet which professed to treat upon the subject, without finding it any thing but a *treat* to peruse. The very word philosopher sounds so like *fill-a-sofa*,



FANCY PORTRAIT—LOCKE.

that it always seems to me to imply a something sleepy. Your deep thinkers are, in my idea, very *deep* persons altogether; and if any thing could prove how little faith they deserve, and the cheap light in which they should be held, it is when Johnson himself tells us, "a deep thinker is a *penny-traitor*." And yet by some people a Philosopher is considered *sage;* as if, forsooth, there could be any *soup-herb* (superb) qualities in a *common-tater*.

Philosophers, indeed, are no favourites of mine. There is, to my fancy, something *sickening* in the idea of *getting Paley;* and, as for Sir Humphrey, the late President of the Royal Society, I have the antipathy of a Quaker to taking my *Davey*.

Sir Isaac Newton is considered the Prince of Philosophers, and he was certainly particularly famous for his *gravity:* indeed, I never take up his works without discovering the force of it,

for they always send me to sleep. But it is beyond my comprehension to imagine how a person so skilled in *heavy* matters could have known any thing about the "Theory of *Light*;" and as for his *doct'ring* of the Universe, I can only account for it by supposing him to have been deeply impressed with that line in Shakspeare—

"There's some *ill* planet reigns."

Bacon was also given to philosophy; and he certainly made it very *dry*; for, although there's many a rash principle of Locke, I must confess there 's many a *rasher of Bacon*. Besides, every one must allow that the chief part of Bacon is *gammon*.

Talking of Locke, I must say he is to me quite unintelligible. There should be a *key* to his works, and then one might open him with pleasure. As it is, I confess I have no use for

him. Six years ago, I had my Locke put away in a basket, and it has been *hampered* ever since: but even had I made him my study, I am confident he could never have improved my mind; for how, indeed, can the Human Understanding be *opened* with a *Locke* upon it?

LOCKE UPON THE UNDERSTANDING.

CHANGE OF H*AIR*.

"Now *Reddy*."—Bookseller's Advertisement.

"Ay, there 's the rub."—Shakspeare.

As black as ever jet could be,
Was once the hair I had;
And, oh! to lose such *raven locks*,
Near drove me *raven mad!*
But, in one little night, alas!
They took a reddish turn,
And made my head look all on *fire*,
By getting of au-*burn*.

GIVING HIMSELF HAIRS.

That they could ever change like that,
Ah ! little did I dream,
When I stept in and bought a pot
Of " Vegetable cream."
But, when I rubb'd it on my hair
That night up in the garrets,
That " *Vegetable* cream," Oh Lord!
Gave me a *crop of carrots !*

LOST ITS ATTRACTION.

DROPPING IN.

AN ICE TALE.

"Skate—A flat fish."—Johnson's Dic.

I was once, and only once, tempted to try my hand, or rather my feet, at skaiting, and then I got in for it: but I shall ever give myself credit for undergoing my going under like a hero;—for, considering the extreme frigidity of the water, I do not think I can be accused of boasting when I say I took it extremely cool.

The frost on the year of my coming out and going in as a skaiter, was rather late in its vacation; that is to say, the little boys were returning to school just as it was *breaking up*. It was towards the end of the season that I ventured *forth*, or, more properly speaking, *first*

FALLING IN WITH A FRIEND.

upon the ice. The snow was resolving itself into its *parent* state, insomuch as it was becoming *pappy*, but the *hoar-frost* was doubtlessly the *hoar-thaw* (author) of it all.

The day was remarkably fine, and had attracted a great concourse of people to the Park; the *women* assembled were very *men-y*; *skates* were extremely plentiful, but *flounders* were even more so; every figurante complained of their being no *drawing-room*, and numbers had a *second or third floor*.

Although a beginner, after a few tumbles (all of which, by-the-bye, were attributable to the *flaws* on the ice) I got to understand my skates, or, in other words, I got my skates to understand me, and, when I once got up to them, I found I very seldom got down.

However, in the midst of all my success there was one difficulty to me insurmountable—I could never stop myself. The skates, from a

brotherly fish-feeling, as it were, seemed determined not to go upon the h*eels;* and if ever I attempted to overcome that, I was sure to come over. If I tried a pirouette, they appeared decidedly to think one good turn deserved another —or rather one would have imagined them infected with the *revolution* mania of the times ;— in fact, whenever I attempted a whirl, I was sure to be " *World* without end."

I was well aware, that to put a stop to my goings on was of the utmost importance. Accordingly I commenced practising, but, alas ! the sight of a particular member of the *soft* sex, who for me, be it known, felt a little h*ardour*, drew me from my labours.

I was naturally desirous of proving to her the progress I had made, and could make, in my skates, and determined to perform grace before *meating*. Accordingly, striking out with all my elegance, I was proceeding most delightfully

NOT THE INCH-CAPE BELL.

along the ice, my eyes actively superintending my legs, and myself becoming more and more pleased with my *feat*, when I was suddenly roused from my self-satisfaction by a most disheartening hiss; I raised my eyes to see from what indiscriminating object it could proceed; when, to my horror, I discovered it came from a number of swans, towards whose *quarters*, or rather w*holes*, I was rapidly advancing.

To stop myself I knew was impossible. Each skate seemed to be eager to enter its own element. Into it I was aware I must go; and, apparently, as calmly as if it were a matter of choice—so I did; and, consequently, my plunge was accompanied with a burst of laughter. All sympathy for my situation was exceedingly scarce, for it was not until I had given two *bobs* that I was offered the least assistance. It was then a philanthropic individual tried to save me from drowning by a rope, but it was certainly

not his *line*. I gave another bob; and, upon making what must have been my last appearance, the first thing that *caught* my eye was a thing with a *hook*; in which horrid situation I was dragged ashore, taken to the Receiving House, where, in about *three* or *four* hours, I was brought *to*.

BRINGING HIM TWO.

A NEAT TURN OUT.

REMONSTRANCE

TO A PERSON DRIVING FAST.

"Go draw the *bolt*, and make all *fast*."—
Ben Jonson.

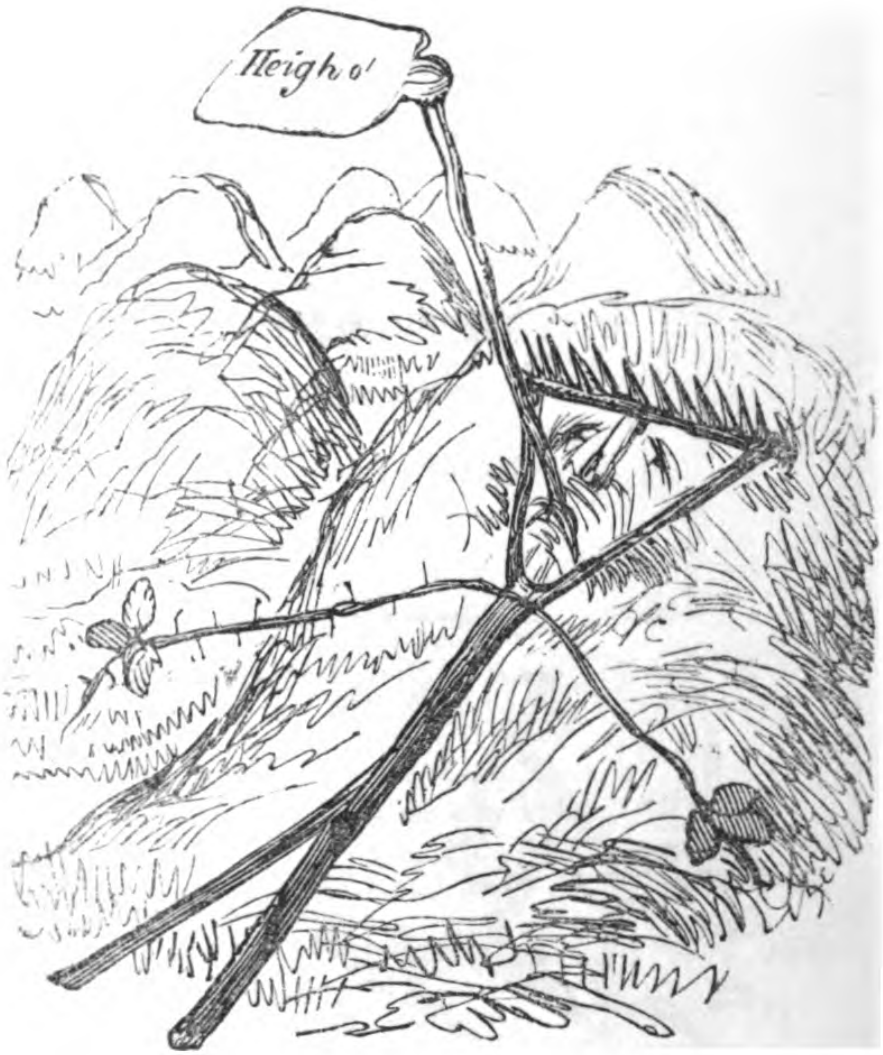
WHY, Mister, why
Such a rate from town?
If you drive like that,
You'll very soon *get down*.

Why, Mister, why
Give your neck a risker?
Can a dennet run
As briskly as a *briska*?

Why, Mister, why
Not more cautio.. e ?
Such a horse must be
Accustom'd to a *break*.

Why, Mister, why
Has he sent u flying ?
Well, I thought he seem'd
Addicted, Sir, to *shying*.

SETTING IT OFF TO ADVANTAGE.



A GREAT RAKE WITH A SAD HIGH-HOE!

A RAKE'S LAMENT.

BY THE EDITOR OF "FIGARO IN LONDON."

"How, in the name of Heaven!
Did he *rake all this out?*"—Shakspeare.

I'VE sigh'd *heigh-ho* in beauty's bowers,
Have been in love exceeding bold;
And I have pluck'd the fairest flowers,
Of heavenly, not of earthly, *mould.*
But roses, lilies, all are now
Quite vanish'd, and I can but grieve
That I have made my parting *bough,*
And of the flowers taken *leave.*

Oh! yes, indeed, I must forsake
The path I have been used to go;
For, being such a wretched *rake*,
Has made me very much to *hoe*.
I've been a *blade*, 'tis very true,
That filthy lucre never hoarded;
And always *ran my money through*,
Though none can say that I was *sworded*.

I've been a traitor, too, from youth;
For, e'en were justice o'er me hovering,
always was, to tell the truth,
Exceeding prone *to change a sovereign*.
But soon, alas! the grinding law,
With its black clouds, rush'd darkening o'er me,
And, oh! one morning to my door
Came one *with an attachment for me*.

The aspect of him quite, O Lord!
Tended to frighten and unnerve me;
I trembled, for I felt assured
He had a strong desire *to serve me*.

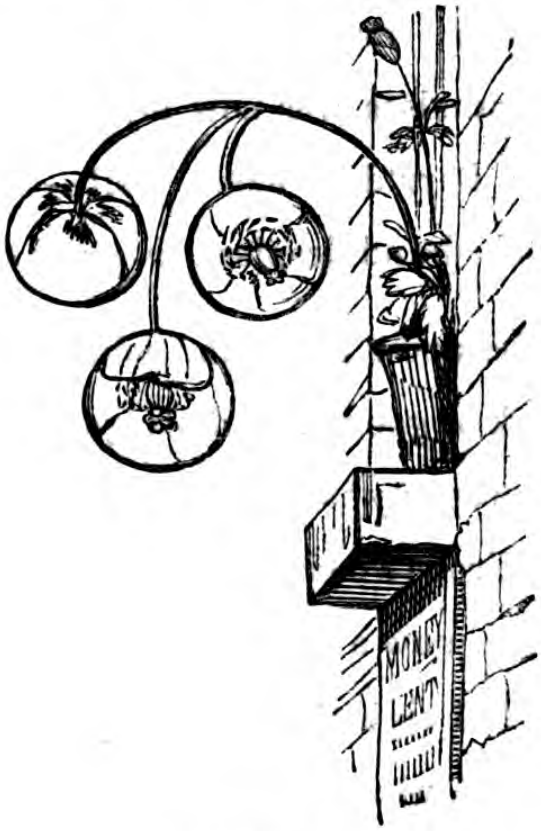
STRONG ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT.

What could I do? I was inclined
By hook or crook, of course, to get off;
And straight it enter'd in my mind
To *run away*, and plead a *set-off*.

But vain it was to try t' elude
The bailiff, so I went up to him,
And though I was the party sued,
I straightway did resolve *to sue him*.
It was in vain; he show'd his writ,
The Marshalsea was now my fate,
And there, barr'd up alone, I sit—
A wretched and despised *in-grate!*

Yes, cashless now I am, and cold;
My stock of goods less daily grows;
My little property is sold;
My wardrobe's coming to its *clothes*.
The world is now a game at chess,
To which I sigh that I was born;
My chance to win, each hour gets less,
So I must help it with *a pawn*.

When cruel fathers cast aside
  Their wretched children by the dozen,
They in their *uncles* must confide,
  Though almost sure to meet a *couzen*.
Oh! had I not been such a testy un',
  I might have been at fortune's top;
Could I have only *popp'd* the *question*,
  I'd not been *question'd* when I *pop*.



POPPY.

THE STAFF AT HEAD QUARTERS.

LACONICS.

"A *go* of *summut short*."—
Public House Vocabulary.

SOLDIERS are generally considered inconstant. Is it from their being accustomed to *cut-lasses?*

Red-haired men make the best troops, for they always carry their *fire-locks* upon their shoulders.

It is said, the older we grow, the wiser we get: but is it not more natural to suppose, that the *greater* a person's *years*, the more *ass* he?

No man should appear unhappy, on the principle that no good *wight* ever looks *blue*.

If virtue lie in resisting temptation, surely no woman is *chased* unless she be *run after*.

Marriage is designated the *bridle* state: and, indeed, it puts a *curb* upon most persons.

Clocks that have stopped, by misrepresenting the time, become paradoxes; they *stand* and *lie* simultaneously.

Schools for young persons are called pre-*parrot*-ory; because at them every thing is learnt by rote.

Intercourse is generally a sign of friendship: and, indeed, it is but natural, if you *correspond* with a person, for most persons to think you *like* him.

The lower class of people is termed the *can-oil* (canaille): on the same principle, the middle men should be called the *sperm-o'-city*.

A sword is one of the emblems of justice: and it is but *uniform* that, with such a weapon, we should meet *red-dress*.

The week preceding Easter is most appropriately termed *Passion* Week; insomuch as then even the buns are *cross*.

Jews generally wear beards, to show that they are of the tribe of *Hair-on* (Aaron).

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A MAN OF LETTERS.

THE PRINTER'S DEVIL'S WORK.

SUGGESTED BY "THE DEVIL'S WALK."

To Printing-house Square, at close of day,
The young Printer's Devil is bound
To set up the Paper that *circulates* most,
Or the Paper that most *turns round.*

And over the leader, and over the news
He skimm'd, and over the speeches:
And the lines in the leader stood wide apart,
Like W——l's waistcoat and breeches.

And pray what did the Devil do?
Oh! he was expert at the art;
And first, just to keep his hand in play,
In a "HORRIBLE MURDER" took part.

But the Devil he very soon finish'd the job,
And came to a regular stand;
When, for want of some better employment
In a "ROBBERY" he had a hand.

He set up a joke by W——l;
But, thinking it couldn't be meant,
The Devil smil'd; for he headed it
"A SERIOUS ACCIDENT."

A speech of the Marquis of L.'s came next,
But it was beyond endurance;
So the Devil took pity, and headed it
"A MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE."

But then the young Devil bethought himself,—
He might in an error fall;
For a speech such as that, he clearly saw,
Requir'd no *head* at all.

He then had a speech of H—t's to do,
Where, *mirabile dictu!* a word or
Two of his Latin Mr. H. recollected;
And he called that a "HORRIBLE MURDER."

A joke too, by C——r, came into his hands,
But it was too witty a brevity
To be C——r's own; so he headed it
"EXTRAORDINARY LONGEVITY."

However, he thought at a heading like that
Some persons might kick up a bobbery;
And, as the joke was a decided Joe Miller,
He called it a "DARING ROBBERY."

He sat up a leading article on
The Advantage 'twould be to the nation—
If Lord Grey would but make a new batch of
peers,— [TION."
Which he called "BEAUTIES OF THE CREA-

A Speech on Reform too by W——l he did;—
So full of disjointed inelegance,
And so far from the purpose, he headed it
With the title of "FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE."

The Debate on Pluralities next he compos'd;
But, finding the incomes so large
And the duty so little, he headed it
"EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE."

An extract from Satan Montgomery's poems
Is the next thing the Devil commences;
But he sees that it's humbug, and, when it's com-
posed,
He puts it among the "OFFENCES."

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

A speech of St. P——l was his next job;
But it was too much for the elf,
And he was unable to set up the speech;
For he couldn't set up himself.

So into a corner the Devil sneaks,
O'ercome by so prosy a sample,—
Composes himself,—and leaves the Times
To follow his example.

NAPPING IT.

ON INTEMPERANCE.

(BY THE EDITOR OF "FIGARO IN LONDON.")

A DRUNKARD is in my eyes the most despicable of men, and so violent is my aversion to one, that, in sketching his character, I fear lest I may not be able to draw it sufficiently mild.

I am a great stickler for sobriety, but, in protesting against the use of cordials, am myself *an ardent spirit.* I always had the most weighty *scruples* against a *dram*, and am one of those who feel no commiseration at the fall of the *drama.* When a man once becomes addicted to drink, he seldom leaves the practice off; it is one of those habits which is scarcely ever got rid of, but is always *abandoned.* It is ruinous to the constitution: excessive *drinking* of the spirit is

DRAWING IT MILD.

the cause of violent *heating* of the body; and he seldom has any health of his own who is constantly drinking the health of others: he impairs his animal strength: his voice becomes hoarse, as if it were affected by a cold brought on by the perpetual *draft* in his throat; and indeed one of the characteristics of a *sot* is, that he generally speaks in *sotto voce*. Property is alike sacrificed to the pernicious influence of liquor; a man given to intoxication never can renovate his broken fortunes, though he always fancies he is *coming round*; and, though his head is constantly *swimming*, he can never keep it *above water*. He endeavours to preserve himself from melancholy by never being *out of spirits*, yet seldom can be said to enjoy himself except when he is either *aleing* or *whining*. He never thinks about death, though he delights in the anticipation of going to his *beer*. He behaves like a brute to his wife, inasmuch as he is addicted to *lick her*, and, if you tell him he is a villain, he replies that, as such, it is fit he

should be *brandied.* His mania often drives him to crime, and though he constantly has *a drop* in his *eye*, he never thinks about the *gallows.* His illicit propensities render him blind to the beauty of the laws: he hates the *customs* of his country, and the *duty* on *spirits* he considers applicable not to the living, but the dead. He sees no harm in keeping now-a-days a private still, declaring that *informing* was all well enough *in former* times, but that the modern *cellars* ought not to be an object of aversion to *Byers.* There seems to be a constant *singing* to his auricular *organs*, which, being in his head, have been the depository of many *pipes* and *barrels.* His wind pipe he converts into a pipe for wine, and he receives liquor into his *caput* as if it were a *hogshead.* He is one of those who, without an atom of reflection, most frequently sees double. His habits hurry him so rapidly down the tide of time, that he grows prematurely old, while his sober companions are still young; and, as they float gently down the

A PRIVATE STILL.

current of life, he is *half seas over*. He is continually making for *the port*, and has so great an anxiety to double *the cape*, that he soon arrives at death's harbour. Though generally the most degraded of men, yet a drunkard is most commonly first of the human *race*, at least, he is the one that soonest gets to the end of his journey.

