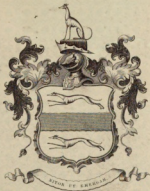


BOOK

COMIC ALBUM

FOR
EVERY TABLE

11445.22 (1843)



Manley Hall.

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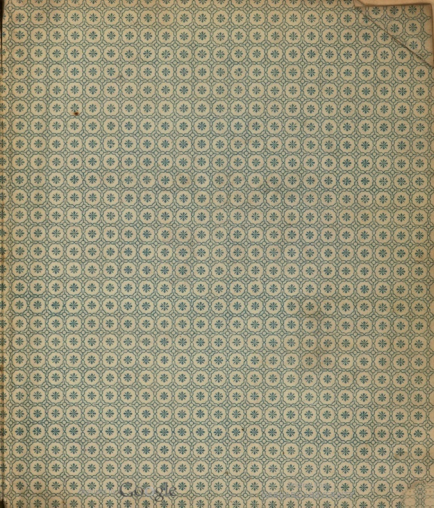


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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



THE
COMIC ALBUM:

A BOOK FOR EVERY TABLE.



London:

WM. S. ORR & Co. AMEN CORNER. PATERNOSTER ROW.

WDCCKXIII.

1843

11445.22 (1843)



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THE SOMETHING ABOUT "THE READER!"

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

THAT well-known and highly-important agent in the world of literature, THE READER! is a personage who, from the birth-day of typography to the present hour, has experienced one invariable, and we must say rather enviable fate—he has never had a single syllable spoken against him.

He is the only creature alive—say, the only one that ever lived—of whom there has been at all times but good report—no evil—none, not a word! Everybody, in every age, has been run down, except the Reader! Seas of ink have been exhausted in establishing upon triumphant grounds the blackness of human nature, but not a drop has ever fallen upon the Reader's character. Myriads of books have been written—verily, the number would form a pile more huge by half than forty pyramids—to prove that patriots are enormous scoundrels, and honest men the most insidious of rogues; that philosophers are cheats, and poets liars; that saints are hypocrites, and self-mortifiers gluttons; that subjects are little better than slaves, kings

no better than they should be, and even queens a little lower than the angels. It has been shown, past doubt, that great conspirators are mere butchers, that lawyers are legal robbers, and apothecaries and physicians joint instruments for promoting the worldly interests of undertakers. There are whole libraries extant, crammed with irrefragable evidence that tradesmen are sneaks who live but to breathe the breath of knavery, and that their customers are, for the most part, little better than shoplifters.

Is there a character in human nature, how black soever it may be, that may not be matched by something quite as black in a book!—nay, fiction has now and then outstripped fact, and men have been made monsters of. We will go further, and ask, is there a character, of any description whatever, that has not at some period been the object of attack in remorseless black and white! Authors have always such an appetite for evil—they so enjoy the development of bad passions, and the portrayal of the darker and more demonic lineaments of life—that no class

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has escaped, no crevice that might be the lurking-place of crime has been unsearched, no little fiddle or peccadillo has been unchastised.

But, during all this time, even while the rage for running-down the whole world was at its height, one character was, by common consent of authorship, age after age, held sacred. It has been an established rule that one personage, and only one, should always be left alone. That personage is—the Reader!

Authors have not at all scrupled to attack one another—nay, they have not uncommenly proceeded so far as to attack themselves, writing so as to effectually destroy, at fifty, the reputation they had won at twenty-five. But differing upon every other conceivable point, they have all concurred in one thing—never to run down the Reader;—never to insinuate—no, not so much as to imagine, that the Reader could possibly be one of those poor focked animals whom they were picturing under the appellation of Men. Oh, no! the book might be full of hard, savage, cunning, mercenary samples of mortality, with "such is life" written beneath the frightful portraiture—but the Reader all the time was "gentle," "courteous," "candid," and "sagacious!"

As a certain poet was said to have perceived nothing, with his two open eyes, but "himself and the universe," so the cunning author in general, whatever be the size or subject of his book, may be said to write with two distinct objects ever before his visual organs—human-nature and the Reader!

Now before we proceed to speculate who the Reader really is, we must intimate that this custom of extraordinary and exclusive civility to Readers of every kind, is not, at least in the present day, the result of fear; it is not the servile homage of the few to the many; because it is well known that if a correct return were made of their respective numbers in this country, the writing-public would be found to be in a great numerical majority over the reading-public. We mention the fact in no threatening spirit, but merely to remind the Reader, that the author who tells every man of his faults but his is really a member of the larger body; of a body strong enough, if mustered by proclamation, to take by storm every book-club and reading-room in the land, scattering their swarms of grumbling and spectacled inmates out at doors and windows. With this quiet warning we approach the Reader, just to ask his opinion, whether he has been always truly described by the epithets

referred to? Is he always courteous? invariably candid? gentle at all seasons?

It is time that the Reader heard the truth about himself. It is clear to us that, as books necessarily pass into hands of every possible degree of deviation from perfect cleanliness, some of them might open more appreciatively with "Shabby Reader!" "Rascally Reader!" and "Contemptible Reader!" We know that the Reader must be in a great number of cases an abominable knave; but nobody ever told him so before. We know that he is, in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred, a bit of a rogue; but the fact has been kept a profound secret from him. We know, moreover, that in the odd hundredth instance he is not quite a Simon Pure; but authors, all his life through, have been crying him up as perfection, sparing, if not spoiling him.

If a tolerable husband—has he not, nevertheless, selfishly dragged over to his side the larger share of the bed-clothes, on some very cold night? and if an intolerable one—has he not inhumanly peined a neighbour's wife in the very presence of his own? If cautious and prudent in act—has he not obstinately retained some very uncharitable opinions? and if liberal in sentiment—is he not now and then rather intolerant in conduct? But worse—has he not broken more commandments than he ever rigidly kept? observing the sixth and the eighth we will suppose, but forgetting what follows, and what is between: might not the author sometimes have written under the worst character in his book, "this is the Reader!"?

And how has the Reader repaid his author for the fatuity of attributing to him all or half the cardinal virtues? Why, generally, by assuming with amiable modesty, that the most upright person in the story is drawn after himself; and settling it as an incontrovertible fact, that the scamp of a hero is a portrait of the author. Readers have a very grateful and good-humoured knack of fastening the vice upon the writer, and dividing the virtues among themselves. "There must be something bad about him, or how should he describe the villain so well?" These are your "courteous" Readers! Your "candid" ones are those who frankly point out every fault they can find, with a few others which are not there. The "gentle" Reader is as commonly met with—he who flies into a furious passion at a semi-colon turned upside down, or a that substituted for a which. And suppose the book, or the pamphlet, or the article, be indeed a bad one, the Reader might be grateful for the good intent—the desire to amuse him. But he is not; let

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the prose be ever so dull, the Reader would as soon think of buying a second copy as of thanking the author for the sound and invigorating slumber that has been afforded him.

Yet the Reader is neither better nor worse than other people; and, to prove the fact, we shall take the liberty to introduce this many-sided personage in his habit as he lives, exhibiting a few phases of his character in a manner that may command, we hope, no unwilling recognition even from himself.



Here now is the first of Readers, and, in many respects, no exact representative of Readers of a larger growth. What cares he about his author? Arrange the letters as he may, they still spell "martyrdom," and no word else, to him. He soon lets you see that he thinks it very dull work, simply because he does not understand it. That is the way of the world, and the young Reader, tested by worldly usage, is a promising scholar.

There is one point, however, on which he more wisely agrees with his elders—in the looseness of his taste, and the ardour of his search for the pictures. How he grasps and crushes the leaves; turns over three at a time; uses two or three of his fat fingers for a paper-cutter, and turns the book upside down to view the engravings to the best advantage. Ah! those eyes are undimmed by midnight oil and black-letter! that little ridge of nose between the

mountain-cheeks, is innocent of learning's spectacles! those cheeks, moreover, they are not lean and sunken! no line betrays the care and labour of long and deep study! yet the wisest and most erudite Reader of all has only ransacked libraries to discover—that he is still as ignorant of what he most desires to know as that chubby young book-spoiler!



But at sixteen— *presto!*—what a change has taken place in the Reader! Here she is!—ah! it would be worth while always to write, if all readers were like her! Perhaps it is a sheet of music with which she dallies; no matter, then it would be worth while to turn composer. Or probably it is a pretty rose-bordered billet; better still; it would be worth while to write to her everlastingly such charming epistles. But, alas! she would cease to be sixteen; and it is only now that, read what she may, she possesses the enviable faculty of transfusing her whole soul into the subject she reads about, and of being borne away by it, as on a pair of paper pinions, millions of miles from her garden, and her glass, and her piano; her bullfinch, her milliner,—nay, even from the youth who danced with her last night!

Say what we will, it is only at this age that we can hope to find the Reader such as Sterns sighed for—and it must be a she, not a he Reader—"I would travel fifty miles on foot, to kiss the hand of that man whose generous sympathy can give up the reins of his imagination into his

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author's hands, he pleased he knows not why, and cares not wherefore." And would he not have walked a hundred miles to kiss the head, and perhaps the mouth, of the little Lady-Reader, who could give up her imagination to the guidance of his, and put profound faith in every word of the monstrous love-lies, and atrocious fables about eternal constancy, which he had pleasantly indited?



But, talking of lying, what say you to the Reader who lies in bed, and, with a shaded candle, explores the mysterious recesses of the last new romance? There is, at first sight, an intense comfort in the arrangement. The head is agreeably propped, the limbs are arranged in a position more pleasant, perhaps, than graceful; the book is nicely settled somewhere on a little shelf of the drawn-down pillow, and one hand just emerges from the covering so as to fix the volume in its place, and turn over the leaves.

Then, at a new chapter, the position is changed; the right hand is rested, and the left brought into use. Then the pillow is re-adjusted, and the clothes are flung back a little, and the book propped up anew. Then the old attitude is once more tried, and the Reader gets very snug, and very sleepy, and he begins to make long, unconscious pauses here and there, and then resumes, but goes back to a passage he had read before, and then pauses at the former place, and then goes back to a point remoter still, and then drops the book, but instantly resettles it, and begins again, and then starts at the rattling of a window-

frame, and half fancies there is somebody breathing under the bed, and wishes that the cursed dog would n't moun so, and tries to go on with the gloomy story, and then does again, and the book falls, and he dreams that there are ever so many folios piled up on his chest, or that the new romance ends with the appearance of a death's head under a horrid cowl, and a wine-cup overflowing with blood quaffed to the health of the young bride, as her demon-dog, locking her in his embrace, changes into a statue of black marble, while she turns into one of white, &c.

And it is but right that he should dream the dénouement, for it is not often that the romance so commenced in bed is finished next day, because the Reader is generally found burnt to a cinder in the morning. But sometimes he is fortunate enough to escape with no other inconvenience than the sorrow he is good enough to feel for the total ruin of his landlord by fire, as well as for the loss of the widow and three children who could not be comfortably extricated from the room overhead.



At forty, the Reader is manlier and more jolly. He enjoys his literary meal, not in a gloomy monk's cell, or in the silent reading-room of the Museum, but at the coffee-house, or his club. He has no objection to a pleasant gossiping volume about town life, or a pamphlet touching the Tariff; still less to a magazine just out, or a broad-sheet full of wood-cuts; but best of all, perhaps, he likes

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his journal. *His*, for he has one that he calls his own—"My paper"—but, in truth, he likes every one of them; and although they all tell him, if a landowner, that he is sure to die a beggar; and if a fundholder, that he is going direct to the dogs; and if neither, that every soul in the country is on his road to the union workhouse:—he eats, drinks, and is merry, just as though he had never learned to read at all. Now this is really reading to some purpose!



The Reader a little further advanced in life is apt to be less selfish in his reading than heretofore; he thinks one book big enough for two persons, and a story all the better for being shared with a pleasant companion. Accordingly, when he gets a capital new novel from the next circulating library, he likes to get somebody to read it to him; but better still, having his lungs yet left to him, and being not at all scant of breath, nor averse to hearing the sound of his own cheerful voice, he liketh well to read it aloud to a good-humoured companion, gifted with the peculiar faculty of listening without going to sleep.

He has a little house with a little garden, it may be five miles from St. Paul's, or a hundred; but there he is, with his "good lady," as he calls her, quite shut in amidst a rustic paradise away from the world, and yet laughing

over its whims and wonders with as hearty a sense of their reality, as if he were boxed up, nailed, and corded, a mere bale or packing-case of humanity, in Cheapside. He is a lazy lover of books, it is true; but it is not the laziness of Gray's sofa, and the solitary new novel: no! he cultivates the flowers of literature among the flowers while they last; he makes his garden his summer library, and his library his winter garden; and in both conditions doubles his entertainment by dividing it: for both reader and listener laugh twice as loud and twice as long, simply by laughing together, and crying continually, "What fun it is—*an't* it!"



But a little further on we encounter a Reader of a less rapturous turn of mind. She is one of those Readers to whom a book's a book, and that's all. You will find her sitting on the terrace at somebody's house in the country, or on Richmond Hill, or in St. James's Park (when she is in town), and seldom is she to be caught without her book in her hand, just half-open, and ready to be locked into. She is hardly to be called a Reader—a *dipper* would be the more correct appellation. When she has been all through it, her lap-dog knows exactly as much as she knows.

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She will sit in the park, watch the ducks, and then read six lines; then look up at a lady's shawl, and read a little bit more; then turn her eyes towards the ducks again, and then down upon the page, and soon at another lady's shawl, and also at a lady's bonnet; then read a dozen words more, and admire a dear little child and bonnet the second; then adjust her own ribbons, talk to her dog confidentially, and drop her eyes again upon the book—and so on eternally! No matter what the story is, all tales are the same to this good even-minded creature, and she treats them all alike! Nothing makes her weep, nothing makes her laugh—yet she has a look under her eyes perpetually! Her equanimity finds a resource in it—besides, she is vain of her reputation for much reading. She says to all her friends—"You must excuse my bringing my book with me, for you know I'm a great reader!" And she actually thinks she is! Nice old lady!



Here is a Reader quite as frequently met with—the well-known, veritable, ubiquitous reader of the journals! the quiet, comfortable jag-trot tradesman, who (save and except his ledger and bible—not always the same thing, let wicked satirists say what they will!) never sees a book at all, but constantly reads the papers, and the papers only! You will find him at stated hours (he having always just that minute stepped out of his shop) at the Queen's Arms, or the Lord Wellington, or the Nelson's Head, where he remains just so long as it may take him to skin the two

leading journals on the ministerial and opposition sides, and to run over as many of the advertisements as he can. He has barely time to remark to the neighbour who drops in as he goes out, that things seem to be in a bad way, and likely to be worse,—for back he must be. But in the evening he can spare a couple of hours to his favourite little parkour behind the bar, where he can at leisure digest the more briefly-detailed news of the evening paper, and discuss it afterwards over a glass of grog—hot, with a thin slice of lemon.

But alas! even when he finds, which is not every morning and evening, the very best of news, there is one never-failing drawback to his comfort. No gentleman is allowed to detain the paper more than ten minutes after it is bespoke, and some gentleman is sure to bespeak it the instant he has taken it into his hand. What makes the mortification bitterer is, that although he invariably, with a nice conscience, surrenders the required journal within the time, the party claiming it always takes it with a look that says—"You've kept it half an hour!"



We ascend now to the silent study, and encounter the venerable professor, who has spent some three-score years

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and ten poring over figures which lay bare essential secrets relative to the average duration of life, to the evolutions of heavenly bodies, or to the payment of the national debt in cash ready money. Reading with him has become such a habit, that he can do nothing else. His life is described by Hamlet,—“Words, words, words,”—yet words he never had with any one, so quiet has been his career. He hath drawn everything into his head, and nothing was ever drawn out of it. His head has bowed so long over the table, that it seems to be of the same substance. The book, and the table, and himself are as one; and so well he knows what is before and about him, that he could almost see to read in the dark. He goes on quite as regularly from section to section, and turns over the leaves as mechanically, when he is asleep as awake; and should his cap catch fire at his lamp as he dozes, it would never set his brain in a flame. Happy peruser! quiescent, comfortable old reader! May thy mental spectacles hold on to the last, thy *flair* be gradual, and a good book still pillow thy head, when, in the fulness of time, thou passest from sheets—into boards!

“A good book,” saith Milton, “is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.” Therefore is a good book likely to grow old. But this, the last of our set of Readers, cares not so much for the goodness as for the age. He is essentially the lover of old books—a reader, truly, but



sometimes only the reader of title-pages and notes—the investigator of dates and publisher's names. Yet, verily, is he entitled to take rank above others, for he is a Purchaser! In this title, to sum up, lies the best and greatest virtue of the Reader. The noblest and worthiest compliment that the lover of literature can possibly pay to an author is—to buy his book! Reader—we have written!

SONNET: ON BEHOLDING AN INFANT PLUCK A ROSE.

Sweet child! whose retrospective gentleness
 Flouts dully back where laughing May arose,
 'T is thine, indeed, to beautify our woes,
 And renovate, with whispers numberless,
 Moist-eyed Devotion's young and green cares.
 Alas! thy starry zest he only spies,
 Who, softly soaring where the Pond One flies,
 Hath learned pale Memory's coral caves to dress,
 And strew the conch-shells over Sorrow's cheek—
 Oh! mantle not thy morning. Mary a day
 When Lustre pines in Truth's transcendent wall,
 The Monitor shall wake, and then wiltway—
 “Ah me! that Time's Elysian clouds are weak,
 And canker-worms should ring vain Baptes's knell.”

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A MODERN MORNING CONVERSATION.

DAUGHTER.

My dear mamma! 'tis most unkind!
Why tease me thus to wed the earl?
Who is so very lame and blind—
Besides, too old for any girl!

MAMMA.

Remember, love, few girls can choose
Rank, title, wealth, and power,—his proffer!
Become a countess, no'er refuse
Your hand to him, but take his offer.

DAUGHTER.

Oh! I'd prefer a maiden's grave!
Ere I'd relinquish Captain Gray,
I'd rather plunge beneath you wave.

MAMMA.

That were to "throw yourself away!"
Come, be a good obedient girl,
And say that you'll accept the earl.

DAUGHTER.

Can I subdue my fond regrets,
And leave dear cousin Harry lonely?

MAMMA.

Whose income, like his many debts,
Is limited to half-pay only?
To hear you talk in such a way
Excites my pity and derision.

DAUGHTER.

I'd rather starve with Harry Gray,
Than I'd enjoy the earl's—provision!
You'll own the captain is not lame,
We want no carriages, 'tis clear;
I'd follow him, through scorn and shame.

MAMMA.

A constant *monet* throughout the year!

DAUGHTER.

Harry's not blind nor deaf; nor yet
Will I prove false, what'er befall!

MAMMA.

He very blindly ran in debt;
He's very deaf when tradesfolk call!
Consider, love! my own dear girl!
For him would you reject an earl!

DAUGHTER.

Why, he's so monstrous deaf and old,
I scarce made out a word he muttered!

MAMMA.

The less you'll heed, love, should he scold,
The less he'll hear, against you uttered!

DAUGHTER.

Then terribly his lordship halts;
Besides, he's very blind indeed!

MAMMA.

Blind will he be—but to your faults,
And quick to follow where you lead!
Bethink you how a coronet

Would grace that brow so passing fair!

DAUGHTER.

But should I join the Almacks' set!
And have a house in Belgrave Square?

MAMMA.

All, all, my love, if you'll engage,
And pledge the earl in sober truth.

DAUGHTER.

Ah! must I then unite with eye?
Why should I cut my own?

MAMMA.

Poor youth!

DAUGHTER.

Mamma, you've quite convinced your girl;
Harry, adieu! I'll wed the earl.



不真也 真非也 亦非也 非亦也

ILLUSTRATED BY A NATIVE ARTIST.

Every one's heard of the Chinese nation,
 The people of which declare,
 That several years before the Creation
 Their ancestors were settled there!
 The Deluge, they maintain,
 Is, to them, a thing of modern date,
 Which, in their chronology, they rate
 Like a recent shower of rain!
 They prove, with the greatest ease,
 That Noah and his sons were all Chinese,
 While as to the Ark, they say,
 The reason it never was sunk
 Is because, 'tis as clear as the sun at noon-day,
 The Ark was a Chinese Junk.
 There's only one fault in their pedigree,
 Which is that they make it appear to be

More ancient than the first created man;
 And if ever the Chinese really were
 A people so great as themselves aver,
 It must have been before the world began!
 For they might have ranked as the greatest of men
 Ere others were made — but only this!
 But, whether or no,
 They were settled ten thousand years ago,
 Can matter but little, for all will allow,
 They are regularly settled now!
 One morning, the Emperor Tao-Kwang
 The bell of his bed-room loudly rang;
 He 'd been indulging in opium smokes,
 Which had caused bad dreams,
 And so, it seems,
 In a towering rage, the Celestial woke.

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The moment the Emperor's bell had rung,
 The attendants into his chamber hied,
 There were Hi-aki-bi, No-go, Tung-lung,
 Long-chin, Tay-sin, and a lot beside,
 Who, with many more,
 Fell flat on the floor,
 When they entered the door
 Of the room where the moon's own son,
 When the toils of the day are o'er,
 And his daily course of dignity's run,
 Condescends to sleep, and perchance, to snore.
 Then Tao-Kwang started up in his bed,
 And dashing his night-cap off his head,
 With a flashing eye, and a countenance pale,
 With a sorrowful look,
 His head he shook,
 And shaking his head he wagged his tail.

Then thus, with a beautiful nasal twang,
 Which through the chamber loudly rang,
 The super-celestial Tao-Kwang,
 His humble attendants began to harangue :—
 " I've had a horrid dream !"
 (The courtiers gave a sympathetic scream :)
 " You know those vile barbarians come,
 And, in disguise,
 They tempt the children of the skies,
 With deadly O—PI—UM,
 The thing has got beyond a joke,
 My subjects all,
 Both great and small,
 Do nothing else but smoke,
 This opium sends them all to sleep,
 And even my
 Celestial eye
 Wide open cannot keep !



Last night, after a hearty meal of tripe,
 Stewed well in rice,
 Which makes it nice,
 The father of his people smoked a pipe.
 But oh ! I'll cut five hundred heads in twain,
 If I am tempted, by high or low,
 Or even whether I'm tempted or no,
 I'll do it — if I ever smoke again ;
 For such a splitting headache I've got,
 That if I've such another fit,
 To keep mine company, more heads shall split,
 Whether they fancy it or not.

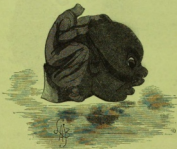
That opium brought across my brain,
 Such visions as I dare not see again.

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I thought there fell, beneath my view,
Some of my loving subjects cut in two ;
Just in the way, my well-beloved Long-poo,
I thought, ten days ago, of serving you."
(Long-poo, at this allusion fell ;
Lifeless he seemed upon the floor to drop,
For he, alas ! remembered well,
The Emperor's yet unexecuted chop.
Long-poo was pitched into the ante-room,
And thus the father of his people did resume :)

"I thought I saw the sun that warms my life,
I mean La-zi, my six-and-twentieth wife,
Walking with footsteps slow and calm,
Surprising all beholders,
Without a head upon her shoulders :
For, ah ! she carried it beneath her arm.



THE COMIC ALBUM



And, by-the-bye,"

(He added with a twinkle of his eye),

" Perhaps if Lu-zi should ungrateful seem,
I yet may make her realize my dream ;
But oh ! this opinion caused such strange illusion,
My brain was all confusion.
Mandarins pierced full of holes,
Elephants solemnly playing at bowls.



And much besides I cannot say,

Seemed to arise

Before my eyes,

Until I awoke and found it day."

FOR EVERY TABLE.

The Emperor blew his celestial nose,
 Then solemnly swore
 By the dragon's fifth claw,
 That the English should henceforth be treated as foes.

The Emperor's toilet was now to be done,
 It's a job rather tough,—
 And takes time enough,
 To dress and get ready the moon's eldest son.

First comes a slave,
 The imperial beard to shave!
 Then a mandarin,
 Who brings a towel clean,
 Which he hands to another of class Ta-jin,
 Who washes and wipes the celestial chin!

Then an officer of the household comes,
 Who upon the very tip
 Of the Emperor's upper lip,
 The long moustachios cleverly gums.
 The tail which is worn in bed
 Is fastened on to the half of the head;
 But the other two
 Are put on every morning with glue.
 This, and a great deal more,
 Must be done before,—
 The light of the world is trim'd and made fit,
 His sleeping room to quit.

A thousand cannons fired about Peking,
 Proclaim the imperial breakfast will begin;
 A salvo from the palace gun,
 Proclaims the imperial breakfast done;

The Emperor calls for his cane so taper,
 And forth he sallies,
 From the gates of the palace,
 Reading the morning paper.



Then Tao-Kwang he roamed about,
 Until from the city a long way out,
 For on the paper he was bent,
 (It was a barbarian daily sheet
 And the Emperor found it such a treat),
 That he did n't consider where he went.

THE COMIC ALBUM



At length on a merchant he chanced to come

Who his living made

By a roaring trade

In this very identical o-pi-um.

The Emperor's heart began to beat

Beneath the embossed dragon's feet,

Which he wears on his vest

Just over his chest,

To show that his heart is as fierce and stout

As a dragon's—and so it is no doubt.

"Detestable dog!" he loudly exclaimed,

Then with his bamboo,

For a minute or two,

Some blows at the merchant the Emperor aimed,

"You ought to hang!"

Exclaimed Tao-Kwang.

"But as there is none within call to bring
At a moment's notice the fatal string,
I'll show you my goodness as well as my power.

Your mind I'll relieve,

By a full reprieve

For a quarter of an hour,

On this condition—That you will make

In their shoes the vile barbarians shake."

So the merchant agreed, and oh, such a din
Was raised from Canton to Peking!

They sent for the valiant Commissioner Lin,
With full instructions the war to begin.

The troops were supplied with plenty of tea,
A stock of gunpowder (tea) was laid in;

The muskets were made as clean as a pin,
To soil them for nothing seemed quite a sin;

Then how his Highness began to vapour,
Ne'er was commander so leave upon—paper,

But at length the navy in pasteboard ships,

About the neighbourhood of Canton,

In order to see how things went on,

Began to take some cautious trips,

And some of them having ventured too far,

Got a sight of an awful British tar,

Which made them run

Like fun;

Reports were spread in every quarter,

That the barbarians, bent on slaughter,

Had made up their minds and their mouths to devour

Every Chinese that came in their power.

But this intelligence terrific,

To make it better understood,

Was quickly drawn, and cut on wood

Into an awful hieroglyphic.

FOR EVERY TABLE.



This could not be in the least debatable ;
They easily saw,
As extended claw and an open jaw,
With a China-man's face in a foreign maw,
In one way alone could be translatable.

The Emperor, seeing himself in a mess,
And a method of safety unable to guess,
On his Ministers threw
(As sovereigns do

When they've got themselves into a terrible scrape)
The onset of finding the means of escape.

