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RHYME AND PROSE;

AND,

A BURLESQUE, AND ITS HISTORY.

BY

GEORGE ISAACS.

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THIS BOOK
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
TO THOSE
WHO BUY AND READ IT.

PREFACE.

THERE is the same awkwardness attendant on speaking of one's own productions as there is in self-introduction to a stranger. One fears that a frank confidence may be construed into presumption, or, on the other hand, that diffidence may be taken as a consciousness of demerit; I wish, therefore, custom had not imposed on me the necessity of writing a preface—the more especially as I am quite satisfied that if “Rhyme and Prose” fails in itself to create an interest for the reader, it would not be inspired by anything I might say of it—or of myself.

In briefly stating that a considerable portion of this book has already appeared in the neighbouring colony of South Australia, and been favourably received there by the Press, I would desire not to be regarded as boastful, but simply as making a statement due to the public, and in some wise also to myself, as justifying its republication in the not unpardonable expectation of extending the circle of my readers beyond that afforded by a small and widely scattered community.

And now a few words to the Critics of Victoria.—Appreciating fully the power you wield over the des-

tinies of an obscure author, but believing the great majority of you are not disposed to abuse it, I submit this book cheerfully to your judgment, neither inviting undue favour, nor challenging hostility. I have, however, to prefer one request, that is, that you will please to pronounce your verdict on it solely according to its own merits, for while it would be an affectation in me to pretend to have *no* confidence in my own powers—nay, more, it would be to confess myself guilty of an impertinence in coming before the public—the admission of such confidence does not commit me to the extent of claiming literary prominence. Comparison, therefore, between me and any writer of acknowledged rank—necessarily tending to my prejudice—would consequently be as unjust as unprovoked.

GEORGE ISAACS.

Melbourne, June, 1865.

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RHYME AND PROSE.

A LOVE DREAM.

WAS it a dream ?
 A girl with golden hair
 Listened to Love's fond theme,
 As an angel might listen to prayer ;
 Softly the whispering waves at our feet
 Seemed to murmur " For ever—for ever."
 When shall that maiden and I again meet ?
 Never, ah ! never.

And yet—ah, yes ! I remember the time,
 The happy, happy time,
 When a girl with golden hair,
 Listening as angels might listen to prayer,
 Seemed to re-echo the voice of the wave—
 " For ever."
 With a tender emotion that made me her slave,
 For ever.

The wave still caresses the shore
Still whispers "For ever ;"
But the maiden's voice repeats it no more,
May repeat it again—ah ! never.
Oh ! why are we not what we seem ?
Is faith in the loved one a dream ?
Were the words in response to my prayer,
From her I deemed spotless and fair,
But a fantasy written in air—
To linger a moment, and then to depart
For ever ?
Was the hope of my life—the one hope of my heart—
To be realized never ?
But to fade like a dream—
For ever ?

FOR THE PASSIONATE DREAM OF AN HOUR.

Sitting alone in my chamber, weary—
Weary and sad of that solitude,
I heard the pipe of a golden canary
Twittering love to her callow brood.
The earth lay warm in the kiss of the sun ;
The insects were buzzing their love in the air ;

Her gossamer thread the spider spun,
Like a bridal veil o'er the blossoms fair ;
Gently the river tripped forth on her way
Caressing the flow'rets with petulant spray
As they bowed their heads over the edge of the stream :
And love is at best but a passionate dream.

The tender note of the bird shall expire ;
The earth grow cold at the close of the day ;
The glittering wings of the insects shall tire,
Their murmuring love die away ;
The fragrance and bloom of the blossoms decay ;
The gossamer thread
Be strewn with the dead
Wrecks of the spider's prey ;
And the flowers that smiled in the wavelets gleam,
Torn from their bed shall float down to the sea—
Withered and wasted, float down to the sea ;
For love is at best but a passionate dream.

And yet, could I dream it once more !
Dream as I dreamt it of yore
That passionate dream—dream though it were—
The rarest of treasures the world holds for dower
I'd forsake for the love of my fair ;
Dignities, honours, and power
Yield for her love for one hour.
For the passionate dream of an hour.

GLANCES BACKWARD.

 INVOCATION.

Come, Memory—come ! show me thy mirror bright
 From out the darkness of the present night ;
 Carry me back in dreams to days of yore,
 When all the world looked fair in eyes of youth,
 When all men honest seemed—all women truth.
 Serene were then the skies—the waves upon the shore
 Beat gently, making music as they turned the sea shells
 o'er.

1st Glance—NICE.

'Tis eve at Nice, fairest of southern climes,
 Fragrant with myrtle flowers and bloom of limes ;
 And all the beauty of the cloudless skies,
 Fresh beauty wins, reflected from the ocean,
 As if the stars, tremulous with emotion,
 Held sympathy with that fond hope that lights my eyes,
 As Dora to my pleading whispers not a word—but
 sighs.

2nd Glance—AVIGNON.

The vision fades upon the disc—'tis gone :
I stand within embattled Avignon,
'Midst sculptured monument and storied tomb,
Where Giotto painted, and where Petrarch sung,
While Beauty o'er his harp enamoured hung ;
Where " Courts of Love " dispelled true lovers' sorrowing
 gloom,
And tender dames at knightly suit gave damsels pleasant
 doom.

3rd Glance—COLOGNE.

Fainter the vision grows—fainter—then dies.
Adown the Rhine I float with spell-bound eyes,
Past Mayence and Coblentz, to where Cologne
Rears to the heavens its wondrous Gothic fane,
Rich in wrought shrines and bright emblazoned pane.
The mystic influence of the solemn place I own—
My soul subdued beneath the anthem's proud triumphant
 tone.

4th Glance—LIEGE.

The scene has vanished—cloistral Liege appears,
In quaint old inn I sit with raptured ears ;
From countless belfries peal the silver chimes ;
A medley music—yet so sweetly blending,
As saintly voices might, to heaven ascending.
How nights like these the grosser earthly sense sublimes,
How pious sounds like these make melody in after times.

GARIBALDI.*

A RHAPSODY.

HAIL, Garibaldi!—Evermore
 Thy name shall grace Italian story;
 Deeds of the mighty dead of yore
 Shall pale before thy living glory.
 Thy foot-tread is not gory
 With the stain of blood ill-shed;
 Stout men and ancients hoary,
 Matron and tender maiden,
 With lisping children laden,
 Weave no laurels for thy head;
 But guerdon to thy honest heart more sweet
 Cluster and cling at thy feet,
 Crying, with the joy of a southern passion,
 “Garibaldi!”
 Out of their swelling hearts, voice can but fashion
 “Garibaldi.”

* Written after the taking of Palermo, in 1860.

The despot, who fills Europe with armed hosts
So great that nations list his lightest word,
And watchful guard their coasts
Hand upon sword,
Is not so great as thou,
Whose life till now no falsehood stains,
But lies before the world an open page
Wherein is read the one unvarying vow—
To lay the oppressors of thy people low—
To break the tyrant's chains,
And curb the bigot's rage.

Ages unborn shall reverence thy name,

Garibaldi !

Cæsar, and King, and Emperor may claim
A deathless record on the roll of fame ;
But Washington alone
As *pure* a one as thine ;
Like him thou seeks't no throne,
Purple nor linen fine,
Nor stars upon thy breast to shine ;
Brighter than stars the light of loving eyes

Halo thee, Garibaldi !

Sweet are the prayers that ascend to the skies

For thee, Garibaldi !

And ever here in Austral land remote
Thy name rings like a trumpet note,
And wakes the sturdy English heart to cheer thee on,
Till freedom for thy fatherland—thine only aim is won.

Garibaldi !

SEND THEM TO GAOL.*

'Tis only a woman—forsaken—distressed,
 With three little children—a babe at her breast ;
 She is faint ! she is hungry !—where shall she rest ?
Send her to Gaol.

What creature is this ?—haggard, wasted, and wan,
 With the manners of childhood, and form of a man,
 An Idiot !—Bring hither Her Majesty's van—
Send him to Gaol.

'Tis a Child of the Streets—ragged ! houseless ! forlorn !
 His feet are unshod and his hair is unshorn,
 Allowed to go wild from the day he was born—
Send him to Gaol.

Oh ! send them to gaol, 'tis the speediest plan,
 The woman forsaken—poor child—blighted man,
 And when they come out they may do—*what they can* ;
SEND THEM TO GAOL.

* Suggested by Police Reports in the Melbourne Journals, 1864.

DINNERS.

DINNERS are an admirable institution. I believe the most controversial reader—however he may be inclined to dispute what follows—will hardly have the temerity to deny this.

A steak at “Dolly’s”—hot, tender, juicy, succulent! Can any one who has ever dined there forget it?

Who, that has coquetted with the one hundred and one delicacies of the *café* at “Vefours,” in the “Palais Royal,” but will nourish the fondest recollections of these unsurpassable *plats*?

Are there men who have feasted on whitebait at “Lovegrove’s”—who have drowned Turbot and Lobsters in punch, at “Simpson’s”—who have eaten Turtle, and inhaled its odour, at “Birch’s,” and can be oblivious of such things?

Let poets talk, as they will, of the dreams of one’s youth, the dinners of one’s middle age are far beyond them.

Why should I, in discoursing of dinners, seek for illustrations in the luxuries of Epicures or Emperors of Rome? What do we care, in these days, about Lucullus, and Heliogabalus; about peacocks’ brains and tongues. Are there not less ambitious dishes, richly odorous, and gently piquant, within the reach of most men. Have I not been fiercely assailed by appetite and felonious instinct, as I have sniffed the sage and onion dressing of a

"poor man's goose," on a London Sunday, and gazed upon the brown and crisp potatoes on which that "goose" was cushioned? Have I not regaled, with intense satisfaction, off a Boiled Leg of Mutton and Trimmings? Is Tripe to be despised, Calve's-head to be sneered at?

Who is there could dine, and would not? Shew me such a man and I will avoid him as one ungrateful to providence and unworthy to live in peopled cities.

How many enjoyments are there, too, in good Dinners, irrespective of the viands—unconnected with the cook—the *tête-a-tête* with an old school-fellow, after long estrangement!—the small party of *bon-vivants*—their delightful organization and digestion, their creamy jokes, smart sallies, and genial humour!—the family party without restraint, as I remember such, in the old, old days!

But even dinners may be abused—they *are* abused—they become in the hand of Societies dismal horrors. Have I not been despoiled of many a guinea at the Freemason's Tavern! Have I not been made—aye! even in later times—a martyr of, here, in Australasia?

"You must take a ticket for our annual dinner," says the Secretary of the "B.C.O.B. Lodge of Ancient Buffers; "we have made it moderate." It is in vain I struggle: Hon. Sec. tells me, it is a benevolent body, and meets but once a year to dine—I succumb.

"We are going to give a complimentary dinner to Keckles before he leaves the colony, I must have your name down for it," says Bangchaw. Bangchaw is a

friend and a patron ; I have nothing to urge against Keckles, as an alderman, or a man ; I surrender to the appeal.

Remotely connected with an agricultural trade, I am kidnapped into becoming a member of a society, under the auspices of Ceres, Pomona, and Flora. The jolly farmers, who compose the bulk of this society, hold "Shows," and, afterwards, dine.—I sit down to table, but can *I* dine ?

Is there no horror in underdone sucking pig ? Are turkeys never tough ? Are there not mahogany hams, and cold potatoes, and seas of gravy, with icebergs of fat in them, and dry jams set in fossil crusts ? And are there not compounds of fire and vinegar called Sherry, and mixtures of blacking and verjuice called Port, and acidulated water called Champagne, and extract of scrubbing brushes labelled Hock ?

Bless those honest farmers with unsuspicious appetite, made keen by country air ; they feed—I shudder !—they drink—alas, I, also, drink : how can I escape drinking ?

There is the Queen (of whom I am a loyal subject) to be toasted ! there is the Prince of Wales to be toasted ! there is the Royal Family to be toasted ! there is her Majesty's Representative to be toasted ! Heaven forbid that I should say aught disrespectful of my gracious mistress, who is the first lady in England, and the noblest mother anywhere ; but I could wish, on such occasions, the wines were furnished from the Royal cellars.

Are there not, also, the army and navy ! the agricul-

tural ! horticultural ! pastoral ! mining ! commercial, and other interests to toast, besides the press, the chairman, and the cook !

And, more dreadful than all—are there not dreary speeches, and unmelodious songs to listen to !

Am I, for one instant, at any one of these public dinners, free from care and anxiety ? Am I allowed to repose for five minutes ? Am I not either driven into yawns by discussions on fallows and manures, or started frantically to my feet by a vivacious chairman, who bids me fill my glass, and shout, “ Hip, hip, hurra ; ” and join in the chorus of “ He’s a jolly good fellow ! ” Dare I whisper to my neighbour, or sneeze, or cough, or laugh, during a speech !

Am I a free agent at any one moment from grace being said, to the termination of the revel !

Critic is here down upon me sharp. “ If public dinners,” he exclaims, “ are as you represent, why frequent them ? ”

I reply, “ Can I avoid them ; am I voluntarily to become an outcast ; can I, more than others in this world, consult, always, my own desires ? ”

“ Am I never to sacrifice my ease, and comfort, at the call of my fellow creatures, and have I not the right to practice self-denial, if I thereby purchase the right to grumble. I exercise the right of grumbling now. I claim that right, doubly, as a victim to public dinners and an Englishman.

“ Critic can, also, grumble, with a double right, if he please, as an Englishman,—and a critic.”

PEACE.



No pœan yet Australia sings,
 No grand heroic lay ;
 Peace bears the olive branch on dove-like wings,
 But laurel wreath nor bay
 Is woven into crowns.

The rustic poet tunes his modest lyre
 To celebrate the feats of rustic clowns ;
 No cries of violated girl—no murdered sire—
 No smouldering ruins of dismantled towns
 Awake his soul to eloquent desire.
 Far better thus : far better simple strains,
 Than vengeful fiery word
 To goad the victor's sword,
 Or gild the poet's gore-inspired page
 For each awe-stricken age.

Better to sing in lazy, listless chaunt,
 Of perfumed painted flowers,
 (Where gaudy butterflies and beetles haunt)
 Of sylvan woods—of bowers,
 Of whispering breezes and of murmuring brooks,
 Of sunny skies—of Corydons and crooks :
 Of snowy flocks—of waving fields of corn,
 Than of those deeds that make the world to mourn !

The tramp, the measured tramp
Of men in arms,
The cannon's roar—the noises of the camp ;
The trump's alarms,
The rolling drum—the shrilly fife—the cry
Of triumph, and the groans of shattered lives
Are music of a glorious victory,
That is not music for the widowed wives ;
That is not music for the orphan lone ;
For each one heart exulting at its sound a thousand turn
to stone.

O ! happy ye who whistle at the plough,
Who drive the teams !
The sweat may run adown your sunburnt brow,
Till labour grievous seems :
But be ye patient still, pursue in calm your toil,
No chargers' hoofs crush down the grain, no pillager
may spoil !

O Peace ! O pure and gentle maid !
No clarion note may sound your fame,
The minstrel's lute is voiceless tame ;
Your bounties better felt than said.
Still be it so. Such happy times and sweet
Need not an echo, not a loud-tongued praise.
We need no hero with ensanguined feet,
To deck with laurel and the poet's bays.

HOW WE FARED WHEN HARD-UP IN PARIS.

For about six months of the year 1844, Harry R—— and myself lived in Paris, Rue de Bussi No. 15, *au cinquieme*. For about a fortnight we starved there; when I say starved, I mean that we went short of food, had no certainty of a meal from day to day, and were obliged to resort to strange devices to prolong existence.

Harry R—— was an artist; I had no profession; but shared with him an enthusiasm for art, a great passion for antique remains, and some taste for literature. We also had a taste for masquerades, dances at the Barrieres, billiards, punch, and pastry lunches. We had neither of us reached the age of twenty.

Harry's income was a precarious one. He received from time to time a five-pound note from England, and made some few francs a week out of commissions from the booksellers. I had more assured resources; about £125 a year, from house property—and £100 saved from the rents of two previous years.

We had, however, a common purse, and resided together, in a suite of rooms, as I have said before, in the Rue de Bussi, on the fifth floor.

With ordinary prudence, we could have very well

managed, on our united means, to avoid the embarrassments I am about to relate. But lovers of art and literature, of masquerades and pastry lunches, are not always prudent at the age of nineteen. We certainly were not.

When I left England, I took £60 with me—leaving £40 in the hands of my father, who also undertook to collect my rents—and remit, when advised. We both agreed, that, as a young man could live very joyously in Paris—where amusements were cheap—on 250 francs a month, I should not require a remittance for six months. Six weeks after that calculation, I was without a *sous*.

