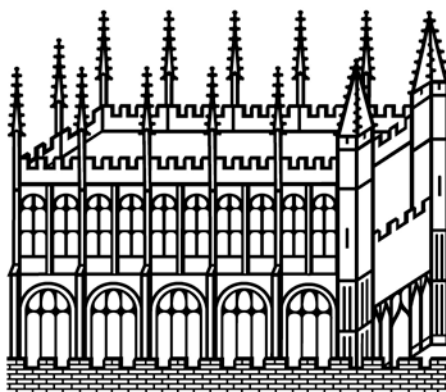




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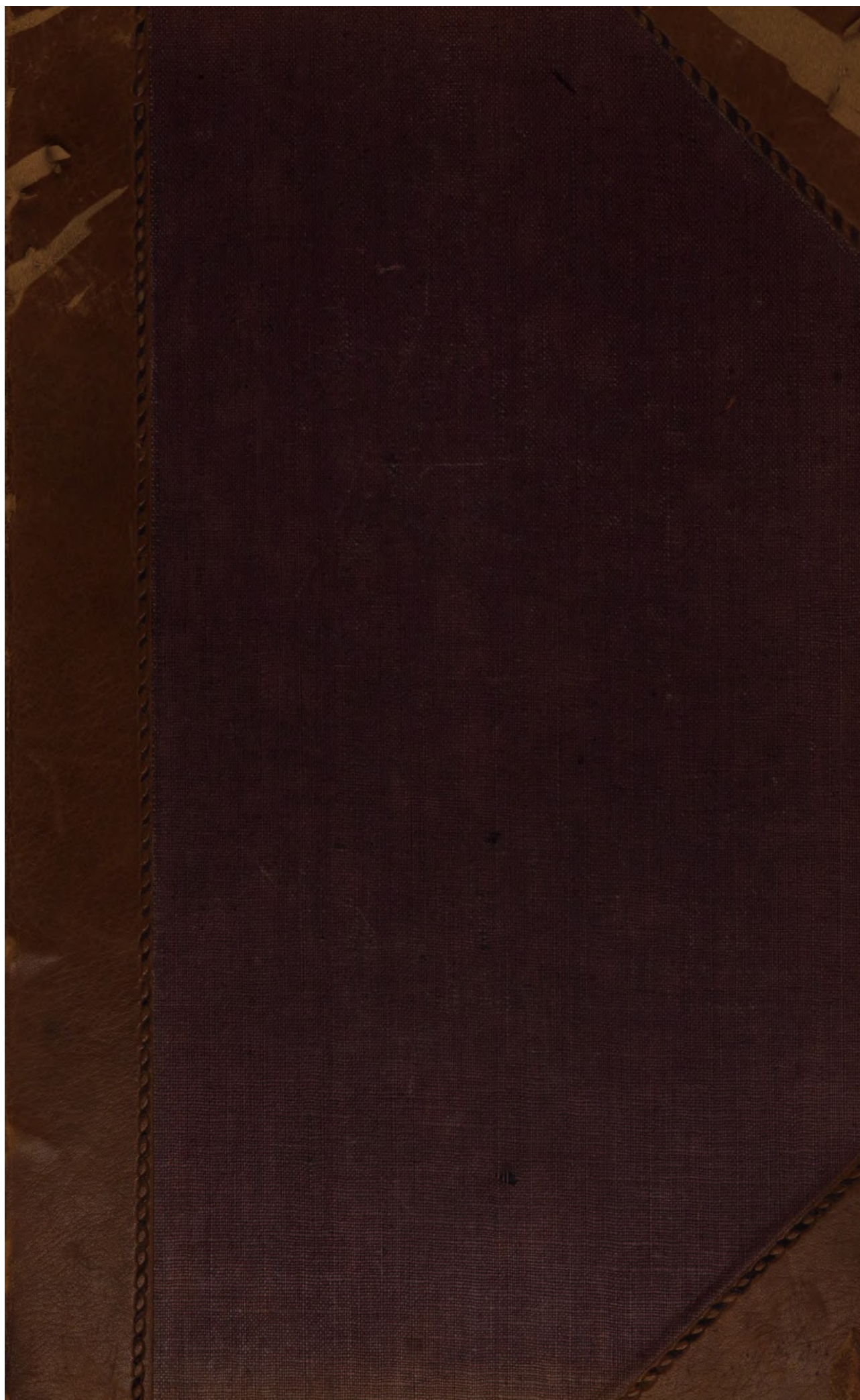
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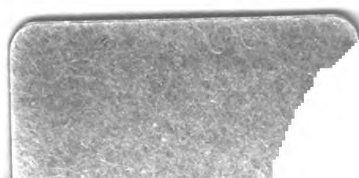


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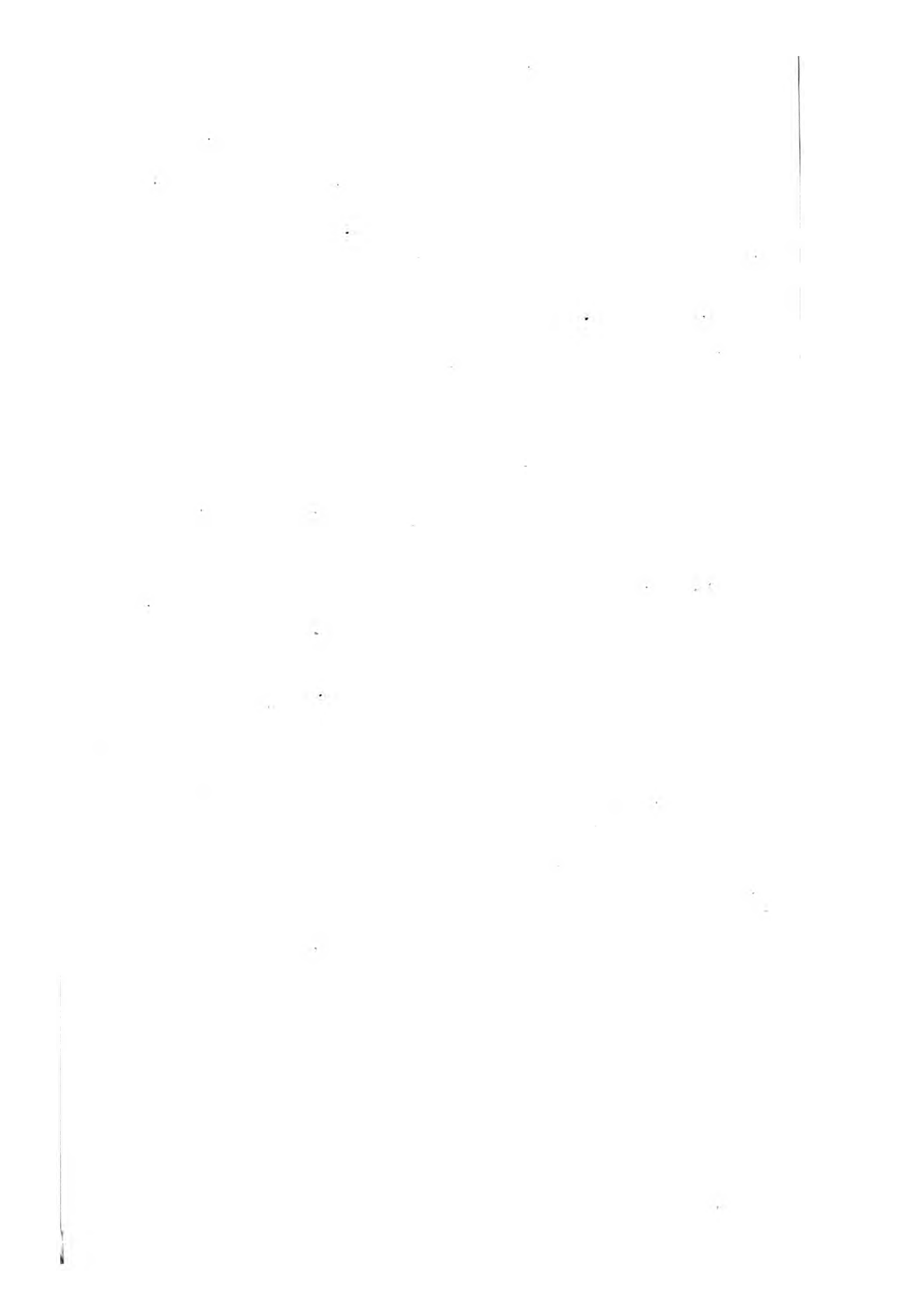




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POINTS
OF
H U M O U R;

Illustrated

BY THE

DESIGNS OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON :

PUBLISHED BY C. BALDWIN, NEWGATE STREET.

1823.

250. a. 154.



LONDON :
Printed by D. S. Maurice, Fenchurch Street.

PREFACE.



It will be readily perceived that the literary part of this work is of humble pretensions. One object alone has been aimed at and it is hoped with success—to select or to invent those incidents which might be interesting or amusing in themselves, while they afforded scope for the peculiar talents of the artist who adorns them with his designs. The selection was more difficult than may at first sight be supposed. It is true, there is no paucity of subjects of wit and humour, but he who will take the trouble to examine them, will find how few are adapted for pictorial representation. No artist can embody a point of wit, and the humour of many of the most laughable stories would vanish at the touch of the pencil of the most ingenious designer in the world. Those ludicrous subjects only which are rich in the humour of *situation* are calculated for graphic illustration. To prove the following anecdotes are not deficient in this respect, no other appeal is necessary than to the plates themselves. Look at the breadth of the humour, the point of the situation, the selection of the figures, the action, and its accompaniments, and deny (without a laugh on the face) that this portion of the work answers the end in view. In all this the writer or compiler, or whatever he may be called, claims little

merit. That the whole effect is comic, that the persons are ludicrous, and engaged in laughable groups and surrounded with objects which tend to broaden the grin, all this, and a thousand times more, belongs to Mr. Cruikshank ;—the writer only claims the merit of having suggested to him the materials.

Some of the TEN POINTS, now submitted to the public, arise out of a reprint of that admirable piece of humour, the JOLLY BEGGARS of Burns ;—A part of his works almost unknown to the public, in consequence of the scrupulousness of the poet's biographer and editor, who withheld them from the world. Lest we however should incur the charge, which Dr. Currie apprehended, we beg leave to prefix the observations on this subject by the first literary character in the kingdom, Sir Walter Scott, as they appeared in the *Quarterly Review*.

“ Yet applauding, as we do most highly applaud, the leading principles of Dr. Currie's selection, we are aware that they sometimes led him into fastidious and over-delicate rejection of the bard's most spirited and happy effusions. A thin octavo, published at Glasgow in 1801, under the title of ‘ Poems ascribed to Robert Burns, the Ayrshire bard,’ furnishes valuable proofs of this assertion ; it contains, among a good deal of rubbish, some of his most brilliant poetry. A cantata, in particular, called *The Jolly Beggars*, for humorous description and nice discrimination of character, is inferior to no poem of the same length in the whole range of English poetry. The scene, indeed, is laid in the very lowest department of low life, the actors being a set of strolling vagrants, met to carouse, and barter their rags and plunder for liquor in a hedge ale-house. Yet even in describing the movements of such a group, the



native taste of the poet has never suffered his pen to slide into any thing coarse or disgusting. The extravagant glee and outrageous frolic of the beggars are ridiculously contrasted with their maimed limbs, rags, and crutches—the sordid and squalid circumstances of their appearance are judiciously thrown into the shade. Nor is the art of the poet less conspicuous in the individual figures, than in the general mass. The festive vagrants are distinguished from each other by personal appearance and character, as much as any fortuitous assembly in the higher orders of life. The group, it must be observed, is of Scottish character, and doubtless our northern brethren are more familiar with its varieties than we are; yet the distinctions are too well marked to escape even the southern. The most prominent persons are a maimed soldier and his female companion, a hackneyed follower of the camp, a stroller, late the consort of an highland ketterer, or sturdy beggar—‘but weary fa’ the waefu’ woodie!’—Being now at liberty, she becomes an object of rivalry between a ‘pigmy scraper with his fiddle’ and a strolling tinker. The latter, a desperate bandit, like most of his profession, terrifies the musician out of the field, and is preferred by the damsel of course. A wandering ballad-singer, with a brace of doxies, is last introduced upon the stage. Each of these mendicants sings a song in character, and such a collection of humorous lyrics, connected by vivid poetical description, is not perhaps to be paralleled in the English language. The ditty chaunted by the Ballad Singer is certainly far superior to any thing in the *Beggar’s Opera*, where alone we could expect to find its parallel.

“We are at a loss to conceive any good reason why Dr. Currie did not introduce this singular and humor-

ous cantata into his collection. It is true, that in one or two passages the muse has trespassed slightly upon decorum, where, in the language of Scottish song,

“ High kilted was she,

“ As she gaed owre the lea.”

“ Something, however, is to be allowed to the nature of the subject, and something to the education of the poet: and if from veneration to the names of Swift and Dryden, we tolerate the grossness of the one, and the indelicacy of the other, the respect due to that of Burns, may surely claim indulgence for a few light strokes of broad humour.

“ Knowing that this, and hoping that other compositions of similar spirit and tenor, might yet be recovered, we were induced to think that some of them, at least, had found a place in the collection given to the public by Mr. Cromek. But he has neither risked the censure, nor gained the applause, which might have belonged to such an undertaking.”

POINT I.

THE POINT OF HONOUR.

WHEN the American army was at Valley Forge in the winter of 1777, a captain of the Virginian Line refused a challenge sent him by a brother officer, alleging that his life was devoted to the service of his country, and that he did not think it a point of duty to risk it to gratify the caprice of any man. This *point of duty* gave occasion to a *point of humour* which clearly displayed the brilliant *points* of the officer's character, and exposed the weak ones of his brothers in the service in a very *pointed* manner. His antagonist gave him the character of a coward through the whole army. Conscious of not having merited the aspersion, and discovering the injury he should sustain in the minds of those unacquainted with him, he repaired one evening to a general meeting of the officers of that line. On his entrance, he was avoided by the company, and the officer who had challenged him, insolently ordered him to leave the room; a request which was loudly re-echoed from all parts. He refused, and asserted that he came there to vindicate his fame; and after mentioning the reasons which induced him not to accept the challenge, he applied a large hand grenade to the candle, and when the fuse had caught

fire, threw it on the floor, saying, "Here, gentlemen, this will quickly determine which of us all dare brave danger most." At first they stared upon him for a moment in stupid astonishment, but their eyes soon fell upon the fuse of the grenade, which was fast burning down. Away scampered Colonel, General, Ensign, and Captain, and all made a rush at the door. "Devil take the hindmost." Some fell, and others made way over the bodies of their comrades; some succeeded in getting out, but for an instant there was a general heap of flesh sprawling at the entrance of the apartment. Here was a colonel jostling with a subaltern, and there fat generals pressing lean lieutenants into the boards, and blustering majors, and squeaking ensigns wrestling for exit; the size of one and the feebleness of the other making their chance of departure pretty equal, until time, which does all things at last, cleared the room and left the noble captain standing over the grenade with his arms folded, and his countenance expressing every kind of scorn and contempt for the train of scrambling red coats, as they toiled and bustled and bored their way out of the door.

After the explosion had taken place, some of them ventured to return, to take a peep at the mangled remains of their comrade, whom however to their great surprise they found alive and uninjured.—When they were all gone, the captain threw himself flat on the floor as the only possible means of escape, and fortunately came off with a whole skin, and a repaired reputation.



POINT II.

THE SHORT COURTSHIP.

As a gentleman was passing along one of the more retired streets of London late in the evening, he stumbled over the body of an old man, whom on examination he found in a state of excessive inebriation, and who had in consequence tumbled down and rolled into the kennel. He had not gone many yards farther when he found an old woman very nearly in the same circumstances. It immediately struck Mr. L. that this was some poor old couple, who, overcome with the fatigues of the day, had indulged too freely in some restorative beverage, whether Hodges' or Deady's the historian does not say. Full of this idea, and animated by his own charitable disposition, Mr. L. soon made arrangements for the reception of the poor couple into a neighbouring public house, where the landlord promised that the senseless pair should be undressed and placed in a warm and comfortable bed. To bed they were put. Mr. L. left them lying side by side, snoring in concert, and likely to pass together a more harmonious night than perhaps would have been the case had they possessed the full

enjoyment of their senses. L. journeyed homewards filled with the satisfaction arising from the performance of a kind deed, and never reflected that there was a possibility of his having joined a pair whom the laws of God had not made one. The fact was, that the old man and the old woman were perfect strangers to each other, and their being found in a similar situation was purely accidental. In London, however extraordinary it may appear, many poor folks get drunk at night, especially Saturday night, and what is not less wonderful, they are in this state often unable to preserve their balance—the laws of gravity exert their influence, and the patient rolls into the kennel. Soundly—soundly did this late united pair sleep and snore till morning,—when the light broke in upon them and disclosed the secret.—Imagine the consternation of the old lady when the fumes of intoxication were dissipated, and she opened her eyes upon her snoring partner—where she was or how she had been put there she knew not. It was clear she was in bed with a man, and that was an event which had never happened to her before,—so she set up a scream, and roused the old gentleman, whose astonishment was not a jot less than the lady's. She sat upon end in bed staring at him, he moved himself into a similar situation and riveted his eyes upon her, and so they remained for a few instants both full of perfect wonderment;—at last it struck the poor lady that this was some monster of a man who had succeeded in some horrible design upon her honour; the idea in a moment gave her the look and manner of a fury, she flung out of bed and roared aloud to the admiration of all the inmates of the house, who attracted by her first scream were already peeping in at the door of the room,—“make me an honest woman, thou wretch,” she cried—“villain that you are,—make an honest wo-



man of me, or I'll be the death of thee ;"—down she sat upon the bed-stocks, and as she attempted to dress herself she interlarded her occupation with calling for vengeance upon her horrible seducer, who sat trembling at the other side of the bed, vainly attempting in his fright to insinuate his legs into his old tattered breeches. The landlord at last interfered with the authority of his station, and on inquiry found that no breach had been made which could not be easily repaired. The old gentleman was asked if he had any objection to take his fair bedfellow for a helpmate during the remainder of his life ; he stammered out his acquiescence as well as he could, and the enraged virgin consented to smooth down her anger on satisfaction being made to her injured honour. The bargain was soon struck, the happy pair were bundled off to church, amidst the laughing shouts of the mob, where a parson waited to make good the match too precipitately formed by our charitable friend.



POINT III.



YES OR NO?

