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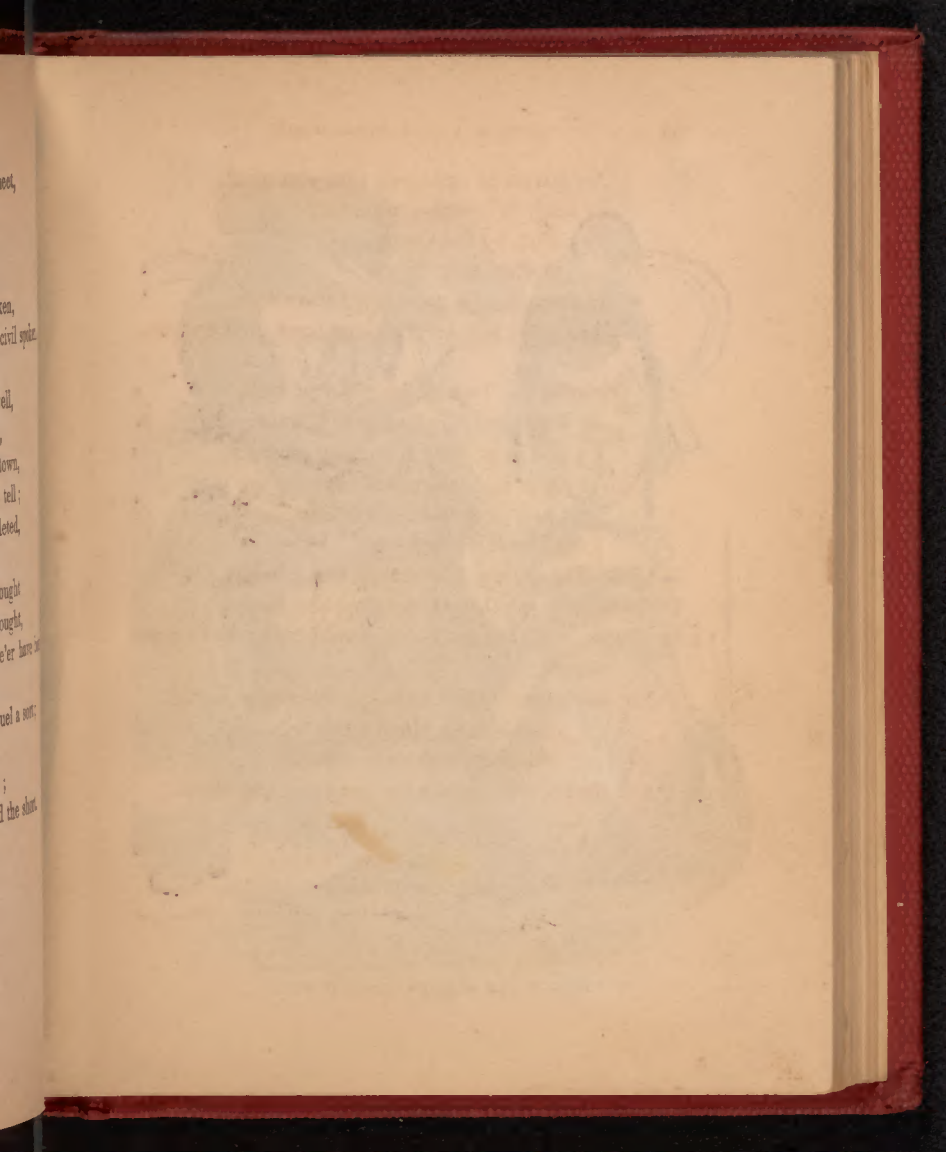
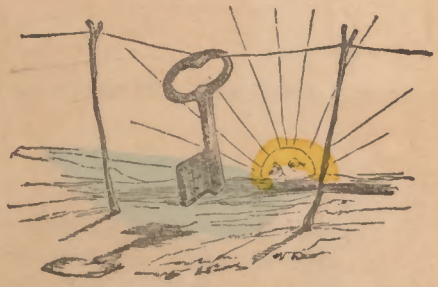


BLUE BEARD AND HIS SEVENTH WIFE.