The Pastry Lunches—the little suppers of four—the excursions (also of four) to Versailles, Montmartre, and other suburban shows—did not alone effect this result: no—it was my ungovernable passion for old china, silver chasings, quaint enamels, ivory carvings, and illuminated MSS., that finished me off: nearly £40 were absorbed in these treasures.

After borrowing 30 francs from our landlady, I wrote home, but, not feeling inclined to reveal the exact state of my finances, I merely stated that I had laid out a large proportion of the cash I had taken with me in antiquities, and should require a remittance soon, as it might prove inconvenient to be straitened in funds in a foreign country. To this letter I received no reply—and the joint funds of Harry R— & Co. were only three half-pence. Harry R— was a philosopher: “Where shall we dine to-day?” he asked.

I, also, was a philosopher, and replied, “Wherever dinners are to be obtained without money.”

"Good," returned Harry, "they are to be so obtained to-day."

I did not object—I merely questioned "how?"

"I shall dine at the Restaurant, and forget my purse; you can dine at the Café, and leave your purse at home," was the reply.

Decidedly Harry had great administrative talents. We dined—he at the Restaurant, where previously we had both dined daily; I at the Café, where, until then, we had both occasionally lunched.

We supped that night on bread and mulled *vin ordinaire*; having a stock of the latter in our cupboard, and a monthly account with the baker.

The next morning, Harry announced that we were out of coffee and sugar—"we must see about breakfast," he said, "what do you think of bread and *vin ordinaire*?"

I replied, "I should prefer coffee, and had no partiality for dry bread."

Harry shrugged his shoulders, and asked ironically, "Could you not suggest cream cheese, a few anchovies, or a slice of ham?"

"Why not?" said I, with a sudden inspiration—"here are three half-pence."

"And then?" asked Harry.

"And then," repeated I, seizing from the *secrétaire* a bran new fourpenny piece (which Harry had imported specially for a young lady, who had a taste for numismatics)—"here is what will pass for a half-franc;" and I hammered the four-penny into the semblance of that coin with the landlady's bronze inkstand.

Harry was half inclined to be angry ; but coffee, cream cheese, and butter mollified him.

The passing the battered four-penny as a five-penny was hardly legitimate, as a commercial transaction, but we were, as I have before stated, philosophers, and argued that if the grocer was content to receive the coin as a half-franc, he would pass it again as such, and as it would, therefore, obtain currency, it was, in point of fact, as good as a half-franc.

No dinner that day ; mulled wine and bread for supper.

Mulled wine and bread for breakfast next day : to the post-office—no letter ; wrote home for a remittance, in more urgent terms, than hitherto. Mulled wine and bread for dinner and supper.

Next morning, intensely hungry, and somewhat griped—Harry, wistfully regarding my collection of rarities,—“ We can’t starve while we have these,” he remarked, at length.

I pointed out to him, that his observation was illogical. We could not feed off them, and *might*, therefore, starve while we had them.

“ We can sell them,” he said.

Surprise, for a moment, struck me dumb : were the pangs of hunger driving Harry mad, that he, an artist, and an antiquary, should suggest such an outrage. When I recovered speech, I briefly stated, I would see him — further first ; “ things were not so desperate as that came to.”

“ Am I a chameleon, then,” inquired Harry, warmly, “ that things are not desperate?—Can I live on air?—

Have I a wooden interior, that sour wine has no effect on?—What am I—a beast or a cask?”

“You *were* a philosopher,” I replied, reproachfully.

“One can be a philosopher on a full stomach,” he sadly returned; “my philosophy will come back after I shall have dined.”

“Then, *we will dine*,” I cried; “come to the pastry-cook’s, and leave the means with me.”

“*A la bonne heure*,” exclaimed Harry, once more radiant, “you have an idea then.”

I had.

Monsieur Legros, where we used, in happier times, to lunch on patties and curaçoa, received us with bows and smiles; “he was afraid ‘Milords’ had departed from Paris; he was enchanted it was not so; with what could he do us pleasure; he had invented a new patty of an extreme merit; would we honour him by tasting?”

Harry looked a ravenous “yes,” but I checked him, with a glance.

“You are an *artist*, Monsieur Legros.”

The fat pastry-cook bowed, and smiled; “he would permit himself to say he had his small talents.”

“Great talents,” I cried, with energy; “*même la genie*; undoubted genius, Monsieur Legros.”

Monsieur Legros bowed and smiled again; “he felt distinguished by ‘Milord’s’ approval.”

Now, for the *coup de main*.

“I have determined,” I proceeded, “to entrust you with a commission of the highest importance” (more bows and smiles), “to-day is my birth-day; we have friends to

dine with us" (bows and smiles, still), "we desire to *fête* them with a novelty, something *magnifique*" (fat *pâtissier* excited), "at five o'clock you must have ready an English plum-pudding.

The pastry-cook turned pale; he murmured something faintly, and leaned on the counter.

Of this I took no notice, but continued, "No one but a man of the most profound skill could attempt so great an enterprise! No one but Monsieur Legros can accomplish it!"

The pastry-cook's excitement was here intense; "he had never made a 'plom-poudin;' with blushes, he confessed he did not know of what it was composed. *Comment faire*, then. Is the 'plom-poudin' of necessity?—would anything else do? Anything but the 'plom-poudin' (and Monsieur Legros waved his hands with dignity), and—*c'était une affaire accompli*."

Harry looked at me inquiringly. I shook my head. What to us, in our dire necessity, were the elegant trifles—the light paste, and flimsy creams of a French *pâtissier*.

"Monsieur Legros," I resumed, with solemnity, "it must be done." "Monsieur Legros," I cried, "you shall do, it: I, myself, will give you the secret of the combination, as I had it from the Duke of Wellington."

"*Allons*," gasped the chief, with a sigh of relief, "*voyons*—let us see?"

At 5 o'clock, that evening, the pastry-cook's boy left with our landlady a plum-pudding, weighing eight pounds; as we could not be disturbed, he left it without payment.

For days we lived on that pudding, and the thin Bordeaux wine: plum-pudding hot—plum-pudding cold—plum-pudding fried—plum-pudding devilled—until the very smell of it was hateful,—to eat it, impossible. Starvation, with its haggard eyes, was staring us in the face. I had again written home, but without avail.

I was sitting, gazing gloomily at the fire (it was the winter season), wondering what was to be the end of this, and whether I should, at length, be forced to sacrifice my dearly cherished art-treasures, when Harry, who had been dining on a sniff at the restaurants, returned, smiling.

“The landlady has got potatoes,” he whispered.

“What then,” I muttered cynically. “The landlady has got potatoes! Well, the landlady will eat them!”

“We have pudding—we have wine—we have brandy,” said Harry.

I shuddered. “Do I not smell them?” I asked, bitterly; “wherever I go, do they not haunt me, and make me sick?”

“We will get rid of the pudding, and some of the brandy, and wine to-night,” said Harry, mysteriously, “and we will have potatoes.”

He revealed his design, and I smiled.

That night, the landlady, after tea, paid us a visit, by invitation. She ate pudding—she drank wine—she did not disdain to empty tumblers of stiff grog, which she pronounced to be a noble invention, doing the English nation honour.

We borrowed sugar from her, as we had forgotten to

get any from the grocer, and made the grog hot, strong, and sweet.

The landlady, who was more than old enough to be our mother, did not affect coyness; she was not afraid of her reputation suffering in our society; so she stayed late, sang sentimental songs in a cracked voice, chatted of her youthful days, and ate more pudding, and drank more grog.

The hour had arrived, and Harry artfully led the conversation into a discussion on the relative merits of the French and English cookery, apropos of the pudding.

"You may say what you please, Madam," I exclaimed, "in favour of your *cuisine*, but the English is far in advance of it."

Madam denied this, with emphasis, and Harry gallantly supported her. "You talk nonsense," he said to me.

"Nonsense, or not," I cried, with simulated warmth, "give me the plain, wholesome, sensible food of English homes: why, you cannot even get a potatoe properly served in France!"

Harry, indignantly, disputed this: he enumerated at least twenty delicious dishes made of potatoes by French cooks.

"Where," I inquired, with a sardonic grin, "is the Frenchman, or French woman either, who can correctly roast a potatoe in the ashes?"

Harry admitted that might be the case; but Madam would not—no, for the honour of France, she would roast potatoes, then and there, at our fire.

When the landlady, returning with an apron full of large murphies, proceeded to lay them on the embers, raked in front of our fire, joy lit up the haggard faces of the two conspirators.

The landlady went to bed before the potatoes were cooked ; she said the pudding had not agreed with her, and she staggered somewhat. The grog could not have made her ill ?—oh, no ! *Harry and I ate the potatoes.*

They helped us on over the next day, on the evening of which, no remittance having arrived, I submitted to part with a choice gold ring, set with an antique gem.

“Delavigne, of the Palais Royal,” I said to Harry, “has over and over again offered 100 francs for it. He is constantly worrying me for it. If the worst comes to the worst, take his offer, but endeavour to arrange with him, to hold it for a fortnight, so that I may re-purchase for a 50 francs’ profit ; previously, however, see if you can pledge it at the Mont de Piété for 40 or 50 francs. While you go on this commission, to-morrow morning, I will order breakfast at the Café de France.”

I remember that morning well. It was extremely cold ; snow had fallen during the night, and was then falling ; it was the bitterest day of the severest winter that had been known in Paris for many years. We were, nevertheless, in high spirits. The prospects of a good breakfast made the weather, and the gem I was about to sacrifice, of little moment.

Harry went on his mission ; I went on mine.

I ordered chocolate, coffee, a beef-steak, cold fowl, hot rolls, eggs, and a bottle of Chateau-Lafitte, and I regaled

on those generous provisions. I should, perhaps, in courtesy, have waited for Harry's return, prior to breakfasting, but he was a long time gone. Would he have waited for me after what we had gone through? Do famished men stand on ceremonies? When he should have returned, could he not also order delicacies, and regale on them unmolested? So I reasoned, as I luxuriously leaned back on a velvet couch, and smoked a cigarette.

Harry at length arrived; snow was on his whiskers, in his ears, and covered his apparel. He appeared as if wrapped in the fur of the white polar bear; his pinched and blue face alone of his person being visible.

I shouted for chocolate, more coffee, more everything.

"Hold," whispered Harry, with a ghastly leer, "I have no money."

"No money," I reiterated, turning pale; "have you, then, lost the ring?"

No; he had not lost the ring; the superintendent at the Mont-de-Piété had taken it, and was about to advance the money required, when a sudden suspicion seemed to seize him.

"Your passport, if you please," he said to Harry.

"*La voilà*," repeated my unfortunate friend.

The official glanced rapidly over it. "You are under age," he at length said, "you cannot legally dispose of this article.—Profound regret, Monsieur, but you cannot reclaim it until you are accompanied by a respectable householder to vouch for your right to it."

How I got out of that Café, leaving my cane and

gloves on the marble table, I cannot describe; what excuse I made to the waiter I cannot remember; I only know that my brain whirled, and a sudden panic took me, and that I did not breathe freely until I gained my domicile.

There, to my inexpressible pleasure, I found my father, who had just arrived in Paris; and Harry and I returned to the Café with a full purse and a contented mind.

The next evening we gave a party. Our guests were my father, our landlady, the grocer and his wife, the pastry-cook, accompanied by two pretty daughters, and the wife of the *cafétier* (he himself could not come). We had round games, romps, dances, songs, and supper, after which, over a bowl of punch, I related, amidst much laughter these adventures, truthfully as they are written here; saving, that out of courtesy to an elderly lady, I did not mention how the pudding disagreed with one of those present.

THE OWL AND THE LARK.

IN a caved tree Minerva's bird
 Luxuriously tried to doze,
 A Lark, howe'er, above he heard
 Carolling—breaking his repose.

“How melancholy,” quoth the Owl,
 “That Larks will ever be aspiring,
 “If she were a sagacious fowl,
 “She now to rest would be retiring.”

Louder the morning songster sang,
 On this the Owl grew still more bitter,
 “I wish,” said he, “that she would gang,
 “Or cease that inconvenient twitter.

“*I* never sing—*I* never soar,
 “*I* never wanton in the light,
 “That Lark 's a most infernal bore,
 “I question whether virtuous quite.”

“I,—Wisdom's favorite bird,” he said,
 “Think often more than I could say,
 “Yet why the devil Larks were made
 “Has puzzled me before to-day.”

"I'm staid, I'm solemn, reverend, grave,
"The ancients held in honour high,
"A bird that never sung a stave,
"I'd scorn to sing—ah! that would I."

"Good morning, Mr. Owl," the Lark
Said in her mellifluous voice,
"How sad to see you of the dark
"Thus make your pitiable choice."

"Just come with me—refresh your youth
"By looking at the rising sun,
"See nature in its warmth and truth;
"Come—come thou miserable one."

The Owl replied "I am too wise,
"To listen to such wretched stuff.
"But, Mr. Owl, just use your eyes;"
The owl his eyes curs'd in a huff.

"My fathers and myself have won,
"Sufficient for us from the night,
"I have no need to gaze upon
"The rising sun,—the truth,—the light."

MORAL.

So owlsh men their life will tread,
Blind to earth's poetry and beauty;
Their sordid appetite once fed,
They deem they owe no higher duty.

MY MEERSCHAUM PIPE.

TALK to me not of that rich bloom
 That glosses o'er the raven's plume,
 Nor of the hues that grapes assume,
 My pipe has tints more beautiful.

Talk to me not of boys' brown eyes,
 Nor of the rosiest dyes
 That in the maiden's cheek arise ;
 My pipe has tints more lovely still.

Talk not to me of golden clouds,
 Nor any hue that round them crowds,
 Nor of the pearl the sea enshrouds ;
 My pipe has tints diviner far.

For there a richer black shall spring
 Than that which mantles raven's wing ;
 And there more lustrous brown arise
 Than ever shone in boyhood's eyes ;
 And there too, dwell a purple glow
 That not the juiciest grape may show ;
 And there a richer red be spread
 Than maiden's blush could ever shed ;
 And there more golden radiance gleams
 Than e'er in cloud of sunlight beams ;

And there, too, stays a lucid white
 With pearls a contrast to invite ;
 And altogether in their tone
 More beauteous than were each alone.

THE MYRTLE.

Twine tender blossoms round his brow
 The blushing rose and orange flower,
 To breathe their fragrance o'er the vow
 That thou hast sworn in this sweet hour.
 But pluck the myrtle from its shade
 For him who loving unrequited ;
 Wanders away from thee dear maid,
 To solitude by love unlighted.

And when the fairer buds expire
 Their perfume shed, their radiance gone,
 I'll hang the myrtle on my lyre
 And still confess thee for mine own.
 My own—my own, relinquished never,
 With warm devotion fondly cherished,
The myrtle sweet endures for ever,
When brighter wreaths long, long have perished.

WHERE ART THOU NOW, LOVE.

WHERE art thou now, Love ?

Where art thou now ?

December broods upon my brow ;

But in my heart yet dwells the lovely spring

That brought unto my breast the fairest dove

That ever folded wing.

Where art thou now, Love ?

Where art thou now ?

Necessity and Time—attendants dread—

Have ever with unfailing tread

Borne me away from her I love,

My sweet, my gentle dove.

Where art thou now ?

Where art thou now, Love ?

Where art thou now ?

Oft, mid the turmoil of the day,

In solemn watches of the night,

I dream I see my dove alight

Beside me. But too soon away

The vision wings its flight.

Where art thou now, my timid fluttering dove ?

Where art thou now, my unforgotten Love ?

Where art thou now, Love ?

Where art thou now ?

THE TOOTH OF THE GOOD ST. AMBROSE:

A LEGEND OF THE BASILICA OF ST. AMBROSE, AT MILAN.

In Three Fyttes, preceded by a Prolegomena, and
followed by a Moral.

PROLEGOMENA.

I've been up the Rhine,
Down the Rhone,
To Erenbreitstein,
To Coblenz, to Cologne,
To Aix, and to Arles,
To Geneva, to Basle,
And to famed Avignon,—
But none
Of these cities so fair
With Milan can compare.
It leaves far behind
All their beauties combined;
For there lies enshrined,
In the Church Ambrosian,
A most marvellous man,—

Or, more truly, a *saint*, of fame greatly delectable,
 Who died, as he lived, in fair sanctity's odour ;
 Without e'er a smile, but with visage dejectable ;
As is always the case with a saint that's respectable.

O blessed St. Ambrose !

