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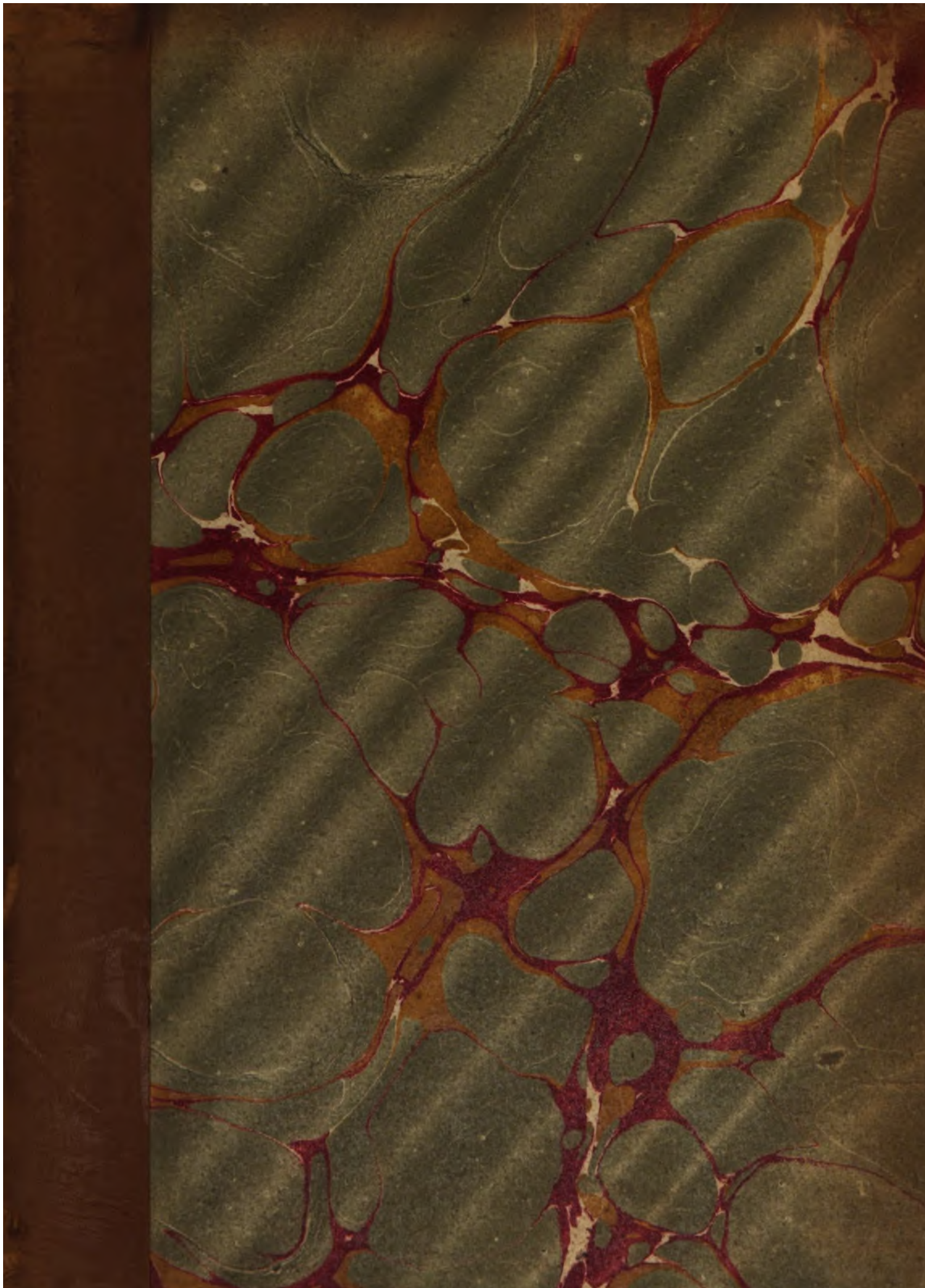
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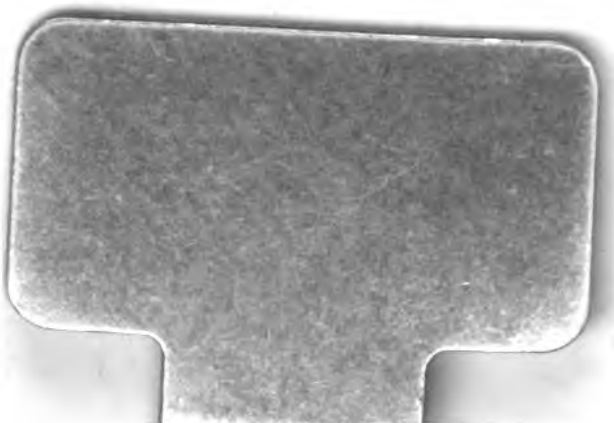
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48. 1623.







PROGRESS.



(Little Lady.)—“John! if anybody calls, I’m at home.”

A POTTLE
OF
STRAWBERRIES,
TO
BEGUILE A SHORT JOURNEY,
OR
A LONG HALF HOUR.
BY ALBERT SMITH.



LUSTRE AND JENNING

ON FLEET STREET.

III.

LONDON:
Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.

A VISIT TO THE CHINESE JUNK.



WE have ever felt the greatest interest in China. We do not know whether our notions on the subject are correct, for we have never been there; but we look upon it as a vast country of crockery-houses, and "willow-pattern" trees, peopled by strange, fat figures, who are always nodding their heads and wagging their tongues and hands. We believe, also, that it is always night there; but that an artificial day is produced by hundreds of millions of lanterns; that its labouring popu-

lation do nothing but carry about two tea-chests, slung on a pole, borne on their shoulders; that its animals are all dragons, which fly wild, or are trained for domestic purposes, to draw carved ivory waggons; and finally, that it is a land where "Aladdin" and "The Bronze Horse," are always being acted in every-day life by natives, who walk along with their fore-fingers jerking up and down in the air, in time to their legs and pig-tails. We may be wrong; but we would rather not inquire. It is a subject on which we do not wish to be disenchanted. If we had a work to write on China, we should do it as follows:

ARCHITECTURE OF THE CHINESE.

The public buildings of Peking are made of bamboo and gilt paper, strongly guarded by barriers of painted paste-board lined with tinfoil. The roofs are hung round with bells, and thieves are frightened away by varnished dragons, which turn round with the wind, and have a fearful effect. The common houses are built entirely of crockery, and these are more durable than the Royal Palace, which, being constructed, according to the law of Yang, of rice-paper and gum-water, is washed away every shower of rain. The bridges are also of porcelain; but the fortifications of Peking are formed chiefly of silk and whalebone, with isinglass guns and pith cannon-balls.

DIET, ETC.

The common food of the higher classes is coloured paper-shavings and lady-bird soup; the lower orders subsist chiefly upon varnish and cobwebs; and the favourite beverage of both is Indian-ink, dissolved in rain-water. Small cakes of this compound form an agreeable lozenge, called by the Chinese *To-Ko*; or, "The Delight of the Inside." It is excellent in all diseases, especially tic-douloureux in the pig-tail, from which the Chinese suffer greatly.

RELIGIOUS AND MORAL SENTENCES.

These are hung against the walls of houses, and are remarkable for their simple intelligence. We select a few at random:—

"The man whose eyes shoot cockchafers is a multitude of anxious interpretations."

"The wise man does not betray his ducks, but rules the chopsticks with the tom-tom of justice."

“Honour to parents is as the tooth of Confucius to the dragon of Qui-Hum.”

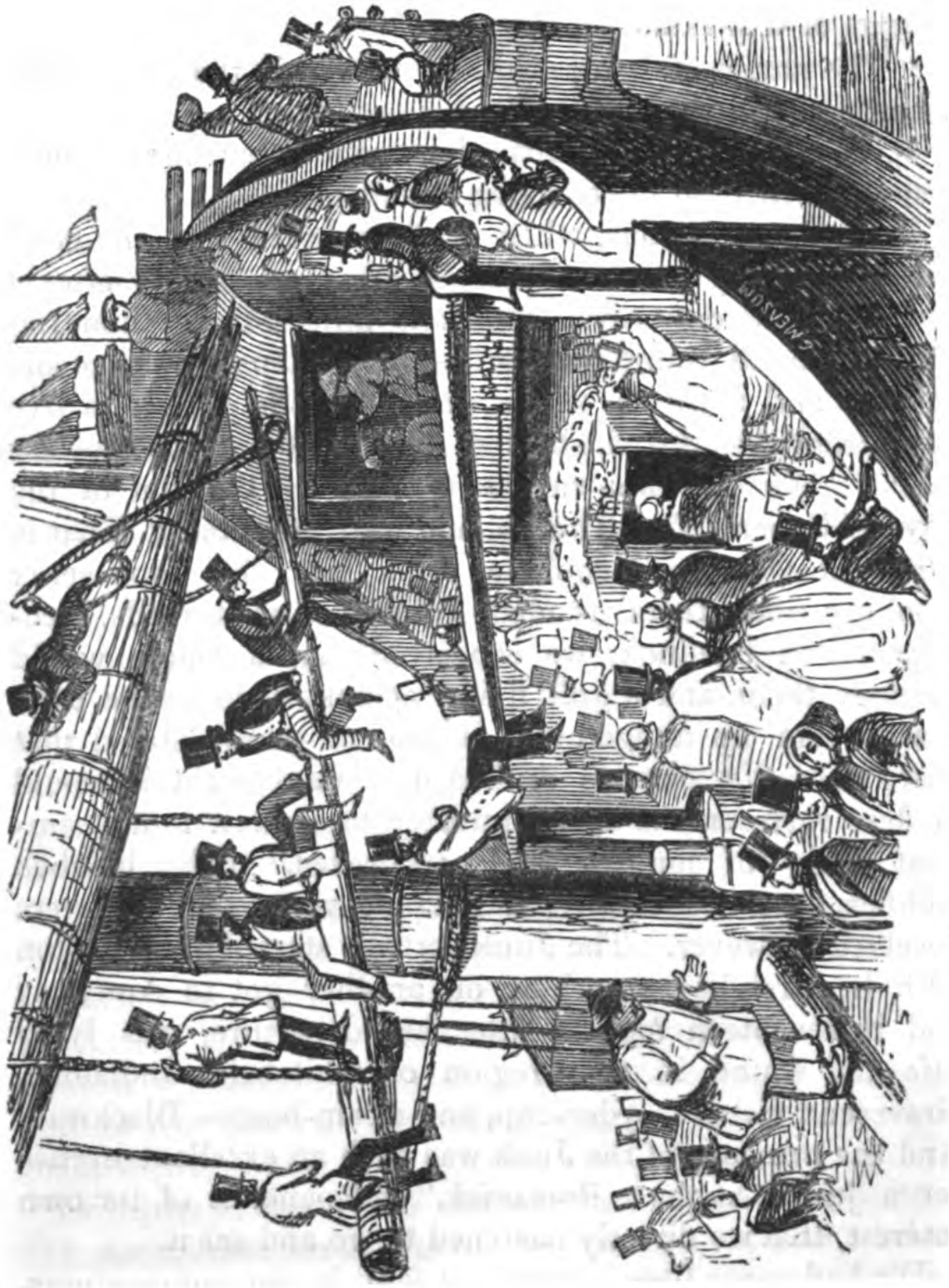
“The names of heroes will be carved in the packthread records of bygone futurity.”

It is by study of similar documents that the Chinese acquire their high philosophical intellects.

With these notions, when we first heard that the good Junk “Keying” was actually coming to see us after a journey of twenty-seven thousand miles—three thousand more than all round the world—we mistrusted the report much; and more so when we found she was to arrive here from America, instead of direct from “the flowery land.” We had known the acute Mr. Barnum in the days of General Tom Thumb, and we recollected “What is it?” Besides, how could a Junk face the Cape seas? Looking upon them as made entirely of split reeds, rice-paper, and bandbox, we conceived that a ripple would derange them, and a gull flying against them in the dark crash them up altogether. It was, moreover, stated that there were fifty persons on board. We thought it would be less rash for the same number to embark in a steam-boat made of matting and tea-leaves, with bamboo paddles, a porcelain boiler, and sealing-wax masts. We were deceived, however. The Junk actually started from Canton with her freight; somehow or another got to America; and in seventeen months after her departure, was lying safe and sound in that region of whitebait, Indiamen, Gravesend visitors, cyder-cup, and steam-boats—Blackwall. And the presence of the Junk was such an excellent excuse for a junket at the “*Brunswick*,” independant of its own interest, that we directly hastened to go and see it.

We had never been so much at fault in our anticipations. We all form ideas of places or persons in our own minds

A POTTLE OF STRAWBERRIES.



