

THE
VERITABLE HISTORY
OF MR. BACHELOR
BUTTERFLY

M^r John Leigh

THE
VERITABLE HISTORY
OF
MR. BACHELOR BUTTERFLY,



Showing how it was diversified by many changes:
FOR AFTER BEING MARRIED IN THE BELLY OF A WHALE
HE NARROWLY ESCAPED BIGAMY,
AND BECAME THE STEP-FATHER OF EIGHT
HOPEFUL CHILDREN.

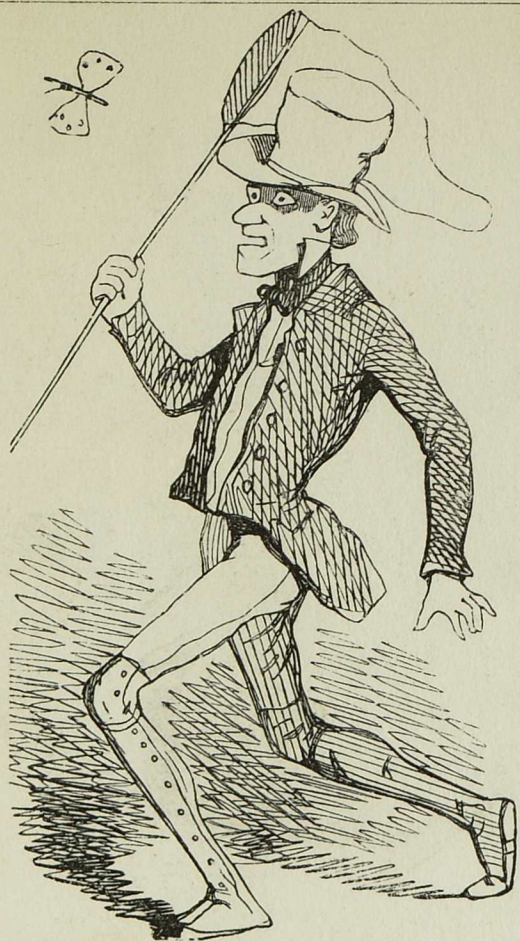
1845



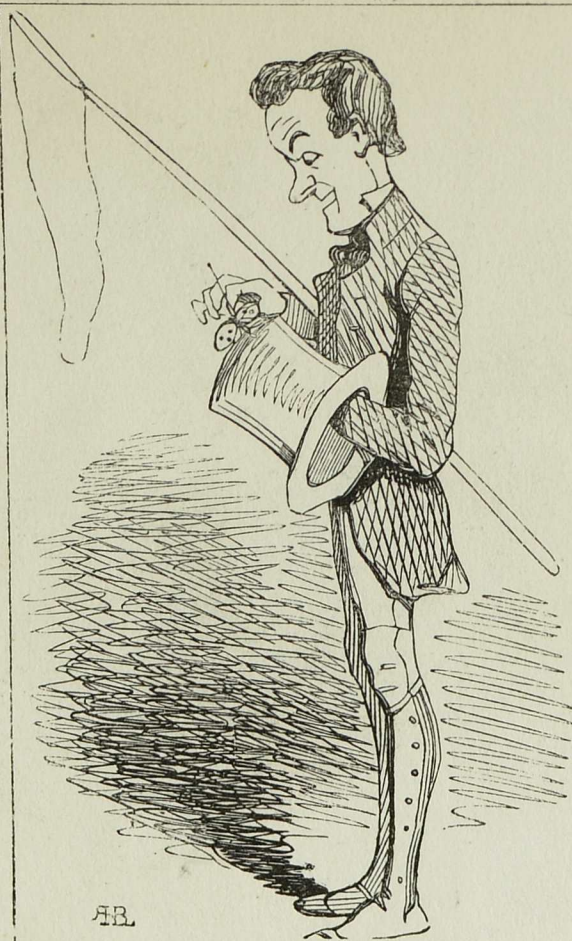
LONDON:

VIZETELLY BROTHERS AND CO. PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS,

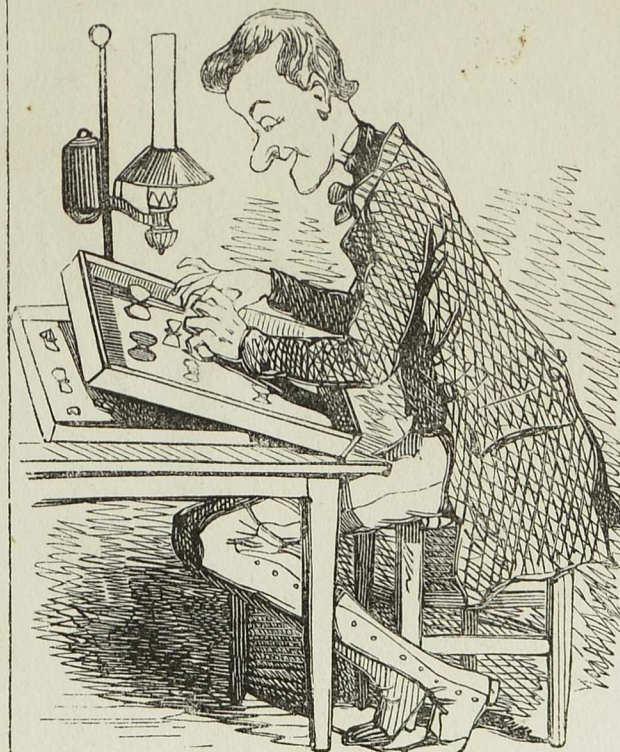
135, FLEET STREET.



Mr. Bachelor Butterfly, aged 35 ; has but one passion, the pursuit of Natural History.



When Bachelor Butterfly has caught a butterfly, he pins it to his hat.



At night he unpins it from his hat, to re-pin it in his collection.



He goes to bed, and dreams, with delight, of vast kingdoms, where there is a boundless collection of butterflies.



Whilst Bachelor Butterfly dreams entomologically, his lovely Dorothy (aged 36) dreams rapturously of her approaching marriage with the cherished of her heart.



Dull is the daylight to Dorothy, for it brings a reality inferior to her dreams.



In fact, Bachelor Butterfly is, after all, more a naturalist than an impassioned lover.



His letters are cold and formal.



The hour for his morning call has already passed, and yet he comes not!



The truth is, Bachelor Butterfly having risen very late, is in no great hurry to dress himself.



Recollecting his morning visit, the necessity of commencing his toilet becomes apparent.



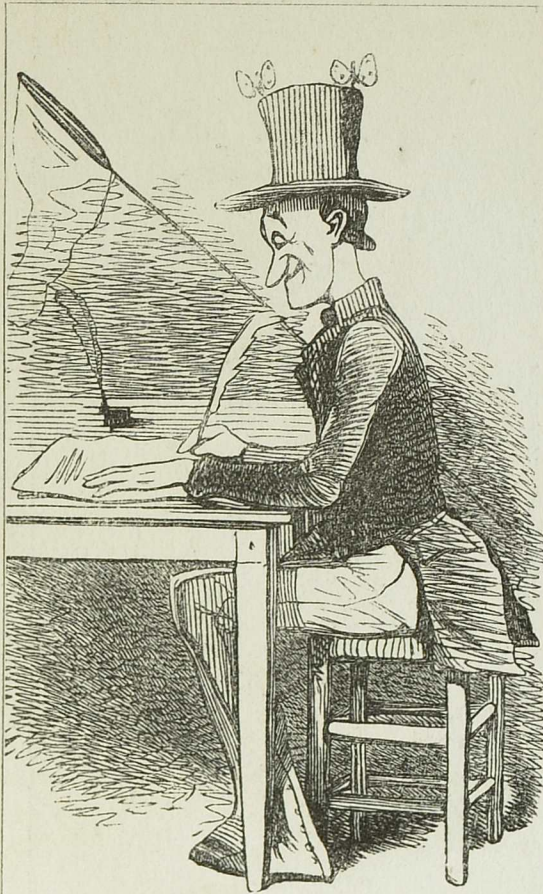
But, first, he asks himself if he is essential to Dorothy's happiness?



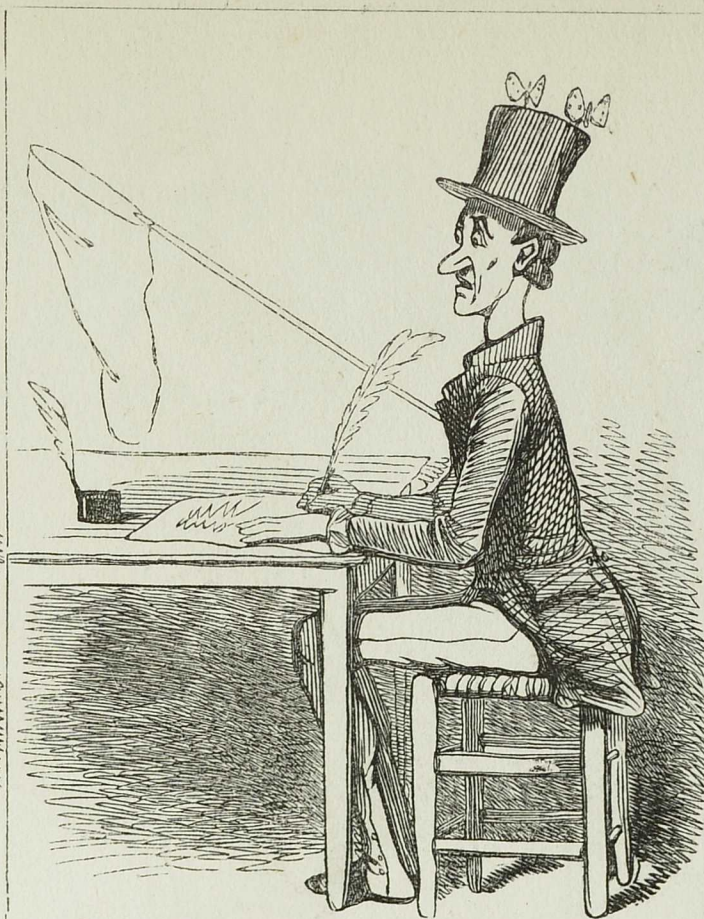
And, secondly, whether Dorothy is essential to his?



Then his mind becomes filled with thoughts of secret flight, of voluntary exile, and exotic butterflies.



'T is enough! Bachelor Butterfly dresses himself, and addresses a farewell letter to Dorothy.



Some one knocks at the door; and Bachelor Butterfly has the imprudence to call out, that he is "not at home."



But Dorothy, not so easily deceived, bursts open the door, and discovers the projects of her lover.



The first moments of explanation are anything but agreeable to Bachelor Butterfly.



Pinned to the wall, like one of his own butterflies, he renounces his project ;



And Dorothy agrees to a promenade, in proof of reconciliation.



On their return, she sings, "We may be happy yet," to dispel the sadness of her lover.



Music having no charms for Bachelor Butterfly's sadness, Dorothy proposes that they shall take tea.



After the third cup, Dorothy, blushing deeply, requests that a day may be fixed. Bachelor Butterfly fixes upon Thursday next, and asks "What for?"



His remark provokes another ebullition.



Dorothy, finding herself alone, rehearses for "Thursday next," and tries the effect of her bridal wreath ;



Whilst Bachelor Butterfly, also alone, equips himself, shuts the door, and resumes his contemplated flight.



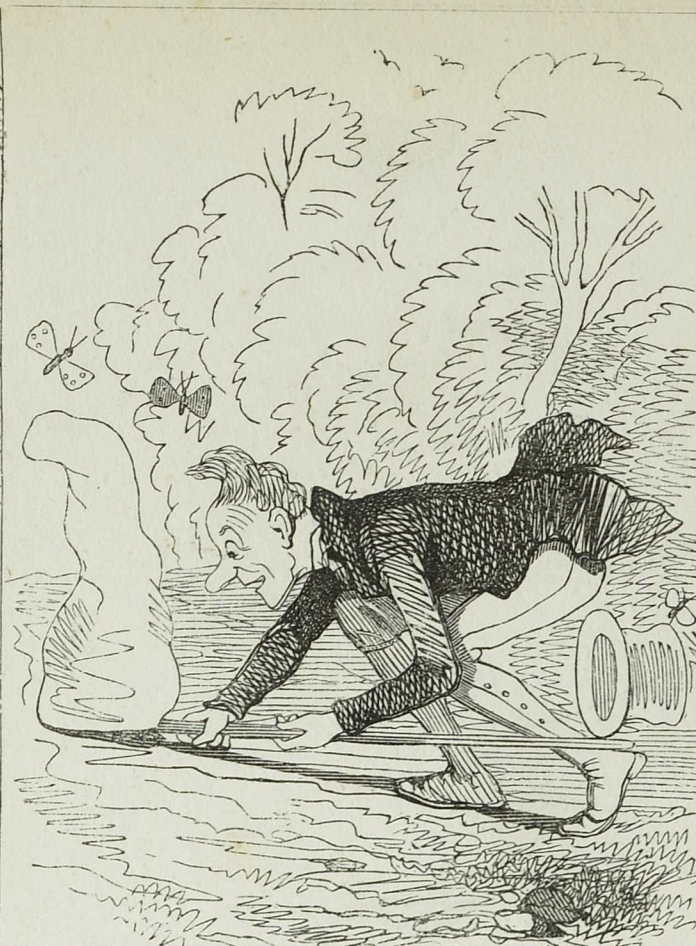
Scarcely out of sight of Dorothy's abode, Bachelor Butterfly experiences an indescribable sense of freedom.



He pursues his flight, and indulges his ruling passion at the same time.



Continuing his researches till darkness overtakes him, he "catches a tartar."



Next day he is more successful.



In the ardour of his pursuit he secures at once two undescribed specimens.



Bachelor Butterfly bids adieu to the "white cliffs of Albion."



Arrived on board, he approaches, with politeness, a lady drowned in grief.



'T is Dorothy! and Bachelor Butterfly remembers the old adage, "Out of the frying pan, into the fire."



Nevertheless, he puts on a bold face—speaks of the ardour of his affections, and the sincerity of his intentions.



In proof of which, Dorothy requires his note of hand, in black and white.



Dorothy, thus far satisfied, becomes more and more affectionate.



She invokes her lover to admire "the brilliant orb of day;" her lover thinks it round as a cheese, and bright as a lantern.



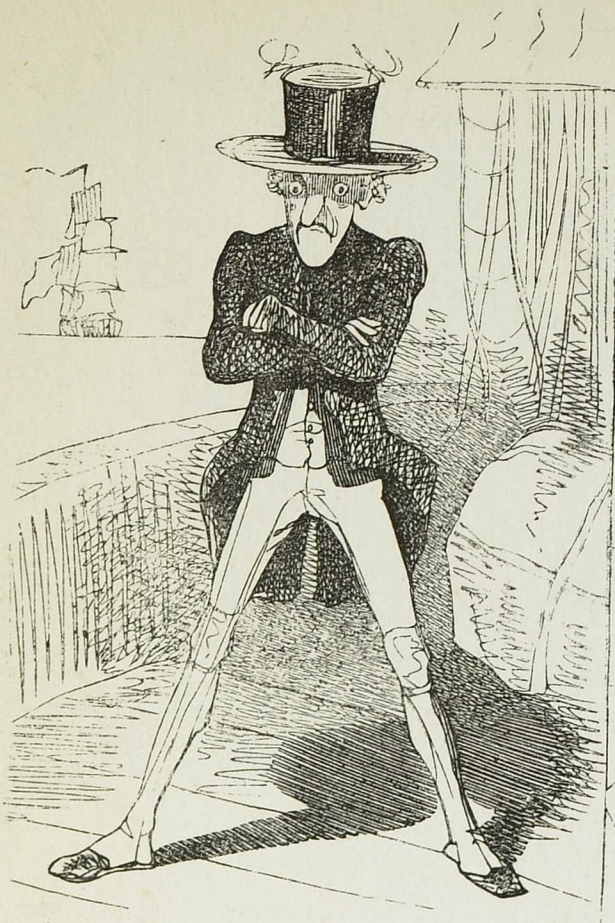
She fancies love as infinite as the ocean; he fancies the ocean as monotonous as love.



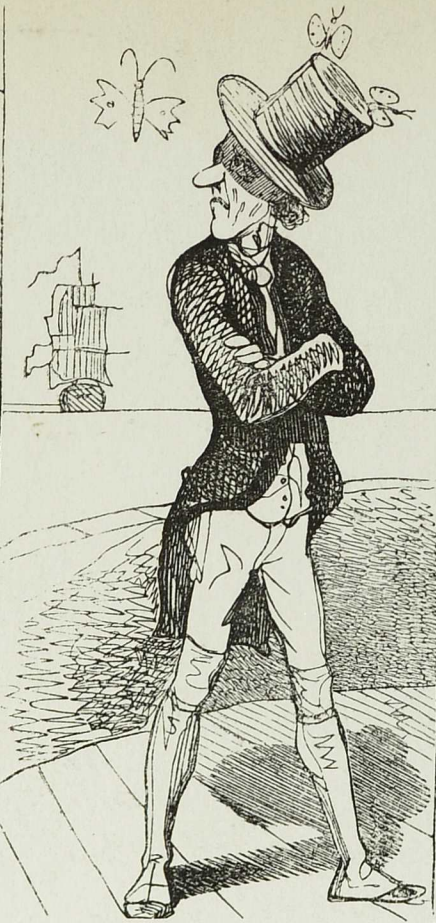
To amuse the chosen of her heart, she proposes they shall play at blind-man's-buff.



