BLUE BEARD

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

ROBINSON CRUSOE

GOTHIC NURSERY TALES

ILLUSTRATED BY

CHAM

ALFRED CROWQUILL

LEECH.

Ferrus

COMIC

NURSERY TALES

WITH

Illustrations, Humorous and Numerous.

BLUE BEARD.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

LONDON:

WM. S. ORR & CO. PATERNOSTER ROW.

MDCCCXLIV.

BLUE BEARD.

BY F. W. N. BAYLEY,

AUTHOR OF "THE NEW TALE OF A TUB."

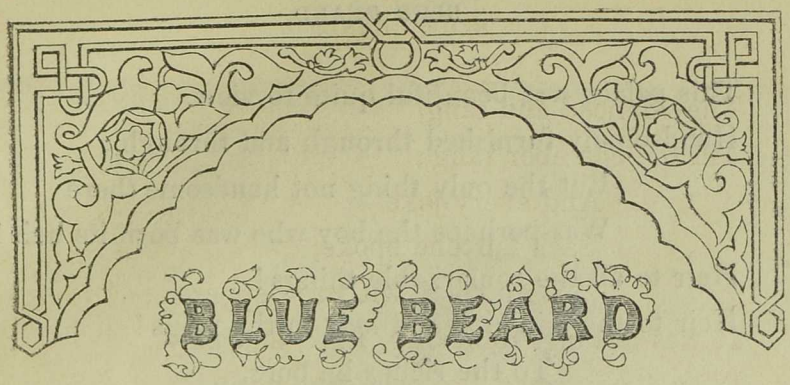
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS, HUMOROUS AND NUMEROUS.

THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

G. ROUTLEDGE, 36 SOHO SQUARE.

MDCCCXLVI.



HIS PROPERTY—APPEARANCE AND BEARD.

In former times,
In the warmest of climes,
A gentleman gloried in several crimes;
Several crimes men said he had done,
And they thought that murder was probably one:
For six of his wives
Had got rid of their lives,
In the darkest of manners under the sun;
Unless it be Irish quite to say,
That aught can be dark on a sunshiny day!

Well, this gentleman grew very rich,
Or, at least was reputed as "*sich*;"
Houses he had that were *not* very bad,
Lands beside that *were* wery wide;
A great big horse that he rode astride,
And a palace in which he was wont to abide!

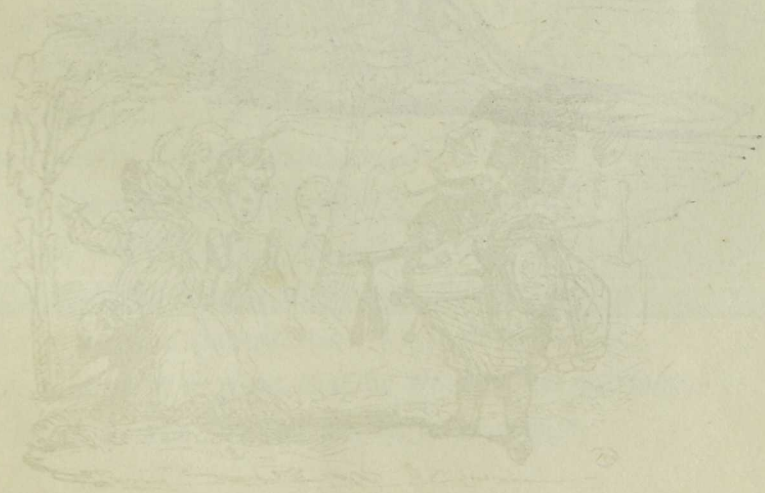
This palace was beautiful quite to view,
Handsomely furnished through and through ;
But the only thing not handsome there
Was perhaps the boy who was born its heir!
Heir to all the remarkable things!
Heir to the trinkets, and heir to the rings!
To the riches he bore,
To the breeches he wore ;
Heir to marbles and money galore!

This boy to assert, we nearly began,
Was not an especially handsome man :
He did n't beat young Adonis hollow,
Nobody ever called him Apollo,
And people would his us
If we said Narcissus
Was formed of the pattern that he did follow!

No such thing,—it would never do,—
He was n't a beautiful boy to view.
And as great historians ought to be true,
We tell our youth,
In the spirit of truth,
That this gentleman's beard was terribly blue!
Blue was his beard, and blue was his name,
For his father and mother,
For want of another,
Had christened him BLUE BEARD *for* "that same."

Blue Belles before we have known a score,—
Hall and Norton, Trollope and Gore,
And Lady Morgan, all to the fore!
Holborn has got its own Blue Boar;
Other things, too,
We have known a few,
And people who looked remarkably blue;
We 've watch'd the revels of many blue devils;
But a Beard of Blue!—Well, did we ever?
Certainly not!—Oh no!—We never!

From such a man we need hardly say
That all the ladies galloped away;
It was capital fun
To see them run,
But who in the wide world could wish them to stay!
Wish them to stay in the liquorish view
Of a fellow whose beard was wickedly blue!



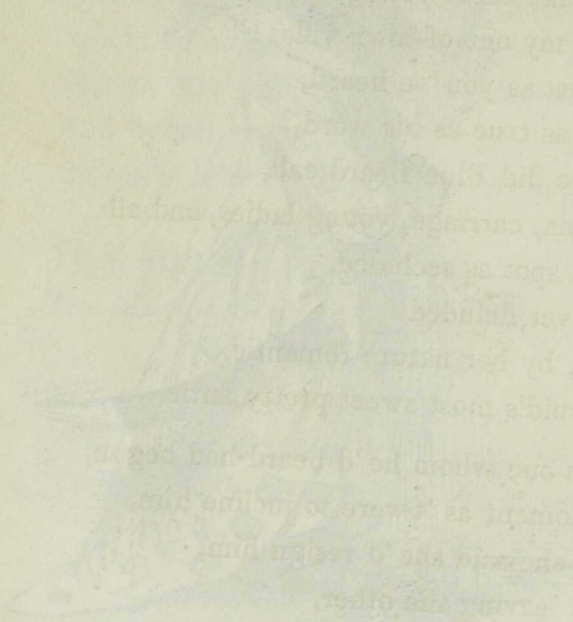

CHERRILL

HIS COURTSHIP.—COUNTRY SEAT, SPREAD, AND WEDDING.

There *was* an old lady near Blue Beard's house,
A lady of riches, a lady of *nous*,
A lady of virtues and qualities rare,
And she had two daughters surpassingly fair,
As fair as any fair dame in our motherland,
Almost as fair as the Duchess of Sutherland!
[That beautiful duchess, who once did assemble
All London's *élite* to hear Adelaide Kemble—
Adelaide Kemble who ravished their souls,
By singing there all for the sake of the Poles
On a fine summer's day, when that duchess so nice
Was so kind to her guests, by Lord Dudley's advice,
As to warm them with music, and cool them with ice!]
Beautiful creatures as ever were seen,
And nearly as handsome as many a queen!
Now Blue Beard's desperate vanity led him
To ask one of these pretty creatures to wed him.
Which of the two, you will say, did he ask?
But to answer the question 's a baffling task,
For though it is plain that he went in his carriage,
Politely to woo the fair angels to marriage.

When Mamma said "Lord Blue Beard, pray take a chair,
And just be so kind as at once to declare
Which daughter of mine you would win and would wear."
He replied, with an air
That had nought of despair,
And left nothing to see but indifference there,
"*My very dear madam, I'm shot if I care!!*
For either young lady, it 's honest to tell,
Will suit my poor purpose uncommonly well—
Nearly as well, ma'am—upon my veracity—
As rich Miss Bellew would the bold Mr. Cassidy;
And by me, ma'am, with just as much glee would be won,
As could Miss Burdett Coutts be by Barrister Dunn!"

Well, what do you think, was n't Blue Beard bold?
But his tale to her daughters the fair lady told;
And one of them said
She had rather be dead
(Tho' I do n't think that *that* was by any means true)
Than marry a buffer whose beard was blue.
But not so the other,
Who turned to her mother,
And, casting a look of affection upon her,
Said—she felt such a marriage would be a great honour:
But still she would rather that Blue Beard missed her,
Since to take him away would be robbing her sister!—
The truth was, she thought of his dead wives, God bless her,
And did n't much fancy to be their successor!



However, it happened that Blue Beard took
A whim in his head, that just suited his book,
For while sitting alone,
In a way of his own,
And smoking the kind of cigars called Manillas,
He suddenly cried, in the midst of his pride,
Tho' his tongue hitherto had been perfectly tied,
" By Jove, my plan made is,
I 'll take these young ladies
To pic-nic at one of my out-of-town villas!"
So just as you 've heard,
And as true as his word,
Again in his carriage did Blue Beard call,
And take them,—'ma, carriage, young ladies, and all
To a spot as secluded,
As ever deluded
A sweet pretty girl, by her nature romantic,
By sweet pretty Cupid's most sweet pretty antic.

Then taking the one whom he 'd heard had begun,
At the very first moment as 't were to incline him,
Altho' to her sister she said she 'd resign him,
And leaving the other,
To walk with her mother,
He poured in her ears many sentences sweet,
And then turned to his palace to give her a treat!

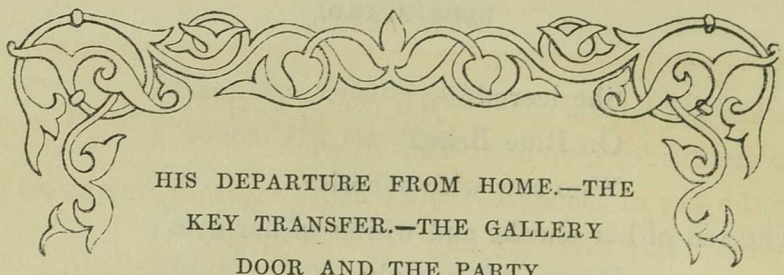
And *did n't* he give her a feast and a ball?
And *was n't* there eating and drinking—that 's all?

And *did n't* champagne
Fall as plenty as rain!
And cakes *and* wines!
And jellies *and* pines!
And *all* kinds of sweets!
And *all* kinds of meats!
Hens gravyry!
Cocks savoury!
(Not Thomas Cox Savory, close to Cornhill,
The mighty watchmaker;
But cocks that I take her
Good taste to have fancied more savoury still),
And puddings *and* pies!
Oh my eyes! Oh my eyes!
Not Gunter, nor Very!
O deary! O deary!
Nor Ude—
Soup-imbued—
Not he!—nor even the famous Kitchener
Surpassed what Blue Beard's board was pitchin' her;
She never before had things so rich in her!
And *did n't* she gobble, and *did n't* she stuff?
And *was n't she sorry when she'd had enough!!*

Her brain was alight,
Her stomach was full;
She was getting bright,
She was not getting dull.

She leered
On Blue Beard
Who saw with surprise
The red of her cheeks and whites of her eyes;
He was n't so ugly,
Indeed—not at all,
She thought she could snug lie
With him after all;
So she two or three words of encouragement said,
And old Blue Beard shouted "My conquest is made:
My conquest is made, and my purpose is carried."
Which was true, for the very next day they were married!

Married as fast,
From first to last,
As Gretna Green could bind you;
How fast that be,
'T is not for me,
Sweet reader, to remind you,—
As fast, you must know, if up to trap you are,
As Penelope Smith to the Prince of Capua.



HIS DEPARTURE FROM HOME.—THE KEY TRANSFER.—THE GALLERY DOOR AND THE PARTY.

Blue Beard walks off his wife to his home,
Lives a month there in clover,
Then—honeymoon over—
He takes up his baggage and swears he must roam
(By baggage—Odd's life!
I do n't mean his wife;
But the luggage belonging a true gentle*man* to:
A hat-box, a carpet-bag, and a portmanteau);
His palace, is not like a poor beggar's hut,
Nor his wife like a slut,
But still they 're two things that he finds he must cut,
For he 's business to settle,
And what man of mettle
Would leave it undone if he had it to do?
Not to speak of a buffer whose beard was blue.

Now before he can leave her, he says, "If you please—"
To his wife—"my own ducky take charge of my keys,
And when I am gone, love! you may make amends
For your Blue Beard's absence, by asking your friends;
Treat them handsomely too, dear! at cost never wince;
And make me—you darling—appear like a Prince!

Here 's the key of the cellar—you need n't repine,
Believe me inside there are oceans of wine !
Here 's the key of the store-room ; do n't murmur, my sweet !
Believe me inside there are hogsheads of meat !
Here 's the large key that opens all rooms you can mention,
Here 's the small key—and now—Dash my wigs ! pay attention !"—
(A boy that was ever so fond of his rigs,
Would quail to hear Blue Beard say "Dash my wigs !"
So the hint, in a moment, his fair lady took,
She shook and she listened—she listened and shook
In muscle and sinew
While he did continue :)
"Here 's the small key, and mark you—tho' nobody knows it,
It opens a closet—yes ! opens a closet—
A closet you 'll find on the gallery floor,
At the furthermost end, and it opens . . . . . the door !
Now, ma'am ! just as it pleases
You to use all the keys is
My wish,—nor care I half a doit what is done
With the whole mother bunch, ma'am, excepting THAT ONE !
Nay, madam, now do not be frightened and weep,
That one, by my soul, I expect you to keep :
I expect you to keep it—but, madam,
BEWARE,
GO AND OPEN THAT GALLERY DOOR . . . . .
IF YOU DARE !"
And the moment that Blue Beard said "If you dare !"
His wife felt a hedge-hog in place of her hair ;

For it all stood on end like a bundle of sticks,
And, to tell the plain truth of it, bristled like bricks!
So Blue Beard seeing his wife in a fright,
Bade her hold fast the keys—kissed her—wished her good night;
Then they both went to Bedfordshire, slumbered till morn,
And before the dew melted—Blue Beard was gone!

* * * * *

Blue Beard went, and Blue Beard's wife,
Sat up in her bed,
With thoughts in her head
Of getting her friends around her;
She 'd nothing to fear of feud or strife,
So she dressed herself quite
Then penned an 'invite,'
And when they came they found her!

Did n't they stare
When they got there?
Did n't they gaze and wonder?
Did n't they all stand round in a ring,
And fancy themselves in the house of a king?
Did n't they speak well of everything?
And flatter the wife like thunder!
"Mrs. Blue Beard," says one, "my dear,
What beautiful crystals do I see here!
Glass never reflected me half so clear,

In regard of my complexion."
"Oh!" cries another, "it's mighty fine,
I'm not jealous enough to wish it were mine;
But I'd like uncommonly well to see
Every letter that's written to me,
Written with this direction!"

Mirrors were there as big as lakes,
Foot-stools made like christening cakes,
With ornaments o' top of them.
Curtains that so gracefully hung,
It was quite a pleasure to hold ones tongue,
And silently gaze on the drop of them!

Furniture—ah! it's perfectly true,
Nobody ever could justice do,
To sofa, chair, or table.
It would give me full two hours' joy,
Just now to see the broth of a boy,
That was likely to be able!

Her chamber, too, with its beautiful bed,
Where a satin-velvet quilt was spread,
And pillows—how rare to turn ones head
On things so silken-softy!—
All that luxury e'er could devise
To comfort the body and gladden the eyes,
And create, besides, an intense surprise,
Was found in that chamber lofty!

It would puzzle a broker to make, I wot,
Such a glorious bedstead as she had got;
And here and there a mahogany cot—
Yes! several beautiful cots to spare,
For the *leetle* Blue Beards when *they* came there!

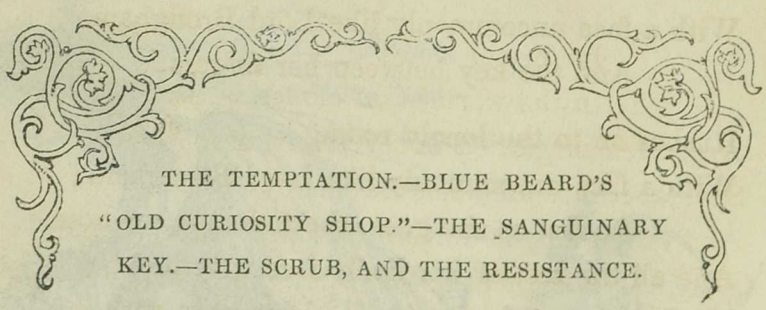
She exhibited next her grand *trousseau*,
Which quite description mocks all;
Then, did n't they all at once cry—"O . . . . . h!"
Like the crowd when the fireworks used to go
Off with a whiz at *Vaux*-hall!

Emeralds quite a sin to disturb,
Rubies all most splendidly furb-
-ished up, and diamonds so superb—
Oh lack! Oh lack-a-daisy!
They sparkled like stars, and were quite as bril-
-liant as those of Lady Sarah Vil-
-liers, who pledged her duty,
Fair Jersey beauty,
To the junior Esterhazy!

When Mrs. Blue Beard closed the lid
Of this enormous treasure,
The next thing all her company did,
Was to enjoy their pleasure.
Over the beautiful chambers they
Roamed about in a quiet way,
Delighted beyond measure.