THE ENGLISH PUBLIC CROWD TO SEE THE JUNK.

before we see them ; and they are always wrong. Thus, before we saw the Turkish Ambassador, we imagined somebody between Blue Beard and the old gentleman who sells the pastiles in the Lowther Arcade : we had pictured Venice as a floating city of moonlight, and masked balls, and gaudy gondolas, with every window in it lighted up as for a *fête*, and sounds of music from every palace : we painted the Champs Elysées as a lovely verdant expanse, watered by blue and sparkling rivers, whose flower-enamelled banks scented the clear air. Instead, we found the Turkish Ambassador was like an ordinary foreign gentleman ; we discovered Venice to be a gloomy, tumble-down likeness of Pall-mall and the Piazza, Covent Garden, out at sea, with all the palaces made into hotels, and as dark as pitch at night ; and we perceived that the Champs Elysées was without a blade of grass—that the only water was in those incomprehensible pit-holes, which every body in the dark always tumbles into ; and that you were half stifled with dust and the smell of asphalté, from one end to the other. And thus, with the *Junk*, the mass of feebleness that we looked for, proved to be a mighty craft of huge clumsy timbers, bolted together with a strength that defied the waves, and which might, upon emergency, have done for part of the scaffolding of the Hyde Park statue.

We at once saw that there might be more in attacking such a ship than we had hitherto imagined. All our ideas of Chinese warfare had been picked up at Astley's in the "Siege of Amoy," where a supernumerary attached to the British army blew up the fortress with a firework, whilst two or three privates hacked down the ramparts with their swords, and Mr. Widdicomb fought four mandarins at once, and cut off all their tails, preparatory to planting the Union Jack on a citadel made of a frame like a large

drying-horse, covered with canvass, painted like bricks. But we saw at once that "cutting out" a Chinese junk was rather different to cutting out the English article of the same name. Fragile enough some of the ornamented work is, to be sure; and the shields put to shelter the gunners are nothing more than the tops of round hampers. But the timbers themselves we have only seen equalled underneath the end of the Chain Pier at Brighton, where strong-minded children descend at low water to disturb the barnacles.

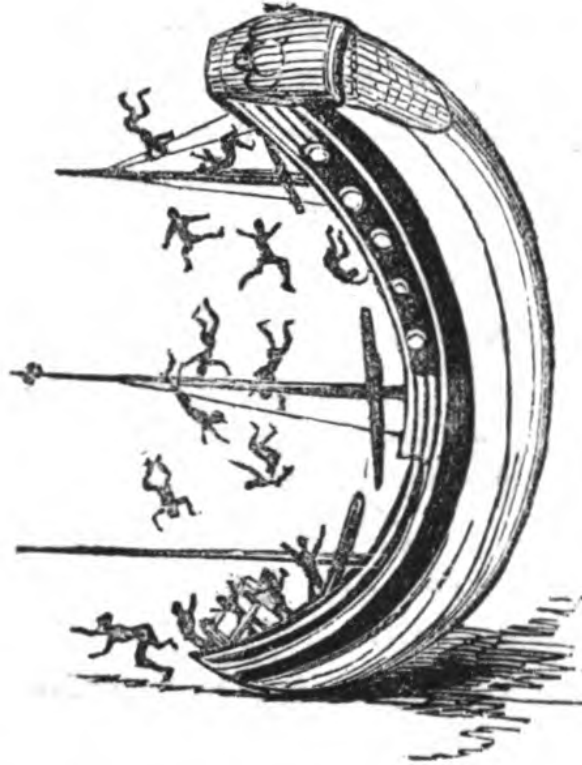
Your first impression, on getting on board, is that it is the old ship you have seen a picture of somewhere at Hampton Court. With her high stern and bows, her general outline is that of the frame-work of a rocking-horse,



ADVANTAGES OF THE JUNK AS AN AMUSEMENT.

or perhaps the car of a mighty swing. The monster game of see-saw that could be played with her, if left high and dry upon a rocky ground, is marvellous to think about. We recommend the notion to the consideration of the

agitators of "Recreations for the Millions," for nearly that



THE EFFECTS OF CARRYING THE AMUSEMENT TOO FAR.

quantity could play at once. Having no keel, she would not heel.

The saloon is evidently the crack part of the Junk, and is fitted up in the costliest style of the advertising tea-shop-window decoration. Indeed, you constantly expect to see the domestic recommendation to "Try our family Congou at Three and Six," instead of the proverbs and inscriptions. Several of our old friends of the Chinese Collection are to be found here—or rather members of the same family; and the Joss, or idol, at the end merits especial attention. She is called Chin Tee, and her attendants are Tung-Sam and Tung-See. Sam appears to be the most earnest in his devotions.

The Joss has eighteen arms—an idiosyncrasy to us anatomically absurd. If enraged with her disciples, we

can conceive their difficulty in "keeping out of arm's way." Admitting her legs to be of the ordinary size of Chinese ladies, we can, however, see the use she can put her arms to in locomotion, by using them as active boys do their single pair by the side of the coaches going to the races.



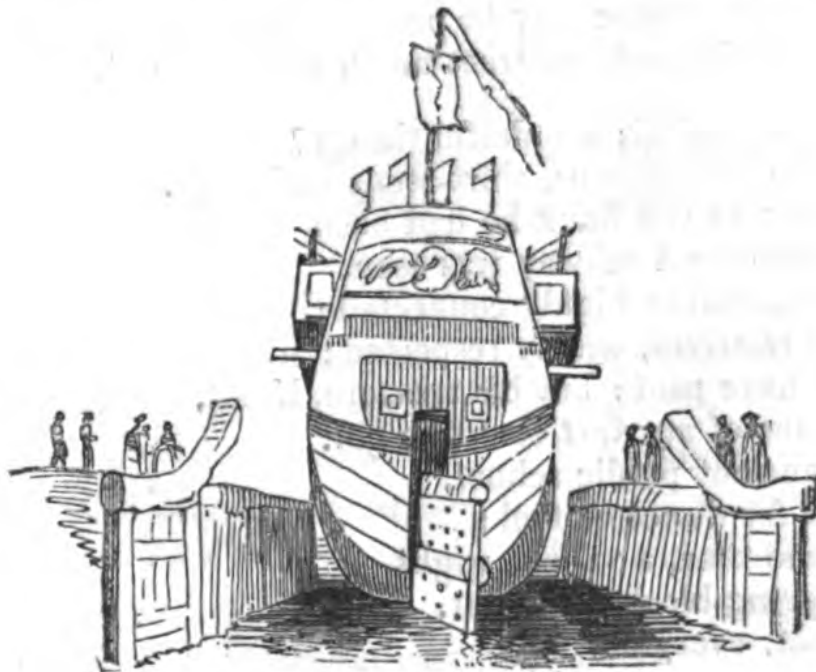
THE JOSS ON ITS TRAVELS.

Speaking of the Incense Burner, the catalogue observes, in a vein of the slyest sarcasm: "On this the offerings are placed till removed by the attendant priest, who, if they consist of gold or other valuables, applies them to his own use; but if they are fowls, fruit, or other eatables, they are consumed by himself and fellow-worshippers." The artful manner of blinking any dispute about tithes is worth notice.

The sailors have a Joss of their own, who partakes more of the dutch-doll class of deities than the other. Sam is, however, in attendance just the same with his companion; but the difference in the likeness shakes one's belief in his identity. They have also a greater deity in the Compass, which they respect especially; and on the voyage, when they wanted the needle to turn to another point, they surrounded it with tea, sweet cakes, and pork, which an infidel

English sailor is supposed to have devoured when nobody was looking; but leaving his knife, by chance, at the desired point, the needle turned to it at once, and the end was satisfactorily answered. Talking about the Compass, the Chinese do not appear to believe much in the Poles we chiefly patronise: this is, however, no proof of their lack of wisdom.

We have had our harmless joke—if we may term it so; but we can seriously recommend a visit to the Junk to our readers. Apart from everything else, the mere circumstance of its strange and perillous voyage renders it an object of great interest; and its odd, quaint construction, and its comical decorations, the perfect novelty of all its appliances, and its crew of good-tempered, bewildered Chinese, with the worthy old Mandarin who has accompanied them, and who is so anxious to do the honours of the ship, will not only give an additional attraction to a white-bait excursion, but serve for conversation all the afternoon.



LOCKING AND KEYING.

CHARADE THE FIRST.

Mr. Fitz Montague lives in May Fair,
 And people declare
 His things are so rare,
 They cannot conceive how the deuce they got there,
 His pockets were always considered so bare.
 But there they all are, there's no doubt about *that*,
 From the *or molu* lamp to the white Llama mat.

There are porcelain vases, and wonderful clocks,
 And Pompeii bronzes, and old Roman crocks ;
 And "warranted" paintings, by every old master,
 And Towers of Pisa in white alabaster,
 And carvings, and closets, and *escritoires* old,
 And china from Sèvres, all flowers and gold,
 And glasses from Venice, that flew into bits,
 And frightened the poisoners out of their wits,
 By shewing the presence of arsenic grits :
 (So some folks receive it
 But I don't believe it,
 Nor, you, so I hope, if you're still in your wits.)
 Indeed his whole house may be properly stated
 To be essence of Wardour-street much concentrated.

How did he get all his wonderful things ?
 Silk velvet dressing-gowns, shirt-studs and rings.
 Never for cash to the Bank he had been
 Never his name on a railway was seen.
 Still he was plausible, highly connected ;
 Had certain relatives, widely respected ;
 They might have paid : but his treasure, if not,
 Only by means of *my first* could be got.
 There's an ancient public school,
 Little famed for dunce or fool ;
 Whence, some time, a valiant wight
 Stole its flogging-block one night.
 There's a poet, every day
 Winning, more and more, his way ;

Painting, with a genius strange,
 "Locksley Hall" or "Moated Grange;"
 Though the Timon christen'd "New"
 Vows that nothing he can do.
 Now the two initials take,
 And *my second* they will make.
 A very simple Latin word,
 Perchance the first you ever heard.

There's tumult at the terminus: the train's about to start;
 And omnibuses, cabs, and vans, arrive from every part;
 And, on the platform, up and down, the luggage barrows rumble,
 And, in the locomotives' tubes, the steam begins to grumble;
 Or puffing from the chimney, falls condens'd like misty rain;
 And guards pull open lockers, and then bang them to again.
 At last, the word is given, and the engine goes along,
 And to the welkin, fields, and hills, pours forth its shrieking song.
 The passengers soon settle down; some talk, some silent keep;
 And some get out, and some come in, and others go to sleep:
 But woe betide the luckless one, who, getting to the goal,
 Finds out, to his confusion, that he hasn't got **MY WHOLE**.



A LUCIFER MATCH.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE NINE ELMS STEEPLE CHASE from the train to the last omnibus; for passengers of every denomination. The winner to pay sixpence to the conductor; all the rest to be "sold."



Mr. Brown's Carpet-bag	Green, red stripes
Miss Higgins's Bandbox	White, red spots
Mr. Jones's Portmanteau	Black, white edgings
Mr. Spiff's Nosegay	Harlequin

Carpet Bag took the first leap from the carriage, and went off along the platform at a slapping pace, closely followed by Nosegay and Bandbox; Portmanteau having some trouble in extricating himself from under the seat, was several lengths behind. Opposite the first cab Nosegay fell, and Bandbox leaping over him took the second place, and was soon neck and neck with Carpet Bag. A fine struggle now ensued to the omnibus, into which Bandbox made a tremendous leap. This, however, lost him the race, as the bus was full, and he was obliged to turn back, whilst Carpet Bag made running round the wheels, and came up to the roof in capital style, seizing the only place. We regret to add that Nosegay was much hurt by the fall and Portmanteau, who pulled up early, went home in a hack cab. The entire distance was run in fifteen seconds.

Immediately after the race, Bandbox entered a protest, on the ground that Carpet Bag had opened the door of the carriage before the train stopped, thereby causing a false start. The matter will be referred to the Jockey Club.

CHARADE THE SECOND.



HE air came close and sultry,
 when it chose to come at all,
 And not a breath was stirring in
 the Church-yard of St. Paul;
 And dogs went mad, and fish
 were boiled whilst swimming
 in their pond;
 And Mercury achieved degrees
 it could not get beyond;
 And every one, both old and
 young, was perishing with
 thirst,
 And nought was heard but loud
 complaints and grumbling at
 MY FIRST.

Sir Harry followed all the world, and left the glowing town;
 He made a tour—went up Mont Blanc, and by the Rhine came down.
 He bought things at the Rigi, wooden spoons and paper knives,
 And at St. Bernard got a dog, who'd saved a dozen lives;
 And chamois horns at Montanvert, and agate boxes too,
 With watches from Geneva—rusty arms from Waterloo;
 Mosaic views from Florence, and from Paris busts in plaster,
 From Pisa leaning towers, nicely carved in alabaster.
 In fact, things meant for travellers he bought where'er he went
 But all, to give unto MY SECOND was his sole intent.