While Dorothy is blindfolded, Bachelor Butterfly creeps softly on deck:



Where he reflects upon his unhappy situation;



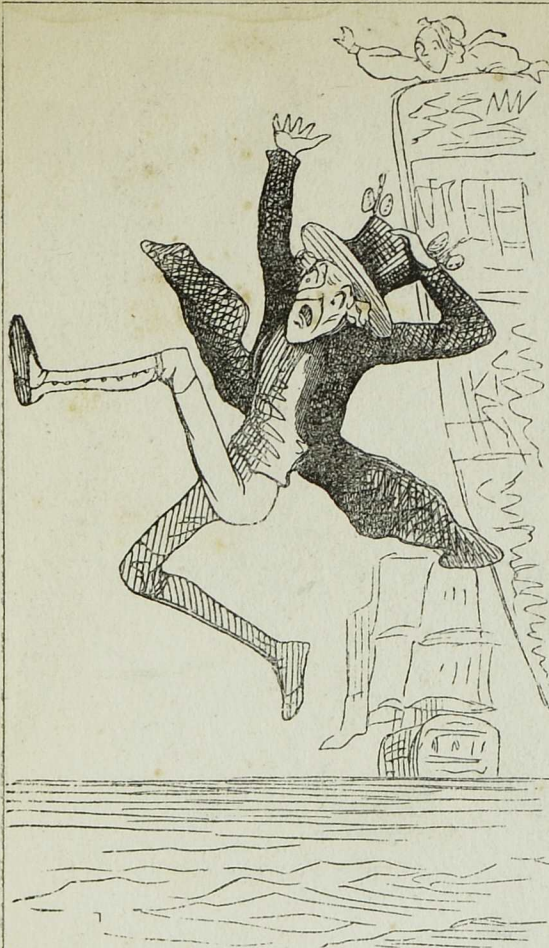
And disdains the advances of a superb "*sphynx*."



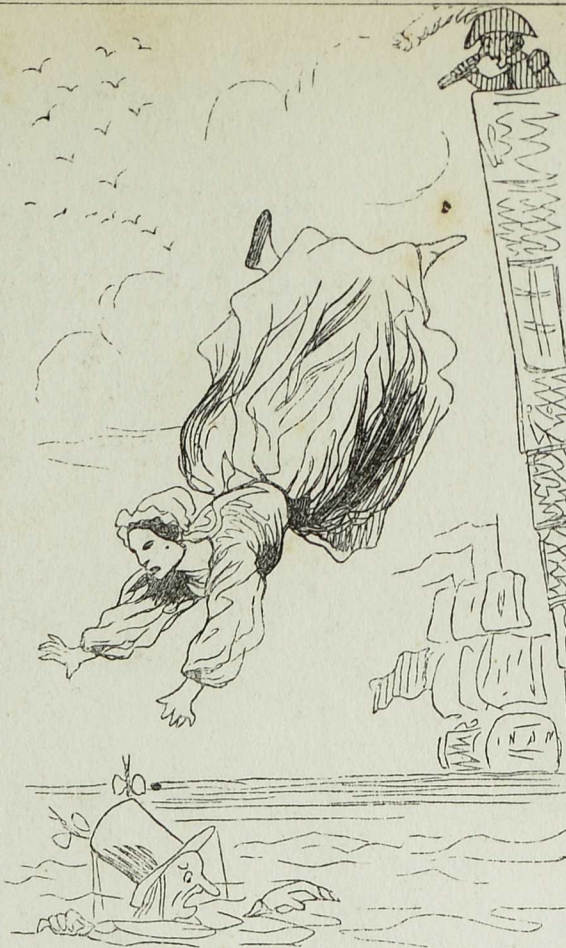
Ponders over his blighted hopes.



Having vainly searched for her lover, Dorothy withdraws the bandage, and finding herself alone, she rushes upon deck.



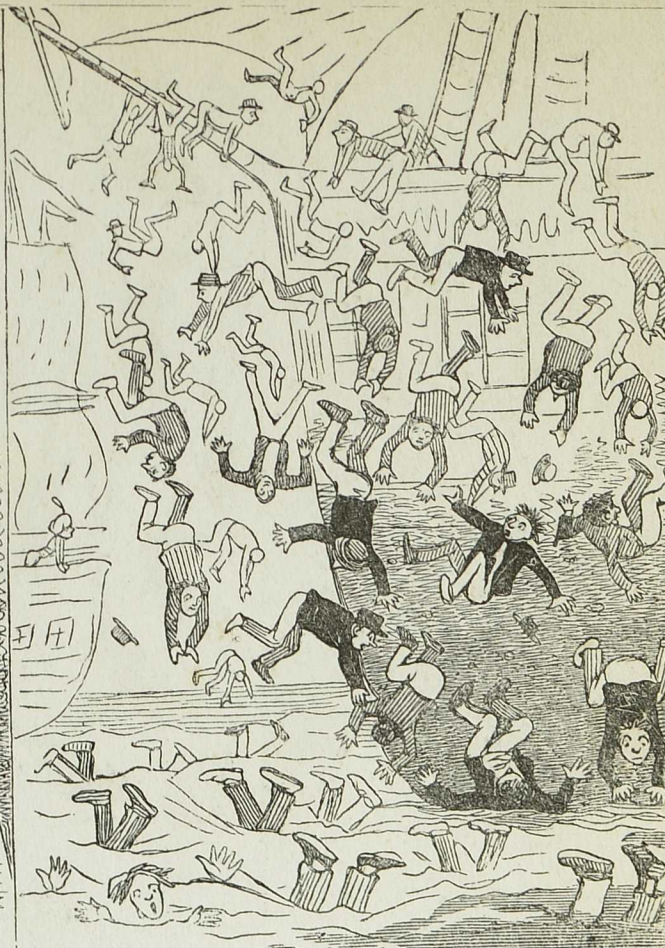
Bachelor Butterfly, perceiving that he is no longer alone, jumps into the sea.



Dorothy follows the example of the chosen of her heart.



The Captain jumps to save Dorothy.



The Crew jump to save their Captain.



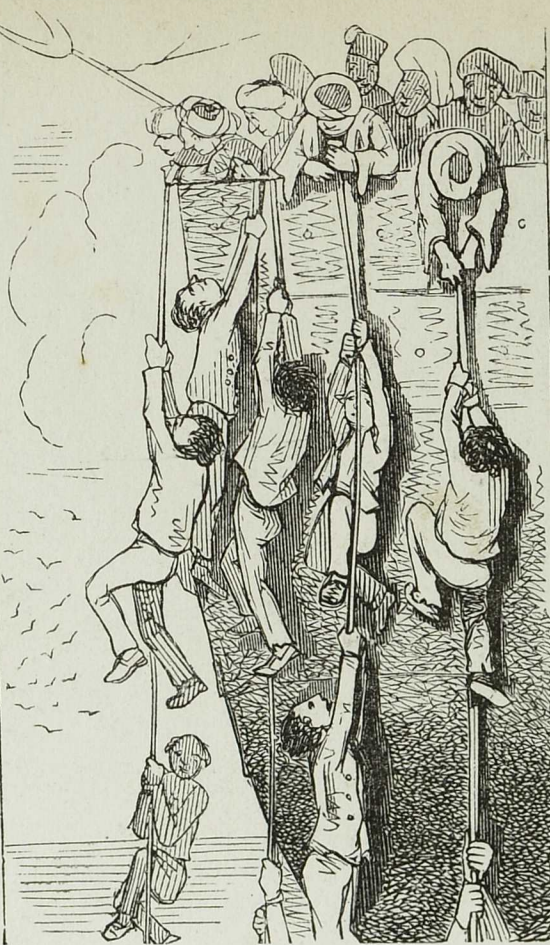
The Live Stock jump after the Crew.



And the very Rats jump in the spirit of imitation.



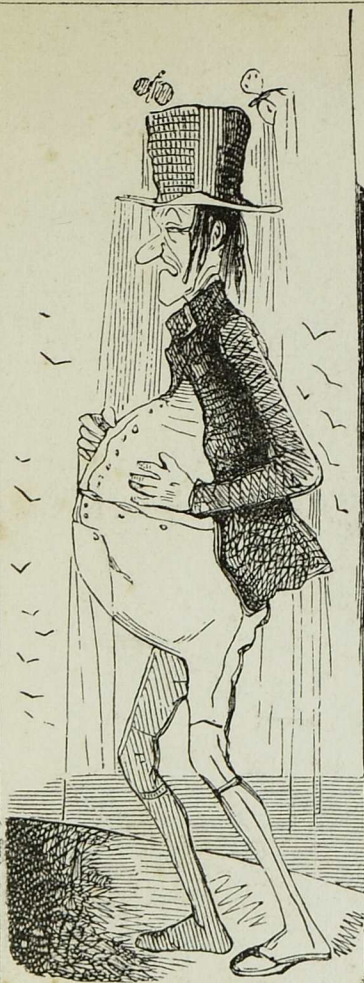
An Algerine corsair, having crowded all sail, takes possession of the deserted bark.



The Algerines, once masters of the vessel, hasten to fish up the Crew, with an eye to their ransom.



Seeing that Dorothy is hooked, Bachelor Butterfly has no inclination to be caught.



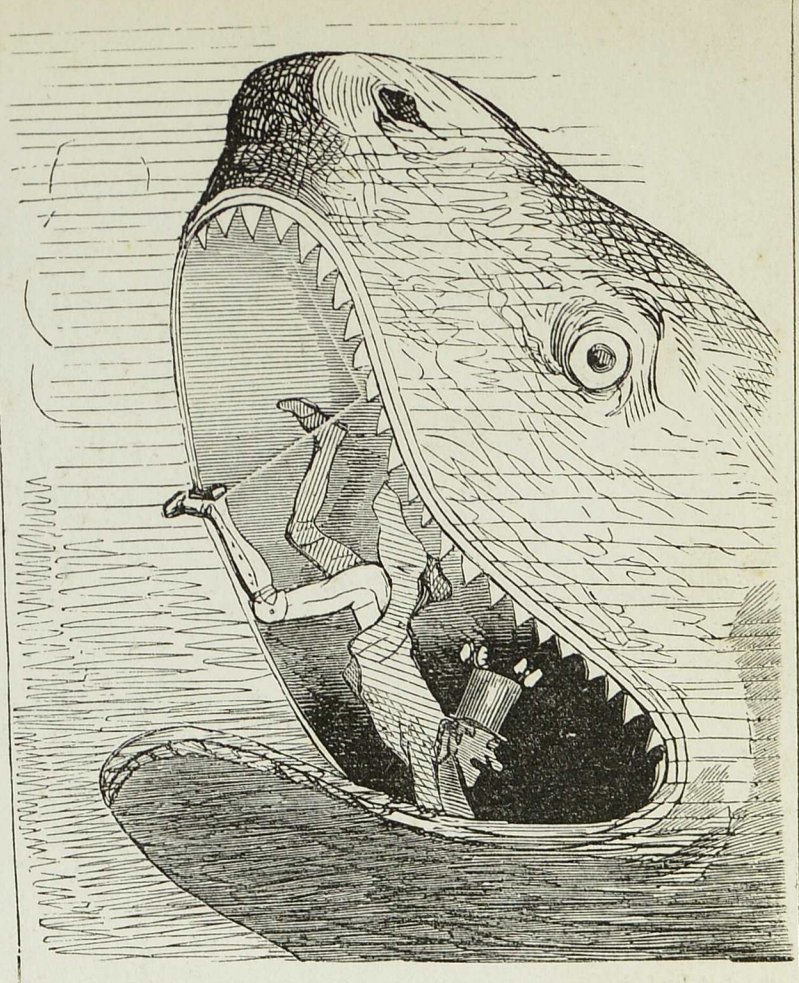
After swallowing a hogs-head of salt water, he reaches an island.



Unfortunately the island, which is very slippery, experiences a sudden shock;



Then it replunges in an opposite direction;



And at one gulp swallows Bachelor Butterfly.



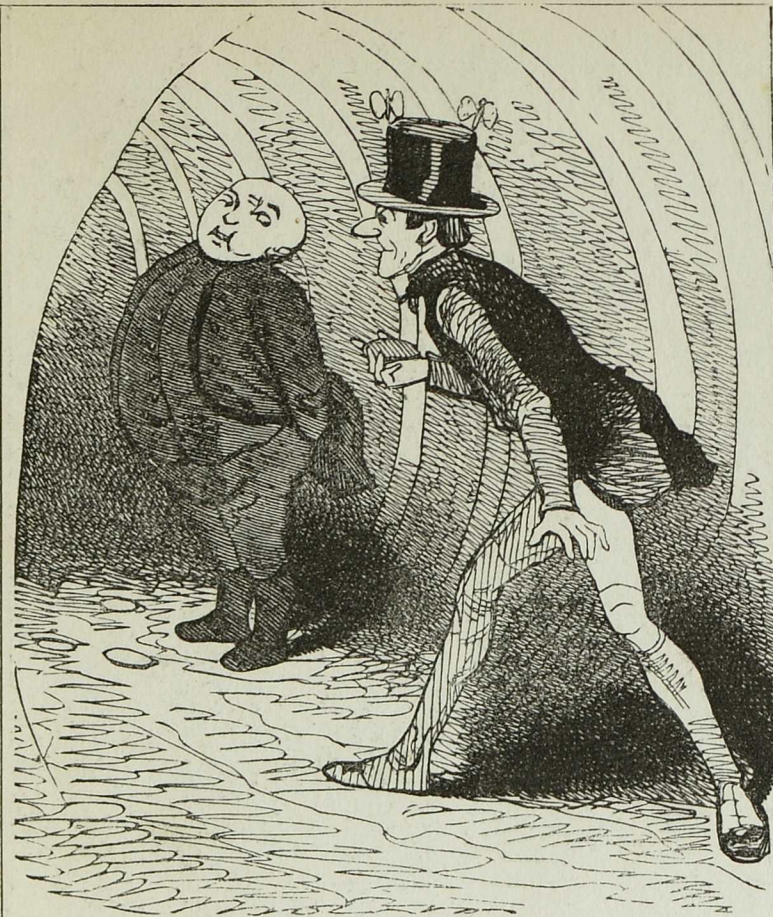
Bachelor Butterfly is slightly astonished at this new freak of fortune.



After firmly establishing himself on one of the ribs of the Whale, he is agreeably surprised to find a "Gentleman in Black" fishing by his side.



Each relates his adventures,—and the "Gentleman in Black" explains, that having been domiciled there for three months, he angles daily for his wig.



Between the libations of the Whale, Bachelor Butterfly and the "Gentleman in Black," play at quoits with oyster-shells.



But when the "Leviathan of the Deep" quenches his thirst, they quickly regain their respective places.



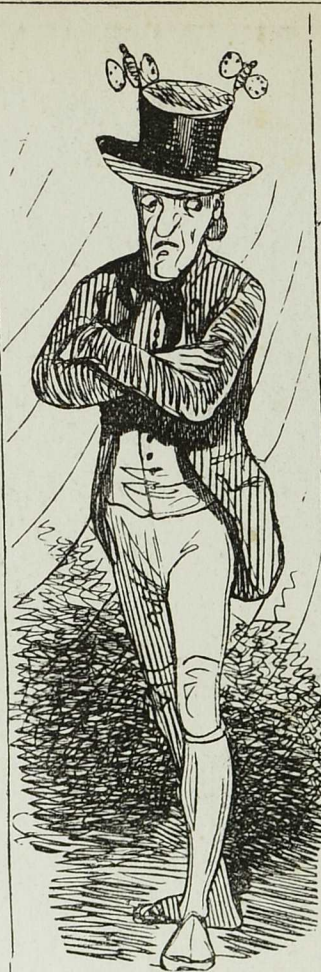
One fine morning, their party is suddenly increased by two Priests from Maynooth, a Musician, and a "Beauty from Cork."



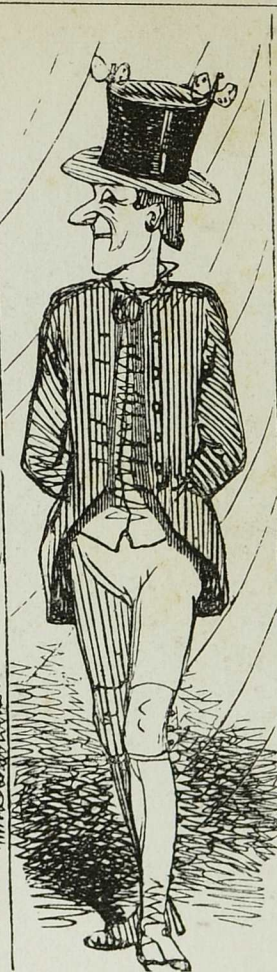
This addition to the party renders their retirement much more agreeable; for while the Priests of Maynooth undertake the conversion of the "Gentleman in Black," Bachelor Butterfly takes to the Beauty from Cork, and the Musician to playing his fiddle.



Night coming on, Bachelor Butterfly proposes to the Beauty from Cork that she shall share his perch.



Next morning Bachelor Butterfly asks himself, whether his engagement with Dorothy is valid?