BLUE BEARD,

BY F. W. N. BAYLEY,
AUTHOR OF "JACK THE GIANT KILLER," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS, HUMOROUS, AND NUMEROUS.



NEW YORK:
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1845.

BLUE BEARD.

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 he was reputed as "*sich*;"
Houses he had that were not very bad,
Lands beside that were very 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 didn't beat Young Adonis hollow,
Nobody ever called him Apollo;
And people would hiss us
If we said Narcissus
Was formed of the pattern he did follow!

No such thing,—it would never do;
He wasn't a beautiful boy to view.

BLUE BEARD IN A PASSION.

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."

It wasn't the duty
Of Blue Beard's beauty
To save his bacon;
And what need I more say,
Except that for D'Orsay
He ne'er was mistaken
For this cause 'mong the rest,
Which is good as the best,
That D'Orsay—a gentleman now in his prime—
Didn't live for the ladies in Blue Beard's time!

His beard we said was thoroughly blue,
And nothing that woman or man could do,
Shave without, or invention within,
Could change the color of Blue Beard's chin
Rowland's Macassar, or Fox's dye,
Each it was vain for him to try;

Mechi's razors, or Warren's jet,
Another color he could not get!
He lathered it once, with intense delight,
Hoping that soaping would make it white;
And then again he lathered it back,
Hoping that soaping would make it black:
Then he shaved it again and again,
But it wouldn't do, the thing was plain,
Uncommonly plain that it wouldn't do;
For the beard continued undoubtedly blue!

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 so wickedly blue?

BLUE BEARD TAKES A WALK.

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 mother-land,
Almost as fair as the Dutchess of Sutherland !
(That beautiful dutchess, 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 dutchess 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 !

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY TAKES A WALK, AND BLUE BEARD FALLS IN LOVE WITH HER.

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 naught 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, wasn'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 don'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 honor;
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 didn'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,

HE TAKES HER TO HIS CASTLE, AND THEY GET MARRIED.

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 'twere 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 *didn't* he give her a feast and a ball?
And *wasn't* there eating and drinking—that's all?
And *didn'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 savory!

(Not Thomas Cox Savory, close to Cornhill,
The mighty watchmaker;
But cocks that I take her
Good taste to have fancied more savory 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 *didn't* she gobble, and *didn't* she stuff?
And *wasn't she sorry when she'd had enough?*

Her brain was light,
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 wasn'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,
'Tis 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.

BEING ABOUT TO DEPART FROM HOME, BLUE BEARD SHOWS HIS WIFE ALL THE ROOMS IN THE CASTLE, EXCEPT ONE.

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 says he must roam
(By baggage—Odd's life!
I don'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 needn't repine,
Believe me, inside there are oceans of wine!
Here's the key of the store-room; don'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

HE GIVES HER ALL THE KEYS, EXCEPT ONE.

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,

HE GIVES HER THE LAST KEY WITH A MYSTERIOUS CAUTION.

So she dressed herself quite,
Then penned an "invite,"
And when they came they found her.

Didn't they stare
When they got there?
Didn't they gaze and wonder?
Didn't they all stand round in a ring,
And fancy themselves in the house of a king?
Didn'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 one's tongue,
And silently gaze on the drop of them!

Furniture—ah! it's perfectly true,
Nobody could ever 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 satin-velvet quilt was spread,
And pillows—how rare to turn one's 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, didn'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 brill-
iant as those of Lady Sarah Vill-
iers, 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 wasn't the game of "What's your name?"

DURING HER HUSBAND'S ABSENCE, MRS. BLUE BEARD MAKES MERRY WITH HER FRIENDS.

It wasn't "pudding," it wasn't "tame,"
But 'twas very nearly all the same
When every comment made is ;
It was not the "man's buff" that is "blind,"
Nor "slipper hunt," but 'twas 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 couldn'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 couldn'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,
Couldn't make those varying features stick.
A man whose skill were ever so ripe,
Couldn'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 arcade,
Nor yet the Polytechnic;)
And she is terribly afraid,
As ready to drop
She comes to a stop,
At Blue Beard's "Old Curiosity Shop—"
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 "wo be her!"

