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LIFE
IN AND OUT OF LONDON.

THE
FINISH TO THE ADVENTURES
OF
TOM, JERRY, AND LOGIC,
IN THEIR PURSUITS THROUGH
LIFE IN AND OUT OF LONDON.

BY PIERCE EGAN.

WITH

NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT CRUIKSHANK.



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Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdim.

THE NECESSITY IS ABSOLUTE; OR, RATHER, AN APOLOGY IS REQUIRED FOR THE INTRODUCTION OF THE AUTHOR AND ARTIST TO THE NOTICE OF THE READER, PREVIOUS TO THE SECOND APPEARANCE OF THOSE HEROES—CORINTHIAN TOM, LOGIC, AND JERRY, ON THE GREAT THEATRE OF THE WORLD! POUR QUOI? TO VINDICATE THE CHARACTERS OF THE AUTHOR AND ARTIST FROM THE UNMERITED ASPERSION OF HAVING ATTEMPTED, BY THE JOINT EFFORTS OF REAL TALES, ORIGINAL ANECDOTES, AND ANIMATED SKETCHES, TO DEMORALISE THE RISING GENERATION; AND LIKEWISE TO REFUTE THE CHARGE OF HAVING TURNED THE HEADS OF OLDER FOLKS TOWARDS THE COMMISSION OF ACTS OF FOLLY AND INTemperance. ENOUGH! TO OUR TASK—"HARK! FORWARD'S THE

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PRO BONO PUBLICO!

Proceed, my boy, nor heed their further call,
Vain his attempts who strives to please you all!

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The top of the Picture illustrates that too intimate acquaintance with the *Bottle and Glass* leads to consequences of a ruinous description; and also "*shaking the elbow*," by the nightly rattling of the DICE BOX, too often accelerates the most awful results! The effects of TIME are likewise symbolically expressed, under the *Spread*, by the demolition of the conglomerated ingredients connected with LIFE IN LONDON.

The *circle* of the frontispiece mournfully represents the OXONIAN *floored* at full length under the Table by the unwelcome Guest (the grim King of Terrors) over the "*last bottle!*" It also shews that CORINTHIAN TOM has not a single word more to offer on the fascinating subject of *Life in London*; and JERRY must be viewed upon his last legs, as a perfect *dummy*, alarmed at the *defunct* state of his *pals*, endeavouring to avert the pointed dart of Death; and also to hide from his eyes the emblematical hint of the *hour-glass*, that the "*TIME must come!*"

Death comes but *once*, the Philosophers say,
And 'tis true, my brave boys, but that *once* is a CLENGHER;
It takes us from *drinking* and *loving* away,
And spoils at a BLOW the best TIPPLER and WENCHER!

The *tinkler* of DUSTY BOB is brought to a *stand-still*, and "to keep it up" no longer within his power, impressed with the emblem of his calling, "*ashes to ashes!*" that he is going "*off the hooks!*" AFRICAN SAL has also tossed off the *last drain of daffy*. "*It's all over with me, Massa Bob—but me tank you for past favours!*" A convincing proof that country or colour must all *succumb*, when the last "*notice to quit*" is served upon the frail tenant.

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BOOK I.

SHEWING THE "GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTY" OF PLEASING EVERY CLASS OF SOCIETY RESPECTING A KNOWLEDGE OF LIFE IN LONDON BEING ESSENTIAL TOWARDS THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE JUNIOR BRANCHES OF MANKIND; AND ALTHOUGH CONTRARY TO THE ESTABLISHED AND SAPIENT RULES OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, AND THE PRACTICE PURSUED BY OUR LEARNED FRIENDS IN WESTMINSTER HALL, WE ARE, NEVERTHELESS, ANXIOUS TO GIVE ADVICE WITHOUT A FEE, IN ORDER TO PROVE THAT, IN ALL CASES, WHETHER CONNECTED WITH YOUTH OR MORE MATURE AGE, PREVENTION IS MUCH BETTER THAN CURE: INDEED, SO ANXIOUS ARE WE TO SET OURSELVES RIGHT WITH THE PUBLIC, AS TO OUR FUTURE INTENTIONS RESPECTING THIS WORK, AND THAT WE MAY SEE OUR WAY CLEARLY, AND TREAD ON THE FIRMEST GROUND, WE FEEL INCLINED TO ADOPT THE LATIN PROVERB SO OFTEN QUOTED BY BOB LOGIC

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Proceed, my boy, nor heed their further call,
Vain his attempt who strives to please you all !

CHAPTER I.

Most certainly, if the dull routine of common-place matter were acted upon, but rather than commence with the cold formality of a CHAPTER as to minor events, the AUTHOR feels himself, as it were, in a labyrinth to affix an apposite Name to it; and therefore he prefers leaving the Title to the Reader, to give it any character his peculiar taste may adopt. Desired effect of the INVOCATION to the bright Goddess, to render her assistance to the previous part of this Work—successful beyond all precedent—calling forth expressions of GRATITUDE from the AUTHOR and ARTIST; and also a sincere return of thanks to FAME for her high-sounding praises of LIFE IN LONDON, throughout the North, East, West, and Southern parts of the Globe. Great popularity of the Work—Swarms of Literary Pirates, lots of Copyists, but no ORIGINALS—an argument for the Woolsack. A rich feature for dramatic Writers—also an enquiry en passant as to the Legitimacy of the subject. Numerous Performances at the Theatres all over England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales; likewise in most of the United States of America, the West Indies, &c. LIFE IN LONDON translated into French. Imitations of the dresses of TOM, LOGIC, and JERRY, in the fashionable Public Walks—the characters and various scenes in the Work represented on Handkerchiefs, Tea-trays, Snuff-boxes, Ladies' Fans, and Sweetmeats. Revival of the subject after a silence of Seven Years, something after the calculating doctrine of to "Look before you leap; and deliberate before you resolve." The advantages resulting from MYSTERY! or, "Thinks I to myself, thinks I!"

When caps into the air are thrown,
What suits EACH MAN may make his own.

PRUDENCE, perhaps, if we had held a conference with so valuable a judge on the subject, might have hinted the necessity of a PAUSE; or, rather, have WITHHELD US altogether from sending out to the Public the "*Finish of the Adventures of TOM, LOGIC, and JERRY, through their various pursuits of LIFE IN and OUT of LONDON,*" after the following severe philippic had appeared (in the year 1822) in a journal called *Town Talk*:—"PIERCE EGAN has done an *incalculable injury* to this devoted Metropolis. To write the biography of Boxers, and to collect the memoirs of the heroes of the fist, in their eventful progress, from their *first round*, a go-cart, to that in which they are finally *turned up*, or TIED UP (for some of them have been *hanged*),* is a labour which we duly appreciate and applaud. But this is not all: the mischief which has sprung from it has scattered itself far and wide; and PIERCE, like every other man of genius, has crowds of imitators. The Theatres have lent to his *glowing descriptions* the full force of their assistance, and have tried to give his 'airy nothings a local habitation and a name.' We—and, what is worse, the female part of society—are nightly regaled with vivid representations of the vilest practices of the blackest sinks of iniquity which are to be found in the Metropolis. The *Genius of the Ring* seems to have as numerous a body of slaves under his *spell*, as that of the wonderful lamp in the Arabian tale: there is a perfect mania for milling: and, however small the pretensions of its admirers may be to judgment, they have a large share of *Fancy*. The directors of theatres are, and always have been, notorious for the want of taste in selecting fit subjects for the public amusement: *Les Causes Célèbres* of France, and our own Newgate

* This remark, by the above Editor, we think is rather *invidious*—it is *hitting* the pugilists too *hard*, a wanton sort of *blow*, an *assault*; at all events *twist*-ing the subject; in fact, a complete *throttler*. If the Editor consults the Newgate Calendar (a book to which he alludes), he will not have to turn over many leaves before he discovers that a General, a Banker, and a Parson have all met with *accidents* in their various *professions*. HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE!

Calendar, long furnished matter for melodramas, and now BOXIANA seems to have beaten them both out of the field. ALL THIS IS PIERCE'S FAULT; *it is really a pity that a decent man like PIERCE should have done SO MUCH MISCHIEF.*"*

Then thus it is:—

Through all the *employments* of life,
 Each neighbour *abuses* his brother,
 Whore and rogue they call husband and wife,
 All PROFESSIONS *be-rogue* one another:
 The priest calls the lawyer a cheat;
 The lawyer be-knaves the divine;
 And the statesman, because he's so great,
 Thinks his trade is as honest as mine.

We feel assured that, long before the word FINIS is put to this Work, we shall be able completely to refute the assertion of our having done any *mischief*† to society in general, by our representations of the *Day and Night Scenes* in the Metropolis: if, unfortunately, our exertions have proved so *mischievous* as the Editor of "*Town Talk*" seems to have thought, then the late "Peter Corcoran, of Gray's Inn, Student at Law," must sadly have mistaken, and most

* "WHO'S TO DECIDE, WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE?" In the *Sheffield Independent*, April 12, 1828, the Editor thus states his opinion:—"We have been amused so many years with the *patois* which Mr EGAN has invented; and we could pay him a compliment, if the opportunity served. It was fortunate for our manners, at least, if not for our morals, that when Sporting Gentlemen thought proper to intrude their affairs upon the knowledge of the world, they chose him for their organ. He invented a language for them, and enriched it with terms which *flash* on the dullest, and put the lowest *up!* In doing this, he observed a moral syntax; and some of his happiest efforts betray a strength of sense, and an inclination to support honour and correct feelings, which we have not particularly observed in the lucubrations of his successors and imitators."

† According to Dr Johnson, MISCHIEF is, "*harm, hurt, whatever is ill and injuriously done:*" such, however, never were the intentions of the Author and Artist.

grossly flattered our character, both in prose and verse, when he states, in page 84,

“Forgive me—and never, oh! never again
I’ll cultivate light blue or *brown* inebriety;
I’ll give up all chance of a fracture or sprain,
And part (worse than all) with PIERCE EGAN’S society.” *

Behold us, bright Goddess of Fame, paying court at thy most attractive shrine! Behold us, too, overwhelmed with gratitude for the praises thou hast heaped on our humble efforts:—

’Tis pleasant, sure, to see one’s name in print,
A *book’s* a BOOK, although there’s nothing in’t;
Not that a TITLE’S † sounding charm can save
Or *scrawl* or *scribbler* from an equal grave!

* “The Author of *Boxiana*--a gentleman of considerable talent and unassuming manners. His writings are replete with gaiety, information, and spirit; and there are few authors who have made history the vehicle of so much life and whim as Mr EGAN. He is an intelligent man in conversation, a clever pedestrian, and a pleasant singer. That man is no contemptible caterer of joy in life’s feast, who can walk about and collect knowledge, write poetry on what he has seen, and sing it with a cheerful and good voice to his friends. Mr EGAN deserves this note, and it is devoted to him.”

† “In these days, when every man who can read calls himself a man of letters, and all who can write set up for authors; when almost every branch of literature has been stripped, and little remains but to begin at the beginning again; no small share of praise is due to the ingenious and daring author, who strikes into a new path, and presents to the public view an object which has never been seen before, or has been forgotten. THIS IS THE GREAT MERIT OF THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK BEFORE US. The task is a difficult one, and but few men can execute it. Of the utility of such a work there can be no doubt, while London abounds as it does with imposture and temptation. It is executed with considerable taste and truth, and deserves to fill a respectable rank among works of *practical philosophy*. It is one of the most amusing books lately published; for our own part, but perhaps we are partial, we prefer it to many of the sketches of mankind, which have appeared since the days of the ‘Spectator.’ ‘*Le Franc Parleur*’ does not speak half so plainly as our hero. ‘*L’Hermitte de la Chaussée d’Antin*,’ leads too retired a life, and the ‘*Hermit in London*’ is too

Frightened at the vast expanse before us, and the perilous dangers of the attempt, we did invoke thy powerful aid towards the accomplishment of so important and difficult a task as a faithful and animated portraiture of LIFE IN LONDON. It is, therefore, gratifying to acknowledge our INVOCATION had the desired effect: that our *orisons* proved propitious to our wishes; and our exertions to please, interest, and put the various classes of society upon their guard, have been crowned with the most flattering success, infinitely beyond the highest measure of our expectations.

We have been *pirated*, COPIED, *traduced*; but, unfortunately, not ENRICHED by our indefatigable exertions; therefore NOTORIETY must satisfy us, instead of the smiles of FORTUNE. Our efforts have given rise to numerous productions* in the market of literature; yet we can assert,

dandyish and vapid to compare with him. *Geoffrey Crayon* presents mere *sketches*, while CORINTHIAN TOM gives finished *portraits*; with all the delicacy and precision of GERARD DOUW, he unites the boldness of RUBENS, and the intimate knowledge of TENIERS."—*European Magazine*, November, 1820.

* Independently of numerous other publications which did not come under the cognisance of the Author, the following list of Works, Engravings, &c., appeared on the subject, calculated not only to produce employment, but profit to the various speculators.—

Imprimis—Life in London, dramatised by Messrs Barrymore, Tom Dibdin, Moncrieffe, Charles Dibdin, Farrell, Jerrold, and Pierce Egan; performing, with great *éclat*, at five Theatres in the Metropolis, during the Summer season of 1822; and at Astley's, Sadler's Wells, East London, Surrey, and West London Theatres, to overflowing houses.

Real Life in London; a bare-faced piracy, published in sixpenny numbers, calculated to deceive the "good folks" in the country, and which also proved a great injury to the Proprietors of the original Work. More anon.

Life in London, a play, published by Hodgson.

Juvenile ditto, published by Hodgson.

Life in London, a play, published by Mason.

Life in Dublin.

Life in Paris, published by Fairburn.

Pilgrimage of Folly, published by Sams, a long plate in the form of a roller, representing the whole of the characters.

with a degree of confidence hitherto unshaken, that none of our *Imitators* have dared to think for themselves during the

Newspapers—Pierce Egan's *Life in London*.

———— Bell's ditto.

———— High *Life in London*.

Logic's *Song Book*.

Life in London; or, the *Corinthians*; a new set of *Quadrilles*, composed by St. Albin.

Pierce Egan's *Fancy*—a *Country Dance*.

Corinthians' Song Book, with a plate, by Duncombe.

Tom and Jerry's *Collection of Songs*.

Five large *Woodcuts of the Larks and Sprees of Tom and Jerry*, published by Davis, of *Astley's Theatre*.

Three ditto, drawn by George Cruikshank, for *Sadler's Wells*.

Tom and Jerry's *Mixture*, a spirited Article and a prime *Cordial* for the use of His Majesty's Subjects.

Tom and Jerry's *Harmonic Meeting*.

Walbourn as *Dusty Bob*, a quarto Plate, drawn and engraved by George Cruikshank, was published at the *Adelphi Theatre*.

Life in the Country.

———— *St. George's Fields*.

Tom and Jerry's *Pony Races*, a Plate, by Clark.

The *Duets, Songs, &c.*, written by Mr. Moncrieffe, and sold at the *Adelphi Theatre*.

The interior of *Sadler's Wells Theatre*, *Pony Races, &c.*, by George Cruikshank.

A Plate of Mr. Russell, as *Logic*, in *Dublin*.

———— Pierce Egan, as ditto, in *London*.

A whole-length *Portrait of Walbourn*, in *Dusty Bob*, a *Sign to his House*, the *Maidenhead*, *Battle Bridge*; painted in oil, by George Cruikshank.

The *Songs in Pierce Egan's Drama*, sold at *Sadler's Wells*.

Original Life in London, two numbers, by Marks.

Smart's Characters of Tom and Jerry, &c.

Martin's ditto.

West and Mark's ditto.

Tom and Jerry's *Country Dances*.

New Harp Song Book, with a plate of Tom and Jerry.

Plates of Tom and Jerry, by Groves.

Life in London, a new Game.

Corinthian Dinner at the Sir Hugh Myddleton's Head.

Mr. Oxberry, in the Character of Jerry, a Plate.

Theatrical Portraits of Tom and Jerry, by Hodgson.

A Plate—Messrs. Wrench, Burroughs, and Wilkinson, as Tom, Jerry, and Logic, published by Lowndes.

Mr. John Reeve, as Jerry, a Plate.

long period of seven years, neither have they shewn any originality upon the subject of LIFE IN LONDON; but who have left it (*disinterested* souls!) to the Author and Artist to put a CLIMAX to the adventures of TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC.

The popularity of LIFE IN LONDON was not alone con-

The Tears of Pierce Egan for the Death of Life in London; or, the Funeral of Tom and Jerry, written by T. Greenwood, Esq., and engraved by George Cruikshank, price 2s.—The above production was pirated in less than twelve hours after its publication, by Catnach, and sold for Twopence.

Life in London, a sheet of letterpress, with numerous Woodcuts—another wicked piracy, by Catnach.

The Death of Tom and Jerry, a musical Burletta, by Greenwood, and performed at the Cobourg Theatre, with great applause.

Looby Lump's Life in London, a Song, written by Bryant, with an Engraving, by George Cruikshank.

Work for the Lawyers—Injunction to wit.

The Rambles and Sprees of Tom and Jerry portrayed on Tea-boards.

Sporting a Toe amongst the Corinthians at Almacks in the West, a lively subject for the Ladies' Fans.

Tom and Jerry in Trouble after a Spree, a good *hit* for Snuff-boxes.

The elegant Cyprian, the feeling Coachman, and generous Magistrate, a touch at the *sentimental*, quite proper for *Handkerchiefs*.

Tom, Jerry, and Logic, sold as Sweetmeats—*i.e.*, Sweet Fellows!

Numerous Ballads, in the Streets, &c.

Doings in London, published by Smeeton—numerous Woodcuts, by Robert Cruikshank.

Life in London; or, The Larks of Logic, Tom, and Jerry: an Extravaganza, in three acts, as performed at the Olympic Theatre, by Charles Dibdin. Price 2s.

Tom and Jerry; or, Life in London: a Whimsical and Equestrian Drama, in three acts, as performed at Davis's Royal Amphitheatre, with a coloured Plate. Price 1s.

Tread-mill; or, Tom and Jerry at Brixton: a *Mill*-dramatic Burletta, in two acts, as performed at the Surrey Theatre, with a coloured and aqua-tinted Etching of "Life in a Slap-Bang Crib," and also "Life in a Mill." Price 1s.

Tom and Jerry in France; or, *Vive la Bagatelle*: a Musical Entertainment, in three acts, as performed at the Royal Cobourg Theatre, with a coloured Etching, by Cruikshank. Price 1s.

Bob Logic's Memoranda, an original Budget of Staves, nightly chaunted, by Kiddy Covies, Knights of the Darkey, &c., at every "Free and Easy" throughout the Metropolis; by way of prelude to the Sprees of "Life in London," with two coloured Etchings. Price 1s.

fined to the closet, but the proprietors of the Minor Theatres seized hold of the scenes with avidity; and no less than six dramatic authors adapted it to the stage with the utmost expedition. The original Work also went through several editions in a very short time; and the Plates, by ROBERT and GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, were considered so full of amusement, that they were transferred to a variety of Articles without any loss of time. The *Lady*, in taking her *gunpowder*, was enabled to amuse her visitors with the adventures of TOM and JERRY on her highly-finished TEA-TRAY. The lovers of *Irish Blackguard* experienced a double zest in taking a pinch from a BOX, the lid of which exhibited the laughable phiz of the eccentric BOB LOGIC. The *Country Folks* were delighted with the HANDKERCHIEF which displayed TOM getting the best of a Charley; and DUSTY BOB and BLACK SAL "all happiness!" The *Female of Quality* felt interested with the lively scene of the light fantastic toe at Almack's, when playing with her elegant FAN; and the *Connoisseur*, with a smile of satisfaction on his countenance, contemplated his SCREEN, on which were displayed the motley groups of high and low characters continually on the move in the Metropolis.

LIFE IN LONDON was first dramatised for the stage by Mr BARRYMORE, and thus announced in the bill:—"Royal Amphitheatre. Extraordinary Novelty and Eccentric Production. Monday, Sept. 17, 1821, at half-past six o'clock precisely, will be presented, never acted, an entirely New, Whimsical, Local, Melo-Dramatic, Pantomimical Drama, with new scenery, dresses, and mechanical changes, founded on PIERCE EGAN'S popular Work, which has lately engrossed the attention of all London, called "*Life in London, or Day and Night Scenes of TOM and JERRY in their Rambles and Sprees through the Metropolis.*" The Piece prepared for stage representation by Mr W. Barrymore.

"Corinthian Tom, Mr GOMERSAL; Jerry Hawthorn, Mr JONES; and Bob Logic, Mr HERRING."*

* The original Author, as a friend, assisted at the rehearsal of the

The recent conduct of the *Management*, or the *Proprietors* of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, may be offered as an apology for the introduction of the following facts, after their rejection of the Drama written by the original Author of this Work.

In a few days after the above piece had been so successful at Astley's Theatre, the Author sent the following letter to Mr. HARRIS, of Covent Garden :—

September 22, 1821.

SIR,—With the utmost respect and deference, I trust you will pardon this unceremonious mode of introducing myself to your notice, but, anxious to prevent loss of time, I have preferred waiving the formality of an introduction, and shall therefore, in a few words, briefly state the object of this letter. The Author of *Life in London* entertains an opinion, from the numerous day and night scenes of his heroes, described and represented by coloured plates in the above work, which has received such flattering and extensive patronage from the public, a most effective piece might be produced at Covent Garden Theatre, from the splendour of its establishment, united talents, and liberality of its Proprietor. The subject is inexhaustible; and, in fact, quite theatrical—either to excite the most lively interest; convey instruction; produce roars of laughter; elicit tears of sensibility; “hold the mirror up to Nature;” and, *multum in parvo*, to portray “a bit of good truth.” To show likewise those persons from the country, a real Picture of London; and also to *awaken* the Metropolitans as to the movements of the town, thousands of whom are still completely in the dark. But whether the above subjects might be embraced in a lively amusing pantomime, a musical drama, or an interesting comedy, requires some consideration: not only to write it with skill, but to execute it with taste and judgment. Of this, however, I am confident, that a most effective piece might be produced; and I have it before me in my “mind's eye.” A comedy, I am aware, has been produced from a single anecdote; and a musical drama, also from the same source; but the present subject is a *nouvelle* one altogether; and it appears to me a regular story is not absolutely necessary; but that the scenes of *Life in London* should pass in review before the audience, and, with some slight explanations between the characters, by way of dialogue, they would produce the desired and wished-for effect.

above Piece, notwithstanding he had previously made an outline of a Drama for himself. Mr BARRYMORE's Burletta, was *thought of*, written, and got up, in little more than three days!

Perhaps, Sir, it is necessary to state, that I have been forestalled in this respect at Astley's a few days since. The dramatist literally copied it from my work, and so great was the attraction, that although not above one new scene was painted for the Piece, yet LIFE IN LONDON produced, the first night (for the benefit of Mr Barrymore), £380; thirty pounds more than upon any previous occasion.

Should you think the above communication worthy of your attention, a line addressed to me, as under, will be duly attended to, by your humble servant,

P. EGAN.

New Times Office.

The following answer was received from Mr. Harris to the above letter :—

Covent Garden Theatre, September 25, 1821.

SIR,—I shall be most happy to pay every attention to any dramatic piece you may please to send me on the subject of "Life in London;" perhaps, a musical comic after-piece, combining a display of scenery, may be the best form to put it before an audience; but the *manner* of doing it, I leave entirely to your judgment, and can promise you an immediate perusal.—Yours, &c.,

H. HARRIS.

Pierce Egan, Esq., New Times Office.

The above encouraging answer from Mr HARRIS produced another letter immediately upon the subject in question, the Author giving it as his opinion that the safest vehicle, and the most likely mode to succeed, would be a PANTOMIME, in which the scenes of Life in London might not only be rendered effective, but made to pass "trippingly o'er the boards," by the help of the *bat* of the party-coloured hero: urging likewise, to the manager, that it was most laudable to cause the *dumb* to speak without the aid of the faculty, and make *Harlequin*, who had done so much with his *heels* from time immemorial, turn about in 1822, with quite a *new face* upon the matter, and convince the audience that he had a *head* upon his shoulders, although it had been so long silent, and of no *use* to the spectators. It was proposed, also, that the "dear creature" *Columbine* should possess the advantages of putting in, now and then, a word or two of a sort for herself, which must be considered by the lovers of eloquence

as an intellectual *step* in her favour: and that the *stage* lover of Columbine, instead of making *wry* faces, and distorting attitudes, should, according to the old-fashioned schools of *Rich* and *Woodward*, be taught to express the ardent passion of love by some exquisite soft touches of the art, after the style of Moore:—

Come o'er the sea,
Maiden with me,
Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same where'er it goes,
Let Fate frown on, so we love and part not;
'Tis life were *thou* art, 'tis death where thou art not.

The *Clown* was not to be suffered to hold a *foolish* argument; yet, nevertheless, was to be furnished with some prime jokes for the occasion; but positively interdicted from uttering *one word* more than was set down for him. The *legs* and *wings* hero, designated as the *Pantaloön*, was to be permitted to turn his *lingo* to a good account towards supporting the interest of the scene: and the hopping, skipping, tumbling-about *Daddy* and *Mammy* of Miss *Col.* might then have been allowed to give "their tongues a little holiday," to add to the general amusement afforded by *chaffing*, so immediately connected with a representation of the great variety of comic scenes in LIFE IN LONDON.

Covent Garden Theatre, October 5.

Mr HARRIS presents his compliments to Mr EGAN, and will be happy to see him, if he can make it convenient to call either on Monday or Tuesday, about two o'clock, at the Theatre; perhaps five minutes' conversation will do more than a long epistolary correspondence respecting the proposed dramatic adaptation of *Life in London*.

The Author waited on Mr HARRIS according to the above appointment, and was very politely received by the proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre, on the stage. Mr HARRIS, after some little discussion on the subject, protested against a PANTOMIME; he said, "it might have the appearance of a *second-hand* attempt, which ought to be avoided;" and, there-

fore, he proposed to the Author to turn his ideas towards a COMIC OPERA, and to furnish him with an *outline*, as soon as possible, in order to ascertain what exertions might be required in the scenic department, music, dresses, &c., as he was perfectly aware, from the variety of scenes which must necessarily be introduced into *Life in London*, great attention would be required to “*get it up!*” To these suggestions the Author most cheerfully acquiesced—banishing all former notions of a PANTOMIME from his mind—cogitating as to a *new feature* on the subject; and with the utmost alacrity furnished the following Bill of Fare for the consideration of Mr HARRIS:—

LIFE IN LONDON

PUT INTO SHAPE BY

PIERCE EGAN,

Who trusts it will not be deemed unfair that he should take a LEAF or TWO out of his OWN BOOK, several other persons having made very free with the Work. The Piece now prepared for representation is not entitled to the Appellation of TRAGEDY, COMEDY, *Opera*, PLAY, *Farce*, BALLET, or *Melo-Drama*, yet *partaking* of the Qualities of all, and possessing Scenes HIGH and LOW in abundance, from the “*Sky Parlour*” to the “*DIAMOND Vault.*” OUT-and-OUT RAMBLES and SPREES, East and West—and lots of Characters, UP and DOWN. A variety of *Swells*, but no DONS: CORINTHIANS and COSTARD-MONGERS of many *hues* and *colours*: FLATS and SHARPS, without a *Note*—PINKS and TULIPS, but no FLOWERS, yet always in the *Hot-Houses*: and HELLS without DEVILS, only having *Black Legs*. MUSLINS and HOPSACKS, according as the *creatures* wear them: the whole forming a “*BIT OF GOOD TRUTH,*” *en passant*, in a Review of LIFE IN LONDON, developed by a precious TRIO, in the person of a *Top-of-the-Tree* HERO, UP and dressed in all SUITS: seconded by a *slap-bang* Countryman, that neither *hedge* nor *ditch* baulks his pursuits; and in unison with a *prime* piece of LOGIC, without PREMISES, yet always so much at HOME, that LOCKE and BACON were Muffs to him; also representing the NOBLE, RESPECTABLE, MECHANICAL, and *Tag, Rag, and Bob-Tail* part of SOCIETY, which constitute the CORINTHIAN CAPITAL, and *Base* of the Pillar.

ACT I.—LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

I.—LIFE AT SUNRISE.

Hawthorn Wood.—How to shoot flying—Never at fault—No birds, but plenty of game—How to pluck a Primrose, but not without pricking the Fingers. The Cream of the Jest—The baulk, and scent lost—Tim as good as his Master—The Yellow Flag hoisted : and retirement necessary for all Parties.

2.—LIFE IN A MANOR HOUSE.

Hawthorn Hall.—The beauties of Nature—The heart that feels, but wants utterance—Fashion *versus* Rusticity. Bold as Brass, yet timid and bashful. Curiosity uppermost, and I will have a peep if I die for it. The Countryman and Londoner, a set off; but the advantage of elegance and impression of gentlemanly conduct personified.—An interview removes many fears and prejudices. Sporting Subjects, but no fun : yet exercise the best Medicine.

3.—LIFE IN A VILLAGE.

Hawthorn Green.—Caught on the sly : but those that love will feel it, without one word on the subject.—Good-bye, easier talked of than performed. Melody without Art : and tenderness expressed without affectation. Hope the only consolation : London in perspective.

4.—LIFE IN THE FIELD.

Sportsman's Cabinet.—Description of a Fox Chase—the ardour of Sportsmen—Brusher and Victor in pursuit of Old Sly Boots—Reynard at his last shifts—The “View Halloo,” and in at the death. Friendship over a glass—The Farmer in his true character—A jollification—Harmony, but little singing. Toasting till under the table. The Old Ones mistaken ; and the Cockney not so easily got rid of, as expected.

5.—LIFE AT HARVEST HOME.

Hawthorn Paddock.—Patty with the same feelings as my Lady ; and Tim as jealous as my Lord—Nature never wrong. A Kiss puts all to rights—Broken Heads, but no mischief : all in the way of pastime. Dancing, but no Waltzing or Quadrilles—All merry and happy—The Road to London in view, and off like a shot.

ACT II.—LIFE IN LONDON.

6.—SLAP-UP LIFE.

Corinthian-House Chaffing Crib.—A Man's Father born before him—*Rainbows* and *Slaveys* : NATURE will *peep* at times ; all made of the same flesh and blood : only *togged* differently. First impressions of

London on the *topper* of a *Yokel*—Pictures dangerous; then beware of originals. *Training* for an OUT and OUTER; or how to queer the *Ogles*: yet necessary to look like an *Upper Customer* of Society, if nothing else. Introduction of a *Chaff Cutter*: JERRY not awake; more brains wanting—and quite at a *stand-still* for the want of a New Book on *Patter*. The *Synonymy* of Flash developed. Taking measure of a man's pocket, more than his back—a prime artist: and how to *cut a figure*: JERRY dressed for the Part—Music over, the Prompter's call obeyed—Curtain up—and a toddle on the Grand Theatre of the World—a peep, *en passant*, at the SHOW-SHOP.

7.—FOUR-IN-HAND LIFE.

Tattersal's.—Can't know too much—A “*look in*” at Tattersal's, and no time lost—Notions of honour—A man's word as good as his *Blunt*—Bits of Blood, and Prime Tits in abundance—BOOKING, but not common-place—STUDS *floored* by a single hit—Alterations of Life like a Pantomime; and the motley hero's bat not more rapid in producing a change than Tattersal's hammer.—Match-making.

8.—LIFE IN THE SHOW-SHOP.

Buckingham House, St. James's Park.—Not keeping time—The Ladies on the fret. Pit-a-Pat, or “My heart with love is beating.”—Have you got the Licence? No; I've been to Tattersal's—It's too bad: I'll not put up with it—A kind look, or a tender word, does wonders—The art of persuasion—and I'll try him once more.

9.—LIFE IN THE CARDS.

The Old Hag's Garret.—Found out—A Portrait, but no likeness of a Husband—How are we deceived?—The Magic Mirror, yet no reflection—Cards will beat their Makers—The Fortune teller not aware of her own destiny—Trick and tie—Imposition exposed; and errors acknowledged—A good lesson for the unwary.

10.—LIFE IN THE FANCY.

Jackson's Rooms.—Corinthians only admitted—True courage the support of Britons—to *resent* or *forgive* the order of the day—the good Old English mode of settling a dispute—LEAVE OFF when you like—No daggers—no Widows—and no Orphans left, but the KNOWLEDGE BOX made awake by one or two re-MARKS made upon it—reading not necessary to explain it: and the proper use of the FIVES taught to chastise vulgar ignorance and Brutal Strength.

11.—KNOWLEDGE OF LIFE.

Chaffing-Crib (Corinthian House).—CHARACTER everything in Life—difficult, perhaps, at all times to support it; but, nevertheless, it ought never to be lost sight of; no good performances can be done without it. A “*New Readings*” of the BEGGARS' OPERA—TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC, the principal parts: but without a *High Toby* HERO.

12.—LIFE IN THE BACK SLUMS.

Dyot Street, in the Holy Land.—FLAT catching? Who bites? A fine picture; but no painting. "ALL ALIVE, O!" Effective enough to have put a MICHAEL ANGELO into a reverie; and for a *Rubens* to have been lost with surprise: a dark subject—Hypocrisy and deceit filling up the back-ground. *Ease before manners*—no *Starch* wanted—SOAP out of the Question—nothing to do with the *New River Company*—and *Togs* only necessary to answer purposes: To live and be jolly the object in view.

13.—LIFE IN ANTICIPATION.

Corinthian Kate's Boudoir.—The Tickets have arrived, my dear: but I can't go in that Old Silk—Must have something New—Mrs. Dash has ordered a Splendid Dress, and I should not like to be eclipsed by her—Come, my dear, let us go a shopping.

14.—CLEANED-OUT LIFE.

Return Home to the Chaffing-Crib.—A Fig for regularity—Get over the ground if it breaks your neck—Peep-o'-Day Boys—No time for Roost—Don't want it in Life in London—too game to think about it. Beat all Colours at *Red* and *Black*—Pockets to let—Forty winks as you can get them, to keep the Shutters open for another turn—Reflections will intrude—asking one's self a few questions? A good lesson for the *Young Ones*, who ought to profit by it, before they are *floored* never to be *picked* up again. Be wise in time.

15.—LIFE IN THE WEST.

Almack's Assembly Room.—A touch at the SUPERB: the advantages of Birth: Born with Silver Spoons in the Month. SPLENDOUR till you are tired of it. CORINTHIANS but no *Commoners*: all *top-of-the-tree* folks: POLITENESS to the very echo: and REFINEMENT to the end of the chapter—BRILLIANTS covered with *diamonds*: and the FAIR ONES as good as gold: and no *double shuffle* or *false steps*. A thorough-bred Scene—HIGH LIFE in perfection—and CLIMAX of SOCIETY in the Metropolis.

ACT III.—RAMBLES AND SPREES.

Or, the DANGER exposed of being put *Fly, Up, Awake, Leary, Down*, and being FINISHED!!!

That's the time of day, my PINKS—Secrets worth knowing.

16.—DAFFY CLUB LIFE.

Belcher's Parlour, Castle Tavern.—Here I am, blow my dickey: the Daffy Club; a spirited Sketch of the FANCY blowing a cloud over heavy wet, and Glasses of Combustibles: Blue Devils not admitted;

Out-and-Outers—Trumps—*Good-ones*—CATOLLERS: the means of keeping a Licence: and COVES that may be trusted alone. The Daffy Chaunt—Daffy explained by the President—Where is it to be?

17.—LIFE IN SPIRITS.

Tower Hill.—Jolly as Sand Boys—with a handful of *soft* to spend—A rich scene in view—Push along—all anxious for a treat.

18.—LIFE IN THE EAST.

The contrast—*All-Max*—*Hop-Panny*.—Tickets not necessary—Any Port in a Storm—Never a Jack without a Jill—all happiness: no questions asked: and one half of the World don't know how the other half lives. No matter! Plenty of *Taste*; *patter* without ceremony; and not particular to a *shade* about *Lingo*. Sporting a *Toe* without a *Shoe*, and no inquiry after the *Snob's Bill*—*Reeling* without *Steps*; *flooring* instead of *waltzing*; and nothing the matter. *Country* or *Colour* no objection; *Ladies in mourning* not prohibited—Black Sall don't blush for her appearance; and Dusty Bob not uneasy about his toggery.

19.—UP AND DOWN LIFE.

Tower Hill, at night.—The *Upper Story* all abroad, Mr. Lushington at Work—and when the wine is in, the wit is out—Ripe for anything—go along, Bob.

20.—LIFE IN A SPREE.

Temple Bar.—Coffee-shop Macing—Won't stand it—A regular blow-up from the Coves—a prime Singing-bird—a row—a Street Mill—How to make a stop-watch go—Nobs in trouble—a turn-out of Bulklers and Roosters—Cross and Square Coves—all upon the look-out to have "the best" of the darkey.

21.—LIFE IN A TURN-UP.

Getting into CHANCERY-lane.—Don't be too SURE—Certainties sometimes doubtful—The case in point—TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC get the worst of it.

22.—LIFE IN A SCOUT KEN.

Interior of a Watch House.—Consequence, *gemmen* must be heard first—Here's my card—I'm an M.P., an H.S., and a G.S. The *Gammon* won't do—Old SNOOZY awake, and the *Charley* perfect in his part, with his stage property to give it effect—Won't stand being booked for the Night—shew fight, and bolt.

23.—EFFECTS OF LIFE.

Chaffing Crib—*Darky over*.—JERRY's symptoms of uneasiness—Cracked Heads—debilitated—out of wind—can't come to time; and the Constitution fast on the decline; LOGIC lumbered; and TOM *done*

up—portraying that LIFE in LONDON, without the check-string, is a rapid trot towards Death! Jerry sees his folly—acknowledges his error—Hawthorn Hill in perspective—Jerry united to Mary Rosebud—Tom and Corinthian Kate made happy.

After the exertions manifested by the Author to produce a Musical Burletta, instead of a Pantomime, in order to meet the wishes of the Proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre—after the numerous *thinkings*, *scratchings* of the head, biting the thumb nail, twisting and twirling the subject to pieces, loss of repose, and the *hopes* and *fears* attached to authorship: the following polite, but *icy* sort of note, very soon put the matter to rest, as to TOM and JERRY having a *turn-up* on the boards of a Theatre Royal:—

Covent Garden Theatre, December 4, 1821.

SIR,—The subject of Life in London has now become so hacknied by its production at the Minor Theatres, that I should despair of its proving successful with us, particularly as, according to your sketch, I perceive it must take nearly the same feature. I return it, therefore, with my thanks, and I am,

Your obedient servant,

H. HARRIS.

Pierce Egan, Esq., New Times Office.

After the above unexpected disappointment, well might the poor *scribbler* exclaim—

Where now are all my flattering dreams of joy?

Most certainly, “something too much of *thanks!*”

In the second instance, LIFE IN LONDON was dramatised by CHARLES DIBDIN, Esq., and thus set forth in the bill—“Olympic Theatre, Newcastle-street, Strand. On Monday, Nov. 12, 1821, and following evenings, will be presented a new Extravaganza of Fun, founded on PIERCE EGAN’S highly popular Work, and interspersed with a variety of Airs and Graces, called LIFE IN LONDON.

“Tom (a Capital of the Corinthian Order), Mr BAKER.

“Jerry Hawthorn (out of Order, and more of the Composite than the Corinthian, never intended for the Church, though fond of a Steeple Chase), Mr. OXBERRY; and

“Logic (a Chopping Boy, ‘full of wise saws and modern instances’), Mr VALE.”

Mr MONCRIEFFE appeared as the third on the list of dramatists, and it was announced at the Adelphi Theatre in the following style:—“On Monday, Nov. 26, 1821, will be presented for the first time, on a scale of unprecedented extent (having been many weeks in preparation, under the superintendence of several of the most celebrated Artists, both in the *Ups* and *Downs* of Life, who have all kindly come forward to assist the Proprietors in their endeavours to render this Piece a complete out-and-outer), an entirely new Classic, Comic, Operatic, Didactic, Aristophanic, Localic, Analytic, Panoramic, Camera-Obscura-ic Extravaganza Burletta, of Fun, Frolic, Fashion, and Flash, in three acts, called TOM and JERRY, or LIFE IN LONDON. Replete with Prime Chaunts, Rum Gleees, and Kiddy Catches, founded on PIERCE EGAN’S well-known and highly popular Work of the same name, by a celebrated extravagant erratic Author. The Music selected and modified by him, from the most eminent Composers, ancient and modern, and every Air furnished with an attendant train of Graces. The costume and scenery superintended by Mr I. R. CRUIKSHANK, from the Drawings by himself and his brother, Mr GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, the celebrated Artists of the original Work.

“Corinthian Tom, Mr WRENCH; Jerry Hawthorn, Mr W. BURROUGHS; and Logic, Mr WILKINSON. Dusty Bob,* Mr WALBOURN.”

* The personification of Dusty Bob, by the above actor, has been unanimously decided by the public to be one of the greatest triumphs of the histrionic art ever exhibited upon the stage. The first tragedian of the day, with the utmost liberality, gave it as his opinion, that, during the whole course of his theatrical life, he had never seen any performance equal to it. Also, a comic actor of the greatest celebrity, exclaimed, “Good heaven! is it possible? Do my eyes deceive me? Most certainly it is a real *dustman* they have got upon the stage. I am very sorry the profession has descended so low as to be compelled to resort to the streets to procure a person of that description to sustain the character.” Further compliments to Mr WALBOURN would be superfluous.

“It is scarcely necessary to observe,” says Mr MONCRIEFFE, “this drama is founded on the ‘LIFE IN LONDON’ of my friends PIERCE EGAN and the inimitable CRUIKSHANK. Aided by PIERCE’S clever illustrations to the matchless series of Plates in that work, I have, in this piece, endeavoured to put them into dramatic motion: and to those venerable noodles who complain that I and my prototype, PIERCE, have made this the age of FLASH, I answer—My age is better than the ‘AGE OF CANT.’” *

* “This Piece,” says Mr MONCRIEFFE, “obtained a popularity, and excited a sensation, totally unprecedented in theatrical history: from the highest to the lowest, all classes were alike anxious to witness its representation. Dukes and dustmen were equally interested in its performance; and peers might be seen mobbing it with apprentices to obtain an admission. Seats were sold for weeks before they could be occupied; every theatre in the United Kingdom, and even in the United States, enriched its coffers by performing it; and the tithe portion of its profits would for ever have rendered it unnecessary for its author to have troubled the public with any further productions of his muse. It established the fortunes of most of the actors engaged in its representation, and gave birth to several newspapers, more than one of which are even now in existence. The success of ‘THE BEGGARS’ OPERA,’ ‘THE CASTLE SPECTRE,’ and ‘PIZZARRO,’ sunk into the shade before it. ‘In the *furor* of its popularity, persons have been known to travel post from the farthest part of the Kingdom to see it; and five guineas have been offered in an evening for a single seat.’

“With respect to the cry of immorality, so loudly raised by those inimical to the success and plain speaking of this piece, it is soon answered! Saying nothing of the envy of rival Theatres feeling its attraction most sensibly in their Saturday treasuries, those notorious pests, the Watchmen, dexterously joined in the war-howl of detraction raised against it, and, converting every trifling street-broil into a “*Tom and Jerry Row*,” endeavoured to revenge themselves for the *exposé* its scenes afforded of their villainy and extortion; but all in vain. In vain, too, the Actor’s old rival, the *Methodists*, took the alarm—in vain they distributed the whole of the stock of the *Religious Tract Society* at the doors of the Theatre—in vain they denounced “*Tom and Jerry*” from the pulpit—in vain the puritanical portion of the press prated of its immorality—in vain the prejudices of the stiff-backed part of the Bench—the hypocritical host of Saints cried it down, and preached woe and destruction to those who supported it—they but increased the number of its followers and added to its popularity. Vainly, too, was the Lord Chamberlain called upon

In point of fact, we cannot agree with the correctness of the statement given by our friend, Mr MONCRIEFFE, in the following words—"that the characters of TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC were *auto*-biographical sketches of the artists to whom they originally severally owe their being. The talented, spirited GEORGE CRUIKSHANK was himself, in all the better points, the spirited TOM he has so admirably delineated; his very clever brother ISAAC—then, perhaps, less experienced—condescended to pass for JERRY; and the *downey* PIERCE ('none but himself can be his parallel') was his own LOGIC. Having, *tria juncta in uno*, produced the admirable foundation of this Piece, may they speedily furnish the public with some more of their Larks, Sprees, and Rambles—the world will thank them for their gift."

However difficult it may have been to obtain the right *clue*, and however frequent may have been the failures of

to suppress it—his Grace came one night to see it, and brought his Duchess the next. Our present pious Licensor will hold up his hands at this! It was nearly the same with the Chief Magistrate of Bow Street: his experience rendered him perfectly sensible; that, long before the appearance of "*Tom and Jerry*," young men and country gentlemen would, in moments of hilarity, sometimes exceed in their potations, be provoked into quarrels by designing Watchmen, and consigned, for purposes of extortion on the following morning, to his honour the Night Constable; but, according to the Saints' accounts, to believe their tales, it must be held as a point of faith, that no one previous to the appearance of "*Tom and Jerry*" ever got into a row! Oh, no—drinking and all its train of follies were unknown to youth, until inculcated into their minds by the example of "*Tom and Jerry*!" How many an unsuspecting *country cousin* has been converted, in the public prints, through an hour of harmless frolic, into a JERRY; while his equally unconscious town relation figured as TOM, and any honest plodder they might have with them is transformed into a LOGIC, his first appearance in that character. The thing speaks for itself: the hue and cry of the immorality and danger of the Piece was raised merely for the purposes of plunder, by Watchmen and others. So far from being immoral, if the Piece be fairly examined, it will be found to be as correct in its tendency as any production ever brought on the Stage. The obnoxious scenes of life are only shewn that they may be avoided: the danger of mixing in them is strikingly exemplified; and every incident tends to prove, that happiness is only to be found in the domestic circle."

the *soi-distant* knowing folks—laying the flattering unction to their souls in behalf of “*dear self* ;” * and great also as the *puzzle* may have proved to the public at large, to ascertain the *identity* of the heroes of LIFE IN LONDON, it has been generally admitted by the admirers of *character* that the above Portraits bear the marks of ORIGINALITY ; the *lights* and *shades* properly depicted ; the *colouring* after Nature ; and the *tout ensemble* immensely attractive : although we cannot conclude, in the phraseology of the artist, that they were in “*good-keeping* !”

Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
 Keep PROBABILITY in view :
 The trav'ler leaping o'er these bounds,
 The *credit* of his BOOK confounds :
 Who, with his tongue, hath armies routed,
 Makes even his real courage doubted ;
 But FLATT'RY never seems absurd,
 The *flatter'd* always take your word :
 Impossibilities seem just—
 They take the strongest praise on TRUST ;
 Hyperboles, tho' e'er so great,
 Will still come short of self-conceit.

So very like a painter drew,
 That every eye the picture knew ;
 He hit complexion, feature, air,
 So just, the LIFE itself was there :
 No flatt'ry with his colours laid,
 No bloom restored the *faded* maid ;
 He gave each muscle all its strength—
 The mouth, the chin, the nose's length.

* It is too true that the Author and Artist have been frequently assailed by impertinent questions as to the REALITY of TOM, LOGIC, and JERRY ! One instance will suffice : During the walk of the Author on a popular race-course, he was accosted by a person whose *physiognomy*, if properly expressed, was any thing but *sightly*, and whose *dress* and *address* were equally at variance with the good manners and taste of a gentleman ; but who, nevertheless, gave himself a mighty air of self-importance, and, with the most unblushing effrontery, thus began :—“ Sir, I have been informed that, from my habits of style, fashion, and gay mode of life, your *model* of CORINTHIAN TOM has been taken ; in fact, I am generally known amongst my friends by the above appellation.” Such IGNORANCE, of course, must be *bliss* !”

His *honest* pencil touch'd with truth,
 And mark'd the date of age and youth.
 He lost his friends, his practice fail'd ;
 TRUTH should not always be reveal'd ;
 In dusty pile his pictures lay,
 For no one sent the second day.

Two bustos, fraught with ev'ry grace—
 A VENUS and APOLLO'S face—
 He placed in view. Resolved to please,
 Whoever sat, he drew from these—
 From these corrected ev'ry feature,
 And spirited each awkward creature.

All things were set—the hour was come—
 His pallet ready o'er his thumb :
 A lady came—with borrow'd grace
 He from his *Venus* formed *her* face.
 Her lover *praised* the painter's art ;
 So like the picture in his heart !

To ev'ry age some charm he lent ;
 Ev'n beauties were almost content :
 Through all the town his ART they praised :
 His *custom* grew, his *price* was raised.
 Had he the REAL LIKENESS shewn,
Would any man the PICTURE own ?
 But when thus happily he wrought,
Each found the LIKENESS in his thought.

The *notoriety* which the Rambles and Sprees of TOM and JERRY obtained in England very soon make its way across the Channel—became the topic of conversation amongst our Gallic neighbours—nay, it crept so much into favour with the gay folks of Paris, that LIFE IN LONDON was speedily translated into French,* and the translation had a most extensive circulation in France.

* LIFE IN LONDON.—A translation has just been published in Paris (1822) of PIERCE EGAN'S "*Life in London*," under the title of "The English Diorama ; or, Picturesque Rambles in London ; containing the most faithful *Notices of the Character, Manners, and Customs of the English Nation*, in the various Classes of Society. By M. S——." On this work a French critic makes the following observations :—

"A great deal has been written on Paris, and yet this great city still affords scope for innumerable remarks. Fewer works have been published respecting London, although that immense capital contains at least three hundred thousand inhabitants more than ours. From

The reception of LIFE IN LONDON was equally flattering, notwithstanding great prejudices had previously existed against TOM and JERRY in Dublin. It should seem that Mr HARRIS had somewhat changed his opinion respecting

that circumstance, the ample harvest which there still awaits the observer may easily be estimated. Too frequently, however, travellers, and especially speculating travellers, view a foreign country only under the influence of the prejudices which they have imbibed in their own, and wish to make everything correspond with the notions they have previously conceived. There are others who would be more faithful in their descriptions, but a crowd of circumstances shackle their inquiries; and in spite of all their vigilance, many errors result from a want of their intimate knowledge of the language, customs, and usages of a country. None of these obstacles diminish the accuracy of the details of the work before us. It is an Englishman, and an Englishman already known by *several esteemed descriptive Publications*, who has here painted his countrymen—PIERCE EGAN, the author of 'The Picture of London,' and who may be called the MERCIER of England, has, like him, carefully studied the manners of all classes of the community. He conducts his readers from the royal palace to the most miserable pot-house, the resort of beggars and the dregs of the people. Such, indeed, in these latter scenes is the scrupulous fidelity of his pencil, that the enlightened taste of his translator has frequently induced him to soften the features of the picture; which is not, as we shall by-and-by see, the only obligation under which French readers are to him.

"Want of space prevents me from prolonging these curious details. I will confine myself, therefore, to recommend to readers the excellent remarks on London in the first chapter, which, as well as several other valuable passages, belong to the translator, or rather the imitator of PIERCE EGAN'S work. If these additions contribute materially to the success of the book, the suppressions which M. S—— has made are no less useful. Dictated by a sound discretion and considerable tact, they include several long digressions, and some circumstances which would wound at the same time delicacy and French taste. But M. S—— has taken care not to injure the originality of the work, nor to deprive it of that foreign character which it was so important to preserve. What renders the work one of the most valuable which has appeared in England and London, are the four-and-twenty engravings, which represent almost all the incidents described in the book. It would be difficult to unite more of local truth with satirical originality. The advertisement tells us that they are from the arch pencil of Mr CRUIKSHANK. He, like the author, may congratulate himself on having caused us 'to see Life in London,' and on having, as was said of CHARLES VERNET, composed 'Epigrams of design.'"

the above piece having been so much "*hacknied*;" * and considering it as a profitable speculation, he engaged *Mr Wrench* to perform the part of *Corinthian Tom* at the Dublin Theatre. The first seven nights produced £1300, and the house, on *Mr Wrench's* Benefit, held £345.

At both the theatres in Edinburgh, TOM and JERRY attracted crowded audiences, according to the Editor of the *Edinburgh Dramatic Review*, who thus states:—

"At length the public of Edinburgh have had an opportunity of judging of the merits of the above celebrated Extravaganza. From the general tendency of the remarks which appeared in the newspapers, we were led to suppose that this piece consisted of indecency and gross vulgarity. From what we heard reported as to the numerous indelicacies which this sketch of 'Fun, Frolic, Fashion, and Flash,' contained, we were afraid that its success with our sober citizens would have been precarious; but we are happy to say that the applause which was bestowed on it by the unprecedentedly numerous assemblage on Saturday evening, January 25, 1823, which crowded the Caledonian Theatre, is a sufficient answer to the chimerical doubts which were industriously circulated against its propriety. There is nothing, as we before remarked, associated with disgust or offence. There was neither one word, action,

* MR. MONCRIEFFE'S Burletta had then been performed *ninety-three* nights in succession; and its *golden* career only stopped by the termination of the season, to the great *grief* of the proprietors, but a source of joy to the persons immediately connected with the stage. The *bones* of the poor performers were of "no use" to them, and the *room* of the Actors, in the front of the house, was much better "*liked* than their company;" indeed, they were interdicted from availing themselves of the privileges belonging to performers, owing to the scarcity of places, every inch being of the greatest importance (in a pecuniary point of view) to the Proprietors, who, it is *whispered*, picked up in their *Rambles* and *Sprees* between thirteen and fourteen thousand ST. GEORGE and DRAGONS! *Conquering* fellows upon any suit! In the *cant* phrase of the day, it must be admitted, that it was *lark-ing* to a good account!

or situation, in the whole course of the piece, that could possibly raise a blush or offend the most fastidious moralist."

In consequence of the Author's Drama having been *rejected* by the Proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre, no opportunity offered for its performance, until the Summer Season commenced at the minor Houses. Thus was the "*unfortunate wight's Operatic Burletta*" thrown out for six months! At length an *opening* occurred, when the Author's Piece, under the respectable management of Mr. EGERTON, was "got up" and performed, for the first time, at Sadler's Wells, on Monday, April 8, 1822, with the most decided success.*

* The *Morning Herald* of Tuesday and Thursday, April 9 and 11, stated as follows:—"Yesterday evening this theatre opened for the season, with a new piece, founded on the popular work of *Life in London*, and entitled *Tom and Jerry*. From its title one might suppose it to be nothing more than a third edition, hashed up with some new seasoning and scenery, of pieces under a similar title, which have already appeared at two minor theatres; but it differs from both of these almost in everything except the names of the principal characters, and their progress through the fashionable and vulgar vicés of the metropolis. This difference may be accounted for by the circumstance of Mr EGAN, the author of the original work, having been employed by the Manager of this theatre to put the story into a dramatic shape: and he has performed that task in a masterly style. Other dramatisers copied nearly the same words of Mr EGAN's book, but Mr EGAN has plagiarised from himself as cautiously and sparingly as possible; for he has not only introduced several new scenes, and rejected others that were already exhibited, but he has given a new version to the whole, and enriched every passage with fresh accessions of humour, fun, and laughable slang. Not a single passage hung heavy on the attention of the audience even for a moment, not an exuberant sentence was uttered, and every succeeding scene called forth increased peals of laughter from a crowded company. The concluding scene was admirable; because, without presenting any painful catastrophe that might throw a damp over the spirits, it conveyed a short but impressive moral lesson on the folly and danger to health and reputation attending the nightly sprees and profligate adventures which young men of fortune are too much in the habit of encountering. The third and last act concluded with a pony race upon a course which surrounded the whole of the pit and the stage: it had a very fine effect."

"PIERCE EGAN's whimsical and singular production, which was slightly noticed in the *Herald* of Tuesday last, has been since performed, with increased effect, to crowded houses. It differs from the

It was thus announced by Mrs EGERTON in the Address written for the occasion by T. GREENWOOD, Esq. :—

“ To-night, my friends, this modern taste to meet,
We shew you JERRY at his country seat ;
Then up to town transport the rustic beau,
And shew him ‘ Life in London,’ HIGH and LOW.”

Corinthian Tom, Mr ELLIOT ; Jerry Hawthorn, Mr KEELEY ; and Bob Logic, by Mr VALE.

pieces hitherto brought out under the same title in this respect, that, instead of a succession of unconnected extravaganzas, it presents an interesting tale, where two females, *Corinthian Kate* and *Mary Rosebud*, distinguished as much for virtue as for good humour and pleasantry, are eventually united to their reformed lovers. So far the piece merits the name of a Comic Opera ; and, indeed, it gives as rich a picture of low life as the celebrated *Beggars' Opera* of GAY, without any of the terrible satire on ruling authorities and on human nature which pervades almost every passage of the latter work. While the vagabond manners of the age are strictly portrayed, one feels no more hatred to the individuals therein described than is necessary to deter one from associating with them. In the beginning of the first act there are some fine scenes of rural sport and rural love. The subsequent exhibitions present us with various characters in this great Metropolis, not such as they ought to be, but such as they are. The lowest are, unquestionably, the most exquisite, because Nature there bursts forth without any of the restraints of education or the trammels of art ; and the conversations which take place, while they are managed with the finest humour, are free from everything indelicate or offensive. This feature in the piece is particularly conspicuous when *Tom, Jerry, and Logic* pay a visit in disguise to the *back slums* of St. Giles's. These are a motley society of mendicant imposters, in rags and tatters, who meet at night to spend the produce of their daily industry in luxurious enjoyment ; and who, with affected importance, attempt to give such philosophical reasons as may justify them in disdaining to earn money by bodily labour. But the scene of *All-max* in the East exceeds all the others in fun and merriment. Here is exhibited a collection of all the blackguards in the vicinity of Wapping, dancing to the music of a lame fiddler, and cheering their spirits with *heavy wet* and *blue ruin*—in other words, porter and gin. The chief personage in this assembly is *Dusty Bob*, a fellow who has a black wench, called *African. Sal*, under his protection, and who, by his humour and slang, keeps the whole audience in a roar of laughter for near a quarter of an hour. The character is inimitably performed. The piece, in fact, excites perpetual merriment from beginning to end ; while the fable excites no small share of interest ; and we do not think that the cause of

The Burletta of TOM and JERRY had been repeated so often all over the kingdom, and particularly in the Metropolis, that the performers, notwithstanding the great applause they nightly received in the above piece, absolutely became tired and worn-out with the repetition of their characters, when the following piece of *satire*, written by T. GREENWOOD, Esq., was published, entitled, *The Tears of PIERCE EGAN for the DEATH of LIFE IN LONDON; or, the FUNERAL of TOM and JERRY: dedicated to ROBERT and GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, Esqrs.*

Beat out of the Pit and thrown over the Ropes,
 TOM and JERRY resign'd their last breath;
 With them, too, expired the Managers' hopes,
 Who are left to deplore their sad death!

Odd and various reports of the cause are about,
 But the real one was this, I opine:
 They were run to a *stand-still*, and, therefore, no doubt,
 That the cause was a rapid *decline*!

When Death shewed his *Nob*, out of *Time* they were beat,
 And neither could come to the *scratch*;
 They hung down their heads and gave up the last heat,
 Not prepared with the Spectre to *match*.

All wept at the FUNERAL! the FANCY and all—
 Some new, but a great many mended:
 And EGAN, while CRUIKSHANK and *Bob* held the pall,
 As *Chief-Mourner* in person attended!!!

Their *Sprees* and their *Rambles* no more shall amuse,
 Farewell to all nocturnal parleys;

morality can suffer anything from the pictures of vice and folly which it presents."

The following criticism also appeared in the JOHN BULL:—"Sadler's Wells, Astley's, and the Surrey Theatre, all produced TOMS and JERRIES;—that at Sadler's Wells is more carefully purged of impurities than any of them, and takes the lead in other respects, which, perhaps, may be owing to the care of Mr EGAN, or the tact of Mr EGERTON. The fact is, that that which appears a silly opposition in producing the same pieces at all the houses, will eventually turn out capitally; for now, instead of being contented with seeing one Tom and Jerry, the town will not be satisfied till they have seen them all, and, as the last three months were spent in discussing the merits of the first, so the whole summer will be devoted to comparing notes and qualifying for 'critic' upon the new editions of this very extraordinary performance.

The Town felt regret, as the bell toll'd the news,
And no one rejoiced—but the *Charleys* !

A monument, too, their kind Patrons will raise,
Inscribed on—" Here lies TOM and JERRY,
Who, departing the *Stage* to their immortal praise,
ONE THOUSAND Nights* made the *Town merry* !!! "

May their souls rest in peace, since they've chosen to flit,
Like other great heroes departed;
May no mischief arise from their *sudden* exit,
Nor PIERCE EGAN die—*broken-hearted* !

In order to produce some novelty on the subject, on Monday, June 2, 1823, was performed, for the first time, at the Cobourg Theatre, *The DEATH of LIFE IN LONDON; or, TOM and JERRY'S FUNERAL*, written by T. GREENWOOD, Esq., an *entirely New, Satirical, Burlesque, Operatic Parody, in one act, not taken from any thing, but taking off many things, full of Wit, pregnant with Sensibility, abounding in Effects, Pathetic, Moral, Instructive, and Delightful, being the LAST that ever will be heard of these two popular Heroes.*

Record it not, ye historians of the LEGITIMATE DRAMA! hear it not, ye lovers of the classic Stage! and tell it not to the arbiters of good taste and polite literature! that, after the Burletta of *Life in London* had been performed at every provincial theatre in the kingdom—exhibited at all the fairs, and peep-shows—after the *mania* had subsided—nearly seven years rolled over—and the threat of the poet at an end:—

Alas! how alter'd is the British Stage!
Splendour and novelty the town engage:
DRAMATIC AUTHORS now their WORKS may bury,
Floor'd by those dashing heroes, TOM and JERRY.

* The Author's dramatic Piece of TOM and JERRY, which first appeared at Sadler's Wells, on April 8, 1822, to the last night at the Olympic Theatre, January 2, 1823, in less time than the short space of nine months, was represented *one hundred and ninety-one nights*, a circumstance unprecedented in the annals of the drama; independent of TOM and JERRY being performed at FIVE Theatres in the Metropolis at the *same time*, for several months, by various *adapters* from the Original Work of LIFE IN LONDON; besides the numerous representations at most of the Provincial Play-houses.

Should these Corinthians live, I'll make a bet,
 Our modern bards will be in the *Gazette* !
 Take for their Benefit (a serious fact)
 A piece much hacknied—the *Insolvent Act* :—

the Proprietors of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, permitted *Corinthian Tom* to strut and fret his hour on their stage; *Jerry Hawthorn* to patter *flash* to the elegant creatures in the dress circle; and *Dusty Bob* to embrace *Black Sal*, agitate his *tinkler*, toss off his *max*, and “come the *double shuffle*,” for the improvement of the *listeners* of the critics in the pit. Forbid it! we assert; but, according to *Old Granny's* doctrine, when teaching the little *kids*, “Truth cannot be shamed, although it may be blamed,”—Covent Garden Theatre threw off the mask, put the LEGITIMATE DRAMA on the *shelf* for a short period, had a *shy* for the *blunt*, and, in the highest style of *gammon*, announced to the public, that the humours of *Life in London* would be shewn, for the FIRST TIME, to a Covent Garden audience.

Surely that respectable Actor, the “OGLEBY of his hour!” who introduced TOM and JERRY for his benefit, did not mean to assert that the audiences of Covent Garden Theatre were *packed*; or, in other words, they were all over so much *legitimatized* that they could not condescend to visit Minor Theatres. Instead of stating it was his intention “to shew a Covent Garden audience LIFE IN LONDON,” with all due deference to his opinion, it would have proved far more correct thus to have announced it in the bill:—

THE GHOSTS
 OF
 TOM AND JERRY!
 CRUCIFIED!
 AT THE
 SHRINE OF FALSE DELICACY!
 ON THE BOARDS OF A
 LEGITIMATE THEATRE:

By THEOPHILUS GAMMON, Esq.

IN THREE CANT. O's! Oh! . . . Ah!!! . . . Oh!!!

[EXIT *poor worn-out* LEGITIMATES.]

It is, however, but justice to state, that the "*Tough Old Commodore of the FLATS*" growled *nicely!* nay, more, that "he grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile!" when he first heard that the *Wings* of the Classic Houses were to be polluted by the introduction of such *low fellows* as *Baron Nab'em* and *Ragged Jack*. It appears rather singular, to our notion of things, that the indefatigable and inventive "veteran caterer" in the Ballet and Pantomime department at the above Theatre, should also have "dropped down on his luck" in so great a degree, as to have given the preference to such a Piece, so *hacknied* from one end of the kingdom to the other, rather than "cudgel his own brains" to attract and please the Public with something NEW. But admitting, for the sake of argument, that the Performers have a right to introduce any Piece on their benefit nights, and the *illegitimate* Burletta of TOM and JERRY might be considered a good *draw*; yet what apology can be offered for the *bad taste* of the Proprietors of the Classic Theatre, to perform LIFE IN LONDON for two nights afterwards on the *stock account*? Why, the best apology in the world—SHAKESPERE shall be their organ—and *legitimate* to all intents and purposes:—

" 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance—oft it doth, yea, make
Diana's rangers false to themselves."

It is true, upon the LEGITIMACY of the subject, some difference of opinion may have existed in the minds of the *great* Patentees of the Theatre Royal; but, of course, as their PATENTS grant them "an exclusive right or privilege," it must be admitted, "according to law," they are entitled not only to see *clearer*, but to possess a better understanding*

* Let us argify the topic—it must be true—they have a PATENT to be superior to their *inferiors* in competition. The *eyes* of the great Patentees possess more fire; their *ears* classic to the very echo; their *brains*, more *nous*; their *taste* so excellent as to be pronounced an *octave* above the superlative degree; their *perception* immense, vast, unequalled; and their JUDGMENTS *correct* and FINAL, like the Wool-sack. Indeed, Shakespere has it to a nicety:—

" I am Sir Oracle!
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark."

upon theatrical matters, more especially when their pecuniary interests are concerned, than the managers of theatres of a *minor* description.

If the position of the Poet be good, to

Eye NATURE'S walks, shoot FOLLY as it *flies*,
And catch the MANNERS *living* as they *rise*!

we shall tell the *Call-boy* to bring forward DUSTY BOB, with his bell, to collect *legitimate* audiences, before whom the subject may be discussed with temper and talents: CORINTHIAN TOM be allowed to plead in his own defence, as to the *passport* he derived from NATURE; JERRY HAWTHORN to say a word or two in his own behalf, respecting the advantages to be obtained by *experience*, KNOWLEDGE, and ART; and an old friend, the never-failing BOB, chop Logic on the matter in dispute:

'Tis wit and wrangler's LOGIC; thus d'ye see,
I'll prove at once, as plain as A B C,
"That an *eel pie's* a *pigeon*. To deny it,
Would be to swear BLACK'S not BLACK!" "Come, let's try it!"
"An *eel pie* is a *pie of fish*."—"Agreed."
"*Fish pie* may be a *jack pie*."—"Well, proceed."
"A *jack pie* is a *John pie*, and 'tis done,
For every *John Pie* must be a *Pie John*." (PIGEON).
"Bravo!" Sir Peter cries, "*Logic* for ever!
That beats my grandmother, and she was clever."

Should BOB be beaten out of the field, after the University learning he has displayed on the score of *legitimacy*, why then we must call upon the *Tellers* in the Theatrical Treasuries to "go to *scale*" upon the matter; in order to produce the "lots of blunt" realised by the managers all over England by their repeated performances of the *illegitimate* piece of TOM and JERRY. The *winning*-post will then be obtained, without any difficulty, by the above heroes.

The POET'S *eye* in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as IMAGINATION bodies forth
The form of things unknown, the POET'S *pen*
Turns them to SHAPE, and gives to *airy nothing*
A LOCAL HABITATION and a NAME.

But the EYE may *roll*, roll, and *roll* again; and the "LOCAL HABITATION" may perhaps be obtained after months of deep study, by poring over the midnight lamp; and just as the Author may be congratulating himself on the success of his genius, receiving the smiles of Fame, and a "*trifling sweetener*" from Threadneedle Street, as a reward for his exertions, he may be attacked by the *Sappers* and *Miners*—those pickers and stealers, who do not absolutely come under the denomination of PICKPOCKETS, yet *thieves* to all intents and purposes, and, certainly, *robbers* of the most unprincipled description—LITERARY PIRATES. By which *unfair* means, the above *nob-snatchers*, not coming under the cognizance of the police, carry on their depredations with the most unblushing effrontery; irritate the poor Author, almost to madness, blast his prospects; impose on the unwary by their *imitations*, and render the "*cash account*" quite *nugatory*.*

There is another MOB of *Pirates*,—a set of VAMPIRES, *living* upon "the brains" of other persons, and who dare not think for themselves.

* This note is inserted here, on account of a duty we owe to ourselves, in order to prevent "foul play" proving successful against us a second time; and also to put our friends, all over England, on their guard against similar practices of imitation and deception. A Publisher, during the popularity of the preceding volume of this work, who had not the *pluck* to put his real name, for reasons best known to himself, not only *copied* the outline of our story, but made an *infringement* on our Title, and, in the most palpable manner, copied our hero in his plates; and, by a paltry subterfuge, endeavoured to secure himself under the term "real." The above spurious production—in every point of view—was published at sixpence per number; by which dishonourable mode of conduct he filled his own coffers at the expense of the fair and indefatigable exertions of the Author and Artist, and likewise to the great loss of the original Publishers in Paternoster Row. Such conduct, so much at variance with the fair tradesman, ought to be exposed. FAIR PLAY is our motto—and we will extort it from our opponents, if it is not to be obtained by any other means. It is, however, PATERNOSTER ROW to a *Bookstall*, LACKINGTON'S LIBRARY to a *Child's Primer*, and KINGSLAND ROAD to a *halfpenny ballad*, that the Public are not again duped by such artifices.

Some neither can for *Wits* nor *Critics* pass ;
 As *heavy* MULES are neither HORSE nor *ass* ;
 Those *half-learn'd* wittings, num'rous in our isle,
 As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile ;
 UNFINISH'D THINGS, one knows not what to call,
 Their GENERATION'S so *equivocal* :
 To tell 'em would a hundred tongues require !

The *Sappers* and *Miners* are all upon the alert, as heretofore, stealing an *eye* ; *boning* a NOSE ; *prigging* an EAR ; running off with a LADY ; making free with a *nob* ; copying a *face* ; borrowing of LEGS ; wheeling off a barrow-full of BRAINS ; and overwhelmed with a cart-load of IDEAS !

In bidding adieu to the PIRATES we feel anxious to throw out a few hints for their *Reformation*. We hope these *Pilferers* will take a *synopsis* of what has been presented to their notice ; and, in future, "turn from their *wicked* ways," and become honest men ; "*cudgel* their own brains," to improve their circumstances, rather than *knock* about the HEADS of other persons to supply their wants ; find HEROES for themselves ; make their own *sketches* ; dig deep into their own *mazzards* ; ask themselves a few questions on the propriety of "TO DO TO ALL MEN, AS I WOULD THEY SHOULD DO UNTO ME ;" give the *Paste* and *Scissors* a long Holiday ; and, as a last *farewell*, to let every TUB stand upon its own *bottom* !

The cheering smile of FAME will now inspire us with more confidence than ever towards the completion of the Work before us, flattering ourselves that we have kept our promise with the Public in the most rigid point of view, namely :—we have made the GRAVE to smile, the GAY to feel delight, the COMICAL laugh heartily, and the PATHETIC have occasion for a *wipe*. The MODEST have not had occasion to turn aside with disgust, nor the MORALIST to shut the book offended. The CORINTHIANS, likewise, have no cause to be ashamed to acknowledge "TOM" as one of their party ; the Universities not the slightest complaint to *expel*, or even *rusticate*, "BOB LOGIC ;" nor the large family of the HAWTHORNS to disown poor "JERRY," for his "*Rambles* and *Sprees* through the Metropolis."

Thus, after the lapse of Seven Years, the Author has once more seized hold of the *feather*, and the Artist his *pencil*, with an earnest endeavour to follow the advice of our immortal bard, or rather adopt him as a model, “nothing to extenuate, or to set down aught in malice!” and

To hold as 'twere
The Mirror up to Nature ; to shew Virtue her own feature,
Vice her own image, and the very age
And body of the Time, its form and pressure.

Then thus it is :—

CHAPTER II.

The difficulty of parting with OLD PALS—nothing else but the right sort of CHAPS—a practical illustration of the sound doctrine of “Friendship without Interest.” A sigh for those “dear creatures” left behind us. Stage Coach reflections and adventures. New acquaintances. Sir JOHN BLUBBER, Knt., a second Falstaff without stuffing. An Outline of his Character. BILL PUT-’EM-ALONG, the learned Dragsman. The PULPIT versus the BOX. The broken sentence mended. Taking Stock—balancing accounts—something after the manner of the dangers of TOWN RAMBLES versus COUNTRY AMUSEMENTS. Change of scene absolutely necessary. Reluctant adieu to the Metropolis; but, nevertheless, the powerful attractions of “HOME! sweet HOME!” Hawthorn Hall in sight, and the joy of the Old Folks on the return of JERRY to his native soil. The advantages of “pulling up” in time—good effects of TRAINING; and exercise the best physic towards the production of health and strength. JERRY once more himself—his favourite pursuits renewed with vigour. The Charms of the Chase:

Our pleasure transports us, how gay flies the hour,
Sweet health and quick spirits attend;
Not sweeter when ev’ning conveys to the bower,
And we meet the loved smile of a friend.
See the stag just before us! he starts at the cry:
He stops—his strength fails—speak, my friends—must he die?

His innocent aspect, while standing at bay,
His expression of anguish and pain,
All plead for compassion—your looks seem to say,
Let him bound o’er the forest again.
Quick release him, to dart o’er the neighbouring plain;
Let him live—let him bound o’er the forest again.

JERRY a true Sportsman—the pleasure attached to the dog and the gun. The delightful Country round HAWTHORN HALL.

—Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say, “Good Night,” till it be morrow.

THE great bustle and confusion incident to the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, so well known to persons who quit the above celebrated Hotel for most parts of the kindom,* had scarcely ceased to vibrate upon the ears of the disconsolate, nay, chop-fallen JERRY, by the departure of the stage-coach for its place of destination, when, being left to his own meditations, he became so dejected at the blank left in his mind by the absence of his *pals*, that he almost angrily looked round him, and seemed to say to his fellow-travellers:—

Why, what's that to you, if my eyes I'm wiping,
A TEAR is a pleasure, d'ye see, in its way;
It's *nonsense* for TRIFLES, I own, to be *piping*,
But they that an't FEELING, why I pity they!

Though the coach was quite full of company, yet JERRY was so much absorbed in thought, that, for a few minutes, he might positively be said to have been—ALONE! Indeed,

* It is highly necessary for persons who are quitting London at the above rendezvous for stage-coaches to be on the alert, but their attention is so much occupied by the surrounding objects, that the passengers have scarcely time to think of themselves. To the stranger and *timid* female the bustle and noise of the scene is extremely annoying. The almost perpetual blowing of horns, the arrival and departure of numerous stage-coaches, the busy, impertinent, resolute *Cads*, also upon the look-out to procure passengers, persuading them nearly against their inclinations to mount *this* or *that ere* coach with which their *interests* are connected; men with newspapers, others with umbrellas, oranges, pencils, walking-sticks, &c., &c., form a most extraordinary assemblage, and absorb the whole attention. Indeed, the ignorant are very liable to make mistakes; and, in more instances than one, it has been discovered too late to rectify the error, when, many miles out of town, they have had the mortification of learning they have gone by a *wrong coach*!

it was no common *separation* to part with such *tried* friends as CORINTHIAN TOM, and the *gay* and lively BOB LOGIC, who had, upon all occasions, acted towards our hero with the most disinterested motives: his improvement and future welfare being their only object in view. The sensation felt by JERRY on losing his friends, may, therefore, in some measure, be offered as an apology for his want of gallantry to his female companions in the vehicle.

A *sigh* frequently escaped from the lips of our hero, in spite of the rattling and jolts of the coach over the stones, when the recollection of the elegant CORINTHIAN KATE and the CHARMING SUE flashed across his memory: excusing this amiable weakness, in the words of the poet:—

“Is there a heart that never loved,
Or felt soft woman’s sigh?”

“Lovely woman! Never,” said he, mentally, “shall I forget the ‘*gay moments*’ I passed when first introduced to their notice by TOM; indeed, words could not be more accurately applied by my Coz.; and I am only afraid I shall never experience such an intellectual treat again. By my departure from London I shall not only be deprived of their most interesting company for some time to come, but I feel extremely mortified that I had not an opportunity of saying to them, FAREWELL, accompanied by a *chaste* salute. I shall often remember the many delightful games of ROMPS* I have had with the kind-hearted SUE! Bless her pretty *index*! But it is, perhaps, all for the best; I might have become too fond of her; the company of SUE was too fascinating for me, and the result might have proved

* In order to prevent any obscurity upon this subject, and likewise to avoid anything like *double entendre*, which *punsters* and *jokers* are too often apt to indulge in by *twisting* words to their purpose in order to create a laugh, we think it necessary to state that the *broken sentence* at the conclusion of the first volume, page 376, is here mended by JERRY in his allusion to the numerous games of ROMPS he had had with the charming SUE.

dangerous to my peace of mind. Yet my best wishes attend upon her welfare!

“The want of *Bob* at my *elbow*, to rally my spirits when I am getting *dull*, I shall soon find out; and the experience of my invaluable friend *Tom* to act as guide when my mind may prove wavering as to the selection of the right path, will operate as a serious loss; but, nevertheless, I am grateful for *past* exertions, and must act for myself towards the *future*. Though my health, perhaps, has suffered a slight shock by my visit to London, yet it is a consolation to me to reflect that my ‘notice to *quit*’ is only connected with the day and night scenes of the Metropolis, and that my return to the country is upon a *repairing lease*. The TENEMENT, I flatter myself, is not yet so much damaged but it can be made *wind* and *water proof* for a long time to come!”

While REASON *rules the glass*, and Friendship flings
Its CLAUDE-like tint o'er life's convivial hours,
Heart towards *heart* with generous fervour springs,
And Fancy wreathes the social board with flowers.

Look now on yon *bibbers*—how wildly they laugh,
 And exult o'er the *poison* they fearlessly quaff;
 Their mirth grows to madness, and loudly they call
 On the waiter;—he enters—DEATH *waits* on them ALL!
 They jest at his figure—'tis meagre and bare,
 But soon his "pale liv'ry" the proudest shall wear.
 That LAST *fatal* BOTTLE the *mischief* shall work;
 Their last vital breath shall be drawn with *that cork*.
 Its odour is fetid—it smells of the DEAD,
 'Tis a type of their fate, for their spirits have fled:
 The glass of hilarity reels in their hand,
 But there is another glass—flowing with sand;
 Its grains are fast falling—they trickle—no more,
 Those GLASSES are *drain'd*—the CAROUSAL is o'er!

Hyde Park Corner and *Tattersal's* were passed with extreme regret by JERRY: "The latter place," he observed, "has proved a great source of amusement to me, in a variety of instances; but I must now leave those gay fellows, and their thorough-bred cattle of every description, for a short period, to settle all matters in dispute by themselves. Dr PLEASE'EM will have it so; and I really am much indebted to his excellent advice, as to the means of recovering my health; and I shall now be enabled to follow his *prescriptions* much more attentively than when at Corinthian House. The difference of conduct will be *striking* in every point of view; 'to rise with the LARK,' instead of *staggering* to bed after a *lark*; listening to the *musical cry* of the hounds rather than be woke from one's slumbers by the drawling sounds of the Watchmen; and up by peep-o'-day, to enjoy the sweet and bracing air of the country, instead of inhaling large quantities of *Gas* every step at midnight!"

The above sort of a *reverie* being at an end, the spirits of JERRY began to improve; he bade adieu to the blue devils, and ventured to take a slight synopsis of his female companions in the coach, who had hitherto been quite neglected (or rather unnoticed by him), for upwards

of the first ten miles. Two of the ladies, by their apparel,* appeared to be persons belonging to a superior class in Society. Young, interesting, cheerful, and possessing countenances of the most inviting and open description; so much so, that Jerry might have been pardoned, if the exclamation had escaped his lips :

How happy could I be with either !

The other female, on the contrary, was rather advanced in years,—her dress solemn and precise to a pin, with a face severe and rigid, and her exterior altogether bore evident marks of austerity : therefore, one glance at the *Old Maid* was quite sufficient for the *sparklers* of Jerry ; and, to prevent any mistakes on his part, he left this “*remnant of antiquity*” to act according to her own discretion, either to join in the discourse, or to remain *silent*.

Our hero soon rendered himself agreeable, by his conversation, to the young females. After the state of the weather† had been ascertained and settled by the parties, the Parks, the Opera, Theatres, the Fashions, and almost every other circumstance which had tended to excite public attention during the season in the Metropolis, were rapidly discussed between JERRY and his entertaining companions, with considerable taste and ability. The bewitching VESTRIS was admitted an actress of the highest

* This sort of criterion now-a-days must be pronounced *doubtful*, when *dress* is so much the rage throughout all ranks in society ; but, nevertheless, Jerry’s judgment proved correct : the golden chain, the brilliant ear-rings, the rich silk pelisse, and the beautiful ringlets, all lost their attractive importance upon our hero, after the ladies began to discourse “eloquent music.”

† The state of the weather is almost a *sine qua non* with travellers in general, respecting the introduction of themselves to each other ; in fact, it might have been advantageously set forth in the new work, “HELPS TO CONVERSATION, by an Old Cripple.” For instance, “I think the weather will turn out fine, Madam,” “We shall have no rain to-day, Sir,” “Lots of *blue sky*,” &c., &c.

fascination in London, and unequalled for the possession of versatility of talent; having sustained in one week, according to the statement of one of the young ladies, three principal characters at the Italian Opera, the French Play, and at Drury Lane Theatre, and likewise excelled in all of them. Mr *Kean*, too, JERRY thought, was most undoubtedly entitled to the appellation of Shakespere's Hero; the *Othello* of this triumphant actor was *unique*: but *Macready*, in his humble opinion, came under the denomination of a great melo-dramatic actor; although it was only justice to state, the *Virginus* and *William Tell* of Macready were master pieces of the histrionic art.

The *Old Maid* was stubbornly silent during the whole of the above conversation between JERRY and the young ladies; yet, by her shrugs and grimaces, she gave her fellow-travellers evident signs of her disapprobation and utter contempt for such profane subjects. JERRY was not to be deterred by the outward tokens of the above *remnant of antiquity*, whose severity of countenance seemed to infer: "Young folks, ye know not what ye do; the lighter things of this world only occupy your attention. Your time might be more seriously and profitably employed for your future welfare." Our hero soon resumed the conversation, but he would have felt himself a little more confident, if TOM had been of the party, when the Italian Opera, the last new Novels, and the Galleries of Paintings, were the themes of the discourse; yet, nevertheless, he ventured to observe that *Mercandotti** was the most delightful dancer he had ever seen. "Her very soul," said Jerry, "might almost

* At the period above alluded to, this justly celebrated dancer had not been induced to quit the stage; nor her subsequent retirement felt by the lovers of the "light fantastic toe," and admirers of first-rate dancing. Yet who could quarrel with Mademoiselle Mercandotti for the *step* she took towards the Temple of Hymen, which was considered as one of the best and *richest* movements in her profession, by securing a young and *golden* partner for life.

be witnessed in every step, with which she enraptured her auditors; indeed it is totally out of my power to describe her excellence," the above opinion was mildly offered in opposition to one of the young ladies who had decidedly expressed herself in favour of *Madame Noblet*. "It is true," said she, "I have been delighted with the movements of *Mademoiselle Mercandotti*, and I can only view her as a most powerful rival to *Noblet*; but the simplicity of the latter, her attractive symmetry of form, the ease and elegance of her steps, appearing almost unconscious that she was in the presence of spectators, have made so strong an impression upon my mind, that, although a female, I am quite in love with her. *Noblet* is really a pretty creature!" The gallantry of JERRY in this instance became rather at a *standstill*; and, with considerable politeness, he gave up the point.