RUM SHRUB.

SONNET.

THE wind is high, and not a soul can go out:
For rude old Boreas, the "blust'ring railer,"
Is giving every body such a *blow out*,
It seems to be the day for his grand *gala*.
But now the dust lies quiet in the streets—
But now again is past that charming ease.
He comes! *blowing up* every one he meets—
He's deuced fond of kicking up a *breeze;*
Our throats and eyes are cramm'd with pecks of dust, oh!
And chimney-pots upon the pavement flounder,
Which don't suit ours, altho' it may his *gusto*.
And every ship is *lost*, i. e. they *found-er*.
Back fly umbrellas—off the hats we wear;—
But yet it all is done with such an *air*.

A HEAVY SWELL.

A HAREM SCARE'EM FELLOW.

THE INTERRUPTED DINNER STORY.

Don Ferdinand he was the wildest young knight
That did in Grenada reside;
And, that while alive he in pleasure might revel,
'Tis said that the Don sold himself to the Devil.—
(That sole is extremely well fried!)

He paid no regard to the good of his soul,
But took care alone of his belly,
Believing that when in the tomb he should dwell,
He'd only be food for the worms in his cell.—
(I'll try now some *wermicelli!*)

The Don was quite pleas'd with his bargain at
first;
In pleasure he revell'd most fully;
He won all the hands to which he was aspirant;
Became with the women a deuce of a tyrant.—
(I'll try too a bit of that *bouilli!* [bully.])

He liv'd in the very first style, with a house
Inclos'd in the finest of parks;
Had always got plenty of cash at the banks,
And no one in Spain carried on such gay pranks.—
(Those really are very fine larks!)

He'd lost all his money by gambling before,
But, when he acquainted became
With the Devil, it gen'rally happen'd he made
Near 5000 dollars whenever he play'd.—
(Will any one try any game?)

CURRANT JAM.

He cut such a dash, not a girl in all Spain
Could see him without being struck :
In praise of his looks all the women's tongues ran,
And ev'ry one thought him a love of a man.—
(That is really a beautiful duck !)

But oh ! there was one whose young heart he had gain'd
Surpassing in beauty the rest !
She certainly was the most lovely of girls,
Her tresses hung down in such beautiful curls.—
(How nicely that hare is drest !)

She lov'd him ! ador'd him ! and Ferdinand too
An affection for her us'd to feel ;
So he never reveal'd to her where he must go,
He would not have filled her fair bosom with woe.—
(What a beautiful breast of *weal*.)

His compact was near at an end, and he knew
That the Devil would take no excuse;
He began now to see (too late tho' alas!)
That he'd acted in this like a very great ass.—
('Pon my word that's a very large goose.)

And Ferdinand felt in his heart that each day
More attach'd to his Julia he grew;
The thought—they must part—fill'd his mind with distress,
But he saw he'd got into a terrible mess.—
(That is really a very nice stew.)

But the terrible day for resigning his soul
Came at last, and that not-at-all-slack cock,
The Devil, appeared so precise to the hour,
And Ferdinand dreaded the gentleman's power.—
(I don't like the look of that black-cock.)

But Julia thought she her lover could save,
If to church she induced him to run:
So she did, and Old Nick couldn't enter the door;
But was forced to return where he came from
before.—
(Oh! that devil's delightfully done!)

RATHER TOO MUCH DONE.

A PASSAGE FROM THE LIFE

OF AN ILLUSTRIOUS CHARACTER.

ΟΙΣΤΡΩΣΑ *βροτων ψυχας μανιαισιν.* ORPH. HYMN.

On a mild evening in September, I was lounging at the end of a narrow court, leading out of Oxford-street; opposite to me was a book-stall—

evidently erected in the spirit of the spiritual injunction, "that those who run may read," and where learning may be pronounced to be "stall-fed,"—when my attention was excited by the approach of a young man, dressed in the first style of fashion, who checked his brass-heeled course at this repository of literature for peripatetic philosophers. There was that peculiar air about this stranger, which marks a man born to distinguished fortunes, or the fulfilment of a romantic destiny; he was, to describe him in unaffected phraseology, a walking personification of mutton broth,—carrots in his hair,—turnips in his cheeks,—and scrag in his whole body. Taking up a book, he read, or rather devoured, a passage from some author, and exclaimed, in a voice melodious, but manly,

"Our passions are great nature's laws, and given
Under the broad authentic seal of heaven!
Let pedants wrangle, and let bigots fight,
To put restraint on innocent delight;
But Heaven and Nature are always in the right!"

"Right, Bolingbroke, i-faith! but, for passions, *I* read appetites,—for pedants, fishmongers,—for bigots, constables,—and for innocent delights, native oysters!" Thus saying, he slowly lounged on, until he came to Pedley's, when, turning into the shop, he ordered some oysters. I followed him, curious to see more of a man who was evidently born to, or already had achieved, greatness. The oyster-man, a tall fellow, with as much beard, and as little brains, as his own oysters, asked, in a civil, simpering voice, "whether the gentleman preferred natives, Whitstables, Colchesters, Dovers, Miltons, or—" when the stranger burst out with "Natives! delicious emblems of true delicacy! Soft as the soul of L. E. L.! timid, yet melting, as a boarding-school beauty at a ball! —yet no; give me a dozen of each, *to taste*." The oysters were opened and devoured, half a loaf already eaten, and the boy thrice dispatched for porter, &c.; still the stranger, with unabated energies, expanded jaws, and unslackened appetite,

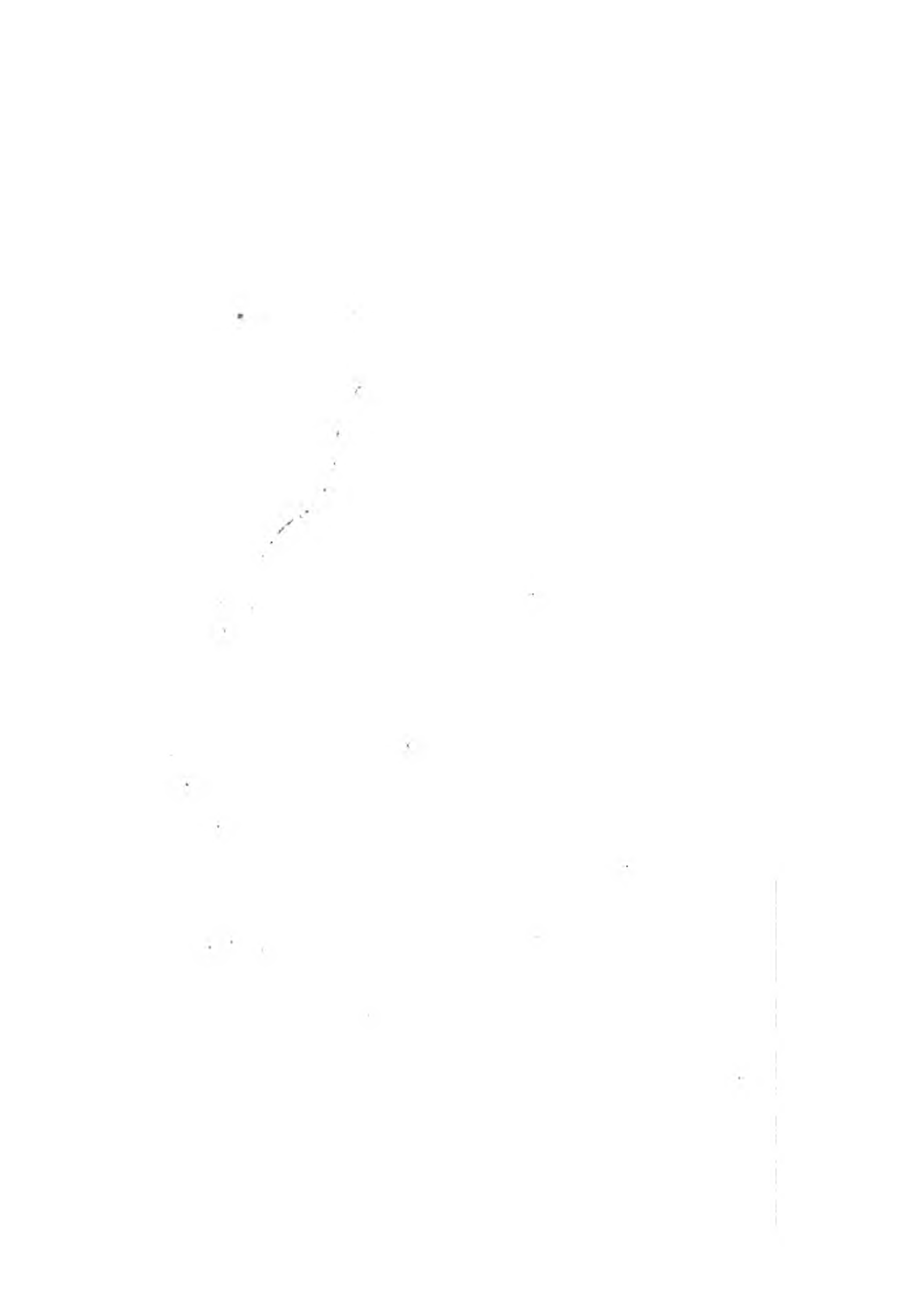
pursued his devouring course,—now chatting with the obsequious oyster-man, exulting in his excellent customer, on the reform bill, the cholera, and the weather—now pouring down his throat (for it was more like the mighty rush of a river down its torrent bed, than mere mortal swallowing) dozen upon dozen of hapless "innocent delights." The immensity of his mouth, the vast gulph of his guttural vacuity, can be depicted by no mortal pen; — Philosophers may measure the moon, mathematicians may square the circle, but the magnitude of that mouth may never be discovered! Fame had a hundred tongues,— Briareus, a hundred hands,—Argus, a hundred eyes; but this stranger had, in one single mouth, the collective capacity of a hundred. "Who can he be?" thought I. Still he eat, still he drank, still he swallowed! and to all eternity would have eaten, but for an exclamation of the surprised shopman,—"Sir, my tubs are empty!" "Never

mind," said the stranger, in a kind and unimpassioned tone of voice, "never mind, send your man to Billingsgate for another bushel or two, and I will put up with a lobster till he returns." The shopman hoped the gentleman would not be offended, but "*would* he settle his bill?"

Reader, are you old enough to remember Kemble,—John Kemble, the Roman Kemble,—when, as Coriolanus banished by an ungrateful country, he stood at the hearth of his enemy, Tullus Anfidius, and demanded an interview?

COR. If, Tullus,—yet thou know'st me not, and, seeing me,
Do not yet take me for the man I am,
Necessity commands me name myself.
AUF. What is thy name?
COR. A name unmusical to Volscian ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.
AUF. Say, what is thy name?
COR. (*unmuffling his face.*) My name is Caius Marcius!

The fine majestic attitude of Kemble,—the start, the astonishment of Tullus at that name, hast thou seen this? Such then was the solemn yet terrible bearing of the stranger,—such the start,



THE SPOILED CHILD—LITTLE PICKLE.

the bewilderment of the Oysterman, when thus the stranger spoke :—

" Bill, Sir? Bill?—Don't you know me?"

" No, Sir, I really don't, but I want to shut up the shop, Sir."

" *Stranger* (*taking out a newspaper*). Knowest thou me yet?—My name is—DANDO ! ! !"

" Oh name unmusical to *oyster-men !*"—The effect of that name was magical ; the scene changed at once : the small talk of the oyster-man, his civility, his jokes,—nay, even himself, vanished at the sound ; the very crabs looked crabbed, the lobsters looked black, the cod-fish swore, by " Cod !" the pickled herrings peeped out of their pickle over the tub ends with eager curiosity, the mackarel cryed themselves, the sprats looked small, the smelts smelt a rat,—in a word all the fish looked at him as a " scaly fellow," while the very soda-water bottles eructated their corks with a loud groan, and all nature seemed to acknowledge the *genius loci*,—the unparalleled ! the inimitable ! the illustrious !——DANDO ! ! !

" Sir," said Mr. Dando, turning to me with a persuasive smile, " I am a St. Simonian, and hold the community of goods to be a good principle. I am a reformer, Sir, and above all vulgar prejudices of property and private rights. I have followed the human mind through all its sinuosities, and have found the great moral evil to be that concentration of all subjects and all points into one great focus—SELF. To the eradication of this one great vice from the heart of man have I directed my whole energies, and to one class of men, both by precept and example, have I particularly devoted my attention—for who are more inclined to act from *sell-fish* motives than *fish-mongers?*"

Thus spoke this illustrious character. I was about to declare my certainty of his *conviction*, when a shout of " police!" was borne upon the gale,

" And ' Dando! ' was the cry!"

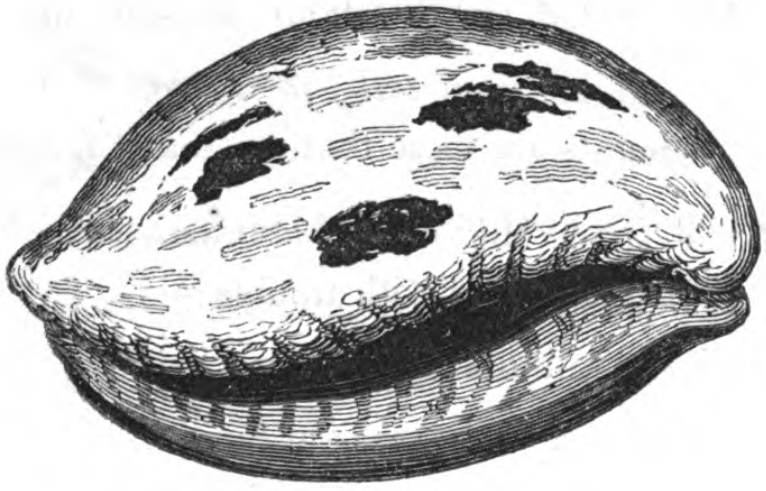
Smiling, with an air of subdued humour, he

continued, "I have followed my appetite, but, as Sancho says, 'he who follows his nose always, will very often be led into a stink!' and I have stumbled upon a fishmonger without philosophy —I shall fall a martyr to my principles, and you will soon see

"'A brave man struggling with the storms of fate.'"

So saying, he knocked down two policemen with an empty oyster tub, smothered the shopman with his own shells, and disappeared through the gathering crowd like an arrow from the bow.

THE LONDON LAZZARONE.



FANCY PORTRAIT—SHELLEY.

THE EVE OF THE BRIDAL.

BY AN "ADVERTISER FOR A WIFE."

Oh Hymen! by thy flaming link,
Thy parson, parchment, pens, and ink,
Thy lady, and thy ring,
Thy father with paternal care,
White gloves, white phiz, white powder'd hair,
Thy bliss—thy every thing!

What thoughts are these that creep and freeze,
And hop like fleas in *medias res*,
Filling the mind with trouble—
That disenthrall and change each hair
From oil of rose and grease of bear
To self-supported stubble?

A MISERABLE PLIGHT.

See, hov'ring o'er the river's verge,
How busily the victims urge
Their matrimonial fins;
Snooks seems the happiest dog on earth,
And yet his wife last week gave birth,
Oh *Gemini!* to twins.

Dick calls himself supremely blest,
And owns his child, and hopes the rest;
Tom tranquil seems and placid;
Bill's pendent from an ell of twine;
Jack struggles in the Serpentine;
George swills oxalic acid.

Alternate effort and repose,
A kind embrace—a bloody nose,
In Hymen's state succeed;
And can there be a bliss so sweet,
As thus to fall at woman's feet,
In woman's cause to bleed?

To-morrow, in cathedral gloom,
I shall be tied to Heaven knows whom,
(I advertis'd, and chose her);
I care not who she is a straw,
If, Hymen, she but keep thy law,
And isn't a she-Mendoza!

A PRIVATE BOX.

FANCY PORTRAIT—PAN.

THE OLD SHEPHERD MENALCAS.

TO

THE GOD PAN.

FREELY TRANSLATED, WITH ALTERATIONS, FROM THE GREEK,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ABSURDITIES."

To thee in rustic lays I sing!
God with the goat legs hairy—Pan!
The woodlands with thy praise shall ring,
Thou great pan of the dairy—Pan!

To thee I'll raise my daily pray'rs,
Thou friend so tried and true—Pan!
How oft thy smiles have chas'd my fears,
When I was in a stew—Pan!

When after labour we recline,
And drink the farmer's swipes—Pan!
And when to smoke we all incline,
Dost thou not bring thy *pipes*—Pan?

Thy music in the rural dance,
(That oft with Chlo I've led—Pan,)
Which all its moving joys enhance,
Proves thee no homely *bred*—Pan!

When in the cot, just newly rear'd,
Invited friends are swarming—Pan!
Oh! by thy presence, how endear'd
Is that and each house-warming—Pan!

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A SAD LOT.

THE SAD LOT OF ROMEO AND JULIET.

—

BY JOHN POOLE, ESQ.

Author of "Paul Pry."

—

FOR my Hero, ye youths, heave a sigh!
My Heroine, maidens bemoan her!
Of two hapless lovers sing I,
Who were both bred and born in Verona:
Such flaming-hot lovers were they,
That, though dead, 'tis suppos'd they're not cool yet;
But this I can certainly say,
They call'd themselves ROMEO and JULIET.

This couple had each got a sur-name,
Which, haply, you'd like to discover:
NOW CAPULET, mark me, was her name,
And MONTAGUE that of her lover.

Their houses had long been in dudgeon,
  And now they for fighting did want a cue;
For CAPULET, surly curmudgeon!
  Was glad of a quarrel with MONTAGUE.

Old CAPULET once gave a hop,
  To which ROMEO went uninvited;
Says Tybalt,—"I wish I may drop,
  If for this I'm not speedily spited;
I'll soon pack him off as he came."
  Then he flew in a rage to old CAPULET,
"Good Uncle," says he, "'tis a shame,
  That inside this here house that 'ere chap
    you let."

'Twas then ROMEO first saw his JULEY;
  They both fell in love at first sight:
They were both young and handsome, and
    truly
  I think they were both in the right.

AN ENGAGING YOUNG MAN.

ROMEY gave a loud sigh, and advancing,
Said, " Miss, won't you take some orgeat?
For you look rather warm after dancing."
Sigh'd JULIET, " I'd much rather not."

At night, whilst the old folks were snoozing,
Young ROMEY went out catawauling;
His dear in her night-gown was musing,
And, starting, cried—" Plague take your bawling!"
At first she suppos'd 'twas a stranger,
Said he, " My dear duck, don't you know me O?
As I hope to be sav'd, there's no danger."
Cried she, " Dash my wig, 'tis my ROMEO!"

" My duckling," cries he, " let's elope,
I have cash for a chaise in my pocket."
" My modesty, sir! and I hope,
It was not your intention to shock it;

Besides, should Papa smoke your rigs,
He'd soon come and tickle your to-by:
But to-morrow, please you and the pigs,
We'll be married, and give him the go by."

They were privately married next night;
But soon all their happiness vanished,
For *he* kill'd a man in a fight,
And to Mantua, poor fellow! was banished.
Whilst she was commanded to wed
COUSIN PARIS, to please the old folks;
But, to break off the match, she shamm'd dead,
And was buried to keep up the hoax.

ROMEO'S foot-boy, a poor silly goose,
Believing her dead, went in quest
Of his master, and told him the news,
But omitted the cream of the jest;
Cried ROMEO, "This blow is a thumper,
But 'tisn't worth making a noise on,

I'll drown all my cares in a bumper,"
So he bought him two-penn'orth of poison.