O, Blessed be his corpse from his head to his toes !
 (Not forgetting so salient a part as his nose)—
 O, blessed be a saint ! that, unlike mortal meat,
 Grows fresher with time, and more old grows more
 sweet ;

O, blessed be his corpse from his head to his feet !
 O, blessed be his corpse from his feet to his head ;
 May he never grow harder, or drier, or thinner,—
 And may he supply, every day, a good dinner
 To those reverend men who not being dead,
 Are not *wholly* competent grace to a sinner
 To accord ; so say grace after dinner instead.

O blessed St. Ambrose !

May his flesh—that's the little that's spared us by time,
 (And good saints e'en alive are remarkably thin,
 For in keeping off fatness they keep off the sin
 Of the flesh ; a devotion that's truly sublime !)
 May his flesh, and his bones, and his beautiful skin,
 His teeth, and his skull, and his hair, and his nails,
 Be the hope of the wretched—when other hope fails.

To work many a cure,

As they will, I am sure ;

May their virtues endure

For ever with this most veracious of tales !

FYTTE I.

In eight hundred years and odd,
So runs the written tale,
A Bishop by the Grace of God,
A Bishop lean and pale!—
Arch-Bishop, I should rather say—
Plodded cautiously his way
Adown the columned aisle,—
Where just a glimmering light had spread
A misty halo o'er the dead ;—
And every moment stilled awhile
The echo of his tread.
For guilty conscience pictured then
The ghosts of what were living men
Rise from their sculptured bed ;
And then his knees with fear would quake,
And all their fellow-limbs partake
The overwhelming dread ;
From the very sole
Of his foot it stole
Up to his mitred head.

And conscience, too, would give a voice
To epithets not over choice—
“ Apostate, sinner, renegade,
“ Blasphemer, sacreligious blade,
“ Are you dement, or not afraid
“ The sacred tombs to thus invade
“ With pickaxe, crowbar, and with spade.”

For Angilbert, Archbishop pale,
For Angilbert, Archbishop lean,
Had some disease that made him fail
To saintly precepts keep between ;
It might be tooth-ache, or the spleen ;
But be it as it might, 't was seen
He wandered from his home at night
With thoughts that scare me as I write.

He had a notion he could stay
Disease—and demons drive away,
By carrying in a ring of gold
The sacred tooth of Saint Ambrose ;
And so with this most impious, bold,
And monstrous notion, forth he goes,
As once before I think I said,
With pickaxe, crowbar, and with spade :
And though his fears he could not quell,
Incited by the fiend of Hell,
In half the time I write this line
Had shelled Saint Ambrose from his shrine !

O Angilbert, have you no fear
A saint's front tooth away to bear
It simply in a ring to wear ?
O, know ye not, despoiler rude,
That, though with patience great endued,
Though willing theft to overlook
A saint cannot by cross or crook ;

For he would have in heaven on high,
Or either on the earth no peace,
If found compounding felony
By the agents of police.
And so that he, the good Ambrose,
With sandals but to shield his toes,
Will have the earth to roam about
For that front tooth—Alack 'tis out.

The tooth was out, and strange to say
There was no earthquake, not a storm ;
The good Saint Ambrose quiet lay
As if he 'd taken chloroform ;
And the bishop found his spirits rise
As he felt within his grasp the prize
For which he 'd risked to compromise
His guilty soul for aye.
So, in rapturous glee,
Though no *layman* was he,
He struck up a popular *lay*.

FYTTE II.

From the Church of St. Lawrence.
The crowd poured in torrents,
Of high and low degree,
Loud swelled the chaunt
With joy to haunt
The breast of devotee.

The chaunt did swell
In voice and bell

A "pleasant minstrelsie ;"

And counts were there,

With ladies fair,

And priests, as well might be ;

And all yclad,

In the best they had,

A sight it was to see ;

And high, and proud, the cross was led,

And rich and rare the incense shed,

Above each reverend bended head,

As passed the bright cortége :

And many a veyrial* there, I ween,

Enclosing relics rarely seen,

And boughs of *emblematic green*,

And many a fair ymage.

And Angilbert was there also,

With saintly look and solemn brow ;

The boldest sceptic scarce would guess

That butter in his mouth would melt ;

And how far less, O how far less,

That he a saint could dispossess,

Without a pang of anguish felt,

Of that bright tooth ;—What wickedness !

And Angilbert was there, also,

Clad in his best from top to toe,

* A reliquary glazed so as to permit the contents to be seen.—From "veyre,"
Norman French for "glass."

Clad in his best from toe to top,
In mitre, stole,—but here I stop ;
That word recalls me to the tooth
He *stole* without a moment's ruth,
And to that saint—By Jove *he's* HERE !
Scattering the crowd with pious fear,
“ O, give me back my tooth ! ” he cries,
“ O, give back that dear tooth to me !
“ O, are you not ashamed that eyes
“ A saint in deshabelle should see ?

“ One sandal's gone, I've lost my crook,
“ My wig some villain bold hath taken,
“ And are you not ashamed to look
“ Upon a saint, with running, shaken
“ Into a mess of perspiration ?
“ O Angilbert, a saint's damnation,
“ Anathema and imprecation !
“ Rest on thy soul to age from youth
“ Unless you give me back that tooth.
“ Look at my hair, look at my face,
“ Unkempt, unwashed,—that such disgrace
“ Upon a saint should ever fall !
“ My tooth come give,
“ Or, as long as I live
“ Above or below, I'll haunt you all.”

FYTTE III.

The tooth was in its resting place,
Without a speck, or chip, or flaw,
St. Ambrose had it in his jaw
To beautify his withered face ;
But Angilbert he had no rest
By night, by day, at food, or prayer,
For hideous demons would infest
His brain, and stiffen all his hair.
And summoned by the fiend, Remorse
Near "cooked his goose" with hellish sauce.
In vain a beauteous wig he bought,
Its curls with golden threads ywrought,
In vain new sandals and a crook,
They would not suit the good saint's book ;

"No, no," said he, "a saint's not troubled
"For nought,—nor to be easy bubbled
"By simple deed of restitution,
"After enduring such confusion ;
"So if my anger you 'd allay,
"And taunting demons drive away,
"By all the saints you 'll have to pay
"The piper ;
"For Mother Church on other terms,
"Whate'er do opposition firms,
"Will never to her bosom take,
"Unless with gold its peace should make,
"A viper.

“So go ye now, and do not spare
“To gather gold and jewels rare :
“And cunning workmen far and wide,
“Assemble here to build a shrine,
“Where precious metals shall preside,
“And rich enamel intertwine
“With choicest gems to glow and shine ;
“And costly chiselling combine,—
“For *costly chiselling*’s been thine,—
“Such Church’s will,—and such is mine.”

Thus saying, Ambrose wiped his nose,
Not on a kerchief, but his cuff,
Which signified he’d said enough,

And wished to take a short repose ;
So the Archbishop went his way
In penitence and bitter grief,
As was the fashion of that day
To fast, and scourge himself, and pray,
And own himself a very thief ;
Blessing the mercy of the saint
That took from him the wordly taint

Of riches, which are only fit
For saints, and are not worth a nit.
And gold, and gems, he gathered then,
And from Byzantium cunning men :

And then at once to expiate
His sin, and yet commemorate
Its vile commission, and his sorrow,
He built a famous *pala d’oro*,

On which bright gems and colours show
This history from the first to last,
So that the most untaught should know
From the sad record of the past
That if to steal 's a grievous sin,
Demanding punishment severe,
What villainy must there be in
Robbing a saint WHILE IN HIS BIER.

MORAL.

There are some men who sacred things
To vilest uses will pervert ;
And such will cover angels' wings
With their dull venom, and their dirt :
Steal holy truths, and from them win
A seeming innocence. Oh, Sin !
What decent garments art thou often in.

LIFE IN DEATH.



I am not that I have been ; none can know
 That I have been or am. In the recess
 Of my closed heart the fire burns dim and low,
 And aspirations now are motionless.
 How they once glowed and sparkled those may guess,
 Who read from ashes what such ashes were.
 That I have been, I would not now confess,
 That I am now, I may not tell—nor care
 To wake to life the thoughts that slumber in despair !

Enough ! that I have loved as few can love,
 (Far happier the many who love not,)
 In dreams have wandered from the earth, above,
 To bring back visions of some blissful lot ;
 Visions that blight—not bless—this unreal spot,
 Where all most lovely blooms to fade or die,
 With pain, to be remembered, or forgot,
 Or linger on, in anxious agony,
 When hope is fled, yet wooing it, nor knowing why.

Now—now I love not, nor can even hate,
But take my stand as on a mountain's brow,
Gazing on all beneath dispassionate,
Enfolded in an atmosphere of snow
That checks the pulse—forbids the heart to glow,
I watch the tiny human things creep on,
In their dull avocations, and but know,
That millions like them have been, and are gone,
And smile to think that such have had my love, or scorn.

Yet as the closing waters bear away,
A thing of life, to heave it back again,
A foul and loathsome monument of clay
That even ocean's monsters may disdain;
So feelings that no spark of life retain,
Feelings engulfed in the vast human tide,
Cast up by memory's waves upon the main,
Are yet before me; but I turn aside,
Such lifeless recollections wake in me no pride.

The maid of my young love I see once more,
Once more behold each perfect, peerless, charm,
The radiant look of happiness she wore,
When love-confessing all with blushes warm,—
The snowy breast, the swan-like neck; round arm,
The eyes of hope—of hope, Ah! how confiding,
I see them all, but yet my heart is calm,
The stream of life in even tide is gliding,
Have I not said that love in me hath no abiding.

And now this phantom fades and others come,
As life-like pictures that have yet no life,
But even seem to speak—I hear the hum
Of battle and again look on the strife,
Where glory hides the blood upon the knife.
Again the wheeling squadron's charge I see,
Once more I hear the drum and shrilly fife,
With other voices of the war agree:
That such have been I know, nor care that such may be.

And all is hushed, the pageantry is gone,
The martial clang, the groan, the victors' cry,
Now with my enemy I am alone,
Yet look upon him with no eager eye,
I hardly seem to know that he is by.
And hath stern vengeance too this heart departed?
Vengeance—the which I swore should never die,
Vengeance more hot than love, than hope strong-hearted,
Yes love, hope too, and with them vengeance *hath* departed.

Hope too, ah yes, and with all hope all dread,
All sympathy with life, and with my own—
Own self, that *am in Life, and yet am dead*,
In all that makes life living—and alone
Gives the dumb instrument a voice and tone.
Saw ye a lute neglected silent stand,
Muter than that am I—Its music flown
May still return, 'neath some caressing hand,
While mine has ceased for ever and knows no command.

WAR.

Go, tyrants, in the holy name
 Of Liberty the nations arm,
 Towns devastate with fire and flame,
 And violate with aspect calm.

Imperial despots, play your chess,
 Bid human pawns be swept away ;
 What are a few lives more or less,
 So that crowned heads enjoy the play ?

And all the blood of all the slain,
 And all the tears that women shed,
 Upon your glory brings no stain—
 Brings down no curse upon your head.

Cæsars are Cæsars evermore ;
 The people but the people still ;
 And Cæsars now, as those of yore,
 Have noblest privilege to kill.

To kill, to torture, crush, wound, maim—
 How glittering trappings still ensnare !
 The world is evermore the same,
 And martial music stifles prayer.

And History, powerless to teach,
Leaves us no wiser made by peace—
Gives us no gift of saintly speech,
To bid the bloody warfare cease.

DEATH'S CLEARANCE.

As sadly wandering,
Anxiously pondering,
Ceaselessly pacing with care-hampered feet.
Wondering wearily,
Dreamily, drearily,
How the few wants of the day I might meet,
The sombre procession
Of Death in possession
Solemnly, silently, darkened the street.
Then all my dire sorrow,
And dread of the morrow,
Faded away like a mist, as I thought
How Death—the King glorious,
With footstep victorious
Carries repose to the mortal o'erwrought,
Releases all debtors
From poverty's fetters;
Clears the insolvent right out of the Court.

PRISON REVERIES.

SOME people have an overwhelming dread
 Of gaols and prison diet.
I care not where I rest my weary head ;
 Even the scanty crust of prison bread
 'Tis sweet to eat in quiet.

Outside the prison walls men push and hurtle—
 Many for greed of gold ;
 Some for a dinner off fat haunch and turtle ;
 Some for a glittering star or wreath of myrtle—
 Alike the young and old.

The smiles of woman, and the gifts of kings
 Have charms and power, surely ;
 And pride of winning such lends the soul wings
 To lift it o'er all meaner human things—
 But never quite securely.

The smiles oft change to frowns—lost are the gifts.
 The poor ambitious soul,
 Stripped of its pinions, downwards, earthward drifts.
 How many lost shall never make their shrifts
 Before their knell shall toll.

What phantoms we pursue, our end the same—
For all the self-same end.

The lordly owner of a time-known name
Goes to the lowly earth from whence he came ;
I also thither wend.

Evil the deeds that wall my life about—
That doom me to this cage ;
And yet, perchance, there's many a one without,
On whose bright seeming rests no speck of doubt,
From infancy to age ;

Who, ne'rtheless, is heart corrupt as I
Was ere repenting ;
Yet treads the earth with scornful head held high—
While in my fetters wearily I lie,
Man not relenting.

Man not relenting ; but a voice from Heaven
Softens despair,
“ Let the repentant sinner be forgiven ;
“ His soul by penitence, is sweetly shriven.
“ *I answer prayer.*”

VIVA L'ITALIA.

A VOICE FROM AUSTRALIA.*

Ah ! where is the passion that warned me of old,
 That moved me—that stirred me, that made my blood
 run ;

Is the mournful tale true that worn hermits have told.
 That our life is half passed ere we deem it begun ?

That the dreams of our youth but just fire our brain—
 But just light us to glory to vanish in gloom ;
 That we sicken in sadness, or shudder in pain,
 As earth seems to offer no sweet but the tomb ?

The Song of the Poet—the Sword of the Hero—
 The Moralist's Precept—The Scroll of the Sage—
 The Lyre of Sappho—The Fiddle of Nero
 Lie dumb in the dust and the coldness of age !

* Written on the eve of the struggle for Italian Independence in 1860.

Ah, no ! there are thoughts that for ever will glisten ;
There are deeds that will never, ah ! never decay ;
There are words long since spoken to which we still listen ;
There are laurels still green on the heads of the gray.

Then let us, tho' youth shall have left us, yet linger
Over history's pages enthusiasm-shaken,
And point on the map with a trembling finger,
Crying "*Viva L'Italia*—Italia awaken."

The Tiber no longer shall lave a lone Queen ;
The lorn Adriatic no more weep her Lord ;
Stately Rome shall again be the Rome she has been,
And the Teuton recoil from the edge of her sword.

Awaken, Italia ! the land of the glorious,
The cradle of art and the fountain of song !
As your aim is impassioned, so be it victorious,
To Italians may Italy ever belong.

MANLY SPORTS.

Go and read old England's story. In the heyday of her
glory,

Fair and comely were her daughters, bold her sons and
brave ;

Then the valiant London bowmen, and the sturdy
Kentish yeomen,

Gave to the audacious foemen with an ell-long shaft—a
grave.

Many a gallant battle fought—Cressy, Poictiers, Agin-
court—

Teach how Englishmen could bear them in their glori-
ous days of old.

Even priests would quite devoutly strike a blow for
England stoutly,

Battles then were won by valour—not by statesman-craft
or gold.

Bayonet and rifle now usurp the place of lance and bow ;
Popinjay and quintain both are of a by-gone day.

But though our arms are not the same as those that first
won England fame.

There still is many a goodly game for sturdy English-
men to play.

To guide the fiery steed aright, to wheel and charge in
mimic fight,
To train the eye and hand to hit the mark within the
ring,
To race, to leap, to wrestle, hurl—these are the games
that fit a churl
To be the peer of duke or earl, or any crownèd king.

So let us, worthy of the name of that proud nation
whence we came,
Follow noble sports in peace, that we in war may see
No craven terror-stricken band to fly from its adopted
land ;
But men to make a valiant stand, as Englishmen should
be.
And then from annals yet untold, when this fair country
shall be old,
Her sons may read with pride of us and rival nations
know
That Englishmen where'er they went were aye on liberty
intent,
And never homage paid or bent a knee to any foe.

WE ALL WOULD DO BETTER WHEN WE
GROW GREY.

GREY ! grey ! am I getting grey ?

Yes, it is so, grey I am getting ;

Passions, like ravenous birds of prey,

Have swooped on my heart, in its blood their beaks
whetting,

And have left on my temples the print of their feet,

And have left the rush of their wings in my brain,

And have left my soul sickened and faint with defeat—
For the Past no memorial, the Future no gain.

