

It was in the summer of 1838 that a party from Tappington reached the metropolis with a view of witnessing the coronation of their youthful Queen, whom God long preserve! — This purpose they were fortunate enough to accomplish, by the purchase of a peer's ticket, from a stationer in the Strand, who was enabled so to dispose of some, greatly to the indignation of the hereditary Earl Marshal. How Mr. Barney managed to insinuate himself into the Abbey remains a mystery: his characteristic modesty and address doubtless assisted him, for there he unquestionably was. The result of his observations were thus communicated to his associates in the Servants' Hall upon his return, to the infinite delectation of *Mademoiselle Pauline* over a *Cruiskeen* of his own concocting.

MR. BARNEY MAGUIRE'S ACCOUNT OF THE CORONATION.

AIR — "*The Groves of Blarney.*"

Och! the Coronation! what celebration
For emulation can with it compare?
When to Westminster the Royal Spinster,
And the Duke of Leinster, all in order did repair!
'Twas there you'd see the New Polishemen
Making a skrimmage at half after four,
And the Lords and Ladies, and the Miss O'Gradys,
All standing round before the Abbey door.

Their pillows scorning, that self-same morning
Themselves adorning, all by the candle-light,
With roses and lilies, and daffy-down-dillies,
And gould, and jewels, and rich di'monds bright.
And then approaches five hundred coaches,
With General Dullbeak. — Och! 'twas mighty fine
To see how asy bould Corporal Casey,
With his sword drawn, prancing, made them kape the line.

Then the Guns' alarums, and the King of Arums,
All in his Garters and his Clarence shoes,
Opening the massy doors to the bould Ambassydors,
The Prince of Potboys, and great haythen Jews;
'Twould have made you crazy to see Esterhazy
All joo'ls from his jasey to his di'mond boots,
With Alderman Harmer, and that swate charmer,
The famale heiress, Miss Anjā-ly Coutts.

And Wellington, walking with his sword drawn, talking
To Hill and Hardinge, haroes of great fame;
And Sir De Lacy, and the Duke Dalmasey,
(They call'd him Sowlt afore he changed his name,)
Themselves presading Lord Melbourne, lading

The Queen, the darling, to her royal chair,
And that fine ould fellow, the Duke of Pell-Mello,
The Queen of Portingal's Chargy-de-fair.

Then the Noble Prussians, likewise the Russians,
In fine laced jackets with their goulden cuffs,
And the Bavarians, and the proud Hungarians,
And Everythingarians all in furs and muffs.
Then Misthur Spaker, with Misthur Pays the Quaker,
All in the Gallery you might persave;
But Lord Brougham was missing, and gone a-fishing,
Ounly crass Lord Essex would not give him lave.

There was Baron Alten himself exalting,
And Prince Von Swartzenburg, and many more,
Och! I'd be bother'd and entirely smother'd
To tell the half of 'em was to the fore;
With the swate Peeresses, in their crowns and dresses,
And Aldermanesses, and the Boord of Works;
But Mehemet Ali said, quite gintaly,
"I'd be proud to see the likes among the Turks!"

Then the Queen, Heaven bless her! och! they did dress her
In her purple garments and her goulden Crown;
Like Venus or Hebe, or the Queen of Sheby,
With eight young ladies houlding up her gown,
Sure 'twas grand to see her, also for to he-ar
The big drums bating, and the trumpets blow,
And Sir George Smart! Oh! he play'd a Consarto,
With his four-and-twenty fiddlers all on a row!

Then the Lord Archbishop held a goulden dish up,
For to resave her bounty and great wealth,
Saying, "Plase your Glory, great Queen Vic-tory!
Ye'll give the Clargy lave to dhrink your health!"
Then his Riverence, retrating, discoarsed the mating;
"Boys! Here's your Queen! deny it if you can!
And if any bould traitour, or infarior craythur,
Sneezes at that, I'd like to see the man!"

Then the Nobles kneeling to the Pow'rs appealing,
"Heaven send your Majesty a glorious reign!"
And Sir Cladius Hunter he did confront her,
All in his scarlet gown and goulden chain.
The great Lord May'r, too, sat in his chair, too,
But mighty sarious, looking fit to cry,
For the Earl of Surrey, all in his hurry,
Throwing the thirteens, hit him in his eye.