And then they all got up a game ;—
It was n't the game of "What 's your name ?"
It was n't "pudding," it was n't "tame ;"
But 't was very nearly all the same,
When every comment made is :
It was not the "man's buff" that is blind,
Nor "slipper hunt," but 't was a kind
Of leap-frog of the ladies !

They danced and sang,
Till the chamber rang;
And every joke
Each fair one spoke,
With spicy wit was peppered;
It was larking, rollicking, frisk, and play,
With "Nix my dolly, pals, fake away!"
Like Ainsworth or Jack Sheppard!



THE TEMPTATION.—BLUE BEARD'S "OLD CURIOSITY SHOP."—THE SANGUINARY KEY.—THE SCRUB, AND THE RESISTANCE.

Lady Blue Beard saw each guest
Much amused, but she could n't rest,
For a thought that seemed to puzzle her;
She 'd a lady's maid of much precocity,
That all the world called CURIOSITY,
And she found she could n't muzzle her!

Curiosity said—said she,
"Lady Blue Beard, come with me;
Bring in your hand the little key,

And we 'll go to the end of the gallery floor,
And the little key shall open the door:
And although we are forbidden,
Let what will betide, we 'll see the inside
Of the lonely room, and all beside,
That in that room is hidden."

Lady Blue Beard slinks away,
Leaving the guests at their leap-frog play;
No moment now she lingers:
But rushes on to the lonely room,
With a face uncommonly like Lord Brougham,
And the key between her fingers!

Rushes on to the lonely room,
With a face uncommonly like Lord Brougham;
So fast as she goes, she twitches her nose,
And all the rest of her lively face with it.
No Daguerreotype could e'er keep pace with it;
A Photogenic, if ever so quick,
Could n't make those varying features stick;
A man, whose skill were ever so ripe,
Could n't catch them with an Electrotype;
A Mesmerist's power,
Though tried for an hour,
That inexhaustible twitching upon,
Would fail, if ever so forcible;
It was wonderful how it ever got *on*,
But to take it *off* were impossible!

Now, after every pace is strained,
At a speed that some call break-neck,
At last the gallery door is gained—
Not the Adelaide door in the Lowther Bazaar,
Nor yet the Polytechnic;
But a door she had better avoided by far,
For, ready to drop,
She has come to a stop
At Blue Beard's "Old Curiosity Shop;"
And by-and-by she will have to declare,
What the *Dickens* could she want there!

Into the key-hole the key is slipped,
And she feels as if she were suddenly dipped
In a Serpentine of water.
She can't help knowing she's no right there,
And the bristles come again to her hair,
And she fears for her mother's daughter.

But she turns the key—though her heart goes thump,
If she pushes the door now "woe be her!"
She's like a dog that barks at a pump,
When he's taken with hydrophobia.
But though she has neither cross nor candle,
She musters the pluck to turn the handle!

One shove! one only shove!—just one!
Cheer up—she gives it—and all is done;

Now she 'd give all she ever did love,
Just to recover that single shove;
For—and she could n't anticipate less—
It 's got her into the preciousest mess
That e'er married woman was in before,
All through the shove of a single door!
What does she see?
She drops the key?
[It is none of your authors' keys
Made to puzzle more than to please;
Keys which so many are now inditing
In the *Open Sesame* style of writing,
Picking every lock this learned land in,—
Even "Locke on the Understandin';"
Inquisitive bores!
With keys for all doors,
From the Bramah and Chubb of that fine old flick
Down to Walker's arithme-*tic!*]
Mrs. Blue Beard to no such key
Doth now demur;
But, poor woman, she 's plenty of sight to see,
That it 's entirely all "*Walker*" with her.
"Walker" entirely—ah! no more!
She bumps her body down on the floor;
Down on the floor—and, Oh, my eye!
She looks as if she were ready to die!
It is n't a case of "tit-tat-toe,"
And "three jolly butchers all of a row,"

But Oh . . . Oh . . . Oh . . ! ! !
It 's a double case of tit-tat-toe,
And Six Dead Women all of a Row.

Blue Beard's wives, whom he 'd killed before
That poor woman opened the door;
Opened the door, as we said above,
Just by the force of a single shove.
Blue Beard's wives—Oh fie! oh fie!
There they were hanging up to dry!
All of them looking uncommonly good,
And underneath them a pool of blood!

Mrs. Blue Beard awoke from her trance,
For she did n't faint
Of a death complaint,
As people do under charcoal in France;

She had only swooned in a moderate way,
With a firm intention to wake some day.
But when she did,
And lifted the lid
Of the box of life that held her senses,
Groan followed groan,
And she cried "Ochone!"
In all the moods and in all the tenses!

Six hapless wives she saw in a row,
But *that* was not what troubled her so:
What took all rest
From her gentle breast
Was this—that she could n't choose but know,
When *Old* Blue Beard came back to his nest,
He 'd be sure to string her up with the rest!
And she 'd be left hanging and nipt in the bud,
Over that dreadful pool of blood!

A scream! a scream!—Ah, what again?
The key she 's found
She dropped on the ground,
And alas! it is stained with a deep blood stain.
All will be up with her now *sans* doubt,
Unless that blood-stain be soon washed out!
She leaps to the floor,
And locks the door,
What in the universe can she do more?

Can she do more? Oh! yes, I see,
She is running away to be washing the key;
But she 'll be washing an age I ween,
Before she is able to wash it clean.

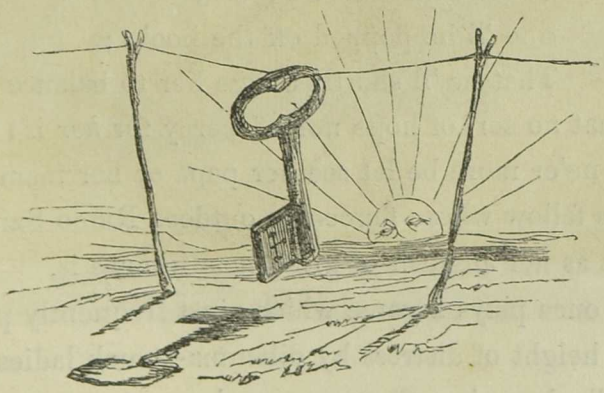
* * * * *

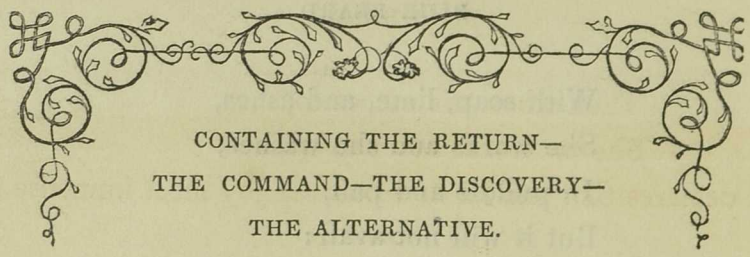
Rub-a-dub, dub,
How she does scrub!
Hark! Hush!
How hard she does brush!
She scours with sand,
Till she wears out her hand!
There 's no end to her rubbing,
And tubbing and drubbing,


PETIT

With soap, lime, and ashes,
She works and she washes,
In puddle and pail,
But it will not avail:
In meal and in malt,
In brandy and salt!
The blood keeps disdaining both friction and lather,
And it sticks to the key like a child to its father!

Poor woman, poor woman! 'twixt sorrow and ire,
She goes roasting the brave little key at the fire;
Now she 's boiling it up, now she 's boiling it down,
It 's as well done as any cooked meat upon town;
But still it does *her* most uncommonly brown!
For although, beyond doubt, her invention is clever,
The blood, in its pride, looks as crimson as ever;
And this wonderful sign of old Blue Beard's slaughter,
Defies all the forces of fire and water.





CONTAINING THE RETURN—
THE COMMAND—THE DISCOVERY—
THE ALTERNATIVE.

While Lady Blue Beard was scrubbing the key,
Most dreadfully pale,
To find all resorts fail,
And inventing a tale,
To lull her fierce lord in some gentle degree,
What should this same lord do,
With his beard of blue,
But—as fast as it 's ever permitted to wag—
To a man who carries a " carpet-bag,"
When the said bag contains all the rest of his *swag*,
Return to his home in the greatest of hurries,
And plunge his poor wife in the dreadest of flurries;
Who now thinks it fearful, but fair to infer is,
From Blue Beard's looks,
She 'll be popped off the hooks;
That he 'll shortly oblige her to balance her books,
And that no sort of hope nor of mercy for *her* is;
She 'll ne'er more be let see her papa or her mammy,
By this fellow whose fierceness outdoes Ramo Samee!
So just as her anguish of grief most intense is,
She at once plays a game which most frequently played is—
In the height of distress by dilemma-struck ladies,
And falls down in a fit to recover her senses;

Then when she comes to,
She makes *no* more to do,
But declares that she faints when her joy most immense is.

And this best of defences
She strengthens by blessing Lord Blue Beard's eyes;
Most adroitly expressing delight and surprise,
At his speedy return:
Her heart ne'er did burn,
With such love as she feels at a moment like this!
And all this oration,
With much trepidation,
She seals with the beautiful seal of a kiss!

But this game will not do
With our Beard of Blue,

He 'd a kind of a malice that lurked in his mind,
Which defied the romance
Of his lady's advance;
And so he did say "I should be worse than blind
If I did not now find
You uncommonly kind;
Yet I 've one other topic to touch, if you please,
So, my lady Blue Beard, just—HAND ME MY KEYS!"

She would fain find excuse,
But it was of no use,
With a flush on her cheek, and a fear on her brow,
She began— . . but said Blue Beard, "Madam, what now?
Ho! heyday.
My lady!
Your voice is n't steady,
There 's guilt on your conscience, and fright on your phiz,
I see how it is, ma'am! I see how it is!
If I 'm right, Mrs. Wife,
Bid good-bye to your life;
But if I am wrong in what is running in my head
Most,
Go, fetch me my keys in the twinkling of a bed-
Post!"
With a heart ill at ease,
And ankles and knees
As weak as you please,

Not alive to their task, like "Industrious Fleas,"
She goes on her errand, and fetches the keys;
And as Blue Beard's eyes are busy as bees,
The first thing he sees
Is the blood on the key, which defied his wife's soaping,
Of the very same door
Which he told her before
Not, on pain of her own precious life, to be ope'ing.

"Odds bodkins!" cried he,—he was fond of them both,—
That is, bodkins and odds,—
And he'd put them together, to make up an oath,
That might rise to the gods
On the wings of the storm, in most blood-thirsty fashion,
Whenever he felt in a thundering passion;—
"Odds bodkins!" with voice of a Stentor, roared he;
"Explain, ma'am, to me,
What's the reason I see
A red stain of blood on that bright little key!"

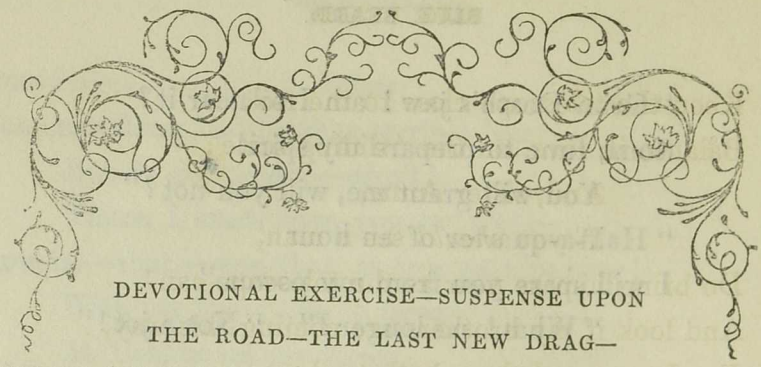
Lady Blue Beard fell on her knees that so shook,
And she turned on her fierce lord the tenderest look;
And she said, what appears not exactly the truth,
But still in the innocent manner of youth,
"As you ask me to say,—
Oh! don't scowl, my lord, pray,
In that terrible way!—
How the blood met the key, or the key met the blood,—
I suppose one or the other will be just as good,—

All I know is— . . . . . I fear
You mean something bad by that terrible leer!
But do now,—do,—do n't!
There, I know now, you wo' n't!—
All I know is,—that,—yes, that, as true as I 'm here!
With my heart like to freeze,
As I shake on my knees,
That—I have n't—no—have n't the *slightest* IDEA!"

To this—his reply
Was, "Ma'am, that 's a lie!
So, up from your marrow-bones,—up in a trice!
For I 'm going to kill you as kittens kill mice!
It 's in vain that you cry,
You must get up and die!
It 's in vain to implore,
You *have* opened the door!
You have opened the door,—dash my wigs!—and you knows it!
You have opened the door of my beautiful closet;
You have seen my six wives, ma'am, the worst and the best of them;
So I 'm going to swing you along with the rest of them!"

Cries the poor young woman, screeching,
Weeping, wailing, and beseeching,
"You wo' n't kill me? 'T were inhuman!"—
"Wo' nt I?—Come, be quick, young woman!
For of slaughter I 'm a glutton;
In one minute
I begin it,
And the next you 're dead as mutton!"

"Grim Death's jaw! am I so near it?
Some time to prepare my spirit
You will grant me, will you not?"
"Half-a-quarter of an hour
I will spare you from my power."
"What! no longer?" "Not a jot!"

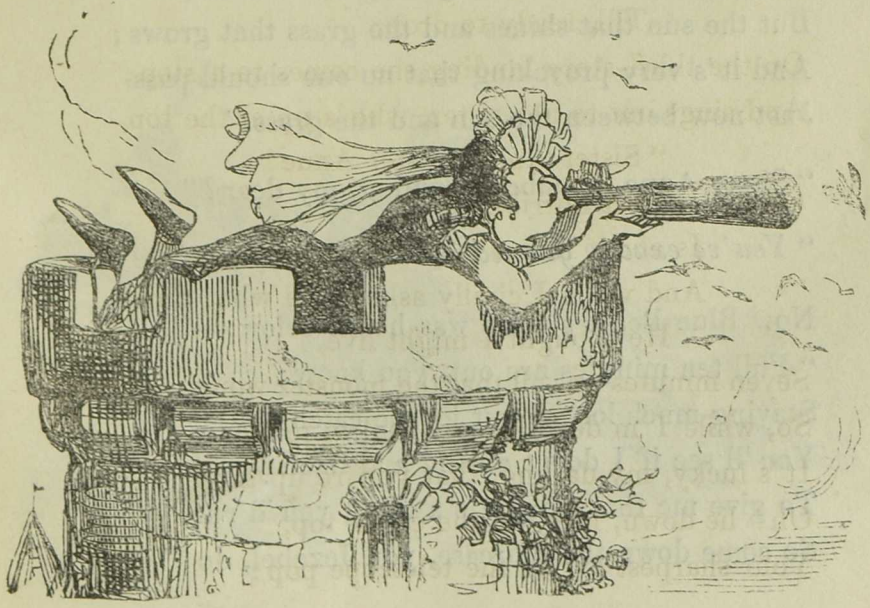


DEVOTIONAL EXERCISE—SUSPENSE UPON THE ROAD—THE LAST NEW DRAG—AN ARRIVAL—A DEPARTURE—AND THE COLOUR OF THE STORY CHANGED. —CONCLUSION AND MORAL.

Lady Blue Beard, she scrambles up stairs;
She has not long to live,
And she might as well give
The little time left her to saying her prayers.
Up she flies,
With tears in her eyes,
Till, ready to drop,
On the third-story landing she comes to a stop;
And sings out to her sister, who 's up at the top,
"Sister Anne! sister Anne!
That horrible man
Is about to cut me off in my prime;
And when I civilly asked him what time
He thought I might live,
Seven minutes was all that the monster would give!
So, while I 'm devoting my soul to prayer,
It 's lucky, my darling, that you 're up there;
Oh! lie down, love, on the castle top,
Your sharpest eye to the telescope pop;

Keep the telescope close to the rail,
Balance it, love, on the 'sliding scale;'
And, sister Anne,
If you *should* see a man,
Do bring him as near as the telescope can!
And look if my brothers are coming this way,
For I expected them both to-day;
And I should be
In the greatest glee,
If they killed my husband before *he* killed *me!*"

Sister Anne saw at once, time was not to be lost,
So on to the castle her body she tossed;
On to the battlement nearest the sky,
And she clapped the telescope close to her eye;



And she kept looking out, while her sister down stairs,
Was momently interrupting her prayers,
By sending a question, of desperate prying,
Up to the place where Miss Annie was lying,—
Lying, and looking with all her might,
First straight forward, then left, then right;
All from the top of the Baron's abode,
As far as the telescope reached, down the road.

"Sister Anne, sister Anne, pray what do you see?"

"See? Not the ghost of a soul!" said she.

"Sister Anne, on what does your eye now fall?"

"Alas! dear sister, on *nothing at all!*
Nothing at all the landscape shews,
But the sun that shines and the grass that grows;
And it's very provoking that no one should pass
Just now between the sun and the grass."

