

# **Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 1, July 17, 1841 eBook**

## **Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 1, July 17, 1841**

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# Page 1

## THE MORAL OF PUNCH.

As we hope, gentle public, to pass many happy hours in your society, we think it right that you should know something of our character and intentions. Our title, at a first glance, may have misled you into a belief that we have no other intention than the amusement of a thoughtless crowd, and the collection of pence. We have a higher object. Few of the admirers of our prototype, merry Master *Punch*, have looked upon his vagaries but as the practical outpourings of a rude and boisterous mirth. We have considered him as a teacher of no mean pretensions, and have, therefore, adopted him as the sponsor for our weekly sheet of pleasant instruction. When we have seen him parading in the glories of his motley, flourishing his baton (like our friend Jullien at Drury-lane) in time with his own unrivalled discord, by which he seeks to win the attention and admiration of the crowd, what visions of graver puppetry have passed before our eyes! Golden circlets, with their adornments of coloured and lustrous gems, have bound the brow of infamy as well as that of honour—a mockery to both; as though virtue required a reward beyond the fulfilment of its own high purposes, or that infamy could be cheated into the forgetfulness of its vileness by the weight around its temples! Gilded coaches have glided before us, in which sat men who thought the buzz and shouts of crowds a guerdon for the toils, the anxieties, and, too often, the peculations of a life. Our ears have rung with the noisy frothiness of those who have bought their fellow-men as beasts in the market-place, and found their reward in the sycophancy of a degraded constituency, or the patronage of a venal ministry—no matter of what creed, for party *must* destroy patriotism.

The noble in his robes and coronet—the beadle in his gaudy livery of scarlet, and purple, and gold—the dignitary in the fulness of his pomp—the demagogue in the triumph of his hollowness—these and other visual and oral cheats by which mankind are cajoled, have passed in review before us, conjured up by the magic wand of *Punch*.

How we envy his philosophy, when *Shalla-Ba-La*, that demon with the bell, besets him at every turn, almost teasing the sap out of him! The moment that his tormentor quits the scene, *Punch* seems to forget the existence of his annoyance, and, carolling the mellifluous numbers of *Jim Crow*, or some other strain of equal beauty, makes the most of the present, regardless of the past or future; and when *Shalla-Ba-La* renews his persecutions, *Punch* boldly faces his enemy, and ultimately becomes the victor. All have a *Shalla-Ba-La* in some shape or other; but few, how few, the philosophy of *Punch*!

We are afraid our prototype is no favourite with the ladies. *Punch* is (and we reluctantly admit the fact) a Malthusian in principle, and somewhat of a domestic tyrant; for his conduct is at times harsh and ungentlemanly to Mrs. P.

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“Eve of a land that still is Paradise,  
Italian beauty!”

But as we never look for perfection in human nature, it is too much to expect it in wood. We wish it to be understood that we repudiate such principles and conduct. We have a Judy of our own, and a little Punchinny that commits innumerable improprieties; but we fearlessly aver that we never threw him out of window, nor belaboured the lady with a stick—even of the size allowed by law.

There is one portion of the drama we wish was omitted, for it always saddens us—we allude to the prison scene. *Punch*, it is true, sings in durance, but we hear the ring of the bars mingling with the song. We are advocates for the *correction* of offenders; but how many generous and kindly beings are there pining within the walls of a prison, whose only crimes are poverty and misfortune! They, too, sing and laugh, and appear jocund, but the *heart* can ever hear the ring of the bars.

We never looked upon a lark in a cage, and heard him trilling out his music as he sprang upwards to the roof of his prison, but we felt sickened with the sight and sound, as contrasting, in our thought, the free minstrel of the morning, bounding as it were into the blue caverns of the heavens, with the bird to whom the world was circumscribed. May the time soon arrive, when every prison shall be a palace of the mind—when we shall seek to instruct and cease to punish. *Punch* has already advocated education by example. Look at his dog Toby! The instinct of the brute has almost germinated into reason. Man *has* reason, why not give him intelligence?

We now come to the last great lesson of our motley teacher—the gallows! that accursed tree which has its *root* in injuries. How clearly *Punch* exposes the fallacy of that dreadful law which authorises the destruction of life! *Punch* sometimes destroys the hangman: and why not? Where is the divine injunction against the shedder of man's blood to rest? None *can* answer! To us there is but *one* disposer of life. At other times *Punch* hangs the devil: this is as it should be. Destroy the principle of evil by increasing the means of cultivating the good, and the gallows will then become as much a wonder as it is now a jest.

We shall always play *Punch*, for we consider it best to be merry and wise—

“And laugh at all things, for we wish to know,  
What, after all, are all things but a show!”—*Byron*.

As on the stage of PUNCH'S theatre, many characters appear to fill up the interstices of the more important story, so our pages will be interspersed with trifles that have no other object than the moment's approbation—an end which will never be sought for at the expense of others, beyond the evanescent smile of a harmless satire.

\* \* \* \* \*

**COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.**



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There is a report of the stoppage of one of the most respectable *hard-bake* houses in the metropolis. The firm had been speculating considerably in “Prince Albert’s Rock,” and this is said to have been the rock they have ultimately split upon. The boys will be the greatest sufferers. One of them had stripped his jacket of all its buttons as a deposit on some *tom-trot*, which the house had promised to supply on the following day; and we regret to say, there are whispers of other transactions of a similar character.

Money has been abundant all day, and we saw a half-crown piece and some halfpence lying absolutely idle in the hands of an individual, who, if he had only chosen to walk with it into the market, might have produced a very alarming effect on some minor description of securities. Cherries were taken very freely at twopence a pound, and Spanish (liquorice) at a shade lower than yesterday. There has been a most disgusting glut of tallow all the week, which has had an alarming effect on dips, and thrown a still further gloom upon rushlights.

The late discussions on the timber duties have brought the match market into a very unsettled state, and Congreve lights seem destined to undergo a still further depression. This state of things was rendered worse towards the close of the day, by a large holder of the last-named article unexpectedly throwing an immense quantity into the market, which went off rapidly.

\* \* \* \* \*

## SOMETHING WARLIKE.

Many of our readers must be aware, that in pantomimic pieces, the usual mode of making the audience acquainted with anything that cannot be clearly explained by dumb-show, is to exhibit a linen scroll, on which is painted, in large letters, the sentence necessary to be known. It so happened that a number of these scrolls had been thrown aside after one of the grand spectacles at Astley’s Amphitheatre, and remained amongst other lumber in the property-room, until the late destructive fire which occurred there. On that night, the wife of one of the stage-assistants—a woman of portly dimensions—was aroused from her bed by the alarm of fire, and in her confusion, being unable to find her proper habiliments, laid hold of one of these scrolls, and wrapping it around her, hastily rushed into the street, and presented to the astonished spectators an extensive back view, with the words, “*Bombard the citadel*,” inscribed in legible characters upon her singular drapery.

## HUME’S TERMINOLOGY.

Hume is so annoyed at his late defeat at Leeds, that he vows he will never make use of the word Tory again as long as he lives. Indeed, he proposes to expunge the term from



the English language, and to substitute that which is applied to, his own party. In writing to a friend, that “after the inflammatory character of the oratory of the Carlton Club, it is quite supererogatory for me to state (it being notorious) that all conciliatory measures will be rendered nugatory,” he thus expressed himself:—“After the inflamma\_whig\_ character of the ora\_whig\_ of the nominees of the Carlton Club, it is quite supereroga\_whig\_ for me to state (it being no\_whig\_ous) that all concilia\_whig\_ measures will be rendered nuga\_whig\_.”

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### NATIVE SWALLOWS.

A correspondent to one of the daily papers has remarked, that there is an almost total absence of swallows this summer in England. Had the writer been present at some of the election dinners lately, he must have confessed that a greater number of active swallows has rarely been observed congregated in any one year.

### LORD MELBOURNE TO “PUNCH.”

My dear *Punch*,—Seeing in the “Court Circular” of the Morning Herald an account of a General Goblet as one of the guests of her Majesty, I beg to state, that till I saw that announcement, I was not aware of any other *general gobble it* than myself at the Palace.

Yours, truly, MELBOURN

\* \* \* \* \*

### A RAILROAD NOVEL

DEAR PUNCH,—I was much amused the other day, on taking my seat in the Birmingham Railway train, to observe a sentimental-looking young gentleman, who was sitting opposite to me, deliberately draw from his travelling-bag three volumes of what appeared to me a new novel of the full regulation size, and with intense interest commence the first volume at the title-page. At the same instant the last bell rang, and away started our train, whizz, bang, like a flash of lightning through a butter-firkin. I endeavoured to catch a glimpse of some familiar places as we passed, but the attempt was altogether useless. Harrow-on-the-Hill, as we shot by it, seemed to be driving pell-mell up to town, followed by Boxmoor, Tring, and Aylesbury—I missed Wolverton and Weedon while taking a pinch of snuff—lost Rugby and Coventry before I had done sneezing, and I had scarcely time to say, “God bless us,” till I found we had reached Birmingham. Whereupon I began to calculate the trifling progress my reading companion could have made in his book during our rapid journey, and to devise plans for the gratification of persons similarly situated as my fellow-traveller. “Why,” thought I, “should literature alone lag in the age of steam? Is there no way by which a man could be made to swallow Scott or bolt Bulwer, in as short a time as it now takes him to read an auction bill?” Suddenly a happy thought struck me: it was to write a novel, in which only the actual spirit of the narration should be retained, rejecting all expletives, flourishes, and ornamental figures of speech; to be terse and abrupt in style—use monosyllables always in preference to polysyllables—and to eschew all heroes and heroines whose names contain more than four letters. Full of this idea, on my returning home in the evening, I sat to my desk, and before I retired to rest, had written a novel of

three neat, portable volumes; which, I assert, any lady or gentlemen, who has had the advantage of a liberal education, may get through with tolerable ease, in the time occupied by the railroad train running from London to Birmingham.

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I will not dilate on the many advantages which this description of writing possesses over all others. Lamplighters, commercial bagmen, omnibus-cads, tavern-waiters, and general postmen, may “read as they run.” Fiddlers at the theatres, during the rests in a piece of music, may also benefit by my invention; for which, if the following specimen meet your approbation, I shall instantly apply for a patent.

