

# **Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 1, November 13, 1841 eBook**

## **Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 1, November 13, 1841**

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# Page 1

## THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

*(By the Observer's own Correspondent.)*

It will be seen that we were not premature in announcing the probability of the birth of a Prince of Wales; and though it was impossible that any one should be able to speak with certainty, our positive tone upon the occasion serves to show the exclusive nature of all our intelligence. We are enabled now to state that the Prince will immediately take, indeed he has already taken, the title of *Prince of Wales*, which it is generally understood he will enjoy—at least if a child so young can be said to enjoy anything of the kind—until an event shall happen which we hope will be postponed for a very protracted period. The Prince of Wales, should he survive his mother, will ascend the throne; but whether he will be George the Fifth, Albert the First, Henry the Ninth, Charles the Third, or Anything the Nothingth, depends upon circumstances we are not at liberty to allude to—at present; nor do we think we shall be enabled to do so in a second edition.

Our suggestion last week, that the royal birth should take place on Lord Mayor's Day, has, we are happy to see, been partially attended to; but we regret that the whole hog has not been gone, by twins having been presented to the anxious nation, so that there might have been a baronetcy each for the outgoing and incoming Lord Mayors of Dublin and London. Perhaps, however, it might have been attended with difficulty to follow our advice to the very letter; but we nevertheless think it might have been arranged; though if others think otherwise, we, of course, have nothing further to say upon the matter alluded to.

We very much regret to make an announcement, and are glad at being the first to do so, though we are sorry to advert to the subject, touching an alarming symptom in the Princess Royal. Her Royal Highness, ever since the birth of the Prince, whom we think we may now venture to call her brother, has suffered from an affection of the nose, which is said to be quite out of joint since the royal stranger (for we hope we may take the liberty of alluding to the Prince of Wales as a stranger, for he is a stranger to us, at least we have never seen him) came into existence.

We hear it on good authority that when the Princess was taken to see her brother, Her Royal Highness, who begins to articulate a few sounds, exclaimed, "*Tar!*" with unusual emphasis. It is supposed, from this simple but affecting circumstance, that the Prince of Wales will eventually become a *Tar*, and perhaps regain for his country the undisputed dominion of the seas, which, by-the-bye, has not been questioned, and probably will not be, in which case the naval attributes of His Royal Highness will not be brought into activity.

\* \* \* \* \*

## **FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.**

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Master Smith took an airing on the 5th, accompanied by a Guy Fawkes and a very numerous *suite*. In the evening there was a select circle, and a bonfire.

Mr. Baron Nathan and family are still at Kennington. The Baron danced the college hornpipe, last Wednesday, on one leg, before a party of private friends; and the Honourable Miss Nathan went through the Cracovienne, amidst twenty-four coffee-cups and an inverted pitcher, surmounted by a very long champagne-glass. Upon inspecting the cups after the graceful performance was concluded, there was not a chip upon one of them. The champagne glass, though it frequently rattled in its perilous position, retained it through the whole of the dance, and was carefully picked up at its conclusion by the Baroness, who we were happy to find looking in more than her usual health, and enjoying her accustomed spirits.

Bill Bunks has a new feline provisional equipage ready to launch. The body is a dark black, and the wheels are of the same rich colour, slightly picked out here and there with a chalk stripe. The effect altogether is very light and pretty, particularly as the skewers to be used are all new, and the board upon which the *ha'porths* are cut has been recently planed with much nicety.

The travelling menagerie at the foot of Waterloo-bridge was visited yesterday by several loungers. Amongst the noses poked through the wires of the cage, we remarked several belonging to children of the mobility. The spirited proprietor has added another mouse to his collection, which may now be pronounced the first—speaking, of course, Surreysideically—in (entering) London.

\* \* \* \* \*

## SONGS FOR CATARRHS.

“The variable climate of our native land,” as Rowland the Minstrel of Macassar has elegantly expressed it, like a Roman epicure, deprives our nightingales of their tongues, and the melodious denizens of our drawing-rooms of their “sweet voices.”

Vainly has Crevelli raised a bulwark of lozenges against the Demon of Catarrh! Soreness will invade the throat, and noses run in every family, seeming to be infected with a sentimental furor for blooming—we presume from being so newly blown. We have seen noses chiseled, as it were, from an alabaster block, grow in one short day scarlet as our own, as though they blushed for the continual trouble they were giving their proprietors; whilst the peculiar intonation produced by the conversion of the nasals into liquids, and then of the liquids ultimately into mutes, leads to the inference that there must be a stoppage about the bridge, and should be placarded, like that of Westminster, “No thoroughfare.”



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It has been generally supposed that St. Cecilia with a cold in her head would be incompetent to “Nix my Dolly;” and this erroneous and popular prejudice is continually made the excuse for vocal inability during the winter months. Now the effect which we have before described upon the articulation of the catarrhed would be, in our opinion, so far from displeasing, that we feel it would amply compensate for any imperfections of tune. For instance, what can be finer than the alteration it would produce in the well-known ballad of “Oh no, we never mention her!”—a ballad which has almost become wearisome from its sweetness and repetition. With a catarrh the words would run thus:

---

“O lo, we lever beltiol her,  
Her labe is lever heard.”

Struck with this modification of sound, *Punch*, anxious to cater *even* for the catarrhs of his subscribers, begs to furnish them with a “*calzolet*,” which he trusts will be of more service to harmonic meetings than pectoral lozenges and paregoric, as we have anticipated the cold by converting every *m* into *b*, and every *n* into *l*.

### A SONG FOR A CATARRH.

By Bary A\_ll\_e is like the su\_l\_,  
Whe\_l\_ at the daw\_l\_ it fli\_l\_gs  
Its golde\_l\_ s\_b\_iles of light upo\_l\_  
Earth's gree\_l\_ and lo\_l\_ely thi\_l\_gs.  
l\_l\_vai\_l\_ I sue, I o\_l\_ly wi\_l\_  
Fro\_b\_ her a scor\_l\_ful frow\_l\_;  
But soo\_l\_ as I by prayers begi\_l\_,  
She cries O lo! bego\_l\_e.  
Yes! yes! the burthe\_l\_ of her so\_l\_g  
Is lo! lo! lo! bego\_l\_e!

By Bary A\_ll\_e is like the moo\_l\_,  
Whe\_l\_ first her silver shee\_l\_,  
Awakes the /ighti\_l\_gale's soft tu\_l\_e,  
That else had sile\_l\_t bee\_l\_.  
But Bary A\_ll\_e, like darkest light,  
O\_l\_be, alas! looks dow\_l\_;  
Her s\_b\_iles o\_l\_others bea\_b\_their light,  
Her frow\_l\_s are all by ow\_l\_.  
I've but o\_l\_e burthe\_l\_ to by so\_l\_g—  
Her frow\_l\_s are all by ow\_l\_.

\* \* \* \* \*

“POSSUM UP A GUM TREE!”

A grand gladiatorial tongue-threshing took place lately in a field near Paisley, between the two great Chartist champions—Feargus O’Connor and the Rev. Mr. Brewster. The subject debated was, Whether is moral or physical force the fitter instrument for obtaining the Charter? The Doctor espoused the moral hocussing system, and Feargus took up the bludgeon for physical force. After a pretty considerable deal of fireworks had been let off on both sides, it was agreed to divide the field, when Feargus, waving his hat, *ascended into a tree*, and called upon his friends to follow him. But, alas! few answered to the summons,—he was left in a miserable minority; and the Doctor, as the Yankees say, decidedly

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“put the critter up a tree.” Feargus, being a *Radical*, should have kept to the *root* instead of venturing into the higher *branches* of political economy. At all events the Doctor, as the Yankees say, “put the critter up a tree,” where we calculate he must have looked tarnation ugly. The position was peculiarly ill-chosen—for when a fire-and-faggot orator begins to speak *trees-on*, it is only natural that his hearers should all take their *leaves*!

\* \* \* \* \*

### AN UNDIVIDED MOIETY.

The *Herald* gives an account of two persons who were carried off suddenly at Lancaster by a paralytic attack *each*. We should have been curious to know the result if, instead of an attack *each*, they had had *one between them*.

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE HEIR OF APPLEBITE.

#### CHAPTER IX.

SHOWS THAT DOCTORS DIFFER.

[Illustration: H]Having christened his child, Agamemnon felt it to be his bounden duty to have him vaccinated; but his wife’s mother, with a perversity strongly characteristic of the *genus*, strenuously opposed Dr. Jenner’s plan of repealing the small pox<sup>[1]</sup>, and insisted upon having him inoculated. Poor Mrs. Applebite was sorely perplexed between her habitual reverence for the opinions of her mama and the dread which she naturally felt of converting the face of the infant heir into a plum-pudding. Agamemnon had evidently determined to be positive upon this point, and all that could be extracted from him was the one word—vaccination!

[1] Baylis.

To which Mrs. Waddledot replied,

“Vaccination, indeed!—as though the child were a calf! I’m sure and certain that the extreme dulness of young people of the present day is entirely owing to vaccination—it imbues them with a very stupid portion of the animal economy.”

As Agamemnon could not understand her, he again ejaculated—"Vaccination!"

"But, my dear," rejoined Mrs. Applebite, "Mama has had so much experience that her opinion is worth listening to; I know that you give the preference to—"

"Vaccination!" interrupted Collumpsion.

"And so do I; but we have heard of grown-up people—who had always considered themselves secure—taking the small pox, dear."

