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book appeared in 1942, the electron microscope was known to only a few specialists. In the intervening years it has leaped into prominence as the most important research tool ever invented for biochemists, industrial research technologists, and colloid chemists. Striking advances have been made in the art of specimen reproduction; new and improved models of the instrument have followed one another in quick succession. Scores of laboratories and educational institutions now possess and use electron microscopes.

All these developments are described in the second edition of what for a long time was the only book in English on this fascinating subject. The many striking full-page plates and the completely revised text will make this volume highly valuable to scientists who already own the first edition, and essential to those who do not.

AN
ENGLISH BOOK OF LIGHT VERSE

An
ENGLISH BOOK
of
LIGHT VERSE

CHOSEN BY
GUY BOAS

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1944

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FOREWORD

IN making this selection I have rejected many poems in spite of their classic qualities and illustrious authorship, because their length outruns their art, or because they are handicapped by faded topical allusion: others are omitted because a lack of verbal and metrical precision causes them to fall below the standard set (comparatively recently) by W. S. Gilbert/Dwen Seaman, and such contemporary practitioners as A. P. Herbert and E. V. Knox—a standard which only certain masters of the past anticipated. In many cases I have thought it more impressive to represent a poet by one first-rate example of his work than by a number of poems.

G. B.

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Induction

*In feudal Jays when England's life was young
And France had tamed the Anglo-Saxon tongue,
Our Muse was loved by Laughter from the start,
And wit and humour mingled with the heart.*

*Chaucer the Father of our Verse we hail,
Master supreme of the poetic tale,
Of pathos Prince, of metric music King,
Conscious of quiet fun in everything :
His Pilgrims on their Canterbury ride
Not only horses but the world bestride—
The Knight, the Cook, the Summoner, the Squire,
The Ploughman, Parson, Prioress and Friar,
The Wife of Bath, the Miller and the Monk,
All human souls to pity or debunk.
"Here is God's plenty." God it was who planned
That mirth and poetry should rule the land.*

*But then a pause: nearly two hundred years
Must pass e'er royal Laughter reappears,
But when it comes again, with what a blaze
It lights the universe in Shakespeare's plays.
Yet Shakespeare's humour and his wit belong
Either to prose or transcendental song,
And only rarely, as in Quince's play,
Descend to verse as verse is turned to-day.*

*Once Milton jested, often Suckling sings,
Cowley and Prior mock the scheme of things ;
Herrick, sweet lord of Devon field and fay,
Hymns home the harvest, and salutes the May /*

*Dryden derides the sophistry and tricks
Of false religion and of politics ;
And writing prose was not the only gift,
As his light verses signify; of Swift.*

*A fatefulear was sixteen-eighty-eight;
What voice was this, engendered at that date,
What shrill^ what silver tongue that year was born,
Which jests superbly, yet which shrieks with scorn,
Whose laugh is lightning, yet with hate is boarse,
Is always virulent yet never coarse ?
Monkey of Twickenham, whose darling pen
Was once the terror, now delight of men,
Olympian intellect, Tartarian heart,
Pope, screaming apex of satiric art.*

*A gentler voice then rises to assuage
The tone of temper and the roar of rage—
Goldsmith who smiles away the stress of strife,,
Conscious of tears that run through human life.
The modest master of his village school
Goldsmith himself—no Croesus and no fool.*

*The art of parody now rises high,
The flames of Drury Lane have lit the sky ;
Another's built / the Management invite
Poets to celebrate the opening night.
Of what the poets might have sung, the pith
Is manufactured by the brothers Smith :
Nevzr was better parody effected
Than the Addresses labelled as Rejected.*

*Lord Byron rises, Juan roams the world,
Ironical insults round the globe are hurled,
Ladies fall prostrate to those gloomy charms,
tiaidee expires demented in his arms,*

*Catharine and Adeline adore the rake,
While Southey and Lord Londonderry quake. .
Never was impudence expressed in rhyme
So passionate, so vulgar, so sublime.*

*Meanwhile a verbal turn light verses took,
And men amused themselves -with Hood and Hook,
Who fashioned somewhat formidable fun
From that primæval pestilence, the pun.
Rut granted punning ever can be good
It triumphs in the art of Hook and Hood.*

*Rich vers de societe are then essayed
By an Etonian, Winthrop Mackworth Praed /
Life from an angle—safe and smart and small—
The hunt, the shoot, the soiree, and the ball,
A life offashion so secure from shock
That no one even rapes Belinda's lock :
Yet Quince and Vicar—mellow, quaint, and good—
Reveal the poet in a higher mood.*

*Th'immortal Nonsense-verses now appear
Of Lewis Carroll and of Edward Lear :
The first in Alice captures childhood's heart,
And raises Nonsense to the heights of art:
The second weds the poetry of Blake
To Nonsense words inspired for Nonsense' sake.
Gilbert bequeathes his legacy of joy
In Ballads (Bab} and Operas (Savoy),
Master of metre, connoisseur of rhyme,
Artificer of jokes defying Time,
His satire genial, his wit urbane,
Dealer of darts which striking cause no pain,
Combines with Sullivan to interlace
Dramatic humour with melodic grace.*

*Light verse undimmed through post-Victorian reigns
Its favour and its artistry maintains :
Weekly his standard Mr. Punch preserves,
Nor from a century's tradition swerves,
Verse of G. K. he claims not, nor fellow's,
But shines in Herbert and in E. V. Knox,
Seaman, the scholar-patriot \trenchant tongue),
And Milne, the Laureate of the Very Young :
These hand the secrets of their Muses on
To shape the Sub-Man Songs of Harrington.*

*In vain, in vain, the all-destroying War
Relentless rages over sea and shore.
It comes ! It comes ! the thunder of the BlitZ
To grind the banter of our brains to bits.
Moloch besmeared with blood and tears and sweat
Bids Britain's jesters tremble at his threat,
Her Animation perish in the fire,
Hilarity and Levity expire.
But lo I although destruction rains around,
Thalia, undefeated, stands her ground.
Humour's gay Empire is not driven hence,
Fright dies before her undiminished sense.
Thy Wit, great England, sees the foemen fall,
And universal Laughter comforts all.*

G. B.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

The Nonne Preestes Tale

A PDVRE widwe,¹ s Dmdel² stape³ in age,
Was whylom dwelling in a narwe cotage,
Bisyde a grove, standing in a dale.
This widwe, of which I telle yow my tale,
Sin thilke day that she was last a wyf,
In pacience ladde a ful simple lyf,
For litel was hir cateH and hir rente ;
By housbondryc, of such as God hir senter,
She fond hir-self, and eek hir daghtren two.
Three large sowes hadde she, and namo,
Three kyn, and eek a sheep that hightes Malle,
Ful sooty was hir hour, and eek hir halle,
In which she eet ful many a sclendrc meel.
Of poynaunt⁶ sauce hir neded never a deel. . . .

A yerd she hadde, enclosed al aboute
With stikkes, and a drye dich with-oute,
In which she hadde a cok, night Chauntecleer,
In al the land of crowing nas his peer.
His vois was merier than the mery organ
On messe-dayes that in the chirche gon ;
Wei sikerer⁷ was his crowing in his logge,
Than is a klokke, or an abbey orlogge.⁸
By nature knew he ech ascenciouu
Df equinoxial in thilke toun ;
For whan degrees fiftene were ascended,
Thanne crew he, that it mighte nat ben amended.
His comb was redder than the fyn coral,
And batailed, as it were a castel-wal.

¹ **Widow.** ² **Somewhat.** ³ **Advanced.** ⁴ **Wealth.**
⁵ **Called.** ⁶ **Pungent.** ⁷ **More to be trusted.** ⁸ **Clock.**

His bile¹ was blak, and as the jeet it shoon ;
 Lyk asur were his legges, and his toon ;²
 His naylcs whytter than the lilie flour,
 And lyk the burned gold was his colour.
 This gentil cok hadde in his governaunce
 Sevene hennes, for to do on all his plesaunce,
 Whiche were his sustres and his paramours,
 And wonder lyk to him, as of colours.
 Df whlche the faireste hewed a on hir throte
 Was cleped' faire damoysele Pertelote.
 Curteys she was, discreet, and debonaire,
 And compaignable, and bar hir-self so faire,
 Sin thilke day that she was seven night old,
 That trewely she hath the herte in hold
 Df Chauntecleer token' in every llth⁶ ;
 He loved hir so, that wel was him therwith.
 But such a joye was it to here hem singe,
 Whan that the brighte sonne gan to springe,
 In swete accord, " My lief is faren? in londe."
 For thilke tyme, as I have understonde,
 Bestes and briddes coude speke and singe.

And so bifel, that in a daweninge,
 As Chauntecleer among his wyves alle
 Sat on his perche, that was in the halle,
 And next him satt his faire Pertelote,
 This Chauntecleer gan gronen in his throte,
 As man that in his dreem is drecched⁸ sore.
 And whan that Pertelote thus herde him rore,
 She was agast, and seyde, " D herte dere,
 What eyleth yaw, to grone in this manere ?
 Ye been a verray sleper, fy for shame I "
 And he answerde and seyde thus, " Madame,
 I pray yaw, that ye take it nat a-grief:
 By God, me mette⁹ I was in swich meschief
 Right now, that yet myn herte is sore afright.
 Now God," quod he, "my swevenerecche'o aright,
 And keep my body out of foul prisoun I

¹ Bill.² Toes.³ Coloured.⁴ Called⁵ Locked up.⁶ Limb.⁷ Gone.⁸ Troubled.⁹ I dreamt.¹⁰ Troubled dream.

Me mette, how that I romcd up and doun
 Withinne our yerde, wher-as I saugh a bestc,
 Was lyk an hound, and wolde han maad areste
 Upon my body, and wolde han had me deed.
 His colour was bitwixe yelwe and reed ;
 And tipped was his tail, and bathe his eres,
 With blak, unlyk the remenant of his heres ;
 His snowte smal, with glowinge eyen tweye.
 Yet of his look for fere almost I deye ;
 This caused me my grnning, doutelees."

" Avoy I " quod she, " fy on yow, hertelees I
 Alias ! " quad she, " for, by that Gad above,
 Now han ye lost myn herte and al my love ;
 I can nat lave a coward, by my feith.
 For certes, what so any womman seith,
 We alle desyren if it mighte be,
 To han housbondes hardy, wyse, and free,
 And secree, and no nigard, ne no fool,
 Ne him that is agast of every tool,
 Ne noon avauntour,¹ by that God above I
 How dorste ye seyn for shame unto your love,
 That any thing mighte make yow aferd ?
 Have ye no mannes herte, and han a berd ?
 Allas I and Conne ye been agast of swevenis ?²
 No-thing, Gad wat, but vanitee, in sweven is.
 Swevenes engendren of replecciouns,
 And ofte of fume, and of complecciouns.
 Whan humours been to habundant in a wight.
 Certes this dreem, which ye han met to-night,
 Cometh of the grete superfluitee
 Df youre rede colera, pardee,
 Which causeth folk to dreden in here dremes
 Of arwes,³ and of fyr with rede lemes,⁴
 Df grcte bestes, that they wol hem byte. . . .

La Catoun, which that was so wys a man,
 Seyde he nat thus, ne do no forss of drernes ?
 Now, sire," quod she, " whan we flee fro the bernes
 For Goddes love, as tak som laxatyf ;

¹ BDastct.⁴ Flames.² Dreams.⁵ Take no account.³ Arrows.

Up peril of my soule, and of my lyf,
I counseille yow the beste, I wal nat lye." . . .

" Madame," quod he, "*graunt mtrcy* of your lore.
But nathelees, as touching daun Catoun,
That hath of wisdom such a greet renoun,
Though that he bad no drernes for to drede,
By God, men may in aide bakes rede
Df many a man, more of auctoritee
Than ever Catoun was, so mote I thee,
That al the revers seyne of his sentence,
And han wel founden by experience,
That dremes ben significaciouns,
As wel of joye as tribulaciouns
That folk enduren in this lyf present.
Ther nedeth make of this noon argument;
The verray prevc sheweth it in dede.

Don of the gretteste auctours that men rede
Seith thus, that whylom two felawes wente
Dn pilgrimage, in a ful good entente ;
And happed su, thay come into a toun,
Wher-as ther was swich cangregacioun
Df peple, and eek so streit¹ of herbergage²
That they ne faunde as muche as D cotage
In which they bothe mighte y-logged be.
Wherefor thay mosten, of necessitee,
As for that night, departen campaignye ;
And ech of hem gath to his hostelrye,
And took his lagging as it wolde falle.
That oon af hem was lagged in a stalle,
Per in a yerd, with oxen of the plough ;
That other man was lagged wel y-nough.
As was his aventure, or his fortune,
That us governeth alle as in commune.

And so bifel, that, longe erit were day,
This man mette in his bed, ther-as he lay,
How that his felawe gan up-on him calle,
And seyde, ^c alias ! for in an oxes stalle
This night I shal be mordred ther I lye.
Now help me, dere brother, er I dye ;

¹ Scanty.

² Lodging.

In alls haste com ta me,' he sayde.
 This man out of his sleep for fere abrayde
 But whan that he was wakned of his sleep,
 He turned him, and took of this no keep ;
 Him thoughts his dreem nas but a vanitee.
 Thus twyes in his sleping dremed he.
 And atte thridde tyme yet his felawe
 Cam, as him thoughte, and seide, ^e I am now slawe ;
 Bihuld my blndy waundes, depe and wyde I
 Arys up erly in the morwe²-tyde,
 And at the west gate of the toun,' quad he,
 ' A carte ful of dang ther shaltaw see,
 In which my body is hid ful prively ;
 Do thllke carte aresten boldely.
 My gold caused my mordre, sooth to sayn ; '
 And tolde him every poynt haw he was slayn.
 With a ful pitous face, pale of hewe,
 And truste wel, his dreem he fond ful trewe ;
 For an the morwe, as sone as it was day,
 To his felawes in he took the way ;
 And whan that he cam to this oxcs stalle,
 After his felawe he bigan to calle.

The hostiler answered him anon,
 And seyde, ' Sire, your felawe is agan,
 As sone as day he wente out of the toun.'
 This man gan fallen in suspecion,
 Remembring an his dremes that he mette,
 And forth he goth, no lengcr walde he lette,³
 Un-to the west gate of the toun, and fond
 A dong-carte, as it were to donge lond,
 That was arrayed in the same wyse
 As ye han herd the dede man devyse ;
 And with an hardy herte he gan to crye
 Vengeaunce and justice of this felonye :—
 ' My felawe mordred is this same night,
 And in this carte he lyth gapinge upright.
 I crye out on the ministres,' quod he,
 ' That sholden kepe and reulen this citee ;

¹ Started.
³ Delay.

⁴
² Morning.
 Land.

Harrow I alias I her lyth my felawe slayn I '

What sholde I more un-to this tale sayn ?

The peple out-sterre, and caste the cart to grounde,

And in the middel of the dong they founde

The dede man, that mordred was al newe.

D bhsful God, that art so just and trewe !

Lo, how that triou biwreyest mordre alway !

Mordrc wol out, that see we day by day.

Mordre is so wlatson¹ and abhominable

To God, that is su just and resunable,

That he ne wol nat suffre it heled be ;

Though it abyde a yeer, or two, or three,

Mordre wol out, this my candusioun.

And right anoon, ministres of that toun

Han hent the carter, and SD sore him pynded,²

And eek the hostiler so sore engyned,³

That thay biknewe' hir wikkednesse ana on,

And were an-hanged by the nekke-boon. . . .

Now let us speke of mirthe, and stinte al this ;

Madame Pertelate, so have I blis,

Df D thing God hath sent me large grace ;

For whan I see the beautee of your face,

Ye ben so scarlet-reed about your yen,

It maketh al my drede for to dyen ;

For, also siker as *Inpnncipio*,

Mulier est bominis confusio ;

Madame, the sentence of this Latin is—

Womman is marines joye and al his blis. . . ."

Whan that the month in which the world bigan,

That highte March, whan God first maked man,

Was complect, and passed were also,

Sin March bigan, thritty dayes and two,

Blfel that Chauntecleer, in al his pryde,

His seven wyves walking by his syde,

Caste up his eyen to the bnghte sonne,

That in the signe of Taurus hadde y-ronne

Twenty degrees and oon, and somewhat more ;

And knew oy kynde,s and by noon other lore,

¹ Heinous. ² Tortured. ³ Racked.
⁴ Confessed. ⁵ Instinct.

That it was pryme, and crew with blisful stevene.¹
 " The sunne," he sayde, " is clomben up on hevcnc
 Fourty degrees and oon, and more, y-wis.
 Madame Pertelote, my worldes blis,
 Hcrkneth thise blisful briddes haw they singe,
 And see the fresshe floures how they springe ;
 Ful is myn herte of revel and solas."
 But sodeinly him fil a sorweful cas. . . .

A col-fox, ful of sly iniquitee,
 That in the grove hadde woned² yeres three,
 By heigh imaginacioun farn-cast,
 The same night thurgh-out the hegges brast
 Into the yerd, ther Chauntecleer the faire
 Was wont, and eck his wyves, to reparaire ;
 And in a bed of wortess stille he lay,
 Til It was passed undren' of the day,
 Wayting his tyme on Chauntecleer ta falle,
 As gladly doan thise homicydes alle,
 That in awayt ligen to mordre men.
 D false mordrer, lurking in thy den I
 D newe Scariot, newe Genilon !
 False dissimilaur, O Greek Sinon,
 That broghtest Troye al outrely⁵ to sorwe !
 D Chauntecleer, acursed be that morwe,
 That triou into that yerd fluugh fro the bemes !
 Thou were full wel y-warned by thy dremes,
 That thilke day was perilous to thee, . . .

Faire in the sond, to bathe hir merily,
 Lyth Pertelate, and alle hir sustres by,
 Agayn the sunne ; and Chauntecleer so free
 Sang merier than the mermayde in the see ;
 Far Phisialogus seith slkerly^{fi}
 Haw that they singen wel and merily.
 And sa blfel that, as he caste his ye,
 Among the wortes, an a boterflye,
 He was war of this fox that lay ful lowe.
 No-thing ne liste him thanne for to crowc,
 But cryde anon, " Cok, cok," and up he sterte,

¹ Voice.

4 Noon.

² Dwelt.

5 Utterly.

³ Herbs.

6 Certainly.

As man that was affrayed in his herte.
 For naturelly a beest desyreth flee
 Fro his contrarie,¹ if he may it SEE,
 Though he never erst had seyn it with his ye.
 This Chauntecler, whan he gan him espye,
 HE wolde han fled, but that the fax anon
 Seyde, " Gentil sire, alias I wher wol ye gon ?
 Be ys affrayed of me that am your freend ?
 Now certes, I were worse than a feend,
 If I to yow wolde harm or vileinye.
 I am nat come your counseil for t'espye ;
 But trewely, the cause of my cominge
 Was only for to hcrkne how that yE singe.
 For trewely ye have as mery a stevene
 As eny aungel hath, that is in hevene ;
 Therwith ye han in musik more fehngc
 Than hadde BDECC or any that can singe.
 My lord your fader |God his soule blesse !)
 And eek your muder, of hir gentillesse,
 Han in myn hous y-becn, to my gret esc ;
 And certes, sire, ful fayn wolde I yow plese.
 But for men speke of singing, I wol saye,
 So mote I brouke² wel myn eyen tweye,
 Save yow, I herde never man so singe,
 As dide your fader in the morweninge ;
 Csrtcs, it was of herte, al that he song.
 And for ta make his voys the more strong,
 He wolde so payne him, that with bathe his yen
 He moste winke, so loude he wolde cryen,
 And stundcn on his tiptoon ther-with-al,
 And strecche forth his nekke long and smal.
 And eek he was of swich discrecioun,
 That ther nas no man in no regioun
 That him in song or wisdom mighte passe. . . .
 But certeyn, ther nis no Camparisoun
 Bitwix the wisdom and discrecioun
 Df youre fader, and of his subtiltee.
 Now singeth, sire, for seinte Chantee,
 Let SCE, connc ye your fader countrefete ? "

¹ Opponent.² Enjoy,

This Chauntecleer his winges gan to bete,
As man that coude his trcsaun nat cspye,
So was he ravissed with his flaterye.

Alias ! ye lordes, many a fals flatour
Is in your courtes, and many a losengeour,¹
That piesen yaw wel more, by my feith,
Than he that saothfastnesse unto yaw seith.
Redeth Ecclesiaste of flaterye ;
Beth war,² ye lordes, nf hir trecherye.

This Chauntecleer stood hye up-on his toos,
Strecching his nekke, and heeld his eyen cloos,
And gan to crowe loude for the nones ;³
And daun Russel the fax sterte up at ones,
And by the gargat⁴ henteS Chauntecleer,
And on his bak toward the wode him beer,
For yet ne was ther no man that him sewed.
D destinee, that mayst nat been eschewed !
Alias, that Chauntecleer flelgh fro the bernis I
Alias, his wyf ne roghte nat of drernes
And on a Friday fil al this meschaunce. . . .

Certes, swich cry ne lamentacioun
Was never of ladies maad, whan Ilioun
Was wonne, and Pirrus with his streite sword,
Whan he hadd hent king Priam by the berd,
And slayn him (as saith us *Eneydos*),
As maden alle the hennes in the clos,
Whan they had seyn of Chauntecleer the sighte. . . .

This sely⁵ widwe, and eek hir doghtres two^a
Herden thise hennes crye and maken WD,
And out at dares sterten they anaon,
And syen the fox toward the grave goon,
And bar upon his bak the cok away ;
And cryden, " Out ! harrow ! and weylaway I
Ha, ha, the fox ! " and after him they ran,
And eek with staves many another man ;
Ran Colic our dogge, and Talbot and Gremland,
And Malkin, with a distaf in hir hand ;
Ran CDW and calf, and eek the verray hogges

¹ Flatterer. ² Beware. ³ Un thespur of the mament
⁴ Throat. ⁵ Seized. ⁶ Poor.

So were they fered for berking of the dogges
 And shouting of the men and wimmen eke,
 They ronne so, hem thoughte hir herte breke.
 They yelleden as feendes doon in helle ;
 The dokes cryden as men wolde hem quelle
 The gees for fere flowen over the trees ;
 Dut of the hyve cam the swarm of bees ;
 So hidaus was the noyse, a *benedicite*
 Certes, he Jakke Straw, and his meynee,²
 Ne made never shnutes half so shrille,
 Whan that they wolden any Fleming kille,
 As thilke day was maad upon the fox.
 Of bras they broghten bemes, and of box,
 Df horn, of boon, in whlche they blewe and pnuped,
 And therwithal thay shryked and they houped ;
 It semed as that heven sholde falle.

Now, gode men, I pray yaw herkneth alle !
 LD, how Fortune turneth sodeinly
 The hope and pryde eek of her enemy !
 This cok, that lay upon the foxes bak,
 In al his drede, un-to the fox he spak,
 And seyde, " Sire, if that I were as ye,
 Yet sholde I seyn [as wis God helpe me),
 Turneth agayn, ye proude cherles alle !
 A verray pestilence up-on yow falle I
 Now am I come un-to this wades syde,
 Maugree³ your heed, the cok shal heer abyde ;
 I wol him ete in feith, and that anon."—
 The fox answerde, " In feith, it shall be don,"—
 And as he spak that word, al sodeinly
 This cok brak from his mouth dehverly,
 And heighe up-on a tree he fleigh anon.
 And whan the fox saugh that he was y-gon,
 " Alias ! " quod he, " D Chauntecleer, alias I
 I have to yow," quod he, " y-doon trespas,
 In-as-muLhe as I maked yow aferd,
 Whan I yow hente, and broghte out of the yerd ;
 But, sire, I dlde it in no wikke entente ;
 Com down, and I shal telle yow what I mente.

¹ Kill.² Crew.³ In spite of.

I shal seye sooth to yow, God help me so."
" Nay than," quod he, " I shrewe¹ us bothe two,
And first I shrewe my-sclf, bothe blood and bones,
If thou bigyle me after than ones.
Thou shalt na-more, thurgh thy flaterye,
Do me to singe and winke with my ye.
For he that winketh, whan he sholde see,
Al wilfully, God lat him never thee ! "
" Nay," quod the fox, " but God yeve him meschaunce,
That is so undiscreet of governaunce,
That jangleth whan he sholde holde his pees."
La, swich it is for to be recchelees,
And necligent, and truste on flaterye.
But ye that hoiden this tale a folye,
As of a fox, or of a cok and hen,
Taketh the moralitee, good men,
For Seint Paul seith, that al that writen is,
To our doctryne it is y-write, y-wis.
Taketh the fruyt, and lat the chaf be stille.
Now, gode God, if that be thy wille,
As seith my lord, so make us alle good men ;
And bringe us to his heighe blisse. Amen.

(From *The Canterbury Tales*)

¹ Curse.

J O H N S K E L T D N

Lament for Philip Sparrow

Lament by Jane Scroupe that her pet has been killed by a cat)

WHEN I remember again
How my Philip was slain,
Never half the pain
Was between you twain,
Pyramus and Thisbe,
As then befell to me :
I wept and I wailed,
The tears down hailed ;
But nothing it availed
To call Philip again,
Whom Gib our cat hath slain ;
Gib, I say, our cat,
Worried her on that
Which I loved best :
It cannot be expressed
My sorrowful heaviness,
But all without redress ;
For within that stounde,¹
Half slumbering, in a swoond
I fell down to the ground.

It was so pretty a fool,
It would sit on a stool.
It had a velvet cap,
And would sit on my lap,
And seek after small worms,
And sometimes white bread crumbs ;
And many times and oft

¹ Moment.

**Between my breasts soft
It would lie and rest;
It was pretty and prest.¹**

Sometimes he would gasp
When he saw a wasp ;
A fly or a gnat,
He would fly at that ;
And prettily he would pant
When he saw an ant;
Lord, how he would pry
After a butterfly I
Lard, how he would hop
After the grasshop I
And when I said Phyp I Phyp I
Then he would leap and skip
And take me by the lip.
Alas it will me slay
That Philip is gone away.

Vengeance I ask and cry,
By way of exclamation
On all the whole nation
Df cats wild and tame ;
God send them sorrow and shame !
That cat specially
That slew so cruelly
The little pretty sparrow
That I brought up at Carrow.

D cat of churlish kind,
The fiend was in thy mind
When thou my bird untwind .!
I would thou hadst been blind I
The leopards savage,
The lions in their rage,
Might catch thee in their paws,
And gnaw thee in their jaws I
The serpents of Libany
Might sting thee venomously I
The dragons with their tongues
Might poison thy liver and lungs I

¹ Dainty.

The manticores¹ of the mountains
Might feed them on thy brains I
 Melanchates, that hound
That plucked Actaeon to the ground,
Gave him his mortal wound,
Changed to a deer ;
The story doth appear
Was changed to a hart :
So thou, foul cat that thou art,
The self same hound
Might thee confound,
That his own lord bote,^z
Might bite asunder thy throat I
of Arcady the bears
Might pluck away thy ears !
The wild wolf Lycaon
Bite asunder thy back-bone !
of Etna the burning hill,
That day and night burneth still,
Set in thy tall a blaze,
That all the world may gaze
And wonder upon thee,
From Ocean the great sea
Unto isles of Orkney,
From Tilbury ferry
To the plain of Salisbury I
So traitorously my bird to kill
That never owed thee evil will I
 Was never bird in cage
More gentle of courage
In doing his homage
Unto his sovereign.
Alas, I say again,
Death has parted us twain !
The false cat hath thee slain :
Farewell, Philip, adieu 1
Our Lord thy soul rescue !
Farewell for evermore.

¹ Fabulous man-eating monsters with human head, lion's body,
and dragon's tail.

^z Bit.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE

Lover's Lullaby

SING lullaby, as women do,
Wherewith they bring their babes to rest;
And lullaby can I sing too,
As womanly as can the best.
With lullaby they still the child ;
And if I be not much beguiled,
Full many a wanton babe have I,
Which must be stillPd with lullaby.

First lullaby my youthful years,
It is now time to go to bed :
For crooked age and hoary hairs
Have won the haven within my head.
With lullaby, then, youth be still;
With lullaby content thy will;
Since courage quails and comes behind,
Go sleep, and so beguile thy mind I

Next lullaby my gazing eyes,
Which wonted were to glance apace ;
For every glass may now suffice
To show the furrows in thy face.
With lullaby then sleep awhile ;
With lullaby your looks beguile ;
Let no fair face, nor beauty bright,
Entice you eft with vain delight.

And lullaby my wanton will;
Let reason's rule now reign thy thought;
Since all too late I find by skill
How dear I have thy fancies bought;

With lullaby now take thine ease,
With lullaby thy doubts appease ;
For trust to this, if thou be still,
My body shall obey thy will.

Thus lullaby my youth, mine eyes,
My will, my ware, and all that was :
I can no more delays devise ;
But welcome pain, let pleasure pass.
With lullaby now take your leave ;
With lullaby your dreams deceive ;
And when you rise with waking eye,
Remember then this lullaby. .

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

The Wood, the Weed, the Wag

THREE things there be that prosper all apace,
And flourish while they are asunder far ;
But on a day, they meet all in a place,
And when they meet, they one another mar.

And they be these : the Wood, the Weed, the Wag :
The Wood is that that makes the gallows tree ;
The Weed is that that strings the hangman's bag ;
The Wag, my pretty knave, betokens thee.

Now mark, dear boy, while these assemble not,
Green springs the tree, hemp grows, the Wag is wild
But when they meet, it makes the timber rot,
It frets the halter, and it chokes the child.

God Bless the Child !

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

Sleep, Baby mine

SLEEP, Baby mine, Desire's nurse, Beauty, singeth;
Thy cries, D baby, set mine head on aching.
The babe cries, " 'Way, thy love doth keep me waking."

Lully, lully, my babe, Hope cradle bringeth
Unto my children alway good rest taking.
The babe cries, " 'Way, thy love doth keep me waking."

Since, Baby mine, from me thy watching springeth,
Sleep then a little ; pap, Content is making.
The babe cries, " Nay, for that abide I waking."

SIR JOHN HARINGTON

Of Treason

TREASON doth never prosper ; what's the reason ?
For if it prosper, none dare call it treason.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

A Tedious "Brief Scene

Flourish of Trumpets. Enter QUINCE for the Prologue.

Prologue. If we offend, it is with our *good* will.

That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,

That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then we come but in despite.

We do not come as minding to content you,
Dur true intent is. All for your delight,

We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand ; and, by their show,
You shall know all that you are like to know.

*Enter PYRAMUS rf/K/TmsBE, WALL, MOONSHINE WLiDN,
as in dumb show.*

Prologue. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show ;

But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know ;

This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.

This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present

Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder ;
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.

This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,

Presenteth Moonshine ; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn

To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.

This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,

The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,

Did scare away, or rather did affright ;

And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,

Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
 Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
 And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain :
 Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
 He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
 And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
 His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
 Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,
 At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt* PROLOGUE, PYRAMUS, THISBE, LION
 and MOONSHINE.]

Wall. In this same interlude it dath befall
 That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
 And such a wall, as I would have you think,
 That had in it a crannied hale *at* chink,
 Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
 Did whisper often very secretly.
 This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone dath show
 That I am that same wall; the truth is so ;
 And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
 Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

Re-enter PYRAMUS.

'*Pyramus.* D grim-look'd night D night with hue so
 black!

D night, which ever art when day is not I
 O night ! D night I alack, alack, alack I
 I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot.

And thou, D wall ! D sweet, D lovely wall!

That stand'st between heY father's ground and mine ;
 Thou wall, D wall I D sweet, and lovely wall I

Show me thy chink to blink through with mine eyne.

[*WALL holds up his fingers.*]

Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!

But what see I ? No Thisby do I see.

D wicked wall I through whom I see no bliss ;

Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving me I

Re-enfer THISBE.

Thisbe. D wall I full often hast thou heard my moans,
 For parting my fair Pyramus and me :

My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,
 Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyramus. I see a voice : now will I to the chink,
 To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.

Thisby I

Thisbe. My lave I thou art my love, I think.

Pyramus. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
 And, like Limander, am I trusty still.

Tisbt. And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.

Pyratnus. Not Shafalus to Proems was SD true.

Thisbe. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

Pyramus. D I kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.

Thisbe. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyramus. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straight-
 way ?

Thisbe. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.

[*Exeunt PYRAMUS and THISBE.*]

Wall. Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so ;

And, being done, thus Wall away doth go. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter LION and MOONSHINE.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear

The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,

May now perchance both quake and tremble here,

When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am

A lion-fell, nor else no lion's dam :

For, if I should as lion come in strife

Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;
 Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.

Re-enter THISBE.

Thisbe. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love ?

Lion [roaring]. Oh—. [*THISBE runs off. The LION*
shakes THISBE'S mantle^ and exit.]

Re-enter PYRAMUS.

Pyramus. Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny
 beams ;

I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright,

For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.

But stay, D spite I
But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here I
Eyes, do you see ?
How can it be ?
D dainty duck I D dear I
Thy mantle good,
What I stain'd with blood I
Approach, ye Furies fell I
D Fates, come, come,
Cut thread and thrum ;

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell I
Dh I wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame ?
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear ?
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with
cheer.

