

were seething, and beheld, on the following day, their several shells suspended like armorial trophies in the sunshine. I was now alone in the world—a hopeless, helpless, solitary fish. There hung the remains of all that was dear to me; I shrank from the spectacle!—Again and again I floundered to release myself from my miserable thralldom; and again and again my persecutors surrounded me to triumph again in the announcement, that I was still “deadly lively,” and should arrive in the docks in the nick of time for the Reform dinner at Guildhall.

At length came the fatal moment for “unfixing!” My mangled flesh now adhered to the rusty nails, which had become, as it were, a part of my own substance; yet scarcely had I lifted up my languid eyes and beheld

The towers of Julins, London’s lasting shame
peering over my head, when a barbarous stranger wrenched me from my imprisonment, and excess of anguish wrought its own remedy. I was conveyed, in a state of insensibility, from St. Katharine’s docks to the execution-dock of this renowned hostel.

The very name of “The King’s Head” was ominous in my ears, when I woke to a sense of my own situation! It is a well known fact that, in England, they cut off the tails of their horses, and the heads of their kings and turtles;—and when, with a presentiment of decapitation strong upon my mind I beheld a tall gaunt man approaching, at the string of whose white apron hung a murderous steel!—I felt that my last hour was at hand!—There blazed the fire—there yawned the cauldron—there stood the chopping block—there the cook!—Every moment I expected the fatal fiat of—

Off with his head!—so much for Buckingham,
when a solemn-looking gentleman (I took him for the Ordinary of Newgate) stalked into the kitchen; and, as I lay gasping on the floor, gravely addressed my executioner. The names of “Lord John Russell—Lord Althorp,” now reached my ears, followed by allusions to “approaching elections—public dinners—reform—town-hall—and, though last not least to *turtle soup*!”—“Lord John Russel and turtle-soup!”—Reform and lime punch!”—Oh! filthy anti-climax, dishonouring to the legislature of a civilized nation!—Oh! fatal antithesis, appalling to my amphibious race!—to you am I indebted for the cruel reprieve that consigns me to this melancholy tank!

It appeared, that the renowned proprietor of the King’s Head (like some new Magazine) was just then in want of “a lively article;”—that my tenacity of life had established my reputation. The cook, regarded me with the crafty eye of a life-