So the Mandarins were called together,
To consult how best the storm to weather ;
And all day they sat
In a learned chat,
Upon this and that,
And then they resolved at last,
To meet the danger by loud bombast ;
Or, in other words, to "eat it fat."

"We hereby order and ordain,
That all barbarians shall be slain ;

That opium sha' n't be sold again ;
That any English who remain,
In the celestial domains,
Shall instantly be cut in twain ;
That all entreaties will be vain
To spare the wicked few from pain,
Since any one must be insane
Who'd let the notion cross his brain,
That the celestial troops would fain
Their warlike energy restrain."

It was also decreed,
And in council agreed,
To mourn for those
Unfortunate foes,

Whose wretched blood the Chinese nation
Intended to shed ;
And considered them therefore dead
By anticipation.

The people were ordered in public to weep,
And, fusing a food from the national eye
(For three hundred millions were going to cry),

Some drains were constructed exceedingly deep,
To keep the Celestial Empire dry.

Together they met,
And to blabbering set.

Oh! never in China
Was so much whine, or
Such a lot of heavy wet.

The gentlemen alone
In convulse came,
To sigh and cry, and groan and moan ;
The ladies did the same ;
And nowhere was a dry
Eye!

THE COMIC ALBUM



To prove what China intended to do
With the rude barbarian English foe,
The war was got up, and presented to view
In every Chinese puppet show.
And it ended, of course,
By an allegorical illustration
Of the downfall of the English nation
From a Chinese Punch's superior force.



But while the authorities fretted and fumed,
The people still to smoke presumed ;
And still the "outer barbarians" made
A capital thing of the opium trade.

With a force so small it was scarce worth counting
(To a very few thousands only amounting),
And having of junks not more than forty,

FOR EVERY TABLE.

The valiant Admiral Kwang,
 Upon consideration, thought he
 Might venture hostilities slap-bang :
 And cheers through the Chinese squadron rang,
 When English vessels two
 Came right in view
 Of the gallant Chinese band,
 Amounting in all
 To an army small
 Of but three thousand soldiers, sea and land.
 The Chinese opened a vigorous fire,
 But deuce a bit
 Could they any one hit,
 Or fear in the foe inspire.

At length, almost in fun,
 The English let off a single gun.
 At the first bang,
 Down on the deck went Admiral Kwang,
 For merry his forces lustily sang,
 While some of them overboard sprang.
 The Admiral then went home like a shot
 To ruminate on the affair; and he thought it,
 On the whole, decidedly better not
 Just as it happened to report it.
 For the Emperor's a sort of man
 Who, whether they can't or whether they can,
 Expects the troops who receive his pay,
 On all occasions to win the day ;
 And so he was told,
 In language glorious,
 That his admiral bold
 Had been victorious.
 By way of a prize
 For his thundering lies,
 He received a feather

With two peacock's eyes
 Placed side by side together
 (Though talking of plumage, he'd shown no right
 To any feather but the white).
 The English, being quite content
 For an amicable settlement,
 An Indian envoy sent,
 Who bowed and smiled wherever he went ;



So the Chinese guards took him in state
 To the city of Canton's gate,
 And showed him politely in
 To Commissioner Lin ;
 And the English merchants remonstrance made
 Against interrupting the opium trade.

THE COMIC ALBUM



But after a deal of betheration,
And handy to and fro
Of "yes" and "no,"
Upon the part of either nation,
The opium was taken in a junk
To be in the sea
Sunk.

The fishes, it is said,
With opium were made
Dead
Drank.

The finny tribe that did partake of it
Could not imagine what to make of it.
Salmon and cod
Became in their manner exceedingly odd ;
Flat-fish and plaice
Floundered about in the awkwardlest case ;
Eels and soles
Tumbled and reeled about in shoals ;
Whales and sharks
Frightened old Neptune himself with their larks.
Such a drunken set
Of fishes ne'er was hoard of yet :
'T is a pity they were n't within the reach
Of the wholesome regulation
That would have fined them five shillings each
For their intoxication.

But, quitting the sea, let's understand
How matters were going on upon land.
The British, no longer permitted to stay,
From Canton most rudely were hurried away.



FOR EVERY TABLE.

John Bull, unaccustomed an insult to bear,
Made no more ado
But for work buckled to,
And for business in earnest began to prepare.
His very appearance
Effected a clearance,
And swept from the seas
A lot of Chinese.



But the Emperor issued a chop,
Intended the panic to stop.
It candidly said,
In order with courage to fill them,
If they dared to evince any dread,
And were not in battle shot dead,
By law he would afterwards kill them.
So what were the soldiers to do?
Must they go into battle when bid?



They'd be shot if they did n't, 't is true,
But then they'd be shot if they did!
It was enough their little sense to scatter;
They scarcely knew
The light in which 't were best to view
The matter;
At length, of two
Frightful alternatives, they chose the latter.
The fleet of junks was quickly moored
In battle's proud array,
And arrows at the foe were poured
Throughout the live-long day.
Harmless each weapon seemed to fall
(So badly the Celestials got on),
Their darts had no effect at all,
But stuck like pins into a ball
Of cotton!

THE COMIC ALBUM

On land their cannon then they tried,
And scarce had got one loaded—
The match had hardly been applied
Before the gun exploded.
And two artillery captains died
From being struck, and so did
The gunner at the touch-hole's side,
Who give the fatal blow did.



The Emperor now summoned his council again,
And one to the other his views did explain:



And meanwhile that the opium-trade might be eased,
A vigilant custom-house search recommended

Of all whose appearance might lead one to doubt them
When saying they had n't got opium about them.



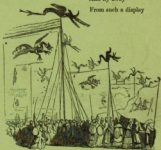
One of his generals he slew,
Or rather, had him cut in two,
His head removing from his shoulders
Before the terrified beholders:
The Emperor thought this course the best,
Just to encourage all the rest.
And the celestial edict said,
To render it a graver matter,
The culprit for his own doomed head
Should be condemned to hold the platter.
For those who would not use their brains,
While carrying such things about them,
The Emperor thought, by taking pains,
Might get on just as well without them.

FOR EVERY TABLE.



At length the troops celestial agreed
 To make one last great effort to succeed.
 They marshalled all their forces,
 And brought against John Bull,
 In one long, strong, and simultaneous pull,
 The whole of their resources.
 To frighten British soldiers back
 Was all that they were bent upon,
 And very curious was the tack
 Which new at last they went upon.
 A painted dragon with extended claw,
 They knew to be a sight
 Themselves at once to overawe,
 And fill their souls with fright.
 They therefore thought it might,
 When offered to the view
 Of the barbarians in the fight,
 Strike them with terror too!

So from every province of China they brought
 Horrid devices of every sort,
 Like nothing that ever was seen alive;
 Dragons with three claws, and dragons with five;
 And away they started the foe to meet,
 Expecting the British at once would retreat,
 And fly away
 From such a display



Of things one don't meet with every day,
 Except in processions, perchance, at the play.
 Talk of King Arthur, at Drury Lane,
 With its pasteboard troopers,
 And its crowd of *supers*,
 Running out and running in again.
 Talk of the properties, banners, and so on;
 Talk of the choristers hired to go on;
 Talk of the horrible creatures that stand
 At the back of the stage, with torches in hand,
 Producing effects remarkably fine,
 With three or four pen'orths of spirits of wine!
 You may talk of all this as much as you please,
 It was much better done by the clever Chinese.

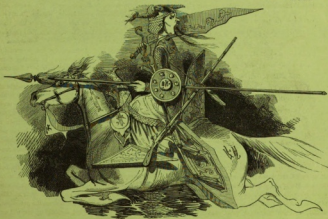
THE COMIC ALBUM

But, alas! the procession did n't tell
By any means so well
As the poor Chinese had hoped that it might.
They 've been mistaken, rather,
But the moon's own son, and his son's own
father,
Is now at last set right.

With this nation so deluded
Peace is happily concluded:
Let us now no longer tease
The unfortunate Chinese.
We are ready to befriend them;
Cotton night-gowns we will send them;
For their use we will import
Articles of every sort—

Meckl's magic razor-strappers;
Chesterfield and other wrappers;
Stockings, coarse as well as fine;
Gossamers, from four-and-nine;
For their pigtails we 'll elate 'em,
By consignments of pomatum.
What so much can please them as a
Pot of Rowland's best Maccassar?
Wigs, which are at home supplanted,
Are in China greatly wanted.
Curling-fluid, balm of roses,
Scenta to charm celestial noses;
Everything, in fact, to please
And enlighten the Chinese,
England, this time forth, supplies them,
Only just to civilise them.

G. A. S.



HIPPODROLLERY.

FROM the era of the papyrus and the rool-down to the days of "ruby pens," and super-scented-satin-gilt-hotpressed-Bath post, it has been the custom (although 't would be far more honoured in the breach than the observance) for authors to commence with an apologetical proface.

Reader, we despise such a paltry method of intimating ourselves into your good graces; and frankly confess we are about to place our foot in the stirrup, and get upon "that noble animal, the Horse," a subject we never before straddled in our lives! Ere we mount, however, we confess that in our younger days we once vaulted upon a rocking-horse, and were ignominiously thrown!—a sufficient reason for lowering our equestrian ambition; for refusing the next day, at school, to construe *ride et aspis*; and for our declining to join in the game of "jump my little rag-tail."

Since then, fate has cast our destiny, and moulding us into a printer's devil, we have become acquainted with



riders. Although not *as fait* at a steeple-chase, we know much of *hunts and hares*; and are, therefore, rather unlike those M.P.s who rise to speak on matters of which they are generally ignorant, or those biographers who write whole lives of persons they never saw.

Buffon, the great natural (or rather unnatural) histo-

rian, for he feasted upon the credulity of mankind memoirs of lions and tigers that he knew nothing about until they were stuffed with straw—has thus written of the horse:—"The noblest conquest ever made by man over the brute creation, is the reduction of this spirited and courageous animal, which shares with him the fatigues of war and the glory of victory. Equally intrepid as his master, the horse sees the danger, and encounters death with bravery; inspired at the clash of arms, he loves war, and pursues the enemy with ardour. He feels pleasure also in the chase, and in tournaments; in the course he is all fire; but equally tractable as courageous, he does not give way to his impetuosity, and knows how to check his natural and fiery temper."

This is all very flowery and fine, but evinces anything but a profound knowledge of the subject, and resembles the original about as much as the basket-horses of a clown in the pantomime. Unfortunately, Buffon was a naturalist in chamber-practice, well acquainted with towel and clothes'-horses, but who wrote in full-dress, and would so more have risked selling his lace-ruffles in a stable, than your sedentary writers of travels would risk their precious persons in Katsakatcha or Timbuctoo.

In disputing the horse doctrines of Buffon, we candidly admit the culpability of many others, in palming their notions of veterinary morality upon the public. Painters, poets, and novelists have ascribed to him the most exquisite virtues and sentiments, whilst those admirable judges of horseflesh, the restaurateurs of Paris, have assigned to his physical capabilities the rare quality of producing most excellent and tender beef-steaks. Our motive, then, for pointing out and correcting these errors, arises from a natural fear that they may exert a lamentable influence not only upon the judgment, but also on the limbs, of mankind.

Suppose, for instance, an inexperienced amateur, confiding in the assurance of the lace-ruffed professor, that the horse "not only submits to the arm which guides him, but seems to consult the wishes of the rider, and presses on or stops at his pleasure." Suppose our amateur confidently mounting the saddle, persuaded upon the faith of all this, that he has not the least occasion to distrust the quadruped, naturally so good, so docile, and so obliging, you will see

THE COMIC ALBUM

him fall not only from the height of his illusions, but, what is still more annoying, from the height of his Romaine.



Next to the "noble animal's" docility, we have had volumes upon his wonderful courage. But who does not perceive the absurdity of assigning intrepid courage and warlike ardor to the most fearful, and, perhaps, the most cowardly of animals,—who trembles at the slightest noise,—and who is startled and convulsed at the sight of the most inoffensive objects. How erroneous are the assertions of those writers who have stated that he delights in the thunder of cannon and musketry—that he leaps light-hearted into the dangers of war, lunging after sabres, and thirsting for a speckling draught of bayonets. It is impossible to believe an animal gifted with the temperament of a hero, that is frightened at a shuttlecock; and the difficulty of accustoming our cavalry horses to stand the report of firearms, is a tolerable proof that warlike courage is far from one of their natural tastes.

But we are neither disposed to quarrel with the horse nor to under-rate his merits: we know through him the Greeks won Troy—that the merits of Bucephalus caused Alexander to name a city after him—that Richard would have given his "kingdom for a horse"—that Lady Godiva, seated in *paris naturalibus* upon his back, saved the "goodly city of Coventry," and that eventually its inhabitants became ribbon-makers, instead of being cut into ribbons by her ruthless lord. Then there was Hippograph, with many other Hippios, mostly, however, *Appto-theical*.—Chiron, who was only *half-lived*—the weeping horses of Achilles—the sporting horses of Neptune, and those "out-and-outers" of Phœton's, which even Ducrow, or the best whip on the road, would have been puzzled to manage.

Instead of being simply allowed his natural attributes, the horse for ages has been an ill-used animal, employed in conveying the absurd notions of others. Poets are licensed to commit such absurdities, for no one believes them to write of any other horse but their own fabulous Pegasus. But how often has he been painted in the most tender attitudes, weeping like any christian over the body of a dead trampeter, or wounded hussar. Really, the quantity of tears a horse's eye will hold is a point worthy the attention of naturalists. We suspect his real attachment to his master is about parallel to the minister's attachment to his place—the secret of the one lies in the treasury, and of the other in the manger.

We remember a circumstance which bears somewhat on this point.—A grand equestrian spectacle was produced at one of the minor temples of the drama, in which the most "touching incident" arose out of the strong attachment evinced by the leading horse towards the leading actor. The latter, wounded in battle, is brought to his tent, whither he is followed by his faithful steed, to whom he desires his attendants to present a bowl of corn. The horse, deeply concerned for his wounded master (as the author of the piece would have it supposed), turns his head melancholically away from the proffered food. The spectators applaud his sensibility, believing it natural, but what was the fact?—Why the corn was mixed with clostrails, and horses suffer from indigestion as well as men!

Amongst the accomplishments of the horse, dancing, and a natural ear for music have often been spoken of. Aided by the spur, we have seen him dance to music, of which we believe him to be so far a connoisseur as to see no difference between "Tu vedrai" and "Nix my Dolly, pals," or "Jolly Nose." But the time is not distant, when horses will attend the geometrical section of the meetings of the British Association, since in mathematics they may really be said to outstrip man, for how often have they accomplished that difficult problem, the measuring of the circumference of the circle.

Talking of the circle brings us to the ring of the riding-school, where, judging from the laborious exertions of most tyros in equestrian science, we are inclined to believe it is not half so difficult to qualify one's self for a prime-minister as for a post-boy. Look, reader, at our friend, whose body oscillates backwards and forwards like a pendulum: grasping convulsively the mane or the pommel, and rising up at each step like a fog under the action of a

FOR EVERY TABLE.



galvanic battery. Then watch the piteous emotions his countenance exhibits, but which have their smarting origin in quite another quarter.

After a dozen lessons, if no longer a "raw," he fancies himself competent to "go upon the road." Having been told in "the school" that a rider should always accommodate himself to the motion of the horse, he construes it into meaning that he should adopt as nearly the same position as the difference of structure between the biped and the quadruped will allow, and not carrying with him a "chest glass," he considers the *ac plus ultra* of grace and elegance to consist in bringing his body into the form of a \triangleright placed sideways.



There are two kinds of persons who keep horses. Those that keep them for their own amusement, and those who profit by keeping them for the amusement of others. The horses of the former either go, or go too fast; whilst those of the latter usually go too little unless, as it often happens, they have no go in them. These "little go" animals are generally met, in greatest numbers, about the neighbourhood of Hampstead, Hyde Park, and Norwood,

on Sunday; so, that being a day of rest, the Cockneys, we beg pardon, the London Costumers, appropriate it to, perhaps, the most fatiguing of exercises. With outstretched limbs, they prove what has been said of the Great Wall of China allowing four horsemen abreast, must be all twaddle, as there are few turnpike-roads in England sufficiently wide to allow three of them to caracole side by side.



The first time our young Alexanders give way to the seductive pleasures of riding upon a hired Bucephalus, with what satisfaction do they tramp their spurred heels along the pavement, and cut and swish the inoffensive air with their whips, as they wend their way to the abiding place of the man "Licensed to let, &c." We will select one from the mass—who is what the other calls a "counter-jumper." With a heart beating as violently as hearts will, when they set about doing what they should let alone, he attempts to get up on the wrong side; and, when told of the mistake, places his right foot in the stirrup, which happening to be wrong, he finds himself turning his head towards the tail of his courser. With the assistance of two others, who shove him into the saddle, whilst a third holds the nag's head, he is at last seated; but no sooner do the biped and quadruped feed themselves twenty paces from the stable, where the latter has left his friends and his provender, than things take a different turn, and the horse's head does the same. A tug at the bridle brings him again in a direct line; but twenty paces more are scarcely got over when the Romanzo suddenly stops, and reflecting a moment, like a man who has forgotten his umbrella or pocket-handkerchief, he turns suddenly round, and reaches the stable in a smart trot, totally disregarding the rider's persuasions to induce his taking a contrary direction.

THE COMIC ALBUM



Some are affected with *cramp*, and striking out the suffering limbs enable the cavalier to decide whether wood-pavement presents any advantages over stone in point of gravitation or concussion.

Horses have their antipathies as well as men, and amongst their most decided dislikes are the cutting of the whip and the *digging* of the spur. Some are much annoyed by the barking of dogs; but any of these aversions frequently causes them to start off at full gallop, and double the intentions of the rider in point of distance. The sound of the organ, or the beating of the drum, which frightens some of the blood race, is a source of pleasure and amusement to others; hence it sometimes happens, he who is mounted upon an old stager from some Olympic circle, that delights in the merry waltz or sprightly gallop, runs the chance of breaking his neck upon the sliding scale, if he be not sufficiently adroit to keep his seat.



The expense of indulging in equestrian pleasures does not seem very great, provided the rider is possessed of

a whip and spurs, and gets "on cou" at ten shillings per diem. But though the animal be hired, it must not be forgotten his will is his own. You may urge him forwards, but possibly he prefers a lateral course, which terminates in a posterior visit into the shop front of some milliner, forming an addition to her stock of accessories. You will not think, like Hamlet, it was



scarcely "possible to force a passage," for the clattering smash of the plate glass convinces you of the contrary. If the entry be but little flattering, the exit, is excessively humiliating; for the milliners cry out, a mob soon assembles, and sometimes a policeman is to be found. Then, after much pulling in front and pushing behind, the perverse animal is withdrawn from the retreat he had selected; and the horseman, who calculated upon paying a dozen shillings, including ostler and turnpikes, for his day's diversion, finds himself *let in* to the tune of 32*l.* 11*s.* 2*d.*, for broken glass, damaged caps and bonnets, without reckoning the *doseur* with which he must soften the woe of the affrighted damsel. If (query) he carries so much money in his pocket (we never do) he pays, of course; and having once read of a coach-and-four being driven round some shop, he is puzzled that, in these New Tariff days, a ride into a "Magasin de modes et accessoires," should be so doused expensive. If he does n't happen to carry the ready with him, prompted by L. 32, the scene changes to the *station-house*.

At every watering-place may be met, about the outskirts of the town, some dozen lean, lank, crippled, and spavined animals, whose four legs and a tail constitute the pretext for their being offered as *horces* to the visitors. Whether

FOR EVERY TABLE.

the sea air or these sea horses inspire an equestrian taste we cannot tell, but that a mania exists for the amusement is evident by the condition of the poor brutes from whose flesh and blood it is derived, who run life's gauntlet through the perpetual beating and kicking of their riders.



But what a different cavalcade from the above one meets in the ring of Hyde Park; not that it is in any way deficient in eccentricities, for even there one encounters cavaliers who do not sit their horses with the ease and

command over his steed, he will find that, even in a canter,



there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous;

grace of a Chiffary. Judging by the pace, and the liveliness of their conversation, we should say the gentleman who now passes has considerably advanced in the good graces of the lady whom he escorts. Equestrian courtship, however, is perhaps the most difficult of all sieges to sustain, for if the amorous cavalier has not the most perfect



THE COMIC ALBUM

further, should another sutor aspire to the hand of the fair Diana, he may calculate his chance by reflecting that the man once laughed at is no longer a dangerous rival. The misfortunes that overtake the incipient horseman are most numerous. Not the least among the category, is that of being unable to dismount, when your goddess inadvert-



tently drops her handkerchief, or is accidentally deprived of her coffee by the "wanton wind."

Those who prefer the pleasures of the chase to excor-



ing a graceful Amazon, should invariably take the precaution of seeing the girth "well up into the right hole," lest their exertion bring the saddle so far posterior as to elicit from the spectators the exclamation, "There goes a tailor, riding like Billy Button to Brentford!"

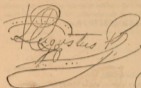


The varieties of horse-riders are almost numberless, and yet there is but one class of horse-dealers, whose traffic, nevertheless, invariably extends to selling their customers. Reader, if, unlike ourself, you ever have stridden the back of a Hooshyrhym, shun these knowing Yahoos as you would a pestilence.



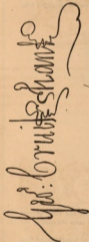
FOR EVERY TABLE.

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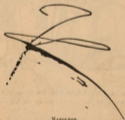


Duke of Sussex.

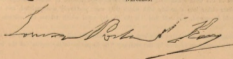
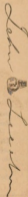
JACK SHEPPARD



EMPEROR OF CHINA.



NAPOLEON.



Mrs. WOOLLEY (of Bristol).

ON VOICE, GESTURE, AND ATTITUDE.

EVERY one has two voices, the voice natural and the voice artificial.

The natural voice is used in domestic matters, in ordinary business, and in friendly conversation.

The artificial voice, which may properly be termed the *Sunday voice*, is set apart for particular occasions, as visits of ceremony, first interviews, confessions of love, and proposals of marriage: it is, in short, the voice in *full dress*.



With the lords of the creation this full-dress voice has generally a deeper and more sonorous tone than the voice natural; whilst, on the contrary, among the fair sex, its notes are mingling and bland.

Take any person in the wide world by the hand, who supposes himself or herself exempt from this caprice—introduce either into a society with which they were previously unacquainted, and the moment the threshold is crossed, you will find 'tis the Sunday voice which salutes the mistress of the house.

At festive meetings, where folks sport their best coats and manners, tell their best jokes, and say their best sayings, the gentleman selected by the company "to do justice to the merits" of the host

THE COMIC ALBUM.

and hence invariably brings out his full-dress voice to suit the full-dress occasion. How many of these oratorical displays commence by our Cicero acquainting his auditory that he's "unaccustomed to public speaking," or by his assuring them, without the least respect for Roman history—the least regard for "tense being the distinction of time," that he's "no orator, as Brutus is."

A common voice is the indispensable companion of a character without distinction—a trivial mind and a vulgar education.

A noisy, clamorous voice, never belongs to a person of good breeding.

A trilling, squeaky voice indicates, in a man, a narrow, pitiful mind, or a niggardly, sordid character.



A deep-toned voice denotes force, energy, and tenacity, provided it is not acquired by habituation to strong liquors, or to vulgar company.



The man who stammers and stutters, rouses our impatience; he that speaks too slowly, lulls one to sleep; he who talks too quickly, fatigues us; he that beats about for his words, excites and irritates our nerves, or sets our teeth on edge; he who speaks through his teeth, in a monotonous drawl,

THE COMIC ALBUM

causes us to gape and yawn; he that splutters while talking, or speaks close under one's nose, inspires us with disgust; he that bawls, overwhelms us more by the power of his voice than the force of his arguments; he who jumps from one subject to another, forces us to laugh, or else excites our anger; he that constantly laughs at whatever he describes, may amuse us for the moment, but becomes tiresome in the end; he who never laughs, makes us fearful and cautious;—and, finally, he that continually loses the thread of his discourse, and often repeats, "Well, you know," "As I was saying," "Let me see—whereabouts was I?" makes us heartily wish the fellow at Old Nick.

Speaking is an art which many clever men do not naturally possess, but which some feel have instinctively: this often makes us revolve, at a second interview, the judgment we had pronounced at the first.

The speaker who accompanies his discourse with varied and natural gestures, is frequently of a ready and sparkling wit; whilst he that holds forth, with a countenance totally void of expression, is even more frequently of a dull, heavy turn of mind.

There is a certain species of social simpleton, to whom no conventional appellation, that we are aware of, has ever been assigned, but who is full of extravagant gesticulation. He is at once a vain, presumptuous, empty, and arrogant babbler, who, not satisfied with the natural expression of his countenance, opens and shuts his eyes, grins widely and vacantly, and assumes a melancholy or laughing air, as he presumes the subject of his discourse requires. He farther assists the expression of his physiognomy by movements of his head, his body, his arms, and his legs. He leans first upon one haunch, then upon the other; then curves his body from one side to the other; then brings it straight again:—in short, gives way to an infinity of postures, which he imagines to be necessary and graceful, but which really are contortions and grimaces.



Amongst the gestures and attitudes, the most annoying are those of the ignorant, who, having stopped you in the street, usurbans and buttons up your waistcoat, plays with your watch-guard,

FOR EVERY TABLE.

and passes his fingers through the button-holes of your coat; then shakes it to and fro; or draws you closer to him, to impress upon you the importance of the twaddle he is retailing. If you endeavour to get rid of him by proceeding onwards he will not quit his hold, but add to the annoyance by stopping every three steps, and causing you to do the same to preserve your coat



from his injurious fangs. Another time, he will mark the emphasis and pauses of his oration, by continual taps upon your arm, holding your hand enclosed within his all the while, and rendering escape next to impossible.

The attitude of the coxcomb is as offensive as it is ridiculous. With one hand tucked in his waistcoat, and tapping his boots with his cane—with his head thrown proudly back, or feignedly leant forwards, as though he were short-sighted, he ogles and peers at you, while speaking or listening to you, in a manner that seems to say—"How very little you are! so very little compared to me! 't is quite a trouble to look at you!"

The man who is insincere, stammers,—weighs and examines his phrases before he risks uttering them, and never looks you firmly and fully in the face.

THE COMIC ALBUM

NAÏSÉRIE.

Oh! come, my love, while moonlight reigns around,
And morning sunbeams deck the verdant lawn;
Where fruits and flowers, with varied beauty crowned,
And hazel-plants the snow-clad banks adorn.

And we will sit within the ivy bower,
Where only reigns a placid stillness sweet;
While tuneful birds shall through the live-long hour
Our listening ears with their shrill music greet.

Then, as we wander on the flowery sides
Of rippling streams in icy fetters bound,
We'll watch the sportive fish that onward glides,
At rest beneath the gloomy depths profound.