He went to his mistress's grave;
He pulled out his bottle and shook it;
Her health in a bumper he gave;
Then said—" I hate poison,"—but took it,
He died! when up started his wife
Exclaiming, " 'Tis hard, yes, it *is* hard,
To die in the prime of one's life!"
Then she stuck herself right through the gizzard!

A HORRID STICK.

STREET CRIES.*

A DRAM-ATTIC SKETCH,

BY R. B. PEAKE, ESQ.

With an Illustration by himself.

DRAM. PERS.

MRS. HOGSBACK, *(a Dealer in Sprats.)*

MARY BRIGGLES, *(Purchaser of the Cast-off Suits, called "Hareskins.")*

SCENE.—*Panoramic View from St. Giles's to the Seven Dials.*

Enter MRS. HOGSBACK, *with a basket of property sprats upon her head, and* MARY BRIGGLES *with a 'decoy hareskin.'*

Mrs. H. [*with energy.*] (Yer sprats!—green sprats!)

---

* Written for Mathews' Comic Annual, but omitted in representation.

LADIES OF THE COURT.

Mary B. [*glancing down the areas.*] (Hareskins, cook; hareskins!)

Mrs. H. I tell you, Mary Briggles, the *feller* is as deceitful as a tin coffee pot with a hole in it;—the *feller* I'm speaking of is Jack Raggett. We can go on with our talk, Mary, tho' we be obligated to cry our wares; you see our's is not only a trade, but a *calling*—(Yer sprats!—green sprats!)

Mary B. [*airily.*] (Hareskins! cook—hareskins!)

Mrs. H. Jack Raggett came to me blarneying; and, says he, *puttin* his hand to his false *bussum*, says he, if there is faith in truth, believe me, Maria, when I say—(Yer sprats!—green sprats!)—that I'll give you the one-and-seven-pence-ha'penny your loving kindness lent me on Guy *Fox* day last. Divel the farthing I have ever seen of the money since;—what do you say to that, Mary Briggles?

Mary B. [*with a sigh.*] (Hareskins!

cook—hareskins!) When a man, my old *pal* Maria, laps himself round a poor 'oman's art, as rattlin' Jack has about your'n, I could only remark——

Mrs. H. (Yer sprats!—green sprats!)

Mary B. I remark how *coptius* you ought to be about *trustin* him; I never thought *rattlin'* Jack could behave like a gentleman, *cos* why, it is his—(Hareskin! cook—hareskin!) —his want of *principalities prewents* him!

Mrs. H. [*with emotion.*] I wish I'd a pipe!—(Yer sprats!—green sprats!) Mary, Jack's *outracious* conduct set me a weeping; I went home, and I *sot* on the *hedge* of the bed and wept, aye, more than a half quartern of salt tears;—I cried——(Yer sprats!—green sprats!) for an hour and a quarter; when, presently, Mary, I hears a rap at the room-door, and, says I, who's there? and a *woice* replied——

Mary B. (Hareskins! cook—hareskins!)

Mrs. H. A *woice*, and a *woice* I knew d—d well, replied, " it's me, my *hangelic hangel!*" Well, my feelings, as a *'oman*, *cum* over me, and I let him in.

Mary B. (Hareskins!) [*deeply affected.*] Go on, Maria——

Mrs. H. I opened my door, because I thought he had brought my one-and-sevenpence back again, 'stead of which he used a deal of *flummerical* talk, and tried to *engammon* me out of two-pence or *thrup*-pence more!—I was *vindingnant* with the *feller*, and, says I, " Jack, listen to me—" (Yer sprats! —green sprats!)—" where is your tinder feelings?—before I'd ha' robbed a lone 'oman in this here way, I'd ha' taken my jacket off my shoulders and sold it, even if I went about dressed in——

Mary B. (Hareskins!—rabbitskins!)

Mrs. H. Dressed in a *tater*-sack; upon which the *feller* had the imperance to smile

and show his teeth;—you knows as how Jack has 'ansome teeth, in colour and shape like—(Sprats!—green sprats!)—and says he to me, "my belovely Maria, if you knew the state of distress I'm in,—if you knew how slack business is, (he gets his living by breeding of donkeys), if your eyes had seen how I've left my poor children at home *puny-less*, and with nothing afore 'em to *heat* but a large plate of——

Mary B. (Hareskins, cook!)

Mrs. H. A large plate of chickweed and *grunsell*, and there an't much nourishment in that, you know."

Mary B. I would summons him up afore their *vorships!*—I'd say, please your *vorships*——

Mrs. H. (Yer sprats!—green sprats!)

Mary B. Please your *vorships*, this here *feller* is as great a thief as ever was brought afore you!—(You have got one hanging

there, I'll give you three-pence for him,) [*aside, down an area.*] Please your *vorships*, I claim justice on this *feller!* (You've torn his head and neck so, I can't afford no more than three-pence,)—Please your *vorships*——(Well, what do you say yourself?)

Mrs. H. (Yer sprats!—green sprats!) Mary Briggles, I couldn't find it in my *art* to *arm* Jack—I have tinder feelings, such feelings——[*apart to a customer.*] (A penny a basin full, ma'am, fresh from Billingsgate;) and when, Mary, a 'oman has emotions of that nater——(Two-penn'orth of 'em will dine all the family, and leave summut for supper;)—it isn't to be supposed that she can be so *unginerus*——(I'll throw you in this *pilcher* if you take two-penn'orth,)——so *unginerus* as to *hinger* a man she has doted on, and who once whispered in my ear——

Mary B (Hareskins!—rabbitskins!)

Mrs. H. (Yer sprats!—green sprats!)

[*Exeunt into the back way to the Duke of Wellington's Head.*

BACK WAY TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S HEAD.

THE PLEASURES OF FANCY.

LINES

TO

JOHN JONES, THE POETICAL FOOTMAN.

(BY THE EDITOR OF "FIGARO IN LONDON.")

Aspiring man, no more your verses chirp,
But your pursuits domestic humbly follow;
The poet's name do not again usurp,
Apologize for having aped *Apollo!*

The God by your presumption you've displeased,
And have excited his celestial ire;
For when the lyrist's name you boldly seized,
Audacious man! you know you *play'd the lyre!*

Fancy's wild pleasures leave to abler brains,
Nor of her wanderings be a vain adorer;

The flowers of song avoid, nor seek the pains
Of an encounter with the Goddess *Flora*.

Although a *foot*man meddle not with *feet*,—
To clean your master's boots had been discreeter;
Take up into the dining-room the *meat*,
But don't again annoy us with your *metre*.

Renounce alike epic and canzonet;
Nor, with light epigram, lampoon or rally
Your fellow-servants; I intreat you let
The housemaid be your only *lively Sally*!

Court not the *muses* with aspirings vain,
But in the *mews* attend your master's chaise;
When in the stable, think not how to gain
A *laurel* for your brow, but mind the *bays*.

Seek not to scramble up Parnassus' steep,
Rapidly striding on your six feet rhyme;

ARCADIAN BOWERS.

From its rough paths your humble footsteps keep,—
You cannot thrive in such a foreign *climb*.

Leave thinking about groves and fields of flowers,
Grottoes inhabited by sylph or fairy;
Nor search, that you may paint Arcadian bowers,
For *airy diction* in the *dictionary*.

Seek not the means of bringing out a book,
Nor teaze yourself how you may illustrate
Your verses with *engravings*, Jones,—but look,
As footman should do, to your master's *plate!*

But charge me not with being void of feeling
In saying poetry's to you unsuited;
If I'm severe,—that you are prone to deal in
Any-mad-version cannot be disputed.

Dream not that fame will on your efforts wait,
Every one at a servant's verses giggles;
Then why, poor man, excruciate your pate
To twist your thoughts into absurd *mad*
wriggles, (madrigals.)

[thought,
Farewell! renounce the regions of wild
And make your irritated brain quiescent;
Abstraction's fits abandon, as you ought,
And then you won't be *absent* when you're
present!

LOST IN ABSTRACTION.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

A DEAF MAN

Is as difficult of getting at as cashmere shawls; you may say what you like, but they are not to be *made here!* To all questions he has but one reply, which is invariably *eh?* and, from its frequent use with persons hard of hearing, were it not for Lindley Murray, one would be inclined to think that the article "*eh?*" implied something *deafinit.* To him, the most comical and tragical stories are equally *hard to hear*, and, let his children be as noisy as ever, he will imagine them *so still.* Whispering he does not consider, like most people, to be rude,—high words being to him equally *low.* Like in the play, with persons "Deaf as a Post," the chief character is "Listen." It seems as if he had lent his ears,

and the borrower had forgot to return them. His knowledge is mostly superficial, for having learnt every thing by signs, it is impossible for him to be a *sound scholar*. Deaf persons have generally such a habit of telling you to raise your voice, that were a person to go down on his knees to plight his troth to a lady hard of hearing, doubtlessly she would request him to "*speak up.*" They are, to speak jocularly, *Exiles of Erin (hearing)*, and, being deaf, was probably the cause of their being sent abroad for *some (y) ears.*

What sort of poets they would make we should find it difficult to conjecture; indeed, as far as the muse is concerned, they appear to be *barr'd* from it. The only notion they can have of rhyme, is from the similarity in the writing of words, for, having no idea of sounds, *rhythm* must be to them as difficult as *alogarithm*. I once knew a deaf man who attempted to write verse, and I give a speci-

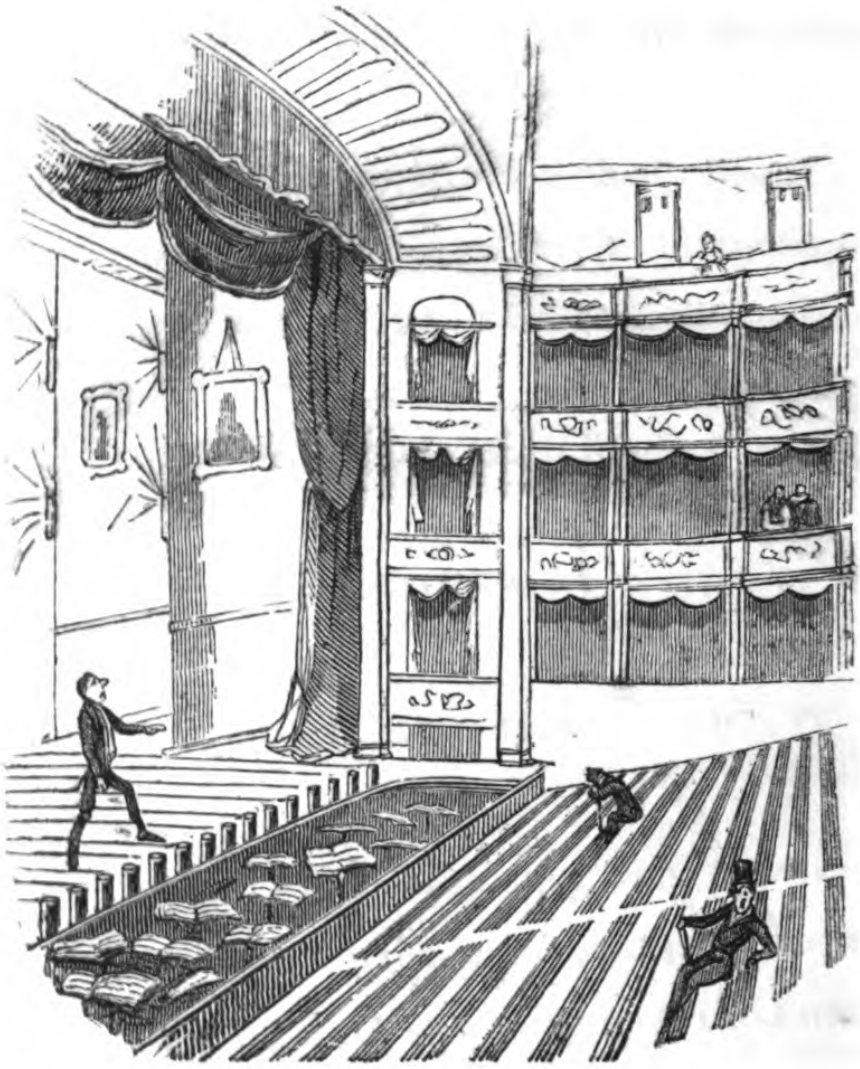
men of his talent that way, to show the truth of my assertion; for though the lines end the same, there is not a rhyme till you arrive at the last; and in that, without meaning it, he has made up for the deficiency, by making every syllable a rhyme to the other; presuming, of course, that the dissimilarity of termination renders them all, in sound, completely different.

SONNET,

BY A DEAF MAN.

There's not a view in Naples to be s*een*, *which*
Can vie with that seen from the park of Gr*een-*
wich.
Oh! how I pity that consummate f*ool*, *which*
Could see no beauty in that view of W*oolwich!*
Sure, for the walk it is a grand requ*ital*,
To see that splendid building, the Hosp*ital;*
And all those ploughers of the vast oc*ean*,
Looking so happy, and so neat and cl*ean;*

And on the hill, still to the sea att*acht* ;
Behold some watch, the progress of a y*acht* ;
While others, saving when the weather's
r*ough*,
Lie fast asleep beneath some shady b*ough* ;
And near them, to complete the picturesq*ue*,
D*ieu*! y*ou* do v*iew* t*wo* wh*o* thr*ough* g*oût* w*oo*
tr*ue*!



A BAD NIGHT—NOT A STAR TO BE SEEN.

LORD AUGUSTUS.

A MYSTERY,

BY THE "GREAT UNMENTIONABLE."

Murk was the night, not a single star
  Shed light over Piccadilly,
When Lord Augustus, the Lord knows who,
Riding as horsemen usually do,
  Rode by on his father's filly!

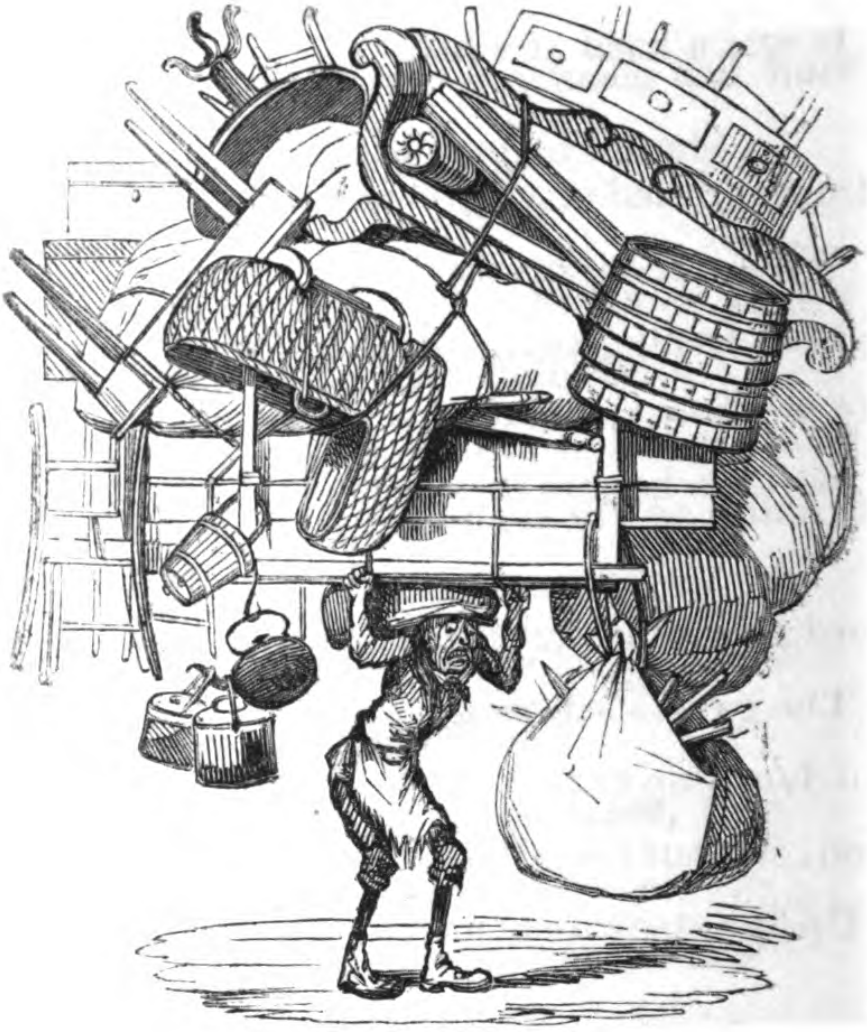
Dark were the hints of the few he past
  At that strange midnight hour,—

And that few had now swelled to a scandalous
throng,—
When up came the watchmen and hurried
them on,
And down came a pouring shower!

Lord Augustus arrived in Waterloo Place,
The rain came down Pell-Mell;
But—the family dreams to waken spurning—
He gallopped straight on till he came to a
turning,
And in he turned to Hell!

A hundred eyes, at his entrance, fixed
Upon him their regards—
A hundred voices of Epsom spoke—
But Lord Augustus no silence broke,
And sunk on a seat—to cards!

Inquiries flocked around him still,
But to none his ear would list;



BEST LONDON PORTER.

Their proffered hands he strove to shun,—
When suddenly he seized on *one*—
It was a hand at whist!

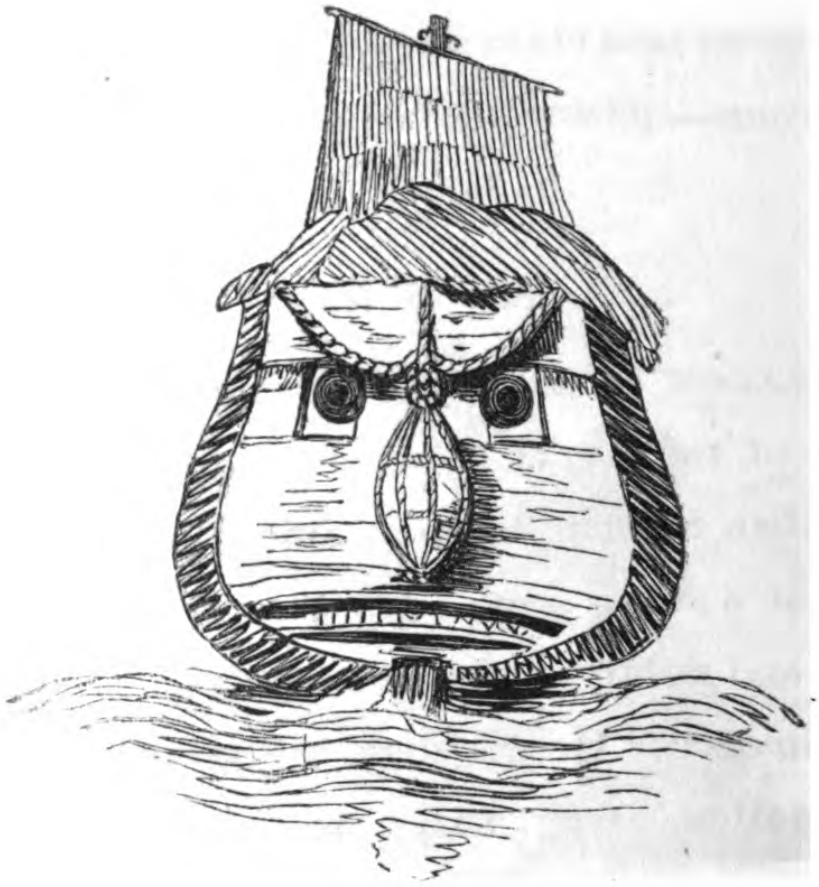
Minutes rolled on, sixty-and-three,
When a thought struck on his mind;
With a frantic spring he made for the door—
He was seen no more as seen before,
Because he was seen behind!

Lord Augustus knocked at his father's gates;
The gates soon backward sped;
His Lordship cursed their tell-tale creaking,
And, without a syllable further speaking,
Up the staircase bounded to bed!