Come tears, confound ;
Dut, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus :
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop :
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus. *[Stabs himself.*
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled ;
My SDU! is in the sky :
Tongue, lose thy light I
Moon, take thy flight I

[Exit MOONSHINE.
Now, die, die, die, die, die. *[Dies.*

Re-enter THISBE

Thisbe. Asleep, my love ?
What dead, my dove ?
D Fyramus, arise I
Speak, speak I Quite dumb ?
Dead, dead I A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These lily lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone :
Lovers, make moan!
His eyes were green as leeks.
D, Sisters Three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word :
Come, trusty sword :
Come, blade, my breast imbrue : [*Stabs herself.*
And farewell, friends ;
Thus Thisby ends :
Adieu, adieu, adieu. [*Dies.*

from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*)

SAMUEL ROWLANDS

The Conjurer Cozened

A SHIFTING knave about the town
Did challenge wondrous skill :
To tell men's fortunes and good haps,
He had the stars at will.
What day was best to travel on,
Which fit to choose a wife ;
If violent or natural
A man should end his life ;
Success of any suit in law,
Which party's cause prevails ;
When it is good to pick one's teeth
And ill to pare one's nails.
So cunningly he played the knave
That he deluded many,
With shifting, base, and cozening tricks ;
For skill he had not any.

Amongst a crew of simple gulls,
That plied him to their cost,
A Butcher comes and craves his help,
That had some cattle lost.
Ten groats he gave him for his fee,
And he to conjure goes
With characters and vocables,
And divers antique shows.
The Butcher in a beastly fear
Expected spirits still,
And wished hims elf within his shop
Some sheep or calf to kill.
At length out of an old blind hole

Behind a painted cloth
A Devil comes with roaring voice
Seeming exceeding wroth.
With squibs and crackers round about
Wild fire he did send,
Which swaggering Ball, the Butcher's dog,
So highly did offend
That he upon the Devil flies,
And shakes his horns so sore,
Even like an ox, most terrible
He made hobgoblin roar.
The cunning man tries, " For God's love help,
Unto your mastiff call 1 "
" Fight dog, fight Devil I " Butcher said,
And claps his hands at Ball.
The dog most cruelly tore his flesh,
The Devil went to wrack,
And looked like a tattered rogue
With ne'er a rag on's back.
" Give me my money back again,
Thou slave," the Butcher said,
^{ft} Or I will sec your Devil's heart
Before he can be laid :
He gets not back again to hell,
Ere I my money have,
And I will have some interest too
Besides mine own I gave.
Deliver first my own ten groats
And then a crown to boot:
I smell your Devil's knavery out:
He wants a cloven foot."

The Conjurer with all his heart
The money back repays,
And gives five shillings of his own :
To whom the Butcher says,
" Farewell, most scurvy Conjurer,
Think on my valiant deed,
Which has done more than English George,
That made the Dragon bleed :

He and his horse, the story tells,
Did but a serpent slay :
I and my dog the Devil spoiled :
We two have got the day."

J O H N D O N N E

ThBait

CDME live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
With silken lines and silver hooks.

There Will the river whispering run
Warmed by thy eyes more than the sun ;
And there the enamoured fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channel hath,
Will amorously to thee swim,
Gladder to catch thee than thou him.

If thou, to be so seen, beest loath,
By sun or moon, thDU darkenest both,
And if myself have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs with shells and weeds,
or treacherously poor fish beset
With strangling snare, or windowy net.

Let coarse bold hands from slimy nest
The bedded fish in banks out-wrest;
or curious traitors, sleeve-silk flies,
Bewitch poor fishes' wandering eyes.

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait :
That fish, that is not caught thereby,
Alas I is wiser far than I.

GEORGE WITHER

Shall I, wasting in despair

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair ?
or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are ?
Be she fairer than the day,
or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be ?

Should my heart be grieved or pined
'Cause I see a woman kind ?
or a well-disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature ?
Be she meeker, kinder than
Turtle-dove, or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be ?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love ?
or her well-deserving, known,
Make me quite forget my own ?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of best,
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be ?

'Cause her fortune seems so high,
Shall I play the fool, and die ?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,

Think what with them they would do
That without them dare to woo ;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I though great she be ?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair :
If she love me, this believe
I will die ere she shall grieve :
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go ;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be ?

BEN J DNS ON

Answer to Master Wither's Song

SHALL I mine affections slack,
'Cause I see a woman's black ?
or myself with care cast down,
'Cause I see a woman's brown ?
Be she blacker than the night,
or the blackest jet in sight,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how black she be ?

Shall my foolish heart be burst,
'Cause I see a woman's curst ?
or a thwarting hoggish nature
Joined in as bad a feature ?
Be she curst or fiercer than
Brutish beast, or savage man,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how curst she be ?

Shall a woman's vices make
Me her vices quite forsake ?
or her faults to me made known,
Make me think that I have none ?
Be she of the most accurst,
And deserve the name of worst,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how bad she be ?

'Cause her fortunes seem too law,
Shall I therefore let her go ?
He that bears an humble mind
And with riches can be kind,

Think how kind a heart he'd have,
If he were some servile slave :
And if that same mind I see,
What care I how poor she be ?

Poor, or bad, or curst, or black,
I will ne'er the more be slack.
If she hate me (then believe I)
She shall die ere I will grieve,
If she like me when I WDD,
I can like and love her too :
If that she be fit for me,
What care I what others be ?

ROBERT HERRICK

Oberon's feast

A LITTLE mushroom table spread,
After short prayers they set on bread ;
A moon-parched grain of purest wheat,
With some small glittering grit to eat
His choice bits with ; then in a trice
They make a feast less great than nice.
But all this while his eye is serv'd,
We must not think his ear was starv'd :
But that there was in place to stir
His spleen, the chirring Grasshopper ;
The merry Cricket, puling Fly,
The piping Gnat for minstrelsy.
And now, we must imagine first,
The Elves present to quench his thirst
A pure seed-pearl of infant dew,
Brought and besweetened in a blue
And pregnant violet; which done,
His kittenish eyes begin to run
Quite through the table, where he spies
The horns of papery Butterflies,
Of which he eats, and tastes a little
of that we call the Cuckoo's spittle.
A little puffball pudding stands
By, yet not blessed by his hands,
That was too coarse ; but then forthwith
He ventures boldly on the pith
Of sugared rush, and eats the sagg¹
And well bestrutted² Bee's sweet bag:
Gladding his palate with some store

¹ Laden.

² Swollen.

of Emmets' eggs ; what would he more ?
But beards of Mice, a Newt's stewed thigh,
A bloated Earwig, and a Fly ;
With the red-capt worm, that's shut
Within the concave of a nut,
Brown as his tooth. A little Moth,
Late fatted in a piece of cloth :
With withered cherries ; Mandrake's ears ;
Mole's eyes ; to these, the slain Stag's tears :
The unctuous dewlaps of a Snail ;
The broke-heart of a Nightingale
D'ercome in music ; with a wine,
Ne'er ravished from the flattering vine,
But gently press'd from the soft side
of the most sweet and dainty Bride,
Brought in a dainty daisy, which
He fully quaffs up to bewitch
His blood to height ; this done commended
Grace by his Priest. The feast is ended.

*A Ternary of Littles, upon a Pipkin
of Jelly sent to a Lady*

A LITTLE Saint best fits a little shrine,
A little prop best fits a little vine,
As my small cruse best fits my little wine.

A little seed best fits a little soil,
A little trade best fits a little toil :
As my small jar best fits my little oil.

A little bin best fits a little bread,
A little garland fits a little head :
As my small stuff best fits my little shed.

A little hearth best fits a little fire,
A little chapel fits a little choir,
As my small bell best fits my little spire.

A little stream best fits a little boat;
 A little lead best fits a little float;
 As my small pipe best fits my little note.

A little meat best fits a little belly,
 As sweetly, Lady, give me leave to tell ye,
 This little pipkin fits this little jelly.

Harvest Home

COME, sons of summer, by whose toil
 We are the lords of wine and oil :
 By whose tough labours, and rough hands,
 We rip up first, then reap our lands.
 Crown'd with the ears of corn, now come,
 And, to the pipe, sing harvest home.
 Come forth, my lord, and see the cart
 orest up with all the country art.
 See, here a maukin,¹ there a sheet
 As spotless pure as it is sweet:
 The horses, mares, and frisking fillies,
 Glad all in linen, white as lillies.
 The harvest swains and wenches bound
 Far joy, to see the hock-cart² crown'd.
 About the cart, hear, how the rout
 of rural younglings raise the shout;
 Pressing before, some coming after,
 Those with a shout, and these with laughter.
 Some bless the cart; some kiss the sheaves ;
 Some prank them up with oaken leaves :
 Some cross the shaft horse ; some with great
 Devotion stroke the home-borne wheat,
 While other rustics, less attent
 To prayers than to merriment,
 Run after with their breeches rent.
 Well, on, brave boys, to your lord's hearth,
 Glitt'ring with fire ; where, for your mirth,
 Ye shall see first the large and chief

¹ Cloth.

² **Last** cart loaded at harvest.

Foundation of your feast, fat beef:
With upper stories, mutton, veal
And bacon [which makes full the meal]
With sev'ral dishes standing by,
As here a custard, there a pie,
And here all tempting frumenty.¹
And for to make the merry cheer,
If smirking wine be wanting here,
There's that which drowns all care, stout beer ;
Which freely drink to your lord's health,
Then to the plough [the commonwealth) :
Next to your flails, your fanes, your vats ;
Then to the maids with wheaten hats :
To the rough sickle, and crook'd scythe,
orink, frolic boys, till all be blithe.
Feed, and grow fat; and, as ye eat,
Be mindful that the lab'ring neat
(As you) may have their fill of meat.
And know, besides, ye must revoke²
The patient ox unto the yoke,
And all go back unto the plough
And harrow [though they're hang'd up now).
And, you must know, your lord's word's true,
Feed him ye must, whose food fills you ;
And that this pleasure is like rain,
Not sent ye for to drown your pain,
But for to make it spring again.

¹ Wheat boiled in milk. ² Call back.

JOHN MILTON

On the University Carrier

*who sickened in the time of his Vacancy, being forbid to go to
London by reason of the Plague*

HERE lies old Hobson. Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas, hath laid him in the dirt;
or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter that, if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got-him down ;
For he had any time this ten years full
Dodg'd with him betwixt Cambridge and *The Bull*.
And surely, Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd ;
But lately, finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlin
Shew'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light.
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
" Hobs on has supp'd, and's newly gone to bed."

SIR J D H N S U C K L I N G

Love and 'Debt

THIS one request I make to him that sits the clouds above ;
That I were freely out of debt, as I am out of love.
Then for to dance, to drink, and sing, I should be very
willing ;
I should not owe one lass a kiss, nor ne'er a knave a
shilling.

'Tis only being in love and debt, that breaks us of our
rest ;
And he that is quite out of both, of all the world is blessed.
He sees the golden age, wherein all things were free and
common ;
He eats, he drinks, he takes his rest, he fears no man nor
woman.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Drinking

THE thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair ;
The sea itself—which one would think
Should have but little need of drink—
Drinks ten thousand rivers up,
So filled that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy sun—and one would guess
By 's drunken fiery face no less—
Drinks up the sea, and when he's done,
The moon and stars drink up the sun :
They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in nature 's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl then, fill it high,
Fill up the glasses there ; for why
Should every creature drink but I ;
Why, man of morals, tell me why ?

JOHN BUNYAN

The Child and the Bird

MY little bird, how canst thou sit
And sing amidst so many thorns ?
Let me but hold upon thee get,
My love with honour thee adorns.

Thou art at present little worth,
Five farthings none will give for thee ;
But prithee, little bird, come forth,
Thou of more value art to me.

'Tis true it is sun-shine to-day,
To-morrow birds will have a storm ;
My pretty one, come thou away,
My bosom then shall keep thee warm.

Thou subject art to cold o' nights
When darkness is thy covering,
At days thy danger's great by kites ;
How canst thou then sit there and sing ?

Thy food is scarce and scanty too,
'Tis Worms and trash which thou dost eat ;
Thy present state I pity do,
Come, I'll provide thee better meat.

I'll feed thee with white bread and milk,
And sugar-plums, if them thou crave ;
I'll cover thee with finest silk,
That from the cold I may thee save.

My father's palace shall be thine,
Yea, in it thou shalt sit and sing ;
My little bird, if thou'lt be mine,
The whole year round shall be thy spring,

I'll teach thee all the notes at court;
Unthought-of music thou shalt play ;
And all that thither do resort
Shall praise thee for it every day.

Til keep thee safe from cat and cur,
No manner o' harm shall come to thee ;
Yea, I will be thy succourer,
My bosom shall thy cabin be.

But lo ! behold, the bird is gone ;
These charmings would not make her yield :
The child's left at the bush alone,
The bird flies yonder o'er the field.

J O H N D R Y D E N

Zimri

The Duke of Buckingham)

SOME of their chiefs were princes of the land ;
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,
A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome :
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong-,
Was everything by starts and nothing long ;
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon ;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking,
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy !
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to show his judgement, in extremes :
So over violent or over civil,
That every man with him was Gad or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art ;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from court • then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
For spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel ;
Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left,

[From *Absalom and Achitophel*]

fair Iris I love

FAIR Iris I love and hourly I die,
But not for a lip, nor a languishing eye ;
She's fickle and false, and there I agree,
For I am as false and as fickle as she ;
We neither believe what either can say,
And neither believing, we neither betray.

'Tis civil to swear, and to say things of course;
We mean not the taking for better or worse.
When present we love, when absent agree ;
I think not of Iris, nor Iris of me :
The legend of Love no couple can find
So easy to part, or so equally joined.

CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF
DORSET

Dorinda

DORINDA'S sparkling wit and eyes
United cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies ;
Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer, gentler jay ;
Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace ;
Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
That runs his link full in your face.

JOHN WILMDT, EARL OF
ROCHESTER

Epitaph on Charles II

HERE lies our Sovereign Lord the King,
Whose word no man relies on,
Who never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one.

A N O N Y M O U S

An Did Soldier of the Queen's .

OF an old Soldier of the Queen's,
With an old motley coat, and a malmsey nose.
And an old jerkin that's out at the elbows,
And an old pair of boots, drawn on without hose,
5tuft with rags instead of toes ;
And an old Soldier of the Queen's,
And the Queen's old Soldier.

With an old rusty sword that's hackt with blows,
And an old dagger to scare away the crows,
And an old horse that reels as he goes,
And an old saddle that no man knows,
And an old Soldier of the Queen's,
And the Queen's old Soldier.

With his old wounds, in eighty-eight,
Which he recover'd, at Tilbury fight ;
With an old passport that never was read,
That in his old travels stood him in great stead ;
And an old Soldier of the Queen's,
And the Queen's old Soldier.

With his old gun, and his bandoliers,
And an old head-piece to keep warm his ears,
With an old shirt is grown to wrack,
With a huge louse, with a great list on his back,
Is able to carry a pedlar and his pack ;
And an old Soldier of the Queen's,
And the Queen's old Soldier.

With an old quean to lie by his side,
That in old time had been pockifi'd ;
He's now rid to Bohemia to fight with his foes,
And he swears by his valour he'll have better clothes,
or else he'll lose legs, arms, fingers, and toes,
And he'll come again, when no man knows,
And an old Soldier of the Queen's,
And the Queen's old Soldier.

WILLIAM WALSH

The Despairing Lover

DISTRACTED with care
For Phyllis the fair,
Since nothing could move her,
Poor Damon her lover
Resolves in despair
No longer to languish,
Nor bear so much anguish :
But, mad with his love,
To a precipice goes ;
Where a leap from above
'Would soon finish his woes.
When in rage he came there.
Beholding how steep
The sides did appear,
And the bottom how deep ;
His torments projecting,
And sadly reflecting
That a lover forsaken
A new love may get ;
But a neck, when once broken,
Can never be set :
And that he could die
Whenever he would ;
But that he could live
But as long as he could :
How grievous soever
The torment might grow,
He scorn'd to endeavour
To finish it so ;

But bold, unconcerned
At thoughts of the pain,
He calmly returned
To his cottage again.

MATTHEW PRIOR

An Epitaph

INTERR'D beneath this marble stone
Lie sauntering Jack and idle Joan.
While rolling threescore years and one
Did round this globe their courses run ;
If human things went ill or well ;
If changing empires rose or fell ;
The morning past, the evening came,
And found this couple still the same.
They walk'd and ate, good folks : what then ?
Why then they walk'd and ate again :
They soundly slept the night away ;
They did just nothing all the day ;
And having buried children four,
Would not take pains to try for more :
Nor sister either had, nor brother ;
They seemed just tallied for each other.

 Their moral and economy
Most perfectly they made agree :
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor trespass'd on the other's ground.
Nor fame, nor censure they regarded ;
They neither punish'd nor rewarded.
He cared not what the footman did ;
Her maids she neither praised nor chid ;
So every servant took his course ;
And bad at first, they all grew worse.
Slothful disorder filled his stable ;
And sluttish plenty deck'd her table.
Their beer was strong ; their wine was port ;
Their meal was large ; their grace was snort.

They gave the poor the remnant meat,
Just when it grew not fit to eat.

They paid the church and parish rate ;
And took, but read not the receipt :
For which they claim'd their Sunday's due,
Of slumbering in an upper pew,

No man's defects sought they to know ;
So never made themselves a foe.
No man's good deeds did they commend ;
So never rais'd themselves a friend.
Nor cherished they relations poor,
That might decrease their present store :
Nor barn nor house did they repair,
That might oblige their future heir.

They neither added nor confounded ;
They neither wanted nor abounded.
Each Christmas they accompts did clear;
And wound their bottom round the year.
Nor tear nor smile did they employ
At news of public grief, or joy.
When bells were rung, and bonfires made,
If ask'd, they ne'er denied their aid ;
Their jug was to the ringers carried,
Whoever either died, or married.
Their billet at the fire was found,
Whoever was depos'd, or crown'd.

Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise ;
They would not learn, nor could advise :
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led—a kind of—as it were ;
Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cried :
And so they liv'd, and so they died.

J O N A T H A N S W I F T

Twelve Articles

I

LEST it may more quarrels breed,
I will never hear you read.

II

By disputing, I will never,
To convince you once endeavour.

in

When a paradox you stick to,
I will never contradict you.

IV

When I talk and you are heedless,
I will show no anger needless.

V

When your speeches are absurd,
I will ne'er object a word.

VI

When you furious argue wrong,
I will grieve and hold my tongue.

VII

Not a jest or humorous story
Will I ever tell before yc :
To be chidden for explaining,
When you quite mistake the meaning.

VIII

Never more will I suppose
You can taste my verse or prose.

IX

You no more at me shall fret,
While I teach and you forget.

X

You shall never hear me thunder,
When you blunder on, and blunder.

XI

Show your poverty of spirit,
And in dress place all your merit;
Give yourself ten thousand airs :
That with me shall break no squares.

XII

Never will I give advice,
Till you please to ask me thrice :
Which if you in scorn reject,
'Twill be just as I expect.

Thus we both shall have our ends,
And continue special friends.

Gentle Echo on Woman

SHEPHERD : Echo, I ween, will in the wood **reply**,
And quaintly answer questions : Stall I try ?

ECHO : Try.

SHEPHERD : What must we do our passion to express ?

ECHO : **Press**.

SHEPHERD : How shall I please her, who ne'er loved
before ?

ECHO : Be fare.

SHEPHERD : What most moves women when we them
address ?

- ECHD : A dress.
SHEPHERD : Say, what can keep her chaste whom I adore ?
ECHD : A door.
SHEPHERD : If music softens rocks, love tunes my lyre.
ECHD : Liar.
SHEPHERD : Then teach me, Echo, how shall I come by her?
ECHO : Buy her.
SHEPHERD : When bought, no question I shall be her dear?
ECHD : Her deer.
SHEPHERD : But deer have horns : how must I keep her under?
ECHO : Keep her under.
SHEPHERD : But what can glad me when she's laid on bier?
ECHD : Beer.
SHEPHERD : What must I do when women will be kind ?
ECHD : Be kind.
SHEPHERD : What must I do when women will be cross ?
ECHD : Be cross.
SHEPHERD : Lord, what is she that can so turn and wind ?
ECHD : Wind.
SHEPHERD : If she be wind, what stills her when she blows ?
ECHD : Blows.
SHEPHERD : But if she bang again, s till should I bang her ?
ECHD : Bang her,
SHEPHERD : Is there no way to moderate her anger ?
ECHD : Hang her.
SHEPHERD : Thanks, gentle Echo I right thy answers tell
What woman is and how to guard her well.
ECHO : Guard her well.

Abroad and at Home

As Thomas was cudgel'd one day by his wife,
He took to the street, and fled for his life :
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,

And sav'd him at once from the shrew and the rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him some sober advice ;—
But Tom is a person of honour so nice,
Too wise *to* take counsel, too proud to take warning,
That he sent to all three a challenge next morning :
Three duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his life ;
Went home, and was cudgel'd again by his wife.

WILLIAM CDNGREVE

fair vAmoret

FAIR Amoret is gone astray—
Pursue and seek her, every lover ;
I'll tell the signs by which you may
The wandering shepherdess discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both studied, though both seem neglected :
Careless she is, with artful care ;
Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart every glance ;
Yet change so soon, you'd ne'er suspect them
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Though certain aim and art direct them.

She likes herself, yet others hates
For that which in herself she prizes ;
And, while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that she despises.

JOHN GAY

The Qardener and the Hog

A GARDENER, of peculiar taste,
On a young Hog his favour placed,
Who fed not with the common herd ;
His tray was to the hall preferred :
He wallowed underneath the board,
Or in his master's chamber snored,
Who fondly stroked him every day,
And taught him all the puppy's play.
Where'er he went, the grunting friend
Ne'er failed his pleasure to attend.

As on a time the loving pair
Walked forth to tend the garden's care,
The Master thus addressed the Swine :—

" My house, my garden, all is thine.
On turnips feast whene'er you please,
And riot in my beans and pease,
If the potato's taste delights,
Or the red carrot's sweet invites,
Indulge thy noon and evening hours,
But let due care regard my flowers :
My tulips are my garden's pride :
What vast expense those beds supplied I "

The Hog by chance one morning roamed,
Where with new ale the vessels foamed ;
He munches now the steaming grains,
Now with full swill the liquor drains.
Intoxicating fumes arise ;
He reels, he rolls his winking eyes ;
Then staggering through the garden, scours,
And treads down painted ranks of flowers :

With delving snout he turns the soil,
And cools his palate with the spoil.

The Master came, the ruin spied ;
" Villain ! suspend thy rage ", he cried :
^{ss} Hast thou, thou most ungrateful sot,
My charge, my only charge, forgot ?
What, all my flowers 1 " no more he said,
But gazed, and sighed, and hung his head.

The Hog with stuttering speech returns :—
" Explain, Sir, why your anger burns.
See there, untouched, your tulips strewn ;
For I devoured the roots alone."

At this the Gardener's passion grows ;
From oaths and threats he fell to blows :
The stubborn brute the blow sustains,
Assaults his leg, and tears the veins.
. Ah I foolish Swain 1 too late you find
That styes were for such friends designed !

Homeward he limps with painful pace,
Reflecting thus on past disgrace ;
" Who cherishes a brutal mate,
Shall mourn the folly soon or late."

Song of Similes

MY passion is as mustard strong;
I sit, all sober sad ;
orunk as a piper all day long,
Or like a March hare mad.

Round as a houp the bumpers flow;
I drink, yet can't forget her ;
For though as drunk as David's sow,
I love her still the better.

Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
If Molly were but kind ;
Cool as a cucumber could see
The rest of womankind.

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er ;
Lean as a rake with sighs and care,
Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And soft as silk my skin,
My cheeks as fat as butter grown ;
But as a groat now thin.

I, melancholy as a cat,
Am kept awake to weep
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or stone,
She laughs to see me pale,
And merry as a grig is grown,
And brisk as bottled-ale.

The god of love at her approach
Is busy as a bee,
Hearts sound as any bell or roach
Are smit, and sigh like me,

Ay me, as thick as hops or hail,
The fine men crowd about her ;
But soon as dead as a door-nail
Shall I be if without her.

Strait as my leg her shape appears ;
D were we juin'd together,
My heart would be scot-free from cares
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as fivepence is her mien,
No drum was ever tighter ;
Her glance is as the razor keen,
And not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are,
Methinks I taste them yet.
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites ;
Sharp as a needle are her words,
Her wit, like pepper, bites.

Full as an egg was I with glee ;
And happy as a king.
Good Lord ! how all men envied me !
She loved like anything.

But false as hell, she, like the wind,
Changed as her sex must do.
Though seeming as the turtle kind,
And like the Gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
Let who would take Peru !
Great as an Emperor should I be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any post;
Let us, like burs, together stick,
And warm as any toast.

You'll know me truer than a dye,
And wish me better sped ;
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear
And sigh perhaps, and wish,
When I am rotten as a pear
And mute as any fish.

The Jugglers

A JUGGLER long through all the town
 Had raised his fortune and renown ;
 Yau'd think |so far his art transcends)
 The devil at his fingers³ ends.

Vice heard his fame, she read his bill ;

Convinced of his inferior skill,
 She sought his booth, and from the crowd
 Defied the man of art aloud.

" Is this then he so famed for sleight,
 Can this slow bungler cheat your sight,
 Dares he with me dispute the prize ?

I leave it to impartial eyes."

Provok'd, the Juggler cried, ^{lf} 'Tis done.

In science I submit to none."

Thus said. The cups and balls he played

By turns, this here, that there, conveyed :

The cards, obedient to his words,

Are by a fillip turned to birds ;

His little boxes change the grain,

Trick after trick deludes the train.

He shakes his bag, he shows all fair,

His fingers spread, and nothing there ;

Then bids it rain with showers of gold,

And now his iv'ry eggs are told.

But when from thence the hen he draws,

Amazed spectators hum applause.

Vice now stept forth and took the place,

With all the forms of his grimace.

" This magic looking-glass," she cries,

(" There, hand it round) will charm your eyes " :

Each eager eye the sight desired,

And ev'ry man himself admired.

Next, to a senator addressing ;

^{tr} See this bank-note ; observe the blessing :

Breathe on the bill. Heigh, pass 1 "Tis gone."

Upon his lips a padlock shone.

A second puff the magic broke,

The padlock vanished, and he spoke.
Twelve bottles ranged upon the board,
All full, with heady liquor stored,
By clean conveyance disappear,
And now two bloody swords are there.
A purse she to a thief exposed ;
At once his ready fingers closed ;
He opes his fist, the treasure's fled,
He sees a halter in its stead.
She bids Ambition hold a wand,
He grasps a hatchet in his hand.
A box of charity she shows :
" Blow here " ; and a church-warden blows ;
'Tis vanished with conveyance neat,
And on the table smokes a treat.
She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,
And from all pockets fills her box.
A counter, in a miser's hand,
Grew twenty guineas at command ;
She bids his heir the sum retain,
And 'tis a counter now again.
A guinea with her touch you see
Take ev'ry shape but Charity ;
And not one thing, you saw, or drew,
But changed from what was first in view,
The Juggler now, in grief of heart,
With this submission owned her art.
" Can I such matchless sleight withstand ?
How practice hath improved your hand !
But now and then I cheat the throng :
You ev'ry day, and all day long."¹

WILLIAM HARRISON

The Tinker and the Glazier

Two thirsty souls met on a sultry day,
One Glazier Dick, the other Tom the Tinker •
Both with light purses, but with spirits gay ;
And hard it were to name the sturdiest drinker.
Their ale they quaff'd ;
And, as they swigg'd the nappy,
They both agreed, 'tis said,
That trade was wond'rous dead.
They jok'd, sung, laugh'd,
And were completely happy.
The Landlord's eye, bright as his sparkling ale,
Glisten'd to see them the brown pitcher hug ;
For ev'ry jest, and song, and merry tale,
Had this blithe ending—" Bring us t'other mug."

Now Dick the Glazier feels his bosom burn,
To do his friend, Tom Tinker, a good turn ;
And, where the heart to friendship feels inclin'd,
Occasion seldom loiters long behind.
The kettle, gaily singing on the fire,
Gives Dick a hint, just to his heart's desire :
And, while to draw more ale the Landlord goes,
Dick in the ashes, all the water throws ;
Then puts the kettle on the fire again,
And at the Tinker winks,
As " Trade's success I " he drinks,
Nor doubts the wish'd success Tom will obtain.
Our Landlord ne'er could such a toast withstand ;

So, giving each kind customer a hand,
His friendship, too, displayed,
And drank—" Success to trade ! "
But D, haw pleasure vanish'd from his eye,
How long and rueful his round visage grew,
Saon as he saw the kettle's bottom fly,
Solder the only fluid he could view !
He rav'd, he caper'd, and he swore,
And cursed the kettle's body o'er and o'er,
" Come I Come ! " says Dick, " fetch us, my friend,
more ale ;
All trades, you know, must live :
Let's drink—^c May trade with none of us, e'er fail ! '
The job to Tom, then, give ;
And, for the ale he drinks, our lad of mettle,
Take my ward for it, soon will mend your kettle."
The Landlord yields ; but hopes 'tis no offence,
To curse the trade, that thrives at his expense.
Tom undertakes the job ; to work he goes ;
And just concludes it, with the ev'ning's close.
Souls so congenial had friends Tom and Dick,
Each might be fairly called a loving brother ;
Thought Torn, to serve my friend I know a trick,
And one good turn in truth deserves another I
Dut now he silly slips,
But not a word he said.
The plot was in his head,
And off he nimbly trips.

Swift to the neighb'nng church his way he takes ;
Nor in the dark,
Misses his mark,
But ev'ry pane of glass he quickly breaks.
Back as he goes,
His bosom glows,
To think how great will be his friend Dick's joy,
At getting so much excellent employ.
Return'd, he beckoning, draws his friend aside,
Importance in his face,
And to Dick's ear his mouth applied,

Thus briefly states the case,—
" Dick! I may give you joy, you're a made man ;
I've done your business mast complete, my friend :
I'm off I—the devil may catch me, if he can,
Each window of the church you've got to mend ;
Ingratitude's worst curse my head befall,
If, for your sake, I have not broke them all I "

Tom with surprise sees Dick turn pale,
Who deeply sighs—" D, la I "
Then drops his under jaw,
And all his pow'rs of utt'ranee fail:
While horror in his ghastly face,
And bursting eye-balls, Tom can trace ;
Whose sympathetic muscles, just and true,
Share with his heart,
Dick's unknown smart,
And two such phizzes ne'er met mortal view.
At length, friend Dick his speech regain'd,
And soon the mystery explain'd—
" You have, indeed, my business done I
"And I, as well as you, must run :
For let me act the best I can,
Tom I Tom I I am a ruin'd man,
Zounds I Zounds I this piece of friendship costs me
dear,
I'm paid to mend church windows *by the year !*"

ALEXANDER POPE

Timon's Villa

A. Visit to a Personage of more Money than Taste

AT Timon's Villa let us pass a day,
Where all cry out, " What sums are thrown away ! "
So proud, so grand ; of that stupendous air,
Soft and Agreeable come never there.
Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
To compass this, his building is a Town,
His pond an Ocean, his parterre a Down :
Who but must laugh, the Master when he sees,
A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze !
Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around I
The whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground ;
Two Cupids squirt before ; a Lake behind
Improves the keenness of the Northern wind.
His Gardens next your admiration call,
On ev'ry side you look, behold the Wall !
No pleasing Intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene ;
Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suffering eye inverted Nature sees,
Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as trees ;
With here a Fountain, never to be play'd ;
And there a Summer-house, that knows no shade
Here Amphitrite sails thro' myrtle bow'rs ;
There Gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs ;
Un-watered see the drooping sea-horse mourn,
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty Urn.

My Lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure, to be seen :
But soft,—by regular approach,—not yet,—
First thro' the length of yon hot Terrace sweat;
And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your thighs,
Just at his Study-door he'll bless your eyes.

His Study I with what Authors is it stor'd ?
In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord ;
To all their dated Backs he turns you round :
These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound.
Lo, some are Vellum, and the rest as good
For all his Lordship knows, but they are Wond.
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
These shelves admit not any modern book.

And now the Chapd's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the Pride of Pray'r .
Light quirks of Music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a Jig to Heav'n.
On painted Ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the Saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
On gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all Paradise before your eye.
To rest, the Cushion and soft Dean invite,
Who never mentions Hell to eat polite.

But hark ! the chiming Clocks to dinner call ;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble Hall :
The rich Buffet well-colour'd Serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
Is this a dinner ? this a Genial room ?
No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb.
A solemn Sacrifice, performed in state,
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there.
Between each Act the trembling salvers ring,
From soup to sweet-wine, and God bless the King.
In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil Pride from Morn to Eve ;

I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,
And swear no Day was ever past so ill.

[From *Moral Essays*]

The Alley

A Parody of Edmund Spenser

I

IN ev'ry Town, where Thamis rolls his Tyde,
A narrow pass there is, with Houses low ;
Where ever and anon, the Stream is ey'd,
And many a Boat soft sliding to and fro.
There oft are heard the notes af Infant Woe,
The short thick Sob, loud Scream, and shriller Squall •
How can ye, Mothers, vex your Children so ?
Some drink, some eat, some play against the wall,
And as they crnuchen low, far bread and butter call.

II

And on the broken pavement, here and there,
Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie ;
A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by ;
And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry.
At ev'ry door are sun-burnt matrons seen,
Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry j
Now singing shrill, and scolding eft between ;
Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds ; bad neighbourhood
I ween.

III

The snappish cur, (the passengers¹ annoy)
Close at my heel with yelping treble flies ;
The whimp'nng girl, and hoarser-screaming boy,
Join to the yelping treble shrilling cries ;
The scolding Quean to louder notes doth rise,
And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound ,
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies ;

The grunting hags alarm the neighbours round,
And curs, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep bass arc
drown'd.

IV

Hard by a Sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyster, mackrel, sprat, or plaice :
There learn'd she speech from tongues that never cease.
Slander beside her, like a Mag-pie, chatters,
With Envy (spitting Cat), dread foe to peace ;
Like a curs'd Cur, Malice before her clatters,
And vexing ev'ry wight, tears clothes and all to tatters.