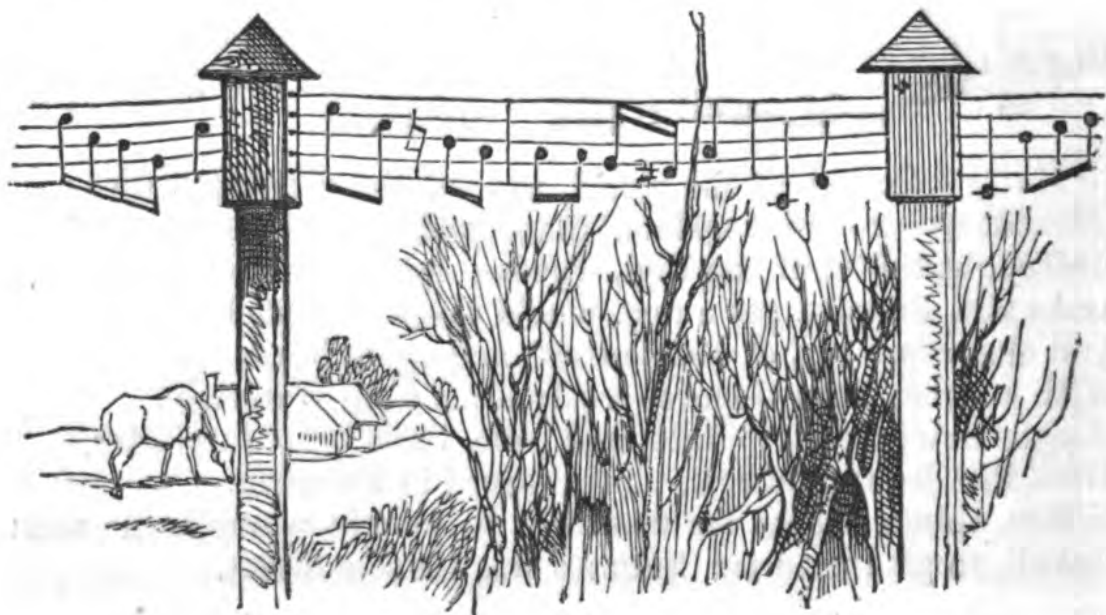
He proposed and was accepted by a rich and high-born girl,
 And the first few months, as usual, passed in something like a whirl;
 But, when August came again, and when the corn was in the sheaf,
 Ere the first autumnal tint had fallen on the summer leaf,
 Being slightly *ennuyé*, he left his house in search of sport,
 With an old friend—not his wife—but one of very good report;
 One he loved both well and truly, as the partner of his joys;
 One who, though by nature tranquil, in the world had made some
 noise.

Then it was MY WHOLE he sought; in fact, he ever would declare,
 That his heart was in the Highlands, when he chanced not to be
 there.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

An ingenious musician, who goes up and down daily, between London and a country station, proposes to establish another class on the line, besides the first and second — that for learning the cornet-à-piston, which popular instrument produces great ill-feeling between lodgers when taught in-doors; indeed, to indulge in the worst pun we ever recognised, a cornet may be succeeded by a *left-tenant*.

The medium of tuition will be the wires of the electro-telegraph. On these, being five, notes will be fastened by



non-conducting materials: and the pupil will play them as they travel. The *andante* movements will be placed close to the stations, where progress is slow; and the tunes will be so arranged as to finish at the stoppages. These will be constantly changed, to extend the benefits to all classes; for instance, galloppes will be chosen for the Express Trains; sets of quadrilles for the stopping ones; and marches, or dirges, for the luggage-class. At the same

time, the passengers generally will be diverted with agreeable harmony. The invention is registered.

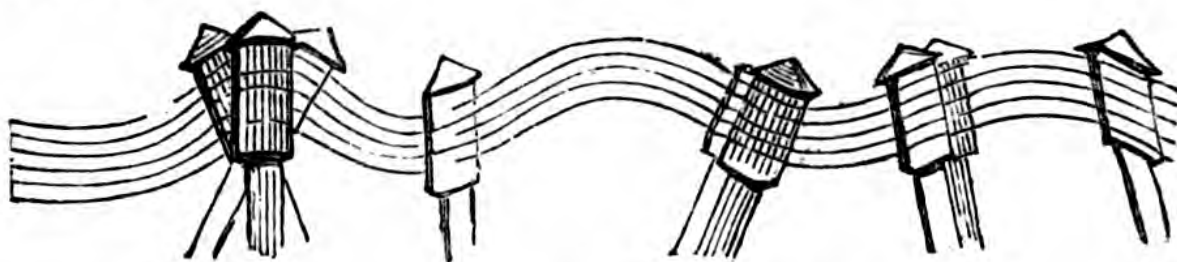
From a number of communications which have been sent to us, relative to our scientific information connected with the electro-magnetic wires, we select the following:—

“SIR,

“I am a musician, and, though I say it who perhaps ought not to, one of no ordinary talents. I have lately started some entertainment on my own account. My ‘Lays and Legends of Everywhere,’ have been most favourably received; so also has my ‘Wee Hour wi Bunn,’ and my Lecture ‘On the Music of Newington Butts.’ My descriptive songs, in imitation of Mr. H. Russell, including ‘The Fourpenny Boat aground,’ ‘The Old Turn-up Bedstead,’ ‘I’m a Bore!’ ‘The Gambler’s Grandmother,’ ‘The Shop on Fire,’ and others, have created a great sensation; and I have challenged Mr. John Parry to make the piano sneeze, laugh, and whistle as well as *he* can; but he is afraid.

“Well, Sir, you see my opinion is of some value; and therefore I must protest against the plan of teaching the cornet-à-piston from the telegraph wires, mentioned in your letter. The great objection is that the notes once passed could never be taken up again, and especially the high ones—for, before the pupil could get his lips to the necessary *embouchure*, he would be a mile beyond the bars, A non-musical friend, given to senseless ribaldry, suggests, that *fugues* should be chosen for the music; because, as he says, those compositions never appear to have beginning, end, middle, or anything else, and may be commenced or left off anywhere, with equal effect. But, herein does he show his lack of common-sense, and overplus of absurd irreverence.

“It would be better, Sir, for you to confine yourself to practical improvements than ingenious, but futile schemes. There is a point of far greater importance to railway travellers connected with the electro-telegraph wires, to which attention ought to be called. It is this:—after my entertainments given in the country, I am usually asked to supper by certain of the leading inhabitants, in gratitude for the amusement I have afforded them; and, from drinking many healths, rise the next morning with a dizziness. And then, on my return to town, are the wires of the electro-telegraph most dreadful. This is all I see of them from the window:—



So they go on—up and down, down and up—for miles and miles; until, at last, seeing nothing else, I begin to think that *they* are stationary, and it is the carriage which is undulating. And this has such an effect, that I am indisposed upon arriving at the terminus, as if I had just crossed the Channel.

“A little care on the part of the directors can remedy this. Why cannot the wires be tuned up tight, like those of a piano? Pray recommend this, and oblige

“Your constant reader,

“COUNTERPOINT.

“N.B. The ignorance of the rustics down the lines is dreadful. They cannot be persuaded but that the electro-telegraph is a set of wires, which the clerks in London pull to ring bells at Slough.”

CHARADE THE THIRD.



ADY Amy Arlington beyond a doubt
 was very fair,
 Long and sweeping were her lashes,
 soft and rippling was her hair—
 Not the undulating bands in which
 young ladies now delight,
 By hot irons falsely waved, or plaited
 very tight at night.
 But long dewy tresses falling o'er her
 cheeks and ivory shoulders,
 Darkly cluster'd à *ravir*, and driving
 frantic the beholders.

Lady Amy Arlington was followed by a dangling train,
 But *my first* to their discomfort could alone her favour gain,

He was ever at her side,
 With her daily used to ride ;
 In her boudoir he intruded
 Where all others were excluded ;

And the crowd of lovers mutter'd, fairly distanced in the race,
 "What a lucky dog he is, and would that I were in his place."

Harry Vane—so *on dits* tell—
 Lov'd the Lady Amy well.
 But he sigh'd, "Ah! woe is me!
 Sooner than myself, I see,
 Aught can her *my second* be."

Whether it was her canary hanging in the gilded cage,
 Or the tiny cup of china, part of a small equipage ;
 Or the prancing Arab horse, that in the Park she lov'd to ride ;
 Or the little coral hand—the charm against the evil eyed ;
 Or each other watch-chain trinket—gifts of which her desk was full ;
 Or the sleep-inducing *brioche*, worked in rainbow Berlin wool ;
 Or aught else amongst her things to which she gave the loving name,
 Harry mark'd, and said, lamenting, "Would she'd call me just the
 same !"

Sober philosophic friends
 Tell us "Perseverance ends
 In perfection !" So it proved ;
 Lady Amy's heart was moved ;
 Harry no more vainly loved.

How he changed ! He gave up Polking, which he did beyond
 compare ;
 Never went to any parties, if his Amy was not there ;
 Never, even to his club, except to see about his letters ;
 Left off smoking ; sold his racers ; cut the company of betters ;
 (" Betting men," I should have said, but then the other makes a
 rhyme ;)
 Came in always to his slumbers at a reasonable time.
 So it is ; submitting to a pretty woman's sole control,
 In her hands, without exception, every man becomes MY WHOLE.

IMPRESSIONS OF TRAVELS,

*Formed during a ten minutes' journey through London, by a
 stranger arriving by the Blackwall, and departing directly
 by the Dover Line.*

The principal productions of London are chimney-pots
 and third-pair-back bed-rooms.

The poor inhabitants of London all live underground, so
 that the roofs of their houses barely reach to the level of
 the rail ; and you see traffic in subterranean streets, far
 below you. Hence, these are generally called low neigh-
 bourhoods, and are frequently flooded by the high tides.
 These do some damage, which is usually covered by the
 quantity of eels and flounders left in the beds upon the
 falling of the waters. The loss of life is small, as the beds
 are all waterproof ; and warning is generally given by the
 nose of the sleeper grating against the ceiling as he
 is floated up. I am told that many inhabitants of the more
 patrician districts find the difficulty of keeping their heads
 above water, far greater than in these poor ones. I
 had an opportunity, at Blackwall, of seeing whitebait. It
 is a curious delicacy, made of light paste pinched into the
 form of fish, and fried in lard. Sometimes minnows are
 added in small proportions. Its chief use is to provoke the
 eating of brown bread and butter, and drinking of punch.

THE ROMANCE OF KELLY'S POST-OFFICE DIRECTORY.

AIR—" *The Old English Gentleman.*"

We hear of days long passed away, and glorious times of old,
 And how Young England's sons affirm we're getting dull and cold;
 But yet romance is not quite dead—in common daily life
 She still exists; of which great fact you'll find examples rife
 In the Post-Office Directory all of the present year.

(*Chorus dependent upon the convivial and musical propensities of
 the listeners.*)

Of Knights, though chivalry has pass'd, we note a goodly band,
 From selling Penny Magazines, to oysters in the Strand;
 And 'Squires, too, a stalwart crew, in every trade are seen,
 From fishmongers in Cleveland Street, to Chemists to the Queen,
 In the Post-office Directory, &c.

And Pages print and lithograph; and, deeming it no sin,
 Monks sell cigars, and trade in cheese, and keep a Cross Keys
 Inn;
 Nuns, too, in New Kent Road, import tobacco to our land;
 And there are cells of Abbots in the New Inn, Wych Street,
 Strand.

And in the Post-Office Directory, &c.

The mighty minds of every age you'll meet therein combined,
 John Milton, as a tea-dealer, in Mary'bone you'll find;
 And Isaac Newton, in the east, has stores of pens and quills;
 And Hogarth trades in ham and beef, and Butler deals in pills,
 In the Post-Office Directory, &c.

And Samuel Johnson makes brass rules, and Fielding vends the
 news;
 And Pope sells coals; and Dryden, law; and Spenser, boots and
 shoes;

THE MAZE AT HAMPTON COURT.