"To be sure we have," chimed in Mrs. Waddledot; "and it's a very dreadful thing, after indulgent and tender parents have been at the expense of nursing, clothing, physicking, teaching music, dancing, Italian, French, geography, drawing, and the use of the globes, to a child, to have it carried off because a misguided fondness has insisted upon—"

"Vaccination!" shouted *pater* Collumpsion.

"Exactly!" continued the "wife's mother." "Now inoculate at once, say I, before the child's short-coated."

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Agamemnon rose from his seat, and advancing deliberately and solemnly to the table at which his wife and his wife's mother were seated, he slowly raised his dexter arm above his head, and then, having converted his hand into a fist, he dashed his contracted digitals upon the rosewood as though he dared not trust himself with more than one word, and that one was—"Vaccination!"

Mrs. Waddledot's first impulse was to jump out of her turban, in which she would have succeeded had not the mystic rolls of gauze which constituted that elaborate head-dress been securely attached to the chestnut "front" with which she had sought for some years to cheat the world into a forgetfulness of her nativity.

"I was warned of this! I was warned of this!" exclaimed the disarranged woman, as soon as she obtained breath enough for utterance. "But I wouldn't believe it. I was told that the member for Puddingbury had driven one wife to her grave and the other to drinking.—I was told that it would run in the family, and that Mr. A.C. Applebite would be no better than Mr. I. Applebite!"

"Oh! Mama—you really wrong Aggy," exclaimed Theresa.

"It's lucky for you that you think so, my dear. If ever there was an ill-used woman, you are that unhappy individual. Oh, that ever—I—should live—to see a child of mine—have a child of hers vaccinated against her wish!" and here Mrs. Waddledot (as it is emphatically styled) burst into tears; not that we mean to imply that she was converted into an explosive *jet d'eau*, but we mean that she—she—what shall we say?—she blubbered.

It is really surprising how very sympathetic women are on all occasions of weeping, scolding, and scandalising; and accordingly Mrs. Applebite "opened the fountains of her eyes," and roared in concert with her mama.

Agamemnon felt that he was an injured man—injured in the tenderest point—his character for connubial kindness; and he secretly did what many husbands have done openly—he consigned Mrs. Waddledot to the gentleman who is always represented as very black, because where he resides there is no water to wash with.

At this agonising moment Uncle Peter made his appearance; and as actors always play best to a good audience, the weeping ladies continued their lachrymose performance with renewed vigour. Uncle Peter was a plain man—plain in every meaning of the word; that is to say, he was very ugly and very simple; and when we tell you that his face resembled nothing but a half-toasted muffin, you can picture to yourself what it must have looked like under the influence of surprise; but nevertheless, both Agamemnon and the ladies simultaneously determined to make him the arbitrator in this very important matter.

“Uncle Peter,” said Agamemnon.

“Brother Peter,” sobbed Mrs. Waddledot.

“Which are you an advocate for?” hystericised Mrs. Applebite.

“Vaccination or inoculation?” exclaimed everybody *ensemble*.

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Now whether Uncle John did clearly understand the drift of the question put to him, or whether he conceived that he was solicited to be the subject of some benevolent experiments for the advantage of future generations, it is certain that no man ever looked more positively

[Illustration: ON THE HORN OF A DILEMMA]

than Uncle Peter. At length the true state of the case was made apparent to him; and the conclusion that he arrived at reflects the greatest possible credit upon his judgment. He decided, that as the child was a divided property, for the sake of peace and quietness, the heir of Applebite should be vaccinated in one arm and inoculated in the other.

\* \* \* \* \*

### FALSE ALARM.

We were paralysed the other day at seeing a paragraph headed “Sibthorpe’s conversion.” Our nose grew pale with terror; our hump heaved with agitation. We thought there existed a greater genius than ourselves and that some one had discovered that Sibthorp could be converted into anything but a Member for Lincoln, and buffoon-in-waiting to the House of Commons. We found, however, that it alluded to a Reverend, and not to OUR Colonel. Really the newspaper people should be more careful. Such startling announcements are little better than

[Illustration: SHEE(A)R CRUELTY.]

\* \* \* \* \*

### DOING THE STATE SOME SERVICE.

During the conflagration of the Tower, it was apprehended at one time that the portion of it called the White Tower would have shared the fate of the grand store-house,—this was however prevented by hanging *wet blankets* around it, in which capacity Peter Borthwick, Mr. Plumtre, Col. Percival, and Lord Castlereagh, kindly offered their personal services and were found admirably adapted for the purpose.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE GENTLEMAN'S OWN BOOK.

We will now proceed to the consideration of that indispensable adjunct to a real gentleman—his purse. This little talisman, though of so much real importance, is very limited in the materials of its formation, being confined exclusively to silk. It should generally be of net work, very sparingly powdered with small beads, and of the most delicate colours, such conveying the idea that the fairy fingers of some beauteous friend had wove the tiny treasury. We have seen some of party colours, intended thereby to distinguish the separate depository of the gold and silver coin with which it is (presumed) to be stored. This arrangement we repudiate; for a true gentleman should always appear indifferent to the value of money, and affect at least an equal contempt for a sovereign as a shilling. We prefer having the meshes of the purse rather large than otherwise, as whenever it is necessary—mind, we say necessary—to exhibit it, the glittering contents shining through the interstices are never an unpleasing object of contemplation.



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The purse should be used at the card-table; but never produced unless you are called upon as a loser to *pay*. It may then be resorted to with an air of *nonchalance*; and when the demand upon it has been honoured, it should be thrown carelessly upon the table, as though to indicate your *almost* anxiety to make a further sacrifice of its contents. Should you, however, be a winner, any exhibition of the purse might be construed into an unseemly desire of “welling,” or securing your gains, which of course must always be a matter of perfect indifference to you; and whatever advantages you obtain from chance or skill should be made obvious to every one are only destined to enrich your valet, or be beneficially expended in the refreshment of cabmen and ladies of faded virtue. In order to convey these intentions more conspicuously, should the result of an evening be in your favour, your winnings should be consigned to your waistcoat pocket; and if you have any particular desire to heighten the effect, a piece of moderate value may be left on the table.

[Illustration: A GENTLEMAN TAKING A FIRST FLOOR]

cannot do better than find an excuse for a recurrence to his purse; and then the partial exhibition of the coin alluded to above will be found to be productive of a feeling most decidedly confirmatory in the mind of the landlady that you are a true gentleman.

The same cause will produce the same effect with a tradesman whose album—we beg pardon, whose ledger—you intend honouring with your name.

You should never display your purse to a poor friend or dependant, or the sight of it might not only stimulate their cupidity, or raise their expectations to an inordinate height, but prevent you from escaping with a moderate *douceur* by “the kind manner in which you slipped a sovereign into their hand at parting.”

A servant should never be rewarded from a purse; it makes the fellows discontented; for if they see gold, they are never satisfied with a shilling and “I must see what can be done for you, James.”

Should you be fortunate enough to break a policeman’s head, or drive over an old woman, you will find that your purse will not only add to the *eclat* of the transaction, but most materially assist the magistrate before whom you may be taken in determining that the case is very trifling, and that a fine of 5s. will amply excuse you from the effects of that polite epidemic known *vulgo* as drunkenness. There cannot be a greater proof of the advantages of a purse than the preceding instance, for we have known numerous cases in which the symptoms have been precisely the same, but the treatment diametrically opposite, owing to the absence of that incontrovertible evidence to character—the purse.

None but a *parvenu* would carry his money loose; and we know of nothing more certain to ensure an early delivery of your small account than being detected by a creditor in the act of hunting a sovereign into the corner of your pocket.

## Page 8

We have known tailors, bootmakers, hatters, hosiers, livery-stable-keepers, &c., grow remarkably noisy when refused assistance to meet heavy payments, which are continually coming due at most inconvenient seasons; and when repeated denials have failed to silence them, the *exhibition only* of the purse has procured the desired effect, —we presume, by inspiring the idea that you have the means to pay, but are eccentric in your views of credit—thus producing with the most importunate dun

[Illustration: A BRILLIANT TERMINATION.]

\* \* \* \* \*

### TREMENDOUS FAILURE.

The Editors present their compliments to their innumerable subscribers, and beg to say that, being particularly hard up for a joke, they trust that they will accept of the following as an evidence of

[Illustration: GETTING UNDER WHEY.]

\* \* \* \* \*

### A THOROUGH DRAUGHT.

The extreme proficiency displayed by certain parties in drawing spurious exchequer-bills has induced them to issue proposals for setting up an opposition exchequer office, where bills may be drawn on the shortest notice. As this establishment is to be cunningly united to the Art-Union in Somerset-House, the whole art of forgery may be there learned in six lessons. The manufacture of exchequer-bills will be carried on in every department, from printing the forms to imitating the signatures; in short, the whole art of

[Illustration: DRAWING TAUGHT.]

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE O'CONNELL PAPERS.

OUR EXTRAORDINARY AND EXCLUSIVE CORRESPONDENCE.

We have been favoured by the transmission of the following singular correspondence by the new Mayor of Dublin's private secretary. We hasten to lay the interesting documents before our readers, though we must decline incurring the extreme

responsibility of advising which offer it would be most advantageous for Mr. O'Connell to accept.