And we'll discourse of long-departed hours,
As, silent, treading the sequestered shade,
'Neath leafless trees, where pink and purple flowers
Of sweet perfume, in balmy freshness fade.

Then come, my love, while yet the dazzling sun
Doth shed his splendour o'er the moonlit vale;
Oh! come, my love, the quiet air's begun
To waft soft breezes on the spicy gale.

1782



When a man turns himself into a mouse-trap, and halts himself with toasted cheese before he goes to bed, rats and mice are apt to be led by the nose to his mouth, taking a night in spite of his teeth. By touting the spider, however, and leaving it on his dressing-table, he may enter into a tacit compact with the intruders, which, on their part, he will find duly ratified, providing the amount of compensation be sufficient.



When a man, infected with vertigo, indulges in the consumption of midnight tallies, rolling from side to side as he jingles his rhymes, let him look well to the legs of his bedstead, or it may be all over with him, as it is with our friend, who, discovering the whole press is against him, and that even his very bed is down upon him, fears the sheets may prove his winding-sheet, and therefore earnestly wishes to be bedridden.

A Very Black Romance

ILLUSTRATED WITH BIRCH.

By Miss Indiana Inkie.

THE reader, sup-
member of the Tra-
is still more probable, to

LONDON TO SCHLANGENBACH

cannot have failed to
is wonderfully endowed
the latter with the pic-
gular country exist real,
there are met wandering
pensive in their natures,
been crossed—by bridges!
supposing him to have

velled in the direction indicated by the post above, at the
precise moment of which we write—otherwise we beg he
will direct it to the following drawing—could not have

poosing him to be a
vellers' Club, or, what
have journeyed from

remark, that the former
with chimney-pots, and
turretes. In this sin-
gular *folie* trees, and
brooks, melancholy and
doubtless from having
The eye of the reader,
but one, and that it tra-

helped remarking the existence of a noble addition to the
landscape—a large white bull; which, by the way, seems to
have strayed there most à propos, enabling our artist to fill
up his foreground after nature, and ourselves to introduce
to the reader one of the chief characters of this subtle tale
—the innocent cause of endless woe.

Heigh ho! never was a bull more innocent than he.
No, not even the holy Pope's. He was pure in heart as
the natural whiteness of his skin—but not white-livered
withal. His countenance (which we must not fail to add,
although the artist has turned it from us)—his noble
countenance beamed with joy, whilst a smile you would
have been puzzled to decide as belonging to the ironical
or the pitiful (supposing them not to be synonymous)
played around his aristocratically turned mouth, giving
increased animation to his features, and perhaps slightly
expressing the zest with which he placidly grazed on the
fresh herb. Nothing could equal the mental quietude,
the repose of soul, which this unsophisticated brute enjoyed.
To him, science and the self-lighting sealing-wax, luxury
and the new Poor Law, Photography and India-rubber
pavement, Mr. Dickens's "Notes" and the American
currency, the exhibitions of the Royal Academy and Prize
Cattle, the meetings of the British Association and Female
Chartists, were each and all unknown. Neither the new
Income Tax nor the new Tariff affected him. He was
not surprised at Sir Robert Peel's promises, and, like
Sir Robert, never dreamt of his fulfilling them. In short,
nothing disturbed, nothing astonished him. Our bull was
a complete child of nature (like John Bull perhaps, a little
overgrown). Had you inquired of him the way to any
town, his reply would simply have consisted of one inge-
nuous smile, proving at least he was not the dupe of your
facetiousness.



* QUAY, IS— FROSTEN'S DAVIL.

THE COMIC ALBUM

The white bull chewed the cud of his meditations, and ruminated on the grass of the meadow wherein he aired himself, regardless of a travelling carriage which rumbled along the high road to Schlagenbad, kicking up, in the eyes of the foot passengers, a dense of a dust. This carriage contained nothing less than the noble family of De Cringey,



who all the world knows came in with the Cosparator, and (but for the sequel*) would in all human probability only have gone out with the Pension List. On looking further into the carriage, it would have been found to contain more than the noble family, by two pertasseous and a bonnet-box, a fact which no faithful chronicler could omit, inasmuch as they were part of the personal property of the De Cringey.

Two horses were attached by rope traces to the vehicle, for no other traces existed of their attachment. Black they were (horses and traces both) as Newcastle adamant, and melancholy black was the outward expression of their inward feelings; for judging, as Lavater would have done, by their physiognomies, we are safe in concluding they drew with regret their noble burden.

Men. Never have black horses put to your travelling carriage; they are mostly in the habit of taking passengers a step farther than they wish. See the sequel of our tale.

Place aux Dames! One of the De Cringey's who sat in the rumbling carriage was a lady, about—no matter, a lady's age should be respected—a lady who, having nothing but her husband to divert her, gazed with intense relief upon our friend the bull. She was in stature slightly

* The next dramatic witness generally explains their plots belowhand.
News at the Eastern.



above the middle size, and her countenance, which cannot be compared with either we have described, was melancholy as the moon's—the full moon's, be it understood, for the crescent presents anything but a melancholy phiz. Had the rumbling carriage stopped but one half-hour for your accommodation, between each revolution of the wheels around their axles, you might have scanned this fair creature's features till, like a poet, you believed your rapturous gaze transfixed upon an ethereal being—an angel, but with this algebraic typicality,



—2 wings ÷ 3 petticoats, which is anything but poetical. Judging from her complexion, you might possibly have guessed the beauty's name was Blanche; but no, 't was Constance. Was constancy her nature? *Non servos.*



In this same rumbling carriage was a little man, whose hair had obviously fallen off from using Rowland's Macassar, but which defect was remedied by the united skill of Truefit, and his valet Nicholas (not a Swiss). We have said he was little in person; was he less in politics,

FOR EVERY TABLE.

being a Whig, and out of place? Whether he wore a tail as a political allusion cannot be positively stated, but it is more than probable to have been—because our artist gave him one. There is a point we had nearly forgotten to state—he was the husband of Constance. Not that the fact is important, considering the indifference with which he had bestowed his name and title, and the indifference with which she, on the other hand, had received them. In the eyes of Constance he was necessarily a monster—many husbands are! Poor injured creature! where is the woman that does not sympathize with her?

Attached to the carriage, and the faculty of De Cringey, was a third person. Does the reader inquire who, and where? We reply at once, the valet Nicholas, in the rumble! Yes, Nicholas—the aspiring Nicholas! whose only thought was, that destiny had unjustly frowned upon



him—was ignominiously perched in the rumble. What was he like?—We'll describe him. His countenance was not wanting in a certain irregular style of beauty; his nose, though small, was twitched with an air of nobility; his complexion was of a pale, bilious cast; his eyes, colourless; his forehead—gracious powers! what a forehead he had—and there we'll stop, and take up his hands, which were remarkable for their distinction,—they were red, very red, but then they were equally large. Could any woman gaze on him with indifference? Such was the interrogation stereotyped on his bump of curiosity. Nicholas, though a peasant born, was too proud to cultivate the clay from whence he sprung, therefore had preferred blacking the boots and shoes of the noble De Cringey's.

But, alas! when Constance saw the noble peasant

toiling at the brash her heart yearned towards him, and she gave way to a despondency that would have wrung pity even from one—aye, from any one—of her Majesty's tax-collectors. In her mental anguish she writhed like a wounded boa-constrictor, and her eyes shed torrents of tears that would have shamed the new fountain in St. James's Park for limpidity of flow. As for Nicholas—who could not help perceiving the contortions to which his mistress subjected herself—in the moments of mixed delight and shame, he cast the dark lashes of his colourless eyes to the ground, and his countenance wore a mingled aspect of angelic resignation and ferocious despair.



A valet! He destined to be a miserable valet! He deemed to accept lodging, food, and raiment, from one who further added to the infamy of the matter by com-

pelting him to accept thirty pounds per annum, and paid him in light sovereigns!—'t was too bad! He could gnaw



his manly fists with despair; throw himself out of window; and out from his lord and master and never come again. Such often had been his reflections; nevertheless he had possessed sufficient command over himself to remain.

But, alas! why did the noble De Cringey travel to Schlangenbad? Why did he, by this journey, tempt the destiny of the ill-used Nicholas? 'T was at the very moment that Constance, leaning out of the carriage-window, contemplated the placid dignity of the bull, that the sight of the white shoulders of his mistress caused an eruption of the Etna which so long had boiled within his bosom. He kissed—yes, he, the valet Nicholas!—kissed the fair shoulder which the beautiful Constance had exposed to the gaze of her golden slave. Once having passed the

THE COMIC ALBUM



Rubicon of his destiny, no bounds could restrain his impetuosity; from the shoulder he passed to the head. Long had he admired the fair tresses of his soul's idol; long had he coveted one to wear in his breast, a page d' amour. With sudden frenzy he seized the whole, and strove to effect a new "rape of the lock" by severing it with his teeth!



The husband—the ignoble De Cringey, the monster, the aristocrat—perceiving the disorderly conduct of his wife and her tresses, what did he? Why, instead of feigning to sleep, or even partially closing his eyes, so as just to

wink at the affair, like a man of the world, he seized the delicate digits of Constance between his bony fists, and squeezed them with a vice-like force, forgetting she was a peeress, but, what pained her still more, that she wore diamonds, which not only cut diamonds but fingers.

Dreadful domestic drama! But 't is not all. No! the vengeance of De Cringey is not yet satisfied. His hands erewhile performed the office of nutcrackers to the filberts



of the delicate Constance, but now they are transformed into pincers. He watches the opportunity, and in the twinkling of an eye his nails have drawn out the bolt attaching the rumbler to the body of the carriage.

The seat of the unfortunate Nicholas being no longer suspended, both roll headlong to the bottom of a precipice, and find their level just four thousand and one feet below that of the white bull!



FOR EVERY TABLE.

At the sight of this horrible spectacle the affrighted horses started back into a yawning cave, tenanted by black serpents and green toads. Three years have elapsed, but the travellers have not made another step towards Schlansgrubad.



Melancholy effect of jealousy combined with precipice! Who could have believed that the noble De Cringreys would thus obscurely fulfill their destiny in a cave primitively assigned by nature as the abiding place of simple toads!—horrible! But what is still more horrible, who could have believed that the postillion, the ingenious postillion—against whom and of whom we have never spoken a word—the honest postillion, who was innocent of the whole affair from beginning to end—who was even innocent of bilking the “pikes”—could any one have believed that he, the said postillion, likewise would become a victim? Nevertheless, it proves most satisfactorily (although of little satisfaction to him), that there is no rule without an exception, and that the innocent suffer with as well as for the guilty.

Unhappy victim! to think that he had sang “It was all round his hat” only two minutes before—talk of warnings!

To return to Nicholas, whom we left at some distance; he is more tranquil and composed than ever. Found by some peasants at the bottom of the precipice from whence his noble master had cast him, they collected, with the most rigid care, his remains; such as his coat and inexpressibles, hat, gold-band, and boots. He, personally, was buried with all the honours not due to his rank by the

heirs of De Cringrey, who, missing the badge of servitude, which formed the only distinction between the two parties, naturally concluded they paid the last tribute to the dislocated tibia of their respected uncle. The undertaker and his companions, as is their usual wont, certainly did justice to the occasion.



Of the different characters who have played a part in this dark, melancholy tale, there exists to-day but the white bull; who, terrified at the result, has turned black—

“His hair grew (and) white
In a single night,
As man's hair grows from sudden fears.”



Reader! in your peregrinations, should you ever visit this spot, and, meeting the bull, should curiosity prompt you to inquire of him further particulars of this dark tale, be not surprised if he mysteriously preserves a silence, the most tacit, the most profound!!!

THE COMIC ALBUM



THE GENT WITH MACHETE.—"My wife, sir, whom you bestowed with an appointment, is indisposed. I have come to offer you an apology."



To ascertain the exact effect of blows you would inflict at single stick, it is highly necessary first of all to realize them.



It wants five minutes to the hour of an excellent dinner, or an appointment you would not break for the world—you anxiously await the indispensable new coat, which the tailor brings at the last moment. Alas! it is too tight!—your arms will neither be fitted nor coaxed into it, and the clock strikes the fatal hour!—Pleasant, isn't it!



It is a cold winter's morning, and you are desired to wait instantaneously upon a customer—a very particular customer—and therefore you must shave. There is no hot water ready—you have substituted your shaving brush—you can only place the looking-glass in a false light—and, to crown all, you have but one miserable razor, which does the chiropedic duties of the family.—Pleasant again!—very!

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OPERA-GLASS.



OUR whole life has been one of observation. If we have not devoted our energies to "holding the mirror up to nature," we may boast that our possessors have held their glass up to the highest pitch of art. As it is customary for those who indulge in autobiography to give their readers some account of themselves, we shall follow their example.

Be it known, then, we are, in every sense of the word, "an opera glass." We are no exaggerated telescopic combination; no double-barrelled-swing-working-manual-labour-to-carry-almost-as-large-as-life-size-modelled-size-pounders. No! Our proportions are elegantly slight; we close in beautiful compactness, and elongate in perfect symmetry. But, alas! we have been displaced by, and neglected for, the monstrosities now in vogue. We first started into public life from a morocco, satin-lined case, the coveted property of a



MUSICAL BOOKS.

How our heart beat when we felt the moment of our

enslaving had approached! The opera had been the one theme of our diegy manufacturers, but what the opera was, we as much knew then, as we do now the private or political predilections of Commissioner Lin.

The first object we ever saw, was the grimy face of a small apprentice, who was ordered to retire to the far end of the workshop, that his master might gauge our powers; the detection of a fly on the extreme tip of the young gentleman's nose, threw him (our maker) into ecstasies of delight, and we were pronounced perfect. We were nervous about the dirty boy and insignificant fly; judge, then, what our feelings were when, as our case opened, we felt the soft contact of the perfumed and dove-like French kid gently pressing us;—in a second, we found ourself in one blaze of light. Our senses reeled; all things were dazlingly indistinct; and we verily believe, but for the relief we experienced from the fresh air which reinvigorated us in our drawing out, we should have fainted on the spot. Anon we were raised to one of the most beautiful eyes that ever gazed through glass; for some few moments we were entranced, and then commenced our actual duties. How charmingly were we greeted by the duke's gold and enamel from the opposite box; how did the young honourables reciprocate and return our bows and glances; we never thought we could have done it, but—such was our perfect self-possession—we fixed ourself upon one of the magnates of the land, and pronounced him "a decidedly ugly fellow."

But pass we over the first six months of our initiation, for it took us fully that time before we had the slightest notion of the meaning of anything we saw upon the stage; for, what with our being put down, that our fair owner might talk to her friends, or suddenly snatched from witnessing a most pathetic scene, that she might enjoy her laugh at the very excellent good things whispered over her shoulder by the facetious Lord Alexander Fitzgoun, and our total want of knowledge of the language, we confess we were in one continued state of excited amazement.

THE COMIC ALBUM

At last we found the key to these operatic riddles. We left off thinking of the words, and attended solely to the action; this let us into the secret; for, however the plot and dialogue of the different representations might vary, that was still the same. We will now proceed to give our short rules for understanding an Italian Opera. The chief ingredients of these affairs are:—

- Firstly, a Father,
- Secondly, a Lover,
- Thirdly, a Rival,
- Fourthly, a Daughter,
- Fifthly, her Confidante,
- Sixthly, and lastly, a Chorus.

Such are the people; now for their attributes:—

- The Lover is a Tenor,
- The Rival, a Baritone,
- The Parent, a Bass,
- The Heroine, a Soprano,
- The Confidante, a Contralto,

and the Chorus, small one-note instalments of all the above. To avoid the tedium of personal description, we present our readers with a series of portraits, commencing with



THE LOVER.

is the act of declaring his passion; and thus it is done:—The eyebrows are like six-bottle men after dinner, or M. Jullien's piccol, elevated to the highest pitch, while the contrary motion of the orbs of sight would induce one to

believe they had received notice to quit their present premises, and were looking down for some eligible spot on which to deposit themselves. The hands are firmly drawn across the third button of the tunic, and a vain effort is made by the digits of the right to screw off the digits of the left; while the thumbs dispose themselves far out of the reach of the belligerent members. The shoulders attain an elevation which allows them a bird's-eye view of the interior of the ears; the elbows depict the wooden cross of an anchor; while the toes, as if coquetting with the ground, confirm the opinion of Will Shakspeare, that "so light a foot will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint."

Whenever these evolutions are gone through, the auditor may be sure the tenor is pouring forth vows of love and constancy, parched up with passion, or loed with the indifference of his inconstancy,—offering to get a special licence, and alluding to flight, felicity, elysium, and elopement. This state of things usually lasts a quarter of an hour; after which enter the



PRIMA DONNA.

who occupies ten minutes by alternately placing her right hand on her left side, and extending the other to some unseen object in mid-air, always taking care to reverse the position every fourth bar. This, with an involuntary

squeeze of her laced cambric handkerchief at the finale, speaks as plainly as possible that she loves the tenor, and the tenor only. In most instances, the object of her three hours' affection is conveniently within hearing, though, it may be, out of sight. A few notes from the seventy fiddles in the orchestra are, by the aid of a little imagination, supposed to be the gentle twanging of the tenor's property-guitar. No sooner are they heard than the soprano trips up the stage, throws open a canvas window about the size of the folding-gate entrance to Hyde Park, gazes intently down from its height (nearly three feet and a half!), and commences a duet with her screwading lover. Now comes



THE FATHER.

who hears the last cadenza—starts—retires three paces—steps behind an ornamental pillar—clenches his fist at the chandeliers—treats his chest with a couple of energetic thumps—rushes down the stage—seizes the soprano's hand—shakes his head—points, first to the procession, then to the fur cap of the prompter, encoined behind the Brodding Dutch oven, which conceals him from the audience, and keeps him warm,—concluding with a violent start and preconcerted exit. The regular opera visitor is perfectly aware, from all this, that the father has not paid his last Christmas bills; that he has brought his daughter up from her cradle; that he doubted not her love for him would induce her to marry a gentleman whose private

character he knows to be no great shakes, and who has nothing particular to recommend him, except a promise to advance sufficient cash to liquidate his liabilities. Here the soprano faints,—the tenor rushes in, through the before-mentioned window—and, having knocked all the curl out of his wig, dashes his hat and feather to the ground, instead of burning the latter to hold under the lady's nose, deposits his guitar carefully on one of the gold-mounted tables—throws back his cloak—appears to be anxious to ascertain from what precise point the wind may be blowing, to acquire which information commences waving a very gossamer-like square of snowy cambric high above his head, which he shakes violently at his ebullient love—places his hand upon her heart—suddenly starts up; and, balancing his body on one leg, throws back his shoulder, seizes himself tightly by one of his eyebrows, a portion of his cheek, half his nose, and a stray lock of hair; and having protruded his doubled fist at an alarmed occupier of a gallery-stall, intimates he is a bankrupt in love and money, and that, in his private opinion, under existing circumstances, a little prussic acid would be rather a pleasant beverage. Now enters the *contralto* confidante, who walks on, kneels over the lady,



and, finally, carries her off; the tenor following, with a trailing gait and drooping head. Soon after this, the soprano rushes in from the back, followed by the (bass) father and (baritone) rival, who are immediately joined by the amiable tenor. The bass seizes the soprano, who happens to be next to the tenor; the soprano turns, like a pivot, on her axis or left foot, and finds herself next to the baritone, who has pulled his sword half out of its sheath, and is busily engaged ramming it backwards and forwards, as though he were churning some obstinate cream against time. The tenor then commences operations by giving himself a simultaneous box on each ear, holding hard by his whiskers, and, as it were, throwing his respectable and ill-treated head from hand to hand. The bass points vehemently to the opera heaven, in the third groove, where a very large

THE COMIC ALBUM

moon, in the last stage of yellow jaundice, is brilliantly lighted up with an extra jet of gas; the soprano seizes her father with one hand, and devotes the other to some very violent exercise of the air-sawing description. As the parties become excited, the baritone rushes up to a wing, gives three stamps with his right foot, and is followed by the bass, who seizes him firmly by his point-lace collar; the tenor draws his sword, and energetically gallops towards them, as though about to spit them both, when the soprano interposes, and this constitutes a FINALE!—wherein the tenor is devoted, the basso determined, the baritone desperate, and the soprano distracted;—and thus ends the interest of an opera: as everybody knows, if it be a serious one, the baritone will run the tenor through, and the soprano will drop dead on his body, while the bass smites his repentant bosom, and is left to reflect upon the perspective increase of his expenses, in the shape of mourning, and his still clamorous creditors. In very effective performances, the introduction of offensive weapons, by a sort of mysterious agency, has been most successful. We remember



seeing a soprano, who, notwithstanding the long odds against her, made a point which left five daggers edgewise!

The Chorus are an unexpressing set of gentlemen, who eschew all attempts at originality, and never manifest any

wish to have an opinion of their own, but appear perfectly content to echo the opinions of their betters. They are mighty stolid, looking upon the death of their best friends with laudable unconcern. Their other distinguishing characteristics are, invariably standing, in a straight line, on either side of the stage, and wearing their imitation woested froshings over their street trousers: this latter circumstance gives a varied expression to the natural shape of their legs, which, like Clar's "Home, sweet home," may be sought through the world, but ne'er met with elsewhere.

We trust these few illustrations of our favourite system, of attending to what is—or ought to be—the staple of theatrical productions, viz.,

"Action! action! action!"

have convinced our readers of the efficacy of our plan; and we will stake our gilt-moulding and macaroon-case that we convey to our readers' minds an impression of more intense affection by one illustration of love's established action, than all the combinations that ever delighted the organ of sound, at the expense of the organs of sense can effect.

Who can doubt the fervent passion of our fit friend beneath?





First sight of the Pretenses.—The tricks went off admirably!

SELF-LIGHTING SEALING-WAX.

"Shewings howe a certain young man, makinge a lovinge
offere unto a faire ladye, burned his fingers therewith."

I wrote a letter full of love,
To her, to whom I'd fain reveal it;
The patent wax I bought, and thought
How well and quickly I should seal it!

My billet told of Cupid's fire,
O'er which the burning lover lingers;
'T was meant to melt her heart;—the smart
Of melting wax attacked my fingers!

Oh, thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,
With all the warmth of Love's igniting,
Are cold and tame, to that bright flame
From patent wax, I found self-lighting!

Yes, vain were all the vows I wrote,
She only laughed at my confusion;
My fate was sealed, and set my note,—
I never made the least impression!

Men may be capable of a certain feeling of attachment; but to experience, in all its fusibility, the liquefaction of the Soul, is peculiar to woman. There is a burning boundlessness, an illimitable intensity, an expansibility of endless extent, an unfathomable profundity of deepness, and an inaccessible altitude of height, in the female heart, of which none but he who expatriates in the interminable mazes of its soul-intoxicating rapturousness, can form an adequate idea. Vainly would the plummet of Philosophy essay to sound that Ocean of Affection, the gigantic billows of whose incompressible immensity, swell, with an extensibility of eternal night, in her gentle breast.—SEXUEL ON THE SOFTER FEELINGS.



Not the only tiger to a pussy.

LOVE'S DOOM!

When I asked you to wed,
When so long I have courted,
If "Yes" you had said,
I had then been "transported!"
But fancy my woe,
As, with pitiless breath,
You firmly said "No,"
And passed "sentence of death!"

THE COMIC ALBUM

METAMORPHOSES NOT TO BE FOUND IN OVID.



"Your hair is very dry, sir."—"Ungh!"
 "You'll find a little of our Vegetable Extract a very good thing, sir."—(And then there's the *Floozers* which follows the Extract as close as the critic's remarks in the *Quarterly Review*.)



"Suppose we say twenty pounds!"
 "Twenty pounds! I'd sell the shirt from my back sooner than submit to such an imposition."

GUESTS ARE GENERALLY OF TWO KINDS,

THE EXPECTED

AND

THE UNEXPECTED.



"This is too bad."—"Full twenty minutes past his time."—"Just like him!"—"Patience! 's the soul, &c., but he's no soul for it."—"Goodness, the soup's getting cold; I propose we fall to."—"Agreed, now, eat!"



"I believe I've the pleasure of addressing Mr. Gabbles."
 "That's my name, sir—what's your business?"
 "I beg pardon, sir, but they told me I was sure always to find you at home about this time."

"OUR STREET."

'T is very hard one cannot dwell
 In peace with all around !
 But prying, meddling, curious folks
 In every place abound,
 Whose only business seems to be
 To ferret far and near
 For tales of scandal, and to tell
 Much more than all they hear !
 They're quite a nuisance on the earth,
 Who live but to repeat
 Such tittle-tattle, slip-slop stuff—
 We've some in "our street !"



And first of all is Mr. Smith,
 An antiquated bean,
 Who quizzes all the servant girls
 As by his house they go.
 His house-keeper is "rather" young
 To occupy the place—

I'm sure her wages must be good
 To find her silks and lace !
 You'd really think she was his wife,
 So decked from head to foot !
 And if she's not, she ought to be,
 Or else quit "our street !"

The boarding-house at number three
 Is kept by Mrs. Eyles :—
 Oh ! how that woman tries to match
 Her seven "matchless" girls !
 Such goings on I never heard—
 It's really quite a sin,
 The traps she sets for "single men"
 When once they're "taken in" !
 Her lodgers stay a week or so,
 Then sound a quick retreat :
 They want to lodge, and not be loved
 To wed in "our street !"

A widow dwells at number four
 Who pets a little lad :
 They claim one's softest sympathies,
 He having lost his dad !
 I'm sure I would not say a word
 Against the life she leads ;
 But many, very many, things
 Are covered o'er by words !

THE COMIC ALBUM



Yet, bless me! every idle tale
"I were silly to repeat,
So I'll not say what I have heard
Of four, in "our street!"

Then further on reside those Brownes:
How they contrive to live,
If once we think of all the routs
And parties that they give!

Yet they "look down" on other folks,
And deem themselves "tip-top!"
But some, who live so over "fast,"
Can't "raise the wind," and stop!
Do n't think that I'd insinuate
That Mr. Browne's a cheat:
I only hope that all the bills
Are paid in "our street!"

Those pompous, fussy folks next-door
Give dinners now and then;
They sport a footman and a boy,
But boast about their *mes!*
And oh! the talk of "wines" and "plate,"
The fashions that they ape!
The plate is "German silver," and
The wine comes from the Cape!
Now I could tell of many more
If I found scandal sweet—
Thank Heaven! I'm free from that at least—
None more, in "our street!"



THE PRIDE OF OUR STREET.

FOR EVERY TABLE.

METAMORPHOSES NOT TO BE FOUND IN OVID.

CRITICISM.

THE RAT.—It strikes me Apollo's shoulders want a little more roundness.

THE SERP.—No, there I differ with you; but I think his nose a trifle too short.



THE BULL DOG.—The short, indeed! Pah! One never has the nose too short.

THE OWL.—I wonder what the committee think of my statue.



HIVES ON BARRINGO.—A Sketch suggested by the Rannagato Correspondent in *The Times*.



"Shiver my timbers! would you insult my Sally, you lubberly Herse Marbo!"