I used my youth as a thing to endure ;

I used my manhood as not to fade out ;

I played with my love as a thing secure,

And I looked on all men as a rabble and rout,

The whom I would bend and mould to my will,

In the pride of my knowledge and force of my skill.

But now I am grey ; wearied and grey—

And little I care for the things that were.

I have squandered my morning, have wasted my day.

Gave no thought to the night when the world was gay

We all would do better when we grow grey.

THE SEER'S WARNING.

Seer. The time shall come
 When through the affrighted streets the din of strife,
 With beat of drum,
 And hurrying tramp of feet and rallying fife
 Shall wake the lazy cit from dreams of gain
 Never perchance to dream again ;
 Then pale dishevelled wives shall snatch from rest
 Their babes, and press them to their panting breast,
 Too timid for defence—too weak for flight.
 The day is sinking. Watchmen o'er the main,
 Look out upon the night.
 Are there no screams of eagles in the air—
 Are there no war-ships' prows towards our coast ?
 Keep ye strict vigil.

1st Watchman. Seer, the night is fair ;
 I see no war-ships freighted with armed host—
 No scream of eagles break the stilly night—
All's right.

Seer. Look forth once more ! Watchmen, once
 more look forth !
 Is there no tempest brooding in the north—
 No portent of dread omen in the sky,
 Or spectral visage of approaching war ?

2nd Watchman. My eyes are dim with vigil. I descry
 Nothing our peace to mar.

Seer. Ye heedless servants, tremble !
 O'er the horizon clouds assemble,
 And soon the storm may burst upon our shore,
 Midst blare of trumpets, and the cannon's roar,
 Lit up by towns in flames, and raining gore !
 Ye purblind watchers tremble.

GOOD BYE, BAD WORLD.

“ Good bye, bad world ! good bye ! ”

How full a measure of despair

Well'd forth at that despondent cry

Upon the silent air—

“ Good bye, bad world ! ”—And is this world so bad ?

Ah ! surely not—the world is full of love,

And even those who walk with footstep sad

This weary earth, where cares nor strifes e'er cease,

May turn in hope their tearful eyes above,

Imploring peace.

To that dim world the best of us must tread

With awe—With faltering feet and anxious dread ;

And yet, sweet heaven !

The veriest wretch that crawls the slime

Of mortal frailty—foul with taint of crime.

May hope to be forgiven.

BUT NO !—the heavenly gates shut fast

Against thy brother's soul,

No prayer breathe to purify the past,

Nor sanctify the hole

Wherein that brother's form is cast ;

Follow with saintly malice the dumb clay,

Flatten the earth down on his hasty grave,

Forbid the priest upon that spot to pray,
Lest prayer a soul should save.

"*Good bye, bad world.*" Well might the words be said
When human vengeance thus pursues the dead.

NOTE.—"An inquest was held on 14th March, at Munroe's Gully, on the body of a man named Henry Kremer, metal moulder, a native of Schienfeld, who was found drowned in the Tuapeka River, with his legs strapped together by means of a leather girdle. On the beach near the river, were found a swag, a greatcoat, a bundle containing bread and cheese, a billy with coffee grounds in it, a pipe, and several other articles. There was also a place where a fire had been kindled. The spot was most picturesque, with a large tree overhanging the river. The body was found by a foreigner when in search of a ridgepole for his tent. Several witnesses were examined. One of the witnesses stated that he met the deceased on the Wednesday previous, and inquired the way to the Dunstan. After directing him (the deceased), a conversation took place; the deceased appeared perfectly sane, and bade him good night. Dr. Halley stated that he had made a *post mortem* examination of the body, and detailed the appearances. There were no external marks of violence. The following was written in the pocket book found on deceased, it was written in German, and translated in court by F. Falk, postmaster at Weatherstone:—

"Should somebody find this swag, he may keep it as his own. . . . I see only death before my eyes, and God knows what I have to go through. I am afraid to state more than I can bear. . . . Many people say a self-murderer is mad, do not believe it. It is men's own fault who are enemies to life. I have my intellect till the last hour. Now, I girt round my legs, that I need not struggle so much; then I drink my last drop of coffee, and smoke my pipe. . . . Good bye, bad world.' The coroner summed up, and concluded by pointing out the great difference between temporary insanity and *felo de se*, and trusted the jury would well consider the evidence before returning a verdict. After upwards of one hour's deliberation, during which the coroner was called in twice, the jury returned a verdict of *FELO DE SE*. The coroner gave directions that the burial should take place between the hours of nine and twelve that night, without Christian or any other religious service being read, the grave to be flattened down as though no interment had taken place.'"—Otago Times, March, 1864.

A SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.



The dead make way for the new-born ;
The year that lives to-day
Shall, ere the sun gilds morrow morn,
Fade dreamily away.

The fleeting hours are bearing now
The Old Year to his rest ;
Wreath misletoe about his brow,
Lay holly on his breast.

Hark ! he is gone—the midnight hour
Proclaims that he is dead.
Another king, in pride and power,
Is reigning in his stead.

No grief be shown, no tear be shed,
Nor thought to him be given ;
Sweet Rose-Marie now rears her head,
And incense up to heaven.

Let's float her in a maple bowl
Of apples quenched in ale,
And merrily a song we'll sing
'Till morning's light prevail.

Rest to the old—joy to the young,
The burthen of the song ;
And be it well and often sung
O'er good old ale and strong.

Let Carnival and Misrule rove
O'er all the smiling land,
And boys and maidens linked in love,
Go dancing hand in hand.

A new year reigns—and new hope springs
Light as a bird in air ;
Then do not clip her fresh-fledged wings.
Or prison her with care.

VICTORIA IN EXCELSIS.

A SATIRE.

IN this Arcadia, these halcyon days,
 A writer has no mission but to praise ;
 No more the satirist may wield the flail,
 To lash the scoundrel, bid the humbug quail ;
 We have no humbugs in this happy land,
 No quacks, no usurers, nought contraband.
 Oh no ! we're very good, a model people,
 As nigh to heaven as—as St. Peter's steeple :
 So good, so pure, so truthful, so devout,
 That envious England is quite put about
 To bring us down to her own sinful standard,
 So that e'en Wilson cannot hold his hand hard
 From hitting her (though peacefully inclined
 To lavish on tom-tits his mighty mind).
 We have no villains of our own creation,
 No land-sharks occupying highest station ;
 No one but patriots make our laws, and make 'em
 So very strong, that none but they may break 'em.
 The people are so happy and contented,
 Infanticide, though common, is n't lamented ;
 We can afford to lose a child or two,
 When our fine boys about the streets we view

Unfettered ; from base labour's harms restrained,
 Not with a factory's arduous duties pained,
 But innocent and free as they were made ;
 Free of a trade, the *children of free trade*.
 We have, 'tis true, a gaol or two,—what then ?
 They 're only built to succour idiot men,
 Or serve as refuge for the homeless vagrant,
 Convict of crime, beyond all other flagrant—
 The heinous crime of being very poor,
 Which three months in a gaol is safe to cure ;
 For when the sentence ends—why, then 'tis ended,
 And as is clear, the pauper's state is mended ;
 He finds at once an industry and house,
 Or opens one if he has any “ nous.”
 Our lunatics we lodge in an asylum,
 But madmen are such fools, we can't beguile 'em
 In that elysium to contented stay ;
 They break their ribs, or die some other way,
 And troublesome in life, in death at best
 To hungry jurors prove a perfect pest.
 But we are very good, inter them gratis,
 And say no more : enough's enough, *jam satis*.

* * * * *

Of patriots, in passing, I have spoken,
 'Tis said the pledges of such have been broken ;
 But what of that ? 'tis clear, like meaner men,
 That they grow older as they live, and then
 'Tis possible that wisdom growing too,
 May yield to reason an expanded view.

If yesterday a foolish pledge I made,
Unconscious of the nonsense then I said,
Am I to-day grown older and more wise,
To shut perversely on to-day mine eyes?
Or, rather, shall I not the past eschew,
If golden reasons greet my clearer view.
The good, the welfare of the greatest number,
Is a broad policy that don't encumber;
That policy meets every patriot's ends,
And to the great conclusion safely tends
(As sure as shot from rightly loaded gun),
The greatest number known is number *one*.
Our patriots are not few, or nice, but various,
And tho' their views are, like their means, precarious,
We are not yet for choice confined, like Hobson,
And are not narrowed yet to none—or Jobson.
Enough of him and of the Saurian crew,
Whose politics are of chameleon hue,
Assuming with each change of pay or place
Another colour—but no gain of grace.
Where'er we turn our eyes a breed we scan,
Hybrid—part swindler, and part puritan.
As birds gain flavour from a gamy taint,
A lucky rascal ripens to a saint;
A bankrupt trader, or defaulting clerk
(Whose early English history's kept dark),
Fat with the marrow of nefarious gain,
May mouth of honesty—the spoil retain;
Reville his cast-off sins without compunction,
And curse his neighbour with quite priestly unction;

Compound with easy conscience by decryin'
The very market that he once did buy in.
What if from New South Wales Victoria sprung?
Who ever own'd he had a father hung?
Or, if compelled to own it, did not say
The parent's hanging cleansed the son straightway?
We have no felons in this sainted clime,
No prosperous merchants who have served their time;
That separation from the Sydney side
Cleansed us from convict taint can't be denied.
Disclaim past union with famed Cockatoo;
Australia West place under strict taboo;
O'er South Australia fallen rend our raiment
(She won't collect our customs without payment);
Tasmania's sons, who dare the watery main,
Drive howling back unto their homes again;
With merciless stern virtue hound them hence.
We are too good for faith in penitence.
Return to England what she did not send us,
But stealthily—our honesty's stupendous.
And now, through pleasant paths we bend our way
To where the stage holds omnipotent sway;
Teaching in virtue's cause how caitiff thief,
Though long triumphant, comes at length to grief;
How tyrants fall—how wily schemers fail,
And end by violence, or go to gaol:
Pleasant to know the author of the story
Shares with colonial managers the glory;
That genius manifested gets its crown,
From author up to ballet-girl and clown.

But stay—it's not so sure the author gains
Ought but the barren glory for his pains.
Of solid crowns the manager takes charge,
And leaves the author legally at large,
To seek in lands less free for golden fleeces
For abject managers who pay for pieces.
With equal freedom from restraint of pay,
Our publishers pursue their guileless way ;
Whole pages from our English authors take,
Or, in expressive slang, their labours " fake."
I've said our publishers their guileless way
Pursue, unfettered by restraint of pay ;
Bear witness, Banting—Saxby too rejoice,
To find your labours honoured by their choice.
Why, what is *copyright* aright construed,
But *right to copy* for the printer's good ?
How many years of studious toil are spent,
Before the author builds his monument,
At length achieved in fairly printed pages
(A monument that may endure for ages),
He has his triumph—is that triumph less,
When printers trade upon a life's success ?
England gives him reward—we share his glory,
Reprinting freely many a " Strange Story."
From brains, by easy stride, we pass to beer,
Labell'd from London, though it's bottled here,
Adding to crime of bottling bad porter,
The wrong of " diddling " the fair importer.
That is a wrong indeed—trade seeks protection,
The Trade Mark Act is passed without objection ;

But laws were surely made by men of mark,
For merchants, bankers, dogs that bite, not bark,
Not for the idle, dreaming, useless crew,
Who carved on marble, or on canvas drew,
Or paper waste, creating with much thinking
Something not fit for eating or for drinking.
Oh Gold ! oh potent Gold ! 'tis thou alone
To whom we bow—to whom erect a throne,
So we can eat, and drink, and sleep in peace,
And see our worldly goods each day increase.
Guarded from convicts and, as much abhorr'd,
Artists and authors, whom we can't afford,
We are content. Plunder, if legalised,
Ceases to be such—may not be despised.
How good we are ! How honest, truthful, pure,
Pious, and sober, loyal—oh ! be sure
How cordially with all should we agree,
Could others see us as ourselves we see.

October, 1864.

PASSAGES FROM AN INEDITED ROMANCE.

IN —, in the county of Norfolk, there might be seen a little house that had habits peculiarly its own—reprehensible they were, I fear, since all its neighbours stood back as if disdainfully.

Thus, standing alone in the centre of the pathway, low-browed, dwarfish, and crooked, an irreverent, drunken air had this house; but, though rather defiant in appearance, it must be admitted there was the semblance of a reckless jollity and impulsive gaiety about it that disposed one in its favour.

As some dissolute fellows in their cups, of invasive aspect, stagger and tumble about, with their fist clenched in pugilistic pose, but always finish by depositing the fist in the first comer's hand, accompanying the act by an hospitable invitation "to have another glass," so did this house bear an inviting and jovial character in its very threatening, and those who foretold it would some day do murder, by falling on the innocent way-farer, passed one by one to their graves false prophets.

Here resided Mr. Peter Plosman, of whom both physically and morally the house itself might be considered as emblematic. For Peter—knock-kne'd, low-browed,

stunted, and angular, picturesque in speech and manner, and savagely abrupt at a first introduction, would invariably soften into an invitation to "take a glass of old ale and a crust." He always gave the old ale precedence of the crust, as the refreshment of the more dignified and generous nature, and while on the subject of old ale, I may state that Mr. Plosman's profession was sign-painting, but old ale was his pursuit.

During my sojourn at that pleasant old town in the south of France, Montpellier, I made many piscatorial excursions, in one of which I met a brother of the angle, with whom, as became the unpretending habits of a student in the gentle art, I fell into conversation. In the reciprocation of mutual confidences, he declared himself to be an *artiste*, and put my education in French greatly to the blush, by replying, when I inquired in what line, "*La dislocation Anglaise*." He was a tumbler in the ground and lofty line, and I afterwards beheld him in a booth at the fair with a red wig on as "*Jocrisse*." He entitled himself *artiste*, but then he was a Frenchman, and all Frenchmen give to all things a little lacquer.

Peter Plosman, though of German extraction, was an Englishman; one of the old sturdy sort, now fast dying out, and scorned to embellish his calling by any superfine title. He called himself a sign-painter, and so shall I call him, for Morland too was a sign-painter, and many have been tied down by poverty, residence in a little unfrequented village, and good old country ale, to sign-painting, whose genius under more favourable auspices might have risen to portraits of Alderman Prog in blue coat

and gilt buttons, with a back-ground of the Town Pump, and of Lady Tinyswallow as Saint Cecilia.

This digression is not ill-timed if it has the effect I intended—of conveying that, although Peter Plosman never rose publicly beyond the dignity of a sign-painter, he had within him the soul of a true artist, and would, in the intervals of brushing for his old ale, and drinking it, seek to give expression to the beautiful thoughts which dwelt within him; nor always unsuccessfully; so that Charley Eton, amateur artist, would often declare that he would like to exchange all his knowledge of the different schools of art, and all the frigid rules of the studio, for the inborn talent that gave to the unfinished productions of Plosman so sweet and tender a grace. He essayed to learn from the old man by what charm his sketchy landscapes were always so full of poetry and beauty, repaying the sign-painter with studies of dragons, blue boars, red lions, bears with ragged staves, and other grotesque monsters after the manner of the old masters. Indeed, one of Charley's designs for a red lion of heraldic and chivalrous bearing, with bristly main, tufted tail, and that admixture of savage ferocity and jolly-good-fellowship (only to be seen in lions of that rare colour), gave such satisfaction to the owner of the hostelrie for which it was created, that Plosman, who was the nominal author of it, had on that house an unlimited draft for ale, and an unlimited draught he made of it. Not that Peter would have taken advantage of the landlord's generosity had the ale been bad,—but the ale was good.

To return, however, to the old house—the Plosman

in bricks and mortar—as Plosman was the house in flesh and blood, the two being part of each other, as the tortoise of its shell. We shall find the sign-painter at home dandling on his knee Charley Eton's son, with one arm (the hand of which supported a pipe) encircling his waist, while the other arm and hand were employed in brushing in, on a sketch of Eton's, the poetical legend of a goat with a pair of compasses placed spectacle-wise across its nose.

“The tendency that human beings have to demoralize and, as one may say, defile with the clay of earth the images of heaven,” said old Peter, who inherited from his German origin the mystical reveries of his race “is all pervading; we have it here in this sign. Who could suppose that the legend of ‘God encompasseth us’ would ever be corrupted into so ridiculous a symbol as ‘The Goat and Compasses;’” and without waiting for an answer, he re-applied himself to his brush.

“In this characteristic of mortality,” pursued he, after awhile resuming the thread of his meditation, “we have the history of most religions. They dress themselves in beautiful allegory and figurative language and ceremonies, which, their original sense lost or corrupted, often become in after use, as absurd, and, if I may with reverence say it, as blasphemous as this sign.”