FREDERICK the Great, King of Prussia, was so remarkably fond of children, that he suffered the sons of the Prince Royal to enter his apartment whenever they thought proper. One day, while he was writing in his closet, the eldest of these princes was playing at shuttlecock near him. The shuttlecock happened to fall upon the table at which the King sat, who threw it at the young prince and continued to write. The shuttlecock falling on the table a second time, the King threw it back, looking sternly at the child, who promised that no accident of the kind should happen again; the shuttlecock however fell a third time and even upon the paper on which the king was writing. Frederick then took the shuttlecock and put it in his pocket: the little prince humbly asked pardon and begged the King to return him his shuttlecock. His Majesty refused: the prince redoubled his entreaties, but no attention was paid to them; the young prince at length being tired of begging, advanced boldly towards the King, put his two hands on his side, and tossing back his little head



with great haughtiness, said in a threatening tone, "Will your Majesty give me my shuttlecock, Yes or No?" The King burst into a fit of laughter, and taking the shuttlecock out of his pocket, returned it to the prince saying, "you are a brave boy, *you* will never suffer Silesia to be taken from you."



POINT IV.

EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

NEAR Taunton, in Somersetshire, lived a sturdy fellow, by trade a miller, who possessed a handsome and buxom young woman for his wife. The said dame was many years the junior of her spouse, and thought that the neighbouring village contained not a few more agreeable companions, than the one whom Heaven had given her for life. Of this circumstance the miller had some suspicions, and determined to set them at rest one way or the other. Accordingly, one day he pretended to set off to buy corn, and told his wife that he should not be at home that night. The miller departed, and when the shades of evening afforded some concealment, in glided, to supply his place at bed and board, a neighbouring country squire.

As the village clock struck one that night, and as the loving pair were wrapped in sleep, a loud knocking was heard at the door.

The miller had unexpectedly returned home, and the unfortunate couple within were reduced to despair. The wit of the female was however equal to the emergency; the gentleman's clothes were pushed under her own, and his person was conducted into the kitchen, by the frail fair one, and there enclosed in a singular place of security.

The tall house clock, which always forms a part of the furniture of the "parlour, kitchen, and all," of men of our miller's rank, was at that time out of order, and the works had, on the very morning in question, been conveyed to Taunton, to undergo a thorough repair. It immediately struck the damsel that her lover could abide in no safer place than this, until her husband was asleep, and she could return and let him out. Now the country squire was a tall and a stout man, with a jolly rubicund physiognomy. He consequently enclosed himself in the clock-case with some difficulty, and when the good woman locked the door of it, as the only way of keeping it shut, it gave him a nip in the paunch, which would have extorted a cry under any other circumstances. As it was, the tightness below threw all the blood into his countenance, which, for such was his height, overtopped the wood work of the case, and appeared exactly at the spot where the clock usually shewed the hour. So that, had a light been held up to it, this portentous face would have borne the appearance of a dark red moon scowling out of fog and vapours upon a stormy night. This despatched, the dame commenced her own part with confidence. She gaped and yawned, and only admitted the miller till he had cursed and sworn his wife into a conviction, that he was her lawful husband, and no deceiver who had mimicked his voice and manner for his own wicked purposes. Much to the dismay of the parties already in possession of the house, the miller insisted upon striking a light, which at length obtaining, he drove his wife before him up to the bed-room, and then slyly and under pretence of something else, examined the apartment; and concluded with a thorough conviction of the groundlessness of his suspicions.

The wife, overjoyed at getting the candle out of the kitchen without discovery, was in high good humour, so that the miller became in excellent spirits too, both on account of his agreeable reception and the dispersion of his fears, and as a proof of his state of mind gave his wife a hearty kiss, and swore that they would go down and have a cozy bit of supper together before they went to bed. In vain the poor woman resisted, the slice of bacon must be broiled and the eggs poached. With trembling hand she bore the light into the kitchen, and durst not cast a glance upon the clock case where the prisoner, full of horror at the return of the candle, and reduced to a state of insufferable impatience by his miserable plight, uttered a deep low groan of despair as they entered the apartment. Fortunately it was not loud enough to attract the miller's attention, but thrilled through the heart of his unfortunate spouse. The happy pair soon began their culinary operations, the male with a light heart and a hungry appetite, the female sick and trembling at the disclosure which she feared was inevitable. All she could do, she did. She tried to keep up a conversation, she shaded the light, and she spread rasher after rasher before the all-devouring miller, who seemed as if intent to display his prowess before his rival, who was most ruefully and intently gazing upon him from his window of observation. By the lady's artful management, the miller sat with only a side view of the clock, and allowed a few sympathizing glances to be interchanged between the unhappy squire and his love, as she spread the tempting meal before her liege lord. Doubtless they both thought the miller's appetite was enormous, and in the calculation of either of them, he had already eat a side of bacon, when he declared he had done. *Now for*





good luck! inwardly exclaimed the dame, *fortune befriend me, and let me get him up stairs without casting a look upon that poor deplorable face*; which by the bye had lately been assuming all hues, and within the last two minutes had turned from a blue red to deadly pale, and back again to red black; and slight twitches and convulsive motions were observed in the muscles of his face, as if the poor unfortunate owner of them was tormented by some body below, who alternately pricked and pinched him. Oh, what a weight was taken off the heart of the frail fair one, and how fervently did she offer up vows of chastity in the gratitude of the moment, when the miller, having eat and drank his fill, made a motion for the bed room. Gladly was she attending him, when, as ill luck would have it, a *loud sneeze* was heard in the room, which was followed by an equally loud scream from the lady of the miller, who now gave all up for lost. It seemed that the dust of the clock-case had been disturbed by the body of the squire, and part of it being dislodged, had sought refuge in the intricacies of his nostrils. Hence the wincings and writhings, which, over and above being abominably nipped, produced the awful changes recorded above, and at length ended in a sneeze, which he could no longer restrain. This event had not the expected issue, for the dame in her fright threw down the candlestick, which she held in her hand, and extinguished the light. The good miller, now drowsy and stupid, chid her for being alarmed at the sneezing of a *cat*; and, not waiting for the poking out of a light from the dying embers, pushed his wife and himself off to bed, bestowing upon her, by the way, many of those endearing caresses, which husbands in a good humour lavish upon their wives; which caresses were certainly as indifferent to her, as they were doubtless

disagreeable to her friend in the clock. Release was not so soon at hand as the parties sanguinely expected, for though the miller slept, he took as secure a hold of his faithful dame, as if he had really been aware of the gaol-delivery she intended to accomplish. To her last resource, therefore, she was compelled to fly, for the morning was fast coming on. The miller's sleep was broken by the loud cries of his wife, who declared she was so ill, she was sure she should die. She yelled and screamed till the poor man in despair knew not what to do, and could only cry out *What can I get you, What can I get you?* Now the wily dame well knew that *that* would be the best for her complaint which was not in the house, so she vociferated *Brandy, brandy, Oh for some brandy*. The poor husband scrambled up some clothes, and set off for the nearest public house for some brandy, which was nearly a mile from his abode. Arriving there, he knocked up the landlord, who administered the medicine to him. To pay for which, the distressed husband put his hand in his breeches' pocket, and much to his own surprise, pulled out a large bundle of bank notes, at which he stared in amazement; when the landlord cried out, Lord! *you have got Mr. Farrer's breeches on*. Buckskins, it seems, well known in the neighbourhood.



"*The Devil I have,*" returned the miller, in a tone which came up like a groan, as he gazed upon his nether man. Quickly comprehending the secret of the exchange, he pocketed the notes, drank up the brandy for his own consolation, and went home, moralizing his pensive path, and gave the hypocritical culprit the soundest beating she ever had in her life. She, poor soul ! who had been charitably employed in the meanwhile, in letting the bird out of his cage, was not prepared for this reception ; nor did she understand it until the next morning, when the breeches were cried round the town by her malignant husband, who also with no pleasant expression of countenance, made a point of turning over his newly-acquired riches in her presence.



POINT V.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS;

OR,

LOVE AND LIBERTY, A CANTATA.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

RECITATIVO.

WHEN lyart leaves bestrow the yird,
Or wavering like the Bauckie-bird *,
 Bedim cauld Boreas' blast ;
When hailstanes drive wi' bitter skyte,
And infant frosts begin to bite,
 In hoary cranreuch drest ;
Ae night at e'en a merry core
 O' randie, gangrel bodies,
In Posie-Nansie's † held the splore ‡,
 To drink their orra duddies § :
 Wi' quaffing, and laughing,
 They ranted an' they sang ;
 Wi' jumping, an' thumping,
 The vera girdle rang.

* The bat.

† A whiskey house.

‡ Frolic.

§ Superfluous rags.

First, neist the fire, in auld red rags,
 Ane sat, weel brac'd wi' mealy bags,
 And knapsack a' in order;
 His doxy lay within his arm,
 Wi' *usquebae* an' blankets warm,
 She blinket on her sodger :
 An' ay he gies the tozie drab
 The tither skelpan kiss,
 While she held up her greedy gab
 Just like an aumous * dish :
 Ilk smack still, did crack still,
 Just like a cadger's † whip ;
 Then staggering, an' swaggering,
 He roar'd this ditty up—

AIR.

Tune—SOLDIER'S JOY.

I.

I am a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,
 And shew my cuts and scars wherever I come ;
 This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
 When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.
 Lal de daudle, &c.

II.

My prenticeship I past, where my leader breath'd his last,
 When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram ;
 I served out my trade, when the gallant *game* was play'd,
 And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum.

* A plate for receiving alms.

† A man who travels the country, with his wares on the back of a horse or ass.

III.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating batt'ries,
 And there I left for witness, an arm and a limb ;
 Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to head me,
 I'll clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum.

IV.

And now tho' I must beg, with a wooden arm and leg,
 And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my —,
 I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle and my callet*,
 As when I us'd in scarlet to follow a drum.

V.

What tho' with hoary locks, I must stand the winter
 shocks,
 Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes for a home,
 When the tother bag I sell, and the tother bottle tell,
 I could meet a troop of hell at the sound of a drum.

RECITATIVO.

He ended ; and the kebars † sheuk
 Aboon the chorus roar ;
 While frighted rattons backward leuk,
 An' seek the benmost bore ‡ ;
 A Merry Andrew i' the neuk,
 He skirl'd out, *encore* !
 But up arose the martial chuck,
 An' laid the loud uproar.

* Wench.

† Rafters.

‡ Deepest recess.



AIR.

Tune—SODGER LADDIE.

I.

I once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,
And still my delight is in proper young men :
Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,
No wonder I'm fond of a *sodger laddie*.
Sing, *Lal de lal*, &c.

II.

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade ;
His leg was so tight and his cheek was so ruddy,
Transported was I with my *sodger laddie*.

III.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,
The sword I forsook for the sake of the church ;
He ventur'd the soul, and I risked the body,
'Twas then I prov'd false to my *sodger laddie*.

IV.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot,
The regiment at large for a husband I got ;
From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was ready,
I asked no more but a *sodger laddie*.

V.

But the *peace* it reduc'd me to beg in despair,
Till I met my old boy at a *Cunningham* fair ;
His rags regimental they flutter'd so gaudy,
My heart it rejoic'd at my *sodger laddie*.

VI.

And now I have lived—I know not how long,
 And still I can join in a cup and a song :
 But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,
 Here's to thee, my hero, my *sodger laddie*.

Sing, *Lal de dal*, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Poor Merry Andrew in the neuk
 Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler hizzie ;
 They mind't na wha the chorus teuk,
 Between themsels they were sae busy.
 At length wi' drink and courting dizzy,
 He stoiter'd up an' made a face ;
 Then turn'd an' laid a smack on Grizzly,
 Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace.

AIR.

Tune—AULD SIR SIMON.

Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou,
 Sir Knave is a fool in a session ;
 He's there but a prentice, I trow,
 But I am a fool by profession.

My Grannie she bought me a beuk,
 An' I held awa to the school ;
 I fear I my talent misteuk,
 But what will ye hae of a fool.

For drink I would venture my neck ;
 A hizzie's the half of my craft ;
 But what could ye other expect
 Of ane that's avowedly daft.

I ance was ty'd up like a stirk,
For civilly swearing and quaffing;
I ance was abus'd i' the Kirk,
For towzing a lass i' my daffin.

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport,
Let naebody name wi' a jeer;
There's ev'n, I'm tauld, i' the court,
A *Tumbler* ca'd the *Premier*.

Observ'd ye yon reverend lad
Mak faces to tickle the mob;
He rails at our mountebank squad,
It's *rivalship* just i' the job.

And now my conclusion I'll tell,
For faith I'm confoundedly dry,
The chiel that's a fool for himsel,
Guid Lord, he's far dafter than I.



POINT VI.

RECITATIVO.

Then neist outspak a raucle carlin*,
Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the sterlin';
For mony a pursie she had hooked,
An' had in mony a well been douked:
Her Love had been a *Highland laddie*,
But weary fa' the waefu' woodie †!
Wi' sighs and sobs she thus began,
To wail her braw *John Highlandman*.

AIR.

Tune—O AN YE WERE DEAD, GUDEMAN.

I.

A highland lad my love was born,
The Lalland laws he held in scorn;
But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
My gallant, braw *John Highlandman*!

CHORUS.

Sing hey my braw John Highlandman!
Sing ho my braw John Highlandman!
There's not a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman!

* A sturdy raw-boned dame.

† The gallows.

II

With his philibeg an' tartan plaid,
An' guid claymore down by his side,
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
My gallant, braw *John Highlandman*.

Sing, hey, &c.

III.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
An' liv'd like lords an' ladies gay;
For a lalland face he feared none,
My gallant, braw *John Highlandman*.

Sing, hey, &c.

IV.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,
But ere the bud was on the tree,
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
Embracing my *John Highlandman*.

Sing, hey, &c.

V.

But och! they catch'd him at the last,
And bound him in a dungeon fast;
My curse upon them every one,
They've hang'd my braw *John Highlandman*.

Sing, hey, &c.

VI.

And now a widow I must mourn,
Departed joys that ne'er return;
No comfort but a hearty can,
When I think on *John Highlandman*.

Sing, hey, &c.

RECITATIVO.

A pigmy scraper wi' his fiddle,
 Wha us'd to trystes and fairs to driddle.
 Her strappen limb an' gausy middle,
 (He reach'd na higher,)
 Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle,
 An' blawn't on fire.

W' hand on hainch, an' upward e'e,
 He croon'd his gamut, *one, two, three*,
 Then in an arioso key,
 The wee Apollo
 Set off wi' *allegretto* glee
 His *giga solo*.

AIR.

Tune—WHISTLE OWRE THE LAVE O'T.

Let me ryke up to dight that tear,
 An' go wi' me an' be my dear;
 An' then your every *care* and *fear*
 May whistle owre the lave o't.

CHORUS.

I am a fidler to my trade,
An' a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,
The sweetest still to wife or maid,
 Was, whistle owre the lave o't.

At kirns an' weddins we'se be there,
 An' O sae nicely's we will fare!
 We'll bowse about till Dadie Care
 Sing whistle owre the lave o't.

I am, &c.



Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke,
 An' sun oursells about the dyke;
 An' at our leisure when ye like
 We'll—whistle owre the lave o't.

I am, &c.

But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms,
 And while I kittle * hair on thairms,
 Hunger, cauld, an' a' sic harms
 May whistle owre the lave o't.

I am, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy *Caird* †,
 As weel as poor *Gutscraper*;
 He tak's the fiddler by the beard,
 An' draws a roosty rapier—
 He swoor by a' was swearing worth,
 To speet him like a pliver,
 Unless he would from that time forth
 Relinquish her for ever:

Wi' ghastly e'e, poor *tweedle-dee*,
 Upon his hunkers ‡ bended,
 An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face,
 An' so the quarrel ended;
 But tho' his little heart did grieve,
 When round the *tinker* prest her,
 He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve,
 When thus the *Caird* address'd her

* While I rub a horse-hair bow upon cat-gut.

† Tinker.

‡ Haunches.

AIR.

Tune—CLOUT THE CAUDRON.

I.

My bonie lass I work in brass,
 A tinkler is my station;
 I've travell'd round all Christian ground
 In this my occupation;
 I've ta'en the gold, I've been enroll'd
 In many a noble squadron;
 But vain they search'd, when off I march'd
 To go an' clout the caudron.

I've ta'en the gold, &c.

II.

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,
 With a' his noise an' caprin;
 An' take a share with those that bear
 The budget an' the apron!
 An' by that stowp, my faith an' houe,
 An' by that dear Kilbaigie*!
 If e'er ye want, or meet with scant,
 May I ne'er weet my craigie.

An' by that stowp, &c.

RECITATIVO.

The Caird prevail'd—th' unblushing fair
 In his embraces sunk;
 Partly wi' love o'ercome sa sair,
 An' partly she was drunk:
Sir Violino, with an air,
 That show'd a man o' spunk,
 Wish'd unison between the pair,
 An' made the bottle clunk
 To their health that night.

* A well known kind of whiskey.

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft,
 That play'd a dame a shavie—
 A sailor rak'd her fore and aft,
 Behind the chicken cavie.
 Her lord a wight o' Homer's craft,
 Tho' limpan wi' the spavie,
 He hirpl'd up an' lap like daft,
 An *shor'd* * them *Dainty Davie*
 O'boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade,
 As ever Bacchus listed !
 Tho' fortune sair upon him laid,
 His heart, she ever miss'd it :
 He had no wish but—to be glad,
 Nor want but—when he thirsted ;
 He hated nought but—to be sad,
 An' thus the Muse suggested
 His sang that night.

AIR.

Tune—FOR A' THAT, AN' A' THAT.

I.

I am a bard of no regard
 Wi' gentle-folks, an' a' that ;
 But Homer-like, the glowran byke †,
 Frae town to town I draw that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, an' a' that,
An' twice as muckle's a' that,
I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
I've wife eneugh for a' that.

* Promised.

† The multitude.

II.

I never drank the Muses' *tank*,
 Castalia's burn an' a' that;
 But there it streams, an' richly reams
 My *Helicon* I ca' that.

For a' that, &c.

III.

Great love I bear to all the Fair,
 Their humble slave, an' a' that;
 But lordly Will, I hold it still
 A mortal sin to thraw that.

For a' that, &c.

IV.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,
 Wi' mutual love an' a' that;
 But for how lang the flie may stang,
 Let Inclination law that.

For a' that, &c.

V.

Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft,
 They've ta'en me in, an' a' that;
 But clear your decks, an' here's *the Sex!*
 I like the jads for a' that.

For a' that, an a' that,

An' twice as muckle's a' that,
My dearest bluid, to do them guid,
They're welcome till't for a' that.





POINT VII.

RECITATIVO.

So sung the *Bard*—and Nansie's waws
Shook wi' a thunder of applause
Re-echo'd from each mouth!

They toom'd * their pokes, they pawn'd their duds †,
They scarcely left to coor their fuds,
To quench their lowan drouth.

