

Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 1, July 24, 1841

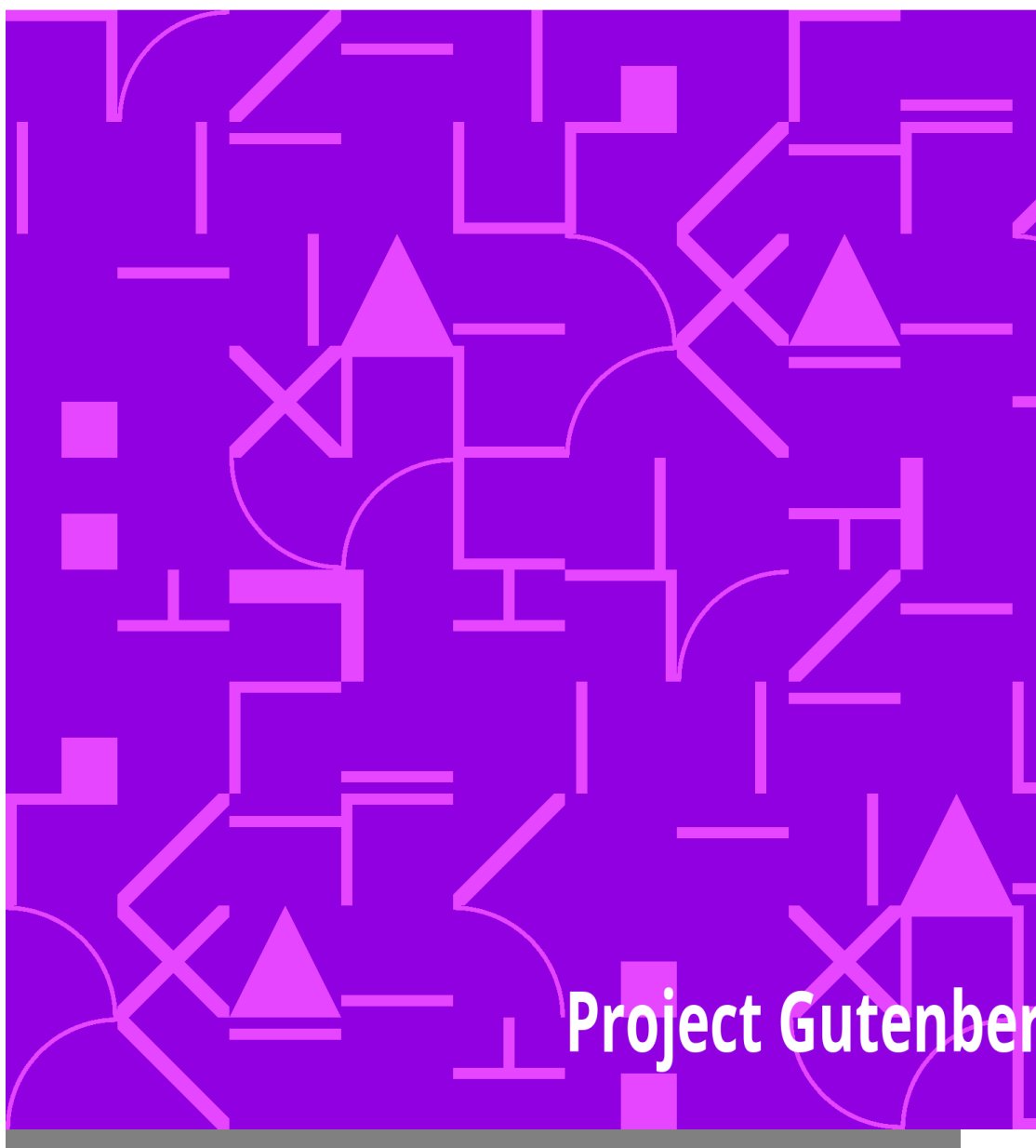
Various



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Title: Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 1, July 24, 1841

Author: Various

Release date: February 7, 2005 [eBook #14920]
Most recently updated: December 19, 2020

Language: English

Other information and formats:
www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/14920

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PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI, VOLUME 1,
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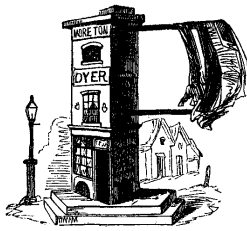
**PUNCH,
OR THE LONDON
CHARIVARI.**

VOL. 1.

JULY 24, 1841.

A MODEST METHOD OF FORMING A NEW BUDGET

SO AS TO PROVIDE FOR THE DEFICIENCY OF THE REVENUE.



oor Mr. Dyer! And so this gentleman has been dismissed from the commission of the peace for humanely endeavouring to obtain the release of Medhurst from confinement. Two or three thousand pounds, he thought, given to some public charity, might persuade the Home Secretary to remit the remainder of his sentence, and dispose the public to look upon the prisoner with an indulgent eye.

Now, Mr. Punch, incline thy head, and let me whisper a secret into thine ear. If the Whig ministry had not gone downright mad with the result of the elections, instead of dismissing delectable Dyer, they would have had him down upon the Pension List to such a tune as you wot not of, although of tunes you are most curiously excellent. For, oh! what a project did he unwittingly shadow forth of recruiting the exhausted budget! Such a one as a sane Chancellor of the Exchequer would have seized upon, and shaken in the face of “Robert the Devil,” and his crew of “odious monopolists.” Peel must still have pined in hopeless opposition, when Baring opened his plan.

Listen! Mandeville wrote a book, entitled “Private Vices Public Benefits.” Why cannot public crimes, let me ask, be made so? you, perhaps, are not on the instant prepared with an answer—but I am.

Let the Chancellor of the Exchequer forthwith prepare to discharge all the criminals in Great Britain, of whatever description, from her respective prisons, on the payment of a

certain sum, to be regulated on the principle of a graduated or “sliding scale.”

A vast sum will be thus instantaneously raised,—not enough, however, you will say, to supply the deficiency. I know it. But a moment’s further attention. Mr. Goulburn, many years since, being then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and, like brother Baring, in a financial hobble, proposed that on the payment, three years in advance, of the dog and hair-powder tax, all parties so handsomely coming down with the “tin,” should henceforth and for ever rejoice in duty-free dog, and enjoy untaxed cranium. Now, why not a proposition to this effect—that on the payment of a good round sum (let it be pretty large, for the ready is required), a man shall be exempt from the present legal consequences of any crime or crimes he may hereafter commit; or, if this be thought an extravagant scheme, and not likely to take with the public, at least let a list of prices be drawn up, that a man may know, at a glance, at what cost he may gratify a pet crime or favourite little foible. Thus:—

For cutting one’s own child’s head off—so much. (I really think I would fix this at a high price, although I am well aware it has been done for nothing.)

For murdering a father or a mother—a good sum.

For ditto, a grand ditto, or a great-grand ditto—not so much: their leases, it is presumed, being about to fall in.

Uncles, aunts, cousins, friends, companions, and the community in general—in proportion.

The cost of assaults and batteries, and other diversions, might be easily arranged; only I must remark, that for assaulting policemen I would charge high; that being, like the Italian Opera, for the most part, the entertainment of the nobility.

You may object that the propounding such a scheme would be discreditable, and that the thing is unprecedented. Reflect, my dear PUNCH, for an instant. Surely, nothing can be deemed to be discreditable by a Whig government, after the cheap sugar,

cheap timber, cheap bread rigs. Why, this is just what might have been expected from them. I wonder they had not hit upon it. How it would have “agitated the masses!”

As to the want of a precedent, that is easily supplied. Pardons for all sorts and sizes of crimes were commonly bought and sold in the reign of James I.; nay, pardon granted in anticipation of crimes to be at a future time committed.

After all, you see, Mr. Dyer’s idea was not altogether original.

Your affectionate friend,
CHRISTOPHER SLY.
Pump Court.

P.S.—Permit me to congratulate you on the determination you have come to, of entering the literary world. Your modesty may be alarmed, but I must tell you that several of our “popular and talented” authors are commonly thought to be greatly indebted to you. They are said to derive valuable hints from you, particularly in their management of the pathetic.

Keep a strict eye upon your wife, Judith. You say she will superintend your notices of the fashions, &c.; but I fear she has been already too long and exclusively employed on certain newspapers and other periodicals. Her style is not easily mistaken.

WHIG-WAGGERIES.

The Whigs must go: to reign instead
The Tories will be call’d;
The Whigs should ne’er be at the head—
Dear me, I’m getting bald!

The Whigs! they pass’d that Poor Law Bill;
That’s true, beyond a doubt;
The poor they’ve treated very ill—
There, kick that beggar out!

The Whigs about the sugar prate!
They do not care one dump
About the blacks and their sad state—
Just please to pass the lump!

Those niggers, for their sufferings here,
Will angels be when dying;
Have wings, and flit above us—dear—
Why, how those blacks are flying!

The Whigs are in a state forlorn;
In fact, were ne'er so low:
They make a fuss about the corn—
My love, you're on my toe!

The Whigs the timber duty say
They will bring down a peg;
More wooden-pated blockheads they!
Fetch me my wooden leg!

COURT CIRCULAR.

Deaf Burke took an airing yesterday afternoon in an open cart. He was accompanied by Jerry Donovan. They afterwards stood up out of the rain under the piazzas in Covent Garden. In the evening they walked through the slops.

The dinner at the Harp, yesterday, was composed of many delicacies of the season, including bread-and-cheese and onions. The hilarity of the evening was highly increased by the admirable style in which Signor Jonesi sang "Nix my dolly pals."

Despatches yesterday arrived at the house of Reuben Martin, enclosing a post order for three-and six-pence.

The Signor and Deaf Burke walked out at five o'clock. They afterwards tossed for a pint of half-and-half.

Jerry Donovan and Bill Paul were seen in close conversation yesterday. It is rumoured that the former is in treaty with the latter for a pair of left-off six-and-eightpenny Clarences.

Paddy Green intends shortly to remove to a three-pair back-room in Little Wild-street, Drury-lane, which he has taken for the summer. His loss will be much felt in the neighbourhood.

AN AN-TEA ANACREONTIC.—No. 2.

Rundell! pride of Ludgate Hill!
I would task thine utmost skill;
I would have a bowl from thee
Fit to hold my Howqua tea.
And oh! leave it not without
Ivory handle and a spout.
Where thy curious hand must trace
Father Mathew's temperate face,
So that he may ever seem
Spouting tea and breathing steam.
On its sides do not display
Fawns and laughing nymphs at play
But portray, instead of these,
Funny groups of fat Chinese:
On its lid a mandarin,
Modelled to resemble Lin.
When completed, artisan,
I will pay you—if I can.

SPORTING.

THE KNOCKER HUNT.

On Thursday, July 8, 1841, the celebrated pack of Knocker Boys met at the Cavendish, in Jermyn Street. These animals, which have acquired for themselves a celebrity as undying as that of Tom and Jerry, are of a fine powerful breed, and in excellent condition. The success which invariably attends them must be highly gratifying to the distinguished nobleman who, if he did not introduce this particular species into the metropolis, has at least done much to bring it to its present extraordinary state of perfection.

As there may be some of our readers who are ignorant of the purposes for which this invaluable pack has been organised, it may be as well to state a few particulars, before proceeding to the detail of one of the most splendid nights upon record in the annals of disorderism.

The knocker is a thing which is generally composed of brass or iron. It has frequently a violent resemblance to the “human face divine,” or the ravenous expressiveness of a beast of prey. It assumes a variety of phases under peculiar *vinous* influences. A gentleman, in whose veracity and experience we have the most unlimited confidence, for a series of years kept an account of the phenomena of his own knocker; and by his permission the following extracts are now submitted to the public:—

1840.

Nov. 12—Dined with Captain ——. Capital spread—exquisite *liqueurs*—magnificent wines—unparalleled cigars—drank *my* four bottles—should have made it five, but found I had eaten something which disagreed with me—Home at four.

State of Knocker.—Jumping up and down the surface of the door like a rope dancer, occasionally diverging into a zig-zag, the key-hole partaking of the same eccentricities.

Nov. 13.—Supped with Charley B——. Brandy, *genuine cognac*—Cigars *principè*. ESTIMATED CONSUMPTION: brandy and water, eighteen glasses—cigars, two dozen—porter with a cabman, two pots.

State of Knocker.—Peripatetic—moved from our house to the next—remained till it roused the family—returned to its own door, and became duplicated—wouldn't wake the house-porter till five.

N.B. Found I had used my own thumb for a sounding-plate, and had bruised my nail awfully.

Nov. 14.—Devoted the day to soda-water and my tailor's bill—gave a draught for the amount, and took another on my own account.

