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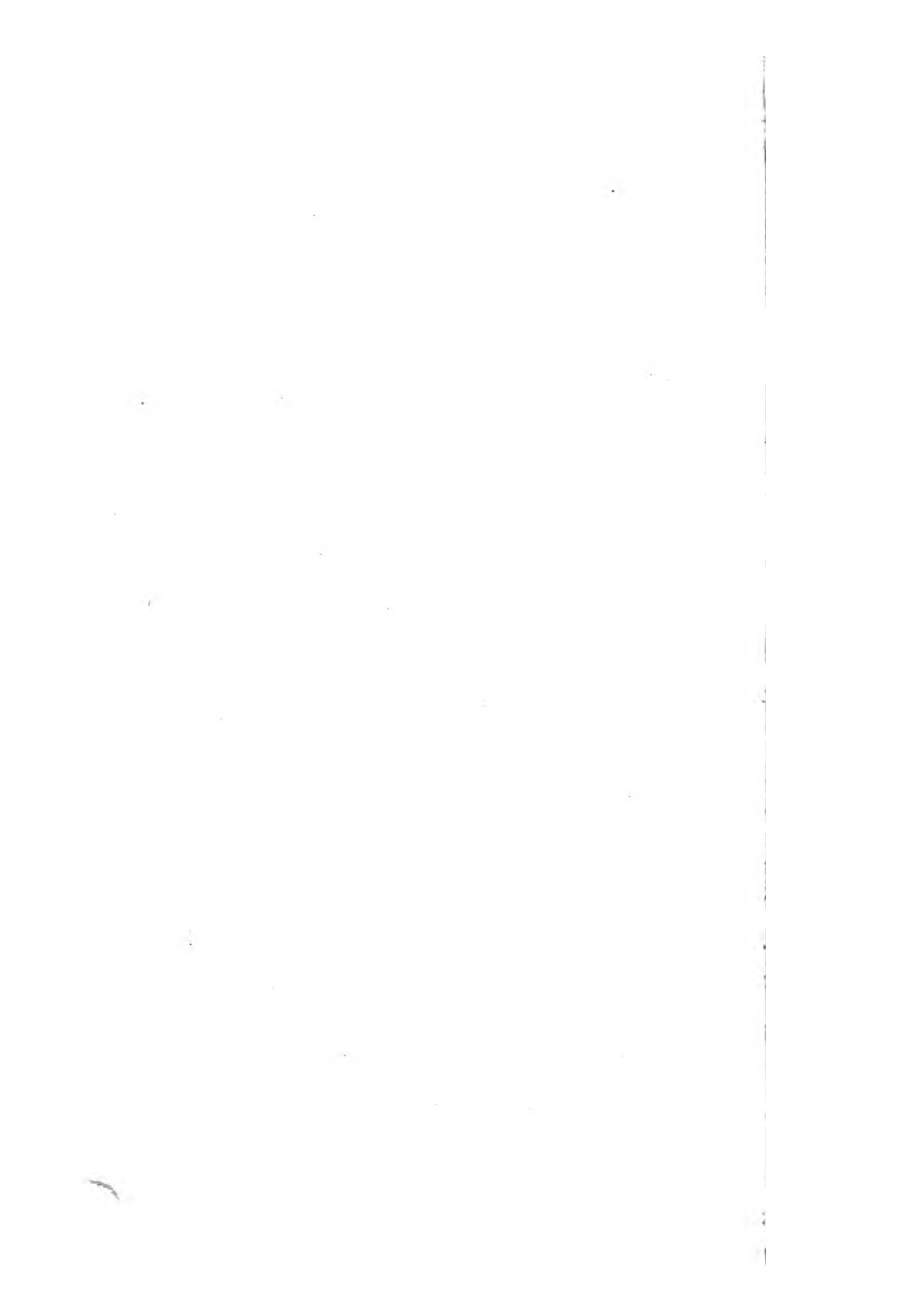
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THE SNOB:

A LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC JOURNAL.

NOT

“CONDUCTED BY MEMBERS OF THE UNIVERSITY.”

*Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi
Sylvestrem?*

VIRGIL.

Cambridge:

PUBLISHED BY W. H. SMITH, ROSE CRESCENT.

1829.



PRINTED BY W. HATFIELD, CAMBRIDGE.

TO

ALDERMAN ABBOTT,

AN HUMANE SURGEON, AN EXEMPLARY MAGISTRATE,

A WORTHY MAN, AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN,

AND

A HEARTY GOOD FELLOW,

THIS FIRST VOLUME OF HIS LITTLE PERIODICAL

IS

WITH SINCERITY INSCRIBED

BY HIS DEVOTED SERVANT

THE SNOB.