Then owre again, the jovial thrang,
The poet did request,
To lowse his pack an' wale a sang,
A ballad o' the best.

He, rising, rejoicing,
Between his *twa Debōrahs*,
Looks round him, an' found them
Impatient for the chorus.

* Opened.

† Rags.

POINT VIII.

AIR.

Tune—JOLLY MORTALS, FILL YOUR GLASSES.

I.

See! the smoking bowl before us,
Mark our jovial, ragged ring!
Round and round take up the chorus,
And in raptures let us sing—
A fig for those by law protected,
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.

II.

What is title, what is treasure,
What is reputation's care?
If we lead a life of pleasure,
'Tis no matter how or where.
A fig, &c.

III.

With the ready trick and fable,
Round we wander all the day;
And at night, in barn or stable,
Hug our doxies on the hay.
A fig, &c.



J. G. Bruckshank fecit

IV.

Does the train-attended carriage
 Thro' the country lighter rove?
 Does the sober bed of marriage
 Witness brighter scenes of love?
A fig, &c.

V.

Life is all a *variorum*,
 We regard not how it goes;
 Let them cant about decorum
 Who have character to lose.
A fig, &c.

VI.

Here's to *budgets, bags, and wallets!*
 Here's to all the wandering train!
 Here's our *ragged brats and callets!*
 One and all cry out, *Amen!*
A fig for those by law protected,
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.



POINT IX.

THE DOWNFALL OF HOLY CHURCH.

IN the year of 1460, Revel was governed by a General, whose name was John of Mengden; a worthy old man, who loved his glass of wine, and had the gout; for wine and the gout are sister's children. It was his custom to ride out occasionally on a black horse down to the shores of the Baltic, whence he continued his way to a convent of nuns consecrated to St. Bridget. This nunnery, which was called Marianthal, was situated about a mile from the town, and its ruins are inhabited by owls and ravens.

On one of these excursions he was accompanied by the Lord Marshal, Gothard of Plettenberg.

As they approached the convent wall, the Marshal's horse became suddenly restive. "Have you heard," said he, "the strange stories of the subterraneous passage, and that it winds in intricate mazes round the cloister?"—"No;" replied John of Mengden, "but I should like to hear them over a bottle; you shall relate them to me in the evening." "It may be done now, and in a few words," rejoined the other; "for we

stand exactly before the subterraneous passage, or mouth of the cavern; but for fifty years, not a human foot has advanced beyond the bottom of the steps, there the torches are always blown out."

The burgomaster of Revel, who was then with them, made a cross on his breast, and confirmed the statement. "Sometimes," continued Gothard, "are heard, during the night, the sounds of soft music, arising slowly and melodiously from the cave, like the sweet tones of musical glasses, with an accompaniment of the songs of angels. The holy sisters of the convent are frequent listeners to this divine harmony, though none of the words can be understood." "Let the venerable Lady Abbess come down to me," said the general, as he alighted from his horse, and placed his glove in his sword-belt. The Abbess now appeared, veiled. She modestly curtsied to the knight, and presented him with a cup of Spanish wine. The old General laid himself down on the grass, and asked the sainted lady if she could give him any information relative to the subterraneous passage? The Abbess replied in the affirmative, adding a number of particulars concerning what she and her pious sisters had seen,—and fancied they had seen—heard, and fancied they had heard.

"So God and St. Vitus help me!" exclaimed the governor, "I will myself make an attempt to descend into the cavern; give me a lighted, consecrated torch."

The burgomaster crossed himself all over. A cold shivering seized him; the only vault into which he had been accustomed to descend, was the town-cellar, which was haunted by none but *choice spirits*, with which he was familiar.

The lady Abbess entreated the old man not to undertake so rash an enterprize; and assured him, that the

spirits of former times, unlike those of the present day, would not allow themselves to be sported with. But in arguing with the brave old General, they talked to the wind which blew over the Baltic. The consecrated torches were brought, the corpulent General repeated an Ave-Maria, recommended himself to St. Vitus, his protecting Saint, and courageously entered the mysterious passage. The sound of his feet was still heard on the steps; his breathing was still audible, and the glimmer of his torch played on the damp walls. On a sudden all was silent, and the light disappeared. The listeners above were on the stretch of attention. Gothard was stationed on the upper step; the burgomaster a few paces further back; and behind him stood the Abbess, her rosary running through her fingers. They listened, but all was still! "Holloa there, John of Mengden!—how fare you?" thundered the voice of Gothard; yet all was still as the grave. The listeners were alarmed; they inclined their ears; they stood lightly on tip-toe; they restrained their breath—not a sound ascended. The cavern yawned before them, and all was silent below; "Holy St. Bridget! what can have happened? Let the priests be summoned, and mass be said, to appease the spirits!"

The lady Abbess hastened to the convent, rang the chapel-bell, when all the pious sisterhood hurried from their cells, fell upon their bare knees, chastizing themselves, and praying to heaven for mercy towards the old General. The burgomaster threw himself upon his horse, and trotted back to the town to impart the terrible news to his wife, children and domestics. Gothard, who was a courageous knight, alone remained, absorbed in gloomy reflection, leaning against the wall, with his eyes fixed on the darkness beneath. Thus he continued

during two hours. At last he thought he heard on the steps some one breathing and struggling.—“ John of Mengden !” he vociferated—“ are you alive, or dead ?”—“ I am alive !” replied the General, half breathless, as he stumbled up the steps. “ Thanks to God and St. Bridget !—we have been in agony on your account. Where have you been ? What have you heard or seen ?” The General then related that he had quietly descended, with the consecrated taper in his hand ; that his heart beat a little as he advanced ; that a cold shiver had begun to seize him ; but that he took courage, as his taper burnt always clear and bright : that at length he stood on the bottom step, and looked down an endless passage, doubtful whether, under the protection of St. Bridget, he should move forward or backward ; that suddenly he was surrounded by a lukewarm breeze, mild and fragrant, as if wafted over a bed of flowers, which in a moment extinguished his taper, and so clouded his senses, that he sunk like a dead man on the steps, and then lay a considerable time in a sort of trance ; that at last he awoke again, and it appeared to him as if he were gently moved by a warm hand, though he knew not where he was, nor what had happened to him ; that he stretched out his hands, and felt nothing but the cold stone ; but that, as a little daylight glimmered upon him from above, he composed his spirits, and began to creep with difficulty up the steps ; that when on them he was perfectly recovered, feeling only a slight oppression in the head, similar to the effect of intoxication.

“ Well, brother,” said he to the lord-marshal, “ will not you also make the attempt, and try whether it will not succeed better with you.”

Gothard of Plettenberg demurred: notwithstanding he never feared, in former times, a knight of flesh and bone, as long as he was able to wield his sword; yet, with respect to ghosts, a very just exception was allowed; and a knight might tremble in the dark like an old woman, without any stain upon his honor, or impeachment of his valour. Now a days, the matter is quite altered, and a man may fear any thing but ghosts.

“By my sword,” said the governor, as he was returning home, “I will investigate the causes of this mystery. I must know from whose mouth proceeded the gentle breath, that smelt fragrant as the plants of the east, and yet had force enough to extinguish the flame of the consecrated taper, and even to confuse my head, as though I had been drunk.”

He instantly sent for Henry of Uxkull, bishop of Revel, and the Abbot of Pardis. Being arrived, they were entertained at a large oak table, and quaffed wine from the family goblet. They listened to the fearful story of their host, with their fat hands folded upon their huge bellies, and shook their heads with significant silence.

Having well weighed the matter, knitted their brows and assumed an air of importance, they finally agreed *that they knew not what to think of it*. Each then waddled to his home and thought no more of the mysterious cavern.

But it was not so with the General. He could not rest. His fancy was on the rack, to account for the mystery. On the next morning, he despatched letters to the Archbishop of Riga, to a learned canon, and two pious deans of the holy church of Riga—stating “that a surprising incident had obliged him to have recourse

to their piety and wisdom, and entreating that they would be at Revel on St. Egidius's day, to discuss in christian humility this weighty affair."

They came on the appointed day: for they were aware that the cellar of the Governor contained excellent wine, and that his was no niggard hospitality. The archbishop of Revel, and the Abbot of Pardis, were likewise invited to assist, who failed not at the proper hour to present themselves at the castle. An elegant repast had been prepared for them, bumpers went cheerily round to the prosperity of Holy Church, and to the perpetual bloom of the German order of religion.

When their spiritual stomachs were sufficiently gorged, the General thus addressed them: "Reverend and pious fathers! thus and thus it happened to me and my friend here, Gothard of Plettenberg," recounting his story—"What is to be done to liberate the spirits who wander and breathe in the subterraneous passage?"

"They must be driven out by force," replied the archbishop of Riga, "and the power to do this was given to bishops from above."

"A wisp of hay should be steeped in holy water," added the canon, "with which the steps of the dark passage should be sprinkled."

One of the deans advised that "the little chest with the Egyptian hieroglyphics, which was kept as a relic in the convent of St. Bridget, should be taken to the cavern."

The other dean was of opinion that the spirits should be allowed to continue without molestation so long as they only wandered and breathed.

The archbishop of Revel was also of the same senti-

ment, but the Abbot of Pardis applauded this idea of the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

Last of all, the old General proposed that they should immediately ride to the beach, and employ the arms of the church against the inhabitants of the subterraneous passage. The wine had imparted its spirit to the holy fathers ; and they now felt courage to engage, if necessary, even with the fiends of hell.

Within half an hour they were at the convent gate !

Three times were the consecrated torches borne round by the archbishop, who, muttering between his teeth, dipped the wisp into a large ewer of holy water, and plentifully besprinkled all present. Thus spiritually armed, they silently and cautiously approached the entrance of the cavern. Here a question arose, "who should go down first?" Those who were at home were unwilling to rob the strangers of the honor of precedence. The deans drew back, as being merely subalterns in the church, out of respect to their bishop. The archbishop bowed to the right learned canon, and he bowed to the rest. The General became impatient, and forced the archbishop down the steps. The rest followed with beating hearts and tottering knees.

Each carried in his hand a consecrated taper; and with a rosary hanging at his elbow, sprinkled the walls with drops of holy water. The last of the procession was the Abbot of Pardis, who, grown unwieldy by the luxurious diet of the church, could scarcely drag his short puffed legs after his fat and bulky paunch. The steps too were not only small, but damp and slippery; whence it happened, that on the second step the Abbot lost his footing, and falling with his whole weight upon Henry of Uxkull, they both fell upon the last dean:



all three on the first dean ; all four on the canon ; all five upon the archbishop of Riga ; when the whole troop rolled helter skelter down the steps, and plumped to the bottom like so many sacks, there remaining senseless ! The consecrated tapers were extinguished, and the venerable group were veiled by a sort of Egyptian darkness. The General, who remained above, heard the tremendous rumbling, to which succeeded a dead silence. For two hours he listened, called on each by name, and waited in vain for a reply. His voice alone was returned to him in a dull and hollow echo. The only sound which met his eager listening, was that of the terrified bat, flitting in the depths of the cavern ; or, at intervals, the scream of the frightened owl.

He was a man of uncommon courage, and he resolved to descend once more himself, to see what was become of his guests ; but as a prelude to this perilous expedition, he determined to enliven his natural spirits by a draught of generous wine. As he vociferated—“a cup of wine,” to the groom who held his horse, the word WINE reached the ears of the holy men—they disentangled themselves from each other, scrambled up, their foreheads bedewed with the sweat of terror, and when they had recovered themselves, they confessed unanimously *that they were not able to unravel the mystery.*

Thus ended the second attempt to gain a more intimate acquaintance with the spirits of the subterraneous passage, and thenceforward no one was bold enough to tread the magic ground.

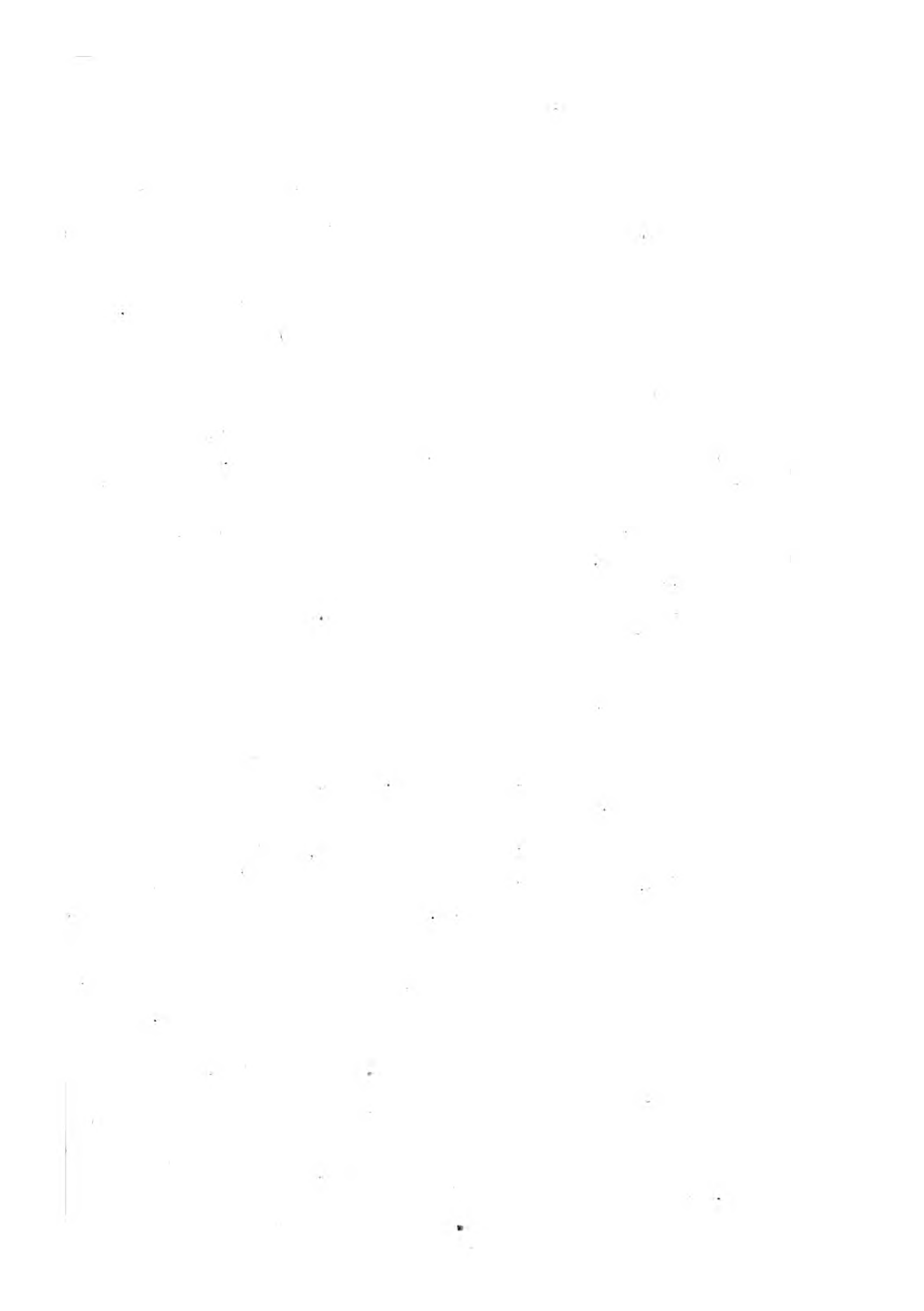
POINT X.

A VISIT WITHOUT FORM.

WHEN the Cardinal Bernis resided at Rome in the capacity of Ambassador from France, he bore the highest character for sanctity—yet the Cardinal was a man, though a churchman; and churchmen are sometimes not invulnerable to the shafts of love. A pair of speaking black eyes like those of the Princess B., have before now made sad havoc in the heart of the votary of celibacy. The lady was conscious of her own charms, but being married to the man she loved, instead of setting them off by certain little manœuvres which some ladies perfectly understand how to put in practice, she carefully avoided giving any encouragement to the Cardinal, whose constant attendance upon her began to give her some uneasiness. At length the Cardinal, finding that his visits, attentions, *cadeaux*, and fine speeches had no effect, determined upon seeking an opportunity of making the lady sensible of the excess of his passion. One morning the Princess, on returning from mass, in her haste to avoid a violent shower of rain, tripped as she was getting out of her carriage, and sprained her

angle. The Cardinal, who by his spies was informed of every step the Princess took, had attended at mass also; and as he was following the Princess, unobserved, he saw the accident and ran to her assistance, raised her into the carriage, and very humbly entreated her to allow him the honour of seeing her safe home. His Excellency was not to be refused consistently with etiquette, so the poor Princess was under the necessity of hearing all the pretty things the Ambassador had reserved for the occasion. All his protestations and entreaties proved fruitless, and the poor lady arrived at the palace almost exhausted with the alarm the conversation had caused her. She now endeavoured with all care to avoid receiving the Cardinal's visits, but the old gentleman's amorous plans were not to be thwarted.—He still found means of seeing her, and again attacked her with his vows and protestations, so that the lady, unable to bear it any longer, determined to inform the Prince, and related to him all the circumstances of the affair. The Prince was enraged, and threatened all kinds of vengeance against the lover; but however, when the first burst of passion had a little subsided, he said to her, "We are, my love, in a very awkward situation, for the Cardinal being Ambassador his person is sacred; besides we should have the whole consistory and his holiness at their head, thundering excommunication upon us. However, I will think of some scheme of cooling the passion of this holy gentleman." He accordingly suggested that she should write word to the Cardinal, that as her husband was going that evening to his Villa near Tivoli, to order some improvement to be made which would detain him the best part of next day, she had determined to admit a visit from him; but that in order to keep the matter a secret from the ser-

vants, she desired him to come at midnight; that she would fix a silken ladder at her room window which looked into the garden, whence he might easily ascend into the anti-room, where he would find the door open that led into her own room. The reader will naturally conceive the transports which this delicious billet excited in the worthy Cardinal. He danced, and leaped and capered about for joy, rang the bell, gave contradictory orders, and convinced his valet that he was mad. He had the sense however to direct a suit of his finest linen to be prepared, and to countermand the order for his carriage, for he bethought himself he had better go privately. How tedious did the hours, which intervened before the time of appointment, appear to our ardent lover, and when the clock struck eleven he could no longer wait. It was a good distance, he must be there in time, not a second too late; therefore off he set after taking some precautions against his sacred person being discovered. He arrives, panting with love and hope; the burning of Mongibello could scarcely exceed the conflagration within him. He gets to the garden-gate. One cannot think of every thing. The Princess in her flurry had forgotten to order the garden-gate to be left open. What was to be done? The wall was not high; but must his Eminence endanger his sacred person? Love, however, the sovereign ruler, who makes even cowards heroes, animated him. It was dreadfully dark; but luckily, in feeling for the height of the wall, the anxious lover found an aperture in it large enough to admit the foot: into this he stepped, gave a spring, and got to the top; and then slid down the other side, not however without losing his hat and cloak, which owing to the darkness of the night he could not find again, nor was he aware, for the same





reason, how he was daubed with mortar and brick-dust. In this pickle, our Adonis made the best of his way to find the ladder, tumbling over orange-trees and rose-bushes, to the manifest injury of his cassock, which began to hang about him in rags. At last he reached the ladder, seized hold of it, stopped, panted a while for breath, and then up he went. He had just got one leg through the window, when the two large folding doors of the apartment flew open, and fifteen or twenty servants with lighted torches in their hands presented themselves before him. The Prince, at their head, ran up to the window, and with all courtesy helped in the astonished Cardinal, and turning to the servants said, "Scoundrels! is it thus you pay respect to the sacred person of the Cardinal Bernis? Is it thus, by your negligence, that you compel his Eminence, when coming to my wife, to venture his precious life upon a slight ladder, and force him through the window in this miserable plight?" Conceive the situation of the bald-pated, cloakless, and tattered Cardinal, as he stood ashamed and terrified before the jeering Prince and his twenty torchbearers. His trembling knees could scarcely support him, as, half dead with fright, shame, and disappointment, he sneaked out of the room, still lighted by the torches and bowed out by the Prince, who continued to apologize for the carelessness of his servants, much to the annoyance of the poor Cardinal, whose misery was heightened by one stroke more; for, as he was huddling off, he just caught the face of the Princess, peeping through the opening of a door with some friends, all almost convulsed with laughter.