A variety of other topics connected with the subjects of the day, were disposed of with taste and spirit on both sides, and the time went off so pleasantly between JERRY and the young ladies, that Twyford and Reading were passed through, without producing the slightest remark, until they arrived at Newbury, where an elegant carriage, with servants in livery, was in waiting to convey them to the seat of their father, a few miles distant from the above place. Our hero expressed much regret at their departure; and the young ladies, in return, thanked him for his entertaining company, and politeness in attending them to their carriage. JERRY again seated himself in the stage-coach; but the attraction was gone, and MUM became the order of the day between him and the *Old Maid*, until the vehicle arrived at Speenhamland. Here the coach stopped at the Hotel to take up a passenger, known by the name and title of SIR JOHN BLUBBER, KNT. On JERRY'S witnessing the approach of the Knight towards the coach, the bulky figure of the latter caused him to smile, as he appeared to JERRY capable, as to *exterior*, of performing the part of *Falstaff* without the aid of *stuffing*. The door of the coach was immediately opened for his reception,

but, after immense *puffing* and *blowing*, the perspiration rolling down his cheeks like steam, and the struggles of the fat Knight to obtain an entrance, with the assistance and pushing of the coachman, amid the loud laughs of the post-boys and *Johnny Raws* who surrounded the door of the inn, at the ludicrous efforts of *Sir John* to effect an impossibility, the attempt was given up as hopeless. In this dilemma, the fat Knight consented to take an outside place on the roof of the stage, exclaiming, "A plague take your narrow doors, say I! It would be difficult for a *ram-rod* to get inside. The proprietors ought to be indicted for having such small coaches. Do you call such treatment *accommodating* the public? Such little vehicles are only fit for *toys* to amuse children. Here have I been waiting at the Hotel for several hours to obtain a place, and tried all the coaches as they passed the door, and am now compelled to mix with the common sort of folks outside. An alteration must be made in the Act of Parliament for regulating stage-coaches, to have the doors made of decent width, and not such *pop-gun* holes as they now are, to admit a person of a moderate size. The next Session of Parliament I shall, most certainly, petition the House upon the *great* importance of the subject."

The *Old Maid*, on hearing the determination of the fat Knight, suddenly broke silence, and, popping her head out of the coach window, said, "O dear, Mr Coachman, I really think I must get out; it will not be *safe* for me to continue my journey *inside*, if that 'uncommonly big gentleman' rides upon the roof; I am sure it will fall in, and I shall be *smothered* to death." BILL PUT-'EM-ALONG, the gentlemanly Coachman, as he was characterized on the road, touched his hat, and with a suppressed grin upon his face, replied, "You may depend upon it, *Miss Never-asked*, there is not the slightest danger in the world. My coach is built upon new principles! It is one of the *Patent Safety* Coaches. The roof is strong enough to carry St. Paul's Cathedral, from one end of the globe to the other, if you could but get that venerable pile upon the coach, as

luggage." At the genteel *gammon* thus displayed by the *dragsman*, JERRY could scarcely refrain from indulging himself in a loud fit of laughter; and the fat knight was likewise so much pleased, notwithstanding his disappointment, that he *chuckled* again at the well-told story of BILL PUT-'EM-ALONG, and cried out, "Coachy, you are quite an orator. It is all true, every word of it; and I am sure you are too much of a gentleman to *deceive any young lady!*" This *tiny* bit of flattery from the "uncommonly big gentleman," tended to allay the fears of the *Old Maid*, who, in rather a more satisfied tone of expression, observed, "If you are sure it is a Patent Safety Coach, Mr Coachman, I will proceed with my journey; as I have been informed it is impossible that any accident can occur to a coach secured by a *Patent of SAFETY!*" "Quite right, Miss," replied PUT-'EM-ALONG, almost laughing in her face at the credulity she thus displayed; "you may compose your feelings with the utmost security." The ladder was now placed against the coach, and SIR JOHN mounted the roof with less difficulty than might have been anticipated from his ponderosity; but in firmly seating himself upon the roof he made the coach shake again, as if almost attacked by an earthquake, to the great terror of the *Old Maid*, who, now agitated beyond description, uttered a violent scream, and addressed herself to JERRY: "O dear, Sir! Young gentleman! Pray let me ask, do you not perceive a *crack* upon the top of the coach? I am sure he has *split* the roof! What a thing it would be, if he should come through the roof! The 'uncommonly big gentleman,' I am afraid, will soon be *a-top* of us!"

Before JERRY could make a reply, the fat Knight, on hearing the shriek of the *Old Maid*, put down his jolly face towards the coach window, and assured her "there was no danger to be apprehended from him. He was not so large a man as she might think; there were much bigger men than he often went as passengers by the Safety Coach. He was certain he did not weigh above twenty-four stone at the most!" JERRY (perhaps unpardonably at such a mo-

ment, but his love of a "bit of fun" with some persons may operate as an excuse) now begged the *Old Maid* to be pacified; and endeavouring, at the same time, to make up his face as sanctified as a methodist preacher at a love feast, thus addressed her: "The only doubt that I have at present upon the subject is, whether we may rely upon the declaration that the vehicle we are now in is really a Safety Coach. There is, I am sorry to say, no dependence to be placed upon these coachmen. I perceive no *crack* at present, Miss; but I would not answer how soon such an opening may make its appearance inside of the coach, considering such an 'uncommonly big gentleman' is over our heads. I think it might be as well once more to ask the coachman respecting the truth of his assertion." BILL-PUT-'EM-ALONG again answered the interrogative with "All's right!" "I am now perfectly satisfied, Miss," replied our hero, "and there is no doubt of your continuing your journey with the utmost safety." JERRY was compelled to put his head out of the coach window to prevent being detected by the *Old Maid* at the trumped-up story he had made, having no longer any command over the lineaments of his face. All now was quiet for a few miles, and the coach made its way over the ground with great celerity, when the *Old Maid* again relapsed into her former taciturnity. JERRY, although far, very far, removed from the character of a *misogynist*, was now determined to leave *Miss Never-asked* to her own private reflections, and join the pleasant company of the gay *dragsman*, and the fat jovial Knight outside; he therefore ordered BILL-PUT-'EM-ALONG to pull up, and, with a respectful bow, took his leave of the *Old Maid*. "I hope, Sir," said she, "you apprehend no danger by leaving the inside of the coach? If you do, pray be kind to me—nay, more, be candid, as to my doubtful situation, as I still have my fears about that 'uncommonly big gentleman.'" "Depend upon it, Miss," replied JERRY, "I take my leave of you under no other consideration than to enjoy the benefit of the air, which the state of my health positively requires." This answer proved quite satisfactory to the feelings of the *Old Maid*.

Our hero now mounted the box, along with BILL PUT-'EM-ALONG, who was everything but a *dummy*; in fact, originally, he had been intended by his relatives to sustain the sacred functions of a clergyman; and accordingly he had received his education at one of the colleges at Cambridge. What progress he had made in his studies during his *novitiate* to obtain the character of a "learned Pundit," had never been a subject of argument amongst his fellow collegians; but for a trotting match, as a good shot, and as an amateur whip, they would back him to "push along, keep moving, and to get over the ground," against most of the stage coachmen of the day. His papa and mamma had long been called to that "bourne from whence no traveller returns;" and he was left wholly to the guardianship of a rich old uncle. A "good living" was also in store for him, when he arrived at a proper period of his life to conduct it with propriety and rectitude. The least thing BILL partook of at College was *learning*; it being the most *troublesome*. He could much sooner dispose of a bottle or two of Champagne, than descant upon the *Elements of Euclid*; mount his *tit* with greater celerity than quote a passage from VIRGIL; and make use of the *gloves* with more tact than expatiate on the beauties of PALEY. BILL never expected preferment in the Church—to become a Dean never entered his thoughts—to be made a Bishop, quite out of the question; and as to filling the high situation of an Archbishop of Canterbury, it was *visionary* in the extreme. Therefore, *severity* of STUDY did not belong to his *book*—he turned over the leaves of the RACING CALENDAR with pleasure and profit; and noted down the ODDS at Tattersal's several times with an *interesting* account: and in the true spirit of the thing, BILL often used to give it as a matter of *taste* amongst his brethren of the gown, when enjoying the "gaily circling glass," during the hours of relaxation at College. "For my money," said he, "I'll have DONCASTER for BOOK-*ing* against *Cambridge*; for NOB-*work*, I'll bet any odds, EPSOM in preference to *Oxford*; and for *Readers*, NEWMARKET, 50 to 1, against both the schools of St Paul's and Westminster. Ten Ponies on York, for the production of *scholars*, as to *knowledge* and *calculation*, against

all the *deep* studies acquired at Eton ; and ASCOT, delightful, splendid ASCOT, for pedigree, bottom, bone, and blood, ‘all to nothing’ against the ‘*training*’ at the *Charter-house* !”

PUT-’EM-ALONG, it was soon discovered, preferred the range of the world, to the confined state of the *closet*, and he was determined to risk his fortune upon the Grand Theatre of Life, rather than stick to the “old, musty, fusty rules of College.” He soon ran through his patrimony ; the advice of his uncle had not been attended to, and BILL felt quite satisfied that the “*good living*” was completely out of sight ; something must be done ; a GENTLEMAN without *means* he found to be the most afflicting state in society, and of “no use” at all in the Metropolis ; he therefore turned his attention towards “*the road* !” Yet not after the mode of a celebrated dramatic hero, to turn the “*lead into gold* ;” neither to trifle away his time with the “pretty Pollies” and “fond Lucies ;” but without hesitation he mounted the box, stuck to his leaders, handled the ribbons, and picked up, after all, a “*good living*,” without quoting a single text from Scripture. Such was the outline of BILL PUT-’EM-ALONG. He was patronised by the *Swells* ; his fellow-collegians also stuck to him like glue ; and his civility and attention to his passengers rendered him a host within himself. His appearance was likewise prepossessing ; his manners mild and interesting ; and he was always dressed like a gentleman. In fact, the passengers were afraid to offer him the usual *tip* at the journey’s end, until he faintly observed, “the Coachman !” His *drag* was also in unison with the rest of his character, by possessing much more the *swell* look of a gentleman’s Four-in-hand, instead of a regular vehicle for public hire ! That BILL should prove himself a most interesting feature on the box, by his observations, and his knowledge of the various classes of society that he was compelled, from his daily occupation, to mix with, will not be doubted for an instant ; he was also a most cheerful and lively companion in every point of view, and perfectly capable of answering any questions put to him by the passengers, respecting the seats along the road, and the characters of the various nobility and

gentry who inhabit them. Alongside of the road, too, BILL had his friends amongst the landlords of the various inns, who said of *Coachy*, "that there was nothing of the *screw* about him, and what he *axed* for, he *tipped* for, like a *Gent*, which was more than many dragsmen did as how they could mention, although it was no matter howsomdever, *here* or there." PUT-'EM-ALONG was likewise a bit of a favourite with the comely hostesses, the dashing barmaids, and prime smart chambermaids, who always gave it as their opinion, when BILL's character was inquired into as a Coachman, "that he was such a *nice* man, and so attentive to the females, that it really was a pleasure to go a journey with a person like Mr PUT-'EM-ALONG."

JERRY had scarcely seated himself alongside of the Coachman, when the fat Knight said, "Sir, I am very glad you have joined us: you will find *Coachy* here as good as an almanack, intelligent upon most subjects, and witty upon all of them. I have been *joking* with him about the uncertainty of human affairs, the change of occupation from *grave* to *gay*; the *lingo* equally at variance with the two situations in life; TILLOTSON giving way to *Goldfinch*, in order to comply with the phraseology of the road; and the *dress* necessary to render the character complete. I am glad to see that Mr. PUT-'EM-ALONG has got the 'whip-hand' of his opponents; and though not exactly '*holding forth*' for the improvement of his flock, yet, nevertheless, he is '*holding them up*,' and still so much confidence is placed in his exertions to make '*all right*,' that a great variety of *souls* and *bodies* are continually under his immediate care, in order that they may be kept in the *right road*, and arrive safe at the end of the journey." SIR JOHN then, by way of illustration, sang, or rather hummed, the following verse in an under tone:—

"One negro say one ting, you take no offence,
 BLACK and *white* be one colour a *hundred year* hence;
 And when *Massa* DEATH kick him into a grave,
 He no SPARE negro, buckra, nor massa, nor slave:
 Then dance, and then sing, and a banger thrum, thrum,
 He *foolish* to tink what TO-MORROW may come;

Lily laugh and be fat, de best ting you can do,
Time enough to be sad when you *kickara boo!*”

“Such conduct, Sir, on the part of our Coachman, deserves most undoubtedly a ‘*good living* ;’ and I not only hope that he gets lots of *mint-sauce*,* but that his meals will be always sweetened with that restorative article, during the remainder of his days.”

JERRY was quite pleased with the change he had made, by quitting SILENCE personified by the *Old Maid inside*, for the excellent company of the “uncommonly big gentleman” *outside*, whose notions of society were so much in unison with his own ideas of the world, that “*the right end of life is to live and be jolly.*” By this time the coach had arrived at *Cherril*, distinguished for the large white horse cut out of the turf, upon a hill of chalky substance, viewed as a dis-

* MINT-SAUCE. One of the numerous *cant* terms for money. It was a favourite word with Sir JOHN, when in the company of persons where he thought it was applicable ; he also claimed to be the author of the above *phrase*. Although “*it is ONLY OPTIONAL,*” so inimitably told by LISTON, in the character of *Lubin Log*, to the Guard, yet the Coachman to a *drag* that loads anything like well, is far from a *losing* game. However, the anxiety naturally attendant upon driving a four-horse stage ; keeping strange horses at times well together, and to do their work ; the duty to be performed, whether in hot or cold weather, wet or dry ; the safety of the passengers always in view, either up or down the hills ; the absolute necessity of keeping time ; the different tempers to please, inside and out of the coach ; civility always required ; and satisfaction to be given to the various Proprietors. When all the above circumstances are taken into consideration, the liberal mind must be clearly satisfied, that “*the LABOURER is worthy of his hire!*” The stage coachmen, within the last twenty-five years, throughout England, are an improved race of men altogether ; the WASTE-*butt* sort of CHAP is entirely removed from the box ; drinking at every Inn quite exploded ; and the drivers in general so well *togged*, their linen white as snow, and viewed not only as one of the best *dressed*, but frequently the best *behaved* man upon the coach. Full of anecdote ; anxious to please all parties ; cheerful and merry ; frequently humming some well-known air, by which means a journey of fifty or sixty miles now-a-days is disposed of so quickly, as to appear more like a matter of pleasure, than the dull heavy routine connected with business and fatigue.

tinguished land-mark, and likewise a great object of attraction to the traveller. Sir JOHN, in a sort of half-whisper to our hero, illustrated by a cheerful smile, and pointing towards the coach-window, said, "I'll have another touch at the *Old Maid*! I know all about her; Coachy has made me *fly*!" And, before JERRY had time to dissent, the fat Knight rose from his place, and then hastily sitting himself down again, set the vehicle in rapid motion like a swimming top. In spite of his wishes to the contrary, JERRY was convulsed with laughter; and PUT-'EM-ALONG could scarcely keep a steady phiz, when he saw *Miss Never-asked* attempt to thrust herself out of the coach window, declaring her life was in danger. Out she would get, and take a post-chaise for the remainder of her journey to Bath, though within twenty miles of that city—"I am sure the roof is cracked!" JERRY once more assured her, "that she was frightened without any real cause of danger; the 'uncommonly big gentleman' had merely stood up to rest himself, and by *flopping* himself down upon the roof, as it were, had, quite unintentionally, occasioned the wriggling motion of the coach, by which she had become unpleasantly situated; but *Miss Never-asked* might rely upon his word and honour, as to her most perfect safety during the remainder of her journey to Bath. PUT-'EM-ALONG, also, in the most persuasive manner, endeavoured to allay the *Old Maid's* fears, when she rather reluctantly permitted the stage to proceed towards its destination, exclaiming, "I will never go with such a 'big gentleman' any more, and I would give the world to be at home!"

Peace and quietness were once more restored to the passengers under PUT-'EM-ALONG's care, when he observed to JERRY, in an under-toned voice, "I am really sorry for the fright and agitation displayed by *Miss Never-asked*. Although under the designation of an *Old Maid*,—a situation in life too much calculated to produce ridicule and satire,—she is, nevertheless, a most amiable, charitable, and worthy creature. *Miss Never-asked* is extremely rich; also connected with a high and distinguished family in the country; and con-

spicuous for her charitable conduct ; although, it might be said of her, quite secluded from the fashionable world, yet occupying one of the most splendid mansions in the Royal Crescent at Bath. It is true, she has her peculiarities : attended upon by an old worn-out lacquey, a demure house-keeper, and a puritanical waiting-maid ; yet her house is propriety itself, and every movement within it possesses the regularity of clock-work. She is surrounded by cats of all descriptions, lap-dogs, squirrels, and birds out of number. Her heart is good ; her manners, although singular, are lady-like ; she is said to be a woman of superior taste ; and extremely liberal to all those persons who pay her attention, or render her any service ; and I always feel regret when she is put out of her way." "I am rather surprised," replied SIR JOHN, "that she has never changed her state,* after the fine character you have given her ; besides the attraction of a splendid fortune." "I am not prepared," replied PUT-'EM-ALONG, "to answer your question, Sir JOHN."

Our travellers had now arrived at Pickwick, contiguous to Corsham House, the celebrated seat of Paul Cobb Methuen, Esq., whose superb collection of paintings are the theme and admiration of every visitor : and the journey, which had commenced in dulness to JERRY, had, from the pleasant turn it had taken, become to him one of the most interesting description. "Are you acquainted at all with those two young ladies we put down at Newbury ?" said JERRY to the

* Perhaps *Miss Never-asked* might have been similarly situated to a Female well known in the upper circles of society : a rich lady, nay more, a very desirable person, considerable talents, prepossessing manners, good-tempered, and not the slightest aversion to have selected for life any of the sons of Adam. But it should seem, in spite of all the above *charms* to recommend her to the notice of mankind, and continually mixing with good society, yet she was doomed to die an—OLD MAID ! On her death-bed, when she gave orders for the distribution of her property, she was asked the reason, by a most intimate friend, why she had never entered the holy state of matrimony ? She answered in the most candid manner, accompanied by a deep heartfelt sigh, that no gentleman had ever "popped the question to her on the subject."

coachman. "Perfectly well," answered PUT-'EM-ALONG; "they are the daughters of the Honourable Mr. SNOWDROP, the pride of their father, the ornaments of their circle of society, and the adoration of the inhabitants of the village in which Snowdrop House is situated." "I was soon convinced," replied JERRY, "they were women of no common class. I was delighted with their affability and beauty of person; but more with their unassuming talents. I hope I shall again have the pleasure of travelling with the Miss SNOWDROPS." "I never heard of any other character given of them," said Coachy; "when they quit the country, for the winter season in London, they positively leave a blank in the neighbourhood of Snowdrop House, such a ready attention they pay to the wants of the poor cottagers."

The small but clean town of Bath Easton was soon entered by our travellers, and in a very short time afterwards, JERRY and SIR JOHN BLUBBER arrived safe at the York Hotel. Upon quitting the stage for the ground, the fat Knight, who appeared *cramped* almost to numbness, observed, "for this deliverance, much thanks!" and JERRY, like lightning, opened the coach door, handed out the *Old Maid*, and with the most perfect gallantry, offered his services. During the period the luggage was being regulated, the "uncommonly big gentleman," with a shake of the hand, observed to our hero, "I cannot part with you, Sir, without first obtaining your promise that you will have the kindness to honour me frequently with your visits during my stay in Bath. I have been much pleased with the frankness of your company during a most pleasant, interesting journey; and permit me to say, that I cannot receive any refusal to my request, as I desire to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with a person so much after my own heart." The sincerity with which the above invitation was given to our hero, was quite congenial to his feelings; and JERRY, with equal sincerity of manner, thus replied; "Sir JOHN, I feel flattered by your kind opinion of me, and I shall accept of your request only on one condition. I have been in London

for the last few months—I am rather out of sorts; but, in the course of a few days, I hope to be all right again. I am on my return, to see my *old dad* and *mam*; no better creatures in the world; excuse me, Sir, if I seem prejudiced a little bit in favour of my father and mother, but I am confident you will think so with me, when you know them. Come, then, Sir JOHN, and see them at *Hawthorn Hall*, where you cannot call too often for us; and, if I do not produce you good sport; lend you a capital hunter; with dogs of the first quality; a prime gun; a sincere welcome; a substantial repast; and a resting-place as long as you like for your jolly frame, when you feel tired, say there is no honour or reliance to be placed in JERRY HAWTHORN! But remember, Sir JOHN, all the *old maids* on my manor are *game* not to be disturbed!” “Agreed, my son, for henceforward I shall always call you so; and, upon my veracity, sooner than not become acquainted with an honest fellow, like JERRY HAWTHORN, to render my travels through life pleasant I would have parted with a large vase full of *mint-sauce*! But I positively will not part with you, my son, until we have cracked a bottle of champagne, and also taken some refreshment.” JERRY and Sir JOHN immediately ordered dinner; and a post-chaise was likewise kept in readiness, on the termination of the repast, to convey JERRY to HAWTHORN HALL.

Sir JOHN BLUBBER was a retired, wealthy citizen, who had fulfilled the duties of a Common-council-man, and who had also served the important office of Sheriff of the city of London. Sir JOHN had refused an Alderman's gown; and, in all probability, if he had not retired from mercantile transactions, might have become the Lord Mayor of one of the greatest cities in the world. Of the advantages of EDUCATION he could not boast; but, nevertheless, he considered himself a good *calculator*, although he was “self-taught.” The only circumstance Sir JOHN was known to flatter himself about was—being the ORIGIN of all his wealth. He was perfectly indifferent of obtaining the title of “a gentleman,” as a passport to high-bred quality folks; being well assured

that the character of a man of fortune could not be withheld from him. He, therefore, left all *speculations* to those persons who were desirous to add to their *gains*, and quitted the anxiety of the Stock Exchange for a life of ease; being determined to spend the remainder of his days in the enjoyment of those advantages which health and a long purse can procure. Sir JOHN had realised quite money enough for himself. It was true, according to the old adage, that he had neither "chick nor child" to provide for, in regard to *relationship*; and Sir JOHN often joined in the laugh against himself, that he was not only a *thriving* man, but there was enough upon his *frame* to make two jolly fellows, although he had always ranked as a *single* man!

According to the Knight's own words, he had risen in the world from *nothing*; he was a poor orphan; a workhouse boy; in truth, a child without a friend. His mother died in giving birth to him; and the utmost information he could ever learn respecting his father was, that he had been shot in an engagement on board of a man-of-war, and his name was *Jack Blubber*. The early days of Sir JOHN had been marked by wretchedness and distress; in fact,

"He had been steeped in poverty to the very lips!"

In relating his own story of the rapid progress he had made in life, he did not forget to mention the time when he was compelled to behold his *naked* toes oftener in the streets than was agreeable to his feelings; and frequently his *elbows* would show themselves to his acquaintances, in opposition to all his efforts to conceal the *scanty* state of his wardrobe. In order to show its rising quality, his *hair*, too, in spite of all his *combing* it down, did, for a longer period than was congenial to the taste of Sir JOHN, peep through the broken crown of his *hat*. But, by industry and care, he was enabled to conceal his toes within good shoes and stockings; a new coat also prevented his naked elbows any more annoying the eyes of his acquaintances; and, ultimately, a decent hat covered his head. Step by step he made his way into society; from the little errand boy, he became the respect-

able porter to carry out light weights, and carefully to look after most extensive and valuable premises entrusted to his charge.

In process of time, by keen observation, regularity of conduct, and attention to his department, such are the vicissitudes of fortune in the great Metropolis of England, he became the great proprietor of that very dwelling where he had commenced his career by cleaning knives and brushing shoes, the holding of horses, and everything connected with the duties of a menial servant. Success attended all his exertions, something after the manner of MIDAS; and everything Sir JOHN touched turned almost into *gold*. In every respect, circumstances had changed for the better in the great revolution of his affairs; but his HEART, which was good from his *cradle*,* still firmly remained in the right place; and the turn of 'fortune's sportive wheel' had not altered his feelings a *jot*. YES, they had!—No! not *changed* them, but increased their excellence. At one period of his life, his *heart* almost bled at the afflicting cases which presented themselves to his notice, as it was then totally out of his power to relieve them: but the case was now happily altered with Sir JOHN; the opportunity had arrived when he could gratify his wishes to the utmost extent, without reserve or regret: he could cry where the tear not only enriched the appeal of sorrow, but clearly illustrated the unfortunate's tale. His purse was never closed against the real object of unavoidable misfortune and distress; indeed, it was the opinion of the fat Knight, that it was much better to be duped at times, than to let a deserving man or woman, in need of charity, be "sent empty away," as a token of revenge on the plausible wretch and sanctified hypocrite.

* Perhaps this is a misnomer. From the wretchedly abject state of his mother, it is more than likely that Sir JOHN did not enjoy the luxury of a CRADLE during his babyhood. The fat Knight, however serious the matter might have proved to his feelings in the days of his *poverty*, has often *joked* about it in his prosperity, by saying "his mother was upon *board-wages* when he was ushered into the world, which accounted for his not having a '*rock*' too much!"

To sum up the character of Sir JOHN BLUBBER: he was a most facetious, jolly, good-natured soul; one of that class of persons deemed independent; and his property enabled him to "care for nobody," if family pride was the prominent failing; yet he was most anxious to respect the feelings of every individual, and to treat no person with contempt, more especially those characters whose circumstances in life reduced them to the appellation of being called — POOR.

To use his own words, he thought himself *quite* BIG enough, rich enough, and happy enough; but if he could make a choice, he should prefer being a little *thinner*, to enable him to get out of danger, when *speed* was the object in view; but, nevertheless, Sir JOHN sensibly contented himself, that it was impossible to have everything one's own way. He was generally rambling about the country; and some *eccentricity* was attached to his character. The mind of Sir JOHN was soon made up; and he would start off, at the instant it took his fancy, for Brighton, Doncaster, Newmarket, or any other part of the kingdom, without a second thought on the subject: and previous to his becoming so corpulent, he was continually riding from one place of note to another. To keep the mind on the *stretch*, as he termed it, was one of the greatest steps towards happiness; more especially when there was no lack of *mint-sauce* to make the person comfortable. "A clean shirt and a guinea were no bad companions," Sir JOHN said, "to meet his eyes every morning on his table when breakfast was served up:" and there was a certain something so delightful attached to INDEPENDENCE, that he often wished he had been gifted with the powers of oratory to describe its beauties. When Sir JOHN became tired of any place, and wished to return to town, he would often facetiously call out, "*To the Tower!*"—his residence (but *Snuggery* he had it called) being near the MINT, and not one hundred miles distant from the above ancient *safeguard* to the City of London. "Capital landmarks for stray Cockneys," urged the "uncommonly big gentleman," "and a prime *Sauce-*

box,* to render the view not only *interesting*, but attractive to every person."

The dinner was at an end; the friendly bottle *drained* of its animating contents; the post-chaise announced by the waiter to be in readiness at the door; when our hero and Sir JOHN bade farewell, with repeated promises of visiting each other. The spirits of JERRY were rather exhilarated by an extra glass of wine, added to the pleasing idea that he should soon be under his native roof, and in the company of his father and affectionate mother, when he observed, full of glee, "Boy, you know the road well?" "To an inch, your honour," was the reply: "I have lived in Bath these last *fifty-five* years." "Then don't *hop*," said JERRY, "but go along like *winking*: I am in haste to arrive at Hawthorn Hall before *Sir Oliver* goes to bed." The *boy* took the hint; the *tits* answered the whip; and the Old Bridge at Bath was crossed without delay. "*Sir Oliver—Sir Oliver*," said the boy to himself, after puzzling his brains for some time, "I don't know any such person about this part of the country."†

The pleasures of anticipation quite enlivened the feelings of our hero at every step he advanced upon the road towards his native village; and, although he had quitted London only a few hours, he flattered himself his health had improved. "In a short period," said he, "I shall embrace one of the most affectionate beings on earth, my dear mother; and, at the same time, feel the animated grasp of the hand of one of the most friendly men in the universe—my most respected father." Indeed, JERRY was so much impressed with the scene he was about to realise, that he gave way to his feelings, on recollecting the following popular air:—

* The MINT. According to Sir JOHN, "the box full of good things; and nothing like it to 'box the compass' with through life."

† In order to relieve the mind of the post-boy, should he peruse this work, "*Sir Oliver*" is a cant phrase for the Moon

'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
 Still ever so humble, there's *no PLACE like HOME* ;
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow it there,
 Which, go through the world, you will not meet elsewhere.
 Home! Home! Sweet Home!
 There is no place like home.

An exile from home, pleasure dazzles in vain,
 Ah! give me my *LOWLY THATCHED COTTAGE* again ;
 The birds singing sweetly, that came to my call,
 Give me them, and that peace of mind, dearer than all !
 Home! Home! &c.

It was a delightful moon-light evening, and every object he passed along the road seemed to revive in his recollection the pleasures of his boyhood. The last mile was nearly accomplished, and Hawthorn Hall in view : and as he drew nearer to the much loved spot, it is impossible to describe the pleasing sensations on hearing his favourite greyhound *Flora*, and the fine old house-dog, *Blucher*, bark as it were a sort of welcome home :—

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
 Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home ;
 'Tis sweet to know there is an *EYE* will mark
 Our *coming*, and look brighter when we *COME* ;
 'Tis sweet to be awaken'd by the lark,
 Or lull'd by falling waters ; sweet the hum
 Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
 The lisp of children and their earliest words.

The post-chaise at length drew up to the door, and on its being announced that Master *JERRY* had arrived, *HAWTHORN HALL* was quite in an uproar with joy. The Old Man grasped the hand of his son with a feeling not to be described, and turned aside to check the falling drops which were fast rolling down his veteran cheeks : his mother embraced her darling boy with an ardour and joy that none but mothers know, and enriched the parental gift in bedewing his face with the tears of a virtuous woman. The heart of *JERRY*, always a melting one, was not a jot behind either of his parents in feeling, and he took out his handkerchief to conceal his emotion. The old domestics rallied round him with cheerful smiles ; in fact, from the highest to the lowest

person in the establishment, he manfully expressed his gratitude for their expressions of kindness towards him on his return to HAWTHORN HALL; and old *Blucher* and *Flora* were absolutely rivals, in hanging about him and caressing his knees.

The short time previous to rest was occupied in the most pleasing manner by all parties; and JERRY, after partaking of some slight refreshment, found himself once more in bed, under the roof of his ancestors, the venerable but happy dwelling — HAWTHORN HALL. Being somewhat fatigued, our hero did not rise with the *lark*, as he was wont to do before he had visited the metropolis; and was therefore content to lie in bed longer than heretofore, much against his inclination, when the “early horn” invited him to join in the Sports of the Field. His health, however, began to mend apace; and so anxious was he to join his old cronies in the neighbourhood, that he could scarcely allow himself time to obtain strength to make up for his truant disposition amongst his brother sportsmen.

It was soon *buzzed* throughout the village that Master JERRY had returned to HAWTHORN HALL; with the additional information, that he had been also leading such a *rackety* sort of Life in London, as to compel him to resort to the country for the improvement of his health. These reports coming to the ears of our hero, he did not like to *show* himself out of doors for a few days; he felt a sort of shame that his appearance was so much altered; and, in order to escape the *jeers* likely to be levelled at him by his former companions, “in being only the *skeleton* of the former athletic JERRY,” and such-like expressions, he preferred, for a short time, taking exercise in the gardens and fields contiguous to his father’s demesne, rather than expose himself to the harmless jokes of his friends.

The delightful prospects by which HAWTHORN HALL was surrounded, and the purity of the air, had the happiest effect; and the sound maxims of—

Early to bed and early to rise,
Make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,

were adopted by JERRY, who, like a sensible man, was anxious to become *himself* again, and once more be enabled to enjoy the pleasures of society: he also paid the most punctual attention to the advice of Dr. PLEASE'EM: and, from the anxious care displayed, morning, noon, and night, by his mother, to improve the health of her darling boy, JERRY HAWTHORN was, in a very short time, restored to a perfect state of convalescence. Such are the good results of *training!*

CHAPTER III.

The effects of all-powerful LOVE in the scale of happiness: "SNEAKING KINDNESS" to wit; JERRY reduced to a dummy, and NATURE triumphant. The charms of Virtue: MISS MARY ROSEBUD, an outline rather than a portrait: the hand of SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE required to do justice to the subject. Lots of visitors. Arrival of Sir JOHN BLUBBER at HAWTHORN HALL. The letter announcing the intentions of CORINTHIAN TOM and LOGIC to pay JERRY a visit at the seat of his Father. Incidents on the road—the hotel in an uproar—Travelers see strange things. Unexpected visitor to LOGIC's bed in the night—no Ghost, but a Somnambulist. The TRIO complete—LOGIC, TOM, and JERRY together. The cockney astray, or the Peep-o'day Boy out of his element. A flying shoot—missing the bird and hitting a barn—a new reading for the OXONIAN. The comfortable fire-side. Every one anxious to promote the pleasure of his companion, something after the manner of

All reality,
No formality,
There you'd ever see :

OLD JOLLYBOY, the Curate—a character. Crossing the hand with silver—an old story, a gipsy affair. The LONG VISITOR not exactly a new acquaintance. JERRY fit for another start—not quite: his return to London postponed for a short period. Departure of TOM, LOGIC, BLUBBER, &c., from HAWTHORN HALL.

JERRY, having resumed his rather prepossessing appearance, ventured to take his walks and rides through the neighbourhood, in the same familiar manner as he had done previous to his visit to the Metropolis; also make *calls* upon his ac-

quaintances, and, in return, receive the congratulations of his friends: amongst whom was no less a personage than the interesting Miss MARY ROSEBUD.

Notwithstanding our hero had been generally admitted, amongst the circle of his acquaintances in the vicinity of HAWTHORN HALL, to be a young man of spirit; a fine companion and leader in the field, neck or nothing; a "jolly fellow" over the glass; and, for a bit of chit-chat and a game at *romps* with the merry girls in the neighbourhood, a complete gay and gallant hero to all of them—yet, in the presence of Miss ROSEBUD, he felt a certain kind of awe he could not account for; and her mildness of disposition and good temper extorted from him the most profound respect and admiration, almost to *silence*. This he attributed to native bashfulness—a want of *dash*; and as JERRY had always felt a "*sneaking kindness*" for Miss ROSEBUD, he was angry with himself that his tongue forsook its office, whenever he had made up his mind to disclose to her the object of his tender passion. But now the case was altered; his rustic modesty was worn off a little, or rather polished up by the acquirement of a little *town bronze*: a most essential acquirement in the art of "small talk," but inaptly termed making love! JERRY had so often hung upon the arm of his friend TOM, backed by his *pal*, BOB, who was up and dressed upon all suits during his visit in the Metropolis, when promenading up and down the rooms of the great folks, amongst the ladies—that he was determined to shake off this timidity—this *clownish* failing—and assume the easy *nonchalance* deportment of a man of good breeding and fashion, and "carry on the war" with gaiety, fortitude, and discretion. He flattered himself that he now possessed real courage, and not the mere assumption of valour; and, therefore, "armed at all points," as he thought, he confidently undertook the first visit to ROSEBUD COTTAGE. Every step he took towards the retired dwelling of his heroine he calculated he should be enabled to show himself not only an altered but an improved man. The knocker's rattling peal had scarcely been attended to by the servant, and his name

announced, when he felt a trifling palpitation of the heart, not unlike *Acres* in the play of *The Rivals*, and a little of his assumed courage was on the point of taking its departure; but, when JERRY was ushered into the presence of Miss ROSEBUD, his pretended *valour* was all gone in an instant. He had left her in a most languid state from indisposition, but her return of health and improvement of person had been so great during his absence, that the charms of Miss ROSEBUD burst upon him like the sun in its meridian splendour. She was indeed a ROSE-bud, and one of the most beautiful flowers in NATURE'S garland. It is true, the ladies of her acquaintance had disputed about the symmetry of her figure, yet the whole of them admitted her face was handsome, nay more, several declared it was *beautiful*;* in fact, the writer pleads his inability to do justice to its attractions, however animated and highly-coloured his description might be, or to convey to the reader even an outline of her delightfully interesting appearance. Such an attempt must be left to the accomplished and inimitable pencil of Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE. Her accomplishments formed the least part of her character; her manners were mildness itself; and her general demeanour, to every person admitted to her presence, amiable and conciliating to a degree. Miss ROSEBUD had lived the principal part of her life in retirement; her family, although rich and respectable, were

* The CORINTHIAN, on being introduced to Miss ROSEBUD, gave it as his most decided opinion, strengthened by the experience of LOGIC in matters of genius and art, that her face must prove highly attractive to the above celebrated painter, who has been so busily employed during his life in furnishing the *beau monde* with copies of the creation. "This great master of the art," said TOM, with peculiar emphasis, "whose superlative taste is united with a knowledge of mankind; and whose delightful touches can make every lady's face *beautiful*, and yet preserve a most correct *likeness*; will have, in painting a portrait of Miss ROSEBUD, nothing more to do than produce a *true copy*: so bountiful have been the gifts of nature to her person." "She will then be worth FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS to you," said LOGIC, with a smile, to the Young One. "Yes," replied JERRY, "*One Thousand Pounds*, for anything like a *copy of my MARY ROSEBUD* would be a trifle indeed."

not dazzling sort of folks; and their acquaintance with fashionable society rather limited than otherwise. She was the only daughter of Mr ROSEBUD, a decided fox-hunter; and a thorough-bred sportsman in every point of view. He was particularly attached to the pleasures of a country life; quite contented with visiting the Metropolis once a year, merely to settle his affairs; and always eager to return, according to his own words, to ROSEBUD COTTAGE, the most comfortable place in the world.

He was a great lover of horses, birds, dogs, &c., and passionately fond of the Chase: and often, when speaking of his daughter, he facetiously termed her—his “*first favourite*.” Indeed, so much was she his *pet* (like fond fathers in general, who think they perceive greater talents in their own offspring than in the children of other persons), that MARY’S opinion to him was sounder law than the most profound judgment ever uttered by the Lord Chancellor. Mr ROSEBUD was determined the world should not have to think ill of him if anything unfortunately should happen to his daughter, that he had not taken the greatest care of her morals: she was accordingly educated under his roof, and no expense was spared to render her education in every respect corresponding with that of a gentlewoman. “I do not want my daughter,” said he, to all her tutors, “to excel any of the player-folks as to attitudes and dancing; neither do I wish MARY to sing so well as to *distance* professional concert singers; or be as expert as COCKER in arithmetic, and to beat the ‘calculating boy’ in accounts. She must not be spoiled by flattery and puffed up with ambition. Nevertheless, I should like my MARY to be clever; but, in all her intercourse with society, to possess the retired delicacy consistent with the manners of a well-bred female. You take care to improve her mind in all the above requisites; and I will take care that the ‘fellows’ shall not ‘whisper soft nonsense into her ear!’ No! No! I will keep a good look-out for MARY,—not by tyranny, not by locks and bolts, not by breaking her temper, not by harsh words and unkind looks such as might cause her to

dislike her father, and prove disobedient to my will. No! I will endeavour to explain the conduct of the world so clearly to her feelings; point out to her my fearful anxiety for her future welfare, after the manner of a true mirror which reflects her own image, that she may perceive the real and sincere friend in the most anxious, yet doating parent. Expecting one thing connected with the happiness of MARY, I am decided—I shall expect to have ‘her heart’ in my keeping, until the time arrives for its disposal; when ‘that ‘rich gift’ shall be my donation to the man I shall then select, or approve of, to be her husband.”

JERRY had become intimately acquainted with Mr ROSEBUD, in consequence of their frequently hunting together during the season; and the sportsman-like conduct of the former rendered him quite a favourite with the father of MARY, from his taking the most desperate leaps, clearing a five-barred gate “like nothing,” and bringing down his bird to a certainty. As a companion to OLD ROSEBUD, he was just the right sort of young man, full of life and spirit; and their conversation generally directed to the same end, the Sports of the Field. But, in the company of his daughter, JERRY’s general character of a *loremonger* was not to be seen; and, although no hypocrite, yet, with MARY, his conduct partook more of the silent admirer than the loquacious lover. It is true he had long wished to open his mind upon the subject to Miss ROSEBUD, previous to his departure for London; more especially as it was the wish of his parents that he should “settle in life;” and the families of the ROSEBUDS and HAWTHORNS being upon the greatest terms of intimacy, Mr and Mrs HAWTHORN had often thrown out hints to JERRY respecting the contiguity of their estates, and the advantages and happiness which might be ensured if they were united by the strong ties of relationship. But, to the credit of JERRY, he did not want this sort of *hint*, so naturally proceeding from parents to their children—no! riches were out of the question—towards MARY ROSEBUD he felt all the inspiration of the Poet:

“ Were I crown’d the most imperial monarch,
 Thereof the most worthy ; were I the fairest youth
 That ever made eye swerve ; had fame and knowledge
 More than ever was man’s, I would not prize them
 Without her LOVE ; for her employ them all,
 Command them, and condemn them to her service,
 Or to their own perdition ! ”

It was the opinion of JERRY, when the time arrived for him to take a wife, “ for better or for worse,” that Miss ROSEBUD was the girl that he should prefer to every other woman that had crossed his path : he considered her as likely to prove a most interesting companion, and one of the most amiable of her sex. “ But MATRIMONY,” observed JERRY, “ is too serious a subject for me to be hurried into : ” and he was therefore determined to have a more extensive intercourse with society before he became fixed for life, in order that his mind might be thoroughly satisfied that the choice which he had made was correct ; that no other female had given him the slightest cause to change his opinion respecting his true love for Miss ROSEBUD ; and that she, ALONE, possessed his heart :

“ For MARRIAGE is a matter of more worth
 Than to be dealt in by *attorneyship* !
 For, what is wedlock forced but a hell,
 An AGE of *discord* and continual *strife* ?
 Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
 And is a pattern of celestial peace.”

Miss ROSEBUD, at an early period, acquired the art of horsemanship completely, under the tuition of her father ; and she was extremely fond of riding, and said to be one of the best female riders, for her spirit and graceful seat, for many miles round the country. MARY often accompanied Mr ROSEBUD, in his daily rides over Claverton Downs, in which JERRY, since his arrival from the Metropolis, had made one of the party ; by which means he conquered, in some degree, his *bashfulness*, or rather, acquired more fortitude in the presence of Miss ROSEBUD ; and, after considerable *stammerings*, numerous displays of awk-

ward attitudes, stupid hems, and ahs! upon the "tender subject," he plucked up courage, and ultimately declared his intentions to his dear MARY; and likewise offered himself to her father as a candidate for her hand and heart. "Why, my boy," replied OLD ROSEBUD, "as to the matter of that, you know, JERRY, you are a bit of a *rattler*, a gay sort of *chop*, and rather a general lover amongst the girls, if the character I have heard about you be true. I am a plain-spoken man, and straight-forward in all my pursuits, therefore we will have nothing else but a fair start. You are well aware that I must not have any tricks or slight put on my daughter; for she is, not only in my opinion, but, I have the pleasure to state, throughout all her circle of acquaintance, pronounced to be, 'very far from an everyday sort of woman.' Then thus it is, JERRY;—as a friend and companion, my boy, I could squeeze your hand almost to pieces, to convince you of my respect, and without hesitation I also assert, that I should court your company to the day of my death; but, in becoming my son-in-law, pardon me, when I say the matter assumes a very different aspect indeed; and I must pause before I give a direct answer to your request. JERRY HAWTHORN, some few years hence, when you may become a father, and be placed in the same critical situation as myself, you will applaud the motives which now compel me to assume the stern judge on a subject so closely connected with the future happiness of my daughter. You are young, and time must be allowed for you to reflect upon the matter; or, in other words, to deliberate before you resolve! But, to the point:—I can only agree to put you on your trial; and if I find, ultimately, a verdict is given in your favour, you may rely on my friendship so far in your behalf that I shall not move for a new trial."

"Agreed," cried JERRY, quite in raptures with the manly yet feeling and generous decision of Mr ROSEBUD, "and if I am found wanting either in gratitude towards you, my best of friends, or deficient in respect, kindness, and love towards MARY, why then discard me entirely from your

notice." It is not to be denied but Mary had a *penchant* towards our hero; indeed JERRY was a favourite generally with the Fair Sex; but her situation, as a modest female, forbade her from making known the object of her passion; and propriety also taught her never to let the secret escape from her lips. Of course, then, she felt pleased with the declaration of JERRY in her favour, and with a frankness of disposition, that none, perhaps, but *prudens* would quarrel with, acknowledged that he was not totally indifferent to her, something after the manner of *Juliet*, in the garden-scene, to *Romeo* :—

"If thou dost *love*, pronounce it faithfully!
Or, if thou think'st I am too *quickly* won,
I'll *frown* and be *perverse*, and say thee NAY,
So thou wilt woo, but else not for the world."

MARY, however, in the most ingenuous manner, hinted to our hero the necessity of firmly making up his mind upon a subject so seriously connected with their happiness, also pointing out for his consideration the great dangers met with in society, after the strongest vows had been exchanged between the parties; and that CONSTANCY was the only proof of a real undivided attachment. JERRY once more assured Miss ROSEBUD of his attachment towards her person and family, and likewise urged that no doubts ought to exist for a moment respecting the sincerity of his passion. Everything being now settled to the satisfaction of both "their houses," Miss ROSEBUD and JERRY HAWTHORN were recognised by all their friends and acquaintances as—a pair of TRUE LOVERS.

The time of our hero, it might be said, was most pleasantly occupied by his repeated visits to *Rosebud Cottage*; and, in general, he spent his evenings in the society of his dear MARY, whose songs and delightful touches on the piano-forte were capable of delaying the visitor at all times, and, to a lover, were sources of attraction not to be resisted. During one of these interesting moments, his servant came running out of breath to announce that an "uncommonly

big gentleman" had arrived at HAWTHORN HALL, who was anxious to see Master JERRY. "It is Sir JOHN," observed JERRY, with a smile, on the man presenting his card to him: on one side appeared, "SIR JOHN BLUBBER, Knt.," and on the other, written with a black lead pencil—"My son! JACK'S arrived!" Our hero begged pardon for his abrupt departure, on leaving the company, and returned to his father's house to entertain the fat Knight.

The friendly reception the "uncommonly big gentleman" met with, from Mr and Mrs HAWTHORN, without the formality of an introduction, was extremely pleasing to the feelings of Sir JOHN, and also convinced him of the hospitable disposition of the persons under whose roof he was about to sojourn for a short time; but, when JERRY grasped his hand expressing the satisfaction he felt on Sir JOHN keeping his word with him—the fat Knight in ecstasy roared out, "My son! my son! such *liberality* of conduct must prove highly gratifying to a relative; but to a mere stranger, a passenger on the top of a stage-coach, kind—very kind—beyond description." Every attention was paid to the wants of Sir JOHN, who soon made himself as free and easy as if he had taken a chair in his own dwelling: the evening passed merrily away in conversation respecting passing events, during which the *Old Maid* of Bath came in for a small notice; and the talents of *Bill Put-'em-along*, as a whip, were not forgotten by the fat Knight. The "gaily circling glass" gave a zest to the anecdotes told during the night, until the hour of repose had arrived, when Sir JOHN and the rest of the party retired to bed.

During the time the company were assembled at the breakfast-table the next morning, a letter was delivered to JERRY from London: "I perceive by the seal," said he, "it is from my much-valued friend, BOB LOGIC. I am sure it is full of fun, Sir JOHN. LOGIC is just that sort of merry fellow you would be delighted with; his company is excellent; he is never dull; and, upon all occasions, whether it tells for or against him, his conduct exemplifies the character of a true philosopher:—

A MERRIER man,
 Within the limit of becoming mirth,
 I never spent an hour's talk withal.
 His eye begets occasion for his wit,
 For every object that the one doth catch,
 The other turns to a mirth-moving jest ;
 Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
 Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
 That aged ears play truant at his tales,
 And younger hearings are quite ravished :
 So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

“ After slightly glancing my eye over the contents of my friend Bob's letter,” said JERRY, “ if you will permit me, Sir JOHN, that is, if you feel any sort of interest in it, after the outline I have given you of LOGIC, I will read it to you.” “ By all means,” replied the fat Knight, “ it must be amusing : pray proceed.” Our hero then read, with an audible voice, as follows :—

Long's Hotel, Bond Street.

DEAR JERRY,

That you may be perfectly satisfied no *great movements* have taken place in London since your departure, I have to inform you, ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL has not moved a single jot ; WESTMINSTER ABBEY keeps her old station ; and the MONUMENT, on which POPE so satirically observes,—

Where London's column, pointing to the skies,
 Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies,

remains precisely on the same spot as when you left it. But, to be serious : I met the CORINTHIAN, the other day, in the GRAND LOUNGE, amongst all the *Tigers* of note, the *Lions*, and other *Great Creatures* belonging to the Menageries of Fashion ; but our principal *chat* was about your-*self* ; when TOM and I entered into an agreement to give Bath a turn for a few days, and also to visit you at HAWTHORN HALL. The CORINTHIAN is *bang-up* to the standard of health ; he has been *ruralising* for some time past at Melton Mowbray, and hunting with the crack sportsmen composing that brilliant assemblage of “ good ones.” As to myself, I am *tol. lol.* ; things with me are looking rather *up-ish* ; but they have been *down-ish* a “ tiny bit ” too long. I have left the FLEET, and given up my commission on that *tack* ; and once more, to all intents and purposes, become a *landsman*. I met with a bit of a windfall the other day ; and, though “ not as deep as a well, or as wide as a barn-door,” it will do for the present ; and I content myself with the old adage, “ It's a bad wind that blows no one

any good." I paid a visit, a few days since, to my OLD MOTHER,* merely to kill time, and to shake hands with the "good fellows." However, I have the pleasure to inform you, that I had the resolution to steer clear of the "*Fields of Temptation*;" and, although I do not like to turn my back upon "THE UNFORTUNATES," yet I deemed it prudent not to call at the "*Castle of St. Thomas*!" I have made up my mind, in future, most carefully to avoid being found at POINT NONPLUS; the dangers attendant upon *River Tick* shall be kept in view; and I trust I shall never again *split* on the rocks of "DUN TERRITORY."

There have been numerous inquiries after the "YOUNG ONE," by the *Muslin Company*† since your departure from London; and the "*Care-for-Nobodies*"‡ have been equally solicitous about your state of health. You have likewise missed some out-and-out events by your absence; but you must positively return to BABYLON for a FINISH! The "*MIDDLE Hemisphere*," I am quite aware, is too *placid*; and possesses too much of the *precise* and routine for either you or me; it does not suit *our* books,—the pounds, shillings, and pence account, to wit; but the TWO other WORLDS may be again visited with profit and amusement to the spectators. The HIGH, Low, JACK, and the GAME sort of folks! Those animated pages of society, in which every *leaf* is found to prove an interesting event; and the great VOLUME itself, a mirror of the most fascinating description. The *toddles* of DUSTY BOB, and all "*that ere sort of thing*," have their importance in the scale of human nature, when contrasted with the splendid Paradise of the CORINTHIANS—regions created by taste, elegance, and art. I love to act upon the lesson I was taught in early life, at Oxford, from the words of TERENCE, and which I always wish you to bear in mind:—

Homo sum humani nil a me alienum puto!

It had nearly escaped my memory to say that KATE, in the promenade at the *Grand Lounge*, looked like a Divinity; her style and manners were so superior and attractive to the eyes of all the party, my dear JERRY, that they were calculated to vex a Duchess, put a Countess out of temper, and make a Right Honourable Dame quite angry, that the bounteous gifts of Nature left birth and fashion at an immeasurable distance—as to the *look* of the thing. By all the *Caps* at my mother's, the eye of SUE put my *specs*. to the rout; there was something so roguish and dazzling about the corner of it, when she said, "I hope you have disposed of the 'YOUNG ONE,' (as you call him) well! He is under good care, no doubt. Soon be about again,

* LOGIC always in his discourse, when the University of Oxford was med, called it "*his MOTHER*!"

† A cant phrase for—LADIES.

be ‡ Incorrigible *Chaps*; anything like *regularity* or *discretion* not to be found in their catalogue of events.

Mr. LOGIC, won't he? Forests and trees are very renovating to sportsmen; but the *Dryades* must be on their guard against so gallant a *Silvanus*." "But you have not *finished* him, have you, Mr. L.? He was a most promising pupil," said KATE, with a satirical smile; "shall we have him amongst us once more? It would be a libel on his learned tutors to let him remain HALF-and-HALF. Poor young man, I really *pity* his condition, as he has left you neither one thing nor the other!"

The new *turn-out* of TOM's is of the first *stare*! A King must applaud his taste, a Prince like to have the fellow to it, and a Duke might sigh to be termed the inventor of such a dashing, splendid equipage. The *tits* are all pictures, every one of them fully answering the character of the *chaunt*—

"He's an eye like a hawk, and a neck like a swan,
He's a foot like a cat, and his back's a longish span;
Kind Nature formed him so, that he's honest as he's good;
He's everything a horse should be,—he's *bottom*, *bone*, and BLOOD!

The ribands—in fact, the whole of the caparison, is elegance itself; and the *finish* of the thing is a perfect treat to the lovers of coachmanship, when they witness TOM mount the box, and put the whole in motion.

I am not much of a *Shot*, as you know, JERRY; but, nevertheless, I shall often have a touch at the feathered tribe, during my *rustication*. The best birds that I like to *bag* are the *goldfinches*! They are received as most valuable presents, by our friends in town and country.

I shall bring down my "*long one*," which will enable me to add a few more *clouds* to your neighbourhood; although I should be extremely sorry to *spoil*, in the slightest degree, the purity of your atmosphere: and have no pretensions to astronomy. I am also more of a *piper* than a cigar hero: and a great aversion to *nosing* upon any subject.

TOM and I sincerely hope we shall find you perfectly recovered, as we picture to ourselves a most pleasant time of it during our stay at HAWTHORN HALL. The precise day is not exactly fixed between us, but, being well assured that you are always to be found at the *scratch*, we shall visit you the first convenient opportunity. Most likely we shall follow the *heels* of this letter.

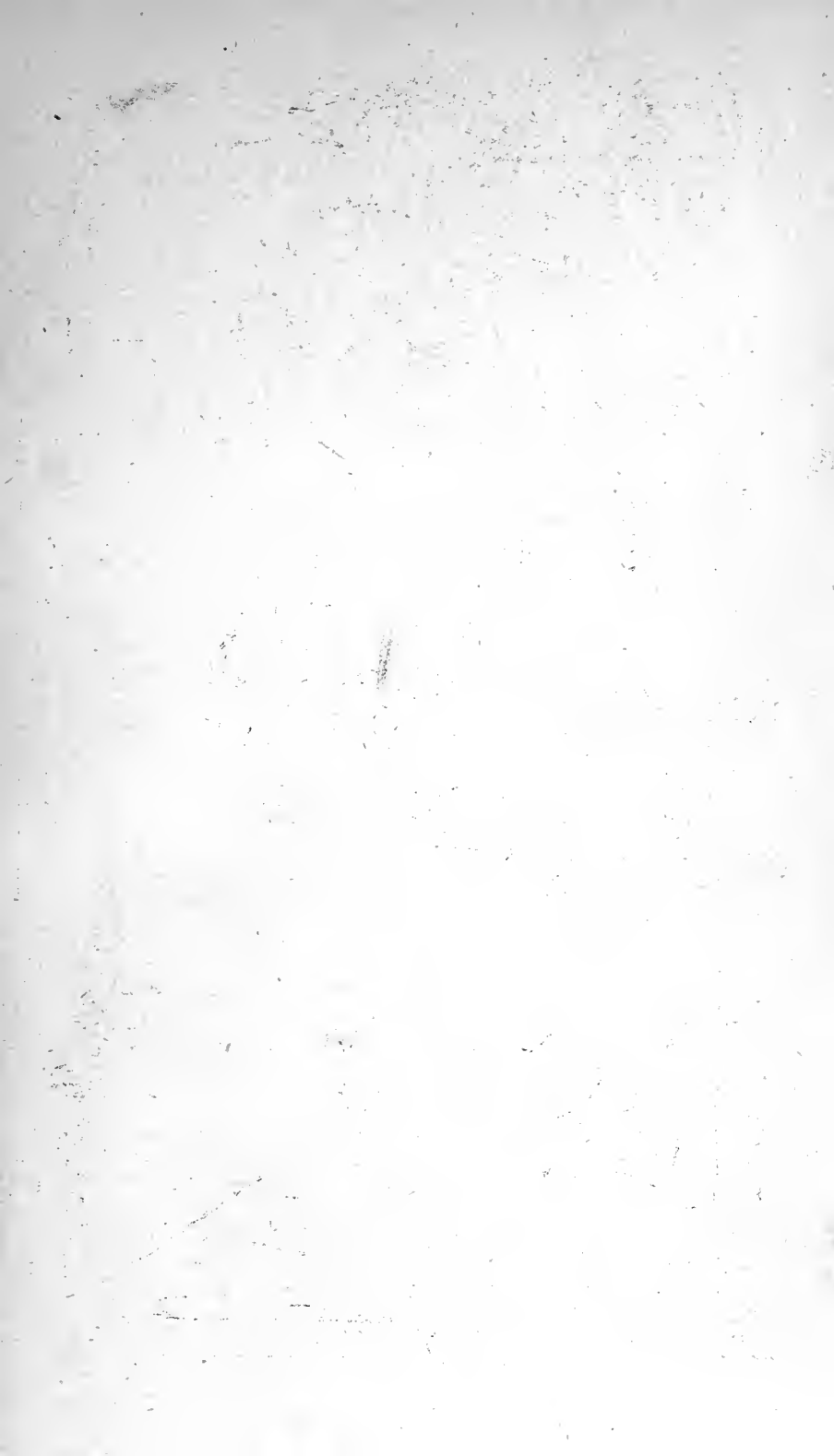
I remain, my dear JERRY,

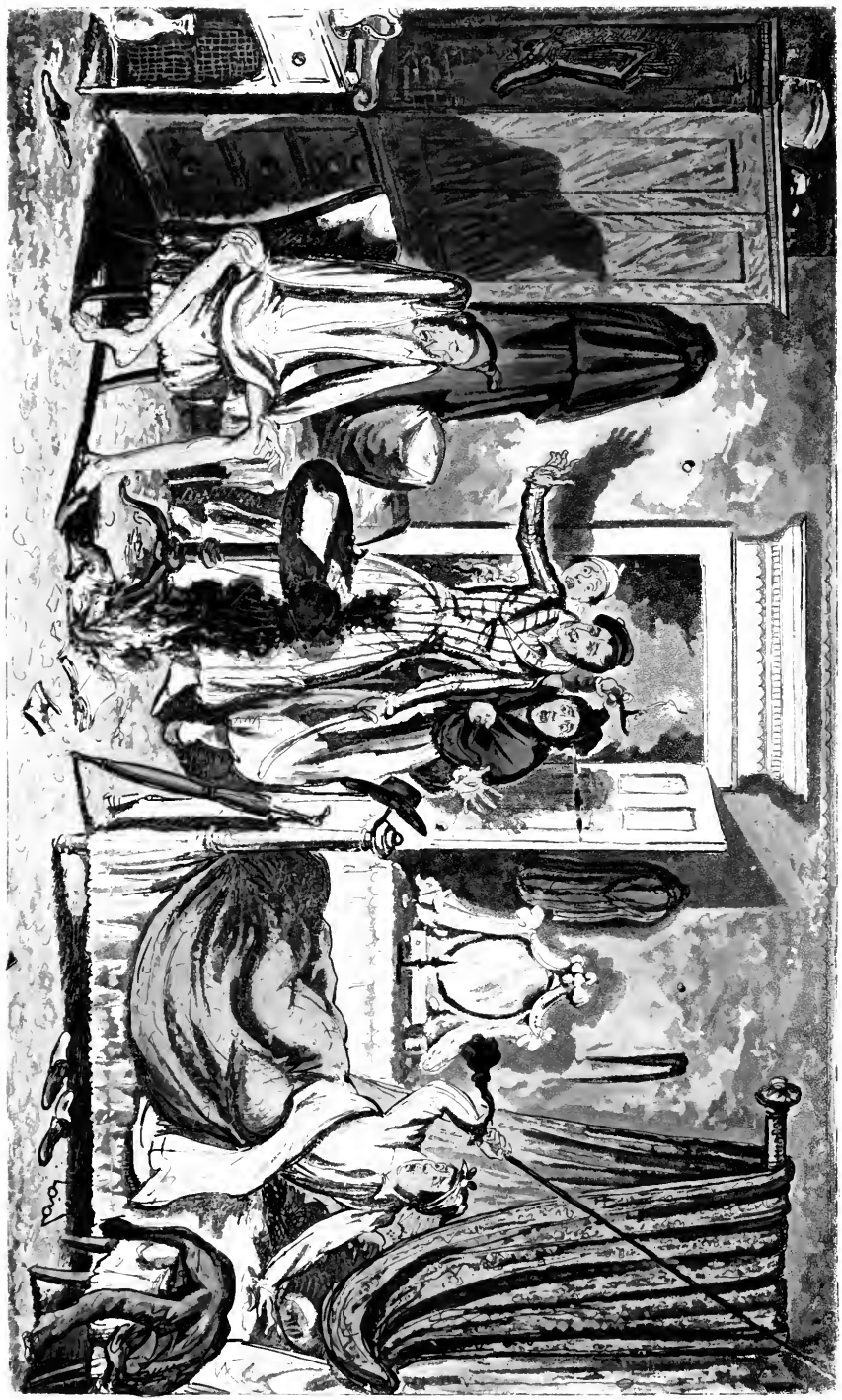
Yours truly,

Jerry Hawthorn, Esq.

BOB LOGIC.

P.S.—I am about putting the *stifler* on the *flame*; and I am heartily glad I have got those things out of my head, before the *dustman* had put me to *rest* upon the subject.





LOGIC, which has been the subject of a new book, published by the
SOMNAMBULIST, & CO. G.P.

On JERRY's concluding the letter, it was the unanimous opinion of the breakfast party that LOGIC was a most facetious fellow; also a man of considerable talents; a person who had mixed very much with the various classes of society in London; and who likewise had made mankind one of his principal studies. "I shall think the time an age until he arrives," said the fat Knight; "and I have an immense desire to be introduced to your cousin, the CORINTHIAN, whose adventures in the Great World have made so loud a report." "Nothing, Sir JOHN," replied JERRY, "I assure you, could give me greater pleasure, than to introduce one good fellow to another; and I have little doubt we shall see them in the course of a day or two amongst us. They are always on the alert."

The CORINTHIAN, anxious to keep his promise with JERRY, and having made his arrangements for that purpose, set out, accompanied by LOGIC, and soon lost sight of Hyde Park Corner. Bustle and incident being the life and soul of our heroes in all their pursuits, the following occurrence, during their journey, formed the subject which the annexed plate represents:—"Travellers see strange things!" LOGIC without his *specs.*; the mistake of a night; the hotel in an uproar; TOM, sword in hand, backed by a petticoat; false alarm! but no *ghost!* The SOMNAMBULIST *awake!* UP!! but not DOWN. The CORINTHIAN and LOGIC on the road to visit JERRY at HAWTHORN HALL, arrived rather late at Bath, and sojourned for the night at one of the hotels in the above fashionable place. BOB, previous to his entering the *dab*, had committed his thoughts to paper respecting some of his affairs in town, and, according to his usual custom, when an opportunity offered, perused a page or two of his favourite author; but according to his own description of the affair, "finding the *dustman* getting the best of him, he hastily pulled off his *toggery*, doused the *glim*, measured his length on the feathers, wished all his friends well, and, as a wind-up to the day, with the utmost sincerity of heart, although *short* (in his opinion), but to the purpose, 'hoped that God would be merciful to him

as a sinner.' He soon afterwards closed his *peepers*, and became of *no use* to anybody." In his haste to get into bed, the night bolt had escaped his memory, and, in consequence of this neglect, his bedroom door remained insecure! But just at

The very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn,

LOGIC started from his sleep with affright, on beholding his door open, and in stalked a figure in white, tall and thin as a May-pole, with a glimmering light in his hand. It is true, the *apparition* did not come like GHOSTS in general, with THREE *loud and distinct knocks!* accompanied with a hollow voice, saying, "*List! list! Oh list!*" but nevertheless his spectre-like appearance extorted from poor BOB—

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit! speak! I charge thee, speak!

But BOB might as well have sung psalms to a dead horse. The *long spectre* heeded not the appeals of LOGIC, but with the utmost composure sat himself down in the chair; and not only knocked down BOB's favourite author, but actually set fire to him! LOGIC, in his agitation, more especially being without his *specs.*, could not exactly make out his unwelcome visitor, therefore rang the bell violently, and sung out loudly for help. This noise immediately created a bustle and confusion in all parts of the hotel.

TOM, on hearing the cries of LOGIC, jumped out of bed, scrambled on his morning gown, seized hold of his sword, and flew to the assistance of his friend. The old landlady, merely to make herself *decent*, put on her under petticoat, and threw a shawl over her shoulders; and the master of the hotel, in his fright, instantly repaired to the spot with a poker in his hand.—"What's the matter?" asked TOM. "I really don't know," replied LOGIC; "but first give me my *specs.*, and then I'll tell you more about the matter. I think it is d——d unfair, to take advantage of any man

without his eyes! Secure that *long* Ghost!" But, putting on his glasses, and finding out his mistake, in a peremptory tone, he said, "I insist upon your laying hold of that thief." "You must be mistaken, BOB; he's no thief!" answered TOM. "No, that he an't, I'll answer for it," cried the old landlady; "he's what our servants call the tall thin gentleman, who sleeps in No. 27, in the gallery. He is one of the most harmless creatures alive; but I must be off—the poor thin gentleman has got *nothing* on him." "What has he robbed you of, BOB?" said TOM. "Why," answered LOGIC, rather more composed, and with a smile upon his countenance, "I have lost—what is to me of the greatest importance—*my* REST!" "Psha!" replied TOM, "You always will have your joke; and at other people's expense. The gentleman appears to be asleep. I will endeavour to *awake* him, and point out the mistake and confusion he has created throughout the hotel." "I would be obliged to you, TOM, if it is in your power," said LOGIC, "to make him *fly*! Get him UP, at all events; or send him *down*, if possible. It will be all the same to me, so that the SOMNAMBULIST, for such I suppose he must be, does but make his *exit*." The most gentle means were resorted to by the CORINTHIAN, to render the SOMNAMBULIST sensible of his unpleasant situation, and some difficulty occurred in the attempt; but, at length, opening his eyes, he stared about in the wildest manner, and, upon recollecting himself, he seemed to feel surprised and disgusted with his *nudity*-like appearance. The SLEEP-WALKER apologised to TOM and LOGIC in the best manner he was able. "Gentlemen," said he, "I really am at a loss what to offer to you upon this unpleasant affair; but, when I am better *dressed* for the *part*, which I hope will be to-morrow morning, I flatter myself I shall meet with a liberal and gentlemanly audience, before whom it is my intention to make a suitable apology." The SOMNAMBULIST then made his bow, and with rapid strides regained his apartment in the gallery.

Adieu, thou dreary pile!

cried LOGIC, when TOM and he laughed heartily at this

adventure, and both regretted that JERRY was not of the party. “*Once more, good night!*” said the CORINTHIAN; “but, in case the *Long Visitor* should again walk forth, be in readiness for him, BOB—go to sleep in your *specs!*” TOM retired to his room; and LOGIC was soon afterwards lost in the arms of *Somnus*.

Early the next morning, after the above curious adventure, LOGIC received the following *laconic* yet singular note by one of the waiters at the Hotel, during his breakfast:

SIR,

I am now wide *awake!* therefore, I flatter myself, you will have the kindness to permit me, in *propria persona*, to apologise to you for being *asleep* last night; in order that I may be at *rest* in future on so very unpleasant a subject.

I remain, Sir,
Yours, &c., with my *eyes* open,
PHIL. SPLINTER.

*To the Gentlemen who were
ROBBED of their repose.*

“This is an original,” said BOB, “I’ll bet one hundred!” as he handed over the note to CORINTHIAN TOM. “Let us have a *look* at him! I should like to take a synopsis of his *lankness* by daylight.” “With all my heart,” answered TOM. “Waiter, inform Mr SPLINTER we shall be happy to see him!”

This request was instantly obeyed, by the appearance of Mr SPLINTER before our heroes: his strides were immense; he bowed his head as he entered the door of the apartment, like geese entering a barn; and the *tout ensemble*, according to LOGIC, was more like the MONUMENT dressed in a fashionable suit of clothes, or after the manner of a tall figure decked out for a pantomime, than a person belonging to the human race. On his being seated his frame was so erect that he appeared like a man on horseback; and the assumed *gravity* of TOM was with great difficulty upheld, and BOB was in danger of being *choked* by his attempt to suppress loud laughter. “Gentlemen,” said Mr SPLINTER,

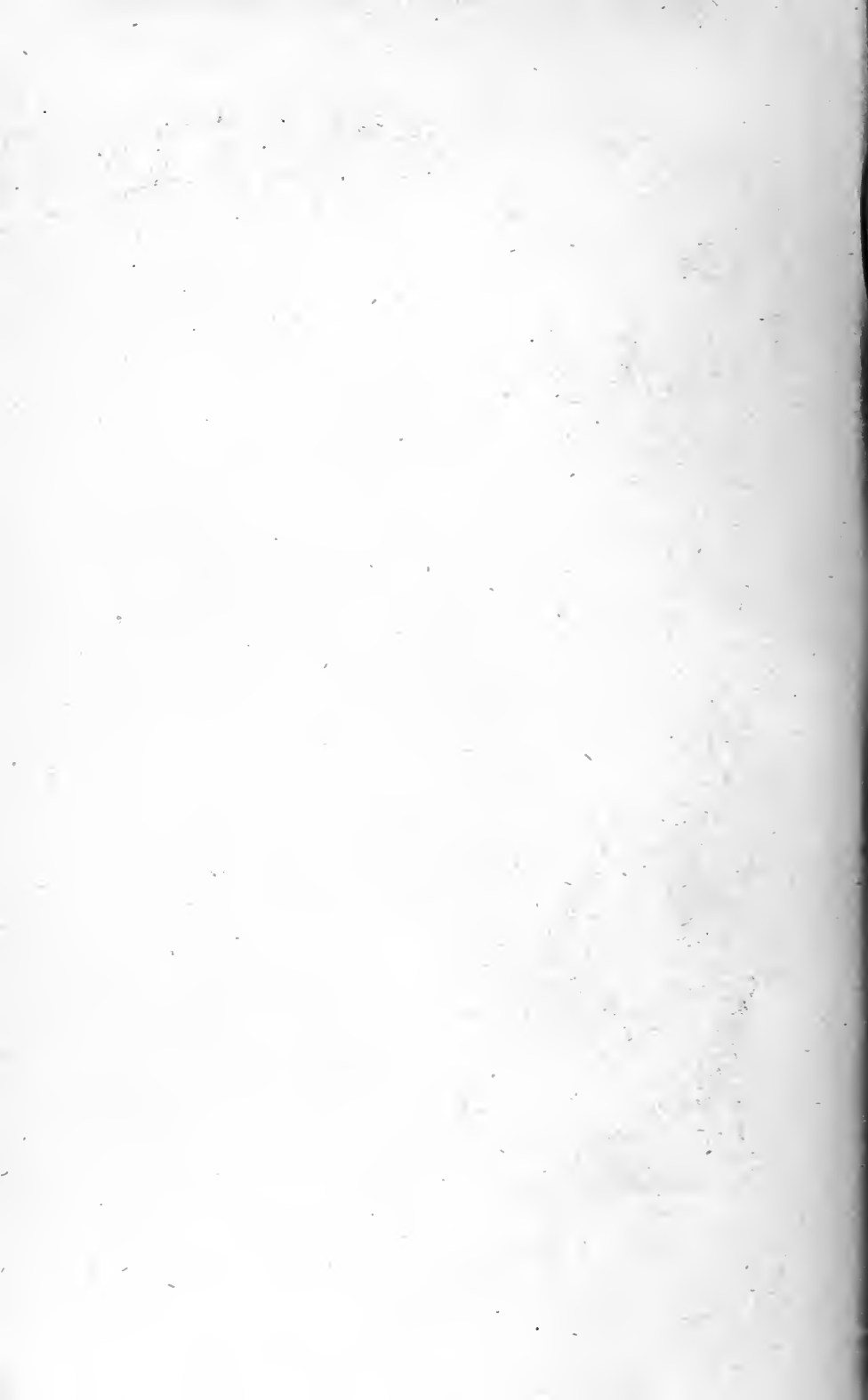
“I am very sorry you were disturbed by my *long* visit last night; but I hope no ill consequences have arisen from such a ludicrous mistake. Such a complaint has *long* been a source of affliction to me; but I cannot always be *awake*; and, unfortunately, our family have *long* been subject to *somnolency*. My ancestors originally belonged to *Deal*; and were persons, I assure you, who stood very *high* in the world. A *long* speech would be unnecessary to gentlemen travellers like yourselves; indeed, I am afraid I have occupied your time too *long* already on a subject of so *drowsy* a nature. I shall *long* feel the kindness you have displayed to me on this occasion; and I trust that our next meeting will be far from a *sleepy* one; and also that our acquaintance may have a *long* duration.” “It is impossible to be *short*,” replied LOGIC, with a smile, “you are such a *high* fellow!” Mr SPLINTER then pressed our heroes to honour him with their company to dine, and spend the remainder of the day with him at the Hotel; but TOM and LOGIC excused themselves on account of their anxiety to arrive at HAWTHORN HALL. Mr SPLINTER again solicited LOGIC to name some other period, either in town or country; when TOM, *sans ceremonie*, answered, “Give us a friendly call at my Cousin JERRY’S, where you may be assured of meeting with a most hearty welcome; and do not let it be *long* before we experience that pleasure.” With this assurance the *Somnambulist* retired. “We must indeed,” said LOGIC, “consider him as the *longest* of our acquaintance: and he seems so very much attached to the word *long*, that it would almost infer he was an admirer of his *long* figure than otherwise. It was scarcely anything but *long*, *long*, and *long* to the end of his apology.” The post-chaise was at the door, and our heroes without delay pursued their journey.

The arrival of CORINTHIAN TOM and LOGIC at Hawthorn Hall produced, throughout the whole of the family and their visitors, every demonstration of joy except an illumination. The TRIO was once more complete; and Sir JOHN BLUBBER, by the introduction of JERRY, admitted to

be one of their *pals*, to participate in all their adventures in the country. HAWTHORN HALL, by the accumulation of visitors, was one continued scene of gaiety, hospitality, and friendship. Rustic sports in the morning; jolly dinners during the day; musical parties and balls in the evening, were given to prove that our heroes were not deficient in *gallantry* to the neighbouring fair ones! A variety of comic scenes were the results of these parties; and one of them, not the least fraught with incident, is depicted in the opposite plate:—Going off in a *hurry!* but not making a *noise* in the world. LOGIC's slippery state of affairs. A random hit: "milling the glaze" and the *upper works* of OLD THATCHPATE not *insured?* JERRY too late to prevent his friend Bob "being *in* for it," and the fat Knight enjoying the scene, and laughing like fun at LOGIC's disaster! LOGIC, it should seem, did not like to lead an idle life during his stay at HAWTHORN HALL, and therefore was determined to accompany the "*Young One*" in his sporting pursuits: and he agreed to go out very early in the morning, accompanied by the "uncommonly big gentleman," to enjoy the rustic pleasures of what is termed a *flying shoot?* By peep-o'-day the above parties were in the field, on the look-out for *game*; a favourable opportunity offering to LOGIC, he prepared himself to commit great slaughter amongst the feathered tribe; but, unfortunately for the *Oxonian*, the ice on which he stood gave way—in an instant, BOB was surrounded by numerous events, and none of them *winning* ones: LOGIC was up to his knees in the water; his hat was absent without leave; his gun went off by accident, and OLD THATCHPATE's casement was shattered to pieces. Just at this juncture, JERRY, hearing the report of a gun, came up to BOB to inquire, what *luck?* "Lots of *luck* of some sort!" replied LOGIC; "I am *down*, and the birds are *fly!* but it's a *flying shoot*, and that accounts for it. However, it was a *slippery* trick they played off against me: I am *in* for it, and so is OLD CLODPOLE!" "Hallo, LOGIC!" said the fat Knight, laughing, and waving his hat, "I am *out* of it! What a capital *marksman* not to miss a cottage! Who is your gun-maker, Mr LOGIC? You are



Getting off in a hurry! but not making a noise in the street! LOGIC'S slipshod, New York, appears, C. Graham, Me.
"Allying the Slave, & the Paper Works of 'Old' Abolitionists not insisted!" JERRY TO GET A FURROW THAT, DIDN'T BOB COME IN FOR IT;
and the, but, March, capturing the, and, every, by, the, and, of, 1851.



a *deep* one, an't you, BOB?" "I am only KNEE-deep in this affair; and that is too *deep* for me, Sir Jack. My *ambition* as to shooting is *cooled* a little, I must own," replied BOB. "Fine times, indeed, when folks can't rest in their beds!" said OLD THATCHPATE, growling with revenge, clenching his fist, and putting his head out of the casement; "a parcel of *stray* Cockneys breaking people's windows before they are up, frightening all my children, and startling the poultry. I should like to know who granted a license to such a queer-looking man like that, who can't *see an inch* before his nose, to *shoot* in SPECTACLES! But I'll know more about it. I'll not lose sight of him. I am sure he is no *qualified* man. I don't think he ever had a gun in his hand before to-day; I will have him before the magistrates without delay; indeed, it would be a sin to let such awkward and dangerous fellows escape. They ought not to be trusted with guns, putting everybody's life in peril." "Go down immediately, feyther," screamed out DAME THATCHPATE, "and seize hold of that comical-looking Lunnun chap, and make him pay for the damage he has done; besides frightening all my little *squeakers* and hens to death."

OLD THATCHPATE took the hint from his rib, who did not appear, by her voice, to be one of the mildest characters belonging to the fair sex; and, as soon as LOGIC had extricated himself from the pond, shivering with cold, and ere the loud laughter of SIR JOHN and JERRY had subsided, the Cottager, in a great rage, was at the heels of the *Oxonian*, and demanded some recompense for the damage his windows had sustained by the random shots of LOGIC. "Come, Master Cottager," said the fat Knight, "you must not be too hard on my friend, the Cockney;—he was only taking an *ice*. Be temperate; Mr. LOGIC is a liberal gentleman, and will not let a poor man like you suffer on his account; he will make you amends for your broken windows." "Yes," replied the *Oxonian*, "I think, SIR JOHN, I can *hit* Master Cottager with some shot I have got in my bag; bring him *down* too; and also make him laugh the other side of his mouth: that is the recompense I mean to

give him." "You had better not try it, Mr *Lunnuner*," answered OLD THATCHPATE, quite angrily; "although I am getting rather old, I can *lick* twenty such queer *made-up* chaps as you are." "You may be mistaken," said LOGIC, smiling; "therefore take care of yourself; as soon as I can get hold of my shot, I'll mark you;" and, feeling in his pocket, pulled out a sovereign, and hastily putting it into OLD THATCHPATE'S hand, observed, "Don't you love the *King's picture*!" "Yes, that I do," replied THATCHPATE. "Then keep it for his sake." "That is the right sort of *shot* for London sportsmen," said SIR JOHN, "for bringing the *game* to Leadenhall Market. I never knew *golden shot* to miss the most difficult birds that fly; it *must* bring them down." "I am sorry," said LOGIC to the Cottager, "I have been the cause of *frightening* your wife so much; but it was an accident, or else it would not have occurred." "It being an *accident*, you know, Sir," with a sort of knowing grin upon his face, answered THATCHPATE, quite pleased with the sovereign, "completely alters the case! Never mind my Dame, she is a fidgety sort of a body, but yet no harm in her; and had I have known you had been a friend of young Squire HAWTHORN'S, I would not have said one word about the matter. But you had better come into the cottage, it is a pity you should take cold. I daresay, Sir, you are not used to this sort of sport. Here, Dame, why doesn't come down, and give some assistance to a gentleman who has fallen into the water, and chilled almost to an ague? Come, make haste, and let us have a large fire for the gentleman to dry his clothes." (*Showing her the sovereign.*) "That's what I will, feyther," answered DAME THATCHPATE, "I am really sorry for the circumstance; but we will soon make him comfortable."

LOGIC, who did not profess to be an out-and-out sportsman, like JERRY, preferred the opportunity of drying himself by a good fire, to walking about after more birds, in his wet clothes: and therefore most cheerfully accepted the offer of the Cottager and his wife, whose attentions now to the *Oxonian* were almost too kind,—such a change had been

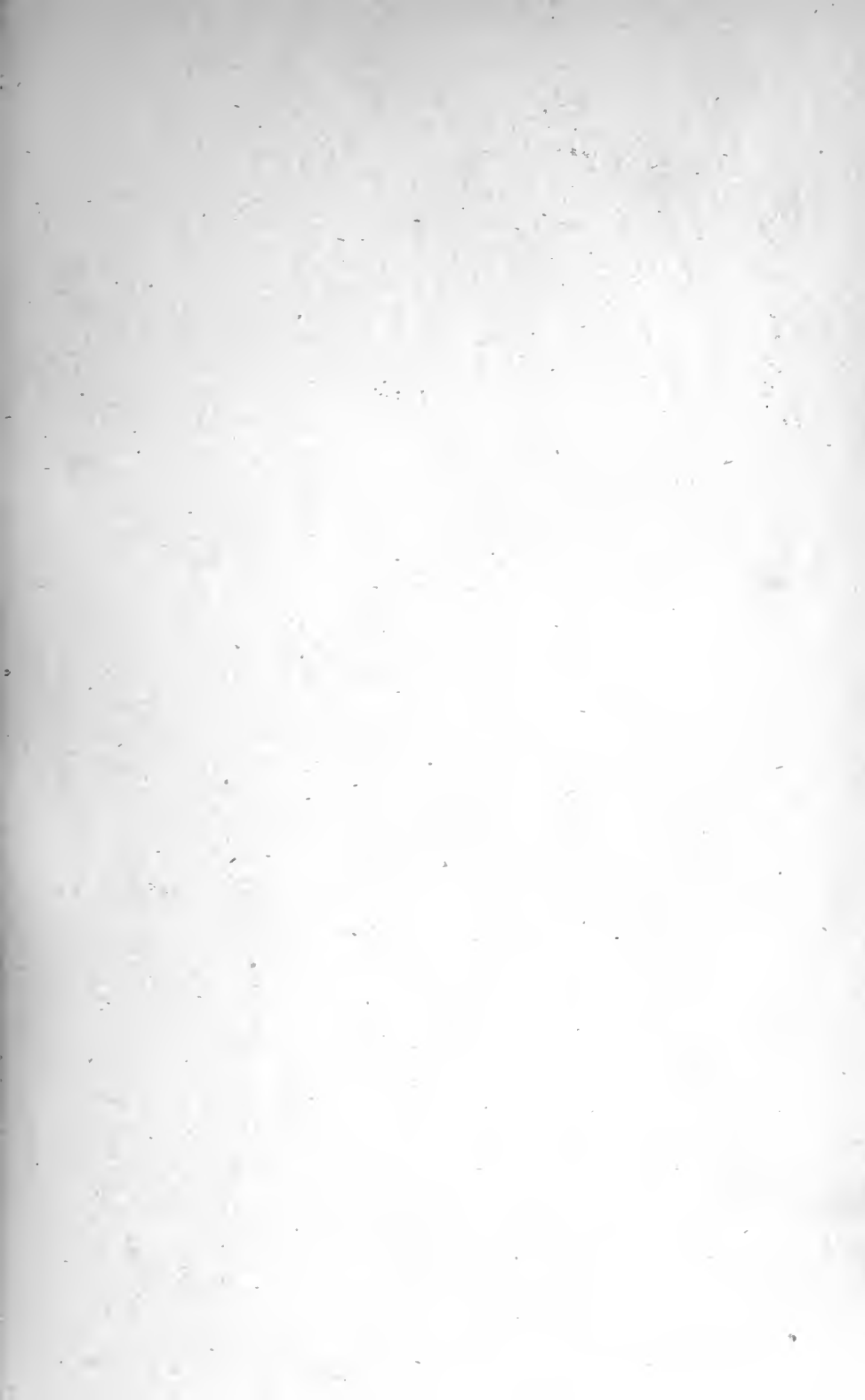
effected in their opinions respecting the queer made-up chap by the receipt of the sovereign. Sir JOHN and JERRY pursued their sporting career, and left LOGIC snugly seated in the cottage.