SHE UNLOCKS THE MYSTERIOUS GALLERY.

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 strength 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 couldn'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's none of your author's keys,
Made to puzzle more than to please;
Keys which so many are now indicting
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 all entirely " *Walker*" with her.
" Walker" entirely—ah! no more !
She bumps her body down on the floor ;
Down on the floor—and, oh ! oh my !
She looks as if she were ready to die !
It isn'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 !

THE HORRIBLE DISCOVERY.

Mrs. Blue Beard awoke from her trance,
For she didn'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.

She thought upon every horrible work,
The eloquence? no—but the murders of Burke;
The wicked Bishop, who joined in the deed,
When May and Williams made victims bleed;
She thought of Thurtell in her despair,
Whose neck was so much the worse for *Wear;*
Greenacre's horror came to her view,—
Greenacre, who wasn't wiseacre too;
But whose hanging made our criers noisier;
She even thought of the dog *Cur*-voisier;
And finally crowned her vision of blood
With a hasty glance at the bad Mr. Good:
Here were eight vile murderers her heart to appal,
But her monster, Blue Beard, was worse than them all.

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 couldn'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.
With soap, lime, and ashes,
In puddle and pail,
But it will not avail:

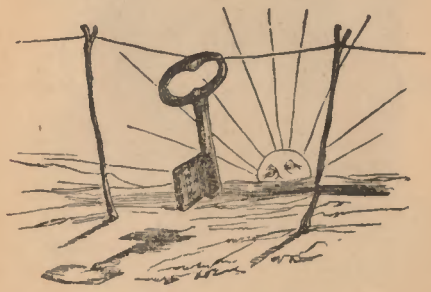
SHE SEES THE BLOOD ON THE KEY.

In meal and in malt,
In brandy and salt!

SHE TRIES TO CLEAN IT.

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 of water.



AND DRIES IT IN THE SUN.

RETURN OF BLUE BEARD.

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,"
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 now 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,

MRS. BLUE BEARD IS FRIGHTENED.

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 isn'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-by to your life,
But if I'm 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 as 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.

BLUE BEARD, ON SEEING THE BLOODY KEY, GETS IN A PASSION.

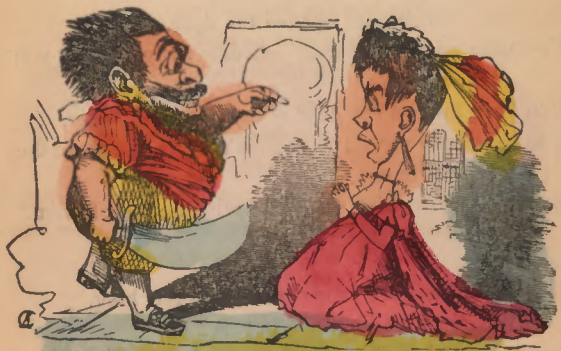
"Odds bodkins!" cried he,—he was fond of them both,—
That is bodkins and odds;
And he'd put them together to make up an oath,
That might rise to the gods
On the wings of the storm, in most blood-thirsty fashion,
Whenever he felt in a thundering passion.
"Odds bodkins!" with voice of a Stentor, roared 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,—don't,
There, I know now you won'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 haven't—no—haven'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 won't kill me? 'twere inhuman!"—
"Won't 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!"



HE TELLS HIS WIFE TO PREPARE FOR DEATH.

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.

THE WIFE IS RESCUED, AND BLUE BEARD LOSES HIS HEAD.

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 too 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 burking 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!"

Don't let Miss Curiosity drag you up to it,
But tell her point blank, "Get along, I won'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 husband's 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 as you can,
Before sister gets killed by the horrible man.

And brothers—all ye who have sisters away,
Whom a vagabond husband's intending to slay,—
Clap your spurs to your horses as onward you sweep,
And, at risk e'en of being mistaken for sheep,
Ride to rescue the lady before she is dead;
And as for her Blue Beard—cut off his head!

THE END.

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