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Printed by D. S. Maurice, Fenchurch Street.

POINTS
OF
H U M O U R;

Illustrated

BY THE
DESIGNS OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

PART II.

LONDON :
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PREFACE.



THE best preface to *this* set of the POINTS OF HUMOUR is the *former* set, which, we are credibly informed, has favorably disposed the muscles of our readers for repeating a certain cackling sound, which is heart-food to our friend George Cruikshank.

One individual, for certain, has laughed over these POINTS, and he is a very worthy gentleman, who may be discerned wedging his way through sundry piles of books in a remarkable part of Newgate-street, being opposite to the huge prison of that name. No one ever asked him after the sale of this little work, without observing an instantaneous distension of that feature of the face which is used for more purposes than merely grinning. It is to be devoutly hoped that this second set will not spoil his merriment, and that, as rather a coarse saying goes, "he will not be made to sing to another tune."

The author, collector, compiler, editor, writer, or whatever name the daily or weekly critics may give him, for they have given him all these, will, undoubtedly, be heartily sorry should this change take place, for he avows that since the publication of the POINTS, the face of the worthy gentleman alluded to has been illuminated by one unclouded sunshine, so much so, in-

deed, that to enter his shop has been a constant resource against melancholy during this gloomy weather. A face lighted up with good humour in a dark shop, is like a blaze of light in the middle of one of Rembrandt's murky pictures.

It will be seen that the compiler has taken a hint, or rather *followed* a hint of one of the critics upon this little book. He has resorted for part of his materials, to the author, who is the richest of all in the humour of *situation*. Fielding has been suggested; but though some things, excellent in their kind, might be found in him, yet it will be observed, on a more accurate consideration, that this admirable author is infinitely less adapted to the pencil of Cruikshank, than his successor in the walk of humour. Fielding is a master in the power of laying open all the springs which regulate the motion of that curious piece of mechanism, the human heart. He wrote with the inspiration of genius, and is true to nature in her minutest circumstances. He involuntarily and unconsciously catches the look, the word, the gesture, which would undoubtedly have manifested itself, and which is in itself a strong gleam of light upon the whole character. His *dramatis personæ* are not, generally, very extraordinary people.—He dealt in that which is *common* to all. While, on the contrary, Smollett is rich in that which is uncommon and eccentric. His field is among oddities, hobby-horses, foibles, and singularities of all kinds, which he groups in the most extraordinary manner, and colours for the most striking effect. We read Fielding with a satisfied smile, but it is over the page of Smollett that the loud laugh is heard to break forth.—How much at home our artist

is in the conception of Smollett may be seen in the following plates.

It has been said that it is a pity Mr. Cruikshank should waste his talents upon ephemeral anecdotes, and not hand down his name by illustrating the works of our great Novelists. As well might it have been said to these great Novelists, "confine yourselves to commenting upon, or translating Cervantes or Le Sage." Genius consecrates and immortalizes all it touches.— If the tales or anecdotes be ephemeral, the plates will stamp them for a good old age. Hogarth did not paint his *Rake's Progress* in illustration of any immortal work, nor does it require a set of octavo volumes to remind posterity of his existence.

A similar excuse may apply to Cruikshank, who, generally, would chuse rather to exalt the humble, than endow the rich.

We have an observation to make respecting one of the plates, the last in the order. It will be seen that the costume of the characters there portrayed, is essentially different from that adopted by every illustrator of Shakspeare. This has not been done unadvisedly. The proper authorities have been in this, as in other cases, diligently consulted, and it has appeared that these artists, in their endeavour to discover the dress of our ancestors, have stopped short at the reign of Charles II., instead of penetrating to that of Henry V.

March, 1824.

NOTICE.

As there are Works continually advertised “ *with Plates by Cruikshank*,” the Public are particularly requested to observe, that *George Cruikshank* has no connexion with any Publications to which his Christian Name is not affixed; and that all Works, for which he has made Designs, are advertised with his name in full. He has made Designs for the following Works:—

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Blackwood’s Magazine, October 1.

Vol. II. is preparing for Publication.

POINTS OF HUMOUR.—No. I.

* * * An *imitation* of the last Work having appeared, *George Cruikshank* takes leave to say, that he did not make a single Drawing for it.

POINT I.

THE THREE HUNCHBACKS.

AT a short distance from Douai, there stood a castle on the bank of a river near a bridge. The master of this castle was hunchbacked. Nature had exhausted her ingenuity in the formation of his whimsical figure. In place of understanding, she had given him an immense head, which nevertheless was lost between his two shoulders: he had thick hair, a short neck, and a horrible visage.

Spite of his deformity, this bugbear bethought himself of falling in love with a beautiful young woman, the daughter of a poor but respectable burgess of Douai. He sought her in marriage, and as he was the richest person in the district, the poor girl was delivered up to him. After the nuptials he was as much an object of pity as she, for, being devoured by jealousy, he had no tranquillity night nor day, but went prying and rambling every where, and suffered no stranger to enter the castle.

One day during the Christmas festival, while standing sentinel at his gate, he was accosted by three humpbacked minstrels. They saluted him as a brother, as such asked him for refreshments, and at the same time, to establish the fraternity, they ostentatiously shouldered their humps at him. Contrary to expectation, he conducted them to his kitchen, gave them a capon with peas, and to each a piece of money over and above. Before their departure, however, he warned them never to return on pain of being thrown

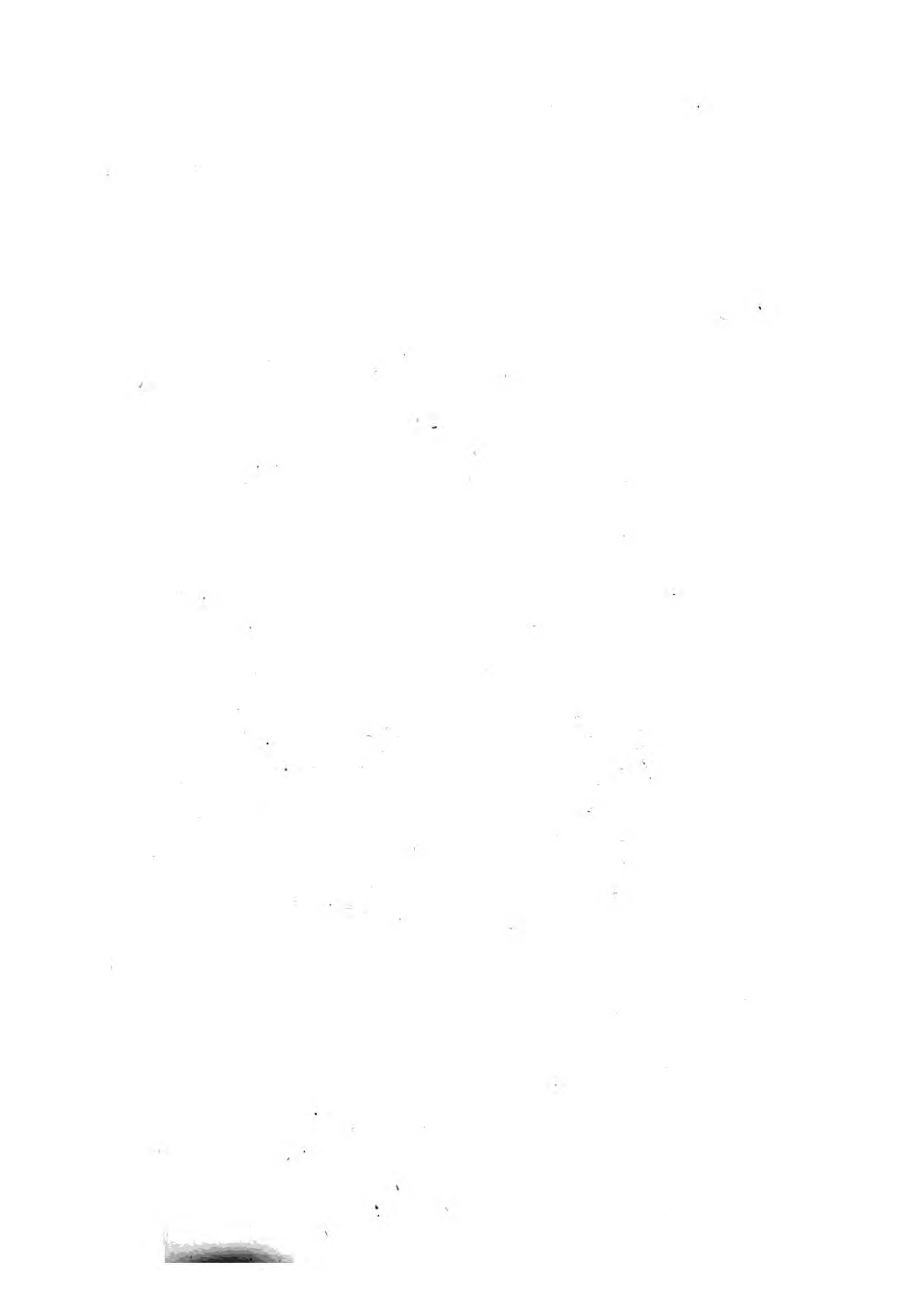
into the river. At this threat of the Chatelain the minstrels laughed heartily and took the road to the town, singing in full chorus, and dancing in a gro-



tesque manner, in derision of their brother-hump of the castle. He, on his part, without paying farther attention, went to walk in the fields.

The lady, who saw her husband cross the bridge, and had heard the minstrels, called them back to amuse her. They had not been long returned to the castle, when her husband knocked at the gate, by which she and the minstrels were equally alarmed. Fortunately, the lady perceived in a neighbouring room three empty coffers. Into each of these she stuffed a minstrel, shut the covers, and then opened the gate to her husband. He had only come back to espy the conduct of his wife as usual, and, after a short stay, went out anew, at which you may believe his wife was not dissatisfied. She instantly ran to the coffers to release her prisoners, for night was approaching and her husband would not probably be long absent. But what was her dismay, when she found them all three suffocated! Lamentation, however, was useless. The main object now was to get rid of the dead bodies, and she had not a moment to lose. She ran then to the gate, and seeing a pea-





sant go by, she offered him a reward of thirty livres, and leading him into the castle, she took him to one of the coffers, and shewing him its contents, told him he must throw the dead body into the river : he asked for a sack, put the carcase into it, pitched it over the bridge, and then returned quite out of breath to claim the promised reward.

“I certainly intended to satisfy you,” said the lady, “but you ought first to fulfil the condition of the bargain—you have agreed to rid me of the dead body, have you not? There, however, it is still.” Saying this, she showed him to the other coffer in which the second humpbacked minstrel had expired. At this sight the clown was perfectly confounded—“how the devil! come back! a sorcerer!”—he then stuffed the body into the sack and threw it, like the other, over the bridge, taking care to put the head down and to observe that it sank.

Meanwhile the lady had again changed the position of the coffers, so that the third was now in the place which had been successively occupied by the two others. When the peasant returned, she shewed him the remaining dead body—“you are right, friend,” said she, “he must be a magician, for there he is again.” The rustic gnashed his teeth with rage. “What the devil! am I to do nothing but carry about this humpback?” He then lifted him up, with dreadful imprecations, and having tied a stone round the neck, threw him into the middle of the current, threatening, if he came out a third time, to despatch him with a cudgel.

The first object that presented itself to the clown, on his way back for his reward, was the hunchbacked master of the castle returning from his evening walk,

and making towards the gate. At this sight the peasant could no longer restrain his fury. "Dog of a humpback, are you there again?" So saying, he sprung on the Chatelain, threw him over his shoulders,



and hurled him headlong into the river after the minstrels.

"I'll venture a wager you have not seen him this last time," said the peasant, entering the room where the lady was seated. She answered, she had not. "You were not far from it," replied he: "the sorcerer was already at the gate, but I have taken care of him—be at your ease—he will not come back now."

The lady instantly comprehended what had occurred, and recompensed the peasant with much satisfaction.





POINT II.

A RELISH BEFORE DINNER.

WHEN Charles Gustavus, King of Sweden, was besieging Prague, a boor, of a most extraordinary visage, desired admittance to his tent; and being allowed to enter, he offered, by way of amusement, to devour a large hog in his presence. The old general Konigsmark, who stood by the king's side, notwithstanding his bravery, had not got rid of the prejudices of his childhood, and hinted to his royal master that the peasant ought to be burnt as a sorcerer. "Sir," said the fellow, irritated at the remark, "if your majesty will but make that old gentleman take off his sword and spurs, I will eat him before I begin the pig." General Konigsmark, who had, at the head of a body of Swedes, performed wonders against the Austrians, could not stand this proposal, especially as it was accompanied by a most hideous expansion of the jaws and mouth. Without uttering a word, the veteran turned pale and suddenly ran out of the tent, and did

not think himself safe till he arrived at his quarters, where he remained above twenty-four hours, locked securely, before he got rid of the panic which had so strongly seized him.



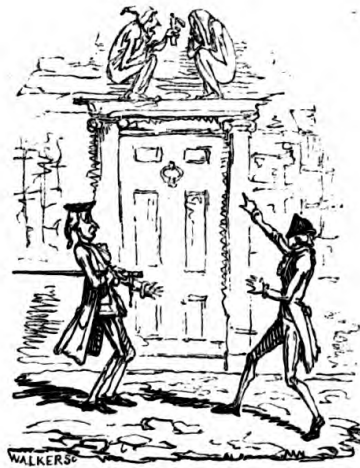


POINT III.

THE HAUNTED PHYSICIANS.

A LOVER, whose mistress was dangerously ill, sought every where for a skilful physician in whom he could place confidence, and to whose care he might confide a life so dear to him. In the course of his search he met with a talisman, by the aid of which spirits might be rendered visible. The young man exchanged, for this talisman, half his possessions, and having secured his treasure, ran with it to the house of a famous physician. Flocking round the door he beheld a crowd of shades, the ghosts of those persons whom this physician had killed. Some old, some young; some the skeletons of fat old men; some gigantic frames of gaunt fellows; some little puling infants and squalling women; all joined in menaces and threats against the house of the physician—the den of their destroyer—who however peacefully marched through them with his cane to his chin, and a grave and solemn air. The same vision presented itself, more or less, at the house of every physician of eminence. One at length was pointed out to him in a distant quarter of the city, at whose door he only perceived two little ghosts. “Behold,” exclaimed he, with a joyful cry, “the good physician of whom I

have been so long in search!" The doctor, astonished, asked him how he had been able to discover this? "Pardon me," said the afflicted lover complacently, "your ability and your reputation are well known to me." "My reputation!" said the physician, "why I have been in Paris but eight days, and in that time I have had but two patients." "Good God!" involuntarily exclaimed the young man, "and there they are!"



POINT IV.

THE FOUR BLIND BEGGARS.

THERE was a man, whose name was Backbac ; he was blind, and his evil destiny reduced him to beg from door to door. He had been so long accustomed to walk through the streets alone, that he wanted none to lead him : he had a custom to knock at people's doors, and not answer till they opened to him. One day he knocked thus, and the master of the house, who was alone, cried, " who is there ? " Backbac made no answer, and knocked a second time : the master of the house asked again and again, " who is there ? " but to no purpose, no one answered ; upon which he came down, opened the door, and asked the man what he wanted ? " Give me something, for Heaven's sake," said Backbac ; " you seem to be blind," replied the master of the house ; " yes, to my sorrow," answered Backbac. " Give me your hand," resumed the master of the house ; he did so, thinking he was going to give him alms ; but he only took him by the hand to lead him up to his chamber. Backbac thought he had been carrying him to dine with him, as many people had done. When they reached the chamber, the man let go his hand, and sitting down, asked him again what he wanted ? " I have already told you," said Backbac, " that I want some-

thing for God's sake." " Good blind man," replied the master of the house, " all that I can do for you is to wish that God may restore your sight." " You might have told me that at the door," replied Backbac, " and not have given me the trouble to come up stairs." " And why, fool," said the man of the house, " do not you answer at first, when people ask you who is there? why do you give any body the trouble to come and open the door when they speak to you?"—" What will you do with me then?" asked Backbac; " I tell you again," said the man of the house, " I have nothing to give you." " Help me down the stairs then, as you brought me up."—" The stairs are before you," said the man of the house, " and you may go down by yourself if you will." The blind man attempted to descend, but missing a step, about the middle of the stairs, fell to the bottom and hurt his head and his back: he got up again with much difficulty, and went out, cursing the master of the house, who laughed at his fall.

As Backbac went out of the house, three blind men, his companions, were going by, knew him by his voice, and asked him what was the matter? He told them what had happened; and afterwards said, " I have eaten nothing to-day; I conjure you to go along with me to my house, that I may take some of this money that we four have in common, to buy me something for supper." The blind men agreed, and they went home with him.