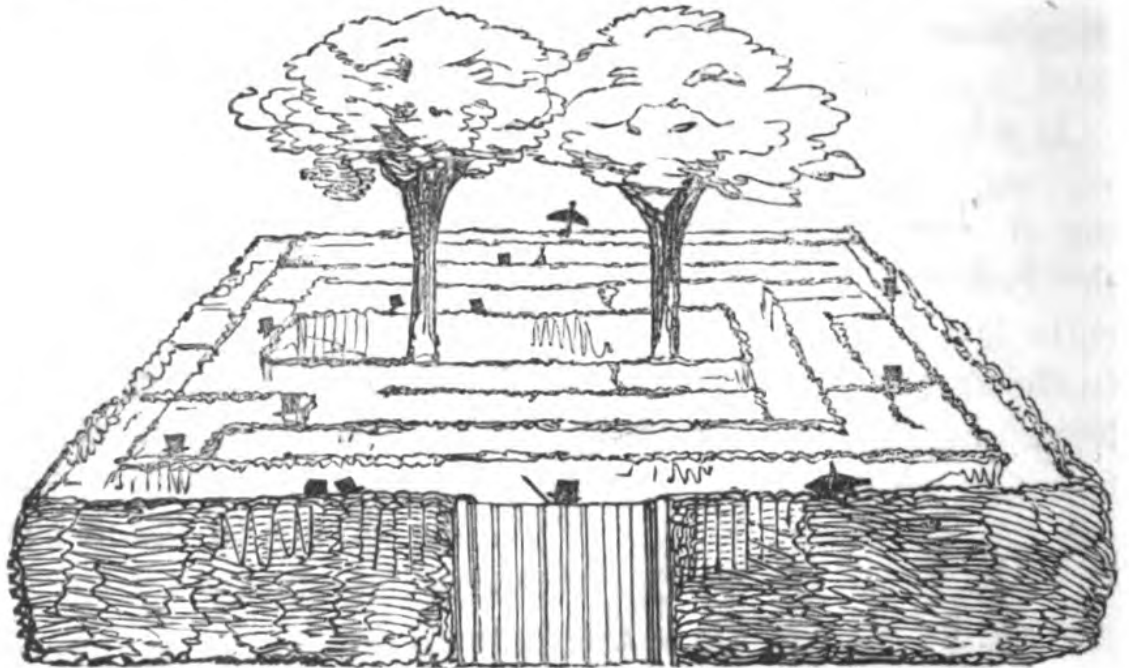
ICIPATING the continuance of fine weather, we can now go a little beyond the home circuit to which our trips have been as yet confined.

The Maze at Hampton Court may be described as an endless quickset hedge tied in a knot; and the process of finding out your way to the sanctuary, somewhat resembles the progress

of a Chancery suit towards judgment; for there are such ins and outs, and windings and doublings, and sudden obstacles when you imagine you are on the point of succeeding, and so little to get when you have succeeded, that it requires a very light heart and a cheerful disposition to undertake the expedition satisfactorily. To our own thinking, the best fun is all outside, like that of a dancing show.

A man is stationed on an elevated bench, opposite the gate, to direct the travellers, and prevent them from losing their way, and perishing from hunger in this labyrinth; for, if this was not the case, there are, assuredly, feeble-minded persons who would never come out again. The task of the

guardian is somewhat difficult, inasmuch as he sees, appa-



rently, nothing but hats and bonnets running along the tops of hedges, and the instant he tells one in particular to turn to the left or right, all the rest do it, for all are in the same haze of incertitude.

Possibly, the surest way of arriving at the centre, is to creep through the hedges, when nobody is looking, and then the goal is arrived at "comparatively in no time." The sanctuary itself is not an exciting place. It consists of fifteen or twenty square feet of shuffled ground and two benches. Indeed, we may question the advantage—as we might do in the ascent of Mont Blanc, in the popularly received notions of freemasonry, in the sitting out a standard five-act play, or in the reading of one of the present long debates—of going through so much to learn so little.

"How to get to Hampton Court" might form a paper by itself; and to this subject we may return: for the transit is not so easy. There are railway carriages, which drop you two miles off; and steamboats which get there the day after the morrow of starting—and some which never get

there at all ; and vans, which get there and never come back. But, as we think the more of anything in proportion as the trouble of possessing it increases, so these little diversions tend to make us regard the Maze as a marvellous attraction.

If you wish to pass off for an experienced traveller, we will tell you, as a great secret, a simple method of proceeding at once to the centre of the labyrinth. On entering the gate, turn to the left ; then touching the hedge on the right hand, *never take your hand away from it* ; even proceed to the end of a *cul de sac*, and double again, rather than leave go. You will appear, at times, to be going wide away from the mark ; but, all joking apart, if you do this carefully, it will conduct you to the centre. The left hand must be similarly used to come out again.

The Minister's last tariff has not affected this favourite resort ; you will find, from the gardener, that the "duty on maze" is still in force.



NO MONK, THOUGH HE WEARS A COWL.

THE RETURN OF THE OMNIBUS.

AIR—" *The Admiral.*"

How gallantly, how merrily, we ride along the lane,
 The passengers all hope to catch the eight o'clock up-train;
 The wind is fresh, the clouds of dust do in our faces fly,
 Like coming from the Derby, when the roads are always dry.
 And all along is triumph: large crows above us sweep;
 Small boys rush out to shout at us, and maids from windows
 peep.

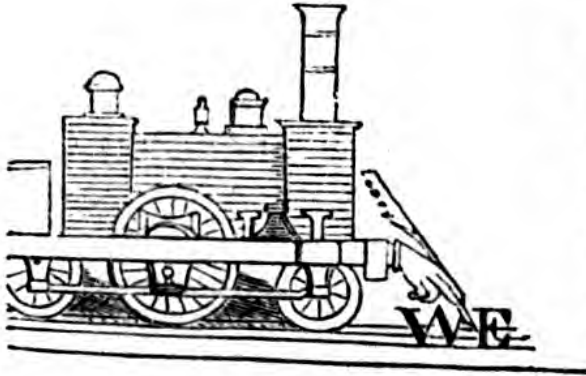
A free-school urchin hangs behind some way upon the road—
 Oh! proud must be our omnibus of such a jolly load!

And proud is Tom, the driver, too, who smiles, and well he may,
 Of twice three people (in and out) who'll each a shilling pay;
 He's proud, too, of that old grey horse, who earns so very hard
 The hay and water he shall have when once more in his yard.
 Oh, would that I were Tom, to drive and order with a word,
 That old grey horse, whose harness is made up of tape and cord,
 I'd shout unto the free-school boy who's hanging on our lee,
 'If you don't mind, I'll whip behind, as quickly you shall see.'

Our driver pale, and paler grew; but, as we went along,
 Still talked he to the passengers, and then he hummed a song;
 And first he looked behind him, and then he looked on straight;
 And then we thought we heard him say 'I think we is too late.'
 He shook—'twas but an instant—we saw his fearful plight,
 The village clock struck eight just then; but that is never right.
 He flogged the old grey horse along, till he was out of breath,
 And when he reached the station doors he turned as pale as death.

We heard a bell, and then a pause, and then a bell again!
 We knew our fine old omnibus had missed the 'eight up-train.'
 And next we heard a rush of steam, but nothing could we see,
 But a whistle and a puff among the fir-trees on our lee.
 We watched the passing vapour till it vanish'd round the steep,
 Then back again t'wards home with all our luggage did we creep;
 But never from that moment, having once been 'sold,' again
 We patronised the omnibus that always miss'd the train.

THE JOLLY MAN OF THE SECOND CLASS.



never yet travelled for any distance on any line, without meeting a jolly man : and he was always in the second-class carriages. We never encountered him amongst the aristocracy of the train ; for jollity and assumption of position are incompatible.

By the way, à-propos of second-class carriages, some good excuse ought to be invented for those people to avail themselves of, who are very sensitive about being thought unable to afford anything. When stage coaches were in fashion such folks said that they always rode outside—not because it was cheaper—but because “travelling inside always made them ill.” And yet, oddly enough they were not affected by the interior of a private carriage. Formerly, the same excuse held good in a second-class carriage : they patronized it “for the sake of the air.” But now the cars are all closed they do not know what to say. They cannot prefer a thorough draught or rattling windows ; and, therefore, something must be hit upon to relieve them from their present embarrassment.

Allons ! We know the Jolly Man the instant he enters the carriage. He looks round and smiles at the passengers as though he had done something facetious in getting in. And then he says he “likes to sit with his back to the horses,” and laughs again. He never has any luggage ; possibly this in some measure contributes to his hilarity. When the train moves, he says “Now we’re off !” which assertion being incontrovertible provokes no reply ; but he still laughs, and upon the engine squealing, he says,

“Oh, dear! you’re very bad—ain’t you?” which is evidently his pet joke, for then he absolutely chuckles. If the train stops at the station longer than he thinks proper, he puts his head out of the window and shouts to the guard “Now John! all right.” And at one of the stations he knows the clerk, to whom he cries, “How about that spanell?” which is presumed to relate to some jocular dog transaction, embodying circumstances of great mirth. For the clerk, in all the confusion of the way-bills, time-keepers, and late passengers, has still a moment to laugh and reply, “Ask the gent as was here on Sunday,” upon which the Jolly man winks, points his thumb over his shoulder, and says to the passenger, as the train goes on, “I know’d I should have him.” At which, a *vis-à-vis* of feeble, but complaisant mind, smiles from courtesy. But he sees not the joke.

The Jolly Man has certain funny things to launch at every point of the journey. When the Engine first goes off, gasping and panting, (as it does on the up-rail from Kingston,) he invariably says, “Bellows to mend.” And in the Tunnel, he soothes the fear of the lady opposite by saying “Never mind, mum; it ’ll soon be over, as the man said:” but who the man was, and under what circumstances he expressed his conviction of an approaching *dénouement*, nobody is told. But he must have been a wag in his time, whoever he was: for the Jolly Man laughs again.

We must confess we like the Jolly Man. His jokes are certainly mild: but we are sure he is uncommonly good-tempered; and would sit with his back to the engine, or his face, or shut all the windows, or have them all open, or anything that the passengers wished. And be certain when he arrives at his station, which is always an intermediate one, that, if you are going his way, he will be hurt if you do not take a seat in the compromise of a private cab

and a tax-cart which is waiting for him. And then, also, be sure that he is known all along the road; and most especially at the "Crooked Billet," where he laughs as he lets you into the secret, that the host "draws the best glass of old ale in all England."

CHARADE THE FOURTH.



HEN the many thousands rushed to
 Capel Court in search of shares,
 Thinking they had made vast fortunes
 for themselves and for their heirs;
 When the publisher in Paris gave a
 cheque to Eugène Sue,
 Thinking he should reap a ten-fold
 harvest by "The Wandering Jew,"
 Which I must confess I never saw the
 merit of—did you?

When the "Gent" who went to Epsom, thinking he was sure to win,
 Back'd the field against the favourite at long odds through thick
 and thin;

When folks thought that Henson's Aërial Ship was certain to
 succeed;

When the "House" so blindly trusted to the blasts of Dr. Reid;
 When the country visitor got in the 'bus at Cockspur-street,
 Thinking he should reach the Bank much sooner so than on his
 feet;

When these manias came to pass—I scarcely know which was the
 worst—

Then, be sure, without exception, everybody was *my first*.

Stake and block have passed away,
 Ducking-stool and sever'd wrist;
 Wheel and rack have gone for aye,
 Yet my powers still exist.

'Tis not easy to define

What the attributes can be,
 Which together may combine,

Till *my second* you could see.

It might be old age decrepit, ever bent on doing wrong,
 It might be a lovely woman's voice when gushing forth in song,

It might be her bright eyes glancing ;
 It might be her grace in dancing ;
 It might be her radiant smiles,
 Any of the thousand wiles,

Which, to turn the heads of mortals, unto womankind belong,
 Let their magic but enchant you, and you may *my second* see—
 That is, in pronounciation, but you must leave out the *t*.

Know ye the spot, where the sweet-scented myrtle,
 Within the hotel, on the staircase doth climb ;
 Where the flesh of the flounder, and fat of the turtle,
 Now melt in your mouth, ever dress'd in their prime ?
 Know ye the spot of the park and the heath,
 Where Londoners go to inhale a fresh breath ;
 Where, drawn to its festival, thousands repair,
 And buy for a penny " the fun of the fair ;"
 Where oranges, apples, and nuts, form the fruit,
 And the seller of gingerbread never is mute ;
 Where anchors of lamps in the dancing-booths shine,
 And all, save the spirit you drink, is divine ?
 'Tis the spot where astronomers stare at the sun—
 Where brave hearts repose who our battles have won :
 'Tis *my whole* ; and its brave hearts you know them right well,
 The coats that they wear, and the yarns that they tell.

FANCY SKETCH.



PIGASUS.

FANCY PORTRAIT.



PROFESSOR AIRY.

GAMBLING AT ASCOT.

INTERESTING CASE.



At the conclusion of the race on Thursday week, a party of ladies and gentlemen, fashionably attired, were brought up at the police-offices, charged with breaking the regulations with respect to gaming on the course. We subjoin the evidence, which has not appeared in any of the

papers.