### SPECIMEN.

CLARE GREY:

A NOVEL.

“Brief let me be.”

LONDON: Printed and Published for the Author.

1841.

### VOL. I.

Clare Grey—Sweet girl—Bloom and blushes, roses, lilies, dew-drops, &c.—Tom Lee—Young, gay, but poor—Loved Clare madly—Clare loved Tom ditto—Clare’s pa’ rich, old, cross, cruel, &c.—Smelt a rat—D——d Tom, and swore at Clare—Tears, sighs, locks, bolts, and bars—Love’s schemes—*Billet-doux* from Tom, conveyed to Clare in a dish of peas, crammed with vows, love, despair, hope—Answer (pencil and curl-paper), slipped through key-hole—Full of hope, despair, love, vows—Tom serenades—Bad cold—Rather hoarse—White kerchief from garret-window—“’Tis Clare! ’tis Clare!”—Garden-wall, six feet high—Love is rash—Scale the wall—Great house-dog at home—Pins Tom by the calf—Old Hunk’s roused—Fire! thieves! guns, swords, and rushlights—Tom caught—Murder, burglary—Station-house, gaol, justice—Fudge!—Pretty mess—Heigho!—’Oh! ’tis love,’ &c.—Sweet Clare Grey!—Seven pages of sentiment—Lame leg, light purse, heavy heart—Pshaw!—Never mind—

[Illustration: “THINGS MAY TAKE ANOTHER TURN”]

### VOL. II.

“Adieu, my native land,” &c.—D.I.O.—“We part to meet again”—Death or glory—Red coat—Laurels and rupees in view—Vows of constancy, eternal truth, &c—Tom swells the brine with tears—Clare wipes her eyes in cambric—Alas! alack! oh! ah!—Fond hearts, doomed to part—Cruel fate!—Ten pages, poetry, romance, &c. &c.—Tom in battle—Cut, slash, dash—Sabres, rifles—Round and grape in showers—Hot work—



Charge!—Whizz—Bang!—Flat as a Flounder—Never say die—Peace—Sweet sound—Scars, wounds, wooden leg, one arm, and one eye—Half-pay—Home—Huzza!—Swift gales—Post-horses—Love, hope, and Clare Grey—

[Illustration: "I'D BE A BUTTERFLY," &c.]

## **VOL. III.**

"Here we are!"—At home once more—Old friends and old faces—Must be changed—Nobody knows him—Church bells ringing—Inquire cause—(?)—Wedding—Clare Grey to Job Snooks, the old pawnbroker—Brain whirls—Eyes start from sockets—Devils and hell—Clare Grey, the fond, constant, Clare, a jilt?—Can't be—No go—Stump up to church—Too true—Clare just made Mrs. Snooks—Madness!! rage!!! death!!!!—Tom's crutch at work—Snooks

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floored—Bridesman settled—Parson bolts—Clerk mizzles—Salts and shrieks—Clare in a swoon—Pa' in a funk—Tragedy speech—Love! vengeance! and damnation!—Half an ounce of laudanum—Quick speech—Tom unshackles his wooden pin—Dies like a hero—Clare pines in secret—Hops the twig, and goes to glory in white muslin—Poor Tom and Clare! they now lie side by side, beneath

[Illustration: "A WEEPING WILL-OH!"]

\* \* \* \* \*

### LESSONS IN PUNMANSHIP.

We have been favoured with the following announcement from Mr. Hood, which we recommend to the earnest attention of our subscribers:—

MR. T. HOOD, PROFESSOR OF PUNMANSHIP,

Begs to acquaint the dull and witless, that he has established a class for the acquirement of an elegant and ready style of punning, on the pure Joe-millerian principle. The very worst hands are improved in six short and mirthful lessons. As a specimen of his capability, he begs to subjoin two conundrums by Colonel Sibthorpe.

COPY.

"The following is a specimen of my punning *before* taking six lessons of Mr. T. Hood:—

"Q. Why is a fresh-plucked carnation like a certain *cold* with which children are affected?

"A. Because it's a *new pink off* (an hooping-cough).

"This is a specimen of my punning *after* taking six lessons of Mr. T. Hood:—

"Q. Why is the difference between pardoning and thinking no more of an injury the same as that between a selfish and a generous man?

"A. Because the one is *for-getting* and the other *for-giving*."

N.B. Gentlemen who live by their wits, and diners-out in particular, will find Mr. T. Hood's system of incalculable service.

Mr. H. has just completed a large assortment of jokes, which will be suitable for all occurrences of the table, whether dinner or tea. He has also a few second-hand *bon mots* which he can offer a bargain.

\*\*\* A GOOD LAUGHER WANTED.

\* \* \* \* \*

## **A SYNOPSIS OF VOTING, ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THE CATEGORIES OF "CANT."**

There hath been long wanting a full and perfect Synopsis of Voting, it being a science which hath become exceedingly complicated. It is necessary, therefore, to the full development of the art, that it be brought into such an exposition, as that it may be seen in a glance what are the modes of bribing and influencing in Elections. The briber, by this means, will be able to arrange his polling-books according to the different categories, and the bribed to see in what class he shall most advantageously place himself.



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It is true that there be able and eloquent writers greatly experienced in this noble science, but none have yet been able so to express it as to bring it (as we hope to have done) within the range of the certain sciences. Henceforward, we trust it will form a part of the public education, and not be subject to the barbarous modes pursued by illogical though earnest and zealous disciples; and that the great and glorious Constitution that has done so much to bring it to perfection, will, in its turn, be sustained and matured by the exercise of what is really in itself so ancient and beautiful a practice.

### VOTING MAY BE CONSIDERED AS

1st. He that hath NOT A VOTE AND VOTETH; which may be considered,

1st. As to his CLAIM, which is divisible into

1. He that voteth for dead men.
2. He that voteth for empty tenements.
3. He that voteth for many men.
4. He that voteth for men in the country, and the like.

2nd. As to his MOTIVE, which is divisible into

1. Because he hath a bet that he will vote.
2. Because he loveth a lark.
3. Because he LOVETH HIS COUNTRY.

[Here also may be applied all the predicates under the subjects  
BRIBING, HUMBUG, and PRINCIPLE.]

2nd. He that hath A VOTE AND VOTETH NOT; which is divisible into

1st. He that is PREVENTED from voting, which is divisible into

1. He who is upset by a bribed coachman.
2. He who is incited into an assault, that he may be put into the cage.
3. He who is driven by a drunken coachman many miles the wrong way.
4. He who is hounded.
5. He who is sent into the country for a holiday, and the like.

2nd. He that FORFEITETH his vote, which is divisible into

1. He who is too great a philosopher to care for his country.
2. He who has not been solicited.
3. He who drinketh so that he cannot go to the poll.
4. He who is too drunk to speak at the poll.
5. He who through over-zeal getteth his head broken.
6. He who stayeth to finish the bottle, and is too late, and the like.

3rd. He that hath A VOTE AND VOTETH; which is divisible into

1st. He that voteth INTENTIONALLY, which is divisible into

- 1st. He that voteth CORRUPTLY, which is divisible into



- 1st. He that is BRIBED, which is divisible into
  - 1st. He that is bribed DIRECTLY, which is divisible into
    - 1st. He that receiveth MONEY, which may be considered as
      - 1. He that pretendeth the money is due to him.
      - 2. He that pretendeth it is lent.
      - 3. He who receiveth it as alms.
      - 4. He who receiveth it as the price of a venerated tobacco-pipe, a piece of Irish bacon, and the like.
  - 2nd. He that seeketh PLACE, which may be considered as

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1. He who asketh for a high situation, as a judgeship in Botany Bay, or a bishopric in Sierra Leone, and the like.
2. He who asketh for a low situation, as a ticket-porter, curate, and the like.
3. He who asketh for any situation he can get, as Secretary to the Admiralty, policeman, revising barrister, turnkey, chaplain, mail-coach guard, and the like.
- 3rd. He that taketh DRINK, which may be considered as
  1. He that voteth for Walker's Gooseberry, or Elector's Sparkling Champagne.
  2. For sloe-juice, or Elector's fine old crusted Port.
  3. He who voteth for Brett's British Brandy, or Elector's real French Cognac.
  4. He who voteth for quassia, molasses, copperas, *coculus Indicus*, Spanish juice, or Elector's Extra Double Stout.
- 2nd. He that is bribed INDIRECTLY, as
  1. He who is promised a government contract for wax, wafers, or the like.
  2. He who getteth a contract, for paupers' clothing, building unions, and the like.
  3. He who furnisheth the barouches-and-four for the independent 40s. freeholders.
  4. He who is presented with cigars, snuffs, meerschaum-pipes, haunches of venison, Stilton-cheeses, fresh pork, pine-apples, early peas, and the like.
- 2nd. He that is INTIMIDATED, as
  1. By his landlord, who soliciteth back rent, or giveth him notice to quit.
  2. By his patron, who sayeth they of the opposite politics cannot be trusted.
  3. By his master, who sayeth he keepeth no viper of an opposite opinion in his employ.
  4. By his wife, who will have her own way in hysterics.
  5. By his intended bride, who talketh of men of spirit and Gretna Green.
  6. By a rich customer, who sendeth back his goods, and biddeth him be d—d.
- 3rd. He that is VOLUNTARILY CORRUPT, which may be considered as
  1. He who voteth from the hope that his party will provide him a place.