Nov. 15.—Lectured by the “governor”—left the house savage—met the Marquess—got very drunk unconsciously—fancied myself a merman, and that the gutter in the Haymarket was the Archipelago—grew preposterous, and felt that I should like to be run over—thought I was waltzing with Cerito, but found I was being carried on a stretcher to the station-house—somebody sent somewhere for bail, and somebody bailed me.

State of Knocker.—Very indistinct—then became uncommonly like the “governor” in his nightcap—*could* NOT reach it—presume it was filial affection that prevented me—knocked of its own accord, no doubt agitated by sympathy—reverberated in my ears all night, and left me with a confounded head-ache in the morning.

The above examples are sufficient to show the variability of this singular article.

Formerly the knocker was devoted entirely to the menial occupation of announcing, by a single dab, or a variation of raps, the desire of persons on the door-step to communicate with the occupants of the interior of a mansion. Modern genius has elevated it into a source of refined pleasure and practical humour, affording at the same time employment to the artisan, excitement to the gentleman, and broken heads and dislocations of every variety to the police!

We will now proceed to the details of an event which PUNCH alone is worthy to record:—

Notice of a meet having been despatched to all the members of the “Knocker Hunt,” a splendid field—no *street*—met at the Cavendish—the hotel of the hospitable Marquess. The white damask which covered the mahogany was dotted here and there with rich and invigorating viands; whilst decanters of port and sherry—jugs of Chateau Margaux—bottles of exhilarating spirits, and boxes of cigars, agreeably diversified the scene. After a plentiful but orderly discussion of the “creature comforts,” (for all ebullitions at home are strictly prohibited by the Marquess) it was proposed to *draw* St. James’s Square. This suggestion was, however, abandoned, as it was reported by Captain Pepperwell, that a party of snobs had been hunting bell-handles in the same locality, on the preceding night. Clarges Street was then named; and off we started in that direction, trying the west end of Jermyn Street and Piccadilly in our way; but, as was expected, both coverts proved blank. We were almost afraid of the same result in the Clarges Street gorse; for it was not until we arrived at No. 33, that any one gave tongue. Young Dashover was the first, and clearly and beautifully came his shrill tone upon the ear, as he exclaimed “Hereth a knocker—thuch a one, too!” The rush was instantaneous; and in the space of a moment one feeling seemed to have taken possession of the whole pack. A more splendid struggle was never witnessed by the oldest knocker-hunter! A more pertinacious piece of cast-iron never contended against the prowess of the Corinthian! After a gallant pull of an hour and a half, “the affair came off,” and now graces the club-room of the “Knocker Hunt.”

The pack having been called off, were taken to the kennel in the Haymarket, when one young dog, who had run counter at a bell-handle, was found to be missing; but the gratifying intelligence was soon brought, that he was safe in the Vine-street station-house.

The various compounds known as champagne, port, sherry, brandy, &c., having been very freely distributed, Captain Pepperwell made a proposition that will so intimately connect his name with that of the immortal Marquess, that, like the twin-born of Jupiter and Leda, to mention one will be to imply the other.

Having obtained silence by throwing a quart measure at the waiter, he wriggled himself into an upright position, and in a voice tremulous from emotion—perhaps brandy, said—

“Gentlemen of—the Knocker Hunt—there are times when a man can’t make—a speech without con-considerable inconvenience to himself—that’s my case at the present moment—but my admiration for the distinguished foun—der of the Knocker Hunt—compels me—to stand as well as I can—and propose, that as soon as we have knockers enough—they be melted down—by some other respectable founder, and cast into a statue of—the Marquess of Waterford!”

Deafening were the cheers which greeted the gallant captain! A meeting of ladies has since been held, at which resolutions were passed for the furtherance of so desirable an object, and a committee formed for the selection of a design worthy of the originator of the Knocker Hunt. To that committee we now appeal.



TO HENRY, MARQUESS OF WATERFORD,
AND HIS JOLLY COMPANIONS IN LOWE,
THIS STATUE OF ACHILLES,
CAST FROM KNOCKERS TAKEN IN THE
VICINITIES
OF SACKVILLE-STREET, VIGO-LANE, AND
WATERLOO-PLACE,
IS INSCRIBED
BY THEIR GENTLEWOMEN.
PLACED ON THIS SPOT
ON THE FIRST DAY OF APRIL, MDCCCXLII.
BY COMMAND OF
COLONEL ROWAN.

Mem. The hunt meet again on Monday next, as information has been received that a splendid knocker occupies the door of



Laing's shooting gallery in the Haymarket.

STENOTYPOGRAPHY.

Our *printer's devil*, with a laudable anxiety for our success, has communicated the following pathetic story. As a specimen of stenotypography, or compositor's short-hand, we consider it *unique*.


SERAPHINA POPPS;

OR, THE BEAUTY OF BLOOMSBURY.

Seraphina Poppo was the daughter of Mr. Hezekiah Poppo, a highly respectable pawnbroker, residing in — Street, Bloomsbury. Being an only child, from her earliest infancy she wanted for 0, as everything had been made ready to her 
 .

She grew up as most little girls do, who live long enough, and became the universal !¹ of all who knew her, for

“None but herself could be her ||.”²


Amongst the most devoted of her admirers was Julian Fitzorphanale. Seraphina was not insensible to the worth of Julian Fitzorphanale; and when she received from him a letter, asking permission to visit her, she felt some difficulty in replying to his ?³; for, at this very critical .⁴, an unamiable young man, named Augustus St. Tomkins, who possessed considerable £. s. d. had become a suitor for her  . She loved Fitzorphanale +⁵ St. Tomkins, but the former was U of money; and Seraphina, though sensitive to an extreme, was fully aware that a competency was a very comfortable “appendix.”

She seized her pen, but found that her mind was all 6’s and 7’s. She spelt Fitzorphanale, P-h-i-t-z; and though she commenced ¶⁶ after ¶, she never could come to a “finis.” She upbraided her unlucky * *, either for making Fitzorphanale so poor, or St. Tomkins so ugly, which he really was. In this dilemma we must leave her at present.



Although Augustus St. Tomkins was a ⁷, he did not possess the universal benevolence which that ancient order inculcates; but revolving in his mind the probable reasons for Seraphina's hesitation, he came to this conclusion: she either loved him ⁸ somebody else, or she did not love him at all. This conviction only ⁹ his worst feelings, and he resolved that no ¹⁰ of conscience should stand between him and his desires.

On the following day, Fitzorphanale had invited Seraphina to a pic-nic party. He had opened the ¹¹ placed some boiled beef and ¹² on the verdant grass, when Seraphina exclaimed, in the mildest ¹³, "I like it well done, Fitzorphanale!"

As Julian proceeded to supply his beloved one with a ¹⁴ of the provender, St. Tomkins stood before them with a ¹⁵ in his .

Want of space compels us to leave the conclusion of this interesting romance to the imagination of the reader, and to those ingenious playwrights who so liberally supply our most popular authors with gratuitous catastrophes.

NOTES BY THE FLY-BOY.

1. Admiration. 2. Parallel. 3. Note of Interrogation. 4. Period. 5. More than. 6. Paragraph. 7. Freemason. 8. Less than. 9. Multiplied. 10. Scruples. 11. Hampers-and. 12. Carets. 13. Accents. 14. Section. 15. Dagger.

NEWS OF EXTRAORDINARY INTEREST.

A mechanic in Berlin has invented a balance of extremely delicate construction. Sir Robert Peel, it is said, intends to avail himself of the invention, to keep his political principles

so nicely balanced between Whig and Tory, that the most accurate observer shall be unable to tell which way they tend.

The London Fire Brigade have received directions to hold themselves in readiness at the meeting of Parliament, to extinguish any conflagration that may take place, from the amazing quantity of inflammatory speeches and political fireworks that will be let off by the performers on both sides of the house.

The following extraordinary inducement was held out by a solicitor, who advertised last week in a morning paper, for an office-clerk; "A small salary will be given, but he will have enough of *over-work* to make up for the deficiency."

"MORE WAYS THAN ONE," &c.

The incomplete state of the Treasury has been frequently lamented by all lovers of good taste. We are happy to announce that a tablet is about to be placed in the front of the building, with the following inscription:—

TREASURY.
FINISHED BY THE WIGS,
ANNO DOM. MDCCCXLI.

A CON. BY TOM COOKE.

Why is the common chord in music like a portion of the Mediterranean?—Because it's the E G & C (Ægean Sea).



MONSIEUR JULLIEN.

“One!”—crash!

“Two!”—clash!

“Three!”—dash!

“Four!”—smash!

Diminuendo,

Now crescendo:—

Thus play the furious band,
Led by the kid-gloved hand
Of Jullien—that Napoleon of quadrille,
Of Piccolo-nians shrillest of the shrill;

Perspiring raver

Over a semi-quaver;

Who tunes his pipes so well, he'll tell you that
The natural key of Johnny Bull's—A flat.
Demon of discord, with mustaches cloven—
Arch impudent *improver* of Beethoven—
Tricksy professor of *charlatanerie*—
Inventor of musical artillery—
Barbarous rain and thunder maker—
Unconscionable money taker—
Travelling about both near and far,
Toll to exact at every *bar*—

What brings thee here again,

To desecrate old Drury's fane?

Egregious attitudiniser!

Antic fifer! com'st to advise her

'Gainst intellect and sense to close her walls?

To raze her benches,

That Gallic wenches

Might play their brazen antics at masked balls?
Ci-devant waiter
Of a *quarante-sous traiteur*,
Why did you leave your stew-pans and meat-oven,
To make a fricassee of the great Beet-hoven?
And whilst your piccolos unceasing squeak on,
Saucily serve Mozart with *sauce-piquant*;
Mawkishly cast your eyes to the cerulean—
Turn Matthew Locke to *potage à la julienne*!
Go! go! sir, do,
Back to the *rue*,
Where lately you
Waited upon each hungry feeder,
Playing the *garçon*, not the leader.
Pray, put your hat on,
Coupez votre bâton.
Bah
Va!!

CLAR' DE KITCHEN.

It is now pretty well understood, that if the Tories come into office, there will be a regular turn out of the present royal household. Her Majesty, through the gracious condescension of the new powers, will be permitted to retain her situation in the royal establishment, but on the express condition that there shall be—



NO FOLLOWERS ALLOWED.

A PARTY OF MEDALLERS.

A subscription has been opened for a medal to commemorate the return of Lord John Russell for the city of London. We would suggest that his speech to the citizens against the corn-laws would form an appropriate inscription for the face of the medal, while that to the Huntingdonshire farmers in favour of them would be found just the thing for the *reverse*.

A CHAPTER ON BOOTS.

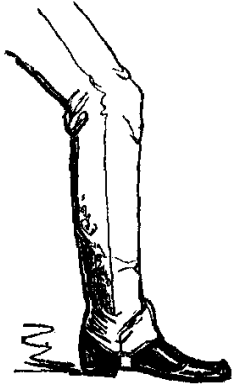
“Boots? Boots!” Yes, Boots! we can write upon boots—we can moralise upon boots; we can convert them, as *Jacques* does the weeping stag in “As You Like It,” (or, whether you like it or not,) into a thousand similes. First, for—but, “our *sole’s* in arms and eager for the fray,” and so we will at once head our dissertation as we would a warrior’s host with

WELLINGTONS.



These are the most judicious species of manufactured calf-skin; like their great “godfather,” they are perfect as a whole; from the binding at the top to the finish at the toe, there is a beautiful unity about their well-conceived proportions: kindly considerate of the calf, amiably inclined to the instep, and devotedly serviceable to the whole foot, they shed their protecting influence over all they encase. They are walked about in not only as protectors of the feet, but of the honour of the wearer. Quarrel with a man if you like, let your passion get its steam up even to blood-heat, be magnificent while glancing at your adversary’s Brutus, grand as you survey his chin, heroic at the last button of his waistcoat, unappeased at the very knees of his superior kersey continuations, inexorable at the commencement of his straps, and about to become abusive at his shoe-ties, the first cooler of your wrath will be the Hoby-like arched instep of his genuine Wellingtons, which, even as a drop of oil upon the troubled ocean, will extend itself over the heretofore ruffled surface of your temper.—Now for

BLUCHERS.



Well, we don't like them. They are shocking impostors—walking discomforts! They had no right to be made at all; or, if made, 'twas a sin for them to be so christened (are Bluchers Christians?).