The police received orders to look strictly after the company, and by their vigilance the present offenders were taken into custody. They did not appear anxious to conceal anything; but, after being cautioned that what they said might be made use of against them, made the following depositions:—Their names were, *Augustus White, Arthur Hope, John Thomas, Marian Mayfly, and Virginia Waters.*

Marian Mayfly deposed: I am a young lady, and my friends are respectable. I am engaged to Augustus White; we have been engaged five years, and are waiting for an income. I am rather tired of it. I thought it grand at first to be engaged, but soon felt *ennuyée*; "*ennuyée*" means weary. I believe I am very pretty. Before the race on Thursday, Augustus proposed that we should have some stakes. I said I should prefer a sandwich; but he answered he meant a lottery. He wrote some horses names on bits

of paper, and put them in my reticule. We each drew two; mine were Defence and Poison. We paid half a crown a horse, and when the race was over they gave me a sovereign. Augustus asked me what I would do with it. I told him I would buy expensive shades of floss silk, and work him a pair of braces. The policeman then took us into custody.



I thought I should have fainted, but I did not. My parasol cost fifteen shillings; it is of shot silk bought on purpose, and spoilt by the dust.

Virginia Waters said: I am not engaged, but I should like to be very much. I took the tickets because Arthur

asked me. I thought it might lead to something, but it led to nothing; and, instead of winning his heart, I lost five shillings. I have made wagers before. I usually bet gloves—Hcubicant's or Hubert's—I don't care which, but I think Hubert's fit best about the thumbs. I like betting gloves, because I never pay when I lose. I expect them just the same from the gentlemen. Once I lost a pair of gloves, but then it was worth doing so. I was caught napping by Arthur. I have never gambled before. If you let me go, I promise never to play any game of chance again, except matrimony.

Augustus White deposed: I am a young medical man without any practice. I have been used to gaming at the hospitals. We played cribbage during lecture behind a macintosh hung over the desk, and also tossed up, and went odd man for "heavy." "Heavy" is known as *dimidium dimidiumque—demi-et-demi*—"the commingled," "off-and-off," "swizzle," "compound barley water," or half-and-half. It is usually taken with cheese and biscuits after anatomical demonstrations at twelve o'clock. I did not see any harm in gambling. I knew Sir James Graham had stopped it some time ago amongst the lower orders; but I thought he allowed it amongst respectable people. I call myself respectable. I was rather champagny when we proposed the lottery.

Arthur Hope said: I am a young man about town, and hired the carriage for the day. We shall pay for it as soon as we can. I do not consider gambling a "shy" thing to do; I think it rather brickish. My father is a stockbroker, and Sir James Graham lets him gamble to any amount every day. I have known Augustus White some time. He plays much greater games of chance with his pills and

boxes than ever the race people did with their peas and thimbles.

John Thomas proved: that he was merely in attendance upon the parties as a servant.

The inspector inquired if there were not two "bonnets" present whilst the sweep was forming.

The policeman replied that they were, but they were on the heads of the ladies, and were taken into custody along with them.

The case being fully proved, the parties were fined in mitigated sums, which were immediately paid, and they were then allowed to depart.

FANCY SKETCH.



THE REAL FRIEND OF THE DRAMA.

FANCY PORTRAIT.



MADAME ANNA THILLON IN
"LE DOMINO NOIR."

CHARADE THE FIFTH.

In the busiest haunts of commerce you may see as you pass,
 Where the newest fashions dazzle through the mammoth panes of
 glass ;
 Where upon the last barèges coils of gaudy ribbons lie,
 And gay parasols by hundreds are stack'd up to catch the eye—
 Long-fringed Joinvilles, *gants de Paris*, velvet polkas, sarsenet
 streamers,
 Wonderful regatta shirts—all ballet girls, and dogs, and steamers.
 (Twelve and sixpence cost the first ; and very dear, the more's the
 pity !
 But the others, ready made, are three and sixpence in the City.)
 Where the firm have put their names, in golden letters raised on
 high,
 By the side, without a doubt, **MY FIRST** will stand for company.

In those deep solitudes and pensive cells,
 Where everythiug that slow and dreary dwells,
 Secluded from the living world for aye,
 My hapless **SECOND** pines her life away.
 No vows of truth her dull existence cheer,
 No word of love are whispered in her ear ;
 She ends her weary pilgrimage alone,
 As cold and rigid as the sculptured stone.

Would you wish to find **MY THIRD**, everywhere I may be heard ;
 On fair Chiswick's shaven lawn, or the greensward of Cremorne ;
 With the troops on battle plain, or long Teetotal train ;
 At the fair, amidst the tents ; or at Gravesend, with the Gents ;
 Heralding sly Punch's antics, or the Fantoccini frantic ;
 Windsor Terrace, Greenwich Fair ; Kensington—you'll find me
 there.

Families of ancient line have enriched their roll by mine ;
 Where the towns in ruins lie, and the conquered armies die,
 On my noisy way I keep : offspring of the peaceful sheep !

Why's a cobbler like a king ?
 Why's A'Beckett like Tom Spring ?

Why to bed do people go ?
 Why is Kent like Cerito ?
 Why do millers wear white hats ?
 Why don't darkness bother cats ?
 Why are men like gooseberries ?
 Answer any one of these,
 And you find MY WHOLE with ease.

BALLADS OF THE LINE.

HE DINED AT BERTHOLINI'S.

AIR—" *She wore a Wreath of Roses.*"

He dined at Bertholini's, the day when first we met,
 A pint of single stout was on the board before him set ;
 His dinner had the lightness—his voice the humble tone
 Of one to whom a shilling was not intimately known ;
 I saw him but a moment, but I think I see him now,
 In that hat of time-worn gossamer that drooped upon his brow.

A new dark Llama Paletot, when next we met he wore,
 The expression of his dress was not so seedy as before ;
 And, dining at his side, was one, in Hemming's room upstairs,
 Who deem'd his Line a good one, and who took five hundred
 shares.

I saw him but a moment, but methinks I see him still,
 At the *café*, in the Haymarket, where yet he owes the bill !

And once again I saw him, but this time it was not here ;
 In coat of questionable age he traversed Boulogne Pier !
 He stept in shabby solitude, for, on one fated day
 The bubble of his Line had burst, and he had run away.
 I saw him quite down-hearted, with his paletot all but rags,
 As he underwent the fate of all Provisionary Stags.

THE WHITEBAIT TAVERNS.



HERE are many popular delusions which the world conventionally regards as delights of the first water. Going to the Derby is one of them—an excursion of forced pleasure, entirely dependent upon the flush hilarity of cheap champagne. Attending the ancient

Concerts is a second, with its dreary and musical resuscitations, its mummy-like selections, its dried-up audience, and its yawning white neck-cloths. Being “engaged,” and finding you are no longer master of your own actions, is a third. And we fearlessly assert that whitebait is a fourth, in the face of derisive shouts which we know will await us upon this positive affirmation. Theodore Hook thought the same when he compared them to “silkworms fried in batter;” we do not conceive they are half so *recherchés*. We will define our opinion by a gastronomical sum in subtraction: take brown-bread-and-butter from whitebait, and nought remains.

And yet there must be a wonderful number of people who think differently to ourselves, as the business of the palace-taverns down the river can testify; the “Trafalgar” and “Brunswick,” for instance, *par excellence*. Whether it is the blow of fresh air which the voyage thither ensures—whether it is the feeling of compulsory attendance because

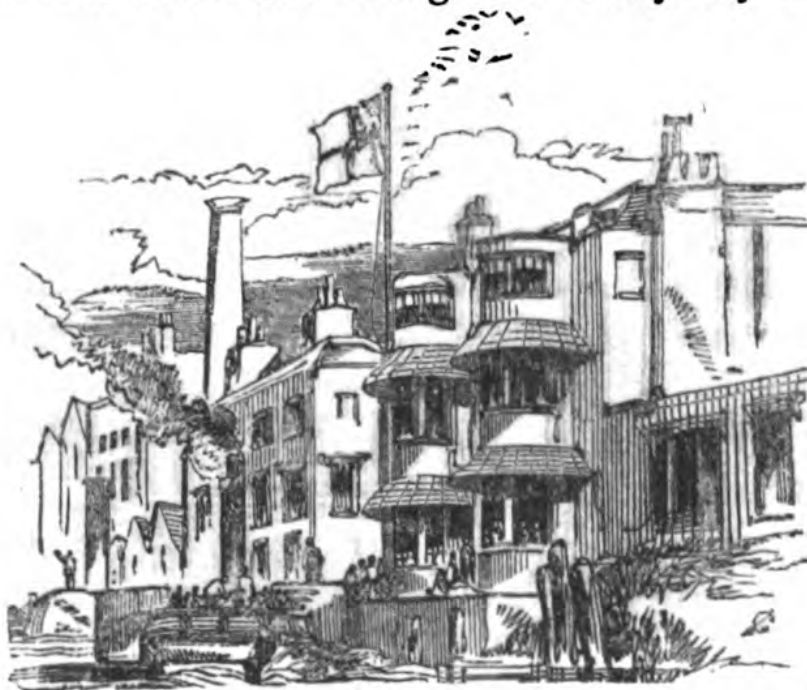
other people go, and it is thought proper so to do—whether it is the really good fish dinner, or the farce of pretending to like the weak flounder-and-parsley broth, dignified by the name of *water souchée*, or whether it is the “bait” (waiter’s dialect) itself, we know not. With us fried tittlebats, or sticklebacks (or whatever the proper generic name for those small creatures may be), would be quite as highly prized. Certain it is, however, that the consumers of whitebait include a large proportion of the last census.

The feeders at the Blackwall and Greenwich taverns may be divided into three alliterative classes—the select, the social, and the solitary. They differ in their idiosyncrasies, but there is one prevailing feeling common to all; they imagine that they must eat whitebait whether they care for it or no, because they come there so to do. They are all folks well to do in the world. Their affairs are flowing on as smoothly as the river below the windows: they are comfortable people in every sense of the word. Those remarks apply only to the week-day dinners. Sunday brings tributaries from every other phase of gregarious life in the metropolis.

By the select class, we mean those who take a private room and come in parties of from six to twelve or fourteen. They cannot be brought under one category, because they cannot be considered as the *habitués* of the place; and, as they take a private room, it would be wrong to invade the seclusion.

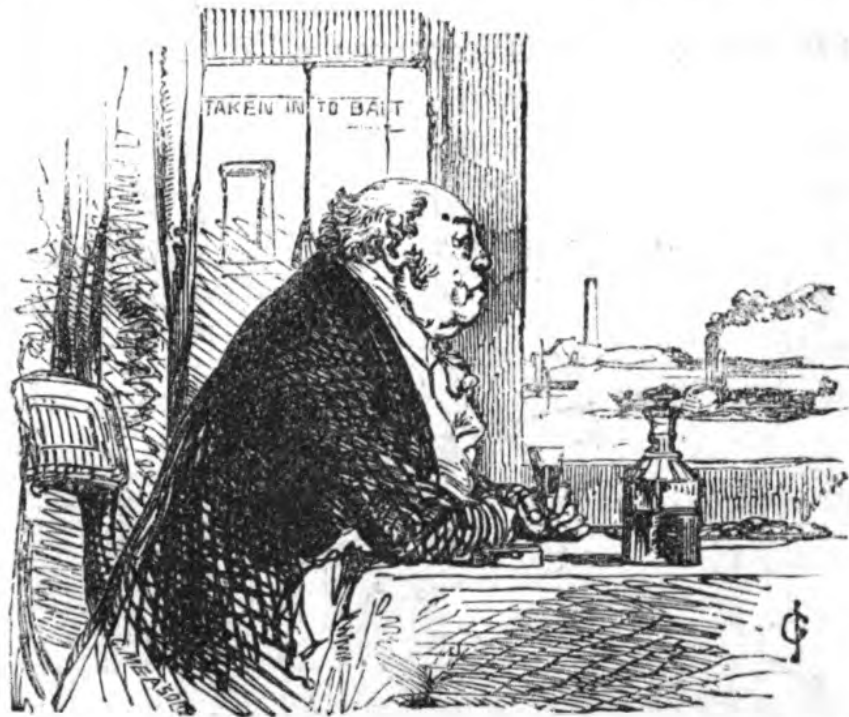
The social effect of the coffee-room; and are pleasant fellows of excellent table spirits—the more so if they get a place near one of the windows. There is so decided a generic character amongst them, that we never see a man dining at a whitebait tavern, but we fancy we have met him before. They are particular to a shade about the wines;

and although whitebait-punch is by no means a pellucid liquor, and drunk from a green glass, you will sometimes detect them holding it up to their eye, as though they used it as an opera-glass, through which they might watch the steamers going down the river; and, in spite of their good-fellowship, the dinner with them is a serious business. They feel they are embarked upon a serious undertaking; for every dish at Blackwall has an important *prestige*, thrown around it by the very locality of its preparation. It is not until the nuts and oranges of every-day life appear



upon the table that they resume their accustomed pleasantries, and look around them. For this season the whitebait taverns are little patronized by "gents." This attempt to distinguish themselves is not met in a spirit of admiration by the guests; and they create no sensation by their appearance. It is a comfort that, at the leading whitebait houses, there is little chance of meeting the frequenters of the slang London taverns, for the reason that they cannot produce an effect therein.