The *Oxonian*, always contented under any circumstances, and determined to make himself happy and comfortable, if happiness was in his reach, according to the idea of the Poet:—

Fix'd to no spot is HAPPINESS sincere;
 'Tis nowhere to be found, or ev'rywhere;
Condition, circumstance is not the thing—
 BLISS is the *same* in subject or in king,
 Order is heaven's first law; and this confest,
 Some are, and *must* be GREATER than the rest;
 More rich, more wise—but who infers from hence
 That *such* are HAPPIER, shocks all common sense!

partook of the homely breakfast which the Cottager and his wife laid before him, with as much pleasure and satisfaction as if he had been seated at the most splendid coffee-house in the Metropolis—served up with silver plate, and a stylish waiter to attend his nod. LOGIC soon made himself familiar, and quite at home with the cottagers, and entered into discourse with them *sans ceremonie*. “You know Squire HAWTHORN, of Hawthorn Hall, I suppose, very well?” “O yes, Sir! God bless him!” said DAME THATCHPATE, “he is one of the kindest, best-hearted men in this neighbourhood; and the family is a very ancient one, and very much respected for miles round this part of the country. The HAWTHORNS have always been considered topping-folks; charitable and humane, and ever ready to relieve the wants of their fellow-creatures. Me and mine have received many kindnesses from them.” “I am glad to find you are grateful for past favours,” replied LOGIC. “Yes, Sir, what Dame says be very true. The Squire is a mortal good man, and makes allowances, and such things like, for us poor people; and young Squire be far from a bad one, although they say he is rather *wildish*; but, between you and me, Sir, he will mend upon that complaint as he grows older. Young Squire

is a great favourite among the topping farmers' daughters in these parts; indeed, I do not wonder at it," said THATCHPATE, "as he is a very fine-looking young man; and, for a sportsman, I never saw anything like him; he is the boldest rider in all Sir Harry Blood's hunt—he leaps over hedges and ditches, and the highest gates, with as much ease and composure as I can make hay; and, for a shot, Lord bless you, Sir, he sets all our young gentry at defiance: a better marksman I never saw in the course of my life; and if I had seen you in company with him this morning, I should not have said what I did—it is all a mistake, and I now ask your pardon. It is impossible to tell everybody by their looks, you know, Sir; and I took you for one of those strangers, who do not care what damage they do to other person's property, so they can but enjoy their sport." "I must confess," replied LOGIC, "my *looks* are not much in my favour." "No, no, I do not mean that, neither," answered OLD THATCHPATE, rather confused, "but I hope you will forgive me, as I am but an ignorant man, and not used to sit down in company with such a gentleman." The frame of LOGIC was now rendered quite comfortable; his clothes were dry, and he prepared himself to take leave of the Cottagers; but previous to which, he pulled out his purse, and selected a half-sovereign, as a present to DAME THATCHPATE, for her readiness in making up a good fire, also waiting upon him, and, with the utmost cheerfulness, bringing forth every article of refreshment which the cottage afforded, for his breakfast. Her eyes sparkled with delight, on receiving the piece of gold. "Keep it," said LOGIC, with a smile, "in remembrance of the little queer made-up *chap* from Lunnun, who frightened all your squeakers!" "I am really ashamed, Sir, that such words should have passed," answered DAME THATCHPATE, "but I hope you will forget and forgive." "If you wish for any more sport this morning, Sir," observed the Cottager, "I can tell you of a place where you will be likely to find some birds." "I thank you," replied LOGIC, "but I do not wish for any more *slippery tricks* to-day; and, therefore, the feathered tribe may all go to *roost* for me; I will not disturb them." The Cottager, with the utmost readiness, acted as a





guide to the *Oxonian* through the fields and bye-lanes, until he obtained the direct road to *Hawthorn Hall*, the sight of which gave LOGIC great pleasure. Upon meeting with the father of JERRY, as he entered the house, he related the disasters of the "*flying shoot!*" with so much merriment and grimace, as to set the old gentleman and his servants in a complete roar of laughter.

In the course of a few hours afterwards Sir JOHN and JERRY appeared in sight, with lots of game, and congratulated the *Oxonian* on his safe arrival at *Hawthorn Hall*, yet regretted his absence, as they had met with such excellent sport. "I thank you both," replied LOGIC, "but it is all right with me; it might have been worse; and now I am once more under the hospitable roof of your father, and surrounded by the right sort of friends, to shew you that I am not deficient in gratitude for my deliverance from the 'vast deep,' I am determined *dulness* shall not find a corner amongst us this evening." The effects of this determination are shown in the annexed plate, which delineates JERRY at home; the enjoyments of a comfortable fireside; LOGIC all happiness; CORINTHIAN TOM at his ease; the "OLD FOLKS" in their glory; and the "uncommonly big Gentleman," '*told out,*' taking *forty winks*. CORINTHIAN TOM always held it as sound doctrine, that change of scene and VARIETY were the greatest charms of life, and tended to produce CONTENT, promote HEALTH, and go a long way towards realising LONGEVITY. The gay, the united *Trio* may be here witnessed once more in *tune*, with the fundamental harmony, according to LOGIC, added to it, of "the uncommonly big Gentleman" to take part in a *quartette* as the *base*. It must be admitted that the scene altogether appears a happy one; the company all actively engaged upon various topics. BOB, as usual, in order to make the company merry, is reading a laughable police account from a London newspaper to JERRY's mamma, who is so much *tickled* by the drollery of the circumstance, as to give way to loud laughter; and *Tim Bumkin*, the waiting-man, is likewise so much convulsed with the subject, as to spill the wine over the garments of the *Oxonian*, apologising

at the same time for his lack of attention to the company, in consequence of the irresistible comic humour displayed by Mr LOGIC. The father of JERRY, seated in the corner, enjoying his pipe is challenging OLD JOLLYBOY, the Curate of the parish, and schoolmaster to his son in his boyish days, to fill another horn of *his* "prime October." The Curate was one of the most regular men alive; and a great *stickler* for everything in its place. "A sermon," he said, "was *good*; all men ought to be *good*; eating and drinking ought to be *good*; and hunting was *GOOD*, *i.e.* *good* exercise; and to take care of one's self was, most certainly, *GOOD*." OLD JOLLYBOY'S answer, at the conclusion of every question put to him, was—"good!" For instance, "You had better take a glass of old Jamaica, Mr JOLLYBOY, to fortify your *inside* against cold on your road home," said LOGIC.—"Good!" was the reply. "Come, wet t'other eye," cried BOB, cutting one of his comical *mugs*, "all JOLLY *boys* do so; *GOOD* people are very scarce, you know, and I like to be *orthodox*!"—"Excellently *good*," replied the Curate; "you are not only a *good* *WAG*, Mr LOGIC, but possess a *good* understanding upon all subjects!" Miss ROSEBUD has hold of JERRY'S arm, who is pointing out to her his friend BOB, stating, that he is one of the funniest fellows in the universe! "GOOD!" said OLD JOLLYBOY. The daughter of the Curate (an interesting and well-informed girl), who is seated by the side of the Corinthian, is complimenting TOM on the excellence of his song; but Miss JOLLYBOY rather *satirically* doubts the assertion of the singer:—

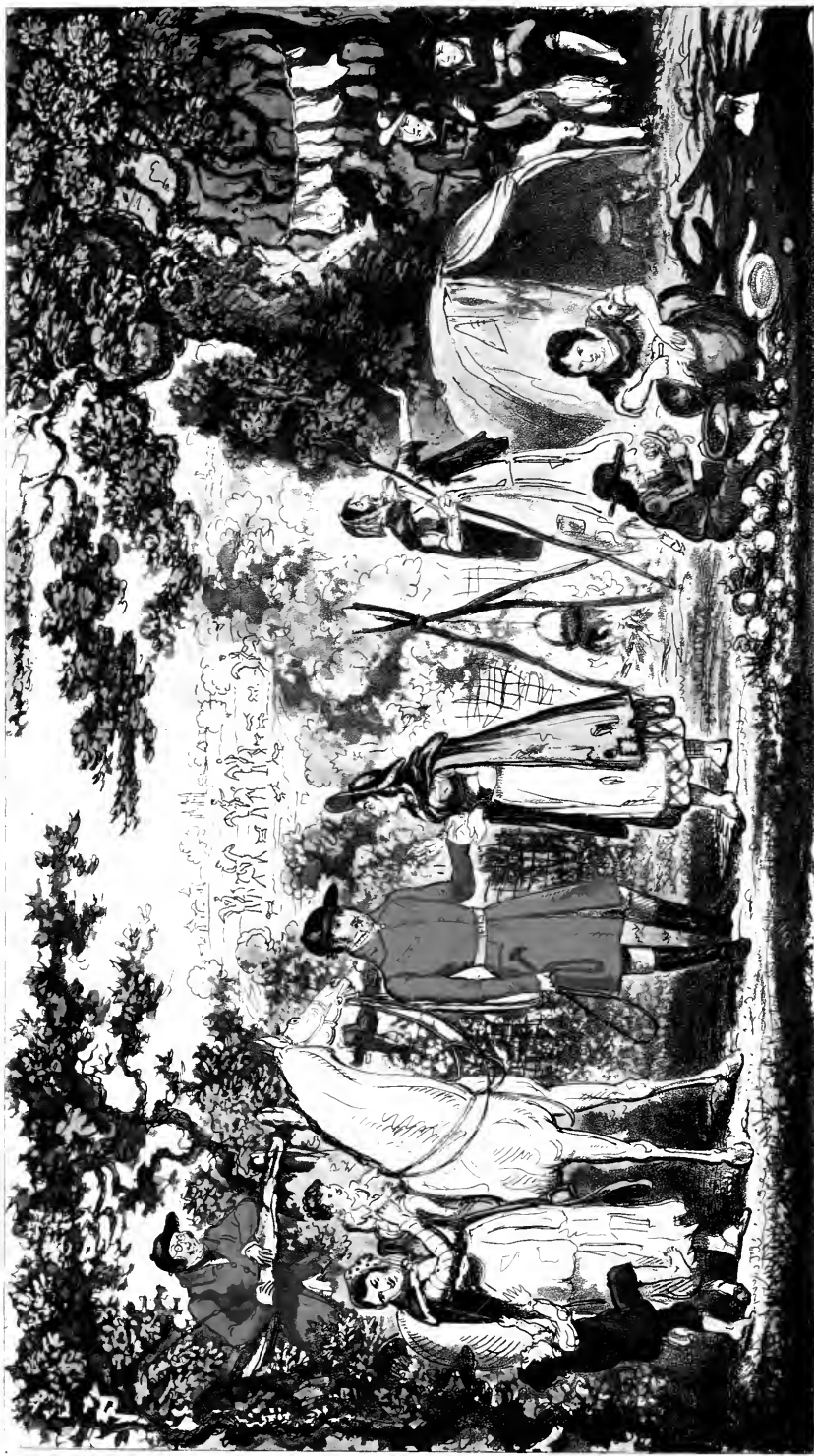
Though Love's charms oft warm my breast,
 Yet *roving* Love but breaks the rest;
 ONE kind heart is enough for ME,
 Although my *name's* VARIETY!

"*Good!* *GOOD!* and *GOOD!* to the end of the chapter," cried OLD JOLLYBOY, quite in raptures with the discrimination of his daughter. The "uncommonly big Gentleman" is told out with *fatigue*; and, in order to "come to time" when the supper is announced, he is taking, on the sly

“forty winks.” The huntsman hanging up the horn; the little girl and her doll; the child playing with the kitten; the greyhound at the feet of Tom; the domestic happy couple contiguous to the fireside; the stag’s head and horns; guns; the brushes of Reynard, &c., &c., making the above interesting group complete. All of them speak for themselves, and require no further illustration, only we may observe, that the talents of the artist appear extremely conspicuous, by his representation of “a comfortable fire-side.”

On the breaking up of the company, Old ROSEBUD observed to the Curate, “I had no idea it was so late; I have spent one of the most delightful evenings of my life: time has been on the wing, indeed; and Mr LOGIC is a host within himself, as to mirth and humour.” “Good!” replied JOLLYBOY, “it is almost a pity such lively fellows should ever part!” “Very good!” said the Curate. “But I hope we shall have one or two more comfortable meetings before our guests leave us for London,” urged Mr HAWTHORN. “*Better than good!*” was the answer of the worthy Curate; “and I am almost sorry to say, *good-night.*” Upon our heroes conducting Miss ROSEBUD to her residence, the father of our heroine proposed to JERRY and his friends to join him in the hunt the next morning, which request was immediately acceded to, without the slightest dissension. JERRY was ready to start at the first signal to follow his favourite pursuit; and Tom equally on the alert to join in the “*Tally-ho cry;*” but LOGIC wished to back out: he pleaded inexperience; that he was a bad horseman; and a great length of time had elapsed since he had joined the chase. “Besides,” said he, “the ‘*flying shoot*’ was rather too much for me. Hunting, I am sure, will be a more dangerous pursuit; and I hope it will not prove out of the frying-pan into the fire.” “We cannot part with you,” replied JERRY, “you have often looked after me in town; and now I will return the favour in the country; I will be near to you; and no accident will happen, you may depend upon it.” LOGIC ultimately consented; but leave of ab-

sence was granted to Sir JOHN BLUBBER, on account of his great weight. The trio started, all in high spirits, to meet Mr ROSEBUD and the members of the hunt, but the *hounds were soon at a stand-still*, which the plate so characteristically represents:—JERRY enticed by the pretty Gipsy girl to have his fortune told. LOGIC breaking cover.—The power of beauty has brought greater men to a *stand-still* than the rustic JERRY HAWTHORN. The Gipsies had made sad havoc amongst the poultry in the vicinity of *Hawthorn Hall*; and our hero was determined, the first time he came across them, to put the whole tribe to the rout, more especially as his father had always behaved very kindly to them. He had likewise lost a favourite dog, which increased his anger against the Gipsies. “Here they are,” said JERRY, to TOM and LOGIC, “you go on, my friends, and I will soon be after you.” JERRY immediately jumped off his horse, almost choked with passion; which the eldest female perceiving, and dreading his resentment, she gave a signal to two of the gang, who were returning from their depredations, to conceal themselves, and also sent forward her beautiful daughter to meet our hero, in order to avert his wrath! Nature had been more than bountiful to the young Gipsy: her eyes were *sparklers* indeed; her teeth whiter than the finest ivory; and her figure, although disguised in rags, was symmetry itself. JERRY was struck with her handsome person; and when she mildly accosted him with—“Sir, you seem angry; let me tell your fortune, and I will answer for it you will soon be in a good humour—Come, Sir, cross my hand with a bit of silver, and you will not repent it!”—the anger of JERRY was immediately banished—TOM for the instant forgotten, the funny LOGIC out of his thoughts, the hounds at a stand-still, and the beauty of the young Gipsy succeeded in extracting the “bit of silver” from his pocket like enchantment. “The lines in your hand, Sir, tell me you are a great rover—a lover of a pretty girl in a corner,” said the Gipsy; “you are going——” At this instant, LOGIC thrust his head through the hedge, accompanied with “Hallo! my Young One, what sport are you after now? Hark forwards! See, the *game* is in view!” JERRY



The boards of a school at All SEEKEY colored by the pupils. See
where this is done with LOGIC board and

was not exactly pleased by the interruption of LOGIC ; but immediately mounted his horse, to join the hounds. The day's sport proved excellent, and all parties were delighted with the result, except LOGIC, who thought himself very lucky, in leaping over a five-barred gate, that he had not broken his neck ; but, on their return to HAWTHORN HALL, the *Oxonian* could scarcely refrain from laughter on entering the door, when he beheld his "*long* acquaintance" in conversation with Sir JOHN BLUBBER. "The contrast is so very ludicrous," said LOGIC to JERRY, "that it reminds me of the *Monument versus* the *dome* of St. Paul's; and you will shortly have to boast of the support of the *highest* and *biggest* friends in England. Sure such a pair was never seen—so completely original!" It appeared that Mr SPLINTER, on his road to Bristol, had merely called in, with a "How do you do?" according to his promise, after the mistakes of a night at Bath, upon TOM and LOGIC ; but he had been prevailed upon by the "uncommonly big gentleman" to wait the arrival of our heroes from hunting. "Permit me, JERRY," said the *Oxonian* (always inclined to be facetious), "to introduce to you the *longest* acquaintance I have in the world ; and I hope that you may *long*, very *long*, continue to visit each other in friendship." "You may depend upon it, Mr HAWTHORN," was the reply of SPLINTER, "that it cannot be *short* upon my part." Mr TIMOTHY SPLINTER, rather strange to remark, was not at all disposed to quarrel with the remarks of the *Oxonian* ; on the contrary, he had *long* been on good terms with his own figure, however, *outré* it might appear to society in general. Whether he looked upon himself as an Adonis could not be exactly ascertained, but he flattered himself *his* figure possessed one of the strongest recommendations, nay more, the most important feature with mankind—ATTRACTION. He could not move a step in society without being *noticed* : he obtained *notoriety* without the least expense ; and he possessed sense enough generally to join in the joke against his *length* of person. The most pressing entreaties could not prevail on the "long visitor" to pass two or three days at HAWTHORN HALL : he observed, that the shortness of his time, added

to prior engagements, alone prevented him from complying with the request of his friends ;” but, previous to his departure, his invitations to JERRY, LOGIC, and TOM, were of the strongest description, to visit him on their return to the Metropolis, at, “SPLINTER COTTAGE, in the Regent’s Park.” “I exceedingly regret,” replied JERRY, “that circumstances, over which I have no control, prevent me at the present moment from visiting the Metropolis, more especially that I cannot join the escort of such a host of friends ; but the time will come when your kind offer will not be forgotten.” “We must also be off in a few days,” said the CORINTHIAN, “and, the first opportunity that occurs, you may depend upon a call from BOB, and your humble servant.” “Yes, and I hope, Sir,” observed the fat Knight, offering his hand with great good-nature, “if ever you condescend to visit the East end of the town, you will bear in mind, that my *snuggery* is near ‘the Tower’ where I will ensure you a most hearty welcome at all times ? and if *Mint sauce* can procure the ‘good things of this life,’ we will have a rare *jollification* when we all meet together at the *snuggery* ; and it shall go hard with me, if I do not furnish JERRY with some rich scenes in our neighbourhood—equal, if not superior, to any that he has hitherto witnessed connected with LIFE IN LONDON, in company with our elegant friend, the CORINTHIAN, and the never-failing BOB LOGIC at fun, frolic, and good humour.” The “*long visitor*” observed, “I trust it will not be a long time before that merry meeting will take place in London ; to me, I feel assured, it will prove a great treat.” He now made his bow, and a few rapid strides soon removed him from the presence of our heroes.

JERRY, supported in the request by his father and mother, solicited TOM and LOGIC to extend their visit for a few days longer, but a letter of the most pressing nature from the CORINTHIAN’s solicitor compelled their departure without further delay, to the great regret of *Old Jollyboy*, *Mr Rosebud*, and the whole of the inmates of HAWTHORN HALL. The “uncommonly big gentleman,” anxious to enjoy the amusing company of TOM and LOGIC on the road, also took

his leave of the "Young One" for London. LOGIC, on bidding farewell to JERRY (popping his merry phiz out of the coach window), observed with an emphasis peculiarly comical, "Remember my *last* words:—

When again shall we THREE meet,
Amongst the *Swells* in Regent Street?
Come soon, my boy—come with glee,
For lots of FUN—another *Spree!*"

CHAPTER IV.

HAWTHORN HALL rendered almost a nullity by the departure of TOM and LOGIC. *The big Subject. The advantages of a make-weight in a party—*SIR JOHN BLUBBER *to wit. JERRY'S soliloquy, occasioned by the absence of his friends. Hours dedicated to love and hunting, by the "YOUNG ONE." Original Song, dedicated to MARY ROSEBUD, written by Somebody. A change of scene—*JERRY *visits Bath, and accidentally meets with LADY WANTON—another baulk; a sort of teasing made easy. The desired event; a slice of luck, a sweetener to the greatest grief. Money makes the mare to go. No time to be lost. JERRY unexpectedly starts for London, with the consent of all parties. MARY'S poetic Advice to JERRY respecting CONSTANCY. LOGIC'S residence his first object in view—*independence of mind *displayed by the Ozonian. JERRY once more an inmate of Corinthian House. The Pupil and his Preceptors—difficult climax to arrive at—the right sort of FINISH towards the completion of Education. The most experienced Persons at fault. Future operations under discussion—a peep at the map of Babylon. Where shall we go? Anywhere? See all you can.*

THE sudden departure of such "choice spirits" as CORINTHIAN TOM and LOGIC, added to the "make weight" qualities of Sir JOHN BLUBBER, might have occasioned a sort of *dulness** in circles of a much higher description in society,

* Sir JOHN BLUBBER did not, in the slightest degree, put himself up for a *wit*; and in truth he was perfectly aware that he had no pretensions to such a character, in the scales of talent; but, nevertheless, the "Fat Knight" had no objection to the appellation of a jolly, sociable, good-natured fellow in society. *Experience had done*

distinguished for their brilliancy of wit and talents ; but the absence of our heroes, at the retired seat of a country gentleman, must have created a perfect blank amongst the company at HAWTHORN HALL. Yet none felt the departure of his friends so much as JERRY ; for two or three days he was insufferably dull ; his generally high spirits seemed to have entirely forsaken him.

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
 And let my liver rather heat with wine,
 Than my heart cool with mortifying groans ;
 Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
 Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?
 Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
 By being peevish ?

His horses and dogs, the fondness for which had been so conspicuously displayed heretofore, had lost their attractions, and were completely neglected. "To my Coz TOM," said JERRY, mentally, "I feel highly indebted, for his kindness towards me ; and it is impossible that I can ever let it escape my memory how much I am under obligations to him for his exertions as a *relative*, to render me every assistance in his power, respecting the attainment of a perfect insight into the various classes of mankind ; but for my friend, my sincerest of friends, BOB LOGIC, the mere thoughts of his noble qualities operate like a cordial to my heart, a reviver to my drooping spirits, and a rallying point in the hour of difficulty. Such a character as our immortal Bard has so beautifully delineated in Hamlet's address to *Horatio* :—

more for him than LEARNING ; and *observation*, as a man of the world, had improved his taste and manners in a considerable degree ; in consequence of which, a number of lively sentences escaped from his lips, which might not have been expected from the "uncommonly big gentleman." Sir JOHN was, therefore, no *dull* appendage to the company of the TRIO ; he was anything but a vain man respecting his abilities, and possessed the good sense never to attempt anything more than he could perform. LOGIC facetiously termed the "Fat Knight" the "MAKE-WEIGHT" to the party.

Nay, do not think I *flatter*—
 For what advancement may I hope from thee,
 That no revenue hast, but thy GOOD SPIRITS
 To feed and clothe thee?
 A man that fortune's *buffets* and *rewards*
 Has ta'en with equal thanks; and blest are those
 Whose blood and judgment are so mingled,
 That they are not a PIPE for Fortune's finger
 To sound what *stop* she please!

“The mind of LOGIC is disinterested upon all occasions, and he is independent in principle to the very echo; a philosopher at all times; and his conduct is gentlemanly—for nothing narrow or sordid ever had a resting place in his composition. Generous without ostentation, although contending against the disadvantages of a broken fortune; he is incessantly witty, and anxious, yet never tiring, to create fun and laughter, in order to make all those persons around him pleasant and happy, reminding me so emphatically of Moore's delightful song, of ‘*Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour,*’ that I am sorry, very sorry, that I could not accompany such superior fellows to London: for, in my humble opinion, TOM and LOGIC do honour to the human race. But Old *Dad* forbids the journey at present; kind *Mam* says, in the most affectionate manner, ‘I think, JERRY, you have had quite enough of that gay place: perhaps, rather too much of it, my dear boy; therefore, endeavour to be contented with your own home.’ And the speaking eyes of the dear interesting Miss ROSEBUD seem to say, I flatter myself, although her tongue delicately forbids to make the request, that my company cannot be dispensed with at Rosebud Cottage.”

The merry company, now and then, of OLD JOLLYBOY; the days devoted to hunting, and other manly sports with his intended father-in-law; and the happy, harmonious evenings passed in the company of his “dear MARY,” very soon tended to render our hero once more a pleasant and agreeable companion to the whole of his friends and acquaintances in the vicinity of HAWTHORN HALL. During one of the above evenings, dedicated to love, friendship, hap-

piness, and all the other *et ceteras* attendant on the hours of courtship, JERRY informed Miss ROSEBUD of the admiration his cousin the CORINTHIAN had expressed to him of the choice he had made in selecting a lady like herself, so well calculated in every point of view to make the life of her partner completely happy. "But I do not like, dear MARY," said JERRY, "to appear before you in *borrowed plumes*, being too well aware of your ingenuousness of disposition; therefore, I positively refused to pass the following verses off upon the world as my own composition, although it was in the first instance intended by my Coz. that I should have the credit of being the author of them. Such being the fact, permit me, at the solicitation of CORINTHIAN TOM, to present them to you for your acceptance; and to inform you that he intends to have them set to music, on his return to the Metropolis, by one of the most celebrated composers of the day.

THE TEST OF LOVE ;

OR, THE

TRUE LOVER'S GUIDE TO HAPPINESS.

'Tis not from the EYE, nor the beautiful CHEEK,
That the *mind* of the maid you discover ;
'Tis not from the CHAIN, nor the *bauble* so fine,
You can hope to fix the true lover :
'Tis not from the DRESS, so rich and so gay,
That can make you attractive, dear creatures,
Nor yet LEARNING and WIT, though both in full play,
With fine hair, and most lovely features.
No, no, 'tis the heart,
Which so much does impart,
That fixes the real true lover.

Those precepts I offer, let them be your guide,
As you travel through life light and airy ;
May virtue and truth be your boast and your pride,
Then you'll have nothing to fear, dearest MARY.
But be constant and kind—from thee I'll ne'er part,
Nor with gross flattery strive to ensnare ye ;
Believe me, my love, that I speak from my heart—
No, I ne'er could prove false to thee, MARY.
Yes, yes, 'tis the heart,
Which so much does impart,
That fixes the real true lover.

To fulfil a promise made by JERRY, on his return from London, to one of the oldest acquaintances of his father living at Bath, the opportunity now offered itself, and he accordingly proceeded thither, and took up his residence for a few days in the above elegant city. Bath had always been a decided favourite with our hero, and he visited the old Abbey Church with the most profound respect; the Royal Crescent and Circus with increased pleasure; and the Theatre, Pump-room, &c., &c., met from him the cordiality and reverence of an old friend. The season had commenced; the company and arrivals daily were numerous, and the whole city had the appearance of gaiety and fashion. In promenading one morning up and down the Pump-room, which was exceedingly thronged with persons of fashion, the attention of our hero was attracted by one of the most lovely figures of a woman he had ever beheld; but, on catching a hasty glimpse of her face, she appeared rather confused, and a blush overspread her features as their eyes met together. She was in company with an elderly gentleman, and another elegantly dressed female. His recollection would not serve him as to her name, her place of abode, or the place he had seen her before; yet he felt confident the lady in question was not altogether unknown to him. JERRY was quite at a loss how to frame his conduct upon the present occasion; he was most anxious not to appear rude in the company of a lady; yet he was very desirous of addressing her before she quitted the Pump-room. Upon approaching rather nearer towards her person, and obtaining a better view of her face, it flashed across his memory in an instant, that it was Lady WANTON, who had played such tricks with him at the masquerade at the Italian Opera House, and who had also *distanced* him at Almack's. He was now more anxious than ever to speak to her, if it was only in a whisper, that he might reproach her ladyship for not keeping her appointment with him. But it was totally impossible at that moment—the elderly gentleman was her husband, and the lady her sister. Our hero had also the mortification to see Lady WANTON quit the Pump-room, without being able to exchange one single word with her on the sub-

ject; but, nevertheless, he was well satisfied, when their eyes met together, that she had recognised his person. JERRY left the Pump-room quite out of temper with his disappointment.

Lady WANTON was a most outrageous *flirt*; and “nothing gave her greater pleasure,” according to her own assertion, “than teasing the fellows into a belief that they had obtained a conquest; also filling them up with the highest expectations; making numerous appointments; and then, by way of punishment for their presumption, laughing in her sleeve at their credulity and vanity, by disappointing the whole of them.” Such conduct, however, did not entirely escape *censure* by her ladyship’s acquaintances.

JERRY had given up all pursuit of Lady WANTON, and was on the eve of quitting Bath, when, in the Circus, he accidentally pounced, as it were, upon her ladyship, attended by her footman. Such an opportunity might never occur again, and he was determined to turn it to account, if possible. JERRY, therefore, mustered up courage upon the occasion—made a most polite bow—and informed her ladyship by what means he had the honour of becoming acquainted with her name and person: related the adventure at the masquerade; expounded her riddle—stated his forbearance—and her promise to meet him. “Inexperienced young man,” said Lady WANTON, “I will not be harsh towards you, although I really ought to be so; indeed, I am quite astonished that you should attempt to make anything *serious* that occurs at a masquerade; which is nothing else but a series of *deception* altogether, carried on by the aid of masks. I must confess,” said she, with a most satirical, yet fascinating smile, “I have a faint recollection of the subject you allude to; but you are not half a sportsman not to mark your bird down better. You ought not to have lost the scent.” “But your ladyship——” replied JERRY. “I cannot hear another word. I shall be keeping the party I am going to dine with waiting for me,” answered Lady WANTON.

"Only promise me," cried our hero, "to——" "I am not at a MASQUERADE now," said her ladyship, putting on a frown; "and if you do not instantly leave me, I shall be under the necessity of calling the servant to my assistance." Our hero, quite chagrined, made a bow, and retired; while her ladyship walked on with the most perfect ease and indifference, to spend the evening. To have met with such an unexpected *repulse* from the lively, gay, careless Lady WANTON, he thought impossible: that a woman of the *ton*—a masquerader—and a female fond of flattery—should so suddenly turn round upon him, assume the manners of a *prude*, and bid him to "*begone!*" No electric shock, however violent, or sudden clap of thunder, could have operated more sensitively on the feelings of the inexperienced "Young One." His *gallantry*, which had been at fever heat previous to this cruel *rebuff*, was, by the imperative tone and frown of her ladyship, reduced in an instant below the freezing point. To himself he felt conscious that his situation appeared *contemptible*—he stood motionless for a few seconds, quite at a loss whether he should *advance* or *retreat*; but he could not rally his wounded spirits; and, on recovering from his trance, he quitted Bath in disgust. He returned to HAWTHORN HALL rather out of temper with the strange turn of his adventure; but, nevertheless, if properly appreciated by JERRY, it might have afforded him a good lesson not to be too confident in future respecting the smiles and favours of the fair sex. "I would not for £100," said JERRY, "that TOM and LOGIC should have witnessed the treatment I experienced from Lady WANTON: it would have furnished them *jokes* for a twelvemonth to come." A day's hunting, a visit to Rosebud Cottage, and the interesting manners and conversation of his dear MARY, immediately restored his mind to a state of convalescence; and the *flirt*, Lady WANTON, was, by our hero, entirely forgotten.

Month after month had rolled pleasantly over, and JERRY had become rather more satisfied with the pleasures of a country life than on his return to HAWTHORN HALL; but a circumstance occurred which gave a turn to his affairs—in

fact, was the means of forming another era in his life. A letter had arrived from his father's lawyer, requesting his immediate attendance in London, couched after the usual sort of advertisement, "that he might hear of something very much to his advantage." An accession of property removed all doubts and fears upon the subject by his parents; and his journey to London was admitted by the whole of his friends to be expedient, except by MARY ROSEBUD. The news was most unwelcome to our heroine: she saw dangers in the journey, which none of his partizans had the slightest perception of; the danger to her peace of mind to be apprehended from new faces—the gaiety and splendour of the Metropolis—the elegance of the females—and, altogether, the unsteady principles of his London acquaintance. Upon JERRY's presenting himself at ROSEBUD COTTAGE to his dear MARY, she was too sincere to disguise her feelings upon the departure of her lover. "My dear girl," said our hero, "business of importance calls me to London—it will only be for a short time, when I shall return to you a much *richer* man; which to me gives pleasure, only under the idea that it will secure our prospects and happiness through life." Like a pair of true lovers, who have a great deal to say to each other, yet nothing to impart, the evening was very dull; but, previous to the "parting kiss," MARY sang the following plaintive air to our hero, intended as a gentle hint towards his future conduct, during his stay in London:—

Farewell! my dear JERRY, since you will away,
 And leave your poor MARY to mourn,
 Nor let those fine lasses in London, so gay,
 Tempt you never again to return:
 Although they are lovely by nature and art,
 And their spirits as light as a fairy,
 You'll not find so true, nor so faithful a heart,
 As glows in the breast of your MARY, your MARY, your MARY,
 As glows in the breast of your MARY.

Oh! think of the vows of affection you've made,
 When you promised you'd ever be true;
 Then let not your ROSEBUD by love be betray'd,
 Or blighted, and faded by you!

Farewell, my dear JERRY, while you are away,
 Your absence to me will be dreary ;
 Oh ! do not in scenes of pleasure so gay,
 Forget your affection to MARY, to MARY, to MARY,
 Forget your affection to MARY.

To London, dear London, was now the word, and the first object in view, as the annexed plate so interestingly portrays: LOGIC'S *upper story*—but no PREMISES! JERRY'S return to the Metropolis: the "*Young One*" on the *qui vive* after his old pal, BOB.

'Twas silence all around, and clear the coast,
 The watch, as usual, *dozing* on his post.

Some property, left by a maiden aunt to our hero, which had been "*lumbered*" for a long time, had recently been unlocked in the Court of Chancery: and on hearing of this "*slice of luck*," he was off like a shot to pocket the "*dragons!*" and as fast as four prime *tits*, changed every ten miles, could get him over the ground. In a few fleeting hours, JERRY once more found himself in the heart of the metropolis:—

"Ah, here's the scene of frequent mirth!" he said,
 "With gay BOB LOGIC, and his *Fancy SPREAD!*"

"I must give BOB the '*view hallo!*' before I go to the *dab*, or he will think me unkind. Well, here goes, then—but stop—his direction: [*pulling it out of his pocket*] '*BOB LOGIC, Queer Street, Ragged Corner, near the good OULD ONE!*' What a prime fellow! Always an original! Here, Post-boy! communicate some information to the inhabitants of that house, that the PRADS are on the *fret*." The boy was not idle with his fingers, and, in a short time afterwards, an old lady, poking her head out of the window in a great fright, exclaimed, "Lord bless us, I hope it's not a fire!" "No," said the boy to himself, "but you have got a precious *Spark* about your house!" "Don't be frightened," said JERRY, laughing, "my good old bit of *fustian*. I only want to see one of your inmates—BOB LOGIC!" "We have nothing of that *sort* in my dwelling," the old lady replied, "so pray go about your business! I have no doubt but you

are one of those *imperent* sort of fellows that go about disturbing people in their beds of a night." "You mistake me, my dear Madam," said JERRY, in a subdued tone; "I want Mr LOGIC." "I don't know any such person," answered the female. "I have a *funny* sort of a gentleman lodges with me; he has always an *umbrella* in his hand, and wears *green* spectacles." "That's the ticket! Fly, Mother," said our hero. "I can't *fly*, Sir!" urged the old dame. "Well, then, put him *awake*, and get BOB *down*! Make haste, and tell Mr LOGIC, that his friend JERRY is waiting in the street for him." The loud knocking at the door had scarcely *spoiled* the old Scout's NAP, when the well-known sound of JERRY saluted his ears—"By all the Saints in the Calendar," exclaimed TEDDY ROE, "*we shall soon have TOM and JERRY GOING to GO again!* But, young Master—

"I heard you was ill, and they told us you died."

"'Twas all a *hoax*," said JERRY, "whoever told you—*lied*

Dead! that's a good one! BOB, I'll lay a bet,

We're worth a dozen *dead* CORINTHIANS yet:—

We did *not* die, nor never mean to die!

At all events we'll have another SHY!"

The door was now opened; the hands of BOB and JERRY shaken together in friendship; and the "Young One" welcomed heartily back to town. "Don't you see," said BOB, with a smile on his face, "that I am all right; our house is *propped* by 'my uncle;' and whether by *Silver* or *Golden BALLS*, I'll bet the *New Receiver of Serives* against the Editor's Box of a *Monkery Chaunt*, it is two to *one* in my favour as to raising the *Supplies*. I am also under the care of an old guardian, a liberal sort of *Chap*, who, besides his *personal* regard for me, extends his *vigilance* for the benefit of the Parish; a *whisky* shop in the view, as an antidote against the *Blues*; and the OLD SAINT, the preserver of so many enlightened Souls from oblivion, as a climax. Come, JERRY, you must *pillow* your PEEPERs for the remainder of the *darkey*; and, the first thing to-morrow morning, we'll give Tom a *benefit*, and settle our future plans of operation."

"Agreed," replied the Young One, "a few *winks* will put

me all to rights." JERRY instantly dismissed the post-chaise ; turned in to LOGIC's *upper story* ; and, by the frankness and hospitality displayed by the *Oxonian*, he could not have been made more comfortable at the first inn in the Metropolis.

On meeting LOGIC at the breakfast table, JERRY was quite pleased with the neatness of the apartment ; and the attention paid to him by the *Oxonian* and the old hostess. "JERRY," said he, "you may perceive that I have been compelled to *cut* the Albany ; or the Albany would very soon have *cut* me up altogether ; but, by such *cutting*, I have been enabled to preserve my INDEPENDENCE of character, which is dearer to me than life. However, my income, nevertheless, though not large, is comfortable ; and by reducing my establishment, nay, putting it on the *shelf*, I am not ashamed to meet my old friends as usual. In fact, I am deprived of little else but *show*. The *outside* appearance, it is true, is *gone*—and what in this metropolis chiefly attracts FRIENDSHIP, say, rather, RESPECT : at which circumstance I do not repine. I am happy in my mind ; my *disposition*, I flatter myself, is a contented one. But, a truce to troubles. It may be years, months, only a few days, perhaps, which may once more set me afloat again in the world : at the death of a near relative, a very aged individual, I shall be a richer man, and, I also hope, a better one than ever. But I had almost forgotten to inform you, that the generosity and feeling of TOM towards me, will never be obliterated from my memory. On quitting the *Fleet*, the CORINTHIAN, in the most delicate manner, yet with a liberality of disposition worthy of himself, offered me not only money, but apartments in his mansion, until I should be able to retrieve my affairs. I felt, at the time, more than I could express ; but refused his kind offer with a grateful heart. I preferred following my own plans, and I am happy, my *Young One*," giving JERRY a hearty shake of the hand, "to assert that I have succeeded in overcoming my difficulties, beyond my most sanguine expectations ; therefore, you shall still find BOB has not 'dropped down upon his *luck*' but is a gay,

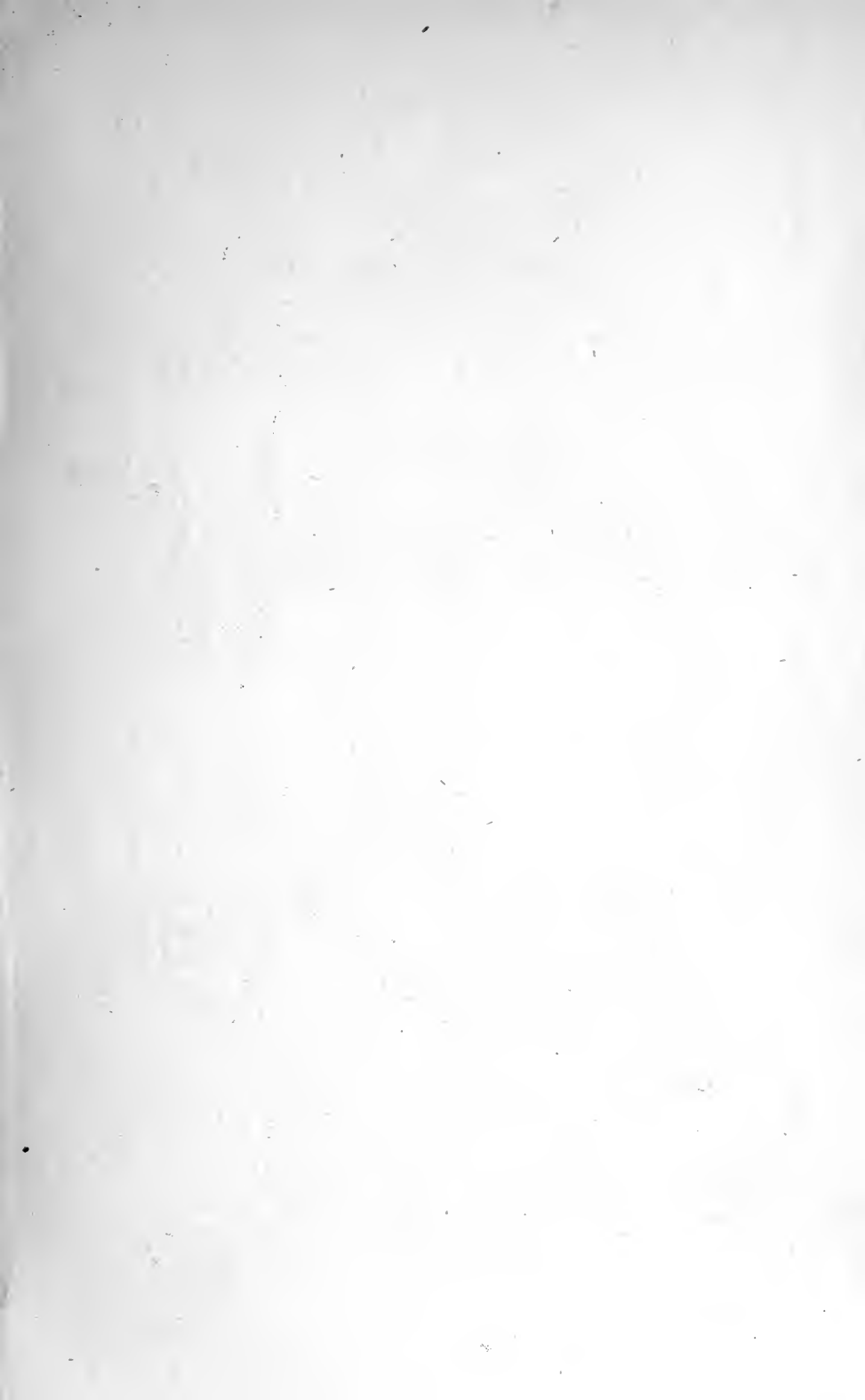
happy, independent fellow, and as great a lover and promoter of life and fun as heretofore; so let us be off without delay to CORINTHIAN HOUSE, that the TRIO may be altogether again on the *qui vive*."

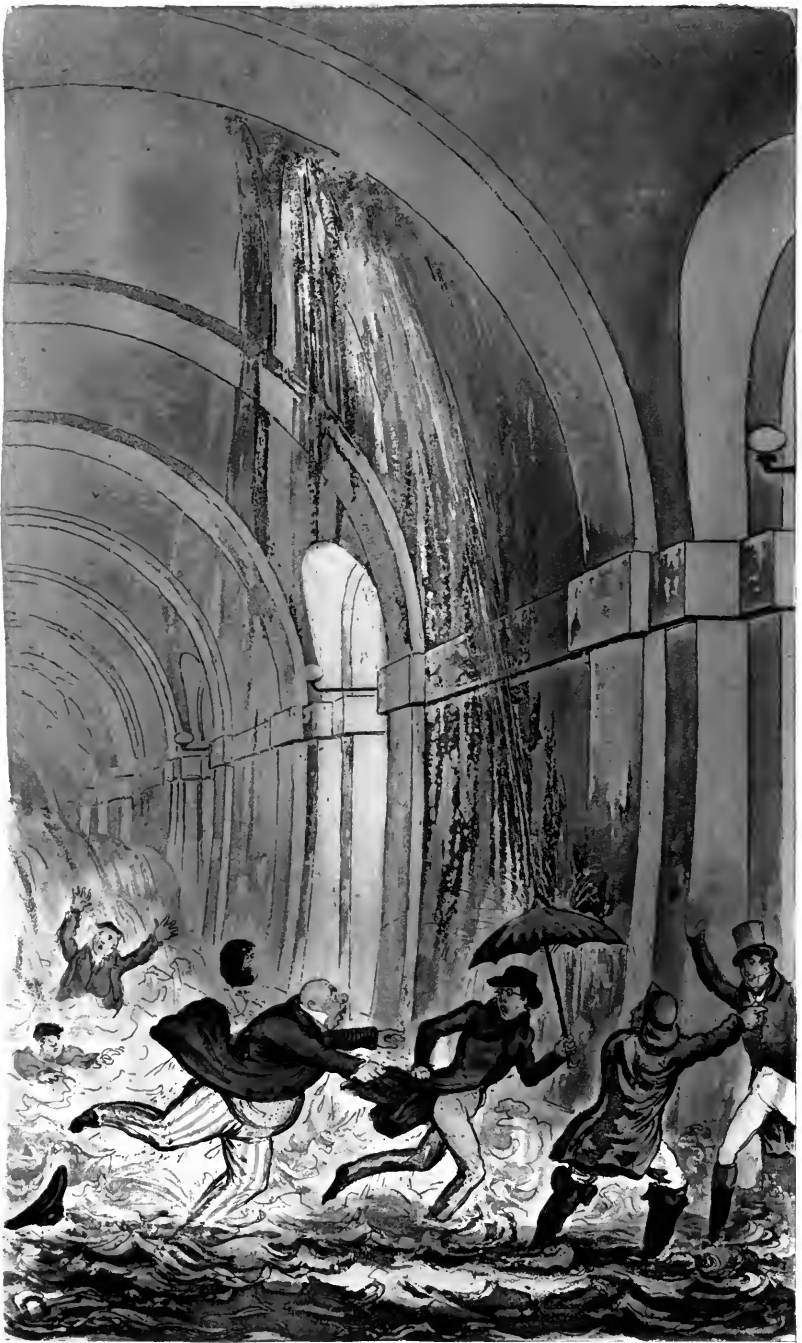
JERRY was delighted at the warm reception he met with from his cousin TOM, at CORINTHIAN HOUSE; and the first leisure moments which offered themselves, he eagerly visited the Picture Gallery, the Sketch Room, Saloon, the Drawing-room, Library, Portfolio of Caricatures, the Conversation-room, otherwise the *Chaffing Crib*; and he soon discovered that the whole of these splendid apartments had undergone considerable improvement during his absence from London.

The "*Young One*" was once more under the roof of his splendid relative, ready for another start, with his two experienced preceptors at his elbow. "The wisest ones are at fault," said the CORINTHIAN, "respecting the FINISH OF EDUCATION; public schools have been rejected by several men of great learning and talent; and 'private tuition at home' has equally been condemned by our wisest senators; even the instruction of the great CHESTERFIELD, upon a subject of so much importance to youth, failed to produce the desired effect. Then, BOB, you and I cannot take upon ourselves the characters of arbitrators or judges." "We must leave the question, I believe, as we found it," replied the *Oxonian*, putting on a sort of serio-comic phiz; "I perfectly coincide with the poet, 'that the proper study of mankind is man;' the great book of life, against all the other books I ever perused, for me; and to 'see all you can,' my motto upon every occasion. I must admit to be on the right side is truly difficult: but if you *cling* to the good; *shun* the wicked; and *avoid* the deceitful; but, above all, do not flatter yourself that you are *wiser* than your neighbours—and endeavour to obtain the *summum bonum*, perhaps, my Young One, you will then not be a great way off the right path:—

Some to the wars, to try their fortunes there ;
Some to discover islands far away ;
Some to the studious universities—
For any, or for all these exercises.
He cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried, and tutor'd in the world.
Experience is industry achieved,
And perfected by the swift course of time.

Be that as it may," resumed LOGIC, "we will lay our heads together, and look over the *Map of Babylon*, and select the places best suited to our purpose, LIFE IN LONDON. Numerous places will present themselves to JERRY, which have not claimed his previous attention." "Under the guidance of such capital friends," replied the *Young One*, "I cannot fail to learn something to my advantage ; therefore, the sooner we are off for some new sport, the better I shall like it."





SYMPTOMS of the *mad* LOGIC
of the *mad* *mad* *mad*

CHAPTER V.

JERRY and LOGIC visit the "GREAT BORE;" serious danger of the excursion. Strong symptoms of water on the Brain, and LOGIC'S SPREAD of no use in the Floating Capital. The adventures of our heroes at BARTHOLOMEW FAIR—the GHOST, flesh and blood! TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC assisting at the ceremony of the "uncommonly big gentleman" being made a BUFFALO.

"Now for the 'GREAT BORE,'" said LOGIC, smiling, to JERRY, "it is a most wonderful attempt, and I am confident you will be delighted with the Tunnel; but I am sorry the CORINTHIAN cannot be of the party; however, Sir JOHN BLUBBER will prove a good 'make-weight' in the boat, should the wind prove troublesome. So let us be off." "Any place you recommend, BOB," answered JERRY, "I am sure, will not only prove interesting to me, but highly gratifying to my feelings." The "*Young One*" was delighted with his excursion down the river; but he and his *pals* had nearly paid very dear for their temerity, as the annexed plate represents:—

Too much of water hast thou, Ophelia!

were the first words LOGIC uttered on getting his ten toes on *terra firma*. "I say, my *Young One*, this great bore had very nearly proved a *final* bore to us on our voyage of discovery; but a 'miss is as good as a mile.'" "Yes," replied JERRY, "we might have paid dearly for our *peeping*, and curiosity has its dangers. It was all *up* with your *Spread*—the Ark of Noah would have been a much better companion to have secured you from *trouble*." "Did you mind Sir JOHN BLUBBER," observed the *Oxonian*, "roaring out for help! who had previously boasted to me of his great abilities as a swimmer; but he preferred the use of his *heels* to dis-

playing any of his tactics. Sir JOHN had a lucky escape; but I did not much approve of his attachment to my *toggery*; his repeated *tuggings* had nearly *floored* me! It was similar to St. Paul's *smashing* the Monument: and the *puffing* and *blowing* of my fat friend, in any other situation, would have proved truly laughable; to hear him sing out at every step, 'Stop, my dear BOB! if I once go *down*, it is sure to be all *up* with me!' 'Swim,' was the reply I made, 'and you are all right!' 'For heaven's sake do not joke, BOB!' urged Sir JOHN BLUBBER; 'I can only *swim* on shore! I can't move a hand or a foot in the *water*; indeed, I can't; and if you possess any of the milk of human kindness about your heart, only lend me your *arm*! or else I shall be *lost*! I shall become *food* for the *fishes*! O dear! take compassion, Mr LOGIC, and don't let your faithful friend experience a watery grave! Call for a boat! a skiff! a barge! a seventy-four! or anything you like! The *fare* is no object—what's money to life? Let me but reach the land! What a dangerous plight I am in! I have had too much of *exploring*!' "I am extremely sorry," observed JERRY, "we were prevented from examining this stupendous piece of workmanship, and I regret the attempt should have met with any interruption. It is really a noble undertaking; and, in my humble opinion, calculated to be of great service to the country, and also prove a monument of the spirit, industry, and enterprise of Englishmen. I think its completion is practicable; and I hope the workmen will not stand still for the *tools*."

A *wet* jacket, a *damp* pair of shoes, and some little difficulty and *fatigue*, were all viewed as *trifles* by our heroes, and were not at all calculated to deter them in their pursuits of obtaining information, "seeing LIFE," and rendering themselves perfectly acquainted with the various classes of society. "We are all safe," said LOGIC, "and it might have been worse." A comfortable fireside, a glass or two of strong grog, and some refreshment, very soon put the party all to rights, and they were again ready to start for any species of amusement which might offer to their notice. Upon meet-



ing together the next day, at TOM's residence, the *Oxonian* observed, "that during JERRY's former residence in the Metropolis, he had not then the opportunity of witnessing one of the most busy and comic features connected with LIFE IN LONDON; he therefore should propose to the 'Young One' not to give the *chance* away at the present period." This was agreed to by the whole party, and the talents of the artist are seen to great advantage in the plate, which represents TOM, JERRY, LOGIC, and the "*uncommonly big gentleman*," among the "SHOW FOLKS" at BARTHOLOMEW FAIR:—

One man in his time plays many parts.

"Let us take a turn," said LOGIC, "to that ancient relic of rows, fun, frolic, adventures, lark, and patter—BARTHOLOMEW FAIR. Often as I have mixed with the motley group, yet something *new* is always to be met with; and, if I am in town at the time it occurs, I never miss taking a peep at the wild *beastesses*, and the merry sons and daughters of Nature—the '*Show Folks!*' My old friend, *Muster* Richardson, so indefatigable in producing theatrical novelty for his *high* and *low* customers—I never omit paying him a visit." "Then let us be off," replied JERRY: "I am quite impatient to join the lively throng: of course, Sir JOHN, you will make one of the party?" "Not so fast," cried LOGIC, making up one of his comical mugs, "it may prove dangerous to the '*uncommonly big gentleman.*' Some of the lads on the *qui vive* will put it about, he is the Giant bolted from his keepers, and out for an *airing!* At all events, he will prove the *greatest* character in the Fair; and, as I am short of the *blunt*, I do not know of a better *spec.*, and which we can all be in. I will *show* up my friend as the *greatest porpoise* ever seen in England, *alive and leaping!*" "Go it!" replied Sir JOHN, with the utmost good-nature: "I will risk it; and between us both, I think something might be done to pick up a few pence. If you do not keep a good look-out, I will bet a trifle, if you are seen at large in the Fair, you will be *caged* by

some of Wombwell's men, as a mischievous *monkey* escaped from one of their caravans, disguised in green spectacles." "It is really worthy of observation, my dear JERRY," said TOM, "to those who are fond of *character*; it might be termed the Metropolitan Carnival, for people of the first consequence in life may be seen 'on the sly,' as it were, enjoying the *fun*; but, in the crowd, *rank* soon loses its importance, and those fellows who are fond of 'pushing along, and keep moving,' are the best acquainted with the humours of BARTHOLOMEW FAIR. Your country wakes, single-stick bouts, and other rustic amusements, are nothing in comparison with the great variety of subjects which this ancient Fair produces to thousands of persons, nay, tens of thousands, who annually join in the row to keep the *game* alive."

Our heroes were not long before they found themselves in the midst of the fair; and TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC, made their way like nothing else but "good ones;" but not exactly so with the "*uncommonly big gentleman*," who now almost began to repent of his temerity, from the numerous pushings, jostlings, bumps, and thumps his fat carcass experienced in rude contact with coalheavers, dustmen, brewers' servants, costard mongers, and *chaps* of the roughest description, who were continually laughing at and jeering Sir JOHN, by singing out, "Make way for the 'big one!' The Giant wants to get to his booth! The audience are waiting for him!" It was, however, too late to complain; and the fat Knight bore the remarks and his violent perspirations with the greatest good temper, although his situation was extremely unpleasant, by one of the *conveyancers* having nibbled his *wipe*. "Never mind," said LOGIC, with a smile; "it is only a little loss of *blubber*, and, to prevent the whole of it running away, I will make it all right as to the *sneezer*. I have two in my *clie*; and, when we are out of the mob, one shall be at your service."

Everything worthy of observation was pointed out to the "Young One" by his most experienced tutors; but the

“gift of the *gab*,” exercised with so much *glibosity* by the “*show folks*” to *pull* in their customers, afforded considerable amusement to JERRY:—“Valk in! valk in! my noble mistresses and masters! attend to my call to view the *strangest* hanimal from the *strangest* part of the globe in the whole world! The place he came from is so *strange* that nobody can name it: he is also so *strange* that nobody can describe him; in fact, nobody knows anything about this great STRANGER. He is, indeed, a *strange* one, my masters! He looks *strange*—and, *strange* to say, he never had an acquaintance in his life. *Strangers! Strangers! Strangers!* don’t let this *strange* opportunity pass, but come up, come up! I say, come up! and when you go down, down, down, if you don’t like him, and you say I hav’n’t wery properly described this here *strange* hanimal, the *strangest* thing of all shall happen to you,—I will return your money,—think of that, my *strangers!*” “Now,” said LOGIC, “as we have come on purpose to see all the *strange* places in the fair previous to the *tie-up* or the FINISH of the row, I will take you to the ‘*scent-shops!*’” “This is, indeed, a most delicious scene,” said JERRY, upon entering the sheep-pens, holding up his handkerchief to his nose, and laughing immoderately at the wretched and beggarly group of persons collected round several nasty, dirty old women and men frying sausages, crying out, “All hot! all hot! pick and choose, at a *farden* a-piece.” The table-cloth, knives, and forks, were all of a corresponding description—but the sauce of *hunger* leaves all other considerations out of the subject; and sweeps, cads, and costard-mongers were seen devouring the sausages with as much *gout* as if they had been the greatest luxuries in the whole art of cookery. “Enough!” said JERRY; “rather too much for me, and the sooner we lose this *scent*, the better I shall like it.”

Richardson’s Theatre, as the climax to Bartholomew Fair, was entered by our heroes, who were more inclined to praise the liberality and industry of *Muster* RICHARDSON, and the exertions of the performers, than fastidiously to criticise and laugh at the pieces produced under so many

disadvantages for their amusement. "The scenery is really capital," said TOM. "Yes," replied LOGIC; "it was painted by the first artists belonging to Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres; and his dresses, in many instances, are very superior, in point of real value and splendour, to the wardrobes of the Patent Theatres. *Muster* RICHARDSON spares no expense." "A *Ghost*," said TOM, "seems to be a leading, if not an attractive feature here?" "Yes," answered BOB, "*effect* is everything. But I recollect being here one night, a few years since, when a wag called out, 'The *Ghost* is drunk!' This attack frightened the poor *Ghost*, who, to the astonishment and terror of the principal part of the audience, in a sepulchral tone of voice, sung out, 'it was an unmanly libel on her fair fame; as she had been *Muster* RICHARDSON's *Ghost* for many years and had never touched anything during her *ghost*-like performances!' A gentleman present, inclined to take her part, also declared it was very illiberal to attack any *Ghost*, much more a female one, and the allegation was untrue; but, nevertheless declared, upon his honour, the performance of the lady was the most *spirited Ghost* he had ever witnessed." The concluding scene was a complete picture—the situations of the actors were excellent, and in good taste. The CORINTHIAN was liberal with his applause; and the "*uncommonly big gentleman*" jocularly remarked, he felt very *warmly* on the subject. The terror of the *Ghost*, or some other circumstance, occasioned a handsome young female to fall lifeless into the arms of JERRY; and some time elapsed before LOGIC, with the application of a strong restorative, was enabled to produce re-animation in the lovely charge of the "Young One." "What are you arter?" said the fat Knight, on viewing JERRY stealing a *chaste salute*, as a token of his kindness towards the young female in distress. "Never mind," replied BOB; "it is all *fair* at *Fair* time, and a *fair*-er subject I never saw for JERRY, and a better opportunity could not present itself for the 'Young One' to behave like a man." On recovering from her fainting fit, JERRY discovered his fair charge to be a personage far more interesting in look and manners than he possibly

could have anticipated. She returned thanks to our hero for his politeness and attention to a perfect stranger, who had unfortunately been separated from her party by the violence of the crowd, in so pleasing a manner, and in a tone of voice so penetrating, that JERRY was determined to extend his politeness a little further, and offered his services in the utmost style of gallantry, to conduct her safe home; or, at all events, to place her out of the noise and tumult of the Fair.

The fair *slavey* (for, in the course of a few minutes' conversation, he found her situation in life was that of a lady's maid, and that her name was *Jane Merrythought*) at first opposed this mark of attention; but the ardour with which our hero pressed his suit soon overcame her scruples, and she consented to take hold of his arm. In truth, *Jane* was not one of those *squeamish* sort of creatures who deem the politeness and attention of gentlemen as unworthy of notice; and having a harmless *spree* with a person whom she had never seen before, and, in all probability, might never see again, was a mere *bagatelle* in her ideas of propriety. Indeed, her situation, as the waiting-woman of a person of fashion, rendered her more conversant in all the topics of the day than females of better fortune. *Jane* had access to a good library, to fill up her numerous leisure hours; the perusal of a daily newspaper; and the opinions of her lady, ready *cut* and *dried*, to repeat when it suited her company. She, therefore, entered into conversation with our hero without reserve; accounted for being in the Fair; stated the situation and pedigree of herself; the character of her mistress, except the *name*, and the whole of her family were run over almost in a breath; of so communicative a disposition was the fair *Jane*. She had lived in several gay families of note at the west end of the town, and was considered a most excellent appendage to a lady's toilet. *Jane* could either *plague* or please her mistress, as it suited her disposition. She was a capital artist as to dress; and no waiting-woman in London could set off the charms of her lady to better advantage than the fair *Jane*. She was

equally distinguished for delivering a *message* to a gallant; conveying a *billet-doux* without fear of detection; understanding a *wink*; and knowing the importance of a *nod*; and quite "at home" in all the numerous *et ceteras* which characterised the *confidante* of a woman of high breeding and fashion. To "see if the coast was clear" for her mistress, no pilot in his Majesty's service kept a better look-out than Miss *Jane*; and the *steps* of her master were as familiar to her *ear* as the sound of the bell for dinner. To use a vulgar phrase, *Jane Merrythought* was "cut out" for a lady; but she wanted the *tools* to complete the character. She possessed a most lively disposition; had been well educated, and was also a female of considerable observation. The frequent opportunities of being in the company of some of the best-bred women in the kingdom, elevated her notions as to society in general; and, being an admirable *copyist* of good manners, she really was an imposing, interesting sort of creature. Her ideas of gentility, consequence, and *comforts* of life, were thus expressed: "The butler of the family was very well," *Jane* said, "for a walking-stick; a companion to protect her from insult when walking in the public streets; but if ever she changed her situation in life, her husband, if not exactly a gentleman, must be a man of independent property." It was too true, that she had been *spoiled* for the partner of a poor man by the *kindnesses* of her mistresses: indulged now and then with a box at the Opera; always having servants to wait upon her; and, upon several occasions, having a seat by the side of her ladies in their carriages, which had so changed her feelings, that she could not consent to the slightest abridgment of such *luxuries*; and, with a smile upon her countenance, she observed, she would prefer, according to an old saying, to "*lead apes*" in a warm place, than descend one step from her situation in life. The *Milliners* well knew how important it was to obtain the approbation of Miss *Jane Merrythought*, and the *Dressmakers* were equally vigilant to avert her dislike or displeasure. Her words to the *tradesfolks* who supplied "her lady" with articles of wearing apparel, were as much looked after as the budget of the minister by the bulls and bears upon the

Stock Exchange; and her mistresses were as proud of her remarks, when *dress* was the object of discussion, as a gentleman, fond of his horses, is pleased to see his coachman handle the reins better than other *dragsmen* in the drive of fashion. For instance, her *flattering* touches were sure to take: "That dress, my lady," said *Jane*, "displays immense taste, and Miss *Gros-de-Naples* has positively exceeded herself in the *fit*; in my opinion, she is the very best dressmaker in the Metropolis: your fine figure is seen to the greatest advantage; and your beautiful *bust*, my dear lady, so finely developed, that a sculptor might solicit your ladyship to permit him to take a model, as a perfect picture of the human frame!" And, on the contrary, her *satire* was equally *cutting*: "My dear madam, you must not be seen in such a dress in public, for the world! Oh, it's horrid! Why, you look (but pardon the expression) more like the wife of a dealer in raw hides, than the lady of quality; or rather, similar to one of those persons who appear at the ball of a small merchant at the east end of London; where, I admit, *good* clothes may be seen upon the backs of the parties, but they are completely thrown away — put on without the slightest idea of style, and intended more, it should seem, for a sort of *covering* to the frame, than displaying a splendid article of dress." *Jane Merrythought* was well skilled in all the *finesse* attached to the situation of a lady's maid: and she possessed all the "small talk" of the thing in an eminent degree. *Jane*, as the term goes, "could twist all her ladies round her finger," so much, according to her own phrase, had she got them in her power: she was a complete *flirt*; also a female of *tact*; a pleasing companion, with a most prepossessing address. She has often boasted that she could send her ladies out to join parties with the utmost spirit and good nature, or, by her sarcastic observations, could throw a damp over their spirits, which all the gaiety of the scene would not be able to dissipate throughout the evening. Such was the outline of Miss *Jane Merrythought*. She was almost more than a match for a country gentleman like our hero; in fact, he could not compete with her respecting the fashionable occurrences of the Great World; and he felt rather

afraid of being *distanced* by her sallies of wit, and lively observations upon the surrounding scene of confusion and noise. The "Young One," with all his rhetoric, found it a most difficult task to obtain the name of her mistress; and he was surprised beyond measure when he heard her pronounce it to be—Lady WANTON. Our hero felt much pleased at the discovery, but, nevertheless, he was too sagacious at this interview to mention anything respecting himself, and kept his secret until it might be told at another period with more advantage. JERRY, however, became now doubly attentive to Miss *Jane Merrythought*—he purchased for her acceptance several *fairings*; conducted her through those *shows* which claimed her observation; until the sound of a band of music, in a room appropriated for dancing during the fair, induced our hero to make a proposal to Miss *Merrythought*, to spend an hour or two amongst the gay sons and daughters of Nature, on "the light fantastic toe." "The sign," said JERRY, "is not very inviting, I must admit; but there may be as much amusement at the 'Cat and Bagpipes,' as at the first assembly in London." "I have not the slightest objection," replied *Jane*, with a smile on her face; "it is only *masquerading* it for a short period; and we have to put our *gentility* aside for the time; enjoy the scene as it presents itself, and not to turn up our *noses* with disgust at the company." "It is *werry genteel*," observed the Master of the Ceremonies to JERRY, "and only one shilling a-head: I manages it myself, and you may believe me, *Marm*, there will be no *row*; for anybody that is *obstropolis*, they are sure to be *pulled up* for it. I have got a *trap** in the room, to make it all right. If I was to know you, *Marm*, as well as I knows my own *wife*, you may depend upon it, I should never *split*. I knows better, my lady, that's vat I do!—I should not be supported by any *genteel* folks, if I was to *chaff* out of doors about my visitors. Vy, Lord bless you, last Bartlemy Fair, Squire ——'s wife had like to have been *cotched* jiggging a bit with

* In order to render this *slang* phrase intelligible, the Master of the Ceremonies meant that his visitors should understand he had procured the assistance of a Peace Officer.

her footman; but, howsomdever, as soon as I got the *office*, I made it all right—by the female voman bolting out of the *back slums*; and the slavey made his *lucky* as vell as he could. Therefore, you see as how, my lady, you have nothing to fear—as I likes to do the thing that is *handsome*. But what's other people's troubles to me—I have quite enough to do to mind my own business. All I looks after is the *tip*—and to prevent *bolters*. Only take a peep, my lady, into the room, before you sports that pretty little foot of yours amongst the lively souls in the *quod-reels*; if you don't like it, you know, there is no harm done—but I never admits any *barber's clarks*, and such like sort of *rubbish*; no, no, that *caper* wouldn't do for *Particular Jack*, which name I am known by, to my *reg'lar* customers: only the right sort of folks, and nothing else, comes here. The city and *vest-end* swells all patronise my *Panny*—that is, my Assembly Room: a wrong *vord*, you know, my lady, will slip out, now and then, amongst the best of us. Therefore, *Marm*, you vill find no danger in joining the *Fantastics!*” *Jane* and *JERRY* joined the motley group, after the above eloquent specimen of *patter-ing* it, as it is termed at *Bartlemy Fair*, without hesitation; and kept it up till it suited their pleasure to think of “*sweet home*.”

The *Oxonian* soon discovered that *JERRY* had *bolted off* with the *fair Jane*, and exclaimed, “He's tipped us the double; *JERRY* is off like a shot; and we are at *fault*, as to the *scent!*” “Yes,” replied the “uncommonly big gentleman,” “and all the ‘*view halloos*’ you can shout will not restore him to us to-night.” “I admire his politeness and attention to the fair one,” said the *CORINTHIAN*, “and I pledge myself, he will be able to give a good account of his adventure at our next meeting.” The party now quitted the Fair, for *CORINTHIAN HOUSE*, and the supper and a glass or two of wine kept them together until past three o'clock, up to which period the “Young One” had not put in his appearance. *TOM* ordered the porter to wait up for *JERRY*; but the *stopper* was put on the mouth of the porter by a *sovereign* remedy as to silence; and all the inquiries the

next day, by LOGIC and Sir JOHN, could not ascertain the exact time when JERRY arrived at CORINTHIAN HOUSE; and the "Young One" was too much the man of honour to bring the character of the *fair Jane* in question.

The day was devoted to various pursuits, and in the evening it was proposed to visit the Theatre; and, also, that JERRY should witness the ceremony of making a BUFFALO.

The ceremony of making a BUFFALO is very simple, yet extremely ludicrous, and productive of great laughter. The "uncommonly big gentleman," at the request of LOGIC, had consented to become one of the members of this most eccentric society,* which is composed of numerous Performers, and other "comical wights" resident in the Metropolis, for the observation of JERRY.

The Artist has, with considerable spirit and fidelity, represented in the plate the *initiation* of a person intended to become a BUFFALO. He is seated on a chair in the middle of the room, with a bandage placed over his eyes. The initiated BUFFALOES are waiting outside of the door; the orator being decorated with a wig for the occasion. On a given signal, they all enter the room, with what they term the Kangaroo Leap, and jump round the chair of the "*degraded wretch*," (as the victim is termed).

Come all you young fellows who's a mind for to range
Unto some foreign country, your station for to change.

Your station for to change, away from here to go,

Thro' the wide woods we'll wander to chase the BUFFALO.

CHORUS—We'll lay down on the banks of the pleasant shady Wo,
Thro' the wide woods we'll wander to chase the BUFFALO.

* At the Harp, in Great Russell Street, opposite Drury Lane Theatre, the BUFFALO SOCIETY was first established, in August, 1822, by an eccentric young man of the name of *Joseph Lisle*, an artist, in conjunction with *Mr. W. Sinnett*, a comedian, to perpetuate, according to their ideas upon the subject, "that hitherto neglected ballad of '*We'll chase the BUFFALO!*'"



THE CITY OF LIVINGSTON, N. Y. A POLITICAL CARTOON BY THE 'BOY' OF BUFFALO.

This is succeeded by a solemn march, and the following *chaunt*; the BUFFALOES carrying brooms, shovels, mops, and a large kettle by way of a kettle drum—

Bloody-head and raw-bones!
 Bloody-head and raw-bones!
 Be not perplex'd,
 This is the text,
 Bloody-head and raw-bones!

The charge is then given to the "*victim*" by the *Primo Buffo*, accompanied by the most extravagant and ridiculous gestures:—

"Degraded wretch!—Miserable Ashantee!—Unfortunate individual!!! At least you were so, not a quarter of an hour since. You are now entitled to divers privileges; you may *masticate*, denticate, chump, grind, swallow, and devour, in all turnip fields, meadows, and pastures; and moreover, you have the especial privilege of grazing in Hyde Park:—Think of that, my BUFFALO! You may also drink at all the lakes, rivers, canals, and ponds; not forgetting the Fleet and lower ditches. You are entitled to partake of all public dinners (upon your paying for the same). Such are a few of the advantages you will enjoy: but you must promise to *gore* and *toss* all enemies to BUFFALOISM! You must likewise promise to patronise the HORNS, at Kennington; and occasionally visit Hornsey Wood, where you may do what you like best—*rusticate*, COGITATE, or *illustrate*, and prove yourself an *Hornament* by respecting the natives of the island of GORE-HE!"

The bandage is then removed from the eyes—and the chorus of "*Chase the Buffalo*" is repeated. The victim is then led into the passage, and the signs, &c., are given to him; after which he is ushered into the room with the full chorus of

"See the conquering hero comes," &c.

He is then called on for the accustomed fees for liquor, and a small compliment for the *Buffalo* in waiting: the expenses

are in proportion to the means or inclination of the newly-made member. The liquor is introduced by the chorus altered from "The Pirates"—

"We Buffaloes lead a jolly, jolly life,—Fal de," &c., &c.

A blessing is then given by the *Primo Buffo*, reminding the new member that the greatest characters in the country have solicited to become BUFFALOES,* and the following is sung in a solemn style:—

HARPONIANs list unto me,
And KANGAROOs rejoice!
And BUFFALOES lift up your horns,
Whilst I lift up my voice.

Oh! JOSEPH LISLE a painter is,
And Buffalo beside;
So sit not in the scorner's chair,
Nor BUFFALOES deride.

Inspire us with bull-like strength,
With horns protect our heads,
And Sprinkle with clean straw our stalls,
Called by the vulgar, beds!

Protect us from the *Bailiff's* fangs,
Which do us much annoy,
Lead us in meadows ever green,
Fat pastures to enjoy!

Now BUFFALOES join in a roar,
Be heard from pole to pole;
My solemn chaunt is at an end,
Because you've heard the *whole*!

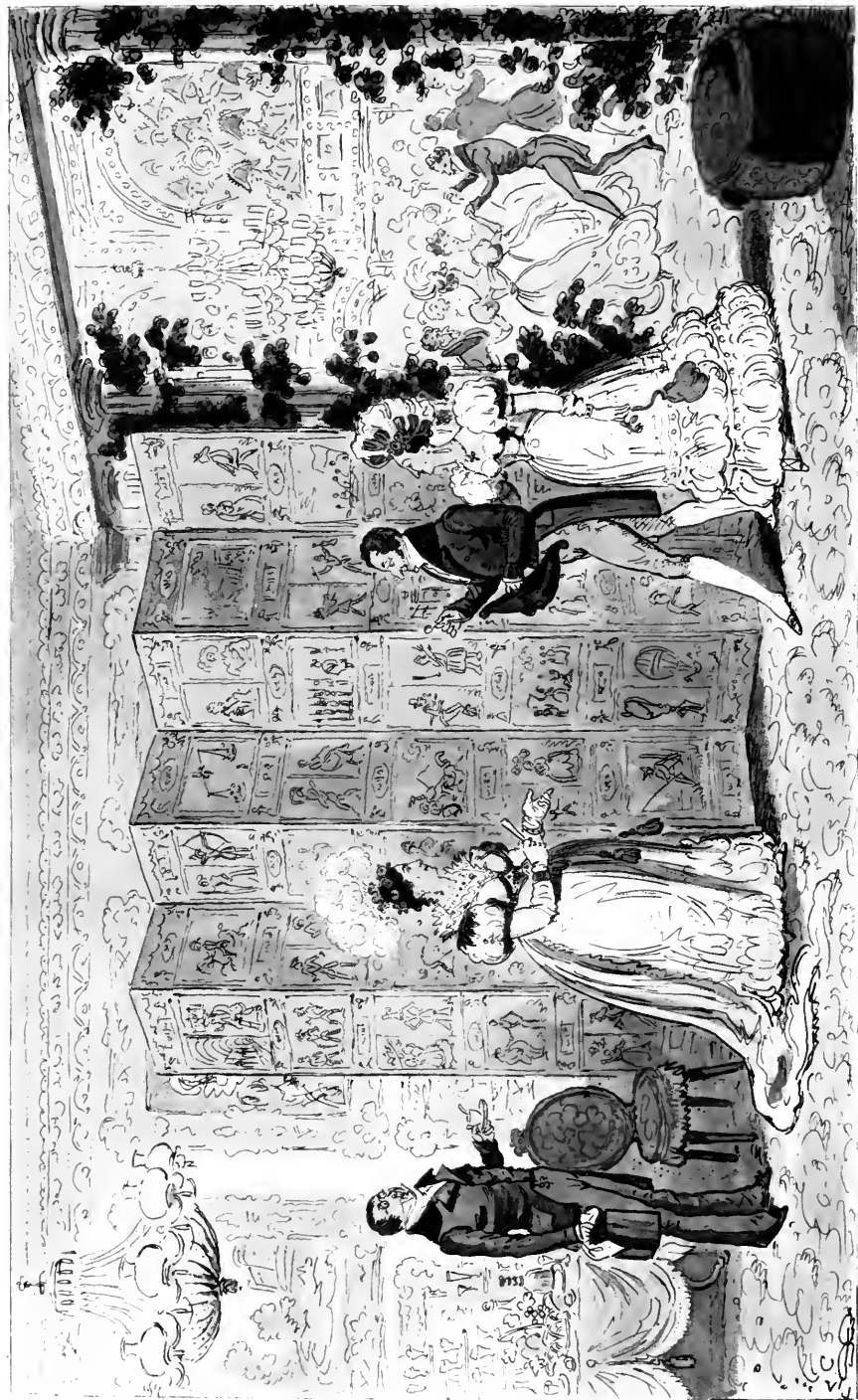
* In order to astonish, as well as to give a temporary importance to the society, the new member is told, in the most *bombastic* style that the Duke of Wellington is a BUFFALO! Mr. Kean, Mr. Brougham, Mr. Liston, the Lord Chancellor, and the twelve Judges, Mr. Cobbett, Old Townsend the *trap*, Mr. Peel, &c., are all BUFFALOES.

CHAPTER VI.

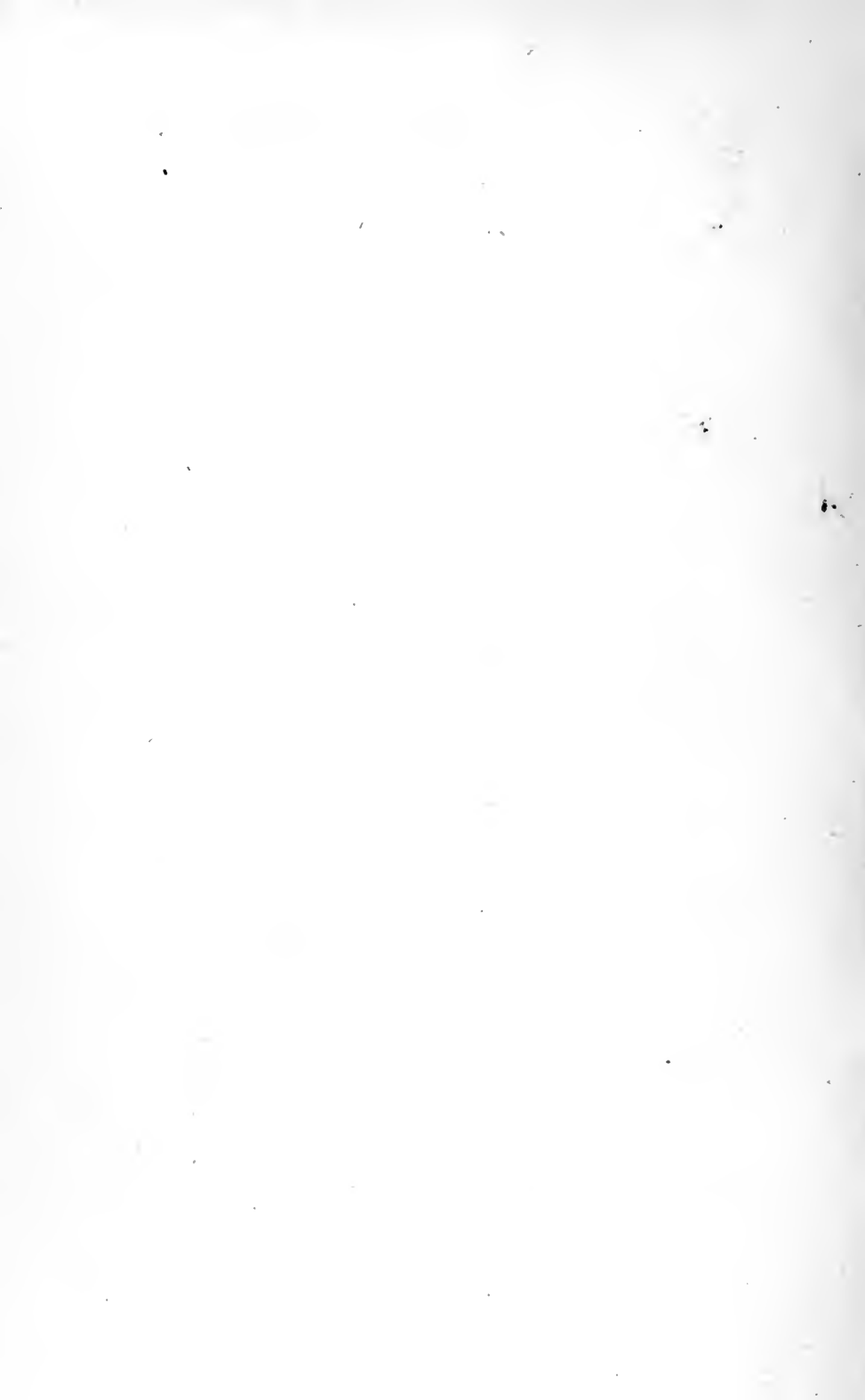
An invitation to the Duchess of Do-GOOD's magnificent Fête : a Peep at her GRACE'S Screen ; a most attractive subject to our Heroes. The DUCHESS'S Remarks on the Liberty of the Press. LOGIC'S opinion as to the conduct of the Duchess of Do-GOOD. The contrast—HIGH versus LOW FOLKS ; or, the Advantages of Comparison. How to FINISH a night, to be UP and dressed in the Morning. TOM awake ! JERRY, caught napping ; LOGIC on the GO ; and the " uncommonly big gentleman " abroad ! The plaything of an hour—SAUCY NELL, a well-known heroine on the Town. Her adventures ; and the vicissitudes and wretchedness of a " gay life " depicted. NELL the subject of a flash Song. Rest necessary ; the fresh air requisite ; and our heroes in training for a day or two at Chatham. A visit to the Dock Yard. SPLENDID JEM recognised by the CORINTHIAN, double-ironed amongst the Convicts : a Sketch of his Life.

"JERRY," said TOM, "I have received a most pressing invitation to the Duchess of Do-GOOD's Fête, with the privilege of any friend that I approve of accompanying me ; of course, BOB and yourself will be of the party. I am certain it will be a *tip-top* sort of affair ; no lady in the land knows the value of *effect* better than the Duchess ; the *scene* altogether will be a rich one, and well worthy your observation as to the movements in High Life." The CORINTHIAN, JERRY, and LOGIC prepared themselves accordingly for the Fête ; and no persons were received by her Grace with more marked attention and politeness than the gay and lively trio. "I am delighted," said the Young One, "at the liberality displayed by the Duchess ; no expense, it is clear, has been spared to

render the Fête not only magnificent to the eyes, but all the 'good things' for the *appetite* have also been collected together, in order to make the visitors comfortable and happy, and the repast sumptuous indeed." The *Oxonian* observed to JERRY, that, if possible, they would get a *peep* at the DUCHESS'S SCREEN, before they left the mansion. "I don't understand what you mean," replied JERRY, "by her SCREEN." "It is reported," replied the *Oxonian*, "that her Grace has been so much *caricatured* through her various *grades* of life; and has also been the subject of so much uncalled-for *literary abuse*; that, like a sensible, clever woman, she has procured copies of all the articles and plates in question, and had them put upon a *Screen*; and those persons who are waiting for an audience are generally shown into the room where this *nouvelle* article is kept, to beguile the time of 'dancing attendance' on *great folks!*" "See it, my dear BOB!" said JERRY, "I would not miss the sight of such an interesting article on any account; and TOM, I know, can manage it for us." The pleasing address of the CORINTHIAN soon procured this favour for the "Young One;" and the Duchess, with considerable urbanity, thus addressed them:—"This *Screen*, Mr CORINTHIAN, may be considered as a picture of the AGE we live in; or, rather as a *peep* at the TIMES. To myself, it is a sort of *Public Ledger*; and it has afforded a vast fund of amusement to my visitors: but I must confess to you, that a great variety of opinions have been given upon the subject: however, Sir, I think it is worthy of your attention as an *Englishman*; and most certainly you will find it a great proof of the *Liberty* of the PRESS! It is likewise a *Chronicle* of events; and several persons who have viewed the SCREEN, have compared it to *Argus*, with his hundred eyes; while others have pronounced it something after the manner of the *Sphinx*. To those characters who are fond of the *News* of the day, or to an *Observer* of passing circumstances, but more especially to a strict *Examiner* of men and manners, an hour may be trifled away, and not unprofitably: it is true, Sir, that I do not possess *nonchalance* enough to be insensible to personal attacks, and vile and unfounded



The DUCHESS OF DO-GOOD'S SCREEN, in "Hudson's" by TOM, LOGIC, and JERRY.



calumny; but I admire wit and talent; and I perfectly agree with the words of the poet, that—

‘ All fame is foreign, but of true desert,
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart :
One *self-approving hour*, whole YEARS outweighs
Of *stupid STARERS*, and of loud HUZZAS.’ ”

“ We all have our foibles,” said LOGIC; “ and the principal charges, I believe, that are made against the DUCHESS of Do-GOOD, come under the heads of *ostentation* and *ambition*. Be it so. However, it cannot be denied that she is charitable; and we have the sanction of holy writ, that charity covereth a multitude of sins. At all events, she is a female of superior talents; for, if she had not *acted* her part well, she might have remained in a peculiar line of life to the end of the chapter. The DUCHESS is a kind-hearted woman; and if *love* had nothing to do with the subject in question, her grateful remembrance for her first elevation in society rendered her never weary of administering comforts, with incessant attention, to an old gentleman; and she has also had it in her power to make a young one rich and happy. To fashion her conduct to please everybody would be utterly impossible: she is too proud for some folks; too *ostentatious* for others; and her numerous donations are said not to be given with the *sincerity* of charity, but done only to secure a good name. The DUCHESS, very properly in my opinion, treats all those unmerited attacks upon her conduct with the contempt they deserve. She spends her money freely; the public in general is benefited by her splendid style of living; and numerous tradesmen are indebted to the encouragement of her GRACE for their prosperity. Her origin, by some ill-natured persons, is said to be somewhat *obscure*; but we have instances in the elevation of individuals to the Peerage, equally as *obscure* as the juvenile days of the DUCHESS.* If it is true that her immense

* Respecting *obscurity* in early life, the following anecdote of the late Countess of Exeter will not, perhaps, be considered out of place. That amiable woman, whose virtues gave lustre to the title of Countess

wealth has bought for her a *dukedom*, she ought not to be *singled* out on that account. The DUCHESS is not the first person that has purchased a *title*; yet she may boast that

of Exeter, and who died lamented by all who knew her, had something so uncommonly interesting in the history of her life, that a sketch of it cannot but be acceptable to every reader of sensibility:—When the Earl was a minor, he married, at an early age, a lady, from whom he was afterwards divorced. After the separation had taken place, the Earl, his uncle, advised him to retire into the country for some time, and pass as a private gentleman. Mr. Cecil, accordingly, bent his course into a remote part of Shropshire; and fixing his residence at an inn, in a little rural village, he amused himself there for some months, passing by the name of Jones. As he had plenty of money, and was extremely liberal to all about him, some persons in the neighbourhood conceiving a notion that he had not come honestly by his riches, grew suspicious of him, and shunned his company. They took him for an Indian Nabob; and, as he passed along, he often heard the rustics exclaim, “*There goes the London gentleman.*” Taking a dislike to his situation at the inn, he sought out a farm-house where he might board and lodge—several families had refused to take him in, because he was “too fine a gentleman, and they could not understand how he came by his money.” At length he found a situation which answered his purpose; and, in consideration of his liberal offers, and the knowledge of his possessing money, a farmer fitted him up a room. Here he continued to reside for about two years, going up to London twice in the year, and returning with such money as he had occasion for; when he departed, the country people thought he was gone to gather his rents; and became more assured of this, from his always returning with plenty of cash. Time hanging heavy on his hands, he purchased some land, on which he intended to build a house; but neither stone-mason nor carpenter would undertake the job, for the reasons already mentioned. He did not condescend to contradict the reports of the villagers; but offering to pay so much money beforehand, the tradesmen, after some grave consultation together, agreed to finish his work—this was done accordingly, and every person was paid to the full extent of his demands. The farmer, at whose cottage his lordship resided, had a daughter about seventeen years of age, whose rustic beauties far surpassed all that his lordship had ever beheld in the circle of fashion. Although this charming maid was placed in this humble lot of life, his lordship conceived that her beauty would adorn, and her virtue shed a lustre on, the most elevated situation. One day, when the farmer returned from his plough, Mr Cecil frankly told him that he liked their daughter, and would marry her, if they would give their consent. “*Marry our daughter!*” exclaimed Mrs Farmer; “*what, to a fine gentleman?—No, indeed!*” “*Yes, marry her,*” says the husband; “*he shall marry her, an she likes him—has*

her road to the Peerage has been as *pure*, if not much *purer*, than many other persons whose descendants have filled such exalted situations in the history of their country. Her GRACE is said to have been very decisive as to measures in her household department, previous to her elevation of rank: and several servants, who were discharged upon the instant, have not been able to *revenge* themselves by turning round upon the DUCHESS, having nothing to complain of respecting her conduct. The busy *meddling* world have, therefore, been disappointed from such an unhealthy source; the tongues of discarded servants, in general, being too ready to defame the conduct of their masters and mistresses; but, in this instance, no cause has arisen for them to exercise their *loquacity*. Indeed, the DUKE has publicly acknowledged his happiness to be complete; and her original pursuits in life," continued the *Oxonian*, "must have given her great advantages over most of her sex. Those persons who have intercourse with her GRACE, pronounce her to be a lively and interesting companion; full of anecdote; easy and happy in her conversation; and, from her intimate relationship with some of the most distinguished families in the state, the DUCHESS has had the means of acquiring an

not he house and land, and plenty of money to keep her?" In fine, the matter was made up, and Mr Cecil married this charming rustic. Masters of every kind were procured, and, in twelve months' time, Mrs Cecil became an accomplished woman, to the envy of the country girls around, and to the astonishment of the villagers, who now began to be reconciled to the supposed too fine gentleman. It was not long before the news arrived of his uncle's death, when he found it necessary to repair to town. He accordingly set out, taking his wife with him, and on his journey called at the seats of several noblemen, where, to the utter astonishment of his wife, he was welcomed in the most friendly manner. At last, they arrived at Burleigh, in Northamptonshire, the beautiful patrimonial seat of his lordship. Here they were welcomed with acclamations of joy. As soon as he had settled his affairs, he returned into Shropshire, discovered his rank to his wife's father and mother, put them into the house he had built there, and settled on them an income of £700 per annum. He afterwards took the Countess with him to London, introduced her to the fashionable world, where she was respected, admired, adored, until it pleased the great Disposer of events to call the spirit of her to a more lasting region of happiness. Her ladyship left two sons and one daughter.

