

COMMODORE VANDERBILT.

(A Monodrama in one Act.)

COMM.—(Sings.)

"Commodore Vanderbilt is my name,
Wall Street is my Station,
New York is my dwelling-place,
And Money is my salvation."

(Speak.)

Some eighty years ago, when thieves were poor
And aped the beggar's art from door to door,
When crouching penury shamed itself to kneel
And pray for that it didn't dare to steal,
In that low, mean, unscientific age
I first appeared on life's eventful stage.
My infant-joys I skip,—if I had any,
They surely circled round the "honest penny;"
A voice within me said,—"now, don't be rash;
"Whatever else you lose, go in for cash;
"The ball is at your feet, so make it roll,
"Look to your body, never mind your soul;—
"You *have* a body, but the soul's a myth
"That priests proclaim to frighten fools therewith."
Just so: I took the scales; I saw the gleam
Of gold go down and conscience kick the beam.
In Shares and Funds and every kind of Stocks
I've angled all my life to catch "the rocks"
By hook and crook, and, were assurance needed,
I humbly might suggest that I succeeded.
Look at me, gents! I'm past th' allotted span—
The "limited liability" of man,
Yet I defy the keenest coon to "euchre"
Me out of one red cent. The "filthy lucre"
I boast of, can't be reckon'd up by silly 'uns,—
Me and a pal or two,—we counts by millions!
Behold in me, as in my steps you follow
The incarnation of the ALMIGHTY DOLLAR!
Not knowing how long I may retain this guise
And be the cynosure of ravenous eyes,
My worshippers have raised—now looking at you—
This noble, costly and immortal STATUE;
Of ME,—the Commodore,—Great Vanderbilt;—
Shewing the brass and tin, without the guilt,
Preaching this fact, that, to remotest ages,
Shall find a chronicle in history's pages,—
Whether acquired by virtue, vice or stealth,
How grand an epitaph belongs to wealth!
And O! young men whose tender fingers tingle
To clutch the golden key,—who long to mingle
With "bulls" and "bears,"—to wallow in finance,
And test the fev'rish elements of chance,
Remember this:—if heedlessly you start
Aside from the dear idol of your heart,
If the mean luxuries of social life
Prevail to tempt you from the glorious strife,
If any pure, unmercenary plan,—
(Such rubbish as the "dignity of man,")
If Art, or Science, or poetic gleam
Wake you, one instant, from your golden dream,
Thenceforward, be assured by me, you stand
Among the hated *paupers* of the land;—
Idiot, who, following some useless bent,
Grow up and die not worth a blessed cent!
For you no pious people shall prepare
And sanctify a monument with prayer;
For you no anxious thousands shall grow pale
To see their deity "behind the veil;"
Your wretched end it is not hard to settle,—

You shall go "*down in rags*,"—not "*up in metal*,"
Be warned, young men! walk up and do not miss

The Commodore's Grand Apotheosis.
As the colossal monument appears
Uncover'd and ye raise your eyes in tears,
As the unshadowed glory dawns before us,
Gents all, I pray you *fine* the following chorus:

(CHORUS of Demigods and the "unwashed.")

"Commodore Vanderbilt is his name,
St. John's Square is his station,
He's moved Up Town from Wall Street here,
For Money is his salvation!"

(Demigods, etc., evaporate.)

NOTES AND QUERIES.

NOTE.—A good deal of amusement has been caused in literary circles both in France and England by a comical mistake of Victor Hugo's in his last work, *Les Travailleurs de Mer*. He translated the Firth of Forth into *le premier de quarte*,—the first of four,—and on the mistake being pointed out he stoutly maintained that the name is derived from the fact that on its banks, or at its mouth, stood the First of Four great Forts erected against the enemy. "No such Fort is there," say his critics. "That's nothing," says the author, "it was blown down in a dreadful tempest"; and he even points out the time when the storm took place, and so persists when speaking of the Firth of Forth in calling it *le premier de quarte*,—the First of Four.

He is not by any means, however, the first French author who has made funny mistakes in translating English. CHATEAUBRIAND in his essay on our literature, quoted the following passage from Pope's criticism on Shakspeare: "Of all English poets Shakspeare must be confessed to be the fairest and fullest subject for criticism, &c."

The above short sentence Chateaubriand translates: *Il faut avouer que de tous les poètes Anglais, Shakspeare présente à la critique le sujet le plus agréable et le plus dégoûtant*;—fullest, evidently confused with foulest.

ANSWER TO QUERY I, VOL. II., No. 26.—Buxom or "boughsome" in the sense of pliant, obedient, &c.

Worcester's Dictionary gives the following examples:

"Thinking to make them tractable and *buxom* to his government."—*Spenser*.

"Then with quick fan
Winnows the *buxom* air."—*Milton*.

"With humble heart full *buxomly*."—*Chaucer*. A. B.

QUERY I.—Mr. Reade evidently is so well informed on Celtic subjects that I am tempted to ask him or any other of your correspondents another question. What is the origin of the affix *cester* or *chester*, so commonly appended to the names of English towns, such as Gloucester, Leicester, Towcester, Cirencester, Dorchester, &c.? This is usually derived from the Anglo-Saxon *ceaster*, a town, or the Latin *castra* or *castrum*, a fortress or camp. Now, the Lear of Shakspeare, formerly written Lyr, was an historical personage, and I have read somewhere that the word Leicester is derived from the *Lyr-cester*, the camp or fortress of Lyr. If this be correct, "*cester*" would seem rather to have a remote Celtic origin than an Anglo-Saxon or Roman one.

One more question on the same subject. Why does Shakspeare uniformly spell Gloucester, "Gloster"? The former orthography would surely be the most ancient of the two. Was this a phonetic corruption common in his time and afterwards abandoned? A. B.

SLIGHTLY UNORTHODOX.

Monday, the 1st November, being ALL SAINT'S Day, the *Gazette* informed us, that all the Courts and other public offices were closed, and that, in consequence of the Fete, all the prisoners brought before the Recorder were discharged with a reprimand. The *habitudes* of the Recorder's Court will, henceforth, remember that, on All Saints' Day, the performance is gratis, and that they may be quite at their ease in the gutter, kicking up rows, or "larrupin'" their wives on the 31st October—that being "All Sinners' Eve!"