2. He who voteth to please one who can leave him a legacy.
  3. He who voteth to get into genteel society.
  4. He who voteth according as he hath taken the odds.
  5. He who, being a schoolmaster, voteth for the candidate with a large family.
  6. He who voteth in hopes posterity may think him a patriot.
- 2nd. He that voteth CONSCIENTIOUSLY, which is divisible into
- 1st. He that voteth according to HUMBUG, which is divisible into
  - 1st. He that is POLITICALLY humbugged, which is divisible

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into

- 1st. He has SOME BRAINS, as
  1. He who believeth taxes will be taken off.
  2. He who believeth wages will be raised.
  3. He who thinketh trade will be increased.
  4. He who studieth political economy.
  5. He who readeth newspapers, reviews, and magazines, and listeneth to lectures, and the like.
- 2nd. He that has NO BRAINS, as
  1. He who voteth to support "the glorious Constitution," and maintain "the envy of surrounding nations."
  2. He who believeth the less the taxation the greater the revenue.
  3. He who attendeth the Crown and Anchor meetings, and the like.
- 2nd. He that is MORALLY humbugged, as
  1. He who thinketh the Millennium and the Rads will come in together.
  2. He who thinketh that the Whigs are patriots.
  3. That the Tories love the poor.
  4. That the member troubleth himself solely for the good of his country.
  5. That the unions are popular with the paupers, and the like.
- 3rd. He that is DOMESTICALLY humbugged, as
  1. He who voteth because the candidate's ribbons suit his wife's complexion.
  2. Because his wife was addressed as his daughter by the canvasser.
  3. Because his wife had the candidate's carriage to make calls in, and the like.
  4. Because his daughter was presented with a set of the Prince Albert Quadrilles.
  5. Because the candidate promised to stand godfather to his last infant, and the like.
- 2nd. He that voteth according to PRINCIPLE, which is divisible into
  - 1st. He whose principles are HEREDITARY, as
    1. He who voteth on one side because his father always voted on the same.
    2. Because the "Wrong-heads" and the like had always sat for the county.
    3. Because he hath kindred with an ancient political hero, such as Jack Cade, Hampden, the Pretender, &c., and so must



maintain his principle.

4. Because his mother quartereth the Arms of the candidate, and the like.

2nd. He whose principles are CONVENTIONAL, as

1. He who voteth because the candidate keepeth a pack of hounds.
2. Because he was once insulted by a scoundrel of the same name as the opposite candidate.
3. Because the candidate is of a noble family.
4. Because the candidate laid the first brick of Zion Chapel, and the like.
5. Because he knoweth the candidate's cousin.

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6. Because the candidate directed to him—"Esq."
- 3rd. He whose principles are PHILOSOPHICAL, which may be considered as
  - 1st. He that is IMPARTIAL, as
    1. He that voteth on both sides.
    2. Because he tossed up with himself.
    3. He who loveth the majority and therefore voteth for him who hath most votes.
    4. Because he is asked to vote one way, and so voteth the other, to show that he is not influenced.
    5. Because he hateth the multitude, and so voteth against the popular candidate.
  - 2nd. He that is INDEPENDENT, as
    1. He who cannot be trusted.
    2. He who taketh money from one side, and voteth on the other.
    3. He who is not worth bribing.
    4. He who voteth against his own opinion, because his letter was not answered.
    5. He who, being promised a place last election, was deceived, and the like.
- 2nd. He that voteth ACCIDENTALLY, which is divisible into
  - 1st. He that voteth through the BLUNDERS OF HIMSELF, which may be considered as
    1. He who is drunk, and forgetteth who gave him the bribe.
    2. He who goeth to the wrong agent, who leadeth him astray.
    3. He who is confused and giveth the wrong name.
    4. He who is bashful, and assenteth to any name suggested.
    5. He who promiseth both parties, and voteth for all the candidates, and the like.
  - 2nd. He that voteth through the BLUNDERS OF OTHERS, which may be considered as
    1. He who is mistaken for his servant when he is canvassed, and so incensed into voting the opposite way.
    2. He who is attempted to be bribed before many people, and so outraged into honesty.
    3. He who hath too much court paid by the canvasser to his wife, and so, out of jealousy, voteth for the opposite candidate.
    4. He who is called down from dinner to be canvassed, and being enraged thereat, voteth against his conviction.
    5. He who bringeth the fourth seat in a hackney-coach to him who

keepeth a carriage and the like.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE PROFESSIONAL SINGER

Have any of PUNCH'S readers ever met one of the above *genus*—or rather, have they not? They must; for the race is imbued with the most persevering *hic et ubique* powers. Like the old mole, these Truepennies “work i’ th’ dark:” at the Theatres, the Opera, the Coal Hole, the Cider Cellars, and the whole of the Grecian, Roman, British, Cambrian, Eagle, Lion, Apollo, Domestic, Foreign, Zoological, and Mythological



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Saloons, they “most do congregate.” Once set your eyes upon them, once become acquainted with their habits and manners, and then mistake them if you can. They are themselves, alone: like the London dustmen, the Nemarket jockeys, the peripatetic venders, or buyers of “old clo’,” or the Albert continuations at *one pound one*, they appear to be *made to measure for the same*. We must now describe them (to speak theatrically) with decorations, scenes, and properties! The entirely new dresses of a theatre are like the habiliments of the professional singer, *i.e.* neither one nor the other ever *were entirely new*, and never will be allowed to grow entirely old. The double-milled Saxony of these worthies is generally *very blue* or *very brown*; the cut whereof sets a man of a contemplative turn of mind wondering at what precise date those tails were worn, and vainly speculating on the probabilities of their being fearfully indigestible, as that alone could to long have kept them from Time’s remorseless maw. The collars are always velvet, and always greasy. There is a slight ostentation manifested in the seams, the stitches whereof are so apparent as to induce the beholders to believe they must have been the handiwork of some cherished friend, whose labours ought not to be entombed beneath the superstructure. The buttons!—oh, for a pen of steam to write upon those buttons! They, indeed, are the aristocracy—the yellow turbans, the sun, moon, and stars of the woollen system! They have nothing in common with the coat—they are *on it*, and that’s all—they have no further communion—they decline the button-holes, and eschew all right to labour for their living—they announce themselves as “the last new fashion”—they sparkle for a week, retire to their silver paper, make way for the new comers, and, years after, like the Sleeping Beauty, rush to life in all their pristine splendour, and find (save in the treble-gilt aodication and their own accession) the coat, the immortal coat, unchanged! The waistcoat is of a material known only to themselves—a sort of nightmare illusion of velvet, covered with a slight tracery of refined mortar, curiously picked out and guarded with a nondescript collection of the very greenest green pellets of hyson-bloom gunpowder tea. The buttons (things of use in this garment) describe the figure and proportions of a large turbot. They consist of two rows (leaving imagination to fill up a lapse of the absent), commencing, to all appearance, at the *small of the back*, and reaching down even to the hem of the garment, which is invariably a double-breasted one, made upon the good old dining-out principle of leaving plenty of room in the victualling department. To complete the catalogue of raiment, the untalkaboutables have so little right to the name of drab, that it would cause a controversy on the point. Perhaps nothing in life can more exquisitely illustrate the Desdemona

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feeling of divided duty, than the portion of manufactured calf-skin appropriated to the peripatetic purposes of these gentry; they are, in point of fact, invariably that description of mud-markers known in the purlieus of Liecester-square, and at all denominations of “boots”—great, little, red, and yellow—as eight-and-sixpenny Bluchers. But the aforementioned drabs are strapped down with such pertinacity as to leave the observer in extreme doubt whether the Prussian hero of that name is their legitimate sponsor, or the glorious Wellington of our own sea-girt isle. Indeed, it has been rumoured that (as there never was a *pair* of either of the illustrious heroes) these gentlemen, for the sake of consistency, invariably perambulate in *one of each*. We scarcely know whether it be so or not—we merely relate what we have heard; but we incline to the *two Bluchers*, *because* of the *eight-and-six*. The only additional expense likely to add any emolument to the *tanner’s* interest (we mean no pun) is the immense extent of sixpenny straps generally worn. These are described by a friend of ours as belonging to the great class of *coaxers*; and their exertions in bringing (as a nautical man would say) the trowsers *to bear* at all, is worthy of notice. There is a legend extant (a veritable legend, which emanated from one of the fraternity who had been engaged three weeks at her Majesty’s theatre, as one of twenty in an unknown chorus, the chief peculiarity of the affair being the close approximation of some of his principal foreign words to “Tol de rol,” and “Fal the ral ra”), in which it was asserted, that from a violent quarrel with a person in the grass-bleached line, the body corporate determined to avoid any unnecessary use of that commodity. In the way of wristbands, the malice of the above void is beautifully nullified, inasmuch as the most prosperous linen-draper could never wish to have less linen on hand. As we are describing the *genus* in *black* and *white*, we may as well state at once, *those* are the colours generally casing the throats from whence their sweet sounds issue; these *ties* are garnished with union pins, whose strong *mosaic tendency* would, in the Catholic days of Spain (had they been residents), have consigned them to the lowest dungeons of the Inquisition, and favoured them with an exit from this breathing world, amid all the uncomfortable pomp of an *auto-da-fe*.

It is a fact on record, that no one of the body ever had a cold in his head; and this peculiarity, we presume, exempts them from carrying pocket-handkerchiefs, a superfluity we never witnessed in their hands, though they indulge in snuff-boxes which assume the miniture form of French plum-cases, richly embossed, with something round the edges about as much in proportion to *the box* as *eighteen insides* are to a small tax-cart. This testimonial is generally (as the

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engraved inscription purports) given by “several gentlemen” (who are, unfortunately, in these instances, always anonymous—which circumstance, as they are invariably described as “admirers of talent,” is much to be regretted, and, we trust, will soon be rectified). We believe, like the immortal Jack Falstaff, they were each born at four o’clock of the morning, with a bald head, and something of a round belly; certain it is, they are universally thin in the hair, and exhibit strong manifestation of obesity.

The further marks of identity consist in a ring very variously chased, and the infallible insignia of a tuning-fork: without this no professional singer does or can exist. The thing has been tried, and found a failure. Its uses are remarkable and various: like the “death’s-head and cross-bones” of the pirates, or the wand, globe, and beard of the conjuror, it is their sure and unvarying sign. We have in our mind’s eye one of the species even now—we see him coquetting with the fork, compressing it with gentle fondness, and then (that all senses may be called into requisition) resting it against his eye-tooth to catch the proper tone. Should this be the prelude to his own professional performance, we see it returned, with a look of profound wisdom, to the right-hand depository of the nondescript and imaginary velvet double-breaster—we follow his eyes, till, with peculiar fascination, they fix upon the far-off cornice of the most distant corner of the smoke-embued apartment—we perceive the extension of the dexter hand employed in innocent dalliance with the well-sucked peel of a quarter of an orange, whilst the left is employed with the links of what would be a watch-guard, *if* the professional singer *had a watch*. We hear the three distinct hems—oblivion for a moment seizes us—the glasses jingle—two auctioneers’ hammers astonish the mahogany—several dirty hands are brought in violent and noisy contact—we are near a friend of the vocalist—our glass of gin-and-water (literally warm without) empties itself over our lower extremities, instigated thereto by the gymnastic performances of the said zealous friend—and with an exclamation that, were Mawworn present, would cost us a shilling, we find the professional singer has concluded, and is half stooping to the applause, and half lifting his diligently-stirred grog, gulping down the “creature comfort” with infinite satisfaction.