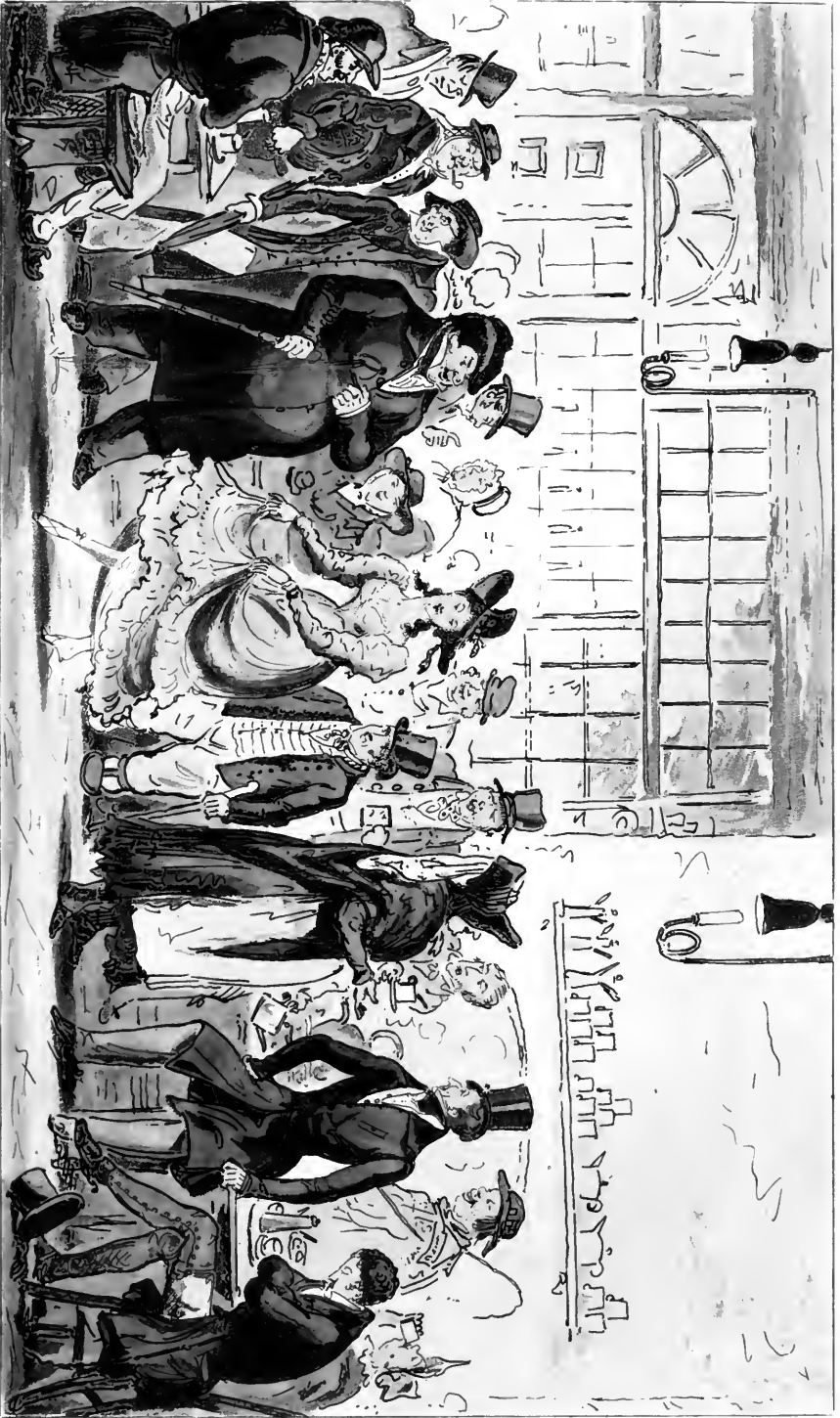
excellent knowledge of the Great World. The DUCHESS has long been well known to the public: she has also been well received by the King, and upon terms of intimacy with most of the royal family. Therefore, the DUCHESS does not come exactly under the consideration of an *Upstart!*" "I perfectly agree with you, LOGIC," answered TOM; "I think her GRACE has been rather too roughly handled by the *Press*; and I feel quite assured that the pen of *Satire* might have been wielded against persons in the *Beau Monde*, calling forth censure with much greater point and effect than the DUCHESS of Do-GOOD. If she has been *ostentatious* in her acts of charity, I am, nevertheless, sure that a great deal of service has been rendered to hundreds of poor persons by the very liberal disbursements from her purse." "You know, BOB, the old saying in the country," observed JERRY, "that the birds peck at the sweetest fruit." Our heroes now took their leave of the DUCHESS, highly delighted with the splendid entertainment which she had given to her visitors.

CORINTHIAN HOUSE the next day was the scene of mirth and gaiety, in consequence of a dinner given by TOM to his friends, to meet his cousin JERRY. After the cloth had been removed, the "gaily circling glass" went round with unusual briskness, until LOGIC became rather *talkative*, and also full of song:—

This Life is like a country-dance,
The world a spacious ball-room:
In which so many take a prance,
You'll scarcely find for all room.

"Let us *toddle* to the FINISH," said the *Oxonian*, "and take an extra cup of coffee, which will not only do us good, but the *contrast* from HIGH to LOW FOLKS will afford a subject for the consideration of JERRY: and if he is not surrounded by Duchesses, I will bet a trifle, he will run against some *rum* Dukes!" "I second that motion," observed the fat Knight, who was rather the worse for the copious draughts of Champagne he had tossed off during





התחברות חתם הודו ויזון
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How the FINISH of the UP and DOWN of the HOLLOW TOM with JERRY
The LOGIC of the UP and DOWN of the HOLLOW TOM with JERRY

the evening, to shew his attachment to his King and Country. "I should like to be *finish*-ed under so able a Commander as the *Oxonian*. It will prove a great *novelty* to me. So let us be off!" "I am ready to start when you please!" answered JERRY. "And I cannot refuse to accompany you," replied the Corinthian, "on account of my Cousin, as I am particularly anxious that the 'Young One' should see every species of Company which this great Metropolis affords to strangers." The party, without further loss of time, obtained the object in view.

This place, originally intended for the *refreshment* of the market people who frequent Covent Garden very early in the morning, with their garden stuff, fruit, &c., has assumed rather a different character from its *primary* establishment. "It affords *refreshments* to all parties, now," said LOGIC to JERRY: "and the FINISH is well worthy of observation; it will be found to be a *book* full of adversity and wickedness—with several awful and useful lessons for mankind; and it may be perused again and again, with great advantage to the visitor." "I perfectly agree with you," answered the CORINTHIAN. "Indeed," resumed BOB, "you may here recognise the lads and their lasses, on their return home from the MASQUERADES, refreshing themselves with a cup of coffee or tea; and the *Swells*, on the breaking up of a late party, striving to see what is going on amongst classes of a lower description in society than themselves; and the unfortunate poverty-stricken *blowings*, without a *mag* in their pocket, or shoe to their feet, and no dwelling to cover their unhappy heads, glad to seek shelter anywhere, in hopes to induce some kind-hearted fellow to listen to their piteous tale, and relieve their miseries:—

Her FATHER hung on Tyburn Tree!

Her MOTHER, too, transported she!

A *thief*—and an impure:

With shoeless feet, and houseless head,

For one poor bit of mouldy bread,

Begg'd little BETSEY MOORE!

It is impossible to calculate upon your company—your EYE may be at fault at every *stare*; and your ears may be assailed with *flash*, or amused with FRENCH; meet with the drunken orations of a classic scholar; or be entertained with the dialogue of some noisy costard-monger; be seated, perhaps, with a brilliant of the first water in disguise; or taking tea with a well-togged *conveyancer*. The *quality* of the company is not the object in view; but the *quantity* considered of the greatest importance. The *light* and *shade* of this FINISH-*ing* picture of LIFE IN LONDON is filled up by turns with folks from the country, Players, Poets, Artists, Reporters, Officers, Merchants, Gamblers, &c., to make the '*visit* pleasant!' Sometimes the visitor is attacked by the most egregious *Spooney* in the world; at other periods *bored* almost to death by ignorant fellows beyond repeating. You are puzzled with a knowing look of the eyes by the really deep *Coves*, as to matters of no moment; and often *teased* into a conversation with some of the greatest *Muffs* in life: and compelled, as it were, to listen to some poor outcast female's sufferings, calculated to make your heart's blood run cold, and make you almost ready to clench your fist, to punish the author of her wrongs: you see also other girls, possessing such high spirits, that neither time, place, circumstance, want, nay, misery to the bone, can reduce their gaiety of disposition." The Artist has, with considerable spirit, seized hold of the instant when SAUCY NELL had attracted the attention of the motley group by humming a tune, and exhibiting herself on the "light fantastic toe," and with an air of self-importance, and a toss of her head, saying, "*I defy Jew BELLA to beat that.*" SAUCY NELL was an only child, and, at the early period of her life, was the pride of a most indulgent and fond father; the delight of her amiable mother; the admiration of her relatives, and the envy of all the girls in the country town in which she was born. Her face was beautiful; her form was elegant; and her manners truly lady-like. The parents of NELL were wealthy; her education was complete; and she was destined by her family, at a proper period, to become the wife of a man of fortune. But a noble Lord,

distinguished for his numerous gallantries, whose seat was in the neighbourhood of * * * *, accidentally saw NELL, in his perambulations through her native town. At the first glance, he became enamoured with her beautiful face, and was determined, if possible, by the aid of his purse, and the arts and assistance of his panders, to add the lovely NELL to his list of victims. The iniquitous plans of his lordship proved too successful; in a short time, NELL was inveigled from the house of her parents—seduced—her ruin completely effected, and she lived in London as the acknowledged mistress of his lordship. This sort of *delirium* was not of long duration; her handsome person, her splendid mode of dress, and her dashing equipage, attracted the notice of a young DUKE, who immediately offered NELL a *carte blanche*. This mark of attention flattered her vanity; LOVE for her protector was out of the question—he had deceived her—ruined the peace of mind of her parents—his *wife* she was never intended for; and, therefore, NELL, as a *gay* woman, gave the preference to being the *chère ami* of a DUKE, than *living* under the protection of a person of less rank in society; and she left his lordship without a *sigh*, nay, with disgust. The DUKE soon became satiated, and tired of her extravagance; and NELL was compelled to descend to accept the attention of *Commoners*, when she could no longer be caressed by the *Peerage*. For a few years she figured in the *beau monde*, under the protection of various keepers. Unfortunately for NELL, her “NOB was not *screwed* on the right way” respecting her future welfare; she had not made the most of her *friends*; and she left all her *fond* protectors without even the shadow of a *settlement*. Still clinging to gaiety, style, and fashion, NELL opened a splendid house upon her own account: kept her carriage, fine horses, and livery servants. This appearance had the desired effect for some months: and she was visited by the OLD and the YOUNG *Swells*—the rich *flat*, and the lively *sharp*—her dinners were capital; her wines, equal to anything the Docks could produce; but her amusements were *meretricious* to the echo; cards were introduced for those who might feel *ennui* as to getting rid of their time; *dice* for

those liberal fellows who were not afraid to *hazard* a sovereign; and her *Soirées* were enriched by some delightful pieces of music—popular songs—and the *dance*, in which NELL took the lead over all her female competitors, notwithstanding her parties were enlivened by the visits of numerous fine women. In fact, NELL was the reigning toast amongst the *bon vivants*. But, in the midst of all these scenes of luxury, a severe fit of illness overtook her; when the splendid establishment of beautiful NELL was at a *stand-still*: dulness appeared throughout the mansion, and her gallants, one by one, were *absent* without leave. Her once delightful face became haggard—her hitherto beautiful form reduced to a skeleton—her coffers empty; and the sorrowful tear now trickled down her face too late—and for the first time in her life, she saw the world in its true colours. Unable to help herself, NELL was of no use to her party, and her creditors became importunate. Heavy rent and taxes forced her out of the house; her carriage and horses were sold for the expenses they had incurred at the stables; her livery servants did not wait for their *discharge*; *John Doe* and *Richard Roe* became very much *attached* to her person; and the Marshal of the King's Bench took NELL into *strong* KEEPING without the slightest murmur; until the benefit of a certain "Act of Grace" relieved the Marshal from his fair charge; which enabled this volatile unfortunate *gay* piece of frailty once more to become her own mistress, and promenade the whole of London without control. Thus, step by step, she descended into the paths of wickedness. Without friends—destitute of *blunt*—and her swell togs up the *spout*—NELL, like most of the *sisterhood*, was compelled to put the best face she could on her misfortunes—collect together some remnants of her former *finery*, and shew herself nightly at the Theatres, to obtain support:—

NELLY was handsome, remarkably fair,
No girl in the school could with NELLY compare;
Accomplish'd in manners, her temper was mild—
She was to rich parents the only dear child!

But a treacherous Lord, who stole her away,
As a wolf would a lamb, to make her his prey ;
While fate lies a-bleeding the victim to crown,
The beautiful NELLY is a girl on the town !

Every method had been tried by her broken-hearted parents to reclaim her, but in vain : she scouted the idea of becoming a penitent in the Magdalen ; and as to her returning HOME, the task was too dreadful for her mind to undergo : she was, therefore, left to her own will, and the result was, SAUCY NELL became a complete outcast.—REFLECTION was pushed aside by repeated glasses of brandy ; and her hitherto lady-like manners, by her associating with all sorts of characters, had become distorted, rough, and, at times, when REASON lost the *helm*, of the most violent description. SAUCY NELL was passionately fond of dancing ; and, upon the slightest request made by any person having the look of a gentleman, she was always ready to show her talents. Her various vicissitudes, during her short career, induced a well-known writer to compose a song, called SAUCY NELL, from which chaunt the following verses are extracted :

O, ye lovers of Swell *blowings*, come listen to my *chaunt*,
I'll tell you of a creature, who will make you all gallant,
With *ivories* so pretty, and she sports such lovely eyes,
That the *blades* are all in raptures, *yorking* at NELL with sighs !
For she struts away,
And is always gay, *Fal-de-dal-de-la !*

In a *rattler* she rolls along to the famed SALOON,
Where Saucy NELL's the *gaze* and pride of all the room,
The "Gay Pieces" full of envy, and the *coves* upon the fret,
And the reversion of her charms produces many a bet.
They are all for NELL,
She is such a swell, Fal, &c.

At the OPERA so fine, the Dukes and Lords do stare,
To view Saucy NELL "come it" with so genteel an air,
The Duchesses become *dummies*, and the Countesses do pout,
To see this "gay piece" put them all to the rout.
For she gets the *Swells*,
In spite of the Belles, Fal, &c.

At Vauxhall she looks the lady, and dances like a queen,
 To "keep it up" her motto, in LIFE'S *variegated* scene!
 In quadrilles truly elegant; but in waltzing NELL'S quite great,
 That all the SWELLS follow her like a minister of state!

For she's light and gay,
 And trips away, Fal, &c.

In *keeping* quite high, NELL'S too proud to bear rebuke,
 And *swells* in the Park, to attract a Royal Duke!
 Her barouche and *prads* so gay, she laughs behind her fan,
 And nods and winks to all the *Coves*, as she passes ev'ry man,

For NELL'S quite fly,
 And never shy, Fal, &c.

And when the SPELL is over, to Mrs H.'s she'll run,
 To meet the *blades* and *mots*, and to have a bit of fun;
 But, up to ev'ry *move*, SAUCY NELL will not be *beat*,
 And *larks* it all the *darkey* till daylight sounds retreat!

She's so full of game,
 And laughs at blame, Fal, &c.

In a *row*, NELL'S a good one, and never known to brush,
 She *mills* the *Charleys'* *nobs*, then cures them all with *lush*!
 A "search night;" or, sent to *Quod*, she's too game to squeak,
 And NELL'S got a word for ev'ry One, and blows up the *Beak*!

Do what you like,
 NELL will never strike, Fal, &c.

O, she's full of frisk and fun, and fond of a *lark*,
 To the FINISH she *toddles* to meet her *flash SPARK*!
 She cares not for scampsmen, commoners, and prigs,
 For "Saucy NELL'S" at home in all the *knowing rigs*.

For she cuts a dash,
 And is full of flash—Fal, &c.

Her FIGURE and FINE BUST might with VENUS'S compare,
 Indeed the *tout ensemble* is so beautiful and rare;
 NELL is quite a picture, with a bosom round and white,
 Not a *cove*, old or young, but views NELL with delight!

For she's so pretty,
 And so witty—Fal, &c.

NELL'S a VESTRIS in *attitudes*—a STEPHENS in her *song*—
 And for a "gay and merry life," be it short or long:
 But constancy is not her forte—NELL will *flirt* with all—
 Yet a *trump* to the last, till OLD TIME makes her FALL!

Then with sighs,
 The *blades* pipe their eyes—Fal, &c.

The CORINTHIAN, according to the Plate, is the only one of the party who appears to be wide *awake* upon the subject; the "Young One" is completely "done up," and nearly dropped off his perch, so overcome with sleep, from his previous exertions over the glass; and LOGIC is about FINISHED, yet witty in his cups, by his observation, that "he would *reel* against the lady, if she had no objection." The "uncommonly big gentleman" seems as large as life, and full of the juice of the grape; his optics are quite dazzled with the elegant movements of SAUCY NELL, and her attractive appearance altogether; and, in the true spirit of gallantry, has ordered her some tea and coffee, for the amusement she has afforded him and the whole company. The surrounding group must be viewed as a *motley* one; but it is true to Nature, and a specimen of those nightly scenes which abound in the Metropolis—most clearly pointing out the old adage, "that one-half of the world do not know how the other half lives." Mrs. O'Flaherty is "trying it on" with TOM, saying, "he is too much of a *jontleman* to let an *ould* Irish hard-working sort of a woman, like herself, pay for the *small* taste of coffee she has had to keep her inside warm."

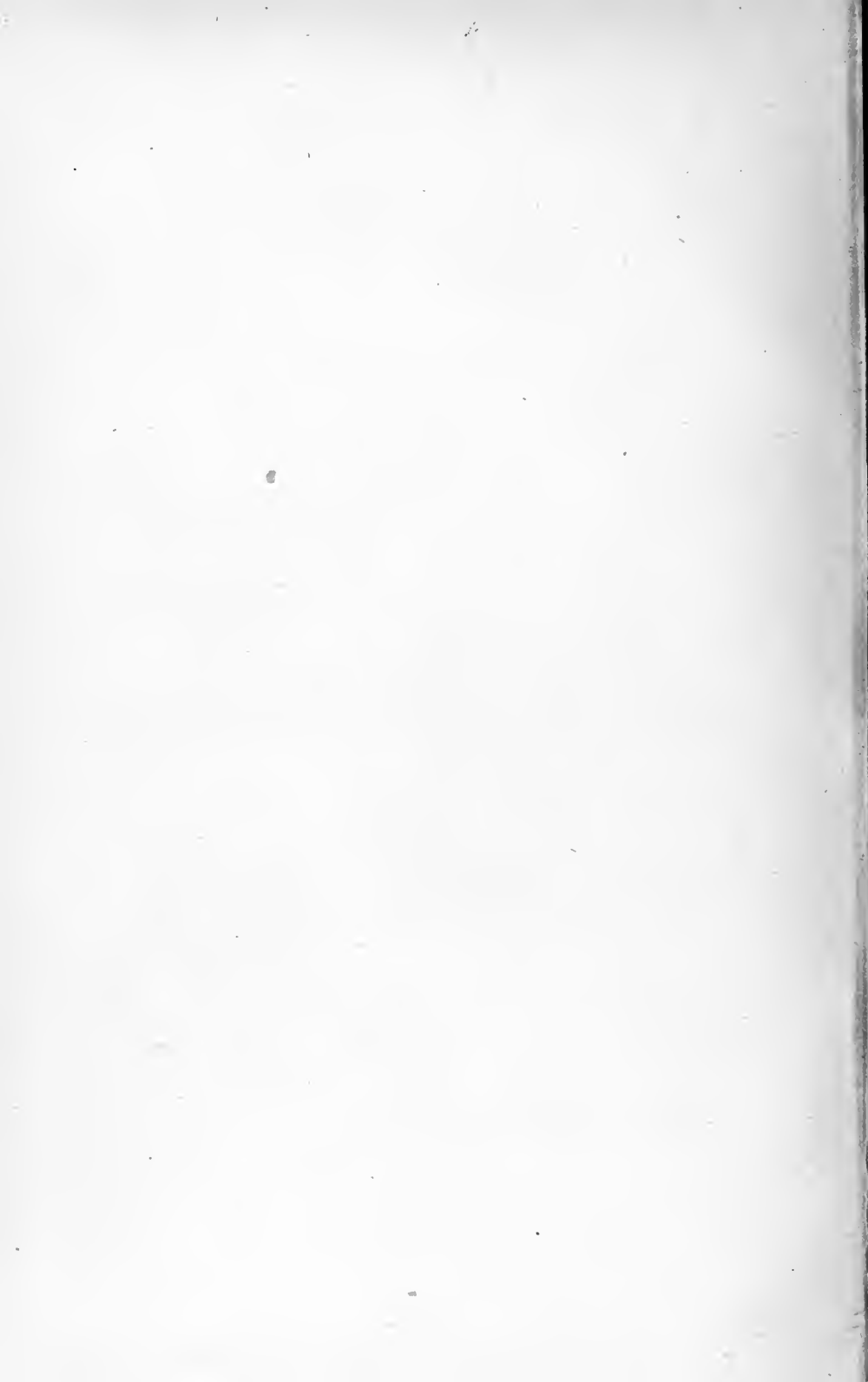
Getting home to bed after a *spre*e, like everything else, generally finds its own level. When parties are quite tired with the scene before them, dead beat, become stupid and sleepy, worn out with fatigue, and cannot "keep it up" any longer, then *home* is thought of, and obtained by the best means possible. It was rather late in the day before our heroes met together at CORINTHIAN HOUSE, to compare *notes*, on the last night's adventures. TOM was none the worse for his trip to the FINISH; but LOGIC, with a sigh, declared himself to be quite "mops and brooms," as to the confused state of his "upper story!" JERRY felt feverish, languid, and completely out of sorts; and the "uncommonly big gentleman," in spite of swallowing oceans of soda-water, declared "his *copper*" to be so hot, that he thought all the water in the sea could not reduce his thirst. "I have an acquaintance at Chatham," said Sir JOHN, "from whom I

have just received a friendly invitation to his house, and also to take a view of the Dock Yard, which abounds with subjects of the most interesting description to the visitor; therefore, as we have been '*keeping it up*' rather too much lately for our constitutions, I think a journey in the country, for two or three days, will renovate us all. What do you say, then, Gents., for a start with me to Chatham?" "Nothing could be better *timed*," answered TOM; "the road is altogether interesting: indeed, Kent, in my opinion, is one of the finest counties in England, and the views are truly delightful all along the coast." "Go!" said LOGIC; "who would refuse such a pleasant trip? I propose that we start early to-morrow morning for Chatham. Then let us have a quiet evening; be all good boys; get to our beds early, and be able to set off in prime trim." "Agreed," replied JERRY; "I have long had a great desire to visit Chatham Dock Yard."

The party all kept their promises the next day, and, in the course of a few fleeting hours, our heroes found themselves in the company of the friend of Sir JOHN, at Chatham; and, after partaking of some slight refreshment, quite prepared to visit the Dock Yard. They had scarcely signed their names at the entrance of the place, and proceeded a few steps, when the CORINTHIAN turned aside with horror and surprise, on beholding SPLENDID JEM (at one period of his life one of the gayest members belonging to the fashionable world) double-ironed, amongst the convicts, carrying a heavy and long cable upon their shoulders. "Gracious God!" exclaimed Tom, with a piteous sigh, "can it be possible? Surely I must be deceived! Yet, in spite of the wretched change in his appearance—the convict's grey jacket, the slouched hat, his head shaven, the irons upon his legs, grief and sorrow depicted in his countenance, I think I trace the remnant of his once animated face. Yes, I perceive it is too true. I see the tear trickle down his cheek—he bows to me—and I am known to him! Dreadful vicissitudes of human life! I had not the slightest idea of meeting with him in the Dock Yard at Chatham, as I



SPLENDID FIRM, over a hundred years old. We have been established by WOOD & CO. in 1810.



had understood he had, long since, been transported to Botany Bay." On inquiry, by the CORINTHIAN, as to the behaviour of SPLENDID JEM, one of the attendants replied, "That on his first entering the Dock Yard, JEM was the most refractory convict that had ever been sent amongst them. They were absolutely compelled to drive him to work; his spirit was of the most stubborn description, and he could not brook his altered change of life. But *time*, Sir, which mellows all things, and reduces even the strength of stone, has likewise made an alteration in the deportment of the once SPLENDID JEM. He is quite the hero of his companions in misery; he is called '*the gentleman!*' and looked up to by all his fellow prisoners with a sort of reverence and esteem I cannot describe. His anecdotes would fill a volume; and his pictures of High Life, and the tales of his own dashing career, to his fellows in wretchedness, appear more like a romance than anything like matters of fact. JEM might long since have been promoted to the situation of a Captain of the Gang, which would have not only relieved him from the weight of his irons, but also from laborious duty. His *pride* would not let him *bend*; and, to use his own words, 'his tongue forsook its office,' and he could not bring his mind to supplicate any favour from an inferior to himself. Within the last twelvemonths he has been much more reconciled to his fate; and, when in good humour, he is inclined to be *facetious* respecting his situation on board the hulks. 'I might,' said he, to a friend, 'have met with a worse accident early one morning, near St. Sepulchre's Church. I might have "*dropped down upon my luck*,"* and been *silent* about the circumstance to the end of time. But, thanks to my friends, a provision has been made for me, under the care and protection of his Majesty, for *seven* long years; and the advantages attached to my *situation* are worthy of recital. I am not called upon for *rent* and taxes, nor threatened with executions by the parish officers. I do not want for *clothes*: of course I am

* Hanged. The metaphor is certainly good. SPLENDID JEM then could never have published an account of his own *disgrace*.

not bored by the duns of *tailors* : and, as I am compelled to wash for myself, I escape altogether the *prate* of noisy laundresses for their *little bill*.' On his first appearance on board of the hulks, JEM was not destitute of several *comforts*, money and provisions being frequently sent to him by several of his old acquaintances in high life, who pitied his unhappy reverse of fortune. But he has often been heard to say, with a heart-rending sigh, 'that he had outlived all his friends, and long since been forgotten by his most intimate *pals*.' His *soliloquies*, during his leisure moments of reflection on board the prison-ship, are of the most affecting kind, and so touching in their nature, as to elicit tears from some of the most desperate of his companions. 'The inconstancy and neglect of NANCY,' he exclaimed, with the most impassioned distress of mind, 'is the worst stab of all to my feelings ; and I am ashamed such drops of weakness should disgrace my cheeks ! I have calculated upon her *kindness*, her vows, her protestations, her grief at my departure from London ; but she is now in the arms of another ; and her perfidy and ingratitude cut me to the soul. The *Dolphin** has proved to me one of the truest of *mirrors*, in which I have been enabled to take a view of myself—a whole-length portrait—the light and shade of my character—the badness of my conduct—and the weakness and depravity of my mind. I have been everything by turns in society—a flat, a sharp, a gentleman, and a thief, a swindler, and a rogue ; in short, a pest to mankind. Yet, I flatter myself, gentle in disposition, and honourable in feeling, when I first entered the world ; but fierce, desperate, abandoned, and even cruel, when reverse of fortune stared me in the face, and I found no escape from ruin. But it is never too late to *mend* ; and should Providence enable me to outlive my *sentence*, I hope to return to society an altered and a better man ; and, by my future good conduct, repair the numerous errors of my early life. I have bitterly paid for my wicked career ; but not so much, I must own, in bodily suffering and confine-

* The name of the prison-ship.

ment,* compared with the severe reflections of a distracted, agonised mind.'”

The inspection of the various departments in the Dock Yard proved a very high treat to the whole party, and amply repaid them for their journey from London. “I cannot

* The situation of the convicts in the Dock Yard is *degrading*, but not otherwise painful. They do not work *harder*, perhaps nothing like so hard, as the journeymen employed in the different departments in the Yard; and they are allowed an hour for their dinner, at twelve o'clock, and quit work at four in the afternoon. A great deal may depend upon the disposition of task-masters, as to the quantity of labour required to be done by them during the day. According to their conduct, so they are treated—and those convicts who are mild and obedient have merely a slight ring round their ankles; while those, on the contrary, who are stubborn and refractory, are double-ironed, with long chains affixed to them. They are allowed THREE PENCE per day: *three half-pence* out of which is stopped: but the stoppages are given to them when they quit the prison-ship, on the expiration of their sentence, in order that they may leave the Yard with new clothes, and return to their friends in a decent manner. The prison-ship is a model of cleanliness throughout; and in several of the cells, which are extremely light and airy, convicts such as tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, &c., are kept at work. The convicts sleep in hammocks. The prison-ship contains a very neat chapel for divine worship, and a set of good choristers are always heard on the Lord's Day, accompanied by several musical instruments. The clergyman, whose duty it is to preach to those unfortunate creatures, takes considerable pains to point out to them the wicked course of life they have led; and he also exhorts them, with much earnestness and feeling, to improve their minds, in order that they may again mix with the world like regenerated men. The most hardened and depraved characters are placed immediately before his eyes, and close to the pulpit; and to them his discourses are pointedly directed: and, in numerous instances, he has been successful beyond his most sanguine expectations, in reclaiming fellows whose barbarous ideas and brutality of conduct have almost been considered hopeless. SPLENDID JEM, in the first instance, treated the remarks of the preacher with the uttermost contempt; but, in the course of a few months, he publicly declared to his companions in misery, that it was owing to the religious admonitions of the reverend divine that he became penitent—an altered man—and first awakened to his real situation, and his duty to his Creator. The chapel, during the nights in the week, is appropriated for the purposes of a school, in which the boys and men receive instruction. The friends or relatives of the convicts are permitted to visit them, without any difficulty whatever. Every exertion is em-

give praise enough to all the persons under whose direction this first-rate establishment is conducted; and it might," said the *Oxonian*, "be viewed again and again, with increased pleasure and profit to the inquiring visitor." On the return of our heroes to spend the evening with the friend of Sir JOHN BLUBBER, JERRY appeared so much interested in the history of the unfortunate convict who recognised the CORINTHIAN upon their first entrance into the Dock Yard, that he solicited TOM for an outline of his character.

"SPLENDID JEM was a most conspicuous character during his short-lived career in the *beau monde*," said the CORINTHIAN, "and I must also add, that he really, in many respects, was a clever fellow. JEM was considered a man of some taste; but he was extravagant, thoughtless, fickle, passionate, and dissipated, to the very echo. It was his *ambition* to have it said of him, that he possessed the finest women, the best horses and dogs, the most splendid house, and the most elegant vehicles in London; in short, his aim was to be *original*, unmindful of the expense; likewise to obtain the *whisper* that he was at the top of the tree amongst the *Swells*, and to *sport* the first of everything likely to make a noise in the fashionable circles. NOTORIETY to him was the foundation of all his exertions; and this *weakness* of mind ultimately proved his *downfall*. The law of the land overtook him in his wicked career, and proclaimed the once SPLENDID JEM an outcast of society, in the degraded character of a *convicted FELON*!

"SPLENDID JEM was the only son of a wealthy grazier in the North of England, who had realised, by his parsimonious conduct, an immense fortune; indeed, he was a greater miser in principle than the late Mr *Elwes*, without possessing

ployed, by the officers connected with the above service, to improve the morals of the convicts, and restore them to society as good men: and, strange to say, many of them have had occasion to rejoice, on their return to an honest mode of life, that they had spent a few years on board of the FLOATING ACADEMY.

one particle of that gentleman's amiable disposition. No person drove such hard bargains, in the way of trade, as the father of *SPLENDID JEM*; and so anxious was he for the accumulation of wealth, that, sooner than lose a *single farthing* in any transaction whatever, he would forego the barter of cattle for hundreds, if he thought any dealer would get the best of him in a bargain. *Pounds, Shillings, and Pence*, were his *darlings*; and his mind was employed in calculating how to improve his capital, from peep-o'-day until the closing of night. *MONEY*, altogether, was his idol. He had also taken great pains to instil into his son the same sort of feelings—that all happiness consisted in *gain*, and love of *PROPERTY*. But *JEM* turned a deaf ear to such advice; and, in disposition, he was quite the reverse of his parent. Through the rigidity and parsimonious behaviour of his father, *JEM* was kept amazingly short of the cash; in fact, he never could boast of having anything like a sum of money in his possession at one time: and, during his boyhood, he was in continual dread of his parent, and was compelled to use *art* as to his real opinions; fearing that, in a moment of resentment, his father, whose temper was violent, might '*cut him off with a SHILLING!*' This his parent had several times threatened to do at his death, in consequence of some liberal acts of kindness done by *JEM* towards some of their poor neighbours, which his father had construed into extravagance; *JEM*, therefore, pretended to repent of his error, and, in his father's sight, endeavoured to come into his views, and to shew himself the counterpart of his father—a *miser*, indeed!

“Before *JEM* had arrived at the years of maturity, his father was consigned to the tomb, and he found himself in the possession of great wealth; but, notwithstanding the miserly habits of his parent, and his daily injunctions as to the improvement of property, yet, *practically*, the value of money was completely unknown to him; and he launched into all the follies of the day, without thought or control. His whole life had been nearly spent in the country, except occasional visits to London;—he therefore, as soon as possible, bid adieu to *rustic* habits, and entered the Metropolis,

like a bird out of a cage, wild, ungovernable, and without reflection.

“The young rich *grazier*, for such he was termed, on making his *début* amongst the *gay folks* in London, was not long in acquiring the title of *SPLENDID JEM*, by his most expensive habits and extravagant style of living. He dashed at everything—the turf, the ring, and the table; and shewed himself at every place where anything like *notoriety* was to be obtained. His money, as a matter of course, rendered him an object of attraction; and he was surrounded by lots of new acquaintances. He did not want for *sycophants*, who flattered him that he was ‘a *knowing one* ;’ also, that he had nothing to learn; and that he ought to be a *leader*, in every point of view, as the great theatre of the world had not seen such a hero for several years. His *weak* side was soon ascertained by those *sharps* who are continually on the ‘look out’ for some new customer, recently ‘come of age,’ who has taken up his abode in the Metropolis to spend his money for the good of the public. Like most beginners at *play*, he was extremely *lucky*, and won several good stakes. This operated as a stimulus to further exertions; and he knew of no way of improving his *capital* except by *gambling*.

“*SPLENDID JEM* was indebted to Nature for rather a prepossessing appearance; in truth, he could do almost everything above *mediocrity*; and he generally obtained applause amongst his companions as a dancer, a singer, a good rider, and a capital whip.

“*DIAMOND NANCY*—so designated amongst the heroes of *ton* for her *penchant* for jewellery, her display of rings, and massy gold chains, was the *heroine* selected by *JEM* as his partner, or rather as his mistress, to give a certain *éclat* to his movements in the fashionable world. The *extravagance* of *NANCY*, though it might not have shaken the *credit* of the Bank of England, yet was of such a nature as to make any one of the Directors tremble for the result of his income. *JEM* was infatuated with her fine person; indeed, she was

considered a most fascinating creature—and from her dress, superior address, manners, with a variety of other fashionable acquirements, together with a most excellent knowledge of the world, she was likely to lead better informed men than SPLENDID JEM out of their depths. She was a capital actress with the men—she had studied their various characters and tempers—and her *exits* and her *entrances* seldom failed in producing the desired effect. DIAMOND NANCY was a complete match for the most knowing fellows upon the town—she was all *art*;—a set speech, a well-directed piece of flattery, or an elegant compliment paid to her person, were all useless, unless accompanied by a rich present, to make them valuable. She soon discovered the *rich fool* from the poor but gay man of talent, and disposed of them both as it best suited her purpose. A *coquette* of the highest quality—and a mistress of *finesse*—the whole of her movements, either in private or in public, were calculated by her to turn to a profitable account. *Millward* could not have been a more dangerous character to *George Barnwell*, than the designing DIAMOND NANCY was to a fond young man, inexperienced in the ways of the world. In the delirium of the moment, JEM flattered himself that he was the *envy* of all the gallants in the Metropolis, by her pretended *preference* to him, and also in being her protector. He was the right sort of fellow for her purpose, and she soon *moulded* him to her views: her *smiles* were law; but her *frown* was of so terrific a nature, whenever she was thwarted, that a refusal to any of her requests was out of the question. She had gained so complete an ascendancy over his feelings, that JEM thought her taste and judgment were so correct, upon every occasion, as to bid defiance to contradiction. He had a *pile* of money in his possession when he first became dazzled with the charms of his mistress; but her repeated drafts upon his good nature very soon changed its appearance, and reduced the quantity. While he contributed to her *luxuries*, he was ‘her *darling* JEM, her spirited fellow, a generous creature, and a gentleman.’ But when he began to ‘ask himself a few questions,’ when the cash was melting away like snow before the sun, and no return to prop up his extravagant style of living—and although he did

not positively refuse her '*supplies*,' but ventured to give his opinion in the most diffident manner, that 'such and such things' might be dispensed with as unnecessary—NANCY termed him a cross fellow, always out of humour, did nothing like anybody else, and had become quite a shabby man: that he had got *tired* of her; and if it did not suit his income to keep her like a lady, he had much better declare his opinion at once, and then there would be an end of the connection between them. 'The sooner the better,' said DIAMOND NANCY, 'as the rich Baronet, the banker, has been *teazing* me these last nine months; nay, more, he has offered me my own terms; but my foolish *penchant* towards a man who has the cruelty to deny me a few trifles will, if longer persisted in, lead to my ruin; but I now see my folly, and must endeavour to repair my error, arising from the weakness of my disposition; and transfer my love (said DIAMOND NANCY, apparently affected, accompanied with deep sighs, and tears trickling down her cheeks) and affection to another person, who will know how to value my attention, and return it with a more suitable regard.' This hypocritical harangue completely proved the overthrow of SPLENDID JEM—he was too fond of her company to quit her, and almost preferred ruin to a separation from his dear NANCY. His destruction now became inevitable: '*all going out, and nothing coming in,*' ultimately reduced the pile of money, and left not a shilling behind. His credit was good for a long time, as the real state of his affairs was unknown to the world. But clamorous *duns*, disappointed creditors, and *whispers* getting abroad that it was 'all up with him'—and the exertions of *John Doe* and *Richard Roe* continually harassing his person, his splendid career was at an end, and an *execution* not only cleared his mansion of everything that was moveable, but completely turned him out of doors. In this afflicting dilemma, DIAMOND NANCY, from whom he expected consolation, took her departure; but not without *politely* wishing him 'better luck!' adding a sort of sneer to her ingratitude, 'that she hoped, if ever he should have another chance of being a man of property again, he would not be so extravagant in future. That she was sorry to leave him; but he

must pardon her for doing the best she could for herself.' The *shock*, and change of circumstances, were almost too much for him; but he lived some time by small loans from his friends, who had known him in better days; but not fixing any day for the repayment of them, an end, of course, was put to that mode of raising the supplies. Poverty and want had reduced his once high notions of life; and his *necessities* made him glad to quarter upon any of his acquaintances who would suffer his visits. Live he must, somehow or another; and he was '*at all in the ring,*' and not particular as to niceties about obtaining the cash:—

From playing the fool,
 When he first enter'd College, or quitted the School,
 EXPENSE, and *bad company*, *avarice*, and *art*,
 Had *changed* ev'ry feeling, and *poison'd* his heart.
 Then the system of TERROR is sometimes employ'd,
 'Gainst the pigeons whose fortunes and peace were destroy'd
 And they menace his life, if he's backward to pay,
 And, perchance, in a *duel* they take it away.
 Thus the *robber* to-day, to the pigeon's great sorrow,
 Turns a MURDERER most foul on the dawn of to-morrow.

Thus, step by step, his descent to misery and wretchedness was almost as rapid as his ascent to property; and he became a complete beggar, and had no other alternative but taking refuge in the Fleet or King's Bench Prison, to relieve himself from his numerous debts. The benefit of the Insolvent Act, it is true, gave him once more his liberty; but it is equally true, that he was again thrown upon the world without a shilling in his pocket—and no shelter to cover his unhappy head: and, to render his misfortunes the more heavy upon his feelings, he was laughed at as a flat—despised as a rogue—set down as a villain—cut by all his former acquaintances—no one pitying his distress—and ultimately he became little else than a vagabond. In this extremity, almost driven to madness, he associated with the most abandoned characters; and, by turns, the once SPLENDID JEM filled the characters of *Swindler* and *Thief*. Tailors were deluded by his artifices; tavern-keepers were robbed of their spoons and *sheets*; and he levied his con-

tributions on the public in almost as numerous schemes as the eyes of Argus. For a short period, he was more than successful in his operations, and came triumphantly off in all his nefarious practices. But justice, although *slow*, generally overtakes her victim, and JEM was pulled up for defrauding a well-known stable-keeper of a cabriolet and horse; but, by the interference of some of his relatives, to prevent the disgrace of the circumstance to the family, and also as an attempt to reclaim him, the prosecutor was prevailed upon to relinquish the charge. This he considered as a lucky moment for him; but it made no other impression upon his feelings, and he returned to his wicked career without the slightest remorse. In another appearance before the tribunal of justice, a *flaw* in the indictment prolonged his existence for a few more sessions; yet JEM made no other use of his liberty than to commit with impunity greater depredations upon the public; and, grown bolder by his successes, he plunged at everything that came in his way, until his crimes were stopped by a sentence of transportation for seven years.

“Some little time after SPLENDID JEM had been on board the *Dolphin*, and in daily expectation of an order being sent down from Government for his departure to New South Wales, he expressed a strong desire to have an interview with the woman whom he had and still loved most sincerely, and which might, in some degree, he thought, alleviate his lacerated feelings—the parting kiss—the falling tear—the heart-felt sigh—and the feeble articulation of—

FARE THEE WELL, and if for ever!
Still for ever—FARE THEE WELL!

But her conduct was so unnatural, nay diabolical,” said TOM, “that I cannot find words strong enough to convey my hatred of such a *wretch*, for such I must call any woman who could treat an unfortunate man, like SPLENDID JEM, with such fiend-like ingratitude. Yet it gives us a fine

specimen of what may be expected from such *kept* mistresses as DIAMOND NANCY. Under every circumstance of his chequered life," continued the CORINTHIAN, "his attachment had never abated towards this worthless woman. JEM accordingly sent her a most pressing letter, soliciting an interview for the last time; but the bearer of his epistle was nearly turned out of the house with the utmost marks of contempt and indignation. 'I wonder,' said NANCY, 'at the fellow's assurance! I visit an abandoned *chap* like that! a transport on board the *hulks*! Not I, indeed! Take back this note: I have not opened it—neither do I intend to break the seal: and tell the fellow who sent you, that I desire I may not any more be troubled with his *impertinence*!' This cruel message to JEM 'cut him to the very soul;' and for several days afterwards he was confined by a severe fit of illness to his hammock."

JERRY expressed his thanks to TOM for his most interesting sketch of the unhappy convict. "Yes," replied TOM, "it is one of the advantages of witnessing the effects of extravagant LIFE IN LONDON; and the awful lesson which SPLENDID JEM'S career affords to many thoughtless young men upon the town, ought to be turned to a good account. Yet I am not one of those persons who have no pity for the misfortunes of others: neither do I like to be too harsh in my censure: none of us ought to be too confident, yet all endeavour to avoid being misled; and I really felt more sorrow than I could express, on viewing his altered person and degraded situation this morning, in the Dock Yard. But that is not all—his table, once spread with all the luxuries that riches could produce, and supplied with the most delicate light French bread, now changed to *brown tommy*;* *water* instead of CHAMPAGNE; and no valet to

* Wholesome, but very coarse. The meat is likewise good; but nevertheless the difference, or contrast, to the palate of a man like SPLENDID JEM, on his first appearance on board of the *Dolphin*, must have produced a terrible effect upon his feelings. The kitchen con-

air his clothes, decorate his person, and bring him silk stockings—but, dreadful to think upon, his legs loaded with irons. There must be a great deal of PHILOSOPHY about JEM, after all—few men could have endured such a sweeping reverse of fortune, without putting an end to it by some desperate expedient. However, I am glad to learn that he is resigned to his fate—has seen his errors—and joyfully looks forward to that day which gives him liberty, in order to convince his friends that he is not only an altered but a better man.”

“*Pity*, without something of a more substantial nature to back it, is so much like *empty* sentiment,” observed LOGIC, “that I propose each of us should subscribe one sovereign, towards alleviating, in some small degree, his wretched, miserable situation, and let the amount be immediately sent to him, with our good wishes that he may be enabled again to return to society.” The *Oxonian’s* proposition was immediately agreed to by the whole of the party. “I perceive,” said TOM to JERRY, “that the ungrateful conduct of his mistress has disgusted you: and I sincerely advise you to be upon your guard against forming any connexion with women of her description, too many of which abound in this gay fascinating Metropolis.”

“The coldness and want of feeling displayed by DIAMOND NANCY reminds me,” said TOM, “of another ‘gay piece of frailty,’ called ‘SINNIVATING PEG.’ Some few years since, this well-known character in the *flash* world, as a ‘family woman,’ and who, in the cant phrase of the day, in her own circles, was termed the *twister*, in consequence of SEVEN of her *Fancy Men* having met with *accidents*, otherwise been *hung*, which PEG jocularly called getting them ‘*in a line!*’ The first entrance into life of this *sinnivating* creature was an early marriage with the most accomplished *Prig* of his

tigious to the Hulk is cleanliness itself; and the convicts, in turn, under the superintendence of a proper person, are employed in the cooking department.

day ; but whose *hands*, unfortunately for him, were not half so clever as his *nob* ; and although he had the '*gift of the gab*,' like an eloquent University *Swell*, yet he could not '*gammon the Twelve*,' as to his *innocence* ; and they, out of compassion to his misfortunes, placed him under the protection of his Majesty's Government, to study *Botany* for the remainder of his life, at Sydney, in New South Wales.

"SINNIVATING PEG was a perfect *Circe* in low life ; and was viewed as a fine woman in point of frame, possessing a handsome face ; and her outline was considered to be that of a wanton-looking beauty. All her *KEEPERS* 'dropped off,' one after another ; but her coldness, indifference, cruelty, and abandonment of everything like feeling, represented more of the fiend than the tenderness of a woman. It is true, that she never attended the *executions* of her *Fancy Men* ; but she never neglected to ask her acquaintances if *swaggering* JEM died *game* ? If troublesome BEN shewed *pluck* ? She was rather afraid that *gentle* HARRY did not stand up like a man ? If tender-hearted TOMMY had not dropped down upon his *luck* ? If SAM took his *tie-up* *KINDLY* ? She was apprehensive that *watery-headed* JACK would never get over his troubles without '*piping his eyes* ?' And if *bouncing* BOB had kept his word, '*not to die like a horse, with his shoes on* ?'

"The influence that PEG possessed over the above *flats*, as she jocularly termed them, was immense, scarcely to be believed, a sort of *enchantment* ; money she must have, and money they must bring to her residence, or else the *frown* instead of the *smile* was prevalent, accompanied by *lingo* not of the most agreeable description. Men of the most depraved habits of life, and determined resolution, became as inoffensive as lambs in her presence : her word was law, and her threats terrific.—'Cannot I *hang* you, if I like ? You are in my power ; therefore, do not exasperate me !' PEG also picked up money in the way of *prostitution* ; or, rather, by assuming that character, the better to answer her purposes. One instance will suffice : PEG, in general, was

elegantly dressed, and her appearance *shewy*, by which means she was likely to become attractive to numerous stupid gazers in the streets of the Metropolis.

“In one of her perambulations through the city, she induced a gentleman to accompany her to a house of ill-fame, where he experienced the following treatment:—‘Do you see that portrait, Sir?’ said PEG, pointing to the head of a ruffianly-looking fellow, in a frame, and giving him a look of the most terrifying aspect; ‘that was my late husband. He was a most determined character; and one morning he was hanged for shooting at a gentleman. He has left his pistol to me, as his only legacy; (*pointing the pistol at him*) this little *silencer*, which I hold in my hand, is not to be admired for the beauty of its workmanship, but to be prized for the excellence of its *execution*. It never failed, in the hands of my late husband, to bring down the man it was aimed at; and it is still capable of great execution, when properly applied against any object. It is of great service to me.’ This harangue was quite enough; indeed, rather too much for the nerves of the gentleman, and any explanation quite unnecessary. Trembling, agitated to the utmost degree, and his knees knocking against each other with affright, he started up from the couch, as if recollecting himself of some previous engagement, and begged PEG to accept of a five-pound note, as he had business of the utmost importance that required his immediate attention, and, in a polite manner, requested to take his leave of her. With a sort of satisfactory grin upon her countenance, she pocketed the note, observing, this is as it should be, according to the toast, ‘May the tears of distress always be wiped away by the soft paper of Abraham Newland.’ She also hoped he had not been alarmed at her harmless joke; and she should be very glad to see him again soon: then with the utmost *sang froid* rang the bell, and ordered the servant to ‘*light* the gentleman out of the passage, as it was too dark for him to see his way.’” “Surely,” exclaimed JERRY, “it is wrong to call PEG a woman; the designation would be far more

correct if you termed her a devil in human form." "It would, indeed," replied the CORINTHIAN; "but she certainly had the exterior of a female; and also appeared in petticoats. However un gallant and uncharitable on my part it may seem, I really am afraid there are a great many more such like infamous characters to be met with in the wide range of Life in London." "God forbid!" said LOGIC.

CHAPTER VII.

New scenes for the YOUNG ONE. LOGIC visits his Old Acquaintances on board the Fleet. TOM and JERRY play a Match at Rackets with SIR JOHN BLUBBER. The fat Knight floored! OLD MORDECAI—a character. The grand Lounge. Regent Street to wit. TOM's elegant set-out—off to Ascot. A Panoramic View of the Scene. Highest Life. The betting Stand. A sketch of the venerable Swell Trap.

CORINTHIAN HOUSE was once more enlivened by the return of the party to town; and various proposals were made by TOM, SIR JOHN, and LOGIC, for the amusement of JERRY.

The fat Knight, it appears, had flattered himself, that having received lessons from the late celebrated players at racket, Messrs *Davies** and *Powell*, and also some instructions as to the game at *fives* under that phenomenon, the late *Pat Cavanagh*,† he laughed outright at the efforts of

* It was remarked of the late *John Davies*, the racket-player, that he did not seem to follow the ball, but the ball seemed to follow him. Give him a foot of wall, and he was sure to make the ball. The four best racket-players of that day were *Jack Spires*, *Jem Hardinge*, *Armitage*, and *Church*. *Davies* could give any one of these two hands at a time; that is, half the game; and each of these, at their best, could give the best player then in London, the same odds—such are the gradations in all exertions of human skill and art! He once played four capital players together, and beat them. He was also a first-rate tennis-player, and an excellent *fives*-player. In the Fleet, or King's Bench, he would have stood against the late Mr *Powell*, proprietor of the Fives Court, who was reckoned the best open-ground player of his time.

† CAVANAGH was the best *up-hill* player in the world; even when his adversary was fourteen, he would play the same, or better; and as

the "Young One" and the CORINTHIAN, as mere *commoners*; and, over his wine, offered to make a match with our heroes, for a "*rump* and a dozen!" The proposition was immediately accepted by TOM and JERRY; and LOGIC was quite pleased that it would afford him a fine opportunity of visiting his old acquaintances and friends on board the "*Fleet!*" But the "uncommonly big gentle-

he never flung away the game through carelessness or conceit, he never gave it up through laziness or want of heart. The only peculiarity of his playing was, that he never volleyed, but let the balls top; but if they rose an inch from the ground, he never missed having them. There was not only nobody equal, but nobody second to him. It is supposed that he could give any other player half the game, or beat them with his left hand. His service was tremendous. He once played *Woodard* and *Meredith* together (two of the best players in England), in the Fives Court, St Martin's Street, and made seven-and-twenty aces following, by services only—a thing unheard of. He, another time, played *Peru*, who was considered a first-rate fives-player, a match of the best out of five games; and in the first three games, which of course decided the match, *Peru* got only one ace. CAVANAGH was an Irishman by birth, and a house-painter by profession. He had once laid aside his working clothes, and walked up in his smartest apparel to the Rosemary Branch, to have an afternoon's pleasure. A person accosted him, and asked him if he would have a game. So they agreed to play for half-a-crown a game, and a bottle of cider. The first game began—it was seven, eight, ten, thirteen, fourteen, ALL. CAVANAGH won it. The next was the same. They played on, and each game was hardly contested. "There," said the unconscious fives-player, "there was a stroke that CAVANAGH could not take: I never played better in my life, yet I can't win a game; I don't know how it is." However, they played on, CAVANAGH winning every game, and the by-standers drinking the cider, and laughing all the time. In the twelfth game, when CAVANAGH was only four, and the stranger thirteen, a person came in, and said, "What! are you here, CAVANAGH?" The words were no sooner pronounced, than the astonished player let the ball drop from his hand, and saying, "What! have I been breaking my heart all this time to beat CAVANAGH?" refused to make another effort. "And yet, I give you my word," said CAVANAGH, telling the story with some triumph, "I played all the while with my clenched fist." He used frequently to play matches at Copenhagen House, for wagers and dinners. The wall against which they played is the same that supports the kitchen chimney; and when the wall resounded louder than usual, the cook exclaimed, "Those are the Irishman's balls!" and the joints trembled on the spit!

man" soon found out his mistake, to his *cost* and *ridicule*; also, that *talking* and *doing* were widely different; and the loud laugh was now turned against the fat Knight, on his being *floored* by a false step, in his eagerness to strike the ball. "Vell, my friend," said *Old Mordecai*, who was "blowing his cloud," and watching the movements of the game, with a grin upon his countenance, "Vere's your *rump* now? Vat, you have dropped down upon your luck! I will bet de synagogue to a vatch-box, that *Young Lambert* does not get upon his legs again, vidout some help. Vy, you have made de valls of de Fleet shake again!" The whole of the spectators joined in the laugh at the ridiculous situation of Sir JOHN BLUBBER; and several of them offered to run for a doctor, "as they were sure his '*latter end*' must have been very much injured by so severe a fall." LOGIC and JERRY immediately offered the "fat Knight" their assistance, who, upon obtaining the use of his legs, was quite out of temper at the satirical remarks and jests levelled against his bulky frame, but more especially with *Old Mordecai*, and immediately Sir JOHN gave up the match in favour of his opponents.

"I hate *Old Mordecai*," said the fat Knight, "an old scoundrel—a swindler—a rogue—a money-lending vagabond, to laugh at me! I was once duped by his artifices out of a considerable sum of money: and I have a great mind to——" "Hush! hush!" replied TOM, "you ought to remember that we are in the Fleet; and *Old Mordecai* might soon turn the tables upon you, by hinting that you are one of his creditors, come on purpose to abuse him in prison; and the result of which, perhaps, would not only be disgraceful, but dangerous to your person." JERRY, likewise, begged of him to smother his resentment for the present moment. "I will," answered Sir JOHN, "but, on our way home, I will give you some account of the rascally tricks he has played off on the public with success, almost past belief."

On quitting the prison, one of the turnkeys recognised the *Oxonian's* merry face—"Yes," said LOGIC, "on the



BOOGE captured his ill-assorted partners in hand by the end, here to show, that
at tennis and his John Walker, the old hand, had

present occasion, I am *outward* bound : I was too long laid up in *ordinary* the last time you had me here ; but I am now quite ready to make another voyage of discovery : so let us be *under weigh*. I am quite of STERNE'S opinion," observed LOGIC to JERRY, on entering Fleet Market, "that, however you may disguise *slavery*, it is a most bitter draught, although thousands have been made to drink of it." The cholera of Sir JOHN, by this time, had rather cooled ; and after he was comfortably seated in the carriage, he began to relate some of the schemes which *Old Mordecai* had practised with so much success, deceiving not only the unwary, but imposing upon numerous persons, whose talents and superior stations in life gave them the best information upon all passing subjects. As a money-lender, he carried on his speculations with the most unblushing effrontery. He had four establishments in various parts of the town at one time ; one of which was of the most splendid description. A banking-house was likewise opened, to give facility to his operations. It must, however, be admitted, that *Old Mordecai* was a man of address, great penetration, and *shrewd* to the very echo. His origin was extremely low—his parents of the greatest obscurity ; and, during his boyhood, he subsisted on the allowance of a charitable institution. *Old Mordecai* had completely *worked* his way up in society ; no first-rate tailor ever measured the frame of his customers with more accuracy than did *Mordecai* the *mind* of the person soliciting his aid ; and he was so strongly armed at all points respecting the quirks, quibbles, and the chicanery of the law, that any connection with him in money matters was truly ruinous. His plans were well laid—he was cold, systematic, and deliberate. The better to answer his purposes, at one period of his life, he started a weekly newspaper ; but he was *discreet* enough not to enter his name at the Stamp Office as proprietor. His confidential clerk he placed in that situation, with a *promise* of indemnity, in case any action should be brought against the paper. By this plan, *Old Mordecai* not only prevented any exposure of his name, but also prevented any danger to his person. Num-

rous persons were most grossly attacked in the above newspaper, until a libel upon a great character put an end to its career: the nominal proprietor was found guilty, and sentenced to pay a heavy fine, and also suffer two years' imprisonment in Newgate. During the latter period, nay, the greatest part of his imprisonment, notwithstanding he kept *Old Mordecai's* secret, he was totally deserted by him; and if it had not been for his friends, he must have experienced want, if not starvation. At the expiration of the two years, the *nominal* proprietor was detained for nine months longer, for the amount of the fine; and if he had not obtained a release from the fine, through the Lords of the Treasury, with the consent of the King, most likely he would have ended his days in a prison. Such was the unfeeling conduct of *Old Mordecai*, when he had got his own turn served, to a man who devoted his services to him through life.

“One of his schemes was MATRIMONIAL SPECULATIONS. *Old Mordecai* advertised in all the newspapers, under the signature of a female; and, to prevent any clue to himself, the letters were directed to be addressed to a circulating library named for that purpose. Ladies were to be supplied with husbands, and gentlemen with wives. Fortunes were to be obtained for all parties, at an allowance of five per cent. The librarian was so besieged by the applications of numerous fine women to obtain rich partners for life, that his business was nearly at a stand-still, when he compelled *Old Mordecai* to remove the address from his library. Several marriages were made upon these terms; but I should not think they were likely to turn out happy ones,” said Sir JOHN, “PROPERTY being the object in view, certainly not *love*; and very far from the idea of the old song:—

If you mean to set sail for the land of delight,
 In wedlock's soft hammocks to swing ev'ry night,
 If you hope that your voyage it successful should prove,
 Fill your sails with affection, your cabin with love.”

“I suppose,” said LOGIC, with a smile, “you could not get a wife out of this speculation, and that makes you so

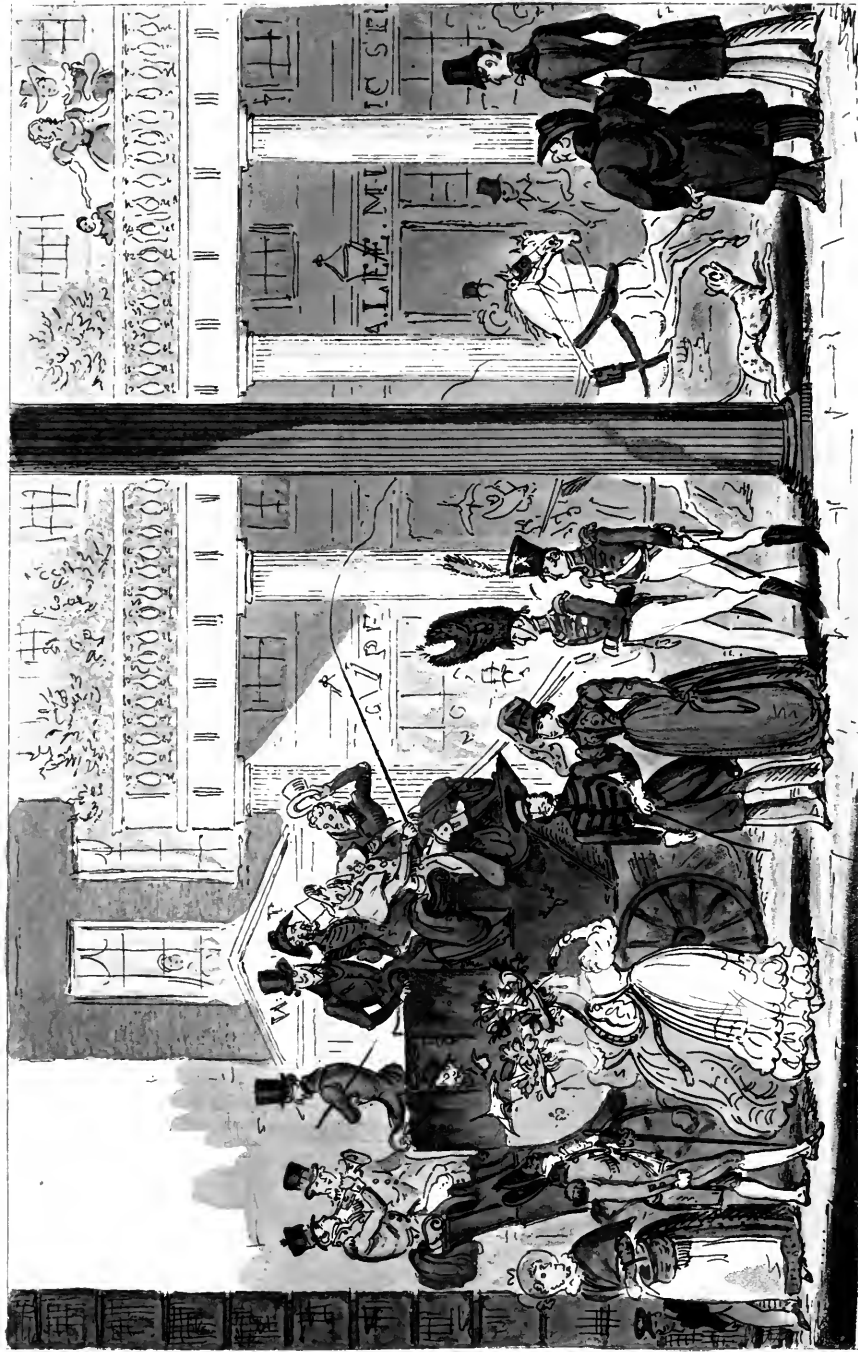
angry with *Old Mordecai* ! Of course, the Jew obtained a wife for himself, out of the many applications of the fair sex ?” “ Yes,” replied Sir JOHN, “ *Old Mordecai* had the address or trick, I know not which (but owing to the latter acquirement, I apprehend) to prevail on a lady of title to become his bride : he lived in good style, kept a regular set of servants, and also his carriage. He was not a bad paymaster to his tradesmen ; but *Old Mordecai* had the precaution to settle the whole of his wife’s property upon herself. The *bubble* at length burst ; all his schemes failed ; he was indicted for a conspiracy, and found guilty ; but ultimately he had the good luck to reverse the judgment of the Court. In spite of all his *knowing* qualities, he had to combat with one or two of his associates, as deep and as iniquitous as himself ; and, according to the old adage, ‘ when rogues fall out, honest men come by their own.’ A fellow like *Old Mordecai*, who has humbugged and cheated half the world,” said the fat Knight, in an angry tone of voice, “ to laugh at, and ridicule me ! I am very sorry that I did not thrash him for his impertinence.” “ Do not be angry, Sir JOHN,” observed LOGIC, “ because the *Young One* has lent a hand to take the *conceit* out of you, as to your knowledge of rackets. Let *Old Mordecai* go and pray for forgiveness of his sins in the Synagogue, so that we have a merry evening over your *rump* and *dozen*. To-morrow, you know, the CORINTHIAN has promised to give JERRY a most delightful ride through Windsor Park, in order that he may not only have a view of its bold and picturesque scenery, but witness the splendid company which always assemble at Ascot Races, to do honour to the King. JERRY is in expectation of a high treat.” On bidding each other farewell, “ Sir JOHN,” said TOM, “ we will take you up in Regent Street ; therefore, be in readiness to start, and bring *Splinter* along with you.”

Early the next morning all was in readiness, and, according to the annexed plate, TOM and his stylish party, in the barouche, were seen passing through the GRAND LOUNGE, to join the cavalcade on the road to Ascot Races. JERRY

was uncommonly amused with the journey, particularly with the venerable appearance of the Castle at Windsor, and the beauty of the trees in the Long Walk, and the whole of the Great Park. The procession of the King to the Race Course, the Royal Stand, and the superior sort of folks filling up the splendid scene, made a very strong impression upon his feelings. "His Majesty," said TOM, "when Prince of Wales, was very much attached to horse-racing, and was a member of the Jockey Club: the Prince won a considerable stake of money upon a race-horse with the late Duke of Bedford. The King, at that period, was often seen in company with Sir JOHN LADE,* Mr MELLISH,† of great

* The present venerable Sir JOHN LADE, once so distinguished upon the turf, was, for several years, the best gentleman coachman in the kingdom. There was a certain sort of style about handling "*his ribands*," and "putting his *prads* along," of so superior a description, that he could not appear in public without obtaining universal admiration: in addition to which, his carriages, horses, harness, and every article belonging to his "set-out," was elegance itself. The Baronet's opinion on those matters was often consulted by the Prince, who considered Sir JOHN to possess great taste and judgment in the choice of horses and carriages. He was the great patron of the coachmakers in the Metropolis; and, owing to his dashing style and spirit, several of them were indebted to the Baronet for their fortunes. It is said that Sir JOHN drove, with the utmost speed, for a considerable wager, through a gate scarcely wide enough to admit his carriage, *two-and-twenty times*, without touching the wood-work. The distance of ground allowed him to perform this feat was rather short—he was first to drive through the gate, then turn round, and go through the gate again. This extraordinary performance he accomplished with great ease and resolution. Sir JOHN, according to the statements of his most intimate friends, was able "to drive to an inch;" and, also, so expert with his whip, as to take "a fly off his leader's ear" with the greatest certainty. Sir JOHN was also an excellent horseman, in consequence of his mother, Lady LADE, preventing him, when a boy, riding with *stirrups*. The father of Sir JOHN lost his life by his horse running away with him: and in his endeavours to extricate himself from the unruly animal, his foot hung in the stirrups, and he was dragged along the road until he ceased to breathe.

† The late Colonel MELLISH, when a young man, might be said to have succeeded Sir JOHN LADE in the title of the best "gentleman *whip*" of his day. He came into the full command of his property before the attainment of years and discretion had enabled him to manage



*THE GRAND LOUNGE: Royal Street to wit, TOM and his party off to the States;
 JERRY leaving to KATE and SUE, LOGIC, in a last interview by Greenham and the night bird
 (see subject p. 10)*

sporting notoriety, and the present Marquis of Anglesea, at Brighton, Lewes, Epsom, and other races, entering into the spirit of the scene with all the candour and affability of a subject."

"I am quite delighted with the elegant appearance of the Course," said JERRY, "I never saw anything to be compared with it connected with horse-racing. The Royal Stand gives also great importance to the scene altogether. The King, I perceive, is watching the movements of the race-horses with all the spirit and anxiety attached to the lovers of high-bred cattle; yet his gallantry towards the ladies I very much admire, and it is conspicuous in the extreme. The King appears to converse with the ladies in the Stand with all that condescension and affability which characterise the well-bred private gentleman, without displaying any sort of *hauteur*, which might almost be expected from the elevation and dignity of a Monarch."

"Yes," replied TOM, with great animation, "the King is a true Englishman, in every point of view: he is idolised by his servants, and beloved by his subjects. In all his palaces, none but the manufactures of his own country are suffered to appear, except presents made to His Majesty by

it. Nature, however, seemed to have qualified him for taking a lead in everything, and to have given a temperament so ardent as to make it impossible for him ever "to come in second." He distinguished himself upon the turf; and the best trainers have declared, they never knew a man who so accurately knew the powers, the qualities, and capabilities of the racer, the exact weight he could carry, and the precise distance he could run, so well as the late Colonel MELLISH. But it was not on the *turf* alone he thus eminently distinguished himself; he was one of the *best whips* of his time: no man drove *four-in-hand* with more skill and less labour than he did; and, to display that skill, he often selected very difficult horses to drive, satisfied if they were *goers*. As a rider, he was equally eminent; he had the art of making a horse do more than other riders; and he accustomed them, like himself, "to go at everything." He was, most certainly, one of the highest spirited, gentlemanly, kind-hearted men in the circles of fashion; and there were very few things which he had not attempted, and nearly as few in which he had not eminently succeeded.

Foreign Princes. The King has always been distinguished as a lover of the chase, and a real sportsman. The persons around the King all unite as to his kindness of disposition : easy to be pleased, and anxious not to give unnecessary trouble to his dependants. I rather regret, JERRY, that you have not visited Epsom Races ; if you had, the contrast would have presented itself to your notice ; but, with your leave, I will endeavour to give you my humble opinion upon those two places of great sporting resort.

“The course at Epsom, on the Derby-day,” said TOM, “displays thousands of well-dressed persons, with plenty of *dash*, and *here* and *there* sprinkled with some fashionable folks ; and is, in reality, a most beautiful and interesting sight ; but on Ascot Heath, the splendour of the scene is unrivalled, and the truth is verified to the echo, which applauds again, that—the King’s name is a tower of strength. Ascot may be deemed the rallying point for all the nobility and gentry, for miles round Windsor, to pay homage to their beloved Monarch. It is also at Ascot that Dukes, Duchesses, Marquises, Earls, &c., are to be met with in numbers, promenading up and down the Course, as much at their ease as if walking on a private lawn. The *contrast* is fine : the character of the thing is totally different altogether : it is the House of Lords in their ROBES, over the *Commons*. Both good-breeding and taste are opposed to that *jolly* sort of independence which so proudly illustrates the national feelings of the good people of this country, to “win gold, and wear it.” Epsom Races are more a sort of holiday for the *Cockneys*—it is a day of feasting, drinking, and chit-chat. Every vehicle has its basket of *grub*, hamper of wine, *heavy wet*, and cigars ; and *enjoyment* is principally the order and outline of the vast assemblage of persons ; and ‘here the horses come, and there they go,’ is the most they experience for the expenses of the day. But the above sort of *munching* is not to be seen at Ascot : the wing of a fowl, the leg of a duck, or a ham sandwich, are not to be witnessed *greasing* the delicate fingers of a woman of *ton* ; although the corpulent landlady of the ‘Pig and

Tinder Box,' from Wapping, in her *helegant* silk pelisse, which cost 'seven bob and a bender' per yard, looks upon herself with equal importance, in her *dress*, as the highest-bred lady of quality in the land. In England, it is this sort of saucy independence which makes its inhabitants so happy, and the country so great. Deny them not their pleasures; let them say their *say*; *blow up* the great folks, if it suits their whim; and *grumble* at anything they do not like, and contentment is the result. The name only of oppression and tyranny, in the slightest shape, brings forth thousands in an instant as opponents; but whenever the country is threatened with danger, the people flock together like a bundle of sticks, not to be separated in the GOOD CAUSE. Is it not truly interesting," cried Tom, "to view the King at his ease, divested of the paraphernalia and etiquette of the court, habited like a private gentleman, easy of access, and conversing, with the utmost affability and suavity, with all his visitors?—to behold the monarch of a mighty and powerful nation without his guards (but possessing a more firm and lasting support than stone walls or fixed bayonets), secure in the love of his people's hearts? It is English from top to toe, and not only a most gratifying, but a real picture of the independence and liberty of the country."

"Admirably delineated, Tom," exclaimed the *Oxonian*; "an artist could not have done it more correctly: it is a charming picture of high life: and the *light* and *shade* you have thrown into the subject, with so much skill and good taste, has afforded me great satisfaction: and I also feel assured that JERRY must have derived considerable knowledge and amusement from your judicious remarks. For my part, I always preferred Ascot to Epsom Races. The course is so well kept by the yeomen prickers, dressed in the royal livery; and the influence of the King upon all ranks has its due and proper effect. The police, likewise, under the direction of the chief magistrate* of Bow Street,

* Sir RICHARD BIRNIE is considered one of the most zealous, persevering, and intelligent men connected with the Police Establishment,

will not *permitted* any robberies to take place on the ground ; and the *draftsman* received a gentle hint from the officers,

and he unites the knowledge of a man of the world with the arduous duties of a magistrate. Brow-beating barristers and loquacious attorneys, either on the one side or the other, have not the least influence upon his nerves or his decisions. He is attentive to the poor, and not obsequious to the rich—listens to the tale of the unfortunate of either sex with kindness and sympathy, and often has relieved cases of distress out of his own pocket, where his power as a magistrate has had no authority to enforce payment or attention from the parish. The *experience* of Sir RICHARD has done much for him in his capacity as a magistrate : to please everybody, he is well aware, is totally out of his power ; but he has travelled through the different stages of society, highly honourable to his character, and *gleaned*, as it were, a *practical* knowledge of men and manners, very beneficial to him towards fulfilling the important office of a justice of the peace. The systematic *coldness* of RULE has not, in numerous cases, influenced his judgment ; but where his feelings could be exercised with propriety, many an unfortunate *hero*, otherwise in jeopardy, and likely to have been *locked* up for his misconduct, has been dismissed, with an exordium to mend his behaviour in future. A *spreed*, a *row*, or a *frolie*, is treated by Sir RICHARD in the proper scale of offences ; also, in the higher and nicer points of law, respecting commitment or bail, he has not only shewn himself friendly towards the liberty of the subject, but has proved that his mind must have been occupied by severe study, to enable him to settle many a “ knotty point ” with credit to his research, and satisfactory to the applicants for justice. In the early part of his life, it is said, Mr BIRNIE was reared to the occupation of a *saddler* : if so, it redounds to the character of Sir RICHARD, and tends to strengthen the adage, that,

“ From little causes, great effects arise.”

That man who elevates himself above his fellows, by his good behaviour, industry, and talents, is sure to claim the respect of mankind in general. At all events, Sir RICHARD has now got the “ fore horse ” by the head in society ; he is also firm in the *stirrups*, as a magistrate ; and quite, in point, that he has *saddled* the greatest favourite in the field—FORTUNE : which will not be denied as “ a bit of good truth.” Sir RICHARD has always been a staunch loyalist ; the country of JOHN BULL he thinks the best in the world : over his glass, his song is in praise of Old England ; and in private life, he is a most excellent companion. The industry and activity of Sir RICHARD, added to always being found at his post, render him a man of importance at the Secretary of State’s office. Likewise, the peculiar and private information he receives from the most authentic sources, respecting the various classes of society in London, enables Sir RICHARD to draw that *nice* distinction required in his judgments as a magistrate, when

previous to the commencement of the Races, that no naughty tricks must be played off on the visitors, or else the *sweeping clause* must be put in force, and they will not be suffered to remain on the ground."

"I feel very much indebted to TOM for his kindness, and the liberal explanation he has given me upon passing subjects," observed JERRY; "but nothing that I have seen upon the ground has afforded me more fun than those fellows with the *thimbles*; although I lost two sovereigns with them in less than a minute!" "Yes," replied LOGIC, "and you may think yourself lucky it is no worse. As to a *game*, it is a complete farce; and *Liston* could not produce greater roars of laughter from the gaping crowd, than the men connected with the *thimble rig*. The thing altogether is well got up; quite theatrical; and proper parts are assigned to the actors round the table. The spectator is deceived, when he sees a fellow dressed up like a *Johnny Raw*, in a smock-frock, with a stupid grin on his face, and a country dialect upon his tongue, offering to bet his *five bob*, that the pea is to be found under a certain cup; and the performer

called upon to give his opinion off-hand, between the *flash* cribs—the sing-song sort of meetings—the Irish rows in the neighbourhood of St. Giles's; the low, but honest pot-house; and to combat or see through the craft and dangerous cunning of public informers:—subjects daily descanted upon by the Press of the Metropolis. He is likewise a favourite of the King; and, it is said, his Majesty has declared that Sir RICHARD BIRNIE is a man well qualified for his situation—the Chief Magistrate of the Police.

† This phrase, perhaps, is scarcely *explicit* enough; but, at the same time, it is not intended to convey anything in the shape of *censure* on the want of exertion in the police officers to seize hold of the robbers. If other race courses were protected in the same vigilant manner as Ascot, doubtless the same good effects would be experienced by the visitors. However "devoutly such a circumstance might be wished," yet were the *hundred eyes of Argus* all open at once, they would not be able, at peculiar times, to prevent *thieving*: indeed, it is presumed, by those persons who can see farther into *futurity* than others, that nothing less than an Act of Parliament, passed unanimously through both Houses, on the subject, "to make men honest in spite of themselves;" or, in other words, to *frighten* them, to "keep their hands from *picking* and *stealing*," would stand any chance of producing the desired and much-wished-for effect.

with the cups appearing angry, the countryman in disguise wins the money; this is the master-piece of deception, mixed up between them, in order to induce gentlemen, and other persons round the table, to sport their *blunt* freely on the game; while lots of abuse pass between them, calling each other *spooney* and *fool*, in order to prevent any suspicion that they are in league together. Others of the party are habited like sailors, Jews, &c. The dialogue, in general, is of the most comic description, and of such a nature, as cannot fail to attract the attention of the *promenaders* up and down the Course.

“You are not the only *flat*,” continued LOGIC, smiling, “by hundreds, JERRY, that have ‘stood the nonsense;’ and several of the most knowing *Cockneys* on the town have also been *had* upon this piece of deception. Those *chaff-cutters*, if you are inclined to *stand* it, would make you believe they can perform what they assert; and will tell you, laughing in your face at the same time, that you never had *five pounds* in your pocket at any one period during your life, which is done with the intention of provoking you to bet your money, that they may take advantage of your *weakness*, by getting you in their clutches. This mode of *humbug* has too often had the desired effect; and several gentlemen have lost from twenty to thirty pounds in the short space of a few minutes. But, after all, it is one of those *tricks* which you might calculate meeting with upon a race-course—a spot of ground entirely devoted to sport and gambling. It ought not to be a matter of surprise, since thousands of persons in England have no other mode of *living* but by attending such places; and, at their leisure, they are continually ‘racking their brains’ to produce some new devices in order to *win*, and nothing else but to *WIN*. It is not the intention of the ‘*thimble-coves*,’ under any circumstances, to *LOSE*; they cannot afford to *lose* their money; and they are not particular to a *shade*, if a good stake of money is on the table, to *bolt* with it, under the *pretended* fear that the *traps* are coming. This circumstance is managed with the utmost ease, by one of the party giving the office; when

the astonished *flat* is left to do the best he can for himself, to follow them, or let it alone, amidst ludicrous shouts and roars of laughter. It is their business to keep a sharp lookout to pick up a shilling or two in the best manner they are able; so that the circumstance in question does not *exactly* come under the denomination of *thieving!*"

"Come," said the fat Knight to JERRY, "let us take a synopsis of the GALLERY of LIVING PORTRAITS." "I do not understand you; or, rather, I am at *fault*," replied HAWTHORN. "Perhaps not," observed Sir JOHN; "however, I mean the Betting Stand, which abounds with original Characters (and the anecdotes belonging to them would fill a folio volume), I might have said, from the DUKE to the *Cheesemonger*. The persons, in general, who appear in the Race Stand, if not all gentlemen by birth, are tolerably well dressed for the part; in fact, ETIQUETTE as to *precedency* is not much observed in the Stand; and the common-place assertion in the inferior Sporting Circles, that '*if I am a fool, my money is none!*' in this place has its due weight, as the *blunt* makes up for all deficiencies of family pride, education, &c. Only '*post the poney,*' and you must be a GOOD man; without the certificate of the Parson of the parish, the Overseers, and Churchwardens, to give you a character for sobriety and honesty. In the Stand, you will have an uninterrupted view of the Course; also hear the remarks of the '*Sweaters* and '*Trainers,*' upon the capabilities of the different race-horses; and if you have any wish to make a bet, you can be *accommodated* from One Pound to One Thousand."* "I believe that is the case," answered JERRY, "as I have been informed that great fortunes have been won and lost upon a single race." "Such *infatuation* is too often the case," said TOM, "and several highly respectable

* Since the days of the late Colonel O'Kelly, on the Turf, we have had nothing like the enterprise of Mr JOHN GULLY. On *Jack Spiggott*, in 1821, he netted £18,000, the winner of the Great St. Leger Stakes; and also on *Menmon*, in 1825, he won £22,000;—in two events only, realising FORTY THOUSAND Pounds.

families have had serious cause to deplore such unhappy events; but if the gentlemen would not go beyond their *means*, or if nothing else was the order of the day in the Sporting World but to *stake* upon all bets, a great deal of mischief might be prevented on the Turf, if not total ruin; and also the crime of *suicide*, in many afflicting instances, might not have occurred. If this mode were adopted, persons then inclined to *bet* could not go out of their *depths*; but the system of *booking* BETS to a great amount, and frequently, when ascertained too late—against NOTHING! is the principal cause of the great danger occasioned by the *Levanters*. As the case stands at present, noblemen and persons of consequence might consider it an offence not to be pardoned, when their *honour* is doubted, by calling on them to ‘*cover*.’”