THE COMIC ALBUM

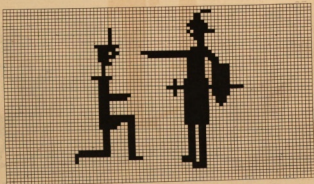
PATTERNS FOR BERLIN WOOL.



OUR FAVOURITE CAT WITH HER FAVOURITE MOUSE.

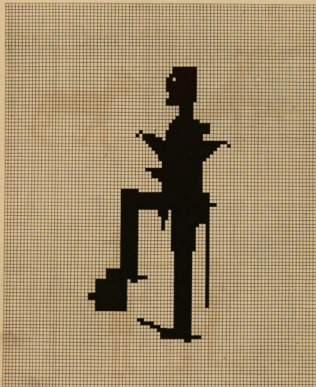


MY FAVOURITE DOG.



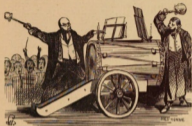
"WHERE GO'ST THOU THAT GOOSE LOOK" - MACBETH.

FOR EVERY TABLE



HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON,
TAKEN AS HE WAS FORMING THE HOLLOW SQUARES AT WATERLOO.

THE COMIC ALBUM



THEATRICAL ORNANCE—CASTING BOMBS.



"I tell you what, my lady, if I catch you winking again at those swells in the stage box, you'll find the axe a little sharper than usual."



STAGE BANDITRY CARICATURE.



"Splendid dress, madam—quite a hit!—caused four ladies to faint in the boxes!"

THE INCOME TAX.

In the year eighteen hundred and forty-two,
It's excessively true,
Matters looked so blue,
That Ministers didn't know what to do,
The Exchequer was looking uncommonly sky,
Resources were getting uncommonly dry;
With further remarks, 't is needless to prolix it,
The truth we must own,
There lately had grown
In England's finances a thundering deficit!

When the Tories were out, and the Whigs were in,
The latter came down to the House with a Budget,
But out of their places were soon made to trudge it
By the former, who said it was not worth a pin;
Their eight-shilling duty was treated with scorn
By the House, who 'tis clear,
Would not lend an ear
To their measure of corn.
On timber they'd taken their ground,
But very soon found,
That they'd done themselves but little good,
When on their last legs, in selecting wood.



MAKING UP THE DEFICIT BY TIMBER.

The Whigs, at last, fell into the dumps;
On timber they got some unfortunate thumps;
The balance of parties had changed, it would seem,
The Liberals very soon kicked the beam,
And, at last, from office they stirred their stumps.
On timber and wheat,
They very soon beat
An awful retreat;

While on sugar, to make their defeat complete,
They were forced to give in *à tout de suite*.
'T is a fact that's rather worthy of note,
It was put to the vote,
And decided, upon the high authority
Of a Parliamentary majority,
That the very same Whigs, whose stock of assurance
Was said to be really past endurance,
Did not possess,
An atom of confidence — more or less.



THE HEIGHT OF ASSURANCE.

THE COMIC ALBUM

When Ministers find themselves very hard run,
When nothing, or nobody, more can be done,
They all of a sudden are seized with a zeal,
To go to the boroughs, the cities, and counties,
To shower on voters the usual beauties,
Which is called to the country's good sense an appeal.



THROWING HIMSELF UPON THE PUBLIC.

It would n't do to appear fainthearted,
So candidates everywhere they started,
Who told of lies the usual tissues,
But, alas! without the expected issue.
They 'd better never the chance have run,
But the storm have stood,
As well as they could,
With their old majority of one.

'T is rather strange,
That they risked a change ;
For "number one," we all of us know,
Statesmen are very apt to stand on,
And to abandon
Are very — very — slow.

But, alas! they quickly began to feel,
That the sense of the nation
Was mere boisterousness,
And they wished they never had made a Peel.
They found, to their cost,
That they 'd only lost,
And, like some other ruined concerns,
Had got no profits upon the returns.

So the Minister went to the Queen, and said,
As he thoughtfully scratched his benevolent head :
" Embarrassment around us thickens,
The election has with us played the *Dickens*,
Your Majesty, what shall we do ?
I 've thought it ever well,
And really cannot tell,
Can you ! "

But, was it likely her Majesty could ?
The Ministers, the storm to weather,
In sugar and corn, it was understood,
Had already gone to the length of their tether.
For a Budget, in lying their heads together,
They had naturally come to wood ;
But these had once been tried in vain,
It would n't do to try them again ;
The result was hardly a matter of doubt,
The cuts turned in, and the ins turned out.

And now there grew,
All the country through,
A hullabaloo,
To know what the Tories meant to do.
Sir Robert Peel, like a statesman wise,
Postponing all he had to say,
Until he 'd had two or three quarters' pay,
Asked for the usual supplies ;
Then away to their homes at once he sent,
The new Conservative Parliament.

But soon the time of the year comes round,
When Ministers must in their places be found.
Oh, who shall describe the gorgeous scene,
Which, according to custom, always occurs on
The day when Parliament's opened in person
By her Majesty the Queen.
Along the park, and along the street,
Where the royal horses' delicate feet
Are about to travel,
They lay down gravel.

FOR EVERY TABLE.

A troop of the Blues,
 On the people's shoes,
 Flung and pences,
 As the morning advances.
 When the crowds increase,
 With a great deal of bluster,
 There's a powerful muster
 Of metropolitan police,
 Who strut to and fro,
 And keep people back,
 With a push or a crack,
 To get for themselves a front row ;
 For really, in spite
 Of their collars, and numbers, and letters,
 They love a sight
 Just as much as their betters.

The signal is given — they fire the guns ;
 In every direction, now every one runs ;
 Not that they know exactly why,
 But they think they ought to make a move,
 And give the people near them a shove,
 When " the Queen, the Queen," becomes the cry ;
 Policemen their staves begin to brandish,
 The steeds of the Blues cut capers outlandish,
 Shewing at once their airs and graces,
 Switching their tails in every one's faces ;
 Corpulent people, who take up room,
 Get a poke, that they think extremely rude,
 Because, beyond the line, to protrude,
 Their unfortunate stomachs presume.

Now the procession comes,
 Bang go the drums ;
 To blow in time the trumpeters try,
 While their horses do nothing but kick and shy ;
 The mounted musicians strain their throats,
 In a vain endeavour to sound the notes ;
 With dreadful grimace,
 They make an attempt, to supply the bass ;

But the plunging of their Rosinantes
 Turns all their allegros into *andantes*.
 " The Queen, the Queen,"
 Such dignity never before was seen,
 And such condescension
 Is past comprehension.
 She bows to all,
 Both great and small ;
 To the rich and the needy,
 The well-dressed, the sooty,—
 That courteous look,
 The dirty scamp
 Who sits in the lamp,
 To himself exclusively took.

Oh ! who, but a Queen, could find enough smiles,
 To last for a ride of a couple of miles ?
 And wear an appearance extremely affable,
 Towards a crowd that's rather rickable !

The speech from the Throne
 Is delivered and done ;
 Both parties agree to vote the address,
 Which, to all her Majesty asks, says—yes.
 And now, at length, his plans to disclose
 The Minister comes, he no longer can blink 'em.
 So he rises at last, slap dash, to propose
 A tax upon property and income.
 On every one who has profits clear
 Of a hundred and fifty pounds a year.
 An impost is laid,
 Which must be paid ;
 Amounting exactly, in numbers round,
 To sevenpence in every pound.
 Oh ! how the people at once begin,
 In their outward expenses to draw in ;
 And folks who used to be heard to boast,
 About what they made,
 By their business or trade,
 Make the least of it now, instead of the most !

THE COMIC ALBUM

Many become amazingly thrifty,
 That assessors may n't think 'em
 Possessed of an income,
 Over a hundred and fifty.
 There's something that Englishmen do n't much like,
 In being obliged a balance to strike,



A NEW METHOD OF BALANCING BOOKS.

Of profit and loss, in order to shew
 What they are taking,
 Or making,
 Whether they wish it or no.
 The true religion, that every one holds,
 Is money; and ledgers contain their creeds.
 It's popish, rather, to make an assessor
 Act as a sort of father confessor.
 It's true they are all to secrecy bound,
 But where is a man so discreet to be found,
 Who, when beneath the load he labours,
 Of all the secrets of his neighbours,
 Won't walk,
 And talk,

And shake his head
 When anything's said,
 About the profits last year made,
 By Mr. So-and-so, in his trade?

Should creditors want to know,
 If debtors are on the go,
 The district assessor at once they'll seek;
 And when they have found him,
 They'll pump and sound him;
 But if the official refuses to speak,
 To judge they'll try,
 By the turn of an eye;
 Or if they should think
 They detected a wink,
 Their conclusions they'll draw
 From what, if they did not hear — they saw.
 The only way
 To make sure the assessors will nothing say,
 Is to lay down a rule,
 That candidates for the office shall come
 From the excellent school
 For the deaf and dumb.

But if the assessors said not a word,
 Much that they might have said would be heard;
 And "might say," or "did say," becomes the sense,
 When repeated by a
 Common liar,
 For such is the name
 That's given to false.

For instance, report went about declaring,
 That the opulent house of Baring,
 Brothers,
 And others,
 Had made a return, that they didn't clear
 One hundred and fifty pounds a year!
 Which startled the public, accustomed to think 'em
 Possessed of a rather respectable income.

FOR EVERY TABLE.

'Tis thought a very prudent plan,
 To live within
 Your annual in-
 come, if you can.

But, if the returns are truly made,
 Some curious cases will be displayed,
 Of ingenious persons — not worth a pin,
 (Though the style of their outlay would lead one to doubt it)
 Who, instead of keeping their income within,
 Have been cutting a dash, and living without it.
 And ah! there is very much reason to fear,
 If you add to your family every year,
 The assessor will say,
 Something more you must pay.
 For if your number of children's augmented,
 To reason it stands,
 If you keep them all as they grow on your hands,
 To be thought so much richer, you must be contented.
 And whenever your wife's confined,
 If the assessor should make the delivery,
 To a larger income-tax be resigned.
 Each infant you'll pay for, on delivery.



PLEADING THE GENERAL ISSUE.

But, alas! it is vain,
 To cry and complain,
 Against the tax
 They've laid on our backs.
 Whatever we say,
 They'll force us to pay.
 And no one to grumble should surely be found,
 When even the Queen,
 So willing has been,
 To offer her seven-pence in the pound.

SHAKSPERIAN FANCIES—BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.



What, for a counter, would I do, but good?
 AS YOU LIKE IT, ACT II., SCENE I.



When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not
 by fortune fall into the fire?
 AS YOU LIKE IT, ACT I., SCENE I.

THE COMIC ALBUM

SHAKSPERIAN FANCIES.—BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.



Now mark me how I will undo myself.

ROMANO II., Act IV., Scene 1.



I would thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought!

1 HENRY IV., Act I., Scene 2.



His realm a slaughter house, his subjects slain.

3 HENRY VI., Act V., Scene 6.



Thy will by my performance shall be served.

ALL'S WELL THAT WENDS WELL, Act II., Scene 1.

OBSERVATIONS IN THE STREET.

1824

WE invariably encounter in our peregrinations certain people, who have some peculiar feature or other as infallibly distinguishing them from their fellow bipeds, as the marks assigned by Nature to point out the differences existing amongst quadrupedal tribes.

The Fop walks on his toes with stilted affectation, smiles and simpers, and his pace never exceeds an idle saunter. He adjusts alternately the cock of his hat and the set of his curls, and arranges his stock and pulls down his waistcoat about five times in twice as many minutes. He fails not to admire himself in every mirror he encounters,—mirrors possessing the same attraction for his personal points as the loadstone has for the needle to which he is indebted for them.



The Loungeur differs from the Fop, inasmuch as he is constantly occupied with everything but himself; he has generally a limited income; and his world is confined to the neighbourhood of the parks, the clubs, and the theatres. His time is passed in alternately lounging to and from one or the other, and his "pauses and rests" are coffee-rooms, cigar-divans, and billiard-tables. The *jeux d'esprit* of "Punch," he retails as "capital things that were said at my club last night." He always is (or pretends to have been) one of the first at every opera, ballet, play, concert, ball, exhibition, or other public place, and no doubt he will be the first to trail his cane round Trafalgar Square, and puff the cloud of his Cuba at the foot of Nelson's Pillar. He knows exactly what took place in "the House" last night, and what will transpire on the first reading of the new Bill for getting rid of light sovereigns.

THE COMIC ALBUM

by hawking them about at a penny each. The Loanger scans every pretty face, every pretty smile, he meets; steps at every print-shop, even if it is constructed in an umbrella; and peeps into every crowd. He has no employment but that of killing time, and is not deficient in knowledge, albeit 'tis more varied than profound, for he has acquired some information from the stall of every wonder-hawker—some fact from the "external-paper-hanging stations" of the "Great Metropolis," which, though but little regarded at the present moment, Mr. Grant will doubtless one day present some "Rambling Recollections" of to the British Public.

The Letterer must not be confounded with the Loanger, for he is a different species of the same genus, invariably on the look-out for a friend, having always unfortunately left his purse at home. His salutation begins with "Delighted to meet you, my dear fellow, lend me a sovereign—down'd awkward—come out without any tin." His last words are, "Well, good bye, I'm going! I'm going!" which, unless you open your purse-strings, he repeats until you feel inclined to turn auctioneer and knock him down.

The man who considers the future, looks upward; he who reflects on the past, looks down. He that looks before him is occupied with the present; he who gazes carelessly



from right to left, thinks of nothing; but it is more than probable that he who frequently looks behind him sees his creditors.

The Proud Man walks with head erect, body stiff as buckram, and half-closed, winking eyes, as though he was above noticing those he meets. The opinion he entertains of himself is easily guessed by the self-satisfaction with which he ensheathes his thumb in the arm-hole of his waistcoat, extending his digits in the directions of the cardinal points.

The Simpleton walks fat, and swings his arms to and fro like pendulums. His hat is placed back upon his head, that all the world may see the small *or frontal* that holds his little brains. His eyes carry a vacant stare, and his widely-opened mouth presents an inexhaustible stock of "broad grins."

FOR EVERY TABLE.

He who has an appointment with his lady-love, walks very fast (as he should do), and does not slacken his pace to peep under a single bonnet. Upon his return, however, he reviews them all in succession, and with a scrutiny that would do honour to an inspector-general.

The man who lounges about alone and talks aloud of himself to himself, is, in his own mind, perfectly satisfied with himself.

The well-beed man who indulges in a cigar as companion of his promenade, removes the dusky Yarico to a respectful distance when he passes closely by a lady, but the vulgar man invariably puffs his smoke into her face. When the former is in her company, he asks if the Harannah be offensive to her, or casts it at once aside; but the latter possesses the "can stand fire."

The man who quietly wends his way, reflects, meditates, or calculates. He who is absorbed by a speculative project, walks quickly; and he whose imagination is enthusiastic of success in trade or love (they so often go together), runs, rather than walks.

The man who trots merrily along, with his countenance inclined forward, twinkling his eyes and joggng his shoulders, is generally a babbler, captious and boastful.



The studiously-dressed man, who smooths his beaver with his palms and dusts his boots with his handkerchief, is punctilious in most things to a trifle.

He who wears a profusion of gold chains, arranged in every possible festoon, who displays his brooches, rings, and gewgaws, is a sharper, a quack dentist, a sheriff's-officer, a jew discounter, a self-constituted count, or else a man who has suddenly acquired a fortune, and wishes all the world to perceive it and his want of taste at the same time.



A STRETCH OF THE IMAGINATION.

THE elasticity of the human mind is extraordinary. Where does that faculty reside? In what part of the wonderful mechanism of the body? In the brain? No; for many men have lost a portion of that substance, and still retained the reasoning power undiminished. Some men are said to possess none at all; and in worldly affairs these hollow-headed mortals are usually the most fortunate. It is our decided opinion that it pervades the whole frame, developing itself more prominently in those parts which are exercised the most frequently.

The wine-drinker has it in his palate; the gourmand in his stomach; the dancing-master in his toes; the musician in his ear; the artist in his eyes and fingers; the pugilist in his knuckles; the pickpocket in his palms; the indolent man of thought, who thinks away his time in inaction, in his head; and lastly, the macaronis, the exquisites, the dandies, *et hoc genus omne*, have their minds in their externals—united and yet separated, like a fashionable couple moving in the same circle, but, in reality, living apart in the same house.

In the name of India-rubber! if the mind be really so widely diffused and generally useful, why may not the body occasionally exhibit the elastic proportions of the mind?

Macintosh has worked wonders with his India-rubber. The Society of Friends particularly recommend the wear of his waterproof garments to all the members; for in many of them the *spirit* has been latterly very much diluted, and a wet Quaker is a sore disgrace to the Society.

Wonderful are the properties of India-rubber, and innumerable are its uses. We have air-proof beds, and air-proof cushions for our chairs; is it not probable that we may soon have bomb-proof bastions, the emblems of passive resistance?

Thus musing on the elasticity of mind and body, on India-rubber and intellect, we felt a gradually growing inclination to sleep—and slept;—and lo! like the renowned Giles Stoggin, we dreamed a dream!

We thought we were suddenly summoned from our coach—and yet, with all the ridiculous confusion and mystification of dreams, we were dressed—and rushing from our chamber, we found ourselves on a spacious landing, adorned on either side with figures holding sinubars lamps, marble columns and looking-glasses; everything, in fact, around and about, was in the purest style of classic elegance, but not at all similar to the severe attic style of the apartments we tenanted: at the same time we felt no vulgar surprise or admiration at what we beheld; on the contrary, we inwardly experienced a sort of consciousness of the propriety and fitness of things, and the equality of the man to the place. All these feelings passed like a summer breeze over the ruffled bosom of a duck-pond. In an instant we approached a spacious marble staircase, and began descending with the headless velocity of a cataraet, dashing from stair to stair; when, strange to relate, just as we were within twenty steps of the hall, we slipped, our right arm got entangled in the balustrades, and we fell

THE COMIC ALBUM.

headlong on to the tessellated pavement below. To our surprise we bounded up, unbroken wind and limb, as fresh as another Antares from his mother earth. Our right hand and wrist were still twisted in the balustrade above, while our arm was stretched to an immeasurable length; we gave a mighty tug at our imprisoned limb—it gave way—and snap! contracting with rapidity and force, our clenched fist came in contact with our head and knocked us down!

Unbruised, we again arose, and then it was the thought occurred to us—nay, the conviction—that we were an India-rubber Man! This conviction was followed by transports inconceivable!

We knew at once, by a sort of intuition, that the manager of one of the Royal Theatres had waited upon us to solicit our splendid talents for his boards! The man was polite and respectful, and we were in high spirits; we acceded at once to his proposals, and our salary was enormous (according to our dressy calculations), two-pence-halfpenny per week, and one pot of half-and-half per night, besides a clear benefit after the season had closed!

Heigh! presto! we were on the stage; the dark green curtain was withdrawn, and the clamorous cry for India-rubber was immense. We leaped forward, turned half a dozen somersets, and came cleverly on our toes within an inch of the foot-lights.

The men in the red smalls and green coats brought on a couple of chairs, when we immediately stripped to our shirt, and putting on a night cap, laid our neck on the back of one chair and our legs on another, balanced a book on our



nose, a candlestick on our chest, and fixing the snuffers and extinguisher upon our legs, informed the house that that was the ordinary way in which we read ourselves to sleep.

The expressions of applause from an enlightened audience were immense.

We dressed ourselves again in our loose garments, and our next feat was to spread our book open upon the stage, and



throwing our heels in the air, place our elbows on the pages and our head on our palms.

The next position we assumed was sitting on the neck of a quart bottle; intended specially for a sitting to the artist, who entered with his portfolio under his arm to solicit our patronage for a portrait. During the progress of the sketch, the artist fumbled for his India-rubber, when we promptly lent him our toe! A footboy next presented himself and a note of invitation to a wedding: throwing myself upon our left hand, and our legs perpendicularly in the air, we received the sweet-scented missive with our right.

The next turn we took was to throw myself upon our elbows and erect our legs, to exemplify the last kick, as an appro-



prate position to receive an invitation to the funeral of a miserly uncle, who had been labouring as a cobbler during his lifetime—a sort of rambler curer of *soles*—and towards whose “old shoes” we had long cast a wistful look, and he had at length made his will, as he waned towards his end, breathed his last, and left us his all!

We next seized a skipping-rope, and a leading journal, and read it as young ladies

do a fashionable novel,—skipping over the pages; a process which the dear creature calls skimming the cream: a pretty fiction, truly, the majority of these productions being mere milk and water!

With the agility of an ape, we next mounted the perch of a cockatoo. The applause was deafening, and the audience appeared as much gratified as if we had appeared before them like Don Juan, a-top of a *dolphin*, instead of a *perch*. A tall pole, or *odé de Coogee*, being

erected, we grasped our own poll, and mounted, and, standing on the summit, with our heels in the air, we ordered dinner at so much per head, with a table with wine and fruit was hoisted in a groove, and we commenced dining, to the infinite delight of the gods. The manager, however, had provided most villainous wine, and it was actually the reverse of a good entertainment—the vinous potation turned our stomach, and of course our feet resumed their natural position, and the bottle and glasses were all cut. We concluded our position—or impositions—by stripping, and going through the ceremony of dressing for the theatre—peined all the while upon our capot, in which

position one of the Galleryans hit us upon the *os nasi* with a golden pippin, which, bounding from our elastic nostrils, hit ‘Nosey,’ the leader, in the right eye, which caused a sudden stoppage in his playing.

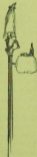
The manager rushed on, and called angrily upon an officer to take the cowardly assailant into custody.

We, feeling no injury, and wishing to curry favour with a discerning public, rushed (like a *cat*) to the lights, and magnanimously exclaimed—“Naked

and defenceless we were attacked, but we have re-dressed ourselves and are satisfied; and morally certain are we, that the gentleman who propelled that individual pippin at our inverted scene, merely intended it as a compliment; that, like himself, we had made a ‘hit,’ and we therefore receive it as the fruit of our exertions, and, as unthought pains, dear as the apple of our eye;”—and, dropping our hands on our toes, made a bow; and giving the manager the approved customary pantomimic kick which sent him off precipitately at O.P., we turned a wheel and went off amid the shouts and plaudits of the whole house. Such a thundering confusion of applause, mixed with calls for “India-rubber,” was never heard within the walls; it was truly an India-rubber base!

The manager was delighted, and presented us with our two-pence-halfpenny in a cotton velvet purse: in ecstasy we counted out the earnings; but as it touched our itching palm the coppers fell like ice, and thrilling through our vitals we awoke, and discovered that our right paw had slipped into a mug of cold toast and water, which we incontinently and convulsively capized and smashed. Our landlady scolded, nor would the sorrowful mug we presented her on the occasion pacify or compensate her.

She gave us notice to quit, and in despair (tenanting a back room—rent is *arrear*) we rushed to a neighbouring hostelry (the Blue Last), and imbibed three-penny-worths of rum and water until we were wound up; when, reeling homewards, we mistook a gutter for a press bedstead, and were kindly conveyed on a stretcher to the station, where we are now—*lying!*



THE NEW TARIFF:

BY GILBERT A. SHERBURN.



EVADING THE DUTY.

About the new Tariff, as every one knows,
We've heard from each party the *esse* and the *pro*,
But now we will give it in language more terse,
Not adopting the *esse* or the *pro*, but the *verse*.
The articles touch'd on are farmed into classes:
At the head of the list number *one*, stand the *asses*,—
As in every-day life very often we see
The jackasses get to the top of the tree.
It's very much like a political sin,
The donkeys on easier terms to let in;
When to judges from the many that every day strut
In the streets, we've of asses already enough.
But they who have clamour'd so long for cheap living,
Will ask what is that way the Tariff is giving;
Since lowering donkey-flesh can't do much good,
As part of a project for cheapening food,—

Although the reduction may be of avail,
When taken with passages into the scale.
Look over Class One—what a list it displays
For sailing our various means to our ways;
The lovers of chicory, roasted or ground,
May get it imported at sixpence a pound.
But who shall enumerate, even by halves,
The condits, the capers, the cherries, the calves,
Lamb, arrow-root, lobsters, pistachios, figs,
Beans, tamarinds, beer, tapioca, and pigs;
While the Premier, for cheapness to show in his zeal,
Puts only a shilling a hundred on *peel*.
Why subject to duties should other fish be,
When lobsters alone are admitted all free?
No clause of the Tariff upon them is thrown,
Can it be on account of the claws of their own?



CLAWS IN THE NET.

Class Two, for those persons who like something nice,
Effects a tremendous reduction in *spice*.

THE COMIC ALBUM

Though cinnamon, pepper, and ginger, all three,
 Very excellent things for digestion may be,
 They are scarcely a boon, it must needs be confessed,
 To people who cannot get food to digest.
 Class Three, how it alters the duty on seeds !
 And first, if a bushel of acorns one needs,
 They are cheap, but it's really the richest of jokes,
 Retrenchment in acorns—sounds very like oats !
 O' acorned, what though the duty is small ?
 To the hungry, sure, any seed's no seed at all.
 Flax, cole, carriander, and keep, we pass over,
 For, oh ! can they help to put people in clover ?
 Class Four many woods does include, but indeed,
 Not even on beef-wood the hungry can feed ;
 For who could a meal on such articles make ?
 Though in hedges of beef-wood there may be a stake.
 And wood in the block, to the notion might tend,
 Of taking a *sic-a-tic* chop with a friend.



Life's staff they who 'd make out of wood must be flighty,
 It's not to be done—not with o'en *figson* rite ;
 Although out of sawdust by some it is said,
 They might manufacture the Union bread.
 Class Five to the growers of timber appeals,
 And offers to put many spokes in their wheels ;

While as to the poles, we shall have them in plenty,
 At a duty of sixpence the hundred and twenty.
 On boards and on battens the tax will be low,
 But no one can board upon battens we know.
 And the line from old Shakspeare comes in not amiss,
 Who is there can "batten on food such as this !"
 The reduction on timber small aid will afford
 To folks who have little to pay for their board.
 Class Six the new duty arranges and settles
 On ores, upon minerals, and upon metals ;
 For those who in suicide see any fan
 There's arsenic lowered to sixpence a ton ;
 Of impudent upstarts the numerous class
 Enjoy an enormous reduction in brass ;
 While gold is so favoured—pass free they will let it,
 What a boon to the poor—let us wish they may get it !
 The oxide of nickel, if any one takes,
 'Tis cheaper—and so is the spoiler in cakes ;
 While coals from ten pounds to one shilling are shifted,
 So are cinders—the reason of this can't be sifted ;
 The revenue surely will get little cash
 By this curious method of settling one's ash.
 As to copper, the Premier seems running his rig,
 When he talks about what it must pay in the pig ;
 For the copper in pig is a ring in the snout,
 And the animals now can come over without.
 If silver and gold they for nothing let in,
 There seems some injustice in taxing the tin.
 But still on the poor very hard it can't fall,
 As their dealings in tin are exceedingly small.
 Class Seven embraces a curious lot
 Of extracts, perfumery, oils, and what not ?
 With handkerchiefs scented by otto of roses,
 How cheap we may blow, for the future, our noses !
 And even the scavengers may, if they like,
 About them bear bergamotte, camomil, or spike ;
 There'll be no extravagance now in the wish
 For quassia, paran, or blubber of fish.
 To the last of these things an exception is made
 In favour of British colonial trade

FOR EVERY TABLE.