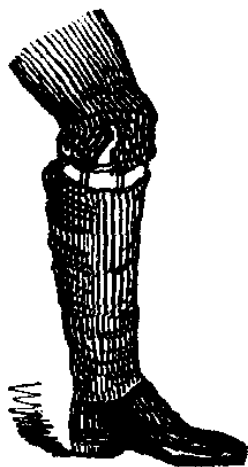
They are Wellingtons cut down; so, in point of genius, was their baptismal sponsor: but these are *vilely tied*, and that the hardy old Prussian would never have been while body and soul held together. He was no beauty, but these are decidedly ugly commodities, chiefly tenanted by swell purveyors of cat's-meat, and burly-looking prize-fighters. They have the *fortiter in re* for kicking, but not the *suaviter in modo* for corns. Look at them villanously treed out at the "Noah's Ark" and elsewhere; what are they but eight-and-six-penny worth of discomfort! They will no more accommodate a decent foot than the old general would have turned his back in a charge, or cut off his grizzled mustachios. If it wasn't for the look of the thing, one might as well shove one's foot into a box-iron. We wouldn't be the man that christened them, and take a trifle to meet the fighting old marshal, even in a world of peace; in short, they are ambulating humbugs, and the would-be respectables that wear 'em are a huge fraternity of "false pretenders." Don't trust 'em, reader; they are sure to do you! there's deceit in their straps, prevarication in their trousers, and connivance in their distended braces. We never met but one exception to the above rule—it was John Smith. Every reader has a friend of the name of John Smith—in confidence, that *is* the man. We would have sworn by him; in fact, we did swear by him, for ten long years he was our oracle. Never shall we forget the first, the only time our faith was shaken. We gazed upon and loved his honest face; we reciprocated the firm pressure of his manly grasp; our eyes descended in admiration even unto the ground on which he stood, and there, upon that very ground—the ground whose upward growth of five feet eight seemed Heaven's boast, an "honest man"—we saw what struck us sightless to all else—a pair of Bluchers!

We did not dream *his* feet were in them; ten years' probation seemed to vanish at the sight!—we wept! He spoke—could we believe our ears? “Marvel of marvels!” despite the propinquity of the Bluchers, despite their wide-spreading contamination, his voice was unaltered. We were puzzled! we were like the first favourite when “he has a leg,” or, “a LEG has him,” i.e., nowhere!

John Smith coughed, not healthily, as of yore; it was a hollow emanation from hypocritical lungs: he sneezed; it was a vile imitation of his original “hi-catch-yew!” he invited us to dinner, suggested the best cut of a glorious haunch—we had always had it in the days of the Wellingtons—now our imagination conjured up cold plates, tough mutton, gravy thick enough in grease to save the Humane Society the trouble of admonitory advertisements as to the danger of reckless young gentlemen skating thereon, and a total absence of sweet sauce and currant-jelly. We paused—we grieved—John Smith saw it—he inquired the cause—we felt for him, but determined, with Spartan fortitude, to speak the truth. Our native modesty and bursting heart caused our drooping eyes once more to scan the ground, and, next to the ground, the wretched Bluchers. But, joy of joys! we saw them all! ay, all!—all—from the seam in the sides to the leech-like fat cotton-ties. We counted the six lace-holes; we examined the texture of the stockings above, “curious three-thread”—we gloated over the trousers uncontaminated by straps, we hugged ourselves in the contemplation of the naked truth.

John Smith—our own John Smith—your John Smith—everybody's John Smith—again entered the arm-chair of our affections, the fire of our love stirred, like a self-acting poker, the embers of cooling good fellowship, and the strong blaze of resuscitated friendship burst forth with all its pristine warmth. John Smith wore Bluchers but he wore them like an honest man; and he was the only specimen of the *genus homo* (who sported trowsers) that was above the weakness of tugging up his suspenders and stretching his broadcloth for the contemptible purpose of giving a fictitious, Wellingtonian appearance to his eight-and-sixpennies.

ANKLE-JACKS,



to indulge in the sporting phraseology of the *Racing Calendar*, appear to be “got by Highlows out of Bluchers.” They thrive chiefly in the neighbourhoods of Houndsditch, Whitechapel, and Billingsgate. They attach themselves principally to butchers’ boys, Israelitish disposers of *vix* and *pinthils*, and itinerant misnomers of “live fish.” On their first introduction to their masters, by priggings or purchase, they represent some of the glories of “Day and Martin;” but, strange to say, though little skilled in the penman’s art, their various owners appear to be imbued with extraordinary veneration for the wholesome advice contained in the round-text copy, wherein youths are admonished to “avoid useless repetition,” hence that polish is the Alpha and Omega of their shining days. Their term of servitude varies from three to six weeks: during the first they are fastened to the topmost of their ten holes; the next fortnight, owing to the breaking of the lace, and its frequent knotting, they are shorn of half their glories, and upon the total destruction of the thong (a thing never replaced), it appears a matter of courtesy on their parts to remain on at all. On some occasions various of their wearers have transferred them as a legacy to very considerable mobs, without particularly stating for which especial individual they were intended. This kicking off their shoes “because they wouldn’t die in them,” has generally proved but a sorry method of lengthening existence.

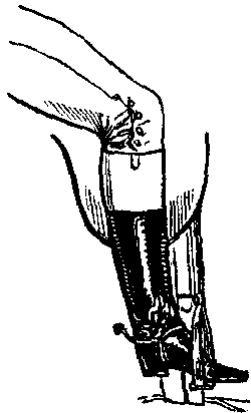
HESSIANS,

are little more than ambitious Wellingtons, curved at the top—wrinkled at the bottom (showing symptoms of superannuation even in their infancy), and betasselled in the front, offering what a *Wellington* never did—a weak point for an enemy to seize and shake at his pleasure.



There's no "speculation" in them—they are entirely superficial: like a shallow fellow, you at once see through, and know all about them. There is no mystery as to the height they reach, how far they are polished, or the description of leg they cling round. Save Count D'Oraay, we never saw a calf in a pair of them—that is, we never saw a leg with a calf. Their general tenants are speculative Jew clothesmen who have bought them "vorth the monish" (at tenth hand), seedy chamber counsel, or still more seedy collectors of rents. They are fast falling into decay; like *dogs*, they have had their "Day (and Martin's") Acts, but both are past. But woh! ho!

TOPS! TOPS!! TOPS!!!



Derby!—Epsom!—Ledger!—Spring Summer, Autumn Meetings—Miles, Half-miles—T.Y.C.—Hurdles, Heats, names, weights, colours of the riders—jockies, jackets,—Dead Heats—sweats—distances—trainings—scales—caps, and all—what would you be without Top Boots? What! and echo answers—nothing!

Ay, worse than nothing—a chancery suit without money—an Old Bailey culprit without an *alibi*—a debtor without an excuse—a new play without a titled author—a manager without impudence—a thief without a character—a lawyer without a wig—or a Guy Faux without matches!

Tops, you must be "made to measure." Wellingtons, Hessians, Bluchers, Ankle-Jacks, and Highlows, can be chosen from, fitted, and tried on; but *you* must be measured for, lasted, back-strapped, top'd, wrinkled and bottomed, according to order.

So it is with your proprietors—the little men who ride the great running horses. There’s an impenetrable mystery about those little men—they *are*, we know that, but we know not how. Bill Scott is in the secret—Chifney is well aware of it—John Day could enlighten the world—but they won’t! They know the value of being “light characters”—their fame is as “a feather,” and *downey* are they, even as the illustration of that fame. They conspire together like so many little Frankensteins. The world is treated with a very small proportion of very small jockeys; they never increase beyond a certain number, which proves they are not born in the regular way: as the old ones drop off, the young ones just fill their places, and not one to spare. Whoever heard of a “mob of jockeys,” a glut of “light-weights,” or even a handful of “feathers?”—no one!

It’s like Freemasonry—it’s an awful mystery! Bill Scott knows all about the one, and the Duke of Sussex knows all about the other, but the uninitiated know nothing of either! Jockeys are wonders—so are their boots! Crickets have as much calf, grasshoppers as much ostensible thigh; and yet these superhuman specimens of manufactured leather fit like a glove, and never pull the little gentlemen’s legs off. That’s the extraordinary part of it; they never even so much as dislocate a joint! Jockey bootmakers are wonderful men! Jockeys ain’t men at all!

Look, look, look! Oh, dear! do you see that little fellow, with his merry-thought-like looking legs, clinging round that gallant bright chesnut, thoro’bred, and sticking to his ribs as if he meant to crimp him for the dinner of some gourmand curious in horse-flesh! There he is, screwing his sharp knees into the saddle, sitting well up from his loins, stretching his neck, curving his back, stiffening the wire-like muscles of his small arms, and holding in the noble brute he strides, as a safety-valve controls the foaming steam; only loosing him at his very pleasure.

Look, look! there’s the grey filly, with the other made-to-measure feather on her back; do you notice how she has crawled up to the chesnut? Mark, mark! his arms appear to be

India-rubber! Mercy on us, how they stretch! and the bridle, which looked just now like a solid bar of wrought iron, begins to curve! See how gently he leans over the filly's neck; while the chesnut's rider turns his eyes, like a boiled lobster, almost to the back of his head! Oh, he's awake! he still keeps the lead: but the grey filly is nothing but a good 'un. Now, the Top-boots riding her have become excited, and commence tickling her sides with their flashing silver spurs, putting an extra foot into every bound. She gains upon the chesnut! This is something like a race! The distance-post is reached! The Top-boots on the grey are at work again. Bravo! the tip of the white nose is beyond the level of the opposing boots! Ten strides, and no change! "She must win!" "No, she can't!" "Grey for ever!" "Chesnut for a hundred!" "Done! done!"—Magnificent!—neck and neck!—splendid!—any body's race! Bravo grey!—bravo chesnut!—bravo both! Ten yards will settle it. The chesnut rider throws up his arms—a slight dash of blood soils the "Day and Martin"—an earth-disdaining bound lands chesnut a winner of three thousand guineas! and all the world are in raptures with the judgment displayed in the last kick of the little man's TOP BOOTS.

FUSBOS.

HINTS ON MELO-DRAMATIC MUSIC.

It has often struck us forcibly that the science of melo-dramatic music has been hitherto very imperfectly understood amongst us. The art of making "the sound an echo of the sense"—of expressing, by orchestral effects, the business of the drama, and of forming a chromatic commentary to the emotions of the soul and the motions of the body, has been shamefully neglected on the English stage. Ignorant composers and ignoble fiddlers have attempted to develop the dark mysteries and intricate horrors of the melo-drama; but unable to cope with the grandeur of their subject, they have been betrayed into the grossest absurdities. What, for instance, could be more preposterous than to assign the same music for "storming a fort," and "stabbing a virtuous father!" Equally

ridiculous would it be to express “the breaking of the sun through a fog,” and “a breach of promise of marriage;” or the “rising of a ghost,” and the “entrance of a lady’s maid,” in the same keys.

The adaptation of the different instruments in the orchestra to the circumstance of the drama, is also a matter of extreme importance. How often has the effect of a highly-interesting suicide been destroyed by an injudicious use of the trombone; and a scene of domestic distress been rendered ludicrous by the intervention of the double-drum!

If our musical composers would attend more closely than they have been in the habit of doing, to the minutiae of the scene which is intrusted to them to illustrate, and study the delicate lights and shades of human nature, as we behold it nightly on the Surrey stage, we might confidently hope, at no very distant period, to see melo-drama take the lofty position it deserves in the histrionic literature of this country. We feel that there is a wide field here laid open for the exercise of British talent, and have therefore, made a few desultory mems. on the subject, which we subjoin; intended as modest hints for the guidance of composers of melodramatic music. The situations we have selected from the most popular Melos. of the day; the music to be employed in each instance, we have endeavoured to describe in such a manner as to render it intelligible to all our readers.

Music for the entrance of a brigand in the dark, should be slow and mysterious, with an effective double *bass* in it.

Ditto, for taking wine—an allegro, movement, with *da capo* for the second glass.

Ditto, for taking porter, beer, or any other inferior swipes—a similar movement, but not *con spirito*.

Ditto, for the entrance of an attorney—a *coda* in one sharp, 6-8 time. If accompanied by a client, an accidental *flat* may be introduced.

Ditto, for discovering a lost babby—a simply *affettuoso* strain, in a *minor* key.

Ditto, for recognising a disguised count—a flourish of trumpets, and three bars rest, to allow time for the countess to faint in his arms.

Ditto, for concealing a lover in a closet, and the sudden appearance of the father, guardian, or husband, as the case may be—a *prestissimo* movement, with an agitated *cadenza*.

Ditto, for taking an oath or affidavit—slow, solemn music, with a marked emphasis when the deponent kisses the book.