While JERRY was viewing the surrounding objects with great pleasure, and returning thanks to the CORINTHIAN for the treat he had experienced through his means, by visiting Ascot Races—he suddenly started back, on beholding that great flirt, Lady WANTON, most superbly attired, seated in a splendid carriage, and the lively *Jane Merrythought* behind her, in the dicky. JERRY rather hesitated whether he should salute her Ladyship or not, recollecting her *freezing* manner when she bid him “begone,” at Bath. But the smiling, intelligent face of her waiting-woman, whose lively eye almost told him not to be backwards; and thinking that *Jane* might have given Lady WANTON a hint of their curious meeting at the Fair, he therefore ventured to make his bow, by way of recognising her Ladyship, and also to see how it might be received. The YOUNG ONE, between hopes and fears, witnessed that Lady WANTON returned his *politeness* by rather a distant, cold, formal sort of a *nod*. JERRY did not know how to act; being surrounded by TOM, LOGIC, the fat Knight, and the High-bred One, he was quite uneasy, and on the *fret*. The smiles of *Jane Merrythought* welcomed him forward, but he was afraid to approach the carriage, lest the Baronet might misconstrue his *politeness* into impertinence; more especially,

as he was a perfect stranger to the family of the WANTONS.* If JERRY could have conveyed a note into the hand of her waiting-woman, soliciting an interview, by way of an excuse that he might offer some sort of apology for his rude conduct to her Ladyship at Bath, which might lead to an *introduction* to this accomplished flirt once more, he would have been glad; but he had only one way to secure such a *chance*, which was, waiting for an opportunity of giving his party the slip for a few minutes, and then, unperceived, present the *billet-doux* to *Miss Merrythought*, to be given to her mistress. At the conclusion of the heat, the wished-for opportunity presented itself to JERRY,—and immediately on the visitors forming together a great crowd, and promenading up and down the Course, he “stole away” from his *pals*, went behind the Betting Stand, pulled out his pencil as if *booking* a bet, and, off-hand, penned a laconic note to Lady WANTON. He then ran across the Course, and, by dumb shew, made *Miss Merrythought* understand his meaning; indeed, the latter person was so well versed in the art of delivering and receiving letters from gallants to her mistress, as to require no instruction to do her duty. Upon looking at the direction, she, with an arch smile, nodded assent, and, in a low whisper, observed, “I will manage it for you, and get an answer without delay—only be punctual when you hear from me.” JERRY, on bidding adieu to *Miss Merrythought*, congratulated himself on his success, and how cleverly he had done the trick, unperceived by his *pals*, and also by Lady WANTON; but, to his mortification, he immediately came in contact with *Splinter*, who had been watching his motions, unknown to JERRY, and, with a smile, said, “There is one above who sees all.”

“It is only a *Merrythought* of mine,” replied JERRY, “and nothing WANTON about it, I assure you, *Mr Splinter*. Surely, there can be no harm in recognising an old acquaint-

* If the above sentence is not looked upon in the sense of a *pun*, it is, without doubt, saying a great deal for the *modesty*, if not for the *MORALITY*, of our Hero.

ance ; and for my absence, the apology of the Poet shall plead for me,—

When a lady is in the case,
All other things must give place.”

“I am perfectly satisfied,” answered the High-bred One, “and I hope you will not set me down as belonging to the *Paul Pry* family, as I should be sorry, under any circumstances, to be thought either intrusive or impertinent. The truth is, that Sir JOHN, who wished to be a little facetious on the subject, requested me to go in search of the ‘Young One;’ observing at the same time, I had only to give a *high* look, and the thing was accomplished; and as to myself, it was impossible that I could be *missing*, as my *lofty* NOB was to be seen two feet over most of the persons’ heads upon the Course. I have left the fat Knight, in company with LOGIC and TOM, trying their *luck* at the *Une deux Cinq* Tables under the Betting Stand; and I have promised to return with you.”

Upon entering the room, JERRY felt rather surprised on recognising two of the Magistrates belonging to the neighbourhood of Hawthorn Hall, deeply engaged at *play*. “I am sure this *game* must be all *right*,” said HAWTHORN, “as those two gentlemen, in their characters of Justices, when at home, are *nice* to a fault—they fly at everything in the shape of *gaming*, and, a little time ago, absolutely refused the poor players a license to perform in the town. Such *high* sticklers do they pretend to be for enforcing propriety and decorum.” “You might,” answered *Splinter*, with a smile, “have left the word *high* out of your assertion: your sentence would have been equally as *emphatic* without it; as I am certain you do not intend to be *personal*. But be not surprised, my dear fellow, at anything you see on a Race Course; it is something similar to a *masquerade*, from the numerous characters you run against, and the variety of tricks you witness played off against each other. Too many persons flatter themselves they

are not known; and do such things upon the sly, not being suspected, that, under any other circumstances, they would blush to be seen before the public. I perceive, at the other end of the table, a reverend Divine sporting his *blunt*; and, indeed, he is a very pious preacher. If you heard him, in the pulpit, thunder out his anathemas against all sorts of bad habits—incontinency, and other heinous offences—you would begin to ask yourself a few questions, wipe your eyes, and prepare for a good *exit*! Such is the power of his eloquence. Yet, out of the pulpit, he is a being of another class: and the Reverend Gentleman enters into all sorts of life, with more animation than most laymen. The pulpit hero is a spirited fellow; bets his £50 or £100 with all the *sang froid* of a *leg*; falling into the errors of other dashing characters, he has under his *protection* one of the prettiest bits of muslin that can be had, either for *love* or *money*, in the kingdom. “I really think,” continued the High-bred One, “that *in* the pulpit he is a virtuous, well-meaning man: and his exertions are most earnestly directed to prevent his flock from going *astray*. If he should be found out, I suppose the old excuse would be put forth, ‘Do as I say, but do not do as I do!’ You will excuse me, I know, from mentioning his name. I am of LOGIC’S opinion—I detest all *noses*, and I would have all unnecessary informers sent to *Old Nick*. No! no! I endeavour to follow the excellent advice given by one of the best comic song writers* of the day:—

What a shocking world this is for scandal!
 The people get worse every day;
 Everything serves for a *handle*
 To take folks’ good name away:
 In BACKBITING vile each so labours,
 The *sad faults* of others to shew body;
 I could tell enough of my neighbours,
 But I never says NOTHING TO NOBODY!”

* TOM HUDSON.—The abilities of this writer are not sufficiently known to the public—his facility in producing songs is astonishing—he also sings them with a peculiar *naïveté* and tells his “story” to his company better than most men who are not regular performers. In his line, he is a second *Charles Dibden, sen.*

“Come, JERRY,” said TOM, “let us take a turn upon the Course; variety is our object to-day; and I am anxious to introduce you to some of my sporting and other acquaintances, several of them characters worthy of your observation.” “Who is that *dandy-looking* gentleman,” enquired JERRY, “talking to yonder knowing-looking little old man under the Stand? He appears to be on very familiar terms with the nobility and gentry who are in attendance upon the King!” “Yes,” replied the *Oxonian*, “you are perfectly right; no man holds himself in higher estimation than he does; and amongst his brother police officers he is designated as the *Swell Trap*. It should almost seem that he entertains an opinion, and he feels his own importance so much, that the political wheels of the Government would be positively at a stand-still, if the *Swell Trap* did not form one of the Government. But I have several curious anecdotes to relate of him, at a more convenient opportunity, which will afford you considerable amusement, the *Swell Trap* being rather a *knowing* feature connected in a very strong degree both with *high* and *low* life in London. TOM is better acquainted with *Lord Love-himself* than I am; therefore, to him you must look for a description.”

“I hate to see the fellow make himself so ridiculous,” replied the CORINTHIAN, “he is such a compound of frivolity, affectation, and bronze; to use his own words, he says, ‘the women positively adore him; he is *killed* with their caresses; and he thinks, if he intends to remain long in this world, nothing will save his life but an advertisement to his friends, to take the *dear*, but *troublesome* creatures off his hands!’ *Lord Love-himself* is one of the most complete fops I ever beheld in the whole course of my life; and he prides himself that he is a fop of the first quality; yet, there are moments that I have found him conduct himself as a most agreeable and gentlemanly man. He can do everything well, when it suits his purpose; but, to use his own expression, ‘upon his *nicety*,’ it is too troublesome to dance; to talk much, shockingly laborious, and only fit for the taste

of *plebeians*; and to *eat*, vulgar beyond description; and, if it were not for his *constitution-keeper*, as he styles his physician, who has clearly explained to him, that eating is necessary to produce him strength to mix with society, he would leave it off altogether. I have often remonstrated with my *Lord Love-himself* on the folly of his conduct; but his good-nature has disarmed my anger against his absurdities," continued TOM, "when he has declared 'upon his *nicety*,' that he thought every gentleman should be left to conduct himself according to his own peculiar *taste* and notions of the world. He did not quarrel with any other man's pursuits, although they differed materially from his views of pleasure and happiness. But, JERRY, you shall be your own judge in this case; I will invite my *Lord Love-himself* to one of our parties, and between his Lordship, the 'uncommonly big gentleman,' and *Tim Splinter*, the contrast may be expected to produce a rich scene of men and manners."

"I am rather anxious," said JERRY to LOGIC, "to become acquainted with the adventures of that little *Knowing Fellow*, who assumes such consequence: and I perceive he is now talking to a Duke, with the most perfect indifference; nay, I should think, he almost gives himself the preference as to situation in life." "Your observations," replied the *Oxonian*, "are perfectly correct; and, as far as my recollection will serve me, I will attempt an outline of his extraordinary character. He is certainly considered a hero in his line; a great man within his own circle; and a prominent feature amongst the public characters of his time. In days of yore almost, it is said, he was known as plain JACK DOUBLEHEAD; but, long since that period, the respectable *Mister* has been added to it, and, perhaps, it is not too much to state at the present period (if the possession of property, for, according to persons intimately acquainted with his circumstances, he can give a cheque for at least thirty thousand pounds, which would be duly honoured, be considered authority), that the *Esquire* may have graced the direction of the Oldest TRAP on the list. It is due to JACK

to observe he has been the Architect of his own Fortune and Fame; otherwise, he might have dragged heavily on a life of obscurity, in tossing about the *black diamonds*; but DOUBLEHEAD'S *nob* was 'screwed on the right way;' and his ambition prompted him to obtain a higher place in the walks of life. He was of a lively turn of mind, fond of company, a Free and Easy his delight, and no 'gay boy of the village' could throw off a flash *chaunt* with more *naïveté* than JACK DOUBLEHEAD:—

It was on Eāster Monday, spring time of the year,
When rolling TOM, the drover, to Smithfield did repair;
His *togs* were tight and clever, his dogs were staunch and free,
With a blue bird's-eye about his *squeeze*, and his garters below
his knee.

Fal-de-dal-de-da.

“And again, it was admitted, that no actor, however clever, could have placed the emphasis on each slang phrase in the following verses, like JACK DOUBLEHEAD: indeed, it was his Primer:—

On the *high toby spice* * flash the muzzle,
In spite of each gallows old scout:
If you at the *spell-ken* † can't hustle,
You'll be hobbled in making a *clout*. ‡

Then your *blowing* § will wax gallows haughty,
When she hears of your *scaly* mistake,
She surely turn *snitch* || for the *forty*—
That her *Jack* may be regular *weight*. ¶

“It was JACK DOUBLEHEAD'S pride to be thought a

* Highwayman. † The Play-house. ‡ A handkerchief.

§ A low woman of the town—a prostitute.

|| *Impeach*—to inform the traps; giving a direction where the thief may be apprehended.

¶ Some few years since, *forty pounds* were allowed upon the capital conviction of any robber, which was called “*blood money!*” In many instances, it is said, that several criminals escaped, because they did not weigh *forty!* That is—the thieves had not done enough to hang them. A scene in the *Beggar's Opera*, between *Lockett* and *Peachum*, very clearly illustrates this fact.

Knowing One; his peculiarity of dress—his sort of flash strut—his castor put on one side of his head—and he endeavoured to *look* the character, and wished to *persuade* the public that he possessed better information than all the traps put together in the kingdom. In truth, for a knowledge of slang language, he left the most knowing of his *pals* at an immeasurable distance. Our hero was considered a deep youth; an observer of *character*; and experience soon taught him, that, to get forward in society, it was absolutely necessary he should flatter and pay attention to the ‘Great Folks,’ as the sure mode to perferment and riches.

“The Police, at the period alluded to, was not anything like the effective establishment which now regulates this most essential department of the State. JACK was extremely fond of hearing the trials at the Old Bailey, and also of *noting* down in a book those persons that were acquitted, and likewise those culprits found guilty of crimes, their sentences, &c., by which means he became a sort of oracle at ‘the *Start*,’* and obtained the title of ‘COUNSELLOR DOUBLEHEAD.’ His superiority of information respecting the thieves and other bad characters in the Metropolis, thus obtained by his assiduity and attention, gave him a certain notoriety, which soon made its way to the *listeners* † of the *Beaks*, ‡ and our hero accordingly was appointed to the situation of a Police Officer, as a man likely to do good to his country. He left throwing about the black diamonds for those persons who were compelled to stick to the duty of a coalheaver. On quitting this *occupation*, a revolution was not only effected in his mind, but in his person; and the *slouched* castor,§ the open breeches at the knees, the short jacket, the *fogle* || loosely twisted round his *squeeze*, ¶ the large *wedge*** broach, the long-quartered shoe and silver buckles, the bit of myrtle in his *gig*, †† and the cut altogether of a ‘*rolling kiddy*’ was banished for

* Newgate. † The Ear. ‡ Justices of the Peace
 § Hat. || Silk handkerchief. ¶ Throat. ** Silver. †† Mouth.

the more reputable appearance of a smart *Trap*: and he likewise endeavoured to *affect* something like *gentility* in his conversation and manners when in company with his betters. He soon proved himself a most active officer; and his *name* alone became a terror to the wicked and abandoned part of the community. In the course of a few years, he was at the head of the Police. The *Swell Trap*, however, possessed higher notions than to be contented with 'jogging on' in the routine and common-place drudgery of a police officer; and by his attention to his duty, and good conduct, in process of time, he introduced himself to the notice of most of the great and powerful characters in the kingdom. The *Swell Trap* has been seen to shake hands with a Lord Chancellor; take snuff with a Duke; and receive a nod of recognition from the King. In fact, few of the highest personages in the land but what are known to DOUBLEHEAD; indeed, his acquaintance and familiarity on his part with people of the first description was of so strong a nature in the zenith of his popularity, that it almost appeared a sort of fashion to say, 'How do you do, DOUBLEHEAD?' The Book of Peerage he has at his fingers' ends. For several years he was a leading feature at all the great routs in London, and his name was thus announced in the public advertisements—'Mr DOUBLEHEAD, at the head of the Police, will attend.' His presence indicated safety to the visitors; and on the least hint from him to any noble Lady or dashing Lord, that their watches or purses about their persons were in danger, they were immediately handed over to JACK, without the slightest difference of opinion, as the only proper place of security! By this mode of attention to persons of the fashionable world, he not only obtained great patronage, but his exertions were well rewarded into the bargain. Upon the death of MACMANUS, DOUBLEHEAD was appointed to fill the vacant situation (left by one of the highest-couraged polite officers in the kingdom) to attend upon his late Majesty at St. James's Palace.

"DOUBLEHEAD soon became a favourite with royalty: his late Majesty, George III., entertained a very high opi-

nion of him as an excellent officer, and a man of superior information in his peculiar line of duty: and the *Swell Trap*, it is said, has, in more instances than one, been questioned by his late Royal Master on the propriety of extending mercy towards culprits, by endeavouring to ascertain from him the character in society of those unfortunate persons who had solicited the King for his clemency.

“A memorable instance occurs to my recollection,” said the *Oxonian*, “of the power of DOUBLEHEAD with his late Majesty. A well-known Sporting Character upon the Turf, at the period alluded to, was upon the most intimate terms with the present King, then Prince of Wales, and the late Duke of York. The son of the above Sporting Character was tried at the Old Bailey, and cast for death. A few years previous to this event, however, his father had rendered some service to their Royal Highnesses, and they felt the obligation so strongly as to observe to the Sporting Gentleman, that he might command their assistance, if at any future time he should be in want of it. On the conviction of his unfortunate son, he immediately went to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, soliciting their interference with the King, to change his sentence to transportation for life. His late Majesty was walking upon the Terrace at Windsor, when the Prince and the Duke of York joined him; and walking up and down on the Terrace, arm-in-arm with the King, they urged their suit in the most feeling and energetic manner, in hopes that his Majesty would change the sentence of the unfortunate youth. ‘I will speak to DOUBLEHEAD about it;’ and calling out ‘DOUBLEHEAD! DOUBLEHEAD!’ his Majesty said, ‘the Prince and the Duke of York wish me to change the sentence of ———. What sort of a character has he borne through life? Do you know him?’ ‘O yes, your Majesty, very well; he is a very bad man, and a most desperate character. No good can come of him!’ There, there,’ replied the King, ‘you have heard what DOUBLEHEAD says. He’s bad, bad, very bad—can’t do anything for so desperate a character.’ Their Royal Highnesses felt

not only much hurt at this determination, but were vexed at being *foiled* in their application by such an unexpected circumstance. All hopes were now at an end, and ——— suffered the extremity of the law.

“DOUBLEHEAD is generally in attendance on his present Majesty upon public days; and mostly about the Court, from his long services connected with the palace. During the Races at Ascot, he is always to be seen at the door of the Royal Stand, keeping a good look-out that no improper persons intrude themselves upon royalty. The *Swell Trap* is in full health, although upwards of seventy years of age, and possesses the activity and vigour of a much younger man. His flaxen wig, it is thought, gives him rather the appearance of a Knowing One!

“The following lines were written off-hand,” said LOGIC, “on witnessing Old DOUBLEHEAD settle a dispute promptly, in the Royal Chapel at Brighton:—

Of all the wigs in Brighton town,
The black, the gray, the red, the brown,
So firmly placed upon the crown,
There's none like JOHNNY DOUBLEHEAD'S :
Its silken hair of flaxen hue,
(It is a *scratch*, and not a queue,)
Whene'er it pops upon the view,
Is known for JOHNNY DOUBLEHEAD'S.

The people at the Chapel stare
At DOUBLEHEAD'S charming *wig* of hair,
And all agree none can compare
With wig of JOHNNY DOUBLEHEAD ;
The royal peruke on his *nob*,
Can't vie with this, or hope to rob
The barber of this famous job,
The wig of JOHNNY DOUBLEHEAD.

The loyal Dukes, and Lords, and Earls,
May dress their heads with wigs and curls,
And ladies to their wigs add pearls,
There's none like JOHNNY DOUBLEHEAD.

His scorns to curl, is smooth and neat,
 To all who view it, 'tis a treat,
 And many rise from off their seat,
 To gaze on wig of DOUBLEHEAD.

When in the Chapel there's a rout,
 And some therein must needs turn out,
 The wig is sure to turn about—
 I mean the wig of DOUBLEHEAD.
 The sight of it will quite suffice,
 To cure the noisy in a trice,
 And make them mealy-mouth'd as mice,—
 Such power has wig of DOUBLEHEAD.

Although I praise this famous wig,
 Thus worn by Brighton's Bow-street prig,
 For it I do not care a fig,
 Nor eke for JOHNNY DOUBLEHEAD
 No *Whig* is he, but *Tory* true,
 A useful man to all the crew,—
 So now I bid this spark adieu,
 Long life to JOHNNY DOUBLEHEAD.

“Amongst the numerous anecdotes in circulation,” said LOGIC, “respecting DOUBLEHEAD, the following one sufficiently shews his aptness at *reply*. Mr Bond, a most active, intelligent, and high-couraged police officer, was made a magistrate at Bow Street, by his late Majesty, for his services. In a dispute some time afterwards with the *Swell Trap*, Mr Bond rather warmly told him, that ‘he took too much upon himself; but he supposed DOUBLEHEAD thought himself a magistrate.’ ‘No, indeed, I do not, your worship,’ replied Jack, in a sarcastic manner; ‘the King said he had committed an error in making one police officer a magistrate, but he would not repeat the offence by elevating another *Trap* to a seat upon the Bench.’

“The laugh was once raised at the expense of DOUBLEHEAD, under the following circumstances:—JACK was attending his duty at the Chapel Royal, St James's (while the late King was present at Divine Service), and lost his hat, owing, it is said, to DOUBLEHEAD's *over-devoutness*! The thief, observing the Knowing Cove in the act of pray-

ing, and also his animation in the sentence, 'we forgive them that trespass against us!' answered in a whisper, 'then I shall commit no sin by *nibbling your felt*.'

"Two young noblemen meeting with DOUBLEHEAD one day near the palace, one of the above *sprigs* of nobility said to the other, 'I will introduce you to old DOUBLEHEAD—I know him well. Come here, JACK!' said he, with considerable hauteur, at the same time taking a pinch of snuff, and surveying the veteran officer from head to foot; 'I wish to ascertain a fact: but, 'pon my honour, I do not intend to distress your feelings. In the early part of your life, were you not a coal-heaver?' 'Yes, my Lord,' answered DOUBLEHEAD, making a bow with the most profound respect; 'it is very true, I *shovelled* about the *black diamonds** for some time; but let me tell your Lordship, if you had been reared as a coal-heaver, you would have remained a coal-heaver up to the present hour.' 'Well done, old Boy,' laughingly observed the other *leaf* of the peerage. 'His Lordship has, I think, rather *committed* himself in your hands.'

"The *Swell Trap*, a few years after he had obtained great notoriety as a police officer, underwent a severe cross-examination, at the Old Bailey, by Counsellor Garrow (now the present venerable Judge Garrow), or, in other words, it might be termed a '*battle of brains*' between them, both being *flash* to the very echo. The following dialogue occurred on the occasion:—

Question. How do you get your living, Sir?

Answer. You know me very well, Mr Garrow.

Q. I insist upon knowing how you get your livelihood! Recollect, Sir, you are upon your oath.

A. Yes, Sir, I have taken a great many oaths in my time; but I ought to have said, *professionally*!

Q. To the question, and no equivocation.

A. Why, then, Sir, I get my living in the same way you do!

* Coals.

Q. How is that, fellow ?

A. I am paid for *taking up* thieves ; and you are paid for '*getting them off!*' that is much about the same sort of thing.

Q. You consider yourself a *sharp shot*, don't you, DOUBLE-HEAD ?

A. No, Sir,—but I like to *hit* the MARK.

Q. You may stand *down*, fellow.

A. I am glad, Sir, you found me *up!* "

"His intercourse with all sorts of characters, in high and low life, must render his *recollections* instructive and amusing, not only to the present, but to the rising generation," said JERRY, "and I feel rather surprised that he has not, like all the Great Characters of the day, furnished the public with his *Reminiscences*." "Yes," replied the *Oxonian*, "the birth, parentage, life, character, behaviour, and 'last dying speeches' of several extraordinary personages, which must have come under the immediate notice of DOUBLEHEAD, during his long *professional* career, and *handled* by him in the capacity of a *Trap*, would form altogether an invaluable document, if not a most interesting *Book of Fate!* But, if report speaks the truth, the *stopper* has been put upon his 'secrets worth knowing,' by a very High *Hand*; and, like *Iago*, 'what he knows, he knows:' but, however he may know such *secrets*, he must keep them for his own benefit. But when the grim King of Terrors *grabs* him for his own private use, he may do posterity some service, by leaving his *Memoirs* as a legacy for the use and improvement of the Public.

"It has been whispered about the palaces, that upon some occasions DOUBLEHEAD made himself more *free* than *welcome*, and was checked accordingly for his presumption. Such circumstances, I have no doubt, have occurred," observed LOGIC; "the patronage he received was thought, by many persons in the highest walks of life, to be rather too *familiar*, and likewise too gracious and condescending, for a person in his *grade* of society. In consequence of which,

he frequently took *liberties* with his superiors.”* “Perhaps,” replied JERRY, “his conduct in this respect may verify the old adage. ‘Set a beggar on horseback, and he will ride to the devil.’”

The party once more arrived at Corinthian House; but none of them expressed so much satisfaction as did JERRY with his *Trip to Ascot races*.

* It is said of the *Swell Trap*, that he so far forgot himself on a memorable occasion, when a Great Personage went to the Opera, he observed in his hearing, “that *Ma’am* was above stairs!”

CHAPTER VIII.

A visit to the SNUGGERY of the "uncommonly big Gentleman." LIFE EN PASSANT. Fancy-dress Ball near Rag Fair. The SAGE OF THE EAST—a character. TOM in full sail—JERRY and LOGIC about to Reel—and the "uncommonly big Gentleman" and the High-bred One listening to the strains of the One-eyed Orpheus. JERRY up, but not dressed—loses his clothes in a low Brothel. The females connected with the subject—and curious notes between JERRY and LOGIC—a specimen of flash letter-writing. Adventures upon Adventures. The Burning Shame—a Row. The fat Knight and the Hero of the Roundy-Ken. The Cyprian disappointed. The MONEY-LENDER—a rich bit. The High-bred One trying to get the best of OLD SCREW, is raising the NEEDFUL to support LIFE IN LONDON. The Remarks of LOGIC on the tricks and schemes adopted by the Money-lending fraternity. Useful knowledge.

THE promise was kept, and TOM, JERRY, LOGIC, and the "High-bred One," were seated round the festive board of Sir JOHN BLUBBER. In the *Snuggery* of the fat Knight, all the good things of this life were to be obtained. His dinners were good, and his wines (of which he professed to be a most excellent judge) were of the first quality. In the City, the character of Sir JOHN stood very high for doing the thing like a liberal fellow. The wine was pushed about merrily by the whole of the party, when the OXONIAN reminded Sir JOHN, "that he had promised to shew JERRY some rich scenes in the East, and, now they were upon the spot, there was nothing like the time present."

"True," replied Sir JOHN, "and when our bottles are empty, we will start for the place I have long had in view."

“Call time,” answered LOGIC, “and we will all appear at the *scratch*.” “It is a Fancy-dress Ball near Rag Fair, according to the words of the Sage of the East,” said Sir JOHN; “and I flatter myself that the Young One will like it. But to enter into the spirit of the scene, we must appear of the same *caste* in society; therefore, some alteration in our dresses will be necessary to prevent detection. All will then go on in the regular way, without exciting any surprise or particular attention amongst the party at the Fancy-dress Ball. No restraint will be put upon the *ladies* and *gents*: and, in the phrase of my friend BOB, the ‘*lark*’ will be ‘all right.’” No time was lost by Sir JOHN and his party—and, under the direction of the *Sage of the East*, the *clue* to the Ball-room was obtained without any difficulty.

It is true that, at this *Fancy Ball*, the Ladies could not boast of *diamonds* round their *squeezes*; but, nevertheless, some *brilliant* characters embellished the company with their presence. Every visitor acted according to his *fancy*—to *pop* in, or to *pop* out, as it best suited his inclination—and no questions were asked, provided the person paid for everything he called for. This *rule* was the *fancy* of the Landlord, who, with a cunning grin, observed to the SAGE OF THE EAST, it was one of the best things that ever occurred to his *imagination*, and rendered it, without any trouble, a “*come-and-go*” ball. Everybody was welcome, and no one refused admittance. The *Police* did not attend, without they *wanted* somebody: and, although no master of the ceremonies attended, to put the partners together, yet any lady at this *Fancy Ball* might stand up where she pleased, without any *grumbling*. It was all happiness: music for nothing; and *Jack* and *Jill* both at home. *Jack Mainmast*, who had braved the hottest war, and been at sea ever since he was little more than six-penn’orth of halfpence high, in the service of his country,—one of those jolly tars who feared his God, loved his King, idolised his commander (the late Admiral Nelson), and upon good terms with the whole of his messmates,—was a leading feature at this *Fancy Ball*. To use his own words, “He was never idle on

the land, and always employed himself about something ;” either to take a hand at all-fours, toss off a can of grog, shake a toe, or make love to the Fair Sex, singing, “ If we have troubles at sea, we have pleasures on shore.” “ Any port in a storm,” cried *Mainmast*, first turning his *quid* as a proof of his *delicacy*, before he *muzzled* back Hannah’s *nob* in the corner, who returned the tar’s *buss* as strong as mustard, and laughing quite outright, said, “ It’s all the same in the dark, massa Jack, an’t it? Me as good as silk lady? You have got a fine long tail, Jack; going to sea make your hair grow so very much. You very fine fellow! Me like you for my *fancy-man*!”—The fireman-waterman, full of everything else but water, may be seen “ trying it on ” with *dumpling* BET, as how she could come the *double shuffle* better than his *Suke*. “ Come, tip us none of your *gammon*,” said BET, “ you half-sea monster, belonging to neither the land nor the water.—*Shuffle*, indeed! I believe ye; I can *shuffle* anybody, and no mistake!”—“ D’ye mind me,” said the SAGE OF THE EAST to *inquisitive* FAN, who pretended to have a touch of the *genteel* in her composition, and who endeavoured to *screw* it out of the *Sage*, how the *Fancy Balls* were conducted at the West End of the Town:—“ The rich folks have Uncles and Aunts, who build houses for them, and such like things: also find *music* and every other comfort in the world for the Dons, besides lots of *blunt*.” “ None of your stuff, Old One,” replied *inquisitive* FAN—“ I have an *Uncle*!” “ Yes, you have—a *Pawnbroker*, I supposes,” answered the *Sage*; “ and who makes *shifts* for you, sometimes, without needles, don’t he? You must go to the *Hop-pe-ra*! and then you’ll know all about it.”—“ I should be very sorry, Madam,” said the “ uncommonly big Gentleman,” to *Billingsgate* NAN, “ to put your pipe out; but you would oblige me very much, if you would send your *clouds* to another *region*.” “ I am no more a *region* than you are, damn your *imperance*!” replied NAN, puffing a mouthful of smoke over the face of the fat Knight—“ you great pot-bellied cormorant, you are only fit to make dogs’ meat for a kennel of hounds; and that long monument, sneak-looking fellow with you, is of no use to

anybody else, except the Gas-light Company; he is lanky enough to put on the *gas* without the expense of a ladder. I supposes as how no one is to have a *say*, because they are not *togged* out like a swell?" No Jack Tar, on board of a first rate man-of-war, could have entered into the scene at the *Fancy Ball* with more spirit than the CORINTHIAN did, both "*toeing and heeling*" it until all was blue, with merry PEG, of Portsmouth Point. PEG still possessed the remnants of a *swell woman*; but on the death of her keeper, a distinguished Admiral, she soon afterwards drifted from her *moorings*—was at sea for some time without an *anchor*; but, ultimately, got into dock near the Tower of London. JERRY followed the *steps* of his master in the dance, until refreshment became necessary, when he and LOGIC called for a bowl of punch, to treat their partners. After the *Oxonian* had taken a few glasses of punch, he began to *chant* :—

Then sling the flowing bowl!
Fond hopes arise,
The Girls we prize,
Shall bless each jovial soul, &c.

The only thing *regular* attached to this *Fancy-dress Ball* was the time it closed, every evening: when the clock struck *eleven*, the "*Cove of the Ken*," for the sake of his license, turned the whole of the company out, like a drover would a lot of cattle in Smithfield Market. "*Come, come*," said Mr *Queer-Measure*, "*be off—be off—the time is up*." This hint, although conveyed in the rudest terms, was generally obeyed by the visitors; and however reluctantly TOM and JERRY might have appeared to quit the motley group, yet they judged it expedient to comply with the landlord's order, rather than expose themselves. But, in case any of the *Fair sex* (or their mates) proved refractory, and felt disinclined to obey the mandate of the *Cove*, he did not stand upon anything like nicety, and bundled them out of his *crib*, neck and heels! Sir JOHN and his party, therefore, quitted the *Ball Room* without any grumbling; and returned to "*the Snuggery*," to resume their general appearance and finish the evening.



THE FLY-PASSANT. - Queen Victoria Ball near Regent Park, the SAGE OF THE EAST quite at home; TOM in full social; JUDIC and JERRY about to meet; do not know and TIM SEPTEMBER listening to the musical strains.

LOGIC was now in high spirits, and kept "the table in a roar;" his anecdotes were of the richest quality; and his sketches of public characters were given with a felicity of expression and humour peculiar to himself. Indeed, it might have been termed, without the fear of contradiction, "the feast of Reason, and the flow of Soul." The CORINTHIAN was not deficient in keeping the *game* alive, by his repeated sallies of wit and satire; JERRY now and then delighted his friends with some popular air and hunting songs; the "High-bred One" also proved himself a capital "make weight," when the rest of the party began to *flag*; and the "uncommonly big Gentleman" pushed the bottle about with the celerity of a wine-merchant at a public dinner, who felt rather anxious to give "mine host" a turn, and likewise to dispose of a large quantity of his own wine, in hopes to procure fresh orders. The *Oxonian* was getting "how come you so?" JERRY was terribly *cut*; TOM much the worse for what he had drunk; the "High-bred One" greatly *damaged* in his upper works; and the fat Knight *vociferous* in the extreme. Regularity had now become a farce; and upon LOGIC's exclaiming, "Let us have a *spree*! I know a place my boys"—(staggering and hiccuping) "and, if you love me, follow me!" This was quite enough, the *Snuggery* was deserted, and the whole of the party, without delay, on the prowl through the streets, to enjoy a "bit of life." They soon separated, and, like lost sheep, went all manner of ways.

JERRY, on quitting the *Snuggery* of Sir JOHN, had so far lost his recollection, by the copious draughts he had swallowed of Champagne, that he not only missed the way to CORINTHIAN HOUSE, but found himself the next morning in a bed-room, in a filthy hotel in the vicinity of the Theatres, and destitute of everything in the shape of wearing apparel, except his *shirt*. On opening his eyes, he looked about him with astonishment, regret, and mortification; and, for several minutes, JERRY was totally at a loss to account for his degraded situation. With a distracted headache, arising from the fumes of the liquor, feverish in habit of

body and parched lips, he could almost have knocked out his own brains for his folly. The more he reflected upon the disgraceful dilemma which he had brought himself into, the more wild he became in his manners; he knocked his foot against the floor, stamped, swore, and vowed revenge upon the first person who might make his appearance. But all in vain—no one came to his relief. What was to be done? He could not sally forth into the street without his clothes. After waiting some time in the most afflicting state of suspense and dread, he ventured down a few stairs, and made a great noise, in order to attract the attention of some person. At length, an ugly Old Beldam, with a face scarcely human, of the most frightful aspect—a perfect heroine for the banditti of a melo-drama, opened a door: but, instead of listening to his complaint, or showing him anything like the milk of human kindness, she saluted him with a volley of oaths, opened the book of hard names, and told him not to kick up a row in her premises. If he did make any more noise, she would immediately call those persons who would assist her unprotected situation, and slapped the door in his face. JERRY endeavoured to remonstrate with the Old Hag on her unfeeling conduct towards him; when she swore, “damn her ——, if she knew anything about the circumstances he complained of: he was a drunken good-for-nothing sort of fellow, and had behaved to her the last night like a blackguard. She did not believe he had been robbed—it might be all *fudge*, a *plant* upon her; and she did not know but what she might have lost her sheets and blankets by his introduction to her premises. Her house was a genteel one—she had never let her lodgings to such *rubbish* before; it would bring a bad name upon her premises; and might *ruin* her in her business!” JERRY assured her he was a gentleman; and she had done him great injustice; and, if she would but render him some assistance, he would pay her very handsomely, and ask no further question about the matter. “Vy,” said the Old Beldam, “that ere alters the case altogether; and if you are a *gemman*, as you say you are a *gemman*, and the *cameza* you have on seems a fine one, and such as a *gemman* wears, get it where you

might—but that is nothing to me. Only *tip*, as you say you will, and I will send up somebody to you to settle the business for you as soon as possible. But recollect—you must *tip*. It is that sort of *sweetener* we folks expect, to make everything right! Therefore, *Mr Swell*, follow my advice, if you wish to be lucky!”

JERRY was glad to listen to any proposition, and, after waiting a short time (if the mistress was ugly and terrific in her deportment, she was handsome to the *Slavey* who now presented herself to our hero), an old, battered, red ruby-faced, hoarse woman, came up the stairs, to know what he wanted? “Have you got pen, ink, and paper in your house?” asked JERRY. “No,” answered the *Slavy*, “but I will go and buy them for you, if you’ll *fork* out the *blunt*.” “I have got neither clothes, watch, nor money. I have been robbed in this house!” said JERRY. “You have been *dreaming*,” replied the ugly old woman, “and you are of no *use* in a *crib* like this, if you cannot produce the *mopusses*. Everything here is regulated by the *tip*!” “Well, well,” replied JERRY, “only get me some paper and ink, that I may write a note to my friends, and let some man or boy take it to where I shall direct him, and I will reward you handsomely.” “Fine talking, Sir,” said the Old Hag, “but my mistress never takes people’s vords—it von’t do, as how, she says; but as I am of a feeling disposition, and you looks *summat* like a *gemman*, I vill take compassion upon you, and I vill get vat you vant. But don’t forget the *blunt*!” The paper was brought to him by a little ragged urchin, who waited while he scribbled out the following note to LOGIC:—

“*Three-pair-of-stairs, back room,
nearest the sky.*”

“DEAR BOB,—Ceremony is out of sight. I am completely up the *spout*! I am in *pawn*. I have lost my *ticker*; and all the *togger* has been *boned*. I am nearly as *naked* as when I was born—and the cause—the *lady-bird*—has *hopped* the twig. Therefore, come directly to me, and bring me some clothes; also plenty of *blunt* with you; and take care to have a *drag* in waiting, that I may quit, nay *fly*, from this most wretched abode of misery and wickedness. I have no time for

reflection ; neither can I make any excuse or apology for my conduct, but it is all owing to being inebriated last night—that fine champagne of Sir JOHN's is the true cause. Pray come directly, BOB : the bearer of this note will guide you to the place ; but if you do not trace his steps, I am afraid you will not be able to afford the desired relief.

“ Yours truly,

“ In misery not to be described,

“ JERRY HAWTHORN.”

LOGIC burst into a fit of loud laughter, on the receipt of the above epistle ; he soon ascertained from the boy the exact place and direction to it, and sent in answer the following whimsical note to JERRY :—

“ MY BABE IN THE WOOD,—You have made a *high* movement in life, I see, by your *scroll* ; but don't *pipe* your eye. Consider yourself in *luck* ! You have got your *shirt* left, and your *skin* remains whole—comforts under misfortunes. I hope all your teeth are safe. You ought to be pleased with your adventure ; it is new : and will have one good effect—not to be too confident in future. I will look out some clothes, and be with you as soon as possible. Do not kick up a *row* in the neighbourhood—but let the *event* go off quietly. If you go before the *Beak* to seek redress, you will be worth powder and shot to the scribes of the press, who will *chant* your night-scene all over the kingdom. Therefore, put up with your loss like a philosopher.

“ Yours truly,

“ But full of laughter,

“ BOB LOGIC.”

The return of the boy, with the answer to his note, and the well-known hand-writing of LOGIC upon it, was new life to him ; indeed, it operated more pleasantly on his feelings, at such an unfortunate moment, than the most impassioned *billet-doux* from a favourite heroine could have produced under circumstances of a different nature. JERRY viewed the note again and again with rapture—it cheered up his spirits, and he began to feel rather more composed ; yet every minute seemed to him the length of an hour, until the arrival of LOGIC to relieve him from his unpleasant situation. But, during the absence of the boy, he became a prey to hopes and fears ; LOGIC might not be at home ; and, added to the extreme poverty of the bed, and the bed-

clothes—the blue walls—and the garret altogether of such a corresponding nature, that his mind was completely wretched (*accurately delineated in the Plate*). JERRY was completely at a loss to recollect in what manner he had been decoyed into such an abode of depravity and wickedness; the face of the girl, he was confident, he should not remember again; in truth, it appeared to him like a dream—a confused sort of passing circumstances, none of which he could distinctly trace, he was so much under the influence of liquor. Anything like an attempt to recover his lost property was entirely out of the question; and he readily entered into the correct ideas of LOGIC—to creep out of the disaster as quietly as he could, and to let the “poor unfortunate devil,” as he termed the female pirate, have all the benefit of her capture. During these reflections, he had the happiness to hear the voice of LOGIC, as he was upon the stairs. “Where shall I find my babe of the Wood? Come down the *spout*, JERRY! I’ll bet TWO to *one** I redeem the precious *pledge*; get you once more on your *pins*; and, if you promise to be a good boy in the future, and never be decoyed by the naughty dicky-birds again, you shall inhale the free air in less than five minutes.” The *Oxonian*, on beholding JERRY seated on the bed, enveloped in the blanket, and his head just peeping out, exclaimed, with a face like Liston’s,

“Be thou a spirit, or young *Swell* prigged;
 Be thy intents wicked or charitable;
 Bring with thee *lush* from Sir JOHN’S, or *Jacky* from TIM’S,
 Thou com’st in such a questionable shape,
 That I will speak to thee?
 I will call thee *Spooney*! *Flat*! O, JERRY,
 Let me not burst with laughter! But tell why——”

“Say no more!” cried JERRY, “my head is distracted! Leave your jokes for another time, when I can join in the

* In this case, the *Oxonian* reversed the order of things. The Balls at the Pawnbrokers are considered to represent, that it is TWO to *one*, in general, against *pledges* being redeemed.

laugh; but pray spare me now. Have you brought the clothes? Is the *drag* in waiting for me? Let me, BOB, if you have any regard for me, quit this wretched place as soon as possible." "Be comforted," replied LOGIC, "the clothes are at hand, [*the Boy entered with a bundle from the coach waiting at the door*] but they are mine; as to the *fit* I will not answer." "Never mind!" said JERRY; and seizing hold of the pantaloons, almost split them into rags, in dragging them on his legs and thighs; the waistcoat nearly shared the same fate; and the coat, in an instant was likewise torn up the back. The *broad brim* belonging to LOGIC, now placed on the nob of JERRY, rendered his appearance truly grotesque and laughable. "I do not care a pin," said JERRY, "as to the *look* of the thing; the clothes serve me for a *covering*, and that is all I require at the present moment. I am now *dressed*, so let us be off." "Are you sure," asked LOGIC, with a satirical sort of grin upon his countenance, "that you have not taken anything that does not belong to you?" "What is it you mean, BOB?" said JERRY. "Why, you may have taken some of those *lively* fellows with you, who always appear at the *scratch*!" replied the *Oxonian*. "I hope not;" answered JERRY, shrugging up his shoulders; "but, for the sake of time, I will risk it now, however the bare idea may prove disgusting to my feelings. So pray let us be off."

"Stop a bit, Young One, a word or two with you before you *brush*," observed the *Slavey*, popping in her old, ugly, horrid face. "You have not yet paid for the room; and, after having a comfortable night's lodging, you don't mean to come the *bilk* upon the *crib*, do you? That von't *fit*, I am sure; besides, you promised to behave like a *gemman* before you left us. Therefore, hand over the *tip*!" "I would much sooner," answered LOGIC, quite angry, "*tip* you, and your whole *bunting* fraternity, a bunch of fives; and also indict your house into the bargain, if it was not for the exposure of ourselves." "You *indict* us, feller!" snapping her fingers in the face of LOGIC, and putting her arms *a-kimbo*; then, with a voice as hoarse as a raven, the old harridan

thus assailed him—"Come, come, it von't do for you to come the *grand* over my mistress and I! Vy, you are nothing more than some journeyman *body-snatcher*, in a borrowed suit of *togs*, to come the *bounce*. Now I tells you *vat* it is—shut up your *chaffer*, and *tip* if you means as how to be off quietly, and *hact* like gemmen." LOGIC very reluctantly paid all the demands made upon JERRY; when they got into the hackney-coach with all possible speed, and were out of sight of the Brothel in a minute. But previous to which, as JERRY was quitting her threshold, the old landlady, with a sort of low-life sneer, said, "Good-bye, young man.—when will you call again? I should like such a *customer* every day. What a couple of *Spoonies!*"

Upon their arrival at LOGIC's apartments, JERRY felt himself so extremely out of sorts, and so vexed with the folly of his recent adventure, that he immediately went to bed. By the restorative qualities of a basin of water-gruel, and a comfortable night's repose, he soon got round, and became once more the gay and sprightly JERRY HAWTHORN. A fresh supply of wearing apparel enabled him to resume his general appearance! and, in a very short time, he returned, "truant-like," to head-quarters—CORINTHIAN HOUSE.

For a few days our hero remained in a tranquil state, and filled up his time in the most rational manner. He read all the popular productions of the day: visited the Theatres, Opera, Galleries of Paintings, and other places of amusement. The "High-bred One" was not behindhand in quizzing JERRY on the loss of his clothes, and the flight of his inamorata. TOM merely smiled at the circumstance, as one of those every-day sort of affairs, which occur in the low neighbourhoods of the Metropolis: and LOGIC had had his joke, and there was an end of the matter with him. But to the "uncommonly big Gentleman" it was a rich source of merriment—a sort of darling theme for fun; and if JERRY had been of a choleric disposition, he might have proved a little restive on a subject so repeatedly dinged in his ears by

the fat Knight; but, on the contrary, he joined in the laugh against himself—his loss being comparatively trifling—a few sovereigns. On one occasion, JERRY observed to Sir JOHN BLUBBER, “I do not regret the circumstance on one account—my money has been well laid out—a cure for inebriety.”

Business of importance at the Bank of England called TOM into the City, and JERRY accompanied his Coz, as a good opportunity of being introduced to one or two of the Directors; by whose means he would be enabled to view every department in that splendid establishment. On their return home through one of the obscure streets, a row attracted their attention; and the familiar voice of the hero of the tale gave an interest to the scene, which otherwise it might not have possessed to TOM and JERRY. On approaching nearer to the scene of bustle, they discovered the fat Knight and a Watchman belabouring each other with sticks; but the advantages were completely on the side of Sir JOHN; and the Old Scout was compelled to desist. “Oh, you old poacher!” exclaimed JERRY, “fairly caught upon the *sly*!” The “uncommonly big Gentleman” was puffing and blowing like a broken-winded horse; at length he said, “You are wrong, JERRY, very wrong—this is above a joke; and I am determined to have satisfaction for the insult put upon me by this rascally watchman.” “It is too bad, indeed,” answered TOM, “to *baulk* any gentleman’s pursuits, either private or public; and I was very glad to see you punish the varlet for his impertinence.”

“This is a ‘*burning shame*’* with a vengeance to it,”

* How this phrase first originated we have not been able to ascertain, although we have consulted GROSE upon the subject. In the above sense, we are quite aware, it has often been used,—“A BURNING SHAME!” meaning, we presume, that it ought to be put out, i.e., *extinguished*! This mode of *expulsion* is generally adopted by the Parish Officers to drive the proprietors of Brothels out of the neighbourhood where they exist, when almost every other attempt to abate the nuisance has *failed*. Numerous rows are the attendant companions upon the *Burning Shame*.

observed Sir JOHN, "that a man cannot call for the rent of his house, without being insulted by a fellow like this parish watchman? Is the liberty of the subject thus to be trampled upon? Has not a man a right to ask for his own? Is he not to collect his property where it is due to him? Shame, I say, on the laws that would give such a low fellow the power to insult his betters, under the disguise of morality! Away with such cant and hypocrisy! But I will have redress for this most gross insult which I have experienced; I will go instantly before the proper authorities, and insist upon this fellow being turned out of his office!"

"You may go where you like," replied the Old Scout, "but you cannot deny that I caught you tipping the *wink* to one of the strumpets belonging to that ere infamous Brothel; and you would have followed her into the house, if I had not prevented you. I am stationed here by the Heads of the Parish to prevent such *liquorish* old fellows as you are: and I will do my duty, in spite of your threats." "*Liquor-ish!* you scoundrel, what do you mean to insinuate by *liquor-ish*? I will break every bone in your skin, without benefit of clergy. Do you know who you are talking to, Sirrah?" and had not the fat Knight been prevented by the exertions of TOM and JERRY, it is most likely the watchman's head would have been broken, Sir JOHN was in such a violent rage; and the town amused with a most interesting Police Report upon the occasion.

"I pledge my honour," said the "uncommonly big Gentleman," "I was going to collect my rent, and nothing else, and the whole of his assertion is a falsehood from the beginning to the end: made with no other view, I suppose, but to extort money. The following dialogue took place between us, upon my entering the street, when you, JERRY, shall be the judge of my conduct;—'Where are you going, Sir?' I thought it a most impertinent question," said Sir JOHN, "and I answered, 'What is that to you?' 'I'll soon let you know,' replied the Old Scout; 'and if you persist in following that *bunter*, and enter that infamous house, I will

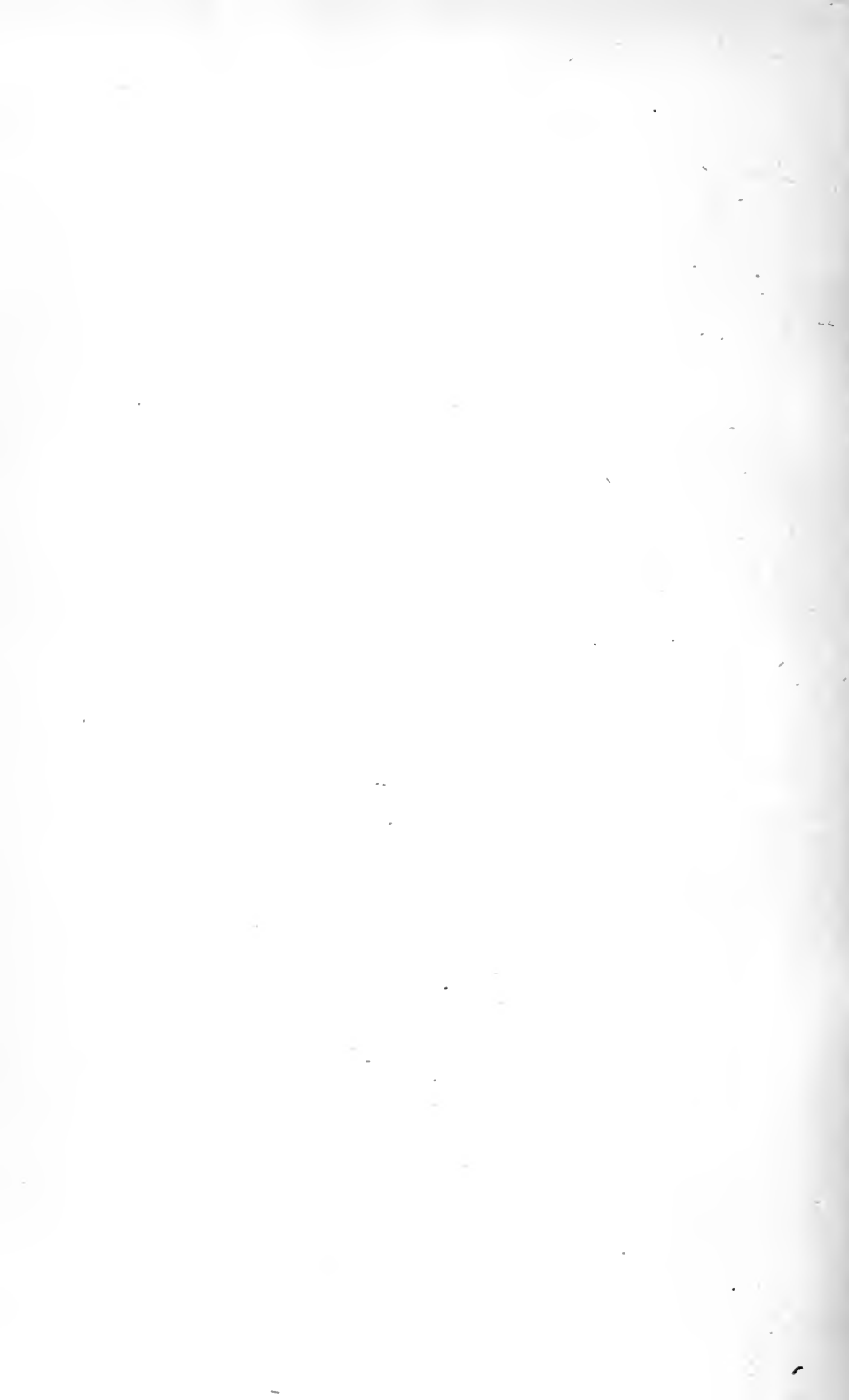
stop you in a way you won't like, and take you to the watch-house afterwards!' 'I shall go where I please,' said Sir JOHN, 'without asking an impudent, presuming fellow like you.' It was these kind of interrogations which led to the row, when you saw this fellow and me in actual combat."

[The Artist, in the annexed plate, has seized upon the moment, with great spirit, when the poor Pot-boy was knocked down in the *scuffle*, and the Cyprian entering the house of infamy. It should seem she had made up her mind that the "uncommonly big Gentleman" had been captivated by her charms; but when the row was at an end, she was mortified that she had mistaken her man, and been left in the lurch.]

Sir JOHN, before parting with our heroes, made a thousand apologies to the CORINTHIAN for this being caught in such an unpleasant situation: in order that he might believe the attack of the Watchman was an unjust charge against his character. "We are all honest until we are found out," replied TOM, with a smile; "I have no doubt, Sir JOHN, but you was upon *business*, and that of the most *pressing* nature." JERRY was also determined to "turn the tables" on the fat Knight; and, if possible, to raise the laugh at his expense, "Collecting your rent, Sir JOHN, was a very excellent *cloak* for your *indiscretion*; but the Old Scout." said JERRY, "was too deep for you. He was not to be persuaded out of his reason. Come, Sir JOHN, be candid, and acknowledge the 'boot was on the other leg,' and that you were about *disposing* of your rent, rather than *collecting* it! I am glad we pounced upon you; I was *one* in your debt, and now we have made a 'trick and tie of it.' We are *quits*, but with this difference—I lost my clothes and money; and you have been *cudgelled* for your pains. Therefore, Sir JOHN, according to the old adage, that 'mocking is catching,' we have both been '*served out*' in our turns; now, then, let us shake hands, and bury both of the circumstances in oblivion." "With all my heart," replied the "uncommonly big Gentleman," "let us forget and



THE BURNING SHAME! - TOM and JERRY laughing at the sight of having the woman only boy
beaten and the story told. Found in under circumstances



forgive." The party separated all in good humour at the strange vicissitudes connected with LIFE IN LONDON: Sir JOHN for the *'Snuggery*; and TOM and JERRY for *Corinthian House*.

SPLINTER, who had been living rather "too fast" for his income, had become seriously embarrassed; in fact, it was nearly all over with him; but, in order to keep his head above water, the "High-bred One" would gladly have entered into any sort of engagements to obtain a little time, and also raise sufficient supplies to carry on the war. In this dilemma, SPLINTER consulted one of his most intimate acquaintances upon the town, well known by the appellation of "*Extravagant Jack*," as to the best mode to be pursued under such trying circumstances. "Go immediately to OLD SCREW," said *Jack*, with a smile; "he has accommodated me to the end of the chapter. He is an out-and-outer in his line; he will stick at nothing; you may tickle his palate with a *gnat*: or he can swallow a *camel*, if it answers his purpose. Only sign, make over, or bring *securities*, and the *blunt* is in your jacket. But the thing can be managed without any *security* at all—only agree to *tip* OLD SCREW well; let him have the *cream* of the bargain, and you will not be long without the *needful*: but remember, SPLINTER, you must have a good *bait* for the Old One; or you will never get a *bite*." "Your advice, *Jack*, is excellent," replied SPLINTER, "and I will not lose one word of it."

On the "High-bred One" keeping his appointment with OLD SCREW, accompanied by TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC, the knowing money-lender thus addressed him: "Mr SPLINTER, I am rather surprised that a gentleman of your great experience and discernment in money matters, should have brought any persons with you to witness our transactions. You are perfectly aware, Mr SPLINTER, that all such affairs are done in private; and that *secrecy* is the touchstone of money-lending. I hope no offence; but I like everything transacted in a business-like manner. Your friends must retire, before I can possibly open my mouth upon the sub-

ject." "You are not only a *cautious* man, OLD SCREW!" replied SPLINTER, "but a *deep one* into the bargain. I stand *corrected* by your judgment; but my friends, I will answer for it, are too much men of the world to intrude, when their presence is not necessary, and will retire at the first *nod* from your sagacious head. But I met the CORINTHIAN, JERRY, and BOB LOGIC, on my road to your house, and I really could not get rid of them in a gentlemanly manner, and that accounts for their presence here to-day. However, we will defer coming to a conclusion at the present period; and when next we meet, no other persons shall be of the party." "Perfectly right, Mr SPLINTER," replied OLD SCREW, "you cannot be too *close*: even the walls, they say, have *ears*!"

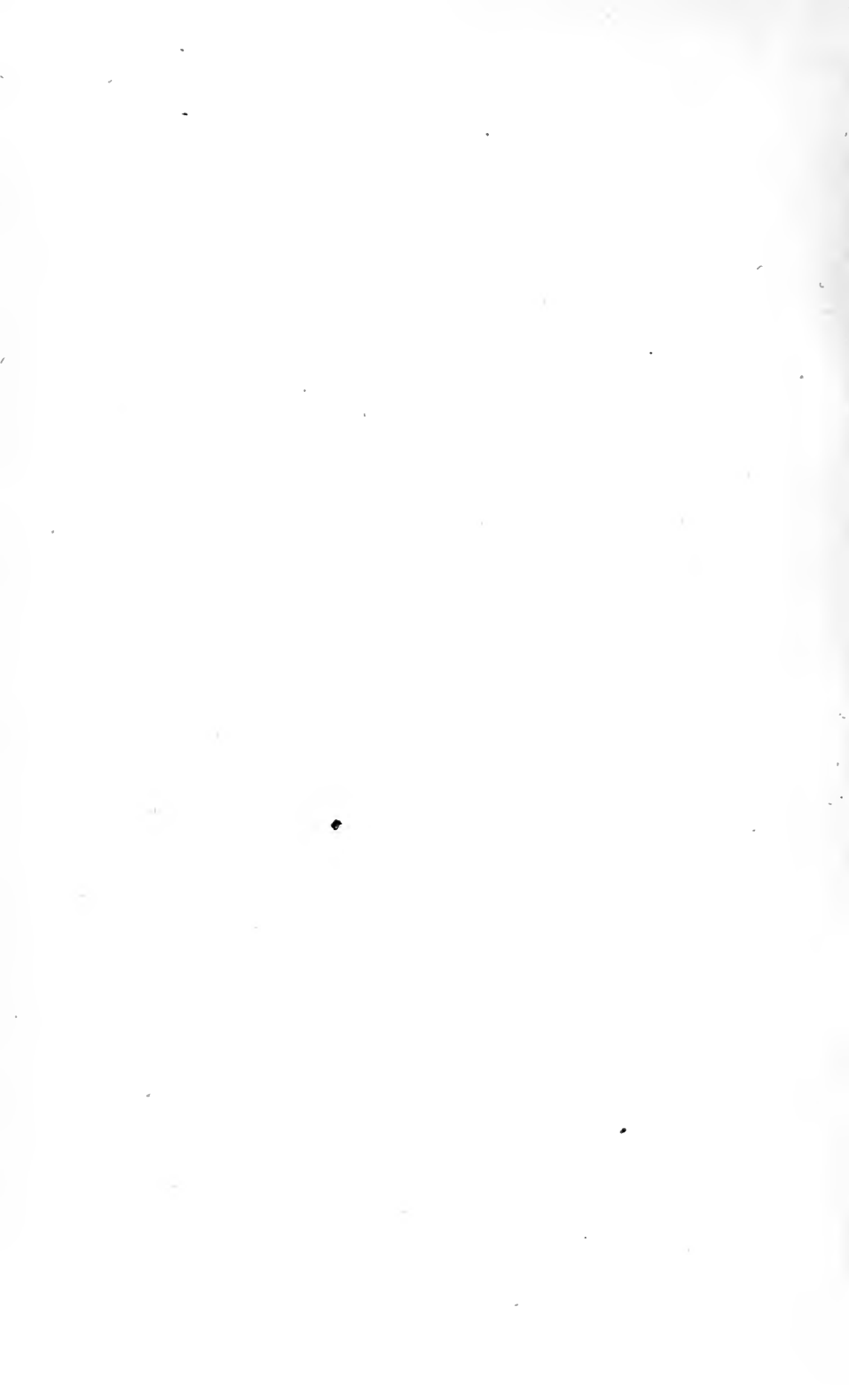
"A sly old knave!" exclaimed LOGIC, on quitting the residence of OLD SCREW, "but nevertheless, SPLINTER, I am glad you have been interrupted; it is a fortunate circumstance, for, depend upon it, if you have any money transactions with that scheming broker, ruin inevitably must be your fate. During my career in Life in London, I have been rather too *intimately* connected with money-lenders." "Yes," answered the CORINTHIAN, "a little so!" "However," said BOB, "I am now out of their clutches—I am also aware of their schemes and artifices; and, for the information of my friends in general, I have noted down some of the most prominent features of money-lending; the exorbitant* demands made by those *men devourers*;

* The following dialogue between *Sir Oliver Surface* and *Moses* in the inimitable Comedy of the "School for Scandal," is so explanatory upon the subject in question, that we cannot pass it over. No man knew these matters better than that late illustrious senator, RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN:—

Sir Peter—O! there is not much to learn. The great point, as I take it, is to be exorbitant enough in your demands—hey, *Moses*?

Moses—Yes, that's a very great point.

Sir O.—I'll answer for't I'll not be wanting in that. I'll ask him eight or ten per cent. on the loan, at least.



and the dreadful sacrifice of property the *necessitous* and dissipated are compelled to make, when at the mercy of the fraternity of money-lenders in the metropolis. If you will accompany me, SPLINTER, you shall have the benefit of these remarks: and JERRY will also derive some valuable information." The "*High-bred One*" immediately agreed to the proposal of the *Oxonian*; and upon their arrival at the apartments of LOGIC, he handed over to SPLINTER the following manuscript for his perusal, arranged under various heads:—

"On the Fraudulent Acts of the Money Brokers to entangle their Clients.

"An annuity agent has ways innumerable by which he twines round his clients, and brings them into his power. His profession affords him an opportunity of studying the weak side of mankind, and he avails himself of the knowledge which he acquires. He obtains the confidence of his clients, disposes of their property in such a manner that they are in his power, and persuades them, all the time, he is studying how to advance their interests; and if they afterwards find out how they have been deceived, they are so much entangled that they cannot easily help themselves,

Moses—If you ask him no more than that, you'll be discovered immediately.

Sir O.—Hey! what the plague!—how much, then?

Moses—That depends upon the circumstances. If he appears not very anxious for the supply, you should require only FORTY or FIFTY per cent.; but if you find him in *great distress*, and want the *monies very bad*, you may ask DOUBLE.

Sir P.—A good honest trade you're learning, Sir Oliver!

Sir O.—Truly, I think so—and not unprofitable.

Moses—Then, you know, you haven't the monies yourself, but are forced to borrow them for him of a friend.

Sir O.—Oh! I borrow it of a friend, do I?

Moses—Yes: and your friend is AN UNCONSCIONABLE DOG: but you can't help that!

Sir O.—My friend is an unconscionable dog, is he?

Moses—Yes, and he himself has not the monies by him, but is forced to sell *stock at a great loss!*

and must go on as before. There are many ways by which this is done, and some we shall enumerate.

“The agent makes great professions of friendship. When a new client is introduced to him by some of his old clients, he professes himself much obliged to his old and kind friend, whom he loves as his own brother. He assures his new customer, that, for the sake of his good friend, he will do everything possible to serve him. He assures him that it will be a real happiness to show how strong are the regards which he entertains. At a future occasion he takes care to speak in the handsomest terms of the old client, and how much pleasure he always feels in his company. By-and-bye, and with very little delay, he professes to love his new client on his own account. He always takes him by the hand as his dear friend, inquires most kindly after his family, and is anxious to know how he may serve him. The one partner plays into the hands of the other; the less active partner will say to the client—‘My dear Sir, there is nobody Mr * * * * * likes so much as he does you. Depend upon it, you and your friends will be taken care of. Whatever business he neglects, you may feel assured of this, he will never neglect yours.’ The active partner is equally ready with his professions, whenever a proper opportunity calls them forth. A common-place saying of a certain agent used to be—‘If ever I forget you, may God Almighty forget me!’ To female clients, in particular, this mode of operation is successfully directed; friendship is here carried almost to love, or even as far altogether. Housekeepers and ladies’ maids are not squeamish in their manners, and the agents go the full length necessary to suit their customers. Many, indeed most of the clients, being persons of the lowest origin, and the agents themselves of the same description, it is easy to put on the appearance of common sympathy and fellow-feeling. A certain agent, who had himself been a barber in his youth, and advanced to be a footman, then a money-agent’s porter, from that to be a clerk, and, lastly, to be an agent himself, was always accustomed to harangue with great effect on industry and merit,

and the great honour and respect due to men who were the architects of their own fortune. To all the menials, in livery or out of livery, who came about him, he gloried in his origin, and professed to consider them as his brethren, who, by their talents and assiduity, were raising themselves to an exalted station in society. It was thus he wound round their hearts—it was thus he converted every client into a recruiting sergeant to his office—and hence, by the money brought him by the menials, he was able to supply the wants of the junior nobility, and keep the sport alive at Epsom, Newmarket, and the purlieus of St. James's.

“The agent gives luxurious entertainments. This was a grand masterstroke of policy in the agent already referred to. He gave glorious dinners, and was never so much in his element as when he saw around his table the stewards, butlers, grooms, valets, and low tradesmen, whose *honest* savings it was his trade to invest in worthy hands. Early in his career, a beefsteak and a glass of grog were deemed a treat to a particular friend; but now, the luxury of his table vied with the nobles and princes of the land. For plate, his strong room afforded ample store; he had only to bring up a portion of what was deposited as security for annuities. Port and sherry were insignificant and ordinary liquor; madeira, hock, champagne, burgundy, and claret enlivened his board. Men accustomed to hold a plate or a horse-stirrup, found servants in livery at their backs, waiting upon them, and felt not a little the elevation. Politics enlivened their talk, and the old agent gave his usual toast—‘The monied interest’—which was enthusiastically drunk with three times three. ‘Never be afraid of the Government,’ said he, ‘it is all safe:—as long, gentlemen, as it has your support, and that of the rest of the monied interest, it is sure to stand. It is the monied interest, gentlemen, that is the strength of the nation, and is sure to prevail.’ The conversation, the wit, and song of such an honourable assemblage, it is not easy to imagine; it was, however, characteristic. A city banker’s groom, who used to figure at these dinners, when asked for his song, was

accustomed to give one, of which the chorus was, 'Set a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride to the devil!' Such eating and drinking never were heard of as at this man's house; and when, in his latter day, in the elevation and the pride of his heart, he began to neglect his old friends, and discontinue his entertainments to the men who brought him their money, it was soon suspected that all was not right—and so it turned out: his ruin was close at hand.

“Another agent, connected with the former, was also a *bon vivant*, but with men of a somewhat different class. He affected to be more select, and collected around his table the opulent tradesmen, whose *honesty* and usury had elevated them to wealth. Well did he know the man who loved to hear himself sing, and eagerly did he call for the often murdered song. Well he knew, when he dined at a tavern, the man who set his heart on being in the chair, and his sovereign ambition was not disappointed.

“A similar policy suggested the scheme of sending to opulent trading usurers presents of venison, hares, wild ducks, and partridges. It answered two purposes: it soothed the vanity of the receiver, as well as pleased his appetite; and it made it appear how much the agent was respected by lords and gentlemen who sent him these things. But, although my lord's lands had fed these precious birds and beasts, it was not my lord who sent them to the agent. They were bought for money, and sent first to the agent's house, and thence to the different parties, as if they had just come from the country, and as if, in the fullness of his heart, he must give them to his loving friends. Well was this money laid out. It cemented friendship—it blinded the eyes—it convinced of special favour and electing partiality. A couple of wild ducks, at any time, commanded a couple of hundred pounds; and, in the long run, the presents have been found to have cost ten thousand times their value. Opera tickets were purchased, and sent to friends in the same way, as if presents which had been sent to himself from aristocratical borrowers; and money

was not spared to procure orders for the theatre, for a similar purpose. This was friendship, and thus was connexion maintained.

“The agent has the deed drawn so as to grant the annuity in trust to himself. Where there are ten or twenty people all beneficially interested, it is necessary, no doubt, that it should be granted to some one, at least, who may be enabled to act; but it was a usual practice for some agents to get the annuity granted in trust to themselves, although only one man advanced the whole of the consideration-money. He was told, generally, that that was the best way, and was not aware, till he could not help himself, that the only motive was to tie his hands, and keep him entirely in the power of the agent.

“They put ten or twenty people into the same deed. When so many parties are in the deed, and the agent in trust, he has the whole power. In the abstract furnished to each annuitant, the ten or twenty people are not enumerated; so that no one knows who they are that are joined along with him. It is true, they may be ascertained at the Enrolment Office—but the clients are seldom acquainted with that secret; besides, they would find, probably, they were persons of whom they have no knowledge, and that it was of no use. When so many persons are in the same deed, if any one choose to be troublesome, he can do nothing; he cannot proceed without the consent of the rest; and taking into consideration the trouble and expense, it is the best way to be quiet.

“Another mode which has, in some instances, been practised, is, to threaten the clients to give information to their masters of the large sums they acquire in their service, and how much they have laid out in annuities. Of course, the clients lose their lucrative situations. It was in this way that the cook of a noble lord in *Essex* lost his situation, which brought him some hundreds per annum. In this way the servants of a noble baron, whose conduct is little

remote from *jolly*, were kept in awe for some time, and at last betrayed. This was exceedingly bad policy in the agent; but by this time he was in such a state, that he scarcely could be said to have any longer anything to lose.

“These are some of the arts by which the money-brokers inveigle their dupes, to trust them with the disposal of their property; and, having succeeded so far, there are fully as many ways by which they cheat them, which, however, being comparatively mild and innocent to some other practices by which they absolutely rob their victims, may, for this line of business, be called honest and honourable. The schemes of robbery which they successfully practise leave not a wreck behind.

“*Of Cheating the Clients.*”

“Avarice is of all passions the blindest; and were it not so, no person would ever advance money to purchase annuities. Four per cent. in the Government funds is but a poor interest; but, poor as it is, it will, after all, be found to be more profitable than the promise of twelve and a-half, or fourteen pounds six shillings and eightpence, or even sixteen pounds thirteen and fourpence, by dealing in annuities. After paying insurance of the life of the grantor, and the expense of transacting the business, and making allowance for the numerous instances in which the annuity is not paid, it will be found, even where the most careful and prudent precaution is taken, the annuities are a source of endless trouble, difficulty, and loss. There are also numerous modes in which the annuity-broker is able to cheat his clients; and some of these we are now to point out. But these are so numerous, that we are quite at a loss where to begin and how to arrange. Some are comparatively trivial, but others are absolutely ruinous, as too many have found to their cost.

“At the time when the Income-tax of ten per cent. was in force, it was the rule, at a certain great house at the west end of the town, to charge this tax; in other words, to

make a deduction from the clients of one-tenth of all monies received on their account, on the pretext that it was paid to Government, while not so much as sixpence was paid to Government, on account of the client's Income-tax, the whole of the time. This is a matter the Exchequer might have looked to; but the guilty parties got clear off, although it was known to all their clerks, and ultimately to many of the clients themselves.

“When a nobleman or gentleman receives a sum of money for an annuity to continue during his life, it is necessary to insure the amount of the purchase-money at an insurance office, in order that the parties may not lose their capital in the event of his death. The annuity-broker gets the insurance effected; and from year to year keeps it up, by paying the annual premium when it becomes due. There is a system of neglecting to pay the premiums, and yet keep on charging them to the clients from year to year, the same as if they actually were paid. All such charges are marked I.A., or interest account, in the books; which is the private mark to shew the transaction. If the annuity happen to be paid off by the grantor, the cheat is never discovered, and it is so much clearly bagged. If, however, the grantor happen to die, it is then found to be a mistake, and that the last year it was omitted; but it is roundly maintained that it was always done till then; and as the annuity-broker refuses to tell at what office he insured, the client seldom gets any redress beyond having the last year's premium taken off in his account. Some clients have, however, been more resolute; and there have been instances in which the annuity-broker has been compelled to make good the sum he had pretended to keep insured. If this should occur, the whole gains obtained by this system are an ample fund to defray the loss.

“When it is supposed that an annuity will not last many years, but will be paid off, a policy for seven years is quite sufficient, and is usually taken as being at a lower premium; but then the annuity-broker charges to his client the high

premium, as if the policy were for the whole life, and he pockets the difference.

“When an annuity is paid off, the interest in the life ceases, and, of course, the insurance must cease. In that case, it is usual to surrender the policy, and get a return of premium. If the policy were for a whole life, the rule at the Pelican Office was to return one-fourth of all the premiums paid, deducting five per cent.; and, if it were a seven years’ policy, then to return the proportion of the premium for the unexpired portion of the current year of the policy. It was a usual custom in a certain annuity office, to get the return from the insurance office, but to omit giving the clients credit for this return, where there was any chance of their not being aware of the custom; and if they afterwards found it out and complained, it was easily excused as being an oversight of the clerk; but, if they never found it out, not a word was ever said about the matter.

“As annuities are at any time redeemable on a month’s notice, by the grantor paying up all arrears, and repaying the original purchase-money, the grantee might be liable to have his money for some time lying unemployed upon his hand. As a recompense for this, it is usually covenanted in the deed that the grantor, in addition to the arrears of annuity due, shall also pay a redemption-fine equal to one quarter’s annuity, and sometimes the redemption-fine is made equal to one half-year’s annuity. The clients, who are not aware of this custom, may be cheated out of the redemption-fine; and where they are sufficiently experienced to know of the custom, still, when the redemption-fine is equal to half a year’s annuity, if they find a quarter’s annuity put to their credit in their account, they will presume everything is right, and ask no questions. A trifle is to be got this way, every now and then.

“It is a usual practice with an annuity-agent to get the deeds drawn so that the annuity is granted to himself, in trust for the various parties uniting to advance the consi-

deration money. This puts the whole power in his own hands, and when the annuity is paid off he can keep the matter a secret from the annuitants, and use the money for his own purposes, if he should require it; and he can go on with the annuitants as before, crediting them for the annuity, and charging his commission, insurance, &c. This would be no loss to them, if the agent were safe; but the parties have merely his personal security, and annuity agents sometimes become bankrupt; and if they can make it out that the parties had any reason to believe that the annuity had been paid off, and that they were receiving the high interest from the agent himself, it is declared usury, and the whole is forfeited.

“Of Robbing the Clients.”

“We have hitherto spoken only of cheating the clients, which, in matters of this sort, may be considered as merely doing a little business in an honest way; but we have now to proceed to state some of the ways in which they are clean robbed, which is going a little too far. The most general and comprehensive mode is, to lay out the client’s money on bad security; and the motives for doing this may be very readily conceived: but these are deeds of more than usual darkness, and it is not to be supposed that their form and feature can be distinctly traced. Some light may be thrown on the subject from the following facts. A patriot member of a great assembly, and who has often been seen at Boston, and had dealt largely in granting annuities, sent a letter to an agent, of which the substance was—‘Raise me twenty thousand pounds, and I will give you the half of the money to yourself.’ Another gentleman, who was much in want of *gold*, called at the same office, and, without any blushing, made a similar proposal to the clerks, the principal being from home, and desired them to communicate the matter to their principal, on his return. In the winter of 1820, a letter from an agent to a grantor was produced on a trial at Westminster, in which the agent said he had raised for him a great many thousands, when he

had no security at all to offer, and he ought to feel under high obligation to him. The motive, therefore, the influence of which induces to lay out the client's money on bad security, it is not difficult to imagine. The profits in effecting any annuity are large, and by the above it will readily be seen that the worse the security, the greater the profits are. And, take all in all, no grantor so readily parts with the *gold* as a grantor who gets a day's rule to come out of the King's Bench to execute the deeds.

“Robbery in the name of friendship.—The usual mode, when an agent has got a desperately bad annuity to offer to his client, is to say to him—‘Now, my dear Sir, I was just going to send to you. I have kept for you a share of the finest thing that ever was in the world—excellent security—as good as the Bank of England! It is merely changing bank notes for guineas. Eleven per cent. clear, after paying insurance and commission. But pray do not say anything about it—I shall be annoyed on every side for it, and I have no more to give away.’ The particulars of the annuity being thus introduced, if the client make any hesitation, the answer is, ‘Pray don't take it, if you have the least objection to it—I only kept it for you, as my particular friend; but if you prefer anything else, by no means touch it—there will be hundreds after it.’ This drowns all opposition, and the client is diddled to put his money into a security which may, perhaps, turn out a clean dead robbery.

“The worst annuity usually pays for the first quarter, and some very bad ones have been known to pay for the first year, and then they fall into arrear, and, perhaps, no more is ever got from them. But sometimes, after an annuity has done no good for two or three years, to the surprise of all the parties concerned, the arrears are paid up. Now that happens in this way:—If the parties who have shares in this annuity be persons who have a great deal of money, and they have become discontented, and threaten to lay no more out on annuities, it may be deemed advisable to pay up; and this is done by raising a sum of money

from another set of flats, for the grantor, and with the money so raised the arrears are paid off, and there is a comfortable residuum to the grantor for barely signing the parchments; and the agent, as usual on such occasions, takes care not to forget himself.

“Immense sums are laid out on a pretended security. To give an instance:—There is a fellow of a College, who was entitled to an income in money from his fellowship of about £120 a-year. This *fellow*, for so he may properly be termed, frequented the turf and certain houses in the parish of St James’s. He could play his cards well, and thoroughly understood how to rattle the dice-box. But this is an expensive mode of life, and fortune does not always favour the brave. The money agent, accordingly, was his resource; and no doubt such a man would pay liberally for raising a present supply. He was represented to be a gentleman possessed of immense College preferment, and as having a life interest in extensive College lands, which were a security equal to anything. Accordingly, the money was raised for him, and he was a regular dealer for several years. By raising the wind to pay off arrears, when other resources were not to be had, and by applying the produce of good luck and *skilful* play to redeem some of his annuities, he obtained a great character amongst the clients as a very good and safe man. This served him to good purpose on a future day, and money was raised on annuity to the amount of £20,000; but how much of this he pocketed, and how much the agent retained for himself, is best known to themselves. But the *fellow* is now abroad, and the annuitants, some of them poor widows, who ventured their last shilling, will probably never get another farthing. Even the trifling produce of the fellowship is not attachable, being like a parson’s living and an officer’s pay. This instance will be sufficient to explain the system.

“Immense sums are laid out on very small securities. Sometimes, plate and jewels are deposited, to be kept as a security for the payment of the annuity. The agent will

represent the plate as being five times more valuable than it is, and the jewels as equal to the wealth of Golconda. These treasures are shown to the clients, and as such things are tempting, five or ten times the value will be raised on the security. If all are in one deed, then they go share and share alike in the loss ; but if they come in different deeds, subsequent to one another—Woe to the hindmost.

“ Good securities are overloaded. A noble lord, whose ill-regulated sporting propensities and annuity selling had brought him into great difficulties, was induced to make over the whole of his estates to trustees, for the purpose of liquidating his debts, reserving to himself a net £5000 a-year, upon which to live. Another man would have endeavoured to exist upon that sum, and in time his estates would have been disencumbered, and he might then have provided for his numerous family, and lived in increased splendour—but such was not the decree of Fate. On the strength and security of this £5000 a-year, he must raise more money by way of annuity ; and he and the agent together loaded this £5000 a-year with a burden of upwards of £7000 a-year—Woe to the hindmost !

“ Certain lands in the west of England were valued by a surveyor, and reported upon oath to yield about £5400 a-year ; but it has since been found, that betwixt deceptions practised on the surveyor, and the fall of rents, there is a material reduction, and £3000 a-year is the full net rental. These lands were overloaded, even if the first rental had been correct ; and as much money was raised upon their security as required £7000 a-year to meet. For the first payments, money was obtained by putting an execution in the gentleman’s house ; but as that source has since failed—Woe to the hindmost !

“ Of Cheating and Robbing the Grantors.

“ The system of annuities is very ruinous in its nature to whoever gets involved in it ; for, even if we imagine it to

be possible that an annuity-broker could be an honest man, still the high interest of $12\frac{1}{2}$, $14\frac{2}{7}$, and $16\frac{2}{3}$ per cent. is so destructive of property, in addition to all costs and charges, that it must lead to ruin. This is, however, so palpable, that a man must see it with his own eyes; and if he do not see it already, it is of no use to point it out, for he must be destitute of the faculty of vision. But there are various modes of cheating and robbing noblemen and gentlemen who fall into the usurer's den, which it is excusable in them not to be aware of, and some of these we shall point out.

“Enormous charge of raising the annuity. Ten per cent. on the gross sum raised, or consideration-money, was the regular charge at a celebrated office: and it was reckoned a much more genteel way of doing business than making out a long bill like a tailor. In cases where a very large sum was raised of £40,000 or £50,000, and the grantor was very hard to deal with, as low a charge as nine per cent. has been agreed upon. This was not all clear profit to the agent, for there was the expense of the stamps, engrossing the deeds, and other matters; but still, making these deductions, it left a very handsome profit, and it was a great reduction of the sum to be received by the grantor. So that, when he bargained to give the clients the $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., it was, in fact, 14 per cent. on the sum actually received; and where he was to give $14\frac{2}{7}$ per cent., it was, in reality, 16 per cent. on the sum received; and where he bargained to give $16\frac{2}{3}$ per cent., it was, in reality, $18\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; and then, in addition to arrears and redemption-fine, he had to pay the consideration-money mentioned in his deed, which was £10 for every £9 which he had received.

“It is true that it is now decided that such a system of bargaining and charging is illegal; and if a nobleman or gentleman will disgrace himself in a court of law, he may get redress; but many persons have been aware of this long ago, and, in general, solicitors take a more careful way of going to work. Their system is to charge no more for raising the annuity than the 10 per cent. allowed by the Act

of Parliament, but then they make out a regular bill of costs; they charge for attendances and consultations, for perusing and examining papers and deeds to decide on the security, for drawing deeds, engrossing copies, and so forth; so that they make a monstrous and frightful bill, amounting to such a sum that the grantor is not any the better for the law putting it out of his power to make a bargain for a fixed sum at once.

“Where a small sum only is raised, the charge is quite enormous. A poor man in Chelsea was hard driven for money, and came to an old usurer to get a supply. He had immediately £50 on account, and an annuity deed was soon drawn up, in which, for £196 consideration-money, he bound himself to pay £28 a-year during his life. But when the business came to be concluded, he was astounded at finding a bill of costs of £46 brought against him for raising the money, and the deeds. It was in vain he fell on his knees, and pleaded his own distress, and that of a large family. Contempt and insult were all he received: and he was threatened to be arrested for the £50 he had had advanced to him. He had no help but to execute the deeds, and take his £100, which, with the £50 he had had, and the £46 for costs, made the whole £196. Thus, in reality, he borrowed £150 at the rate of $18\frac{2}{3}$ per cent., and could not get clear but by paying all arrears and £203, being consideration money, and one quarter’s redemption-fine, together with all legal costs and charges attending the transaction.

“It will thus appear, the agent reduces the grantor into his power by making him a small advance. The small sum received does not relieve the necessities of the grantor, and as he has no ready means of repaying it, he is in the power of the agent. Hence he must submit to all iniquitous demands for costs, and also to such terms and rate per cent. as the agent pleases. Thus he is promised at first that the money will be got at 10 per cent., but he finds, when he comes to execute, that he has to pay $14\frac{2}{7}$ per cent., receiving only seven years’ purchase instead of ten.

“ It ought not to be supposed that when an agent makes an advance of money, whilst the annuity deed is in preparation, that he does it without security, or for the love of God. It is done by one of the clerk’s drawing a bill, which the party accepts, and then it is discounted, and at the usurer’s rate of 10 per cent. This some people will say is illegal—but such people know very little about the matter. If there be any reason to dread that the customer will be troublesome, there is always a third party into whose hands the bill is put, who will do whatever is needful to enforce its payment, and it is of no use to resist it, and there will be no means of proving that the third party has had any concern in the usury.

“ If application be made for money, and the applicant soon after send word he can do without it, he will not escape without a bill of costs. A sporting gentleman applied to an agent for £3000, and put into his hands certain deeds which he proposed as securities, and went off immediately for Newmarket. Happening to lay on the winning horse, he netted such a sum as made it unnecessary for him to grant the annuity, and he accordingly wrote off immediately to town, to stop all expenses—but that was of no use. The deeds had never been looked at, but immediately after the letter was received, they were examined, and a bill of costs, with fees for counsellor’s opinion, was made out to the amount of £20, and this was paid on the restoration of the deeds.

“ Capt. ——— applied to raise £1900, and afterwards declined to complete, but he was made to pay £260, for deeds and costs.