The solitary diners are a remarkable class; and it is evident with them that the first business of their lives is dinner. Whitebait exerts the same influence over them as opium does upon the Turks. It causes them to lose themselves in visions, and you will see them after dinner, with their lonely glass and decanter, like Robin Hood and Little John, on the table before them, gazing vacantly at nothing. Like horses at race-course stables, they are taken in to



“bait,” and nothing else; and thus solitary reflections when their meal is finished entitle them to be classed as ruminating animals as well as gregarious. They seek no society whilst eating: they feed precisely in the spirit of the celebrated Jack Horner—a “little unknown” of infantile biography—who retired into a corner, according to the most approved authorities, to feast upon his hybernal confectionery. We never heard if the youthful Horner lived to be a man; had he done so he would have become one of the solitary Blackwall or Greenwich whitebait-eaters.

What a mixture of tints these names include! Nor was the self-gratulation of that young gourmand greater when he extracted a plum with his fingers, and indulged in a comment upon his own moral excellence, than the satisfactory feeling with which one of the solitaries, in the fulness of whitebait, contemplates his own worth. He is gregarious, without regularly feeding in a flock; there are animals like him in every herd.

These classes return to London according to their divisions. The select move off early by the steamer; the solitary take a seat in the first-class carriage of the railway; and the social stay too late for either boat or train, and in consequence attack the Poplar omnibus, on the roof of which—for they prefer the outside—they disport them right merrily—breaking into snatches of popular harmony, and indulging in countless cigars—another common delusion with those who think the combustion of tobacco an absolute duty, necessarily attendant upon the enjoyment of the free pure air of heaven.



**VIEW OF THE GREAT PYRAMID AS IT WILL APPEAR THIS AUTUMN, EGYPT
BEING THE ONLY PLACE LEFT FOR TOURISTS.**

THE NEW OVERLAND ROUTE TO INDIA.



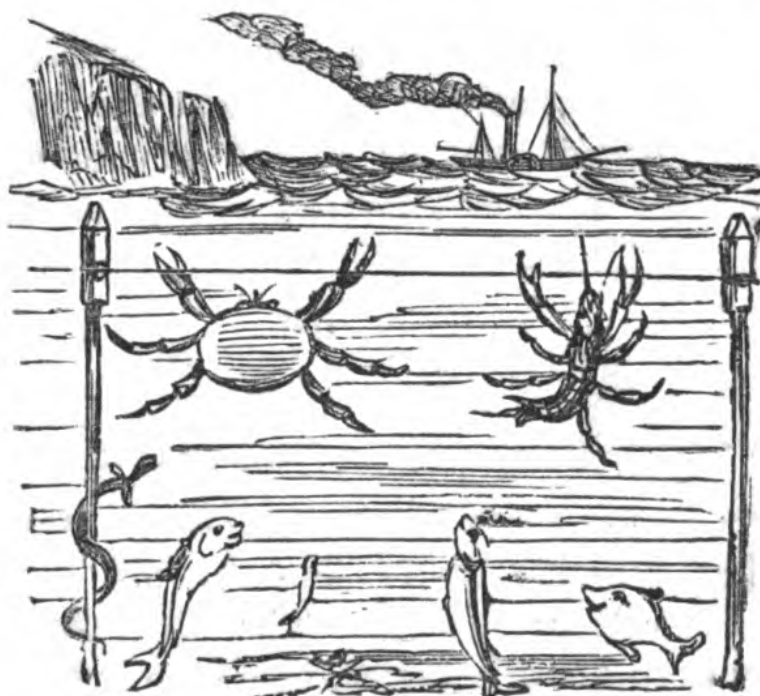
UNCONSCIOUS of the importance of the most rapid communication with our Indian empire, we are enabled, with the greatest pleasure, to lay the following account of the new route, as it will be opened in the course of next summer, before our readers. The startling announcement has been given to the public, through the newspapers, that the

King of Sardinia had some notion of cutting a tunnel under the Alps at Mont Cénis, eight miles long, and making a railway from Genoa to Chambery pass through it. The rapidity of transit for the Indian mail by this route will be such, that when all the auxiliary advantages are in full play, it is expected that we shall always be able to procure news up to the end of the following month.

Calcutta will then become our favourite watering-place, to the great detriment of Boulogne and Brighton. We shall go to eat curry at Chinsura, on Sundays, instead of whitebait at Blackwall; and ride elephants to Ramjam-jellybag, or some place of equal importance, instead of donkies to Pegwell Bay. We shall say to bores "Go to Hoogly," instead of Bath: objectionable persons may be sent to Chittagong instead of Coventry; and Jaggerbedam will be preferred to Jericho for social transportation.

The first great saving of time will be by the submarine electric telegraph; on which such improvements will be made that visitors will be transmitted along its wires as quickly as messages. Hence the period of submersion will be of no consequence. "Tell it to the marines," has long been a phrase of disbelief; but the apparently incredible

results of this telegraph, will lead to the advice being

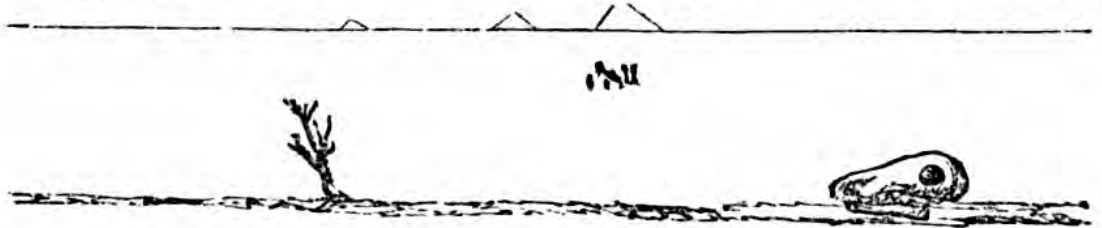


turned to “tell it to the sub-marines.” It is expected that a considerable sensation will be created amongst the channel fishes by the establishment of the telegraph; even to making their very scales stand on end, thus throwing them off their balances; whilst, with respect to the oysters, it will, in reality, “astonish the natives.” The more hardy and enterprising, however—such as the crabs and lobsters—will probably turn the telegraph to some account, and perform on the slack wires for the amusement of the flat fish. The very sharks, renowned as they are for appetites, will be astonished at their twists.

The Tunnel through the Alps will only be inconvenient at one part of the passage—where it goes through the glaciers. For, if it is stopped, the passengers will either be frozen in these “regions of thick-ribbed ice,” and on their egress be removed like so many sticks; or the heat of the fire will thaw the blocks, and produce an artificial torrent,

wherever they halt, "causing," as the Ethiopian describer of the railway gallop accident observes, when the engine gets off the line, turning topsy-turvy and inside-out at the same time—"causing great confusion amongst the passengers."

The Desert transit will be altered beyond all idea, becoming a perfect sand-toy, instead of the arduous under-



VIEW OF THE GREAT DESERT.—A CARAVAN PASSING

taking it has hitherto been; and the old proverb "Ex Nile nihil fit" will be refuted. The Egyptians, however, have always been good couriers, equalling indeed those of St. Petersburg, whom we have seen at Astley's, riding six horses at once—a singular race it must be admitted. From an old illustrated news papyrus, published at Memphis, we extract this sketch of an Egyptian courier of the time of



Ptolomy. It will be observed that his own power of locomotion are added to those of the animal.

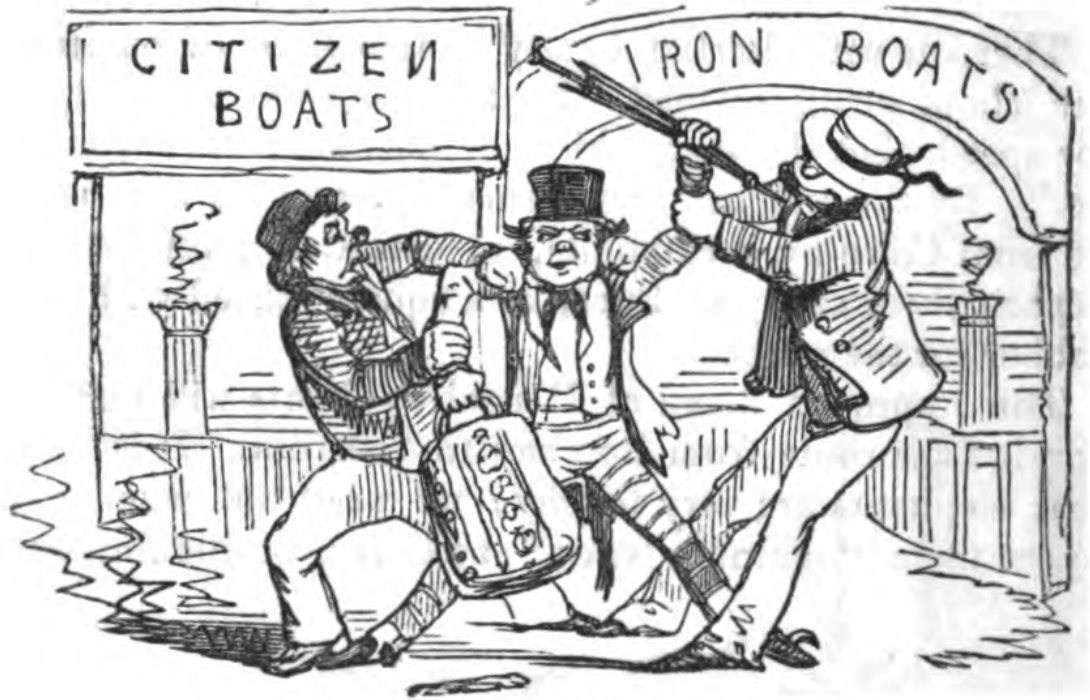
There is considerable equity in this style of equitation, the labour being divided. So anxious were the Egyptians for speed, that the sacred bird, or *Ibis*, signified "you shall go." By the present arrangement, travellers will be shot off from Cairo by a catapulta, so delicately regulated as to deposit them safely at Suez, in a square paved with India-rubber for the purpose.

The improved breed of Bengal elephants will materially abridge the route from Bombay to Calcutta. It is known that elephants are very touchy; we need not wonder then to see them "taking a fence," as shown in this illustration

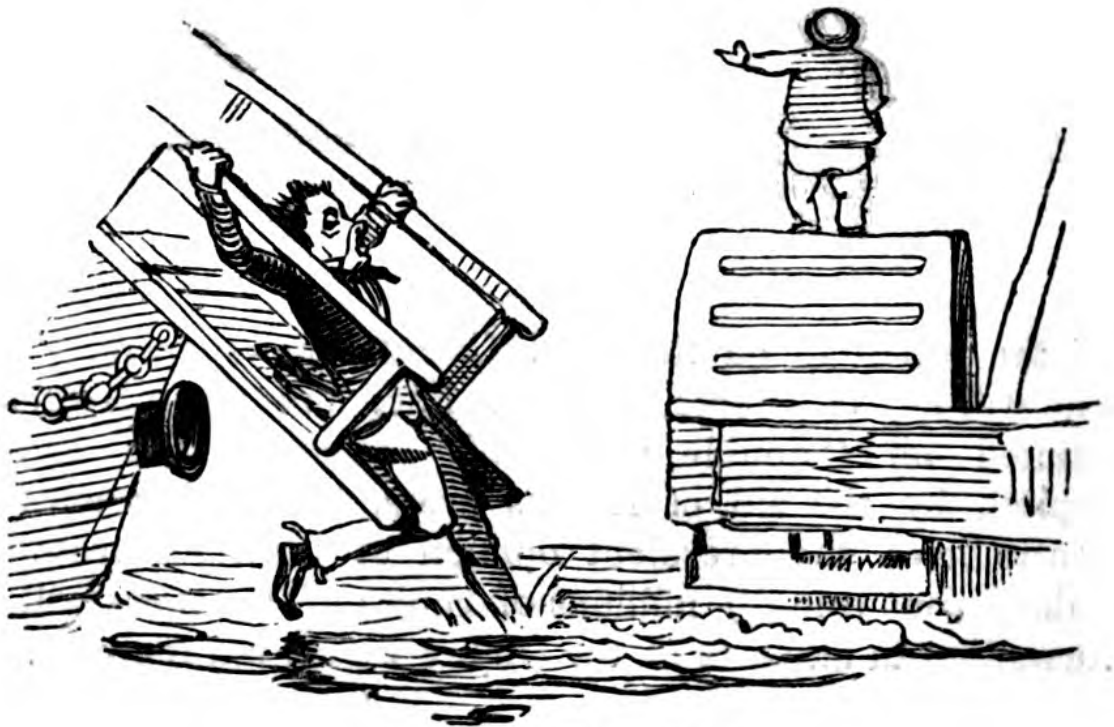


of the reporters on the rival Calcutta newspapers. This line will be, of course, a trunk line, and the dispatches printed on "double elephant." Once in the Indian capital, by the aid of Little's press, (which has entirely contradicted the prevalent opinion of "Little learning is a dangerous thing") millions of copies of the news will be forwarded to all parts of the empire within ten minutes.