Ill could he of the porch divine,
Why his master thus was flurried;
The good old Porter was met with a frown,
And his Lordship almost knocked him down,
As by him to rest he hurried!

The Valet flew to the chamber door—
The wind thro' the key-hole was roaring ;—
He heard a groan—one—two—three—four—
When in he rushed—he could bear no more—
Oh heaven! 'twas his Lordship—snoring!

SLEEPING HARD.



FANCY PORTRAIT—STERN.

AN S. A.

SELDOM shone the sun on so sweet a specimen of the sex, as Sophonisba, spouse of a Scottish Signior Sampson Sutherland, superior of a strong sept;—she was slender, sylf-like and sightly; sympathetic, submissive, and sentimental. He was stern, strong and stately—sullen, sanguinary, and superstitious. Sampson shunned the society of Sophonisba; and she, susceptible of severity, and shuddering at the sound of strife, seldom sought to see him. Solitary and sorrowful, sometimes she sketched the surrounding scenery,—the silver stream, the scented shrubbery, and the

swarms of skylarks singing sweet and shrill; sometimes superintending the sheep-shearing, and smiling with suavity on the simple sports of the shepherds! such were the sole sources of her solace; and singing songs of sentiment synonymous to her situation was her singular satisfaction. She sat in a summer seat, in a sylvan shade, and amid silence and solitude, sublimity and starlight, she sang:—

SOPHONISBA'S SONG.

Sunday se'enight, sat Salome,
Singing sweet to soothe her soul,
Swelling symphony of sonnet,
Syren sounds her senses stole!

Slow and sure she seized her sackbut,
Strove in seraph sounds to soar;
Sudden, starting, shrieking, swooning,
Senseless sunk upon the shore!

Say, ye sylphs who skim the surface,
Splashers of the surgy sea,
Should the sight of Scipio Starboard,
Stun to swoon, or syncope?

She stops, as if suspecting some surprise: stealtny steps are startling;—she surveys all sides; Sampson Sutherland, her supreme sovereign, her sullen spouse, stands in sight; she strives to smile and stifle her suspicion. "Simper not, Sophonisba," he screamed like a second Stentor, "I'm sick of such a sallow, silly, sentimental slut: I seek a sensible and sprightly spouse, so I shall slay thee: strive not to summon the servants to thy succour, not a single slave is sober after supper; so, spite thy screams, submit." He seized her satin slip, shook his shining sabre, and with a single strong stroke slaughtered the struggling Sophonisba, and suppressed her smothered shrieks! Sanguinary scoundrel, stooping with

a sardonic smile over thy senseless spouse, swagger for a second! Soon shall the sweet spirit of Sophonisba Sutherland scourge thee with sensations of sorrow, shade with shocking sights the sunshine of thy soul, shorten thy sinful span, and set a stigma on thy surname! spurned and scouted shalt thou sink into thy sepulchre!

MUTES AND LIQUIDS.

NOTICE.

It will be seen that the present number contains only 14 illustrations, though 16 have been advertised. The length of the articles by Messrs. Poole and Peake has occasioned the omission, which will be made up by two extra engravings in the next number.

*** Negociations are pending with THOMAS HOOD, ESQ., (Author of Whims and Oddities); Horace Smith, Esq., Miss L. Sheridan, and other Comic Writers of celebrity. The future numbers will be conducted by the EDITOR OF FIGARO IN LONDON.

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No. 24, of May 19, has excited a peculiar interest in the United Kingdom. It contains a biting Caricature of the HEN-PECKED KING, with an article upon the subject. It has also some most palpable hits at the late Intriguers.

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Edited by the Editor of "Figaro in London."

JULY, 1832.

Price One Shilling.

THE

COMIC MAGAZINE.

No. IV.

Containing Nineteen (!) Engravings by Seymour!

WILLIAM KIDD, 228, REGENT STREET;
And may be had, by order, of all Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

PRINTED BY T. RICHARDSON, 245, HIGH HOLBORN.

d Kingo

NOTICE.

The Proprietors are happy to inform the readers of the Comic Magazine, that MISS SHERIDAN, and THOMAS DIBDIN, ESQ., have kindly promised them the valuable assistance of their humourous pens, and that the negotiations with THOMAS HOOD, ESQ. "*Author of Whims and Oddities,*" *&c.* are on the eve of conclusion: this, in addition to the expected co-operation of HORACE SMITH, ESQ. and THEODORE HOOK, ESQ. will combine to render this little Periodical, so plentifully illustrated by our own illustrious Seymour, a very *focus* of humour, wit, and drollery, worthy of a place in the library,—while the chaste and elegant manner, in which it is got up, makes it the most interesting, the most becoming, and, withal, the cheapest ornament for the table of the drawing-room.

*** The Proprietors pledge themselves, that no expense shall be spared to make the *Comic Magazine* even yet more worthy of the liberal patronage it enjoys by using every means in their power to induce that veteran son of Momus, GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER, to resume his literary labours, and furnish our readers with some of his best "Broad Grins!" In the mean time the services of SAM. BEAZLEY, ESQ., — CROKER, ESQ. and every other Comic author of celebrity are in request.

N. B. The Proprietors refer with pride to the opinions of the whole Press, which has been singularly unanimous in recommending their work to the attention *of all* classes of the community.

Nos. 1, 2, and 3, are reprinted, and may now be had, containing numerous Caricature Illustrations by SEYMOUR, and articles by

R. B. PEAKE, ESQ. *(Illustrated by himself,)*
JOHN POOLE, ESQ. *(Author of "Paul Pry," &c.)*
THE EDITOR OF "FIGARO IN LONDON,"
THE AUTHOR OF "ABSURDITIES,"
THE GREAT UNMENTIONABLE,
THE MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISER, and
Several other Comic Writers of repute!

TH
THE

BOY IN A FIT.

THE BLISTER!

—

BY JOHN POOLE, ESQ.

Author of "Paul Pry."

—

MRS. TABITHA WADDLE, of Billingsgate Ward,
Was woefully troubled with fits,
And with midnight vagaries would oft wake her lord,
MR. DEPUTY WADDLE, of Billingsgate Ward,
And scare him clean out of his wits!

MR. DEPUTY WADDLE, though fond of his spouse,
Thought this nightly disturbance a bore,
And once ventur'd to say—"I'll not sleep in the house,
For you know, MRS. WADDLE, I'd not give a *souse*
To snooze less than two hours, at a snore!"

WADDLE, hopeless of rest, took his wife to a Quack,
Told her case, and begg'd PUFF would assist her:
PUFF, nobly disdaining the regular track
But just taking a hint from the lady's broad back,
Said—"I'll send MRS. WADDLE a blister!"

Night came,—and the blister came too, which full close
On DAME WADDLE'S broad shoulders was spread.
MR. WADDLE retired to his downy repose;
MRS. TAB. lagg'd behind,—took her comforting dose,—
And, then, follow'd her WADDY to bed!

The dearies were soon sound asleep,—and the bell
Of the neighbouring clock had struck four!—
When the DEPUTY jump'd out of bed with a yell—
(You'd have fancied he suffer'd the torments of hell!)—
And roll'd, writhing with pain, on the floor!

Up rose MRS. WADDLE in fluster and fright,—
Seiz'd the rush-light,—and shook like a jelly :
She started,—she scream'd,—for lo !—horrible sight !—
The blister had slipt from her back in the night,
And stuck fast on the DEPUTY's belly !

A DRAW-BACK.

THE

DISADVANTAGES OF KNOWLEDGE;

OR, THE

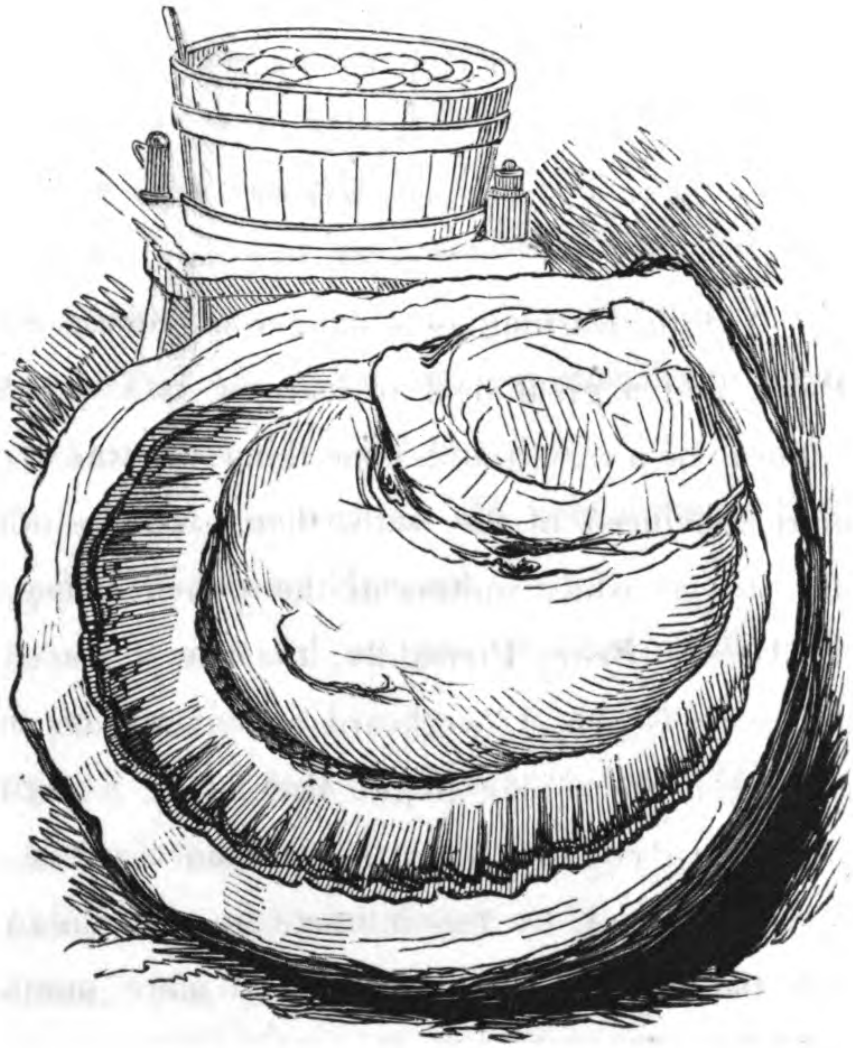
DICTIONARY AT FAULT!

—

(BY W. T. MONCRIEFF, ESQ.)

—

" A little learning is a dangerous thing," says POPE, and a great deal of learning is very often found to be a very troublesome thing:—I was never more convinced of this truth, than I was the other day, when, whilst waiting in the Coach Office of the *White Bear*, Piccadilly, to take a place in the Dover Coach, I overheard a conversation that convinced me a man might become a foreigner in his own country, more easily than a native in any other; and, by too intimate an acquaintance with the Dictionary, render himself more unintelligible to the multitude, than if he were entirely ignorant of it. The interlocutors, in this instance, were a short fubsy gentleman, (who looked like a duodecimo edition of Dilworth) and a thick heavy carotty-polled countryman, a porter, whose arrival,



A STRANGE NATIVE.

with a large trunk, the gentleman had been apparently waiting with much impatience.

"Dilatory fellow!" said the LEXICOGRAPHER, (for such, by his conversation, he evidently was) "where have you been loitering, defalcating in your time so egregiously?"

"What did you say, measter?" replied the COUNTRYMAN.

Lexi. Did you meet with any casualty in your way, that stopped you so?

Coun. Na, he wur an old acquaintance that stopped me—Jemmy Hancock!

Lexi. Hum! and so you procrastinated with him, eh?

Coun. Na, I didn't;—I went to the "Goat in Boots" wi' him.

Lexi. Ah, had your dinner in the interim?

Coun. Na, we had it in the tap-room!

Lexi. Blockhead!—the terms are synonymous.

Coun. Are they?—I thought 'em very dear;—ten-pence for eggs and bacon!

Lexi. Confound the fellow!—how does this amalgamate?

Coun. Oh, I never stopped for that.

Lexi. Ah! totally abstracted from the consequences,—fell into a reverie on your road, I dare say.

Coun. Na, I didn't—I fell into a ditch though; —ale were so strong!

Lexi. And came out covered with chagrin?

Coun. Na, but there wur plenty o' mud!

Lexi. Impervious dolt! Chagrin, I said.

Coun. *Green!*—oh, I know now;—we call it chickweed in our parts.

Lexi. I shall lose all patience!—you were born incorrigible!

Coun. Na, I wer'nt;—I wur born in Yorkshire, —High Street, Wakefield.

Lexi. Again mistaking!—do you never deviate?

Coun. Na, I only goes out portering.

Lexi. You want common ratiocination, fellow!

Coun. Na, I don't;—I only want you to settle my account—one-and-eight-pence;—that can't be dear,—such a load as this!

Lexi. I am foiled with my own weapons. Can you not discriminate even in a common case?

DOUBLE ENTRY,—SETTLING A-COUNT.

Coun. Na,—can't take any less;—it's more nor three mile, and case, as you call it, be heavy.

Lexi. I must succumb;—there is your money, fellow!—go your ways, and, let me thank heaven, I am released from the purgatory of your obtusity!

Coun. I will, sir; but you be very welcome to it, I can assure you; and any other time, I shall be happy to serve you in the same way again, 'cause I sees we understand one another, and there an't not any mistakes; and so, sir, as you have settled wi' me, I'll go and get a drop o' summat short.

SUMMAT SHORT.

JOHN TIMS,

A BALLAD,

(BY THE EDITOR OF "FIGARO IN LONDON.")

Tims was an *orphan* ;—his, too, was a case
That very *often* happens, as I fear ;
For when *a parent* will not show his face
He's not *apparent*, since he don't *appear* !

Unto a free school Tims in time was sent
To stock his brains ;—although, the truth to say,
Many, *who go for nothing*, are content
To carry *nothing* in their heads away !

His teachers, as 'tis natural they might,
Dealt their *free knowledge* out with frequent thumps ;
For all *phre-nologists*, we know, delight
In seeing on one's head enormous bumps !

FREE-KNOWLEDGE-ISTS.

CAIN.—A MYSTERY.

They taught him *spelling* (quite a magic trick!);
Indeed he gladly drank of learning's cup;
But of arithmetic he soon grew sick,
And, for accounts, *he fairly cast them up!*

Harshness was practised; but, alas! the plan,
Spite of the thrashings he received, was vain:
They doom'd unhappy Tims, like fallen man,
To bear upon his back the mark of *Cane!*

He soon left school, and—lo!—a sum was paid
To bind him to a hosier;—which, no doubt,
He did not mind, as 'tis a pleasant trade,
Though, in apprenticing, they *put him out.*

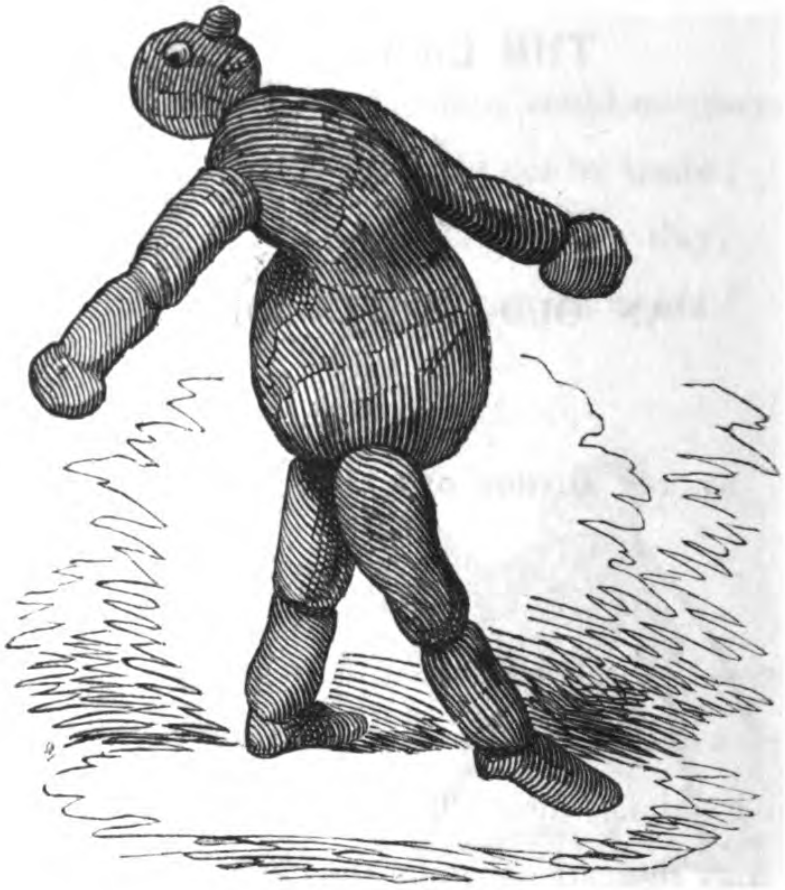
But soon his master miserly he found,—
A man who wanted money but to hoard;
And, tho' poor Tims was like a book *whole bound,*
He felt that he had got into *half board!*

And yet he would not from his duty swerve,
But to a resolution came sublime;
Although himself his time would never serve,
He'ld, giving good for evil, *serve his time!*

At length, five years were gone, and for himself
He started hosier,—but had no commands:
All his book-muslins rested on his shelf,
And all *his stockings were upon his hands!*

He found, at last, his business could not pay,
And that no living he could get by trade;
So, in despair, turned footman t'other day,
By which he came to be a servant *made!*

UPON AN EQUAL FOOTING.



A PROMETHEAN SPARK.

THE LAMENT

OF

AN OLD TINDER-BOX.

—

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ABSURDITIES."

—

Time was! ere chymic art ignitors form'd
  Nurses and thieves to serve in winter nights,
When I, alone, their offices perform'd!—
  O! may the cats consume the chymist's lights!

Time was! when music sweet of flint and steel,
  At early dawn, was wont my ears to charm;
And glowing *sparks* (how much their loss I feel!)
  Flew to my *tinder*-bosom bright and warm!

Time was! so sighs the fair at forty-four
Whose arts have fail'd the wish'd-for man to catch;
Like her the drear desertion I deplore,—
I'm out of date, and hopeless of *a match!*

Time was! when in a *burning rage* I grew
Red as the ruby wine in golden cup,
If any dared (nor were they rare or few)
A gallant spark to *strike,*—or *blow him* up!

Time was! when I was needful to the—*grate!*
In favour, none could boast a *wider range;*
But, since my last *spark* died, in widow'd state
I mourn, in *deepest black,* the woeful change!

KNIGHT AND MOURNING.

COME OF AGE.

JUST OF AGE,

A Parody on "Had I a Heart," &c.

BY BERTIE VYSE, ESQ.

Had I a shilling left to spare,
I should not pay it you;
For, though arrest you did not dare,
You've dunn'd me like a Jew.
Nor hope to prove my friends more kind
To thy complaining tongue;
For, misers in the old you'll find,
And beggars in the young!

Know that of age I soon shall be,
And of the *ready* flush;
All bowing then you'll come to me,
And for this rudeness blush:
So, with my custom, lest you learn
Another I have blest,
Let *now* a civil tongue return,
And saucy dunnings rest.

DISTRESS FOR RENT.

A PAIR OF UNMENTIONABLES.

THE ADVENTURES

OF A

HAWKER,

—

BY THE GREAT UNMENTIONABLE.