After awhile the brush was again laid aside, and devotion paid to the old ale; owing to which, perhaps, his fancy assumed a brighter colouring. “Those tenacious clingers to old tradition, the Jews,” he said, “because they were told ages ago in the East, where swine's flesh

was unwholesome, to abstain from its use, do not eat it now, and here, where it is certainly not injurious. With a like fanaticism, there are dismal apostles, who, because strong liquors are poison to the drunkard, would forbid a reasonable indulgence in them to the temperate, as if beneficent providence provided us with good things, without granting permission to partake of them in moderation."

"This is capital ale, Charley; don't you think so? Here, young shaver, give us your opinion of it."

"I am afraid your practice," said Eton, with a smile, is not in accordance with your preaching; to give ale to a child like that is certainly not a reasonable use of it."

"Tush, tush," replied Plosman, laughingly, "it will do him good. I was built on it, and look at me."

Was there any irony in this allusion to his own uncomely figure? Was the man of keen wit and dry humour enjoying a joke at his own expense, as such will often do; or did the painter fail to see in his own distorted form the image of the godhead, reflected as it were from a broken mirror. The clear-sighted are not always awake to a sense of their personal defects; wisely ordained, perhaps, that it is so.

"I suppose you must have your own way with him," replied Eton. "It is oftener Daddy Plosman with him than aught else."

"And so it ought to be," said old Peter; "am not I to be the founder of his fortunes. And that, by the way, reminds me," added he, in a grave tone, "that I must

be more prudent in my expenditure. As it is, I hardly know how I should have made both ends meet, had it not been for my poor hard-working old father, Hans. Plosman; heaven rest his soul." And the sign-painter put his handkerchief to his nose.

"Pshaw, don't talk that way; the boy will want nothing from you but a transfer of the affection you have borne for his father, should you survive me," interrupted Eton, in a tone which, lively at first, merged into one of deep feeling, as he shook his old friend by the hand; "besides you have got this snug house all your own, a few pounds stored by, and unshaken credit at the 'Red Lion,' not to mention the 'Goat and Compasses' and other ale-houses, at all of which, I believe, you are in good repute."

"Ah!" sighed Peter, rising from his seat to change his pipe for another (he was an epicure in pipes, of which he had a large collection from the ancestral meerschäum down to the less costly, but not the less prized, short black clay), "Ah! that ale is my bane, I must forswear it," and he took a huge draught from the mug before him. "And yet it has been a good friend to me, and my pencil has flourished under its inspiration. You remember the piece of Langley-dell;" and the enthusiasm of the author shone brightly out, "I finished it and two gallons of ale at one sitting."

"I remember it well," said Eton. Indeed, he could hardly well forget it, seeing that whenever the ale began to tell upon old Peter, that masterpiece was referred to.

"Shall we take it down," inquired Plosman, "and have another look at it."

"By no means," cried Eton, hastily—"That is to say, not now," added he, fearful of wounding the old man's vanity. "I must be off home, but I will come to-morrow, and bring the wife to see it; you know it is a great favourite with her."

"Ah! God bless her," exclaimed the old man, nearly affected to tears—he was always thus after the eighth mug—"do, and bring little Jackanapes, and we will make a night of it. The 'Red Lion' told me he has a ham, one of the right sort, and it will serve to relish the two-year old barrel I am going to have from the 'Goat'; and old Jack the smuggler has promised to send from Yarmouth something I know will please your dear wife."

And thus finished the generous Peter's grand scheme of retrenchment.

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"I have a subject for a great historical picture," said Plosman. "I think of going to London after painting it, to place it in the Exhibition."

"My dear Peter," said Eton, smiling, "You are talking of a thing not easily accomplished—a subject such as you design requires mature study before even a sketch of it can be made, much less a finished picture—besides, a place on the walls of the Royal Academy is not at the service of the first comer."

"Then it ought to be," returned Plosman, with warmth. "But you are always creating obstacles for me as for yourself."

"Not so," replied Eton. "I only pointed out the

difficulties in the way of your object, that they may not open upon you unexpectedly, and so worry you doubly—to be forewarned is to be forearmed.”

“Forgive me my warmth, Charley,” cried the painter. “You do not know how I have been put out to-day. Walker, the cobbler has sent back his sign, insists on my altering it again—and has detained the easy boots I left with him to sole and heel until I return it as he wishes—this is the *fourth* time he has sent that sign back. Firstly, Saint Crispin must have a pair of boots placed in his hands instead of the pointed shoon of the same period as the rest of his costume. Secondly, the motto ‘May the manufactures of Saint Crispin be trod upon by all the world’ must be introduced. Well, this, of course, was done; then, in spite of all expostulation he would have painted *on* the boots, ‘John Walker, Cobbler and Shoe Maker, prime double soled, 10s., Hurrah for Walker!’ Now, because I have inscribed this advertisement in the Gothic letters you drew for me in accordance with uniformity of treatment here is the sign again with this note.”

“‘Mr. Walker’s compliments to Mr. Plosman, and begging his pardon, he is a fool, as Josh Dobbins told me this morning, and he ought not to write letters as no one can read but schollers and mathermertishens; the sign is for all the world that wants boots and not for such as them. Mr. Walker wants Mr. Plosman to write on the sign, plain John Walker, Cobbler and Shoe Maker, prime dubble sold 10s. Hurrah for Walker.

That is what he wants and that is what I will have without new fangled notions and letters as is cranky and crooked. Some as thinks themselves cleverer than their betters dont understand English, but Dubble Dutch and such like gibberish, but he is a straight forward man and no dubble dealing, three pound is his price, and I have said it and will stick to it with a new pair of boots dubble soles and with Iron heels neatly made for unnecessary alterations but not for such as is necessary. As for the motter that is done in crooked characters, he may alter them or not according to your conscience, but the plain words John Walker Cobbler and Shoemaker, prime dubble sold 10s. Hurrah for Walker, I will have it in plain capitals as every one may see, mark and observe it, if I dont I'm d——d, so oping you will attend to this, I beg to describe myself

“ ‘ Your friend,

“ ‘ JOHN WALKER.’ ”

“ ‘ P.S.—Put a little more red on Crispin's nose, he looks like a ghost.’ ”

“ Now you have read that,” said Plosman, “ you can judge what my feelings are. I have not tasted a drop of ale, or smoked one pipe to-day. ‘ More red on his nose ! double dutch ! a fool ! ’ Can you wonder I wish to leave this scene of Walkers, to try my fortune in the great City.”

“ You will not avoid the Walkers there, Peter ; the critics and patrons of London may be more choice in their language than the cobbler—but the Walker clay

will show beneath the glaze. If you are not called a fool in plain words, that or worse may be insinuated—if they do not sneer at your knowledge of the German tongue—they will at your pictures of the German school, and they will also discover that there is too much paint or too little on the nose. Critics and patrons are much the same all the world over.” Eton had imperceptibly acquired his friend’s manner, of expressing familiar thoughts in quaint terms.

“Yes,” returned Plosman, “but there also will be found patrons and critics of a more genial nature, willing to acknowledge and reward merit, wherever found,—with such, one fault will not damn a work,—works of a particular school will be tested by rival productions of that same school,—for them, a little more, or a little less paint on the nose will not be everything.

“And are there none such here, retorted Eton. Does not the ‘Red Lion’ swing triumphantly in Bridewell-street? Does not the ‘Goat’ attract admiring crowds in the High-street. Has not the ‘Three Bells’ resounded with praises of the sign that swings above its door—pooh, pooh, London will only show you in a magnified form the vice and virtues of ——.”

“Perhaps you are in the right, Charley, I confess that letter of Walker’s has indisposed me for argument—and may be I look at things through the medium of a disturbed mind; nevertheless, I should like to go to London, and I should like to paint the subject I have spoken of.”

“And what may that be?” inquired Eton.

"The Parricide Collar," replied Plosman gravely.

"The what?" demanded Eton.

"THE PARRICIDE COLLAR."

"I will tell you the tale:—'Many years ago—and yet not so very many, for the fashion of standing shirt collars is of comparatively modern date, there was a student at Gœttingen of a melancholy and reserved disposition. Although distinguished for his scholarly attainments, and of a mild and even temper, he was not beloved, for it was remarked that he never made the slightest sign of friendship to any of his fellow students, and they got tired of paying civilities to a man who merely acknowledged them with a distant courtesy, and then retired within himself. None, however, thought of hating or insulting him, for he himself never insulted any, and certainly seemed too cold to hate. Thus, between Herman Geldstein, and his brother collegians, was preserved a polite but distant demeanour, the only breach of which was on the part of the students, who, in accordance with their usual custom of conferring a soubriquet on each other, gave to Herman Geldstein the nick-name of *stiefhals* (stiff-neck), suggestive, at once of his unyielding manners, and the collar of his shirt, which, as habitually worn by him, was of mighty stiffness, its sides rising to the middle of his face, and terminating in two sharp bristling points.

"It was said that he wore a collar thus beyond the ordinary limits of collars in general, in order to conceal some disgusting deformity, which the more knowing pretended had originated in severe treatment from his

father, on the occasion of an interference on behalf of his mother, in a quarrel between the parents. This, however, might be mere gossip, for all that could be proved to the contrary. Herman was never seen without the collar, and never was the collar seen but in awful dignity of starch, though five years had passed since the melancholy scholar received, by general consent, the title of *stiefhals*.

“ ‘About this time, that is to say, after a period of five years, since Herman had arrived at Göttingen, the college was thrown into great excitement, by the rumour, that Herman’s father was expected, and much curiosity was entertained as to what reception he would meet with from the son, who daily become more stern, and moody.

“ ‘At length the anxiously awaited day came, and the astonished students could hardly believe their ears; as they heard the reserved and gloomy Herman give a shout of joy as he rushed into the embrace of his father.

“ ‘The cry of joy had hardly vibrated on the air, when it was met by one of pain—the two cries mingled.

“ ‘One corner of the starched collar had entered the eye of the elder Geldstein.

“ ‘He was removed, howling with agony, to the great Doctor Gudler, but never recovered; inflammation of the brain followed and the father died.

“ ‘Many mysterious whispers succeeded this terrible event, and some folks even went the length of saying that Herman had wounded his father with design,—that he had kept count of the old injury, and had brooded

over it for years,—that they had always foreboded something strange and horrible would happen from his unsocial habits, and further that the collar, like a good sword, always in readiness, was the premeditated weapon with which to avenge himself. Some few there were who would not think so evilly of him,—urging that, although not of a social nature, he had never exhibited any token of a bad spirit, and that his melancholy might very naturally be attributed to his sedentary habits, and the infirmity he was supposed to suffer from—that the collar he wore was of the required size and form to conceal the defect of his person, and, in fine, that the wound he caused his father was purely accidental. Be that as it may, all agreed in calling the collar, the ‘Paricide Collar,’ and to this day, in many parts of Germany, high collars, with acute points, are familiarly known by that title.’ ”

THE SWORD OF BENEVENUTO CELLINI.

THE artist proud—the warrior brave,
 Who fashioned thee and proved thy might,
 Long since hath mouldered in his grave ;
 But thou art still as ever bright.
 Long years towards the past have rolled,
 And not an hour unmarked by fame ;
 Bridal and burial peals have tolled,
 Yet thou art still, oh, still the same.
 The widow's and the orphan's tears
 Have washed thee o'er and o'er again ;
 And fond and trusting woman's fears
 Been breathed o'er thee, but breathed in vain.
 These thoughts are no distempered dream—
 No antic strain from minstrel's lyre ;
 These are the living thoughts that gleam
 Thro' History's page, in words of fire.
 When graced by glory's brightest wreath,
 When gilt by virtue, yet we feel
 That death has flung his poisoned breath
 Across the cold and treacherous steel.

WE SHALL HAVE A DAMP BED TO-NIGHT,
MY CHILD.

“WE shall have a damp bed to-night, my child”—
So said the mother,—then her infant pressed
Unto her famished breast:
The babe looked up and smiled—
Knew not the terror of those words so wild:
Heard but the sweetness of the mother’s voice—
The tender sadness of the mother’s voice—
Looked up and smiled.

Victoria!—land of fertile hill and plain,
Rich in the tender grass and golden grain,
Yields to the cattle ample nutriment:
There the fat herds pasture in full content;
The fleecy sheep nibble the herbage sweet;
The frisking lambs suck at the swelling teat;
The cows find nurture for their bleating calves;
A CHRISTIAN WOMAN AND HER INFANT STARVES!

NOTE.—“A SAD CASE.—On Friday morning a poor woman, named Ellen Fletcher, with a child of about fourteen months old, applied at the Police Court for some pecuniary assistance, and, as we learn, was refused, in consequence of information having been given to the effect that she was not a fit object for eleemosynary aid. On receiving the refusal, conveyed in as delicate terms as it could be, the unfortunate woman was observed to press her child to her breast, and heard to say: ‘*We shall have a damp bed to-night, my child.*’

Constable Dawson, hearing this ambiguous remark, kept an eye on the poor creature, and soon afterwards found her sitting on the ground, evidently suffering from the effects of something she had taken. A bottle, labelled 'poison' by her side, explained the matter and, as soon as her convulsive heavings admitted, she confessed to having swallowed six penny worth of spirits of salts. Constable Dawson lost not a moment in procuring professional aid, and Dr. Vernon was as promptly on the spot, and took such steps as his skill dictated to counteract the effects of the poison taken, and had the woman removed to the hospital, the poor infant being cared for in the camp by some good Samaritan. We believe that she will recover, but, at the present time she is not considered out of danger. We have learned the following additional facts connected with the case, as detailed by the woman herself:—She is a married woman, a native of the County of Clare, about twenty-eight years of age, her husband, Neil Fletcher, having left her some five or six months since at Kingston, taking with him one child, and since this time she has done the best she could to maintain herself; but it would seem that a minister of one of the religious denominations here, has (from information which he deemed reliable) seen fit to ban her from the usual sources of relief, and hence the refusal, which resulted in the rash act. She is at present an inmate of the hospital, and we trust will be spared. Here is certainly an opportunity for some of the benevolent ladies of Daylesford to step forward and aid their sister in distress. As far as we can learn her conduct is unimpeachable, her only offence being extreme poverty, and that arising from no improvidence on her own part. We trust that the rev. gentleman referred to will find that he has been misinformed when we feel sure it will be his greatest happiness to help this poor creature in distress."—*Daylesford Mercury*, December 12, 1864.

MAGDALENA.

SHOULD we, the shadows of the earth,
 Frail things of circumstance and chance,
 Dare measure out the grains of worth,
 Here deprecate and here enhance;
 Should we while hoping heaven to win
 Say "This is virtue—that is sin?"

No, for a fault may be redeemed
 By virtues such as are thine own.
 Thus, though to meaner things it seemed
 That thy one error stood alone
 In abjectness and magnitude,
 Not so might judge the just and good.

Is she that will not—cannot doubt
 The one she loves with heart confiding
 Deceived—a thing that the devout
 Should ever constantly be chiding?
 Or, is not Mercy heaven-born,
 Bestowed to Christianize our scorn?

AFTER PROOF.



IF any person owns the name of Floke, I beg his pardon for using it without his permission. But I am not aware of any person of that name being in existence, and so I choose to take possession of it, in the urgent necessity of having to refer to a friend whose true name I prefer to disguise, and whom therefore I shall speak of as Mr. Floke. It is true I might have concealed the identity of my friend under the not uncommon patronymic of Jones, Smith, or Jackson—or I might have availed myself of many a name of more frequent occurrence than that of Floke, but experience has taught me that if I use for literary purposes any name which can by perverse ingenuity be tortured into a semblance of any other, I suffer for it. The winks and blinks and whisperings of divers sagacious critics make an enemy for me of some person or other of whom at the time of writing I was utterly unconscious. Now, I defy the most astute Œdipus to find out whom I speak of under the title of Floke. As a further precaution I shall studiously avoid giving the slightest clue to the personal appearance of Floke; I shall not in the remotest way allude to any singularity of Mr. Floke's costume—finally

shall give no further idea of the mutual relations subsisting between Mr. Floke and myself than the honest purposes of this book demand.

Few of us are so wrapped up in ourselves as not at one time or another to consult a friend. We invite his opinion on our ventures either before embarking in them or afterwards. Mr. Floke is the friend I ordinarily advise with when about to engage in any novel undertaking. But as Mr. Floke is an eminently practical man who deals only in plain figures and plain facts, and utterly ignores figures of fancy and facts poetically garbed, I forbore to lay before him this my last enterprize. Imagine then my consternation when whilst revising the last sheet of this work fresh from the printer, Mr. Floke paid me an unexpected visit.