PREFACE.



WHEN the first Number of this periodical was subjected to the criticism of the public, it was not the intention of the Editors even to have published a second ; but when they found that their little bantling had enlisted so many friends, and that the reception it had met with had been so very flattering, they were induced, perhaps foolishly, for a few numbers more to intrude upon their readers. If by so doing they have amused only one amid the many who have patronized them, they are amply paid for the trouble it has cost them ; but at the same time they are tempted to hope that their reward is greater, and that it is the many, who are pleased, and the one, who is dissatisfied. It was suspected by not a few, and that perhaps naturally, that too many personal allusions would have found place in the following pages, and that for the purpose of raising a transient laugh, the feelings of some persons would be heedlessly injured ; from such a suspicion it is hoped that the Editors have liberated themselves, and they take this opportunity of saying, that if by any inadvertence they have admitted into this volume a line or a single word that has given pain to any

individual or society, they here make a most humble and unequivocal apology, and hope that such persons will in their good nature forgive a fault, which is rather to be laid to the charge of the carelessness of youth, than to be accounted the proof of malevolence or ill-will.

The guesses that have been made as to the real conductors of these pages, have not failed to amuse, though they have at the same time pained the Editors themselves, inasmuch as they are sorry to find their friends and patrons gifted with such erring judgments, and labouring under such terrible infatuation ;—in a word, every guess as yet has been a mistake, and this, it is fervently hoped, may still continue to be the case.

All that was necessary having thus been said, the Editors thanking all their friends, but more particularly their correspondents, both civil and uncivil, beg leave to wish to all and every one a fair good night.

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Me nec Chimære spiritus igneæ,
Nec si resurgat centimanus Maga-
zine vincet ; sic potenti
Justitiæ, placitumque Parcis.

HOR. Lib. ii. Ode 17.

VOL. I.

Fourth Edition.

THE SNOB.

*Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi
Sylvestrem ?* VIRGIL.

No. 3. THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1829. PRICE 2½d.

ARTICLE I.—OUR “SNOBS” BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND EDUCATION.

“NEVER shall I forget,” said an old crone to me the other day, who, as far as we know, is cotemporary with the alley in which we live—“Never shall I forget the night, in which you, Mr. Tudge, made your first appearance among us. Your father had, in his usual jocular manner, turned every one from the fire-side, and putting a foot on each hob, with a pot in one hand, and a pipe in the other, sat blowing a cloud.” “Aye, Mrs. Siggins,” said I, “*νεφεληγερέσια Ζευς*. I suppose, as the blind bard has it.” “Keep your Latin for the collegers,” said she; “I know nothing on’t. Well, lo and behold, as I was saying, we were all sitting quiet as mice, when just as I had turned over the last page of the Skeleton Chief, or Bloody Bandit, a sound, like I don’t know what, came from overhead. Now, no one was up stairs, so, as you may well suppose, the noise brought my heart into my mouth,—nay more, it brought your dad to his legs, and you into the world. For your mother was taken ill directly, and we helped her off to bed.” “*Parturiunt montes nas*——” said I, stopping short in confusion,

D

—thank Heaven, the old woman knew not the end of the proverb, but went on with her story. “Go, Bill,” says your father, “see what noise was that.” Off went Bill, pale as a sheet, while I attended to your mother. Bill soon came laughing down. “The boot-jack fell off the peg,” says he. “It’s a boy,” screams I. “How odd!” says your dad. “What’s odd?” says I. “The child, and the jack—it’s ominous,” says he. “As how,” says I. “Call the child Jack,” says he. And so they did, and that’s the way, do you see, my name was Jack Clypei Septemplicis Ajax.

Early in life I was sent to a small school in the next street, where I soon learnt to play at marbles, blow my nose in my pinafore, and bow to the [mistress. Having thus exhausted her whole stock of knowledge, I migrated to Miss G——’s, in Trumpington Street, and under the tuition of the sisters, became intimately acquainted, before I was nine years of age, with the proper distribution of letters in most three-syllable words of the British tongue, *i. e.* I became an expert speller.

(To be continued.)

ARTICLE II.—EXTRACT FROM A LETTER, FROM
ONE IN CAMBRIDGE, TO ONE IN TOWN.

