

THE RISING OF ST. JOHN'S.

AIR.—*Shan Van Voelt.*

Oh! St. John's is up in arms,
Says the *Shan Van Voelt*;
St. John's is up in arms,
Says the *Shan Van Voelt*;
And the deuce will be to pay,
For they're eager for the fray,
And they'll tear that fence away,
Says the *Shan Van Voelt.*

CHORUS.

Oh! the deuce will be to pay,
For they're eager for the fray,
And they'll tear that fence away,
Says the *Shan Van Voelt.*

And where will St. John's boys go?
Says the *Shan Van Voelt*;
Where will St. John's boys go,
Says the *Shan Van Voelt.*

To the avenue they'll repair,
The boys they will be there,
Not a palling shall they spare
Says the *Shan Van Voelt.*

To the Avenue they'll repair,
Not a palling shall they spare,
And Bob Mooldie will be there,
Says the *Shan Van Voelt.*

Then what will policemen do,
Says the *Shan Van Voelt*;
What will policemen do,
Says the *Shan Van Voelt.*

What should policemen do,
The gallows hang-dog crew,
But make scarce their coats of blue,
Says the *Shan Van Voelt.*

What should policemen do,
The gallows hang-dog crew,
But make scarce their coats of blue,
Says the *Shan Van Voelt.*

And will they tear them down?
Says the *Shan Van Voelt*;
Will they tear them down,
Says the *Shan Van Voelt.*

Yes they'll tear the fences down,
That have made the place a pound,
And preserve the people's ground
Says the *Shan Van Voelt.*

Yes they'll tear the fences down,
For it ne'er shall be a pound,
But our children's pleasure ground,
Says the *Shan Van Voelt.*

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

Designed for an Italian Opera.

SCENE I.—*Sig. and Signa. Brown-o at breakfast in a drawing-room-o.*

Signa Brown-o—My dear-o this toast is very nice-o!
Sig. Brown-o—Thank you. (Takes a very large piece-o.)

Signa—Regarding those invitations to our ball-o. I have sent one to young Jones-o.

Sig. (Indignantly)—The d—ahem! How dare—ahem! What did you do so for—eh? You know-o I hate the fellow-o! And he's too impertinently familiar with you-ee!

Signa. (With indignation)—Sir-ee-ee!

Sig. (Abashed)—Well, perhaps-o, I spoke too fast-o. But (warming up) to make a long story short-ee, Jones-o shan't come to the ball-ee!
[*Exit with emphasis.*]

Signa, (solo)—Was there ever such
A wretch-o! He's as
Jealous as a frog-o,
He hates me, that is
Flat-o! But I'll go home-o
To my mammy-o!
And plague him terrible-ee!
And then he shall see-ee!
What it is to tri-
Fle with a woman's
He art-ee-ee-oo-oo!

[*Exit in passionate tears.*]

SCENE II.—*A Garden. Signa Brown-o and young Jones-o discovered walking therein-oh!*

Young Jones-o (Vexed in spirit)—You don't say so-o! Not invite me to the ball-o!

Signa—Just so-o!

Jones-o—Why-o?

Signa—He's jealous-oo!

Jones-o—Ha! hee! hee! Of me-o?

Signa—Yes-o!

Jones-o—The great foo.—

I beg your pardon-o,
But it is rich-o! And I go-
ing to be married to
Your sister this day week-oh! Ho!

Signa—What's to be done-ee!

Jones-o—Sis'll be there-ee?

Signa—Yes-ee!

Jones-o—And that brute-o, with the moustache-o is to be there-o?

Signa—Yes-ee!

Jones-o—By Jove! I'll go-o! Invi-
tation or no-o! And I'll
Pull his nose-o,
If he dares to
Look at Sis-ee!

Signa—There'll be a row-ow

I clearly foresee-ee!

(*Enter servant with peccillitium.**) The master is coming up the hillio!

Signa—What's to be done-o?

Jones-o—He'd better not find me here-o!

I'll get over the wallio
And go home-o.

[*Exit Jones-o over the wall-o.*]

Signa, (Solo)—I've a mind to tell him what

An ass he's made of himself-o,
In being jealous of me-ee,
But I'll punish him to-day-o.
And I'll make him con-
sent to Sis's marriage with
Jones's-oh. He's mad-o!

SCENE III.—*Dinner Table, Sig and Signa Jones-o at feed-o.*

Signa—Don't choke yourself, my dear-ee.

Sig—(With asperity.) I will if I like-o!

Signa—(Soothingly.) Have a potato-o?

Sig—I'll help myself, marm!

[*Enter Servant.*]

What the deuce, fellow, is up-ee?

Servant—Letter-sir-ee.

[*Exit servant.*]

* The Editor of the GARDNER hereby undertakes to give a bottle of the best champagne to any one who will furnish a correct definition of this word.

(*Sig. opens letter, and is thunder struck to find in it one which he had received from a pretty actress some time ago, and which he now supposes he must have dropped out of his pocket.*)

Signa, (Who had sent the letter)—What's the matter my love-o?

Sig (In confusion)—Oh nothing at all-o!

A matter of business. A

Tailor's bill. Confound the ras-

Cal for disturbing me-ee!

Signa—Writes like a lady, doesn't he-ee?

Sig. (colouring to the roots of his hair)—Not at all. Should say 'twas like an elephant-o?

Signa—Or a whale! eh?

Sig. (looking at watch)—Dear me, it's dreadful late. Must be off at once to town-o!

[*Exit Sig in violent haste.*]

Signa, (solo)—Very good-o.

(SCENE IV. 9.30 p.m. *Sig. Brown-o, pondering on the similarity between the address on the letter he received at dinner, with his wife's handwriting, nears his home despondingly, when suddenly he hears the perfidious Jones talking with his wife in the garden-o.*)

Sig—Zounds and the devil-o!

The wretch-o! The villain-o!

I'll blow his brains out-o!

(*Brown-o leaps over the garden wall-o.*)

Stand, O!

Jones-o, (with female form clinging to him, not recognizing Brown-o)—Who the deuce are you-o?

Brown-o—Monster-o!

Jones-o, (exceedingly puzzled)—Thank you, oh!

Brown-o—Philistine, O!

Jones-o—Much obliged, oh!

Brown-o—Dog-o!

Jones-o—Very complimentary to-night-o!

Brown-o, (bursting with bile)—And you, madam, false creature-o!

Jones-o, (indignantly)—Hold your tongue-ee,

Or I'll pitch you-ee

Into the ditch-ee.

Brown-o, (rushing at Jones-o)—Take this-ee!

(*Jones-o anticipating Brown-o, knocks him down, and bundles him into a neighboring ditch-o!*)

[*Enter Signa Brown-o.*]

Sig, Brown-o (out of ditch)—Helloh-o! Murder-o!

Signa—What's the matter-o!

Jones-o—I don't know-o! Some one

Attacked me, and I knocked

Him into the ditch-o!

Signa, (looking into the ditch-o)—My husband-o!

Jones-o—The devil-o!

Here's a pretty mess-o!

Signa, (helping Sig. out of ditch.)

You'd better come home-o,

You'll take cold-o!

Brown-o, (finding that he has made a fool of himself)—Yes-o!

Tell Jones-o to come in-o!

Jones-o goes in, and in a short time is seen to kiss Sisia, before the company-ee. Brown-o goes to bed-o, and resolves that he'll make a fool of himself no more, oh! And Signa Brown-o is never accused of jealousy again oh. Ho! Ho! Ho!