"Sister Anne, is nobody coming, my dear?"

"*You've exactly guessed it,—there's nobody here!*"

Now Blue Beard's voice was heard below,—
"Full ten minutes are out, you know;
Staying much longer but let me catch you,
You'll see if I don't ascend and fetch you;
To give me that trouble's a thing you'd rue,
So come down the staircase, you Jezebel, do!"

"Sister Anne! sister Anne!
Do you hear that man?
Tell me, oh! tell me, does no one approach;
No one on horseback, and no one by coach,
No one by garden, and no one by wall?"
"In so much plain English—no one at all!"
"Sister Anne, sister Anne, see something you must."
"Yes . . . now
You 're right, I vow!
I *do* see something,—I *do* see a *dust!*"
"What is it kicking that dust up afar?"
"It's a great flock of sheep, and they're all crying 'baa!'
They 're bleating it loud, and bleating it fast;"—
"*Then, thank heaven, my brothers are coming at last!*"

What caused Mrs. Blue Beard's loud acclaim,
That sheep and her brothers were all the same,
We know not, so may the secret keep
If the sheep were brothers, or brothers were sheep:
But this we know,
That, come from below,
By his lady's side Lord Blue Beard stood,
Longing for blood,
In a desperate mood,
And portending nothing remarkably good.
He clutched his hand in her beautiful hairs,
He dragged her beautiful body down stairs;
Oh! had n't a fair lady better be dead,
Than be dragged down stairs by the hair of her head?

He got her down stairs, and he dragged her about,
And he pulled a small sword, like a carving-knife, out,
Determined to kill her, without any fail,
As dead as a hammer, beyond any doubt,
And probably also as dead as a nail.
She let loose her woe in a piteous groan,
So soft and so warm, 't would have melted a stone;
But as Blue Beard never once paused to regard her,
We presume that his heart was some ten degrees harder.

He raised up his sword,
And, as good as his word,
Would have worked out his bloody resolve the next minute,

If knocks had n't come hard,
At his old castle yard,
As if somebody very much longed to get in it.
He paused, just to see
What the riot could be,
Though his soul all the time for his wife's blood was thirsting;
And was somewhat astounded,
When bang the gates bounded
Wide open, and through the crashed portals were bursting
Two bold cavaliers, that were come for their sister;
And were likely to kill him as soon as they missed her.

They were not the sheep that Anne saw from the wall,
For 't was plain that they did n't look sheepish at all;
But they *were* her two brothers; and soon as they saw
What had nearly been Blue Beard's conjugal law,
They said, "Mrs. Blue Beard, cheer up your spirits,
While *your* life we save, *he* shall have all he merits;
So here goes,
Like bold foes,
At the Blue Monster, drat him!"
With which, they both out with their sabres and at him.

Soon the fight
Grows spirited quite!
Shouts one, "You villanous man of death!
You 're worse, you blackguard, than old Macbeth!"
Bellows another, "Lay on, Macduff!
Be sure, old buffer! we 'll give you enough!

We 'll shorten your wisen with sabre or axe,
On your head we 'll levy an Income Tax;
We 'll levy an Income Tax to-day,
That you and all your *hairs* shall pay.
Your soul we 'll frighten—your body we 'll kill—
We 'll shave you, *Barbe-hairy-un*, that we will!"

Here Mrs. Blue Beard most lovingly raved,
"Oh! how I should like to see Blue Beard shaved!"
As she lay on the ground,
While her lord turned round.
Then the sword of the sharpest man cut off his head,
And in two minutes after the news it was spread,
That Baron Blue Beard was certainly dead.

But it 's very proper the world should know,
That just before he received the blow,—
Received the blow that cut off his head,—
His old blue beard turned suddenly red.
There it stood on end, in its ire,
And flashed some sparks of remarkable fire;
Then it assumed the mantle of night,
And finally turned to a marvellous white;
Which made him look as solemn and sage,
As if he had lived to a green old age,
And not been sent to his fathers and mothers
By the desperate blow of his better-half's brothers.

MORAL.

Now, what is the moral of good or of glory,
That readers should gather from this pleasant story?

First,—let husbands of all degrees
Marry seven fair wives if they please,—
One after another, I mean, of course;—
But let them preserve this conviction in force,
    Which is perfectly true for them,—
That marriage and murder are not on a par;
And that, therefore, it 's going a little far
    To be always inventing excuses to do for them;

Or if you 've six wives hanging dead at their ease,
And all ready to drop,
You 're a fool if you leave with the seventh the keys
Of your secret Curiosity Shop;
For though by so doing to kill her 's your juggle,
There 's a chance you may lose your own head in the struggle!
Next,—let all beautiful ladies beware,
How they marry a man with a bunch of blue hair;
Or if they so marry—or marry at all,—
Be discreet in their actions, whatever befall;—

And should your spouse give you a key, and say, "There;
Go and open my gallery door, if you dare!"
Do n't let Miss Curiosity drag you up to it,
But tell her, point blank, "Get along, I wo'n't do it;"
Lest he come home in a mighty big passion,
And settle your hash in the Blue Beard fashion:
But if you 're obedient, loving, and true,
You 'll manage his beard, if ever so blue!

And maidens, who dwell with sister-wives
Who will keep living curious lives,
While they open their husbands' cupboards below,
Be sure you up to the house-top go;
When hubby comes home, and fumes and pouts,
Be keeping the sharpest of all look-outs;
And beckon your brothers as hard you can,
Before sister gets killed by the horrible man!

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

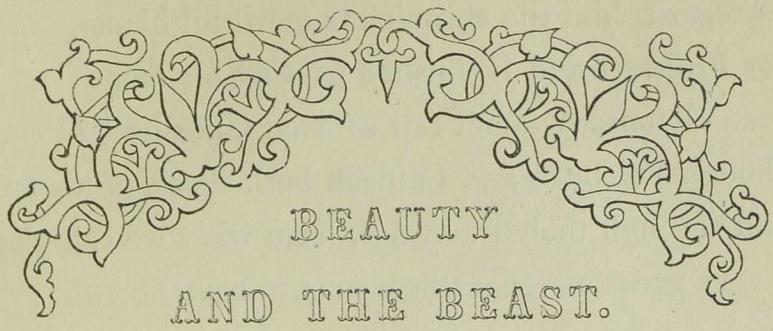
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

EIGHTEENPENNY EDITION.

LONDON:

WM. S. ORR AND CO. AMEN CORNER,

PATERNOSTER ROW.



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

OF THE MERCHANT.—HIS FAMILY.—AND FAILURE.

Oh! a glorious epoch is "once on a time,"
And especially suited for legends in rhyme;
When, if the events with the dates do not chime,
Or we make a mistake in the season or clime,
We need not allow it our couplets to tease;
For if habit or costume do n't fall in with ease,
We can dress up our heroes however we please;
And scorning the fashions of head, waist, or foot,
Can laugh at Strutt, Meyrick, and Planché to boot.

Well, "once on a time," then,—a long while ago,—
There lived a great Merchant. We 've nothing to shew
Whereabouts, when, or how: for, in fact, we do n't know.

As regards him the chroniclers merit all blame,
For Froissart and Holinshed pass by his name;
Even Doomsday do n't tell to what lands he laid claim,
Though Fairburn and Catnach both speak of his fame;
And through their traditions, from what we can glean,
A very great merchant he seems to have been.

The warehouse was built, where his commerce he plied,
In some tall narrow lane leading out of Cheapside;
But to live there himself he had far too much pride,
And the smoke of the city he "could n't abide."
So each day, at four, he laid traffic aside,
And his books to the care of a clerk did confide,
In a snug first-class seat on the railway to glide;
And then from the station a short pleasant ride
Through lanes fresh and green, in the sweet summer tide,
Took him down his manor, and park fair and wide.

But, dearer than all his broad lands and domains,
He studied the markets and counted his gains
For a triad of daughters—three beautiful girls,
With gay smiling faces, and long sunny curls.
And when he arrived from the city at night,
As they kissed their dear father with guileless delight,—

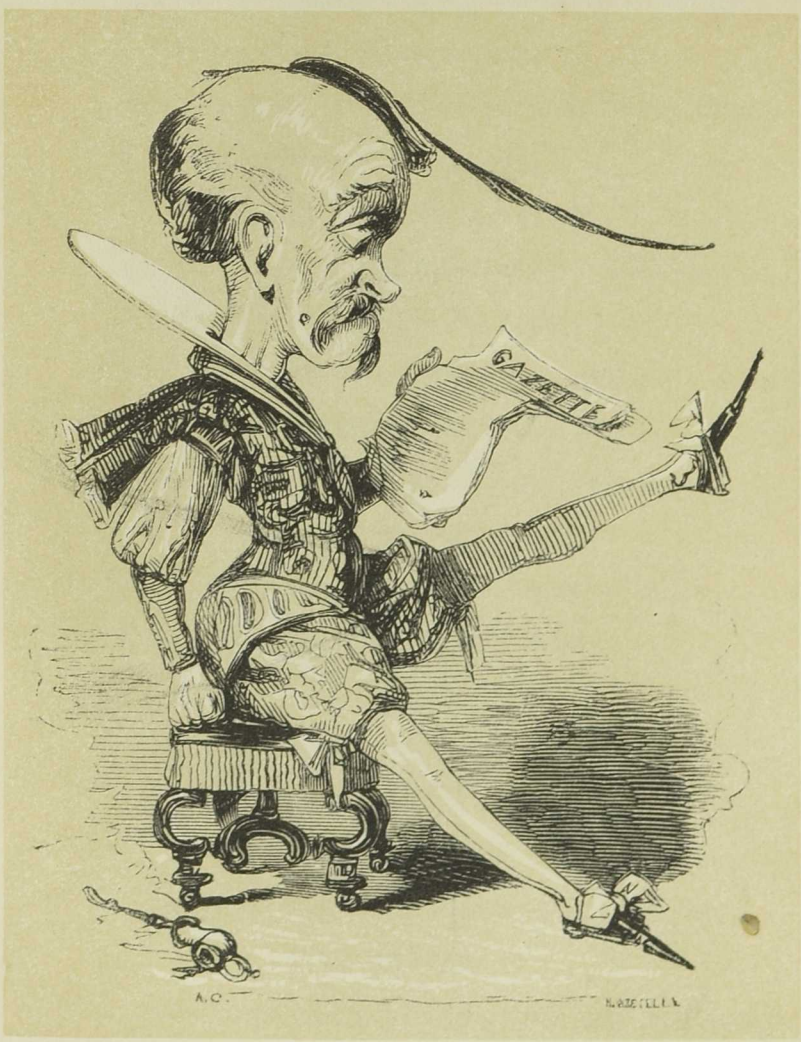

A. C. R. COBQUILL

In a phrase which low people adopt when they speak,
We can say he 'd three daughters all to his own cheek;
With bright beaming eyes,
Such as young lovers prize,
And gaze at with rapture, and think of with sighs,
And talk of the moon, and their hearts, and the skies,
As long as they 're single; and wonder if ever
Such beauty could weary or tire—no, never!
But married, and put to the test, the same face
Appears to their sorrow "*un peu*" common-place.

We 've seen he had three daughters fair,
Who did his love divide;
Who spread delight, and banished care
From his bright fireside.
But fairer than the other two,
The youngest was, I ween;
For mortals such rare charms to view,
The lot has seldom been.
Her smile was bright as morning's light,
Her eyes were dark as ebon night,
Her tresses were the same;
Lips, cherry red,—neck, snowy white,
And BEAUTY was her name.

Oh! had she lived in those fair times,
When gay gallants sang lovelorn rhymes
Unto their wild guitars;
They would have worn her scarf or glove,
As emblem of devoted love,
When, in their mimic wars,
They twined it gaily in their casque,—
A pleasing and romantic task;
And one that well became an age
Of spear and corslet, serf and page;
When a "fayre ladye's" beaming eyes
Did more for battle enterprise
Than clarion, pennon, lance, or shield,
Glitt'ring upon the bloody field.

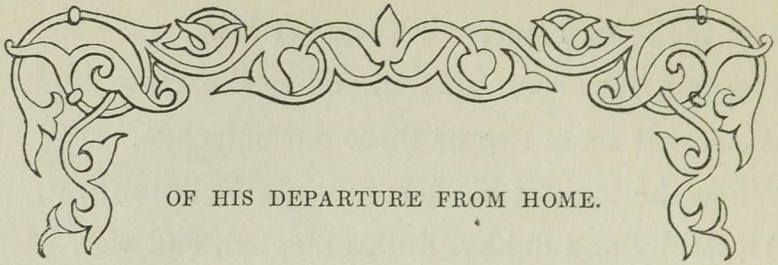
I am not a poet,—
I know it
(And shew it);
If you twit me with thinking myself one,
Pray stow it.
Yet I think that these verses come out rather fine,
In the Annual, Album, or Fashion-book line;
But though armour and trappings and banners combine,
To look very grand should the sun chance to shine;


GAZETTE

Yet, if the barometer sinks rather low,
The rain very soon puts an end to the show.
We saw it some two or three autumns ago,
When the look of his heroes made Eglinton fret,
All flabby and dabby, dull, draggled, and wet.

To return to the Merchant. It happened one year,
That a few speculations turned out "rather queer;"
Channel storms threw a cloud o'er his fortunate stars,
And naught came to port but a few broken spars;
Besides which, a few of his trustworthy tars
Chose to smuggle some twelve dozen pounds of cigars;
Which being found out, stowed in tamarind jars,
The government, anxious to check the abuse,
Seized the vessel at once for its own private use.

The cloud of ill luck never rains but it pours,
And the same cruel chance now affected his stores;
Bold burglars broke in, and fierce fires broke out,
The report of his failure was bruited about;
E'en Lloyd's underwriters soon eyed him with doubt:
His creditors pressed him for each paltry debt,
And, to wind up the whole, he got in the Gazette.



OF HIS DEPARTURE FROM HOME.

Of all his property bereft
By public sale and legal theft,
Ere long his country house he left.
His grooms and servants got the sack,
His ducks in alien ponds did quack,
His lands and gardens went to rack;
They would not spare a single stack
Of fodder for his old black hack.
So, with his daughters forced to pack,
He took a furnished two-pair back,
In which you could not swing a cat;
But there was no great harm in that,
For such was never his intent;
His only object was low rent,
And to swing cats he never meant.

Much did his lovely daughters grieve
The luxuries of home to leave,—

Those thousand much loved things:
Their harps, pianos, and guitars;
Their inlaid desks, and Sévres jars
Of *pot pourri* and jasmine full;
The chairs they worked in Berlin wool;
The gimcracks on the cheffonier,
Gay screens, and Chinese monsters queer;
Stuffed birds, and crystal rings.
With feather tulips, wax Azaleas,
Green worsted moss, and paper dahlias;
And silk for making chains and guards,
With groups of perforated cards,
Gummed, worked, and tacked an hundred ways
For netting-boxes, spills, and trays.

I would—and if I could, I should,—
A cruel fact pass by;
For, truth to tell,
It speaks not well
For woman's constancy;
But on the subject to be mute,
Candour forbids me, *coute qui coute.*

'T was this, then,—that losing their traps in the rout,
The two eldest daughters were sadly put out;

And although their poor father, by grief broken down,
Required a kind look instead of a frown,
They grumbled and scowled,—called the beer weak and flat,—
They could n't eat this, and they did n't like that;
Their bed was too hard, and their chamber too cold,—
The furniture, too, was atrociously old;
Six different bell-pulls adorned the street-door,
And some horrid low people lived on the ground-floor!

But Beauty never made complaint;
And though her cheek was pale,
Though from hard work depressed and faint,
With the submission of a saint,
From mug of pewter, cheap and quaint,
She sipped her table ale.
Fourpence a pot it was, I ween,
Although there has much better been;
Ashby's Australian, Bass's pale,
Burton or Scotch, or Kennet Vale,
But at a higher scale;
And seeing she was pale and weak,
She had far better "dipped her beak"
In aught of those of which we speak.


H.V.
A. CROWQUILL.

Her active labours knew no bounds,
She cooked the dinner, swept the room;
She washed the tea-things, saved the grounds
To lay the dust before the broom.
She darned the stockings, fetched the beer,
Knew fish was cheap, or meat was dear,
The beans and peas did shell;
Bargained for onions at the door,
All these things did, and many more,
Which I 've no time to tell.

With pain the Merchant, day by day,
Saw Beauty's roses fade away,—
Her cheeks were getting thin;
And to augment his keen distress,
Each day his slender purse grew less,
With nothing coming in;
And yet he never would confess
To be hard up for *tin;*
Although before his fevered eyes
Unpleasant visions would arise,
Of being made a counsel's sport
In clearing the Insolvent Court;

Of racket-playing in the Fleet;
Or fixing on a country seat
The Bench's walls within.

At last, when all looked black and drear,
In the dull season of the year,
A letter came, the gloom to cheer,
Which gladsome tidings bore;
And told him how a barque of cost,
By many fearful tempests tossed,
Hemmed in by polar regions' frost,
Long given up as wrecked and lost,
Had safely come to shore;
And begging him, without digression,
To quickly go and take possession.