"Ah! what have we here?" said Mr. Floke in his off-hand manner, proceeding as practical men will do, to examine the papers on the table. "Ah! hum—verses, I see—ah!—so, 'Rhyme and Prose,'—Hum, hum, so, ah—'Rhyme and Prose!' How much do you get for this, eh?"

Slightly discomposed, I replied that I got very little for it—that it was a small speculation from which I did not anticipate much return—certainly not much of a pecuniary nature. "Perhaps hereafter" I stammered.

"Bosh," replied the practical man abruptly. "Horrible bosh. Have I not repeatedly told you that trading in the hereafter is the most unprofitable of human spees, 'small profits and quick returns' that's my maxim—now, I suppose this cost you some labour—eh! hum

—for which you expect to get paid by posterity, eh?”

“Not much labour; composed in my leisure, it has afforded amusement rather than labour.”

“Amusement!” cried Floke with emphasis, “amusement! Now, I’ll tell you what my amusement was when I was a young man—after the labours of the day I did piece-work at home—*that* was amusement and profit too—profit ah! profit,” and Mr. Floke repeating “profit” over and over again as if the word had a certain pleasant flavour in the mouth, jingled some loose cash in his pocket.

I hazarded the remark that the world was not entirely composed of practical men, and that there were other than mere money profits—that many wise and good men thought the reading and writing of light literature not altogether unprofitable. I also was about to quote some illustrious examples in favour of these views but

“Can you write a cheque for £5?” asked Mr. Floke.

I replied that I could accomplish such a literary effort, but that for all the value the cheque would have when written, I might just as well write comic songs.

Mr. Floke chuckled, and I could hear him filtering through his fingers the loose money in his trousers pocket, “Can you tell me that any merchant will let you have Five Hundred Pounds’ worth of goods on your note of hand without security?”

“I cannot tell you any thing of the sort,” I answered, “as I have never required it; I should fancy, however, that a *practical* man would not.”

"And I suppose," pursued Mr. Floke, red in the face and rustling with chuckles and change, "you would not be so sanguine as to expect any friend—say myself for example—would endorse your note for £500."

I admitted that I should not be so sanguine.

"Just so," said Floke. "Just so : now, see the difference. Here am I plain John Floke, I not only never wrote verses, but I never read them—verses are Bosh, and novels are Bunkum. Yet I can write my cheque for £500, and Bullion and Co. will cash it. Nickham, Filcher, and Crook, who ordinarily do only cash transactions will take my note without indorsement for £5,000. John Floke's signature to a cheque or a bill is money—money, sir,"—and Mr. Floke's trousers pockets jingled like a chorus. "Who is the best writer of the two, Isaacs, eh ! you or me."

I made no reply to this ; I could make none that would be satisfactory to a gentleman of Mr. Floke's bent of mind, who balanced everything on earth against a hard and cold though glittering metallic standard. I, therefore, let him leave me exulting in his victory.

Nevertheless, Mr. Floke did not dishearten me, for after he had gone I recalled to memory the many, many happy hours I had spent over the literature that Mr. Floke called Bosh and Bunkum. In the inmost recesses of my heart I felt a reverential love for Scott, Burns, Dickens, and others too of smaller fame, whose Bosh and Bunkum had beguiled many a weary hour in sickness and solitude—had often brought sweet oblivion of past and present sorrows. I ventured also to believe

that the notes of the mavis and skylark, though not negotiable at the bank, have got a value for kind and genial natures.

Mr. Floke's utterances ring substantially on polished wood counters in offices and banks ; may those in the preceding pages ring cheerfully on sympathetic hearts in happy homes.

A

BURLESQUE, AND ITS HISTORY.

A BURLESQUE, AND ITS HISTORY.

A BURLESQUE, however entertaining it might prove in representation, would not have been exactly the kind of composition I should have submitted to my readers had it not been that the one here presented has a special interest as illustrative of the difficulties attendant on literary enterprise in the Australian colonies.

It is somewhat singular that while nearly every class is clamouring for protection, the dramatic author, who suffers most from unfair competition, is never considered.

Either by some defect of the Copyright Act, or some evasion of it, I am not sufficiently versed in law to say which, our theatrical managers are enabled to re-produce, at an average cost of ninepence each, such pieces as have been stamped with success in the mother country.

How far managers invade the legal rights of English authors by such practice it is not for me to consider; I alone know that owing to its general adoption is due the non-production of the burlesque of "Frankenstein" at the Theatre Royal, during the Christmas season of 1863.

And here let me be fully understood as not in anywise insinuating aught to the disparagement of Mr. Barry Sullivan, the lessee. In refusing that gentleman's offer for my piece of twenty pounds (which sum I subsequently but too late consented to take), I was actuated by the consideration that for an original composition employing considerable time and brain-work the amount was inadequate, while Mr. Sullivan, from an opposite point of view, was doubtless justified in conceiving his offer sufficiently liberal, seeing that from the practice I

have before alluded to he could secure a piece for ninepence, as good as, perhaps better than mine, and possessing the prestige of a London success and the name of a popular author. The result justified his judgment, as "Lalla Rookh" proved as successful before the public as "Frankenstein," although new in subject and treatment, could possibly have done.

Thus "Frankenstein" was shelved until the Christmas season of 1864, when I made an effort towards its production at the Haymarket. Approved by Mr. Hoskins, the lessee, and by Mr. Henry Edwards, then stage manager, I had the misfortune to unconsciously offend Lady Don (owing to a disagreement with her agent), and her ladyship's refusal to play in it—she *then* being a star in the ascendant—sealed its fate for that year—whether for ever remains to be proved.

It is possible that theatrical managers now having an opportunity to avail themselves after the usual cheap mode of a subject hitherto untreated, and capable of presentation, with some slight modification (substitution of local hits on current events for the forgotten incidents of 1863),* may yet afford me the pleasure, *if not the profit*, of seeing "Frankenstein" on the boards. Perhaps one of the most distinguished burlesque writers, whom I will not permit myself to name here, but to whom this book will find its way, may, at my desire, and out of recognition of an old acquaintance, not disdain to correct its crudities by some touches of his elegant and facile pen, and so present it to a London audience, in order that it may hereafter attain in due course acceptance at a colonial theatre.

* For obvious reasons I have refrained from altering the original, although aware it is susceptible of much improvement

THE BURLESQUE

OF

Frankenstein ;

OR,

THE MAN-GORILLA.



CHARACTERS :

FRANKENSTEIN.

ALPHONSE (HIS FATHER).

CAROLINE (HIS MOTHER).

WILLIAM
ERNEST } (HIS BROTHERS).

ELIZABETH (HIS COUSIN AND BETROTHED).

THE MONSTER.

CLERVAL (FRANKENSTEIN'S FELLOW-STUDENT).

JUSTINE (NURSE TO ERNEST).

ALFERD (PROFESSOR OF NATURAL HISTORY).

WALDMAN (PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY).

MAGISTRATE.

INSPECTOR.

JOSEPH DOBOY (CONFECTIONER).

POLICEMEN, PEASANTS, STUDENTS, SAILORS, AND PIRATES.

PROGRAMME : SCENERY AND INCIDENTS.

- 1st Scene : COLLEGE HALL..Lecture—Dialogue, Frankenstein and Clerval—Interview between Frankenstein, Alphonse and Elizabeth—Chorus : Professors and Students.. Air "Breakdown."—Duet: Frankenstein and Elizabeth.. Air "Buy a Broom."
- 2nd " CAVE..Frankenstein creates the Monster—Justine and Joe courting—the Monster carries away Ernest—Solo : the Monster.. Air "Nix my Dolly. Pals."—Duet : Joe and Justine.. Air "Giles Scroggins."
- 3rd " SWISS CHALET..Justine accused of murder—Seizure of everybody by Police, frustrated—Chorus : Policemen and Prisoners.. Air "Pop goes the Weasel."
- 4th " A ROOM..Frankenstein's interview with the Monster—THE COMPACT.
- 5th " COAST SCENE..Frankenstein and Clerval—Appearance of the Monster—Flight of Frankenstein in boat—Duet: Clerval and Frankenstein. Air "Down among the Dead Men."
- 6th " FOREST—the Monster carries off Alphonse and Caroline.
- 7th " SWISS CHALET—Return of Frankenstein—Elizabeth carried off by the Monster—Duet: Frankenstein and Elizabeth.. Air "Auld Langsyne."
- 8th " FOREST—Frankenstein in pursuit of the Monster—Solo : Frankenstein.. Air "Poor Mary Ann."
- 9th " FROZEN REGIONS AND CRYSTAL CAVERNS..The prisoners—Combat between Frankenstein and Sailors and Monster and Pirates—Frankenstein triumphant—TABLEAU.

FRANKENSTEIN.

College Hall. Tables, Forms, Professor's Chair.

Professor ALFERD and USHER discovered.

ALF. Summon the natural-history-class (Usher *going out*)
 [and here,
 Bring me a *pipe* and can of lager beer, (*exit* Usher)
 For natural history's a science dry,
 And better "damp my clay" than *pipe* my eye.

Enter FRANKENSTEIN, CLerval, and other Students, with pipes and pannikins. ALFERD bows to each as he enters. Usher brings pipe and can to ALFERD.

ALF. (*Looking towards entrance.*) Ah! Doctor Waldman
[comes: the sceptic Donkey,
Who would have man to be the heir to monkey;
Who *bones* the *feet* of finger-footed apes,
And at the *fœtid* members cuts and scrapes
To prove a foot's a hand, as if when proved,
A man would be a monkey once removed. [friend,
'The infidel! the devil! (*WALDMAN enters.*) Ah, my
A thousand welcomes; (*Aside*) and a bitter end.

WAL. I come, dear brother, to attend your lecture. [you.]

ALF. I'm quite delighted; (*Aside*) may the fiend dissect

To Students, who are seated smoking and drinking.

Now gentlemen—attention. My discourse
To day shall be of *Man*. Ahem ! I'm *hoarse*. (*Drinks.*)
(*Students laugh.*) No *horse*-laughs, gentlemen—the

WAL. (*Aside.*) You are no *Soloman*. [subject's *solemn.*

ALF. Firm like a column,

Amidst inferior animals Man stands,
And walks upon his feet and not his hands.

There are some scoffers say that the Gorilla, (*Glares*
[*defiantly at WALDMAN.*])

Between the man and smaller monkeys fill a
Long missing link—but this is humbug—rot !

I, Alferd, say it. [*furiously.*]

WAL. And I say it's not. (*Regards ALF.*)

ALF. You say it's not, you barebones—you pretender—
You quack—you drug—you patent med'cine vendor.

Descends from chair, and makes a blow at WALDMAN with his pipe.

WALDMAN defends himself with the bone of an animal. Students
range themselves on either side. ALFERD and WALDMAN sing,
students with ALFERD repeating 1st and 3rd lines ; those with
WALDMAN 2nd and 4th ; and beating an accompaniment on their
pannikins.

“BREAK-DOWN.”

ALF. Adam was the first of men,

WAL. Gorilla's youngest brother,

ALF. You're a stupid fool, then ;

WAL. Alferd, you're another.

*They go out with students dancing and fighting, all except FRANK-
ENSTEIN.*

FR. If it be true, as it is thought by some
(Colenso-led), the pentateuch's a hum,
Then, perhaps Adam was n't born at all,
But *tumbled up* complete before his fall.
May be, the story told of Adam's rib
By Moses is a *jeu d'esprit*—a fib
On woman's love of *rib-bones*—a bad *jest* :
Just so. And thus it might be of the rest,
That all the *animals* within the ark,
The *dove* inclusive, were but a mere—*lark.*
(*Pause.*)

Perchance the tale of life spontaneous growing
Is something more than scientific blowing ;
If so—(and flour and vinegar 'tis said
Turn to *live eels*, and not to fancy *bre(a)d*,
It might be possible to make by skill a
Man—or, at least, his nearest kin—gorilla.
Spectres have had their day—they fail to draw ;
I'll strive to make an ape with Milton's jaw.

(Thoughtfully.) Is man of monkey born ?

Enter CLERVAL.

- CL. That is the question
Which worries Alferd—
- FR. Injures my digestion—
Man is ——
- CL. Is what ?
- FR. A mystery of mysteries
The unconnected *page* of natural histories.
- CL. The “pretty *page*,” he that “looks out afar ?”
And asks of Adam “Who was your mamma ?”
Was she a *siren*—and your *sire* was he
- FR. Gorilla, whose descent was from ——
- CL. A tree
- FR. Man is an animal.
- CL. That’s undisputed
And that alone of all the theories *bruted*
- FR. An animal of which the species *dun*
Is the most savage and most *beastly* one ;
Behold the written proof (*shews writs, &c.*) bills,
[threatening letters.]
- CL. Ah ! *duns* detail most horrid *tales* to debtors
Those are the *duns* that you and I should *do*.
- FR. I ask a *suit*—my tailor makes me *two*
One which I wear—the *suit* I never sought ——
- CL. You have at home ?
- FR. No, in the County Court.
For *shirts* and *collars* washed—my washerwoman
Is *choleric*. *shirty*, and no longer human
While *hatters*, “*mad as hatters*,” *cap* all others
- CL. And *bonnet* us
- FR. Who should be men and brothers.
Boot makers, too, *bootless* my footsteps *clog*.
- CL. Such are the “*heels* of life.” But I must jog—
Waldman to-day dissects—he needs my aid :
- FR. “So long” then—*cut* away my jovial blade.

Exit CLERVAL.

Enter BAILIFF, serves FRANKENSTEIN with summons, and goes out.

FR. A summons (*reads*) "Schneider versus Frankenstein
As per account herewith," hum, "six pounds nine."

Enter BOY.

BOY Please, mother sent me, Sir, for one pound eight.

FR. I have no change.

BOY Please, Sir, I am told to wait.

FR. To wait ! I want no waiters, stupid lout, [*boy out.*]
So if you want to wait—why, *wait without.* (*Kicks*

Enter BOOTMAKER, pair boots in hand.

BOOT. Sir, my account. I have a bill to pay.

FR. And so have I, Sir,—your's—but not to-day ;

BOOT. I've called a hundred times, I'll call no more.

FR. Thank you—that's kind. Allow me (*shews door*)
[there's the door. (*Exit BOOTMAKER.*)

What is the end of this ? Razor or rope ?

No ! neither yet, for while there's life there's hope.

My baboon yet may prove a great success,

If I can make him walk and talk ; no less

I do anticipate. My spirits rise

There's yet some speculation in my eyes. (*Looks*
[towards Entrance.]

Ah ! here's my father—and my lovely Bet,

If he were farther off, 'twere better yet,

For much I fear he of my debts hath heard,

So from our union may be thus deterred.

But no ! he looks not wrath. Father !

Flies to ALPHONSE who enters with ELIZABETH.

ALPH.

My boy !

FR. (*Aside.*) He buoys me up—(*aloud, embracing ELIZA-*
[BETH) Elizabeth—Oh joy !

O bliss ! O scissors ! I'm a happy man.

(*To orchestra.*) Play the *cantata* of the "*tater-can*,"

Or stay (*to ELIZABETH*) We'll have a dance—a *pas-*
[*de-deux.*

(*To ALPHONSE*) *Do Pa* sit down. Now Bet, I'll set
[to you.

AIR.—“BUY A BROOM.”

ELIZ. } (To ALPH.) { Oh, do furnish a room.
FR. } { Will you furnish a room.
(Both dancing round him.) Buy a broom. Buy a broom.

ELIZ. Yes! and *too rheumatics*

ALPH. Well! well! my children, let me hear your wishes,
What do you *need*?

ELIZ. Pots, pans, and plates—a gridiron—a kettle,

FR. A bedstead, table—

FR. And chairs,

FR. And a drugget for the stairs ;

FR. Soup and gravy ladle.

ELIZ. No ! not quite—a bed

ALPH. I'll think of it. But now, Frank, hear my plan—
 "The noblest study of mankind is man."

ALPH. Ah, bah ! To gain that useful knowledge
You'll stay another *year* at this *here* college.

FR. A year ! Oh, can I trust my ears,—resign
This palm to you (*shows ELIZABETH's hand,*) give
[*this to yew and pine.*]
No ! rather madness come—black desolation !
I'll take a run.

ELIZ. Ah ! yes—a cattle station

FR. I mean, I'll cut.

ELIZ. But cut and come again.

FR. I'll go to sea.

ALPH. Get water on the brain.

FR. I'll *roam* the ocean—turn a buccaneer.

ALPH. Don't be *ro(a)mantic*, cut your *home antics* here.