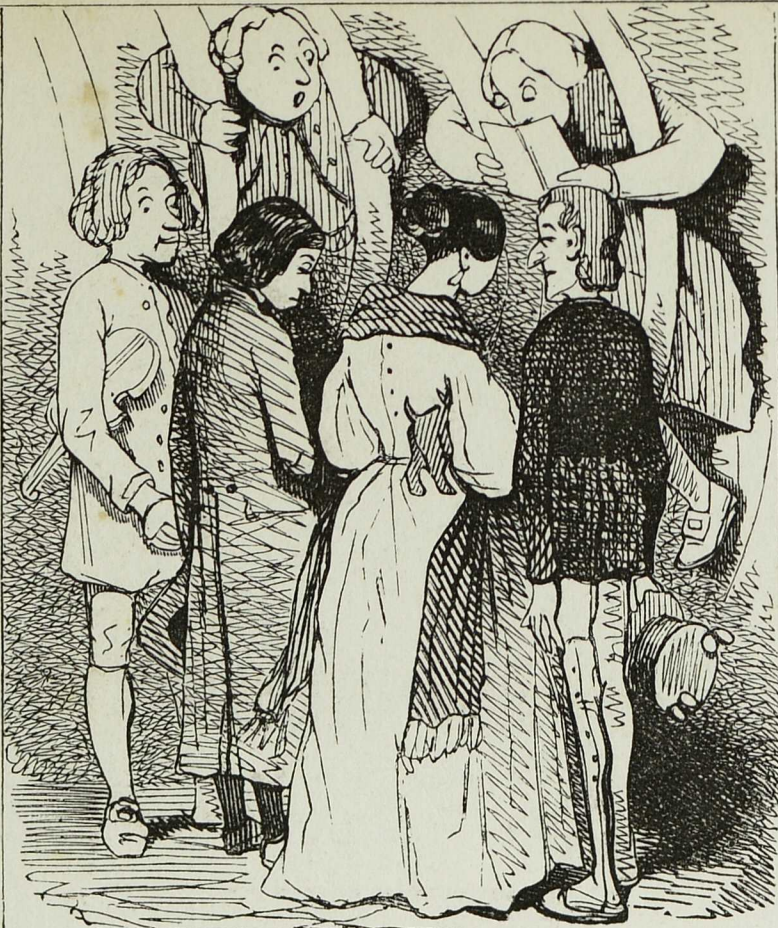
And, moreover, if it is at all probable, he shall ever see her again.



He then considers the improbability of her escape from the Algerines?



And, having made up his mind, Bachelor Butterfly begs one of the Maynooth Priests to unite him to the chosen of his heart.



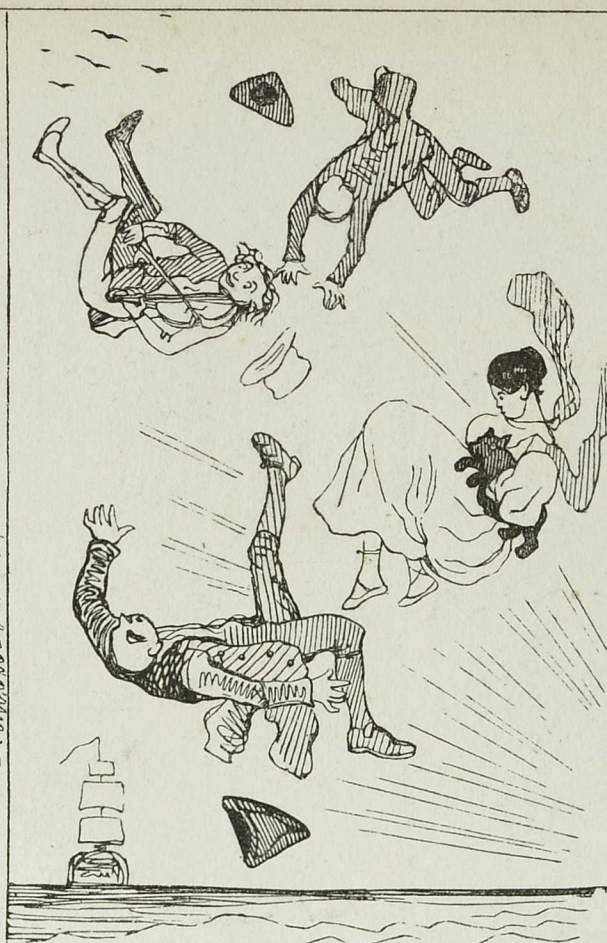
That very day, at a quarter before twelve o'clock, Bachelor Butterfly espouses the Beauty from Cork, in the presence of the united population.



At the conclusion of the ceremony, Bachelor Butterfly invites the public to a superb *Déjeûner*, and opens the *Grand Bal de Noces*, by dancing, with his Bride, a Polka, à la *Cracovienne*.



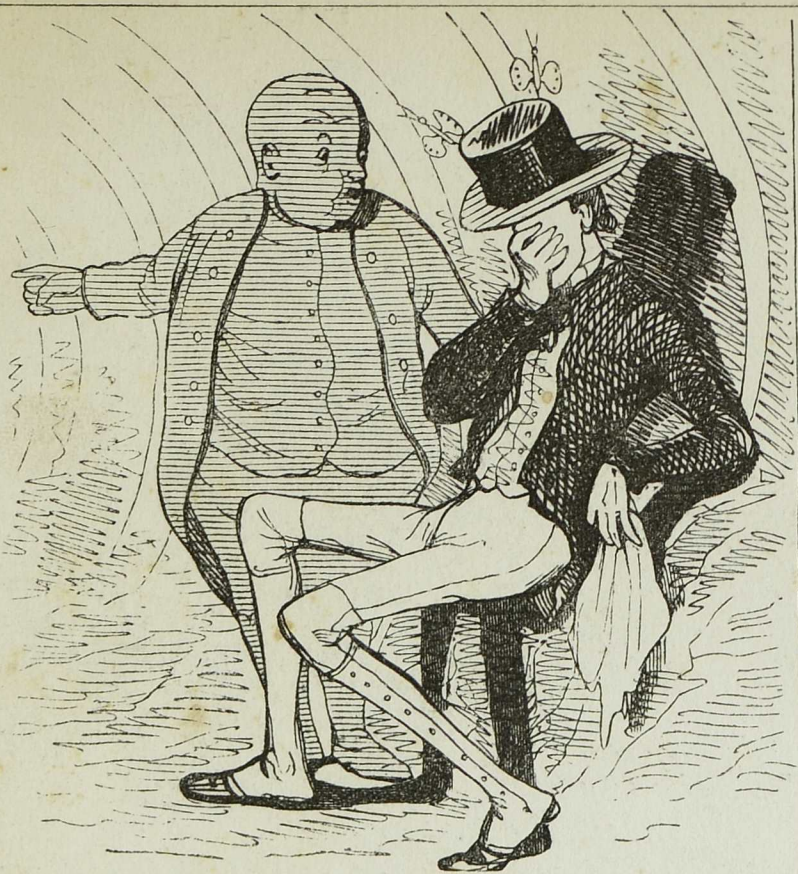
Unfortunately, these boisterous rejoicings disturb the internal economy of the Whale;



Who, seized by a sudden fit of coughing, ejects, without notice, two-thirds of his tenants.



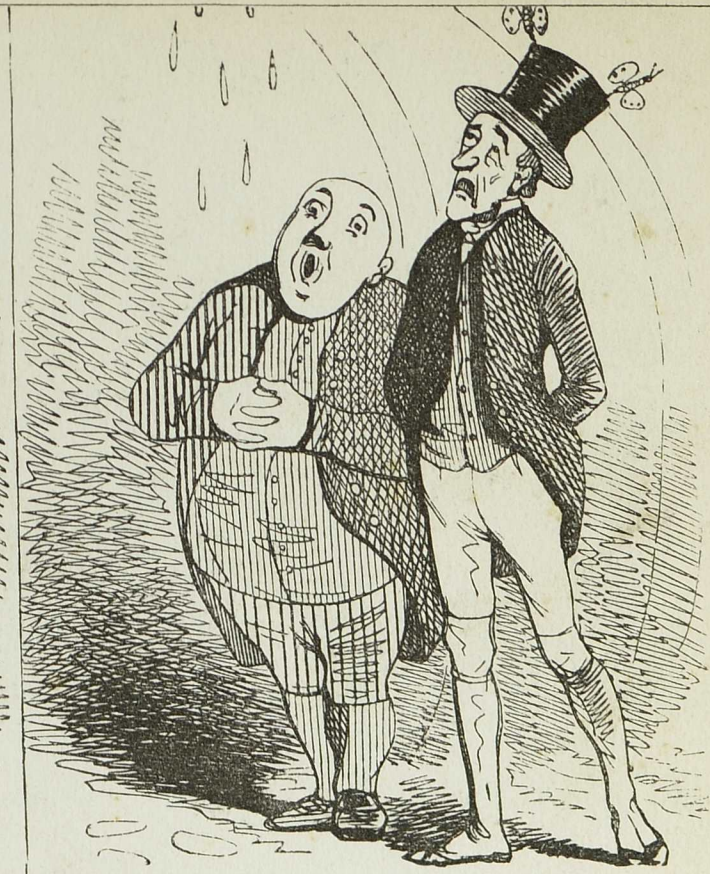
Fortunately, the Maynooth Priests, the Musician, and the newly-made Bride, are picked up by a Boat's Crew.



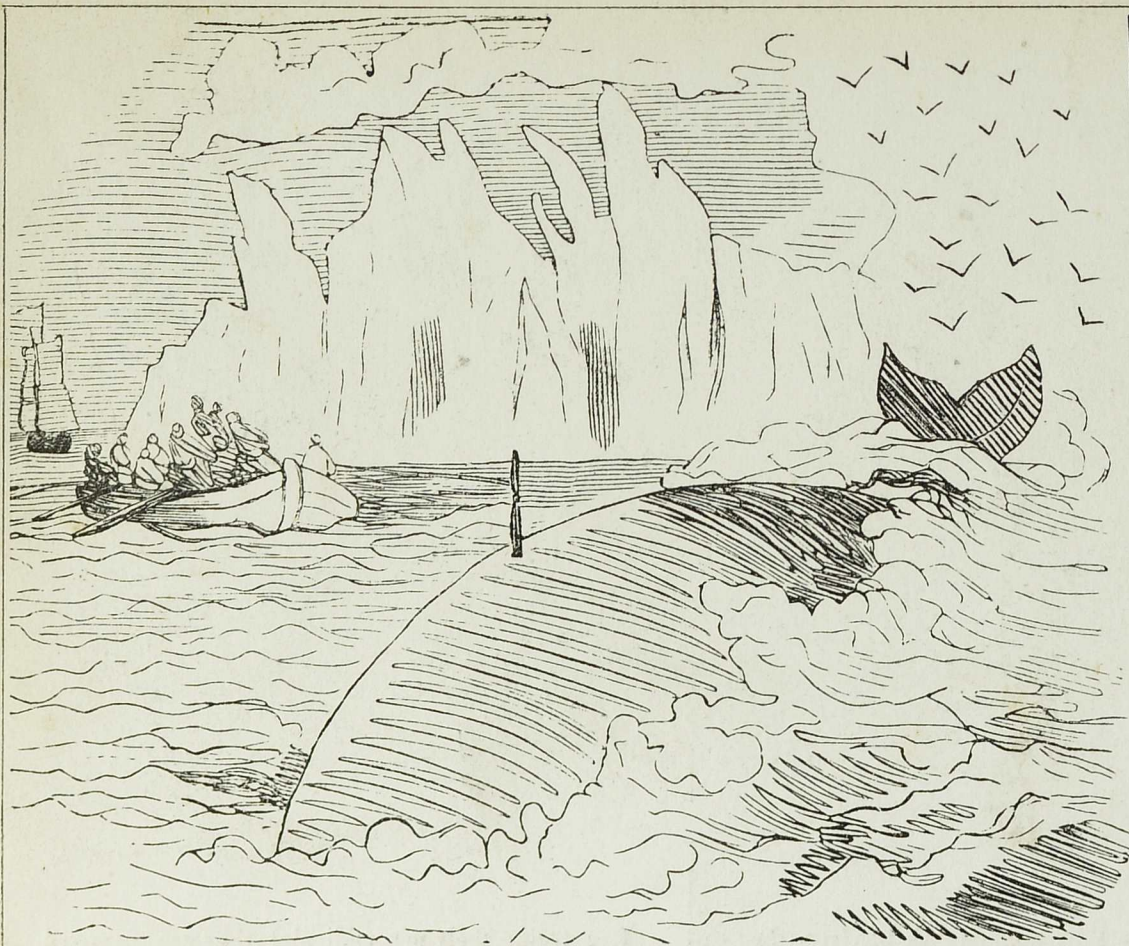
Butterfly, a Bachelor no longer, but a Benedict, is disconsolate at the sudden departure of his Bride. To sooth his grief, the "Gentleman in Black" proposes a game at quits.



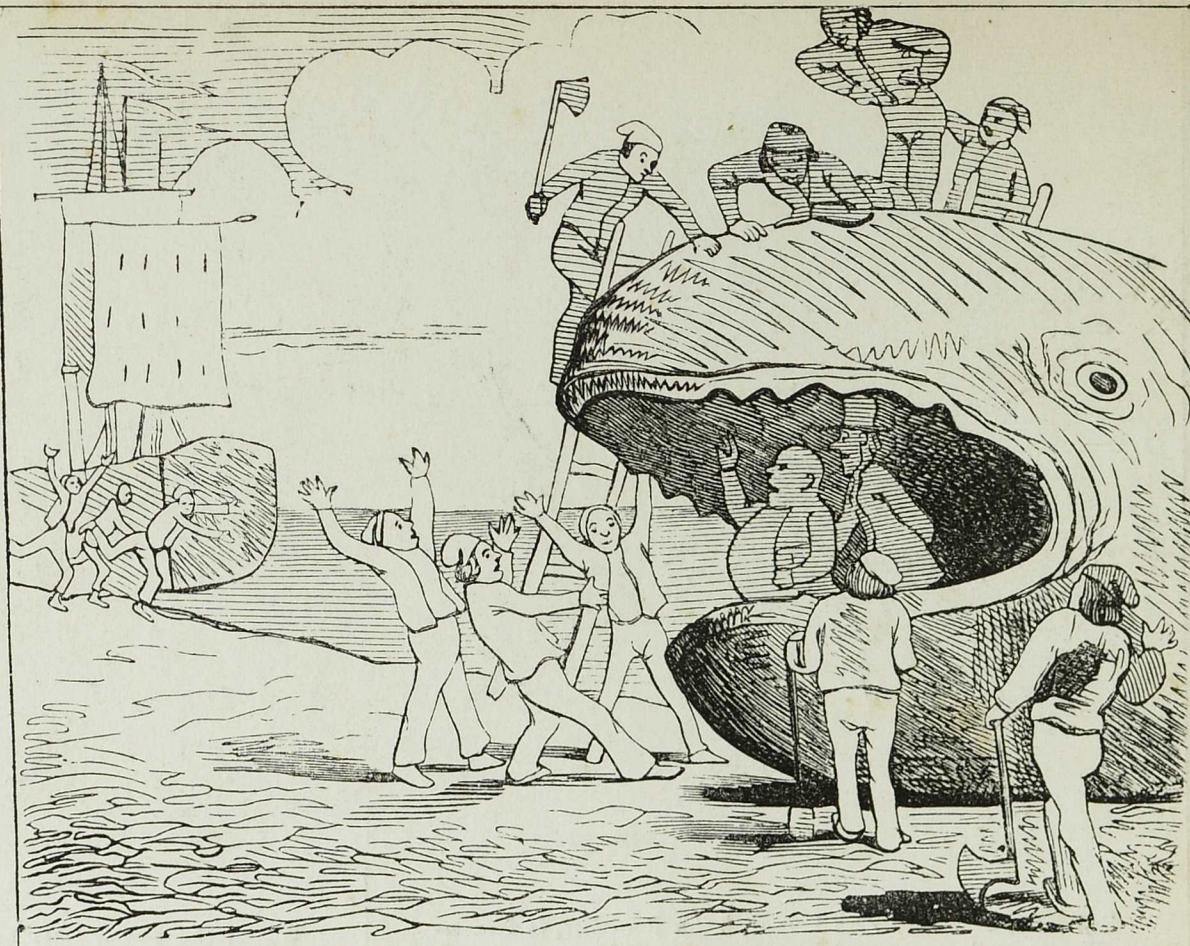
Whilst the two friends are thus amusing themselves, the Whale is seized with certain spasmodic contractions, which completely floor them.