“ This was done in the case of a Capt. ———, who granted an annuity of which the Marquis of ——— was the collateral security. But the agent happening to quarrel with one of his clerks, the secret was divulged to the Marquis; and he, knowing the advantage he thus possessed, set the agent at defiance, when he applied for the money, and the agent did not dare to proceed for fear of consequences. The proper mode of guarding against such tricks, is to obtain an attested copy of the deed; but noblemen and gentle-

men, who sign deeds often without hearing them read over, and always without seeing whether they are read correctly, are not the men to do things as they ought to be done.

Reading over one deed to the grantor, and then substituting another, which he signs, supposing it to be the same which he had just heard read, is a dexterous piece of sleight of hand, which is wonderfully creditable, and, after all, not very difficult. It is only for one of the clerks to come to the door, and interrupt the parties as soon as the reading is about finished; the agent, in haste, runs to the door to see what is the matter, with the deed in his hand, and returns with a different deed, but exactly resembling the first in appearance.

“Great talent must be employed in making out a grantor’s account. A young nobleman or gentleman, who spends his time in the society of horses, dogs, gamblers, and loose women—who raises one sum of money on the back of another—who raises temporary accommodation, by accepting bills—and keeps no account himself of what he signs or does—is not very able to understand his own account, or to recollect so much of the transactions as to be able to check it. Still the account must be made out in a *proper* and somewhat decent manner, to bear inspection, in case it should so happen that it was put in better hands than his own. A moderate degree of *talent* and *conscience* in the clerk is desirable, and may be rendered highly productive.

“Some grantors are at last brought to that state of degradation and infamy, that they become mere tools of the money-agents; and fortune, fame, and reputation, are all lost, for the dirty wages of iniquity which he pays to those who prostitute themselves to his service. They put their names to bills, and employ their time and talents to raise money upon them, for the joint purposes of both parties.”

“I could relate,” observed LOGIC, “numerous other cases equally important with those you are now acquainted with; but, I hope, the few I have pointed out to your notice will suffice. Therefore, *Splinter*, be on your guard; avoid all further intercourse with OLD SCREW: and, as my last request, keep out of the CLUTCHES of *such* money-lenders!”

CHAPTER IX.

CORINTHIAN KATE'S residence: unexpected arrival of TOM: the inconstancy of KATE detected, and her separation from the Corinthian. The consequences of neglect in matters of attachment. Grief displayed by TOM on the improper conduct of his Mistress; but there is a time for everything. A change of scene necessary. LIFE IN THE EAST. TOM, LOGIC, and JERRY, called to the BAR by the Benchers. The John Bull Fighter exhibiting his cups; and the "uncommonly big Gentleman" highly amused with the surrounding group. From the seat of war to the lap of love. Dangerous to be safe; or, the abrupt departure. JANE MERRYTHOUGHT at her wit's end. Lady WANTON'S reputation in danger, and JERRY compelled to retreat. Flirtation versus Inconstancy; both of the heroes at fault, yet nothing very uncommon in LIFE IN LONDON.

CORINTHIAN TOM, like too many other men of high fashion had become rather neglectful in his visits towards KATE; and although not absolutely *tired* of his once idol, his dearest girl, nay, more, his *tout*, yet he had *cooled* considerably in his degrees of attachment towards her person. His purse was still at the service of CORINTHIAN KATE; her wants were also supplied with an unsparing hand; but it was evident that this fascinating woman now ranked only as a *secondary* consideration in his mind. It is true that KATE had not absolutely "outlived his liking;" but it was only when he had no other place or person particularly to visit, that her residence claimed his attention. This *coolness* had long been noticed by KATE; but her pride, although inwardly wounded, would not let her remonstrate with the CORINTHIAN on account of his neglect. But she treasured it up in silence, and determined, the first opportunity that

offered itself, to be revenged for such treatment. *Attention* she must have, and *attention* she would have. A fine woman, indeed, like CORINTHIAN KATE, to be treated with contempt! No, no! flesh and blood could not bear it. She, therefore, looked out for attention from other quarters. But the confidence of TOM had not yet been shaken; and, in all probability, the connection might have *politely* dragged on for some years, had not the following unexpected circumstance put an end to it. *Fanny*, the waiting-maid of KATE, having been detected in a *faux pas*, and being somewhat severely reprimanded for it by her mistress, determined, the first opportunity that offered, to gratify her revenge, by exposing the conduct of CORINTHIAN KATE to TOM; and she therefore sent to him the following letter:—

“Sir,—I am sorry to inform you, that Miss CORINTHIAN KATE is untrue to you. She loves another—and your rival is now in her company. Your confidence has been for some time past very much abused; and your bounty also squandered away upon others. Come this evening, Sir, without fail. Give but one knock at the door; no suspicion will then be excited in my mistress. I will be in readiness, and let you in. I have been deceived in Miss KATE; you have also been grossly deceived: but I cannot conceal such duplicity any longer from the most liberal of masters.

“Sir, I am your humble servant,

“FANNY ———.

“*Corinthian Tom, Esq.*”

Upon the receipt of this unexpected epistle, the rage of TOM knew no bounds; and he obeyed the summons of KATE's waiting-maid like lightning. But his choler was so great that he had hardly patience to obey her orders. However, the bare idea of a rival was quite enough to excite his resentment. He gave the single gentle knock at the door—was up the first flight of stairs in an instant, and pounced upon KATE and her gallant so suddenly, as to leave no doubt in his mind of her inconstancy. The unexpected appearance of TOM operated like an electric shock upon the feelings of KATE and her gallant; and, notwithstanding her pride and arrogance, she was nearly petrified with fear.

Her gallant, as the plate represents, endeavoured to conceal himself, in the best manner he could, behind the curtains; but his military hat and gloves, left upon the carpet, betrayed symptoms of guilt, too strong to be confuted. The agitation of TOM was excessive; and the idea of a rival supplanting him before his face, almost drove him to madness. On recovering a little from his astonishment, he exclaimed to KATE:—"Is this the return you make to me, Madam, for my kindness and liberality towards you? But explanation is unnecessary; your base conduct admits of no defence, and I shall now take my leave of you for ever!" KATE, who was more vexed at being surprised with her gallant, than feeling anything like sorrow for the indiscretion itself, replied, with the utmost haughtiness of manner, "There is no terror in your threats, Sir, I assure you; I heed them not. Leave me when you think proper; but the sooner the better. I can be well provided for to-morrow, and not experience neglect. It is all your own fault." "Inconstant woman! Ungrateful creature!" replied Tom, visibly affected, and quitted the house without uttering another syllable.

CORINTHIAN KATE, like most kept mistresses, had two strings to her bow, and she did not endure any real sorrow for the detection. Her new admirer was a gay Captain; extremely rich; quite enamoured with KATE, and positively could not refuse her anything she wished. KATE, therefore, quitted the residence appointed for her by TOM, with the most perfect indifference. She valued herself upon her fine figure, beauty, and accomplishments; and flattered herself it was not too late in the day for her to make numerous conquests.

TOM hastily returned to *Corinthian House*, completely disgusted with the scene he had witnessed at the residence of KATE; and, in the heat of his revenge, resolutely determined to banish all recollection of his once-beloved mistress from his mind, and never, no, never, under any circumstances, to *think* of, or speak to her any more during his

lifetime. The irritation he displayed at her inconstancy, ingratitude, and hauteur, was so great, that almost "for an apple" he would have "damned all mankind." His feelings indeed were so much disordered, that he did not recover the shock for several days; and all the persuasions of JERRY, LOGIC, and the "uncommonly big Gentleman," united, could not prevail on him to quit the house. But TOM found it was easier to plan than to execute; and, in spite of the inconstancy of KATE, he found it a work of greater difficulty, when in solitude, than he had previously imagined in his moments of passion—to erase all impressions of the once-admired Kate from his memory. But TIME, that great reliever of the mind, that general cure for grief and sorrow, ultimately restored TOM once more to himself; and, although it was not his boast that he had entirely forgotten the graces of the once splendid CORINTHIAN KATE, yet he had gained confidence enough to give her the "cut direct," and the proud, imperious KATE was left to her fate.

In the course of a few days, the frolicsome party were again under sailing orders, in search after new scenes and adventures. SIR JOHN BLUBBER proposed to our heroes another visit to his *Snuggery*: "But," said he, "Jerry, be on your guard this time, and keep out of mischief." "Do not repeat old grievances," replied LOGIC; "but take care of yourself, and leave TOM and JERRY to do the best they can for themselves. We shall accept of your friendly invitation; and, as I am aware that JERRY is rather partial to the *Fancy*, and he has not been at any of their meetings since his arrival in town, we cannot do better than give the *John Bull Fighter* a *turn*, in Leadenhall Market, in our road to the Tower." "I must confess," replied JERRY, "that I am very partial to Pugilism; and I feel confident, in a national point of view, that Boxing tends greatly to support and promote that sort of TRUE COURAGE, which has so distinguished the English nation from time immemorial. I am anxious to visit the *John Bull Fighter's* house; therefore, let us be off without loss of time."

On their arrival at the *Half Moon Tap*, which the au-



COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES - *Washington* *May 1861* *arrived 9 11 AM*

THE EAST END



PARLOUR
UPSTAIRS.

nixed plate faithfully represents, our heroes expressed their approbation of the Silver Cup given to *Josh. Hudson* by the friends of TRUE COURAGE; "and, as we have been called to the BAR," said LOGIC, "let us be *brief* on the matter, and get into *practice* as quick as we can. Therefore, *Josh.*, fill the cup with the right sort of *stuff*, that we may all drink out of it." "Me like a cup," said *Josh.*'s black boxer, holding up his fists. "A silver cup be a damn goot ting for massa. Must be a good hit to make de cup by one blow. Me will hit 'em hard for a cup, when next me fights." "This is the *Bar* for life and fun," observed LOGIC; "and many learned lawyers might be cross-examined at the above *stop* with the most ludicrous effect; and their *CHOPS cut up* in good style by the *stickers* to knock-down argument. And, I will bet a trifle, the most knowing of the gents. of the long robe would not have a *point* the best of those chaff-cutters. There are no idle moments at this *Crib*," continued LOGIC; "and the entrances and exits are of the most original description. The *John Bull Fighter* and his helpmates are all upon the bustle, from peep of day until the Scout proclaims 'all's well!' at eleven; and the different scenes to be witnessed here are often as diverting as an excellent comedy. The points of law, points of the game, and points of humour, afford arguments throughout the day for most of the visitors; and the jolly host is most anxious not to lose a *point* upon any subject. The wit of the stage, produced by the numerous *dragsmen* taking their morning *whets*, frequently creates roars of laughter; the slang remarks of the *commoners* in tossing off their *drams*; and the inquiries of the *Swells*, after the movements in the Sporting World, over their glasses of sherry, make the thing not only complete, but a fine picture of real life in a peculiar point of view: and *fingering* the blunt into the bargain. In looking round you," said the *Oxonian*, "you may be perfectly satisfied that titles and riches are not the principal ingredients towards happiness in this life; you may likewise witness independence of mind to the very echo—the true English feeling among these sort of folks—a kind of win gold and wear it. Their notions are so jolly, that if a Duke

were to come it too strong at this *Bar*, as to his superior situation in society, he would stand a good chance to be taken down a peg, without the slightest fear as to the consequences. No persons are more industrious, or strive harder to get an honest penny, than the market-people; they rise early, work hard, enjoy themselves, and care for nobody: and of the liberty of the subject they are tenacious in the extreme."

The CORINTHIAN, who never did things by halves, ordered the cup to be filled with Champagne, and presented to JERRY, who immediately drank the health of "Mine host! and success to Boxing on national principles." This sentiment was repeated by the fat Knight; and TOM and LOGIC also did honour to the toast. The history of the Ring was entered into with great spirit by the whole of the party, and the talents and capabilities of the different Pugilists were descanted upon by TOM with his usual knowledge of men and manners. The CORINTHIAN related the following anecdote with much humour:—"Your Black, *Josh.*," said TOM, "reminds me of the days of MOLINEAUX. After the period of that *sable* hero, who had made so tremendous a hit in the Milling World, you remember, LOGIC, the verse of the following song, which the late Jack Emery, of Covent Garden Theatre, used to chaunt with such glee:—

You gentleman of fortune attend unto my ditty
 A few lines I have penn'd upon this great fight,
 In the centre of England, the noble place is pitch'd on,
 For the VALOUR OF THIS COUNTRY, or *America's* delight;
 The sturdy Black doth swear,
 The moment he gets there,
 The planks the stage is built on, he'll make them blaze and smoke;
 Then Cribb, with smiling face,
 Says, 'These boards I'll ne'er disgrace,
 They're *relations of mine*, they're OLD ENGLISH OAK.'

—the boxers in general were upon the alert to pick up another *man of colour*, to supply his place in the P.R., and also as a profitable source of speculation. *Tom Oliver* always kept a good look-out for a *striking* subject, and

whenever *Tom* met a *Black* in the streets, who appeared to have some *milling* requisites about his person, *Tom* immediately introduced himself to the stranger, and also invited him to partake of some good cheer at his lush crib in Westminster. The first thing was a good *blow-out*, to make the 'visit pleasant;' and then, upon the removal of the cloth, the trial scene with the *gloves*. *Sam Robinson*, who fought several battles in the P.R., was picked up in this manner; but the judgment of *Tom* often proved incorrect, and he was frequently compelled to turn-up his street acquaintances, who could not stand *cutting-up*, with the loss of his *grub* and *heavy wet*. In one of *Oliver's* peregrinations through the streets of London, he met with a fine slashing Yankee Black: *Tom* was very much pleased with his form, and flattered himself a second MOLINEAUX was at hand. Without hesitation, *Tom Oliver* entered into conversation with him on the subject; told the *man of colour*, if he would attend to his instructions, he might soon make a little fortune, and invited him, as usual, home to dinner. 'Tanky, massa,' replied the *sable* hero, 'me like the chink; very goot for poor *Blacky*—me do every ting you biddy me.'" *Tom* in a great hurry got home, ordered his affectionate rib to produce the rump steaks for his guest without loss of time: and the *grub* and the *bub* were soon afterwards on the table, to furnish the *Victualling Office* of the hungry overjoyed *Black*. 'If they can *grub* well,' said *Oliver*, 'I am satisfied it is a good point towards *milling* well; but if a cove can't *peck*, I would not give much for him as a fighting man.'

"*Blacky punished* the steaks, swallowed all the potatoes, and took the lining out of a quart of porter, like winking. 'Well done,' cries *Tom*, 'by heavens! you are a fine grubber!' The Black *blushed* at this remark, and unfortunately giving a glance at *Oliver's* face, the latter, in an instant, recollected he had seen his *black mug* before, at his friendly board; and starting up, not exactly after the elegant manner of *Hamlet*, alarmed at the appearance of his father's ghost, but placing himself in a fighting attitude, exclaimed,

in an angry tone of voice, 'Why, blow my dickey! you are the same *impostor* that devoured my beef-steaks and other comforts six months ago; and when I gave you only a gentle *tap* on your guts, you roared out ten thousand murders! Bolt! brush! begone! and never let me see your ugly black *mug* any more; or else I will have my beef-steaks out of your hide!' The Black, trembling, and scarcely knowing how to make his *exit* with anything like safety to his person, cried out, 'Me go directly, Massa *Oliver*; but you wrong, very wrong, to say only gentle tap! No! no! more like de kick of de great big cart-horse! My belly never been well since—it growl all day—growl all night—growl ever since! Me go, massa—I am gone. Me always say, I do as you biddy me.' It is needless to observe," said the CORINTHIAN, "that the Black was glad to escape in a whole skin." "Bravo!" exclaimed JERRY; "I never heard a better anecdote in my life." The cup was again filled, and *milling* toasted to the end of the chapter. The evening passed off so pleasantly that the *Snuggery* was entirely forgotten; and the party did not quit the *John Bull Fighter's* crib until daylight appeared.

During the time of breakfast, the next morning, the following letter was put into the hands of JERRY, by the CORINTHIAN'S footman:—

"Sir,—I have kept my promise, and if you are discreet all will go on well; but if you are impetuous and imprudent, I will not answer for the consequences. You must entirely abide by my directions. Your *billet-doux* I placed on my lady's toilet. Her ladyship did not appear to be out of humour with the compliments you paid to her talents and person; but she said, 'your presumption in soliciting an interview at her house ought to be checked: and that she never would forgive herself for such an act of indiscretion.' But I know her ladyship better than she knows herself: her opinions vary with the hour. Leave the rest to me. Sir Richard is out of town, and I do not know when such an opportunity may occur again. Call this evening; her ladyship will be all alone—and I will risk an introduction for you. Be punctual. Eight o'clock. The coast will be clear: and I will be in readiness to receive you.—I remain, Sir, Your humble servant,

"JANE MERRYTHOUGHT.

"*Jerry Hawthorn, Esq.*"

“Charming MERRYTHOUGHT!” exclaimed JERRY, folding up the letter, and securing it in his escritoir, “I was almost afraid that she had forgotten me: but I love her, if it is only for the ingenuity she displays in matters of this kind. Her head is always at work; she plans like a general; and I hope her mode of attack will prove successful. However, I shall place myself entirely at the disposal of this little *sprig* of intrigue; and I flatter myself that surprise or danger will be out of the question.” JERRY thought every minute an hour, until the appointed time arrived that his dear little MERRYTHOUGHT was to procure him an interview with the attractive, dashing, flirting Lady WANTON.

Our hero set himself off to the best advantage; or, as the term goes, he endeavoured to make himself look as agreeable and interesting as possible! and as fast as a coach could rattle him over the stones, he was exact to his time at the residence of Lady WANTON. Miss MERRYTHOUGHT was on the alert to receive him, at the garden gate; and JERRY, paying attention to the cue of his fair conductress, was through the hall in an instant, up one flight of stairs like lightning, and ushered into the presence of Lady WANTON, without the knowledge of any person in the house except herself—so cleverly had JANE accomplished her task. MERRYTHOUGHT was completely in the confidence of her mistress; nay, she might be termed the right hand of her Ladyship in all affairs of this kind; she had, therefore, previously given her Ladyship an intimation that Mr. HAWTHORN would do himself the honour of a call, in order to obtain the pardon of her Ladyship, for the supposed affront he had given her at Bath, although he was unconscious of having committed the slightest offence.

“MERRYTHOUGHT, what have you done?” exclaimed her Ladyship; “how could you be so thoughtless as to introduce this young man into my presence, without my approbation?” “Your Ladyship,” said JERRY, in the most soothing manner, “I hope will pardon MERRYTHOUGHT,

and rather censure my rashness to obtain an interview, after such numerous disappointments, with Lady WANTON, than complain of want of attention on the part of your waiting-woman." MERRYTHOUGHT, who was an adept in these matters, and being well assured it was all a subterfuge on the part of her mistress, stole away, to use a sporting phrase, and left JERRY and Lady WANTON, to settle the matter in dispute between them! "Then, young man," replied Lady WANTON, endeavouring to assume an angry tone, "such *rashness* must be punished; and if you do not instantly quit this apartment, I shall ring the bell, and give orders to my footman to shew you the door." "Did your Ladyship call?" said *Merrythought*, opening the door. "I thought I heard your Ladyship say you wanted the footman—but all the men-servants are out." At the same time giving a significant look at JERRY to take the hint, and not to be alarmed, for it was all trick and *finesse* of her Ladyship.

JERRY was quite in possession of the *real* character of Lady WANTON, not only by common report in the Fashionable World, as one of the greatest flirts in the kingdom, but her waiting-maid had also let him into the secret, that her Ladyship was made up of art. To be flattered by the men was her delight, and she swallowed their praises by wholesale; she kept them dangling after her train for months, all in anxious expectation, and then laughed at them for being fools. Revenge was, therefore, sweet to our hero; and he thought no time was to be lost, but to seize the golden, glorious opportunity to lay the train well, and by making his gradual approaches secure, ultimately carry the citadel by storm. "Do not pronounce my *banishment*, dear lady," said JERRY, "before you have heard my story! Be not inexorable, but let me beg you to relax a little from your severity of manner towards one of your sincerest admirers. Come, fair lady, let me entreat ——" "I ought not to listen to you at all," answered Lady WANTON, in a less severe tone of voice; "but if you promise to behave as a gentleman, I may be induced to

hear what you have to say ; but I am afraid, Sir, you are one of those young boasters of the day, who, if a lady only gives them a civil answer, it is magnified by them into favours of the last description, and the reputation of a lady deemed of little consequence." "Dear lady, do not think so meanly of my pretensions. I would sooner lose my life, than disgrace myself as a lover of the fair sex, and tarnish my character as a man of honour. Since I first saw your beautiful form at the Masquerade, I have been your most passionate and sincere admirer, nay, your slave ; but your more than interesting, lovely face now rivets my chains stronger than ever : also take into your consideration your cruel treatment to me at Bath, and remember your promise !"

"Promise, Sir," said Lady WANTON, "I do not recollect any promise ; you are now presuming, indeed. Promise ! What did I promise ?" "To make me happy !" replied JERRY, "to compensate in some degree for all the unhappy hours you have been the cause of, to my aspiring soul. Did I not expound your almost inexplicable *riddle* at the Masquerade ? Did I not, at your entreaty, let you depart without a remonstrance ? And did I not acquiesce in your request to be gone, when Sir RICHARD was in view ? But come, my charming Lady WANTON, do not let us lose the glorious opportunity, which now so kindly presents itself to make me happy ; cast aside all further coyness, and behold your devoted slave !" Throwing himself down upon one knee, and seizing hold of her hand, he kissed it with the utmost rapture, and was proceeding, *sans ceremonie*, to obtain a chaste salute of her ruby lips. "Stop, stop a bit, Sir ; not quite so fast, if you please," said Lady WANTON, relaxing from her austerity of manner. "Were I inclined to believe you are sincere in your declaration, the citadel is not to be taken by storm ; sword in hand will never do to obtain from me a capitulation. No, no !" with a most fascinating look, "the fortress must surrender at discretion. I must have some further proof of your sincerity than mere assertion. Give me a specimen of your good conduct this evening, and, at another opportunity, you may, per-

haps, stand higher in my opinion. You are too impetuous; you are a complete Sportsman, in every point of view; nothing seems to impede your progress; and neither hedge nor ditch are obstacles to your pursuit. The General is for a vigorous attack, as the only sure mode of success; the Sportsman follows his bird with unabated activity; but the Lover pursues a more mild, endearing course, to obtain victory." "Only teach me, fair lady," said JERRY, "the way to obtain your approbation, and you shall find me a most apt and attentive scholar. Under such an accomplished mistress, I must rapidly succeed. Believe me, my dear Lady WANTON, I am sincerely in love with you."

"Do not talk nonsense!" replied her Ladyship; "neither be rude nor offensive; and do not meanly take advantage of your present situation. Sit down, Sir, and behave like a gentleman; converse on such topics that I can listen to you with pleasure, and convince me that JERRY HAWTHORN, Esq., is a person of mind, as well as a man of the world. If you do not attend to my instructions, beware of the consequences; one word from me expels you from the house in an instant, never more to return. Therefore be wise, be prudent." At the conclusion of her Ladyship's speech, JERRY was almost at a *stand-still*—he appeared quite confused, and at a loss how to proceed. He wanted little *Merrythought* at his elbow. Indeed, the talents of Lady WANTON were of too superior a description for our hero; she was too great an adept at intrigue; a *flirt* to the end of the chapter; and her pride, boast, and glory was to ensnare the fellows, and then afterwards laugh at them for their folly. "My dear Lady WANTON," replied JERRY, on recovering from his surprise, and endeavouring to put a good face upon the matter, "surely, you cannot be serious; you have almost *chilled* my blood with your remark, laid down with as much gravity as a judge upon the bench, passing sentence of death upon a poor unhappy criminal. But, a truce to this moralizing—your Ladyship is *jesting* with me. Let the evening be dedicated to pleasure and happiness; treat me as I deserve; and if I unfortunately

should offend your Ladyship, I will most readily submit to any punishment you may think proper to inflict on me, for not adhering to your grave, wise, and admonitory counsels." "Agreed!" said her Ladyship, putting her fan before her face, in order to conceal her smiles at the *satiric* manner with which JERRY had treated her *would-be* grave remarks on the score of propriety:—

Then the lover,
Sighing like a furnace, with woeful ballad,
Made to his mistress' eyebrow.

The long-wished period to the Lover, yet so difficult to accomplish, had now arrived, and JERRY found himself *tête-à-tête* with the fascinating Lady WANTON, and without the fear of interruption. The gay, lively, shrewd *Merrythought* took her station at the out-posts, to give the first alarm of the approach of an enemy; and a more vigilant sentinel in the Court of Love was not to be found enlisted under the banners of Cupid. The scene was now intoxicating to our hero: sparkling champagne had enriched him with a fine flow of spirits, and he gave full scope to his imagination; he toasted the health of her Ladyship "o'er and o'er again," and, as the advocate of Love, he became unusually eloquent.

As the evening advanced, her Ladyship also began to relax from her rigid notions of propriety; the conversation on both sides became more interesting, tender, and warm, and reserve was in a great measure laid aside. JERRY was rather *pressing*, as to the ardour of his passion, and Lady WANTON not quite so coy as heretofore. The Young One had now completely lost sight of the ardent sportsman, in the impassioned, persuasive admirer; and the cold FLIRT had given way to the woman of warmer feelings, by listening to the strains of a well-known amatory Poet, as emphatically sung in her ear by our hero:—

They may rail at this life—from the hour I began it,
I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss;
And until they can shew me some happier planet,
More social and bright, I'll content me with this.

As long as the world has such eloquent eyes,
 As before me this moment enraptured I see,
 They may say what they will of their orbs in the skies,
 But the earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

The moments had now become dangerous to the cause of morality—a few seconds more, aye, only a few seconds more, and all the water in the immense ocean might not have been able to have *purified* the reputation of Lady WANTON from the sneers of the busy, meddling world—when *Merrythought* burst into the room, out of breath, but started back a little on beholding Jerry and her Ladyship folded in the arms of each other, exclaiming, “My Lady, my Lady! what is to be done—the Baronet’s carriage is at the door?” “What shall I do?” said JERRY, rather alarmed, and hastily quitting the embrace of his fair heroine. “Jump out of this window without delay—there is no alternative—there is no danger!” replied *Merrythought*. “It looks into the garden; it is not far from the ground; but if you hesitate one moment, we shall be ruined. Then wait until I come to you; in the mean time, I will go and *manage* the Old Baronet, and your *retreat* will then be certain.”

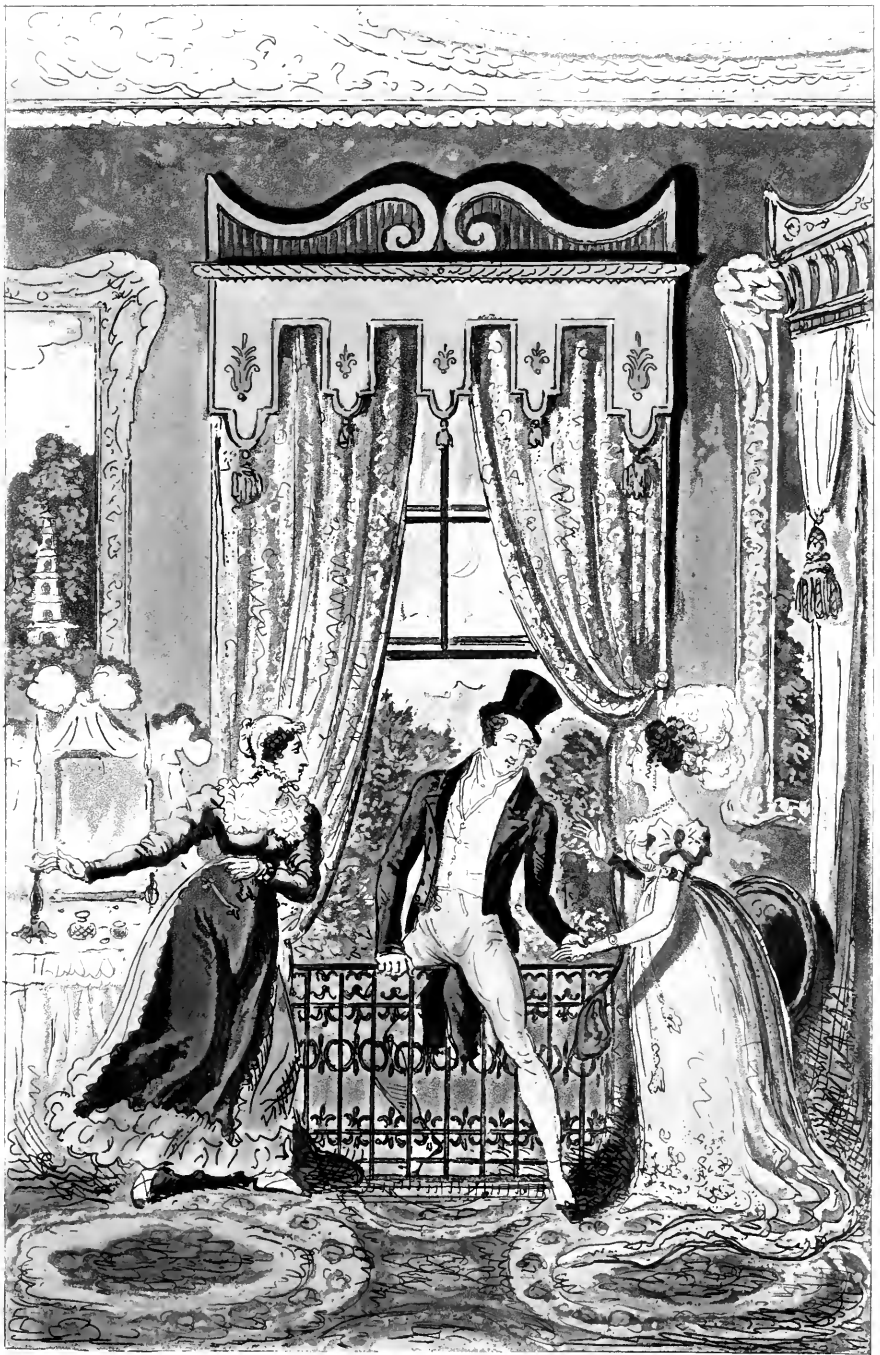
But the *coolness* displayed by her Ladyship astonished JERRY; there was nothing like *fright* exhibited in her conduct, on the sudden appearance of *Merrythought*; nay, on the contrary, she seemed to feel more angry at the *interruption* of her pleasure, than as to the consequences likely to result from the detection of an intrigue. “I am surprised,” said Lady WANTON, to her waiting-maid, “that Sir RICHARD should think of coming home, without first announcing his intention, by letter or otherwise, that I might have been prepared to have given him a suitable reception; but he has offended me by his precipitation. I will teach him better manners in future; I must and will be treated with proper respect. Go, *Merry*, and tell the Baronet,” urged her Ladyship, with the utmost *sang froid*, “if he is troublesome, that I am *dressing*, and I will wait upon him shortly in the drawing-room.” Lady WANTON knew perfectly well that she was safe in the hands of *Merry-*

thought; the latter was her *confidante*; in fact, her Ladyship was completely under her direction, in matters of this sort; but the rest of her domestics were terrified at the mere turn of Lady WANTON's eye; they had been completely drilled by *Merrythought* (as the only secure mode to keep their places and merit the approbation of their mistress), to "see, hear, and say, NOTHING." Her Ladyship was everything in the house—it was "her Ladyship, *this!*"—"her Ladyship, *that!*" and the old Baronet was not of the slightest consequence in his own residence, except in discharging the bills of the tradesmen, and in furnishing cash to supply the numerous extravagant wants and luxuries of his most *affectionate* and dashing, youthful bride. In truth, Lady WANTON had a complete control over the Baronet; and she also possessed the art and address to persuade Sir RICHARD that he was her idol, and the man of her decided choice. Her *word* was "the law;" and he had scarcely ever dared to dispute her authority. This might account, in a great measure, for the command of temper displayed by Lady WANTON on so trying an occasion.

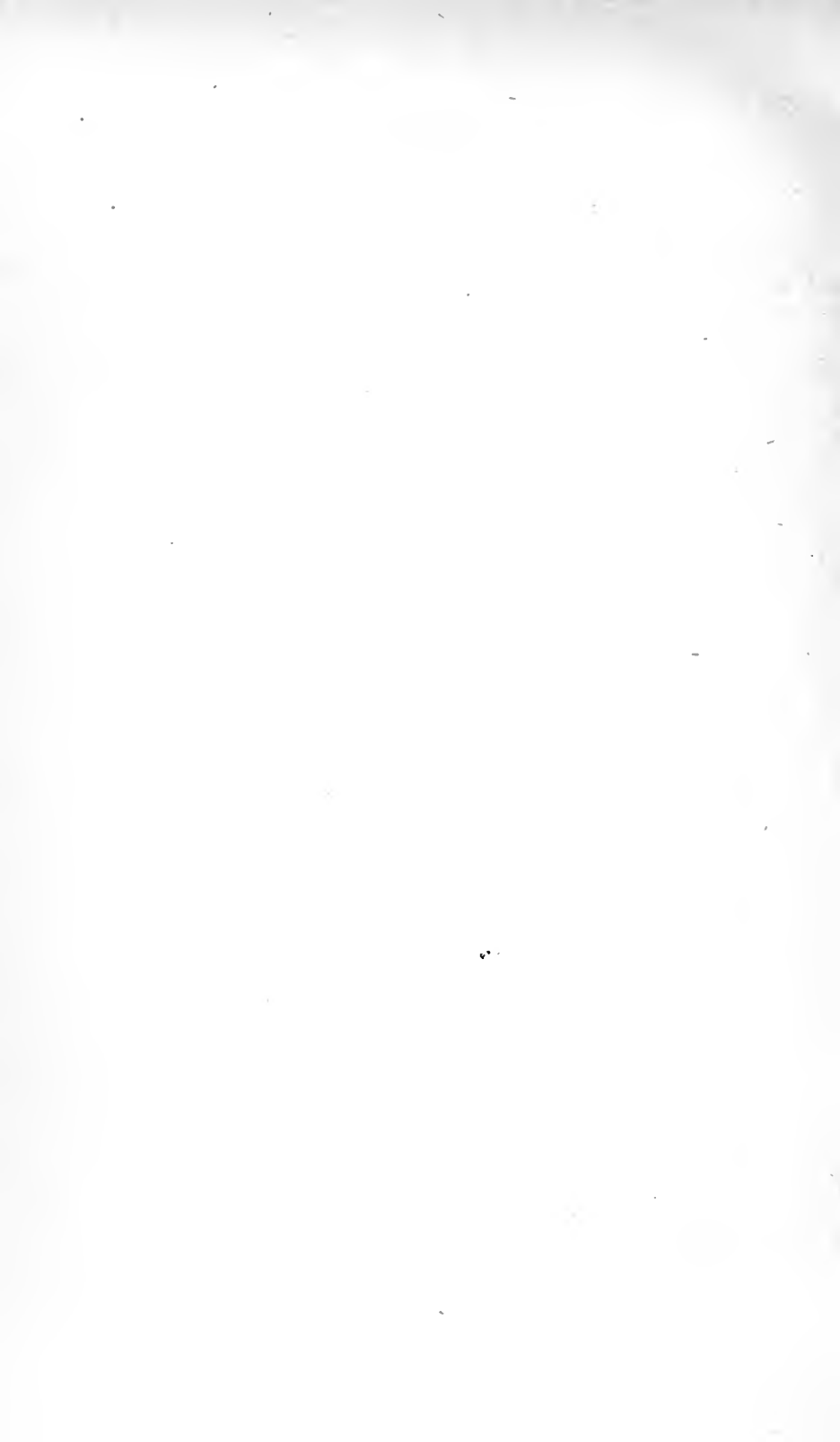
The *suspense* of JERRY was not easily to be described, and he could not disguise his agitation. Her Ladyship, with a kind of *satiric* smile, resuming something of the *Flirt*, observed to our hero, "You must now be aware, Sir, what dangers you have exposed me to; but I am alone to blame. I ought not to have permitted a young man to converse with me during the absence of my husband, in his house; however, it will prove a most profitable lesson to me in future, never again to be taken off my guard. What a horrid catastrophe might have occurred, had it not been for the vigilant *Merrythought*. Had the Baronet have pounced upon you in my apartment, you certainly would have been *shot* dead; or the men-servants called upon to have thrown you out of the window; and to wind up the story, perhaps, the Gentlemen of the Long Robe employed against you, to sue for damages. But pray, Sir, take care of yourself in your flight from the window——" "Do not talk," said

JERRY, "of *hurting* myself; I am more *hurt* in my mind, than any other consideration. But say, my dear charmer, when shall I have the pleasure of seeing you again?" At this instant, *Merrythought* returned, saying, "She had disposed of the Baronet for a few minutes, but that Sir RICHARD was impatient to see her Ladyship, and she had had great difficulty in keeping him down stairs. Therefore, Sir, pray take your departure; another minute's delay will be the overthrow of us all. I hear the Baronet's step upon the stairs——." JERRY, with great reluctance, prepared to quit the apartment; but previous to which, he caught hold of one of her Ladyship's hands, and pressing it to his lips, said, "Pray tell me when——" "Hush; for God's sake, hush!" whispered *Merrythought*, and motioned him to be silent, with her finger, when JERRY, stepping over the balcony, was out of sight in an instant, and alighted safe upon the ground in the garden. Scarcely had *Merrythought* shut down the window, drawn the curtains, and put the room in order, that no appearance of company might be perceived, when in hobbled Sir RICHARD WANTON. "Oh, you unkind creature!" said her Ladyship, running up to the Baronet, and kissing him, with the most apparent ecstasy. "How could you, Sir RICHARD, be so destitute of politeness, as not to let me know of your intention to return home? But, never mind, I am always glad to see you; to me you are more than welcome." At the same time giving the *wink* to her waiting-maid to be gone—*Merrythought* immediately took the *hint*, and lost no time in conducting JERRY safe out of the garden.

It was a delightful moonlight night, but nevertheless the sudden change of scene was horrible to the feelings of our hero; compelled to hide himself like a culprit, and also afraid to move from the spot, lest he should be attacked by a great dog, which he perceived stationed at the end of the garden for the protection of the premises, he cursed his unlucky stars again and again, in being thus disappointed. "Just at the moment," said he, "that Lady WANTON had condescended to forget her rigid notions of propriety, and



Daughters to be seen in the abrupt departure. JANE MERRYTHOUGHT of her will and WILSON WANTON'S reputation. JERRY and the others.



all was——.” He heard the rustling of a female’s clothes in the garden, and saw *Merrythought* making towards the place of his retreat. “Hush!” said she, “for your life; or I will not answer for the consequences. Follow me, and I will let you out.” JERRY tremblingly obeyed her dictates; she unlocked the door, and made a sign to him to be silent; he nevertheless stole a parting kiss, and, just as he was about to solicit for another interview, she hastily closed the door, and our hero found himself in the street.

JERRY, mortified beyond description, threw himself into a chariot, and soon found himself once more comfortably situated in CORINTHIAN HOUSE.

CHAPTER X.

The melancholy Fate of Kept Mistresses in general. Vicissitudes of CORINTHIAN KATE—Her various Keepers, and rapid degradation in society. Quiet moments, or a rational evening. TOM, JERRY, LOGIC, and the “uncommonly big Gentleman,” entering into the spirit of the “GAME OF FORFEITS” with the Ladies, at Sir Gregory Chance’s, the rich Banker. The two Old Maids—antique Portraits. A Bit of Good Truth. TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC enjoying the lark, song, fun, and frisk of a Cock and Hen Club—a rich Picture of Low Life.

THE dashing career of CORINTHIAN KATE with her new gallant, like most kept mistresses, was but of short duration. It is true, he was desperately fond of her for a few short-lived weeks, and indulged her in everything she could wish or desire, and his *darling Kate* was the heroine of his tale. But *constancy* was not the *forte* of the gallant Captain; he did not profess *sincerity* as one of his greatest virtues, but rather preferred the title of a general lover. He was fond of *notoriety*—and he was anxious to obtain it at any *expense*. If his talents were below *par*, and elevation of character could not be procured by his abilities, then the possession of high-bred cattle, and the keeping of fine women, were the only sources which presented themselves to *his* mind, whereby he might obtain a fleeting *consequence* with the town! The Captain was one of those *beings* who merely lived for himself—and the character of a man of fashion was the ultimatum of his wishes. With a roving disposition, he soon became satiated with the fine person of CORINTHIAN KATE; he also found fault with her extravagant disposition; and did not approve of her general conduct. He affected to be *jealous*, incessantly quarrelling with her upon the most trifling subjects, and declared himself a great

fool for connecting himself with a woman of her *grade* in society. But the real truth of the matter was, that she was too expensive for his purse. The Captain had seen a female he liked much better, and one more suited to his taste; he was therefore determined to *cut* with CORINTHIAN KATE the first opportunity which presented itself, that he might get rid of her with something like the outward appearance, on his part, of a man of *honour*. These repeated attacks operated like so many daggers to the lofty demeanour of KATE; she could not, she would not, submit to them; death would have been preferable; and she almost became mad with rage, mortification, and insult. She, that had been so tenderly treated by the CORINTHIAN, to be thus spurned at by a man whom she considered his inferior in every point of view, was more than she could tamely submit to, without giving vent to her indignant feelings; and, with more spirit than *prudence*, she bitterly retorted on the Captain for his want of honourable and gentlemanly conduct towards her, blamed herself, even to tears, for submitting to such an ungrateful, worthless fellow, and, in the whirlwind of her passion, bid him begone for ever from her sight. This was the *climax* the Captain had so anxiously wished to bring about—he only waited for something like a *dismissal*, that he might make good his *retreat*. With the utmost indifference, he laughed heartily at her spleen, and said, “he was sorry, upon his honour, that they had come to such an unpleasant conclusion, but that such circumstances often happened in life; FATE was everything, and we must submit to it. ‘Hanging and wiving,’ according to our immortal bard, both rested upon destiny; and lovers, true lovers, were born to bear a thousand cruel disappointments.” Then, holding out his hand, “Hoped, nevertheless, they should part good friends.” This contemptuous conduct on the part of the Captain towards CORINTHIAN KATE, was beyond all endurance, to a woman of her haughty spirit—and, although nearly choked with rage, she disdained to make any reply to his cruel taunts, but merely pointed to the door for him to quit the apartment. He immediately discharged the rent, tradesmen’s

bills, &c., and placed on the table a bank-note for one hundred pounds. Then, with a self-approving smile, he took his departure, whistling a popular air, and CORINTHIAN KATE, for the first time in her life, found herself without a protector.

In spite of her pride, for a few days after the retirement of the gallant Captain, she gave way to her *chagrin*, and forcibly felt her reduced situation in life; but as the luxury of woe was not a thriving quality for a person of CORINTHIAN KATE'S disposition, she immediately banished it from her company, and made up her mind to put a more cheerful face on the matter. She was also well aware that her *real* character was very likely soon to be *blown* upon, and the world in general become acquainted with her mode of life. *Squeamishness* was now out of the question, and another chance offering itself, KATE was once more the acknowledged mistress of a man of *ton*; a gentleman who had long sighed for the reversion of her charms; in fact, he had made overtures to CORINTHIAN KATE, during her career with TOM, but, at that period, she had very properly refused to listen to them. But the case was altered; necessity has no law; money she must have; and her feelings were so completely changed respecting mankind, that one gallant was of equal importance to her, on the score of *attachment*, as another. Respect and feeling for the male sex were at an end with KATE; therefore, in future, her intentions were to treat them more like articles of merchandise, than to look for those inestimable qualities of honour, generosity, and kindness, which are expected and ought to reign paramount in the breast of every individual, in behalf of the most lovely part of the creation. The passion of love, which once had so powerfully filled her bosom, when that love was returned by the CORINTHIAN, was now turned into implacable *revenge* against all mankind; and art, systematic art, was in future to regulate her conduct—to *persuade* rather than please; to profess, by way of deception, immense attachment towards her keeper, but absolutely to feel nothing else but *contempt* for her protector. Indeed,

her imperious and unkind conduct to the man of *ton*, very soon disgusted him, and he left her completely to her fate. But this circumstance appeared of little consequence to her feelings, as she had now become akin to neglect and disappointment. She therefore trusted to *chance* for her livelihood; when another gallant, another, and another presented themselves in succession to her notice; in fact, she had changed her keepers so often, that she had quite lost her rank as a dashing mistress in the Fashionable World; and, ultimately, the once splendid CORINTHIAN KATE was glad to accept the attentions of a tradesman for support. This might be dated the era of her misfortunes; in truth, her complete *fall* in life. Poverty had effected wonders upon this haughty dame; but, nevertheless, the vast difference of her station—just living above the frowns of the world as it were, a miserable pittance at best, and treated roughly by her keeper, a fellow not possessed of even common civility towards her, much more to entertain her with the manners of a gentleman, which all her life she had been accustomed to receive—preyed at times so considerably on her wounded spirits, that she resorted for consolation to the stupefying effects produced by the bottle and glass.

The wife of the tradesman also found out the lodgings of KATE, and not only exposed her unfortunate situation to the surrounding multitude in the street, but she was almost beaten to a *mummy* by the jealous rib of the tradesman; exulting in her triumph, she said, "I have found out the wretch at last, who has decoyed and kept my husband from his family." In consequence of which, the whole neighbourhood was in an uproar, and KATE sent on a charge to the watch-house. This was her first *trouble*, and being quite ignorant as to the mode of procuring bail, she was locked up in the black-hole during the night, until she made her appearance before a magistrate at the Police Office. On being placed at the bar, her trembling limbs could scarcely sustain her agitated frame, and she most keenly felt the horrors of her degraded situation. The real tears of affliction stole down her interesting face like drops

of rain, and, to prevent the penetrating gaze of the magistrates and the crowd in the Office, she hid her face in her handkerchief, overwhelmed with shame and confusion. None of her flatterers were to be seen stepping forward to render her the slightest assistance; and she now, almost broken-hearted, found out what it was to be in the world without a friend. Notwithstanding her fallen state, KATE still retained a great portion of her elegance and beauty, and the Public Journals teemed with accounts of the examination of the dashing Cyprian at Bow Street. CORINTHIAN KATE was now gone for ever, as to respectability in life; and this public *exposé* of her name and person had inevitably sealed her fate. The warrant against her was discharged on paying the fees; but, on returning to her lodgings, the wife of the tradesman had excited such resentment against her in the breast of the persons who kept the house, that, in spite of all her remonstrances, the door was closed against her, and CORINTHIAN KATE might be said to be literally turned into the street, and without a home!

Sir JOHN BLUBBER, who had been for some time past anxious to make up a mixed party of Ladies and Gentlemen to meet him at Sir GREGORY CHANCE'S, in Portland Place, a banker of the first class, ultimately prevailed upon our heroes to do Sir GREGORY the honour of a visit. "We have no decided objection to the thing," observed LOGIC, "but I am rather afraid it is altogether out of our line, and there will be too much *restraint* for JERRY and TOM; in fact, it is likely to have too much *still LIFE* about it." "You are quite mistaken," replied Sir JOHN, "Sir GREGORY is one of us; although he is not a man of *gaiety*, he despises unnecessary *formality*; and you will find him to be a most excellent companion." Sir GREGORY CHANCE, like his friend Sir JOHN, had positively risen from *nothing* in the world; and his first recollection of himself was in the humble situation of a Blue-coat Boy; birth and pedigree, therefore, he always kept in the background; his mother and father, and his uncles and his aunts, he, for private motives, never intro-

duced to his visitors; perhaps for the best reasons in the world, Sir GREGORY CHANCE had never had an opportunity of *knowing* them. He was *all* himself; and to *himself* ALONE he was indebted for the whole of his property. Owing to a strange run of good *luck*, one thing succeeding another prosperously, he had amassed a princely fortune; and, by a rich marriage, had secured himself and children from want for life. Sir GREGORY possessed a most liberal, friendly disposition; and the excellence of his dinners in general, and the quality of his wines, could not be surpassed by the first duke in the kingdom. To prevent a *monotonous* evening, and also to give relief to the common-place routine of conversation, the GAME OF FORFEITS was proposed, as likely to produce considerable mirth amongst the party, and admitted, by all the company present, to be a most innocent piece of pastime and recreation.

Two Old Maids of Quality who were present, and who had previously heard of the vagaries of TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC, as the heroes of Life in London, were quite delighted with their attention to the ladies. They declared, lipping over their wine, that they did not expect to find them such attentive creatures to the fair sex; altogether so polite, highly talented, and the possessors of so much good wit and humour. Indeed, they were exceedingly happy to read their *recantation* upon the subject; for they had been induced to entertain an opinion that they were persons who could not remain an hour in private, respectable company, but were completely hurried away by their particular pursuits in life. "The CORINTHIAN, as they call him," said one of the old tabbies to the other, in a whisper, at the same time casting rather an amorous glance at TOM, "is really one of the most elegant fellows I ever saw; and if anything like CONSTANCY was attached to his character, he is calculated to make any lady happy. For my part, much as my aversion has been expressed towards men in general, I could almost venture to give my hand and fortune to the CORINTHIAN."

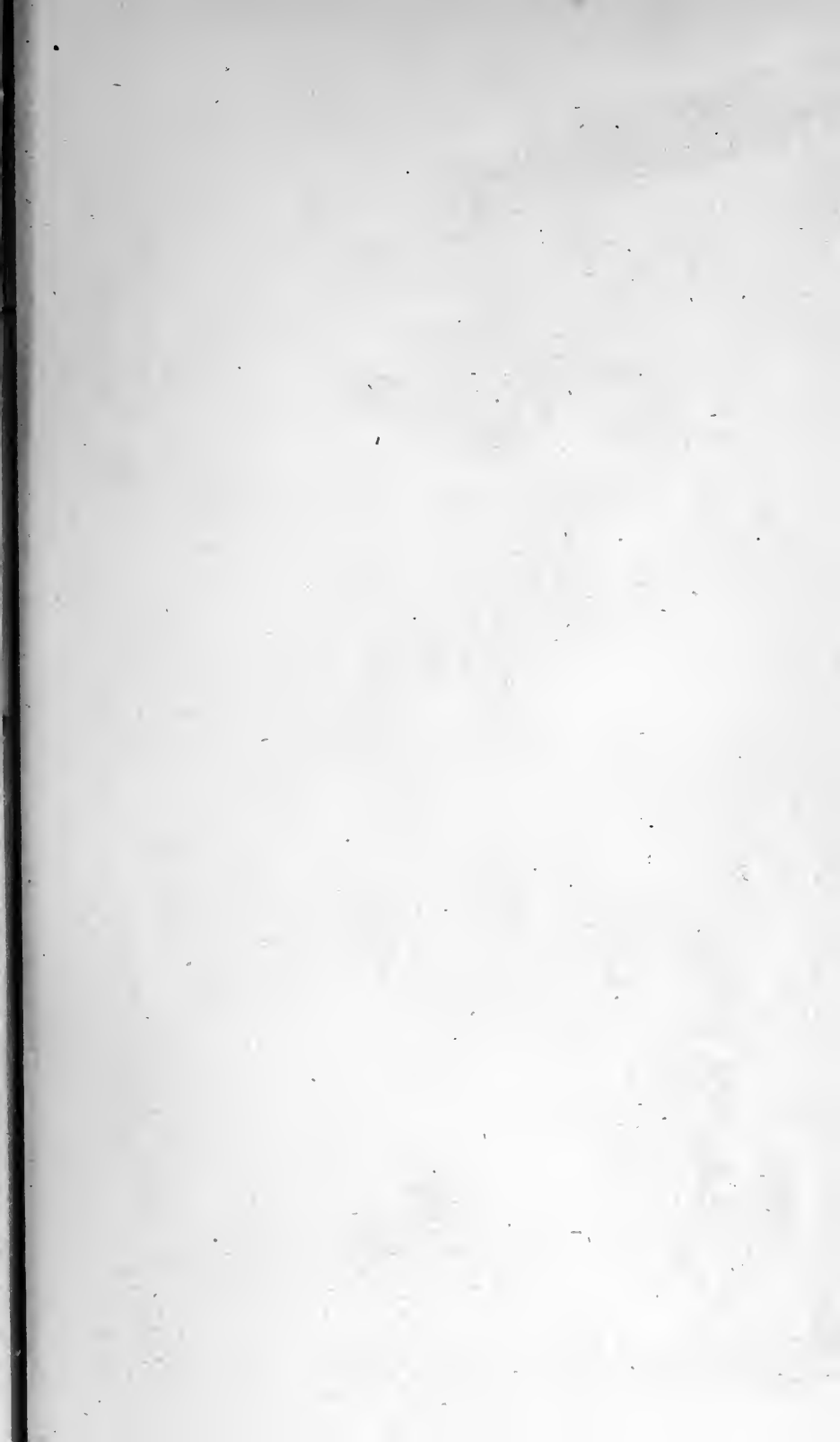
"JERRY, as they familiarly call him," said the other old

Maid, a great lover of sculpture, and also an humble admirer of *Canova* in statuary, "is a fine young fellow indeed; he is a beautifully made man—he is a perfect Adonis! His limbs are of the Herculean *cast*, and his back is manly in the extreme. I should like to see him un——— Oh, dear, my Lady, I must beg your pardon; I am too much of an *enthusiast* in my disposition. I really was not thinking exactly about what I was saying; but I know your goodness will excuse it. I declare, I am so much of an artist, that I am rather too technical in my descriptions."

"Oh, I beg you will not mention it, my dear Madam; you cannot control your feelings at all times," replied the first tabby. "Perhaps I am rather too free in my remarks, but I do not like the gentleman they call LOGIC so well as the other two. He is too much of a *quizz*, and he appears to me to be a great *satirist*; but, nevertheless, all his remarks tend to show he is a well-informed person. He has said some excellent things during the evening; and, I must admit, he has proved himself the life of the company. Mr LOGIC has *wit* at will; but, in truth, they form a TRIO of intellect, talent, and humour of the richest quality, and far superior to most gentlemen that you meet with in general company."

The GAME OF FORFEITS had now commenced, as the annexed Plate represents; but Tom preferred the conversation of a very elegant female, who had attracted his attention the principal part of the evening; and LOGIC, who had grown tired of this sort of amusement, excused himself by saying that he would have a game of forfeits with the *little* children. JERRY, however, could not *back out*—he could not refuse the pressing entreaties of the females; and the "uncommonly big Gentleman" said, with a smiling face, that he liked nothing better than a genteel *romp* with the ladies.

JERRY was soon brought into a submissive posture by the ladies, to fulfil the character of the "*Blind Justice*," and





adjudge all the forfeits. He had to kneel upon the ground, and hide his face upon a velvet cushion, placed on the lap of a young lady, in order that his *decisions* might be impartial. But JERRY, anxious to have a little fun with Sir JOHN, took rather an unfair sort of squint, to ascertain whether he was right, when he called upon the lady to adjudge a forfeit upon the watch belonging to the "uncommonly big Gentleman." "That *tell-tale* informs me," said JERRY, assuming a solemnity of manner, "the gentleman it belongs to might through life have employed his *time* much better than he has done; but, as there is nothing like the *TIME* present, he cannot employ his *TIME* better than to kiss the candlestick; but if he does not perform the same operation on the lady who presents it to him, it must be admitted he has lost his *TIME*. And be it known, that before the owner can obtain the return of the article in question, he must shew the advantage of *TIME* and opportunity to the present company, by giving two *chaste* salutes to those young ladies near the gentleman with the *star* upon his breast, who have resisted the attacks of *TIME*; it will then be perceived he has well fulfilled his *TIME*, and he may retire to his chair, with the honours of war." This was rather an *ungracious* task for the "uncommonly big Gentleman" to perform; he was too bulky for anything like an elegant deportment, and Sir JOHN had very nearly thrown the young lady down when he was *forfeited* to kiss the candlestick. But the uproar began when he attempted to salute the two old Maids; and the room resounded with laughter. They could not consent to such a thing for the world, and a variety of other foolish objections; but Sir JOHN persevered, in spite of their *squeamishness*, and obtained a complete triumph, and kissed them two or three times for their refusal, and, by desire of the party, repeated the offence, to the great amusement of the company. TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC did not depart until a late hour; but flattered themselves that they had spent *ONE* rational evening during their peregrinations of *LIFE IN LONDON*—one, also, which might not only bear the strictest scrutiny as to propriety of conduct, but they could reflect upon it in the morning with pleasure and profit,

and likewise regret that many more evenings had not been spent like the ONE they had so agreeably passed at Sir GREGORY CHANCE'S.

To keep the game alive was always the study of LOGIC, and "By way of contrast to the party at *Sir Gregory Chance's*," said the *Oxonian* to JERRY, "you shall accompany me to what is termed a 'Cock and Hen Club,' where you may say and do as you like, and no *forfeits* demanded. I met with a friend who, a few evenings since, was highly amused at this club, and he has given me the direction. The house is situated in an obscure part of the town, but we cannot mistake the street." On entering the club-room, JERRY was struck with astonishment at the surrounding group. "It is nothing new to me," replied LOGIC, "but rather a renewed feature of low Life in London, which I was occasionally very familiar with a few years ago; yet there is something attached to this heterogeneous club, that an observer of mankind may pick and cull a rich bit of human nature, and turn it to advantage. It again reminds me that the poorer classes of society seem to enjoy life with greater happiness than their superiors; indeed, there is an indescribable sort of *jollity* about their behaviour, however wretched and humble their fare may be, not to be met with at the dashing rout or splendid party. But we will ask the waiter for some little account about the chairman, who appears to me to be an original; and we must also obtain, if possible, a trifling outline of his assistant, the *Lady Patroness* of this meeting. The chairman in petticoats," continued LOGIC, smiling, "seems to be taking her *reed* with no small *gout*."

"They are both *out-and-outers*," answered the waiter, "and nothing like them to keep such an unruly company together, as, '*Any-thing TOMMY*' and '*Half-quartern LUCE!*' The chairman, TOMMY, in the early part of his life, was considered a lad of *mettle*, but it has always stuck in his *gizzard*, according to his own expressions on the subject, to think as how he had been *werry* cruelly used by the

Fortune Tellers,* when he was quite a mere boy. TOMMY only made a *slight mistake*,† I assure you, Sir, and they sent him on a voyage of discovery, to improve his manners; to be sure, they took the opinion of twelve men‡ about the matter first; but, after remaining seven years abroad, he returned home, not a bit better informed, and lost all his time for nothing. TOMMY did not take it much to heart, as other chaps would have done; grieving he looked upon as a folly, and he has endeavoured, since his return to Old England, to do the best he could for himself; *i.e.*, to act with more *caution*, you see, Sir, and not to give anything like a *chance* away.

“TOMMY has been, by turns, a costard-monger, a coal-whipper, a flying dustman, a boner of *stiff-ones*,§ and a coach cad, to yarn an honest penny, and a bit of a prig, if it suited him, sooner than have to complain of an empty *victualling office*. He can throw off a flash *chaunt* in the first style; patter *slang* better than most blades on the town; knows well the use of his bunch of fives; a capital one for a street row; and a sort of a happy-go-lucky fellow upon all occasions. Although TOMMY has no pretensions,” continued the waiter, “to the character of an *Adonis*, nor to rank as a Bond Street dandy, yet, nevertheless, he is a great *fancy man*, amongst his own class of society, and

* The Judges at the Old Bailey.

† Putting his hand into another man's pocket and securing the purse; but, as he was taken in the fact, TOMMY declared, “upon his *vord*, it was nothing else but a ‘*slight mistake*’ on his part, and might have happened to anybody else. It was an ungentlemanly thing to *suspect* him of dishonesty!”

‡ The Jury.

§ A resurrection man, or a body-snatcher. “I will do anything to get a bit of *scran*, in an honest way,” said TOMMY to his friends, by way of an excuse for his conduct. “Poor things! you know as how they are dead and cold, and they knows nothing about it. Vy, Lord bless you, I wouldn't hurt anything *alive* for the *univarse*.”

most of the female *women* set their caps at him. But his feelings and notions of honour are in the right place; and, notwithstanding he mixes amongst the lowest females in life, he detests the idea, and scorns the fellow who is despicable enough to reduce himself to become a petticoat *pensioner*.*

“*Any-thing* TOMMY has made good use of his time; he has amassed together a tidyish lot of *blunt* by his various avocations, which puts him above temptation; and he leaves it to the ‘*seedy coves*’ to do all the naughty tricks. It is rather singular to remark that, although *Any-thing* TOMMY does not wash his face once a week, nor comb out his hair in the course of a fortnight, yet his pride is so great, that he sports a diamond *forney* on his little finger; and in his *cameza*, which is generally as black as *soot*, a diamond brooch, to give it value. But it will do you good, Sir, to hear him *chaff*; it comes from his tongue as easy as *oil*, and he has got the gift of the gab, equal to Counsellor Slang’em at the *start*. You will soon have an opportunity of judging for yourself when he tips you the articles of the club.

“*Half-quartern* LUCE,” said the waiter, “is a clever woman; in fact, she was reared a lady, but she is scarcely ever sober. I have known her to drink thirty-six half quarters of gin in a day: it is from this inordinate swallow of *blue ruin* she derives her nick-name. LUCE was once a very handsome woman, but she has been reduced, step by step, to the wretched creature she now appears to be, and drinks herself stupid to drown all reflection. But when she is perfectly sober, she keeps the club in roars of laughter by her wit and talents; and the whole of the *blowings* come the grand *salaam* to her as their superior. LUCE is flash to the very echo; her person is entirely gone

* Detestable wretches who live upon the money obtained by the prostitution of unfortunate women. Hundreds of such infamous fellows are to be met with in the metropolis.



as to attraction, and she lives principally, as LUCE terms it, by *flat catching!*”

The chairman called silence, and observed, as he perceived several strange *coves* in the room, he would tip them the rules of the club. “My *coveys*,” said TOMMY, “all characters are safe here; *honesty* speaks for itself, and therefore we never talk about it, as *honesty* is considered a most *alarming* subject. The *cocks* are all considered to be *game*, and the *hens* belong to the same *breed*, but *chickens* cannot be admitted. No liberties must be taken with *private* property, and every man stands pledged to do ‘what is right’ to his neighbour. *Suspicious* persons are excluded; therefore do as you like, drink what you please, and stand upon no ceremony, but *brush* when it suits you. We *cockonians* are only *partiklar* as to one thing—all sorts of *lush* must be *tipped* for on delivery. But, mind me, if those suspicious characters, the *traps*, should kick up a row, and take a liking to any of your persons, such familiarity must be treated as it deserves, the insult must be resented by a good *towelling*; besides, you must all stick together like glue, and never leave them until you are out of *trouble*. If you are *flats* enough to let the *pigs* get the best of you, nothing less than *quod* is sure to be your fate; perhaps you may be taught some new steps upon the *tread-mill*. You may take your ‘*davy*’ they can’t *lag* you for being found here, without you are *wanted*. If any of you are *wanted*, gents, you know, vy that materially alters the case. Now you knows all about the club—conform yourselves to the rules—treat the *hens* like ladies—make yourselves happy, and I will call for a *chaunt*.”

“I have witnessed a great variety of scenes, since I have been in London,” said the Young One to LOGIC, “but this is equal to any, if it does not *beggar* the whole of them; in truth, I had not the least idea that such meetings were suffered to take place.” “You are quite right,” replied the *Oxonian*, “they are always held upon the sly; and, as soon as the police officers obtain the right scent, and make their

appearance, the *coves* and *coresses* are compelled to fly in every direction, and some very laughable occurrences take place. Some of the fellows may be seen scrambling over the tops of the houses, others getting down into the cellar, glad to hide themselves anywhere from the grasp of the traps. The *glims* are generally put out, and the screams of the unfortunate women, anxious to avoid a night's lodging in the *roundy-ken*, or committal by the magistrates for a month as disorderly, defy anything like description. It is dangerous to be safe, I assure you, and it is not unlikely but such a *visitation* may take place this evening. I do not wish to alarm you, JERRY, but the sooner we *toddle* perhaps the better. I think I hear a bit of a scuffle below stairs even now, and, as the *traps* pay no respect to persons, I propose to *bolt*. This was immediately agreed to by TOM, and the TRIO were off with the celerity of a shot.

Tom Open-mouth, the chaunter, commenced the following old flash song, at the request of the lady patroness:—

Come all you rolling kiddy boys, that in London does abound,
 If you wants to see a bit of life, go to the *Bull in the Pound*;*
 'Tis there you'll see Poll, Bet, and Sal, with many other *Flames*,
 And "pitch and hustle," "ring the bull," and lots of *fancy* games.
 With my fal de lal, fal de lal, de di do!

"Stow the chaunt!" says TOMMY, "I thinks as how I hears a bit of a *scrummage* below the *dancers*.† Don't be alarmed, *mollishers*,‡ as the *glims* must be doused. It's a

* A well-known flash house fifty years ago, denominated the "*Bull in trouble*," and contiguous to Bagnigge Wells Tea Gardens. A place of great resort at that period, and for several years afterwards, by the rolling kiddies of the old school, their girls, *family* people, &c. The "*Bull in trouble*" has been long since razed to the ground, and, on the old site, a capital new house has been erected, and called "THE UNION."

† The stairs.

‡ An old slang phrase. Low women on the town.

visit, I am sure, from some of those d—— suspicious characters. Therefore, let us all *brush*.” The row soon became general; lots of the blades and their *molls* were locked up by the officers for the night, and TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC congratulated themselves on their lucky escape.

CHAPTER XI.

LOGIC and his Pals "going the rounds;" a FINISH to the night, and an early Spree. Off-hand Wager, and the "uncommonly big Gentleman" in the BASKET—a comic Scene near the Theatres. ARCHERY: TOM, JERRY, and the fat Knight, try their skill to hit the Bull's-eye. The CORINTHIAN's opinion respecting the amusement of ARCHERY. A visit to the Regent's Park. The Zoological Gardens: bustle and alarm occasioned by the escape of the Kangaroo; SIR JOHN BLUBBER down on the subject. One of those afflicting occurrences of LIFE IN LONDON—TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC arrested in their progress home, by the melancholy discovery of CORINTHIAN KATE, in the last stage of a consumption, disease, and inebriety!

AFTER a night's cruise in search of life, fun, and character, or, as LOGIC termed it, "going the rounds," a cup of coffee at the *Finish* reduced, in some degree, the powerful effects of the copious draughts of wine which our heroes had disposed of in the course of the evening; and, in their road home through Covent Garden Market, SIR JOHN BLUBBER was in high spirits, and ready to enter into any species of amusement which might present itself to their notice. The *Oxonian* took occasion to remark on the very heavy loads the Irish women carried from the Market on their heads, and immediately offered a bet that *Kathleen Flannagan*, a well-known strong woman, should carry the "uncommonly big Gentleman" twice round the Market, without stopping to rest herself, if SIR JOHN remained still in her basket. But previous to which, the *Oxonian* had ear-wigged *Kathleen* on the subject of her strength, and the certainty of success: he told her that if she seconded him in having a lark with the fat Knight, she would be well paid for her

trouble. "I only want," said BOB, "to get him into the basket. I am sure you will not have to carry him half-a-dozen yards, Sir JOHN will be so alarmed for his safety. In cooler moments, I am certain, nothing on earth would have tempted him to mount, he is so extremely careful of his *Falstaff* carcase." "By de powers," answered *Kathleen Flannagan*, "is it to carry that lusty gentleman you *mane*; bad luck to me, if I could not run off with him like a *paraty*, and that's the truth now, and no joke. Why, he's all blubber and *froth*!" "Then I may back you to carry him, and no mistake?" inquired LOGIC. "You may, honey, safe enough," replied *Kathleen*; "only let him mount, and I'll *basket* him in a pig's whisper. You know, he is nothing else but *fat*, and that, you see, is much *lighter* than solid meat. I can carry the *like* of two of him."

"Impossible," cried Sir JOHN, "she might as well attempt to run away with the Monument; indeed, to shew you, BOB, that you are in error, I'll bet a supper and a dozen of wine, she does not carry me one hundred yards." "Agreed!" answered LOGIC, "a trial—come, prepare!" Sir JOHN immediately placed himself in the market-woman's basket, when Pat Murphy and two or three Irish porters lent a hand, and Sir JOHN was soon upon *Kathleen's* head, kicking his heels about, as restless as an eel, not approving of his uncomfortable situation. Off *Kathleen* toddled with her load, amidst the roars of laughter of the surrounding spectators; at every step she took the mob increased, and the Market was all in an uproar. The CORINTHIAN enjoyed the humorous scene beyond measure, and kept an anxious look-out for the appearance of JERRY, whom they had left finishing his coffee, to follow them immediately, and enjoy the ridiculous situation of the fat Knight; and LOGIC, as the plate represents, was tickling Sir JOHN with his *spread*, and offering to bet any sum that he should win his wager. Sir JOHN had scarcely left the ground, ere he repented of his error; and, almost afraid to stir, kept crying out, "Let me get down, you Irish faggot; you will break my neck. I will consent to lose—*Stop! stop! stop!*" "Go on, *Kathleen,*"

said LOGIC, "never mind what he says; the 'big one' is out of his mind." "Come, come, BOB, the joke is answered," vociferated the fat Knight; "be satisfied with your triumph. Let me down, and I will make a present of a crown to your Irish porter in petticoats." "By all the saints in the calendar," replied *Flannagan*, pretending to be in a great passion, "if you are so unjontlemanly as to throw a slur upon my sex, I will carry you to the *back settlements* in the Holy Land, where you shall get a sound *bating* for your prate and *impertinence*." "Only let me down, and I will consent to anything, *Miss Flannagan*." "But you have not been half round the Market yet," observed BOB, "and you ought not to disappoint the spectators."

In consequence of the repeated solicitations of Sir JOHN, who now began to treat the affair in a serious manner, and was utterly unable to submit any longer to the loud noise, shouts, and laughter of the crowd, LOGIC consented that the fat Knight should be safely landed, if he would give *Kathleen* a *sovereign* for the heavy load she had carried. "I'll give anything," answered Sir JOHN, "only let me down." "Well, Sir," answered *Kathleen*, "as I am anxious to do the *clane genteel* thing, and you have altered your tone to one of the fair sex, and intend to behave like a *jontleman*, I will soon give you a *grounder*, and then you must be a good boy, and take care of yourself for the future." On Sir JOHN recovering the use of his legs, the "King's picture" in gold was immediately handed over to *Kathleen*, who dropped a curtsy, saying, "By J—, I should like to have a few more such loads, at a *sovereign* a-piece." The fat Knight had scarcely recovered himself from the "adventures of the basket," got out of the clutches of *Kathleen*, and regulated his apparel, when JERRY appeared in sight, out of breath, saying, "I have heard all about the *lark*; but I regret, Sir JOHN, that I was not time enough to witness your *elevation* in society. It really was unkind of you to keep me out of this *funny* affair. If I had been with you, I am sure you should, for once in your life, have turned the tables on *Green Spees*." "Never mind," replied Sir JOHN, "I am not at all

angry about it : but the best thing, I think, we can all do, is to say the cruise is at an end, and make the best of our way home." This proposition had the desired effect, Sir JOHN drove off in a hack for the *Snuggery*, and TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC, lost no time to enjoy the comforts of *Corinthian House*.

In the course of a few days after the above *night's spree*, our heroes received cards of invitation to join the company of some gentlemen archers, on their next grand field-day. "Some years ago," said TOM, "I was extremely fond of archery, and a tolerably good *marksman*. I have hit the *bull's-eye* more than once in my life ; but I could not back myself to do it now." "I can bring down a bird with my gun almost to a certainty," observed JERRY ; "and although I do not wish to boast of being a *crack* shot, I flatter myself I shall not be far off the *bull's-eye* with my arrow." "ARCHERY,"* said TOM, "has been the amusement of the nobles and sovereigns of every nation, and is the general amusement of many eastern countries to this day. It is also very conducive to health ; and, viewed as an amusement, ARCHERY possesses advantages over all others as a field diversion, by strengthening and bracing the bodily frame, without that laborious exertion common to many games, every nerve and sinew being regularly brought into

* It is said that ARCHERY was so much approved of as a bodily exercise by *Bishop Latimer*, that he even preached a sermon in favour of it, before Edward the Sixth. After the Restoration, ARCHERY became the general amusement. Charles the Second himself took such delight in it, that he even knighted a man* for excelling an excellent shot, whose portrait is in the *Toxophilite Society*. After the death of Charles, it again began to decline, and was confined in practice to a few counties only, till about forty years ago, when it was revived with increased splendour, throughout every part of England, as will appear by the number of societies that were instituted, many of which exist, and continue their yearly and monthly meetings to this day.

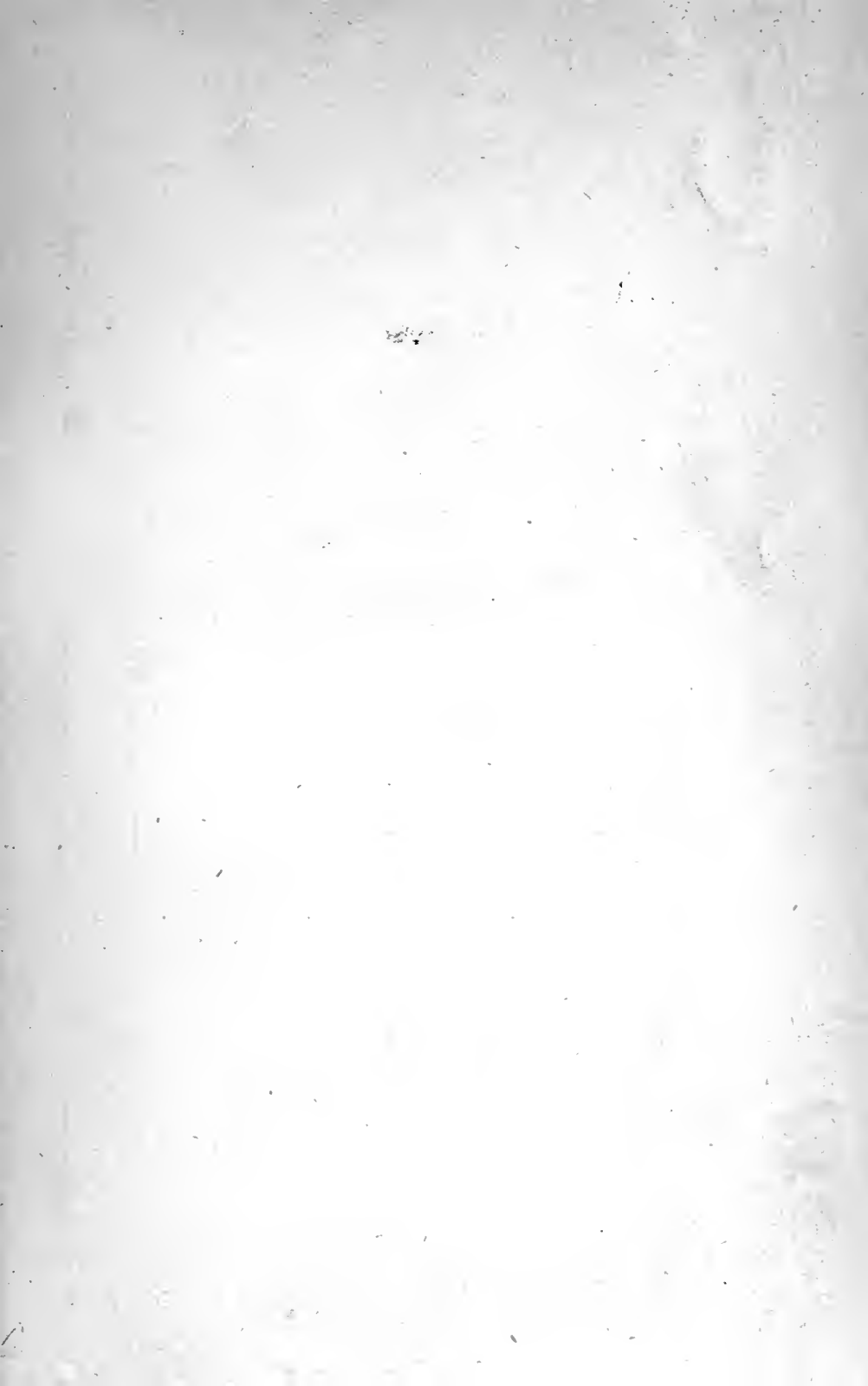
* Sir William Wood.

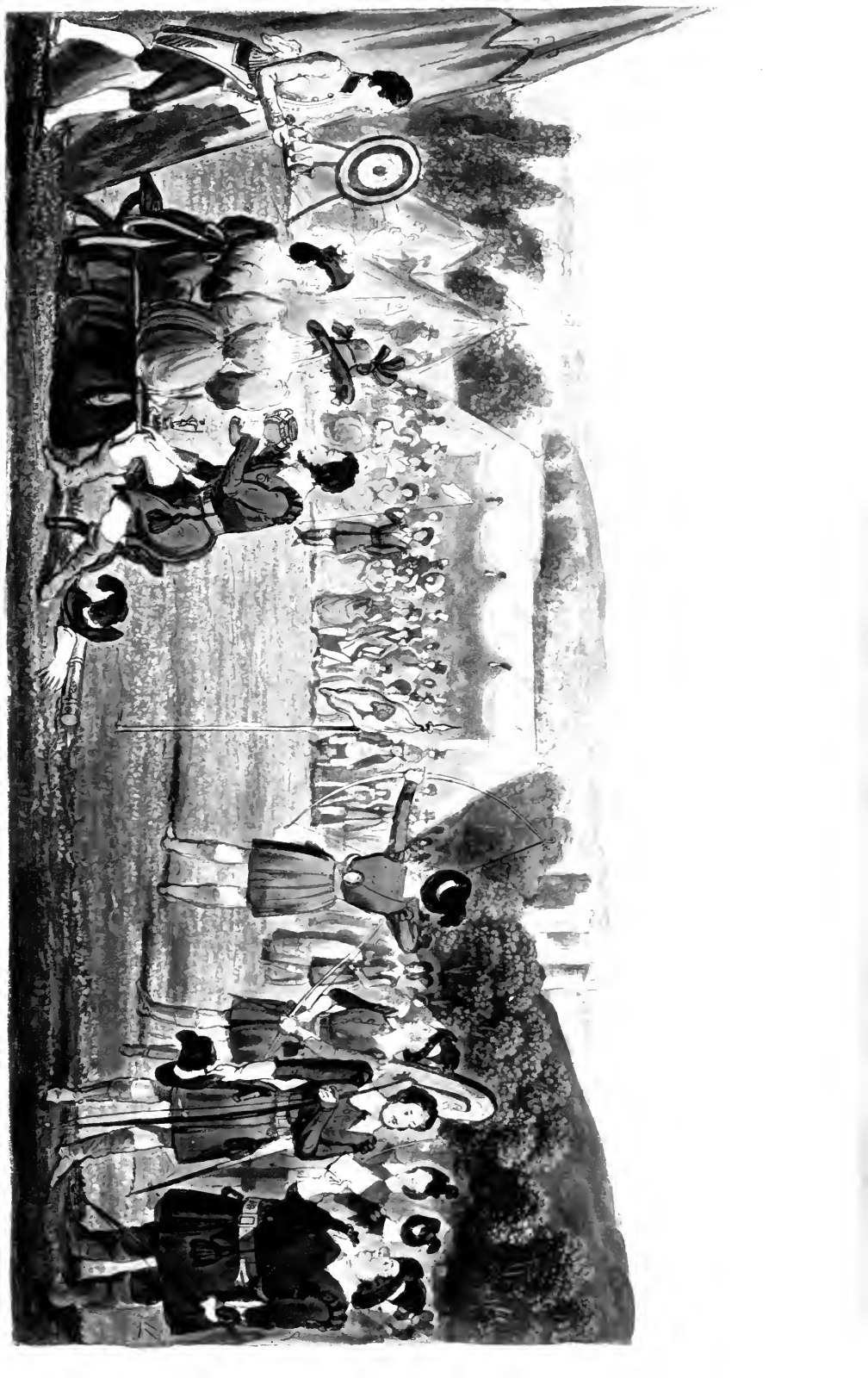
play, without the danger of being exposed to those alternate heats and colds, incident to the games of cricket, tennis, &c.

“To persons who are naturally indolent,” continued the CORINTHIAN, “ARCHERY often makes a man perform more than he thinks is in his power; for many an *archer*, who would not undertake, nor be prevailed upon, to walk five miles in a journey, has walked six at the targets; for in shooting forty-eight times up to one target, and forty-eight times back again to the other (the number of rounds the Toxophilite Society shoot on grand days), besides walking to the arrows shot beyond the targets, which, upon a reasonable calculation, may be reckoned five yards each time, and but five back again, makes ninety-six times one hundred and ten yards, which is exactly six miles.” “That will do for me; I want pleasant exercise; I am too bulky.” said Sir JOHN, “and I must reduce myself in weight. I will become an archer without loss of time.” “I should advise you, by all means,” answered TOM; “therefore let us all go dressed in the proper uniform, and I will introduce you to the Secretary, and the other members of the Society.” “I will also accompany you,” observed the *Oxonian*, but as to hitting the *bull’s-eye*, it would be ‘all my eye’ to attempt it.”

“Another advantage attending the amusement of ARCHERY is,” said TOM, “that it is equally open to the fair sex, and has, for these last thirty years, been the favourite recreation of a great part of the female nobility, the only field diversion they can enjoy without incurring the censure of being thought masculine.* It will be needless to enume-

* Madame Bola, formerly a famous opera-dancer, upon being taught the use of the bow, declared, that of all attitudes she ever studied (and surely some little deference of opinion ought to be paid to one whose whole life was spent in studying attitudes), she thought the position of shooting with the long bow was the most noble. Certain it is, that the figure of a man cannot be displayed to greater advantage than when drawing the bow at an elevation. Every *archer* ought to study well this part of archery.





rate the many advantages received in pursuing this amusement; those who have tried, do not require any further argument in support of it, than what their own experience has already supplied them with." "Of course the company of the ladies must prove a great attraction to the admirers of archery," observed LOGIC; "but, instead of hitting the target, their aim, I rather apprehend, is of a more tender nature—the *hearts* of the archers!" Clothes were immediately ordered of the old swell tailor, Mr PRIMEFIT; the necessary preliminaries were also entered into with the secretary, as to their becoming members of the society; and, on the appointed day, TOM, JERRY, LOGIC, and the "uncommonly big Gentleman," properly attired as archers, entered the field, and made their bows to the ladies.

The scene, as the plate represents, was altogether prepossessing; the elegant dresses of the ladies, the handsome uniform of the archers, a lively band of music, splendid marquees, refreshments of all kinds, flags flying, the archer's silver cup, handed round to the ladies to sweeten this honorary trophy with their lips, &c., induced JERRY to observe "that he had seen nothing, since his visit to London, which had afforded him so much real pleasure."