FR. I'll to New Zealand sail—that land so flowery,
I'll *settle*.

ALPH. Or be *settled* by the Maori.

FR. I'll win a grant of land.

ALPH. Yes, six by two.

FR. I'll take a *pah*, [ELIZABETH.]

ALPH. And I a pa's adieu. (Runs off with

FR. Now, all is blank—they're gone. Oh, what a go.
Waigh, Waigh! *Wo, wo!*—Unutterable woe! (*Runs*
[after them.])

SCENE II.

A Cavern. Stool, Brazier, and the MONSTER covered with a cloth.

Enter FRANKENSTEIN, with dark lantern and gigantic stethoscope.

FR. Now to their finish that my labours tend,
I feel my sympathetic hair on end.
My brow is damp—suffused by clammy sweat,
A most unpleasant kind of *heavy wet*.
My legs refuse their functions to fulfil
As if I'd made my L.E.G. and will. (*Sits on stool.*)

Thunders and lightens. He starts.

Ah! what is that? the *weather* seems to threaten;
Whether or no, I'll stick to what I'm set on. (*Stool*
[gives way, he tumbles down.])

That's a *set-off* I took not in account.

The *settle* was 'nt firm (*readjusts it.*) Let me remount
 And, courage! this shall nerve me to my task. (*Pro-*
[duces flask.])

A *mellow dram* (*Smacks his lips.*) *ah!* is within this
[flask. (Drinks.)]

A *spirit* that would set the lame in motion,
 And that dumb animal I've got a notion. (*Undrapes*
[the MONSTER.])

I'll give him just a nip. But first I'll raise his
Spirits by warming his cold frame in blazes.

Lights cauldron, from which issues blue fire, puts flask to the MON-
STER'S mouth. Music—"Incantation from Der Freischutz." The
MONSTER pants. FRANKENSTEIN applies stethoscope to its chest.

He breathes—his heart with quick pulsation's
 He moves—he winks—he is alive— *[ticking.*

MON. *And kicking.*

The MONSTER suits action to words. FRANKENSTEIN runs off. The
MONSTER advances to front.

Hallo! What place is this? What am I? Where?
 (*Points to audience.*) Who are these people? and
[what makes them stare?

(*To leader of band.*) What do they want, good man,
[and who are you?

What is the little game that you pursue. (*Pauses.*)
 You *lead* the band! the violin you play!

That's all serene—then fiddle "Fake away."

AIR.—"NIX MY DOLLY."

The MONSTER sings.

I'm blest if I know how I came here,
 I shall put some *queries* remarkably *queer*,
Fake away.

Was I won at a raffle, or dropped from the skies?
 Shoved up from a trap, or let down from the flies?
Nix my Dolly, pals, fake away.
Nix my Dolly, pals, fake away.

I've got no profession, I hav n't a trade,
For work, it occurs to me, I was n't made.

Fake away.

My ma's not *apparent*, I don't know my dad,
I'm a hinnocent horphan—a vagabond lad.

Nix my Dolly, pals, fake away.

Nix my Dolly, pals, fake away.

I'm *scrub'ily* thrown on the world—in the *scrub*,
To *grub* is my only resource for my *grub*.

Fake away.

My *prospect's* not pleasant *prospecting* about,
And though *nigger-romantic* no *magic* look out.

Nix my Dolly, pals, fake away.

Nix my Dolly, pals, fake away.

Dances towards back, and conceals himself as JUSTINE enters with ERNEST.

JUS. Oh drat that boy, it's quite one person's work
To watch him. There, he's off again—the Turk!

ERN. If I'm a Turk, here's off to Turkey.

JUSTINE catches at ERNEST as he runs off. Gives him a cuff as he endeavours to escape.

Oh!

I'll tell mamma I saw you kissing Joe,
And I'll tell Joe I saw Jim kissing you. [now do.

JUS. (*Coaxingly.*) Now, Ernest, dear, be a good boy—
And don't tell tales—good little boys do not.
There, you may go and play outside the grot.
But don't be long.

ERNEST runs off R. W. Enter JOE L. W., with basket of pastry on his arm.

JUS. Dear Joe.

JOE Dearest Justine,

My syllabub—my sugared twelve-cake queen,
Kisses and bon-bons ar 'nt as sweet as thou,
Oh, tell me do you love me *then as now*?

JUS. I love you, dear, beyond all other men,
Indeed, dear Joe, I love you *now and then*.

JOE What! only *now AND then*—those words recal,
Or, tell me how you spend the interval.

Is it in hating Jim? Say you detest
That blackguard pot boy.

JUS. Dear! I love you best.

JOE No! I'll not share your love, I'll have the lot—
Fragrant as rose-drops—as cayenne drops hot,
Pure as blanc-mange—as cherry brandy strong—
As motto-kisses sweet.

JUS. (*Coyly.*) Oh! go along!

JOE True as fruits *candi(e)d* in a bridal posy,
Say you'll relinquish "Jim along o' Josey."
Here are some Brighton rocks, be firm like them.

JUS. I best like wedding cake.

JOE Ahem! Ahem!

(*Points to basket.*) That bride cake's ordered. But
If you'll take me. [I'll make another.

JUS. Oh take(*JOE rushes towards her*)—and ask my mother.

DUET.—JOE AND JUSTINE.

AIR.—"GILES SCROGGINS."

JOE Dear Justine, will you be my bride,
Say yes, and name the day.

JUS. I won't say yet, I can't decide,
I'll not say yes or nay.

JOE My love for you I cannot smother.
If you love me, I'll wed no other.
It's you I want, and not your mother.
So Justine name the day.

JUS. I now must seek the little boy, my charge,
Left far too long illegally at large.
Farewell, dear Joe.

JOE Dearest Justine, adieu.

One fond embrace, my love! [*two.*

MON. (*Comes down and passes between them.*) Oh! make it

JUSTINE *runs off* R. W., JOE, L. W., *letting pastry fall out of the basket in his consternation.* The MONSTER picks some up.

Here's something good to eat. (*Tastes sausage roll.*)
[What's that?

A sausage roll. I hope not made of cat. (*Suspiciously.*)
But foolish he who on suspicion starves,

ERNEST, *who has entered at back, comes forward.*

ERN. I say, old chap, them 's findings, I cry halves.

MON. Ah ! *halves*, my little chap. I think you chaff,

Seizes and lifts him on his shoulders.

I'm all for *porter*, not for *half and half*. [you pig,
ERN. (*Struggling.*) Come, none of that, just set me down,
I'll punch your head, although you are so big. (*He*

MON. Your pleasant little ways my fancy tickles, [*does it.*)
I like your pluck.—“Come dwell with me.”

ERN. Oh ! Pickles.

The MONSTER bears ERNEST struggling and kicking to a recess in the cavern.

SCENE III.

Exterior of Swiss Châlet. Lake and Mountain Scenery in the distance.

Enter CAROLINE (from Châlet door) dragging forward JUSTINE followed by ALPHONSE, ELIZABETH, and WILLIAM.

CAR. My darling boy !

ALPH. My son !

ELIZ. My cousin !

WIL. Brother !

CAR. What have you done with him ?

ALPH. Oh ! tell his mother.

JUS. She knew that he was out. *Alas, alack.*

CAR. *A lass that took him out should bring him back.*
Where is he ?

ALPH. Say !

JUS. I do not know.

WIL. Oh rot !

JUS. I left him playing near the haunted grot.

CAR. Yes ! you *g'rotted* him, you cruel wretch [go fetch.
(*To WILLIAM.*) Go run—quick, William, the police

Cry murder as you go and never cease,
Ring all the bells, and hammer the—

WIL. Police ?

CAR. No, fool ! hammer each cottage door. Go call
The neighbours here, the deaf, the blind, bring all
So they may hear and see what she (*Points to*
With my poor boy— [JUSTINE) has done

WIL. My brother,

ELIZ. Cousin,

ALPH. Son.

WILLIAM runs off crying Murder, Police.

CAR. Ah ! Oh ! I faint. I die ! My boy ! I come !
My smelling bottle. (*Faints.*)

ELIZ. Which ?

CAR. (*Reviving for a moment.*) The one marked rum.

Relapses. ELIZABETH fetches bottle from Chalet and administers.

Enter THREE POLICEMEN and INSPECTOR. PEASANTS drop in at intervals.

INSP. Halloo ! What's all this row about ? Just say.

1st P. (*Seizes ALPH.*) Aha, I thought I'd nab you some

2nd P. (*Seizes PEASANT.*) Is this another ? [fine day.

1st P. I'm not sure.

INSP. Why not ?

Best to be certain—collar all the lot.

Enter JOE DOBOY.

3rd P. And you (*To JOE.*) young man, what is your

JOE I have none. [bus'ness here ?

INSP. Have none ! Then it's very clear
You're an offender taken in the fact.

JOE Why, I've done naught.

INSP. Just so. The Vagrant Act
Provides for that offence.

JOE For what offence ?

INSP. Why doing nothing.

JOE Oh ! But—

INSP. Take him hence.

3RD POLICEMAN collars JOE. Enter MAGISTRATE.

INSP. Your worship! I have made a pretty haul
Three of the gang I've captured,

MAG. *Capital.*

We'll try them now at once. What is the charge?

INSP. (*Confusedly.*) Suspicion—of—illegally—at—large.

MAG. That's rather vague.

INSP. A murder's been committed.
And so these three (*Points to prisoners.*) with hand-
[cuffs we have fitted;

For it is clear that when a murder's done,
It might have been by *three* as well as *one*,
Whence follows as it's very plain to see
It might be one or other of *these* three,
Or all of them—or more—that did the deed.

ALPH. Your worship.

INSP. Silence.

JOE Please—

MAG. (*To Inspector.*) Go on, proceed.
Where are your witnesses. Produce the body.

Enter WILLIAM. INSPECTOR seizes and thrusts him forward.

INSP. There speak up.

MAG. Which is he?

WIL. Neither.

INSP. Noddy.

MAG. What do you know of this? Speak up. Confess.

WIL. Nothing.

MAG. Speak up.

WIL. (*Louder.*) Nothing.

MAG. I thought no less.

Are you the witness?

WIL. (*Loud.*) No.

MAG. The murderer?

WIL. (*Bawls.*) No.

MAG. Why are you here then?

WIL. (*Indignant and loud.*) That's what *I* want to know.

MAG. (*Pompously.*) Be careful—Mind young chap what
[you're doin'.
Or else your *proving* naught may *prove* your ruin.

How dare you come before this court and swear
To nothing. Constable remove that rough.
 You're sentenced thirty days in quod.

WILLIAM collared by INSPECTOR, opens his mouth as if to speak.

Enough.

WIL. I think it is.

INSP. Silence.

CAROLINE, who during the preceding has been the object of affectionate solicitude to PEASANTS, and has been stimulated by bottle, recovers, and still holding JUSTINE by wrist.

CAR. Give me my child.

MAG. What, my good woman?

INSP. Come, now draw it mild.

CAR. Give me my boy, and take this murd'ress hence.

Flings JUSTINE into arms of MAGISTRATE.

MAG. That woman has more energy than sense,
 Thus to incense and vex a magistrate,
 The representative of law and state.
 Go, constables, and all the mob surround.
 Apprehend every one that's on the ground.

INSPECTOR and POLICEMEN spread to enclose PEASANTRY, &c., in the meanwhile letting loose their PRISONERS, who dodge them, one after another escaping, until JUSTINE alone is left on the stage with MAGISTRATE, INSPECTOR, and POLICE. During the scuffle, which goes on in the manner of a dance, they sing:—

AIR.—“POP GOES THE WEASEL.”

MAG. Take 'em all, both woman and man. (*Repeats.*)

MALE PRIS. Lobster my name is Walker. (*Each as he escapes.*)

FEMALES. Get who you catch—and catch who you can. (*Each as*

INSP. & POL. Pop goes the weasel. (*As each one escapes*) [*she escapes.*]

MAGISTRATE and POLICEMEN form in procession leading off JUSTINE sobbing.

SCENE IV.

Room.

FRANKENSTEIN enters, followed by the MONSTER, who carries carpet bag and umbrella.

FR. What wouldst thou, monster? quit my sight, away!

MON. I've brought my luggage, and I mean to stay.

About the country I'm tired of dodging.

You gave me life—now give me *board* and lodging.

FR. *Abhorred* of mortals I will board you not.

Go to *Bordeaux*, to *Putney*, or to *pot*,

Join an *Odd Fellows' Lodge*, you'll not *lodge* here;

My lodgings are to let—alone, my dear,

Your *meat* you'll not *meet* here. Nor *loin* nor

Nor *Sally Lunn*, nor *Abernethy biscuit*. [*brisket*,

No, no! my *flower*, although in fancy *bre(a)d*,

You shall not *loaf* on me. So *roll* ahead!

MON. You then discard me!

FR. I'll not take you in,

Nor serve you out.

MON. Then, I'll go in and win,

I'll hop the *twig*—take to the bush, my flick!

I'll *stick* up every one—at nothing *stick*.

On natural *selection* I've read *Darwin*,

And thus *elect* this country not to starve in.

Already one young kid I have garotted;

He'll make a tender stew, or taste nice potted.

Here is his portrait. (*Shows locket.*)

FR. Ah! you *slew* my brother,

MON. No doubt of it, and I will *slue* the other.

I'll cook your mother's goose, I'll *bone* your father.

(A devilled bone is sweet for breakfast—rather!)

I'll settle *Betsy's hash* when she's your wife.

Your friends I'll make *fork* out—and then the *knife*

Shall *carve* their *calves'* heads from their trunks in

And when I've *potted* them, I'll *trepan* you. [*two*,

FR. My friends and family to be your eating !
Thus will I frustrate the *Monster Meeting*.

Takes foil from wall.

(*Lunges.*) Thus—thus—your cannibal design I
And foil— [crush.

*The MONSTER parries with carpet bag, and knocks down FRANKEN-
STEIN with umbrella.*

MON. Aha ! your foil's not worth your rush.

DUET.

AIR, FROM PURITANI.—“SOUND, SOUND THE TRUMPET”

MON. Now at my feet you're laying,
Your carcase I'll be flaying,
My prey—in spite of your praying, (FR. joins hands
Though liberty you cry. [in supplication.

FR. For mercy sweet imploring,
Lift me from off this flooring,
For liberty I'm roaring.
Be liberty my cry—y—y.

MON. Get up. Give over kicking up that row,
And on conditions I'll forswear my vow. (FR. rises.)
In yonder wood I saw a youthful pair,
Apparently in love. The girl was fair,
The youth seemed fond—the maiden seemed no
What I then felt I cannot tell. [less—

FR. I'll guess.

MON. Quick all the horrors of my loneliness
And inconvenience of my bush undress
Flashed on my brain, and left me sore oppressed,
Until I met a swell,—and him addressed.

FR. Undressed you mean. You stripped him I'll be bound.

MON. He was a *stripling* ere his clothes I -- found.
His clothes *alone* I took, and as a loan.

FR. A forced one.

MON. It is true. But then you'll own
Clothing the naked—this young man in fact (*Points*
Is actually a most virtuous act. [to himself.)
But all in vain this handsome suit I air,
I fare not well with any of the fair.

So now to business. * I'll spare your life
If you'll bestow on me—

FR. A what?

MON. A wife.

FR. A wife! whose wife?

MON. Come, none of your soft sawder,

I'll have a bran new woman—made to order.

Something superior—a little fairy—

My counterpart—perhaps not *quite* so hairy;

Of my own age and shape; with gentle eyes

And nose like mine; but of a smaller size.

Swear such a *maid* you'll make, as me you *made*.

FR. Oh, no! (*Raises his hands entreatingly.*)

MON. No *noes*! my *ayes* must be obeyed.

To Orkney's furthest island you'll repair,

And have in a month hence a maiden fair

Prepared to wed me. Let be no delay,

In one month certain from the present day.

FRANKENSTEIN *shakes his head.*

Do you refuse? (*Threatens.*) Swear! No fiddle
Swear! [faddle,

FR. I do. (*Falls on his knees.*)

MON. Enough.

FR. I'm off. (*Exit.*)

MON. Skedaddle. (*Exit.*)

SCENE V.

Coast Scene. Boat.

CLERVAL and FRANKENSTEIN.

CL. No, no! Those terrors are not what they seem;
They're but the phantoms of a dismal dream
Bred of late suppers—say diseased ox-tail,
Helped by colonial cheese and ditto ale,

Inflamed by what is termed "Australian wine"—
A kind of vinegar distilled from twine—
Of ropy flavour, and as rough as nails.

FR. Oh, do not jest.

CL. No jest in bad *ox-tails*,

FR. Nor in that *tale* of mine.