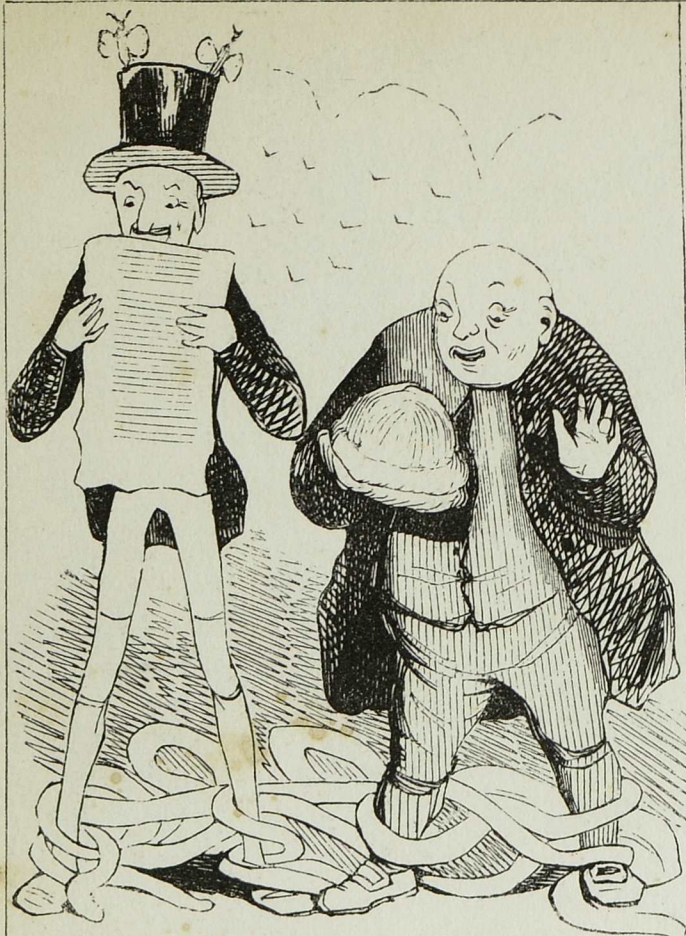
Recovering their perpendicular, they are surprised to observe drops of blood falling from the ceiling.



Without, the Whalers pull both strong and steadily ;



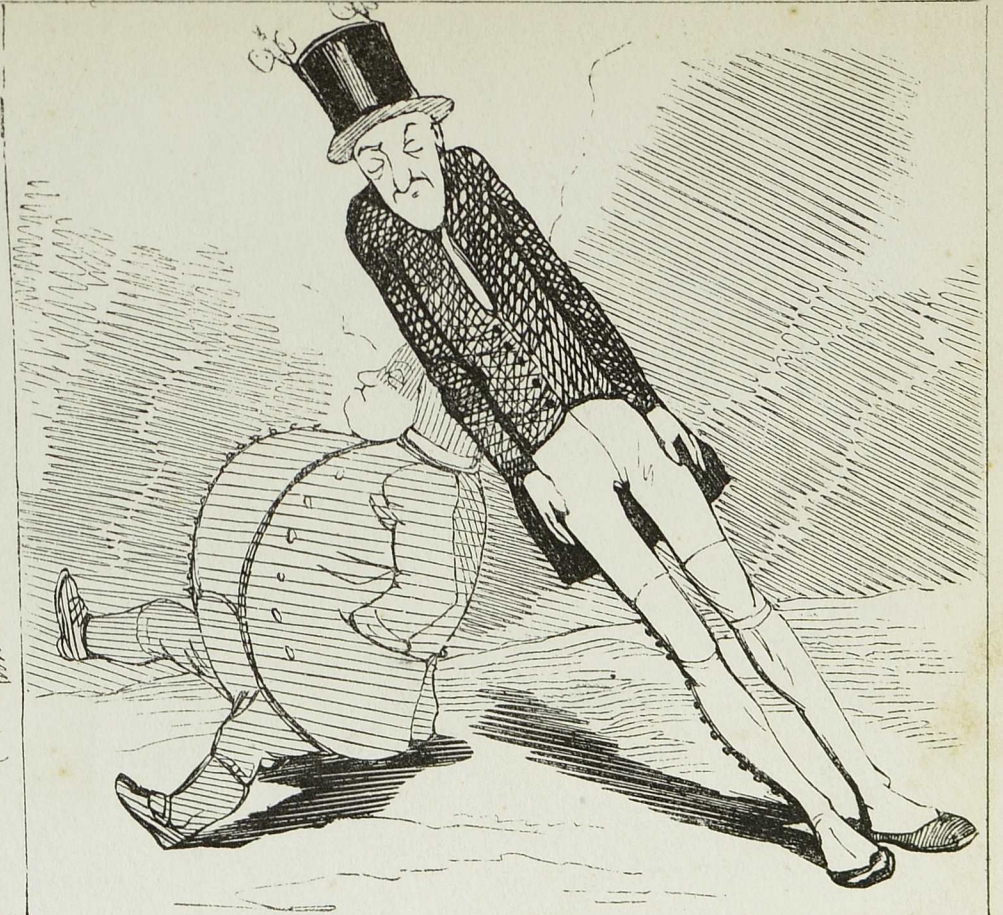
And, having landed the Whale, are surprised at beholding two respectable individuals disembark.



The "Gentleman in Black" has the satisfaction of finding his wig; while Benedict Butterfly recovers the counterpart of the "promissory note" he gave to Dorothy.



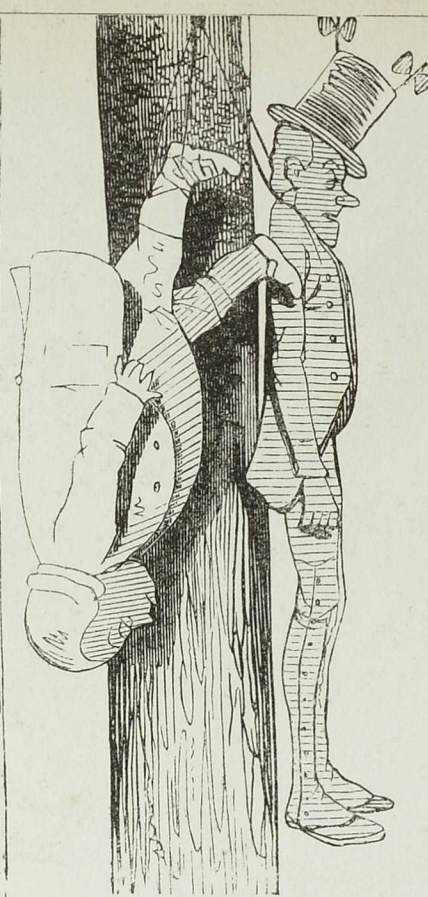
Having landed in the Polar Regions, they suffer much from the intense cold;



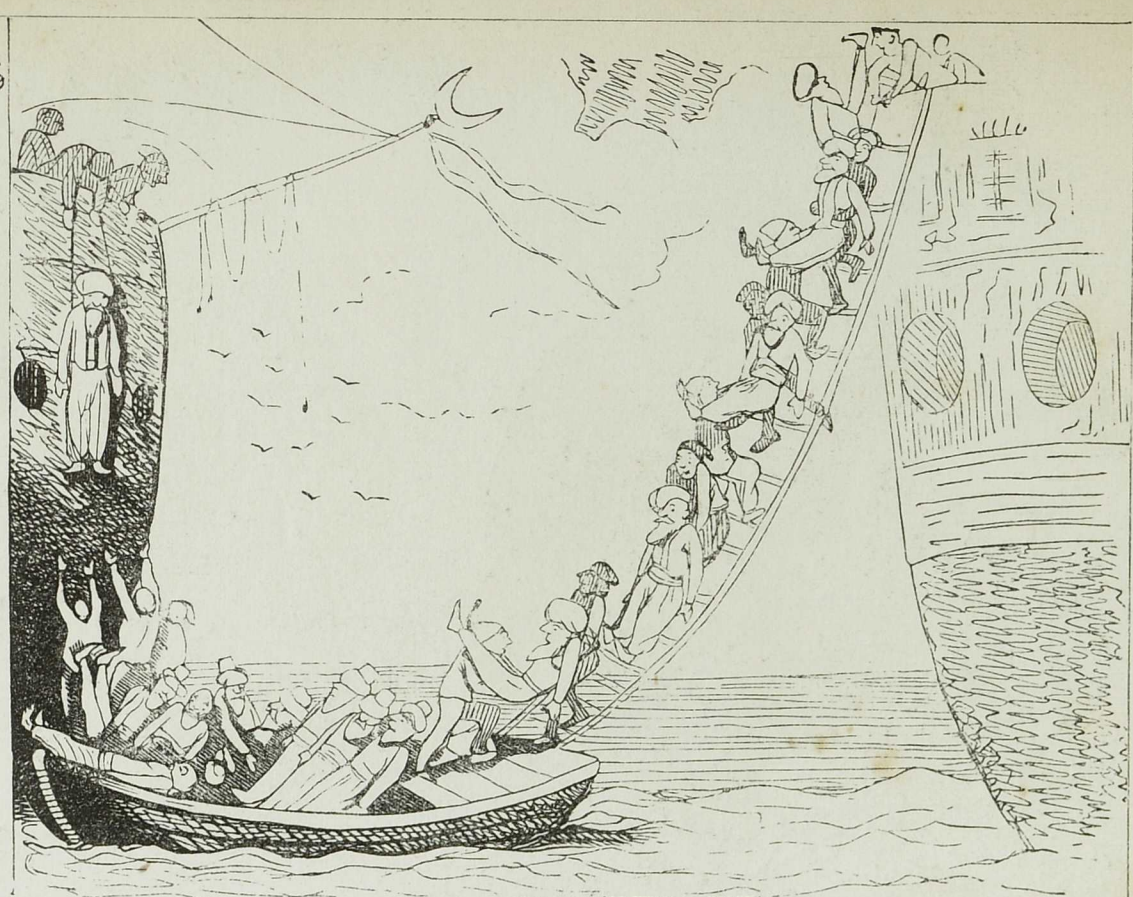
And become frozen while taking exercise.



The Whale-fishers, having obtained a cargo, ship Benedict Butterfly and his friend for Norway.



Head to foot they are suspended to the mizen-mast.



Meantime a tempest having driven the Algerine vessel into the Arctic Ocean, the Whalers take possession of her, and likewise of the frozen Crew, whom they *calculate* upon selling for slaves, in America.



Among the victims, the Whalers are surprised to find a woman, whom they conclude to be a Christian.



The Unbelieving Crew are cast into the hold;



While Dorothy and the Captain are elevated to the mizen.



But, some days afterwards, a sailor having imprudently lit his pipe beneath the mast, the beard of the Algerine Captain catches fire, and Dorothy and Butterfly have each an eye unfrozen.



The thaw continues; and Dorothy jumps down upon deck, but Butterfly too fully appreciates the advantages of *frigidity*.



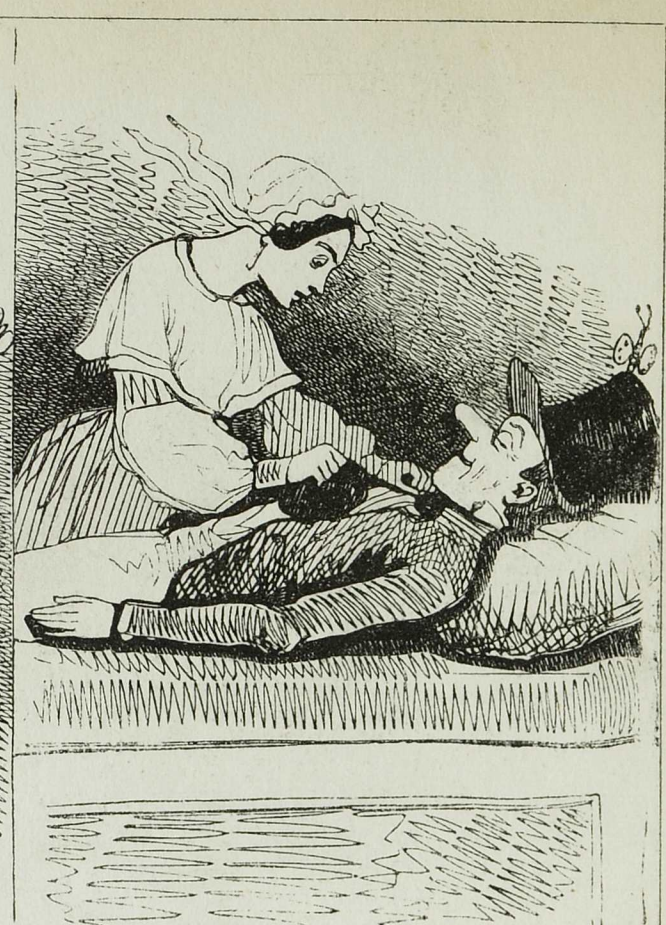
Dorothy releases her beloved, but Butterfly is too cold to appreciate her kindness.



Dorothy despairs of ever reanimating the chosen of her heart.



Nevertheless, she tries the effect of "warm with," but Butterfly (much as he longs for it) will not be caught.



She then essays "cold without," but the sponging is equally ineffectual.



Next she administers a thorough roasting;—even this avails not.



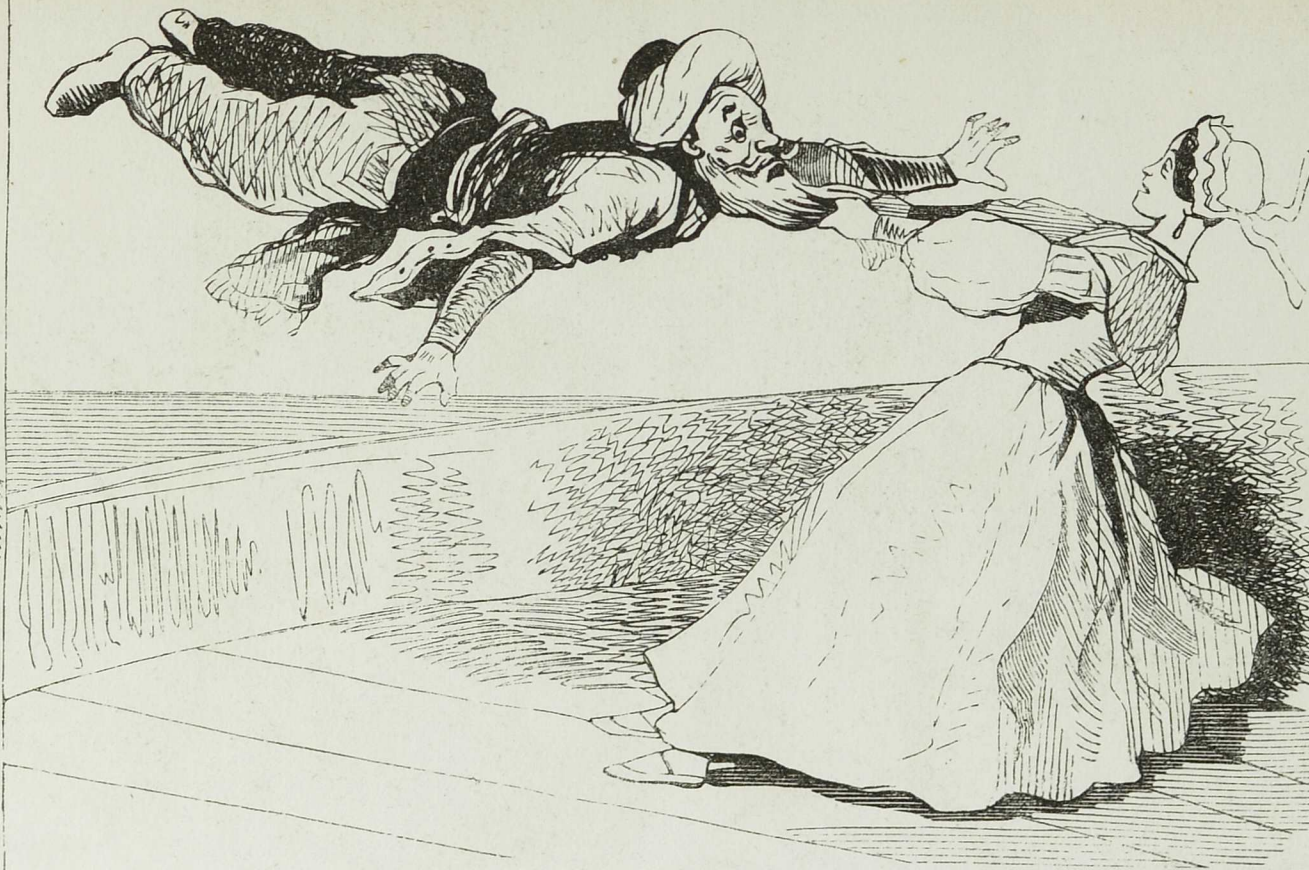
Meanwhile, in latitude 54, the heat begins to penetrate into the hold, and the Algerines gradually thaw.



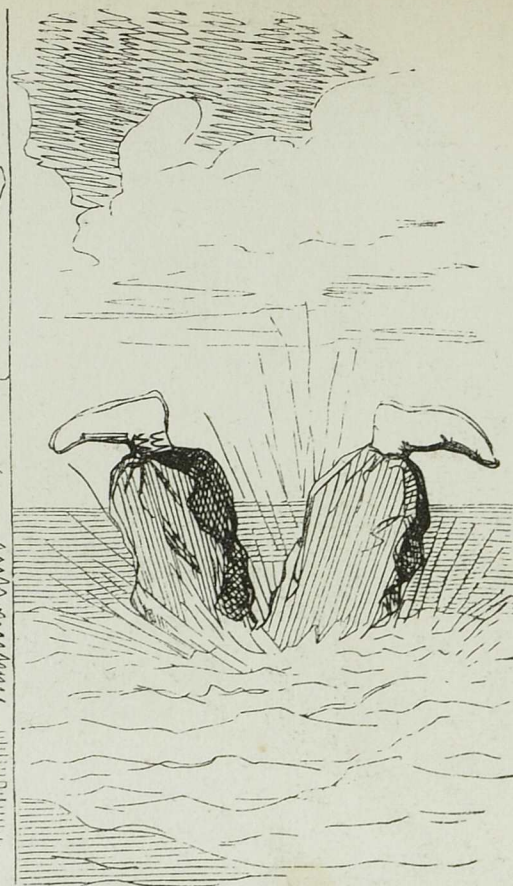
The icy fetters of their blood unbound, the Pirates draw the Yataghan, rush upon deck, and massacre the whaler's crew.