As when, at Tulley's Lounge, some daring elf
Invests his twelve pence in the wheel of fate;
And all excitement, smiling at himself,
First draws a prize,—then, with his luck elate,
Chooses a spoon from the five-shilling shelf,
Making a pair—one flesh, the other plate:
So did a smile the Merchant's face o'erspread,
When this bright piece of news fair Beauty read.

Alas! the love of woman: it is known
To be a weathercock—a changeful thing;
Here, there, and everywhere by fortune blown,—
Not even purchased by a wedding ring.
The eldest daughters hitherto had shewn
But small compassion for the cruel sting
Of helpless poverty and gnawing care
That did their father's breast to tatters tear.

But now they were all smiles—"so very glad
To find that things a better turn had taken;
Their prospects had indeed been very bad,
But their parental love was never shaken.
They joyed to see papa no longer sad,
Now that he could from ruin save his bacon;
And hoped he 'd bring them back some Ostrich plumes,
Point-lace and diamonds, satin, and perfumes."

Beauty spoke not of treasure—asked no pearls;
But throwing back her long and clust'ring curls,
Whilst grateful feeling beamed from either eye,
Thus sang she to a negro melody:—

BEAUTY'S SONG.

"Dearest father, I decline
Jewels, gold, and trinkets fine;
Bring not gems, nor costly clothes,
But, if you love me, a red moss rose.
Rose! rose! one red rose!
I wish I may be smothered
If I should n't like a rose."

CHORUS OF SISTERS.

"Rose! rose! one red rose!
What a silly creature
Just to beg a stupid rose!"

The chorus concluded, and hushed was the strain,
Whilst the old carpet-bag, which a long time had lain
In ignoble disuse, being brought forth again,
Was made many stockings and shirts to contain,
And to cram in more boots they essayed not in vain;
Then the Merchant, a little confused in his brain,
Took leave of his children, yet not without pain;
And buying a pea-coat to keap off the rain,
Started off in post haste by the very first train.


CROWQUILL.
R. SHEFELL

HOW THE MERCHANT SPED ON HIS JOURNEY.

Whoe'er has travelled on the rail,
  Must sigh to think,—whate'er his lot,
Whether in luggage train, or mail,—
  When to the station he has got,
What worries will his fates unravel,
Should he still further wish to travel.

For country flies are scarce and dear,
  Their drivers drunk, their horses lame;
And the chief town is seldom near,
  From which the station takes its name.
The roads are bad, the commons wide,
Dykes deep, and no bright lamps to guide.

  Fearing his journey to retard,
  The Merchant to the railway guard
  His ticket gave, and left the yard,
  Deeming his fortune rather hard;

Not finding e'en a rustic drag,
Nor yet a spavined kneeless nag,
To bear him and his carpet bag.
But business brooked no delay;
So, having asked the nearest way,
He started off alone.
The night was not so very dark,
There were some rails the road to mark,
And mile-posts eke of stone.

'T is not essential here to say
How many times he lost his way;
Tumbling o'er hedges, holes, and ruts,
In trying to find out short cuts.
But we may not omit to tell,
That midnight from some distant bell
Was sounding, as the Merchant stood
Right in the centre of a wood;
His garment muddy, torn his hood,
With "one shoe off, and t' other on,"
Like the inactive "my man John;"
Who (if you will the legend con,
By some old author called *Anon*)
Once went to bed with his breeches on.

And soon arose a cutting breeze,
That howled and whistled through the trees;
The Merchant quailed, and ill at ease,
Began to freeze, and wheeze, and sneeze;
As cold and comfortless, I ween,
As if he had St. Bernard been.

And pray who does n't St. Bernard know,
With his monks and dogs who live in the snow,
And the convent old where visiters go?
Where not even fir trees or lichens grow,
And the ice-bound torrents can scarcely flow;
Where hurricanes wild never cease to blow,
Where the poor dead travellers stand in a row;
And the almoner's blood in his veins runs slow,
Till he reaches the Vallée d' Aoste below.

Circumslogdollagized with fright,
The Merchant's dread was at its height,
The chimes he deemed his knell;
When, through the darkness of the night,
A beam of radiance, clear and bright,
Like Boccius, Bude, or Drummond light,
Across his pathway fell.

And midst the wint'ry foliage bare,
A costly palace (large and fair,
Like those grand halls beyond compeer,
Which Mr. Bradwell loves to rear
At Covent Garden, once a year)
  Rose, by some fairy spell.
The jewelled door was open set,
And the poor Merchant, cold and wet,
    The golden threshold cleared,
Thinking, no doubt, 't was all a dream;
For what did most eccentric seem,
Although he rang a silver bell,
And shouted, stamped, and knocked as well,
    No living soul appeared;
Though every portal gave a peep
Of downy beds which, wooing sleep,
    His weary spirit cheered.

I wish I could my lines indite,
Like that inventive Eastern wight,
Who penned those dreams of wild delight,
The tale of each Arabian Night,
Which the Sultana did recite
(Scheherazade the dame was hight);

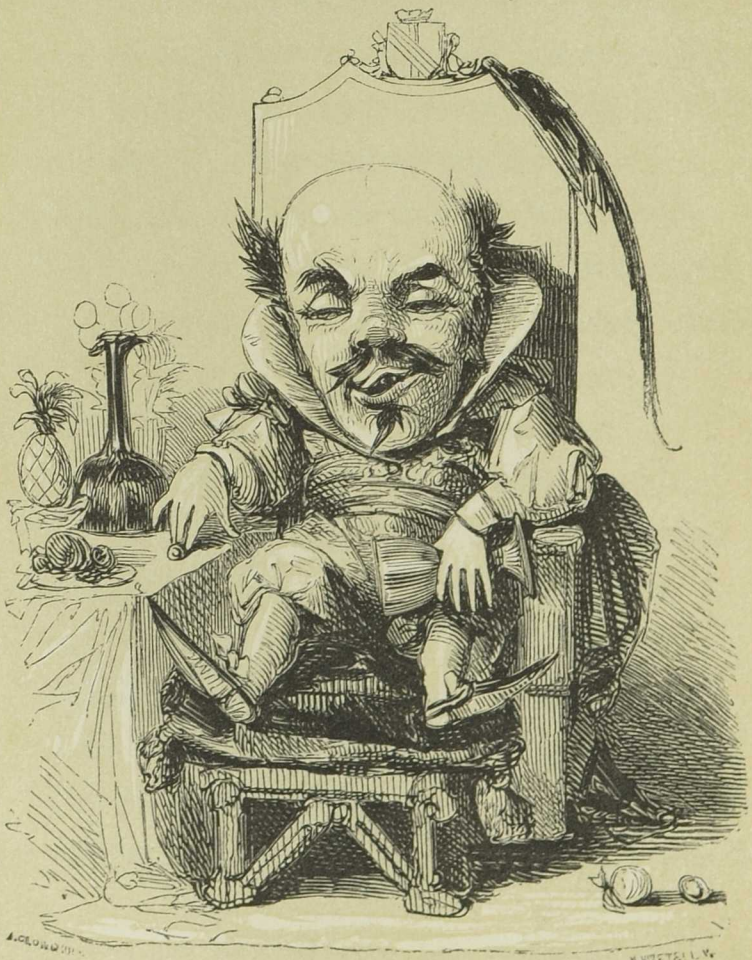
I mean not the translation trite,
Published whilome by Mr. Knight;
Because the new names came not pat,
The Djinnis, Wezeers, and all that:
We better loved the ancient style—
It might be incorrect and vile—
Which did our boyish days beguile.
We read the latter terms with pain,
And owed no thanks to Mr. Lane.

But to return,—'t is past the ken,
Of any but that author's pen
(Which every other pen outvies
In framing most tremendous lies),
To draw the scene, in colours true,
Which met the merchant's dazzled view:
A scene which in the background leaves,
Stanfield, and Marshall, Phillips, Greives,
Pitt, Tomkins, Telbyn—names not new—
And Beverly, and Brunning too,
Who will one day some great things do;
Judging from what their genius yields,
In Wych Street and St. George's Fields.

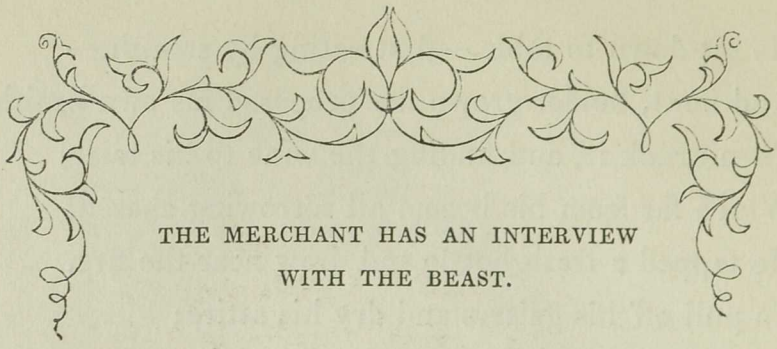
There was a scene of revelry by night,
But how engendered nobody could tell;
The clink of glasses, and the burst of light,
And woman's joyous laugh, like some soft bell,
Which on the merchant's ear with rapture fell.
Anon arose a sweet entrancing strain,
Playing familiar airs he knew so well,
Which brought him to his Beauty's side again,
And joyous corks leapt forth from dozens of champagne.

And in the centre of the gorgeous hall
A banquet table stretched from side to side,
With costly viands spread, that might enthrall
A lord mayor's senses, e'en in all his pride,
With lords and envoys in his wake to ride
From old Blackfriars to Cateaton street;
And ancient knights on Batty's steeds astride,
Tow'rds Guildhall bent, the civic powers to meet,
And shew our foreign friends how London's sons can eat.

Cold, tired, and hungry—wet through to the skin,
Since no one came forward to welcome him in,
He entered alone the magnificent hall;
And finding no footman to answer his call,



He sat down to table,—first eating by stealth,—
And next, bolder grown, he proposed his own health;
Then drank it, and finding the wine to his taste,
Which far from his bosom all sorrowing chased,
He tapped a fresh bottle and drew near the fire,
To pull off his gaiters and dry his attire;
Till, slightly o'ercome by the warmth and the wine,
On a rich velvet couch he began to recline,
His head on the soft downy cushions did drop,
And in five minutes more he was "fast as a top!"
Which means that against total abstinence sinning,
The vinous indulgence had set his head spinning.



THE MERCHANT HAS AN INTERVIEW WITH THE BEAST.

What dreams the merchant's sleep befel,
'T is not our purpose here to tell;
We only know, that ere he woke,
The daylight through the forest broke.
The early village cock had thrice
    Crowed salutation to the morn;
The windowpane's thin coat of ice,
    Was melting in the genial dawn.
The sun was up—and washed and dressed
For aught we know—but balmy rest
Still on the merchant's peepers pressed.

At length he rose from soft repose,
First rubbed his eyes, then donned his clothes;
And feeling—just, in fact, what rude
And common persons mean by "screwed!"

To which no cause he could assign
(Of course it could not be the wine);—
He wandered in the garden fair,
To cool his brow, and snuff the air;
For though all else was bleak and bare,
It seemed as if the summer there,
With winter stern his throne did share;
Wreathing his brow with chaplets rare,
And flowers sweet beyond compare.

Calling dear Beauty's wish to mind,
He sought a bower with roses twined
("Oh, twine a bower!" the poets sing,
As if it were a piece of string);
And choosing one, a floral gem,
Bearing a dewdrop diadem,
He plucked it quickly from the stem,
When a most awful savage "*Hem!*"
Which almost seemed to say, in brief,
"I'm looking at you, scurvy thief!"
Fell on his heart with deadly chill;
And, sick with fright, a shivering thrill
Of terrors most intense came o'er him,
As a huge monster stood before him.

You 've witnessed O. Smith in his terrible gear
As a bottle imp, spirit, or devil, appear;
You have seen his large wings, and have quailed with affright,
As you thought of his face, when you got home at night;
You 've heard his deep voice and demoniac laugh,
But it was not so shocking as this one, by half;
Or perhaps, in your time, you have seen T. P. Cooke
(By his friends christened *Tippy*) assume a wild look
As the monster in Frankenstein stalking about,
And putting girls, gipsies, and babes to the rout;
Besides this, his dread Vanderdecken you know
('T was at the Adelphi some ten years ago);
Or perhaps you have seen, at the gay Christmas time,
Messrs. Wieland and Payne, in some wild pantomime;
Where they rise up aloft in a cloud of red fire,
Whilst the pit cries "*bravo!*" and the gallery "*higher!*"
With heads big as bushels, and great glaring eyes,
Pulled up by some ropes from the stage to the flies.

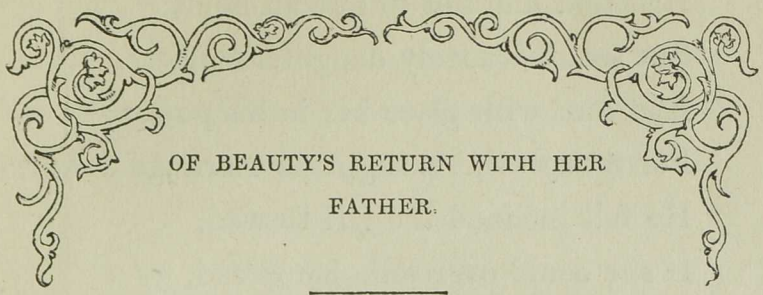
Or you 've seen Mr. Harrison look like "the Beast"
Though his voice was not that of a monster at least;
Who, fearing his looks might the lady appall,
Exclaimed in his song, "I am no beast at all!"

Perchance all these wonderful sights you have seen,
And others beside, so you 'll know what I mean,
When I state that their forms to *this* lusus naturæ,
Who drew near the merchant, were fays to a fury;
More like Polyphemus as seen at old Drury,
Where frightfully masked Mr. Phillips's face is,
To shock Galatea, and smash her dear Acis.

"Ungrateful man!" roared out the beast,
"You might have spared that rose at least;
For after being lodged and fed,
Furnished with supper, grog, and bed,
You steal the only things I prize,
And that before my very eyes!
But now I have you in my power—
You die!— in less than half an hour."

"Great Sir," the trembling merchant cried,
"'Twas for my girl—my heart's chief pride—
I stole the rose;
And goodness knows,
She asked not for a rap beside.
The entire truth I lay before you;
Oh, mercy, mercy, I implore you!"

Replied the Beast, "To save your head
'T is not too late: but in your stead,
I would this lovely daughter see,
Let her arrive and you are free.
Vanish—and bring her back to me:
Away! I will provide the means,
And go it home like bricks and beans!"



OF BEAUTY'S RETURN WITH HER FATHER.

With railway speed the merchant flew;
But as he near his lodging drew,
He fondly murmured, "As I view
These scenes so charming, oh, my breast
Is filled with pain!"—you know the rest:
And then reflecting on his case,
He broke out in another place,
Crying, "To what a pitch I've brought her,
Beauty, my daughter—oh, my daughter!"
He reached his humble home at last,
And when the first salutes had past,
He gave his darling child the rose,—
The cause of all their present woes.
Then, mustering courage for a scene,
Began to tell where he had been;
What had occurred, and how the Beast,
A monster eight feet high, at least,

Had told him not to lose an hour,
But seek his lovely daughter's bower,
And forthwith place her in his power;
For though she brought no marriage dower,
He felt inclined the girl to wed,
If she could overcome her dread,
And thereby save her father's head.

I wish you could have heard the riot,
Which both the elder sisters made;
Though Beauty begged them to be quiet,
And said "She was not much afraid,
Only a little;—if 't was true
This only sacrifice would do,
She would not give her father pain,
Perchance allow him to be slain,
Because her swain
Was rather plain,
But from all murmurs would abstain."

The merchant, when he heard her speak
In these kind accents, mild and meek,
Kissed the bright tear drops from her cheek.
The sisters merely whispered, "Fie on 't!
She 's made her bed, and she must lie on 't."

The plan was arranged, and no time did elapse,
Ere Beauty in silence had packed up her traps;
Her father bespoke the best horse he could find,
And put his dear child on a pillion behind:—
Gee ho, Dobbin,
Hey ho, Dobbin,
Gee ho, Dobbin, gee up and gee ho!

Oh, Hesperus! thou bringest all good things
Home to the hungry—to the thirsty, beer,
And goes of grog, or devilled legs and wings
Of poultry, left from tavern dinner's cheer;
Where Boai chops, and Herr Von Joel sings,
In snug tobacco-clouded atmosphere.
At that still hour, teeming with Beauty's fate,
The Merchant's horse stopped at the monster's gate.
As heretofore, a sumptuous feast
Was on the tables spread;
From which they argued that the Beast
Was wealthy and well-bred;
And every rare delicious thing,
Which fairy hands or taste could bring,
Was placed upon the board.
Canary patties, lark's-tongue pies,
Grilled humming birds, and woodcock's thighs;

Besides gold fish, a goodly stew;
With copious jugs of mountain dew,—
A costly liquid, known to few
In crystal vessels stored.
It was, in sooth, a gorgeous treat,
But Beauty did not care to eat;
The dread of the approaching night
Had banished all her appetite;
And trembling at the slightest sound,
She started, sighed, and looked around.