## LETTER I.

SIR,—I am requested by the management of the Royal Surrey Theatre to negotiate with you for a few nights' performance in a local drama, which shall be written for the occasion, and in which you are requested to represent the Civic dignitary in the identical robes which have become immortalised by your wearing. Mr. Dibdin Pitt is of opinion that something might be done with "Whittington and his Cat," merely transferring the scene from London to Dublin; and, as he hears your county is highly celebrated for the peculiar breed, sending to Ireland for one of the esteemed "Kilkenny species," which would give a greater reality to the *dramatis personae* and feline adjunct. This is a mere suggestion, as any other subject you may prefer—such as the Rebellion of '98,

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Donnybrook Fair, the Interior of the Irish Mansion House, or the House of Commons, can be rendered equally effective. I beg to call your attention to the fact that you shall have a clear stage and every advantage, as Mr. N.T. Hicks will be left out of the cast altogether, or else play a very small dumb villain; so that you need not fear losing your oratorical reputation by being out-shouted. Should you feel disposed to accept the terms, one clear half the nightly receipt, pray forward an answer by return, that we may get out a woodcut of the small-clothes, and underline the identical stockings.

I have the honour to be,

Your obedient servant,

BEN. FAIRBROTHER.

*D. O'Connell, Esq.*

*T.R.D.L.*

SIR,—The intense interest created in the bosoms of mankind in general by the graphic account of your splendid appearance and astounding performance of the arduous character of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, induces Mr. W.C. Macready to make you an offer of engagement for the performance of Shakspeare's heroic functionary in the forthcoming revival of Richard the Third, which is about to be produced under his classic management at the Theatre Royal Drury-lane, Mr. W.C. Macready offers to replace the breeches if cracked in stooping; also, to guarantee a liberal allowance of hair-powder to fall from the wig, and make the usual effective and dignified huge point while the Mayor is bowing to the king. An early answer will oblige your obedient servant,

T.J. SERLE.

P.S. Can you bring your own Aldermen, as we are anxious to do it with the

[Illustration: MAYOR (MARE) AND CORPORATION.]

P.P.S.—Think of the fame and the twelve-sheet posters, and be moderate.

*Theatre Royal, Adelphi.*

DEAR DAN,—The Adelphi is open to you and your robes. Couldn't we do something with a hero from Blarney, and let you be discovered licking the stone, amid tableaux, blue fire, and myriads of nymph-like Kate Kearneys? Or would you prefer an allegory, yourself a Merman, or the Genius of Ireland, distributing real whiskey-and-water from the tank, which shall be filled with grog for that purpose. Think it over.

Truly yours,

F. YATES.

*D. O'Connell, Esq. &c. &c. &c.*

*Theatre Royal, Haymarket.*

Mr. Webster presents his compliments to Daniel O'Connell, Esq., Mayor and M.P., and begs to suggest, as the "Rent Day" was originally produced at his theatre, it will be an excellent field for any further dramatic attempt of Mr. D. O'C. A line from Mr. D. O'C. will induce Mr. B.W. to put the drama in rehearsal.

*"D. O'Connell, Esq. &c. &c."*

*Royal Victoria.*

Sir,—As sole lessee of the Royal Victoria I shall be happy to engage you to appear in costume, in the Mayor of Garratt, or, for the sake of the name Mayor, any other Mayor you like. If you think all the old ones too stupid, we can look upon something new, and preserve the title. You shall be supported by Miss Vincent and Susan Hopley, with two murders by Messrs. Dale and Saville in the after-piece. Awaiting your reply, I remain



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Your obedient servant,

D.W. OSBALDISTON.

*D. O'Connell, Esq.*

*Royal Pavilion Theatre.*

SIR,—If you mean to come on the stage, come to me. I know what suits the public. If you can't come yourself, send your cocked hat, and Mrs. Denvil shall dramatise it. We have a carpenter of your name; we can gag him and gammon the public, as follows:—

IMMENSE ATTRACTION!

### SCENERY MOVED BY

O'CONNELL;

### FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE

GREAT AGITATOR!!!

"REAL COCKED HAT."

Yours, &c.

HY. DENVIL.

*Garrick Theatre.*

SIR,—We should be proud to avail ourselves of your professional services to do a little in the domestic and appalling murder line; but our forte is ballet or pantomime; perhaps, as you have your own silk tights, the latter department might suit you best. Our artist is considered very great, and shall convert our "Jim Along Josey" wood-cuts into your portrait. We will also pledge ourselves to procure an illuminated cocked hat. An early answer, stating terms, will oblige

Your obedient Servants,

GOMERSAL AND CONQUEST.

*D. O'Connell, Esq.*

*T.R. Sadler's Wells.*



SIR,—Understanding you are about to figure publicly and professionally in London, may I draw your attention to my unique establishment. I can offer you an excellent engagement as the figure-head of a vessel about to be produced in a new nautical drama. It is at present called “The Shark and the Alligator,” but may be altered with equal effect to “The Mayor and the Agitator.” Begging a reply,

I remain, Sir,

Your’s obediently,

ROBERT HONNER.

*D. O’Connell, Esq.*

P.S. Do you do anything in the hornpipe line?

\* \* \* \* \*

## A PAEAN FOR DAN.

BY ONE OF THE “FINEST PISANTRY IN THE WORLD.”

We have received the following genuine “Irish version” of a scene from and for the times, from our own peculiar and poetic correspondent:—

“DEAR PUNCH,—

I beg pardon that yoursilf I’m now troublin,  
But I must let you know what I just seen in Dublin;  
There Daniel O’Connell,—Mayor and great agitator,—  
Has been making a Judy of himself, the poor unhappy cratur.  
At his time of life, too! tare and ounds its mighty shocking!  
He shoved ach of his big legs into a span bran new silk stocking:  
How the divil them calves by any manes was thrust in,  
Is a mistery to ev’ry one, without them black silks busting.  
And instead of a dacent trousers hanging to his suspenders,  
He has button’d-up one-half of him in a pair of short knee-enders.



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Now, Punch, on your oath, did you ever hear the likes o' that?  
But oh, houly Paul, if you only seen his big cock'd hat,  
Stuck up on the top of his jazy;—a mighty illegant thatch,  
With hair like young Deaf Burke's, all rushing up to the scratch,  
You must have been divarted; and, Jewil, then he wore  
A thund'ring big Taglioni-cut purple velvet *roqu Shore*.  
And who but Misther Dan cut it fat in all his pride,  
Cover'd over with white favors, like a gentle blushing bride;  
And wasn't he follow'd by all the blackguards for his tail,  
Shouting out for their lives, 'Success to Dan O'Connell and Rapale.'  
But the Old Corporation has behaved mighty low and mane,  
As they wouldn't lend him the loan of the ancient raal goold chain,  
Nor the collar; as they said they thought (divil burn 'em),  
If they'd done so, it was probable Dan never would return 'em.  
But, good-bye, I must be off,—he's gone to take the chair!  
So my love to Mrs. Punch, and no more about the Mayor."

\* \* \* \* \*

## PUNCH'S PAEAN TO THE PRINCELET.

Huzza! we've a little prince at last,  
A roaring Royal boy;  
And all day long the booming bells  
Have rung their peals of joy.  
And the little park-guns have blazed away,  
And made a tremendous noise,  
Whilst the air hath been fill'd since eleven o'clock  
With the shouts of little boys;  
And we have taken our little bell,  
And rattled and laugh'd, and sang as well,  
Roo-too-tooit! Shallabella!  
Life to the Prince! Fallalderalla!

Our little Prince will be daintily swathed,  
And laid on a bed of down,  
Whilst his cradle will stand 'neath a canopy  
That is deck'd with a golden crown.  
O, we trust when his Queenly Mother sees



Her Princely boy at rest,  
She will think of the helpless pauper babe  
That lies at a milkless breast!  
And then we will rattle our little bell.  
And shout and laugh, and sing as well—  
Roo-too-tooit! Shallabella!  
Life to the Prince! Fallalderalla!

Our little Prince, we have not a doubt,  
Has set up a little cry;  
But a dozen sweet voices were there to soothe,  
And sing him a lullaby.  
We wonder much if a voice so small  
Could reach our loved Monarch's ear;  
If so, she said "God bless the poor!  
Who cry and have no one near."  
So then we will rattle our little bell,  
And shout and laugh, and sing as well—  
Roo-too-tooit! Shallabella!  
Life to the Prince! Fallalderalla!

Our little Prince (though he heard them not)  
Hath been greeted with honied words,  
And his cheeks have been fondled to win a smile  
By the Privy Council Lords.  
Will he trust the "charmer"

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in after years,  
And deem he is more than man?  
Or will he feel that he's but a speck  
In creation's mighty plan?  
Let us hope the best, and rattle our bell,  
And shout and laugh, and sing as well—  
Roo-too-tooit! Shallabella!  
Life to the Prince! Fallalderalla!

Our little Prince, when he grows a boy,  
Will be taught by men of lore,  
From the "dusty tome" of the ancient sage,  
As Kings have been taught before.  
But will there be *one* good, true man near,  
To tutor the infant heart?  
To tell him the world was made for all,  
And the poor man claims his part?  
We trust there will; so we'll rattle our bell,  
And shout and laugh, and sing as well—  
Roo-too-tooit! Shallabella!  
Life to the Prince! Fallalderalla!

\* \* \* \* \*

### A CON-CONSTITUTIONAL.

Why is the little Prince of Wales like the 11th Hussars?—Because it is Prince Albert's own.

\* \* \* \* \*

### HARD TO REMEMBER.

Lord Monteagle, on being shown one of the Exchequer Bills, supposed to have been forged, declared that he did not know if the signature attached to it was his handwriting or not. We do not feel surprised at this—his Lordship has put his hand to so many jobs that it would be impossible he could remember every one of them.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE CROPS.