Then there was preaching, and good store of speeching,
With Dukes and Marquises on bended knee;
And they did splash her with raal Macasshur,
And the Queen said, "Ah! then thank ye all for me!" —
Then the trumpets braying, and the organ playing,
And sweet trombones with their silver tones;
But Lord Rolle was rolling; — 'twas mighty consoling
To think his Lordship did not break his bones!

Then the crames and custard, and the beef and mustard,
All on the tombstones like a poultherer's shop;
With lobsters and white-bait, and other swate-meats,
And wine and nagus, and Imparial Pop!
There was cakes and apples in all the Chapels,
With fine polonies, and rich mellow pears, —
Och! the Count Von Strogonoff, sure he got prog enough,
The sly ould Divil, undernathe the stairs.

Then the cannons thunder'd, and the people wonder'd,
Crying, "God save Victoria, our Royal Queen!" —
Och! if myself should live to be a hundred,
Sure it's the proudest day that I'll have seen! —
And now, I've ended, what I pretended,
This narration splendid in swate poe-thry,
Ye dear bewitcher, just hand the pitcher,
Faith, it's myself that's getting mighty dhry!

* * * * *

As a *pendant* to the foregoing, I shall venture to insert Mr. Simpkinson's lucubrations on a subject to him, as a *Savant* of the first class, scarcely less interesting. The aërial voyage to which it alludes took place about a year and a half previously to the august event already recorded, and the excitement manifested in the learned Antiquary's effusion may give some faint idea of that which prevailed generally among the Sons of Science at that memorable epoch.

THE "MONSTRE" BALLOON.

Oh! the balloon, the great balloon,
It left Vauxhall one Monday at noon,
And every one said we should hear of it soon
With news from Aleppo or Scanderoon.
But very soon after folks changed their tune:
"The netting had burst — the silk — the shalloon; —
It had met with a trade-wind — an awful monsoon —
It was blown out to sea — it was blown to the moon —
They ought to have put off their journey till June;
Sure none but a donkey, a goose, or baboon
Would go up in November in any balloon!"

Then they talk'd about Green — "Oh! where's Mister Green?
And where's Mister Hollond who hired the machine?
And where is Monk Mason, the man that has been
Up so often before — twelve times or thirteen —
And who writes such nice letters describing the scene?
And where's the cold fowl, and the ham, and poteen?
The press'd beef, with the fat cut off—nothing but lean,
And the portable soup in the patent tureen?
Have they got to Grand Cairo, or reach'd Aberdeen?
Or Jerusalem — Hamburgh — or Ballyporeen?
No! they have not been seen! Oh! they haven't been seen!"

Stay! here's Mister Gye — Mr. Frederick Gye —
"At Paris," says he, "I've been up very high,
A couple of hundred of toises, or nigh,
A cockstride the Tuilleries' pantiles, to spy,
With Dollond's best telescope stuck at my eye,
And my umbrella under my arm like Paul Pry,
But I could see nothing at all but the sky;
So I thought with myself 'twas of no use to try
Any longer: and, feeling remarkably dry
From sitting all day stuck up there, like a Guy,
I came down again, and — you see — here am I!"

But here's Mr. Hughes! — What says young Mr. Hughes? —
"Why, I'm sorry to say we've not got any news
Since the letter they threw down in one of their shoes,

Which gave the mayor's nose such a deuce of a bruise,
 As he popp'd up his eye-glass to look at their cruise
 Over Dover; and which the folks flock'd to peruse
 At Squier's bazaar, the same evening, in crews —
 Politicians, news-mongers, town-council, and blues,
 Turks, Heretics, Infidels, Jumpers, and Jews,
 Scorning Bachelor's papers, and Warren's reviews;
 But the wind was then blowing towards Helvoetsluys,
 And my father and I are in terrible stews,
 For so large a balloon is a sad thing to lose!" —

Here's news come at last! — Here's news come at last!
 A vessel's come in, which has sail'd very fast;
 And a gentleman serving before the mast, —
 Mister Nokes — has declared that "the party has past
 Safe across to the Hague, where their grapnel they cast,
 As a fat burgomaster was staring aghast
 To see such a monster come borne on the blast,
 And it caught in his waistband, and there it stuck fast!" —
 Oh! fie! Mister Nokes, — for shame, Mr. Nokes!
 To be poking your fun at us plain-dealing folks —
 Sir, this isn't a time to be cracking your jokes,
 And such jesting your malice but scurvily cloaks;
 Such a trumpery tale every one of us smokes,
 And we know very well your whole story's a hoax! —

