

**PUNCH AND JUDY, WITH  
ILLUSTRATIONS ACCOMPANIED BY  
THE DIALOGUE OF THE PUPPET-  
SHOW, AN ACCOUNT OF ITS ORIGIN,  
AND OF PUPPET-PLAYS IN ENGLISH**

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Punch and Judy, with Illustrations Accompanied by the Dialogue of the Puppet-Show, an Account of Its Origin, and of Puppet-Plays in English by John Payne Collier & George Cruikshank

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**JOHN PAYNE COLLIER & GEORGE CRUIKSHANK**

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ILLUSTRATIONS ACCOMPANIED BY  
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MR. PUNCH.

*Etched by George Cruikshank*

From the original Miniature in the possession of the Deacidian.

*London, Pub<sup>d</sup> by S. P. Wells, 51 Pall Mall.*

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*L.H. 1870*

# PUNCH AND JUDY,

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED

BY

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

ACCOMPANIED BY THE DIALOGUE OF THE PUPPET-SHOW,  
AN ACCOUNT OF ITS ORIGIN, AND OF PUPPET-PLAYS  
IN ENGLAND.



LONDON:

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1828.

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LONDON:

Printed by D. S. Maurice, Fenchurch-street.

## INTRODUCTION.

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WITH the assistance of our friend Mr. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, we are about to fill up a *hiatus* in theatrical history.

It is singular, that, up to the present day, no attempt has been made to illustrate the origin, biography, and character of a person so distinguished and notorious as Mr. PUNCH. His name and his performances are familiar to all ranks and ages; yet nobody has hitherto taken the trouble, in this country or abroad, to make any inquiries regarding himself, his family, or connections. The "studious Bayle" is recorded to have repeatedly sallied from his retreat, at the sound of the cracked trumpet, announcing his arrival in Rotterdam; and we ourselves, who have often hunted our favourite performer from street to street, saw the late Mr.



Windham, then one of the Secretaries of State, on his way from Downing Street to the House of Commons, on a night of important debate, pause like a truant boy, until the whole performance was concluded, to enjoy a hearty laugh at the whimsicalities of "the motley hero." But it is needless to particularise:—Punch has

"made our youth to laugh,  
Until they scarcely could look on for tears;"

while the old have stood by, "delighted with delight" of others, and themselves, too, enjoying the ludicrous representation. Why the interest has hitherto been limited to the period of representation, and whether it has not in part arisen from inability to satisfy it, is not for us to explain. We confine ourselves to an endeavour, in some degree, to supply the deficiency.

The contrast between the neglect Mr. Punch has experienced, and the industry employed in collecting particulars relating to other performers of far less reputation, is remarkable. If an actor, on any of our public stages, attain only a moderate degree of eminence, hundreds are on the alert to glean the minutest particulars of his "birth, parentage,

and education, life, character, and behaviour ;” and thousands look out for them with eagerness in all the newspapers and periodicals of the day. Punch has never been *famæ petitor* :

“ That last distemper of the sober brain,”

as Marvell calls it, has never been one of his weaknesses ; but, nevertheless, it is undeniable, that his fame has spread, “ without his stirring,” over all the kingdoms of the civilized world. To use the wordy periphrasis of Dr. Johnson,

“ Let observation, with extensive view,  
Survey mankind from China to Peru ;”

if it can, and it will every where behold Punch dispensing “ the luxury of a laugh.” It is literally true, that, some years ago, he found his way to Canton ; and that, since the South American Revolution, he has been seen even on the western side of the Andes. He is, perhaps, himself in part to blame for the neglect we have noticed. Several of the principal supporters of our theatres, in our own day, have given their memoirs to the world, either by writing them with their own hands, or by furnishing the materials to others ; and the works of this kind by dead actors, “ the forgotten of the stage,” consist

of many volumes. Whether it has arisen from an absence of that vanity (may we call it?) which has at times influenced his histrionic rivals, or from a somewhat haughty reluctance, on his part, to gratify public curiosity, we know not; but whatever injury it may do the sale of our volume, it ought not in fairness to be concealed, that, towards us, the object and subject of the appended inquiry has preserved an obstinate silence which, in any other individual, we should say amounted to incivility. Even when informed that his portrait was to be drawn by Mr. George Cruikshank, it did not at all change his deportment. This circumstance is certainly to be regretted; but we flatter ourselves that our own unaided resources have furnished much curious and interesting information: and if, by its publication, we give offence, we must "aby the event," knowing that, as Mr. Punch was deaf to our request, he will not listen to our apology.

Another remark may not here be out of its place: Poetry is unquestionably out of fashion; and because it was not "set by," as perhaps it ought to have been, the greatest (in every sense of the word) author of our day turned his attention to a different and more popular mode of writing. His astonish-