A most unfounded report of the approaching demise of Colonel Sibthorp reached town early last week. Our Leicester correspondent has, however, furnished us with the following correct particulars, which will be read with pleasure by those interested in the luxuriant state of the gallant orator's crops. The truth is, he was seen to enter a hair-dresser's shop, and it got about amongst the breathless crowd which soon collected, that the imposing *toupee*, the enchanting whiskers that are the pride of the county, were to be cropped! This mistake was unhappily removed to give place to a more fatal one; for instead of submitting to the shears, the venerable joker bought a paper of *poudre unique*, from which arose the appalling report that he was about to *dye*!

Our kind friend the indefatigable "correspondent" of the *Observer*, informs us from authority upon which every reliance may be placed, that Mr. Grant, the indefatigable statist and author of "Lights and Shadows of London Life," is now patiently engaged in researches of overwhelming importance to the public. He will, in his next edition of the above-named work, be enabled to state from personal inquiry, how many ladies residing within a circuit of ten miles round London wear false fronts, with the colours respectively of their real and their artificial

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hair, together with the number of times per year the latter are dressed. Besides this, this untiring author has called at every hairdresser's in the London Directory, to ascertain the number of times per quarter each customer has his hair cut, with the quantity and length denuded. From these materials a result will be drawn up, showing the average duration of crops; and also how far the hair-cuttings of every day in London would reach, if each hair were joined together and placed somewhere, so as to go—when enough is collected—round the world.

The *Morning Herald* of Monday informs us, that the King of Hanover has passed a law to regulate the crops not only of the army, but of those in the civil employ of government. The moustaches of the former are to be, we hear, exact copies of those sported by Muntz. The hair is to be cut close, so as to be woven into regulation whiskers for those to whom nature has denied them. The pattern whisker was lately submitted by Mr. Truefit, who is to be the army contractor for the same. It curls over the cheek, and meets the moustaches at the corners of the mouth.

In consequence of this measure, large sales in bear's grease were made by the Russian merchants on 'Change yesterday for the German markets. A consequent rise in this species of manure took place; this will, it is feared, have a bad effect upon the British crops, which have already assumed a dry and languid appearance.

\* \* \* \* \*

## **ELIGIBLE INVESTMENTS!—SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY!—UNRIVALLED BARGAINS!**

EXTRAORDINARY SALE OF UNREDEEMED PLEDGES.

MESSRS. MACHIN and DEBENHAM respectfully inform the particularly curious, and the public in general, they have the honor to announce the unreserved sale of the following particularly and unprecedentedly attractive Unredeemed Pledges.

N.B.—The auction duty to be paid by the purchasers,—if not, the inmates of St. Luke's have offered to subscribe for their liquidation.

### **LOT I.**

A perfect collection of the original speeches of Sir Francis Burdett—previous to his visit to the Tower; his fulminations issued from the same; and a catalogue of the *unredeemed* pledges made to the electors of Westminster, and originally taken in by



them—a compliment very handsomely returned by the honourable Baronet, who kindly took his constituents in in return. Very curious, though much dogs-eared, thumbbed, and as far as the author's name goes, totally erased.

## **LOT II.**

A visionary pedigree and imaginative genealogical account of Roebuck's ancestors—commencing in the year 1801, and carefully brought down to the present time. Very elaborate, but rather doubtful.

## **LOT III.**

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A full account of Wakley's parliamentary ratting, or political felo-de-se; beautifully authenticated by his late Finsbury electors—with sundry cuts by his former friends.

### LOT IV.

An extraordinary large batch of uncommonly cheap bread, manufactured by one John Russell. A beautiful electioneering and imaginative production, though now rather stale.

### LOT V.

A future contract for the continuance of the poor-laws, and the right of pumps for the guardians to concoct the soup.

N.B. Filters used if too strong.

### LOT VI.

Daniel O'Connell's opinions upon the repeal of the union, now that he is Lord Mayor of Dublin: to be sold without reserve to the highest bidder.

The whole of the above are submitted to the public, in the sincere hope of their meeting purchasers—as the price is all that is wanting to ensure a *bona fide* sale. No catalogues—no particulars—no guarantees—no deductions—and no money returned.

\* \* \* \* \*

## SIR PETER LAURIE ON HUMAN LIFE.

Sir PETER LAURIE has set his awful face against suicide! He will in no way “encourage” *felo-de-se*. Fatal as this aldermanic determination may be to the interests of the shareholders of Waterloo, Vauxhall, and Southwark Bridges, Sir PETER has resolved that no man—not even in the suicidal season of November—shall drown, hang, or otherwise destroy himself, under any pretence soever! Sir PETER, with a very proper admiration of the pleasures of life, philosophises with a full stomach on the ignorance and wickedness of empty-bellied humanity; and Mr. HOBLER—albeit in the present case the word is not reported—doubtless cried “Amen!” to the wisdom of the alderman. Sir PETER henceforth stands sentinel at the gate of death, and any hungry pauper who shall recklessly attempt to touch the knocker, will be sentenced to “the treadmill for a month as a rogue and vagabond!”



One *William Simmons*, a starving tailor, in a perishing condition, attempts to cut his throat. He inflicts upon himself a wound which, “under the immediate assistance of the surgeon of the Compter,” is soon healed; and the offender being convalescent, is doomed to undergo the cutting wisdom of Sir PETER LAURIE. Hear the alderman “Don’t you know *that that sort of murder (suicide) is as bad as any other?*” If such be the case—and we would as soon doubt the testimony of Balaam’s quadruped as Sir PETER—we can only say, that the law has most shamefully neglected to provide a sufficing punishment for the enormity. Sir PETER speaks with the humility of true wisdom, or he would never have valued his own throat for instance—that throat enriched by rivulets of turtle soup, by streams



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of city wine and city gravies—at no more than the throat of a hungry tailor. There never in our opinion was a greater discrepancy of windpipe. Sir PETER'S throat is the organ of wisdom—whilst the tailor's throat, by the very fact of his utter want of food, is to him an annoying superfluity. And yet, says Sir PETER by inference, "It is as *bad*, William Simmons, to cut your own throat, as to cut mine!" If true Modesty have left other public bodies, certainly she is to be found in the court of aldermen.

Sir PETER proceeds to discourse of the mysteries of life and death in a manner that shows that the executions of his shrievalty were not lost upon his comprehensive spirit. Suicides, however, have engaged his special consideration; for he says—

"Suicides and attempts, or apparent attempts, to commit suicide, very much increase, I regret to say. *I know that a morbid humanity exists*, and does much mischief as regards the practice. *I shall not encourage attempts of the kind*, but shall punish them; and I sentence you to the treadmill for a month, as a rogue and vagabond. I shall look very *narrowly at the cases* of persons brought before me on such charges."

Sir PETER has, very justly, no compassion for the famishing wretch stung and goaded "to jump the life to come." Why should he? Sir PETER is of that happy class of men who have found this life too good a thing to leave. "They call this world a bad world," says ROTHSCCHILD on a certain occasion; "for my part, I do not know of a better." And ROTHSCCHILD was even a greater authority than Sir PETER LAURIE on the paradise of L s. d.

The vice of the day—"a morbid humanity" towards the would-be suicide—is, happily, doomed. Sir PETER LAURIE refuses to patronise any effort at self-slaughter; and, moreover, threatens to "look very narrowly at the cases" of those despairing fools who may be caught in the attempt. It would here be well for Sir PETER to inform the suicidal part of the public what amount of desperation is likely to satisfy him as to the genuineness of the misery suffered. *William Simmons* cuts a gash in his throat; the Alderman is not satisfied with this, but having looked very narrowly into the wound, declares it to be a proper case for the treadmill. We can well believe that an impostor trading on the morbid humanity of the times—and there is a greater stroke of business done in the article than even the sagacity of a LAURIE can imagine—may, in this cold weather, venture an immersion in the Thames or Serpentine, making the plunge with a declaratory scream, the better to extract practical compassion from the pockets of a morbidly humane society; we can believe this, Sir PETER, and feel no more for the trickster than if our heart were made of the best contract saddle-leather; but we confess a cut-throat staggers us; we fear, with all our caution, we should be converted to a belief in misery by a gash near

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the windpipe. Sir PETER, however, with his enlarged mind, professes himself determined to probe the wound—to look narrowly into its depth, breadth, and length, and to prescribe the treadmill, according to the condition of the patient! Had the cautious Sir PETER been in the kilt of his countryman *Macbeth*, he would never have exhibited an “admired disorder” on the appearance of *Banquo* with his larynx severed in two; not he—he would have called the wound a slight scratch, having narrowly looked into it, and immediately ordered the ghost to the guard-house.

The Duke of WELLINGTON, who has probably seen as many wounds as Sir PETER LAURIE, judging the case, would, by his own admission, have inflicted the same sentence upon the tailor *Simmons* as that fulminated by the Alderman. ARTHUR and PETER would, doubtless, have been of one accord, *Simmons* avowed himself to be starving. Now, in this happy land—in this better Arcadia—every man who wants food is proved by such want an idler or a drunkard. The victor of Waterloo—the tutelary wisdom of England’s counsels—has, in the solemnity of his Parliamentary authority, declared as much. Therefore it is most right that the lazy, profligate tailor, with a scar in his throat, should mount the revolving wheel for one month, to meditate upon the wisdom of Dukes and the judgments of Aldermen!

We no more thought of dedicating a whole page to one Sir PETER LAURIE, than the zoological Mr. CROSS would think of devoting an acre of his gardens to one ass, simply because it happened to be the largest known specimen of the species. But, without knowing it, Sir PETER has given a fine illustration of the besetting selfishness of the times. Had LAURIE been born to hide his ears in a coronet, he could not have more strongly displayed the social insensibility of the day. The prosperous saddler, and the wretched, woe-begone tailor, are admirable types of the giant arrogance that dominates—of the misery that suffers.