"Oh! what shall we do? — Oh! where will it end? —
 Can nobody go? — Can nobody send
 To Calais — or Bergen-op-zoom — or Ostend?
 Can't you go there yourself? — Can't you write to a friend,
 For news upon which we may safely depend?" —

Huzza! huzza! one and eight-pence to pay
 For a letter from Hamborough, just come to say
 They descended at Weilburg, about break of day;
 And they've lent them the palace there, during their stay,
 And the town is becoming uncommonly gay,
 And they're feasting the party, and soaking their clay
 With Johannisberg, Rudesheim, Moselle, and Tokay!
 And the Landgraves, and Margraves, and Counts beg and pray
 That they won't think, as yet, about going away;
 Notwithstanding, they don't mean to make much delay,
 But pack up the balloon in a waggon, or dray,
 And pop themselves into a German "*po-shay*,"
 And get on to Paris by Lisle and Tournay;
 Where they boldly declare, any wager they'll lay,
 If the gas people there do not ask them to pay
 Such a sum as must force them at once to say "Nay,"
 They'll inflate the balloon in the Champs-Elysées,

And be back again here the beginning of May.—

Dear me! what a treat for a juvenile *fête!*
What thousands will flock their arrival to greet!
There'll be hardly a soul to be seen in the street,
For at Vauxhall the whole population will meet,
And you'll scarcely get standing-room, much less a seat,
For this all preceding attraction must beat:
Since, they'll unfold, what we want to be told,
How they cough'd, — how they sneez'd, — how they shiver'd with cold, —
How they tipped the "cordial" as racy and old
As Hodges, or Deady, or Smith ever sold,
And how they all then felt remarkably bold:
How they thought the boil'd beef worth its own weight in gold;
And how Mr. Green was beginning to scold
Because Mr. Mason would try to lay hold
Of the moon, and had very near overboard roll'd!

And there they'll be seen — they'll be all to be seen!
The great-coats, the coffee-pot, mugs, and tureen!
With the tight rope, and fire-works, and dancing between,
If the weather should only prove fair and serene,
And there, on a beautiful transparent screen,
In the middle you'll see a large picture of Green,
Mr. Hollond on one side, who hired the machine,
Mr. Mason on t'other, describing the scene;
And Fame, on one leg, in the air, like a queen,
With three wreaths and a trumpet, will over them lean;
While Envy, in serpents and black bombazin,
Looks on from below with an air of chagrin!

Then they'll play up a tune in the Royal Saloon,
And the people will dance by the light of the moon,
And keep up the ball till the next day at noon;
And the peer and the peasant, the lord and the loon,
The haughty grandee, and the low picaroon,
The six-foot life-guardsman, and little gossoon,
Will all join in three cheers for the "Monstre" Balloon.

* * * * *

It is much to be regretted that I have not as yet been able to discover more than a single specimen of my friend "Sucklethumbkin's" Muse. The event it alludes to, probably the *euthanasia* of the late Mr. Greenacre, will scarcely have yet faded from the recollection of an admiring public. Although, with the usual diffidence of a man of fashion, Augustus has "sunk" the fact of his own presence on that interesting occasion, I have every reason to believe, that, in describing the party at the *auberge* hereafter mentioned, he might have said, with a brother Exquisite, "*Quorum pars magna fui.*"

HON. MR. SUCKLETHUMBKIN'S STORY: THE EXECUTION, A SPORTING ANECDOTE

My Lord Tomnoddy got up one day;
It was half after two,
He had nothing to do,
So his Lordship rang for his cabriolet.

Tiger Tim
Was clean of limb,
His boots were polish'd, his jacket was trim;
With a very smart tie in his smart cravat,
And a smart cockade on the top of his hat;
Tallest of boys, or shortest of men,
He stood in his stockings just four foot ten;
And he ask'd, as he held the door on the swing,
"Pray, did your Lordship please to ring?"