One! oh!
Two!! no!
Three!!! yes!
Four!!!! 't is!
Can nothing stay the flight of time?
The turret bells for midnight chime!
And at the hour's latest stroke,
Thus Beauty to her father spoke:—
"The coming day
Brooks no delay;
Father, you may
No longer stay;
Away! away!

Think of your child, and for her pray,
Adieu! dear father! *je m' en vais.*"

"Fare thee well, and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare thee well;"
Sobbed the Merchant, loth to sever,
Weeping more than words can tell;
And, giving her his benediction,
Took himself off in deep affliction.
Whilst Beauty to her chamber hied,
The locks and bolts with caution tried;
Opened her *sac de nuit* with care,
Looked out her night-things, brushed her hair;
Got into bed, began to weep,
And, lastly, cried herself to sleep.

There were seven pillows, free from mould,
On that rich bedstead, carved and scrolled,
Slumber to woo, or keep off cold;
And Beauty slept away the night,
Until the earliest morning light
(A sunbeam that had lost its way)
Fell on her eyelids as she lay.

The breakfast was laid out with care,
Though no one came the meal to share;
And when 't was o'er, her fear appeased,
And courage gained, the keys she seized,
Resolved to wander where she pleased;
Meaning to traverse at her leisure,
The palace, and inspect its treasure
(Bad rhyme, I grant; but never mind,
It is the best that I can find
To suit the purpose: neither "measure"
Falls in the sense so well, nor "pleasure").

At the end of the corridor, on the first-floor,
All jaspar and agate, she came to a door
With sandal-wood panels of value untold,—
More precious in Wardour Street never were sold,—
And on them was painted, in letters of gold,
"THE BOUDOIR OF BEAUTY,—its riches behold!"

The treasures here that met her sight,
George Robins only could indite;
And so we will not waste our time
To chronicle the gems in rhyme;

But leave it to the matchless skill
That raised the temporary splash
Concerning Horace Walpole's trash,
Last year sold off at Strawb'ry Hill,—
The clocks that could no hours tell,
The Bellows, and Cellini's Bell,
Which in the catalogues were seen,
As well as Ainsworth's Magazine.

But some few things we may produce,
Solely designed for Beauty's use.
The table was with books o'erspread,
As lively ones as e'er were read,—
The Comic Album's prose and rhymes,
Punch, Bentley, The Pictorial Times.
Boz, Cruikshank, Hood, and Lover, too;
Leech, Crowquill, Phiz,—a merry crew;
And Ingoldsby with legends new,
To drive away the devils blue.
Music in heaps on inlaid stands,
With one of Zeitter's patent grands.
A gothic harp of purest tone,
Of which, had Parish Alvars known,
He would have bought it for his own.

There was an album, too, as well,
On opening which her bright eyes fell
Upon these lines (by kind permission
We quote the only true edition,
"Published by J. L. Marks, Long Lane,
With pictures, price one penny, plain"):—

"Beauteous lady, dry your tears,
Here's no cause for sighs or fears;
Command as freely as you may,
Compliance still attends your way."

She scarcely had finished inspecting the room,
When a strange awful sound from her cheek took the bloom;
Her senses swam round, and she trembled with dread,
As she heard in the passage a loud heavy tread,—
Like the ghost in Giovanni approaching to sup,
Whom the Don, without dying, would gladly give up,—
And nearer and nearer appears the intruder,
With footsteps like thunder, much louder and ruder
Than ever was heard in the stormy Barbuda.
In three seconds more
It was close to the door,
Announcing itself by a horrible roar!
Whilst Beauty sank down in a large easy chair,
Her limbs giving way with affright and despair,
Concealing her face with her long flowing hair,—


H. RIZETELLY

Like the ostrich, who hides but his head in the sand,
To escape (as he thinks) from the hunters at hand,—
Each moment expecting to meet her dark doom,
As the Beast, without asking, stamped into the room;
And Beauty, with terror already half dead,
Expected each instant he 'd snap off her head.

But what was her surprise to hear,
In silvery accents soft and clear,
The Beast assume an altered tone,
Which scarcely she believed his own;
And kneeling at her feet,
With one paw placed upon his heart,
Whilst from his eye a tear did start,
Her kindness did entreat;
Hoping she would not angry feel,
Although his form was not genteel,
If he presumed, at her next meal,
To wait and see her eat
(Such a proceeding would be thought,
At present, bearish and untaught;
But at the epoch 't was not so,
So says the book by which we go,
'T was "once upon a time," you know).

Beauty, not liking to refuse,
Although her heart was in her shoes,
Faltered, "Pray do, sir, as you choose."
On which the Beast spoke out again,
And "Feared she thought him very plain."
When Beauty said—Lord Allcash mocking,—
"Yes, shocking, positively shocking;
But that he could not help his looks"
(We quote again the penny books).

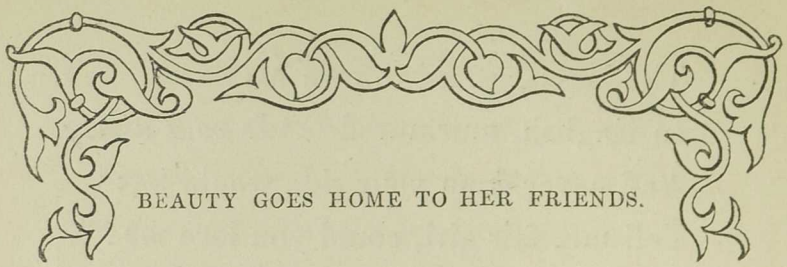
"Then I am not so *very* bad?
Although in such coarse vesture clad,
I wear the best I 'm able;
My bear-skin is a fright, I know,
Whilst your bare skin is white as snow,
And smooth as a slate-table;
Yet, like my heart, my own is warm,
A perfect 'comfort in a storm.'"

Beauty began to feel perplexed,
And looked as if she thought—"What next?"
When, gently falling on all-fours,
With one of his most winning roars,

The Beast, afraid to own his flame
In English, murmured—"*Je vous aime;*
And never from your side would be:
Tell me, fair girl, could you love *me?*"

Forgetting all things but her wounded pride
At such an offer, straightway she replied,
Whilst every single word she did divide,
Taking Miss Helen Faucit for her guide,—
"Excuse—me,—sir,—I—cannot—be—your—bride,—
Nor—even—love you,—sir,—whate'er betide;—
Leave go—my hand,—nor think—to be—allied—
To my—sire's—daughter—on—my—mother's—side,
So—from—my—presence,—sir,—glide,—slide,—or—stride."

Flatly rejected, all hope crushed,
The poor Beast sadly sighed "farewell!"
And from the chamber quickly rushed
To the lone silence of his cell.
Shut himself in with bolt and lock,
And pondered on the cruel shock
That gave his senses such a knock,
Till "feeding-time at six o'clock."



BEAUTY GOES HOME TO HER FRIENDS.

He who hath bent him o'er the bed
On which some dreamer rests his head,
Before the housemaid's tapping fingers
Disturb the room where slumber lingers,
May possibly have pondered o'er
The fitful start and vacant snore;
And wondered, as his vision caught
The working of the slumberer's thought,
How different a turn 't would take
When he should be once more awake.

And so with Beauty—though at first
Lulled into silence by the burst
Of treasures which, on every side,
The monster for her did provide,
    Yet, e'er a month passed by,
She wearied of the costly things,
And wished she had a pair of wings,
    That homeward she might fly;


A. GRANDVILLE
B. VIERTELLY

But wings are things that ne'er have been,
From Rasselas to Mr. Green;
So, giving way to deep dejection,
She nursed in grief her heart's affection.

Against her boudoir's gorgeous wall,
In frame of sculptured gold,
Was fixed a mirror, broad and tall,
In which, she had been told,
Did she but choose to cast her eyes,
She might behold, without disguise,
Whatever things she wished to see,
Wherever they by chance might be;
And one day, whilst her tears did flow,
She murmured, feeling rather low,
"Than all this splendour, I would rather
Look on my sisters and my father."
When o'er the plain of silvered glass,
She saw their lifelike shadows pass.

She remembered, she remembered,
How her father flitted by;
In his hand some gin-and-water,
And a tear-drop in his eye;

For with grief his heart was sinking,
He got sadder, day by day;
And e'er long he took to drinking,
To his daughters' great dismay;
And though the ladies, both still single,
Oft said, "Dear father! do not mingle
Another glass;" he took no note
But more "warm with" poured down his throat,
Till the dear things of the season
He'd small money left to buy,—
The coals of its December
Or pale ale of its July.

Meanwhiles, the princely Beast each day,
Did to his guest a visit pay;
And though his form was not refined,
He ever was so mild and kind,
That Beauty pitied his dejection,
The *suite* of unreturned affection;
And one day said:—

"I must confess
I keenly feel for your distress;

But rest assured that you possess
My best prayers for your happiness;
And, in return for this address,
There is a suit I wish to press,
In which, I hope, you 'll acquiesce."

Replied the Beast: "Your will is law,
Although you spurn my heart and paw;
What is it you desire?"
"In one word, then, I wish to see,
Once more my home and family,
My sisters and my sire.
If you deny me this relief,
I fear that I shall die — of grief."
Then getting in her cause much warmer,
She warbled to him, *à la Norma*:—
"For the sake of these, I pray thee,
In aught else I will obey thee;
But my riches and this splendour,
For a week at home I render."

What living creature can withstand
A pretty woman bathed in tears?
The Beast, with kindness, took her hand,
And whispered, "Beauty, cease your fears;

If only for a week you 'd roam,
To-morrow you shall be at home.
Your pleasure is to me more dear
Than aught else in the hemisphere;
Around—about—no tongue can tell,
Above—below—good night—all 's well."

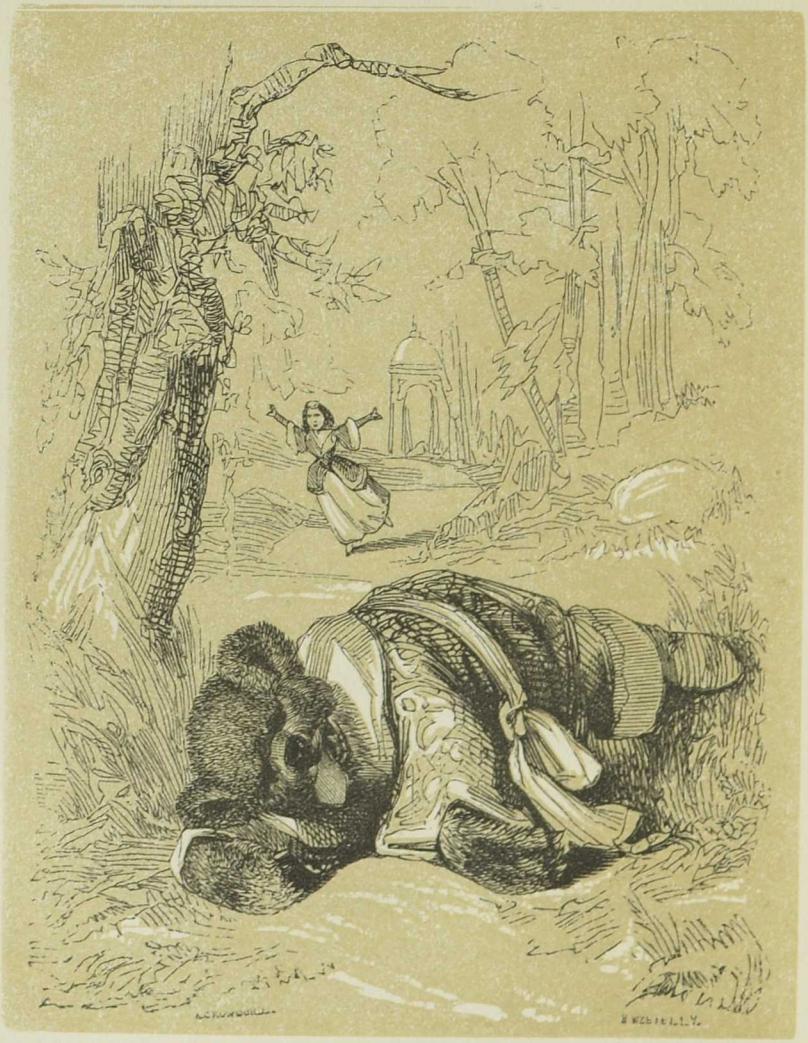
Next day, how brightly, brightly broke the morning,
When Beauty woke, at home once more;
And soon herself in trembling haste adorning,
She sought her father's second floor;
Forgetting all her past alarms,
In the dear haven of his arms;
And the remainder of the day,
In joyous welcomes passed away.

We might have mentioned, when she rose,
She found a chest of costly clothes
That by her bedside stood;
Which, when the sisters had perceived,
They nettled felt, and sorely grieved
That theirs were not as good.
And though dear Beauty, had she dared,
Would all the Beast's great wealth have shared

Between them; still they grumbled,
And said, "A pretty thing that she —
The youngest, *ugliest* of the three,
Should live in such prosperity
Whilst we are poor and humbled!
The monster must be deaf and blind,
Or what attractions could he find
In such a chit to be thus kind.
A week her furlough is to last,
Let's keep her till the time has past;
And then the Beast may find pretence
To eat her for her negligence."

The time flew quickly: day by day,
Unknown to Beauty, slipped away,
And the week passed in pure delight;
When from a fearful dream one night
She woke up in a dreadful fright;
And sitting bolt upright in bed,
Cried out, "Alas! the Beast is dead,
And I have killed him! Fairy powers,
Oh, quickly bear me to the bowers
That bloom around his palace towers!"

No sooner was the wish expressed
Than Beauty sank once more to rest;
And when she woke, to her amazement,
She sat beside her boudoir casement.
But just as she reached it, a low wailing sound
Broke the stillness of night that was reigning around;
And frightened to death, with a start and a shiver,
To discover the cause—or, *vulgo* "diskiver,"
She drew the rich curtain, and gazed on the river.
The moon was high
In the clear blue sky,
And her soft beams quivered joyfully
On the rippling waves that murmured by;
And the bending trees on the river's side,
Their branches laved in the silver tide,
Which toyed with their leaflets in eddies free,
To the soft tones of nature's minstrelsy;
As gasping and dried,
By the hot noontide,
They kissed up its moisture with feverish glee.
Here 's another attempt at fine writing, I see,
To which the high critics will never agree;
I know that pure poetry 's not in my range,
But any thing does for the sake of a change;



And variety 's pleasing, when sameness oft fails,
At least with the readers of Nursery Tales.
Where was the Beast ? He did not come
To welcome his fair Beauty home ;
He usually was so polite
That clearly something was not right,
And Beauty trembled with affright.
She left in haste the palace halls,
    And searched the gardens o'er and o'er ;
The inner paths and outer walls,
    Each part in turns she did explore.
The moon her softened radiance threw
Along the centre avenue,
    A fair and leafy glade ;
Where orange and syringa trees
Loaded with scent the midnight breeze
    That o'er their branches played.
At last, to her dismay, she found
The poor Beast lying on the ground,
One paw within the other clasped
In anguish, as for breath he gasped ;
And sighing forth such bitter moans
That moved the very turf and stones.

In haste, away fair Beauty hied
And reached the river's daisied side,
Then, filling a small water-pot,
Returned towards the velvet plot,
Still quivering with fear.
When, having drenched him through and through
With the contents, to bring him too,
She warbled in his ear:

"Monster, mavourneen; the grey dawn is peeping,
The lark, for a lark, doth his dewy wing shake;
I've good news a store; betwixt waking and sleeping
No longer attend; but arise wide awake."

Hurrah for Preissnitz! physic pure!
Brought round by the cold water cure,
As well as Beauty's vocal lure,
The Beast, five minutes back just dead,
Slowly upraised his heavy head,
And thus to trembling Beauty said:
"You might have saved me all this pain
Had you, in time, come back again.
For when I saw my wish you spurned,
And at the day had not returned,
Whilst my poor brains with fever burned,

I had resolved to make all quiet,
And starve myself on workhouse diet.
E'en now, I do not wish to live,
If you no hope of love can give,
    Cruel, too lovely *belle*."
Cried Beauty; "O'er me stealing
Something will bring back the feeling,
Spite of all your looks revealing,
    That I have not used you well:
But on my promise now rely,
On *my* account you shall not die;
Awake, arise, to joy and life,
I will—I will become your wife!"