To foreigners this is a bit of a rubber,
 And loudly they cry that we won't have their blubber.
 The clerks in the law, and assistants in shops,
 Who cultivate whiskers, incipient crops,
 Have something, moreover, that needs must elate 'em,
 They'll rejoice, there's no doubt, in the fall of pomatium.
 One item is somewhat mysterious and dark,
 For what is intended by Jesuit's bark?
 We know that the Catholics howl at a wake,
 But what is the bark that the Jesuits make?
 To discourage it surely the Minister meant,
 For it's raised from five shillings to twenty per cent.
 Class Eight for drugs, rosins, and dye-stuffs provides,
 Including a long list of many besides.
 The catalogue over let any one read,
 There's nothing the mouths of the hungry to feed.
 In cheapening ales and similar stuff,
 Did they think that the poor had s't bitters enough?
 For lowering aleas there's this to be said,
 We shall get rather more of it now in our bread.
 Reducing garbage can but add to our ill,
 By encouraging quack manufacturers of pills.
 The duty on carmine's not altered at all,
 'T is enough to cause numerous faces to fall;
 And occasion to ladies at least some dejection,
 Who hoped from the Tariff a better complexion.
 Class Nine, by its title, concisely avers,
 Exclusive relation to skins and to furs;
 On this the old duty the Tariff awards,
 And to British grimskins protection affords;
 Though the sort of protection is likely to thin them,
 By holding out further inducements to skin them.
 To people contented with ermine or fitch,
 And who really aren't over particular which,
 There's, perhaps, no occasion at all to demur
 To the Minister's method of dealing with fur;
 For no one would be so exceedingly silly,
 When cat skins are cheap, to complain of *Chinchilly*,
 Class Ten comprehends the new duties they've planned
 Upon hides, and not only the raw but the tanned;

Although it is strange any difference they saw,
 For tanning a hide will establish a raw:
 They'll be at some pains, it must needs be confessed,
 To get at the number of hides that are dressed;
 Since we should not exaggerate were we to say,
 In schools they amount to some thousands per day;
 In establishments, p'raps, where they constantly tan 'em,
 To compound would be better at so much per annum!
 Class Eleven includes manufactures in leather,
 Shoes, boots, and galoshes it lumps altogether.
 The duties are lowered, and shoe-makers say
 Their wages they will not be able to pay;
 While clags from abroad are expected to come
 In such shoas as to clog up the markets at home.
 We laugh at the French—they insult us in vain,
 Their war-cri and bluster we treat as insane;
 Their footsteps to follow we wisely refuse,
 Yet the Tariff will force us to walk in their shoes.
 Class Twelve does the various duties declare
 On cotton, on linen, on wool, and on hair.
 Oh! would that the Tariff included a tax
 On the long greasy hair which hangs down on the backs
 Of shop-boys and rogues, who pretensions advance
 To the vile *harum scarum coiffure of Jéone France*.



FOREIGN PRODUCE.

THE COMIC ALBUM

On yarn, the same duty—this might be expected,
 What law-makers deal in must needs be protected;
 The sails of a ship, when in use they may be,
 Are permitted to come into port duty free.
 After this, one would scarce be astonish'd to find
 In the Tariff the terms of admitting the wind;
 But at present the officers can't interfere
 If the Custom House Boreas chooses to clear.
 And now for Thirteen—so is numbered the class,
 Embodying earthenware, porcelain, and glass,
 Beads, bugles, and bottles of earth and of stone,
 With other things fragile together are thrown;
 The duties are lowered on all, but alas!
 Can they who want food have recourse to the glass?
 And such is his lot for a diner who waits,
 Till he finds it by looking at certain large plates,
 Which in fronts of great shops though inviting inspection,
 No food can afford us—but food for reflection.
 Fourteen is a class the new duties to tell
 On Silk, and on silk-manufactures as well.
 'Tis strange that a tax of a shilling is placed,
 Not only on knubs and on hanks, but on waste;
 The use of such imports one scarce can discover,
 For that which is waste, must be waste to bring over.
 As for turbans, the Tariff as hitherto works—
 Let us hope it won't lead to a war with the Turks;
 Alliance with England 't will hinder, perhaps,
 For now at Britannia they can't set their caps.
 Fifteen is a class which the duties defies
 On stores of the navy—ropes, cables, and twines.
 A hundred of turpentine now may come in
 For a penny—oh! what a reduction is gin!
 Sixteen is a class, 'neath which we find full
 Stones, pebbles, bricks, marbles, tiles, slabs, slates, and all;
 Though food it don't cheapen, and each one must own,
 To those who want bread they have offered a stone.
 Of lowering leaves there is reason to talk,
 When letting in plaster of Paris and chalk.
 In class Seventeen the reduction we seek
 On coons and coffee, tobacco and tea,

Although on the last there's at present not any,
 The duty remaining at two and a penny.
 Eighteen is a class which is meant to deface
 The tax wines and spirits in future will bear.
 Nineteen is a class that is termed miscellaneous,
 Of articles from other classes extraneous—
 The tar of Barbadoes, Arango's bright jet,
 Birds, bladders, books, blacking, with stranger things yet;
 Boxes, bristles, and balrashes, candles in view,
 And wax followed closely by canes and bamboo;
 Clocks, carriages, coals by the ton—not the sack,
 And diamonds white in addition to black;
 Pots, powder, prints, goose-quills, rags, scale boards, and soap;
 Toys, vases, and wafers, are all in its scope;
 While telescopes they have resolved to reduce,
 As being adapted for general use;
 And who, after all, will deny that they are,
 When the prospect of good for the country's so far?
 To Twenty we come—'tis the last of the classes,—
 With sugar the Tariff concludes and molasses;
 'T was policy, sure, the long list to complete
 With provisions that all must allow to be sweet;
 And though with deception the Tariff is branded,
 When we come near the end we find something that's certified,
 Our task is performed, let the public declare if
 They've any objection to make to our Tariff.



BURNING GOODS.

FOR EVERY TABLE.



A SWEEP-UP CHARGE.



PATENT INDIA-RUBBER PAVEMENT.

The India-rubber pavement
Is a monstrous rising thing!
Besides, among the seasons,
What a perfect change 't will bring,
For those who travel on it
Will find it always spring!

On India-rubber pavement,
"Come down" through thick and thin;
And sport your money freely.
You cannot fail to win;
The thing is too elastic
To break, and "LET YOU IN!"

Most folks abuse dame Fortune,
And very often snub her;
But here is no occasion
A fickle dame to dub her,
When you can turn your money
To "DOUBLE on the RUBBER!"



INDIAN RUBBER.

THE COMIC ALBUM

LINES TO A LAMB.

[The following verses are an *academical exercise*, composed, it is said, by a young *Elze* scholar.]

Pretty little tender lamb,
 Skipping on the verdant mead;
 When you're nicely dressed, I am
 Very fond of you, indeed!

Soon the butcher's knife will be
 Drawn across your woolly throat;
 And for dinner I shall see
 That nice dish on which I dote.

Oh! that shoulder will be sweet!
 Oh! those chops will be divine!
 But that leg will be the treat!—
 Oh to grant me, Fate, to dine!

Sauce of mint, and young green peas,
 With it send me to enjoy:—
 I shall be in ecstasies—
 Happy, happy, happy boy!



"John, don't go out while I'm absent." "No, sir." "And do n't admit any one before I return." "Very well, sir." (*Aside*)—
 "W-a-l-k-e-r!"

QUIET BLISS.

A SONNET, BY ONE OF THE NEW RIVER SCHOOL.

It chanced, upon a Sunday afternoon,
 That, walking through a street in Clerkenwell,
 I sideways raised a casual glance, which fell
 Upon a first-floor window ('t was in June
 The air was mild and soft, like some sweet tunc):
 I halted, and my prying eyes did dwell—
 Why, I know not, and therefore cannot tell
 More than the man that dwelleth in the moon—
 Upon a pair, there sitting face to face:
 The man in shirt-sleeves,—for 't was rather hot,—
 Sat cosing the "Dispatch" at quiet pace;
 The woman had some periwinkles got,
 Which she was picking with intensive grace:
 And they between them had a pewter pot!

* * * * *



Domestic Cookery. Dressing a Duck.

ON PORTRAITS.

PORTRAIT-PAINTING is not what it used to be; for since the sun has turned artist, and taken to photography in partnership with Messrs. Claudet and Beauz, all the portrait-painters under the sun have had a very powerful rival to contend against.

There is, however, one advantage that the living artists still possess over the sun: for the sun never flatters; but throws a leaden cast into heads and countenances, making them, perhaps, excessively like, but by no means agreeable. The sun has not the tact, or is not such a hypocrite as to disguise any of those little defects of the countenance which all sitters are, more or less, subject to; and a snub-nose is sure to be photographed with annoying fidelity, while an artist in oil would shade it off, or mellow it down, or throw it out, or do something or other to make it either Roman, Grecian, or aquiline. Could the sun, in one of his most brilliant moments, succeed in throwing in such an air of good humour as in the portrait beneath? An-



surely not! for the blindest smile one can possibly put on, is sure to be beset into a glassy leaden grin by the solar process.

Besides, there are some who cannot bear to have the commonplace background of their every-day life to the pictures in which they figure; and like to see themselves surrounded with those elegances which, though substantially out of their reach, are to be had for a very little additional charge upon canvases. Thus, the man who never owned more of the soil than might have filled three or four *sigarette* boxes, or half a dozen pots devoted to balsam and other botanical objects, may be represented in a picture lying at length in luxurious ease, in what George Robins would call "park-like grounds," with "a princely



abode" in the background. If it is legitimate to build castles in the air, they may also be transferred to canvases; and to see one's-self represented as breathing the pure air, is a refreshing agent in a dingy parker in a narrow London street, where one is doomed to habitual residence.

The man of business, who seldom gets out of the city, may be placed in an attitude of indolent ease, as if sunning among Italian porticos and terraces overgrown with flowers, and ornamented by the sculptor's art; and he may hope to deceive the spectator, or perhaps even him-

THE COMIC ALBUM



self, that he does not look at all out of place in a composition where so much taste predominates.



The fashionable author, or literary lion, who would

make but a sorry figure in a photograph, may be what is commonly termed "done something with" in oil colour. Of course, the author, in order to make a good picture, must be what is called "popular;" and no author can be truly popular, in the usual sense of the word, unless his hair is in ringlets, and his neck free from the ordinary trammels of an every-day shirt-collar. Why an exposed throat should be a mark of genius, it is difficult to say; but, in these days, if an author wishes to be fashionable, he must have nothing on his neck, and thus realize the old notion that, in the race for reputation, it is literally "neck or nothing."

Some persons have their portraits taken to please themselves, and others to please their friends; but occasionally an artist has the opportunity of displaying his abilities on a local lion or a parochial patriot.

The local lion is the scientific character of the district in which he resides; whose portrait has been drawn to



grace the lecture-room of the mechanics' institute of his native city. He is a Member of the British Association, and Chairman of the Provisional Committee for inquiring what sort of wood the North Pole is made of. He has written a treatise on the possibility of finding an east pole as well as a north; and his labours as a geologist have

FOR EVERY TABLE.

carried him several times to the Goodwin Sands, a mystery which, if he continues his researches, he may one day get to the bottom of. His essay on the natural formation of grouths at the bottom of tea or breakfast-cups, is said to be (in its way) a masterpiece.

The parochial patriot is a guardian of the poor, who has earned the gratitude of the rate-payers, by a discovery of the minimum amount of food a pauper may exist upon. He has saved the parish something in provisions, though, it is true, there has been an increase in the expense of pauper burials. His portrait, taken at the request of his



fellow-guardians, is drawn in the position he used to assume when explaining the provisions of the Poor-law to those who were refused any provisions under it.

Some portraits are remarkable for the imagination that the artist has thrown into them, and the skill with which the real and the romantic are sometimes made to blend in worthy of the highest admiration. Barristers who have never been on their legs in court are, by a vigorous effort of fancy, represented in the act of holding a brief; and jewellery, which they never possessed, is lavishly bestowed on individuals who have stipulated for it in the price of the portrait. The artist's imagination will transfer a boarding-school young lady to the sea-shore, where she

may be drawn a perfect nymph in everything but costume, which is carefully copied from the last book of fashions.



Occasionally portrait-painters, when they find sitters fail, will turn upon themselves, like scorpions in a ring of fire.



We have here the artist's own portrait, painted in a fit of desperation at having nothing else to do, and intended for the Exhibition, in the hope that the specimen may set as an advertisement of the exhibitor's abilities. Of course the back ground presents a quantity of unfinished pictures, for none are so anxious to appear to be doing

THE COMIC ALBUM

a great deal as those who see, in reality, doing nothing. The artist is a lady, who has a select gallery of popular portraits appended to the door-post. There is Mr. Macready as *Virginia*, with a knife partly concealed under his toga, and an intimation that any one may be "done in this style for Three Guineas."

Talking of the Exhibition naturally brings to our mind some of the individuals who are in the habit of frequenting it. Among these, the one entitled to precedence is the connoisseur, who thinks it necessary to completely shut one eye and stick a glass into the other when he looks towards a picture, and whose appreciation of the beautiful in art is shown by a series of grimaces illustrative of the ugly in nature.



Then there is the individual who makes a point of having as much as he can for his money, and who, having



paid a shilling to see the pictures, begins regularly at the beginning, and compares every number on the wall with the corresponding number in the catalogue.

There are some who have a nicer eye for the beauties of nature than those of art; and an exhibition is sure to represent as many of the one as of the other.



There are other artists, besides painters and sculptors, whose works may be met with in the Exhibition. The artist in the annexed engraving is employed in an ingenious process, by which several portraits of her Majesty, in metal, are taken off at once with a delivery of touch and a lightness of finger that are only the result of long practice.





SPECULATIONS UPON MASQUERADES.



THE narrow-minded twaddlers whom we are accustomed to call the old French poets—the guitar gally-touching troubadours of the dark ages—have proved themselves only a very simple party of slow coaches, when they wrote to prove that spring was the most pleasant part of the year. In spite of all the flowery verses they have left us, they could never have possessed the least taste for real enjoyment, or they would have turned their thoughts more to

the vagaries of the Carnival than the vegetables of the country; and extolled the delights of the masked-balls before all the flower-crowned banks, daisied meads,

diamond-studded grass (meaning, of course, such as was uncomfortably wet with dew), and leafy groves and coverts that ever they thought about or sang of.



Had they foreseen that in future ages the recollection of their existence would only be kept up—not by their lack-a-daisical verses, but the choice of the costumes of

THE COMIC ALBUM

their times for the masquerades, they would possibly have been more grateful, for it is only at these *réunions*, apart from the drama, that troubadours are now heard or seen, is common with the other graceful costumes of the moyen âge, which in a few weeks from the present time will begin to grace the stage of the French Opera-house.

It is a melancholy and degrading truth, that we cannot get up anything like a decent masquerade in England; leaving the Carnival, of course, out of the question. The attempt has been made frequently, and as frequently failed. Low, unmeaning noise, graceless dresses—and worse taste in putting them on—drunken rioting, and vulgar sallies of the coarsest wit (or what is meant for wit), are the chief characteristics of such a meeting in London. Our compatriots are lamentably deficient in the kind of humour required to keep a masquerade going with spirit, and if one of them ventures by chance or curiosity into the maelstrom of a Parisian *bal masqué*, his *gait* bearing betrays him at once. He has no idea of replying to a sprightly sally by



an equally sharp retort. On the contrary, should any of the characters launch a joke at him, he seeks instant refuge in flight, in a state of extreme nervous trepidation and distress.

A *bal masqué* at Paris is indeed worth seeing—whether

we choose to amuse ourselves with the buffoonery of the poorest amongst the working-classes at the *Bal Chicard*, or with the splendid costumes of the *Académie Royale*. It is not want of means to procure handsome or exclusive dresses that causes our own masquerades to be so overdone with Greeks, Turks, brigands, Italian peasants, and Swiss girls. Heaven knows, the poorer inhabitants of Paris are poor indeed; and yet, with the few effects at their disposal, they will contrive to patch up a set of quaint dresses that involuntarily make you smile whilst you look at them. Who among us could convert the elbow-joint of the tin chimney from the domestic stove into a helmet? or con-



struct an Oriental turban, grand and imposing in effect, from a bundle of "garden stuff," tied up in part of an old cotton dress?

There is something very droll in the appearance of the *cafés* adjoining the French theatres on the night of a *bal masqué*, from the circumstance of most of the characters quietly walking in, already dressed, to take refreshment before the ball, or wait until the doors are open. For as the pit has generally to be boarded over after the regular performances of the theatre, it is better to seek shelter in

FOR EVERY TABLE.

an *adonis*, than get weary with waiting amongst the throng of masks, both male and female, who remain at the doors with such exemplary patience—apparently merely for the pleasure of the rush when the portals are thrown open.



Imagine the sensation that would be created at a London tavern, if a mask was coolly to walk in for supper! How they would stare at Evans's, or the Cyber Collars, to see a postilion march up the room, and order a roast potatoe and a go of brandy! The business of the evening would be at a stand-still. The chairman would neglect to finish his legend of "Now the meeks of old laughed, ha! ha!" the glass-singers would forget how, when, and where "Willie brewed his peck of malt;" Herr Ven Joel would break down in his imitation of "Do trash, male and female;" and Evans's himself, if singing, would possibly stop the "Return of the admiral," and request the intruder to leave the room.

The first *coup-d'œil* of a French theatre filled with masqueraders is not easily forgotten. It is a realisation of

the ball-scene in "Gustavus," with ten times the number of characters—a burst of fairy-like revelry, only to be coupled, in its bewildering sensation, with the first visit to Vauxhall. The *galop* is an unearthly whirl of four or five hundred couples all round the area, the rollicking of the revellers contrasting strangely with the grave fixed demeanour of the municipal-guard, who stand all round the stage, to commit any unhappy wight instantaneously to the solitude of the lock-up house, who transgresses the known laws of the dance. The boxes are filled with spectators; and here the most amusing adventures take place. Many a wife and husband, who have each apologised for leaving the other at home, whilst they "go to see their cousin before he leaves Paris," are astonished with a mutual reconstruc-



and where if neither party recognises the other, many truths may be told and hints given, under cover of a mask, which would be dangerous to venture upon under other circumstances.

The worst part of the story is the turn-out at six in the morning to go home. The half-deserted streets are cold, dark, and cheerless; carriages are not always to be procured; and the tumble into bed is followed by a confused dream of chandeliers, music, *peyassiers*, municipal-guards, and fairy-like forms, sitting before the senses in wings, powdered wigs, and postillions' boots.

ON SALUTES—CIVIL, NOT MILITARY.

A MORE difficult task does not exist than raising the gauntlet of an introduction. A presentation at Court is always preceded by as much study as an actor bestows upon a new part. A failure, it is true, sometimes occurs in both cases, but it more frequently happens in the former.

When a king is to be crowned, or condescends to dine with my Lord Mayor, how much ceremony is gone through at the rehearsal, never to be played when the piece is produced.

Most aldermen have a greater zest for Kitchener than for Chesterfield; but we have heard a sporting publisher declare the two works might be backed at even odds (an anachronism even more odd than the fact itself, for at least six weeks previous to the civic festival).

Our modern Chesterfields (not those who ensconce themselves in wrappers of that ilk, for "their name is legion,") salute with a grace we invoke the pencil to express.



Ordinary people salute you simply with a nod or wink. Proud people invariably return your recognition by one of marked indifference.

An intelligent person never recognises a friend when he meets in company with a lady, unless a previous introduction to her has taken place.

The man who wears a wig never raises his hat when saluting a friend: such politeness might be followed by very awkward and embarrassing disclosures.

THE COMIC ALBUM.

There are some persons who never recognise one another: each equally vain, and considering himself the superior, passes the other as though he did not, or rather, would not, see him.

If an ignorant meets you ten times within the hour, he will not fail to salute you upon each occasion.



Some recognitions end drolly. Two persons meet each other, stare at each other, and smile at each other. They then bow each to the other, and seize each other by the hand; "Ah! how d'ye do!" is the simultaneous inquiry; "Pretty well, thank ye," the mutual reply. Then, with widely-opened mouths, they gaze, and, begging a brace of pardons, finish in chorus with "I really thought I knew you!"

In some introductions the warmth of reception differs as much as the three degrees of comparison; for, although a person may not even please at first sight,



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he may be thought agreeable at the second presentation,



and the third interview stamps him as the most fascinating of mankind.



Persons who despise one another, salute with mock respect; persons who fear one another, with mock affection.

Rivals salute by knitting brows and biting lips; creditors with embarrassment; debtors with indifference. Friendship proffers the hand; love watches the expression, the index to the heart.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.



BEHIND the Scenes!

How eager are we all to get there!—For what? To find the splendid temple a coarsely-daubed canvas, the rushing waterfall a jack-towel, the awful thunder two yards of sheet-iron, and the rain pour in a water-spout; the *hours* of the ballet, who have often caused us to spend, with palpitating heart, our hoarded shil-

ling, real young ladies, condescending to sup on mysterious ready-made pies! The curled, feathered, Adonis-like hero, who seemed to pass a life in embracing young and lovely ladies, and fighting, with perfect satisfaction and address, an unlimited quantity of bees—how does he fade! His dazzling armour turned into undrugged tin, and that gauntlet, thrown with defiance at prince's feet, nothing but Berlin at a shilling!—thus is it in the world! for

“All the world's a stage.”

where we are happy until we get behind the scenes, which is done by a slower and more painful process, day by day gaining our knowledge of the false material that pleased us when we believed it real. Reader, never try to get behind the scenes on your own or anybody-else's stage—it is not worth the money.

These words did we, Mester-like, speak unto a Telemachus of a country town, to whom we had promised to show London—which we would advise all country cousins to see from the top of St. Paul's, where they are less likely to get defiled in its dirty ways.

THE BALLET.

The figure to the left is the chrysalis state of the fairy butterfly on the right, which change is supposed to take place



from the warmth of the gas-lights. The little basket contains some of the splendid ornaments of spangles, flowers, or silk stockings, &c., which she *finds* (*finds* is a good word, for how she ever buys them out of her salary, or reward of merit as it is jocosely termed, is a mystery most deep). Fame speaks most slightly and unjustly of her in her arduous and dangerous position, but we could safely aver, that she and her sisters might be weighed in the balance and not found wanting, with any equal quantity of young ladies who have never been placed in a situation so full of temptations and privations.

THE SUPERNUMERARY

Is a hard-working creature during the day, employed in the docks or other large warehouses, and very frequently a

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common soldier, content, for a small pittance, to make one in a mob, one in a theatrical army, or enact a silent or dummy lead, and all at the same price. Would that all silent and supernumerary leads would take a lesson, and fill up the scene as well without touching the Treasury heavier.

THE PROMPTER.

This man do we approach with fear; unmovedly and collectedly does he see the funniest thing or the most dreadful murders committed; like a man of the world, he has become callous from being behind the scenes so long; the corporeal memory for all the *dramatis personae*, gifted with an awful power—he despatches the "call-boy," and even kings obey! He summons demons from below, or angels from above; raises the distant cry of distress or tempest; the beacon in every difficulty, sending in with equal feeling the hero to *destroy* or the hero to *rescue*; and, like the mighty Jupiter, causing the thunder to roll and the lightning to flash; Apollo himself, even, bends beneath his sway, and his sweet tone swells or falls directed by his magic finger. We see the quiet little man pass, never dreaming 't was his agency that regulated the whole, which without him would have been chaos.



THE DROP BETWEEN THE ACTS.

THE COMIC GENTLEMAN

Is a man who looks upon the world seriously, and is seldom, if ever, comic by daylight; and in fact, does not

feel himself justified in being so until he has put some red on the tip of his nose—pyrotechnically speaking, his fireworks are thrown away in daylight. Many men invite him to their tables to be fancy, but like the silly lead who bought Punch and his theatre in the street, they find that they have forgotten the author of the quips and quirks that he so admirably personifies.

Our finest comic actors have been constitutionally most *saturnine* men, and why should we expect them to be droll any more than expect Macready to come out to dine in a top.

He is the adored of a set, with whom he imbibes and reinvigorates his spirits after the performance, often causing his nose to blush in registering his tavern score, which comes of many goes; before he goes he is generally the last object in the sleepy waiter's eyes. At feeble day-break, like other stars, he becomes invisible, through the aid of a self-acting latch-key.

Pleased are we to say, that the habit of beginning the night in the morning is fast fading away in the profession, much to the addition of its respectability and individual comfort.



UP IN A PART.

THE LEADING GENTLEMAN.

This class is wonderfully various, according to the size of the sphere of action. The leading gentleman at a patent theatre is a creature of great magnitude, mysterious and magnificent, believing the English stage to be that exact quantity of beard he may personally occupy at any

given time—taking upon himself, with persevering ingenuity, the trouble of cockcrowing the plain and straight lines of Shakspeare into every imaginable shape, to give them a different twist from all by-gone talent, which he calls new readings; he is generally considered more or less great according to his salary.

A minor leading gentleman is one who passes his life in heart-burnings and disappointments, if he should possess "a soul above buttons;" continually snatching at the Shaksperian wreath which tantalizingly eludes him, except on benefit nights, or the visit of star, when, from the resources of the theatre, it cannot be the perfect "feast of reason and the flow of soul," but hashed-mutton without spice. As he grows older the vision of Shakspeare fades into feebleness, and he makes a more homely wreath of his own; content with illegitimate means to gain applause, he places it with all its thorns of disappointment upon his brow, believing it looks very like the real one. In his own little world he has his critics, his stannish friends and body-guard, who continually say, and most religiously believe that, had he the chance, he would put Macready to bed in rather unpleasant sheets.

THE LEADING LADY.

This subject we approach with all the care we would an old gentleman with the goat, for we know her sensitiveness, and fear to give pain; but let every leading lady who reads



this paper understand most strictly, that it is not intended for her, but for a person she knows very well.

She is generally of a certain age, which you would never guess at sight; awful to the call-boy and condescending to the ballet; the larger she is in person, the better it is supposed to be Siddonia; her voice, if slightly baritone, is advantageous. Some have been known to try malt, on account of the hops, which we believe to be good.



TRAGEDY QUEEN.—"My child, I come! I will avenge thee!"—
(Aids to the put-boy).—"Put some more ginger in it."

She is painfully alive to the introduction of young and lovely Juliets, and bears no rival near her throne; she would rather die at the stake, a martyr to the cause—or, what is tasteful, play in eighteen pieces in the week.