Ditto, for a lover's vow—a tender, broken *adagio*.

Ditto, for kicking a low comedy man—a brisk rapid *stoccato* passage, with a running accompaniment on the kettle-drums.

The examples we have given above will sufficiently explain our views; but there are a vast number of dramatic situations that we have not noticed, which might be expressed by harmonious sounds, such as music for the appearance of a dun or a devil—music for paying a tailor—music for serving a writ—music for an affectionate embrace—music for ditto, very warm—music for fainting—music for coming-to—music for the death of a villain, with a confession of bigamy; and many others “too numerous to mention;” but we trust from what we have said, that the subject will not be lost sight of by those interested in the elevation of our national drama.

THE RISING SUN.

The residence of Sir Robert Peel has been so besieged of late by place-hunters, that it has been aptly termed the *New Post Office*.

THE PUNCH CORRESPONDENCE.

In presenting the following epistle to my readers, it may be necessary to apprise them, that it is the genuine production of my eldest daughter, Julia, who has lately obtained the situation of lady's-maid in the house of Mr. Samuel Briggs, an independent wax and tallow-chandler, of Fenchurch-street, City, but who keeps his family away from business, in fashionable style, in Russell-square, Bloomsbury. The example of many of our most successful literary *chiffonniers*, who have not thought it disgraceful to publish scraps of private history and unedited scandal, picked up by them in the houses to which they happened to be admitted, will, it is presumed, sufficiently justify my daughter in communicating, for the amusement of an enlightened public, and the benefit of an affectionate parent, a few circumstances connected with Briggs' family, with such observations and reflections of her own as would naturally suggest themselves to a refined and intelligent mind. Should this first essay of a timid girl in the thorny path of literature be favourably received by my friends and patrons, it will stimulate her to fresh exertions; and, I fondly hope, may be the means of placing her name in the same rank by those of Lady Morgan, Madame Tussaud, Mrs. Glasse, the Invisible Lady, and other national ornaments of the feminine species.—[PUNCH.]

Russl Squear, July 14.

Dear PA,—I nose yew will be anxious to ear how I get on sins I left the wing of the best of feathers. I am appy to say I am hear in a very respeckble fammaly, ware they keeps too tawl footmen to my hand; one of them is cawld John, and the other Pea-taw,—the latter is as vane as a P-cock of his leggs, wich is really beutyful, and puffickly streight—though the howskeeper ses he has bad angles; but some pipple loox at things with only 1 i, and sea butt there defex. Mr. Wheazey is the ass-matick butler and cotchman, who has lately lost his heir, and can't get no moar, wich is very diffycult after a serring age, even with the help of Rowland's Madagascar isle. Mrs. Tuffney, the howsekeeper, is a prowde and oystere sort of person. I rather suspex that she's jellows of me and Pea-taw, who as bean throwink ship's i's at me. She thinks to look down on me, but she can't, for I hold myself up; and though we brekfists and t's at the same *board*, I treat with a *deal* of *hot-tar*, and shoes her how much I dispeyses her supper-silly-ous

conduck. Besides these indyvidules, there's another dome-
stick, wich I wish to menshun particlar—wich is the paige
Theodore, that, as the poat says, as bean

“—contrived a double debt to pay,
A paige at night—a tigger all the day.”

In the mornink he's a tigger, drest in a tite froc-cote, top-boots,
buxkin smawl-closes, and stuck up behind Master
Ahghustusses cab. In the heaving he gives up the tigger, and
comes out as the paige, in a fansy jackit, with too rose of guilt
buttings, wich makes him the perfeck immidge of Mr.
Widdycomb, that ice sea in the serkul at Hashley's
Amphitheatre. The paige's business is to *weight* on the ladies,
wich is naterally *light* work; and being such a small chap, you
may suppose they can never make enuff of him. These are all
the upper servants, of coarse, I shan't lower myself by
notusing the infearyour crechurs; such as the owsmade, coke,
edcett rar, but shall purceed drackly to the other potion of the
fammaly, beginning with the old guv'nor (as Pee-taw cawls
him), who as no idear of i life, and, like one of his own taller
lites, has only *dipped* into good sosiety. Next comes Missus:—
in fact, I ot to have put her fust, for the grey mayor is the best
boss in our staybill, (Exkews the vulgarism.) After Missus, I
give persedince to Mr. Ahghustuss, who, bean the only sun in
the house, is natrally looked up to by everybody in it. He as
bean brot up a perfick genelman, at Oxfut, and is consekently
fond of spending his knights in *le trou de charbon*, and
afterwards of skewering the streets—twisting double knockers,
pulling singlebelles, and indulging in other fashionable
divertions, to wich the low-minded polease, and the settin
madgistrets have strong objexions. His Pa allows him only
sicks hundred a-year, wich isn't above 1/2 enuff to keep a
cabb, a cupple of hosses, and other thinks, which it's not
necessary to elude to here. Isn't it ogious to curb so fine a
spirit? I wish you see him, Pa; such i's, and such a pear of
beutyful black musquitoes on his lip—enuff to turn the hidds
of all the wimming he meats. The other membranes of this
fammaly are the 3 dorters—Miss Sofiar, Miss Selinar, and
Miss Jorgina, wich are all young ladyes, full groan, and goes

in public characters to the Kaledonian bawls, and is likewise anxious to get off hands as soon as a feverable opportunity hoffers. It's beleaved the old gov'nor can give them ten thowsand lbs. a-peace, wich of coarse will have great weight with a husband. There's some Qrious stoaries going—Law! there's Missuses bell. I must run up-stairs, so must conclawd obroply, but hope to resoom my pen necks weak.

Believe me, my dear Pa,
Your affecksht
JULIA PUNCH.

CHARACTERISTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

The following notes actually passed between two (*now*) celebrated comedians:—

Dear J——, Send me a shilling.
Yours, B——,
P.S.—On second thoughts, make it *two*.

To which his friend replied—

Dear B——, I have but one shilling in the world.
Yours, J——,
P.S.—On second thoughts, I want that for dinner.

A young artist in Picayune takes such perfect likenesses, that a lady married the portrait of her lover instead of the original.

PUNCH AND PEEL.

Arcades ambo.

READER.—God bless us, Mr. PUNCH! who is that tall, fair-haired, somewhat parrot-faced gentleman, smiling like a schoolboy over a mess of treacle, and now kissing the tips of his five fingers as gingerly as if he were doomed to kiss a nettle?

PUNCH.—That, Mr. Reader, is the great cotton-plant, Sir Robert Peel; and at this moment he has, in his own conceit, seized upon “the white wonder” of Victoria’s hand, and is kissing it with Saint James’s devotion.

READER.—What for, Mr. PUNCH?

PUNCH.—What for! At court, Mr. Reader, you always kiss when you obtain an honour. ‘Tis a very old fashion, sir—old as the court of King David. Well do I recollect what a smack Uriah gave to his majesty when he was appointed to the post which made Bathsheba a widow. Poor Uriah! as we say of the stag, that was when his horns were in the velvet.

READER.—*You* recollect it, Mr. PUNCH!—*you* at the court of King David!

PUNCH.—I, Mr. Reader, I!—and at every court, from the court of Cain in Mesopotamia to the court of Victoria in this present, flinty-hearted London; only the truth is, as I have travelled I have changed my name. Bless you, half the *Proverbs* given to Solomon are mine. What I have lost by keeping company with kings, not even Joseph Hume can calculate.

READER.—And are you really in court confidence at this moment?

PUNCH.—Am I? What! Hav'n't you heard of the elections? Have you not heard the shouts *Io Punch*? Doesn't my nose glow like coral—ar'n't my chops radiant as a rainbow—hath not my hunch gone up at least two inches—am I not, from crown to toe-nails, brightened, sublimated? Like Alexander—he was a particular friend of mine, that same Alexander, and therefore stole many of my best sayings—I only know that I am mortal by two sensations—a yearning for loaves and fishes, and a love for Judy.

READER.—And you really take office under Peel?

PUNCH.—Ha! ha! ha! A good joke! Peel takes office under *me*. Ha! ha! I'm only thinking what sport I shall have with the bedchamber women. But out they must go. The constitution gives a minister the selection of his own petticoats; and therefore there sha'n't be a yard of Welsh flannel about her Majesty that isn't of my choice.

READER.—Do you really think that the royal bedchamber is in fact a third house of Parliament—that the affairs of the state are always to be put in the feminine gender?

PUNCH.—Most certainly: the ropes of the state rudder are nothing more than cap-ribbons; if the minister hav'n't hold of them, what can he do with the ship? As for the debates in parliament, they have no more to do with the real affairs of the country than the gossip of the apple-women in Palace-yard. They're made, like the macaroni in Naples, for the poor to swallow; and so that they gulp down length, they think, poor fellows, they get strength. But for the real affairs of the country! Who shall tell what correspondence can be conveyed in a warming-pan, what intelligence—for

“There may be wisdom in a papillote”—

may be wrapt up in the curl-papers of the Crown? What subtle, sinister advice may, by a crafty disposition of royal pins, be given on the royal pincushion? What minister shall answer for the sound repose of Royalty, if he be not permitted to make Royalty's bed? How shall he answer for the comely

appearance of Royalty, if he do not, by his own delegated hands, lace Royalty's stays? I shudder to think of it; but, without the key of the bedchamber, could my friend Peel be made responsible for the health of the Princess? Instead of the very best and most scrupulously-aired diaper, might not—by negligence or design, it matters not which—the Princess Royal be rolled in an Act of Parliament, wet from Hansard's press?

READER.—Dreadful, soul perturbing suggestion! Go on, Mr. PUNCH.

PUNCH.—Not but what I think it—if their constitution will stand damp paper—an admirable way of rearing young princesses. Queen Elizabeth—my wife Judy was her wet nurse—was reared after that fashion.

READER.—David Hume says nothing of it.

PUNCH.—David Hume was one of the wonders of the earth—he was a lazy Scotchman; but had he searched the State Paper Office, he would have found the documents there—yes, the very Acts of Parliament—the very printed rollers. To those rollers Queen Elizabeth owed her knowledge of the English Constitution.

READER.—Explain—I can't see how.

PUNCH.—Then you are very dull. Is not Parliament the assembled wisdom of the country?

READER.—By a fiction, Mr. PUNCH.

PUNCH—Very well, Mr. Reader; what's all the world but a fiction? I say, the assembled wisdom; an Act of Parliament is the sifted wisdom of the wise—the essence of an essence. Very well; know you not the mystic, the medicinal effects of printer's ink? The devil himself isn't proof to a blister of printer's ink. Well, you take an Act of Parliament—and what is it but the finest plaster of the finest brains—wet, reeking wet from the press. Eschewing diaper, you roll the Act round the royal infant; you roll it up and pin it in the conglomerated

wisdom of the nation. Now, consider the tenderness of a baby's cuticle; the pores are open, and a rapid and continual absorption takes place, so that long before the Royal infant cuts its first tooth, it has taken up into its system the whole body of the Statutes.

READER.—Might not some patriots object to the application of the wisdom of the country to so domestic a purpose?

PUNCH.—Such patriots are more squeamish than wise. Sir, how many grown up kings have we had, who have shown no more respect for the laws of the country, than if they had been swaddled in 'em?

READER.—Do you think your friend Sir Robert is for statute rollers?

PUNCH.—I can answer for Sir Robert on every point. His first attack before he kisses hands—and he has, as you perceive, been practising this half-hour—will be upon the women of the bedchamber. The war with China—the price of sugar—the corn-laws—the fourteen new Bishops about to be hatched—timber—cotton—a property tax, and the penny post—all these matters and persons are of secondary importance to this greater question—whether the female who hands the Queen her gown shall think Lord Melbourne a “very pretty fellow in his day;” or whether she shall believe my friend Sir Robert to be as great a conjuror as Roger Bacon or the Wizard of the North—if the lady can look upon O'Connell and not call for burnt feathers or scream for *sal volatile*; or if she really thinks the Pope to be a woman with a naughty name, clothed in most exceptionable scarlet. It is whether Lady Mary thinks black, or Lady Clementina thinks white; whether her father who begot her voted with the Marquis of Londonderry or Earl Grey—*that* is the grand question to be solved, before my friend Sir Robert can condescend to be the saviour of his country. To have the privilege of making a batch of peers, or a handful of bishops is nothing, positively nothing—no, the crowning work is to manufacture a lady's maid. What's a mitre to a mob-cap—what the garters of a peer to the garters of the Lady Adeliza?

READER.—You are getting warm, Mr. PUNCH—very warm.