Of the Musical Clubs, I shall say but a word,
Since to none but the Members they pleasure afford.
The —— still play as they usually did,
While the good-natured visitors praise what they’re bid.
This law ’mid these sons of Apollo will tell,
“To play very loud, is to play very well;”—

A concert "*piano*" they deem quite absurd,—
 In music like that ev'ry blunder is heard ;
 The best singer that Cambridge e'er saw they agree,
 Was a friend of my own that could reach double B ;
 In fine, I imagine, they think it a crime,
 To spare any sound, or to lose any time,
 So the laurels of course are by him always won,
 Who makes the most noise, and who soonest cries "Done."
 Well enough of the — ; the — comes next,
 "*Vox et præterea nil,*" is it's text ;
 For though on it's list it still must be confest
 That of all Cambridge singers it numbers the best ;
 Yet while, thro' good-nature, it falsely permits,
 While the rest sing "*piano*"—one screaming in fits ;
 It cannot expect unconditional praise,
 Or more than politeness to amateurs pays.
 A word of the —, and I've done—
 They have but one fault, and a laughable one,
 When seated at supper, they seem to forget,
 The purpose for which they pretend to have met ;
 I was taken there once, and I found that good-eating,
 Was the greatest, if not the sole cause of their meeting.

T. T.

ARTICLE III.—ANOTHER INSTANCE OF THE
FALLACY OF MATHEMATICS.

In No. 1., my public, I pointed out to your notice an
 absurd error in multiplication as carried on by mathema-
 ticians, as they called themselves ; this is No. 3, and in
 this number will I show an equally absurd one in their
 division.

You have all heard, men and women, of Simon Pap ; many of you have seen him, I dare say : a very little man, you know, scarcely able to carry my Register, light and trifling as it is. Well, now, listen to what these schoolmen say :—

Simon Pap is one man by himself,

\therefore Simon Pap=1

Again, Simon Pap never was divided, and, most likely, never will be divided ; *i. e.* Simon Pap is divided by nothing—

\therefore Simon Pap= $\frac{1}{0}$ —

=infinity,

i. e. a dwarf is of infinite magnitude.

O ! my countrymen, how long will you listen to these erring professors ; leave them in time,—take in my Register, and become wise. C.

ARTICLE IV.—IMMORTALITY, AN ODE.

Lost, last Monday, between Sidney-street and the Rose Crescent, an Ode on Immortality ; whoever has found the same, and will bring it to Mr. Smith, shall receive two copies of Snob No. 1.

ARTICLE V.—ODE TO THE BORE ON PEAS HILL.

Thy *little* stream from *little* dripping spout,

Won't float a *Hat*—

And what of that ?

It is because the water can't get out.

Drip-drop.

ARTICLE VI.—SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

ENTOMOLOGY.

A fine specimen of the great parish blue beadle was seen last Sunday, at St. Pancras. Lace-gold, hat cocked; in all other respects corresponding to the common *scarabæus tonans*, which is generally met with at public vestries, country church-yards, &c.

On Monday next, price £3, 3s. will be published,

TALES OF AN ANT, by the Author of "Tales of an Uncle."

METEOROLOGY.

From Tower Stairs every morning at seven, and back to tea, that fast steam-packet, the Comet, Captain Fizgig.

N. B.—The booking-office is too well-known to be mentioned.

ARTICLE VII.—ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Nurse Dobbs's paper on the utility of pipkins in the case of fever is only another proof of the degraded state of her brutal imagination—we do not wish to be severe, but it clearly is so.

We are sorry that a lady of "Gertrude's" evident talent (of which we shall presently give a specimen) is not able to spell her own name. Among her numerous

clever hits, the following, perhaps, will give our readers a fair idea of their general excellence :—

CAMBRIDGE BUTTER.

*The butter wenchs, arch and sly,
All orders disregard :
If you A POUND of butter buy,
They offer you A YARD.*

GIRTRUDE.

We are sorry to be obliged to put off our other correspondents to the next Number.

No. 4 will be published on Thursday, April 30.

“ N.B.—All communications to be directed to Mr.”
SMITH, Rose Crescent, which, it is requested, may
be post-paid.

Printed for the Editors, by Weston Hatfield ;
And published by W. H. Smith, Rose Crescent, Cambridge.

VOL. I.

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THE SNOB.

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Sylvestrem ?* VIRGIL.

No. 4. THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1829. PRICE 2½d.

ARTICLE I. MOLL OF WAPPING.

AN EASTERN TALE.