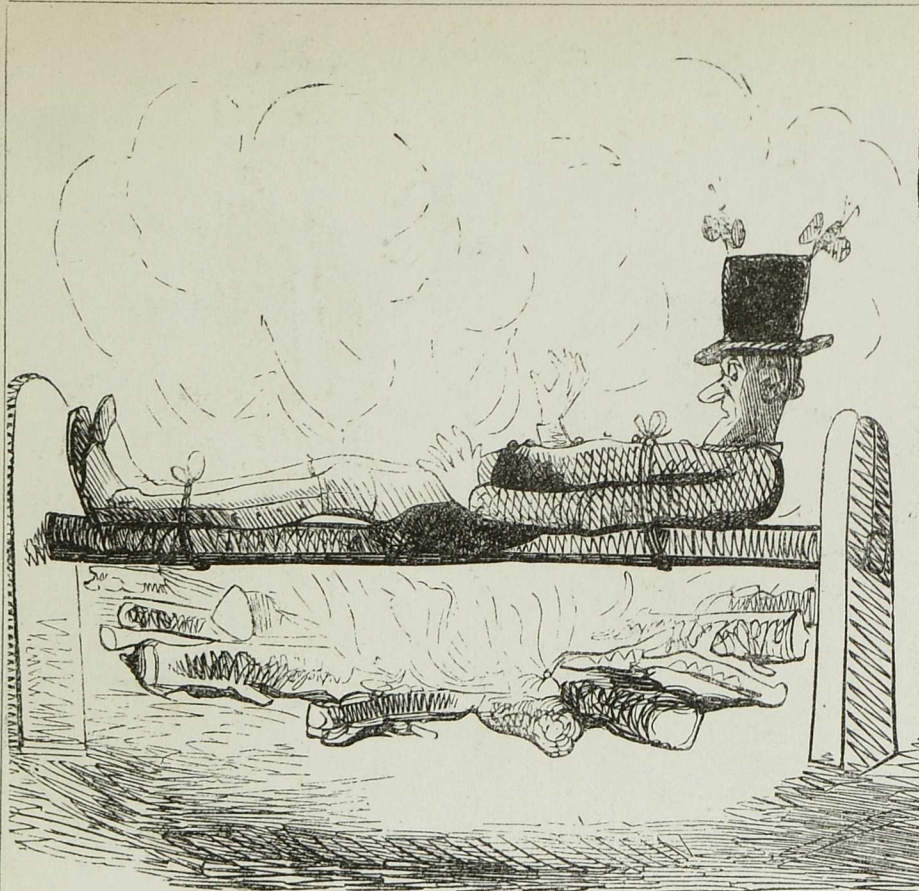
Dorothy, alarmed at the tumult, seeks a place of concealment, but is captured by "a terrible Turk."



She disengages herself, and seizing him by the beard, treats him to a circumgyration.



Watching a favourable moment, she leaves go her hold.



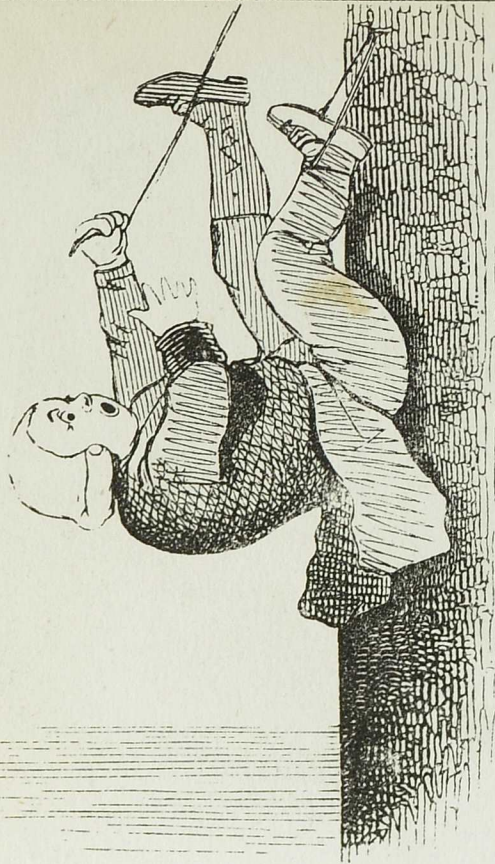
Meanwhile the roasting continues; and Butterfly, finding his quarters too hot for him, cries, "Hold, enough!"



Dorothy rushes to assist the chosen of her heart, and saves both their lives by assuring the Algerines, that Butterfly is merely a Christian dog whom she had spitted.



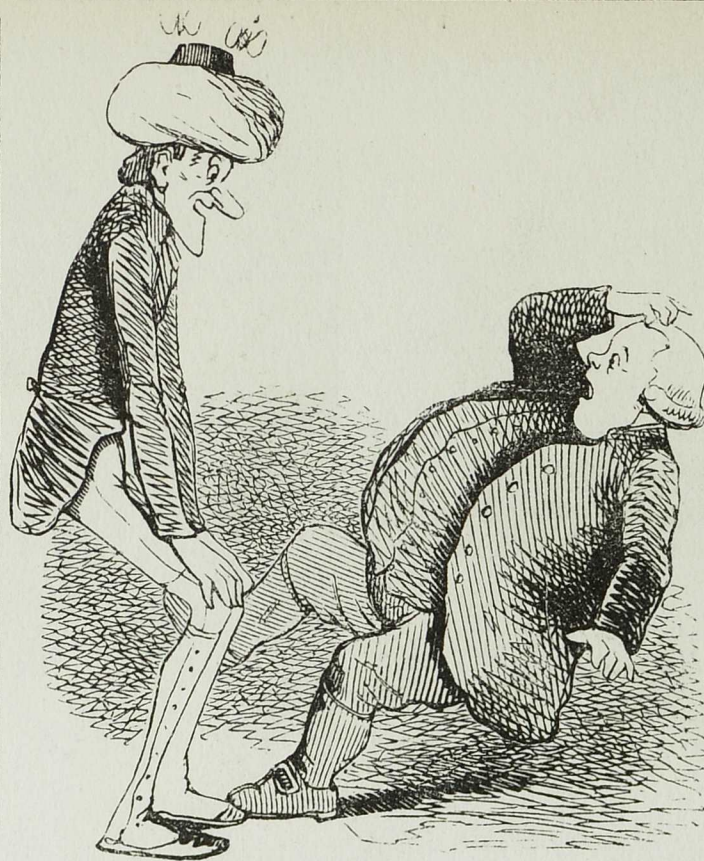
And Butterfly's life is spared, upon condition that henceforth he sports the turban.



The Gentleman in Black, who turns out to be no less a person than an M.D., is also at last released from his icy fetters.



But is somewhat puzzled to find himself in company with Turks instead of Whalers:



And still more so, that one of these Turks should be as like his friend Butterfly as "two peas in a pod."



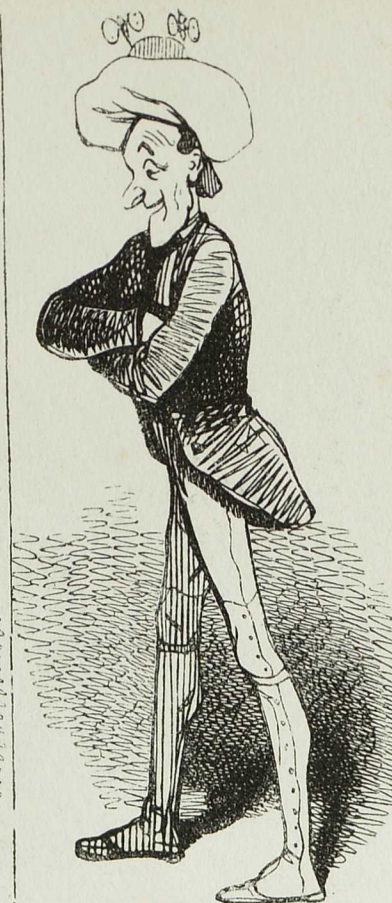
But all is rapidly explained upon melodramatic principles, and the Doctor assumes the turban to ensure his head.



Meanwhile Dorothy, for her greater security, insists upon the chosen of her heart signing a new promise of marriage in presence of the Doctor.



But Butterfly, remembering his engagement with the Beauty from Cork, is in somewhat of a dilemma.



He consoles himself, however, on the probability of their eternal separation.



This business, brought to a happy termination, is wound up with a dinner, at which our Doctor plays the amiable to perfection.



And Dorothy, to increase still more the ardour of her affianced, coquettishly accepts the delicate attentions of the Doctor.



She favours him by waltzing.



She presents to him a rose.



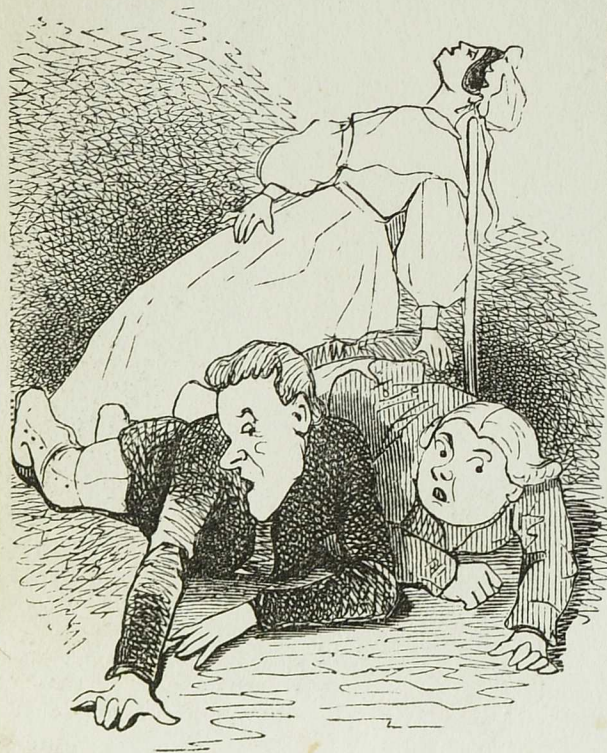
Butterfly, observing this, takes the Doctor aside, and advises him *to propose* at once.



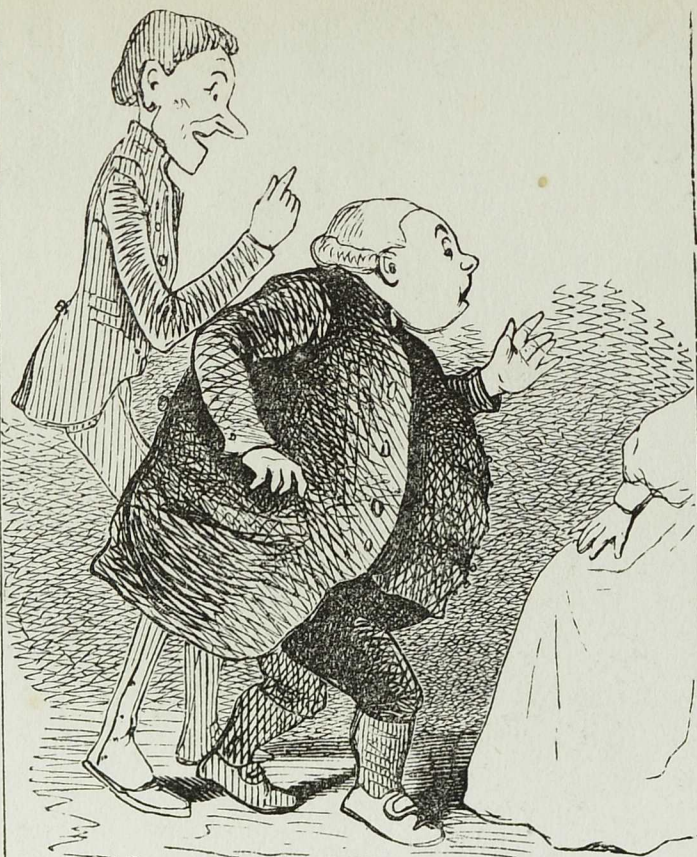
The Doctor summons up courage to make the attempt: Dorothy receives his advances with a paroxysm of rage and contempt.



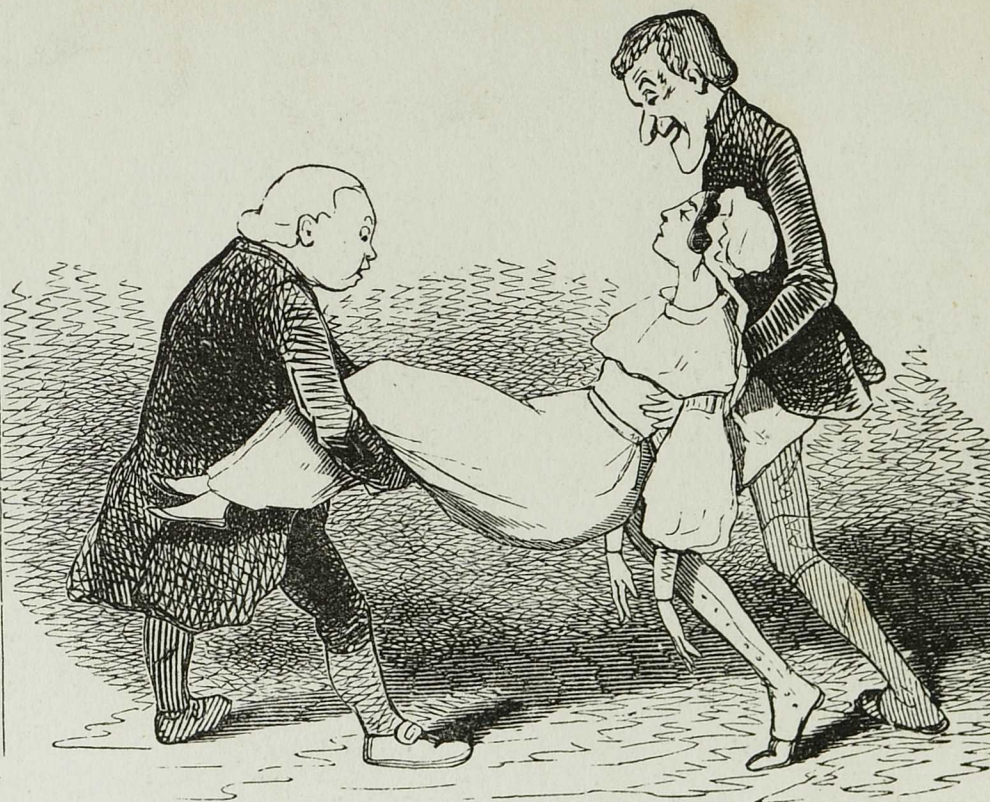
And a terrible explosion ensues, to the Doctor's no small astonishment.



At length, Dorothy's passion exhausts itself, and she falls into a chair. Butterfly and the Doctor hesitate to raise themselves;



But, finding everything quiet, they get up, and are astonished to find Dorothy in a swoon.



Butterfly feels convinced that she must be dead, and, assisted by the Doctor, raises the body to cast it to the fishes.



But Dorothy sneezing suddenly, Butterfly lets go his hold, and takes to his heels.



This effects the restoration of Dorothy, who is firmly clasped by the Doctor.



She tugs, scratches, and thumps the poor Doctor, much to his surprise.



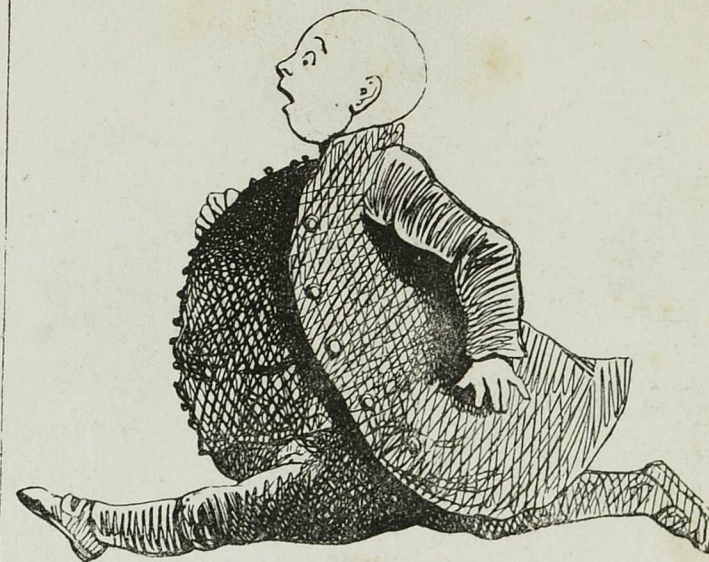
At last, having disengaged herself, the Doctor has the worst of it.



Meanwhile Butterfly has nine times made the tour of the vessel, without a chance of escape.



