

**HAL AND I.
IN FOUR PARTS**

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Hal and I. In Four Parts by The Survivor

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THE SURVIVOR

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IN FOUR PARTS**

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In Four Parts.

BY

THE SURVIVOR,

LATE FELLOW OF THE ROYAL DIABOLICAL SOCIETY FOR THE
AMELIORATION OF MENTAL DISTRESS BY THE SPREAD
OF ATHEISTIC CONSOLATIONS.



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HAL AND I.

Part the First.

HAL BROWN and I were quizzzy bodies' sport,
Because companioning as brothers ;
Run down were we as flinty-natured sparks
By girls with matches-making mothers.

'Twas not that tastes or habits were alike,
Not these consorted us together—
The best or worst of opposites were we
In form, propensity, and feather.

Like Pats we fought, from politics to whist,
Yet right fraternally behaved it ;
No way knew we from rallying to wrath,
Debate but simmering we waived it.

Though both preferred the cudgel-play of wit,
And staves, adapted to the rodding,
Like ear in staves, sang Donnybrook behaves,
Our blows but Paddy-whacked our wadding.

I well recall his gladiator form,
His thews reminding one of iron,
And how his strange good-fellowship with Lamb
Got him the *sobriquet* of Lion.

We tried rehearse of millenary day,—
So bawled the very balds of Folliton ;
Who said of Kingdom CUMMING we were cits,
Rebukes of standing cosmopolitan.

I felt, with Hal so lion-like, the lamb
Whose name got tacked to me in nature ;
In truth, a weak compassionated thing,
Beside his dignity and stature.

Amazed am I whenever I review
Our love, diversity of stations ;
He well to do ; I grovelling with—well,
Such bores as ne'er-do-well relations.

Concerned was he with Littleton and law,
And I at profitless conjectures ;
I wrote, received my dividends of loss,
And then—from authorship to lectures.

Yet as for these, successful though they were,
They gave more beggary than greedied ;
And so as Brown was stomaching his Coke—
I coked my furnaces as he did.

But that's a fib ! my edible, though Coke,
Was quite a different variety ;
And twice *quant. suff.* one Little-ton to call
Was not my notion of satiety.

I steaked on Coke, Coal muttoned me by stones ;
Right glad were customers to own me ;
Till Coal in freights, too intimate with Slates,
Made them its substitutes to stone me.

My fault ! 'twas not ; yet many people said—
My Coals were tampered with to cheat 'em ;
And, thief and rogue, my punishment should be,
Down, down and literally eat 'em ;

And meet for food they actually were ;
But when my Customers together
Blew hot, blew cold, my mutton-yielding wares
Were beat at chopping by the weather.

Hard ups, hard downs—downs very downs indeed—
Were then my Lamb-entable history,
Yet borne so well, that—jobbing me with Job—
Hal changed my *Mister* Lamb to “ *Mystery*.”

A prince supreme of murmurers was Hal ;
Though void of miseries to grumble at,
It seemed his life's felicity to fret,
To raise impediments to stumble at.

I blamed his mood full frequently, and he
At once repented of his error ;
Then more and worse half-laughingly he 'd growl,
And feign forgetfulness and terror.

He knew my cares, I equally his ease ;
But then my circumstances humble
Were not of course made cruelly distinct,
When he came smoking them to grumble.

It once occurred when mischief-makers lied
I helped his character to scour ;
His friend stood I, when Folliton the sweet
To him was Folliton the sour.

A shell-fish place was Folliton the sweet,
A sell-fish populace within it,
Whom cries of lies, as flat as common-place,
Would charm like nightingale or linnet.

Of course, when full acquittal did the work
It does in tittle-tattle places,
Hal Brown at once got classified with pets,
By lots of Folliton's disgraces.

He sought me out, and diffidence gave way
Before his genial approaches ;
His bright address made miseries less,
Unlike the general encroaches.

As time drew on we companied as friends ;
His style, reverse of condescending,
Not once imposed humiliating terms ;
To me nor patronage nor bending.

At grand abode—some dozen miles away,
His nag delivered him on Sunday ;
Then back to stick at Folliton and law,
His compound sticking-place, on Monday.

He would “hang out” in “Chambers,” for his slang
Was far too Attic-al for Lodgings.
(What shame it is our Collegers began
These low ungentlemanly dodgings !)

I took to him, all hopelessly, my hopes ;
With his he interviewed me gaily ;
Each asked advice, then acted on his own,
As all humanity does daily.

He could have helped, maintained me, and I knew
I might have shared with him his money ;
But love that's paid for perishes, and so
My crust ne'er coveted his honey.