THE moonlight of innocence had long rested undisturbed on that bank of peace—the any-thing-but-snowy bosom of Moll of Wapping; the old shoe of scandal had not yet been flung at the head of her respectability, nor had the black eye of frailty yet deformed the face of her fair fame. Her beauties how shall I describe, e'en at the bare mention of them my feathered goose-quill staggers, its nebs start asunder with horror, while its inky perspiration blots my virgin page. An eye, (for Heaven, fearful of their power, had granted her but one), black as Erebus, peer'd from beneath a brow, on which grey hair and filth “sat in communion sweet;” for already had her locks, through care and sleepless nights, put on the robe of twilight; her cheek rivalled the stupendous ocean in its azure tint; her teeth, in number three, palpable darkness and mortality had called their own; and, as for her nose, sure rosy-fingered morn herself must have deigned to pull it, and then,

“ Her blushing fingers left their blushes there.”

But to the tale. Scarce fifty summers yet had seen their close, when as the clock was tolling four—chimney-sweeping hour—upon

the dusky ear of sleepy Wapping sinners, Moll issued from her native alley; a short black pipe stood in proud consciousness 'twixt her blacker lips, while the wanton smoke curled up her yawning nostrils, or in playful innocence danced 'mid the crags of her carbuncled nose. Her hat was brimless as infinity; her gown was cotton. On her head a wicker-basket extended its oval flatness, from which there came "an ancient and fish-like smell;" and well there might, she carried sprats,—sprats that outdid in odour Ægypt's myriad heaps of sad expiring frogs,—sprats that might have sickened any man, and turned the stomach of a Kitchener to dust.

(To be continued.)

ARTICLE II.—LINES ON A VISIT TO DENNY ABBEY.

In clothes not very shabby,
 We went to Denny Abbey,
 To see its ruins grey;
 No friendly monk was there,
 To cheer us with his fare,
 And so—we came away.

L. M. R.

"A Sunday Snob."

ARTICLE III.—TIMBUCTOO.

To the Editor of the Snob.

SIR,—Though your name be "Snob," I trust you will not refuse this tiny "Poem of a Gownsmen," which was unluckily not finished on the day appointed for delivery of the several copies of verses on Timbuctoo. I thought, Sir, it would be a pity that such a

poem should be lost to the world; and conceiving "The Snob" to be the most widely circulated periodical in Europe, I have taken the liberty of submitting it for insertion or approbation.

I am, Sir your's, &c. &c. &c.

T.

TIMBUCTOO.—PART I.

The situation. In Africa (a quarter of the world)
 Men's skins are black, their hair is crisp and curl'd;
 And somewhere there, unknown to public view,
 A mighty city lies, called Timbuctoo.

The natural history. There stalks the tiger,—there the lion roars, 5
 Who sometimes eats the luckless blackamoors;
 All that he leaves of them the monster throws
 To jackals, vultures, dogs, cats, kites, and crows.
 His hunger thus the forest monster gluts,
 And then lies down 'neath trees called cocoa nuts. 10

The lion hunt. Quick issue out, with musket, torch and brand,
 The sturdy blackamoors, a dusky band!
 The beast is found,—pop goes the musketoons,—
 The lion falls, covered with horrid wounds.

Line 1 and 2. See Guthrie's Geography:—

The site of Timbuctoo is doubtful; the Author has neatly expressed this in the Poem, at the same time giving us some slight hints relative to its situation.

Line 5. So Horace—*leonum arida nutrix*.

Line 8. Thus Apollo *ελωρια τευχε κυνεσσιν*

Οιωροισι τε πασι

Line 5—10. How skilfully introduced are the animal and vegetable productions of Africa! It is worthy to remark the various garments in which the Poet hath clothed the Lion. He is called 1st. the Lion; 2nd. the Monster, (for he is very large); and 3rd. the Forest Monarch, which undoubtedly he is.

Line 11—14. The Author confesses himself under peculiar obligations to Denham's and Clapperton's Travels, as they suggested to him the spirited description contained in these lines.

Line 13. "Pop goes the musketoons," A learned friend suggested "Bang," as a stronger expression, but as African gun-powder is notoriously bad, the Author thought "Pop" the better word.

Their lives at home.	At home their lives in pleasure always flow, But many have a different lot to know!	15
Abroad.	They're often caught, and sold as slaves, alas!	
Reflections on the foregoing.	Thus men from highest joy to sorrow pass. Yet though thy monarchs and thy nobles boil Rack and molasses in Jamaica's isle ? Desolate Afric ! thou art lovely yet ! ! One heart yet beats which ne'er shall thee forget, What though thy maidens are a blackish brown, Does virtue dwell in whiter breasts alone ? Oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no ! It shall not, must not, cannot, e'er be so. The day shall come when Albion's self shall feel Stern Afric's wrath, and writhe 'neath Afric's steel.	20 25

Line 15—18. A concise but affecting description is here given of the domestic habits of the people,—the infamous manner in which they are entrapped and sold as slaves, is described,—and the whole ends with an appropriate moral sentiment. The Poem might here finish, but the spirit of the bard penetrates the veil of futurity, and from it cuts off a bright piece for the hitherto unfortunate Africans, as the following beautiful lines amply exemplify.