There is nothing more talked of with less consideration of its meaning and relative value than—Life. Has it not a thousand different definitions? Is it the same thing to two different men?

Ask the man of independent wealth and sound body to paint Life, and what a very pretty picture he will lay before you. He lives in another world—has, as *Sir Anthony Absolute* says, a sun and moon of his own—a realm of fairies, with attending sprites to perform his every compassable wish. To him life is a most musical monosyllable; making his heart dance, and thrilling every nerve with its so-potent harmony. Life—but especially his life—is, indeed, a sacred thing to him; and loud and deep are his praises of its miracles. Like the departed ROTHSCCHILD, “he does not know a better;” certain we are, he is in no indecent haste to seek it.

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Demand of the prosperous man of trade—of the man of funds, and houses, and land, acquired by successful projects—what is Life? He will try to call up a philosophic look, and passing his chin through his hand—(there is a brilliant on his little finger worth at least fifty guineas)—he will answer, “Life, sir—Life has its ups and downs; but taken altogether, for my part, I think a man a great sinner, a very great sinner, who doesn’t look upon life as a very pretty thing. But don’t let’s talk of such dry stuff—take off your glass—hang it!—no heel-taps.”

Ask another, whose whole soul, like a Ready Reckoner, is composed of figures,—what is Life? He, perhaps, will answer, “Why, sir, Life—if you insure at our office—is worth more than at any other establishment. We divide profits, and the rate of insurance decreases in proportion,” &c. &c.; and thus you will have Life valued, by the man who sees nothing in it but a privilege to get money, as the merest article of commercial stock.

Inquire of many an Alderman what is Life? He will tell you that it is a fine, dignified, full-bellied, purple-faced creature, in a furred and violet-coloured gown. “Life,” he will say, “always has its pleasures; but its day of great delight is the Ninth of November. Life, however, is especially agreeable in swan-hopping season, when white-bait abounds at Blackwall and Greenwich, and when the Lord Mayor gives his Easter-ball; and ‘keeps up the hospitalities of his high office.’” Not, however, that life is without its graver duties—its religious observations. Oh, no! it is the duty of well-to-do Life to punish starving men for forgetting its surpassing loveliness—it is a high obligation of Life to go to church in a carriage, and confess itself a miserable sinner—it is the duty of Life to read its bible; and then the Alderman, to show that he is well versed in the volume, quotes a passage—“when the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.”

Now ask the Paisley weaver what is Life? Bid the famine-stricken multitudes of Bolton to describe with their white lips the surpassing beauty of human existence. Can it be possible that the glorious presence—the beneficent genius that casts its blessings in the paths of other men—is such an ogre, a fiend, to the poor? Alas! is he not a daily tyrant, scourging with meanest wants—a creature that, with all its bounty to others, is to the poor and destitute more terrible than Death? Let Comfort paint a portrait of Life, and now Penury take the pencil. “Pooh! pooh!” cry the sage LAURIES of the world, looking at the two pictures—“that scoundrel Penury has drawn an infamous libel. *That* Life! with that withered face, sunken eye, and shrivelled lip; and what is worse, with a suicidal scar in its throat! *That* Life! The painter Penury is committed for a month as a rogue and vagabond. We shall look very narrowly into these cases.”

We agree with the profound Sir PETER LAURIE that it is a most wicked, a most foolish act of the poor man to end his misery by suicide. But we think there is a better remedy for such desperation than the tread-mill. The surest way for the rich and powerful of the world to make the poor man more careful of his life is to render it of greater value to him.

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PUNCH'S PENCILLINGS.—No. XVIII.

[Illustrations: POLITICAL THEATRICALS EXTRAORDINARY.

NORMA.

NORMA (the Deserted)      LORD MELBOURNE.  
ADALGISA (the Seductive)      SIR R. PEEL.  
POLLIO (the Faithless)      MR. WAKLEY.  
CHILDREN                      MASTERS RUSSELL & MORPETH.]

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## THE PHYSIOLOGY OF THE LONDON MEDICAL STUDENT.

7.—OF VARIOUS OTHER DIVERTING MATTERS CONNECTED WITH GRINDING.

[Illustration: F]From experience we are aware that the invention of the useful species of phrenotypics, alluded to in our last chapter, does not rest with the grinder alone. We once knew a medical student (and many even now at the London hospitals will recollect his name without mentioning it), who, when he was grinding for the Hall, being naturally of a melodious and harmonic disposition, conceived the idea of learning the whole of his practice of physic by setting a description of the diseases to music. He had a song of some hundred and twenty verses, which he called "The Poetry of Steggall's Manual;" and this he put to the tune of the "Good Old Days of Adam and Eve." We deeply lament that we cannot produce the whole of this lyrical pathological curiosity. Two verses, however, linger on our memory, and these we have written down, requesting that they may be said or sung to the air above-mentioned, and dedicating them to the gentlemen who are going up next Thursday evening. They relate to the symptoms, treatment, and causes of Haemoptysis and Haematemesis; which terms respectively imply, for the benefit of the million unprofessional readers who weekly gasp for our fresh number, a spitting of blood from the lungs and a vomiting of ditto from the stomach. The song was composed of stanzas similar to those which follow, except the portion relating to *Diseases of the Brain*, which was more appropriately separated into the old English division of *Fyttes*.



## HAEMOPTYSIS.

A sensation of weight and oppression at the chest, sirs;  
With tickling at the larynx, which scarcely gives you rest, sirs;  
Full hard pulse, salt taste, and tongue very white, sirs;  
And blood brought up in coughing, of colour very bright, sirs.  
It depends on causes three—the first's exhalation;  
The next a ruptured artery—the third, ulceration.  
In treatment we may bleed, keep the patient cool and quiet,  
Acid drinks, digitalis, and attend to a mild diet.  
Sing hey, sing ho, we do not grieve  
When this formidable illness takes its leave.

## HAEMATEMESIS.

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Clotted blood is thrown up, in colour very black, sirs,  
And generally sudden, as it comes up in a crack, sirs.  
It's preceded at the stomach by a weighty sensation;  
But nothing appears ruptured upon examination.  
It differs from the last, by the particles thrown off, sirs,  
Being denser, deeper-coloured, and without a bit of cough, sirs.  
In plethoric habits bleed, and some acid draughts pour in, gents,  
With Oleum Terebinthinae (small doses) and astringents.  
Sing hey, sing ho; if you think the lesion spacious,  
The Acetate of Lead is found very efficacious.

Thus, in a few lines a great deal of valuable professional information is conveyed, at the same time that the tedium of much study is relieved by the harmony. If poetry is yet to be found in our hospitals—a queer place certainly for her to dwell, unless in her present feeble state the frequenters of Parnassus have subscribed to give her an in-patient's ticket—we trust that some able hand will continue this subject for the benefit of medical students generally; for, we repeat, it is much to be regretted that no more of this valuable production remains to us than the portion which Punch has just immortalized, and set forth as an apt example for cheering the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. The gifted hand who arranged this might have turned Cooper's First Lines of Surgery into a tragedy; Dr. Copeland's Medical Dictionary into a domestic melodrama, with long intervals between the acts; and the Pharmacopoeia into a light one-act farce. It strikes us if the theatres could enter into an arrangement with the Borough Hospitals to supply an amputation every evening as the finishing *coup* to an act, it would draw immensely when other means failed to attract.

The last time we heard this poem was at an harmonic meeting of medical students, within twenty shells' length of the — School dissecting-room. It was truly delightful to see these young men snatching a few Anacreontic hours from their harassing professional occupations. At the time we heard it, the singer was slightly overcome by excitement and tight boots; and, at length, being prevailed upon to remove the obnoxious understandings, they were passed round the table to be admired, and eventually returned to their owner, filled with half-and-half, cigar-ashes, broken pipes, bread-crusts, and gin-and-water. This was a jocular pleasantry, which only the hilarious mind of a medical student could have conceived.

As the day of examination approaches, the economy of our friend undergoes a complete transformation, but in an inverse entomological progression—changing from the butterfly into the chrysalis. He is seldom seen at the hospitals, dividing the whole of his time between the grinder and his lodgings; taking innumerable notes at one place, and endeavouring to decipher them at the other. Those who have called upon him at this trying period have found him in an old shooting-jacket

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and slippers, seated at a table, and surrounded by every book that was ever written upon every medical subject that was ever discussed, all of which he appears to be reading at once—with little pieces of paper strewn all over the room, covered with strange hieroglyphics and extraordinary diagrams of chemical decompositions. His brain is just as full of temporary information as a bad egg is of sulphuretted hydrogen; and it is a fortunate provision of nature that the *dura mater* is of a tough fibrous texture—were it not for this safeguard, the whole mass would undoubtedly go off at once like a too tightly-rammed rocket. He is conscious of this himself, from the grinding information wherein he has been taught that the brain has three coverings, in the following order:—the *dura mater*, or Chesterfield overall; the *tunica arachnoidea*, or “dress coat of fine Saxony cloth;” and, in immediate contact, the *pia mater*, or five-and-sixpenny long cloth shirt with linen wristbands and fronts. This is a brilliant specimen of the helps to memory which the grinder affords, as splendid in its arrangement as the topographical methods of calling to mind the course of the large arteries, which define the abdominal aorta as Cheapside, its two common iliac branches, as Newgate-street and St. Paul’s Churchyard, and the medio sacralis given off between them, as Paternoster-row.