—

My first itinerant occupation was that of a Newsman and Horn-blower, in which I had already *strained* my utmost to arrive at excellence, when Parliament thought fit to *re-strain* me, and put an end to my trumpetings altogether. Determined, however, to make my finale with a *flourish*, I made several attempts to blow myself into existence again; they were, however, more odious than melodious, and, from the continued interruptions of the street keeper, I was at length obliged to *draw in my horns*. The eclat of my profession being now gone, I purchased a donkey and panniers, filled with vegetables, and, by the advice of my friends, turned Costermonger, in which profession they told me

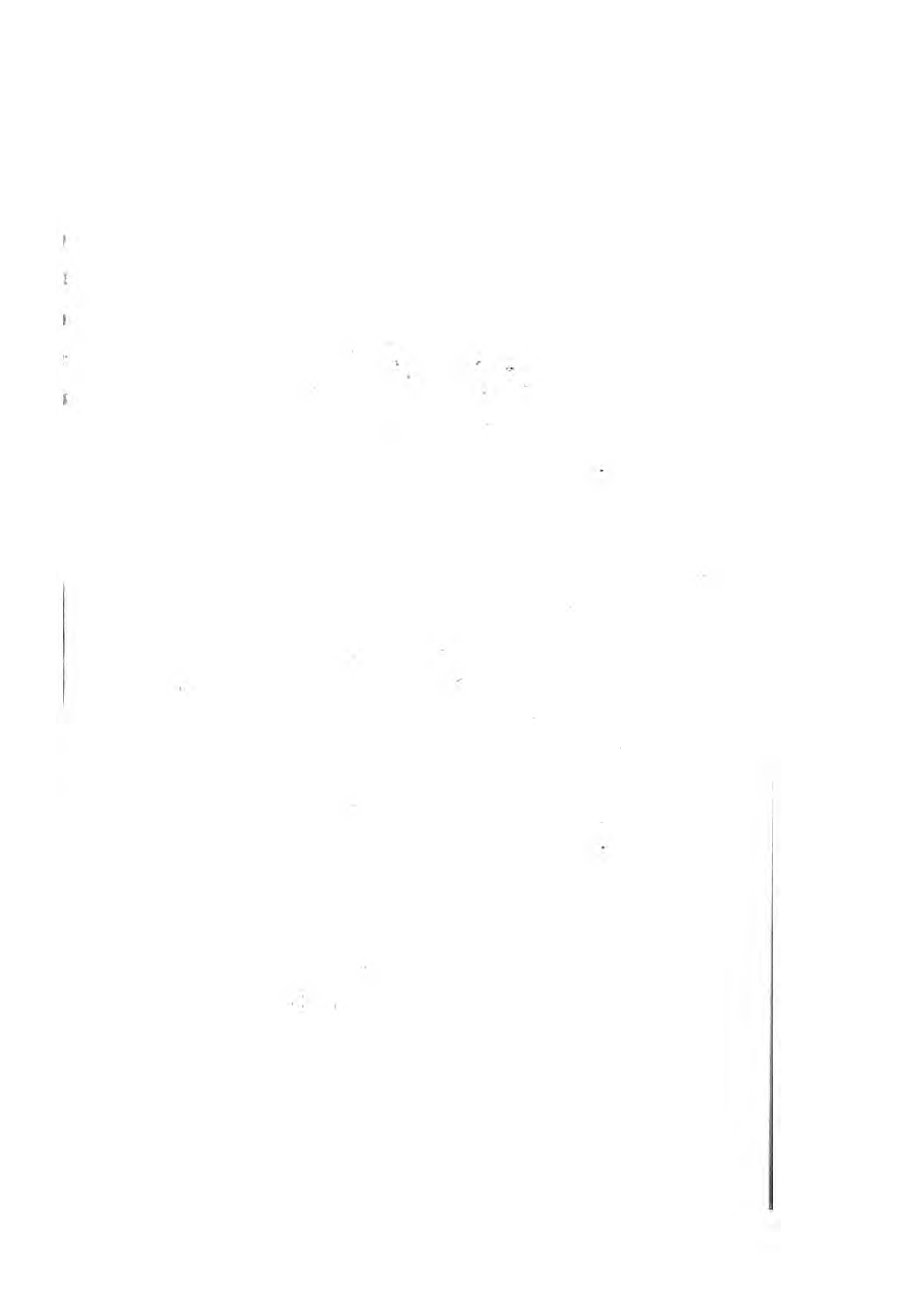
I should soon *make a hit:* the laziness of the animal quickly enabled me to realize their expectations, but, Mr. Martin happening to pass at the time, I was conveyed to the public office. On my discharge, finding my donkey not likely to improve his pace, I got up an auction and knocked him down for 3s. 4d.: it gave me a slight pang to part with my beast and vegetables, but a *pot of heavy* soon enabled me to *make light* of the matter, which I did by observing, that, as I was evidently no *pot-hater* myself, it was quite time I had nothing more to do with *potatoes.* I then turned fish vender, and in my visits to Billingsgate met boatswain Smith, who observed, with facetious sanctity, he would rather see me *buying support for my soul,* than *selling soles for my support.* Notwithstanding, however, the humour of the boatswain, there was a repose and benignity about him which won upon me, and in a few weeks I quitted the *scaly* set I belonged to, and became his disciple: the following Sunday I ascended a tub and harangued an audience in the suburbs of the town; I commenced with telling them I had been a fishmonger, but that I had now

SHARK—Un à son goût.

done with *perch* on earth, in hopes of getting a *perch* in Heaven. The result of my ardour brought me into the *House of Correction*, which was indeed a *cold bath* to my zeal, and made me luke-warm enough to promise the magistrate that, if I was discharged, I would offend no more,—hinting, however, that, though it was their duty to *hold fast* the truth, I doubted whether they had not acted in a *very loose manner*, by binding one of its oracles, which in conscience I believe myself to be. On my discharge, it occurred to me that my only stock in trade being my voice—*Vox et præterea nihil*—I might as well turn ballad singer: accordingly I commenced serenading by moonlight about the West end, where my *vocal* powers were of such effect, that I *woke-all* the neighbourhood within hearing for six nights successively, in consequence of which my quavers ended in *a quick movement* to the station house, where I was kindly furnished with a new set of *bars*. Disgusted at my repeated failures in that county, I resolved on quiting Middlesex for ever; and, rushing desperately over Westminster Bridge, sank breathless on the

Surrey side!—what followed, is a mystery too deep to utter;—to speak briefly, however, of a tender subject, a tie too strong to break, confined me for some time to Brixton, and Horsemonger-lane:—'tis past;—I am now safe in a very appropriate spot, to wit,—Pedlar's Acre.

PEDLAR'S ACHE-R.



REDUCED FARES, AND REDUCED FREIGHTS (FRIGHTS.)

TO MY FAIR ONE!

"Fair is foul."—SHAKSPEARE.

BY THE GREAT UNMENTIONABLE.

AIR,—"*Deck not with gems*," &c.

Tint not with rouge that dingy cheek for me;
Paint in my eyes can add no charm to thee:
Cast is the die;—I've given thee my heart,
And still must love thee, ugly as thou art!

Wealth with its gems, thy brow may sprinkle o'er;
It may do all, but make me love thee more;
Yet, to thy mind fresh charms could it impart,
Dearer thoud'st be, tho' uglier than thou art!

How oft, when sad, thy true worth has beguiled
Thy features from my mind, and I have smiled
To think what blindness fancy could impart,
And make me love thee, ugly as thou art!

Oh, none, save me, e'er knew thy sterling charms,
Or, trust me, more had wooed thee to their arms!
I own, at first, thy features made *me* start;—
Blush not!—I love thee, ugly as thou art!

SHOCKING A-FAIR.

A PUNSTER'S NARRATIVE.

—

" The man who'ld make a pun would pick a pocket."—JOHNSON.

—

My name is Somerset. I am a wretched man: not because I am a bachelor, though I have been crossed in love; for, how could I hope to prevail on a young lady, with any sense of delicacy to *turn a Somerset*;—no, gentle reader, it is not that, but because I am cursed with a quality which many would be glad to possess. I can make a pun with

such facility, that one frequently slips out of my mouth in spite of my teeth. I began the practice when very young, and fear I shall not be able to relinquish it when I am old, though I know it to be *bad-in-age*. At first I indulged myself at the expense of my *particular* friends ;—bad policy, I own, to take a liberty with a friend who is *particular*.

As I would apply myself to nothing, my mother feared I should in consequence be a vagabond, and a disgrace to my *forefathers ;* I replied by telling her she ought to be ashamed of herself for talking about my *four fathers,* and that, if she had been an honest woman, I should never have had but *one*.

The irregularities of my youth often gave rise to a lecture from my father : he said I was bringing him to the *grave,* and I recommended him to get up his latin and greek, as he would find the *dead languages* useful. My father died at the age of *eighty,* (an age at which he was twice *forti*-fied against disease) by *falling down* in an

A PAIR OF SLIPPERS.

apoplectic fit in his own garden, which I thought was by no means surprising, as he went out in his *slippers*. On the day of the burial, having a funeral *to perform*, I requested *a rehearsal* of the ceremony, and being reproved by the mute who stood at the door I called him a *black-guard*. I said I doubted whether my father was not still *living*, for his countenance was *livid*, though, I continued, a man that *dyes* generally *changes colour*. The procession started:—nothing particular occurred on our way, except that I pulled the check-string of the coach I occupied, in *Bury-street*, and, on arriving at the church, I remarked, that the large window was a much more *paneful* sight than the mourners. When the clergyman began to read with a slow voice I bid him make haste, or he wouldn't get through the service till the *mourning* was over. Two or three gentlemen, to whom my father had left legacies and who were assuming particularly doleful aspects, eyed me, as if they thought that what I said was intended for them. Time went on, and, being left without means of

support, I advertised to give lessons in writing, thinking I should then be sure to *flourish*:—my speculation failed, and I was pressed into the *fleet*, where I am now residing!

AN OFFICER OF THE FLEET.

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COUNTI

Edited by the Editor of "Figaro in London."

AUGUST, 1832.

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THE

COMIC MAGAZINE.

No. V.

Containing Sixteen (!) Engravings by Seymour!!

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And may be had, by order, of all Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

PRINTED BY T. RICHARDSON, 145, HIGH HOLBORN.

NOTICE.

The Proprietors refer the public to the printed "Statement"* and "Copy of the Correspondence between themselves and the 'Athenæum;'" which *Review* has, in the most partial and unjust manner, refused to insert, in its columns, their answers to the serious insinuations which it thought fit to publish against the "COMIC MAGAZINE."

*** MISS L. SHERIDAN, (Editor of the "*Comic Offering*), has promised her valuable assistance for next number, which will complete

VOLUME I.

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, (Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of which have been reprinted), contain several highly facetious articles by JOHN POOLE, Esq. (*Author of "Paul Pry," &c.,*) R. B. PEAKE, Esq. (*who Illustrates for himself,*) THOMAS DIBDIN, Esq., W. T. MONCRIEFF, Esq. (*Author of "Tom and Jerry," "Giovanni in London," &c.,*) "FIGARO IN LONDON," AUGUSTUS WALTER ARNOLD, Esq. (One of the Authors of "*Dramatic Stories,*") THE GREAT UNMENTIONABLE, the Author of "ABSURDITIES," the LONDON LAZARONE, the celebrated ADVERTISER FOR A WIFE, and several other Comic Authors of the highest talent and celebrity.

Nos. 1 and 4 contain each NINETEEN, and Nos. 3, 4, and 5, each SIXTEEN highly humourous Engravings by SEYMOUR.

*** The Proprietors pledge themselves to spare no expense in making their work still more worthy of the liberal patronage it enjoys by sparing no expense in obtaining the very first talent for their future numbers.

THE WHOLE PRESS,

As well Provincial as Metropolitan, have been unanimous in praise of this little periodical; and the following are only a few extracts from some of the leading papers concerning it:—

"Under its new Editor, FIGARO, full of fun and humour, both graphic and literary."—*Literary Gazette.*—"Full of comic cuts and comic writing, is greatly improving."—*Athenæum.*—"A sort of monthly *Figaro*, only in a smarter coat.—The cuts, eighteen in number, are some of them excellent and all amusing."—*Court Journal.*—"A merry little work, very neatly got up. It will raise a smile and divert an idle moment as well as any publication of a similar kind with which we are acquainted. Some of the jokes are excellent."—*Metropolitan.*—"This little literary gem."—*Times.*—"This beautiful little periodical."—*Morning Herald.*—"One of the most amusing and most elegant of the Magazines, Kidd's '*Comic*,' under its new Editor, 'FIGARO IN LONDON,' who is in himself a host."—*Courier.*—"Totally unconnected with politics, is, at once, an elegant, entertaining, and very cheap ornament, just calculated for a lady's drawing-room table;—while, in a literary point of view, it affords a most desirable shilling's-worth of hearty laughs and intellectual recreation."—*Morning Post.*—"How all this can be done for the moderate price of One Shilling, we are absolutely paralyzedwith wonder."—

THE CHANGELESS ONE.

WOES OF CHANGE;

OR,

THE LACHRYMATORY LAMENT

OF

LAUDATOR TEMPORIS (ET RERUM) ACTI,

—

BY THOMAS DIBDIN, ESQ.

—

Improvement tolls the knell of what, of yore,
We loved,—and May-day garlands have gone by;
And *charlies* on their posts now sleep no more,
But hourly *weep* the hours they used to *cry* !

No more grim heads, each stuck upon a pike,
On lookers *up* from Temple Bar look *down;*
The strikers at St. Dunstan's cease to strike,—
They gave a *quarter's* notice, and left town.

(And, could St. Dunstan's *club*mates *club* to dine,
Their "marble jaws" would make a curious clatter;
Clay goblets would contain their wall-fruit-wine;
And all their pastry would be "stony batter!")

The *Strand* 's so *changed,* they've left no '*Change* at all,
Where beasts and beefeaters once held their sway;
Exeter 'Change is changed into a hall,
And *operas* that *ran* have *run* away!

If many a coach, to *omnibus* enlarged,
Takes, for a tizzy, Dandyzettes or drabs,
By such a fare the fair are fairly charged,—
Yet why have char'ots dwindled down to *cabs ?*

Who but for *Porridge Island* sheds a tear?
Its sav'ry steams to ev'ry nose a loss!
Shops in *arcades* to buyers may be dear!
But will they give us back one golden cross?

All is so changed round where King Charles the First
Rears his dark motionless equestrian phiz;—
That, could he speak, he'd say, "May I be curst
"If my poor *girthless* steed knows where he is!"

Water, in *wooden* pipes, ran under ground;
They're *iron* now, and *fire* runs by their side;—
And, could but fairy laundresses be found,
We might *below* get iron'd, wash'd, and dried!

Stout oars and swelling sails we once did deem
Sufficient in a boat for tide and wind;
Now only boiling water we *esteem*,
And all, thought *right before*, is *left behind!*

Horses were changed, *en route* to Gretna Green,
And "first pair out!" would landlords loudly bawl;

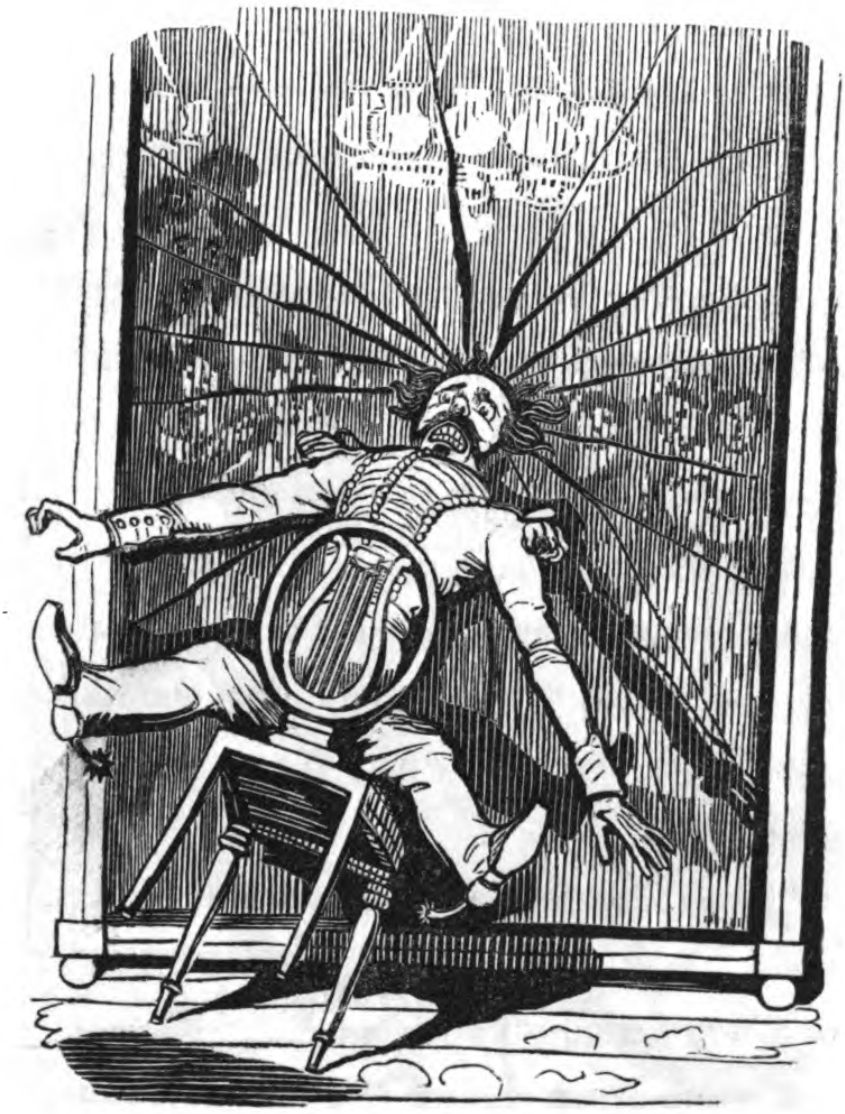
But "Polly put the kettle on," I ween,
Will greet us when for horses there's no *call!*

Three theatres, C. G.—D. L.—H. M.
Were thought enough; but now no limit bars
Some *three*-and-*thirty*, while the most of *them*
Exist on *moonshine* to support the *stars!*

Velocipedes have hurried *quickly* past;
Kaliedescopes have *changed* this many a day;
While, o'er Mc·Adam's dust, wheels slow or fast
Maintain the "*noiseless tenor* of their way."

Churches encrease, and *chapels* ten times more,
But, most of all, in streets, and rows, and ranks,
Do gin shops grow, with temp'rance clubs next door,
And lovely little hells and saving banks!

With *penny* periodical reviews;
Halfpenny prints precede *Old Ladies' Mags.*;
And coffee shops present their *farthing* news,
With crumpets, cream, and kidneys done to rags!



A BALL-ROOM STAR.

Thus things will change, as long as Time doth move!
And now upon the humble *lay* I sing
A veto let me *lay*,—lest it should prove
The COMIC MAGAZINE 's a *serious* thing!

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

SOMETHING!

—

BY ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF "DRAMATIC STORIES."

—

Depression of spirits and a variety of untoward circumstances had combined to bring on that illness which, as you are aware, so nearly terminated fatally,—and from the enervating effects of which, I have not even now, recovered.

It was within a week after I was pronounced free from danger, that the events occurred you have requested me to relate; and in doing so I need not express my conviction that your knowledge of my exhausted state will free me in your estimation, my dear friend, from even the suspicion of cowardice. Weakness of body warps the powers of the mind, and the perpetual state of nervous excitement,

A NERVOUS AFFECTION.

under which I laboured, and had for some time past existed, seemed to have affected my brain, while it totally relaxed my nerves.