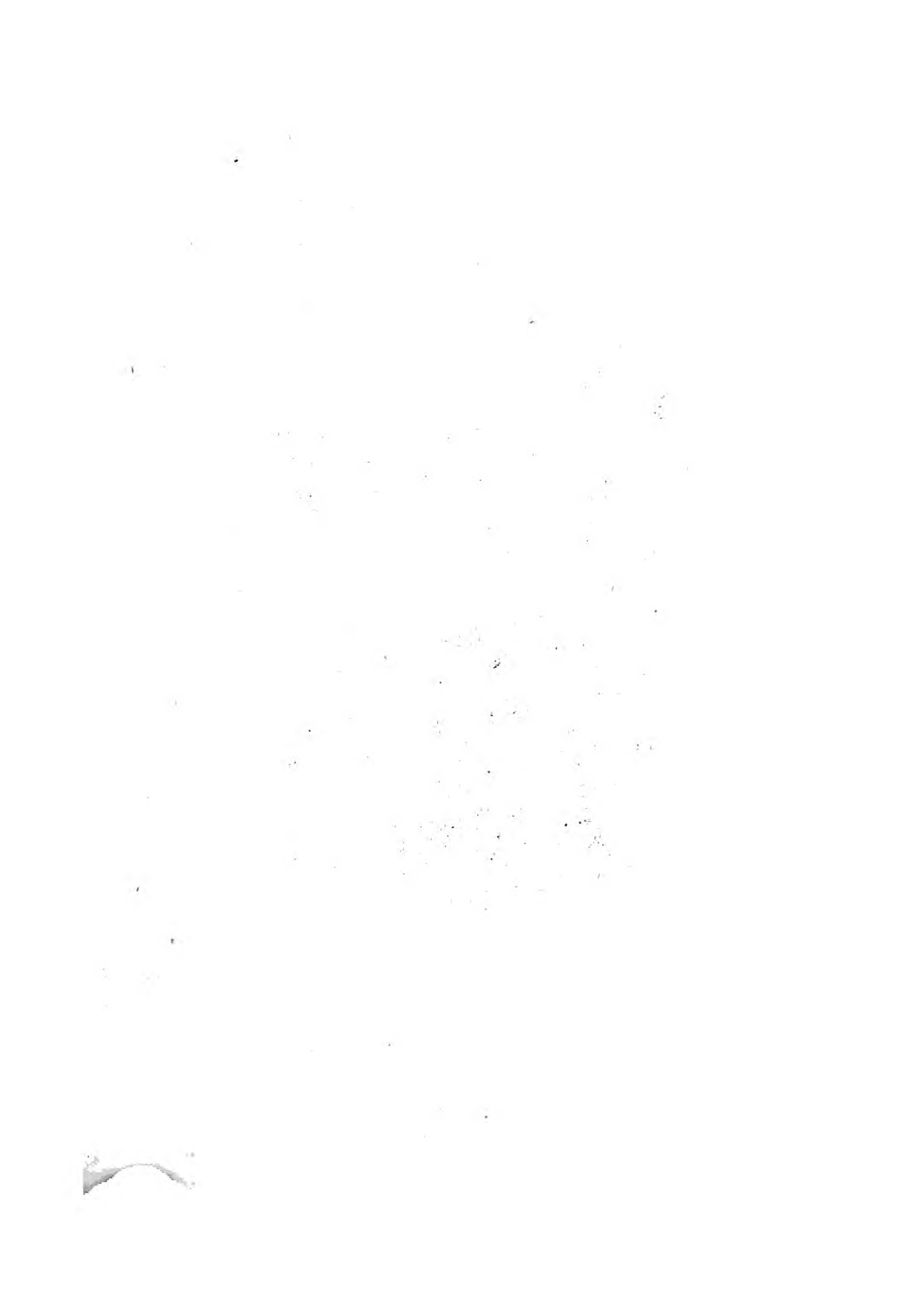
You must know that the master of the house where Backbac was so ill used, was a robber, and of a cunning and malicious disposition; he overheard from his window what Backbac had said to his companions, and came down and followed them to Backbac's house. The blind men being seated, Backbac said to them,

“ brothers, we must shut the door, and take care there be no stranger with us.” At this the robber was much perplexed ; but perceiving a rope hanging down from a beam, he caught hold of it, and hung by it while the blind men shut the door, and felt about the room with their sticks. When they had done, and had sat down again in their places, the robber left his rope, and seated himself softly by Backbac : who, thinking himself alone with his blind comrades, said to them, “ brothers, since you have trusted me with the money, which we have been a long time gathering, I will shew you that I am not unworthy of the confidence you repose in me. The last time we reckoned, you know that we had ten thousand dirhems, and that we put them into ten bags : I will shew you that I have not touched one of them ;” having so said, he put his hand among some old clothes, and taking out the bags one after another, gave them to his comrades, saying, “ there they are : you may judge by their weight that they are whole, or you may tell them if you please.” His comrades answered, “ there was no need, they did not mistrust him ;” so he opened one of the bags, and took out ten dirhems, and each of the other blind men did the like.

Backbac put the bags into their place again ; after which, one of the blind men said to him, “ there is no need to lay out any thing for supper, for I have collected as much victuals from good people as will serve us all :” at the same time he took out of his bag bread and cheese, and some fruit, and putting all upon the table, they began to eat. The robber, who sat at Backbac’s right hand, picked out the best, and eat with them ; but, whatever care he took to make no noise, Backbac heard his chaps going, and cried out immediately, “ We are undone, there is a stranger

among us!" Having so said, he stretched out his hand, and caught hold of the robber by the arm, cried out "*thieves!*" fell upon him, and struck him. The other blind men fell upon him in like manner; the robber defended himself as well as he could, and being young and vigorous, besides having the advantage of his eyes, he swung by the hanging rope, and gave furious kicks, sometimes to one, sometimes to another, and cried out "*thieves!*" louder than they did. The neighbours came running at the noise, broke open the door, and had much ado to separate the combatants; but having at last succeeded, they asked the cause of their quarrel. Backbac, who still had hold of the robber, cried out, "gentlemen, this man I have hold of is a thief, and stole in with us on purpose to rob us of the little money we have." The thief, who shut his eyes as soon as the neighbours came, feigned himself blind, and exclaimed, "gentlemen, he is a liar. I swear to you by heavens, and by the life of the caliph, that I am their companion, and they refuse to give me my just share. They have all four fallen upon me, and I demand justice." The neighbours would not interfere in their quarrel, but carried them all before the judge. When they came before the magistrate, the robber, without staying to be examined, cried out, still feigning to be blind, "sir, since you are deputed to administer justice by the caliph, whom God prosper, I declare to you that we are equally criminal, my four comrades and I; but we have all engaged, upon oath, to confess nothing except we be bastinadoed; so that if you would know our crime, you need only order us to be bastinadoed, and begin with me." Backbac would have spoken, but was not allowed to do so, and the robber was put under the bastinado.





The robber, being under the bastinado, had the courage to bear twenty or thirty blows: when, pretending to be overcome with pain, he first opened one eye, and then the other, and crying out for mercy, begged the judge would put a stop to the blows. The judge, perceiving that he looked upon him with his eyes open, was much surprised, and said to him, "rogue, what is the meaning of this miracle?" "Sir," replied the robber, "I will discover to you an important secret, if you will pardon me, and give me, as a pledge that you will keep your word, the seal-ring which you have on your finger." The judge consented, gave him his ring, and promised him pardon. "Under this promise," continued the robber, "I must confess to you, sir, that I and my four comrades do all see very well. We feigned ourselves to be blind, that we might freely enter people's houses, and women's apartments, where we abuse their weakness. I must farther confess to you, that by this trick we have gained together ten thousand dirhems: this day I demanded of my partners two thousand that belonged to my share, but they refused, because I told them I would leave them, and they were afraid I should accuse them. Upon my pressing still to have my share, they fell upon me; for which I appeal to those people who brought us before you. I expect from your justice, sir, that you will make them deliver me the two thousand dirhems which are my due; and if you have a mind that my comrades should confess the truth, you must order them three times as many blows as I have had, and you will find they will open their eyes as well as I have done." Backbac, and the other three blind men, would have cleared themselves of this horrid charge, but the judge would not hear them; "vil-

lains," said he, "do you feign yourselves blind then, and, under that pretext of moving their compassion, cheat people, and commit such crimes?" "He is an impostor," cried Backbac, "and we take God to witness that none of us can see." All that Backbac could say was in vain, his comrades and he received each of them two hundred blows. The judge expected them to open their eyes, and ascribed to their obstinacy what really they could not do; all the while the robber said to the blind men, "*Poor fools that you are, open your eyes, and do not suffer yourselves to be beaten to death.*" Then addressing himself to the judge, said, "I perceive, sir, that they will be maliciously obstinate to the last, and will never open their eyes. They wish certainly to avoid the shame of reading their own condemnation in the face of every one that looks upon them; it were better, if you think fit, to pardon them, and to send some person along with me for the ten thousand dirhems they have hidden."

The judge consented to give the robber two thousand dirhems, and kept the rest himself; and as for Backbac and his three companions, he thought he shewed them pity by sentencing them only to be banished.



POINT V.

THE CONSULTATION.

A Scene from "Peregrine Pickle."

AMONG those who frequented the pump-room at Bath, was an old officer, whose temper, naturally impatient, was, by repeated attacks of the gout, which had almost deprived him of the use of his limbs, sublimated into a remarkable degree of virulence and perverseness: he imputed the inveteracy of his distemper to the mal-practice of a surgeon who had administered to him, while he laboured under the consequences of an unfortunate amour; and this supposition had inspired him with an insurmountable antipathy to all the professors of the medical art, which was more and more confirmed by the information of a friend at London, who had told him, that it was a common practice among the physicians at Bath to dissuade their patients from drinking the water, that the cure, and in consequence their attendance, might be longer protracted.

Thus prepossessed, he had come to Bath, and, conformable to a few general instructions he had received, used the waters without any farther direction, taking all occasions of manifesting his hatred and contempt of the sons of Æsculapius, both by speech and gesti-

culations, and even by pursuing a regimen quite contrary to that which he knew they prescribed to others who seemed to be exactly in his condition. But he did not find his account in this method, how successful soever it may have been in other cases. His complaints, instead of vanishing, were every day more and more enraged ; and at length he was confined to his bed, where he lay blaspheming from morn to night, and from night to morn, though still more determined than ever to adhere to his former maxims.

In the midst of his torture, which was become the common joke of the town, being circulated through the industry of the physicians, who triumphed in his disaster, Peregrine, by means of Mr. Pipes, employed a country fellow, who had come to market, to run with great haste, early one morning, to the lodgings of all the doctors in town, and desire them to attend the colonel with all imaginable despatch. In consequence of this summons, the whole faculty put themselves in motion ; and three of the foremost arriving at the same instant of time, far from complimenting one another with the door, each separately essayed to enter, and the whole triumvirate stuck in the passage ; while they remained thus wedged together, they descried two of their brethren posting towards the same goal, with all the speed that God had enabled them to exert ; upon which they came to a parley, and agreed to stand by one another. This covenant being made, they disentangled themselves, and, inquiring about the patient, were told by the servant that he had just fallen asleep.

Having received this intelligence, they took possession of his antichamber, and shut the door, while the rest of the tribe posted themselves on the outside as

they arrived ; so that the whole passage was filled, from the top of the stair-case to the street-door ; and the people of the house, together with the colonel's servant, struck dumb with astonishment. The three leaders of this learned gang had no sooner made their lodgement good, than they began to consult about the patient's malady, which every one of them pretended to have considered with great care and assiduity. The first who gave his opinion said, the distemper was an obstinate arthritis ; the second affirmed, that it was no other than a confirmed lues ; and the third swore it was an inveterate scurvy. This diversity of opinions was supported by a variety of quotations from medical authors, ancient as well as modern ; but these were not of sufficient authority, or at least not explicit enough, to decide the dispute ; for there are many schisms in medicine, as well as in religion, and each set can quote the fathers in support of the tenets they profess. In short, the contention rose to such a pitch of clamour, as not only alarmed the brethren on the stair, but also awaked the patient from the first nap he had enjoyed in the space of ten whole days. Had it been simply waking, he would have been obliged to them for the noise that disturbed him ; for, in that case, he would have been relieved from the tortures of hell fire, to which, in his dream, he fancied himself exposed : but this dreadful vision had been the result of that impression which was made upon his brain by the intolerable anguish of his joints ; so that when he waked, the pain, instead of being allayed, was rather aggravated, by a great acuteness of sensation ; and the confused vociferation in the next room invading his ears at the same time, he began to think his dream was realized, and, in the

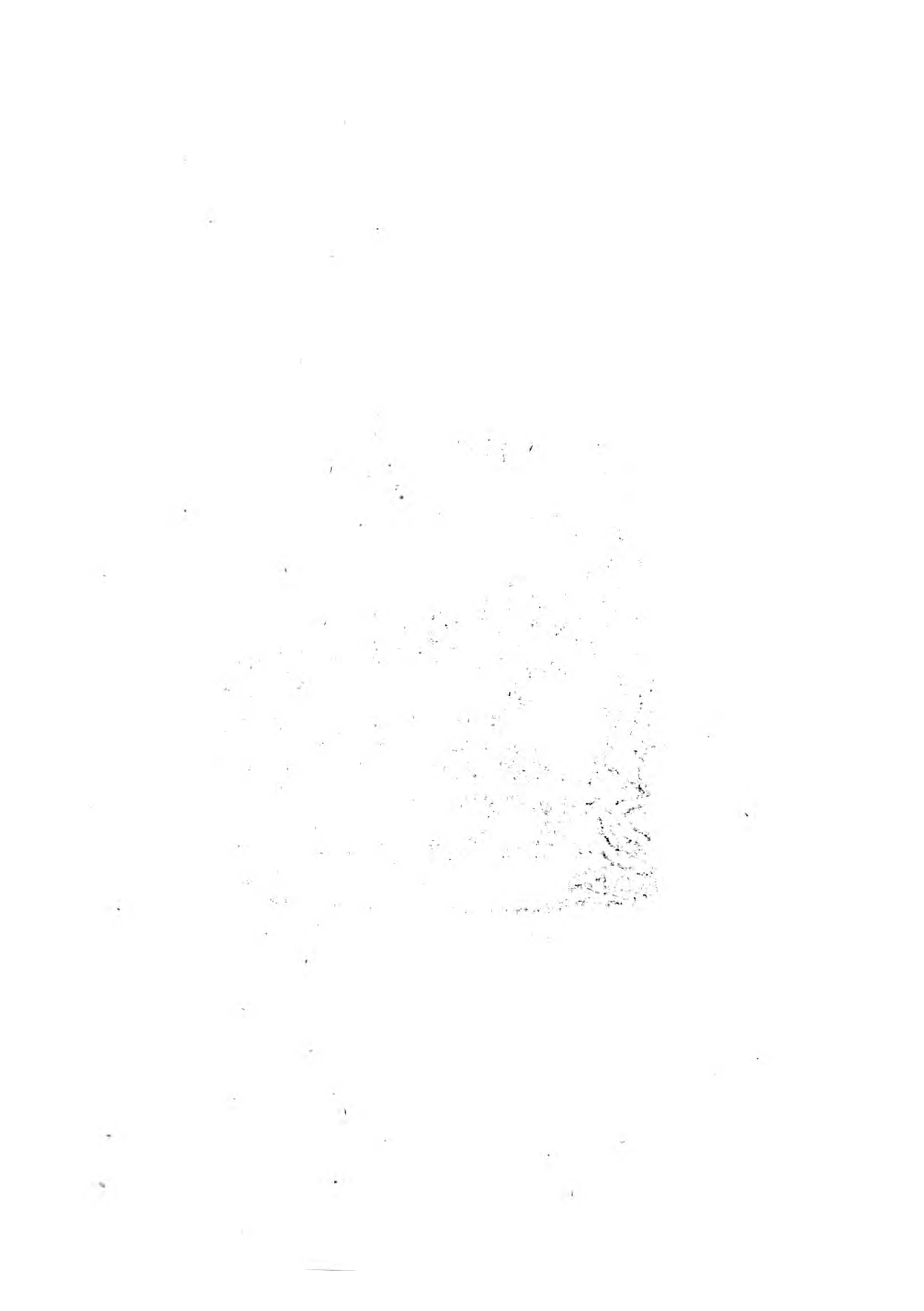
pangs of despair, applied himself to a bell that stood by his bedside, which he rung with great violence and perseverance.

This alarm put an immediate stop to the disputation of the three doctors, who, upon this notice of his being awake, rushed into his chamber without ceremony; and two of them seizing his arms, the third made the like application to one of his temples. Before the patient could recollect himself from the amazement which had laid hold on him at this unexpected irruption, the room was filled by the rest of the faculty, who followed the servant that entered in obedience to his master's call; and the bed was in a moment surrounded by these gaunt ministers of death. The colonel seeing himself beset with such an assemblage of solemn visages and figures, which he had always considered with the utmost detestation and abhorrence, was incensed to a most inexpressible degree of indignation; and so inspirited by his rage, that, though his tongue denied its office, his other limbs performed their functions: he disengaged himself from the triumvirate, who had taken possession of his body, sprung out of bed with incredible agility, and, seizing one of his crutches, applied it so effectually to one of the three, just as he stooped to examine the patient's water, that his tye-periwig dropped into the pot, while he himself fell motionless on the floor.

This significant explanation disconcerted the whole fraternity; every man turned his face, as if it were by instinct, towards the door; and the retreat of the community being obstructed by the efforts of individuals, confusion and tumultuous uproar ensued: for the colonel, far from limiting his prowess to the first exploit, handled his weapon with astonishing vigour



--G. Cruikshank fecit--



and dexterity, without respect of persons; so that few or none of them had escaped without marks of his displeasure, when his spirits failed, and he sunk down again quite exhausted on his bed. Favoured by this respite, the discomfited faculty collected their hats and wigs, which had fallen off in the fray; and perceiving the assailant too much enfeebled to renew the attack, set up their throats altogether, and loudly threatened to prosecute him severely for such an outrageous assault.

By this time the landlord had interposed; and inquiring into the cause of the disturbance, was informed of what had happened by the complainants, who, at the same time, giving him to understand that they had been severally summoned to attend the colonel that morning, he assured them, that they had been imposed upon by some wag, for his lodger had never dreamed of consulting any one of their profession.

Thunderstruck at this declaration, the general clamour instantaneously ceased; and each, in particular, at once comprehending the nature of the joke, they sneaked silently off with the loss they had sustained, in unutterable shame and mortification, while Peregrine and his friend, who took care to be passing that way by accident, made a full stop at sight of such an extraordinary efflux, and enjoyed the countenance and condition of every one as he appeared; nay, even made up to some of those who seemed most affected with their situation, and mischievously tormented them with questions touching this unusual congregation; then, in consequence of the information they received from the landlord and the colonel's valet, subjected the sufferers to the ridicule of all the company in town.

As it would have been impossible for the authors of the farce to keep themselves concealed from the indefatigable inquiries of the physicians, they made no secret of their having directed the whole; though they took care to own it in such an ambiguous manner as afforded no handle of prosecution.