PUNCH.—I always do get warm when I talk of the delicious sex: for though now and then I thrash my wife before company, who shall imagine how cosy we are when we're alone? Do you not remember that great axiom of Sir Robert's—an axiom that should make Machiavelli howl with envy—that "*the battle of the Constitution is to fought in the bedchamber.*"

READER.—I remember it.

PUNCH.—That was a great sentence. Had Sir Robert known his true fame, he would never after have opened his mouth.

READER.—Has the Queen sent for Sir Robert yet?

PUNCH.—No: though I know he has staid at home these ten days, and answers every knock at the door himself, in expectation of a message.

READER.—They say the Queen doesn't like Sir Robert.

PUNCH.—I'm also told that her Majesty has a great antipathy to physic—yet when the Constitution requires medicine, why —

READER.—Sir Robert must be swallowed.

PUNCH.—Exactly so. We shall have warm work of it, no doubt—but I fear nothing, when we have once got rid of the women. And then, we have a few such nice wenches of our own to place about her Majesty; the Queen shall take Conservatism as she might take measles—without knowing it.

READER.—And when, Mr. PUNCH—when you have got rid of the women, what do you and Sir Robert purpose then?

PUNCH.—I beg your pardon: we shall meet again next week: it's now two o'clock. I have an appointment with half-a-dozen

of my godsons; I have promised them all places in the new government, and they're come to take their choice.

READER.—Do tell me this: Who has Peel selected for Commander of the Forces?

PUNCH.—Who? Colonel Sibthorp.

READER.—And who for Chancellor of the Exchequer?

PUNCH.—Mr. Henry Moreton Dyer!

PUNCH'S PENCILLINGS.—No. II.



HERCULES TEARING THESEUS FROM THE ROCK TO WHICH HE
HAD GROWN.
(MODERNIZED.)

APOLLODORUS relates that THESEUS sat so long on a rock, that at length he grew to it, so that when HERCULES tore him forcibly away, he left all the nether part of the man behind him.

THE ELECTION OF BALLINAFAD.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

We have been at considerable expense in procuring the subjoined account of the election which has just terminated in the borough of Ballinafad, in Ireland. Our readers may rest assured that our report is perfectly exclusive, being taken, as the artists say, “on the spot,” by a special bullet-proof reporter whom we engaged, at an enormous expense, for this double hazardous service.

BALLINAFAD, 20th JULY.

Tuesday Morning, Eight o'clock.—The contest has begun! The struggle for the independence of Ballinafad has commenced! Griggles, the opposition candidate, is in the field, backed by a vile faction. The rank, wealth, and independence of Ballinafad are all ranged under the banner of Figsby and freedom. A party of Griggles’ voters have just marched into the town, preceded by a piper and a blind fiddler, playing the most obnoxious tunes. A barrel of beer has been broached at Griggles’ committee-rooms. We are all in a state of the greatest excitement.

Half-past Eight.—Mr. Figsby is this moment proceeding from his hotel to the hustings, surrounded by his friends and a large body of the independent teetotal electors. A wheelbarrow full of rotten eggs has been sent up to the hustings, to be used, as occasion requires, by the Figsby voters, who are bent upon



“GOING THE WHOLE HOG.”

A serious riot has occurred at the town pump, where two of the independent teetotalers have been ducked by the opposite party. Stones are beginning to fly in all directions. A general row is expected.

Nine o'clock.—Polling has commenced. Tom Daly, of Galway, the fighting friend of Mr. Figsby, has just arrived, with three brace of duelling pistols, and a carpet-bag full of powder and ball. This looks like business. I have heard that six of Mr. Figsby's voters have been locked up in a barn by Griggles' people. The poll is proceeding vigorously.

Ten o'clock.—State of the poll to this time:—

Figsby	19
Griggles	22

The most barefaced bribery is being employed by Griggles. A lady, known to be in his interest, was seen buying half-a-pound of tea, in the shop of Mr. Fad, the grocer, for which she paid with a whole sovereign, *and took no change.* *Two legs of mutton* have also been sent up to Griggles' house, by Reilly, the butcher. Heaven knows what will be the result. The voting is become serious—four men with fractured skulls have, within these ten minutes, been carried into the apothecary's over the way. A couple of policemen have been thrown over the bridge; but we are in too great a state of agitation to mind trifles.

Half-past Twelve o'clock.—State of the poll to this time:—

Figsby	27
Griggles	36

You can have no idea of the frightful state of the town. The faction are employing all sorts of bribery and intimidation. The wife of a liberal greengrocer has just been seen with the Griggles ribbons in her cap. Five pounds have been offered for a sucking-pig. Figsby must come in, notwithstanding two cart-loads of the temperance voters are now riding up to the poll, most of them being too drunk to walk. Three duels have been this morning reported. Results not known. The coroner has been holding inquests in the market-house all the morning.

Three o'clock.—State of the poll to this time:—

Figsby	45
Griggles	39

The rascally corrupt assessor has decided that the temperance electors who came up to vote for the Liberal candidate, being too drunk to speak, were disentitled to vote. Some dead men had been polled by Griggles.

The verdict of the coroner's inquest on those who unfortunately lost their lives this morning, has been, "Found dead." Everybody admires the sagacious conclusion at which the jury have arrived. It is reported that Figsby has resigned! I am able to contradict the gross falsehood. Mr. F. is now addressing the electors from his committee-room window, and has this instant received a plumper—in the eye—in the shape of a rotten potato. I have ascertained that the casualties amount to no more than six men, two pigs, and two policemen, killed; thirteen men, women, and children, wounded.

Four o'clock.—State of the poll up to this time:—

Figsby	29
Griggles	41

The poll-clerks on both sides are drunk, the assessor has closed the booths, and I am grieved to inform you that Griggles has just been duly elected.

Half past Four o'clock.—Figsby has given Griggles the lie on the open hustings. Will Griggles fight?

Five o'clock.—His wife insists he shall; so, of course, he must. I hear that a message has just been delivered to Figsby. Tom Daly and his carpet-bag passed under my window a few minutes ago.

Half-past Five o'clock.—Two post-chaises have just dashed by at full speed—I got a glimpse of Tom Daly smoking a cigar in one of them.

Six o'clock.—I open my letter to tell you that Figsby is the favourite; 3 to 1 has been offered at the club, that he wings his man; and 3 to 2 that he drills him. The public anxiety is intense.

Half-past Six.—I again open my letter to say, that I have nothing further to add, except that the betting continues in favour of the popular candidate.

Seven o'clock.—Huzza!—Griggles is shot! The glorious principles of constitutional freedom have been triumphant! The town is in an uproar of delight! We are making preparations to illuminate. BALLINAFAD IS SAVED! FIGSBY FOR EVER!

EPIGRAM.

Lord Johnny from Stroud thought it best to retreat.
Being certain of getting the sack,
So he ran to the City, and begged for a seat,
Crying, “Please to *re-member Poor Jack!*”

CONUNDRUMS BY COL. SIBTHORP.

Why is a tall nobleman like a poker?—Because he's a *high'un* belonging to the *great*.

Why is a defunct mother like a dog?—Because she's a *ma-stiff*.

When is a horse like a herring?—When he's *hard rode*.

EPIGRAM ON SEEING AN EXECUTION.

One morn, two friends before the Newgate drop,
To see a culprit throttled, chanced to stop:
“Alas!” cried one as round in air he spun,
“That miserable wretch's *race is run*.”
“True,” said the other drily, “to his cost,
The race is run—but, by a *neck 'tis lost*.”

FASHIONABLE ARRIVALS.

Lord John Russell has arrived at a conviction—that the Whigs are not so popular as they were.

Sir Peter Laurie has arrived at the conclusion—that Solon was a greater man than himself.

THE POET FOILED.

To win the maid the poet tries,
And sonnets writes to Julia's eyes;—
She likes a *verse*—but cruel whim,
She still appears *a-verse* to him.

A most cruel hoax has recently been played off upon that deserving class the housemaids of London, by the insertion of

an advertisement in the morning papers, announcing that a servant in the above capacity was wanted by Lord Melbourne. Had it been for a *cook*, the absurdity would have been too palpable, as Melbourne has frequently expressed his opposition to sinecures.

ECCLESIASTICAL TRANSPORTATION.

Now B—y P—l has beat the Whigs,
The Church can't understand
Why Bot'ny Bay should be all sea,
And have no *see* on land.

For such a lamentable want
Our good Archbishop grieves;
'Tis very strange the Tories should
Remind him *of the thieves!*

EPIGRAM.

An American paper tells us of a woman named Dobbs, who was killed in a preaching-house at Nashville, by the fall of a chandelier on her head. Brett's Patent Brandy poet, who would as soon make a witticism on a cracked crown as a cracked bottle, has sent us the following:—

“The *light of life* comes from above,”
Old Dingdrum snuffling said;
“The *light* came down on Peggy Dobbs,
And Peggy Dobbs was *dead.*”

A man in Kentucky was so absent, that he put himself on the toasting-fork, and did not discover his mistake until he was *done brown.*

CONSISTENCY.

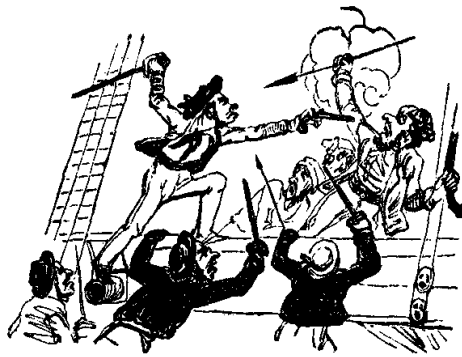
No wonder Tory landlords flout
“Fix’d Duty,” for ’tis plain,
With them the Anti-Corn-Law Bill
Must go *against the grain*.

The anticipated eruption of Mount Vesuvius is said to have been prevented by throwing a box of Holloway’s Ointment into the crater.

THE SAILOR'S SECRET.

In the year—let me see—but no matter about the date—my father and mother died of a typhus fever, leaving me to the care of an only relative, and uncle, by my father's side. His name was Box, as my name is Box. I was a babby in long clothes at that time, not even so much as christened; so uncle, taking the hint, I suppose, from the lid of his sea-chest, had me called Bellophron Box. Bellophron being the name of the ship of which he was sailing-master.

I sha'n't say anything about my education; though I was brought up in



A FIRST RATE BOARDING-SCHOOL.

It's not much to boast of; but as soon as I could bear the weight of a cockade and a dirk, uncle got me a berth as midshipman on board his own ship. So there I was, *Mr.* Bellophron Box. I didn't like the sea or the service, being continually disgusted at the partiality shown towards me, for in less than a month I was put over the heads of all my superior officers. You may stare—but it's true; for *I was mast-headed* for a week at a stretch. When we put into port, Captain —— called me into his cabin, and politely informed me that if I chose to go on shore, and should find it inconvenient to return, no impertinent inquiries should be made after me. I availed myself of the hint, and exactly one year and two months after

setting foot on board the *Bellophron*, I was *Master* Bellophron Box again.

Well, now for my story. There was one Tom Johnson on board, a *fok'sell* man, as they called him, who was very kind to me; he tried to teach me to turn a quid, and generously helped me to drink my grog. As I was unmercifully quizzed in the cockpit, I grew more partial to the society of Tom than to that of my brother middies. Tom always addressed me, 'Sir,' and they named me Puddinghead; till at last we might be called friends. During many a night-watch, when I have sneaked away for a snooze among the hen-coops, has Tom saved me from detection, and the consequent pleasant occupation of carrying about a bucket of water on the end of a capstan bar.

I had been on board about a month—perhaps two—when the order came down from the Admiralty, for the men to cut off their tails. Lord, what a scene was there! I wonder it didn't cause a mutiny! I think it would have done so, but half the crew were laid up with colds in their heads, from the suddenness of the change, though an extra allowance of rum was served out to rub them with to prevent such consequences; but the purser not giving any definite directions, whether the application was to be external or internal, the liquor, I regret to say, for the honour of the British navy, was applied much lower down. For some weeks the men seemed half-crazed, and were almost as unmanageable as ships that had lost their rudders. Well, so they had! It was a melancholy sight to see piles of beautiful tails with little labels tied to them, like the instructions on a physic-bottle; each directed to some favoured relative or sweetheart of the *curtailed* seamen. What a strange appearance must Portsmouth, and Falmouth, and Plymouth, and all the other mouths that are filled with sea-stores, have presented, when the precious remembrances were distributed! I wish some artist would consider it; for I think it's a shame that there should be no record of such an interesting circumstance.