\* \* \* \* \*

—There goes the hammer again! (Rubins has a sinecure compared to that fat man). “A glee, gents!—a glee!”—Ah! there they are—three coats—three collars—Heaven knows how many buttons!—three bald heads, three stout stomachs, three mouths, stuffed with three tuning-forks, nodding and conferring with a degree of mystery worthy of three Guy Faux.”—What is the subject?

*“Hail smi\_lig\_ born.”*

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That's a good guess! By the way, the vulgar notion of singing *ensemble* is totally exploded by these gentry—each professional singer, as a professional singer, sings his very loudest, in *justice to himself*; if his brethren want physical power, that's no fault of *his, he don't*. Professional singers indulge in small portions of classic lore: among the necessary acquirements is, “Non nobis,” &c. &c.; that is, they consider they ought to know the airs. The words are generally delivered as follows:—*Don—dobis—do—by—de*. A clear enunciation is not much cultivated among the clever in this line.

In addition to the few particulars above, it may be as well to mention, they treat all tavern-waiters with great respect, which is more Christian-like, as the said waiters never return the same—sit anywhere, just to accommodate—eat everything, to prove they have no squeamish partialities—know to a toothful what a bottom of brandy *should be*—the exact quantity they may drink, free gratis, and the most likely victim to *drop upon* for any further nourishment they may require. Their acquirements in the musical world are rendered clear, by the important information that “Harry Phillips knows what he's about”—“Weber was up to a thing or two.” A *baritone* ain't the sort of thing for tenor music: and when *they* sung with some man (nobody ever heard of), they showed him the difference, and wouldn't mind—“A cigar?” “Thank you, sir!—seldom smoke—put it in my pocket—(*aside*) that makes a dozen! Your good health, sir!—don't dislike cold, though I generally take it warm—didn't mean that as a hint, but, since you *have ordered it*, I'll give you a toast—Here's—THE PROFESSIONAL SINGER!”

FUSBOS.

\* \* \* \* \*

## AN AN-TEA ANACREONTIC.

[Greek: EIS TO LEIN PINEIN.]

Bards of old have sung the vine  
Such a theme shall ne'er be mine;  
Weaker strains to me belong,  
Paeans sung to thee, Souchong!  
What though I may never sip  
Rubies from my tea-cup's lip;  
Do not milky pearls combine  
In this steaming cup of mine?  
What though round my youthful brow  
I ne'er twine the myrtle's bough?  
For such wreaths my soul ne'er grieves.  
Whilst I own my Twankay's leaves.  
Though for me no altar burns,



Kettles boil and bubble—urns  
In each fane, where I adore—  
What should mortal ask for more!  
I for Pidding, Bacchus fly,  
Howqua shall my cup supply;  
I'll ne'er ask for amphorae,  
Whilst my tea-pot yields me tea.  
Then, perchance, above my grave,  
Blooming Hyson sprigs may wave;  
And some stately sugar-cane,  
There may spring to life again:  
Bright-eyed maidens then may meet,  
To quaff the herb and suck the sweet.

\* \* \* \* \*

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### A CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO HACKNEY-COACH HORSES.

KINDLY COMMUNICATED BY OUR DOG "TOBY."

DEAR SIR,—I was a-sitting the other evening at the door of my kennel, thinking of the dog-days and smoking my pipe (blessings on you, master, for teaching me that art!), when one of your prospectuses was put into my paw by a spaniel that lives as pet-dog in a nobleman's family. Lawk, sir! what misfortunes can have befallen you, that you are obleeged to turn author?

I remember the poor devil as used to supply us with *dialect*—what a face he had! It was like a mouth-organ turned edgeways; and he looked as hollow as the big drum, but warn't half so round and noisy. You can't have dwindled down to that, sure ly! I couldn't bear to see your hump and *pars pendula* (that's dog Latin) shrunk up like dried almonds, and titivated out in msty-fusty toggery—I'm sure I couldn't! The very thought of it is like a pound weight at the end of my tail.

I whined like any thing, calling to my missus—for you must know that I've married as handsome a Scotch terrier as you ever see. "Vixen," says I, "here's the poor old governor up at last—I knew that Police Act would drive him to something desperate."

"Why he hasn't hung himself in earnest, and summoned you on his inquest!" exclaimed Mrs. T.

"Worse nor that," says I; "he's turned author, and in course is stewed up in some wery elevated apartment during this blessed season of the year, when all nature is wagging with delight, and the fairs is on, and the police don't want nothing to do to warm 'em, and consequentially sees no harm in a muster of infantry in bye-streets. It's very hawful."

Vixen sighed and scratched her ear with her right leg, so I know'd she'd something in her head, for she always does that when anything tickles her. "Toby," says she, "go and see the old gentleman; perhaps it might comfort him to larrup you a little."

"Very well," says I, "I'll be off at once; so put me by a bone or two for supper, should any come out while I'm gone; and if you can get the puppies to sleep before I return, I shall be so much obleeged to you." Saying which, I toddled off for Wellington-street. I had just got to the coach-stand at Hyde Park Corner, when who should I see labelled as a waterman but the one-eyed chap we once had as a orchestra—he as could only play "Jim Crow" and the "Soldier Tired." Thinks I, I may as well pass the compliment of the day with him; so I creeps under the hackney-coach he was standing alongside on, intending to surprise him; but just as I was about to pop out he ran off the stand to un-nosebag a cab-horse. Whilst I was waiting for him to come back, I hears the off-side horse in the wehicle make the following remark:—

OFF-SIDE HORSE—(*twisting his tail about like anything*)—Curse the flies!

NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—You may say that. I've had one fellow tickling me this half-hour.

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OFF-SIDE HORSE.—Ours is a horrid profession! Phew! the sun actually penetrates my vertebra.

NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—Werterbee! What's that?

OFF-SIDE HORSE—(*impatiently*).—The spine, my friend (*whish! whish!*)

NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—Ah! it is a shameful thing to *dock* us as they does. If the marrow in one's backbone should melt, it would be sartin to run out at the tip of one's tail. I say, how's your *feed*?

OFF-SIDE HORSE.—Very indifferent—the chaff predominates—(*munch*) not *bene* by any means.

NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—Beany! Lord bless your ignorance! I should be satisfied if they'd only make it *oaty* now and then. How long have you been in the hackney line?

OFF-SIDE HORSE.—I have occupied my present degraded position about two years. Little thought my poor mama, when I was foaled, that I should ever come to this.

NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—Ah! it ain't very respectable, is it?—especially since the cabs and busses have druv over our heads. What was you put to?—you look as if you had been well brought up.

OFF-SIDE HORSE.—My mama was own sister to *Lottery*, but unfortunately married a horse much below her in pedigree. I was the produce of that union. At five years old I entered the army under Ensign Dashard.

NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—Bless me, how odd! I was bought at Horncastle, to serve in the dragoons; but the wetternary man found out I'd a splint, and wouldn't have me! I say, ain't that stout woman with a fat family looking at us?

OFF-SIDE HORSE.—I'm afraid she is. People of her grade in society are always partial to a dilatory shillingworth.

NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—Ay, and always lives up Snow-hill, or Ludgate-hill, or Mutton-hill, or a *hill* somewhere.

WOMAN.—Coach!

NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—She's ahailing us! I wonder whether she's narvous? I'll let out with my hind leg a bit—(*kick*)—O Lord! the rheumatiz!

OFF-SIDE HORSE.—Pray don't. I abjure subterfuges; they are unworthy of a thoroughbred.





NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—Thoroughbred? I like that! Haven't you just acknowledged that you were a cocktail? Thank God! she's moving on. Hallo! there's old Readypenny!—a willanous Tory.

OFF-SIDE HORSE.—I beg to remark that my principles are Conservative.

NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—And I beg to remark that mine isn't. I sarved Readypenny out at Westminster 'lection the other day. He got into our coach to go to the poll, and I wouldn't draw an inch. I warn't agoing to take up a plumper for Rous.

OFF-SIDE HORSE.—I declare the obese female returns.

WOMAN.—Coach! Hallo! Coach!

WATERMAN.—Here you is, ma'am. Kuck! kuck! kuck!—Come along!—(*Pulling the coach and horses*).

OFF-SIDE HORSE.—O heavens! I am too stiff to move, and this brute will pull my head off.

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NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—Keep it on one side, and you spiles his purchase.

WATERMAN.—Come up, you old brute!

OFF-SIDE HORSE.—Old brute! What evidence of a low mind!—[*The stout woman and fat family ascend the steps of the coach*].

COACH.—O law! oh, law! Week! week! O law!—O law! Week! week!

NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—Do you hear how the poor old thing's a sufferin'?—She must feel it a good deal to have her squabs sat on by everybody as can pay for her. She was built by Pearce, of Long-acre, for the Duchess of Dorsetshire. I wonder her perch don't break—she has been crazy a long time.

WATERMAN.—Snow-hill—opposite the Saracen's Head.

NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—I know'd it!

COACHMAN.—Kuck! kuck!

WHIP.—Whack! whack!

OFF-SIDE HORSE.—Pull away, my dear fellow; a little extra exertion may save us from flagellation.

NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—Well, I'm pulling, ain't I?

OFF-SIDE HORSE.—I don't like to dispute your word; but—(*whack*)—Oh! that was an abrasion on my shoulder.

NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—A *raw* you mean. Who's not pulling now, I should like to know!

OFF-SIDE HORSE.—I couldn't help hopping then; you know what a *grease* I have in my hind leg.

NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—Well, haven't I a splint and a corn, and ain't one of my fore fetlocks got a formoses, and my hind legs the stringhalt?

WOMAN.—Stop! stop!

COACHMAN.—Whoo up!—d—n you!

OFF-SIDE HORSE.—There goes my last masticator!

NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—And I'm blow'd if he hasn't jerked my head so that he's given me a crick in the neck; but never mind; if she does get out here, we shall save the hill.



WOMAN.—Three doors higher up.

COACHMAN.—Chuck! chuck!

