



THE GOVERNMENT THIMBLE-RIG.

“Here I am, Sporting Bob from York!—Rowl in here, gentlemen, and stake your money. Now Mr. Sherwood! I see you looking at one of the thimbles;—walk up, sir, like a man, and go your length upon it in gold or silver,—Debentures taken at a small discount. Here you are Mr. What-d’ye-call-him, the Coroner from Kingston! Sport your jinglers here upon the lucky thimble;—a quick eye and a ready observation takes the tin. O, there’s the French gentlemen from Montreal feeling for their purses!—step this way, gentlemen, and the day’s your own. Rowl in,—*(Here Punch clandestinely tilts up a thimble, and discovers the pea.)*”