V

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
Woolwich and Wapping smelling strong of pitch ;
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,
And Twickenham such, which fairer scenes enrich,
Grots, statues, urns, and Johnston's Dog and Bitch,
No village is without, on either side,
All up the silver Thames, or all adwn ;
Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are ey'd
Vales, spires, meandering streams, and Windsor's tow'ry
pride.

The Toilet

AND now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the Cosmetic pow'rs.
A heav'nly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears ;
Th^l inferior Priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of Pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various ofFrings of the world appear ;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the Goddess with the ghtt'ring spoil.

This casket India's glowing gems unlocks;
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The Tortoise here and Elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled, and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms ;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face ;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy Sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown ;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

[From *The Rape of the Lock*]

JAMES THOMSON

To the Incomparable Soporific Doctor

SWEET, sleeky Doctor ! dear pacific soul !
Lay at the beef, and suck the vital bowl I
Still let the involving smoke around thee fly,
And broad-looking dullness settle in thine eye.
Ah I soft in down those dainty limbs repose,
And in the very lap of slumber doze,
But chiefly on the lazy day of grace,
Call forth the lambent glories of thy face ;
If aught the thoughts of dinner can prevail—
And sure the Sunday's dinner cannot fail.
To the thin church in sleepy pomp proceed,
And lean on the lethargic book thy head.
Those eyes wipe often with the hallowed lawn,
Profoundly nod, immeasurably yawn.
Slow let the prayers by thy meek lips be sung,
Nor let thy thoughts be distanced by thy tongue,
If e'er the lingerers are within a call,
or if on prayers thou deign'st to think at all.
Yet—only yet—the swimming head we bend ;
But when serene, the pulpit you ascend,
Through every joint a gentle horror creeps,
And round you the consenting audience sleeps.
So when an ass with sluggish front appears,
The horses start, and prick their quivering ears ;
But soon as e'er the sage is heard to bray,
The fields all thunder, and they bound away.

SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS

The Did general

THE General I one of those brave old commanders,
Who served through all the glorious wars in Flanders ;
Frank and good-natured, of an honest heart,
Loving to act the steady, friendly part :
None led through youth a gayer life than he,
Cheerful in converse, smart in repartee.
But with old age its vices came along,
And in narration he's extremely long ;
Exact in circumstance, and nice in dates,
He each minute particular relates.
If you name one of Marlborough's ten campaigns,
He tells you its whole history for your pains :
And Blenheim's field becomes by his reciting
As long in telling as it was in fighting :
His old desire to please is still expressed ;
His hat's well cocked, his periwig's well dressed :
He rolls his stockings still, white gloves he wears,
And in the boxes with the beaux appears :
His eyes through wrinkled corners cast their rays
Still he looks cheerful, still soft things he says :
And still remembering that he once was young
He strains his crippled knees, and struts along.

(From *Isabella*)

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

The Village Schoolmaster

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew ;
Well had the hading tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he :
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned ;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew ;
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,
For even tho³ vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

[From *The Deserted Village*]

WILLIAM CDWPER

The Dog and the Water-Lily

THE noon was shady, and soft airs
Swept Duse's silent tide,
When, 'scaped from literary cares,
I wandered on his side.

My spaniel, prettiest of his race,
And high in pedigree,
[Two nymphs, adorned with every grace,
That spaniel found for me)

Now wantoned lost in flags and reeds,
Now starting into sight,
Pursued the swallow o'er the meads
With scarce a slower flight.

It was the time when Duse displayed
His lilies newly blown ;
Their beauties I intent surveyed,
And one I wished my own.

With cane extended far, I sought
To steer it close to land ;
But still the prize, though nearly caught,
Escaped my eager hand.

Beau marked my unsuccessful pains
With fixed considerate face,
And puzzling set his puppy brains
To comprehend the case.

But with a chirrup clear and strong
 Dispersing all his dream,
 I thence withdrew, and followed long
 The windings of the stream.

My ramble finished, I returned,
 Beau trotting far before,
 The floating wreath again discerned,
 And plunging left the shore,

I saw him, with that lily cropped,
 Impatient swim to meet
 My quick approach, and soon he dropped
 The treasure at my feet.

Charmed with the sight, "The world," I cried,
 "Shall hear of this thy deed :
 My dog shall mortify the pride
 of man's superior breed :

¹¹ But, chief, myself I will enjoin,
 Awake at Duty's call,
 To show a love as prompt as thine
 To Him who gives me all."

An Adjudged Case

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
 The spectacles set them unhappily wrong ;
 The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
 To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
 With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning ,
 While Chief-Baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
 So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

"In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear
 And your lordship," he said, "will undoubtedly find,

That the NOSE has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind."

Then holding the spectacles up to the court—

" Yaur lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is ; in short,
Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

^{ct} Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
('Tis a case that has happened, and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then ?

" On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them."

Then shifting his side (as a lawyer knows how),
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes :
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one if or but—

^{cc} That, whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By daylight or candlelight—Eyes should be shut I "

epitaph

HERE lies one, who never drew
Blood himself, yet many slew ;
Gave the gun its aim, and figure
Made in field, yet ne'er pulled trigger.
Armed men have gladly made
Him their guide, and him obeyed ;
At his signified desire,
Would advance, present, and fire—
Stout he was, and large of limb,

Scores have fled at sight of him ;
And to all this fame he rose
Only following his nose.
Neptune was he called, not he
Who controls the boisterous sea,
But of happier command,
Neptune of the furrowed land ;
And, your wonder vain to shorten,
Pointer to Sir John Throckmorton.

AN D N Y M D U S

The Vicar of Bray

IN good King Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous high-churchman was I,
And sol got preferment.
To teach my Flock I never miss'd
Kings were by God appointed,
And damned are those that dare resist
or touch the Lord's anointed.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

When Royal James possess'd the crown,
And Popery grew in fashion
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration :
The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution ;
And I had been a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

When William was our king declared,
To ease the nation's grievance ;
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance.

Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

When Royal Anne became our queen,
The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory :
Occasional Conformists base,
I blamed their moderation ;
And thought the Church in danger was
By such prevarication.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men looked big, sir,
My principles I changed once more,
And so became a Whig, sir ;
And thus preferment I procured
From our new faith's defender ;
And almost every day abjured
The Pope and the Pretender.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

Th' illustrious House of Hanover,
And Protestant succession,
To these I do allegiance swear—
While they can keep possession :

For in my faith and loyalty,
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful king shall be—
Until the times do alter.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still HI be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

J O H N W O L C D T

To a fish of the 'Brook

WHY fliest thou away with fear ?
Trust me there's naught of danger near,
 I have no wicked hook
All covered with a snaring bait,
Alas, to tempt thee to thy fate,
 And drag thee from the brook.

O harmless tenant of the flood,
I do not wish to spill thy blood,
 For Nature unto thee
Perchance hath given a tender wife,
And children dear, to charm thy life,
 As she hath done for me.

Enjoy thy stream, O harmless fish ;
And when an angler for his dish,
 Through gluttony's vile sin,
Attempts, a wretch, to pull thee out,
God give thee strength, D gentle trout,
 To pull the rascal in !

ANDNYMDUS

The Goff

An' Heroic- Comical ~ELpic

CANTD I

GOFF, and the Man, I sing, who em'lous plies
The jointed club ; whose balls invade the skies ;
Who from *Hdinas* tow'rs, his peaceful home,
In quest of fame o'er *Lethas* plains did roam.
Long toil'd the hero, on the verdant field,
Strained his stout arm the weighty club to wield.

CANTO II

Now at that hole the Chiefs begin the game,
Which from the neighb'ring thorn-tree takes its name ;
Ardent they grasp the ball-compelling clubs,
And stretch their arms t' attack the little globes.
The great *Castalio* his whole force collects
And on the orb a noble blow directs.
Swift as a thought the ball obedient flies,
Sings high in air, and seems to cleave the skies ;
Then on the level plain its fury spends ;
And *Irus* to the Chief the welcome tidings sends.
Next in his turn *Pygmalion* strikes the globe :
On th' upper half descends the erring club ;
Along the green the ball confounded scours ;
No lofty flight the ill-spiced stroke impow'rs.
Thus when the trembling hare describes the hounds,
She from her whinny mansion swiftly bounds ;
O'er hills and fields she scours, outstrips the wind;
The hound and huntsmen follow far behind.

CANTD III

At length the Chiefs for the last hole contend,
The last great hole, which should their labours end.
For this the Chiefs exert their skill and might,
To drive the balls, and to direct their flight.
Thus two fleet coursers for the Royal plate,
[The others distanc'd), run the final heat ;
With all his might each gen'rous racer flies,
And all his art each panting rider tries,
While show'rs of gold and praises warm his breast,
And gen'rous emulation fires the beast.
A mightly blow *Pygmalion* then lets fall;
Straight from th' impulsive engine starts the ball;
Answ'ring its master's just design, it hastes,
An' from the hole scarce twice two clubs' length rests.
Ah ! what avails thy skill, since Fate decrees
The conqu'rin' foe to bear away the prize ?
Full fifteen clubs' length from the hole he lay,
A wide cart-road before him cross'd his way :
The deep-cut tracks th' intrepid Chief defies,
High o'er the road the ball triumphant flies,
Lights on the green, and scours into the hole :
Down with it sinks depress'd *Pygmalion's* soul;
Seiz'd with surprise th' affrighted hero stands,
And feebly tips the ball with trembling hands ;
The creeping ball its want of force complains,
A grassy tuft the Init'ring orb detains :
Surrounding crowds the victor's praise proclaim,
The echoing shores resound *Castalio's* name.

R O B E R T B U R N S

John barleycorn

THERE was three Kings into the east,
Three Kings both great and high ;
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head ;
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerfu' Spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surpris'd them all.

The sultry suns of Summer came,
And he grew thick and strong ;
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober Autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale ;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age ;
And then his enemies began
To shew their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee ;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore ;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim ;
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe :
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones ;
But a miller us'd him worst of all—
He crush'd him between two stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round ;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
of noble enterprise ;
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise ;

'Twill make a man forget his woe ;
'Twill heighten all his joy :
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand ;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland .

EDWARD LYSAGHT

Kitty of Coleraine

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping,
With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,
And all the sweet butter-milk watered the plain.

D, what shall I do now, 'twas looking at you now,
Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again,
'Twas the pride of my dairy, O, Barney M'Leary,
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine.

I sat down beside her,—and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune should give her such pain,
A kiss then I gave her,—before I did leave her,
She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.

'Twas hay-making season, I can't tell the reason,
Misfortunes will never come single,—that's plain,
For, very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

CATHERINE MARIA FANSHAWE

Enigma

'TwAS whispered in Heaven, 'twas muttered in Hell,
And echo caught softly the sound as it fell;
In the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depth of the ocean its presence confessed ;
'Twas seen in the lightning, 'twas heard in the thunder,
'Twill be found in the spheres when they're riven asunder;
'Twas given to man with his earliest breath,
It assists at his birth and attends him in death,
Presides o'er his happiness, honour, and health,
'Tis the prop of his house and the end of his wealth ;
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
With the husbandman toils, and with monarchs is
crowned ;
In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost in the prodigal heir ;
Without it the soldier and sailor may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home ;
In the whispers of conscience it there will be found,
Nor e'er in the whirlwind of passion be drowned ;
It softens the heart, and though deaf to the ear,
It will make it acutely and instantly hear ;
But in shades let it rest, like an elegant flower,
Dh I breathe on it softly, it dies in an hour.

ANONYMOUS

Captain (of Militia) Sir bilberry 'Diddle

OF all the brave captains that ever were seen,
Appointed to fight by a king or a queen,
By a king or a queen appointed to fight,
Sure never a captain was like this brave knight.

He pull'd off his slippers and wrapper of silk,
And, foaming as furious as whisked new milk,
Says he to his lady, " My lady, I'll go :
My Company calls me ; you must not say no."

With eyes all in tears says my lady, says she,
^{ff} D cruel Sir Bilberry, do not kill *me* I
For I never will leave thee, but cling round thy middle,
And die in the arms of Sir Bilberry Biddle."

Says Biddle again to his lady, " My dear,"
(And a white pocket-handkerchief wiped off a tear)
" To fight for thy charms in the hottest of wars,
Will be joy i Thou art Venus." Says she, " Thou art
Mars."

By a place I can't mention, not knowing its name,
At the head of his company Bilberry came,
And the drums to the windows call every eye
To see the defence of the nation pass by.

Old Bible-faced women, through spectacles dim,
With hemming and coughing, cried " Lord, it is *him* I "
While the boys and the girls, who more clearly could see,
Cried, " Yonder's Sir Bilberry Biddle—that's *he*! "

Of all the fair ladies that came to the show
Sir Diddle's fair lady stood first in the row ;
" D how charming," says she, " he looks all in red ;
How he turns out his toes, how he holds up his head !

Do but see his cockade, and behold his dear gun,
Which shines like a looking-glass, held in the sun !
Hear his word of command 1 'tis so sweet, I am sure,
Each time I am tempted to call out *Encore* ; "

The battle now over, without any blows,
The heroes unharness and strip off their clothes ;
The dame gives her captain a sip of rose-water,
Then he, handing her into her coach, steps in after.

John's orders are special to drive very slow,
For fevers oft follow fatigue, we all know ;
And, prudently cautious, in Venus's lap
Beneath her short apron, Mars takes a long nap.

He dreamt, Fame reports, that he cut all the throats
Of the French, as they landed in flat-bottomed boats,
In his sleep if such dreadful destruction he makes,
What havoc, ye gods ! we shall have when he wakes I

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Barnes

I ASKED my fair one happy day,
What I should call her in my lay ;
 By what sweet name from Rome or Greece ;
Lalage, Neaera, Chloris,
Sappho, Lesbia, ar Doris,
 Arethusa or Lucrece ?

" Ah ! " replied my gentle fair,
" Beloved, what are names but air ?
 Choose thou whatever suits the line ;
Call me Sappho, call me Chloris,
Call me Lalage or Doris,
 Only, only call me Thine."

ROBERT SDUTHEY

The (Cataract of Lodore

" How does the water
Come down at Lodore ? "
My little bpy asked me
Thus once on a time ;
And moreover he tasked me
To tell him in rhyme.
Anon at the word,
There first came one daughter,
And then came another,
To second and third
The request of their brother.
And to hear how the water
Gomes down at Lodore
With its rush and its roar,
As many a time
They had seen it before,
Sol told them in rhyme.
For of rhymes I had store ;
And 'twas in my vocation
For their recreation
That sol should sing ;
Because I was Laureate
To them and the King.

From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills ;
Through moss and through brake,

It runs and it creeps
For a while till it sleeps
In its own little lake.
And thence at departing
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shads,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-scurry,
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling ;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,
Till, in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging
As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among;
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and wringing,
Eddying and whisking
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting
Around and around
With endless rebound :
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in ;

· Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning ;
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering ;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,

And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering ;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing ;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,—
And this way the water comes down at Lodorc.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDDR

The oragon-fly

LIFE [priest and poet say) is but a dream ;
I wish no happier one than to be laid
Beneath a coal syringa's scented shade,
Or wavy willow, by the running stream,
Brimful of moral, where the dragon-fly
Wanders as careless and content as I.
Thanks for this fancy, insect king,
Of purple crest and filmy wing,
Who with indifference givest up
The water-lily's golden cup,
To come again and overlook
What I am writing in my book.
Believe me, most who read the line
Will read with hornier eyes than thine ;
And yet their souls shall live for ever,
And thine drop dead into the river !
God pardon them, D insect king,
Who fancy so unjust a thing I

JAMES SMITH AND HORACE SMITH

Pat Jennings

JOHN RICHARD WILLIAM ALEXANDER DWYER
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire ;
But when John Dwyer 'listed in the Blues,
Emanuel Jennings polished Stubbs's shoes.
Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
Up as a corn-cutter,—a safe employ.
In Holywell Street, St. Pancras, he was bred
[At number twenty-seven, it is said),
Facing the pump, and near the Granby's Head ;
He would have bound him to some shop in town,
But with a premium he could not come down.
Pat was the urchin's name, a red-hair'd youth,
Fonder of purl and skittle-grounds than truth.
Silence, ye gods I to keep your tongues in awe,
The Muse shall tell an accident she saw.

Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat,
But, leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat :
Down from the gallery the beaver flew,
And spurn'd the one to settle in the two.
How shall he act ? Pay at the gallery door
Two shillings for what cost, when new, but four ?
or till half-price, to save his shilling, wait,
And gain his hat again at half-past eight ?
John Mullins whispers, " Take my handkerchief."
And while his fears anticipate a thief,
" Thank you," cried Pat; " but one won't make a line."
" Take mine," cried Wilson ; and cried Stokes, " Take
mine."

A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,

Where Spitalfields with real India vies.
 Like Iris' bow, down darts the painted clue,
 Starr¹ d, striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and blue,
 Did calico, torn silk, and muslin new.
 George Green below, with palpitating hand,
 Loops the last 'kerchief to the beaver's band —
 Up soars the prize 1 The youth, with joy unfeign'd,
 Regained the felt, and felt what he regained.
 While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat
 Made a low bow, and touch'd the ransomed hat

'Drury Lane A-Burning

[With apologies to Sir Walter Scott]

As Chaos, which, by heavenly doom,
 Had slept in everlasting gloom,
 Started with terror and surprise
 When light first flash' d upon her eyes—
 So London's sons in nightcap woke,
 In bedgown woke her dames ;
 For shouts were heard 'mid fire and smoke,
 And twice ten hundred voices spoke —
 " The playhouse is in flames 1 "
 And, ID ! where Catherine Street extends,
 A fiery tall its lustre lends
 To every window-pane ;
 Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,
 And Barbican, moth-eaten fort,
 And Covent Garden kennels sport
 A bright ensanguined drain ;
 Meux's new brewhouse shows the light,
 Rowland Hill's chapel, and the height
 Where patent shot they sell ;
 The Tennis Court, so fair and tall,
 Partakes the ray, with Surgeon's Hall,
 The ticket-porters' house of call,
 Did Bedlam, close by London Wall,
 Wright's shrimp and oyster shop withal,
 And Richardson's Hotel.

Nor these alone, but far and wide,
 Across red Thames's gleaming tide,
 To distant fields, the blaze was borne,
 And daisy white and hoary thorn
 In borrow'd lustre seem'd to sham
 The rose or red Sweet Wil-li-am.
 To those who on the hills around
 Beheld the flames from orury's mound,

As from a lofty altar rise,
 It seem'd that nations did conspire
 To offer to the god of fire

Some vast stupendous sacrifice !
 The summon⁵d firemen woke at call,
 And hied them to their stations all :
 Starting from short and broken snooze,
 Each sought his pond'rous hobnail'd shoes,
 But first his worsted hosen plied,
 Plush breeches next, in crimson dyed,

His nether bulk embraced ;
 Then jacket thick, of red or blue,
 Whose massy shoulder gave to view
 The badge of each respective crew,

In tin or copper traced.
 The engines thunder'd through the street,
 Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete,
 And torches glared, and clattering feet

Along the pavement paced.
 And one, the leader of the band,
 From Charing Cross along the Strand,
 Like stag by beagles hunted hard,
 Ran till he stopp'd at Vin'gar Yard.
 The burning badge his shoulder bore,
 The belt and oil-skin hat he wore,
 The cane he had, his men to bang,
 Show'd foreman of the British gang—
 His name was Higginbottom. Now
 'Tis meet that I should tell you how

The others came in view :
 The Hand-in-Hand the race began,
 Then came the Phoenix and the Sun,

Th' Exchange where old insurers run,
The Eagle, where the new ;
With these came Rumford, Bumford, Cole,
Robins, from Hockley in the Hole,
Laws on and Daws on, cheek by jowl,
Crump from St. Giles's Pound :
Whitford and Mitford join'd the train,
Huggins and Muggins from Chick Lane,
And Clutterbuck, who got a sprain
Before the plug was found.
Hobs on and Jobson did not sleep,
But ah ! no trophy could they reap,
For both were in the Donjon Keep
Of Bridewell's gloomy mound 1

E'en Higginbottom now was posed,
For sadder scene was ne'er disclosed ;
Without, within, in hideous show,
Devouring flames resistless glow,
And blazing rafters downward go,
And never halloo " Heads below 1 "
Nor notice give at all.
The firemen terrified are slow
To bid the pumping torrent flow,
For fear the roof should fall.
"Back, Robins, back ! Crump stand aloof!
Whitford, keep near the walls !
Huggins, regard your own behoof,
For, lo I the blazing rocking roof
Down, down, in thunder falls ! "
An awful pause succeeds the stroke,
And o'er the ruins volumed smoke,
Rolling around its pitchy shroud,
Conceal'd them from th' astonish'd crowd.
At length the mist awhile was clear'd,
When lo I amid the wreck uprear'd,
Gradual a moving head appear'd,
And Eagle firemen knew
'Twas Joseph Muggins, name revered,
The foreman of their crew.

Loud shouted all in signs of woe,
 " A Muggins ! to the rescue, ho ! "
 And poured the hissing tide :
 Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,
 And strove and struggled all in vain,
 For, rallying but to fall again,
 He totter'd, sunk, and died !

Did none attempt, before he fell,
 To succour one they loved so well ?
 Yes, Higginbottom did aspire
 (His fireman's soul was all on fire),
 His brother chief to save ;
 But ah I his reckless generous ire
 Served but to share his grave !
 'Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,
 Through fire and smoke he dauntless broke,
 Where Muggins broke before.
 But sulphury stench and boiling drench,
 Destroying sight, o'erwhelmed him quite,
 He sunk to rise no more.
 Still o'er his head, while Fate he braved,
 His whizzing water-pipe he waved ;
 " Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps,
 You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps,
 Why are you in such doleful dumps ?
 A fireman, and afraid of bumps !—
 What are they fear'd on ? fools I 'od rot 'em I "
 Were the last words of Higginbottom.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

The Jilted Nymph

I'M jilted, forsaken, outwitted ;
Yet think not I'll whimper or brawl—
The lass is alone to be pitied .
Who ne'er has been courted at all ;
Never by great or small
Wooed or jilted at all;
Dh, how unhappy's the lass
Who has never been courted at all !

My brother called out the dear faithless ;
In fits I was ready to fall
Till I found a policeman who, scatheless,
Swore them both to the peace at Guildhall :
Seized them, seconds and all—
Pistols, powder, and ball ;
I wished him to die my devoted,
But not in a duel to sprawl.

What though at my heart he has tilted,
What though I have met with a fall ?
Better be courted and jilted
Than never be courted at all.
Wooed and jilted and all,
Still I will dance at the ball;
And waltz and quadrille
With light heart and heel
With proper young men and tall.

But lately I've met with a suitor
Whose heart I have gotten in thrall,

And I hope soon to tell you in future
That I'm wooed and married and all.
Wooed and married and all,
What greater bliss can befall ?
And you all shall partake
Of my bridal cake,
When I'm wooed and married and all.

THOMAS MDDRE

On Taking a Wife

" COME, come," said Tom's father, " at your time of life,
There's no longer excuse for thus playing the rake—
It is time you should think, boy, of taking a wife "—
" Why, SD it is, father,—whose wife shall I take ? "J

Love the Admiral

WHEN Love, who ruled as Admiral o'eu
His rosy mother's isles of light,
Was cruising off the Paphian shore,
A sail at sunset hove in sight.
" A chase, a chase ! my Cupids all,"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Aloft the winged sailors sprung,
And, swarming up the mast like bees,
The snow-white sails expanding flung,
Like broad magnolias to the breeze.
" YD ho, yo ho, my Cupids all I "
Said Love, the little Admiral.

The chase was o'er—the bark was caught,
The winged crew her freight explored ;
And found 'twas just as Love had thought,
For all was contraband aboard,
" A prize, a prize, my Cupids all I "
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Safe stowed in many a package there,
And labelled slyly o'er, as " Glass,"
Were lots of all the illegal ware,
Love's Custom-House forbids to pass.
" D'erhaul, o'erhaul, my Cupids all,"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

False curls they found, of every hue,
With rosy blushes ready made ;
And teeth of ivory, good as new,
For veterans in the smiling trade.
" Ho ho, ho ho, my Cupids all,"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Mock sighs, too,—kept in bags for use,
Like breezes bought of Lapland seers,—
Lay ready here to be let loose,
When wanted, in young spinsters' ears.
" Ha ha, ha ha, my Cupids all,"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

False papers next on board were found,
Sham invoices of flames and darts.
Professedly for Paphos bound,
But meant for Hymen's golden marts.
" For shame, for shame, my Cupids all! "
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Nay, still to every fraud awake,
Those pirates all Love's signals knew,
And hoisted oft his flag, to make
Rich wards and heiresses bring-to,
" A foe, a foe, my Cupids all! "
Said Love, the little Admiral.

" This must not be," the boy exclaims,
" In vain I rule the Paphian seas,
If Love's and Beauty's sovereign names
Are lent to cover frauds like these.
Prepare, prepare, my Cupids all I "
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Each Cupid stood with lighted match—
 A broadside struck the smuggling foe,
 And swept the whole unhallowed batch
 Of falsehood to the depths below.
 "Huzza, huzza I my Cupids all!"
 Said Love, the little Admiral,

Rhyme on the Road

AND is there then no earthly place
 Where we can rest in dream Elysian,
 Without some cursed, round English face,
 Popping up near, to break the vision?

Mid northern lakes, mid southern vines,
 Unholy cits we're doomed to meet;
 Nor highest Alps nor Apennines
 Are sacred from Threadneedle Street!

If up the Simplon's path we wind,
 Fancying we leave this world behind,
 Such pleasant sounds salute one's ear
 As—"Baddish news from 'Change, my dear—

"The Funds—|phew, curse this ugly hill!)
 Are lowering fast—[what! higher still ?)
 And—[zooks, we're mounting up to heaven I)——
 Will soon be down to sixty-seven."

Go where we may, rest where we will,
 Eternal London haunts us still.
 The trash of Almack's or Fleet-Ditch—
 And scarce a pin's head difference *which*—
 Mixes, though even to Greece we run,
 With every rill from Helicon I
 And, if this rage for travelling lasts,
 If Cockneys, of all sects and castes,
 Did maidens, aldermen, and squires,
 Will leave their puddings and coal fires,

To gape at things in foreign lands
 No soul among them understands—
 If Blues desert their coteries,
 To show off 'mong the Wahabees—
 If neither sex nor age controls,
 Nor fear of Mamelukes forbids
 Young ladies, with pink parasols,
 To glide among the pyramids—
 Why, then, farewell all hope to find
 A spot that's free from London-kind !
 Who knows, if to the West we roam,
 But we may find some *Blue* " at home "
 Among the *Blacks* of Carolina—
 or, flying to the Eastward, see
 Some Mrs. Hopkins, taking tea
 And toast upon the Wall of China ' 1

Love and Reason

'TwAS in the summer-time so sweet,
 When hearts and flowers are both in season,
 That—who, of all the world, should meet,
 One early dawn, but Love and Reason I

Love told his dream of yesternight,
 While Reason talked about the weather ;
 The morn, in sooth, was fair and bright,
 And on they took their way together.

The boy in many a gambol flew,
 While Reason, like a Juno, stalked,
 And from her portly figure threw
 A lengthened shadow, as she walked.

No wonder LOVE, as on they passed,
 Should find that sunny morning chill,
 For still the shadow Reason cast
 Fell o'er the boy, and cooled him still.

In vain he tried his wings to warm,
Or find a pathway not so dim,
For still the maid's gigantic form
Would stalk between the sun and him.

" This must not be," said little Love—
" The sun was made far more than you."
So, turning through a myrtle grove,
He bid the portly nymph adieu.

Now gaily roves the laughing boy
O'er many a mead, by many a stream ;
In every breeze inhaling joy,
And drinking bliss in every beam.

From all the gardens, all the bowers,
He culled the many sweets they shaded,
And ate the fruits and smelled the flowers,
Till taste was gone and odour faded I

But now the sun, in pomp of noon,
Looked blazing o'er the sultry plains ;
Alas ! the boy grew languid soon,
And fever thrilled through all his veins.

The dew forsook his baby brow,
No more with healthy bloom he smiled—
Dh I where was tranquil Reason now,
To cast her shadow o'er the child ?

Beneath a green and aged palm,
His foot at length for shelter turning,
He saw the nymph reclining calm,
With brow as cool as his was burning.

" Dh ! take me to that bosom cold,"
In murmurs at her feet he said ;
And Reason oped her garment's fold,
And flung it round his fevered head.

H O R A C E S M I T H

*Address to the Mummy in 'Belzoni's'
Exhibition*

AND thou hast walked about [how strange a story I]
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
of which the very ruins are tremendous !

Speak ! for thou long enough hast acted dummy ;
Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune ;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground, mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
To whom we should assign the Sphinx's fame ?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
of either Pyramid that bears his name ?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer ?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer ?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—
Then say, what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played ?
Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass ;

or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
For thou wert dead and buried and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled :
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primaeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great Deluge still had left it green—
or was it then so old, that History's pages
Contained no record of its early ages ?

Still silent ! incommunicative elf !
Art sworn to secrecy ? then keep thy vows
But prythee tell us something of thyself—
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house ;
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures num-
bered ?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above-ground, seen some strange mutations.
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,
And countless Kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
D'erthrew Osiris, orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder ?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold :—
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusty cheek have railed :—
Have children climbed thase knees, and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race ?

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead !
Imperishable type of evanescence !
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost far ever ?
Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

The Jester Condemned to Death

ONE of the Kings af Scanieroon,
A Royal Jester,
Had in his tram a gross buffoon,
Who used to pester
The court with tricks inopportune,
Venting on the highest folks his
Scurvy pleasantries and hoaxes.

It needs some sense to play the fool ;
Which wholesome rule
D"urr'd not to our jackanapes,
Who consequently found his freaks
Lead to innumerable scrapes,
And quite as many kicks and tweaks,
Which only seem'd to make him faster
Try the patience of his master.

Some sin at last, beyond all measure,
 Incurred the desperate displeasure
 of his serene and raging Highness :
 Whether the wag had twitch'd his beard,
 Which he felt bound to have revered,
 Or had intruded on the shyness
 of the seraglio, or let fly
 An epigram at royalty,
 None knows—his sin was an o'ult one ;
 But records tell us that the Sultan,
 Meaning to terrify the knave,
 Exclaim'd—" 'Tis time to stop that breath ;
 Thy doom is seal'd ;—presumptuous slave !
 Thou stand'st condemn'd to certain death.
 Silence, base rebel I—no replying I—
 But such is my indulgence still,
 That, of my own free grace and will,
 I leave to thee the mode of dying."

" Thy royal will be done—'tis just,"
 Replied the wretch, and kiss'd the dust;
¹¹ Since, my last moments to assuage,
 Your Majesty's humane decree
 Has deign'd to leave the choice to me,
 I'll die, so please you, of old age ! "

REGINALD HEBER

Sympathy

A KNIGHT and a lady once met in a grove,
While each was in quest of a fugitive love ;
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters far sympathy.

" O, never was knight such a sorrow that bore ! "
" O never was maid so deserted before I "
"From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
And jump in together for company 1 "

They searched for an eddy that suited the deed,
But here was a bramble, and there was a weed ;
" How tiresome it is I " said the fair with a sigh ;
So they sat down to rest them in company.

They gazed at each other, the maid and the knight;
How fair was her form, and how goodly his height!
"One mournful embrace", sobbed the youth, "ere
we die I "
So kissing and crying kept company.

" D, had I but loved such an angel as you I "
" O, had but my swain been a quarter as true I "
" To miss such perfection how blinded was I I "
Sure now they were excellent company I .

At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear,
" The weather is cold for a watery bier ;
When summer returns we may easily die,
Till then let us sorrow in company."

LEIGH HUNT

The fish and the Man **Man**

Man to Fish

You strange, astonished-looking, angle-faced,
oreary-mouthed, gaping wretches of the sea,
Gulping salt-water everlastingly,
Cold-blooded, though with red your blood be graced,
And mute, though dwellers in the roaring waste ;
And you, all shapes beside, that fishy be,—
Some round, some flat, some long, all devilry,
Legless, unloving, infamously chaste :—

D scaly, slippery, wet, swift, staring wights,
What is't ye do ? What life lead ? eh, dull goggles I
How do ye vary your vile days and nights ?
How pass your Sundays ? Are ye still but joggles
In ceaseless wash ? Still nought but gapes, and bites,
And drinks, and stares, diversified with boggles ?

Fish to Man

Amazing monster ! that, for aught I know,
With the first sight of thee didst make our race
For ever stare ! D flat and shocking face,
Grimly divided from the breast below I
Thou that on dry land horribly dost go
With a split body and most ridiculous pace,
Prong after prong, disgracer of all grace,
Long useless-finned, haired, upright, unwet, slow !

O breather of unbreathable, sword-sharp air,
How canst exist ? How bear thyself, thou dry
And dreary sloth I What particle canst share
of the only blessed life, the watery ?
I sometimes see of ye an actual *pair*
Go by I linked fin by fin ! most odiously.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

'Rich Rich and Poor

THE poor man's sins are glaring ;
In the face of ghostly -warning
 He is caught in the fact
 Of an overt act—
Buying greens on Sunday morning.

The rich man's sins are hidden
In the pomp of wealth and station ;
 And escape the sight
 of the children of light
Who are wise in their generation.

The rich man has a kitchen
And cooks to dress his dinner ;
 The poor who would roast
 To the baker's must post,
And thus becomes a sinner.

