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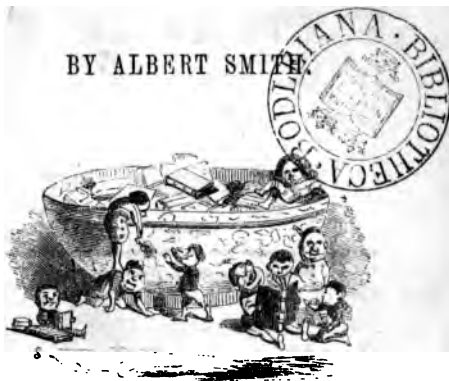
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THE MORNING AFTER THE BALL.

Aslounding Effects of Gutta Percha!!

A
BOWL OF PUNCH.



ILLUSTRATED BY HENNING, HINE, AND SALA.

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A BOWL OF PUNCH.

THE INTRODUCTION.



ONE cold day in the past November, as we were sitting by the fire, we heard a melancholy little rap at the door, that carried some sort of a distressed application in its very sound. This not being answered, it was followed by a dismal single tingle at the area bell, which provoked a loud one from the parlour. The door was then opened; and the servant introduced a pale, thin, ill-clad stranger, who, apologizing in weak accents, informed us that it was a Joke.

We at first felt inclined to be angry, imagining that it was a practical one, played upon ourselves; but a closer inspection satisfied us that our suspicions were ill-founded. For the Joke was some years old, and had an anxious care-worn appearance. Its clothes were threadbare, and it otherwise exhibited symptoms of having been in the greatest distress.



The Joke observed that it was once in very good circumstances, and was sure we must know it very well.

We asked if it was the celebrated one of the impatient gentleman in the coffee-house, who inquired if his *steak* was ready, to which the waiter replied, somewhat insolently, "No, sir, but your *chops* are."



The Joke shook its head.

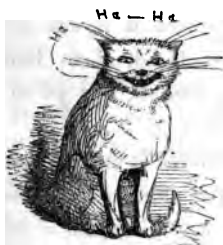


We next inquired if it was the offspring of Mr. Hood, about Ben Battle hanging himself, and so enlisting in the line?

The Joke answered it was not, but one equally respectable. (*The name of the Joke was here given, but as we intend making use of it slightly altered, we suppress it for obvious reasons.*) It was received in good society for some time; and next got a place, in the form of a conundrum, on a Twelfth Night character. When it was sufficiently old to be trusted on the stage, Mr. Moncrieff got it a new situation in one of the late Mr. Mathews's "patter" songs, and at the end of the entertainment it did double duty in the *Gatherer* of the "Mirror," and as one of the *Comicalities* in "Bell's Life in London."



After this it returned to the stage under the auspices of Mr. Peake in a farce at the English Opera; and then, with some slight modification, was made over by him to Mr. Planché for one of his burlesque extravaganzas



Joke believed it was "The White Cat."

We inquired if it was not dangerous to bring such well-known jokes upon the stage.

The Joke said it was quite the contrary—that

oldest witticisms always told the best upon the audience, as any member of the Dramatic Authors' Society could bear witness; and especially writers of burlesques. After "The White Cat," it was out of place for some time, until it got a very humble

RICHARDSON



engagement for three days for Greenwich Fair, but it met with such ill-treatment from the hands of Mr. Merryman, to whom it was confided, that it was laid up as incapable for some time afterwards.

We inquired if this finished its engagement.

The Joke answered in the negative. It next became a woodcut for a penny *weekly paper*, and was for a short time with *Mr. Clarkson* at the Old Bailey, and Colonel Sib-

thorp in the House. But not answering the expectation formed of it, it was turned finally adrift, and had since been wandering about in the keenest misery.

We expressed our great concern to see a once respectable Joke so fallen; and felt almost at a loss as to what course to pursue with a view to giving it assistance. Unfortunately the market was over-stocked with old Jokes, and had been so for a long time.