My Lord Tomnoddy he raised his head,
And thus to Tiger Tim he said,
"Malibran's dead,
Duvernay's fled,
Taglioni has not yet arrived in her stead;
Tiger Tim, come tell me true,
What may a Nobleman find to do?"—

Tim look'd up, and Tim look'd down,
He paused, and he put on a thoughtful frown,
And he held up his hat, and he peep'd in the crown;
He bit his lip, and he scratch'd his head,
He let go the handle, and thus he said,
As the door, released, behind him bang'd:
"An't please you, my Lord, there's a man to be hang'd."

My Lord Tomnoddy jump'd up at the news,
"Run to M'Fuze,
And Lieutenant Tregooze,
And run to Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues.

Rope-dancers a score
I've seen before—
Madame Sacchi, Antonio, and Master Black-more;
But to see a man swing
At the end of a string,
With his neck in a noose, will be quite a new thing!"

My Lord Tomnoddy stept into his cab—
Dark rifle green, with a lining of drab;
Through street, and through square,
His high-trotting mare,
Like one of Ducrow's, goes pawing the air.
Adown Piccadilly and Waterloo Place
Went the high-trotting mare at a very quick pace;
She produced some alarm,
But did no great harm,
Save frightening a nurse with a child on her arm,
Spattering with clay
Two urchins at play,
Knocking down — very much to the sweeper's dismay —
An old woman who wouldn't get out of the way,
And upsetting a stall
Near Exeter Hall,
Which made all the pious Church-Mission folks squall.
But eastward afar,
Through Temple Bar,
My Lord Tomnoddy directs his car;
Never heeding their squalls,
Or their calls, or their bawls,
He passes by Waithman's Emporium for shawls,
And, merely just catching a glimpse of St. Paul's,
Turns down the Old Bailey,
Where in front of the gaol, he
Pulls up at the door of the gin-shop, and gaily
Cries, "What must I fork out to-night, my trump,
For the whole first-floor of the Magpie and Stump?"

* * * * *

The clock strikes twelve — it is dark midnight —
Yet the Magpie and Stump is one blaze of light.
The parties are met;
The tables are set;
There is "punch," "cold *without*," "hot *with*," "heavy wet,"
Ale-glasses and jugs,
And rummers and mugs,
And sand on the floor, without carpets or rugs,
Cold fowl and cigars, Pickled onions in jars,
Welsh rabbits and kidneys — rare work for the jaws! —

And very large lobsters, with very large claws;
And there is M'Fuze,
And Lieutenant Tregooze,
And there is Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues,
All come to see a man "die in his shoes!"

The clock strikes One!
Supper is done,
And Sir Carnaby Jenks is full of his fun,
Singing "Jolly companions every one!"
My Lord Tomnoddy Is drinking gin-toddy,
And laughing at ev'ry thing, and ev'ry body. —
The clock strikes Two! and the clock strikes Three!
— "Who so merry, so merry as we?"
Save Captain M'Fuze,
Who is taking a snooze,
While Sir Carnaby Jenks is busy at work,
Blacking his nose with a piece of burnt cork.

The clock strikes Four! — Round the debtors' door
Are gather'd a couple of thousand or more;
As many await
At the press-yard gate,
Till slowly its folding doors open, and straight
The mob divides, and between their ranks
A waggon comes loaded with posts and with planks.

The clock strikes Five!
The Sheriffs arrive,
And the crowd is so great that the street seems alive;
But Sir Carnaby Jenks Blinks, and winks,
A candle burns down in the socket, and stinks.
Lieutenant Tregooze
Is dreaming of Jews,
And acceptances all the bill-brokers refuse;
My Lord Tomnoddy
Has drunk all his toddy,
And just as the dawn is beginning to peep,
The whole of the party are fast asleep.

Sweetly, oh! sweetly, the morning breaks,
With roseate streaks,
Like the first faint blush on a maiden's cheeks;
Seem'd as that mild and clear blue sky
Smiled upon all things far and nigh,
On all — save the wretch condemn'd to die!
Alack! that ever so fair a Sun
As that which its course has now begun,
Should rise on such a scene of misery! —

Should gild with rays so light and free
That dismal, dark-frowning Gallows-tree!