If eminently successful, she allows herself to faint as the curtain falls, to give a true idea of her super-human efforts, which is an excellent excuse for her remaining on the spot until called for and bouquet-crowned by the audience: this is not a bad move for rising young ladies, but they must be cautious not to do it before their names are in letters at least a foot long, or they may be left to the sympathy of the carpenters.



THE HEAVY LINE.

This is not, as the name seems to imply, all beer, although unfortunately mixed up a great deal with it; the line in itself is ingenious and multifarious, generally done by an old stager, who is content to play one-speech kings, fathers who never turn-up until the last scene, or robbers who are shot in the first, being in about the same situation as a sea-chest, a table, or chair, which are necessarily put



on to make out the story. He has much time on his hands, which is spent next door (next door to a theatre always means a public-house), where he is an oracle,

remembering G. F. Cooke and all the Kembles, mentally compares now with them, and heaves a melancholy sigh inside the pewter-pot, or any vessel that is offered to him, for he is generally liked for his quaintness and ustiring good-humour. He is a seasoned drinker, and is always able to see his entertainers home; he is careless in his attire, and seldom washes all the paint off his face, which he considers professional; he mostly wears his hat on one side, jauntily over what he supposes to be a wig, which looks more like a small allowance of that weed with which he so liberally serves his pipe; his hat is shabby, and he has altogether a seedy and unbrushed appearance, not much improved by an unmitigated shave, no whiskers being allowed upon the stage, except they are glued on, by which process we firmly believe the real ones are eradicated, if we may judge by the stubble; but what's the difference? he dresses fifteen times or more at night—what is the day to him? If transmigration be true, he is in the probationary state for a future owl.

STAGE DOOR-KEEPER.

The theatrical Cerberus, very improperly provided with only one head, and that generally of the sternest mould—we say improperly, for he needs the three of the great original to carry him through his many and difficult duties—bluff and forbidding as he appears, is everything to everybody, regulated by his thermometer, the manager; bland and courteous to the successful dramatic author, to whom he was of late so rough and monosyllabic, who was but as dirt until he appeared for many weeks in large type against the wall, and became the flower-crowned idol of the public; rushing to open the charmed door for him, which was as firmly closed against him as a rock, until he spoke the “open sesame.” Look upon him again; who would take him for Love's messenger? yet is he the fabled hope of despairing lovers, who, without the *estrée*, must make love from the front of the house. How seriously does he look, as the stricken youth places within his grasp the secret offering to some female star, accompanied by a *douceur*, which he will not trust himself to look upon that the young sprig may believe in his disinterested feeling. With what a stolid look does he hand the rose-coloured billet to the leading gentleman, received from a trembling hand, and enforced by a sweet voice and half-a-crown.

FOR EVERY TABLE.

Sops! Mr. Cerberus, sops!

How we should smile at all this if we did not remember that the world in general so much resembles him. Every circle has its door-keeper, either under the name of fashion, pride, or prejudice, who knows full well whom to exclude and whom to admit. The man of talent, without a name, may kick his heels upon the steps; the man with a name, minus the talent, is ushered in with smiles and bows, after being prayed to knock, that the honoured door may open to him.—But the sops, you will say, perhaps innocently, that is the main spring! We taste as children, and long for it ever afterwards, only differently flavoured. If you believe it not, try at the great man's door; the burly porter cries "Sop!" the footman, the valet, all, all alike. Many a poor suitor has turned his daily bread into it, and yet found it far short of enough to satisfy the rapacious maws of the various single-headed Cerberi!

Reader, the world is made up of door-keepers.

If you have'n't any sop, you had best make away with the spoon.



LOST HIS PARTICULAR ONE.

ENDYMION.

Oh, quench not Passion's crystal flower!
Oh, do not burn Emotion's shell!
When Pity, from her crimson tower,
Eskines the wave where Beauty fell.

Brightly the boulders glanced around,
With purple minarets between;
When Genius leaved the red profound,
And Love bedewed Aurora's sheen.

Why whispers, in her pearly dream,
You visionless ecstasy of bliss?
Ah! why, where tenderest odours gleam,
Stems throbbing Zephyr's amber kiss?

In vain! behold, with velvet wing,
He silvers o'er the speechless thrill,
While tendrils weep to hail the sting,
And Transport's cry pervades the hill.

DISCOVERY BY A DREAM!—A young man, totally destitute, has had a most miraculous dream, revealing a sure and speedy method to realize a splendid income. Any person enclosing a £5 note, will be put in possession of the secret. Address—A. Catchfat, Handover Square.

LIGHT SOVEREIGNS.

Examine the whole regal bevy,
And weigh out the Sovereigns in lots!
There's Harry the Eighth, who was heavy,
And Mary the light Queen of Scots!
And while over history ranging,
Both "heavy" and "light" there may be;
I've one that I'd never be changing,
VICTORIA 's the SOVEREIGN for me!

A QUESTION FOR THE ILLUMINATI.—If buildings at right angles were erected in the centre of the Regent's Park, would it be any approach to square-*ing* the circle?

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BRITISH WAR WITH CHINA.
Of Congo, Souchang, and Boha,
Let Chinamen boast as they please;
The British have *gaspoder* tea,
Which proves the "most terrible teas!"



"Does he love his papa?" "No, no!" "Kiss him, then, poor papa!" "No! no! no!" "Who does he love, a dear?" "Touzis Charles!—you're so ugly!"

RIDDLE.

My first with bricks and mortar's made,
And oft with plaster too o'erlaid;
Thereon is many a fruit tree trained,
Therein are captives sometimes chained;
Oft hills and placards it exhibits,
And chalk-drawn horses, men, and gibbets,
Adjoining houses it divides,
But peace maintains 'tween rival sides;
And, lastly, to a flower of fame
It gives a shelter and a name:
My second may be said to be
A mongrel dog of low degree.
My whole—express it ye who can—
Is equal to "Pedestrian."

A benighted traveller, who had taken refuge in a country public house, demanded, after supper, whether he could be accommodated with a bed. The landlord answered in the negative, as his house was full. "Why, my friend," said the traveller, "you are like Sir Robert Peel." "How so?" asked Beniface in astonishment. "Because," answered the other, "he was the author of the New Tariff, and your beds are all occupied." "Well," rejoined mine host, "you may sleep in an arm chair by the fire if you like."

THE DARK SOUL.

He stood amid the lurid thunderousness
Of Nightshade's battlements; around his brow
Crumbled interminable gulfs of Thought.
A helocaust of agonizing waves
Boomed grimly o'er his loneliness; and Space
Wooded the dread scowl of his chaotic mind!



"Oh, Mr. Jenkins! for, Mr. Jenkins! I'll tell my mother, that I will, sir."

A GREAT "CARD."

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "CUNIC LATIN GRAMMAR."

Monsieur le Chevalier De La Russ, Officer of the Legion of Honour, Surgeon-Dentist to Prince Pückler-Muskau, his Majesty the King of Abyssinia, Mehmet Ali, and most of the illustrious personages at Madame Tussaud's, has just arrived in London, and is to be consulted in Great Russell-Street, Bloomsbury, every day between the hours of ten and four.

For the practice of dental surgery the Chevalier is eminently qualified, his professional education having been of a first-rate character.

He became at a very early age connected with a company of mountebanks, among whom he acquired the art of balancing ladders on his chin, standing on his head, and dancing on the tight-rope. He then turned his attention to legerdemain, of which art he was soon an itinerant professor. So great was his dexterity therein, that he was never known to fail in his performances but once, when he was detected in the act of extracting a handkerchief from a gentleman's pocket. This circumstance occasioned his temporary retirement from public life: it threw him, however, into the society of kindred spirits, to the considerable enlargement of his stock of ideas, and his no small improvement in mechanical skill.

On his egress from the correctional establishment to which he had been consigned, he became an assistant to a billiard-room, where he had frequent opportunities, of which he amply availed himself, of exercising, greatly to his emolument, his manual adroitness.

The concern with which he had connected himself having been suppressed by the police, he for a short time devoted his leisure, which was now considerable, to public performances on the hand-organ, and subsequently to the management and exhibition of a puppet-show.



It would be unfair, even were it possible, to unveil all the mysteries of the Chevalier's practice. The following modes, however, which he has invented, of extracting teeth, may be mentioned, as he has

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already displayed them publicly, and as they will, no doubt, serve to exemplify his extraordinary genius. Their principal recommendation is, that while always effectual, they are as slightly as possible painful to the patient, and calculated, at the same time, highly to divert the looker on.

If the tooth to be extracted is situated in the upper jaw, M. De La Rose seats the patient on a chair, himself standing opposite to him. He next secures the tooth with a long pair of tongs, which he fixes in their position by a screw like that of a hand-vice. Then placing his heel under the patient's chin, and holding the handle of the instrument in both hands, he suddenly, by a simultaneous extension



of the leg and flexion of the arms, effects the desired result; himself, from a trifling excess in the power applied to the fulcrum, rolling with the tongs and tooth one way, and the patient another; both, most likely, head over heels; a sight very laughable to behold.



Or, should the tooth to be extracted be a grinder of extraordinary size and strength, he attaches thereto as stout an iron chain as he conveniently can, the other end of which is fastened to a large ballet. The patient reclines, head downwards, on a couch constructed for the purpose, at an angle of sixty-five.

FOR EVERY TABLE.

The bullet is then rammed into a blunderbuss, which the Chevalier fires, taking aim at a target elevated in a convenient situation, or which any gentleman or lady present, who pleases, is at liberty to hold up; M. De La Ruse engaging to lodge the bullet, with the chain and tooth depending therefrom, infallibly, in every instance, in the very centre of the bull's-eye.

The locality of the intended operation being the lower jaw, the Chevalier causes the person to sit in a chair by the side of a column ten feet high, which he assures the public is filled with teeth which he has had the honour of taking out of crowned heads. He then affixes to the tooth, *scandem artem*, a strong cord let down from a winch, or windlass, situated at the top of the column. These preliminaries having been adjusted, he ascends the column, and with one wrench of the engine, dislocates either the tooth or jaw.



Sometimes he substitutes for the windlass a block, or pulley, fastening a hundred weight to each of the patient's feet; having, in one instance, before he had learned to take this precaution, pulled a gentleman up in the air, where he hung kicking for some minutes before his teeth came out, much more to the amusement of the spectators than to his own.

For persons of quality and distinction, he has erected in his surgery a handsome gibbet of gilt marble, in the style of Louis Quatorze, the supporters being fluted Corinthian columns, and the cross-beams being represented by a magnificent establishment. The platform is covered with a rich Turkey carpet. A

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silken cord, of sufficient strength, connects the tooth with a silver chain, which hangs by a hook of the same material from underneath the architrave. The lady or gentleman being then placed in the requisite position by M. Le Chevalier, an assistant below withdraws a bolt, and the trap falling, the tooth remains suspended amid the cheers of the company. The drop being two feet, there is no fear of resistance from the most obstinate molar, even if adherent to its socket; for such is the force of the fall, that if it bore on the jaw itself, it would assuredly snap it asunder.

So suddenly are the above operations effected, that their performance is scarcely felt. Should any person, however, be deterred, by scepticism on this point, from submitting himself to the Chevalier's treatment, M. De La Rase will be happy to Mesmerise him before hand.

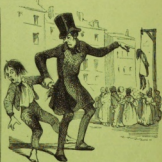
FORGET ME NOT!

Forget me not!—It's very well,
 But I've been (sighed a drunken sot)
 A ticket-porter twenty years,
 And how can I forget my hat?

Forget me not!—Ungrateful words!
 With this last news from India got;
 England, indeed, might blush for shame
 Were she to say "Forget my *Nut!*"



"Carrying it rather"
 Like his father.



"You would, you little rascal, eh?
 That's what you'll come to, some fine day!"

HABITS, TASTES, AND AMUSEMENTS.

Habits may be considered weaknesses with the old man, or irregularities with the man of ripe age, but with the young man they are ever defects.

A grimace which is often repeated seldom fails to become a habit, and habits eventually degenerate into manias. Habits and manias, then, may be considered rather as diseases, or infirmities, than peculiar and ridiculous symptoms of different minds or characters. As maladies generally demand sympathy, and not censure, we should have avoided touching upon this class if some examples were not decidedly within the bounds of the ridiculous.

That, for instance, of an old man peffing and blowing after young girls to do the gallant, when he is old enough to be their grandfather.

That of not being able to eat when the place one usually occupies at table is taken by another.

That of not being able to sleep in any other bed but one's own, which makes travelling a very serious and difficult affair.

That of never being able to take a nap except when reading one's newspaper: a habit that is not very complimentary to the editor.

Dancing is a taste with some, an amusement with others, but with all 'tis cured for less of itself, than from its being frequently the means of which love and its delights are the end and aim.

Who can have failed remarking its ridiculous effects upon certain victims of avowed passions or secret



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flames? upon the faded beau, inharmoniously shaking to and fro his ill-shapen spindle-shanks? and upon the slim and dowdy old maids, who give themselves up so devotedly to the amorous gymnastics, otherwise called waltz, gallopade, quadrille, and contre-danse?

Good cheer is the pleasure of wits and the passion of fools, which stimulates and sharpens the one while it begets and brutalizes the other. The man of mind never descends to gluttony; he remains at least a gourmand; whilst the fool is but a gourmand at the utmost, and never can become (what the wit frequently is) an epicure.



Good cheer, however, does not exclusively belong to wits and fools—Heaven forbid that it should! 'tis relished by the tradesman, who delights in a frugal Sunday treat, equally as much as by the peer who



FOR EVERY TABLE.

sightly dines off its luxuries. It has charms for both sexes, but evidently the most for the lords of the creation, it being customary for the ladies to leave the table first, and the gentlemen afterwards.



Fishing, like all other pleasures, has its fanatics, its confessors, and its martyrs. Of its fanatics, the most ardent is the persevering immovable angler; that species of human pilot stuck in the sand or the slime, and exhausting his intellect in struggling against the cunning of the gudgeon, or the artifice of the carp. Look, reader, at our worthy friend! and say, would not Swift have revoked his definition of



the tribe, could he have seen the ingenuity displayed by so admirable an application of tinkling sounds to remedy shortness of sight—a defect arising from indelibly watching the float some two score years?

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Amongst its confessors are those anglers thoroughly-insured (to rheumatism), who, fixed in an arm-chair, still delight to cast their line amongst gold fish in a tub. As to its martyrs, they are sufficiently numerous, and include such luckless wights that a slip of the foot sends to sup with the Naiades; or when the tow-ropes of some boat throws in a somerset, to provide a supper—not for the gods, but for the little fishes.

In Play it may be laid down as a rule, that the spectator who frequently desires to bet upon the game is more of a player than he believes, for the lurking passion only awaits a gain or a loss to burst forth.

He who cannot lose without losing his temper; he that exclaims against his misfortune; he who jeers the loser, who disputes the tricks, contests the points, and is continually quoting the rules, or appealing to the lockers on—all these may be considered as possessing mean, vulgar, contemptible minds.

Those who play with turned-up cuffs, who wet their thumbs when dealing, who accompany every card they throw down by a thump upon the table, and set their "hands" in their laps, are tap-room gamblers, ever on the watch for unwary bumpkins, but who sometimes find one that's "Yorkshire too!"



Dominoes is a game so completely out of date, that when one meets two quiet old gentlemen intently peering through their spectacles at the curious fragments of osseous substance, one is inclined to



FOR EVERY TABLE.

believe they are examining particles of some recently discovered antediluvian remains, which they contemplate submitting to the next meeting of the British Association. Dominos amuse the ninny because they employ him, and some few men of mind, simply because they do not require their attention.

Chess meets with zealous partisans only amongst good old boys of from fifty to eighty years of age. It is the *King of games*, but, like most sovereigns, is far more majestic than amusing; hence the disciples of Philidor's cunning art decrease in number daily. Who can wonder at the *King of games* losing his influence after the "Ruins of Empires!"



Draughts would have disappeared long ago from "this din speak which men call earth" were not it and Chess allied to each other like the Siamese twins.

Back-gammon, which really has a very vulgar sound in these refined times, fortunately turned its back upon the "great metropolis" about the beginning of the present century. Since then it has never been heard of, except at village clubs, or seen, except behind a screen in the parlour of some old gusty Justice of the Peace, who plays sixpenny games with his prin hearty-looking dame.



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What is the game *à la mode* in all good society. Speculation is John Bull's own dear game, but equally a favourite with holy-day masters and misses. Pope Joan is the only Pope acknowledged to be orthodox. *Vingt-et-un*, (pronounced *Fantase!*) which has a foreign air, is a favourite with *fashy dowagers* and old bachelors. *Ecarté* and *Piquet* belong to low gamblers; *All-Fours* and *Cribbage* to tap-rooms, especially where there's a cab-stand close by. *Best-my-neighbour-out-of-loose*, which, by the way, is anything but neighbourly, is the delight of school-boys; whilst the antiquated game of *Marriage* finds admirers only in aspiring youths and despairing old maids.

Billiards is the passion of commercial travellers, students, clerks, shopmen, provincials, and, in fact, of such as are excluded from all society but that to be met with in cigar-divans and billiard-rooms. Unfortunately it is one of those charming games in which a gentleman can only indulge in the country.



The game of "Golden Goose" has still some few admirers, who are to be met with in old farm-houses, and at village shop-keepers' during merrie Christmas time.—



Reader, a right-merrie one to you, with all our heart.

A FULL, TRUE, AND PARTICULAR ACCOUNT
OF THE
LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE:

Drawn into Verse by a "second Daniel" (not) *De fœo*.

CHAPTER I.

BOYHOOD OF CRUSOE—HIS ACCOUREMENTS—DIFFERENCES OF OPINION BETWEEN HIM AND HIS RELATIVES—
LITERARY AND MUSICAL TASTES—TEMPTATION—FORBIDDEN FRUIT—SWALLOWED.

Many years back, at a place called Hull,
A little boy lived, who was thought very dull,
Every one called him a shocking zuzakull;
For he would n't attend,
For relation or friend,
To his tasks; but his time would invariably spend,
In amusement and play;
And keep loitering away
From his school, on some silly pretence, the whole day,
Spite of all that his father and mother could say.
His father, indeed, would without hesitation,
Have given him full many a sound flagellation;
But was begged not to do so
By poor Mrs. Crusoe,
Who loved little Robinson more than her trowsers;
And called him her jewel,
And said it was cruel
To beat the poor boy, and that Mr. C. knew so.
So that Robinson, never once minding his lessons,
Of idleness grew up the very quintessence;
Had no Latin but bog,
As papa did n't flug,
And for Greek, he knew no more of that than a dog;

And Toby, in fact, the renowned learned pig,
Could have posed him in all things, except a ship's rig.
But that was a matter,
On which he used snatter,
'Till he 'd set his poor father quite mad with his clatter.
For both Mrs. Crusoe, poor woman, and he,
Had a most insurmountable dread of the sea;
And deep were the traces,
Of care on their faces,
When he talked about back-stays, and bob-stays, and braces,
Of main-truck and anchor,
And ero-jack, and spunter;
Of cleets and of brails,
Of shrouds and of sails,
Of cut-heads and main-chains, and ring-bolts and dead-eyes,
Till he made the tears flow from his poor mother's red eyes.
And then Mr. Crusoe would kick up a rampus,
And swear he 'd his ears box, if he box 'd the compass;
And then Master Robinson Crusoe would find
'T was the best of his play to be "hauling his wind,"
And steer clear of all
Sea affairs, or he 'd fall
In all likelihood very soon in for a squall.

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Now as little Crusoe grew up, by degrees he
 Read through the adventures of "Midshipman Easy,"
 "Tom Cringle," "The Cruise of the Midge," "The Red
 Rover;"

Every sea story, in fact, he skimmed over,
 And is then rejoiced as a crow does in clover:
 And he knew well besides every nautical song,
 Which he sang in a voice as melodious and strong
 As a boatwain's hail,
 In the midst of a gale,

When the ship under bare poles is scudding along.
 Barry Cornwall's ballad "The Sea, the Sea;"
 "The Rover's Bride," with the music by Lee;
 Campbell's "Mariners of England" too;
 "The Admiral," rather too long to go through;
 Dibdin's "Black-eyed Susan" and "Harry Bluff,"
 And his fifty others re'er sang enough,
 Worth reams of our twaddling modern stuff;
 'Till by singing these,
 He began by degrees,

To think himself destined to dwell on the seas;
 And determined to give his poor parents the slip,
 The first moment he could, and embark aboard ship.

One day young Robinson chanced to meet
 A jolly sea captain out in the street;
 Who owns a ship,
 On the patent slip,
 That is just preparing to take a trip,
 With a cargo of beautiful beads of glass,
 And chintzes, whose colours the rainbow surpass;
 And nails and hatchets,
 And bolts and latches;
 And muskets, that look uncommonly nice,
 Of Birmingham make, four and sixpence the price,

And which burst the first shot with a pleasant recoil,
 All to exchange for gold-dust and palm oil;
 For the ship is bound to the Guinea coast,
 Where the savages live who their enemies roast;
 And much does the captain to Robinson boast
 Of the wealth to be made,
 In that African trade;
 And tries to persuade
 Him to join in the cruise,
 Which Robinson don't feel inclined to refuse;
 And so he agrees

The occasion to seize,
 And gets stowed away with the other live-busber,
 The day that the vessel sets sail down the Humber;
 His father and mother not having a notion,
 That their hopeful young man is gone cruising the ocean.



CHAPTER II.

THE VOYAGE—A GRATUITOUS PUFF—PITCH AND TOSH—PUMPS GETTING IN FASHION—AN UPSET—AN OLD MAXIM FALSIFIED—BOOTS IN THE ASCENDANT—TROUBLE OF MAKING HEAD-WAY—LANDING AND KNOCKE.

Over the sea,
Merry and free,
Bounds the bark, with the land on her lee!
Every sail
Spreads to the gale,
Still our friend Robinson looks rather pale;
He's singing "The Sea," though in spite of a gale
In his stomach, he hopes that it will get more calm;
But looks rather blue,
When some of the crew
Advise him to stow
Himself quickly below,
And hint that 'tis likely to come on to blow;
Which Robinson fancies 'tis doing already,
Not thinking the ship can be much more unsteady.

* * * * *
Evening comes on with her mantle dun,
Down in the billowy wave sinks the sun;
Down in the wave,
Like a chief to his grave,
When he no longer the battle can brave!
Topsails are reefed, and top-gallant-masts struck;
Things do not seem in the very best luck.
Twilight frowns over the waters in gloom,
Still the old vessel rides gallantly on.

The moon floats high
In the midnight sky,
And the vapouring clouds skim hurriedly by.
Under her double-reefed topsails new,
Slowly her way does the gallant ship plough;
Slowly and heavily rolls she along,
Cruise don't feel much inclined for a song;
Neither indeed does the captain or crew,
All of them now have sufficient to do,
All of them feel quite enough in the dumps,
Working as hard as they can at the pumps.

The morning breaks, alas! 'tis vain,
No'er will that ship reach land again;
The billows lash and the tempest's roar—
Never was hurricane like it before;
Never did waves roll half so high,
One would imagine they reached the sky;
'Till at length a terrible billow rises,
And at one "fill swoop" the ship capsize!



Capsize the ship and all those in it,
All in the space of a single minute;
Puts an end to their moans,
Their sighs and their groans,
And sends the whole party to old Davy Jones.

Little had Robinson Cruise conjectured,
When, day after day, by his poor mother lectured,
On keeping his feet well protected from wet,
That his life would depend on that circumstance yet;

THE COMIC ALBUM

For with tenderest care,
 She compelled him to wear
 Cork soles to his boots, in all manner of weather,
 Her maxim set being "there's nothing like leather."
 And now when his ship
 Gets that villainous dip,
 And he has neither hen-coop nor ladder to grip ;
 They answer completely the place of a boat,
 And keep Master Crasoe most snugly afloat ;
 Afloat by the heels, in that terrible ocean,
 In a manner of which you can scarce have a notion.



'Tis true in one way they prove rather embarrassing,
 For his heels are so light,
 That with all of his might,
 He finds getting his head over water most harassing.
 But at length, after several minutes' submersion,
 He succeeds, though in truth nearly dead from exertion ;
 And then how he swims,
 Oh ! my eyes and my limbs !
 Through the waves like a porpoise he gallantly skims ;
 Skims, though indeed he's as tired as can be,
 And longs for the aid of humane Captain Masby.

But luckily for him again he meets dry land,
 Cast on the shore of a desolate island,
 Where after some shocks,
 And some very hard knocks,
 And bumps—he succeeds in ascending the rocks ;



When his boots he takes off,
 For he's fearful of cough,
 And don't like to incur any risk of catarrh,
 In a place where from medical aid he's so far ;
 And this being done,
 He lies down in the sun,
 Not feeling the least disposition for fun ;
 Where in less than a minute,
 He's soundly asleep as a thrush or a linnet,
 And remains in that state,
 'Till awaked by the prate
 Of some parrots, next morning, at half after eight.



FOR EVERY TABLE.

CHAPTER III.

BEGINNING A DAY—PLEASANT LOOK-OUT—CONSOLING REFLECTIONS—ARRANGING A COUNCIL—A DISCUSSION, NOT BOOTLESS—SOUR GRAPES—A LIGHT DINNER—A DULL EVENING—BED TIME—A STATE OF SUSPENSE.

Soon as Crusoe awoke, refreshed by his sleep
(Though his bed was not soft, yet his slumbers were deep,

No'er on straw palliass,
Nor on curled hair mattress, &

Did he sleep as he slept all that night on the grass).
As soon as he rises, his very first care—
When he thinks where he is, and the way he came there—

Is to survey the spot,
Into which he has got,

And try—he knows well that he can't get away—
What sort of indubitation he has there to stay.

He gets to the top of a rising ground,
Whence he looks around,
With an air profound,
No traces of man can be anywhere found.

Plenty of trees,
Around him he sees,
But no signs of a house
That would shelter a mouse;
No rural police

For preserving the peace,
And finding offenders are on the increase;
No notice to trespassing coves to withdraw,
Under pain of the "utmost rigour of law."

And he says to himself, "What a blest destination
To escape the vexation
Of civilisation.

If I find but a wife—
But if not—why, odds life!

There will soon be an end to the isle's population."
Which he sure would have thought the most pleasing of facts,
Had he only read Malthus' and Malthus's tracts.

He feels much perplexed,
As to what he'll do next,

Till he hits on a method that none can pronounce ill,
That is to say, he assembles his council—

A council, which well as the best of them suits,
Mr. President Crusoe, his hat, and his boots.



Many councils, indeed, are composed the same way—

A president who

Adopts his own view,

And councillors who have got nothing to say,
Besides, perhaps Crusoe had got in his head,

What Charles the Twelfth to the deputies said,
When they sadly complained,

That he so long remained
Away from his kingdom—as if he disdain'd

The state and the people whose monarch he reign'd,
And he offer'd to send them his boot in his stead!

