

VICTORIA'S GERMAN CAUDLE LECTURES.

AIR - "BOATMEN DANCE."

Oh dear! oh dear! so here we be,
Upon the land of Germany,
With uncle Bug and Jee Jiggle Jam
And cousin Deborah Lee la Poon.
Oh, aint we had a spree,
Among the bugs and fleas,
Flare up, what fun till the money is done
Then back again to England,
Over the raging sea, from the ragged
Germany,
Our pockets are with cabbage full,
A glorious treat for old John Bull,

1st Lecture.

What do you say Albert? Germany for ever, why I never heard tell of such nonsense in all my born days. Don't tell me about lovely country, I say bad luck to your country, you son of an oyster shell. My mother was a German, well I know she was, but she was the finest woman that ever Germany produced. My father was a German, why you saucy impertinent raggamuffin how dare you cast such insinuations on my father, he was a true bred Englishman. My grandfather was, I say it is false. My great grandfather, and if he was what the deuce is that to me; you had better tell me about Adam and Eve, and Jonah, and Sampson, and Solomon, for they are as much to me as the other; don't talk to me about your German sausages, and polonies, and sour crout, stewed cucumbers, and cabbage damplings, for I never was so sick in all my born days. Oh, what a fool I was to leave glorious England to ramble into a country where there is not so much money as would jingle on a mile stone. John Bull got the money, I suppose then John! Pull, as you call him, has nothing else to do but to tax the industrious classes of England to support a set of ragged Germans, well I'm sure; buy a broom did you say Albert? I shall buy a brush, for this country has completely got over me; sad was the day I left my blooming country, my Buckingham and Windsor palaces, my rural retreat in the Isle of Wight, and poor John Bull in a state of despondency; oh lord! oh dear! oh crikey! oh good gracious! half starved, three parts naked, bit to death with bugs, and eat up with the twee diddle dum jidum, sing

"Home, home, sweet sweet home,
Old England for ever, there is no place like home."

Oh, Germany is a land forlorn,
Where monkeys, mice, & rabbits are born,
And ladies wear their petticoats up to their knees,
On purpose to catch the bugs and fleas.

2nd Lecture.

I tell you what Albert, you are a very bad husband, how dare you look at that little black eyed German lady with the little pug

nose, you thought I did not see you eh; oh Albert! for shame of yourself. You did not kiss her, I did not say you did, but I have only your bare word for that. Oh, you nasty, sinful, bageating fellow, I don't care about cousin Pettipopee nor cousin Jeng-mogee, you shall not dare to look, wink, nod, laugh, or smile at any female in the world but your own lawful wife, and if ever you dare to do so again, I will try you by a court martial, when you will be cashiered out of the British service, stripped of your uniform, banished from England and sent to Germany, with you head shaved and your boiler bursted.

Pray Mister Albert, where have you been this last two hours gadding to? leaving me moping like an owl in an apple tree. No place did you say, why where is that. You don't know? How can you tell me such a cock and a bull story. You say you have been no place, and when I ask you where no place is, you don't know. I will bet a crown and ninepence you have been after your swarthy German ladies; for so help my jingo, when I got out of bed this morning I lifted one of your stockings, and on the leg I saw two great ugly bugs, twice as big as a pair of Barclay and Perkins's dray horses. Oh! shame on you Albert, I am completely ruined, ill-treated, and used in a most clandestine manner. Do I wear horns do you say? Do you think I'm a goat or a bull, or what do you think I am, to wear horns. You did not mean that, and pray what did you mean? Oh, won't I serve you out when I get you home to England, I'll let you know whether I am Mrs. Caudle in Germany or not, bad manners to you and your country.

What illuminations we did see,
When in the land of Germany,
A lighted sausage, a painted club,
And a candle stuck in a washing tub.

Haste away, &c.

3rd Lecture.

What did I think of your German illuminations? Why, I think I could have better in the back slums of Drury Lane. Beautiful lights. They were beautiful lights indeed, it put me in mind of the boys in a country village in England, running about with a farthing rushlight stuck in a turnip, German coat of arms. Well I'm sure, if that is what you call a German coat of arms. I am really astonished. I may say, Poily po, bee baw ban, that is German, and means in English, a sausage, cabbage, wheelbarrow, and a bug. Don't talk to me Albert in that rumbustical sort of a manner. I care nothing about your polonies, or your sausages, or your sour crout, or anything else of a German nature. Don't I care about you. Well love, I can't say but I do. But Al, will you go down on your two bended knees, and

swear a solemn oath on the thick end of a broomstick, that you never did kiss, or ever will kiss, or dare to kiss, or look, or wink, or thirk, or nod, or smile, or laugh, or dance with any other lady, English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, German, Prussian, Russian, or any other country, so help your big toe in the water spout; and then Al. I will adore you for ever and never, and I will love you by night and by day, sleeping and waking, standing and sitting, lying or walking, silent and talking, backwards and forwards, this way and that way, upright and downright, behind and before, up stairs and down stairs, in doors and out of doors, at home and abroad, and everywhere else, as long as we both shall live, and twice as long, and longer than that, so help my jeminy, crimony, wiminy.

So here's old England gay and snug,
Farewell to the land of cabbage and bugs,
We have come from Germany over the main
And old John Bull will banish our pain.

Haste away, &c.

4th Lecture.

Am I glad Albert. Indeed I am to be once more safely landed in bonny England. Never talk to me again about Germany, for I never imagined there was such a place in the world. Go again did you say. Never no more, for of all the rapscallions ever I beheld in all my born days, I never saw such a ragged crew. Very friendly did you say. Yes, there is no doubt of that when the money is in the way. Why an old marine storekeeper in London, is possessed of more property than all the Princes in the German empire. Your father had property. Well, but Al., your father's dominions were out altogether was not larger than Hyde Park. Had money had he. Then what was the reason he sent you to this country without shoes, stockings, or shirt. It is a pack of nonsense altogether, we are now in England, and if ever they catch me again in Germany my name is not Vicky; and if ever that good-for-nothing, know-nothingsaucy young little pug-nose hussey presumes to come to this country which I saw you winking at when we was in Germany, I will give her as good a tanning as BenCaunt is going to give Bendigo. So now Al. I am tired and want to go to sleep, and don't you dare to say a word to me till to-morrow morning. Old England for ever, and do it again.

So here we are again you see,
In bonny England gay and free,
We will banish sorrow, grief, and pain,
Up the stairs and do it again,

Haste away, &c.
JOHN MORGAN.

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