The elegant attitude of TOM, and the management and skill he displayed with his bow, were the admiration of the company; and, amidst the applause of the visitors, he was proclaimed the captain of the day, by hitting the *bull's-eye*, and bearing off the prize of the gold medal. JERRY also proved himself no mean rival at the target, and his arrow was so well placed, as to procure for him the situation of lieutenant, and the silver medal was awarded to him for his exertions. The "uncommonly big Gentleman" was quite abroad, like an outside horse at a race; his arrow obtained no place whatever, and loud laughter was the only reward the fat Knight received for his exertions. LOGIC very wisely pleaded inability, on account of his *green specs.*, and his time was otherwise pleasantly employed by his attention to the ladies. Our heroes returned to *Corinthian House*,

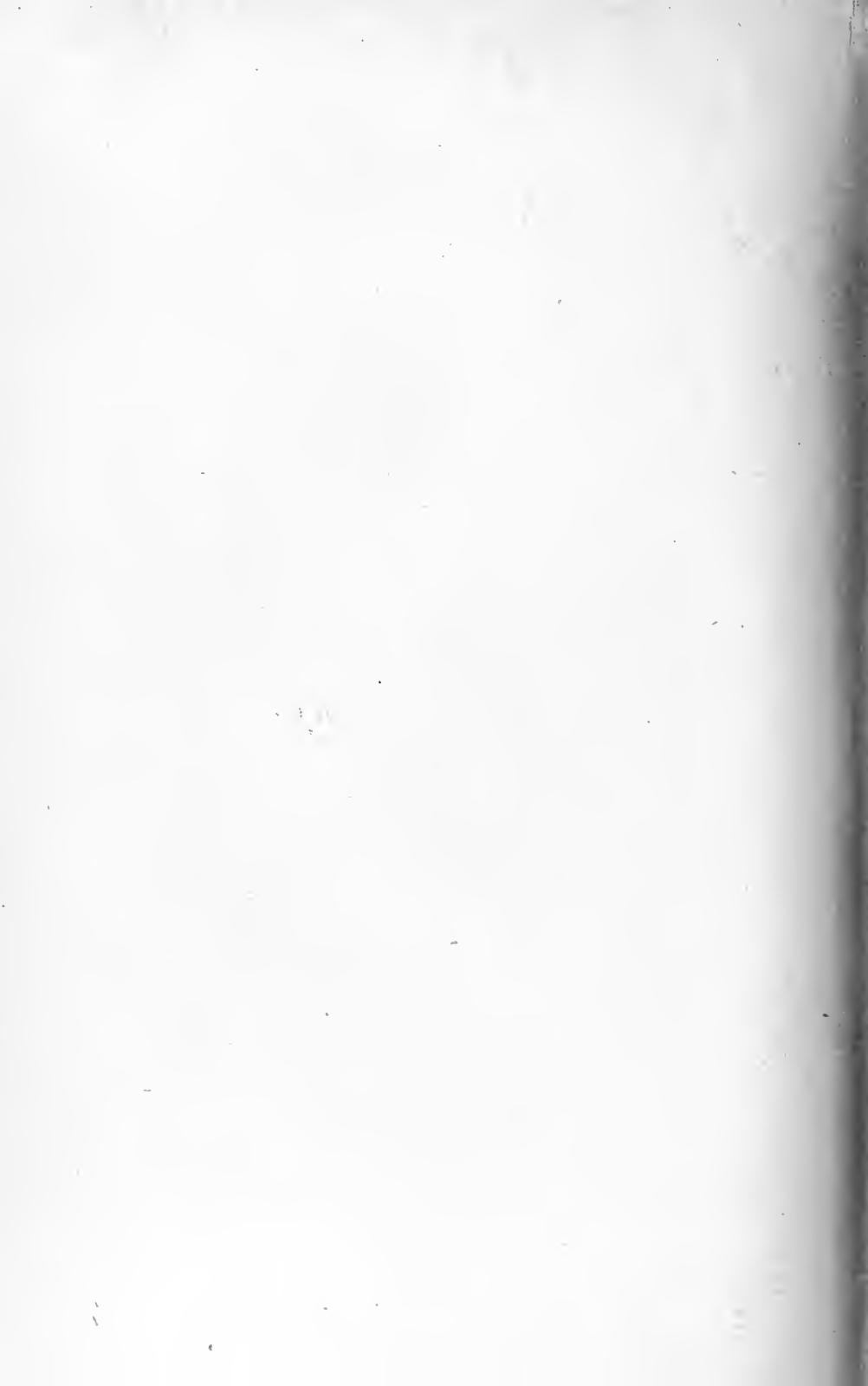
highly delighted with the amusement they had experienced at the Archery Ground.

In the course of a few days, Sir JOHN, who was always upon the look-out for something new to amuse JERRY, proposed a visit to the ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS. "I have heard a most excellent report of them," replied TOM, "and I shall be happy to make one of the party to view the fine collection of birds and beasts they contain." JERRY pictured to himself a treat; the carriage was ordered immediately, and, in a very short time, our heroes appeared at the gate for admittance. "I am quite pleased with these Gardens," said the *Oxonian* to JERRY: "they reflect considerable credit upon the directors of this society. The situation is altogether delightful; it is a pleasant walk, or a fine drive for the gentry, and a most agreeable lounge into the bargain." While our heroes were conversing on different topics connected with the arrangement of the Gardens, a sudden bustle and alarm amongst the visitors excited their attention. The kangaroo had escaped from his den, owing to the door being accidentally left open. In the scuffle to be foremost, the "uncommonly big Gentleman" kicked his toe against a stone, and lost his balance, which made the ground shake again. "By Jove!" exclaimed LOGIC, putting on one of his comical faces, "what a violent shock! a sort of an earthquake! What a pity! this delightful park will be in ruins, in the twinkling of an eye! That beautiful row of houses seems to me to be on the totter already!" "Oh dear," said a lady, overwhelmed with affright, and who had overheard the last sentence, "be kind enough, Sir, to let me lay hold of your arm. I have lost my husband in the bustle. Do you really think we shall all be swallowed up?" "Do not believe him, dear Madam," said Sir JOHN, as he lay sprawling on the ground; "that BOB LOGIC is one of the greatest jokers of the present day; he turns everything into ridicule."

Time did not hang heavily on the hands of TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC; in fact, their invitations were so numerous, that



POPULAR GARDENS - TOM, JERRY - LOGIC - IMPROVING - THE BATH - AND - OTHER - ENTERTAINMENT - THROUGHOUT - THE - HISTORY - OF - THE - PEOPLE - OF - GREAT - BRITAIN - AND - IRELAND - IN - THE - NINETEENTH - CENTURY - BY - JAMES - H. - BURNETT - ESQ.



they were often at a loss to make a selection amongst their friends, as to whom they should give the *preference*. Common-place invitations, or anything like *routine* parties, were instantly rejected by the CORINTHIAN and LOGIC, their object being *novelty*, character, or information, from which the visit of JERRY might turn out to his advantage. On their return home from a convivial party in the City, given by Sir JOHN BLUBBER to some wealthy citizens, where the fine wines of the "uncommonly big Gentleman" had been pushed about with unusual celerity, and the evening had been spent in the most lively manner, and mirth and gaiety prevailed to the end of the chapter—on bidding "good night," or, rather, "good morning," to the rich cits, TOM was in excellent spirits, LOGIC *ripe* for anything, and JERRY perfectly ready to follow the steps of his two most accomplished masters; but their progress was suddenly arrested by the groans of an unfortunate female, as the plate represents, apparently in a dying state, under the Piazza of Covent Garden.

The rapid degradation of KATE was of the most afflicting description; unlike many women, who have managed to live in splendour for years, and hold their rank and attraction as fashionable courtezans, until the frowns of age placed them in the *shade*, and reduced their consequence in the eyes of their gallants, she went headlong to destruction. Her immense pride was the source of all her misfortunes; anything like restraint or reproach, was almost worse than death to her already wounded feelings, and she left her keepers in succession, careless whether she had a house to cover her unhappy head, or a bed upon which she might rest her miserable, degraded frame. Hurried on by misfortunes, she was compelled to visit the Theatres on her own account; but distress upon distress very soon prevented her making a decent appearance, and the Boxes and the Saloon were *cut* by the wretched, unfortunate CORINTHIAN KATE. Poverty and want have too often effected changes in the strongest minds; and virtue of the most rigid description has been known to succumb to the terrors produced by

starvation. Although the *character* of KATE had long been lost to the world, yet she could not screen herself, at times, from her own conscience and acute feelings. Reluctant at first, but dreadful necessity banished ultimately all her scruples, and the once splendid, imperious, high-minded CORINTHIAN KATE became the inmate of a *dress-house* ! * This disgusting and almost last stage of infamy experienced by the unfortunate women of the town, degraded as she was, nevertheless was too much for KATE's susceptibility ; kept during the day in beggary, and almost in rags, and at night dressed up like a painted doll, sent to the Theatre on speculation, watched by her landlady or old procuress hired for the purpose, to preclude her from robbing her mistress of her wages of prostitution, and also prevent her running off with the clothes belonging to her iniquitous employer, soon overthrew all the remnants left of her once refined manners and mind. She became a prey to melancholy, was neglectful of her person : her attractions as a *Cyprian* were gone, and, as a matter of course, she could not obtain money enough by her *prostitution* to satisfy the demands of her cruel, griping, unfeeling mistress. This latter *respectable* person in life, whose only idol was money, made up a debt for board, lodging, &c., against KATE, and had her arrested and thrown into prison, where she remained for several weeks, until discharged by Act of Parliament. But freedom to KATE was more of an injury than a service to her ; she had nothing else but starvation before her eyes ; no friends to succour her in the hour of trial ; a complete outcast, and degraded to the last step of human wretchedness—a *street walker* ! In consequence of her miserable, altered appear-

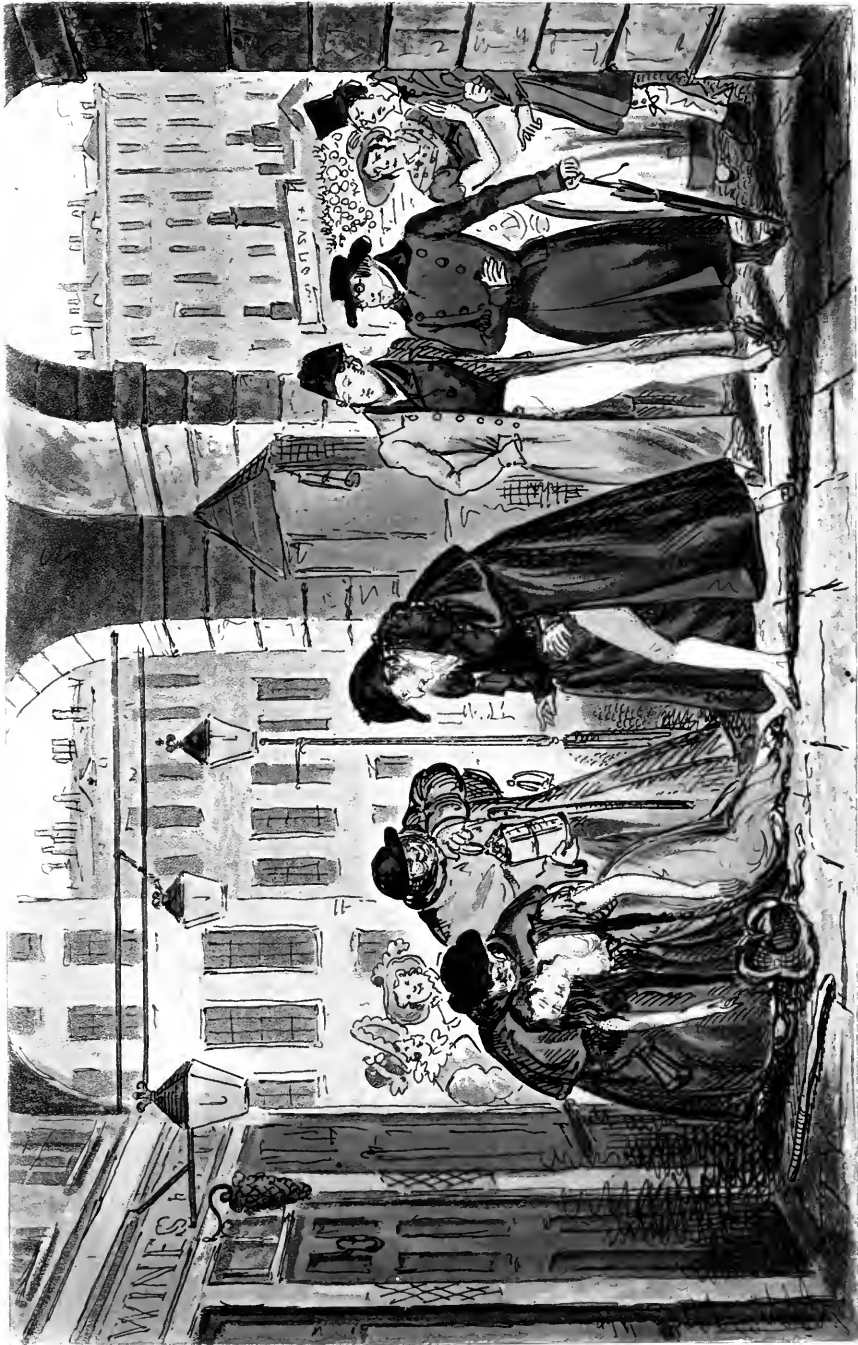
* It was the opinion of Dr Johnson, " that WOMEN for the most part are good or bad, as they fall among those who practise VIRTUE or vice ; and that neither education nor reason gives them much security against the influence of example. Whether it be that they have less courage to stand against opposition, or that their desire of admiration makes them sacrifice their principles to the poor pleasure of worthless praise, it is certain, whatever be the cause, that female goodness seldom keeps its ground against *laughter*, FLATTERY, or FASHION."

ance, with scarcely any clothes upon her back, nay, almost in a state of *nudity*, she was compelled to walk out nightly, after dark, to obtain a miserable pittance, and prostitute herself to the lowest blackguard or midnight debauched ruffian, for a mere trifle. Such was the lamentable state to which this once admired and beautiful woman had brought herself! Drinking was the only refuge she had from herself, and she scarcely remained one hour sober out of the twenty-four; by which means she soon became bloated, diseased, little else but a mass of corruption, and one of the most abandoned and profligate women on the town.

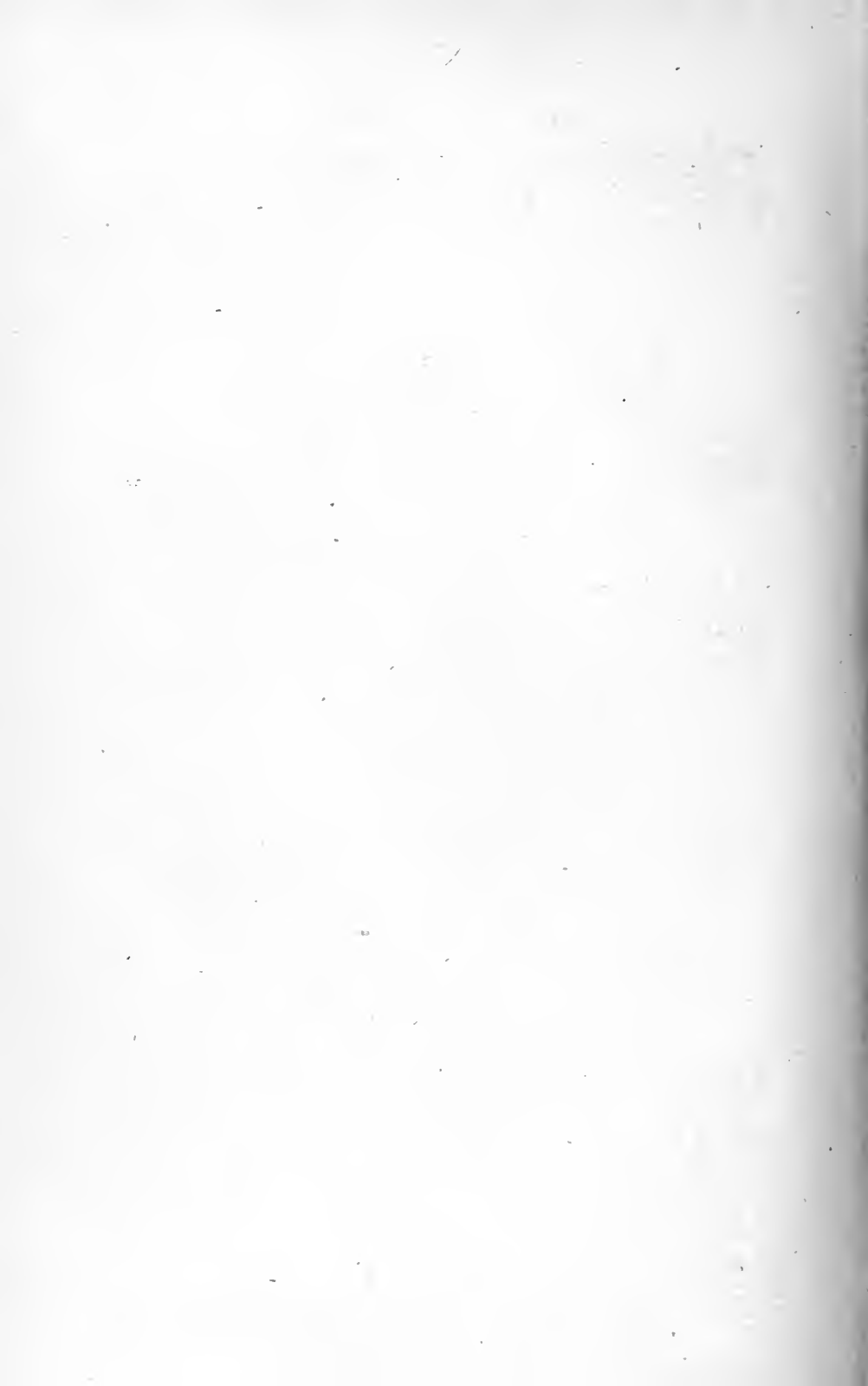
There was something so very *touching* in the groans of the unfortunate female under the Piazza, and they vibrated so forcibly on the ears of TOM, that he could not account for the strange sensation his feelings experienced, when he perceived her prostrate on the ground; he felt as if he had been riveted to the spot. The tone of her voice seemed like a sound that had once been very familiar to his ear; and he viewed the body under the most terrifying apprehensions. He dreaded to examine, yet his anxiety compelled him to persevere—but the fine form, the beautiful face, and the elegant apparel which always adorned CORINTHIAN KATE, had altogether undergone such a material change, that not the slightest traces remained of her interesting person. TOM had no recollection of the unfortunate creature before him, and was about to depart; but, on the watchman lifting her from the ground, and also holding up his lantern to her face, the afflicting truth flashed across his memory like lightning—he was horror-struck, and in the most unspeakable agony, exclaimed, “Good God! it is poor KATE!” The fumes of the wine vanished in an instant, and he became at once perfectly sober. The tears rolled down his cheeks in profusion, his powers of utterance were withheld, and he pointed with his finger to the cause. TOM staggered against the wall, his agitation was so great; and had it not been for the assistance of LOGIC and JERRY, he would have fallen on the stones with the utmost severity. The *Oxonian*, on ascertaining the wretched female was no

other than CORINTHIAN KATE, was shocked beyond description, and the feelings of poor JERRY were equally distressed. At the request of TOM, the *Oxonian* made several inquiries of the watchman respecting his knowledge of poor KATE.

“Upon my conscience,” replied the watchman, “the *Ladybird*, as she is called, has been one of the most troublesome girls on my *beat*; although, I understand, she has been but a short time upon the town. Indeed, I cannot make her out at all, at all. She does such strange sorts of things that the bystanders in general will have it she is out of her mind; but, then, to be sure, she is so generous with her *blunt*, and so lady-like in her talk, when she is a little bit in her senses, that my ould heart has often melted for her unfortunate situation. Take care of her, you said, Sir; by J——, that is no easy undertaking; when she is in some of her unruly fits, ten men can scarcely hold her; she knocks her head against the wall, with an intention to kill herself, says she will not live, and calls out for one TOM, who, I daresay, has been one great big blackguard to her. Poor creature, she has been quite the *butt* and laughing-stock of all the girls and fellows about the neighbourhood for some time past. The only thing I can do for her, your honour, is to take her to the watch-house, until I am off my duty, when I will put her under the care of a good ould woman until she recovers herself. The *Ladybird* is very much overcome with liquor; but here, Pat,” (calling to the other watchman) “lend a hand, and we will soon remove her from the cold stones.” There was no other place at hand where she might receive any assistance towards recovering her from her state of stupor, at that time of the morning, and our heroes reluctantly consented that she should be taken to the watch-house. “Faith,” said the watchman, “you need not be so very particular about her now, as we have been often compelled to *drag* the *Ladybird* before the night-constable by force.” “Use her kindly,” replied the CORINTHIAN, “and you shall be well paid for your trouble.”



The scene of a busy street in London, with Jerry and Jock standing in the foreground, and a woman in a long dress and a man in a top hat in the background.



KATE was taken to the watch-house, and, after the application of some restoratives, she breathed freely, and appeared to recover a little from her dreadful state of mind; but, upon opening her eyes, and looking round the place in a wild sort of manner, she immediately recognised the CORINTHIAN, and uttering a most piteous, heart-rending scream, she was again seized with a violent convulsive fit. The situation of TOM, at this instant, may be much easier imagined than described; when, squeezing LOGIC by the hand, "My dear BOB," said he, "I know you have more nerve than I possess. I cannot stand this afflicting scene any longer—it is too much for my feelings—I must go: therefore, permit me to depart; but, for God's sake, by our long and valued acquaintance, and on the score of sincere friendship, let me request of you to remain behind, and see what can be done for my once beloved KATE; degraded and fallen as she may be in the eyes of society, I cannot discard her from my memory; and I think it my duty to render her every assistance in my power." LOGIC, although the leader of life and fun, was never insensible to the cause of the unfortunate, and no eye ever shewed more tokens of real sympathy, when called upon to assist a female in distress. The *Oxonian*, in a pathetic faltering tone, answered, "I will; and you may depend upon it, TOM, I will see KATE comfortably situated before I leave her, not only on your account, but from my remembrance of her good qualities in better days." Poor JERRY, whose admiration of this once delightful woman amounted to ecstasy, had turned aside to wipe away the tears which had so profusely overspread his manly cheeks. Previous to TOM's leaving the watch-house, he cast a long but agonising look at the degraded CORINTHIAN KATE, and a sigh of so deep and melancholy a tone escaped his lips, that his heart appeared almost broken. He left BOB and JERRY with the utmost precipitation, and was out of sight in an instant.

The unfortunate KATE remained insensible for a long time, but the night-constable, a man of feeling, and one who filled the office in his own right, rendered her all the

assistance in his power, on becoming acquainted with the situation of the parties. He offered to procure a comfortable retreat for her, and assured LOGIC and JERRY that nothing should be wanting, on his part, to render KATE sensible of her unhappy, degraded situation in society, and to prepare her to accept an asylum either in the Penitentiary or the Magdalen.

On recovering herself, KATE appeared to feel almost as much shocked as when she recognised the CORINTHIAN, on beholding LOGIC and JERRY standing in a dejected manner over her person. She immediately burst into a flood of tears, and hid her face with both her hands, sobbing aloud. "Be comforted," said LOGIC, "compose yourself—you will not hear an unkind word from us. Every exertion shall be made to relieve your mind, and free you from your unhappy situation." "Good God!" exclaimed KATE, "I am now degraded indeed. I am past comfort! Nothing can relieve my sufferings in this world but death! For God's sake, leave me, Mr LOGIC. I entreat you to begone, Mr HAWTHORN. If you remain here, I shall never recover my reason." Her frame became dreadfully agitated, and she was seized with a violent hysterical fit. The scene was truly afflicting to the watchmen, but the distress of mind and agonised feelings of LOGIC and JERRY were poignant beyond description.

"I think, gentlemen," observed the night-constable, "you had better depart; the sight of you appears to disturb her exceedingly. She shall be lodged safely in my house for a few days, and every care taken of her until you may be able to make some arrangements for her future mode of life. The moment she recovers her senses, I will take her to my residence in a coach; and you can, if you think proper, remain at a distance until you see her safely lodged in my house. I will send you an account of her health daily, and also prepare her mind to give you a meeting." "We will take your advice," said LOGIC, "and I hope you will accept our best thanks for your kindness and humanity. Here is

a ten-pound note, to defray the expenses for the present ; send for a medical man immediately, a physician of the first eminence, and let her have a fresh supply of clothes without delay ; indeed, let her have everything that may afford her relief, and more money shall be sent to you in the course of the day." LOGIC and JERRY followed the advice of the night-constable, and after seeing KATE safely conducted to the residence of the above officer, they immediately proceeded to CORINTHIAN HOUSE, and reported progress to TOM, respecting the line of conduct they had adopted towards the unfortunate KATE.

Messengers were sent repeatedly by the CORINTHIAN to inquire after the health of his once adored mistress ; and, by the unremitting attention of the constable and his wife, KATE appeared to improve in bodily strength, but the mental agony she suffered was excessive. Our heroine was continually in tears, and lamenting her unhappy state, occasioned by her deviation from the paths of rectitude. When pressed to name a day to receive LOGIC and JERRY, in order to prepare her in some degree for a visit from TOM, she postponed it from time to time, on account of the shattered state of her nerves ; but promised, when she found herself able to endure such an interview, she would give timely notice to that effect. KATE, after repeated pressing entreaties, at length named the day ; but, on the evening previous, taking advantage of the absence of the night-constable and his wife, she made her escape, as it were, from her apartments, and quitted the house, unknown to any person, leaving the following letter upon the table, addressed to CORINTHIAN TOM :—

“Dearest and best of men,

“I have struggled hard with myself to obtain the victory, but I am conquered—I cannot meet you. Although I am very anxious to see you once more, previous to taking my leave of you for ever ; yet to me, the consequences of such a meeting might prove fatal. The die is cast, and I must submit to fate. I am degraded beyond all hopes of redemption in my own eyes : the slightest reproach from you would be worse than death ; and I have made up my mind, that it will be

much the best for both of us not to meet. Therefore, I say, adieu, dear TOM, for ever. Pursue me no farther; seek not my abode, as it will be useless, but leave me to my wretched self. I am unworthy of your care and attention; and I am fully prepared for the worst, 'Come what may!' Accept my warmest gratitude for this last act of tenderness and generosity towards me; it reflects the highest credit upon you, as a man of honour and feeling, although it has arrived too late to save me from destruction. But let me request of you, as the last favour, to erase from your memory that such an unfortunate, despised, abandoned creature as CORINTHIAN KATE ever had existence in this world, and my last prayer shall be offered up for your future happiness. Once more, adieu!

"The wretched, agonised, and broken-hearted

" KATE.

"P.S.—I cannot, will not, remain in England. The recollection of _____ is madness! If I survive our recent meeting, which is doubtful, I shall endeavour to seek retirement in a far-distant land. But I have lost all tranquillity of mind. I despair of finding anything like consolation on this side the grave. My hand falters—my brain is on fire—and I _____"

The constable, on discovering the flight of his unfortunate charge, lost no time in communicating the unwelcome intelligence to two of our heroes at CORINTHIAN HOUSE. "I am afraid," said he, addressing himself to LOGIC, "that Miss KATE will commit suicide. I and my wife have done all in our power to soothe her afflictions, but her grief was so great that she refused all consolation; in truth, she gave herself completely up to despair. I have inquired after her at all the houses in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, and at other places where I thought I might gain some tidings about her, with the greatest diligence, but all in vain. I could not learn any traces of her retreat. However, I will not give up the pursuit, and I hope I shall be yet successful, as I feel an interest in her fate, much more than anything like reward for my exertions can compensate." The *Oxonian* returned thanks to the constable for the feeling he had displayed towards the unfortunate woman committed to his care; but observed, owing to the ill state of TOM's health, it would be imprudent for him to communicate the flight of KATE to TOM, until a more favourable opportunity.

He should, however, advise him not to relax in his exertions to find out her place of concealment, and again to take her under his care, should he meet with her. In the course of a few days the constable should hear from him on the subject, and also be well rewarded for the trouble he had taken to relieve the sufferings of a female who was the object of all their commiseration. The constable took his leave, and promised to use his best exertions to get her once more under his roof. "I sincerely hope," said JERRY, "that he may be successful in his search after KATE, as I know the liberal feelings of the CORINTHIAN towards her, notwithstanding what has occurred; but I would not experience such another dreadful meeting for a fortune. The rapid transition in her person to me was horrible, and, had I not witnessed it, I could scarcely have believed it possible to have taken place. CORINTHIAN KATE, who was once the envy of the women, now so reduced as to become disgusting to both sexes!" "It is the only instance, amongst the thousand which occur in LIFE IN LONDON, that has come to your knowledge; but such afflicting circumstances are continually to be met with in the dissipated circles of the metropolis," replied LOGIC; "and it is agonising to reflect on the incalculable number of the finest and most beautiful women thus doomed, in the course of a few months, to total destruction and death. The Theatres, and other public places of amusement are filled and thinned—FILLED and *thinned* again, in rapid succession, with those unhappy girls who *dazzle* and become the 'playthings of an hour,' until dissipation, distress, and disease, compel a hasty exit, and they are then heard of no more. Such are the direful effects and terrible end of VICE and INFAMY in the metropolis."

CHAPTER XII.

Serere indisposition of TOM on account of the sudden flight of CORINTHIAN KATE. Sorrow the order of the day for some time at the residence of TOM. A visit from the fat Knight, who removes grief and restores mirth. Our heroes take a Peep at the Houses of Lords and Commons, and other Public Institutions worthy of notice. LIFE ON THE WATER: TOM and JERRY having a PULL for the "BEST OF IT." SPLINTER of no use in the wind. LOGIC in difficulties, and symptoms of "HEAVY WET," or a DRAP too much for the "uncommonly big Gentleman," TRIAL OF SKILL—PIGEON SHOOTING: TOM, JERRY, and the fat Knight engaged in a Match.

THE horrid interview with KATE had so completely overwhelmed the feelings of the CORINTHIAN, that he had scarcely been able to quit his bed for several days; and just as he was on the point of recovering in a small degree from its afflicting effects upon his mind, the intelligence of her sudden flight brought on a relapse. "I am grieved beyond expression," said TOM, "at the inconsiderate conduct of this wretched, ungrateful girl. I had determined to rescue her from the paths of destruction. It was also my intention to have settled an annuity upon her for life, and likewise to have placed her in some respectable asylum, where she might have spent the remainder of her days in peace and quietness. But, alas! all my plans are frustrated, and I dread the consequences. The violence of her disposition knows no bounds; and I am afraid, in a paroxysm of despair, she will destroy herself."

I loved, and mine I praised,
And mine that I was proud of, mine so much,
That I myself was to myself not mine,

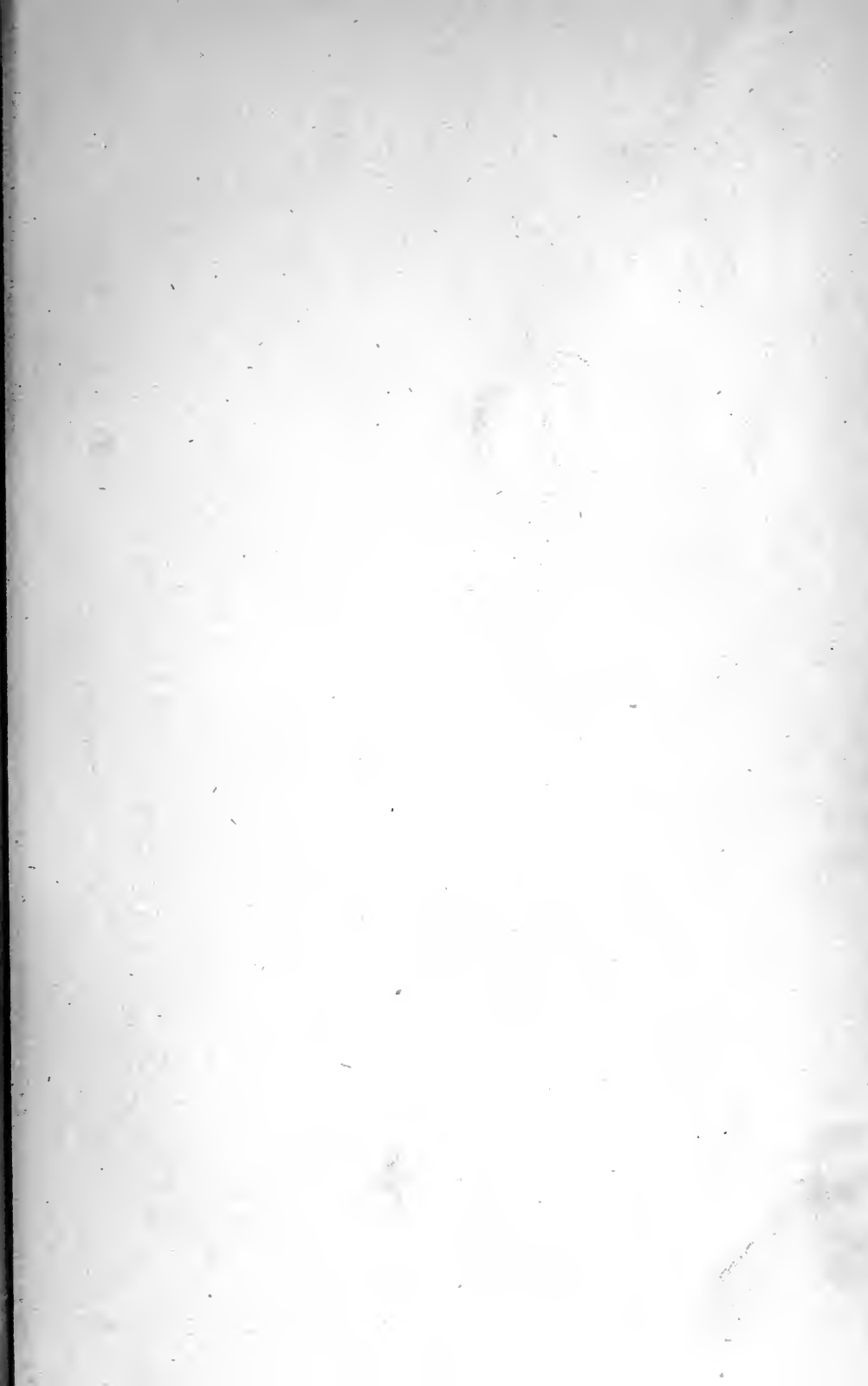
Valuing of her : why she — O, she is fallen
 Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
 Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
 And salt too little, which may season give
 To her foul-tainted flesh !

CORINTHIAN HOUSE, by the above melancholy circumstance, had completely changed its character :—once the acknowledged seat of wit, fun, raillery, and laughter, it had now become the abode of sorrow, and dulness reigned throughout every corner of the residence. TOM positively refused to see his most intimate friends, and LOGIC and JERRY could not recover their wonted spirits. However, the arrival of the “uncommonly big Gentleman” tended, in a great measure, to remove the “Blue Devils,” as he said, from the house. He did not wish to be thought unfeeling to the female in question, and lamented the circumstance exceedingly ; but, as they had, like good fellows, done everything in their power to relieve her misfortunes, he was an enemy to perpetual sorrow ; and lengthened grief, he was well assured, could not do her any good. He should, therefore, propose to JERRY, more especially as he did not wish to gallop from grave to gay, to visit the Houses of Lords and Commons, the Courts of Law, British Museum, &c. Those were *serious* subjects, and required serious attention ; and, he apprehended, at the present period, they might prove quite congenial to their feelings ; after which, by way of a set-off, he had a proposition of a more lively nature to make to them, in which they might act as silent spectators, or take an active part—a Rowing Match upon the River Thames. This sport would not only produce them capital exercise, but the change of scene, united with the breezes from the water, recruit their spirits, and improve their health. “Well said, Sir JOHN,” replied LOGIC, “I am glad to see you at this peculiar juncture ; good humour was always one of your most intimate companions, and we never stood in need of it so much, to drive away Care, since I have had the honour of your acquaintance : therefore, your friendly visit will be now hailed with more than welcome.”

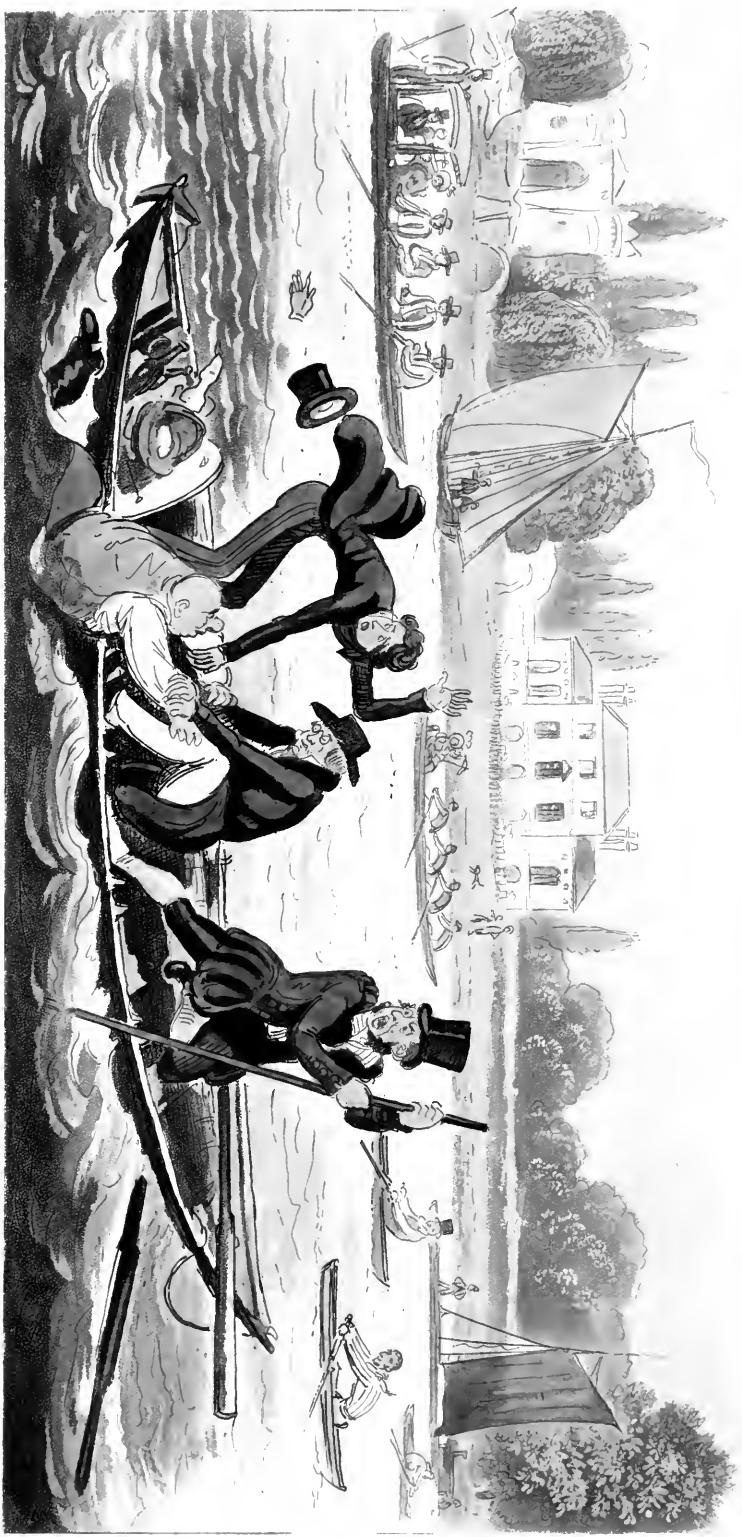
Several days were occupied in visiting the House of Lords,

the House of Commons, &c., by Sir JOHN, JERRY, and LOGIC, in order to give the CORINTHIAN time to obtain a perfect state of convalescence, that he might enter into the water-party of the fat Knight's with his usual spirit. The *Oxonian*, assisted by Sir JOHN, took great pains to point out the talents of the various speakers in both Houses of Parliament to JERRY, and they were also extremely minute in calling the attention of the "Young One" to the numerous interesting subjects in the British Museum, and other public institutions in the metropolis. If JERRY did not appear to display so much animation at the above places as he might have done where the attractions were of a more lively nature, yet he nevertheless felt their vast importance in society, and congratulated himself that he had not left London without visiting them. To his friend LOGIC, JERRY expressed his sincere thanks for the valuable remarks he had so often received on various subjects from him, and trusted that, at some future period, he should be able to turn them to a good account.

The Rowing Match did not produce so much amusement as Sir JOHN had previously anticipated, and, therefore, to make up for the deficiency of sport, he offered to back JERRY against the CORINTHIAN, to row a mile for a "rump and a dozen." This challenge was immediately accepted by TOM; boats were provided for them without delay, to decide the wager, and LOGIC was also appointed by Sir JOHN to act as umpire on the occasion. The strength of JERRY enabled him, soon after starting, to take the lead for a short distance, which circumstance so elated the "fat Knight," that he began loudly to shout, and play all manner of antics, by way of encouragement, to JERRY to keep it up; but suddenly quitting his seat, and the wind being extremely high, he lost his balance and fell overboard. This was rather a melancholy change for the "uncommonly big Gentleman," who was seen buffeting the stream like a porpoise, roaring out lustily for assistance. "Help! help! help me, BOB LOGIC, or I shall be drowned! SPLINTER, for God's sake, give me your hand, or I shall be



Life on the Lakes: 'Symptoms of' HENRY WEST'S 'IDLE' for work for the 'narrow world' by 'The Editor'

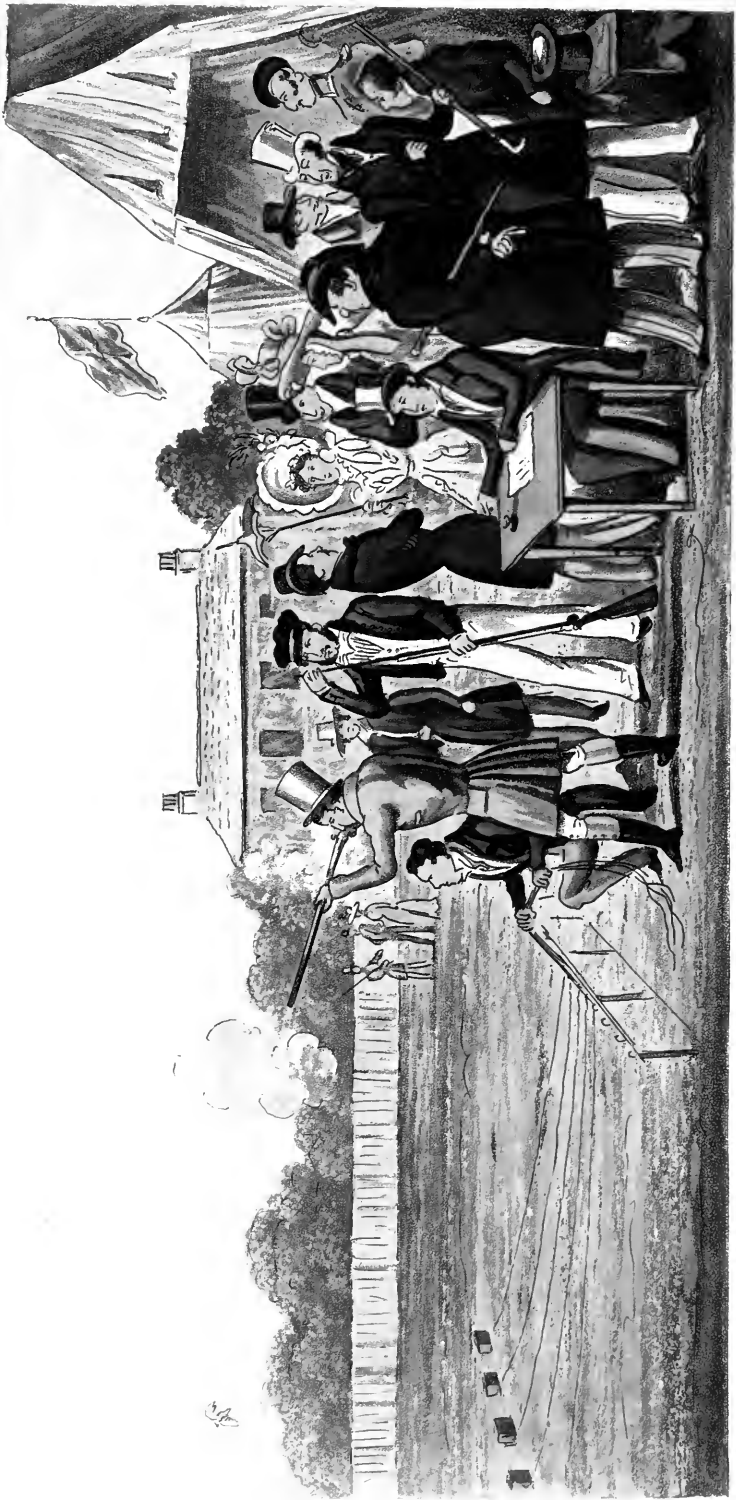


lost!" "I can't," replied SPLINTER, "I have enough to do to take care of myself; I am so *thin*, I am afraid I shall be blown into the water. I have no strength like you, Sir JOHN, to contend with such rude elements!" "What are you at, Sir!" said the waterman; "if you cling to the boat so tight, we shall all be upset; you are heavy enough to sink a seventy-four gun ship." After a great deal of difficulty and exertion, and almost pulling LOGIC's hands from his wrists, the "uncommonly big Gentleman" had grasped them so tightly, he was rescued from his perilous situation. "Never mind, Sir JOHN," said LOGIC, smiling, "you are all right now. You must consider it as a *cooler*, as you were so very *warm* on the subject just now; a kind of '*heavy wet*,' and that you have had a '*drap*' too much this bout. But pull away, waterman, or else I shall not be able to decide this wager." "I will agree to lose the wager, BOB," said the fat Knight; "only put me on shore, I am so chilly and cold, and anxious to dry my clothes at the first public-house." LOGIC, although he loved his joke, immediately consented to Sir JOHN's proposition: "But," said the *Oxonian*, "shall I send any of the doctors belonging to the Humane Society to feel your pulse and pronounce you out of danger? The poor fishes have sustained a *heavy* loss by your escape from a watery grave." "Yes, thank heaven," replied the fat Knight with much pleasantry, "I have *bilked* them this bout; and I assure you, BOB, that I had rather walk than be *dragged* along any time, however friendly disposed the persons employed by the Humane Society might be towards my carcase." Sir JOHN, on being landed, made for the first public-house, crying out, "Any port in a storm!" The *Oxonian* rendered every assistance to disencumber the "uncommonly big Gentleman" of his wet clothes, when the latter jumped into a warm bed, tossed off two or three hot glasses of brandy and water, wished LOGIC "good night!" and said he would return to London early in the morning, and call at *Corinthian House*.

Notwithstanding the superior strength and exertions of

JERRY to become the conqueror, the knowledge of the river possessed by TOM gave him the "best of the match," and he won it cleverly. On becoming acquainted with Sir JOHN'S disaster, they both laughed very heartily, but expressed themselves well pleased that the "uncommonly big Gentleman" had suffered no other inconvenience from his accident than a *good ducking*. The appearance of Sir JOHN at *Corinthian House* the next morning was the signal for fun and laughter; but the fat Knight, full of good-humour, joined in the jokes of his merry pals, and the adventures of the Rowing Match were forgotten in the course of a few fleeting hours.

The sudden and totally unexpected flight of CORINTHIAN KATE, just at the moment when a gleam of hope appeared to rescue her from her wretched situation, operated upon the feelings of TOM in a way not to be depicted; and he was determined, if possible, regardless of any expense, to have her once more under his control, on the laudable plea of humanity. He, therefore, made the most liberal offers to the Constable and his wife, not to relax in their exertions to regain possession of her person. Repeated inquiries were made after Kate, at her old places of resort, but without the desired effect; in fact, no stone was left unturned to recapture the unfortunate creature by the above active officer. The pursuit, when not the slightest chance remained to gain some tidings of her plan of retreat, was ultimately given up, under the idea that she had quitted the kingdom in disgust, with true penitent notions. The plans adopted by TOM, to reclaim her from the paths of wickedness, were of so feeling yet secure a character, that he had determined to render the remainder of her existence *comfortable* as to personal wants, in spite of herself; "but her mind," she had often said, "never could be *soothed*; and that the sight of those persons who would always appear to her 'like daggers to her memory,' must be avoided by flight." Her cunning enabled her to elude the vigilance of the officer by changing her route; and thus were the benevolent intentions of the CORINTHIAN frustrated.



PIGEON SHOOTING.—TOM, JERRY, and the "Hot" "High" engaged in a "Match."

Mercy is not itself that oft looks so ;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe !

In the course of a few days, after the Rowing Match had been decided, JERRY, on meeting with the "uncommonly big Gentleman," observed to him, "I have a capital day's amusement in store for you ; a match at PIGEON SHOOTING ! In fact, I have backed you against the CORINTHIAN, to kill more birds out of the trap than he does, provided TOM makes use of his *walking-stick*, as he has bound himself to do, you having the privilege to shoot with any gun you think proper." "A *walking-stick* ! A fiddle-de-dee ! Come, come, my Young One," replied Sir JOHN, "I do not look upon myself as a very *wise* one ; but, nevertheless, I am not quite such a *flat* as to believe that TOM or you are serious about the matter. It is one of your tricks, Master JERRY !" "Indeed, it is no joke, Sir JOHN," answered the CORINTHIAN. "I am perfectly serious, and if you entertain any doubts upon the matter, here is the *walking-stick* I intend to use upon the occasion" (*handing it over to the fat Knight for his inspection.*) "Well, then," said the "uncommonly big Gentleman," "I will venture another rump and a dozen, although I have been generally defeated in various matches with you, that, if you make use of this *walking-stick*, I kill more birds than you do, out of twenty-one. It has no *sight* !" "Agreed," answered TOM, "it is a match."

On the day appointed to decide the subject in dispute, TOM appeared on the ground, with his WALKING-STICK * in

* The PATENT STAFF GUN is in the shape of a common *walking-stick*, and is a perfect substitute for that article, when it is not *cocked*, and the *ferrule* is in the muzzle. It is also less than *half* the weight of the common fowling-piece, and not above one *third* of the expense. It is likewise less dangerous than the common gun ; and the patentee, Mr Hubbard, asserts, that a moderate practice will soon enable any one to become a good shot with it. The extent of the invention is confined to the usual fair chances of sporting ; it does not pretend to the niceties of a rifle shot, or to destroy a pigeon from a trap so certainly as with the unwieldy pieces and large charges that are used when heavy stakes are depending.

his hand, as the plate represents. The fat Knight flattered himself, as he was not considered altogether a bad shot, that he should win the match in a canter, and was jolly enough to back himself *two to one*; but the Knight was not aware that TOM had been practising on the sly, with the PATENT STAFF GUN, for the last twelve months, and had found it answer all the desired purposes, without being half the weight of the common fowling-piece. The fat Knight prepared for action, exerting himself to the utmost of his ability, puffing and blowing like a broken-winded horse, and managed to kill ten birds. Great curiosity was evinced on the ground by most of the *crack* shots, to witness the talents displayed by TOM with his *walking-stick*, against the feathered tribe. The CORINTHIAN felt confident of success—and in a short time he was pronounced the winner, having killed twelve birds out of the twenty-one. The “uncommonly big Gentleman” not only acknowledged his defeat, but expressed, with cheerfulness, his surprise at the perfection and utility of the PATENT STAFF GUN.

CHAPTER XIII.

Terrific moments for the thoughtless—Melancholy end of CORINTHIAN KATE—one of those lamentable examples of dissipated Life in London. The end of extravagance—TIM SPLINTER, according to the remarks of the OXONIAN, SPLINTERED; but, nevertheless, of no service to his Creditors. TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC make a friendly call on the High-bred one, in BANCO REGIS. “Away with melancholy!” or an old favourite air to a new tune, with accompaniments, by a variety of Characters. The awful day arrived—the Court in view—“to be or not to be opposed,” THAT is the question.

It had been the intention of the unhappy KATE, it should seem, previous to her sudden flight from the friendly roof of the Constable and his wife, to have quitted the kingdom with the most convenient speed, as the only way to obtain something like peace of mind. The short period she had remained under the immediate care of LOGIC, at the expense of the CORINTHIAN, and consigned to the soothing aid of the wife of the officer, had completely awakened KATE to a due sense of her horrid mode of life, and also enforced her determination to reform her conduct altogether. Her pride, nevertheless, was not to be conquered, although she had been reduced to the last extremity of distress; and her feelings were too much lacerated, by her own depraved behaviour and degradation in life, to endure a serious meeting, and hear a final proposition made by the CORINTHIAN. She therefore preferred flight. To be reinstated in the good opinion of Tom was impossible; but to become an object of charity—a mere pauper—dependent on the man she had once idolised as her companion, and by whom every care had been exerted to gratify her vanity; now to be kept in the shade, aloof from society, during the remainder of her

existence, or the finger of scorn continually pointed at her person, wherever she appeared—the bare idea was too overwhelming with horrors for her emaciated frame to withstand. She could not return to her parents—their doors were shut against her—and KATE had lost all relationship; in truth, like all unfortunate females of this description, she might now be said not to possess a single friend in the world; nay, she was a wretched outcast from society.

KATE had scarcely quitted the residence of the Constable when she was unfortunately met by some of her female companions in vice, in company with Old Mother ——, well known in the annals of infamy, at the west end of the town, to whom she related her intention of leaving England. Finding the personal appearance and dress of KATE altered for the better, and also plenty of money in her pocket, the Old Beldam immediately dissuaded her from burying herself in a foreign country. The bottle was soon introduced, and all her penitent notions were flown in an instant, or rather drowned by intoxication. “Come, my dear,” said the old Procuress, “it would be a shame so fine a woman should be lost to the world—a girl like you, who can get so much money from gentlemen! Don’t think of such a thing! Foreign parts, indeed! Why, child, you must not be right in your head! Foreign parts, pooh! Let me not hear any more of foreign parts. You, Miss KATE, that have been the toast of the theatres, the masquerades, the gardens, &c. Come, my dear girl, take another glass, and make your mind happy, and I’ll give you a toast,—‘Here’s old England for ever!’ there is no place like it in the world; the *blunt* magazine for me! Now, my dear, never let me hear you mention any more about foreign parts: the advice of all the fellows arn’t worth a *farden*! Why, I supposes as how that some straight-haired rascal, like that *canting*, humbug who took away Miss SUSAN the other day from my house, to place her in the Magdalen, or in the *Penny* —— something, to make her, as he said, happy, has been torturing of you: happy, did I say—I meant miserable.

Therefore, my dear KATE, do not let such rascals get the best of you! O dear, the thought of it is shocking, to a young lady like you, who has always had her own way! How could you put up with being denied a *drap* of drink, and not permitted to see any of your *male* friends? My dear, the truth is, I cannot part with you on such terms—you would have more liberty allowed to you in a prison. You shall come and live at my house, free of expense. I will make you happy and comfortable, you may depend upon it; and where you may drink, eat, sleep, and see anybody you like, without control. Come, let us have another glass, Miss KATE, you must be dry; and give up all *idear* of foreign parts." By this time KATE was quite seduced to the Old Beldam's purpose; she became completely intoxicated, and, with an oath, swore that she would not leave England for any person, but stick to old Mother—— as long as she lived, whom she thought, by her kind offer, was a real friend—such unfortunate influence had the liquor upon her mind.

Her abandoned habits, as a matter of course, under the direction of old Mother——, were again resumed; but she did not visit the Theatres, and other public places of amusement, in order that she might escape the vigilance of the Night-Constable, and also to prevent a meeting with TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC. During the time the money lasted, Miss KATE, as she was termed, was treated with all the respect due to her; and also, while her wearing apparel produced the cash, she did not want for something like attention to her wants; but when poverty stared her in the face—and no more money could be obtained from her purse, she was immediately stripped of the title of *Miss*, driven from the parlour to the garret by the Old Beldam, and, in fact, she was considered nothing else but a burden to this establishment of iniquity. KATE was daily insulted by the appellation of a lazy b——, by old Mother——; a quarrel was the result, and poor KATE, still proud enough in her sober moments to resent contemptuous treatment, in her whirlwind of passion, found herself again in the streets, without a house or home.

The unfortunate KATE was now reduced to the last alternative. Night after night, she was compelled to prowl the most obscure alleys and gateways, in spite of wind and rain, with scarcely a rag to cover her nakedness, to keep her from starvation; subject to the cruel usage and insults of the midnight ruffian, and oftener treated more like a beast than one of that tender sex to whom man stands so much indebted for his birth and comforts in this world. By day compelled to hide herself from the sight of the world, in a garret scarcely tenatable; yet, with all its beggary and wretchedness, her *privations* were so great, that she was unable to satisfy the demands of a hard-hearted, unfeeling landlady, who was continually threatening to turn her out of doors, if she did not pay her rent. Her sufferings were bitter in the extreme; no pen can portray them, and no tongue, however eloquent, can sufficiently bring them home to the human heart. Her cup of misery was filled to the brim; nay, more, it was overflowing; the climax was at hand, and there was no relief for the unfortunate Kate, but in death; and well might she exclaim, in the words of the Poet:—

Friend to the wretch whom every friend forsakes,
I woo thee, DEATH! In Fancy's fairy paths,
Let the gay songster rove, and gently trill
The strain of empty joy. LIFE and its joys
I leave to those that prize them. At this hour,
This solemn hour, when silence rules the world,
AND WEARIED NATURE MAKES A GENERAL PAUSE,
Wrapt in Night's sable robe, through cloisters drear,
And charnels pale, tenanted by a throng
Of meagre phantoms shooting across my path
With silent glance, I seek the shadowy vale
Of DEATH!

The unconquerable pride of KATE stuck by her till the last—she had given up all idea of reconciliation with her friends, and hopes in this world, when the horrid thought of self-destruction presented itself to her disordered mind; and so firmly was she fixed in her purpose to put an end to her troubles, that the last money she raised at the pawnbroker's

was a few pence to purchase a sufficient quantity of poison to destroy her life.

For the last twenty-four hours of her existence, nothing had passed her lips; her cupboard was destitute of the smallest sign of provision, and not even a paltry rushlight, to keep her from darkness. The night, too, was tremendous; vivid flashes of lightning succeeding each other through the shattered casement, accompanied by loud and terrific claps of thunder, worked her up to a pitch of madness; and exclaiming, "I can bear this horrid scene no longer!" she seized hold of the phial which contained the poison, and by the aid of a flash of lightning, hastily drank off its contents, then threw herself upon the bed, to await her speedy dissolution. It was not long before the poison began to operate on her emaciated frame; she started up in the greatest agony, writhing to and fro, from the baleful effects of the potion she had swallowed, and fell violently on the floor, uttering, in the most plaintive tones—"Oh, my poor father! Mother, mother, do not curse your unhappy child—Tom, Tom, it was my wish to have parted with you, but God forg——" The last breath had now escaped her lips—and the horrid deed had been too fully accomplished.

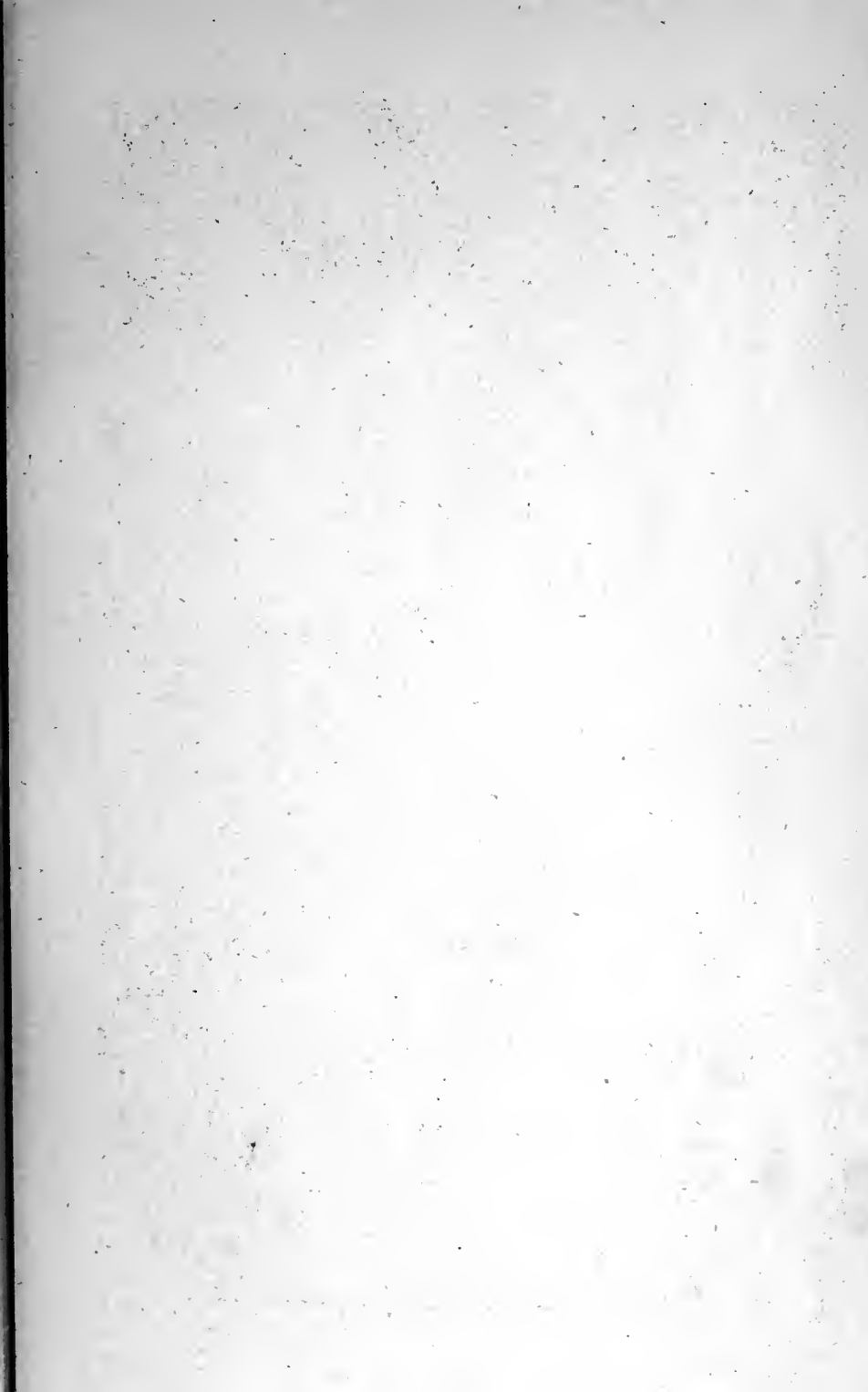
But if there is an HEREAFTER,
 And that there is, Conscience, uninfluenced
 And suffered to speak out, tells every man,
 Then it must be an awful thing to die!
 More horrid, yet, to die by one's own hand.
 Self-murder! name it not! Unheard-of tortures
 Must be reserved for such.

The old landlady,* hearing something fall heavily upon

* Persons living in the country, particularly those in retired life, can scarcely bring their minds to believe that such wretches have existence in the world: but, alas! it is too true, that hundreds of old women, like the landlady of the unfortunate KATE, are to be met with in the worst parts of the Metropolis; nothing else but *frends*, in the shape of females, who are lost to every sense of feeling, save that of getting

the ground, accompanied, as she thought, with a groan, was induced to crawl up to the garret, to ascertain the cause, and likewise to inquire after her rent. On opening the door, she perceived the body of the unfortunate creature prostrate upon the floor (*as represented in the plate*), but instead of shewing anything like compassion towards KATE, she began to abuse the corpse. "Get up, you drunken beast!" said she, "and do not lay there the whole of the night! You had much better have paid me my rent, you wretch, than to have squandered away the money in liquor! Get up, I say——" After calling her several times, she also touched the body of KATE with her foot; but finding it had no effect, she lustily called out for help to the unfortunate girls in the different rooms of her house. "Here, Nan, you faggot! Ragged Bet! Saucy Sal!—come up, come up!—the beast, I believe, is dead, or else *shamming* of it. What business had she to die here, I wonder, without paying my rent, and putting me to so much trouble and expense! All the *toggery* upon her carcass wouldn't furnish a *mop*! But it is just like the proud bunter. But she shan't lay long here: I'll soon have her out of my place. *Sal*, run to the workhouse, and tell the overseers to send a shell for her; I am sure she has no friends to put her under ground." But this unfeeling brute in female attire had calculated rather too quickly upon the removal of the un-

MONEY, and to procure which they would not hesitate to commit murder. The sufferings and treatment experienced by the reduced, beggared prostitutes, are terrifying beyond recital, when their personal appearance and dress cease to attract attention. The law does not reach such characters, without some direct offence has been committed against the peace; and then, by the influence of their money, they are enabled to procure *that* sort of evidence against the victims of poverty and distress, as to prove triumphant nine times out of ten. If it were possible for innocent females only to witness one of those afflicting scenes—to listen to the heart-rending tales of woe of some of the poor girls, respecting the modes adopted to decoy them from their homes, by the artifices and schemes of procuresses, the example would prove so terrific, that many a poor wretch who has died unheeded and forgotten, might have lived, and proved an ornament to society.



THE DANCE OF THE VAMPIRES



fortunate creature from her wretched hovel of infamy. It was soon discovered by the parish officers that CORINTHIAN KATE had died by poison; and therefore a Coroner's inquest was absolutely necessary to be held upon the body. After a proper investigation of the matters connected with the subject, the Jury returned a verdict of insanity. Thus, dreadfully, to the feeling mind, terminated the thoughtless, abandoned career of the once-idolised, highly-flattered CORINTHIAN KATE; and all the false pride, upstart vanity, and ruinous attempts at ambition, which had disgraced her character, and proved her overthrow in life, were consigned to the small space of a *wooden-shell*! Dying in obscurity, likewise living under assumed names from time to time, her relatives and friends had lost all traces of her residence, and her body was not claimed for decent burial; in consequence of which her unhappy remains were deposited amongst the paupers, in a free part of the parish burying-ground, exhibiting an awful monument of one of those lamentable but too numerous examples of dissipated LIFE IN LONDON.

The melancholy end of KATE's life would have remained for ever unknown to LOGIC and JERRY, and her flight to a foreign land have been considered as the cause of her not being seen, had not her death been discovered by the following circumstance:—*Ragged Bet*, a low, impudent, brazen-faced prostitute, was brought before the Night-Constable, on a charge of robbing a gent of his *thimble*; when that officer, recollecting her face as being one of the midnight-companions of the late unhappy KATE, questioned her very closely on the subject, and she related the above particulars concerning her flight, death, and burial. He immediately communicated the intelligence to LOGIC and JERRY, who liberally rewarded the Constable for his exertions, but, at the same time, made him enter into a solemn promise that he would keep the death of KATE, particularly under such melancholy circumstances, a profound secret from CORINTHIAN TOM. "As I am too well aware," said the *Oxonian*, "that *ignorance* must prove *bliss* to his acute feelings, on a

subject more heart-rending to him than any other circumstance connected with the whole history of his life."

The *absence* of the *High-bred One* from CORINTHIAN HOUSE, ultimately began to create inquiries after his welfare, by TOM and JERRY; and the fat Knight also declared, that he was equally in the dark, as to the *neglect* of his long friend SPLINTER towards the party; but he was rather apprehensive for his safety, as he had not seen him since their excursion on the water; he then left SPLINTER in a high gale of wind, and it was not unlikely but he might have been blown away. "No, no," said LOGIC, smiling, "I should rather have it, that the *Long One* is '*wanted*;' the *blunt-finder* and he, when last together, I know well, could not agree upon any terms; and some indirect threats were made against the person of SPLINTER, by *Old Screw*, if he did not fulfil certain contracts within a specified time; which, I am sure, from the deranged state of his finances, and his extravagant disposition, he cannot; therefore, I should not be surprised if he was, at this present moment, under the especial protection of the King's servants, and also ordered by his *body* physician to drink the *Dolphin Waters* for a few weeks, for the benefit of his constitution."

"The *Dolphin Waters*! *Dolphin Waters*!" echoed Sir JOHN, "they are quite new to me; I never heard of them before. What are the peculiar qualities they are distinguished for in the opinions of the doctors? What *complaints* are they good for, BOB? But I suppose they require a trip to the Continent, to drink of them? Be kind enough to let me know all about their efficacy." "You will have no occasion, Sir JOHN," replied the *Oxonian*, with a comical face, that would have set all gravity at defiance, "to go to the Continent to drink of the *Dolphin Waters*, although it is absolutely necessary that you must cross the water before you can obtain *relief*. It has been very strongly urged that, upon most points, '*doctors disagree*;' but, rather strange to state, yet undoubtedly true, the *learned* doctors are all agreed that the *Dolphin Waters* are

good for ALL *complaints* ! and speedy *relief* may be obtained by the use of them. They have a wonderful effect in *stop-pages* of the *chest* ; they likewise have a kind of *clearing* quality, something after the manner of SHAKESPERE, to

Minister to a mind diseased ;
 Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
 Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;
 And, with some oblivious antidote,
 Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
 Which weighs upon the heart !

They also give you the opportunity of ascertaining your *exact* value in society, and enable you to distinguish your *real* from your *pretended* friends. Their *virtues* are so well known in all parts of England, that folks far and near come to drink of them ; nay, many persons have left the East Indies to partake of their *purifying* qualities. In short, the gay old cock becomes renovated in the same space of time as the young sprig. *Age* is no bar to their efficacy upon the constitution ; and the boasted advantages appertaining to youth, in this instance, gain nothing by it. The *Dolphin Waters* may likewise be had gratis ; yet several persons have been fastidious enough to refuse to drink of them ; but there is no accounting for matters of *taste* !” “ Bravo, BOB !” replied TOM ; “ your dissertation on the efficacy of the *Dolphin Waters* does credit to your understanding ; but I am rather surprised, Sir JOHN, that you should have suffered yourself to have been got into such a *line* by the *Oxonian* ; however, I will cut the matter short—take a stroll into the King’s Bench, and, if you require any further explanation respecting the *Dolphin Waters*, you will find plenty of the Collegians quite eloquent upon the subject.” “ Well, I must confess,” answered the fat Knight, “ that I have been completely deceived by Mr LOGIC ; but, nevertheless, the description of the *Dolphin Waters* has been so well *worked-up*, in such an artist-like manner, by my friend BOB, that I candidly acknowledge I am more pleased with the information I have obtained respecting their qualities than otherwise.”

The absence of the *High-bred One* was soon explained by the following note, received by LOGIC:—

“DEAR BOB,

“This does not come *hop*-ping; in truth, I wish I could *hop* to you: but OLD SCREW has turned round upon me, before I was aware of his intentions, and deprived me of giving him one of my *quickest* securities—LEG-bail! Nevertheless, I am indebted to the kindness of OLD SCREW for a *secure* residence; he has also placed me out of ‘harm’s way,’ where *duns* dare not intrude; nor can any danger be apprehended from the carts and horses. Communicate the *agreeable* intelligence to TOM, JERRY, and Sir JOHN, that I am ‘*taken care of*,’ likewise, that I keep good hours, and am always to be found ‘at home.’ Give me a friendly call without delay, and I remain,

“Yours truly,

“TIM SPLINTER.

“*Banco Regis, 6 in 2.*”

“SPLINTER is *splintered*!” exclaimed LOGIC; “he is all to pieces, and it will be a few weeks, I am afraid, before he can be made *whole* again!” I am not at all surprised, but very sorry, at this piece of intelligence,” answered Sir JOHN. “Indeed, to tell the truth, I have long expected such an intimation respecting SPLINTER, as this note contains. I heard he lost a large sum at *play* the other evening; and his very expensive establishment——” “Yes,” said the *Oxonian*, “horses, dogs, play, rich wines, fine women, and a few other little *necessary* appendages, to obtain the character of a man of fashion in London, require rather a long and a strong purse to keep the game alive; but as our friend, you know, Sir JOHN, was only the *splinter* of a HEAVY SWELL, it surely cannot be surprising that he has broken down in the race.” “Misfortunes to you, BOB, seem ‘trifles light as air,’” observed the CORINTHIAN; “and you always endeavour to put a good face upon a bad matter. You certainly have great pretensions to the character of a philosopher.” “I feel obliged, TOM, by the compliment you have paid to me,” replied LOGIC, “but whether I am entitled to the character of a PHILOSOPHER or not, it has always been my maxim hitherto through my career, and it is likewise my intention to act upon the same principle to the end of the

chapter—to ‘*bear up*’ against the vicissitudes of this life. The Revolution of a few days in London performs miracles. I have witnessed the great banker, supposed to be worth millions at ten o’clock in the morning, reduced to his last shilling by dinner-time, and, before night, locked up in jail, as a debtor. I have also seen the wheel of fortune* turn round, and change a *pauper*, in the course of a few fleeting hours, into the rich landed proprietor; therefore, a man under any circumstances, however desperate, in my humble opinion, should always hope for the best, and rather cling to the cheerful side of the picture—under the consolatory reflection, that his misfortunes might have been worse—than, coward-like, suffer his spirits to be cast down, pine and fret, and ultimately *break down* under his burden.”

“That is exactly my idea upon the subject,” said JERRY, “and I propose that we lose no time, but all of us pay SPLINTER a visit, to witness how he bears up ‘against restraint!’” “RESTRAINT!” echoed the *Oxonian*, “you can scarcely term it *confinement*. It is true, that you cannot hunt, shoot, course, sport your tandem, or drive your barouche; but your MIND may be actively employed in the College; you can read, study, or draw; and, as for exercise, what can be finer for the *constitution* than a game of fives, or a match at rackets. It is equally true, that you are under lock and key, and separated at nine o’clock in the evening from your wives, friends, and acquaintances, which is rather a *touching* affair to the feelings, I must admit; but throughout the whole of the day, from half-past eight in the morning, the intercourse is perfectly free from anything like *restraint*; and a prisoner † may manage his affairs with considerable

* At one period of the career of NAPOLEON, it might have been considered a safe bet, £500 to £1, that the Bourbons were never reinstated on the throne of France; yet such are the changes in this *life*, that the almost conqueror of the world died an exile in St. Helena; and Louis the Eighteenth, after an absence from France for nearly *twenty-two* years, was restored to his kingdom and his crown.

† This term is considered rather like a *note* out of tune, upon the ears of the persons in *Banco Regis*, and it is only novices who make

expedition. Indeed, convenience and assistance to the Collegians have been studied; and messengers are always in attendance, to convey messages to any part of the Metropolis, and who return with answers with the utmost facility. It is likewise well known, that several persons who have been sent to *this* College, destitute of the smallest coin belonging to his Majesty's realm, have, in a short time, procured a decent *living* inside, who would have been totally at a loss to have obtained half a maintenance OUTSIDE of *Banco Regis*. It can scarcely be denominated a PRISON—if *confinement* is the argument."

To visit the "High-bred One" was now the object in view, and TOM, JERRY, LOGIC, and the "fat Knight," were soon ushered into the presence of SPLINTER, in *Banco Regis*. The "High-bred One" met them full of confidence, appeared quite cheerful, and perfectly at his ease. "I am always at home," said he to Sir JOHN, "without the fear of 'troublesome customers; '* a knock at the door does not annoy me

use of it; therefore, the appellation of COLLEGIAN is not only urged to possess more harmony in the sound, but the etymology of the phrase is considered indisputable by the *Alpha* and *Omega* Gents. BANCO REGIS, most certainly, is a College, in every sense of the word—it contains lots of *wranglers*; and also, it cannot be denied, that numbers of *ignorant* folks, who have been sent to study only for a few weeks within its walls, *how* to improve their situations in life, have left *Banco Regis* much *wiser* in the head, if not *richer* in the pocket!

* Duns, loungers, small-talkers, and fellows who want to fill up their time at the expense of other people, must *lobb* in upon some of their acquaintances, to make out the day, and who thus rob literary men, artists, &c., of their most valuable stock in trade—TIME! It was the opinion of an artist of celebrity, that he never enjoyed so much "real liberty of the subject" as during the time he was compelled to take up his residence in the Fleet Prison. To use his own words, "My MIND," said he, "was quite free from the harass of duns; my *studies* were never interrupted without I permitted them; and if, by chance, I was annoyed by any persons, I had only to go to the gate, and express my disapprobation to the turnkey, and the intruders, whether *he* or *she*, were instantly *locked-out*!" This latter phrase may appear rather strange to the novice; but it is true, that several persons have felt more hurt at the *punishment* of being *locked-out* against their will, than hundreds of those characters who are *locked-in* for *suspicion* of debt.

as heretofore; and those friends who honour me with a call are never disappointed. I am surrounded, as you perceive, with all sorts of characters—*suspicious ones*, no doubt; but as I am not an inquisitive sort of *chap*, I do not trouble myself—in fact, I am not industrious enough to become acquainted with their affairs; and, as a matter of course, I keep my own *secrets*. Therefore, my dear friends, do not expect any entertainment from me, in the *anecdote* line, respecting my Brother Collegians. *Entre nous*, I will be explicit: the amount which has sent me to College, many persons of fashion would deem a mere *trifle*; others, whose ideas of life are more *confined*, lift up their eyes, and call it a large sum!* Be that as it may, the *evil day* could no longer be put off; and I must exert myself to get over my difficulties. It is my intention to act honourably to all parties; therefore I do not mean to neglect the opportunity which presents itself. I have been too long in the dark; my eyes are now opened, as to future prospects—and I have no inclination to remain a Collegian the remainder of my life. It is one consolation to my feelings, that, although taken in *execution*, my creditors cannot *hang* me.”

“I am glad to find you in such good spirits,” observed LOGIC, smiling; “have you made out your *Benefit-bill*?” “Not yet,” replied SPLINTER; “it will require consideration: it contains too much TRAGEDY for some folks, and not enough COMEDY in it for others. It partakes more of the *melo-drama*; the various scenes depict the thoughtless spendthrift—the runaway pursued by *John Doe* and *Richard Roe*: the hero, at length, *touched* with his misfortunes—secured in the fortress—and waiting in suspense for the day

* It has been a matter of dispute, whether the *blot* does not remain the same on a man's *escutcheon*, in the eyes of the world, no matter under what circumstances he might have been relieved from his debts by the benefit of the Insolvent Act. The *sum* is of little consequence, in the opinion of society; and the finger of scorn is just as likely to be pointed (as to the principle of the thing) at the man who has been *whitewashed* for a pair of top-boots, as against the individual who “has *given it*,” as the term goes, “for tens of thousands to his creditors!”

of judgment." "I am aware it must be a *long bill*," answered the *Oxonian*; "and a 'New Way to Pay Old Debts,' will be rather too hacknied a piece for you; therefore, if you would allow me to dictate to you, I should propose the farce of '*Lock and Key*;' also, by way of prelude, the '*SCHEDULE FEVER*;'*" and the whole to conclude with '*THE DISCHARGE!*'" "Nothing could be more to the purpose," said SPLINTER, "but I am afraid the Manager would not sign it; besides, I am not exactly up in the part yet; and I should not like to be detected as *imperfect* in my tale before the public, and sent back to College to re-study my character. However, a truce to any more jokes on a serious subject, BOB!"

"You are quite aware, Sir JOHN," observed SPLINTER, "that the *Collegians* must not be seen at *Epsom*; † neither can we shew ourselves at Ascot; nor are we able to put in an appearance at Doncaster Races; but, nevertheless, there are moments of enjoyment within our reach, and we content ourselves with the variety of sports catered for our amusement at '*Tenterden Park Races!*'" "I never heard of those Races before the present instance, and I believe they cannot be found in the Racing Calendar," said Sir JOHN; "therefore, with all your *sang froid*, Mr SPLINTER, I am not to be imposed upon—*Tenterden Park Races*, ‡ in-

* A sort of *uneasiness*, or, rather, a *disease* of the mind. The inhabitants of *Banco Regis* are very subject to this disorder; more especially as the day draws near for the investigation of their accounts. This *fever* is attended with *doubts* and *fears*, accompanied with serious *apprehensions* that *opposition* may be made against their *schedules*, when before the Commissioners at the Court, in order to prevent their discharge!

† Without *Epsom Races* should occur during *Term time*; then the case is altered, and the COLLEGIAN can obtain a *horse* to carry him to the Downs, "to transact his affairs," provided he complies with the *Rules* to be observed on such occasions.

‡ Formerly denominated *Abbott's Priory*; but, since the elevation of the learned Pundit to the Peerage, in honour of the noble Lord, they are now called *Tenterden Park Races*. This celebrated Park is en-

deed! ha! ha!" "Upon my honour," replied the "*High-bred One*," "I am in earnest: you are now in Tenterden Park; and in the course of an hour the sports will commence. Come with me, Sir JOHN, and be satisfied of the truth of the matter, by the written bill you see pasted against the wall."

SPORTS AT TENTERDEN PARK RACES.

The CAMEZA STAKES, for FILLIES of all ages—either *insiders* or *outsiders* of the College—*weights* out of the question—the ladies to *shift* for themselves:

HEATS.

Mr Chum Ticket's Five Bob	- - - - -	<i>Green.</i>
Counsellor Bail-above's Fancy	- - - - -	<i>Blue.</i>
Mr Jigger Dubber's Screw	- - - - -	<i>Pink.</i>
Mr Solicitor Habeas's Remove	- - - - -	<i>Yellow.</i>
Mr Outsider's Liberty	- - - - -	<i>White.</i>

The KID STAKES, or *Nob Work*.—Five rolls, covered with treacle, suspended by strings; the boys to have their hands tied behind them; the *kid* who *knaws* off the first roll shall receive *two bob*. Also, the boy who first selects sixpence out of a bushel of flour in a tub, with his mouth, will be entitled to one shilling and sixpence, and no charge made for the flour. Lastly, *Bobbing for Oranges* out of a hogshead of water; the winner shall not only be presented with the oranges which his mouth has obtained, but receive one shilling, and have his water-excursion free of expense.

To conclude with picking up a number of stones, placed one yard distant; and likewise a GINGLING MATCH: if the man who agitates the *tinkler* is caught within the space of twenty minutes, the bell shall not only be taken from his possession, but the winner shall receive a leg of mutton, and be allowed the liberty to invite as many *coves* as he likes to partake of the mutton, when dressed for supper, and no questions asked.

By order of the Committee.

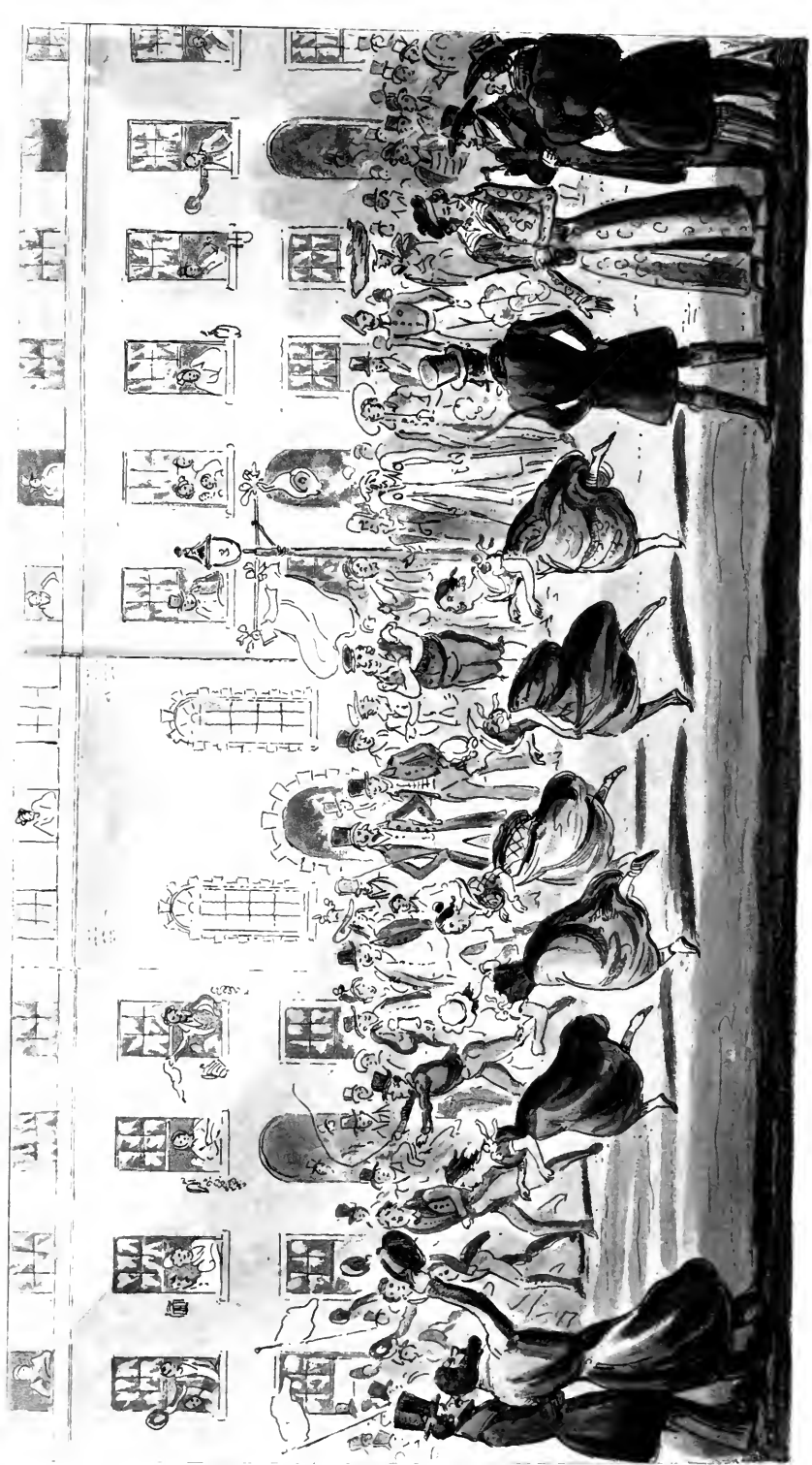
GOD SAVE THE KING.

closed by a high brick-wall, in order to prevent the *stare* of the vulgar; indeed, as SPLINTER jocularly observed, the ladies cannot even obtain a peep at the *dear fellows*! It is true, the *Racing Calendar* does not recognise them; but, however accurate that journal may be in most respects, it does not announce all the *sports* in the kingdom.

“If you cast your eyes, Sir JOHN, towards the lamp-post, you will perceive an article floating in the air, ornamented with blue ribbons, and also a fine leg of mutton hanging by its side, prizes for the successful candidates.” “I do,” answered the “uncommonly big Gentleman,” “and one of the articles you allude to appears to me the nearest garment worn by a female—that is, a *shift!*” “Exactly so,” said SPLINTER, “but termed here, by the young and old Collegians, the ‘*Cameza Stakes,*’ for fillies* of all ages, one heat; and I have no doubt but excellent sport will be witnessed in the races, as you are quite aware, Sir JOHN, that the exertions of the ladies must, at all times, be admitted interesting.” “I think,” observed JERRY, “if you had stated in your bill of fare, ‘The Adventures of a *Chemise*; or, an opportunity for the ladies to *shift* for themselves,’ you might have obtained more subscribers.”

