

THE SNOB.

*Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi
Sylvestrem ?* VIRGIL.

No. 4.

THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1829.

PRICE 2½d.

ARTICLE I. MOLL OF WAPPING.

AN EASTERN TALE.

THE moonlight of innocence had long rested undisturbed on that bank of peace—the any-thing-but-snowy bosom of Moll of Wapping; the old shoe of scandal had not yet been flung at the head of her respectability, nor had the black eye of frailty yet deformed the face of her fair fame. Her beauties how shall I describe, e'en at the bare mention of them my feathered goose-quill staggers, its nebs start asunder with horror, while its inky perspiration blots my virgin page. An eye, (for Heaven, fearful of their power, had granted her but one), black as Erebus, peer'd from beneath a brow, on which grey hair and filth “sat in communion sweet;” for already had her locks, through care and sleepless nights, put on the robe of twilight; her cheek rivalled the stupendous ocean in its azure tint; her teeth, in number three, palpable darkness and mortality had called their own; and, as for her nose, sure rosy-fingered morn herself must have deigned to pull it, and then,

“ Her blushing fingers left their blushes there.”

But to the tale. Scarce fifty summers yet had seen their close, when as the clock was tolling four—chimney-sweeping hour—upon

the dusky ear of sleepy Wapping sinners, Moll issued from her native alley; a short black pipe stood in proud consciousness 'twixt her blacker lips, while the wanton smoke curled up her yawning nostrils, or in playful innocence danced 'mid the crags of her carbuncled nose. Her hat was brimless as infinity; her gown was cotton. On her head a wicker-basket extended its oval flatness, from which there came "an ancient and fish-like smell;" and well there might, she carried sprats,—sprats that outdid in odour Ægypt's myriad heaps of sad expiring frogs,—sprats that might have sickened any man, and turned the stomach of a Kitchener to dust.

(To be continued.)

ARTICLE II.—LINES ON A VISIT TO DENNY ABBEY.

In clothes not very shabby,
 We went to Denny Abbey,
 To see its ruins grey;
 No friendly monk was there,
 To cheer us with his fare,
 And so—we came away.

L. M. R.

"A Sunday Snob."

ARTICLE III.—TIMBUCTOO.

To the Editor of the Snob.

SIR,—Though your name be "Snob," I trust you will not refuse this tiny "Poem of a Gownsmen," which was unluckily not finished on the day appointed for delivery of the several copies of verses on Timbuctoo. I thought, Sir, it would be a pity that such a

But if, when sleeping with her,
 Thou find'st she mocks your prayer,
 Then leave the jade to shiver
 Without a blanket there.

And tell her thus, when she grows cold,
 Her stomach and her limbs shall be,
 For sick or sad, tired, thin, or old,
 She'll get no gin from thee.

ARTICLE IV.—MOLL OF WAPPING.

(Continued.)

But she, unconscious of her breathing sweetness, strode firmly on, and already had she passed o'er half her tedious journey, unseeing and unseen, when suddenly a voice, rough as a door-mat, swept, like the parish-scamper, all down the street, and in harsh accents broke upon her ear, "Go it, my kiddy,—you're the ticket, though I says it as should'nt,—cut along my rum un, never say die." These were the sounds that rolled their undulating existence through the atmosphere of tangible disgust, and started Molly from her reverie. She, turning round, three whiffs of heartfelt exultation gave, for she perceived that, trotting on his five-and-forty shilling freeholder, came sooty Dobbs. But let me pause a moment, while

"I vainly try to tell

"The thousand graces of this covish swell."

A cap, which always "puzzled the wig," as Hamlet has it, so many hair-breadth escapes did it allow, covered half his capillary excrecences; the other half, like many late M.P.'s* had deserted their

* Modern perriwigs.—Printer's devil.

constituents, and stood on end in beautiful irregularity; of this quality likewise his nose partook, for two-thirds down it bore the impress of Rome and nobleness, but then at once it changed its course, and became not gradually and with hesitation, but suddenly and with startling promptitude, a decided turn-up,—it would have seemed as if aspiring to catch the dews and breezy softness of heaven, had not, in the sublime words of Milton,

“ Its hairy sides

“ With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,

“ Access denied.”

to all that dared approach its sacred penetralia. How stupendous ! how magnanimous the change ! Well might his nose swell with the vanity of liberalism ; well might his eyes dwell with the squint of continued delight on this interesting instance of nasal independence.

(*To be continued.*)

ARTICLE V.—A PROOF OF NEWTON'S ABSURDITY.

I have pointed out to you, my public, and I hope clearly pointed out to you, the errors of pretended Mathematicians, both in multiplication and division ; I shall now, I think, by the mere use of common sense, prove to you, that one of their greatest professors was an absurd being.

Newton's power was of the mind.