It may perhaps be remarked that the Author has here “changed his hand;” he answers that it was his intention so to do. Before it was his endeavour to be elegant and concise; it is now his wish to be enthusiastic and magnificent. He trusts the Reader will perceive the aptness with which he hath changed his style; when he narrated facts he was calm, when he enters on prophecy he is fervid.

The enthusiasm which he feels is beautifully expressed in lines 25—26. He thinks he has very successfully imitated in the last six lines, the best manner of Mr. Pope, and in lines 12—26, the pathetic elegance of the Author of *Australasia and Athens*.

The Author cannot conclude without declaring that his aim in writing this Poem will be fully accomplished, if he can infuse into the breasts of Englishmen a sense of the danger in which they lie. Yes—Africa! If he can awaken one particle of sympathy for thy sorrows, of love for thy land, of admiration for thy virtue, he shall sink into the grave with the proud consciousness that he has raised esteem, where before there was contempt, and has kindled the flame of hope, on the mouldering ashes of Despair!

I see her tribes the hill of glory mount,
 And sell their sugars on their own account ; 30
 While round her throne the prostrate nations come,
 Sue for her rice, and barter for her rum ! 32



ARTICLE IV.—SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

NOSOLOGY.

Von Smashbeggar begs leave to inform the public, that the late report is totally unfounded,—far from dealing in hats, he makes it a point never to wear one, a cap, and a cap only does he patronize. His extensive dealings in snuff he is well aware have roused the envy of many, and from those alone can he suppose such a scandalous account to have originated.

N.B.—The finest snuffs and cigars at the usual extraordinary prices.

CHEMISTRY.

A strong Opiate.—(Extracted from an Old Cambridge Calendar.)

D. D.

Sermon	1
Act	1
Opponencies	2
Clerum	1
Determination	1
				—
				6
<i>Probatum est.</i>				—

ARTICLE V.—ADVERTISEMENT.

This day is Published, price 3s. 6d.,

An Essay on the Great Toe, together with the nature and properties of Toes in general, with many sagacious inquiries why the Great Toes are bigger than the Little, and why the Little are less than the Great. Proving also that Gout is not the Dropsy, and that a Gentleman may have a swelled Face without a pain in his Back. Also a Postscript to establish that a Chilblain is very unlike a Lock-jaw. Translated from the original Chaldee.

N.B.—A few light summer lectures on Phrenology to be disposed of; enquire of Mr. Smith.

ARTICLE VI.—TO CORRESPONDENTS.

“Immodest words admit of no defence,
“For want of decency is want of sense.”

Not wishing to be subjected to the imputation of the latter, we shall carefully avoid the former error; and therefore, without hesitation, reject all communications of such a nature. *Verbum sat.*

Silence is the best compliment we can pay to all other of our correspondents, whose kind communications we have not used,—the most passable of which are not original.

No. 5 will be published on Thursday, May 7.

N. B.—“All communications to be directed to MR.” SMITH, Rose Crescent, which, it is requested, may be post paid.

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VOL. I.

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No. 5.

THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1829.

PRICE 2½d.

ARTICLE I.—EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED DRAMA.

OSCAR, *solus*.

HE

Was one who wandered in life's early day
On sunny lawns, and banks all spread with dew
And flowers of choicest odour;—one who knew no care
Beyond the tears of disappointment's raging wind.
And in the little world he built, he pictured there
The reedy forms, for such alone they were,
Of barriers and of dikes, and war, his own loved theme
Thrilled his lone soul to tyranny: his wife, a maid
Of Tyrol's lovely hills, had learnt to spread
Upon her native lyre the songs of early melody,
And did comfort his sad hospitable home with music.
Oh! that that home had been the proffered hope
Of brainless phantasies like his; he licked his wife,
And, with the dreaming visions of consistency,
He ate no sugar in his tea,—no salt,—no joy
Of twingy mustard did he gently quaff; but watched
The mother of his dingy hopes

E

In second infancy,—and smiled,—and wept ;
 And thus life's maze to him was garden sweet
 As mother's extacy, a mother's fond retreat.
 But lo ! they come.

[*He retires.*]

ARTICLE II.—POLITICS.

We have heard, and that too, from very good authority, that the Ministers intend to bring in a Bill, proposing that a tax should be imposed upon all useless communities, in an inverse proportion to their utility ; and likewise, that every mayor, alderman, and common council-man, shall, upon entering on office, send to the Secretary of State, a specimen of his handwriting, a sum in compound division, and three columns of three-syllable words from Mavor, written without book from dictation.