One night, shortly after this visitation, it blew great guns. Large black clouds, like chimney-sweepers' feather-beds,

scudded over our heads, and the rain came pouring down like—like winking. Tom had been promoted, and was sent up aloft to reef a sail, when one of the horses giving way, down came Tom Johnson, and snap went a leg and an arm. I was ordered to see him carried below, an office which I readily performed, for I liked the man—and they don't allow umbrellas in the navy.

“What's the matter?” said the surgeon.

“Nothing particular, sir; on'y Tom's broke his legs and his arms by a fall from the yard,” replied a seaman.

Tom groaned, as though he *did* consider it something *very* particular.

He was soon stripped and the shattered bones set, which was no easy matter, the ship pitching and tossing about as she did. I sat down beside his berth, holding on as well as I could. The wind howled through the rigging, making the vessel seem like an infernal Eolian harp; the thunder rumbled like an indisposed giant, and to make things more agreeable, a gun broke from its lashings, and had it all its own way for about a quarter of an hour. Tom groaned most pitiably. I looked at him, and if I were to live for a thousand years, I shall never forget the expression of his face. His lips were blue, and—no matter, I'm not clever at portrait painting: but imagine an old-fashioned Saracen's Head—not the fine handsome fellow they have stuck on Snow Hill, but one of the griffins of 1809—and you have Tom's phiz, only it wants touching with all the colours of a painter's palette. I was quite frightened, and could only stammer out, “Why T-o-o-m!”

“It's all up, sir,” says he; “I must go; I feel it.”

“Don't be foolish,” I replied; “Don't die till I call the surgeon.” It was a stupid speech, I acknowledge, but I could not help it at the time.

“No, no; don't call the surgeon, Mr. Box; he's done all he can, sir. But it's here—it's here!” and then he made an effort to

thump his heart, or the back of his head, I couldn't make out which.

I trembled like a jelly. I had once seen a melodrama, and I recollected that the villain of the piece had used the same action, the same words.

"Mr. Box," groaned Tom, "I've a-a-secret as makes me very uneasy, sir,"

"Indeed, Tom," I replied; "hadn't you better confess the murder—" murder, I was a going to say, but I thought it might not be polite, considering Tom's situation.

The ruffian, for such he looked then, tried to raise himself, but another lurch of the Bellophron sent him on his back, and myself on my beam-ends. As soon as I recovered my former position, Tom continued—

"Mr. Box, dare I trust you, sir? if I could do so, I'm sartin as how I should soon be easier."

"Of course," said I, "of course; out with it, and I promise never to betray your confidence."

"Then come, come here," gasped the suffering wretch; "give us your hand, sir."

I instinctively shrunk back with horror!

"Don't be long, Mr. Box, for every minute makes it worse," and then his Saracen's Head changed to a feminine expression, and resembled the *Belle Sauvage*.

I couldn't resist the appeal; so placing my hand in his, Tom put it over his shoulder, and, with a ghastly smile, said, "Pull it out, sir!"

"Pull what out?"

"My secret, Mr. Box; it's hurting on me!"

I thought that he had grown delirious; so, in order to soothe him as much as possible, I forced my hand under his shirt-collar, and what do you think I found? Why, a PIGTAIL—his pigtail, which he had contrived to conceal between his shirt and his skin, when the barbarous order of the Admiralty had been put into execution.



A NAUTICAL TALE.

SONGS FOR THE SENTIMENTAL.

No. II.

You say you would find
 But one, and one only,
Who'd feel without you
 That the revel was lonely:
That when you were near,
 Time ever was fleetest,
And deem your loved voice
 Of all music the sweetest.
Who would own her heart thine,
 Though a monarch beset it,
And love on unchanged—
 Don't you wish you may get it?

You say you would rove
 Where the bud cannot wither;
Where Araby's perfumes

Each breeze wafteth thither.
Where the lute hath no string
That can waken a sorrow;
Where the soft twilight blends
With the dawn of the morrow;
Where joy kindles joy,
Ere you learn to forget it,
And care never comes—
Don't you wish you may get it?

“SYLLABLES WHICH BREATHE OF THE SWEET SOUTH.”

JOEY HUME is about to depart for Switzerland: for, finding his flummery of no avail at Leeds, we presume he intends to go to *Schaff-hausen*, to try the *Cant-on*.

MARRIAGE AND CHRISTENING EXTRAORDINARY.

We beg to congratulate Lord John Russell on his approaching union with Lady Fanny Elliot. His lordship is such a persevering votary of Hymen, that we think he should be named “*Union-Jack*.”

OMINOUS.

LORD PALMERSTON, on his road to Windsor, narrowly escaped being upset by a gentleman in a gig. We have been privately informed that the party with whom he came in collision was—Sir Robert Peel.

CROSS READINGS.

(REC.)

If you ever should be
In a state of *ennui*,
Just listen to me,
And without any fee
I'll give you a hint how to set yourself free.
Though dearth of intelligence weaken the news,
And you feel an incipient attack of the blues,
For amusement you never need be at a loss,
If you take up the paper and *read it* across.

(INTER ARIA DEMI LOQUI.)

Here's the *Times*, apropos,
And so,
With your patience, I'll show
What I mean, by perusing a passage or two.

(ARIA.)

"Hem! Mr. George Robins is anxious to tell,
In very plain prose, he's instructed to sell"—
"A vote for the county"—"packed neatly in straw"—
"Set by Holloway's Ointment"—"a limb of the law."
"The army has had secret orders to seize"—
"As soon as they can"—"the industrious fleas."
For amusement you never need be at a loss,
If you take a newspaper and read it across.

"The opera opens with"—"elegant coats"—
"For silver and gold we exchange foreign notes"—
"Specific to soften mortality's ills"—
"And cure Yorkshire bacon"—"take Morison's pills."
"Curious coincidence"—"steam to Gravesend."
"Tale of deep interest"—"money to lend"—
"Louisa is waiting for William to send."
For amusement you never need be at a loss,
If you take a newspaper and read it across.

“For relief of the Poles”—“an astounding feat!”—
“A respectable man”—“for a water will eat”—
“The Macadamised portion of Parliament-street.”
“Mysterious occurrence!”—“expected *incog.*”
“To be viewed by cards only”—“a terrible fog.”
“At eight in the morning the steam carriage starts”—
“Takes passengers now”—“to be finished in parts.”
For amusement you never need be at a loss,
If you take a newspaper and read it across.

“Left in a cab, and”—“the number not known”
“A famous prize ox, weighing 200 stone”—
“He speaks with a lisp”—“has a delicate shape”—
“And had *on*, when he quitted, a Macintosh cape.”
“For China direct, a fine”—“dealer in slops.”
“To the curious in shaving”—“new way to dress chops.”
“Repeal of the corn”—“was roasted for lunch”—
“Teetotal beverage “—“Triumph of PUNCH!”
For amusement you never need be at a loss,
If you take a newspaper and read it across.

A CON. BY DUNCOMBE.

“Why are four thousand eight hundred and forty yards of land obtained on credit like a drinking song?”—“Because it’s *an-acre-on-tic.*”—“I think I had you there!”

A WOOD CUT.

A correspondent of one of the morning papers exultingly observes, that the *wood-blocks* which are about being removed from Whitehall are in *excellent condition*. If this is an allusion to the present ministry, we should say, emphatically, NOT.

REVENGE IS SWEET.

The Tories in Beverley have been wreaking their vengeance on their opponents at the late election, by ordering their tradesmen who voted against the Conservative candidate to *send in their bills*. Mr. Duncombe declares that this is a mode of revenge he never would condescend to adopt.

If Farren, cleverest of men,
Should go to the right about,
What part of town will he be then?—
Why, *Farren-done-without!*

“WHAT HO! APOTHECARY.”

Cox, a pill-doctor at Leeds, it is reported, modestly requested a check for £10, for the honour of his vote. Had his demand been complied with, we presume the bribe would have been endorsed, “This draught to be taken at poll time.”

QUESTION BY THE DISOWNED OF NOTTINGHAM.

Why do men who are about to fight a duel generally choose a *field* for the place of action?

ANSWER BY COLONEL SIBTHORP.

I really cannot tell; unless it be for the purpose of allowing the balls to *graze*.

REVIEW.

Two Prize Essays. By LORD MELBOURNE and SIR ROBERT PEEL. 8 vols. folio. London: Messrs. SOFTSKIN and TINGLE, Downing-street.

We congratulate the refined and sensitive publishers on the production of these elaborately-written gilt-edged folios, and trust that no remarks will issue from the press calculated to affect the digestion of any of the parties concerned. The sale of the volumes will, no doubt, be commensurate with the public spirit, the wisdom, and the benevolence which has uniformly characterised the career of their illustrated authors. Two more *statesmanlike* volumes never issued from the press; in fact, the books may be regarded as typical of *all* statesmen. The subject, or rather the line of argument, is thus designated by the respective writers:—

ESSAY I.—“On the Fine Art of Government, or how to do the least possible good to the country in the longest possible time, and enjoy, meanwhile, the most ease and luxury.” By LORD MELBOURNE.

ESSAY II.—“On the Science of Governing, or how to do the utmost possible good for ourselves in the shortest possible time, under the name of our altars, and our throne, and everybody that is good and wise.” By SIR ROBERT PEEL.

We are quite unable to enter into a review of these very costly productions, an estimate of the *value* of which the public will be sure to receive from “authority,” and be required to meet the amount, not only with cheerful loyalty, but a more weighty and less noisy *acknowledgment*.

As to the Prize, it has been adjudged by PUNCH to be divided equally between the two illustrious essayists; to the one, in virtue of his incorrigible laziness, and to the other, in honour of his audacious rapacity.

TO THE LAUGHTER-LOVING PUBLIC.

PUNCH begs to inform the inhabitants of Great Britain, Ireland, and the Isle of Dogs, that he has just opened on an entirely new line, an Universal Comic Railroad, and Cosmopolitan Pleasure Van for the transmission of *bon mots*,

puns, witticisms, humorous passengers, and queer figures, to every part of the world. The engines have been constructed on the most laughable principles, and being on the high-pressure principle, the manager has provided a vast number of patent anti-explosive fun-belts, to secure his passengers against the danger of suddenly bursting.

The train starts every Saturday morning, under the guidance of an experienced punster. The departure of the train is always attended with immense laughter, and a tremendous rush to the booking-office. PUNCH, therefore, requests those who purpose taking places to apply early, as there will be no



RESERVED SEATS!

N.B.—Light jokes booked, and forwarded free of expense. Heavy articles not admitted at any price.

∴ Wanted an epigrammatic porter, who can carry on a smart dialogue, and occasionally deliver light jokes.

CHANT.

TO OLD FATHER TIME.

Time—old Time—whither away?
Linger a moment with us, I pray;
Too soon thou spreadest thy wings for flight;
Dip, boy, dip
In the bowl thy lip,

And be jolly, old Time, with us to-night.

Dip, dip, &c.

Time—old Time—thy scythe fling down;

Garland thy pate with a myrtle crown,

And fill thy goblet with rosy wine;—

Fill, fill up,

The joy-giving cup,

Till it foams and flows o'er the brim like mine.

Fill, fill, &c.

Time—old Time—sighing is vain,

Pleasure from thee not a moment can gain;

Fly, old greybeard, but leave us your glass

To fill as we please,

And drink at our ease,

And count by our brimmers the hours as they pass.

THE DRAMA

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Italy! land of love and macaroni, of pathos and puppets—tomb of Romeo and Juliet—birth-place of Punch and Judy—region of romance—country of the concentrated essences of all these;—carnivals—I, PUNCH, the first and last, the alpha and omega of fun, adore thee! From the moment when I was cast upon thy shores, like Venus, out of the sea, to this sad day, when I am forced to descend from my own stage to mere criticism; have I preserved every token that would endear my memory to thee! My nose is still Roman, my mouth-organ plays the “genteelest of” Italian “tunes”—my scenes represent the choicest of Italian villas—in “choice Italian” doth my devil swear—to wit, “*shal-la-bella!*”

Longing to be still more reminded of thee, dear Italy, I threw a large cloak over my hunch, and a huge pair of spectacles over my nose, and ensconced myself in a box at the Haymarket Theatre, to witness the fourth appearance of my rival puppet, Charles Kean, in Romeo. He is an actor! What a deep voice—what an interesting lisp—what a charming whine—what a vigorous stamp, he hath! How hard he strikes his forehead when he is going into a rage—how flat he falls upon the ground when he is going to die! And then, when he has killed Tybalt, what an attitude he strikes, what an appalling grin he indulges his gaping admirers withal!