Scarcely these words had Beauty spoken,
When it appeared some spell was broken.
Music of most delicious sound,
From fairy minstrels floated round;
The palace windows brightly gleamed,
A million lights within them beamed,
And from each casement radiance streamed
Resembling, in an instant's time,
The last scene of a pantomime,
Made up of bright and dazzling things,
With coloured fires at the wings,

Before the dull green curtain falls,
And ladies seek their boas and shawls.
By magic fresh wonders began to unfold,
But little of any did Beauty behold ;
For just at this moment the monster arose,
His bear-skin threw off like a mere suit of clothes,
And pitching away both his ears and his claws,
He cast off his grim-looking jaws and his paws,
And assumed, the next instant, the features and mien
Of the handsomest prince that had ever been seen,—
Excepting Prince Albert, who, all must confess,
Is a prince of most elegant looks and address.

"The toil is past, the task is done,
Broken the spell, the prize is won.
My darling Beauty! you alone
Shall share my pleasures and my throne!
By magic arts I was condemned
To wear that form, by all contemned,
Till some fair girl, discreet and wise,
With faultless form, and sparkling eyes,
And cherry lips, should sympathise
With my affliction, nor despise
To wed me in the monster's guise,
But here our nuptials solemnise."


CROWQUILL

'T is done; and as stage fairies say,
In every magic Christmas play,
"Unto my palace now repair,
For every blessing waits you there."
(Wish you to know when this is done,
'T is always the last scene but one.)

As they approached, on every side
The palace portals opened wide;
And endless rows of flambeaux bright
Bewildered Beauty with their light.
Ten thousand fairies came to meet her,
From every point fresh crowds did greet her;
And when she reached the palace hall,
What raptures did her sense enthrall
To meet her father once again,
And eke her wicked sisters twain;
Who looked as foolish as might be,
Reflecting on their perfidy.

"Now, welcome, welcome, father, dear!
What thrilling joy to see you here.
Nay, shrink not, sisters,—I forgive;
And for the future let us live

A life of happiness and peace:
Henceforward shall all discord cease.
Kiss me,—again—and all the past
Forget; we 'll love whilst life shall last."

And now a peal of fairy bells,
And joyous blasts from goblin shells,
Struck up,—while, through the ebon night,
A million rockets took their flight;
Stars, wheels, and serpents blazed around,
And crackers bounced about the ground,
Exploding with a joyous sound,—
Whish-ish! whish! bang! bang!—up they go,
And break in stars,—a goodly show!
It could not have been better done
At famed Vauxhall by Mr. Bunn,
Who has declared, for four years past,
It positively is—the last!

Our tale is o'er. We would narrate
The nuptials and their gorgeous state,
But that the work we named before,
Says precious little on this score.

However, these few facts are clear,
The Prince and Beauty, many a year,
Lived happily beyond compeer,
With their relations ever dear,
In rare prosperity;
And when stern winter broached his ire,
They gathered round the hall's bright fire
Their goodly family;
And watched them with parental pride,
In beauteous order, side by side,
Until the night drew nigh;

And then the youngest ones were fed
On something nice, and put to bed;
Whilst all above fourteen sat up
With their progenitors to sup,
And gladly flew the hours along
In jocund mirth and festive song,
A ceaseless round of fun;
And thus away their years did glide,
No care or sorrow did betide,
And "all lived happy till they died."
Gentles, our tale is done.

Young ladies, attend! for your service alone
The moral borne out in this tale we make known:
If an offer you e'er have the luck to obtain
From any true-hearted, but odd-looking, swain,
Whose air may not please upon hasty inspection,
Think twice, e'er you give a too rapid rejection.
Although rather plain the mere surface you find,
A thousand good points may exist in the mind,
Who bow, scrape, and caper, like puppets on strings.
Who flit in society, saying soft things,—
Like so many puppets, all tinsel and strings.
Remember that lovers get scarcer each day,
And ne'er throw an honest man's offer away!

LONDON:

VIZETELLY BROTHERS AND CO. PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS,

PETERBOROUGH COURT, 135 FLEET STREET.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

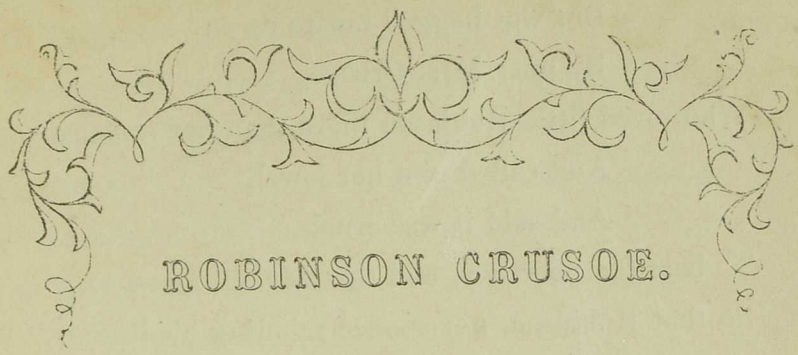
WITH THIRTY ILLUSTRATIONS.

EIGHTEENPENNY EDITION.

LONDON:

WM. S. ORR AND CO. AMEN CORNER,

PATERNOSTER ROW.



ROBINSON CRUSOE.

BOYHOOD OF CRUSOE.—HIS ACQUIREMENTS.—DIFFERENCES OF OPINION BETWEEN HIM AND HIS RELATIVES.—LITERARY AND MUSICAL TASTES.—TEMPTATION.—FORBIDDEN FRUIT.—SWALLOWED.

Many years back, at a place called Hull,
A little boy lived, who was thought very dull,
Every one called him a shocking numskull;
For he would n't attend,
For relation or friend,
To his tasks; but his time would invariably spend,
In amusement and play:
And keep loitering away
From his school, on some silly pretence, the whole day,
Spite of all that his father and mother could say.
His father, indeed, would without hesitation,
Have given him full many a sound flagellation;

But was begged not to do so
By poor Mrs. Crusoe,
Who loved little Robinson more than her *trousseau;*
And called him her jewel,
And said it was cruel
To beat the poor boy, and that Mr. C. knew so.
So that Robinson, never once minding his lessons,
Of idleness grew up the very quintessence;
Had no Latin but bog,
As papa did n't flog,
And for Greek, he knew no more of that than a dog;
And Toby, in fact, the renowned learned pig,
Could have posed him in all things, except a ship's rig.
But that was a matter,
On which he used smatter,
Till he 'd set his poor father quite mad with his clatter.
For both Mrs. Crusoe, poor woman, and he,
Had a most insurmountable dread of the sea;
And deep were the traces,
Of care on their faces,
When he talked about back-stays, and bob-stays, and braces,
Of main-truck and anchor,
And cro-jack, and spanker;
Of cleets and of brails,
Of shrouds and of sails,

Of cat-heads and main-chains, and ring-bolts and dead-eyes,
Till he made the tears flow from his poor mother's red eyes.
And then Mr. Crusoe would kick up a rumpus,
And swear he 'd his ears box if he box 'd the compass;
And then Master Robinson Crusoe would find
'T was the best of his play to be "hauling his wind,"
And steer clear of all
Sea affairs, or he 'd fall
In all likelihood very soon in for a squall.
Now as little Crusoe grew up, by degrees he
Read through the adventures of "Midshipman Easy,"
"Tom Cringle," "The Cruise of the Midge," "The Red Rover;"
Every sea story, in fact, he skimmed over,
And in them rejoiced as a cow does in clover:
And he knew well besides every nautical song,
Which he sang in a voice as melodious and strong
As a boatswain's hail,
In the midst of a gale,
When the ship under bare poles is scudding along.
Barry Cornwall's ballad "The Sea, the Sea;"
"The Rover's Bride," with the music by Lee;
Campbell's "Mariners of England" too;
"The Admiral," rather too long to go through;
Dibdin's "Black-eyed Susan" and "Harry Bluff,"
And his fifty others ne 'er sung enough,
Worth reams of our twaddling modern stuff;

Till by singing these,
He began by degrees,
To think himself destined to dwell on the seas;
And determined to give his poor parents the slip,
The first moment he could, and embark aboard ship.
One day young Robinson chances to meet
A jolly sea captain out in the street;
Who owns a ship,
On the patent slip,
That is just preparing to take a trip,
With a cargo of beautiful beads of glass,
And chintzes, whose colours the rainbow surpass;
And nails and hatchets,
And bolts and latchets;
And muskets, that look uncommonly nice,
Of Birmingham make, four and sixpence the price,
And which burst the first shot with a pleasant recoil,
All to exchange for gold-dust and palm oil;
For the ship is bound to the Guinea coast,
Where the savages live who their enemies roast;
And much does the captain to Robinson boast
Of the wealth to be made,
In that African trade;
And tries to persuade
Him to join in the cruise,
Which Robinson don't feel inclined to refuse;

And so he agrees
The occasion to seize,
And gets stowed away with the other live-lumber,
The day that the vessel sets sail down the Humber ;
His father and mother not having a notion,
That their hopeful young man is gone cruising the ocean.

THE VOYAGE.—A GRATUITOUS PUFF.—PITCH AND TOSS—PUMPS GETTING INTO FASHION.—AN UPSET—AN OLD MAXIM FALSIFIED.—BOOTS IN THE ASCENDANT. TROUBLE OF MAKING HEAD-WAY.—LANDING AND SNOOZE.

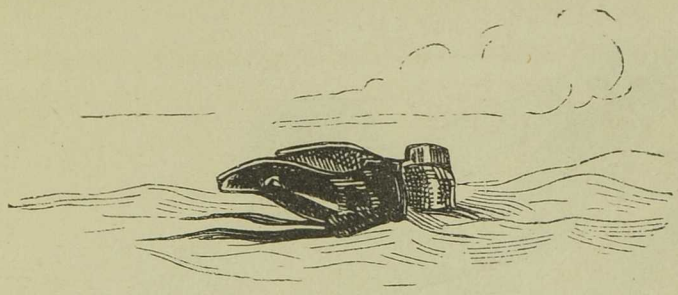
Over the sea,
Merry and free,
Bounds the bark, with the land on her lee!
Every sail
Spread to the gale,
Still our friend Robinson looks rather pale;
He 's singing "The Sea," though in spite of a qualm
In his stomach, he hopes that it will get more calm:
But looks rather blue,
When some of the crew
Advise him to stow
Himself quickly below,
And hint that 't is likely to come on to blow;
Which Robinson fancies 't is doing already,
Not thinking the ship can be much more unsteady.

* * * * * * * *

Evening comes on with her mantle dun,
Down in the billowy wave sinks the sun;
Down in the wave,
Like a chief to his grave,
When he no longer the battle can brave!
Topsails are reefed, and top-gallant-masts struck;
Things do *not* seem in the very best luck.
Twilight from over the waters is gone,
Still the old vessel rides gallantly on.

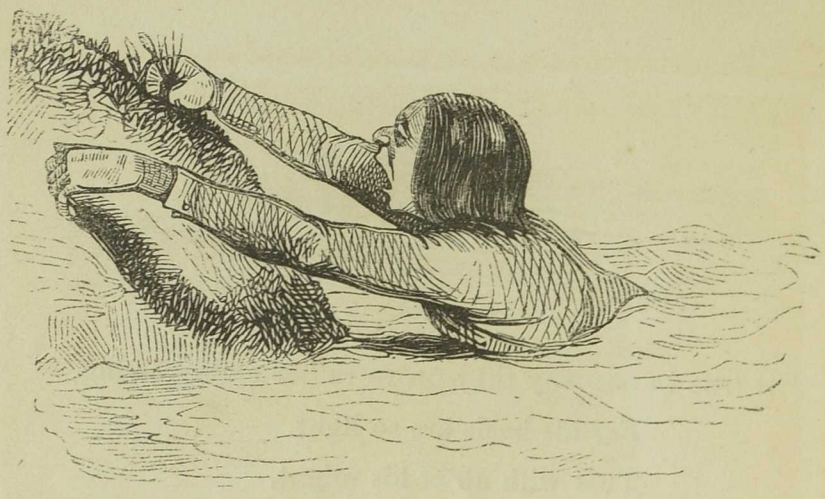
The moon floats high
In the midnight sky,
And the vapouring clouds skim hurriedly by.
Under her double-reefed topsails now,
Slowly her way does the gallant ship plough;
Slowly and heavily rolls she along,
Crusoe don 't feel much inclined for a song;
Neither indeed does the captain or crew,
All of them now have sufficient to do.
All of them feel quite enough in the dumps,
Working as hard as they can at the pumps.
The morning breaks, alas! 't is vain,
Ne' er will that ship reach land again;
The billows lash and the tempests roar—
Never was hurricane like it before;

Never did waves roll half so high,
One would imagine they reached the sky;
Till at length a terrible billow rises,
And at one "fell swoop" the ship capsizes!
Capsizes the ship and all those in it,
All in the space of a single minute;
Puts an end to their moans,
Their sighs and their groans,
And sends the whole party to old Davy Jones.
Little had Robinson Crusoe conjectured,
When, day after day, by his poor mother lectured,
On keeping his feet well protected from wet,
That his life would depend on that circumstance yet;
For with tenderest care,
She compelled him wear to
Cork soles to his boots, in all manner of weather,
Her maxim not being "there's nothing like leather."
And now when his ship
Gets that villanous dip,
And he has neither hen-coop nor ladder to grip;
They answer completely the place of a boat,
And keep Master Crusoe most snugly afloat;
Afloat by the heels, in that terrible ocean,
In a manner of which you can scarce have a notion.



'T is true in one way they prove rather embarrassing,
For his heels are so light,
That with all of his might,
He finds getting his head above water most harassing,
But at length, after several minutes' submersion,
He succeeds, though in truth nearly dead from exertion;
And then how he swims,
Oh! my eyes and my limbs!
Through the waves like a porpoise he gallantly skims;
Skims, though indeed he 's as tired as can be,
And longs for the aid of humane Captain Manby.

But luckily for him again he meets dry land,
Cast on the shore of a desolate island,
Where after some shocks,
And some very hard knocks,
And bumps—he succeeds in ascending the rocks;



When his boots he takes off,
For he 's fearful of cough,
And don 't like to incur any risk of catarrh,
In a place where from medical aid he 's so far ;
And this being done,
He lies down in the sun,
Not feeling the least disposition for fun ;
Where in less than a minute,
He 's soundly asleep as a thrush or a linnet,
And remains in that state,
' Till awaked by the prate
Of some parrots, next morning, at half after eight.

BEGINNING A DAY.—PLEASANT LOOK OUT.—
CONSOLING REFLECTIONS.—ASSEMBLING
A COUNCIL.—A DISCUSSION, NOT BOOTLESS.
SOUR GRAPES.—A LIGHT DINNER.—
A DULL EVENING.—BED TIME.—A STATE OF SUSPENSE.

Soon as Crusoe arises, refreshed by his sleep
(Though his bed was *not* soft, yet his slumbers were deep,
Ne 'er on straw pailliass,
Nor on curled hair mattrass,
Did he sleep as he slept all that night on the grass).
As soon as he rises, his very first care,—
When he thinks where he is, and the way he came there—
Is to survey the spot,
Into which he has got,
And try—he knows well that he can 't get away—
What sort of inducement he has there to stay.
He gets to the top of a rising ground,
Whence he looks around,
With an air profound,
No traces of man can be anywhere found.

Plenty of trees,
Around him he sees,
But no signs of a house
That would shelter a mouse ;
No rural police
For preserving the peace,
And finding offenders are on the increase ;
No notice to trespassing coves to withdraw,
Under pain of the "uttermost rigour of law."
And he says to himself, "What a blest destination
To escape the vexation of civilisation.
If I find but a wife—
But if not—why, odds life !
There will soon be an end to the isle's population."
Which he sure would have thought the most pleasing of facts,
Had he only read Malthus' and Martineau's tracts.
He feels much perplexed,
As to what he 'll do next,
Till he hits on a method that none can pronounce ill,
That is to say, he assembled his council—
A council, which well as the best of them suits,
Mr. President Crusoe, his hat, and his boots.
Many councils, indeed, are composed the same way—
A president who
Adopts his own view,
And councillors who have got nothing to say.

Besides, perhaps Crusoe had got in his head,
What Charles the Twelfth to the deputies said,
When they sadly complained,
That he so long remained
Away from his kingdom—as if he disdained
The state and the people whose monarch he reigned,
And he offered to send them his boot in his stead!
For a boot, if it answers the place of a king,
As a councillor must be an excellent thing.
The President, having pronounced his opinions,
And freely discussed them, he makes up his mind—
That, as 't was his fortune the island to find,
He should henceforth comprise it within his dominions;
That the kingdom, of which he has thus occupation,
Is a desert—because it has no population.
And being a desert, his next resolution,
Is that it just now can want no constitution;
But that, letting the isle's constitution alone,
'T is perfectly proper to look to his own.
And then to prevent any chance of disputes,
He quietly puts on his hat and his boots,
And walks off, most anxiously hoping to meet,
Some sort of a thing he can manage to eat;
The poor fellow not having broken his fast,
Since first on the shore of the isle he was cast.