It is to be hoped, our Corporation will strenuously petition against the passing of this law. With regard to the first clause, it is impossible, poor as we are at present (*e. g.* Cory's house still stands), for us to bear so heavy a tax, as, according to the wording of the law, would be imposed upon us. But still more, with regard to the second,—why—it would be better for us perhaps, if—*cetera desunt.*

ARTICLE III.—MODERN SONGS, No. 2.

Move on, thou drunken varmint,
 But ere your wife you see,
 O think on Nelly's sarmint,
 And th' advice I give to thee.
 Then tell her thus, if she'll be calm,
 The maxim of your life shall be,
 With gin to keep her stomach warm,
 As rum has done for thee.

But if, when sleeping with her,
 Thou find'st she mocks your prayer,
 Then leave the jade to shiver
 Without a blanket there.
 And tell her thus, when she grows cold,
 Her stomach and her limbs shall be,
 For sick or sad, tired, thin, or old,
 She'll get no gin from thee.

ARTICLE IV.—MOLL OF WAPPING.

(Continued.)

But she, unconscious of her breathing sweetness, strode firmly on, and already had she passed o'er half her tedious journey, unseeing and unseen, when suddenly a voice, rough as a door-mat, swept, like the parish-scavenger, all down the street, and in harsh accents broke upon her ear, "Go it, my kiddy,—you're the ticket, though I says it as should'nt,—cut along my rum un, never say die." These were the sounds that rolled their undulating existence through the atmosphere of tangible disgust, and started Molly from her reverie. She, turning round, three whiffs of heartfelt exultation gave, for she perceived that, trotting on his five-and-forty shilling freeholder, came sooty Dobbs. But let me pause a moment, while

" I vainly try to tell
 " The thousand graces of this covish swell."

A cap, which always "puzzled the wig," as Hamlet has it, so many hair-breadth escapes did it allow, covered half his capillary excrescences; the other half, like many late M.P.'s* had deserted their

* Modern perriwigs.—Printer's devil.

constituents, and stood on end in beautiful irregularity; of this quality likewise his nose partook, for two-thirds down it bore the impress of Rome and nobleness, but then at once it changed its course, and became not gradually and with hesitation, but suddenly and with startling promptitude, a decided turn-up,—it would have seemed as if aspiring to catch the dews and breezy softness of heaven, had not, in the sublime words of Milton,

“ Its hairy sides
 “ With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
 “ Access denied.”

to all that dared approach its sacred penetralia. How stupendous ! how magnanimous the change ! Well might his nose swell with the vanity of liberalism ; well might his eyes dwell with the squint of continued delight on this interesting instance of nasal independence.

(To be continued.)

ARTICLE V.—A PROOF OF NEWTON'S ABSURDITY.

I have pointed out to you, my public, and I hope clearly pointed out to you, the errors of pretended Mathematicians, both in multiplication and division ; I shall now, I think, by the mere use of common sense, prove to you, that one of their greatest professors was an absurd being.

Newton's power was of the mind.

But the mind is immaterial and vast ;

∴ Newton's power was immaterial and vast,

Or vastly immaterial ;

∴ Newton was vastly immaterial.

∴ Newton was of no consequence, *i. e.* he was absurd,

ARTICLE VI.—THE BOAT-RACE!

A LYRIC DESCRIPTION.

BY TOM MOORE, (not the *Little One*.)

A lot of boats come down to race,
 Steersman and strokesman face to face,
 A pistol swift discharges,—When
 Midst clouds of dust, and brawl of men,
 Together with the tramp of horses,
 They all—row back to Mr, Cross's!!!

B—R.

ARTICLE VII.—SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

GEOLOGY.

Mr. Wood; I have already alluded indirectly to the rubbish continually lying before your door, but you have not taken the hint; now I give you warning, if it is not removed before 10 o'clock to-morrow morning, you shall be prosecuted.

Yours, &c.

THE SNOB.

ORNITHOLOGY.

It cannot but give Mr. Bird great pleasure, to have it in his power to inform the Public, that the beds at the Hoop Inn have just been aired, that a perfectly new set of tooth-brushes have been placed in all the rooms, and that all the night-caps have been considerably enlarged.

ARTICLE VIII.—A MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.