It was on the night of the 7th February, then, that I retired to rest in—I will not say good health—but comparatively so; and, as was my wont, after recalling to my mind what had so lately occurred, picturing in my imagination what might be its probable consequence, and raising up those fairy and fantastic structures—those "baseless fabrics," wherewith fancy loves to cheat us, I sought to compose myself to sleep.

Presently, while yet dwelling on these thoughts, a sound, as coming from the hall below, attracted my attention. Sensibly alive to every noise, I listened;—it was repeated, but subdued;—I raised myself in bed,—but all was silent—silent as the grave,—and, smiling at my groundless fears, I once more laid my head upon the pillow.—With a start of real alarm, however, I speedily released it, for I now heard, with a distinctness which bade defiance to doubt itself, the smothered tread of a slippered foot move stealthily across the landing

opposite my door.—I hesitated as to what course I should pursue, and while doing so, the handle of my door turned cautiously!—I dared not breathe,—hardly dared to swallow,—while the encreased and audible pulsation of my heart threatened that betrayal I dreaded with so much agony. Again all was still for upwards of a minute;—then the door creaked softly on its hinges,—the list, which edged it, grated gently on the floor,—and, of a sudden,—in a moment, the ticking of the clock, in the hall below, smote upon my ear as would my death knell! A dim, uncertain light now met my eye, reflecting a tall ill-defined shadow on the white curtains which surrounded me! This was unbearable!—and, as I gasped, almost convulsively, for breath, I became conscious that the substance of that shadow was moving noiselessly towards my bed! Oh! what thoughts—what strange and unaccountable thoughts at that moment crowded on my mind! trifles—unimportant trifles, came like a flood upon my memory!—A board started beneath the pressure of the intruder's foot;—the light was suddenly extinguished, and I was sensible that my curtains were

PURSUING AN IRREGULAR COURSE.

A MAN IN HIS CUPS.

being slowly drawn aside. At this instant the sound —the awful sound as of steel coming in contact with some equally hard substance, thrilled through my veins! I cowered down.—To be murdered in my bed!—butchered in cold blood!—oh, horrible!—yet did I want the moral as well as physical courage requis ite to even move:—then came a moment's pause, and then—I—in the darkness felt human breath upon my face!—one moment more, and I felt it would be over! What! young—ill—defenceless—and to be murdered, unresistingly!—shocking—shocking,! thought I, and, with a scream —a shriek of agony, I leaped from my recumbent posture!—

It was a miracle, to say the least of it, how the elegant *dejeuné* service with which my pretty nurse, Mary, was bending over me, escaped destruction; for, by the sudden start I gave in waking, I well nigh overturned it!

It was 11 o'Clock, A. M.

AUGUSTUS WALTER ARNOLD.

VALEDICTORY STANZAS.

—

BY THE GREAT UNMENTIONABLE.

—

Fare-thee-well! mysterious ensign;
Pa persists that we must part,
Yet, altho' that word my pen sign,
Think not with it flows my heart!

PRISONER OF CHILL-ON.

No, alas! Love's warmth is still on
That, in all its ball-room heat;—
E'en with opposition's chill on,
For thee it must ever beat.

But away with vain reflections!
It is past—I write farewell!!!!
Let those wretched interjections
With what pangs I do it tell.

Yet reflect, 'tis not *my* doing;
'Twould fain that thou should'st woo;
But pa says he'll have no suing
From a man without a *sous!*

Yet, cried I, "his expectations,"—
"Very great," said pa, "I own;
But, (alas! for your flirtations),
I've found out they're *his alone!*"

'Bout your courage, then, I sounded;
"Humbug," was his answer fleet,

Oft his feet at balls have bounded,
But not one ball at his feet.

Then, said I, what scorn of Mammon!
Wooing one who cash doth lack;
This he said was also gammon,
And a gammon he'd not *back!*

Then, in hopes, still round to get him,
I observed you kept your cab;
Yes, said he, the fool who *let* him
Him or it now pants to nab.

Many a liveryman sits weeping
O'er the ensign's swindling course,
Whose return their cabs for keeping,
Is to let them—*keep his horse!*

Though a Do these words declared thee,
Still I tried my point to gain,
And, while Love my curses spared thee,
Strove pa's pardon to obtain!

CABRIOLET SOCIETY.

But 'twas vain—his rage grew stronger:
Short he cut me with a start,—
Short—but ah! I cut thee longer;—
For, for aye, dear Do, we part!

CUTTING SHORT A TALE.

HORRORS OF THE COUNTRY!

BY THE EDITOR OF "FIGARO IN LONDON."

I am no lover of the country, and would at any time prefer London's smoke-dried *rusty city* to that other species of *rusticity* in which some persons take such extraordinary pleasure. "Fine weather for the country," is a species of exultation with which I never could sympathize; and, when

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS,—BUNIONS.

told, on a sultry day in the middle of July, how salutary an effect the heat will have in bringing forward the *corn*, I feel only for my own *corn*, which is so much brought forward by the warm weather, that I frequently cannot help wishing that the *sun* was *farther*. This parching heat may be grateful enough to those in the anticipation of rural pleasures, and as every *dog* has his *day*, there must, of course, be some who feel gratified at the approach of the *dog-days*. Then is the time when every one, however humble, leaves London by the *high-way;* and the most sedate members of society are for once to be found *tripping;* apprentices that have been closely confined ever since they have been put *out*, are allowed a little liberty; and *journeymen* are permitted, for once and a way, to act up to their name by going on a *journey*.

But, I repeat, I am not one that is partial to green fields, and never could see the beauty of getting wet feet by early walks in the meadows, when the grass, with a species of justice, perfectly agrarian, is for giving every one its *due* (dew). I take no interest in the pursuits of agriculture,—the

sight of men ploughing, is to me rather *harrowing* than agreeable; and, as to the stale eulogies on the beauty of golden *corn*-fields, I always considered them to be mingled with a good deal of *chaff*. But rural habits are still more intolerable to me than rural scenery; I never could find any *fun* in being always up with the *lark!*—I would sooner be reading the *Morning Herald* than listening to the shrill crowing of some *herald* of the *morn;* and I would rather hear one of Byron's Hebrew Melodies than the *clear chaunting* of the most musical *Chanticleer*. I cannot believe it is any thing but affectation which makes some men talk with rapture of the beauties of a farm-yard. It may be agreeable enough for the cockney *whig*, who goes into the country, as he would say, for fresh *hair*, to observe the hatching of a chicken, which throws off the *yolk* (*yoke*) directly it is released from the eggshell!—it may suit the man of letters to look with sympathy upon an old sow with its progeny, and have a fellow-feeling for it, as one of the *litter-eighty* (*literati*); but to me there never was any thing alluring in the sight of poultry or pigs; and

HEBREW MELODIES.

THE VILLAGE GREEN.

as to the latter, who will not confess that even to have a *sty* in *one's eye* is a most grievous calamity? Then, for the sports of the country, is there any thing captivating in seeing a parcel of dirty children playing their tricks upon the *village green?* and, as to a fair or a *wake*, I have never been at one that did not always send me nearly *asleep* with its dullness. With respect to the pleasures of the chace, I am careless of them, regarding them as mere *matters of course;*—and fishing is an occupation which I dislike, as I have always found that catching any thing is quite *out of my line*, and it has invariably been "*with a hook!*" when I have tried my luck at angling.

GETTING A BITE.

A GRATE PARTY!

OR,

FIRE-SIDE FROLICS.

—

(BY W. T. MONCRIEFF, ESQ.)

—

It was last Christmas-time, at the close of December,
(Having taken possession, the previous November,)
Mr. Wallsend thought 'twas an occasion most charming,
To give a *Grate Party* and have a *House-warming!*

A DEY'S PLEASURE.

The *rug-ged* way cheering with sociable mirth,
He resolved he'd collect all his friends round his hearth,—
His Lares familiar,—and, like a good soul,
To entertain all, he'd himself *post the coal!*

At the time he'd appointed, they came in great force;—
Mr. Shovel, Miss Tongs, were invited of course;
Mr. Bellows, Miss Kettle, who had a small tiff;
And tall Mr. Poker, whom some thought too stiff!

Mr. Broom, too, was there, who to both the Miss Hobs
Paid attention, and did all their little odd jobs.
Cried Wallsend, pray friends, *range* yourselves in all love;
For your *mantles* you'll find there's a *shelf* placed above!

Miss Tongs, being modest, that no one might scorn her,
By Poker had plac'd herself snug in the corner;

Though SHOVEL remark'd, who was on t'other side,
She her *legs show'd*, and *straddled* a little *too wide!*

Night brought an occasion WALLSEND couldn't pass;
Getting *dark*, to surprize them, he lit *up his gas;*
This so *bright*ened them up, that they all began joking,
And two or three *sparks* gave some hints about *smoking.*

MR. WALLSEND, who *burnt* their attention to rivet,
Declar'd he 'd soon make them as *right* as a *trivet;*
And propos'd *speculation*, for he was no fool,
But *measures* had taken for gaining the *Pool.*

But, to shew that she could most agreeable be,
MISS KETTLE invited them *first* to take tea!
MR. BELLOWS, in glee, declar'd this just the thing,
But, before they had *tea*, that MISS KETTLE must sing!

A PAIR OF BELLOWS.

In clearing her throat, to prepare for her song,
Miss KETTLE, by same strange mischance, was so long,
MR. BELLOWS declar'd (he'd been taking a sup,)
If she did n't soon sing, that he must *blow her up*.

MISS KETTLE grew warm upon this, you may deem,
And said, when she sung, 'twas to show her e-*steem*.
Friends! said BELLOWS, in singing why so long about?
Let's have "Water Parted," or, if you can't, spout!

Boiling over with rage, now MISS KETTLE replied,
Being put on her *metal*, and having much pride,
"Whenever I sing to old asthmatic fellows,
I sing, sir, 'Old Rose,' and of course 'Burn the Bellows!' "

Here SHOVEL who'd *sifted* the thing, swore, by goles
He'd not let MR. BELLOWS thus *blow up* the *coals*.
MISS TONGS too, in turn, made a terrible clatter ;
And POKER ask'd if *he* should *stir* in the matter!

MR. WALLSEND now said that MISS KETTLE had best
Dance, if she'd not sing,—she could take *some bars rest*.
But she, who was quite *running over* with grief,
Spurn'd dancing, and sought in her *tears* a relief!

This threw a *damp* over them all, you'll not doubt,
And so vex'd MR. WALLSEND, poor soul! he *went out*.
While MR. BROOM *brush'd*, and, by one fatal thrust,
Soon the whole of the *Grate* Party lay in the *dust!*

In the contest they went at it, Poker and Tongs,
Each angrily, loudly, asserting his wrongs;
But confusion so reign'd, 'twas a point very tender
To say with exactness which was the *off-fender*.

Old BELLOWS was quite *out of breath* with his *blows*,
And had, as he richly deserved, *lost his nose;*
While MISS KETTLE she *cool'd*, as, indeed, was her place,
Although she'd *sung out* until *black in the face!*

But, a climax to make to this terrible job,
Of poor MR. WALLSEND they'd *scuttled* the *nob*,
For what with their clashes, and gashes, and
smashes,
When they sought him next morning they *found*
but his ashes.

CEILING WHACKS.

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So help me God."

STATEMENT

AND

CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN

THE "COMIC MAGAZINE"

AND

THE "ATHENÆUM."

The Proprietors of the "Comic Magazine" feel it their duty to lay before the Public the following correspondence between themselves and the "Athenæum Review," which has, in pursuance of that "impartiality" which it professes, brought accusations against them, and refused to insert their answers and explanations, except so much as suited its own purposes.

In the "Athenæum" of July 7, there appeared the following:—

MISCELLANEA.

MR. HOOD AND THE "COMIC MAGAZINE."—We have had occasion lately to notice the very questionable advertisements of some of our contemporaries, and we had direct authority to contradict them. Now, Mr. Hood requests us to say a word or two on an announced "pending negotiation" between him and the proprietors of the "Comic Magazine," and we should certainly have complied with his request, but that a word or two from his own inimitable pen will be more conclusive and satisfactory:—

"Dear Athenæum,—It has been industriously announced that 'negotiations are pending between me and the conductors of the 'Comic Magazine,' published by Kidd. I trust the Stamp Commissioners will make that advertisement pay double duty for its double dealing.

"I have had no negotiations with the parties, for it would not suit me to write for them, even if they offered—they will understand me—to post the cole, *Poole* measure.

"I am, dear Athenæum, yours, very truly,
"THOMAS HOOD."

Mr. Hood was answered by the Editor of the "Comic Magazine" in the following letter, of which the "Athenæum" in the next week's paper (July 14), omitted the parts marked in *italics* and enclosed between inverted commas:—

12, Staples-inn, Monday, July 9, 1832.

Sir,—You have, in the last number of the "Athenæum," given insertion to a letter from Mr. Hood, in which he thinks proper to assert that in announcing negotiations to be pending with him, the proprietors of the "Comic Magazine" have been guilty of double-dealing.

The fact is simply this:—Mr Hood was applied to for an article for the "Comic Magazine," but he did not think proper "*to follow the course customary among gentlemen of returning*" an answer to the overture. It was naturally supposed that he had not made up his mind in what way he should reply, and the proprietors having opened a negotiation with him, merely expressed a hope that it would be brought to a satisfactory conclusion. "*His letter to you has certainly been the means of bringing to a conclusion all negotiations between us; and he must permit me to add that after read-*

ing some of his recent productions, I cannot help feeling that the treaty has been brought to a most SATISFACTORY *termination.*"

I must request on behalf of the proprietors of the "Comic Magazine," to know the meaning of an expression in the last paragraph of Mr. Hood's letter,—He says, "it would not suit me to write for them, even if they offered—they will understand me—to post the cole, Poole measure." Mr. H. has calculated too much on the proprietors' powers of *understanding*, "*and as a slang dictionary forms no part of a gentleman's library, they have been able to gain no clue to his meaning.*" I therefore call upon him to divest his language of its present elegant ambiguity, and must insist on his stating publicly what is intended by his *inuendo*. "*Relying on your usual candour to give insertion to this note, and begging that as you have not thought necessary to modify Mr. Hood's expressions, you will act with the same indifference towards mine.*"

I am, sir, yours most obediently,

G. A. à-BECKETT,

Editor of the "Comic Magazine."

The Editor of the "Athenæum" had written to the Editor of the "Comic" on the receipt of this letter, requesting permission to leave out what parts he considered objectionable; to which application the Editor of the "Comic Magazine," immediately replied by requiring an unmutilated insertion, which occasioned the following notice prefixed to the "*copy*" of the letter itself:—

HOOD, POOLE, AND GEORGE COLMAN, *versus* THE 'COMIC MAGAZINE' AND ITS ADVERTISEMENTS.

"Early in the week, we received a letter from the Editor of the 'Comic Magazine,' explanatory of the 'double-dealing' charged by Mr. Hood against his advertisements. This letter was in many points objectionable, and we wrote immediately, to say, that unless we were at liberty to make such omissions as would confine his reply to an explanation, it could not be inserted. The editor, it appears, is out of town, and from his answer just received, it is clear that he has not been correctly informed of the nature of our objections. We must, therefore, exercise our best discretion."

In the same paper in which the "Athenæum" inserted parts of Mr. à-Beckett's letter, there appeared letters from Mr. John Poole and Mr. George Colman:—

Tuesday, 10th July, 1832.

Dear Mr. Editor,—In an advertisement which appears in the "Athenæum" of last Saturday, I am accused of being *retained*—"Ods, blunderbusses! *retained* was the word!"—as a contributor to the "Comic Magazine." The renowned Captain Macheath exclaims,

"O cruel, cruel case!
Must I suffer this disgrace?"

As the gallant Captain's is merely a case of hanging, I think he indulges in a strain of complaint altogether unbecoming so great a man; and one which is, at the same time, immoderately disproportioned to the trifling nature of the accident he contemplates. But I am accused of being "*retained*" in the manner I have stated, and am *pilloried* (as it were) in certain advertisements, as if such were the fact: I may, therefore, with much better show of reason than the Captain, say or sing, "O cruel, cruel," &c.

Now, dear Mr. Editor, *I won't* "suffer this disgrace:" and why should I, when I can relieve myself from it by a flat contradiction of the charge? Neither am I retained by, nor have I the most remote intention of contributing to, the work in question. I do, indeed, plead guilty to one single transaction with the "editor," or the "sub-editor," or the "editor's friend," or the "gentleman authorized," or the "gentleman not authorized"—(I really cannot say which, though, doubtless, the multifarious person alluded to, "will understand me"*); —but as this was my first, and shall most cer-

tainly be my only offence of the kind, I offer in its extenuation, my youth, and *my inexperience in the ways of this wicked world* : begging leave to add that I regret, and am sincerely sorry for, what I have done. I remain, very faithfully yours,

JOHN POOLE.

P. S.—Would the gentlemen of the "Comic Magazine" take it as too serious a joke if you were to ask them, how many of the names which they have dragged into their advertisements, they have the slightest possible authority for promising to our good-natured and unsuspecting friend PUBLIC, as contributors to their work ?

Brompton-square, Thursday, July 12, 1832.

Sir,—There is a person, I am told, who announces, by advertisement in your paper, that he is in treaty with me to write in his "Comic Magazine;" which is all I know, or wish to know, about him.

Oblige me by stating to your readers, that this comical gentleman has never treated with *me*,—and certainly I shall never treat with *him*. I am, si , your obedient humble servant,

GEORGE COLMAN.

To these letters the Editor of the "Comic Magazine" replied as follows:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ATHENÆUM."

12, Staples-inn, July 18, 1832.

Sir,—I cannot express sufficiently my astonishment at finding on my arrival in town, that you have in last week's "Athenæum" most unjustifiably mutilated my letter, while you have given unqualified insertion to those of your friends, Messrs. Poole and Colman, the former of whom has managed to contribute to your paper a very pleasant column of *Varieties*, touching as he does upon a number of different subjects, avoiding, however, all explanation of the ground on which he dares to throw out insinuations against the conduct of the parties concerned in the "Comic."

In order that Mr. Poole, or any other of your worthy contributors, may not, in their gross ignorance of facts, be led to make use of expressions they may afterwards have to retract, I hereby give notice, that I was not connected with the "Comic Magazine" at the time of the "*one single transaction*" with Mr. Poole; and that, therefore, should he (taking advantage of the open channel your columns seem to afford him) feel disposed to vent his very facetious venom on me, he will be guilty of a gross impertinence, which when he knows the fact alluded to, he will, doubtless, have the sagacity to avoid. Under these circumstances, I have requested the proprietors themselves to explain, for themselves, the affair about which Mr. Poole is so liberal of *inuendos*, but so very chary of facts; and I have no doubt that the enclosed letters of those gentlemen will be thought by your readers a satisfactory solution of Mr. Hood's mystery.

I shall consider it a mark of the most flagrant illiberality, on your part, should you refuse entire insertion to this letter, which is the last I shall trouble you with on the subject; as having nothing whatever to do with Mr. Poole, or the advertisements of the "Comic Magazine;" I intend leaving the case your friends have endeavoured to get up against it, entirely in the hands of the proprietors.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

G. A. À-BECKETT.

Enclosed in Mr. à-Beckett's letter, was the following answer from the Proprietors of the "Comic Magazine" to the Editor of the "Athenæum:"—

---

* See Mr. Hood's letter in your last, in which there occurs a passage which must be a profound mystery to all except those for whom my facetious friend intended it. *I* could expound it; and should I be compelled to take further notice of this matter, Poole upon Hood might perhaps be made as amusing as Coke upon Littleton.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ATHENÆUM."

228, Regent-street, July 18, 1832.

HOOD, POOLE, AND COLMAN, *versus* THE "COMIC MAGAZINE" AND ITS ADVERTISEMENTS.