But no, 't is no go,
He walks to and fro,
Not an eatable thing does he meet high or low;
He tries all the shore,
What a terrible bore
(Not a boar; had he met one 't would be much mistaken,
If it thought that from Crusoe 't would then save its bacon)
But a desperate bore, not to find any shell-fish.
He thinks of a bird,
But the notion's absurd,
For the birds of the place are uncommonly selfish;
And clearly not caring for Crusoe's condition,
Are occupied solely with their own nutrition!
He would like to stop
At some pastry-cook's shop;
He 'd like a grilled kidney, or even a chop;
He 'd like—at the thought how his own chops he licks—
A rump-steak as they cook it at Dolly's or Dick's.
He 'd like many good things, but just now on the rocks,
He begins to think them "sour grapes," like the fox;
And at last, though he 'd relish much better a snipe,
He finds he must dine on a smoke of his pipe.
Now it is no joke
To dine on smoke,
Though some callous folk
It to laughter provoke;

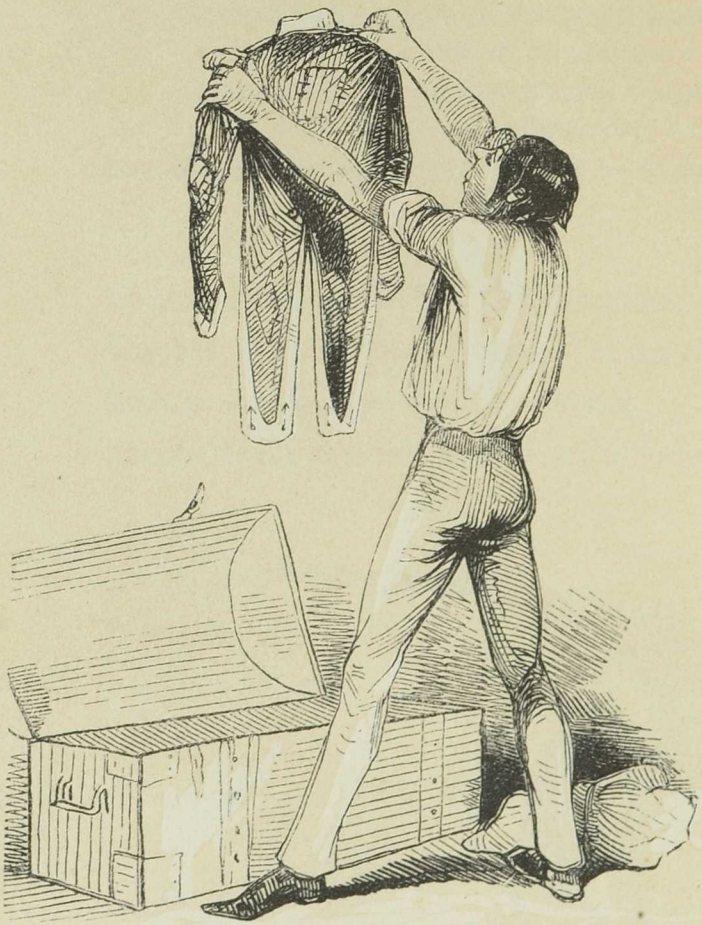
It would make a man look very meagre and squalid,
If he, for a week, got no diet more solid;
And I must say, to do common justice to Crusoe,
'T is not what he 'd choose, were he not forced to do so;
Yet, even a smoke, though it has n't much gristle,
As a dinner is better by chalks than a whistle;
Which Crusoe remembering, never repines,
But out of his pipe like a gentleman dines.
Having finished his dinner and duly said grace,
He just gives a yawn,
And strolls out on his lawn,
Long sitting not being the way of the place;

And he too had adopted the tee-total notion
Since the day of his lucky escape from the ocean;
And although he reigned then an absolute prince,
Had tasted of nothing but cold water since.
Crusoe does n't well see how to finish his "day;"
He can 't go to the play,
To his grief and dismay,
For his disposition at all times is gay.
He has no evening papers
To drive off the vapours,—
He can 't see the Standard, the Courier, or Globe,
And that evening's *Sun*
Has its course nearly run.
His position would ruffle the patience of Job.
In vain does he ponder—in vain scratched his head,
He has nothing to do but to go—to his bed.
Go to his bed—this is all very fine,—
But where *is* the bed upon which to recline ?—
'T is true on the grass
He last night did pass,
For which he now thinks he must have been an ass;
When he only reflects that some horrible beast
Might have made on his pitiful carcase a feast,—
And though no such dread
Had entered his head,
He was so very drowsy when going to bed;

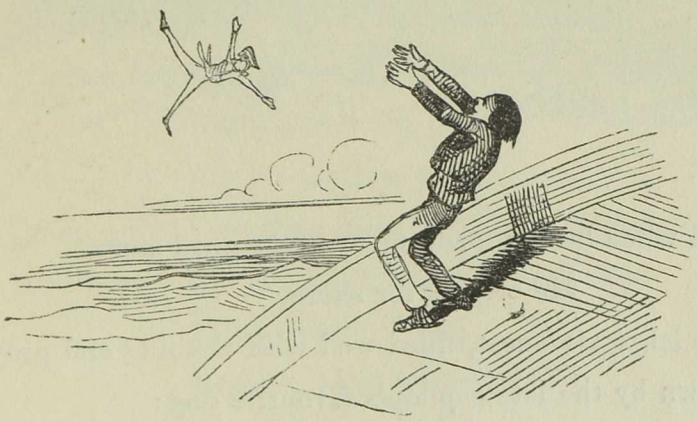
Yet now he 'll take care
That no jackall or bear,
Or other wild beast his poor body shall tear,—
And so he climbs up in a very tall tree,
And fixes himself to his comfort and glee,
Hung up from the end of a branch by the breech,
Quite out of all mischievous quadrupeds' reach,—
A position not perfectly easy 't is true,
But yet at the same time consoling and new.

GETTING OUT OF BED.—A WELCOME SIGHT. A NAVAL INTERMENT.—A GATHERING.—ARCHITECTURAL IMPROVEMENTS.—HOME MANUFACTURES.—DOMESTIC DISTURBANCES.—ALARMING OCCURRENCE.—RESOLUTION.

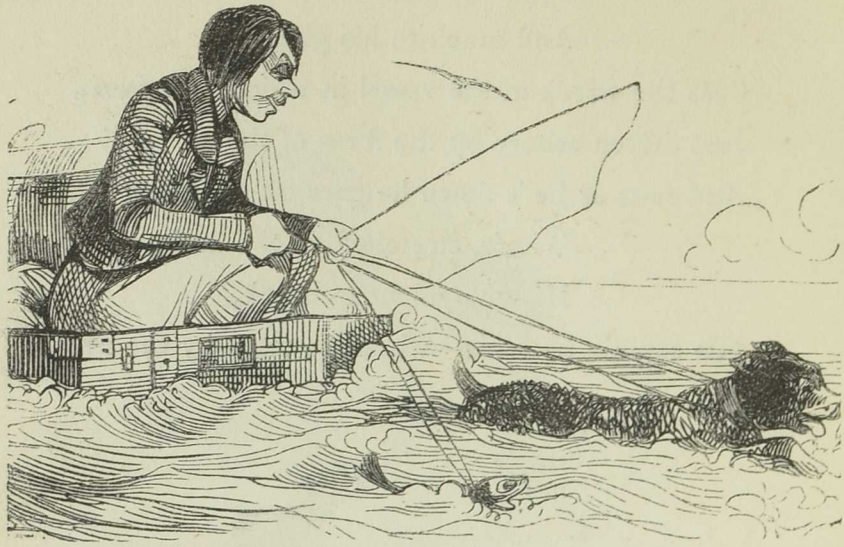
Next morning, at six, Mr. Crusoe awakes,
Descends from his tree in a couple of shakes;
And, as soon as terra firma he reaches,
Finds a detainer 's been lodged on his breeches:



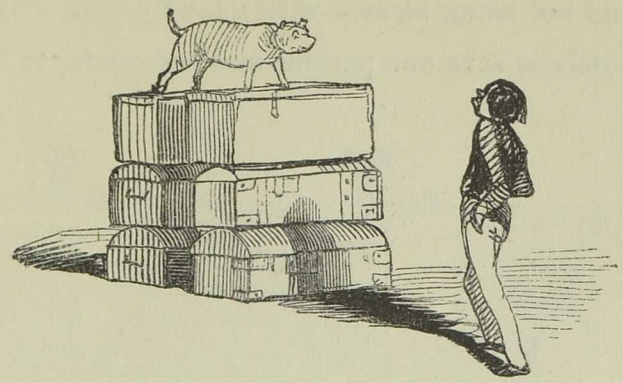
Then looks on the sea,
And much to his glee,
Sees the wreck of the vessel in which he set sail,
Just driven ashore by the force of the gale.
And soon as he 's down he goes off to the wreck,
Where, stretched on the deck,
His enjoyment to check,
His captain he finds—whom he takes by the neck,



And mournfully raising him up from the plank,
Inters with the honours due to his rank.
His captain interred, his time he now spends,
In collecting the relics of all his late friends;
He picks all the locks,
Opens every box,
Gathers up all their waistcoats, and trowsers, and stocks,
His labour in fact all description quite mocks;

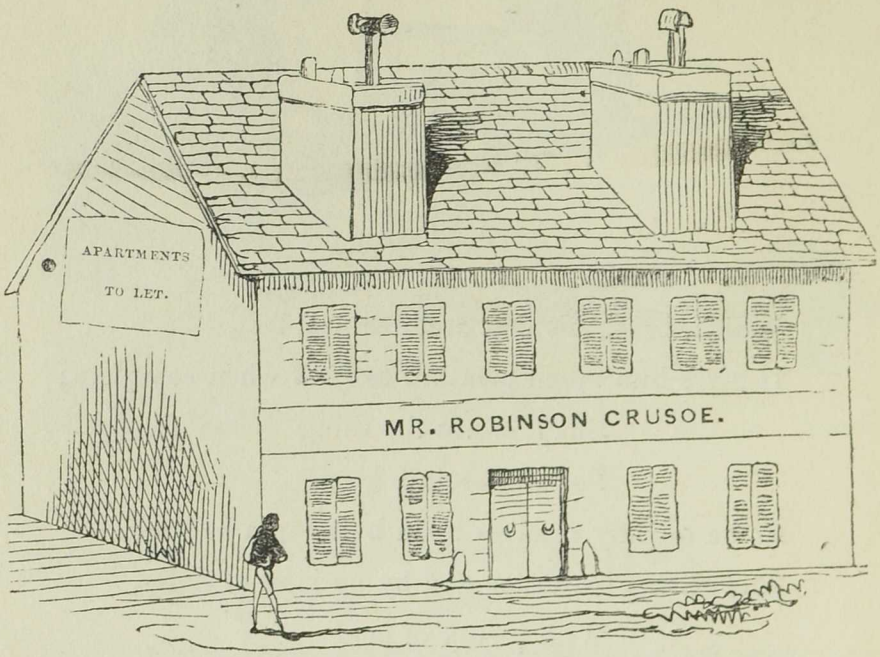


And when he has made up a pretty good store,
He sets off for shore,
In a large sea-chest, filled well with clothing and prog,
Drawn by the late captain's favourite dog:
The sole brute except Crusoe that had not been drowned,
And which he on board of the vessel had found,
Robinson having made daily a trip,
Or more, in this way to the wreck of the ship,
In a very short time supplies himself well,
With more conveniences than we can tell;
And piling his trunks in a snug situation,
Makes for himself a *pro tem.* habitation;



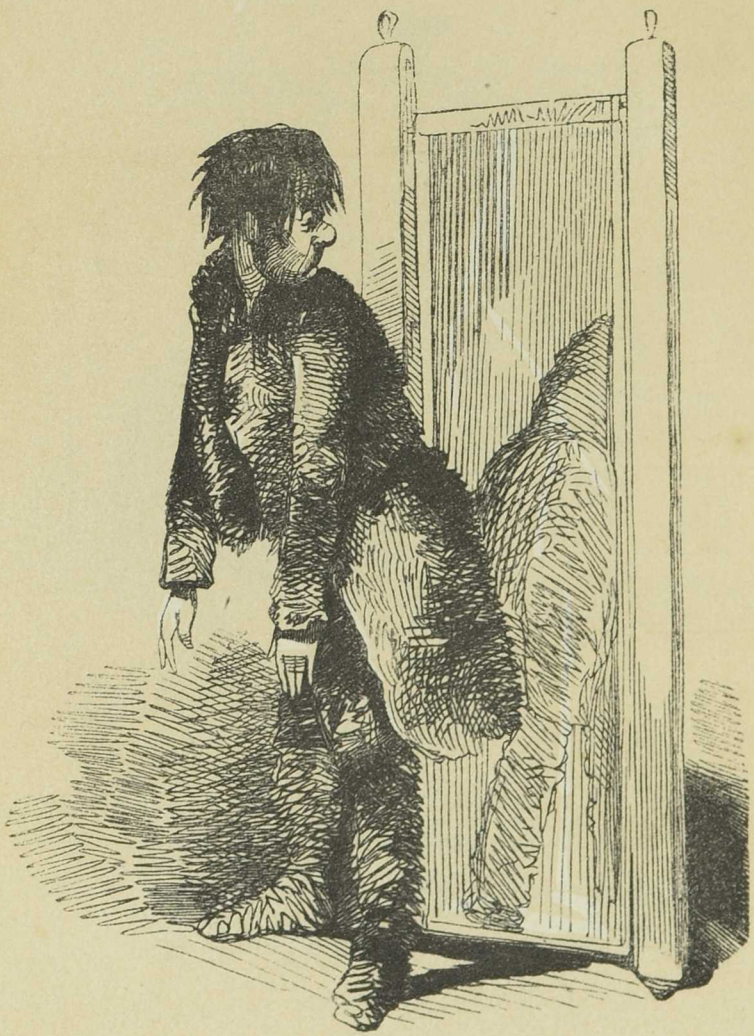
Which, being his first architectural feat,
It gives him much pleasure to view when complete;
But it is not the thing
For an absolute king,
So he quickly resolves upon building a better;
And having his tastes tied by no kind of fetter,
With plenty of land
Besides, ready at hand,
And labour for nothing, both at his command;
And what is moreover quite pleasant and funny,
Having neither to pay window-tax nor heath money;
With a foresight becoming the very shrewd head of his,
He builds up a mighty magnificent edifice;
Eight bed-rooms, a drawing-room, parlour, and kitchen,
With stables and coach-houses, all very fine,
And a cellar for coals, and a vault for his wine,
And a dog-house for keeping his Newfoundland bitch in;

And not being blessed with a family yet,
Resolves, save one parlour and bed-room, to let



The whole of the rooms,
Which he fairly presumes,
Folk who visit the place will be anxious to get;
And so, with proper precaution and tact,
He sticks up a bill announcing the fact.

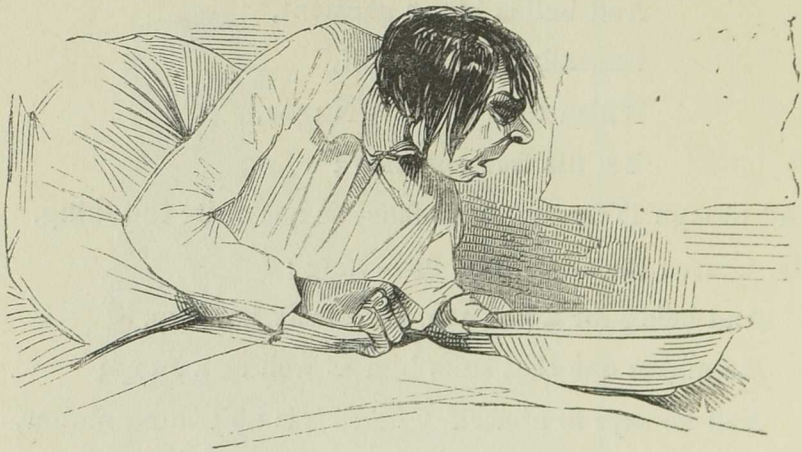
After some time has past,
Mr. Crusoe at last,



Finds his garments are shewing
Some symptoms of going;
Having worn out the clothes which he brought from the ship,
He sees that he wants much the aid of a snip;
So resolves in the best way himself to equip,—
And builds him a garment,
Excessively "varmint,"
Which though not a Nugee,
Yet fits free and easy;
And though D'Orsay might fancy it not quite the thing,
Mr. Crusoe considers it fit for a king;
And being for a hat, too, extremely hard up,
He makes one that suits him as well as a Jupp;
And he says to himself "Faith 't is no trifling matter,
To have tick with so famous a tailor and hatter."

