

however, and they slobber for several pages. It turns out that Giovanni had written to Francisco, but the letter had miscarried. It was an important letter. Giovanni had written to say that he was betrothed unto a noble lady. On learning this, Francisco remarked:—

“ Blood of Christ—
Betrothed!—What word is that? Curled flame of Hell!
Thou art betrothed? Giovanni! thou, my friend!
O! five red wounds of God, and Mary's mouth!
How hast thou dared it? ”

A mock-terrible scene follows, in which Giovanni tries to persuade his friend that it will make no real difference to their relations. Francisco pretends to be convinced, but determines to poison himself and his friend. So Francisco proposes to drink the health of Death as a kind of joke, saying:—

Giovanni : “ I will drink to our love and Death and thee. ”

Francisco : ‘ Nay, nay, I favour not that toast, Sweetheart,
What have we two to do with Death ? ’

Francisco : “ Sweet feather !
How soon hast thou forgot thy troth of faith !
Consider, chuck, the toast has but this weight,
That thou and I are friends, and that King
Death
Is friend of both, and will not harvest us
Before the time of our ripe harvest comes. ”

We have surely said enough to establish clearly the abominable character of this book. We are sure that the moment it is brought to the notice of Lord Alfred Douglas he will take the proper steps to crush the perpetrator.

The title-page discloses, as might be expected, both the title of the book and the name of the author.

The former is “ Poëmes, ”, and the latter is Lord Alfred Douglas.