Sir,—You have yourself instituted this cause, in your own court, of which yourself are counsel, judge, and jury, and we demand, at least, to be heard in our defence, after our own fashion. We must insist on the unmutilated insertion of this letter, and the enclosed answer to Mr. John Poole, or you will forfeit every claim to liberality, independence, impartiality, nay, even common honesty.

There is, you must be aware, a very great property at stake in our Magazine, which you have,—allow us to say, unwarrantably,—exposed to injury, by opening your widely-circulated pages to any insinuations, however serious or petty, which it may have been the private interest of private friends to prefer; and, your friend, *Mr. Thomas Hood*, evidently, in his letter, considers our "Comic Magazine" in the light of a dangerous rival to his "Comic Annual." Mr. Hood, to have acted properly, should have at once negatived our application to write for us, in the usual manner, which is most certainly not through the medium of a public journal, although it is quite as usual to do so, as for an editor to insert in a public paper the answer of a personal friend to his private correspondence. If, however, such letters are to be inserted at all, you should certainly be exceedingly cautious how you allow the introduction of the least impertinent matter, or, at any rate, you should extend the same impartiality to those whom you yourself drag before the public, and compel to answer your insertions, in self-justification. Without further comment upon the illiberal manner in which you have treated Mr. à-Beckett's letter, omitting whatever you pleased, while you allowed our opponents the use of your columns without exercising a like discretion which, with regard to them, perhaps, was absolutely necessary; we must beg that you do not take a similar liberty, either with this or the enclosed, which, however irrelevant it may be in your opinion, is only such in being an answer to a letter of which not a single line should have appeared, containing as it does nothing more than a self-contradiction, and a dastardly insinuation of vital prejudice to a contemporary.

With regard to Mr. Colman; before you inserted such a letter in contradiction of one of your own advertisements, you should have been particular in seeing that it was, what it professed to be, something like an answer to it. Now we have never advertised "pending negotiations" with that gentleman, but merely pledged ourselves to spare no expense in obtaining his assistance, a pledge, which we are still ready and willing, and which we yet hope he will allow us to redeem. This mistake is, doubtless, inadvertent (although you might fairly be presumed to know the contents of your own paper), and we trust that the unhesitated insertion of our letters, will prove that it is so; or, otherwise, we shall be compelled to consider that you have, for some personal motives, conspired with your friends, Hood and Poole, to ruin our property; and, for that purpose, have maliciously scraped together, falsified, and exaggerated all the materials within your command.

We regret, more than you possibly can, the necessity of troubling your readers with our correspondence; but, sir, you yourself have dragged us before them; and while the insertion of accusations and insinuations against us, was entirely an act of volition, on your part, the publication of our answers is incumbent on you as a matter of the merest justice; nor can such publication be too extensive or complete, for you must be aware that it is at all times impossible to entirely counteract the malicious tendency of a libel, inasmuch as there are a great many persons who are always willing and ill-natured enough to believe whatever is reported to the prejudice of others, and a great many more who may hear the charge, but never see the justification.

Confidently assured that you will not increase the wrong you have

done us, by driving us to an exculpation in the pages of other publications than your own, but will "do unto us as you would, under similar circumstances, that others should do unto you."

We remain sir, your obedient servants,
THE PROPRIETORS OF THE "COMIC MAGAZINE."

Enclosed in the above letter was the following answer to Mr. John Poole:—

TO JOHN POOLE, ESQ.,
228, Regent-street, July 18, 1832.

Sir,—We are truly surprised at the every-way impertinent letter which you have volunteered, with such treacherous officiousness, to assist the vaunted "*impartiality*" of your friend the "Athenæum." Your letter is such an unmeaning affectation of abuse (perhaps intended for satire), and so barefaced and unjustifiable a contradiction of itself, that it scarcely merits any other answer than silent contempt. The public may sufficiently judge, by the "one single transaction" (which you admit) whether you were or were not "*retained*" for the 'Comic Magazine:' our third number contained an article by *John Poole, Esq.*; the advertisement of our fourth number stated *John Poole, Esq.* to be retained as one of its authors; and pray, sir, does not the fourth number contain an article by that gentleman? In addition to this, will you venture to contradict our late Editor, who positively assures us that when you bargained for an increased price for your first contributions, you promised to require less for your *future* ones. You have, however, thought fit to affix a note to your letter, which requires fuller notice, and calls upon us to at once defy the utmost malignity of "*Poole upon Hood*," and to demand, imperatively, a public explanation of the insinuations contained in it. We take no active part in the management of the 'Comic Magazine,' and all we know of you, in connexion with it, is that, being out of town when the "one single transaction" took place, we were requested, on our return, to vary the usual terms of remuneration for contributors in your favour, Mr. Kidd having, of course, no authority, as was sufficiently explained to you, to exceed the fixed scale without previously consulting us. The instant we were duly apprized of the circumstances, we consented and enclosed to you an order for the sum of six guineas (the price you required for your two trifles of about 40 lines each), and which order was duly honoured on presentation. This is, we hope, all clear enough; and if the want of the money, during the short delay which so unavoidably occurred, detained you in London, it was certainly very lamentable—but surely not so grievous an offence on our part as should compel your friend, Mr. Thomas Hood, to abandon the language of gentlemen, and resort to the more congenial capabilities of *slang*, in order to find a worthy definition of it.* Mr. Kidd informs us that you certainly thought fit to behave on the occasion, in his public shop, in a manner altogether unbecoming any person having the least pretensions to respectability; yet that before you left him he had fully explained whatever you were pleased to take offence at, and you appeared perfectly satisfied. But it seems that the unfortunate delay in the payment of your money had occasioned you the disappointment of some little excursion, which a petty mind could neither forget nor forgive; and could *this* warrant the unmanly pains you have taken, in last week's "Athenæum," to falsify and contradict yourself, trusting to the introduction of some twenty lines of irrelevant nonsense to conceal your malignity from casual readers, and to the reputation which you acquired to weigh down a rising publication, especially when the balance is held by so partial a friend as Mr. Athenæum, who can take out from one scale and add to the other as he pleases? Could *this*, again, justify your making (as we are informed) a personal request to your *editorial* friends, not, by any means, to notice or extract your contributions to the "Comic Magazine," as otherwise would

* "Post the cole, *Poole* measure."

have, doubtless, been the case, although they have (however, they may bear comparison with your other works) the honour of being the most indifferent the Numbers, in which they appear, contain? We can easily guess another motive for this singular behaviour of yours; let us ask you whether you are not the intimate friend of *Mr. Thos. Hood*, and whether he and your mutual friend, the "Athenæum," have not called you to account for in any way assisting the "Comic Magazine," which you all have good reason to fear (Mr. Hood's letter evidently admits it to the honour of a *rival*) may somewhat hurt the sale of the "Comic Annual?" and have you not, in consequence, though your immediate necessities compelled you to be "guilty" of "one single transaction," conspired with them, in utter disregard of principle and honour, to render abortive the services we had purchased of you, by depriving your employers, whose pay you had accepted, of all those benefits which they had every right to expect.

With regard to future assistance, you are, sir, of course, at liberty to cancel the "*retainer*" of the "Comic Magazine," which its present talented editor ("Figaro in London") will doubly compensate to our readers by supplying your deficiency from his own pen; although, if at any future period your necessities should require a few guineas, and your hireling pride (forsooth!) not discharge an "*ods blunderbuss*" at being advertised in our list of authors, you will as a mere matter of business meet at our hands with the same liberal attention as before, upon condition only that you do not practice upon us an injustice similar to that which we are at present experiencing.

In answer to your questions as to our "*negotiations*" (though how they concern you, except for the above reason, we are at a loss to know), we have thought fit, sir, to advertise, and we shall continue to advertise, *negotiations* with all such talented gentlemen as we have applied, or shall apply to for contributions, until they negative our applications, either privately (as is customary among gentlemen) or in the extraordinary manner which yourself, *Mr. Hood* and *Mr. Colman*,* have been enabled to prefer, through the obviously friendly connivance of an "*honest and impartial*" reviewer, who steps so much out of his way to injure a rising publication, in which a very considerable capital is at stake.

As you have chosen to write to us, and at us, through the public medium of the "Athenæum," it is but right that the same channel should convey the answer of, sir,

Your obedient servants,

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE "COMIC MAGAZINE."

In the "Athenæum" of the following Saturday, none of the above letters were inserted, but there appeared the following notice

"TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"We have received a packet of letters from the Proprietors of the 'Comic Magazine,' with a request, or rather *demand*, that they should be inserted in this paper. This is very silly. The question, so far as the public are concerned, is brief and intelligible; and the answer might be equally so. The Proprietors of the 'Comic Magazine' announced that Mr. Poole was 'retained' as a writer for that work; that they were 'in treaty' with Mr. Hood; that 'the negotiations were on the eve of conclusion;' and that they were using 'every means in their power to induce George Colman, the younger, to furnish their readers with some of his broad grins.' Mr. Hood and Mr. Colman request us positively to contradict these assertions; and Mr. Poole begs leave to explain: we printed the letters *without one word of comment;* and there the question must rest, unless the Proprietors of the 'Comic Magazine' are prepared to prove the truth of the announcements in their advertisement. The letters now received

* No negotiations were advertised with *Mr. Colman*; but we pledged ourselves to spare no expense in obtaining his assistance, which we are still ready and willing to secure, on the most liberal terms.

contain no such proof: they are filled with idle words: the writers merely speak of their own motives, and insinuate motives as influencing others. It is utterly absurd to suppose we should publish such stuff.—Now, a word to the Editor of the 'Comic Magazine,' who has also favoured us with two letters. He is of opinion that we acted partially in omitting parts of his letter. We acted with due consideration, and for the honour of literary men; and hereafter he may think so. Not, however, to offend again in the same way, we decline inserting his letter, or any part of it; and as to motives by which he affects to believe us influenced, we must remind him, that he has heretofore committed himself by like confident assertions; and we recommend him to be more cautious."

This "notice" the Proprietors have answered as follows:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ATHENÆUM."

228, Regent-street, July 25, 1832.

Sir,—We intended our letters to be an explanation of our advertisements with regard to Mr. Hood, and a contradiction both to Mr. Poole and Mr. Colman,—the former of whom, we insist, as our letters explain, we were fully warranted in saying we had "retained," and with the latter of whom we never said we "WERE in treaty," or "WERE using every means in our power to induce him to furnish our readers with some of his best '*broad grins.*'" The fact is, sir, that you and Mr. Colman have both made us assert that we have already done, and are at the present time doing, what we only promised to do for the future, thus (at any rate prematurely) making us appear guilty of falsehood and duplicity. What we have done in our advertisements is nothing more than every other work does with impunity. We have stated what we have already done for our past and present numbers, promised what we were able to do for our forthcoming numbers (Thomas Dibdin, Esq. is a contributor to our fifth number, while Miss L. Sheridan has positively undertaken contributions for our *sixth*), and we pledged ourselves to spare no expense in obtaining first-rate talents for the future.

We are, sir, your obedient servants,

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE "COMIC MAGAZINE."

N.B.—We have published the whole correspondence in the 15th number of the "Thief."

I.

THE COMIC MAGAZINE.

Edited by the Editor of "Figaro in London."

The Fifth Number of this very elegant, most amusing, and highly popular periodical will contain several highly humorous and facetious articles by Thomas Dibdin, Esq., W. T. Moncrieff, Esq., "Figaro in London," Augustus Walter Arnold, Esq. (one of the authors of "Dramatic Stories"), the Great Unmentionable, and other comic authors of the highest celebrity, illustrated by sixteen comic engravings by Seymour.

Miss L. Sheridan (Editor of "The Comic Offering") has promised her valuable assistance for next Number.

Nos. I., II., III., and IV. are reprinted, and contain comic articles by John Poole, Esq. (Author of "Paul Pry," &c.), R. B. Peake, Esq. (who illustrates for himself), W. T. Moncrieff, Esq., "Figaro in London," the Author of "Absurdities," &c.

*** The Proprietors pledge themselves to spare no expense in obtaining the co-operation of every comic author of celebrity.

THE WHOLE PRESS,

As well Provincial as Metropolitan, have been unanimous in praise of this little periodical; and the following are only a few extracts from some of the leading papers concerning it:—

"Under its new editor, Figaro, full of fun and humour, both graphic and literary."—Literary Gazette.

"Full of comic cuts and comic writing: is greatly improving."—Athenæum.

"A sort of monthly 'Figaro,' only in a smarter coat.—The cuts, eighteen in number, are some of them excellent, and all amusing."—Court Journal.

"The 'Comic,' full of cuts, wooden and witty, à la Hood."—Literary Guardian.

"A merry little work, very neatly got up. It will raise a smile and divert an idle moment as well as any publication of a similar kind with which we are acquainted. Some of the jokes are excellent."—Metropolitan.

"This little literary gem."—Times.

"This beautiful little periodical."—Morning Herald.

"One of the most amusing and most elegant of the magazines, Kidd's 'Comic,' under its new editor, 'Figaro in London,' who is in himself a host."—Courier.

"A very focus of humour, wit, and drollery, worthy of a place in the library."—Morning Chronicle.

"Totally unconnected with politics, is, at once, an elegant, entertaining, and very cheap ornament, just calculated for a lady's drawing-room table; while, in a literary point of view, it affords a most desirable shilling's-worth of hearty laughs and intellectual recreation."—Morning Post.

"Pursues its course rejoicing. It abounds in quips, cranks, and oddities—fun, merriment, and illustrations of practical jokes."—Morning Advertiser.

"How all this can be done for the moderate price of one shilling, we are absolutely paralyzed with wonder."—John Bull.

"A pleasant little periodical, full of humour both in plates and print. Its illustrations are some of the happiest and most laughable we have yet seen."—Old Bell's Weekly Messenger.

"Is particularly amusing."—United Kingdom.

"All those who want to 'laugh, *sans intermission*, an hour by the dial,' will read the 'Comic Magazine.' The engravings by Seymour, nineteen in number, are irresistibly ludicrous, and must break into smiles, if not broad grins, the most rigidly visaged puritan."—The Town.

II.

On or about the 1st of August, elegantly printed in a neat wrapper (uniform with Mr. Murray's new editions of Lord Byron's Works), Price only One Shilling,

CANTO XVII. OF DON JUAN.

Illustrated by Seymour.

III.

On the same day, elegantly printed in a neat wrapper, Price only One Shilling,

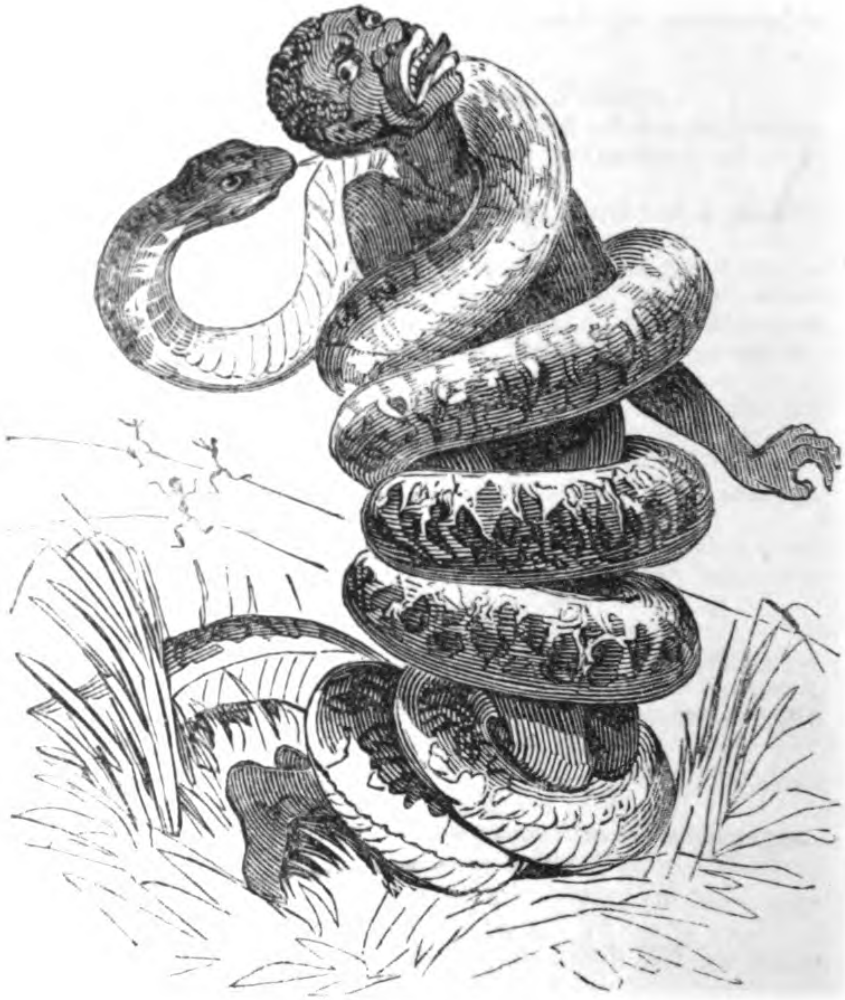
THE POETICAL MARCH OF HUMBUG.

By the GREAT UNMENTIONABLE.

Containing caricature imitations of the principal popular poets of the day (accompanied by light satirico-lyrico-biographico-critical notices) after the manner of "Rejected Addresses," with Portrait Sketches, Autographs, &c., by Seymour, of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, L. E. L., Jerdan, Campbell, Robert Montgomery, the Baileys (Old and New), Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey and Wilson (the Lake poets), &c.

Published by Jamas Gilbert (late W. Kidd), 228, Regent-street, London.

Printed by Mills, Jowett, and Mills, Bolt-court, Fleet-street.



A BLACK FAST.

IMPROMPTU,

BY MISS L. H. SHERIDAN,

(EDITOR OF "THE COMIC OFFERING.")

To the Editor of "The Comic Magazine."

SIR,—I regret that severe indisposition, and the exclusive attention required in preparing my Annual, have hitherto prevented me from complying with your requests respecting contributions for your little work:—as my great partiality for publications of a witty nature makes me feel much interest in their *success*, I would rather have deferred sending an article until I had more time and health to write it; but finding my name advertised for September, I send you the following trifle, "A Black Fast," merely to enable you to fulfil your promise of an article from my pen.

I am, Sir, &c.

LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

A BLACK FAST!

In France we invited to dinner a friend
Who had lost a relation he did not regret;
So, like *non-grieving* folk, he felt bound to attend
To the strictest punctilio, and *black etiquette!*

'Twas agreed we should all dress in black,—and our guest
Being an epicure, M.— a long list had prepared
(For our Cuisinier's guidance) of what he liked best;
But when *I* had perused it, all wrong it appeared.

Green-pea soup, and *red* mullet, *brown* sauces were there,
Bordeaux à la *rose*, and some bright *pink* champagne:
Green ginger, *blanc* mange, *orange* puddings, so clear,
With *red* and *white* wines, *purple* grapes, such a train!

" How unfeeling!" said I, " *coloured* viands to chuse,—
On *black*-birds alone our sad mourner can dine;
Black-puddings, *black*-cherries, *black*-currants he'll use,—
And mind, let him have only " *Black Strap* " for wine!"

A BUNCH OF GRAPES.

HE-ARTFUL COMPLAINTS.

—

BY THE GREAT UNMENTIONABLE.

—

My heart is like an aged hat
  That withers napless and alone ;
The thoughts that filled, the rest that soothed,
  The dreary void, 'tis left, are flown !

My heart is like an aged hat
  Whose shape is lost, whose gloss is gone ;
A seared and broken stem is now
  Where Hope once hung its blossoms on !