And hark! — a sound comes, big with fate;
The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower strikes —Eight! —
List to that low funereal bell:
It is tolling, alas! a living man's knell!—
And see! — from forth that opening door
They come — HE steps that threshold o'er
Who never shall tread upon threshold more!
— God! 'tis a fearsome thing to see
That pale wan man's mute agony, —
The glare of that wild, despairing eye,
Now bent on the crowd, now turn'd to the sky,
As though 'twere scanning, in doubt and in fear,
The path of the Spirit's unknown career;
Those pinion'd arms, those hands that ne'er
Shall be lifted again, — not even in prayer;
That heaving chest! — Enough — 'tis done!
The bolt has fallen! — the spirit is gone —
For weal or for woe is known but to One!
— Oh! 'twas a fearsome sight! — Ah me!
A deed to shudder at, — not to see.

Again that clock! 'tis time, 'tis time!
The hour is past:— with its earliest chime
The cord is severed, the lifeless clay
By "dungeon villains" is borne away:
Nine! — 'twas the last concluding stroke!
And then — my Lord Tomnoddy awoke!
And Tregooze and Sir Carnaby Jenks arose,
And Captain M'Fuze, with the black on his nose:
And they stared at each other, as much as to say,
"Hollo! Hollo!
Here's a rum Go!
Why, Captain! — my Lord! — Here's the devil to pay!
The fellow's been cut down and taken away! —
What's to be done?
We've miss'd all the fun!—
Why, they'll laugh at and quiz us all over the town,
We are all of us done so uncommonly brown!"

What *was* to be done? — 'twas perfectly plain
That they could not well hang the man over again:
What *was* to be done? — The man was dead!
Nought *could* be done — nought could be said;
So — my Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed!

* * * * *

The following communication will speak for itself:—
“On their own actions modest men are dumb!”

SOME ACCOUNT OF A NEW PLAY

IN A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO MY BROTHER-IN-LAW, LIEUT. SEAFORTH, H.P.,
LATE OF THE HON. E.I.C.'S 2ND REGT. OF BOMBAY FENCIBLES.

“The play’s the thing!”— *Hamlet*.

Tavistock Hotel, Nov. 1839.

DEAR CHARLES,

— In reply to your letter, and Fanny’s,
Lord Brougham, it appears, isn’t dead — though Queen Anne is;
’Twas a “plot” and a “farce”, — you hate farces, you say —
Take another “plot,” then, viz. the plot of the Play.

* * * * *

The Countess of Arundel, high in degree,
As a lady possess’d of an earldom in fee,
Was imprudent enough, at fifteen years of age,
— A period of life when we’re not over sage,—
To form a *liaison* — in fact, to engage
Her hand to a Hop-o’-my-thumb of a Page.
This put her Papa —
She had no Mamma—
As may well be supposed, in a deuce of a rage.

Mr. Benjamin Franklin was wont to repeat,
In his budget of proverbs, “Stol’n kisses are sweet!”
But they have their alloy —
Fate assumed, to annoy
Miss Arundel’s peace, and embitter her joy,
The equivocal shape of a fine little Boy.

When, through “the young Stranger,” her secret took wind,
The old Lord was neither “to haud nor to bind.”
He bounced up and down,
And so fearful a frown
Contracted his brow, you’d have thought he’d been blind.
The young lady, they say,
Having fainted away,
Was confined to her room for the whole of that day;
While her beau — no rare thing in the old feudal system —
Disappear’d the next morning, and nobody miss’d him.

The fact is, his Lordship, who hadn’t, it seems,
Form’d the slightest idea, not ev’n in his dreams,
That the pair had been wedded according to law,
Conceived that his daughter had made a *faux pas*;
So he bribed at a high rate
A sort of a Pirate
To knock out the poor dear young Gentleman’s brains,
And gave him a handsome *douceur* for his pains.
The Page thus disposed of, his Lordship now turns
His attention at once to the Lady’s concerns;
And, alarm’d for the future,
Looks out for a suitor,
One not fond of raking, nor giv’n to “the pewter,”
But adapted to act both the husband and tutor —
Finds a highly respectable, middle-aged widower,
Marries her off, and thanks Heaven that he’s rid of her.
Relieved from his cares,
The old Peer now prepares
To arrange in good earnest his worldly affairs;
Has his will made anew by a Special Attorney,
Sickens, — takes to his bed, — and sets out on his journey.
Which way he travell’d
Has not been unravell’d;
To speculate much on the point were too curious,
If the climate he reach’d were serene or sulphureous.
To be sure in his balance-sheet all must declare
One item — the Page — was an awkward affair;
But *per contra*, he’d lately endow’d a new Chantry
For Priests, with ten marks, and the run of the pantry.
Be that as it may,
It’s sufficient to say
That his tomb in the chancel stands there to this day,
Built of Bethersden marble—a dark bluish grey.
The figure, a fine one of pure alabaster,
Some cleanly churchwarden has cover’d with plaster;
While some Vandal or Jew,
With a taste for *virtu*,
Has knock’d off his toes, to place, I suppose,