WHIP.—Whack! whack!

COACHMAN.—Come up, you varmint!

OFF-SIDE HORSE—Varmint! and to me! the nephew of the great Lottery! O Pegasus! what shall I come to next!

NEAR-SIDE HORSE.—Alamode beef, may be, or perhaps pork sassages!

\* \* \* \* \*

The old woman was so long in that house where she stopped, that I was obleeged to toddle home, for my wife has a rather unpleasant way of taking me by the scruff of my neck if I ain't pretty regular in my hours.

Yours, werry obediently, TOBY.

\* \* \* \* \*

## COURT CIRCULAR.

Communicated exclusively to this Journal by MASTER JONES, whose services we have succeeded in retaining, though opposed by the enlightened manager of a metropolitan theatre, whose anxiety to advance the interest of the drama is only equalled by his ignorance of the means.

\* \* \* \* \*

Since the dissolution of Parliament, Lord Melbourne has confined himself entirely to *stews*.

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Stalls have been fitted up in the Royal nursery for the reception of two Alderney cows, preparatory to the weaning of the infant Princess; which delicate duty Mrs. Lilly commences on Monday next.

Sir Robert Peel has been seen several times this week in close consultation with the chief cook. Has he been offered the *premiership*?

Mr. Moreton Dyer, "*the amateur turner*," has been a frequent visitor at the palace of late. Palmerston, it is whispered, has been receiving lessons in the art. We are surprised to hear this, for we always considered his lordship a Talleyrand in *turning*.

\* \* \* \* \*

## A QUARTER-DAY COGITATION.

(WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF A "NOTED" TAILOR'S BILL.)

By winter's chill the fragrant flower is nipp'd,  
To be new-clothed with brighter tints in spring;  
The blasted tree of verdant leaves is stripp'd,  
A fresher foliage on each branch to bring;

The aerial songster moults his plumerie,  
To vie in sleekness with each feather'd brother:  
A twelvemonth's wear hath ta'en thy nap from thee,  
My seedy coat!—When shall I get another?

NOTE.—Confiding tailors are entreated to send their addresses, pre-paid, to PUNCH'S office.

P.S.—None need apply who *refuse* three years' acceptances. If the bills be made *renewable*, by agreement, "continuations" will be taken in any quantity.—FITZROY FIPS.

\* \* \* \* \*

## STREET POLITICS.

A DRAMATIC DIALOGUE BETWEEN PUNCH AND HIS STAGE MANAGER.

(Enter PUNCH.)

PUNCH.—R-r-r-roo-to-tooit-tooit?

(Sings.)

“Wheel about and turn about,  
And do jes so;  
Ebery time I turn about,  
I jump Jim Crow.”

MANAGER.—Hollo, Mr. Punch! your voice is rather husky to-day.

PUNCH.—Yes, yes; I’ve been making myself as hoarse as a hog, bawling to the free and independent electors of Grogswill all the morning. They have done me the honour to elect me as their representative in Parliament. I’m an M.P. now.

MANAGER.—An M.P.! Gammon, Mr. Punch.

THE DOG TOBY.—Bow, wow, wow, wough, wough!

PUNCH.—Fact, upon my honour. I’m at this moment an unit in the collective stupidity of the nation.

DOG TOBY.—R-r-r-r-r—wough—wough!

PUNCH.—Kick that dog, somebody. Hang the cur, did he never see a legislator before, that he barks at me so?

MANAGER.—A legislator, Mr. Punch? with that wooden head of yours! Ho! ho! ho! ho!

PUNCH.—My dear sir, I can assure you that wood is the material generally used in the manufacture of political puppets. There will be more blockheads than mine in St. Stephen’s, I can tell you. And as for oratory, why I flatter my whiskers I’ll astonish them in that line.

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MANAGER.—But on what principles did you get into Parliament, Mr. Punch?

PUNCH.—I'd have you know, sir, I'm above having any principles but those that put money in my pocket.

MANAGER.—I mean on what interest did you start?

PUNCH.—On self-interest, sir. The only great, patriotic, and noble feeling that a public man can entertain.

MANAGER.—Pardon me, Mr. Punch; I wish to know whether you have come in as a Whig or a Tory?

PUNCH.—As a Tory, decidedly, sir. I despise the base, rascally, paltry, beggarly, contemptible Whigs. I detest their policy, and—

THE DOG TOBY.—Bow, wow, wough, wough!

MANAGER.—Hollo! Mr. Punch, what are you saying? I understood you were always a staunch Whig, and a supporter of the present Government.

PUNCH.—So I was, sir. I supported the Whigs as long as they supported themselves; but now that the old house is coming down about their ears, I turn my back on them in virtuous indignation, and take my seat in the opposition 'bus.

MANAGER.—But where is your patriotism, Mr. Punch?

PUNCH.—Where every politician's is, sir—in my breeches' pocket.

MANAGER.—And your consistency, Mr. Punch?

PUNCH.—What a green chap you are, after all. A public man's consistency! It's only a popular delusion, sir. I'll tell you what's consistency, sir. When one gentleman's *in* and won't come *out*, and when another gentleman's *out* and can't get *in*, and when both gentlemen persevere in their determination—that's consistency.

MANAGER.—I understand; but still I think it is the duty of every public man to——

PUNCH.—(*sings*)—

“Wheel about and turn about,  
And do jes so;  
Ebery time he turn about,  
He jumps Jim Crow.”

MANAGER.—Then it is your opinion that the prospects of the Whigs are not very flattering?

PUNCH.—'Tis all up with them, as the young lady remarked when Mr. Green and his friends left Wauxhall in the balloon; they haven't a chance. The election returns are against them everywhere. England deserts them—Ireland fails them—Scotland alone sticks with national attachment to their backs, like a—

THE DOG TOBY.—Bow, wow, wow, wough!

MANAGER.—Of course, then, the Tories will take office—?

PUNCH.—I rayther suspect they will. Have they not been licking their chops for ten years outside the Treasury door, while the sneaking Whigs were helping themselves to all the fat tit-bits within? Have they not growled and snarled all the while, and proved by their barking that they were the fittest guardians of the country? Have they not wept over the decay of our ancient and venerable constitution—? And have they not promised and vowed, the moment they got into office, that they would—Send round the hat.

MANAGER.—Very good, Mr. Punch; but I should like to know what the Tories mean to do about the corn-laws? Will they give the people cheap food?

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PUNCH.—No, but they'll give them cheap drink. They'll throw open the Thames for the use of the temperance societies.

MANAGER.—But if we don't have cheap corn, our trade must be destroyed, our factories will be closed, and our mills left idle.

PUNCH.—There you're wrong. Our tread-mills will be in constant work; and, though our factories should be empty, our prisons will be quite full.

MANAGER.—That's all very well, Mr. Punch; but the people will grumble a *leettle* if you starve them.

PUNCH.—Ay, hang them, so they will; the populace have no idea of being grateful for benefits. Talk of starvation! Pooh!—I've studied political economy in a workhouse, and I know what it means. They've got a fine plan in those workhouses for feeding the poor devils. They do it on the homoeopathic system, by administering to them oatmeal porridge in infinitesimal doses; but some of the paupers have such proud stomachs that they object to the diet, and actually die through spite and villany. Oh! 'tis a dreadful world for ingratitude! But never mind—Send round the hat.

MANAGER.—What is the meaning of the sliding scale, Mr. Punch?

PUNCH.—It means—when a man has got nothing for breakfast, he may slide his breakfast into his lunch; then, if he has got nothing for lunch, he may slide that into his dinner; and if he labours under the same difficulties with respect to the dinner, he may slide all three meals into his supper.

MANAGER.—But if the man has got no supper?

PUNCH.—Then let him wish he may get it.

MANAGER.—Oh! that's your sliding scale?

PUNCH.—Yes; and a very ingenious invention it is for the suppression of victuals. R-r-r-roo-to-tooit-tooit! Send round the hat.

MANAGER.—At this rate, Mr. Punch, I suppose you would not be favourable to free trade?

PUNCH.—Certainly not, sir. Free trade is one of your new-fangled notions that mean nothing but free plunder. I'll illustrate my position. I'm a boy in a school, with a bag of apples, which, being the only apples on my form, I naturally sell at a penny a-piece, and so look forward to pulling in a considerable quantity of browns, when a boy from another form, with a bigger bag of apples, comes and sells his at three for a penny, which, of course, knocks up my trade.



MANAGER.—But it benefits the community, Mr. Punch.

PUNCH.—D—n the community! I know of no community but PUNCH and Co. I'm for centralization—and individualization—every man for himself, and PUNCH for us all! Only let me catch any rascal bringing his apples to my form, and see how I'll cobb him. So now—send round the hat—and three cheers for

PUNCH'S POLITICS.

\* \* \* \* \*

## **SONGS FOR THE SENTIMENTAL.**

No. 1.

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O Reveal, thou fay-like stranger,  
Why this lonely path you seek;  
Every step is fraught with danger  
Unto one so fair and meek.  
Where are they that *should* protect thee  
In this darkling hour of doubt?  
Love *could* never thus neglect thee!—  
*Does your mother know you're out?*

Why so pensive, Peri-maiden?  
Pearly tears bedim thine eyes!  
Sure thine heart is overladen,  
When each breath is fraught with sighs.  
Say, hath care life's heaven clouded,  
Which hope's stars were wont to spangle?  
What hath all thy gladness shrouded?—  
*Has your mother sold her mangle?*

\* \* \* \* \*

## A PUBLIC CONVENIENCE.

We are requested to state, by the Marquis of W——, that, for the convenience of the public, he has put down one of his carriages, and given orders to Pearce, of Long-acre, for the construction of an easy and elegant *stretcher*.

\* \* \* \* \*

## CANDIDATES UNDER DIFFERENT PHASES

[Illustration:

CANVASSING. What a love of a child  
THE DEPUTATION. If you think me worthy  
THE SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE. Constituents—rascals  
THE HUSTINGS. Don't mention it I beg  
THE PUBLIC DINNER. The proudest moment of my life]

\* \* \* \* \*

## FINE ARTS.

PUNCH begs most solemnly to assure his friends and the artists in general, that should the violent cold with which he has been from time immemorial afflicted, and which, although it has caused his voice to appear like an infant Lablache screaming through horse-hair and thistles, yet has not very materially affected him otherwise—should it not deprive him of existence—please Gog and Magog, he will, next season, visit every exhibition of modern art as soon as the pictures are hung; and further, that he will most unequivocally be down with his *coup de baton* upon every unfortunate nob requiring his peculiar attention.

