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PRICE
THREE-HALFPENCE.

sprats; open the cupboard, my boy." "I'll see you — first," and Boniface swore a terrible oath. "I shall book that when I go below," chuckled Jack, and he pointed significantly to the floor. "Well, old boy, there are more ways of boring a hole than with a gimlet," then placing his fist against the old oaken cupboard-door, smoke arose, and screwing his fist about a little, it went through like a red hot poker. Jack, seizing the viands within, despatched them in a twinkling, remarking, "he always took a Welsh rare-bit after lunch," which he made by breaking up some clay pipes into small pieces, and frying them in his hand over the fire. After disposing of this singular meal, he cracked the landlord's head by breaking the brown pie-dish over it, and disappeared up the chimney. What disposes us most to believe in this strange history is, the still more surprising fact, that Boniface has ever since punctually attended the neighbouring church, and the still more extraordinary circumstance that, since the time the occurrence is reported to have occurred, he has filled his pots and given good measure.



THE SPRING JACK.—BY PETER PIPER.

The above sketch, by our artist, will serve to give our readers a tolerable correct notion of the individual who is called the Spring Jack, more properly a devil, and very unappropriately a gentleman. He is shown taking a flight over a house, which he is said to do with the ease of a kitten over a ball of worsted; but this he could not perform without the aid of his boots, which are made with an ingenuity worthy a better object—having powerful springs attached thereto, which can be sprung at pleasure by the wearer. One freak, amongst the thousand that are reported of him, is worthy of record. Entering a public-house on Peckham Rye, he made his way into a parlour, where the only light afforded was from the fire: he called loudly for a pot of ale, which, being brought to him by the landlord, was placed upon the table. To the landlord's horror and consternation, he saw his customer take up his pewter, which, so soon as he touched, melted through his fingers, and left the ale in a congealed round mass in his hands. "Holla," Boniface exclaimed, "who the devil are you?" "The devil, at your service," replied Spring Jack, knowing at the ale as though it had been a German sausage, "can't you give us something to eat besides this?" "Not I," said Boniface, resolutely, "the devil a bit you shall have here, though the cupboard was full." "Ah, the cupboard! so, so!" laughed Jack, and turning towards a cupboard in the corner, he placed his nose to the key-hole, and gave such a sniff, Boniface vows there has been a draught there ever since. "Ah, ah!" and Jack laughed outright. "I smell pigeon-pie and pickled