There is no duty perhaps belonging to the editorial capacity that is attended with so much unpleasant feeling, as that of being obliged every now and then to be the heralds of sorrowful intelligence. Last Sunday, between the hours of two and three o'clock, p. m.

an eminent bookseller in Cambridge, well known for his singularly clerical appearance, was taking his usual walk in King's Piece; in turning suddenly round the corner of the bridge, wholly immersed in painful thought on the unhappy sickness of the Chimæra, his foot slipped, and he fell into the muddy Cam. He was fortunately rescued from a watery grave, but, dreadful to relate, the slime has entirely ruined that remarkably well-cut coat of superfine Saxony, those elegant dark brown trousers, and above all, that characteristic broad brimmed hat, all which composed his Sunday best; but with which, alas! he no more shall weekly bless the eyes of the town and university. "Sic transit gloria *Sunday*."

ARTICLE IX.—TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be glad to hear from "T." again.

Contributions from "Peter," "Maria," "Stubbs," "A. K. Z." and "Yes," we are sorry to be obliged to reject.

No. 6. will be published on Thursday, May 14.

N. B.—"All communications to be directed to MR." SMITH, Rose Crescent, which, it is requested, may be post paid.

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VOL. 1.

Sixth Edition.

T H E S N O B .

*Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi
Sylvestrem?* VIRGIL.

No. 6. THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1829. PRICE 2½d.

ARTICLE I.—SNOB LECTURES, No. 1.

LECTURE ON COOKERY, BY PROFESSOR S. WICK, C.C.C.

IN my last lecture, gentlemen, I attempted to point out to you, as clearly as possible, the peculiar formation of the common dumpling, confining myself chiefly to the cases where the internal conformation is found to consist of apple; I will not detain your attention much longer upon this very interesting part of cookery, but leaving you at your leisure to pursue the subject with greater minuteness, and strongly recommending to your notice Mrs. Glass's excellent work, and also Dr. Kitchener's more elaborate performance, I shall content myself with just mentioning one or two singular varieties, or, I may rather say, digressions from the beautiful law generally observable in the stratification of the dumpling, and then go on to a more difficult, though, at the same time, one of the most interesting portions of the science.

But, stay a moment, I may as well just mention one thing sometimes met with in apple-dumplings, which I forgot to state in my last lecture. It is sometimes found upon taking the dumpling out of the pot, that in the crust, or covering, or coat, there has taken place a rupture, generally in a vertical direction, that is, I do not mean to say that it is not sometimes horizontal, for there is no reason at all that it should not be

so, that is, as far as I know; for I will not assert that the horizontal rupture ever does take place, yet I do not deny that it can; but whatever may be the real state of the case, all the ruptures that I have seen are in a vertical direction, such as—let me see—I ought to have one here, one that I consider an excellent specimen, inasmuch as the serrated edge is plainly visible without the aid of the microscope;—ah! here it is. Now observe, gentlemen, this dumpling prior to boiling, of which by the way I was an eye-witness, it having taken place in the Town-hall kitchen, the cook of which perhaps it may be as well to mention is an intimate friend of my own, one whom I esteem as an amiable and a worthy man, but who, I beg leave to say, strangely errs in his treatment of the dumpling. But, as I was about to say, gentlemen, this dumpling, prior to boiling, had a skin as unruffled as any lady's; only look at the appearance it now presents (*much laughter.*) On one side no material alteration has taken place; but on the other the configuration is totally disordered; the apple, which was before the lowest of the strata, has here become visible; it seems as if it had been displaced by some mighty internal convulsion, and had been pushed,—shoved,—thrust up, as it were, between these two edges of paste.

Now, how are we to account for this? M. Freynel, in his little elegant, though rather theoretical treatise, accounts for it in this manner. He reasons from analogy, that since the dumpling bears a figure somewhat similar to that of the earth, that is, of a sphere flattened at opposite sides like an orange, it follows of course, that since the poles of the earth are possessed of a magnetic attraction, as is well known, the poles of the dumpling also must possess the same property, and that therefore these poles acting attractively on the equatorial particles of the dumpling, and thereby pulling asunder—tearing—rending the outside coat, cause the above-mentioned disruption.

This is certainly an ingenious method of accounting for this singular circumstance, but there is still one fundamental error—it refers a particular result to a cause which would evidently produce a result directly opposite to the former. For the polar attraction of the dumpling would manifestly cause a horizontal hiatus, while this specimen, and, in fact, all those that I have seen, have the opening vertically placed. How then is this to be accounted for? But I will not detain you longer upon wild and extravagant theories, but give you at once my own solution of the question, which I consider as at the same time giving an adequate cause to this extraordinary result, and also being perfectly consistent with common sense, or our own observation. If we consider then, gentlemen, that,—but I hear the clock striking, and therefore I will not detain you now, but reserve this subject for my next lecture.

ARTICLE II.—TO GENEVIEVE.