The young females, who were induced to put their best leg foremost, for this most essential article belonging to a lady’s wardrobe, were all *out-siders*, upon whom Fortune had not showered her richest favours; they voluntarily entered themselves at the post, and were also named after some well-known Gents in the College. This *sporting* sort of christening produced a great deal of merriment; but, nevertheless, it was deemed necessary by the spectators, in order to offer bets upon the first and second favourites with something like certainty, and likewise to decide as to the winner, who might claim the title of *Heroine of the Chemise*. TOM, JERRY, LOGIC, and the “*fat Knight,*” entered into all the spirit of the sports; and the CORINTHIAN declared that he had been highly amused by the variety of prizes given by the Stewards of Tenterden Park Races. “Yes,” replied SPLINTER, “I am happy to inform you that the sport this day has so much diverted the *Collegians*, that

* This phrase is now so commonly used in a sporting point of view, without meaning any offence to the fair sex, that it would be almost too *fastidious* to make any objections to it in this instance—the *Collegians* we cannot accuse of want of gallantry.



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most of them have not had time to give their own affairs a single thought: the BLUE DEVILS have been beaten out of the field, and their minds much relieved:—

Pale MELANCHOLY sat retired!
 But, O, how altered was its sprightlier tone,
 When CHEERFULNESS, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung!

Such are the advantages of 'Away with Melancholy' upon the constitution, in a place of confinement; and I regret that a late Law Lord* should have thought it necessary to abridge the amusements of the Collegians; his intentions were, I have no doubt, calculated, in his mind, to answer the best purposes; but cheerful men are more likely to do themselves and their creditors justice than persons of an ill-natured disposition, or those characters who have been *soured* by repeated disappointments in life."

"I perfectly coincide with your sentiments," said LOGIC, "and I feel well assured that men labouring under depression of spirits cannot conduct their affairs with ability. I am also very glad to see you so well reconciled to your *cage*; I must confess that I did not expect to meet you so cheerful."† "In truth," answered SPLINTER, "I have no complaints to make against the treatment I have hitherto experienced from all the *Tutors*‡ in the College; indeed,

* The games of skittles and four-corners were formerly allowed for the amusement of persons confined in *Banco Regis*, until they were prohibited by the late Lord Kenyon.

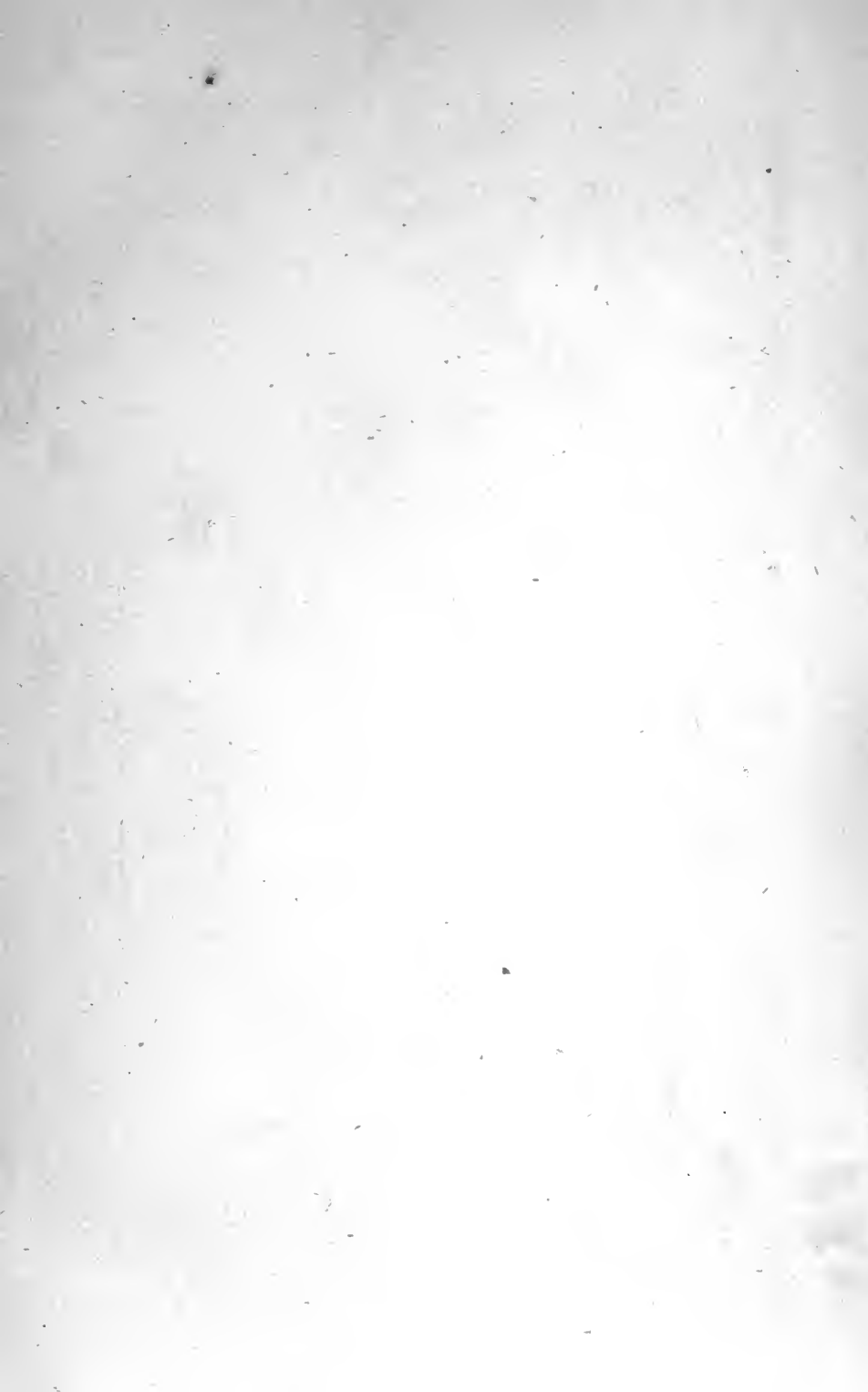
† The late Dr Goldsmith observed on this subject—"For my own part, I never pass by one of our prisons for debt, that I do not envy that felicity which is still going forward among those people, who forget the cares of the world by being shut out from its ambition."

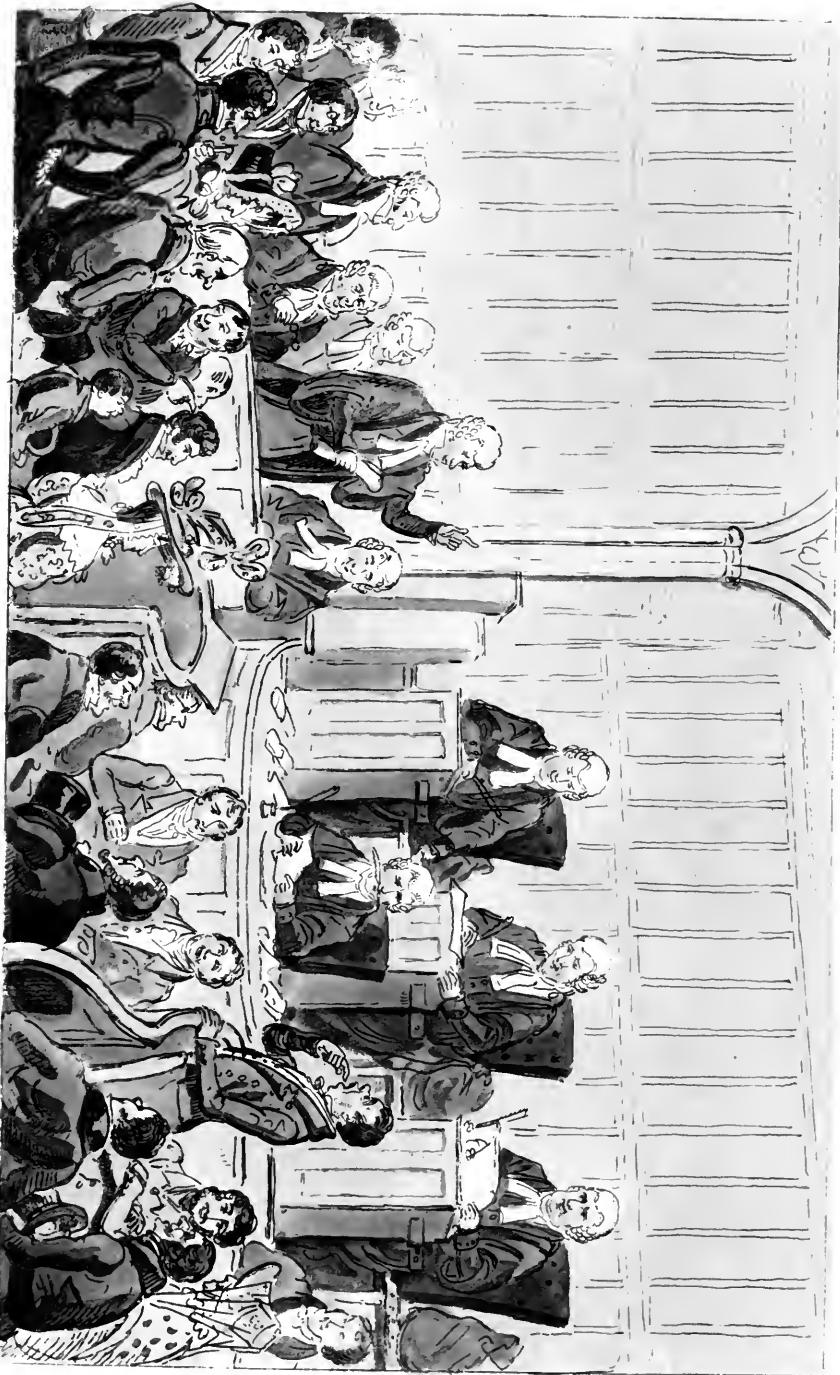
‡ *Turnkeys*. These persons may be viewed in the light of *Tutors*; they have it in their power to make complaints to the Head of the College, if their instructions are not attended to by the Collegians. The *punishment* is of the most summary nature; the *Superior* can order the offending party to be locked in the *strong-room* for a week, or a month, at his discretion, without any appeal.

their deportment to me has been of the most civil description. If every inmate of *Banco Regis* keeps an eye upon his own conduct, and attends to the instructions offered to his notice, he will have little to apprehend from the terrors of the *strong-room*."

Our heroes partook of a capital dinner with SPLINTER, in his room, 6 in 2, ordered at the expense of Sir JOHN BLUBBER, and made themselves as jolly over their wine, and as much at their ease, as if they had been seated in the fat Knight's *Snuggery*. "The day of judgment will arrive," said LOGIC, jocosely, "and I hope, SPLINTER, you will be bang-up with your answers, in case of opposition, when presented to the Commissioners." "I have not exactly made up my mind on the subject," answered the "High-bred One;" "indeed, I shall, if possible, avoid the Act altogether." "You had much better," said the *Oxonian*, with a grin upon his countenance, "if you do not possess a good *swallow*." "I do not comprehend your meaning, exactly," replied SPLINTER; "I think I have satisfied you this day that I possessed a capital appetite at dinner!" "Pshaw! I do not allude to your appetite," urged LOGIC—"if you cannot *swallow* your carriage and horses, your dogs, your villa, &c., or, in other words, *gulp* them down your throat at once, there will be little hopes for a gentleman in your predicament to hop, skip, and jump over the Insolvent Act with ease and propriety." "I am still in the dark," said SPLINTER. "You were not wont to be so dull, cousin," answered LOGIC; "however, I will render myself intelligible to you beyond all doubt; and the CORINTHIAN, who was an eye-witness of the circumstance, will confirm my assertion. A few days since, TOM, JERRY, and myself strolled into the Court, when a Deaf and Dumb man, of the Jewish persuasion, presented himself to the notice of the Commissioners, to obtain his discharge under the Act of Parliament.

"The Deaf and Dumb Man made motions with his fingers, by way of answers to the questions put to him in





MEMBERS OF THE POLICE COMMISSION AND LORDS OF THE TRINITY HOUSE, 1857.

writing, and rendered himself perfectly intelligible to the Court. He had originally been an itinerant dealer in very poor articles in the trinket line, which he carried in a box before him through the streets of London; by degrees, however, he gave up the box for a little shop, and ultimately became a general merchant of some consequence. He was opposed on account of several valuable gold watches, and other articles of jewellery, which he had not accounted for in his schedule; and when asked, by the proper officer of the court, what he had done with them, the Deaf and Dumb Man, without any hesitation, opened his mouth as wide as possible, and pointed with his finger down his throat, signifying that he had *swallowed* them; or, in other words, that he had lived upon the gold watches, and found them capital food. Several other articles of the same description he had also *swallowed*, without the least difficulty; but in the course of the examination there appeared to the Counsel who opposed the Deaf and Dumb Man a *stumbling-block* which he thought it would be impossible for him to get over. Being asked what had become of several tons' weight of iron, made up in immense bars, he, with the utmost *sang froid*, again opened his mouth—in fact, almost stretched it from ear to ear, after the celebrated clown, Joey Grimaldi's, mode of extension—and pointing his finger as before down his throat, signified likewise that he had *swallowed* the immense bars of iron. This settled the business, by the Commissioner observing to the learned Counsel that the Deaf and Dumb Man appeared to have such a good *digestion*, it would perfectly be a waste of time to put any more questions to him upon the subject, it being quite clear to the Court that, if it had suited the Deaf and Dumb Man, the MONUMENT would scarcely have proved enough for his *breakfast*, WESTMINSTER ABBEY merely a *dinner*, and his digestive qualities were of so *disposable* a nature, that ST PAUL'S might be *dished up* as a TIT-BIT for his *supper*.”

“Yes,” said JERRY, “he certainly proved himself *dumb* to his creditors, deaf to his accounts, but completely *up* to the Act of Parliament.”

“I cannot make a *turnpike-road* of my throat,” replied

Splinter; "neither is my tongue capacious enough for a *race-course*; and my *lips*, I am confident, cannot be made *wide* enough to admit a pack of hounds; therefore, the subject is at an end for the present. But, before we separate this evening, let us pop into the *Free and Easy Club* at the *Tap*, and take a parting glass over some *Imperial*. I will not say much for the *chaunting*, although in many instances above mediocrity; but I praise the intent of the meeting, and, while I remain at College, I shall always give it my warmest support. A dull hour is not only got rid of with mirth and humour, but what is much better, the cause of CHARITY is served here with a sincerity of feeling that is not often met with at the most eloquent charity sermon; and the best-bred men of family and distinction in *Banco Regis* feel it no disgrace to act as presidents upon such occasions." * Our heroes enjoyed themselves up to the last minute; in fact, until the watchman proclaimed the hour, and cleared the room of its inmates. "We shall soon meet again," said Sir JOHN, "and, I hope, under better circumstances, SPLINTER; therefore, the best advice I can give you is, to get OUT as fast as possible."

* In numerous cases, several prisoners who have been discharged by the Act, but detained in *Banco Regis* for the amount of their fees, have not only by the above means been enabled to relieve themselves at the gate, but the subscriptions collected of pence, sixpences, and shillings, entirely voluntarily, at the above Club, have enabled several worthy objects to pay their coach fare to the extremity of the kingdom, discharge their expense on the road, and also have a little money left in their pockets, to purchase provisions for a week or two, when returned to the bosom of their families, who otherwise might have remained incarcerated, in a starving condition, for months. The Collegians are likewise extremely loyal; they never close the meeting without the anthem of *God save the King*. Six and seven pounds have been collected on several occasions, according to the merits of the petitioner; and a second subscription has been commenced, if the first collection was found to be insufficient.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Peep at the Tower of London. The last Visit to "the SNUGGERY:" want of resolution, and the dangerous effects of Champagne on gay minds. JERRY, in a state of inebriation, decoyed, by a dashing Cyprian, into a public Brothel: the Hotel on Fire during the night, and the "Young One" narrowly escapes with his life. His feelings undergo a complete change. An outline of the Cyprian's history, ELLEN PRETTYFLOWER: her reformation in consequence of the fire, and entrance into the FEMALE PENITENTIARY. JERRY determined to give up all thoughts of LIFE IN LONDON; to retire from the Day and Night Scenes altogether: moralises on his late imminent danger, and almost miraculous escape from death. LOGIC rapidly declines in health. The OXONIAN makes his Will. His advice to JERRY before his Exit. EPITAPH on LOGIC, written by the CORINTHIAN.

AFTER viewing the curiosities and antiquities in the Tower of London, with the utmost satisfaction and delight, our heroes, according to appointment, went to dine and spend the day with Sir JOHN at his "*Snuggery*." The "uncommonly big Gentleman" received them in the warmest manner possible; but observed, "I wish 'the bird* in yonder cage confined' was here; then we should be complete." "The last time I was at the *Snuggery*," said JERRY, "I got very tipsy, and the result was extremely disgraceful to my character. I lost my clothes in a low brothel; and had it not been for the kindness and attention of my friend BOB, I should have been disgustingly exposed before the public; therefore, if I am rather *shy* with the glass to-night, you

* SPLINTER, in *Banco Regis*.

must excuse me, Sir JOHN, as I am determined to guard against any accidents of a similar nature." "It is all free will at the *Snuggery*," replied Sir JOHN; "please yourself, and I shall not find fault with your conduct." During the early part of the evening, JERRY was cautious in the extreme; every glass he put to his lips was done in fear; and the old adage, it should seem, was continually before his eyes, "Oh, that a man should put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains;" and he reluctantly did honour to the bumper-toasts of the fat Knight. But the fascinating company of TOM, more especially when enlivened by the "gaily circling glass;" the jolly sort of conduct of Sir JOHN, who at his own table was particularly distinguished for his hospitality and rich wines; the life and fun displayed by LOGIC at all times, added to several other *bons vivants* who made up the party, ultimately overturned the resolution of poor JERRY. The *reserve* of the "Young One" having entirely left him, he proposed bumper-toasts in return, and was not a jot behind the gayest of them in tossing off his glass. Sir JOHN had passed the meridian, and was singing the following song to JERRY, although scarcely able to articulate:—

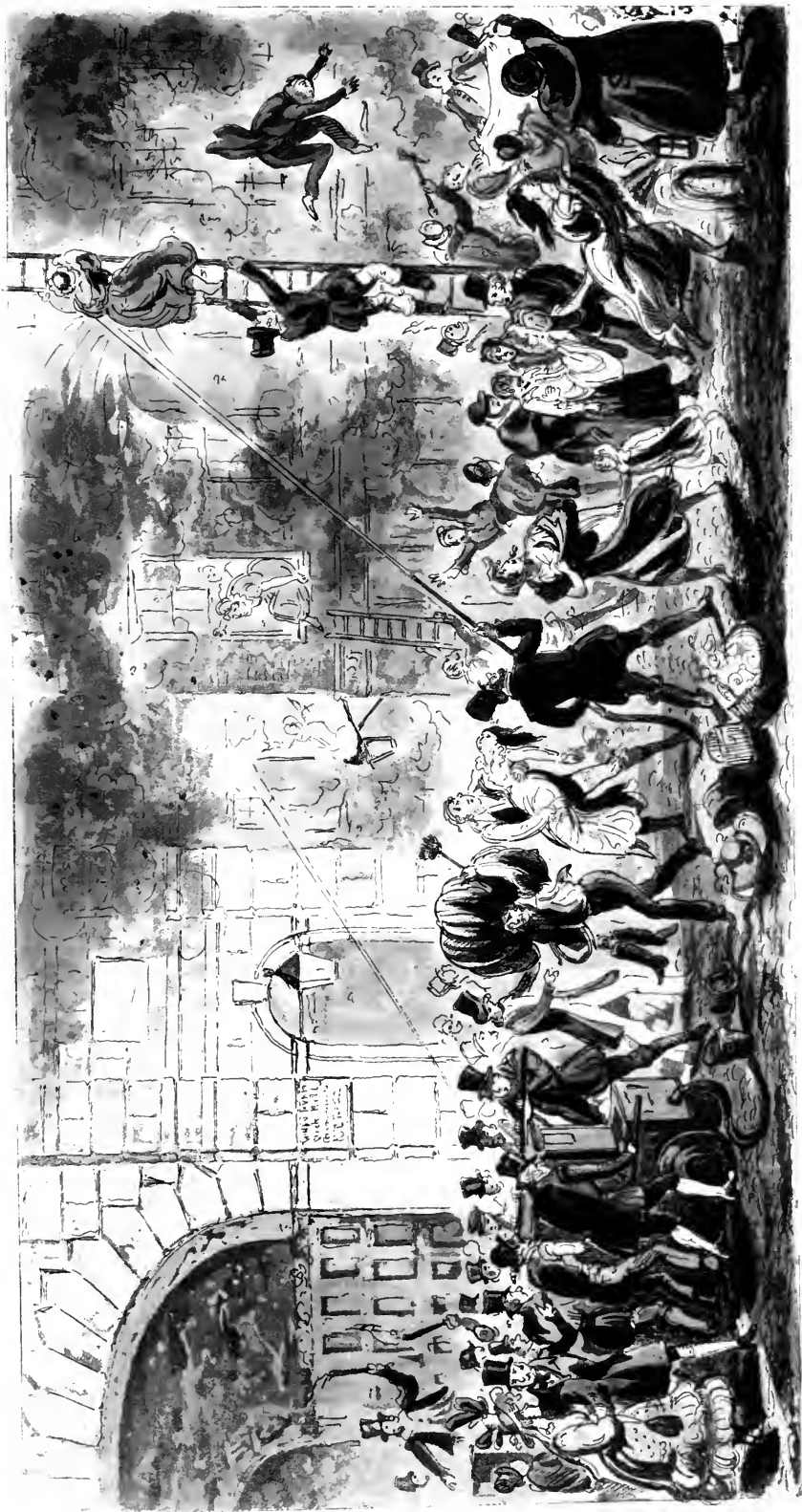
The glass, like the globe, shall go round,
 While friends and good claret abound,
 In spite of your grave preaching thinker,
 A good fellow means a good drinker;
 When "past three o'clock" shall resound,
 Should any one prudently sober be found,
 We'll give him the nick-name of SHRINKER!

The whole of the party by this period had become considerably altered in their demeanour, from the copious draughts of wine they had *swallowed* during the evening. TOM was rather *mellow*, but correct; LOGIC was not quite up to the mark, yet another glass or two might have unshipped his rudder, and rendered him as troublesome as the rest of his companions. JERRY was completely done over; he had given the "view-halloo!" so many times at the request of the company, that he had become quite hoarse; and he had

also toasted his "MARY" twenty times, at least, and offered to back the "*Bud of the Rose*," for beauty, shape, make, taste, talents, and every other quality in the world, against anything in the form of a petticoat in Somersetshire, for all he was worth, and a sovereign beside! "You ought to have said ROSEBUD," said LOGIC. "Call a rose by ——," accompanied by a tipsy hiccough, answered JERRY; "you know what I mean, BOB." The "uncommonly big Gentleman" was also quite *abroad*, roaring out, "Life's a bumper," with a large bumper full of champagne in his hand; and the City companions of the fat Knight were equally as uproarious, singing, "O, bring me wine, bring me wine!" The CORINTHIAN, perceiving all harmony was at an end in the *Snuggery*, ordered his carriage to the door; but JERRY was not to be found; he had slipped out of the room, unperceived by the company. Search was instantly made after the Young One, but without effect, when TOM and LOGIC drove off to CORINTHIAN HOUSE, leaving JERRY to find his way home through the City in the best manner he could, or to run the risk of being captured by the guardians of the night.

Unfortunately, drunken men, in general, think themselves *wiser* than their neighbours; and poor JERRY, it will appear, had fallen under this error. The Young One thought he had had quite enough *tipple*, if not rather too much, and therefore intended to get home upon the *sly*; and he left the *Snuggery* under these circumstances. JERRY staggered over *Tower Hill* tolerably well; *reeled* down *Cornhill* and *Cheapside*, so as to have escaped notice; zig-zagged by that noble piece of antiquity, *St Paul's Cathedral*, better than could have been expected, and was getting over the ground *tidily*, although his steps were of an in-and-out description, towards *Temple Bar*, when the progress of our hero was arrested by the advances of a dashing Cyprian. According to *Filch's* song in the *Beggar's Opera*, "'Tis woman that seduces all mankind;" and under this influence, the *inebriated* JERRY was decoyed into a well-known Hotel, dedicated to gaiety and pleasure.

Scarcely had our hero been in bed an hour, before the Hotel was completely in flames; and notwithstanding the alarm in the neighbourhood by the ringing of bells, the rattles of the watchmen, the noise of the populace assembled in the streets, and the horrible screams of the unfortunate women in the brothel, JERRY was so fast asleep, that his *paramour*, at the hazard of her life, endeavoured to make him sensible of his danger. After considerable difficulty to arouse him from his stupor, he opened his eyes, and starting up in the bed, he was assailed by the cries and entreaties of his female companion, "You will be a dead man, Sir, if you remain here a minute longer; for God's sake, let us try to make our escape!" JERRY was so stupid from the fumes of the liquor operating on his brain, that he could scarcely comprehend her meaning, until he saw the flames bursting forth from all parts of the Hotel. No time was to be lost—he snatched up his trowsers, as the only article of dress he could put on, and was compelled to leave everything else belonging to him at the mercy of the destructive element; and, although his own existence was in imminent danger, yet gratitude and gallantry united taught him that the life of his female companion, who had so feelingly exerted herself in his behalf, required his assistance. JERRY, therefore, boldly fought his way through the flames, with her in his arms, and was successful enough to get her down the stairs, and into the street, without experiencing any hurt; yet she appeared more like a corpse than an animated being, having fainted, from the terror of the scene by which she had been surrounded. Indeed, it was a truly affecting and dreadful spectacle. By this time, the engines had arrived, and one of the firemen conducted our hero, with his charge, to a place of safety, a public-house in the neighbourhood. In the fervour of the moment, and with a sincerity of heart that would have done honour to the piety of an aged Archbishop, he "thanked God for his preservation!" The exertions of JERRY were now no longer required; his spirits immediately left him, he fell back in his chair, quite exhausted, and some minutes elapsed before he recovered from a swoon. He had now a few leisure moments to re-



flect upon his unhappy situation—the horrors of the late scene had sobered him almost to madness! His clothes were destroyed; his splendid gold watch and seals, the gift of the CORINTHIAN, lost; his pocket-book, bank-notes, and letters, were burnt, and a small miniature of MARY ROSEBUD irretrievably gone. He immediately sent for the landlord of the public-house, and whispered to “mine host” his respectable connexions in London, but told him that secrecy was necessary, which, if he truly kept, he should be well paid for his trouble and attention. The landlord procured him clothes without delay, and also offered him the loan of any money he might want; but not so the landlady; she very reluctantly afforded the use of her garments to the unfortunate female in distress. “Me,” said she, giving her head a most indignant toss, “lend any of my nice clothes, indeed, to any such sort of low, wicked *varment*? Such wretches ought all of them to be *burnt*! I wish the fireman had been smothered in the smoke, before he had brought such a crew into my house!” “Hush! hush!” answered her husband, and whispered into her ear that the person was a gentleman, and they would be well paid for their trouble! “Oh,” said she, “that alters the case amazingly—I always feel pity for the unfortunate. I am exceedingly sorry for your situation; poor dear creature, you shall have the use of my best silk dress, my new stays, silk stockings—nay, anything that I have got in my house. How very fortunate, my dear, to think that you have escaped with your life!” JERRY was soon attired in the clothes of the landlord, who being nearly the same size as our hero, he became them very well; but his unfortunate charge, who was of a delicate, lady-like appearance, was completely metamorphosed in the wearing apparel of the huge landlady. Some tea was brought in by the landlord for their refreshment. JERRY, who had not time before to contemplate the person or character of his companion in misfortune, was now struck with the beauty of her face, although her cheeks were bathed in tears: on handing her a cup of tea, she thanked our hero for his great exertions in saving her life, and also for his kindness and attention to

her under such very peculiar and *distressing* circumstances—here she sobbed aloud, and appeared to be labouring under the most severe mental anguish, and was unable to continue her conversation, until relieved by a flood of tears. Her tone of voice was so plaintive, and her manner of speaking so mild and interesting, that JERRY encouraged her to proceed with her story: after considerable embarrassment, she resumed the discourse.

“Our meeting,” said she, “has been of that appalling nature, the recollection of which fills me with so much horror, that I am ashamed to look you in the face. But the terrors of this night have awakened me to a proper sense of my disgraceful situation in society, and I am determined instantly to pursue another course of life; and once more, by a change of name, and change of conduct, obtain by industry a respectable footing in the eyes of the world.” “Excellent!” exclaimed JERRY, “and rely upon my exertions and purse to second your good intentions. I am delighted with your resolution; the horrors of this night have also had a sort of magical effect upon my feelings! I am not what I was! Indeed, I shall be a different fellow altogether in future. Only act up to what you have asserted, and you shall find in me a sincere, nay, a virtuous friend, to the end of my existence. Treat me with candour; acquaint me with your name, the outline of your *disgrace*, and, in the sacred name of honour, I will inviolably keep your *secret*. Perhaps, this meeting, which commenced under circumstances of *censure*, may, nevertheless, let us hope, ultimately produce the happiest consequence to both of us during the remainder of our days; more especially as nothing of a criminal nature has passed between us.”

“Your words, generous Sir, have operated upon my heart like some reviving cordial,” replied the unfortunate girl, overwhelmed with tears, “and I will be candid to you; nay more, I will not use the slightest *reserve*, and be as concise as possible. My native place is Bath, and my name ELLEN PRETTYFLOWER. I was the delight of my parents,

who were persons of property, and, being an only child, no expense was spared on my education. Indeed, I was indulged with every pleasure that I wished to partake of,—nothing was denied to me; and to my sorrow, I am now compelled to confess, with an aching heart, that I had too much liberty for a girl of my age, only eighteen; in consequence of which I became acquainted with a Captain of Light Dragoons. This connexion, however, I kept an entire secret from my parents. He was what the ladies called a handsome fellow; a man of the most insinuating address, and well versed in all the arts and *finesse* calculated to deceive an unsuspecting and weak female. I believed his protestations of love to me were sincere, and, unhappily for myself, I became flattered and fond of his attentions. He pressed me to consent to a private marriage with him in London, under a pretence that the consent of his father might be refused, as he was entirely dependent on his parent for property; but that, after our union, I should be introduced, with proper respect, to his relatives and friends. In an unguarded moment, I listened to his specious tale, and consented to elope with him from the residence of my distracted parents. On our arrival in the Metropolis, our marriage was postponed from day to day, under repeated excuses, and, when too late for my peace of mind, I found out I had been deceived, betrayed, nay, ruined! [*Here a flood of tears interrupted her narrative.*] In less than three weeks, this base deceiver found an occasion to pick a quarrel, and, in an angry fit, totally deserted me, and went abroad. I was left without a shilling, considerably in debt, and a total stranger in London. I was stung to death by his cruel, treacherous, and unmanly conduct. I was ashamed to write home to my parents for forgiveness; thus one error produces others, and in a week or two I was distressed to starvation. As long as my wearing apparel lasted, I procured subsistence—I resisted temptation, entreaties, and golden offers, until nearly expiring with want—when the pangs of hunger, the dread of being turned into the streets as a beggar, no house to cover me, or sent to prison for debt, and instigated by bad advice—Oh, dreadful recollec-

tion—I *prostituted* my person to obtain a livelihood!" Here ELLEN PRETTYFLOWER would have fainted, had it not been for the kind attention and soothing manners of JERRY. "I hope God will forgive my errors—I will become a sincere penitent, and compose my sorrows in private repentance and prayers, either in the Female Penitentiary or the Magdalen. Assist me, dear Sir, to forward my views without delay, and I shall most gratefully look upon you henceforward as my best benefactor and sincerest friend."

JERRY was sensibly affected at the recital of the misfortunes of his female companion, and as he wiped off the tear of sincerity which stole down his cheeks, he said, "Come, cheer up, Miss ELLEN; the residence of my father is contiguous to Bath, and I have considerable interest in that part of the country. Everything in my power shall be exerted to reinstate you in the good opinion of your family; we must all forget and forgive; and let me impress on you the necessity of keeping your own *secret*, and I promise you, it shall never escape my lips; therefore, cheer up, and look forward to better prospects. I will provide lodgings for you at some respectable house, until the affair can be quietly managed for your return to the residence of your parents; or that you may sequester yourself for the usual period in the *Penitentiary* or the *Magdalen*. I will leave it entirely to your own choice. I must, for the present, leave you under the care of the landlord, but I will return to you in the course of the evening. In the meantime, if you return to your lodgings, to get your clothes, let the landlord accompany you, whom I have instructed to discharge any accounts that you may be in arrear; but do not let a syllable transpire respecting last night's adventure; but your appellation, perhaps——" "Thank God!" replied ELLEN, "I have not disgraced my father's name. I was known as *Mrs. Sarah Montague*, and, depend upon it, dear Sir, nothing in the world could tempt me to swerve from my resolution to quit an infamous way of life." "I am glad of it," answered JERRY; "and I will return to you in the evening, by which period you will have had an opportunity of considering the

subject well, and make up your mind accordingly. Rest assured, Miss ELLEN, I am only actuated for your happiness and future welfare."

About eleven o'clock in the morning, our hero departed, in a hackney-coach, for CORINTHIAN HOUSE. It had been the intention of JERRY to have kept this adventure a most profound secret from TOM and LOGIC; but his altered appearance in the *borrowed clothes* of "mine host" was immediately recognised by the *Oxonian*, and our hero was compelled to put the best face he could upon the matter. "Good heavens!" exclaimed TOM, "what a fortunate escape!" "Yes, it was, indeed," said LOGIC; "and I should have been extremely sorry to have heard that JERRY went off in a *blaze*! although it would have been quite in *character*—a sort of theatrical *exit*—DON GIOVANNI in *flames*; at all events, my Young One, you must stand a little *roasting* upon the subject. What a lucky fellow not to have been *scorched*." JERRY was obliged to put up with the jokes of his pals, though not in the best of humour to relish them. He dressed himself for dinner, but was repeatedly rallied over his wine with want of spirits, by TOM and LOGIC. In the evening he was true to his appointment, and had also supplied himself with plenty of money, to liquidate any expenses which might have been incurred on the part of Miss ELLEN PRETTYFLOWER.

Upon meeting together in the apartment of "mine host," our hero and heroine were both mutually astonished at the appearance of each other, when dressed in their own clothes. He thought her, save Miss ROSEBUD, one of the sweetest creatures in the shape of a woman he had ever seen in the course of his perambulations; and she, in return, viewed our hero as one of the finest young men that had ever crossed her path; perhaps, his kindness and generosity might have done a great deal for JERRY, to have raised him so highly in her estimation. The admirable figure of Miss ELLEN PRETTYFLOWER, her beautiful face, and her interesting and lady-like manners, so delighted JERRY, that he could not help observing, nay, it seemed to escape his

lips involuntarily, "What a pity! How lamentable, that such a figure, such a sweet face, with such a mind, born to have been the comfort of man, should have been thus trampled upon and abused. I wish I had the villain in my presence, that I might treat him as his infamous conduct deserves!" "Dear Sir," said ELLEN, in a plaintive tone of voice, that made its way to his very soul, "I was in hopes that I was more an object of your pity than your flattery." [*The tears chasing each other down her cheeks with rapidity.*] "Pray, Sir, spare me my own contempt and hatred." "Mistake me not, Miss ELLEN," replied JERRY, "it was in the fulness of my heart that I gave utterance to those expressions, and there was an honesty of feeling about them, I am proud to say, that I would repeat them a thousand times. However, I sincerely regret ——— but I would no longer unintentionally hurt your feelings; I will come to the point. Have you, Miss ELLEN, considered well the matter under discussion this morning? But, if you require more time to think upon it, I beg you will be frank enough to say so, and a week or a month shall be at your service." "Generous Sir," replied ELLEN, "first let me inform you, thanks to your bounty, that your instructions have been obeyed; the rent of my lodgings, and other arrears, are discharged. I have also made up my mind, quite to my satisfaction, as to my future conduct in life; my feelings are more composed, and my heart is lighter; and, altogether, in person I feel better. In order, also, that I might not lose any time, I have been to the *Penitentiary*, and have become acquainted with the rules of admission necessary to be complied with by a penitent; and I have the satisfaction to tell you that, to-morrow, ELLEN PRETTYFLOWER will be received within its walls. After I have been an inmate of the *Penitentiary* for a few months, I trust, by my good conduct, I shall be so far prepared and chastened, that I may send for my parents to come and see me, when I can solicit their forgiveness. And now, Sir, I have only one favour to ask of you, which, I am well assured, you will grant me. See me safe inside the doors of the *Penitentiary* to-morrow, where I may offer you my blessing for your manly, disinterested conduct towards

a poor wicked wretch, like ELLEN PRETTYFLOWER. That I may part from you as from a beloved brother, who has stood forward in the hour of affliction in the place of a fond but distracted father; soothed my sufferings with all the tenderness of an affectionate mother; also afforded an admirable lesson for the most abandoned libertines, by the self-reformation in your own person, and becoming the benevolent, good Samaritan." ELLEN could not proceed any further with her remarks, occasioned by a violent overflow of tears; and JERRY also blubbered out like a great boy, so much were his feelings overcome by the sentimental, yet pointed language of the unfortunate girl.

Our hero, on recovering himself, assured Miss ELLEN that he would not only accompany her to the *Penitentiary*, but she might command his services in any point of view; he also would, if she thought it necessary, wait upon her father, at Bath, to prepare him for their interview; but he never would divulge the secret, unless called upon by her to make it known. JERRY then took his farewell of ELLEN for the evening, promising to be with her at the appointed time on the next day; but previous to departing, he paid the landlord the money he had advanced, and likewise made him a handsome present for his exertions in behalf of the poor girl. JERRY, in the most pensive mind, regained CORINTHIAN HOUSE, but he had never before entered it under such afflicting circumstances. CORINTHIAN HOUSE, the scene of all his gaieties, now seemed to him his "bane and antidote;" he appeared so much "cut up" in spirits, so changed in principle, and, in fact, so completely altered, as to be no longer a man of pleasure. The whole of the sprees, rambles, larks, rows, fights, &c., were as *shadows*, when contrasted with the *brothel on fire*; indeed, his *mirth* was absolutely changed to *melancholy*! He therefore avoided the company of TOM and LOGIC at supper, by pleading illness as an excuse, and hurried off to bed, as one of the most miserable of men, his thoughts being completely occupied by his recent adventure with ELLEN PRETTYFLOWER. The next morning he also ordered his breakfast in his bedroom; and,

almost like a thief, he stole out of the house, fearful of being interrupted, to fulfil his appointment with ELLEN.

JERRY was rather behind his time notwithstanding, the precaution he had taken to escape meeting with TOM and LOGIC. Upon entering "mine host's" apartment, he found ELLEN in tears, apprehensive that some untoward circumstance might have prevented him from fulfilling his engagement. "I am rejoiced to see you, Sir," said Miss PRETTYFLOWER; "your presence strengthens my resolution, and also reconciles me to my fate. I will no longer occupy your time; I am quite prepared and ready to set out with you immediately to the PENITENTIARY." "As it is unlikely," observed JERRY, "that I may remain long in London, I will give you my direction in the country; but I sincerely hope your reception will be comfortable, and that a few months' solitude may restore your mind to serenity and happiness." On their arrival at the receptacle for Female Penitents, our hero surrendered ELLEN to the proper person appointed to receive the inmates. The farewell scene between our hero and heroine was rather affecting on both sides. JERRY held out his hand in token of friendship, which ELLEN immediately pressed to her lips, saying, "In my hours of solitude, dear Sir, I shall remember your kindness with gratitude, and pray for your health and happiness." She was then taken into the interior of the *Penitentiary* by the Matron, when JERRY returned, in a sorrowful mood, to the residence of the CORINTHIAN.

Our hero, although a man of courage, did not, for several days, overcome this *flaming* adventure, as the *Oxonian* termed it; nay, his feelings were shook to the centre—he was quite ill, feverish, low-spirited, and seemed totally to have lost his wonted cheerfulness; in fact, he could not rally himself at all. The more he reflected on the unhappy circumstance, the more his mind became seriously affected. "Had I been *consumed*," said he, "and no traces left of my person, and my death been quite a mystery, how dreadfully must such an event have operated on my parents, relatives,

and friends: and if my body had been discovered in the ruins of this well-known brothel, and recognised, my poor father and mother would never have been able to have out-lived the disgrace of such a thing! Poor MARY ROSEBUD would have been ashamed to have shewn her face in public; and, for months to come, it would have furnished talk and scandal throughout all the villages in the neighbourhood of HAWTHORN HALL; and my name and situation in society likewise blazoned forth in the whole of the newspapers all over the kingdom. It is madness to think upon it. This last pill has proved more than a dose to me, and I am determined immediately to give up everything connected with LIFE IN LONDON, and return to the country once more, to enjoy the sports of the field, and the comforts of a domestic circle of friends. I almost hate myself for my thoughtless, stupid conduct, and I have a great mind to take an oath that I will not touch a glass of wine or spirits for twelve months from this period. Had I not been *inebriated*, I am certain I should not have so grossly committed myself! I wish Sir JOHN's champagne had been at the bottom of the sea, before I had drunk of it; and if you have any regard for my future happiness, LOGIC, let me beg of you to keep my *secret*. I would not have it known to my dearest friend, on any account: I could not withstand the ridicule it would continually subject me to, amongst my acquaintances; numerous quarrels would most likely be the result; and I should be very miserable for the remainder of my life!" "I like nothing *rash*!" replied the *Oxonian*. "Vows, I mortally hate; and, as for RESOLUTIONS—O lud! I really feel pity, if not contempt, for that man who does not possess fortitude enough to resist temptation in any point of view, but is compelled to stop by the way, to make a *resolution* on the subject! Do you recollect, JERRY, the lamentable fate of your resolution at Sir JOHN's? Ha! ha!" Then assuming a face of gravity, he observed, "it might have been as well for your character, if you had not been *burnt out*; perhaps, rather better, my Young One; but it is the fortune of war, and persons of a more serious *grade* in society than JERRY HAWTHORN,

Esq.,* have been subjected to the same fright, trouble, and inconvenience; nay, in the instance I allude to, death was the consequence! But, after all, I begin to suspect that you regret more the sudden loss of your *flame* than lament the consequences of the *flames*." "Do not joke, for God's sake," said JERRY, "upon a subject so very serious in its nature to my feelings! You have added—but, I am quite sure, without any ill-natured intention—additional torture to my mind, by the *deathly* anecdote you have just related to me. You will oblige me, BOB, by reverting to some other conversation!" Just at this instant, the Postman arrived with the following note:—

6 in 2, *Banco Regis*.

DEAR JERRY,

Your *blazing* adventure has just reached my ears; but the acts of a man of your notoriety cannot—will not—be kept a *secret* from the public. I congratulate you on your miraculous escape, and also on that of your *charmer*. I hope the tender creature has recovered from the effects of her *delicate* situation and fright; but the well-known gallantry of JERRY HAWTHORN, I am well-assured, has long since put all that sort of thing to rights. What a fine *cooling* article is water! What a dangerous, *fever-like* drink is champagne! I did not calculate on another *shift* adventure for you so soon; but I am glad that you distinguished yourself by the safety of such an article in the Race. I understand the *toggery* was soon reduced to *tinder*; the *ticker* melted; a bonfire made of the *flimsies*; and your *reader* destroyed. Pshaw! not worth a thought! But, thank your stars, you lucky dog, that neither a *hair* belonging to you or the lady was touched by the *rude* element! A thousand rumours are afloat about this *scorching* affair, in *Banco Regis*; therefore, to prevent wrong impressions, come soon, and tell me all about it.

Yours truly,

PHIL. TIM. SPLINTER.

Jerry Hawthorn, Esq.

* Within the last twenty-five years, a celebrated house of accommodation, denominated the Key, in Chandos-street, Covent Garden, was burnt down. Amongst the ruins, the remains of a gentleman were found, dead, and so much disfigured by the fire as not to have been known, but he was said, by the busy, prying, and meddling world, to have been "*One of the Cloth*." Whether from matters of prudence, or out of respect to his *serious* profession, his body was not recognised; yet, nevertheless, it was honoured with a most respectable funeral.

“Confound it!” said JERRY, throwing down the letter rather angrily upon the table, “I shall be teased to death from all quarters of the town upon this unfortunate subject. I must quit London as soon as possible, or else, in all probability, I shall be inundated with letters, full of *satire*, in the shape of CONGRATULATIONS, from my friends and acquaintances!” JERRY had scarcely concluded the last sentence, when in rushed Sir JOHN BLUBBER, quite out of breath, exclaiming, “O my dear JERRY, I am so glad to find you alive! The news was brought to me, only an hour since, that you were found a corpse among the ruins of a certain hotel, so burnt, mutilated, scorched, disfigured, changed; and that the poor unfortunate creature who went in with you as a companion, was lying by your side without a rag to cover her nakedness. You were only recognised by a ring worn on your little finger; and also, that a Coroner’s Inquest was to be assembled, without delay, upon the bodies. My feelings were shocked beyond description, as I came along, to hear the fellows bawling about the streets, like the dying speeches of the men executed at Newgate, at a halfpenny each, ‘A true and particular account of the dreadful Fire, and also of the horrid circumstance of a Young Man and Woman being burnt to death in a house of ill-fame!’ Had I, in the least degree, anticipated such a lamentable circumstance, I have so much regard for your character, my dear JERRY, that I would have thrown, without the least hesitation, all my fine champagne into the River Thames, and likewise have laid the dust in the streets contiguous to the *Smuggery*, with the contents of my wine cellar, rather than your life should have been placed in such imminent danger!” Here the scene became so ludicrous, that TOM and LOGIC could no longer contain their gravity, but burst out into immoderate fits of laughter, while JERRY kept pacing up and down the room, like a madman, his temper was so outrageous. “I have a great mind,” said he, “to quit London instantly, and never more to return to it. I shall be hunted out of my life!” TOM, who had now enjoyed his laugh, observed, “My dear Coz, you take this affair rather too much to

heart ; there is no occasion for it ; moderate your feelings on the subject ; recollect, you cannot play at bowls without meeting with *rubbers*. It might have been my case, or BOB's affair. Come, cheer up—forget it ; and in the course of a few days, you will be yourself again ! ”

In order to divert the attention of JERRY from his late disaster, the CORINTHIAN was continually forming parties of pleasure ; and a variety of public places of amusement, which had hitherto been neglected, in the course of a few days, came under their observation ; but our hero experienced a considerable drawback, in being deprived of the excellent remarks of LOGIC, who was compelled to keep his room from sudden indisposition. SPLINTER could not make one amongst them—*Banco Regis* to wit ; and the “ uncommonly big Gentleman ” was of too unwieldy a nature to be with TOM and JERRY upon all occasions. Our hero was now so much in the company of the CORINTHIAN, that he could not steal a few hours for himself, to inquire after ELLEN PRETTYFLOWER, without accounting for his absence, although he sighed in private, anxious to ascertain how she went on with her work of reformation in the *Penitentiary* ; but, nevertheless, he was afraid to trust any person with such a communication.

“ I hope LOGIC will be able to accompany us in our visit to Lord LIBERAL's Gallery,” said TOM, when he was interrupted, by the footman putting the following letter into his hand—“ Aye,” observed TOM to JERRY, “ here is a note from BOB ; let us hear what he has to offer upon the subject : ”—

MY DEAR TOM,

I regret very much that my health will not permit me to accompany you and the “ Young One ” to view my Lord LIBERAL's fine gallery of paintings ; a pleasure which I had sincerely anticipated, as it is well known that his Lordship's taste, respecting the fine arts, is considerably above *par*. But “ *necessitas non habet legem !* ” To tell you the truth, I am seriously ill, although not alarmed ; yet, I must confess, that I never felt so *strangely* in the whole course of my life. I think the *volume* is nearly *spun* out ; and that the BOOK will

soon be closed for ever! But Dr FINISH'EM will not have it so; nay, he insists on the contrary: "Lots of *pages*," says he, "yet remain to be read; and several CHAPTERS must be *perused*, before you arrive at that emphatical word—FINIS!" Be that as it may; you are aware that doctors differ, and I do not like appearances; yet, as we say at Oxford, *Forti et fideli nil difficile!* Nevertheless, I am anxious to see you, my dear friend, as soon as convenient; and I wish JERRY to be your companion, as I have something to communicate to both of you, rather of a *serious* nature, concerning myself; yet, I am far from labouring under *un cœur contrit*. Therefore, tell the "Young One," I hope his person is now quite *cool*—that his flame is also *cool*; and instead of lamenting over the Coroner's verdict, of "destroyed by fire!" I am happy to hear he is *Mens sana in corpore sano*.

I remain, my dear TOM,

Yours truly,

ROBERT LOGIC.

Corinthian Tom, Esq.

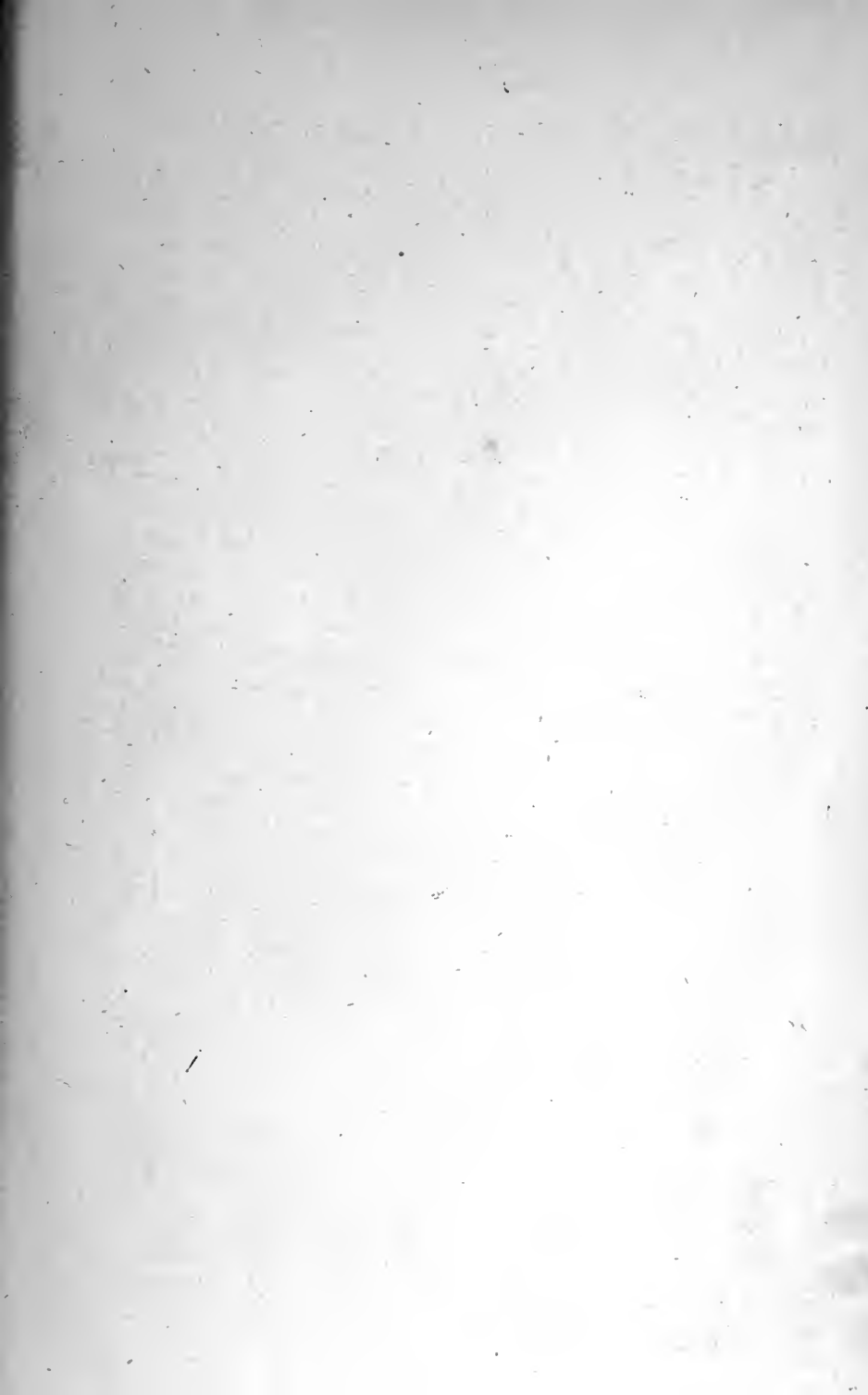
"There is something behind this letter that I do not like," said TOM: "BOB is very ill, you may rely upon it, or else he would not be so pressing for us to visit him." "Yes, I am afraid it is too true," replied JERRY; "but let us hope he is not so bad, neither, as you perceive he is *joking* about my late affair." "Joke with you!" echoed TOM, "I expect LOGIC will die with a *joke* in his mouth, he is so fond of *punning!* But we will lose no time, as I am anxious to ascertain the true cause of his illness."

Upon the arrival of our heroes at the apartments of LOGIC, they found him sitting at a table, in his arm chair, with pens and ink before him: his countenance most woe-fully changed for the worse. Indeed, TOM and JERRY were quite shocked with his altered appearance in so short a time. He endeavoured to smile upon them as usual; but it savoured more of the "*ghastly!*" than that sort of enlivening humour which so generally imparted animation to his cheerful face. "I am very glad to see you, my boys," said he, "before I start on my long journey, which I have been preparing for these last five or six days." "I was not aware you had any such intention," answered TOM; "but, may I ask, where are you going?"

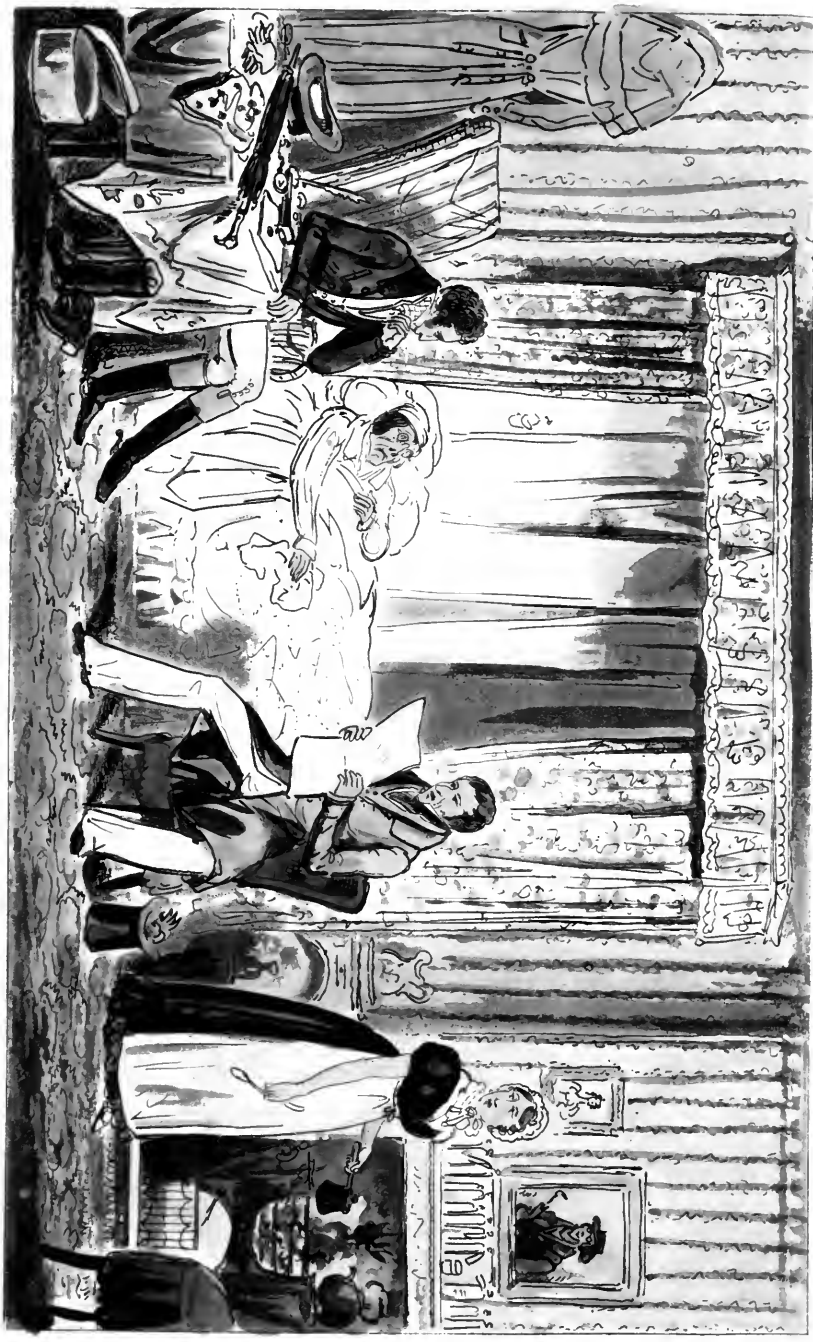
“To that bourne from whence no traveller returns!”

replied LOGIC, accompanied by a most penetrating look at the CORINTHIAN. “Dr FINISH’EM has given me my *quietus*, like an honest, candid fellow. On feeling my pulse, he observed—‘Your *hour-glass* is almost run out! *Tempus fugit!* Therefore, what you have to do, let it be done quickly, or else it will not be done at all!’ *Old Bolus*, too, was rather funny with me on the occasion; ‘I know,’ said he, ‘your WILL was always good to serve everybody; therefore, Mr LOGIC, have a good WILL now towards your friends.’ I took *Pill* and *Potion’s* advice, and the few hours allotted to me I have made the best use of that I possibly could; and here is my WILL for your approbation.” The tear started down TOM’S cheek, and JERRY was much affected at this unexpected circumstance. “I sincerely hope it is not so bad as you apprehend,” said TOM. “Yes, my dear friend,” replied LOGIC, “it is all over with me. I have suffered severely from an inflammation in my bowels; but the pain has subsided, and that is the sign of approaching death. You will perceive, on looking over my TESTAMENT,* that I have not adhered to any of the technical terms of lawyers, being well aware that the distribution of my property will never puzzle the pericranium of the *Lord Chancellor*, or occasion a row among the *learned* brethren, to obtain a brief upon the subject; and if I have not made myself perfectly intelligible, I hope you will now point out any errors that may appear to you, in order to avoid disputes hereafter. It is true, I have no *blunt* to leave you, my boys, but several *notes*, which, I hope, will always bear an interest, and prove as *valuable* to you in the hour of need—as *cash*. You will, my dear TOM, as my last request, read it aloud, for the approbation of my friend JERRY.”

* TESTAMENT is perfectly correct. The words *will* and *testament* are generally used indiscriminately; but they are not words exactly of the same import. A *will* is properly limited to land; a *testament*, to personal estate, as money, furniture, &c.



COFFEE PRES-PAMPERED. *Just across of all the coffee and champagne in the room and temper.*



THE

LAST WORDS AND TESTAMENT OF ROBERT LOGIC.

Being wide *awake*—my UPPER STORY in perfect repair—and *down* to what I am about—I have seized hold of the *feather*, with a firm hand, to render myself intelligible, and also to communicate the objects I have in view: I give and bequeath unto my friend, JERRY HAWTHORN, Esq., my *tile*, my *castor*, my *topper*, my *upper-crust*, my *pimple-coverer*, otherwise MY HAT, which, I hope, will never be the means of changing the appearance of “an old friend with a *new face*.” To my out-and-out friend and companion, CORINTHIAN TOM, I give my *spread*, my *summer-cabbage*, my *water-plant*, but more generally understood as my UMBRELLA; who, I feel assured, will never let it be made use of as a *shelter* for duplicity, ingratitude, or humbuggery, of any sort! Also, to JERRY HAWTHORN, Esq., I resign my *fam-snatchers*—*i.e.*, my GLOVES, under the consideration, if he ever should part with them, that they are only to be worn by those persons who have “a *hand to give*, and a *heart that forgives*!” Likewise to JERRY HAWTHORN, Esq., I bequeath my *four-eyes*, my *barnacles*, my *green specs.*, but, amongst opticians, denominated SPECTACLES. It is my sincere wish, that nothing *green* will be ever seen appertaining to them, except their *colour*: I also hope they will not, upon any occasion whatever, *magnify* TRIFLES into *difficulties*: but enable the wearer to see his way through LIFE as clear as *crystal*! I press upon JERRY HAWTHORN, Esq., his acceptance of my *fogle*, my *wipe*, my *clout*, my *sneezer*, politely termed a SILK HANDKERCHIEF. This article has often been used to *wipe* off the tear of pity, and always forthcoming at a tale of *distress*; may it ever be at *hand* on such Christian-like occasions! To PHILIP TIMOTHY SPLINTER, Esq., I bequeath my *upper-tog*, my *Benjamin*, my *wrapper*, generally called a TOP COAT, with the advice, that however it may be *mended*, mended, and *mended* again, he will never let it be *turned* against unavoidable misfortunes, poverty, and charity. My *ticker*, my *tattler*, my *thimble*, otherwise my watch, I bequeath to JERRY HAWTHORN, Esq., as an emblematical gift to keep TIME upon all occasions—to remember its inestimable value; and also to recollect that he will, some day or another, be *wound-up* for the last *time*. My two SEALS I give conjointly to my most valued and dear friends, CORINTHIAN TOM and JERRY HAWTHORN, Esqs., in order, if possible, that the bonds of friendship may be more firmly *sealed* between them, to the end of their lives. To Miss MARY ROSEBUD I give and bequeath my DIAMOND RING, as a representative of her excellent brilliant qualities, and also as a golden fence to secure her virtue, reputation, and dignity. To my worthy friend, Sir JOHN BLUBBER, Knt., I give and bequeath my *padders*, my *stampers*, my *buckets*, otherwise my BOOTS, whose knowledge of man-

kind, united with his kindness towards the failings of others, teaches him to tread lightly o'er the ashes of the dead! To prevent mistakes respecting my BIT, I have not a *bit* to leave; it having been with me, for some time past—POCKETS to LET, *unfurnished*: *Sic transit gloria mundi!* But, nevertheless, I trust that I have always proved *amicus humani generis!* My BOOKS having been long *booked* for their value, and afforded me consolation and support in the hour of need—I, therefore, leave as I found it, for other folks to bustle in, that GREAT VOLUME—the WORLD! which, upon all occasions, was my sheet-anchor! assisted by the following good old maxims, as my guide:—

Tempus edax rerum.
Vincit veritas.
Principiis obsta.
Vitiis nemo sine nascitur.
Spes mea in Deo.
Spero meliora.

ROBERT LOGIC.

TOM and JERRY were both considerably affected at the kindness displayed towards them by the *Oxonian*; and had it been at any other time, the singularity of the above *Testament* would have produced much laughter between them; at all events, it convinced them that LOGIC still preserved his *character* for ORIGINALITY. Three proper witnesses, disinterested persons, belonging to the house, were instantly called in to sign it, when the Testament, in the eye of the law, became a valid document. “My dear JERRY,” said LOGIC, “as we must soon part, I had intended to offer a few remarks for your consideration; but, finding that my strength will not second my intentions, I shall be very concise on the matter; you must perceive that the *comical* part of my career is at an end, and you are well aware that I always was a merry fellow; but, as *Mercutio* says, I shall be found a *grave* man to-morrow. Endeavour, then, ‘to do unto all men, as you would they should do unto you,’ and you will not be a great way off the right path to happiness. I feel myself very faint; my breath getting short; and having settled everything to my satisfaction, have the kindness to assist me into bed, that I may die like a Christian—contented, and in peace with all mankind! TOM, give me your hand: JERRY, yours likewise—I grasp them both with sincerity!” Then looking them full in the

face, with a placid smile on his countenance, his last words were—"God bless you!" His lip fell; his eyes lost their brilliancy; and the once merry, lively, facetious, friendly LOGIC, was now numbered with the dead!

For several days our heroes were absorbed in grief, at the sudden loss of their much admired and valued friend; and CORINTHIAN HOUSE, for a long time after the decease of the *Oxonian*, was dull in the extreme. The funeral of LOGIC, under the direction of TOM, was of the most splendid description; and a handsome monument was also erected by his order, bearing the following inscription:—

This Tablet

Was erected in remembrance of

ROBERT LOGIC, Esq.,

Who was viewed throughout the circle of his acquaintances as

A MAN,

In every sense of the word,

VALUABLE AS GOLD!

MIRTH and GOOD-HUMOUR were always at his elbows; but

DULL CARE

Was never allowed a seat in his presence.

He played the *first fiddle* in all companies, and was never out of tune:

BOB was a wit of the first quality;

But his SATIRE was general, and levelled against the follies of mankind:

PERSONALITY and SCANDAL he disclaimed:

His exertions were always directed to make others happy.

As a CHOICE SPIRIT, he was unequalled;

And as a SINCERE FRIEND, never excelled; but in his character of a

MAN OF THE WORLD,

BOB LOGIC was a Mirror to all his Companions.

MANKIND had been his study; and he had perused the Great

Book of Life

With superior advantages; and his COMMENTARIES on

MEN AND MANNERS

Displayed not only an enlarged mind; but his OPINIONS were gentlemanly and liberal.

His intimate knowledge of VICE had preserved him from being VICIOUS: by which source he was able to discriminate with effect; and

VIRTUE appeared more beautiful in his eyes.

TRUTH was his polar star ; and INTEGRITY his sheet anchor.

ADVERSITY could not reduce his noble mind,
And PROSPERITY was not suffered to play tricks with his feelings :
HE WAS A MAN UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES !

FLATTERY he despised ; while CANDOUR obtained his respect ; and
the corner-stone of his character was—SINCERITY.

He was charitable, but not ostentatious, and a well-wisher to all the
world.

His Friends,

TOM AND JERRY,

Lamenting his severe loss in Society, trust, that upon the

AWFUL DAY OF RECKONING,

The Great Auditor of Accounts will find his BALANCE SHEET

Correct (*errors excepted*) :

And as the whole tenor of BOB LOGIC'S life had been a VOLUME

OF PLEASURE, they sincerely hope it will be

WELL BOUND at the last !

CHAPTER XV.

“ *There is no place like home!* ” JERRY bids adieu to LIFE IN LONDON, and sets out, with the CORINTHIAN, for HAWTHORN HALL. *Rosebud Cottage in sight, the Church in perspective, and a good look-out towards the High Road to Matrimony. Uncertainty of existence: sorrow succeeding sorrow! TOM killed by a fall from his Horse while hunting. JERRY disconsolate for the loss of his two Pals. Reflections on the Death of the CORINTHIAN and a few Lines to his Memory. Grieving’s a folly! Thoughts on Marriage: popping the Question—the bit of Gold—the reluctant NO—YES! OLD JOLLYBOY an important feature. The Wedding Day—all happiness at HAWTHORN HALL—JERRY and MARY ROSEBUD united. The TIE-UP of the Story—i.e. to promote LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.*

THE sudden death of LOGIC made quite a *chasm* in the movements of TOM and JERRY; indeed, he had been the principal caterer for their amusements, and our heroes were not only in grief for his loss, but reduced completely to a *stand-still* without him. It is true, JERRY had previously made up his mind to quit London, in consequence of his narrow escape at the brothel on fire, but the sudden demise of the *Oxonian* positively hurried him out of town. The Metropolis had lost its attractions upon the feelings of JERRY, and he flattered himself that the neighbourhood of HAWTHORN HALL, the sports of the field, and the fascinating company of Miss ROSEBUD, would, in a great measure, afford relief to his mind, and ultimately restore him to cheerfulness. The parents of JERRY were overjoyed in beholding their darling son once more safe under their roof; and the CORINTHIAN also received the most friendly congratulations on his arrival at HAWTHORN HALL. The *sombre* appearance of our heroes, who were in deep mourning for the *Oxonian*, operated as a great drawback to the festivities which, under different circumstances, had been intended to celebrate their reception; indeed, at every step they took, the loss of LOGIC was sincerely regretted by all those persons who had ranked him as one of their best

acquaintances, during his last appearance at HAWTHORN HALL. "To me, the loss of LOGIC is incalculable," said JERRY, to his father; "he was not only able to advise, but his manner of doing it was so persuasive, that it was impossible not to benefit by his experience; more especially at my time of life, when such experience was by far more valuable to my mind than any knowledge I might have obtained of men and manners through my own exertions."

Our hero lost no time in visiting Rosebud Cottage. On his entrance, he was welcomed by the father of our heroine with no common sort of ardour; but, on his being ushered into the presence of MARY ROSEBUD, he felt confused, nay, ashamed; her look, although accompanied with a smile, nevertheless told him that he had been neglectful towards her during his residence in London, and she gently chided him for his want of attention. "I am afraid, Sir," said she, "it has been with you like most professed lovers, 'out of sight, out of mind.'" JERRY could not reply; his excuses were lame and impotent; indeed, he was aware that he was in fault, and therefore, sensibly threw himself upon the mercy of the Court, and sued in the most persuasive manner for pardon. The good temper of MARY, aided by a little of something else—perhaps love—could not resist the application; and she generously admitted that some allowance might be made for him, when surrounded by the attractions of London. "Generous girl!" exclaimed JERRY, "the remainder of my life shall be devoted to your happiness."

JERRY being now perfectly established in the good opinion of Miss ROSEBUD, became doubly attentive in his visits; when the minutes, the hours, the days, nay, the weeks, almost appeared to fly, so fascinated was JERRY with the company and attractions of our charming heroine. In truth, the time of JERRY was completely occupied with hunting, dinners, card-parties, assemblies, &c., accompanied by TOM; and his life appeared so happy, that he congratulated himself on his return to the seat of his father, and also upon the hair-breadth escapes he had met with, during his Day and Night Scenes in London. Yet, amidst all this happiness, JERRY perceived with regret that the CORIN-

THIAN was labouring under a severe depression of spirits, although TOM endeavoured to appear cheerful in company; but when alone with JERRY, he would frequently deplore the flight of the unhappy KATE, and likewise express the vacuum his mind suffered by the irreparable loss of the society of LOGIC. "I would give," said TOM, "almost everything I possess in the world to ascertain what has become of that wretched, unfortunate victim of pride. It is very strange that no tidings were ever heard of KATE, as the night-constable was a most active, vigilant, honest sort of fellow!" "I will no longer keep you in suspense," replied JERRY; "perhaps I have committed an error, but you must pardon it, as it was the result of sincere friendship, and at that time done with a view to spare your feelings. LOGIC wished the circumstance to be kept secret from you; however, silence is not necessary now; and therefore, be prepared with fortitude to hear that poor KATE is now numbered with the dead; nay, you ought to rejoice that her sufferings are at an end. You may rely upon the information being correct—LOGIC ascertained the truth of it from the night-constable; but let me entreat you to rest satisfied with what you have heard; compose your feelings upon a subject so truly painful to both of us, and let all traces of her be buried in oblivion." "It is easily said," replied TOM, the tears stealing down both his cheeks, "and the advice, I admit, is excellent, but considerable time must elapse, nay, I do not think that, during my life, I shall ever be able to banish her totally from my recollection."

During a walk, one fine evening, and Hawthorn Church appearing in view, JERRY was determined to make the best use of the opportunity which offered itself, by soliciting MARY ROSEBUD to name the day that was to complete his happiness. "I have always promised my father," replied MARY, with the utmost frankness, "that he should name the wedding-day; therefore, gain his consent, and you will have no complaint to make against my decision." "I will be your father upon that joyful occasion," said the CORINTHIAN, "if you will permit me, my dear Miss ROSEBUD, as I am very anxious to bestow on my friend JERRY one of

the greatest treasures in this life,—a most amiable companion and virtuous wife.” Miss ROSEBUD blushed at the remark, but, nevertheless, felt pleased with the compliment paid to her by the CORINTHIAN; and the subject was dropped until they arrived at Rosebud Cottage. The father of our heroine, on being made acquainted with the wishes of the young folks, observed, “I am quite content; and I sincerely hope they will prove one of the happiest couples alive. Therefore, let the settlements be drawn immediately, the license procured without delay, the dresses made off-hand, our friends invited in good time, and OLD JOLLYBOY requested to hold himself in readiness. Now having settled this marriage business to my mind, let us have a jolly evening together before we part; and to-morrow, JERRY, what do you say to a day’s hunting? and your cousin TOM, I have no doubt, will make one of the party.” “It will afford me great pleasure,” replied the CORINTHIAN; “and we will be in time to start with you.” The evening was spent in great jollity—“The single married, and the married happy,” were toasted over and over again by the party, until JERRY became as lively as a lark, OLD ROSEBUD roaring out the view halloo! the CORINTHIAN quite merry and facetious, and OLD JOLLYBOY rather above par, hiccupping, every now and then, with an attempt to pun, that he was “fond of (a) *good living!*”

Our heroes were ready at the appointed time to take the field with OLD ROSEBUD; the latter fox-hunter was in high glee with the excellence of the day’s sport, JERRY equally delighted, and TOM had just declared he had not been so pleased for a long time; but, unfortunately for him, in his bold endeavour to clear some high palings, his horse fell with him, and he was thrown some distance. On being raised from the ground, it was discovered that his neck was dislocated, and he expired instantly. Upon JERRY’S ascertaining the melancholy fate of the CORINTHIAN, his feelings were so completely overcome, that he fell down in a fit quite senseless.

To describe the wretched state of mind which JERRY suffered for several days, at the unexpected accident and melancholy death of his dearest friend in the world, would



THE POLO MAN

And as at that moment I hit up my head
My boys in a very fairly comical I am dead

As an Englishman, the great Englishman
The great Englishman, the great Englishman



have baffled the poet's skill and the painter's talents to portray—the shock was so sudden, and the loss to our hero so great, that it was impossible to have been otherwise; just at the moment when happiness appeared to be within his grasp, and he was also slowly recovering from the serious effects which the death of LOGIC had also made upon his feelings, to have met with such an immense blow—the death of CORINTHIAN TOM—shattered his nerves all to pieces, and anything in the shape of consolation appeared to him officious, troublesome, and unavailing! Ultimately, by the soothing attention of Miss ROSEBUD, the friendly interference of the old fox-hunter, her father, the unremitting kindnesses of his parents, and the cheering, good advice of OLD JOLLYBOY, by degrees he was restored to a state of convalescence.

From “GAY to *grave*,” was now the reversed scene for the contemplation of our hero, and the old proverb verified to an awful extent, “that many things happen between the cup and the lip;” the *marriage rites* were now suspended to make way for the performance of the burial service. The remains of the CORINTHIAN were conveyed to town with the utmost solemnity, and interred in the family vault, with all those obsequies due to his rank; and although JERRY remained extremely ill, and scarcely able to stand upon his legs, yet he was determined, at all hazards, to pay the last respects to his most valued friend and relative, CORINTHIAN TOM, by his appearance at the funeral in the character of chief mourner. JERRY did not quit the Metropolis until he had settled everything to his satisfaction respecting the interment of the CORINTHIAN. Upon the return of JERRY to HAWTHORN HALL, several days elapsed before anything like pleasure occupied his mind; he positively refused to quit the house, and he also shunned the society of his acquaintances. “It requires no common fortitude,” observed JERRY, to OLD JOLLYBOY, “to bear up against the loss of two such invaluable friends as TOM and LOGIC—snatched, as it were, in an instant from me, when I stood most in need of their assistance, and to whom I am principally indebted for the knowledge of mankind which I now possess. In LOGIC, I have lost a model of experience,

a fund of talent, and a heart overflowing with the milk of human kindness. By the death of TOM, I shall heavily miss that urbanity, discernment, and liberality, which highly distinguished the polished and thorough-bred gentleman. I am now left to decide for myself; but, nevertheless, I hope I shall sincerely profit by their examples. APPEARANCES, I am perfectly aware, might be against both of their characters with the fastidious part of society; yet hypocrisy, cant, humbug, or dissimulation, never disgraced their conduct: a love of honour shone conspicuously throughout their actions, and, by an acknowledgment of their own errors, displayed a noble generosity towards the faults of others. They taught me not to spend my time in regretting any mistakes that I had made, but to exert myself upon every occasion to repair them. This maxim shall be my guide through life—I will not repine, but struggle with fortitude against unavoidable calamities, and endeavour to make myself happy under all circumstances of my existence.”

JERRY immediately gave orders for a very handsome stone to be placed in the most conspicuous situation near to the spot where CORINTHIAN TOM lost his life, with the following inscription engraved upon it:—

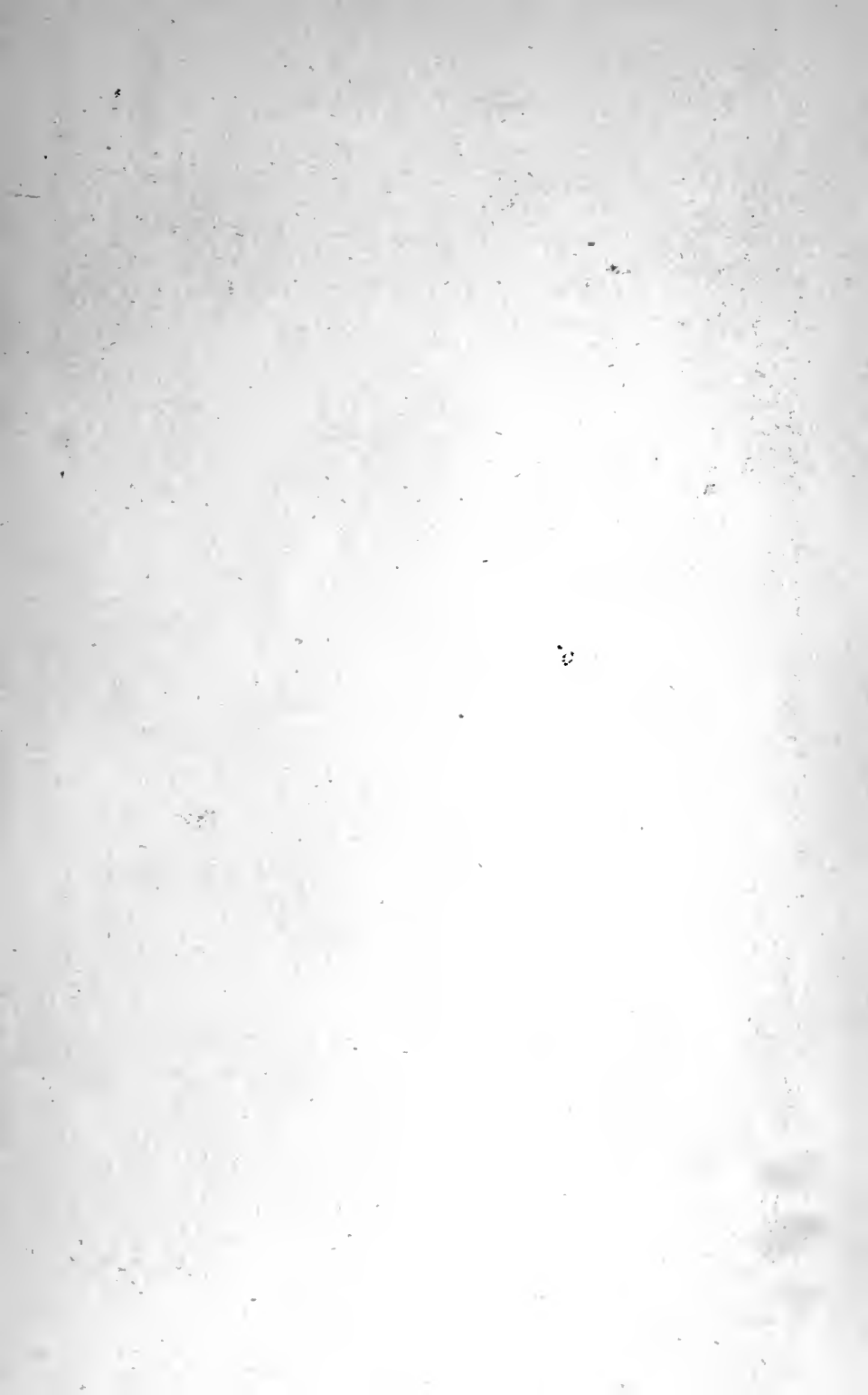
Near to this Spot of Earth
Lost his Life, by a fall from his Horse while Hunting,
CORINTHIAN TOM,
One of the Highest-bred creatures in the Universe, and who got over the
ground like nothing else but
A GOOD ONE:
In the walks of fashion he was a CORINTHIAN;
Amongst the BLOODS, a *bon vivant*;
On the TURF, a real SPORTSMAN; in the Chase, an OUT and OUTER;
And in his deportment to every person
A PERFECT GENTLEMAN!
If he could not put in a positive claim to the title of
THE ROSE AND PILLAR OF THE STATE,
No man in the world ever possessed the SUAVITER IN MODO and FORTITER
IN RE in a more eminent degree than
Corinthian Tom.

This Remembrance has been erected by his Relative and sincere Friend,

JERRY HAWTHORN, Esq.,

Under the hope, that when he hears the LAST VIEW HALLOO!
His PEDIGREE may be found sound; his RACE complete, by winning the
HAPPY STAKES; and nothing against him noted down in the

Steward's Book.



"I admit your loss has been great, and I also admire the tenor of your argument," observed Mr ROSEBUD, "but, nevertheless, 'grieving's a folly;' there is a time for everything, as my friend OLD JOLLYBOY would have observed; therefore, JERRY, having done everything becoming the character of a sincere friend, I think you ought now to turn to a more pleasant view of the picture, and once more give your acquaintances the benefit of your company." "Good!" exclaimed OLD JOLLYBOY; "for some time past, I have been holding myself in readiness to receive a summons to perform a certain ceremony, without SQUIRE HAWTHORN has given up the marriage altogether. All in good time, perhaps!"

This trifling hint was quite sufficient, and JERRY, lest his conduct should be thought cold or neglectful, presented himself, in the course of the next morning, "for better or for worse," to Miss ROSEBUD, at the Cottage, anxiously soliciting her to name the wedding-day. The disposition of MARY ROSEBUD was of the most ingenuous nature, and her attachment to our hero too great to keep him long in suspense. "Perhaps, Sir," said MARY, I ought to say 'No!'—and insist upon more time, to enable me to form a correct opinion of your conduct, whether you have duly considered the serious and important charge of matrimony, and the confinement also attendant on such a state; and, likewise, freely consenting, as it is termed, to surrender a part of your liberty, before I say 'Yes.' But I prefer being frank on the present occasion; and, relying on your honour, generosity, and true love, I am content, whenever my father shall think proper to name the day." "Generous, amiable girl," replied JERRY, "I have well considered the subject, in every point of view; but I will make no professions; yet my endeavours throughout my life shall be to *strengthen*, what the Poet has so beautifully described, the

'Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets.'

The day was immediately fixed for their nuptials by Mr ROSEBUD; the marriage ceremony was performed by OLD JOLLYBOY; and, when Miss ROSEBUD answered "I will!" the old Curate was so full of joy, that the word "GOOD!" had almost escaped his lips. The estates of the Rosebuds

and the Hawthorns were now united, and MARY and JERRY made the happiest of the happy. The wedding-day was devoted to pleasure. "It shall be kept in the old style," said JERRY'S father; "everybody shall be welcome; we will have a dance upon the green; all the lads and lasses in the village shall be invited to celebrate the wedding; we will broach a tub of '*humming bub*,' and nothing shall be wanting to promote mirth and harmony." "Good!" said OLD JOLLYBOY, over his pipe; but, long before the approach of night, the "gaily circling glass" had been pushed about by OLD HAWTHORN to all the company—that, suffice to observe, as we have too much respect for the cloth to tell tales, the fine old Curate required the assistance of "AMEN," his clerk, to make JOLLYBOY "all right" at the Curacy.

The honeymoon was, of course, a rapturous one; after which, JERRY might be viewed as a '*settled being*.' Time rolled over pleasantly with him and his bride; and the sports of the field, if possible, he enjoyed with a greater zest than heretofore. His fireside was a pattern of domestic comforts, although a sigh would now and then escape his lips, whenever the thoughts of TOM and LOGIC came over his mind. In every other respect, JERRY was a picture of contentment; determined to profit by his experience, and to turn to a good account, for the benefit of himself and his family, the many hair-breadth escapes and dangerous adventures he had met with in his DAY and NIGHT SCENES in LIFE IN LONDON. He was the delight of all the companies he visited in the neighbourhood of HAWTHORN HALL; his general conduct was the praise of the surrounding gentry, and he was admitted, by all parties, to sustain the character of a perfect COUNTRY GENTLEMAN. We now take our leave of JERRY, "all happiness," with an amiable, handsome wife, a fine estate, a capital stud of horses, and a crack pack of hounds, to promote LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

THE END.



PR Egan, Pierce
4649 The Finish to the adventures
E45F5 of Tom
1887

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