Time goes on, bringing the fated hour nearer and nearer; and the student’s assiduity knows no bounds. He reads his subjects over and over again, to keep them fresh in his memory, like little boys at school, who try to catch a last bird’s-eye glance of their book before they give it into the usher’s hands to say by heart. He now feels a deep interest in the statistics of the Hall, and is horrified at hearing that “nine men out of thirteen were sent back last Thursday!” The subjects, too, that they were rejected upon frighten him just as much. One was plucked upon his anatomy; another, because he could not tell the difference between a daisy and a chamomile; and a third, after “being in” three hours and a quarter, was sent back, for his inability to explain the process of making malt from barley,—an operation, whose final use he so well understands, although the preparation somewhat bothered him. And thus, fuming at the rejection of a clever man, or marvelling at the success of an acknowledged fool—determining to take prussic acid in the event of being refused—reading fourteen hours a day—and keeping awake by the combined influence of snuff and coffee—the student finds his first ordeal approach.

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## TRUE ECONOMY.

Peter Borthwick experienced a sad disappointment lately. Having applied to the City Chamberlain for the situation of Lord Mayor’s fool, he was told that the Corporation, in a true spirit of economy, had decided upon dividing the duties amongst themselves. Peter was—but we were not—surprised that between the Aldermen and tom-foolery there should exist



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[Illustration: A STRONG ATTACHMENT.]

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### THE LORD MAYOR'S FOOL.

We are happy in being able to announce that it is the intention of the new potentate of Guildhall to revive the ancient and honourable office of "Lord Mayor's Fool." A number of candidates have already offered themselves, whose qualifications for the situation are so equally balanced, that it is a matter of no small difficulty to decide amongst them. The Light of the City has, we understand, called in Gog and Magog—Sir Peter Laurie and Alderman Humphrey—to assist him in selecting a fit and proper person upon whom to bestow the Civic cap and bells.

The following is a list of the individuals whose claims are under consideration:—

*The Marquis of Londonderry*, who founds his claims upon the fact of his always creating immense laughter whenever he opens his mouth.

*Lord Brougham*, who grounds his pretensions upon the agility displayed by him in his favourite character of "the Political Harlequin."

*Lord Normanby*, upon the peculiar fitness of his physiognomy to play the Fool in any Court.

*Daniel O'Connell*, upon his impudence, and his offer to fool it in his new scarlet gown and cocked-hat.

*Peter Borthwick*, upon his brilliant wit, which it is intended shall supersede the Bude Light in the House of Commons.

*Colonel Sibthorp*, upon his jokes, which have convulsed all the readers of PUNCH, including himself.

*George Stephens*, upon the immense success of his tragedy of "Martinuzzi," which, to the outrageous merriment of the audience, turned out to be a farce.

*T. Wakley*, upon the comical way in which he turns his Cap of Liberty into a *Wellington-Wig* and back again at the shortest notice.

*Sir Francis Burdett*, upon the exceeding complacency with which he wears his own fool's-cap.

*Ben D'Israeli*, upon his unadulterated simplicity, and the unfurnished state of his attic.



*Mr. Muntz*, upon the *prima facie* evidence that he is a near relative of Gog and Magog, and therefore the best entitled to the Civic Foolship.

\* \* \* \* \*

## PUNCH'S CATECHISM OF GEOGRAPHY.

The astonishing increase of the great metropolis in every direction—the growing up of Brixton and Clapham—the discovery of inhabited streets and houses in the *terra incognita* to the northward of Pentonville—and the spirit of maritime enterprise which the late successful voyages made by the *Bridegroom* steam-boat to the coast of Chelsea has excited in the public mind—has induced a thirst for knowledge, and a desire to be acquainted with the exact geographical position of this habitable world, of which it is admitted Pinnock's work does not give the remotest idea. To supply this deficiency, PUNCH begs leave to offer to his friends and readers *his* Catechism of Geography, which, if received with the extraordinary favour it deserves from the public, may be followed by catechisms on other interesting branches of knowledge.

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## CHAPTER I.

OF THE WORLD IN GENERAL.

Q. What is geography?

A. The looking for *places* on a map, or in Downing-street, or anywhere else in the world.

Q. What do you mean by the world?

A. Every place comprehended within the circle of a sixpenny omnibus fare from the Bank.

Q. Of what is the world composed?

A. Of bricks and mortar, and Thames water.

Q. Into how many parts is the world usually divided?

A. Into four great parts, *viz.*—London, Westminster, Marylebone, and Finsbury; to which may be added the Borough, which is over the water. Or it may be said that Fashion has divided the world into two distinct parts, *viz.*—the East-end and the West-end, and a great number of suburbs.

Q. How are the bricks and mortar subdivided?

A. Into continents, islands, peninsulas, and isthmuses.

Q. What is a continent?

A. Any district containing a number of separate residences and distinct tenements, as *St. James's*, *St. Giles's*.

Q. What is an island?

A. An island is anything surrounded by the Thames, as *The Eel-Pie Island*, and *The Convict Hulk* at Deptford.

Q. What is a peninsula?

A. Anything that runs into the Thames, as *The Suspension Pier at Chelsea*, and *Jack-in-the-Water* at the Tower-stairs.

Q. What is an isthmus?



A. A narrow place that joins two continents together, as *Temple bar*, which joins *Westminster* to the *City*.

Q. How is the Thames water divided?

A. Morally speaking, it is divided into river water, pipe water, and gin-and-water.

Q. Where is river water found?

A. Anywhere between Vauxhall and London Bridges. It is inhabited principally by flounders and bargemen.

Q. What is pipe water?

A. An intermitting stream, having its source at some distant basin. It usually runs into a cistern, until the water-rates get into arrear, when the supply ceases through the intervention of a turncock.

Q. Where is gin-and-water to be found?

A. All over the world; but especially in the vicinity of a cab-stand.

Q. In what other manner is the Thames water divided?

A. Physically speaking, into oceans, seas, gulfs, bays, straits, lakes and rivers.

Q. What is an ocean?

A. Any great body of water whose limits it is impossible to describe, as *The Floating Bath* at Southwark-bridge, and *The Real Tank* at the Adelphi Theatre.

Q. What is a sea?

A. Any small collection of water, as at Chel\_sea\_, Batter\_sea.\_



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Q. What is a gulf?

A. A gulf is any place, the greater part of which is surrounded by lawyers, as *Lincoln's Inn*,—*The Court of Chancery*.

Q. What is a haven?

A. A commodious harbour, where people lie at anchor in perfect security, as *The Queen's Bench*,—*The Fleet*, the sight of which is

[Illustration: ENOUGH TO TURN ONE'S HEAD.]

Q. What is a strait?

A. A strait is a narrow passage which connects two broad principles as *Wakley's Straits*, which join Radicalism and Conservatism.

Q. What is a lake?

A. A lake is any small portion of Honesty, entirely surrounded by Self, as *Peel's Politics*.

Q. What is a river?

A. A river is a Tax-stream which rises from the Treasury, and runs into the pockets of the Ministerial party. The People are *the source* of the stream—the Ministry is *the mouth*. When the mouth is very wide, it is called a *Tory mouth*. The *right* or *left* banks of a Tax stream are the *Treasury* or *Opposition benches*, to the right or left of the Speaker when he has his back to the source.

Q. How are tax streams divided?

A. Into *salaries* and *pensions*.

Q. What is a *conflux*?

A. Any place where two or more salaries or pensions are united, as The Duke's breeches-pocket.

Q. Is there any other peculiarity attending a tax stream?

A. Yes. *Radicalism* is that part of a stream nearest to its *source*; *Toryism* that part nearest to its *mouth*.

\* \* \* \* \*

## SPARKS FROM THE FIRE.

ALL IS NOT LOST.

Colonel Sibthorp begs to inform the Editor of Punch that the loss of the wooden gun named "Policy," which was destroyed by the late fire at the Tower, is not irreparable. He has himself been for a long time employed by the Tories for a similar purpose as that for which the "Policy" had been successfully used, namely, to make the enemy believe they were well provided with real artillery; and being now the *greatest wooden gun* in the world, he will, immediately on the Lower Armoury being rebuilt, be happy to take the place of the gun which has been unfortunately consumed.

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## DISTRESS OF THE COUNTRY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF LONDON LIFE."

Merciful Heaven! we shudder as we write! The state of destitution to which the civic authorities are reduced is appalling. Will our readers believe it—there were only five hundred tureens of turtle, or two thousand five hundred pints, or *five thousand* basins, amongst not quite fifteen hundred guests,—only two basins and a half a man,—for the first course! But we print the bill of fare; it will be read with intense interest by the manufacturers of Paisley, inhabitants of poor-law unions, but more especially by the literary community.

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“GENERAL BILL OF FARE.—250 tureens of real turtle, containing five pints each; 200 bottles of sherbet; 6 dishes of fish; 30 entrees; 4 boiled turkeys and oysters; 60 roast pullets; 60 dishes of fowls; 46 ditto of capons; 50 French pies; 60 pigeon pies; 53 hams (ornamented); 43 tongues; 2 quarters of house lamb; 2 barons of beef; 3 rounds of beef; 2 stewed rumps of beef; 13 sirloins, rumps, and ribs of beef; 6 dishes of asparagus; 60 ditto of mashed and other potatoes; 44 ditto of shell-fish; 4 ditto of prawns; 140 jellies; 50 blancmanges; 40 dishes of tarts (creamed); 30 ditto of orange and other tourtes; 40 ditto of almond pastry; 20 Chantilly baskets; 60 dishes of mince pies; 56 salads; peas and asparagus. The Removes:—30 roast turkeys; 6 leverets; 80 pheasants; 24 geese; 40 dishes of partridges; 15 dishes of wild fowl; 2 pea-fowls. Dessert:—100 pineapples, from 2 lb. to 3 lb. each; 200 dishes of hot-house grapes; 250 ice creams; 50 dishes of apples; 100 ditto of pears; 60 ornamented Savoy cakes; 75 plates of walnuts; 80 ditto of dried fruit and preserves; 50 ditto of preserved ginger; 60 ditto of rout cakes and chips; 46 ditto of brandy cherries.