For a boot, if it answers the place of a king,
As a counsellor must be an excellent thing.

The President, having pronounced his opinions,

And freely discuss'd them, he makes up his mind—

That, as 'twas his fortune the island to find,
He should henceforth comprise it within his dominions;

That the kingdom, of which he has thus usurped,
Is a desert—because it has no population,
And being a desert, his next resolution,
Is that it just now can want no constitution;
But that, letting the idle's constitution alone,
'T is perfectly proper to look to his own.
And then to prevent any chance of disputes,
He quietly puts on his hat and his boots,
And walks off, most anxiously hoping to meet,
Some sort of a thing he can manage to eat;
The poor fellow not having broken his fast,
Since first on the shore of the idle he was cast.

But no,
'T is no go,
He walks to and fro,

Not an eatable thing does he meet high or low;

He tries all the shore,
What a terrible bore

(Not a bear; had he met one 't would be much mistaken,
If it thought that from Crusoë 't would then save its bacon):
But a desperate bore, not to find any shell-fish.

He thinks of a bird,
But the notion's absurd,

For the birds of the place are uncommonly selfish;
And clearly not caring for Crusoë's condition,
Are occupied solely with their own nutrition!

He would like to stop
At some pastry-cook's shop;

He'd like a grilled kidney, or even a chop;
He'd like—at the thought how his own chops he licks—
A rump-steak as they cook it at Dolly's or Dick's.
He'd like many good things, but just new on the rocks,
He begins to think them "sour grapes," like the fox;
And at last, though he'd relish much better a snipe,
He finds he must dine on a smoke of his pipe.

Now it is no joke
To dine on smoke,
Though some callous folk
It to laughter provoke;



It would make a man look very meagre and squalid,
If he, for a week, got no diet more solid;
And I must say, to do common justice to Crusoë,
'T is not what he'd choose, were he not forced to do so;
Yet, even a smoke, though it has n't much gristle,
As a dinner is better by chalks than a whistle;
Which Crusoë remembering, never repines,
But out of his pipe like a gentleman dines.
Having finished his dinner and duly said grace,

He just gives a yawn,
And strolls out on his lawn,

Long sitting not being the way of the place;
And he too had adopted the tea-total notion
Since the day of his lucky escape from the ocean;
And although he reigned then an absolute prince,
Had tasted of nothing but cold water since.

Crusoë does n't well see how to finish his "day:"

He can't go to the play,
To his grief and dismay,
For his disposition at all times is gay.
He has no evening papers
To drive off the vapours,—
He can't see the Standard, the Courier, or Globe,
And that evening's Sun
Has its course nearly run.

His position would ruffle the patience of Job.
In vain does he ponder—in vain scratched his head,
He has nothing to do but to go—to his bed.

FOR EVERY TABLE.

Go to his bed—this is all very fine,—
But where is the bed upon which to recline?—
 'T is true on the grass
 He last night did pass,
For which he now thinks he must have been an ass;
When he only reflects that some horrible beast
Might have made on his pitiful carcass a feast,—
 And though no such dread
 Had entered his head,
He was so very drowsy when going to bed;
 Yet now he 'll take care
 That no jackall or bear,
Or other wild beast his poor body shall tear,—
And so he climbs up in a very tall tree,
And fixes himself to his comfort and glee,
Hung up from the end of a branch by the breech,
Quite out of all mischievous quadrupeds' reach,—



A position not perfectly easy 't is true,
But yet at the same time consoling and new.

CHAPTER IV.

GETTING OUT OF BED—A WELCOME SIGHT—A NAVAL INTERMENT—A GATHERING—ARCHITECTURAL IMPROVEMENTS—
HOME MANUFACTURES—DOMESTIC DISTURBANCES—ALARMING OCCURRENCE—RESOLUTION

Next morning, at six, Mr. Cruise awakes,
Descends from his tree in a couple of shakes;
And, as soon as terra firma he reaches,
Finds a detainer's been lodged on his breeches:



Then looks on the sea,
And much to his glee,
Sees the wreck of the vessel in which he set sail,
Just driven ashore by the force of the gale.
And soon as he's down he goes off to the wreck,
Where, stretched on the deck,
His enjoyment to check,
His captain he finds—when he takes by the neck,



THE COMIC ALBUM

And mournfully raising him up from the plank,
 Inters with the honours due to his rank.
 His captain inferred, his time he now spends,
 In collecting the relics of all his late friends;

He picks all the locks,
 Opens every box,



Gathers up all their waistcoats, and trowsers, and stocks,
 His labour in fact all description quite mocks;



And when he has made up a pretty good store,
 He sets off for shore,
 In a large sea-chest, filled well with clothing and prog,
 Drawn by the late captain's favorite dog:
 The sole brute except Crusoe that had not been drowned,
 And which he on board of the vessel had found,
 Robinson having made dully a trip,
 Or more, in this way to the wreck of the ship,
 In a very short time supplies himself well,
 With more conveniences than we can tell;



And piling his trunks in a snug situation,
 Makes for himself a pro tem. habitation;
 Which being his first architectural feat,
 It gives him much pleasure to view when complete;
 But it is not the thing
 For an absolute king,
 So he quickly resolves upon building a better;
 And having his tastes tied by no kind of fetter,
 With plenty of land
 Besides, ready at hand,

And labour for nothing, both at his command;
 And what is moreover quite pleasant and funny,
 Having neither to pay window-tax nor hearth money;
 With a foresight becoming the very shrewd head of his,
 He builds up a mighty magnificent edifice;
 Eight bed-rooms, a drawing-room, parlour, and kitchen,
 With stables and coach-houses, all very fine,
 And a cellar for coals, and a vault for his wine,
 And a dog-house for keeping his Newfoundland bitch in;
 And not being bless'd with a family yet,
 Resolves, save one parlour and bed-room, to let

FOR EVERY TABLE.



The whole of the rooms,
Which he fairly presumes,
Folk who visit the place will be anxious to get ;
And so, with proper precaution and tact,
He sticks up a bill announcing the fact.

After some time has past,
Mr. Crusoe at last,



Finds his garments are showing
Some symptoms of going ;
Having worn out the clothes which he brought from the ship
He sees that he wants much the aid of a snip ;
So resolves in the best way himself to equip,—

And builds him a garment,
Excessively " varnished,"
Which though not a Nagoo,
Yet fits free and easy ;

And though D'Ossay might fancy it not quite the thing,
Mr. Crusoe considers it fit for a king ;

And being for a hat, too, extremely hard up,
He makes one that suits him as well as a Jupp ;
And he says to himself " faith 'tis no trifling matter,
To have tick with so famous a tailor and better."

Things now proceed, as well as they need,
Far beyond anticipation indeed ;



'Till Crusoe one day hears some very odd rumbling,
And an earthquake sets him and his house both tumbling ;
Which so addles his head, that he takes to his bed,
Exceedingly ill from annoyance and dread ;



THE COMIC ALBUM

And vexed that such numerous evils should fall on him,
Vows he'll see no one who may chance to call on him.

Restored to his health, he walks out on the hill,—
In a state of *dejection*,
Caused by the reflection,
That none came to ask for him while he lay ill;



But while he's so wandering,
Dolefully pondering,
He comes all at once to a sudden stand-still,
For he sees what with horror may well make him thrill;
There on the ground—distinctly in view,
He sees, God bless us!—a human shoe!
And he cries "Good gracious!—what shall I do?
Oh! can it be true?
Am I destined anew,
To meet with a rascally civilised crew?
After having been king,
Premier, everything,
Duke of Wellington, Peel,
Dan O'Connell, Tom Steele.
In my person comprising the administration,
The whole opposition—the whole legislation,
Am I now to be forced to a vile resignation?
For my rent to be axed,
And plundered and taxed;
Must fork out the poor-rates,
And all sort of new rates;
Must I pay for the pipe-water, and paving and light?
No, never as long as I'm able to fight."

CHAPTER V.

PREPARATIONS FOR SELF-DEFENCE—CRUSOE'S FEARS ALLAYED—A PICNIC AND A COUPLE OF BALLS—A PRISONER EMANCIPATED—
ANOTHER FESTIVAL—WARM RECEPTION OF THE STRANGERS—MEETING OF RELATIVES—HINTS AS TO BETTER—
ADDITIONAL COMFORTS OF CRUSOE'S LIFE.

Having made his resolve
He returns for his arms,
And full of alarms,
Determines at all risks the riddle to solve;
So sets off at once with his very best Mantles,
To see who has dared foot his island to plant on,—
When, thank heaven, he sees,
As he peeps through the trees,
A vision which sets him a good deal at ease;
A body of men
It indeed is—but then,

They are only a party of savages met
For a ball and a *djesser à la fourchette*,
Which rid Crusoe quite of his fears of taxation,
And all the disasters of civilisation!
He looks for a while,
With sarcastical smile,
On the pastimes with which they the moments beguile;
He do n't admire greatly their dancing or gestures,
And thinks them scarce modest enough in their vestures;
Though, indeed, he for this has no manner of reason,
From his not having been to the ballet this season;

FOR EVERY TABLE.



If he had been, the costumes were so very like,
That it could n't have failed Mr. Crusoe to strike.

When tired of their hop,
The poor savages stop,

And Crusoe perceives that there's one poisoned fast,—
Whom they intend grilling by way of repast,—
Having lighted a fire of some withered branches,
At which they have just commenced toasting his haunches;

Now Crusoe who fancies that he has been slighted,
And thinks it most vile
That, as lord of the isle,

He has not to their little pic-nic been invited,
The group to a sense of their rudeness recalls,—
By giving them kindly a couple of balls;



But they in amaze
At the uproar and blast,—

Being quite unaccustomed to civilised ways,—
Helter skelter run terrified to their canoes,
Thinking some demon their pathway pursues,

And leave two of their party behind as they fly,
One dead, and the other just ready to die;
The hapless young man
Whom to roast they began,
And who seems not quite certain, unfortunate elf,—
That Crusoe do n't now mean to eat him himself;
But he soon finds that Crusoe
Does not mean to do so,
Inasmuch as such food
He do n't look on as good,

But thinks that the wretch thus preserved from the tomb,
Can be turned to far better account as his grocer;
So he leaves him his life and his liberty too,
Whatever his master desires him to do,
Says he 'll give him no drubbing, unless he should need 'em,
Which means, he explains to him, national freedomes;
Then dresses him out in a livery tidy,



And gives him the pleasant cognomen of *Fryday*,
As a sort of memento which he should have by him,
Of his saving his life when his friends meant to fry him;

THE COMIC ALBUM

But the savages, who it would seem were just then
In their gay season, visit the island again,
With a larger repast
Than they brought with them last,
For they number, this visit, full three score and ten :
And to vary the thing,
Along with them they bring,—
To suit the particular taste of their king,
Who, in spite of their wishes,
Will have foreign dishes,—



An amiable Spaniard, of whom—to their shame
Be it spoken—they all have resolved to make game;
But Crusoe, determined on spoiling their pastime
Upon this occasion, as he did the last time,

Lets fly a great volley,
Just as they're most jolly,

In hopes to persuade them to give up their folly,
And changes their fun into deep melancholy ;
For they rush from the spot overwhelmed with dread,
Leaving two of their friends on the grass lying dead,
(While the parrots and Friday see terribly frightened,
Not used to proceedings so very enlightened).
And the Spaniard, about whom they all had such boasting,
Is saved, to his great satisfaction, from roasting.

But Friday, poor boy!
How great is his joy!

When he finds safe and sound his poor governess there,
Who was meant for a plate in their late bill of fare!

From which, in the eatable way, it would seem
That the family was in no common esteem.
Robinson Crusoe now quite at his ease is,
Having three servants to do what he pleases.
But Friday, as well as his father, though freed
By his hand, a good drubbing still frequently need;



And being a gourmand, 'tis only by beating him,
And wringing his ears, he keeps Friday from eating him :
Of the father, though aged, he makes a good hack,
And takes daily an afternoon ride on his back.



CHAPTER VI.

NEW VISITORS—A STEER CHASE—A KING'S SPEECH—A PATETIC FAREWELL—DEPARTURE AND ARRIVAL.

But, after a while,
By some destiny vile
Which seems to await his unfortunate idole,
One morning, slap-bang!
A mutinous gang
Come ashore their unfortunate captain to hang;
And are cruelly dragging him off to a tree,
Determined his soul from his body to free,
When Robinson chances the rascals to see,
And, resolved upon fan,
He again takes his gun—
For white and black game
Are to him all the same—
And fires away at them ere one could say "done!"
Which makes them as fast as the savages ran;
While, hit by a shot,
The captain's brought suddenly to on the spot;



And the rest Crusoe follows
O'er hills and through hollows,
And brings them at last to a sudden stand-still
By threatening to fire from the top of a hill;
When, finding they're quite at his mercy, they all
Down on their knees to capitulate fall.
Crusoe, perceiving these signs of submission,
Thinks it just the right time to excite their contrition

For the horrible act
Which they meant to transact,
And addresses them thus with abundance of tact:—
"Fellow countrymen,—after so many long years
Of absence, I scarce can refrain shuddering tears
At meeting, in this remote region of earth,
So many whose land is the land of my birth:
I came here a boy, and this beautiful isle
Was then a mere solitude;—that noble pile
Was then unerected;—in these remote parts
There were no manufactures—no tillage—no arts!
By my sole exertions—I say it with pride—
By my sole exertions those wants were supplied:
And now look around on this prosperous isle,—
See arts, agriculture,—see everything smile;
No lawyers, no doctors, no landholders, no rents,
No Corn-laws, no Sliding-scale, no Three-per-centa,
No changing of coin, no vile clipping of gold,
No charge upon getting new sovereigns for old!
No villainous workhouses—no Income-tax!—
Heaven help the poor wights who have that on their backs!
Am I wrong, friends, in saying that this is the spot
Where those who seek happiness should cast their lot?
As for you, friends, you have been convicted, 'tis true,
Of a crime which perhaps would find pardon from few:
The soil of old England once venture to tread,
Ah! my friends, you'll be hanged by the neck till your dead!
But can I permit this—will I, who can save,
Allow you to fill this premature grave?
Oh! no, my friends, no, take this island, take all,
Far sooner than into so sad a trap fall.
For myself, friends, my duty recalls me, alas!
To my country, a very few months there to pass;
Take the isle, then, and Heaven grant that all may go smack
And merrily forwards until I come back—
And when I do, trust me, you'll bless me each day,
For treating you all in so handsome a way:

THE COMIC ALBUM



Farewell!—lest you may be in want of a black,
I leave with you Friday's old governor, Jack."

The vile mutineers

Are affected to tears

By this tender appeal to their feelings and fears.

We may easily guess

What deep thanks they express ;

We may easily feel that they could n't do less—

At this noblest of offers;—

Not merely his coffers,

His silver and gold, but the whole of his land—

His fixtures—royalties—rights of command!

In one feeling, of course, they must all be unanimous,
That there never was anything half so magnanimous ;
And they fell on their knees, and 't is really distressing,
To see how they weep as he gives them his blessing!

Indeed, 't would be out of all question to tell

How deeply they feel at this painful farewell.

Now the Captain and Robinson get a-board ship
With Friday, who with them departs on their trip ;
And when they have got off too far from the shore
For the sailors to hear their good-byes any more,

They still by significant gestures express



Their silent distress,

At leaving their friends in so precious a mess,—

At which the poor sailors who stand on the beach
Are affected still more than by Robinson's speech ;
The heavens, it would seem, more propitiously smile
On Robinson, now he has quitted his isle :

But yet he is taken a little a-back,

When he thinks that a black,

The moment he sets

His foot in Great Britain, his liberty gets ;

Which induces him quickly to alter his track,

And steer for some port,

Of West-Indian resort,

When, having sold Friday, once more he sets sail
And arrives at Spithead with a prosperous gale,
Just twenty-five years and one month from the day
That he set sail from Hull, to his parents' dismay.

Once more settled down, Mr. Robinson spends

The rest of his days in the midst of his friends ;

Though at first he finds Hull

Rather stupid and dull,

For his father is dead, to his very great grief,
And his mother supported on out-door relief;—
His feelings are shocked at the poor woman's pittance,
And into the workhouse he gets her admittance ;
Where, lest she should still not have comforts enough,
He allows her a shilling a quarter for staff.

He then prints his travels,

Which, spite of the cavils

Of critics, must always be relished by youth
And age, for their vigour, their freshness, and truth.

He lives at his ease,

On the profits of these,

His vote for the town, and whatever small trifle
He chanced from the sailors' strong-boxes to rifle ;
Not forgetting the sum
He received for his claim

The excellent Friday. And thus free from strife,

Without children or wife,

He passes serenely the eve of a life,

Which with so much adventure and peril was rife.

FOR EVERY TABLE.



WIDE EXHALATION.



TWO CHIFFLE.



"LOOK OUT BELOW."



VIE FOR THE.



CLOSELY PACKED.

THE COMIC ALBUM

MATERNAL SOLICITUDE.

VOCE.

PIANO.
FORTE.

Andante con spirito

You know, dear girls, the plots I've laid, The ma - ny wars I've

wag'd; The things I've said, the tricks I've play'd, To get you all en - gag'd! Yet

FOR EVERY TABLE.

now, at last, the sea-son's past, You're sin-gle, one and all; So pray take care a

beast to snare To-night at our last ball! So pray take care a beast to snare To-

night at our last ball.

crec.

ff

II.

'Twere vain to tell, my Isabel,
My hopes, and doubts, and fears;
I can't reveal the half I feel
For three unsworned dears!
So cousin Fred you must cut dead,
And seek not to enthrall;
Sir John, to-night, I'm sure will bite,
Pray hook him at our ball!

III.

My dear, divine, sweet Caroline
A lady bright must be;
'Twould be absurd to lose a lord,
Because he's sixty-three!
Who rolls in gold is no'er thought odd,
For years before it fell!
There's not a doubt but he'll speak out,
Accept him at our ball!

IV.

My darling pet, dear Margost,
Will please mamma, I know;
I'm very sure a man that's poor
Will never be her boss!
Sweet loves, I find you know my mind,
I urge it on you all;
You've but to lay your plans, and play
"A game at trap and ball!"

THE COMIC ALBUM



SWEEPSTAKES.



TROTTING HIM OFF.



A LA DECCON.



A STATE OF SUSPENSION.



CHANGING HORSES.



IN FOR IT.



"HAVE YOU SEEN MY HORSE?"



APROPPOS DES BOTTES.

Oh! ye who are plagued
with cures and business—
or, worse than both, the gout!—
ye, whose health imperiously
demands thick chimney soles!
aspire to Olympus, if ye will;
strive to become poets; or
seek to annex R.A. unto
your names!—be good her-



bands and good fathers; pay
your rents, rates, and taxes;
you have an undoubted right
to each, every, and other;
but do not allow your rash
ambition to exalt itself to the
title of Dandy; for your
character irrevocably excludes
you from the fashionable
world.

THE BALLET.—"THE POETRY OF MOTION."

I'm going to write—
It's my pride and delight—
On the very best part of an opera night;
When the staging is done
And the footmen walk on,
And all round and round
Besprinkle the ground,
And the sweet *COURS DE BALLET*,
In muslin and chalis,
With their toes at right angles,
All covered with spangles
And other fine things,
Dance on from the wings,
And, like so many graces,
Chance down to their places.
Here they wait till a smash,
Or grand orchestral crash,
Brings on, with a dash,
When the ballet has *PERFORMÉ* in,
Himself or the heroine.
I'm sure I don't know
Any one who can go
On the tip of his toe
And turn about so
But *MONSIEUR PERROT*.
I vow and declare
I do nothing but stare
When he cuts in the air,
And crosses his pair
Of beautiful pumps,
Every time that he jumps,

In a way that defies
Opera glasses or eyes
(So rapid's his motion)
To form any notion
Of the number of *pas*
Which, in spite of the laws
Of the earth's great attraction,
With immense satisfaction



He, in *medias res*,
Performs with such ease.
And when, with a bound,
He comes back to the ground,
And spins round and round,
Like an obstinate top
That the dance cannot stop,
Which twirls on its peg
As he does on one leg.

THE COMIC ALBUM

I feel all the while
 That some frenzied turnstile,
 When seized with a fit,
 Must "THE PRINCE" have bit!
 Now, mark! as he dances
 He slowly advances,
 And takes a good stare
 At each of the fair,
 Shakes his head, turns away—
 As much as to say
 "Not here! lack-a-day!"—
 Then he crosses his hands,
 And disconsolate stands
 On the stage, near the middle,
 When the leader's first fiddle
 Commences a wonderful high-diddle-diddle;
 At which he turns round
 And clears at a bound
 Of the boards fifteen feet:
 And thus does he meet
 His soul's idol and love,
 Who springs on from above,
 From the back of the scene,
 Clearing 't other fifteen.



And here there's a pause
 For the shouts of applause
 Which rival the thunder's,
 At these ballet wonders!
 "Only look at her face!
 Mark her exquisite grace,
 And consider the pace!"

Can you form any notion
 Of poetry's motion,
 E'en down to her very toes,
 Equal to Casiro's?
 She's perfect, she's charming,
 She's something divine!
 The three graces combined
 With the sweet muses nine—
 Oh, dear heart alive! do n't I wish she was mine!"
 This is all very true,
 But just take a view



Of the *dansuse* before
 She comes on to the roar
 And the clapping of hands,
 As she patiently stands,
 Like a figure by Chantrey,
 Made up for her *catale*.
 Consider the woe
 Of her out-stretching toes,

FOR EVERY TABLE.

And you need not be told
There's more glitter than gold!
But if, as a goddess,
With wings to her bodices,
A prop with her hand on,
And one leg to stand on,



A little board slides on,
And *Cezaro* glides on
With her toe to the ceiling,
Just think of her feeling
(From such things preserve us,
As we're rather nervous!)
Of horror and terror,
If, by some fatal error,
When ready to start
For her fairy-like part,
The *super*, whose duty
Is to drag on the beauty,
Should chance to forget her,
Or, far worse, upset her!—
But see, they've begun—
What a wonderful man!—
Just mark, when he strains
His neck, how he cranes,

And looks just as though
He could make himself grow,
At his special desire,
At least a foot higher!
See, he throws back his chest,
Counts the proper bars' rest,
And then he and his tights
Have reached the foot-lights,
Where he stops with a bow!—
And it's *Madame's* turn, now,
I have often heard tell a
Tale of "*Cinderella*,"
Whose slipper so small
Was the wonder of all:
If you'll bet, I'll give that in,
And back the white satin,
Now rising in air,

As one that would make its glass rival despair!

After forcing a point
That no foot with a joint
Could ever achieve,
And no mortal believe,
Unless their own eyes
Behold the surprise,
With a bound half as high
As the blue and dust sky

(Which proves, if she liked, the lady could fly!).

The *dansette* will be
Pannor's *ris-à-ris*;



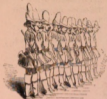
THE COMIC ALBUM

Then a *chasser* and *neir*,
 And all-round-the-stage-whirl,
 At the top will discover
 The *pas-de-deux* lover ;
 His hand neatly placed
 Round dear *CECILE*'s waist,
 And so perfect their *pose*
 On the tips of their toes,
 That this "balance of power"
 They can keep by the hour.
 Now trumpets and drumming
 Announce some one coming,
 Which seems a sad blow
 To poor *Monsieur PERROT*,
 And equally so
 To *Ma'AMSELLE CERITO*,
 For they instantly part
 With a hand on each heart,
 And a look that might say—
 "We wish quarter-day,
 When we'd no means to pay,
 Had happened to come
 Instead of that drum
 And its consequent hints—
 We shall soon see the price."
 And such is the case ;
 For a very red face
 And a very black wig,
 And gloves very big,
 And a cap and a feather,
 Then come on together :
 All which prove that *the gent*
 Who wears them's the *re-gent*.
 He having well frowned
 On the *spers* around,
 In his great power's latitude,
 Strikes, as may be seen, a magnificent attitude :
 His highness ne'er talks
 Nor dances, but stalks,
 And all about walks,



Like a great pedometer,
 Or *sile busy Peter*,
 Whose only delight
 Is to vent his base spite,
 And insist upon carrying
 Off, and perhaps marrying,
 The very young woman
 Who swears—"on earth no man,
 Though she's far from ungrateful,
 Can be half so hateful."
 He then threatens *force*,
 As a matter of course,
 Swears homeward he'll drag her,
 Clips his hand to his dagger
 With an air of delirium
 And horrid distraction,—
 But the reader must know
 This is all done by action,—
 Then the guards are marched on
 In a line one by one,

FOR EVERY TABLE.



With cross-belts and pouches,
 And various cartridges ;
 And the order is given
 To send up to heaven
 The audacious varlet,
 In white silk and scarlet,
 Who has dared to ensure
 The love of the fair,
 Who seems to consider,
 Although highest bidder
 And famed gay deluder,
 The prince an intruder.
 And just as the monster
 Declares that, at one stir
 Of his wicked forefinger,
 Should a single hand linger,
 Nor let off slip—hang
 His piece, he shall hang—
 His father or mother,
 Or some one or other,
 Rush on and declare
 " If his highness but dare
 Lay a hand on the pair,
 He had better beware ;
 For they very well know
 That his title's no go,
 As he happens to be
 The youngest of three

Who alive are and kicking,
 And will give him a licking
 If he does not disown
 His right to the crown,
 And retire somewhere
 On two hundred a-year,"
 The prince in a fright
 Owns the statement is right,
 And, in horrid despair,
 Resigns the sweet fair
 To the much-oppressed lust
 He had tried to cut out,

Who puts forth the best leg and toe that he can sport,
 And a *pas-de-deux* speaks the excess of their transport.



Then on comes a priest,
 Or a deacon, at least,
 And without further bother,
 Gives one to the other ;
 When an old legal votary,
 Known as a notary,
 With a gait for a march-meat,
 Produces a parchment,
 Which soon, nothing loth,
 Is signed by them both,
 Who are made man and wife,
 Thus charmingly ending the BALLET and strife

THE COMIC ALBUM

Then, reader, directly,
If all's done correctly,
Commence the bright showers
Of bouquets and flowers,
Which titled folks throw
At *MISSISSIPPI PENNER*

And *MA'AMSELLE CERINS*,
Till, for love, they near smoother
The one and the other,—
And would do so, no doubt,
But the curtain's rung down,
And the pair are dug out!



THE CENTRIFUGAL RAILWAY

Is a practical illustration of man's ingenuity to turn things upside down, and while he laughs at its wonderful effects, he is constrained to acknowledge the centre of—gravity! A person making a revolution is like a man on the brink of bankruptcy, who rushes down the inclined plane at the rate of one hundred miles an hour, fancying that "things must take a turn," he knows not how, to set him on his legs again; while experience only demonstrates, that he has taken a somersot which leaves him precisely where he was, so far as advantage is concerned (only that he might have made a *smash*), and that he has reached the end of the movement without bettering his condition. He has "gave on" longer, it is true, but then he is nearer

stopping than when he started. The fortune-hunter, who marries age and ugliness for money, takes his seat in the centrifugal railway of matrimony, only that he encounters the plain without the proper facilities.