"Sir," said the Joke, "I am well aware of that, but I think I can suggest something. We see every day old-fashioned articles (which had become far too antiquated fifty years ago to be presentable) freshly done up, re-gilt or lacquered, varnished or soldered, and then selling for great prices on account of their very antiquity. A servant's looking-glass, which might have been turned out of Versailles a century ago for being a poor and common thing, now sells for an immense sum as a Louis Quatorze mirror. There-



fore, although I was old some time ago, yet if I am newly done up, and put into the mouth of Lord Brougham, or any other public character with a reputation for wit, I may go off as well as ever."

We remarked that we had a great objection to old puns; but there was very great plausibility in the scheme proposed by the one in question, and we would see what could be done. It was melancholy to see a Joke that had been wont to set the table in a roar (or rather the people round it) thus reduced to misery. Still we thought in the meantime something could be got, however little, at the theatre.

"Alas," said the Joke, shaking its head, "there is not the least chance of such a thing. Since the run of burlesques, you authors have worn every joke to such a threadbare state, using several



of them upon good authority seven or eight times over, that I fear, before long, the indignation of the audience will burst forth at too glaring a repetition of a standard witticism."

We expressed our belief in the truth of the story, and

added that something should be done with it if possible. In the meantime we would give it into the hands of an artist, Mr. Hine, to see what he could make of it.



The Joke expressed its thanks, and retired into the pigeon-hole of our desk.



This interview set us thinking.

We knew that several jokes of our own were wandering about the world in great distress; and we determined, at once, upon applying to our publisher to do something for them. Our proposal was met in the kindest spirit; and we now introduce the reader to the small, but neat refuge, provided for them.

We have called it *A Bowl of Punch*, firstly, because some of the ingredients—altered, however, and freshly illustrated—first appeared before the public in that periodical; and secondly, that it

might be a companion to *The Wassail Bowl*, which we brewed four or five years ago, before the rush of Christmas Books had used up every other term connected with the season.

This little book is not, however, merely a reprint. A great portion of it is entirely original; and if it serves to relieve a long railway journey of its tedium, or gets rid of a dull hour anywhere, its mission will be entirely answered.



L E N O R A ,
A BALLAD,

NEWLY TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER.

THERE have been so many excellent Translations done of this powerful Ballad that some little apology should be made for offering the present one to the reader. But the Metre of the original has not been strictly preserved in any I have seen ; and, in consequence, the Poem loses much of its impressiveness. In the following attempt I have carefully kept to the Metre ; and in some lines the words are in the exact order of the original : indeed I have sacrificed every thing to make it as close and literal as possible. But for this intention many of the verses might have been considerably improved.

Lenora, at the Blush of Day,
From heavy Slumbers started,
" Art dead, or faithless, Wilhelm, say,
How long must we be parted ?"
He was with Frederick's armed Might,
At Prague, and there engaged in Fight,
Had sent no Word or Token,
To prove his health unbroken.



The Empress and the Prussian King,
Wearied of constant striving,
Their stubborn Natures softening,
Saw Peace at last arriving.
And all the Troops rejoiced and sang,
With Kettle-drums' and martial Clang,
Their Arms with green Boughs twining,
Towards their Homes inclining.





And everywhere—all, all around,
 From Roads and Pathways meeting,
 Both Old and Young, with joyous Sound
 Went forth to give their greeting.
 "Thank God!" the Child and Wife outcried
 And "Welcome!" many a happy Bride:
 Lenora, only, misses
 The warm Embrace and Kisses.



And up and down, amidst the Brave,
 She flew, each Name repeating;
 But none the Information gave
 Of all that warlike Meeting.
 And when the Train had passed elsewhere,
 She tore her Locks of Raven-hair,
 To earth her fair Form flinging,
 Her Hands in Frenzy wringing.



Her Mother ran to her, and cried,
 "With Mercy, Heaven, invest her,
 What Ill can my dear child betide?"
 And in her fond Arms pressed her.
 "O, Mother—gone is gone for aye,
 The World and all may pass away.
 God has no Kindness done me,
 Oh woe! oh woe! upon me!"



"Help, God! help! Leave us not unble
 Pray to Him to befriend us.
 What is His Will, is for the best,
 God! God! some Comfort send us!"
 "Oh, Mother, Mother! foolish Plea!
 God has done nothing well for me!
 My Prayer 's unhel'p'd, unheeded,
 Shall never more be needed!"