That he independently rejects the principles upon which these matters are generally conducted, he trusts this will be taken as an assurance: should the handsomest likeness-taker gratuitously offer to paint PUNCH'S portrait in any of the most favourite and fashionable styles, from the purest production of the general mourning school—and all performed by scissors—to the exquisitely gay works of the President of the Royal Academy, even though his Presidentship offer to do the nose with real carmine, and throw Judy and the little one into the back-ground, PUNCH would not give him a single eulogistic syllable unmerited. A word to the landscape and other perpetrators: none of your little bits for PUNCH—none of your insinuating cabinet gems—no *Art-ful*

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Union system of doing things—Hopkins to praise for one reason, Popkins to censure for another—and as PUNCH has been poking his nose into numberless unseen corners, and, notwithstanding its indisputable dimensions, has managed to screen it from observation, he has thereby smelt out several pretty little affairs, which shall in due time be exhibited and explained in front of his proscenium, for special amusement. In the mean time, to prove that PUNCH is tolerably well up in this line of pseudo-criticism, he has prepared the following description of the private view of either the Royal Academy or the Suffolk-street Gallery, or the British Institution, for 1842, for the lovers of this very light style of reading; and to make it as truly applicable to the various specimens of art forming the collection or collections alluded to, he has done it after the peculiar manner practised by the talented conductor of a journal purporting to be exclusively set apart to that effort. To illustrate with what strict attention to the nature of the subject chosen, and what an intimate knowledge of technicalities the writer above alluded to displays, and with what consummate skill he blends those peculiarities, the reader will have the kindness to attach the criticism to either of the works (hereunder catalogued) most agreeably to his fancy. It will be, moreover, shown that this is a thoroughly impartial way of performing the operation of soft anointment.

### THE UNERRING FOR PORTRAITS ONLY:

Portrait of the miscreant who \  
attempted to assassinate Mr. Macreath. |  
VALENTINE VERMILION. |

|  
Portrait of His Majesty the | The head is extremely  
King of Hanover. | well painted, and the light  
BY THE SAME. | and shade distributed with  
| the artist's usual judgement.

Portrait of the boy who got into |  
Buckingham Palace. |  
GEOFFERY GLAZEM. | OR THUS:

|  
Portrait of Lord John Russell. |  
BY THE SAME. | An admirable likeness of  
| the original, and executed

Portrait of W. Grumbletone, Esq., / with that breadth and clearness  
in the character of Joseph Surface. | so apparent in this clever  
PETER PALETTE. | painter's works.

|  
Portrait of Sir Robert Peel. |



BY THE SAME. | OR THUS:

|

Portrait of the Empress of Russia. |

VANDYKE BROWN. | A well-drawn and brilliantly

| painted portrait, calculated

Portrait of the infant Princess. | to sustain the fame already

BY THE SAME. | gained by this our favourite

| painter.

Portrait of Mary Mumblegums, |

aged 170 years. |

BY THE SAME. /

THE UNERRING FOR EVERY SUBJECT:

The Death of Abel. \

MICHAEL McGUELP. |

|

Dead Game. |

THOMAS TICKLEPENCIL. |

|

Vesuvius in Eruption. | This picture is well arranged,

CHARLES CARMINE, R.A. | and coloured with much truth

| to nature; the chiaro-scuro

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Portraits of Mrs. Punch and Child. | is admirably managed.  
R.W. BUSS. |  
|  
Cattle returning from the Watering | OR THUS:  
Place. \  
R. BOLLOCK. /  
| This is one of the cleverest  
“We won’t go home till Morning.” | productions in the Exhibition;  
M. WATERFORD, R.H.S. | there is a transparency in the  
| shadows equal to Rembrandt.  
The infant Cupid sleeping. |  
R. DADD. |  
|  
Portrait of Lord Palmerston. |  
A.L.L. UPTON. |  
|  
Coast Scene: Smugglers on the look |  
out. |  
H. PARKER. |  
|  
Portrait of Captain Rous, M.P. |  
J. WOOD. |  
/

Should the friends of any of the artists deem the praise a little too oily, they can easily add such a tag as the following:—“In our humble judgment, a little more delicacy of handling would not be altogether out of place;” or, “Beautiful as the work under notice decidedly is, we recollect to have received perhaps as much gratification in viewing previous productions by the same.”

### FOR THE HALF CONDEMNED:

This artist is, we much fear, on the decline; we no longer see the vigour of handling and smartness of conception formerly apparent in his works: or, “A little stricter attention to drawing, as well as composition, would render this artist’s works more commendatory.”

## THE TOTALLY CONDEMNED:

Either of the following, taken conjointly or separately: “A perfect daub, possessing not one single quality necessary to create even the slightest interest—a disgrace to the Exhibition—who allowed such a wretched production to disgrace these walls?—woefully out of drawing, and as badly coloured,” and such like.

\* \* \* \* \*

## A COMMENTARY ON THE ELECTIONS.

BY THE BEADLE OF SOMERSET HOUSE.

Well, lawks-a-day! things seem going on uncommon queer,  
For they say that the Tories are bowling out the Whigs almost everywhere;  
And the blazing red of my beadle's coat is turning to pink through fear,  
Lest I should find myself and staff out of Office some time about the  
end of the year.

I've done nothing so long but stand under the magnificent portico  
Of Somerset House, that I don't know what I should do if I was for to go!  
What the electors are at, I can't make out, upon my soul,  
For it's a law of natur' that the *whig* should be atop of  
the *poll*.

I've had a snug berth of it here for some time, and don't want to cut  
the connexion;  
But they *do* say the Whigs must go out, because they've NO OTHER  
ELECTION;  
What they mean by that, I *don't* know, for ain't they been  
electioneering—  
That is, they've been canvassing,

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and spouting, and pledging, and  
ginning, and beering.  
Hasn't Crawford and Pattison, Lyall, Masterman, Wood, and Lord John  
Russell,  
For ever so long been keeping the Great Metropolis in one alarming  
*busse!*?  
Ain't the two *first* retired into private life—(that's the genteel  
for being rejected)?  
And what's more, the *last* four, strange to say, have all been elected.  
Then Finsbury Tom and Mr. Wakley, as wears his hair all over his  
coat collar,  
Hav'n't they frightened Mr. Tooke, who once said he could beat them  
*Hollar?*  
Then at Lambeth, ain't Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Cabbell been both on 'em  
bottled  
By Mr. D'Eyncourt and Mr. Hawes, who makes soap yellow and mottled!  
And hasn't Sir Benjamin Hall, and the gallant Commodore Napier,  
Made such a cabal with Cabbell and Hamilton as would make any chap queer?  
Whilst Sankey, who was backed by a *Cleave-r* for Marrowbone  
looks cranky,  
Acos the electors, like lisping babbies, cried out "*No Sankee?*"  
Then South'ark has sent Alderman Humphrey and Mr. B. Wood,  
Who has promised, that if ever a member of parliament did his duty—he  
would!  
Then for the Tower Hamlets, Robinson, Hutchinson, and Thompson, find  
that they're in the wrong box,  
For the electors, though turned to Clay, still gallantly followed  
the Fox;  
Whilst Westminster's chosen Rous—not Rouse of the Eagle—tho' I once  
seed a  
Picture where there was a great big bird, very like a *goose*, along  
with a Leda.  
And hasn't Sir Robert Peel and Mr. A'Court been down to Tamworth to be  
reseated?  
They ought to get an act of parliament to save them such fatigue, for  
its always—ditto repeated.  
Whilst at Leeds, Beckett and Aldam have put Lord Jocelyn into a  
considerable fume,  
Who finds it no go, though he's added up the poll-books several times  
with the calculating boy, Joe Hume.  
So if there's been *no other election*, I should like to find out  
What all the late squibbing and fibbing, placarding, and blackguarding,



losing and winning, beering and ginning, and every other *et cetera*, has been about!

\* \* \* \* \*

## TO THE BLACK-BALLED OF THE UNITED SERVICE.

Black bottles at Brighton,  
To darken your fame;  
Black Sundays at Hounslow,  
To add to your shame.  
Black balls at the club,  
Show Lord Hill's growing duller:  
He should change your command  
To the *guards* of that colour.

\* \* \* \* \*

## ON THE INTRODUCTION OF PANTOMIME INTO THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

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[Illustration]

English—it has been remarked a thousand and odd times—is one of the few languages which is unaccompanied with gesticulation. Your veritable Englishman, in his discourse, is as chary as your genuine Frenchman is prodigal, of action. The one speaks like an oracle, the other like a telegraph.

Mr. Brown narrates the death of a poor widower from starvation, with his hands fast locked in his breeches' pocket, and his features as calm as a horse-pond. M. le Brun tells of the *debut* of the new *danseuse*, with several kisses on the tips of his fingers, a variety of taps on the left side of his satin waistcoat, and his head engulfed between his two shoulders, like a cock-boat in a trough of the sea.