RAILWAY TORTURES OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

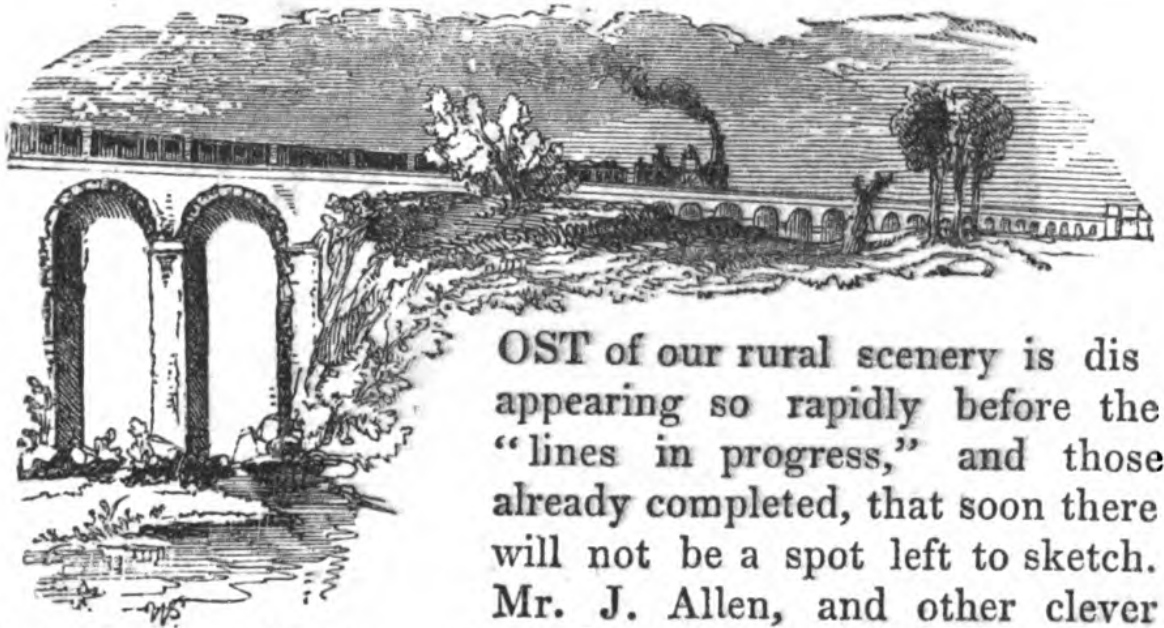


THE RACK.

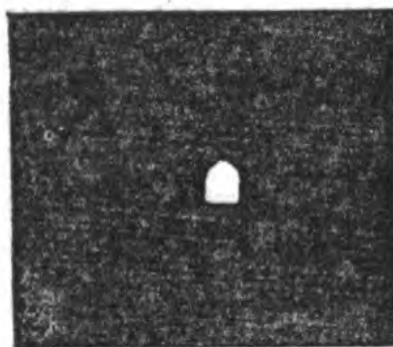


THE WATER QUESTION.

RAILWAY SCENERY, AND THE FINE ARTS GENERALLY.



MOST of our rural scenery is disappearing so rapidly before the "lines in progress," and those already completed, that soon there will not be a spot left to sketch. Mr. J. Allen, and other clever landscape painters, must then trust to the railways alone for subjects. The scenes will certainly not be so striking, but much more easily depicted. Take the following, for instance, which is a striking view of the

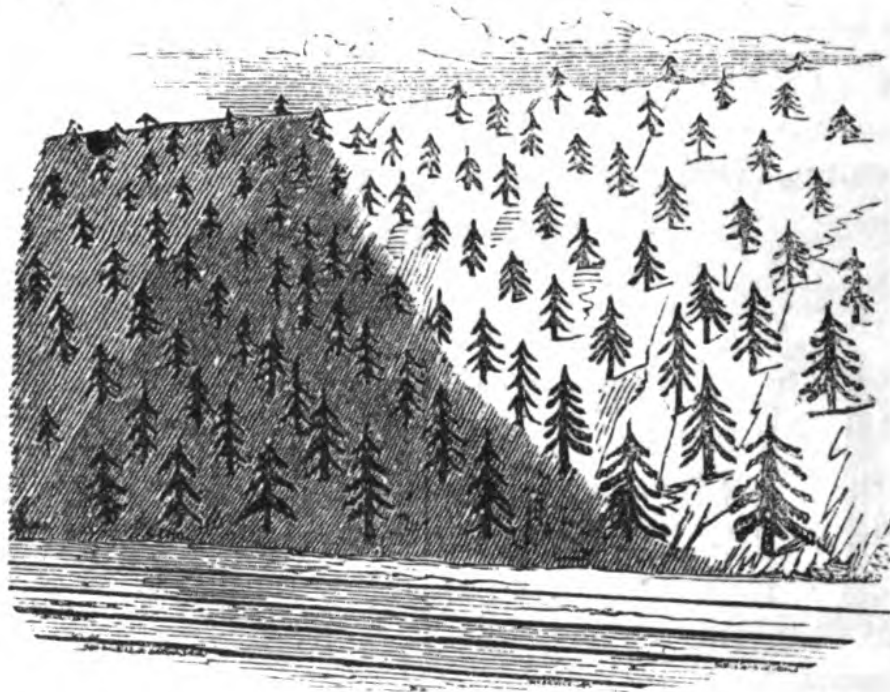


GREAT GRIGSLEY AND DUMBLEDDUM TUNNEL

as seen from the east end, and affords great scope for

E

effects of light and shade, powerful from their very simplicity. Similarly grand would be the



CUTTING THROUGH THE NOGO HILLS

on the same line ; which might be done in chalk, from materials found on the spot : and in all cuttings of a similar nature would save the artist the trouble of “walking his chalks” from one place to another, as is now the case.

As it is much more creditable to originate than to copy, we advise some artist at once to take up this line, for somebody must assuredly do so before long. Every existing “Nook and Corner in Old England” having been as closely ransacked by painters, as Venice was by Canaletti. Landseer will paint “Fireworks, a thorough-bred locomotive, the property of the Great Western.” Turner will treat us to a pair :—“Night—Going into the Tunnel ; and “Morning—Coming out of it.” The first of these will contain a fine effect, from the lamp of the first-class car shining through the windows on the brick-work ; and the second will vividly portray the glories of a May

morning, in that artist's best style—the emerald skies, the azure foliage, and ruby turf, tied into a knot by a rainbow. Miss Setchell will have a companion to “The Momentous Question,” called “The Evasive Answer”—the subject being the touter of the Nine Elms Pier declining to tell a young woman with a handbox whether the iron boat is alongside. Frank Stone will contribute “The First Appeal”—a beautiful girl soliciting a ruddy traveller to have the window shut at the commencement of the journey. Cattermole will have a fine gloomy interior of the “Blackwall Terminus on the Heights of the Minorities;” and Chalon will immortalize the pretty girls who serve out the boiling coffee and new buns—capital things for a hurried meal—at the Wolverton station. Prentis will give a sketch of everyday life, “The Lost Return-Ticket;” and Stanfield will take a grand subject from London and Greenwich, “Deptford Creek—a Storm Blowing Over.” Maclise will, we believe, receive a commission for a fresco—the subject, “Liberty”—the allegory, “Knowledge letting off the pent-up steam of Freedom, by the safety-valve of Truth.”

Since the above was written, we find that our plan is being already acted upon, and the exhibitions of 1849 will abound in Railway Subjects.

“Edwin Landseer's ‘Sanctuary’ will be a fine picture. His heart, which has been for some time in the Highlands, will return to the south, and the picture will represent a ‘Stag’ (*Cervus Railwayensis*) crossing to the Sanctuary, Boulogne—his bills, or kites, as they are by some called, being given to the winds.

“Mr. Selous has been chosen by the Art-Union to do a set of outlines, companions to his ‘Pilgrim's Progress.’

The first, 'The Slough of Despond,' represents the Slough Station, with the distress of the visitor, who has arrived too late for the last up-train. Another will be 'Mr. Greatheart Brunel Conquering the Giant Broadgauge,' and so on. Charles Landseer promises 'The Sacking of Cremorne House, by the Engineers of the Chelsea Extension,' which followed the uncivil wars in the Committees of the Commons, in which that mansion was found to be exactly on the intended line. Corbould has a charming work in hand—'Canterbury Pilgrims Preparing to start from London Bridge Terminus.' The Knights and the Squire have come in cabs, the Man of Law in an omnibus, and the Clerk has walked. The Shipman has arrived from Wapping by the *Waterman* No. 9. The respectable tradesman's wife of Bath has had her luggage wheeled over from the Bridge-house Hotel, where she slept the night before, on arriving by the Great Western. She is going to a Ramsgate boarding-house. We do not exactly see who the Pardoner is, but conclude he is the philanthropic old gentleman who has just forgiven the urchin who tried to bolt with his carpet bag. The Cook is in attendance, with a tin can containing kidney pies. The engraving will be a prize in Boys' lottery.

Etty's 'Stokers Bathing' is not yet commenced. Our foreign brethren will join our scheme. Horace Vernet has promised 'The Locomotive's Last Gasp'—a companion of the 'Dying Camel;' and Scheffer sends two, 'Mignon regretting she did not take a Day Ticket,' and 'Mignon aspiring to a First-class Carriage.' "

CHARADE THE SIXTH.

The silent bell—deserted fane—
The stricken sinner's cries of pain,
Who vainly asks, with parting breath,
For hope to smooth his bed of death—
The frightened gaze in hall and bower
Too plainly showed the fatal power
With which, in bigot times accurst,
Fell on a nation's hopes MY FIRST.

The maid beneath the glistening moon,
With plaided form and snooded hair,
Steals to the "banks o' bonnie Doune,"
In hopes to find MY SECOND there.

Now turn your eyes to distant lands,
Where rivers run on golden sands ;
And there beneath the date tree's shade,
While dances many a dusky maid,
To soothe the passions of his soul,
The love-sick Negro tunes MY WHOLE.

PORTRAIT OF MADAME CASTELLAN



AS SHE APPEARED SINGING THE FINALE TO LA SOMNAMBULA, TAKEN
FROM THE TOP BOX OF THE ITALIAN OPERA.

STATISTICS OF THE EPSOM RACES.



PROGRESSING with general desire, we have been at some pains to collect the most interesting statistics connected with the late Races; and, with the assistance of the Society, now place them before our readers.

It is calculated that one post-horn in twelve came straight home. One in seven was used, with a cork in the mouth-piece, to drink champagne out of; and three in nine were sat upon. Of twelve cornets, three could play "Jeannette and Jeannot," and two broke down in the "Olga" waltz: four did not trust themselves beyond open notes. One tried to play "The Marble Halls," as a second to "I'm afloat!" upon another, but did not succeed; and the remaining one found his valves filled with pale ale, when he tried "Turn on, Old Time," on his return; whereupon, his first blast gave him the appearance of a Triton spouting "Bass" from a brazen coach.

Of the Knock'em-downs we find some curious returns. It appears that six wooden drummers were hit off in proportion to one crockery Napoleon. Of five apples, one had tea-things inside and four dirt. Of the snakes turned from horn-shavings, every other one was broken into three pieces, and none had a tail; whilst of the Jack-in-boxes three in six were Noahs, who came





up with a jerk not in accordance with their patriarchal character, and the rest were cross-breeds between Japhets and small ninepins, with eyes and mouths very irregularly defined by dots. There were birds in cages, who whistled by an ingenious bellows contrivance on which



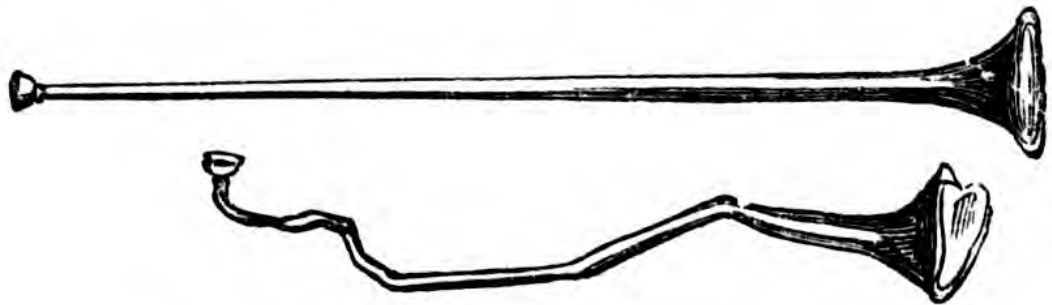
they stood: china dogs: and anomalous boats upon wheels. These suffered most severely from the sticks thrown at them.