Things now proceed, as well as they need,
Far beyond anticipation indeed;

'Till Crusoe one day hears some very odd rumbling,
And an earthquake sets him and his house both tumbling;
Which so addles his head, that he takes to his bed,
Exceedingly ill from annoyance and dread;



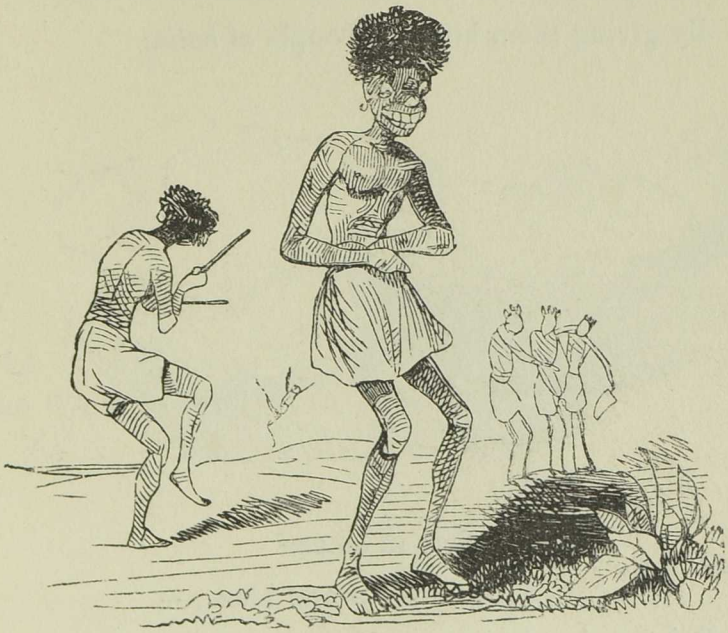
And vexed that such numerous evils should fall on him,
Vows he 'll see no one who may chance to call on him.
Restored to his health, he walks out on the hill,—
In a state of dejection,
Caused by the reflection
That none came to ask for him while he lay ill;
But while he 's so wandering,
Dolefully pondering,
He comes all at once to a sudden stand-still,
For he sees what with horror may well make him thrill;

There on the ground—distinctly in view,
He sees, God bless us!—a human shoe!
And he cries "Good gracious!—what shall I do?
Oh! can it be true?
Am I destined anew,
To meet with a rascally civilised crew?
After having been king,
Premier, everything,
Duke of Wellington, Peel,
Dan O'Connell, Tom Steele.
In my person comprising the administration,
The whole opposition—the whole legislation,
Am I now to be forced to a vile resignation?
For my rent to be *axed*,
And plundered and taxed;
Must fork out the poor-rates,
And all sort of new rates;
Must I pay for the pipe-water, and paving and light?
No, never as long as I 'm able to fight."

PREPARATIONS FOR SELF-DEFENCE.—CRUSOE'S FEARS ALLAYED.—A PIC-NIC AND A COUPLE OF BALLS.—A PRISONER EMANCIPATED.—ANOTHER FESTIVAL.—WARM RECEPTION OF THE STRANGERS.—MEETING OF RELATIVES.—HINTS AS TO DIET.—ADDITIONAL COMFORTS OF CRUSOE'S LIFE.

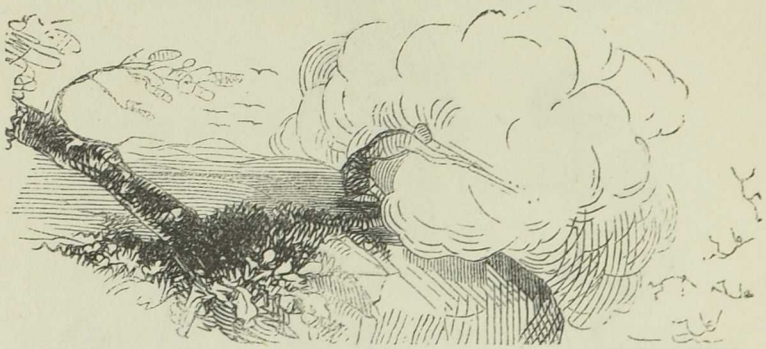
Having made his resolve
He returns for his arms,
And full of alarms,
Determines at all risks the riddle to solve;
So sets off at once with his very best Manton,
To see who has dared foot his island to plant on,—
When, thank heaven, he sees,
As he peeps through the trees,
A vision which sets him a good deal at ease;
A body of men
It indeed is—but then,
They are only a party of savages met
For a ball and a *déjeuner à la fourchette*.
Which rids Crusoe quite of his fears of taxation,
And all the disasters of civilisation!
He looks for a while, with sarcastical smile,
On the pastimes with which they the moments beguile;

He do n't admire greatly their dancing or gestures,
And thinks them scarce modest enough in their vestures;
Though, indeed, he for this has no manner of reason,
From his not having been to the *ballet* this season;



If he had been, the costumes were so very like,
That it could n't have failed Mr. Crusoe to strike.
When tired of their hop,
The poor savages stop,
And Crusoe perceives that there 's one pinioned fast,—
Whom they intend grilling by way of repast,—
Having lighted a fire of some withered branches,
At which they have just commenced toasting his haunches;

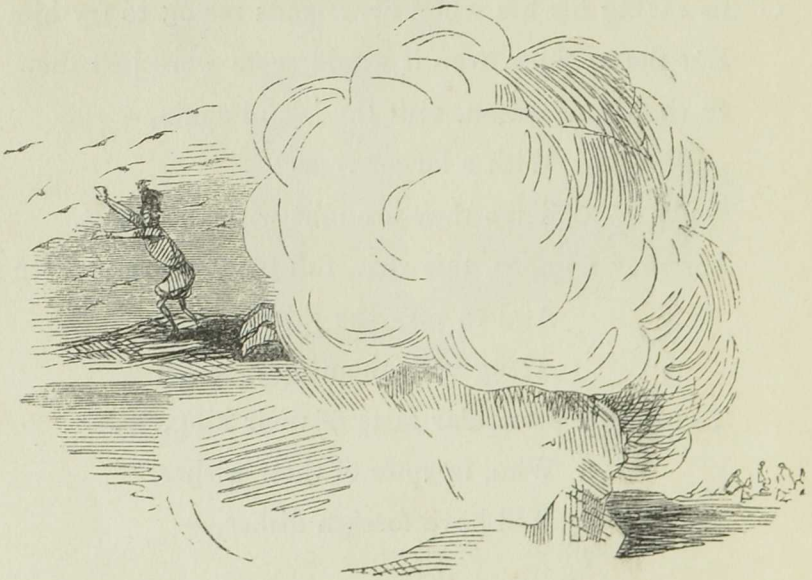
Now Crusoe who fancies that he has been slighted,
And thinks it most vile
That, as lord of the isle,
He has not to their little pic-nic been invited,
The group to a sense of their rudeness recalls,—
By giving them kindly a couple of *balls;*



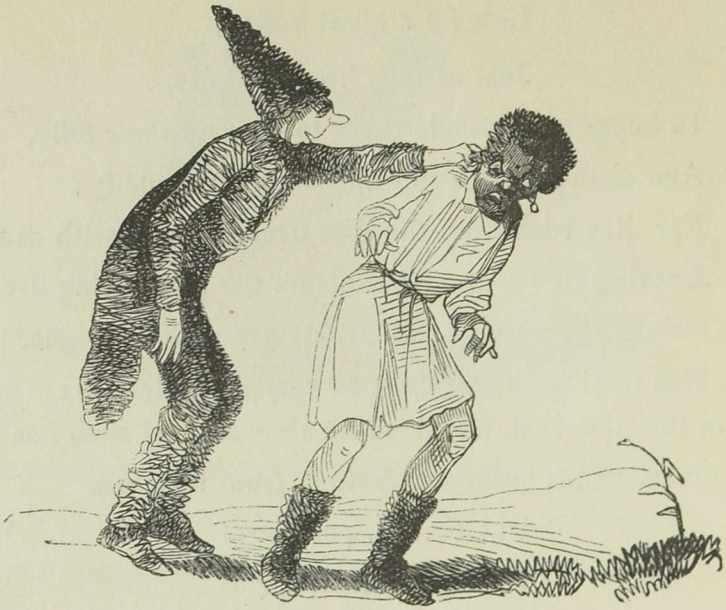
But they in amaze
At the uproar and blaze,—
Being quite unaccustomed to civilised ways,—
Helter-skelter run terrified to their canoes,
Thinking some demon their pathway pursues,
And leave two of their party behind as they fly,
One dead, and the other just ready to die;
The hapless young man
Whom to roast they began,
And who seems not quite certain, unfortunate elf,—
That Crusoe do n't now mean to eat him himself;

But he soon finds that Crusoe
Does not mean to do so,
Inasmuch as such food
He do n't look on as good,
But thinks that the wretch thus preserved from the tomb,
Can be turned to far better account as his groom;
So he leaves him his life and his liberty too,
Whatsoever his master desires him to do,
Says he 'll give him no drubbing, unless he should need 'em,
Which means, he explains to him, rational freedom;
Then dresses him out in a livery tidy,
And gives him the pleasant cognomen of *Fryday*,
As a sort of memento which he should have by him,
Of his saving his life when his friends meant to fry him;
But the savages, who it would seem were just then
In their gay season, visit the island again,
With a larger repast
Than they brought with them last,
For they number, this visit, full three score and ten;
And to vary the thing,
Along with them they bring,—
To suit the particular taste of their king,
Who, in spite of their wishes,
Will have foreign dishes,—

An amiable Spaniard, of whom—to their shame
Be it spoken—they all have resolved to make *game*;
But Crusoe, determined on spoiling their pastime
Upon this occasion, as he did the last time,



Lets fly a great volley,
Just as they 're most jolly,
In hopes to persuade them to give up their folly,
And changes their fun into deep melancholy;
For they rush from the spot overwhelmed with dread,
Leaving two of their friends on the grass lying dead
(While the parrots and Friday are terribly frightened,
Not used to proceedings so very enlightened);
And the Spaniard, about whom they all had such boasting,
Is saved, to his great satisfaction, from roasting.
But Friday, poor boy!
How great is his joy!
When he finds safe and sound his poor governor there,
Who was meant for a *plate* in their late bill of fare!
From which, in the eatable way, it would seem
That the family was in no common esteem.
Robinson Crusoe now quite at his ease is,
Having three servants to do what he pleases.
But Friday, as well as his father, though freed
By his hand, a good drubbing still frequently need;
And, being a gourmand, 't is only by beating him,
And wringing his ears, he keeps Friday from eating him:



Of the father, though aged, he makes a good hack,
And takes daily an afternoon ride on his back.

NEW VISITERS.—
A STERN CHASER.—
A KING'S SPEECH.—A PATHETIC FAREWELL
DEPARTURE AND ARRIVAL

But, after a while,
By some destiny vile
Which seems to await his unfortunate isle,
One morning, slap-bang!
A mutinous gang
Come ashore their unfortunate captain to hang;
And are cruelly dragging him off to a tree,
Determined his soul from his body to free,
When Robinson chances the rascals to see,
And, resolved upon fun,
He again takes his gun—
For white and *black* game
Are to him all the same—
And fires away at them ere one could say "done!"
Which makes them as fast as the savages run;

While, hit by a shot,
The captain 's brought suddenly to on the spot;

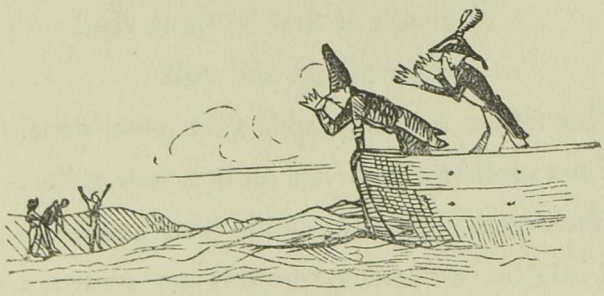
And the rest Crusoe follows
O'er hills and through hollows,
And brings them at last to a sudden stand-still
By threatening to fire from the top of a hill;
When, finding they're quite at his mercy, they all
Down on their knees to capitulate fall.
Crusoe, perceiving these signs of submission,
Thinks it just the right time to excite their contrition
For the horrible act
Which they meant to transact,
And addresses them thus with abundance of tact:—

"Fellow countrymen,—after so many long years
Of absence, I scarce can refrain shedding tears
At meeting, in this remote region of earth,
So many whose land is the land of my birth:
I came here a boy, and this beautiful isle
Was then a mere solitude;—that noble pile
Was then unerected;—in these remote parts
There were no manufactures—no tillage—no arts!
By my sole exertions—I say it with pride—
By my sole exertions these wants were supplied:
And now look around on this prosperous isle,—
See arts, agriculture,—see everything smile;
No lawyers, no doctors, no landlords, no rents,
No Corn-laws, no Sliding-scale, no Three-per-cents.,
No changing of coin, no vile clipping of gold,
No charge upon getting new sovereigns for old!
No villanous workhouses—no Income Tax!—
Heaven help the poor wights who have that on their backs!
Am I wrong, friends, in saying that this is the spot
Where those who seek happiness should cast their lot?
As for you, friends, you have been convicted, 't is true,
Of a crime which perhaps would find pardon from few:
The soil of old England once venture to tread,
Ah! my friends, you 'll be hanged by the neck till your dead!
But can I permit this—will I, who can save,
Allow you to fill thus a premature grave?

Oh! no, my friends, no, take this island, take all,
Far sooner than into so sad a trap fall.
For myself, friends, my duty recalls me, alas!
To my country, a very months there to pass;
Take the isle, then, and Heaven grant that all may go smack
And merrily forwards until I come back—
And *when I do*, trust me, you 'll bless me each day,
For treating you all in so handsome a way;

Farewell!—lest you may be in want of a black,
I leave with you Friday's old governor Jack."
The vile mutineers
Are affected to tears
By this tender appeal to their feelings and fears.
We may easily guess
What deep thanks they express;
We may easily feel that they could n't do less—

At this noblest of offers ;—
Not merely his coffers,
His silver and gold, but the whole of his land—
His fixtures—royalties—rights of command!
In one feeling, of course, they must all be unanimous,
That there never was anything half so magnanimous ;
And they fell on their knees, and 't is really distressing,
To see how they weep as he gives them his blessing!
Indeed, 't would be out of all question to tell
How deeply they feel at this painful farewell.
Now the Captain and Robinson get aboard ship
With Friday, who with them departs on their trip ;
And when they have got off too far from the shore
For the sailors to hear their good-byes any more,
They still by significant gestures express



Their silent distress,
At leaving their friends in so precious a mess,—
At which the poor sailors who stand on the beach
Are affected still more than by Robinson's speech.

The heavens, it would seem, more propitiously smile
On Robinson, now he has quitted his isle:
But yet he is taken a little a-back,
When he thinks that a black,
The moment he sets
His foot in Great Britain, his liberty gets;
Which induces him quickly to alter his track,
And steer for some port,
Of West-Indian resort,
When, having sold Friday, once more he sets sail
And arrives at Spithead with a prosperous gale,
Just twenty-five years and one month from the day
That he set sail from Hull, to his parents' dismay.
Once more settled down, Mr. Robinson spends
The rest of his days in the midst of his friends;
Though at first he finds Hull
Rather stupid and dull,
For his father is dead, to his very great grief,
And his mother supported on out-door relief;—
His feelings are shocked at the poor woman's pittance,
And into the workhouse he gets her admittance;
Where, lest she should still not have comforts enough,
He allows her a shilling a quarter for snuff.
He then prints his travels,
Which, spite of the cavils

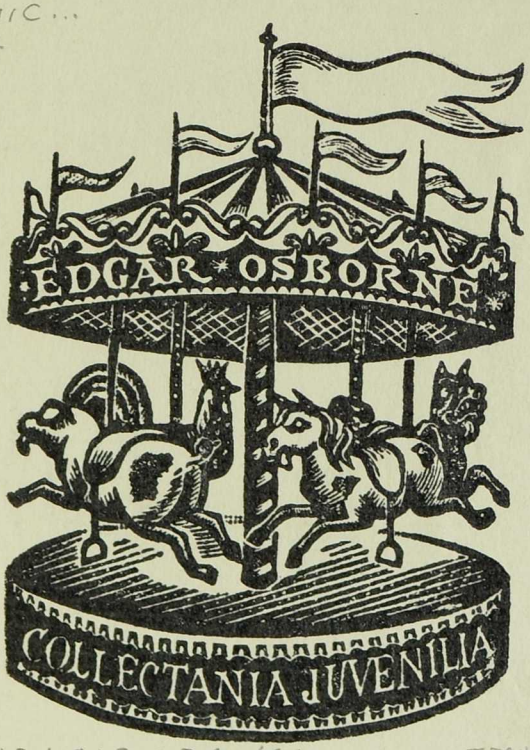
Of critics, must always be relished by youth
And age, for their vigour, their freshness, and truth.
He lives at his ease,
On the profits of these,
His vote for the town, and whatever small trifle
He chanced from the sailors' strong-boxes to rifle ;
Not forgetting the sum
He received for his chum
The excellent Friday. And thus free from strife,
Without children or wife,
He passes serenely the eve of a life,
Which with so much adventure and peril was rife.

LONDON:

VIZETELLY BROTHERS AND CO. PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS,

PETERBOROUGH COURT, 135 FLEET STREET.

14



BLUE BEARD
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST
ROBINSON CRUSOE

COMIC NURSERY TALES

ILLUSTRATED BY
CHAM
ALFRED CROWQUILL
LEECH.