The spendthrift is ever travelling by a centrifugal railway, the impetus of which causes him to "run up" so much more than he intended, and at so quick a rate, that he unconsciously acquires the habits of "a fast goer," and nothing stays his progress until he quietly settles down in her gracious Majesty's *Fleet*!

Verily, there are more centrifugal railways in the moral than in the material world!

FOR EVERY TABLE.



*Gracious goodness! Poor Flora killed with the nasty rat's poison!
Dearest me; I thought she swooped, but never dreamt she'd commit
suicide!*



*Yes! to your love the welcome gift I owe,
And Flora's portrait soothes my cup of woe!*

THE NEW TARIFF.

Just look at "tariff cattle!"

*Poor things! I'm much mistaken,
If folks will live on "tariff pork,"*

And that way save their bacon!

These "tariff" sheep and oxen,

These shores should never land on;

For "tariff" legs of mutton

Have scarce a leg to stand on!

To pass this "tariff" measure,

'T is well I had no hand in:—

Who cares for "tariff sugar"

With lots of "tariff sand" in!

And as for "tariff spices,"

Their flavour 's but so-so-ish;

The "tariff coffee 's" very weak,

The "tariff tea" is also-ish!

We've "tariff mild tobacco,"

With "tariff books" for puffing:—

I'm tired of all this "tariff"—

I'm up to "tariff stuff"-ing:

I'm bored with "tariff," waking,

I'm haunted with it, dreaming!—

I 'll wring my parrot's head off,

To stop her "tariff" screaming!

The world is mad with "tariff,"

And truly 't is bewildering!

I wonder if this "tariff"

Extends to wife and children!

Our duties to each other

It ought to set forth clearer—

Will "tariff" make relations cheap,

Or will it make them dearer?

THE COMIC ALBUM

TO THE PROPRIETOR OF THE ARTIFICIAL ICE.

BY JACK FROST, ESQ.

An ice! pretty project, indeed,
To pocket the produce, who'll doubt it?
You think artifice will succeed;—
Pray what is there hearty about it?

No hearty thumps, bumps,—not a fall,
To cause one a moment's complaining;
No duckings, no nothing at all,—
No real pain,—only sham-paining!

No "Royal Humane" people's men,
The sinking and drowning to spy out;
Not half the excitement, as when
Their drags drag a man—or his eye—out!

I know that fond mothers will say
Your ice is more safe than the river's;
A sharp freezing, blistering day,
Will beat your invention to—shivers.

When cutting an 8 or a 3,
For safety I'd not give a thank, sir,
The *Serpentine's* centre, to me,
Is "a firm just as safe as the bank," sir.

DR. SCALPEL.—I admit,
my dear Stethoscope, the truth
of your remarks; but it's
clearly my opinion there's
no hope for him. "We are
there," but he must sink under
it—he stands no chance!



The artist of this sketch
ventures to suggest, there is
no doubt the reader's opinion
coincides exactly with the
Doctor's.

THE CONSULTATION.

TOUCHING THE TOILET.

WE may pronounce the attributes of the Toilet as tri-fold, for 'tis equally a pleasure, a task, and an art. Presuming there is no rule without an exception, and that levelness *does* sometimes "need the foreign aid of ornament," it becomes a pleasure to the comely youth and maidens who indulge in it, to set off the gifts of nature to advantage. 'Tis a task to the man of forty, striving to please by throwing a discount of twenty-five per cent. off his years, on to his personal appearance. 'Tis a task for the pretty woman of thirty, who sollicitizes to preserve a lover; for her of thirty-six, who seeks to make fresh conquests; and for the not positively handsome woman of every age. To the studious and retired man, whose disposition inclines him to avoid society, but whom some accidental circumstance or other compels to present himself in full dress there, 'tis, perhaps, the greatest task in the world.

With the actor it becomes an art which he studies all his life, and in which he invariably attains, as far as regards the stage, a certain perfection. 'Tis also an art (perhaps we might say, a religion) amongst our strictly fashionable dames, who with such intense devotion seek after the perfection of taste and elegance.



The toilet of woman is an index which rarely deceives us. She who is prudish, dresses very badly; she who is shrewish—dowdily, and without grace; she who is vain—in discordant hues, or else in too many, as though she had dipped herself in a rainbow. The blue-stocking dresses slovenly; the parvenu, with disregard to good taste, and, when she becomes a widow, jauntily (like all the "Barnabees"), mixing a profusion of gold chains and bracelets with her weeds, as a dazzling foil to her mean origin,—a tribute to the departed, and a bait for the future. The real lady, only, possesses all the resources of the art; she

alone knows how to choose and harmonise the colours of her costume; to determine the size, form, and cut of her vestments; and by their aid to lessen or increase, change or modify, reveal or conceal, her beauties and, supposing them possible, her blemishes.

In the "golden age," before the days of looking-glasses, magazines de modes, mantua-makers, and milliners, Cupid's arms were his bow and quiver. In these modern times, the arts and mysteries of the toilet may properly be called the ammunition and military tactics of Love.

It seldom happens that a man distinguished by real ability and merit, is affected in his dress. He generally pushes negligence, in this respect, even beyond reasonable bounds; nevertheless, the line of demarcation has two extreme points: hence, we cannot help regarding him who always presents himself to us studiously and finely dressed, as of less than even secondary mind.

The doctor, the professor, the lawyer, the talented writer, and the distinguished artist, dress in sombre hues, generally in black. Commercial travellers, sporting men, clerks, and shopmen, adopt every variety of colour that graces a tailor's pattern-card.

The thorough-bred gentleman never dresses smartly on Sundays, high-days, or holidays; neither should he, for he has six opportunities of doing so, where most persons have but one. Your regular dandy seldom appears abroad on these occasions; but when he does, he prefers making the circuit of a mile to avoid traversing a public thoroughfare.

OF THE HAT.—"QUI CAPIT ILLE FACIT!"

The Hat, by its form, and the manner in which it is worn, assists materially the study of the man it covers.



He who cocks it on one side, is a coward or a bully; he that wears it thrown backwards, a simpleton. The man who bears his beaver forward, is a lunterer and a snorer.

FOR EVERY TABLE.



He who half buries his eyes beneath his castor, is a peevish grumbler. A smartly-brushed hat indicates orderly and regular ways; a hat with a very broad brim sometimes covers equally narrow principles.

The butcher, the baker, and the tailor, encased in holiday attire, exhibit a strong partiality for long-preserved long-napped beavers of long-forgotten shapes.



Hats often decide wagers. We have seen many a dispute settled by an appeal to the head, if not to the brain. Tom bets Joe a new hat he can't tell the distance between London Bridge and the 1st of August, 1900. Joe agrees, and loses—of course. Tom expected a guinea Christie; but Joe retaliates in a Broad Street "four-and-nine."

Max. Never wage a hat without settling the price; for, eventually, the joke may be felt.

Open-air and park preachers spot hats differing in first principles, even more than their doctrines. When a hearty shower of rain descends to weaken the spiritual flow, and by a sudden increase of the cold without dispenses the numerous auditories, some of the uncovered fathers (they despise degrees) cover the fragile gossamer with a handkerchief, and, tacking

THE COMIC ALBUM

the ends in their mouths, take quickly to their heels. Others put their little faith in the strength and breadth of their castors, over which the rain passes harmless.



The form the hat has maintained during the present century, contrasted with the shapes of past times, is inconspicuous, and far from elegant. The slightest deviation from the conventional castor is sure to meet with rebuke from the multitude: hence our elegants, on quitting the opera or the theatres, are occasionally saluted with the remark:—



"That's one of them Hats!"



THE HAIR AND BEARD.

Long matted hair, to which Sir Peter Laurie and the Dover jailers have evinced such a cutting dislike, and Colonel Sibthorpe and Mr. Muntz such a decided partiality, denotes, when in company with a very greasy coat-collar, the artist whose talent the Royal Academy does not appreciate (and who never forgets to return the compliment), the eccentric musician, the heterodox preacher, the amateur theatrical, the socialist lecturer, and the lawyer's clerk.

The perriquet (for we have no barbers now-a-days), the dandy, the "literary lion" of the Newgate Calendar school, and "walking gent," wear their hair combed, brushed, oiled, frizzled, and parted into sets of curls, like the fashionable dolls in the "*Magasin de Modes*."

Some persons arrange their locks in the styles adopted by remarkable individuals; as George the Fourth, Dusty Bob, Prince Albert, Jack Ketch, Count D'Orsay, and M. Julien. A man who gets into the model-prison is not at liberty to adopt either of these varied styles, but his locks are cut upon government principles, to the air of "Croppies, lie down."

Stiff bristly hair generally denotes stubbornness, whilst the soft and silky implies great patience and love of amusement. Light hair appears to indicate sensuality; black, ardour; and brown, moderation. Grey hair, before age, arises from misanthropy, physical or moral



sufferings, and excess of nocturnal labours or pleasures. Baldness is as frequently the sign of active intelligence as of active dissipation.

Whiskers should never be worn *à la Comberland*; they are far from elegant or symmetrical, and invoke comparison in form with a crumb brush, a half-opened razor, or the white-faced baboon.



Mustaches, which convention has exclusively assigned to military men, are infringed upon by west-end loungers—gentlemen who have recently left the Bench or the Fleet—gambler-house and billiard-table keepers. Tenth-rate artists occasionally adopt them in company with a Vandyke beard. Some persons sport an imperial (the tuft, not the carriage), reminding us of a sow with one ear, and inducing the charitable supposition, they have gone half-way towards making asses of themselves, and wisely stopped short.

THE HANDKERCHIEF—THE STOCK—THE CRAVAT.

All these vary with our age. The neck is comparatively free from encumbrance until the tenth year. From thence until eighteen, the handkerchief is an article of absolute utility; from twenty to twenty-five the stock is adopted, becomes an ornament, and we select the colours that best set off our countenance, proud to support the newly-acquired yoke in lieu of the ease we have discarded. At thirty the stock becomes a study; at forty 't is a trouble, and is often exchanged for the cravat, for we seek comfort and repose. After this age our pretensions to personal appearance gradually cease, and the cravat becomes what you will; for we, reader, are still too young to ease.

A loose, soft, and negligently-tied cravat is indicative of the class that haunts public-houses. A black stock, that hard service has bronzed about the edges, when stiffly and tightly tied around a neck guiltless of linen or cambric, induces a surmise that the wearer is

FOR EVERY TABLE.



not on the best terms with his laundress. Professional men are generally remarkable for their taste in choosing, and neatness in tying, the cravat. Churchwardens, owners, guerdless, and, in fact, almost all parochial and municipal authorities luxuriate in white neckerchiefs which bear so great a resemblance to jack-towels in length, and to turbans



in tie and form, that it is impossible to dignify them with the name of cravats. Look, reader, at our friend! the type of his class! and say if his head, ensconced in that infinity of linen, does not remind you of a macaroon floating on the top of a dish of whipped-cream!

The fop imprisons his neck in a tight-fitting stock of flashing colours and large pattern. It is evidently an object of great solicitude to him, from his pinning it down with an uncin

THE COMIC ALBUM

that is inattentive and abstracted strikes everything he meets, not even excepting the noses of the passers-by. He that is merry and humorous holds his cane by the middle, and continually taps with it the palm of his other hand. The simpleton twirls it round like a windmill or a turnstile. The old bachelor invariably carries his cane under his arm, or suspends it by the tassel to his coat-button, or holds it in both his hands behind him, carrying it as it were a pick-a-back, and, perhaps, sometimes regretting his cecilyary, and wishing it were a roystering cherub. Talking of cherubs, a case, after all, never pleases us so well.

THE GLOVES.

The vulgar man only wears gloves upon very important occasions; therefore he knows not how to glove himself: this is proved by his generally splitting them from impatiently thrusting in the thumb before it is wanted—by his choosing gloves which are always either too large or too small, that never harmonise in colour with his dress, and that are generally sewn with staring white stitches. When he gets them on, he knows not what to do with his hands; consequently, he more frequently carries them crumpled up in a lump, or stows them away in his pockets.

He who wears gloves, out at the fingers,—or rather, who wears his fingers out of his gloves, either wants a sweetheart, or else has a wife that prefers strumming the piano, or reading Bulwer's novels, to domestic repairs.

He that wears white cotton gloves at theatre, concert, or ball, should wear a night-cap of the same colour and material;—'t would not be less in character.

The real gentleman chooses his gloves with taste, and wears them with grace and ease. The fop sports his kids so tight that he cannot close his hands: hence he is compelled to carry his cane between his open stretched-out digits, after the fashion in which Fusch holds his baton.



FOR EVERY TABLE.

SINGING FOR THE MILLION.

'T will be a most harmonious state of things
 When every one, instead of speaking, sings.
 A *dux* will give a musical rat tat,
 And at his charges should the debtor carp,
 The latter in refusing will be fat,
 The former in demanding will be sharp.
 The lawyer, though with music in his breast,
 May leave his client to a prison's fate,
 Where he may find, at least, a few bars' rest
 Unless he pays his bill in time, six eight.
 Music already many comprehend,
 To them its terms are practically known:
Andante, when they act to serve a friend;
Allievo, when the profit is their own.
 The singing for the million must, indeed,
 Be in accordance with the Chartist's choice;
 For if the proposition should succeed,
 All in the country then would have a voice.



THE CHINESE AMBASSADOR.

Oh, how they'll invite him and *fit* him about!
 He'll be of next season the lion no doubt.
 He'll shine at their routs; of each fancy bazaar,
 The envoy celestial must be the star.
 'T is said, that already the publishers look
 To the chance of the China-man writing a book;
 And a biblepole, who in spirit ne'er fails,
 Has opened a treaty for some of his tails.
 His portrait they'll draw with astonishing zeal
 On brass and on copper, as well as on steel.
 His features they'll put upon wood and on stone,
 Till he fancies (poor fellow) his head's not his own.

They'll take him to arsenals, show him reviews,
 And cause him to shake, if there's room, in his shoes.
 To Woolwich by railroad they'll probably run him,
 And, when he gets there, with artillery span him.
 Thro' the Tunnel they'll drag him, and fill him with wonder
 When he can't understand how the Thames he stands under.
 And when he returns to his country again,
 How much to his Emperor will he explain.
 He'll say that the tea in Great Britain to grow,
 At least on the hedges, is wond'rously slow.
 That the English are such a barbarian race,
 Their method of eating is quite a disgrace;
 For instead of the chopsticks, they take not a meal,
 Without having recourse to sharp weapons of steel.
 The envoy, of course, will correctly note down
 What he sees, or is told, in the country or town;
 And when he has filled his recorder diurnal,
 Get Murray or Longman to publish his journal.



THE BRISTOL HOAL.

The victim in this odd affair,
 Deserved his title fully;
 For one so soft could surely wear
 No better name than *Woolley*.
 Miss Bryers, if she laid the plan
 Her means to be increasing,
 Could not have found a better man,
 To judge by names — for flooring.
 The timber merchant sure must be
 Particularly stupid;
 To think that his cupidity
 Would gain its ends by *Cupid*.

THE FUNNY GENTLEMAN.

"I've been thinking, Mogg," said a Camberwell matron, "how we shall make up our party for next Wednesday. I can't think of sitting down to dinner with thirteen." "Let me see," replied Mr. Mogg.

"La, ma," cried Miss Jezebel Mogg, a young lady whose age had just begun to be expressible by two figures, "do ask the Funny Gentleman."

"The Funny Gentleman, dear?"

"Yes, ma, him that Mr. Perkins brought with him the other evening, the one you know that told us the story about Hokay Pokoy Woonkey Fann, and did the little crow and the big crow, and conjured Tom's pop-gun into the coal-scuttle."

"Oh! do have him, ma," screamed all the little Moggs, "and let us all come in after dinner. Fol de rol de rol de rol de rol de rol! What fun we shall have! Do have him, ma; do, do."

"What, that disagreeable person that calls himself Pogue?" exclaimed Miss Matilda Mogg, a sentimental dandy of sixteen. "I can't bear him."

"There you are, Tiddy," expostulated Master Tom, the proprietor of the enchanted pop-gun; "you never like a bit of fun, you don't—I'm glad Miss and Jane as't like you. What's the use of always a-sighing, and looking as if you were going to be ill?"

"He laughed," pursued Matilda, not deigning to notice her brother's interruption, "at what I said about Byron and Shelley, and the pretty things in the annuals, and all that; and then he made a face, and tried to sing 'Face thee well, and if for ever,' to that nasty tune that Tom brought home with him the other day, about getting up stairs and playing on the fiddle."

"Well, dear," said Mrs. Mogg, "he only did it in joke, and to amuse Tom and the doctor."

"I don't approve of such jokes, ma; and I hate people that are always laughing. Besides, when Eugene and I were talking about moonlight, and how beautiful all that was in Childe Harold, where it says, 'To gaze on Dian's

wave-reflected sphere,' he interrupted us, and told an absurd story of some silly people in Wiltshire who tried to rake the moon out of a pond."

"Well, never mind for once, dear," said Mrs. Mogg; "we must have somebody, and Mr. Pogue really is very amusing. Eugene and you can sit together if you like, so as to be out of his way. So, Mogg, when you see Perkins to-day in the city, ask him to bring his friend."

It was thus settled that Mr. Pogue should make one of the family party on the ensuing Wednesday at Pomona Cottage.

Wednesday came; the guests were assembled, all except Mr. Perkins and his facetious friend. The clock struck five—"Gentlemen," cried Mr. Mogg, "punctuality is the soul of business. I wait for nobody. Dawson, will you take care of Mrs. Mogg, and lead the way?"

Walk up, reader, and behold the Surrey cavaliers feeding. All present (except Eugene and Miss Matilda, whose appetites are not good), being of opinion that all that one has to do at a dinner party is to dine, are eating—not noisefully—but in silence. A double knock and a ring at the door are heard—voices—a loud laugh, and a scuffling in the passage. "That's them," exclaims Mrs. Mogg. "Mow! mow! whirr, -irr, -irr, -irr—Puss, puss, puss," cries one of the voices outside; and a laugh yet louder ensues. The door opens—"Mr. Perkins and Mr. Pops," shouts the footman with the usual emphasis on the last name, and enter the friend of the family and his companion. "Glad to see you, gents," says Mr. Mogg; "sit ye down, sit ye down. But what made you so late, Perkins? this is something quite out of the common, eh?"

"Why, the fact is, that—"

"Well, there—never mind; how you are at last; so sit down and peg away."

"Better late than never, sir," observes the Funny Gentleman. "Mrs. Mogg, your most obedient—Thank ye, ma'am" (to a lady who has moved for him) "that'll do, and not a very tight fit either—plenty of elbow-room, as the

Irishman said of the Dutch pair of breeches. What weather! It rains cats and dogs, and the benches are as full as they can hold. Any port in a storm, especially such a one as this—smag as a bag in a rug, or a doe and her family in a rabbit-hutch. Came up from Bransagon this morning with a cloak and carpet bag—got wet through stepping from the station into a cab. All the picarescos quite well, Mrs. Mogg? glad to hear it—Thank you, sir, a wing, if you please—nothing like *flying* when you want to make up for lost time. I'll take a little each—smallest donations thankfully received." (Here the Fussy Gentleman's plate goes the round of the table.) "A slice of tongue—much obliged—the stomach's the best place for a silent one; plenty of tongue—that's the way to get through the world—a little cheek too's not amiss, 'specially when it don't blush, Miss Matilda—a glass of wine—yours, miss—did n't see you at first—quite out of sight in the corner—comfortable berth, though, seemingly—I wish I was in somebody's place; you are rather dull though, both of you. 'Laugh, and grow fat,' that's my maxim." And then Mr. Pousge muttered something about a screw being loose, and looked particularly knowing, thereby giving considerable amusement to all but the two persons for whose benefit his remark was intended.

Mr. Pousge was a middle-aged middle-sized personage, of lightish hair, and very blue twinkling eyes, with "crow's feet" at their angles. He had a Roman nose, a little on one side; a very wide mouth, and a reddish brown complexion. His face looked as if it had once been seamed with the small-pox, but had been smoothed a little with a pounce-stone.

"Mr. Pousge, may I trouble you for a few greens?" asks one of the party.

"You may, sir, but you was 't; no trouble at all, I assure you. Nice things are greens; apt to be done brown though sometimes—see any in my eye, sir?" (to a gentleman staring at him)—"you'll have to get up pretty early to do that, I can tell you. Thank you, Mrs. M.; not a morsel more."

"Mr. Pousge, you've made a very poor dinner," says the lady of the mansion.

"Very poor, indeed, ma'am—over the left. Up to here, I assure you; chuck full!—played a stick like an emperor!" Probably Mr. Pousge alluded to Heliogabalus; if so, he was perfectly right.

"Pousge, I'm glad to see you," cries Mr. Mogg; the

more cumbersome visads having given place to fruit, wine, and biscuits.

"Sir, you do me proud. Delighted to find my legs under your mahogany."

"You're just come from the Birmingham Railway, I think, sir!" inquires the hostess.

"Yes, ma'am, flew along like a shot out of a shovel—whisk, -ish, -ish—came to a hill, cut pepped another engine and pushed behind; roared like a wild beast at the station, phurr, -arr, -arr, -arr, -arr,—stepped out all right and tight,—no bother about tipping—met Perkins; and here I am at last, rather more comfortable, I fancy, than a toad under a harrow,—your health, ma'am."

"Had you a pleasant journey, sir!"

"Tol lol, ma'am. Could n't stop to bait, that was the worst. However, I always carry a pocket-pistol in case of accidents. Here it is,—look! Like to let it off, ladies? Miss Matilda, you seem rather out of spirits; suppose you have a shot; remember the 'Landlady of France.'"

"I have no recollection, sir, of any such person; and I should faint at the smell of spirits."

A lady inquires whether Mr. Pousge prefers the old mode of conveyance to the new.

"Nothing like a stage-coach, after all, ma'am; ya hip! 'st, 'st, 'st. Ten tara tara ta ta!—All right, and off we go—that's the ticket for my money—beats cock-fighting hollow, eh, Miss Matilda!"

"Cock-fighting is a very cruel amusement, sir; I don't admire it at all, nor yet those who indulge in it!"

"Oh! certainly, miss, certainly. Fine fun though—cluck, cluck, cluck; cock-a-doodle doo." And he pantomimically illustrated the action of champagne militant to the great peril of the glasses and decanters near him on the table, and also of his next neighbour's skins.

In the midst of this display of mimicry, the children are announced. They are infinitely amused; and, to heighten their mirth, the Fussy Gentleman contorts his visage, rolls his eyes, and grimaces like a curiel from a ruined abbey.

"Aha! my little chick-a-biddies, what do you think of this?" And now follows a tuss on his chin, after the manner of the celebrated quondam performer at Vauxhall. Incessant is the gratification of the infants Mogg.

"I say, Mr. Pousge," bawls Master Tom, "please tell us a funny story."

"Fanny story! my young calimanco! Come, then— Did you ever hear of the Marsh Mockassan, the big snake of North America, that eats a couple of live oxen and half a dozen little boys every morning for breakfast, and thinks nothing of it!"

"No; do tell to about him."

"Well, then, let me see—no, I'll tell you about him some other time. I know something you'll like—you shall hear all about the Sexton of Saragossa."

"Please, sir, whereabouts is Saragossa?"

"In Balinasara Doo, my little dear. Well, this sexton went into the churchyard one day to dig a grave for an old miter, that had starved himself to death in a coal-cellar." Here Mr. Pounce groaned shudderingly, and the flock of his young audience crept.

"Oh, go on sir, please go on."

"Well, then, the sexton began digging the grave, and he dug, and dug, and dug, and, first, he threw up a thigh-bone, and then a skull, and then he came to an old coffin. So he began scraping away the dirt to see whose it was, and while he was doing that, something inside bumped against the lid,—and he heard a voice say—"

"Oh, gracious!" interrupted the children. "'Hub-baboo diddle-doo, whiskey giddle wobbledy bow'—that's Lattie, my little dees. 'Hallo!' says he, 'who's there?' 'Put in your pickaxe, and you'll see,' cries the voice inside. So he just put in the end of his pickaxe,—something gave it a tug—and when he pulled it out"—(the Fanny Gentleman paused for a moment, with a look most supernaturally evilish, which was reflected by the sympathetic little ones)—"the end of it—an inch and a half—was gone: it had been bitten off like a carrot!" The children all screamed—the grown-up people laughed; but Matilda remarked to Eugene, that it was a shame to frighten poor little children by telling them such stories.

Mr. Pounce, after this (to the further benediction of the chubby cherubim), gave a faithful and interesting imitation of the thrush, the skylark, the nightingale, and the parrots at the Zoological Gardens. And then he exhibited a piece of legerdemain.

Taking a large glass tumbler from the table, he wrapped it round with a piece of brown paper, and raised it to his

lips, mysteriously gabbling the magic formula, "crinkum boris dominio Jovis, hi oculorum jig." He then threw his visage, and thereby the spectators, into convulsions—gave a twist with his hands, and—lo! nothing remained in them but the paper; the tumbler had disappeared, and the Fanny Gentleman was crunching, apparently with great relish, the fragments of glass between his teeth. Another contortion of the countenance, another flourish of the hands, and the tumbler was again exhibited—to all appearance none the worse for the experiment.

With these, and the like facetie, did Mr. Pounce amuse the inmates and visitors of Pomona Cottage. At the conclusion of the evening he sang a comic song, with a chorus of "bow, wow, wow," which was unanimously cheered; whereupon he sang another, more comic than the first—and just as the clock struck twelve, having then finished his third tumbler of brandy and water, he abruptly took his leave, avowing that he was a man of regular habits, and made a point of never staying out later than midnight.

Long did the little Misses and Masters Mogg remember



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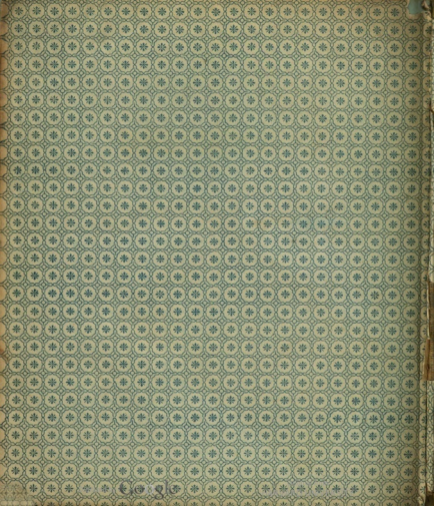
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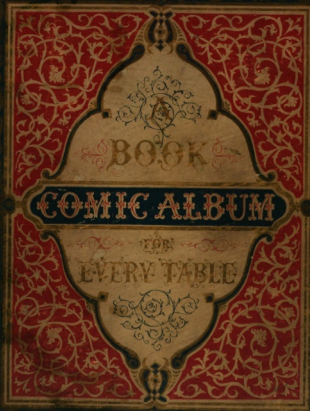


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