The rich man has a cellar,
And a ready butler by him ;
 The poor must steer
 For his pint of beer
Where the saint can't choose but spy him.

The rich man's painted windows
Hide the concerts of the quality ;
 The poor can but share
 A cracked fiddle in tje air,
Which offends all sound morality.

The rich man is invisible
In the crowd of his gay society ;
But the poor man's delight
Is a sore in the sight,
And a stench in the nose of piety.

War Song of Dinas Uawr

THE mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter ;
We therefore deemed it meeter
To carry off the latter.
We made an expedition ;
We met a host and quelled it ;
We forced a strong position,
And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
Where herds of kine were browsing,
We made a mighty sally,
To furnish our carousing.
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us ;
We met them, and o'erthrew them :
They struggled hard to beat us ;
But we conquered them, and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
The king marched forth to catch us :
His rage surpassed all measure,
But his people could not match us.
He fled to his hall-pillars ;
And, ere our force we led off,
Some sacked his house and cellars,
While others cut his head off.

We there, in strife bewildering,
Spilt blood enough to swim in :
We orphaned many children,
And widowed many women.

The eagles and the ravens
We gluttred with our foemen :
The heraes and the cravens,
The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle,
And much their land bemoaned them,
Two thousand head of cattle,
And the head of him who owned them :
Ednyfed, *Kins of Dyfed*,
His head was borne before us ;
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
And his overthrow, our chorus.

The Tool of the Diving Friar

GWENWYNWYN withdrew from the feasts of his hall :
He slept very little, he prayed not at all :
He pondered, and wandered, and studied alone ;
And sought, night and day, the philosopher's stone.

He found it at length, and he made its first proof
By turning to gold all the lead of his roof:
Then he bought some magnanimous heroes, all fire,
Who lived but to smite and be smitten for hire.

With these on the plains like a torrent he brake ;
He filled the whole country with flame and with smoke ;
He killed all the swine, and he broached all the wine •
He drove off the sheep, and the beeves, and the kine ;

He took castles and towns ; he cut short limbs and lives ;
He made orphans and widows of children and wives :
This course many years he triumphantly ran,
And did mischief enough to be called a great man.

When, at last, he had gained all for which he had striven,
He bethought him of buying a passport to heaven ;
Good and great as he was, yet he did not well know,
How soon, or which way, his great spirit might go.

He sought the grey friars, who beside a wild stream,
Refected their frames on a primitive scheme ;
The gravest and wisest Gwenwynwyn found out,
All lonely and ghostly, and angling for trout.

Below the white dash of a mighty cascade,
Where a pool of the stream a deep resting-place made,
And rack-rooted oaks stretched their branches on high,
The friar stood musing, and throwing his fly.

To him said Gwenwynwyn, " Hold, father, here's store,
For the good of the church, and the good of the poor " ;
Then he gave him the stone ; but, ere more he could
 speak,
Wrath came on the friar, so holy and meek.

He had stretched forth his hand to receive the red gold,
And he thought himself mocked by Gwenwynwyn the
 Bold;
And in scorn of the gift, and in rage at the giver,
He jerked it immediately into the river.

Gwenwynwyn, aghast, not a syllable spake ;
The philosopher's stone made a duck and a diake ;
Two systems af circles a moment were seen,
And the stream smoothed them off, as they never had
 been.

Gwenwynwyn regained, and uplifted his voice,
" Oh friar, grey friar, full rash was thy choice ;
The stone, the good stone, which away thou hast thrown,
Was the stone of all stones, the philosopher's stone."

The friar looked pale, when his error he knew ;
The friar looked red, and the friar looked blue ;
And heels aver head, from the point of a rock,
He plunged, without stopping to pull off his frock.

He dived very deep, but he dived all in vain,
The prize he had sighted he found not again ,

Many times did the friar his diving renew,
And deeper and deeper the river still grew.

Gwenwynwyn gazed long, of his senses in doubt,
To see the grey friar a diver so stout;
Then sadly and slowly his castle he sought,
And left the friar diving, like dab chick distraught.

Gwenwynwyn fell sick with alarm and despite,
Died, and went to the devil, the very same night;
The magnanimous heroes he held in his pay
Sacked his castle, and marched with the plunder away.

No knell on the silence of midnight was rolled
For the flight of the soul of Gwenwynwyn the Bold.
The brethren, unfeed, let the mighty ghost pass,
Without praying a prayer, or intoning a mass.

The friar haunted ever beside the dark stream ;
The philosopher's stone was his thought and his dream :
And day after day, ever head under heels,
He dived all the time he could spare from his meals.

He dived, and he dived, to the end of his days,
As the peasants oft witnessed with fear and amaze.
The mad friar's diving-place long was their theme,
And no plummet can fathom that pool of the stream.

And still, when light clouds on the midnight winds ride,
If by moonlight you stray on the lone river-side,
The ghost of the friar may be seen diving there,
With head in the water, and heels in the air.

R. H, B A R H A M

Misadventures at Margate

A. Legend of Jarvzs's Jetty

MR. SIMPKINS DN ;loquitur)

'TwAS in Margate last July, I walk'd upon the pier,
I saw a little vulgar Boy — I said, " What make you
here ?

The gloom upon your youthful cheek speaks anything
but joy " ;

Again I said, " What make you here, you little vulgar
Boy ? "

He frown'd, that little vulgar Boy — he deem'd I meant
to scoff —

And when the little heart is big, a little " sets it off".
He put his finger in his mouth, his little bosom rose,—
He had no little handkerchief to wipe his little nose I—

" Hark 1 don't you hear, my little man ? — it's striking
Nine," I said,

" An hour when all good little boys and girls should be
in bed.

Run home and get your supper, else your Ma will scold
— Dh I fie I

It's very wrong indeed for little boys to stand and cry! "

The tear-drop in his little eye again began to spring,
His bosom throb'd with agony, — he cried like any-
thing I

I stooped, and thus amidst his sobs I heard him mur-
mur—" Ah 1

I haven't got no supper I and I haven't got no Ma I !—

" My father, he is on the seas—my mother's dead and gone !
 And I am here, on this here pier, to roam the world alone ;
 I have not had, this live-long day, one drop to cheer my heart,
 Nor ^c *brown* ' to buy a bit of bread with,—let alone a tart.

" If there's a soul will give me food, or find me in employ,
 By day or night, then blow me tight I " (he was a vulgar Boy);
 " And now I'm here, from this here pier it is my fixed intent
 To jump, as Mister Levi did from off the Monu-ment ! "

" Cheer up I Cheer up ! my little man—cheer up," I kindly said,
 " Yau are a naughty boy to take such things into your head :
 If you should jump from off the pier, you'd surely break your legs,
 Perhaps your neck—then Bogey'd have you, sure as eggs are eggs I

" Come home with me, my little man, come home with me and sup ;
 My landlady is Mrs. Jones—we must not keep her up—
 There's roast potatoes at the fire,—enough for me and you—
 Come home, you little vulgar Boy—I lodge at Number 2."

I took him home to Number 2, the house beside " The FOY".
 I bade him wipe his dirty shoes,—that little vulgar Boy,—
 And then I said to Mistress Jones, the kindest of her sex,
 " Pray be so good as go and fetch a pint of double X,"

But Mrs. Jones was rather cross, she made a little noise,
She said she " did not like to wait on little vulgar
Boys."

She with her apron wiped the plates, and as she rubbed
the delf,
Said I might " go to Jericho, and fetch my beer my-
self!"

I did not go to Jericho—I went to Mr Cobb—
I changed a shilling—(which in town the people call " a
Bob ")—
It was not so much for myself as for that vulgar child—
And I said, " A pint of double X, and please to draw it
mild ! "—

When I came back I gazed about—I gazed on stool and
chair—
I could not see my little friend—because he was not
thereI
I peep'd beneath the table-cloth—beneath the sofa too—
I said, " You little vulgar Boy ! why what's become of
you ? "

I could not see my table-spoons—I look'd, but could
not see
The little fiddle-pattern'd ones I use when I'm at tea ;
—I could not see my sugar-tongs—my silver watch—
oh, dear !
I know 'twas on the mantelpiece when I went out for
beer.

I could not see my Macintosh—it was not ta be
seen :—
Nor yet my best white beaver hat, broad-brimm'd and
lined with green ;
My carpet-bag—my cruet-stand, that holds my sauce
and soy,—
My roast potatoes !—all are gone I and so's that vulgar
Boy!

I rang the bell far Mrs. Jones, for she was down below,
" Dh, Mrs. Jones ! what *do* you think ?—ain't this a
pretty go ?—
—That horrid little vulgar Bay wham I brought here
to-night,
—He's stolen my things and run away ! I " Says she,
" And sarve you right I ! "

Next morning I was up betimes—I sent the Crier round,
All ;tfith his bell and gold-laced hat, to say I'd give a
pound
To find that little vulgar Boy, who'd gone and used me
so ;
But when the Crier cried, " O yes I " the people cried,
" **D**no ! "

I went to " Jarvis' Landing-place ", the glory of the
town,
There was a common Sailor-man a-walking up and
down,
I told my tale—he seem'd to think I'd not been treated
well,
And called me "Poor old Buffer ! "—what that means I
cannot tell.

That Sailor-man he said he'd seen that morning an the
shore,
A son of—something—'twas a name I'd never heard
before,
A little " gallows-looking chap "—dear me ; what could
he mean ?
With a " carpet-swab " and ^{ce} muckingtogs," and a hat
turned up with green.

He spoke about his ^{rc} precious eyes ", and said he'd seen
him " sheer ",
—It's very odd that Sailor-men should talk so very
queer—
And then he hitch'd his trousers up, as is, I'm told, their
use,

—It's very odd that Sailor-men should wear those things so loose.

I did not understand him well, but think he meant to say
He'd seen that little vulgar Bay, that morning swim away
In Captain Large's *RqyaJ George*, about an hour before,
And they were now, as he supposed, " *sotnzwheres* " about the Nore.

A landsman said, " I *twig* the chap—he's been upon the Mill—
And 'cause he *gammuns* so the flats, ve calls him Veeping Bill!"
He said, "he'd done me wery brown," and nicely " *stow'd* the swag ",
—That's French, I fancy, for a hat—or else a carpet-bag.

I went and told the constable my property to track ;
He ask'd me if " I did not wish that I might get it back ? "
I answered, " To be sure I do—it's what I'm come about ; "
He smiled and said, " Sir, does your mother know that you are out ? "

Not knowing what to do, I thought I'd hasten back to town,
And beg our own Lord Mayor to catch the Boy who'd " done me brown ".
His Lordship very kindly said he'd try and find him out,
But he rather thought that there were several vulgar boys about.

He sent for Mr. Whithair then, and I describ'd "the swag ",
My Macintosh, my sugar-tongs, my spoons and carpet-bag ;

He promised that the New Police should all their powers
employ I
But never to this hour have I beheld that vulgar Boy I

MORAL

Remember, then, what when a boy I've heard my
Grandma tell,
" BE WARN'D IN TIME BY OTHERS' HARM, AND YOU SHALL
DO FULL WELL I "
Don't link yourself with vulgar folks, who've *got* no
fixed abode,
Tell lies, use naughty words, and say " they wish they
may be blow'd ! "

Don't take too much of double X !—and don't at night
go out
To fetch your beer yourself, but make the pot-boy bring
your stout I
And when you go to Margate next, just stop, and ring
the bell,
Give my respects to Mrs. Jones, and say I'm pretty well 1

L D R D B Y R O N

After Swimming from Sestos to zAbydos

IF; in the month of dark December,
Leander, who was nightly wont
(What maid will not the tale remember ?)
To cross thy stream, broad Hellespont I

If, when the wintry tempest roar'd,
He sped to Hero, nothing loth,
And thus of old thy current pour'd,
Fair Venus ! how I pity both !

For *me*, degenerate modern wretch,
Though in the genial month of May,
My dripping limbs I faintly stretch,
And think I've done a feat to-day.

But since he cross'd the rapid tide,
A"ording to the doubtful story,
To woo, — and — Lord knows what beside,
And swam for Love, as I for Glory •

'Twere hard to say who fared the best :
Sad mortals ! thus the Gods still plague you !
He lost his labour, I my jest :
For he was drown'd, and **I've** the ague.

Lines to c Mr. Hodgson

Written on board the Lisbon Packet

HUZZA ! Hodgson, we are going,
Our embargo's off at last ;
Favourable breezes blowing
Bend the canvas, o'er the mast.

From aloft the signal's streaming,
 Hark I the farewell gun is fired ;
 Women screeching, tars blaspheming,
 Tell us that our time's expired.
 Here's a rascal
 Come to task all,
 Prying from the custom-house,
 Trunks unpacking,
 Cases cracking,
 Not a corner for a mouse
 'Scapes unsearched amid the racket,
 Ere we sail on board the Packet.

Now our boatmen quit their mooring,
 And all hands must ply the oar;
 Baggage from the quay is lowering,
 We're impatient, push from shore.
 " Have a care I that case holds liquor—
 Stop the boat—I'm sick—oh Lord ! "
 " Sick, ma'am, damme, you'll be sicker
 Ere you've been an hour on board."
 Thus are screaming
 Men and women,
 Cremen, ladies, servants, Jacks ;
 Here entangling,
 All are wrangling,
 Stuck together close as wax,—
 Such the general noise and racket,
 Ere we reach the Lisbon Packet.

Now we've reached her, ID ! the captain,
 Gallant Kidd, commands the crew ;
 Passengers their berths are clapped in,
 Some to grumble, some to spew,
 " Heyday I call you that a cabin ?
 Why 'tis hardly three feet square :
 Not enough to stow Queen Mab in—
 Who the deuce can harbour there ? "
 " Who, sir ? plenty-
 Nobles twenty

Did at **once** my vessel fill."—
 "Did they? **Bacchus**,
 How you pack us I
 Would to **Heaven** they did so still :
 Then I'd 'scape the heat and racket
 Of the good ship, **Lisbon Packet**."

Fletcher I Murray I **Bob** I where are you ?
 Stretched **along** the deck like logs—
 Bear a hand, you jolly tar, you I
 Here's a rope's end **for** the dogs.
Hobhouse muttering fearful curses,
 As the hatchway **down** he rolls
 Now his breakfast, now his **verses**,
 Vomits forth—and damns our souls.
 "Here's a stanza
 On **Braganza**—
 Help ! "—"A couplet ? "—"No, a cup
 Of warm **water**—"—
 "**What's** the matter ? "
 "Zounds I my liver's coming up ;
 I shall not survive the racket
 Of this brutal **Lisbon Packet**."

Now at length we're **off for Turkey**,
 Lord knows when we shall come back !
Breezes foul and tempests murky
 May unship us in a **crack**.
 But, since life at **most** a jest is,
 As **philosophers** allow,
 Still to laugh by far the best is,
 Then laugh **on**—as I do now.
 Laugh at all things,
 Great and small **things**,
 Sick **or** well, at sea **or shore** ;
 While **we're** quaffing,
 Let's have **laughing**—
 Who the devil cares **for** more ?—
 Some good wine I and who would lack it,
Ev'n on board the **Lisbon Packet** ?

THE OD ORE HO OK

Cautionary Verses to Youth of both Sexes

MY little dears, who learn to read, pray, early learn to
shun
That very silly thing indeed, which people call a pun :
Read Entick's rules, and 'twill be found how simple an
offence
It is, to make the selfsame sound afford a double sense.

For instance, *ah* may make you *ail*, your *aunt* an *ant* may
kill.
You in a *vale* may buy a *veil* and *Bill* may pay the *bill*.
or if to France your *bark* you steer, at Dover, it may be,
A peer appears upon the >/>r, who, blind, still goes to *sea*.

Thus one might say, when to a treat, good friends a"ept
our greeting,
'Tis *meet* that men who *meet* to eat should eat their *meat*
when meeting.
Brawn on the board's no *bore* indeed, although from *boar*
prepared ;
Nor can the/oW, on which we feed,/o#/ feeding be .
declared.

Thus *one* ripe fruit may be v.*pear*, and yet *Spared* again,
And still be *one*, which seemeth rare, until we do explain.
It therefore should be all your aim to speak with ample
care :
For who, however fond of game, would choose to
swallow *hair* ?

A fat man's *gait* may make us smile, who has na *gate* to
close ;

The farmer sitting on his *style* no stylish person knows.
 Perfumers men of *scents* must be ; some *Scilly* men are
bright;

A *brown* man oft deep *read viz.* see, a *black* a wicked *wight*.

Most wealthy men good *manors* have, however vulgar
 they;

And actors still the harder slave the oftener they *play* •
 So paets can't the *bai e* obtain, unless their tailors choose ;
 While grooms and coachmen, not in vain, each evening
 seek the *Mews*.

The *dyer* who by *dyeing* lives, a *dire* life maintains ;
 The glazier, it is known, receives—his profits from his
panes :

By gardeners *thyme* is *tied*, 'tis true, when spring is in its
 prime ;

But *time* or *tide* won't wait for you, if you are *tied* for
time.

Then now you see, my little dears, the way to make a
 pun;

A trick which you, through coming years, should
 sedulously shun.

The fault admits of 'no defence : for wheresoe'er 'tis
 found,

You sacrifice the *sound* for *sense*: the sense is never *sound*.

So let your words and actions too, one single meaning
 prove,

And, just in all you say or do, you'll gain esteem and
 love.

In mirth and play no harm you'll know, when duty's
 task is done ;

But parents ne'er should let you go un/wnsh'd for a
 pun !

SAMUEL LOVER

Ask and Have

" OH, 'tis time I should talk to your mother,
Sweet Mary," says I;
" Oh, don't talk to my mother," says Mary,
Beginning to cry :
" For my mother says men are deceivers,
And never, I know, will consent ;
She says girls in a hurry who marry,
At leisure repent."

" Then suppose I would talk to your father,
Sweet Mary," says I ;
" Dh, don't talk to my father," says Mary,
Beginning to cry :
" For my father, he loves me so dearly,
He'll never consent I should go—
If you talk to my father," says Mary,
" He'll surely say ' No V

" Then how shall I get you, my jewel ?
Sweet Mary," says I ;
" If your father and mother's so cruel,
Most surely I'll die I "
" Dh, never say die, dear," says Mary ;
" A way now to save you I see :
Since my parents are both so contrary—
You'd better ask *me*."

ALARIC WATTS

The Siege of Belgrade

AN Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
Baldly by battery besieged Belgrade ;
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Dealing destruction's devastating doom.
Ev'ry endeavour engineers essay,
For fame, for fortune fighting—furious fray I
Generals 'gainst generals grapple—gracious God,
How Heaven honours heroic hardihood I
Ibrahim, Islam, Ismael, imps in ill,
Jostle John, Jarovlitz, Jem, Joe, Jack, Jill;
Kindred kill kinsmen—kinsmen kindred kill !
Labour low levels loftiest, longest lines ;
Men march mid mounds, mid moles, mid murderous mines.

Now noisy noxious numbers notice nought
of outward obstacles opposing ought :
Poor patriots, partly purchased, partly pressed,
Quite quaking, quickly, " Quarter I quarter I " quest.
Reason returns, religious right redounds,
Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sounds :
Truce to thee, Turkey—triumph to thy train !
Unjust, unwise, unmerciful Ukraine I
Vanish, vain victory I Vanish, victory vain I
Why wish we warfare ? Wherefore welcome were
Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xavier ?
Yield, yield, ye youths 1 ye yeomen, yield your yell I
Zeno's, Zarpatus', Zoroaster's zeal
Again attract; arts against arms appeal.

TH DMAS H OOD

The "Bachelor's "oream

MY pipe is lit, my grog is mix'd,
My curtains drawn and all is snug ;
Did Puss is in her elbow-chair,
And Tray is sitting on the rug.
Last night I had a curious dream ;
Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

She look'd so fair, she sang so well,
I could but WDD and she was won,
Myself in blue, the bride in white,
The ring was placed, the deed was done !
Away we went in chaise-and-four,
As fast as grinning boys could flog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

What loving tete-a-tetes to come 1
But tete-a-tetes must still defer !
When Susan came to live with me,
Her mother came to live with her !
With sister Belle she couldn't part,
But all *my* ties had leave to jog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

The mother brought a pretty Poll—
A monkey too,—what work he made !
The sister introduced a Beau—
My Susan brought a favourite maid.

She had a tabby of her own,—
A snappish mongrel christen'd Gog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

The Monkey bit—the Parrot scream'd,
All day the sister strumm'd and sung ;
The petted maid was such a scold I
My Susan learn'd to use her tongue :
Her mother had such wretched health,
She sate and croak'd like any frog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

ND longer " Deary ", " Duck ", and " Love ",
I soon came down to simple " Ml "
The very servants cross'd my wish,
My Susan let me down to them.
The poker hardly seem'd my own,
I might as well have been a log—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

My clothes they were the queerest shape I
Such coats and hats she never met I
My ways they were the oddest ways I
My friends were such a vulgar set I
Poor Tomkinson was snubb'd and huff'd—
She could not bear that Mister Blogg—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

At times we had a spar, and then
Mamma must mingle in the song—
The sister took a sister's part—
The Maid declared her Master wrong—
The Parrot learn'd to call me " Fool I "
My life was like a London fog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

My Susan's taste was superfine,
 As proved by bills that had no end—
 T never had a decent coat—
 / never had a coin to spend I
 She forced me to resign my Club,
 Lay down my pipe, retrench my grog—
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

Each Sunday night we gave a rout
 To fops and flirts, a pretty list;
 And when I tried ta steal away,
 I found my study full of whist!
 Then, first to come and last to go,
 There always was a Captain Hogg—
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

Now was not that an awful dream
 For one who single is and snug—
 With Pussy in the elbow-chair
 And Tray reposing on the rug ?-
 If I must totter down the hill,
 'Tis safest done without a clog—
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

The Drowning 'Ducks

AMONGST the sights that Mrs. Bond
 Enjoyed, yet grieved at more than others—
 Were little ducklings in a pond,
 Swimming about beside their mothers—
 Small things like living water-lilies,
 But yellow as the d a f T o - ' .

" It's very hard," she used to moan,
 " That other people have their ducklings
 To grace their waters—mine alone
 Have never any pretty chucklings."

For why !—each little yellow navy
Went down—all downy—to old Davy I

She had a lake—a pond I mean—

Its wave was rather thick than pearly—
She had two ducks, their napes were green—

She had a drake, his tail was curly,—
Yet spite of drake, and ducks, and pond,
No little ducks had Mrs. Bond !

The birds were both the best of mothers—

The nests had eggs—the eggs had luck—
The infant D.'s came forth like others—

But there, alas ! the matter stuck !
They might as well have all died addle,
As die when they began to paddle !

For when, as native instinct taught her,

The mother set her brood afloat,
They sank ere long right under water,
Like any overloaded boat;

They were web-footed too to see,
As ducks and spiders ought to be I

No pe"ant humour in a gander

Brought havoc on her little folks,
No poaching cook—a frying pander
To appetite,—destroyed their yolks ;
Beneath her very eyes, 'od rot 'em !
They went like plummets to the bottom.

The thing was strange—a contradiction

It seemed of nature and her works !

For little ducks, beyond conviction,

Should float without the help of corks :
Great Johnson it bewildered him
To hear of ducks that could not swim I

Poor Mrs. Bond I what could she do

But change the breed—and she tried divers,
Which dived as all seemed born to do ;
No little ones were e'er survivors—

Like those that copy gems, I'm thinking,
They all were given to die-sinking 1

In vain their downy coats were shorn :
They floundered still;—Batch after batch went!

The little fools seemed only born

And hatched for nothing but a hatchment I
Whene'er they launched—oh sight of wonder !
Like fires the water " got them under ! "

No woman ever gave their lucks
A better chance than Mrs. Bond did ;
At last quite out of heart and ducks,
She gave her pond up and desponded ;
For Death among the water-lilies,
Cried "*Due ad me*," to all her dillies.

But though resolved to breed no more,
She brooded often on this riddle—
Alas ! twas darker than before !
At last, about the summer's middle,
What Johnson, Mrs. Bond, or none did,
To clear the matter up, the sun did !

The thirsty Sirius, dog-like, drank
So deep his furious tongue to cool,
The shallow waters sank and sank,
And ID, from out the wasted pool,
Too hot to hold them any longer,
There crawled some eels as big as conger I

I wish all folks would look a bit,
In such a case below the surface ;
But when the eels were caught and split
By Mrs. Bond, just think of *her* face,
In each inside at once to spy
A duckling turned to giblet pie I

The sight at once explained the case,
 Making the Dame look rather silly,
 The tenants of that *Ee/y Place*
 Had found the way to *Pick a dilly*
 And so by under-water suction,
 Had wrought the little ducks' abduction.

Ben Bl ff

BEN BLUFF was a whaler, and many a day
 Had chased the huge fish about Baffin's old Bay ;
 But time brought a change his division to spoil,
 And that was when Gas took the shine out of Oil.

He turn'd up his nose at the fumes of the coke,
 And swore the whole scheme was a bottle of smoke :
 As to London, he briefly deliver⁷d his mind,
 " Sparm-city," said he—but the City declined.

So Ben cut his line in a sort of a huff,
 As soon as his Whales had brought profits enough,
 And hard by the Docks settled down for his life,
 But, true to his text, went to Wales far a wife.

A big one she was, without figure or waist,
 More bulky than lovely, but that was his taste ;
 In fat she was lapp'd from her sole to her crown,
 And, turn'd into oil, would have lighted a town.

But Ben like a Whaler was charm'd with the match,
 And thought, very truly, his spouse a great catch ;
 A flesh-and-blood emblem of Plenty and Peace,
 And would not have changed her for Helen of Greece.

For Greenland was green in his memory still;
 He'd quitted his trade, but retained the good-will;
 And often when soften'd by bumbo¹ and flip,²
 Would cry—till he blubber⁷d—about his old ship.

¹ Rum.

² Sweetened beer.

No craft like the *Grampus* could work through a floe,
 What knots she could run, and what tons she could stow.
 And then that rich smell he preferred to the ruse,
 By just nosing the whole without holding his nose.

Now Ben he resolved one fine Saturday night,
 A snug Arctic Circle of friends to invite,
 Did Tars in the trade, who related old tales,
 And drank, and blew clouds that were "very like
 whales ! "

of course with their grog there was plenty of chat
 of canting, and flinching, and cutting up fat;
 And how Gun Harpoons into fashion had got,
 And if they were meant for the Gun-whale or not ?

At last they retired, and left Ben to his rest,
 By fancies cetaceous,¹ and drink well possessed,
 When, lo ! as he lay by his partner in bed,
 He heard something blow through two holes in its head.

" A start I " muttered Ben, in the *Grampus* afloat,
 And made but one jump from the deck to the boat !
 " Huzza ! pull away for the blubber and bone—
 I look on that whale as already my own ! "

Then groping about by the light of the moon,
 He soon laid his hand on his trusty harpoon ;
 A moment he poised it, to send it more pat,
 And then made a plunge to imbed it in fat.

" Starn all ! " he sang out, " as you care for your lives—
 Starn all, as you hope to return to your wives—
 Stand by for the flurry ! she throws up the foam I
 Well done, my old iron, I've sent you right home ! "

And scarce had he spoken when ID I bolt upright
 The Leviathan rose in a great sheet of white,
 And swiftly advanced for a fathom or two,
 As only a fish out of water could do.

¹ Pertaining to a whale.

" Starn all I " echoed Ben, with a movement aback,
But too slaw to escape from the creature's attack ;
If flippers it had, they were furnish'd with nails,—
" You willm, I'll teach you that Women an't Whales I "

" Avast ! " shouted Ben, with a sort of a screech,
" I've heard a Whale spouting, but *hers* is a speech ! "
" A-spouting, indeed I !—very pretty," said she ;
" But it's you I'll blow up, not the froth of the sea !

" To go to pretend to take *me* for a fish !
You great Polar Bear—but I know what you wish—
You're sick of a wife, that your hankering baulks—
You want to go back to some young Esquimaux ! "

" O dearest," cried Ben, frightened out of his life,
" Don't think I would go for to murder a wife
I must long have bewail'd "— But she only cried
" Stuff!
Don't name it, you brute, you've *be-wbaled* me enough ! "

" Lord, Polly," said Ben, " such a deed could I do ?
I'd rather have murder'd all Wapping than you I
Come, forgive what is passed." " D you monster ! "
she cried,
" It was none of your fault that it passed of one side ! "

However, at last she inclined to forgive :
" But, Ben, take this warning as long as you live—
If the love of harpooning so strong must prevail,
Take a whale for a wife, not a wife for a whale."

The Wee Man

IT was a merry company,
And they were just afloat,
When lo ! a man, of dwarfish span,
Came up and hail'd the boat.

" Good morrow to ye, gentle folks,
And will you Jet me in ?—
A slender space will serve my case,
For I am small and thin."

They saw he was a dwarfish man,
And very small and thin ;
Not seven such would matter much,
And so they took him in.

They laugh¹d to SEE his little hat,
With such a narrow brim ;
They laugh'd to note his dapper coat
With skirts so scant and trim.

But barely had they gone a mile,
When, gravely, one and all
At once began to think the man
Was not so very small.

His coat had got a broader skirt,
His hat a broader brim,
His leg grew stout, and soon plump'd out
A very proper limb.

Still on they went, and as they went,
More rough the billows grew,—
And rose and fell, a greater swell,
And he was swelling too I

And ID ! where room had been for seven,
For six there scarce was space !
For five I—for four I—for three !—not more
Than two could find a place !

There was not even room for one !
They crowded by degrees—
Aye—closer yet, till elbows met,
And knees were jogging knees.

" Good sir, you must not sit a-stern,
 The wave will else come in 1 "
 Without a word he gravely stirr'd,
 Another seat to win.

" Good sir, the boat has lost her trim,
 You must not sit a-lee I "
 With smiling face, and courteous grace,
 The middle seat took he.

But still, by constant quiet growth,
 His back became so wide,
 Each neighbour wight, to left and right,
 Was thrust against the side.

Lord I how they chided with themselves,
 That they had let him in ;
 To see him grow so monstrous now,
 That came so small and thin.

On every brow a dew-drop stood,
 They grew so scared and hot,—
 " I' the name of all that's great and tall,
 Who are ye, sir, and what ? "

Loud laugh'd the Gogmagog, a laugh
 As loud as giant's roar—
 " When first I came, my proper name
 Was Little—now I'm *Moore*! " ' "

The Duel

IN Brentford town, of old renown,
 There lived a Mister Bray,
 Who fell in love with Lucy Bell,
 And so did Mr. Clay.

¹ Thomas Moore published some early verse under the pen-name of Thomas Little.

To see her ride from Hammersmith,
By all it was allowed,
Such fair outsides are seldom seen,
Such Angels on a Cloud.

Said Mr. Bray to Mr. Clay,
You choose to rival me,
And court Miss Bell, but there your court
No thoroughfare shall be.

Unless you now give up your suit,
You may repent your love ;
I who have shot a pigeon match
Can shoot a turtle dove.

So pray before you woo her more,
Consider what you do ;
If you pop aught to Lucy Bell,—
I'll pop it into you.

Said Mr. Clay to Mr. Bray,
Your threats I quite explode ;
One who has been a volunteer
Knows how to prime and load.

And so I say to you, unless
Your passion quiet keeps,
I, who have shot and hit bulls' eyes,
May chance to hit a sheep's.

Now gold is oft for silver changed,
And that for copper red ;
But these two went away to give
Each other change for lead.

But first they sought a friend apiece,
This pleasant thought to give—
When they were dead, they thus should have
Two seconds still to live.

To measure out the ground not long
The seconds then forbore,
And, having taken one rash step,
They took a dozen more.

They next prepared each pistol-pan
Against the deadly strife,
By putting in the prime of death
Against the prime of life.

Now all was ready for the foes,
But when they took their stands,
Fear made them tremble so, they found
They both were shaking hands.

Said Mr. C. to Mr. B.,
Here one of us may fall,
And, like St. Paul's Cathedral, now
Be doomed to have a ball.

I do confess I did attach
Misconduct to your name ;
If I withdraw the charge, will then
Your ramrod do the same ?

Said Mr. B., I do agree—
But think of Honour's Courts !
If we go off without a shot,
There will be strange reports.

But look, the morning now is bright,
Though cloudy it begun :
Why can't we aim above, as if
We had called out the sun ?

So up into the harmless air
Their bullets they did send ;
And may all other duels have
That upshot in the end !

No!

No sun—no moon I
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no " t'other side the way "—
No end to any Row—
No indications where the Crescents go—
No top to any steeple—
No recognitions of familiar people—
No courtesies for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em 1—
No travelling at all—no locomotion,
No inkling of the way—no notion—
" No go "—by land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No Park—no Ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,—
November !

AN D N Y M D U S

Miss Ellen Gee of Kew

PEERLESS yet hopeless maid of Q,
A"omplish'd L N G ;
Never again shall I and U
Together sip our T.
For oh 1 the fates, I know not Y,
Sent midst the flowers a B ;
Which, ven'mous, stung her in the I,
So that she could not C.

L N exclaimed, " Vile spiteful B,
If ever I catch U
On jessmine, rosebud or sweet P,
I'll change your singing Q.

" I'll send you like a lamb or U,
Across the Atlantic C ;
From our delightful village Q,
To distant D Y E .
A stream runs from my wounded I,
Salt as the briny C,
As rapid as the X or Y,
The D I D or D.

