

SIR,—You have got a “monstrous reputation.” Unshorn chins demand your immediate presence in the north. The *suds* are already on; your Tonsoric Highness is required to *take them off*. If you travel by the Steam Coach, when you reach the bridge reduce your pressure, allow the steam to escape by the valve;—“pull up,” and we shall direct you to the Saint Katherine’s Dock Bazaar, Hay Galleries, “Pry’s” Yard, High Street. You will there meet, in the course of the evening, some of the principal dealers, who rank high in the estimation of those who are totally unacquainted with their characters. Down stairs you will perhaps hear

“A sweet *Songster* warbling
To the maid melodiously.”

The black man “wot likes to interfere,” will at the door join chorus, common measure, “Turn him out, *Oh! turn him out.*” Your leisure hours will be advantageously employed by accompanying us through the town, and observing our collection of “rum ones.” You will be introduced to the Salmon Jurist, who is “aye on a hurry, and aye behind;” who shakes hands with the ladies, by giving them his right, while his left hand is retained in a very questionable repository of his ill-brushed unmentionables.

His snuffy beak and visage grim
Reflect the Toryisms within;
Companion of Sir Red Nose Ruby,
Two stilts of SYSTEM, PUNCH, and JUDY.

It is possible you may become acquainted with the Bridge Street Oracle—the tutored Cobbettite—the man of metal. He learned his justiciary acquirements at the university, along with the Emperor of Russia; and Ali Pacha can bear testimony to his tender mercies. He was as one having authority; and, enthroned upon a potatoe firlof he sat, the living representative of a pan without a bottom. “It is not the sin it’s the shame of the thing,” which prevents us from giving you a stave of his favourite couplet. It commences thus:

Oh! I once was a Radical man;
Lo! a Radical bodie was I;
Oh! I hammered away at my pan;
Lo! a Baillie was all in my eye.

But, bless you, I was not a novice;
The Tories got none who would go;
They insisted that I should take office—
I knew no such expression as NO!

Lo! but I am again at my pan!
Oh! Reform may go to Old Nick;
Lo! it made me a mis’rable man;
Oh! the night on which I got the kick!

The song is continued in the following measure:

“It was merry in the hall
When the beards wagged all,
We shall ne’er see the like again.”

We shall also give you the honour of an introduction to the wonderful indulgent of gluttony, in whom you will see the centre where two extremes meet. He is a son of Galen’s art: a dreadful skeleton of a long, lank, meagre Apothecary. Of his voracious powers some estimate may be formed from the following dinner bill, placed in a tavern-keeper’s memorandum on a late occasion:—“To 6 lbs. beef steaks.—A plump capon, stuffed.—A joint of bacon.—Tripe and sausages not taken into account.—12 crab claws, conveyed by the Steam Coach, per contract; weight of which threw her rather late in arriving here.—200 oysters, with an abundant supply of pepper and vinegar.” A waiter not being kept for *heavy* work, an able bodied man was employed for the occasion.

The burthen of the Apothecary’s roundelay ran to the following effect:

Oh! Muckle Ross, get on wi’ your barrow;
Bring quickly your soups and joints of marrow;
My empty belly, so hungry and sad,
May cause the cholera, or turn me mad.
I’ll eat to-day what serve for to-morrow;
Oh, Lord! Muckle Ross, get on wi’ your barrow.

Yours, &c.

WINK.

(To be continued.)