The cause of this natural diversity is not very apparent. The deficiency of gesture on our parts may be a necessary result of that prudence which is so marked a feature of the English character. Mr. Brown, perhaps, objects to using two means to attain his end when one is sufficient, and consequently looks upon all gesticulation during conversation as a wicked waste of physical labour, which that most sublime and congenial science of Pol. Econ. has shown him to be the source of all wealth. To indulge in pantomime is, therefore, in his eyes, the same as throwing so much money in the dirt—a crime which he regards as second in depravity only to that of having none to throw. Napoleon said, many years back, we were a nation of shopkeepers; and time seems to have increased, rather than diminished, our devotion to the ledger. Gold has become our sole standard of excellence. We measure a man's respectability by his banker's account, and mete out to the pauper the same punishment as the felon. Our very nobility is a nobility of the breeches' pocket; and the highest personage in the realm—her most gracious Majesty—the most gracious Majesty of 500,000*l.* per annum! Nor is this to be wondered at. To a martial people like the Romans, it was perfectly natural that animal courage should be thought to constitute heroic virtue: to a commercial people like ourselves, it is equally natural that a man's worthiness should be computed by what he is worth. We fear it is this commercial spirit, which, for the reason before assigned, is opposed to the introduction of pantomime among us; and it is therefore to this spirit that we would appeal, in our endeavours to supply a deficiency which we cannot but look upon as a national misfortune and disgrace. It makes us appear as a cold-blooded race of people, which we assuredly are not; for, after all our wants are satisfied, what nation can make such heroic sacrifices for the benefit of their fellow creatures as our own? A change, however, is coming over us: a few pantomimic signs have already made their appearance amongst us. It is true that they are at present chiefly confined to that class upon whose manners politeness places little or no restraint—barbarians, who

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act as nature, rather than as the book of etiquette dictates, (and among whom, for that very reason, such a change would naturally first begin to show itself:) yet do we trust, by pointing out to the more refined portion of the “British public,” the advantage that must necessarily accrue from the general cultivation of the art of pantomime, by proving to them its vast superiority over the comparatively tedious operations of speech, and exhibiting its capacity of conveying a far greater quantity of thought in a considerably less space of time, and that with a saving of one-half the muscular exertion—a point so perfectly consonant with the present prevailing desire for cheap and rapid communication—that we say we hope to be able not only to bring the higher classes to look upon it no longer as a vulgar and extravagant mode of expression, but actually to introduce and cherish it among them as the most polite and useful of all accomplishments.

[Illustration]

But in order to exhibit the capacities of this noble art in all their comprehensive excellence, it is requisite that we should, in the first place, say a few words on language in general.

It is commonly supposed that there are but two kinds of language among men—the written and the spoken: whereas it follows, from the very nature of language itself, that there must necessarily be as many modes of conveying our impressions to our fellow-creatures, as there are senses or modes of receiving impressions in them. Accordingly, there are five senses and five languages; to wit, the audible, the visible, the olfactory, the gustatory, and the sensitive. To the two first belong speech and literature. As illustrations of the third, or olfactory language, may be cited the presentation of a pinch of Prince’s Mixture to a stranger, or a bottle of “Bouquet du Roi” to a fair acquaintance; both of which are but forms of expressing to them nasally our respect. The nose, however, is an organ but little cultivated in man, and the language which appeals to it is, therefore, in a very imperfect state; not so the gustatory, or that which addresses itself to the palate. This, indeed, may be said to be imbibed with our mother’s milk. What words can speak affection to the child like *elecampane*—what language assures us of the remembrance of an absent friend like a brace of wood-cocks? Then who does not comprehend the eloquence of dinners? A rump steak, and bottle of old port, are not these to all guests the very emblems of esteem—and turtle, venison, and champagne, the unmistakeable types of respect? If the citizens of a particular town be desirous of expressing their profound admiration of the genius of a popular author, how can the sentiment be conveyed so fitly as in a public dinner? or if a candidate be anxious to convince the “free and independent electors” of a certain borough of his disinterested regard for the commonweal, what more persuasive language could he adopt than the general distribution of unlimited

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beer? Of the sensitive, or fifth and last species of language, innumerable instances might be quoted. All understand the difference in meaning between cuffs and caresses—between being shaken heartily by the hand and kicked rapidly down stairs. Who, however ignorant, could look upon the latter as a compliment? or what fair maiden, however simple, would require a master to teach her how to construe a gentle compression of her fingers at parting, or a tender pressure of her toe under the dinner table?

Such is an imperfect sketch of the five languages appertaining to man. There is, however, one other—that which forms the subject of the present article—Pantomime, and which may be considered as the natural form of the visible language—literature being taken as the artificial. This is the most primitive as well as most comprehensive, of all. It is the earliest, as it is the most intuitive—the smiles and frowns of the mother being the first signs understood by the infant. Indeed, if we consider for a moment that all existence is but a Pantomime, of which Time is the harlequin, changing to-day into yesterday, summer into winter, youth into old age, and life into death, and we but the clowns who bear the kicks and buffets of the scene, we cannot fail to desire the general cultivation of an art which constitutes the very essence of existence itself. “Speech,” says Talleyrand, that profound political pantomimist, “was given to *conceal* our thoughts;” and truly this is the chief use to which it is applied. We are continually clamouring for acts in lieu of words. Let but the art of Pantomime become universal, and this grand desideratum must be obtained. Then we shall find that candidates, instead of being able, as now, to become legislators by simply professing to be patriots, will be placed in the awkward predicament of having first to *act* as such; and that the clergy, in lieu of taking a tenth part of the produce for the mere preaching of Christianity, will be obliged to sacrifice at least a portion to charitable purposes, and *practise* it.

Indeed, we are thoroughly convinced, that when the manifold advantages of this beautiful art shall be generally known, it cannot fail of becoming the principle of universal communication. Nor do we despair of ultimately finding the elegant Lord A. avowing his love for the beautiful Miss B., by gently closing one of his eyes, and the fair lady tenderly expressing that doubt and incredulity which are the invariable concomitants of “Love’s young dream,” by a gentle indication with the dexter hand over the sinister shoulder.

[Illustration]

\* \* \* \* \*



## AN ALLIGATOR CHAIRMAN.

An action was recently brought in the Court of Queen's Bench against Mr. Walter, to recover a sum of money expended by a person named Clark, in wine, spirits, malt liquors, and other refreshments, during a contest for the representation of the borough of Southwark. One of the witnesses, who it appears was chairman of Mr. Walter's committee, swore that *every thing the committee had to eat or drink went through him*. By a remarkable coincidence, the counsel for the plaintiff in this tippling case was *Mr. Lush*.

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\* \* \* \* \*

### AN ODE.

PICKED UP IN KILLPACK'S DIVAN.

Cum notis variorum.

"Excise Court.—An information was laid against Mr. Killpack, for selling spirituous liquor. Mr. James (the counsel for the defendant) stated that there was a club held there, of which Mr. Keeley, the actor, was treasurer, and many others of the theatrical profession were members, and that they had a store of brandy, whiskey, and other spirits. Fined L5 in each case."—*Observer*

[ILLUSTRATION: Best British Brandy not Permitted]

#### INVOCATION.

Assist, ye jocal nine[1], inspire my soul!  
(Waiter! a go of Brett's best alcohol,  
A light, and one of Killpack's mild Havannahs).  
Fire me! again I say, while loud hosannas  
I sing of what we were—of what we *now* are.  
Wildly let me rave,  
To imprecate the knave  
Whose curious *information* turned our porter sour,  
Bottled our stout, doing it (ruthless cub!)  
Brown,  
Down  
Knocking our snug, unlicensed club;  
Changing, despite our *belle esprit*, at one fell *swop*,  
Into a legal coffee-crib, our contraband cook-shop!

#### ODE.

Then little Bob arose,  
And doff'd his clothes,  
Exclaiming, "Momus! Stuff!  
I've played him long enough,"  
And, as the public seems inclined to sack us,  
Behold me ready *dressed* to play young Bacchus.  
He said[2] his legs the barrel span,  
And thus the Covent Garden god began;—  
"GENTLEMEN,—I am—ahem—!—I beg your pardon,



But, ahem! as first low com. of Common Garden—  
No, I don't mean that, I mean to say,  
That if we were—ahem!—to pay  
So much per quarter for our quarters, [Cries of 'Hear!']  
Import our own champagne and ginger-beer;  
In short, *small* duty pay on all we sup—  
Ahem!—you understand—I give it up.”

The speech was ended,  
And Bob descended.

The club was formed. A spicy club it was—  
Especially on Saturdays; because  
They dined extr'ordinary cheap at five o'clock:  
When there were met members of the Dram. A. Soc.  
Those of the sock and buskin, artists, court gazetteers—  
Odd fellows all—*odder* than all their club compeers.  
Some were sub-editors, others reporters,  
And more *illuminati*, joke-importers.

The club was heterogen'ous  
By strangers seen as  
A refuge for destitute *bons mots*—  
*Depot* for leaden jokes and pewter pots;  
Repertory for gin and *jeux d'esprit*,  
Literary pound for vagrant rapartee;  
Second-hand shop for left-off witticisms;  
Gall'ry for Tomkins and Pitt-icisms;<sup>[3]</sup>  
Foundling hospital for every bastard pun;

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In short, a manufactory for all sorts of fun!

\* \* \* \*

Arouse my muse! such pleasing themes to quit,

Hear me while I say

*"Donnez-moi du frenzy, s'il vous plait!"*[4]

Give me a most tremendous fit

Of indignation, a wild volcanic ebullition,

Or deep anathema,

Fatal as J—d's bah!

To hurl excisemen downward to perdition.

May genial gin no more delight *their* throttles—

*Their* casks grow leaky, bottomless *their* bottles;

May smugglers *run*, and they ne'er make a seizure;

May *they*—I'll curse them further at my leisure.

But for our club,

"Ay, there's the rub."

"We mourn it dead in its father's halls:"[5]—

The sporting prints are cut down from the walls;

No stuffing there,

Not even in a chair;

The spirits are all ex(or)\_cised\_,

The coffee-cups capsized,

The coffee *fine*-d, the snuff all taken,

The mild Havannahs are by lights forsaken:

The utter ruin of the club's achieve—

Our very chess-boards are *ex-chequered* even.

"Where is our club?" X—sighs,[6] and with a stare

Like to another echo, answers "Where?"

[1] "Ye jocal nine," a happy modification of "Ye vocal nine."

The nine here so classically invoked are manifestly nine of the members of the late club, consisting of, 1. Mr. D—s J—d. 2. The subject of the engraving, treasurer and store-keeper. 3. Mr. G—e S—h, sub-ed. J— B—. 4. Mr. B—d, Mem. Dram. Author's Society. 5. C—s S—y, ditto. 6. Mr. C—e. 7. Mr. C—s, T—s, late of the firm of T—s and P—t. 8. Mr. J—e A—n, Mem. Soc. British Artists. 9, and lastly, "though not least," the author of "You loved me not in happier days."