" Then fare thee ill, insensate B,
Which stung nor yet knew Y,
Since not for wealthy Durham's C
Would I have lost my I."
They bear with tears poor L N G
In funeral R A,
A clay cold corse now doomed to B,
Whilst I mourn her D K.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

The Vicar

SOME years ago, ere time and taste
Had turned our parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,
And roads as little known as scurvy,
The man who lost his way, between
St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,
Was always shown across the green.,
And guided to the Parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath;
Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,
Led the lorn traveller up the path,
Through clean-clipt rows of box and myrtle ;
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
Upon the parlour steps collected,
Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say—
Our master knows you—you're expected !

Uprose the Reverend or. Brown,
Uprose the Doctor's winsome marrow ;
The lady laid her knitting down,
Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow ;
Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,
Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reached his journey's end,
And warmed himself in Court or College,
He had not gained an honest friend
And twenty curious scraps of knowledge,—

If he departed as he came,
With no new light on love or liquor,—
Goad sooth, the traveller was to blame,
And not the Vicarage, nor the Vicar.

His talk was like a spring, which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses ;
It slipped from politi" to puns,
It passed from Mahomet to Moses ;
Beginning with the laws which keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels, or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound Divine,
of loud Dissent the mortal terror ;
And when, by dint of page and line,
He 'stablished Truth, or startled Error,
The Baptist found him far too deep ;
The Deist sighed with saving sorrow ;
And the lean Levite went to sleep,
And dreamed of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermons never said or showed
That Earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious,
Without refreshment on the road
From Jerome or from Athanasms :
And sure a righteous zeal inspired
The hand and head that penned and planned them,
For all who understood admired,
And some who did not understand them.

He wrote, too, in a quiet way,
Small treatises, and smaller verses,
And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
And hints to noble Lords—and nurses ;
True histories of last year's ghost,
Lines to a ringlet, or a turban,
And trifles for the *Morning Post*,
And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,
Although he had a knack of joking ;
He did not make himself a bear,
Although he had a taste for smoking ;
And when religious sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is' bad,
It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit
In the low hut or garnished cottage,
And praise the farmer's homely wit,
And share the widow's homelier pottage :
Afhis approach complaint grew mild ;
And when his hand unbarred the shutter,
The clammy lips of fever smiled
The welcome which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me
Of Julius Caesar, or of Venus ;
From him I learnt the rule of three,
Cat's cradle, leap-frog, and *Quae genus* :
I used to singe his powdered wig,
To steal the staff he put such trust in,
And make the puppy dance a jig,
When he began to quote Augustine.

Alack the change ! in vain I look
For haunts in which my boyhood trifled,—
The level lawn, the trickling brook,
The trees I climbed, the beds I rifled :
The church is larger than before ;
You reach it by a carriage entry ;
It holds three hundred people more,
And pews are fitted up for gentry.

Sit in the Vicar's seat: you'll hear
The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,
Whose phrase is very Ciceronian.

Where is the old man laid ?—look down,
And construe on the slab before you,
" *Hiejacet GULIELMUS BROWN,*
Vir ntilla non donandus laitru."

Mars Disarmed

AYE, bear it hence, thou blessed child,
Though dire the burthen be,
And hide it in the pathless wild,
Or drown it in the sea :
The ruthless murderer prays and swears ;
So let him swear and pray ;
Be deaf to all his oaths and prayers,
And take the sword away.

We've had enough of fleets and camps,
Guns, glories, odes, gazettes,
Triumphal arches, coloured lamps,
Huzzas and epaulettes ;
We could not bear upon our head
Another leaf of bay ;
That horrid Buonaparte's dead ;—
Yes, take the sword away.

We're weary of the noisy boasts
That pleased our patriot throngs :
We've long been dull to Conch's toasts,
And tame to Dibdin's songs ;
We're quite content to rule the wave,
Without a great display ;
We're known to be extremely brave ;
But take the sword away.

We give a shrug, when fife and drum
Play up a favourite air ;
We think 'our barracks are become
More ugly than they were ;

We laugh to See the banners float
We loathe the charger's bray ;
We don't admire a scarlet coat ;
Do take the sword away.

Let Portugal have rulers twain ;
Let Greece go on with none ;
Let Popery sink or swim in Spain,
While we enjoy the fun ;
Let Turkey tremble at the knout ;
Let Algiers lose her Bey ;
Let Paris turn her Bourbons out :—
Bah I take the sword away.

Dur honest friends in Parliament
Arc looking vastly sad ;
Dur farmers say with one consent
It's all immensely bad ;
There was a time for borrowing,
But now it's time to pay ;
A budget is a serious thing ;
So take the sword away.

And D, the bitter tears we wept,
In those our days of fame,—
The dread, that o'er our heart-strings crept
With every post that came,—
The home-affections, waged and lost
In every far-off fray,—
The price that British glory cost !
Ah ! take the sword away.

We've plenty left to hoist the sail,
Or mount the dangerous breach ;
And Freedom breathes in every gale,
That wanders round our beach.
When duty bids us dare or die,
We'll fight another day :
But till we know a reason why,
Take, take the sword away.

Quince

NEAR a small village in the West,
Where many very worthy people
Eat, drink, play whist, and do their best
To guard from evil Church and steeple,
There stood—alas ! it stands na more !—
A tenement of brick and plaster,
of which, for forty years and four,
My good friend Quince was lord and master.

Welcome was he in hut and hall
To maids and matrons, peers and peasants ;
He won the sympathies of all
By making puns, and making presents.
Though all the parish were at strife,
He kept his counsel and his carriage,
And laughed, and loved a quiet life,
And shrank from Chancery suits—and marriage.

Sound was his claret—and his head ;
Warm was his double ale—and feelings ;
His partners at the whist club said
That he was faultless in his dealings :
He went to church but once a week ;
Yet or. Poundtext always found him
An upright man who studied Greek,
And liked to see his friends around him.

Asylums, hospitals and schools,
He used to swear, were made to cozen ;
All who subscribed to them were fools,—
And he subscribed to half-a-dozen :
It was his doctrine, that the poor
Were always able, never willing ;
And so the beggar at his door
Had first abuse, and then—a shilling.

Some public principles he had,
But was no flatterer, nor fretter ;
HE rapped his box when things were bad,
And said " I cannot make them better I "
And much he loathed the patriot's snort,
And much he scorned the placeman's snuffle ;
And cut the fiercest quarrels short
With—" Patience, gentlemen—and shuffle ! "

For full ten years his pointer Speed
Had couched beneath her master's table ;
For twice ten years his old white steed
Had fattened in his master's stable ;
Did Quince averred, upon his troth,
They were the ugliest beasts in Devon ;
And none knew why he fed them both,
With his own hands, six days in seven.

Whene'er they heard his ring or knock,
Quicker than thought, the village slatterns
Flung down the novel, smoothed the frock,
And took up Mrs. Glassc, and patterns ;
Adine was studying baker's bills ;
Louisa looked the queen of knitters ;
Jane happened to be hemming frills ;
And Bell, by chance, was making fritters.

But all was vain ; and while decay
Came, like a tranquil moonlight, o'er him,
And found him gouty still, and gay,
With no fair nurse to bless or bore him,
His rugged smile and easy chair,
His dread of matrimonial lectures,
His wig, his stick, his powdered hair,
Were themes for very strange conjectures.

Some sages thought the stars above
Had crazed him with excess of knowledge ;
Some heard he had been crost in love
Before he came away from College ;

Some darkly hinted that his Grace
 Did nothing, great or small, without him ;
 Some whispered with a solemn face,
 That there was " something odd about him ! "

I found him, at threescore and ten,
 A single man, but bent quite duuble ;
 Sickness was coming on him then
 To take him from a world of trouble :
 He prosed of slipping down the hill,
 Discovered he grew older daily ;
 One frosty day he made his will,—
 The next, he sent for Doctor Bailey.

And so he Jived,—and so he died I—
 When last I sat beside his pillow
 He shook my hand and " Ah ! " he cried,
 " Penelope must wear the willow.
 Tell her I hugged her rosy chain
 While life was flickering in the socket ;
 And say, that when I call again,
 Til bring a licence in my pocket.

" I've left my house and grounds to Fag,—
 I hope his master's shoes will suit him ;
 And I've bequeathed to you my nag,
 To feed him for my sake,—or shoot him.
 The Vicar's wife will take old Fox,—
 She'll find him an uncommon mouser,—
 And let her husband have my box,
 My Bible, and my Assmanshauser.

" Whether I ought to die or not,
 My Doctors cannot quite determine ;
 It's only clear that I shall rot,
 And be, like Priam, food for vermine.
 My debts are paid :—but Nature's debt
 Almost escaped my recollection :
 Tom !—we shall meet again ;—and yet
 I cannot leave you my direction ! "

CHARLES LEVER

Bad Luck to this marching

BAD luck to this marching-,
Pipe-clay ing. and starching ;
How neat one must be to be killed by the French.
I'm sick of parading
Through wet and cowl'd wading
Or standing all night to be shot in a trench.
To the tune of a fife,
They dispose of your life,
You surrender your soul to some illigant lilt,
Now I like Garryowen,
When I hear it at home,
But it's not half so sweet when you're going to be kilt

Then though up late and early,
Dur pay comes so rarely,
The devil a farthing we've ever to spare ;
They say some disaster
Befel the paymaster ;
In my conscience I think that the money's not there.
And, just think what a blunder ;
They won't let us plunder,
While the convents invite us to rob them, 'tis clear ;
Though there isn't a village
But cries, " Come and pillage,"
Yet we leave all the mutton behind for Monseer.

Like a sailor that's nigh land,
I long for the island
Where even the kisses we steal if we please ;

Where it is no disgrace
If you don't wash your face,
And you've nothing to do but stand at your ease.
With no sergeant t'abuse us,
We fight to amuse us,
Shure it's better beat Christian than kick a baboon :
How I'd dance like a fairy,
To see ould Dunleary,
And think twice ere I'd leave it to be a dragoon

Larry M'Hale

OH, Larry M'Hale he had little to fear,
And never could want when the crops didn't fail;
He'd a house and demesne and eight hundred a year,
And a heart for to spend it, had Larry M'Hale !

The soul of a party, the life of a feast,
And an illigant song he could sing, I'll be bail;
He would ride with the rectnr, and drink with the priest,
Dh I the broth of a boy was old Larry M'Hale.

It's little he cared for the Judge or Recorder ;
His house was as big and as strong as a gaol;
With a cruel four-pounder he kept ail in great order,
He'd murder the country, would Larry M'Hale.

He'd a blunderbuss too ; of horse-pistols a pair I
But his favourite weapon was always a flail ;
I wish you could see how he'd empty a fair,
For he handled it nately, did Larry M'Hale.

His ancestors were kings before Moses was born,
His mother descended from great Grana Uaile :
He laughed all the Blakes and the Frenches to scorn ;
They were mushrooms compared to old Larry M'Hale.

He sat down every day to a beautiful dinner,
With cousins and uncles enough for a tail,

And, though loaded with debt, oh ! the devil a thinner
Could law or the sheriff make Larry M'Hale.

With a larder supplied and a cellar well stored,
None lived half so well, from Fair-Head to Kinsale ;
As he piously said, " I've a plentiful board,
And the Lord He is good to old Larry M'Hale."

So fill up your glass, and a high bumper give him,
It's little we'd care for the tithes or repale ;
For ould Erin would be a fine country to live in,
If we only had plenty like Larry M'Hale.

L O R D T E N N Y S O N

The Goose

I KNEW an old wife lean and poor,
Her rags scarce held together ;
There strode a stranger to the door,
And it was windy weather.

He held a goose upon his arm,
He uttered rhyme and reason,
" Here, take the goose, and keep you warm,
It is a stormy season."

She caught the white goose by the leg,
A goose—'twas no great matter.
The goose let fall a golden egg
With cackle and with clatter.

She dropped the goose, and caught the pelf,
And ran to tell her neighbours ;
And blessed herself, and cursed herself,
And rested from her labours.

And feeding high, and living soft,
Grew plump and able-bodied •
Until the grave churchwarden doffed,
The parson smirked and nodded.

So sitting, served by man and maid,
She felt her heart grow prouder :
But ah ! the more the white goose laid
It clacked and cackled louder.

It cluttered here, it chuckled there
It stirred the old wife's mettle :
She shifted in her elbow-chair,
And hurled the pan and kettle.

" A quinsy choke thy cursed note 1 "
Then waxed her anger stronger.
" Go, take the goose, and wring her throat,
I will not bear it longer."

Then yelped the cur, and yawled the cat;
Ran Gaffer, stumbled Gammer.
The goose flew this way and flew that,
And filled the house with clamour.

As head and heels upon the floor
They floundered all together,
There strode a stranger to the door,
And it was windy weather :

He took the goose upon his arm,
He uttered words of scorning ;
" So keep you cold, or keep you warm,
It is a stormy morning."

The wild wind rang from park and plain,
And round the atti" rumbled,
Till all the tables danced again,
And half the chimneys tumbled.

The glass blew in, the fire blew out,
The blast was hard and harder.
Her cap blew off, her gown blew up,
And a whirlwind cleared the larder ;

And while on all sides breaking loose
Her household fled the danger,
Quoth she, " The Devil take the goose,
And God forget the stranger I "

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

Little "Billee

THERE were three sailors of Bristol City
Who took a boat and went to sea,
But first with beef and Captain's biscuits,
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack, and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.
Now when they'd got as far as the Equator •
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
" I am extremely hungaree."
To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
" We've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
" With one another we shouldn't agree I
There's little Bill, he's young and tender,
We're old and tough, so let's eat he."

" D Billy I we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the button of your chemie."
When Bill received this information,
He used his pocket-handkerchie.

¹¹ First let me say my catechism,
Which my poor mammy taught to me."
" Make haste 1 make haste I " says guzzling Jimmy,
While Jack pulled out his snicker-snee.

Then Bill went up to the main-top-gallant-mast,
And down he fell on his bended knee,
He scarce had come to the Twelfth Commandment
When up he jumps—" There's land I see !

" Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee,
There's the British fleet a-riding at anchor,
With Sir Admiral Napier, K.C.B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's,
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee,
But as for little Bill he made him
The captain of a seventy-three.

Sorrows of Werther

WERTHER had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter ;
Would you know how first he met her ?
She was cutting bread-and-butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Weither,
And, for all the wealth of Indies,
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread-and-butter.

ROBERT BROWNING

Youth and Art

IT once might have been, once only :
We lodged in a street together,
You, a sparrow on the housetop lonely,
I, a lone she-bird of his feather.

Your trade was with sticks and clay,
You thumbed, thrust, patted and polished,
Then laughed, " They will see some day
Smith made, and Gibson demolished."

My business was song, song, song ;
I chirped, cheeped, trilled and twittered,
" Kate Brown's on the boards ere long,
And Grisi's existence embittered I "

I earned no more by a warble
Than you by a sketch in plaster ;
You wanted a piece of marble,
I needed a music-master.

We studied hard in our styles,
Chipped each at a crust like Hindoos,
For air, looked out on the tiles,
For fun watched each other's windows.

You lounged, like a boy of the South,
Cap and blouse—nay, a bit of beard too ;
Or you got it, rubbing your mouth
With fingers the clay adhered to.

And I—soon managed to find
Weak points in the flower-fence facing,
Was forced to put up a blind
And be safe in my corset-lacing.

No harm I It was not my fault
If you never turned your eye's tail up,
As I shook upon E *in alt*,
or ran the chromatic scale up :

For spring bade the sparrows pair,
And the boys and girls gave guesses,
And stalls in our street looked rare
With bulrush and watercresses.

Why did not you pinch a flower
In a pellet of clay and fling it ?
Why did not I put a power
of thanks in a look, or sing it ?

I did look, sharp as a lynx,
[And yet the memory rankles)
When models arrived, some minx
Tripped up-stairs, she and her ankles.

But I think I gave you as good I
" That foreign fellow,—who can know
How she pays, in a playful mood,
For his tuning her that piano ? "

Could you say SD, and never say
" Suppose we join hands and fortunes,
And I fetch her from over the way,
Her, piano, and long tunes and short tunes ? "

No, no : you would not be rash,
Nor I rasher and something over :
You've to settle yet Gibson's hash,
And Grisi yet lives in clover.

But you meet the Prince at the Board,
I'm queen myself at *ba/s-pare*;
I've married a rich old lord,
And you're dubbed knight and an R.A.,

Each life unfulfilled, you see ;
It hangs still, patchy and scrappy :
WE have not sighed deep, laughed free,
Starved, feasted, despaired,—been happy.

And nobody calls you a dunce,
And people suppose me clever :
This could but have happened once,
And we missed it, lost it for ever.

EDWARD LEAR

The Nutcrackers and the Sugar-Tongs

THE Nutcrackers sate by a plate on the table,
The Sugar-tongs sate by a plate at his side ;
And the Nutcrackers said, " Don't you wish we were
able

Along the blue hills and green meadows to ride ?
Must we drag on this stupid existence for ever,
So idle and weary, so full of remorse,—
While every one else takes his pleasure, and never
Seems happy unless he is riding a horse ?

" Don't you think WE could ride without being in-
structed ?

Without any saddle, or bridle, or spur ?
Dur legs are so long, and so aptly constructed,
I'm sure that an a"ident could not o"ur.
Let us all of a sudden hop down from the table,
And hustle downstairs, and each jump on a horse !
Shall we try ? Shall we go ? Do you think we are
able ? "

The Sugar-tongs answered distinctly, " Of course ! "

5a down the long staircase they hopped in a minute,
The Sugar-tongs snapped, and the Crackers said,
" Crack I "

The stable was open, the horses were in it ;
Each took out a pony, and jumped on his back.
The Cat in a fright scrambled out of the doorway,
The Mice tumbled out of a bundle of hay,
The brown and white Rats, and the black ones from
Norway,
Screamed out, " They are taking the horses away ! "

The whole of the household was filled with amazement,
The Cups and the Saucers danced madly about,
The Plates and the Dishes looked out of the casement,
The Salt-cellar stood on his head with a shout,
The Spoons with a clatter looked out of the lattice,
The Mustard-pot climbed up the Gooseberry Pies,
The Soup-ladle peeped through a heap of Veal Patties,
And squeaked with a ladle-like scream of surprise.

The Frying-pan said, " It's an awful delusion ! "
The Tea-kettle hissed and grew black in the face ;
And they all rushed downstairs in the wildest confusion,
To see the great Nutcracker-Sugar-tong race.
And out of the stable, with streamings and laughter,
[Their ponies were cream-coloured, speckled with
brown),
The Nutcrackers first, and the Sugar-tongs after,
Rode all round the yard, and then all round the town.

They rode through the street, and they rode by the
station,
They galloped away to the beautiful shore •
In silence they rode, and made no observation,
Save this : " We will never go back any more 1 "
And still you might hear, till they rode out of hearing,
The Sugar-tongs snap, and the Crackers say " Crack I "
Till far in the distance, their forms disappearing,
They faded away.—And they never came back 1

The Two Old "Bachelors

Two old Bachelors were living in one house ;
One caught a Muffin, the other caught a Mouse.
Said he who caught the Muffin to him who caught the
Mouse,
" This happens just in time, for we've nothing in the
house,
Save a tiny slice of lemon and a teaspoonful of honey,

And what to do far dinner,—since we haven't any
money ?

And what can we expect if we haven't any dinner
But to lose our teeth and eyelashes and keep on growing
thinner ? "

Said he who caught the Mouse to him who caught the
Muffin,

" We might cook this little Mouse if we only had some
Stuffin'.

If we had but Sage and Onion we could do extremely
well,

But how to get that Stuffin³ it is difficult to tell."

Those two old Bachelors ran quickly to the town
And asked for Sage and Onion, as they wandered up
and down.

They borrowed two large Onions, but no Sage was to
be found

In the shops or in the Market or in all the Gardens
round.

But some one said, " A hill there is, a little to the north,
And to its purpledicular top a narrow way leads forth ;
And there among the rugged rocks abides an ancient

Sage,

An earnest Man, who reads all day a most perplexing

Page-

Climb up and seize him by the toes, all studious as he
sits,

And pull him down, and chop him into endless little
bits,

Then mix him with your Onion [cut up likewise into
scraps),

And your Stuffin' will be ready, and very good —
perhaps."

Those twa old Bachelors, without loss of time,
The nearly purpledicular crags at once began to climb ;
And at the top among the rocks, all seated in a nook,
They saw that Sage a-readmg of a most enormous book.

" You earnest Sage I " aloud they cried, ^{fe} your book
you've read enough in,
We wish to chop you into bits and mix you into
Stuffin'. "

But that old Sage looked calmly up, and with his awful
book
At those two Bachelors' bald heads a certain aim he
took ;
And over crag and precipice they rolled promiscuous
down,—
At once they rolled, and never stopped in lane or field or
town ;
And when they reached their house, they found (besides
their want of Stuffin')
The Mouse had fled—and previously had eaten up the
Muffin.

They left their home in silence by the once convivial
door ;
And from that hour those Bachelors were never heard of
more.

W. E. AYTDUN

*The Fight with the Snapping Turtle ; or,
The ;iAmerican St. tjeorge*

HAVE you heard of Philip Slingsby,
Slingsby of the manly chest ;
How he slew the Snapping Turtle
In the regions of the West ?

Every day the huge Cawana
Lifted up its monstrous jaws ;
And it swallowed Langton Bennett,
And digested Rufus Dawes.

Riled, I ween, was Philip Slingsby,
Their untimely deaths to hear ;
For one author owed him money,
And the other loved him dear.

" Listen now, sagacious Tyler,
Whom the loafers all obey ;
What reward will Congress give me,
If I take this pest away ? "

Then sagacious Tyler answered,
" You're the ring-tailed squealer I Less
Than a hundred heavy dollars
Won't be offered you, I guess I

" And a lot of wooden nutmegs
In the bargain, too, we'll throw—
Only you just fix the critter.
Won't you liquor ere you go ? "

Straightway leaped the valiant Slingsby
Into armour of Seville,
With a strong Arkansas toothpick
Screwed in every joint of steel.

" Come thou with me, Cullen Bryant,
Come with'me, as Squire, I pray ;
Be the Homer of the battle
Which I go to wage today."

So they went along careering
With a loud and martial tramp,
Till they neared the Snapping Turtle
In the dreary Swindle Swamp.

But when Slingsby saw the water,
Somewhat pale, I ween, was he ;
" If I come not back, dear Bryant,
Tell the tale to Melanie.

" Tell her that I died devoted,
Victim to a noble task !
Han't you got a drop of brandy
In the bottom of your flask ? "

As he spoke, an alligator
Swam across the sullen creek ;
And the two Columbians started,
When they heard the monster shriek ;

For a snout of huge dimensions
Rose above the waters high,
And took down the alligator
As a trout takes down a fly.

" Tarnal death ! the Snapping Turtle ! "
Thus the Squire in terror cried ;
But the noble Slingsby straightway
orew the toothpick from his side.

" Fare thee well I " he cried, and dashing
Through the waters, strongly swam :
Meanwhile, Cullen Bryant, watching,
Breathed a prayer and sucked a dram.

Sudden from the slimy bottom
Was the snout again upreared,
With a snap as loud as thunder,—
And the Slingsby disappeared.

Like a mighty steam-ship foundering,
Down the monstrous vision sank ;
And the ripple, slowly rolling,
Plashed and played upon the bank.

Still and stiller grew the water,
Hushed the canes within the brake ;
There was but a kind of coughing
At the bottom of the lake.

Bryant wept as loud and deeply
As a father for a son—
" He's a finished 'coon, is Slingsby,
And the brandy's nearly done ! "

In a trance of sickening anguish,
Gold and stiff, and sore and damp,
For two days did Bryant linger
By the dreary Swindle Swamp ;

Always peering at the water,
Always waiting for the hour,
When those monstrous jaws should open
As he saw them ope before.

Still in vain ;—the alligators
Scrambled through the marshy brake,
And the vampire leeches gaily
Sucked the garfish in the lake.

But the Snapping Turtle never
Rose for food or rose for rest,
Since he lodged the steel deposit
In the bottom of his chest.

Only always from the bottom
Sounds of frequent coughing rolled,
Just as if the huge Cawana
Had a most confounded cold.

On the bank lay Cullen Bryant,
As the second moon arose,
Gouging on the sloping greensward
Some imaginary foes,

When the swamp began to tremble,
And the canes to rustle fast,
As though some stupendous body
Through their roots were crushing past.

And the waters boiled and bubbled,
And, in groups of twos and threes,
Several alligators bounded,
Smart as squirrels up the trees,

Then a hideous head was lifted,
With such huge distended jaws,
That they might have held Goliath
Quite as well as Rufus Dawes.

Paws of elephantine thickness
oragged its body from the bay,
And it glared at Cullen Bryant
In a most unpleasant way.

Then it writhed as if in torture,
And it staggered to and fro ;
And its very shell was shaken
In the anguish of its throe :

And its cough grew laud and louder,
And its sob more husky thick I
Far, indeed, it was apparent
That the beast was very sick.

Till, at last, a spasmy vomit
Shook its carcase through and through,
And as if from out a cannon,
All in armour Slingsby flew.

Bent and bloody was the bowie
Which he held within his grasp ;
And he seemed so much exhausted
That he scarce had strength to gasp—

" Gouge him, Bryant ! darn ye, gouge him I
Gouge him while he's on the shore I "
Bryant's thumbs were straightway buried
Where no thumbs had pierced before.

Right from out their bony sockets
Did he scoop the monstrous balls ;
And, with one convulsive shudder,
Dead the Snapping Turtle falls I

"Post the tin, sagacious Tyler I "
But the old experienced file,
Leering first at Clay and Webster,
Answered, with a quiet smile—

" Since you dragged the 'tarnal critter
From the bottom of the ponds,
Here's the hundred dollars due you,
All in Pcnnsylvania Bonds ! "

J. G. SAXE

Rhyme of the 'Rail'

(A Period Pine)

SINGING through the forests, rattling over fidges,
Shooting under arches, rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains, buzzing o'er the
vale—

Bless me ! this is pleasant, riding on the rail!

Men of different stations, in the eye of Fame,
Here are very quickly coming to the same ;
High and lowly people, birds of every feather,
On a common level, travelling together !

Gentlemen in shorts, looming very tall ;
Gentlemen at large, talking very small ;
Gentlemen in tights, with a loose-ish mien ;
Gentlemen in grey, looking rather green ;

Gentlemen quite old, asking for the news ;
Gentlemen in black, in a fit of blues ;
Gentlemen in claret, sober as a vicar ;
Gentlemen in tweed, dreadfully in liquor !

Stranger on the right, looking very sunny,
Obviously reading something rather funny.
Now the smiles are thicker—wonder what they
mean ?

Sure, he's got the Knickerbocker Magazine !

Stranger on the left, closing up his peepers ;
Now he snores amain, like the seven sleepers :

At his feet a volume gives the explanation,
How the man grew stupid from " association 1 "

Ancient maiden lady anxiously remarks
That there must be peril 'mong so many sparks :
Roguish-looking fellow, turning to the stranger,
Says it's his opinion, *she* is out of danger 1

Woman with her baby, sitting *vis-a-vis*;
Baby keeps a-squalling, woman looks at me ;
Asks about the distance ; says it's tiresome talking,
Noises of the cars are so very shocking !

Market woman, careful of the precious casket,
Knowing eggs are eggs, tightly holds her basket;
Feeling that a smash, if it came, would surely
Send her eggs to pot, rather prematurely.

—Singing through the forests, rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches, rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains, buzzing o'er the
vale,—
Bless me ! this is pleasant, riding on the rail!

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON

Unreflecting Childhood and Age

IT is, indeed, a little while
Since you were born, my happy pet—
Your future beckons with a smile,
Your by-gones don't exist as yet.
Is all the world with pleasure rife?
Are you a little bird that sings
Her simple gratitude for life,
And lovely things?

The ocean, and the waning moons,
And starry skies, and starry dells,
And winter sport, and golden Junes,
And Art divine, and beauty-spells :
Festa and song, and frolic wit,
And banter, and domestic mirth,—
They all are mine—ay, is not it

A pleasant earth !

Apleasante a r t h ! A n dpoetfriends,andpoesy,

And precious books, for any mood ;
And then that best of company,—
Those graver thoughts in solitude,
That hold us fast, and never pall :
And then there's you, my own, my fair—
And I ... I soon must leave it all—
And much you care !

ROBERT BROUGH

I'm a shrimp / I'm a shrimp /

I'M a shrimp 1 I'm a shrimp I of diminutive size.
 Inspect my antennae, and look at my eyes ;
 I'm a natural syphon, when dipped in a cup,
 For I drain the contents to the latest drop up.
 I care not for craw-fish, I heed not the prawn,
 From a flavour especial my fame has been drawn ;
 Nor e'en to the crab or the lobster do yield,
 When I'm properly cook'd and efficiently peeled.
 Quick ! quick I pile the coals—let your saucepan be
 deep,
 For the weather is warm, and I'm sure not to keep ;
 Off, off with my head—split my shell into three—
 I'm a shrimp ! I'm a shrimp—to be eaten with tea.

*

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY

Sad Memories

THEY tell me I am beautiful: they praise my silken hair,
My little feet that silently slip on from stair to stair.
They praise my pretty trustful face and innocent grey
 eye;
Fond hands caress me oftentimes, yet would that I
 might die !

Why was I born to be abhorr'd of man and bird and
 beast ?
The bullfinch marks me stealing by, and straight his
 song has ceased ;
The shrewmouse eyes me shudderingly, then flees ; and,
 worse than that,
The housedog he flees after me—why was I born a cat ?

Men prize the heartless hound who quits dry-eyed his
 native land ;
Who wags a mercenary tail and licks a tyrant hand,
The leal true cat they prize not, that if e'er compel¹d to
 roam
Still flies, when let out of the bag, precipitately home.

They call me cruel. Do I know if mouse or song-bird
 feels?
I only know they make me light and salutary meals :
And if, as 'tis my nature to, ere I devour I tease 'em,
Why should a low-bred gardener's boy pursue me with a
 besom ?

Should china fall or chandeliers, of anything but stocks,—
Nay stocks, when they're in flowerpots—the cat expects
hard knocks :

Should ever anything be missed—milks, coals, umbrellas,
brandy—

The cat's pitch'd into with a boot or any thing that's
handy.

" I remember, I remember," how one night I " fled
by,"

And gain'd the blessed tiles and gazed into the cold
clear sky.

" I remember, I remember," how my little lovers came ;
And there, beneath the crescent moon, play'd many a
little game.

They fought—by goad St. Catherine, 'twas a fearsome
sight to see

The coal-black crest, the glowering orbs, of one gigantic
He.

Like bow by some tall bowman bent at Hastings or
Poictiers,

His huge back curved, till none observed a vestige of
his ears :

He stood, an ebon crescent, flouting that ivory moon ;
Then raised the pibroch of his race, the Song without a
Tune ;

Gleam'd his white teeth, his mammoth tail waved darkly
to and fro,

As with one complex yell he burst, all claws, upon the
foe.

It thrills me now, that final Miaow—that weird un-
earthly dm :

Lone maidens heard it far away, and leap'd out of their
skin.

A potboy from his den o'erhead peep'd with a scared
wan face ;

Then sent a random brickbat down, which knocked me
into space,

Nine days I fell, or thereabouts : and, had we not nine
 lives,
 I wis I ne'er had seen again thy sausage-shop, St. Ives !
 Had I, as some cats have, nine tails, how gladly I would
 lick
 The hand, and person generally, of him who heaved
 that brick i

For me they fill the milkbowl up, and cull the choice
 sardine:
 But ah ! I nevermore shall be the cat I once have been I
 The memories of that fatal night they haunt me even
 now:
 In dreams I see that rampant He, and tremble at that
 Miaow.

Under the Trees

" UNDER the trees I " who but agrees
 That there is magic in words such as these ?
 Promptly one sees shake in the breeze
 Stately lime-avenues haunted of bees :
 Where looking far over buttercupp'd leas
 Lads and " fair shes " [that is Byron, and he's
 An authority) lie very much at their ease ;
 Taking their teas, or their duck and green peas,
 or, if they prefer it, their plain bread and cheese :
 Not objecting at all though it's rather a squeeze
 And the glass is, I daresay, at 80 degrees.
 Some get up glees, and are mad about Ries
 And Sainton, and Tamberlik's thrilling high Cs ;
 or if painters, hold forth upon Hunt and Maclise,
 And the tone and the breadth of that landscape of

Lee's ;

or if learned, on nodes and the moon's apogees,
 or, if serious, on something of A.K.H.B.'s,
 or the latest attempt to convert the Chaldee ;
 Or in short about all things from earthquakes to fleas.
 Some sit in twos or [less frequently) threes,

With their innocent lambswool or book on their knees,
And talk, and enact, any nonsense you please,
As they gaze into eyes that are blue as the seas ;
And you hear an occasional " Harry, don't tease "
From the sweetest of lips in the softest of keys,
And other remarks, which to me are Chinese.
And fast the time flees ; till a ladylike sneeze,
or a portly papa's more elaborate wheeze,
Makes Miss Tabitha seize on her brown muffatees,
And announce as a fact that it's going to freeze,
And that young people ought to attend to their Ps
And their Qs, and not court every form of disease.
Then Tommy eats up the three last ratafias,
And pretty Louise wraps her *robe de cerise*
Round a bosom as tender as Widow Machree's,
And in spite of the pleas of her lorn *vis-a-vis*)
Goes to wrap up her uncle—a patient of Skey's,
Who is prone to catch chills, like all old Bengalese :—
But at bedtime I trust he'll remember to grease
The bridge of his nose, and preserve his rupees
From the premature clutch of his fond legatees ;
or at least have no fees to pay any M.D.s
Far the cold his niece caught sitting under the trees.

LEWIS CARROLL

The vAged ;iAgcd Man

" I'LL tell thee everything I can ;
There's little to relate.
I saw an aged aged man,
A-sitting on a gate.
" Who are you, aged man ? " I said.
" And how is it you live ? "
And his answer trickled through my head
Like water through a sieve.