A DISINTERESTED EPISTLE.

Say do I seek, my Genevieve!
 Thy charms alone to win?
 Oh no! for thou art fifty-five,
 And uglier than sin!
 Or do I love the flowing verse
 Upon thy syren tongue,
 Oh no! those strains of thine are worse
 Than ever screech-owl sung.
 Since then I thus refuse my love
 For songs or charms to give,
 What could my tardy passion move?
 Thy money, Genevieve!

A LITERARY SNOB.

ARTICLE III.—A LETTER FROM A CAMBRIDGE
SNOB TO AN OXFORD RAFF.

MY DEAR RAFF,

I am so transported with joy at a discovery we have lately made here, that I cannot contain myself any longer, but hasten in this letter to give vent to my exultation, since I may, perhaps, by so doing lead you to somewhat the same discoveries in your place. What do you think then? we have at last found out that a gown is not always the concomitant of genius, and that sense, and good sense too may exist in the head that is not gifted with a cap.

An enterprising Snob among us, about six weeks ago, upon the appearance of a Cambridge Magazine, published by the collegians, and the prospectus of two others, thought he would try whether the genius of the town did not equal that of the University, "par nobile fratrum," as Homer has it; and, therefore, published the Magazine, in which I have got this letter inserted. Well now, upon my honour, though it seems like a lie, yet really it is true, "The Cambridge Magazine" soon retired from the field, "relicta non bene parmula!" that is, they did not take their nonsense with them, but still let Nos. 1 and 2 stain the windows of the booksellers; but I will not only say, "soon retired," but rather that they did not publish another number after "The Snob" appeared. Again, "The Chimæra" has taken cold, and is expected not to be able to leave her bed till October. I believe the gout has got into her thick head and cannot again get out,—heaven knows it must be badly situated,—I dare say not enough brain for a blackbird's luncheon. Lastly, the "Cambridge Literary Gazette" is put off "*sine die*," the publisher says, though to me (to tell you the truth) it looks more, *cum die*, than *sine die*, for it has evidently given up the ghost. Well, to make short of a long story, will you, my dear Raff, contribute to the support of our little party-coloured

prodigy, and help us to keep a tight hand on these petticoated young gentlemen. I shall be glad to hear from you very soon, and believe me to be,

Your very affectionate cousin,

THE SNOB.

ARTICLE IV.—THE WAGER.

“I’ll lay my life,” said little Sue,
 “Nay more,—my head! the thing is true.”
 Said I, with kiss her oaths to stifle,
 “Only your head, love? what a *trifle!*
 “Pray give the wager greater charms,
 “And lay your head—within my arms.

B——r.

ARTICLE V.—TO ALL EARLY RISERS.

Heavens! Mr. E. Smith; how could you do so?—what! in the very face of day,—half-past eight by St. Mary’s, I’ll take my solemn oath,—and in such a public place too,—and to crown all, on a Monday morning. Oh! for shame! for shame.

N. B.—By the way, how is your pony, I was sorry to see that he seemed fagged on Monday last.

ARTICLE VI.—SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

BOTANY.

If the speculum of a $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet reflecting telescope be of sufficient power to define, and render visible the satellites of the Georgium Sidus, how many bunches of thistles will it require to make a lean donkey fat?

LITHOGRAPHY.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that the common flag-stone will produce lithographic impressions. By mere chance, the amen-clerk of St. Edward’s discovered a full

length likeness of the parish watchman on the pavement near the church. The fidelity with which drunkenness was represented in this masterly picture was admirable.

ARTICLE VII.—ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO PASTRY-COOKS, MUSIC-SELLERS, MARROW-BONES
AND CLEAVERS, &c.

Any persons willing to supply the Camus with resin, eggs, jellies, cat-gut, rout cakes, and noise on the 18th instant, being the ladies' night for the present term, are directed to send in their contracts, with full particulars to the porter's lodge of Downing College, on or before the 12th.

N.B. Since the quantity of noise required will be very large, the contractor's demand is expected to be proportionably reasonable.

SIDNEY SUSSEX COLLEGE.

Wanted, a few freshmen. Apply at the Butteries, where the smallest contributions will be thankfully received.

ARTICLE VIII.—TO CORRESPONDENTS.

If "*Ουδεις ανθρωπων*," will put a point to his last stanza, the rose to which he fancifully alludeth, shall no longer blush unseen.

We shall be happy to receive the verses of a "A Partikler Snob."

"The Snob" is sorry to reject "A Snob," "A Constant Reader," and "C. S."; he will, however, be happy to receive any of their future offerings.

No. 7. will be published on Thursday, May 21.

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