- [2] “He said.”—Deeply imbued with the style of the most polished of the classics, our author will be found to exhibit in some passages an imitation of it which might be considered pedantic, for ourselves, we admire the severe style. The literal rendering of the ‘*dixit*’ of the ancient epicists, strikes us as being eitremely forcible here.—PUNCH.
- [3] A play-bill reminiscence, viz. “The scenery by Messrs. Tomkins and Pitt.”—THE AUTHORS OF “BUT, HOWEVER.”
- [4] “Donnez-moi,” &c.—The classics of all countries are aptly drawn upon by the universal erudition of our bard. A fine parody this upon the exclamation of Belmontel’s starving author: “La Gloire—donnez-moi do pain!”—FENWICK DE PORQUET.
- [5] “They mourn it dead,” &c.—A pretty, but perhaps too literal allusion to a popular song—J. RODWELL.

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[6] “X—sighs.”—Who “X” may happen to be we have not the remotest idea. But who would not forgive a little mystification for so brilliant a pun?—THE GHOST OF PUNCH’S THEATRE.

\* \* \* \* \*

### MR. HUME.

We are requested by Mr. Hume to state, that being relieved from his parliamentary duties, he intends opening a day-school in the neighbourhood of the House of Commons, for the instruction of members only, in the principles of the illustrious Cocker; and to remedy in some measure his own absence from the Finance Committees, he is now engaged in preparing a Parliamentary Ready-reckoner. We heartily wish him success.

\* \* \* \* \*

“PRIVATE.”

“In the event of the Tories coming into power, it is intended to confer the place of Postmaster-General upon Lord Clanwilliam. It would be difficult to select an individual more *peculiarly* fitted for the situation than his lordship, whose *love of letters* is notorious in the Carlton Club.”—*Extract from an Intercepted Letter.*

\* \* \* \* \*

“AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS MAKE AMENDS?”

It is currently reported at the Conservative Clubs, that if their party should come into power, Sir Robert Peel will endeavour to conciliate the Whigs, and to form a coalition with their former opponents. We have no doubt the cautious baronet sees the necessity of the step, and would feel grateful for support from any quarter; but we much doubt the practicability of the measure. It would indeed be a strange sight to see Lord Johnny and Sir Bobby, the two great leaders of the opposition engines, with their followers, meeting amicably on the floor of the House of Commons. In our opinion, an infernal crash and smash would be the result of these

[ILLUSTRATION: GRAND JUNCTION TRAINS.]

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE DRAMA.

The “star system” has added another victim to the many already sacrificed to its rapacity and injustice. Mr. Phelps, an actor whose personation of *Macduff*, the *Hunchback*, *Jaques*, &c., would have procured for him in former times no mean position, has been compelled to secede from the Haymarket Theatre from a justifiable feeling of disgust at the continual sacrifices he was required to make for the aggrandisement of one to whom he may not possibly ascribe any superiority of genius. The part assigned to Mr. Phelps (*Friar Lawrence*) requires an actor of considerable powers, and under the old *regime* would have deteriorated nothing from Mr. Phelps’ position; but we can understand the motives which influenced its rejection, and whilst we deprecate the practice of actors refusing parts on every caprice, we consider Mr. Phelps’ opposition to this ruinous

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system of “starring” as commendable and manly. The real cause of the decline of the drama is the upholding of this system. The “stars” are paid so enormously, and cost so much to maintain them in their false position, that the manager cannot afford (supposing the disposition to exist) to pay the working portion of his company salaries commensurate with their usefulness, or compatible with the appearance they are expected to maintain out of the theatre; whilst opportunities of testing their powers as actors, or of improving any favourable impression they may have made upon the public, is denied to them, from the fear that the influence of the greater, because more fortunate actor, may be diminished thereby. These facts are now so well known, that men of education are deterred from making the stage a profession, and consequently the scarcity of rising actors is referable to this cause.

The poverty of our present dramatic literature may also be attributable to this absurd and destructive system. The “star” must be considered alone in the construction of the drama; or if the piece be not actually made to measure, the actor, *par excellence*, must be the arbiter of the author’s creation. Writers are thus deterred from making experiments in the higher order of dramatic writing, for should their subject admit of this individual display, its rejection by the “star” would render the labour of months valueless, and the dramatist, driven from the path of fame, degenerates into a literary drudge, receiving for his wearying labour a lesser remuneration than would be otherwise awarded him, from the pecuniary monopoly of the “star.”

It is this system which has begotten the present indifference to the stage. The public had formerly *many* favourites, because all had an opportunity of contending for their favour—now they have only Mr. A. or Mrs. B., who must ultimately weary the public, be their talent what it may, as the sweetest note would pall upon the ear, were it continually sounded, although, when harmonised with others, it should constitute the charm of the melody.

We have made these remarks divested of any personal consideration. We quarrel only with the system that we believe to be unjust and injurious to an art which we reverence.

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VAUXHALL.—Vauxhall! region of Punch, both liquid and corporeal!—Elysium of illumination lamps!—Paradise of Simpson!—we have been permitted once again to breathe your oily atmosphere, to partake of an imaginary repast of impalpable ham and invisible chicken—to join in the eruption of exclamations at thy pyrotechnic glories—to swallow thy mysterious arrack and

[Illustration: PUNCH A LA ROMAINE.]

We have seen Jullien, the elegant, pantomimic Jullien, exhibit his six-inch wristbands and exquisitely dressed head—we have roved again amid those bowers where, with Araminta Smith, years ago,

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“We met the daylight after seven hours’ sitting.”

But we were not happy. There was a something that told us it was not Vauxhall: the G R’s were V R’s—the cocked hats were round hats—the fiddlers were foreigners—the Rotunda was Astley’s—the night was moon-shiny—and there was not—our pen weeps whilst we trace the mournful fact—there was not “Simpson” to exclaim, “Welcome to the royal property!” Urbane M.A.C., wouldst that thou hadst been a Mussulman, then wouldst thou doubtlessly be gliding about amid an Eden of Houris, uttering to the verge of time the hospitable sentence which has rendered thy name immortal—Peace to thy manes!

STRAND.—The enterprising managers of this elegant little theatre have produced another mythological drama, called “The Frolics of the Fairies; or, the Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle,” from the pen of Leman Rede, who is, without doubt, the first of this class of writers. The indisposition of Mr. Hall was stated to be the cause of the delay in the production of this piece; out, from the appearance of the bills, we are led to infer that it arose from the *indisposition* of Mrs. Waylett to shine in the same hemisphere with that little brilliant, Mrs. Keeley, and “a gem of the first water” she proved herself to be on Wednesday night. It would be useless to enter into the detail of the plot of an ephemeron, that depends more upon its quips and cranks than dramatic construction for its success. It abounds in merry conceits, which that merriest of—dare we call her mere woman?—little Mrs. Bob rendered as pointed as a Whitechapel needle of the finest temper. The appointments and arrangements of the stage reflect the highest credit on the management, and the industry which can labour to surmount the difficulties which we know to exist in the production of anything like scenic effect in the Strand Theatre, deserve the encouragement which we were gratified to see bestowed upon this little Temple of Momus.

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The Olympic Theatre has obtained an extension of its licence from the Lord Chamberlain, and will shortly open with a company selected from Ducrow’s late establishment; but whether the *peds* are *bi* or *quadru*, rumour sayeth not.

### A CARD.

MESSRS. FUDGE and VAMP beg to inform novelists and writers of tales in general, that they supply *denouements* to unfinished stories, on the most reasonable terms. They have just completed a large stock of catastrophes, to which they respectfully solicit attention.



## **FOR MELO-DRAMA.**

Discovery of the real murderers, and respite of the accused.

Ditto very superior, with return of the supposed victim.

Ditto, ditto, extra superfine, with punishment of vice and reward of virtue.

## **FOR FARCES.**

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Mollification of flinty-hearted fathers and union of lovers, &c. &c. &c.

### FOR COMEDIES.

Fictitious bankruptcy of the hero, and sudden reinstatement of fortune.

Ditto, ditto, with exposure of false friends.

Non-recognition of son by father, ultimate discovery of former by latter.

Ditto, ditto, very fine, “with convenient cordial,” and true gentlemen, illustrated by an old *debauchee*.

N.B.—On hand, a very choice assortment of interesting parricides, strongly recommended for Surrey use.

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### WHY AND BECAUSE.

Young Kean’s a bad cigar—because  
The more he’s puff’d, the worse he draws.

A new farce, entitled “My Friend the Captain,” is to be produced tonight, at the Haymarket Theatre.

MR. HAMMOND will take a benefit at the English Opera House, on Monday next. We are happy to see that this very deserving actor’s professional brethren are coming forward to lend him that assistance which he has always been ready to afford to others.

TO MRS. H.

Thou sweet, to whom all bend the knee,  
No wonder men run after thee;  
There’s something in a name, perhaps,  
For *Honey*’s often good for *chaps*.

A MR. GRAHAM has appeared at the Surrey. He is reported to be a very chaste and clever actor. If so, he certainly will not suit the taste of Mr. Davidge’s patrons. How they have tolerated Wilson, Leffler, and Miss Romer so long, we are utterly at a loss to divine. It must be, that “music hath charms.”





We are authorised to state that Rouse of the Eagle Tavern is not the Rous who was lately returned for Westminster.

## THE REAL AND THE IDEAL; OR, THE CATASTROPHE OF A VICTORIA MELO-DRAMA.

*Berthelda*.—Sanguine, you have killed your *mother!!!*

*Fruitwoman*.—Any apples, oranges, biscuits, ginger-beer!

(*Curtain falls.*)

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## QUALIFICATIONS FOR AN M.P.

We give the following list of qualifications for a member of parliament for Westminster, as a logical curiosity, extracted from a handbill very liberally distributed by Captain Rons's party, during the late contest:—

1st. Because "he is *brother to the Earl* of Stradbroke."

2nd. Because "his *family* have always been hearty Conservatives."

3rd. Because "they have been established in *Suffolk* from the time of the *Heptarchy*."

4th. Because "he entered the navy in 1808."

5th. Because "he *brought home Lord Aylmer* in the Pique, in 1835."

6th. Because "he ran the Pique aground in the Straits of Belleisle."

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7th. Because “after beating there for eleven hours, he got her off again.”

8th. Because “he brought her into Portsmouth without a rudder or forefoot, lower-masts all sprung, and leaking at the rate of two feet per hour!” ergo, he is the fittest man for the representative of Westminster.—Q.E.D.

### THE ENTIRE ANIMAL.

LORD LONDONDERRY, in a letter to Colonel Fitzroy, begs of the gallant member to “go the whole hog.” This is natural advice from a *thorough bore* like his lordship.