He said, " I look for butterflies
That sleep among the wheat :
I make them into mutton-pies,
And sell them in the street.
I sell them unto men," he said,
" Who sail on stormy seas ;
And that's the way I get my bread —
A trifle ; if you please."

But I was thinking of a plan
To dye one's whiskers green,
And always use so large a fan
That they could not be seen.
So, having no reply to give
To what the old man said,
I cried, " Come, tell me how you live ! "
And thumped him on the head.

His a"ents mild took up the tale :
He said, " I ga my ways,
And when I find a mountain-rill,
I set it in a blaze ;

And thence they make a stuff they call
Rowland's Macassar-Oil—
Yet twopence-halfpenny is all
They give me for my toil."

But I was thinking of a way
To feed oneself on batter,
And so go on from day to day
Getting a little fatter.
I shook him well from side to side,
Until his face was blue :
" Come, tell me how you live," I cried,
" And what it is you do ! "

He said, " I hunt for haddocks' eyes
Among the heather bright,
And work them into waistcoat buttons
In the silent night.
And these I do not sell for gold
Or coin of silvery shine,
But for a copper halfpenny,
And that will purchase nine.

" I sometimes dig for buttered rolls,
or set limed twigs for crabs ;
I sometimes search the grassy knolls
For wheels of Hansom-cabs.
And that's the way " (he gave a wink)
" By which I get my wealth—
And very gladly will I drink
Your Honour's noble health."

I heard him then, for I had just
Completed my design
To keep the Menai bridge from rust
By boiling it in wine.
I thanked him much for telling me
The -way he got his wealth,
But chiefly for his wish that he
Might drink my noble health.

And now, if e'er by chance I put
My fingers into glue,
or madly squeeze a right-hand fa at
Into a left-hand shoe,
or if I drop upon my toe
A very heavy weight,
I weep, for it reminds me so
Of that old man I used to know—
Whose look was mild, whose speech was slow,
Whose hair was whiter than the snow,
Whose face was very like a crow,
With eyes, like cinders, all aglow,
Who seemed distracted with his woe,
Who rocked his body to and fro,
And muttered mumblingly and low,
As if his mouth were full of dough,
Who snorted like a buffalo—
That summer evening long ago
A-sitting on a gate.

The Barrister's Dream

HE dreamed that he stood in a shadowy Court,
Where the Snark with a glass in its eye,
Dressed in gown, bands and wig, was defending a pig
On the charge of deserting its sty.

The Witnesses proved, without error or flaw,
That the sty was deserted when found :
And the Judge kept explaining the state of the law
In a soft under-current of sound.

The indictment had never been clearly expressed,
And it seemed that the Snark had begun,
And had spoken three hours, before any one guessed
What the pig was supposed to have done.

The Jury had each farmed a different view
[Long before the indictment was read),

¹ See note p. 297,

And they all spoke at once, so that none of them knew
One ward that the others had said.

" You must know——" said the Judge: but the Snark
exclaimed " Fudge !

That statute is obsolete quite !

Let me tell you, my friends, the whole question depends
On an ancient manorial right.

" In the matter of Treason the pig would appear
To have aided, but scarcely abetted :
While the charge of Insolvency falls, it is clear,
If you grant the plea ' never indebted '.

^{ff} The fact of Desertion I will not dispute :
But its guilt, as I trust, is removed
[So far as relates to the costs of this suit]
By the Alibi which has been proved.

" My poor client's fate now depends on your votes."
Here the speaker sat down in his place,
And directed the Judge to refer to his notes
And briefly to sum up the case.

But the Judge said he never had summed up before ;
So the Snark undertook it instead,
And summed it so well that it came to far more
Than the Witnesses ever had said I

When the verdict was called for, the Jury declined,
As the word was so puzzling to spell;
But they ventured to hope that the Snark wouldn't mind
Undertaking that duty as well.

So the Snark found the verdict, although, as it owned,
It was spent with the toils of the day :
When it said the word " GUILTY ! " the Jury all
groaned,
And some of them fainted away.

Then the Snark pronounced sentence, the Judge being
quite

Too nervous to utter a word :

When it rose to its feet, there was silence like night,
And the fall of a pin might be heard.

" Transportation for life " was the sentence it gave,

" And *then* to be fined forty pound."

The Jury all cheered, though the Judge said he feared
That the phrase was not legally sound,

But their wild exultation was suddenly checked

When the jailor informed them, with tears,
Such a sentence would have not the slightest effect,
As the pig had been dead for some years.

The Judge left the Court, looking deeply disgusted :

But the Snark, though a little aghast,
As the lawyer to whom the defence was intrusted,
Went bellowing on to the last.

[From *The Hunting of the Snark*)

AN D N Y M D U S

O, won'tyou let me go, Tapa?

OH, won't you let me go, Papa ?
Oh, won't you let me *go* ?
You're too indulgent to refuse
Your little Charles I know.

I'll not attempt to leap, Papa ;
I'll canter *very* slow :
I'll be jo careful, dear Papa—
Oh, won't you let me o ?

There's brother Gilbert, my Papa,
And he's not more than *eight*;
And yet the other day you smiled
To see him charge a gate :
And Charley's not a *child*> Papa—
He's six, or nearly so ;
He'll ride with Gilbert any day—
Oh, won't you let him go ?

There's Spencer hunts three times a week,
And he is only ten ;
He mounts his leathers, boots, and pink,
The same as other men.
With either I can run, Papa,
or swim, or skate, or row ;
'Tis hard that I should stay at home—
Oh, won't you let me go ?

They're sure of sport to-day, Papa,
'Tis *such* a hunting morn !

They'll very soon be here, Papa—
Hark, there's the huntsman's horn !
Look—look—beyond the chestnuts there,
Ph, what a lovely show !
They'll find at Barkby Holt, Papa—
Oh, won't you let me go ?

A smile—a smile—a happy sign !
Oh yes, I thought you would ;
You'll not regret it, dear Papa,
I'll be so *very* good.
Run, Thomas, bring my pony round,
My heart is beating so !
Oh, what a kind, a sweet Papa— ,
I *knew* he'd let me go !

SIR W. S. GILBERT

The Modern Major-General

I AM the very pattern of a modern Major-General,
I've information vegetable, animal and mineral ;
I know the kings of England, and I quote the fights
historical,
From Marathon to Waterloo, in order categorical;
I'm very well acquainted, too, with matters mathematical,
I understand equations, both the simple and quad-
ratical ;
About binomial theorem I'm teeming with a lot D' news,
With interesting facts about the square of the hypo-
tenuse.
I'm very good at integral and differential calculus,
I know the scientific names of beings animalculeus,
In short, in matters vegetable, animal and mineral,
I am the very model or a modern Major-General.

I know our mythic history—King Arthur's and Sir
Caradoc's,
I answer hard acrosti", I've a pretty taste for paradox ;
I quote in elegia" all the crimes of Heliogabalus,
In conies I can floor peculiarities parabolus,
I tell undoubted Raphaels from Gerard Dows and
Zoffanies,
I know the croaking chorus from the " Frogs " of
Aristophanes ;
Then I can hum a fugue, of which I've heard the
music's din afore,
And whistle all the airs from that confounded nonsense
"Pinafore".
Then I can write a washing-bill in Babylonian cuneiform ;

And tell you every detail of Caractacus's uniform.
In short, in matters vegetable, animal and mineral,
I am the very model or a modern Major-General.

In fact, when I know what is meant by "mamelon"
and "ravelin",
When I can tell at sight a Chassepot rifle from a javelin;
When such affairs as *sorties* and surprises I'm mare
wary at,
And when I know precisely what is meant by Commis-
sariat,
When I have learnt what progress has been made in
modern gunnery,
When I know more of tacti" than a novice in a
nunnery,
In short, when I've a smattering of elementary strategy,
Yau'll say a better Major-General/has never sat a gee—
For my military knowledge, though I'm plucky and
adventury,
Has only been brought down to the beginning of the
century.
But still in learning vegetable, animal and mineral,
I am the very model of a modern Major-General I

(From *The Pirates of Penhance*)

Emily, John, James and I

A Derby Legend

EMILY JANE was a nursery maid,
JAMES was a bold Life Guard,
And JOHN was a constable, poorly paid
[And I am a doggerel bard].

A very good girl was EMILY JANE,
JIMMY was good and true,
And JOHN was a very good man in the main
[And I am a good man, too].

Rivals for EMMIE were JOHNNY and JAMES,
Though EMILY liked them both ;
She couldn't tell which had the strongest claims
(And 7 couldn't take my oath).

But sooner or later you're certain to find
Your sentiments can't lie hid—
JANE thought it was time that she made up her mind
(And I think it was time she did).

Said JANE, with a smirk, and a blush on her face,
" I'll promise to wed the boy
Who takes me to-morrow to Epsom Race ! "
(Which 7 would have done, with joy.)

From JOHNNY escaped an expression of pain,
But JIMMY said, " Done with you I
I'll take you with pleasure, my EMILY JANE ! "
(And I would have said so too.)

JOHN lay on the ground, and he roared like mad
(For JOHNNY was sore perplexed),
And he kicked very hard at a very small lad
(Which 7 often do, when vexed).

For JOHN was on duty next day with the Farce,
To punish all Epsom crimes ;
Some people *mil* cross, when they're clearing the course
[I do it myself, sometimes).

.

The Derby Day sun glittered gaily on cads,
On maidens with gamboge hair,
On sharpers and pickpockets, swindlers and pads
(Far I, with my harp, was there).

And JIMMY went down with his JANE that day,
And JOHN by the collar or nape
Seized everybody who came in his way
[And 7 had a narrow escape).

JOHN led him away with a victor's hand,
And JIMMY was shortly seen
In the station-house under the grand Grand Stand
[As many a time I've been).

And JIMMY, bad boy, was imprisoned for life,
Though EMILY pleaded hard ;
And JOHNNY had EMILY JANE to wife
[And I am a doggerel bard).

A Nightmare

WHEN you're lying awake with a dismal headache, and
repose is taboo'd by anxiety,
I conceive you may use any language you choose to
indulge in without impropriety ;
For your brain is on fire—the bedclothes conspire of
usual slumber to plunder you :
First your counterpane goes and uncovers your toes,
and your sheet slips demurely from under you ;
Then the blanketing tickles—you feel like mixed pickles,
so terribly sharp is the pricking.
And you're hot, and you're cross, and you tumble and
toss till there's nothing 'twixt you and the ticking.
Then the bedclothes all creep to the ground in a heap,
and you pick 'em all up in a tangle ;
Next your pillow resigns and politely declines to remain
at its usual angle 1
Well, you get some repose in the form of a doze, with
hot eyeballs and head ever aching,
But your slumbering teems with such horrible dreams
that you'd very much better be waking ;
For you dream you are crossing the Channel, and toss-
ing about in a steamer from Harwich,
Which is something between a large bathing-machine
and a very small second-class carriage ;
And you're giving a treat (penny ice and cold meat) to
a party of friends and relations—

They're a ravenous horde—and they all came on board
 at Sloane Square and South Kensington Stations.
 And bound on that journey you find your attorney (who
 started that morning from Devon) ;
 He's a bit undersized, and you don't feel surprised when
 he tells you he's only eleven.
 Well, you're driving like mad with this singular lad [by
 the bye the ship's now a four-wheeler),
 And you're playing round games, and he calls you bad
 names when you tell him that " ties pay the dealer " ;
 But this you can't stand, so you throw up your hand,
 and you find you're as cold as an icicle,
 In your shirt and your socks [the black silk with gold
 clocks), crossing Salisbury Plain on a bicycle :
 And he and the crew are on bicycles too—which they've
 somehow or other invested in—
 And he's telling the tars all the *particulars* of a company
 he's interested in—
 It's a scheme of devices, to get at low prices, all goads
 from cough mixtures to cables
 [Which tickled the sailors) by treating retailers, as
 though they were all *vzgztab/es*—
 You get a goad spadesman to plant a small tradesman
 [first take off his boots with a boot-tree), .
 And his legs will take root, and his fingers will shoot,
 and they'll blossom and bud like a fruit-tree—
 From the greengrocer tree you get grapes and green pea,
 . cauliflower, pineapple, and cranberries,
 While the pastry-cook plant cherry-brandy will grant—
 apple puffs, and three corners, and banbernes—
 The shares are a penny, and ever so many are taken by
 ROTHSCCHILD and BARING,
 And just as a few are allotted to you, you awake with a
 shudder despairing—
 You're a regular wreck, with a crick in your neck, and no
 wonder you snore, for your head's on the floor, and
 you've needles and pins from your soles to your
 shins, and your flesh is a-creep, for your left leg's
 asleep, and you've cramp in your toes, and a fly on
 your nose, and some fluff in your lung, and a feverish

tongue, and a thirst that's intense, and a general sense that you haven't been sleeping in clover ;
 But the darkness has passed, and it's daylight at last, and the night has been long—ditto, ditto my song—and thank goodness they're both of them over !

[From *lolanthe*]

The Played-out Humorist

QUIXOTIC is his enterprise, and hopeless his adventure is,
 Who seeks for jocularities that haven't yet been said.
 The world has joked incessantly for over fifty centuries,
 And every joke that's possible has long ago been made.

I started as a humorist with lots of mental fizziness,
 But humour is a drug which it's the fashion to abuse ;
 For my stock-in-trade, my fixtures, and the goodwill of the business

No reasonable offer I am likely to refuse.

And if anybody choose

He may circulate the news.

That no reasonable offer I'm likely to refuse.

Oh happy was that humorist—the first that made a pun at all—

Who when a joke o"urred to him, however poor and mean,

Was absolutely certain that it never had been done at all—

How popular at dinners must that humorist have been !

Oh the days when some stepfather for the query held a handle out,

The doormat from the scraper, is it distant very far ?
 And when no one knew where Moses was when Aaron blew the candle out,

And no one had discovered that a door could be a-jar I
 But your modern hearers are
 In their tastes particular,

And they sneer if you inform them that a door can
be a-jar !

In search of quip and quiddity, I've sat all day, alone,
apart—

And all that I could hit on as a problem was—to find
Analogy between a scrap of mutton and a Bony-part,
Which offers slight employment to the speculative
mind :

For you cannot call it very good ; however great your
charity—

It's not the sort of humour that is greeted with a
shout—

And I've come to the conclusion that my mine of jocu-
larity, •

In present Anno Domini, is worked completely out 1

Though the notion you may scout,

I can prove beyond a doubt

That my mind of jocularly is utterly worked out I

ANONYM DUS

Two Strings to a 'Bow

I DON'T want the one that I don't want to know
That I want the one that I want:
But the one that I want now wants me to go
And give up the one I don't want.
Why I don't want the one that I don't want to know
That I want the one that I want,
Is if I miss the one that I want (don't you know)
I might want the one I don't want.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

The Roundel

A ROUNDEL is wrought as a ring or a starbright sphere,
With craft of delight and with cunning of sound
 unsought,
That the heart of the hearer may smile if to pleasure his
 ear

A roundel is wrought.

Its jewel of music is carven of all or of aught—
Love, laughter, or mourning—remembrance of rapture
 or fear—
That fancy may fashion to hang in the ear of thought.

As a bird's quick song runs round, and the hearts in us
 hear—
Pause answers to pause, and again the same strain caught,
So moves the device whence, round as a pearl or tear,
 A roundel is wrought.

H. CHDLM DND ELEY - PENNELL

Trials of a Dyspeptic

" LUNCH, sir ? Yes-ser, pickled salmon,
Cutlets, Kidneys, Greens, and "—Gammon !

Have you got no wholesome meat, sir ?
Flesh or fowl that one can eat, sir ?

" Eat, sir ? Yes-ser, on the dresser

Pork, sir ? "— Pork, sir, I detest, sir—

" Lobsters ? " Are to me unblest, sir—

" Duck and peas ? " I can't digest, sir—

" Puff, sir ? " Stuff, sir ! " Fish, sir ? " Pish, sir

★ " Sausage ? " Sooner eat the dish, sir—

" Shrimps, sir ? prawns, sir ? crawfish ? winkle ? ★

Scallops ready in a twinkle ?

Wilks and cockles, crabs to follow ! "

Heav'ns, *nothing* I can swallow I ...

WAITAR !

"YES-SAR, "

Bread for twenty—

• I shall starve in midst of plenty !

FRANCIS BRET HARTE

Truthful James

I RESIDE at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful
James :

I am not up to small deceit, or any sinful games ;
And I'll tell in simple language, what I know about the
row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislaw.

But first I would remark hat it is not a proper plan,
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man ;
And if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,
To lay fmr that same member for to " put a head " on
him.

Now nothing could be finer, or more beautiful to see,
Than the first six months' proceedings of that same
society :
Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones,
That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of
Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper ; and he reconstructed
there,
From those same bones, an animal that was extremely
rare :
And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of the
rules,
Till he could prove that those same bones was one of
his lost mules.

Then Brawn he smiled a bitter smile, and said he was at
 fault,
It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's family
 vault ;
He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brawn,
And, an several o'asions, he had cleaned out the town.

Now I hold it is not decent far a scientific gent
To say another is an ass—as least to all intent:
Nor should the individual wha happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean, of Angel's, raised a point of order—
 when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen ;
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on
 the floor
And the subsequent pioceedings interested him no mare !

Then in less time than I write it, every member did
 engage
In a warfare with the remnants of a palaeozoic age ;
And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was
 a sin,
Till the skull of an aid mammoth caved our Chairman's
 head right in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games,
For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful
 James :
And I've told, in simple language, what I know about
 the row,
That broke up our society upon the Stanislow.

AUSTIN DDBSDN

Ad 'Rosam

I HAD a vacant dwelling—
Where situated, I,
As naught can serve the telling,
Decline to specify ;—
Enough 'twas neither haunted,
Entailed, nor out of date ;
I put up " Tenant Wanted ",
And left the rest to Fate.

Then, Rose, you passed the window,—
I see you passing, yet,—
Ah, what could I within do,
When, Rose, our glances met I
You snared me, Rose, with ribbons,
Your rose-mouth made me thrall,
Brief—briefer far than Gibbon's,
Was my " Decline and Fall ".

I heard the summons spoken
That all hear—king and clown :
You smiled—the ice was broken ;
You stopped—the bill was down.
How blind we are I It never
O"urred to me to seek
If you had come for ever,
or only for a week.

The words your voice neglected,
Seemed written in your eyes ;
The thought your heart protected,
Your cheek told, missal-wise ;—

I read the rubric plainly
 As any Expert could ;
 In short, we dreamed,—insanely,
 As only lovers should.

I broke the tall CEnone,
 That then my chambers graced,
 Because she seemed " too bony "
 To suit your purist taste ;
 And you, without vexation,
 May certainly confess
 Some graceful approbation,
 Designed *a mon adresse*.

You liked me then, *carina*—
 You liked me then, I think ;
 For your sake gall had been a
 Mere tonic-cup to drink ;
 For your sake, bonds were trivial,
 The rack, a *tvur-de-force* ;
 And banishment, convivial,—
 You coming too, of course,

Then, Rose, a word in jest meant
 Would throw you in a state
 That no well-timed investment
 Could quite alleviate ;
 Beyond a Paris trousseau
 You prized my smile, I know ;
 I, yours—oh, more than Rousseau
 The lip of d'Houdetot.

Then, Rose,—But why pursue it ?
 When Fate begins to frown
 Best write the final " ",
 And gulp the physic down.
 And yet,—and yet, that only,
 The song should end with this :—
 You left me,—left me lonely,
Rosa mutabilis !

Left me, with Time for Mentor,
|A dreary *tett-d-tete* I)
To pen my " Last Lament ", or
Extemporise to Fate,
In blankest verse disclosing
My bitterness of mind,—
Which is, I learn, composing
In cases of the kind.

No, Rose. Though you refuse me,
Culture the pang prevents ;
" I am not made "—excuse me—
" of so slight elements " ;
I leave to common-lovers
The hemlock or the hood ;
My rarer soul recovers
In dreams of public good.

The Roses of this nation—
Or so I understand
From careful computation—
Exceed the gross demand ;
And, therefore, in civility
To maids that can't be matched,
No man of sensibility
Should linger unattached.

So, without further fashion—
A modern Curtius,
Plunging, from pure compassion,
To aid the overplus,—
I sit down, sad—not daunted,
And, in my weeds, begin
A new card—" Tenant Wanted,
Particulars within ".

ANDREW LANG

Ballade of Primitive Man

HE lived in a cave by the seas,
He lived upon oysters and foes,
But his list of forbidden degrees
An extensive morality shows ;
Geological evidence goes
To prove he had never a pan,
But he shaved with a shell when he chose,
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man 1

He worshipp'd the rain and the breeze,
He worshipped the river that flows,
And the Dawn, and the Moon, and the trees,
And bogies, and serpents, and crows ;
He buried his dead with their toes
Tucked up, an original plan,
Till their knees came right under their nose,
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man 1

His communal wives, at his ease,
HE would curb with occasional blows ;
or his State had a queen, like the bees
[As another philosopher trows) :
When he spoke it was never in prose,
But he sang in a strain that would scan,
For [to doubt it, perchance, were morose)
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man !

ENVOY

Max, proudly your Aryans pose,
But their rigs they undoubtedly ran,
For, as every Darwinian knows,
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man 1

A. P. GRAVES

father O'flynn

OF priests we can offer a charmin' variety,
Far renowned for larnin' and piety ;
Still, I'd advance ye, widout impropriety,
Father D'Flynn as the flower of them all.

CHORUS

*Here's a health to you, Father D'Flynn,
Slainte, and slainte, and slainte agin,
Powerfulest preacher, and
Tenderest teacher, and
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.*

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity,
Famous for ever at Greek and Latinity,
Dad and the divels and all at Divinity,
Father D'Flynn'd make hares of them all
Come, I venture to give ye my word,
Never the likes of his logic was heard,
Down from Mythology
Into Thayology
Troth 1 and Conchology if he'd the call.

Chorus—Here's a health to you, Father U'Flynn, etc.

Dch 1 Father D'Flynn you've a wonderful way wid
you,
All ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,
All the young childer are wild for to play wid you,
You've such a way wid you, Father avick I

Still for all you've so gentle a soul,
Faith, you've your flock in the grandest control;
 Checking the crazy ones,
 Coaxin' onaisy ones,
Liftin¹ the lazy ones on wid a stick,

Chorus—Here's a health tojou> Father O'Fljnn, etc.

And though quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity,
Still at all seasons of innocent jollity,
Where was the play-boy could claim an equality
At comicality, Father, wid you ?
 Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,
 Till this remark set him off wid the rest:
 " Is it lave gaiety
 All to the laity ?
Cannot the dargy be Irishmen too ? "

Chorus—Here's a health toyou, Father O'Ffynn, etc.

W. E. HENLEY

"Ballade of Ladies' Names"

BROWN'S for Lalage, Jones for Lelia,
Robinson's bosom for Beatrice glows,
Smith is a Hamlet before Ophelia.

The glamour stays if the reason goes I
Every lover the years disclose
Is of a beautiful name made free.

One befriends, and all others are foes.
Anna's the name of names for me.

Sentiment hallows the vowels of Delia ;
Sweet simplicity breathes from Rose ;
Courtly memories glitter in Celia ;

Rosalind savours of quips and hose,
Araminta of wits and beaux,
Prue of puddings, and Coralie

All of sawdust and spangled shows ;
Anna's the name of names for me.

Fie upon Caroline, Madge, Amelia—

These I reckon the essence of prose !—
Cavalier Katherine, cold Cornelia,

Portia's masterful Roman nose,
Maud's magnificence, Totty's toes,
Poll and Bet with their twang of the sea,

Nell's impertinence, Pamela's woes !
Anna's the name of names for me.

ENVOI ,

Ruth like a gillyflower smells and blows,

Sylvia prattles of Arcadee,

Sybil mystifies, Connie crows,

Anna's the name of names for me !

A. C. HILTON

The Vulture and the Husbandman

(With Apologies to Lewis Carroll)

A Vulture is a rapacious bird which destroys its prey by *plucking'tf.* limb from limb with its powerful beak and talons.

A Husbandman is a man in a low position of life, who supports himself by the use of *the plough*.

—Johnson's Dictionary.

THE rain was raining cheerfully,
As if it had been May ;
The Senate-House appeared inside
Unusually gay ;
And this was strange, because it was
A Viva-Voce day.

The men were sitting sulkily,
Their paper work was done ;
They wanted much to go away
To ride, or row, or run ;
" It's very rude," they said, " to keep
Us here, and spoil our fun."

The papers they had finished lay
In piles of blue and white.
They answered everything they could.
And wrote with all their might,
But, though they wrote it all by rote,
They did not write it right.

The Vulture and the Husbandman
Beside these piles did stand,

They wept like anything to see
The work they had in hand,
" If this were only finished up,"
Said they, " it would be grand I "

" If seven D's or seven C's
We give to all the crowd,
Do you suppose," the Vulture said,
" That we could get them ploughed ? "
" I think so," said the Husbandman,
" But pray don't talk so loud,"

" O Undergraduates, come up,"
The Vulture did beseech,
" And let us see if you can learn
As well as we can teach ;
We can not do with more than two
To have a word with each."

Two Undergraduates came up,
And slowly took a seat,
They knit their brows, and bit their thumbs,
As if they found them sweet,
And this was odd, because you know
Thumbs are not good to eat.

" The time has come," the Vulture said,
" To talk of many things,
of A"idence and Adjectives,
And names of Jewish kings,
How many notes a sackbut has,
And whether shawns have strings."

" Please, Sir," the Undergraduates said,
Turning a little blue,
" We did not know that was the sort
of thing we had to do,"
" We thank you much," the Vulture said,
" Send up another two."

Two more came up, and then two more ;
And more and more and mote ;
And some looked upwards at the roof,
Some down upon the floor,
But none were any wiser than
The pair that went before.

" I weep for you," the Vulture said,
" I deeply sympathise! "
With sobs and tears he gave them all
D's of the largest size,
While at the Husbandman he winked
One of his streaming eyes.

" I think," observed the Husbandman,
" We're getting on too quick.
Are we not putting down the D's
A little bit COD thick? "
The Vulture said with much disgust
" Their answers make me sick."

" Now, Undergraduates," he cried,
" Dur fun is nearly done,
Will anybody else come up ? "
But answer came there none ;
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd ploughed them every one.

ANONYMOUS

Strike among the 'Tverts

IN his chamber, weak and dying,
While the Norman Baron lay,
Loud, without, his men were crying
" Shorter hours and better pay."

Know you why the ploughman, fretting,
Homeward plods his weary way
Ere his time ? He's after getting
Shorter hours and better pay.

See 1 the *Hesperus* is swinging
Idle in the wintry bay,
And the skipper's daughter's singing
" Shorter hours and better pay."

Where's the Minstrel Boy ? I've found him
Joining in the labour fray
With his placards slung around him,
" Shorter hours and better pay."

Oh, young Lochinvar is coming ;
Though his hair is getting grey,
Yet I'm glad to hear him humming
" Shorter hours and better pay."

E'en the boy upon the burning
Deck has got a word to say,
Something rather cross concerning
Shorter hours and better pay.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make as much as they,
Work no more, until they find us
Shorter hours and better pay.

R- C, L E H M A N N

Middle Age

WHEN that my years were fewer,
Some twenty years ago,
And all that is was newer,
And time itself seemed slow,
With ardour all impassioned,
I let my hopes fly free,
And deemed the world was fashioned
My playing-field to be.

The cup of joy was filled then.
With Fancy's sparkling wine ;
And all the things I willed then
Seemed destined to be mine.
Friends had I then in plenty,
And every friend was true ;
Friends always are at twenty,
And on to twenty-two.

The men whose hair was sprinkled
With little flecks of grey,
Whose faded brows were wrinkled—
Sure they had had their day.
And though we bore no malice,
We knew their hearts were cold,
For they had drained their chalice,
And now were spent and old.

At thirty, we admitted,
A man may be alive,
But slower, feebler witted ;
And done at thirty-five.

If Fate prolongs his earth-days,
His joys grow fewer still;
And after five more birthdays
HE totters down the hill.

We were the true immortals
Who held the earth in fee ;
For us were flung the portals
of fame and victory.
The days were bright and breezy
And gay our banners flew,
And every peak was easy
To scale at twenty-two.

And thus we spent our gay time
As having much to spend ;
Swift, swift, that pretty playtime
Flew by and had its end.
And lo ! without a warning
I woke, as others do,
One fine mid-winter morning,
A man of forty-two.

And now I see how vainly
Is youth with ardour fired ;
How fondly, how insanelly
I formerly aspired.
A boy may still detest age,
But as for me I know,
A man has reached his best age
At forty-two or so.

For youth it is the season
Of restlessness and strife ;
Of passion and unreason,
And ignorance of life.
Since, though his cheeks have roses,
No boy can understand
That everything he knows is
A graft at second hand.

But w have toiled and wandered
With weary feet and numb ;
Have doubted, sifted, pondered—
Haw else should knowledge come ?
Have seen, too late for heeding,
Dur hopes go out in tears,
Lost in the dim receding,
Irrevocable years.

Yet, though with busy fingers
No more we wreathe the flowers,
An airy perfume lingers,
A brightness still is ours.
And though no rose our cheeks have,
The sky still shines as blue ;
And still the distant peaks have
The glow of twenty-two.

ANONYMOUS

Ye Clerkf ofye Wethere

;With Apologies to Chaucer)

A CLERKE ther was, a puissant wight was hee,
Who of ye wethere hadde ye maisterie ;
Alway it was his mirthe and his solace—
To put Eche seson's wethEre oute of place.

Whanne that AprillE shourss wer our desyre,
He gad us Julys sonnes as hotte as fyre ;
But sith ye summers toggss we donned agayne,
Eftsoons ye wethere chaunged to colde and raync.

Wo was that pilgrimmE who fared forth a-foote,
Without one gyngham that him list uppe-putte ;
And gif no mackyntoschES eke had hee,
A parlous state that wight befelle—pardIE I

We wist not gif it nexte ben colde or hotte,
Cogswounds ! ye barde agrew-some colds hath gottc !
Certes, that clerkE'S ane mightie man withalle,
Let non dou him offence, lest ille befall.

E. S. MARTIN

The Little "Brother

To put new shingles on old roofs ;
To give old women wadded skirts ;
To treat premonitory coughs
With seasonable flannel shirts ;
To soothe the stings of poverty
And keep the jackal from the door,—
These are the works that o"upy
The Little Sister of the Poor.

She carries, everywhere she goes,
Kind words and chickens, jams and coals ;
Poultices for corporeal woes,
And sympathy for downcast souls :
Her currant jelly, her quinine,
The lips of fever move to bless ;
She makes the humble sick-room shine
With una"ustomed tidiness.

A heart of hers the instant twin
And vivid counterpart is mine ;
I also serve my fellow men,
Though in a somewhat different line.
The Poor and their concerns she has
Monopolised, because of which
It falls to me to labour as
A Little Brother of the Rich.

For their sakes at no sacrifice
Does my devoted spirit quail,
I give their horses exercise ;
As ballast on their yachts I sail.

Upon their tallyhoes I ride
And brave the chances of a storm ;
I even use my own inside
To keep their wines and victuals warm.

Those whom we strive to benefit
Dear to our hearts soon grow to be ;
I love my Rich, and I admit
That they are very good to me,
Su"our the Poor, my sister—I,
While heaven shall still vouchsafe me health,
Will try to share and mollify
The trials of abounding wealth.

A. D. GOD LEY

Graeculus Esuriens

THERE came a Grecian Admiral to pale Britannia's shore—
In Eighteen Ninety-eight he came, and anchored off the
Nore ;

An ultimatum he despatched (I give the text complete)
Addressing it "Tw Kiyuw, the Premier, Dawning-street."

" Whereas the sons of Liberty with indignation view
The number of dependencies which governed are by you—
With Hellas [Freedom's chosen land) we purpose to unite
Some part of those dependencies—let's say the Isle of
Wight."

" The Isle of Wight ! " said Parliament, and shuddered
at the word ;

" Her Majesty's at Dsborne, too—of course, the thing's
absurd I "

And this response Lord Salisbury eventually gave :

" Such transfers must attended be by difficulties grave."

" My orders," said the Admiral, " are positive and flat :
I am not in the least deterred by obstacles like that:
We're really only acting in the interests of peace :
Expansion is a nation's law—we've aims sublime in
Greece."

With that Britannia blazed amain with patriotic flames I
They built a hundred ironclads and launched them in
the Thames :

They girded on their fathers' swords, both commoners
and peers ;

They mobilized an Army Corps, and drilled the Volun-
teers.

The Labour Party armed itself, invasion's path to bar ;
 " Truth " and the " Dally Chronicle " proclaimed a
 Righteous War ;
 Sir William Harcourt stumped the towns that sacred fire
 to fan,
 And Mr. Gladstone every day sent telegrams from
 Cannes,

But ere they marched to meet the foe and drench the
 land with gore,
 Outspake that Grecian Admiral—from somewhere near
 the Nore—
 And " Ere," he said, " hostilities are ordered to com-
 mence,
 Just hear a last appeal unto your educated sense :—

" You can't intend," he said, said he, " to turn your
 Maxims on
 The race that fought at Salamis, that bled at Marathon 1
 You can't propose with brutal force to drive from off
 your seas,
 The men of Homer's gifted line—the sons of Socrates ! "

Britannia heard the patriot's plea ; she checked her
 murderous plans :
 Homer's a name to conjure with, 'mong British artisans :
 Her Army too, profoundly moved by arguments like
 these,
 Said 'e'd be blowed afore 'e'd fight the sons of Socrates.