Respecting their distribu-

tion, the majority went flying to young ladies' academies and female domestics; the apples were chiefly kept for turn-pike men, and old gentlemen driving four-wheeled chaises or loitering on Clapham Common, who looked

HOW THE POST HORN WENT TO THE RACES.



HOW THE POST HORN RETURNED FROM THE RACES.

likely to be savage at being hit hard with them; and the pincushions were reserved for any particular friends, or perfect strangers, that might present eligible marks.

Of twelve gentlemen who went on the chief day, the

following facts have been ascertained respecting their after-conduct.

Spent more than they could afford	11
Had their anticipations of a "regular out-and-out day" realised	0
Have not yet paid up their shares to the friend who "had better settle for everything"	6
Do not recollect whether they came home on the roof, or inside the hamper with the cruets and empty pie-dish	2

FANCY SKETCH.



THE NOAH LIGHTS.

CHARADE THE SEVENTH.

The great "bould spakers" of the land
 Met in Conciliation Hall ;
 They talk'd of "slaves" and "bondsmen's brand,"
 And that the Saxon rule should fall ;
 And swore that Ireland, aye, should be,
 The first gem of the emerald sea.
 And whilst the mob hurrah'd around,
 With hearts buoyed up by empty sound,
 They quite forgot, by want accurst,
 They'd not MY WHOLE to fill MY FIRST.
 That WHOLE, they were brought up to prize—
 An Argus with its hundred eyes.
 But now long since it had been poorly,
 From ills that slowly came, but surely.

The captain of a well-known band,
 Now see MY SECOND proudly stand ;
 In Spain a middle rank he took :
 The Affghans led ; Ghuznee forsook ;
 But, through all chance of fire and flood,
 In Asia, first and last, he stood.
 Of pride he ne'er possessed a particle,
 Content to prove a useful article.
 But never yet was he outdone,
 Who chanced to be MY SECOND "one."

Next look towards a mighty pile
 Of soaring dome and lofty aisle.
 See Tiber's stream—the Bridge, also,
 And Castle of St. Angelo.
 Look to the right—the pilgrims come
 In crowd to fill the streets of Rome,
 As with an eager eye they scan
 A *façade* of the Vatican.
 Why are they thronging to and fro ?
 Why do the masses come and go ?
 They hurry on with end absurd,
 'Tis only to salute MY THIRD.

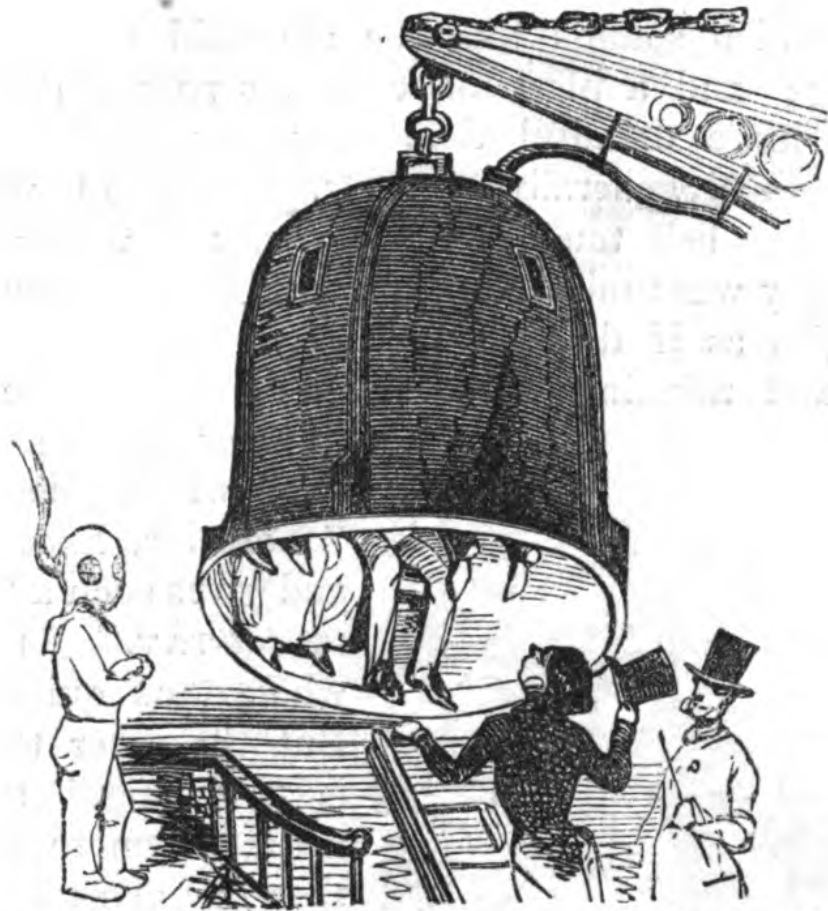
THE POLYTECHNIC DIVING-BELL.



BODY who has been once can attest that his submarine, or rather sub-aqueous excursion is the cheapest shilling's-worth of nervousness in London, and, as such, deserves, and gets, great patronage.

The process of going down in the Diving-bell may be thus described:—The daring adventurer, having been educated up to courage pitch by putting his hands in those terrible traps always baited with galvanism, which are set to catch strangers, and displaying his ignorance of science by thinking that if he snatches them away quickly, the shock will be fainter, thinks he should like to go down in the Diving-bell. The love of temporary lionizing—for every body who goes down is looked upon, when he comes up again, as a sort of mermaid in every day life in private clothes for some minutes after—this love says “Go:” the outlay of the shilling, and the look of the dark tank, combine to suggest “No.” But just at this moment, the band in the gallery strikes up a martial air, and, as the visitor's breast swells with pride, he determines to venture, in his enthusiasm.

Well, the visitor arrives at the barrier, pays his shilling, and is told to get into the bell. But this is not so easily done; the first thing that strikes him on entering, is the boot of a gentleman who is already seated; and then he has to fight his way through a stockade of legs, with a vigour never needed otherwise except by the last man



at the single omnibus, on the Sunday night, at the South-Western terminus. However, at last he finds a perch, and feels in the position of a man sitting on a mantelpiece, with no floor below him.



As the bell swings heavily and slowly over the water, by means of what the catalogue calls "an enormous crab"—which must be very large indeed, but does not appear to be visible to the audience—the visitor looks through the glass bulls-eyes at the people in the gallery, and half wishes he was amongst them. And just at this moment a terrible noise

begins, which sounds like the aforesaid enormous crab breathing; and a blast of cold air rushes down from the top, more dreadful than ever any produced either by air-pumps generally, or Dr. Reid's in particular. And as the bell touches the water, the visitor feels as if somebody was tuning the drums of his ears by stretching them tight, as if demons were driving a wedge through them; and thinking that he is going to be stifled,



he seizes the knocker, under which is painted "more air, knock once," and gives such a "rat-atat-tat-tat-TAT," that the whole tank quivers again. But the diver thinks he is "larking," and pays no attention to him; and then he gives himself up to intense fear as the water rises over his head, and finally closes over the skylights. So he remains,

only recalled to himself by finding that his feet are wet through by hanging down below the bell's mouth, whereon he gathers them up, to the additional peril of his balance.

At last the bell goes up again, and he finally emerges amidst the surrounding and admiring crowd. As he walks proudly away amongst them, he feels all his agony repaid, and tells the lady who asks him what it was like, that "it was the most delightful thing in the world—not at all unpleasant, but, on the contrary, rather agreeable than otherwise."

CHARADE THE EIGHTH.

When upon the banks of Sutej, tumult rent the quivering air,
 Cheering on our troops to conquest, be assured MY FIRST was there.
 On the Terrace ; in the Gardens ; in the Park, or at Vauxhall ;
 On the steam-boat, in fine weather, and at every public ball.
 Every by-gone brigand captain did my use in pillage know,
 From the gallant Robin Hood right up to Fra Diavolo.
 Waiting upon every ballet, on Walhalla's groupings plastic,
 And at present much in vogue, by being wondrously elastic ;
 And, without my aid to perfect what Bunn calls "A triumph's blaze,"
 What would be Cerito's boundings, or Carlotta's *Truandaise* ?
 One more clue I'm free to give you ; you *must* guess me after that :
 If I had one air appropriate, it would be "All round my hat."

In days of old, when coaches rolled
 Along the turnpike road,
 MY SECOND lent its aid to hold
 A portion of the load.
 How widely strange, and great my range !
 In coffee-shop abject ;
 Or at the Opera, for a change,
 In rich gold satin deck'd,
 Making ladies look but glumly,
 Whilst upbraiding Mr. Lumley,
 Thinking such bright-hued reflections
 Unbecoming to complexions.
 Travelling over sea and land,
 Riding on an angry hand,
 Or if hunting be your taste,
 In some sporting country placed,
 Without my aid, I am afraid,
 The wood-cuts ill would look,
 Or small, or great, which illustrate
 This very little book.
 Bells are ringing, funnels roar,
 Men bawl out, "Now, who's for shore ?"
 Or from paddle-boxes call,
 "Woolwich !" Tunnel Pier !" "Vauxhall !"

Small boys shout you nearly dead,
 Screaming "Half-a-turn-a-head!"
 Stupid people errors make,
 And go to Wapping by mistake;
 Or confused by such wild din,
 Miss the plank and tumble in.
Bridegroom, Citizen, or Daisy,
Woolwich swift, or Richmond lazy.
 Some in order, others crazy:
 Flashing up and down they go,
 Frightening timid folks who row.
 Or elsewhere, the railway bus,
 Comes up to the terminus;
 Round the clerks the crowding mass
 Bawl out, "Kingston! second class!"
 Mary shows the guard her ticket,
 Passes quickly through the wicket.
 Now, "Go on!" the engines scream,
 Or, if night, the red lights gleam
 On the porters—puffs the steam.
 Whether on the rail or boat,
 Pull'd by engine, or afloat,
 Everybody feels "all right;"
 Mary only quails with fright,
 When by chance she comes to find
 That MY WHOLE is left behind.



DINING IN A CLUB.

The Author is indebted to Messrs. Ingram and Cooke, of the Illustrated London News for many of the cuts in this little book. The others are drawn by Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Henning.

*Preparing for publication, the Fourth Edition, with several
fresh Illustrations by Gilbert,*

**THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE FLIRT.
BY ALBERT SMITH.**

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED BY GAVARNI, GILBERT, AND
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of late, this is, we think, the best of the number. With a perfect knowledge of, and unfeigned devotion to, his subject, he strikes out prominent points and characteristics that there is no disputing, 'shewing up,' as it were, what we treasured in our minds, but did not, or could not, bring to the surface, and this he does pleasantly and wittily, making himself a man to be feared much for his penetration, but still more for his practice of publishing what he knows. The illustrations are capital."

Sunday Times.

"Albert Smith has contributed another, and not the least amusing, of his popular 'Social Zoologies,' in 'the Natural History of the Flirt,' who, it seems, possesses none of those dangerous propensities, and tormenting habits, which stiff-starched old maids and heavy matter-of-fact young men, who draw their authority from 'Johnson's Dictionary,' or 'Maunder's Treasury of Knowledge,' can assign to her. A Flirt, according to the clever little book before us, is the most lively, charming, piquant creature in existence. The very soul of a ball-room—the star of an evening-party—and the goddess of a pic-nic.

"In these, and other phases of her light and joyous existence, does the facile pen of this agreeable writer pourtray 'The Flirt.'

"The illustrations by Gavarni, Gilbert, and Henning, are numerous and beautiful."

Bell's Life.

"This history is written in a gallant vein, and the genus Flirt owes much to the cavalier spirit of the historian. We were afraid he would be somewhat too severe on this variety of the fair sex, but he has treated it gently; in a way that makes us conclude that he has suffered very little from flirtation. He describes her peculiarities most minutely—from her pinafore days to her pianoforte triumphs; and from constant contemplation of her winning ways, at last feels for her, pity, akin to love."

The Observer.

"Of the several 'Social Zoologies' written by Mr. Smith, we consider the present one the most carefully, regularly, and pleasantly executed. The Flirt is evidently a favourite with him; he gives us her origin, paints her in her different varieties, such as the Garrison Flirt, pic-nic, evening party, and so forth; and invariably represents her as the best charm against gloom at an evening party that can be found."