" Help, God ! the true Believers know
 Their Gloom his Aid can brighten :
 The hallowed sacramental Vow,
 Thy Misery shall lighten."
 " Oh, Mother, this consuming Rage,
 No Sacrament can e'er assuage ;
 No Sacrament e'er taken,
 Has Power the Dead to waken."



" Lift, Child. Perchance thy Lover now,
 In distant Lands united,
 In falsehood has renounced his Vow,
 To some new Marriage plighted.
 So let him go. His Love thus o'er,
 His heart shall never profit more ;
 When Soul and Body sever,
 His pangs shall last for ever."



" Oh, Mother—Mother ! Gone is gone !
 The past, the past is ended !
 Death—Death is now my Gain alone,
 Why was I born unfriended ?
 Be quenched my Light—be quenched for aye,
 In Night and Horror die away.
 God has no Kindness done me,
 Oh woe ! oh woe upon me !"



" Help, God ! nor into Judgment go,
 On this poor Child's Expressions ;
 What her Tongue says, she does not know :
 Record not her Transgressions.
 Forget all earthly Woe, like this,
 Think but on God and Heavenly Bliss ;
 Then to thy Spirits panting,
 No Bridegroom shall be wanting."





"Oh, Mother! what is Hell—er Bliss—
That thus you speak about it;
I knew but Heav'n in Wilhelm's Kiss,
And all is Hell without it.
Be quench'd my Sight—be quench'd for aye,
In Night and Terror die away;
On earth, without my Lover,
All Happiness is erer."



Thus her Despair o'er every Sense
And through each Vein was raging,
And war against God's Providence
Most rashly she was raging.
She wrung her hands and beat her Breast,
Until the Sun went down to Rest,
And up in Heav'n's Arch beaming,
The golden Stars were gleaming.



Push! listen! listen! tramp—tramp—tramp!
A Courser's Steps she counted,
The Rider next, with clattering Stamp,
Before the Porch dismounted.
And listen! at the Gate, a Ring,
Sounds faintly—fistly—king-ling-ling!
And then came, through the Portal,
These Words, distinctly mortal,



"Holla! open the Door my Pet;
Watchest thou, Lere? or sleepest?
How art thou mewed tew'rd's me yet?
And laughest thou, er weepst?"
"Ah, Wilhelm! thou! So late at Night!
I've watch'd for thee in sorrowing Night,
And undergone much Chiding.
Whence com'st thou now, thus riding?"

'We only saddle at Midnight ;
 From far Bohemia, hither,
 I rous'd myself late for the Flight,
 And now will bear thee thither."
 "Stag, Wilhelm, stay ! The Wind doth rush
 Loud whistling through the Hawthorn-bush.
 Here—Heart's love—let me hold thee,
 My warm Arms shall enfold thee."



"Let the Wind whistle through the Paws,
 Ghild—let it whistle stronger,
 Now clink my Spur ; the Black-horse paws ;
 I dare not tarry longer.
 Come—come : truss up thy Dress, and spring
 On my Black-horse, behind me swing.
 To reach our Couch to-day, Love,
 One hundred Miles away, Love."



"And must I ride one hundred Miles
 To our Bride-bed to day, Love ?
 And hark ! the Church Clock tolls meanwhile,
 Eleven ! doth it say, Love ?"
 "See here !—see there !—the moon is high ;
 We and the Dead can swiftly fly.
 'Tis for a Bet we're flying,
 To where the Couch is lying."



"Yet say—where is thy bridal Hall,
 Thy nuptial bed—where lies it ?"
 "Far—far from hence !—still, cool, and small,
 Eight slender Planks comprise it."
 "Past room for me ?" "For me and thee !
 Come, gird thy dress ; quick, mount with me.
 The Guests are there to meet thee ;
 The Doors wide open greet thee."





The fair Girl quickly tress'd, and sprung
 Upon the horse behind him ;
 And round the trusty Rider sang,
 Her lily Arms entwined him.
 And hurra ! off ! away ! the Steed
 Flies like the Wind, with whirling Speed ;
 The horse and Rider quivering,
 And Sparks and Pebbles shivering.