POINT VI.

THE DINNER.

A Scene from "Peregrine Pickle."

PEREGRINE, by his insinuating behaviour, acquired the full confidence of the doctor, who invited him to an entertainment, which he intended to prepare in the manner of the ancients. Pickle, struck with this idea, eagerly embraced the proposal, which he honoured with many encomiums, as a plan in all respects worthy of his genius and apprehension; and the day was appointed at some distance of time, that the treater might have leisure to compose certain pickles and confections, which were not to be found among the culinary preparations of these degenerate days.

With a view of rendering the physician's taste more conspicuous, and extracting from it more diversion, Peregrine proposed that some foreigners should partake of the banquet; and the task being left to his care and discretion, he actually bespoke the company of a French marquis, an Italian count, and a German baron, whom he knew to be most egregious coxcombs, and therefore more likely to enhance the joy of the entertainment.

Accordingly, the hour being arrived, he conducted them to the hotel where the physician lodged, after

having regaled their expectations with an elegant meal in the genuine old Roman taste; and they were received by Mr. Pallet, who did the honours of the house, while his friend superintended the cook below. By this communicative painter, the guests understood that the doctor had met with numerous difficulties in the execution of his design; that no fewer than five cooks had been dismissed, because they could not prevail upon their own consciences to obey his directions in things that were contrary to the present practice of their art; and that although he had at last engaged a person, by an extraordinary premium, to comply with his orders, the fellow was so astonished, mortified, and incensed, at the commands he had received, that his hair stood on end, and he begged on his knees to be released from the agreement he had made; but finding that his employer insisted upon the performance of his contract, and threatened to introduce him to the commissaire, if he should flinch from the bargain, he had, in the discharge of his office, wept, sung, cursed, and capered, for two hours without intermission.

While the company listened to this odd information, by which they were prepossessed with strange notions of the dinner, their ears were invaded by a piteous voice, that exclaimed in French, "For the love of God! dear sir! for the passion of Jesus Christ! spare me the mortification of the honey and oil!" Their ears still vibrated with the sound, when the doctor entering, was by Peregrine made acquainted with the strangers, to whom he, in the transports of his wrath, could not help complaining of the want of complaisance he had found in the Parisian vulgar, by which his plan had been almost entirely ruined and set aside. The French marquis, who thought the honour of his nation was con-

cerned at this declaration, professed his sorrow for what had happened, so contrary to the established character of the people, and undertook to see the delinquents severely punished, provided he could be informed of their names or places of abode. The mutual compliments that passed on this occasion were scarce finished, when a servant coming into the room, announced dinner; and the entertainer led the way into another apartment, where they found a long table, or rather two boards joined together, and furnished with a variety of dishes, the steams of which had such evident effect upon the nerves of the company, that the marquis made frightful grimaces, under pretence of taking snuff; the Italian's eyes watered, the German's visage underwent several distortions of feature; our hero found means to exclude the odour from his sense of smelling, by breathing only through his mouth; and the poor painter, running into another room, plugged his nostrils with tobacco. The doctor himself, who was the only person then present whose organs were not discomposed, pointing to a couple of couches placed on each side of the table, told his guests that he was sorry he could not procure the exact triclinia of the ancients, which were somewhat different from these conveniences, and desired they would have the goodness to repose themselves without ceremony, each in his respective couchette, while he and his friend Mr. Pallet would place themselves upright at the ends, that they might have the pleasure of serving those that lay along. This disposition, of which the strangers had no previous idea, disconcerted and perplexed them in a most ridiculous manner; the marquis and baron stood bowing to each other, on pretence of disputing the lower seat, but, in reality, with a view of profiting by the

example of each other : for neither of them understood the manner in which they were to loll ; and Peregrine, who enjoyed their confusion, handed the count to the other side, where, with the most mischievous politeness, he insisted upon his taking possession of the upper place.

In this disagreeable and ludicrous suspense, they continued acting a pantomime of gesticulations, until the doctor earnestly entreated them to wave all compliment and form, lest the dinner should be spoiled before the ceremonial could be adjusted. Thus conjured, Peregrine took the lower couch on the left-hand side, laying himself gently down, with his face towards the table. The marquis, in imitation of this pattern, (though he would have much rather fasted three days than run the risk of discomposing his dress by such an attitude,) stretched himself upon the opposite place, reclining upon his elbow in a most painful and awkward situation, with his head raised above the end of the couch, that the economy of his hair might not suffer by the projection of his body. The Italian, being a thin limber creature, planted himself next to Pickle, without sustaining any misfortune, but that of his stocking being torn by a ragged nail of the seat, as he raised his legs on a level with the rest of his limbs. But the baron, who was neither so wieldy nor supple in his joints as his companions, flounced himself down with such precipitation, that his feet, suddenly tilting up, came in furious contact with the head of the marquis, and demolished every curl in a twinkling, while his own skull, at the same instant, descended upon the side of his couch with such violence, that his periwig was struck off, and the whole room filled with pulvilio.

The drollery of distress that attended this disaster

entirely vanquished the affected gravity of our young gentleman, who was obliged to suppress his laughter by cramming his handkerchief into his mouth ; for the bareheaded German asked pardon with such ridiculous confusion, and the marquis admitted his apology with such rueful complaisance, as were sufficient to awaken the mirth of a quietist.

This misfortune being repaired, as well as the circumstances of the occasion would permit, and every one settled according to the arrangement already described, the doctor graciously undertook to give some account of the dishes as they occurred, that the company might be directed in their choice ; and, with an air of infinite satisfaction, thus began:—"This here, gentlemen, is a boiled goose, served up in a sauce composed of pepper, lovage, coriander, mint, rue, anchovies, and oil. I wish for your sakes, gentlemen, it was one of the geese of Ferrara, so much celebrated among the ancients for the magnitude of their livers, one of which is said to have weighed upwards of two pounds ; with this food, exquisite as it was, did the tyrant Heliogabalus regale his hounds. But I beg pardon, I had almost forgot the soup, which I hear is so necessary an article at all tables in France. At each end there are dishes of the *salacacabia* of the Romans ; one is made of parsley, pennyroyal, cheese, pine - tops, honey, vinegar, brine, eggs, cucumbers, onions, and hen livers ; the other is much the same as the *soup-maigre* of this country. Then there is a loin of boiled veal with fennel and carraway seed, on a pottage composed of pickle, oil, honey, and flour, and a curious hashis of the lights, liver, and blood of a hare, together with a dish of roasted pigeons. Monsieur le Baron, shall I help you to a plate of this soup ? The German, who

did not at all disapprove of the ingredients, assented to the proposal, and seemed to relish the composition ; while the marquis, being asked by the painter which of the sillykickabys he chose, was, in consequence of his desire, accommodated with a portion of the soup-maigre ; and the count, in lieu of spoon meat, of which he said he was no great admirer, supplied himself with a pigeon, therein conforming to the choice of our young gentleman, whose example he determined to follow through the whole course of the entertainment.

The Frenchman, having swallowed the first spoonful, made a full pause, his throat swelled as if an egg had stuck in his gullet, his eyes rolled, and his mouth underwent a series of involuntary contractions and dilations. Pallet, who looked steadfastly at this connoisseur, with a view of consulting his taste, before he himself would venture upon the soup, began to be disturbed at these emotions, and observed, with some concern, that the poor gentleman seemed to be going into a fit ; when Peregrine assured him, that these were symptoms of ecstasy, and, for further confirmation, asked the marquis how he found the soup. It was with infinite difficulty that his complaisance could so far master his disgust, as to enable him to answer, “ altogether excellent, upon my honour ! ” and the painter, being certified of his approbation, lifted the spoon to his mouth without scruple ; but far from justifying the eulogium of his taster, when this precious composition diffused itself upon his palate, he seemed to be deprived of all sense and motion, and sat like the leaden statue of some river god, with the liquor flowing out at both sides of his mouth.

The doctor, alarmed at this indecent phenomenon, earnestly inquired into the cause of it ; and when Pal-

let recovered his recollection, and swore that he would rather swallow porridge made of burning brimstone than such an infernal mess as that which he had tasted, the physician, in his own vindication, assured the company, that, except the usual ingredients, he had mixed nothing in the soup but some sal ammoniac, instead of the ancient nitrum, which could not now be procured; and appealed to the marquis, whether such a succedaneum was not an improvement on the whole. The unfortunate *petit maître*, driven to the extremity of his condescension, acknowledged it to be a masterly refinement; and deeming himself obliged, in point of honour, to evince his sentiments by his practice, forced a few more mouthfuls of this disagreeable potion down his throat, till his stomach was so much offended, that he was compelled to start up of a sudden; and, in the hurry of his elevation, overturned his plate into the bosom of the baron. The emergency of his occasions would not permit him to stay and make apologies for this abrupt behaviour; so that he flew into another apartment, where Pickle found him puking, and crossing himself with great devotion; and a chair, at his desire, being brought to the door, he slipped into it more dead than alive, conjuring his friend Pickle to make his peace with the company, and in particular excuse him to the baron, on account of the violent fit of illness with which he had been seized. It was not without reason that he employed a mediator; for when our hero returned to the dining-room, the German had got up, and was under the hands of his own lacquey, who wiped the grease from a rich embroidered waistcoat, while he, almost frantic with his misfortune, stamped upon the ground, and in High Dutch cursed the unlucky banquet, and the impertinent entertainer, who

all this time, with great deliberation, consoled him for the disaster, by assuring him, that the damage might be repaired with some oil of turpentine and a hot iron. Peregrine, who could scarce refrain from laughing in his face, appeased his indignation, by telling him how much the whole company, and especially the marquis, was mortified at the accident; and the unhappy salacabias being removed, the places were filled with two pyes, one of dormice, liquored with syrup of white poppies, which the doctor had substituted in the room of roasted poppy-seed, formerly eaten with honey, as a dessert; and the other composed of a hock of pork baked in honey.

Pallet, hearing the first of these dishes described, lifted up his hands and eyes, and, with signs of loathing and amazement, pronounced, "A pye made of dormice and syrup of poppies! Lord in heaven! what beastly fellows those Romans were!" His friend checked him for his irreverent exclamation with a severe look, and recommended the veal, of which he himself cheerfully ate, with such encomiums to the company, that the baron resolved to imitate his example, after having called for a bumper of Burgundy, which the physician, for his sake, wished to have been the true wine of Falernum. The painter, seeing nothing else upon the table which he would venture to touch, made a merit of necessity, and had recourse to the veal also; although he could not help saying, that he would not give one slice of the roast beef of Old England for all the dainties of a Roman emperor's table. But all the doctor's invitations and assurances could not prevail upon his guests to honour the hashis and the goose; and that course was succeeded by another, in which he told them there were divers of those



dishes, which, among the ancients, had obtained the appellation of *politeles*, or magnificent. "That which smokes in the middle", said he, "is a sow's stomach, filled with a composition of minced pork, hog's brains, eggs, pepper, cloves, garlic, aniseed, rue, ginger, oil, wine, and pickle. On the right-hand side are the teats and belly of a sow, just farrowed, fried with sweet wine, oil, flour, lovage, and pepper. On the left is a fricassee of snails, fed, or rather purged, with milk. At that end next Mr. Pallet, are fritters of pom-pions, lovage, origanum, and oil; and here are a couple of pullets, roasted and stuffed in the manner of Apicius."

The painter, who had by wry faces testified his abhorrence of the sow's stomach, which he compared to a bagpipe, and the snails which had undergone purgation, no sooner heard him mention the roasted pullets, than he eagerly solicited a wing of the fowl; upon which the doctor desired he would take the trouble of cutting them up, and accordingly sent them round, while Mr. Pallet tucked the table-cloth under his chin, and brandished his knife and fork with singular address; but scarce were they set down before him, when the tears ran down his cheeks, and he called aloud, in manifest disorder,—“Zounds! this is the essence of a whole bed of garlic!” That he might not, however, disappoint or disgrace the entertainer, he applied his instruments to one of the birds; and, when he opened up the cavity, was assaulted by such an irruption of intolerable smells, that, without staying to disengage himself from the cloth, he sprung away, with an exclamation of “Lord Jesus!” and involved the whole table in havoc, ruin, and confusion.

Before Pickle could accomplish his escape, he was

sauced with a syrup of the dormice pye, which went to pieces in the general wreck: and as for the Italian count, he was overwhelmed by the sow's stomach, which, bursting in the fall, discharged its contents upon his leg and thigh, and scalded him so miserably, that he shrieked with anguish, and grinned with a most ghastly and horrible aspect.

The baron, who sat secure without the vortex of this tumult, was not at all displeased at seeing his companions involved in such a calamity as that which he had already shared; but the doctor was confounded with shame and vexation. After having prescribed an application of oil to the count's leg, he expressed his sorrow for the misadventure, which he openly ascribed to want of taste and prudence in the painter, who did not think proper to return, and make an apology in person; and protested that there was nothing in the fowls which could give offence to a sensible nose, the stuffing being a mixture of pepper, lovage, and assa-fœtida, and the sauce consisting of wine and herring-pickle, which he had used instead of the celebrated *garum* of the Romans; that famous pickle having been prepared sometimes of the *scombri*, which were a sort of tunny fish, and sometimes of the *silurus*, or shad fish; nay, he observed, that there was a third kind called *garum hæmation*, made of the guts, gills, and blood of the *thynnus*.

The physician, finding it would be impracticable to re-establish the order of the banquet, by presenting again the dishes which had been discomposed, ordered every thing to be removed, a clean cloth to be laid, and the dessert to be brought in.

Meanwhile, he regretted his incapacity to give them a specimen of the *alieus*, or fish-meals of the ancients,

such as the *jus diabaton*, the conger-eel, which, in Galen's opinion, is hard of digestion; the *cornuta*, or gurnard, described by Pliny in his Natural History, who says, the horns of many were a foot and a half in length; the mullet and lamprey, that were in the highest estimation of old, of which last Julius Cæsar borrowed six thousand for one triumphal supper. He observed, that the manner of dressing them was described by Horace, in the account he gives of the entertainment to which Mæcenas was invited by the epicure Nasiedenus,

Affertur squillas inter muræna natantes, &c.

and told them, that they were commonly eaten with the *thus Syriacum*, a certain anodyne and astringent seed, which qualified the purgative nature of the fish. Finally, this learned physician gave them to understand, that, though this was reckoned a luxurious dish in the zenith of the Roman taste, it was by no means comparable, in point of expense, to some preparations in vogue about the time of that absurd voluptuary Heliogabalus, who ordered the brains of six hundred ostriches to be compounded in one mess.

By this time the dessert appeared, and the company were not a little rejoiced to see plain olives in salt and water: but what the master of the feast valued himself upon was a sort of jelly, which he affirmed to be preferable to the *hypotrimma* of Hesychius, being a mixture of vinegar, pickle, and honey, boiled to a proper consistence, and candied assafœtida, which he asserted, in contradiction to Aumelbergius and Lister, was no other than the *laser Syriacum*, so precious as to be sold among the ancients to the weight of a silver penny. The gentlemen took his word for the excellency of this

gum, but contented themselves with the olives, which gave such an agreeable relish to the wine, that they seemed very well disposed to console themselves for the disgraces they had endured ; and Pickle, unwilling to lose the least circumstance of entertainment that could be enjoyed in their company, went in quest of the painter, who remained in his penitentials in another apartment, and could not be persuaded to re-enter the banqueting-room, until Peregrine undertook to procure his pardon from those whom he had injured. Having assured him of this indulgence, our young gentleman led him in like a criminal, bowing on all hands with an air of humility and contrition ; and particularly addressing himself to the count, to whom he swore in English, as God was his Saviour, he had no intent to affront man, woman, or child ; but was fain to make the best of his way, that he might not give the honourable company cause of offence, by obeying the dictates of nature in their presence.

When Pickle interpreted this apology to the Italian, Pallet was forgiven in very polite terms, and even received into favour by his friend the doctor, in consequence of our hero's intercession ; so that all the guests forgot their chagrin, and paid their respects so piously to the bottle, that, in a short time, the champaign produced very evident effects in the behaviour of all present.



POINT VII.



THE DUEL.

A Scene from "Peregrine Pickle."

THE painter betook himself to the house of the Flemish Raphael, and the rest of the company went back to their lodgings; where Peregrine, taking the advantage of being alone with the physician, recapitulated all the affronts he had sustained from the painter's petulance, aggravating every circumstance of the disgrace, and advising him, in the capacity of a friend, to take care of his honour, which could not fail to suffer in the opinion of the world, if he allowed himself to be insulted with impunity by one so much his inferior in every degree of consideration.

The physician assured him, that Pallet had hitherto escaped chastisement, by being deemed an object unworthy his resentment, and in consideration of the wretch's family, for which his compassion was interested; but that repeated injuries would inflame the most benevolent disposition; and although he could find no precedent of duelling among the Greeks and Romans, whom he considered as the patterns of demeanour, Pallet should no longer avail himself of his veneration for the ancients, but be punished for the very, next offence he should commit.

Having thus spirited up the doctor to a resolution

from which he could not decently swerve, our adventurer acted the incendiary with the other party also; giving him to understand, that the physician treated his character with such contempt, and behaved to him with such insolence, as no gentleman ought to bear: that, for his own part, he was every day put out of countenance by their mutual animosity, which appeared in nothing but vulgar expressions, more becoming shoe-boys and oyster-women than men of honour and education; and therefore he should be obliged, contrary to his inclination, to break off all correspondence with them both, if they would not fall upon some method to retrieve the dignity of their characters.

These representations would have had little effect upon the timidity of the painter, who was likewise too much of a Grecian to approve of single combat, in any other way than that of boxing, an exercise in which he was well skilled, had they not been accompanied with an insinuation, that his antagonist was no Hector, and that he might humble him into any concession, without running the least personal risk. Animated by this assurance, our second Rubens set the trumpet of defiance to his mouth, swore he valued not his life a rush, when his honour was concerned, and entreated Mr. Pickle to be the bearer of a challenge, which he would instantly commit to writing.

The mischievous fomenter highly applauded this manifestation of courage, by which he was at liberty to cultivate his friendship and society, but declined the office of carrying the billet, that his tenderness of Pallet's reputation might not be misinterpreted into an officious desire of promoting quarrels. At the same time he recommended Tom Pipes, not only as a very proper messenger on this occasion, but also as a trusty

second in the field. The magnanimous painter took his advice, and, retiring to his chamber, penned a challenge in these terms.—

‘SIR,—When I am heartily provoked, I fear not the devil himself; much less—I will not call you a pedantic coxcomb, nor an unmannerly fellow, because these are the hippythets of the vulgar: but, remember, such as you are, I nyther love you nor fear you; but, on the contrary, expect satisfaction for your audacious behaviour to me on divers occasions; and will, this evening, in the twilight, meet you on the ramparts with sword and pistol, where the Lord have mercy on the soul of one of us, for your body shall find no favour with your incensed defier, till death.