CL. Oh, that's a question,
There is you know a *jest* in indigestion,
And that's whereby your tale hangs. I declare
Your monster's neither hairy ape nor bear,
But just a *night-mare*. Understand aright—
A *mayor* may be a *mayor*, yet not a *knight*.
Cohen or Smith can tell——

FR. Oh, cease your prate,
Ponder on what I said, and tempt not fate,
Fly far away from me. I pray, entreat,
Lest you should *meet*, and be the monster's *meat*.

CL. Oh, is this truth? And can there really be?
A monster who would dare to dine off me—
A cannibal so rude and so imprudent
As not to dread the notion of *stewed student*.

FR. 'Tis so indeed. A monster savage, wild,
That has no *taste*, although of *Art* the child.

CL. I do engage he'll have no *taste* of me,
I'm *fly* to him.

FR. Then take a *fly*—and *flee*,
For he has sworn unless I find a wife
To bless him with a sweet connubial strife,
He'll slay my friends and relatives, and eat 'em.
So *treat* himself, and otherwise *ill treat* 'em.
This is the day appointed for his *bridal* ;
He'll soon be here to gaze upon his *idol*.
Idle his hopes—he'll have to *bridle* them,
For I no bride have made.

CL. Jerusalem !

Could you not build another monster ?

FR. No !

Though every *Monster Clothing Mart* should go
Unto eternal smash.

- CL. But Frankenstein,
Think of your parents—also think of—mine,
Think of your father, mother, brothers, friends—
Think of their doom—if thus your compact ends.
'Tis not a question of outfitting shops,
Your monster deals in *solids*, not in *slops*.
- FR. Oh, horror! horror! Clerval, Oh, *forbear*.
- CL. Neither *for bear*, nor *ape*, I am, I swear.
- FR. One brother cribbed, his nurse caboosed—confined
Until the boy turns up. Oh, fate unkind!
Oh, I could weep—could wish that I were dead!
- CL. Absurd. Supposing that we sing instead.
- FR. Agreed, I'll sing. But what shall be the lay?
- CL. Why—"Down among the dead men."
- FR. I obey.

AIR.—"DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN."

- FR. Here's a health to ourselves, and a lasting peace,
CL. To Gorilla an end, and a short life lease.
FR. Come let us sing it while we have breath:
CL. To ourselves long life; to Gorilla death.
BOTH And he that will this song decry,
Let him not drink, but be ever dry.
Down, down, down, down,
Down among the thirsty let him lie.

- MON. (*Outside.*) Ahoy! Ahoy! Oh, Frankenstein, ahoy!
- CL. (*Startled.*) What's that?
- FR. The monster.
- CL. Then I'm off my boy.
- FR. The second verse—
- CL. Oh, never mind at present,
Music is in the distance oft most pleasant. (*Runs off.*)

Enter the MONSTER.

- MON. How are you? Hearty! Well I'm glad of that.
I like to see my friends look fresh (*significantly*) and
I think I heard some singing? [fat.
- FR. Yes.
- MON. Two voices?

FR. But one.

MON. No, two?

FR. The echo.

MON. Then she hoarse is.

But stay! it was my bride. (*Smiles*) I have a notion
Her voice was tremulous with fond emotion.

Say. You have bid her love me.

FR. Bid! Bid who?

MON. My bride.

FR. What bride?

MON. The girl I come to woo.

FR. To *woo*? to *woe* you've come, it's my belief.

MON. If I have come to woe, you'll come to grief.

Is it for this I've passed the weary nights

Before a looking glass, encased in tights?

Have I for this blunt razors dared, and bore

The inconvenient cost of Kalydor?

Have I forsworn my pipe, and learned the flute,

Joining the Orpheus Club—a song-tamed brute?

Have I my wearied legs to Smart submitted,

To be in dance and valse genteelly fitted?

Have I to T. P. Hill in patience listened?

By Dr. Milton been renewed and christened?

Have I advised with L. L. Smith by letter?

And am I not to be a bit the better?

Oh, is it come to this that all the pain

Of these dread trials should have been in vain?

Where is my bride? I'll be no longer harried,

I've bought the wedding ring, and *will* be married,

FR. With all my heart.

MON. But where's my bride?

FR. Dont know.

MON. Oh! have I come to this? Oh, here's a go.

But I will be revenged. You'll find despite

Of *happiness* bereaved, my *appetite*

Is quite as keen as ever. And in truth

Even Odonto has n't spoilt a tooth. [meet.

With these strong teeth I'll yet make both ends

Sweet is revenge! I hope your friends are sweet.

But sweet or sour, tender or tough, I'll try them,
 Grill—carbonado—devil—fritter—fry them.
 Curry, roast, boiled, hash, haricot, and stew,
 Fricandeau, fricassée, salmi, ragout,
 By turns shall tempt my palate. So I'll go,
 When all your friends are boned, I'll let you know.
 [(Exit.)]

FR. Oh, what a wretched life, where shall I flee?
 No refuge *open* but the *open* sea.

Goes off in boat singing.

AIR.—“I AM ON THE SEA.”

I'm on the sea,
 I'm on the sea,
 I am where I would never be.

SCENE VI.

Forest.

ALPHONSE and CAROLINE tied back to back, he partly carrying her.
 the MONSTER leading them with a rope, and goading them with
 ALPHONSE'S pipe.)

ALPH. Oh, Mr. Monkey, pray untie this noose. [loose.

MON. (*Derisively.*) What! let a married man go on the
 O fie! I could not think of it. Divide
 A husband from his wife—his joy—his pride?
 You think too *light* of her. Your moral's slack.

ALPH. Think *light* of her—and she upon my back,
 Indeed, sweet Mister, 'tis the other way.

CAR. Oh, pray untie me.

MON. What is that you say? (*They tumble down.*)
 I thought your husband *low*, but now I see
 That you are every whit as *low* as he.

Prods them with pipe.

ALPH. To be condemned to carry off a wife. (*They rise.*)

CAR. Oh, Mister, take me off—

MON. For love?

CAR. For life.

ALPH. If so inclined. I'll stretch a point to spare her,

Although I loved her once, I now cant *bear* her.

The scrub is *dense*—my dame is *heavy*. Oh.

MON. Call you that *evidence*. Weigh up. (*Prods CAR.*) Gee

ALPH. Where do you take us? [WO. (*Kicks ALPH.*)

They hang back, the MONSTER pulls rope.

CAR. What are your designs?

ALPH. O give me rope enough.

CAR. These are *hard lines*.

MON. Then don't hang back, I can't stay here all day,
I've company at home.

CAR. Pray who are they?

MON. Some of your old acquaintance. Alferd.

CAR. No!

Waldman and Clerval, Justine, and her Joe.

MON. Each one's a *guest*.

ALPH. I *guessed* as much before.

CAR. The friends we *missed*—

MON. A *mystery* are no more.

CAR. And O! my sons, are they among your *crew*?

Oh, *cruel* cove reply.

MON. Why yes, I've two.

CAR. Frankenstein?

MON. No. I have not got him yet;

His settling day is when I take his *Bet*.

But come, get on I can no longer tarry.

ALPH. Of *carry-on* (*looks at his wife*) I have a load to *carry*.

Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

*Châlet. Same as Scene III.**Enter FRANKENSTEIN.*

FR. Once more behold my home—even the sea
 Refused to bear a criminal like me ;
 Twice wrecked, and toss'd on shore, I'm reckless grown.
 Here is my only safety—here alone. (*Knocks at door.*)

ELIZABETH *comes out, but not recognising him, runs to the side
 averting her eyes.*

ELIZ. Oh, go away. Monster, away—avaunt !
 Why do you still this wretched hamlet haunt ?
 Have you not victims plenty, Cannibal,
 That you would grab an inoffensive gal ?
 Have you not taken uncle, aunt, and cousins—
 Destroyed remoter relatives by dozens ?
 Oh, that the valiant Frankenstein were here !

FR. Why, I am he.

ELIZ. (*Incredulously.*) Oh, gammon !

FR. Never fear,
 Floored by hardships, and dropped by boats too tender.
 Elizabeth's beloved can still defend her.
 Look on me darling—dearest.

ELIZ. (*Glancing at him sidelong.*) Oh, 'tis he.

FR. Yes, dearest, yes, it's no one else but me.
 My treasure, come to my arms.

ELIZ. I will. (*They embrace*)

FR. And where's my dad, and ma, and brother Bill ?

ELIZ. Alas ! where are they ? Ask the wood close by.

FR. I would—that's if I could, get a reply.
 But, no, I need not ask. And poor Justine,
 Does she yet suffer prison discipline ?
 Does she yet languish for another's crime ?

ELIZ. No ! she came out last week—she served her time.
 But she, too, hapless girl, has disappeared.

FR. I'll have revenge. I swear it by my beard.

Too long I have submitted to the curse—
 Robbed of my father, mother, brother, nurse—
 I cannot brook it; though of temper mild,
 The British Lion's roused at last—I'm riled.
 My anger in a tempest now awakes;
 I'll raise up alligators—tickle snakes,
 I'll go invade and sack the haunted grot,
 I'll devastate that inconvenient spot;
 I'll seek the monster—whether in or out

* *Enter the MONSTER at back unperceived.*

His blood shall *spout*, and life go up the *spout*.
 Ah, ah! ah, ah! my brain *reels*—I am dizzy,
 ELIZ. Then match it with your *heels*, and *reel* with Lizzy.

DANCE AND SONG.

AIR.—“AULD LANG SYNE.”

ELIZ. Though your mamma, and your papa,
 And nurse have gone to pot,
 Still I am here—your *lot* to cheer,
 And I am worth the *lot*.

FR. That's true, my girl, I'd be a churl
 That blessing to forget.
 Though gone my pa, and *lost* my *ma*,
 Still I have *won* my *Bet*.

FR. Then joy be mine,
 ELIZ. And joy be mine,
 BOTH We may be happy yet.
 ELIZ. Oh, Frankenstein,
 FR. You know I'm thine.
 ELIZ. I never can forget,

FR. I go to hunt the monster from his lair,
 And prove to his confusion I'm *all there*.

ELIZ. Oh, *pray* be careful lest *all there* you stay,
 And leave your Bessy, love, to grief a *prey*.

FR. Leave you? Believe me, I will not for long,
 Keep up your *pecker*.

ELIZ. Pekoe, I use souchong. (*Exit FR.*)

How lone I feel. Why did my love depart,
And leave me *waiting* with a *weight* at heart?
Will he return? I feel an icy dread
Creep through my bones.

MON. (*Advances to front.*) My dear, I've come instead.

The MONSTER seizes her. She struggles.

ELIZ. Unhand me, sir! release me, ruffian!

MON. Sha'n't,

I bring a message from your loving aunt.

ELIZ. My aunt! Is she then yet alive?

MON. No fear!

Be quiet, and you'll hear her tongue from here.

ELIZ. My uncle, too, tell me how does he *fare*?

MON. Why pretty *fairish*, save he's lost his *hair*.

ELIZ. What *heir*? Frankenstein is his *heir at law*.

MON. Lor'! it was from his head the *hair* I saw.

Your aunt has stripped his sconce—I do declare he
Has made my residence quite *litter-hairy*.

But come. (*Takes her by the waist.*)

ELIZ. Leave go my waist.

MON. I can't waste time.

There is a time for all things.

ELIZ. Not for *crime*.

MON. Oh, *Criminy*, you need not be so *tart*;

I'll prove a *tartar* if you don't look smart.

Come, girl, your struggles and your shrieks are
Your lover's cut, and cannot come again. [*vain.*]

My ship's fair sails are spreading to the breeze,

Your aunt and uncle's both on board—and please

The pigs, you'll join them there. Your cousins too

Are kindly waited on by my brave crew.

Alferd and Waldman, Justine and her Joe

Are under hatches—that is safe below.

You'll share a cabin with Justine, your maid.

The MONSTER bears her off.

ELIZ. Oh, help! Frankenstein, help! Oh, aid! Oh, aid!

Enter FRANKENSTEIN.

FR. What cries are those I heard? (*Looks in Châlet.*)
[Bessy not here!
My heart grows chill. (*Cries in distance.*) Ah, still
[those cries I hear.
(*Looks towards R. w.*) What ho! the monster bears
[away my bride.
Revenge! Revenge! and *Bradshaw* be my guide.

Exit.

SCENE VIII.

Enter the MONSTER carrying off ELIZABETH.

MON. Ah, ah ! you cry in vain. Who hears your cries ?

ELIZ. Aid ! help ! You monster, I'll scratch out your eyes.

Exeunt.

Enter FRANKENSTEIN weary.

FR. The cries grow fainter—and my strength is spent.
(*Shouts.*) Oh, monster, mercy! pity! Oh, relent.
He does not hear! And even if he heard,
Would such a monster be by prayers *stirred*?

SONG.

AIR.—“POOR MARY ANN.”

FR. I'm a broken-hearted lover,
Poor Frankenstein.
Of my dear girl I cant discover
The least sign.
I've run until I can't run longer—
I would that my poor legs were stronger,
He may have carried her to Hong Hong, or
Up the Rhine.

(Looks to side.) Again I see them ! What do I behold ?
A boat—he bears her to it ! Sold ! Sold ! Sold !

But, no !—I 'll follow till my latest breath.
 Nothing shall part us.—No, not even death.
 I 'll sell the Châlet—all my father's land,
 And with the proceeds hire a trusty band.
 Then track the Monster to remotest climes,
 Sail the world round to terminate his crimes. (*Exit.*)

SCENE IX.

Frozen Regions. Crystal Caverns, &c.

Enter the MONSTER and PIRATE.

PIR. This is a pretty country, but so cold.
 If I had lots in it, they 'd soon be sold.
 The climate 's only fit to raise ice creams.
 I 'm blest if it dont even freeze one's dreams.
 The other night—

MON. Shut up, enough of that ;
 I 'm here on business, not for idle chat.

PIR. What business ? Oh, I see, hard stuff in nobblers.
 It seems a *nicish* place for sherry cobblers,
 But who 's to buy them ?

MON. Silence, quiet, fool.

PIR. (*Aside*). I like his language, seasonably cool.

MON. I fancy not the look of yonder *brig*.

PIR. What, if they 're *brigands*—prig don't stick up prig.

MON. I have good reason to avoid it. So
 Land all the pris'ners.

Enter FRANKENSTEIN and SAILOR at back unobserved.

PIR. Where ?

MON. Here idiot. (*Shouts.*) Go. (*Exit PIRATE.*)
 What ails me ? Am I growing weak and silly ?
 I shiver so. No, no ! I 'm only chilly. (*Exit.*)

FRANKENSTEIN and SAILOR come forward.

FR. Aha! we have them now, Gorilla's fate
And mine hangs on this day—Go quick, my mate,
Speed to our ship, and arm our trusty boys,
Then plant them hereabout.

SAI.

Aye, aye.

FR.

No noise. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter the MONSTER and PIRATES driving before them on a chain
ALPHONSE, WILLIAM, ERNEST, ELIZABETH, CLERVAL, JUSTINE,
JOE, ALFERD, and WALDMAN, carrying swags. *They beat their*
arms together, and sing.

AIR.—“WE'RE ALL THE WAY FROM MANCHESTER.”

ALL THE }
PRISONERS }

We're all the way from Switzerland,
In charge of a thievish crew.

MON. Less tongue. (*Strikes Professors.*) And keep your
[breath to cool your porridge.
You seem to think that you are yet at college.
And ladies, you—if you dare sing a note
I'll cram a windsail down each noisy throat;
Make up your bunks. (*To ELIZABETH.*) Go, lamb,
[pray go to bed.]

ELIZ. Go lamb to bed—Bedlam you might have said.
But, no, I am not mad as yet, my friend;
You'll dwell before me at the Yarra Bend
If not a worse place.

JUS. Why this place is worse. [*nurse.*

MON. You'll please to nurse your wrath—you're but a
So keep your distance. (*To PIRATE significantly pass-*
[ing his finger across his throat.] Go, sir, end her noise.

Enter FRANKENSTEIN and SAILORS.

FR. Surrender you yourself. (*To sailors.*) Come on, my
[boys.]

Terrific combat. PRISONERS keep rushing to and fro, upsetting com-
batants. SAILORS overcome PIRATES. FRANKENSTEIN beats down
the MONSTER.

FR. Down, down, below, and say I sent you thither.

ELIZ. Vanish—

ALPH. Skedaddle—

ALF. Vamos—

CAR. Mizzle—

JOE Slither.

TABLEAU.

The MONSTER descends trap, from which ascends coloured fire. His apparition is exhibited by ghost effect on iceberg, and gradually disappears.

CURTAIN.