And right and left—on either hand
 Before their Eyes quick sund'rd,
 Few few the Carus, and heath, and Land !
 And hew the Bridges thunder'd !
 " Dearest, dost fear ? The Moon is high !
 Hurra ! the Dead can swiftly fly !
 Dost fear the Dead, my own Love ?"
 " Nay—leave the Dead alone, Love."



What sound is that of Glang and Kneel ?
 Why do the Ravens flutter ?
 Hark ! the death-song : and tolls the Bell !
 " Bury the corpse" they utter !
 A funeral Train was coming near ;
 They bore the Coffin and the Bier :
 The Hymn, the Croal resembled
 Of Frogs in Ponds assembled.

" After midnight inter the Dead,
 With Kneel and Lamentation :
 Now, my young Wife I homeward lead
 With bridal Celebration.
 Come, Sexton, with thy choral Throng
 And draw us out thy bridal Song !
 Come, gabble, Priest, thy Blessing,
 E'er tow'rd's the Couch we're pressing."

The Gang was still'd ; vanish'd the Bier,
 Obedient to his calling :
 And all beside—lefts and lefts near
 Behind his Horse was falling.
 And further—faster still—the Steed
 Flies like the Wind with whistling Speed ;
 The Horse and Rider quivering,
 And Sparks and Pebbles shivering.



And left, and right, how swift in flight
 Pass'd Hedges, Trees, and Mountains :
 How flew on right, and left, and right,
 Towns, Villages, and Fountains.
 "Dearest ! dost fear ? The moon is high !
 Hurra ! the Dead can swiftly fly !
 Dost fear the Dead, my own Love ?"
 " Ah, leave the Dead alone, Love !"



See there ! about the Gallows' Height
 Round the Wheel's Urle prancing,
 Seen dimly in the pale Moonlight,
 A shadowy Mob is dancing.
 "Palloo—here ! Rabble ! Ho ! come here !
 Come, Mob, with me—and follow near !
 Our Wedding-dance be skipping
 When we to Bed are tripping."



And quickly on the Mob did rush
 Behind them, noisy-clattering,
 As Whirlwinds through the Hesel-bush,
 Send down the dry Leaves pattering :
 And further—faster still—the Steed
 Flies like the Wind, with whistling Speed ;
 The Horse and Rider quivering,
 And Sparks and Pebbles shivering.





How flew they in the Moon's wide Light,
 Soon into Distance speeding!
 And overhead, how quick in flight
 Were Heavens and Stars receding!
 "Dearest! dost fear? The Moon is high!
 Hurra! the Dead can swiftly fly!
 Dost fear the Dead, my own Love?"
 "Oh, leave the Dead alone, Love!"



"My Steed! methinks the Goat doth crow;
 The Sand is just expended;
 My Steed! the Morning Air I know,
 Quick, hence! our Course is ended:
 Achiev'd, achiev'd now is our Ride!
 The nuptial Chamber opens wide!
 The Dead ride swiftly striving!
 The Goal, the Goal's arriving!"



And swiftly tow'rd's an iron Gate
 With tearing Speed they thunder'd:
 With a slight Switch he strikes the Gate,
 And Lock and Bolt is Sunder'd.
 The Doors unfasten'd, creaking wide,
 And over Graves still on they ride,
 With Tomb-stones round them gleaming,
 On which the Moon is beaming.



Cool! in the Twinkling of an Eye,
 Ho! ho!—a ghastly wonder!
 Piecemeal the Rider's Garments lie,
 Like Tinder shred asunder.
 A Skull, of Lust and Queue bereft,
 A naked Skull alone is left!
 A Skeleton, before her
 Held's Scythe and Sand-glass o'er her!

The Black-horse wildly snorts and rears,
 And breathes forth Sparks ; and shrinking
 From underneath them, disappears,
 Quick vanishing and sinking.
 Wild Howling fills the Welkin round,
 And Groans from the deep Grave resound.
 Lenora's Heart, just shivering,
 Twixt Life and Death is quivering.



And now beneath the Moon's pale Glance,
 Round in a Circle scowling,
 Link'd hand in hand, the Spectres dance,
 And to this Tune are howling :
 " Forbear ! forbear ! though breaks the Heart,
 'Gainst God in Heaven take no Part.
 Now from thy Body sever,—
 God save thy Soul for ever !"



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