‘LAYMAN PALLET.’

This resolute defiance, after having been submitted to the perusal, and honoured with the approbation of our youth, was committed to the charge of Pipes, who, according to his orders, delivered it in the afternoon; and brought for answer, that the physician would attend him at the appointed time and place. The challenger was evidently discomposed at the unexpected news of this acceptance, and ran about the house in great disorder, in quest of Peregrine, to beg his further advice and assistance: but understanding that the youth was engaged in private with his adversary, he began to suspect some collusion, and cursed himself for his folly and precipitation. He even entertained some thoughts of retracting his invitation, and submitting to the triumph of his antagonist: but before he would stoop to this opprobrious condescension, he resolved to try another expedient, which might be the means of saving both his character and person. In this hope he visited Mr. Jolter, and very gravely desired he would be so good as to undertake the office of his second in a duel which he was to fight that evening with the physician.

The governor, instead of answering his expectation, in expressing fear and concern, and breaking forth into exclamations of, 'Good God! gentlemen! what d'ye mean? You shall not murder one another while it is in my power to prevent your purpose. I will go directly to the governor of the place, who shall interpose his authority.' I say, instead of these and other friendly menaces of prevention, Jolter heard the proposal with the most phlegmatic tranquillity, and excused himself from accepting the honour intended for him, on account of his character and situation, which would not permit him to be concerned in any such rencounters. Indeed this mortifying reception was owing to a previous hint from Peregrine, who, dreading some sort of interruption from his governor, had made him acquainted with his design, and assured him, that the affair should not be brought to any dangerous issue.

Thus disappointed, the dejected challenger was overwhelmed with perplexity and dismay; and, in the terrors of death or mutilation, resolved to deprecate the wrath of his enemy, and conform to any submission he should propose, when he was accidentally encountered by our adventurer, who, with demonstrations of infinite satisfaction, told him, in confidence, that his billet had thrown the doctor into an agony of consternation; that his acceptance of his challenge was a mere effort of despair, calculated to confound the ferocity of the sender, and dispose him to listen to terms of accommodation; that he had imparted the letter to him, with fear and trembling, on pretence of engaging him as a second, but, in reality, with a view of obtaining his good offices in promoting a reconciliation; 'but perceiving the situation of his mind,' added our hero, 'I thought it would be more for your honour to baffle his expectation, and

therefore I readily undertook the task of attending him to the field, in full assurance that he will there humble himself before you, even to prostration. In this security you may go and prepare your arms, and bespeak the assistance of Pipes, who will 'squire you to the field, while I keep myself up, that our correspondence may not be suspected by the physician.' Pallet's spirits, that were sunk to dejection, rose at this encouragement to all the insolence of triumph; he again declared his contempt of danger; and his pistols being loaded and accommodated with new flints, by his trusty armour-bearer, he waited, without flinching, for the hour of battle.

On the first approach of twilight, somebody knocked at his door, and Pipes having opened it at his desire, he heard the voice of his antagonist pronounce,—‘Tell Mr. Pallet, that I am going to the place of appointment.’ The painter was not a little surprised at this anticipation, which so ill agreed with the information he had received from Pickle; and his concern beginning to recur, he fortified himself with a large bumper of brandy, which, however, did not overcome the anxiety of his thoughts. Nevertheless, he set out on the expedition with his second, betwixt whom and himself the following dialogue passed, in their way to the ramparts.—‘Mr. Pipes,’ said the painter, with disordered accent, ‘methinks the doctor was in a pestilent hurry with that message of his.’—‘Ey, ey,’ answered Tom, ‘I do suppose he longs to be foul of you.’ ‘What!’ replied the other, ‘d’ye think he thirsts after my blood?’ ‘To be sure a does,’ (said Pipes, thrusting a large quid of tobacco into his cheek with great deliberation). ‘If that be the case,’ cried Pallet, beginning to shake, ‘he is no better than a cannibal, and no Christian ought to

fight him on equal footing.' Tom observing his emotion, eyed him with a frown of indignation, saying, 'You an't afraid, are you?' 'God forbid!' replied the challenger, stammering with fear, 'what should I be afraid of? the worst he can do is to take my life, and then he'll be answerable both to God and man for the murder: don't you think he will?'—'I think no such matter,' answered the second: 'if so be as how he puts a brace of bullets through your bows, and kills you fairly, it is no more murder than if I was to bring down a noddy from the main-top-sail-yard.' By this time Pallet's teeth chattered with such violence, that he could scarce pronounce this reply.—'Mr. Thomas, you seem to make very light of a man's life; but I trust in the Almighty I shall not be so easily brought down. Sure many a man has fought a duel without losing his life. Do you imagine that I run such a hazard of falling by the hand of my adversary?' 'You may or you may not,' said the unconcerned Pipes, 'just as it happens. What then! death is a debt that every man owes, according to the song; and if you set foot to foot, I think one of you must go to pot.' 'Foot to foot!' exclaimed the terrified painter, 'that's downright butchery; and I'll be damned before I fight any man on earth in such a barbarous way. What! d'ye take me to be a savage beast?' This declaration he made while they ascended the ramparts. His attendant, perceiving the physician and his second at the distance of an hundred paces before them, gave him notice of their appearance, and advised him to make ready, and behave like a man. Pallet in vain endeavoured to conceal his panic, which discovered itself in an universal trepidation of body, and the lamentable tone in which he answered this exhortation of Pipes, saying,—'I do

behave like a man ; but you would have me act the part of a brute.—Are they coming this way ?' When Tom told him that they had faced about, and admonished him to advance, the nerves of his arm refused their office, he could not hold out his pistol, and instead of going forward, retreated with an insensibility of motion ; till Pipes, placing himself in the rear, set his own back to that of his principal, and swore he should not budge an inch farther in that direction.

While the valet thus tutored the painter, his master enjoyed the terrors of the physician, which were more ridiculous than those of Pallet, because he was more intent upon disguising them. His declaration to Pickle in the morning would not suffer him to start any objections when he received the challenge ; and finding that the young gentleman made no offer of mediating the affair, but rather congratulated him on the occasion, when he communicated the painter's billet, all his efforts consisted in oblique hints, and general reflexions, upon the absurdity of duelling, which was first introduced among civilized nations by the barbarous Huns and Longobards. He likewise pretended to ridicule the use of fire-arms, which confounded all the distinctions of skill and address, and deprived a combatant of the opportunity of signalizing his personal prowess.

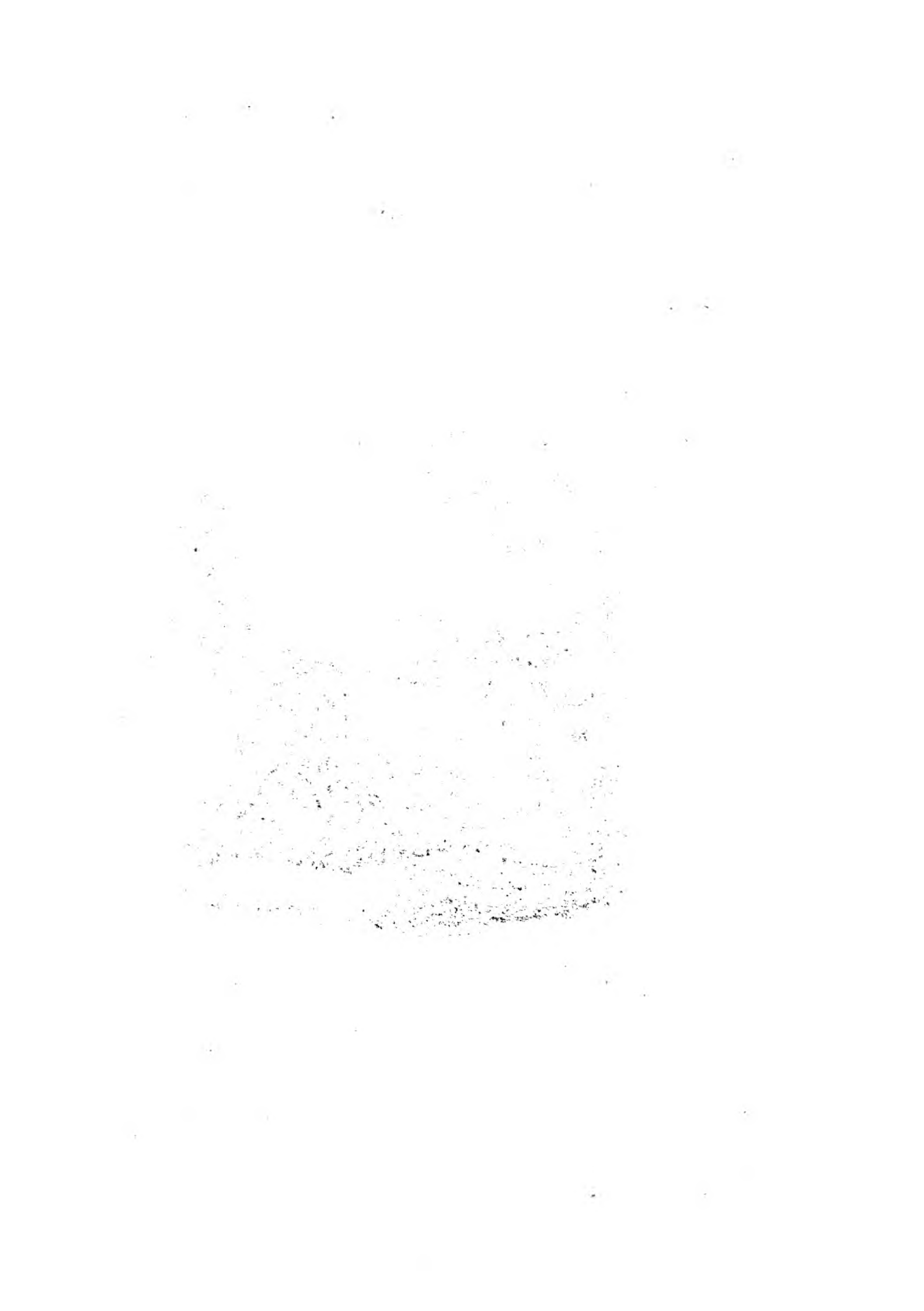
Pickle assented to the justness of his observations ; but, at the same time, represented the necessity of complying with the customs of this world (ridiculous as they were), on which a man's honour and reputation depend. So that, seeing no hopes of profiting by that artifice, the republican's agitation became more and more remarkable ; and he proposed, in plain terms, that they should contend in armour, like the combat-

ants of ancient days ; for it was but reasonable, that they should practise the manner of fighting, since they adopted the disposition of those iron times.

Nothing could have afforded more diversion to our hero than the sight of two such duellists cased in iron ; and he wished that he had promoted the quarrel in Brussels, where he could have hired the armour of Charles the Fifth, and the valiant Duke of Parma, for their accommodation ; but as there was no possibility of furnishing them cap-à-pee at Antwerp, he persuaded him to conform to the modern use of the sword, and meet the painter on his own terms ; and suspecting that his fear would supply him with other excuses for declining the combat, he comforted him with some distant insinuations, to the prejudice of his adversary's courage, which would, in all probability, evaporate before any mischief could happen.

Notwithstanding this encouragement, he could not suppress the reluctance with which he went to the field, and cast many a wishful look over his left shoulder, to see whether or not his adversary was at his heels. When, by the advice of his second, he took possession of the ground, and turned about with his face to the enemy, it was not so dark, but that Peregrine could perceive the unusual paleness of his countenance, and the sweat standing in large drops upon his forehead ; nay, there was a manifest disorder in his speech, when he regretted his want of the *pila* and *parma*, with which he would have made a rattling noise, to astonish his foe, in springing forward, and singing the hymn to battle, in the manner of the ancients.

In the mean time, observing the hesitation of his antagonist, who, far from advancing, seemed to recoil, and even struggle with his second, he guessed the situ-





ation of the painter's thoughts, and collecting all the manhood that he possessed, seized the opportunity of profiting by his enemy's consternation. Striking his sword and pistol together, he advanced in a sort of a trot, raising a loud howl, in which he repeated, in lieu of the Spartan song, part of the strophe from one of Pindar's Pythia, beginning with *ek theon gar mekanai pasai Broteis aretais*, &c. This imitation of the Greeks had all the desired effect upon the painter, who seeing the physician running towards him like a fury, with a pistol in his right hand, which was extended, and hearing the dreadful yell he uttered, and the outlandish words he produced, was seized with an-universal palsy of his limbs. He would have dropped down upon the ground, had not Pipes supported and encouraged him to stand upon his defence. The doctor, contrary to his expectation, finding that he had not flinched from the spot, though he had now performed one half of his career, put in practice the last effort, by firing his pistol, the noise of which no sooner reached the ears of the affrighted painter, than he recommended his soul to God, and roared for mercy with great vociferation.

The republican, overjoyed at this exclamation, commanded him to yield, and surrender his arms, on pain of immediate death; upon which he threw away his pistols and sword, in spite of all the admonitions and even threats of his second, who left him to his fate, and went up to his master, stopping his nose with signs of loathing and abhorrence.

The victor, having won the *spolia opima*, granted him his life, on condition that he would on his knees supplicate his pardon, acknowledging him inferior to his conqueror in every virtue and qualification, and promise for the future to merit his favour by submission

and respect. These insolent terms were readily embraced by the unfortunate challenger, who fairly owned, that he was not at all calculated for the purposes of war, and that henceforth he would contend with no weapon but his pencil. He begged, with great humility, that Mr. Pickle would not think the worse of his morals for this defect of courage, which was a natural infirmity inherited from his father, and suspend his opinion of his talents, until he should have an opportunity of contemplating the charms of his Cleopatra, which would be finished in less than three months.

Our hero observed, with an affected air of displeasure, that no man could be justly condemned for being subject to the impressions of fear; and therefore his cowardice might easily be forgiven: but there was something so presumptuous, dishonest, and disingenuous, in arrogating a quality to which he knew he had not the smallest pretension, that he could not forget his misbehaviour all at once, though he would condescend to communicate with him as formerly, in hopes of seeing a reformation in his conduct. Pallet protested that there was no dissimulation in the case: for he was ignorant of his own weakness, until his resolution was put to the trial: he faithfully promised to demean himself, during the remaining part of the tour, with that conscious modesty and penitence which became a person in his condition: and, for the present, implored the assistance of Mr. Pipes, in disembarassing him from the disagreeable consequence of his fear.



POINT VIII.

THE QUACK DOCTOR.

THE town of Ashbourn, being a great thoroughfare to Buxton Wells, to the High-peak, and many parts of the North; and being inhabited by many substantial people concerned in the mines, and having also three or four of the greatest horse-fairs in that part of England, every year; is a very populous town.

There appeared at Ashbourn, for some market-days, a very extraordinary person, in a character, and with an equipage, somewhat singular and paradoxical : this was one Dr. Stubbs, a physician of the itinerant kind. The doctor came to town on horseback, yet dressed in a plaid night gown and red velvet cap. He had a small reading-desk fixed upon the pommel of his saddle, that supported a large folio, in which, by the help of a monstrous pair of spectacles, the doctor seemed to read, as the horse moved slowly on, with a profound attention. A portmanteau behind him contained his cargo of sovereign medicines, which, as brick-dust was probably the principal ingredient, must have been no small burden to his lean steed.

The 'squire, or assistant, led the doctor's horse slowly along, in a dress less solemn, but not less remarkable, than that of his master.

The doctor, from his Rozinante, attended by his merry-andrew (mounted on a horse-block before the

principal inn), had just begun to harangue the multitude, and the speech with which he introduced himself each market-day was to this effect—

“ My friends and countrymen ! you have frequently been imposed upon, no doubt, by quacks and ignorant pretenders to the noble art of physic ; who, in order to gain your attention, have boasted of their many years’ travels into foreign parts, and even the most remote regions of the habitable globe. One has been physician to the Sophi of Persia, to the Great Mogul, or the Empress of Russia ; and displayed his skill at Moscow, Constantinople, Delhi, or Ispahan. Another, perhaps, has been tooth-drawer to the king of Morocco, or corn-cutter to the sultan of Egypt, or to the grand Turk ; or has administered a clyster to the queen of Trebisonde, or to Prester John, or the Lord knows who—as if the wandering about from place to place (supposing it to be true) could make a man a jot the wiser. No, gentlemen, don’t be imposed upon by pompous words and magnificent pretensions. He that goes abroad a fool will come home a coxcomb.

“ Gentlemen ! I am no High German or unborn doctor—But here I am—your own countryman—your fellow subject—your neighbour, as I may say. Why, gentlemen, eminent as I am now become, I was born but at Coventry, where my mother now lives—Mary Stubbs by name.

“ One thing, indeed, I must boast of, without which I would not presume to practise the sublime art and mystery of physic. I am the seventh son of a seventh son. Seven days was I before I sucked the breast. Seven months before I was seen to laugh or cry. Seven years before I was heard to utter seven words ; and twice seven years have I studied, night and day, for

the benefit of you, my friends and countrymen : and now here I am, ready to assist the afflicted, and to cure all manner of diseases, past, present, and to come ; and that out of pure love to my country and fellow creatures, without fee or reward—except a trifling gratuity, the prime cost of my medicines ; or what you may choose voluntarily to contribute hereafter, out of gratitude for the great benefit, which, I am convinced, you will receive from the use of them.

“ But come, gentlemen, here is my famous, *Anti-febri-fuge Tincture ; that cures all internal disorders whatsoever ; the whole bottle for one poor shilling.

“ Here’s my Cataplasma Diabolicum, or my Diabolical Cataplasma ; that will cure all external disorders, cuts, bruises, contusions, excoriations, and dislocations ; and all for sixpence.

“ But here, gentlemen, here’s my famous Balsamum Stubbianum, or Dr. Stubbs’s Sovereign Balsam ; renowned over the whole Christian world, as an universal remedy, which no family ought to be without : it will keep seven years, and—be as good as it is now. Here’s this large bottle, gentlemen, for the trifling sum of eighteen-pence.

“ I am aware that your physical gentlemen here have called me quack, and ignorant pretender, and the like. But here I am.—Let Dr. Pestle or Dr. Clyster come forth. I challenge the whole faculty of the town of Ashbourn, to appear before this good company, and dispute with me in seven languages, ancient or modern ; in Latin, Greek, or Hebrew—in High-Dutch, French, Italian, or Portuguese. Let them ask me any

* A celebrated quack made this blunder ; that is, in plain English, a tincture that will bring on a fever.

question in Hebrew or Arabic, and then it will appear who are men of solid learning, and who are quacks and ignorant pretenders.