They cast away their fathers' swords, those commoners
 and peers,—
 Demobilized their Army Corps—dismissed their Volun-
 teers :
 Soft Sentiments o'erthrew the bars that nations disunite,
 And Greece, in Freedom's sacred name, annexed the Isle
 of Wight.

J. K. STEPHEN

A Political Allegory

ONCE there was a famous nation
With a long and glorious past :
Very splendid was its station,
And its territory vast;
It had won the approbation,
The applause and admiration,
Of the states who'd had o'asion,
In a time of tribulation,
And of disorganisation,
Not to mention degradation,
And profound humiliation,
To observe it standing fast
Without any trepidation,
Or a sign of vacillation,
Firm and faithful to the last.

Came a time of dire distraction,
Full of terror and despair,
When a delicate transaction
Called for unexampled care ;
But the people were directed,
Both the well and ill-affected,
To a wholly unexpected
And surprising course of action,
Based on motives new and rare
[Being governed by a faction,
As they generally were).

In a little time the nation
Had a chance of saying whether

It and its administration
Seemed inclined to pull together :
And it spoke its mind with vigour :—
" Such disgraceful conduct must
Everlastingly disfigure
Future annals, and disgust
Evermore the candid student:
You have been unwise, imprudent,
Pusillanimous, unjust,
And neglectful of the glory
Appertaining to our name
Till this melancholy story
Put a period to our fame."

So this faction, disappointed,
Lost the national good graces,
And their rivals were anointed,
And were set in the high places.

Pretty soon arose conditions
Most embarrassing and hard,
And the party politicians
Had to be upon their guard.
Illegitimate ambitions,
Democratic rhetoricians,
Persons prone to base submissions,
Men of warlike dispositions,
Wild and wicked statisticians,
Metaphysical magicians,
People apt to sign petitions,
Men inclined to make conditions,
And a host of wary foes,
Compassed round the ruling faction :
But a certain line of action
They incontinently chose :
And with great determination,
And extreme discrimination,
Not untouched by exaltation,
After proper preparation,
And profound examination,

Wrought it out with a "lamation,
And each other's approbation,
Till the national taxation
Not unnaturally rose.

To the nation now o"urred an
Opportunity of saying
What they thought about the burden
Which the government was laying
On their shoulders : and they said it
In uncompromising terms :—
" Your behaviour would discredit
Tigers, crocodiles, and worms ;
You have ruined and disgraced us,
And su"essfully effaced us
From the proud commanding station
Where the zeal and penetration
of our ancestors had placed us.
Go ! we are a ruined nation ;
But before our dissolution
We pronounce your condemnation—
Sappers of our constitution,
Slayers of our reputation ! "

But the nation—mark the moral,
For its value is untold—
During each su"essive quarrel
Grew and prospered as of old.

SIR DWEN SEAMAN

Castles on the Sand

TOWARD your fortress, bravely planned—
Moat and bridge and towers and keep—
Little waves steal up the strand,
Nearer creep and nearer creep ;
Nobody can stop a tide ;
King Canute was told he could,
But he knew before he tried
That it wasn't any good.

Now your moat is full of wet,
Which is what a moat is for ;
Now your tumbled ramparts get
Badly mixed up with the floor ;
But you chose this fatal site
Knowing well you must be downed.
And you'll laugh for pure delight
When the topmost tower is drowned.

Ah I but you who dare the sea,
Who, with life still at the morn,
Better than a victory
Love to lead a chance forlorn.
Will you, when you're not so small,
Build, for safety, up the beach,
Where the tide, however tall,
Isn't tall enough to reach ?

Will you build on solid rock
(This is much the best address),
Run no risk of any shock,
Take the line of safe su"ess ?

Will you no more love to play
Losing games ? Why, so, my son,
You'll be following wisdom's way,
But—it won't be half the fun !

RUDYARD KIPLING

A Smuggler's Song

IF you wake at midnight, and hear a horse's feet,
Don't go drawing back the blind, or looking in the
street.

Them that asks no questions isn't told a lie.

Watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go by 1

Five and twenty ponies,

Trotting through the dark —

Brandy for the Parson,

'Ba'y for the Clerk ;

Laces for a lady, letters for a spy,

And watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen
go by I

Running round the woodlump if you chance to find
Little barrels, roped and tarred, all full of brandy-wine,
Don't you shout to come and look, nor take 'em for your

play,

Put the brishwood back again — and they'll be gone
next day !

If you see the stable-door setting open wide ;

If you see a tired horse lying down inside ;

If your mother mends a coat cut about and tore ;

If the lining's wet and warm — don't you ask no more !

If you meet King George's men, dressed in blue and red,

You be careful what you say, and mindful what is said.

If they call you "pretty maid ", and chuck you 'neath
the chin,

Don't you tell where no one is, nor yet where no one's
been I

Knocks and footsteps round the house—whistles after
dark—

You've no call for running out till the house-dogs bark.
Trusty's here, and *Pinchers* here, and see how dumb they
lie—

They don't fret to follow when the Gentlemen go by !

If you do as you've been told, 'likely there's a chance,
You'll be give a dainty doll, all the way from France,
With a cap of Valenciennes, and a velvet hood—
A present from the Gentlemen, along D' being good !

Five and twenty ponies,
Trotting through the dark—
Brandy for the Parson,
'Ba"y for the Clerk.

Them that asks no questions isn't told a lie—
Watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go by !

MD5TYN T. PIGDTT

The Hundred 'Best' Books

FIRST there's the Bible,
And then the Koran,
Ddgers on Libel,
Pope's Essay on Man,
Confessions of Rousseau,
The Essays of Lamb,
Robinson Crusoe
And Omar Khayyam,
Volumes of Shelley
And Venerable Bede,
Machiavelli
And Captain Mayne Reid,
Fox upon Martyrs
And Liddell and Scott,
Stubbs on the Charters,
The works of La Matte,
The Seasons by Thomson,
And Paul de Verlaine,
Theodore Mommsen
And Clemens [Mark Twain),
The Rocks of Hugh Miller,
The Mill on the Floss,
The Poems of Schiller,
The IliadDS,
Don Quixote (Cervantes),
La Pucelle by Voltaire,
Inferno [that's Dante's),
And Vanity Fair,
Conybeare-Howson,
Brillat-Savarin,

And Baron Munchausen,
 Mademoiselle De Maupin,
 The oramas of Marlowe
 The Three Musketeers,
 Clarissa Harlowe,
 And the Pioneers,
 Sterne's Tristram Shandy,
 The Ring and the Book,
 And Handy Andy,
 And Captain Cook,
 The Plato of Jowett,
 And Mill's Pol. Econ.,
 The Haunts of Howitt,
 The Encheiridion,
 Lothair by Disraeli,
 And Bo''a''io,
 The Student's Paley,
 And Westward Ho I
 The Pharmacopeia,
 Macaulay's Lays,
 of coursA The Medea,
 And Sheridan's Plays,
 The Odes of Horace,
 And Verdant Green,
 The Poems of" Morris,
 The Faery Queen,
 The Stones of Venice,
 Natural History [White's),
 And then Pendennis,
 The Arabian Nights,
 Cicero's Orations,
 Plain Tahs from the Hills,
 The Wealth of Nations,
 And Byles on Bills,
 As in a Glass Darkly,
 Demosthenes' Crown,
 The Treatise of Berkeley,
 Tom Hughes's Tom Brown,
 The Mahabharata,
 The Humour of Hook,

The Kreutzer Sonata,
And Lalla Rookh,
Great Battles by Creasy,
And Hudibras,
And Midshipman Easy,
And Rasselas,
Shakespeare *in ex tens o*
And the jEneid,
And Euclid (Colenso),
The Woman who Did,
Foe's Tales of Mystery,
Then Rabelais,
Guizot's French History,
And Men of the Day,
Rienzi, by Lytton,
The Poems of Burns,
The Story of Britain,
The Journey [that's Sterne's),
The House of Seven Gables,
Carroll's Looking-Glass,
/FLsop his Fables
And Leaves of Grass,
Departmental Ditties,
The Woman in White,
The Tale of Two Cities,
Ships that Pass in the Night,
Meredith's Feverel,
Gibbon's Decline,
Walter Scott's Peveril,
And—some verses of mine,

ST, JOHN HANKIN

De Gustibus

I AM an unadventurous man,
And always go upon the plan
of shunning danger where I can.

And so I fail to understand
Why every year a stalwart band
of tourists go to Switzerland,

And spend their time for several weeks,
With quaking hearts and pallid cheeks,
Scaling abrupt and windy peaks.

In fact, I'm old enough to find
Climbing of almost any kind
Is very little to my mind.

A mountain summit white with snow
Is an attractive sight, I know,
But why not see *it from be/ow* ?

Why leave the hospitable plain
And scale Mont Blanc with toil and pain
Merely to scramble down again ?

Some men pretend they think it bliss
To clamber up a precipice
or dangle over an abyss,

To crawl along a mountain side,
Supported by a rope that's tied
—Not too securely—to a guide ;

But such pretences, it is clear,
In the aspiring mountaineer
Are usually insincere.

And many a climber, I'll be bound,
Whom scarped and icy crags surround,
Wishes himself on level ground.

So I, for one, do not propose
To cool my comfortable toes
In regions of perpetual snows,

As long as I can take my ease,
Fanned by a soothing southern breeze,
Under the shade of English trees.

And any one who leaves my share
Of English fields and English air
May take the Alps for aught I care I

HILAIRE BELLOC

Lord J'inchky

LDRD FINCHLEY tried to mend the Electric Light
Himself. It struck him dead : And serve him right I
It is the business of the wealthy man
To give employment to the artisan.

The Happy Journalist

I LOVE to walk about at night
By nasty lanes and corners foul,
All shielded from the unfriendly light
And independent as the owl.

By dirty grates I love to lurk ;
I often stoop to take a squint
At printers working at their work.
I muse upon the rot they print.

The beggars please me, and the mud :
The editors beneath their lamps
As—Mr. Howl demanding blood,
And Lord Retender stealing stamps.

And Mr. Bing instructing liars,
His elder son composing trash ;
Beaufort (whose real name is Meyers)
Refusing anything but cash.

I like to think of Mr. Meyers,
I like to think of Mr. Bing.

I like to think about the liars :
It pleases me, that sort of thing.

Policemen speak to me, but I,
Remembering my civic rights,
Neglect them and do not reply.
I iDve to walk about at nights !

At twenty-five to four I bunch
Across a cab I can't afford.
I ring for breakfast after lunch.
I am as happy as a lord I

Matilda

Who told Lies, and was turned to Death

MATILDA told such oreadful Lies,
It made one Gasp and Stretch one's Eyes ;
Her Aunt, who, from her Earliest Youth,
Had kept a Strict Regard for Truth,
Attempted to Believe Matilda :
The effort very nearly killed her,
And would have done so, had not She
Discovered this Infirmary.
For once, towards the Close of Day,
Matilda, growing tired of play,
And finding she was left alone,
Went tiptoe to the Telephone
And summoned the Immediate Aid
Of London's Noble Fire-Brigade.
Within an hour the Gallant Band
Were pouring in on every hand,
From Putney, Hackney Downs, and Bow
With Courage high and Hearts a-glow
They galloped, roaring through the Town,
" Matilda's House is Burning Down ! "
Inspired by British Cheers and Loud
Proceeding from the Frenzied Crowd, .

They ran their ladders through a score
Of windows on the Ball Room Floor ;
And Jopk Peculiar Pains to Souse
The Pictures up and down the House,
Until Matilda's Aunt su"eeded
In showing them they were not needed ;
And even then she had to pay
To get the men to go away !

It happened that a few Weeks later
Her Aunt was off to the Theatre
To see that Interesting Play
The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.
She had refused to take her Niece
To hear this Entertaining Piece :
A Deprivation Just and Wise
To Punish her for Telling Lies.
That Night a Fire *did* break out—
You should have heard Matilda Shout!
You should have heard her Scream and Bawl,
And throw the window up and call
To People passing in the Street—
[The rapidly increasing Heat
Encouraging her to obtain
Their confidence)—but all in vain !
For every time She shouted " Fire ! "
They only answered " Little Liar ! "
And therefore when her Aunt returned,
Matilda, and the House, were Burned.

HARRY GRAHAM

The 'Bath

BRDAD is the Gate and wide the Path
That leads man to his daily bath ;
But ere you spend the shining hour
With plunge and spray, with sluice and show'r—
With all that teaches you to dread
The bath as little as your bed—
Remember, whereso'er you be,
To shut the door and turn the key.

I had a friend—my friend no more—
Who failed to bolt the bath-room door ;

A maiden aunt of his, one day,
Walked in, as half-submerged he lay.

She did not notice nephew John,
And turned the boiling water on.

He had no time, nor even scope,
To camouflage himself with soap,
But gave a yell and flung aside
The sponge 'neath which he sought to hide.

It fell to earth I know not where.
He beat his breast in his despair,

And then, like Venus from the foam,
Sprang into view, and made for home.

His aunt fell fainting to the ground.
Alas ! they never brought her round.

She died, intestate, in her prime,
The victim of another's crime ;

And John can never quite forget
How, by a breach of etiquette,
He lost, at one fell swoop (or plunge),
His aunt, his honour, and his sponge.

WALTER DE LA MARE

The Little Creature

TWINKUM, twankum, twirlum, twitch—
My great-grandam—She was a Witch,
Mouse in Wainscot, Saint in niche—
My great-grandam—She was a Witch ;
Deadly nightshade flowers in a ditch—
My great-grandatn—She was a Witch ;
Long though the shroud, it grows stitch by stitch—
My great-grandam—She was a Witch ;
Wean your weakling before you breech—
My great-grandam—She was a Witch ;
The fattest pig's but a double flitch—
My great-grandam—She was a Witch ;
Nightjars rattle, owls scritch—
My great-grandam—She was a Witch.

Pretty and small,
A mere nothing at all,
Pinned up sharp in the ghost of a shawl,
She'd straddle her down to the kirkyard wall,
And mutter and whisper and call,
And call . . .

Red blood out and black blood in,
My Nannie says I'm a child of sin.
How did I choose me my witchcraft kin ?
Know I as soon as dark's dreams begin
Snared is my heart in a nightmare's gin ;
Never from terror I out may win ;
So—dawn and dusk—I pine, peak, thin,
Scarcely beknowing t'other from which—
My great-grandam—She was a Witch.

SAMUEL CHARLES

The Everlasting Plumber

(With Apologies to Mr. Masfield)

FRDM"BI to '84

I played with putty on the floor.
I left the kitchen taps to run,
I turned the passage gases on.
My dad 'e made a precious row.
D'Lord, I am so sorry now.

In '96 my father said

"That boy of ours were better dead.
He's thirsty, dirty, greedy, lazy,
He will not work, he drives me cra2y.
He's not a helpful lad like some are,
He's only good to be a plumber.
I'll turn him out, I'll make him plumb—"
That was the year the big frost come.

A plumber's road to getting profit
Is making work and keeping of it.
Is playing Man before the Fall,
Is pulling down great chunks of wall.
Is cutting pipes in various places,
Is wasting time and leaving traces.
He deals with women more than men
Through having of him in agen,
They leave his dinner on the 'ob;
My stars ! it is an easy job.

That awful time, that crool December
Which oldish 'arses can remember,

The year the waves broke all the shipping
And those fat gentlemen kep' slipping,
I crossed the road, I'd had a drop,
When Mrs. Kipps flew in the shop.
" O, will you hurry, can you Lome ? "
" Hold steady, I'm a-coming, mum."

" The pipes is busted."

"Busted where ? "

" And flood the stairs.

D dear, D dear."

There was a fog came on the winder
With all the breath she left be'ind 'er.

I put a lot down in the bill
For running all up 'Ampstead '11
With 'eavy tools, which isn't easy,
Although it was a thor, not freezy.
D Lor I my 'eart sank when I seed 'em,

G. K. CHESTERTON

Wine and Water

OLD Noah he had an ostrich farm and fowls on the
largest scale,
He ate his egg with a ladle in an egg-cup big as a pail,
And the soup he took was Elephant Soup and the fish
he took was Whale,
But they all were small to the cellar he took when he set
out to sail,
And Noah he often said to his wife when he sat down to
dine,
" I don't care where the water goes if it doesn't get into
the wine."

The cataract of the cliff of heaven fell blinding off the
brink
As if it would wash the stars away as suds go down a
sink,
The seven heavens came roaring down for the throats of
hell to drink,
And Noah he cocked his eye and said, " It looks like
rain, I think,
The water has drowned the Matterhorn as deep as a
Mendip mine,
But I don't care where the water goes if it doesn't get
into the wine."

But Noah he sinned, and we have sinned ; on tipsy feet
we trod,
Till a great big black teetotaller was sent to us for a rod,
And you can't get wine at a P.S.A., or chapel, or
Eisteddfod,

For the Curse of Water has come again because of the
 wrath of God,
And water is an the Bishop's board and the Higher
 Thinker's shrine,
But I don't care where the water goes if it doesn't get
 into the wine.

Song of TJog Qupodle

THEY haven't got no noses,
The fallen sons of Eve ;
Even the smell of roses
Is not what they supposes ;
But more than mind discloses
And more than men believe.

They haven't got no noses,
They cannot even tell
When door and darkness closes
The park a Jew encloses,
Where even the law of Moses
Will let you steal a smell.

The brilliant smell of water,
The brave smell of a stone,
The smell af dew and thunder,
The old bones buried under,
Are things in which they blunder
And err, if left alone.

The wind from winter forests,
The scent of scentless flowers,
The breath of brides' adorning,
The smell of snare and warning,
The smell of Sunday morning,
God gave to us for ours.

And Quoodle here discloses
All things that Quoadie can
They haven't got no noses

They haven't got no noses,
And goodness only knowses
The Noselessness of Man.

The Logical Vegetarian

You will find me drinking rum,
Like a sailor in a slum,
You will find me drinking beer like a Bavarian.
You will find me drinking gin
In the lowest kind of inn,
Because I am a rigid Vegetarian.

So I cleared the inn of wine,
And I tried to climb the sign,
And I tried to hall the constable as " Marion ",
But he said I couldn't speak,
And he bowled me to the Beak,
Because I was a Happy Vegetarian.

Oh, I knew a Doctor Gluck,
And his nose it had a hook,
And his attitudes were anything but Aryan ;
Sol gave him all the pork
That I had, upon a fork,
Because I am myself a Vegetarian.

I am silent in the Club,
I am silent in the pub,
I am silent on a bally peak in Darien;
For I stuff away for life,
Shoving peas in with a knife,
Because I am at heart a Vegetarian.

No more the milk of cows
Shall pollute my private house
Than the milk of the wild mares of the Barbarian.
I will stick to port and sherry,
For they are so very, very,
So very, very, very Vegetarian.

J O H N M A S E F I E L D

John Silver

WE were schooner-rigged and rakish, with a long and
 lissome hull,
 And we flew the pretty colours of the cross-bones and
 the skull;
 We'd a big black Jolly Roger flapping grimly at the fore,
 And we sailed the Spanish Water in the happy days of
 yore.

We'd a long brass gun amidships, like a well-conducted
 ship,
 We had each a brace of pistols and a cutlass at the hip ;
 It's a point which tells against us, and a fact to be
 deplored,
 But we chased the goodly merchant-men and laid their
 ships aboard.

Then the dead men fouled the scuppers and the wounded
 filled the chains,
 And the paint-work all was spatter-dashed with other
 people's brains,
 She was boarded, she was looted, she was scuttled till
 she sank.
 And the pale survivors left us by the medium of the
 plank.

D ! then it was [while standing by the taffrail on the
 poop)
 We could hear the drowning folk lament the absent
 chicken-CDop ;

Then having washed the blood away, we'd little else to
do
Than to dance a quiet hornpipe as the old salts taught us
to.

Oh ! the fiddle on the fo'c's'le, and the slapping naked
soles,
And the genial " Down the middle, Jake, and curtsey
when she rolls I "
With the silver seas around us and the pale moon over-
head,
And the look-out not a-looking and his pipe-bowl
glowing red.

Ah ! the pig-tailed, quidding pirates and the pretty
pranks we played,
All have since been put a stop-to by the naughty Board
of Trade;
The schooners and the merry crews are laid away to
rest,
A little south the sunset in the Islands of the Blest.

E. V. K N D X

The Water Zoo

*[On the opening of the Aquarium at the London
Zoological Gardens)*

*Today I have seen all I wish,
For I have seen four thousand fish,
Inscrutable and rum,
Observing me with solemn eyes
That hold no anger or surprise,
In the Aquarium.*

*Because they float about my brain,
Tomorrow I should like to come,
And see four thousand fish again.*

For there are pike and trout and carp,
And fish with faces long and sharp,
And wrasse with their mosaic scales,
And oblong fish that have no tails ;
Fresh-water and soft-water fellows,
And fish with valves that work like bellows
And fish that leap and fish that crawl,
And great octopodes a-sprawl,
Inside those aqueous mysteries
Below the Mappin Terraces ;
And golden fish with filmy skirts
That move like Oriental flirts,
And rainbow-coloured fish that seem
Like sunsets dipped into a stream,
And silver fish with dusky bars
That float beneath the nenuphars,
And tiny fish of Paradise,

And fish with furry backs, like mice,
And fish that lay their eggs on land
By leaping, as I understand,
And placing them on grass, but yet
Must splash about to keep them wet ;
The sea-hare, which is like a slug,
The wolf-fish with an awful mug,
And sharks with faces mild and prim,
Like schoolgirls, elegantly slim—
You would not dream that underneath
That tiny mouth had all those teeth—
And humorous turtles that advance
As though in some Salome dance,
And hermit-crabs that have the sense
To use a whelk-shell residence
To walk about within the sea,
Whereon there sprouts, most luckily,
A poisonDus anemone.

And there are fish that kiss and climb,
And fish that croak, though not in rhyme,
And sucking-fish that hang on rocks,
And eels that give electric shocks,
And fish that turn a rosy pink—
From sheer false modesty, I think—
And fish that, floating on the tide
Transparent, show their whole inside ;
Not ray-fish these, but, should you wish,
They may be termed the X-ray fish ;
And flat fish with their eyes askew,
All buried, save those eyes, from view
Beneath the clean white sand, until
With rippling movements they ascend
To eat some portion of a friend
Thrown in by keepers from the top ;
And fish that always seem to stop
Lying in one place, dull as lead,
Although you tap quite near their head ;
And salamanders dark and dire,
And axolutls, whose desire

To be a salamander fills
Their bosom with e"tatic thrills ;
But no—the awful hand of Fate
Prevents them from that longed-for state :
Far grow to be a salamander
(Though striving with uncommon candour
And patient as a nurse or aunt)
The axolotl simply can't;
Because of his peculiar gland
He may not hope to salamand ;
His life's ambition forced to throttle,
He still remains an axolotl.
And there the crayfish or langouste
On craggy rocks is seen to roost. .

*Today I have seen all I wish,
For I have seen four thousandfish;
Inscrutable and rum,
Observing me with solemn eyes
That hold no anger or surprise,
In the Aquarium.*

*Because they float about my brain,
Tomorrow I should like to come,
And see four thousand fish again.*

A. A, MILNE

The Dormouse and the Doctor

THERE once was a Dormouse who lived in a bed
of delphiniums [blue) and geraniums [red),
And all the day long he'd a wonderful view
of geraniums [red) and delphiniums (blue).

A Doctor came hurrying round, and he said :
" Tut-tut I am sorry to find you in bed.
Just say ^c Ninety-nine ', while I look at your chest. . . .
Don't you find that chrysanthemums answer the best ? "

The Dormouse looked round at the view and replied
[When he'd said " Ninety-nine ") that he'd tried and
he'd tried,
And much the most answering things that he knew
Were geraniums [red) and delphiniums [blue).

The Doctor stood frowning and shaking his head,
And he took up his shiny silk hat as he said :
" What the patient requires is a change," and he went
To see some chrysanthemum people in Kent.

The Dormouse lay there, and he gazed at the view
of geraniums (red) and delphiniums (blue),
And he knew there was nothing he wanted instead
of delphiniums [blue) and geraniums [red).

The Doctor came hack and to show what he meant,
He had brought some chrysanthemum cuttings from
Kent.

" Now these," he remarked, " give a *much* better view
Than geraniums [red) and delphiniums (blue)."

They took out their spades and they dug up the bed
of delphiniums (blue) and geraniums [red),
And they planted chrysanthemums (yellow and white),
" And now," said the Doctor, " we'll *soon* have you
right."

The Dormouse looked out, and he said with a sigh :
" I suppose all these people know better than I.
It was silly, perhaps, but I *did* like the view
Of geraniums (red) and delphiniums [blue)."

The Doctor came round and examined his chest,
And ordered him Nourishment, Toni", and Rest.
" How very effective," he said, as he shook
The thermometer, " all these chrysanthemums look I "

The Dormouse turned over to shut out the sight
of the endless chrysanthemums [yellow and white).
" How lovely," he thought, " to be back in a bed
of delphiniums (blue) and geraniums (red),"

The Doctor said, " Tut ! It's another attack I "
And ordered him Milk and Massage-of-the-back,
And Freedom-frcm-worry and orives-in-a-car,
And murmured, " How sweet your chrysanthemums
are I "

The Dormouse lay there with his paws to his eyes,
And imagined himself such a pleasant surprise ;
" I'll *pretend* the chrysanthemums turn to a bed
of delphiniums [blue) and geraniums (red) 1 "

The Doctor next morning was rubbing his hands,
And saying, " There's nobody quite understands
These cases as I do I The cure has begun I
How fresh the chrysanthemums look in the sun I "

The Dormouse lay happy, his eyes were so tight
He could see no chrysanthemums, yellow or white,
And all that he felt at the back of his head
Were delphiniums (blue) and geraniums (red).

*And that is the reason [Aunt Emily said]
If a Dormouse gets in a chrysanthemum bed,
You mil find ;so Aunt Emily says) that he lies
Fast asleep on his front with his paws to his eyes.*

SIR JOHN SQUIRE

*If Tope had written "'Break, Wreak, **Break**'"*

FLY, Muse, thy wonted themes, nor longer seek
The consolations of a powder³d cheek ;
Forsake the busy purlieus of the Court
For calmer meads where finny tribes resort,
So may th¹ Almighty's natural antidote
Abate the worldly tenour of thy note,
The various beauties of the liquid main
Refine thy reed and elevate thy strain.

See how the labour of the urgent oar
Propels the barks and draws them to the shore,
Hark I from the margin of the azure bay
The joyful cries of infants at their play.
[The offspring of a piscatorial swain,
His home the sands, his pasturage the main.)
Yet none of these may soothe the mourning heart,
Nor fond alleviation's sweets impart;
Nor may the pow'rs of infants that rejoice
Restore the a"ents of a former voice,
Nor the bright smiles of ocean's nymphs command
The pleasing contact of a vanished hand.

So let me still in meditation move,
Muse in the vale and ponder in the grove,
And scan the skies where sinking Phoebus glows
With hues more rubicund than Gibber's nose. . . .

RUPERT BRD DKE

The Little Dog's Way

*ALL in the town were still asleep,
When the sun came up with a shout and a leap.
In the lonely streets unseen by man,
A little dog danced. And tki day began.*

All his life he'd been good, as far as he could.
And the poor little beast had done all that he should.
But this morning he swore, by Ddin and Thor
And the Canine Valhalla—he'd stand it no more !

So his prayer he got granted—to do just what he
wanted,
Prevented by none, for the space of one day.
"Jam incipiebo,¹ sedere facebo",²
In dog-Latin he quoth, " *Euge ! sophos ! hurray I* "

He fought with the he-dogs, and winked at the she-
dogs,
A thing that had never been *beared* of before.
" For the stigma of gluttony, I care not a button I " he
Cried, and ate all he could swallow—and more.

He took sinewy lumps from the shins of old frumps,
And mangled the errand-boys—when he could get 'em,
He shammed furious *rabies*, and bit all the babies,
And followed the cats up the trees, and then ate 'em !

They thought 'twas the devil was holding a revel,
And sent for the parson to drive him away ;

¹ Now we're off.

² /'//make them sit up.

For the town never knew such a hullabaloo
As that little dog raised—till the end of that day.

*When the blood-red sun had gone burning down,
And the lights were lit in the little town,
Outside, in the gloom of the twilight grey,
The little dog died when he'd had his day.*

EDITH SITWELL

Three Toor Witches

WHIRRING, walking
On the tree-top,
Three poor witches
Mow and mop.
Three poor witches
Fly on switches
Of a broom,
From their cottage room.
Like goat's beard rivers,
Black and lean,
Are Moll and Meg,
And Myrrhaline.
" Of those whirring witches, Meg "
[Bird-voiced fire screams)
" Has one leg ;
Moll has two, on tree-tops see,
Goat-foot Myrrhaline has three ! "
When she walks
Turned to a wreath
Is every hedge ;
She walks beneath
Flowered trees like water
Splashing down;
Her rich and dark silk
Plumcake gown
Has folds so stiff
It stands alone
Within the fields
When she is gone.
And when she walks

Upon the ground
You'd never know
How she can bound
Upon the tree-tops, for she creeps
With a snail's slow silver pace ;
Her milky silky wrinkled face
Shows no sign of her disgrace.
But walking on each
Leafy tree-top—
Those old witches,
See them hop !
Across the blue-leaved
Mulberry tree
Of the rustling
Bunched sea,
To China, thick trees whence there floats
From wrens' and finches' feathered throats
Songs. The North Pole is a tree
With thickest chestnut flowers. . . . We see
Them whizz and turn
Through Lisbon, churn
The butter-pats to coins of gold,
Sheep's milk to muslin, thin and cold.
Then one on one leg,
One on two,
One on three legs
Home they flew
To their cottage ; there one sees
And hears no sound but wind in trees ;
One candle spills out thick gold coins
Where quilted dark with tree shade joins.

F. W. HARVEY

Ducks

I

FROM troubles of the world
I turn to ducks,
Beautiful comical things
Sleeping or curled
Their heads beneath white wings
By water cool,
or finding curious things
To eat in various mucks
Beneath the pool,
Tails uppermost, or waddling
Sailor-like on the shores
Of ponds, or paddling
—Left ! right !—with fanlike feet
Which are for steady oars
When they (white galleys) float,
Each bird a boat
Rippling at will the sweet
Wide waterway. . . .
When night is fallen you creep
Upstairs, but drakes and dillies
Nest with pale water-stars,
Moonbeams and shadow bars,
And water-lilies :
Fearful too much to sleep,
Since they've no locks
To click against the teeth
of weasel and fox.

And warm beneath
Are *eggs of* cloudy green
Whence hungry rats and lean
Would stealthily suck
New life, but for the mien,
The bold ferocious mien
of the mother-duck.

II

Yes, ducks are valiant things
On nests of twigs and straws,
And ducks are soothly things
And lovely on the lake
When that the sunlight draws
Thereon their pictures dim
In colours cool.
And when beneath the pool
They dabble, and when they swim
And make their rippling rings,
O ducks are beautiful things !

But ducks are comical things :—
As comical as you.

Quack 1

They waddle round, they do.
They eat all sorts of things,
And then they quack.
By barn and stable and stack
They wander at their will,
But if you go too near,
They look at you through black
Small topaz-tinted eyes
And wish you ill.
Triangular and clear,
They leave their curious track
In mud at the water's edge,
And there amid the sedge
And slime they gobble and peer
Saying " Quack ! Quack ! "

III

When God had finished the stars and whirl of coloured
suns
He turned His mind from big things to fashion little
ones,
Beautiful tiny things (like daisies) He made, and then
He made the comical ones in case the minds of men
Should stiffen and become
Dull, humourless and glum :
And so forgetful of their Maker be
As to take even themselves—*quite seriously*.
Caterpillars and cats are lively and excellent puns :
All God's jokes are good—even the practical ones !
And as for the duck, I think God must have smiled a
bit
Seeing those bright eyes blink on the day He fashioned
it.
And He's probably laughing still at the sound that came
out of its bill!