This is real acting that one pays one’s money to see, and not such an unblushing imposition as Miss Tree practises upon us. Do we go to the play to see nature? of course not: we only desire to see the actors playing at being natural, like Mr. Gallot, Mr. Howe, Mr. Worrall, or Mr. Kean, and other actors. This system of being too natural will, in the end, be the ruin of the drama. It has already driven me from the Stage, and will, I fear, serve the great performers I have named above in the

same manner. But the Haymarket Juliet overdoes it; she is more natural than nature, for she makes one or two improbabilities in the plot of the play seem like every-day matters of fact. Whether she falls madly in love at the first glance, agrees to be married the next afternoon, takes a sleeping draught, throws herself lifeless upon the bed, or wakes in the tomb to behold her poisoned lover, still in all these situations she behaves like a sensible, high-minded girl, that takes such circumstances, and makes them appear to the audience—quite as a matter of course! What let me ask, was the use of the author—whose name, I believe, was Shakspeare—purposely contriving these improbabilities, if the actors do not make the most of them? I do hope Miss Tree will no longer impose upon the public by pretending to *act* Juliet. Let her try some of the characters in Bulwer's plays, which want all her help to make them resemble women of any nation, kindred, or country.

Much as I admire Kean, I always prefer the acting of Wallack; there is more variety in the tones of his voice, for Kean tunes his pipes exactly as my long-drummer sets his drum;—to one pitch: but as to action, Wallack—more like my drummer—beats him hollow; he points his toes, stands a-kimbo, takes off his hat, and puts it on again, quite as naturally as if he belonged to the really legitimate drama, and was worked by strings cleverly pulled to suit the action to *every* word. Wallack is an honest performer; *he* don't impose upon you, like Webster, for instance, who as the Apothecary, speaks with a hungry voice, walks with a tottering step, moves with a helpless gait, which plainly shows that he never studied the part—he must have starved for it. Where will this confounded naturalness end?

The play is “got up,” as we managers call it, capitally. The dresses are superb, and so are the properties. The scenery exhibited views of different parts of the city, and was, so far as I am a judge, well painted. I have only one objection to the balcony scene. Plagiarism is mean and contemptible—I despise it. I will not apply to the Vice-Chancellor for an injunction, because the imitation is so vilely caricatured; but

the balcony itself is the very counterpart of PUNCH'S theatre!
—PUNCH.

MY FRIEND THE CAPTAIN.

When a new farce begins with duck and green peas, it promises well; the sympathies of the audience are secured, especially as the curtain rises but a short time before every sober play-goer is ready for his supper. Mr. Gabriel Snoxall is seated before the comstibles above mentioned—he is just established in a new lodging. It is snug—the furniture is neat—being his own property, for he is an *unfurnished* lodger. A bachelor so situated must be a happy fellow. Mr. Snoxall is happy—a smile radiates his face—he takes wine with himself; but has scarcely tapped the decanter for his first glass, before he hears a tap at his door. The hospitable “Come in!” is answered by the appearance of Mr. Dunne Brown, a captain by courtesy, and Snoxall's neighbour by misfortune. Here business begins.

The ancient natural historian has divided the *genus homo* into the two grand divisions of victimiser and victim. Behold one of each class before you—the yeast and sweat-wort, as it were, which brew the plot! Brown invites himself to dinner, and does the invitation ample justice; for he finds the peas as green as the host; who he determines shall be done no less brown than the duck. He possesses two valuable qualifications in a diner-out—an excellent appetite, and a habit of eating fast, consequently the meal is soon over. Mr. Brown's own tiger clears away, by the ingenious method of eating up what is left. Mr. Snoxall is angry, for he is hungry; but, good easy man, allows himself to be mollified to a degree of softness that allows Mr. Brown to borrow, not only his tables and chairs, but his coat, hat, and watch; just, too, in the very nick of time, for the bailiffs are announced. What is the hunted creditor to do? Exit by the window to be sure.

A character invented by farce-writers, and retained exclusively for their use—for such folks are seldom met with out of a farce

—lives in the next street. He has a lovely daughter, and a nephew momentarily expected from India, and with those persons he has, of course, not the slightest acquaintance; and a niece, by marriage, of whose relationship he is also entirely unconscious. His parlours are made with French windows; they are open, and invite the bailiff-hunted Brown into the house. What so natural as that he should find out the state of family affairs from a loquacious Abigail, and should personate the expected nephew? Mr. Tidmarsh (the property old gentleman of the farce-writers) is in ecstasies. Mrs. T. sees in the supposed Selbourne a son-in-law for her daughter, whose vision is directed to the same prospects. Happy, domestic circle! unequalled family felicity! too soon, alas! to be disturbed by a singular coincidence. Mr. Snoxall, the victim, is in love with Miss Sophia, the daughter. Ruin impends over Brown; but he is master of his art: he persuades Snoxall not to undeceive the family of Tidmarsh, and kindly undertakes to pop the question to Sophia on behalf of his friend, whose sheepishness quite equals his softness. Thus emboldened, Brown inquires after a “few loose sovereigns,” and Snoxall, having been already done out of his chairs, clothes, and watch, of course lends the victimiser his purse, which contains twenty.

Mr. Brown’s career advances prosperously; he makes love in the dark to his supposed cousin *pro* Snoxall, in the hearing of the supposed wife (for the real Selbourne has been married privately) and his supposed friend, both supposing him false, mightily abuse him, all being still in the dark. At length the real Selbourne enters, and all supposition ends, as does the farce, poetical justice being administered upon the captain by courtesy, by the bailiffs who arrest him. Thus he, at last, becomes really Mr. Dunne Brown.

The farce was successful, for the actors were perfect, and the audience good-humoured. We need hardly say who played the hero; and having named Wrench, as the nephew, who was much as usual, everybody will know how. Mr. David Rees is well adapted for Snoxall, being a good figure for the part, especially in the duck-and-green-peas season. The ladies, of

whom there were four, performed as ladies generally do in farces on a first night.

We recommend the readers of PUNCH to cultivate the acquaintance of "My Friend the Captain." They will find him at home every evening at the Haymarket. We suspect his paternity may be traced to a certain *corner*, from whose merit several equally successful broad-pieces have been issued.

LITERARY QUERIES AND REPLIES

BY DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES.

QUESTION BY SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, BART,

"What romance is that which ought to be most admired in the kitchen?"

ANSWER BY THEODORE HOOK.

"Don Quixote; because it was written by *Cervantes*—(servantes).—Rather low, Sir Ned."

QUESTION BY LADY BLESSINGTON,

"When is a lady's neck not a neck?"

ANSWER BY LADY MORGAN.

"For shame now!—When it is a *little bare* (bear), I suppose."

A SPEECH FROM THE HUSTINGS.

The following is a correct report of a speech made by one of the candidates at a recent election in the north of England.

THOMAS SMITH, Esq., then presented himself, and said

—“ * * *
* * * * * crisis * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * important
dreadful * * * * * industry * * * * *
* * * * * enemies * * * * * slaves * * * * *
independence * * * * * * * * * * freedom
* * * * * * * * * * firmly * * * * *
gloriously * * * * * * * * * * contested * * * * *
* * * * * support * * * * * * * * * * victory,
Hurrah!——”

Mr. Smith then sat down; but we regret that the uproar which prevailed, prevents us giving a fuller report of his very eloquent and impressive speech.

FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.

COUNT D’ORSAY declares that no gentleman having the slightest pretensions to fashionable consideration can be seen out of doors except on a Sunday, as on that day bailiffs and other low people keep at home.

EPIGRAM ON A VERY LARGE WOMAN.

“All flesh is grass,” so do the Scriptures say;
But grass, when cut and dried, is turned to hay;
Then, lo; if Death to thee his scythe should take,
God bless us! what a haycock thou wouldst make.

An author that lived somewhere has such a *brilliant* wit, that he contracted to light the parish with it, and did it.

“Our church clock,” say the editors of a down-cast paper,
“*keeps time* so well that we *get* a day out of every week by it.”

A man in Kentucky has a horse which is so slow, that his hind
legs always get first to his journey’s end.

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PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI, VOLUME 1,
JULY 24, 1841 ***