“ You see, gentlemen, I challenge them to a fair trial of skill, but not one of them dares show his face ; they confess their ignorance by their silence.

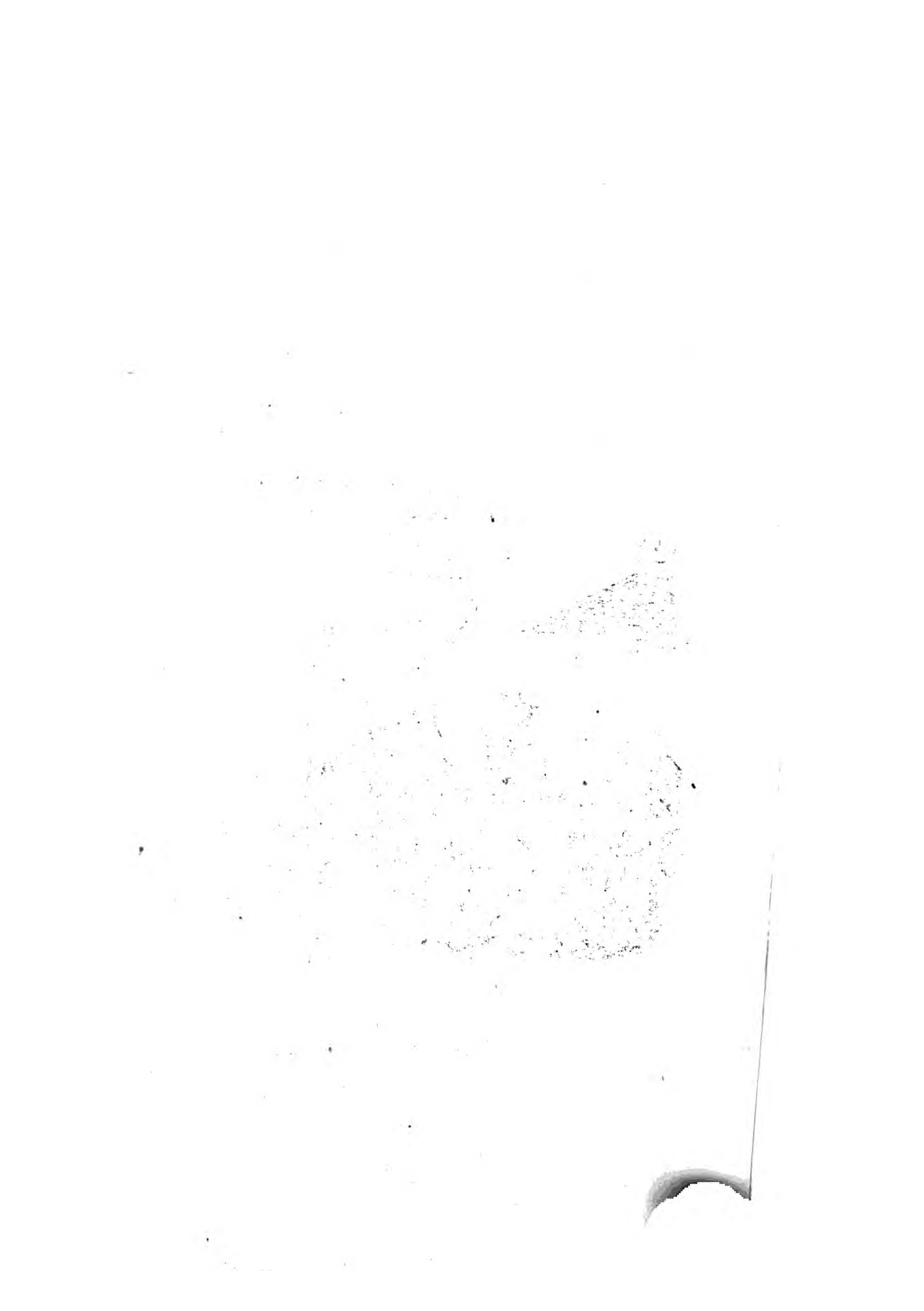
“ But come, gentlemen, who buys my elixir Cephalicum, Asthmaticum, Arthriticum, Diureticum, Emeticum, Diaphoreticum, Nephriticum, Catharticum.—Come, gentlemen, seize the golden opportunity, whilst health is so cheaply to be purchased.”

After having disposed of a few packets, the doctor told the company, that as this was the last time of his appearing at Ashbourn (other parts of the kingdom claiming a part in his patriotic labours), he was determined to make a present to all those who had been his patients, of a shilling a-piece. He therefore called upon all those who could produce any one of Dr. Stubbs’s bottles, pill-boxes, plaisters, or even his hand-bills, to make their appearance, and partake of his generosity.”

This produced no small degree of expectation amongst those that had been the doctor’s customers, who gathered round him, with their hands stretched out, and with wishful looks. “ Here, gentlemen,” says the doctor, “ stand forth ! hold up your hands. I promised to give you a shilling a-piece. I will immediately perform my promise. Here’s my Balsamum Stubbianum ; which I have hitherto sold at eighteen-pence the bottle, you shall now have it for sixpence.”

“ Come ! gemmen,” says the merry-andrew, “ where are you ? Be quick ! Don’t stand in your own light. You’ll never have such another opportunity—as long as you live.”

The people looked upon each other with an air of





disappointment. Some shook their heads, some grinned at the conceit, and others uttered their execrations—some few, however, who had been unwilling to throw away eighteen-pence upon the experiment, ventured to give a single sixpence; and the doctor picked up eight or nine shillings more by this stratagem, which was more than the intrinsic value of his horse-load of medicines.

This egregious quack conceiving that he had now squeezed the last farthing out of his audience, commenced his retreat from the crowd with his usual solemnity of deportment, and mock-heroic dignity; when a sly countryman, who had stood near him for some time, and had listened with a less than ordinary portion of credulity, nay, who had, indeed, more than once lifted up his eyes in token of disbelief, and curved his mouth into an arch of humourous contempt—raised a pitchfork which he had been leaning upon, and urged it into the posterior of the poor beast, who was condemned to crawl underneath the Doctor and his baggage.—This Rozinante no sooner felt the insidious prick, than, bent on revenge, she raised her heels with deadly intent; but in order to raise her heels, the old creature found it necessary to lower her head, when the Doctor took that opportunity, which to say the truth, he could not avoid, of toppling over her shoulders. While the medical gentleman was performing his somerset in the air, amidst a shower of his own bottles, to the manifest delight of the multitude, who shouted and screamed with joy, and pelted him with stones, and mud, and filth—purely out of the extacy of their gratification, another well disposed patient taking advantage of the moment, presented a besom to the Merry Andrew, and fairly swept him from the horse-block, on which he was capering, among his master's bottles, gallipots,

and nostrums, which now bestrewed the pavement.— After a few minutes floundering, the faithful pair regained their legs, and gathering up the remnants of their trade, retreated to their inn with all convenient speed, amidst the huzzas and laughter of the mob.



POINT IX.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

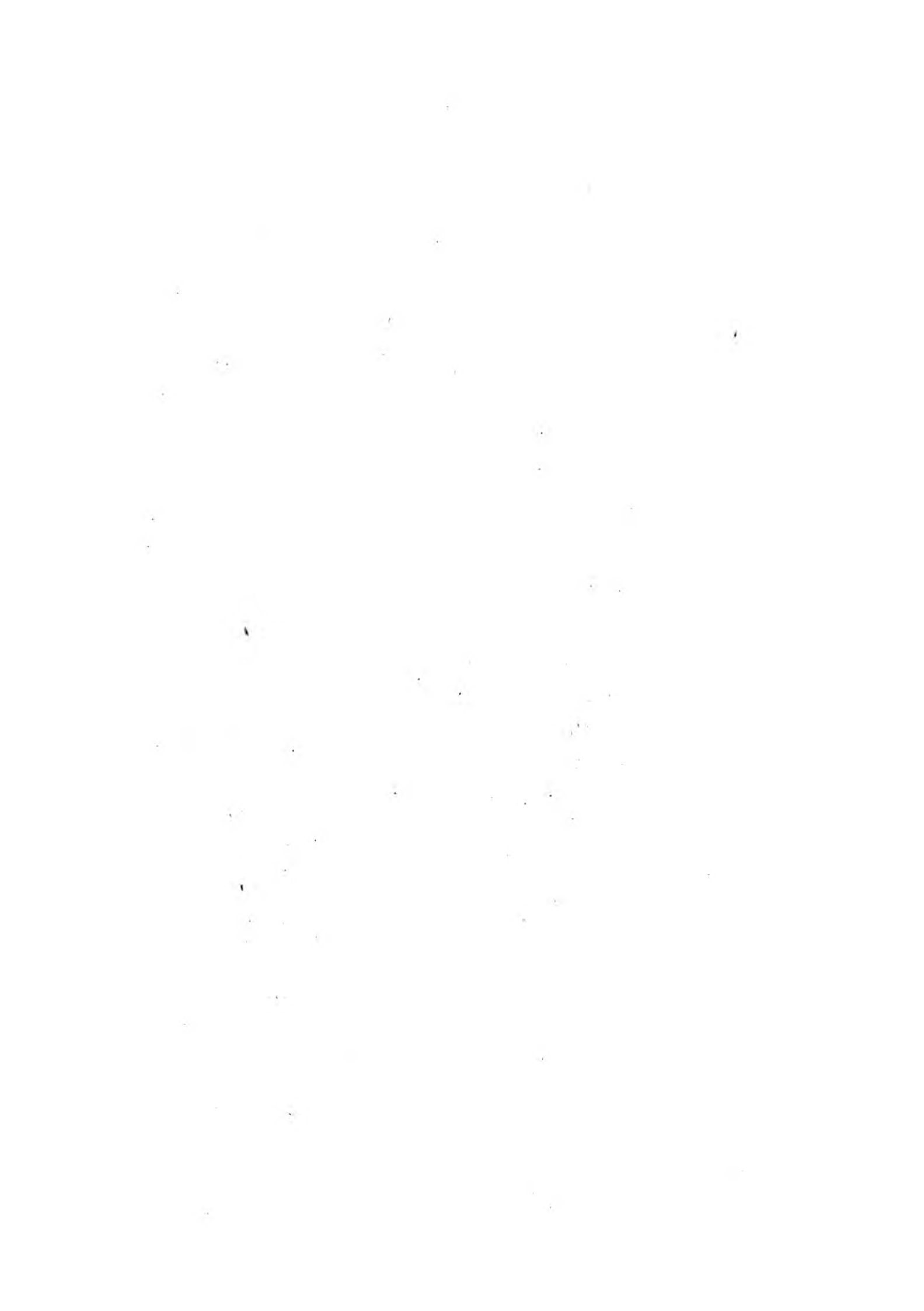
A Scene from "Les Barons de Felsheim."

ONE evening that those heroes, the Baron of Felsheim and Brandt, were reclined on their beds, beginning to drink freely, relating their high feats, and, with becoming modesty, comparing themselves to nothing less than an Eugene or a Marlborough, Brandt was on a sudden struck with a sort of inspiration.—“We are very comfortable here,” said he to the Baron.—“Very well indeed,” replied Ferdinand XV. with a slight symptom of ebriety.—“No more guard at night.”—“No longer compelled to drink water.”—“No more black bread, Colonel.”—“No more Frenchmen, Brandt, though we beat them sometimes, eh?”—“Aye, but with the loss of an eye.”—“And my poor arm, you have not forgot that?”—“No more than I have your leg.”—“My leg, my leg, ah! that was a sad affair.”—“Your health, Colonel.”—“Your’s, Brandt.”—“I foresee but one little accident, my Lord, that can disturb our present felicity.”—“What’s that?”—“O nothing, a mere trifle.—I was thinking that the good Jews of Franckfort may, if they please, turn the Baron of Felsheim out of his own castle.”—“Faith! I had forgot those scoundrels;” an-

swered the Baron, drinking a bumper; "however, you shall go to Franckfort to-morrow morning, collect the rabble together, and bring them here. I will receive them in that famous tower, where Witikind, with only thirty Saxons, stopped, for three days, an army of one hundred thousand men, led by Charlemagne in person. The place will inspire them with that veneration for my person which its shattered state no longer enforces." "I will go, Colonel."—"If they are reasonable—we will pay them."—"If they are not—we must sabre them."—"That is well said, Brandt,—bravo!"—"Let us drink, Colonel."—"With all my heart."

The next morning, at break of day, Brandt saddled his horse, galloped towards Franckfort, assembled the Israelites, imparted to them the good intentions of his master, appointed a day the Colonel would be ready to receive them, and then returned to the castle.

The punctuality of a good soldier to be at his post in the hour of battle, of a lover in keeping the first appointment of his mistress, or of a courtier at the levee, is not to be compared with the precision of a Jew, who has money to receive. Those of Franckfort arrived on the appointed day, at the appointed hour, and long before the Baron had slept himself sober. Brandt went to inform him of the arrival of his creditors, assisted him in putting on a dressing-gown of blue velvet lined with green stuff, which descended from Ferdinand XIII. and which Ferdinand XIV. had never worn but to give his public audiences; tied his sabre over the said gown, placed his double-barrelled pistols in his belt, combed his whiskers, and put a white cap over that of dirty brown, which he commonly wore. The Baron, thus accoutred, came forth from his bed-chamber, leaning on his Squire's shoulder; walked majesti-





cally through two rows, formed by his creditors, and was followed by them to the tower of Witikind.

After depositing, on a worm-eaten table, his naked sword and his pistols, the Baron seated himself in an immense arm-chair, stroked his whiskers, and spoke in the following terms :—

“ Rogues that you are ; I have summoned you here to free myself from your importunities.”—The Jews made a profound reverence. “ I have served the descendant of Cæsar, who is no better than the descendant of Witikind :—but, no matter, I have served him. I have been in want of money, and have subscribed to your own terms ; now I hold the purse, and dictate in my turn. I will give you half what I owe you, provided you sign a receipt for the whole.” The Jews were shocked at this proposal, and were about to expostulate, but Brandt, giving them a fierce look, imposed silence, and the Baron repeated his offer. The creditors shook their heads, in token of discontent. Ferdinand XV. swore, by his ancestors, that he would cause all the bailiffs, who should dare to approach his castle, to be thrown into the ditch, and Brandt swore, by Prince Eugene, that he would immediately treat the Saxon Jews, as the Arabian Jews had treated the Amalekites, if they did not agree to a compromise ; on saying which, he brandished his sabre over the heads of the Israelites, who continued, however, unintimidated. A Jew has no fear for his head, when he trembles for his money.

The Baron began to be uneasy, swore between his teeth, and was a little embarrassed, when Brandt, who loved gentle means as well as any body, when he found nothing else would succeed, advised the Colonel to

leave the room, took up the pistols, went out himself by a postern door, threatened to blow out the brains of the first who should dare to move, and shut up the Israelites in the tower.

Although they passed a great part of the day without food, they still continued obstinate. At length their physical thirst equalled their thirst for gold, and they endeavoured to move the iron bars, which Ferdinand XI. had fixed to the windows. The relentless Brandt, who was armed with a double-barrelled gun, and who kept a sharp look-out, opposed himself so warmly to their attempt that they were obliged to abandon it. They then asked for quarter, but Brandt's only reply was, "Will you take the half of your money?" The Jews signified their dissent by withdrawing from the window.

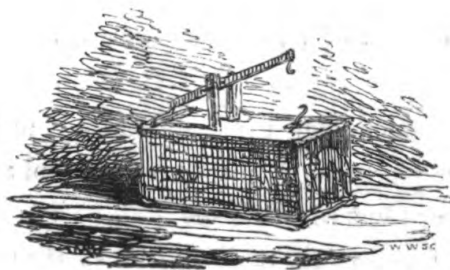
When night approached, Brandt, fearing to be surprised, lighted a fire at the foot of the tower, and he and the Jews spent the hours in watching each other's motions. The next morning, the prisoners began to feel the cravings of nature, and one of them demanded a parley. "Will you have half?" was again the demand of the inflexible Brandt. "We will take two thirds," said a voice. Brandt pretended not to hear it, and continued to walk to and fro, with his musket on his shoulder.

At twelve o'clock, the Jews, no longer able to resist the hunger which tormented them, requested another conference; and, with seeming reluctance, agreed to take the half of their debt. "You shall have but one third," replied Brandt; "and, if you do not capitulate instantly, you shall have nothing." About four, a Jew, almost fainting, said, "Give us the half."—"You shall

have but a quarter," said Brandt. "Well, let us conclude for a quarter," replied the Israelite: "there are Christians possessed of less mercy than Jews."

Brandt ran immediately to fetch some paper and a small ink-stand, tied the whole at the end of a long pole, which he presented to the prisoners, and ordered them to give a receipt for three parts of the debt, which was executed instantly, and he received it back by the same conveyance. He carried this valuable acquisition to the Baron, from whom he received a small bag of imperial florins, came back to the tower, paid the remaining quarter, and was particularly careful in obtaining the title-deeds. He then conducted the Jews to the door, with great civility, and they departed, wishing him most heartily at the devil.

By way of rejoicing, for the very economical manner in which the Baron had discharged his debts, Brandt placed upon the table a large piece of smoked bacon, and an old cock roasted; and it was agreed, for once, that they should begin to drink at five o'clock, even at the risk of not finding their way to bed until the next morning.



POINT X.

A Scene from Shakspeare.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. NAY, that's right: but why wear you your leek to day? St. David's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things; I will tell you as a friend, Captain Gower; the rascally, scauld, beggarly, lowsie, praging knave Pistol, which you and yourself and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow (look you now) of no merits; he is come to me and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek. It was in a place where I could breed no contentions with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap, till I see him once again; and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter Pistol.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a Turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swelling, nor his Turkey-cocks. God plesse you, aunchient Pistol: you scurvy, lowsie knave, God plesse you.

Pist. Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?



Hence, I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lowsie knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek : because, look you, you do not love it; and your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it; I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you, [Strikes him.
Will you be so good, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when God's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time and eat your victuals; come, there is sawce for it——
[Strikes him] You call'd me yesterday, Mountain-Squire, but I will make you to day a Squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain; you have astonish'd him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days and four nights. Pite, I pray you; it is good for your green wound and your bloody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, out of doubt, and out of questions too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge; I eat and swear——

Flu. Eat, I pray you; will you have some more sawce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see, I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away, the skin is good

for your proken coxcomb : when you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em, that's all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is good ; hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat !

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take it ; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels ; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels ; God pe wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [Exit.

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly knave : will you mock at an antient tradition, began upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words ? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel ; you find it otherwise ; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition : fare you well. [Exit.