A. P. HERBERT

Mr. Turpentine

BRING me an oyster, bring me five or six,
Bring me a bottle of the best white wine,
Bring me a sole done up with fancy-tricks—
Let me, in short, most generously dine;
And then, when I am warm and fed,
When all the world looks round and red,
Fill up, and solemnly be said
A hideous curse on Mr. Turpentine I

*Confound you, Mr. Turpentine !
Confound you, Mr. Turpentine !
Confound'you, Mr. Turpentine !
Misfortune dog your name I
Rats bite your nails,
And hairy scales
Appear upon your frame !
May any horse which you select
Have some congenital defect,
And at the post
Give up the ghost
Or suddenly be lame !
May Bulls and Bears
Mess up your shares,
And, if some foolish girl
Has sweetly smiled upon you, oh !
May she incontinently throw
You over for an Earl !
D may your nose go red and shine !
D may you catch a chill !
Confound you, Mr. Turpentine !
I wish you very ill!*

No, do not ask the details of his case
 Nor what gross injury the man has done
 It were a shame to tell you in this place ;
 I simply mention that he fouls the sun.
 Then drink your healths, fill, drink the King,
 orink Church and State, drink anything,
 But fill again, and madly sing
 An awful doom for Mr. Turpentine 1

*Confound you, Mr. Turpentine !
 Confound you, Mr. Turpentine !
 Confound you, Mr. Turpentine !
 The Furies do you brown !
 D may you buy
 When things are high.,
 And sell when they are down !
 O may the Inland Revenue
 Conceive a strong dislike for you.,
 And sometimes hale
 You off to jail
 For owing half-a-crown !
 And when you pass
 A looking-glass
 D may you start and cry
 With new conviction every night,
 " That is a most unpleasant sight—
 My goodness, is it I / "
 D may your nose go red and shine I
 D may you catch a chill I
 Confound you, Mr. Turpentine,
 I wish you very ill!*

Alas, a mellowness pervades my brain ;
 How fatal is the influence of wine I
 My darned good-nature moves in me again,
 I cannot curse you, Mr. Turpentine !
 Nay, Turpentine, I sigh for you.
 Though I detest the things you do,
 You cannot help yourself, it's true—
 Ah, let us pray for Mr. Turpentine

O blessyou, Mr. Turpentine I
O blessyou, Mr. Turpentine!
D blessyou, Mr. Turpentine,
I wishyou well andfair !
 Good angels take
 Yourface and make
Some suitable refair;
Good fairies wrestle with your mind
And leaveyou sweet and clean and kind,
 But mayyou not
 Discover what
A horrid thingyou were !
 May men applaud
 Your vilest fraud
And trustyou once again ;
And may that fond andfoolish girl
Abandon her beloved Earl
 And live withyou in Spain !
D Turpentine, a glass of wine!
 What use is it to curse ?
God madeyou, Mr. Turpentine,
 And how can man do worse

HILTON BRDWN

The fyttage

I KNOW a wood on the top of a hill,
Hyacinth-carpeted March till May,
Where nights are wonderful, soft and still,
And a deep-sea twilight hangs all day ;
The loving labour of fairy hands
Has made it heavenly fine to see,
And just outside it the cottage stands,
The cottage that doesn't belong to me.
A cottage, mind,
And I'm sure you'd find
It was damp and dirty and very confined;
Oh, quite an ordinary keeper's cottage
That doesn't belong to me.

Creatures people the wood at night;
Peaceable animals come and play ;
Pan's own pipes, if you hear aright,
Charm you on as you go your way ;
And all the Arcady folk of yore
Make songs of the days that used to be,
Which carry perhaps to the cottage door,
The cottage that doesn't belong to me.
But it's miles from town
And its tumble-down,
And the woodwork's done and the slates are
brown,
No, one couldn't really live in the cottage
That doesn't belong to me.

Fair be the towns by the river-side,
Maidenhead, Richmond, Henley, Kcw,

Crammed with cottages far and wide,
The thing for people like me and you ;
But I think of the haunting forest-lights
And a path that wanders from tree to tree,
Where the man of the cottage might walk D' nights,
The cottage that doesn't belong to me.
And it may be wrong,
But it won't be long
Before the feeling becomes too strong
And I'll go and jolly well get that cottage
That doesn't belong to me.

J. B. MORTON

The Wanting (Cabman

ALDNE **on the lawn**
The cabman dances ;
In the dew of dawn
He kicks and prances.
His bowler is set
On his bullet head.
Far his boots are wet,
And his aunt is dead.
There on the lawn,
As the light advances,
On the tide of the dawn,
The cabman dances.

Swift and strong
As a garden roller,
He dances along
In his little bowler,
Skimming the lawn
With royal grace,
The dew of the dawn
On his great red face.
To fairy flutes,
As the light advances,
In square black boots
The cabman dances.

DDRDTHY MARGARET STUART

On the Quay

1770

" Who are you, my little man,
Sitting woebegone and wan,
With your little bundle by your side,
Waiting for the tide ?

" You are very small to go to sea,
And I wonder what your fate will be ;
Fever, or shot, or Captain's sword,
or — *Midshipman overboard !*

" But don't be doleful. Lift up your head,
Here's an apple for you, and some ginger
bread —
Now, boy, who did you say you were?"
" Horatio Nelson, sir."

GUY BOAS

The Repertory Actor

THE repertory actor earns
My very high respect,
For think of all the parts he learns
And has to recollect ;
And when he acts in Shakespeare's plays
His life's an almost hopeless maze.

On Monday, as *Antonio*,
He dodges *Shylock's* knife ;
On Tuesday, being *Prospero*,
He leads the simple life ;
On Thursday he must go to death
As *Lear* ; on Friday as *Macbeth*.

At Wednesday's matinee he's made
To play the fool and chaff
As *Touchstone*, or as *Quince* he's paid
To make the children laugh ;
At night he must appear again
To play the melancholy Dane.

. . . : . . .
Oh, why is *Juliet* amazed ?
Why does she turn her back
On *Romeo*, and look so dazed ?
By Jove, his face is black I
He thinks it is the night, poor fellow,
On which he has to play *Othello*.

The Incurable

HE didn't like authority ; D'Kelly was his name ;
He wouldn't do a stroke of work or play a single game ;
They did their best to make him, but it wasn't any use,
He resisted all coercion and was deaf to all abuse.

·
Their efforts to instruct him he persistently ignored ;
He wouldn't look at anything they wrote upon the
board ;
He wouldn't construe *Casar* or attempt a simple sum,
And when they asked him questions he pretended he
was dumb.

He wouldn't rise for early school, he wouldn't go to
bed,
He wouldn't answer " *Adsum* " when the call-over was
read ;
He wouldn't blow the organ, and he wouldn't write out
lines,
And when he lost the lib'ry books he wouldn't pay the
fines.

He wouldn't cap the masters and he wouldn't call them
" Sir " ;
The prefects tried to make him fag but he declined to
stir ;
He was cheeky to the matron, he was saucy to the maids,
He was very insubordinate on A.T.L. parades.

He wouldn't keep in bounds, and they discovered him
one day
Very early in the morning breaking out to run away ;
As this clearly was the moment their authority to show,
The Head expelled D'Kelly, but D'Kelly wouldn't go.

IAN SERRAILLER

The Weaver "Birds

I

THIS is the jungle of no land you know ;
swings no broadaxe, man dwells not here ; in blessed
abode all creatures-are fast friends,
tiger and wolf, gazelle and panther, ant
and grizzly bear ; and ever and anon
in pleasant weather lion and lamb
romp merrily together.

Down the wilder-gloom
follow that trail of orchids, fiery as
peacock's tail, to yon juniper where
a nest droops from the bough—wedding home
of the weavers. All around the air is
murmurous with wings. Sing hymen,
hymenaio 1 today was their wedding.
Ring bells I

From the tunnelled nest peep
two pairs of eyes, rapture in his, in hers
lagoon and argosy of summer skies.
Their wedding gifts had been no trinklements ;
each gave to each his heart—what pledge
more loving ? True love he sang, John the groom,
from dawn to shut of day, but Jane his bride,
unique among her sex, was voiceless.
With fond fluttering of pride she listened,
eyes wonder-wide, till night-drop,
till [hush] folding of wing and loving time.
True LOVE he sang more tuneful than the lute,
the pipe, the viol, the flute, the cymbal : his

voice a still pool with seven swans
afloat to minstrelsy and ripple of harp
long echo-echoing, ah long.

Sudden, in green flame a parrot flings
screaming overhead. What terror was that ?
Who tears down the jungle ? Cowed, the weavers
fled to their nest, peered out timorous,
atune. Louder the tear of tree and crash
of felling, till lo ! down the clearing
a swell company intrudes. " Mercy, it's
the Emperor I " gasped John.

ii

With hoof-hoof
of elephants [lash, you tough tuskers, uproot
and raze all-quiet nature I), with pomp and circumstance
he trod down the jungle—he, the Emperor,
lord of realms, most mighty, most puissant, beaming
from howdah down on his hunters and
trappers and foresters and silken dancers
and brass band. Ho, ha ! what train and trapping I
Clash went the cymbals, and triangles
jingle-jangle-jingled in the jungle.

But toward midday they weakened and in silence
sat down to rest under the juniper tree.
" Now, husband," said Jane, " sing to the Emperor,
His visit does us honour—here's a chance
to show our gratitude."

So the weaver sang—

D lyric, melodious enchantment!
Jane : " How rapt His Highness I My love, you'd better
try that song again." Prouder he sang,
but all unwitting saw not the covetous eye,
the grasping hand. " This is stuff more sober
than my band," the Emperor was thinking.
" Suppose I took this songster home, how all
would thrill to hear him—his graceful aria,

trip and trill of his note, swell crescendo
and slim diminuendo ! " Greedily
he finished, " Let me grab him ! "

And he did.

in

Most admirable Emperor,

*You caged the bird and thought to prove
his voice would raise your palace roof.*

*What tongue is truer than yours ? what truth
is wiser than your wisdom tooth ?*

*Hut you' ll be waiting long and long
to hear the weaver's hting song
for it was voiceless Jane you took
not John.*

IV

Poor John, bndeless, alone, forlorn ! in
the loveless jungle lonely as the dead,
his eye big as a well with tears, his heart
woeful as the world, his voice—? seven swans
a-drowning on the broken pool, no harp,
no minstrelsy. Sang he no more.

Then despair

quick as a crocodile snapped jaw
and swallowed him. Blind, round and round
in that rumble-tortured belly he floundered.

" Cheer up I " piped the lamb.

" Courage, husband ! " roared
the lion.

" Go seek her, bring her back ! " advised
the panther.

" Bring her back, bring her back ! "
the jungle echoed.

And the weaver heard.

Hope sparkled in his eye. *Cheer up, go seek her !
bring her back his bride !* Suddenly,

¹¹ go 1 " he cried.

V

So he shut up house and farewell flew
 far over the jungle, a day and a night
 and a day till his pinions ached. Wing-weary,
 skimming down through the trees he lighted
 where a funeral was passing, a long trail
 of mourners winding—"Ailmn I" they wailed,
 "ailinon, ailinon I"

In wander
 he watched, full a thousand corpses
 counting in a minute—they were ANTS.
 A pall-bearer shouted, "Where are you going?"
 "To the Emperor."

"What, *him*?"

They halted.

Ant to ant the word passed, "He's going to
 the Emperor." They buzzed, broke line,
 surged round him crying, "Kill him! revenge
 murder!"

In panic the weaver shouted, "Friends,
 are you mad? What wrong have I done?"

"Not you,"

said a mourner, "the Emperor's our man."

Another, "The Emperor! Put him to the sword!" and
 another, "It's the blood of his elephants
 we want. *They* razed our cities, trampled us
 to death——"

"—D take us with you," with one voice
 they implored,

"Climb into my ear,"
 said the weaver, "left ear I"

In they poured.

And the dead were left to bury their dead.

VI

And after much journeying he reached
 Pompopo, a mighty important river, and
 lighted on the brink for a drink. While he sipped,

from the watery deep basso profundo
 PompopD spoke : " Little one—ahem—may I
 entreat a word ? Where are you going ? "

"To

the Emperor."

"Sol I had heard
 a' rumour of your grievance. I too nurse
 —ahem—a grievance," he grumbled. " When
 the imperial caravanserai without passport
 hoity-toity trespassed on my billowy sea,
 the Emperor—despise him I—SPAT in me.
 Brooding some vengeance, I saw you coming.
 At once it o"urred to me—maybe
 the idea's absurd—if you had cabin room
 —ahem—I might——"

" Climb into my ear, right ear," said
 the weaver bird.

" A capital notion,"
 said the brother of Ocean. And straightway
 that tremendous billowy 'tween-rock-roiling river
 wormed from his furrow into the weaver's ear,
 packed in snug, all of him. There was just room.
 And they set forth. ,

VII

Ah, weaver, does your heart
 swoon for your bride ? HDW fares she, well or ailing,
 dead *at* alive ? With troubled heart and aching
 head (so weary weight), struggler, toil on I

From one moon to the next he journeyed.

VIII

At last to the Palace. This is it, an fair
 lawn, city of sparkling tower and minaret
 asplash from pots of gold, most glorious.
 'Twas built of old, some say from fragments of
 the sun.

The Emperor answered the door. " Your wife ?

'Od's-me-life, I'd quite forgotten her.
 Flunkey, where's the prisoner ? " [Prisoner ?
 The weaver quaked at the dungeon word.)
 " I hope she's still alive. I daresay
 you've travelled some way ? "

And he led him to
 the Elephant House, dingy and dim,
 muck-Lidoruus of beast. D cruelty and filth 1
 How the weaver's heart boiled with loathing
 for this man I

" Here she is," he announced,
 and pointed to a cage tacked to the drinking
 trough, wet with hose and fountain, dripping, ratten,
 rusty (and locked). ^{ff} This is the price of trickery,"
 he mocked.

Alas, poor Jane ! Was that sodden
 mass of feathers his bride ? She limped to the bars
 so painfully he ached for her—" Dear lave I "
 she cried.

Then anguish tore him quite. Bitterly
 he flew at the cage, beat at the bars,
 pecked at the lock in vain, fluttered around
 again ; then lighted, hopeless, on the ledge.
 " Courage, my love," he whispered. " Never tire I
 Sure, I'll find some way to set you free."

But the Emperor laughed, " We'll see ! " unlocked the
 door
 and flung the weaver in. " That'll be two
 for tea," he chuckled, and fastened the lock. " Bye, .
 bye 1 "

So, into the spider's parlour stepped the fly.

IX

In that noisome cage hour after hour they lay,
 despairing, numb at heart, yet some comfort
 to each other ; while outside, in unconcern,
 reclining royally in straw the venerable

million-wrinkled elephants winked sleepily.
 What bliss their ignorance—already the ants
 had smelt their foe and, busy in the weaver's ear,
 were marshalling battalions. "Shed no tear,"
 they said. "Joy cometh in the morning."
 And out of his head like wisdom from her fount
 they poured.

At midnight the Emperor woke. Death
 of the world, what noise was this? what monstrous
 elephant uproar? Downstairs, over
 the dark lawn [candle and pyjamas] he
 hurried to the House, opened the windy door. . . .
 The candle flickered. . . . And silence struck him,
 ghastly, no breath, no snore. . . . There in the moon-
 light
 lay his elephants, sprawled in heaps of late
 agony—the ants had stung 'em to death,
 one and all.

x

"Tomorrow, execution! Off
 with your heads I" said the Emperor. "Till then I take
 no risks. Tonight, you sleep by my bed."

'Twas a four-poster and from the cross-beam
 the weavers' cage—with cock and hen—swung
 a-tremble to the Emperor's snores. "D
 misery!" cried Jane, "to lie for ever
 helpless in this prison, no friend to save us
 from distress!"

A deep voice yawned, "No friend?"
 •'Who's that?"

"Did I hear an S.O.S.?"
 And with much splashing Pomp o p o, sleepy-head,
 hauled himself from river-bed ancf, parting
 the bulrushes, peeped from the weaver's ear:
 "I'm yours, sir, to obey."

"See the Emperor
 below?" said John. "He turns in his sleep. Quick,

before he wakes, wash him away !——"

"—but don't drown us," said Jane.

" Whatever you say."

Straightway the river poured from the weaver's Car,
 from that tiny source tremendous, till the floor
 was swimming and the swell of the tide lifted
 the bed as Noah's ark from Ararat:
 forth terrific with blood afire onrushing
 smashed the gilt windows and ground 'em down
 in boiling foam. On swept the Emperor,
 astride his thunder-bed or under, dodging
 unsoberly Scylla the minaret, Charybdis
 the pagoda—bump, breathless over a waterfall ;
 while overhead topheavy peacocks
 lurched *off* screaming in terror. How jogged
 he was and jostled, his bleeding shoulders
 scraped to the bone. And Agg the Sea-cat clawed
 him, Leviathan the whale sucked in
 his watery breath-and spouting it in geysers
 swamped him. Stout was the storm, the four-poster
 over the pinnacle waves hopped high ; yet ever
 the weavers' cage like masthead lantern
 lightly rocked above, clear of all pother.
 And the Emperor ? D wild eyes and frothing lips I
 D mouth spitting oath and mackerel ! while
 the birds exultant were singing :

*May gout cramp his little toe
 smelly fish kiss him,
 and nothing that is stickiest
 or slimiest miss him.
 Ugsome frogs', plop down his throat
 to chill his lolling belly,
 and strings of loathly spawn muff
 his neck in clammy jelly !*

" Enough I " gasped the Emperor. " By Satan's beard,
 I can stand it no more ! "

" You give in ? "

" Weaver,
dictate your terms."

" First, that WE be freed ; second
that you be spared."

" Agreed I " He tottered upright,
reached for the cage, unlocked.

" Onaway I "
the weaver cried. " Gay lover, upride in joy ! "
And she with tender bill—and cooing replied,
" Lo, sweeting, I come I "

Aerial they rase
—D gala day I—together from shipwreck
soared to the grinning sun.

And it came to pass
that the waters abated and the imperial
four-paster touched dry land.

XI

Conclusion now.

You ask, what of the river, Pompopa ?
The Emperor (reformed) dubbed him imperial
and bound him for ever and a day
to lap his realms. How proud he is far naw
down him rides gloriously that great whale
Leviathan, a top-notcher, with seven
hundred knuckles in his spine.

And the ants ?

By magic prefix they were changed from ants
to eleph-ants and willing dwell at the palace
with no loss of wisdom, serenely wise.

And last, the weavers. Measure not in word
their blessing for it brims as the ocean,
no tongue can tell it. Their hearts would not squander
in show nor waste in royal finery,
but fleet with twang of arrow homeward
went winging. " Blow, wind ! lift us, weather I
Far kith and kin, drape the nest for our coming I "

Heart to heart, wing to wing they flew
home to joy of long loving, to seven swans
afloat and sweeping harp. Ah, paradise,
dear jungle I Over the tree-tops, over
the tiny-rippled river, beyond the mountains and
the wilderness they flew with feather o' yearning,
homebound, ah, homebound.

St. Brendan and the fishes

ST. BRENDAN chanted mass in voyage
over the sabbath-quiet sea,
and seven frail land-longing brothers
listened fearfully.

" Master, sing lower ! Monsters
under our keel fiercely fly.
If you anger them with chanting, we
must surely die."

St. Brendan laughed loud : " O Lord,
have pity on Thy wayward sheep ! "
In answer four creatures zoomed
up from the deep—

Agg the sea-cat, inveterate in wiles,
Puff the Angel, like a pillow,
Old Whacker the whale and
Moon-splinter, minnow.

On wobble knees the brothers watched
four perils nibble at the rudder,
" Lord Jesus, hinder these fish or find them
other fodder ! "

But they for joy of Paul's Feast
made merry with water sport
and fun frolic, doing the voyagers
no hurt.

till, high song over, St. Brendan
said, " Fish, that's all for today."
In wave-scrubble tails wiggle and fluke,
flick and away—

Agg the sea-cat, inveterate in wiles,
Puff the Angel, like a pillow,
Old Whacker the whale and
Moon-splinter, minnow.

JAN STRUTHER

Time-View

CAUGHT, caught is the wild cuckoo
That sang among the flowers ;
They have prisoned him in a dark prison
To count them the hours.

Between the dawn and the dim evening
Twelve songs must he sing,
That men may reckon the day's passing
And the passing of spring.

D they have shattered the soul of April
And slain the heart of May,
Because they have stolen the wild cuckoo
To tell the time of day.

And wearily sings the wild cuckoo,
Wearily sings he now.
Because his heart would cease from singing
And his throat knows not how.

PATRIC HARRINGTON

I had a Hippopotamus

I HAD a hippopotamus ; I kept him in a shed
And fed him upon vitamins and vegetable bread ;
I made him my companion on many cheery walks
And had his portrait done by a celebrity in chalks.

His charming e"entricities were known on every side,
The Creature's popularity was wonderfully wide ;
He frolicked with the Rector in a do en friendly tussles,
Who could not but remark upon his hippopotamuscles.

If he should be afflicted by depression or the dumps,
By hippopotameasles or the hippopotamumps,
I never knew a particle of peace till it was plain
He was hippopotamastieating properly again.

I had a hippopotamus ; I loved him as a friend ;
But beautiful relationships are bound to have an end.
Time takes, alas I our joys from us and robs us of our
 blisses ;

My hippopotamus turned out a hippopotamissis.

My housekeeper regarded him with jaundice in her eye ;
She did not want a colony of hippopotami ;
She borrowed a machine-gun from her soldier-nephew,
 Percy,
And showed my hippopotamus no hippopotamercy.

My house now lacks the glamour that the charming
 creature gave,
The garage where I kept him is as silent as the grave ;

No longer he displays among the motor-tyres and
spanners
His hippopotamastery of hippopotamanners.

No longer now he gambols in the orchard in the
Spring ;
No longer do I lead him through the village on a
string ;
No longer in the mornings does the neighbourhood
rejoice '
To his hippopotamusically-madulated voice.

I had a hippopotamus ; but nothing upon earth
Is constant in its happiness or lasting in its mirth.
No joy that life can give me can be strong enough to
smother
My sorrow for that might-have-been-a-hippopota-
mother.

When Autumn Mists were falling 'Dank

WHEN autumn mists were falling dank
And autumn days were waning,
Alone beside a river bank
I heard a nymph complaining.
She sang in accents high and strange
Beside the sighing river
of Mutability and Change,
of Life and of her Liver.

She recognised me as I passed ;
" It was in nineteen-ten,"
She said, " I think, I saw you last ;
You were a stripling then.
To think what merry songs were sung
And what good things were said !
When I was young and you were young
What times we had ! " she said.

" *When I was young and you were young
And Charles was young, and Fred
And Alistair and Sue were young,
And James and Ethelred ;
When Mabel Winthrop-Bligh was young,
And Joyce and Colonel Tweed,
And you were young and I was young
The world was young indeed !*

" You used to join us in our sports
When you were quite a lad ;
Then nobody felt out of sorts,
And ah I what times we had I
What tricks we played on Edgar's aunt
On Wilfred and the Plenders,
And how we chaffed Sir Arthur Grant
About his sock-suspenders I

" What mad and merry days we've seen !
How Arthur and his mates
Applauded when we got the Dean
On Desmond's roller-skates !
But that was many years ago,
And since our folly faltered
The water has had far to flow
And many things have altered.

" *When I was young and you were young
And Charles was young, and Fred
And Jane and Joyce Carew were young,
And James and Ethelred ;
When Mrs. Vincent Blow was young,
And Soames and Mrs. Reid,
And everyone I know was young,
The world was young indeed !*

" Now Soam" is breaking stones abroad
And Fred is broking stocks ;
And Wilberforce is on a Board
And Wilfred on the rocks ;

And Desmond's deaf in both his ears,
 And bald and old and thrifty ;
 And James is doing forty years,
 And Charles is doing fifty.
 Godolphin has a house in Kent,
 And Sue's a Lady Mayoress ;
 And Paul has met an a"ident,
 And Alistair an heiress ;
 And Major Twisden is in Oil,
 And George is in a fix ;
 And Edgar walks on foreign soil,
 And Cuthbert walks on sticks.

*" Now I am old and you are old
 And Charles is old, and Fred
 And Alistair and Sue are old
 And Lady Leatherhead ;
 And Jane is on the stage, I'm to/d,
 And Joyce is on the shelf ;
 And, though I feel no age, I'm told
 That I am old myself.*

" Now Colonel Tweed has lost a leg,
 And Cuthbert his connections ;
 And Claude was wounded with an egg
 At Ilford by-elections ;
 Belinda's married some poor soul,
 And Mrs. Ffoulkes is balmy,
 And Hector is in the Tyrol,
 And Arthur in the Army.
 What things were said! What songs were sung!
 And how we did our stuff
 When I was young, and you were young——! "
 ' Enough I ' I said, ' Enough ! '
 I left the nymph to her refrain
 And home to tea went hieing,
 But all along the leafy lane
 I heard the aspens sighing :—

*" When I was young and you were young
 And Charles was young, and Fred*

*And Jane and Joyce Carew were young,
And James and Ethelred . . .
But that was many years ago,
And since our folly faltered
The water has had far to flow
And many things have altered"*

EPILOGUE

'Doing Nicely, Thanf You

January 1941

*[In answer to several kind enquiries from the country and
overseas]*

TRDY fell. It is not very probable Time will renew it,
But London remains full of helmeted women and
men,
Long tutored in what to do, why, and which way to go
TO it
And hoping by some means to get to their office by
ten.

A city not proud in its heart of heroic performance,
But slightly bewildered to find that the era of glass
Introduced [I am told) in the days of the conquering
Normans
Is now in the night-time of Hitler most likely to pass.

A city that covers with curtains the windowless case-
ment
And laughs but obeys when the word has come forth
from the wise
Not to crouch—as they once were enjoined—under beds
in the basement
But to leap to the roofs of the buildings and stare at
the skies.

A city unbroken, unbowed by the threats of the Axis
And saving a trifle and banting and doing its best

To spare a few coins for the urgent Collector of Taxes
Who hides with his staff in a funk-hole way down in
the West.

A city deprived of a part of her principal glories
Yet still with some monuments standing and some
of her spires,
And (who shall gainsay me ?) how fond of all perilous
stories I
How thrilled by the labours of firemen, the watching
of fires !

A city of painstaking pupils and earnest instructors
|And everyone's crater the largest of all in the land),
A lemonless, onionless city with female conductors
On Manchester buses half lost in the wilds of the
Strand.

A city if peopled by souls not as stubborn as Cato's,
Yet facing the bomb-fall |and crowding to look at
the proofs),
Full-bearded (from shortage of razors), and eating
potatoes,
And standing all night with a sand-bucket up on the
roofs.

E. V. Knox

Londoner

" WHY ? " you said, as the evening sirens blew
|And one knew there were fourteen weary hours till
day),

" Why do you stay in this awful hullaballoo ?
Why don't you get away ? "

I didn't reply, I was thinking of other things
|You were looking extremely sweet), and besides, you
know,

There are thoughts that won't come out till the words
find wings. . . .

But at half past twelve or so—

A Jerry droning dismally high above,
A lone bomb whistling down in N.W-3—
I thought of the answer : " I live in London, love,
Because that's where I like to be."

I always did. And when Hitler started in style
I thought to myself, in the way that people do,
" London and I, we've been together awhile ;
Together let's see this through."

For I have been London's lover for thirty years,
And how I've enjoyed it I Never has London hid
Her laughter from me. Now I like her in tears
As well as ever I did.

She's lost her looks a little ? She isn't dressed
With the splendour of yore ? Well, nobody cares a
damn ;
She's still herself, she's London, she's still the best—
And anyway, here I am.

Hellish, these last three months, and hard to face,
And they haven't done anyone any manner of good ;
But would I have passed them in any other place ?
Not on your life I would !

Hilton Brown

NOTES

The Nonne Preestes Tale

Chaucer probably based his story on Marie de France's fable of the "Cock and the Fox", but he expands the original, which is only thirty-eight lines, to over 1000. No finer example of Chaucer's genius for character-drawing, humour, and narrative skill exists perhaps, than this incomparable Tale.

Lament for Philip Sparrow

John Skelton (tutor to Prince Henry, later Henry VIII) puts the lamentation of Philip Sparrow into the mouth of Jane Scroupe, a young lady who owned the sparrow demolished by the cat.

A. *Tedious Brief Scene*

Shakespeare derived the story of Pyramus and Thisbe from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, which he probably read in Arthur [Loomis's] translation. *Orestes*, a serious heroic play performed at the time when *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was written, is hardly less ridiculous, unconsciously, than Shakespeare's burlesque.

The Conjurer Cozened

Samuel Rowlands, author of *Greene's Ghost* and *Martin Mark-All* specialised in satirising and exposing swindlers, whom he called "coney-catchers".

The University Carrier

Hobson of Milton's poem gave rise to the proverb "Hobson's choice", i.e. no choice. According to *The Spectator* Hobson always obliged anyone who hired a horse from him to take the horse standing next the stable door "so that every customer should have an equal chance of being well served, and every horse be used in its turn".

The Child and the Bird

Throughout the eighteenth century a work was issued called *Divine Emblems; or, Temporal Things Spiritualised*, by John Bunyan. In 1889 this book was identified as a shortened version of *A Book for Boys and Girls; or, Country Rhymes for Children*. By J. B. Bunyan states his purpose in the book as follows:

"I do 't to show them how each fingle-fangle,
On which they doting are, their souls entangle,
As with a web, a trap, a gin, or snare,
And will destroy them, have they not a care."

Fair Ins I love

Spoken by Mercury in Dryden's comedy *AmfAttryon*, the plot of which is an adaptation from *Flaunts and Moherc*.

WILLIAM WALSH

It was Walsh, Master of the Horse and supporter of the Whigs, who advised his friend Pope "to be a correct poet, as that is the only way now to excellence".

JONATHAN SWIFT

Dryden remarked of Swift's early and serious poems "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet". Later Dr. Johnson, with his usual sanity, wrote: "In the poetical works of Dr. Swift there is not much upon which the critic can exercise his powers. They are often humorous, almost always light, and have the qualities which recommend such compositions, ease and gaiety. They are, for the most part, what their author intended. They consist of proper words in proper places."

JOHN GAY

It was said of *The Beggar's Opera*, Gay's popular work revived with such success at Hammersmith after the first Great War, that "it made Gay rich and Rich (the original producer) gay".

WILLIAM HARRISON

Harrison was a friend of Swift, who assisted him to start a continuation of *The Tatler*, of which for a short time Harrison was editor. "On another occasion", recorded Swift, "Congreve gave me a *Tatler*, as blind as he is, for little Harrison."⁹

Timon's Villa

Pope was accused of referring in this description to Canons, the country seat of the Duke of Chandos where Pope himself had enjoyed hospitality. Pope, however, persuaded the Duke to accept his denial of the charge.

To the Incomparable Soporific Doctor

The subject of this poem was the Rev. Patrick Murdoch, Vicar of Stradishall in Suffolk. He was an old and intimate friend of Thomson, and was his biographer.

The Vicar of Bray

Said to have been written by a soldier in Colonel Fuller's troop of dragoons in the reign of George I. Bray is in Berkshire. *When George in pudding-time came o'er*: i.e. in a lucky time, when puddings are obtainable. Cf. Butler's *Hudibras*:

"But Mars
In pudding-time came to his aid."

John Barleycorn

Sir John Barleycorn is Malt liquor personified. "His neighbours vowed that Sir John should die, so they hired ruffians to plough him with ploughs and bury him, afterwards they combed him with harrows and thrust clods on his head. Then with hooks and sickles they cut his legs off at the knees, bound him like a thief, and left him to wither with the wind. They now rent him to the heart, and having mowed him in a mow, sent two bravoës to beat him with clubs till all his flesh fell from his bones. To a kiln they next hauled him, and burnt him like a martyr. They crushed him between two stones, but killed him not. Sir John bore no malice, but did his best to cheer the flagging spirits of his persecutors." Bernard Shaw also treats the subject of John Barleycorn in his Preface to *Androcles and the Lion*.

Enigma

The answer to the enigma is the letter H.

Captain (of Militia) Sir Dilberry Diddle

Appeared in *The Gentleman's Magazine* in 1766. This monthly magazine, founded by Edward Cave, a London printer, in 1731, continued till 1868. It was a literary miscellany to which the word magazine was first applied.

Names

These verses, which owe their idea to a poem by Lessing, appeared first in the *Morning Post*, August 27th, 1799

The Cataract of Lodore

The cataract of Lodore is three miles from Keswick, in the Lake District, where Southey lived. Southey first wrote some doggerel verses on these lines for his eldest daughter, which he developed twelve years later for his youngest child into the present poem.

JAMES SMITH and HORACE SMITH

The Management of the Orury Lane Theatre, which replaced Sheridan's building destroyed by fire, offered a prize for the best poem to be recited on the opening night. The brothers James and Horace Smith made a great hit by their *Rejected Addresses*, a series of parodies of various poets, including Wordsworth, Byron, Coleridge, and Scott. The poets were supposed to have submitted these poems to the Management but to have had them rejected.

In *Pat Jennings* the poet Crabbe is parodied, with his tendency to the prosaic and obvious and his affection for trivial detail. *Orury Lane A-Burning* is an imitation of Sir Walter Scott: the parody is headed with the following words from *Don Quixote*: "Thus he went on, stringing one extravagance upon another, in the style his books of chivalry had taught him, and imitating, as near as he could, their very phrase".

War Song of Dinas Vawr

Dyfed was a Welsh kingdom of the sixth century which had originated as an Irish colony.

After Swimming from Sestos to Abydos

Byron swam in imitation of Leander, who was supposed to have swum by night from Abydos to Sestos to meet Hero, the beautiful priestess of Aphrodite, who dwelt on the European shore of the Hellespont.

THEUDOREHDOK

When Theodore Hook, Assistant-General in Mauritius, was recalled for having shown a deficiency in his accounts of £12,000, he remarked that he had to return home "on account of a disorder in my chest".

The Siege of Eelgrade

This 'ejpr' was first contributed by Alanc Watts, according to his son, to *The Literary Gazette* in 1820. Mr Michael Roberts finds evidence, however, that the lines appeared a few years prior to this in a magazine called *The Tnfler* written by the boys of Westminster School.

WINTHRDP MACKWDRTH PRAED

While a boy at Eton Mackworth Praed originated the school magazine *The Etonian*.

Sorrows of Werther

Werther, the sentimental and morbidly erotic student in Goethe's novel, was mocked also by Byron in *Don Juan*, and in a French farce of the early nineteenth century, *Werther ou les Egarements d'un Cœur sensible*, by Georges Duval.

Vm a shrimp / I'm a shrimp^f

Parody of an old song—

"I'm afloat ! I'm afloat I on the fierce rolling tide—
The ocean's my home and my bark is my bride. . . ."

The Barrister's oream, from The Hunting of the Snark

In this nonsense poem the Snark is a fictitious creature of a highly elusive and dangerous nature • if of the Brmjum variety, which in the poem it turned out to be, it caused anyone who set eyes on it to vanish.

E. S. MARTIN

Founder, with J. A. Mitchell, of the American humorous journal *Life*.

MDSTYN T. PIEOTT

Founder and first editor of the Oxford *Isis* magazine.

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