My heart is like an aged hat
  To him who robbed it of its bliss ;
In bright days shunned, in dark ones sought,
  For ah ! he knows it still is his !

THE LONE ONE.

My heart is like an aged hat
To those who'd make it shine again ;
It never brightens but with tears,
As that ne'er brightens but with rain.

My heart is like an aged hat
To him who'd seek to win it now ;
Since bought by gold, instead of love,
'Twould shadow, more than light, his brow.

My heart is like an aged hat
Whose band about it still remains ;
For, vainly firm, the tie, alas!
That first enchained it, still enchains.

"LINKED SWEETNESS."

THE COMET.

"THEREBY HANGS A TALE."

BY THOMAS DIBDIN, ESQ.

And a sad tale too, Mr. Editor, for the Sidrophels of the day have foretold that on the 29th of next October the Comet will run foul of the earth, as the *Shillibeer Omnibus* might come in contact with the *Adelaide*, or the *Diana Steamboat* might run down the *Acteon Funny*, and spill every mortal on board; a confused idea of which has haunted my waking and dreaming ideas in the following nonsensical form, which is much at your service from

Your's,
DOZEY.

(*Old Air.*)

You've heard of the Comet—
Good-luck keep us from it
I hope, for, if once it run foul of *earth's* ball,
All gravity ceases,
Our globe's knock'd to pieces,
And we on each neighbouring planet might fall

FORCE OF GRAVITY.

A DROP OF THE CRATER.

Married ladies, as you know,
May tumble on *Juno* ;
'Cute tradesmen and thieves would on *Mercury* light ;
Mars would whisper to *Venus*,
Let's make room between us
For " Virgins so fair and for warriors so bright !"

Bards would light Fiction's fire
At home on the *lyre* ;
At the *Swan* jolly topers would get in the *Sun* ;—
Some folks might rely on
A place in *Orion* ;
Each monarch, alarm'd, to his *Pallas* would run ;
Old sov'reigns would guide us
To *Georgium Sidus* ;—
Our farmers in *Ceres* would reap autumn's fruits ;
Pat, the *Cratur* would plase ye ;
The *Moon* take the crazy ;
Suit *tailors* in *Vesta*, shoemakers in *Boot*(e)*s !*

Each sad rakish cretur
Would follow " *Jupeeter* ;"
The *clubs* would with *Hercules* feel quite at home ;

And, should a *gal-ax-ye,*
I don't mean to tax ye
With losing your *time,* if to *Saturn* you'd roam?
In the signs of the *Zody—*
Whack! if I bestow'd ye,
Friend *Teague,* you'd with *John* in the *Bull* be at ease;
Caledonia, let *her* go
To *Leo* or *Virgo;*
And *Taffy* in Capricorn toast his own cheese!

Maid servants, like fairies,
From kitchens to *Aries*
Would run, while your dandies with *Gemini* twin;
In *Libra,* you'd daily
Find mean people *scaly,*
And think, to the *Fishes,* they'd all tumble in
With *Cancer* the *Crabbed,*
With *Scorpio* the *rabid;*
While scullers, oars, steamers, and bargemen would go
For fares to *Aquarius,*
And old *Sagittarius*
Would find a few dozen of strings to his bow!

Then, my stars and garters!
What knights from all quarters,
To planets more brilliant would satellites prove;
Our pensions and taxes,
On some other axis
Than ours (and they're welcome) would merrily move!

s THE STAR-GAZER.

REJECTED ADDRESSES.

I'm a good looking lass (at least so says my glass).
And I mean, when convenient, to marry ;
The truth to disclose, I have two or three beaus,
Mr. Cross, Mr. Merry, and Harry.

My first is a lawyer who sued with such zeal,
As proved he was strait on a catch bent;
Tho' there be two or three who, with me, think that he
Better serves, than *de*-serves, an attachment.

He sent me some trinkets in a letter he wrote
Of my love to compel a discovery ;
The trinkets I kept, but I sent back the note ;
So he suffered *a fine and recovery !*

THE BEAU MONDE.

A WHIPPER-SNAPPER.

Next morning he came, tried to fan up a flame;
But my spark did but add to his loss
By wasting his breath, as I told him, till death,
That with him I could never be Cross!

My next a young surgeon, in playing his part,
Prattled much about love and affection;
Assured me he'd rather cut me to the heart
Than assist at the finest dissection!

But he is such a fop, his acquaintance I'll drop,
As of him I'm weary, oh, very!
Tho' much to my loss, I could never be Cross,
Yet with this man I ne'er could be Merry!

Tho' as time passes by, and beauty will fly,
I'm determined no longer to tarry;
So now I declare, I am willing to share
All the chattels of young (not old) Harry!

ANN H.

EPITAPHS.

—

BY THOMAS DIBDIN, ESQ.

—

On an Apothecary who ruined himself by erecting a row of houses in the church-yard.

Galen Mac Hod,
Lies here (how odd!)
In this church-yard—he did so love it!
He got riches, we know,
By what 's buried below,
And spent 'em on what's above it.
Unable with architects' charges to wrestle,
By the *Mortar* he lost what he gained by the *Pestle*.

———

Here lie, who, alive,
Were four spouses of five,
With whom in six years I was tempted to wive!
One—I lost him too soon!—
Was an Irish Dragoon;
Tho' a better some reckon'd
Scotch Sandy my *second*;

The *third*,—rest his bones!—
Was Llewellyn Ap Jones;
Next English Bill Wood
Lived as long as he could;
But my *fifth* so surpasses my *fore*-gone good men,
That, unless *he* should *die*, I shan't marry again!

'DE MORTUIS NIL NISI *BONUM*."

THE MAN OF FEELING!

—

BY RALPH RIGMAROLE, ESQ.

—

THE Rev. Mr. Almoner was a man of most philanthropic temperament. He never stirred abroad without previously well supplying his pockets with half-pence, and, whenever he saw an object of commiseration, charity invariably melted his heart *in a copper*,—nor could he encounter a poor sailor deprived of his legs without endeavouring to console him for the loss, by giving him *alms*: but so numerous were the calls on his compassion, that he had scarcely bestowed a penny upon one picture of misery, before he had to *feel for another!* Mr. Almoner, however, began to suspect his best feelings were not unfrequently imposed upon, and it was not long before his suspicions were confirmed; he, therefore, came to the determination of never relieving another individual without previously inquiring into the merits of the case. It was with

RE-MEMBER POOR JACK.

this intention that he quitted home one morning, having read in "The Times" an appeal "To THE BENEVOLENT AND HUMANE," on behalf of a distressed literary gentleman. With a little difficulty he at length arrived at the place where it was stated the poor author might be visited. He found the "aspiring youth" quartered in a garret; and, as he ascended the stairs, he could not help thinking that if Mount Parnassus were only a sort of "Mount Pleasant," where lodgings could be obtained, there would scarcely be a poet now-a-days but would reach its summit. At length Mr. A. was ushered into the apartment;—"the gentleman would be with him in a few minutes"—during which time he amused himself by taking a survey of the room.—"Sorry stabling," thought he, as he glanced round it, "for the Pegasus."—It contained one bed, one decrepid old chair, and an equally infirm table, whereon were deposited a small gallypot converted into an inkstand, a pen evidently having seen some service, and, what was to all appearances, an account-book. "This," said Mr. A., "doubtlessly contains the list of subscriptions," and, so saying,

he commenced turning over the leaves. Suddenly he stopped;—he rubbed his eyes, which gradually rounded into the dimensions of two common balls; and his mouth betrayed a cavity somewhat similar to the Thames Tunnel. "A-a-a-h!" exclaimed he, "can I believe my eyes? What do I see?

	£.	s.
By six Brutal Assaults - - - - - - - -	4	9
By five Daring Robberies - - - - - - -	6	6

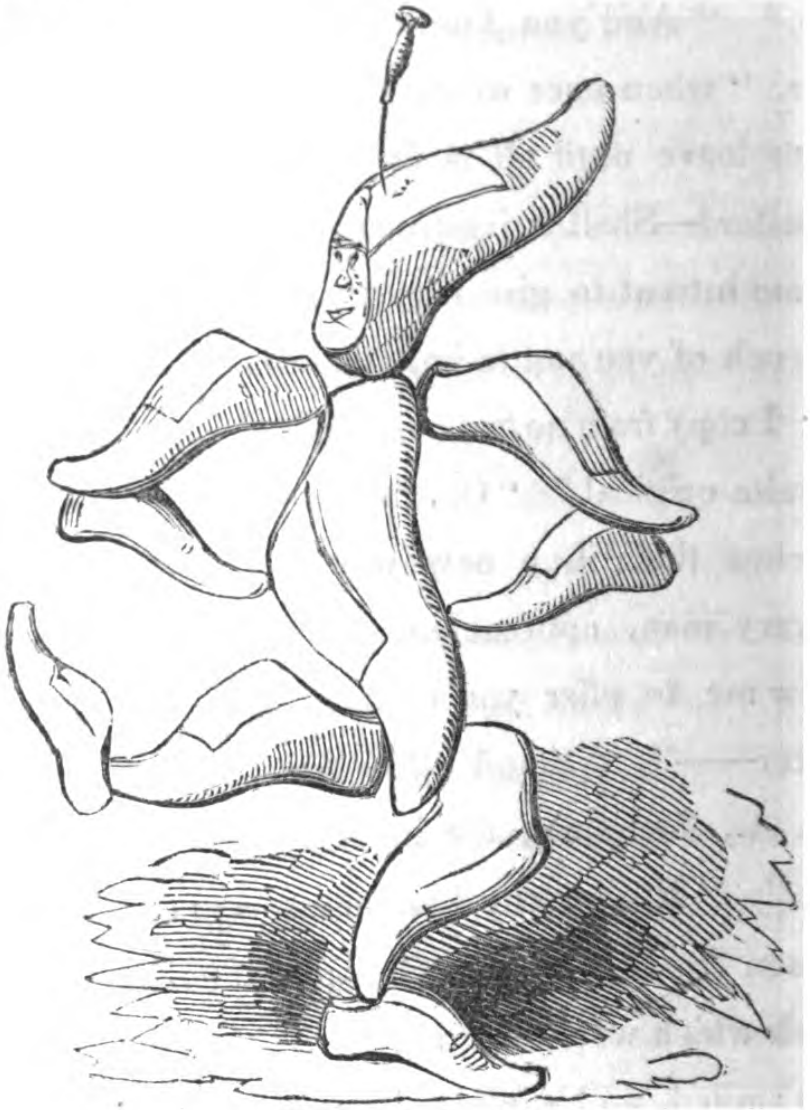
By—eh? No! it cannot be!—he can never be reduced to that!" Again he rubbed his eyes,—"*Alas! it is too plain!*

	£.	s.
By three Horrid Murders - - - - -	7	10."

He threw down the book and paced the room. "Where have I come to?—what shall I do?" cried he,—"but hark! the fiend!—he approaches! Ah! the poker—that shall defend me!" The author entered, but his appearance was certainly far from intimidating. He was long and thing as a note of admiration—slender as his income; he was habited in a black coat—rather *seedy*—a thing not to be wondered at considering how frequently it had been

sown! "Sir," said the man of letters, bowing—"I regret to have kept you waiting, but I was upon a very difficult subject,"—"*Upon* a very difficult subject!" echoed Mr. A, "Yes, the fearful truth is now revealed—he has been *burking* some one below." "And you know, sir," continued the author, "when once we get upon a subject it doesn't do to leave until all is finished." "The inhuman monster!—Shall I interrogate him? Young man, let me intreat to give over these evil ways—let me beseech of you not to imitate *Burke*." "Oh! no, sir; I copy from no one; my style, I can assure you, is quite original." "Oh, the abominable wretch dispatches them in a new way!" "But," said the literary man, approaching his visitor, "will you allow me to offer you a chair, and to take that poker——" "Stand off!—stand off!" exclaimed Mr. A., flourishing the implement—"stand off! I say." "Really, sir, I am at a loss to conceive the reason for this conduct." Mr. A. pointed to the book which was still lying open. The man of letters smiled, and explained it was his account with the Times Newspaper, and the Brutal Assaults,

Daring Robberies, &c. were simply the detail of those enormities committed by others. Mr. A. laughed heartily at the mistake, gave the poor author five pounds to compensate for his conduct, and retired.



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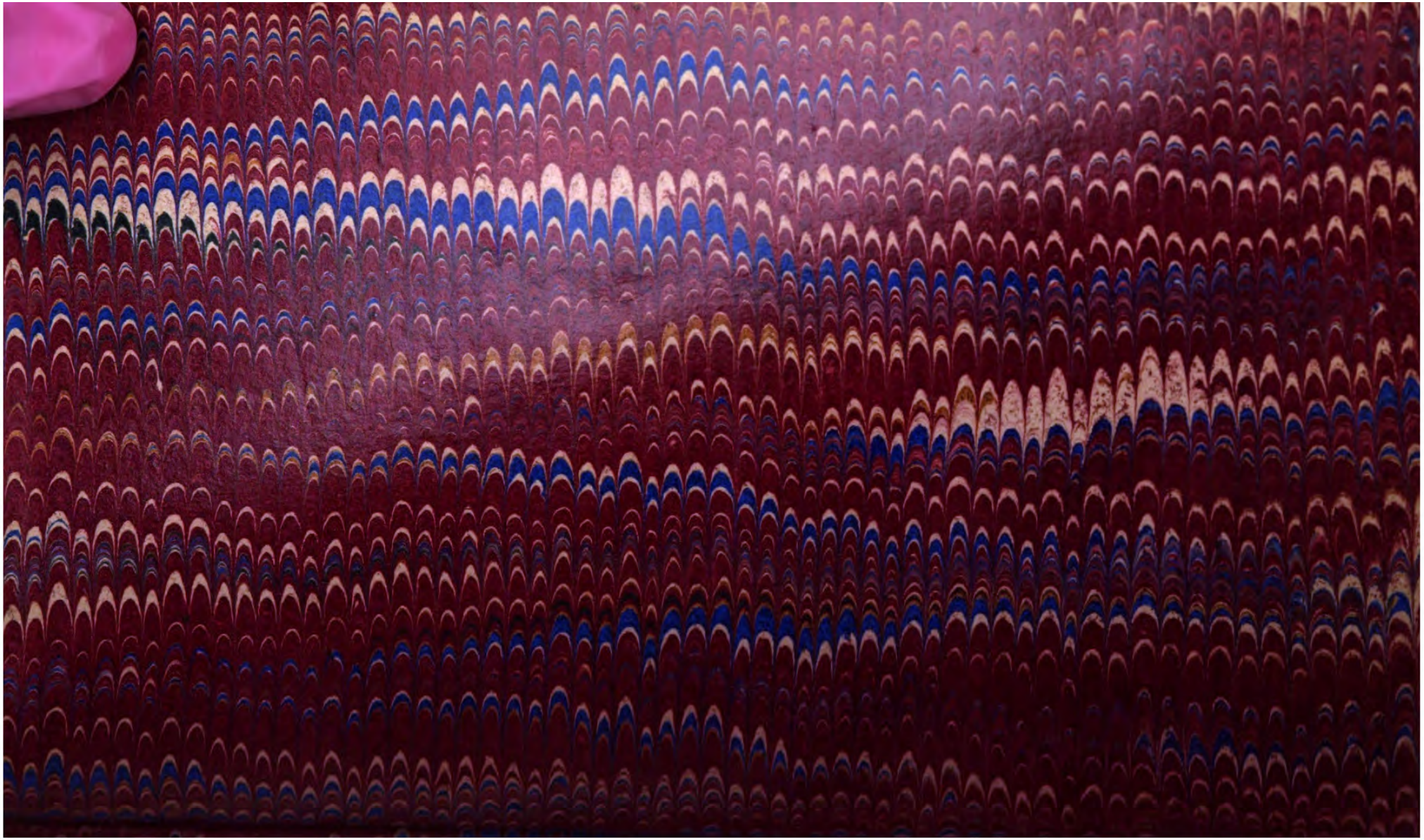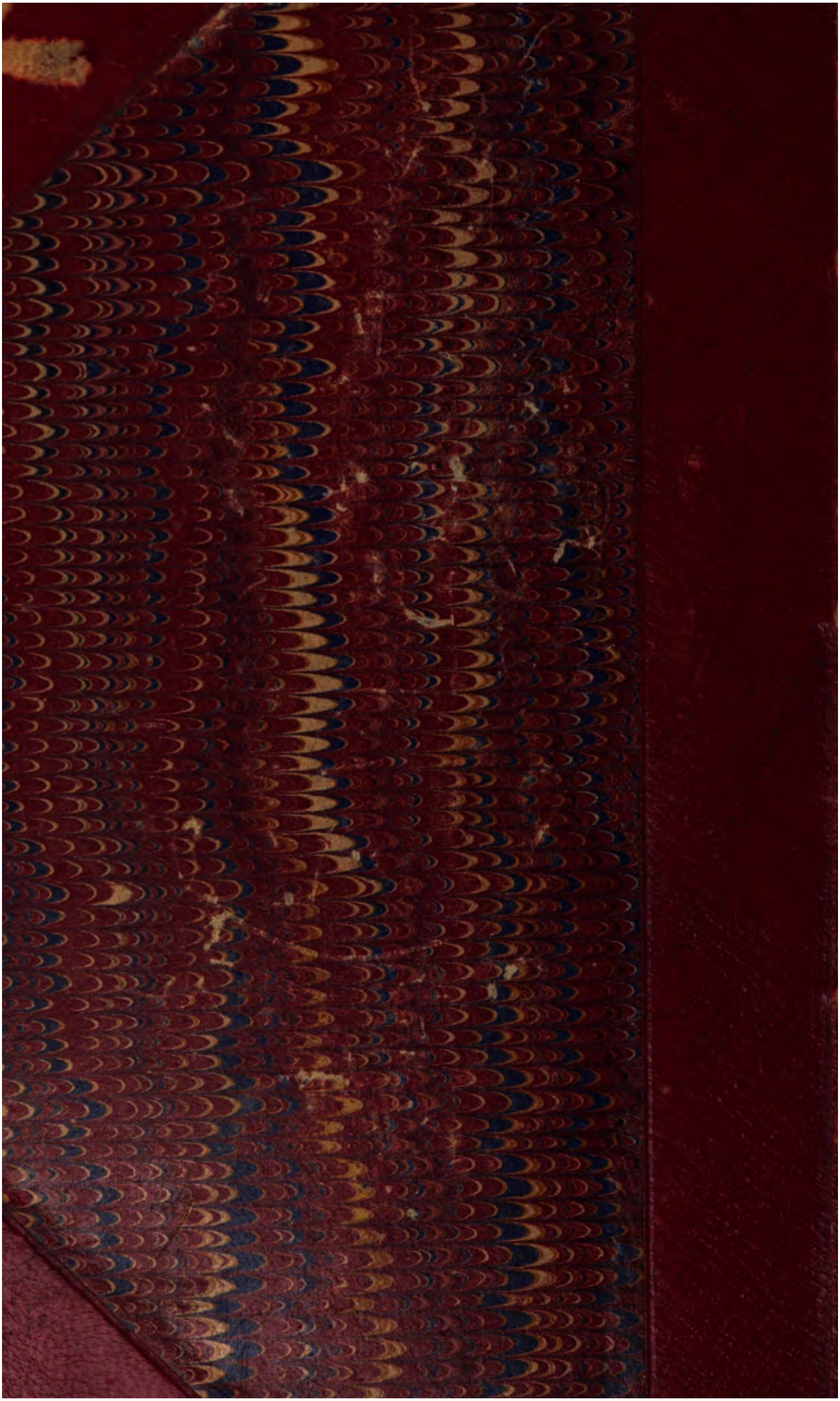
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