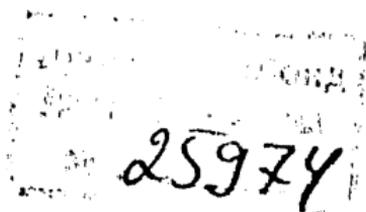

 BY THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.


CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.

“O Cicero! Cicero! if to pun be a crime, 'tis a crime I have learned of thee: O Bias! O Bias! if to pun be a crime, by thy example I was biased!”

SCRIBLERUS.



WHIMS AND ODDITIES.



FIRST AND SECOND SERIES.

WHIMS AND ODDITIES,

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

BY THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THE "COMIC ANNUAL," "EPPING HUNT," &C.

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"Why don't you get up behind?"

Page 257

A New Edition.

'What Demon has possessed thee, that thou wilt never forsake that impertinent custom of punning.'

SCRIBLERUS.

LONDON:
CHARLES TILT, 86, FLEET STREET.

MDCCCXXXVI.

PREFACE.



WHEN I last made my best bow in this book, I imagined that the public, to use a nautical phrase, had "parted from their best bower;" but it was an agreeable mistake. The First and Second Series, being now, like Colman's "Two Single Gentlemen rolled into one," a request is made to me, to furnish the two-act piece with a new prologue. Possibly, as I have declared the near relationship of this work to the COMIC ANNUAL, the Publisher wishes, by this unusual number of Prefaces, to connect it also with the Odes and *Addresses*. At all events, I accede to his humour, in spite of a reasonable fear that, at this rate, my Sayings will soon exceed my Doings.

To tell the truth, an Author does not much dis-

relish the call for these “ more last words ;” and I confess at once that I affix this preliminary post-script, with some pride and pleasure. A modern book, like a modern race-horse, is apt to be reckoned aged at six years old ; and an Olympiad and half have nearly elapsed since the birth of my first editions. It is pleasant, therefore, to find, that what was done in black and white has not become quite grey in the interval ;—to say nothing of the comfort, at such an advanced age, of still finding friends in public, as well as in private, to put up with one’s Whims and Oddities.

Seriously, I feel very grateful for the kindness which has exhausted three impressions of this work, and now invites another. Come what may, this little book will now leave four imprints behind it,—and a horse could do no more.

T. HOOD.

Winchmore Hill,
January, 1832.