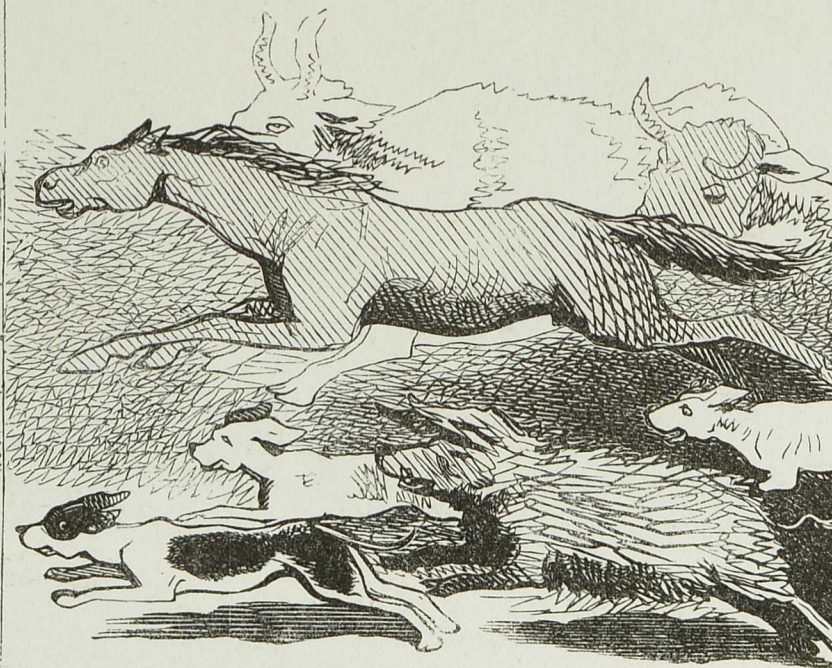
Dorothy rushes upon deck, and flies eagerly after him.



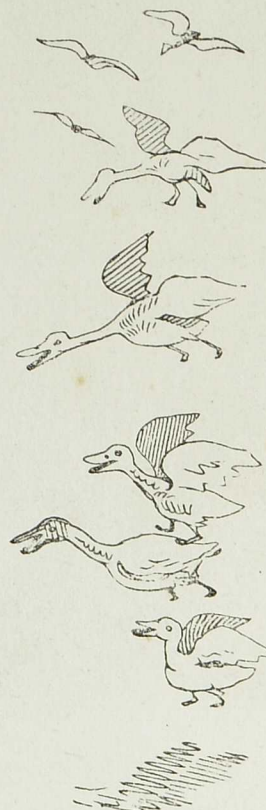
Seeing which, the Doctor, without knowing why or wherefore, pursues them both.



The Algerines follow the Doctor.



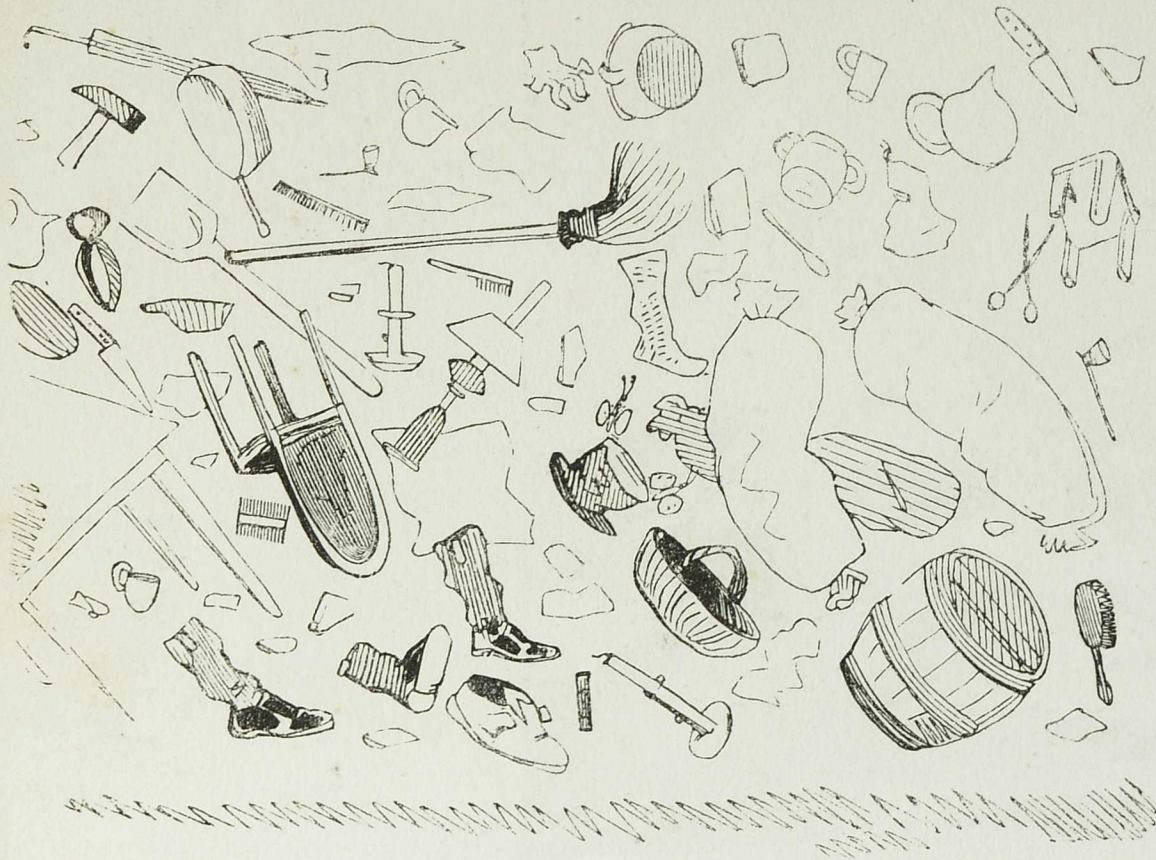
The Live Stock run after the Algerines.



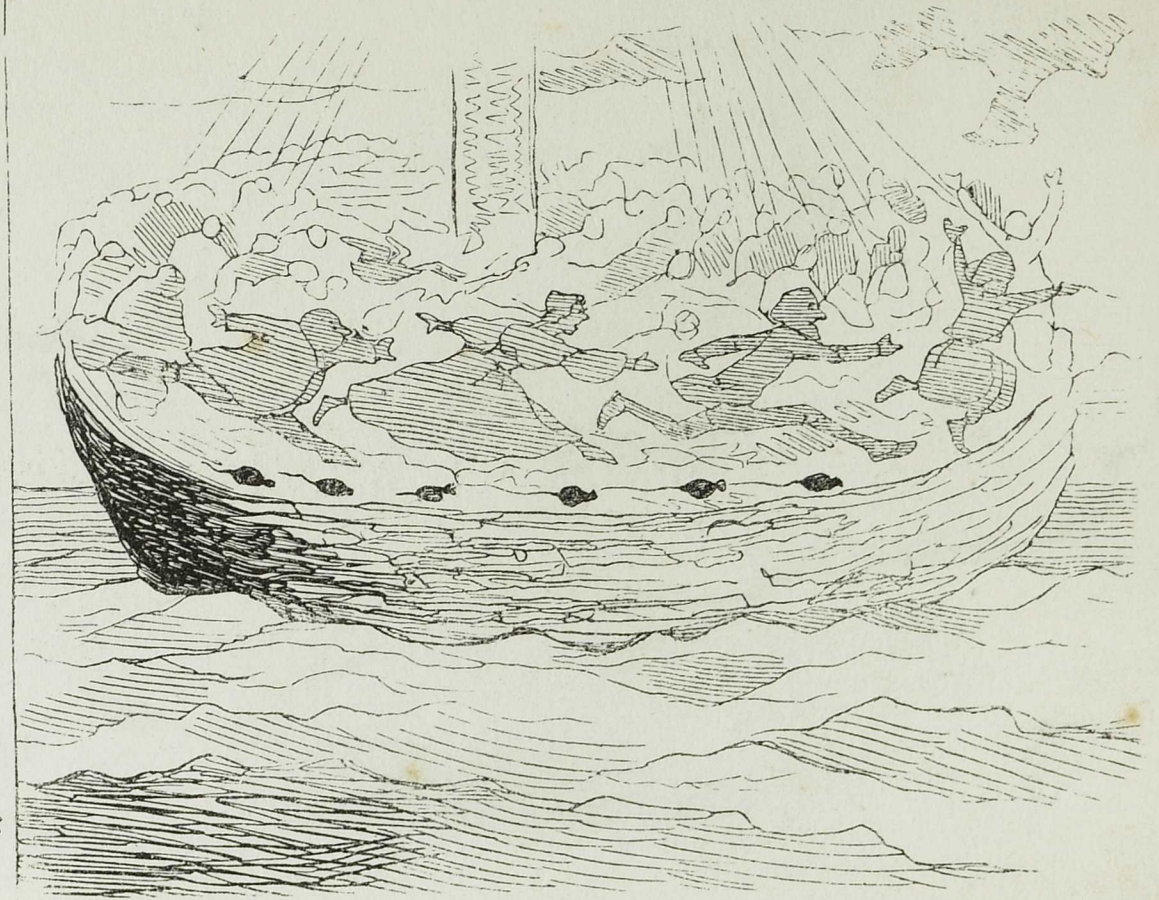
Ducks, Fowls, and
Pigeons, join the
pursuit.



And the Rats
bring up the
rear.



This universal flight imparts a rotatory motion to every article on board.



And the very ship, overcome by circular velocity, spins round eight times in a second.



The Dey of Algiers, while smoking his pipe on the sea-shore, is puzzled at the sight of this marine tee-to-tum ;



And assembling the Wise Men of his Court, commands them to explain the phenomenon.



The Learned Muftis at once apply their "equatorials;"

And, in a pure Arabic report, twenty yards long and four feet wide, declare it their unanimous opinion, that the phenomenon in question is an aqueous meteor of the first water, prognosticating to his Majesty immeasurable happiness, a life without end, and the death of all his enemies. The Dey rewards each of the Muftis with a thousand sequins.



B. & R.

The vessel is eventually driven, by its concentric and eccentric motion, into the port of Algiers. Although every hand is saved, still every head keeps swimming.



The Dey unnaturally hangs the Muftis, from respect to the proverb, which says, "No man is a prophet in his own country."



Learning that three Christians have landed with the Crew of the vessel, the Dey orders them to be seized, and determines on selling them for slaves.



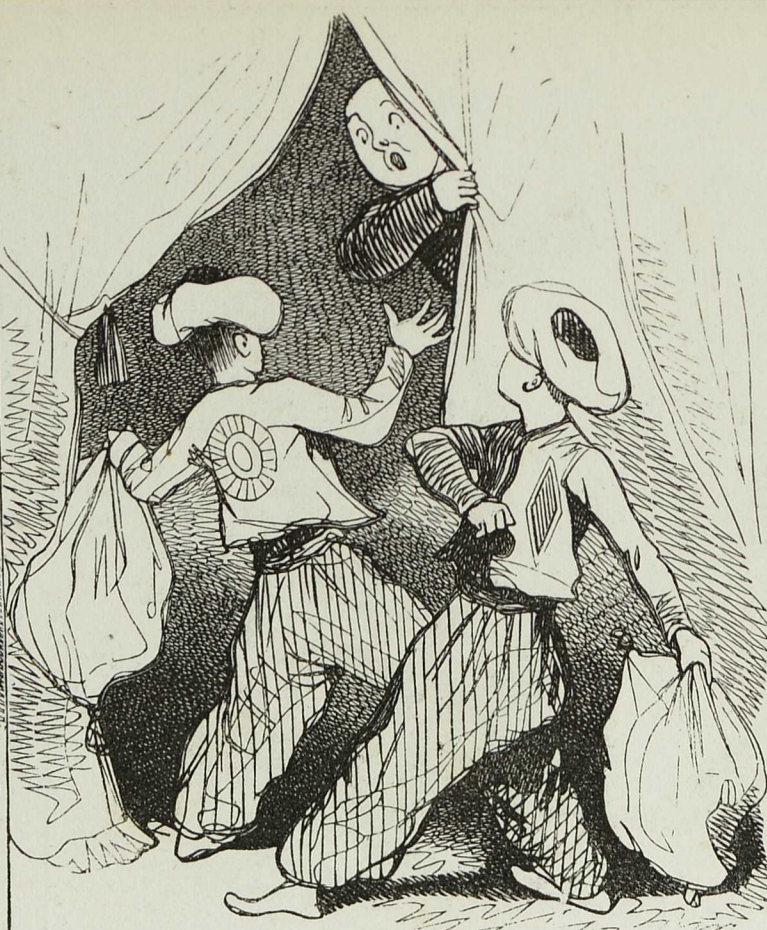
Butterfly, who professes himself a naturalist, is bought by Tatar-Khan, to prosecute the culture of potatoes, and study the diseases incidental thereto.



The Doctor, fancying more respect will be paid to letters than to physic, changes his M.D. to LL.D., and is bought by Aboul-Hassan as private tutor to his children. The first lesson is decidedly successful.



But, during the second, the young Hassans propose to their Preceptor the game of "jump my little nag-tail;" consequently their education is somewhat retarded.



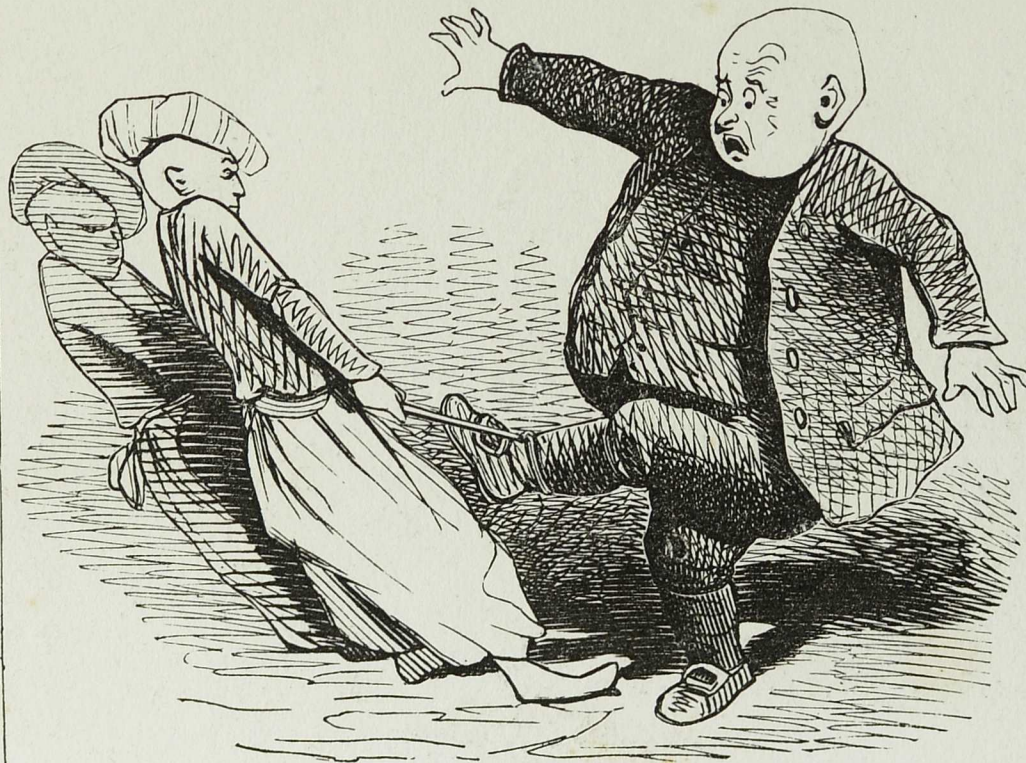
At the third lesson, the young Hassans still evincing a partiality for "jump my little nag-tail" over their graver studies, the Doctor remonstrates, and is compelled to retreat.



Then Hassan, the father, accuses the Doctor of playing with his children instead of instructing them, and vows he shall be hung, if in two days they are not "well up in mathematics."



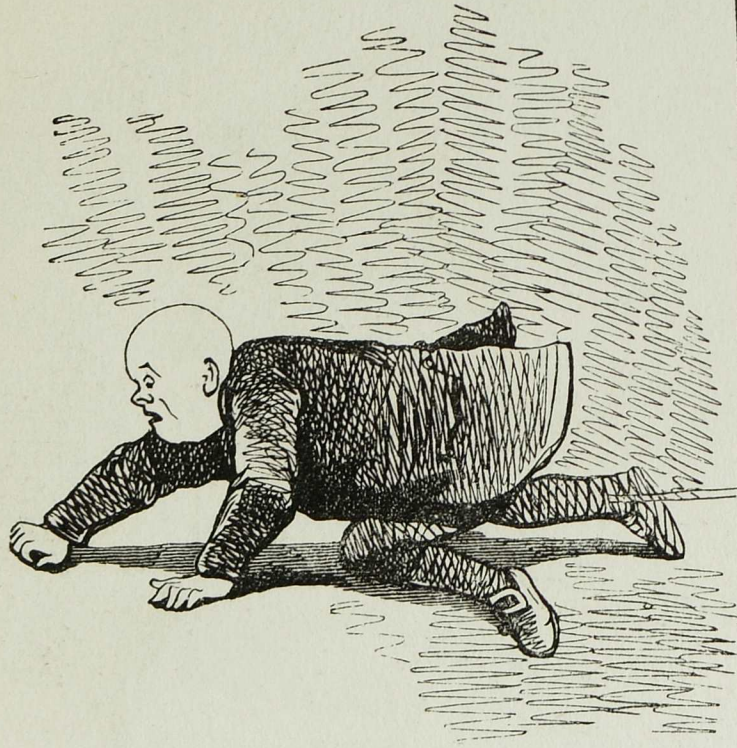
The Doctor, terribly alarmed at the prospect of suspension, fancies the surest method of imparting the desired knowledge is, to instruct only one of his pupils at a time.