In some Pickwick Museum, with part of his nose;
 From his belt and his sword And his *misericorde*
 The enamel's been chipp'd out, and never restored;
 His *ci-gît* in old French is inscribed all around,
 And his head's in his helm, and his heel's on his hound,
 The palms of his hands, as if going to pray,
 Are joined and upraised o'er his bosom — But stay!
 I forgot that his tomb's not described in the Play!

* * * * *

Lady Arundel, now in her own right a Peeress,
 Perplexes her noddle with no such nice queries,
 But produces in time, to her husband's great joy,
 Another remarkably "fine little boy."
 As novel connections
 Oft change the affections,
 And turn all one's love into different directions,
 Now to young "Johnny Newcome" she seems to confine hers,
 Neglecting the poor little dear out at dry-nurse;
 Nay, far worse than that, She considers "the brat"
 As a bore — fears her husband may smell out a rat.

For her legal adviser
 She takes an old Miser,
 A sort of "poor cousin." She might have been wiser;
 For this arrant deceiver,
 By name Maurice Beevor,
 A shocking old scamp, should her own issue fail,
 By the law of the land stands the next in entail;
 So, as soon as she ask'd him to hit on some plan
 To provide for her eldest, away the rogue ran
 To that self-same unprincipled sea-faring man;
 In his ear whisper'd low ... — "Bully Gaussen" said "Done!—
 I Burked the papa, now I'll Bishop the son!"
 'Twas agreed; and, with speed
 To accomplish the deed,
 He adopted a scheme he was sure would succeed.
 By long cock-and-bull stories
 Of Candish and Noreys,
 Of Drake, and bold Raleigh, (then fresh in his glories,
 Acquired 'mongst the Indians, and Rapparee Tories,)
 He so work'd on the lad,
 That he left, which was bad,
 The only true friend in the world that he had,
 Father Onslow, a priest, though to quit him most loth,
 Who in childhood had furnish'd his pap and his broth,
 At no small risk of scandal, indeed, to his cloth.

The kidnapping crimp
Took the foolish young imp
On board of his cutter so trim and so jimp,
Then, seizing him just as you'd handle a shrimp,
Twirl'd him thrice in the air with a whirligig motion,
And soused him at once neck and heels in the ocean;
This was off Plymouth Sound,
And he must have been drown'd,
For 'twas nonsense to think he could swim to dry ground,
If "A very great Warman,
Call'd Billy the Norman,"
Had not just at that moment sail'd by, outward bound.
A shark of great size,
With his great glassy eyes,
Sheer'd off as he came, and relinquish'd the prize;
So he pick'd up the lad,¹ swabb'd, and dry-rubb'd, and mopp'd him,
And, having no children, resolv'd to adopt him.

Full many a year
Did he hand, reef, and steer,
And by no means consider'd himself as small beer,
When old Norman at length died and left him his frigate,
With lots of pistoles in his coffer to rig it.
A sailor ne'er moans;
So, consigning the bones
Of his friend to the locker of one Mr. Jones,
For England he steers. —
On the voyage it appears
That he rescued a maid from the Dey of Algiers;
And at length reached the Sussex coast, where, in a bay,
Not a great way from Brighton, most cosey-ly lay
His vessel at anchor, the very same day
That the Poet begins, — thus commencing his play:

ACT I.

Giles Gaussen accosts old Sir Maurice de Beevor,
And puts the poor Knight in a deuce of a fever,
By saying the boy, whom he took out to please him,
Is come back a Captain on purpose to tease him. —

¹ An incident very like one in Jack Sheppard —
A work some have lauded, and others have pepper'd —
Where a Dutch pirate kidnaps, and tosses Thames Darrel
Just so in the sea, and he's saved by a barrel, —
On the coast, if I recollect rightly, it's flung whole,
And the hero, half-drown'd, scrambles out of the bung-hole.