“THE PRINCIPAL TABLE (at which the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor presides).—10 tureens of turtle, 10 bottles of sherbet, 6 dishes of fish, 30 entrees, 1 boiled turkey and oysters, 2 roast pullets, 2 dishes of fowls, 2 ditto of capons, 2 French pies, 2 pigeon pies, 2 hams (ornamented), 2 tongues, 1 quarter of house-lamb, 1 stewed rump of beef, 1 sirloin of beef, 6 dishes of asparagus, 2 dishes of mashed and other potatoes, 3 ditto of shell-fish, 1 dish of prawns, 3 jellies, 3 blancmanges, 2 dishes of tarts (creamed), 2 dishes of orange and other tourtes, 2 dishes of almond pastry, 4 Chantilly baskets, 2 dishes of mince pies, 4 salads. Removes:—3 roast turkeys, 1 leveret, 3 pheasants, 2 geese, 2 dishes of partridges, 1 dish of wild fowl, 2 pea-fowls. Dessert:—6 pine-apples, 12 dishes of grapes, 10 ice creams, 2 dishes of apples, 4 dishes of pears, 2 ornamented Savoy cakes, 3 plates of walnuts, 4 plates of dried fruit and preserves, 3 plates of preserved ginger, 3 plates of rout cakes and chips, 3 plates of brandy cherries.

“THE FIVE UPPER TABLES.—80 tureens of turtle, 60 bottles of sherbet, 3 boiled turkeys and oysters, 16 roast pullets, 20 dishes of fowls, 15 ditto of capons, 16 French pies, 16 pigeon pies, 16 hams (ornamented), 13 tongues, 1 quarter of house-lamb, 1 round of beef, 1 stewed rump of beef, 4 sirloins, rumps and ribs of beef, 20 dishes of mashed and other potatoes, 12 ditto of shell-fish, 1 dish of prawns, 40 jellies, 16 blancmanges, 13 dishes of tarts (creamed), 9 ditto of orange and other tourtes, 13 ditto of almond pastry, 16 Chantilly baskets, 20 dishes of mince pies, 17 salads. Removes: 23 roast turkeys, 5 leverets, 23 pheasants, 7 geese, 13 dishes of partridges, 5 ditto of wild fowl. Dessert:—32 pine-apples, 64 dishes of grapes, 80 ice creams, 15 dishes of apples, 30 ditto of pears, 18 ornamented Savoy cakes, 24 plates of walnuts, 26 ditto of dried fruit and preserves, 15 ditto of preserved ginger, 18 ditto of rout cakes and chips, 14 ditto of brandy cherries.

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"THE FIVE SHORT TABLES NEXT THE UPPER TABLES.—26 tureens of turtle, 22 bottles of sherbet, 3 roast pullets, 6 dishes of fowls, 5 dishes of capons, 5 French pies, 7 pigeon pies, 6 hams (ornamented), 5 tongues, 1 sirloin of beef, 6 dishes of mashed and other potatoes, 5 ditto of shell-fish, 1 dish of prawns, 16 jellies, 5 blancmanges, 4 dishes of tarts (creamed), 3 dishes of orange and other tourtes, 4 dishes of almond pastry, 6 dishes of mince pies, 6 salads. Removes:—10 roast turkeys, 10 pheasants, 3 geese, 4 dishes of partridges. Dessert:—10 pine-apples, 20 dishes of grapes, 26 ice creams, 5 dishes of apples, 12 ditto of pears, 7 ornamented Savoy cakes, 8 plates of walnuts, 8 ditto of dried fruit and preserves, 5 ditto of preserved ginger, 7 ditto of rout cakes and chips, 5 ditto of brandy cherries.

"THE FOUR LONG TABLES IN THE BODY OF THE HALL.—80 tureens of turtle, 60 bottles of sherbet, 17 roast pullets, 20 dishes of fowls, 15 dishes of capons, 16 French pies, 20 pigeon pies, 16 hams (ornamented), 13 tongues, 1 round of beef, 1 stewed rump of beef, 4 sirloins, rumps, and ribs of beef, 20 dishes of mashed and other potatoes, 13 dishes of shell-fish, 40 jellies, 16 blancmanges, 13 dishes of tarts (creamed), 10 ditto of orange and other tourtes, 13 ditto of almond pastry, 20 ditto of mince pies, 17 salads. Removes:—23 roast turkeys, 23 pheasants, 7 geese, 13 dishes of partridges, 5 ditto of wild fowl. Dessert:—32 pine-apples, 64 dishes of grapes, 80 ice creams, 16 dishes of apples, 30 ditto of pears, 20 ornamented Savoy cakes, 24 plates of walnuts. 26 ditto of dried fruit and preserves, 16 ditto of preserved ginger, 20 ditto of rout cakes and chips, 15 ditto of brandy cherries.

"THE SEVEN SIDE TABLES.—24 tureens of turtle, 20 bottles of sherbet, 7 roast pullets, 5 dishes of fowls, 4 ditto of capons, 5 French pies, 5 pigeon pies, 6 hams (ornamented), 4 tongues, 1 sirloin of beef, 5 dishes of mashed and other potatoes, 4 ditto of shell-fish, 1 dish of prawns, 15 jellies, 4 blancmanges, 3 dishes of tarts (creamed), 2 ditto of orange and other tourtes, 3 ditto of almond pastry, 5 ditto of mince pies, 5 salads. Removes—9 roast turkeys, 9 pheasants, 2 geese, 20 dishes of partridges. Dessert:—8 pine-apples, 16 dishes of grapes, 24 ice creams, 5 dishes of apples, 16 ditto of pears, 6 ornamented Savoy cakes, 7 plates of walnuts, 7 ditto of dried fruit and preserves, 5 ditto of preserved ginger, 6 ditto of rout cakes and chips, 4 ditto of brandy cherries.

"THE THREE TABLES IN THE OLD COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH.—30 tureens of turtle, 28 bottles of sherbet, 10 roast pullets, 7 dishes of fowls. 6 ditto of capons, 5 French pies, 10 pigeon pies, 7 hams (ornamented), 6 tongues, 1 round of beef, 2 sirloins and ribs of beef, 7 dishes of mashed and other potatoes, 6 ditto of shell-fish, 21 jellies, 6 blancmanges, 5 dishes of tarts (creamed), 4 ditto of orange and other tourtes, 5 ditto of almond pastry, 7 ditto of mince pies, 7 salads. Removes:—12 roast turkeys, 12 pheasants, 3 geese, 5 dishes of partridges, 4 ditto of wild fowl. Dessert:—12 pine-apples, 24 dishes of grapes, 30 ice creams, 7 dishes of apples, 14 ditto of pears, 7 ornamented Savoy cakes, 9 plates of walnuts, 9 ditto of dried fruit and preserves, 6 ditto of preserved ginger, 7 ditto of rout cakes and chips, 5 ditto of brandy cherries.

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“WINES:—Champagne, Hock, Claret, Madeira, Port, and Sherry.”

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### THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ALDERMEN.

#### A MANSION-HOUSE MELODY.

Apoplexia came down on the Alderman fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming with jaundice like gold,  
And the sheen of the spectres that own'd his behest  
Glimmer'd bright as the gas at a new Lord May'r's feast.

Every fiend that humanity shrinks from was there—  
Hepatitis, Lumbago, with hollow-eyed Care,  
Hypochondria, and Gout grinning ghastly with pain,  
And of Incubi phantoms a horrible train.

And onwards they gallop'd in brotherly pairs;  
Their pennons pale yellow, their steeds were night mares;  
And their leader's grim visage a darksome smile wore  
As he gave the word “Halt” at the Mansion-house door.

The vision dismounted, and peering within,  
'Midst a rattle of glasses and knife and fork din,  
His victims beheld, tucking in calipash,  
While they hob-nobb'd and toasted in Burgundy wash.

Then he straightway amongst them his grisly form cast,  
And breathed on each puffing red face as he pass'd;  
And the eyes of the feasters wax'd deadly and chill,  
And their stomachs once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And the turtle devourers were stretched on the floor—  
Each cheek changed to purple—so crimson before!  
Their dewlaps all dabbled with red wine and ale,  
And extremities cold as a live fish's tail!

And there lay the Liv'ryman, breathless and lorn,  
With waistcoat and new inexpressibles torn;  
And the Hall was all silent, the band having flown,  
And the waiters stared wildly on, sweating and blown!



And Cripplegate widows are loud in their wail!  
And Mary-Axe orphans all trembling and pale!  
For the Alderman glory has melted away,  
As mists are dispersed by the glad dawn of day.