Unfortunately this system fails, and the Doctor is awfully afraid of being hung before his time.



The young Hassans, after fastening their tutor to a beam, run into the garden, and the poor Doctor, to save being hung by the father, is compelled to expound his mathematics through the window.



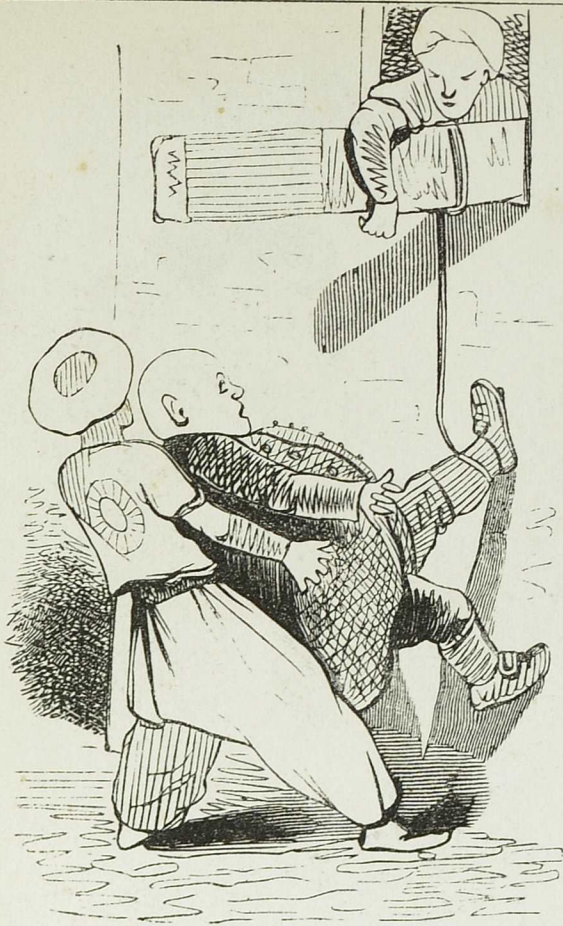
The fear of suspension increasing, the Doctor pulls and tugs in the hope of breaking the cord, and effecting his escape.



The cord resists his efforts ; but the beam snapping asunder, down comes the ceiling,—and the father, Hassan, likewise. The Doctor, who now doubly fears hanging, flies for his life.



Unfortunately, when the Doctor has jumped through the window, he finds his descent impeded by the beam.



The young Hassans, fearing the displeasure of their Governor, run to his assistance ;



And the Doctor continues his flight.



All this time, Butterfly naturalizes in the vegetable kingdom, under the immediate superintendence of Ben-Omi, the head slave-driver of Tatar-Khan.



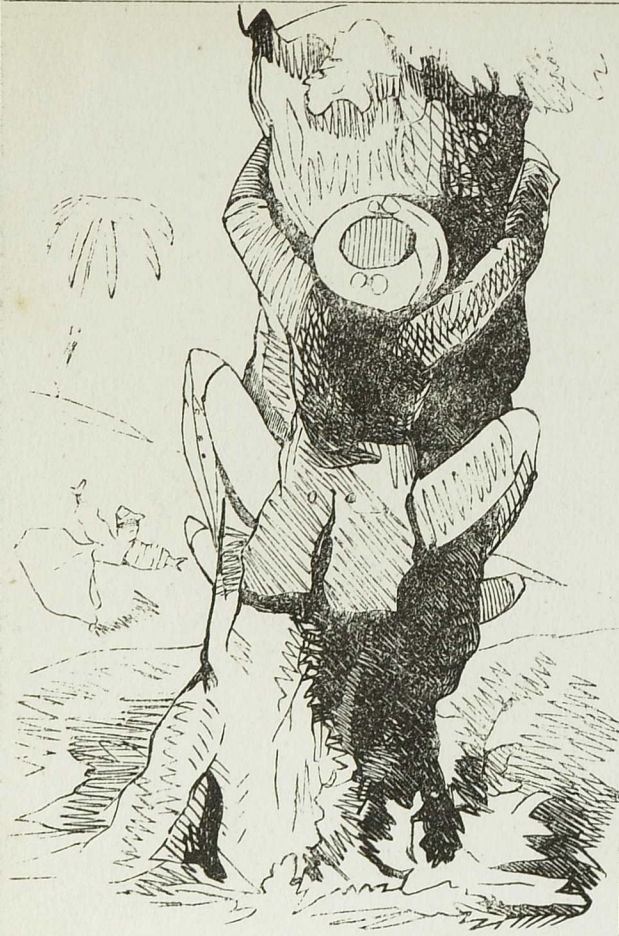
While Dorothy wins the heart of the Dey, who yields to every caprice.



A favourable opportunity presenting itself, like a second Judith she slays her Holofernes ;



And by flight ensures her safety.



Butterfly, observing Dorothy approach towards him, climbs into a tree for safety.



He there learns the position of matters, and is urged by Dorothy to share her flight :



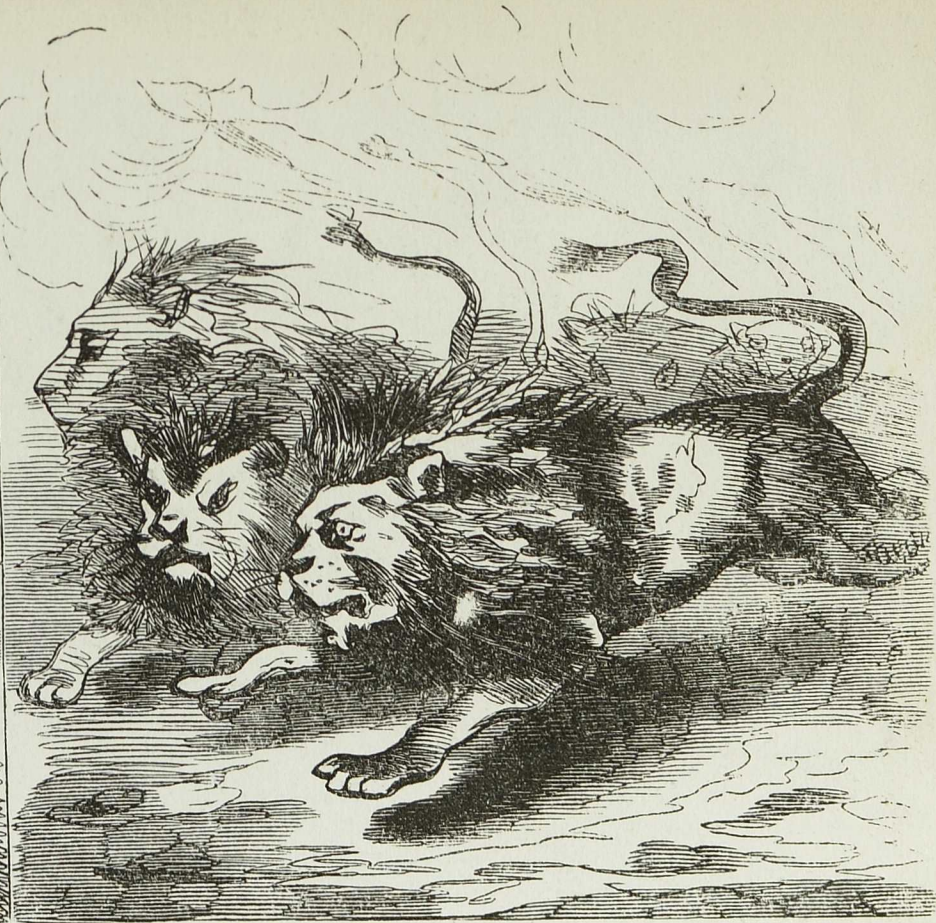
But this proposition is so unpalatable, that for concealment i.e. climbs higher into the tree.



Dorothy, provoked by his indifference, shakes the tree so violently that Butterfly with difficulty maintains his hold.



Our friend the Doctor, who is still haunted by the dread of being hanged, pursues his flight in the meantime with such rapidity, that the beam becomes ignited from friction.



And the fire communicating to the jungle, the Lions are roused from their dens ;



Whilst the inhabitants of the villages fly towards Algiers with such of their goods as they have saved.



At Algiers, the election of a new Dey has so much engrossed the attention of the people, that the catastrophe is not yet discovered.



Butterfly, however, perceives the rapidly advancing conflagration from the topmost bough of the tree, and decides on accompanying Dorothy as the lesser evil.



They are rejoined by the Doctor, who, to the dread of being hanged, now unites the fear of being burnt.



A land breeze springing up, the flames pursue, even to the sea, the entire population of Algiers and its environs; but fortunately Butterfly, Dorothy, and the Doctor find refuge upon the remainder of the beam, and the latter now turns the tables upon old Hassan, who vainly implores permission to share the raft.



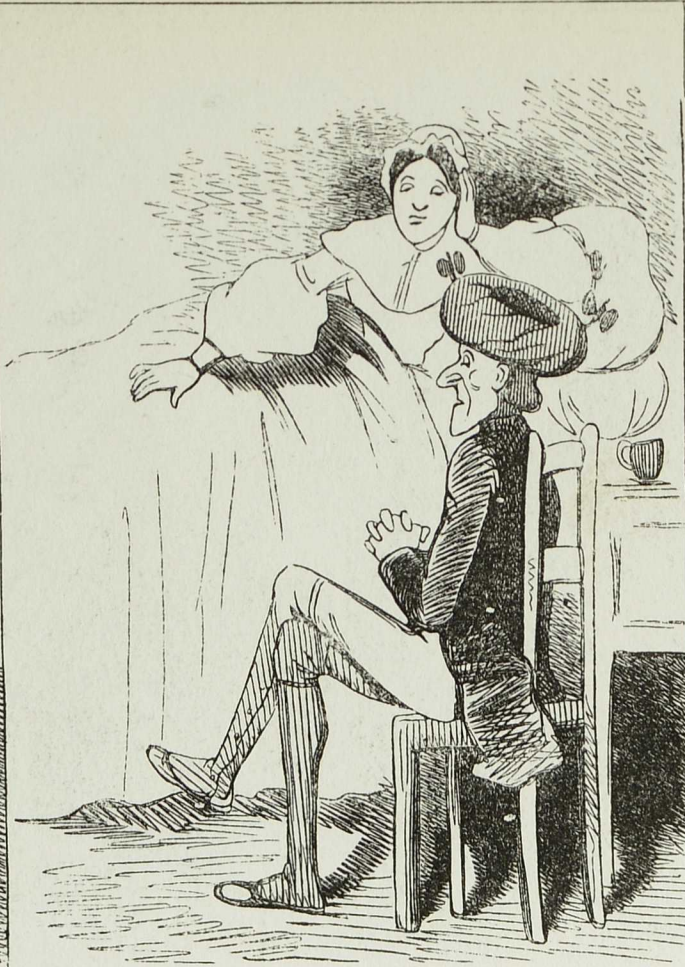
The land breeze bears our voyagers rapidly out to sea; where, a vessel appearing in an east-north-east-south-south-westerly direction, they raise signals of distress.



The signals are descried by the vessel, which proves to be the "Shamrock," bound to the Cove of Cork, which sends her jolly-boat to their assistance.



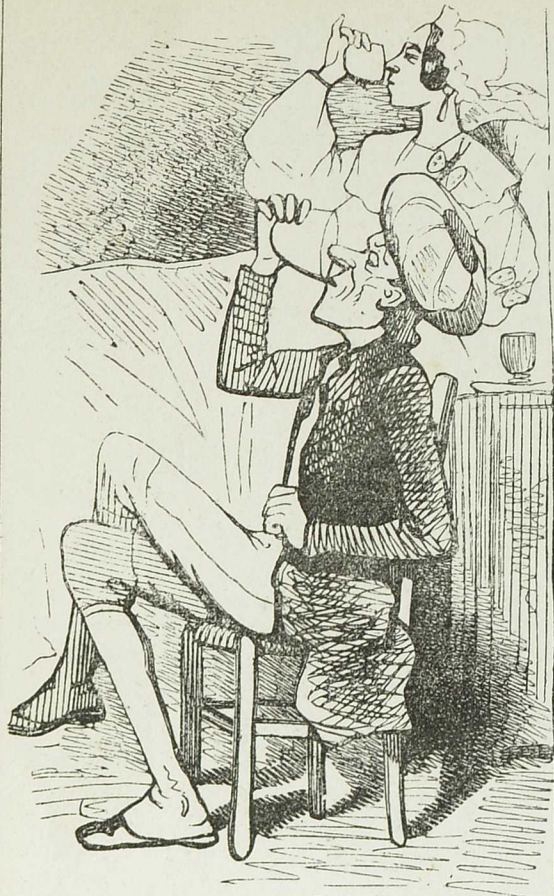
Arrived on board, Dorothy, having taken cold, takes immediately to her bed, and entreats the chosen of her heart not to leave her.



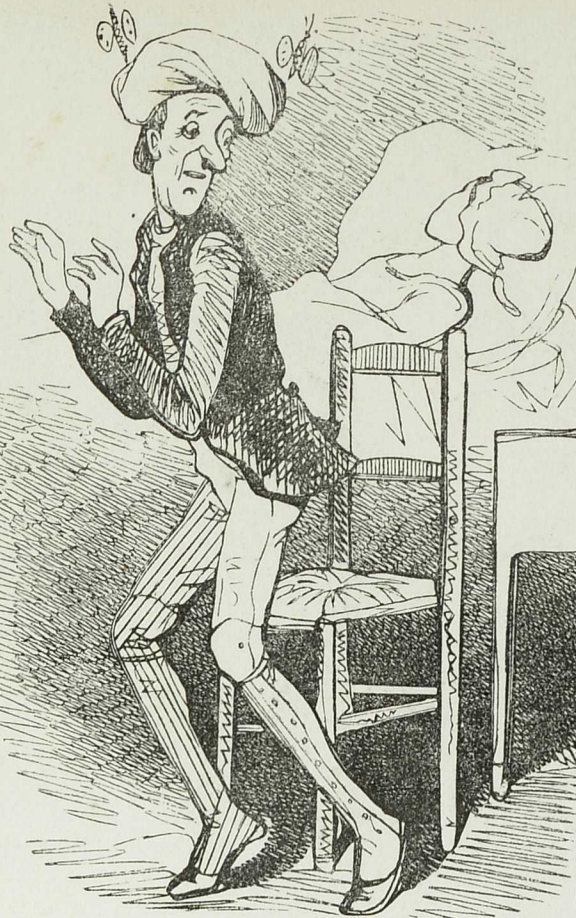
She paints to him, in glowing colours, the bliss of wedded life ;



And gloomily sketches the misery he would endure by losing her.



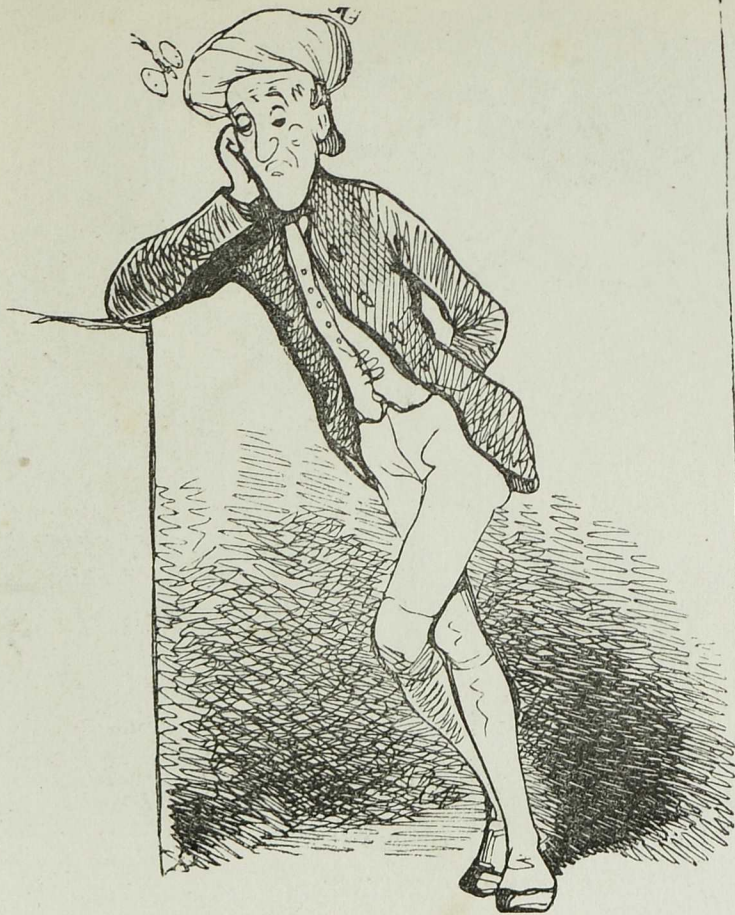
Her affection next prompts her to suggest the sharing of her potions, on sympathetic principles.