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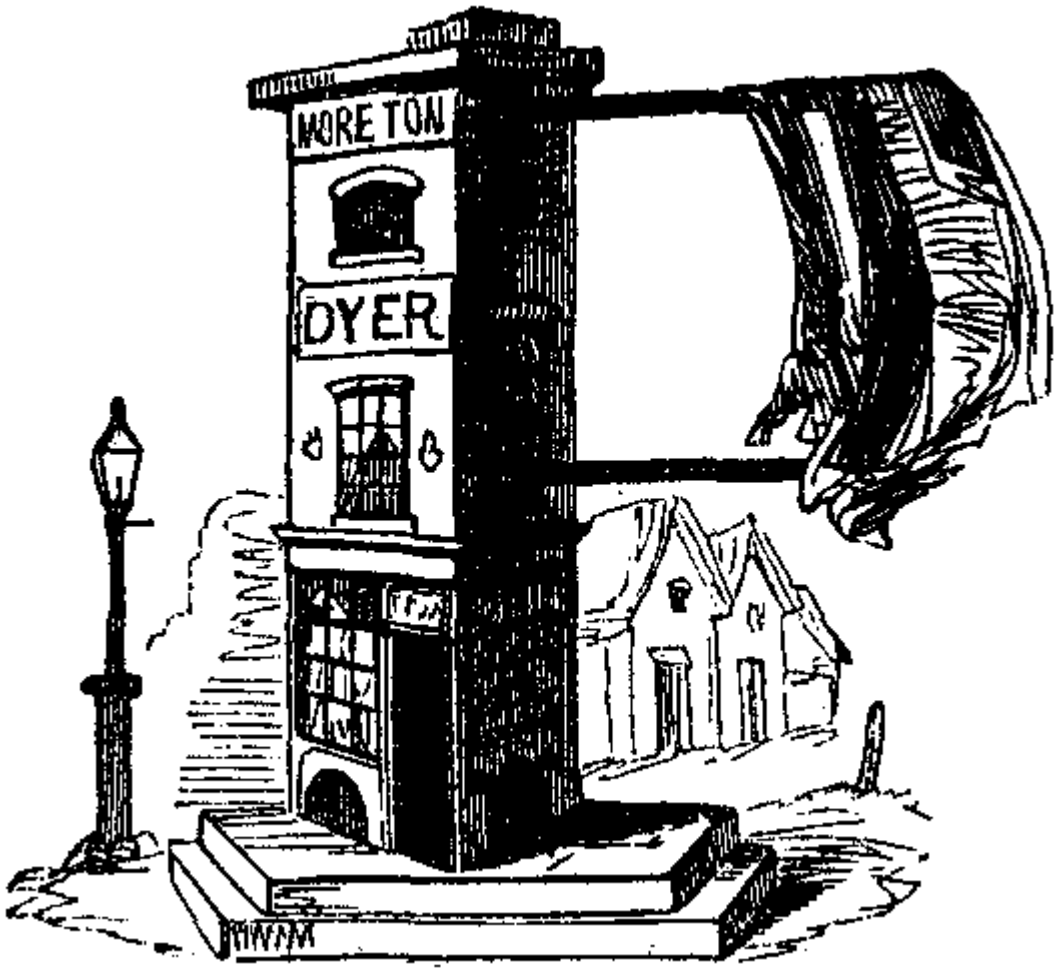
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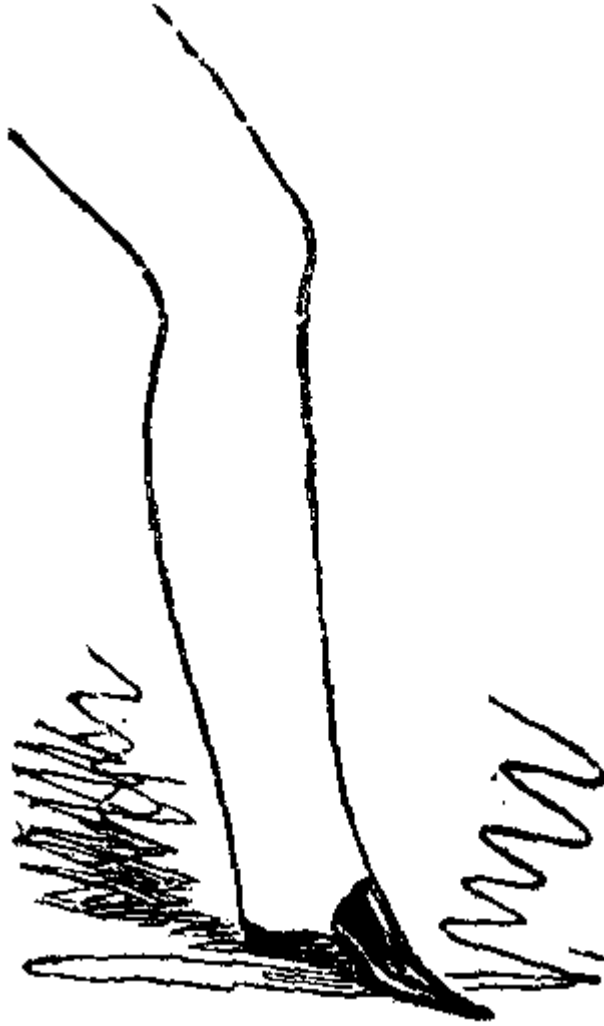
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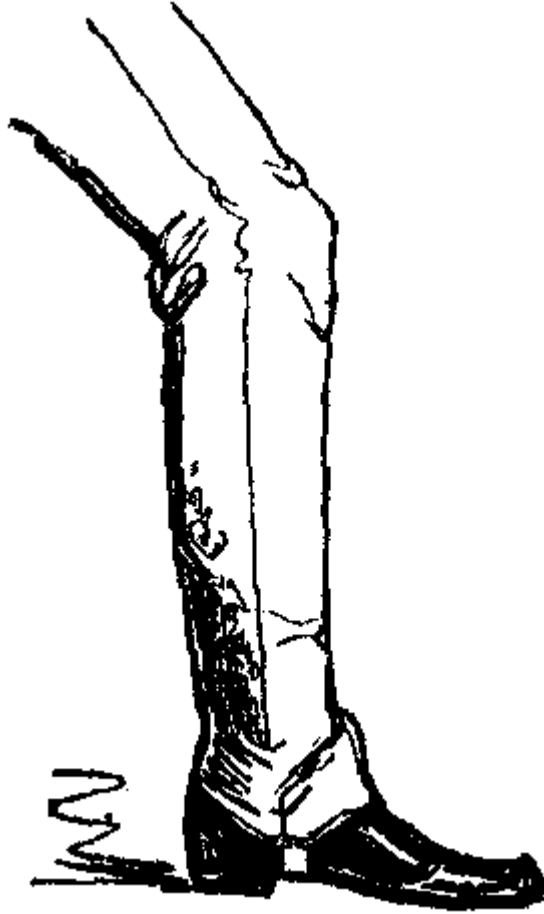
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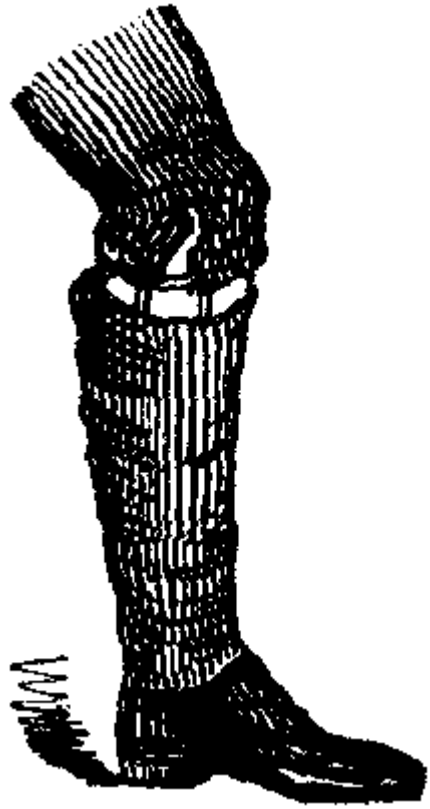
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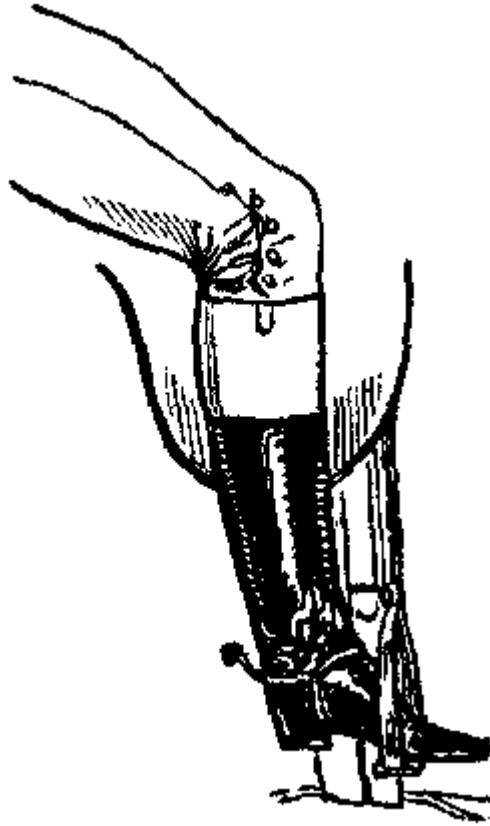
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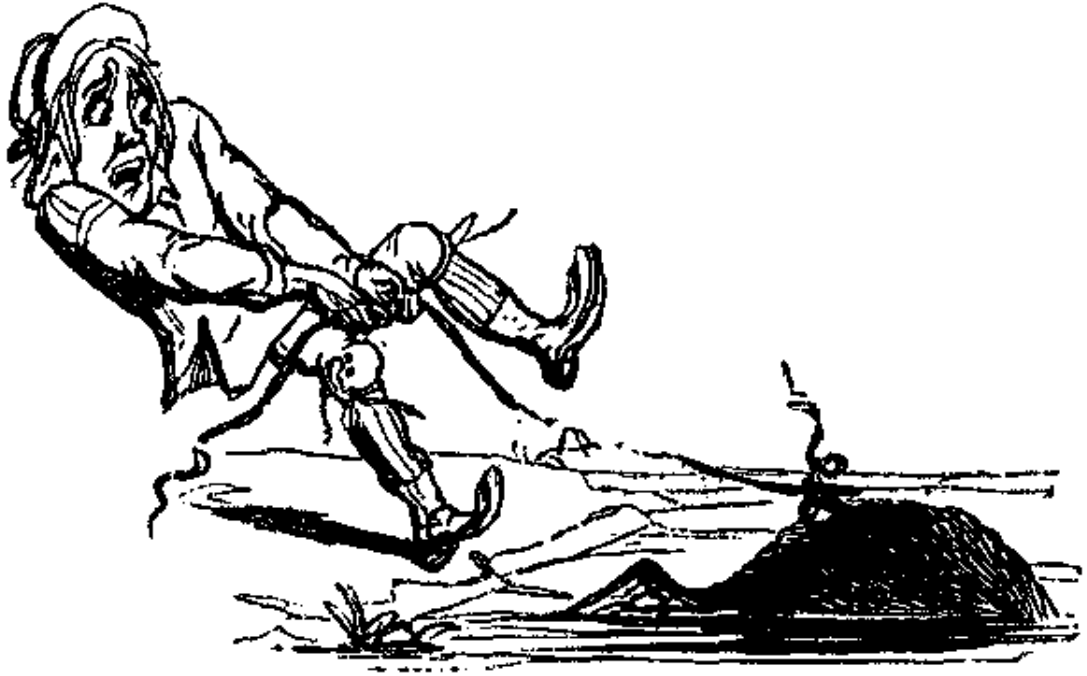
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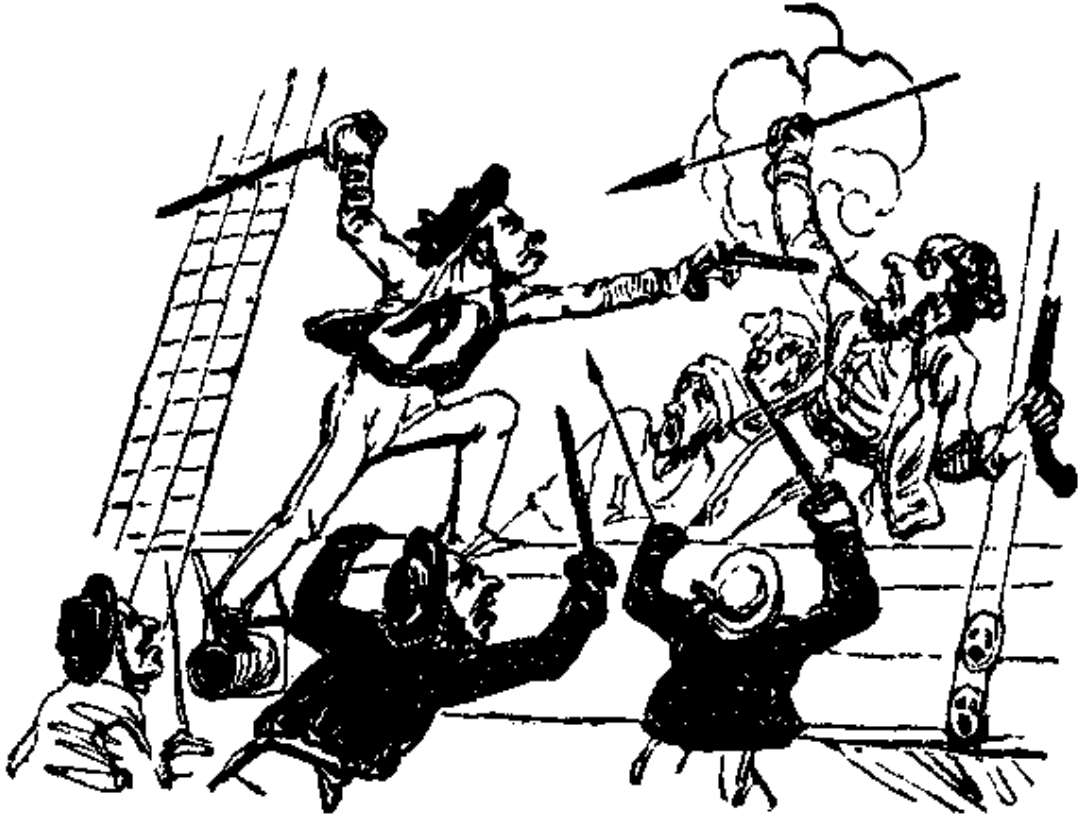
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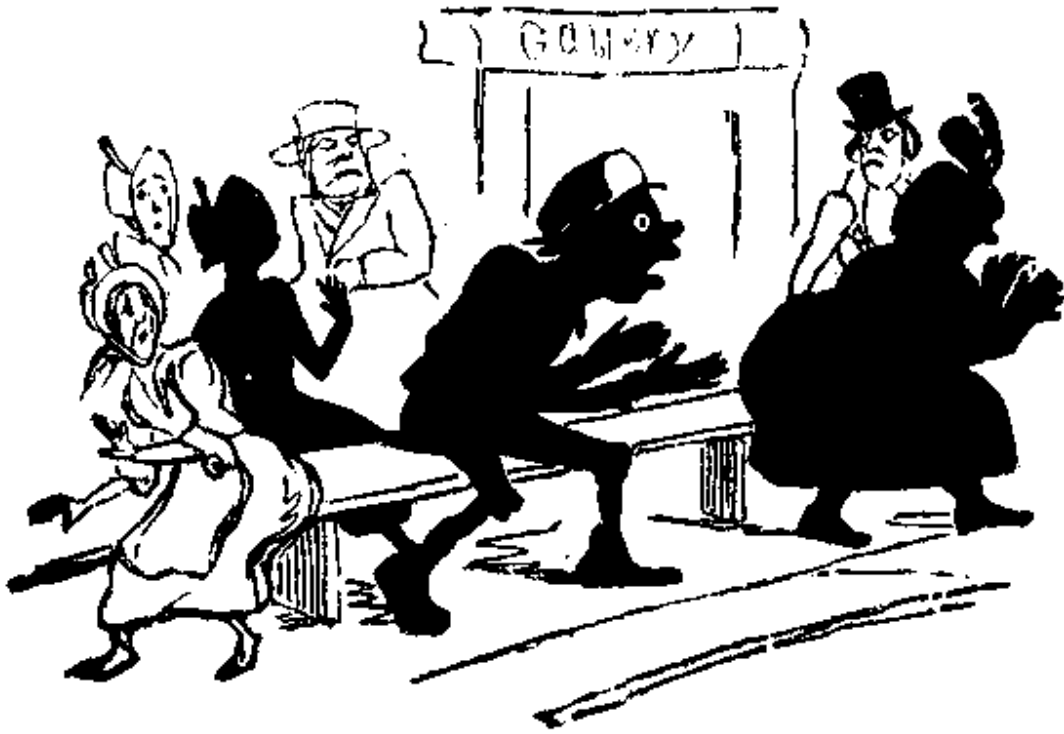
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