[It aint no sich thing! — the hero aint bung'd in no barrel at all. — He's picked up by a Captain, just as Norman was arterwards. — PRINT. DEV.]

Sir Maurice, who gladly would see Mr. Gaussen
 Breaking stones on the highway, or sweeping a crossing,
 Dissembles — observes, It's of no use to fret, —
 And hints he may find some more work for him yet;
 Then calls at the castle, and tells Lady A.
 That the boy they had ten years ago sent away
 Is return'd a grown man, and, to come to the point,
 Will put her son Percy's nose clean out of joint;
 But adds, that herself she no longer need vex,
 If she'll buy him (Sir Maurice) a farm near the Ex.
 "Oh! take it," she cries; "but secure every document." —
 "A bargain," says Maurice, — "including the stock you meant?" —

The Captain, meanwhile,
 With a lover-like smile,
 And a fine cambric handkerchief, wipes off the tears
 From Miss Violet's eyelash, and hushes her fears.
 (That's the Lady he saved from the Dey of Algiers.)
 Now arises a delicate point, and this is it —
 The young Lady herself is but down on a visit.
 She's perplex'd; and, in fact,
 Does not know how to act.
 It's her very first visit — and then to begin
 By asking a stranger — a gentleman, in —
 One with moustaches too — and a tuft on his chin —
 She "really don't know —
 He had much better go,"—
 Here the Countess steps in from behind, and says "No! —
 Fair sir, you are welcome. Do, pray, stop and dine —
 You will take our pot-luck — and we've decentish wine."
 He bows, looks at Miss, — and he does not decline.

ACT II.

After dinner the Captain recounts, with much glee,
 All he's heard, seen, and done since he first went to sea,
 All his perils and scrapes,
 And his hair-breadth escapes,
 Talks of boa-constrictors, and lions, and apes,
 And fierce "Bengal Tigers," like that which, you know,
 If you've ever seen any respectable "Show,"
 "Carried off the unfortunate Mr. Munro."
 Then, diverging a while, he adverts to the mystery
 Which hangs, like a cloud, o'er his own private history —
 How he ran off to sea — how they set him afloat,
 (Not a word, though, of barrel or bung-hole — *See Note*)
 — How he happen'd to meet
 With the Algerine fleet,

And forced them, by sheer dint of arms to retreat,
Thus saving his Violet — (One of his feet
Here just touch'd her toe, and she moved on her seat,) —
How his vessel was batter'd —
In short, he so chatter'd,
Now lively, now serious, so ogled and flatter'd,
That the ladies much marvell'd a person should be able
To "make himself," both said, "so very agreeable."

Captain Norman's adventures were scarcely half done,
When Percy Lord Ashdale, her ladyship's son,
In a terrible fume,
Bounces into the room,
And talks to his guest as you'd talk to your groom,
Claps his hand on his rapier, and swears he'll be through him —
The Captain does nothing at all but "pooh! pooh!"
Unable to smother
His hate of his brother,
He rails at his cousin, and blows up his mother. —
Fie! fie!" says the first — Says the latter, "In sooth,
This is sharper by far than a keen serpent's tooth!"
(A remark, by the way, which King Lear had made years ago,
When he ask'd for his Knights, and his Daughter said, "Here's a go!") —
This made Ashdale ashamed;
But he must not be blamed
Too much for his warmth, for, like many young fellows, he
Was apt to lose temper when tortur'd by jealousy.
Still speaking quite gruff,
He goes off in a huff;
Lady A., who is now what some call "up to snuff,"
Straight determines to patch
Up a clandestine match
Between the Sea-Captain she dreads like Old Scratch,
And Miss, — whom she does not think any great catch
For Ashdale; — besides, he won't kick up such shindies
Were she once fairly married and off to the Indies.

ACT III.

Miss Violet takes from the Countess her tone;
She agrees to meet Norman "by moonlight alone,"
And slip off to his bark, "The night being dark,"
Though "the moon," the Sea-Captain says, rises in Heaven
"One hour before midnight," *i.e.* at eleven.
From which speech I infer, — Though perhaps I may err —
That, though weatherwise, doubtless, 'midst surges and surf, he
When "capering on shore" was by no means a Murphy.