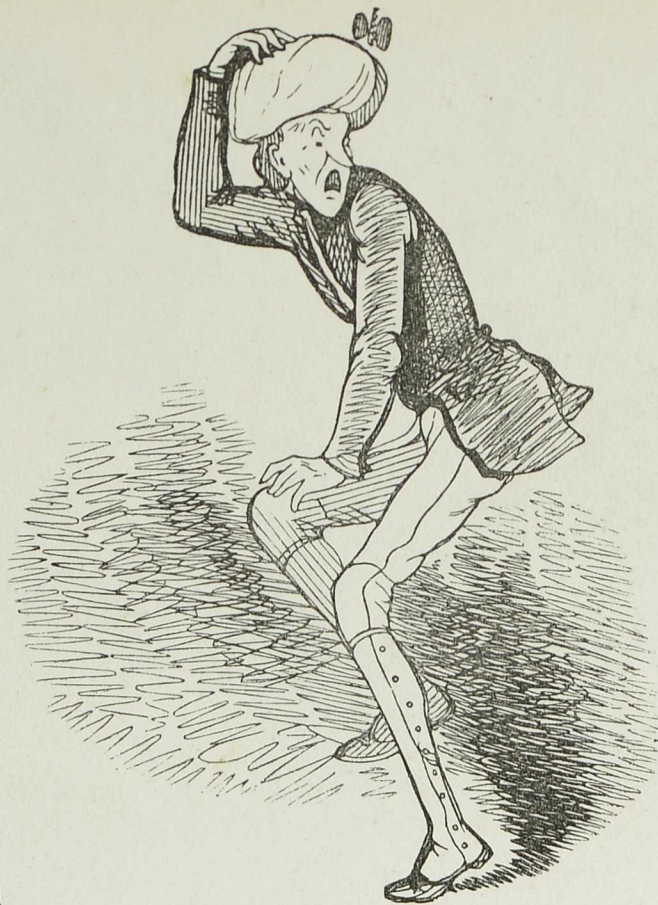
After which she sleeps, and he rushes on deck.



Butterfly has scarcely planted his foot there, when he encounters his bride, the "Beauty from Cork," who ardently embraces him, while the musician strikes up, "Welcome Royal Charlie."



This unexpected *rencontre* re-awakens all Butterfly's dread of bigamy ;



And like his friend, the Doctor, he terribly fears being hanged.



Therefore he reflects upon the best means of escaping with Scylla, and avoiding Charybdis.



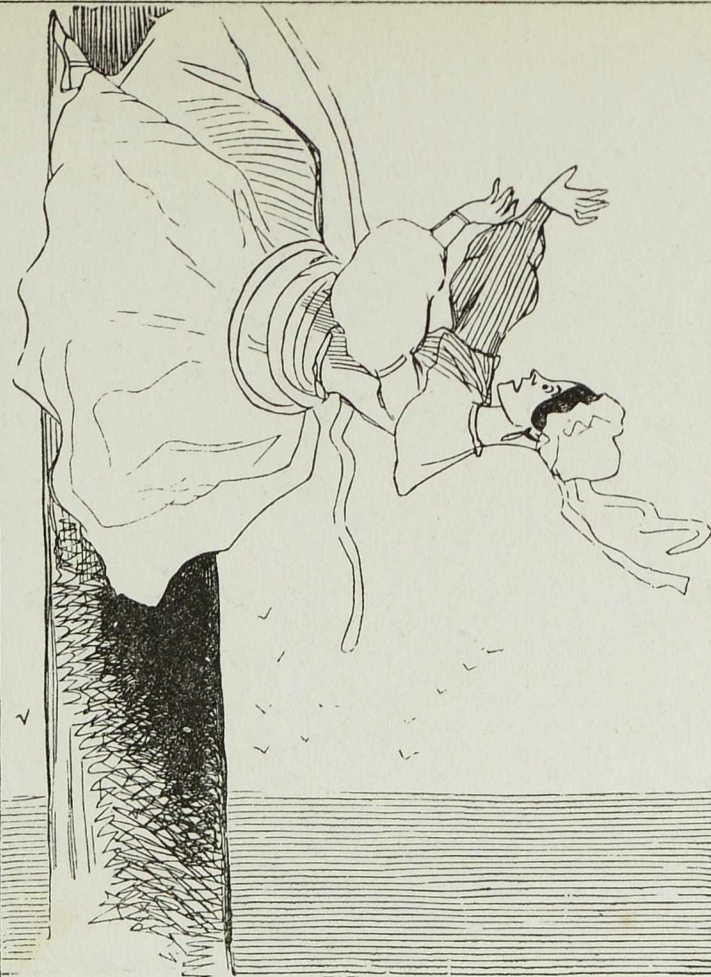
And obtaining "leave of absence" from the Captain, disembarks that very night for the Irish coast.



At break of day Dorothy awakes, and, missing the chosen of her heart, is seized with convulsive suspicions.



With one bound she springs to the summit
of the mast ;



And, beholding the fugitive lovers, tumbles backwards
aghast, but luckily is caught in the rigging.



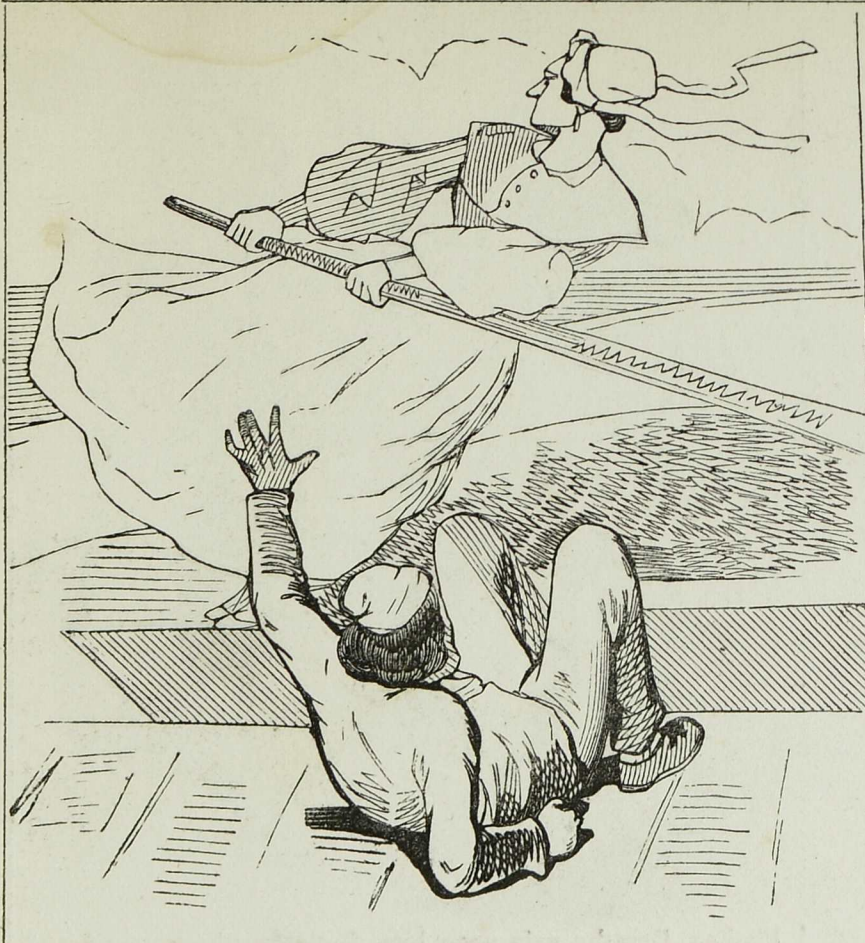
Meanwhile the land is reached, and Butterfly, delighted to have escaped the dangers of
bigamy, gives vent to his joy.



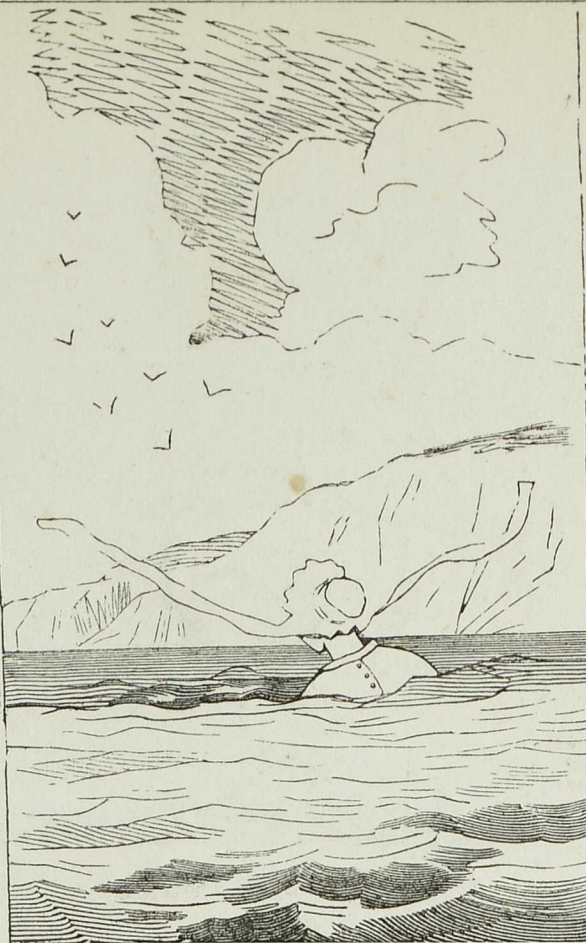
After which the lovers journey through the woods that border the coast ;



And rest in grottoes cool by purling streams.



Dorothy, having disentangled herself in the meanwhile, rushes astern, upsets the pilot, seizes the helm, and drives the vessel ashore.



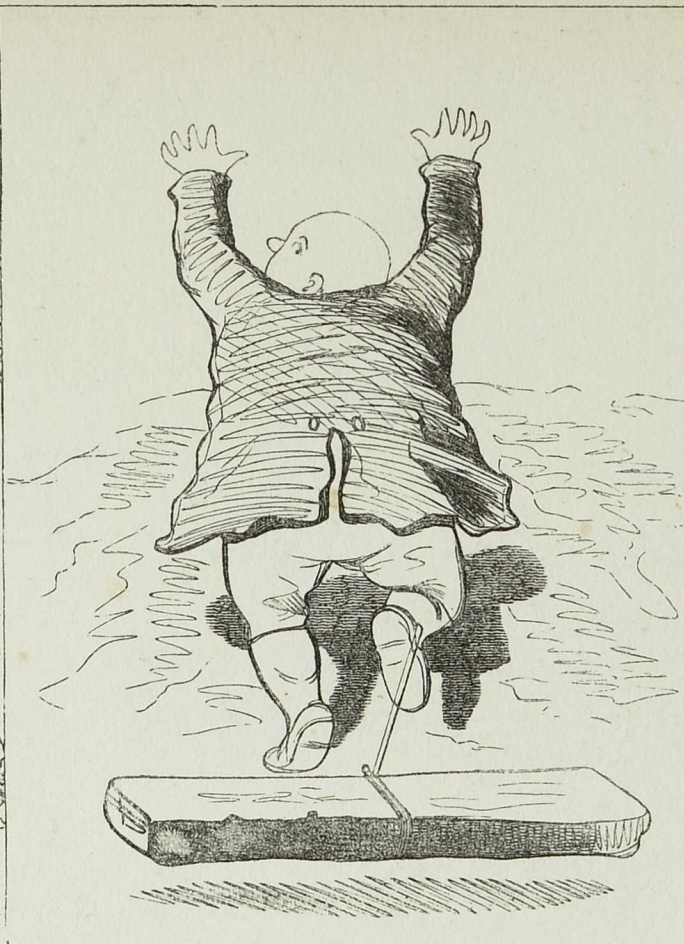
The ship strikes on a rock, and goes down suddenly, but Dorothy saves herself by swimming;



And our friend the Doctor crowds all sail.



Butterfly, observing Dorothy make for the grotto, takes to flight over the rocks;



And is followed by the Doctor, who has landed the first.



Finding Dorothy gain upon him, Butterfly wheels round and disposes his forces in battle array: the Doctor and the Musician serve as vanguard, the Beauty from Cork forms the left flank, and our hero, bringing up the rear, cries out to Dorothy, "I'm married!"



The "Sauve qui peut" of Napoleon was less electrical; for Dorothy, hearing these words, spontaneously combusts with rage and jealousy.



The Doctor, with his beam, digs a cavity in the sand to receive the scattered fragments; and even Butterfly so far melts with pity as to strew the spot with wild flowers.



After which they all proceed onwards to Cork, the native city of Butterfly's "Beauty."



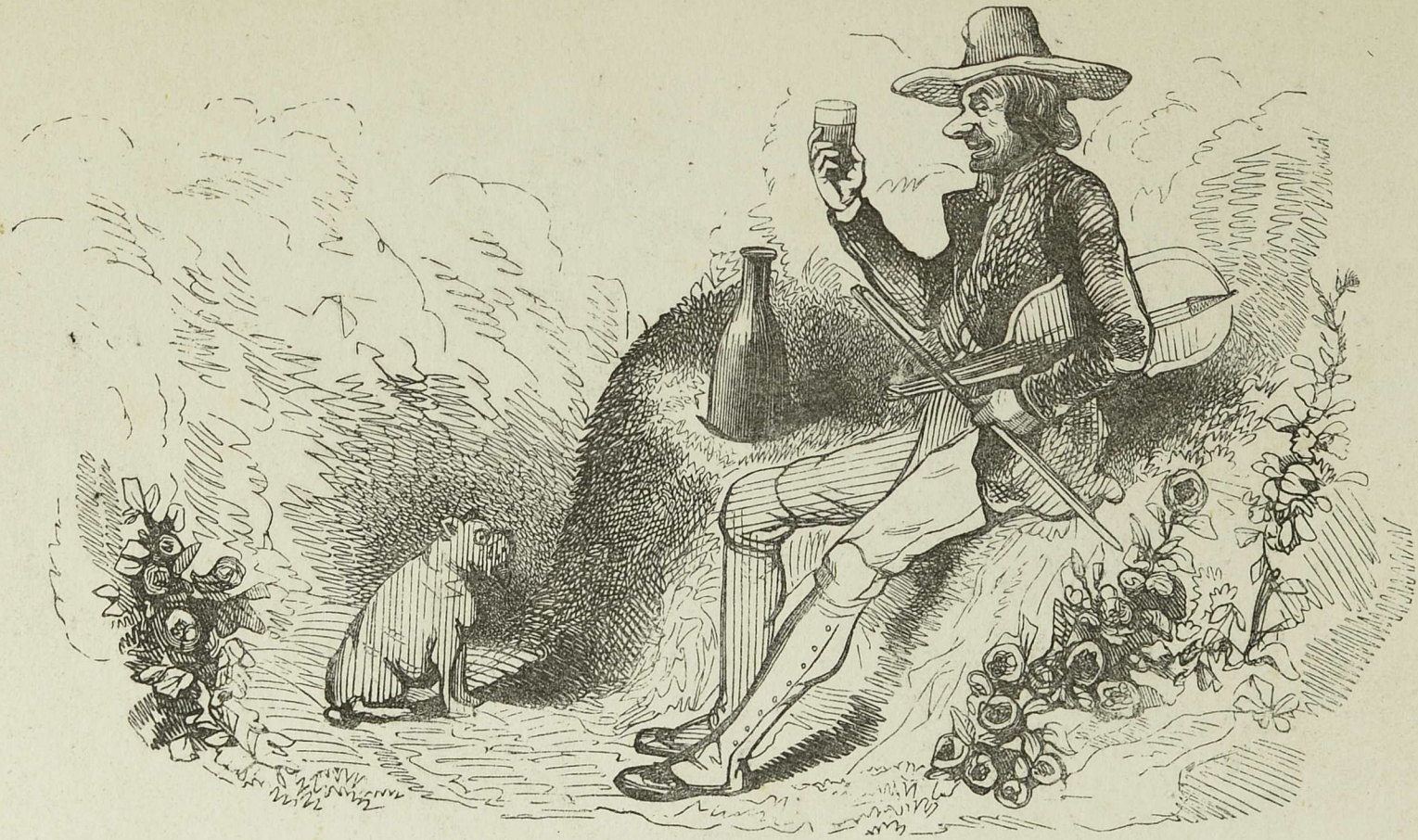
While they halt upon the road, the "Beauty" apprizes Butterfly that her home is enlivened by eight darling cherubs, the offspring of her late lamented _____.



And Butterfly has scarcely crossed the threshold when the tide of affection bursts upon him.



The Doctor and the Musician are engaged to educate the children, and Benedict Butterfly (ex-Bachelor), after all his troubles, passes the remainder of his days in domestic happiness and hubbub.

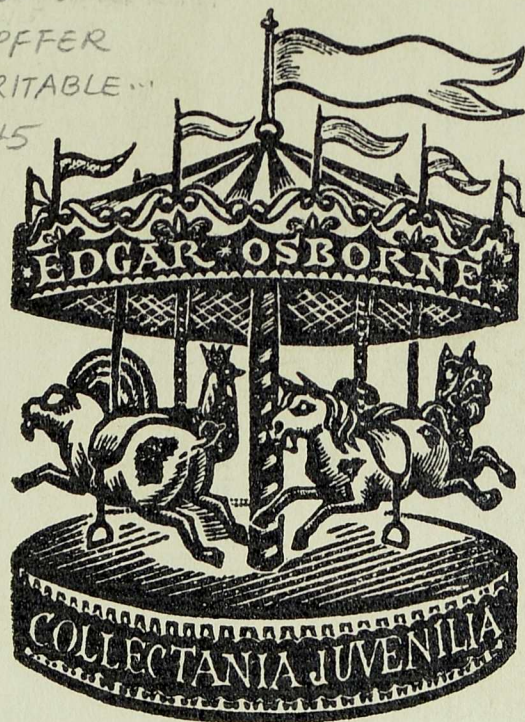


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