

ation on the feature of the feast, a quantity of descending soot may smother it and other viands; the alderman and his friends lose their dinner, and call going without it, on this solitary occasion, starvation. Now many people would think this a good joke—it is so. The alderman, in his magisterial functions of the day, has committed a great many vagabonds to the House of Correction, for merely saying that they were hungry;—he is now able to sympathize with them.

I am a bachelor myself, and, having occasionally kept bachelor's hall, know how ridiculous a bachelor looks, when a friend pops in upon him whilst he is dining off a single beef steak, and that only a small one, calculated for a sulky meal; he naturally asks his friend to participate, and, if he has any good manners, will spare that individual's feelings by terming the meal *lunch*; the visitor does not doubt his host, and sets to work without any compunctions. Jolly places those bachelor's halls are, there is more enjoyment to be found there, over a pewter pint of stout, and