But the mind is immaterial and vast ;

∴ Newton's power was immaterial and vast,

Or vastly immaterial ;

∴ Newton was vastly immaterial.

∴ Newton was of no consequence, *i. e.* he was absurd.

ARTICLE II.—MODERN SONGS, No. 3.

AIR—" 'Tis the last Rose of Summer."

'Tis the last little tizzy
 My pocket what's in,
 O its pale-faced companions
 I've changed 'em for gin!
 There's not a brass farden
 To rub 'gainst his ribs,
 For ah! in my pocket
 There's never no dibs!

I'll not keep thee, thou lone one,
 Here moping with me,
 With thy friends in the gin-shop
 Go, tizzy,—and spree;
 So down on counter
 That sixpence I vacks
 And has 'stead of him, Sir,
 Four glasses of max!

But they vont give no credit,
 So I has no more,
 I'll go and pick pockets
 By Dury-lane door;
 About the Theaturs
 There's lots to be had,
 And ven I gets flush, vy
 I'll guzzle like mad!

ARTICLE III.—MOLL OF WAPPING. (*Concluded.*)

But why should I irreverently endeavour to pourtray the exquisite beauty and contour of that angelic form, suffice it, that he was loveliness itself, the brilliant fiction of some poet's fervid imagination embodied in perishable mortality. O that flesh were not to perish, or that that tangible quintessence of most excellent creation

might have outlived the common term of years allotted to frail man. But it might not be, therefore to my tale again. Only a few words more, my beloved pen, and then shalt thou again repose amid thy feathered brethren in the inkstand of tranquillity, undisturbed by the Waterloo-crackers of controversy, unsmear'd with the rhubarb-pie of wit, or the custard of romance, unstained with the inky Styx of diabolical, mechanical, oratorical, and phlegmatical agency.

Well, gentle reader,—they loved, loved dearly,—loved, as mortals never loved before, or ever can again; never shall we see such purity of attachment again existing on this earth's rotundity; never shall the little star in the left ear of the great bear look down again upon so interesting a specimen of disinterested affinity. No sooner, therefore, did his eye's pupil discover that it was the sunshine of Moll's beauty that tipped with gold his donkey's auricular hairiness, than he put his shoeless heel in closer contact with its side, and urged him onwards by a kick's grim potency. By this manœuvre, as cobbler dauntless and as his wax close-sticking, Dobbs swiftly galloped to his love; and first reining in his asinine precipitance, he then rained dewy kisses on her pouting lips, while she with mutual affection elevated, kept osculating his phiz's *rouge et noir*. The salutation over, arm in arm they tread the dreaming street, but which still dreamt not of their glorious appearance; they move slowly on, he with soft whispers urging her gentle soul to ecstasy's sweet madness, and she with enviable, coquetting quietness, as if unconscious of his love-pregnant converse, still smoking shag.

But now near to the climax of my tale I draw; O

“ 'Tis a consummation

“ Devoutly to be wished.”

for its a sad tale, a tale of wretchedness and woe, and while I write, the sympathetic dews of nature rain from my eyes' bright azure, staining the whiteness of the page before me. See, see, they draw near the fatal pond! O black-mudded creation of a filthy scavenger! O beastly conglomeration of numberless disgusting existences! Foul spot in Wapping-fields! Horrible shadow!—

Type of the common drain of Erebean nuisances, those all-but-solid streams that give an atmosphere of palpable stench and horror to the infernals! O dirty pond! why wert thou born? Why didst thou from the cart of scavenger fling thy dark bubbling putridity into that yawning hole? Why wert thou permitted to exist only to ensnare the lovely?

Immersed in pleasing thought neither saw the Stygian ditch, but while he was gazing rapt in fancy's brightest hopes upon her, her blind foot slipped, and oh Heavens! how can I recount it, she, the brilliant, the adorable, the heavenly, the angelic, the seraphic, she fell in. But to make short of the horrible tale, he, mad with anguish, mounted his startled donkey, put spurs to its side, and Curtius-like plunged in after her. The black flood closed over them, and they were seen no more, except that every anniversary of that dread circumstance the donkey's tail, radiant with thousand flies,

“ ——— moves in track of shining white,

“ And when it rears, the elfish light

“ Falls off in hoary flakes,”

and the phosphorescent ghosts of putrid sprats gleam on the slimy deep, while brays of pain and mingled sorrow scare the silence of midnight; and yells of demons tell to man, that Sooty Dobbs and Moll of Wapping sleep in the darkness of that filth.

ARTICLE IV.—THE SERENADER OUT OF TUNE.

I remember the night of my first love-tale,

When the stars were all shining above,

As they seemingly smiled on the nightingale

In return for the music they love.

But I looked not then on each beaming star,

For my heart it was sad and chill,

And when I attempted my light guitar,

It appeared to mock my skill.