He starts off, however, at sunset, to reach
 An old chapel in ruins, that stands on the beach,
 Where the Priest is to bring, as he's promised by letter, a
 Paper to prove his name, "birthright," &c.
 Being rather too late,
 Gaussen, lying in wait,
 Gives poor Father Onslow a knock on the pate,
 But bolts, seeing Norman, before he has wrested
 From the hand of the Priest, as Sir Maurice requested,
 The marriage certificate duly attested. —
 Norman kneels by the clergyman fainting and gory,
 And begs he won't die till he's told him his story;
 The Father complies,
 Re-opens his eyes,
 And tells him all how and about it — and dies!

ACT IV.

Norman, now call'd Le Mesnil, instructed of all,
 Goes back, though it's getting quite late for a call,
 Hangs his hat and his cloak on a peg in the hall,
 And tells the proud Countess it's useless to smother
 The fact any longer—he knows she's his Mother!
 His Pa's wedded Spouse, — She questions his *vouç*,
 And threatens to have him turn'd out of the house.—
 He still perseveres,
 Till, in spite of her fears,
 She admits he's the son she had cast off for years,
 And he gives her the papers "all blister'd with tears,"
 When Ashdale, who chances his nose in to poke,
 Takes his hat and his cloak,
 Just as if in a joke,
 Determined to put in his wheel a new spoke,
 And slips off thus disguised, when he sees by the dial it
 's time for the rendezvous fixed with Miss Violet.—
 — Captain Norman, who, after all, feels rather sore
 At his mother's reserve, vows to see her no more,
 Rings the bell for the servant to open the door,
 And leaves his Mamma in a fit on the floor.

ACT V.

Now comes the catastrophe! — Ashdale, who's wrapt in
 The cloak, with the hat and the plume of the Captain,
 Leads Violet down through the grounds to the chapel
 Where Gaussen's conceal'd — he springs forward to grapple
 The man he's erroneously led to suppose

Captain Norman himself by the cut of his clothes.
In the midst of their strife,
And just as the knife
Of the Pirate is raised to deprive him of life,
The Captain comes forward, drawn there by the squeals
Of the Lady, and, knocking Giles head over heels,
Fractures his "nob,"
Saves the hangman a job,
And executes justice most strictly, the rather,
'Twas the spot where that rascal had murder'd his father.
Then in comes the mother,
Who, finding one brother
Had the instant before saved the life of the other,
Explains the whole case.
Ashdale puts a good face
On the matter; and, since he's obliged to give place,
Yields his coronet up with a pretty good grace;
Norman vows he won't have it — the kinsmen embrace, —
And the Captain, the first in this generous race,
To remove every handle
For gossip and scandal,
Sets the whole of the papers alight with the candle;
An arrangement takes place — on the very same night, all
Is settled and done, and the points the most vital
Are, N. takes the personals; — A., in requital,
Keeps the whole real property, Mansion, and Title. —
V. falls to the share of the Captain, and tries a
Sea-voyage, as a Bride, in the "Royal Eliza." —
Both are pleased with the part they acquire as joint heirs,
And old Maurice Beevor is bundled down stairs!

MORAL.

The public, perhaps, with the drama might quarrel
If deprived of all epilogue, prologue, and moral;
This may serve for all three then:—

"Young Ladies of property,
Let Lady A.'s history serve as a stopper t'ye;
Don't wed with low people beneath your degree,
And if you've a baby, don't send it to sea!

"Young Noblemen! shun every thing like a brawl;
And be sure when you dine out, or go to a ball,
Don't take the best hat that you find in the hall,
And leave one in it's stead that's worth nothing at all!
"Old Knights, don't give bribes! — above all, never urge a man
To steal people's things, or to stick an old Clergyman!

“And you, ye Sea-Captains! who’ve nothing to do
But to run round the world, fight, and drink till all’s blue,
And tell us tough yarns, and then swear they are true,
Reflect, notwithstanding your sea-faring life,
That you can’t get on well long, without you’ve a wife;
So get one at once, treat her kindly and gently,
Write a nautical novel, — and send it to Bentley!”

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