\* \* \* \* \*

*HARMER VIRUMQUE CANO.*

In the list of guests at the Lord Mayor's dinner we did not perceive the name of "Harmer" among those who met to "despatch" the viands. On inquiry we learn that since the fire at the Tower he has secluded himself in his own *Harmer-y*, and has not egressed from "Ingress Abbey," for fear of incendiaries. The ex-alderman having however always shown a decided predilection for Gravesend, it is not wonderful that during the wet season he should be

[Illustration: STOPPING AT A WATERING-PLACE.]

\* \* \* \* \*

## A CHAPTER ON POLITICS.

WHEREIN "PUNCH" HINTETH AT A STARTLING CHANGE IN THE MODUS  
OPERANDI OF LEGISLATION.—HE ALSO EXHIBITETH A PROFOUND  
KNOWLEDGE  
OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS; AND SHOWETH HOW AT HOME WE ARE ALL ABROAD.

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At a period when every Englishman, from the Minister to the Quack Doctor (and extremes very often meet), is laying down his pseudo-political principles, PUNCH desires to expound his practical and scientific plan for increasing prosperity and preserving peace. Yes, at a moment like this, when the party difference “twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee” has produced a total stand-still; when Whigs cannot move, and when Tories will not,—PUNCH steps forward to prescribe (without a fee) for the sinking Constitution.

PUNCH *loquitur*.—A very great genius—one almost equal to myself—has declared that of the great mass of mankind, ninety-nine out of every hundred are lost in error. Every day proves the fact.—From the Peer, who mistakes exclusiveness for dignity, and a power to injure for a right to oppress, to the Peasant, who confounds aggression and insolence with justice and independence, it is all error! error!! error!!!

Upon this fact rests the basis of my wonderful improvements. If the majority be wrong, the inference is obvious—the minority must be right. Then, in future, let everything be conducted by the minority—the sensible few. Behold the consequences!

In those days we shall have Mr. Samuel Carter Hall, who polled three days and got—one vote, declared County Member elect. Sibthorp shall be a man of weight and influence, “giving to (h)airy nothing a local habitation and a name.” Roebuck shall be believed to have had ancestors; and shall wring the nose of some small boy attached to *The Times* newspaper; and the Whigs—yes, the Whigs—shall be declared both wise and honest: though Parliament has pronounced them fools, and the country has believed them to be knaves.

*Pupil of Punch, respondet*.—That would be a change, Punch! Rather. Cast your eye around and see the workings of this grand principle; the labours of the many compassed by the few—steam and slavery.

*Punch*.—Very true! Let me now draw your attention to the real difference between the English and some foreign governments:—

The Turkish minister generally loses his power and his head at the same time; the English minister carries on his business without a head at all. For the performance of his duty the former is decapitated—the latter is incapacitated. The Japanese legislator when disgraced invariably rips up his bowels; the English legislator is invariably in disgrace, but has no bowels to rip up. With some other nations the unsuccessful leader gets bow-stringed and comfortably sown up in a sack; our great man is satisfied with getting the sack, having previously bagged as much as lay in his power.

(Next week I may probably continue the lecture and the parallels.)

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## THE PRINCE'S EXTRA.

At Gray's Inn the loyalty of that society was manifested in a very gratifying manner: the treasurer and benchers having ordered *extra wine* to be served to the barristers and students, the health of her Majesty and the infant Prince was drunk with enthusiastic rapture.

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Long live the Prince! For many a year  
To wet each student's throttle;  
He well deserves an *extra cheer*,  
Who brings an *extra bottle*.

\* \* \* \* \*

## PUNCH'S THEATRE.

### THE WRONG MAN.

The author of this farce hath placed himself in the first section of the second chapter of that treatise on "Dramatic Casualties" which hath helped to make "Punch" the oracle of wit and of wisdom he has become to the entire intelligence of the land, from the aristocracy upwards[2]. In this instance he is truly one who "writeth a farce or comedy and neglecteth to introduce jokes in the same." But this we hope will prove a solitary instance of such neglect; for when he next inditeth, may he show that he is not the "Wrong Man" to write a good piece; although alas, he appeared on Saturday last to be exactly the right man for penning a bad one.

[2] Punch, No. 11 page 131.

When a playwright produces a plot whose incidents are just within the possibilities, and far beyond the probabilities, of this life, it is said to be "ingenious," because of the crowd of circumstances that are huddled into each scene. According to this acceptation, the "Wrong Man" would be a highly ingenious farce; if that may be called a farce from which the remotest semblance of facetiae is scrupulously excluded. Proceed we, therefore, to an analysis of the fable with becoming gravity.

At the outset we are introduced to a maiden lady in (*horresco referens!*) her private apartment; but to save scandal, the introduction is not made without company—there is also her maid. *Patty Smart*, although not a new servant, has chosen that precise moment to inform her mistress concerning the exact situation of her private circumstances, and the precise state of her heart. She is in love: it is for *Simon Tack* that the flame is kept alive; he, a dapper upholder, upholds her affections. At this point, a triangular note is produced, which plainly foretells a dishonourable rival. You are not deceived; it proposes an assignation in that elysium of bachelors and precipice of destruction for young ladies, the Albany. Wonderful to relate, it is from *Miss Thomasina Fringe's* nephew, *Sir Bryan Beausex*. The maiden dame is inconceivably shocked; and to show her detestation of this indelicate proposal, agrees to personate *Patty* and keep the appointment herself, for the pleasure of inflicting on her nephew a heap of mortification and a moral lecture. *Mr. Tack* is the next appearance: being an upholsterer, of course he has the run of the house, so it is not at all odd to find him in a

maiden lady's boudoir; the more especially as he enters from behind his natural element—the window curtains.

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It is astonishing with what pertinacity the characters in most farces will bore one with their private affairs when they first appear! In this respect *Sir Bryan Beausex*, in the next scene, is quite as bad as *Patty* was in the former one. He seems to have invited four unoffending victims to dine at his chambers in the Albany, on purpose to inform them that in his youth he was betrothed to a girl whom he has never since seen; but what that has to do with telling his guests to be off, because he expects a charming little lady's-maid at six, his companions are doubtless puzzled to understand. One of them, however, is *Beechwood*—a very considerably diluted edition of *Jerry Bumps* in "Turning the Tables"—who determines to revenge this early turn-out by a trick upon the inhospitable host, and goes off to develop it—to commence, in fact, the farce.

*Sir Bryan Beausex* is waiting with impatience the arrival of *Patty*, when his servant enters with a letter, which he says has been just delivered by a servant, who galloped up to the door on a horse—an extraordinary clever hack, we should say; for, to perform this feat, he must have broken through a porter's lodge, galloped over a smooth pavement, and under a roof so low, that Lord Burghersh can only traverse it with his hat off. We should like to see a horse-race in the Albany avenue! The letter thus so cavalierly brought, contains news of an accident that has happened to *Miss Fringe*, and summons *Beausex's* immediate presence. Off he goes, and on comes *Beechwood* with a "Ha! ha! ha!, fairly hoaxed," and all that; which is usually laughed and said by hoaxers of hoaxes.

It has happened that *Mr. Tack*, the upholsterer, having had a peep at the contents of the cocked-hat billet, addressed to Mistress *Smart*, conceives a violent fit of jealousy, and having also *Beausex's* custom, has the range of his house as well as that of *Miss Fringe*. So by this time we naturally find him behind *Sir Bryan's* window-curtains, to witness the interview between him and the future *Mrs. Tack*; that is to say, if she prove not false.

Things approach to a crisis. *Miss Fringe* enters, but brings with her *Alice*, the young lady whose infant heart was betrothed to *Beausex*. She, taking the place of *Patty Smart*, goes through a dialogue with *Beechwood* instead of *Beausex*; and we now learn that the former christens the farce, he being the "Wrong Man." Somewhere near this point of the story the first act ends.

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The second act is occupied in clearing up the mistakes which the audience know all about already; but those among them who had, up to about the middle of it, been waiting with exemplary patience for the jokes, began to get tired of having nothing to laugh at, and hissed. Despite these noisy drawbacks, however, we were able to find out that *Beausex* loses his cousin *Alice* and her fortune (a regular farce fortune—some five or six hundred thousand pounds or so); for she falls in love with *Beechwood*, and *vice versa*. *Tack* and *Patty Smart* are rendered happy; but what really becomes of *Beausex* and his aunt the sibilants forbade our knowing. We suppose, by Mr. Bartley's pantomime, that *Sir Bryan* puts up with his hoax and his lady-loss with a good grace; for he flourished about his never-absent pocket-handkerchief with one hand, shook hands with *Miss Fringe* with the other, stepped forward, did some more dumb show to the dissentients, and, with the rest of the actors, bowed down the curtain.

We perceive by the Times that the author of the "Wrong Man" is not so very culpable after all. He is guiltless of the plot; that being taken from a French piece called "Le Tapissier."

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## THE MASONS AND THE STONE JUG.

Mr. Wakley feelingly remarked at the late meeting of the union masons that the "man who would lock up a *pump* was unfit to hold any situation of trust." On the strength of this opinion the Earl of Waklegrave and Captain Duff intend to proceed against the Marshal of the Queen's Bench for having *locked them up* for these last six months.

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"THE FORCE OF FANCY COULD NO FURTHER GO."

The Times gives an extract from the *Norwich Aurora*, an American paper, descriptive of a newly discovered cavern. The writer, with a power of imagination almost marvellous, remarks, "The air in the cavern had a peculiar smell, resembling—NOTHING." We believe that is the identical flavour of "*Leg of Nothing and no turnips*."

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## CONUNDRUM BY THE LORD MAYOR.

Why does a drunken milkmaid resemble a celebrated French diplomatist?—Because she is like to *tally-wrong*—(Talleyrand.)

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